

NOTICE OF SALE.

To James W. Price and Helen Price, his wife, and all persons whom it may or doth concern.

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To John C. Cunningham and Maria Cunningham, his wife, and all persons whom it may or doth concern.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To Frederick G. Johnston and Fanny M. Johnston, his wife, and all other persons whom it may or doth concern.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To William B. Peck and all other persons whom it may or doth concern.

ST. JOHN BUILDING SOCIETY
ODD FELLOWS HALL
Incorporated 1861.

Sabbath School.

BIBLE LESSONS.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.

Fourth Quarter.

Lesson XIII. December 23.

Review and Christmas.

REVIEW.—The subject of Review is THE UNFOLDING OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE NEW KINGDOM.

I. BY MIRACLES, LESS. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 9, with their teachings, and suggestions of the fitness of their author to be the Messiah.

II. BY TEACHINGS (LESS. 6, 7, 8, 9). Great duties enforced. Forgiveness. Laboring for Christ. Blessed effects of the Gospel. Earnestness. Taking up the cross. Confessing Christ. Keeping the Sabbath. Warnings.

III. BY PARABLES (LESS. 10, 11, 12). Review the Parables and their meaning.

CHRISTMAS.—This being Christmas Day, it would be well to devote at least a portion of the time, if not all of it, to a Christmas lesson. Every scholar should have the facts of Christ's birth and early life, and of his work for the salvation of man imprinted on their minds.

It may be possible to use the Review as a part of the Christmas lesson.

Subject.—THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

I. THE DAWN. The time, place, and circumstances of Christ's birth.

II. THE RISING OF THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS. The childhood of Jesus.

III. RAYS OF LIGHT. Objects of his coming. The blessings he brought to men.

The Thanksgiving-Man.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

It was two days before Thanksgiving, and the ground was covered with a deep snow, while the air was cold and sharp.

Little Prissy Bryant had not been allowed to go out all day, for her shoes were old and shabby, and when evening came she began to feel sleepy and tired, and to wish it were time to go to bed.

"Suppose you get up on that chair by the window and watch for Susan," said her mother who was busy tending to the dinner.

Prissy dropped the kitten which she had been trying to teach to dance, and jumped up on the chair by the window at once.

Susan was her sister, who went out by the day to work, and Ned her only brother. He was fourteen years old, and was learning a trade.

Susan came in eight o'clock, and when she saw Prissy at the window she held up a package and nodded and smiled.

"Oh, oh!" cried Prissy. "I know Susan has something for me!" and she jumped down from the chair and ran to the door.

"You must be all tired out Susan," said Mrs. Bryant, as her elder daughter entered, and like as not Mrs. Dennison waits you again to-morrow."

"No," answered Susan. "I wish she did for then I might be able to get some more money for our Christmas dinner. But her daughter is coming over to help to-morrow, and I won't be needed. Prissy, what do you think I have for you?"

Turning to the little girl who was impatiently waiting to be noticed, "It is something you've been needing this long time," and she put the package in Prissy's hands.

"A pair of shoes!" cried the child joyously. "Oh! Susan! how glad I am! Now I can go out doors."

"I thought I had better get them on my way home," said Susan, looking at her mother. "I was afraid I'd put it off having to go to-morrow the money would have to go for something else. A dollar isn't much when one comes to spend it."

"No," and Prissy really needed the shoes," said Mrs. Bryant, sighing. "But I was thinking of spending your wages for the day in something for Thanksgiving. Ned said only last night that he hoped we'd have something a little extra, and I don't like to disappoint him. He's tired of beans and rice day in and day out, and it won't seem like Thanksgiving with such a poor dinner."

"It can't be helped," said Susan, "we must do the best we can. Mother, Mr. Aldie would be willing to pay you to-morrow for the washing."

"I wouldn't like to ask it," said the widow. "She is very particular about her paying her bills only on the first of the month."

"Then we must do without a Thanksgiving dinner," said Susan.

"What's that?" asked Ned, coming in at this moment. "No Thanksgiving dinner! Oh, Susan!"

"It's too bad, I know, Ned," said Susan, "but it's hard for us to keep out of debt, and make both ends meet, and we can't afford any extra. It would be a great deal to live, no matter how hard we pinch and save, and we haven't a dollar in the house to-night."

Ned looked very much disappointed, but he tried to smile and said, "Just what I want to learn my trade. Then we'll have Thanksgiving dinner every day in the week, and all the new shoes we want. Prissy shall have a pair of bronze slippers with buckles on them, too."

Prissy laughed, and her black eyes sparkled.

"If I could only find the Thanksgiving-Man!" she said, for she had an idea that if there were a Santa Claus there must also be a "Thanksgiving-Man."

"You'd better look for him to-morrow, Prissy," said Ned, kissing her. "I'll tell him to send us a big fat turkey, some cranberry, nuts, raisins, mince pies and apples. You might tell him, too, that my boots are all worn out, and that Susan needs a winter shawl and a hood."

"Well, I will," answered innocent Prissy earnestly. "Maybe I can find him in some place. Do you know where he lives, Ned?"

"No, I never even saw him," replied Ned. "And now let's have supper, mother, for I'm really starved."

And nothing more was said about Thanksgiving.

The next morning was so bright and pleasant that when Ned was about to start to his work, he proposed that Prissy should go with him.

"It will do her good to have a run in this fresh air," he said, "and the one really good thing she has is her shoes. I'll go with you, Ned, very glad of her new shoes, accompanied her brother to the place where he was employed, and then turned around

to return home. She had gone about half way when she suddenly thought of the "Thanksgiving-Man," and stopped short.

"I wonder where he lives," she murmured. "I must find him to go home, or he can't see the things in time for mamma to cook 'em."

She looked about her and saw a boy standing on the curbstone, who, if it was a ragged, rough-looking fellow, and had just come out of a lawyer's office, and who had a good deal behind him with a long bang, he didn't look very good-natured, but Prissy to whom no one had ever spoken an unkind word, did not hesitate to address him.

"Boy," she said, "do you know where the 'Thanksgiving-Man' lives? I want to ask him for some things."

The boy stared at her a moment in silence, then grinned, and pointed one dirty, red finger toward the lawyer's office.

"I reckon he lives in there," he said. "Yes, that's the place to go if you want to get everything you feel like asking for. The man in there is mighty fond o' 'giving'."

"Thank you," said Prissy, who had been taught to be polite to every one. "I'll go right over. I was 'ruid I'd have to hunt a long time for him. I didn't know he lived so near."

She crossed the street to the lawyer's office at a slow pace, for she was so nervous, she felt, dispensed with that ceremony, and opening the door, went in, unconscious that the boy on the curbstone was fairly dazed with malicious delight.

Old Mr. Sands was busy writing when Prissy entered, and as he looked up and saw the little girl with her hood so awfully well, he said, "What a nice Thanksgiving-Man!"

"Well, child," he said, "I don't know what you want? Seems to me this town is full of beggars."

"Oh! I ain't a beggar, sir," returned the little Prissy, in the face of the lawyer, and the sharp voice, "I'm Prissy Bryant, and I just come to ask you for a few things for dinner to-morrow, sir. That boy who just came out of here said you were the 'Thanksgiving-Man'."

"The 'Thanksgiving-Man'?" repeated Mr. Sands, with some curiosity.

"Yes, sir, please. My brother Ned said I'd better hunt up the 'Thanksgiving-Man' if I wanted anything good for dinner. We haven't any money, sir, for Susan had to buy my shoes—with a glance at her feet.

"So I've got to send you a turkey, and some cranberry, and a mince pie, and a pair of shoes for Ned, and some raisins, and I'd like to ask you, sir, 'What's 'live at No. 2, Dunn street, it's straight along from here.'"

"Ah, indeed," said Mr. Sands, "I'll go and see if I can't get you your order. I hope you'll be satisfied."

"Yes, sir," said Prissy. "I'm sorry if I'd interrupted you, but I couldn't come any other time. Good-by, Mr. Thanksgiving-Man."

Mr. Sands waited until the door closed behind her, and then, rising from his chair, he walked to the window and looked out.

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A Brave Act.

Sixteen, or more, summers ago, a flat-bottomed, stern-wheel steamer was making its slow way down the tortuous windings of the Red River of the North. Among the few passengers was a little girl, thirteen years old—a dainty, fair, winsome child—everybody's pet, from her father, an officer in the Hudson Bay Company's service, and the good natured captain, to the grimy deck hands, whose acquaintance the little maid had somehow made on the lower deck.

One afternoon the child was taken by her nurse to the floor of the lower deck. Three men were lying there, bound hand and foot. They were on their way to Fargo to be tried for crime. The sheriff kept a close watch on them, for they were desperate men. They passed the game was up, and accepted their fate with cheerful bravado; but the sheriff knew them for ruffians and bullies, and never left his post.

The child came up to the men and looked at them curiously; they looked silently at her. "Perhaps these rough, crime-hardened men had never seen anything so dainty and sweet before."

She was not afraid of them, but began talking in her petty, broken words, and putting her baby hands on the fetters of one of the prisoners. "What are you?" she asked. "I'm a convict," he replied. "I'm a convict," he replied. "I'm a convict," he replied.

As she walked, there was a sudden jerk of the whole ship; it ground jarfully against some unyielding substance hidden in the water; it tilted over slightly, the child lost her balance, and with a scream fell over the side into the water. The three prisoners saw her disappear.

The prisoner to whom she had spoken, and whose handcuffs she had for a moment touched, exclaimed to the sheriff, "God! don't you see, Bill? Then I'm the one who saved her. I'm the one who saved her. I'm the one who saved her."

It was afterwards learned that the sheriff told the story to the "judge," and the judge, with Western reserve, and that admiration for a gallant act which covers a multitude of sins, so arranged that when it was found that Erik, who was a Scandinavian by birth, had mysteriously disappeared, nothing was done beyond a little official bluster, and he escaped.

And society, imposes many privations upon the female sex, in the way of dress. First it is one freak, and then another, and from the fact, that many of them are unhealthy in the extreme, it is small wonder that many women succumb, and that "female weakness" is the name given to the condition. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only positive cure for these complaints in existence, and thousands of women can bear witness to its efficacy.

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