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A Holiday Story of Merry England.

Year after year had gone by, but though other times, at this annual festival we all met together in the old ancestral hall of our family. Some were rich; some wers poor; but we were all Percys -all one family, after all. And so Sir Robert Percy, my uncle, to whom, as eldest son, the family estates had fallen, assembled all his relations yearly, young and old, rich and poor, in the old family mansion, to spend the gay season of Christmas with him. The silence and gloom that all the year round hung over it was banished then; merry voices made music through the great, dim, schoing rooms; fairy forms flitted like sunbeams up long, winding staircases, stead those merry Christmas days! crowd of us here already!" scaring even the sober old mastiff into a us voungsters.

up the huge chimney, filling the wide tree, loaded with gifts and bon-bons. stood on one side, glittering and flashing in the light of the tall Christmas candle above it. The windows and walls were draped with evergreens and scarlet hollyberries, while wreaths of mistletoe hung from the doors and ceiling.

It might have been a picture for an artist, the group assembled in that great hall. In his large carved oaken chair, in the chimney corner, sat the host. Sir Robert, his pleasant countenance and black eye. anellow laugh diffusing an air of homelike mirth around. Ranged downward, and sisters, heads of tamilies, old maiden aunts, and antiquated uncles. There ing: were college boys, fresh from Eton or and seeming determined, by their noise. to atone for the enforced silence of the school - room. Dashing guardsmen, young lawyers, and those units in the world-younger sons of impoverished fathers-roguish country lasses, finished flirts, artful coquettes-all were mingled steal, as I want him for Gypsy here. in harmony together. Little heartaches and family quarrels, all were for the nonce forgotten; for this was

Among all these cousins, the only one I really cared for was Kathleen Moore, Her mother, Edith Percy, had married an Irish baronet, and had gone with him was born : and never was queen on her throne prouder of her broad realms than she was of the land of her birth.

Somehow, from the first, I became days. I know not why it was so ; we were as unlike as two extremes. could be, with nothing of a Percy about you selected a queen yet for our Christ-dignantly. me, except, perhaps, a touch of the fam- mas feast? Come be quick -we are wait- I laughed outright at this sudden She was cold, stately and ing." haughty; I was the wildest, maddest elf that ever danced in the moonlight; she are all so pretty, I can make no selectiond Eden for training up girls artless, could hear nothing, save that he had was reserved and thoughtful, I was wayward and impulsive; and yet some secret tie drew us together from the first.

'This Christmas Eve that I am telling you about, Kathleen sat within the arch of a deep bay-window; gazing out into the cold moonlight, while I stood behind her, weaving a wreath of crimson berries amid her jetty braids, that were bound like a coronet around her proud head.

"How handsome you are to-night, Kathleen!" said I, as I finished the wreath, and turned to survey her. "Your | cheeks are as red as these bright hollystars. I wonder if this other cousin of yours, who is coming to-night is as hand- ing. some as you?"

Kathleen, inquiringly.

'Oh, so I did once-when we were both; children; but that is four or five years ago. She was a pretty little thing then.

"Tell me about her, Gypsy" (this is not my name, but I was always called so.) "Why have we never met her here asking before.

"Oh, there's not much to tell. She was sent to France when quite a little the head of the first quadrille. girl, for her education-her mother's French, you know, and thinks all the rest of the world are barbarians, But now, I su spose she is finished and will honor us with a visit. Listen, they're riedly turning away, I passed through said, in the sweet, lew voice in which

calling us below. "Kathleen, Kathleen, Kathleen!" chorused half a dozen voices at once. "Gipsy. Gipsy! where s. Gipsy? came again to our ears, after another

"Come, Kath., let us go down," said 1, passing my arm around her waist, as

we ran down the oaken stairs. "Firer than ever, ma belle consine,"

said the voice of Randal Percy, in a whisper to Kathleen, as we entered.

I sked up, expecting to see the curl of her lip, with which she swived compliments, but it was gon and a suft expression dance, Gypsy.

filled the usually cold, black eyes, as she looked up into his handsome face with a smile. I had often wished Randal and It was the merry Christmas time Kathleen might love each other; but the hauteur with which she had always

> "I like cousin Randal, don't you. Kath ?" said I, abruptly.

"A little," she said, starting and coloring deeply.

seen, vain,

"Come, Kathleen-come, you must the gay voice of Mary Percy, as she came dancing toward us. "Here's Gypsy; we'll make you first maid of honor to her majesty; you're prime favorite already.

"Where's uncle Robert?" said I, without heeding her.

"Dear knows," said Mary, indifferentthrough stately galleries and grand old ute ago, and I suppose he went down to hate this shallow-brained little Parisian. and went to bed. chambers. Such a racket and uproar as see who had arrived. I hope no more Randal, too, if he loves her." resounded through the dear old home- will come. Goodness knows there is a

As Mary spoke the door was flung game of romps, and making Sir Robert's open, and Uncle Robert entered, with a I think I see Kathleen Moore breaking sleepy; never mind me," replied Kath mellow laugh ring out at the gambols of young lady on his arm. Even now- her heart for him, or any other man. were piled high, and roared and crackled dress of pale blue satin swept the carpet, hills, I will soon forget England and hall with light and heat. The Christmas der form. Her complexion was clear mountain lass once more." and colorless, her eyes deep and blue, Brave Kathleen! She spoke boldly; her white neck, like waves of light.

> enthusiastic voice behind us. I turned and saw Randal Perry, who could not speak. so absord in watching the new-cormer -did not notice us all. Kathleen heard him also, as I could see by her heighten- tered, exclaiming: ed colar and the sudden flash of her

"Miss Etoile Percy, girls and boys, said Sir Robert, by way of general introin a circle before the fire, were brothers duction. Then, leading her over to us, he presented her to each separately, say-

"Etoile, my dear, this is your cousin Cambridge, with tremendous lungs and Mary, a regular, full-blooded Percy: alarming appetites; awkward girls, free this is Kathleen Moore, a wild Irish girl, from the restraints of boarding-schools, with nothing English about her except her pride; This is Gyysy, the maldest, merriest little fairy that ever kept a household in confusion, yet she's the 'flower of the flock,' after all; this hand some fellow is your cousin Randal,

> "Thank you for nothing, uncle," said I, tossing my head saucily. "Gypsy

whose heart you must be careful not to

wauldn't have him. Atoile lifted her cloudless blue eyes to Christmas, and we were all Percys alike. his handsome face, with a smile that might capture a more invulnerable heart than his. As it was, I saw they were to reside in Ireland. Here Kathleen good friends. I glanced at Kathleen; a most finished coquette, as a certain you live." the bright color had faded from her face . the old, disdainfui look came back; she days. was once more the Kathleen of other

me-who knows?"

He turned to Etoile, who still stood placed it gracefully on her golden head. Then kneeling on one knee, he raised

to our Christmas Queen to-night !"

"Hurrah for our Christmas Queen was the universal shout, as Etoile, blushberries, and your eyes are shining like ing with pleasure, was led to the raised I can see so plainly that Etoile Percy is see her nearly every day with Randal throne erected for the queen of the even-

"Your majesty must choose a con sort," said Mary Percy, taking her stand "I thought you had seen her !" said beside her as maid of honor. She blushed, and then laughed, and,

The music now struck up, and every unsophis inated, little Parisian, I said, with the rest! I have never thought of one arese to their feet for the dance, with a sectoful laugh. 'You are deeper Partners were quickly selected, and in leve than I thought, cousin Randal. Etoile and Randal took their places at What simpletons a pretty girl can make

She sat at the open window, through by her strong foreign accent:

which the cold winter air came blowing. hifting the damp braids of her black hair for you; they are going to play blindoff her high, brown brow, and playing man's but over there." Then turning hide and seek amid her Christmas to me, she said, softly: "Iam very sorry

"Kathleen, dear Kathleen!" I said, him from you, but we want him so par- twelve months before—the familiar throwing my arms around her neck, and ticularly. kissing her cold, pale forehead.

She pushed me away almost rudely. impatiently.

"May I not stay with you. Kathleen? inclined to laugh outright. I love you so much4" said I, pleadingly. A sudden flush crimsoned . 'No, no, leave my Go join in the carelessly. "I don't think I'll break my him last, for he had been jilted by the

"I had rather stay with you, cousin. "Methinks you should find it pleasant- said, gently. er staying with that pretty baby Etoile." she said, with a curl of her proud lip.

separated far from each other at all treated him, had hitherto made the wish ly; "she had no business coming here to moving away. make you unhappy !" The dreary look I had seen on enter-

ing came again over her face.
'It must have come sooner or later,' she said, steadily; "she only hastened it

a little. It is well that I have awakened last reminded the gay assembly that it be queen of our Christmas feast," said from the one dream of my life at once. was time to retire. As the company You know my secret, Gypsy?" "That you love Randal-yes," said I,

> "And he will love that pretty doli. I Gypsy; I hate to be alone. see it all," said Kathleen, calmly; "and

She paused.

scornfully. "And I shall be miserable. I like that. though many a weary year has passed No, no, Gypsy, wild Irish girls don't die since-I remember her perfectly. Her so easily. Among my own dear native show you something! and fell in graceful folds round her slen- Randal Percy, and be a free-hearted springing up in alarm.

shaded by long, silky lashes, while a not once did her voice falter; and yet pointed in the direction in which Etoile's shower of golden curls fell rippling over the cold, stony look of her large black chamber was situated. There was no eyes told of the dreary aching of her light in the window, but the moonlight "Beautiful! peerless!" exclaimed an heart. I could only fold my arms closer fell brilliantly over every object, renderaround her, and look the sympathy I ing all around as clear as day. Uuder

moment, and the next Mary Percy en. Percy, paced to and fro, keeping his

you sit as silent and lonely as two nuns. hands, as still, as motionless as a marble Come along !

she drew us down stairs. "Come, lady fair," said her brother, through the moonlight to his feet. It

the promise of this set?" "And will Gypsy do me the honor?" said Randal Percy, approching me.

"No," said I, shortly; I don't want "Then I will not either," said he, gallantly, seating himself beside me.

splendid uniform, and listening with a me! smile of evident pleasure, to the graceful In all her grief the old pride was pre looked after them with a jealous eye.

"Did you ever see any one so lovely. Gypsy?" he said, enthusiastically. "She's rather pretty" said I with a

cousin of mine will find out one of these I never in all my life, saw anyone so lifetime blighted in one night, I could

artless, so unsophisticated, so perfectly hear her tossing restlessly on her bed. young officer, at this moment, "haven't free from coquetry," he exclaimed, in- until the red hue of coming morn tinged

burst of feeling.

tion," said Mary. Then she added, innocent, and all that. I suppose, how- accompanied Ftoile to her far-off home laughingly, to me : "Perhaps, he'll name ever, might as well try to convince you in he belle France that the moon is made of green cheese as One day a letter was brought to me in that she is trying to ensnare you. Men Kathleen's writing. It was the first she beside him, and, taking the crown of have been fools when in love, ever since had ever written me, and I tore it open mistletoe and hollyberries from Mary, the world began, and will to the end of eagerly. After a few preliminary reit-you are no better than the rest.

"And if I am," he said coloring painher tiny hand to his lips, saying, gallan- fully," "you are hardly the one to lec- papa and I are in Paris. Such a life of ture me for it—you, the greatest coquette that ever stepped—you that have had; every night at balls, so rees, re-unions, operas, concerts "Let me be the first to pay homage that ever stepped-you that have made fools of a score of better men than I am am rapidly becoming a most finished co

before this." "Perhaps that is the very reas in that trying to make a fool of you, now," said Percy following her everywhere like her

Do you think her handsome?" 'Handsome! no, decidedly not," he said. quietly, "she is too dark, too is a young, white-moustached marquis dwell in their dear Paris, the gayest of Telegram. proud, too supercilious -too much of the here -a brainless fop he is-who seems raising her wand, touched Randaton the Percy in her, in a word. Too dark and very attentive to la belle cousine. Wheth-

that wingless angel Etoile; that sweet

of the best of you lerds of creation !" "Where's Kath, Gypsy!" said Mary He flushed crimson, and rose angrily Percy's brother, approaching me. from his seat; at the same moment I glanced round, and for the first Etoile, radiant with smiles, came glidtime perceived that she was gone. Hurting up and laying her hand on his arm, the crowd, and ran up to her room, she spoke, rendered still more musical

to interrupt your conversation, and take

heart during his absence.

"No, thank you, I am engaged. I "I shall hate her, Kath!" I said fierce- dal, and don't let her catch you," said I,

"Au revoir," then she said, with her bright smile, and passing her arm through his, she kissed her hand to me, and disappeared.

The great hall clock striking one, at dispersed to their various chambers, Kathleen passed me, and whispered : "Come and share my room to-night,

I willingly complied, and ran with her up to her apartment. It was situated in such a manner as to command a view of "And you will be miserable all your the whole mansion. Kathleen seated ly. "I heard a carriage coming a min- life," I broke in, passionately. "I shall herself by the window, while I undressed

"Are you going to sit there all night, She drew herself up and laughed Kath?" said I, my eyes closing drowsily as I spoke.

"No, only a few minutes; I don't feel leen, quietly. "Gypsy, Gypsy, wake up! I want to

"What on earth is it, Kath !" said I

" Look !" She drew me to the window, and the window, a tall, slight figure, which There came a tap at the door at this I instantly recognized as that of Randal restless watch before the chamber of her "Come Kath-come Gypsy, this will he loved. I glanced at Kathleen; she never do. There are a thousand and one sat, or rather cowered on a seat near the inquiries for you down stairs, and here window, her face covered with her figure. With a sigh, I turned again to And pushing her arm through ours, look out. As I did so, I saw Etoile's

window open hastily, and a rose fell approaching Kathleen, "I believe I have was enough; I drew the curtain, and turned to Kathleen; she still sat in the same attitude, in a dreary, forlorn man-

> "Dear Kathleen !" I said, softly. She took her hands down from before

her face, and looking up, said huskily "You saw it all; I knew it would be At this moment Etoile passed us, lean- so. Oh, Gypsy, that I should have ing on the arm of a young officer in a stooped to love one who cares not for

nothings he poured in her car. Randal dominant still. I knew not what to say,

and remained silent. "I thank you for your sympathy, dear Gypsy, dearest cousin that I ever had: and now that my dream has ended. likely then and there to become very disdainful shrug; "and if I mistake not, never speak of him to me again while

She rose as she spoke, and threw her self on her couch; but not to sleep. As "She a coquette! impossible, Gypsy! I lay awake, thinking of the hopes of a

the eastern sky. Time passed on; and I learned that Kathleen and her father had started for "Randal, you name somebody; we "Perhaps so," said I. "Paris is a se- a tour on the Continent. Of Randal I

marks, she said : "I suppose you have heard, Gypsy,

sofrees, re-unions, operas, concerts, squees, and so on, ad infinitum. I quette; even our pretty little cousin Etoile cannot surpass me in capturing And apropos of Etoile, I I, coolly. "But here comes Kathleen. shadow. Matters seem hardly as promising with them as on the night you and I witnessed a certain romantic little time we have never heard of him. Mad- gree and that the Government will be scene from my bed-room window. There ame and the Marquis de Rochefort sustained by an increased majority. shoulder. In an instand he was seated best, whispering some gallant speech in her willing and not sufficiently in the style of the fickle little beauty is somewhat doubtful; but along, we shall see her weary heart is still forever. I, too,

Until then, dear Gypsy, adieu. "KATHLEEN. I mused long over this letter; it seemed strange for Kathleen Moore to write in such a strain. How she must never meet again under the roof-tree of have changed! Was the old heart-ache all gone new? No; I felt sure that Kathleen was not one to forget her love of a life-time so easily. How I longed for Christmas to come that I might see

nonth after month glided by, never to we are informed, there is no cause for come again, bringing Christmas Eve\_ complaint. The entertainment supplied "Come, cousin Randal, we are waiting and all the Percys once more together in the old homestead.

That Christmas Eve I remember distinctly. Everything in the old hall looked just the same as it had done twelve months before—the familiar faces were all there, and yet many a change had taken place. It had transformed gay Mary Percy into a bride; pretty Etoile into the wife of a marquis; and I, myself, into a weary, sad girl. Randal Percy stood again beside me, paler and thinner than when I had seen by last for he had been jilted by the She looked up into his face, half shyly, change had taken place. It had transhalf fondly, like the artful cheat that formed gay Mary Percy into a bride; "What do you want here hashe said, she was. Randal's Landsome face kind-pretty Etoile into the wife of a marquis; led with a look of delight, while I felt and I, myself, into a weary, sad girl. "Oh, take him and welcome!" said I, paler and thinner than when I had seen fair Etoile. Kathleen was there, too:

"Perhaps you will come with us," she a superb woman, with the bewitching smile and laughing glance of a finished flirt, crowned with the wreath and carwish you a pleasant game. Mind, Ran- rying the wand of the Christmas Queen Standing beside her, as her chosen con-

sort, was Randal Percy. The evening was drawing to a close, when Kathleen passed me and hurriedly

whispered: "If you wish to see a farce, Gypsy, steal into the parlor, hide yourself hind the curtains, and listen.

Wondering what she could mean. beyed, and concealed myself behind the heavy curtains. Kathleen followed me and took a seat. Scarcely had she done so, when Randal Percy followed hastily, and took a seat by her side.

"Well, Mr. Percy," said Kathleen, quietly, "you requested a private interview; may I know what you wish?' "Dear Kathleen, do notspeak so loudly ; you surely know the reason," he said.

earnestly. "I am so sorry to be so dull of comprehension. I have not the remotest dea," replied Kathieen.

"Then, dearest cousin, in these words can tell you -- I love you, Kathleen " "Do you, really? Almost as much, I suppose, as you loved Etoile, the other day. Eh, cousin Randal?"

'Kathleen, will you never cease think of my folly? I never loved her : I only fancied so. I never loved but you, my peerless, my beautiful Katheen !" he exclaimed, vehemently.

"A very pretty speech, sir. Did you talk to Etoile this way?" she said, quiet-

"Kathleen, you will drive me mad he exclaimed, passionately. 'How shall I convince you that I love you

"Most certainly, not by walking up and down before my window," was the sarcastic reply. "Do you remember, you did before Etoile's this very night, twelve months ago? How hot you must have been when you went there to cool yourself! Have you the rose Madame de Rochefort flung you chat night?"

paced up and down the room with passionate vehemence. "Once for all, Kathleen," he said, sud-

He rose from his seat by her side, and

my wife "I am sorry to be obliged to refuse

"For heaven's sake name them!" he said.

"Well, then, the first is, that this day three weeks I am to be married to Sir John Montford; the second--

"What! Married! Kathleen!"

gasped, convulsively. 'Yes, sir. But won't you hear other reasons?" she inquired, in the sweetest possible voice. "Oh, mock sweetest possible voice. "Oh, mock monary complaints, such as Asthma, away!" he said, bitterly: "it well be-Bronchitis, Whooping Cough. comes you in your hour of triumph; but one thing you know -you loved me once That time has passed. As Kathleen It expected that there will be about

Montford you will never see me again." tion at Toronto to be held on the 3rd and In a moment he was gone, and then 4th of January, The delegates are now parting the curtains I stepped out, being chosen, and the Convention is to Kathleen sat gazing from the door be held in Shaftesbury Hall. The interthrough which he had gone -her face tion is to bring as many new men to the very pale, but a proud look of triumph front as possible. The Reform mem

shining in her eyes. ing laugh, "you have heard all. Was it Ministers and prominent supporters not a delightful little comedy ?-almost There will be no new departure so far as as pretty as that you and I witnessed the party's platform is concerned. The last Christmas Eve. Aud now my ro- chief plank will be provincial rights, and mance of life is gone forever; nothing re- the determation will run all through the mains for me but flirting, spending Sir resolutions to resist the encroachments John's wealth, tea and scandal. Well, of the Dominion Government at every I shall make the most of it. And now, point. It is contended that the issue is

come. her weary heart is still forever. I, too, fer, despairing of a cure. can be reme no longer the wild "Gypsy" of other days, dwell far from my own loved English home. Many a Christmas Eve has come and gone, and many more will still come, but the old faces and forms will the Percys.

Should the Brethren be Refreshed?

The Toronto Freemason is opposed to having intoxicating liquors served It says there has been too much of this kind of thing, bringing Old Father Time moved steadily on; the order into disrepute. In Hamilton, on festival nights is usually of a teetotal character, and those who desire to have refreshments of a different kind are left free to get them where retailed. This is as it should be. - [Hamilton Times.

Emerson, Man., Jan. 17, 1882.

Literary Notices

We have received from the publishers the following interesting standar ! periodicals :

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for October. Reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishin Co., 41 Barclay-st., New York.

The contents are—Gardiner's Fall of the Monarchy of Charles I; The Ancient Architecture of India; Sir John Lu-bock on Ants and Bees; Morley's Rem iniscences; Inland Navigation; Shelley and Mary; Natural Religion; The Egyptian Rebellion.

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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. Republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay-st., New York.

The contents are —Henry Erskine and

His Times; The Speaker's and Canon Cook; Greek Sculpture; Vauban and Modern Sieges; The New Religion of Nature; The Fish Supply of London; Oxford Under the Puritans: Ten Years of Italian Progress; Dr. Pusey and the Church: The Justification of Lord Beaconsfield's Pelicy.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. The Leonard Scot Publishing Co., 41 Barclay-st., New York The contents are-The Ladies' Lindores-Part VIII; False Coin in Sucred Hermeneutics; The Factor's Shepting; Bagdad on the Queen's Birthday; My Bath; Experiences of a Naval Officer in Search of the Eira; Sketches from the Dutch Seaside; Resemblances in Literature; Jewish Tales and Jewish Reform ; The Late Campaign.

Vick's Floral GUIDR. Published by James Vick, Rochester, N. Y. From the appearance of the Guile. which is on our desk, we should indge that the young Vicks are "chips of the old block," as the Floral Guide, with its lithographed cover, is handsome e rough for the parlor table. It is printed on the best paper, has three colored plates of Flowers and Vegetables, and is full of information. Those who send ten cents

for it cannot be disappointed as the plates alone are worth the amount. THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE for December. 96 pages. 8vo. Illustrated. Price \$2 a year. Rev. William Briggs, Toronto, Publisher.

This number closes the Sixteenth Volume. The illustrated articles are: "The Beginnings of Methodism in the New World," "In Bible Lands," and "Pic turesque Canada. ' Interesting sketches Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Punshon, and "Bishop" Black, are given by Dr. Ryck man, Rev. Hugh Johnston and Rev. J. man, Rev. Hugh Johnston and Rev. J.
Lathern. The announcement for 1883
is very attractive. Among the contribubutors are Dr. McCosh, Dr. Daniel
Wilson, Dr. Dawson, Dr. Geo. Gradand Dr. Nelles, all College Presidents,
together with Prof. Goldwin Smith, and
other distinguished writers. Among the illustrated articles will be Stanley's denly stopping before her, "will you be Through the Dark Continent, with 150 engravings; A Canadian in Norway; Land of the Midnight Sun; Royal you, my dear cousin, but there are two or three very good reasons that make it necessary to refuse your trifling retwenty-two engravings, by leading living authors, and many others, all handsome-ly illustrated. This is now the only ly illustrated. iterary monthly in Canada, and is very cheap at the price asked for it.

An Admonition.

To neglect a cough or cold, is but to invite Consumption, that destroyer of the human race. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam will cure the cough and allay all irritation of the bronchial tubes and lungs, and effectually remedy all pul

The toming Convention.

Moore I now bid you good-by-as Lady two thousand delegates to the Conver. bers of the Legislature will all be presen "Well, Gypsy," she said, with a mock- and speeches will be delivered by ath the Christmas queen will be missed—so not now confined to the Streams bill, bu that it has broadened into the question Three weeks after, Kathleen Moore of surrendering or maintaining the cor. became the wife of Sir John Montford; stitutional rights of the province. It and that same day Randal Percy sailed expected that the convention will arous for the United States; and since that the enthusiasm or the party to a high de

> Daughters, Wives, Mothers, look to your health. The many painful and weakening diseases from which you sufdied by that unfailing regulator and purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters Ask your Druggist for proof.

An Obedient Shouter.

One of the incidents of the evening on the occasion of Mr. Hardy's visit to St. Thomas was his suppositious interview between Mr. Meredith and Sir John. Sir John meets the Ontario Opposition leader at the Toronto convention in 1881 and says: "William, I understand yo have been shouting 'Yes' to Mowat resolutions on the Boundary Award. And William replies, "Yes, Sir John "Then," says Sir John, "You must be gin and shout 'No," William, if you count on the assistance of Sir rour campaign in 1883." And William with a rueful face, after some hesitation says, "I will shout 'No,' Sir John. And he has been shouting "No" ever since.

A Secret.

The secret of beauty lies in pure blood and good health, without the one th other is impossible. Burdock Bitters is the grand key that unlocks al the secretions, and opens the avenue to health by purifying and regulating all the organs to a proper action. It all Scrofulous Diseases, acts on the Blood Liver, Kidneys, Skin and Bowels, and brings the bloom of health to the pallic