

ANTHONY WHITE'S GIRL.

And the Rival Lovers that sought for Hand.

A Lonely Christmas—The Influence of the Christmas Chime Upon a Hard

No one had ever scouted Anthony White, of being liberal. Church and charitable committees avoided him.

The time had been, when the accused selfishness that now filled every fibre of the old miller's shriveled form was con-

There were many strange things about Anthony White, but that which seemed the strangest to the young folks of the village was the possession of such a daughter as Rose, who, but for the

So, as I say, each had an advantage, though the reader may only recognize one, or the other as possessing it according to his own preconceived notions.

Christmas eve had come, and Rose was at the church, the centre of a merry group engaged in decorating the pretty gothic structure for the morrow's festival.

It says it was a wonder to all the young folks in the village how such an old and feeble man could be so full of life and vigor.

The miller's first blow came when his beautiful wife died. He had been proud of her. He had gratified her every wish.

But the final blow was given to any lingering tenderness in Anthony White's nature when his boy died. He was his first-born. He had all his mother's beauty, all his father's natural bright-

fore my story begins, Anthony White gazed, paralyzed with horror, from an upper window of the mill, and saw his darling boy plunge amid the crackling

It was no consolation to Anthony White that they found the boy's body. Those early looks all went, that muscle face, the cheeks still on the bones where

From that time Anthony White never spoke his son's name. And he seemed to have but one object and aim in life—to get money.

And little Rose, who was a baby when her brother died, grew up to be her father's housekeeper and the unconscious belle of the thriving village.

To say that Rose was the belle of the village is to imply that she had suitors. Perhaps suitors is hardly the word. She had admirers, she had lovers.

So, as I say, each had an advantage, though the reader may only recognize one, or the other as possessing it according to his own preconceived notions.

Christmas eve had come, and Rose was at the church, the centre of a merry group engaged in decorating the pretty gothic structure for the morrow's festival.

Stewart had never told Rose that he loved her. But when she turned and looked back, as she left the gallery that Christmas eve, she saw it all in his eyes.

But Stewart had his four rustic soldiers to drill—anything but a soldier's hand and his boy. Yes, Rose, be no other than him. It must be the dear spirit, come to that hallored spot.

No, the Stewart had not come home with Rose White. Edward Lagrange that pleasure. I know it is not according to the rule to have it so. But I cannot think of anything domineer by me in telling a story. I must write things just as they occurred.

music on the rack before him, and went away home, more than ever convinced that to make one's living by music one must be more or less of a lunatic.

By this time it was nearly midnight, and Stewart heard the ringers commencing to play the hymn which should usher in redemption's morn' again. Then all grew still.

It had been a lonely night in Anthony White's home that Christmas eve. He sat solitary by the crackling fire, and in spite of himself had seen again his gentle wife's sweet, comely face, hid from him forever, and his darling boy sink from his sight beneath the snow.

Edward had no reason to regret his call. Old Anthony was as cordial as possible, and Edward found his task easier than he had expected.

By and by old Anthony had listened to those bells until they seemed to have a chain of melody about his very soul, and as drawing him out into the air.

What is that which he dimly sees on the opposite bank, just where his boy lay? The bells are still ringing, and they have a mocking sound.

And the trembling hand is laid upon the latch of the church door. He enters, and the familiar strains grow louder and more thrilling with every note.

And the trembling hand is laid upon the latch of the church door. He enters, and the familiar strains grow louder and more thrilling with every note.

When your foot is filled, scratched or cut, or if you have only a little itching, apply McKENZIE'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT. It is undoubtedly the finest healing and cleansing application for it.

at the first sound of his voice his boy's form will melt from before his eyes, and he will find himself lying prone upon the cold steps of the church.

But at the last the old man's pining heart breaks through the goal of silence, and his lips are seen to quiver.

Rose did not consent to marry Edward Lagrange. Hence Anthony White could not refuse her hand to Charles Stewart because of the arrangement with his rich young rival.

The first baby baptized by the white-haired rector of St. Mary's parish, at the same moment of time, was named George Thornecliffe Stewart.

I wish that it were in my power to persuade young girls who wonder what they shall do to earn their living, that it is really better to choose some business than in the line of a woman's natural

When one realizes how hard it is to find good women for every kind of work in our houses, and what prices many such people are made to pay for their services, it is a wonder many girls are not ready to seize the chances.

Scorpions is known by swelling of the glands of the neck, successive, severe, and pain complete loss of vitality, and general signs of bad blood. Burdock Blood Bitters cures the scrofulous condition by making pure blood.

Are you troubled with Salt Rheum, Rough Skin, Itchiness or Chalker Sores? If so, go at once to Geo. McKENZIE'S Drug Store, and get a bottle of McKENZIE'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT.

When your foot is filled, scratched or cut, or if you have only a little itching, apply McKENZIE'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT. It is undoubtedly the finest healing and cleansing application for it.

CHEAP HARDWARE.



PRICES LOWER THAN EVER

Best Hot-Cut Iron Nails for \$2.55 per 100 lbs

Best Barb Wire 6 1/4 c. lb.

I have imported a large shipment of GLASS from Germany, very fine quality, and having imported direct, can sell at 10 per cent cheaper than ever sold before.

R. W. MCKENZIE

Goderich, Ont. 3rd, 1885.

NOW COMPLETE!

DRY-GOODS and Groceries.

Dress Goods, Shirts, and Tweeds.

Highest Price Paid for Butter & Eggs.

GEORGE ACHESON.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Goderich, April 30th, 1885.

oderich Foundry and Machine Works, Runoiman Bros., Proprietors.

Extensive Premises and Splendid New Stock.

GEO. BARRY,

CABINET-MAKER AND UNDERTAKER. Hamilton Street, Goderich

BOOTS & SHOES

Downing & Weddup

QUICK SALES, SMALL PROFITS WILL BE OUR MOTTO

DOWNING & WEDDUP

ART DESIGNS IN WALL PAPER

20,000 Rolls of the Latest Designs

The Latest Spring Bazaar Patterns & Fashions, AT BUTLER'S

EDS 365. Millet, Hungarian, and Corn and Ck wheat.

Y TO LOAN ANUEL SLOANE, on Street, Goderich, Ont. 1885.

365. DERICH OLEN MILLS. covers of the Surrounding

McCANN, East End Woolen Mills, 18th, 1885.

PH VANSTONE, PHRIORIOT, porter of and dealer in

low Door Sills. rimmers of all kinds in OHIO

1886. Young People. ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

ESS ILM. grey, blue, buff, hair, out, a it d will, des, to no Guar, nces