

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

"Oh, what a lovely bunch of pansies! Is it possible they are for me?" I exclaimed to a tiny, brown-eyed girl, who placed a fragrant bouquet of the gold and purple dewy blossoms in my hammock in which I was idly swinging under the big maple.

"Auntie Lee sent them," said the wee child, "and she hopes the mountain air will soon make you well, and she is our neighbor down under the hill."

"Who is neighborly Auntie Lee? I asked the woman with whom I boarded when next she came within hearing of my voice.

"Oh, then, she sent you some posies," replied talkative Mrs. Evans, coming briskly from the garden and sitting down on the steps of the little porch so that she might entertain me while she was shelling her peas, thus "killin' tew birds with one ston," as she said. "I was a wonderin' tew myself not tew minutes ago how long 'twould be afore she'd find out about ye an' send ye sutlin'." I can't say, for my part, how she can afford to do as she does.

"Why would she do so?" I asked.

"Oh, she says she aims to be neighborly, and if anybody happens to be sick anywhere around she sends them little things to eat and flowers to cheer 'em up, as she says, an' she always has her knittin' work in her pocket and her 'odd job o' knittin' 'as she calls it, grows out like magic into gloves and mittens and wristlets and stockin's that she gives away."

"To her friends, people fully able to buy them, I suppose."

"Oh, dear, no. To poor children, an' tew old men an' women that I spose are real needy, an' that's what she's for, her yarns are as bright as her flowers, an' I've told my man a good many times that the color went toward makin' her little gifts so welcome. An' then she has so much company."

"Rich people from the city, whose visits she returns, I suppose?"

"Oh, land sakes, no; poor folks that are tickled most to death to get an invitation to her pretty little home. Yes, her home is amazin' pleasant, though her man is a poor mechanic. She's always sayin' that she'd rather dew a little good every day as she goes along, than to be a waitin' to do some great thing when she gets able, and p'raps lose her opportunity and never do nothin'." I told her one day last year, says I, "Mrs. Lee, I should ruther be a puttin' by a little sumthin' in the bank for a rainy day, than to be a givin' away all the time." And she says, "Mrs. Evans, says she 'that's your way, an' it's a good way. I don't find no fault with it, but all these little things that I give away would never get into the bank, and so, you see, they would be lost, and I would pass away without ever doin' anything for my Master. An' I don't want to go to bed a night without thinkin' about I have that day tried to lighten some fellow mortal's burden, brought a smile to some face or a streak o' sunshine tew some heart, if it's only givin' a bunch o' posies in the right spirit."

"And these flowers cost her a good deal first and last, I suppose," said I, caressing my pansies.

"Oh, me a good deal to run such a garden as she does, but Mrs. Lee says she's not strong, so she gets fresh air, sun-baths, and exercise in her garden, an' spends her time workin' in there instead of visitin'." She returns all her calls by sendin' her compliments with a bunch o' posies."

"She hires someone to carry them about I presume?"

"Massy, no. There isn't a child in the village but what would run its legs off for Auntie Lee, and havin' finished shelling her mess of peas, my talkative little hostess trotted about her work again, saying as she disappeared through the doorway, "It's well enough to be neighborly, of course, but Mrs. Lee may see the time when she'd a wished she had a little sumthin' out at interest."

The Vermont mountain air agreed with me, my health gradually improving and I stayed on, week after week, spending a great part of my time when the weather did not positively forbid, in my hammock under the maples. As yet I had not once seen my neighbor, Auntie Lee, but grew to love her on account of the pretty nose gays that daily found their way from her hand to mine by another child messenger.

One night, late in August, there was a sudden downfall of rain swelled the little river that skirted our village to a veritable mountain torrent. A small dam some miles up the stream had broken away and the angry flood came rushing down sweeping all before it.

"Auntie Lee's husband's work shop has gone," shouted my hostess, Mrs. Evans, as she knocked at my door in the early morning after the storm; and that's not the worst of it, for her garden is all washed out and undermined, so that it will take a purty pile of money tew fix it up again if it's ever fixed. I wonder now of Mrs. Lee don't wish she hadn't been quite so neighborly, and so had a little somethin' out at interest?"

and it really seemed to me as if the brisk little woman chuckled to herself as she patted down stairs.

In less than half an hour she came back with as doleful a looking visage as I ever saw.

"Whatever is agoin to become o me, and my man," cried she; "and we gettin' to be old folks, too. Our savin' were all in the stock company at Minotville, because they paid more interest than the bank; we only tuk it out o' the bank a little while ago, neow their mill has gone clean off, an' they'll all go to general amash and we along with 'em." And this time she went slowly groaning down the stairs. I could not help pitying the woman from the bottom of my heart.

There was great excitement in the little village, as a matter of course; but Auntie Lee was reported to be as "chipper" as ever. The nosegay came to me every day as usual, not quite so many nor so great a variety as formerly, for a part o' the garden had been washed away, but enough to give me an increased admiration for the sweet old lady, who was so persistent and so unwearied in her neighborly acts of kindness.

The next Monday's local newspaper had this unique notice at the head of the village items:

"All who have ever been the recipients of kindly deeds from 'Auntie Lee' and who would like to reciprocate now in her day of misfortune are invited to bring their supper to Oak Grove on Thursday afternoon at 5 o'clock and talk the matter over a 'neighborly' cup o' tea."

At the time appointed I had a carriage come to take my hostess and me, and my basket of cakes and buns fresh from the bakery to the beautiful grove. As we were driven I was surprised to see so many people, lunch baskets in hand, speeding in the same direction.

"Almost everybody in town is going," said Mrs. Evans, "high and low, rich and poor."

As I was being assisted to my seat a gentle, motherly little woman spread a soft shawl over the back of the chair, intended for me, and quickly folded another shawl for my lame foot to rest upon. "This is Auntie Lee," said Mrs. Evans, and the sweet-faced little woman and I looked into each other's faces with a little curiosity; perhaps, as well as sympathy, and shook hands cordially. "I don't know what all these good people are to do with Elijah and me," she said, with a smile that was genial as a sunbeam. "but the minister would have us come, and he and his wife drove around for us."

The minister ascended the platform just then, and after tenderly yet impressively invoking the divine blessing, he looked down benignly upon the faces upturned to his and with a touching intonation of a voice asked:

"Who is my neighbor?"

He then went on to tell how Auntie Lee had answered that question in regard to himself.

"When I first became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Lee," he said, "I was finishing my theological studies here in the village with Dr. Mills, and they had just been married and settled down in their little house yonder, which they had inherited. Once I was sent for to preach on trial in the adjoining town of Luxboro'. My only coat was worn threadbare and extensively patched, and I had no way of procuring another. Feeling sorely grieved and dispirited I started out for a walk, and for the sake of telling my troubles to some fellow creature, and with no thought of receiving any aid in the premises, turned into Mrs. Lee's house and read to her the invitation I had had from Luxboro' and frankly told her why I could not go at present."

"Leave it to the Lord," said the good woman, and forthwith she proceeded to take my measure with a piece of tape. "Go home," she continued, "write your sermon, and come here again Saturday morning."

"I obeyed. I subsequently found that the woman had actually taken a piece of cloth she had laid by in the house for a cloak for herself, and tailors as she was by trade, had cut and made me a coat from it. I preached my first sermon in it, and shortly received and accepted my first call."

"Oh, dear," whispered Auntie Lee from her seat by my side, "he has paid me for that coat every New Year's day since, and it wasn't much for me to do after all."

Major Sanford, the richest man in town was the next to take the stand. The old people smiled and nodded their heads, but the young folks looked at each other and wondered what he could be indebted to Auntie Lee for.

"When I was a boy," the Major began, "I was bound out in H—, to a very, very bad master, from whom I determined to run away. I availed myself of an opportunity to escape one Saturday afternoon, when I was sent to the pasture to salt the cattle. I came straight over the mountain to this place. I wanted to get out of the State as soon as possible, so came directly to the bridge down here at the river which is, you all know, the New Hampshire boundary. Just as I had stepped upon Vermont soil, I overtook, on the road, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, young people then. They

had a basket and a s—ade, and had been digging up wild flowers to transplant in their garden. Although an entire stranger, they accosted me kindly. Noticing that I had been crying, Mrs. Lee asked me my trouble. Before I knew it I had blurted out the whole story, and had been invited by her to go home with her and stay over Sunday with her. I was, of course, only too grateful to accept the invitation. After supper we set out the plants, and then Mr. Lee took me with him down the hill to the bank of the "brook" as he called it then, and into his little machine-shop. I soon evinced my fondness for tools, and confided to him an invention that had, in a crude form, long had possession of my brain. Being a natural mechanic, he saw the utility of my invention at a glance. The subject was not mentioned on the morrow, which was a quiet, restful day to me. Mrs. Lee loaned me a clean linen suit belonging to her husband, and I went to church with them. Next day Mr. Lee went over to H— and made terms with master, because Mrs. Lee said she could not allow me to feel like a "run away." Then Mr. Lee took me into his employment and gave me a corner in his shop, where I could, at odd moments work at my model. My invention was a success and made my fortune, as you all know. I am thankful, my friends, that I am able to-day to repair the damages done to the dear old homestead and to rebuild my old friend's shop."

Major Sanford sat down, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, while his delighted audience applauded vociferously.

"Dear heart," said Auntie Lee to me, "what was he talking about? He's paid us over and over, and he's tried and tried to make Elijah go into partnership with him, but he wouldn't, and I would not let him."

Then followed one-minute speeches by the score. "They kept me three months when I was sick and homeless," said one. "I made their house my home for weeks when I was out of work," said another. Ten homeless working girls were married in their parlor, and went out into the world with their blessing. There was a great number of touching little speeches from those that had received flowers and delicacies in illness and warm garments in time of need.

And so from them all flowed out contributions of money, the greater part of which was safely placed in the bank for the benefit of the Lees when old age and failing should overtake them.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Evans to Auntie Lee, "you've been lendin' to the Lord, and he pays the best interest, after all, I never could understand before; but I do now."

"There are none of us so poor that we cannot give as we have. A smile or a kind word even will come back to us in kind," said Auntie Lee, and we all brushed away the tears that we could not suppress while those touching speeches were being made and went to our homes.

Answer to Many Correspondents.

In reply to numerous inquiries from our readers, concerning the wonderful qualities of the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, mentioned in our last issue, we would inform them that the article may be obtained from our retail druggists, or by their aid. Ask for St. Jacobs Oil, and if the dealer does not keep it in stock, he will be able to procure it in a few days from the wholesale houses. We understand there is existing an immense demand for the remedy, which is not so very surprising when it is considered what it is daily accomplishing in the way of relief and cures, bordering, in some instances, on the miraculous.

It is reported that the ex-Empress Eugenie has made a will leaving all her property to Prince Victor Napoleon, to whom falls the inheritance of Napoleonic succession. The estate is of immense value.

The experience of thousands has shown that the Stomach, Liver and Bowels may be kept in a perfectly healthy condition—the attacks of disease warded off and a vigorous state of health maintained by the use of Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters. Are you troubled with Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Bilelessness or Constipation? If so, try this remedy and be cured. For sale by all Druggists in large bottles at 50 cts. For sale by Geo. Rhynas.

The widow of the late A. Duncan, drowned off the Asia, has been presented with an address, and will receive \$1,000 from the Commercial Travellers' Association, of which her husband was a member.

Bleeding of the Lungs.

Bowmanville, Ont., Nov. 8, 1872. Messrs. Seth W. Fowler & Sons, Boston: Gentlemen—I have been troubled with bleeding of the lungs for a long time. About two years ago I took a severe cold which made my lungs very sore, but after using one bottle of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry the pain and cough disappeared and have not troubled me since. I believe the Balsam is the best medicine in use and well worth the price asked for it. Yours truly, Jesse Burk. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Sold by dealers generally.

At Barrie, on Friday, Henry Yorke was acquitted of the murder of Daniel Dewel in Tay township in May last, the evidence not proving that death resulted from the blow struck.

Prompt relief in sick headache, dizziness, nausea, constipation, pain in the side, etc., guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One pill a dose. 25 cents.

A Shocking Occurrence.

A gentleman leaning against one of the iron pillars in Dooner's cafe on Saturday evening was observed to pitch suddenly forward, and nearly fall on the marble floor. He turned very pale and looked about him to see whether his involuntary action had been noticed. It did not appear to have been, and he walked back to the pillar and examined it critically. Then he walked around it and looked up to the ceiling. He looked at the floor, and then to satisfy himself whether the post had moved from its place and kicked him he pressed hard against it with the palm of his hand.

In another instant the gentleman was sprawling on the floor. He got up, and finding that he was begging to attract attention, he walked back and sought Mr. Dooner.

"Is this place haunted," he asked, "or have you a familiar spirit which knocks people down? Then he explained what had taken place.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Dooner, "show me the post and I'll hug it if you say so." Mr. Dooner was shown the post, and he put his arms around it. But it was not for long. In less than two seconds Mr. Dooner was where his guest had been a few minutes before. At the same time a howl of rage was heard in the barroom. Mr. Dooner ran back. A man was standing there with a half-emptied glass of wine in his hand.

"What does this mean?" he demanded. "Attempted to take a drink and a shock went through me like a galvanic battery. Do you—He was interrupted by another man who entered suddenly, with a yell and a muttered imprecation.

"What's the matter here?" he asked rather angrily. "I put my hand on an iron post out there," pointing to the cafe, and I believe I'm paralyzed."

By this time a group of excited men had gathered around. "The place is bewitched," said one; "or has been magnetized," ventured a little man, who was smiling broadly. It's nothing of the kind. These gentlemen have received an electric shock. Make an investigation and see if I am not right.

The hotel proprietor sent for the manager of the Electric Power company on Arch street above Tenth. He came and in less than twenty minutes had solved the mystery.

It was found that a steel screw, from which depended an electric light, had been pushed too far through the lath and plaster and come in contact with an iron girder, the girder rests on the pillar, and the base of the pillar rested on another girder beneath the floor. The gentlemen who were knocked had completed the circuit by touching the post, and the man who thought he was drinking molten lead did the same by placing his foot on the metal rail in front of the bar, after he had lifted the glass to his lips. The screw was given a half turn back, the circuit was broken and everybody was relieved.—[Philadelphia Press.]

The sudden changes in our Canadian climate are certainly conducive to Lung, Throat and Chest affections, but by the prompt use of the proper remedy there is no reason why Consumption should be so prevalent. Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops never fail to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, pain or oppression of the Chest, and all pulmonary affections. It loosens the phlegm and breaks up the cough. Sold everywhere in large bottles at 50cts.

For sale by Geo. Rhynas.

Dairymen who own from 60 to 100 cows, and who have made butter for 30 years, unhesitatingly state that Thatcher's Orange Butter Color possesses a degree of merit heretofore unknown.

Of all the ills that flesh is heir to kidney disease is the most distressing. To sufferers, we can only say, take Dr. VAN BUREN'S KIDNEY CURE at once, and thus obtain a relief you cannot find elsewhere. All Druggists have it. J. Wilson Goderich. 2m.

Mr. James Auld, of Wawanosh, this year sold about 800 dozen eggs the product of about 70 fowl.

Free of Cost.

All persons wishing to test the merits of a great remedy—one that will positively cure Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs—are requested to call at Jas. Wilson's Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, free of cost, which will show you what a regular dollar-size bottle will do.

A cargo of walnut ex-schooner Jessie Drummond, from Chicago, was sold on arrival at Quebec at \$1.10 per foot. The owner, Mr. Kelly, will clear about \$10,000.

Ladies who suffer periodically from pains in the back will find immediate relief in a few doses of Dr. VAN BUREN'S KIDNEY CURE. It was never known to fail. Try it at once. Your Druggist keeps it. J. Wilson Goderich. 2m.

A Good Investment.—Twenty-five cents expended to your druggist for a bottle of Hagar's Yellow Oil will allay more pain and cure more diseases than many dollars spent for ordinary medicines would do. Yellow Oil cures Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, Sore Throat, Croup, Stiff Joints, Contracted Cords, and all Lameness and inflammation. 2.

Why go on day after day suffering with splitting headaches when a bottle of Dr. Austin's Phosphatine will cure you? If you do not believe it ask your druggist for a circular—and read what those who have used it say about it. Price \$1.00. 2m.

If you are desirous to obtain immediate relief from any kidney trouble, and thus prevent the fatal results that always attend the neglect of these distressing complaints (and who does not?) why take Dr. VAN BUREN'S KIDNEY CURE at once. It is safe, simple and effective. Sold by J. Wilson Goderich. 2m.



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The shortest route to the coast and the West by the shortest route, and carrying passengers without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It consists in Union Depot with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of most comfortable and beautiful day coaches, Pullman's Buffet Sleeping Cars, and the best class of Dining Cars in the world. Three Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

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A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kanabos, has recently been opened between Richmond, Toronto, New York, New Orleans, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points. All Through Passenger Trains, and Fast Express Trains.

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Cathartic Pills
Combine the choicest cathartic principles in medicine, in proportions accurately adjusted to secure activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. They are the result of years of careful study and practical experiment, and are the most effective remedy yet discovered for diseases caused by derangement of the stomach, liver, and bowels, which require prompt and effective treatment. AYER'S PILLS are especially applicable to this class of diseases. They act directly on the digestive and assimilative processes, and restore regular healthy action. Their extensive use by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, is one of the many proofs of their value as a safe, sure, and perfectly reliable purgative medicine. Being compounded of the concentrated virtues of purely vegetable substances, they are positively free from calomel or any injurious properties, and can be administered to children with perfect safety.

AYER'S PILLS are an effective cure for Constipation or Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Sour Stomach and Breath, Dizziness, Headache, Loss of Memory, Numbness, Bilelessness, Jaundice, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia, Colic, Gripes, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Gout, Piles, Disorders of the Liver, and all other diseases resulting from a disordered state of the digestive apparatus.

As a Dinner Pill they have no equal. While gentle in their action, these PILLS are the most thorough and searching cathartic that can be employed, and never give pain unless the bowels are inflamed, and then their influence is healing. They stimulate the appetite and digestive organs; they operate to purify and enrich the blood, and impart robust health and vigor to the whole system.

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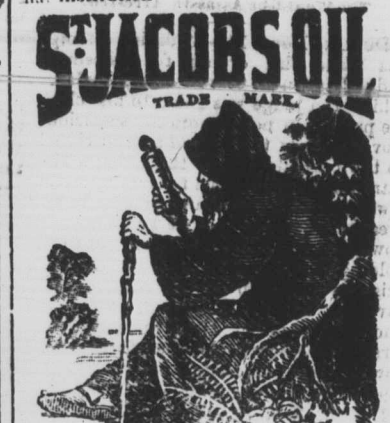
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A monument erected to the memory of the late Prof. McManis, of the University of Iowa, was unveiled last week, in presence of the superintendent, officers, pupils and friends of the institution.



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