

His Very Words.

Sir John Macdonald spoke at Yorkville on June 1st, 1882. The first of June, 1882, contained a report of his speech, from which the following is extracted:

"The following question in writing was handed to Sir John: 'What is your opinion of the constitutionality of the Ontario License Act?'

"Sir John said that since Confederation his decisions had often been given, as Minister of Justice, on constitutional questions, and in no single case had his judgment been reversed. He believed that the Act was not worth the paper it was written on. The whole system of the Government appointing license inspectors to compel men to vote under penalty of losing their licenses was wrong and indefensible. (Cheers.) Whenever the licensed victuallers brought the matter before the courts, it would be decided that the Act was an usurpation, and had no force whatever, and he was surprised the question had not been pressed long before this. If he carried the country, as he would do—(Cheers)—he would tell Mr. Morat, that little tyrant, who had attempted to control public opinion by getting hold of every little office, from that of a Division Commissioner to a tavern-keeper, that he would get a Bill passed at Ottawa returning to the municipalities the power taken away from them by the License Act. (Cheers.)"

"For a man who was in the wrong, Sir John had a pretty good opinion of himself when he made that speech. Perhaps he is wiser and not so vain today, for Morat, 'that little tyrant,' has given him several lessons in law since 1882. As an election dodge, Sir John's lie was not ill-conceived. The liquor dealers had found the Crooks Act pretty strict. Some of them, chafing under the operation of the Saturday night clause, thought it would be a great gain to do business under a looser law made at their dictation by their friend Sir John Macdonald. To get such a law, the majority of those interested in the liquor traffic worked like beavers to secure the election of Tory candidates in 1882. Sir John got his majority, and he set D'Alton McCarthy to framing a License Law. He fooled the liquor dealers, and made a bid for the support of temperance men, by neglecting to open the doors as wide as the advocates of free trade in grog desired. But the law such as it was passed, and an effort was made to enforce it. That Dominion License Law is now declared by the judgment of the Privy Council to be 'not worth the paper it is written upon.'"

"But what has Sir John's 'knowledge of constitutional law' cost the people of Canada in the meantime? A couple of hundred Dominion License Inspectors, and nearly a hundred Dominion License Commissioners were appointed, and of course they have been paid or will have to be paid. Every liquor dealer who had any faith in Sir John Macdonald had to put up \$10 in addition to the Provincial license fees. A good many of them desired to sell whiskey but who could not get licenses from the Provincial Commissioners, were enabled to open saloons under Dominion license. Their investments will now be worthless. Add to these items the cost of litigation at Ottawa before the Supreme Court, and at London before the Privy Council, and the total cost of that spree and speech in 1882 cannot amount to much less than \$500,000. Unfortunately, the liquor dealers who put their trust in Sir John Macdonald have not been the only sufferers. The ordinary taxpayer has to contribute a part of the penalty for having a stubborn man, ignorant of the meaning of the Canadian constitution, in office.—(Hamilton Times.)"

Quincy. At this season of the year Quinys and various forms of Throat Complaints prevail. Hagar's Pectoral Balm is an excellent throat and lung medicine, that cures Quinys, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

Changes on the Grand Trunk.

London Free Press.

Heretofore there have been three assistant superintendents west of Toronto, namely, Mr. J. E. Dawson, with charge of the Great Western division line, with the exception of the Wellington, Grey & Bruce, and Brantford and Tilsonburg sections, with headquarters in this city; Mr. R. Larmour, located at Stratford with superintendence of the Grand Trunk main line and branches west of Toronto; and Mr. W. R. Tiffin in charge of the Wellington, Grey & Bruce, and Brantford and Tilsonburg sections, with headquarters at Palmerston. These are to be immediately reorganized under two assistant superintendents. Mr. R. Larmour is to be transferred from the Grand Trunk division and be located in this city and have charge of the traffic department of the Great Western division and all branches of either line south of the Grand Trunk main line except the Wellington, Grey & Bruce section. The latter, with the Grand Trunk main line and all branches north of that, are to be placed under the superintendence of Mr. W. R. Tiffin, with offices at Stratford. The office at Palmerston will be abolished. The contemplated changes are intended largely to consolidate the divisions of the road under the charge of Mr. James Stephenson and Mr. Chas. Stiff. The latter will take over the Buffalo & Goderich branch as far north as Stratford, and the Georgian Bay and Lake Erie road from Port Dover to Stratford. Mr. Stephenson will assume charge of the London, Huron & Bruce, the Wellington, Grey & Bruce, and retain the St. Mary's branch and the whole of the branches north of the Grand Trunk main line. Each of these gentlemen would be represented by the assistant-superintendents named above. It is not known yet what disposition General Management of the Bickson purposes making of Mr. J. E. Dawson, the assistant superintendent here.

The latest information from the Grand Trunk head office regarding the wages question is that a number of petitions from the employes on the coast have been received, or are on the way, asking the general manager to restore the rates of pay to the figures which prevailed before the 5 and 10 per cent. reductions were made in the early part of 1884. It is understood that nothing will be done immediately to comply with the request of the petitioners, but if traffic and rates

improve as they have done recently the management hopes before long to be in a position to restore the old rates.

Rev. J. G. Fells, Dutton, certifies: "For some years my wife has been troubled with dyspepsia, and has tried one thing after another recommended with but little or no effect till advised to give McGregor's Speedy Cure a trial. Since taking the first bottle I have noticed a decided improvement, and on with confidence recommend it to be one of, if not the best medicine extant for Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Kidney Complaint, is purely vegetable. Sold at G. Rhynas' drug store. Trial bottles given free. Im

Literary Notices.

Mr. W. D. Howell's will occupy the Editor's Study in Harper's—the new editorial department absorbing the Literary Record—for the first time in the January number. An Mr. Curtis has entertained Harper readers for years from the Easy Chair with his chats about social matters, and Mr. Warner, for the past two years, has spread before them a pleasant cascade of humor, so Mr. Howell will talk chattily to them about books and matters of literature in general. Mr. Curtis himself, in his New Year's greeting, rises from the Easy Chair to open for the gentle reader "the door which admits him to the Editor's Study—a room which he has not seen before; an apartment designed for his delight, as the Easy Chair is intended for his repose; a retreat in which his wakeliveness will be as refreshing as his slumbers in the Chair."

Dyspepsia. This prevalent malady is the parent of most of our bodily ills. One of the best remedies known for Dyspepsia is Burdock Blood Bitters, it having cured the worst chronic form, after all else had failed.

Human Electrotypes.

M. Kergovatz, a chemist of Brest, has proposed a new method of disposing of the human body after death, which he considers preferable in every way to either burial or cremation. His system is an antiseptic one, much simpler and less expensive than the old process of embalming, and is nothing more than a new galvanoplastic application. The body is coated with a conducting substance such as plumbago, or it is bathed with a solution of nitrate of silver, the after decomposition of which, under the influence of sunlight, leaves a finely divided deposit of metallic silver. It is then placed in a bath of copper sulphate, and connected for electrolysis with several cells of gravity or other battery of constant current. The result is that the body is encased in a skin of copper, which prevents further change or chemical action. If desired, this may be again plated with gold or silver, according to the taste or wealth of the friends of the dead. M. Kergovatz has employed the process eleven times on human subjects, and on many animals, and states that in all cases it was perfectly satisfactory. In spite, however, of its warm recommendation, the idea is repulsive. It seems a mockery to give permanence to the temple when all that once made it valuable is gone.—(Scientific American.)

VANDERBILT'S MARRIAGE.

Fell from His Horse and Fell in Love at the Same Time.

Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, the widow of the late millionaire, is now about 65 or 60 years old, and is in excellent health. She was married when about 18, and was considered very lovely as a girl. Her maiden name was Miss Martha Kissam, and she was the daughter of a clergyman of moderate means, but of an old and aristocratic family. As a girl, Mrs. Vanderbilt was noted for a pretty face, graceful and simple manners, and charitable acts, and these traits she has retained throughout her married life.

Her marriage came about in quite a romantic way. On a bright moonlight night at about 10 o'clock Miss Kissam was walking through the quiet and deserted streets of Albany. Suddenly she was startled by the clatter of a horse's hoofs. Soon she saw coming up the street at breakneck pace a bay horse, on which was seated young Vanderbilt, handling his horse with ease and grace. When the horse and rider had reached the corner where the young lady stood, she being of a modest, retiring nature, withdrew in the shadow of a doorway. The horse saw the movement, and being a spirited animal, shied and threw its rider, who fell heavily on a pile of stones, striking the left side of his face. Miss Kissam screamed and sprang forward, supposing that Vanderbilt was either dead or badly hurt. Hardly had she reached his side, when he jumped up, shook himself and brushed the dust from his face.

"Are—are you hurt badly?" timidly inquired the young lady.

"Not at all, Miss—Miss—a—" stammered the youth.

"Miss Kissam," whispered the young lady, while many blushes suffused her pretty face.

"Well, I'm not hurt, Miss Kissam," said W. H. Vanderbilt as he introduced himself, "but I'm pretty badly shaken up."

Miss Kissam appeared embarrassed and insisted upon young Mr. Vanderbilt going to her home, as he suddenly appeared very faint. Here he was introduced to Miss Kissam's father. A pleasant evening was spent, and William proved such an excellent conversationalist that when he took his departure that evening he was invited to call again, which he did repeatedly until they were married.

Glance of Home Life.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

I had a little talk the other day with a lady whose experience is often in request to make outfits for children or ladies who are short of time, or have not skill and judgment to select judiciously. I asked her what are the successful elements of being well dressed, and she said: "First, healthfulness, then gracefulness and harmony of color, and then proper value for our money."

There is such a difference, too, in face and figure, one person can look so well dressed in a ten-cent mainin while another requires richer garments to produce as charming results. There are so many things to be taken into consideration in every branch of outfit. I have been sometimes in the course of my life so circumstanced at different periods of my life, as to be obliged to make the most of every dollar I possessed, and at times to spend judiciously for others. Last year a friend in indigent circumstances entrusted me with \$30 with which to furnish two suits of clothing for her little girl who was going to school for the winter. I purchased for her union flannel underwear, each garment made plainly but prettily embroidered at neck and sleeves. She had a stoop in the shoulders and I bought two corded brace waists, with stocking supporters, at one dollar each. Stockings, drawers and outer petticoats cost altogether \$12, and were all well gotten goods, the under petticoats being of yarn knit in a simple pattern and all with the consideration of lightness and close-fitting for warmth. Dresses puzzled me at first but I kept to the flannel. Six yards each of navy blue and the same of garnet made pretty sailor suits and to the blue I added a polonaise of a lighter shade in velvet, so that the two top parts could be worn with the same skirt; a grey felt hat, trimmed with blue velvet, and a thick grey cloak, leaving an outfit altogether of \$27.50, making a small balance for gloves and handkerchiefs. This was a matter of close economy, and did not admit of the many little et ceteras that women and children delight in while I certainly made up the goods at half price. It was a practical rebuke to the frivolous and false estimate that fashion puts on dress, and while we would not copy China and regulate by sumptuary laws the fashion of attire from generation to generation, yet we feel sometimes a wish that there were restrictions in regard to foolish, often wicked, outlays in this matter among those who are often ill able to afford it. "Fashion," says an eminent essayist, "constantly begins and ends in the two things it abhors most, these are singularity and vulgarity."

There is no doubt it works in a circle, and no other proof is needed than in the introduction of crinoline, which has literally swung round the circle. To be well dressed does not require an extravagant outlay, especially at this season of the year (Summer) when muslins and lawn organdies and other light fabrics are so cheap. Let the thin, pale, helpless girl wear puffed dresses of bright colors and if her features are sharp, tone them down with soft waves of hair peeping here and there on brow and neck. If stout let her wear the long polonaise or simple French jacket, never the perky tilted baquet that is too short for her already short waist. Shawls, that are so often worn by stout ladies, should only be worn by tall, slender, graceful figures, that can carry them with good effect. As regards color, nearly all of my sex know the various shades that "become" their complexion. I have in mind a young girl who always wears blue or white, her whole wardrobe being composed of these in various shades. Put her in any other color and she knows that the sunlight fades from her hair, and the best tint leaves her complexion. Yet for a pale, sallow skin blue is trying, giving one "a tired expression," as I heard a lady say, though it is generally serviceable.

Black is always becoming, and a young girl of my acquaintance, who is very ordinary in appearance, when dressed in summer lightness, becomes absolutely elegant in black cashmere with gray bonnet trimmed with plumes of the same shade. Nothing is so durable as a good black silk, but now-a-days so many cheaper fabrics are combined, that a good black dress, which is always stylish is easily obtained, and is a necessity to every wardrobe. A good serge for winter of some plain color is very serviceable and can be sponged and cleaned nicely, but flannel has no peer in cheap material; every bit of it is useful when no longer used as a dress; it will not crease, or fade, and bears washing better than any other. Lace, and especially good black silk lace, is a profitable trimming for good dark dresses. It can be so easily removed from one garment to another, and has more wear to it, though looking more delicate than the jet trimming or even the braiding that often takes its place. For lace is to a dress what a good ostrich feather is to a hat, always a handsome trimming, though the latter is troublesome in losing its curl, which can, however, be easily restored by holding over the steam of the kettle, shaking lightly all the while. I have heard men say they can

tell a lady by her boots and gloves and they certainly are a good criterion. Good silk or kid gloves kept mended are cheaper in the end than common sorts and the same may be said of boots. For comfort let the boots be "ordered," and the soles thick and wide, they will outwear three pairs of factory made goods. Two pair of sleeves are an economy in wearing dresses for every day, and for prints an apron of the same often serves better for mending than new goods wearing with the cloth. I do not approve of corsets for young girls. I remember Dr. Mary Lafford in a crowded reception room once pointing to a young girl with "fine physique, she has never worn a corset;" and I knew such to be the case. "Beauty" of dress is not easy to describe any more than is the color or texture of different flowers—and, when I see some women in gorgeous array I think there is some truth in the remark that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most."—(Chat-auguey Basin.)

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LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S CANVASS.

Now Birmingham was Worked by Lord Churchill's Wife.

London, Dec. 12.—The two most prominent figures during the late election canvass in Birmingham were not the rival candidates, John Bright and Lord Randolph Churchill, but the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Randolph Churchill. The latter especially put forth ardent and strenuous efforts to secure the election of her husband. And she all succeeded. While, at the last election John Bright had nearly 7,000 majority over so popular a candidate as the late Lord Bury, his majority over Lord Randolph a few days ago was but 652. Lady Churchill took the management of the campaign into her own hands, and proved herself to be as popular with the Birmingham artisans as she was a few months ago with the Woodstock laborers. Even the Radicals admired this new chief of the Primrose League, and cheered her wherever she appeared. Lady Churchill may be said to have introduced a new engine of political warfare into English elections. The people of Birmingham, who take their politics as seriously as any other business, at first looked with derision on Lady Churchill's new body, with its knights and dames and badges, and held aloof from it. But they soon found the league meant serious business, and that Lady Randolph was the head of a well-disciplined phalanx of lady canvassers whose influence was not to be despised. Lady Churchill's method of electioneering was as follows: She opened a habitation in Birmingham with a force of 500 ladies. A number of these were assigned to the task of making a house-to-house visitation. Each lady is responsible for a certain section of a certain ward or a certain street, and each had a little book to jot down her memoranda. Lady Churchill herself, without having any special section, visited all the "doubtful cases." The candid friends who at first laughed at Lady Randolph's league were soon appalled to her for help. The ladies of the league visited some of the poorest houses in Birmingham and encountered its roughest classes. Speaking of her master of argument, Lady Randolph says: "I tell them what our side thinks of the questions of the day—it may be the church, it may be fair trade or it may be the land—and they agree with me or not as the case may be. The factory masters were good enough to allow me to speak to their employes, whether they were of our persuasion or no. And I found by this means I was able to get over the ground with greater rapidity." Lady Randolph is of opinion that "lady canvassers perhaps evince more tact than a man," and she also regards the personal house-to-house visitation and the little chats with the electors or their wives as a means towards a political education. Lady Randolph and her canvassers had to be extremely careful not to be entrapped in the meshes of the Corrupt Practices Act, which is terribly severe on canvassers and agents. A story is told of a candidate who was walking down street during the late elections when a beggar accosted him for charity. "I cannot give you anything, my good fellow, though you were starving; I am a candidate for Parliament." "Never mind, sir; drop it in the gutter and I'll find it." But the candidate took no chances. Lady Randolph was careful "to have the best legal opinion" for her every move. Over 40,000 badges were issued for her organization immediately preceding the election. "The league," she explains, "is called into existence to bring Conservatives together and is friendly and united work for the advancement and maintenance of those constitutional principles which have made England what she is, and to maintain the cause of religion and monarch-

ical government, as against atheism and republicanism." Lady Churchill, as is well known, is a daughter of Mr. Leonard Jerome, of New York. She is a beauty and a scholar, and when her husband's re-election was necessitated a few months ago by his acceptance of a place in Lord Salisbury's Cabinet, Lady Churchill's fascinations and ability were sufficient to counteract the malign influence of her brother-in-law, the Duke of Marlborough. Lady Churchill, then Miss Jerome, first met at a dinner at Paris. Lord Churchill was dazzled and fascinated by the beauty and brilliancy of the New York girl. The admiration was mutual. After dinner she remarked to her sister:—"That's the brightest man I ever met, and I'm going to marry him." By a curious coincidence Lord Randolph made an almost identical remark about her at the moment to one of his friends. Lord Randolph advanced and considered views on the Irish question are said to be the result of his wife's influence.

THE HARD WORKED MAN of business, toiling day by day, with little chance for rest, should take occasionally Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion, to give activity to the brain, and strength to the constitution, and thereby prevent the attacks of fever and other destroying disease.

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The Skin. Everybody cannot have a rose-like complexion, but everybody can have a soft, agreeable skin. First, women who want to nice skin ought not to eat quantities of heavy rich food. A diet of fruit, fresh milk, unboltered flour bread, grains and vegetables will do more for the complexion than a hundred washes. Avoid hard dishes, spices, tea, coffee and alcohol. Long drinking of tea, coffee and constituting the face and neck in hot water at night just before you go to bed. Use soap at this time, but rinse it off thoroughly. The morning, when you rise, is the best time for your bath, but don't wash your face with soap then.

Women can keep off pimples and sallow spots by the frequent use of and eating only plain, simple food. Milk, fruit and grains are best. Even wrinkles can be kept at bay a long time. This is done by keeping good-natured and serene, and by the use of some softening lotion upon the face every night. Pure glycerine, thinned with water, is excellent. Rub it thoroughly upon the face, neck and hands just before you go to bed. It will to a great extent smooth out the grim wrinkles, and even soften the whole expression of the face. You will be surprised to know how satin smooth the skin will become. Oatmeal water is also an excellent lotion. Soak a cupful of oatmeal in five cupfuls of water for twenty-four hours. Stir it several times. Strain through a sieve and add bay rum till it is of the thickness of cream. Bathe the face and hands at night with this, letting it dry in.

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We are in a position to do all kinds of custom work, usually done in a full set-up mill, and we guarantee to do for you better, if not a little better than any in our surroundings. A call respectfully solicited. E. McCANN, East End Woolen Mills, Goderich, May 12th, 1885.

Goderich & Kincardine. Manager Goderich Branch. Goderich, Sept. 10th, 1885. 2013-3m

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ANTHONY WHITE

And the Rival Letters. Her Hand. A Lonely Christmas.—The Christmas Chimes. Old Year.

No one had ever seen White of being liberal charitable commitments. New Year, Thanksgiving, all passed by, yet not a soul made more happy, for a lie, nor a want supply of Anthony White's shops. The time had been, when selfishness that now filled the old miller's shivered cealed beneath an exterior from that which he now can well be imagined. I been youthful. Now his eyes had been as bright waters of his own mill dash bright now, but with the frozen pond. His black powdered to a handsome flour of his busy mill. Looks showed the gray that leaping mill had sprinkled once elastic step had brook shillies shuffle, and his clatters of a miser rather rags. Poor he was not most wretched, he certain.

There were many strange Anthony White, but that the strangest of the young village was the possessi of a cottage as Rose, who, thorny old miller, who plucked before the time writing. What a contrast! Rose, between Anthony and Rose. He was old, selfish—the young, plump and with a heart big as an anthe with every sorrow a every joy that came into those about her. In fact, she so constantly employ thoughts of kindness and she had no time, it seem melancholy, she her life cottage would have been young creature with vein and a heart overflowing.

I say it was a wonder folks in the village how a flint could be even distant loving and lovely a girl a these same young people vored with a peep in where Anthony did his might have been a better case, broken at the back two dim, faded figure clothing, sitting bolt up hand—young Anthony W it—Rose? Ah, no, his mother whom Anthony in every motion, every in every glance of the eye. It would be hard, I'll be young peepers into A recognize the old miser; young bridegroom of th But he it was. Is the eh reader! Look about y concealing of human a around you this happy when all that seems col the weather, and when bright, with crackling glow, with peep and a hand—yes, even in i; possibly the other side your own happy friend ing, freezing with dis selfishness combined.

The miller's first big beautiful wife died. of her. He had gratifi He had even loved his own; but even i something like that w spread in his breast and kind and good—a may be that Anthony indebted feeling that vicariously good and l be one flesh with such ness in some sort too the devil of selfishne even then had begun him. However, that of his wife only as closer and harder at charitable—or rather before.

But the final blow lingering tenderness nature when his boy first-born. He h beauty, all his fail ment, and a soft o with that made him and the leader am lisses in summer sports. And wh moanful Christmas