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To make Christmas really merry you need a cutter, one of my new model high finish kind. A cutter with a well braced gear, comfortable and roomy seat, high apring back, beautifully painted and dashing style. Or perhaps it is a pleasure sleight you are wanting to take the family out. I have a good assortment of them. Nice low down. strongly built bobs, well constructed, box Scissors with drop tailhoard; good wide seats with spring backs very handsom-ly painted and trimmed. Come in and see them. I have also a good stock of farm bobaleighs on hand. Bring your sloigh and cutter repair-ing here for prompt and satisfactory results.

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From 10 cents to 60 cents each The roc stick is for the little fellow, one will meet his wants

strongous requirentents of the game SPECIAL PRICE FOR CLUBS The BOND HARDWARE Co.

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The foc stick is made to meet the most

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If they need Glasses we'l tell you so, and furnish-at a moderate cost--- he ones re-

If they are all right, we will be glad to congratulate you that such is the case.

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mouth and have the pleasant flavor of the pure berb.

All other kinds of cough drops

sticks that dissolve slowly in the

also on hand.

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Doetry.

WHEN THE BUN GOES DOWN O, the light that lingers when the sur And purples the hills in the after

When Day casts off his huminous For the neutral tinta When the shadow world hints Of the thloge I have dreamed till they seem to be so!

For there's, something for more than the translucent sir-Something more than the hills the purple and brown : There's a soul thinly velled in 14. solemn high there. And she comes to my tryst.

In the rate spirit mist. .. Of the light that lingers when the stin goes down. Year I see -nearly soc-the fair facand the worth That are sponsors of all that faith could fulfill.

And I count it a glimpse of the gli afterwhile That these shadowy gleams fold the truth of my dreams Of the white vanished hand and the voice that is still. l'here's a soft golden glow ever swing-

shadow world's frown; And her face presses low in the gos samer sheen. And her glad over shine Back the things I divine In the light that lingers when the

log between

нии goes down. And the beavens are still as the parted With their message from over the strange border line --That the veil of the twilight shall lift

up to prove That the dreams I have dreamed Are but half they have seemed Of the raptures supernal reserved t be mine.

wait awhile For, though Midnight has put on hi chany crown. Holding fast to your faith in the face and the untile. You shall plerce the bright screen Phat is awinging between The dork and the day when the sun

Select Family Hending



goes down.

ner, and he was attracted to Helen at once. He admired

"Helen of Tyre," so he whispered, almost before the first outree had appeared, and she rewarded bim with a amile of approval. She would have then she shut her lips firmly. frowned, however, had he been banal enough to compare her to the other Helen-the shining girl of Troy townthe frail victim of fato; but to be addressed as Holen of Tyre meant something, it was a hold audacity that deserved reward, so wayward youth was

"Helen of Tyre," she repeated the words in her low, rich voice, then look. ed blm straight in the eyes. "She was a dangarous woman."

ding returned the girl's gaze, and there understand. "As to being wicked or good-that was just a question of the lady's environment -- as with the rest

as though he expected to be contradict- girl could, and she was furious wit agraed with his sentiment. He was good-looking in his own

clover way, this young man who ust made a popular success with his irst book -a smart, over-smart, novel. Also he was very rich, and to be clover as well as rich is not given to everyone -- so society appreciated Denis Harding, and made much of him. praising him for his generosity to a whole army of half-brothers and sisters, the children of his father's second wife -a protty pathetic-looking little

widow whose first husband had been in the army Millicent Harding adored her stepson, and she bud some reason to do so, for Denis saw to it that the gentle, brown-haired woman still held her state at the Grange, a bountiful old house he had come into at his father's death, one of the fluest places in Kent. and looked after the education of her children, who one and all worshipped

their half-brother. Donis was just above the medium eight, and had dark blue eyes shaded with long lashes. He was a little too lean in figure, but his features were finely cut. He was gifted with a keen ense of humor, and was absolutely certain in his own mind that he was going to be the Balzac of England. For Donis in his first book, which dealt largely with Oxford University, had ounded his style calmly on the great Frenchman's-adding a cortain youthful dash and freshness of his own.

Helen went on eating her dinner, and making light conversation. She know

Helen had not read his "The Golden Meadows," but promised to run hereys had the least desire to play billiards- So the Bittle woman exclaimed in And played the game of sulk and over a copy thoughtfully supplied by they wanted to be allowed to go on | shrill vehument tones; and Helen first her hostess before dinner, and was probing each other - investigating - went white, then red-a beautiful, somewhat surprised to find how strong a resemblance she bere to the herolog. ble novel might have been drawn from herself os far as looks went, and they were not unlike in character

It was just as necessary for Holen to marry money as it seemed to be for the heroing of Decis's novel, and he did not blame his heroing; he even andeared piti of, though he turned a cold and flashing searchlight on her

Helen flushed and flamed as she read the first few chapters, and the know- who must manage to secure a rich hasledge that she was to meet the writer | band by hook or by crook.

fidental maid suggested that she should her oyes were very red and swellen. and a girl after all." head. Not but what she herself had intended to wear the dress an hour earlier. As she swept down to dinner with a heightoned color, and a desperate resolve that the author-the Denis Harding-should not discover that she had come down to stuy at Elimilie Towers on purpose to meet him-and

with matrimonial intent. She felt she hated him. Yet she was sorry when dinner can an end and Lady Isabel gave the signal for the ladles to depart from the dining room though Helen bit her lip D my impatient heart, wait awhile, in sharp annoyance when her god mother tapped her lightly on the

shoulder as she ascended the great "He's in' orested in you--he's distinct ly interested, dear child," so the stout lady wheezed. "Helen, you must make

the most of this chance." She spoke in the tones of one who vas well aware that Miss Western had three sisters young r than herself, all waiting thele turn to come out, and hoping great thing from their older sistor's first wason; also that Lady Western, the widow of an Anglo-Indian judge, was but indifferently well off-only just able to afford the little band-box house close to Enton square and the bired brougham and expansive maid which she held as a

necessity to existence. "I'm down here on approval, I supnose," muttered Holen, mutinously; "but what if the young man doesn't choose to fling his handkerchief at me? He mayn't, you know. Oh, it's rather her coloring, for one thing the rich berrible, the position of the modern red-gold hair and creamy skin, her girl," she went on. "The way she's grey-green eyes and resolute scarlet | hawked about and put up for auctionit's revolting !"

> Lady faabel blinked her pale blue eyes at her god-daughter. She could not understand Helen in this 'mood-Harding, my dear, there are plenty of other girls who would be only too glad. Girls I could have asked herein-

and an admirable young man. She swent into the great chintz-hung drawing room, her brocade skirts rustling, her diamonds flashing. Helen followed her, holding her head high, and whispering to herself that if she had known what sort of a person "A beautiful woman." Denis Har- | Denis Harding was, or had read his book -she would never have come down to

was a look in his blue eyes difficult to stayat Elmelle Towers, with bare-faced matrimonial intent. For the fact was-the real factthat Halen Western had taken of your sex, for women are all good at strong and violent fancy to the young man, and had gone as far towards He named as he said the last words, falling in love at first sight as any ed, but Helen Western did nothing of herself because of this; also a fine the sort. Instead, she nedded her sense of shame had come upon her.

shapely head as though she thoroughly | She foathed the part that was before her to play-that of the maid who The mon trooped up into the dray ng-room, after about half an hour nd Denis crossed over to Helen nce. She was sitting a little apart from the other women, and his book ested on her knee. He noticed this

"You're reading-that?" hosat down. on the sofa by her sider his smile was "With great interest - the beroine is

She blt her tongue after she had spoken, but the words said could not he recalled. She felt, however, as if she had burnt her boats. "It looks, porhaps." He souppo her with carious eyes, this girl whom he know had been asked down to

Elmelle Towers in the hone that might be pleased to fall in love with her-the brilliant, beautiful orenture who ought not to be allowed to pillory herself in the marriage mart "In everything-character, as well as looks," Holon's cheeks bluzed as she snoke. She made up her mind that benia should know the sort of a girl She spoke in clear, ringing tone holding her head high -all the woman

in her roused to fight-all her pride

And this just because Denis Harding

happened to have a keen clever face.

and a way with him that took her fanoy. Also she saw herself in his book—but herself shamed-made light Denis watched her, and, watching, - just as well as Donis did-that she read her thoughts. He was carlously, never explain in after years how she and been asked down to Elmslie Interested in Helen, for she was the

awfully rich, charming and dreadfully at Elmelle Towers began to take their reproached her to her face.

clever. Hut of course you've read his departure, thus allowing the house. party to go off to the billiard-room -- broken Denis's heart- you have sent for orither Helen nor her companion | him to his roin!" ...

ulmerving. Of course, during the next two or for the girl Denis had portrayed in three days the inevitable happened, ed; "Donis doesn't really care for me! Denis finally proposed, refused him knows me for what I am." -this to his utter amazoment and dis-

She turned deadly pale, and her you. Oh! of what sort of flush and heart heat fuffourly; but she was firm | blood are you made that you want to woman had developed a senseless pride | Denis? . And. if you didn't love all of a sudden which forbide lier to Dehfs," she went on, incoherently, accept the lover she had onco-made, up | "why did you ever make him care for eager, scheming soul, and the pitiful her mind to catche Besides, she was you? It was cruel-cruel!" way she cast for spells and wove her afraid, to the deep depths of her heart, nets, writing her down a husband that Denis night be proposing to her slever," she muttered. "He flown't

She was citting in her hedroom, and knowledge-"still you're only a boy wear the new Doucet frock-a frock People would notice that she had been "And we have hurt each other" the drawing-room, she knew that onlie | burt each other hadly." well, and spiteful stories would be invented at once to account for her Harding, and cried-not as a bride

They would say, those gossiping, she | debutante who had captured a Pear. was one of those wretched girls, that she was crying just because Denis Lord Harroby. It had never been hadn't proposed, and smile to themsolves, thinking that Helen had had all her toil in vain. For who amongst the Harding, and to help him to real guests of that large house party would suspect for one second that she had been wayward enough to refuse Denis | Lord Harroby, returned the diamonds,

because she loved bim. that everybody staying at Elmslie Towers had written her down a failure. That Lord Harroby had jilted Helen, and went straight back to London-to | the other half that the girl had treated the little bandbox house and the gay I the old man shamefully. round of the weavon. And in town her beauty created womething of a etir. She was a success, though every. I truth and laid bare her soul, his eyes

was, and that the tall red-haired de | man gave her back her freedom willantante would have no money on her lingly, and this for the sake of Old Lord Harroby proposed to her -a bluff, redfaced man of sixty--and Iolon accepted him.

She had to accept the old neer, or full of exultant joy. For he knew there would have been no peace in the that there was a girl waiting for him erly enough on the evening of the day I world to him. when she had promised to marry Lord dull, steady rour of London traffic a young king and queen stepping into and interesting between Being a thinking of Denis Harding.

She wondered what he would say when he heard of her engagement. Harroby diamonds?

Perhaps he would write another book and put her in it, holding her up to the scorn of men and women. "If you don't want to marry Mr. the might be sorry-just a little bi sorry--remembering that once he though he had loved her. For Helen was quite sure by now that Donis had stead of you. He's an excellent parti, not really cared. He had mistaken the nurely analytical interest he took in her for affection. For if he had cared. so the girl told horself bitterly, he would have come up to London to see ! She stood up pale and tragle as this verdict pronounced upon him. The removal to Acton, his old home.

shoulders, then she flung up her arms Yot Denis dld care-cared horribly. and so that meek little brown-halred Helen-that quiet, small person with hearts of mothers and wives, of sisters | gaweys. the pretty brown eyes and wistful, and daughters, night and day, over appealing mouth. For the clover God's earth? young man-the brilliant, entirical Dents - anthor of "The Golden Mondows" - had knelt at Millicent Harding's kness one evening soon after his return from Elmello Towers, and happenings in the neighborhood. akon his stepmother into his confidence; told her that he had fallen in | will help me, I'll never drink another love with a girl who didn't care for him | drop.

-a girl who was merely a cruel and contless connetts. Denis showed her a paragraph later on | dren while the mother went to visit an in a fashionable paper announcing Miss older daughter who was ill at a dis-Western's engagement to Lord Harroby. For her boy's face had gained a strangely bitter expression, and she realized that he would take his trouble

A few days later Denis departed fo

Parly, and Millicont thought of the evil favolantions of that gay city with shudder. She recognized with a sud don throb of terror that Donis whom she had always thought so strong, so much the man, was going to be weak enough to try and cure a bud boartache by plunging into a wild riot of dissipaion. She was wise enough not to reproach the boy, brave enough to keep her foors to berself. But the little brown-haired woman went home with an aching heart, though she wrote brave, cheery letters to the prodigal -the poor prodigal who was taking no pleasure in his sips from the challee guilty pleasure, and who imagined simself so much the man of the world. whilst he was only the wayward boy. One day-Millient Harding could came to do it-the little woman took

Towers to meet this young man whom | dream woman of his thoughts come to | the train to London, and made her all of his friends wanted to provide life. He had known this the moment | resolute way to Lady Western's bandwith a wife. Hesides, for hostess, Lady | he first set eyes on her, and the longer | box. It was only a silly, unworldly Inshel Vernon-who was also her god- he talked to her the more thoroughly little woman who would have had the mother—had informed her so within he felt he knew her-knew her in an | courage to do such a thing, for Millian hour of the girl's arrival, following Intimate, subtle way that had a certain | cent actually had the daring andaelty They went on conversing-ellpping was to marry Lork Harroby in less above the pulpit. On the return home Try it. If it does no good your "You'll mover have a botter chance, lightly to other subjects than his book, than a fortnight, and when the proud, Harold spring the following query money will be returned on demand.

"You have rulned my boy-you have

lovely crimson. "What do you mean?" she exclaim- | She went to ma's and meant to stay! and they fell in lave. But Helen, when he thinks me mercenary -- horrid. He When she returned what did he say?

"He down't," retorted Alillicent, stoudily. "I wish he did. . He loves in her rejection, for this foolish young marry on did man instead of my dear-

Helen hung her head. "He's too out of pity, and because he realized that really care. He puts all his smotlens To walt and find what happene she was one of those wretched girls in books. He's the author-always." "Nonsonso," interrupted Millicent Harding sharply. "He's just a silly and play the same part made, the girl "If I didn't love him. I should accept boy, as you are a silly girl, for though feel awkward and half ashamed of her- him at onco-that's the wonderful part you're beautiful and he's clever," she of it," soliloquized Helen to herself. added, with a fine simplicity-a curious

rying, if she went down and sat in Helen said the words quietly -"we've She put her arms about Millicent

elect ought to have sobbed, or But, of course, Helen didn't marry intended by Destiny that she should. She was made to be the mate of Denis greatness in the years shead.

She broke off her engagement to for her pride's sake-to refuse him fast | gave up her chance of a coronet. The whole affair was a nine days' wonder. The left for home next day, feeling and everybody talked to everybody lelso about it, half the world saying

Not that Lord Harroby held such

view, for when Helen told him the

hody knew how poor Lady Western | grew very noft and misty, and the old woman he had loved in his youth and Donla came back from Paris, a little shy, a little ashamed of himself-but

bandhox. But her tears dripped bit. in England-a girl who meant all the Harroby, and she sat by her window to see their faces on the wedding day. Monday evening. This gentleman alfor hours that night, listening to the They were such a radiant-eyed couple, though blind, is a powerful preacher,

. But the triumph of the day did not belong, if people had only known it, land of promise. He appeared in Would be think she had sold herself so much to the wayward youth, as to costume similar to that worn by body and woul for the poor privilege of a little brown-haired woman, who for wearing a coronet and the wonderful once in her slople life had taken it

> upon herself to play the part of Fate. SOMEBODY WAITING FOR ME

well-known physician, "whom I had I Meeting there Mr. Wm. Barber, long thought dead." had said of him as he lay in the sun by living on the Jos. Arthurs farm, Brd the readside; 'he won't live a month. Hine, and was engaged to teach the I pity his mother. "Last week I saw him strong and clear syed-a splendid specimen of Mr. Alex, Gordon's friends treated

thought came home, her tawny bull words stung. He could not get them falling in rich wealth over her out of his mind. That night he went and Mrs. William Smith, Manager home to his mother. He had not been and cried as children cry for the in the habit of going home, but she was waiting for him just the same. "Did you ever think of the waiting women all over the world? stepmother of his could have told sacred vigils of the loving, longing of Mr. Roht, Wilson, both of Nassa-

> "The man's mother was waiting for him, and welcomed him as only mother knows how. She made him cup of hot coffee, and told him of little

"Mother," he said, suddenly, "If you

"He heard her on her knees all that night and many a night afterward. Millicent Harding listened and strok- They were very pour, and he had diffied Denis's hair with her soft, cool little | culty in persuading any one who knew fingers, and thought hard things of him, that he was trustworthy. The this beautiful unknown Helen. But first dollar he carned was by staying meek rage rose to a white heat when all night with a neighbor's little chil-

> " I don't know as I ought to trust them with you, Jim Lent,' the mother said frankly, but remember, I'll be praying for you all every minute I'm away-and don't let the fires go

"Well, if Mrs. Coles oan trust his with her little once,' another neighbor said, 'I guess he'll be safe with our team, and he may as well have ton hit of handing-they say his mother's

protty had off. "So It went from one to another Later on he got steady employment It's been hard,' ho said to me, 'hard to keep away from the drink and hard to live down the reputation I have been making for years. Bht when tempta tions come I think of those who hav trusted me-who trust me now. think of my mother and all the lonely nights she waited for me when I neve came home. I tell you, doctor,' h sald, 'stronger than any pledge, stronger than threats or punishments is just knowing that samebady believe in you-that your keeping straight means something to semebody that loves you.' "-Youth's Companion.

ELEVATED

Little Harold was taken to church to ask to see Helen slove, Helen, who for the first time. The choir left was colds, backing coughs and broughtis. January Dollneator.

PLUCK

One day they bad a falling out, And what d'ye think

Nothing ! Which made his dinner late that day :

Although he stayed out fate the And drank a glass of two for spite. What did she do to serve him right? -

Now ore the ending of the week . Each caught the other going to What better ondling is to seek ?-

Yet friends and neighbors were per-And some old ladles even vexed.

Nothlag

TWENTY YEARS AGO Newsy Notes from Near Neighbor hoods as well as Home Happenings from Pres Press of January 17, 1880

Mr. Lachlan Kennedy desires to thank those who so promptly paid their subscriptions for fencing and improving the old cemetery. Mr. Alex. Grant will now be in charge.

We suggest for the consideration of the new Council these problems : A sidewalk on the south side of Mil St., from Elgin to the G. T. R. Further improvements on Mill 8

rondway.

Streets and walks at east end require extension. A sidewalk down Main St., from Agnes to Fairview The Superintendence of Fairview Cometery to be more confrous to the nublic than that meted out last year.

atyle of street happ for street lighting. Who should shovel the street crossings clear of snow P A new method of securing shade

A more satisfactory and permanent

trees for planting on the streets on Arbor Day. On Tuesday, Willie Wright, a Limebouse was banging on a sleigh loaded with wood, which fo passing in to the wood yards, struck a stone, causing it to opset, about completely burying the boy. Mr. H. Le Poldaven ran and exteleated him, and Dr. Lowry

found there was a broken thigh. Rev. Goshon L. Howle, a Syrlan, preached at Knox Church on Sunday evening, and lectured on the Knox They married, and it was beautiful | Church course in the town hall on missionary in Palestine, his lecture was an interesting description of the

Abraham Mr. John Newton, Limehouse, pastod away on Jan. 0. He was one of the early settlets, and was 76 years old. He was born in England, married in Ireland, lived a short time in "I met a man the other day," sold a France, but came to Toronto in 1812. Georgetown, he was by him directed " Poor drunken foolf a passerby to John Burns, school trustee, then

Glen Lawson School. The Dutton Enterprise says that her, and have pleaded his cause again. manhood. He, too, had heard the him to an oyster supper, prior to his

> Cordovan Works, a daughter. Manueren. - On Jan. 1, at the home of the bride's father, by Rev. J. Walker, Rockwood, Adam Anderson to The Charlotte Sophia, youngest daughter

> > MARRIED. -On Jan. 2, at the home

of the bride's father, by Rav. J. Walker, Ruckwood, Mr Gueser, of Dakota to Melina, only daughter of Joshur Norrish, Nassagaweya. MARITED,-At the residence of the bride's father, on Jan. 15th, by Rev. Dr. Gifford, Mr. Ebenezer Bawlek to

Miss Alice Vanatter, both of Erin.

MARRIED,-In Winnipeg, on Dec. 25th, Rev. Malcolm R. Gordon, M. A. Pros. Grooton College, Dake, to Miss from A. Ritchie, daughter of the late J. E. Ritchie, Annapolis, N. S. Digo.-In Ecfo, William Tribbe aged 61 years.

Dign,-In Nassagaweya, on Jan. 13 Robecca Moore, aged 55 years and Dien.-At Limehouse, on Jan. John Newton, postmaster, aged 76

SICK ALL WINTER

Suffered from Bad Stomach and Hevere Cough-postered Without Benefit Vermont Man was Finally RESTORED TO HEALTH BY VINOI

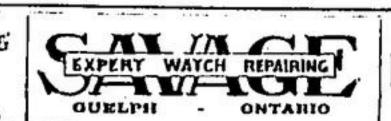
"About a year ago I began to rue down in health, lost appetite and flosh and suffered from indigestion. Al the winter I had a severe cough. doctored without any benefit and final ly my druggist suggested that I try Vinol. I did so and soon began to fee botter. My stomach grow stronger. my food no longer distressed me, my cough disappeared, I began to gain ir flock and soon felt like a new man. did not believe that any remedy could make such a change in a person, Edw. R. Wooster, Butland, Vt. Vinol contains tonio from and all

oil and is everywhere recognized as the greatest body-bollder and strength creator known for feable old people, delicate children, weak, run-down persons, after sickness and for chronic

the medicinal body-building elements

of out liver oil, does not taste of the

my dear," so the worthy but somewhat and both were annoyed when the magnificent young beauty swept into upon his mother : "Why do all those That's your guarantee, but we know stout lady bud declaimed, 'Donis is county bigwigs who had been dining the room, Mrs. Harding stood up and folks sit on the mantelplece?'-The it will benefit any such case. E. A. Robertson, Drugglet, Acton.



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