

THE STAR.

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—BY—

C. L. PALMER.

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JOB WORK

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M' WILLIAMS.

The name of David M' Williams is one of the most prominent, and at the same time one the most abused in the town of Dwight. It is a name execrated by some and praised by others. No matter where sounded, no voice is neutral on it; everyone feels called upon to give tongue on one side or the other. Long before we knew the gentleman we ate the name for twenty one consecutive meals each week—and for that matter continue to do so still. We were anxious to see him, and saw him many times before we knew him to be the veritable M' Williams. We little dreamed that the thin wiry little man we so often met upon the streets with a pleasant smile upon his face and a happy good morning was the OCRE M' Williams and could not believe it so, when told, but when satisfied of the fact we became somewhat interested and began courteously to inquire what his objectional points were, and after we had heard every body on the subject we compressed the whole substance of their disapproval into the one word success. Yes, he has been successful and is therefore a fair target for the shafts of envy and malice that every mutton head may chose to aim.

In our extreme youth we loved apples—as who has not in their days of youth? but our love often tempted us to enter other mens promises to satisfy our desire—without their knowledge, we became expert in finding good fruit at once, for while others were tasting we were looking at the roots of each tree and having found one with plenty of clubs below it we at once filled our pocket with the certainty of having the best article on the grounds. The same rule for discriminating we found held good in every

thing—the man most clubbed and abused is generally the one having worth, for if he had nothing to recommend him who would trouble themselves about him? who would court, curse and bless him, as we have known people of this 'burg' to do, in our short experience.

We suppose M' Williams has peculiarities as well as other men and as he has a channel for them to run in, and being a cynosure for the eyes of all, they are noticed more than they would be in others. He has the name of being selfish and it is said, "SUPREME SELFISHNESS is his governing power," very good, what man ever attained to anything great in this world that supreme selfishness did not form the basis of his power? Others say that he has made himself rich by sweating it out of the poor farmers—now how foolish! Go to any intelligent farmer that has spent ten years of his life in this vicinity and they will tell you David M' Williams has done more good for the farming community in this region, than any other man in it. In fact he has proved himself a saviour to most of them, coming here too poor to break a piece of land and live till a crop was raised, the universal application was to M' Williams for a support in the mean time. Many of these very farmers are wealthy who would not be worth a cent and perhaps would have been entirely lost to the country together with their influence if it were not for the helping hand lent them by M' Williams. Some remember it now in gratitude, others have been FORCED to remember it, and those last are the ones who now sensure and brand him with their scurrility because he did not let them cheat him out of what was his just dues. M' Williams has had the name of being SMALL in SMALL things, and GREAT in large ones. This we suppose is really the character of the man. He has made his wealth by looking after the details, on the principle of "Take care of the coppers and the dollars will take care of themselves." But that he can be and is munificent and generous is beyond cavil, a fact that can be attested in every town improvement. We place him next to R. P. Morgan as a town benefactor and outside the town we place him next to none; he stands at the head and we throw the gauntlet to those who pretend they can prove differently.

Locals 10cts per line

TOO LA

[The following beaut ed us through the Post in the delicate chirogra hand, and we give it our dorsement. We know it is never "too late." Trustees would feel th something for our roads ANGEL GABRIEL blows frost Kings pays us his We would be pleased t trude again.—Ed.]

How often do these v neral knell of departed ed resolution ring out ear. Urge the middle-ag daily deploring the wan ucational advantages to study of those things w haps unavoidably neglec er days and he will ans use, I am getting old, i

You say to the gamb cards, to the inebriate g cup and its allurements of them you will hear t "I have been going on t course, it is too late." False, fatally false wo too late. Your vessel t the dismal howl of of b ing in your ears and th tling through the riggin down and calmly await Spring to your station, with the contending ele means in your power to seem almost certain des helping you, you may blast. History abound of men who have attatr tions in life, who acquir rudiments of education age. Don Quixotte, or novels of any age, was who began his studys l why multiply instan might be mentioned eac prove the truth of the a er too late—never too l any lawful undertaking to do good to those a short never too late for is in accordance with t Right and Justice.