Bradburn & Co.

"BRADBURN'S is the RIGHT Place to buy your Goods and DON'T YOU FORGET IT."

THE OLD MAN IS RIGHT.

We have been fortunate in securing nearly all our stock before the recent advance, and we have decided to

SELL THEM AT OLD PRICES.

Trusting that our patrons will take advantage of this offer and

SECURE ONLY RELIABLE GOODS

AT THE

VERY LOWEST POSSIBLE RATES

And wishing you all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, we remain, yours respectfully,

BRADBURN & Co.

DOHENY BLOCK, COR. KENT and WILLIAM-STS., LINDSAY.

J. E. THORNBURY, Manager.

Canadian Post.

CHRISTMAS, 1879

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

We may take advantage of the opportunity afforded by this edition to wish the readers and friends of THE POST the compliments of the season a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The Christmas number of THE POST, now in its fourth year, as a special attraction for the season is confident of a warm welcome at over five thousand firesides, and we trust the day will not be far distant when that number will be receiving the paper "all the year round."

Our thanks are due to the public for their cordial reception of the number in the past (and we may add in advance for the present number), and we must also acknowledge the liberal support accorded to our enterprise by the merchants and manufacturers of Lindsay whose advertisements appear in other columns. Attractive and entertaining as may be the reading matter and illustrations, the announcements of our business men will be found of special value and interest to the thousands who have to make their purchases for Christmas and New Years. There can be no doubt that a well printed sheet, with neatly displayed advertisements, going into five thousand families in the most populous townships of the county will contribute materially to swell the volume of business done in Lindsay during the forth coming holiday season. This function can be performed most effectually by a first class local newspaper and more cheaply than by any other agency. Our readers, therefore, in the country will find it to their advantage to consult our advertising columns for practical information as to the great question: where and what to buy, and they will be doing a service to THE POST if they will mention the fact when making their purchases. It would, however, be a terrible infliction if every one who reads were to mention as he buys that he "read your advertisement in THE POST, and thought he would come in and look over your goods." This must be done with care or our merchants and salesmen will be driven wild with the repetition of the statement. We trust, however, that there may be a lively business, good sleighing, and "humming" booming times, and then all will enjoy to the full the merry Christmas and the Happy New Year again expressed by the types.

THE POST FOR 1880.

During the past year THE POST has made very satisfactory progress, its circulation has advanced so that it will enter upon the next year with an edition of TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED weekly. This is an evidence of a cordial appreciation by the public of our efforts to give them a first-class local home newspaper. Our intention is to sustain with increased efficiency all the features that have made THE POST popular and widely read, because we are confident that its growth during the next year will be even more marked than it has been in the past twelve month. In attaining this point we solicit the active co-operation of our friends and readers throughout the country. Much can be done in this way, and we hope it will be done now that the improved times afford encouragement to friendly exertion and enterprise.

Due care is taken to make THE POST a welcome guest at the home circle. Its columns are not filled up with criminal records; these painful events are kept within due bounds or passed over altogether, as more harm than good is likely to be done by reprinting such stuff. A carefully selected serial story is generally published. The serials that have appeared in THE POST have served to strengthen the paper's popularity with the family circle. This specialty will be maintained, and during next year there will be printed works of fiction not less sound, elevating and thrilling than the story now going through the paper, or than those that have previously appeared.

The agricultural department will be made as interesting and valuable to farmers as the space at our command will permit. Perhaps no feature, except the market reports by telegraph, has so much enhanced the popularity of THE POST among farmers as the department devoted to rural affairs. Several of the leading farmers of the county contribute to its columns, and any one who has a practical idea or suggestion is invited to jot it down and send it in to the editor, who will put it through the mill.

Numerous local news letters from all points of interest as usual will continue to be a special feature of THE POST. Correspondence brief, pertinent and not personal is solicited.

But progress is the order of the day, and another attraction will increase the value of THE POST for 1880. In order to furnish our readers with full political intelligence, a supplement nearly half the size of the paper will be published during the session of the Dominion Parliament. This will enable us to give a sufficiently full record of parliamentary proceedings and extended reports of the more important speeches by the leading statesmen of the day. This feature alone will be of special value, and should result in a large addition to our subscription list. We ask our friends to mention this to their neighbors, in order to induce them to subscribe. For the first or any four months of the year covering the parliamentary session, THE POST will be mailed to any address for 50c. This will afford an excellent opportunity for those who may not take the paper to make a commencement, and if the four months' trial is satisfactory they can become constant readers and subscribers. The parliamentary reports then furnished by THE POST will be equal to any published in the weekly editions of the daily papers.

Advertisers will find THE POST one of the best mediums for advertising in the country. To farmers wishing to rent or buy farms we say: read the classified list of farms for sale on the first page of THE POST, or among the new advertisements on the second and third pages; to those having farms for sale or to rent we may say that our rates are reasonable. All communications should be addressed to CHAS. D. BARR, Editor and Proprietor, THE POST, Lindsay.

Mr. C. G. Cody is the agent of THE POST for the purpose of making collections and obtaining subscribers, or printing and advertising.

A Car Load of Fresh Groceries

Just received at E. MCTAVISH'S.

Great Clearing Sale of Furniture

At W. Matthie's, in order to clear out stock at greatly reduced prices.

Crockery.

Toilet sets, tea sets, glass sets, Rockingham, white granite and china ware, immense stock at E. MCTAVISH'S.

A Hint in Time.

Parties about getting married should visit W. Matthie's furniture warerooms, Kent St. Lindsay, and inspect his fine parlour and bedroom sets.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PAPERS.

We have before us copies of the Sabbath School Presbyterian, Golden Hours and Early Days, bright, beautifully illustrated papers, published by Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, 5 Jordan St., Toronto. Any of our readers desiring to secure suitable Sunday school periodicals for the coming year should send for specimen copies before ordering elsewhere.—Prices greatly reduced.

Ceres: "Miss Flossie Burgoyne."

A CHRISTMAS ROMANCE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

Chapter II.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

whose attentions they had tried to force on Flossie just before my engagement to her—a man who, though nearly old enough to be her grandfather, and though without one principle of truth or honor for I knew him and his ways of life had that one recommendation, that one which was everything in their eyes—money! How they would cringe to me if I were wealthy, I knew as well as I knew how they would oppose me if I were poor.

And the letter which I held in my hand would decide everything.

Suspense was more unbearable than a knowledge of the worst. I poured out a large glass of brandy, and inspired by that, I opened the letter and read.

All was mine! The manor, the town-house, eight thousand a year, and a large accumulation of ready money—all mine! Never did heart beat so high as mine at the prospect before me. Now I could realize those visions of which I had hardly dared to dream, and show her my love otherwise than by empty words. What could I do for her mother, to repay her for the joy she had given me? And the aunts—for in my moment of incoherent joy I felt kind to them—should have the town house, and might, perchance, be able to find a real lord to flatter and fawn upon. I dashed off a note to Chiselhurst street, telling them the news, and another to Clapham, and took up my hat to go and post them; and, indeed, fresh air was what I needed, for I was nearly stifled with joy. I reached the pillar-box, and—paused.

The letters should not go.

I knew Flossie's heart was as true as steel, and that nothing could turn it; but I wanted to see how they would all receive me if I told them that I had been left destitute. I would try them, and when I had reduced them to despair by my gloomy pictures and regrets, I would tell them the truth, and it would seem brighter by the contrast. Then my darling's constancy should be rewarded!

I tore up the letters, and wrote others, saying that I would call the next evening, and felt sure of their sympathy under the heavy disappointment which had overtaken me. These letters I sent, and, sleep being impossible in my excitement, I wandered about the streets until the gray of morning began to steal over the housetops, and then I returned home, to try and snatch an hour's sleep before what promised to be the happiest day of my life.

Chapter III.

When I awoke, the sun was shining and I was thinking what I should do with myself, when I remembered last night. Could it be a dream? No! There was the letter; it was all true. I hastily dressed, and, after a cup of coffee, hurried to Tapeley's office, where I learned all that had happened in my absence.

I left him with a slip of paper in my pocket of a very satisfactory nature, and armed with the produce of it was walking down Regent street, when I met Clara De Lacy, with a large roll of music in her hand.

'What's the matter with you?' she asked, as she shook hands; 'you look particularly cheerful; have you found a threepenny piece?'

'No, I've found a good deal more than that,' I replied; 'I don't know whether you ever heard that I had an uncle? He has left me a lot of money.'

'And how about Flossie Burgoyne?' she inquired.

'She does not know yet. I'm going there this evening, and want to give them a joyful surprise. The event will be coming off soon. You introduced me to her, Miss De Lacy, and I am very grateful to you, and if ever you want a friend, rely on me.'

'I believe you are a good fellow,' this plain young lady replied, 'and I know that she's as good a girl as ever took to a profession for which she wasn't suited. I'm glad you are a swell now, and I'm glad she's going to be married—and I was. I suppose outsiders think it's very jolly to be stared at in the streets, and to see your name in big letters in the newspapers every morning, and the rest of it; but I'm very tired of it all. The excitement wears off. I wish I had been brought up a milliner, or a sewing-girl of some sort. I'm certain I could make bonnets all right if I had been taught; and I would be a much happier life living in a room at the back of a house, up an awful lot of stairs, and having a 'civil spoken' young man to 'keep company' with, and to take you out for a walk in the evening. I should like an engineer, I think—if he kept himself clean, and didn't smell oily; or a carpenter—if he wouldn't be always cutting himself.'

'Let me buy you one of those sewing-machines, and set you up in a 'two-pair back.' I'll advertise for you in the papers, too, if you like—'Miss De Lacy, late of the Prince's Theatre Royal, begs to inform the nobility and gentry that she has retired from the profession, and takes in work by the piece.' That's the style, isn't it?'

'Ah, you're chaffing; but I'm serious, and I mean what I say. Mine would be a much happier life if I were to marry and settle down, and look after the house—what a mess I should make of it!—and perhaps take in some washing. I feel so cut up on wet days and when I wake up in the night. I suppose it's indigestion, but it's very uncomfortable. I must be off, though; I've got to practice a duet for the new burlesque—awfully jolly thing from the 'Princess of Trebizonde.' 'Pon my word, I'm very glad to hear the news, and I'll look in at Chiselhurst street and do some congratulations—58, isn't it? Good-bye; see you soon,' and the good-hearted girl stepped into a cab and drove off.

I had formed a plan for this happy day. I intended to take a box at the opera, and drive to Chiselhurst-st. about seven and tell them all about the 'bad news.' I would not make them suffer for more than half an hour, and at half-past seven I would order some diamonds, which I had decided upon purchasing, to be delivered at the house. Flossie should open the box—of course I should wonder whatever it could be—and those jewels would give her the first intimation of the truth. I smiled to think how her eyes would sparkle when she opened the case, for she had womanly vanity sufficient to love diamonds. Then I would tell her all—how I had tested her and hers, and found them true as the gems which sparkled before them, and speak of the bright future in store for us, when all that love and wealth could procure should be Flossie's; and so we would go to the opera, and then—I lost myself in a thousand bright-colored pictures of happiness to come.

A little before seven I was at Chiselhurst-st. How very difficult it was to assume an unhappy expression of countenance as I walked up-stairs. But I tried hard, and entered the room. Very solemn faces greeted me, and very cold was the salutation of Mrs. Lydney and the aunts. My heart sank at first, but I thought, 'It is not coldness, it is sympathy with my misfortune;' still, their sympathy need not have been quite so chilly.

'Where's Flossie?' I asked.

'Miss Lydney is not at home,' replied Mrs. Eastby.

'Not at home? Didn't she receive my note? I wanted particularly to see her.'

'She received your letter and has, I believe, left a reply,' the lady rejoined.

'What does all this mean?' I asked; for I had, for the moment, forgotten the character I was assuming. I remembered, however, and resumed:—'I can work and make a position which my uncle's will has denied me. I still have my friends to look to, and they will help me. Why are you all so strange?'

'As Mrs. Lydney does not seem inclined to speak, I may as well inform you that for some time past we have doubted if you were calculated to make a suitable husband for Miss Lydney. We cannot see her dragged down to poverty.'

'The woman I marry will not be "dragged down" in any way, Mrs. Eastby,' I replied. 'I read in your faces what you mean. Mrs. Lydney, have you forgotten the past? Do you mean to take my treasure from me.'

She made no reply, but sat looking at the ground.

'Mrs Lydney has seen the true state of the case, and thinks as we do.'

'Thinks, perhaps,' I sneered, 'that Mr. Greyford would make Flossie a better husband than I should?'

'Mr. Greyford is a man I much respect, and I do not deny that his pretensions would find no opposition from me,' replied the odious aunt.

'You cannot mean it!' I indignantly said. 'You cannot mean to trust a girl like Flossie to such a man? You know his life, how black it is. Take her from me if you will, but for God's sake don't destroy her. But I cannot believe that she would give me up, and for such a scoundrel as that man!'

'I cannot permit you to speak in in that way of my friends, Mr. Dudley,' Mrs. Eastby replied, 'and it is useless to prolong an interview painful to us all. Your opinion of Miss Lydney's unchanging constancy,' she sneered, 'will perhaps be altered by this note.'

'Sorrow chaseneth the spirit, and cleanseth it from earthly dross,' said Miss Parsons.

I took the envelope and opened it. It contained the ring which I had given her, wrapped in a piece of paper, on which was written, 'Good-bye!'

Mrs. Lydney had not spoken all the time, but I suppose my face must have touched her, for she said, in a kind tone: 'Indeed, it is for the best, Arthur, and you will soon forget this trouble. You are not used to poverty, either of you, and would never be happy if you were poor.'

I only replied by a look.

A knock was heard at the door, and the servant entered. 'For Miss Lydney,' she said, as she handed a parcel to her mistress.

They were the diamonds.

'What can it be?' said Mrs. Eastby, taking the parcel and beginning to open it. I broke through my flood of misery and watched.

They broke the seals, disclosed the case, and opened it,

A blaze of light filled the room, and the brilliancy of the jewels almost dazzled my eyes.

'How beautiful! how lovely!' they exclaimed, forgetting me in astonishment at the sight. "Who can have sent them?" For a moment Mrs. Lydney looked up at me, but my face was dull enough, and whatever thought had flashed through her mind quickly vanished.

Again a knock at the door. Mrs. Eastby closed the case and put it on the table as the servant announced, "Miss DeLacy."

She walked into the room with a smiling face, shaking hands with Mrs. Lydney and me, and bowing to the aunts, who coldly returned the salutation.

'Where's Miss Burgoyne?' she inquired.

'She is not at home,' replied Mrs. Eastby.

'Not at home! What's all this?' she inquired, looking at us with wonder, and then, turning fiercely to me, said, "Have you behaved like a false black-guard, sir!'

'You know very little of me, Miss DeLacy,' I replied, 'or you would not ask me that question.'

'I beg your pardon, but whatever is the row? The money's all right, isn't it? Don't try to make me believe that Flossie's thrown you over, because I know how fond she is of you, and was before you were aware of it, perhaps.'

Mrs. Eastby's face assumed a look of astonishment as Miss DeLacy mentioned the 'money,' and I fancy the truth began to dawn on Miss Parson's mind before I replied.

'The money is all right, Miss DeLacy; and as you have given the cue, I will set these worthy, kind-hearted people right.'

I rose from the chair into which I had sunk, and looking Mrs. Eastby full in the face, commenced:

'You have all made a mistake—a grievous mistake—and one I fancy you will never cease to repent. You have acted according to your lights, and they have led you very far astray. The man you have just dismissed is not the pauper you imagine. The letters I sent last night were sent to test you. As you would say, Miss Parsons, 'I weighed you in the balance,' and you have all been found lamentably wanting. 'Wanting,' indeed! and the gratification of your wants, which was in your grasp, will never be realized. That Flossie can be induced to wed the man you have chosen for her is, I know, out of the question. He has, I believe, about £1500 a year; the man you have rejected has over £8000, and a position as far above the other's as truth is above falsehood, and honesty above canting hypocrisy. If you had acted differently during these last few hours your prospects in life would have been brighter than you can ever have dreamed of, for I would have put you in a position—though I should have failed in my duty to society by doing so—in which you could have carried out the desires of your hearts. I cannot help suspecting that you must have told Flossie some falsehood to induce her to return my ring. If it is as I think, I can only wish that you had some male relative to answer for you, and by the Heaven above, there should be a reckoning between us!'

'If the colonel were alive—' commenced Mrs. Eastby.

'The colonel!' I sneered.

'He was a gentleman.'

'He was a pork-butcher,' I shouted, 'and you were Lady Belmont's maid. I have known the truth for a long time, but I so thoroughly despised your aid that though I could have purchased it by letting you know that I was aware of your secret, I would not do so. The knowledge of what you have lost will be sufficient punishment for you. The diamonds you so much admire I sent.'

I opened a flap in the lid, and took out my card, with a few words written on it, and threw it on the table.

'Miss De Lacy,' I said to her, for she had been an open spectator of the scene, 'may I beg you to wear them as a small return for a great kindness you intended to do me? It is not your fault that it has turned out a great misfortune.'

'I really don't like to take them. They are so beautiful!'

'Pray do so, I shall never want such things. Mrs. Lydney, you were very good to me once, very good and kind, and your sin is that you have been too weak to do justice. There will become a time in the dim future when you will bitterly regret the work your have done to-day.' There were tears in Mrs. Lydney's eyes, and Clara De Lacy was sobbing audibly. Mrs. Eastby and her sister, very subdued, said nothing. I resumed, with a faltering voice, 'I did not think Flossie—that dear name!—could be false. It seemed impossible, after all that had been between us! When first I saw her, I thought, 'Here, by God's grace, is the one face for me,' but it is willed otherwise; I leave her to her own heart.'

'And so I passed out of the room and down the stairs, and into the street, taking with me a heavier heart than, I think, God often lets his creatures bear.

I forgot the carriage, but found it waiting at the corner of the street, and telling the man to drive home, flung myself into the corner.

How different this to the journey I had meditated! As I came along I had pictured my next entrance into that carriage. I had fancied I saw her in the corner, wrapped up in sables which were now on the seat of the carriage. She had admired those sables one day in Bond street; how I remembered her open eyes as she gazed in admiration through the window, and her fervent, 'Oh, how splendid!' My picture had shown her sitting happily in the corner of the carriage, and I had even her rings flash in the light of passing lamps as she had stroked the heavy fur. I had seen the opera, the dazzling lights, and the music she loved so much, and her face so absorbed in the melodies that she had almost forgotten me; and then the memory of me I had fancied, would enter her mind, and I had seen her look of love, and trust and happiness, and—

The carriage stopped at my door, and I rushed up to my room, and sat down in the dim light of the fire to think of the happiness which had seemed so near, but which had gone forever.

The "sorrow's crown of sorrow" was mine indeed as I remembered the happy past. It had seemed so impossible that she could ever be false; indeed, the idea of her falsehood had never entered my mind. I had read truth in her eyes so often; and eyes speak more truly than tongues. I said to myself that a girl who could act as she had acted was not worth grieving for—so easy to say, so hard to think! She had so rarely been absent from my thoughts that it seemed as if a part of my very life were taken from me. I had thought it so certain that I should find "what some have found so sweet;" but it was all over. All the happy past must be forgotten; the happy future I had planned would never be.

I put my arm on the table, for my aching head needed support, and in making the movement swept a letter on to the floor. I took no notice of it at first, but as the fire light leaped up for a moment, I saw that the address was in her writing.

The old story, I bitterly thought. She cannot act in opposition to her friends. What they say must be best—she will never forget me—will always be a sister to me, and the rest of the cant with which women torture the hearts they have broken.

I tore it open angrily, and read:—

'My darling,—What have you thought of me this evening? Not that I am false to the love I have given you? You know I can never be. I have had such a bitter day, and could not bear to stop and see you—for I knew what my aunts were going to say to you. They had great trouble to persuade mamma, but they did at last, as they always do. They made me give up my dear ring, too; but they cannot make me give up your heart, if it is really mine—as I know it is. Darling I cannot live without you, and I do not care how poor you are. I will work for you if you will let me; only I am afraid you will not. I wrote 'good-bye' on the paper, but only for a blind to them at home. I cannot bear deceiving them, though Aunt Jane said such dreadful things to me about how wicked I was; but I could not deceive you, and I am yours, and yours only and always. I will be in the park near the river to-morrow at eleven o'clock somewhat disguised as to attire and carrying a lily in my hand, and will tell you in words better than I can write, how great my desire is to be your loving wife.

It was dated from the house of a lady who was very fond of her, and with whom she often stayed.

I had passed through so much in those last few hours that I fairly broke down under this great joy. How could I ever have doubted her? She was truth itself, and I gratefully thanked heaven that I could reward her love.

So I sat through the night, rebuilding my shattered castles, and adding brighter colors to my pictures; and the morning found me with a happy, thankful heart.

* * * * *

I ordered the carriage again—for I want d to astonish my darling—and at eleven o'clock reached the park, and told the coachman to drive up and down.

There she was with the lilly in her hand, with such a white face, and eyes that showed how many tears she had shed within the last few hours.

She walked to and fro, looking wistfully around; and I was driven up and down passing her at every turn, too happy to break the spell even by speaking to her from whom all my happiness was derived,

'Stop by the side of that young lady,' I said to the coachman, who evidently thought I was the strangest person he had ever driven.

She was about the middle of the street when we turned to overtake her. The carriage stopped by her side, and she shrunk back from the curb-stone, frightened at the clatter of the horses' feet as they were pulled up I opened the door and sprung out.

Surprise overcame even her pleasure at seeing me, and she gazed with wide-open eyes.

'What does it mean?' she asked.

'Step in, darling, and I will tell you all about it.'

Too confused to know what she did, I handed her in, and telling the man drive round the Park, got in myself.

'What does it mean? Oh, I am so confused and astonished! Whose carriage is this? And oh, what lovely sables! Whose are they?'

'Yours, darling, all yours,' and I, up and told her all the story.

L'ENVOI.

And so we were married and all my dreams were realized, and the doubt and uncertainty of the past faded away, or if ever they were remembered they only drew us more closely to each other.

After nearly a year abroad and at the Manor we came to town, and, by Flossie's a very particular desire asked her aunts to see us.

What need to tell of the delight they expressed at seeing dear Flossie married to the man she had chosen, or of their regrets at the pain they had given me, and the assurances that, with all their love for Flossie, it was out of regard for my happiness even more than her's that they had acted as they had done—as they thought best—for they had always been so fond of me! And what beautiful rooms! And we were not going to live here? Really? How delightful it must be to have such a house! And, indeed, they thought of taking one somewhere, for lodgings were so uncomfortable and landladies were so entirely without conscience; but their means were so limited, and indeed the Philanthropical Society was not flourishing, and the deceased 'colonel's' military manœuvres were insufficient to obtain for Mrs. Eastby what she wanted.

I admitted the unpleasantness of lodgings, but then I stopped, declining altogether to admit them permanently to my house.

Mrs. Lydney and I are the best possible friends. I had never blamed her, and, as prophesied, she had bitterly regretted the deed and the harm her want of decision might have done.

Charlie Osborne is our constant visitor. He is a great favorite with my wife, and is in a position to contradict the popular opinion that when a man marries he says good-bye to his friends.

Clara DeLacy is manageress of a theatre. She talked of giving up the stage, and went down to the country for some time to stay with some friends; but she was too much attached to the footlights ever to leave them, and is now happy and prosperous, and, they do say, likely soon to change the name of DeLacy.

We are in the gardens at the Manor, with most lovely scenery all around, and the summer twilight is gradually closing over us as we slowly walk toward the old house, which looks so tall and gray and venerable outside, but which is so comfortable within.

'Are you happy, Flossie?' I ask, bending down to look into her beautiful eyes.

"More happy than I thought it possible to be on earth—perfectly happy,' she replies.

And I am perfectly happy too, in the possession of the purest, gentlest heart in the world.

A SHOPPING INCIDENT.

Mr. Smiff of Bobcaygeon is on his way to Lindsay to purchase Dry Goods, but lacking the advantage of acquaintance with the town is at a loss to know where the very best value for his money can be be obtained. On entering the cars at the Falls he meets his old friend, Mr. Brown, and asks for information. Mr. Brown, speaking from the advantageous standpoint of experience, at once advises him to go to RAY'S CLEARING SALE.

But Mr. Smiff is skeptical regarding those CLEARING SALES, and Mr. Brown gives incidents and quotes prices for his information. He finally determines to GO TO RAY'S to reconnoitre, and he does so.

That the result proves eminently satisfactory to Mr. Smiff is evidenced by the fact that when he again meets his friend Brown he warmly thanks him for his timely and judicious advice, and assures him that he found the CLEARING SALE AT RAY'S a genuine one and made exceedingly satisfactory purchases there in Sound Staple Goods, as well as a nice outfit for himself and Mrs. Smiff, and all sorts of fancy things for his girls. Mr. Smiff is convinced that RAY'S is eminently the right place to buy all kinds of General Dry Goods, Millinery, Furnishings and Notions. Reader: Go thou and do likewise.

Milne & Graham.

SPECIAL.

MILNE & GRAHAM

IMPORTERS OF

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, MILLINERY

&c., &c., are offering during the months of Dec., 1879, and Jan., 1880,

Some Very Special Values

In the above lines of DRY GOODS, &c. It would be impossible in this limited space to enumerate the many bargains we have to offer but we mention two or three of them.

We are selling a good $1 Tweed for 75c.
We are selling a good $7 Blanket for $5.
We are selling a good $10 Overcoat for $8.
We are selling a good $6 Lady's Mantle for $4.
We are selling a good $8 Lady's Mantle for $6.
We are selling a good $12 Lady's Mantle for $8

OUR MILLINERY, DRESS GOODS, WOOLLEN GOODS, &c.

We are selling in the same proportion to their value as the above mentioned. We invite an inspection of our stock which is large and extensive in variety.

EVERY ARTICLE MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES. POSITIVELY ONE ONE PRICE. Special cash discount allowed according to amount of purchase. Ladies', Children's and Men's Clothing cut FREE of CHARGE when required.

TAILORING DEPARTMENT

Is under the superintendence of first-class workmen. Every article guaranteed. We make a specialty of Black Goods. Our stock of all classes of mourning goods is always well assorted. Every lady should see our stock of Mantles. Every man should have his Clothing made with us. Samples sent on application. Letter orders promptly attended to. Soliciting a visit and assuring you of our best attention, we are, etc.,

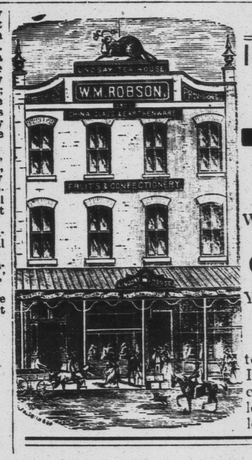
MILNE & GRAHAM,

33 West Kent Street, Opposite English Church.

W. M. Robson.

1879. The Compliments of the Season to All. 188

With a sincere wish that it may be an enjoyable season for all.



W. M. ROBSON

Would beg respectfully to offer a few seasonable suggestions that will contribute to make all happy great and small, by calling and purchasing some of his

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

You can select from the largest and most prettily designed stock ever brought into Lindsay of Mottoed Cups and Saucers, Mugs, Jugs, &c., &c., from 5c. to $1.00

In SEASONABLE GOODS every requisite in Family Groceries. Special attention to the receipt of a large quantity of 1lb. boxes of Eleme Figs, very fine; also Oranges, Lemons, Layer Raisins, Currants, Sugars, Spices of all kinds, Oysters, Jams, Jellies, Marmalades, and in everything that is desirable at this season of the year at the most reasonable prices. And last but least **OUR TEAS** which we undertake to mix to suit all tastes, from the finest brands and lowest prices. A cordial invitation is extended to all to visit the Lindsay Tea House, Kent-st.

Albert Hall.

ALBERT HALL

Takes pleasure in returning thanks for the patronage extended him during the past two years, and to announce that his stock

HOLIDAY GOODS

Is now nearly complete. He has on hand and is daily manufacturing

Pound, Citron and Madeira Cakes, and small Cakes of all kinds. Short Bread and Fruit Cakes, nicely ornamented or plain iced. Wedding Cakes as usual a specialty, A. H. having had great experience in that line of the business. Fancy Hearts and Medallions in great variety of design. These goods being made up in premises with material selected by himself in New York, are offered at such prices as none but those who make their own stock can approach. Honey and Marrowbone Candy, Almond and Walnut Candy. Bonbons, Lozenges, Drops, Chocolates, etc. Oranges, Lemons, Fine Eleme Figs and Malaga Grapes and Nuts of various kinds. DIAMOND BRAND OYSTERS at all times fresh and good.

Edmund Gregory.

EDMUND GREGORY,

DRUGGIST AND SEEDSMAN,

Corner Kent and William Streets., Lindsay

Keeps a large and reliable stock of

Pure Drugs, Horse and Cattle Medicines, Hair Brushes, Combs, Patent Medicines, Coal Oil, Lamps, etc.

THORLEY'S FOOD FOR CATTLE: a Cheap and Good Condition Powder

J. Britton.

Christmas Presents. The Very Latest Styles in **Monogram Jewelry**

JUST THE THING. Call and see specimens.

J. BRITTON.