The Osborne Harvester.

THE OSBORNE SELF-BINDING HARVESTER

Cuts 6 ft wide
Has a practical Sheaf-Divider
Costs less for wire than any other Binder.
Is strong and durable
Is simple and easily managed.
Is the only successful Binder made in Canada.

THE OSBORNE.

This SELF BINDING REAPER has now been thoroughly tested by Canadian farmers, both in Ontario and Manitoba. It is now settled beyond a doubt that the machine is what it is claimed to be, viz.,

A FIRST-CLASS REAPER

AND A

Simple, Easily Managed and Practical Binder.

With one pair of stout horses and one man, "The OSBORNE" cuts from ten to fifteen acres per day, and does

CLEANER, BETTER, AND CHEAPER WORK

than can be done by hand. There is no waste of grain; it is not necessary to use a hay rake after the Harvester, for there is nothing to rake; the work done is perfectly clean, leaving nothing behind.

One Man does the work of Six

by the help of this great labor saving Machine.

By using

The OSBORNE Self-Binding HARVESTER

the farmer saves bother, worry, time and money, for with but trifling assistance the largest crop can be quickly secured.

The following testimonial gives the general experience of those who have used the Machine

PARIS, August 2nd, 1879.

MESSRS. A. HARRIS, SON & CO., Brantford, Ont.

GENTS,—In regard to the Self Binding Harvester I bought of you, it has done all and full more than you recommended it to do. My hired man worked it all through harvest, cutting one hundred and thirty (130) acres without any trouble at all, and some days cutting as high as fifteen acres per day with ease. The machine has no side-draft at all, and the ease and very large range of tilt is admirable, and also the ease with which the reel is controlled. I have cut my entire harvest without twenty minutes' detention from breakage, merely stopping to put on a new spool of wire.

CORNELIUS CLUMP.

We sold 250 Osborne Binders in Canada in 1879, and we are making 300 for the coming season, which from present prospects, will not fill our orders.

We also build and will offer for sale in approved forms for 1880:

The No. 1 Kirby, (front cut) Single Mower,
The No. 5 Osborne, (rear cut) Single Mower,
The No. 3 B Kirby, Single Reaper.

We will warrant any of these Machines to be first class, thoroughly well made and capable of doing the best possible work, no first inferior to none. They are all manufactured TO WORK WELL AND TO LAST, and will be sold as cheap as good workmanship and material will permit.

☞ Dont wait for an Agent to call upon you. Write to us direct. We are always pleased to answer correspondence and give every information in our power.

☞ We publish a monthly new paper, "The Kirby Advertiser." We send it free and post-paid to any farmer who wishes to buy any kind of harvesting Machinery, who sends us his name and P. O. address.

Next issue will be printed about January 15th. Send us your name and address if you want a valuable, interesting and free paper for 1880.

☞ We have opened commodious warehouses at Winnipeg, Emerson and Portage la Prairie, in Manitoba, for the benefit of our western customers.

Our Ontario address is,

A. HARRIS, SON & CO.,

BRANTFORD, Ontario.

For the Young Folks.

THE CHRISTMAS EAGLET

And the Wonderful things that it did.

Was it Ole Luckoie who told me the story? Somebody said that there were tears on the children's cheeks, Christmas morning when they woke, because, alas! though love was there, poverty denied her many pleasures. Nevertheless their mother called cheerily to them in the yard where they were busily engaged building a snow man; and they knew, by the sound of her voice, that something pleasant waited them.

On opening the kitchen door, they beheld a beautiful eaglet settled gracefully in the centre of the breakfast table, which, on their entrance, flapped its golden wings jubilantly.

'Oh!' they exclaimed, with wonder and delight, 'where did he come from?'

'I do not know,' their mother replied. 'He was here when I opened the door this morning.'

They fed with him the daintiest bits of their frugal breakfast.

'Ask everybody to come and see me,' said the eaglet.

Accordingly the children obeyed. The church bells were ringing as they set out cheerfully toward the village, neatly but poorly clothed.

'I wonder if they would let us into the church,' said Michael.

'Why not?' asked his sister. 'I thought God wanted everybody to go to church, especially on Christmas Day.'

'God does,' said Michael. 'But you know when mother went and wore her hood one Sunday, all the congregation said it was shameful, and blamed father for not making money enough for her to have a bonnet. It was when there was trouble between him and Mr. Pickens. 'Mother said she would rather go bareheaded than accept Mr. Picken's offer, and the minister said that she might wear her hood if she want'd it.'

'Perhaps he will let us in to-day. We can tell him about the eaglet, and he can ask the congregation to come and look at it,' said his sister.

'If they have their best bonnets on,' said Michael. 'I will ask the Rabbles.'

'Even if they do almost all of them go bareheaded and barefooted,' said his sister. 'But I am afraid they might steal our eaglet, as they stole our hen.'

'Perhaps not, as it is Christmas,' said Michael. 'There come two of the boys. Hallo!' he called, running toward them, 'do you not want to see our Christmas eaglet?'

'Christmas eaglet!' exclaimed the boys. 'Is it gold?'

'It is golden,' said Michael eagerly. 'You need not laugh. Come and see it, and ask the others to come, too.'

'Run and ask the others,' said the biggest boy to his brother.

And his brother, whistling, obeyed him.

'The Highton Rabbles are at church,' said the Rabble boy.

'Never mind,' said Michael's sister; 'we are going to ask the congregation to come and see the eaglet.'

The Rabble boy laughed.

'You expect me to go along with you and the congregation?'

'If you wish to see the eaglet,' answered Michael.

As they talked, they approached the church, out of which the people were coming, the services being at an end.

'Oh, stop!' said Michael's sister, coming toward them. 'We are going to ask you all to go and see our eaglet.'

A fashionably dressed lady stared at her a moment, then smiled kindly. Seeing her accompanied by a meanly dressed little boy and a rufflanly looking big boy, she said to Mrs. Highton Rabble, whose guest she was,—

'Are these beggars to be encouraged?'

And she took her gilded portemonnaie from her pocket.

'Oh, no!' said Mrs. Pickens, who was standing at the door, and overheard her. 'No indeed, do not give them anything. Go away, you naughty children! go away!'

Michael's sister drew back, crying; but Michael stepped boldly up to the lady, saying proudly,

'We are not beggars. We have a wonderful Christmas gift, and we want every one to look at it.'

Despite Mrs. Picken's frown, Mrs. Highton Rabble's guest kindly smiled upon Michael.

'I shall be pleased to do so, she said.'

Mrs. Highton Rabble looked nervously at Mrs. Pickens.

'I think perhaps,' she said, 'we had better go home. The children will be looking for us.'

'They are looking for us here,' said her friend, persistently.

Michael, copying the minister, excused himself with a native grace which still further charmed his new friend, and eagerly pressed forward, exclaiming,

'Oh, please ask everybody to come and see our Christmas eaglet.'

The minister looked astonished, and joined the pleasant laughter that followed the request.

Michael explained; and, full of wonder and curiosity, a little crowd of people followed the children home.

His parents saw, with some surprise, Mrs. Pickens and the Rabbles among the approaching guests, who soon entered the cottage door.

'Where is the eaglet?' asked Mrs. Picken, in a voice of injured innocence, going blindly around the room, and perceiving nothing golden.

Michael pointed triumphantly toward the centre of the table, where the beautiful eaglet looked to him more than ever.

'That little china dog!' said Mrs. Picken's contemptuously. 'Do you call that an eaglet?'

And she would have shaken Michael severely if the minister had not interposed.

'Oh!' said Mrs. Pickens, releasing him. 'I suppose you think, as it is Christmas, we must humor him. For my part, I prefer a hot dinner to pleasing an impudent boy.'

'But it's an eaglet,' said the minister. 'It is wonderful.'

'Send me your best bonnet,' said the eaglet as Mrs. Pickens was sweeping from the room.

'Impudent child!' she replied, supposing it was Michael who had spoken.

'Yes, I will send your mother a bonnet,' she said loftily; 'perhaps she will teach you more politeness in future.'

'It was the eaglet that spoke,' protested Michael.

But Mrs. Pickens was on her homeward way, and eaglet, Michael, and bonnet were soon forgotten in admiration of a set of ermine which was far more interesting to her, but which the owners of the eaglet would have deemed a poor exchange for their Christmas treasure.

'Why,' said Mrs. Highton Rabble to the minister, 'why do you call it an eaglet?'

'Because it is a beautiful golden eaglet,' he replied wondering at her blindness.

'I see a very handsome hen,' said Mrs. Rabble. 'It is quite worth looking at. I will send you another to-morrow; not so handsome, but quite valuable.'

'Merry Christmas!' said the eaglet. 'Send us a Christmas dinner, if you please.'

'Certainly, my little girl,' she said to Michael's sister, supposing it was she that had spoken.

'It was not I that spoke,' said the child. 'It was the eaglet.'

But Mrs. Rabble did not hear her. She was urging her friend to hasten home with her, full of her generous purpose.

'Why do you call it a hen?' asked her friend; 'it is a wonderful eaglet. Do not despise my offering,' she whispered, as she pressed her portemonnaie into the hand of Michael's mother, and kissed the children, on departing.

'Merry Christmas! merry Christmas!' called the eaglet.

'Dear little ones!' she said, 'so happy in their treasure that poverty cannot oppress them.

'It is the eaglet that spoke,' called Michael's sister, who was following her friend, and did not hear them.

The Rabbles are observing, only a little other day, and laughed at Michael's entertainment as they walked away. Some of them, however, saw a handsome hen, and some the eaglet.

'I will send you some of my feathers by and by,' said the eaglet.

'Thank you, Michael,' they said as they went their way.

Of the others present, all saw either a beautiful hen or the wonderful eaglet; and, as they went away, the eaglet called after them,—

'Merry Christmas! merry Christmas!'

And they replied,—

'Merry Christmas!'

'Stay and dine,' the eaglet said to the pastor and the younger Rabbles and their parents.

And they accepted the invitation, more than ever wondering at the wonderful treasure when they found it could talk, and dined sumptuously on the Christmas dainties sent to them by Mrs. Highton Rabble and others of the congregation.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Highton Rabble's son took them a sleigh-ride.

In the evening, they were alone again. Then the eaglet said to them,—

'I am the reward of love in poverty. In the morning pick up my feathers. Remember the Golden Rule.'

Then it began plucking out its feathers, which fell like flakes of golden snow all over the kitchen floor.

'Shall we find you here in the morning?' they asked.

'Sleep soundly,' said the eaglet. 'In the morning you will know.'

'Alas! in the morning the eaglet was gone; and, full of sorrow, they stooped to pick up the shining fleece with which the floor was spread. At their touch every feather became a golden coin. Unmeasured wealth was theirs. They were almost frightened as they filled vessel after vessel with the countless treasure.

Though still sorrowing for the eaglet, their joy was great. For now they could drive the wolf, not only from their own door, but from many another. The Rabbles henceforth rejoiced over Michael's treasure, were it little china dog or handsome hen or golden eaglet, it mattered not.

When Christmas again arrived the lowly cottage had disappeared, and in its place an elegant mansion stood.

The children, now nicely dressed, again spent a happy hour, in rolling up for a monster snow-man, which they decorated with flags and evergreens.

Mrs. Pickens was sure there was something wrong in this sudden fortune, and could only forgive Michael's mother because she never wore ermine.

Every one else was blessed with an appropriate opinion.

Quite certain it is, that some were satisfied, and some were not.

Yet the only drawback to the happiness of Michael, his sister, and parents, was, that the eaglet never came again, though Christmas came and went as the successive years rolled by.

THE CHILDREN SPENT A HAPPY HOUR, ETC.—THE CHRISTMAS EAGLET.

A Nice Present.

If you want to make a present to your friends at Christmas, don't fail to see the assortment of new China and Glassware mugs, Fancy Cups and Saucers, moustache cups, &c., at E. McTAVISH'S.

Dick Allen's Merry Christmas.

It was about ten o'clock on the night of Christmas eve—a good many years ago now—that Dick Allen gave his name at the gate of "Old Trinity College," Dublin, and passed in. As he looked in at the lodge door, he felt a strong temptation to sit for a while with the two burly good-natured-looking night porters by the roaring fire; for the night was bitterly cold, and he felt more thoroughly alone than he ever had before in the two-and-twenty years of his life. However, there were other feelings in Dick's mind at the time that counter-balanced his sense of loneliness; so he merely replied to the porters' kindly "Good night, sir," and passed on to his rooms in "Botany Bay." Once within his rooms he lost no time in striking a light, and then set to work to rekindle his smouldering fire. The prospect that the candle revealed was far from cheerful. The room was carpetless, and two or three dilapidated cane chairs, almost naked of furniture. And yet they had not the look of the apartments of a hard-reading sizar, who had neither means nor desire for any decoration beyond what was absolutely necessary; the nails were there in the walls, but the pictures were gone; that handsome armchair and massive table had never been put in by themselves. Where was the rest of the furniture? Everything betokened a recent and rapid fall in the fortunes of the tenant. He, however, had now at last succeeded in rousing into a show of animation the dying embers; and after warming his hands for a few moments over the blaze, he got up and, producing a bottle of whiskey from his pantry, mixed a glass of "grog," and then, throwing himself into the armchair, fell a-thinking.

A perfect stranger to Dick and his story would easily have guessed that the thoughts which were bringing such a weary look of almost hopeless wretchedness upon that handsome young face were not over-pleasant ones. Bad enough in all conscience they were, and not without cause. It was now some six months since Dick had fallen out with his father, between whom and himself there had always existed the strongest affection. When was the original cause of quarrel is immaterial. Some trifle, occurring at an inopportune moment, had set at variance two proud and wilful, though loving, hearts. Hot and bitter words had been spoken on both sides. The very closeness of the bond which had united them before seemed to make the breach more irremediable; and Dick Allen had left his home one night in the summer vacation, refusing all offers of assistance from his father, and determined for the future to hold no communication with him. He had never known what it was to want money, and consequently thought that nothing was easier than to get it; so while the remainder of his last quarter's allowance lasted, he lived pleasantly enough at his rooms in college, always on the look-out for some means of making money, but not yet considering the search as very pressing or necessary. In fact he was quite satisfied in his own mind that to a clever fellow—as he undoubtedly was—anything like an approach to want was an impossibility. When his money, however, began to disappear, it occurred to him that his manner of looking for work had perhaps been scarcely energetic enough, and so he determined to set about making a livelihood without further delay.

It would be going over again a thrice-told tale to relate the rebuffs and disappointments that he met at every step; how he gradually almost lost faith in himself from repeated failure; how he had tried to obtain employment in one way after another, and at last began to think that there was no way whatever open to him. The fact was that poor Dick, though clever enough, had never had the training in the school of poverty which would have enabled him to turn his talents to immediate account. He tried to get a position as undermaster in a school; but found that his having obtained no collegiate distinctions (which Dick, indeed, had always considered rather as the exclusive privilege of poor men) was an insuperable barrier. He tried journalism but found the market already overstocked, and numbers of men with as much brains as himself and ten times as much technical skill, applying for every vacancy. He had, it is true, one or two transient gleams of success; but they had done him almost more harm than good, as they had diverted him from the now all important search for some occupation comparatively permanent.

One result of his ill success in this struggle for a livelihood was that he was gradually compelled to drop the society of his former companions; for Dick was far too proud to accept the assistance many of them would have been glad to give him, and he could not bear to live amongst them in his present altered circumstances. Hence it was that for some months he had lived almost alone. But about a month before the Christmas-eve on which we have seen him, he had fallen in with a set of men whom he had formerly avoided almost with contempt, but to whom he was now attracted by a kind of sympathy. They were almost all clever men and all dissipated men—a wild reckless set, nearly every one of them knowing that he had by his own deeds blighted the prospects of a promising life—utterly careless of the future if only they had to-day the means of drowning the remembrances of yesterday. Once amongst them, Dick had soon given up all effort, as he had before almost given up all hope, to obtain anything like a respectable and permanent position. They lived a strange, disreputable, hand to mouth life; getting "tick" whenever there was a chance; "backing" one another's bills when any one would accept them; sometimes, though not often, making a few pounds in some honorable way. Poor Allen soon lost any delicacy he had had before regarding a resort to the pawnshop; and his furniture and most of his wardrobe had gone very rapidly to supply means for the constant round of dissipation in which he lived, and which had left its mark on his pale, though still handsome and well-bred, face.

Yet through all the stages of poor Dick's downward career, he had always one restraining influence upon him which, though at times almost unheeded, never quite left him. There was the affection he had for his younger sister—as he called her, "little Kate." Squire Allen had been twice married. By his first wife he had three children—a son and heir, now abroad with his regiment in India, and two daughters, both of them married for some years before the period of our story. By his second wife he had our hero Dick and one daughter, four years younger than Dick. On these, his youngest children, the Squire's whole affection had been concentrated. Their mother had died a couple of years after Kate's birth; and hence it happened that she and Dick had clung to one another from childhood, as children early deprived of a mother's care often do. After the quarrel with his father, Dick had regularly corresponded with her, and knowing her anxiety about him, he had sent her glowing account of success and prosperity, which, I fear, must often have seemed to himself a dismal mockery as he contrasted them with the actual disappointment that was wearing him down. Kate believed enthusiastically in her brother's talents, and so was the more easily imposed upon; and it was a great comfort to the good-hearted old Squire to know from her that the son whom he was as fond of as ever was at least not in any difficulty. As to an ultimate reconciliation, the older and wiser man deemed it merely a question of time.

The day before Christmas Eve, however, Dick had seen the last of his late companions leave Dublin for the Christmas and had returned to his solitary rooms positively desolate; he had felt very ill for some days and utterly dispirited. It had suddenly occurred to him that Christmas Eve would be Kate's eighteenth birthday, and knowing she would wish to hear from him on that day, he had sat down to write. After a vain effort to control himself and tell the usual tale of success and happiness, the poor fellow had utterly broken down and in a few almost incoherent sentences told how ill he felt and how hopeless his condition was, and implored Kate to write to him at once, as he did not know how soon it might all end, but it could not last much longer. This he had hurriedly posted, almost careless as to the effect it might have; but now as he sat gloomily thinking in his armchair, he could not help feeling bitter disappointment that he had had no reply. He got up and paced up and down the room,

"She might have telegraphed," he said aloud; "she might even have come to see me. Though how could she," he said a moment after, "while she was entertaining a lot of people at home! But she might at least have telegraphed. Good God, if she'd written to me like that nothing would have kept me from her!"

These reflections added to the bitterness of poor Dick's feelings; for a few minutes more he walked up and down with irresolute steps, then suddenly stopped for a moment, as it were to collect himself, took a bottle from his breast pocket, and setting it down on the table, brought a wineglass from the pantry. 'As well do it now as at any other time,' thought poor Allen, as he held the glass up to the light and began pouring the laudanum into it drop by drop. He had counted about thirty drops, when suddenly he heard the first clang of the bells commencing the Christmas chimes. Somehow the sound compelled him to stop and listen, and he laid down the bottle and glass. Then as he listened, he could not help going over in memory the many times when, on this night of the year, he had stood in his father's house, with his sister by him, and wished her many a happy birthday; and he thought of what that sister's feelings would be were she to hear next morning that he had died a suicide. Thus he stood thinking until the chimes had ceased; and then, softened and more calm, he turned to the table, and said to himself, 'Not on this night, at any rate. To-morrow I may be able to do it, so that no one may know how I died.' Then it struck him that the laudanum he had already poured out would at least procure him what he seldom enjoyed now—sound sleep; so filling up the wine-glass with water, he sat down again by the fire, and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

Now, while poor wayworn Dick was heavily sleeping under the influence of that gentle poison, laudanum, events were transpiring far away that strangely influenced his fate. In the great old drawing room of Allenstown was assembled a large and merry party. The house was always at that season full of visitors, and as many relations and friends were gathered together as could find room. The centre of attraction on this her birthday was of course Kate, who was, indeed, at all times the favorite with everybody, from the the warm-hearted but hasty old Squire, down to the raggedest 'gossoon' that hung about Allenstown. Yet somehow this night she was not in her usual spirits; she could not help thinking often and anxiously of the brother whose place was vacant, and who seemed almost cut off from her forever. An accident too had happened in the morning, which, although treated as a jest by most of the guests, had rendered Kate more than usually anxious. The boy, who had gone in the morning for the post had taken an early opportunity of drinking Miss Kate's health, and it was only after a strict search that he was found in the middle of the day, at his old grandmother's, nettings with a broken head, and, as the old cook said to Kate, 'speechless wid the drink.' Speechless or not, he had been utterly unable to indicate the whereabouts of the post-bag, and the only course was to wait patiently till he slept his drunkenness off, and might be able to remember. Kate had been much disappointed, for she was sure Dick would have written for her birthday, and in spite of his jovial letters her woman's wit had begun of late to suspect something was wrong. Just as they were 'drinking in' the Christmas morning, word had been brought that the truant post-boy had at length recovered consciousness, and was leading a party in search of the missing bag, so that the letters may be expected any moment. They waited, however, a good while longer laughing and talking round the fire; but at last, sure enough, in came the old butler with the letters. Kate had a whole bundle of them, amongst which she saw in a moment one with Dick's well-known handwriting. After reading for a few moments she suddenly turned deadly pale, and almost fainted. Restraining herself however, like a brave girl as she was, she made some excuse for leaving the room, and rushed to the Squire's sanctum, where she knew he had just gone. She shut the door and said:

'O, Squire, read that!' putting into his hand poor Dick's broken-hearted scrawl.

The Squire read and gasped out:

'Good God! My poor boy, my poor boy. What is to be done? If I had only known!'

The father and daughter stood for a few moments, as it were, overcome with a great feeling of powerlessness to avert the calamity that was evidently foreshadowed in the letter. Suddenly the same thought struck both, and they looked at the clock.

'O, father,' cried Kate, 'couldn't we stop the night mail at Knockrath. They'll do it for you.'

'God help us,' said the Squire; 'the mail passes at two, and it's more than half-past one already. Stay, though,' he added after a moment; 'there's just a chance.'

He opened the door, and went at once into the kitchen followed by Kate.

'Quick,' said the Squire, to the servants, who were in high-jinks; 'some of you fetch Jim Cassidy!'

In a minute in came Jim, a fine specimen of a young Irishman, the rough-rider and trainer of the establishment, who had earried the Squire's colors to victory on more than one steeplechase course.

'Jim,' said the Squire, 'I want you to ride for your life to Knockrath, and tell the stationmaster from me to stop the up-mail and keep it a few minutes; we'll be after you. Look alive man; you've seven miles to go, and scarcely twenty minutes to do it in! Take Saucy Kate, she's about the fastest.'

'O Jim, it's for me; do ride fast!'

'For *you*, miss!' cried Jim. 'Then, bedad, if the gray mare doesn't put her best leg forpmost, you may say I'm no horseman.'

'In a minute or two the gray mare was at the back door, and Jim Cassidy booted and spurred, and in the saddle; then, with good wishes from all, he was off, taking the mare down the back avenue at a steady canter. A few seconds more and he had passed the gate, and the listeners could tell by the rapid thud of the hoofs that Jim was sending Saucy Kate along toward Knockrath at a rate few men would have cared to ride on that dark road in the wild night. In an almost incredible short space of time (though it seemed long enough to Kate) the mail phaeton was brought round, and Kate, muffled up to her eyes in furs and with a driving-cloak of her father's outside of all, was seated in it, and in a moment more the Squire was driving as if he meant to overtake Jim on the grey steeplechaser. Suffice it to say that Jim did his work like a man; got up just in time to have the signals set for stopping the train; and a few minutes' delay the train was off again to Dublin, carrying Kate and the Squire on their errand of love.

While they are coming to him as fast as steam can bring them, let us take our story-teller's privilege and fly swifter even than that to poor Dick's cheerless chambers. There he lay sleeping gracefully, heedless of the bitter cold and the fast-expiring fire, heedless of the miseries of yesterday, heedless of the certain awakening to the miseries of to-morrow. And so hour after hour of the night passed on; and now it is five o'clock, and the college gates are opened to let the servants in, and they bustle about and make a feeble show of life in the dark quadrangles. Another hour passes, and Dick still sleeps on; and the mail has reached Dublin, and Kate and his father are hastening to him through the gloomy streets. But gradually, under the restoring power of sleep, the careworn look has faded from the lad's face; and now, as he is nearing the waking hour, he begins to dream. He dreams that he is going home for the Christmas as he used to go. He gets out at the well-known station; there is old Tom Ryan waiting for him with the dog-cart. Now he is up and has the reins in his hands, and they are off along the old road to Allenstown; and Tom is explaining to him that 'Miss Kate would have come to meet him, but has to entertain the people on her birthday; but sure he'll be home in time for lunch.' And now with the speed of a dream, he is within the Allenstown gates and dashing up the avenue. A moment more and he is in the hall, and there are his father and Kate—But what is this? the sleeper is dimly conscious of some break in his dream; there is a moment of vague bewildering effort to awake; and then Dick struggling to sit up, finds his hand clasped in his father's, and hears the well-known voice, 'My poor Dick, my poor Dick!' And then a muffled figure comes to the front, and before Dick is well awake he is in Kate's arms. When he is fully awake and realized the whole scene, he fairly broke down and burst into tears, and there was a queer huskiness in the Squire's voice (he had seen the laudanum bottle on the table) as he said, 'Dick, old fellow, we've both been hasty; but we'll say no more about that. Come along; there'll be just time to get some breakfast at the Gresham, and then we'll catch the 8.30 and be at home for luncheon.' And so Dick was in time for luncheon and spent a fairly merry Christmas; and I have never heard that Kate caught any cold or other ailment from her midnight trip to Dublin.

20 Cases of Tomatoes, 2 and 3 lb. tins, to be sold cheap at E. McTAVISH'S.

R. Smyth.

1879. DECEMBER. 1879.

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DENTISTS, LINDSAY.

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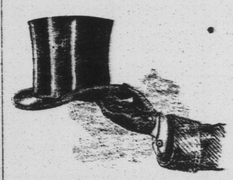

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