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CHAS, D. BARR. Editor and Proprietor

# The Canadian Yest.

LINDSAY, CHRISTMAS, 1884, CHRISTMAS ONCE MORE.

Once more in the annual found Christmas comes. The "compliments of the sesson," a "merry Christman and a happy New Year" are on all sides cordially ex. changed. These good wishes are heartly conveyed to its many thousand readers by THE CHRISTMAS CANADIAN POST, for the tenth year sent out to the residents of the county and district. We hope it will, as heretofore, be warmly welcomed wherever it may go; and that it may contribute some largely upon at this season. A number of plearing Christmas stories, and a fine array of highly interesting advertisements, arranged with much typographical skill and taste, will contribute materially to that end. Purchasers will find it advantageous to consult our advertising pages and read about the tempting bergains and the varied attractions therein

It is doubtful if we shall have an oldfashioned Christmas with fine sleighing and keen bracing wintry weather. The Weather prophets disagree shout the charseter of the coming winter-of a winter which is generally on hand with due severity by this time-and at the present writing the indications point to a "green Christman," which in this country is often s muddy, disagreeable Christman. But before this paper goes forth on its errand the scene may be changed, and a foot or two of snow may cover the earth.

This is a season of retrospection and of moralizing for such as may be in that Good. Everybody may well spend a short time in reviewing the past; and many in doing so will make promises for the futuse promises of doing better that it will in many cases no doubt be found difficult so fulfil. But it is well to make the fromises and to make the effort at im-

general enjoyment. The year has been one of average prosperity in this Canada of ours. The farmers have had a bount! ful harvest; but many industrial classes are straightened in means for want of full employment. If there is any local want OF privation let all who have an abund. ance remember them, especially at this particular season of joyfulness and thanks-giving; and provide for them a measure of good cheer. This will be freely done by numbers in accordance with time-honored fraction, and from satural gooduces of heart. Such deeds bless the giver as-

SOUR IN LINESAY.

TO GEFFER WITH THE BEFFE IENCE OF EIS INTEREST

Turn off the main road running north west, and after five minutes drive you ance of the dwelling, the substantial of seter of the outbuildings, the well pucked stacks of fodder, and a glimpee of a thriving orchard, backed by well ploughed fields, all show that the owner is in easy and comfortable circumstances. It is the house of Mr. Augus Stockman, one of the hest and most enterprising farmers in the township. By hard work, thrift and econony Mr. Stockman had brought his excellent farm up to a high standard, and had attended, with the help of his estimable wife to the bringing up of a family of three sone and two daughters, all of whom had reached years of flirtation and discre-

The time is Christmas-tide, a day or two before Christmas day. We find Mr. Stockmen out in the stable yard buetling about and harnessing up a spanking grey team for a trip to town-to Lindeay. It is the trip of the year, for are not the entire family to make purchases of Christmas cheer and Christmae presents, not only for them-selves but for several neighbors who have given commissions to that effect. The lar gest and best family sleigh was pulled gest sud best family sleigh was pulled from the driving house, buffale robes sud wraps thrown in, the splendid grey team hitched up to the pole, the jolly freights are packed snugly away, and with a partingfadmonition from Mr. Stockman to the hired man to "keep an eye on things" they drove off for town. The day is bright and bracing, the roads are in capital condition and good humor prevails throughout the party. They discuss matters and arrange that all shall have a hand in the buying, and that certain things are to be bought

that all shall have a hand in the buying, and that certain things are to be bought by father and others by mother, and that the boys and girls are to buy, too.

As the team drope into a walk at the foot of a long hill Mr. Stockman says to his son, who shares the front sent with him, "Now look at that harness. It site on those greye just like a pleture. I got that harness from Williamson at Lindsay and he's given me a first class job—in fact he never fails to. I'll tell Smith he'd better go there, too, for what he wants."

A mile of two from town it was definite-

go there, too, for what he wants."

A mile of two from town it was definitely decided on that father should buy the groceries and such provisions in the way of delicacies as were needed. As the most experienced of the family, Mrs. Stockman, undertook to visit the dry goods stores and to select such articles as the wear sudtear of housekeeping called for sud to pick out a number of handsome and comfortable wrape, etc., for bestowal. The boys volunteered to accent a rowing commission, and

business of the day was set about. The boys disappeared through the door so quickly that the tails of their overcoats were simple to the closing door. The girls hesitated for a moment, were admonished not to be wasteful, paid very little attention to the advice, and disappeared. With becoming courtesy far, a Stockman saw his wife as far as Williamer, even saint, even set himself, walker, rands

ed The Post business office and paid his subscription to The Post for the mext year in advance. This duty performed, nelooked about with an easy conscience and a happy smile to see where he should commence and decided to begin at the beginning, "I'm to look after the solide," he solidoquised, "and I'll just take them on the way up street. There's Primeau, now; I'll see what he has that is good." He called at Primeau's and loitered for a few minutes around the tea chests and inspected the sugars, and ordered a fair amount of each to be sent around to his address at the hotel. From here he went to Tully's and picked out an immense rosat of Christimas beef, and immediately followed it up by getting into Halloran's and securing a tempting saddle of venison, "for you know," said he, "a change of meat tells in a fellow's eating."

Having "settled his hash"—to use a political phrase—he repaired to A. Campbell's and stood some time on the doorstep waiting his chance to get inside. Once inside he sought to be served, and by way of expediting things jotted down a memo or two. He picked out a hasdsome dinner and tea sett and a couple of pretty hanging lamps and a sprinkling of Dreeden chinapieces, all pretty and choice. He pencilled down raisins and currants and squeezed his way outside. Then dropping in at Robson's he said he had long wanted to try the Himslayan teas, and he at once took Robson's word for it that the tea was a pure article. He almost repeated his order given a few minutes before, and brought dates, oranges, grapes and other fruits. Recollecting that Mr. J. Pyne had a choice stock of groceries he stepped to the shop, found Mr. Pyne inade, had five minutes allowed his party him and ordered for a neighbor. stock of processes he stepped to the shop, found Mr. Pyne inside, had five minutes alk with him, and ordered for a neighbor Mr. Stockman looked at his watch. It was after ten o'clock. He had only just

broken the ice—as it were—and there was a deal to done. He wasked a few steps along the street and, happening to look into the nearest window, saw that Maguire's shoe store was the place he was opposite. He walked inside and after a brief examination bought shoes, boots and overshoes for the family. A commission for a neighbor he had left in his overcoat at the hotel, so it was not filled. He came out of the shop and while considering where to make for next was accorded by where to make for next was accorded by his sons, who were loaded with purchases. They briefly explaided that they had been to Hopwood's and got a new overcoat each and that they believed Hopwood was a good fellow and doing a good trade. At foodwin's art store they had secured a fine pair of water-color views, to be hung in the best foom; and were quite taken with some handsome casels offered for sale. The pockets of their new overcoats which they wore were bulging with one thing and another which they had sorted out from Hern's stock of famey goods—and

which they were were bulging with one thing and another which they had sorted out from Hern's stock of facey goods—and nice things they were. One of the brother's carried under hie arm a small fancy chony table, and he kindly explained that he'd got it at John Anderson's furniture store, and that he believed Anderson had given him a bargain. He further said that it he was going into housekeeping he would buy his furniture from Anderson.

"Roys," said Mr. Stockman, "I hope you're paying cash for the things you buy, It's hardly a fair shake to expect these merchants to put things down-low and then wait for the money. It's not business—that is, good business. And I tell you things are cheap—cheaper nor ever I must before." Then, suddenly recollecting thus if they were to pay cash, cash they must have, he led the way screen the street to the Outaris bank. While walking over his ope caught the sign of Naciona's domain rooms, and he advised the bays if ever their teeth, got troublecome to have Mr. Neclands fall them up. Imide; the bank, where he had considerable money at fateroot, he awaited his cure, cashed his chaque, introduced his some to the manager, and

They exicated a hundrouse crust, a bathe cooler, and a dense or cool aliver opens paid for the prode; and while down to the end of the street furned into McTavish better known as the Palace Shoe House They said they had read McTavish's acvertisement in The Poer and had forme a very good opinion of the place. The selected a few nice leather hand toggs an said that the ladies would look in further on. Then Mr. Stockman slipped across the afreet and range up Mr. H. Holtoef. M. treet and rang up Mr. H. Holtorf. Mr. foltorf came in from the upholetering lom of his furniture store and presently ld to his customer a

room of his furniture store and presently sold to his customer a comfortable, capacious easy chair and a handy hat rack.

Left to themselves the boys walked up to the eastward to Fowler's Oliver's photo graph gallery, and while the eldest, went up stairs to see if a good picture could be taken of the two—as the afternoon was favorable—his brother looked into Hern's and admired his really fine assortment of pictures; easels, frames, engravings, etc. Hern's goods and prices were so tempting that they bought quite a bit. Afterwards the photo was taken in full Canadian style suidet a blinding snow storm, and enowshoes, tobegrans and other attributes of a Canadian winter scene.

They decided to have dinner. Even the agreeable work of selecting Caristmas

They decided to have dinner. Even the agreeable work of selecting Christman goods could not be kept up on an empty stomach. As they came along past the corner one of the boys remayined, "I puese I know where to find mother and the girls. They're, at the Syndiente." A look inside showed that the speaker was correct, such the parcele piled on the counter showed that they had purchased freely. As they came out the head of the family remarked that the store was a cradit to the town and came out the bead of the family remarked that the store was a credit to the town and a fine place to buy. The party decided to have a lunch and to forego dinner, and turned into Terry's and enjoyed the oysters that Terry serves up so well.

While lunch was using eaten Mrs. Stockman recited what herself and the girls had done. "We went agrees to Ray & Coy's.—

man recited what herself and the girls had done. "We went across to Ray & Coy's.—where Bradburn used to keep"—said she, "and purchased some lovely things. All the goods there were splendid. Then we went to Porter's and bought quite a few books for the children for school and five handsome bibles. The Christmas cards, were levely and we gut a good many. A nuis handsome bibles. The Christmas cards were lovely and we got a good many. Annie went into Mr. Smyth's store and bought some things—but they are to be kept a sometime now. I and Bella went up to Somes and got a basket of the most cuming looking caudies and candy mottoes for the Christmas tree. The cakes there looked delicious. At Dundas & Flavelle Bros. we taked out that new courset we looked at a picked out that new carpet we looked at a week ago, and they're to have it made up ready when father comes in on Saturday. The carpets there are just splendid, and they're to have your man the floor was covered with lovely fur man-ties and jackets just thrown down there for show. We went to Easton's and he's to send to the hotel the big bundle of toys we bought, and the books. And I got the Christmas Graphic and two beautiful pictures. Aunic went into Mr. Hannah's store on the corner, and said when she came back that the things in there—books and

a musical turn of mind, and kno a number of handsome and comfortable wraps, etc., for bestowal. The boys volunteered to accept a roving commission, and the girls selected as their special province the fancy goods, Christmas cards and toys, as a Sunday school in which they were interested had decided to have a Christmas tree.

Five minutes brought the party to town. The team was housed at the Jeweth house, and after a shalls with host Watters the housings of the day was set about. The

> noon. The day seemed too short for the business in hand. They had found all the shops througed with customers, and it used up a few minutes at each place walting to get served. One or two places called at earlier in the day worked busy that they ing to get served. One or two places called at earlier in the day were so busy that they concluded to make a special visit to town the next day, so they took note that among the stores to be visited were Hickey's confectionery store, where a most tempting stock was shown; the new clothing store opened out by A. Fred, and John Skitch's pushing tailoring shop just across from the Benson house, or rather next to John Hore's Singar sewing machine emporium. The young ladies having a spare half hour went to Willamson's photograph gallery at the corner of Lindsay and Kent-sta, and were photographed in the most striking attitudes and with great skill. They were favored with a glimpse of the negative and

were photographed in the most striking attitudes and with great skill. They were favored with a stimpee of the negative and pronounced it "just too spiended for anything." From Williamson's they went to Highnbotham's and bought—well, it would be a breach of confidence to tell what they did buy at Highnbotham's. The mysteries of a ladies' toilet are secret.

Then it turned out that the head of the family was missing. He had walked away in a hurry as if he had dropped his wallet but had a fair idea of where to look for it. Half an hour afterwards he was seen walking briskly along William-st. north and carefully avoiding the holes in the sidewalk and watching a crowd gathering around the door of the salvation army hall. He explained that he had been down to Bryan's lumber yard to get the pay for a quantity of wood sold to the proprietor, and to call at Wallace's woollen mill for a pair or two of fine blankets—the best of the best the mill is well known to make. He called the boys to one side, had a few mincailed the boys to one side, had a few min-utes confidential talk, and the trio went utes confidential talk, and the frio went along Peel-st. and by way of York-st. to Thexton's hardware store, where they invested in a handsome silver tea service, picked out of the handsome assortment that Thexton keeps. It was explained to the proprietor that the service was intended as a present for the minister on the Reneign circuit, and he—the proprietor—at ed as a present for the minister on the Feneion circuit, and he—the proprietor—at once made a fair reduction in the price and threw in a couple of naphin rings. While at Thexton's they were joined by the girls, who were looking for their mother. It seems that a part of the program was to go to Scott & Andrue, the photos, and have a picture made of the family. They had never accorning to the program of the program was to go to Scott & Andrue, the photos, and have a picture made of the family. They had seen several groups taken by these photographers and had been pleased with the work. While on the way to the gailery they were found by Mrs. Stockman, who admitted—inconfidence—that she had been to see Mr. W. H. Gross, the celebrated dentist, about having a set of teeth made, on what she believed he called the best, a black rubber base.

on what she believed he called the best, a black rubber base.

Well, the photograph was taken and it was a pictorial success. The girls were shown life-like and true to nature. The boys came out strong and the heads of the family made a responsible centre-piece. The operation over they hurried to the liotel, packed into the sleighs what they could of their purchases, left the balance in care of Mr. Watters to be called for the next day. A merry drive home closed tile day's proceedings, and the entire family—as well as the neighbors who had called to claim the goods bought for them—endorses the remark made by Mr. Stockman "that the Lindsay merchants were a decent let

and family groups. All their work is

UR COUNTRY ADVERSE

se and general facey goods. He is College to do it and do it well Give

G. Anderson, Fenelou Falls, offers, per est on fourth page. "reliable reds." This offer should be accepted, esneary hardware, and are of a class that sever falls to give the best of satisfaction when the perchases.

On the 8th page will be found the adverdisement of F. Cawker, Sunderland. The ment forms excellent reading for tiday buyers, and the list is so full that INTO THE HOMES OF MARIPOSA.

knoug the advertising patrons of THE CHRISTMAS POST is Mr. R. Nugent, Little Britain. Mr. Nugent has only been in reiness in the above village for about four all was still. nonths, but during that time he has done an excellent trade, and his make of furni-ture is feet finding its way into the homes of Mariposa township in particular.

A SOLID STOCK The advertisement of J. Hodge nington is a solid one. It is indicative of the stock kept. A solid stock—one that will stand a deal of buying and then keep well assorted. The general character of the trade done by Mr. Hodgson ensures that the public give him a hearty support at all times and especially so during the

A WELL ESTABLISHED TRADE The general store kept by George Dougas at Mauille has long been a popular place at which to buy. Mr. Douglass has built up a well-established trade and de servedly enjoys the natronage from a large section of country adjoining Manilla vii-lage. His general stock is well assorted and the chances are that from Douglass you will get equal value to any store in

BY THE RED PLAG the third page of THE CHRISTMAS POST. conspicuously near the bottom, will be found the advertisement of F. George of Fenelon Falls. Mr.George wants his place to be known by the sign of the red flag. Very good! Many people after reading the prices which he quotes for goods will readily come to the conclusion that the store must be noted for its low prices and good values. This is reasonable in view of the fact that he does an extensive trade ad that his expenses are light.

### KATHARINE'S CHRISTMAS

(Continued from 1st Page. CHAPTER IV ..

Miss Wynne had gone to bed, and was sleeping very soundly, or she must have been awakened by the strange noises downstairs. Ten o'clock was her hour, and at ten she always sought her pillow. undisturbed in her clockwork routine by such a small incident as the arrival of a visitor from the antipodes.

stiffed cry of horror; a bustle and scurry of feet, the bang of doors, as the night wind was let in from without and rushed through the house seeking an exit; the doctor's voice, short and sharp, giving orders; and then the flying upstairs of swift feet, whose owners seized blankets from some vacant bed and stumbled down again with them in their

Suddenly Ellen awoke, and sat up to listen. The next minute, clad in dressing-gown and slippers, she was gliding like a diminutive ghost down the stair-

"What is it. Emma? What has happened ?" she whispered, as she met one of the maids coming up with a white, frightened face.

"I was just coming to tell you miss. It's Mr. Harcourt, miss, has fallen through the ice and got drowned, and they've been trying for ever so long to bring him to. The doctor is there, miss, and master and missus."

Miss Wynne turned of an ashy-white, and tottered down to the hall. Harcourt drowned! Surely this was some horrible

She approached the door of the dining-room. It was opened from within and Cyril Daly came out. She caught "Mr. Daly," she gasped, "is he-is

Cyril bowed his head, and a hoarse sob found its way from his breast.
"I have killed him," he groaned; "if I had not come here he would be living

Ellen shrank from him and leaned against the wall, as though unable to stand without support. Daly moved slowly across the hall, entered the dark, deserted morning-room, and closed the door. There was no lamp or fire, but the clear blue moon beams lay on the carpet like a sheet of paper.

He had looked on at the efforts to

reanimate that still, cold form, until he could bear it no longer. The doctor's face had told him that all was over. Dropping into a chair, he clasped his

hands over his eyes. But for the young wife he had brought to England he would almost have wished that the waters had closed, above his head, and spared him the bitter agony of this hour.

It was strange that at such a time no one gave a thought to the person most concerned in what had happened, camely, Katharine Morgan.

After Harcourt's late visit, she had talked a little while with her father, talked a little while with her father, though to appear cheerful was an effort. Before long she kissed him, and bade him "good night," and she was already half way up the stairs, candle in hand, when a loud, agitated knock on the front door made her start and pause.

front door made her start and pause.

She paused to learn who it might be, and heard her father leisurely push back his chair, and then go with deliberate step to open it, for the servants were going to bed. Another impatient rap was given with the knocker, and then the latch was drawn back. A gust of wind rushed up the stairs, extinguishing Katharine's light, and making her shiver and flinch.

"Weil—what is it?"

"Well-what is it?" "Will you come up to Whitehall breckly, sir, as quick as ever you can? oung Mr. Wynne has went through the see crossing the river, and they're car-

"Kit! Pre-wested! Back presently!"

ough up for the do band to the balustrade. When he was gone all her strength fied; and she sank lown in a heap, not unconscious, but

The words seemed to have been left in the hall, and she could listen to them

For some time she half crouched, half lay where she had dropped, growing colder and colder. At last she dragged herself to her feet, and crept like an old. nan down to the dining-room, with the extinguished candle in her hand. "Quite dead!" rang in her ears still.

"Quite dead!" She drew near the fire, and, kneeling down by her father's empty chair, leaned her elbows on the seat, and, with per face in her hands, whispered a

"Oh, let him live! Let him live!" she murmured, trying to shut out of her mind the thought that would creep in— "What is the use, when he is dead?" After awhile she rose and listened Was that the doctor returning? No:

Again and again she strained her ager ears, while the doctor, instead of being on his way home, was still striving to recall the life that was apparently gone for ever. But at last, when she was almost exhausted with watching, and praying, and weeping, came the sound of the latch-key, and she went to meet

When Dr. Morgan entered, the first thing he saw was the face of his girl, full of a terrible dread that the first glance at his features removed. He shut the door, then sprang forward, caught her, and carried her, fainting, into the room, where he laid her on the rug before the fire. She recovered almost directly, and a faint color came back to

"I was getting anxious," she said, apologetically. "Don't tell anyone, father. You have been so long."

"It was a close shave," said the father; "but, thank Heaven, we brought him round! So you were listening when I was fetched, were you? Well, he's all right now, and I'm as tired as a dog." The doctor had left the hope of the Wynnes comfortably asleep in bed, having first seen him to his own room as soon as he had fully returned to life.

And when the door had closed on the doctor, and her mind was at rest. Mrs. Wynne had discovered that her guest had also been in the water, and had placed dry clothes at his disposal, for he had spurned the counsel of the medical man, which was to take a glass of hot brandy-and-water and go to bed.

At three o'clock on that Christmas morning Cyril, who had never felt less sleepy, was keeping watch by his friend's bedside, the only one in the house

Certainly, Mrs. Wynne was keeping watch too, only in a different way. She was sitting by the fire, with her head bent, her hands idle, and her eyes closed. She did not move even when her son's eyes opened and wandered round the room; nor did she seem to eed when they had lighted on Daly "You here!"

Cyril started and held out his hand 'My dear fellow!" But Harcourt Wynne showed no in-

clination to touch the hand, and his lips curled with contempt. "I have no doubt you are glad to me alive." he said, slowly. "You might have found vourself in a very awkward position had it gone ill with me. Having satisfied yourself, perhaps you will leave me; and, for the future, please

remember that our acquaintance is at an end." "With pleasure," said Cyril, coolly, "but we may as well bring it to a close with a little clearer understanding as to

the reason." He drew up his chair and sat down and then started slightly at seeing Mrs Wynne before him, evidently only half awake, as she turned her confused gaze first on him, then on her son.

"Mother! You up too! I'm all right go to bed. You must be terribly tired. "Yes, pray go to bed, Mrs. Wynne; I'll call you if you're wanted. Harcourt and I are going to have a chat, and there's no necessity to keep you. Having assured herself that her boy

was really almost as well as ever, the poor woman, who could hardly keep her eyelids apart, yielded to persuasion and quitted the room. Cyril opened the door for her, and then returned to

"In the first place," he said then "I'm sorry I did not wait till we were on firm ground before I knocked you down. If you had been drowned, I—"

Cyril shuddered. "It is too awful to think of." he said. quickly. "And now you owe me either an apology for those words of yours, or an explanation." Wynne pondered, and gnawed his

blonde moustache, and at last said: "Nearly a year ago you hinted to me that you cared for Miss Morgan, and made a request to me that perhaps you remember. You were going abroad at the beginning of the year, and you were afraid of young Firth, Dr. Morgan's assistant. You asked me to look after your interests to stand between Katharine and his 'persecution,' I think you called it. I have kept my word to the letter, and you come back and tell me you are married

Cyril's eyes opened wider, and his forehead deepened in colour. At first he seemed bewildered, but by degrees comolete recollection of the circumstance alluded to returned.

"Why you don't mean-" he began starting from his chair; and then, breaking off, he walked about the room with uneven steps, pausing at last, and folding his arms on the iron foot of the bed. He was much agitated and a min-ute or two elapsed before he could speak. "You dolt!" he said, huskily. "You great blind idiot!" Yet the words had more of affection and admiration in their tone than of any other feeling.

"Harcourt, I am more sorry than I ever was in my life." Wynne merely looked at him, and

"PII be quite frank with you," Daly went on. "When I came down here last Christmas I was a bit smitten with Miss forgan, and if you had not been in the Morgan, and if you had not been in the way—but you were, you see. I saw at once you were hit, and I saw ton that you were so quiet and self-districtful, that you would let that young Firth, with his ready way of making love at all times and seasons, carry the prime off under your very nose. I gave you that his about my own feelings with the you would be so Quin He paused; but Wynne only turns

so that his face was in sh "Don't you believe me?"

"Yes, I believe you."

"She isn't married, is she?" Daly gave a start of consternation at

"Then it is not too late. Thank Heaven! Why, Harcourt, when you wrote to me of her, I thought it was because it pleased you to do so. I see now. I shall never forgive myself."

No reply.
"What can I say, old fellow?"
"Say good night, and dismiss the subet," Harcourt answered, wearily. "I apologize for what I said, as you meant well; but the harm is done all the same." "What do you mean?"

"She loves you."
Daly started, and flushed to the roots of his hair. Then he gave vent to his feelings in one word: "Bosh!"

The next morning, soon after break fast, he went to Wynne's room to say "You're not off so soon!" cried the in-

valid, who was dressed, and on the point of descending.
"I am though. I left my little wife to make friends with the family; but I couldn't let her spend her Christmas

day without me."
"Cyril," said Wynne, holding his hand, "the man who came to the rescue last night has been to ask how I was. I had him up here, and made him tell me all about it. You saved my life.'

"Get out. Why you saved it yoursel by holding on to me like grim death. It strikes me it was rather the other way on. I all but finished you off. Well, ta, ta! Come down and see me and my missus when you get settled," and he backed out of the door. "And bring your wife," he added, looking in again.

Then he ran down the stairs, bade a hasty farewell to the rest of the family, and was gone.

In the afternoon Wynne was so far recovered that he decided to go and have a look at the scene of the accident. He was not the only one moved by that impulse. When he reached the river there was Katharine Morgan on the opposite bank. She looked bright and happy, and when she saw him walked a little farther from the place where the ice was broken and deliberately crossed to his side.

"Yes, thanks," wondering how he could possibly tell her the news of Cyril, when the very fact of his return made

"You are soon better" was her saluta

so great a change.
"So your friend has gone again," said Katharine. "Do you know he called this morning and gave me a full account of last night's affair: and he showed me a photograph of his wife. She is

very pretty—very sweet-looking. I am sure they will be happy." Wynne stood looking down at her like a man in a dream. Cyril had been so candid with her that she could almost have told what was passing in his mind. She did not dare to raise her eyes, but A First-class Stock kept

her color went and came. Then her hands were taken and tight-

using the doctor's pet name, "I have been strangely blind." "And so have I," she whispered. "Let us go and tell them at home." were his next words. Katharine did not ask what, but slipped her hand in his arm, and together they went and

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

Christmas is a happy season when Christian and ante-Christian feelings blend in a pure sense, when the Christian youth kisses the Christian maiden under the Pagan mistletoe, and when Christian observance of the happy season mingles with Pagan rite.

Christmas! Tenderly, lovingly we linger on the word; no cyclopedia, no dictionary, no book of any form is neces sary to define it for us. -Gertie May.

Christmas is a jolly good thing, and don't you forget it. And whoever it is who enjoys his Christmas properly, thoroughly, wouldn't do a mean thing for a fortnight after—I know he wouldn't -and a course of Christmas gatherings would cure him altogether. George J.

Who loves not Christmas, who joins not in the heartiness, cordiality, mirth, and good cheer of this consecrated festival. can scarce be human.

Here is a prophecy:—Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son; and his name shall be called Emmanuel-Isa., vii., 14. And here the fulfilment of that prophecy:-For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David-Luke ii. 11.

Christ was born when Augustus was in the fortieth year of his reign; the 29th from the battle of Antium; about 4,000 years, or a little more, from the creation of the world; about 2,500 years from the flood; almost 2,000 from the vocation of Abraham, and a little over 1,000 from the foundation of the temple

The tradition that an ass and an ox were in the cave when Christ was born is very generally accepted: though it is maintained by some that the idea arose from Isaiah i., 3, and Habakkuk iii., 2. Several paintings and sculptures of the fourth century, or earlier, represent the ass and ox present.

The Origin of Christm Christmas looks out at us from the

dim shadow of the groves of the Druids who knew not Christ, and it is dear to those who now renounce the name of Christian. The Christmas log, which Herrick exhorts his merrie, merrie boys to bring with a noise to the firing, is but the Saxon Kule-log burning on the English hearth, and the blaxing holiday temples of Saturn shine again in the illuminated Christian churches. It is the Pagan mistletoe under which the Christian youth kisses the Christian maid. It is the holly of the old Roman Saturnalia which decorates Bracebridge hall on Christmas eve. The huge smok-ing haron of beef, the flowing oceans of ale, are but the saveigals of the tremen-

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Nov. 12, 1984.

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CHAS. D. BARR. The Canadian Post

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