Both pastice new joined, and slowly made their way to the farm, when the story was simply and surrowfully told.

"Bless me, the child's fainting!" cried Mrs. Chaus, esteining Basic as she was sinking down. They carried her into the house, and leaving her in her mother's care, returned to the stoop in order to consult upon what was best to be done.

Where was Jim all this time? Blinded by the pelting boisterous storm, he had missed the bridge that led over the deep and narrow surge, and stepping on a ledge of snow which hung over the edge, supported by some low overhanging bushes, he had fallen through to the bottom.

The gorge was a narrow rift in a ledge of rock, through which in spring and early summer a stream poured in

heavy coat protected him from other injury than a spraised ankle and wrist; but it was some time before he could

collect his scattered senses, and form

an idea as to where he was. Then he tried to work his way out; but the

effort caused him so much pain that he

which seems to be pretty dry; only !

must be careful no to set the whole

heap burning at once, and perish like

an early martyr as the stake." Jim was already beginning to feel cheerful. "Bessie doesn't know I am here, and

which he had fallen, aiding himself by

the fitful light of a natch, and then ven-

tured to kindle his fire. The wood was

somewhat damp, but Jim succeeded in

making it burn, and hits light was enabl-

ed to takea betterlook at his surroundings.

He saw that he mustshove his fire more

to one side in order to avoid an auto du

fr, and also that he had fuel enough to

last, with economy, till morning. He

was dismayed, too, to see that the mouth

me overnight."

New Advertisements. LINDSAY

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STOVE COAL OF ALL KINDS DELIVERED TO ANY PART OF THE TOWN OR SHIPPED BY CAR TO A DISTANCE AT LOW RATES.

Bard and Soft Wood, in Long and Short

ROBT. BRYANS.

The Canadian Lost. LINDSAY, CHRISTMAS, 1884.

A Christman Carol. No clarion note was raised on high Nor trumpet sounded in the sky, On that first Christmas morn; Only a ray of purest light Dispelied the darkness of the night, And through the air was corne An angel's song, surpassing full of hermony and grace. Whose sucred echoes ne'er shall cease, while lasts

Twas not to men of noble name of great renown, and worldly fame.

The blessed news was told.

Poor shepherds heard the message sweet.

They hastened first their Lord to greet.

Those lowly men of old;

still in each sinceeding age, the humble poor and weak; Before that Infant kneeling low, will find the rost

Hundred by a guiding star.
The Mugi journeyed from afar,
Rejoicing on their way;
Thus wisdom claimed Him for her Lord,
And all her richest gifts outpoured
To buil the birth of Day. Here man's proud intellect must bow, or e'er the strife will case, For only Bethlehem's story can bring his spirit

A SAILOR'S CHRISTMAS.

Jim Waiteley was coming home that night. His ship had arrived at New York from Hong Kong, and he had written to his mother that he would be with her two days before Christmas and would spend the winter holidays is the dear old New England home.

Jim was the only son of his widowe mother, the joy and pride of his two sisters, l'anny and Susan, and s genera-favorite in the little New England vil-lage which he had left two years before to begin the life of a sailor. He had s natural liking for the sea. His father had been captain of a whaler in the old days when whaling was a great in-dustry; and although he left the sea to settle down as a farmer when Jim was only a year old, Captain Waiteley never lost his fondness for blue water, not concealed his wish that his boy should some day become a sailor. Like many country boys, Jim was always fond of sea stories; and his father, who had passed through many perils and adventure, and who was capital at spinning yarns, loved to pass the long winter evenings in recounting scenes of danger in the Northern seas, of shipwrecks arrid fields of ice, of long voyages is open boats, when water and food grew scarce, and stout hearts almost failed before resene came. Jim was always more interested in the dangers and horrors than in the pleasures of a sailor's life. His boyish heart would best quicker and quicker when his father told of perils that brought tears to his mother's eyes, and made her move her chair closer to her husband's side, that she might lay her hand on his arm, as it to assure herself that he was really there. "And after all," the old captair would sometimes say, taking her hand in his great brawny flat, "I shall die or a farm, instead of on an iceberg."

And he did. One winter morning when hauling out logs for the saw-mill a hugo tree trunk, which he was helping the men to load on the sledge rolled over upon him, and the brave sailor who

over upon him, and the brave sallor who had survived the perils of twenty arctic winters was crushed to death withir sight of his peaceful home.

Jim was then fourteen years old. He was a line, manly fellow, and for four years he worked faithfully and steadily on the farm. But the inclination to get the secondary. on the farm. But the inclination to ge to see grow stronger and stronger. He could not resign himself to the dull routine of a farmer's life. When he was nearly eighteen years old, a friend of his father, captain of a fine bark sailing from New York to Hong Kong and other Eastern ports, offered to take him and give him every opportunity to learn navigation and practical

southor.

The was a secondal day when he less home. His mother and sisters tried to be desired for his sake, but outd a next heep back the team when the last good by was said. They were not left alone, it is true. An eld backelor uncle, a true. An eld backelor uncle, a true was little boy, and who hive was eld John, the faithful hired man, who had been on the farm ever since Jim was a little boy, and who was ever not poor. The farm, which had heen theirs for several generations, was large and productive, and Captain Waiteley had invested his savings with great prudence. So that Jim, feeling that he must decide his life for himself, went away with a light heart and bright hopes. It was hard, of course, to leave the great world, and come back a man. And sow he was coming home! That yeery night his mother would clasp him in her arms again. All day she had been trembling with excitement and joy. The house was trimmed with evergreen, trailing moss, and bright red berries. There were lighted candles in the parfor windows. The great air-tight we hitterly cold, though clear and still. Uncle Abe had gone in the sleight were made, sat with folded norvons hands.

sisters, now that all preparations were made, sat with folded nervous hands. listening for the sound of returning bells. They would do nothing but listen. Mrs. Waiteley's knitting work which she had mechanically taken up, now rested in her lap. The girls had laid down their books. Ever and again they glanced at the great clock in the corner. Surely it never ticked so solemnly and slow. Was the train late? Had there been an accident? Slowly the hands crept round, and indicated the hour of seven. Deliberately, as became its venerable age, and with a premonitory whirring sound of turning wheel-work. the old clock began striking; one, two three—hark! On the clear night air comes the tinkle of merry bells. The quick step of horses is heard. In a moment more the sleigh turns in through the open gate and stops at the porch. Before the mother and sisters can reach it the door is thrown open, and Jim is at home again.

The warm greeting over, Jim took off his heavy overcoat and boots, slid his feet into the slippers brought by his sister Fanny, and seated himself in the wide easy-chair before the stove. For a moment his eyes rested affection-ately on his mother's face, and then glanced over the brightly decorated

"You have prepared a gay reception for me," he said, with a pleasant smile. "The old house never seemed so beautiful to me before. But what is best of all is to see everybody looking so well and happy. I declare, mother, you look ten years younger than when I went away; and certainly Fan and Sue have

"You foolish boy!" said Mrs. Waitelev. with a soft light laugh. "But you must | goes!" be hungry after your long ride, and supper is waiting for you." am ready for it," said Jim, heartily.

"It won't keep us from talking."

The supper was bounteous, and Jim did it full justice. For a little while it certainly did keep him from talking; but when his keen appetite was appeased, and the nuts, apples, raisins and sparkling cider were brought on, his tongue grew voluble again, and his delighted auditors listened eagerly to his stories of ship life, and the strange things he had witnessed in foreign

It was late when they rose from the table and returned to the parlor.
"I am sorry," said Jim, "that I couldn't bring my big 'chest' in the sleigh, so that I could show you to-night some of the things which I have brought you from the East. But John

will drive over sud fetch it early in the "You bring us the best Christmas gift in yourself, my dear boy," said his mother, in her gentlest tones. "Now you must go to bed, and take a good

rest after your journey."
They said good-night; but something in Jim's face made his sister Fanny stop a moment at his chamber door.

'Is Ressie-' he began, and stopped a blush spreading ever his hands sunburned face.

"Yes, Bessie is well," answered Fanny, with a smile. "Now go to sleep, and dream about her. I don't think she has quite forgotten you."

John did not go for the chest the next morning. Snow had begun falling be-fore midnight, and when the late day

broke it was falling still. The road which was narrow, winding, and rarely travelled, was already impassable for horses; and Uncle Abe, glancing furtively at Jim's rueful and impatient face, remarked that "it warn't no use gettin' ont the oxen and snow-plough till them snow-flakes stopped comin' down so all-fired thick an' fast. They'd block

the road clos't behind ye."

Jim was obliged to acknowledge the force of Uncle Abe's observation. He stood at the window, gazing out upon the falling snow, which every moment seemed to come down thicker and faster. "Idon't believe it will stop before night," he grumbled, "and then it will be too late to do anything for our Christmas-

There's no sign of holdin' up yet sure's you're born," put in Uncle Abe. "Such storms as begin soft like an' no

wind most gin'ally lasts all day."

Jin. turned away from the window with a gesture of impatience. To tell the truth, he was not concerned about his baggage alone. His thoughts were straving to a farm-house on a quiet hill road, two or three miles from his own home, where lived an old couple, pleasant and simple-minded people, who had been good friends with the Waiteley family since his earliest recollection. Of course it must not be supposed that Farmer Chase and his good wife, nice old people as they were, were the only attraction. Indeed, it may be doubted if he thought of them at all during that dreary day. It might not be rash to assert that for Jim the old farm-house on the hill contained only one human being, and that was Bessie Chase, a lovely, bright-faced, intelligent girl of eighteen. Jim and Bessie were not formally engaged, but they were very much in leve with each other, and it was

gayly, his spirits rising with excitement. "I shall be back by ten o'clock."

"Do make him stay, Uncle Abe!" But Uncle Abe gave a short dry laugh, and actually winked at the girls. "Nat'rel, perfectly nat'rel in a boy of his age. Let him go. I'd 's done the same at his time o' life."

"You, Uncle Abe!" exclaimed Fanny. "I don't believe you ever looked at a girl in all your born days." "Good-by," cried Jim, heartily, while they were talking. "Don't feel anxious about me. Put a lantern in the porch

to light me home." Before another word could be said he had vanished into the storm.

Jim knew the road well, but he found it rough work wading through the heavy drifts. In some places, where the snow lay level with the fence-tops across the road, he was obliged to climb over into the wind-swept field to find a pathway. But he was warmly clad, stout of heart and limb, and the thought of the meeting in the hill-side cottage kept the blood aglow in his young veins.

Jim's real troubles began when he turned into the little side road that wound and zigzagged up the steep ascent. It was narrow, flanked on each side by a stone wall, and the drifts were deeper and of greater extent than those which he had encountered on the level. The wind roared and blustered about him, blinding him with snow, and almost taking away his breath.

At length he came to a halt at a bend in the road. There was here a straight. cut across the fields to the farm house, which would save him nearly half a mile. "The snow can't be so deep on the

the creek gorge. At any rate, here off here than out in the open field, and

Climbing over the stone wall, Jim made his way across the field. It was easier walking than by the road, but the wind blew the snow against his face, and hindered him from seeing the well-remembered landmarks. "Confound this snow!" he exclaimed. "If I could only make out the lights in the window I should know just where to find the bridge. My God—"
Jim had disappeared.

The evening passed slowly in the little parlor at Jim's home. The old clock slowly and solemnly tolled off the quarters, the half-hours, and the hours. As ten o'clock approached, the mother laid saide her knitting, the girls closed their books, and Uncle Abe, glancing at the clock, said he guessed "Jim u'd be home pretty soon now."

"We will have some hot tes for

him," said the mother; "he will be very cold when he comes in. Girls, see if the lantern is all right in the porch. I will go to the kitchen and make everything ready for him."

But ten o'clock passed. It was weary waiting till eleven, and still Jim did not return. The storm grew fiercer. The windows shook and rattled with the fury of the blast, which roared hoarsely through the fir-trees in front of the house. Twelve o'clock came, and the household, now thoroughly alarmed, asked one another in hushed tones what was to be done. Uncle Abe and John went to the door twenty times and peered anxiously out into the storm. Once they started out in search of him, but after going a short distance were obliged to turn back.

"Nothing can be done till morning, said Uncle Abe, coming in from the porch. "Most likely, too, they wouldn't et him come back in such a storm." "Let us pray that God may protect him," said the mother, solemnly. They knelt close together while Uncle

Abe prayed fervently that the God who had kept the son through perils who had kept the son through perils on the stormy deep would bring him home in safety in the morning. At the close of the prayer John said Amen with great vigor; but the mother and sisters wept silently. There was no sleep in the house that night; and as soon as morning broke, Uncle Abe and John set out the property of the same storm John set out upon their search. A few neighbors joined them, for Jim was a favorite with all.

The morning broke clear and peaceful. The snow had ceased falling, and the wind had gone down. White and sparkling lay the snow over hill and lain. The roads were filled with great drifts, that in many places concealed

even the top of the stone walls. Farmer Chase was out long before daybreak attending to the stock in the well-stored barn and sheltered yard, while Bessie and her mother were busy superintending the preparation of break

Milking and feeding over, Farmer

Chase stood for a moment on the front Chase stood for a moment on the front stoop of his house, looking down the hill. Suddenly his voice rang out:

"Mother! Bessie! come out here.

What d'ye s'pose that means?"

Hurrying to the door, the mother and faughter saw half a dozen men making their way slowly up the hill, in two parties, one on each side of the road. Farmer Chase immediately west forward to meet them. As he joined one of the groups the watchers on the stoop way him cover his face with his hands.

might even be dangerous.

One hesitating look I threw back at the lights of the village far behind, and torrents. It was dry in winter, and Jim fortunately tumbled down upon a bed of dead boughs and twigs which had collected there in the autumn. His snow, clinging to my wet hair, dancing before my bewildered eyes, and almost obliterating the cart ruts which alone in-

had to sit down again.

The gorge was fortunately quite narrow at the top when Jim had fallen in, widening downwardinto a sort of cavern.
The low bushes by which the crevice
was fringed had lept the snow from
drifting in, so that he had a sheltered and comparatively warm place of refuge.

But what was to be done? He could not get out, and to remain there until help came—why, he might starve to death before any one discovered him. Visions of being found a mere heap of bones when spring threw open his prison doors flashet across his mind.

Mechanically he put his well hand into a pocket, and to his great joy he found a box of matches; not only a box of matches, but a brierwood pipe and tobacco pouch. "Now," thought Jim, "I can light a fire with this old rubbish, the folks at home will think they kept With great difficulty and several bruises against the rocky sides of his cell, Jim managed to separate a heap of wood and brush from the main pile on

of the gorge was alled with snow. through which, in hisdisabled condition, it would be very hart to dig a passage. lost none of their good looks in my meadows," he said to himself, "and I "I must wait till morning, at any absence." meadows, he said to himself, and I guess I can find the old foot-bridge over rate," he said to himself. "I am better perhaps help will come with daylight. Let's try the comforing influence of a

> The draught was not good, and at first be suffered much discomfort from the smoke. He thought of Bessie, of his mother and sisters, and wondered in a dreamy way whether he would be found in the morning. "I must keep awake," he thought, catching himself nodding, "or my fire vill go out."

> Jim found it hard work to keep his eyes from shutting. The pain in his wrist and ankle helped him for a while. But at last his pipe fell from his mouth. He started up at that, and muttering, "I must keep awake," leaned back against the rock, and did not start

The party on Farmer Chase's stoop were still debating what was best to be done, when Bessie joined them. She had on winter wraps and heavy shoes. Her pale face wore a resolute expres-

"What does this mean. Bessie?" exclaimed her father. "I am going with you," she said, simply; "I can not stay behind."
"But, Bessie—"

"Look, father-look there! What is that? Smoke from the gorge!" cried Bessie, eagerly, pointing down the hill to a thin column of bluish vapor that seemed to issue from the snow.

Animated by a wild hope, she led the way down the hill so rapidly that the men could hardly keep up with her flying steps. Out of breath, she was first to reach the mouth of the chasm. Leaning over the brink, she had hardly strength in her excitement to call the name of the missing saibr boy. An answering voice, cheery but faint, came from the bottom of the gorge, calling her name in return.

Bessie did not faint now. "Why hadn't some one the sense to bring a rope?" she demanded, rather sharply, forgetting that she had not thought of it herself.

The rope was quickly procured, and Jim, who had just relighted his fire after a sound sleep on the dry driftwood, was gently drawn ap.
"What under the canopy made ye try

to cross the medder in such a storm?" asked Farmer Chase, as Uncle Abe and John lifted Jim in their arms. "I-I was hunting rabbits," stammer-

ed Jim, saying in his confusion the first thing that came into his head. "We don't ginnerally hunt rabbits in a blindin' snow-storm, leastways not arter dark," remarked the farmer, dryly. "I kinder reckon," put in Uncle Abe, with a sly wink at Bessie, "that Jim

was arter another sort o' game."

Bessie blushed high, and Jim, looking at her half-averted tell-tale face, gave a low happy laugh, and held out his hand Bessie took it, and Farmer Chase, with an amused look on his quaintly lined face, led the way to the house.

this bitter evening, "across moer"—such had been the greeting of the last way-fazer whom I met upon the lonely path into which I had struck on quitting the hard, firm road. The wind had risen as hard, firm road. The wind had risen as the sun went down behind the rocky Tors to the westward, and the piercing gale that now blew brought with it such snow as only, I think, does fall on Dartmoor in midwinter. Chilled, in spite of the warm shawl I wore, by the biting blasts, and dazzled by the thick flakes that whirled and glittered as they among her anickening my swept by, I pressed on, quickening my pace homeward. I had lingered too pace homeward. I had lingered too long in the village street, whither I had gone to make some few final purchases needed for our merry Christmas dinner and now the moorland storm had set in with all its fury, and the homeward walk to the farm would be difficult, and

then, remembering that I should be anxiously expected at home, pushed resolutely on across the snowy moor, the darkness appearing to thicken at every instant. Faster and faster fell the dicated the rough road that I had to Often had I listened by the fireside to

grow feeble, my steps were slow, and the light basket I carried on my arm seemed to have grown strangely heavy. Buffeted by the raging wind, I tottered

wearily on through the snow-heaps. The farm, to the best of my belief was but about half a mile off; but I began to doubt, benumbed as I was by the intensity of the cold, and spent with the toil of struggling with the tempest. whether I should ever reach it. Ifelt a heavy drowsiness oppress me, and longed to lie down and rest but for a few minutes, before resuming the battle with the wild weather. But rest in such a case means sleep; and sleep, death. Something of the instinct which makes a hunted animal strain every nerve to die at home urged me on, and I continued to press forward. As I did so, a cry reached my ears—the cry of a child distress! It was repeated, and I turned toward the quarter from whence came the sound, and then hesitated. Well I knew that if I expended the last dregs of my strength in plodding through the drifts, the chance of my reaching the farm was small indeed. And then it might not be a child that uttered that cry, but merely the bleating of a stray sheep. Prudence warned

extreme cold may have, in my case, endured, I never knew. But I remember that I heard a rough, kind voice callout, "Keep Carstone back! Don't let him

But when I came back to life it seemed like a foretaste of heaven, so gay and cheerful was the look of the warm, cozy homeplace, with its glowing fire of crimson peat and blazing wood; and wherever my wondering eyes turned. was some kind neighborly face with which I was well acquainted. I lay on a bed that had been drawn close to the blaze, wrapped in cloaks and blankets. while near me knelt a strong man. Frank Carstone—dear. good Frank—my own brave. kind young husband, to whom I had been married but four short thus struck off as small as years, since first he brought me to the moorland farm. And there was Rosie darling, blue-eyed Rosie, no longer, as when last I saw her, lying like a dead white lamb among the sheep and drifted not be raised to 5,000 dur— GEO. DOUGLAS snow, but well and strong, and with her dear blue eyes fixed lovingly on "poor mamma's" pale face. Then I must have fainted again, but it was from surprise. not pain; and soon I could speak and stir, and be as one of the waking world

We had a merry Christmas dinner next day, after the merriest I ever knew, with Rosie's tiny chair drawn close to mine-I could not bear to be away from her-and Frank beside me, blithe and loving, and thankful too, for the wife and child that had been spared to him. Rosie had wandered out, it seemed, following the strayed sheep of one of those very neighbors who had joined with Frank in seeking for the truant; but had I not come up when I did, the c' ild could scarcely have survived till resone came. That happened | cluded in The Post. This years ago. Happy Christmases have come and gone since then, but never can I think without a shudder of that Christmas Eve upon Dartmoor.

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CHAS. D. BARR.

The Canadian Post, Lindsop, Ont.

other letters,—

tories of belated travelers lost upon the moor. Should I once stray from the track, I might wander over the boundess waste until my strength failed me, as theirs had done, and, as they had done, lie down exhausted to die. As it was, by the time I had walked two through the storm, I began to

me to hurry on homeward.

No, no, no! I dared not hearken to

the whispers of selfishness: clared not salve my conscience with the plausible idea that the cry which I had heard was not a human one. I could not shut my ears to the plaintive appeal that had | subscription price of One reached me, and, praving to God that I might find mercy for the sake of the dear ones at home, I turned toward the tiny suppliant. Yes, sure enough, there were the prints of little feet, already half-blotted out in the snow; and following on the track. I came at last to a high bank, and a deep, fleecy drift, where in the white hollow crouched some score of sheep huddled together, fore, for the year 1885 and amongst them, apparently asleen or dead, a little child, her pale face pillowed on one of her woolly companions. And then I knew her-my own, my only one, my little three year old darling, our Rosie, that I thought so safe and warm at home; and I staggered forward. and knelt and took her to my bosom. and chafed her cold hands, and wrapped the middle of January. No my shawl around her, and then-and then, all grew dark. How long the lethargy brought on by ready been over Five

look—they're both dead, poor things!"

And then the swoon came on again.

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