HRISTMAS PRESEN

in preference to any other Machine.

ist.—Because three-fourths of all sowing machine purchasers buy the "Singer," showing that a vast majority think it "the best," 2nd,-Because it is the simplest-needing less

3rd.-Because when it does need repairing, it 4th,-It is CHEAPER than any other first

5th.—It has taken the First Premium over all other machines more than 300 times. In short, it is the best machine to Buy, to own I sell the Genuine Singer,

JOHN HORE

The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, DEC. 18, 1885.



"We ring the bells and we raise the strain. We hang up garlands everywhere, And bid the tapers twinkle fair, And feast and frolic-and then we go Back to the same old lives again."

CHRISTMAS SONNET.



And deal to sin its fit and fatal blow, He sought not robe of state nor throne of

But rose to manhood from a peasant birth. The babe is laid where cattle bleat and low; Pleased it the gracious Lord of Heaven so To charge the world with Heaven's holy

Whose ears first hear, whose eyes first gladly

The tokens of a god within our race? They are not monarchs, proud in heart a

face, But shepherds, listening to the harmony Of angel voices. He must humble be Whom God will visit and his love embrace. HOWARD CROSBY.



A FOOL'S CHRISTMAS

Everybody said that the Carson children had done very well with themselves since their parents died. Indeed, there were those who considered it quite providential that they had been thrown on their own resources, since their father had been anything but a model of financial success and their mother a-lily-like woman who had never thrived in the rude western garden into which she hadbeen transplanted.

Both died in the same week, and the children at once set about the business of life with great good sense. They had not a dollar left when everything was settled. Even the old house was sold away from them. But they decided to hold together and get their share of the world's chances. There were five of them—George, Catherine, Julia, Annette and

Davy.
Nobody ever mentioned Davy who did not speak his name softly and with an accent of gentle pity, for he was simple minded. He was a fool. Though he was large and well formed, at sixteen his face was as vacant as a baby's. But there was "no harm in him," the neighbors said. He was just a big infant, pleased with the trifles that delight the very least of children, and of as little use, as usefulness is reckoned in this blind old world. as the weeds that grow on the hillsides or the wild vines that choke the grain.

Yet he wasn't a disagreeable figure to look at. His appearance never excited repulsion, He was always well dressed, and the yellow curls that covered his big head like a fleece were always brushed and shining. Though his vacant brown eyes were sometimes misty with tears, they knew nothing of enger. He had a langle for every-body and was invariably happy. He could not understand in the smallest degree the troubles which beset all humanity born to superior endowments. His world was so listle and so comfortable, so simple and so beautiful, so entirely without distress or

dread, that he was absolutely happy.

Mothers of bright boys just beginning to make places for themselves in the world-sight as they looked at Davy Caroos and received his image when he was a chabby lack to difficulties for the statements.

rnev recenies him as he had often ant by the words of his small vocabulary together to express his pleasure. The days and the cats, the swallows that built their main the roof of the off porch, the applicable that sometimes flashed through the parti, the butter flash and even the hear have Bury. He wile could talk only initingly to men and women knew the language the voiceless creatures understand. Many the days he passed in their company, langing and happy.

And so be greaves, give in their flashed to see him, almost a man in stature, holding his hands justiful to see him, almost a man in stature, holding his hands justiful to the course of the cours

to see him, almost a man in stature, holding his hands below symmetrolish toy, a belief ang, or aights bird, when another examined it, childiship sugarite protect if from possible complements.

it, childishly sager to protect the from possesses carelessness.

In but two things did he silvance—kind-ness and love. Though his intellect stood still his spiritual small seemed somehow to grow. Instinctively he understood that all living things were entitled to kindness, and in his pour, simple fashioss he was forevertrying to help the helpless. His mind was not clouded there. Higher than the intellect sits the soul. Through the stringe veil that shrouded his mind the simple boy's soul looked out clear and beautiful. Literally and looked out clear and beautiful. Literally and absolutely did he fulfill the golden rule—he who could not understand a law, who knew not a line of injunction, who had the idea of reward or punishment, of heaven or hell, of God or demon. Yet he did all that the wisest of us are commanded to de. And so be grew up-big, simple, kind and

when his father and mother on the but below the buy was dated by the strangeness of it all; but he could not confine that the could not confine the course of the course o

in whispers, not because he was awed by the presence of death, but for fear a noise would disturb their sleep.

When he saw them no more he called them often, searched for them again and again, and waited for them always with a patience that was more than mortal, and a longing that made his childish face at times look old

and sick. There were days when he was so sure they would come back that he sat by the gate from morning until night, looking down the street over which the long dark wagon had driven when it carried them away asleep—sat there hopeful and happy, eager to be the first to

One day Reverend Winthrop walked by and was touched by the longing in the boy's face. The hunger of the heart had temporarily extinguished the look of vacancy in his eyes, and they burned with a pathos that was indescribable. He sat rocking a worn-out doll in his strong arms, alternately kissing and holding it up that it might see those he waited for while they were still far off.
"What are you doing, Davy?" said the min-

ister, kindly. "Waitin' for mother'n father," answere the big child, his face breaking into a laugh at the mention of their names.

Mr. Winthrop had a kind heart, but was sometimes clumsy in his methods of impart-ing instruction. He revered the truth, and thought he ought to bring it within the comprehension of the child's feeble mind; and so, with the best intentions in the world, he began by trying to rob him of his sweet hope. "They will never come, Davy; never, never in this world again."
"Eh!" said the boy, and the momentary

look of hope gave way to one of bewilderment. He did not understand. The minister continued: "They will never come, Davy. Not to-day, nor to-morrow, nor next day, nor next. Never! never!

cannot come. They are dead "Dead? dead?" echoed the child, looking to distance, "Dead like the birds that can't fly or sing; like the dog that kept so still and was put into the ground; like the squir'l that was killed on the old walnut

tree? No, they couldn't die. My mother couldn't die. My father couldn't die."

He said this with such calm assurance, such unruffled hope, that the minister stood abushed and rebuked. Here was the perfect faith he had vainly tried to instil into greater minds; the sum of all his teaching. The soul he had tried to enlighten was on higher ground than he. It knew no doubt. He repeated over and over the boy's words They couldn't die," as he walked away. seeing clearer than ever what is meant by

the scriptural assertion that out of the mouths of babes cometh wisdom. Yes, the "Carson children"—as the neigh bors called them, though they were all grown up—had done well with themselves since their parents died. The four who constituted th working force developed a genius for the science of "getting along." They were as ambitious, practical and worldly as their father had been dreamy and unworldly. They reached out after the successes of life with hungry hands. The prizes he had passed by with indifference they strove for and

They held together, and in a year or two bought back the old home and brought it out of dilapidation into smiling companion with its modern neighbors. They liked to advance themselves in that never-to-be defined-circle which calls itself society.



thing attainable, and set about getting rich. Catherine managed the housekeeping; Julismade music her profession, and Annette, the youngest and lovellest of the sisters, married

For awhite Davy was not neglected. His brothers and sieters, remembering their mother's threless tenderness and their father's unvarying patience towards his helplessness, did their best to make him happy. He was their one great charge, a holy one had they only known it. His weakness and trustfulness were continual monitors to their hearts. ness were continual menitors to their hearts.

But the days went on and their cares iscreased and their interests widered. Each
had aspirations outside the circle of home.
Contact with the world, accounts country,
began to do its work. The worlding them
to value the timel glidinglife. His injury them
the pure gold. If was tucking them a falle
standard of worth. It was insculiding them
with the insidious one of selfations, and at
last it thught them to be attended to how.

Being assumed of him they wint to hope Deing columned of item they wild to inequire incident, and assumed to have frequentiality existings. They were never galled to

They come to the company of the comp best July who we committee the property of the

"Sumething outhing be done with him?"
That was the vestion. They inliked it over
until they really self like marture, and actually persuased themselves, as steeple oftenwill when they are about to do something
very mean, that they are doing it for the
victim's good.

Catherine wasned that Done

Catherine urged that Davy wandered away so much that she was always uneasy about him, and she was too busy to be continually hunting him up. Besides, she thought he was growing more peculiar and ought not to have so much freedom. She couldn't answer for what he might do.

George was absorbed in the great business of getting their and file in dissent. Julia, too, seemed to have given apall weakness in the shape of love for Davy, staff agreed with the others that he "ought to be put some

At last it was decided to send him to the It was not that they grudged him the little

it cost to supply his necessities; they wanted him out of the way. Neither did they want to send him to the almshouse as a pauper, but as a person of infirm mind-not mented enough to be lodged in a hospital for the insane, but too uncertain to have his

The way was perfectly easy. The law was on their side, though humanity was not. They even plumed themselves upon having done more than their duty by him. They were to pay his board and buy his clothes The idea was that they wanted him "looked after." This was the language in which after." This was the language in which they clothed the very meanest act of their lives. They measured out justice at a valuation of dollars and cents, and took no account of most precious things. They were about to hurt the helpless, forgetting it is written that the strong shall share their strength with the weak.

The evening before Davy was to leave an ominous silence fell on the household. A fire ourned in the grate of the pleasant little sitting room; the lamp light was brighter than ever, but the good cheer that comes from rell-doing was absent. Something invisible out dreadful was there, and all felt its presence but Davy. The unkind deed planned for the morrow had aiready taken evil shape at their hearth, intangible, but real. The knowledge of the invisible spectre, whose name was Injustice, made them strangely silentall but Davy. He was exacting unlimited amusement from a toy fox that barked weakly when it was squeezed. At the feeblest sound that came from the mouth of the diminutive Reynard he would break into peals of laughter. Curiously enough, the more he laughed the graver grew the three other faces. His joyousness rebuked them. His innocent happiness embarrassed them. His perfect trust

Outside the wind was making wild music Suddenly it blew open the gate, which swung shut again with a clatter of its iron latch.

"It's mother! It's mother!" shouted Davy, springing to the door and opening it; but only the raw December night wind rushed in. At least that seemed to be all, but it brought with it a chill. The word "mother," as Davy spoke it, had rent her grave and rought her there—an actual presence. All felt her calm eyes look into their gailty hearts with sorrowful surprise and saw her wrap her arms lovingly and protectingly around Davy, as they had seen her do in life a thousand times. They did not see this with their natural eyes, but their slumbering consciences aroused by her name took this

Davy shut the doors and set down with a look of disappointment in his face.
"She didn't come," he said, "but I thought all day she would. He set silent for a minute and then said to

"If mother comes to-night you'll wake me, Katy, won't you? She'll be so ghad to see me," and at the very thought he was all sun-

This innocent faith in his own imports ouched them. There was not one of the three at that moment who would not gladly have undone everything and declared that Davy should stay there forever; but no one put the wish into words. It is as difficult to give expression to good at first as to evil.
That curious shame which sometimes seals
the lips when the noblest feelings demand
utterance held them silent. And so the golden moment which might have been giori-fied by a deed of imperishable beauty rolled by, and an act of shameful selfishness was recorded in its stead

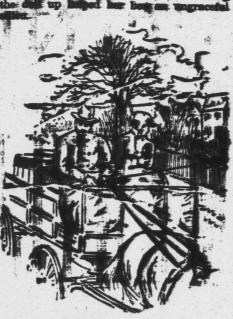
Some of the groom that shadowed the place settled upon Davy at last, and he laid his head upon Julia's lap and fell asleep.

It was ten o'clock the next morning when John Keller, who drove the wagon from the poor farm to the town every day halted before the Carson cottage.

air fresh and bracing and the sparrows in the leafless vines were holding a lively mati-

Davy was never so jubilant. He was full of health, easily pleased, and was about to have a ride. At first he thought he would take the cat with him. He had had her in his arms all morning and inted to let her go.
Finally he changed his mind and tools his
doll, which, by some—to him—unaccountable
agency, had been freshly and gaily dressed, and was standing in the front wind though ready for ceremonious events. Her modish atthre was a pitiful burlesque upon her destination; but, happily, she and her owner were both uncomelous of that. Dollahave their romances as well as people. The irony of fate does not exclude them from its operations. operations. Surely no one could have dreamed that such a beautiful belie of deli-dom was destined to display her charme in an

As soon as Davy saw for he dropped the cat and seized her in his arms, declaving that she was the prettiest doll in the world and should go for a ride. With the husbing for in his arms he climbed into the wages and sat down beside John Heller, as innecent and huppy a child as ever found pleasure in childish things.



Catherine watched them till they turned the curner and the fluttering ribbons of the dell's blue dress were lost in the distance.

"I never saw any human bein' as happy as that bein' Meers squist that crossed the road pleasat him. Houself bird that flew over our heads delighbed him. Houself birds a hundred that following his pecket birds a hundred that is rection; and he said he here had statical him before. For my word, I couldn't keep the tears out o' me even to see couldn't keep the tears out o' me eyes to see him so happy and know where he was goin

"I don't see how them 'Carson children ould send him away; I really don't. If he had been mean or stabborn or ugly in any way I could understand it; but Davy—why, Davy was as sweet-tempered and kind a critter as ever was born. Wouldn't harm a fiy. Didn't know anything but good; didn't seem to have ever heard there was any bad

in the world." It was some time after they reached their lestination that John Keller began to have trouble. Davy forgot all about going home till the sun went down. He had been interested in the new sights and new people, had eaten his dinner with the sharp appetite of youth and enjoyed the day; but now that he recognized the signs of approaching night he looked at his new friends with genuine alarm in his his new friends with genuine alarm in his his new friends with genuine alarm. in his big eyes, and said, entreatingly, "I want to go home."
"Are they kind to you at home, Davy?

asked Keller. "Ya-as," he answered, hardly understand-

"Do they never scold you?"
"Na-ugh." "Do you love them, Davy!-love George and Katy and Julia?"

"Y-ees—love them all—and the cat-the fox—and—Lizzie Ann" (the doll). "But Lizzie Ann and the fox are here with you, and you ought to be contented. Come. my boy, make up your mind to stay here awhile and visit us," said the kind Keller. "I want to go home; I want to go home,"



meless. He had never been away from his some a night in his life, and to be out of his familiar little world when the darkness fell was a calamity. The matron's heart was touched, and she did her best to pacify him, but in vain. The paupers, old and young, foolish and sensible, daft and same, gathered about him and tried in their poor way to

win him from his misery.

It was the same the next day and the next and all other days. He did not walk about, he did not talk, he did not look at anything, and he scarcely ate a mouthful. His mind was constantly filled with the image of the home from which he had been so cruelly lured. His happy young face had grown old and serrowful. Even Lizzie Ann and the fox failed to comfort him. They stood on a shelf

in the big sitting room mute witnesses of his agony. To all questions and speeches he had but one answer: "I want to go home."

Once when John Keller undertook to point out the beauties of the place to him and entreated him to dry his tears and learn to like it he looked on with a hearth polyne arrested. it, he looked up with a heartbroken expression and said, "Mother might come—me not

At the end of a fortnight the wagon of the almahouse stopped in front of the Carsen cottage again, and John Heller went in. Hetold the story of Davy's homesickness in few

but strong words:
"He doesn't est and he doesn't sleep. He gieves all the time. He's never been without a stream o' tears running over his cheeks since he's been there. He's so weak from the grievin' that he can't sit up hardly half the time. I believe his heart will break."
The "Carson children" listened in silence,

with white faces and averted eyes. They were remembered, but had not the courage to say so even to each other. It is often so with people who have not cultivated their fines Their hearts seem harder than they cause their tongues are untrained to pression of the gentler emotions. They

about it. Maybe if you knew how Davy took on you wouldn't want him to stay there; but if he is to stay we'll all do our best to comfort him, though nothin' gives him any heart. He never says anything but, 'I want to go home. It rings in my ears so I can't hear what fells is sayin to me half the time."

said: ... Well, tell Davy he can come home on as and eat his Christmas dinner.

tales days, and when the last one had reductable of he could go home.

By would have been unders and hopsing to try to tell him that his invitation home was limited to disease. He could not have understood if. Buides, John Heller, the matten and all his appropriating friends at the psorhouse saturally hoped that when he was one at home the difficulty of sending him away again would settle the question in his favor.

By evening he was so much belond with

hope that he sat in the big sitting roam without tears in his eyes and rocked Lizzie Ann an hour or more. His face, which a fortan hour or more. His face, which a fortnight ago had been round and resy, was
white and house of the constraint of the const
with babyish pleasure the lies in arrived,
were pow dim and holler, and his ones
chubby lands were thin and holler, and his ones
chubby lands were thin and holler, and his ones
chubby lands were thin and neary ghost, and
was like Davy's wan and weary ghost, and not like the real Davy at all.

Poor old imfacile Isaac, who had been one of the county's children for half a dozen. years, noticed the change in the boy's de-meanor. He looked at his white face and re-

membered that it had been round and flow-ing a short time before and understood that he suffered. He was too old and imbecile to have the cause of it all straight in his mind: but sorrow has its own language more elo-quent than words, and this he understood. "Poor Davy! Poor Davy!" he muttered, as he patted the boy's head. Then as his sympathies overwhelmed him he bent and bissed the shiry face of Davy's doll, leaving its painted cheek stained with the tears that rolled from his withered ones.

They all gathered around Davy—surprised and pleased at his silener and patience. They were a stratege computery of consolers—crazed, crippled was begone, clad in mean garments and ewing nothing but their imperishable souls and their battered bodies. Yet all that they had—kindness—they gave. Each one forgot his own grief, whatever it was, in the presence of the boy's more un-

Davy said nothing to all their kind words He only held Lizzie Ann close to his breast. as though there was comfort in her companionship, and rocked the harder.

The next morning he rose with dry eyes and made a heroic effort to be hopeful. "Is it to-day I go home?" was his first question. His lips trembled when told that it was not. but he shed no tears. John Keller appeared early on the scene and removed one of the black beans from the string, which now ornamented Davy's person as a necklace.

Yet the boy did not seem hopeful. He was only quiet. His tears fell no more, but his silent patience was even sadder than his rebellious lamentations. Not being a creature of stout will, his spirit was as wretched in woe as it had been buoyant in happiness. He seemed to have suffered beyond the point where a ray of hope brings strength. He had changed his wail, "I want to go home," to "I'm going home," but he said it without spirit and apparently without hope; and it was, if possible, more heartrending than his first wail.

His spirit was broken and so was his phys ical health. He had grown so weak he could not sit up long at a time, and so would lie hours of every day on his cot, staring at the wall, though seeing it not. His eyes were looking into some realm outside of all material things, for they had changed strangely. Instead of the simple, vacant look of his pleasant days, they had grown deep and luminous, with that wonderful beauty which is seen in the eyes of those who have suffered great anguish of spirit.

And so the days went on until all the beans were gone from the string but one, and the next day would be Christmas. long week with even greater impatience than Davy. He had grown into the thought that he would rather set that homesick boy down

on the doorstep of his old home than to come in for a princely inheritance. Before he started to town in his wagon that morning he had said to Davy when arranging the bean necklace, "To-morrow you go, my boy; to-morrow;" and Davy had repeated his usual refrain, "I'm going home." Keller brought letters home with him that evening, which was nothing unusual: but among them was one that took all the life

out of his face when he heard its contents. It was from Davy's brother and countermanded the order to bring Davy into town on Christmas. They had decided not to have him come until New Year's. "Unforeseen circumstances made the delay necessary. To atone for the delay he should "stay a day or two when he did come," etc.

Some tears were shed over the cruel news, but not by Davy. Hours before the letter arrived he had been lying in his cot, his sad eyes staring through the walls that imprisoned him into the land of his dreams. When they went to tell him they found him asleep, the now crumpled but comforting doll clutched in one hand and held close to his wee-begone face.

Christmas dawned, white and wintry, snow covered the carth and clung to the bare trees like garments of white fur. The air was full of whirling crystalets and the earth was full of music. It was the kind of Christmas which nature intends shall be "merry"; when every sound clinks through the air; when the horses' feet are heard grinding the gritty snow half a mile away; when bells ring out crisp and clear; when laughter is heard far out upon the hills; when joy is spontaneous and sorrow forgotten: when the north wind brings courage and the day brings peace on earth and good will to

Davy was brighter than usual that morning. The hope which had not before been strong enough to lighten his heavy heart beamed over his wan face like sunshine. His eyes were very bright and very eager. "I'm going home," were his first words, spoken with something like gladness in his voice. At sight of John Keller he jumped from his chair with his old-time alacrity and

handed him the last black bean of the seven which had stood between him and paradise. He gathered together his small possessions a few glass buttons, a lame top, the fox that had not barked since it became an inmate of the poorhouse, a whittled wooder monkey with hollow eyes, and similar gifts of the sympathizing but impoverished friends who surrounded him, and placed them in a row on the window sill. Sitting down be-

announced that he was ready. How could they tell him that he was not to go; that all his patient waiting had been use-less, that he had been cheated with lies; that

side them, with Lizzie Ann in his arms, h

At last they told him. At first he could not understand and answered everything with the decisive assertion, "I'm go home," as though that were the sum of all wisdom, solved all problems, straightened all misunderstandings and settled all difficulties. But when the truth was made plain. culties. But when the truth was made plain to him and he understood, he raised his arms to his head in sudden agony and, with a cry that had in it all the despair of his cheated soul, slipped from his chair to the floor.

When his eyes opened after he had been lifted upon his bed they assued to have lost all recollections of his disappointment, and were strangely bright and glad. A smiling soul loshed out from those in passes before it started on its natural passes. Those eyes arms assessible or the continuous passes.

dinner with the friends for whose sake Davy line is the excluded, John Haller rettled up to the gate in the almalionse wagon. He deliv-ered this message with uncovered head at the

"Your brother Davy is dead. When we told him this morning that he couldn't come home to-day, as he had expected to, his heart broke. He was weakened and worm with

He spoke with calm simplicity and without reproach in his voice. He knew that the would be sufficient at their.

And it was. They had never contemplated such retransmit to this. They had more used out Davy's needs by the requirements of the body, taking no account of the handly and loving soul.



"Your brother Davy is dead." They had sent him away because he in-terfered with their success, and now that he was out of their way forever they were filled

was out of their way forever they were filled with unavailing regret. What would they not have given to go back and undo their dreadful work, now beyond recall?

Of what avail was it that they wept bitter tears over Davy's body, when they had let him die for a sight of familiar faces? Nor could they extinguish the remorse in their hearts by clothing his dead fiesh with the garments and covering his coffin with fewers. They looked on his saddened and wasted face with sharp salf-reproach and rewasted face with sharp self-reproach and re-membered that they had been false to a mother's trust. And that memory lingared with them always.



"I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old familiar carols play, And wild and sweet The words repeat



R. Smyth.

Rip Van Winkle. Here we are again with Christmas Novelties and Seasonable Dry Goods of every description. Our Furs and Ready-made clothing selling themselves at the prices we offer. R. SMYTH,

Sir John's Mission. We ask the public to discredit any reports that may arise about our greatest Statesman going off to England to consult the authorities Imperial on the constitutional right of R. SMYTH, the Lindsay Dry Goods, Millinery and Clothing dealer to un-cersell all the clearing sale firms.

Boycotted.

The cold cot (caught) the boy by the ears and elsewhere and then the boy cot the cold, then the boy's parents cot the contagion from the public in their rush to R. SMYTH'S for the great bargains in Dry Goods and bought the boy some Frost Proof Clothing. Next time this happens may A B there to

A Liberal Meeting.

A public meeting will be held every law ful business day from 7 a. m. till 6 p. m. and later on Saturdays in R. SMYTH'S Dry Goods, Millinery and Clothing Store. The object of the meeting is to meet the liberality of our rivis who are giving the beneff of great discounts in order to clear off new and seasonable goods.

A Shocking Statement.

It is to make that R. SMYTH is meeting the close times by a close reduction. If he can't make money freer he can make it go further. Drop in about Christmas time and see over how much you can stretch a dollar or two.

To Church-going People.

Popular opinion seems to insist that a man at church should be fairly well dressed. It is not an imperative point but one that is remerally admitted. The sermon is just as ree to a man in Full-cloth, as to a man in a black Beaver Over-Coat. In order to meet the means of all classes we supply either of the above goods and oceans of other things besides. See R. SMYTH'S bargains in all lines.

Curiers.

Fewof the admirers of the Rearing game know the right turn to give when they want the correct Curion a Fur cap, coat or Gauntlets, even the Tam O'Shanter, should have he close in-turn inthe curl. R.SMYTH, the general Dry Goods and Gent's Clothing dealer, can give the right goods at the right price.

Compliments.

I take this opportunity of extending my thanks and compliments to my customers and friends for their generous support and encouragement during the past year. Wishing you one and all many happy returns of the season. Believe me, Faithfully Yours.

Lindsay, Dec. 10th 1885,-70-2

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Lindsay, Ont.

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