

L. O'Connor
I AM
Selling Cutters
AND
PROMISE SNOW AND SLEIGHING.
THE FINEST STOCK
OF
Cutters and Sleighs
TO BE FOUND IN THE COUNTY.

My work is so well-known for its work and Durability that there is really no use blowing about it.

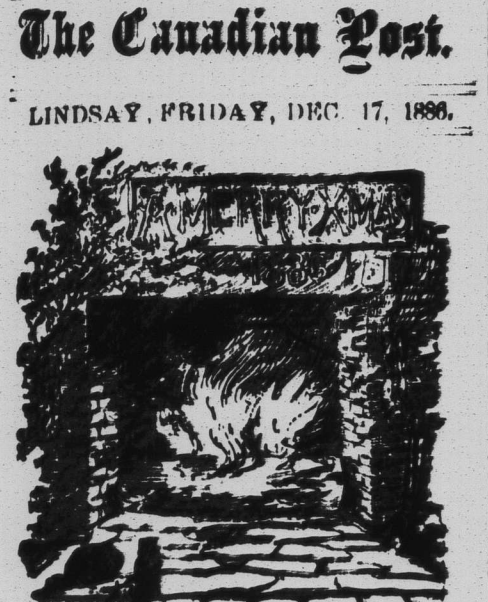
Piano Box Cutters, Bent Hickory Knee Cutters, Jump Seat Cutters, Family Sleighs, Farmers' Sleighs, Bob Sleighs and Cheboggans.

Cutters upholstered with plush and finished with Noble's Horse's English Vernish, are beautiful and comfortable. The best materials used throughout and guaranteed for the best kind of work in the country.

I HAVE ADDED TO MY BUSINESS HORSESHOEING AND GENERAL JOBBING. All work done by Practical Mechanics and guaranteed first-class.

L. O'CONNOR,
Corner of Russell and William streets.
The Cutter Factory.

The Canadian Post.
LINDSAY, FRIDAY, DEC. 17, 1886.



THE LEGEND OF CHRIST CHURCH.

Near the southern coast of England, being dark from hills of green, An ancient church with Norman towers By the side of a river is seen.

Seven centuries have written Stories of its old and young, Making this most picturesque spot With many an old tower young.

Of the legend, rarely repeated, Is the story of its birth, When the night's stars were lifted Shown and from its native earth.

In the time of William Rufus, Norman monarch, both brave and good, Led with a host of stout companions, By the hills to seek the wood.

For by day there lay with them One who from the forest came; So no one knew his name or nation, No one asked his name.

As a child of the hillside, Blown about by the wind have blown, By the hands of his child, His presence was so often seen.

And the words fell from the mouth of the one who asked him, wonder At the stuff of the Norman band.

When he heard the words, the master, That he spoke of the day, He looked to the eastern stranger, Wonders of the hills his way.

Then the monk who asked inquired: Who is this who asks so late, For the words of the old man, Nothing could he ever desire.

None can answer to their question, But as evening shadows come, Then great deeds among the gorges, Shortly the church arose.

Till the sun came for playing, The great beams which span the nave; For to the north, the oak tree, bowing, All his mightily there gave.

So on the hills of England, Towered so far above his life, As his march, strong and hearty, To church walls to enter in.

As, in all full of light, something, Measured by the laws of demand, And the oak beam failed in inches, By the distance of a hand.



Then despair possessed the workmen, When that terrible day was done, Hourly they gazed heavenward; Lingered there the Silent One.

How he labored in the starlight, While cold north winds round him stirred, While the world in silence stammered, That no sound could be heard.

But the best hand of the nation, Showed the flame set in its place, While the stranger met the workmen, With a smile upon his face.

Spanning low in secret guise, Like some distant heaven's strain: "Till the Lord doth bid it building, All the work of men is vain."

As the mists drift from a landscape, Swept the darkness from their sight; Know they then 'twas Christ, the Master, Who had labored through the night.

"For Goodness Sake," For your sake, for my sake, for goodness sake, Come and let us serve you for 24.

POTTER'S BOOKSTORE.

Unusually Sweet Way by January let. This is what is going to happen to the balance of the stock of Mrs. Keeve's Christmas Cards. Unusually Sweet Way at Potter's Bookstore. 24.

THE HAPPIEST MOMENT.

HOW IT CAME TO THE GUESTS OF A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

Honor, aged 30, and her Aunt Margaret, aged 38 and unmarried, maintained themselves by keeping a morning school for young ladies in Paradise row, one of the best streets of Camden Town, London, which consists of ten mean little houses. Aunt Margaret was the daughter of the rector of Brayleigh, and Honor was her sister's child. The sister had married an artist, and she and her husband both died when Honor was a mere baby. Her aunt and grandfather had educated her. Soon after the rector's death the two ladies were impoverished by the failure of the bank which contained their little store of wealth. So the school was opened, and they got on fairly well, enjoying their independence, although not in receipt of a very promising income.

Honor had an uncle—her father's brother—the rich Mr. Bryson, who, although he gave them no financial aid, always invited his niece and her aunt to spend the holidays at his house. As the Christmas of 1872 drew near the two impoverished gentlewomen began to fix over their little store of wealth in the expectation of the usual visit to Uncle Bryson's. Instead of the anticipated invitation they received a very polite note from Uncle B. saying that "the coming year must have always been a tax upon them," and therefore he "would not again press the invitation." He softened the blow with a check for £20, his best wishes and the compliments of the season.

There was a reason for this beyond what the two disappointed ladies could dream of. The Brysons had a marriageable daughter, and there was a certain Sir Edward Dunsart who, they thought, was about to propose to her, and Aunt Bryson had discovered that Honor was much too handsome and attractive to have around when such an important possibility was pending; and Sir Edward was to be a Christmas guest.

Aunt Margaret had fondly dreamed that Sir Edward cared for Honor, whom he had met more than once at "Uncle Bryson's." But when she heard that he was about to propose to Uncle Bryson's daughter Amelia she hoped that Honor did not care for him.

The first impulse of Aunt Margaret and Honor on receiving Uncle Bryson's check was to send it back. Second thought persuaded them to keep it and use every penny of it in giving a Christmas party themselves—not a party for the rich and prosperous, nor even for their financial equals; but a party for the good and kind among their neighbors, the inhabitants of Paradise Row, humble souls, to whom all pleasures were rare.

They took Mr. Redmond, the incumbent of the new church in their district, into their confidence, and he was greatly interested in the plan, and promised to help them all he could. He was the only friend the two ladies had made since they went to Paradise row to whom they could say anything about their past lives. He often looked in upon them after their day's work was done, and it seemed plain to Aunt Margaret that he took great interest in Honor. Sometimes Aunt Margaret said to herself that the match would not be so undesirable, although he was a widower, with a grown-up daughter, and a little too old for Honor.

They had a busy time preparing for the feast. They felt in duty bound to spend every penny of the money. In addition to the supper, every guest was to have a present, and several sick ones were to have presents sent them. They called in "Old Nannie" to help the maid of all work get the feast ready, and, in her language, the house soon "smelt as good as a cook shop." Old Nannie was to be one of the guests of the Christmas party. She had been in charge of the guardians of the poor; but had managed to have her "lowances" sent to her lowly lodgings, and never got into the dreaded "house," where the poor are taken in the last extremity.

Among the other important guests were the "little tailor and his wife," "Nanny's grandmother," "Johnny and his mother," and the "poor lodger." Nanny's grandmother was in the receipt of parish relief, the "poor lodger," as the neighbors called him, was a young man about whom no one knew any more than that he did not appear to have a friend in the world, and that he had been in desperate need, having just struggled through a long illness in an attic of a house, where he lodged Johnny and his mother. The latter, a sailor's widow, only just contrived to keep body and soul together, working for the city warehouses; and the little tailor and his wife got their living by patching and botching for people as poor as themselves.

Although every one else jestled about the little tailor and his wife clinging to the belief that they would again see their son, who had gone abroad to seek his fortune, and had not been heard of for years, Honor did not. The belief helped them to bear their privations better than they might otherwise have done, she thought.

And there was Grace Fairlie, the national school mistress, a gentlewoman, who had been quite alone in the world since her mother's death; and poor little Annie, the drunken cobbler's daughter, and the good natured old soldier, with the bullet in his leg, who helped everybody. The ladies were almost afraid they would be obliged to send a separate invitation to the bullet, it was such an important factor in the old man's life.

Then, there was Mrs. Farnell, who was "genteel." They were uncertain whether she would come, for, although she had now the recommendation of being poor and lonely, she prided herself upon having "once moved in a different sphere." She talked of her father having been an agent for something or somebody, and alluded to her late husband's "speculations" in a way which, if slightly indelicate, had its effect in Paradise row. She thought a great deal about keeping up the "distinction of classes," and the proper observance of etiquette; and she told Aunt Margaret that she had serious doubts as to whether she could call upon her aunt and Honor, until she heard they had a piano and taught French.

Nobody refused, and by 5 o'clock on Christmas afternoon they had everything prepared. It was cold Christmas weather, so the candles were drawn, a bright fire was burning in every room, chairs and cushions laid for the occasion from the broken round the corner, were placed, and "Nanny's piano" for the further end of the sitting room opened ready for use. There was a certain strain even in the hired furniture. The small settee for the little tailor and his wife; the faded, crimson easy chair—a sitting a throne for gentility—for Mrs. Farnell; the big, high-backed one, so admirably adapted for the "poor lodger," whose chair did not like to be looked at; the pretty little lounge full of dimples, with a stool at its feet, for Johnny and his mother; the old fashioned one with the cushions for Nanny; and the straight-backed one with the arms for the old soldier. Next to it was the one

besides specially designed to suit the comfort and intelligence of the guests.



MRS. FARNELL IN THE DRAWING ROOM.

Mrs. Farnell was the first to arrive. She entered the room with a very grand air, and in full dress, as if she had been in some of the grandest drawing rooms of London, wearing an elaborate tulle gown, white gloves and a gold spangled sash, all a little faded and worn and soiled, but showing that Mrs. Farnell considered that she had come to an orthodox evening party and understood what was expected on such occasions.

Honor hurriedly convicted her to the seat of honor, explaining that she felt it so kind of her to come and help them entertain their guests, who were for the most part people in humble life.

Mrs. Farnell looked rather disagreeably surprised and drew herself up a little haughtily for a moment. But she had only time to say that, although she had not been accustomed to mix with her inferiors, she had no objection to do so for once, and under the circumstances of being invited to assist in entertaining the good people, when, after a little scuffling in the passage, the door opened, and, assisted by a friendly push from Sally, old Nannie entered the room.

To figure as one of the guests for whom she had helped to prepare was just at first too much for old Nannie's philosophy. There was certainly a great contrast between Mrs. Farnell in her faded grandeur and Nannie in her plain, scant, well worn merino gown, her plain mull cap, her sleeves too short to cover her bony wrists and her hoarse, hoarse witness to a life of toil. Her only preparations for company seemed to have been that of turning down her cuffs, which were usually turned up, putting on an old-fashioned collar with a full ruffle reaching to her thin shoulders, and pinning on every, with a brooch of Camden Town emeralds and diamonds purchased for her by Sally in honor of the occasion.

For all was going on propitiously; and no sooner was Nannie inducted into her comfortable chair by the fire in the back room, where she sat with a hand planted upon each knee, and her eyes turned complacently toward the well spread table, than the little tailor and his wife—neither of them more than five feet high—were ushered in.

The pretty, fair-haired school mistress, in deep mourning, was welcomed, and after her came Johnny and his mother. No one seemed to think of calling her anything but "Johnny's mother." With them came the "poor lodger," who had not been easily induced to accept the invitation, and who was looking very doubtful and reserved, and on the whole, so to speak, as though their motive was as yet not quite clear to him.

But Honor's diplomatic little aside, which had answered so well with the others, seemed to succeed with him also; at any rate, so far as disarming his suspicions went. In reply he bowed low, with a few words about his estimation of the privilege of being allowed to assist Mrs. Bryson in any way. But it was enough to show that he was a gentleman, had he not, evidently weak as he was, and appreciative of the comfortable chair assigned to him, so courteously endeavored to decline it in favor of others. The threadbare clothes which hung so loosely about his tall, gaunt frame contrasted pitifully with the distinguished bearing. At the same time there was no trace in his countenance, which was that of a refined thinker, of any vice which might have brought him so low in the social scale as to desire to conceal himself in the miserable attic of one of the meanest houses in the street, where the most poverty stricken gave him the name of the "poor lodger."

The little tailor's aside to his wife: "Them was swell clothes once, mother, and nothing will get the gentleman out of them any more than it will out of mine," showed that others thought as I did.

Then came the old soldier, brisk and neat and upright as a soldier with a bullet in his leg could be expected to be. Everything about him, from his clear, keen gray eyes to his carefully brushed and mended clothes and well polished boots, bearing witness to a life of discipline. By the hand he led Annie, the little motherless girl, who, with father, the drunken cobbler, lived in the same house with him. He had done what he could for her in the way of education, brushing the beautiful golden hair and tying it up with a piece of string into a funny little knob at the top of her head, brightly polishing her poor, shabby boots, and presenting her with a gay patterned pocket handkerchief to carry in her hand; and he had paid respect to the season by pinning a few holly berries in the front of her thin, worn frock.

As they entered the room she hung back, clinging nervously to him, and looking as scared as though she expected the guest was to be beaten. Honor had some difficulty in inducing her to leave her protector's hand, and take the stool provided for her in a warm corner near the fire. When she sat at length and down she shrank timidly against the wall, as though only desiring to escape notice.

All felt that little Annie needed sympathy and kindness more than did any guest there, if the soul was to be kept much longer in the great world of eyes. Her spirit of all was the old look in the pinched, white face. She seemed to regard us with a kind of calm indifference, as grown-up children playing at life, which she had long seen the sad reality of.

All went well, and with music and chatting the time was spent very happily until 9 o'clock. Then, before the guest company was seated around the table, Honor proposed that each one relate the history of the happiest moment of his life.

The happiest moment? There was a puzzled, half-doubtful expression in some of the faces as though they had traveled back into the past; but it presently disappeared, and there was a smile more or less expansive upon every one's face. Here the poor lodger had a reluctant smile upon his lips, as he turned his eyes meditatively toward the fire.

Johnny led off. He admitted without shame that the happiest moment of his life was when he had been invited to the party, and Sally had assured him that there would be all the turkey, mince pie and pudding that he could eat. His mother blushed over his very materialistic idea of happiness. Her own story was this: "I think the very happiest moment I have ever had was when the manager at the warehouse promised to give me a shilling's down extra for making the shirts for 'old' added, looking round with a desperate little smile, as though to apologize for the homeliness of the cause of her happy moment, 'growing boys are almost always hungry.'"

Mrs. Farnell, when called upon to relate her own story, explained that she had

for a moment or two, and then graciously said that the happy moment of her life was when she danced with Lord Langdale at the tenantry ball, when she was just 12. Grace Fairlie and Honor had some difficulty in keeping their countenances as they exchanged glances. Even the "poor lodger" was evincing some signs of having once known how to laugh. But the others appeared somewhat impressed to satisfy Mrs. Farnell, and she had any misgivings upon the point. She was gazing complacently into the fire. She had simply related a fact, and was too much absorbed in the pleasant recollections it had called up to notice any one's face.

Old Nannie thought the greatest amount of bliss she ever experienced was when she outwitted the poor guardians and got her "lowances" out of going into the house. The old soldier described how a feeling that his mother was near him pulling him away from a trench during a battle, gave him his happiest moment, because just as he was falling a bit back into the trench, he knew that he had been saved from certain death by the watchful spirit of his dead mother.

"But why didn't you have another dream to tell you to put your leg out of the way when the bullet was coming?" asked Johnny. "I object to take it into the way, my lad," somewhat absently replied James Brooks; "besides, that did me no hurt."

"No hurt to be shot?"

"Well, my boy, there's different ways of being hurt, as perhaps you'll find out as you get older. I'd had my lesson, you see, and didn't need to be taught over again."

"But ain't you going to tell us how you got the bullet in your leg?" persisted Johnny. "You didn't have that through the dream?"

"Well, I got shot while I was fetching out a young'—He paused, ruffling up his scanty hair. "But I am no hand at telling them sort of things. It don't for me to say why I'm a bit backward of the bullet, I carry about with me, ladies and gentlemen. Perhaps it will be enough if I say that it brought me 'this,' touching the cross upon his breast, and rather shyly adding: "It was a French officer that was saved, an only son"—here he gazed afar off dreamily and cut short his story.

The "poor lodger," when asked to tell his story, begged to be excused for a little longer, and gave way to Sally, who, after some stammering, said, in high delight, glancing shyly round:

"It was last night, then. He met me fetching the supper beer, and he said he'd got enough saved for a tidy bit of furniture, and a little put by for a rainy day, as well as a regular work, so there was no call to wait."

Everybody congratulated Sally, and Aunt Margaret said that he ought to have been invited, at which, amidst a merry laugh from all, Sally, with a very red face, said: "He isn't so far off as he couldn't be seen for supper time, if you please, ma'am. He said something about being somewhere handy, to see if he could be of any use in bringing up the trays and such like."

For all was going on propitiously; and no sooner was Nannie inducted into her comfortable chair by the fire in the back room, where she sat with a hand planted upon each knee, and her eyes turned complacently toward the well spread table, than the little tailor and his wife—neither of them more than five feet high—were ushered in.

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THE LONG ABSENT SON AT HIS MOTHER'S FEET.

The little tailor, Mr. Peebles, was then called upon to tell his story. "Well, if I must, I must," he said; "but I'm afraid it will make the missus a bit vain when I tell the company that my happiest moment was that night when we was 'arroguing' to see the 'luminations,' and she said she'd sooner a deal have me to take care of her than Steve Jackson; for Steve was well to do in the world—set up for himself, with a horse and cart and all complete, in the green grove; he was a man to look at, too, for it was no use my trying to make believe as I was ever so handsome as she thought me."

Mrs. Farnell was next asked to speak. Just then Sally beckoned Honor out of the room, and when she re-entered, which she did before Mrs. Peebles began to talk, there was a look on her face telling that something unusual had happened. She put her hand on the back of a chair, as if to steady herself, and said: "Mrs. Peebles, if I think there is somebody here who can tell your story for you."



SAD FATED LITTLE ANNE.

The little tailor rose, with his eyes shooting from his head and his face as white as the dead, Mrs. Peebles gazed, but could not speak, for, following Honor into the room was a tall, good looking young man with frank blue eyes, broad beard and bronzed face—their own Tom, the long hoped for, long absent son, who had returned on Christmas Eve.

(Continued on page twelve.)

Mrs. Keeve.

CHEAPER THAN EVER
FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS PRESENTS.

MRS. KEEVE

Has received a large consignment of
WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY
of all descriptions.

**Wedding and Gem Rings,
Necklaces and Chains.**

A Fine Selection of
CHRISTMAS CARDS.
Call early and select.

A large stock of Toys and Fancy Goods and all descriptions of Dolls to select from.

237 Shop next door to the Ontario Bank.
Lindsay, Dec. 7, 1886—22.

McCrимmon Bros.

TO DO A THING BETTER
Than 'twas ever done before is our Motto.

OUR HOLIDAY LETTER.
Not selling Below Cost but not Undersold.

Gratified Buyers tell us our Lines of Dress Goods, Flannels, and House Linens are UNAPPROACHED.

GOOD MEASURE. All Wool AND A Yard Wide. I'M SATISFIED.

Satisfied Buyers tell us that our VALUES are not to be bettered in town

This is the time to make your money by your spending of it.

We offer you Winter Weather Goods. Splendid value. The right stuffs. Everything selected to suit the Territory and the Climate.

See our Flannels and Blankets.
See our Winter Dress Goods.
See our Tweeds and Cloths.
See our Elegant Stock.

Fix it in your mind that we can serve you well, that our prices are right, and that often when they may be the same as elsewhere our qualities are better. There is no brag in this; its only one way of telling our business as business.

OUR ORDERED CLOTHING DEPARTMENT IS DOING ACTIVE WORK.

Our Cutter, MR. W. A. TURNER,

is giving such stylish Suits that we are having the run. We give you correct styles. We give you garments good enough to stand any inspection,—stand it well too. They're stylish enough to be "toney," and graceful enough to be correctly correct. This is what we offer you.

Our stock of Tweeds, Cloths, Overcoatings, Pantings, Suitings is large and very select.

McCRIMMON BROS.,
THE CORNER STORE.

J. G. Edwards. Hogg Bros.—Oakwood.

ACME CLUB SKATES!

Largest and Best Assortment in Town, (cheaper than ever), also a good line in

PLATED KNIVES, SPOONS, FORKS,
TABLE CUTLERY, CARVING & BUTCHER KNIVES
Warranted to be Good.

The very latest improved Carpet Sweepers. Brass and Wood Cornice Poles. Very cheap.

J. G. EDWARDS,
Sign of the Anvil.

Lindsay, Dec. 1, 1886—22.

CLOVER SEED WANTED.
HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR
ALSIKE AND RED CLOVER SEED,
Also Cash for any quantity of good Dairy Butter and Eggs.

Our stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, etc. is well assorted. New Goods received this week. Fancy Check Flannels, Melton Dress Goods, Tweeds from 50c. up, Groceries, including Sugars, at very low prices.

Ordered Clothing a Specialty.
HOGG BROS.

Oakwood, Nov. 23, 1886—29.

W. M. ROBSON.

TEAS!
TALK ABOUT TEAS!
FOR VARIETY, QUALITY, AND PRICE
We have them from 10c. to 70c. per lb.

In fact we have for sale the greatest variety of Teas that is kept by any house in town and respectfully intimate to the public that we have full ranges of

Hysons, Japans, Blacks and Flavoring TEAS.

together with PURE HIMALAYN TEA, price 55c. per lb., sold by us at 50c. per lb.; also BASKET TEA, put up in one pound packages and enclosed in a neat, useful and attractive basket, and sold at 50c. per basket. Last but not least we are Sole Agents for

THE LIQUOR TEA,
A Tea of unparalleled value considering the beautiful and costly presents that are given away with every 3 lbs. of this Tea. You will be astonished when you see the handsome Christmas presents given with it. Cordially we invite you to call at the Lindsay Tea House and see these Teas and Presents, you will be pleased and surprised.

W. M. ROBSON,
The Lindsay Tea House, Kent-st.
Lindsay, Dec. 2, 1886—21.

ACME CLUB SKATES!

Largest and Best Assortment in Town, (cheaper than ever), also a good line in

PLATED KNIVES, SPOONS, FORKS,
TABLE CUTLERY, CARVING & BUTCHER KNIVES
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The very latest improved Carpet Sweepers. Brass and Wood Cornice Poles. Very cheap.

J. G. EDWARDS,
Sign of the Anvil.

Lindsay, Dec. 1, 1886—22.