the pale, delicate face opened the door, came out, and shut it behind her. The tract dis

tributor took off his hat, she looked up at

ticed, too, that she raised her hand in ges-ture—a solemn and intensely dramatic ges-

could find no words to utter. She seemed to

understand, and pointing to the door, said:

"You can go in if you want to. Father died

I stood spechless in the presence of that

"But help came to you yesterday?" I said,

my heart sinking as a possibility I had never thought of flashed into my mind.

"Yes, he—the man who has just gone in—came and was very kind. He stayed by

father all night, and was only away a little while; but father died while he was gone."

inwardly bent before him in self-abasement. We went out together to plan for the funeral and procure further aid for the liv-

As I learned to know him well I looked back

in amazement at my former conclusions in regard to him. "Calamity" Parker, indeed?

It would have been more fitting had I named

him Beneficent Parker. His life was a bene-

diction-unobtrusive and self-denying; he

gave of his abundant sympathy and slender worldly means without reserve. No. was his never failing patience and sweetness of spirit

the cloak of hypocrisy, but the result of years

of spiritual aspiration and discipline, which I have never yet begun to attain. His habit of

distributing tracts was merely the outward

manifestation of a helpful spirit—a habit

contracted in a bygone day among simple people. It hurt no one. For aught I know

it may have benefited some. Why should I

assume that because a man had an inoffen-

sive habit, of which, I disapproved, that he

was a fit subject to be insulted in the public prints, derided behind his back and sneered

at when he was present? It was the ignorance of youth, my children—youth, over-confident youth, which thinks it knows every-

thing and often knows nothing. I had not

then learned that each one has his own way

of doing good, and has his rights, too. Neither

had I learned that it is foolish and wicked to

judge people whose real lives we do not know and cannot know-or to judge at all.

It was some time before I got over my sur-

lent and sometimes grow very selfish.

THE SIGN DIVINE.

"Who knocks?" the waiting angel said;

From battle's heat my soul has sped;

That sign is mine.

"Thy works are grand; but thou hast not

That slon is mine.

"Not that ! Not that ! Thou must yet bring

That sign is mine.

That sign is mine.'

That sign is mine.

"O waiting soul! thou hast not brought

His sign Divine."

Three Angels on the First Christmas

When God created man He commanded

His angels to visit him on earth and guide

him in his ways, so that he might have a fore-

taste of the bliss of the life to come. But

man sought after sensual joys in the place of

those in heaven, and growing greedy of

worldly fruits, began to quarrel with his

neighbors for the possession of them; and

the guardian angels wept among themselves.

But when the strong oppressed the weak and took from them by force the product of their

toil, Justice rose up sorrowing, and, leaving earth, flew back to heaven. And when the

weak overcame the strong with treachery and

deceit, and got from them by cunning what

they feared to take by force, Truth rose up

sorrowing, and, leaving earth, flew back to

heaven. And when the injured went forth

to slay their injurers, and crimsoned the

plain with their brothers' blood, Peace rose

up sorrowing, and, leaving the earth, flew

Thus each bad act scared some good angel

from the world, until Forgiveness, the most beautiful of all, alone remained behind. And

when she heard Anger and Revenge whisper

dark deeds in men's ears, and counsel them

be repeat that had been done to them, she

"I will not leave the earth. While my

sister angels were here I might have rested in my Father's bosom, for man needed me

not; but now that they have fled, I will seek

to make man listen to my voice, telling him that as he cherished forgiveness here, so that

At that moment a new and most beautiful

star blazed in the heavens. It was the star

of Bethlehem. Pointing to it Forgiveness said, "Schold, the light of the world. It shines as a promise that I will ever dwell upon the earth." And Peace and Love, re-

penting, flew back and have never since lets the earth. So the loveliest angels of heaven came home to the world on the first Christ-

They are excellent goods, all finished on ivery.

ng, flew back and have never since left

forgiveness will cherish him hereafter.

rose up sorrowing and said:

The sign Divine."
"Sweet angel, for the Lord I fought,

Yet at His gate I have not got

"Thy life was pure; but give thy Lord

His sign divine.

That all my life I taught His word;

Great burdens on me for His sake;

The sign Divine.
"O angel! I did gladly take

"In holy war my blood was shed,

"I cannot bid the gate unfold

"To holy works I gave my gold-

Gave all—the sum was manifold;

The sign Divine."
"O angel! I have safely brought

The record of the deeds I wrought;

A sign Divine "O angel, angel! tell the King
That for him I gave everything;

What sign is thine!

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

this morning!" .

day?" I stammered:

surprised at the question.

they needed it most."

proud only two days before.

comfort—others who never came.

child's tearless sorrow.

NEWEST PATTERNS.

AT GREGORY'S.

DIAMOND DYES AT GREGORY'S.

ELIXIR OF ANISEED For Conghe and Colds, AT GREGORY'S.

CHOICE PERFUMES, Rickstoker's, Lubin's, Royt's, Piver's, Colgate's, Mitchell's,

AT GREGORY'S.

CORNER KENT AND WILLIAM STREETS,

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, DEC. 17, 1896.

THE COMPLAINT OF SANTA CLAUS. The now lies deep on the frozen ground,

And the Christmas night is cold, and I shine before the rime so hoar on it be I am growing old Long years ago when the Christmas chimes Made merry the midnight sky, When the carolers' call filled houses and hall,

And wassail and mirth ran high. Wheat're harlequin mummers reeled and danced And the great yule log blazed bright; When the walls were green with a summer

In holly and yew bedight; When the faces of all, the young, the old, Wers brimming with sparkling cheer-Aye, those were the times when Christmaschime re the merriest annuis of the year!

I mapped my fluger; in Jack Frost's teeth. While the snow was wavering down, read that was then so Lrown!

And it may pipe with a coul-from Alcela's crest, where I stopped to rest, on my way from the Northern Pole.

and i are and mesself in my grizzly coat,

My sledge, it could stand a pull; My puck, the great, seemed a feather's weight, To matter how crammed and full! My heart it was stont in those good old days.

And warm with an inward gles; For I thought of the mirths of a thousand hearts Where the little ones watched for me. So I gathe red my sweets from far and near.

And I piled my cunningest toys.
(Unheering the swirls), for the innocent girls, And the rollicking, rogulab boys. But the times have sohered and changed sine

My mei riment flags forlow: Of old was the Claston thorn

The' my wrinkled up lips still hold the pipe No longer the smoke wreath curls; But saddest to see, of sights for me-My froliesome boys and girls

Have grown so knowing, they dare to say-Those protesters wise and small-That all saints deceive, and they don't believe In a Santa (Maus at all

Ab, me' 'tis a fateful sound to hear: The gall in my wassall cup; The darlings I've spoiled, so wrought for and

The children have given me up! My heart is broken. I'll break my pipe,

And my tinkling team may go.

And bury my sledge on the trackless edge

Of the wastes of the Lapland snow. My useless pack I will fling away, And in Germany's forests hoar,

From an ley steep I will plunge leagues deep, And never be heard of more. MANGARET J. PRESTON.

AN EDITOR'S CHRISTMAS.

This is Mr. Worthington's story jun as he told it to a number of us one Christmas evening at his house. Mr. Worthington isn't Mr. Worthington at all in real life, but a very famous man whose tongue and pen

carry great weight: My first journal was a country weekly in Doonville. A "flourishing and fearles" journal, was the way my kindly disposed contoniporaries spoke of it in their "able" pages. Its name was The Trumpet, and I speak only the planest truth when I say that it gave forth no uncertain sound. I was a very joung man and very ambitious. I thought I knew exactly what a forceful weekly newspaper should be, and I hadn't the least doubt of my capacity to construct and manipulate such an engine of reform and advancement. That is the way of the very young, God bless them. Before they have had a hand to hand encounter with life they feel so strong and confident they believe they can do anything, and this very belief, mark you, is what makes the phenomenal successes we so often admire and wonder at. The Spaniards have a proverb, "He who expects good luck will get thand it is as true a sentence as ever war. penned. Believe ; ou can do anything, and you can, if any one can do it. Success, like the art of swimming, is largely a matter of

I worked very hard on The Trumpet. I was business man, editor and staff. I had very decided ideas in regard to bettering the world, and started out with the praiseworthy intention of extinguishing several "giant wrongs," under which I plainly saw that society suffered. We all have the reformatory spirit much stronger in us in youth than later on, for the reason, perhaps, that we haven't fully measured the strength of our antagonist, the existing system of things. I was sincerely anxious to thoroughly represent all worthy local interests. To that end I scoured Doonville night and day, and "wrote ap" all sorts of things that never before had been described by pen, or immortalized in type. I wanted to wake up my fellow townsmen and women to the interests that lay close around them, and of all things I wanted them to properly

appreciate The Trumpet.

I intended to issue a magnificent Christmas number of my beloved journal, twice its ordinary size and brim full of the most alluring holidsy matter I could create and rake up. To perfect that number I almost worked myself into a decline. Looking back opon it now, from the standpoint of what I beg to be permitted to call mature common sense, I commend myself heartily for the industry, zeal and confidence I nursed into respectable development in those old, hard-working, moneyless days on The Trumpet.

Among other attractive features for my Christmas paper I determined to write up the very poor of Doonville. I could thus be the means of conferring two benefactions—giving the rick a chance to teste of the blessing

to receive—and also open the way for the poor to be helped. And on Christmas, you know, all hearts are said to be tenderer and

know, all hearts are said to be tenderer and more generous, and many are glad of an opportunity to do something for the needy.

Doonville was a small place, and so very prosperous that I scarcely knew where to go to hunt people so poor that I dare intrude upon them and tell their wante in my "valuable and widely circulated" paper. Many of its citizens were very rich, and none whom I personally knew had fallen below decent and tolerable poverty. But down below Doon's mills, on the river bank, were some broken mills, on the river bank, were some broken down houses about whose doors I had sometimes seen very ragged and very dirty children playing. I determined to go thither and

I had this thought in my mind as I was going to office one morning just two days before Christmas. I determined to go out that afternoon and begin the search. I hadn't gone far when I met "Calamity" Parker. That was what I called him when my speech was without bridle, for I held him in great

He was a tall, thin, broken down creature, who posed as a gentleman and moved about with a solemn, unhealthful gait and distributed religious tracts. He always seemed to me a frightful excrescence on society, although he had the discretion to say but little. It fretted my progressive spirit to see him crawling around thrusting his weak literature under more intelligent and busier people's eyes. "The day and generation are be-yond tracts," I said to myself, "and here is this threadbare fraud keeping up this relic of fogyism." I despised him so heartily I could hardly speak a decent good morning as he passed me. I think he felt that I disliked him; but he had cultivated the unctuous affectation of godliness and an appearance of patience and sweetness under slights and nunts, and invariably returned a smile for a frown. That very habit made him detestable

I began to think about him as I went along. He had only been in Doonville a couple of years, and I had never heard of his doing anything but distribute tracts and preach on the street corners down by the mills. I concluded that it was time he was abolished. Accordingly my first work on reaching the office was to write a half column editorial article on "religious frauds," in which the practice of tract distributing received merited castigation. I drew a picture of the typical tract man, of which Parker was the model, which wasn't calculated to make his path in Doonville any smoother. This incisive, and I may say "able," article, which was certainly a flaming sword of righteous wrath against the tract fracernity, was to adorn the Christmas num-

Then I started out in my search for poverty in a self satisfied spirit. It is delightful to do something that wins one's own approbation. I found the row of old houses all locked and tenantless save one, the last one and the worst one. It was in a state of dilapidation so hopeless that its owner hadn't even thought it worth while to skut it up. The result was that it was tenanted without his permission having been asked. A family of dull brained, sallow skinned, chronically indigent, half dead creatures who had been crawling westward in worn out wagons drawn by dying horses, had taken possession of it by permission of necessity. They had reached Doonville just as their horses succumbed to the inexorable, and there they were, sick, freezing, starving and dying in a state of destitution unspeakable.

I saw through the windows that the house was inhabited, though the only figure I could see moving about was more ghostlike than On pretense of borrowing a match I knocked for admittance. A match! such a thing was a far off, undreamed of luxury to the family within. There was neither fire. nor food in the house, and the wind, the rain and the snow came in at will through the glassless windows. Haven't you noticed that the very elements conspire with poverty to make his victims wretched?

A skeleton man sick unto death lay on the floor, his head on a bundle of dry leaves. Two famished children, ill and feeble, were on the semblance of a bed in another corner of the room. A very old woman sat helploss by the side of the sick children, whose emaciated and miserable mother groped about feebly trying to give help to the others. The only one who seemed to have any life to speak of left was a wan and ragged little girl with delicate features and big, old eyes.

I got fire and food for them, and did all I could for their immediate relief. Then I rushed to the office of The Trumpet and wrote such an account of them as would be sure to send the good people of Doonville to their door with abundant relief. It was a long and graphic article, and realistic to a startling degree. We were not illustrating newspapers then as now, so I could only picture the suffering of this family in words, However, I gave the article tremendous head lines and a prominent place. The Trumpet was issued the next day, which was the day before Christmas, and it went forth on its work of arousing the pity of Doonville for the family in the old house by the river. I was very busy all that day and could not go to see them. But when night came and I lay down to rest I had the satisfaction of feeling that they were provided for, and that I had been the instigating cause of their relief. I fancied the surprise and sorrow the benevolent Mrs. Barclay would feel when she visited them, carrying aid, as she was sure to do after reading my article. And how distressed, I thought, Mr. Archibald Doon would be when he realized that so sad a case of want existed in the town of which he was so proud. And others-ever so many others -would be equally interested and equally helpful. In imagination I saw the philanthropists of the the community, one after another, going down to the old house by the river side carrying aid and sympathy.

The next morning was Christmas, It was cold and clear, with a sharp wind blowingtraditional Christmas weather, called cheery in stories, I think, but very uncomfortable for those who are thinly clad. After breakfast I started down to see my poor friends by the river. I wanted to help them, but all I could do would be but a cipher in comparison with what had already been done. But I thrilled with the pleasure I would experience in seeing their improved condition,

knowing I had had a hand in it. A second glance told me that it was the tract distributor. I felt a spasm of wrath at sight of him. How dare he mock those wretched people with his printed twaddle shout the preciousness of their souls when their bodies needed food, and fire and clothing?



THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

A little way up one of the Rhætian Alps, beneath the shade of an old black pine, grew him, and I knew she spoke, though I was not near enough to hear what she said. I no- a Christmas rose.* The summer had passed and the short days had come, when the wind blows and the snow flies, and the hardy little ture, it seemed to me, for one so young to make unconsciously. A queer sort of chill crept over me. The tract distributor open the door and went in, but she stood outside, and was still standing there when I reached mountain rose had two buds. "Dear me," fretted the rose, "I wish I could blossom when other plants do. There would be some pleasure in displaying oneself for the dainty blue gentian or the pretty eyebright, but with no one to admire me, I see no use in blooming at all."

"Lo! ho!" laughed the old pine, waving his ungy arms, "Ho! ho! what a little grum-The snow and I will admire you. You are named after the blessed Christ child, and ight to be happy and contented. Push up through the deepening snow, little friend, and expand your buds into perfect blossoms: were all made for a wise purpose, and we lanow what it is when the time comes

Just then the north wind blew so hard the old-pine was quite out of breath, and for some reason he never renewed the conversa-

"And-did-did-nobody else come yester-"All the world is dead except the pine and me," murmured the rose, "and perhaps I had better follow his advice. If I was made for "Nobody else," said the child, looking up a wise purpose I shall not be forgotten." So I felt ashamed to go in and face the tract she took good care of her beautiful buds, and distributor in the presence of the dead he had the day before Christmas the black pine saw comforted and whom I had left for others to her blossoms, white and perfect, peering up He greeted me with gentle kindness, and as through the white snow. I clasped his hand in that woeful dwelling I

Now, the two little children of Klotz. the wood cutter, were nearly heartbroken, for their mother was sick, and that morning the kind neighbor who had watched by her side through the night had said, "God pity this "You did a good work when you wrote about these people," he said, "and I thank you, for otherwise I should not have known home; I fear your mother will die before night." Their father sat by the fireplace, speechless with grief, and answered them neither by word nor look when they crept up of their existence in time to be of help when to him for comfort. So at last they stole out With what shame I remembered my article of the door, and, hand in hand, wandered a on religious frauds, of which I had been so short way up the mountain side, following the forester's tracks till they came in sight o From that hour we became warm friends. the old black pine.



"If all the mothers in the world were dying that hard old pine would not care," said the boy, bitterly. "Let us go back into the val-

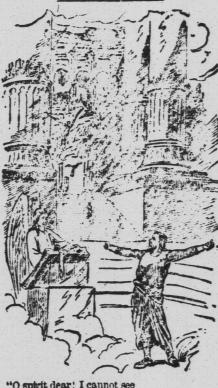
prise at the apathy of the philanthropists of Doonville in regard to that wretched family. ley, sister; there we will find good people, with kind hearts, while here there is no one to care for u."

I was at a loss to understand how they could eat their Christmas dinners in comfort, after "Three is one who cares for us even here." reading about the distress of the poor souls in the old house. I did not then know that people unused to seeing poverty are slower to lend a helping hand than they who see it the Christ child, and that to-morrow is His every day; that when we have not the poor birthday. Let us take the roses to the always with us we forget how to be benevochurch, and there pray that our mother's life may be spared?

So they hastened down the mountain to the village church, where they found the good pastor busy trimming the altar for the Christmas festival. He took the flowers and put them, with some feathery moss, into a tall white vase. Then he knelt with the children and prayed for their mother's life, and the roses nodding on their stems smiled as though the gift asked for were already granted. When they returned home their father met them at the door and exclaimed joyfully, "The fever has turned and your mother is better. Thank God."

The Christmas rose had fulfilled its destiny. Ah, me! the black pine was right: We were all made for a wise purpose, and we shall learn what it is in God's own good time.

*The Christmas rose is not a rose, it belongs to the family Hellebore, black Hellebore, so called from the color of its roots. Its large white flowers are produced in winter, and it grows only in cold climates. The flowers are white or tinged



"O spirit dear! I cannot see The sign Divine That lifts the heavy gate for thee." "O angel! see my agony
For sign Divine."

"O happy seul! the gate swings wide, The sign is thine; In woe thine arms extended wide Portrays the cross-the crucified-The sign Divine." GERTRUDE GARRISON.

CHRISTMAS.

Hang up the vine and the holly, Sign the cross over the door, That joy coming in with the Christmas, May go from the place nevermore

Gather love gifts for the children, Guard well the mystical way,
That the Christ child comes at the midnight
To bless with bright favors the day.

Bring in good cheer and be merry, Dance and ring out glad song; The stars of a Bethlehem desert Looked down on a Christ happy throng. Go ye in hovel and highway,

Gueste to bring in to the feast; Angels shall unawares greet ye In those the world counteth as least, Sound the sweet Christ loving anthen

Echoes will bear it on high— To the angels made joyous forever By Christmas of love in the sky. Bow down and worship the spirit Of the feast, the invisible King; Lo! He cometh in scarlet and purple To gather a world's offering.

Britton Bros.



"My dear boy," said Mr. Smithgie, after getting into his claw-hammer coat, "this is a case where, you'll admit, experience tells. Now, you wont deny I've had the experience, don't you know. There's—just let me finish—there's nothing touches the responsive chords of the heart—as, it were—and generates a feeling—so to speak—as a Christmas present, don't you know. A nice bit of Silver, a neat article of Jewelry, some tidy trinket or, by jove, a Gold Watch are all apprapo. Quite the thing, dear boy; quite the thing I assure you. People keep these things well in sight, and by-the-bye you'll find at Brittons' what you like. Very decent place and pushing young men, with excellent notions of trade and so on. You can't do better than find Brittons'."

We have for some time said something to you of the com--particular to have it so. Not complete in the sense that we have a lot of goods too costly, made by R. KYLIE. too expensive for county of Victoria buyers. But complete in that it affords all the beautiful, shapely and pleasing at different grades of value.

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They are the most accurate in performance, the most perfect in finish and design, and the most satisfactory in every way of any Watches sold for the prices at which they are quoted.

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Hontot, Linds

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The political contest is now on, and it is a sure thing that the votes that elect the successful candidate will be driven to the polls in vehicles

I have a splendid stock of first-class Cutters, Sleighs, Farm Sleighs and all vehicles that slide on snow. I make my prices to suit the times. You can't do any better if you walked your feet off. plete in that it affords all the opportunity to buy an article beautiful, shapely and pleas
My goodz are so well known that I expect every man who reads this and needs a *Cutter* will be here as soon as he can get on his boots.

In the meantime wheels are still in use, and I can supply *Buggies*.

Yours considerably,

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THE POST for 1887 will be maintained at its present high standard of excellence as a Local and Farmer's paper. Renewals and in a moment she had scraped away the snow and blucked them. "We had forgotten the chair of t

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