

McLennan & Co.

Wishing our men customers and Friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

McLennan & Co., HARDWARE, COAL AND IRON MERCHANTS.



"My dear, be still!" he was saying at last: "I have priced these shoes, and they are very high."

"Well, don't go there then! Pass the store. You should have tried Bootyer's at first."

"I did, and they are just as high. You needn't!"

"Great stars! isn't that like a woman! Now, are there no more than two stores in town? Aren't there as plenty as huckleberries? What is the necessity of shopping on the best streets, anyhow? I'll wager fifty dollars you never thought of going half a dozen yards out of your way, over to Eighteenth avenue."

"I did, John, and it was no use!"

"Now, Mary Ann, hush! hush! stop right there. What you lack, what you've always wanted, so to speak, is a good strong will. By Jove! a man ought to look out for his wife. You should be determined to get a thing for a certain sum, and then get it. That's what I'd do. What you need is will power. The city's big enough. In one place—yes, my dear, don't contradict, I've seen it with my own eyes in the paper—they offer to give a pot of flowers and something else. I forget what—a chromo, probably—to people for just walking through their store! Now, I don't care for chromo myself, but if you had simply passed through that store a few times you might have had enough to give a nice present to the servants if not to all your friends, and never cost you—I mean me—a single cent. But, no! you're the last woman in the world to surprise a man with a thing like that. You ought to have a stronger will, you really ought."

"Mr. Drewell's voice grew milder and lower as he leaned back in his chair. He had talked himself tired."

"To return to the point," said Mrs. Drewell, "essentially, raising the said point once more, I would also like to get a dress for Sarah's little girl, something pretty and durable."

"Well, I see no objection to that," said Mr. Drewell, with a high, bright look of daring on his face. "none."

"I'll cost \$10," she added, adopting more direct tactics.

"Ten dollars!" Mr. Drewell was nearly speechless. "Is it possible that you can't," he tapped his finger on the table at every word, "take a needle and thread and sew up a dress for less than that earned money than that? You're crazy! Oh, you want will power! A good, strong will would make a woman of you, Mary Ann."

Mary Ann having been routed with great slaughter at every advance, silence reigned for a while, until an idea struck Mr. Drewell. He jumped upon his feet.

"Now, my love," he said, with much dignity, "I wish to indulge and please you in every reasonable way, but I insist upon its being reasonable. I have offered you a great many plans and ideas, and also some money to-night, and now I have one more proposition to make. Suppose we lump the whole abominable business."

"What do you mean?" she asked, looking at him with a questioning eye.

"I mean," he said, "that I will give you the money to buy the dress, and you will give me the dress. It's a simple matter, and it's a fair one. What do you say?"

"I'll give you the money," she said, "but you must give me the dress. It's a simple matter, and it's a fair one. What do you say?"

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against both his name and his position. Mr. Drewell was still in the room, and he was looking at the man who had just entered. The man who had just entered was a young man, and he was looking at Mr. Drewell with a questioning eye.

"Come on," he shouted, in bitter fury, "I said the lady's any will. Bring 'em in! I told her she lacked will power. File 'em up. I told her she ought to be determined. Here I am! I told her she didn't know anything. I'm the very fool they want, every time!"

A couple of frightened boys have slipped in and contributed a few bills from various places. Mr. Drewell moaning and groaning unceasingly. But he paused presently to read a note:

My Own Precious Love—I thought the easiest way in regard to our holiday presents was the best. They are all sent and off my mind, and I feel quite happy. You will surely approve of the bills, for they are very reasonable. Your own devoted and loving WIFE.

A Doubtful Holiday. The following correspondence passed between a father at home upon his farm and his son at a military academy, and it was started at the instigation of a school comrade, who dictated the son's letter:

DEAR FATHER—I write to you in great trouble, and as I know your kind heart, I feel sure that you will not let your only son suffer for the want of a dollar which he has to pay or be locked up in the guard house, which will delay his promotion, all on the account of \$5, which is the fine in case you lose the medal, which I should not have done had not the one run away with me and caused me to destroy \$10 worth of chickens and ducks belonging to a farmer; and so, my dear father, if I do not have the \$20 at once I shall not have a chance of promotion, and thus I shall be deprived of the pleasure of passing New Year's day with you and my dear mother.

Your obedient and dutiful son. The answer was this:

"My Dear Son—I received your letter and hasten to inclose you the money which you need, and hope that it will secure your promotion. The \$20 which you require to pay for the lost pass-word, and so I send you the dollar which is to keep you out of the guard house and on the road to promotion, after which you can come home New Year's."

Your affectionate father.

New Year's Calls in New York. The custom of receiving calls on New Year's Day, so long a distinctive New York institution, has almost died out. A few old-fashioned people and families still adhere to it, but some fall from the ranks even of these with every new year, for the most loyal adherent of ancient forms and customs is not proof against the neglect of those whom they are endeavoring to serve, and it is not necessary to stay at home, dress, and provide a refreshment table for cards. The truth is, New York has become too large for the observance of such a custom, and social relations too complicated. The young people do not care about it, it savors too much of old Knickerbocker habits. They are more at leisure than their Dutch ancestors. They meet the day before New Year's and the day after. Why should they make a special day of it?

Dinner of Fish, Jan. 1, 1890. Given by the Irish lords to the maids and his brethren aldermen of London. First course: Brawn and mustard, dead eel in burrow, frumment, with balaen (whale); pyke in change, hamper, porridge, trough, codling, plover, fried; mashing, fried; cranberry, tea, lambard, sorghard; second course was:

Gely, colored with columbine flowers; white peas; or cream of almonds; brews of the sea, conger, sole, charr, haddock, with rusks, fresh salmon, halibut, garbanzo, rusk, broiled; smelt, fried; crayfish or lobster; frumment, fresh balaen; sumpys, fowlsashed with a royal sauce; third course was:

Dates in compost, creme molle, carpe deco, turbot, fench, perche with golan, frasse sturgeon with welses, porperous, rosted, menues, fryed, crevis dees, dross, prussy, rye, moush, with lamprey. Steaks, called the "steak leach," flourished with black-bone livers and red wales, and a great marche pain (ginger cake), on which was wrought the names of all the guests.

The account tells how each dinner was furnished with a party to take home to his family, which contained a little of every dish served at the table, which it appears was the custom those days.

CASTORIA for Infants and Children. It is so well adapted to children that it is superior to any preparation known to us. R. A. Adams, M. D., 221 St. Catharine St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Without injurious medication. THE CHEVREAU COMPANY, 71 Murray Street, N. Y.

John Makins. MILL MACHINERY. JOHN MAKINS, WILLIAM STREET, LINDSAY. Iron Founder and Machinist, MANUFACTURER OF Saw and Shingle Mill Machinery, Flour and Mill, Steam Engines and Steam Pumps.

Laraine Machine Oil. FARMERS, THRESHERS AND MILLMEN! FOR ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY USE McColl's Celebrated Laraine Machine Oil. It is without doubt the best lubricator in the market. McCOLL, BROS. & CO. Toronto, Sole Manufacturers.

Treasurer's Sale of Lands. COUNTY OF VICTORIA. For Arrears of Taxes, to be held at the COURT HOUSE, LINDSAY, on Wednesday, 15th February, 1888, at 11 o'clock, a.m.

Table listing land parcels with columns for Part of Lot or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Cost of Adver., Total, and Patented or Not Patented. Includes sections for Township of Bexley, Garden, Dalton, Dibley, Deaffer, Eldon, and Frelon Falls.

Table listing land parcels with columns for Part of Lot or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Cost of Adver., Total, and Patented or Not Patented. Includes sections for Township of Somerville, Cobocoon, Stephenson, Verulam, and Dalton.

Treasurer's Sale of Lands. TOWNSHIP OF MACALAY. Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Cost of Adver., Total, Patented or Not Patented.

TOWNSHIP OF MARIPOSA. West quarter of North half 9 25 23 82 2 34 20 12

TOWNSHIP OF OAKLEY. East half 10 100 7 94 1 82 10 70 1 82 10 70

TOWNSHIP OF RIDEOUT. East half of West half 20 4 50 871 63 84 38 570 82 Patented

TOWNSHIP OF SOMERVILLE. East part (Shingle Mills) 36 Front Range 106 48 78 2 77 49 55 Patented

TOWNSHIP OF STEPHENSON. West part 20 4 100 14 63 1 97 16 60 Patented

TOWNSHIP OF VERULAM. East half 11 4 100 43 92 2 270 46 82 Patented

Treasurer's Sale of Lands FOR TAXES IN THE TOWN OF LINDSAY. W. Caroline 18 1 1/2 54 93 1 64 8 67

Lindsay, Dec. 20, 1887.—74.

Armbrecht's Coca Wine.

ARMBRECHT'S TONIC COCA WINE. FOR FATIGUE OF MIND AND BODY AND SLEEPLESSNESS. It is the most powerful restorative of the vital forces.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, DEC. 30, 1887.

SOLILQUOY OF A TURKEY

Christmas, with all its happy thoughts, its greetings and goodly cheer, has just passed away, and now I begin to greet the glad New Year.

New Year's Bells. Hark! the merry bells are ringing, yet another year has passed.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

Mrs. Drewell called her husband into the back parlor after tea. "I want to consult you seriously, my dear," she said, "with regard to our New Year's presents."

"You see," pursued Mrs. Drewell, gravely, "there are a great many people to whom we ought to give, but—"

"Of course, we cannot give to everybody. There are my family and your family, I mean," said Mrs. Drewell, looking confused.

"But I was named for her, and—"



"COME ON!" HE SHOUTED. Two weeks had slipped away, and New Year's day had arrived, when, one morning, Mr. Drewell arrived at his place of business at the usual hour. It was early.

"What do you mean?" she asked, looking at him with a questioning eye.

"I'll give you the money," she said, "but you must give me the dress. It's a simple matter, and it's a fair one. What do you say?"

Chinese Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Town Treasurer's Office, Lindsay, 2th November, 1887. First published in THE CANADIAN POST 11th November 1887.—70-3000.