He was quite well now, but he showed no disposition to return to his semi-sav-age life, so far as any one outside of Mrs. Hart's home knew.

Christmas was almost at hand. Hills-

ford was busy buying its presents and getting up festivities. At Mrs. Hart's

the preparations were on a scale so simple that they were almost pathetic. Two days before Christmas the town

had something new to talk about. A middle aged gentleman and lady of the

middle aged gentleman and lady of the upper class, apparently, arrived at the Hillsford hotel and asked for Weaver. While they rested and dined they were regaled with the story of the hermit's queer doings, the ineffectual attempt to send him to the poorhouse, the widow Hart's interference and everything. Then they were piloted to the Hart door, and for two days afterward, although

and for two days afterward, although the town was almost eaten up by curios ity, it could find out nothing at all about them.

It got the whole story on Christmas from The Weekly Chronicle.

- .5

THEIR CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Our readers will be surprised and gratified to

learn that Mrs. Caroline Hart was married night

before last to Mr. Vincent H. Weaver, of New

York. The ceremony took place at the bride's

home at 8 o'clock. The groom's sister, Mrs. C. P. Stevenson, and her husband, also of New York,

and two or three of the bride's closest friends

were the only guests.

Mrs. Hart, now Mrs. Weaver, as everybody

knows, is one of the most highly respected ladies

of Hillsford. Although far from rich, she has been philanthropic to an extraordinary degree.

Every one knows how Weaver, the hermit, fell sick one day early in the winter when he came into town to buy some supplies, and Mrs. Hart had

him removed to her cottage to prevent his being

taken to the county house at Johnstown. But not until recently did any one know that Herman

Weaver the hermit, and Vincent H. Weaver the

It has been generally believed that our hermit

lived in his mountain cabin because he could there devote himself to the work of writing his books

without the risk of being lured away by any of

the thousand diversions which tempt him from his toil in the city. His character of semi-savage

Mr. Weaver really did not live in his mountain lodge half the time he was supposed to. Often,

for months together, he would be absent, mixing

with the wits and litterateurs of the metropolis. He has even been several times to Europe, while

the people of Hillsford supposed him to be within

his solitary cabin.

Eccentric he is, to be sure. For instance, we

have been told that before he spoke of marriage to Mrs. Hart he put \$30,000 in her name in a sub-

stantial New York bank and settled a handsome

sum upon each of her two children. He wished to make her independent before the question of marriage was discussed, and he considered her

entitled to all he could do for her for having taken him to her home, thereby saving his life when he

This is a true love match, without doubt. Their

Christmas gift is the very best in Santa Claus' pack. It is labeled "Love," and comprehends the

Mr. Weaver made a final trip to his cabin on the mountain the other day, and wrote across its door

in big letters, "It is not good for man to be alone." Mr. and Mrs. Weaver will build a splendid house here for their summer home, but will spend their

winters in New York. They left yesterday to finish the season there. We wish them every hap-

This startling piece of news caused

many an eye to protrude when it was read. "I always thought that Mrs. Hart

was a designing thing. Sly, oh, so sly. I'll warrant she knew that Weaver was a

rich man or she never would have taken

him in," said a woman who, only a

month before, had expressed the fear that the widow "would have old Weaver on her hands for life."

Beautiful and right it is that gifts and

good wishes should fill the air like snow flakes at Christmas tide. And beautiful

is the year in its coming and in its going —most beautiful and blessed because it

Here is an old Scotch verse concerning

Yule's come, and Yule's gane, An' we had feasted weel; Sae Jock maun to his fiall again, An' Jennie to her wheel.

is always the Year of Our Lord.

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

petter part of earth and a portion of heaven.

was at death's door.

piness under the sun.

was assumed to protect him from intruders.

celebrated author were one and the same.

PRESENTS.

METHERELL has the largest stock of Prize and Library Books for day or Sunday school in the town, which he will sell very cheap.

METHERELL's stock of Plush and Leather Goods for Christmas Trade is something immense.

METHERELL'S stock of Bibles, Prayer and Hymn Books is very fine.

METHERELL'S stock of Christmas Carde includes all the latest designs and makes, and is marked at Rock-

Desks, Work Boxes, Ladies' Companions, Dressing Cases, etc., is well-assorted.

Tool Chests, Sleighs, Toys, etc., is very large, and he is determined to sell them at less than cost.

In fact if you want a Christmas present from a needle to a piano for young or old or at any price call at Metherell's and you can get suited.

REMEMBER THE PLACE

METHERELL'S

MUSIC and BOOKSTORE. Opposite the new post office, Kent Street, Lindsay.

Lindsay, Dec. 4, 1888.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, DEC. 14. 1888. "LONG AFORE I KNOWED."

BY JAMES WEITCOMB RILEY. This delicious gem of the Hoosier poet is here presented, with due apologies to

Judge, which first printed it: Jes' a little bit o' feller—I remember still— Ust to almost cry fer Christmas, like a youngster

Fourth o' July's nothin' to it!-New Year's ain't a Easter Sunday-Circus day-jes' all dead in the

Lordy, though! at night, you know, to set around The old folks work the story off about the sledge And "Santy" skootin' round the roof, all wrapped

in fur and fuzz-Long afore

"Santy Claus" wuz! Ust to wait, and set up later a week er two ahead: Couldn't hardly keep awake, ner wouldn't go to

Kittle stewin' on the fire, and Mother settin' near Darnin' socks and rockin' in the skreeky rocking Pap gap', and wonder where it wuz the money

And quar'l with his frosted heels, and spiil his And we a-dreamin' sleigh bells when the clock 'ud whir and buzz-

I knowed who "Santy Claus" wuz! Size the fireplace, and figger how "Old Santy"

Manage to come down the chimbly, like they said Wisht that I could hide and see him-wondered

what he'd say Ef he ketched a feller layin' fer him thataways? But I bet on him, and liked him, same as ef he had Turned to put me on the back and say, "Look a here, my lad:

Here's my pack—jes' he'p yourse'l like all good boys does!" Long afore I knowed who "Santa Claus" wuz.

Wisht that yarn wuz true about him as it 'peared Truth made out o' lies like that-un's good enough

Wisht I still wuz so confidin' I could jes' go wild Over hangin' up my stockin's like the little child Climbin' in my lap to-night, and beggin' me to tell 'Bout them reindeers, and "Old Santy" that she loves so well; I'm half sorry for this little-girl-sweetheart of

his-Long afore She knows who "Santy Claus" is!

HILLSFORD'S HERMIT.

A CHRISTMAS STORY, NOT AFTER THE REGULATION PATTERN.



ILLSFORD is a pretty little village on a river as pure as truth, in the heart of the Iresquissus valley, with mountains walling it in north and south. At the time

I write of it had all the requisites of a thriving town, including a population which dripped with self satisfaction. This very comfortable commodity was so dense and universal that it fairly covered the place like a fog.

Hillsford's most remarkable citizen was a hermit, an unkempt and eccentric individual, who lived in a cabin high up on the North mountain, and was known as "Old Weaver." In winter, when the foliage was less abundant, his small dwelling could be seen from the village, a little speck of crude architecture, the smoke from which curled sometimes into the very sky. It was pointed out to visitors, who were told, without loss of time, of the hermit, his civilization defying habits and unspeakable appearance.

But it was difficult to exhibit the man nimself. He came down to the village himself. He came down to the village at infrequent intervals and then tarried only long enough to procure some simple necessities and departed without holding speech with any one. The townspeople had tried to break into the privacy of his home without avail. They had been repulsed with looks and gestures which inspired fear and helped to confirm the opinion that "Old Weaver was crazy and had better be let alone."

And surely no man in his right mind

And surely no man in his right mind could live the life he lived. His hair and whiskers showed no respect for the prevailing fashion in hirsute trimming, and his clothes were a slap at all decent garments. He rarely spoke at all, but when he did his words were briefness itself.

In summer they who went near his cabin sometimes found him sitting outside reading, the Bible, an occupation from which they could not easily diverthing.

him. This him.
This caused some to decide that he was "a religious crank," and helped to dissipate the theory that he had committed some terrible crime. Hillsforth was full of wonder about the farmit's past life and antecedents, but is there was absolutely no way of finding out it was obliged to remain in cruel ignorance. All it knew about him was that several years before the time I speak of he had arrived in the village, purchased a piece METHERELL'S stock of Writing
Desks, Work Boxes, Ladies' Companions,
Dressing Cases, etc., is well-assorted.

METHERELL'S stock of Dolls,
Tool Chests, Sleighs, Toys, etc., is very

love, if it did not run smoothly, could upset people completely. This gave him exceptional interest in the eyes of the young and sentimental, although the most imaginative among them could not picture him as having ever been a personage capable of inspiring the divine

lunacy.

Never were they fully sensible of his value as a romantic figure until after he had been "written up" for a New York journal. A newspaper correspondent, on his summer vacation, wandered into Hillsford, and, of course, soon heard about the hermit, since he was all there was outside of the usual and uninteresting in the place. He at once spun oct a column and a half of solid nonpareil, mostly speculation, tinged with senti-ment, about the curious recluse.

This had a good result. It dignified the old man in the minds of the Milfordians. It lifted him from the rank of a razy old mountaineer to an eccentric hermit, with extraordinary sentimental ossibilities behind him.

It was often said that Weaver would be found starved or frozen to death some time. So every winter there was talk of looking after him," by those in authority, but it ended in talk, as he was not exactly the kind of man to dictate to. In the vernacular of Simpson's grocery, he was "a hard one to tackle."

In the beginning of the hermit's last winter on the mountain some hunters, driven by cold to his cabin, entered and found him moaning on his rude couch. They spread the news in Milford, and "the authorities" conferred together and decided that it was time to act. But what should they do with him? Nobody could go up to his lodge on the mountain to take care of him; his wretched dwelling contained no comforts. ing contained no comforts. And nobody wanted to take him into his home. paupers were sent, but that was near

the county seat, seven miles away. They who were most outspoken in the matter of having him "looked after" and who owned the largest and most comfortable houses, "hemmed and hawed" when it came to a question of taking him in. Some one, in a moment of humane feeling, suggested that the seven miles' journey to the poorhouse might prove dangerous to the sick man, and might even throw serious blame on those who became responsible for it.

However, after much thought and more talk had been put upon the subject, the poorhouse faction prevailed, and the flat went forth that Old Weaver must be taken charge of by the county, willing or

The expedition set forth the next morning. It was principally composed of "the authorities," otherwise hard headed and dictatorial personages, with that degree of heartlessness peculiar to the class known as "prominent citizens."

A heavy snow lay upon the ground, and
the mountain roads were unbroken. A big sled, generously supplied with straw and lunch baskets, was made ready.

The departure of this hermit capturing expedition was an event. The postoffice loafers gazed upon the imposing spectacle with envy in their hearts, though they cheered the noble philanthropists roundly. The people at the corner drug store were all outside waving their hats and making other demonstrations of good will and interest. The yarn spinners at Simpson's grocery held their tobacco firmly between their teeth and their hands in their trousers' pockets as the sled went by. This was their manner of expressing a very warm in-terest. Women watched from doors, windows and porches, as women always do, and a swarm of enthusiastic small boys hung on to the sled until driven back when half a mile out of town.

The philanthropists reached Weaver's cabin late in the day, after digging their way through great snowdrifts. All this heroic exertion made them feel more dominant in spirit than ever. The very first rap on the hermit's door had the sound of authority in it, delivered as it was by the formidable fist of the town marchal, backed by the approbation of the other prominent citizens who accom-

There was no response.

The expression of decision on the marshal's face deepened as he began to beat upon the door with both fists and kick with the thick soles of his tremendous

Still there was no answer. While they were parleying about whether it was time to use the ax or not the closed shutter of the hermit's single window opened, revealing his haggard face, in which blazed a pair of eyes whose wrathful lightning fairly annihilated the prominent citizens.

"What do you want?" he asked, after a moment of discomfiting silence. as they stood, wordless, under the spell of his unspoken anger.
"We heard you were sick," said the

"Well?" "We knew you would need help," said the justice of the peace, "and so came to try to do something for you."

"You have put yourselves to unnecessary trouble. I want nothing." "But our duty as citizens will not allow us to let a fellow being suffer," said Deacon White.

"Your first duty is to mind your own business," said the hermit. "Here is Dr. Horsefly, who will help you right off, if you will let us in," said Mr. Smollett, also a prominent citizen. The doctor stood silent, medicine case in hand, the rigidity of the regular's code preventing his doing any trumpeting on his own account.

his own account.
"When I am weary of life I shall send

something like merriment dancing in his wild eyes.

The doctor colored under this deadly insult, feeling it the more because the earth was yet fresh over his two last patients. This offensive defiance of their authority was the tacitly understood signal for a concerted rally of the rescuers. Instinctively they drew nearer together, and one said:



MOANING ON HIS RUDE COUCH. "Come, come, Weaver, this is no way to do. We are here in the friendliest spirit, and are sincerely anxious to have you taken care of. You are a sick man. You ought not to be alone as you are."
"Well, what do you propose to do with

"Why, why—take you where you will be properly cared for, of course," answered Justice McCracken.
"Now, that is kind, I admit," said the

hermit, and he looked at them with a strange, amused expression in his eyes. Believing that they were gaining ground, they grew bolder. "Yes, we wish to be kind. We can't

let you perish up here, you know."
"Well, where do you propose to take "Hem, h'm: why, you see, Weaver—you see Hillsford has no hospital—

"But you have fixed upon some place for me, I presume?" questioned the hermit, in the tone of one about to sur-"Y-e-s," spoke up another. "We thought we would take you to Johns-

"Ah, that's the county seat, isn't it?"
"Yes."
"And the county house is near there,

"Well, that's a good enough place for any one who wants to go there. I don't. Now it is time for you to leave," and he

shut the window. The besiegers conferred together and again began to beat upon the door. Feeling more courageous when Weaver's wild eyes were not on them they called to him that he must consent to go with them, or they would take him by force.

The window opened once more and re-

vealed the gaunt form of the hermit grasping a shotgun. Instinctively the attacking party fell back a few paces.

The hermit spoke: "I will blow the head off any man who again lays a hand on my own ground, and there is not law enough in the republic to permit you to enough in the republic to permit you to enter and lay a hand on a man who is neither criminal nor pauper. Had you come here proffering private charity I should have resented it, but I should have respected you. As it is I will kill you like dogs if you trouble me a moment more." And he pointed the gun at them in a way that was convincing. Grumblingly they moved away. "He's right," said the justice, who had a mortal fear of firearms; "he's not a pauper. He owns this ground and he owns the

house. If he won't come with us willingly we shall have to let him alone."
"He's as crazy as a kite," piped up two or three others, anxious to cover up their

"He ought to be confined as a danger-ous lunatic," said the doctor, in whose bosom still rankled Weaver's poisoned

They reached Hillsford in a crestfallen frame of mind, all agreeing that the hermit might die a dozen times over before they would "put themselves out" to do anything for him again.

Two weeks later, when the weather was bitter cold, Robby Hart, a sturdy 12-year-old, rushed into his mother's sitting room one afternoon, bursting with news. "Old Weaver's in town," he

His mother looked up from her sewing machine with interest. Like everybody else in Hillsford she knew the history of the fruitless siege of the hermit's cabin. "Yes, he's here; awful sick, too; out of his head, and is lying on the floor in the back part of Hunt's grocery. They're

goin' to send him to the poorhouse at Johnstown.' "Not in this terrible weather," said Mrs. Hart, looking alarmed.
"Yes; right off. There's no place here for him, they say."

"No place for a poor old sick man in all Hillsford? We are not so bad as that, Robby, I am sure. "Oh, but I heard Judge Markle and Deacon White and all of them say so. It's settled."



"I WILL KILL YOU LIKE DOGS." "Perhaps not," said Mrs. Hart as she began to put on her bonnet and cloak. She was, perhaps, the poorest person of refinement and education in the town and the most benevolent. She was a

widow, whose only dower were a boy of 12 and a girl of 9 years. By sewing almost night and day she managed to keep the wolf out of sight.

Accompanied by Robby she went over to Hunt's to see the hermit, and at once knew that he was sick unto death. As the sled which was to transport, him to Johnstown drew up at the door Mrs. Hart touched the arm of Judge Russell, who seemed to be clethed with more

send him to my house. He is a very sick man, already greatly exhausted by his journey down the mountain. The drive to Johnstown might kill him." "Really, Mrs. Hart, you're always doing too much for others. Young Dr. Clay was in here a bit ago, and he said the old fellow oughtn't to be moved so far. But you'd better think twice before you take him. He'll be an awful charge." HAVE YOU A WIFE AND FAM. If not you should, and if you have it is your bounded to provide for them.

If not you should, and if you have it is your bounden duty to provide for them.

the old fellow oughtn't to be moved so far. But you'd better think twice before you take him. He'll be an awful charge." "I know that," she answered; "but I will take him and do the best I can for him." So the hermit was put upon the sled and delivered at Mr. Hart's like a bale of merchandise. The widow's unselfishness kindled a temporary flame of the same nature in other breasts, and for the nament volunteer help was plenty. She took advantage of some of this to get her patient bathed and barbered and put to tied in a comfortable, Christian way. Then began for her weeks of care, work and anxiety. The sewing minchine was allent, with the unpleasant consequence of low finances. Contributions to the comfort of the sick man fell away as time passed and the affair became an old story. Young Dr. Clay alone remained faithful. The donations of others had dwindled down to advice. All in all Mrs. Hart had "a hard pull of it." At last the hermit became convalescent. Finding himself in a home where refinement and kindness prevailed, he fell into the ways of its inmates as naturally as if he had been accustomed to civilization all his life. He talked genially and charmingly, and seemed possessed of as much information as any man of the world. Clad in his right mind and conventional clothes, he lost his character of hermit entirely. Many of the signs of age, too, had disappeared under the good offices of the tailor and the barber. He did not look a day over 45. He was quite well now, but he showed no disposition to return to his semi-sav-

Well, start with their feet; bring them to

Boot and Shoe Stove.

This is a necessary condition to the Comfort, Content and Good

Nature of your Household.

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR CHOICE OF

The Princess Louise French Kid Button Boot, very High Cut, a perfect beauty, \$2.75.

Ladies' Fine Felt Button Boot, very High Cut, Solid from \$1.50 to \$1.60.

A Lovely French Kid Button Boot, Solid Leather, \$2.00.

A Genuine Polish Calf Button Boot, Solid Leather, \$1.50.

ALL THESE LINES ARE EXTRAORDINARY VALUES.

WE HAVE A VERY CHOICE ASSORTMENT.

They are sensible and comfortable from the start, at prices ranging from 35c., 45c., 50c., 75c., 85c. to \$1,25. The last mentioned are gems of comfort.

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S WANTS

are provided for by a large variety of all kinds of goods suitable for the season.

Our assortment of TRUNKS, Gladstone Bags,

SALISBURY BAGS, VALISES, SATCHELS and SHAWL STRAPS

is quite extensive and some of them are the choicest quality and finish that can be found and are suitable for Christmas Presents.

OUR RUBBERS, OVERSHOES AND MOCCASINS

if not the best to be found, are equal to the best that can be found anywhere in Lindsay, and the prices are sure to please every time.

L. MAGUIRE.

Lindsay. Dec. 12, 1888.-27.

W. H. Pogue-Little Britain.

THE SCUCOG DAM QUESTION had been the victim of some cruelty at Cupid's hands, and for this reason had deserted the so-ciety of his fellow men. We learn from good authority that this diagnosis was incorrect. He

OR THE SMITH FUNERAL

ABSOLUTELY NOWHERE

Compared with the excitement at Little Britain in the store business. Know ye, mon, or ha' ye considered that their are six stores in Little Britain. Had ye I am sure you'd never have driven to either the villages of Port Perry or Lindsay, not even to the great bankrupt stores where shoddy is king, but point right to Britain. After all the excitement and bluster

POGUE, the PIONEER

in Good Goods, at low prices, is several lengths ahead. We have just received a large addition to our Stock. CHRISTMAS.—The Choicest Fruits; Peels, Extract Spices and other commodities that go to make up the holiday cheer. Also a fine lot of novelties suitable for presents. We just received a large shipment of TEAS that we candidly believe will down anything ever offered at low prices.

Try some and be convinced. In our Tailoring and Mantle Business we are pushing late and early to get a rest. A few more suits might be crowded through before Christmas. In the Dress Making Department Misses Littlejohns and Stuart are working late and early. Their neat fitting and stylish dresses are not only a pleasure to the ladies wearing them, but are the admiration of the sterner sex who like to see a fitness of things. During the holidays we

WILL PRUNE PRICES RIGHT TO THE QUICK.

You can get 17 lbs good Sugar for \$1 at Pogue's; a pair of genuine Berlin half Fox FeltBoots for \$1.70 no shoddy or basswood soles; an Ordered Suit good all wool Canadian Tweed, well trimmed, for \$8.50; you can buy 50 bars of good Laundry Soap for \$1.00; you can get seven lbs of nice uncolored Japan Tea for \$1.00. Bring along your cash and get a load. If any absurd statement has got around that we are operating a gold mine in the cellar after closing hours we wish here to state that Wholesale men are voracious and banks have no souls, but it is a real right down 1--. unfortunately they have our paper for funds. Brace up we are modest and don't like to dun you. Wishing you all the compliments of the season.

W. H. POGUE. Little Britain.

Little Britain, Dec. 12, 1888.-27.