# 'S GREAT BARGAIN H

Extends to all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,

AND AT THE SAME TIME WE WILL ENDEAVOR TO SHOW YOU HOW YOU CAN BE MERRY AND HAPPY IF YOU WILL BE ADVISED BY US.

One Dollar buys as much from us as you can get for one dollar and fifty cents elsewhere. Our customers ask how can we sell so CHEAP—the answer is—we buy only FIRST-CLASS BANKRUPT

STOCKS, and for the goods that cost other merchants one dollar we pay from fifty to sixty cents for the same. Combined with the years of knowledge in the bankrupt stock business, and with an abundance of capital at our back, WE DEFY COMPETITION, and smile on all would-be competitors.

### YOU WANT BARGAINS:

Good Heavy Tweed, 25 cents worth 40 cents. Fine Grey Flannel, 12 cents worth 18 cents, Fine All Wool Grey Flannel, 15 cents worth 20 cents. Heavy Canton, 8 cents worth 10 cents. Men's Knitt Jackets, 65 cents worth \$1. Heavy Top Shirts, 60 cents worth \$1. Large Bed Comforters, 65 cents worth \$1. Large All Wool White Blankets, \$1.90 worth \$2.75. Heavy Melton Dress Goods, 8 cents worth 15 cents, Sixteen pieces new Dress Goods in all new shades re-

duced to 10 cents worth 20 cents. Cashmeres in Black and all colors for 22c. worth 35c. Large Wool Shawl for \$1.25 worth \$2.50. Wool Shawls, Clouds, Fascinators, Hoods, etc., will

clear at IIALF PRICE. We have a lot of Ladies' and Children's Ulsters that we intend clearing at just half their former price.

Good Heavy Scotch Flannel, 121/2 cents worth 20 cents. | In Ulster Tweeds we lead the way; a good line we are | Men's odd Vests, 50 cents worth \$1.50. clearing at 65 cents and 95 cents, worth \$1.00 and Two pairs Men's Heavy Wool Sox, double heel, for \$1.75; see them.

The balance of our Fur Goods reduced still further.

Ladies' Black Dog Skin Jackets for \$15, same as you pay \$30 for elsewhere. Muffs and Caps all reduced See our special line in Gent's Ties, bought at a discount; Groceries in all leading lines away below any other

have Ten Robes left, and in order to clear, will make a great sacrifice. If you want a Robe, see these, BUT WE DON'T TAKE CORDWOOD Our stock of Carpets and House-Furnishings away

house in town.

CHRISTMAS FRUIT SECOND TO NONE.

16 Pounds Bright Sugar for \$1; 4 lbs. for 25 cents. We have Ten Robes left, and in order to clear, will FOR PAY.

Mens' and Boys' Clothing.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN THIS DEPARTMENT Men's Overcoats, All Wool, Tweed Lined, Velvet Floor Oilcloth for 25 cents per yard—just half price. Collar, for \$3.90 worth \$7.50.

Boys' Overcoats \$1.95 and \$2.25, worth \$3.50 and \$4.50 Good, Heavy Table Linen for 15 cents worth 25 cents. Men's All Wool Tweed Suits for \$3.75 worth \$7.50. Men's Heavy Tweed Pants, 75 cents worth \$1.25.

25 cents worth 50 cents. Silk Handkerchiefs, Ties, Collars, Braces—we hold a

heavy stock—and intend to reduce it.

below anything in the trade.

Good Tapestry Carpet for 25 cents worth 45 cents. Hemp Carpet, 9c. 12c. and 15 cents., worth 12½c, 20c. 3 Cans of Mackerel, Peas, Beans or Corn for 25 cents. and 25 cents.

Table Linen at Special Price.

Good, Heavy Table Linen for 25 cents worth 45 cents. Good, Heavy Linen Towels 15 cents per pair.

Boots and Shoes at Special Prices during the months

of December and January.

The Balance of Graham & Lee's bankrupt stock of Glassware and China at such prices that will make a complete clearance of this stock.

12 Pounds Granulated for \$1; 3 lbs. for 25 cents. 16 Pounds New Raisins for \$1; 4 lbs for 25 cents. 16 Pounds New Currants for \$1; 4 lbs. for 25 cents.

I Pound Best Canadian Starch for 5 cents. 2 Pounds Baking Soda for 7 cents. Dozen Clothes Pins for 5 cents.

Good Brooms for 25 cents. A Cood Corn Scrub Brush for 5 cents, and piles of bargains in every part of the house.

Remember where the goods are sold at these prices they cannot be duplicated, so make bay while the snn shines. This is a harvest of bargains and if you let the opportunity pass, you will be the loser, not us. REMEMBER THE PLACE.

Opposite the New Post Office, Kent Street Lindsay.

Lindesy, Dec. 13th, 1889:-79.

## The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY DEC. 20, 1889 THE WARDER'S COLLAPSE.

A Wesdville Opinion of the "Apology"ness of the Tory Easter.

Incredible Ignorance and Careless. (From the Woodville Advocate.) We have ever wondered why the Victorie Warder allowed itself to be made the medium of all the literary flithiness which has for so long disgraced it, but we need be surprised so longer. The editor in its last famo in excusing himself for the abject apology which he had been called on to make for remarks made goes on to say: "Nine out of every ten editors and " publishers believe that when a COMMUNI-" CATION appears in the columns of a news-" peper the WRITER OF THE LETTER Is liable " for what it contains, and NOT the editor or " publisher, provided the writer is a respon-" sible person. The editor or publisher's " responsibility beginsonly when the writer " is not known or is irresponsible. But, to "To our surprise we learn that though
"Worth one hundred thousend dollars, the
"Worth one hundred thousend dollars, the
"Writer of a lotter is of course liable; but
"The Rottor and publisher is also
"Liable though it may rever have
"Eliable the arriver flace to our discourse liable in law for anything said by Swipes
"Grey any other of our many correspon"ents, even though his wealth and stand"ing be second to none in the country."
"This will be nown to not only our readers,
"but to many old nawsonour man, one of " but to many old newspaper men, one of [ " whom, after an experience of twenty six " years, last work assured us he always "thought all that was required of the "editor or publisher was to make known "the writer, and that freed the editor. "But the law we find in the reverse; the "editor is also responsible." Just to think. This gentlemen undertakes to edit and control a representative party newspaper in which he must know that heavy fighting is necessary and yet he blandly tells the world he had not the prudence to lears how far he might go without straining the law or to find out his legal position, but if anything further necessary to demonstrate the utter stienances with which this exalted individual has undertaken to aducate the people of Victoria all that is necessary to follow his aditorial into the next peragraph when he tells us:—'In the tells us:—'In the peragraph was known to be a wealthy and tresponsible man, the publisher could not responsible man, the publisher could not responsible man, the publisher could not responsible man, the publisher could not responsible, we never gave any special for attention to what was in them, any respondence; indeed many of them we responsible, and but for the little that the editor makes the statement himself we could not believe it, that he allows all kinds of contributions to pass into his columns unchallenged if the coutributor has colly the recommendations of being a responsible, or in other words a wealthy man. He tells his readers that he wave may special attention to what was in them in fact such is his contempt for this does of matter that he says "many of them we never read." What an edifying this this must by to the readers of the

Warder, to find that they have been made Warder, to find that they have been made the recipients of an aggregation of episties from every quarter which have passed directiv into their homes without coming under the scrutinizing eye of the editor whose business it should be to see that they are worthy and satisfactory. Of course, it could hardly be expected that one on whom the burden of Ontario's Protestantism rate so heavily as it does on the editor of the Warder could trifle with such mundance matters such as correspondence to his the Warder could trille with such mundane matters such as correspondence to his paper nor could it be expected from the self-constituted champion of our liberties that he should know how far his liability for such extended. He knows it now, and we would commend his experience to our worthy cotem the Cannington Gleaner whose ignorance of this matter is probably more intense than that of the brother in Lindeay. An old aphorism tells us that "Experience keeps a dear school, but a good one" and of the truth of this the Warder is no doubt by this time thoroughly

On the farm of Mr. John Waldon, lot 25 con. 5. Ope, will be found the thoroughbred Berkshire, Prince Charlie. This is a fine animal and was bred by Mr. John Connolly of Ope -Mr. N. Weldon, the well-known cattle donler, shipped five carloads of cattle this wee from points in this county for the Toronto mar-

Pointer's for Advertisers—and these whe

-When people see a man advertise they con oinde he is a business man, and deal with him.

The man who does not find advertising proftable generally finds business unprofitable.

—Care should be taken to see that every ad vertisement expresses a business idea clearly and definitely, so as to be easily remembered. -Get a good article, advertise liberally bu judiciously; advertise the truth; set forth the announcement is a nest, simple but pleasing way, and estiefactory results will follow.

-P. T. Barnum says: "You do not, any of you, advertise enough. You are seleep and want your business to run itself. You ought to use printer's lak every day."

wast your business to rus itself. You ought to use printer's lak every day."

—No form of communication with the public is so cheap as he wepeper advertising; no agent is so moderate in his charge and none so untiring in his work as the live as wepaper.

—The direct result of an advertisement is sometimes as difficult to trace as the source of a stream, yet no same person will argue that he cause the origin of what daily greets his vision remains in obscurity the thing itself has therefore no existance. Such, hewever, would appear to be the system of reasoning pursued by those who temporarily and on a comparatively small scale advertise their wares or wants, and expect the entire universe to enthuse with them ever the daring innovation. Den't be mistaken, gentlefolks The passing shower affects but little the height of water in your wells, and a drop, more or less, has about the same perceptible effect upon the contents of the buchet. The business mas who nowadays "mover" things is he who having selected an oft-tried, fret-das medium like THE POST, and mide a liberal appropriation for his purpose, keeps "h" and "out of season" eternally at it until it "pose," And "go" under such etrumstances it always will and does. The thing has long cessed to be an experiment so far as THE POST advertisors are concerned, and as those who find it subservise must attribute their menticlestory experience to the use of the wrong means or medium

### A MINER'S CHRISTMAS.

HOW THE YULE TIDE IS CELE-BRATED UP IN THE ROCKIES.

"Stag" Dances-In the Lonely Cabins Where Two "Pards" Are Shut in for Months by the Snow-Flowers from Loving Letters-"Home, Sweet Home."

Imagine a point in midair about two miles above New York city, and you have the elevation at which over 1.000 miners in Colorado spend the holiday season. They are shut in by snow and ice, and for months to come they will know as little about what is going on in the busy world as though they were sailors on some vessel frozen up for the winter amid the icebergs of the Arctic regions. Early in the fall, before the snow flies, they are housed in on some of the lofty peaks of the Rocky mountains, and not until May or June will they again mingle with their fellow men.

It is often the case that some one of the boys is a good fiddler, and Christmas night he will rosin the bow, tune up the old fiddle, and with alternate "pards" for girls the boys will dance and make

But there are those who are not as fortunate as the miners who are shut up in the big mine for the winter. There are the lonely cabins, far up on the mountain side, many miles distant from human habitation. Here three or four men are snowbound together for the winter. Often there are just two "pards," and "pard" in the mining camps means almost the same as "comrade" does in the army. Their Christmas meal is a frugal one, and with eager longings their hearts will reach out from that deep gorge or lofty peak to eastern homes, and wonder what the loved ones there are doing. It is at these holiday times that the prospector and wanderer longs for the old associations of home and the dear faces he has not seen for years. For months they have undergone many hardships and privations, been through hairbreadth escapes and thrilling adven-tures, and yet in the Christmas time all the tenderness and love that comes with thoughts of home is in their hearts. In the mining camps of the Rocky mountains I have heard little groups sing "Home Sweet Home" on Christmas eve. How each felt it! It was not sung so much, as it was the melody each felt in heart as he thought of home. It was sung in that dreamy kind of way, showing that the thoughts of all were far away, and each one was thinking as well as singing, and that if a tear did steal down some grim visaged face, there

was nothing unmanly in it, was there?

I was writing about the lonely cabin. The scene there is not always one of merry making at Christmas. Of those two who dwell there alone, far away from all contact with the world—gold hunter ascetics—one may be sick. If you could force your way through that wilderness of snow, lift the latch gently, for it is never bolted, you will find one nursing and keeping faithful watch by

his sick "pard." It may be a son watching by the cot of a father. Why is that old man braving all these hardships? Aye, there is the mortgage on the eastern home. If they find the precious vein by spring, next Christmas will find that old home free from debt. Mr. Banker, could you witness such scenes as these, as I have done, you would tell the old man that you would be a little easy about the interest on "that ar mortgige," that has

troubled him so long. One Christmas I spent up on the mountain side with two or three others, and there e had our holiday dinner, and it was a wholesome meal, but wanting in those delicacies that a mother or wife can best prepare. A snow storm was raging along the mountains, but with our cheerful fire and warm cabin. we cared nothing for it.

"If we had some flowers for the wish table," said one of the boys.

We all wished the same. "Get out your old letters," said one. We all knew what that meant, for many a flower from the old house finds its way in letters to the boys out west. One found a rosebud, another a violet, another a daisy, and then another rose was found in a mother's letter. Withered and faded were these tokens from the old homes, but never did men value flowers more than we did that withered

"Can't some one say grace," said one of the boys.

No one volunteered. "The closing lines in my mother's letter," said a boyish fellow, "might do."

"Read them." was the response that came from all. Heads were bowed around that frugal Christmas board, and the young man

"God bless you, my son, and God bless

I then looked up and saw tears on the cheeks of weather beaten faces. - Denver Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Unnatural Mother.

"I believe I've got the meanest ma in Texas."

"What did she do?" "Just before Christmas she put me into long trousers. She did that so I change. would have to wear short stockings that "ouldn't cost so much to fill. What do you say to that for meanness? She'd make a nice stepmother, she would."-

An Excuse for Not Giving a Present Clara-Mother, Charles was very rude Mother-Well don't you know what

it means? "No, I don't."

"He is trying to pick a quarrel with you so he can get out of giving you any ristmas present. I know these men.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

Yes, Mister Turkey-cock, I own You make a gallant show As in full fig you strut about Majestically slow.

But would it, in your puffed out state Give you too great a shock To know e'en swine look down on you,



Yet so it is; for by their eyes, And guttural parts of speech. I know they scold you for your pride,
And humbler thoughts would teach.

"You silly bird (they seem to say), Pray don't make such a clatter.
You're kept so well that you may look
Well on a Christmas platter."

—London Graphic.

An Old English Custom. Among customs now disused, a cere-

mony existed at the court of England as late as the reign of Charles II of bringing a branch of the Glastonbury thorn, which usually blossoms on Christmas eve, in procession, and presenting it. with great pomp, to the king and queen on Christmas morning.-New York Post.

"Have a cigar, Charley?" "Don't care if I do." "Some that my wife gave me for a Christmas present." "Er, come to think of it, Tom, I guess I don't feel like smoking today."-Ex-

Received Some Himself.

Not Entirely Without Remembrance. First Soldier-Get any Christmas? Second Soldier-Yep; present. First Soldier-No? Second Soldier-You bet. First Soldier-What? Second Soldier-Present arms!-Ex-

What the Shop Keepers Dread. "It is time for Santa Claus," said the

young wife. "Yes," said the spouse, who kept a retail store, "Santa Claus is welcome, but I do not want to see the rain dear."-Exchange.

A Child's Answer. His father stroked him on the head And asked him who St. Nick could be. "I don't know Santa Claus," he said,
"But Santa Claus knows me."
—Kew York



Mrs. Smitem (to her son)-Which would you rather have for Christmas Robbie, a pair of skates or a sled? Robbie-Can't I have both? Mrs. Smitem-No, I don't think Santa

Claus would consent to that. Robbie-Then give me the skates. Tommy Slimson's got a sled, and I can



"Wh; don't you eat, Mr. Gobbler?" "Because I don't wish to be eaten, my friend. Are you not aware that Christmas is coming?"

Boys Are Human, of Course. The boy who finds his stockings well filled on Christmas morning doesn't care what the other fellow got .- Judge.



Hang up papa's stocking. Be sure you don't four! If Santa Claus can file?. We'll all be wealthy yet. It is needless to say that Mary lost the prize, her father pronouncing the pomelet a parody, and one which showed reckless disregard for the truck on the

Romance and Lie

Swipesy - What did

Misery-Oh, I got a brand reasons

overcoat, and a pair o' dandy parts and

a lot o' candy and s'm'other had that

Swipesy-Oh, I got a sealshin cap a

some warm cloze as goes on underties

an' fourteen dinner tickets, and last

candy an' things. Now, Markestraight

Misery (voice just a little shake - Say.

Swipesy. I hunged up my st and all

right, and, do ver know, I nover 3:3

Swipesy ralso shaky as to v- -N:

If He Could Only Fill 1.

Little Mary is a good little and I

5 years old, but possessed of a post of

genius which runs rath r tas strendy

toward paraphrasing. She his de 3

good deal of composing dark glar last

existence, but mainly in the way of

words substituted for others, which his

her open to the charge of ) incism

She is also possessed of a fund of hamor

which would not be expected in one so

young. Mary's father the other day by

way of breaking the child of her fault as

a poet and testing her capacity at original.

composition, offered her as a Christmas

present the largest and best til tare book

that could be found in Chiango if she

would make up a piece of poetry which

would not resemble any other that she

had ever heard. Sie was given two

days to complete the task, and vesterday

morning sang the following as her origi-

nal composition:

me, neither -Smith, Gray & Cas last

I can't jest remember. What all

bring ver. Miserv?

-wha'd' ver git?

bloomin thing!

trated Mouthly.

Eloped with his Neighb r's Cook. Philip Swan has eloped with his neighbor s cook. He was so delighted with the bread,

biscuits and cake she made with Imperial Cream Tartar Baking powder that he fell desperately in love with her. The has promised however, to return to his wife if she will use the same, which she will now do, as it is the only reliable.—30-1.

part of the child. - Chicago Herald.