

STOCKING UP.

We have placed this week Two Cars of Granulated and Medium Sugars, One Car of General Groceries One Car of American White Oil.

Encouraged by the promising outlook we some months ago placed large orders with the wholesale men in expectation of a good season's business, and by paying cash at a time when money was tight secured big discounts.

What was our object? To benefit our customers and incidently ourselves? To be able to give better goods and better satisfaction all round to those leaving their orders with us.

The small and plodding dealer is seriously handicapped in these go-ahead days, alive with fierce competition. Rent, lighting, fuel and taxes amount to about the same figure, be trade arge or small.

For years past our business maxim has been "Small profits and a quick turn over of goods," and it is one that has saved many a dollar to the housekeepers of the county. Upon the strength of it we hope to do a larger trade than ever this fall and winter.

A. CAMPBELL.

FAMILY GROCER.

J. WETHERUP, IMPORTANT

DEALER IN

ORGANS & PIANOS.

THE

LOWEST PRICES,

The Finest and Best Instruments ever brought to Lindsay.

ANY MAKE DESIRED.

One Price only. See them before purchasing.

Rooms Over Neill's Shoe Store. At Home Wednesday and Saturday.

WATCHMAN

Printing Office,

WILLIAM STREET, LINDSAY

All kinds of Plain and Fancy Job Printing promptly attended to.

LETTER HEADS,

BILL HEADS,

NOTE HEADS,

MAGISTRATES BLANKS, &c.

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT CITY PRICES

WATCHMAN, 50 CENTS PER. ANNUM

JOS. COOPER,

Proprietor.

IMPORTANT

Before you purchase look at W. F. McCarty's Stock of Watches, Clocks and Jewellery.

Waltham, Elgin, Hampden, with Thomas and Swiss movements. Gold, Gold Filled, Silver and Silveroid Cases.

Reliable Watches for railroad men at the lowest prices. New styles in clocks by the best makers. Chains, Engagement Rings, Wedding Rings, Finest Quality

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We make a specialty, trying to give satisfaction, and reliance. We have been successful in our effort from the crowd of regular customers who favor us. We are sure of a large increase of business. Try W. F. McCarty for fine repairing on Jewellery. Opposite Daly House, Lindsay.

W. F. McCarty, THE JEWELLER.

BE A MAN



Laocon in the coils of the fatal serpents was not more helpless than is the man who pines under the effects of disease, excesses, overwork, worry, etc. Rouse yourself. Take heart of hope again and BE A MAN! We have cured thousands, who allow us to refer to them. WE CAN CURE YOU by use of our exclusive methods and appliances. Simple, unfailing treatment at home for Lost or Failing Manhood, General or Nervous Debility, Weaknesses of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. Improvement seen the first day. How to enlarge and strengthen, WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS AND PARTS OF BODY. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address

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Dr. B. E. MCKENZIE, B.A., Lecturer on Orthopedic Surgery in the women's Medical College, and in Toronto University; Consulting Orthopedic Surgeon to Victoria Hospital for sick children, Toronto. Diseases of the Joints and Deformities only. Consultation 10 to 3. Floor St. W. (Near Yonge St.) Toronto. 8-ly

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DR. J. SIMPSON,

Graduate of Univ. of Trinity Col., Toronto. Member Col. of Physicians & Surgeons, Ont. Late Physician of Rockwood Asylum, Kingston. Grand Trunk Surgeon, Lindsay District. Lindsay, Feb. 4th, 1891.-5

Professional Cards.

MOORE & JACKSON (SUCCESSORS to Hudspeth & Jackson) Barristers, Solicitors etc. Office William street, Lindsay. F. D. MOORE. ALEX. JACKSON

G. A. HOPKINS, (successor to Martin & Hopkins) Barrister, Solicitor etc. Office. William St. Lindsay Ontario.

MC SWEYNE & ANDERSON, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, etc. Hamilton's Block, Kent street, Lindsay. JOHN MC SWEYNE DONALD R. ANDERSON

H. B. DEAN, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, Proctor, Notary Public, Conveyance Etc. Offices in Bigelow's Block, Corner York & Kent Streets Entrance on York Street. Lindsay, Ont.

MCINTYRE & STEWART, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Notaries, etc., etc. Offices over Ontario Bank, Kent-St., Lindsay. D. J. MCINTYRE. T. STEWART

A. P. DEVLIN, BARRISTERSOLICITOR, etc., County Crown Attorney, Clerk of Peace, Lindsay, Ont. Office over Foley's store, Kent-St. Lindsay.

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H. B. DEAN, Barrister, Solicitor, &c., Corner of York & Kent Streets, Lindsay Lindsay, Dec. 30th, 1891.

5 & 5 1/2, 6 & 6 1/2 PER CENT.

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Christmas time again! Christmas cards and wishes, Fudding, pies, and cakes, All sorts of good dishes.

Christmas time again! Gifts to suit all ages, Toys for little folks, Books for grown up sages.

Christmas time again! And the New Year nearing; Eighteen ninety-two, May its reign be cheering!

AND I WAS IN TIME. I have one very bad habit. I simply cannot learn to be punctual. I am always late, late for everything; always the last down to breakfast; always the last one to rush downstairs putting on my hat and gloves as the second bell for church is ringing. In fact, I seldom, in all my life, have been ready for anything in time.

So it is not surprising that this day before Christmas finds me with but few of my Christmas presents purchased. Whereas, my only and elder sister, Florence, has had hers all ready, neatly labeled, and packed away in the top drawer of her bureau for more than a week. But, then, Florence is quite a different person from me. Oh, yes; very different. She is pretty; so pretty in her fair delicate fashion that I have heard lots of people call her beautiful. Then she is so good and sweet, that she wins everybody's affection without any trouble, whereas I never can win anyone's.

It is not that I am so ugly, or even homely, for I have looked in the glass often, and studied myself carefully and critically, just as if I were another girl, you know, and I have come to the conclusion that I am not at all bad looking; indeed, if it really were the other girl, I was looking at, Susie Brown, for instance, instead of myself, May Dennison, I think I should say that I am rather pretty. But it is that fatal habit of mine of always being late. You see, for instance, after you have waited until four for a girl who promised to meet you sharp at two, your feelings naturally become less tender toward her. So it is that this unfortunate habit of mine is gradually losing me all my friends.

I don't know how it is. I really try hard to overcome what our dear mother calls "Poor May's besetting sin;" but some how I don't make much progress. If I am going out for a drive with father, I am sure to go up to my room early enough to get dressed, and I don't loiter a bit, at least I don't mean to; but long before I am ready father calls up in a pleasant voice:

"Are you coming, May?" Then, after a little delay, in a very impatient tone:

"Will you never be ready, May?" Then, after another pause, in a voice of thunder:

"May, if you don't come down in five minutes I'll go without you. Keeping the horses standing out in the cold like this!" Then he stamps around and swears a little. It is not that father is not a good man, for he is; but I suppose waiting is enough to make a saint swear. Then I hear him slam into the sitting-room, and shout at poor mother:

"I don't know what is to be done with that daughter of yours (when father is angry with me he always speaks of me as if I were no relation of his), she will never be of any use in this world, not a bit I say. Confound it, here I've been waiting nearly an hour!"

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And that is the way it always is. Poor mother when I keep her waiting, she's too gentle to get angry; but she'll say in a sad voice, which hurts me more than all father's swearing or Florence's reproaches. "May, dear, I'm afraid on your wedding day you will be too late to be married."

I think it would not be quite so bad, if I were not so painfully conscious of my backsliding. I am painfully aware of it. I have the most terrible fit of repentance, and am perpetually turning over a new leaf; but it very soon becomes as black as the old one. Every New Year I make a set of good, new resolutions, copy them out neat in a big, bold hand, and stick them in the corner of my mirror, and there I can see them every day. And what is more I honestly strive to keep these resolutions. But, dear me, the year is not yet out of its babyhood before I've broken every one of them.

I've been thinking this all over as I sit embroidering for dear life in my little room upstairs, and this New Year I really and truly am going to make an effort which will astonish everybody. I am going to reform; indeed, I am.

Father and Florence have driven out in the big sleigh to the railroad station, six miles away, to meet our friends, who are coming out from the city to spend Christmas with us. I could have gone, too, if I had only had my presents finished in time.

We just moved out to this village last spring, when father retired from business in the city. We had always wanted to live in the country, and I don't think if we had hunted all over America we could have found a prettier place to live in.

Our house is simply delightful. It is a large stone building, not very high, but spreading out over a good deal of ground, with a wide veranda in front and massive Corinthian pillars supporting a pediment; I think that is how you would describe it, at any rate it has quite a Grecian effect.

It was built long ago by some millionaire who spent heaps and heaps of money on it, and the large grounds around it. He failed, however, and was obliged to depart for other green fields and pastures new, and the house was sold. But somehow there grew around it a ghostly atmosphere; people said it was haunted, and after a while no one would live in it.

Suddenly, the inspiring sound of the jingle, jingle of sleigh bells falls upon my ear, and brings my reveries to a sudden termination, and my work is tumbled in a heap on the floor as I rush down stairs to welcome the arrivals from the city.

There are two sleighs packed full, and a merry house we are going to have.

There are my eldest brother, his wife and their two children. There's Tom, our youngest, home from school for the holidays, and perfectly overflowing with animal spirit. Of course there's Jack Anderson, Florence's fiancé, and it goes without saying that they are supremely happy, and then there is Hugh Browning.

I am sure I don't know why he comes, unless it is that he has nowhere else to go. He is a kind of distant connection of the

family, so distant that I have not the remotest idea what it is. But anyway, father is quite fond of him and always invites him to the house on every possible occasion, and he always comes, though, as I said before, I cannot imagine why. He spent the early part of his life in Mexico, for he is quite old, he must be thirty-five, anyway, and has rather a romantic history. He was engaged to a dark-eyed Mexican girl who was wonderfully beautiful and sang like a nightingale. She caught one of those quick, malignant fevers, so common in southern countries, and on the day that she was to have been married, the poor bride was carried to the cemetery. It was very sad, and accounts for the melancholy look in poor Hugh's eyes. I sympathize very much with him, and I suppose he sees this, for sometimes he looks at me as if I were his dead sweetheart, and he always wants to walk with me when we go out. It is strange, but I really feel very sorry for him, and that is the reason I decided to make him a Christmas present. Poor fellow, his only near living relative is a brother away down in Mexico, so he has nobody to make him presents. Of course, I did not think of this until a few days ago, when I determined to finish up a pair of slippers I began years ago for father, but never managed to complete. I have not got them nearly done, and now that I come to look at his feet, they are much bigger than I thought. I shall have to sit up nearly all night to finish them.

Florence and Jack sit a little apart, I notice it is a way lovers have, whispering, perhaps about the wedding which is to take place in the spring. I think I rather envy Florence, she looks so very happy and Jack is so fond of her. I wonder if anybody will ever like me in that way. I am afraid not, for though I shall be twenty my next birthday, I have never had a lover, and Florence, I know, who is only two years older than I, has had scores.

Poor Hugh seems sad; perhaps he is thinking of his Mexican sweetheart. He looks very handsome as the flickering fire-light falls on him. He has a fine intellectual face—the character capable of strong and noble deeds—I think, as I watch him. That Mexican girl must have been very happy in his love for he is a man of whom any girl would be proud.

Our conversation turns on our old house, in which this is the first Christmas-tide we have passed, and father repeats to us the tragic story of the old millionaire's son, as it has been told to him by the village gossips.

I must say that so far we have seen nothing of the poor young ghost.

And so we talk on until the clock, striking midnight, warns us it is bedtime. After agreeing that all the presents shall be placed in a big basket on the sitting-room table, according to the custom we have followed ever since we have been too big to hang up our stockings, and that in the morning mother will distribute them, we separate for the night.

Most of the bedrooms are on the ground floor, but mine is a little lonely room, with a quaint dormer window of the big ball room upstairs, so while the others go peacefully to bed, I sit up to finish the slippers destined for Hugh.

It is hard work. The house is intensely quiet, and soon I begin to feel very sleepy. I have to walk up and down, to shake myself, and to prick my finger with my needle ever so many times to keep myself awake. How sorry I am that I have been so silly with my presents, and what good resolutions I make that another Christmas will find me prepared.

But at last the hands of my watch point to half past one, the slippers are finished. I wrap them up carefully and address them. Then, in case I should not be up in time in the morning, I determine to slip downstairs and put them in the basket on the sitting-room table. I do not dare to take a light, lest I should awaken some member of the family and get a good scolding for being up at such an unseemly hour. So I feel my way downstairs in the dark.

The house is deathly still; the curtains are all drawn close; the last ember on the fire has died out; it is so dark that I cannot see an inch in front of me. Suddenly as I approach the sitting-room door, I seem to hear a stealthy step beside me. I stop and listen, but I can hear nothing. The stillness is oppressive. I persuade myself that my imagination has been sadly at fault, and I start bravely on again. I hear the same soft, mysterious step, step, step.

This time I am sure it is not imagination. A feeling of absolute horror creeps over me. I hold my breath and try to stop the wild, loud beatings of my heart. Slowly I grope my hand out in the darkness, and, oh merciful heavens, it comes in contact with another groped hand; it seems cold as death to my sensitive touch.

The ghastly story of the millionaire's son comes before me in awful vividness. This must be his restless spirit! I try to scream out, but no sound comes. My throat and tongue are parched; my lips seem glued together. I send up a frantic prayer to heaven for help; but there is no help. I seem to feel the clutch of those bony hands, and the damp, icy breath from that dark cellar grave on my face. Drops of perspiration stand out on my forehead, my eyes seem bursting from their sockets as I strain them into the darkness. I try to call for help, but it is as if a clammy hand were laid across my mouth. Then as there comes into the room a dim light from some mysterious source, I see the shadowy outline of a man. I can stand it no longer. With a violent effort to call aloud, I sink into a merciful unconsciousness.

"May, my darling, speak to me," I hear when consciousness slowly returns to me, and I find myself in Hugh Browning's arms, and his anxious face bending over me.

"May, my darling, it was I who frightened you. I am so sorry. I came in here to put my present for you on the table, and with it a letter which I sat up to write asking you to be my wife, and make this in truth the happiest Christmas I have ever known."

"What do you mean? What do you want me to do?" I asked, vaguely sitting up, but still clinging to him, I am so frightened and nervous.

"I want you to be my wife. I know I am not worthy of you, but I love you with—"

"And have you so soon forgotten your dead sweetheart?"

"My dead sweetheart? What do you mean?"

"Oh Hugh! your sweetheart; your almost bride, lying in her grave in far-away Mexico."

"Why that was my poor brother Percy. I never loved any woman but your own sweet self."

Five months later we had a double wedding in the spring, and I was in time. I am always punctual now, and am perfectly happy.