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A Christmas Story

LE Sukie Blueskin She fell in love wid me, Ole Sukie Blueskin She fell in love wid me, Ole Aun' Sukie Blueskin She fell in love wid me, An' she axed me down ter her house

Ter drink er cup er tea." So sang Black Cæsar, the wag of the plantation, and then he proceeded to tell us about Aunt Sukie.

"I des' tell yo' wat-I tell yo' fo' er fac', by Jo! Ef I didn't git in de lammines' scrape er Crismus time! Dat wus de time we an' dem w'ite boys made up ter player projick on Unc' Ike an' Aun' Sukie.

"Long time 'fo' Crismus come we don't heah nuttin' but 'Sandy Claws, Sandy Claws,' f'om Aun' Sukie. She go pudgin' erroun' de kitchen sayin': | ter sell-nex' day fo' ter git de Crismus 'Um-m! Won'er w'at ole Marse Sandy dram wid. An' he had free big ole Claws gwine ter fotch me Crismus.' nigg rkiller 'taters roastin' in de ashes Den ef we git ter cuttin' up de leases' fo' de brekfus. bit 'bout de house she 'low: 'Bettuh min' w'at yo' 'bout. Fuses fing yo' know ole man Sandy Claws gwine ter pars alon' by 'n' nev' so much es nodice dem ole socks er yo'n. Won't eben put er groun' pea in 'em.'

"So we all 'sidered an' 'sidered, an' las' we made up ter fix dat ole crittur up 'n good shape. We all know ole Aun' Sukie ain' got no sense ter frow 'way nohow, so we 'cide we gwine ter sca' Aun' Sukie 'n' Unc' Ike out 'n dey

"Two er free days fo' Crismus we wus er settin' on de fence, 'n' ole lady Sukie come by wid some truck ter make de fiah wid, an' den I sing dot little song w'at a be'n singin', an' I

"An' it's w'at do yo' fink Ole Sukie had fo' suppah, An' it's w'at do yo' fink Ole Sukie had fo' suppah, An' it's w'at do yo' fink Ole Sukie had fo' suppah-Apple sass an' sparrer grass An' hominy an' buttah.

"Well, sah, dat ole soul mos' had er mazzum w'en she hearn us er singin' dat song, an' she rail out 'n' buse us an' 'buse us an' call us all kin' er bad names an' freaten us wid ha'nts an' I dunno w'at all.

"Unc' Ike, he Aun' Sukie's ole man, an' he wur de contraries' an' de spitefules' ole nigger on de whole plantation. He al'us er pokin' erroun' an' er grum'lin' 'bout sumpin. He couldn' res' easy less'n he studyin' up some kin' er meanness. I don' see w'at mek ole marse keep dat ole nigger 'bout de place fo' nohow, 'case he ain' fitten fo' nuffin' but ter prowl erroun' an' hunt hen-nesses, an' w'en he fin' one he al'us tek toll out'n it. He 'casioned us ter git er many er larrupin', wid 'e ole grumplin' ways, 'case marse b'lieve ev'y wo'd Unc' Ike say, mek' no diffunce how much de ole scoun'l stretch de blankit. But we done made up our min's ter git eben wid ole Aun' Sukie an' Unc' Ike, too, an' we des tease dem ole pussons twel dey mos' have er fit. "Useter sing dis way w'en we see

Unc' Ike er comin': "Big Ike, little Ike, yo' bettah go; Sukie bake de ashcake slow. Dat's so: Sukie bake de ashcake slow,

Too slow; Big Ike, little Ike, yo' bettah go! "Lo'd massy! Yo' des arter seed dat ole contrary niggah w'en we sing dat song. He look so vigus dat yo' fink ole



"LAWD ER MASSY, IKE, HE'S COME!"

Tomboy done got er holt er him, an' w'en we see de ole man grab up er bresh an' mek to'ds us we git f'om dar. "W'en Crismus time 'gun ter git close by, we all 'gun ter fix up fo' dem ole pussons. Day nex' fo' Crismus marse he mek er long highferlutin' speech an' tell us dat long's we all b'haved ou'se'fs purty well an' wo'k hard an' mek er good crop, he gwine gin us er whole day fo' ter frolic erroun' an' 'joy wese'fs. Me an' Jack an' Tom-dem wus de w'ite boys-slip out'n de back do' an' des lit out. Down at de fu'niss weh dey be'n er killin' hogs we sot an' rigged up er projick fo' ter wake up dem ole folks. Tom say, 'Jack, yo' mus' be de ole Sandy Claws, an' we watch so's we don' git cotch up wid.' Jack say, 'No, I hain't, nudder, 'case yo' boys run an' lef' me an' den I ha' ter git out the bes' I kin

To boys can't fool me dat erway.' Den I say, 'Ne' min', I be de oto headman. We'll git er fo'ked lim', an' put er shirt 'n britches an' er ole hat on de head, an' we tak' some hog's bristles an' mek mustashes an' whiskers, an' I'll git up on de roof .u' let de ole Sandy Claws down des es sof'ly.' Den w'ile we fixin' up de ole man we all sing some mo' er dat song an' laff bout how we gwinter do 'em up.

"A'ter so long er time, we git everyfing all right, an' we start down ter de quatahs. Unc' Ike so cu'ious an' contrary dat he can't live in peace wid de res' er der niggers, an' ole marse ha' ter buil' 'im er cabin 'way off f'om de res' weh de ole man could fuss 'n' qua'i des so much as he feel like. We ha' ter be mighty keerful gwine frough de weeds, 'case we see er light in Unc' Ike's cabin frough er hole in de chimbly. Any yudder time Aun' Sukie done be'n settin' by de fiah er noppin' an' er' smokin' dat ole pipe twel de dead hours er de night; but now she done laid down, 'case she 'spectin' ole Sandy Claws, an' she heah ole mis' say dat he ain' gwine come home 'long as any pusson 'wake 'bout de house. She layin' down, an' done had 'er head kivered up wid de quilts. Unc' Ike, he settin' up in de co'ner wid he shucks, platin' an ole hoss collar w'at he gwine

"Aun' Sukie keep er sayin': 'Ike, w'y don' yo' come ter bed? Don' yo know hit's er gittin' late?'

"Unc' Ike says: 'Sukie, yo' des' shet up yo' mouf. I know w'at yo' studyin' 'bout, yo' ole fool. Yo' lemme 'lone, an' ef yo' sleepy go ter sleep, I tell yo'.' "Den I sorter hum low;

"Paterroller, paterroller, let Ike pars, Sukie cook slow, but she eat mighty fas'; Sorry fo' lame nigger gets dar las'; Do, Mistah Paterroller, let Ike pars.

"Unc' Ike, mus' er hearn me, 'case he stop right still an' cock he yeah sideways an' listen an' den mumull out sump'n' 'bout 'Ne' min', I git yo' sassy rasc'ls yit. See 'f I don' tell ole marse. "Aun' Sukie say: 'W'at yo' er mutterin' an' mum'lin' 'bout, Ike? I does wish yo'd come on ter bed an' quit stirrin' up dem coals.'

"Unc' Ike say: 'I's er-talkin' ter myse'f, an' 'tain't none er yo' bus'ness. Sukie, yo' de bigges' gump I evuh seed, Yo' layin' dar finkin' 'bout dat mess 'bout Sandy Claws. Hain't I done seed yo' ole stockin' hangin' dar? Yo' fink ole Sandy Claws gwin ter pay any 'tention ter dat ole wool stockin'? No, siree, bob! Ole mis' des' ruint yo', an' yo' ba'kin' up de wrong stump dis time, fo' sho' yo' is.'

"Bimeby de ole man git sorter ti'ed, an' he kiver dem taters up mighty good an' start ter bed. Den, a'ter de ole man done laid down, he keep er-talkin' 'bout crops an' 'bout 'ligion an' 'bout anyfing fo' ter worry Aun' Sukie, who ain' sayin' noffin' 'tall. A'ter long time Unc' Ike drops off ter sleep an' 'gin ter sno', an' den Aun' Sukie rise up an' look all erroun' des' as cunnin'lack an' den drap down lack she's er

"Dey wus er little chunk er fiah w'at kep' er winkin' an' er blinkin' in de h'ath, but we done be'n er watchin' frough dat hole twel we gittin' ti'ed, an' las' I gon' ter climb up on de house. I clumb right easy up de co'ner an' outer de aidge er de ruff, an' f'om dat I eased erlong twel I got ter de chimbly. I got er straddle er de ridgepole, an' den I fix' my ole Sandy Claws an' chimbly wus about er foot too low down, so's I ha' ter let one foot res' on de chimbly an' w'en I fotch de yudder laig down I say ter myse'f:

> "Ole Sukie Blueskin She fell in love wid me, An' she ax' me down ter her house Ter drink er cup er tea.

"Down, down, down went de Sandy Claws, breshin' de sut down, an' des as 'e come in sight Aun' Sukie squalled lack er crippled coon, 'Lawd er massy, Ike, he's come!" "Des den de clof tetched de little

blaze er fiah, an' hit blazed way up, an' hit stifled me twel I los' my holt, an'. wid er clitter clatter, rip an' ker blim, I landed down in de hot ashes, right on top er de Sandy Claws an' all mixed up wid Unc' Ike's taters.

"Yo' neber hearn sich er row 'twix' dis an' jedgment. Aun' Sukie she squall: 'Oh, marse! Oh, mistis! He'p! He'p! De ole boy's come a'ter me an Ike!' An' she went er spinnin' out frough de dead teaweeds. Unc' Ike, he done riz, an' w'iles I scuffiin' wid de Sandy Claws he got er ax handle an'

wus des er lambastin' me. "A'ter w'lles I say: 'Please, Unc' Ike, don' hit me no mo'! Hit's Ceeze, Unc' Ike! Please don' hit me no mo'!' But de ole scamp, gittin' madder dan evah w'en he fin' out hit's me, kep' er peltin' me an' er sayin': 'Yes, yo' rasc'l, yo' done ruint my taters! Yo' b'en singin' bout me. I'll big Ike you! I gwine little Ike you! I gwine Sukie Blueskin

"Bout dat time ole marse he come to'ds de quatabs, an' he cotch Jack an' Tom des as dey wus er gittin' ovah de

"'W'ats de mattah, Sukie?' "'Oh, marster, de debble's in de house, er ras'lin' wid Ike.'

"Des den I to' loose, an' w'en I lit out'n de do' ole marse grab me. "Dem ole critters den 'gin ter tell all so'ts er tales, an' dey 'cuse me er tryin' ter b'un de house down an' singin' bad songs, an' dey beg ole marse fo' ter buck me down 'cross er log an' gimme

'gun ter snicker an' den ter laff, an' den we all slip off, an' ole marse ain' nevah said nuffin' 'bout buckin' down f'om dat day twel dis. But Aun' Suspite 'gin me evah sence, an' de ve'y minit Unc' Ike lay eyes on me he 'gin ter hunt 'roun' fo' sump'n' ter fling at me. 'Peahs ter me dey ain' nevah goin' ter fo'git 'bout Aun' Sukle's Sandy Claws."-New York Evening Post.

SLATES VS. SCRIBBLING BOOKS.

Bacy Description of an Old Time Institution in Canada.

School children of the twentieth century may have the road to learning smoothed out for them. They may be handled psychologically, and not have their little memories strained with tasks beyond their capacity. But with all their advantages, we oldsters can afford to pity them, for they no longer have that instrument of instruction and fearful pleasure the slate, writes H. F. G. in Toron-

Modern educationists have condemned the slate as a dirty, noisy, smelly institution, and have chucked it out ignominiously. They are for scribbling books, than which nothing stupider was ever invented. One of the favorite themes for anybody writing about the little red schoolhouse used to be the "busy hum," and of that busy hum, the click of the pencil against the slate, and the scrunch of it when it came to a hard spot, were at least seventy-five per cent. The rest of it consisted of the whirring of the thought wheels and the rapid, under-the-breath calculations of the pupils who wanted to see if the ear agreed with the eye in the answer. The hum was a natural accompaniment of so much mental industry, and the teacher that dared to be annoyed by it was given short shrift by the trustees. As well might a boilermaker object to the sound of hammering rivets, or the factory boss to the jar of machinery.

In those days, it was considered that every business had its small voice just as bees buzz, flies drone, crickets chirp, frogs croak, and mosquitoes shrill. But now it's "Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Don't make a row. Work like a nailer. Bottle up your steam." Even recess is an orderly, disciplined thing, with no joy in it. There is no distinguishing note of the schoolroom nowadays. If a bad boy disturbs the awful silence by dropping a pin, he is kept in after four.

All this came in with the scribbling book, which is cheap, clean, but uninspiring. It is subject te daily inspection, and as marks of erasure mean demerits for untidiness. the schoolboy is at once deprived of much entertainment that might reconcile him to his hard lot. If the teacher is a crank you can't worry him by making a pencil scream, and certainly, in the olden times, that delightful form of revenge kept many a boy in school when he might have been playing hookey. And, then, what a handy medium the slate was for caricatures of the teacher, for doggerel rhymes, printed in large, bold letters that could be seen six seats back! What fun it was to raise a laugh that way, and then, with one lighthing stroke, to expunge the offence when the master said, "Tommy, bring that here." And Tommy would go with a blank tablet and a face shining with innocency. Ah, yes, the slate was indeed a fine thing for pictures and lampoons, and for the tender messages the boy would show chivalrously to his little sweetheart across

tab on every line in it. And with the slate went a lot of gear that a scribbling book knows nothing of. There was the sponge, for instance, neatly tied to the frame. And, best of all, the water bottle, where little girls had a chance to display the art feeling in the colfor and fragrance of the cleansing 'gun ter git ready fo' de cirkis. De fluid. We look back twenty-five years and wonder at the splendid effects produced by soap, water, cologne, and indigo or cochineal shaken up and imprisoned in a common bottle. Some of it looked good enough to drink, and smelt good enough to eat. Of course there were dirty boys, even in that golden age, who preferred to use nature's weapons-the salivary glands and a coatsleeve. But even that was an indication of character. It showed they didn't care how they got at a thing, and some of these dirty urchins have since become millionaires. We can't turn back the universe and have yesterday, but while the sun shines we give our voice for slates as against scribbling

the aisle! The scribbling book is

no place for these stealthy pleasures

because the schoolma'am can keep

The Lost Sixteenth of a Second. If one grain of sand on the shore of the ocean were lost and scientists were to spend years in trying to find it, they would be attempting a task resembling that to which leading astronomers of England and France are now devoting themselves. Onesixteenth of a second is missing, and no one can tell where it has gone. Between the sun's time as recorded at Greenwich and as understood at Paris there is that brief and seemingly unimportant discrepancy. No expense is being spared to trace the missing fraction. A special building has been erected at Paris, costly instruments installed, a corps of mathematicians engaged and a process that may take years to complete has been commenced. The inaccuracy is more important than will appear to the lay mind. Longitude is calculated on the basis of Greenwich time. It determines the boundaries of many countries. A slight variation of time may change the nationality of thousands of people. The pursuit of the missing fraction of a second is therefore of worldwide importance. We shall all be much relieved when it has been found, for then not a grain of the sands of time will be missing. -Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Smallest Visible Things.

Few persons would guess that the smallest things visible to the eye are "Ole marse lis'n', an' a'ter erwiles he the stars. Yet Dr. Edward Divers was no doubt correct in declaring such to be the case in his address before the chemical section of the British Association at Belfast. Great kie-u-m-m! Dat ole pusson had er as many of the stars are in actual ragnitude, their distance is so immense that their angular diameter becomes insensible, and they approach the condition of geometrical points. The minute disks that they appear to have are spurious, an effect of irradiation.

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EPILEPSY, FITS, ST. VITUS' DANCE brepaid, It has cured whereevery thing else has failed. THE LIEBIG CO., 179 King street west, Toron

By May Aga

skin to an ague shi

"With his fierce pa will turn him demon," said Lord erer he escapes, wo have caused his disg relentless as a Cors "Has he any fries among the gipsies ?

"I don't know. of a mother, or bry thing. I intend pay visit to-night, and message he may send "Certainly, Jerny It his duty to prosect no feeling of person him." said Lord Vil. ly out with that pr widow of old Sir there goes Lady cried the guardsman pearing as if by nia,

mischievous smile. Lord Villiers laugh face flushed. "The handsomest and the greatest he What an intensely you are, Villiers, if "And what says Lord Villiers.

lord. I thought you

subject more interest.

poor Germaine," he

"Why, that you ar lover of the fair La Before the reply was spoken, a young entering the room, o them, and addressed with: "George, you fellow, have you forg engaged for this set ton? Really, my los idle brother of mine ashamed to make h selves in this way.

here, and I will report And raising her fir Miss Jernyngham trip " Fare thee well-an said Captain Jernyng gic tone. " 'Why, forever fare

said Lord Villiers.

turned in an opposite

The dancing was a

he passed from t Standing at the head quadrilles was the ob -the peerless, Percy. Eighteen sum passed over her ye thoughtful, almost ever fell like a shade tiful face. Her for exquisite, perfect; he fectly colorless, sa crimson lips; her e and lustrous as star long, silken-black las hair fell in soft curls, like raveled fair, moonlight face seemed deepened b Queenly, peerless, d ed through the br beauties, eclipsing Drinking in the en of her beauty, Lord stood until the dance and then moving to over, and whispered,

"Maude! Maude tried to avoid me al must see you! I ; in private! I must from your lips to-ni me into the music merted now." he sa arm through hers. from all those pry learn my fate." The pale face of t er; but without a herself to be led to

was low but full of

he had just left. "And now, Maude, answer to the quest last night ?" he sai

"I answered you she said, sadly. Yes; you told me you; as if such a sible. Maude, I cal take that for an do you love me ?" O Ernest !-O m know I do !" she c Then, Maude, w mine-niy wife ?"

"Oh, I cannot ! not !" she said wit "Cannot ! And 'My lord, that is never, never be you some one worthier

get Maude Percy." steady her voice, the sentence. For all answer h his strong arms, a Ped on his shoulder tie remantic Maus Wonderful secret ?" Tell ine. Now, v my wife ?"

lord," she said, somewhat proudly; reason, one sufficie forever one that no living mortal can