MERRY CHRISTMAS **The Canadian Post** TO OUR READERS

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J. Sutcliffe & Sons.

AT

J. Sutcliffe & Sons

Half the pleasure of Christmas lies in the getting ready — in anticipation of the joys to be added to the recipients of our thoughtfulness. For these surprises we might suggest a few of the many suitable articles to be found in this store.

LADIES' GLOVES...

Ladies' Black or Colored Kid Gloves, 2-lock fastener **Very special, 75c pr**

Ladies' Black or Colored Kid Gloves, two lock fastener, every pair guaranteed **$1.00 and $1 25 pr**

GENTLEMEN'S GLOVES.

Men's Extra Quality Kid lined Gloves, assorted tan shades, **Very special, 50c pr**

MEN'S NECKWEAR . . .

Handsome assortment, in all the new shapes, Flowing Ends, Puffs, Four-in-hand, Knots, Bows, etc.

Men's Overcoat Scarfs—we told you about these before. If you want a handsome gift for a gentleman see these, one-third less than regular value. An opportunity.

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Ladies' Card Case and Purse combined, 25,50,75c

LADIES' MANTLES...

A very acceptable present for wife or daughter, and good time to buy. Prices are reduced to clear out balance of stock.

Dress Goods for Christmas Presents, and at these small prices. — to make them more inviting we say

$6.00 Dress Patterns for $5.00
$4.50 " " $3.60

Bric-a-brac and many useful presents on centre table, worth your while to see them—they are choice.

J. SUTCLIFFE & SONS.

Thos. Brady

Said One of our Rich Lindsay Men

to a well known laboring man recently: "I would give half of my wealth for just half of your appetite." He meant it.

We stand ready to guarantee that every person who buys Groceries here will be blessed with healthy appetites, because our Goods are perfectly fresh. Deleterious changes take place in some lines of Provisions if left too long on the shelves. Our Goods are just out of the wholesaler's hands.

In the lines of **Christmas Groceries** we have a superior stock and invite the careful inspection of housekeepers, who will find both Goods and prices right. A call solicited.

THOS. BRADY,

One Door East of Benson House.

G. A. Little.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

In great variety

Bibles, Poets, Jewel Cases, Toilet Cases, Necktie Cases, Travelling Cases, Photo Frames.

Christmas Cards, Booklets, Calendars.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

GEO. A. LITTLE,

Book and Stationery Store.

J. P. Morris

J. Parnell Morris,

—TEACHER OF—

ORGAN, PIANO, VOCAL AND THEORY

Is prepared to receive pupils at his residence,

50 CAMBRIDGE-ST.

G. P. Mullett

Small **FURS** for Christmas.

Make your selections now. We will put any article aside for you until you want it. You have a much better choice now than if you wait until the rush.

G. P. MULLETT,

Opposite the Post Office.

G. T. R

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

For CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS, 1898-99

Will issue Return Tickets between

All stations in Canada: From all stations in Canada to Detroit and Port Huron, From all stations in Canada, to but not from, Buffalo, Black Rock, Suspension Bridge and Niagara Falls, N.Y. From Detroit and Pt. Huron to stations in Canada, but not east of Hamilton and Canfield Jct. on lines to Buffalo.

GENERAL PUBLIC:

SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE, going Dec. 24th 25th and 26th, tickets good returning from destination not later than Dec. 27th, 1898; also on Dec. 31st, Jan. 1st and 2nd, tickets good returning from destination not later than Jan. 3rd, 1899.

SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD going Dec. 23rd, 24th and 25th, returning from destination not later than Dec. 28th, 1898; also on Dec 30th and 31st and Jan. 1st, good returning from destination not later than Jan. 4th, 1899.

TEACHERS AND PUPILS on surrender of standard certificate:

SINGLE FARE AND ONE-THIRD, going Dec. 16th to 31st, inclusive, good returning from destination not later than Jan. 18th, 1899.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS on presentation of certificate:

Between all stations in Canada, SINGLE ORDINARY FARE from Dec. 17th to 23th inclusive, good to return from destination not later than JAN. 4th, 1899.

Tickets and all information from any Agent of Grand Trunk Ry. System.

A. M. PATON, Depot Agt. GEO. WILDER, Town Agt.

CRAB.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

By THOS. F. LYNCH, Chicago, Ill.

WRITTEN FOR THE LINDSAY POST

Night was drawing her great dark mantle over the city, and the crowds of tired and weary toilers were hurrying home from their labors in the stores, offices, factories and warehouses, where from early morn they had been engaged in the pursuit of their separate avocations. It was Christmas Eve. The weather was particularly cold, and it seemed as though the gaily decked windows of the great stores had proved but little attraction to entice the holiday shopper from his or her warm fireside. On one corner of one of the most densely crowded of the many great thoroughfares in the heart of the city stood a rather small, ragged umkempt urchin, kicking his heels together and blowing now on this hand, now on that, to keep the blood in circulation, and ever and anon piercing the air with his shrill cry, "Poipers! Poipers! Here's yer evenin' Poipers." He was a curious looking specimen of the genuine street arab. This small merchant was, I judged, about eight years of age, but the exposure to wind and weather and the mode of life followed by his class had caused a certain set look to appear upon his features which gave him the appearance of being a great deal older than he in reality was. This gamin was known to the familiars in Newsboys' Alley as "as Crab" on account of his diminutive size, and the weazened expression of his countenance.

The juvenile news dealers of the city had a certain amount of respect,—aye with some, even reverence,—for their little fellow "neway," and were you fortunate enough to grow confidential with one of them you might learn the following history of "Crab's" life from his first appearance in Newsboys' Alley to the time of recounting. My informant told me that "Dat Crab wus wan of de bes' kids wot ever hussled a poiper or shined a shoe." On asking further details I was given this narrative: "Ye see, mister, it's jes' like dis—Crab's a right guy and dare aint no wan as says different. He's got a little lame sister wot had bof her ankles busted wen she was a kid so's she can't walk a step now. De Crab hussles de daily poipers and shines shoes to make enough dough to keep Nellie, (dat's his sister's name), and de kid is only eight years old, ye see, mister. Say, aint I gettin' nothin' fer standing here spieling ter yer like dis! Wot! a dime! Thanks—I tought yer looked like a swell de minute I lamped yer in the doorway. Well, as I was tellin' yer, de Crab's fader was wan of dem old geezers dat was always soaked wit booze, and wan night he came home wit a bigger load than usual an' because he tought Crab's mudder should have turkey and stuff for him ter eat (an honest to gosh, mister, dey hardly ever had a ting on account of de way the old man boozed every cent away), he ran at de Crab's mudder, an' after trowing de baby (Nellie, you know) on de floor, he beat her mudder to death wid a stove poker. Poor Nellie's two little ankles were broke. Say, Hully Chee! I'd like to had a crack at dat ole greezer! I'd ha' stove in a couple of his slats, all right all right. Well, de cops comes along and wakes him up an' dey trows him into de booby hatch, but, yer see, he'd had so much ter drink all his life dat he goes off inter the 'Brooklynboys'—wot, yer don't know wot de Brooklyns is? Well yer a 'lobster' sure, (in disgust at my ignorance of his expression) why der Brooklyns is de razzles—de snakes — de blues — de delerious tremenduous—See? Well, old Alpin gets de Brooklyns an' afore dey has a chance ter swing him fer murderin' his wife he ups and croaks. Well, de cops buries de bot' of dem' and den dey puts Crab and Nellie in a Orfling House way out on de Sout' side w'ere dere is a whole lot more kids wot aint got no mudders nor fadders. Dey wuz dere for a good while and Crab dont cotton to it wot a cent, an' one fine day, wen' nobody aint looking he screws over de fence and hikes down town to de Alley. Wots hikes? Say yer a dead one, an' dat aint no pipe, neider. I think yere a con. man—aint yer? No! On de square? Well, hikes is a new one for walks. De Crab comes along inter de Alley, and de gang takes a shine ter him, an' nex' day dey gives him a outfit, poipers and blacking kit, and starts him in bizness for hisself. Say, dere aint a mug on de corners as kin hussel poipers like de Crab. I'm pretty smooth meself, but Crab has me beaten ten ways from de deuce. Dats faro talk, ye see, mister."

Well, de Crab is thinking about Nellie all de time, ye know, an' he saves all his dough until he has eight 'cases.' Den he goes up ter a woman as he uster know, and tells her he wants ter take Nellie outen de Orfling House an' wants her to care fer her. "An," says Crab, drawin hisself up like a man, "I'll pay yer wot yer tinks is right fer her keep." "You'll pay," says de loidy. "Yes, I'll pay," says Crab, an pay yer right, too." "W'ere yer get de dough," says de loidy. "Earn it," says de Crab. "How?" says de woman. "Husselin' poipers and shinin' shoes," says de Crab." "How much does yer want a week ter take me sister an look after her?" Well, ye see, mister, dis knocks de woman clean off her horse. "Why," she says, I kin do it fer two case a week, but I dont tink yer could pay dat much." "Hully chee" says Crab, "two case! I kin give yer t'ree weeks now ahead, and it will be a cinch ter pay dat amount." So he gives de woman six cold plunks fer Nellie's keep (wat yer say—"Jarnal?" here yer go—tanks). Well, de woman an Crab goes out and de loidy makes a spiel as how ter take little Nellie ter her house and look after her, and de guys out at de Orfling House is glad to get rid of her, so de loidy takes her home and looks after her, and de Crab goes out ter see her every night wen he's troo wit his evenin' poipers; de woman lives out on T'irteenth street someweres: Rats! all I know mister, so I must be off! "Poipers!" echoed down the street as he darted away in search of customers for his products

I stood watching Crab for a few minutes, and finally decided to have a chat with the little man. Approaching him I enquired for a Daily News, and having received it, tendered a twenty-five cent piece in payment Crab pulled out a handful of pennies and a couple of nickels and proceeded to make change for me. "Crab," said I, "how many papers have you left?" He counted them, seven in all; two News, two Journals and three Despatches. "Give them all to me," said I, "and keep the change." With a pleased look and a hurried "Tanks, mister," he started away. I called him back and inquired where he was going. "Out ter 'Tirteenth street ter see Nellie," he replied; "I got ter hussel before it gets too late." "Have you had supper yet?" I next asked, "Supper! — Hully chee. Say, quit yer kiddin', boss; dont yer know us kids dont eat no supper!" "Well, come along Crab, and have supper with me—this is Christmas eve, and we will have a feast," said I. He looked at me, half doubtfully and half angrily, "Say wot's yer game— do yer tink its any fun makin' sport of a kid wot can't git back at yer?" "I am not fooling. Crab. I am in earnest; come along and we will have a feast." More stupefied than ever he accompanied me to a large restaurant, but at the door he hung back: "Say, mister, le's go around to Joe's in de Alley were us kids eat—wot'll dem swell guys in dere tink if dey see you coming in ter chew with a ragged kid like me; dey'll give you de horse laugh" "Let them laugh, my boy," I replied, "I dont care and besides, no one will laugh at us."

Well, after coaxing him thus I finally got him in to a table and the poor urchin was simply dazzled at the splendour of the service and the richness of the repast set before us. However, he soon found his appetite, and to have seen him devour course after course as it was set before him would do you good and would bring to the eyes of a stone man almost a "mist which rises when the emotions are deeply stirred." Poor little Crab! I see you, now, in fancy as I saw you then two years ago to-night, with eyes aglow with pleasure and hands working rapidly from plate to mouth. Poor Crab! did I say—no! happy Crab!—happier far than the chronicler of your history. Supper over, he pushed his chair back and was about to say some grateful word when suddenly his eyes filled with tears and he said, while his voice shook with emotion, "Say, Mister, I wish to gosh Nellie had been here to get some of this feed." Here was my chance, and on drawing him out with a question as to Nellie, he told me his story substantially as his little friend had earlier in the evening.

On arising he wanted to run away to Nellie, but I detained him and told him I was going out to see Nellie with him. He could scarcely believe it, but was overwhelmed with joy.

We boarded a south-bound car and soon arrived at Thirteenth street. Crab darted into a store and, peering in through a window, I saw him buying some sweetmeats, I went in and offered to pay, but he waved me aside with the gesture of a queen and informed me "Dat I'm goin'to buy dese tings outen me own coin." I purchased a goodly supply of fruits and candies and a doll for Nellie, and away we went to Mrs. Romer's — Nellie's home. Arriving there, we entered a modest little cottage, and there, propped up in a chair, sat Nellie. I gazed at the child, lost in admiration of the beauty of her sweet face, upon which was a calm look of resignation and peace. I was aroused from my wonder and brought to my senses by a voice which I heard saying "Nellie, here's de gent wot was so good ter me and buys me poipers an' gives me a feed like I was Mark Hanna er some of dem guys, and den comes out ter yer. Say, talk about McKinly and dem swells, but deys all real flushies compared with this guy—he's a prince, well, I tell yer. "Oh, how can I thank you, sir, for being so good to Rob?—Rob is all I have and I feel that anyone who is good to him is good to me also." I looked at the child and must confess I felt like a great big schoolboy who is about to be punished by a lady teacher before the gaze of the whole class. The child—a tot of six years of age—speaking to me and looking at me, with words and look becoming more a young woman three or four times her age that a tiny tot of six painful summers—I was tongue-bound and could find no words to express myself other than a stumbling 'oh, that's all right, Nellie, anyone else would do it,—it's nothing." This is not the first time in history that a man has been abashed and confused by the words of a child—I felt giddy and bashful before that child, whose great soulful eyes were looking the thanks which the faithful little heart felt towards Rob's benefactor.

I learned from the good woman in whose house Nellie lived, that the child was incurable and that she herself did everything possible for her welfare, and I believed her to speak truly. The child's face bore evidence of sweet contentment wtih her lot, and resignation to her affliction, which should cause the flush of shame to mount to the temples of thousands of her hypocondriacal sisters whose sole and only object in life is to slowly poison themselves trying every new cure-all which happens to mention the special ills, pains or aches, which exist only in the poor feeble minds of those self-supposed sufferers. We sat and talked, and played "fox and geese," "chip-chap-cherry," and other innocent games for an hour or two, and never before or since have I spent such a pleasant happy evening as that in the company of Nellie and Crab. With a parting good-night kiss, Crab promised little Nellie he would come early on Christmas evening, and bidding good-bye to all he and I started on our return up town.

When I left "Crab" I pressed a piece of money into his hand and promised to see him soon again. I turned homewards, having had an experience which gave food for thought for many days to come. Christmas afternoon I received a message from my firm telling me I must prepare to go to Paris, where it was the intention to open a branch house, and I had been chosen for the position. I made by preparations in a hurry, and two days later left for New York, from whence I sailed for France. I sent Miss Romer a sum to be expended for Nellie and Crab, and on many an evening, when, free from business, I sat in my apartments in a pretty thoroughfare in Paris, I thought of Nellie and Crab of the tender, patient devotion of the little crippled sister, the love and affection of the sturdy little chap, whose only thought in life was for Nellie; and many a time and oft did I envy that little outcast—the waif of the streets—the measure of tender love was his.

I was in Paris two years—two years full of business cares and worries attendant upon a venture such as our's was, but happily it has been so successful that I have been granted a furlough, and made haste to come back to dear old America I was sitting last evening thinking over the events of the past two years, when suddenly I thought of Crab, and made up my mind to visit him and Nellie again.

I have seen Crab again, but what a change! What a different Crab than the bright urchin of two years ago. On picking up my morning paper almost the first item which came under my notice was one which as I read it turned my blood cold in my veins and strong man though I look, I laid down my paper and cried like a child. This was the item: "As No. 1 Battalion of the Fire Department was responding to a 4-11 alarm from the box at Jackson and Moore streets last evening, a newsboy—Robert Alpin by name, but better known to the habitues of Newsboys alley as "Crab"—tried to pass in front of the flying horses hitched to the fire engine. He was knocked down and run over by the ponderous machine and when picked up life was extinct The remains were taken to Gilston's morgue to await the corner's inquest on the morrow."

Poor Crab! Poor little chap! Such was his end, and truly a sad end. He had sold his papers and was tearing away to see his little Nellie when run down and killed. Doubtless the poor little chap's mind was filled with thoughts of the little sister waiting for him, and in crossing the road he did not notice the approaching engine. Poor Crab! So ended a short life. To be sure, it was not of much account to those who hurried by him each evening as he stood at his post screaming out his papers, but to one tender, faithful little heart, it was a death blow. All the sweetness and hope in her young life had gone forth when they told her of "Rob's" sudden demise, and as she nestled in my arms that night she told me she, too, wanted to die, so that she might be with Rob once more. I comforted the little sufferer as best I could and have installed myself as her protector for life, and as I perform my self-imposed duty and render my stewardship may an all-watchful and all-seeing Providence reward or condemn me. The newspaper publishers buried the body, and over the grave erected a tombstone in the form of a broken shaft, engraved as follows: "Robert Alpin, Died December 24th, 189—, aged 10 years. Erected by his fellow Newsboys and Chums of "Newsboys Alley." "Rest."

Chicago, Nov. 2nd, 1898.

"RING OUT, YE MERRY BELLS!"

RING out, ye merry bells! Welcome, bright icicles!
Welcome, old holly-crowned Christmas again!
Blithe as a child at play, keeping his holiday,
Welcome him back from the snow peak and plain.

Wealth has its duties now, Christians you will allow;
Think, then, ye rich, whilst your tables are spread,
Think of those wretched ones, Poverty's stricken sons,
Weeping whilst children are asking for bread.

Ring out, ye merry bells! ring till your music swells
Out o'er the mountain, and far on the plain;
Ring till those cheerless ones catch up your merry tones,
Singing, "Come Christmas, again and again."

THE MAN WHO DRIVES THE DEER

D. Gavin Campbell.

The frost is on the window pane,
The frost gleams on the trees;
We children talk of frozen rains
And reins that never freeze—
That never, never freeze, my sweet,
And we give a mighty cheer—
Then list for the tread of the fur-clad feet
Of the Man who drives the Deer.

He lives away in the great Snowland,
In regions across the seas;
In regions ruled by the Fur-Clad Hands
Yet his Deer they never freeze,—
They never, never freeze, my sweet,
In that land so cold and drear,
And he never cries for the want of heat
The Man who drives the Deer.

He visits the children away up there
At his home, in Christmastide,
And then with a bound of his deer in the air
He crosses the ocean wide—
The ocean wide, so wide, my sweet,
In the night with never a fear,
For music a patter of tiny feet—
The Man who drives the Deer.

He comes in the night with his tiny sled
And visits us while we dream,
And the pale moon smiles up overhead
And the love-stars laugh and gleam,
The love-stars laugh and gleam, my sweet,
The dream-gods laughing here,
So we never hear the patter of feet,
Nor the Man who drives the Deer.

And he visits the children away below,
Where the great sun beams and burns,—
And ah, the children are laughing so,
Where'er that Love-man turns!
Where'er that Love-man turns, my sweet,
At home, or far, or near,
In the biting frost, or the burning heat
The Man who drives the Deer.

And now the frost is on the pane,
The leaves have left the trees,
And the chipmunk eats his stolen grain
In his nest, lest he should freeze.
In his nest, lest he should freeze, my sweet,
And we list, but never hear,
The patter of his fur-clad feet—
The Man who drives the Deer.

Christmas Bells

The old gray bell in the old gray tower,
Is ringing so gladly across the town,
And the red, red dawn, like a shaken flower,
Scatters the Christmas glory down.
Oh the light of the sacred morn,
of the day when the dear Lord Christ was born!
Oh the sweet of the winter air.
When it's Christmas, Christmas everywhere.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The House of Refuge.

(To the Editor of The Post.)

Sir,—I was pleased to notice the most convincing proofs of genuine sympathy and unanimity of feeling manifested at the adjourned meeting held on Monday evening in aid of the above scheme, for the purpose of further perfecting ways and means to reach as many as possible of the voters throughout the county, and those in particular who are presumably indifferent or prejudiced against a fancied innovation affecting their quiet and all-absorbing routine of daily life,—not even caring to contemplate the uncertainty of existing conditions, continuing long in any community, or the duties and obligations that society owes to its members.

Now, sir, it is gratifying to find that at the present time there seems to be a mysterious permeating influence acting to alleviate the sufferings of humanity—a recognized philanthropy abroad in the world, exerting an influence and accomplishing work such as history does not record. When we learn that the Czar of Russia has decreed that justice and mercy shall be administered in Siberia to the prisoners, in the place of cruel tyranny and oppression; when the mightest powers feel impelled to abitrate through international conventions and so evade devastating wars; when the most dreaded rivals are pleading for a respite from war and its expensive outlays; when labor is receiving concessions and recognition throughout Christendom; when our sister colony, New Zealand, has passed through legislation and made it an acknowledged law of the land to pension its old people whsoe yearly incomes do not reach a certain amount; when city and town authorities vie with each other to afford the most pleasant resorts and necessary institutions for the comfort and convenience of the people —surely the residents of the county of Victoria will feel the influence, meet their obligations, and consent cheerfully to establish the above much-needed institution, with adjacent lands, and thus afford to the poor pleasant and profitable employment, health and recreation, that a city or town cannot otherwise give.—Yours truly,

W. M. ROBSON.

HARTLEY—ELDON.

(Correspondence of The Post.)

The Hartley Methodist church anniversary is coming off next Sunday and Monday, Dec. 18th and 19th. Rev. W. B. Tucker, B.A. B.D., Manilla, will preach, on Sunday, at 2.30 and 7 p.m. On Monday night Revs. J. R. Butler and G. Ross, Dalrymple, will speak. Duetts, solos, recitations, etc., will make up an excellent program. Admission only 15c and 10c. Come everybody; don't forget the dates.—dw

CAMBRAY.

(Correspondence to The Post.)

Rev. T. Snowden, pastor of the Methodist church, Cambray, announces a union tea meeting of the Cambray circuit of the Methodist church to be given in the basement of the Cambray Methodist church on Monday, January 2nd. A fine program has been arranged, and the choir will be assisted by C. E. Weeks, of Woodville, and J. P. Cunnings, of Oakwood. Revs. Geo. Brown, of Cannington, and R. H. Leitch, of Fenelon Falls, will give addresses. Tea with cold meats will be served. A large turnout is expected.

PINEDALE.

(Correspondence to The Post.)

Mr. Waddell, had the misfortune two weeks ago to break his shoulder blade but is progressing favorably.

Miss Bertha Sonley, who has been ill for some time, is now convalescent.

Miss Patterson and Miss Pinkham have been re-engaged as teachers of the Pinedale and Royal Oak schools.

The Rev. Mr. Oke, of Goodwood, preached here last Sunday.

The service is to be especially for the children next Sunday.

Mr. Robert Brabason intends remodeling his barns next summer.

PALESTINE.

(Correspondence to The Post.)

A special meeting of the shareholders and patrons of the Palestine Cheese Factory will be held in the Palestine school house on Tuesday, 27th day of Dec., commencing at 1 p.m., for the purpose of settling the financial affairs of the business. An opportunity will be given both to those holding shares already and others to take stock, in order that the capital may be paid up. If the necessary stock be not subscribed a vote of the shareholders will be taken on an offer to be made by Mr. Wm. Warren, our present cheesemaker, on the purchasing and operating of said business. A full representation of both shareholders and patrons is requested as the voice of this meeting will decide this matter. DON. BROWN. secretary.—w.1

VICTORIA ROAD.

(Correspondence to The Post.)

What is the matter with the farmers? No apples in town and it so near Christmas.

Miss Nora Armour has returned after enjoying an extended visit with friends in Jarvis.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. H. Magwood who has been under the doctor's care for some time, is recovering and we hope will soon be as bright as as usual.

Do not fail to come and see the Christmas sleigh, which will be one of the many pleasing features of the entertainment to be held in the Methodist church on Monday, Dec. 26th. The sleigh will be laden with good things for the children and other older folk, and a real Santa Claus will be there to distribute the gifts. A good program is being prepared and a lively time is expected.

The S. O. T. met on Wednesday as usual and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The members turned out in goodly numbers. A good program was rendered which was as follows: Trio, Miss Caverly, Miss Magwood and Marlin Caverly; reading, Miss Magwood; recitation, Miss M. Lytle; song, Mr. A. Magwood; reading, Miss K. Caverly; song, Miss Magwood; reading, Mr. J. Haggarth; song, Miss Helps.

A. C. Graham's toboggan-slide has been well patronized during the last week, not only by the children, but also by a number of our ladies and gentlemen, who we are pleased to note can still enjoy coasting in the moonlight.

—Reduced fares from all over Canada to Old students' Reunion in Lindsay on Dec. 29th Ask your station agent for standard certificates.—d5.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME

AT THE ACADEMY ON TUESDAY EVENING

A Brilliant Spectacularr Event—The Great and Noble Women of History Pourtrayed—Large Attendance of Citizens.

That the above spectacular and recitative performance, given on Tuesday evening, was a complete success, no one in Lindsay doubts. This was the general verdict of admiring friends, as well as from disinterested parties who are willing to give merit its just reward.

The stage was a scene of beauty; in the centre a throne gleamed with a splendor well fitting the purpose of its erection. On this throne sat the Goddess of Fame, more fair and beautiful than whom, none could be found among that brilliant throng. With stately grace and dignity she invites to her palace persons the whole world over who may with reason lay claim to any title of fame for deeds of justice, works of mercy, works of art, science or literature, deeds of valor, heroism, or any act for which they might prove worthy of the crown of fame. Each aspirant comes forward and presses her claim to the crown. The length of the train of suppliants is too long to go into detail; but we meet in this gathering Queens, viz., Elizabeth of England, Mary Queen of Scots, Isabella of Spain, Marie Antoinette, the Queen of Sheba, Cleopatra, women renowned for every act and science in the world's history—Jenny Lind, Christine Nilsson, Madame Albani, and Mme Patti. All sing successively, in voices sweet and pathetic, at the foot of the throne, and would have melted the heart of one even more impregnable than that of the Goddess of Fame. Joan of Arc, Helen of Troy, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Francis Willard, Jeptha's daughter, Miriam and her daughters; daughters of Scotland, Ireland, France, who gave to the world that famous artist, Rosa Bonheur; daughters from our verile neighbor across the border; and last but not least, fair Canada, who made a strong claim for "Our Lady of the Snows."

The Goddess of Fame after reviewing all the merits of her subjects, very justly placed the crown on the head of the Mother, for not only in the dominions of fame, but in the home the world over, does the mother remain Queen. She it is who shapes the destinies of nations and moulds the hearts and wills of the people with a power for good or evil, both for time and eternity. Queen Victoria, true to her gentle character, does not disdain to grace the scene with her presence. Escorted by a bodyguard of veterans, who have seen active service in her armies, she appears, and with well chosen words approves of the choice of the fair Goddess.

The costumes were very rich and beautiful, and the whole formed a tableau not soon to be forgotten. This entertainment in the opinion of the writer, has had a power for good in a two-fold sense of the word. Its primary object was charity, and how well it has fulfilled its purpose the crowded house was ample proof. The secondary object has also had its good effect; it has brought about friendship between citizens, who have met in cordial relations and formed closer acquaintances than they would have had not such an event taken place. To the Rev. Mr. Macmillan is due the credit of its success, as it was entirely owing to his untiring efforts that it came to such a happy climax.

Cast of Characters.

Goddess of Fame... Mrs. (Dr.) McAlpine
Canada.... ....Miss McDonald
Queen of Sheba..... .....Mrs. Gough
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.....
... ...Mrs. J. Parnell Morris
Isabella, Queen of Spain..... ....
Elizabeth, Queen of England..... ...
....Miss E. Woods
Grace Darling... ... ...Miss Wier
Jenny Lind... ... ...Miss Corkery
Barbara Freitchie..... .....Miss Prior
Helen of Troy... ... ...Miss Scott
Tabitha Primrose... ... ...Miss Stevenson
Portia... ... ...Miss Kelly
Ruth... ... ...Mrs. Jenny
Joan of Arc... ....Miss Hillock.
Mary Queen of Scots...Mrs. (Dr.) Clarke
A Sister of Charity... ... ...
... ... Miss Annie Watson
Harriet Beecher Stowe and Topsy... ...
E. Armour and Master W. Dingle
Cleopatra... ... ...Mrs. Sutcliffe
Mrs. Partington and Ike... ... ...
Miss L. Taylor and Mr. F. Manning
Marie Antoniette... ... ...Miss Steers
Christine Nilsson... ...Miss Ella Gross
Frances Willard...Miss Mabel Sharpe
Jeptha's Daughter...Miss M. McAlpine
Bridget O'Flannigan...Miss A. Duffus
Maggie Mucklepacket (Scotch fish wife.)... ... ...Mrs. Kerr
Pocohontas ... ... Miss Addie Sylvester
Mother Goose, Miss Muffet and Georgie Porgie... ... ...Miss Bowes
Miss Ray and Master G. Harrington
Rosa Bonheur... ... ...Miss E. Knowlson
Mme. Albani... ... ...Mrs. Pilkie
Martha Washington... ...Miss N. Cathro
Josiah Allan's Wife...Mrs. O'Loughin
Hypatia... ... ...Miss Mimms
Miriam and her maidens...Miss Silver and Misses Walters, Benson, Hughes, Henderson, Goodwin, Allen, M. Touchburn, K. Rankin
Laura Secord... ... .Miss Bowen
Flora McDonald... ... ...Miss Ligget
Florence Nightingale and guards... ...
Miss C. Robertson and Messrs. C. Henderson and C. Sutherland
A 20th Century Girl... ... Mrs. Edwards
Helen Hunt Jackson... ... ...
... ...Miss Cora Wallace
Mme Patti... ... ...Miss Russell
The mother and children...Mrs. Koyle
Queen Victoria and guards.....Mrs. C. Stuckert, Col. Deacon Sgt-Major Martin
Heralds... ... ...Messrs. J. S. Mclean and B. McAlpine
Pages... ... ... Masters Ross Stewart and Wilfred Allen

COUNTY COUNCIL NOMINATIONS

There Will be Spirited Contests.

Following we give the nominations for county council held Monday in the respective divisions:

No. 1, Mariposa—William Channon, James Glass, George Johnston, Edwin Mark, W. H. McCrimmon and Frederick Shaver. Messrs. David King, William Jordan, William Parkinson, Charles Knight, and Malcolm McPhadden, were nominated, but resigned.

No. 2, Lindsay and West Ops—Messrs. Bryans and Graham, by acclamation.

No. 3, East Ops, Emily and village of Omemee—Messrs. W. C. Switzer, T. H. McQuade, David Walker and Jas. Robertson.

No. 4, Verulam, Bobcaygeon and Somerville — Messrs. John Austin, James Lewis and Morgan Johns; Warden Lithgow was nominated, but resigned,

No. 5, Fenelon, Laxton, Digby and Longford—Messrs. John Bailey and J. A. Ellis, elected by acclamation.

No. 6, Eldon—Messrs. Wm. Cameron, A. E. Staback and Dr. Wood.