

Alex. Russell THE BIG STORE Alex. Russell

JUST THINK OF IT—Only eight more days to Krismas. Select your gifts at once and have them useful as well as ornamental.

Cuts for Men

- Suspenders put up in boxes 50c pr
Kerchiefs, satin lined at 75c, \$1, \$1.25
Neck Ties in Puffs, Ascots, Derby's,
Strings, &c., from 10c to \$1.25
Gloves, silk lined for \$1.50
Fur Caps, Fur Coats,
Silk Handkerchiefs, Initial.

Gifts for Ladies

- Kid Gloves in any shade or color
for \$1.10 and \$1.35
Silk Handkerchiefs, Initial
Sable Ruffs at \$10, \$15, 20, \$22
Sable Muffs \$6, \$8 and \$15.
Fancy Collars
Fancy Belts at 25c, 50, 75, \$1, \$1.40
Fancy Handkerchiefs from 5c to 75c

LOOK AT OUR NORTH WINDOW—For some suggestions in Fancy China Gifts. The largest, best selected and cheapest Stock of China in town.

GROCERIES FOR XMAS

- RAISINS—Seeded, Seedless, Layer, &c.
NUTS—Almond, Walnut, Hazel, Peanuts
PEELS—of all Kinds
CANDIES—Fancy or Mixed.

Shop early and avoid the rush that naturally comes the week before Christmas. GOODS DELIVERED TO ALL PARTS OF TOWN.

Alex Russell

SUCCESSOR TO J. A. HUNTER.

Rush in Your Fowl as soon as possible and get the big Prices.

At Your Service

In Business or Pleasure

The wise man is equally careful to have his Clothing correct—absolutely. Come to us and buy a prosperous looking Suit, —It won't cost very much,—and we know you'll come again. This is an

All the Year Round

Store The same good dependable merchandise for all people and purses.

We invite inspection of our goods—bought carefully, to sell correctly, to please constantly.

Fry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Groceries. Farmers' Produce taken as Cash.

ROBT. BURNET

HOLIDAY PERFUMES

When you need Perfumes either for personal use or for Holiday giving, we ask you to make your selections from our present Stock, which includes practically everything worth while in the line of domestic and foreign goods. These Perfumes we have in fancy packages of all sizes as well as in bulk. We give below a few suggestions in other Goods that will help to show you the extent of our assortment.

- Leather Goods, Games,
Smokers' Goods and Sets, Mirrors,
Travelling Sets, Fountain Pens, Brushes,
Ebony and Celluloid Goods, Wrist Bags,
Shaving Sets and Mugs, Purses, Wallets, etc.,
Lamp Goods, Ink Wells, Box Papers,
Bibles, Hymnals,
Prayer Books, Confectionery

Parker's Drug Store

IF YOU GET IT AT PARKER'S, IT'S GOOD.

EARLY DAYS.

A Racy Narrative by Robt. Cochrane.

Continued from last week.

The REVIEW says that Mr Brown and I left Walkerton in a snow storm; that's correct. The raft was made and loaded three miles this side Walkerton, the man, who helped to build it, went down to the dam with us. It was unloaded at the head of the mill race. I was given charge of the stuff, got a canoe and run it down to the mill while the others were running the raft over the dam. We then carried the stuff from the mill to the raft below the bridge and struck out. I don't think either of us had an overcoat. I know up to that time I never had owned one. The storm got worse with a heavy head wind, the snow was falling in large flakes. Burns in some poem says:

"Like the snow flake in the river, A moment white then melts forever." These words explain the situation exactly. It was snowing heavy and there was no snow on us, the result was when night came we were soaked to the hide and chilled to the bone. Nothing I think escaped the soaking but the wooden box of matches and had they got wet I fear the grass in the Paisley cemetery never would have covered the grave of my old companion. When we were a good deal like Paddy's plough. He brought it from my daughter, got down to Middaugh's corner and comes back; "Begorra," he says to Kate, "the folks down at the corner tells me that yer plough is that dry it will never work," so he got something to wet it, and the first news he got in the morning was that the plough and wagon had been in the river all night, so, like the plough, we were dry in the morning and it were not in the river all night we were there. I can assure you pretty early in the morning, we scarcely had got started when a very heavy rapid and a rock in the center of it, and we scarcely knew what had happened as until she swung broad side to the rock and water be seen of her above the water but two logs. Well Sir, there was some laughing in the mud hole but I tell you there wilderness, covered with snow and as well have been on the Arctic ocean as water was both rapid and deep and we were either get out or die so we slid down to the logs, pushed and got her started. I seemed to stand the log her started better of the two. How the poor man did shake and his teeth rattle—long we landed near the dam and it was a little hut, the only house of any kind we had seen with the exception of one or two near Walkerton. The little hut I think was burned the following summer and it was deserving of a better fate for more reasons than one; it was the only one upon the Saugeen river between Walkerton and Paisley, distant by water about 80 miles, (at least that is what it was supposed to be in those days) and the first upon the 3rd Con. line I am told that part of the town of Chesley is built upon. Also for having sheltered, what I am sure never since or before came down the river on a raft, a bride and groom. The mother was along and when we helped them ashore, she heard the man came of our axes a long way back and it was the sweetest music she had ever listened to. My, but Henry and I were hard up those days. When we escorted them to our house we had no seat of any kind to offer them, and when bed-time came the two were together on the floor in the corner, Henry was on the floor in the opposite corner fast asleep with one eye partly open. The old lady and I got positive in the center but didn't amount to anything. In the morning the bride got a comb and commenced fixing him up a bit, the old lady called the two loving doves to order. Henry's other eye opened "Mfs," he says, "why didn't you let them alone and enjoy

themselves, likely it won't be long till she is combing him down with a three footed stool. He was a man by the name of Cunningham, going to Stark's corners. We saw them disappear round the bend of the river and saw them no more.

Now I have given you a little history of the first house upon the con. I might give a small sketch of the first crop. It consisted of one bushel's sowing of wheat and twelve of potatoes, the good and crop. The wheat I got in Lockerby, some 3 or 4 miles distant and carried it through the bush. The potatoes I bought from a man near Varneg, and paid for them in work. In the latter end of February I footed it out from Elderslie for my potatoes. Started with the oxen, not old buck, and pitted them three miles the other side of Walkerton, and I and another rafted them down the river in the spring. Counting the travelling both ways I footed it over 70 miles, drove a rook of oxen over 40, and I and another were a day on the river. I planted them whole, why I should have done so, I don't know, for they would have gone much farther had they been cut, but suppose I had no time to cut them. Today I have more time than I know what to do with and at that time the want of it was a great trouble. Often I could have got a shot at a duck, but had no time to go to the slough for a gun. Many, many a time I have followed the fox hole in the Egremont bush and never saw a deer in Elderslie I have done the same thing, a lot of them, and never got but one—had no time to follow them. Were I a young man and had these days to go over again I think I should take time. I remember one breathing spell I had, but instead of taking the gun and allowing the wild deer as any other sensible young man would have done, I took the axe and auger and started to make another jumper, not a single one this time.

Now, Ramage, I am going to tell you what this jumper was for, but I don't want you to speak of it to anybody. It was to bring the wife home in. What do you think of that? And I need not tell you, Sir, that all the mechanical powers I was possessed of, was brought into play to make it nice, but when about finished as I took the axe to put the finishing touches upon it, a blow glanced and the axe went into my knee, a very foolish place to put it. Henry appeared upon the scene with a darning needle and sewed up the wound. The Sir, was a pretty kettle of fish! I fell upon the eve of his marriage all alone in a hut in the wilds of Elderslie, with a lot of stitches in his knee! Well the result of that foolish trick was that I had to get a housekeeper, a little boy, cousin of our townsman, Mr George Meikle. He kept the kettle boiling and the steers from starving and as soon as I was able to handle, with the aid of the housekeeper, put the steers which were not very well broke in, on to the tongue of the new jumper, threw an old quilt aboard and started for Durham. As I have said it was quite a job keeping the steers out of gaps and sideroads. On the way I picked up a man and his boy, being very lame, the boy at times was very useful, heading the steers out of sideroads, when we reached Livingstone I had a horse near Bail town, the fellow got out, took to left, and my steers to the right, the boy went to turn them, he called him back.

Many and sharp the numerous ills I've seen with our frame More pointed still we make ourselves Begot, remorse and shame. And man whose Honor erects a face The smiles of love adorn, Man's inhumanity to man Makes countless thousands mourn. The incident Sir is scarcely worth taking notice of, but still I never forgot it and thought it a beautiful illustration of the correctness of Burns' words. I drew the hound from near Walkerton and at his journey's end, yes, he called the boy back—as much as to say turn your own steers and a devil take you I from the looks of him he seemed to live in the Bulltown neighborhood and may be pawling around there yet. I created out in some way and got them turned and again got them headed for Durham. But the biggest trouble was when I reached Durham, instead of striking south for home, they took the opposite road, landing me quit and all upon that fine farm adjoining the town, known in those days by the name of the Sandy Hunter farm, and a short time after that landed upon the same farm that good old pioneer of Gray, the Rev Mr Stewart and before leaving it by some means or another made two young folks happy by converting them into man and wife. The man was lame, why was he lame? Because he could not wait until the lanchess were off him. The ceremony over, we adjourned to the cellar to partake of the wedding feast, and a capital one it was. Let me say Mrs. Gun's (sr.) mother, who knew how to get up a feast. In those days the Hunter's were famed for two things, the one was that they were fond of the baubies, they are different now and the other one they were clean, as the saying is, to the bone, and had you seen the cellar that night you would have thought so. I have not seen it since, but some day when you and I are dining room, Supper over we adjourned to the upper flat, where the flidier was sitting in state waiting for us, and Sandy Ramage, (not Charlie Ramage, but Sandy), the man who afterwards became a resident of Chesley, and who its most enterprising business men, opened the ball by singing "An O'er guid wife had Puddin's tuck, an' she boiled them in the Pan, O'." The young people now-a-days get the Parson out of away on their honeymoon trip before breakfast. I didn't get started till the fourth day and then had to take the steers along, the bride following me. What do you think of that Mr Ramage? I was there to receive her I introduced her to one of the neighbors, who kept us all night. In the morning, who kept us all night, the shanty, knocked the old and chimney into a cocked hat, kicked stove, fired her up in its stead a new one to her new home. A short time after we gave our wedding party when the guests arrived there was no room for Henry's wife and I was adjourned to the dining; everybody danced, even to the elders of the Paisley Presbyterian Church.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS

Of course we refer to Xmas Presents and at this season, of the year the puzzling question is "What Will I Get Him?" That will be easier answered after you have our stock of Men's requirements. We will give a very small list below which may help you to decide.

- Men's Xmas NECKWEAR Four-in-hand, knot, puff, bow and ascot shapes. Correct styles & coloring. 25-75c
Men's SUSPENDERS Rolled leather ends; neat, solid brass buckles; Fancy webs. 50c to \$1.50
Men's Oxford MUFFLERS Fine silk and satin, with quilted satin lining. Neat fancy Patterns and plain blacks. 50c to \$1.50
Men's Full Dress MUFFLERS Fine satin with corded silk lining; the nobbiest muffer shown. \$2 to \$3
Men's GLOVES Kid and Mocho, unlined and silk and wool-lined; all colors. 50c to \$2.00
Men's SLIPPERS Embroidered, alligator and opera. 85c to \$1.25
Men's SHIRTS Hard and soft bosom, very new. 75c to \$1.25
Men's SHOES Slater's Invictus and Cork Soles. \$3.00 to \$5.00

The above is only a small list of what we can show you in the line of presents for men. Not luxuries, but useful articles.

Just Comes in Right

OUR SALE OF BOYS' CLOTHING. Look up the list of the week before last, a chance to give him a nice Suit at a low price. And while we are talking, if the man requires an OVERCOAT, our special \$8 and \$10 coat can't be beat if equalled in the County.

Give us a Call; The Store for Men's Wants.

Theobald, The Clothier.

The Season's Problem

—AND—

Its Solution

THE PROBLEM: What shall I give this Xmas? Something useful and at the same time suggestive of the season will be very acceptable.

Our Christmas Goods

Differ from the ordinary lines in that, they are more of the nature of novelties than goods of the same class, carried at other seasons. They are put up in tasteful boxes with HOLIDAY DESIGNS "Christm s Greetings," etc.

THE SOLUTION: Following are a few suggestions for the Gift Buyer, all of which, are what can be called Christmas Goods and suitable for Gifts.

For Your Gentlemen Friends:

- Ties, Cravats, Mufflers, Chest Protectors,
Gloves, Suspenders, Underwear, Silk Handkerchiefs,
Pajamas, Fancy Socks, Pins, White Waist Coats,
Cuff Links, Silk Garters, Collars, Woolen Gloves,
Shirts, Silk Squares, Patent Shoes, Hats & Caps, etc.

For the Ladies:

- Handkerchiefs, plain and fancy, and in Fancy boxes, Kid Gloves,
Lined and Fur trimmed Gloves and Mitts,
New Fancy Silk Stocks in Persian and Military effects,
Neck Ribbons, Silk Cambric and Bolting Cloth Collar Tabs,
Fancy Garters in dainty boxes, Silk Belts and Corsets,
Silk and Crepe de Chine Mufflers, and White Wool Mufflers,
Umbrella Shawls and Opera Wraps, Beautiful Finette Laine Blouse Lengths,
Patent Leather Shoes and Hosiery.

For Your Mother or Married Friends:

- Cosy down Comforters, White and Colored Comforters and Quilts,
Reversible Wool Rugs, Table Linen and Table Napkins,
Table Cloths and dozens of other things which go to make the home bright and comfortable.

You are invited to come and look at things, you will not be pressed to buy and our suggestions and experience will be at your service

We have a full Stock of Candies, Nuts, Table Art Calenders. Come early and get one of our Beautiful

H. H. MOCKLER

Now Mr Editor I intended giving you the yield of my first crop but forgot it; the wheat I threshed over a barrel in the shanty and got 22 bush, the potatoes I sold, as I dug them at 50c per bush and realized from the sale \$150. I had my life I ever had any use for it and I cradled upon I helped to log the year board and a dance at night, a merry one it was, the flidier became a sort of Alister McAlister and could hardly stand his feet and turn. The girls played him upon the top of a barrel. He went down through it and broke the neck of the mill and three who crossed did not see bridges, after daylight in the morning, in hunt of another. Had we got it, well, we might have been fiddling away yet.

BUNESSAN.

Miss Agnes Jones, of Ceylon, visited at Mr C Kennedy's for a few days last week. Miss Mary Brown spent a few days visiting in your town recently. Mr John Kennedy returned home from Hasting Co. a week ago after an absence of six months. Owing to the storm of last week, the Flesherton dock did not make its appearance for three or four days, making a very big mail for our postmaster to handle. If John Stewart purchased a handsome cutter from Mr John Clark of your town. A sleighload of the youth and beauty, of your town, drove out and spent a pleasant evening at Mr Thos McCorn's last week. Mrs Kennedy is at present laid up with a severe attack of rheumatism. What we would like to know—What the young man did with the pair of slippers he took in a "miserable" house here recently. As news is scarce, Mr Ed, we will have to draw our budget to a close, wishing you and your staff a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.