

Appen the College

BOSEY'S THANKSOIVING



Mit which a shinkup probbber, with his demandicing the that atri there ogn we blance the hunger hove if they me Consideration that fact that they had member

Marin the electricity for the maney ar



With troughting yeter and reverent air out stone And thankot our floavour Pather great that he

had brough them are entit the came for little flot, the analysis of the And there he specks, his head bower down, white

White they had the turket and the great my Frank then his the other linger at the prothe pariet, and then very manna place, what country after this?

THE "FAULTED LODE."

HITT THANKSHITTING MATE A MINER

I'A phony Thankesiving shomy for a

such was the muttered and moons will dury of Aribus Buthwin, as he sat in the rucke laten in Molyettan mountain, bole, cons symples in 18th November, 18th One ettle the cute, which had been pouring all thay, was changing to shop, and occasionally s much of wind pattled the tex sentes against the little window The heavy mist which fills those high valleys thering an antonnal eath much his little form so dark that the spark come pine a col flee in the higgin counted wavening chadenes ever the log walls. He troked at the shorary aky without at the sucked logs and rafters of his captu, and then at a letter in his hand, the envelope of which have an Ohla partmark and a direct then in a delicate femining hand; then gased solly assule at the terroring sky and musto is, inclosed, a photony Phonkeysty

will wind ewigh down Right Hand tch, in the enthus call that branch of cor (Seed consing the mist heated away and the air fapility seem dearer and much wither Winter had boson. Abready the new orkered the summit of Modellan mount bains nery it was boginning to sweep fown or the stant was wrapped in a swinting white cloud. Yet the tendy man only gased at the sky, new gray and white, and more



A CHANGE THAT WHERETVING

for eight years Arthur Baldwin had totled and schemed and planned. As a mere boy he had served in the war for the Union, and the indemniner of 18th found him with health instalted and symptoms painfully like three which pressure consimption. He school the pressure which incred west in the year following the war, and the last days of

the new him a miner in the rich alver re-in of Gant Grade, Gold. Then began that neate which so many miners and propag-s make with fortune. Piret he worked in day-doped mines, then "prospected and mod" for himself till his mant means were misted and again telled as a grade.

At length, with three partners, he made what they called "the hose location." Of course they had all the anignine miner's reasons for so believing. Did not their "prospect holes" show that they were on a bring heavy, that it had a good "enterop" and the right "this it had a good "enterop" and the right "this into the hill?" And so they totled on, expending all their money and sparetime in "sinking on the lode." Pirst there was a good show of voin matter with litts of ore that assayed high, and that spirits mounted as on eaglest rings. Then they "struck a horse," or a "cap" threatened to and the lode permanently, and their hearis sank. Again the "horse" was passed, the lode opened below it, the cravice turned a little more to the perpendicular, "slickensides" showed on the walt rock, litts of entrite and true sulphinosts were gicked out of the cravices, and then the stren flope same sweetly in their heated imaginations. And them—the too frequent calamity—they reached a "fault." The crevice seemed to end abruptly in solid rock, and for three warry months they had sought in vant, by "diriting," to urace the lode. So this was, indeed, a gloomy Thanksgiving. It is too often the case that a mining town abounds in rough men, and that ment new comers soon full into their rude and stovenly habits. But Georgetown was from the first an exception. It always contained a fair proportion of cultured men. Veterane of the war of all ranks and of both armies, men of culture and science, and reduct, scholarly gentlemen who had sought the pure air of the mountains for begith, formed from the start a large part of its population. And Arthur Baidwin had that in his memory which holped to preserve the awastness of his nature. "He loved and was beloved again." Re-

"He loved and was beloved again." Reburging from the war at the age of H, all the
arder of his nature found vent in an attachment to a maiden four years his junior, who
reciprocated his feelings. But they wave
foung and poor, and worst of all, the condition of his health required a removal from
Ohio. But they could wait. No man ever
despairs at H. No manden of Hever doubte
that her beloved can soon evercome all obstacles. So they parted with hopes of a
speedy required; and through all the weary
years his letters had continued to tell of his
seed health and to promise early success, return and the consummation of their hopes.
But now the waiting had done its work; the
superscription on the letter from Ohio was
led often stained with a fear, and the theory
fown postmark no longer excited fresh hope
in the breast of the little schoolms am on the
banks of the Miant. Pime and disappointbean teamble base the pole a take banks of the Miami. Time and disappointment were wearing out the hearts of youth; and so this Thanksgiving evening Arthur Baldwin greed on the letter that day received and eighed.

Weariness at length provided over melan-chely. He leaned back in his rude chair and dept—and dreamed. The walls of the log cabin expanded and took the form of the old Miami the kericle his heart and reverently, in tagings held and red heart her the blooms, then failed away, and he was again a tard hard one present (resides for the blooms, thus the playing in his native fields with the little first when the shapes practed was done, thus the past and present mingled in his dream; the past and pre



and tage, and he folded himself in his blanker, hey down and his comrades and Aided away

He was at the bottom of their despect min-ing shaft—a hundred and twenty feet desp-and every foot of the rocky wall represented many days of test, many hours of heartache. Hall seeined to press upon him in his dreamer a great solid weight of sorrow. He stood at the bottom of the shaft and looked to right and left where they had "drifted" in search of the "faulted lode." But now appeared one of the withost phonomena of dreams—the socky fare of the shall, the "hanging wall" of the creates, seemed no obstacle to him, and he glided through it as if it were air. But what was this? The less tode was found. He sank down, down through many fathers, between two well defined walls, and on all within were great wanne of the richest over the dark sulphuret, the blue assurite, bright points of alter glance and title of ruby wealth be Found the dreams of avaries.

dry filled the dreamer's breast; he stirred in his chair and stretched out eager and frombling hands towards the altering ore, buildenly there was an awful change. The narrow crevice above him grow black; the will walls brankled, heaved, and with a roar and crash that seemed to shake the rock fibbod wift, fell upon and crushed him to atoms. He sprang from the floor where he had fallen with the terror in his heart and cold drops on his trombling flesh There had been an explosion, indeed, and he saw the smoke senting from the shaft near

day by letting off a big black in the "breast" of the mine; their bore had been fortunately bouted, and the explosion revealed the conatt, a slight one, only they had not yet "pres-

period" in the right direction.
The wondrone wealth of his dream was not realized. But the newly opened to eoon geventine for entirely reasonable desires, and he wisely concluded to invest his small competence in a home on the Manufrather than go on in mining rentures. The

rather than go on in mining rentures. The little school making was soon made glad; tears no longer that the distant postmark, and Arthur baldwin and his wife date their hap piness from the gloomy Thanksgiving day of 1875. Thanksgiving is a day position in the year, and graced with the loveliest associations, the graced with the loveliest associations, the remite of family and friends, the good cheer, the kind thoughts of the season, so that he day in the calendar is more truly named.

thant of the Thanksgiving triution. NO END OF FUN.

HOW THE NORWICH, CONN., BOYS CELEBRATE THANKSGIVING.

rels, and Then After the Turkey Is



Take a run round New England and ask all the boys you meet what they think of it. Whis-

quaint Connecticut town—what will the boys tell you there? "Roast furkey and 'fixin's,' "you will say, and the boys will look at you and grin. Then go up to them softly and whisper Thanks-

"Rarreles"
That's what it is flarrele Turkey first

he early as the jest day of October the forwick boy begins to make plans for hanksgiving day, and his first and contral ancy turns to barrels. From that time on the festival so man's barrel is safe in Nor-

An evil spirit seems to possess it. If a boy asses it in the soberest style in the world, if is so much as casts one coquetting addiona-plance that way, instantly the harvet begins a dance and rattle, and if no one is watching and the youngster rube up against it, is gives a sudden hop, topples over on its side and sources away. Of course the boy has to follow it to kick it straight when it gets follow it to kick it straight when it gets askew on its rumbling course and to keep it from prancing against pedestrians; and it invariably happens that the boy has to drive it into its lair before it will submit to government. There is little use of attempting to control a barrel after it has contracted the Thanksgiving fever, and the owner looks forward resignedly to its inevitable described from him. It looks very singular to a stranger coming into this town at this season of the year to see barrels rolling off in every direction, and state citizens skipping nimbly and good humoredly out of the way of the procession. He cannot account for the phenomenon.

Ferhaps he is curious enough to try and find out. But the Norwich boy is up to "Say sonny," the stranger asks, "what's pt Where are you going with all these

"Nothin's up, mister. The barrel den's Flong to nobody nor nothin'. Found it loose up the street and rim it in. Say, there, Jimmy, give her a lift. Let her go, Gal-

And with a whoop the whole company are off, kicking the whirling things swiftly into the darkness of a side street.

These youngsters are systematic.
The work of collecting the booty is marked from the opening of the campaign to its finish by thorough discipline and organization and a hearty respect for the rights of each squark. First, all the boys in town array themselves into about a dozen independent. selves into about a dosen independent brigades, and each force is duly empowered to look after the barrels in its own precinct. and an unwritten law that is at least 200 years old forbids the bands to trespass on territory not assigned to them. The largest squade are thus placed: One at Bean Hill, the ancestral home of President Cleve-land, whose grandfather was a barret burner; one at Norwich Town, two at the Palls, two at the West Side, one at Jail Hill, in the center of the city, one at Laurel Hill, one at throunville, and the rest are scattered about in the suburbs. Each band has a kiding place for its collection, called the Home Base," and to each is assigned the ill on which the stacks are to be burned. The preliminary arrangements completed, the boys go to work with a will to get their barrels together. Suppose they had to do this. How they

The custom of burning bonfires on Thanksgiving night is peculiar to this town, and its origin is lost in the obscurity of early colonial tradition. It was old when Benedick Arnold was a boy, and into the sport he entered with characteristic impetuosity and willfulness. It is mentioned in the first chronicles of Noswich; and Miss Caulkins, a local historian, describes a hery encounter between Benedict 70b him of his barrel, in which Arnold stripped off his coat and dared the big man to fight. Many attempts have been made by leval antiquarians to trace the custom to its source, but vainly; the only plausible explanation essays to connect it with a practice that provailed in the hill towns of the Massachusetts colony of burning bush fires early in November to celebrate the miscay-Fings of the they Farkes gurpowier plots to was suspected that as Thanksgiving was appointed at that period at about Nov. & the sustom attached theelf to Thanksgiving, after its original intent was lost, and that it was imported into this town by the first settlers a little after the middle of the Seventeenth cen-

bury.
But the Massachusetts rite differs importandy from the Norwich spirit in that brush was burned instead of barrel stacks. There nothing unique about brush bouffres, which were common among the ancient Britons and Scots, but a barret fire is an elaborate and startling creation, a product of the juvenile genius of ancient Norwich.

Boys, think of it. Think of hunting, hunt-ing for days together, for barrois. Think of the work, and it takes work. But then, it's great him, you say,

So it is. To make a lofty and successful barrel bou-Are demands native tact, talent and construc-five abilities. The first thing to do is to get the pole about which the parrels are to be string like giant beads, and this usually is cut and peeled a few days before the forthcoming ceremony. A slim, straight hickory, free from knots, and not less than lifty or staty feet high is selected in the forest, and, after it has been trimmed and denuded of its bark, it is trailed into fown at the heels of a dozen sturdy boys. On Thanksgiving day morning it is drawn to the apex of the hill on which it is to do duty, whereon scores of citizens have gathered to lead a hand in creeting the staff or furnish the nec-

essary advisory remarks to the workers.
The barrels are quickly hung about the The barrels are quickly hing about the pole, and then comes the hard and delicate task of lifting it into the dug hole which has already been prepared forth. With long ropes and steadying guys, and a hundred eager hands to help, the great hollow stack goes slowly up, the barrels creaking and rumbling leesely about its staff, and the pole is left eweying threateningly at the toiling pigmies at its base. At last it reaches the balancing point, slips easily into the cavity with a heavy muffied "kerplump," and the worst of the struggle is over. The loose earth acceptance of the struggle is over. The loose earth and tamped solidly down, and the boys and speciators walk off six rods and inspect the structure. Next cans of kerosene are emptied over the bottom barrels; shavings, saturated with oil, are piled inside; a few parting pats

with oth, are piled inside; a few parting pate and charactering retractory barrels into noal-

tion, and make the funnel straight and symmetrical, and then everything is ready for

the evening fun.

And what fun! The boys can hardly wait in patience for the coming of dusk. But it comes at just the right time.

It comes after the turkey is eaten. You know it's turkey first and barrels afterward. For fun it would be to watch a bonfire on the standard of the standar an empty stomach. But think of stuffing yourself so full of turkey (it's allowable on Thanksgiving) till you almost feel as if you could gobble, and then going out and watching a nice big blaze on the hill. It usually comes about an hour and a half after dinner, when the lamps have hardly been lighted in imated city hall clock glow like four dim moons through the tree tops. With a jubilant rusk and yell the bands are off like the wind to the hilltops. Having reached the grabs each band forms in military array about its stack, the leader silently and with an air of conscious self importance advances to the bottom of the pile; he scratches a match on his trousers and applies the tiny terck to the shavings, and-

Gracious! Did you ever see anything Instantly there is a flash as the oiled kindlings catch the flame; a great volume of dense black smoke belches up; then a magand the faces of the excited company wells up the tell column, and the configuration is off. The combustion is furious, and the piller of roaring fames, sparks and whirling smoke is a miniature cyclone on fire. The barrele writhe and twist, the staves gape asunder, and the bursting hoops leap out from the pile, and, as they come downscatter sparks and glowing cinders on every side. The conflagration is too rapid to last long, and it is

WHAT PER!

inted essence of intoxicating sport. The Norwich girls have a similar though bank not the house of the leader of the band and burn them. Some of the devices are very ingenious or beautiful, and they make a brilliant true statement of what had become of the

Gratitude for Material Benefits Thanksgiving differs from our great church festivals, in that it expresses our gratitude for the ordinary material benefits which God showers upon us. Of these our country possesses two as great as any nation ever was blessed with size and quiet. Ite great size enables us to bear without danger the working out of social experiments which and Council fail to report on the matter and would rend other countries into fragments by their very fermentation.—Rev. Dr. Hunt-He Wanted the Earth,

placed a large fat furkey on the table, "this to raise \$38,500; and I also find that we have us a little wood to cook it with and something \$25,660, leaving a balance to be accounted for dressing, and a few potatoes and a loaf for of \$12.840. Now, what I am after, is to of bread to go with it, why, sir, I wouldn't know what has become if the latter amount. say anything about our being four months back in the rent nor how much good 50 cents in each would have done us."

If the curiosines bought isst vent-cost only a legitimate price, then where is the money gone to. Mr. Mayor, be kind chough to come

First Turkey a youldful bird)-Well,

thank goodness, we've escaped the Thanksgiving Scylla.
Second Turkey (of mature experience)
—Yes, but I tremble when I think of the
Christmas Charybdis.

Reasons for Thankfulness. It is time for devont thanksgiving: because

LEF JOY REIGN UNCONFINED.



Oh, Canada!

The haddock's feet are on thy shore, Canada, my Canada! alibut is at the door, Canada, my Canada! For smelt and guageon, chub and eel, For codfish, hake, and mackereel. Arise and meet the Yankee steel,

Canada, my Canada!

Thou wilt not cower in the brine, Canada, my Canada ! Thou wilt not drop thy fishing line, Canada, my Canada! Defend thy sculpine, save thy skate, Strike for thy shad with sole clate, Don't swear and spit upon thy bait, Canada, my Canada!

Deal gently with a herring race, Canada, my Canada! Put up your swordfish in its place, Canada, my Canada! If for reprisal you would sue, Just turn your other cheek; please do And take a Yankee smack or two, Canada, my Canada!

-Philadelphia Inquirer.

Telephone Extensions.

With the exception of a new line between foronto, Hamilton and London, to be worked on the long-distance system, the Bell Telephone Company has nearly completed an unu-ually heavy season's work in the way of exiensions to the system, and the officers report having used this year, in the Outario Department alone, over 13,000 poles, and 1,500 miles of wire, most of which is copper. The principal new lines built were from Toronto to Arthur via Orangeville; Orilia to Waupaushene, and Barrie to Midland and Penetanguishene; Owen Sound to Hannver; Wingham to Kincardine; Teeswater to Loudon via Wingham, Crinton and Lucan, with branch to Parkbill; and in the Province of Quebec Montreal to Three Rivers. Additional wire have also been put up between Toronto and Oshawa; Berlin and Stratford; and Listowe: and Harriston; and the following new exchanges and agencies opened, viz: In Ontario: Ailsa Craig, Bolton, Caledon, Chesley, Cold-water, Elmvale, Elmwood, Ex-ter, Pesserton, Grand Village, Lucan, Lucknow Parkbill, Phelpston, Tara, Teeswater, Tottenham and Woodbridge; and in Quebec: Bedford, Berthier, Charlemagna, Dorval, Johette, Knowl ton, L'Assomption, Louisville, Stanbridge East, Stanhope and Valois, Connecting offices have also been opened at Centreville, Croydon' Grafton, Kingston Mills, and Robling

Loaded to Kill.

DEAR SIR, -For want of time I have not been able to reply to Mayor Waiters any the match has been applied before the splen- myself and the Lindsay press, for presuming did pyre sinks from its souring height a mass to criticize the wantonness management of of shattered black embers, and the lurid our town affairs for the past two years whereby brightness of the hillside gives place in- our taxes have been increased until it has tamer kind of sport with which to taper off continue thunder which is worse than crime. the day's pleasures. As fashion forbids them It shows that is not one good level headed to roll barrols and burn stacks, they collect honest burness man in the lot to guid or spools instead, which they string on wires, arranging them in fanciful designs, squares, circles, pyramids and names, saturate the creations with oil or turpentine, and meet at the house of the leader of the hand and head and head are the criticised. When he found there was a gen-

true statement of what had become of the high, instead of that scurious sheet of abuse egainst myself and others that he read to the Council on the 17th Sept.; and under the bles retused me an opportunity to reply to Mr. Mayor, to bring down a report showing what has become of the people's money, and how it is the taxes are so high. If the Mayor give the required information at the next council meeting that the ratepayers are de-manding, then I, as a ratepayer, shall make the report for them; and may be it will erea ; "There, sir," said the philanthropist, as he last letter did. I find there was a rate struck ! is to help you to remember Thanksgiving."

"Thanks, sir many thanks. And being ture interest; \$12,000 school cate; \$2,500 you are so kind, sir, if you could only order county rate; \$460 street watering, or in all,

down with an honest report explaining what has become of the metrcy and why it was necessary to strike the old rate on an increased assessment of a quarter of a million dollars. If you fail to bring down the required report, then I, as a heavy ratepayer, shall feel it my duty to do so in order that the prople may go to the polls with their eyes open at next election. And probably my report will not be creditable to the supposed honexly or intelligence of our Town Fathers; and in order to save mer the trouble and our Council the odium my revelations might make, let us have the report from the proper source that it should come from. Thos. Fig.

School Notes.

Following is the standing of the pupils in the various classes of S. S. No. 4, Vern lam, for the month of October. Names are inserted in order of meri :- Fourth the world is no worse than it is, and man's -Lizzie Patterson, Annie E. Martin, future is so bright, because the joy and John J. Martin. Third Sr-Annie Burwealth of life are as well distributed as they are, and better than ever before, because the movement of humanity is constantly upward and the revelation of God's goodness is ever clearer as the earth rolls on in its appointed path.—Syracuse Standard.

John J. Martin. Third Sr—Admic Burges, treorgina, V. Kelso, Martin. Third Jr.—Robert E. Kelso, Martin. Third Jr.— Prescott. Second Part of 1st-Altred Pinkham, George Bick, Roland Bick, Frank Prescott. First Part - Samuel Bick, Mand Pinkham, Manie Beck Wille Junkin. First Part Sr. - John W. Patterson, Victoria Beck. J. F. CAR-MICHAEL, teacher.

The following is the standing in order of merit of the nest three pupils in each class in S.S. No. 12, Oakwood, Mariposa: -Sr Fourth-Bertie King, Bertha Chidlev, Alice Curts, Harry Curts. Jr Fourth Fred Bingham, Lake Bowes, James Thomas, Charles Lake, Annie Chidley, Sr. Third—Lazie Sheridae, Wm. Brown, Gordon Mann. Jr. Third—Alice McLauchlin, Addie Jeffers, Edith Humphrey, Ella Robson, Sr. Second — Florence Patterson, El le Lownsbrough, Stella Reunie, Jr. Second—Mabel King, Min-Reunie. Jr. Second—Madel King, Minnie Humphrey, Maggie Wright. Sr. Part II.—E. die Bingham, Leelie Mark, Minnie Chidley. Jr. Part II—Herbie Rennie, Maudie Steples, equal, Meta Bowes, Flora Butler. Sr. First—Florence Mark, Altred Archer, Ida Martindele. Jr.—Johenie Thorndike, Florence Hopper, Chester Archer. J. M. Shrarbr, A. Dames, teachers.

Eczema, Itchy, Scaly, Skin Torture The simple application of "SWAYNE's OFNTMENT," without any internal medicine, will cure any case of Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworn, Piles, Itch, Sores, Pimples, Eczena all Scaly Itchy Skin Ecuptions, no matter how obstinate or long standing. It is potent, effective, and costs but a trifle. -48-26.

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Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping-cough, Etc.,

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