"So you want to stay with me?" he

Gratefully yours,

and as they would made no use of

"Shan't I ever see you again Joe?

turned with a heavy sigh and walked

JOE' AND 'FRED."

understand?"

ur many friends and astomers for their supduring the year ne, is the wish of

Yours, very truly,

THE JEWELLER, 86 Kent Street.

ICITED

DPLE

er-effects of grippe,

oviding a cure for

lective action.

DAY

Grocers.

da for the price

experience and

e than can be

the truth of this

grades at the

Canned Goods

ence our large

Try us for your

cheap to buy.

neap to clear.

y and

The Watchman. THURSDAY, JAN. 28th, 1896.

on the windows refused to yield basket near by. combined influence of the pale uber sunlight without and the Fred, ce heat within. Norah, the coming home from a hasty trip grocer's for some articles which h the bulkhead instead of facing | we don't swear, nor-"

ah to herself, as she looked out of as to run away from." kitchen window at two tramps and did not make them hasten, but to me!" growled Fred angirly. use to hury, since, as warmlater, "There's no Thanksgiving | melted away. e likes of them, poor souls, an'

tractedly. "And Norah, you had a college chap for all I know." ter put the cold boiled ham and the rn cellar, until after Thanksgiving. sake room in the pantry for other hear.

woman, but her mind was full

of it left for tramps. aid Norah, "they are just in my pants!" re, and its no use saving them."

wandered into the railway face!"

ad thundered by.

I board-well she's a cranky an exploring expedition.

We'll get on."

ain't no common tramps potatoes.

the route they had come. The houses who shall say what dreams of sible and easy for him to return. With Mr. Whiting laughed and closed the stretches of blackness between the of others yet to come. turned up the collars of their thread- make the beds and sweep up!" leeper in their pockets.

ering teeth.

eing Norah go in through the ashes. oulkhead, and hearing Mrs Whiting Going into the laundry he washed "What are you going to do?" said Mr. Boynoton paused and lifted his say to a departing caller, "Yes, we are his face and hands at one of the set Fred. "Never mind about me," said hat reverently. going this evening on the late train, tubs, smiling a little as the action the other. "You do as I tell you. "Heaven bless her always, and all W. pt. N.W. 1..... 20 Thanksgiving."

they stumbled down the steps, and piled on one of the paper bags, filled a rather tramp with you and starve than ed, and he, too went his way. wish to return were under cover. It was not specially tin pail cover with doughnuts, spread live right up to the handle with most As Mr. Boyton sat in his handsome ar sincere thanks to paradise in contrast with the bitter and breakfast was ready! cold outside.

> A faint light streamed from the asked. half opened door of the furnace- "Well," answered Joe, soberly, "tea times. He must make a new start among evidently left ajar to keep the fire is sort of womanish, and coffee might new people, if he made one. Perhaps GAVE AWAY HIS CRUTCHES. alive until the family should return make you bilious let's try cold water!" he might fail; it would be up-bill work

tappy and prosperous tub which turned upside down made a eaten from their jackets, were not to said, and Fred brightened instantly. enough to talk he said.

> spend Thanksgiving." "Maybe sometody here all the same | "I can't help thinking," said Fred, you what I could'nt for myself."

you better go slow, old boy!" continued huskily, "of the farm, and-"

the fire; but we'll keep quiet all the tramps. Be thankful that you are not "Will you help the bearer to get work at same," and he changed the dampers a frozen or starved."

furnaces?" said the boy.

said Joe, briefly.

stern and sad.

augh; "I wasn't born one! few are." and white table ware. There was them for their involuntary host and had to use crutches for a long time There wasn't no furnace in my always chicken pie of Thanksgiving hostess:

ers of passing sleighs, and the into long splinters which he put into a a month—over his home memories.

by maid of all work at the Whit- That's what a tramp is supposed to do Thanksgiving days? -cut wood to pay for his loaging!"

Now see them two poor b'ys," said farmhouse that you were such a fool disgraced her!

were sauntering by. Even the I wonder? You haint no call to talk himself. "He shall go back to the "Would, you, though?" said Joe six bexes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr.

d Norah said to her mistress a despairing groan that the other's anger dream to him."

Whiting was a kind-hearted giving dinner?" said Fred, presently was a repetition of the morning's bill of more together. Fred's boyish grief First dinner party, to be given can't starve." Joe roused himself, fastidious and waxed facetious over but none the less sincere. night, and there really wasn't a "If we can find any food we'll take it- their repast. and pay for it." "Sorry" said Fred.

schanged no words about her. we can find to do." ("Never heard of breast and some stuffing." odded wearily on, the sun a tramp hunting for work much," down out of sight, and the muttered Fred-"never does in them with a chuckle. winter twilight deepened into newspaper yarns-wouldn't think a The wind went down, but it tramp had feelings like other folks to said Joe, after laughing at the picture Five years later, the Whiting, who and all other kinds of inside bitterly cold, and the two read them yarns, or even wash his suggested by Fred's remark of a pig had moved to a crude new western

we can."

ve got to leave now. If I just must have swiped my blankets!',

bachelor, and the old lady candle, which he lighted and went on roasted evenly without burning.

tle one now. He ain't mor'n Fred what he had discovered, divided plans later.

seventeen-just a boy. Too bad, too the rugs with him, fixed the furnace There was no shadow of a crime ing!" and then blushed as she realized for the night, and then the two poor between Fred and his home, and his that her remark might sound a trifle The two tramps plodded back over wanderers tried to sleep, haunted by parents were both living. It was pos- uncomplimentary. were all dark. There were long Thanksgivings past, and gloomy visions himself it was different. His mother carriage door. Then, in reply to Mr.

the "newspaper tramps" who never not going to live this way any longer." this is my corner." warm in the cellar, but it seemed a a stray newspaper on the wash bench folks."

Bringing out two empty fruit jars, he anyway. Why not keep the boy with The elder of the tramps, whom his filled them with that wholesome if not him? But reason said "No." He might THE STORY OF MR. J. McOONOGH companion called Joe, closed it and exactly "warming" beverage. Two not be able to save himself-he could pened the drafts. He brought up an paper bags answered for plates; the save the other. old chair without a back and a wash potatoes were done just enough, and good seat. When they were warm be despised. Salt would have "Now," said Joe. Don't you want improved them, but the ham helped to see your mother?" Fred nodded "We are all right till to-morrow to make that deficiency less aparent. "Well, old fellow I'm going to fix it night. I heard the lady say they were As they drew up to that improvised so you can, but you must drop me From The Tiverton Watchman. going away on the evening train to table the same thought struck each to do it. Its the best thing, the only that it was Thanksgiving morning!

"Guess not, by the way they left your breakfast! we're tramps-just wrote with a lead pencil as follows

and opened the furnace door to warm only a boy after all, poor fellow, and enough to clothe himself properly for the visit? Pills, a representative of the Watchman this chilled fingers. "Say, Joe, how'd you know about from home. Both were silent for sometime. Fred's thoughts persisted once existed between us, and to which I for harness bench, as well and active as any "Used to have one at home, Fred," in going back to the bright New Eugland kitchen, and his last Thanks- his in that prosperous time, which he to a question about his cure said :- "Yes. His companion glanced curiously at giving breakfast there. He could see had disgraced and had been forced to mine was quite a remarkable case. Two In the faint light his face looked, it all, like a picture. The yellow renounce forever. Folding the shabby years ago last spring, while at home in painted floor with its braided mats, little note, he addressed it to one of the with rheumatism, my feet and ankles "You wasn't always a tramp, no the sun shining across the breakfast prominent business men of W—, swelling so that I could not even put on table with its coarse, white tablecloth, Then taking one of the useful paper an overshoe. I was in bed for three table with its coarse, white tablecloth, the doctor, and with recumatism, my feet and ankies prominent business men of W—, swelling so that I could not even put on an overshoe. I was in bed for three table with its coarse, white tablecloth, the doctor, and with recumatism, my feet and ankies prominent business men of W—, swelling so that I could not even put on table with its coarse, white tablecloth, the doctor, and table with its coarse, white tablecloth, the doctor, and the doctor, and table with its coarse, white tablecloth, the doctor, and table with its coarse, white tablecloth, the doctor, and table with its coarse, white tablecloth, table with its coarse, white tableclot "No," said the other with a harsh its steel knives and brown bags he wrote a note to leave behind weeks under the care or the doctor, and West half .......

There was a long pause, Joe filled were warming. He always would given us courage to make a new start in life to my heart and killing me. I have read West half...... TRAMPS' THANKSGIVING two of Noah's paper bags with coal keep them there, no matter what food and shelter which you would probably Pills, and the cures they had wrought, and replenished the fire noiselessly. mother said, and mother—Fred jumped have denied us if asked, and not without rea- and I determined to try them. At first I was a biting cold afternoon. The then he took out a clasp knife and up suddenly and going into the laundry son. We are only two tramps, but we hope did not notice much change, but before I

> And that older man, left to his own ed our purpose as tramps and which we now "What are you doing, Joe?" said thoughts at the rough breakfast table? drop forever, What words can describe the pictures "Oh, just paying for my lodging! his memories called up of happier

No humble kitchen with its rustic, ed his admiration for the author of it I cheerfully recommed them to others "I say." said Fred, "we ain't bad table service, but glitter of silver and in no stinted term. "But it don't suffering as I did." had forgotten to order, slipped in uns, for tramps, we don't steal, and perfume of flowers, costly demask and sound like a tramp's letter," he object. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the priceless china-a gracious presence ed. "The fclks'll think its a joke." erce wind which came whirling 'Oh, we are an ornament to the presiding over all. His widowed "It won't seem a joke to find all the corner. She didn't stop to profession, we are!" interjected the mother, Heaven help her! Was ever their ham and doughnuts gone, I'm troubles, locemotor staxis, sciatica, rheuthe bulkhead. They seldom other contemptuously—then in a cursed with such a son? a gambler, thinking," said Joe grimly. fasten it. They were young different tone, "Fred my boy, we are a a . fuigtive from justice, an outcast "Well, its a great letter," said the etc., these pills are superior to all other ple at the Whiting's, new to house. bad lot, and you know it; just useless forever. "The only son of his mother boy. "Don't believe old Winters that troubles which makes the lives of so many ig. and it was one of their loafers. Fred, did they used to keep and she a widow." Ah, happy widow kept our school at home and thought women a burden, and speedily restore the Thanksgiving at your home? That of the Bible story, whose son had not he was some pumpkins, could hold a

> "Well what did you run away from, try to save the boy," he thought to chuckle. farm, and in a few years these months significantly. "Well, I wouldn't. And Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., Well, I "What, indeed?" said Joe with a of wandering will seem almost like a now we must have our last meal here or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imita-

When Fred reappeared, Joe made anything a tramp left behind him, we "Say," he went on after a pause, no allusion to his absence, and they may as well take the rest of the ham "you must have had a lot of learning. seated about the work they had and doughouts with us." tes, its hard," said Mrs. Whiting You don't talk like me. You may be planned to do, They piled up the They ate their supper in a thoughtwood neatly, cut up a large quantity ful mood. Then Joe tacked his "letter" Joe made no reply. His great of kindlings, mended the handle of the on the door at the head of the cellar doughouts in the store closet helpless-looking black eyes were fixed wood basket, and did various things stairs, fixed the fire once more, and on vacancy and he did not seem to that had been left for the man who they left the shelter that had meant so came perionially to do odd jobs. much to them to be homeless wanderers "What shall we have for Thanks- Then it was time to get dinner, which once more, but not together-never "I hate to steal their food, but we fare, but the tramps were not was open and violent, Joe's repressed

"Will you have dark or light nieat?" I'll go with you now if you'll only let me," pleaded the boy, but Joe refused, big and the clasp knife in his nand. "The world is small, after all. You "Star" brand. WATER LIME, PLASTER PARIS, Albert "The world is small, after all. You "The world is small, after all. You "The world is small, after all. You "The world is small, after all." take the paper bags down, "but my pocket book is in my other said Joe with the boiled ham before me," pleaded the boy, but Joe refused, "Oh, shut up!" said Joe good "This," surveying the ham carefully, may see me again sometime," said he; tramps had looked at Norah as naturedly, "you listen to me. When "is the finest turkey I've seen for some but in his heart he knew better. ged in through the bulkhead, its light we'll look about and see what time! Do let me give you a bit of the Outside the gate they parted.

"I'd rather have a wing!" said Fred it disappeared in the darkness, then

"No cramberry sauce, thank you," off in the opposite direction. with wings! "I prefer a roasted apple," city, were one day reminded of their to get warm. There they "When you are done jabbering helping himself to one of several that "tramp episode," as they always called until after the last express young fellow we'd better get a nap, if Fred had roasted by stringing them on it. a long stiff wire that he had found Mrs. Whiting and a lady friend ry to turn you out, boys," said "H'm, can't find any pillow," said among the rubbish. By resting one were soliciting subscriptions for some d-hearted old station master, the irrepressible Fred; "and some feller end on the back of the furnacelining, charity, and Mr. Whiting went with and moving the other back and forth, them one afternoon and stopped at the DRY MILL WOOD. The company have

for his benevolence, even in a city After dinner they occupied them- where open handed givings was the rule Lath, Etc. In the adjacent laundry he found selves in making plans for the future. and not the exception. The gentle-TRLEPHONES-Office, No 77, Mill No. 78. all right, mate—thank you some old rugs hung over a line, and in The memories of the day had stirred man cheerfully signed the paper and same," said the elder of the the store closet the boiled ham and the hearts of both, and determined brought it to the ladies, as he was just doughnuts and some raw apples and them to make a new start. At least, leaving the office for the night. As Joe was determined to give his young the signature caught Mrs. Whiting's said to himself. Young, too! Going back with the rugs, he told companion one, and mature his own eye she gave a start and exclaimed, Try Our Job Department "Why it looks like our tramp's writ- Try Our Job Department"

had died, and he himself was dead to Boynton's inquiring look, he said, scattered street lamps that seemed Thanksgiving morning dawned clear all of his name and race. But in the "Shall I walk a few steps with you colder to the poor fellows just by and cold. "I'll get breakfast," said far west, with a new name, he might and tell you our tramp story? It is reason of the absence of light. They Joe, "and you-well, you'd better have an honorable if not a happy quite like a romance." As he finished, career, after years of hard work and he said, "I don't mind telling you, Mr. oure overcoats, and thrust their hands | Somewhat refreshed by a night's discouragement. At least he could try. Boynton, that there's apt to be a lump rest, and in comfortable quarters, their "Fred," he said, "we are about eight in my throat when I think of those Part of Lot, or Street. 'I can't stand this much longer," spirits revived and they entered into miles from W-, and I'm going to poor fellows, and as for my wife, I inally gasped the younger, with chat- the fun of the thing with a boyish send you with a note to an old friend don't believe there are many nights East half. ......... 5 abandon, surprising to themselves as who will help you to get work. When when she doesn't pray for those two East half...... His companion looked about him; they looked back upon it in after years. you have earned enough to get some tramps whom we never saw, and of hey were at the Whiting house and a Joe raked down the furnace fire and decent clothes and pay your fare back whom we know only what is written W. of William-st... 8 Lought struck him. He remembered put some potatoes to roast in the hot to the old farm, you are to go-you on a brown paper bag which she W. of Bobcaygeonkeeps in her desk.'

"Come this way," he said briefly, wash their faces! Then he carefully "But I hate to leave you, Joe," said Mr. Whiting looked after him a and led his companion towards the washed his useful clasp knife, cut some the boy. "You've been awful good to moment. "Queer fellow-Boynton- North half...... buikhead, It yielded to his touch; generous slices of boiled ham which he me since we've been together. I'd rather abrupt sometimes," he mutter- North half. ......

> but lonely room that night, there Joe looked at him sadly and irreso was a wistful expression on his face "What are we going to drink," Fred lutely-here was his only friend. He as he said to himself, "I wonder if F. Falls West..... never could go back to those of former Fred went home to the farm!"

OF TIVERTON, ONT.

SUFFERED FROM TWO SEVERE ATTACKS OF PINK PILLS CURED HIM AND HE GAVE AWAY HIS CRUTCHES.

Anyone seeing the robust health and thing for you. You see I can ask for active form of Mr. Jack McDonogh, who West half..... is managing Mr. A. Gilchrist's harness West half...... business during his absence in Scotland, On the blank leaf of an old letter would be considerably surprised to learn "Don't talk!" said Joe sharply, "eat which he found in the rubbish, he that only two years ago he was a confirmed invalid and unable to walk without the aid of crutches. But such is the case, and which he can earn an honest living, and see hearing of his remarkable cure from the trifle, drew up his improvised chair, Fred choked back a sob. He was that he goes to visit his parents when he has excruciating agony of inflammatory rheua respectable position and has earned money matism by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink He signed the name which had been young man in the country, and in reply

that. The next spring the rheumatism | ? cracked sharply under the began to whistle a piece of pine wood shed bitter tears—the first for many to be men with some place in the world, how had taken half a dozen boxes I was so ever humble, before another Thanksgiving, much improved that I had given away my crutches and have never required their some time longer and I have never had a touch of rheumatism since, and hope I As Fred read this epistle and signed never may. I can say that Pink Pills it in a big schoolboy hand, he express cured me of a bad case of rheumatism and

root of the disease, driving if from the system and restoring the patient to health matism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, rich glow of health to pale and sallow candle to it! Wouldu't I like to be worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, "It may be too late for me, but I'll here when they read it?" with a boyish a certain cure. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c. a box, or ner. tions er substitutes alleged to be "just as

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- - COLEMAN'S SALT IN BARRELS.

Joe BRICK, and HOLLOW TERRA COTTA watched the ungainly boyish figure till for partitions, all for sale at a reduction to ... make room for other goods. . . .

> DOORS, SASH, MOULDINGS . . . . finish . . . .

> COAL-Egg, Stove, Nut, Soft Grate and Blacksmith.

tome," he said reflectively, "but Joe took from his pocket a bit of a be kept them turning so that they office of a business acquaintance noted built a large shed and will be prepared to supply Dry Mill Wood during the winter. Rough and Dressed Lumber, Shingles,

G. H. M. BAKER, AGENT

TREASURER'S SALE OF LANDS

VICTORIA.

For Arrears of Taxes, to be held at the Court House, Lindsay, on

TUESDAY, 16th February, 1897, at 11 O'Clock A.M. TOWNSHIP OF BEXLEY. \$31 04 Patented 25 56 Patented VILLAGE OF BOBCAYGEON. 13 28 Patented 1 79 1 81 14 22 Patented st., S. of North-st. 7 TOWNSHIP OF CARDEN. West half..... 13 91 Not Patentel 12 11 11 70 Not Patented 1 75 9 23 Patented 9 64 Patented 11 70 Not Patented 9 64 Not Patentel TOWNSHIP OF DALTON. 14 99 Not Patented 10 55 Not Patented 7 28 Not Patented TOWNSHIP OF DIGBY. 4 87 Not Patented 17 43 Not Patented VILLAGE OF FENELON FALLS: 3 67 Patented F. Falls West. centre pt...... 60 F. Falls West..... 122 " 129 2 70 Patented 2 74 Patented 2 70 Patented 2 70 Pacented 2 37 Patented F. Falls West, W. pt 164 172 2 70 Patented 3 55 Patented 2 01 Patented 3 78 Patented TOWNSHIP OF LAXTON. West half..... 14 11 Not Patented West half..... 25 00 Patented S.W. ‡...... West half..... 3 92 Not Patental Patented 19 62 Patented East half...... 10 93 Patented 10 59 Patented West 50 acres..... Not Patented 13 07 Not Patented 16 55 Patented 11 68 Not Petented 21 69 Patented ling Co.).....

> VILLAGE OF NORLAND IN LAXTON. 7 97 Patented 8 48 Patented 8 48 Patented 7 64 Patented 8 79 Patented 8 77 Patented 8 48 Patented 7 97 Patented TOWNSHIP OF MARIPOSA. TOWNSHIP OF OPS. 2 80 54 74 Patented TOWNSHIP OF SOMERVILLE. 16 38 Patented 28 74 Patented 54 54 Patented 51 75 23 18 Not Patented 2 02 1 92 Not Patented

10 19 Patented 32 29 Patented 21 13 Patented TOWNSHIP OF VERULAM West half..... 29 VILLAGE OF WOODVILLE.

I, THOMAS MATCHETT, Treasu. Ter of the County of Victoria, as directed by the Warrant of the use since. I still took the Pink Pills for Warden of the said County of Victoria, coels of land, for the arrears of taxes now due upon them reeach and every of the above mentioned particles of land, for the arrears of taxes now due upon them respectively, as above set out, together with the said County of Victoria, at Eleven o'clock in the paid), at the Court House in the Town of Linds ary, A.D., 1897. ary, A.D., 1897. forenoon, on Tuesday, the Sixteenth day of Febru

> COUNTY TREASURER'S OFFICE, LINDSAY, 10TH NOV., 1896. First published in "THE WATCHMAN," 12th November, 1896.

### NEW BICYCLE

N. of King-st., E. of

Nappadale-st..... 31

GENERAL REPAIR SHOP The undersigned will buy any quantity

Byclists attention! Have your wheels put in trim by a thoroughly practical mechanic. Don't wait for the rush.

Practical Machinist, Tool-Maker Lock and Gunsmith.

O. 23, WILLIAM STREET NORTH

## FENELON FALLS

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We Want You to come to our store LOOKING PLEASANT

besides quinine, and all those bitter The Lindsay Planing Mills. things; we don't want you to think we are happy only when you are sick. Of course, if you must be ill, we always want to put up your prescription, but we have a thousand and one things that you need besides medicine. Just now we have some particularly fine bathing accessories. Rubber and bristle bath brushes very cheap; bath mitts and elegant bath towels. They ROBERT will last for years and you take solid comfort every time you use them. Is prepared to furnish the people of Lind-say and surrounding country with MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES, both and toilet waters. We have all kinds and at all prices. In fact we have everything usually keyt in a firist class rugg store.

sometimes. We have so much to sell

H. J. Lytle,

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Hardwood Fine Machinery, Tools and Instruments along the shores of Balsam Lake. It of all kinds repaired in a first-class man must be sound 22 inch and 4 foot wood.

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ROBT CHAMBERS

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OVERCOATINGS.

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