

The Old Clock.

By the fireside I am sitting,  
And I hear the old clock say,  
"Time is ever swiftly fitting,  
From thy sight away, away."  
Ticking, ticking, slowly ticking,  
Our life's weary little day,  
Ever flying—ever dying  
From thy sight, away, away!

A FROZEN HEART.

BY SHIRLEY BROWNE.

"Two children!" said Decimus Black. "Coming here! I won't have 'em—and there's the end of it."  
Mr. Black stood on the red-brick hearth in front of the big wood fire, in an attitude of the intensest animosity, an open letter in his hand, a frown darkening his rugged face.  
Mrs. Black paused in her occupation of stocking mending—a pained expression passed over her toil-worn lineaments.  
"But they are your own son's children, Decimus," she pleaded. "And their grandma on their mother's side is dead, and there ain't no one to care for 'em at Hill's Hollow."  
"Well, I can't help that," retorted the old man, setting his yellow teeth together. "Do the Hill's Hollow folks think I keep a free tavern! I don't like children. I never did. When John James married and had a family he didn't consult me—and I ain't goin' to support 'em! I want that clearly understood. At my age I can't have children racketing about the house. I brought up John James and Esther Anne—and that's all can be expected of me!"  
Mrs. Black's countenance fell. In her secret mind she had all the morning been planning what room John James' orphans should have, how she would unpack sundry broken toys that she kept in a chest in the garret—sole relics of the only child she ever had had—for their behoof, and what a gleam of sunshine their presence will bring into the silent, dreary house. They were no kith nor kin to her, being the grandchildren of old Decimus' first wife, yet her heart warmed to them with longing tenderness.  
"It seems 'most a pity," said she; "not to—"  
"We won't argey the question no further," said Black, sharply. "I ain't goin' to hev 'em here—and that's the long and the short of it."  
"But, father, they're on the way here already!"  
"Then they'll hev to be on the way back, that's all, afore they're twenty-four hours older."  
And Decimus Black went out. Five minutes later the ring of his ax at the wood pile, sharp and sudden, gave the key-note to his mood of stern resolve.  
"Is this the house, Kitty?" said little Johnny Black, as the stage-driver helped him out of the creaking old vehicle. "Does grandpa live here?"  
"Oh, dear, I do so hope there's a good fire, bec use I'm so frozen cold!"  
The elder sister, a mite of ten, stood on tiptoe to sound the knocker, while little Johnny clung to her, with one hand on the tattered carpet-sack that contained their earthly stores.  
"Ain't there no one there?" faltered he.  
"I don't know," said Kitty, "I'll knock again."  
Still no answer came. Mrs. Black was out feeding her chickens in the barn-yard, and old Decimus was performing his nightly task of milking, in the safe shelter of the cow-stable. As it happened he was the first to re-enter the house and confront the little creatures who were still patiently waiting on the doorstep.  
"Eh?" said he. "Who be you?"  
"We're John and Catherine," said the girl. "We couldn't make any one hear. Please, are you our Grandpa Black?"  
The old man peered up the road.  
"Stage gone?" said he.  
"Yes, sir!" Kitty answered shiver-

"Ain't we to stay here?" hesitated Kitty.  
"No," said Decimus, "you ain't! We don't want no children here. Come, start on—it'll be dark pretty soon!"  
And by way of terminating matters he shut the door in their faces, and went back into the house with a grim chuckle.  
"It's a good thing Betsy wasn't here," said he to himself. "She'd a-been dead sure to hev made a fuss. Woman hain't no judgment nor discretion."  
Half a dozen rods down the road Regina Whelpley, the village school-mistress, came upon two forms crouching among the dead leaves in the angle of the old stone wall.  
"Mercy upon us!" said she, with a little start. "Who is this?"  
And with tears and tribulation the children told their story.  
Regina was a tall, straight girl, with eyes as black as coals, a rosy color, and a true womanly heart.  
"It's a shame!" said she. "Two little helpless creatures like you! But every one knows that when Decimus Black makes up his mind to a thing there ain't no softening him. Hush! there he goes now."  
She drew the children back into the shadow as the old man trudged past, the visor of his fur cap pulled over his eyes, his hands thrust deep down into his pockets. All three drew a long breath of relief when he was gone.  
"Look here, said kind Regina, "I'd take you in myself if I had a home; but I have none. I'm only a country school-teacher, boarding around. One thing is very certain, though: you can't go any further to-night. I'm boarding my week with your grandma Black now. I know she'll let me take you into my room there, and we can fix up some sort of bed there for one night at least. Your grandma Black, she's a human Christian, and not a heathen sphinx" setting her lips close together.  
"Come, don't cry any more, little boy. I'll take care of you."  
Mrs. Black's amazement at the sight of Miss Whelpley leading a child by either hand on her kitchen threshold may easily be imagined. At the piteous tale she burst into tears.  
"Oh, Miss Regina, said she "what am I to do? He says—"  
"Never mind what he says," curtly interrupted the girl. "We can't let these two poor little creatures perish of cold this bitter March night because he hasn't any heart! As for getting to the tavern before the stage starts again, they're not able to do it. No, after all, what would become of them at the other end of the route? No, Mrs. Black, we'll give 'em a good supper of warm bread and milk, and fix 'em a bed in my room for to-night. And if your husband finds it out and scolds you, why, you may just tell him it was my fault. I'm not afraid of him if you are. And to-morrow we'll consider what is best to do next."  
Thus relieved, to a certain extent, of the responsibility, old Mrs. Black set to work with a glad and pitying heart to warm and feed the two poor little children, and did not rest until she had seen them snugly asleep on a floor-bed in the corner of Regina's small apartment.  
"It don't seem as if I could ever let 'em go again, Miss Whelpley," said the old woman, wiping her spectacle-glasses. "But you don't know what it is to be married."  
"No, I don't," said Regina, laughing. "But, never mind, Mrs. Black, two sweet children like this will be sure to find a home somewhere."  
Old Decimus came home at the usual hour from his chat at the village store.  
Mrs. Black looked guiltily up at him as he entered.  
"It's a snowin'," said he, "snowin' hard."  
"Is it, father?"  
"Yes. Where's the lantern?"  
"What do you want the lantern for?"  
Decimus Black writhed uneasily.  
"I stopped in at the tavern on my way back," said he, "an' they told me the stage went back empty."  
"Did it, father?" (in a low voice).  
"An' I feel sort of uneasy to think what can have become o' them children," unwillingly admitted the old man.  
"I dare say for't, I can't get the look o' that boy outen my head. It's jest the way John James used to look at me. John James had dreadful peasant eyes. Help me to search for the lantern mother. I must go out and hunt the children up. I wish to goodness I'd never sent 'em away."  
At that moment the door at the foot of the stairs opened, Regina Whelpley stood there with flushed cheeks and shining eyes.  
"If you really mean that, Mr. Black," said she, "Providence has been kinder to you than you had any right to expect. Light the candle, Mrs. Black. Show him where the poor creatures are. I found them cowering under a stone fence, Mr. Black, and I brought them here on my own responsibility. Look!"  
She held the candle high above her head. Old Decimus leaned forward and for the first time in her life Mrs. Black

saw a big tear plash down from his dim eyes on the blue plaid coverlet.  
"I'm glad on't," said he "I'm glad on't! It's a bitter March night, and the snow is falling as I never knowed it to fall afore in March, and if them little ones had perished—"  
His voice broke down, he turned his face away.  
"Father," pleaded the old woman, coming close to him and putting one withered hand appealingly on his arm, "they may stay here, mayn't they?"  
"Yes," he answered, in a husky voice "they may stay here."  
So the little wanderers found a home, after all, and, to judge by popular report, an unpleasant one.  
"For, I do declare," said Miss Whelpley, the village school mistress, "those children rule the whole house. Only think of old Decimus Black, who used to think that children had no business to exist, building a play-room for them in the barn, and buying a little pony for 'em to ride, and taking 'em with him wherever he goes. His heart has been frozen up tight these many years, but it has thawed at last."  
So it had. In the sunshine of children's smiles, the magic influence of which the Great Teacher spoke, when He said:  
"And a little child shall lead them."  
Died of Fright.  
During the great epidemic of influenza in this country and in Europe, it was remarked by many physicians that it was impossible to tell exactly where the influenza left off and panic began, so many people were ill with complaints which only their own nervous imagination connected with the epidemic. This observation recalls an old story told centuries ago, perhaps, but apparently forgotten since.  
According to the legend a peasant was travelling through a forest on horseback, bound towards his village, when he was stopped by an old woman.  
"Give me a ride behind you," said the old woman.  
"Who are you," asked the peasant.  
"I am the Plague," she said.  
The peasant said not a word, but put his whip to his horse, which gave a big jump.  
"Stop! Stop!" said the old woman, running after him; "do you think I shall not get to your village just the same, whether you give me a ride or not? I shall be there a little later on, never fear. Be reasonable, then, and give me a lift. In return, I promise that I will not touch you nor any of yours."  
"Get on," said the peasant, bringing his horse to a standstill.  
The Plague mounted behind him, and they rode on. Presently the peasant, growing bold, stopped and said to the old woman:  
"If you want to make me perfectly happy, you will spare Johnny Smith at the village, and Billy Weaver, and Tom Joiner."  
"Very well," said the old woman. "I will spare them."  
The man whipped up his horse again, but had not gone more than a quarter of a mile further before he begged the Plague to spare such an one, and such an one, and such an one.  
"I will spare them," she said.  
And this went on until there was not more than ten people in the village whom the Plague had not agreed to spare.  
They arrived at the village. On the following day a great many people were taken ill with the plague, and within a day or two thirty of the villagers were dead.  
The peasant ran to the Plague in great indignation.  
"Look here! he exclaimed; you are a wicked wretch. You didn't keep your promises. Thirty people are dead already!"  
"I have kept my promise faithfully," said the old woman. "It is true thirty are dead, but only ten of them died of the plague. All the rest died of fright."  
The moral of this story is that, during an epidemic, the people should live and act prudently, but should not be in a state of fear.  
"Gerrymandering."  
The term comes from the name of Elbridge Gerry, one of the leading Democratic politicians of the first half century of the nation's history. He was Governor of Massachusetts in 1811, and signed the first bill giving one party all the advantage in a State election by an unnatural arrangement of legislative districts. Thus the Democrats carried the next election, though nearly two-thirds of the votes were cast by the Federalists. Editor Russell, of the Boston Sentinel, a leading Federal organ, made a colored map showing one of the most ill-shaped districts in Essex county and hung it up in his sanctum. One day, Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated painter, whose portrait of Washington is so well known, was looking at the map, and remarked that it reminded him of some monstrous animal. Picking up a pencil he added what might represent a head, wings, tail, and claws.  
"There," he said, "that will do for a salamander." Russell looked around and exclaimed:—"Salamander! Call it Gerrymander!" The name stuck and has forever stained the fame of the man who had little to do with the partisan scheme, who was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and was Vice-President of the United States when he died.—Cleveland Leader.  
It is reported that Count Kalnoky, the Austrian Imperial Prime Minister, has suggested that a conference be held between Emperor William, Emperor Francis Joseph, and King Humbert as the only means of allaying the anxiety prevailing in Austria and Italy arising from the resignation of Prince Bismark.

The Churches.  
METHODIST, Cambridge street.—Rev. Dr. Williams, Pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School and Bible Class at 2.30. Classes at 10 A. M. Prayer meeting, Wednesday at 8 P. M. Young People's Christian Endeavor Society, every Friday evening at 7.30.  
METHODIST, Queen Street.—Rev. G. W. Dewey, Pastor. Services at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Thursday at 7.30 P. M.  
BAPTIST, Cambridge Street.—Rev. W. K. Anderson, Pastor. Services at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Prayer Meeting Sabbath morning at 10.30 A. M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P. M. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor Monday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.—All seats free.  
ST. ANDREW'S (Presbyterian), William Street. Rev. Robert Johnston, B. A., Pastor. Services at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 3.00 P. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 8.00 P. M. Young People's Christian Circle Sabbath Morning at 10.15  
ST. PAUL'S (Church of England) Russell Street.—Rev. C. H. Marsh, Rector. Services at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2.30. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.  
ST. MARY'S (Roman Catholic) Russell Street.—Rev. Vicar-General Laurent, Pastor. Rev. C. S. Bretherton, Curate. Services at 8.00 and 10.30 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 3.30 P. M.  
Y. M. C. A., Rooms opposite new post office. Open daily from 9.00 A. M. to 10.00 P. M. Religious Meetings for young men Sunday afternoons at 4.15 Short addresses. Good singing. Young men always welcome. Robert Kennedy, President; F. B. Utley, General Secretary.  
D. CAMPBELL, WOODVILLE LIVERY.  
COMFORTABLE RIGS AND GOOD driving horses at reasonable rates. Special attention paid to commercial men. INQUIRE AT QUEEN'S HOTEL WOODVILLE.  
THE RIGHT PLACE —TO GET— Room Papers, Picture Frames, Self-Rolling Window Shades and Picture Hanging Mouldings is at Wm. A. Goodwin's, near the market.  
NEW GOODS! NEW PRICES! Lindsay, Jan. 16, 1887. 1-1f. Physicians.  
DR. DEGRASSI, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC., ETC., Wellington-St. Lindsay.  
W. L. HERRIMAN, M. D. M. C. P. & S. K. G. Office and residence Cambridge St. Lindsay, opposite Baptist Church.  
DR. C. L. COULTER, MEDICAL Health Officer, Grand Trunk Surgeon, Lindsay District. Office and residence, Russell Street, Lindsay, second door west of York Street. Office hours, 9.00 A. M. to 10.30 A. M.; 1.30 P. M. to 3 P. M. and 7 to 8 P. M. Lindsay, Jan. 8th, 1890.—50.  
Professional Cards.  
F. D. MOORE, BARRISTER, AT TORNEY, Solicitor and Notary Public MONEY TO LOAN. Office, Kent-St., Lindsay.  
HUDSPETH & JACKSON, BARRISTERS, Solicitors, etc. Office William-St. ADAM HUDSPETH, Q. C. ALEX. JACKSON  
G. H. HOPKINS, (successor to Martin & Hopkins) Barrister, Solicitor etc. Office, Thirkell's Block, Kent St. Lindsay, Ontario.  
MCWEYNE & ANDERSON, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, etc. Hamiltons, Block, Kent street, Lindsay.  
JOHN MCWEYNE. DONALD R. ANDERSON.  
H. B. DEAN, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, Practor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Etc. Offices in Bigelow's Block, Corner York & Kent Streets. Entrance on York Street, Lindsay, Ont.  
MCINTYRE & STEWART, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Notaries, etc., etc. Offices over Ontario Bank, Kent-St., Lindsay.  
D. J. MCINTYRE. T. STEWART  
A. P. DEVLIN, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, etc., County Crown Attorney, Clerk of Peace, Lindsay, Ont. Office over Howe's store, Kent-St., Lindsay.  
OLEARY & O'LEARY, BARRISTERS Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery &c. Office, Dohney Block, Kent street. ARTHUR O'LEARY. HUGH O'LEARY  
BARRON, & McLAUGHLIN, Barristers, Solicitors, &c. Office, Kent St., Bakers Block, upstairs. MONEY TO LOAN at lowest current rates. JOHN A. BARRON R. J. McLAUGHLIN.

# CARPETS

## WM. BEATTY & SON,

are now showing a fine assortment of

### Wilton, Axminster & Brussels Carpets.

ART SQUARES in various sizes.  
OILCLOTHS AND LINOLEUMS, 24 and 12 feet wide.  
CHINA MATTINGS, in handsome designs, from 25c. up.  
CURTAINS—Silk, Chenille, Madras, Lace, Etc.  
The NEW CORK CARPET, plain and figured.  
BEST 5-FRAME BRUSSELS—Made up with borders to fit rooms of 20 yards and less, at 85c. per yard.

# WM. BEATTY & SON,

3. KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

## A. W. HETTGER

Has removed to the store lately occupied by Mrs. Gensjager east of the Benson House, where he will keep a large stock of

### Fancy Goods, Wools, Embroideries, Silks, and all kinds of Goods in that line.

Wools and other articles now Selling at Cost.

STAMPING DONE TO ORDER

DYEING and SCOURING promptly and neatly executed

A. W. HETTGER.

## MRS. WHYTE,

Is Again in charge of the

### MILLINERY and MANTLE

SHOW ROOMS at

## R. SMYTH & SON'S

New Store opposite the Market House.

### There is a BIG SALE of general DRY GOODS and CLOTHING going on there this month.

## Jas. H. Copeland

BLACKSMITH AND GENERAL JOBBER.  
Horse Shoeing a Specialty. All work attended to promptly.  
BRACEBRIDGE - - - ONT. 39-12m

## A. TROTTER,

BOLTON STREET - - BOBCAYGEON.  
UNDERTAKER, and dealer in all kinds of FURNITURE.  
CHURCH FURNITURE a specialty.  
Repairing neatly and promptly done.  
All orders receive most careful attention.  
Reference can be made to any of the Officials of the Lindsay Methodist Church.

## P. TULLY,

Dealer in Fresh and Salt Meal  
Orders delivered to any part of the town  
Shop—5th door east of the market.

## A. TOWER.

BRACEBRIDGE, - - - ONT  
Agent for the Singer Sewing Machine Company. All supplies kept on hand.

## ALEX. MACDONELL,

GRAIN DEALER,  
AGENT FOR  
Glasgow & London Insurance Co.  
OFFICE:—New Grand Trunk Store-house, Lindsay.  
Risks on Farm Buildings and Stock.  
Lindsay, Nov. 7th, 1889. -41