

The Lindsay Watchman

AND COUNTY OF VICTORIA RECORDER.

VOLUME I, NUMBER 29

LINDSAY, THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1888.

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Lumber Yard, Lindsay
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
And all kinds of Dimensional Lumber and Lengths. Lath and Shingles of all grades, also Dressed & Matched Lumber of all kinds. The above always kept in stock.
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R. BRYANS.

WATCHMAN

Printing Office,
BAKER'S BLOCK, LINDSAY.

The WATCHMAN is published every Thursday morning, at 50 cents per Annum in Advance.

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Plain and Fancy Job Printing,

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LOWEST CITY PRICES.
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Editor and Proprietor.

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AT
Graham & Lee's,

With this issue of the WATCHMAN we extend to its readers many thanks for the cordial support given us since commencing business, and invite all our old customers to give us a continuance of the same. Hoping many readers who have not yet given us any trade will now do so at the commencement of the New Year. Give us a trial.


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China Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, and Chamber Sets,

Ever offered in Lindsay. Excellent value in TEAS and SUGARS, SYRUPS, RAISINS, CURRANTS, &c.

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The great Blood Purifier,
Tonic and Appetizer,
Cures Billiousness, Sick Headache,
Sour Stomach, Disease of Kidneys, Liver, &c.,



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L. O'CONNOR'S Carriage and Wagon Works, Etc.

1888.—LINDSAY—1888.

L. O'CONNOR would respectfully ask all requiring a first class job of any kind in his line to call and see for themselves and not be humbugged by low-toned windbags in this important business. It should not be a question of low prices for inferior goods, but fair price for superior and reliable work.

As for my painting (I do not advertise for old bugs to re-paint) I have my old reliable painter, Mr. John Harding, who has worked for me for ten years and expect he will for another ten, as I do not keep changing hands every year. All work hand-made and by the most skillful workmen. All work guaranteed.

A large stock of **BABY CARRIAGES** and **CHICAGO ROAD CARTS**, the best in the markets. No factory work used.
CORNER OF WILLIAM AND RUSSELL STREETS, LINDSAY
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Are unequalled as a nerve tonic and regulator; guaranteed to produce an immediate increase in weight, and a ruddy healthy complexion, filling the veins with pure rich blood and restoring weak, nervous, pale-faced people to health and strength.—Price, 30 cents.

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50 Bed Room Sets and 300 Beds, with a large assortment of Sideboards, Bureaus, &c., to be SOLD AT COST!

These goods are our own manufacture, and made of the best kiln dried lumber, experienced workmanship & superior finish.
ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.

Poetry.

When Wife's A-go'n' Away.
Somehow yams around the grocery Ain't so funny as before, An' I'm all the time forgettin' This or that 'ere little chore: When I get out in the kitchen, Want to hang around an' stay; Guess I'm foolish, caus' this ev'nin', Why—my wife's a-go'n' away.

Literature.

Loss and Gain: A Tale of Lynn.

"Charles, that man has prospered in this world. He's got wealth and worldly goods; but there's a shiver in his heart, and he want to be a shiver in his heart when he comes after his God. Listen, boy; I was a poor man then, tillin' for my wife and babes, and that money was hard to lose. But it isn't that I consider now—it's the business and fraud. It's the man act that moves me. I felt it then like madness; but that's gone, and I've tried sense to forget and forgive, like a Christian man; but I don't forget it! I came back to Lynn with a trustful spirit, and commenced business. At the very outset I was prosperous; I got a good connection for my trade, and all promised fair. I told you that I had my stock kit of tools, and so forth, on my own credit. I could get more at a time, for I wasn't known, and I trusted sure on my wages to meet that bill. Three weeks went by, and in another my creditor—he's a man of this town, and a close man, but honorable—he'd be after his lawful due. Well, I went up to Boston town, and saw Squire Phillips. He was a very smooth and kind man, and he asked after my business; and I told him just how matters stood, and mentioned that I had come, agreeable to request, after my money. I didn't know what made him look so puzzled, and I thought he'd not understood me; so I told him over. The blood in my buddy chilled cold in me when he said, 'Squire Phillips, I thought he was jokin' at first, but he looked so proud and cold that I knew better in a minute. 'Mr. Phillips, I said, 'I never had one, and that ain't canceled. You don't mean to say you're not ownin' me twelve hundred dollars?' He looked at me with his proud, stern face for a minute, and then he said, 'Squire Phillips, I thought he was jokin' at first, but he looked so proud and cold that I knew better in a minute. 'Mr. Phillips, I said, 'I never had one, and that ain't canceled. You don't mean to say you're not ownin' me twelve hundred dollars?'"

A sudden flush blazed out on his sun-browned face; a glaze in his blue eyes. His lips trembled once, and then was firm again under the dilating nostril, and still, in their strange stir of features. And when he spoke, a blind, agonized feeling, in his bosom rose up, and groped toward his meaning at the gathering thrill that quivered in his hoarse and earnest voice.

"Charles, shall I mention what befell? Listen. I waited patiently for the day of my ruin. I could in no fashion make up that sum. I waited, and on the day that bill came due, when I must go to a friend, I met him in the street. I had seen him for long, though we'd been boys together. And he met me so cordial, that my heart warmed in my despair. So when he asked me why I looked so down-hearted, a feeling came that made me tell him all, though I never counted on his being able or willin' to help me. I never told that story out of my bosom rose up, and groped toward his meaning at the gathering thrill that quivered in his hoarse and earnest voice.

A cloud had darkened my brain—a sudden light burst through it. I divined the spirit in his eyes—the emotion on his face—the meaning that kindled in his words, and shot through the electric currents of my frame with an inspiration, and a triumph, and a pride. I rose to my feet.

"It was—"
I stopped. He had risen with me, and his hands were on my head. A great change worked on his large features, and the glister in his eyes went out in brimming tears.

"God bless you, boy. There's truth and honor in your bright eyes and your honest forehead. It's his blood that's warm in your face, and his own's cooled me. It was your own father."
Over that revelation long minutes passed away. The tears dried from my eyes. I was filled with a calm sense of satisfaction, but my heart was too full to speak. I sat and watched the waving of the tree, which now swayed musically in the west wind of the afternoon. I remembered that a spotted butterfly fluttered down upon a twig near the window, and poised at once upon its balance, slowly moving its gorgeous wings, like the brilliant spirit of the summer. And then, when it fitted away into the sunshine, a bright blue bird swooped suddenly from the air, and, resting in the green agitation of the branches, warbled out a clear brief trill that was hope and happiness to hear, and flew away.

The Hospital Girl.

AN INTERESTING INSIGHT INTO HER RESPONSIBLE DUTIES.

At the end of three months the novice is put on night duty in either the medical or surgical ward, and then it is that all the heroism and courage of her nature is called into action. One nurse is put in charge of two wards, each containing, when full, twenty patients. The lights are turned down, the dusky dresses of the nurses are put on, and the doctor leaves his patients, often supplemented by the instructions that a patient in one ward has passed through a severe operation, there is danger of hemorrhage, and the nurse must not leave her alone. Perhaps in the other ward a patient is very low. The doctor says she must be watched constantly, for she is liable to die at any moment. Then he goes away, and the young girl finds about in the gloom from cot to cot, administering medicines and treatment, hurrying from the side of one sufferer to the other, half fearful to gaze into the quiet face lest it be already still in death; afraid the dangerously ill patient in one ward will die while she goes to see the dying sufferer in the other.

When comes the sound of the measured footsteps drawing nearer and nearer, and she flies to make ready the orderly cot, only hoping no one will while she is engaged with the new case. The nurse comes in with the stretcher and deposit its burden on the bed. The nurse washes the blood from the face, and then she determines the extent of the injury as much as possible, and, if very serious, calls the doctor. If only a cut needing a few stitches and careful bandaging, she performs the operation herself, bathes her patient and makes her comfortable, and then hurries back, perhaps to attend to another case.

When the last suffering sign falls from the stiffening lips, the nurse glances into the gloomy ward, closes the eyes, and washes her hands, and taking down the card bearing the name of the dead from over the bed, hurries down through the long dim corridors to tell the orderly to prepare the cot. If the patient be heavy, the nurse calls the helper, a woman from prison, one of which is kept to do the cleaning in each ward. It is strange how the nurse's hands are likely to occur between the hours of 12 and 5 a. m., when vitality is at a low ebb.

A person who has watched at night by the bedside of the dying, and seen the agonizing faintness of the responsibility of a person in charge of forty patients in various degrees of danger. A young nurse who has had nothing of sickness and little of work relates one night's experience when an elderly woman was apparently dying in great distress and required to be turned on her side. The cot-joining lady another patient, who, though not in imminent danger, was suffering terribly, and who had, as the nurse expressed it, "taken the matter with her," than any one ever had before or since. The nurse had pulled the screens up around the dying woman's head, and the nurse had been suddenly heard a great disturbance in the adjoining ward, and hastening there found a woman in a state of extreme fever, prostrated upon the bed, and making havoc with everything movable. Coaxing, commanding and assisting her, she was finally settled in bed again, and the nurse bent over her dying patient the same commotion was heard in the other ward again, and she went back, and, after coaxing the woman into her cot, she had her feet to the iron bars at the foot of the bed. Once more she hurried to the other ward only to find one patient writing in pain, the nurse with clenched hands tossing in the death struggle. As the quivering features calmed to peacefulness and the groans were hushed to silence, she hastened to the other ward and found the patient on the floor, with her feet still tied to the bed. By the side of the woman the nurse was lifted to her place, strapped down to the bed, and in the gray light of the dawn the dead woman was prepared for her burial, while the living moaned in pain.

In another cot a perfect specimen of womanhood lay dying. The doctors, with undirected and unaided hands, had performed the operation of tracheotomy, and the strength of her early weakness. There was had been another fire horror, and to save her children she had dashed backward into the burning building, inhaling heat and smoke that had injured her severely. In her recovery the round curving limbs were like sculptured marble, majestic in their white beauty; the sweet, fair face was unmarked by the flames and the heat of the fire. The white statuesque arms were tossed above her head in agony. Just as she gave her last spasmodic shiver and her hands were severed, she heroically exclaimed, "Ma-ma-ma-ma," the first time it had spoken since it was brought there, and with a smile the mother reached out her hands toward the vision, as dead. The nurse wept softly as they bathed the beautiful form, though they are so accustomed to death it has little terror or sorrow for them.

One nurse who has been practicing her profession for some time says she doesn't believe even now that she could go back to the hospital and live through those night watches again, though she loves her work and feels all its responsibility and sacrosanct. Many of the nurses, however, love their hospital work with a strange fascination, and many accept situations in other hospitals when they own. The orderly, systematic routine, the precise automatic regularity of the hospital service, the constant attendance of the physicians, the convenience in the other day an infatuation for the excitement of new of the patients, and the life to them.

What the college is to the physician the training school is to the nurse. The graduation is an accurate surgical knowledge of the hospital wards, the experience, strength, courage, skill, self-reliance and patient regularity of the chosen occupations.—New York Sun.

Mr. Jeremiah Mackay has resolved to become a revival preacher. He has been called, he says. To fit himself for the duty he hires every minister he meets with religious questions. One of the graduates of the D. D., and put the query,—"Do you think, doctor, that a religious person can safely attend secular work?" "Well," replied the D. D., "preaching the youth from head to foot, 'preaching it may be dangerous for a religious man, but I've seen many religious men and women at them.'"

Professional Cards.

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