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# The Lindsay Watchman.

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VOLUME 1, NUMBER 35,

LINDSAY, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1888.

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the best kiln dried lumber,  
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25 cts.—Five for \$1.00, at  
**A. HIGINBOTHAM'S Drug Store.**

**Poetry.**  
**Nature's Gentleman,**  
Whom do we dub as gentleman? The  
knave, the fool, the brute,  
If they but own full title of gold and  
wear a costly suit!  
The parchment scroll of titled line, the  
filigree of the knee,  
Can still suffice to ratify and grant such  
high degree:  
But nature, with a matchless hand, sends  
forth her nobly born.  
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth  
and rank to scorn;  
She moulds with care a spirit rare, half  
human, half divine,  
And cries exulting, "Who can make a  
gentleman like mine!"  
She may not spend her common skill  
about outward things and things  
But showers beauty, grace, and light, upon  
the brain and heart!  
She may not choose ancestral fame his  
pathway to illustrious deeds,  
The sun that sheds the brightest day may  
rise from mist and gloom.  
Should fortune pour her welcome store,  
and useful good abound,  
He shares it with a benevolent hand and  
scatters blessings round.  
The treasure sent is rightly spent, and  
serves the end designed.  
When held in nature's gentleman, the  
good, the just, the kind,  
He turns not from the cheerless home,  
whom sorrow's offspring dwell;  
He'll greet the peasant in his hut—the  
culprit in his cell.  
He stays to hear the widow's plaint of  
deeps and mourning love,  
He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt  
her faith above.  
The orphan child, the friendless one, the  
lucless, or the poor,  
Will never meet this quelling frown, or  
leave his bolted door,  
His kind circles all mankind, his country  
all the globe—  
An honest name his jewelled star, and  
truth his crown and robe.

"Paris, Hotel de Lisle et Albion,  
Rue St. Honoré."  
"MY DEAR CALEB—My dream of  
happiness is over, and I have awakened  
to the reality of wretchedness. I can  
not command my feelings sufficiently to  
write to you the details of my affliction.  
Come to me my dearest friend; come to  
me, without a moment's delay. When  
last we met you promised me that, when  
I should write to you that I was happy  
you would come and witness my happi-  
ness. Now that I tell you I am the  
most miserable of men, will you not  
try to comfort and sustain me?"  
RICHARD WOODENSPON.

We sat down to dinner, and warily  
interchanged a word. We walked in  
the evening along the bank of the river.  
I believe I should have walked all night,  
so fully was I engaged with my pain-  
ful thoughts, had not my wife at length  
complained of fatigue, and we returned.  
Next morning after breakfast I  
proposed that she should accompany  
me to the chateau of a neighboring  
gentleman, who had invited me to join  
in a day's shooting. To my surprise  
and annoyance she declined, for the  
first time in her life, to accede to my  
request, excusing herself on the plea of  
a headache, or a swollen foot, or some-  
thing of that sort. I had promised my  
friend to meet him that day, so I took my  
gun and went on my way. It was before-  
fore I proceeded homeward, so that the  
sun had set some time before I reached  
my cottage gate. I remember how  
sweet and tranquil the scene looked in  
the dim twilight. The low window of  
the sitting-room was open, for it was a  
warm evening, but there was no light  
within it. I was close up to it upon  
the soft close-shaven grass, when I heard  
the voice of my wife—  
"At this hour, then, to-morrow?"  
"At the same moment I beheld, by  
the fading light, my wife seated in a  
faisanade, and at her feet, kneeling upon  
one knee—a man! The blood rushed  
up into my head, my eyes swam—I  
staggered; but the devil prompted me  
to take vengeance. I raised my gun,  
and fired at the villain. The man fell;  
my wife uttered a loud shriek, and  
springing up, her eyes met mine; she  
recognized me, and fell to the ground.  
I rushed from the spot, and found my-  
self in the town, I know not how. I  
hurried to the railway station, a train  
was just about to start for Paris; I took  
my ticket, flung myself into a carriage  
which fortunately was vacant, and  
traveled hither through that miserable  
night. What I have endured since I  
cannot describe to you. My sole occupa-  
tion is to brood over my sorrow, to  
curse my destiny. I have not the cour-  
age to look at a journal, though racked  
by anxiety and fear; for I dread to read  
the disclosure of my hisioner and my  
crime."  
Before an hour had elapsed I was  
on my way to Chislewood. The result of  
my conference with my unhappy friend  
was the determination to visit the scene  
of his misfortune, to see his wretched  
wife if possible, to investigate the whole  
affair, and to be guided by the issue as  
to my subsequent proceedings. The  
following morning I was at the door of  
Woodenspon's cottage. It was opened  
by a rosy-faced country-girl.

"Ay," thought I, as I bowed him  
out, "I have something more binding  
to rely upon than your word of honor."  
Well, now for the cottage once more."  
Within four-and-twenty hours I was  
again in Paris, in the same hotel at  
which Dick was stopping, where I took  
inside of it. I dispatched a line to  
him, requesting his presence *numéro  
dix-huit*. Dick came immediately, and  
I was shocked to see how much he was  
changed for the worse, even in the  
short interval since I left him. His  
first question naturally enough, about  
the homicide.

"Is he dead, Caleb?"  
"No."  
"Oh! thank God!" and the poor  
fellow clasped his hands, and looked up  
thankfully to heaven.  
"Is he recovering?"  
"Humph—no; and I shook my head  
oracularly. "I fear he is not likely to  
get better."  
**FOOD FOR SUMMER.**  
**Heat Producing Food Miscellaneous in the  
Hot Months—Our Drift.**  
In our climate the range  
during a single year through 120 degs. in  
the shade, though a range of more than 110 degs.  
is unusual. Our food requirements in sum-  
mer differ from those in winter. One of the  
chief uses of food is to produce heat within  
our bodies, for heat is as much an essential  
part of us as muscle, nerve, or bone. A  
variation of a few degrees of animal heat  
either way is fatal. The temperature of the  
human body is a state of health is the same  
throughout the world, and is maintained by  
the equator. Animal heat is generated within  
the body by wonderful chemical processes,  
from the raw material furnished by food.  
Nature within us has a nature within us,  
work together here. Some foods merely  
generate heat; others nourish, or furnish  
force.

Now an uninvited appetite craves and re-  
jects, according to the need. The green-  
lander craves heat-producing fat, but food  
into which has largely entered is unadapted  
to summer. Sugar, also, is mainly a heat pro-  
ducer; therefore cakes and saucers, rich in  
sugar and fat, are mischievous in the hot  
months. It is wise, therefore, to avoid  
the heat without, is further heated by the  
heat elaborated within, and is still further  
weakened and rendered susceptible to disease  
by its inability to assimilate what may have  
been digested. This throws a constant work  
on the eliminating organs.  
Here again we find the harmony of nature  
within and without. In summer the normal  
taste is for the fresh vegetables, in which  
nature has then so lavishly. Most of these  
vegetables have a little heating property.  
Moreover, they abound in water, which the  
system then demands.  
Again, cold is a tonic, and long continued  
pains a depressant. In winter digestion is  
more vigorous, and this makes the appetite  
ravenous. In summer, therefore, our food must  
be less in quantity and quality, endeavoring  
to tell more unfavorably on health than does  
quality. The getting rid of waste keeps the  
eliminating organs at a high and dangerous  
pitch, and a slight indisposition, caused by  
climatic conditions. Yet many persons eat  
the same in summer as in winter, and spur  
their feeble appetites further and further  
on. It is as wonderful when the laws of  
health are thus disregarded, that the season  
is pre-eminently the sickly one, although  
the air itself is so healthy.  
Food includes water and water constitutes  
the larger part of the body. It is also the  
solvent of food and waste. By its  
evaporation on the surface the bodily tem-  
perature is kept at its proper point. Hence  
it should be drunk freely in summer—but not  
too.—*Your's Companion.*

He wisely yields his passions up to reason's  
firm command and control;  
His pleasures are of careless kind, and  
never taint the soul.  
He may be thrown among the gay and  
reckless sons of life,  
But will not love the revel scene, or head  
the bawling strife.  
He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, yet  
bears no honest tongue!  
He's social with the gray-haired one, and  
merry with the young;  
He gravely shares the candid speech or  
joins the rustic game,  
And shines as nature's gentleman, in every  
place the same.

No haughty gesture marks his gait, no  
pompous tone his word,  
He stands in his lowly sphere as  
virtue's polar star.  
Though human hearts too oft are found  
all gross, corrupt, and dark,  
Yet, yet some bosoms breathe and burn;  
lit by Prometheus' spark.  
There are some spirits nobly just, unwarp-  
ed by self or pride,  
Great in the calm, but greater still, when  
dashed by adversity's wave,  
They hold the rank no king can give, no  
station can disgrace.  
Nature puts forth her gentleman, and  
monarchs must give place.  
—ELIZA COOK.

His prayer is, "If the heart mean well,  
may all else be forgiven!"  
Though few of such may gild the earth,  
yet such rare gems there are,  
Each shining in his lowly sphere as  
virtue's polar star.  
Though human hearts too oft are found  
all gross, corrupt, and dark,  
Yet, yet some bosoms breathe and burn;  
lit by Prometheus' spark.  
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Nature puts forth her gentleman, and  
monarchs must give place.  
—ELIZA COOK.

**Literature.**  
**A TRAGEDY IN MARRIED LIFE.**

Continued.  
"And now," said I to myself, after I  
had completed this retrospective survey  
of Dick's doings for the last twelve  
months, "there, he's off again; he's been  
and done it, and he'll be back. He's  
going to marry some milkmaid of a  
girl, with blue eyes, and a smell of new  
bread about her. A fool believe, that  
will lie-a-bed reading novels or poetry,  
and tash of that sort; or an artful puss  
that has put on simplicity and senti-  
mentality to hoax poor Dick; playing  
the angel before marriage that she may  
play the devil after it. Well, well, it's  
not a affair of mine, after all, hasn't he a  
right to squander old Woodenspon's  
consols and three per cents in woman-  
flesh as well as in railway shares? The  
old fellow can't look out of his grave  
at his son's speculations in the wife or  
the money market."  
In due time, or undue—I'm sure I  
don't know well which I ought to call  
it—Dick Woodenspon was married.  
I learned this fact by the receipt of  
cards, the day after the wedding; and  
in a few days after I had a letter from  
Dick himself, from Brussels, full of  
raptures, and so forth, declaring that  
his wife was an angel, and he the hap-  
piest of human species, and announcing  
furthermore, that they were making  
their marriage trip—the Rhine, Switzer-  
land, and back through France. "I  
hope all this may last," thought I, "if  
I finished reading the letter, "but I wish  
it had been a little less high-flooding."  
Those raptures must come to an end,  
some way or other; they must either  
wear out the man or wear out them-  
selves, and then—Well, well, there's no  
good in croaking; sufficient for the day  
is the evil thereof, and who knows but  
all may come right in the long run, and  
they settle down a bit" and so I dis-  
missed the subject from my thoughts,  
and busied myself about my own pro-  
fession business. What had I to do with  
love affairs?  
Time passed on, the summer was over  
and the term just ended. I was free  
for a while, and was meditating a trip  
through Scotland to geologize a little,  
and botanize a little, and ruralize a  
great deal, when, just as I was stopping  
away my hammer, microscope, and  
a few odds and ends, in the way of linen  
into my bag, I received a letter with  
the Paris post-mark. The direction  
was in Dick Woodenspon's handwriting,  
so I opened it immediately.

"Come, come, Dick, this will never  
do; be a man, and bear your fate, what-  
ever it be, like a man. Open your  
whole heart to me; you know I can  
neither advise nor comfort you unless  
you do so."  
Dick gave a sigh so loud, so deep, so  
long, that I thought he must have ex-  
pelled every atom of air out of his body  
and almost expected to find his lungs  
thoughts will sometimes force them-  
selves upon the mind, even during the  
grossest moments) to see his chest collapse,  
like little boys crush together for the  
fun of driving the air out with a report.  
By degrees he became composed, and  
between coaxing and admonishing, I  
got the whole story of his misfortune  
out of him. Nothing, it seemed, could  
exceed the felicity of the young couple  
for the first few weeks of their married  
life. Lucy was all that Dick's heart  
could desire; she lived for him alone—  
she saw through his eyes—she heard  
through his ears. Like Petruchio's  
Catherine, she would have said of any  
other in nature—  
"Be it moon, or sun, or what you  
please;  
And if you please to call it a rush candle,  
Henceforth I vow it shall be for me."  
He had said the Jungfrau was a lake  
she would have expatiated upon its  
depth and darkness. She would have  
pronounced the falls of Shaffhausen a  
forest of pines at his bidding, and the  
noise of its waters the song of the  
nightingale. And so they went on,  
loving and roving through the length  
and breadth of the land, like a pair of  
silly turtle-doves. But I will relate  
the rest in Dick's own words: "We  
had reached Geneva on our return  
homeward. Here we entered somewhat  
into society, less to please myself than  
to gratify my wife. We went to spec-  
tacles; to concerts, which she enjoyed  
amazingly; we even attended one of  
the balls, and Lucy danced with a young  
cousin, a broad-shouldered fellow,  
with blue eyes, a light beard, and long  
yellow locks that fell down upon his  
neck. He seemed quite *copris* with her,  
and she, Caleb, seemed to me to receive  
his attentions with more complacency  
than I thought was becoming. I was  
hurt, and somewhat cool in my manner  
to her; she was sad and dejected. I  
said nothing on the subject; but I left  
nothing of the following day, and proceed-  
ed to Lyons. We were scarcely seated  
at the *table d'hôte* when she should sit  
down beside her but the same German  
fellow. I returned his cordial saluta-  
tion with reserve and coldness. He  
turned from me, and addressed himself  
to her. She was evidently embarrass-  
ed. The dinner was at length ended—  
I thought it would never come to a  
close. I hurried away as soon as I  
could, and left the lady, promising to  
visit her very, very, but expressed very  
decidedly my disapprobation of those  
Continental freedoms. She made no reply  
but the tears came in her eyes, and she  
looked at me sorrowfully and even up-  
braidingly. From that moment we  
were ill at ease with each other. Our  
intercourse lost all its charm. We left  
Lyons. I was moody—she was melan-  
choly; and more than once I surprised  
her in tears. We stopped at Chalons-  
sur-Saone. I liked the place, and took  
a pretty little retired cottage on the  
banks of the river, intending to pass a  
few weeks there in retirement, if not  
in tranquility. In this sweet seclusion  
I was regaining my peace of mind, and  
Lucy was becoming more like her for-  
mer self. One day I went into the  
town, and passing by the principal hotel,  
I saw a young man looking at the  
open window, smoking a meerschaum  
half a yard long; he had a red velvet  
cap, with a gold tassel, on his head. I  
looked at him—I could not be mistake  
in the blue eyes, yellow locks, and  
light-brown mustache—yes, Caleb, it  
was that infernal German. I proceed-  
ed on my way homeward, meditating  
gloomily upon this ill-omened rencontre.  
What could have brought him to Chal-  
ons? What brought him to Lyons?  
Was there no other route in the wide  
continent of Europe for him to choose  
but that which my wife and I were  
traveling? When I reached our cottage  
I was thoroughly out of humor. Lucy  
perceived my chagrin, and endeavored  
to cheer me. I repelled her overtures.

"What a sight to see my wife and my  
friend together! What a sight to see  
my wife sitting at the feet of a man  
who had just been my enemy! I was  
staggered; but the devil prompted me  
to take vengeance. I raised my gun,  
and fired at the villain. The man fell;  
my wife uttered a loud shriek, and  
springing up, her eyes met mine; she  
recognized me, and fell to the ground.  
I rushed from the spot, and found my-  
self in the town, I know not how. I  
hurried to the railway station, a train  
was just about to start for Paris; I took  
my ticket, flung myself into a carriage  
which fortunately was vacant, and  
traveled hither through that miserable  
night. What I have endured since I  
cannot describe to you. My sole occupa-  
tion is to brood over my sorrow, to  
curse my destiny. I have not the cour-  
age to look at a journal, though racked  
by anxiety and fear; for I dread to read  
the disclosure of my hisioner and my  
crime."

"You must be perfectly unscrupulous  
with me, if you hope that I can effect  
any good in this unhappy affair. Your husband  
had told me all."  
"Oh, Sir, he has not told you all: he  
could not, for he does not know all. I  
will reserve nothing from you, as you  
are his friend. When you have heard  
all, you will surely pity me. Oh! I  
am so wretched!"  
And the poor thing did tell me all  
—her whole married life—her trials  
and temptations—her struggles—her  
failings—and I listened to her with  
moistened eyes; I am not ashamed to  
confess it; and I did pity her with my  
whole heart, and I told her so when  
she had concluded her sad story.  
"It is indeed very terrible," I said  
taking her poor trembling hand; "I  
dreadful lesson of the consequences of  
giving way to the solicitations of pas-  
sion."  
"Oh, Mr. Chubbie, call it by its  
right name—it was madness! It would  
be heaven that I had accompanied him  
that day, or that he had staid with  
me."  
"Well, let us consider what is best  
to be done. The matter may admit of  
some arrangement."  
We continued to talk for some time  
anxiously, and I arranged my plans,  
and left the lady, promising to call  
again in the course of the day.  
At noon the same day I sat in a pri-  
vate room of the principal hotel at Chal-  
ons, in conversation with a young man  
whom I met there by appointment.  
The matter under discussion between  
us required some tact on my part, and  
I flattered myself that I ultimately ar-  
ranged it to the satisfaction of both  
parties. At length our conference was  
ended, and I arose.  
"You agree then, Monsieur," said I  
to the terms as I have written them  
down."  
"I do, Monsieur."  
"Will you be so good, then, as to  
sign this paper."  
"Certainly, Monsieur."  
And the young man did so.  
"I rely, then, upon your observing  
them faithfully," and I stretched out  
my hand.

"Monsieur may depend upon me,"  
said the young man, as his fingers  
touched my palm, "he has my word  
of honor."  
**Hint to Literary Folk.**  
I early found that I needed some place  
for special information about men of note, anec-  
dotes, overhauls, reflections, etc. After much  
thought I hit upon the following: In the first  
place, I keep a letter book, with times paper  
leaves. Every letter written, be it of more  
or less importance, is copied into that book  
in the twinkling of a letter press screw. One  
page of the index in the front part is de-  
voted to the names of persons, and all special  
subjects referred to in the letter.  
Thus, suppose in a personal letter to a  
friend, in the free expression of friendly con-  
versation, I have mentioned about the present  
administration, or given him some sage ad-  
vice against flirting. Back in the index book  
I put the name, "Mr. Jones, page 88." Years  
later those half-playful remarks may be just  
the touch needed to complete a chapter or  
outline a book. By writing down my anecd-  
otes while in my "book," to hand down to his  
children's children.—"J. P. T." in The  
Writer.

Mr. Conroy, Deputy Minister of Pa-  
nno, is at present in Toronto, conferring  
with the Provincial Treasurer regarding the  
accounts between the Federal and Provincial  
Governments.