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R. BRYANS.

The Lindsay Watchman.

AND COUNTY OF VICTORIA RECORDER.

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 42.

LINDSAY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1888.

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Printing Office.

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DR. E. A. SPILSBURY,
LATE CLINICAL ASSISTANT, Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, and in the ENTIRE in the hands of every Farmer in the Dominion this fall. The Publishers have had prepared a Hand-drawn and Life-like Bust of Sir John Macdonald.

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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.

We keep the nicest goods, and have the Handsomest

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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Dr. Dingman's Female Pills.

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, 50 cents.

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Try them. Don't take any other.

25 cts.—F.v for \$1.00, at A. HIGINBOTHAM'S Drug Store.

Poetry.

The Grand Old Day.

It is coming—it is coming—be the weather dark or fair— See the joy upon the faces—feel the blessings in the air— Get the dining-chamber ready—let the kitchen stove be filled— Into gold-dust pound the pumpkins—have the fatted turkeys killed; To the chickens in a bundle by their yellow downy legs; Hunt the barn, with hay upholstered, for the ivory prisoned eggs; To the next of a procession through the curtains on the Grand Old Day!

And we first will go to meeting; where the parson we shall hear Pack in gilded words the blessings that he'll gather up through the year; And the choir will yield an anthem, full of unnumbered night; That their stomachs would not hear of, if they waited until night; Olden people will sit a-musing of Thanksgivings mornings fled— Younger people will sit hoping for Thanksgivings days ahead.

For we'll join in silent chorus when the preacher comes to pray; For we'll most be religious, on the Grand Old Day!

Then I hear the kindly racket, and the traffic of old news, Of a meeting after meeting, 'mid the porch and the pews; They will tell of other blessings that are found elsewhere and prized— They will tell of other blessings by affliction well disguised.

For the health that is a fortune, and the harvest full of gold, Side by side with destitution and rheumatics shall be told; And we'll hope that many women to each other's side may stray— Younger people will sit hoping for Thanksgivings days ahead.

For we'll join in silent chorus when the preacher comes to pray; For we'll most be religious, on the Grand Old Day!

Come to dinner!—we are coming, we are coming, fat and spare! Small the sweet and savory music of the odors in the air!

Here the dishes meet each other with a sputter and a gentle clack; Feel the snow of loaflets broken—see the table-scarves flash! Let our palates climb the gamut of delightful-producing tastes!

Our interiors feel the pressure of provisions snugly placed; Full of conversation and full of praises, full of conversation gay— Full of everything congenial, on the Grand Old Day!

Ah the poor and sick and sorrowing! To our glad hearts be it known, That God never gave a blessing to be clenched and held alone; Here are brothers, here are sisters, all entitled to their share; We shall always have them with us—He hath put them in our care!

You who clutch at every mercy, and devote it to yourselves, You are setting heavy treasures on the weakest kind of shelves; You who take the wares of heaven and divide them while you may, Will behold their value dwindle on some Grand Old Day!

They are coming! they are coming! Let the breezes lift the tale, Let the mountains look and see them, on the century's upward trail! Let the valleys smile their blandest, and let the sparkling streams be glad, As their rivers seek the oceans with their silver-splattered foam!

Let all pleasures be more pleasant—let all griefs with help be nerve, Let all blessings praise their sources, with the thanks that are deserved! Every spirit should look heavenward—every heart should tribute pay, To the Spirit of souls that treats us to the Grand Old Day!

—Will Carlton.

Literature.

TWO THANKSGIVINGS.

It is my belief, founded on a long and varied experience, that a man should never give money to a beggar. As a principle, the practice of indiscriminate almsgiving is subversive of true philanthropy. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but in the main I think my argument is sound. But I am fully persuaded that if pressed to do so, I could not give good, sound reasons for my belief, and I confess that I often violate my creed. The fact is, that in the discussion of great fundamental ideas like those of religion or sociology, I find them to be like a creek in the mountains. Follow the creek up, and you will find innumerable brooks babbling into it from intangible hollows between the hills. Each brook is filled with the sparkling product of God's distillery, each rivulet adds something to the volume of water in the creek flowing onward to the sea. But I have not the time nor the genius to explore all these streams of thought to their source, and so I take the sunshine as he sends it, the water as he brews it, the laughter and the tears as they are cooked at his spotless range. And sometimes—very often, in fact—I find myself violating the conclusions of cold ethics and giving money to a beggar. This much before I tell my story.

The incident here recorded occurred on a Thanksgiving Day not many years ago. 'Twas a cold November day in Battery park, New York. The sun shone feebly from behind a bank of clouds, yet the air was keen and bracing. It brought color to the cheeks and brightness to the eyes of some idlers seated upon the benches. Most of the persons in the park were apparently of foreign extraction. A little Frenchman, wrapped in a cloak and who took frequent pinches of snuff, formed a striking contrast to a brawny longshoreman in a blue blouse and overalls. Another picturesque group was formed of a Bulgarian mother with her three children, aliens who looked upon the evidences of a new civilization with fear and distrust. The rest of the occupants of the park were bits of float and jettison of humanity common in every large seaport town. The day of Thanksgiving was unknown to them. For the most part they were drinking of the lees of life and had nothing to be thankful for except the material fact of a cheerless existence.

While watching this drift from alien shores and wondering vaguely what were the actual conditions surrounding these heroes, my attention was drawn to the shambling figure of a man coming up one of the aisles of the park. The man came out for a minute and made him distinctly visible in all his abjectness. For he was the most wretched looking man I had ever seen. His derby hat was brimless, his once blue blouse had lost all of its original color, and his trousers, hung about his emaciated legs like a stocking about a pipe stem. His pallid face was four weeks' growth of starry black beard. His face was dark and his eyes had that pale, sickly gleam sometimes seen under the dry husk of an onion. He walked with a slow, shambling, uncertain step, and his shoulders drooped as though he was all gone inside and every minute he expected to collapse. The very abjectness of his condition fascinated me, and while still loathing him I watched his approach with interest. As he came up to me he seized the elbow of his left arm by putting his right hand behind his back. In this curious attitude he spoke:

"Would you give me one cent, sir?" This he said in a voice which seemed to come out of the very subcellar of despair, so unobtrusive was it, so utterly bereft of the ring of hope.

"No sir," I replied, "I could not." He made no reply in words, but his eyebrows lifted slightly and his long finger nails, which were mourning for departed cleanliness, sunk into the palms of his hands. Like a man who felt that death was stepping on his heels, he turned away. There were a dozen other men seated in Battery park, and to each one of these he in turn put the same question that he had to me. He met the same reply each time, for as he turned away I could see the sharp elbows lift with a despairing gesture and the sorrow face garden into corrugated lines. One man, who looked jolly and well fed, prepared a gusty joke by putting his hand in his trousers pocket when the mendicant asked him the fatal question and producing a paper of tobacco. Then Mr. Jolly read Mr. Misery a little homily on the injustice of poverty, and over Misery's face there spread a shadow of a grin, and such a grin as may be seen on the face of a mummy. It was as if he had said: "Did starvation ever roost in your stomach for three days?"

"Will I jump off the dock now?" I wondered to myself. No. He is actually "bracing" a park policeman. The gray coat simply waved him away with his club. Then, with a courage born of his awful need, he tackled two officers at the door of the barge office, but without success. He stood upon the sidewalk and passed his hand wearily across his forehead, as if he was awakening from a dream.

A feeling of curiosity had prompted me to follow him. "Does he need whisky or bread?" I thought. I determined to find out, and so I beckoned him into a dark corner around the barge office. The fires of hope must have been extinguished in him, for two tears rolled out of his eyes and I fancied I could hear them fall spat upon the stones.

"Are you hungry?" I said. "I didn't eat anything in three days," he replied.

"Are you dry?" "No, sir, there's water in the park." "Is your favorite restaurant near by?" "Yes, sir. Up in Greenwich street." "Well, come along."

And as we went toward his restaurant I pumped him by the way. "I was a long and sorrowful story he told. His name was George Moore, and he was a Cornish miner. "Times was better, sir," said, "when I came to this country eight years ago. Yes, I heard there was money to be made in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, an' like a fool, I came here. There was three of us—Nellie and the baby and myself. Dear heart, when I think of how my Nellie looked when we landed at Castle Garden eight years ago, with the roses in her cheeks and the light in her brown eyes, and she so hopeful, sir, that we would make a small fortune in a few years!"

Here he paused as if to choke back the emotions which were sweeping over him like a flood. Then he continued: "Just eight years ago to-day 'twas I, I had dollars in my pocket then. Good hard English pounds, and the smell of roasting turkey as we went by the restaurants didn't have the effect upon me then that it has today, sir. Well, we went to Shamokin, in Pennsylvania. I had no difficulty in getting work, and we were getting along nicely when I was taken sick. Then all the money melted away like hot foam. The sickness lasted six months, and because of poor food and weakness the baby died. After that things went on from bad to worse, until Nellie sickened with the consumption. Then I cursed the country and the mines. But it done no good, for my wife went like the baby, and since she's gone, sir, I'm all broke up."

Here he stopped, and it seemed to me that he gathered his failing powers together, as if he were about to give expression to a great thought. Then he blurted out: "An' she were a good woman, sir, an' I loved her!" "And what have you been doing since her death?" I said. "Oh, just knockin' around doin' an odd job here an' there—stirvin' mostly. Part of the time on the island for vagrancy. In the winter time sleepin' in the police stations an' in the summer on the docks. I've a rich relative in Michigan, a mine owner."

"Why don't you apply to him for assistance?" I said. "Because I'd afore he'd know the shape I'm in."

By this time we had reached the door of one of those modest and inconspicuous eating houses where the menu is painted on a board and set outside the door. We entered and he sat down at a table. His unexpected good fortune had paralyzed him, and the prospect of

a square meal had robbed him of speech. When the frowsy waiter dumbly as a sheep might look at its executioners. Then I ordered for him a big dish of vegetable soup. When it was placed before him, with islands of potatoes, carrots and cabbage floating in it, the savory steam arose and dilated his nostrils and a wolfish glare came into his onion colored eyes. So famished was he that, there being no spoon handy, he seized a knife and plunged into the mess, and while he ate there seemed to be a lump in his throat which prevented his swallowing. While he was busy with this I ordered a big plate of roast beef, and the waiter brought two sausages which looked as if they had been taken from the forehead of the critter. This was flanked by a dish of mealy potatoes, bursting their brown jackets, and a bowl of coffee almost big enough to take a taste in.

As Misery gazed upon this feast, which in his estimation was plenty good enough for the gods who sat upon Mount Olympus, his eyes filled again and this time the tears fell. When I asked for the bill the proprietor handed me a check for the munificent sum of 20 cents, which I discovered was scheduled rates.

"Well, old fellow, I must go," said I, after signing the bill, as I reached out my hand for a parting shake. He reached out a grimy fist, and when it left mine there was a silver quarter in his palm. He was just about paying his respects to the roast beef, but this princely gift choked him up so that he laid his head upon the arm of the once blue blouse. I could see his stoop shoulders heave, and although there was no sound, there were plenty of signs of an internal commotion.

On Thanksgiving day, a year later, I was seated at a table in a Fourteenth street restaurant. Opposite to me, at the same table, sat a respectable looking man of about 40 years. He wore a neat suit of cassimere and was clean and wholesome in appearance. I noticed during the course of the meal that he watched me very closely, and just as I rose to leave the restaurant he touched me on the shoulder and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but didn't I have the pleasure of meeting you before?" "That may be," I replied, "but if I have forgotten it."

"Do you remember meeting a tramp last Thanksgiving day in Battery park?" I said.

"I do, but—why, you cannot possibly be that man!"

"But I am that very chap, and that square meal you gave me, besides the silver quarter, put new courage into me and I began to pick up heart. And now I am a clerk in a grocery store and earning \$10 a week. My luck turned on that silver quarter. I had to part with it once for a bed, but I persuaded the hotel keeper to keep it until I could redeem it."

He put his hand in his pocket and drew out the silver piece. It was pocket worn, but had the ring of the true silver.

"God bless you," said the rejuvenated tramp as we stepped out upon the sidewalk, placing his hands on my shoulders. His features worked convulsively as he continued:

"When I resolved to take a new grip and was hunting around for a job, I went to sit in the park and drop the silver quarter upon the pavement, and the ring it gave out reminded me of the chapelle at home and of Nellie and the baby. Even now, comfortably situated as I am, I often take out the quarter and I imagine the sound is always comforting."

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"Still this giving money to a beggar is a bad practice."

Ernest Jarrold.

Caring for Furniture.

When cleaning the room thoroughly it is a good plan to remove the lighter articles of upholstered furniture into the air and the heavier ones into another room in which the windows are opened. Hair cloth is best cleaned by beating with a small switch or rattan, afterward wiping with a soft cloth. If it is old and losing its colour it can be made to look almost as good as new by wiping it over with a cloth wet in ink. Plain furniture should be brushed with a bristle brush. A medium-sized paint brush is just the thing. Never switch brush, as it will leave a mark that any amount of brushing will not entirely obliterate. A small paint brush for the crevices of the woodwork is a necessity to keep it in good condition by removing the dust. Wipe over the woodwork with a soft, damp cloth, and polish with dry cloth. A small quantity of warmed linseed oil rubbed well into the wood, and this afterward rubbed briskly with a soft, dry cloth, will give the wood a nice, soft polish. See that the castors on the heavy articles of furniture are in good condition so that they will not tear or mark the carpet when moved from their places. A little machine or kerosene lamp will do good service if applied to them occasionally, applying only enough to make them work freely, as too much is apt to work down, and leave an ugly spot on the carpet.—Boston Budget.

An odd Will.

Persons frequently form strange attachments. An illustration of this was furnished the Probate Court yesterday by the provisions of the will of Maggie Watson, which was probated. After providing that out of the estate was to be paid the expense of a hearse and four carriages for the funeral, and that her body be laid beside that of her husband, and a monument be put on her grave like that of his, the will goes on to provide:—"It is my will that the two china dogs now in my room be each separately put in a box with glass fronts, both alike, and one placed upon my dear husband's grave at Spring Grove and the other on my grave, and all to be paid out of the money I leave."

Cincinnati Enquirer.

CHRONIC BEGGARS.

HOW MANY ABLE BODIED MEN MAKE A PRECARIOUS LIVING.

How Mendicants Are Made—"Born Tired." The Invalid Artist—Caught in a Lie—A Piteable Case—Trying to Get "Something for Nothing."

The sturdy beggar who stretches out his hand for alms wishes to gain something for nothing. He finds it easier to obtain a living in this way than to work for it. The class of mendicants adopt the profession only after such experience as proves to them that they can live by it. The usual process is to seek relief or cure in some temporary emergency. A child is sick, or is dead, or disease or a broken leg or arm has laid aside the bread winner of the family, and after a hard struggle against adversity the harder is empty. The sufferer asks for help, the charitable are quick to respond to the appeal, and in the next moment the needy one turns more quickly to seek benevolence. They should be contented with what when so many are ready to help? So he gives up the class of mendicants adopt the profession only after such experience as proves to them that they can live by it. The usual process is to seek relief or cure in some temporary emergency. A child is sick, or is dead, or disease or a broken leg or arm has laid aside the bread winner of the family, and after a hard struggle against adversity the harder is empty. The sufferer asks for help, the charitable are quick to respond to the appeal, and in the next moment the needy one turns more quickly to seek benevolence. They should be contented with what when so many are ready to help? So he gives up the

There are persons who are said to be "born tired," and rarely unfitted to win success in any other class of life. They are born with a young man of this class once came into our office and asked for help. His story was pitiable, and his countenance had a dreary aspect which the needy one turns more quickly to seek benevolence. They should be contented with what when so many are ready to help? So he gives up the

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