

Lumber Yard, Lindsay
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
And Bill Stuff of all Dimensions and Lengths. Lath and Shingles of all grades, also Dry Dressed & Matched Lumber of all kinds. The above always kept in stock.
HEAD OFFICE and one Yard next to Sawyer Bros. Agricultural Works, and the other office and Yard on the East side of the River. Telephone in both Offices.
R. BRYANS.

The Lindsay Watchman

AND COUNTY OF VICTORIA RECORDER.

VOLUME I, NUMBER 48,

LINDSAY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1888.

50 Cents a Year in Advance.

FOR CASH ONLY.

Your Money Wanted at China Hall—"Yes, and We'll get it."

Great Reductions in all lines of FANCY GOODS.

Wonderful cheap sale of CROCKERY.

We have prepared on a grand scale and we purpose to clear out everything during the Xmas. Trade.

Thousands of Dollars worth of the newest patterns, latest shapes in

Dinner Sets, Tea Sets, Chamber Sets,
Hanging Lamps, Table Tamps,

Fancy China Cups and Saucers, Vases
In an endless Variety, Glassware, etc.

Everything must go, and everything will go. We have decided to make this a great clearing out sale, and we mean business from the word go. Do not fail to embrace this opportunity, when buying your presents or your necessities. Such a chance seldom occurs, as we can supply every man, woman and child in the County in this line.

BIG REDUCTIONS IN

GROCERIES.

THOUSANDS OF POUNDS OF TEA. The Finest Lines, the Finest Value at the Finest Prices, ever offered in the history of Lindsay. The public cannot make a mistake by calling and taking advantage of this sudden and wonderful generosity on our part.

GRAHAM & LEE,

Opposite New Post Office.



WHITE PINE BALSAM.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR
COUGHS, COLDS,

Hemorrhages, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, etc., in fact all diseases of the throat, lungs, and chest.

Mrs. Geo. Laing, Reabour, writes—White Pine Balsam is the best cough and cold remedy I ever used, it is easy to take and very effective.

Mrs. T. H. Horn, Lindsay, says—I never feel alarmed in cases of coughs and colds, when I can reach for White Pine Balsam.

25 CENTS, AT A HIGINBOTHAM'S
DRUG STORE.

CASH SALE.

Come and see our great Bargains in

FURNITURE.

We will sell for the next 30 DAYS our well known and well selected stock at prices that will astonish every one.

Our \$35 Bed-room set for \$25.

Our \$30 one for \$23.

Our \$20 one for \$15.

Everything in proportion for the next 30 days

Come along and you will get a Bargain.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.
Kent St., Lindsay.

CREAM BAKING POWDER.

Made fresh every week and sold in bulk at 30 cents per pound

A HIGINBOTHAM'S,
Drug Store.

William Street Grocery.

The subscriber has now on hand a choice stock of

Family Groceries, Crockery,
Glassware, Dinner and Tea
Sets, Bed-room Sets,
Lamps Lamp goods, Flour and Feed.

All groceries can be obtained at the lowest living prices
Goods delivered promptly to any part of the town.

The highest price paid for farmers produce.

ALEX. FISHER.

William Street, Lindsay.

Poetry.

Live for Something,
Live for something! up! be doing!
Sit not down with folded hands
Steadfastly thy way pursuing,
With the hammer, till the lands!
With thy strong right-arm demolish
Walls of ignorance and crime;
From thee every wrong abolish—
Write thy name upon thy time!

Speed the plow that clears the stubble
From the darkened human mind;
Persevere through toil and trouble,
Gain the blessings of mankind,
Forward in thy noble labor,
Ever faithful to the end;
Think each man thy brother-neighbor,
Be of human rights the friend.

Raise thy brother who is falling,
Lead him back to wisdom's ways,
From the paths of error calling,
Peace shall crown his future days
Think that though his feet have wandered,
And his past you must regret,
Though his talents he has squandered,
Still he is thy brother yet.

Look thou forward for the dawning
Of a bright, a glorious day;
Labor for a happier morning;
Be thy motto—"Watch and pray!"
Clouds are gathering, and thy way
Blazing, scatter or thy way;
Press thou toward the blissful Aid—
See! above thee dawns the day!

Live for something! look above thee!
Let thy course be upward still!
Give the world some cause to love thee,
And some holy work to follow;
Forward in thy noble labor,
Ever faithful to the end;
Think each man thy brother-neighbor;
Be of human rights the friend!

Literature.

A DAY IN A PASTOR'S LIFE.

BY T. P. W.

"At evening time it shall be light."

An autumn of uncommon mildness and beauty had given place to one of those cold, dreary days, when the ice king gathers around him snow, sleet, and hail, and sends them forth on a wintry wind as precursors of his coming reign. The gates had still their summer fixings; and the pastor, suffering from recent illness, sat, with flushed cheeks and hurried breath, shivering over the kitchen fire. There were quick footsteps hurrying to and fro, for warm hearts and willing hands were busily engaged in making the study comfortable for "dear Uncle Ellis." The tall, manly-looking nephew, and black-eyed, rusty-cheeked niece who were helping auntie, were cousins, who had come to brighten the pastor's home by a brief visit. Karl had just returned from a successful business experiment at the West, and was full of life and spirits. Ella, our pet and darling, was a very sunbeam, always loving and hopeful.

"The study is ready, uncle."

How pleasant it looked with its cheerful fire, softened light, and the lounge with pillows and other ceteras for a temporary bed! And how comfortable the pastor felt, as he lay tucked up after the most approved fashion!

"I hope you have no engagements for to-day," said the anxious wife.

"Engagements!" said Karl and Ella in a breath; "as if Uncle Ellis could go out such a day as this, when he's sick enough to go for the doctor, and have all sorts of nice things made for him in the bargain."

"I have a wedding and funeral to attend, but a carriage will be sent for me, and I can go very comfortably."

Ring, ring—and the door-bell gave forth those sharp sounds that tell of haste and urgency.

"Please sit, Mr. H. is very sick, and wants to see you real bad."

There was an appealing glance from the wife and looks of determined opposition from Karl and Ella, but the pastor rose very quietly, with trembling hands put on rubbers, cloak, and cap, and went forth in that driving storm to visit the sick.

Mr. H. was one of those poor persons whom our Saviour has left as a legacy to his children; to be always with them: that the chain of love that links us to our fellow travellers may, by active benevolence, be kept bright and glowing. There was a wife and four little children by that sick bed. The pastor's soothing words, his prayers, and his gentle ministrations, were like a life-giving breeze, which he endeavored to offer the prayer of faith that saves the sick! We know not, but that that hour Mr. H. slowly recovered, and is now healthy, energetic, and prosperous.

Again the lounge was drawn near the fire, the room darkened, and Uncle Ellis left to take a nap before dinner.

The warmth and glow of the invalid, which would soon have given place to sleep, when there was a second summons to a sick bed.

It was promptly answered, and a feeble invalid, who had for many long years been suffering, blessed God for his pastor's words of cheer and comfort.

"I can't stay for my dinner, the carriage is waiting at the door to take me to the wedding."

"Bring us some cake, uncle; and do, please, for once tell us about the bride's dress."

Our clerical friend had good taste, and a keen appreciation of the beautiful, but, respecting the minutia of a lady's wardrobe, he was as ignorant as Uncle C., who described a bridal dress as made of "linen full of holes."

Uncle Ellis brought home plenty of cake, a good fee for auntie, and an exquisitely beautiful bouquet for Ella. The parlors were filled with choice flowers, the table set in the most approved style of modern elegance, the company select, brilliant, and sparkling.

"But the bride's dress, uncle; you know you promised to try and remember what it was."

There was a puzzled look, and then you should have heard the merry laugh as Uncle Ellis said, "I am not quite sure, Ella, but I think the bride was dressed in black silk!"

No time for comments, for another

carriage is waiting to take the pastor to the funeral of Mr. D. The deceased was one of the early pioneers at the West, who had lived to see almost incredible changes in the home of his adoption. He had amassed a handsome fortune. Children and grandchildren were prosperous through his energy and foresight, and his last days were made singularly happy by his grateful descendants.

A very long line of carriages followed his remains to the cemetery, and they were filled by those who truly respected their departed friend.

"How very tired you look, dear uncle; I hope you can rest during the remainder of the day."

Another ring of the bell, faint, scarcely perceptible, as if touched by a timid hand.

One glance at the new comer, and our sympathies were speedily excited. Poverty and sorrow were there.

"Please, sir, our little baby died yesterday. We are strange here, and didn't know who to go to, but if you will be so kind as to say a prayer over our little Mary—" Sobbs and tears finished the sentence.

There was no hesitation now. Ella ran for the rubbers and cloak, to have them thoroughly warmed. "Uncle," said Karl, "you wrap yourself up as closely as possible, and I will drive you to the funeral in the buggy."

"Karl," said Ella, taking her bouquet from its vase, "baby won't have a beautiful white wreath on her coffin as our darling little cousin had; take these flowers and put them in baby's hand."

A few poor neighbors had assembled in the house of mourning. There were no pall-bearers, no eulogies. A coffin of rude materials inclosed the precious remains of the child, and the joy of these children of poverty.

"At to look at the little one, Karl approached the coffin and quietly placed the flowers in baby's hand."

Soothing words were uttered by the pastor, a heartfelt prayer offered, and then the mourners went to take a last look of their darling. A quick bright flush of joy illuminated the mother's face as the flowers met her eye. She looked up and around as if to pour forth her gratitude for such unexpected tokens. And then, as eagerly, she watched to see if her little baby might take the flowers with her to her lonely home. Yes, the coffin is closed, the flowers are there, and the mother's heart is comforted.

The coffin was placed in the pastor's buggy. The parents and the poor neighbors formed the procession that followed the baby's remains. Doubtless these were unseasonable, for angels love the little ones whom our Saviour has blessed, and who will ever long be jewels in his crown of glory.

Once more in the simply furnished parlor, which seemed rich and luxurious by contrast.

Another very decided pull at the door-bell, and the pastor, "said Karl; "a hotel servant undoubtedly."

A smart colored waiter was ushered into the parlor, and with a great flourish made known his errand.

"A couple at the Pavilion, Doctor, that want to get married, sir, and I told them that nobody could do up that business equal to the Rev. Dr. Ellis. Carriage at the door, sir."

The couple at the Pavilion were linked, and presently the carriage brought Uncle Ellis back to the cozy parlor, looking very merry.

"Now tell us, please, all about it," said Ella; "was the bride pretty?"

"Yes a pretty brunette, with bright, sparkling eyes, something like yours, for instance, Ella."

Karl laughed. "And the bridegroom," said Ella, quickly, "was like Karl, six feet, well proportioned, with a majestic air—never mind for the rest, but how did he look, truly?"

"He truly did look like one of nature's noblemen, fresh from the quarry, uncut and unpolished. The couple stood up directly after I entered the room. As I was about to commence the service, a glance from the bride at the hands of her liege lord, showed that he had forgotten his gloves. He quickly drew from his pocket a pair of long, narrow black kids, and commenced putting them on. Such work as he made, blowing in the fingers, stretching and pulling, until he had been almost down to the floor, with a red face, but very determined air. The bride gave me a quizzical glance, and then, with many blushes, tried to look demure, but her eyes laughed and sparkled as if they were ready to shout with laughter. At length the black kids were on, after a fashion, the bridegroom straightened himself up with a 'Now I'm ready, sir, go ahead; and so they were married.'

We had a merry tea drinking. 'Now for some music. Open the piano, Ella, and let Karl get his flute in tune.' With Uncle Ellis resting on the sofa, and auntie in the rocking-chair looking quietly happy, the cousins played and sang many favorite airs.

Another ring at the door-bell. "Shall I test the gas-burners, sir?"

"Yes, if you please."

And then, like children, we followed the man all over the house to see the gas lighted for the first time. All the lights burned brilliantly. Now for the kitchen. Auntie had been advised by several wealthy ladies not to have gas in the kitchen, "servants wasted so."

The gas was lighted, and Biddy shouted—

"Isn't it perfectly splendid, and right over my ironing table, too?"

"Do you know how to turn out the light, Biddy when you leave the room, so as to economize the gas?"

"Oh, yes, ma, and she gave a quick turn of the screw and left us in total darkness."

When the gas was again lighted, Biddy's look of mingled droolery and dismay was irresistibly ludicrous.

"As we passed through the study to the parlor, Ella exclaimed: 'Oh auntie the moon is shining brilliantly; it is

all light—light within and without."

Then, like a ray from heaven, there flashed the heart of the wife this cheering assurance. "At the evening time it shall be light."

What matters if the dearly loved husband's life is one of self-denying effort, if he is often called to comfort others when keenly suffering himself? Life's day is short, and "at evening time it shall be light." Light in its closing hours, light in the grave where Jesus has slept; and behind the grave the home of the faithful "hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine on it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

[THE END.]

New Year's Eclipse of the Sun.

The eclipse of the sun, which will take place on January 1 next, is of peculiar interest to astronomers on account of the great astronomical photographs since the last solar eclipse. It is hoped that by means of photographs which were taken on the question of the composition of the corona of the sun, there will be some new and interesting information.

Some have regarded them as consisting of gaseous matter, others as consisting of solid matter, others as consisting of a mixture of the two. The path of the coming eclipse will begin near the coast of the United States, and will cross the continent from Alaska to Kamchatka, and sweeping half way between the western end of Lake Superior and Hudson Bay. While only observers along this line will see the eclipse, it will be visible all over the United States. Harvard University has fitted out a costly expedition to California for the purpose of taking elaborate observations. The expedition will require about a month on the ground for preparations. The place selected for building the temporary observatory is a town called Wilcox, about 200 miles north of Sacramento, about 300 feet above the level of the sea. It has been found impossible to obtain a large telescope in the possession of the University, one with an aperture 15 inches in diameter, but the next size, 12 inches, has been sent. This is a much larger instrument than has ever been used before, and the results will be secured far beyond in value anything which has been obtained by the use of the smaller instruments.

The Story of a Gun.

Pittsburg is in despair. The bursting of the great cast-iron gun at Annapolis the other day has buried the entire city in gloom. "Peepers" all classes," says a Pittsburg paper, "appeared to take it as a personal matter." That Brobdignagian monster was Pittsburg's pet. It was expected to close Krupp and all other builders of built-up cannon. It was to make Pittsburg the city of great guns, the chief creator of shell-steel destroyers. Therefore when that monster lump of highly protected metal was trundled off to be tested by the Government every Pittsburger wished it good luck. For weeks the citizens had bragged about the gun in public places and at their own firesides. They loved it for the enemies it would reduce to mince-meat. Fortunately through an oversight they neglected to name it in a government ordinance officers at Annapolis had loaded the precious piece of hardware they retired to bombproofs and adjacent States to watch the result of the firing. Fifty pounds of powder and a 100 pound ball had been pushed down the Pittsburger's throat. The lanyard was pulled and the result was—chaos. Pittsburg's pride was reduced to scrap-iron. Krupp and Armstrong had not been driven out of business. Pittsburg's beautiful dream had become a hideous nightmare. Now there is wailing by the Monongahela—Chicago News.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Mr. John Bright has had a relapse. Mrs. Boulanger has withdrawn in her suit from the trial of her husband.

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Mr. Sol White has consented to accept the nomination for the Windsor mayoralty.

It is officially stated that the Pope does not intend to leave Rome, nor has he thought of taking any other trip.

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It is asserted that an American syndicate, with a capital of \$500,000, has been formed to construct a line of electric cars from Philadelphia to New York.

The Judges of the Supreme Court will announce their opinion in regard to the Manitoba railway crossing case on Dec. 22.

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The full text of the judgments by the Privy Council in the case between the St. Catharines Milling Company and the Province of Ontario has been received by cable at the Attorney-General's office.

A letter has been received at Saskatoon from Oshawa stating that the bodies of the child and its mother were abandoned by Zegre.

Lord Dufferin was given a banquet in Bombay prior to leaving for England, and in his speech he said he handed over a cloud-country to Lord Lansdowne with a cloud-bank political horizon.

Active steps are being taken in Indianapolis to suppress the White Caps, and many members of that organization have been indicted, with a strong probability of their conviction.

A woman named Gagliardi, on her arrival at Quebec on Saturday from New York steamer Umbria, was searched, and fifty dynamite cartridges were found concealed in her dress.

COAL AND WOOD

Fresh Mined Coal all kinds of Wholesale and Retail, and Dry Wood, Long and Short, Delivered to any part of the town, Cheap, and also Fresh LIME always kept in Stock. Telephone in both Offices.

R. BRYANS.

A Fatal Mistake.

New York, Dec. 15.—Erasmus Wisman in an interview yesterday said: "Mr. Brewster has made a fatal mistake in introducing his amendment to the bill. There are generally two parties to a bargain, and in this particular case three, viz: United States, Canada and England, and if any of these three are unwilling, a bargain is impossible. I have stated before that the sentiment against annexation in Canada was so pronounced that its advocacy by any political party in that country would mean the party's defeat. The effect of this proposal of political union in the present time in Congress will be to make it a very difficult task for the Liberal party in Canada to secure other commercial relations. Indeed, it will be almost a hopeless attempt if Congress should by its passage of these resolutions persist in this effort. I look upon the retrogressive action as a political move on the part of the Republicans for the purpose of forestalling the Democrats, who I know contemplated just such an action."

THE COMBER ELOPERS.

They Will Probably Remember Their Visit to New York.

NOYWOOD, Dec. 15.—A man named Wm. Allen last evening came into this place and called upon Mrs. House, a lady from Comber, Ont., who had left her home, but had been with her when she first left home, but delayed following her for a short time, but having last night and hired a horse and rig for this purpose, but when entering the rig were surprised to find a crowd of boys who had collected to give them a farewell send-off. The crowd then took them out of the rig and sent them to the livery. The couple then proceeded to the other hotel and from there to the C. P. R. station, followed by a large crowd. They quietly seated themselves to wait for the midnight express, but were not long allowed to rest in this position. He was taken and pressed with a tie ticket, which he thankfully took. They then escorted the lady down town, after which the evening train for Hamilton. Mr. Allen went to Hamilton, where he boarded the express going west. Mrs. House took the same train from here.

Accident, Murder or Suicide?

WINSTON, Dec. 15.—Farmer Robert McQuade, his son and the latter's wife lived in the Township of Ansonia, near Ansonia, Ont. The son, whose record is unenviable, was married about two months ago to Miss Beattie, daughter of a neighbor. The union has not been a happy one, the wife complaining of the brutal treatment of her husband. Yesterday morning she went to Ansonia, after having had a scene with McQuade, and he was left alone at the house. Shortly after McQuade's father entered and found the son lying in a pool of blood, with one side of his head completely blown off. Close behind him was a double-barrelled gun with one barrel empty. McQuade lies in an unconscious state and there is no hope of his recovery. It is said he had loaded the gun with the object of shooting his father-in-law, but that he had changed his mind. His relatives say it was an accident.

To suspend Coal Mining for a Week.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 18.—There is a movement among the anthracite coal companies to suspend the mining of coal temporarily for a week, beginning with Christmas.

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