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Masonic Regular Meetings. Minden, No. 253, on Monday, Dec. 3rd, at 7:30

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LEICESTER LODGE, No. 33, of the Sons of Engand Benevolent Society, will meet in their new Lodge Room, corner Montreal and Princess Sta., over Strachan's Hardware Store, the 2nd and 4th Puesdays of each month.

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DRESSED TURKEY.

A farmer kind and able-A nice fat turkey, raised on corn, To grace the pastor's table.

The farmer's lad went with the fowl, And thus addressed the pastor: "Dear me, if I ain't tired! Here is, A gobbler from my master."

The pastor said: "Thou shouldst not thus Present the fowl to me; Come, take my chair, and for me act, And I will act for thee."

Went out with it and then came in With pleasant smile and look,

And to his young pro tem, he said: "Dear sir, my honored master Presents this turkey, and his best Respects to you, his paster."

"Good!" said the boy; "your master is A gentleman and scholar! My thanks to him, and for yourself, Here is a half a dollar!"

The pastor felt around his mouth A most peculiar twitching; And to the gobbler holding fast, He "bolted" for the kitchen.

He gave the turkey to the cook, And came back in a minute, Then took the youngster's hand and left A half a dollar in it.

TWO THANKSGIVINGS.



is my belief, founded on a long and varied experience, that a man should never give money to a beggar. As a princithe 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 innumerable 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 UFFICE-80 Brock street, near Wellington brews, it, the laughter and the tears as they are cooked at his good pleasure. 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 BARRISTER, &c. Office—British American
Hotel Block, Clarence Street. Money to Loan.

color to the cheeks and brightness to the
eyes of some twenty idlers seated upon
the benches. Most of the persons in the color to the cheeks and brightness to the 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 flotsam and jetsam 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 sun 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 orig-



"WOULD BUT GIVE ME ONE CENT, SIRE inal color, and his trousers hung about his emaciated legs like a stocking about a pipe stem. Upon his sallow face was four weeks' growth of stubby 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 abject-

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 a ghastly joke by putting his hand in his trousers pocket when the mendicant asked him the fatal question and pro-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 if he had said: "Did starvation ever roost in your stomach for three deve" "Will he inmp. on 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 awaken-

ing 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 enkindled in him, for two tears rolled out of his eyes and I fancied I could hear them fall spat! spat! upon the stones.

"Are you hungry?" said I. "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. 'Twas a long and sorrowful story he told. His name was George Moore, and he was a Cornish

"Times was better, sir," said he, "when I came to this country eight year ago. Ye see, I heard there was money to be made in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, an', like a fule, 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 today 'twas, sir. 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 hoar frost. 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 did no good, for my wife went like the baby, and since she's gone, sir, I'm all broke up."



Here lie 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?" said I. "Oh, just knockin' around doin' an odd job here an' there-starvin' 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

"Why don't you apply to him for assis "Because I'd die afore he'd know the

shape I'm in." By this time we had reached the door of one of those modest and unconventional 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 asked him what he would have he couldn't reply, but sat gazing at the waiter dumbly as a sheep might look at its executioners. Then ordered for him a big dish of vegetable soup. When it was placed before him, with islands of potatces, carrots and cab-

bage 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 it into the mess, and while he ate there seemed to be a lump in his throat which prevented his swallowing. dered a big plate of roast beef, and the waiter brought two cuts which looked as if they had been taken from the forehead of the critter. This was flanked by a dish of riealy potatoes, bursting Continu on page three.

47 INCHES WIDE

despairing gesture and the sallow face harden into corrugated lines. One man, MURRAY & TAYLOR'S

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