

CURLING.

A Poem for the 'Knights of the Broom.'

There is a new publication from the press of Wm. Blackwood & Co., Edinburgh, which will attract the attention of curlers. It is a little poem about Scotland's ain game o' curling with illustrations. The poetry is from the pen of Walter Douglas-Campbell, and reads something like this:—

BAILIE M'PHEE. As Bailie M'Phee was reposing Ae cauld frosty morn in his bed, A tap interrupted his dozing, And a note on the coverlet laid. Ma fags! how he rummled the curtain As he loup'd frae the bed in his glee; The loch will be bearing for certain, There'll be curling the day for M'Phee.

For he played sae cannyly, Oh, sae cannyly! Cannyly soopit, and scroopit, and loupit! The day by the Bailie M'Phee.

The cup by the patron presentit, Is a gem o' the jeweller's art, Wi' mony a floo'er indentit, And emblems in every part. It wants but a name to complete it, Embossed wi' a chaste filigree, And the folks, nae to make ye conceitit, Spae it's safe to be Bailie M'Phee.

Persuaded, he shouther'd his besom, His stanes were the guid Crawfordjohn; His mull was replenish'd wi' sneeshin, Which he oped to each weel-played stone. And filling his flask to the tappie, He gied a sly glance wi' his ee, Saying, "Whiles tho' I tsk' a wee drappie, At curling I'm on the Tee-tee."

Noo the Bailie is aff to the meetin', And oh, when his figure was seen, Sae lood was the mirth o' the greetin', Ye'd hae thought they were toastin' the Queen.

But the skip that stood up to oppose him, As black as my bonnet looked he, When, he kent that the ballot had chose him To ply against Bailie M'Phee.

Noo the shots that he laid were amazin', And soopit sae naething could die; The ports that he drew wi'oot grazin, And struck sae that naething would lie. Till the opposite skip straight up loopin', Cried "Tuts! but I'm aff to ma tea; I may wear oot ma besom wi' soopin' Ere I gain but ae head frae M'Phee.

Oh, see how the crowd gather near him, To watch and admire his play, The lassies conspire to cheer him, The hero and pet o' the day, But the chief o' the hale deputation, Was a lass wi' a glint in her ee, That expell'd the maist deep admiration, She held for the Bailie M'Phee.

Her bonnet was sorel, trimm'd w' myrtle, And mony a ribbon was seen Flowin' down frae th' skirts o' her kirtle, Which was tartan o' orange and green. And the hues o' the rainbow were blendit, So as ony one plainly could see, That this gorgeous costume was intendit, To dazzle the een o' M'Phee.

Oh, see to the squeezin' and croodin, He's playin' the hindermost sho', She deems na to think she's intrudin' As she presses ahead o' the lot. And just as he chippit the winner, She gied a loud screech in her glee, And I vow but the lang-leggit limmer Played pump in the arms o' M'Phee.

"Oh," said she, in his arms being carried, "Oh, thrust me not rudely away, I've aye had a wish to get married And may be I've succeeded to-day. I've siller and gold that shall jingle, And a hoose in the Snelldons," said she; "It's a shame and disgrace to see single A curler like Bailie M'Phee."

Sae sweet was the look that she gied him, Sae bright was the glint o' her een, To refuse the request that she made him, His heart must o' adamant been. So he thocht not a moment upon it, But poppit right down on his knee, And pledg'd the red knob on his bonnet, That he'd make her his Mistress M'Phee.

Now he mountit his auld-fashioned pony, And oh, but 'twas wonderfu' grand, To see how each stranger and crony Reach'd forth for a grip o' his hand. But she loup'd up a grin on the saddle, Sae they cheer'd her wi' thirty times three:

"He's got but the cup and the medal, But ye've captured the hale o' the three." Noo the supper is laid by the fire, And mony a lad wi' his lass The cups and the medals admire, Display'd 'neath a cover o' glass.

But the Bailie he points to the sofy, Where his wife sits infusin' the tea, And cries he, "You're the bonniest trophy That ever was won by M'Phee."

She proves a good wife to the Bailie, And this is the reason, because, She teaches the bairns to read daily, And practice the curling club laws. And they play to the tee wi'oot blunder, Braw curlers the hale o' the three; And at Blythswood they say it's nae wonder,

Since they're skippit by Bailie M'Phee. And they play sae cannyly, Oh, sae cannyly, Cannyly soopit, and scroopit, and loupit, And skippit by Bailie M'Phee.

Cunning of the Insane.

The double file of insane unfortunates march'd shiftingly up and down the courtyard pavement of the Philadelphia hospital recently in pursuit of the usual outdoor exercise. Out of the extreme rear of the column suddenly stepped a gaunt, cadaverous creature, who bent as if adjusting a recumbent shoe. This, being a frequent occurrence, attracted no attention. From the attendants, nor did these vigilant officials notice the straggler tear open the lining of his long, torn overcoat and abstract a letter—which a condescending spectator near by had promised to deliver—and clandestinely hand it to the spectator. The epistle did not reach its destination, but the act was so neat and the man so skillful in execution, and the attendants so completely unaware of the transaction, that the attempt, by virtue of its own merit, deserved actually a higher degree of success.

SENSIBLE TALK FROM A HORSE.

Remember That "A Merciful Man is Merciful to His Beast."

Don't ask me to "back" with blinders on. I am afraid to. Don't lend me to some blockhead that has less sense than I have.

Don't think because I am a horse that iron weeds and briars won't hurt my hay. Don't be so careless of my harness as to find a great sore on me before you attend to it.

Don't run me down a steep hill, for if anything should give away I might break your neck.

Don't whip me when I get frightened along the road or I will expect it next time and maybe make trouble.

Don't think because I go free under the whip I don't get tired. You would move up if under the whip.

Don't put on my blind bridle so that it irritates my eyes, or so leave my forelock that it will be in my eyes.

Don't hitch me to an iron post or railing when the mercury is below freezing. I need the skin on my tongue.

Don't keep my stable very dark, for when I get out into the light my eyes are injured, especially if snow is on the ground.

Don't leave me hitched in my stall all night with a big cob right where I must lie. I am tired and can't select a smooth place.

Don't forget to file my teeth when they get jagged and I can not chew my food. When I get lean it is a sign my teeth want filing.

Don't make me drink ice cold water nor put a frosty bit in my mouth. Warm the bit by holding a half minute against my body.

Don't compel me to eat more salt than I want by mixing it with my oats. I know better than any other animal how much I need.

Don't say whoa unless you mean it. Teach me to stop at the word. I may check me if the lines break and save a runaway and smash-up.

Don't trot me up hill, for I have to carry you and the buggy and myself, too. Try it yourself some time. Run up a hill with a big load.

Don't forget the old book that is a friend of all the oppressed, that says: "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."—Maine Home Journal.

Winter Work on Farms.

This morning I will speak to you upon one aspect of a matter which may promote our common happiness and prosperity—that of making more and better food in the winter time. The task and occupation of the farmer is to devote his talent and strength to solve those problems that face him, in such a way as to bring back from nature, as much as possible of all kinds of food which contribute to the support of the race to which he belongs. Now, a man who follows dairy farming and provides food for the people during the summer months only, is like a man who works a button factory, shuts it up for the winter saying, "Closed because the weather is cold." With all the plant idle, all the hands discharged, no income throughout the winter months, he could never compete with another button manufacturer up in Port Elgin who runs his factory all the year round. No more can a farmer in Waterloo, who does a profitable business for only half the year round compete with a farmer over in Wisconsin or in England, who keeps going all the year, and has an income in every month of it. Winter dairying has nothing in itself that is hostile to summer dairying any more than shirt-making in winter has in it anything that is hostile to shirt-making in summer. Perhaps you make a different class of goods; that is all. At the same time, business should run the year round in both instances.—From address by Prof. Robertson.

Intensive Farming Pays.

All reports of successful experience in farming are appreciated, for "what man has done man may do." Look at the possibilities: 255 bu of shelled corn on an acre, although a prize crop; 1,500 bu of transplanted onions per acre; the golden feed of grain sheep fertilizing a 10-acre orchard so that it yielded over \$1000 worth of fruit annually for 7 years, the same fertilizer being continued; a Vermont pear orchard of 2½ acres, given all the leached ashes it would bear, yielding more profit than the whole of a 250-acre farm adjoining. Fix the ammonia of the stables with gypsum (plaster). Renovate valueless farms with cottonseed and flaxseed meal and bran, while pasturing sheep fattening for the butcher. Continue this plan until with clover the land becomes too rich for sheep. Then raise lean pork on the same feed. The advantage of underdraining, as well as irrigation, seems too little understood except by the Japanese whose 33,000,000 acres support more than one person to the acre.—F. Alden.

How Mrs. Twain "Proposed."

Mark Twain's wife was a Miss Langdon, of Elmira. When "Mark" first met her he was not so distinguished as now. Her father was a judge and doubtless expected "family" and social importance in his son-in-law. Clemens, however, became interested in his daughter and after a while proposed, but was rejected. "Well," he said to the lady, "I didn't much believe you'd have me, but thought I'd try."

After a while he "tried" again, with the same result and then remarked, with his celebrated drawl:

"I think a great deal more of you than if you'd said 'Yes,' but it's hard to bear."

A third time he met with better fortune and then came the most difficult part of his task—to address the old gentleman.

"Judge," he said to the dignified millionaire, "have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?"

"What? What?" exclaimed the Judge, rather sharply, apparently not understanding the situation, yet doubtless getting a glimpse of it from the inquiry.

"Have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?"

"No, indeed," replied the magnate, sternly; "no, sir, I have not."

"Well, look sharp, and you will," said the author of "Innocents Abroad"; and that is the way he asked the judicial luminary for his daughter's hand.—Hartford Courant.

She Speaks.

I do not care how well she speaks, Or in how many languages, If with a blush upon her cheeks, She answers my one question "Yes."

TREASURERS' SALE OF LANDS

COUNTY OF VICTORIA,

For Arrears of Taxes, to be held in the

COURT HOUSE, LINDSAY,

Wednesday, 17th February, 1892, at 11 o'clock a.m.

Township of BEXLEY.

Table with columns: Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Costs of Advertising and Commission, Total, Patented or not Patented. Includes Island in Balsam Lake and East half.

Village of BOBCAYGEON.

Table with columns: Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Costs of Advertising and Commission, Total, Patented or not Patented. Includes E Bobcaygeon St.

Township of CARDEN.

Table with columns: Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Costs of Advertising and Commission, Total, Patented or not Patented. Includes West half, East half, and E 75 acres of W half.

Township of DALTON.

Table with columns: Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Costs of Advertising and Commission, Total, Patented or not Patented. Includes King st South.

Township of DIGBY.

Table with columns: Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Costs of Advertising and Commission, Total, Patented or not Patented. Includes King st South.

Township of ELDON.

Table with columns: Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Costs of Advertising and Commission, Total, Patented or not Patented. Includes East half, North half, and South part.

(Village of BOLSOVER in ELDON.)

Table with columns: Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Costs of Advertising and Commission, Total, Patented or not Patented. Includes King st South.

Township of EMILY.

Table with columns: Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Costs of Advertising and Commission, Total, Patented or not Patented. Includes W pt of E ½ & E pt W ½.

Township of FENELON.

Table with columns: Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Costs of Advertising and Commission, Total, Patented or not Patented. Includes W pt of E ½ & E pt W ½.

Village of FENELON FALLS.

Table with columns: Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Costs of Advertising and Commission, Total, Patented or not Patented. Includes N of Francis st, S of Francis st, and F. Falls West.

Township of LAXTON.

Table with columns: Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Costs of Advertising and Commission, Total, Patented or not Patented. Includes North half, East half, and West half.

Village of OMEMEE.

Table with columns: Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Costs of Advertising and Commission, Total, Patented or not Patented. Includes S of Mary st, E Sturgeon st, and S of Mary st, E Sturgeon st.

Township of OPS.

Table with columns: Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Costs of Advertising and Commission, Total, Patented or not Patented. Includes West part.

Township of SOMERVILLE.

Table with columns: Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Costs of Advertising and Commission, Total, Patented or not Patented. Includes North half, East half, and South half.

Table with columns: Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Costs of Advertising and Commission, Total, Patented or not Patented. Includes Township of VERULAM.

I, THOMAS MATCHETT, Treasurer of the County of Victoria, as directed by the warrant of the Warden of the said County of Victoria, dated the 10th day of November, A.D. 1891, will proceed to sell each and every of the above parcels of land, for the arrears of taxes now due upon them respectively, as above set out, together with the costs (unless said arrears of taxes and costs are sooner paid) at the Court House, in the Town of Lindsay, in the said County of Victoria, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, on Wednesday, the Seventeenth day of February, 1892.

COUNTY TREASURER'S OFFICE, LINDSAY, 10th November, 1891. THOMAS MATCHETT, County Treasurer. First published in the Lindsay WATCHMAN, 12th November, 1891.

Treasurer's Sale of Lands

TOWN OF LINDSAY.

TOWN OF LINDSAY, Whereas by virtue of a warrant issued by the Mayor of the Town of Lindsay, in the County of Victoria and authenticated by the corporate seal of the said Town bearing date of the 9th day of November, 1891, and to me directed commanding me to levy upon the following lots or parcels of land for the arrears of taxes due thereon and costs. I hereby give notice that unless the said taxes and costs are sooner paid, I shall on Wednesday, the Seventh day of February, 1892, at 11 o'clock in the afternoon, at the Court House in the Town of Lindsay, proceed to sell by Public Auction the said lands or as much thereof as may be sufficient to pay such arrears of taxes and all lawful charges incurred. All the under mentioned lots are Patented.

Table with columns: Street, Lot, Part, Acres, Arrears, Costs of Advertising and Commission, Total, Patented or not Patented. Includes Park A, W R R Track, S King & W St Davis, E Lindsay N, Block Q, Q, N Durham W, N Durham E, N Glenelg E, S Glenelg E, E Georgian, Park E, E James, Park G, W Souix, Block T.

TO FARMERS. McDONELL & COWDRY. Are now prepared to buy at the new G. T. R. Storehouse, Lindsay. Wheat, Peas, Barley, Oats, Red and Alsike Clover and Potatoes. CASH paid at the Storehouse. Lindsay, Sept. 18th, 1890—36-1f.

PATENTS. Scientific American Agency for. MUNN & CO., 31 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the Scientific American.

1891. LINDSAY 1891. Woollen Mills.

100,000 POUNDS OF WOOL WANTED. Highest Cash Price, and 2 Cents per lb. extra when traded.

MANUFACTURING AS USUAL. We charge for Manufacturing when wool is found:— Reeled Yarn Single 15c per pound. All Wool Check Flannel - 20c per Yard and when Stocking Yarn, 2 or 3 ply 20c " Fall Cloth, from " 30c " Twill Flannel, yard wide 25c " Yard. Tweeds " 30 to 50c. " " " 45c " Blankets from \$1 to \$3.00 per pair.

CUSTOM WEAVING. 10 cts. per yard for yard wide, and 5 cts. per yard for cotton; double width 2 yards wide, 20 cts for weaving and 10 cts for cotton. CUSTOM CARDING. We have put on a new Burr Cylinder on custom machine and will guarantee best roll carding we have ever done. Price 5 cts. per pound, 2 cents for greasing.

DYEING AND CLOTH DRESSING ON SHORTEST NOTICE. We keep in stock for sale all kinds of Woollen Goods; also COTTONS, SHIRTINGS, COTTONADES, KNITTED GOODS, ETC. and will sell as cheap as the cheapest.

Wool may be shipped to us by boat or rail, and on all lots of 100 pounds or over (if to be manufactured) we will pay freight to mill (if does not apply to roll carding). Parties sending wool should always put their name on the ticket, as we often get several parcels by same train and find it hard to keep them straight unless owners name be on them.

Also please bear in mind that we are determined to give satisfaction, and will use the best of the wool for our own trade, and will guarantee the best yarn this year that we have ever turned out.

Address WALLACE & Co., Woollen Mills, Lindsay. J W WALLACE, Manager.

THE ELDER... learned to live... dear, sweet, like heavenly... no human w... Love brings m... and though... still kept shout... and let it out... When men for... year of jubil... Will dawn upon... said, "So lo... So, love your... then began... And Silas Fitz... out. "Ame... What right had... low toned m... Who took my... and locked... the low-down... a lunk-head... those love and... have all be... sit there in... out "Ame... I could chok... shout again... One day his... called the... gave him a ch... crawled off... just crawle... Says I, M... long-legged... the best of... but, oh, that... hear it pro... about forgive... fellow me... should have... especial st... that blamed... sat across... THE W... A widow... which now... shabby, sat... channelled ro... Fred. Knowl... the sound of... through an... doorwise, as... Cross were u... a lawn—not... but deep wit... disturbed fo... the lawn w... where the h... But Mrs. D... neither did... that was go... er. She was t... that always... her family... there were... of 11, who h... frock, then... and Freddy... of 3. He w... he was cryi... open a han... wear, t... light arm, ... But Mrs... the oblid... window, da... time with a... and thinki... For this... spring mo... man of her... was just s... as a sollici... or, at lea... the squire... gone well... husband's... and when... his widow... bread for... lodgings... Now her... and she h... the faint... Jim "to d... last. As she... and a tall... 50 years... a flesh-c... into the... Dr. Darl... The w... cry as s... Once mo... that day... eyes and... once mo... she laid... But when... chief, a... little bl... checks... "So y... I m... The w... Also please bear in mind that we are determined to give satisfaction, and will use the best of the wool for our own trade, and will guarantee the best yarn this year that we have ever turned out.