Ho! For British Columbia

—AND THE—

GOLD FIELDS.

A special party, consisting, of the undersigned and friends, will, if a sufficient number make application for berths, be made up from Lindsay and surrounding country for British Columbia and the Gold Fields. It is intended that a Canadian Pacific Tourist Car will go through without change from Orillia on Thursday, April 1st, 1897, leaving Lindsay at 9.15 a.m., arriving at Revelstoke, B.C., at 4.25 p.m., Monday, April 5th.

Intending passengers please communicate as early as possible in regard to reservation of berths in sleeper, and enclose as a deposit the price of berth, $7.50 if to Pacific Coast, or $6.50 if to Revelstoke. Single and return tickets will be issued. For further particulars apply to . . .

J. T. PETTY

THE JEWELLER, 86 Kent Street.

Are You Going . .

To Build . .

••••

If you are going to build a house I would like to give you a pointer. You want dry material and work well done. I can give you both, having a dry kiln to dry lumber and also good workmen to put it together. You can rely on getting good work. I am also adding to the already large stock of machinery a Band Re-sawing Machine so as to re-saw lumber any thickness. As for prices you will find I am as cheap as others; and with regard to Quality, this shop is also noted for doing good Planing and Matching, both in hard and soft wood. All kinds of Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Etc., in stock.

GEO. INGLE.

The Lindsay Planing Mills.

The Watchman.

THURSDAY, FEB. 25th, 1897.

THE OUTCAST.

I, Samatha Hawkins, sat on my door-step one evening in the afterglow, day-dreaming. Involuntarily my knitting had dropped from my fingers. The ball of yarn was being carried far from me by a mischievous kitten, but I paid no attention to it. I was not living in the present, I was reliving the past.

Had it not been for one great sorrow, I could have looked back with a cheerful heart. But that great event looms up before me continually, and with all the will power I have, I cannot thrust it aside. It ever stands before me, a monument to the memory of the past.

I can happily trace my life up to a certain point. This point lies some fifteen years beyond the date of my marriage. Everything previous to it had been permeated with the pleasure that finds its way into the hearts of contented beings. Everything after seemed to have been filled with the gloom that settles upon those whose hearts have been torn by sorrow. To recall it all is no tax upon my memory; but to drive it away is the ache that tells.

As I sat there on that memorable evening, the wind brought to me the perfume of many flowers. The birds in the neighboring trees chirped as they settled down for a night's rest. The scarlet poppies were already unfolding their petals for to-morrow's display; the buds of the morning-glories on the fence were ready to burst; the heavy odor of the mignonette lay all around. I was sensible to all this, but my mind was occupied in another direction.

It was not until my gaze wandered down the road and rested upon a dark figure rapidly advancing towards me, That I knew I was sitting on my door-step. My knitting again found its way into my hands and the needles [illegible] I could not draw my eyes from the way the officer followed. eyes from the approaching figure. It came along apace, leaving a cloud of dust behind. Now I was able to see that it was a man, and soon I saw that he was covered with a confusion of torn garments. Before I had time to note anything further, he had, without hesitating, leaped the hedge, and stood before me.

I surveyed him for an instant, my eyes resting at last upon the bruised wrists. This told me only too plainly that he was a fugitive from justice. The fact was a study in itsself. It had a hard look, and yet there was a look of sadness in the excited eyes.

"As you have a heart, give me shelter!" were the stranger's first words, after which he continued: "I am being pursued. Those in pursuit are already near at hand. I implore you, let me conceal myself in your house. I am unworthy, I know, but some day you will be glad you saved me from their hands," and he pointed in the direction from whence he came.

Not knowing of what crime he might be guilty, my first thoughts were to refuse his request. And then the wrists that had so recently been manacled appeared to me. Blood was oozing from them. Still, he did not deny that he was a criminal, and this encouraged me to mete out to him that which was his due.

"No," I began, "a person such as you are is better in prison than at large. You cannot find shelter here. My house shall not shield a criminal."

I arose and stood in the door-way. In the distance came to me the clatter of horse's hoofs upon the road. The stranger started at this and attempted to mount the steps. I held out my hand signifying that he should not come He did not heed. He knelt down on the steps before me and raised a face so pitiful to behold that I drew back into the kitchen. In a broken voice, he said:

"As there is a God above, as there is a hereafter to come, and as there is salvation for a repentant sinner, on my knees I implore you to save me. If you do, I promise by all that is holy to reform. I have never spoken to my God since I left the home that was so dear to me. Now I am willing to follow Him again, and you, in whose power it is to bring about this change, refuse. Mercy is all I ask, give it to me."

We were now well into the kitchen. The strangers eyes now rested on me, and in the next instant were fixed upon the road. Suddenly he closed the door and fastened it. I heard the garden-gate click, and a moment later some one mounted the steps. This was followed by a rap at the door. The stranger's face was convulsed, his hands trembled; he drew near to me and seized my hand. I was in a dream.

"There is yet time," he whispered kneeling before me. "Save me, save me! Come, I appeal to you."

Rap followed rap at the door. My heart was beating wildly. My breath came in heavy gasps.

"Have you no heart?" began the stranger again in a hoarse whisper. "Can you not trust me? Have you forgotten that memorable night? I must speak out; I cannot help it. Have you forgotten him? Mother! have you forgotten me?"

My arms were around his neck in an instant, and my lips touched his in an impassioned kiss. But a moment passed, and he fled up the stairs. Then I drew back the bolt, opened the door and met the keen and searching eyes of the pursuer.

Without being bidden he entered. In an instant he had surveyed the room, his eyes finally resting upon the stairway, whose boards had creaked but a moment ago under the person for whom he was searching. My heart leaped, but I strove with all my might to maintain a calm exterior.

Going to the table, I lit the lamp, the eyes of the officer following me closely. He did not speak, and I could not. My mind was working with all its power and my heart was beating tempestuously.

"Ah, madam," I heard him say at last, "it would be well for you to disclose at once the hiding place of the person whom you are attempting to shield from justice. The least said in matters of this kind, the best. Your speaking at once will save you from further annoyance. My duty must be evident to you; I cannot spare time in talking. Come, my time is precious."

Still I remained silent. I was thinking of the future. My words must be well weighed before being uttered.

"It is quite likely," he began again "that you have reasons for shielding him. What ever your motive may be when you hear the enormity of his crime you will no longer hesitate. He is a criminal of the lowest class. He has followed his profession loyally, and now it has culminated in murder."

"Murder!" I almost shrieked.

"Then you do confess?" asked he gleefully.

I had thought out the future; my mind was made up. I spoke:

"It would be useless for me to deny that I know the whereabouts of this person; it would be equally as useless to try to shield him. Guilty of the crime you mentioned, he must expiate it. Follow me."

I imagined I heard a groan on the stairway, and a moment later the creaking of the boards overhead. I [illegible] Under the starlight, I proceeded across the orchard. I turned twice to see if the officer followed. I was satisfied each time. Coming to my destination, I once more faced my follower. In the dim light I saw a look of triumph upon his face. Advancing a few steps further I laid my left hand upon the stone wall, and with the other I pointed down into the well.

"There," I said in a whisper.

The person beside me smiled, and, leaning against the wall, peering down into the black depths of the well.

"He must be clinging to the chains," suggested he. "The bucket is down."

He called down into the well. A hollow sound, the echo of his own voice, was all the reply he received. He threatened. His words were loud and forcible. Still no reply.

I stood by, a spectre. Try as I would, I could not speak. The officer, now desperate, drew forth a revolver. I saw it gleam for an instant.

"Not that!" I said pleadingly. Why those words escaped me I do not know. They seemed to satisfy the officer, yet they made my lie more horribly black Keenly I watched the man before me. I saw him draw forth a little lantern. After lighting it he turned its rays full upon my face. I winced.

He was mounting the wall now. It was high, yet he was agile. Now he was kneeling on its top, the light of the lantern penetrating far into the interior of the dismal well. I drew closer; my hands touched his form; I pushed with all my might.

A moment later I heard a splash in the water below, and as the horror of my crime drew upon me, I fled from the well in a daze.

I reached the house, and, seizing the lamp, fled up the stairway. I called to my boy, telling him he was safe. I could not wait until I again pressed him to my breast. He did not come forth; I searched for him. In vain! I went once more to my sleeping room. As soon as I entered, my attention was attracted to a bit of paper that lay upon my writing desk. It was covered with almost illegible writing.

I placed the lamp upon the desk and began to read, and these are the words that tore my heart and filled my cup of misery to overflowing:

"You have done me a great kindness. I thank you for it. I would like to have seen your kind face again, but I could not stay. I could not look you in the face. I am not your son. Your son was prosperous; he was engaged in a thriving business I worked for him. He told me all about you, how long he had searched for you, and how he yearned to look upon your face again. He was wealthy. The sight of such money crazed me; the demon within me grew. Then one day he told me he had found you. He told me where you lived. He was going to you that night. As he left the office, I saw him put a small bundle in his pocket. I knew what it was. I followed him. After leaving the train, he proceeded across lots. Stealthily I came up behind him. We struggled. And then—O God your son is dead and I am his murderer!"

Suggestions to Housekeepers.

A mirror should never stand or be hung where the sun's rays fall upon it. The light and heat produce a chemical disintegration of the quicksilver at the back, which injures the reflective power and makes the glass seem dim and dull.

Many cooks believe the white meal, made from southern corn, is superior to the yellow, made from that grown at the north. Nevertheless a johnny cake doesn't seem to advertise itself as such unless it is a golden yellow. The yellow meal is very sweet and nice.

In cooking the breakfast table cereals, the object is to give them a chance to absorb water and to cook the starch thoroughly. The larger and drier the grain the more time must be allowed for the accomplishment of this result. Whole grains are improved by a previous soaking; those that are finely ground must be mixed with cold water to prevent the formation of lumps. Others should be sifted through the fingers into boiling salted water. Cook fast at first, then more slowly over boiling water, covered, and without stirring.

Making Sure of It.

Old Gent—And so that is your employer going to the funeral of one of his clerks?

Young clerk—Not a clerk, but a distant relative of one of the clerks.

"My! my! I'm sure that is very thoughtful."

"Yes, most too thoughtful. Whenever any of us loses a relative and tells him about it he always goes to the funeral, concarn him!"

"Eh? And do you object to such kindness of heart?"

"'Tisn't kindness of heart, sir. He goes to make sure that the funeral isn't an excuse for a day off."—New York Weekly.

The Greatest Bore.

Every man, after all, his own hardest taskmaster, his own most monotonous company. With an ordinary bore, who calls only now and then, he can make shift to get along, but with a bore who goes to bed with him, gets up with him, breakfasts, lunches and dines with him and is forevermore repeating the old chestnut story of what a fool and failure and sinner he has been, is now, and will keep on being tot the end of the chapter—why, with all this it is a very different matter. Such a bore is each man in peril of becoming to himself—Boston Herald.

Why He Marveled.

"It's very interesting," said young Mr. Giggs' tailor, "to read about some of the customs of people in Asia."

"I suppose so," was the reply.

"I have just learned in that part of the world every man makes it a rule to pay all his bills on the first of each year."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes. And what strikes me as the most extraordinary part of it is that those are the people to whom we send missionaries in order to civilize them."

HOG RAISING.

How to Feed and the Weight at Which to Sell.

The subjoined practical paper was read by Geo. Robertson of Lucknow at the annual meeting of the Dominion Grange, held at Toronto last week:

In hog raising the first thing is to decide which breed you fancy and every man has a fancy of his own, and outside of that he cannot give the same care and attention. We should remember that the times are changing, and we should be ready to change with them. The market of ten years ago was for heavy pork. To-day it is the very opposite, hence the necessity of change, for the market is very stubborn. It matters not how many months or even years you have fed your hog, or how many bushels of grain you have fed him, the market says so much for him, and out of that you cannot move it. All the pleading you can do

WILL NOT CHANGE THE PUBLIC TASTE

to heavy pork at the present. Hence the necessity of breeding a long and deep sided hog that will grow to considerable weight without getting too thick on the back, for a thick-backed hog, no matter what weight he may be, will cut fat when split down.

The best hog I get is bred from a Berkshire sow and a Yorkshire or Tamworth boar. The Yorkshires come all white and lengthy; the Tamworths come spotted and good feeders. I find they are not so liable to cripple. Feed sows liberally after the young ones are one week old and leave them on the sow as long as possible. When they are three weeks old they will commence to eat and should have a place to go in and feed; and, if the sow is not wanted to breed, I would let them wean themselves, which would likely take place at the end of twelve weeks. To succeed as a feeder

ONE MUST KNOW HIS ANIMAL

individually, and not be known by them. I do not think that anyone can lay down a stated ration that will give satisfaction to all who feed hogs. Pigs rightly fed absorb into their blood the elements of lean, fat and bone in such close association that it is not deposited in layers of lean and fat, but is evenly distributed—marbled or streaky, as the bacon curer would call it. In all successful feeding growth does not mean so much a month, but an unbroken daily gain of flesh. Some may say that they have got the large breed and that any ration will do, but such is not the case. The large breeds have been fed and bred for lean meat for years, and any deviation from that would only be going backwards. I find that shorts, barley and oats in equal parts mixed with mangolds in winter and clover in summer make good feed for growing the frame, and once you get frame enough it takes but a few weeks to fit them for the market. I would feed a few peas the last few weeks, which would help to give that firmness that is required after being slaughtered.

The weight to market them depends on the size of frame. Small frames, 150 lbs.; good lengthy frames, 175 to 200 lbs. live weight, and by all means sell them alive.

Questions for Farmers.

Mr. D. D. McPherson M.P.P. for Glengarry, contributes a most valuable article to the Farmers' Advocate of Feb. 1st, on the question, "How can the ordinary farm be made to pay." Mr. McPherson gives his own experience on his own farm within the past seven years, and we must say that his statements are remarkable. We would like to have Mr. McPherson come to this town and discuss his methods with a score or more of our leading farmers. He might do more good than a dozen fall shows—especially if a score of farmers had their ambition fired into following Mr. McPherson's plans. We have space only for the following selections:

"I shall strive," says Mr. McPherson, "to give you a few details of the results of work done on my farm seven years ago, and last year, and how it is done. The nature and kind of soil is light and sandy on the south end, tending to loam, sand and clay towards the north; had been cropped with grain, hay and pasture from 50 to 60 years. It would, seven years ago, pasture twenty head of milk cows, grow 800 to 1,000 bushels of grain and 40 to 50 tons of hay; the crop value produced would be about $1,000, and the cash sales annually would be about $500 to $600. This would be from 125 acres of cleared arable land. The crop products and value in 1896 were as follows:—Milk cows pastured 75; milk produced, from May 1st to October 31st, 236,921 pounds; pork produced (200 pigs fed and pastured on six acres), 24,000 pounds; veal calves sold, 60; cured hay (from 39 acres), 115 tons; corn ensilage (26 acres), 750 tons; grain (oats and barley, 13 acres), 650 bushels (straw, 18 tons)."

The values produced in this way are tabulated in a business-like statement.

Milk, net at factory.....	$1,506 25
Pork.....	984 00
Veal calves.....	150 00
Total from May 1 to Oct. 1	2,640 25
Loss paid for heavy feed..	600 00
Total.....	$2.040 25

The total value of the hay, corn, grain and straw was $3,386, making the net value of the summer's work $5,426 25 In the winter a good deal of the crop saved was used in supplying food for unproductive cattle and horses. Not all, however, as a net profit was derived from feeding cattle for beef, from hogs and from the sale of milk, of $2.300, making a cash profit for the year of $4,340. In addition to this Mr. McPherson demonstrates that whereas in the old days he would deprive the farm annually of about $60 by reducing its fertility that much, now by feeding all his crops on the farm and selling only milk, beef and pork, he is able to add, because of heavy foods purchased and fed, a value in fertility of $1,396 annually. The farm did not pay a cash dividend the first five years, as all profits and some additional capital went into fertility account to enrich the land, but a gradually increased dividend can now be withdrawn, besides adding to the fertility The maximum crop value sought to be obtained is $40 an acre, and the cash sales realized from beef, pork and milk $30 an acre.

PULEX IRRITANS, M.D.

"A surgeon I am known to be,
With fame commensurate;
My talent is phlebotomy,
My skill is simply great.

"My name is Pulex Irritans;
I treat the skin and hide;
I live and thrive in many lands,
And, as a rule, I ride.

"I'm free and very much at home,
In social gatherings;
I'm known in Paris and in Rome,
And I consort with kings.

"With noble ladies I have danced—
My choice is aye the fair.
The maids that are by birth enhanced
Are dainty everywhere.

"My courage is a wondrous trait—
A lion I'll attack.
You see that tiger, fierce and great?
I'll hand upon his back.

"A horse possesses not my strength,
As I can prove with ease.
I leap a hundred times my length;
Just watch me, if you please."

You think, as you this boaster hear,
"A noted light is he,
Of men of worth and deeds a peer."
Oh, no—it is a flea.

* * * * * * *

'Tis well to balance those who boast
Of friends among the great,
Or those who use the "I" the most,
To take a pennyweight.

THE BEAUTY AROUND US.

There's beauty all 'round us
We heed not,
Aye, see not,
And sometimes we care not
To see where we might,
For blossoms that sprinkle
The meadows
And hedgerows,
But cling to the shadows
And turn from the light.

We hug to our bosoms
Our losses
And crosses,
And crush the green mosses
That lie at our feet;
Pluck rue for our wearing,
Complaining,
Restraining
Our hands from obtaining
Full morsels of sweet.

"LITTLE MONSIEUR."

How Dieulafoy Lends Piquancy to Parisian Life.

There are but three or four ladies in France who have availed themselves of the benefits of that law which provides that women may wear male attire on obtaining a permit from the authorities, which can be had for a merely nominal fee if valid reasons are given why the applicant wishes to wear male garments. Among these few ladies, Madame Dieulafoy, the wife of the well-known explorer and orientalist, is certainly the most interesting. Like Lady Burton she accompanied her husband on his voyages and in order to avoid the unpleasantness always experienced by women when traveling in Oriental countries, as well as for better protection, she adopted boy's clothing at that time, being of a very slight build. While Lady Burton on her return into civilized countries resumed the garb of her sex, the French traveler kept up her habit of wearing the male costume she had grown fond of, and in it she is to-day frequently seen in the literary and scientific society of Paris.

Not long ago a German journalist requested an interview of Madame Dieulafoy, whom he had never seen, and received a very gracious reply to call the next day. He must evidently have been under the impression that she only wears male attire when going out, and that she, like all others of her sex, would prefer the soft gowns, now so much in use by Parisiennes at their homes. When entering her boudoir, a charming room with a wainscoting of old oak and blue cloth draperies, he beheld a rather small gentleman stretched in an easy chair with the feet toward the open grate, in which a log fire was burning briskly. The reporter became confused at seeing an apparently young man, where he had expected to meet a lady of mature years, and stammered: "Beg pardon, sir, I requested the honor of meeting Madame Dieulafoy!" whereupon the little monsieur replied smilingly: "Why, that's I!" The visitor was dumfounded, and in his own words we state his experience: "I could not for the moment stammer an excuse, nor an explanation. I mechanically took the proffered chair and sank into it. In silence I attempted to collect my senses, to re-establish my presence of mind. I stared at her, and all I know is that I continuallly repeated to myself the words: "And that is a woman! — —"

Mme. Dieulafoy was faultlessly attired. She had just returned from a wedding. Her Prince Albert coat, closely buttoned, fitted her form wonderfully well; it did not reveal even the slightest trace of female shape. A chamois colored waistcoat and a well tied blue bow could be seen above the coat; her—trousers—thanks to God, the word is out—her trousers, then, were of a pearlish grey cloth. She wore patent leather shoes of the broad-heeled English pattern. Her brown hair was cut short and brushed back smoothly like those of a man and not curly like those of a mannish woman. Her face was rather pale but expressive, and her piercing grey eyes seemed to penetrate into the inmost recesses of mine. I have seen many chess players who look like her, still there was nothing theatrical or constrained about her. While I was perplexed and could not even speak coherently, she, like a true woman of the world, kept up the conversation in order not to let me feel that she noticed my surprise. She was very much at home in her peculiar attire and looked quite serious, almost too serious."

Madame Dieulafoy accompanies her husband everywhere in the costume she has adopted for good, but this often results in very comical episodes. Not so very long ago they attended an evening entertainment in one of the families of the fashionable set. The "portier" (attendant at the door) who was to announce them, received their card, which read: "Monsieur et Madame Dieulafoy." He looked at the card, then at the strange couple, finally he turned to the door in dismay and called in: "The two Messieurs Dieulafoy," much to the amusement of everybody who knew them.

The Cuban Trocha.

The war reports from Cuba have a great deal to say about the trocha. It is a new term in military science, and there is more or less confusion in the public mind as to what it means. In a general way it signifies a strategic line across a given scope of territory, separating one army from another. The line in the present instance extends from Havana to the southern coast of the island, and its original purpose was to divide the insurgent forces, part of which were in the western portion of the island under Maceo, and the rest in the eastern portion under Gomez and Garcia. It consists principally of a barbed-wire fence 3 feet 6 inches high, with sentinel detachments immediately behind it. And about forty yards back of it is a trench three feet wide and four feet deep, with a breastworks of palmetto [illegible] [illegible] their back are [illegible] The number of troops are quartered. The number of soldiers required to guard the whole line is about 15,000. It was Gen. Weyler's idea of comprehensive and effective strategy, and he is said to be very proud of it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Lighting Switzerland.

An isolated plant having 27 electric motors and 5000 incandescent lamps is certainly more than ordinarily interesting. Such an installation is that in the United States Government printing office at Washington, D.C. Printing presses of all sizes and types from large web presses printing at the rate of 11,000 per hour down to the "eight medium Gordon presses," also cutting, indexing, stabbing, folding and case-making machines, signature presses; blowers, rolling and sewing machines, are all operated by individual motors. These latter are operated by a one-sixth horse-power motor connected direct to a worm-gear reducing motion. A reduction in some cases is required from 1800 revolutions down to 135.

This office now has in use daily 217 direct-connected and 10 belted motors, varying in size from one-sixth to 30 horse-power, making a total of 383 horse-power in electric motors. Added to this (is a 30 horse-power motor in use in connection with the electric elevator employed, making in all a total of 413 horse-power.

Transmission of Electrical Power.

The world-wide renown of Niagara Falls has lent peculiar distinction to the great electric power plant recently installed there, but the American Machinist says that "in so far as the Niagara plant is a long-distance one the work done up to date has been surpassed in several instances, both in the distance covered and the amount of power transmitted." Many of the greatest electric power plants are among the Rocky Mountains and on the Pacific Coast. At Fresno, Cal., a reservoir on the brow of a near-by mountain supplies the heaviest head of water yet used for such a purpose, 1400 feet, and the power is distributed over a distance of 35 miles. In some of the western installations the water, after serving its purpose in generating electric power, is utilized for irrigating land.

Encouragement of Scientists

Another instance of the interest which the German Government takes in the advance of science is afforded by the fact that an item in the appropriation estimates is a vote of 50,000 marks to the Ministry of Public Instruction for investigation of Roentgen rays. The vote is justified by reference to the improvements which the new discovery has been shown to possess in the spheres of physics, astronomy, physiology, zoology, botany and kindred sciences. The object of the grant, according to London Nature, is to enable certain men of science to procure the necessary apparatus and to defray the expenses of exhaustive experiments.

How Fast Can Ducks Fly?

While measuring the height and velocity of clouds recently, Messrs. Clayton and Ferguson of the Glue Hill Observatory, observed a flight of ducks passing across their base-line in the Neponset river valley. With their theodolites they succeeded in measuring the height of the ducks above ground, 958 feet, and subsequent observations enabled them to calcuate the velocity of flight of the birds, which was about 47.8 miles per hour.

A Gigantic Pear Tree.

A famous pear tree, which had lived nearly six centuries, near Toulon, was destroyed recently by a violent windstorm. Th trunk was nearly twelve feet in circumference. Monsieur Chabaud, the proprietor of the ground on which the tree stood, after corresponding with nearly all the botanical societies in Europe, could learn of no pear tree equal in size and age to this one.

Music for the Deaf.

At a meeting of the Royal Society in December Professor McKendrick described a method by which it was possible to stimulate electrically the sensory nerves of the skin "so that some of the elements of music—rhythm and intensity—might be perceived and even enjoyed by those who had become deaf."

Animals Imitating Plants.

Not long ago Professor Verrill exhibited to the members of the National Academy of Sciences in New York some beautiful examples of mollusks, dwelling in the Sargasso Sea, that imitate not only the seaweed among which they live, but even the parasite growths found upon the weeds.

He Was Sensitive.

They tell a good story of a local golfing enthusiast, who is never so happy as when wandering over the links. He had gone down town to supper at the Hollenden after an exciting afternoon's sport, and attracted much attention by his decidedly striking golf garments. Late in the evening he took a Euclid car for home and dropped into the rear seat. When the motor passed the Pittsburg tracks the conductor looked in at the door and called the next street:

"Tennis!"

"No, golf!" indignantly cried the sporting youth on the rear seat.

He thought the conductor was alluding to his new suit.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TEXAS WAY OF MAKING BUTTER.

Novel Recipe Given on the Authority of a Cowboy.

"Aw," grunted the man with a broad-brimmed hat, which he had deposited near him on the table when he sat down on a chair at the restaurant, "what do you call this stuff?"

"Yes, sah. Dat's butter, sah," replied the waiter apologetically.

"Butter! Butter! Butter! Butter!" remarked the westerner, who repeated the name four times. "Aw."

The waiter retired and the man with the broad-brimmed hat turned to another man who sat at the table.

"Is that the sort of stuff they call butter in this country? Aw! That's not the stuff. You ought to see the butter we have in Texas."

"Very good, is it?" inquired the stranger timidly.

"Very good! Aw! Well, I should say it was. Do you know how we make it?"

"How?" was the timid question.

"How? Aw! I'll tell you how We have big droves of cattle down there, you know. Some of the fellows like grease better than butter. But I don't. Aw! I am an epicure. We don't have none of your churns. Naw! We don't When we want butter we make it our own way. We take a cow and one of the boys chases her over the range for twenty miles or so on a fast pony. Then we drive her back to our place. The milk inside the cow is churned, and all we have to do is to milk the cow, and she has been so thoroughly shaken that the milk has turned to butter. That's the kind of butter we use. Do you believe it? Aw!"

And the other man answered yes, as he got up and started over to the cashier's desk to pay his check. [illegible]

Hotel People

Generally know something about Furniture. They ought to, anyway, for they buy enough of them in the course of a year, and they know that it pays to get good goods at the beginning. The fact, therefore, that a good many hotel men buy their Furniture from us ought to afford a pretty good argument why you should do likewise During 1897 our stock of

HIGH CLASS FURNITURE

—CONSISTING OF—

Parlor Suites, Bedroom Suites, Dining-Room Furniture, Easy Chairs, Fancy Rockers, Lounges Springs, Mattrasses, Etc., will be . . . larger than ever . . .

PICTURE FRAMING

We make a Specialty of Picture Framing, and execute all orders with neatness, cheapness and promptness. Our work will compare with the best city factories. . . . Give us a trial . . .

UNDERTAKING in all its Branches . . .

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.

The Leading Furniture Dealers

FENELON FALLS

.....DRUG STORE

We Want You

to come to our store LOOKING PLEASANT sometimes. We have so much to sell besides quinine, and all those bitter things; we don't want you to think we are happy only when you are sick. Of course, if you must be ill, we always want to put up your prescription, but we have a thousand and one things that you need besides medicine. Just now we have some particularly fine bathing accessories. Rubber and bristle bath brushes very cheap; bath mitts and elegant bath towels. They will last for years and you take solid comfort every time you use them. Then every one must have perfume and toilet waters. We have all kinds and at all prices. In fact we have everything usually kept in a first class drug store.

H. J. Lytle,

Fenelon Falls Drug Store

Wood and Saw Logs Wanted.

The undersigned will buy any quantity - - of - -

First-class Saw Logs and Body Hardwood

along the shores of Balsam Lake. must be sound 22 inch and 4 foot wood.

JOHN M'DONALD,

49. LINDSAY P. O.

LINDSAY

MARBLE WORKS

ROBERT CHAMBERS

is prepared to furnish the people of Lindsay and surrounding country with MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES, both Marble and Granite.

Estimates promptly given on all kinds of cemetery work.

Marble Table Tops, Wash Tops, Mantel Pieces, etc. a specialty.

Being a practical workman, all should see his designs and compare prices before purchasing elsewhere.

WORKS,—In the rear of the Market on Cambridge-st., opposite Matthews' packing house.

ROBT CHAMBERS