

The Shadow On The Wall.
My home a stately dwelling is,
With lofty arching doors;
There is carving on the ceiling high
And velvet on the floors;
A rich and costly mansion
Where countless servants wait,
And 'neath the cushion's guiding
None enter but the great,
But a happier home is near it, a humble
cottage small,
And I envy its sweet mistress—the shadow
on the wall.

FARM AND GARDEN.

A CHEAP AND EASY PLAN OF WARMING WATER FOR STOCK.

Double Purpose Ladder—Protection Against Rabbits and Coona. How to Cure Hams—Percherons a Distinct Breed—The Honey Union.



FIG. 1—THERAP BANDAGE.

The first figure here presented, illustrates a throat bandage for a horse, that was described recently in Ohio Farmer. This bandage serves for any outside application to the throat. If a poultice is used, as in the case of swollen glands, it is advised to first adjust the bandage, then place the poultice in a cloth folded so as to retain it and draw between the bandage and the throat. After it has been adjusted, the halter is put in place. A liniment can be applied in the same way.

FIG. 2—CHEST BANDAGE.

In the second cut is shown a properly adjusted bandage to the chest. This will be found especially useful for applying liniments and like curatives in cases of lung fever, etc., or for holding in place a poultice on collar bones.

Instructive Figures in Egg Production. A recent authority gives the following as the average weight of eggs from different breeds: Light Brahmas and Partridge Cochins, 7 to the pound; they lay, according to treatment and keeping, from 80 to 100 per annum, sometimes more, if kept well. Dark Brahmas, 8 to the pound, and about 70 per annum. Black, white and buff Cochins, 8 to the pound, 100 is a large yield per annum. Plymouth Rocks, 8 to the pound, lay 100 per annum. Houdans, 8 to the pound, lay 150 per annum; non-setters. La Fleche, 7 to the pound, lay 120 per annum; non-setters. Blue and black, 7 to the pound, lay 150 per annum. Dominiques, 9 to the pound, lay 120 per annum. Game fowls, 9 to the pound, lay 120 per annum. Creeps, 7 to the pound, lay 170 per annum. Leghorns, 9 to the pound, lay from 150 to 200 per annum. Hamburgs, 9 to the pound, lay 120 per annum. Polish, 8 to the pound, lay 150 per annum. Bantams, 16 to the pound, lay 60 per annum. Turkeys, eggs, 4 to the pound, lay from 30 to 60 per annum. Ducks' eggs vary greatly with different species, but from 5 to 6 to the pound; and from 14 to 28 per annum, according to age and keeping. Geese, 4 to the pound, lay 30 per annum. Guinea fowls, 11 to the pound, lay 60 per annum. Large geese, generally a thicker shell than smaller ones.

A Convenient Ladder.

The present is an opportune time for preparing conveniences that may be made for the work shop for future use. A farmer can hardly comprise his stock of farm appliances too many ladders; short ladders, long ladders and step ladders being all required at one time or other. The accompanying cut shows a wonderfully convenient ladder, which, while it is not new, is very different. It plays, according to adjustment, the part of a step ladder and an ordinary straight ladder.

A STEP AND STRAIGHT LADDER IN ONE.

The idea is conveyed in the cut, in which the two parts are shown ready to be put together. The upper round of the wide ladder should be run through slots in the narrow one. The slots are a little more than twice as long, and just as wide, as the diameter of the round. The uprights of the inside ladder should rest firmly upon the second round of the outside one, and the notches in the end of that one on the projecting ends of the round of the other. The uprights are made of 2 by 3 inch spruce, and when spliced for a long ladder, and a block presses into the slots beside the rounds, it is nearly as firm as though made of one piece. It takes but a moment to pull it apart enough to shut it up to the desired angle for a special ladder.

Manufacturing Bone Dust.

The method of manufacturing bone dust at home and here given is vouched for by a New England farmer who has tried it. From 150 pounds of steamed ground bones separate fifty pounds of the finest. Put the coarser 100 pounds into a steamer with an equal weight of water, cover and boil about an hour. Then dip out the contents into a half bushel tub, while hot, and gradually pour into it about fifty pounds of the oil of vitriol, noting the mixture. When effervescence has ceased, add the remaining fifty pounds of dry, fine bones and mix thoroughly. Bones which have had the grease and glime removed from them are much easier dissolved than raw ones.

The Percheron a Distinct Breed.

For a long time there has been waged among the breeders of French draught horses as to the claims made by Percheron breeders that their animals are a distinct breed and constitute a separate class. The contrary opinion sustained was that all the draught horses of France are substantially of the same breed. To settle this matter a committee was appointed by the Illinois state board of agriculture last spring to investigate the subject and report thereon. This committee sent communications to best authorities in France. These authorities unanimously decided that the Percheron is a distinct breed and is the leading draught horse breed in France. On the report of this committee the Illinois state board voted to put the Percheron in a distinct class.

Sweet Pickle for Hams.

The principal point is to get the hams just salt enough to keep and not so salt as to injure the flavor and cause the meat to become hard. A really cured ham from a young hog is one of the luxuries of the table. Make a brine just strong enough to float an egg, stir in sugar or N. O. molasses enough to give it a slight sweetish taste, with two ounces of saltpetre dissolved in every six gallons of the pickle; stir, and skin off all impurities before using, and keep the hams weighted down and covered with pickle for from four to seven weeks, depending on their size and the weather; if exposed to a freezing temperature more time will be required; and small and large hams should be pickled separately, otherwise the small ones will be too salt. Smoke with hickory wood or cobs.

BY BOYLE O'REILLY'S UNKNOWN.

FORGET ME NOT—forget me not!
Like the breath of the rose, sighing
To slumber against your cheek—
Like a heart-pain, softly dying—
By passion rendered weak—
Like a whisper faintly heard,
To the distant distance flying—
Dearest, I hear you speak!

FORGET ME NOT—forget me not!
The pleasant pain to part
When love is not forgot;
FORGET ME NOT—forget me not!
Your words are in my heart;
FORGET ME NOT—forget me not!
Not like an organ, pealing
Down the cathedral aisle,
To the church-robed choir, kneeling,
With the more than earthly smile—
That fingers, and thrills, and goes
Into the distance sailing—
I hear you speak!

FORGET ME NOT—forget me not!
The pleasant pain to part
When love is not forgot;
FORGET ME NOT—forget me not!
Your words are in my heart;
FORGET ME NOT—forget me not!
Like a hymn of gladness, showing
The strength of his holy spell—
Like the tearful joy outflowing
At the church-robed choir, kneeling,
Like a prophecy, told anew,
But over and over true—
Into the distance sailing—
I hear your sweet farewell!

FORGET ME NOT—forget me not!
The pleasant pain to part
When love is not forgot;
FORGET ME NOT—forget me not!
Your words are in my heart;
FORGET ME NOT—forget me not!
The pleasant pain to part
When love is not forgot;
FORGET ME NOT—forget me not!
Your words are in my heart;
FORGET ME NOT—forget me not!

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

I live in a very quiet old place. If you were told it was haunted you would readily believe it. The house is a fragment of the past—a half decayed relic of the year 1810, so unlike a modern house that people gaze at it curiously as they pass along the fashionable thoroughfare upon which it fronts. The mansion of gray sandstone, it stands in the midst of extensive grounds, shaded by noble oaks, elms, pines and sycamores. Such elms there are in various portions of New England, such pines over Fenimore Cooper's grave at Otsego lake, such oaks near Niagara or in the like great regions of Kentucky, such sycamores along the Ohio or the Wash; but there are few places where one finds them grouped together. They give the place an air of seclusion such as brooded over Kenilworth. Close inspection is required to determine that the house is built of stone. Vines cover it from foundation to roof, half concealing doors and windows, and sending up under the eaves intricate swirls of verdure. There are ivy, Virginia creepers and trumpet vines, and I would not wonder if there were there space for them to grow.

It is just such a home as a retiring old bachelor like myself loves. I call it comfortable, tidy housekeeper (Heaven defend me from them!) would call it homely. My housekeeper is a woman of middle age, who tries to please me, and does so; but she is not tidy. My occasional visitors assure me that the rooms are not well aired, that there is a musty odor in the library and a disagreeable damp. I confess that such remarks amuse me. The dampness I must have have from the ivy and the Virginia creepers. I therefore conclude that the trouble lies chiefly in the fancy of certain prying and officious women who have not enough at home to keep their busy.

Up in my attic, opening toward the main street, is a small window, which swings back on a hinge. Vine half conceals the light. Birds come there, mostly sparrows—a truly detestable bird—but robins and bluebirds also visit the place. The window has a robin stand on the eaves within a foot of my face, peering at me curiously. He will not fly, and I have seen him at most diverting way. I half believe he thought me some large species of bird—a gigantic coon, that he had not seen before.

I often peer shyly the outside world through this little window, standing on my feet the while at the opening is higher above my head than I am tall. The attic is partly lighted is seldom used. Old furniture, boxes, pictures, papers and violins take up most of the space; cobwebs and soot are omnipresent. There are dark angles and corners into which nobody but myself ever peers. I love the quiet of the place and its utter lack of order. Sometimes I take up one of my old violins and discourse a half fugue or not in so low a key that even the spiders are not disturbed.

A recent warm evening in July found me in the attic. A breath of sultry air came through the vine choked window; the leaves on my old trees were rustling. Many people were moving on the street, brought out of their homes in the hope of finding cooler air. One young lady singled out walking alone—a tall, slender woman, whose face, while dimly seen at quite a distance, I could imagine to be handsome. I grew restlessly as I watched her. I am not given to sentimentality; indeed, I know women too well to love them; but it cannot be denied that it is very natural for a man to let them tempt him. I am well aware that that tempt word is not elegant, but no other words will convey my idea. Women are natural deceivers. When they desire to get something, they will use their power of a handsome figure, a bright eye or pretty teeth. With what admirable art do they do it! How well they know the power of a handsome figure, a bright eye or pretty teeth! With what admirable art do they do it! How well they know the power of a handsome figure, a bright eye or pretty teeth!

While gazing intently out of the window with an interest beyond the ordinary—I shall confess it—in the fair pedestrian, I thought I saw a man moving among the shrubbery near my gate, but on close inspection I concluded that I had been deceived. I watched the stately lady out of sight, laughing at my own folly, and on close inspection I concluded that I had been deceived. I watched the stately lady out of sight, laughing at my own folly, and on close inspection I concluded that I had been deceived.

"Who are you?" I gasped.
"No reply."
"Let me go!" I shrieked. "I shall alarm the neighbors."
"Not a sound but the echo of my own voice among the rafters."
"Help! Help!" I screamed.
"The grip tightened. One hand slowly moved toward my neck, making its murderous purpose more apparent; the other was very near my faithful old gold timepiece, an heirloom that I had inherited more years than myself. Was I to be murdered for its possession?"
In a frenzy I made up of fear, partly of rage, I struggled to get my head and shoulders out of the office in order to be on my own; but I seemed to have my hands fastened to the door, and I could not move. My blood chilled at the idea of being so powerless. Did the cut throat intend to murder me, or throw me from the window of my own attic? As yet he had not uttered a word, but the muffled movement of his feet on the floor; but not a word, not a gasp, I could not hear. I felt a cold sweat break out all over me. My sight grew dim. The silence of my mysterious assailant was worse than any uproar. Why did he not speak?
"Help! Help!" I screamed, my strength fast falling.
I felt a powerful grip twisting about my own; he was about to throw me bodily from the window.
Frenzied, my strength with a suddenness I could not describe, I screamed and kicked like a madman. The extreme vio-

lence of my strength shall never cease to astonish me. I succeeded in getting my head and shoulders out of the aperture, broke loose from the villain's grasp and sent him sprawling on the floor. I rolled over and over him in my frenzy. Every man has more or less of the savage in him, and for the time being every savage instinct in my nature was uppermost. It was a fight for life. The attic had grown very dark, and the floor was so strewn with boxes and bundles that it was impossible to avoid them. We fell over them repeatedly in our struggles. Precious though the old unframed paintings were, I trod them underfoot; much as I prized my violins, I hurled them at the villain with all my strength. I began to have some advantage over him; he did not know the attic so well as I. He stumbled against the angles, tripped over the cases that I knew the location of, bumped against the sloping ceiling. My courage began to rise.
"Begone, or I shall shoot!" I cried.
For the first time there came a sound from the villain. He chuckled! Well he knew I had no weapon, and well for him he did not! "You are at my mercy; surrender!" I yelled, in a voice loud and shrill enough to rouse the neighborhood. Again the dastard chuckled! "Will you surrender?" I demanded.
"Well, hardly!"
The villain started me. These were his first words. He had expected a reply, and the words had a strange and uncanny ring. I confess I trembled.
"I confess I tremble," I said, in a lower key and with less confidence.
"Am I?"
The frontory of the villain astounded and exasperated me. I caught up a chair and I could reach and hurled it at him. It crashed loudly against the wall. Shortly afterwards I saw a light glimmer in the darkness. He had coolly struck a match!

I looked at him in amazement. One glance was enough. As I have said, every man has more or less of the savage in him, and my savage anger assumed the mastery. I have been angry many times in my life; but never quite so angry as then.
"Whose features did the light make apparent to me? A dark face, small eyes, short, grizzled hair—a low browed, cut through. Not at all! It was the serene and smiling countenance of my nephew, Mr. Percy F. Jenking, the only one of my kin I had taken any interest in. Even the smirch of soot on his face—the marks of my fingers, doubtless—could not hide his identity, or his pleasant smile. Dropping in to see me on a vacation from college, he had seen fit to lessen my life at least ten years by one of his college antics.
"Forgive me, uncle," he cried, "I've been to picnic; about this tops them all!"
For answer I threw an old violoncello at him. He dodged the catch went out, and I hoped the scraggle would not be able to find the door. But he did. What would I have given for a stout rat and a chance to lay it on his rascally carcass! He stumbled down stairs, and I followed at the top of my speed. I fervently hoped that he would fall or miss his way; but he caught him; but he disappointed me. The last thing I heard him utter was one of his villainous chuckles as he swept down the stairs, and I might have passed him, but why? where? He was moving like a whirlwind, and the savage had good reason so.

About 11 o'clock that night, while my aged and faithful housekeeper was applying arnica to my bruises and listening to my narrative of the outrage, there came a banging on the knocker of my front door. When the door was opened, the summons, who stood there, was the little villain, Percy F. Jenking!
"Can't play a little for you on the violin, uncle?"
I looked at him with a scowl.
He took up one of my violins, the oldest and the best in my collection, and he delicately handled the bow! No doubt he will make a player. Curiously the first thing he played was the "Swiss River"—the typical American air that addresses the best that is in us—and played it feelingly. The rascal knew the way to my heart. Before he was half through I forgave him. He is young, and has me a struggle for life ahead of him. If they all terminate as happily as mine, he will be fortunate—H. D. Mason in Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Sewing Machine Man's Whims.
The country place of W. E. Baker, the sewing machine magazine, who died recently, was at Willsley, Mass. The outside walls of the stable were decorated with a series of enormous paintings representing scenes from the Nibelungenlied. Everywhere upon the grounds the visitor encountered some elaborate and costly piece of machinery. At the lake a lofty monument in the shape of champagne bottle, constructed of thousands of empty bottles in another place a governing pile of rusty smokestacks from dismantled locomotive engines; here a maze, there a subterranean grotto lighted with colored glass; here, to the left, a platform with a canopy of soft springs, which, as you step upon it, you are launched; there a stool in front of a lowering cactus, and when you sat down upon the stool to inspect the cactus the plant sank out of sight in the ground, and there sprang up a wooden devil, painted red, which grinned incessantly in your face—Chicago News.

Warming Water for Stock.
The practice of warming water for stock, especially milk cows and animals being fattened, is well known. It is a year in sections where the winters are long and cold. An inventor has devised a contrivance for warming water for stock which has proved both cheap and easy. The contrivance is a heater used by the WATER. The heater is made of galvanized iron. It is a cylinder twenty inches in diameter and eight inches high, provided with a four inch smoke pipe longer one as shown in the cut. It is made long enough to carry off the smoke, and feeding pipe. It is made of galvanized iron, and is high enough to come just above the edge of the water tank, in which it is to be placed. The heater is soldered absolutely tight, and can be made by any tinner at a cost of from \$3 to \$20. It is supplied with a small hole, for slight draft.

Next take a kerosene or other strong cast of equal size, and saw off one end, making a tub ten inches deep, inside measure. Set this tub in your water tank, put the heater in the tub and secure the latter by a movable cross piece, which must press firmly on the tub's edge and be held in place by projections on the inside of the tank. Now fill the tank, and all full of water, the heater is now totally submerged, which must always be kept so. There is a fire in it. Put a small coal in it, and draw down the kindling, and then some short, hard bits of wood or soft coal; after the fire gets well started put the cover on, and the fire will burn slowly, but will not burn rapidly for the reason that not a particle of heat is radiated except through the water.

Agricultural News.
W. A. Wadsworth, of Livingston, New York has been elected president of the New York State board of agriculture; corresponding secretary, J. S. Woodward of Niagara Falls. A scheme is on foot in Manitoba to import Icelanders together with their live stock.
At a meeting of the New Jersey State Agricultural Society, Mr. E. A. Wilkinson, of Newark, was elected president, and the old board of directors was re-elected.
The export trade in American apples during the past shipping season fell short of that of last year.
A postal card directed to "Experimental Station, New Haven, Conn.," requesting more equine and mule information, and giving the writer's name and address, will bring these documents as fast as issued and free of charge to any person in any state of the Union.

We have a Large Stock of
all kinds of
RUBBER GOODS
Which we will Sell Cheap.

All Kinds of
Winter Goods
CHEAP FOR CASH,
One Price Only.
RUBBERS
AND THEY WILL WEAR
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STOCK TAKING SALE
AT
McCrimmon Bros
For the Next 30 Days
We will offer our entire Stock of
Woolen Goods at Cost,
As we must get rid of them to make room for our
SPRING GOODS
Which are now Arriving.
A 1 Tweeds Sold at Cost,
And made by W. A. TURNER, a first-class Cutter, so that
any one requiring a Good Suit, Overcoat, or separate garment
cannot do better than give us a call.
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Woolen Mills
Run the Year Round.
FULL CLOTH, TWEEDS, FLANNELS,
Yarn, &c., for sale.
Custom Weaving, Roll
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CASH FOR WOOL
The best Place in the County to send your Wool.
J. W. WALLACE.

WHO WANTS
Axes and Saws,
Or Anything in the
HARDWARE LINE,
GO TO
W. FOLEY.
FARMERS, ATTENTION.
200 Buggies to Repair.



GENTLEMEN,—I have just completed one of the most
Complete Show Rooms and Paint Shops
in Canada, and I have secured the services of Mr. Chestnut,
late of Studebakers, Indiana, an A 1 Painter, at a very high salary.
I want the Farmers to appreciate my efforts to have first-class
Painting done in Lindsay.
Bring on your Buggies and Carriages. I want to Paint 200
this summer. I have ample room and now is the time to do
the work right. It pays to paint your Rigs. Its money well
invested. Load them in your Sleighs and run them in—you
can take them home in the Spring glittering. My Painter has
an experience of thirty years, and has had charge of some of
the best shops in the United States and Canada. I am paying
him very high wages, and I want to keep him at work. Come
in and see my CUTTERS and SLEIGHS, and my
Stock of Material for Spring Use.
I do the best work in this part of Canada. Show Rooms and
Shop on the road to the Court House.

R. KYLIE.
Lindsay, Jan. 1888.
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Everything New. Satisfaction Guaranteed
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