TULLY,
Fresh and Salt Mea
ed to any part of the to
door east of the market.

HERS.
ll & Cowdry
pared to buy at the new
Storehouse, Lindsay.
eas, Barley,
ed and Alsike
r and Potatoes
paid at the Storehouse.
18th, 1890.—36-tf.

FOR SALE
LE FARM WITHIN
of Haliburton being com
. 23 in the 5th concession
aining 100 Acres, 60 of
ed and in a good state of
in a good locality. There
all necessary buildings in
epair.
her information to
Wm. BEAMISH,
On the premises.
1890-1-tf.

MUNN & CO.
TIFIC AMERICAN
AGENCY for
TENTS
of information and ab-
e laws, showing How to
atents, Caveats, Trade
Copyrights, sent free.
MUNN & CO.,
Broadway,
New York.

ÆTNA
rance Company.

- -	$35,993 002
adian Standard)	7,600,000
- - -	5,796,322
AWA, -	3,000,000
CE -	117,656,381
90 -	21,206,702

WNMENTS
nt Reports for years
ÆTNA LIFE has paid
oldiers IN CANADA a lar
lement of MATURED
than that paid by Cana-
Companies combined.
nce is required of the
ity of the ÆTNA EN-
cies.
s paid Every year
MACMURCHY
General Agent.

S & COX.
ACTURERS OF—
cial Limbs & Ap-
all deformities of
man Body.
Hip Joint Disease
nee and Ankle, Knock
Club Feet, etc. Also
TREET TORONTO.

Authors & Cox:—
LEMEN,—We are greatly
with the result of the
he instrument made by
m for our little niece
s suffering from a white
of the knee, previous
it she was unable to
out, but now runs about
er children, and there
encouraging prospects
ecovering the use of the
You are at liberty to use
er if you wish to do so.
HEYWOOD BROS.
uld doubtless have lost
ng what to do and how
Nov. 1890.

England and Her Colonies.

re is a poem, not included in Mr. n's volume, but published lately in ondon *Graphic*, which may interest Canadians:

stands, a thousand-wintered tree,
countless morns empearled;
broad roots coil beneath the sea,
er branches sweep the world:
seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
the the remotest strand.
forest from her scatterings made,
nations fostered in her shade,
linking land with land.

, by wandering tempest sown
eath every allen star,
et not whence the breath was blown
at wafted you afar.
ye are still her ancient seed
younger soil let fall—
dren of Britain's island-breed,
hom the Mother in her need
erchance may one day call!

As We Build.

masons were building the granite wall
Round on the beautiful church on the green;
ey hammered and chiseled the stones inch by inch,
nd laid them with mortar between.

ey made the foundations both strong and deep,
nd leveled with plummet and line;
l carefully wrought that no flaw might appear
o sully the perfect design.

when the last beautiful crowning stones
ere laid and the work was done,
plete and strong and perfect it stood,
lesson for every one.

esson of daily human life;
e build though we may not see,
time and eternity day by day,
he character that shall be.

h little word, or thought, or deed,
s clipped by the chisel we wield;
loving plan for another's good
s wrought in the life we build.

onor and truth are the tendrils which we hold
he purpose when life is new;
d conscience and faith on the granite have set
heir seals of a life pure and true;

n the, years as they roll with their changes will bring
A manhood both fearless and strong;
e power and the will to stand fast for right.
nd firmly to stand against wrong.

d the sure reward of a faithful life,
The great Master-Builder will own,
hen, our tasks "well done," to us shall be given.
The victor's fadeless crown.

UP THE FLUE.

A WOMAN'S ADVENTURE.

"You must have some rare experi-
es to tell us, Mrs. Boswell," said per-
sive Lieutenant Russell, while we
ited for the mail stage. "You have
n at this frontier post ever since
ptain Boswell was stationed here?"
"Yes, we have been here eight years,"
replied, with the rare smile that
rified her face. "I have passed
ough many trying ordeals here, but
really think I had an adventure in
e East, before I married the captain,
al to anything that I have experi-
ced."
"Will you relate it, and oblige us?"
d Russell.
"Mrs. Boswell," said Dan, the irre-
essible youngster of the party, "Jim,"
king his thumb toward the lieuten-
t, "is out West on purpose to spill
k for New York paper. You can be-
me a heroine of romance if you will."
"Thank you," said our little hostess.
I don't mind accepting the honor."
Three of us were sitting in the inner
artment of the small frontier hostelry.
e barroom was packed with miners,
d we had chosen to have our supper
ved by ourselves, as we had appoint-
to go on to Custer City in company.
Mrs. Boswell was much below the
dium size, quick of speech, light of
vement as a bird and as graceful as
awn.
"It was in 18—," she began. "I had
t made the acquaintance of Captain
swell; he having some business mat-
s to arrange with father had called
our place several times. Finally
re came a rare day in Autumn, and
and father were closeted the greater
rt of the day, overhauling papers,
emoranda, deeds, receipts. My father
that time was doing a great deal of
siness as an attorney.
"At tea-table father said to me:
ss, you won't mind an evening alone,
long as Thomas is about, will you?"
"I said no, for although there were
ry robberies being committed in the
ghboring cities, private families in
suburbs felt no fear. Our house was
mile from the city proper, and a half-
e from neighbors either way.
"'We find,' he continued, 'that the
tain has got to hunt up some more
pers concerning the estate before he
give Baron a satisfactory title. We
ll go to Judge Whitcomb's office,
d our search may be so successful
t 11 o'clock may find us home again.
ll, we may be detained longer. Shan't
call and tell your Cousin Milly to
me down and spend the night with
m?"

"No—yes,' I contradictorily answered. 'Do as you please; I am not timid in the least with Thomas about.'

"'But Captain Boswell is going to leave $5,000 here until he returns.'

"'Does any one know about the money?'

"'Only ourselves.'

"'Then I am not afraid. Beside, you are likely to be back before graveyards yawn and thieves do walk abroad.'

"Thomas brought the horse round, and while father spoke to him, I touched the captain's sleeve.

"'Where is your money left?'

"'In your father's desk in the library.' Then he looked with a tender inquiring glance into my face (how the little woman's cheek flushed at the memory) and said: 'Little girl, if you are in the least afraid we will not go to-night, although it is absolutely necessary.'

"I told him honestly that I was not afraid. I never had that stratum of timidity in my make-up peculiar to womanhood, and so they rode away.

"I sang about my work as I put the things in shape around the room, and viewed the brilliant sunset, without a fear or care.

"Thomas, our new man-of-all-work, was very busy puttering about the grounds, tying up grapevines and mulching evergreens. I knew that there was some coarse after-math upon the hill that father was anxious to have put on the strawberry beds, and seeing Thomas go up there with his basket, I tied a scarf over my head, took another basket, and went up to help him.

"As I passed up the hill I saw a man in the highway speak to him. I hesitated about going on, but the man made only a moment's pause, and then went down the hill, and was soon concealed by a turn in the highway.

"Who was that, Thomas?" I enquired.

"Oh, miss, it was a man from the mills, saying that my brother has had a bad fall on the dam, and is bellowing for me to come and see him. His legs are broken entirely."

"What will you do?"

"I told the man I couldn't come to see him to-day—but if I went miss, I would be sure to be back by 11 o'clock if not earlier.'

"You may go, Thomas, if your brother is hurt so bad. Papa will not be away long.'

"But, my young lady—"

"Never mind me in such a case as this." I was always very tender-hearted. "You may go, and I will run back to the house."

He talked a few minutes more, was profuse in his thanks for my kindness, and then started down for the city. I took up the two baskets, and went singing to the house.

"I sat an hour at the open window, enjoying intensely this being alone and the quiet beauty of this cool Autumn evening.

"Perhaps you will wonder at this," and the dimples played about her pretty mouth, "but little birds were singing a new song in my heart, and the quiet let let me hear their sweet echoes.

"But directly I chid myself for being rather careless, as the road was a thoroughfare and a chance straggler might surprise me. I arose, closed the window, and obeying some strange, impressive power, I walked through the hall into the library, took my father's key from its accustomed place, unlocked his desk, found the package of $5,000 and placing it in my bosom, relocked the door, and returned to the sitting-room, I did not light a lamp; I had no need of a fire, as that in the kitchen stove warmed the sitting-room sufficiently in the mild weather.

"The house was old-fashioned, very, with a chimney of capacity sufficient for a foundry stack. We had cheerful open fires later on; but the house, being an aneestral pile, was getting somewhat dilapidated, and the partition separating the flues in the large chimney had fallen in. Men had been sent out to clear the rubbish and make repairs, but the work, half done, was suspended on account of the arrival of Captain Boswell and this important business affair.

"I would have enjoyed immensely to kindle a sparkling fire in the huge wide fireplace, but as affairs were I could not. So I mused in the darkness for hours. I really took no heed of time, until my quick ear caught the sound of a footfall approaching, close up to the door-step, I could have taken my oath. It was so like an echo that I sprang to my feet, thinking that my cousin Milly, absent when my father called, and returning later, had come down to stay with me.

I sprang up with a smile to answer her knock, albeit I was a bit jealous of her pretty face; but no knock came, and the echoes died out, and altogether I concluded that I deceived myself in regard to them. Any how I would light the lamp. I did so, and was startled to find it past 10 o'clock. I had gotten sufficiently aroused from my reverie to want a book from the library shelves. I took up my lamp and went singing into the room.

"I obtained the desired volume, stepped down from the stool, and——

"If ever any one felt themselves dying I did at that moment. My song died on my lips, while a thousand thoughts seemed to flash into my mind in one instant. Involuntarily I gasped, and then, with a strong effort of the will power, for which I was famous, I took up the song again and sang it to a close.

"Among other things I remembered that the lock was off the library door for repairs. I remembered the lateness of the hour and the possibility that all the people were in bed and asleep. I remembered the footsteps in the door-yard, and—there was a fresh pungent smell of tobacco smoke in the room. A scent of smoke that was not in the room when I was there and placed the package of money in my bosom.

"Do you wonder that my brain reeled and my heart stopped beating for an instant? Beside, whoever the robber was, he would soon begin work, not knowing how early my father and the captain might return. And I should be murdered. Somewhere within a few yards or a few feet of me, the robber assassin was concealed—either in the recess behind the cabinet, or under the long, draped, paper-strewn table.

"A faint sound outside nearly made me drop the lamp; still I had unconsciously left my first song and was singing:

'For his bride a soldier won her,
And a winning tongue had he.'

"I knew that temporary salvation—power and liberty to leave the room, even—depended upon my appearing unconscious of the robber's proximity.

"I got out of the library and found myself in the sitting-room. A hasty glance at the door showed the key was absent from the lock.

"Treachery!

"I wonder that this new revelation did not suffocate me. The man on the highway—the injured brother—Thomas had betrayed us. He had overheard about the money. A robber was in the house another was outside. My retreat would be cut off. How thoughts ran riot through my mind! How would they kill me? Would I suffer long? At that instant I was sure I heard a faint creak of the library door at the far end of the hall.

"One swift, despairing glance around me, one wild idea of escape, and I extinguished the light upon the table, and crouching in the fireplace, I rested one foot upon the iron, swung out the iron crane, stepped the other foot upon the strong support, and rose up into the flue. Something touched my head. Thank God! It was the rope with which the dislodged bricks had been hoisted out. Grasping this carefully with my hands I held myself like a wedge in the opening. If I had envied large, noble looking women before, I had now reason to be thankful for my diminutive form and ninety odd pounds of avoirdupois.

"I had little time, however, to consider anything except the imminent danger of dislodging a fragment of brick or mortar, and thus discovering my hiding-place, for the clock began with sonorous peals to strike 11. Under cover of its echoes there were quick, soft steps in the hall, and the bolt of the outer door was withdrawn. The huge flue must have acted like a telephone, for I heard every sound with fearful distinctness. First there was a pause by the door of the sitting-room, then breathing in it, then whispering.

"She isn't here; she's gone to bed; but the money is in the library.'

"'Be cautious,' advised a strange voice, and we may not have to hurt her."

"They carefully retreated, and my heart struck of the seconds against my ribs in a way that was suffocating; for I knew that their search would soon be over, and what then?

"In less than five minutes they were whispering in the room again.

"Confound her!' aspirated Thomas, 'she took the money with her.'

"Then we'll have it if—'

"The pause meant all that words could convey.

"The cold sweat was coming out of every pore of my body. The dust of the creosote had penetrated my mouth and nostrils, and I had to take one hand from the rope in their absence and place a finger upon my lips to prevent sneezing.

"'Come, hurry,' was the angry watch-word exchanged between them, and I heard the stairs creaking as they acended to my chamber. Thomas was familiar with all the house.

"Why did I not drop down and escape outside?

"First, then, they had locked the outer door and withdrawn the key to prevent a suprise from without. Second, there might be a third confederate outside. But the most important reason of all was, it seems to me, that I never could get out of the apertue that had allowed me entrance into the chimney. I ran the risk of discovery and death in any case.

"Oh, why not my father and his companion return? It might be hours first.

"They had found me absence from my chambers and the adjoining rooms. They no longer used extreme caution. They hurried from one apartment to the other. I could feel the jar of moving furniture, and, and closet doors were opened hastily. The upper part of the house was ransacked, and they came down stairs on a run. Time was precious to them now. With direful oaths they rummaged the lower floors, and finally returned to the sitting room.

"'I saw the light here last,' said Thomas moving with his lamp across the room, 'and here is the lamp on the table.'

"'She must have gone out.'

"'No; I watched for her, and every window is fastened on the inside.' Then he continued· 'Curse her! she's a witch!' and baffled they stood and poured oaths after me. 'I'd like to catch and knife her myself now.' How he groaned it out between his teeth.

"'Shall we search more?

"'It's no use; we've turned over everything under which a mouse could hide.'

"'What then? Shall we waylay the old man and fix him?'

"'They haven't the money, it was left here.'

"The seller,' suggested the voice.

"Once more they dashed out, only to return in hot haste now, for there was the trot and rumble of a horse and carriage on the bridge between us and the city.

"'Say,' urged the stranger, 'trump up some kind of a story, and may secure the money yet.'

"'I would,' returned Thomas, 'but the girl's a witch, and I am just as sure that she is somewhere near us all the time, and would hand me over to justice.'

"There was a scamper outside and the sound of feet running toward the river came down the wide mouth at the top of the chimney. Father and Captain Boswell drove into the yard and up to the door, just as the clock struck twelve.

"'Thomas,' called my father, in his ringing tones, 'come and take care of the horse.

"Receiving no response from his usually punctual factotum, he sprang up the steps an uttered an exclamation of horror at finding the door open.

"'Boswell,' said he, 'we certainly saw a light here when we came down the hill.'

"'Quick, Jason,' said the captain, 'there has been foul play.'

"'Father,' I strove to call, but the first attempt, choked in dust and soot, ended in a hysterical hiccough.

"'What is that? What is that?' called my distracted father, and both men dashed for the library.

"I now strove to descend, but the movement brought down bushels of mortar and broken bricks from all sides, and closed up the flue. I bethought me of the rope, and by sticking my toes in here and there I went up the chimney hand over hand.

"Agile as a cat, when I reached the top of the low chimney I sprang down upon the roof and began calling loudly for father.

"You should have heard them run through the house and halloo before they located my voice. At last the captain came outdoors.

"'Will you get me a ladder, please? said I. 'I want to get down from here.'

"'A ladder, Jason,' shouted the captain; 'The little girl is on the roof.'

"'For the love of heaven, girl, how came you there?' said my father, as I landed upon the ground and began shaking the soot from my clothes.

"'I went up there through the chimney, papa. But you had better put up the horse—and then I will tell you all about it.'

"The captain led me into the house, for I was trembling violently.

"'Now,' said father, being absent only a moment or two, without letting me have time to mop the smut from my face and hands, 'now tell us what this means—my little girl climbing up the ridgepole like a cat at midnight.

"In a few moments matters were explained.

"'Thomas, the villain!' ejaculated my father. "I'll have him if I have to hunt the two continents for him, and he shall have his deserts.'

"He kept his word. Thomas got a term in the State Prison.

"When I gave the captain his money I should have burst out in a hysterical sobbing only I remembered the soot in time to prevent shading myself in black crayon, and Captain Boswell believed that stature and bulk were not always certificates of the best materials and—"

"And," finished Dan, our jester, "it may be said, Mrs. Boswell, that you actually flue to his arms."

She smiled and bowed as the sonorous tones of the driver came in among us:

"Stage ready, gentlemen.'

NEWS ITEMS.

An editor and his assistant in Vienna have been arrested for giving food to the poor.

Louis Anastey has confessed that he murdered the Baroness Dellard in Paris some months ago.

It is said Premier Greenway of Manitoba will appeal to the country at once on the separate school question.

Thomas Joy, late of H.M. 61st regiment has just died in Brockville, aged 70. He was present at the siege of Delhi.

The Brazilian mail steamer Advance is detailed in quarantine at New York on account of yellow fever on board.

John Chatterton, farmer, aged 80, was found dead in his barn a short distance west of Brockville Thursday. Heart disease.

The Spanish steamer San Albino is ashore on Hog island, Va. Her crew has been saved with the exception of one man, who was drowned.

The Rt. Rev. Ignatius F. Horstman was yesterday consecrated as bishop of Cleveland at the cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul in Philadelphia.

The newly-born third party in the United States will hold a convention at Omaha on July 4 for the nomination of a candidate for the presidency.

A receiver has been appointed for the maturity Loan and Savings Fund Association in New York, and an order has been granted dissolving the concern.

Mrs. Heslop, wife of the late John Heslop, treasurer of Ancaster township, who was murdered two years ago, died yesterday of congestion of the lungs, aged 70.

John D. Rockfeller, the Standard Oil King, has given $1,000,000 to the Chicago University as "a special thank offering to Almighty God for returning health."

SQUINT THIS WAY, PLEASE!

LARDINE MACHINE OIL.

Farmers, Threshers and Mill Men generally should try the celebrate LARDINE MACHINE OIL. It does not Gum or Clog Machines, and wears equal to Castor Oil.

McCOLLS - CYLINDER - OIL.

Guaranteed to be better and cheaper than Tallow. Try above Oils - - and you will use no others. - -

McColl Bros. & Co., Toronto.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO'Y.

WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?

The latest Blue Book shows that after providing for all liabilities the surplus of the ROYAL CANADIAN for the protection of its policy holders at the close of last year was $509,074, besides stock to the amount of another $100,000 subscribed but not called up.

The same Blue Book shows that the surplus of the London Mutual was $67,176 composed entirely of the unassessed portion of premium notes which no policy holde ever expects to be called upon to pay.

The following table shows at a glance how the affairs of the London Mutual have been going during the last few years:—

Year.	Losses unpaid at close of each year.	Cash available for paying losses at close of each year.	Money Borrowed	Surplus reckoning premium notes at full face value.	Investments each year.
1885	$6,047	$63,963	None	$101,816	None
1886	9,878	50,686	None	115,955	$6,500
1887	12.455	22,701	$20,000	97,268	8,000
1888	23.014	20,721	40,000	75,334	None
1889	20,436	13,911	40,000	74,068	9,028
1890	26,182	1,403	60,000	67,176	11,797

It should be borne in mind that during the last three years the London Mutual collected in heavy assessments over $30.000 more than usual, and yet at the close of last year, after collecting a full year's income, they had only $1,403 with which to pay $26,182 of unsettled losses. In regard to security no one should hesitate as to which company to select.

S. CORNELL,
Agent Royal Canadian Company.

Lindsay, July 22, 1891

A. W. HETTGER

as removed to the store lately occupied by Mrs Gemsjager east of the Benson House, where he will keep a large stock of

Fancy Goods, Wools, Embroideries, silks and all kinds of Goods in that line.

Woos and other articles now Selling at Cost.

STAMPING DONE TO ORDER

☞ DYEING and SCOURING promptly and neatly executed

A. W. HETTGER.

FALL AND WINTER

MILLINERY.

MISS O'BRIEN

has opened an assortment of the LATEST STYLES IN HATS AND BONNETS, TRIMMING EFFECTS, ETC.,

and invites the inspection of the ladies. Many of the new styles are pronounced very handsome, and are really moderate in price.

MISS O'BRIEN
Three Doors East of Benson House.

The Watchman

ONLY 50 CENTS PER ANNUM.