

TORONTO
1893
 ... and surrounding
 and examine our
DOCK
 ke a specialty), new dress
 es, new corsets, new hdkies
 w tickings, new cottonmade
 ets, new lace curtains (the
 new and first class.
 s, new cuffs, new necktie
 ing to be had in a first
SALE.
 espectfully,
R & CO
SALE.
ILEN
 smile when they
 eill's shoes?
 te.
hoe King
McCOLL BROS. CO. - TORONTO.

WE TAKE STOCK
 About the first of April.
 In the meantime we will
 give

SPECIAL BARGAINS
 To reduce the amounts.

BARGAINS in Gold and Silver Watches
 Clocks, all kinds
 Gentlemen's Chains
 all kinds of Rings
 Jewelry
 Silverware
 Spectacles
 In fact Bargains in Everything in our line

S. J. PETTY
 Watchmaker and Jeweller.
 Next the Daly House.

The Watchman
 FOR 1893.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
FOR
60 CENTS PER ANNUM.
CLUB RATES.

The Watchman and Family Herald and Almanac
 one year \$1.30. The Watchman and the
 Canadian Live Stock Journal for one year, \$1.25

JOB WORK OF
ALL KINDS
 Executed with Promptness and Dispatch.

Geo. Lytle, - - PROPRIETOR.
 5 WILLIAM ST., LINDSAY.

MRS. H. SILVERS'
LADIES FURNISHING HOUSE,
 WILLIAM ST., LINDSAY.

A SPECIAL... you will not
 forget that the LADIES FURNISHING HOUSE is taking the
 lead. The reason is I can furnish you with everything required
 to complete a ladies outfit, consisting of the latest styles of
 Dress Goods and Trimmings to match. The largest stock of
 Millinery in town to choose from. Our Mantle Department is
 well stocked with the richest and most stylish goods. If you have
 not called on us it is because you did not see us. We are always ready to show
 you what the style is and what is most likely to take the lead. In
 Dress Goods, Millinery, Mantles, Gloves, Hosiery, White Under
 wear, Lace, and Embroideries, Jet, Pins, Ribbons of all
 kinds. We can give you the best value in Dress Silks in town,
 and extra value in Parasols and Corsets. Remember the Ladies
 Furnishing House is headquarters for ladies as we give the best
 value for your money, which you will find when you see our prices.
 Every thing will be ready by 1st of April, for your inspection.
 I am yours respectfully,
MRS. H. SILVER,
 LADIES FURNISHING HOUSE.

THRESHERS!

USE McCOLL'S
LARDINE MACHINE OIL,

The Champion Gold Medal Oil for all Machinery.
McCOLL'S - CYLINDER - OIL
 is the best in the Dominion. Try it.
McCOLL BROS. CO. - TORONTO.

Do Not Worry So.
 O heart of mine, we shouldn't
 Worry so!
 What we've missed of calm we couldn't
 Have, you know!
 What we've met of stormy pain,
 And of sorrow's driving rain,
 We can better meet again,
 If it blow.
 We have erred in that dark hour,
 We have known,
 When the tears fell with the shower
 All alone—
 Were not shine and shower blend
 As the gracious Master meant?
 Let us temper our content
 With his own.
 For we know, not every morn
 Can be sad,
 So, forgetting all the sorrow
 We have had,
 Let us fold away our fears,
 And put by our foolish cares,
 And through all the coming years
 Just begin to love the world's smiles

KIPLING, BARRIE, GREEN
 TALK ABOUT THREE WELL-KNOWN
 AUTHORS.

The Kiplings and the Natives—Batt-
 leboro People—Some of Barrie's Char-
 acters—Anna Katherine Green and Her
 Work.

People of Battelboro are interested in
 Rudyard Kipling. They have been inter-
 ested ever since he wrote that little article
 about the town and incidentally mentioned
 them, after his first visit there last year.
 They did not relish the mention, because
 it intimated rather broadly that they
 gossip.

When the article was read at a club
 meeting a young matron, indiscreetly ad-
 mitting the fit of the shoe, exclaimed:
 "Why, he means us!" And they have
 talked about it, and him, and his family to
 this day.

It is really a blessing that the latter has
 recently been increased by one to give
 his remarks a wider scope and variety.
 It is stated on good authority that Baby
 Kipling's sex was a disappointment to her
 doting parents. A girl hadn't been ex-
 pected, hadn't been planned for, hadn't
 even been taken into consideration to the
 extent of having a name selected for her.
 But here she is, and she is making the best
 of it, already reclaiming her family from
 their slothful morning habits.

In the matter of a dwelling Mr. Kipling
 is not carrying out the ideas of the "in-
 terested." Why should he build three
 miles from town, on a side hill, taking a
 year to blast out stone enough to make any
 kind of a cellar, and spoiling the meadow
 below? There may be a good view, but it's
 the windiest spot for miles round. And,
 as for water! Well, it may run uphill for
 Mr. Kipling, but it has never done so for
 anybody else.

That horse of Kipling's doesn't look much
 as it did when he bought it last summer,
 the neighbors say. The necessity of drag-
 ging that new-fangled sleigh (exactly like
 an immense hayrack) back and forth from
 town a dozen times a day would kill a
 mule, to say nothing of a horse.
 Mr. Kipling much of a worker? Well,
 yes, he is. Digs away a good twelve
 hours out of every twenty-four, and
 his books are bright and no mistake.
 Heard he had lost heavily in bank
 failures. If he has it won't worry him—
 nothing does. And when you come right
 down to the point he isn't really so
 very disagreeable. In fact, there are a
 few individuals even in Battelboro who,
 knowing him well, dare to assert that
 he is more than agreeable, that he is
 fascinating in conversation, charming in
 manner and as a friend most obliging. But
 this is considered to have a treasonable
 flavor.

Mrs. Kipling is too much a home pro-
 duct to be lightly treated. The years
 when she and her brother, Wolcott
 Balestier, were with their grandparents
 are spoken of with pleasure, and the latter's
 name is never mentioned save with affec-
 tionate pride, mingled with tender regret
 for the youth who in the few years granted
 to him achieved so much.

Some of Barrie's Characters.
 If Mr. Barrie had not rashly killed Jess
 and Leely and so many others we might
 still hear from them. There are those
 who lost to propriety of "unities" as to wish
 that Mr. Barrie would resurrect them! No-
 body can ever invent will be so interest-
 ing again. Tammias Haggart, O joy!
 still on earth. He is the gem of purest ray
 serene in the whole collection, and deserves
 a place beside Sam Weller and the Clock-
 maker.

Here is a good sample of Barrie's style:
 Dite Denchurs was Thrum had, who
 was cursed with a "feeble indecision."
 He missed everything in the world, because
 he stood at the cross road, wondering
 one to take, and wabbling down first one
 and then the other a little way, then wab-
 bling back. Tammias Haggart, our beloved
 friend, the "sarkesteist," and some other
 "us" were sitting on a roof when "we"
 heard the "screch and skirl of a pig under
 the knife."
 "What's the killin'?" cried Lunan. "Two-
 head's killin'!" cried Dite, turning hastily to
 the ladder. But Tammias was too hurt to
 follow. If "Twohead likes to kill without
 telling me beforehand I dinna gang near
 him!"
 Dite started, but Tammias let fall a hint
 which kept him shuffling and waverin' back
 and forward miserably. He should've
 likely dropped into adventure, he said, "for
 the screaming's that swine calls to my mind
 an extraordinary meeting I had 'e a coach-
 ful of pirates."
 But a fresh squeal from the pig started
 Dite off again. He turned back, ran on,
 turned back again, ran on again, and at last,
 having reached a certain turn, took a
 wrong direction for the "killin'." It seems
 the distracted youth had learned on the
 way of a wonderful pair of crutches that
 somebody had got lately, so he started on
 the way to see those. But only a few steps,
 when he turned again toward "Twohead's."
 At last, when he appeared again at the top
 of the ladder, he had seen and heard noth-
 ing—neither pig-killing, crutches, nor ad-
 venture.
 "Dagont!" he cried when he found every-
 thing was over.
 "Let this be a warnin' to you," said Hag-
 gart, "that them that's greedy for a' thing
 gets naething."
 "Dinna tell me I'm an ill-gittit man,"
 Dite said, dejectedly, "for I'm no. A
 thing's agin me. On the hill, mar-
 ket day, I sat in the quarry for an hour
 and naething happened. Syne I taks a
 dander through the wood, and no suner an
 I oot o' sight than a ga'en about body flings
 himsel' over the quarry. . . . Sax

month on end I'm as reglar at the sack as
 if I got my livin' out o' the minister, and
 naething wonderfu' occurs; but one single
 Sabbath I taks to my bed, and, behold!
 in the afternoon the minister sounds awa' in
 the pulpit. . . . Did I see Sam'l Robb
 fall off his horse? Not me, though we was
 neighbors for a twalmonth."
 And so he goes on reciting his grievances
 until Tammias was overcome with com-
 passion for the poor wretch. "Lad, lad,
 you are unlucky; but I dinna ken you had
 brooded on't like this," he said.
 But the climax of absurdity comes when
 Dite says to Tammias: "There's few things
 you dinna see humor in, but I think I ken
 one that heats you."
 "Namey, yourself," Dite?
 "Namey, myself."
 "No, Dite," Haggart said, thoughtfully,
 "I admit I see no humor in you. You're a
 melancholy case. You had better gang
 awa' to your bed."

Anna Katherine Green.
 Probably no author of the present genera-
 tion has succeeded in writing stories of plot
 and sustained interest equal to those of
 Anna Katherine Green. For a woman in
 whose personality the whole of the reading
 world is interested, it is remarkable how
 few are acquainted with her appearance
 and habits of thought and work.

Anna Katherine Green was born in Brook-
 lyn forty-two years ago. She was the
 daughter of James Green, who was at one
 time president of the Common Council of
 New York City. Much of Mr. Green's
 time was given to the care and education
 of his daughter. In 1868 Miss Green was
 married to Charles Robb of Buffalo, and
 for many years resided in this city. She
 has three daughters aged 7, 9 and 11 years.

BORDER TOUGH AND TENDERFOOT.
 A Mining Town Episode in Which the Bad
 Man Was Laid Low.

The strange-looking man sat in one cor-
 ner of the smoker and hadn't much to say
 while the drummer, the western real estate
 man and a Detroit Free Press reporter
 were telling their stories. He roused,
 however, after a peculiar one by the drum-
 mer.
 "That reminds me," he said, "of some-
 thing that happened once in a mining town
 in the Rockies during the good old times
 when everything was new on the place. Like
 every other mushroom municipality, we
 had among us gamblers and greasers, toughs
 and tenderfeet. One of these tenderfeet
 was the most cowardly fellow, in some
 ways, I ever saw, and now he had ever
 come to such a place I couldn't understand.
 He was afraid of everybody, and a boy
 could bulldoze him, but he was bright-
 minded, with a fine turn for business, and
 was honest. A pistol was a horror to him,
 and he wouldn't take a drink of whisky un-
 der any circumstances, which, by the way,
 required considerable courage. In his case
 it did, at least, as it afterward turned out,
 for one day he refused to drink with the
 ugliest, most dangerous man we had, and a
 row ensued. The tough whipped out a
 pistol and would have killed the fellow, but
 someone caught his arm and the other man
 went down on his knees and begged for his
 life. It was no good, however; the tough
 was drunk and determined to kill him,
 and to prevent an open murder someone sug-
 gested that they fight it out in the street,
 and a revolver was put into the hands of
 the tenderfoot. He didn't know how to
 handle the gun at all, and while one man
 shoved him what to do four or five more
 held the tough.
 "Then they were put at ten paces, and a
 more abject, scared specimen I never saw
 than that tenderfoot. He could hardly stand
 up and his pistol wobbled about as if it were
 drunk. The tough, however, was sure of
 more than anybody else, for he felt sure of
 his victim. After he had watched the
 shivering wretch a moment he pulled up his
 gun, and at the same time the tenderfoot
 pulled his up and tried to aim it. Then,
 bang went the tough's gun, and almost
 simultaneously followed the report of the
 tenderfoot's. The tough dropped like a
 shot ox, and the tenderfoot threw up his
 right hand and howled with pain and fear.
 We rushed up and found the tough dead,
 with a bullet through his heart, and the
 tenderfoot with his fingers and hand bruised
 and bleeding, but not seriously injured.
 The bullet from the tough's pistol had
 struck the trigger of the tenderfoot's and
 discharged it with fatal result."
 The strange looking man had apparently
 no more to say and his listeners looked at
 each other questioningly.
 The drummer coughed suspiciously.
 "May I ask," he said, "how it happened
 that the tough's bullet didn't take the ten-
 der-foot's finger off before it reached the
 trigger of his pistol?"
 "Simple enough," replied the strange
 looking man frankly; "he didn't have his
 finger on the trigger, he had it on the
 trigger guard, and he would have been pull-
 ing on it yet to make the gun go off if luck
 hadn't been against the tough."
 The strange looking man relapsed into his
 former silence and nobody had the cheek
 to try to tell any more stories.

Female stenographers are to serve the
 Parliaments of Sweden and Norway.
 Nails can be driven into hard wood with-
 out bending if first dipped in lard.

THE MYSTERIOUS JOURNEY.
 A Geographical Puzzle for Young and Old
 —Fifty Places Named.

As Uncle Amos, a hatter by trade, sat by
 his door on a Monday morning, watching
 with friendly interest to see the people pass,
 he was surprised to see approaching the
 figure of a young farmer of his acquaintance,
 clad in his Sunday best and carrying satchel
 and umbrella as if going to the train.
 "Well, well, my boy, guess you're going
 somewhere, likely, ain't ye? Got your
 choppers all done and bid the folks good-
 bye?"
 The youth made as if to pass without
 seeing, but being accosted, turned to re-
 ply.
 "Hullo, that you? How are ye? Yes,
 Uncle Amos, cows a' sold, pigs all killed
 and everything fixed so mother can get
 along, and now I'm off."
 "Come now, no fear of trouble is there,
 George?"
 "I'd leave my addresses for the next
 three months, on this card, if I didn't think
 'twould hinder me less ter keep still. You
 might give the bull thing away, an' I've
 got ter escape, fear or no fear. They may
 hold me on 'specion as 'tis. You know well
 enough I didn't kill Kenny, but if they
 think I'm lookin' for a new town to grow
 up in, they'll say it looks bad. There'll be
 a mob; I leave it to you if there won't,
 and it'll be a chilly day for me."
 "Nobody 'speets you now," replied Uncle
 Amos, "where are you goin', though? I
 know it's all right."
 "See here, Uncle, let me serve yer in
 some other way. Come down town with me
 and take home a turkey as a parting gift.
 I can't have yer peekin' at all my things
 like that."
 "You don't know what trouble is, my
 boy; you'd oughter been in the war—"
 "Yes, I s'pose anybody who was in the
 war saw more trouble than I know any-
 thing about, but I'm gettin' fidgety, and I
 shall be doublin' on my own tracks pretty
 soon, to get away from my friends. Come
 down to Miller's market; Con ought to have
 some good turkeys."
 "Don't care if I do," replied the old
 man, rising, whereupon his daughter ap-
 peared at the door, with a pan of fresh
 doughnuts.
 "I vow," said George, "that's the most
 tempting looking pan a maid ever carried,
 so here goes. Thank you. No, I
 won't take any tea nor coffee nor cocoa
 anything to drink but a dipper of water.
 This doughnut, from such a hand, gives me
 new courage and new zeal, and if my time
 isn't changed in twenty-four hours, my
 courage is too loose to stay at the sticking
 point."
 "Now, where'd yer say yer was goin'?"
 resumed the old man, as the two started
 down street.
 "See here, if you're philosophical, ask
 another question; now we're by ourselves,
 where can a poor devil shake his thirst bet-
 ter than with a glass of ale; we can step in
 here and get it. Just see that new brewer,
 Elizabeth Barker has on, across the street!
 I called her a lizard, point blank, when I
 first saw it on her. Every cape Elizabeth
 has is becoming, but that thing—"
 "That isn't tellin' where you're bound
 for."
 "When the clock strikes three, Rivers
 and I—you know Frank Rivers—expect to
 take the boat—for fun, as much as any-
 thing. Didn't know he was going? There
 he is now. Isn't he as florid a man as ever
 you saw? Draws the cork from the bottle
 too often, I reckon. There are many, too,
 that do the same—eh, Uncle Amos? A
 good bath wouldn't hurt him, to-day. Hello
 Rivers, are we going to let this old Adam
 ask us all we want? When I'm an older
 man I'll answer some of his questions, and
 give him a new guinea, and if he doesn't
 mind, rid him of some of his prying
 habits."
 The old man glared.
 "Beg your pardon, Uncle; if you were
 as skillful a hatter as you was in your
 prime, you would be mad enough to make
 us smart. But white hairs make a holy
 head, so good-bye; we take the bay route,
 and you see the steamer yonder."
 "But you haven't told me a word about
 your plans," said the younger.
 "You're mistaken," said the younger, "I
 have told you the names of nearly 50 places
 I shall visit."
 Can the reader tell me what the places
 were?—American Agriculturist.

The Land of the Future.
 Captain Cameron, in the course of an in-
 terview published in Great Thoughts, ex-
 presses the strongest opinion as to the im-
 mense development which is awaiting
 Africa. He says: "It has a bigger future
 than America, Australia or India. It is
 the richest of all, but, of course, every-
 thing depends on management. Take South
 Africa, for instance. It is very like Aus-
 tralia. Already the natives have begun
 nibbling at the idea of flocks and herds, but
 the curse out there is that of political mis-
 management and the diversity of aims be-
 tween the English, Dutch and Boer col-
 onists and the Englishmen who become Afri-
 caners. Years ago, I proposed char-
 tered companies, but Lord Beacons-
 field was afraid of the radicals. We
 simply want concessions which will
 enable us to work the country. The Congo
 State should become a Belgian colony, and
 the unoccupied lands should become State
 lands. Ivory and india rubber, fibres,
 gums, every tropical and sub-tropical fruit
 are there in richest profusion. Indeed, I
 consider that in Africa will be the coffee
 and tea fields of the future; and there is
 really an admirable climate. The Europeans
 could bring up their children well there.
 The natives are very teachable. Even the
 hitherto wild tribes are already drilled into
 good police, engineers, riveters, etc. Take
 my word for it, Africa is the hope of the
 future, and will be the salvation of an over-
 crowded world."

The Bicycle for Women.
 Mrs. Mary Sargent Hopkins, an expert
 cyclist, is delivering a series of lectures to
 young women's classes throughout New
 York and New England, showing that all
 the advantages of the bicycle for men apply
 to its use for women. She maintains, after
 sufficient investigation and trial, that the
 bicycle is superior to every other kind of
 exercise in vogue for women, and that its
 use is better for the various ills incident to
 them than the prescriptions of the most
 skillful physicians.

Salted Almonds.
 Salted almonds are best and quickest pre-
 pared by frying them in olive oil. Have a
 saucpan of good oil heated very hot; re-
 move the almonds, put them in a frying
 basket, and immerse in the hot oil. Ten
 seconds will do them a beautiful brown;
 take them out, dust with salt and set away
 in a cool place.

Osman Digna Thrasied.
 Cairo, April 11.—Osman Digna, the
 Derwish leader, made another raid in
 Upper Egypt. He directed his invasion to-
 ward Tokar and was met and repulsed by
 the Egyptian cavalry. The cavalry pursued
 Digna's forces and killed 12 of the Per-
 vishes.

SIMPLE SCIENTIFIC SNIPPINGS.
Telescopic and Microscopic—To Preserve
Tools From Rust—Microbes—Other
Things.
 The amount of water that passes into
 the manure heap which is exposed to the
 rains and the amount of matter that is car-
 ried away by being dissolved out, during
 the winter and early spring is very great.
 Hundreds of loads of manure are hauled to
 the fields that is not worth the labor of
 hauling, simply because it was not properly
 cared for.

Dr. Fayer, in a French medical publica-
 tion, says that the boiling of milk does not
 destroy microbes. The tubercle bacillus,
 for instance, is not killed at a lower tem-
 perature than 230 degrees F., and the
 temperature of ebullition of milk rarely,
 if ever, exceeds 212 degrees F. M. Girard,
 the chief of the Municipal Laboratory,
 Paris, says that acids are very powerful in
 destroying microbes, and that citric acid is
 the most powerful, as 15 grains added to a
 quart of tainted water will kill all the mi-
 crobes that may be in it.

According to a memoir presented to the
 Paris Academy of Sciences by M. J.
 Thoulet, describing an improved form of
 bottle for collecting specimens of deep-sea
 water, the compressibility of water is such
 that a quart, collected at a depth of five
 miles, expands as much as an ounce when it
 reaches the surface, and that M. Thoulet
 thinks that such bottles should be
 made of thin copper, allowing of an expan-
 sion of 35 parts in 10,000.

Near to the great dome of the telescope
 house stands a smaller one, underneath
 which is established a heliostat, and this
 being turned to the sinking sun, the direc-
 tor holds a white card against the sight-
 pipe, and I perceive a dark spot mov-
 ing across the upper limb of the orb. As
 he shifts the card this way and that, the
 face on the disc of the lunary come faintly
 forth, like symmetrical leaf-shaped
 watermarks on a circle of yellow satin.
 Tender little shadings and tracings they
 appear here, but there they are fiery and
 furious whirlpools of incandescent hydro-
 gen—eddies of intense commotion, incon-
 ceivably enormous, blazing, seething and
 rolling in an intolerable glory.

A good plan of preventing tools from
 rusting is the simple preparation employed
 by Professor Olmstead, of Yale College, for
 the preservation of scientific apparatus, and
 which he long ago published for the gen-
 eral good, declining to have it patented.
 It is made by the slow melting together of
 six or eight parts of lard to one of resin,
 stirring till cool. This remains semi-fluid,
 ready for use, the resin preventing rancidity
 and supplying an air-tight film. Rubbed
 on a bright surface ever so thinly it
 protects and preserves the polish effectually,
 and it can be wiped off nearly clean, if
 ever desired, as from a knife blade; or it
 may be thinned with coal oil or benzine.

A Rochester microscopist, who has had
 some experience with mosquitoes, says that
 that insect's bill is an elaborate contrivance,
 consisting of two sharp saws and a lance
 enclosed in a sheath which is also employed
 as a pump. The saws are bony and flexible,
 and the teeth are near the end, which is
 pointed. When the mosquito has selected
 his victim, he sings a little song in his ear,
 and then settles down to work. The lance
 is the first thing he thrusts into his victim's
 flesh, and the opening made by this is en-
 larged by the saws until it is big enough
 for the sheath or pump to be inserted,
 through which the mosquito endeavors
 to drain our veins. The discoverer of all
 this states that the irritation the victim
 feels when the mosquito is biting comes
 from the sawing, but this is probably not
 so. Many of us who have been bitten can
 testify to having felt intensely irritated
 before the mosquito has done anything more
 than sing.