

**Queen Victoria's Cups and Saucers.**  
I read in a contemporary that the value of the china at Buckingham palace and Windsor "exceeds £200,000." I should think it does, and £400,000 would not be an extravagant estimate, considering that the Sevres dessert service in the green drawing-room at Windsor is valued at £100,000 and the Rose du Barri vases in the corridor at £50,000, while there are six Sevres vases at Buckingham palace for which there would be an eager competition if they were put up to-morrow at £30,000. The whole of the china belongs to the Crown, which practically means that it is the property of the country, as indeed, it ought to be, considering that the whole of it was paid for principally during the reign of George IV. by the taxpayers.—London Truth.

**Young King Benjamin.**

George Wright, who arrived in San Francisco on the steamer Australia a day or two ago from the Caroline Islands, tells the story of the sudden rise of a sailor to distinction in one of the largest islands of an archipelago, seventy-five miles west of Hawaii, where Mr. Wright has a trading store.

"The sailor," said Mr. Wright, "is Carl Benjamin, and he has no less than twenty odd wives and fifty copper-colored children. He was wrecked in the schooner Bombazine off the Ladrone Islands nine years ago, and floated at sea on a raft a couple of weeks before he struck land.

"If you will look at a map you will find lying midway between the Tropic of Cancer and the equator thirteen dots. On some maps they appear marked. 'Thirteen islands, well inhabited.' Well it is on the biggest one of these, called Benjamin Island, in honor of himself, that he has taken up his home. It seems odd that an island as big as this has not been got down finer by the geographers, but it remains practically a terra incognita, although it is ten by twenty odd miles in extent.

"Well inhabited" means that there is quite a sprinkling of dark-skinned native residents there, as well as many men who move to and fro in their light native boats. They eat bread fruit, bananas, coconuts and fish, and that's the end of it. They don't work at all. Benjamin has got to be a king in his far-away home. There the white-capped waves beat against the coral shores, and Benjamin has got nothing at all to do but to go swimming in the surf, talk the native gibberish, which he has learned, or loll under a palm tree. Some times he has his wives fan him while he smokes the kaziha leaf, which grows so plentifully there, and which, after you get to using it, you like better than tobacco. Maybe you think he hasn't a soft thing of it.

"However, Benjamin is doing some good work there, despite the hot climate. He carried three or four books with him on his raft—the last thing you would expect—and he has continued to instruct the natives in the English language. Benjamin is an American of German or Jewish descent, and is a lover of books. The first thing he did was to select an intelligent native and teach him the alphabet. He learned rapidly, and a number of them can now speak English, while the rising generation immediately around are gradually picking up a primitive knowledge of the language. Benjamin is looked upon as a sage. All the chiefs come to him for points, and of their own accord they have made him their reigning potentate. The chiefs, of whom there are three, are his Cabinets.

"Benjamin has picked out the handsomest women for wives. They esteem it an honor and readily acknowledge him as their lord and master. He lives in a straggling bamboo village, the village of Ki, on a coral reef. His children are a sprightly, lively lot. Nobody bothers much about clothes away down there in the South Pacific. Still he wears a little something, as do some of the natives, thanks to his teachings, for he has instructed them that there is no civilization without some clothes.

"He is about 30 years old and came from Newburyport, Mass., but says that he no longer has any desire to return to this country, and that he is perfectly contented to end his days there. He is the only white man, with one exception, for hundreds of miles around.

"He has taken to wearing a string of shells around his neck like the natives, and he sometimes imitates their example and puts dots of blue paint, got from a native shrub, on his face. This is only on State occasions, however, when there is a discussion of important question on hand with his subordinates.

"The permanent population of the island is perhaps not over 600 or 700. It is a very pretty and picturesque place, and the soil is very rich. It is indented with beautiful bays, whose shores are dotted with trees and shrubs of a tropical growth that are oftentimes covered with fragrant flowers. The island is about 600 miles west of the Marshall group."—San Francisco Examiner.

**His Torpedo.**

A gentleman living in Boston was much annoyed by the nightly serenades of some cats, which took up a position on a shed beneath his window. Some friend told him that they could be frightened away by exploding a torpedo among them. He resolved to try it. He said nothing to his wife, but procured the largest torpedo he could find, and hid it in a convenient place in his sleeping-room.

For several nights his slumbers were undisturbed. Then one night, toward midnight, he was awakened by the usual doleful yells.

"I'll fix em!" he said to himself, as he

crept from his bed and seized the torpedo. He stole up to the window and glanced out; the cats were plainly visible in the moonlight. He took careful aim, and threw the torpedo with all his strength. He was determined to make a sensation!

There was a report like a dozen pistol shots in the room! He had mistaken the large pane of glass for an open window, and the torpedo had exploded thereon. His wife sprang up, screaming, "Oh! oh! What? Where are you, Henry?"

"Murder!" "Robbers are in the house!" "We'll all be murdered!" and the like resounded through the halls, as the frightened lodgers sought to discover what could have happened.

The door-bell rang violently, and a policeman appeared, greatly excited, thinking that a murder had been committed. He rushed up to the room whence the report had come.

"Let me in!" he called. "Let me in, or I'll burst open the door!" The unfortunate author of all this commotion explained matters as best he could. Quiet was soon restored in the house, but the cats on the shed, undisturbed by the uproar, continued their serenade.

The hero of our tale bears his honors meekly. He never mentions the subject of his own accord, and is free to say that he prefers cats to torpedoes.

**POT-POURRI.**

Dr. Von Bulow is a very nervous man, as every one knows and as most artists are. At a recent performance it was noticed that he left the stage in the middle of a piece, and returned with a stalwart mechanic, who moved the piano some distance to the left, and that he then sat down and finished the performance. It has been learned since what the difficulty was. The day was warm, and the theatre warm, and a lady who sat directly in the range of his vision was fanning herself vigorously—against time! He said that if she had only kept time with the music he could have stood it, but her false beat nearly drove him frantic.

The following story comes from Dubuque, Iowa, and if true, is certainly one of the strangest on record. A man named George Lucas attempted suicide a year ago by shooting himself through the forehead. The ball penetrated his brain six inches, but could not be found by the surgeon who probed for it. He gradually recovered, but he had completely lost his memory and was subject to frequent fits. The wound suppurated and at intervals pieces of bone were extracted. Several days ago the wound was opened and the surgeon located the bullet, which was to-day extracted. By this afternoon the patient had marvellously improved and exhibited to his friends the bullet which he had carried in his brain for a year. Lucas was offered \$5000 to exhibit himself at the Paris exposition while the bullet was in his brain, but refused.

The Colored New Jerusalem.—I found a lot of colored people at Raleigh ready to go to Louisiana in charge of an agent, and selecting an intelligent-looking man I called him aside and asked him to explain how and why the exodus started. "Well sah," he readily replied, "it started in dis way. Julius Straker—dat fat man you see in de depot doah—cum up to our neighborhood an' axed us if we didn't want to be rich. He said we'd go to Louisiana we'd git way up high in no time. Dat's why we ar' gwine." "But how'll you get rich?" "Work de cotton crap on sheers. We get half. De fust year we shall dun make \$1000. Arter dat we shall git along faster. Ize figgered dat I shall have \$10,000 in five years." "And what will I do then?" "Open a bank, sah." "Are all of you going to accumulate \$10,000 and open a bank? No, sah. Dar's one pussion who is going to accumulate \$7,000 an' den buy a steamboat, an' another who is gwine to cumulate \$5000 an' buy hisself a toll-bridge, an' set down in a cheer all de rest of his lif."

A rather curious episode in natural history occurred on board the French steamboat "Abd-el-Kader" during the passage from Marseilles to Algiers. Just as the vessel was about two hours out the sky became quite black with swallows. It was then about six o'clock in the evening. The birds alighted in thousands on the sails ropes and yards of the "Abd-el-Kader." After a perky survey of the deck from their eminences aloft they descended coolly on deck, hopped about among the sailors and eventually found their way into the cabins, both fore and aft. The birds were evidently fatigued after a long flight, and allowed themselves to be caught by the people of the ship, who gave them a welcome reception, and provided them with food which they enjoyed heartily. The little winged strangers remained all night on the vessel, and in the morning at seven o'clock the whole flock made for land.

One rarely hears the name of the great leader of the Irish party in Great Britain, Mr. Parnell, pronounced correctly; it seems much easier to pronounce it in the usual American way, with an emphatic accent on the last syllable, and without any regard to the peculiar demands or methods of English as it is pronounced by Englishmen. The correct pronunciation, however, places the accent on the first syllable, as if the word were written "Parnul."

A man by the name of Klinkingbeard says he was once hunting in the Virginia mountains. He got lost, travelled around all day until tired out, he sat down on a log to rest. After sitting there awhile he thought the log moved and jumped up and examined. He found to his unspeakable amazement that it was a large snake. He ran off about fifty yards and fired at it, but the ball glanced off without hurting the snake. The monstrous reptile raised its head up about fifty feet, but Mr. Klinkingbeard soon had another charge in his gun, and this time he aimed at the smooth place around the neck where there seemed to be no scales. This made the snake awfully sick and it sped up a cnoce and nine Indians. This is a true story.

A man without character is always making a fuss about having it vindicated.

Do not envy the driver of an ice wagon his cool place in summer. In four months last season 42 drivers in New York city were attacked with rheumatism.

Jings—"Kind of a peculiar spring so far, isn't it?" Jangs—"How's that?" Jings—"No water in it." N. B.—This joke was compounded for dry weather.

The drama is getting more and more realistic. Real babies, real water, real burglars are among the advertised realities. We have hopes of a future play with real actors.

Louise—"Does your father approve of your engagement?" Lily—"Oh, yes; papa thinks George is real smart. In fact he pinched papa in a wheat deal last week." George—"Won't you be mine, dear?" Clara—"I think I should have to be hard pressed indeed to take you." George (equal to the emergency)—"Oh, if that's all, here goes."

Mr. Bloomingdale Ward (tremulously after venturing a kiss)—"I—I—I beg pardon. I didn't mean to." Miss Dolly Flicker (severely)—"If you had been sincere I might have forgiven you."

A Summer Romance.—Smiley Basker—"Ah! here comes Miss Coupon, the heiress. I waited on her once." Friend (incredulously)—"You! Where?" Smiley Basker—"At the White Mountain house."

In glancing retrospectively at his career both as a surgeon and a poet, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said he could not tell whether he had taken more pleasure in removing limbs than in constructing feet.

A Fiercer Beast. Poor Old Coldeck—"Can you let me have a little money, sir, to keep the wolf from the door?" Wise Old Upright—"If appearance don't belie you, my man, it is not the wolf, but the tiger you need to shun."

Small Clerk—"Och, fadder, dat gun vat you stole Meester Schmaltwitz last veek burst de first dime he vire it off, and killed him det." Proprietor—"Mine gracious! dot was awvul! I zold him dot goon on drust."

Mr. Highlive (looking up from the paper)—"Well, well! Wonders will never cease! They've got so now that they can photograph in colors." Mrs. Highlive (glancing at his nose)—"I think, my dear, you'd better get your picture taken before the old process is abandoned."

Mrs. Tinwedding—"Oh, George, I had such a disagreeable dream last night! I dreamed that I asked you for \$25 to buy an Easter bonnet, and you refused. But dreams always turn out contrary you know." Mr. Tinwedding—"Ahem!—yes—so do husbands sometimes."

Little Tom suffered with the toothache and had worn himself out of crying. His grandpa told him to be a man and not cry any more. The little fellow looked tearfully towards his aunt for sympathy and said: "Grandpa finks this is a slow, soft toosache, but its a tounfounded Buflo lightning nexpress toosache." Poor Tom gotlots of pity after his remarkable definition of toothache.

"You say your daughter has been studying French for ten years; but has she made any advance in her studies?" "Oh, yes, indeed; very great advances. She has become so proficient that she always speaks English with a French accent, and her French is remarkable for its pure English inflection."

Mrs. Younglove—My dear, what do you think of my spring bonnet? Isn't it a perfect dream, and only cost \$40, too? Mr. Younglove—It is very pretty, sweetness, but hereafter you must take something that will make you sleep like a top. Mrs. Y.—Why? Mr. Y.—Because your dreams come too high for my pocket.

Mrs. Ripper—Well, John, I'm glad to see you back. What a dreadful time you must have had—sleeping out doors, going hungry, being chased by Indians, shot at by cowboys and— Mr. Ripper (looking among a chaos of bedding, beds, chairs and tables for his boots)—Well Jane, Oklahoma was pretty tough, but I'm sorry I didn't stay there till you were done cleaning house.

Sarcasin is a dangerous weapon, but like other dangerous weapons, it is very useful on occasion. A Main street car was lagging along at the rate of a mile an hour, and the conductor was sparring with himself to keep from freezing. At the same time he persistently left the door open, to the great annoyance of the shivering passengers. Finally a pretty young lady beckoned to him, and he hastened to her side. "Will you please lower this window?" said she, in a matter-of-fact tone, "and then bring me a glass of ice water!" The conductor hastened out and slammed the door behind him, and the passengers showed by their smiles how well taken they thought her point of order was.

Accepting the Situation.—"No, Mr. Jackson, I cannot be your wife, as my heart is already in the keeping of another but I can be a sister to you." "Oh! 'tis hard to thus be obliged to give you up, Maud, and still your very generous offer to be as a sister to me cannot go unaccepted. Will you be as near a real sister to me as possible?" "Yes, George, I shall endeavor to." "There is Jack Fourinhand's sister, for instance. Will you be as loving and attentive to me as she is to him?" "With all my heart, George." "Very well, then, sister mine, I shall try to be worthy—ah, I really must be going though—good night, sister." The next day Miss Maud received a package, and, upon opening it, discovered that it contained—horrors—two pairs of pants, six pairs of socks and shirt. A note slipped out, and upon reading it this is what she saw: Dear sister Maud,—I ascertained from Jack Fourinhand that his sister was in the habit of doing all his mending. Thinking of our agreement, I bethought me of these few articles of wearing apparel, which are sadly in need of buttons and mending. I have long needed a sister that would look after my clothes, and since you have so kindly consented to act in that capacity you may commence your duties at once. Your loving brother, George.

**THE AETNA LEADERS IN HARDWARE**

Life Assurance Company.  
ASSETS, - - - \$32,620,676  
SURPLUS, (By Canadian Standard) 7,319,000  
NCOME, - - - - - 5,000,000  
DEPOSIT AT OTTAWA, - 2,098,223

**MATURED ENDOWMENTS.**  
The government blue books of the past five years (pages 58, 68, 72, and 86) show the cash paid to living policy holders in Canada, in settlement of Endowment Bonds during the five years ending January 1st, 1888, as follows:—  
AETNA LIFE, - - - \$446,998  
CANADIAN AND BRITISH COMPANIES COMBINED, - 135,666

Besides the \$446,998, the Aetna Life paid to living members in Canada \$447,577 in annual cash dividends upon their policies, and \$729,434 to widows and orphans of deceased members, making a total of \$1,624,000 during the past five years in Canada.  
**JOHN D. MACMURCHY,**  
General Agent  
Lindsay, Ont.  
Professional Cards.

**F. D. MOORE BARRISTER, AT-LAW.**  
TORNEY, Solicitor and Notary Public  
MONEY TO LOAN. Office, Kent-St., Lindsay.

**H. HUDSPETH & JACKSON, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.** Office William-St., ADAM HUDSPETH, Q. C. ALEX. JACKSON

**G. H. HOPKINS, (successor to Martin & Hopkins) Barrister, Solicitor etc.** Office, Thinkell's Block, Kent St. Lindsay, Ontario.

**MCWEYNE & ANDERSON, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.** Hamilton, Block, Kent street, Lindsay.  
JOHN MCWEYNE. DONALD R. ANDERSON.

**H. B. DEAN, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.** Office in Bigelow's Block, Corner York & Kent Streets. Entrance on York Street, Lindsay, Ont.

**MCINTYRE & STEWART, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC., ETC.** Offices over Ontario Bank, Kent-St., LINDSAY.  
D. J. MCINTYRE. T. STEWART

**A. P. DEVLIN, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.** County Crown Attorney, Clerk of Peace, Lindsay, Ont. Office over Howe's, Kent-St., Lindsay.

**O'LEARY & O'LEARY, BARRISTERS** Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery &c., &c. Office, Dohney Block, Kent street, ARTHUR O'LEARY. HUGH O'LEARY.

**BARRON, CAMPBELL & McLAUGHLIN,** Barristers, Solicitors, &c. Office, Kent St., Bakers Block, upstairs. MONEY TO LOAN at lowest current rates.  
JOHN A. BARRON. JOHN CAMPBELL. R. J. McLAUGHLIN.

**DR. DEGRASSI, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC., ETC.,** Wellington-St., Lindsay.

**W. L. HERRIMAN, M. D. M. C. P.** & S. K. G. Office and residence Cambridge-St. Lindsay, opposite Baptist Church.

**DR. BURROWS, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC.** Office and residence opposite Carr's Hotel, William-St., P. PALMER BURROWS, M. D. C. M., Graduate McGill College 1866 Lindsay, Ontario.

**DRS. COULTER & CLARKE, PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS.** Office and residence Russell street, one door west of York st. Office hours 9:00 a. m. to 12:30 a. m. 1:30 p. m. to 8 p. m. C. L. COULTER, M. D., Medical Health Officer, Surgeon Grand Trunk Railway, Lindsay District. W. H. CLARKE, M. D. Lindsay, April 2nd, 1889.—73.

**FAUCH A BALLAH!**  
**W. F. McCARTY**  
THE WATCHMAKER,  
has on hand a nice, neat stock of Watches, Clocks and Jewellery at lowest prices for honest goods.

**IN CLOCKS**  
Seth Thomas, New Haven and Ingraham.  
The Old Reliable Seth Thomas Alarm Clock, only \$2.50.

**IN WATCHES**  
Waltham, Elgin, Hampden, Illinois and Swiss Movements.

**REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.**  
Satisfaction guaranteed on all work entrusted to my care or money refunded.

**W. F. McCARTY.**  
Opposite Daly house.

**Doors, Sash, Nails, Paints, and Oils.**

**Garden Tools.**

**Pressed Hay, Drain Tile, Cement,**  
Best Quality at Wholesale Prices.  
**R. D. THEXTON.**

**CARPETS,**

**WM. BEATTY & SON,**  
Are now offering a large lot of **CROSSLEY'S, SOUTHWELL'S** and other first-class maker's **BEST FIVE-FARME BRUSSELS** with borders in lengths to cover Bedrooms, &c., of from 10 to 25 yards at 85c. per yard made. City prices for these Goods is \$1.30 per yard, and all are guaranteed to be the best five frame.

Orders by mail giving size and style of Carpet required will be promptly attended to.

A special line of **CROSSLEY'S** and other makes. **BEST TAPESTRY 65c.** per yard.

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.**

**WM. BEATTY & SON.**  
3, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

**WATCHMAN**  
Printing Office,  
WILLIAM STREET, LINDSAY

**LIBERAL OFFERS.**  
WE WILL GIVE THE

**"WATCHMAN"**  
AND

**Canadian Live Stock & Farm Journal**  
**FOR \$1.10,**

Or The **WATCHMAN** for 50 cents per year

With each Farm Journal there is a beautiful lithographic Engraving of the Ontario Agricultural College and Experimental Farm, Guelph.

**JOS. COOPER,**  
Proprietor.

A Tennessee  
The Chattanooga  
dent of the Chicago  
attended a wedding at  
bin on Sand Mountain  
foot and on horseback  
mountain, for the Lo  
folks" and had a com  
ten acres of cleared l  
It was early in th  
number of visitors l  
The women were in  
consultation as to wh  
wear her bonnet or w  
mony and assisting h  
of her trousseau, w  
ever seen on the m  
was made of white  
the waist was a wid  
streamers almost res  
was the pride of M  
ever beheld in that  
color was brighter.  
ing her wedding ha  
good war than in a  
ed. It had been in  
Atlanta, and had b  
came until it was a  
The high crown wa  
mense white bow;  
ful red ribbon, wh  
of the brightest bl  
green bow, and on  
one, each of which  
immense silver-pl  
not wearing this h  
not to be entertain  
While the wom  
details of the dress  
wedding supper, t  
by the fence, each  
easily on the lowe  
led at the posts a  
when they were  
maidens who wen  
The bridegroom  
over the mounts  
after the necessa  
who was to perfo  
meditatively bac  
the house, lookin  
the dancing-boo  
for the first time  
service ten years  
The day was  
when the brideg  
license. He w  
suit, to which h  
became accusom  
suit of the kind  
and the creases  
remained in sto  
cost was too lat  
short, but, as t  
made no differ  
Tom Tilford's d  
clothes he had  
He dismount  
gradulations of  
the ceremony,  
the bride blu  
improptia di  
been made by  
corner.  
stands to reaso  
with Mandy  
think you'll n  
ever hitched,  
meant express  
tered.  
The bridge  
and in the m  
run, with flou  
her guests a  
tered. The  
room and a l  
the room ser  
was of pun  
placed in the  
a mail for the  
in one corner  
furnish the  
wedding in  
The women,  
selves aroun  
the first gre  
to the front  
When sup  
around the t  
the hostess g  
go to eat in  
is a-comin';  
but I don't  
per." After  
cleared away  
nonced.  
a copy of  
table, and s  
to order.  
dy Lowell,  
peared from  
splendiant  
which she l  
walked up  
seized his  
hyar, that  
"You must  
left hands  
ye don't w  
chucked a  
jine right  
as they c  
"Now let  
hands and  
"Tom T  
take this  
yer lawfu  
hold, to l  
you part,  
her accor  
vided?"  
"I do."  
ly swar  
wedded  
and to lo  
obey him  
toots?" S