

ELOPED WITH A SKELETON.

But He Was a Living Skeleton—More over He Was Rich and a Dude. NEW YORK, May 12.—Coffey the duke, Coffey the living skeleton, Coffey the wife hunter is missing, and Managers Worth and Huber of Worth's Palace Museum are mourning his departure and are wrathful that he so summarily shook the dust of the museum from his feet. Where he has gone they know not, but the reason of his departure they shrewdly surmised to be a pretty and rich widow, who has haunted the museum ever since his thin "jigs" blew in on a favoring gale from Philadelphia. The lady who captured the heart of the skeleton is known by name to the museum managers, but for business reasons they desired to keep it secret. The circumstances connected with his departure show that Coffey had contemplated running away for some time. Thursday he drew his week's salary in advance. Friday morning he was around the museum at 10.40 o'clock, and then walked out and has not been seen since. An inquiry at his boarding-house developed the fact that Thursday night he took away in a hack all his personal belongings, leaving no address. Manager Huber declares that if he is married he will sue him for damages, as his contract calls for a marriage in the museum, and if not married he will serve an injunction on him preventing it. Coffey has amassed a large fortune from his exhibitions as a living skeleton and is rated as solid financially.

A Joke on the Queen.

One evening at Windsor, in the drawing-room, the Hon. Amy Lambert danced a Highland fling with one of the young equestrians, much to the delight of the Queen, and she said:—"Why, Amy, you dance charmingly; ask what you will and you will have it." The young lady instantly and wittily replied:—"The head of Mr. Gladstone upon a charger." The Queen applauded the saying with her hand and said:—"At least you may have the charger," and sent and had fetched a gold water which was standing upon a sideboard in the dining-room, and then there presented it to the fair dancer.

A Singular Marriage.

A young lady recently arrived at New Bedford, Mass., on the Veronica, from Fayal. This young lady was married at the Islands several weeks ago, yet, singularly, the first glimpse of her husband was obtained through the cabin window of the Veronica, as he stood on Propeller wharf impatiently waiting for the vessel to come alongside the dock. The courtship had been conducted by the friends of the young people. Photographs were exchanged, and the compact was made. The bridegroom forwarded a power of an attorney, and the ceremony of the marriage was performed by a priest at Fayal, marrying the young girl to a man thousands of miles away. When they met in the cabin the girl blushed, the husband smiled, and they prosaically shook hands. Both were apparently completely satisfied with their venture, and the husband bore his young wife proudly away.

Are Women increasing in Size?

With regard to the increased size of ladies' gloves the explanation of economy seems, on reflection, hardly a satisfactory one. Gloves will split occasionally, as we all know, to our misery, but loose ones are by no means durable and the unsightly wrinkles and flabby fingers tips, soiled and frayed, are terrible, so that after half a dozen times wearing they look only fit for an area sneak. It seems more likely that ladies' hands may have kept in proportion with their general stature, which is certainly on the increase. One can scarcely mix in any crowd, especially of the well-to-do class, without remarking gigantes in the hand—fine, well-grown vigorous creatures, who, judging by comparison, seemed to have developed all the height and strength which ought to have been their brothers'. The happy change in public opinion, too, which enables women of all ranks to work with their hands and take pride in doing so, many also not be without effect in enlarging those members.

Fire in Mid-ocean.

Captain Kennedy has written an interesting article for the North American Review. In it he tells of an experience he had in mid-ocean, while commanding the steamer Baltic, in 1873. He was eating dinner, when a servant whispered in his ear that the vessel was on fire. Without losing any time, the captain quietly arose and repaired to the deck, where smoke and flames were pouring in huge volumes from the forward ventilators. Several streams were soon playing on the burning cargo, but without having any perceptible effect. The captain relates what followed in these words: At the time she was running before a strong westerly gale and heavy sea. An idea suddenly flashed through my mind, and I at once determined to act upon it. I went up on the bridge, and, calling to all who were on deck, told them to get under cover as quickly as possible. I immediately ordered the helm to be put to port, bringing the sea nearly abeam. A tremendous wave broke on board, filling the hatchways and flooding the deck. Tons of water poured down below, and, instead of black smoke issuing from the hatch, I saw a cloud of steam ascend, proving that the fire was under control. I kept the ship before the wind and sea, and set all hands to work hoisting up bales of cotton. In about an hour they reached the place where the fire commenced, and I had the satisfaction of seeing it very soon extinguished.

A mountain of nearly pure iron has just been discovered near Lewisburg, in Greenbrier county, West Virginia. England has 500,000 velocipedists, among whom must be reckoned the prince of Wales and his daughters.

Some Superstitions.

It is unlucky to enter a house with the left foot forward. It is unlucky to sneeze before breakfast or when you see the new moon. It is unlucky to whistle or sing before breakfast. It is also unlucky to tell your dreams before breakfast. If your right ear burns friends are talking about you. If your left ear burns enemies are scandalizing you. It is unlucky to own a crowing hen, a white horse, a white cow, a white cat, or carry a white umbrella. If the palm of your right hand itches you will receive money or shake hands. If your left hand itches you will pay your debts. If the outside of your arm itches at the elbow you are going to sleep away from home. If the inside itches you will entertain a stranger. If you are in search of good luck never let a haunchback pass you without touching the hump, no matter how lightly—the tip of your fingers will do. Then, if your sweetheart has for any reason grown cold or indifferent, he or she, as the case may be, will at once seek your presence and you will be restored to your place in his or her heart.

Fencing for Women.

Fencing is now as much a young lady's pastime as tennis or horseback riding, and everybody who knows how beneficial this exercise is to the female system is glad it is so. Its votaries, in fact, say it is a lady's sport par excellence, as it needs quickness, and skill more than strength and daring, and develops those qualities which are so essential to a lady, viz., a graceful carriage and easy motion. On the days given up to the ladies the large hall of the Fencers' Club resounds with the stamping of feet and clinking of blades. The instructor gives each pupil a lesson, which generally lasts about fifteen minutes. Then two friends may challenge each other and put in practice the thrusts and guards they have just learned. The weaker sex makes up in cunning what it lacks in strength. Women are much more artful than men. In no case is this evidenced more clearly than in fencing. A man will make a bold open attack, which his opponent will parry if he keeps cool. A woman waits apparently with no fixed purpose until she sees her opportunity; then with a quickness of eye and hand which defies parrying she makes her thrust, and succeeds if she can keep her point straight. A parry would come too late; retreat is the only safeguard. In practicing the ladies wear an ordinary tennis shirt and flat-sole shoes, no corset, an easy-fitting blouse or jersey. A wire mask protects the face, a padded buckskin plastron is worn over the chest, and a buckskin gauntlet saves the hand from any chance scratches or thrusts. The ladies are taught to fence with either hand, and it is wonderful how quickly this exercise gives strength and dexterity (even in its literal sense) to the left arm, generally so awkward and helpless. The success of the ladies, fencing class has proved beyond a doubt the propriety of fencing as a ladies' pastime. It is not too violent, for each can regulate her activity to suit herself, and remain on the defensive or assume the offensive as she feels like it. Twenty minutes of active fencing will give more exercise to all the muscles of the body than two hours of pretty fast walking. One of the members of the ladies' class said to the writer that in her opinion one month's fencing will teach a girl better how to walk and carry herself in a drawing-room than a year's lessons in dancing or calisthenics. Those who have seen the lithe, straight figures and graceful motion of the ladies who indulge in fencing will be inclined to agree with her fully, and to wish success to those who have added to the list of female athletics an exercise so eminently fitted for the use of the fair sex and for their physical development.—Harper's Bazaar.

The Modern Breakfast.

"You never saw such funny breakfasts as the P's have," exclaimed a young lady who had just returned to her own home after a week's visit at a wealthy friend's. "Why, mother, you would think there wasn't anything to eat on the table. Every morning all the year around they have only fruit, oatmeal or cracked wheat, with cream and sugar, and soft-poached eggs on toast." It was no wonder the young lady was astonished, for at her own home there was usually for breakfast some sort of indigestible hot bread, and always meats and potatoes, besides eggs in some form and a variety of other things. A well-known Southern family of high social position has for its invariable breakfast, "all the year around," again, "hot biscuit," which every Southern knows well, and fried sausages and coffee—hardly commended, but showing a desire for uniformity. One of the great European statesmen, who is also an epicure, eats for his regular breakfast a baked potato and a broiled chop with coffee. All dwellers in first-class hotels know that a large proportion of the people who live in them have a stated breakfast, which their waiters know is never to be varied from. One of our most distinguished writers announced a few days ago that she ate for her first meal never anything but a saucer of oatmeal and a slice of toast and an egg with a cup of coffee. This is a common and most satisfactory breakfast among literary workers, many of whom add only a bunch of grapes or an apple to it, or other reasonable fruit. The breakfast in vogue among a large part of our population—the hot-breads and griddle cakes, eaten often with the most cloying sweets; the croquettes and other fried dishes; the ham, veal, pork or liver so often sacrificed, or rather sacrificed to, at our morning tables—are discreditably to our civilization. Among the most widely travelled and the wealthiest of our people there is no doubt a tendency to uniform breakfasts, and of plain and nourishing quality. This is devoutly to be wished for, not only for the sake of the digestions of our people, but for the peace of our perplexed housewives, whose cry has been for generations, "What shall we have for breakfast?" The lack of appetite for this first meal of the day is a most serious obstacle to the housekeeper's success in providing something satisfactory. Many people find a glass of lemon juice and water, an apple or some other tart morsel just the appetizer needed. These crude acids are too strong

and biting for the stomach of others. It is desirable, however, that as little choice as possible be given at a time when most people would rather go without anything than take the trouble to decide between several dishes, no one of which is desired. Cereals, delicately cooked, have long been recognized as a most suitable and nourishing food to give the stomach after its long fast. There is nothing so dainty in the way of edibles (excepting fruit) as a well cooked egg. Scarcely anyone, even the most unwilling, can resist its charms. Those who need something stronger should have their gently browned chops or juicy steaks. A baked potato never comes amiss. Fried ones had better be left out. Very few people can afford to go entirely without fruit for breakfast. Those who cannot take it at the beginning can usually relish it and find it beneficial at the end of the meal. Warm-up dishes can be made satisfactory for breakfast only by the most exquisite workmanship and most tasteful garnishing. We plead for the fresh, simple, healthful breakfast toward which modern methods seem to be, fortunately, tending. A day begun with such a breakfast is worth a dozen begun with griddle-cakes and fried oysters or any of their near relatives.—Kate Upson Clarke.

Her Husband's Image.

TUSCUM, Ill., May 13.—A singular case of mistaken identity occurred when Mrs. James Duke of Beloit, Wis., arrived here in company with six interesting children, and claimed as her lost husband a cigar-maker named David Robinson, who is the foreman in the factory of Messrs. Robinson & Watson. The lady, who is well dressed and quite prepossessing, confronted her alleged husband, and even after conversing with him was not satisfied that he was not her lost husband until she examined his wrist for a scar. Failing to find this she broke down and admitted that she was mistaken in the man. How much Robinson must have resembled Duke is attested by the fact that the children clung around him affectionately, calling him papa. Mrs. Duke's husband, who was a cigar maker, disappeared mysteriously about a year ago, and she was led to believe he was located here through information received from a traveling tobacco salesman.

Honey and the Bat.

An amusing anecdote is related of Geo. Honey, who, some years ago, while on a tour in the provinces, had taken lodgings in a house in the outskirts of a town. Soon after retiring, he was awakened by a fluttering noise, as of a bird, around the curtain of his bed. He sprang up, struck a light, and saw a small, dark creature, with wings, blundering about the room. Not being well versed in natural history, he did not recognize it as a bat; but thinking it queer sort of a bird, he resolved to catch it, if possible, and examine it by daylight. So he took his felt hat and attempted, for a long time in vain, to capture the intruder, but at length he pounced upon it, carefully removed it from his hat with his hand, shut it up in a drawer. Listened while it struggled for a few moments to escape, and then went to bed and was soon asleep. But he was not destined to sleep long. Hardly had he dozed off when a further fluttering awakened him, and lighting another match, he found a second bat. He had an exciting scramble before he caught this one, but finally he succeeded and put it in the drawer with its companion, and again retired. Again, however he was awakened in similar manner; bats came not in singles spies, but—if the expression be allowed—in "battalions." Each specimen was carefully deposited in the drawer. At last, after an unusually long chase, he was so heated that he opened the window, and having retired exhausted enjoyed a few hours sleep. When he awoke he jumped out of bed and opened the drawer very cautiously, to look for the prize of the night; but, lo! there were no bats there! He opened the drawer wide, and then discovered that it had no night to it. He had, in fact, spent his night in catching the bat, which had flown out at the back of the drawer as soon as he had put it in at the front, and when the window was opened, had finally escaped.

Buried Under a Fallen Wall.

NEW YORK, May 13.—While seven laborers and a foreman were tearing down a building at 151 Spring-st. this morning, a remnant of the wall, twelve feet high and eight inches thick, suddenly caved in upon them. A German laborer known by the name of Joseph was frightfully cut about the head and shoulders. George Thomas, foreman, was facing the wall when it fell. Eye-witnesses say that he stood as though paralyzed. He did not move from the spot and the wall as it fell struck him full in the face, head and neck. The left side of his face was carried away. His nose was torn off and his eyes were literally torn from their sockets. As soon as the dust had settled and the work of clearing away the bricks began a call was sent out for three ambulances. Before the ambulances reached the spot the man Joseph had been discovered and carried into the street, where he died almost immediately. The foreman was taken to the hospital. At first it was thought the wall had buried a number of other men, but no more bodies have been found.

Sharper Than a Serpent's Tooth.

CHICAGO, May 13.—Nathan Corwith, sr., has been ill in this city, and his death may occur at any minute. Corwith a year ago was the richest lead merchant in America, if not in the world. The supposition has been that Corwith's gigantic failure in business was solely the result of an attempt to corner the lead supply of the world. The fact, however, appears to be that Corwith's every move in speculation was coppered with his own capital by his own son Guerdon Corwith, and that before the inevitable crash came \$11,000,000 had been withdrawn from the old man's coffers and sunk in operations in which young Corwith had become hopelessly involved.

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