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**J. J. RICH,**

The Tailor, Little Britain

## The Watchman-Warder

THURSDAY, MAY 18th, 1899.

### BY WHOSE HAND

On the night of November 23, 18—, at about half past eleven, Mr. John T. Folsom, of the firm of Dean and Folsom, lumber merchants, was shot upon the threshold of his office on Main-st., Waterfield. The following is policeman O'Gorman's account of the affair:

"When I went down Main-st., a little before eleven, all the stores and offices were dark and the street seemed deserted; but when I came back Dean and Folsom's office was lighted up. The curtains were not drawn and I looked in. I saw Mr. Folsom and a strange man. The stranger was a wiry looking fellow with long black hair and mustache. He looked as if he might be one of the performers in the 'Wild West' show up to the opera house: there were pictures of them on the billboard opposite the office.

"They seemed to be having a hot discussion, but I could not hear what they were saying. Once I thought they would come to blows, and laid my hand upon the door knob. They might have seen me if they had not been so taken up with themselves. After a while they seemed to cool off a bit and get friendly. I thought I wasn't going to be needed, so I went up along toward the opera house. The only person I met was a woman. She had on a silk dress and her head was wrapped up in a ragged shawl. As she came under the gaslight I saw the glitter of a diamond bracelet at her wrist. She crossed the street in front of me and ran by. Her dodging me and her queer rig made me suspicious and I turned to follow her; but she must have gone in some alley, for I did not see her again. As she wasn't drunk, I made up my mind that it was some kind of a lark and went along.

"When I got to the opera house the show was nearly over. I found Ted Carrol, who was there on duty, and said,—  
"Come down street as soon as you can; there's a devil of a fellow out to-night; it would take more than one to run him in, easy."

"I looked back once or twice, and noticed that folks were beginning to come out of the show. When I got nearly back to Dean and Folsom's the young man came out and stood on the sidewalk talking with Mr. Folsom, who was in the office. I thought that they were quarrelling again, and that they would draw a crowd when the theatre folks came along. There was a broken place in the sidewalk along there, but I was so interested in what was going on that I forgot it and stumbled into it. At the same moment there was a report of a pistol. At first I was a little confused, and thought that my stumbling had somehow made my revolver go off. Then, as I got my balance, I saw Mr. Folsom stagger back into the office and the young man run across the street. I ran after him. He turned in front of the billboard, dodged past me and ran into the office, shutting the door in my face. I pulled my revolver and went in. Mr. Folsom was lying on the floor and the young man was bending

over him, trying to stop the blood that was flowing from a wound in his breast. Before I could make a move Mr. Folsom opened his eyes and looked up at the man and said, 'Coward! looking not so much as if he was in pain, or afraid, but angry like. "I put my hand on the young fellows' shoulder and said,—  
"Is this the man that shot you?"  
"Yes, he shot me, the traitor!" said Mr. Folsom again.  
"The man rose up straight, though my hand was heavy on his shoulder. He was strong and nervy.  
"Stand over in that corner, I said. "Instead of obeying he made a quick dash for the door, and almost ran into Ted Carrol's arms. When he saw that he couldn't get away he went to the corner as I ordered."

The above is the substance of O'Gorman's story, told at the police station the next morning. What follows is, mainly, from other sources. At the sound of the shot a little crowd began to collect, made up, mostly, of people going home from the theatre, some of whom pressed into the office. Among them was a physician. All the others were driven out, and the curtains were drawn. The physician examined the wound and saw that it was mortal.  
"Send for his daughter," he said; "he must die here."  
"Go for Miss Folsom, Ted," said O'Gorman. "I will stand guard. Burbank will be here before you return."

At that time Waterfield had no police signal system and no patrol wagon.

The Folsom residence was not far from the office, and Ted was so fortunate as to find a carriage, which he pressed into service, so that he got back with Miss Folsom before Burbank, the third officer, who had been sent for, arrived. When the carriage stopped at the door O'Gorman knew in an instant what it meant and uttered an exclamation of dismay.  
"Quick!" he cried, throwing open a closet door. "She must not see you. In there, and keep still."

It was too late. When Helen Folsom entered the room where her father lay dying, shot by the hand of a base assassin, the young man stood directly before her.  
"Harry!" she cried.  
"Helen!" cried the young man. "I am innocent!" and knelt at her feet.  
O'Gorman drew a long breath.  
"Well, I'm beat!" he muttered.

For a moment Helen seemed dazed. She had been told that her father was hurt, but not the nature and extent of his injury. The physician and the officer partly hid Mr. Folsom from view. But now, seeing him, she sprang past the kneeling man and sank at his side.  
O'Gorman motioned to the young man to come forward. He obeyed, trembling violently, and held out his hands. The officer slipped the handcuffs over his wrists and Ted and Burbank led him away.  
Mr. Folsom recognized Helen and tried to speak.  
"What is it, father?" she cried.  
"He did it—Wilmot!" he gasped.  
"Don't say that, father!" moaned the girl.

Her words seemed to anger him, and with surprising strength and energy he gasped again, hoarsely.—  
"Yes, yes, I tell you! Wilmot, coward, traitor! He shot me!"  
And with these words upon his lips he died.  
After the first outburst of grief, Helen listened patiently to what was said and made known her wishes. O'Gorman called a carriage and, at her request, accompanied her home. At the door, to his surprise, she said,—  
"Can you carry a message to Mr. Wilmot?"  
"Well, you see, ma'am," said the perplexed officer, "it wouldn't be exactly regular. I should have to deliver it to the chief first. I don't like to disoblige a lady, but it is my duty, you see."

"I understand," said Helen; "but I do not believe your chief will object. Tell Mr. Wilmot that I believe him to be innocent and that I will go to see him at the earliest possible moment."  
The officer gazed at her in stupefaction. "Do you understand?" she cried impatiently. "Will you do it?"  
O'Gorman, still amazed, said slowly,—  
"I am to tell him that you believe he is innocent?"  
"Yes," said Helen, firmly.  
"I understand," said the officer, "and will tell him if it is permissible."

The next day the city rang with the account of the murder. There was great grief for Mr. Folsom, who had been a valued citizen; but there was much congratulation that Wilmot had not escaped. According to the accounts of those who had seen him he was a most desperate looking villain. His motive was unknown, and the weapon was unaccountably missing; but no one doubted but that the murderer would meet the fate he so richly deserved.

True to her word, as soon as she had seen her father's remains laid in the family vault, Helen visited the prisoner. O'Gorman was detailed to be present at the interview. Regardless of the presence of the officer, Helen went straight to Wilmot and threw her arms around his neck.  
"Harry," she cried, "I know you are innocent, though my father accused you with his latest breath. There is

some horrible mistake, and you can explain it."  
"God bless you for your faith in me," said Wilmot. "But I can explain nothing."  
"You cannot?"  
"No—and I cannot tell why. Only continue to believe in me and I shall die content."  
"You shall not die," said Helen. "I have asked Mr. Alston, the best lawyer in the State, to defend you, and he has promised to see you and let me know if he will take your case." Wilmot smiled sadly.  
"The evidence that this officer must give," he said, "will go far to convict me. I am prepared for the worst."

Helen turned to the officer anxiously.  
"Is there nothing that you can say in his favor, sir?"  
O'Gorman looked Wilmot squarely in the eye.  
"If you did not shoot Mr. Folsom, who did?" he asked.  
Wilmot colored as he answered.—  
"Your word will be more convincing than mine."

The two men looked at each other questioningly, almost defiantly, but neither spoke again, for at that moment Mr. Alston arrived, and Helen, bidding Wilmot be of good courage, departed.  
The lawyer spent an hour with the prisoner, and left him looking much perplexed. When Helen called at his office by appointment, two days later, there was a stranger present who was introduced to her as Mr. Roberts, of Pinkerton's Detective Agency. He was a gentlemanly looking man and impressed Helen favorably.  
"Miss Folsom," he said, "Mr. Alston has given me the facts in the case, so far as known. I am told that you believe Wilmot innocent. May I ask upon what grounds?"  
"He could never be so bad," said Helen earnestly.

The lawyer smiled faintly, but the detective's face was unmoved.  
"Wilmot is not a stranger to you, it seems," he said. "When and where have you known him, and under what circumstances?"  
"When I was West with my father, two years ago, I became acquainted with him. He had previously worked for my father at Lumber City."  
"Were your father and he upon good terms?" asked the detective.  
Helen hesitated and looked at Mr. Alston.

"It is necessary that we should know all," he said.  
"They were not in accord about a certain matter," replied Helen, "but Harry had no ill-will against my father."  
The detective seemed to consider her answer thoughtfully. "Pardon me," he said at last, "what were the relations between you and Wilmot?"  
"There was a conditional engagement," answered Helen, with some embarrassment. "But we have not met, until now, for a year."  
"Did your father approve of the engagement?"  
"He did not."

The lawyer and the detective exchanged swift, significant glances, unnoted by the young women.  
"Helen," said the lawyer, "your father and Wilmot were not friends, it seems. They were seen quarrelling violently. With his last breath your father declared that Wilmot was his slayer. That is the case against us, and a mighty strong one, too," he muttered under his breath. "As against this you believe Wilmot innocent and ask me to defend him. Let me ask a question: If Wilmot did not shoot your father, who did? O'Gorman declares that no one else was present, and he is an intelligent and trustworthy man."  
"In our profession," said the detective, sarcastically, "it is not always possible to entertain a very high opinion of the intelligence and trustworthiness of the average policeman. What became of the weapon? It was his duty to have secured it."  
"It may have been picked up by a stupid or ignorant person who wishes to keep it, or is afraid to produce it," answered the lawyer.

The detective smiled.  
"I have been looking up this O'Gorman a little," he said. "It seems that he has been complained of two or three times for being too quick in making charges and arrests."  
"I believe he was exonerated every time," said the lawyer.  
"Isn't he a reputation for being a little quick to draw his revolver?"  
"He was acquitted of that charge, also, I believe."  
"White washed, some say."  
"I believe that was how the burglar's counsel, one Alston, characterized it," said the lawyer, coolly. "Speaking without prejudice against O'Gorman, may I ask to what all this tends?"  
"Have you reflected," said the detective, "that the story of this policeman is wholly unsupported? Two men are engaged in an animated conversation: how easy to magnify that into a quarrel! Neither of the men is known to have been armed: the only party with a weapon was the officer."

"Well?"  
"At regular intervals the police are required to discharge their revolvers and recharge them anew. Advantage is taken of this regulation to practice firing at a mark. This was done the day after the murder. O'Gorman fired four shots. What has become of the

five?"  
"How did you learn this?" demanded the lawyer, with interest.  
"From the janitor, at the station."  
"What is your theory?"  
"This: We know that the officer thought Wilmot a 'devil of a fellow,' and had in view the possibility of being obliged to 'run him in.'"  
"Yes?"  
"Thus prepossessed against Wilmot," continued the detective, "O'Gorman wanted but the slightest pretext to show his authority. Perhaps he thought that Mr. Folsom would be rid of an importunate fellow, and may have ordered Wilmot to move on. Naturally Wilmot resented such interference, and the officer drew his revolver, for effect, and because he had made up his mind that Wilmot was a bad man. There was a struggle and the revolver was discharged, the bullet taking effect upon Mr. Folsom."  
"But Mr. Folsom declared that it was Wilmot who shot him," objected the lawyer.

"True," said the detective. "Wilmot was the last person prominently in his mind, and the shock and fright so confused him as to give rise to the delusion that Wilmot was his assailant."  
"But if this is the explanation, why does not Harry give it?" asked Helen, anxiously.  
"Because," answered the detective, "he is not certain that it was not himself who made the revolver explode accidentally, causing your father's death. He fears that if this idea should occur to you you would feel repelled, and he would rather die than lose your regard. There are such men."

Helen shuddered at the thought thus suggested. But the lawyer said: "I think your reasoning far-fetched. Helen would not be repelled; she is not that kind of a woman."  
He looked at her questioningly, as he spoke, but Helen was silent.

The detective smiled grimly. It was evident that he knew women better than the lawyer.  
"We must work upon O'Gorman," he said. "He is frightened now, and will deny everything. But he can be made to confess before it is too late."  
"I don't agree with you with you," said the lawyer decidedly. "If he could invent such a story, he can stick to it. He has nothing to lose by remaining firm."

"Is it nothing to suffer an innocent man to hang?" demanded the detective, sharply.  
"Wilmot will have to prove his innocence by evidence, not by theories," said the lawyer. "What about that woman he met? Could she have had anything to do with the affair?"  
"About as much as I had," said the detective, contemptuously, "admitting that there was such a woman."  
"O'Gorman isn't a fool or a liar."  
"Find her."

The detective bowed and departed.  
"This fellow, Roberts, may be right," said Mr. Alston, turning to Helen. His theory would be a good one if O'Gorman were the man he thinks. Before I can decide to take the case I must make a little further investigation along another line. I can do it while Roberts is looking up that woman, although, as he professes not to believe in her, he will only do enough to earn a few days' pay."

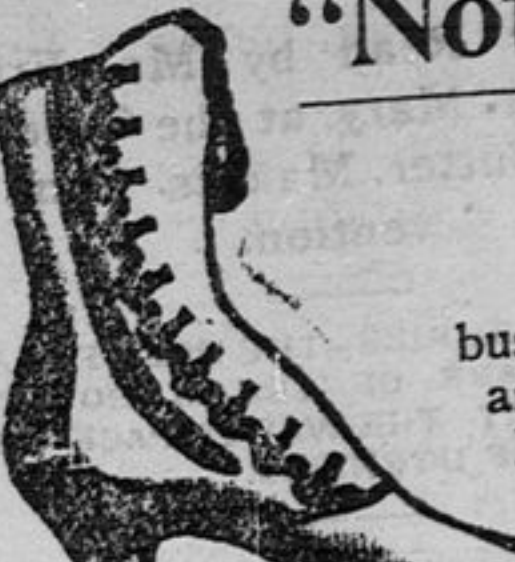
Concluded next week

**When an Animal is Ripe.**  
How shall we know when an animal is ripe? An experienced eye and hand can tell this, says The Stockman. When a steer is fully ripe his flesh is firm. When the finger tips are pressed against the muscles of the animal there is less yielding and softness than in the half-ripened animal. The shoulder blade, the loin and the pin bone will have an appearance of plumpness all over them. The weigh scales will also tell a tale. When the steer is not ripe he should go on making the usual gains. When he is ripe the gains will drop. When a heifer, therefore, that has been gaining two or three pounds a day drops down to one pound a day, and his appetite is still good, begin to examine him for ripeness. It is one of the curious things about the animal economy that a cattle beast will go on and eat after he is ripe; but he will not make a corresponding increase in weight. It is a curious question as to what becomes of the food.

**The Weaning of Colts.**  
A spring colt ought to be weaned before the pastures become scanty of herbage. At the same time it should be used to taking a little grain twice a day while it is still running at pasture. The oat is, of course, the best grain for colts, as it is also for the horse. It does not take much oats or meal to keep a young colt thrifflily growing during its first winter. If oats and corn are ground together, without the cob, and some wheat bran is added, it will, in some cases, make a better ration fed with out hay than could be got from feeding oats alone. No corn and cob meal should be fed to young colts, or, in fact, to any young animal. The cob is extremely hard to digest, and, at least for all young stock, has not enough nutrition to compensate for the danger from using it.

**Live Stock Pointers.**  
Try the curry comb on the cow. Keep the swine out of very cold winds. A sow less than a year old is too young to breed. Feed clover hay to swine. Steam it if you can. Throw a blanket over the pigs in very cold weather. The hog has been a mortgage raiser and will be again. When times improve the horse market will improve. Why not cut the shaggy hair on the horse that has it. Some of the best swine breeders do not use oat straw for bedding.

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