

With the use of a proper grade of fine salt and a better knowledge of packing, Canadian butter would speedily take the lead here.—English opinion.

BUTTER-MAKERS, USE THE BEST SALT, IT IS IMPORTANT.

Shippers say so, and common-sense clinches it; the English buyer says so, and your reputations as makers of good butter that will sell at remunerative prices in the old country markets depends upon its use. Poorly salted butter will not keep. It would be hundreds of thousands of dollars in the pockets of Canadian farmers if they would attend to this matter of salt.

Now that the American market is practically closed to the Canadian farmer for many articles of produce, it is particularly necessary to study the requirements of the English dealers. Canadian Cheese occupies a front rank—there is no reason why Canadian Butter should not also be sought for in preference to that of other countries.

For some years past we have made it a point to keep a reliable article of fine Dairy Salt—Ashton's—with satisfactory results. It comes a little higher in price, of course, than the common, coarse article so generally used and condemned, but it pays in the end. There's really more money for us, as dealers, in handling the coarser grades, but it would not be like us—we always aim to keep the best. Try a sack of it this spring.

TEAS AND SUGARS.

Its surprising the values we have to offer you in Teas and Sugars, the poor man's luxuries. Brands of Teas equal to what formerly sold at 50c and 75c a pound can be had at 25c and 25c. Teas and Sugars we make a specialty of, buying the 100 chests and the latter by the hundred barrels.

A. CAMPBELL, FAMILY GROCER

If We Knew.
If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Would the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, these little ice cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the happy words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by!

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
Catch the words and roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all along our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day;
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.
—May Riley Smith.

THE HEAD SURGEON.

Of the Lubon Medical Company is now at Toronto, Canada, and may be consulted either in person or by letter on all chronic diseases peculiar to man. Men, young or old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting from many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids, and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLE, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring of vital force having lost its tension every function war, in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 24 Macdonell Ave. Toronto, Canada.

A PERILOUS SITUATION.

My opinion is, if a suicide does not kill himself outright, as soon as he realizes that his self-inflicted injuries are mortal, he becomes possessed by a despairing wish that his rash deed were undone, and piteously longs to live.

I feel that I understand what I am talking about, for I was once within an ace of taking my own life.

When the silver fever began I was unmarried and bent upon picking up a fortune somewhere around the globe. I had had ill-luck so far, and the speculations in which I had risked not only my own money, but some thousands belonging to my widowed mother, had turned out badly. Having just enough cash left to pay the expenses of the journey and buy a horse, I went out to Nevada and joined a party of the boys bound for the mines. We started over the mountains, but I soon became mighty glum. After some days I was obliged to call a halt. My old enemy, asthma, got a grip on me, and one night when we reached a straggling town on the trail, I said: "Boys, you'll have to go on without me; I'm all broke up!" The next morning they reluctantly started off, leaving me to catch up with them the following day at a point where they intended prospecting for ore.

I was too ill to do so, and it was a week before I set out again, more low-spirited than ever. When I reached the place there was no trace of them. They had evidently been disappointed in their expectations and gone on, no doubt concluding that their silent comrade had abandoned the enterprise.

At dusk, however, I came upon a camp. Around the fire were a group of men, who with rough cordiality welcomed me to their evening meal. The supper was washed down with plenty of strong drink, and under its influence the blue devils which had beset me departed. I grew genial, and when later a little game of poker was proposed I readily assented, for I prided myself upon my skill in that line.

Well, sir, I played as if the fiend was urging me on. The luck was dead against me, but I became reckless. I staked every dollar I owned, and saw all raked in by the sharpers. I put up my horse and my watch, and lost them.

Convinced that I had nothing more of value, the gang stopped playing, and left me to sleep off the effects of the wretched liquor. When I awoke, the sun had been up several hours. My head ached tremendously, and seemed to be swollen to twice its normal size. I had a confused notion that something had gone wrong, but what was it? Gradually the events of the night before came back to me. I started up. Where were my jolly companions?

Gone! The camp was deserted. My horse had vanished, likewise my money. The dreadful truth confronted me. The villains had left me alone in the wilderness, penniless and without the means of overtaking my friends.

I cast myself on the ground again, buried my face in my hands, and gave vent to my despair. Long after the first paroxysm of rage and despondency had spent itself, I lay there. Finally, feeling the need of food, I got up and foraged about. Amid the debris near the place where the fire had been, I found some crusts of bread and a canteen half full of water. In my necessity, I was thankful for even this beggarly fare.

As it would be foolhardy to continue the journey afoot, I decided to return by the way I had come. At nightfall I reached the town I had left the afternoon before. It was all astir. A travelling show was to give a performance that evening. By chance there remained in the depths of one of my pockets a Mexican gold piece which I had carried for years as a hansom. This I paid for my supper and lodging at the log house tavern. The landlord insisted upon payment in advance, although I had expended a round sum upon all the extras at his command during my recent sojourn there. He listened callously to the story of my misfortunes and made me understand that he could not accommodate me after the next morning.

"Such is the way of the world! At least the next twelve hours are provided for!" I soliloquized bitterly. "And to-morrow? Well, to-morrow I will shoot myself!"

I reached this determination quite calmly. I cursed myself for not having done so amid the wilds, instead of struggling back to the semi-civilization of the miserable town. You say my troubles had begun to affect my brain. Very probably; no man can be in his right mind who seriously meditates suicide.

I could not stay in my cheerless room alone with my gloomy thoughts. I went out and found myself following the motley throng that made its way to the show. It was moonlight and for some time I hung around the tent watching the people as they came up to the entrance.

Suddenly I thought, "Why not go in?" I had half a dollar's change from the Mexican piece. It was all I possessed in the world, but I reflected with a kind of savage triumph I should not need money to-morrow and why not seek distraction during the intervening hours.

I paid the admission fee of two bits and passed in. It was early and I selected a place not far from the curtain behind which the performers were to enter the ring.

Presently the curtain was pushed aside and a Mephistoleon-looking personage appeared. The man next to me said it was Senor Espada, the king of swordsmen, adding: "It's down on the bill that he'll cut apples in two on the palm of a man's hand, and then on the fellow's head. It'll take a plucky devil to hold them for him."

His majesty seemed in a bad humor. He cast his eyes over the group of men nearest to him and said, with a Spanish accent: "Friends, my assistant has, as you say, struck. I cannot perform the most interesting of the sword feats unless some one will volunteer to hold the apples. I will give \$20 to whoever will do it."

There was a commotion around me, but so thrilling had been the descriptions of the dangers attending the feat and such the reports of the diabolical temper of the swordsman that no one responded. His glance fastened on me. I supposed it would be said nowadays that he hypnotized me.

"Why shouldn't I do it, I thought. I was on the point of taking my own life, and if Senor Espada should save me the trouble, so much the better. What matter to me if the sword should go an eighth of an inch too far!"

"I'm your man, pard!" I cried starting up. "Ah, very good!" he exclaimed with a bow of thanks and an insinuating smile. "I will call you up when I come out."

The show began. It was a sort of country circus, dime museum and Buffalo Bill performance on a small scale.

I waited the advent of the swordsman with the utmost imperturbability. At last he appeared and summoned me.

I advanced and nonchalantly faced the spectators. He glanced at me approvingly and a little curiously as he told me to extend my right arm and open my hand.

I did so. He set the apple upon it. His sword was a beautiful weapon, with jeweled hilt and a glittering blade inscribed with Arabic characters. He made a few rapid passes with it. 'Twas as if forked lightning played about me. Involuntarily I shivered, but I persuaded myself that the shudder was caused by the chilliness of the air, since I did not care what the result of the adventure might be.

Then the lightning seemed to smite me. My arm fell to my side, a darkness came before my eyes, but, by the applause, I knew the apple had been cut in twain.

The senior beamed upon me. "Bravo!" he whispered. "Now kneel."

I did so, and bent my head.

He put another apple on my neck.

My situation was terribly perilous, for if his hand should slip or tremble in the least degree, or if I should shrink or stir I could hardly escape decapitation.

At that moment my insane despair left me. I saw how precious life is. I became possessed with a fierce desire to live; to live even if abandoned by all the world, if bereft of everything but the blessed sunshine and the sweet air of heaven. A fearful conviction forced itself upon me that the swordsman's daring experiment would prove my death. Only the dread of being branded a coward prevented me from crying out, from springing up and declaring he should not proceed. The effort to remain motionless was a frightful strain upon my nerves. Never shall I forget the ordeal.

A few seconds passed. They seemed an eternity to me. Then I felt, a thin, cold line touch my neck—there was a tumult of cheers.

The swordsman put his hand upon my shoulder and bade me rise. I did so mechanically. I could hardly see, but I was dimly conscious that a crowd of excited people were calling and stamping and waving handkerchiefs. Half-dazed, I followed the senior behind the curtain. My neck was wet. I put up my hand expecting to find blood. I was sure it must be cut, so plainly had I felt the keen blade.

No, the moisture was but the clammy sweat caused by the mental anguish through which I had passed. A cracked mirror in the dressing-room assured me there was not even a scratch. An attendant poured something from a flask and handed it to me in a small glass.

I drank it down. It was a strange liquor, but it revived the palsied pulses of my heart. The senior put a twenty-dollar gold piece into my hand. My impulse was to toss it back to him. I had not thought of the paltry bribe when I agreed to help him, and I would not go through the experience again for a thousand such. On second thought I pocketed the coin.

I got back to the tavern. Having reached my room, I fell on my knees, as I had been wont to do in childhood and early youth. "My God," I cried, "how wicked I have been to think of lightly casting away the priceless boon of existence which Thou dost grant me!"

I prayed as I had not prayed in years.

Then I flung myself upon the bed and sank into a deep sleep. The draught which the senior had ordered for me must have contained a sedative, for I did not awake till late in the morning.

I sprang up with a new energy. Had I not youth and strength and the world before me? All day I strove to devise a plan for going on to the mines. The landlord was obsequious again. I had the where-with to pay for my present entertainment, and the fame of my exploit had made a hero of me.

It seemed the swordsman seldom actually performed the feat, since only at rare intervals could be found a dare-devil like myself willing to run the risk of being beheaded. The story of the insubordinate assistant was a fiction.

The morning following that which I had rashly determined should be my last an express rider got in. To my surprise he brought a package for me. It contained a letter and \$300 in pound notes. One of my investments had turned out well after all, and my attorneys forwarded my share of the dividend. It was fortunate, therefore, that I had returned to town. Otherwise the package might have laid there waiting for me for months.

"Well, I went on, had a lucky find, and have prospered ever since.

And to think I had nearly done away with myself just when relief was at hand! How often it happens so. A man blows his brains out just at the hour which brings the turn of fortune's tide.—M. D. Crowley, in Detroit Free Press.

Rather Have Privileges Than Rights.
Jean Ingelow, the poetess, says of woman's rights: "I don't protest of them at all; we cannot have rights and privileges, and I prefer privileges. We shall lose our privileges when we demand our rights."

A notary's clerk in France, named Harrott, has recently distinguished himself by declaring that his real name was the Count Harold de Juilly, Baron d'Abnsson and d'Aurica, Marquis de la Tour Popelineire and a descendant of the Dukes of Buckingham and of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. The court gave him eight days.

A Friendship.
Small fellowship of daily commonplace We hold together, dear, constrained to go Diverging ways. Yet day by day I know My life is sweeter for thy life's sweet grace; And if we meet but for a moment's space, Thy touch, thy word, sets all the world aglow. Faith soars serene, haunting doubts sink low, Abashed before the sunshine of thy face. Nor press of crowd, nor waste of distance serves To part us. Every hush of evening brings Some hint of thee, true-hearted friend of mine, And as the farther planet thrills and swerves When toward it through the darkness Saturn swings, Even so my spirit feels the spell of thee. —Sophie Jewett.

Rev. J. C. Davidson, M. A., has been elected to succeed his late father as rural Dean of Northumberland.

The Quebec provincial police have been armed with Winchester rifles and other perfected weapons and will all have target practice.

David Scott, of Thurlow, was thrown from a wagon by a runaway team on Wednesday and so seriously injured that his recovery is doubtful.

KNOWLSON BROS.

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FIRE INSURANCE.

The Aetna Fire Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn., incorporated 1819, losses paid in 71 years about \$65,000,000, assets over \$10,000,000, absolutely the strongest American Co. in existence.

The North British and Mercantile incorporated 1809, paid up capital, \$3,500,000 total assets \$50,376,064. The N B & M is the largest and strongest Co. in existence.

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Rate 15 to 20 per cent lower than ordinary rates.

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We have a large list of valuable Building Lots, Brick and Frame dwelling houses, Farm properties, and choice lots on Sturgeon Lake, which can be had cheap for cash, or mortgage at a low rate of interest.

MONEY TO LOAN at a low rate of interest.

Persons desiring to place their property in the market can have it advertised free of charge and will be sold or exchanged by us at a small commission.

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Represent the Beaver Line of Steamships plying between Montreal and Liverpool. Boats large and well equipped and cheap rates of passage.

Represent the Norwich & London Accident Insurance Co. Capital \$1,000,000. Rates extraordinarily low and security unimpaired.

OFFICE WILLIAM-ST. NORTH OF KENT STREET.
Lindsay, Nov. 19th, 1890.—45-ly.

BE A MAN



Laocon in the coils of the fatal serpens was not more helpless than is the man who pines under the effects of disease, excesses, overwork, worry, etc. Rouse yourself. Take heart of hope again and BE A MAN! We have cured thousands, who allow us to refer to them. WE CAN CURE YOU by use of our exclusive methods and appliances. Simple, unfailing treatment at home for **Lost or Failing Manhood, General or Nervous Debility, Weaknesses of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored.** Improvement seen the first day. How to enlarge and strengthen, **WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS AND PARTS OF BODY.** Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address

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L. O'CONNOR.
Lindsay, April 5th, 1892.—14-tf.

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