

WONDERFUL DAHOMEY.

Land of Amazons, Human Sacrifices Mermaids and Tame Whales.

An interesting and well-illustrated book on Dahomey is written and published by Henry Marcel, which name is the pseudonym of a well-known French resident of Philadelphia.

Dahomey was until recently the most important negro monarchy in Africa. It was especially famous for two things—its corps of Amazon warriors and its human sacrifices. Both these institutions are at an end since the French conquest of Dahomey.

The Amazons were the only instance in the modern world of a body of female warriors. They formed the body-guard of the king, and were as remarkable for their fidelity as for their courage.

Every Dahomeyan was bound to present his daughters to a sort of medical board, which selected those suitable for the King's service. Little girls taken in war were also trained to be Amazons.

The Amazons were ordinarily compelled to remain celibate all their lives, but the King occasionally permitted one to marry a deserving male soldier. They were always very well formed, and some of them were handsome, in figure at least. The number of them was about 1,000, and they formed only a small part of the army. In addition to being brave on the battle-field, it is said that they were more cruel than the men soldiers, and very hard drinkers. Woman suffragists should find much food for thought and possibly encouragement in these facts.

The human sacrifices were first instituted in 1600. They were based on religious beliefs. Man is believed to be subject to the same wants in the next world as in this; so he must be buried not only with food and weapons, but provided with wives and servants if he is an important person.

The burial of a King was always attended by an immense slaughter. When King Guizo died more than 500 human lives were sacrificed, including chiefs, musicians and slaves. He was buried in a big cave. His wives seated themselves round him in the order of their rank and poisoned themselves. Basketfuls of rods, and calabashes full of blood were piled on his tomb.

Wholesale sacrifices were also held at fixed periods. A traveler describing them says that during the night of these sacrifices everybody found in the street was clubbed to death. Companies of musicians walked about playing painful music. At midnight a volley of musketry announced the beginning of the executions. The victims were brought into the square by thirties. Sometimes death was produced by filling up the breathing apparatus. Some of the dead bodies were arranged in life-like attitudes.

The Dahomeyan coast is favored with some remarkable sea creatures. Among them is the manatee, or sea cow, an animal of the seal family, which has some resemblance to a human being. The female has very prominent breasts when nursing her young. It is suggested that this animal is responsible for the legends of mermaids and sirens.

Whales are common, and as they are not hunted they are very bold and roll themselves up high and dry on the beach in order to rub themselves free of weeds and parasites. This, Mr. Marcel says, is a very strange spectacle.

Bicycling for Women.

Here are brave words for the "school-marm," but the special application is rather to England than the United States: "Of old a gentlewoman taught as a last resource—when starvation stared her in the face. Her duty was to marry for a livelihood. Any situation in which she worked for daily bread was considered in the light of a degradation." The words are Mary Wollstonecraft's, and she knew; she began life as a governess. Now teaching for a woman is an honorable profession, as it should be. She teaches because she has qualified herself to be a teacher, even as a barrister has equipped himself for the law, a doctor for medicine. Her work is done, not because a husband is not forthcoming, but because the world needs it.—Boston Journal.

How African Natives Make This Spirituous Beverage.

To the natives of Africa of the present time beer prepared from malt and hops is unknown. Yet there exists no lack of intoxicating beverages among the sons of the Dark Continent. They are not required to wait for the fire-water of the Europeans to be sent to them. They understand how to prepare spirituous beverages of their own, and they also become intoxicated by them. The Africans make wine and beer, but neither grape juice is used for the former nor malt extract for the latter. Palm leaves of different kinds, bananas and millet furnish the raw materials.

Palm wine is made from the sap oozing from the cut-off blossom stems of the oily palm tree and of the cocoa tree. It is a pleasant, refreshing beverage, and sufficiently known. From the fruit of the banana tree a beverage is made in Africa which they drink there as wine or beer.

Banana beer is chiefly used by the natives of Uganda, a country bordering on Lake Victoria. The people there are fond of such beer, and when Emin Pasha went to Rubaga to meet King Mtesa he wrote in his diary: "This is a real beer trip: from village to village, or rather, from beer-pot to beer-pot, we are marching on."

In that country the manufacture of the banana beverage is very extensive. Dr. Felkin, an English physician, who formerly lived there, describes the different kinds of the banana beverage. He makes a distinction between banana beer and banana wine.

According to his description "mubisi," a cooling banana wine, is manufactured in the following manner: "A big hole is dug in the ground, lined with bananas, and kept covered with mats and earth until the fruit has become completely ripe. Then the bananas are slit, mixed with fine hay, and placed into a large, bent-up wooden trough.

which at one end has an emptying pipe. After the addition of some water the whole is thoroughly mixed by the hand or by short wooden sticks. Thereupon the trough is covered with banana leaves and the mixture is left standing for about one or two hours. After the expiration of that time it is taken out, and through glass sieves poured into large calabashes. It is then ready for use, and represents a sweet, agreeable and not intoxicating beverage. But if the mubisi is left standing for three days it undergoes a fermentation, and becomes a slightly acid, refreshing beverage, which is strongly intoxicating.

SENSATIONS OF STARVING.

Observations Made by a Man Who Had Gone a Week Without Food.

For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing, his sufferings are perhaps more acute than in the remaining stages; he feels an inordinate, unspeakable craving at the stomach night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread and other substances; but still, in a great measure, the body retains its strength.

On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with a loss of strength he loses that eager craving which is felt in the earlier stages.

Should he chance to obtain a morsel or two of food he swallows it with a wolfish avidity; but five minutes afterwards his suffering are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence.

On the fifth day his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body emaciated, his color is ashy pale and his eyes wild, glassy and cannibalistic. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go with it in quest of food; the legs, from weakness, refuse. The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes giddy; the ghosts of well remembered dinners pass in hideous processions through the mind.

The seventh day comes, bringing increasing lassitude and further prostration of strength. The arms hang listlessly, the legs drag heavily. The desire for food is still left, to a degree, but it must be brought, not sought. The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne; yet his inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve it if it can be saved without a tax on bodily exertion.

The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his weary limbs cannot sustain him a mile; the next he is endowed with unnatural strength, and if there be a certainty of relief before him, dashes bravely and strongly forward, wondering whence proceeds his new and sudden impulse.

A Tip for the Dudes.

"I want to ask you a question," said Travers. "Suppose that five years from now I should be walking the streets clothed literally in rags, wearing a battered old hat and shoes full of holes. Would you think enough of me then to take me by the hand, buy me a new outfit, give me a bath, put a sovereign in my hand, and send me away with your blessing?"

"Why, of course I would," replied Dashaew. "How absurd."

"Then bring the scene a little nearer. Suppose that in four years from now you should meet me as I have described myself, with this exception—that I had on a good hat. Would you still do the same thing?"

"Why, certainly. What—"

"Make it still nearer. Call it three years and say I didn't need a bath. Do away with the blessing and make it two years."

"Make it a year, with a good pair of shoes, eh?" facetiously "Substitute a new suit"—(a great light dawning upon him). "Oh-h!"

"And if you are a man of your word, let me have a sovereign!"—Pearson's (London) Weekly.

An Exigency.

There was an old couple—man and wife—in the seat opposite me on a Sixth avenue elevated train, and it was evidently their first ride in the air. The woman was very nervous, and begged to get off at every station, but the old man retorted:

"No, let's stick it out. We've paid our money, and we'll have the benefit of it. I'm a-keepin' my eyes peeled, and I guess there's nuthin' to be skeert about."

He appealed to me to confirm his statements, and, of course, I told him that accidents were very rare, and no one ever gave them a thought. This sort of talk calmed the old woman down, but just as she had settled back and was enjoying the passing sights, an idea suddenly struck her and she sprang up and exclaimed:

"Samuel, I shall git off at the next stop whether you do or not! I don't stop the cars will run off or the engine bust up, but suppose we come across a drove of hogs or half a dozen cows on the track?"

"By gum, but I hadn't thought of that," he replied, and as the train stopped at Chambers street, they hurried out of the car with such speed that both fell down and rolled over on the platform.

Solitude Explained.

"Are you having any more trouble with your corns, Emily?" meekly inquired Mr. Winterbottom. "No, they haven't hurt me any for the last day or so," replied his good wife.



New Boarder—What's the row upstairs? Landlady—It's the professor of hypnotism trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening.—Spore Moments.

"I hear, Miss Impeccable, that you have the bicycle craze." "Yes, that is I have the craze, but I'm sorry to say that I haven't the bicycle."—Harper's Bazar.

Proud father—This is a sunset my daughter has painted. She studied painting abroad, you know. Friend—Ah! that explains it. I never saw a sunset like that in this country.—Tid-Bits.

Perdita—If you continue much longer to play poker with my father I won't marry you. Jack Dasher—If your father continues to play poker much longer with me I won't need to.—Princeton Tiger.

Landlord Logic—Prospective Tenant—I like the top floor best. Why doesn't the fire escape go lower than the third floor? Agent—It isn't needed. The first three floors are empty.—Harper's Bazar.

Little Miss Muggs (haughtily)—My sister never goes out without a chap-eron. Little Miss Freckles (disdainfully)—My sister wouldn't be allowed to, either, if she was like your sister.—Chicago News.

Father—Fritz, I saw you last evening helping home an intoxicated student. Don't do it again. It makes a bad impression. Fritz—Oh, that's all right. I only did it to get ever with him.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Fig—Wonder why it is that these professional pugilists are such confounded talkers. Fog—Perhaps it is because of a determination on their part never to be struck speechless.—Boston Transcript.

Debtor (apologetically)—The payment of that account is a source of constant anxiety to me. I assure you, Creditor—Very likely. You're afraid you might forget yourself and pay it.—Chicago Record.

Author—I've got a great scheme to make a fortune. I am going to write a book on the financial question. His friend—Well? Author—And then I'm going to write a reply refuting it.—Chicago Record.

"If I could run across a horse called 'Money,'" said the gloomy man at the races. "I'd bet on it." "Why?" "Because that's the only thing that's sure to go fast enough around here."—Washington Star.

Mrs. White—And do you mean to say that you and your husband always agree about everything? Mrs. Black—Always; except of course, now and then when he's out of humor or pigheaded, or something of that sort.—Boston Transcript.

"I'm very much afraid," his mother said, "that this pie needs more shortening." "Mamma," said the boy in an audible undertone, "that isn't what my piece needs." "Isn't it?" "No'm, my piece needs lengthening."—Washington Star.

"Keep out of debt, young man," said the philosopher. "People will think better of you for it." "Perhaps" was the thoughtful reply, "and yet I've noticed the more I owe people, the gladder they always seem to see me."—Washington Star.

"Only think," exclaimed Fenderson, "of the many uses to which paper is now put!" "I know," replied Bass. "I was at the theatre the other night and I was told it was all paper. And it was a fine, substantial looking structure, too."—Boston Transcript.

The Outskirts of the Town.



Unknown.

(Mr. Shell, the magistrate, has stated that the "New Woman" ought to have sufficient ingenuity to devise a means for keeping her purse safe.)

Among other varieties of the "New Woman," still unknown, may be mentioned: One who would not shriek at seeing a mouse. One who would not be attracted by a "gentle bargain." One who would keep her temper when getting the worst of an argument. One who could argue logically. One who would not stick pins in her mouth while dressing. One who was never late in keeping an engagement. One who (when a misfortune occurs) had not "told you so." One who thanked a man for giving up his seat for her. One who never desired to have the last word.

IT'S QUITE A TRICK

To write a convincing advertisement about clothing nowadays, all dealers claim too much for the discriminating reader to believe. All I do is to try and get you to look at my stock, it is easy to sell then, my constant aim is to put into clothes all the attractiveness of artistic fashion and careful making at the lowest possible price; this is why I retain my old customers and am constantly receiving new ones. Ask those who have worn our make of clothing during the past year and they will tell you the place to get a good suit is at

ARMITAGE, THE TAILOR.

Advertise in - - - The Watchman. - - -

GOOD FARM FOR SALE OR RENT.

Sell cheap. One hundred acres, more or less. LOT 10, CON. 6, T/P OF FENELON.

Apply to ALEX. FLACK, 10 Brunswick-st., Montreal.

CHANGE OF BUSINESS.

Mr. A. Doran, wine and liquor merchant, in returning thanks to his numerous customers for their liberal patronage would respectfully intimate that he has disposed of his business to the firm of Messrs. Graham & Co., and speaks a continuance of their patronage for the new firm.

In order to wind up my business affairs all outstanding accounts due me must be settled at once.

M. LAUGHLIN and M. DIARMID, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

THE DALY HOUSE

Corner of Simcoe and Front Sts. Toronto, now under the proprietorship of Mr. Joe. Daly, late of Lindsay. Refitted and refurnished throughout and is one of the best equipped and conducted hotels in the city. The wine room is unexcelled and cuisine cannot be surpassed. Terms \$1 and \$1.50 per day. Corner of Simcoe and Front Sts., Toronto.

TO PROPERTY OWNERS.

LOCK WIRE FENCE?

It is superior to all other wire fences, and is suitable for farm, lawn, garden and cemetery fencing. It will turn all kinds of stock. The Lock Wire Fence makes a most attractive fence for private residences, stock racks and farm gates, a specialty. Recommendations furnished.

J. A. FITZPATRICK, Also agent for the Improved Fire Escape Ladder.

TENDERS FOR THE ERECTION OF A HOSPITAL.

Tenders will be received at the Town Clerk's Office up to Thursday noon, 4th July, for the erection of an Isolation Hospital for the Town of Lindsay. Plans and specifications may be seen at the Clerk's Office on and after

TUESDAY, 25th INST., 1895.

All information may be obtained on application to J. L. WINTERS, Chairman of Building Committee, or from the Town Clerk. The lowest or any tender of necessarily accepted.

J. L. WINTERS, Chairman Building Com.

BATSMAN, PEDIGREE.

Batman is a rich chestnut in color, and was foaled in 1889. He was sired by Enquirer, by Imported Leanington, by Faughalsh; by Sir Hercules, by Whitebone; by Waxey, etc., etc. Dam Brill, by Verdict; and Dash, by King Lear; 3rd dam by Imp. Scythian, etc. In confirmation he is all that can be desired. As a performer he has demonstrated that he possesses the qualities that go to make a great race horse, and has won several notable events. As a two-year-old he defeated a field of 15 contestants at Coney Island, beating the most noted performers of that day. As a three-year-old he won a great stake for that age at Coney Island. Full particulars of pedigree and performances can be had on enquiry.

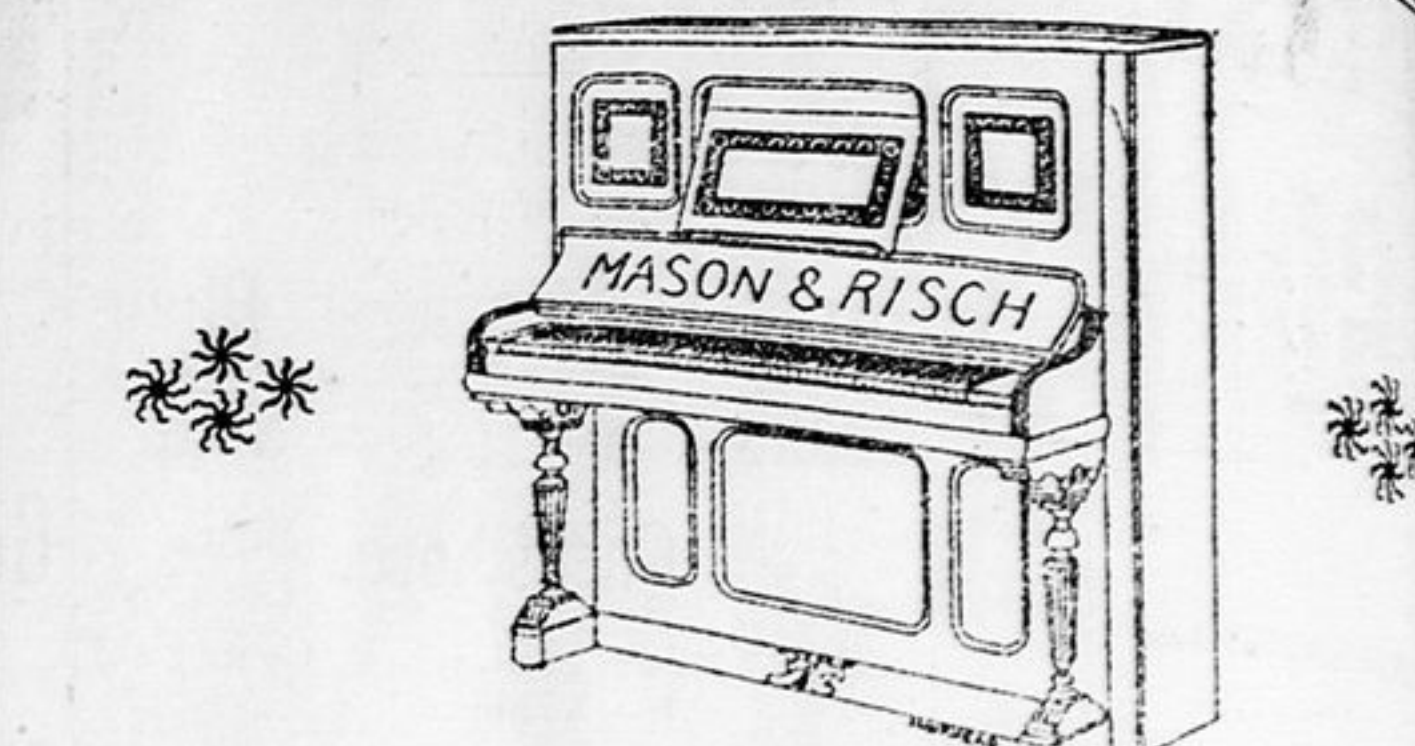
TERMS.

\$10 to insure—less than half price for such a high-bred horse.

In this locality there are a large number of mares suitable to cross with a thoroughbred sire, and their owners will consult their own interest by using Batman. The popularity of the thoroughbred horse cannot be disputed when only last week from 10,000 to 12,000 spectators witnessed the races at Toronto each day.

W. M. WEESE, Proprietor.

DR. JEFFERS, 28 WELLINGTON STREET, LINDSAY. TELEPHONE NO. 4.



I sell the best ORGANS, PIANOS AND SEWING MACHINES in the cheapest, according to quality, and any make desired.

W. W. LOGAN, 170 Kent-st., West, Lindsay, Ont. GENERAL

FACTS.

WE LEAD, WE NEVER FOLLOW

OUR LINES ARE:—

GROCERIES FLOUR, FEED, BREAD

FAST CEREALS GROCERY

GLASSWARE AND COAL

OIL

OF ALL KINDS.

OUR SPECIALTIES ARE:—

TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS, CANNED

GOODS AND GENERAL GROCERIES.

Our prices in all lines are at the bottom.

SPRATT & KILLEN, KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

CARTERS' IMPROVED MAMMOTH LONG RED MANGEL

There is no other root crop grown which produces so large an amount of desirable cattle food for winter feeding as the Mammoth Long Red Mangel. Over 2000 bushels per acre have been secured.

To secure the best results good seed must be sown. Mammoth Mangel is exceptionally fine, being selected from the best shaped roots. Growers who have used it for years past prefer it to any other Long Red Variety. Has a distinct appearance, roots massive straight and regular in size and of most excellent feeding-keeping qualities. FOR SALE AT

GREGORY'S DRUG STORE,

CORNER KENT AND WILLIAM STS.

LINDSAY Planing Mill.

When a man builds a house there is two things he wants, good dry material and first-class work. Having over 20 years experience in the factory line, and employing only first-class workmen and the only proper mode for drying lumber, I am able to give my customers the best of everything in the shape of

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Newells Balusters and everything in the building line. Give me a call and inspect our work.

GEO. INGLE.

W. KENNY, V. S., Graduate of the Veterinary College, member of Ontario Veterinary Association. Office and residence William-st., Lindsay.

W. W. LOGAN'S VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

delivered at the Midsummer Closing Exercises of the Lindsay Collegiate Institute.

By that faint but indubitable sensation characteristic of such occasions, we feel that this anniversary is the sweetest and saddest of the year we have brought to a close—sweetest as the setting sun and music at the "last"—and saddest, for it is our melancholy farewell to the past and its friends, whose careful study has made the session's work agreeable as beneficial.

We have learned through our daily association to appreciate the breadth of intellect, and nobility of character, which distinguish our teachers. Their untiring devotion to their duty, their appreciation of our efforts, and the assurance of response with which they have appealed to our higher and nobler elements of our nature, have been more effectual in molding a purer tone of morality among the students than the severest measures; and we owe to these great benefactors the high reputation which the Lindsay Institute enjoys. The rule of our beloved principal has been a rule—one which trusted to our own sense of duty and right for the fulfillment of our daily obligations, the refining influence of our lady teachers has made itself perceptible in the increasing culture and delicacy of our intellectual sense.

No staff of teachers were ever more truly worthy of the respect and good-will of their pupils, or of the confidence which their friends place in their ability, than those under whose supervision our intellects have been developing, and our artistic sense refining.

More and more, if we, on our part, have somewhat found our class-room monotonous, we have allowed our thoughts to wander to a brighter and less philosophical world, and if we have at times sought to enliven the dispirited spirits of our nearest companion by some communication of some pleasant suggestion, we acknowledge how thoughtless, how unsympathetic, how egotistic we have been; and in bidding our teachers a tender farewell we realize how much careful interest and kind consideration we have received in their hands, and how little we were capable of appreciating it.

We are deeply indebted for our progress to the zealous friends surrounding us, whose good will and generosity have been manifest in the sympathetic part they have taken in promoting our welfare, and the readiness with which they have responded to our claims upon their assistance. They have received our successes with a pride, which the high standing of our school has justified, and have witnessed our disappointments with as keen a sense of regret as teachers or students.

The Collegiate Institute could never have become what it is had it not had an active and sympathetic public to support it. We therefore entreat our friends graciously to accept the sincere expression of our gratitude with the affectionate adieu we now tender them, while we feel that their kind interest will not be withdrawn from a school which will never cease in its efforts to merit their good will.

We bid our janitor, Mr. Passmore, farewell. We have not been insensible of his solicitude for our accommodation, and for the order and beauty of our surroundings. May our Collegiate Institute long enjoy his valuable care, and prosper under the direction of our present staff.

A year's happy intimacy has made us reluctant to resign of which shall leave its indelible impression upon our lives. There has existed among the students such a sympathy of taste and congeniality of principle preserving the perfect harmony essential to the moral and intellectual advancement. The development of this unity and the gradual disappearance of sect circles has decreased the narrow prejudices, and lifted our common aspirations and sympathies to a wider and nobler range of view.

For many of us this farewell is but "An Adieu" of a short intermission, but there are some for whom it will be a long good-bye, and to these is our present separation most painful. To quit the scenes and duties of our early years, to realize that we are no longer students of an institute we have learned to love, that we are receiving the last adieu of our pupils, and that we are entering a sphere wider and grander, it may be, but certainly with less brightness and with more responsibility, will mark the beginning of a great and decisive change.

But no change, however great, can obliterate the deep traces of that early training where our first impressions of true culture were received, and where we have been fitted to master the great experiences of life.

To the students whose whole interest is centered upon the examinations which are to reward the session's diligence, we wish grand success; and if the enlistment of faithful energies, united with ability, and the help of teachers endowed with unusual powers of mind can claim success, our Collegiate shall this year show forth such brilliant results as have never found place among its records. And yet it is

our last line of life in the attack which he soothed while mind time doctor and g last, the road madly men bit m arm, draw but brot illy h Fall, arre returned til h im after lum forth

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