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The Watchman.
THURSDAY, AUG. 18, 1892.

A Prosperous Couple.
A wife, it's fifty years ago since you and I were chum the hills or life together side by side. How we prospered, hain't we, wife? an' how well off we be— we wuz spliced we owned one cow, an' now, gosh, we own three. Five hundred on this farm, five hundred dollars tian, I've prospered far beyond the gen'l run of men. Providence hez shaped the rough course of events, I owe four twenty-five and thirty-seven odd cents. Only fifty years ago you only had one aggravate your beauty and increase your loveliness; you've got two scrumptious dresses an' a most tremendous bonnet, a most monstrous horticultural fair-a-flourishing upon it. Two chairs wuz in our sittin' room but fifty years ago, we had a lamp, a puddin' dish, an extra yoke or steers, a stone an' a dingle-cart, an' all in fifty years. All true w'at our pastor said, the world moves fast to-day, with a quick, electric whiz goes spinnin' on its way; it just goes spinnin' on its way until its work is done, there's few spinners, my dear wife, who've spun ez we hev spun.
—Yankie Black.

Alec Ross and His Jean.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.
There was no one in our village who did not know that Alec Ross and Jean Donaldson were engaged. That had been common property for nearly a month, and everyone agreed in saying that a finer couple had never been seen in the village or outside of it. Alec Ross was our blacksmith—a handsome young fellow, with a flourishing business and house waiting for a mistress. Alec had been regarded as a likely "catch" since the time he was twenty, but none of the match-making matrons had ever made much trying to "catch" him. He fought off all of the young maidens in the village, and it was thought he was destined to spend his days and his money in some distant land, till he met Jean Donaldson, and then his fate was sealed. He fell hopelessly in love with her, and though he held out for two months, at last succumbed, and became her devoted slave from that time forth. Jean was the only daughter of Tammam Donaldson, the parson of the parish, and she was a very pretty girl, and her admirers declared she knew it well. However, that may be she had many admirers, but as far as could be seen no lover until Alec Ross appeared on the scene and succeeded in storming her heart. Accordingly they were engaged, and the marriage was reported by the village gossips to be fixed for some day two months later, to give Jean ample time to make preparations. And thus for a while Alec was in elysian fields of betrothed bliss. But as somebody once said the course of true love never runs smooth. The couple had been engaged hardly a fortnight when Alec began to notice in his wife one a propensity that filled him with an uneasy jealousy—an extreme propensity for flirting with all the good-looking young fellows in the country-side. Alec, at first affected not to notice it; in fact he often seriously asked himself if it was really the case, or whether it was not some fiction of his jealous mind. But at our annual Artizans' Ball he could not longer help the consciousness that Jean was flirting most unmistakably that night. His Jean a flirt! He burned at the thought, but still the thought would not go away. It was this that was troubling him on the night on which our story opens. It was on a quiet summer evening in the end of July, when the beech hedges leading from the village were in all their glossy green and the broad river (we have the honor of a river rushing past our doors) flowed placidly seawards, that Alec was sauntering along in the direction of Jean's home. His hands were thrust deep into his trousers' pockets, and he was looking hard at the ground as he loitered along, when the rustle of a dress on the opposite side of the road aroused him. It was Jean herself, looking prettier and more kissable than ever. "Ye're unc' blin' the night," she said, with a slight toss of her head, that should have brought her within the sweep of Alec's strong arms in an instant.

"Ay, maybe," said Alec, slowly, and not at all like an engaged lover; "I was thinkin'." "Oh, ye might tell me what ye wis thinkin' about?" "Weel, Jean," he said, with an effort, "I wis thinkin'—that—that ye're takin' ower muckle wi'ither lads, I dinna mean to say—" he stammered, seeing that Jean had grown very pale and then very red. "I dinna—" "I ken fat ye mean," said Jean, "but if ye mean to say—" "I dinna mean to say anything 'o the kin'," said Alec, wildly, without waiting for her to finish. "If ye're no pleased wi' me, ye can keep awa', that's a' I'll say," she said, with a haughty toss of her head. But, oh, why was he so blind? Why did he not see that yearning look of love that flashed through her eye. He did not however, and more than that, that haughty toss of the head aroused his quick temper. He had expected better things, he had hoped she would fall into his arms or something equally absurd to show her penitence "Keep awa'." He was angry and reckless, and spoke words that sent a cold chill into Jean's innermost soul. What he actually did say he never could tell. When he came to his senses he found himself tearing through a field some five miles from the village. And then, like a mighty torrent, all that fearful scene came surging through his memory—the bitter words spoken on both sides. For the first time he really recognized that it was all over between him and Jean. Oh, what a struggle it cost him to go back to the dull, old life, and to face those prying village gossips. But he did it. He went regularly to church every Sunday, and held his head proudly up, and never deigned to look near Jean's seat, though for that matter he would not have met her eye, for she as persistently ignored him. Thus matters went on for two weary months—wearily, I mean, for the whilom lovers, though they were too proud to show it. Summer glided into autumn, and the crops waved thick and yellow, waiting for the scythe; but Alec Ross's house was still without its mistress. Every day from morning till evening the steady ring of the hammer never ceased and many a matron, as she heard it, sighed deeply and declared "it was sic a peety that that fine young fellow was sae dour."

It was on one of these evenings that a cluster of village idlers were assembled round the "smiddy" door for their evening chat. The talk was brisk and chiefly on village topics, keeping away of course, from the subject of lovers' quarrels, as was right when Alec Ross was there. A discussion had arisen on the merits and demerits of Peter Clark's old "oo" when the 8-year-old scion of that worthy himself bolted breathlessly in at the door and gasped out: "Come on, quick. Auld Donaldson's fa'en into Gordon's Pot."

As "Gordon's Pot" was known to be a very deep part of the river but a short distance from the village, the gravity of the situation was at once seen. Flinging down his hammer, Alec darted off and in a few moments reached the spot ahead of the others. There was a crowd of women and children shouting and crying wildly, and in the midst of them Jean herself, deathly pale and her hands clasped in desperation. In an instant Alec, fervently blessing himself that he could swim, plunged into the pot and disappeared. The whole crowd held their breaths, afraid to make a motion, and the seconds looked like hours to them as they gazed on the whirling gulf where only an occasional bubble rose to re-assure them that the rescuer had not shared the fate of the other. At last he rose to the surface, and every hand was stretched out to save him. He bore the precious burden in his arms, and they laid the apparently lifeless man on the ground, while the doctor, who had been immediately called, applied restoratives, Jean hanging over him, now crying bitterly. For a long time he showed no sign of life; but at last he gave a faint sigh, and the doctor ordered him to be taken home. Alec insisted on accompanying them, in spite of the doctor, and finally the three drove off. On reaching home Tammam was at once put to bed, and all that night two watchers hung over him till he got through. About midnight he quite revived, and Jean made him a strong cup of tea, after which he dropped peacefully asleep. Alec had hardly spoken all night, but now he broke the silence. "Weel, I maun awa'," he said not daring to look up. But, oh, his heart beat cruelly fast as he waited for an answer. None came; he looked up and their eyes met. Then in an instant all their pride was thrown to the winds, and Alec clasped her in his strong arms. "Jean," he said, "nae man can tell what I've endur't; and, oh, I ken this was a' my fault. Dinna say it wisna. But," he added, kissing her rosy lips, "ye ken a's weel that en's weel."

THRIVED BY HIS WITS.
"Gentleman George" Anderson is behind the bars at Kalamazoo, Mich., on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. He is one of the most expert confidence operators in the United States and has an European reputation as a swindler. The arrest of Anderson calls to mind his meteoric career in Detroit and Jackson, Mich., from about 1871 to 1882. The fact that after Anderson left this city he turned up at Washington and was found by acquaintances arm in arm with leading senators and foreign diplomats at the capital; that he ran a tony gambling room just off Pennsylvania avenue there; that he had credit right and left, is well remembered. Detroit lost sight of "Gentleman George" for quite a time. Then he came back here, called on those who knew him, told Munchausen tales of wealth, spoke of big interests in stock companies in London and Glasgow, and one day he left, taking his wife and child along. He was seen abroad by acquaintances, and was a veritable "high roller." He belonged to one of the swell clubs of London, introduced gentlemen whom he knew to lords and dukes, and seemed to have a gold mine, which he worked to the utmost, the next from "Gentleman George" was not quite so pleasant, but none the less interesting. He was locked up on the charge of swindling a rich American, residing near Reading, Pa., out of \$20,000. He was tried, convicted and sent to Chatham prison, London, England, for five years. His broken-hearted wife came back to her parents' home, near Buchanan, Mich., and everybody thought George Anderson would never be heard of again, as it was given out that: only one man in 100 lived and retained reason and health for five years in Chatham prison. The wise-acres didn't guess it right, or it may be that Anderson is a remarkable man constitutionally as well as morally. He not only lasted out his sentence in that awful living tomb among the vilest criminals, not one in fifty of whom ever see the light of day again after the gates have shut them in for punishment, but he comes back little changed in looks as to age and none at all as to morals.

Anderson dropped into Jackson many years ago from no one knows where. He was soon admitted to the bar and later ran for judge of probate, but was defeated. After his defeat he concocted a scheme to go to Washington as a pension agent. There he kept afloat by cards and cash borrowed of those whom he could "touch." Getting a sum from a credulous relative in Eaton county, whom he had made believe there was a big estate waiting to be claimed in Scotland, he visited Europe. He wrote home such glowing letters of the prospects of the inheritance being all ready to pluck that he received several additional sums from relatives. Some months after he returned and called a conference of all his relatives. He told them the Scottish estate was theirs; he could get it, but he must have certain papers signed to him to successfully prosecute the claim. He had pictures of the castle on the coveted acres, and he showed them written documents. He had a satchel full of them. Many of these bore foreign seals; others were from Washington. All these set forth that the property was theirs after certain formalities had taken place. He got quite a sum of money and departed again. By and by the letters ceased to come. The relatives feared that their agent was sick. Stories came about him riding in a coach and four about London; of the suppers he gave to the high-toned fellows; how his wife was dressed and how much "Gentleman George" was worth. Then came the crash that shivered all the hopes of his big estates and baronial castles. Anderson was arrested.

The last effort of Anderson was the biggest, but he didn't win. He had been introduced to a wealthy American gentleman at one of the London clubs. To this man "Gentleman George" unfolded the story of a castle and landed estate awaiting an owner. The owner's name needed to be Whitney. Mr. Anderson volunteered the information that, in course of looking up an estate coming to the American branch of the Anderson family, he had found the Whitney one. He took Mr. Whitney on a yacht he borrowed, went up or down the Thames and eventually pointed out the great estate of somebody which was Mr. Whitney's as soon as he said the word. It would take £2,000 to remove certain clouds to titles. The estate was worth millions. The trip on the yacht settled Mr. Whitney and he planked down the £2,000. Mr. Whitney became frightened after he let go of the money. He began enquiry. This ended in an exposure which shook all London. It was found that "Gentleman George" was not the cressus he claimed to be, and was only an impetuous American swindler. But he had "downed" the whole lot. Hundreds of swell Londoners had been beaten, Mr. Anderson left the Chatham penitentiary a year and a half ago. He came back to his old stamping ground and began his old games. This time his reputation was too notorious and he has come to grief early in his career but not before many of his victims have handed over sums to him, which the smooth talk and insinuating manner of "Gentleman George" rarely fails to bring forth.—Ex.

NEWS ITEMS.
The British House of Commons Thursday re-elected the Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel as speaker. The revenue returns at Toronto in July, 1892, were upwards of \$13,000 in excess of the returns for the same month last year. Charles M. Howe, a heavy real estate dealer of Buffalo, is said to have gone to Canada. His financial embarrassment is considerable. A committee appointed by the Chamber of Commerce of Grand Forks, Dak., has issued a call for a conference to consider reciprocity with Canada. Early Monday morning the residence of Mr. Robert Young, lot 35, concession 5, of Greenock township, was burned, and two sons, Thomas, aged 16, and George, aged 12, perished in the flames. The London Times and Standard both comment on the demands of Messrs. McCarthy and Redmond in behalf of evicted tenants and dynamites, as foreshadowing trouble for Mr. Gladstone.

Physicians.
DR. DEGRASSI, P.HYSICIAN
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. B. E. MCKENZIE, B.A.,
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Office and residence, Russell Street, Lindsay, second door west of York Street. Office hours, 9.00 A. M. to 10.30 A. M.; 1.30 P. M. to 3 P. M. and 7 to 8 P. M.
DR. J. SIMPSON,
Graduate of Univ. of Trinity Col., Toronto. Member Col. of Physicians & Surgeons, Ont. Late Physician of Rockwood Asylum, Kingston. Grand Trunk Surgeon, Lindsay District. Lindsay, Feb. 4th, 1891.—5

Professional Cards.
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MCINTYRE & STEWART, BARRISTERS,
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D. J. MCINTYRE. T. STEWART
A. P. DEVLIN, BARRISTERSOLICITOR,
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MONEY TO LOAN.
COMPANIES' & PRIVATE FUNDS. TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES. privilege to borrower to pay off any sum on account of principal with any payment of interest without notice and without expense. Interest yearly. All payments made in my office.
H. B. DEAN,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c., Corner of York & Kent Streets, Lindsay Lindsay Dec. 30th, 1887.
MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES INTEREST PAYABLE YEARLY Terms to suit borrower.
McINTYRE & STEWART,
Barristers and etc., Lindsay.

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FREE CRAYON PORTRAITS AND FRAMES
To all our Subscribers for 1892.
We, the publishers of "North American Homes," in order to increase the circulation of our journal throughout the United States and Canada, will send this year over one hundred thousand dollars among our new subscribers in the form of an artistic Crayon Portrait and a handsome frame (as per cut below), to be made free of charge for every new subscriber to "North American Homes." Our family journal is a monthly publication consisting of 16 pages, filled with the best literature of the day, by some of the best authors, and is worthy of the great expense we are doing for it. Eight years ago the *New York World* had only about 15,000 daily circulation; to-day it has over 300,000. This was obtained by judicious advertisement and a lavish expenditure of money. What the proprietor of the *N. Y. World* has accomplished we feel confident of doing ourselves. We have a large capital to draw upon, and the handsome premium sent to our subscribers will soon come back to us in increased circulation and advertisements. The Crayon Portrait we will make for you will be executed with the greatest care and attention, and we guarantee you an artistic Portrait and a perfect likeness to the original. There is nothing more useful as well as ornamental than a handsome framed Crayon Portrait of yourself or any member of your family; therefore this is a chance in a lifetime to get one already framed and ready to hang in your parlor absolutely free of charge.
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Send us \$1.50, price for one year subscription to "North American Homes," and send us also a photograph, tintype or daguerrotype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you from same an artistic half life size Crayon Portrait, and put the Portrait in a good substantial gilt or bronze frame of 2 inch moulding absolutely free of charge; will also furnish you a genuine French glass, boxing and packing same free of expense. Cut this out and send it with your photograph at once, also your subscription, which you can remit by Draft, P. O. Money Order, Express Money Order, or Postal Note, made payable to
NORTH AMERICAN HOMES PUBLISHING CO.,
References—Any newspaper publishers, Rev. T. Dewitt Talmadge, World Building, New York. all mercantile agencies and banks in New York City.
For Sample of our work see Editor of this paper.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO.
WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?
The latest Blue Book shows that after providing for all liabilities the surplus of the ROYAL CANADIAN for the protection of its policy holders at the close of last year was \$509,074, besides stock to the amount of another \$100,000 subscribed but not called up.
The same Blue Book shows that the surplus of the London Mutual was \$87,176 composed entirely of the unassessed portion of premium notes which no policy holder ever expects to be called upon to pay.
The following table shows at a glance how the affairs of the London Mutual have been going during the last few years:—

Year.	Losses unpaid at close of each year.	Cash available for paying losses at close of each year.	Money Borrowed	Surplus reckoning premium notes at full face value.	Investments each year.
1885	\$6,047	\$63,963	None	\$101,816	None
1886	9,878	50,686	None	115,955	\$6,500
1887	12,455	22,701	\$20,000	97,268	8,000
1888	23,014	20,721	40,000	75,334	None
1889	20,436	13,911	40,000	74,068	9,028
1890	26,182	1,403	60,000	67,176	11,737

It should be borne in mind that during the last three years the London Mutual collected in heavy assessments over \$30,000 more than usual, and yet at the close of last year, after collecting a full year's income, they had only \$1,403 with which to pay \$26,182 of unsettled losses. In regard to security no one should hesitate as to which company to select.
S. CORNEILL,
Agent Royal Canadian Company.
Lindsay, July 22, 1891

A. W. HETTGER
as removed to the store lately occupied by Mrs Gernsjager east of the Benson House, where he will keep a large stock of
Fancy Goods, Wools, Embroideries, silks and all kinds of Goods in that line.
Wools and other articles now Selling at Cost.
STAMPING DONE TO ORDER
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Ladies call and see my display of
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For this Season's Wear.
I am in receipt of the very latest designs, which will be found in my carefully selected stock.
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MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES INTEREST PAYABLE YEARLY Terms to suit borrower.
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