

ING
Where you buy
what you pay for
the surroundings
is fresh, appealing
always right.

RIGGS' STORE
—You can get—
PIPES, TOBACCOS
CIGARS of all the
leading lines.

—ALSO—
BASEBALLS, BATS
BECKERS and MASKS
of all kinds.

SOUTH-ORNS, AC-
CORDIONS and VIO-
LINS; in fact nearly
anything you may desire
purchase. A Call
Solicited.

JOS. RIGGS,
Lindsay

ELL,
FAMILY GROC

BLE WORKS

ERT CHAMBERS
to furnish the people of Lind-
s Lindsay
surrounding country
with
MARBLE and GRANITE, both
Marble and Granite.

—Specially given on all kinds of cemetery
Stops, Wash Tops, Mantel Pieces, etc
Compare prices before purchasing else
you will be disappointed.
In the rear of the Market on Cambridge
Street, Lindsay.

ROBT CHAMBERS

CARRIAGE and...
BLACKSMITHING SHOP

DLAR & EMERSON
located in the Carriage and General Black-
smithing on William-st., a few doors north
of the City Hall. They are both practical workmen and will
do any kind of work to order.

SETTING AND HORSESHOEING
Charges moderate. All work the best.
Day or night calls promptly attended to.
Pedlar & Emerson.

GREGG,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
BRITAIN, ONTARIO
Ontario Veterinary College; member Ont-
ario Veterinary Society, Toronto, office at
Lindsay. Day and night calls promptly attended to.
Reasonable—discret.

A. SEATON,
Veterinary Surgeon,
WOOD, ONT
Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary Col-
lege. Member Ontario Medical Veterinary Society.
Office: A few doors south of Hog's Head
Hotel. Day or night calls promptly attended to.
Reasonable.

The Watchman.
THURSDAY, AUG 19th, 1897.

GOT A TANDEM.
course Mr. Stone never for one
moment imagined that any of the par-
ticipants would object to his riding a
tandem.

John's Runniford, was a large
man, and as he made a
noise of calling once a fortnight
every member of the congrega-
tion rightly judged that it would
bring a great deal of walking.
There had nothing to do with the
tandem.

Mr. Stone had it, however, he en-
tered Miss Meddlebury the first
time on the road. Although no try-
out was of practice, and he dared
not get a handle to lift his hat, so
that by a nod and a smile.
Miss Meddlebury stopped short
when she saw the man in the
tandem. She gazed at the
man's flying coat-tails until they
were in the distance, then
she turned straight to the vicarage,
where she had been several times
on Mr. Stone's account—visiting
her mother.

It is necessary to explain that Miss
Meddlebury was a very impor-
tant personage in the parish of St.
John's. For the sake of the poor the
vicar could not ignore her opinions.
She had an income of \$15,000 a year,
and one tenth of that sum—not a
penny more and not a penny less—
was to be bestowed as she thought
proper.

The reason of her confidence Mr.
Stone shut his eyes to her austere
and narrow mindedness, but the

truth must be told here. Miss meddlebury was stern and forbidding in appearance and disposition. Every form of enjoyment she considered baneful, if not a deadly sin.

From the first she objected to Mr. Stone. After his opening service, which had greatly pleased the vicar, she complained that he was too young, too tall and too plain looking.

"All the girls will be setting their caps at him," she said at one of those complaining visits previously mentioned. "They will think a great deal more of the preacher than of the sermon. It was very unwise of you to engage him."

The good old vicar said he hoped not and thought no more about it unless to laugh quietly to himself.

In some unaccountable manner she discovered that Mr. Stone had fallen in love with Nelly Armitage. It was true enough, but at the same time the vicar's daughter was by no means sure of the fact herself.

Miss Meddlebury was not aware that the handsome, well set up young clergyman possessed a private income large enough to marry upon whenever he thought proper, but she would probably have acted just the same in any case.

"You know I warned you that Mr. Stone would not do," she told the young lady's papa. "Unless you wish to be entangled in a very undesirable love affair you will get rid of him."

The Rev. Mr. Armitage looked rather bewildered, but not at all displeased.

"Love affair? Nelly?" he exclaimed.

"She hasn't said anything to me, nor has Mr. Stone."

"No," said Miss Meddlebury, with her vinegary smile. "I don't suppose it has gone so far as that. I thought it my duty to put you on your guard in time."

"I am very much obliged, I am sure," rejoined the vicar.

And there was no doubt he was very thankful for the information. St. John's was rather a poor living, and he had given too much away to be able to save anything. His daughter being unprovided for, the prospects of her union with an independent gentleman of the highest character would not be likely to interfere with his sleep of nights.

"And you will act without delay?" continued Miss Meddlebury.

"When the time comes. I must not be precipitate, you know."

The vicar changed the subject, plunged into parish affairs, and so escaped further awkward questions upon that occasion, but it was only a respite. The meeting with the curate on his bicycle took place two days later. Mr. Armitage chanced to be standing at his study window and saw Miss Meddlebury coming up the garden.

"I have been shocked," she said, "positively shocked. And I am sure you will be when I tell you that I have just met Mr. Stone on a bicycle."

"I don't see any harm in it," rejoined the vicar, who did not look in the least perturbed.

"I am surprised. The clergyman that would ride a bicycle can have no respect for his cloth, no desire to gain the good will of his congregation. I will not countenance it. Mr. Stone must give it up or I shall be compelled to take a pew in St. Mark's. I should feel quite uncomfortable. I really could not sit under him."

St. Mark was the wealthiest parish in Runniford. If she left St. John's she would be sure to take her \$15,000 with her, and this was a contingency to be avoided at almost any cost.

"I trust you have acted upon the hint I gave you concerning Nelly?"

"Well, no," he answered. "I don't see how I can interfere at present."

Miss Meddlebury took herself off with the air of a victor. The vicar watched her down the garden and then went to his daughter's room to unburden his mind.

"Of all the unreasonable mischief makers I ever met that woman is the worst!" he cried. "She is indeed well named Meddlebury."

"Papa!" exclaimed the girl looking up in surprise.

"Miss Meddlebury has just called," went on "She wants me to put my foot down on Stone's bicycle."

"I didn't know that he had one," she rejoined with a blush which did not escape the vicar's notice.

"Neither do I. How can I tell him that he mustn't ride a bicycle here? I don't know how he will take it. He might resign."

"I hope he will not do that," said the girl quickly.

"He is not likely to do so. Mr. Stone is not a man to allow any one to dictate to him. But she has threatened to leave St. John's. You know what that would mean to the poor next winter. I would mean to speak to him."

The mere suggestion dyed Nelly's cheeks a still more vivid red.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried. "I could not. Whatever you may think of that."

"Miss Meddlebury says he is in love with you," he answered slyly. "If that is so he wouldn't be likely to take offense."

"If he is, it has nothing to do with Miss Meddlebury," she rejoined with asperity. "How did she learn it? Why did she tell you?"

"I cannot answer the first question, Miss Meddlebury has the eye of a lynx. She told me as an inducement to send Mr. Stone away. She thought

I ought to be warned. You know she considered that every curate should be middle-aged and as plain as a pikestaff."

"Papa, let Miss Meddlebury leave St. John's. We would all be happy. And perhaps the poor people wouldn't suffer much for the want of her \$15,000. I could go around and collect for the fund."

"No, my dear, we must bear with her for the sake of the widows and fatherless. I will send a note to Mr. Stone asking him to call this evening. When he comes we will talk it over."

Mr. Stone never had a prior engagement when asked to spend an evening at the vicarage—at least he never pleaded one. It was rather late when he arrived, however, for he had been sitting with a sick woman and did not receive the vicar's note until 7 o'clock. He came on the offending bicycle, which he left in the garden.

The vicar introduced the bicycle almost at once, stating exactly what had passed between himself and Miss Meddlebury.

"I am rather surprised," said the curate smiling. "But you did quite right to say that I would give it up. I would give up almost anything rather than that a member of the church should be offended. Miss Meddlebury's \$15,000 does not influence me, I should act just the same if she hadn't a penny to bestow in charity."

Nelly gave him a quick glance of admiration. The vicar rose from his chair and grasped him by the hand.

"That's the true Christian spirit," he cried. "I am glad."

"I am sorry that Miss Meddlebury does not like me," Mr. Stone went on after a pause. "I must try to win her over. As for the bicycle, as I came here on it, I had better ride it home, but I shall probably get rid of it tomorrow."

The clock was striking 11 when the vicar suddenly pushed the board away and exclaimed:

"Dear me! I had no idea it was so late."

Mr. Stone rose at once and took his leave. To reach his lodgings it was necessary to pass Miss Meddlebury's fine house, which lay back a considerable distance from the road. As he went by he fancied he heard a shout. Applying the brake, he dismounted and listened. He had no been mistaken. Some one at Limes was calling for the police. The gate of the carriage drive was wide open. Pushing his machine before him he ran it up to the house at his best speed.

"What is the matter?" he cried.

"Burglars," answered a voice at an open window. They have taken my jewels and all my securities. I am ruined!"

He recognized Miss Meddlebury notwithstanding her dishabille. She came down in a dressing gown, greatly distressed.

"I heard a noise in my boudoir," she exclaimed, "and getting out of bed I went to see what was the matter. There were two men. The window was open, and they had a ladder. I could not see them, and they have taken my jewel box and all my securities, which I fetched from the bank this morning to check, as I do twice a year. They drove away in a trap. I saw them go."

"Which way?" cried the curate excitedly.

"To the right," was the reply.

"I'll follow them. My bicycle's outside. Send some one to the police station to give the alarm. The thieves are from Bedlington no doubt."

A minute afterwards the curate of St. John's was peddling along the Bedlington road as fast as he could go. It was his first attempt at "scorching," and he made fair to shine at that dangerous pastime.

Swiftly, noiselessly, the pneumatic sped on, until the quick beats of the hoofs ahead became more audible to the cyclist as he rode. Nearer and nearer he drew, until at last the trap was in sight. The moon was shining brightly, and he could see that it contained two men and a boy.

It was a desolate part of the road, with not a house in sight, but the village of Cranworth lay only a mile ahead, and the burglars must pass through it.

Gradually drawing up as the flickering lights came in view, he presently spurred past the trap without turning his head and dismounted as nearly in the centre of the village as he could judge. At that hour the streets were in darkness. But Mr. Stone was an old hand, and he felt himself more than a match for a couple of Bedlington thieves. The boy he did not count.

Mr. Stone had scarcely had time to get his wind before the trap was close upon him. Peking up a pebble he shed it through the nearest lighted window to rouse the inmates, and springing at the horse's head caught hold of the reins.

Imprecations assailed his ears, blows were showered upon him with the whip, but he did not let go. The driver sprang to the ground and rushed at him. Still holding the horses with his left hand, he knocked the fellow down, never ceasing to shout: "Thieves! Thieves!"

The second man leaped from the trap to assist his companion, but he also received a knockdown blow. It lasted in a few seconds, but the villagers were aroused. Men came running from their cottages without coats or waistcoats, women with shawls

thrown over their nightdresses. The boys escaped in the confusion, but both men were secured and handed over to the constable, who arrived in his stockings and trousers, and thus clad marched them to the lock-up.

In the trap Mr. Stone found Miss Meddlebury's jewel case and the box in which she had placed the securities both unopened. Having given the constable his name and address and promised to return early in the morning, that officer, a very young man, allowed him to depart with the plunder tied to the handle bar of his bicycle.

A mile from Cranworth he met a mounted policeman, followed by two more in a dogcart. Stopping them, he informed them of the capture of the burglars and rode on. The Limes was a blaze of light when he arrived. Dr. Gray's carriage stood at the door and a police inspector stood on the doorstep.

"You can't go in, sir!" cried the functionary as the curate approached with the recovered valuables.

"That is immaterial," was the answer. "Perhaps you will give these boxes to Miss Meddlebury and assure her that the thieves are in custody at Cranworth."

"Why—why," cried the inspector, who had recognized the new curate of St. John's, "you don't mean to say, sir, that you've got the swag?"

"Yes, I do," said Mr. Stone; "all of it, I think. The locks do not appear to have been tampered with. Perhaps you will be good enough to inform Miss Meddlebury that I overtook the burglars on my bicycle," he added, with a quiet laugh.

Soon after ten o'clock the next morning Miss Meddlebury called at the vicarage. She had not quite got over the excitement of the previous evening, and a great deal of what she said was so incoherent that the vicar, who knew nothing of the burglary previous to her visit, could not make head or tail of it. But had a very clear recollection of the most important of her rambling remarks.

"I do hope you haven't said anything to Mr. Stone about his bicycle. It would be sinful of me to object to his riding it after this. I am convinced that if my purpose was good, and I am sorry that I am not, and if Nelly likes him and they think of marrying, she shall not be a portionless bride. I shall make her a wedding present of a substantial character."

Miss Meddlebury was as good as her word—rather better, in fact. When a few months later, Miss Nellie Armitage's engagement to her father's curate was announced and the wedding day fixed, that young lady received a very substantial gift in the shape of a check for \$500.

Mr. Stone seldom rides his bicycle now. He is much more frequently to be seen on a tandem.

Smut and Rye in Fall Wheat.
Mr. E. W. B. Snider, miller, of St. Jacob's, Ont., writes to the Toronto Globe as follows:—

It is commonly reported that in some localities there is considerable smut in the fall wheat this season. If farmers want to realize the highest price for their wheat they must guard against marketing their wheat in that condition. They want to make sure that where the smut appears in the wheat that only after it is in a thoroughly dry condition, (if the weather is at all favorable) shall it go to the barn, stack or thrasher.

Where the loss comes in is where the wheat is threshed in the least damp or soft condition the smut bills will be opened, and instead of the smut being blown away in the dust, it will get more or less away in the wheat and blacken the berry, so that it is nearly impossible even with the best of cleaning methods, to get it in good milling condition. Wheat so damaged by smut that it cannot be thoroughly cleaned for milling, depreciates in value from 15 to 20 cents per bushel, or even more, when the smut is high. Farmers can avoid this loss in most cases with proper precaution to house or stack the wheat, and thresh it only when in dry condition. They should avoid threshing when the wheat is in the sweating process. Rather than thresh when the smut is adhering to the wheat berry, it would be better to leave the wheat in the straw and have it threshed in cold, windy days. This is about the only remedy where the wheat in straw is damp.

Another matter that farmers are likely to get trouble with in this year's fall wheat crop is the large amount of rye that has been allowed to grow up with the wheat. Care should be taken so as not to get the good, clear wheat mixed with the rye, for this would lower the price of the whole crop. Millers can not make fall wheat flour from rye than farmers can grow wheat from rye.

Having to look to foreign markets for our surplus wheat product in Canada, the farmer and miller should make a combined effort to have their product in the best possible condition, and keep it until the proper standard standard, so that after having once established a good reputation the benefit may be lasting.

Forestry in Ontario.
The Bureau of Forestry of Ontario has just issued its annual report, which presents a clear view of existing conditions in the province as regards the forests and the timber supply, as well as such practical information for farmers on tree planting and preservation. The report also contains the considerations which led to the appointment of the Forestry Commission, which is now at work investigating the question of replanting the waste lands which have entered upon a new phase, since experience and observation have conclusively proved that the pine forests which are so important, reproduced themselves in perpetuity, provided only that the ravages of fire can be prevented. The impression which has so long and so vividly prevailed that the pines when cleared away will necessarily be succeeded by woods of an inferior character, has been proved incorrect. This only occurs when fire destroys the young trees and the seeds in the ground. Such being the case there is no reason why with reasonable precautions our pine supply should not remain sufficient for demands upon it.

The importance of forestry to the farmers is urged, and figures are given, compiled from the statistics of the Bureau

of Industries, showing the extent to which deforestation has been carried in many of the older settled districts. The results, owing to the work of the bureau in previous years, are by this time well known. The frequent floods and droughts so injurious to agricultural prosperity are clearly traceable to this cause. The conclusions long since arrived at by scientific observers as to the highly injurious effects of over-clearance upon climate are reinforced by later observations to the effect of windbreaks in preserving the moisture of the soil, some of the most convincing of which are given in detail. Farmers are strongly advised to plan the waste land with desirable varieties of trees, with a view to future profit. As is pointed out many kinds of timber are continually growing scarcer and dearer as the supply becomes exhausted, while the demand for commercial purposes is continually on the increase, so that the farmer who preserves or plants timber judiciously adds materially to the value of his farm and provides a future source of revenue.

The report comprises papers on the study of nature in the schools, urging that the idea carried out to some extent on Arbor Day to the children; on the manufacture of charcoal, by Mr. Alexander Kirkwood, of the Crown Lands Department; and on instincts injurious to trees, by Dr. Brodie, of Toronto, besides much other valuable matter. Those who are interested can obtain a copy by writing to Mr. Thomas Southworth, Bureau of Forestry, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Successful Teachers.
The following is a list of the candidates who succeeded in passing the recent Muskoka Teachers' examination:

PASSED AT BRACEBRIDGE.
Stella Bickmore, Wm. Barton, Mabel Birgham, Minnie Campbell, Annie Campbell, I. Year, Ida Campbell, Lily Colson, Henry James Clarke, Katie Drury, Robt. S. Ferguson, Robt. A. Findlay, Nellie Ida Jenner, Alice Jenner, Mary Langton, Sadie McLeod, Jessie Miller, Minnie McArthur, Bella Morrison, Anna Nicholson, Albert Robinson, Thos. W. Robbins, Jennie Reid, Winnie Warnick.

PASSED AT HUNTSVILLE.
Fanny Bray, Edna E. B. Clarke, Annie Francis, I. Year, Rose Francis, Carrie Hall, Lillian Hall, Lucy Hill, Lily Lorie, I. Year, Lena Whalley.

The Quaker and the Cannibal.
One of our famous actors was at times the victim of strange fancies. Once he took the fancy to be an absolute vegetarian, and while possessed of this idea he was traveling on a steamerboat and happened to be placed at table opposite a solopeneo Quaker, who had been attracted by the eloquent conversation of the great actor. The benevolent old Quaker, observing the lack of viands on his vis-a-vis plate, kindly said:

"Friend, shall I not help thee to the breast of this chicken?"

"No, I thank you, friend," replied the actor.

"Then shall I not cut thee a slice of the ham?"

"No, friend, not any."

"Then thou must take a piece of the mutton. Thy plate is empty," persisted the good old Quaker.

"Friend," said the actor in the deep, stentorian tones whose volume and power had so often electrified audiences; "friend, I never eat any flesh but human flesh, and I prefer that raw."

The old Quaker was speechless, and his seat was changed to another table at the next meal.—Strand Magazine.

Same Thing.
Mrs. Scribbles—Believe the butcher is knocking at the door with his bill, Ferdinand.

Scribbles—Tell him I am sorry, but I've just paid the rent and am short.

Mrs. Scribbles—But it may be the landlord, Percy.

Scribbles—Well, then, tell him I'm sorry, but I've just paid the butcher and am short.—London Fun.

Elopements.
Elopements have entirely disappeared from fiction and almost entirely from high life, having, like the generic term "lady," gone from the drawing room to the kitchen. This was inevitable when modern conditions crushed out the romance, the postchaise being replaced by the lively stable buggy, and the pursuit of the irate father becoming a matter of telegraphy and private detectives rather than of thundering hoofs. The wellborn child of today, says a writer in Munsey's, is prudent and worldly, preferring a sedate love, ushered into a suitable establishment by Tiffany and "Johnnie," to the most thrilling and escapist that ever set the country side quaking, and though one might rather enjoy the squire's laughing oath of admiration and his lady's upturned hands and eyebrows, the sensational headlines of the modern daily newspaper are less delicately flattering. Moreover, in America the flustering generation does so exactly as it pleases that there is seldom any excuse for stealth in carrying out its wishes. Ob-taining the parrot's consent has become a mere form, a gratuitous courtesy on the part of the happy lover, for the reason that the well bred girl of today seldom wants to marry any one she should not.

JUST A WORD!

We guarantee our 25 cent TEA to be as good as can be bought elsewhere for 35 cents.

Remember we do as we advertise.

SPRATT & KILLEN,
FAMILY GROCERS, KENT-ST.

VICTORIA PLANING MILL
FRAMES... SASH... DOORS...
MOULDINGS TURNINGS ETC., ETC.

CALL AND INSPECT WORK AND GET PRICES.
J. P. RYLEY

Household Necessities
THE E. B. EDDY CO.'S
Telegraph Telephone Tiger.... Parlor... MATCHES

They have never been known to fail

GOOD FURNITURE

Is always cheap furniture in the long run. Looks better, wears better, gives better satisfaction.

Take advantage—while the advantage is here to take—of furnishing your house with the very best qualities, at prices that have no precedent for lowness.

You'll find the lines offered are strongest just where your home supply is weakest. That doubles the importance of the bargain.

We carry full lines in:—
—Parlor and Dining-Room Furniture,
—Bedroom Sets,
—Extension Tables,
—Easy Chairs, Rockers,
—Lounges, Sideboards,
—Writing Desks,
—Springs, Mattresses,
—Kitchen Chairs, Etc., Etc.

The Pocket Kodak
Does all that a large camera will do, and just as well—but on a smaller scale. It is a practical camera for the experienced photographer as well as for the novice, for grown people as well as children. It is cheap in price not because it is small in size and manufactured in enormous quantities, and is as handsome and well made as the most expensive camera.

The Price \$5.00 Loaded For 12 Pictures.

The handsomest camera for Cyclists and Tourists. See them.

REPAIRS of all kinds carefully made.
—UNDERTAKING in all its branches...
RICHARD SMITH,
The Little Britain Furniture Emporium
E. GREGORY.