

FISHING AT FENELON FALLS.

THIRTY BIG BASS AS A RESULT OF ONE DAY'S FISHING.

Fell in the Water, But Still Fished.

(Correspondence of New York Mercury.)

In the chain of waters which run through the counties of Durham, Victoria and Peterboro, in Canada, some very fine black bass fishing is to be had.

A party of four of us took a trip to the Balsam Rapids, in Victoria County, last week, and we had a capital day's sport.

At the first bend below the rapids we caught all the minnows we wanted, and such a beautiful sample of live bait is not often seen.

The water at the foot of the dam is from four to six feet deep, and the bottom is a rough, rocky one.

I fished from the scow for some little time, but without getting a strike of any kind. I then picked up a minnow and walked to the end of the scow and started to cross the timber stick to the edge of the long slide.

The fast running water carried me down along the edge of the slide and before I knew where I was, I found myself in the little eddy at the bottom end of slide.

Too late! I could not reach it, and the lurch threw me right into the rapid water coming over the slide.

My wet clothes were soon spread out on the scow. I got a few minnows from one of the other pails, and seeing I was dressed in just a coat and hat, my second attempt to cross the stick of timber was successful.

My line would then be carried down by the fast water and would pull up the bait quickly and almost every time I did this I got hold of a fish.

The little pier on the other side of the slide was soon occupied by one of the other fellows, and several times we both had a fish on at the same time.

The other two fellows who had stuck to the scow were doing fairly well and were satisfied to stay where they were.

The bubbles would then put him out of site for a moment, and when it would clear again he would still be lying in the same spot.

A settler came along, and after he had recovered from the peculiar shock my dress seemed to give him, I told him what I was trying to do.

"I have a spear at my house," said he, "and it will only take me a few minutes to get it. Let him be until I return, and we will get him."

Let him be until I return, and we will get him. In less than fifteen minutes I was holding the fish tight to the bottom of the spear.

Therefore Lawrence Hunter was full of a happy importance, as he presented her with the roses, he had plucked himself, from the bushes in a friend's garden that same day.

She was dressed as became a rose-queen, in snowy white, and her golden hair was bound with a fillet of blue, which color enhanced the fairness of her complexion, as she probably meant it should, in the artlessness of art.

But there is an old adage about man proposing. The queenly Alma knew that she could not continue to hold the roses without weariness, even flowers become burdensome, under certain conditions, and she placed them tenderly in a china vase, and when they were arranged to suit her fastidious taste lingered to drink in their beauty.

And she buried her face in the mass of roses, the better to inhale their odor, and then Lawrence, who felt the insanity of jealousy stealing over him, noticed that her slender form was shaken with sobs, and he sprang to her assistance.

He heard cries and exclamations, the hurry of flying feet, doors slamming, and—silence. He waited, but no one came, and he went home with a profound conviction that he had just escaped making a fool of himself—that Alma Bentley was a woman with a past, that he would call on her—or cultivate her society, no longer.

The next day he watched anxiously for some word, a note, any explanation, but none came. He wandered that way in the evening, and finding the house dark and closed, was so piqued and curious that he rung the bell and inquired if the young woman was at home.

"Yes," the domestic said, "but not able to see any one—quite ill, under the doctor's care."

"The plot thickens," said the young man to himself, as he turned away, more in love than ever, and determined to probe the mystery to its depths.

Suppose she'd a past—so had he, and he laughed grimly as he thought of some pages of his life that he would have been glad to tear out and burn.

He waited meekly but expectantly a week—two weeks, and then a third had nearly passed, he met Alma face to face. Both were riding, but she threw him a sweet smile and a bow as they passed, and he thought he had never seen her looking so well, not excepting that fatal evening of the roses.

After a decorous time he called, and was as nervous as a woman as he waited to hear the rustle of her silken skirts, and learn from her lips the mystery of the incident of the roses.

THE MYSTERY OF THE ROSE.

Lawrence Hunter carried a big bunch of pink roses with him when he called on Alma Bentley with an important mission in his mind, and he felt that he was particularly fortunate in having them, as they were country-bred roses, grown properly in the open air, and the last of the season.

He had heard the young woman bemoan the fact that she never saw any roses except those raised in hot-houses, that she did not consider art superior to nature, and should never forget the clear roses that grew in the country, in the garden of their old home—they were filled with tender associations.

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happier days, rather than revive such memories, I would have left them to wither on their stems?"

"Memories," repeated Alma vaguely, "what had they to do with me? I don't understand you, Mr. Hunter."

"No indeed, it was the overpowering rush of a bee concealed in one of the roses, and it stung my poor lip so that I was a fright for weeks and suffered from the poison, too."

"And it wasn't a memory?" Lawrence's tone was jubilant.

"No, but it is now, and a very disagreeable one. I am pledged hereafter to artificial roses."

"Let me have the life-long position of poison taster to my queen," suggested Lawrence gallantly, and his queen, being in the mood, accepted him for the position.

"The battle against alcohol is the most important phenomenon of our age—more important than state question, wars or treaties of peace. For this battle has for its object, by a free and intelligent determination, to establish for man kind in a short time a condition which, otherwise, in the natural course of events, by the development of an inherent dislike for alcohol, will as surely come, but only after the unspeakable sufferings of many thousands."

The "Golden Censor" says: "A minister once asked a saloon-keeper if his conscience never troubled him respecting his business. The man said: 'Come inside, sir.' It was the middle of the day. There was none of the usual customers about. My friend walked in, the grog-seller went behind his own bar, and leaning on it said: 'Reverend Sir: There are times when I stand behind this bar and look at the men who fill their lungs with tobacco, and I often say to myself, 'if there is a picture of hell on earth, it is in places like this.'"

Think of this.

NOTICE TO PAY UP. All accounts due me must be paid within 30 DAYS, as I am positively going out of Business by that time! Miss O'Brien.

JOSH BILLING'S REASON FOR EATING HASH:

"BECAUSE I KNOW WHAT I'M EATING—HASH"

Don't follow this rule in purchasing Furniture. Know what it's made of and how. See some friend who has taken the dose. Our Furniture can be seen in almost any house in the county, and we like to have purchasers examine it, it will prove "hash" of new material, original in its make-up and seasoning, "cooked to a turn," and well served. We manufacture and keep in stock the best grades and sell at the lowest prices.

UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY. ANDERSON, NUGENT & COMPANY FURNITURE MANUFACTURES.



We ask our customers to come quickly and see our stock of Mantle and Alarm Clocks. We are satisfied we show the best in Lindsay and we warrant every clock we sell. Our \$125 American Nickel Alarm cannot be beaten.

S. J. PETTY, THE JEWELER 86 KENT STREET. Don't forget we do all kinds of Repairing and Engraving.

FACTS.

WE LEAD, WE NEVER FOLLOW

OUR LINES ARE:—

GROCERIES, FLOUR, FEED, BREAD, FAST CEREALS, CROCKERY, 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



SONS OF SCOTLAND.

GRAND GATHERING AT GLENARM.

Sports of Various Kinds the Order of the Day—Successful Concert in the Town Hall in the Evening.

Special Correspondence to the Watchman. On Friday last a grand gathering under the auspices of the Sons of Scotland, Glenarm, was held in McKay's Grove.

Early in the afternoon the people flocked from all quarters, heading for the grove, where the energetic committee were completing every arrangement for the sports of the day.

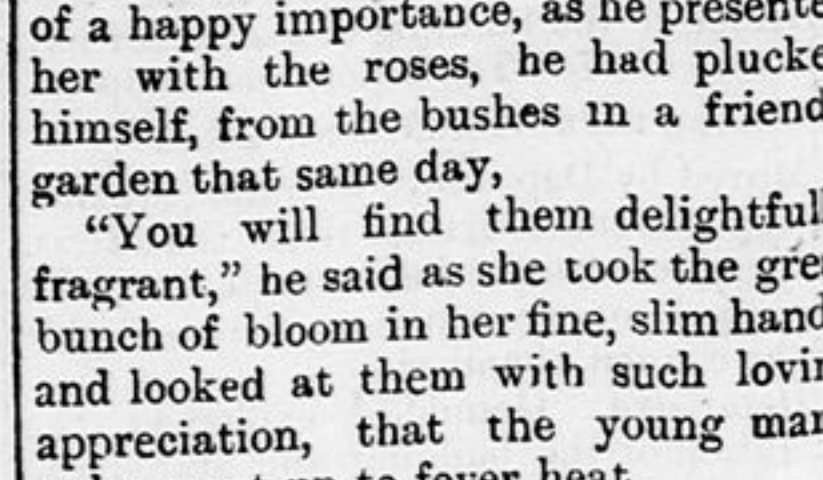
A grand table of the most delicious viands was spread, of which the happy party partook with a zest only known to Highland men.

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W. C. T. U. COLUMB. For God and Home and Native Land.

This is Old Yet Worth Reprinting.

Mother—Our boy is out late nights. Father—Well, we must tax the saloons \$50.

M.—Husband, I believe John drinks. F.—We must put up that tax to \$100. M.—My dear husband, our boy is being ruined. F.—Try 'em a while at \$200.

M.—Oh, my God! my boy came home drunk. F.—Well, well, we must make it \$300. M.—Just think, William, our boy is in jail. F.—I'll fix those saloons. Tax 'em \$400.

M.—My poor child is a confirmed drunkard. F.—Up with that tax, and make it \$500. M.—Our once noble boy is a wreck. F.—Now I will stop 'em; make it \$600.

M.—We carried our poor boy to a drunkard's grave to-day. F.—Well, I declare, we must regulate that traffic; we ought to have made that tax \$1,000.—Selected.

It is inevitable. "The battle against alcohol is the most important phenomenon of our age—more important than state question, wars or treaties of peace. For this battle has for its object, by a free and intelligent determination, to establish for man kind in a short time a condition which, otherwise, in the natural course of events, by the development of an inherent dislike for alcohol, will as surely come, but only after the unspeakable sufferings of many thousands."

Prof. Adolph Fick, Wurtzburg University.

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AMERICAN CANNIBALS. VIOLENT SCENES WITNESSED BY FATHER DUBENDORF.

Story of a Raid by Semi-Civilized Natives Upon a Trading Station—Six Prisoners Slain and Divided Among the Tribe.

Father J. Dubendorf, Superior of a Roman Catholic mission at Onitka, on the Niger, 150 miles above its mouth, tells in a late issue of Le Correspondent of Paris an amazing story of mingled civilization and barbarism among the negroes near the mouth of the river.

Brass is on one of the mouths of the Niger, not far from the sea. On another of the mouths is the rival city of Akassa, the seat of the British Royal Niger Company, a trading concern, which, according to the Father, has driven out of the region by severe actions three other companies, two French and one English, and has earned, by alleged brutality, the hatred of the natives.

When the request of the King, Nathaniel, he sent to Brass, the Father he determined to accompany the boy, lest the latter be detained in captivity by the King, and in time relapse into barbarism.

Early the next morning the Father called on the King, but learned that he was too busy to see him. Waiting an hour, he was astonished to see the King come forth from a council with the chiefs, naked save for an ornate breech cloth, painted, with white rings under his eyes, a musket in his hand, and a knife in his belt.

Nearly all the men of Brass went on the expedition. An old chief was left behind in charge of the village, and the women were forbidden in the absence of their lords to enter the houses. No sooner were the warriors gone than the women fell to quarrelling among themselves over the possession of various household utensils.

The first returning canoe reached Brass at six o'clock next morning, and a quantity of booty was carried into the King's house. Then it was that the Father first learned that the attack had been made upon the headquarters of the Royal Niger Company.

English would have been destroyed but for a French naval officer, Lieutenant Guignee, whose courage and address delayed the attack and gave some of the whites time to escape.

A young negro of the returned party leaped upon a cannon just after it had been fired, and displayed the company's flag in token of triumph. Other canoes rapidly arrived, bringing much booty, and many of the warriors wore white breech cloths, in token of enemies slain. By noon nearly all the canoes but the King's had returned. He and some of his warriors had stopped at an island some miles from Brass, and taken ashore six captive Kromen negroes of the slave coast who had been employed at the company's agency, and had come to hate the people of Brass.

Then began a scene of savage rejoicing and cannibalism. The bodies were cut in pieces, the children being stationed round that they might be