

### CHASTISED BY WOMEN.

#### They Showed No Mercy to Frank Vernon.

#### THEY TOOK HIM OFF IN A CAB.

#### Pounded Upon in a New York Hotel—The Victim Offered but a Feeble Resistance. Nobody Knew What Has Become of Him.

The dullness of Gotham was varied one afternoon last week by the chastisement of a 19-year-old youth named Frank Vernon by two young and muscular women.

The scene of Mr. Vernon's suffering was the reading room of the Hotel Marlborough, which was entered by two well-dressed young women, who arrived in a cab. When told that Mr. Vernon was out, they serenely took possession of two chairs in the men's reading room within ten feet of the main entrance.

An hour slipped by before the unsuspecting Vernon strolled in, smoking a cigarette and flinging dust from his dainty patent leather shoes with a perfumed silk handkerchief. The women arose as he unconsciously advanced to his fate. One was a stately blond and her companion a buxom brunette. The light of battle glittered in their eyes, and the gloved right hand of each gripped the handle of a tightly rolled parasol.

Vernon had reached the center of the office when the storm broke. The big blond glided up behind him, swung her trusty sun shade high in the air and brought it down with a resounding whack on the youth's right ear.

As quick as lightning she shot out her left hand, swept away the shattered straw hat and plucked out a bunch of Mr. Vernon's carefully arranged hair.

"Go easy. Wow!" howled the suffering and astounded youth as he dodged another clench and made for the door.

But the brunette was waiting for him on the threshold, evidently having antic-



FRANK VERNON.

ipated his retreat in that direction. She sailed into him with the fury of a cyclone and swept him across the sidewalk in a storm of blows and kicks straight into the open door of the waiting cab.

Before the astonished crowd of guests, clerks and bellboys could fairly realize what had happened the vanquished Vernon was driven away, still struggling feebly in the clutches of his energetic little conqueror.

The stately blond smoothed down her ruffled plumage, pocketed the broken handle of her parasol and stalked away without a glance at the gaping crowd.

Young Vernon first appeared at the Marlborough about two months ago, not as a guest, but as an applicant for assistance. He was a modest, good-looking little fellow, and his hard luck story was told in an earnest and convincing fashion.

Several of the hotel clerks took an interest in the youthful stranger and helped him with small loans. Matters ran along in this way until one day young Vernon walked up to the hotel desk, and tossing a roll of bills to the cashier said:

"You will find \$7,000 there. Kindly put it in the safe for me."

This sudden rise from penury to affluence was explained by the fortunate youth as an outcome of Requital's victory in the Futurity.

"You see," said he, "I received a remittance of \$100 this morning from a relative in Lexington, Ky., and acting on my friend Riley Grannan's advice pulled off this roll. Now I'll trouble all around here who helped me in my time of need to put in their claims."

It took young Vernon but a day to blossom into a howling swell, radiant in store clothes and diamonds, and when the fracas occurred he looked like a millionaire's son equipped for social conquest.

Riley Grannan, to whose friendly racing advice Vernon ascribed his sudden accession to wealth, denied that he knew the man.

A man who said his name was Frank M. Vernon became known to the police of the city a little more than a year ago through a swindle that he perpetrated on Eugene Kelly, Jr., son of the well-known banker and millionaire philanthropist who died last December. The man was arrested, and his picture was taken for the rogues' gallery.

The two young men first met in Chicago, where Vernon had a position as a clerk. Eugene Kelly, Jr., took a fancy to him and was much in his society. After returning to New York Mr. Kelly was much surprised to receive in December a letter signed by A. E. Petzer, who represented himself to be a Chicago undertaker. The letter contained the information that Frank Vernon had died from hasty consumption and the funeral arrangements had been placed in Petzer's hands. Vernon had died penniless, the writer said, and unless somebody paid the funeral expenses, amounting to \$108, the body would be buried in potter's field.

Mr. Kelly at once forwarded the money to the undertaker in a letter asking for further details and arranging for the disposal of Vernon's effects. As A. E. Petzer, the undertaker, Vernon, it is averred, got the check, cashed it and enjoyed the proceeds, and Mr. Kelly never received any response to his kind letter. He thought

this strange, but that now suspects that he had been swindled until one day in the early part of the following March he was walking down Broadway and saw his former friend come out of a hotel in the full enjoyment of robust good health.

Mr. Kelly reported the facts at police headquarters, and on March 7 Vernon was arrested and arraigned in Jefferson Market court. Mr. Kelly, however, refused to prosecute, and he regained his liberty.

#### COULDN'T HOLD A BABY.

#### He Might Have Done It, but His Wife Was Bossing the Job.

There is at least one thing about which a man knows absolutely nothing, and that is the taking care of a baby. If you don't believe it, ask any woman of your acquaintance, and she will tell you that a man knows no more about how to look after a baby than the average politician knows about the financial question, and it's 16 to 1 that she's right. A striking feature of this was furnished on a Cass avenue car.

A young couple got aboard at St. Louis avenue, the woman carrying two small valises, one umbrella, a box of lunch, a baby's cloak, a purse and a fare, and the man carefully handling a well-wrapped up baby, apparently about 6 months old. When the man sat down, he carefully placed the baby on his lap, only to be greeted with:

"Don't hold the baby that way. That wind blowing in her face will give her the colic."

The baby was turned around so that its back was toward the front of the car.

"Now, ain't you ashamed of yourself?" came from the woman. "Don't you know that riding backward will make her sick?"

Patience the man shifted the little one, holding it this time up against his breast so that its head rested on his shoulder. But the window behind him was open, and the anxious one noticed it almost immediately.

"Don't you know better than that? The wind is blowing right on her head, and she will catch cold. Take her down right away."

Baby was taken down, and after a moment's thought the man, evidently anxious to do the right thing, but not knowing just how to do it, held the infant in front of him, its feet resting on his knees. The mother was busy adjusting her various belongings, but it did not take her long. She suddenly looked around and said testily:

"Now, haven't I told you often enough not to let her stand on her feet? That will make her bow legged. Hold her right or let me have her."

The last suggestion seemed the only way out of it, so he started to hand the youngster over, but was interrupted with:

"No, you don't. You said if I'd go you would take care of her, and you have got to do it."

But just then the little one began to cry, and the mother reached for it, laid its face downward on her lap and patted it on the back a few moments. The crying stopped, the man gave a sigh of relief, and the reporter left the car.—St. Louis Republic.

#### Strange Collision.

Fanny, the artist, tells a story of the greatest fright of his life. The incident happened in a little Pennsylvania town. He says:

It was terribly dark, and there were no street lamps. I was walking along at a good gait because I had an engagement and was a little late.

I started to walk across the road and ran head first into the most singular object I had ever felt. I put my hands against it and felt that it was some substance that gave it seemed like a wall of canvas, and just then something like a snake struck me in the face.

A little farther up the road I saw lights moving and heard the shouts of men. Over the din of voices arose the awful howls of some animal. I thought I had an attack of nightmare. I was so frightened I could not move, and I could feel the thing I had run into swaying to and fro. In a few seconds I became composed enough to step back a few paces and wait until the men with the lights came up.

What do you suppose I had fallen over? An elephant. A circus had been passing along the road, and the elephant had broken from its keeper, and after running a short distance had stopped, and I had walked right into him. The old fellow had swung his trunk around at that moment, and if he had been in a bad humor he would have picked me up with it, and I might have had an uncomfortable quarter of an hour.

#### Silo Packing.

Dairymen should remember several important points in the procedure. First, the pit should be made sweet and clean before the fodder goes into it. If you throw the silage into a mummy, foul place, the fermented feed will partake of that characteristic next winter.

Second, the whole silo should be examined for any possible crevices or air-holes before filling begins. I am surprised at the poorly constructed silos one often sees, and also to see them sometimes filled where they have been badly strained by previous packing, a brace or two on the outside being the only evidence of repair.

The admittance of air in such places spreads ruin to the contents for a wide area about them. Such losses are purely unnecessary, as is also the loss of a deep stratum of silage at the top.

Don't ignore the principle of making the silo as nearly airtight as possible and of packing the fodder in closely. For both facility in removing and convenience in packing solidly the canes are usually chopped up into short sections. This mode, by no means, however, precludes the perfect preservation of fodder put in whole.

As fine samples of ensilage as I ever saw were fermented under the latter conditions, but the corn was carefully packed, well weighted and made practically airtight.

The importance of this subject is great in view of the increasing dependence placed on ensilage for a winter dairy milk diet. The greatest disappointment in the use of ensilage has come to those who have been careless or indifferent in making it.—George E. Newell in American Cultivator.

### DAIRY AND CREAMERY.

#### A BRITISH IDEA.

#### Illustration of Ventilated Cover For Milk Pans and Milk Jars.

Many good American housewives have had round wire rims made about which they sewed mosquito netting. The rims fitted around the edge of their milk crocks or pans, and the netting cover kept out flies and dust at the same time that it let air in.

The same idea has been elaborated in an invention lately exhibited in England. The cover is made in many shapes and sizes. It is intended to fit over dishes containing food and to let air in while it keeps dust out.

One modification of the Englishman's invention is designed for milk jars and



COVER FOR MILK JARS.

pans. The device consists merely of a round wooden rim with a gauze wire netting stretched over it. The cover shown in the picture is intended to be used in milkshops. The cover is fitted down tight over the vessel containing the milk or cream. In the center, however, is a round hole large enough to put the pint ladle into. A cap fits over the hole. In serving milk or cream to customers it is easy to take off the central cap, dip out the milk or cream required and put the top on again without disturbing the cover itself. Such covers as are here described could be made by anybody in this country without a patent.

They will only be needed in small dairies, however, where there are not more than five cows. For a larger number the baby separator will do away with ordinary milkpans and milkpan covers. There is today great need of a separator for a few gallons of milk. Unquestionably it will be evolved before long.

#### How to Use Soft Lemon Jelly.

Sometimes lemon jelly, made with gelatin, will not solidify. In such a case add 2 stiff whites of eggs and a little sugar to a quart of the jelly, and freeze it as lemon ice. It will be found that the egg removes that coarse, snowy taste of the average water ice.

#### How to Make Brown Bread.

Take 2 cups of cornmeal, 2 cups of flour, 2 cups sour milk, an egg, a tablespoonful melted lard or butter, one-half cup molasses, one-half cup sugar, 2 even teaspoonfuls of soda and a teaspoonful of salt. Bake thin.

#### How to Keep Mayonnaise Smooth.

A half teaspoonful of the white of an egg added to mayonnaise dressing before putting in any oil will prevent it from curdling.

#### Live Stock Points.

A man who has made money out of agriculture says, "I believe that hog raising, taken year in and year out, is the most profitable business a farmer can engage in."

The oftener money can be turned over in business the better. In raising hogs it is turned over once a year. In breeding beehives and horses several years are required.

Give hogs access to plenty of ashes, salt, charcoal and clean water. At the same time see that they get plenty of middlings, bran, etc., with their corn, and they will not be apt to get cholera.

A good rubbing with salt water is the best cure for galls on horses' shoulders. A veteran horseman says to tie a cloth around the end of a corncob and dip the cob into an old fruit can nearly full of water, into which a considerable quantity of salt has been placed. Make the solution strong by putting in as much salt as the water will take up. Then stir with the cloth end of the cob till the salt is dissolved. After that bathe the gall with this cloth covered corncob, and the gall will soon be cured. The salt hardens the skin and contracts the gall, whereas if any kind of grease be rubbed on it will make the skin even more soft and tender. The gentleman who gives this cheap and easy cure for galled shoulders says, if the skin is rubbed off, remove the collar and let a dry film form over the exposed flesh before applying the salt water. Then the application will not be so painful to the horse.

In 1873 as much as \$40,000 was in one or two instances paid for a single cow during the great Shorthorn craze. It was nearly as bad as the tulip insanity in Europe 100 years ago.

There is quite too much using of the knife in animal ailments. Clean and oil your harness and keep it soft and pliable.

There is no surer mark of the slovenly, dirty farmer who will never get on in the world than huge accumulations of manure about stalls and stables.

### FENELON FALLS DRUG STORE

Having purchased the STOCK OF W. T. JUNKIN.

The undersigned has removed his own stock to the store formerly occupied by him.

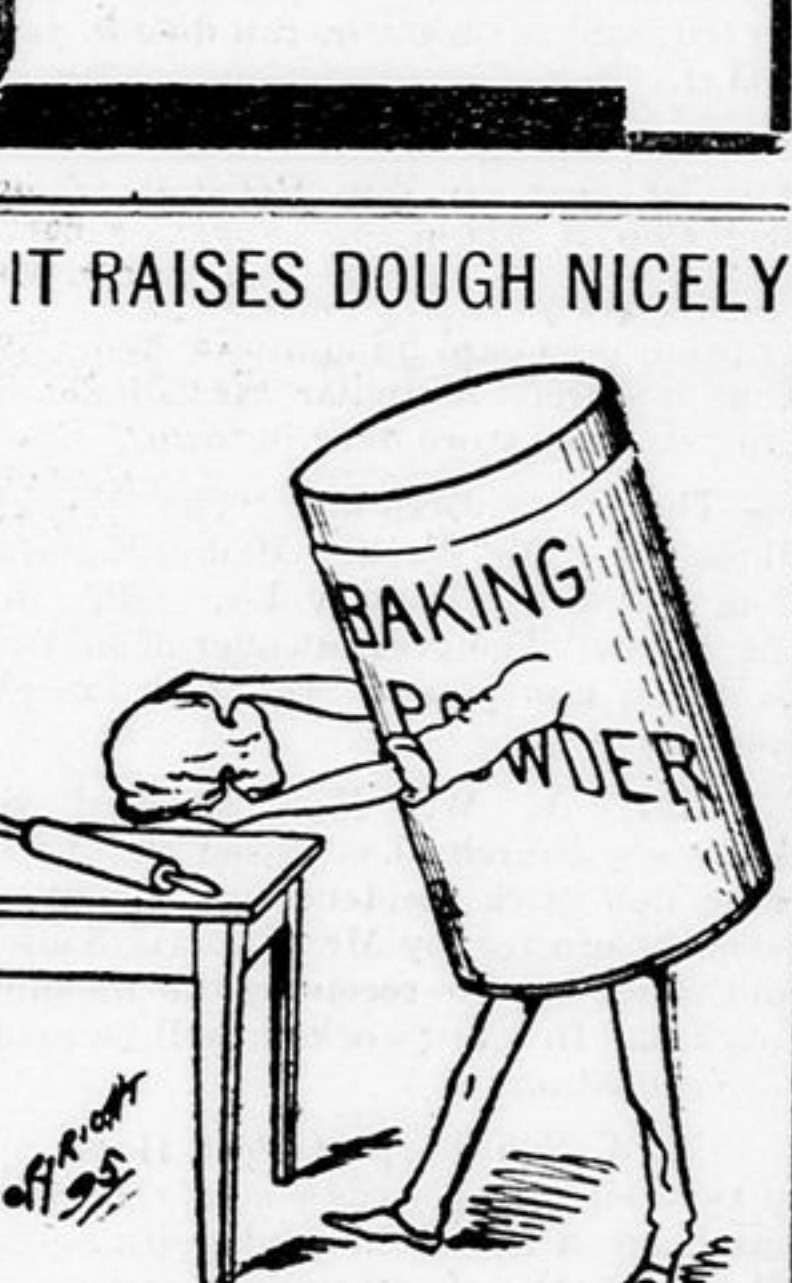
THE FANCY GOODS will be sold at less than half price.

H. J. LYTTLE  
Fenelon Falls, Aug. 27 1895.

### "E. B. EDDY."

This Name we naturally associate with the best Matches.

"IT RAISES DOUGH NICELY"



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IN A FRIENDLY WAY

Let us ask you to note carefully that lot of Hair Ornaments, Fine Silver Czarina Buckles, Fillagree Bracelets, Silver and Gold and other Jewelry

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and everything in the building line. Give me a call and inspect our work.  
GEC. INGLE.

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WITH NO INCONVENIENCE  
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GIVE US A CALL.

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For sale, general stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Boots and shoes, for so much as one dollar, also two Stores to let. Apply to A. CAMERON, or to A. CAMERON, Mrs. A. CAMERON, 20-4, Oakwood.

Jewett's Restaurant  
KENT STREET, LINDSAY

BEST LUNCH FOR  
OYSTERS, FRUIT, AND CONFECTIONERY.

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The undersigned would intimate to the public that he has purchased the business heretofore carried on by the late Mr. John Robinson, Gunsmith, and solicits a continuance of their trade.

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LOCKS REPAIRED,  
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Anything in this line promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed.  
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We cannot be undersold for first-class work, and it always pays to buy the best. REPAIRING of all kinds promptly done on shortest notice and at reasonable prices.  
L. O'CONNOR.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.  
For God and Home and Not a Land.

A LITTLE SONG.  
Sing a song of sixpence,  
You follow full of rye,  
With not a cent to bury you,  
To-morrow, should you die.

Saloost in the bar-room  
Counting out his money,  
His wife is in the parlor  
With well-dressed sis and sunny.  
Your wife has gone out working  
And washing people's clothes,  
To pay for old rye whiskey  
To color your red nose.

THE NATIONAL SIN.  
The People are Responsible for Drunken Making and Can Overthrow it.

Our great national sin, says the Union Signal, is not drunkenness, but the legalizing of drunkard making. The great evil of high license is not that it gives protection to the traffic and blinds the public mind to the fact that "revenue" derived from this source brings with it a curse which is felt in every tissue and fibre of the nation's social and political organism.

If this government—the people—would sever its connection with its blood power, or to "justify the wicked for reward," even if it should take no aggressive steps toward its abolishment, we believe it would not be long before the government—the people—would come to view the liquor traffic from the standpoint of the prohibitionist, of the Christian man and woman—as an unnecessary evil, the overthrow of which means the adjustment of many a difficulty of these times which are now so painfully out of joint.

Good For the Indians.  
A writer in the Voice has been trying to find out who got up the first temperance society. He's found among some old records in Pensylvania the following paper, which leads him to think that the credit belongs to the Indians:

"Alleghany, March 15, 1739.  
"This day we held a council and it was by the Sheynar's in general that whatever ran in our t'was shall be broken and spilled and not drank, and whoever shall bring any rum or any sort of strong liquor into our towns, Indian or white man, let it be more or less, it shall be all broken and spilled in the presence of the whole town, wherever it is brought, and four men are appointed for every town to see that there is no rum or strong liquor brought into our towns, and to have it for the term of four years from date.

(Signed)  
"LAYPAREWAH, Opehasas' Son,  
"NENCHUNONER, Deputy King,  
"COYEAEOLINE, Chief Council,  
"and 37 others."

How to Preserve a Piano.  
The lumber material is highly seasoned, and is therefore sensitive to extreme or violent changes of atmosphere. Avoid them in every way. Avoid dampness, as that causes strings and turning pins to rust and the glue in exposed places to soften, all of which impair the quality of tone.

Be careful not to drop any small article, like a pin, between the keys or into the action. It may lodge where it will produce a jingle or jarring sound. The instrument is not responsible for that.

Sometimes the keys turn purple or blue, and this is caused usually by ink from the fingers of the performer. Use alcohol and a woolen rag and remove it as quickly as possible.

To prevent moths from eating felt and cloth, put a lump of camphor inside, near the action, occasionally renewing it.

New pianos should be tuned every three or four months for the first year, after that at longer intervals.

How to Make Roe Salad.  
One pair of large fish roes, two gills of mayonnaise, a teaspoonful of salt, lettuce leaves and enough onion for flavoring. Wash the roes. Put them into a saucepan with the salt and boiling water to cover. Boil very gently for 20 minutes. Remove, drain and set away to cool. When cold, cut in dice. Make the mayonnaise in a plate, the bottom and sides of which have been rubbed with the cut side of an onion. When ready to serve, arrange the roes in a salad bowl, cover with the dressing and line bowl with lettuce leaves.

How to Care For Low Quarter Shoes.  
Never try to put on a low shoe unless you have a shoehorn, as it will stretch out of shape in the back and become ill fitting. Keep the buttons sewed on and good strings in laced boots. Have a paste patch put over the first sign of a break, and they will keep in shape and last twice as long. Buy good shoes if possible. Cheap shoes and cheap gloves get out of shape, are ill fitting and do not wear well. It is false economy to buy cheap foot or hand shoes.

How to Make Sponge Roll Fudding.  
Make a plain sponge cake, using part for the pudding. Bake in a long tin. When done, turn out upon a cloth spread with jelly and roll. Wrap closely a few minutes. Slice and serve with sauce or cream. Always put a little soda in milk that is to be boiled, as an acid is formed in boiling.