

Lumber Yard, Lindsay
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
And Bill Stuff of all Dimensions
and Lengths, with every
Shingle of all grades, also
Dry Dressed & Matched Lumber
of all kinds. The above
always kept in stock.
HEAD OFFICE and one Yard next to
Smyth's Store, Agricultural Works, and
the other office and Yard on the East side
of the River. Telephone in both Offices.
R. BRYANS.

The Lindsay Watchman.

COAL AND WOOD
Fresh Mined Coal all kinds of
Wholesale and Retail, and Dry
Wood Long and Short, Delivered
to any part of the town, Cheap,
and also Fresh Lime always
kept in stock. Telephone in
both Offices.
R. BRYANS.

AND COUNTY OF VICTORIA RECORDER.

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 40.

LINDSAY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1888.

50 Cents a Year in Advance

WATCHMAN
Printing Office,
BAKER'S BLOCK, LINDSAY.

The WATCHMAN is published every Thursday morning,
at 50 cents per Annum in Advance.

ALL KINDS OF
Plain And Fancy Job Printing,
Neatly Executed and at the
LOWEST CITY PRICES.
J. COOPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Professional Cards.

JOHN McSWEYN BARRISTER,
Solicitor, etc. Office in Hamilton's Block,
North side Kent St., Lindsay, Ont.

**F. D. MOORE BARRISTER, AT
LAW,** Solicitor and Notary Public
MONEY TO LOAN. Office, Kent St., Lindsay.

**MARTIN & HOPKINS, BARRIS-
TERS, ETC.** OFFICE, THIRTEEN'S BLOCK, KENT ST.,
LINDSAY, ONTARIO.

**H. B. DEAN, BARRISTER, SOLI-
CITOR,** etc. Office in Kent St., Lindsay, Ont.

**McINTYRE & STEWART, BARRIS-
TERS, ETC.** Office, Kent St., Lindsay, Ont.

**A. P. DEVLIN, BARRISTER, SO-
LICITOR,** etc. Office, Kent St., Lindsay, Ont.

**O'LEARY & O'LEARY, BARRIS-
TERS, ETC.** Office, Kent St., Lindsay, Ont.

**BARRON, CAMPBELL &
McLAUGHLIN,**
Barristers, Solicitors, etc. Office, Kent St., Lindsay,
Ontario.

**DR. DEGRASSI, PHYSICIAN,
SURGEON, ETC.,** Wellington St.,
Lindsay.

W. L. HERRIMAN, M. D. M. C. P.,
A. S. K. G. Office and residence, Cambridge
St., Lindsay, opposite Baptist Church.

**DR. BURROWS, PHYSICIAN,
SURGEON, ETC.** Office and residence, 1205
Riverside Hotel, Williams St., Palmer Park,
Lindsay, Ontario.

**DR. C. L. COULTER, PHYSI-
CIAN AND SURGEON,** Medical Health Of-
fice, Kent St., Lindsay, Ontario.

Business Cards.
MONEY TO LOAN.
COMPANIES' & PRIVATE FUNDS
TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES.

H. B. DEAN,
Barrister, Solicitor, etc.
Corner of Kent & Kean Streets,
Lindsay, Dec. 30th, 1887.

**AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES,
INTEREST PAYABLE YEARLY.**
Terms to suit borrower.
**McINTYRE & STEWART,
Barristers and etc., Lindsay.**

**THE
Century Magazine**

With the November, 1887, issue the Century com-
mences its thirty-fifth volume with a regular cir-
culation of almost 400,000. The war papers and the
of Lincoln increased its monthly edition by 200,000.
The latter history having recounted the events of Lin-
coln's early years, and giving the first survey of
political condition of the country, readers are now
acquainted with the secretaries were most intimately
acquainted. Under the caption.

Lincoln in the War,
the writers now enter on the more important part
of their narrative, viz.: "The early years of the War and
President Lincoln's part therein."

Supplementary War Papers,
describing the "battle series" by distinguished generals,
will disclose interesting features of army life, training
from Liberty Prison, narrative of personal adventures, etc.
General Sherman will write on "The Grand Strategy
of the War."

Kennan on Siberia.
Except the Life of Lincoln and the war Articles no
more important series has ever been undertaken. The
Century thus this of Mr. Kennan's. With the previous
edition of four travel and study in Russia and Sin-
gapore, the author undertook a journey of 45,000 miles
to the special investigation here required. An intro-
duction from the Russian Minister of the Interior
describes the principal mines and prisons, where he
remained. Libera, Nihilists, and others, and the series
will be a starting as well as accurate revelation of the
entire system. The many illustrations by the artist
and photographer, Mr. George A. Frost, who accom-
panied the author, will add greatly to the value of the
articles.

A novel by Eggleston
with illustrations will run through the year. Shorter
novels will follow by Cable and Stockton. Shorter
novels will appear every month.

Miscellaneous Features.
will comprise several illustrated articles on Ireland, by
Charles De Key; papers touching the field of Sunday
School Lessons, illustrated by E. L. Wilson; with
Waters life by Theodore Roosevelt; the English Ca-
pitols, by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, with illustrations by
Pencil; Dr. Buckley's valuable papers on Dreams,
and and biography, poems, cartoons, etc.

**By a special order the numbers for the past year
containing the Lincoln history may be secured with
the year subscription for \$1.00 with the last year's num-
ber issued in the \$1.00 or with the last year's num-
ber issued in the \$1.00.**

**ALL KINDS OF
Willow Work
MADE TO ORDER, AND
CANE CHAIRS RESEATED,
By
J. H. L. DENNIS,
Lindsay Street.At Dennis' Pump Works.**

**THE
New Paper.**
THE new Conservative Journal started
in Toronto, called
The Empire
Has made its appearance. And no pains
are being spared to make the paper worthy
of Canada, and of the great party of whose
views it will be the exponent. It has
started with a

**STAFF OF BRILLIANT WRITERS,
And able Journalists in every department.**
The public may expect
Full News from all quarters,
Able Editorials,
Accurate Reports.
Fair Comments,
Reliable Commercial News,
Interesting Sporting Intelligence,
And all other Departments well sustained.
In short, THE EMPIRE will be a Bright,
Readable, and Reliable Paper.
Everybody Looks for it.

ALL should Read It.
DAILY WEEKLY
EMPIRE, EMPIRE
\$5 per Annum. \$1 per Annum.

Send in your Subscriptions now, accompanied
by the cash. Address,
**D. CREIGHTON,
Manager, Empire, Toronto.**

CHOICEST LINES OF
**Groceries,
Crockery,
Glassware,**
AT
Graham & Lee's.

With this issue of the WATCHMAN we extend to its
readers many thanks for the cordial support given us since com-
mencing business, and invite all our old customers to give us a
continuance of the same. Hoping many readers who have not
yet given us any trade will now do so at the commencement of
the New Year. Give us a trial.

We keep the nicest goods, and have the Handsomest

**China Tea Sets,
Dinner Sets,
and Chamber Sets,**
Ever offered in Lindsay. Excellent value in TEAS and SU-
GARS, SYRUPS, RAISINS, CURRANTS, &c.

GRAHAM & LEE.

**WHITE PINE
BALSAM.**
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR
COUGHS, COLDS,
Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, etc., in fact all diseases of the
throat, lungs, and chest.

Mrs. Geo. Laing, Renbora, writes:—White Pine Balsam is the best cough and
cold remedy I ever used, it is easy to take and very effective.
Mrs. T. H. Horn, Lindsay, says:—I never feel alarmed in cases of coughs and
colds, when I can reach for White Pine Balsam.

Dr. Dingman's Female Pills.
Are unequalled as a nerve tonic and regulator; guaranteed to produce an immediate in-
crease in weight, and a ruddy healthy complexion, filling the veins with pure rich
blood and restoring weak, nervous, pale-faced people to health and strength.—Price,
30 cents.

A. HIGINBOTHAM,
Sole Agent, Lindsay.

**GREAT SALE OF
Furniture!
NO HUMBUG!**

POSITIVE FACT!
50 Bed Room Sets and 300
Beds, with a large assort-
ment of Sideboards, Bu-
reaus, &c., to be
SOLD AT COST!

**W. H. Gross,
DENTIST LINDSAY,
Twenty-Eight Years' Experience.**

**These goods are our own
manufacture, and made of
the best kiln dried lumber,
experienced workmanship &
superior finish.**

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.

**OLD ENGLISH CONDITION
POWDER.**
Used and recommended for years by
such noted horsemen as John Cairns,
Manvers, Joseph Staples, Manvers,
Geno. Skuce, Ops, Wm. Hancock, Mariposa, Geo. Werry, Fenelon, Albert Ware,
Fenelon, Eugene Fee, Lindsay.

Try them. Don't take any other.
25 cts.—Five for \$1.00, at
A. HIGINBOTHAM'S Drug Store

Poetry.
A Complaint.
The greatest sin of modern times
Is not the making of bad rhymes,
Is not the waste of printer's ink,
What women who and children think,
Not gambling debts or mortgage land,
Tis the everlasting book in hand.
Continual reading day and night,
Makes sudden brain and bad tonight.
Full many a soul born to aspire
Has sunk as low as it aimed higher,
The fuel has put out the fire.
Books are the miners of thought,
But poison is thinking they are not.
They waste your time on prose and verse,
The miners of something worse.
In the most cultured spots you find,
The most green sicknesses of the mind,
An affection, if you please,
An intellectual disease.
Pure nature has died out of school's
And reading fills the world with fools.
The youthful minds are filled with brain
Upon the right Blimberian plan.
This getting rid of mother wit
And putting chalk instead of it,
Not education you will find,
But sausage making of the mind:
The boy is stuffed, but once a man,
He leaves the stuffing and the brain
To teachers and trustees of schools,
To breed another race of fools.
The weight of this gigantic curse
Comes on the children worse and worse,
Who, nothing taught, except to read,
Grow light and vain, not worth their feed.
The boys half baked with brains of dough,
And girls who neither bake nor sew,
But then they know so much, they will
Know all things yet and never them ill
To add the total sum. Result:
All children now are born adult.
Oh, for some great solitude
For mind itself to be immured!
Where leaving books upon the shelf,
We grow acquainted with ourselves.
Some barren rock or isle or sea,
Where modern learning may not be;
Safe from the vile Scotch—come
Of newspapers which children nurse.
On scandal, politics and verse
The strongest fertilizer kills!
So fatal knowledge quick instils
Poison in the veins of youth,
Which withers virtue, goodness, truth,
What opium does to the Chinese,
Rum to the Indian, whom we flood,
Excuse me reading does for us,
If not some reformer make a fuss.
Too much too dressing to the mind
Is worse than nothing you will find:
It's gin and opium combined.
WILLIAM SACARY.

as long as you do not find it too dull
for you?"
I did not answer at first, being filled
with surprise; so he went on:
"Elsa has become so much attached
to you, she cannot bear the thought of
separation."
"At this point Elsa herself appeared
and added her own entreaties to those
of her husband in her pretty broken
English. What could I do but con-
sent?"
First I must deliver my niece up to
the hands of her friends, then they
might look for me at Coningham Hall.
Elsa imparted a grateful kiss upon
my brow, as if to seal our compact.
Two days later all bid farewell to the
Alps and made our way to England—
the Coninghams to their country house
in Somerset. I with Rhoda to London.

Coningham Hall was situated in a
hollow. The small park which sur-
rounded it was wild and romantic.
Directly in front of the hall lay a large
sheet of water, beautiful enough to look
at with its island and overhanging
willows, and the green sweep of lawn
which lay between it and the house,
it could not be very healthy, I thought.
As I looked my mood changed. A feel-
ing of fear—almost of terror—took hold
upon me. So beautiful a scene should
be productive only of peace, and I
heard no sound; yet—I affirm it—I
could have cried aloud in my nameless
terror. I felt as if under a powerful
control outside myself—that I was
helpless in its invisible grasp.
I moved with rapid steps to the very
border of the lake. I knew not what
I might be compelled to enter
the water—I had no power to resist—
I was being driven onward. At the
brink of the lake I was allowed to stop
and looking down in the clear water I
saw—merciful Heaven! I can scarce-
ly now bear to think of it—the dead
face of a child!—the dead face of little
Carl!

I should have fallen face downwards
into the lake in my terror and grief
had I not been compelled to turn from
the ghastly sight by the same mysteri-
ous influence that had compelled my
steps thither. As I turned, my eyes
fell on a woman, who, I saw, was
fully. I tried to run to her, but
her away—whether I hardly knew, but
she must not, should not see what I
had seen. But I could not move a
step. The air seemed full of the soft
hum of insects, and I was descending
slowly from a height. I struggled not
to lose my senses, and then gave in.

The next thing I knew was that an
old servant was bathing my head, and
that Mr. Coningham was standing
over me with a white-clothed hand-
room hung with faded amber silk.
"Elsa!" I gasped, "she must not
leave the house—go to her—do not let
her go near the lake." I trembled so
that my words came in jerks and were
scarcely distinguishable.

"Drink some wine," said Mr. Con-
ingham, and then he made a remark
to the old servant about the wicked-
ness of breaking bad news to people
abruptly.

The wine revived me, and I sat upon
the couch.
"Mr. Coningham," I cried "as you
love Elsa go and find her; keep her
from going to the lake!"
"Calm yourself, Miss Thompson,"
he answered sadly. "I look to you to
break this to her. Good God, I can't."
"Oh, send me at once and have him brought
in. How can you leave him in the
cold water—if you know? Oh, my
little Carl! Oh, poor Elsa!"

For answer he raised me from the
couch and quietly led me from the
room, up the ancient staircase, and
along a gallery. Presently we stopped
at a door.
"You had best look at
him," he said, "then you will see how
calmly he sleeps."
He opened the door and led me into
a small bedroom, all white and blue.
We stood together beside the snowy
bed. With a hand that visibly trem-
bled he raised the white coverlet that
hid something. The action revealed
the dead but still beautiful child.
"There he lay, calm and still, his na-
tural curls falling upon the pillow."
"Elsa knows nothing yet," said the
father, in a tone of despair—despair
which had an awful calm about it.
"Will you go to her now?"

I assented in a bewildered way. Had
I been unconscious a whole night
had I a day? I thought, for the sky had
the rosy flush which it was not possible
to imagine that the peaceful little form
I had just seen had been recently in the
water.

"I am dazed, Mr. Coningham," I fal-
tered, as he led me through one gallery
after another towards the west wing.
"Tell me, when did I see little Carl
in the lake, and where did Elsa go when
I faint?"

He stood still for a moment regard-
ing me sadly.
"You could not have seen Carl
there," he answered, with a tremor in
his voice.
"He was found and brought in at ten
this morning, when you were still in
London. You must have imagined you
saw him, after the shock of being told
of the accident."

"I saw no one to tell me," I protest-
ed, for I was absolutely certain about
what had happened; it was the time
that puzzled me. "I saw no one till
when I turned round; then I saw
Elsa looking at me. Did this all hap-
pen to-night?"

A servant approached us. "I think
Mrs. Coningham is about to wake," she
said. We went at once to her room.
As we were entering, Mr. Coningham
told me that she had been in one of her
strange sleeps, and this time it had lasted
through the night and day. As this was
told to me I knew that my vision of
the child and his mother was what
people called supernatural. I could
not help recalling little Carl's words at
Zermatt, "Mamma and I shall die to-
gether."

Elsa was lying upon her white pil-
lows when we entered, her dusky hair
sweeping them like a shadow. Her
eyes were open, her mouth smiling. She
extended a hand to each of us. Never
had I seen her with that radiant happy
expression—if she only knew of the
white-robed little figure I had just seen
what agony she would suffer! But
then I remembered she was not as other
women—it might be that she knew.
A moment more and I was sure she
did.

"Jesus called a little child to him,"
she said, still with that joyous smile il-
luminating her beautiful face. "My
husband," she then said, leaning a long
look upon him, "I shall not be dif-
ferent from others there; I shall only
spirit then, and two worlds will not
contest for my soul. Good-bye, my
husband. Good-bye, Joan."

It was all over then; little Carl's
words had come true. The local paper
styled Carl's death from drowning an
instance of the carelessness of superior
servants. It spoke of the death of the
child's mother as one from shock. The
world of print knew nothing of the
strange reality of the tragedy. I my-
self did not obtain much more informa-
tion than I have already given, for Mr.
Coningham shut up the Hall and went
to the east as soon as the last sad duties
were performed. I could not question
him at such a time. This much I
volunteered. Elsa had from a child-
hood been subject to strange sleeps, dur-
ing which she was seen by friends in other
places. She was much pained by this,
as she thought it singled her out and
separated her from the rest of the world.
Then her child had been born, and
after that the unhappy part of her
nature grew apart. She would de-
scribe to her husband scenes which
were being enacted a hundred miles
away. The child shared it, and seemed
to read his mother's every thought.

Now, that Elsa Coningham was
really seen where her body was not,
I had proof enough in Zermatt to have
satisfied most people. It was so wide-
ly confirmed. But by what power
was she able to show me that vision
in the lake? I had come to believe
that she could see and know what
others did not; but that she should be
able to compel my steps to the lake
and show me the wraith of a past event
and all this as she lay in her bed tend-
ed by an old servant—that is, and ever
must be, inexplicable.

I have never had any other super-
natural experience; I don't think I ever
shall. And even this may be natural
in the light of science. Be it as it
may, it left no terrors to haunt me;
Elsa's face was divinely happy as she
passed from us, and the little one in
his white crib looked so much in peace.
I look forward to meeting the gentle
mother and her beautiful child some
day—in that other world where the
life shall find its "other half."

JEANNIE GWTYNE OSTBY.

After Sir John?
Among the "obscure" in the
Toronto Globe is the following: Whether
or not Sir John Macdonald will ever
need a successor is a question that the
Observer does not propose to settle.
Whether he will live forever, as some
of his admirers assert, or will be suc-
ceeded by the deluge, as the sceptical
Grit professes to fear, only the future
can decide. But there are many con-
servatives who do not think the Chief-
minister will be a pall-bearer at the
time of time, and occasionally they
discuss in whispers the question of his
successorship. One very near the Cab-
inet argued the other day that the only
possible successor to Sir John Macdon-
ald was Senator Abbott. He said Mr.
McCarthy could not lead, for he was
utterly without influence in the Pro-
vince of Quebec, and would drive the
whole French vote over to his oppon-
ent. Sir Hector Langevin had no
strength in Ontario, and was weak in
his own province, and besides had none
of the qualities of a popular leader.
Mr. Chapleau could be led but could
not lead. Mr. Abbott, however, was a
man of unusual ability and of the sound
est judgment. He could speak both
languages fluently. He was popular in
Quebec, and could hold the party to-
gether in Ontario. He was the only
possible leader for the Conservatives
after Sir John Macdonald. It is wis-
per that there are a good many Con-
servatives thinking in the same direction.

An Escape From The Guillotine.
Prisoners are often pardoned, but it
rarely happens that one escapes when
brought to the place of execution.
There were several cases of this kind,
however, during the Reign of Terror in
France, in the last century.
One of the most remarkable escapes
ever made was made by M. de Chateaubrun
during the Reign of Terror in
Paris. He was sent to execution with
twenty other prisoners, but after the
fifteenth had fallen the guillotine
got out of order, and a workman was
sent for to repair it. The six remaining
victims were left standing in front of the
machine with their hands tied behind
them. A French crowd is very curious
and the people kept pressing forward to
see the man arranging the guillotine
and the man arranging the guillotine
by degrees M. de Chateaubrun, who
was to be the rear of his companions, found
himself in the front line of the spectators,
then in the second, and finally well be-
hind those who had come to see his
head cut off. Before the man could
get the guillotine in working order he
began to fall, and M. de Chateaubrun
slipped away. When in the Champs
Elysees he told a man that a wag had
tied his hands and robbed him of his
hat, and this simple individual cut him
free. A few days later M. de Chat-
aubrun escaped from France.

Improvement of the Hair.
But hair must be carefully cultivated
to grow even in length, supple, and
graceful in color. Everything is encour-
aging for the improvement of the hair if
time can be given it. The same treat-
ment will not do for different kinds of
hair by any means. Strong, stiff, natu-
rally moist hair needs a weak shampoo-
ing and daily a nightly brushing, with
exposure to the morning and evening sun,
which is a great stimulant to the hair.
Thin, soft dry hair needs tender care, but
with either the first step towards improve-
ment is thorough washing of the scalp
and hair, which collects dust its entire
length. To cleanse it the various alkalis
borax, ammonia, carbonate of potash and
washing soda are used, and the strong
hair will bear them, but they burn the life
out of thin, dry hair.

The Venetian ladies drew their hair
through a crownless hat, and let it stream
over their shoulders, and you may follow
the example, sitting at the table, which is
a great stimulant to the hair. Light is a
great stimulant and preservative to hair,
and it is well to open
it when dry and let the wind blow
through. The sun will cause the natural
oil of the hair to flow—or the head may
be held to the fire till the dry hair feels
moist. A smart brushing night and
morning, careful use of superior
shampoo, and an hour spent on a month clipping
all forked ends, will insure a rapid growth
of hair, if the general health is good, with-
out other treatment. If you want a stimu-
lant at night rub a little oil of lavender
in the roots of the hair with a shampoo
brush. Do not irritate the scalp by hard
brushing. Regular care is better than
overdoing.—*Stimley Dare.*

Where They Were.
Possession holds so many points of the
law that, when it is proved, one is sur-
prised to learn that any such case can
interfere with it. Still, people differ so
widely in their interpretations of personal
claims, that the law is necessarily the
arbiter of their demands. It was thus
that a savage, in the case of the natives, demon-
strated his right to a certain property.
At a suit in court in Australia, in refer-
ence to the ownership of a piece of land,
a middle-aged man, and just before the
closing a long speech, arguing that his name
should be inserted in the grant, the ex-
clusion of that of an old grizzled old
man who sat quietly by, without moving a
muscle.

The young man finally asked, in the
course of his harangue, with much ges-
tulation:
"You were there when your father was
buried?"
When he had ended, the old man rose
and addressed the court thus:
"I have hastened to this place, and con-
tempt to the words of this man (nobody)
What claim can he have to this land? I
conquered long ago the people who lived
on it, when he was a child, and I have
taken it then made man, permitting him
to live. And he asks, 'Where were his
ancestors buried?' I tell him and show
him here." I tell him and show him
his ancestors buried in the land. I ate
them, and that is my title to the land."

Cattle Epidemic the Death of a Bull.
A Wichita, Kansas, special to the Kan-
sas City Times says:—Robert Somerville,
a leading cattleman living in the south-
west part of the county, about twenty
miles from here, was selling his cattle
when he was attacked by a mad bull and
knocked down before he saw him, and be-
fore he could get up the animal was trying
to stamp him to pieces with his fore feet.
In a moment Somerville drew his revolver
and began to shoot at the animal. The
bullet brought him to the ground.
Somerville was unable to get up. His
son, who was about half a mile away, saw
the fight, but before he could reach the
scene the other cattle which had been
excited by the shooting and snarl of
blood, gathered around the prostrate man
and killed him. The case was a rare
fighting case, and as there were
over 300 in the herd several were injur-
ed.

The body of Somerville was frightfully
mangled, and gone in five places. It
was some time before the son was able to
rescue it.

**Canadian North-West Water-
ways.**
The total distance from Winnipeg to
Rattified by Lake Winnipeg and the
Saskatchewan is put at 1107 miles, and
to Edmonton at 1403 miles. Lake Win-
nipeg is 200 miles long, Lake Manitoba
and Lake Winnipeg are 230 miles; Long
Lake, Man., 40 miles; Red River in
Manitoba, 90 miles; Assiniboine River,
350 miles long, 100 to 135 feet wide,
3 1/2 feet deep, 100 miles long; South
Saskatchewan, 100 miles; South
Saskatchewan, 100 miles; Battle
River, 400 miles; Athabasca River and
Lake, 500 miles; Mackenzie River and
Slave Lake, 1500 miles.

Crownell in Scotland.
Mr. Wm. Douglas, West Nile street,
Glasgow, writing to the London Times on
Mr. Harrison's "Crownell," says:—"The
duchess as effectively as those in Ireland; the
duchess of Dundee, in particular, was a
ruthless and inspiring as that of Drogh-
eda, and the taxes exacted were intoler-
ably oppressive. Besides, the eight years of
Crownell rule that followed were mark-
ed by internal peace and prosperity. Mar-
tians and Romanists, Resolutions
and Protesters. Lords and Commons
remain still, and the industry as existed
for its exercise undisturbed. But this was
brought about, not by respecting, but by
disregarding Scotch feelings and senti-
ment. Besides, while Ireland was a mere
of the latter to Scotland was the only claim
of the country in this treating Scotland as a
dependent did not, therefore, exist in the
case of Ireland."

**Father (a strict disciplinarian)—Why
didn't you tell me my coat was burning
So—You told me never to interrupt you
when you were reading aloud.—Life.**