

CANNOT CALL HER MOTHER.

The marriage rite is over; And though I turned aside To keep the guests from seeing The tears I could not hide, I weathed my face in smiling, And led my little brother To greet my father's chosen— But I could not call her mother.

She is a fair young creature, With meek and gentle air; With blue eyes soft and loving, And silken, sunny hair; I know my father gives her The love he bore another; But if she were an angel I could not call her mother.

To-night I heard her singing A song I used to love, When its sweet notes were uttered By her who sings above. It pains my heart to hear it, And my tears I could not smother, For every word was hallowed! By the dear voice of my mother.

They have taken mother's picture From the old accustomed place, And hung beside my father's A younger, fairer face. They have made the dear old chamber; The boudoir of another; But I shall ne'er forget thee, My own, my angel mother.

My father in the sunshine Of happy days to come, May half forget the shadow That darkened our old home. His heart no more is lonely; But I and little brother Must still be orphan children— God can give us but one mother.

LOCKED IN A TOMB.

In a small village of New Hampshire lived Darby Tibbs, a genial, good natured fellow, somewhere between forty and fifty years of age, with a wife and six children, and very poor. His occupations were as various as there were laboring wants in the village. He was a very useful individual, and the people of the village would sooner have parted with their doctor than with Darby Tibbs. And then Darby was a bit of a doctor too. He could compound many vegetable panacea; he knew how to dress and heal wounds, and with the diseases of animals he was familiar.

And yet Darby Tibbs had one alarming fault—he was in the habit of getting very drunk very often. Now the people were very anxious that Darby should reform. It was getting so that there could be no dependence placed upon him. He disappointed them when they most needed his assistance. But all their efforts proved unavailing. He laughed and joked at their arguments and entreaties, and just so surely as he received a serious overhauling for his fault would he go off and get helplessly drunk.

One season Mr. Dean, a leading citizen of the village, had engaged Darby to help him through haying. He was to commence on the Monday next following the 4th of July. But an unfortunate event interrupted the arrangement. Mr. Dean was taken sick, and on the 5th day of July he died. His funeral was on the very day which had been fixed upon for the commencement of haying, so of course there was no work done upon the farm that day. In the morning Darby went forth with the intention of attending the funeral, but before the hour for the service had arrived he had contrived to get very drunk. Some of his friends succeeded in getting him into a stable, where they left him apparently fast asleep.

Toward the latter part of the day, when the funeral services had been performed and the people had returned to their homes, two men went out to the stable for the purpose of arousing Darby, but no Darby was to be found on the premises. They supposed he must have got up and staggered home, so they gave themselves no uneasiness. Late in the evening, however, Mrs. Tibbs came down to the store to inquire for her husband. She had not seen him since morning. A general search was made, but he could not be found. "Never mind," said some; "he'll turn up in the morning." And they finally pressed upon his wife to go home.

Morning came, but Darby Tibbs did not turn up. By the middle of the forenoon his wife was down again, and when she learned that nothing had been seen of her husband she became alarmed. They searched along the hedges and in the bushes, through every barn and shop and shed, and through the fields and the woods, but not a sign of Darby Tibbs could they find, and the only thing they could learn of him after his being left in the stable on the 5th was from a boy who happened to be late at the funeral. He said he saw Darby stagger across the road from the store, and that he left him trying to get over the fence. The boy tried to help him, but Darby did not seem to be able to help himself. He said he was going to the funeral, and he'd like to see anybody with wit enough to stop him.

Night came again, and Darby was still missing. The pond was dragged by the light of lanterns, and parties followed on and down the stream

Wednesday morning came, and when the various parties who had been engaged in the search met at the store and compared notes the idea prevailed that Darby Tibbs had run away. "He'll come back—never fear," they said to his sorrowing wife, "and when he does come we'll bring him to you." And they made her up a little purse, and finally prevailed upon her to go to her home and make the best of it.

Early in the evening Sam Broughton and Seth Garmon, who had been at work in the great meadow beyond the brook, came running into the store, pale, frightened and out of breath. Deacon Brown kept the only store in the village, and it was also the only place of public resort, so that quite a congregation of citizens were to be found there, especially after the labors of the day were over.

"What is it?" asked the deacon after a dozen others had asked the same. "Oh!" gasped Sam Broughton. "Some dead man's come to life or else a ghost has broken loose!"

Finally Seth made out to tell the story direct. He and Sam had taken their way home from the meadow through the graveyard, which was the shortest route. They came along by the tombs which were built near the wall, and when about midway of the range they were startled by a succession of deep groans which seemed to come from a grave close by. They listened a moment, and then they started for the store.

"Which tomb was it?" asked Deacon Brown.

But they could only tell that it was about in the centre of the row. "It must have been Mr. Dean's tomb," added the deacon. "That's nearly in the centre, and is the only one which has been lately opened. Major Dean may have been buried alive!"

Uncle Ben Moulton was the sexton, and a rush was at once made for his house. The alarm spread like wildfire. Major Dean had been buried alive! Men, women and children hurried into the street, and when the sexton finally made his appearance, with his great bunch of duplicate keys, they gathered after him and followed in his lead. It was now quite dark and several of the men provided themselves with lanterns and thus they took their way toward the burying ground.

At length the long row of tombs was reached, and above the din of many voices could be heard a deep groan from the sepulchre where the body of Major Dean had been placed. Many of the people shrank back in terror—nearly all the women and children, and some of the men—as though they expected to see a ghost. Uncle Ben trembled violently, but he finally managed to get the key into the old rusty padlock, and while Deacon Brown held a lantern for him he contrived to get the link clear from the staple. Then he pushed the door slowly open.

A deep groan followed, and something came staggering out from the darkness and fell upon the rough steps at the sexton's feet. He held his lantern down, and when he had seen the sunken, haggard features, he started up and called for help.

"Come here!" he cried. "Come quickly! It's Darby Tibbs!" They lifted the now inanimate form, and bore it up into the world of living things. It was Darby sure enough, but he was sadly changed. His flesh was bruised and blackened, and his raiment all torn and bloody.

They bore him as speedily as possible to the doctor's house, and ere long they succeeded, under direction of the physician, in restoring him to animation. He was conveyed to his home, where he was sure of faithful attention.

Yet Darby was sick for a long time. The shock had been a most terrible one, and it had come upon a constitution already shattered. He never could tell the full measure of horror of the eight and forty hours he spent in that house of death, but he could tell enough to startle all who heard it. He could not tell exactly how he came there, though the truth was evident enough. He had an idea of going to the funeral, and he probably entertained the cunning plan of reaching the place of sepulchre in advance of the rest of the company. He had a faint recollection of reaching the graveyard and seeing a tomb open, but beyond this his memory failed him.

The sexton had opened the tomb at noon to let some of the noxious air escape, and the boy whom he had left to keep watch over it must have been picking berries by the wall when Darby came up, as he afterwards acknowledged that he was thus engaged a good part of the time that he was there.

When the harvest time came Darby was able to work again, and before winter set in he was stronger and healthier than he had been before for many years. Not a drop of strong drink had he touched since that July day, and not a drop did he touch again. The very thought of the fiery dream startled him. He never could think of that season of horrors in the tomb without a quaking, painful shudder. —New York News.

The Mule Knew the Boy who Fired a Barn.

"One day last summer one of our boy mule drivers asked me to let him and the other boys off the next day so that they could go to a game of baseball," said a Lackawanna valley coal operator. "I told them they couldn't go. They quit work however. When the fire boss went down the shaft the next morning he found one of the mine mules braying near the foot of the shaft. She was badly burned in the left hip and shoulder and the fire boss found that the mule barn, fifty yards from the foot of the shaft, had been set on fire. Fanny, the mule, had yanked her halter in two, kicked the door down and run to the shaft for air. Sunday afternoon I went down the shaft to see how Fanny was getting along. While I was there the thirteen baseball loving youngsters got the engineer to let them down the shaft. They wanted to see me about going to work in their old places the next day.

"Fanny was standing without any halter on, and when the boys spread out in a row to talk to me the mule gave a glance along the faces, stuck her ears back, uttered a dray of anger, and made a vicious lunge at the last boy. The two boys from the right end of the row. The boys yelled and scattered, but the mule kept after the one she had picked out, paying no attention to the others. She chased him through the gangway to the foot of the shaft in spite of me, and before I could get to her she had bitten the boy's shoulders till the blood came through his clothing.

"Fanny had undoubtedly seen the boy set fire to the barn and she meant to get even. That was the first time the mule had ever been the least bit vicious, and her evidence against the young incendiary was convincing to me, even though I couldn't use it against him in court."

Made an Elder.

A retired gentleman recently revisited the scenes of his earlier days, and called on a farmer whom he had known when living in that district. After the usual greeting and several inquiries the following dialogue took place:—Visitor—"I saw by the papers some time ago that you had been made an elder. I was pleased to see that you were a mule respectit." Farmer—"O, aye, man, but I had to give it up." Visitor (seriously)—"O! Naething wrang, I hopp!" Farmer (emphatically)—"O, na, na, na. But," he added, in an apologetic tone, "you see my father afore me 'n' me, we've aye been in the Muir Market, an' the twa things dinna sweet together."

Lost in Thought.

In a certain community a lawyer died who was a most popular and worthy man; and among other virtues inscribed upon his tombstone was this: "A lawyer and an honest man." Some years afterward a Farmers' Alliance convention was held in the town, and one of the delegates, being of a sentimental turn, visited the "silent city," and, in rambling about the tombs, was struck with the inscription: "A lawyer and an honest man." He was lost in thought, and when run upon by a fellow hay-seed, who noticed his abstraction, asked him if he had found the grave of a dear friend or relative, said, "No, but I am wondering why they came to bury these two fellows in the same grave."

Pin Money on a Farm.

"I never have five cents even for postage stamps without asking for it." The speaker was a young wife, who, in her girlhood, earned regular wages as a seamstress, and when married found her financial position changed. Eben held the purse strings and made plenty of money. But new machinery was often needed, improvements must be made, hired hands cost a good deal, and so no allowance was thought of for the wife, who held the position of "nurse, housemaid, seamstress, cook," with the added duties of motherhood. "I always have a lump in my throat when I ask for a dollar," she said, "and I used to go to his pocketbook for spare change, for all the marriage service he said, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow.' But when little Tom began to steal pennies because he wanted something and could not get it, I began to wonder if I had done wrong and the sin was visited on him." I was a sad contrast with a world of trickery and knavery. Nowhere is the lack of pocket money felt so much as among farmers' wives and daughters. Many of them go from positions in the city, teachers, typewriters, saleswomen, with a regular salary—a good cook can earn her fourteen dollars a month. She may marry a young farmer, and with all her life before her decide to be his helpmate and money saver. How they work and struggle to pay off the farm to get the necessary improvements made! But when the light is partly over, sometimes the young wife has a feeling of envy or Saturday nights, when her husband pays the "hands" who have worked for him, and has not a dollar left, for she knows that they have been fed while she has served; that they have slept while she labored hours of slumber with the precious babe in arms, and that they can buy clothes that she would feel it extravagant to wear.

NEWSPAPER LAW.

The following condensation is based upon decisions rendered at various times by Division Court Judges:—

1. Subscribers who do not give definite notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order a paper to be discontinued, the publisher may continue to send it until all arrears of subscriptions are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect to take periodicals from the post office, they are likewise responsible till all arrears for subscriptions are settled.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the old address, they are held liable.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the post office, or removing to another town and leaving them uncalled for, prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

6. If subscribers pay in advance they are bound to give notice at the end of their time if they do not wish to continue taking the paper, otherwise the publisher may send until such time as a definite order to discontinue, accompanied by payment of all arrears, is sent him.

7. The man who allows his subscription to run for some time unpaid and then orders the paper discontinued or asks the post-master to mark it "Refused" leaves himself liable to punishment.

A BANDIT CHIEF.

A writer, in August 1886, gives a curiously interesting account of Schobry's (the Hurgarian bandit) love for practical jokes. Here is one that brought about his own death.

At the time a large reward had been offered for Schobry's apprehension, his numerous robberies and murders having made him the terror of the whole country round. In spite of this, Schobry, disguised as a grazier, had the audacity to wait on the commanding officer in one of the principal towns, and, pretending he had been robbed, said he could point out the dreaded robbers' den. Of the military expedition, led by a major and guided by one of Schobry's band, four soldiers deserted, two were suffocated in an intricate swamp, and the rest, having lost their guide, crawled home in a pitiful plight next day.

While this was doing, Schobry himself called upon the head of police and induced him to send a strong body of men and about twenty peasants, Schobry himself acting as a guide, to a cavern, into which Schobry, he said, would enter alone, unarmed and drowsy, at the time of taking his siesta. This cavern, for more than half a century, had been the haunt of thieves, and horrible murders had taken place there. It was also said to be haunted. In the centre of it was a chasm, which, although only nine feet wide, was ninety feet deep. To cross this there was a small portable bridge, with an iron rail, and Schobry offered to go forward and see that all was right, accompanied by four of the police. Among these was an old corporal, who eagerly volunteered to be one of the party; and when they reached the cave and had fixed the bridge, Schobry noticed that this man's carbine was not only on full cock, but was directed toward him from the priming position. He, however, affected not to notice this threatening attitude, and returning, reported all safe. The police entering with a number of torches, Schobry proposed exploring a side gallery, and again the corporal thrust himself forward. They went together, and returned to announce an extraordinary discovery. Schobry and not less than thirty of his fellows must have been disturbed while feasting there the previous day, because a table was spread with all kinds of meats and wine. A general rush was made for the good things, and within an hour Schobry and the corporal were the only two sober persons present.

Schobry then proposed to this close-sticking customer that they should fill four large jugs with water, there being none on the table. Schobry led the way, filled the four pitchers, and motioned to his companion to take up his share. The latter, stooping low, obeyed, and at the instant turned a somersault across them. Before he could well reach his feet, another kick sent him sprawling, and Schobry had crossed the bridge and pulled it after him.

The sentinels left outside had long ago been pinioned and dragged away by the banditti. A yell of rage arose within, and shots were fired, but Schobry, walking coolly up to the police left in charge of some carts in which they had traveled to the spot, told them that the bandit had been captured, and that he and some others would be brought across the country to a certain town nine German miles away. They, he said, were to bring the carts, give their horses twenty-four hours' rest, and wait for the chief commissary's arrival.

By this plan Schobry managed that no alarm could reach headquarters for four days, by which time the special commissary and his retinue would have ample time to sleep off their wine and lay in rheumatism. Whether they would have any food left or any torchlight by which to seek for the fatal tank, the robber did not trouble to think, and it was not till the third day that he wrote to say the whole party had joined Schobry's band and were to be found at the famous cave. The consternation of the authorities was great, and troops were sent to capture the police.

Then a hue and cry was raised. By constant change of disguise, Schobry managed for weeks to avoid detection; but, at length, in the common room of a village inn, was recognized by his old friend the corporal, who soon fetched a number of his men to assist in the capture. Schobry was in bed, sleeping heavily. The corporal entered with a torch, and the robber started up. Four soldiers at the door fired on him, and he fell back dead. His body was afterward exposed to the terror of evil-doers.

Treasurer's Sale of Lands.

FOR TAXES IN THE

TOWN OF LINDSAY.

TOWN OF LINDSAY. Whereas by virtue of a warrant issued by the Mayor of the Town of Lindsay, in the County of Victoria and authenticated by the corporate seal of the said town bearing date of the 9th day of November, 1892, and to me directed commanding me to levy upon the following lots or parcels of land for the arrears of taxes due thereon and costs, I hereby give notice that unless the said taxes and cost hour of One o'clock in the afternoon, at the Court House in the Town of Lindsay, at the place to be held by Public Auction the said lands or as much thereof as may be sufficient to pay such arrears of taxes and all lawful charges incurred,

All the undermentioned lots are Patented,

Table with columns: Street, Lot, Part, Acres, Arrears, Cost of Advertising and Commission, Total. Lists various lots in Lindsay with their respective details.

FRED KNOWLSON, Town Treasurer.

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 \$609,074, 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 \$67,176 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:—

Table with columns: 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. Shows financial data from 1885 to 1890.

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 Gemsjager 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.

Wool and other articles now Selling at Cost.

STAMPING DONE TO ORDER

DYEING and SCOURING promptly and neatly executed

A. W. HETTGER.

MILLINERY OPENING.

Ladies call and see my display of

Millinery and Trimming Effects,

For this Season's Wear.

I am in receipt of the very latest designs, which will be found in my carefully selected stock.

MISS O'BRIEN.