

THE WATCHMAN-WARDEN

LINDSAY, THURSDAY, JULY 25th, 1901

75c. a Year in Advance; \$3 if not so Paid

Vol. XLIV. No. 30

Three Months of Hot Weather...

Get to wear Dimities, Muslins, Prints, Mercerized Sateens and all other light Summer Goods. Never before was there such a sale of Dimities, and our order had to be repeated three times. The last lot arrived this week, and we have now a complete assortment of colors, White, Pink, Blue, Fawn, Grey, Yellow, Cardinal, Black.

Fancy Dress Muslins

Are having a wonderful sale. We will sell the balance of our 12 1/2 and 15c for 10c a yard.

...Shirt Waists...

Are always fashionable. We have them in Print, good patterns for 50 AND 75c.

We have them in colored Muslin at each 75c.

We have them in Colored Muslin with insertion for \$1 AND 1.25.

We have them in Pique with insertion for each \$1.00

We have them in Indian Lawn with insertion for each 1.40 AND 1.50.

We are offering special values in Ribbons, Ribbon Velvets, Laces, Insertions and Embroideries.

Mercerized Sateens are the correct thing this season. We have them in the highly finished and very newest Foulard patterns.

Special Reductions This Week

O'Loughlin & McIntyre

Cash and One Price

Rudd Harness Co.



We have in stock at all times Team Harness and Harness Parts, Light Harness of all kinds, and prices that please. Dusters, all kinds from 50c up, Fly Nets, Cotton and Leather at prices that will shock you. Fly Sheets and Stable Sheets all makes, Sweat Pads worth 40c for 25c. Also every thing usually kept in a harness shop at away down prices.

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done

HERB. J. LITTLE, Mgr.

LITTLE'S OLD STAND

New Lines of Furniture Spring 1901

See the new lines of FURNITURE we have just placed in stock. Many beautiful designs from the leading factories in the Dominion. All high-class goods. Prices very reasonable.

No Trouble to Show Goods

Anderson, Nugent & Co.

Lindsay's Leading Furniture Dealers

UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

SIGN OF THE MILL SAW

South Side of Kent-st. E.

McLENNAN & CO.

Screen Doors

We have a nice line complete with trimmings at 70c.

- Adjustable Window Screens
- Ice Cream Freezers
- Creamery Cans
- Snaths
- Lawn Mowers
- Washing Machines
- Carpenters' Tools
- Fishing Tackle
- Scythes
- Forks

At Lowest Prices

McLENNAN & CO.

Scranton Coal, Glazed Sewer Pipe, Portland Cement, etc.



LIFE

If you have an obligation to meet some time in future years, this is no better way to provide for it than to insure your life. If you should die before the maturity of the contract, your loved ones can finance easier, and if you should live out the term you can redeem the obligation. The North American Life will give you any plan you desire. For particulars see...

R. CAMPBELL, of J. W. GARVIN, Lindsey Peterboro

WEDDING PRESENTS WEDDING RINGS

Gaps made by Xmas Trade now filled up. Many new things just opened. ASSORTMENT COMPLETE. GEO. W. BEALL THE JEWELLER

Hot Weather Suits

at Zero prices. Cheaper than Ready-Mades.

Good Workmanship. Correct Fits. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

See my stock of Canadian and Imported Tweeds.

J. J. RICH,

The Nobby Tailor, Little Britain

TELLTALE PICTURES.

PAINTINGS THAT HAVE DONE THE WORK OF DETECTIVES.

Instances Where the Canvas of an Artist Has Led to the Confession of a Criminal—A Portrait and a Stolen Diamond Pendant.

An artist who had suddenly become almost famous by his production of a painting exhibited at the Royal Academy was one day called upon by a man whose visit was productive of the most extraordinary and undreamt of consequences.

The picture represented a lonely stretch of beach, upon which the sea was beating in long, creamy rollers. In the foreground, bending over a dead body, was a man with a wild expression on his face and with a naked knife in his hand. A ship's boat, evidently just beached, was also in the picture, and by the side of the murdered man was a bag of gold. The picture portrayed the advent of two castaways upon a friendly shore. The one had murdered the other so that the treasure might be his.

The painter's visitor was a gray haired, wild eyed man.

"In heaven's name, sir," he gasped out, "how did you learn the dreadful story that you painted? I see you know all. I murdered my mate Bill to get the money that was his. I threw his body into the sea. I don't know what impulse led me to the Academy. The first thing I saw was your picture representing the scene that took place 30 years ago."

Needless to say, the picture had been the outcome of imagination. Yet murder will out, and the guilty conscience of the man who had killed his comrade for lust of gold had convinced him that the painting was no coincidence, but was indeed the actual portrayal of a dastardly and unwitnessed crime.

There is probably no picture better known in England than "The Doctor," by Mr. Luke Fildes, yet there are probably very few people aware of the fact that that selfsame masterpiece was the means of bringing to light the perpetration of a crime that would otherwise never have been known.

A certain doctor in a large town committed suicide, and among his papers was a letter which ran as follows: "I have today seen Luke Fildes' 'Doctor.' The picture represents a medical man watching by the bedside of a child. It has so haunted me that I am going to take away my own worthless life and make a confession at the same time. When Arthur's"—his brother's—"boy died, I came into money that my dead brother had settled on him. He died as all the world thought of acute pneumonia. Yet his life might have been saved had I acted as Fildes' 'Doctor' is so evidently doing, with the use of all the skill that lay in my power. I hastened the boy's end and so got the money. I can bear it no more."

A well known artist was commissioned to paint the portrait of a lady in exalted circles, who boasted the possession of a most unique jewel in the form of a pendant. The lady was very anxious that this heirloom should be included in her portrait. The artist, of course, complied with her request.

Shortly after the painting had been completed a daring burglary was perpetrated, with the result that the lady lost her heirloom, and no trace of the thief or thieves was forthcoming. Years passed by, and the lady gave up all hope of ever seeing the precious heirloom again.

Now, it so happened that the artist who had painted the portrait of the lady mentioned had occasion to travel in India.

In the course of his wanderings he came to Bombay and, as every visitor to that place does, strolled through the native bazaar.

Suddenly his attention was riveted by a piece of jewelry in a jeweler's shop that seemed familiar to him. It was a diamond and ruby pendant. Where had he seen it before? He ransacked his brain, but could not remember.

He returned to his hotel and happened to take from his portfolio a sketch of the portrait he had made years ago of the lady with the pendant. In a moment the enigma was solved. The piece of jewelry he had seen was the peculiar pendant that his fair sitter had been so anxious he should include in his portrait.

He hurried off to the chief of police, and told that worthy what he suspected, namely, that the bazaar he had visited contained the long lost jewel of the English lady. Inquiries were at once set on foot with extraordinary results. The jeweler in the bazaar confessed to having given years ago a quite insignificant sum for the jewel, which he had bought from a stableman in the employ of a neighboring rajah. The stableman was sought for, and turned out to be none other than a famous English crackman, who had apparently turned honest, but who, nevertheless, confessed to having been the thief of the jewel that had been so miraculously discovered.

The father of the game of whist, Edmond Hoyle, lived to be 97 years old. His treatise on cards has been published in all languages, and probably no work except the Bible has passed through more editions. The original work appeared in London in 1742.

THE BLEEDING CURE.

A RELIC OF THE MEDICAL METHODS OF A CENTURY AGO.

The Barbarous Practice of "Cupping" Suffering Humanity Still Has Its Adherents—The Operation a Somewhat Delicate One.

One hundred years ago the sovereign balm for every ill, from fainting to fever, was bleeding. The wonder is that a human race was left to admit the folly of the practice. It was the correct method of the day, recommended and employed by the best physicians of the time. The surgeon who attended George Washington in his last illness first set about bleeding his august patient. The story is that he took several cups of blood from the vigorous arm of Washington and then diagnosed the case. Washington died. Some say that if he had not been bled he probably would have lived.

The cry comes, But that was a century ago! In sharp contrast stands the wonderful advances made by modern surgery. Thankfully it may be said that such is the truth. But sometimes customs die hard, and today the doctrine of "cupping" has devotees as faithful as those who gave up their life sustaining fluid in Washington's time. This is a startling statement. The writer would have been skeptical if he had not learned its truth himself.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries this grewsome form of treatment was the work of the barber. That guild has maintained its prerogative into the twentieth century. In a certain little side street in New York, crushed between two towering brick buildings, stands a timid story and a half frame house. The suggestive striped pole which emblazons the art of the dweller within juts over the walk. In the window hangs a sign bearing the word "Cupping." If today were set back to 1700, the pole alone would tell the story. Times, they say, have changed, and so the sign.

The barber is a German. He was much surprised at the question asked. Everybody knew that cupping was a necessity, especially in the spring, he said. Sometimes, he added, he was so busy that little time remained for his shaving and hair cutting of customers.

"Ach, yes," said the barber, "it keeps me a busy man. How strange you say that you thought it no longer was practiced. People come here morning, noon and night every day, but mostly do they come here in the spring and fall. It is then that the blood needs drawing off. If you have a pain in your head, you come to me. I take my little cup, burn the air in it out, push down my little knives just behind your ear on the neck, and when the cup is full I take it away. If your headache is not better yet, I take another cup, so be it that the bleeding stop not, upon the other side. Maybe your back pains; I cut you a little on the side. Your arm pains; I draw the blood from your wrist."

The barber bared his arm. The skin was crossed with tiny, pale nicks, like those one sees on the wrist of a morphine victim.

"Twelve is the number of cups I draw at one sitting," the barber said. "It is a bad pain that will not be gone then. If you come again the next day with the pain, I draw off more until the ache has disappeared completely."

The cups look like sherry glasses with the stems removed. The knife, or lancet, is arranged like a name stamp. Pressure on a spring plunger drives the little blades, which are arranged in pairs or triplets, into the skin. It is here that the skill of the operator comes into play. When the incisions are made in the neck too violent, a tap on the plunger might mean the severing or wounding of an artery. Pressure too light would not let the blood flow fast enough. The barber must have a trained touch.

Upon the condition of the cup much depends. The air is exhausted by means of a tiny alcohol flame. This makes a vacuum. The cup is pressed on lightly, but firmly. The blood rushes under the skin beneath its rim; then, like a flash, the little knives are pushed down, and the bleeding begins. The operator never takes more than 12 cups at one sitting. That would mean perhaps a half pint of blood.

This system of bleeding for human ailments harks back to the earliest times. All through the middle ages it was the healing balm for the sufferings of mankind. The ancients firmly believed that the loss of blood in this manner drew from their systems the "noxious humors" which afflicted them. The advent of the modern school of medicine and surgery did away with the process as a universal therapeutic measure. It was not until the nineteenth century was nearly half completed, however, that physicians abandoned it as a practice.

Was It a Compliment?

It was at the end of her first week in the new school, she having been transferred from down town, that the teacher asked little Wilhelmina how she liked the new school. The little one's face brightened up as she answered: "Oh, I like it first rate, and I like you too."

"That's very nice; but why do you like me?" queried the teacher.

"Oh, you see," said the little pupil, "I always did like a bossy teacher."

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

One of the Tricks Performed by the Fakirs of India.

The fakirs of India perform some remarkable tricks. The following one was witnessed by an Englishman who was himself an excellent prestidigitateur:

The apartment being filled, the magicians began their performance. The audience sat on the floor about the fakirs, so that they had no way of concealing themselves or of hiding anything. At their request I examined them and satisfied myself that they had nothing about them. Then one of the women stepped into the inclosure, the rest remaining behind the spectators, who formed a close ring about them. The light was now turned down a little, and in a moment the woman's face began to be illuminated by a ghostly light that extended quickly over her entire body.

She then began to move around and around, uttering a low, murmuring sound the while, gradually quickening the pace until she was whirling about like a top. A moment of this, and the light that had clung about her seemed to be whirled off by centrifugal force and assumed a pillarlike form beside her. As soon as this was accomplished she stopped, turned and began to mold the light with her hand, and, though I could distinctly see her hands move through the light as if it were a cloud, it began to assume human form. We saw the arms, hands and legs and molded and finally the face and head-gear. She next called for a light, and the candles being relighted, there stood an utter stranger, a native seemingly, evolved out of cloudland. He stepped forward and grasped me by the hand. His hands were moist, as if with perspiration, and he was a very healthy spirit.

After he had talked and drunk a glass of arrack he took his place beside the woman again and began to whirl about. The lights were dimmed, but not so that we could not see, and in a few minutes the figure began to fade, soon assuming the appearance of a pillar or form of light and then attaching itself to the woman and seemingly being absorbed by her. All this was done in a very short space of time before the eyes of at least 50 people and not ten feet from myself. The girl appeared greatly exhausted afterward.

CARE OF LACES.

Iron lace on the right side first, then on the wrong side to throw up the pattern.

When putting lace away, fold as little as possible. A good plan is to wind it round a card, as they do in the shops.

When ironing laces, cover them with clean, white tissue paper. This prevents the shiny look seen on washed lace.

Use cornflour instead of ordinary starch for stiffening laces. This makes them firm and does not detract from the lacy appearance.

Laces and other delicate trifles should be placed in a muslin bag before being boiled. This prevents their getting lost and torn in the wash.

After "getting up" laces do not leave them to air in a damp place—round the fire when the kettle is boiling, for instance. This robs them of their freshness and makes them look limp.

All laces before being ironed should be carefully pulled out, each point receiving attention. You will be repaid for your trouble, as the lace will look twice as nice and last clean a much longer time.

Too Suggestive.

An English clergyman had married a young woman with a reputed dowry of about £10,000, while he himself had "great expectations." Needless to say, every soul in the village knew about it. It was the first Sunday after their return from the honeymoon, and when the sermon was finished the parson proceeded, as usual, to give out the hymn, verse for verse, to his rustic congregation.

All went well until the fifth verse was reached, and the parson began, "Forever let my grateful heart," when suddenly and with some confusion he exclaimed, "Omit the fifth verse" and immediately began to recite aloud the sixth verse instead. Those who had hymnbooks promptly read the fifth verse:

Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now
And bids me hope for more.

Pursuing an Elephant.

Any one who has once followed a traveling elephant will not show any undue haste to repeat the amusement. They sail along at an average pace of six miles an hour, regardless of the country, and stop for a bath or a short siesta perhaps once every three days. Anything more fresh spoor at a dog trot, hour after hour in a blazing sun, only to find at a late hour in the afternoon that one was 40 miles from camp, with no food or water, and that the elephant had increased his lead from one mile to ten, it would be difficult to imagine.

It is a curious fact that mayonnaise dressing will disagree with delicate people, whereas the same ingredients put together without an egg (French dressing) will be easily digested.