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W. H. GROSS, Dentist, Lindsay. Headquarters for good Dentistry. Member Royal Dental College, Ont.

DR. SUTTON, dentist, Lindsay. Hon. or graduate of Toronto University and Royal College of Dental Surgeons.

DR. F. A. WALTERS, dentist, Lindsay. Honor. graduate of Toronto University and Royal College of Dental Surgeons.

DR. NEELANDS, dentist, Lindsay. Extracts teeth without pain by gas (Vitalized Air) administered by him for 26 years with great success.

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DR. JEFFERS. Office hours 9 to 11 a.m.; 2 to 4 p.m.; 7 to 8 p.m. Residence 30 Wellington-st.

DR. McCULLOUGH of Peterborough, will visit Lindsay first and third Wednesday of each month at the Simpson House.

DR. WHITE, graduate of Toronto University Medical Faculty, also graduate of Trinity University, Toronto, and member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

DR. A. GILLESPIE, C.A. and S.O. Office and residence corner of Lindsay and Russell-sts.

DR. SIMPSON, physician. Office and residence, Russell-st., Lindsay second door west of York-st.

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A FISHING FICTION.

THE "MAGIC EYE" OF THE SAULT STE. MARIE INDIANS.

An Old Guide's Explanation of the Indian Whitefish Hunter's Method of Getting His Glistening Catch From Under the Rapids.

"The first time I fished in the Sault Ste. Marie rapids," said a well known Lake Keuka sportsman, "I landed in an hour twenty-one brook trout that weighed forty-five pounds; so I was ready and willing to believe anything I heard or read about the possibilities of those waters or the astounding things that men who fished in them were able to do."

"Consequently I believed what they told me about the marvelous feats the Indian fishermen of the Sault Ste. Marie could perform in the way of netting whitefish. Few who have fished the great lakes have not heard of those same feats, witnessed them and, of course, could do nothing but go away believing that they were all they seemed to be."

"Particularly will they marvel, as I did, at the Indian whitefish fisherman's magic eye with which he seems to look down through ten feet or more of foaming, rushing water and see whitefish that to the white man's eye would be invisible five inches beneath the surface. It would have been strange if I had not marveled at it, having witnessed more than once manifestations of its alleged power. That was before I talked with old Guide Gargon.

"The astounding feats of the Sault Ste. Marie whitefish netters of the Sault Ste. Marie that the guidebooks and the hotel keepers and steamboatmen insist on telling tourists about are performed by two Indians in a canoe. One occupies the stern and manipulates the paddle to keep the canoe's head pointed up stream. The Indian in the bow, standing upright, uses a pole to aid in propelling the canoe or in keeping it steady."

"Lying ready to his hand is a dip net four feet in diameter, fastened to the end of a pole perhaps fifteen feet long. The fishing is done at the foot of the rapids, where the water boils and tumbles furiously. With his pole the Indian in the bow keeps the boat moving about in the rapids and gazes constantly into the water, which is often ten feet or more deep."

"Suddenly the Indian in the bow will seize the net handle with one hand, never ceasing to manipulate the canoe with his pole in the other nor for an instant removing his staring gaze from the water. The net is not more than in his hand before he has plunged it perhaps ten feet distant from the boat, thrusting it at the same instant to the bottom. Then he gives it a peculiar twist, draws it up and, surrendering the care of the canoe for the moment to the Indian who paddles, never without from three to half a dozen glistening whitefish in it, frequently weighing five pounds each."

"The wondering spectator, seeing nothing but the boiling water, the sudden start of the Indian and his quick and dexterous plunging and drawing up of the net with its invariable load of whitefish, can do nothing but acknowledge to himself the necromancy of the Indian's piscatorial art. I know that I did, and for two seasons gave myself away to the fascination of that mysterious fishing. Then one day I marveled at it greatly to Guide Gargon, the shrewd and cunning old Frenchman who knows every rock and eddy and whirlpool of the rapids and all the wiles and tricks that any other guide knows and a whole lot that no other one does know, and Gargon's little black eyes twinkled."

"Ah!" he chuckled. "Zat mageeck hye. He von gr-rand hombog!" "Then he explained in his voluble and picturesque patois the apparent mystery of the Indian whitefish fisherman's magic eye. Whitefish are natural denizens of the still, silent waters

of the great lakes. To get from Lake Huron to Lake Superior these fish must fight their way up the fierce and stubborn Sault Ste. Marie rapids. In joining this they travel by easy stages. They can brave the rapids but a short distance at a time, when, almost exhausted, they drop into the shelter of the friendly rocks that pile the bottom of the rapids.

"Huddled sometimes by the score behind these rocks, getting wind, as it were, to overcome another stage of their journey, the whitefish, if the water is not too deep, can be lifted out by the hand of the fisherman, they are so nearly exhausted. The Indians as well as the white fishermen know this and, knowing well the location of these sheltering rocks, have only to thrust their nets down behind them and draw them up filled with fish."

"The cunning of the Indian led him long ago to give visitors the impression that he could penetrate the troubled depths of the rapids with his gaze and see the whitefish on the bottom. The wonder of it spread, and it has been one of the fondest and best paying fictions of 'Susan Mary,' as the natives give you the pronunciation of the Sault Ste. Marie."

An Anecdote of Genus. The following anecdote of Leigh Hunt was once related by "Orion" Horne. Horne on a bitterly cold day in winter went to see Hunt, and found him in a large room with a wide, old fashioned fireplace. He had dragged his piano on to the hearth, close to a large fire, leaving only room for himself and his chair, and was playing with the greatest enjoyment. "My dear fellow," cried Horne, "are you aware that you are ruining your piano forever and ever in that heat?" "I know—I know," murmured Hunt, "but it is delicious."

No Limit to New Ideas. There never has been a time when the individual has stood for so much as he does at present. There has never been a time when individuality and personal initiative brought such amazing rewards. There never has been a time when the individual could do or did exert so much influence as at present. There is no individual today so insignificant that, if he became the medium of a new or potent ideal, he would be prevented by uncontrollable conditions from expressing his idea and reaping his just reward.

In all ages up to this man has been, owing to his limitations of physical force, a plaything of conditions, a slave of his environment. Skill and intelligence were but two of the factors in his progress, bounded and restrained by limitations to their employment. Now, however, with universal energy at the disposal of each individual, this terrestrial sphere scarce puts bounds to his field of influence.

Fruit Acids Kill Germs. A writer in a scientific periodical states that it is not generally known that fruit acids are germicidal. "The juice," he says, "of lemons and lemons is as deadly to cholera germs as corrosive sublimate or sulphur fumes or formaldehyde or any other disinfectant. It is so powerful a germicide that if the juice of one lime or lemon be squeezed into a glass of water that is then left standing for ten or fifteen minutes the water will be disinfected. It makes little difference where the water has been obtained or whether it has been boiled or filtered." As boiled or filtered water is not always obtainable this is worth remembering.

What You Put In Your Mouth. It is through the mouth that most malignant germs find their way into the body, and therefore one would think that it was hardly necessary to warn people against the risks they are running in using it as a sort of third hand. One would imagine that hardly any one needed cautioning against holding money with the lips, and yet an immense number of otherwise thoroughly cleanly people indulge in this dirty, dangerous practice.

He Waited It. "I think I'll have to put you under bonds to keep the peace," said the justice to the victor of the fight. "Keep the peace!" broke in the vanquished indignantly. "Why, your honor, it belongs to me. He bit it out of my ear!"—Chicago Post.

Taking Care of Pa. Along about this time every year ma and the girls get together and decide that if pa's overcoat has a new collar on it it will save buying a new one.—Atebison Globe.

Properly Located. Bobbie—I can't see why the funny bone was put in the elbow, pa. "Father—Why not, my son? That's a funny place for it."—Smart Set.

Getting Ready. Her guest being late for breakfast, the hostess sent the maid to inquire if he had brought the bell. "Yes, mum, he heard it," announced Bridget, "and I think he's most ready, mum, for I heard him sharpenin' his teeth."—Brooklyn Life.

The Trunk Line. "Pa, why do they call this railroad a trunk line?" "Oh, I suppose some woman traveled over it on her way to a summer resort along about the time they were trying to think up a name for it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Next Guess. "The weather man predicts probable showers, but they don't come," remarked the horse editor. "If he'd predict improbable showers, he might have better luck," added the snake editor.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A BUDDING HUMORIST.

Merry Memories of a First Meeting With Artemus Ward.

On going into the Cleveland Plain Dealer editorial rooms one morning I saw a new man, who was introduced to me as Mr. Browne. He was young, cheerful in manner, tall and slender, not quite up to date in style of dress, yet by no means shabby. His hair was flaxen and very straight; his nose, the prominent feature of his face, was Romanesque—quite violently so—and with a leaning to the left. His eyes were blue gray, with a twinkle in them; his mouth seemed so given to a merry laugh, so much in motion, that it was difficult to describe.

It seemed as though bubbling in him was a lot of happiness which he made no effort to conceal or hold back. When we were introduced, he was sitting at his table writing. He gave his leg a smart slap, arose, shook hands with me and said he was glad to meet me. I believed him, for he looked glad all the time. You could not look at him but he would laugh. He laughed as he sat at his table writing. When he had written a thing which pleased him, he would slap his leg and laugh.

I noticed that George Hoyt and James Brokenshire at their tables were pleased with his merriment and indulged in broad smiles. As I bade him and the others good morning he said, "Come again, me liege." I thanked him, said I would and went my way, thinking what a funny fellow he was. Within a month thereafter appeared in the columns of The Plain Dealer a funny letter signed "Artemus Ward." The writer said he was in the show business, had a trained kangaroo, "a most amousin' little cuss," some "snaks," and a collection of wax figures, which he called a "great moral show." As he was coming to Cleveland to exhibit, he made a proposition to the proprietor that they "scratch each other's backs"—the publisher to write up the show vigorously and the showman to have the handbills printed for all his family. So I found my young friend of the gurgie and hay colored hair to be an embryo humorist just bursting into bloom. Artemus, as from that time he was best known, soon had a city full of friends, myself and family among them.—James F. Ryder in Century Magazine.

FLOWER AND TREE.

Never buy a plant in bloom. Never water plants in flower from above. In planting out an orchard do not plant more than can be manured and cared for well. A yard or lawn always looks barren without some choice ornamental trees and shrubs. On this account every lawn should contain a few choice specimens of these ornamental trees.

Scale insects on plants, such as the oleanders, the fragrant olive, roses, etc., are among the most difficult pests to overcome. A mixture of white household powder with dissolved soap rubbed in is a good remedy. Keeping all young trees carefully staked leads to the formation of clean, straight stems. These in their turn are conducive to the growth of large, healthy, fruitful heads. One stout stake should be placed by each tree when it is planted.

Crocus must be planted in October to insure spring blooms. It makes a fine appearance if thickly planted upon a lawn. Make a cut with a spade three or four inches deep in the sod, tuck in a couple of bulbs and press the sod back into place with the foot.

Habits of Seals.

The habits of seals are very interesting. The very young seal is helpless in the water until he is taught by his mother to swim. She takes him into the water daily on her fin and dumps him in, and when he gets tired of floundering about places him on her fin again and returns to her camp. When the young seals are well grown, they suddenly disappear with their mothers and the bull seals. No one knows where they go, and their return is equally as sudden as their departure. The bulls are the first to put in an appearance at the camping ground. When they arrive, they commence at once to prepare a camp for their mates, which they stake off, and for which they fight until they die. In the meantime the female seals remain quite a distance from land, floating lazily on the water and seemingly having a good time.

The Nimrod's Mistake.

Some queer mistakes The hunter makes When in the woods he's gunning, And off his aim At fancied game Creates effect tant's stunning. Sometimes he sees Among the trees An object that is dodging; 'Tis quail that's large, He thinks, and charge Of shot in cow he's loading.

There's something black, Like turkey's back, And he's intent on gobbling; He bangs away: Then off he hears a neigh, And off a horse goes hobbling.

What seems to him A pleasant trim Appears, and he is shooting. A squirrel he hears; 'Twas not a bird, But pig that there was rooting.

Mid wooded clumps A squirrel jumps, He thinks, and shot are flying; Then comes a yell, For, sad to tell, A chum f-r-h help is crying.

Such queer mistakes The hunter makes When he for game is gunning; The people wise Now realize They woods they must be stunning. —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

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COUNTY OF VICTORIA

For Arrears of Taxes

COURT HOUSE, LINDSAY

Tuesday, February 18th, 1902, at 11 O'Clock A.M.

Table with columns: Part of Lot or Street Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Total, Patented. Includes Township of Bexley and Township of Carden.

Table with columns: Part of Lot or Street Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Total, Patented. Includes Township of Carden and Township of Dalton.

Table with columns: Part of Lot or Street Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Total, Patented. Includes Township of Dalton and Township of Digby.

Table with columns: Part of Lot or Street Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Total, Patented. Includes Township of Digby and Township of Eldon.

Table with columns: Part of Lot or Street Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Total, Patented. Includes Township of Eldon and Township of Fenelon Falls.

Table with columns: Part of Lot or Street Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Total, Patented. Includes Township of Fenelon Falls and Township of Laxton.

Table with columns: Part of Lot or Street Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Total, Patented. Includes Township of Laxton and Township of Norland in Laxton.

Table with columns: Part of Lot or Street Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Total, Patented. Includes Township of Norland in Laxton and Township of Mariosa.

Table with columns: Part of Lot or Street Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Total, Patented. Includes Township of Mariosa and Township of Omemee.

Table with columns: Part of Lot or Street Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Total, Patented. Includes Township of Omemee and Township of Ops.

Table with columns: Part of Lot or Street Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Total, Patented. Includes Township of Ops and Township of Somerville.

Table with columns: Part of Lot or Street Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Total, Patented. Includes Township of Somerville and Township of Verulam.

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Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including 'Mariosa Township Council' and 'The municipal council of...'