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Beautiful designs in all lines of Jewellery, watches, clocks, silverware, china and Brillo-a-Brac. A cordial welcome, whether you wish to buy or not.

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The Victoria Warbler FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1897.



A union hearts and a union of hands A union none can sever; A union of homes and a union of lands And the flag, BATTLE UNION, forever.

MORE CHANGES.

Mr. Ross, Ontario's fallible minister of education, has issued new regulations for the observance of inspectors and high school principals. Educationalists are not in the least surprised. They have become so accustomed to almost periodical changes in the education department they are quite prepared for any changes the erratic minister may make. Last October, against the wishes of high school teachers and inspectors throughout the province, Mr. Ross made certain mystifying changes in his examination system. He now recognizes the fallacy of these and makes more experimental changes. This August circular is a humiliating breakdown in the face of the stand Mr. Ross then took. Our educational affairs appear to have got into a hopeless tangle of late years. So many changes and counter changes have been made that even high school teachers find it a difficult matter to keep up with the details of the regulations. Teachers are afraid to work along certain lines and direct students in studies which they know would be to their advantage, for fear that a sudden change announced by the department would upset the whole school system again. Students relying in good faith on the regulations, go ahead and take up for several terms a certain line of study when an unexpected change in the regulations makes all the months spent in arduous study so much waste time. Scores of scholars attending the collegiate institutes here hardly know where to begin in their studies—and not much wonder, for it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to keep up with Mr. Ross' regulations. The more one considers the matter the more it is evident that Ontario's best interests demand a change.

A south ward resident started in to settle an old standing grievance with his next door neighbor Monday by rotten-egging him. The man next door did not relish the dose and the parties repaired to the police court where the matter was ventilated and the chief offender fined \$20.

At the services in the baptist church, last Sunday special reference was made by the pastor to the death of Mr. Thomas Richardson, which took place at Owen Sound recently. During his residence here Mr. Richardson was a faithful and consistent member of the baptist congregation.

THE SALARY GRAB SCHEME.

The little bird that whistled in our ear last week in regard to the salary grab scheme, owing to some of its chirpings being a little indistinct, led to a few slight errors of detail, which we now cheerfully rectify.

It was not at a special meeting of the council that the scheme was considered, but during a meeting of one of the committees; a majority of the council we understand being present.

Dr. Burrows desires us to say that he did not speak in favor of the scheme, as he was called away on business before the question was brought up. The Dr. further states that Reeve Touchburn said there was no use in bringing it up as Dr. Burrows was sure to oppose it. Query? If the whole thing is a "ghost story" as the Post puts it, the admission of the Dr. proves the ghost to be a reality.

Councillor Baldwin also wishes us to state that he was not at the meeting, consequently he took no part directly or indirectly in the matter. The foregoing are the only two who have complained to THE WARDER that they were placed in a wrong light before the public. If any other members are in a similar position we will be pleased to publish their version of the matter.

What agitates the minds of those favorable to the "grab," is, how THE WARDER got hold of the information. Well, that is a matter that is no concern of theirs; the facts are true and cannot be successfully contradicted.

That it was evident the intention of the promoters of the scheme to vote themselves a salary, by an evasion of the law.

That our charge is proved, if there had been any doubt, by the statement of Dr. Burrows, that the matter did not come up until after he left the meeting.

The efforts made to turn the whole thing off as a huge joke, there being no serious intention of trying to carry it out to a successful issue, if so, why were all outsiders politely requested to withdraw, as private matters were to be considered.

Instead of feeling annoyed at THE WARDER for letting daylight in on the little scheme, the promoters should feel gratified, for had it been carried through no doubt but some ratepayer would have entered an action at law and a heavy bill of costs would be incurred.

QUERY.—How often has the matter been talked over in an informal manner during the last three or four months.

Letter No. 5. Col. Sam. Hughes' Trip to England.

THROUGH "BONNIE SCOTLAND." Proceeding northward from Carlisle one has the choice of three routes to Scotland. First—the Glasgow and Southwestern through the Land o' Burns and Annie Laurie to Glasgow; second—the famed Caledonian by Moffat district and the Clyde valley to Glasgow, Stirling, Dunblane, Oban, Edinburgh, Dundee and Aberdeen; and third the North British along the "Border" through Liddisdale, Teviotdale, Melrose and the Tweed country to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen and Fort William.

It has been our privilege to traverse all the railway districts from Carlisle north. A few miles after leaving Carlisle, Gretna Green a quiet village of half a dozen houses on the Scotch border is reached. And here a word on the Scotch, Irish and north English houses. Who but has seen a picture of Robbie Burns' cottage? Well, it is a type of all. Eggs do not more resemble "one another" than the houses in three districts named. Of stone, one storey high, a door or two, and a few windows, thatched or now slated roof, the walls whitewashed, the floors of stone, and scrupulously chalked and clean; such is one, such are all. Nestling amid thorn hedges, oak or fir groves, the houses look really neat and charming. The Caledonian railway from Carlisle in connection with the London and North-western crosses the Solway Firth, the Esk river, near where the famous battle of Solway Moss was fought, and enters Scotland at Gretna Green. To acknowledge a girl as one's wife in Scotland constitutes a legal marriage hence the rush to Gretna Green of the bonnie lads and lassies from the English border districts from time immemorial. Gretna Green and runaway marriages will ever be famous. The Kirtle river crosses the railway near here, but Dumfries people claim the tragedy connected with fair Helen of Kirkconnel Lea, transpired near Dumfries; but others say it was on Kirtle banks, and that the fair Helen who madly saved her lover by sacrificing herself was from Kirkconnel. Our theory is that as one so rarely finds a maiden of fair Helen's proportions and parts who "to disappoint the foe, rushed in between me and the blow, and now her corpse is lying low, on fair Kirkconnel-lee"—that too many places cannot be set apart as "vera spot whaur the fair Helen was murdered." At all events the song speaks of "Kirtle" and each Kirtle is entitled to claim the renown.

"Where Kirtle waters gently wind As Helen on my arm reclined A rival with a ruthless mind Took deadly aim at me." The hero of the romance took it badly—and contrary to general modern custom remained true to the memory of fair Helen.

Onward the Caledonian train speeds up the vale of Annan, or as it is poetically known Annandale. A lovely country, sheep and general farming, cozy cottages, comely lads and lassies, the traveller is favorably impressed with his first impressions of Scotland. A couple of successful "snap shots" preserve Annandale scenes in our memory. Lockerbie, Beattock, Moffat—all are passed. Moffat is up among the mountains, seen on a branch road a couple of miles aloft. This country is especially sheep farming and recalls to mind all the past of song and story of plodding canny Lowlander and poetic genius. In the hills near Moffat these rivers rise. The Annan to the Solway Firth, the Tweed to the North sea, I divide the name German ocean; and the grand old Clyde to the Atlantic, besides their branches. It is near the border of

Selkirk, Peebles, Dumfries and Lanark. A grand, a poetic, a frugal people and an historic country.

Once over the heights above Beattock and the descent is down the Clyde valley. Castle after castle is passed each a long chapter in story in itself. The Crawford home, the "Lindsays light and gay," recalled to mind the famous, reckless, gallant British officer of that name, General Crawford of Wellington's wars. Often one underestimates the value of the rattlebrained, daredevil, brackneck, soldier. Many an officer has risen on the daring of another. In 1812 David Baird laid the foundation for Wellington to build on; and in Spain and Belgium, Crawford, Hill, Ponsonby and the immortal Pluton and others erected the pedestal for Wellington to crown. My mother's father served under the dashing Crawford in the Peninsular war, hence my greater interest. The old castle is crumbling to ruins, but the deeds of its heroes will live when every stone has mouldered into dust.

In the Clyde valley are many other noted names and places, Carstairs, Bothwell, the Hamilton estates, Biantyre, Rutherglen, Cambuslang, Langside, and scores of points of interest in romance, tradition, war, industry and history generally. But our space will not permit of detail. Suffice to say that as one passes adown the valley on the cozy cushions of the Caledonian railway he feels his heart throb, his pulse beat stronger and old memories familiarized as Glasgow is neared.

Glasgow. Dear old Willie Williamson, late of Bowmansville, our life-long friend used to tell us many a quaint "yarn" of Glasgow. When a mere lad of 16, a carpenter then, he had left his native home in old Dumfriesshire and trudged to "Glasga." That must have been away back in the times about 1830. He put up in a little inn near the head of the old Broomielaw Bridge. All was strange to the country lad, the creaking of the tall ropes and pulleys, the rumble of the heavy drays, the noise and bustle of the city, but above all the old hour calls of the police. He went to bed, window wide open, but not to sleep. His home and mother's and father's good byes, and parting kisses held his eyelids. "Nine o'clock an' a' weel" was taken up and repeated from beat to beat around the city. Young Willie Williamson was keenly awake. "Ten o'clock an' a' weel" followed suit in due time, and still sleep closed not his weary eyes. "Eleven o'clock an' a' weel" was called far down the river, and was repeated by watchman after watchman until near the end of Broomielaw. The policeman there as if seized with superior importance opened more loudly than he did for nine or ten o'clock. In stentorian tones he sang out, "ELEVEN O'CLOCK! AN' A' WEEL! PROWLER IN THE STREETS! AN' A' WEEL!" The call was thus repeated around the remainder of the city beats.

Poor old Willie Williamson is gone, a grand old soul. Many a happy hour in dear old Canada has been passed with him and his.

Arrived in Glasgow I was not favorably impressed. It was Saturday 10th July. The orangemen of Dumbarton, Renfrew and other vale of Leven and vale of Clyde and Glasgow centres did commemorate the "glorious" plans and funeral memory of King William" that day at Clydebank in a pleasant picnic outside the town. They had returned to their homes and by agreement kept indoors to avoid "ructions" with their old companions in glory in everything but "party fights" and there they are "opponents in glory." The train arrived about 3.45 p.m. After washing and "taking a bite," a street car was mounted so as to see the sights. Remember, reader, that Glasgow is in a latitude much north of Lindsay and that in summer the evenings are bright until midnight and that away in the north of Scotland there is really no summer night at all, just as in Norway for a time in summer the sun does not set. In winter, nights are correspondingly long.

Is there anything special to see from this car? I inquired of the conductor as he collected the fare on a "Whitehead and London Road" car. "Ye'll see naething but fechts along this road. If it's that ye like to see then stop where ye air." I replied that he should not destroy my previous high opinion of the Scotch people. "Scotch! Scotch!" fairly shrieked the conductor. "These air na' Scotch! They're a' Irish." Instantly I professed to be Irish, when he ardently turned the point, "ay but yere no' this Irish. These air the lower class, out the ralse ructions wi' the orangemen the night. These are a' roman catholics. Then I professed staunch romanism, when the canny Scot again evaded offence by saying, "Oo, ay but yere no' this class. Truth to tell ye, air, there are plenty o' Scotch and orangemen as bad as these." Sunday morning early found me doing Glasgow, the Queen's park, scene of battle of Langside and its quaint pillar, municipal square where are monuments to Her Majesty, Prince Albert, Peel, Watt, Livingstone, Clyde, Scott, Burns, Graham, and other noted Scotch heroes and scholars. Kelvin grove, the University, the Botanic gardens, and other interesting scenes, came duly under review. After breakfast I drove down the Clyde to Dumbarton and thence walked along the "high road" towards Loch Lomond up the vale of Leven. Dumbarton is 16 miles below Glasgow on the Clyde where the river Leven after a course of about six or seven miles from Loch Lomond past Balloch, Alexandria, Renfrew and Dumbarton enters the Clyde at Dumbarton Castle which is on a towering rock by the river. It was our good luck to find for companion a charming Scotch lassie among many from Dumbarton going the same road. An intelligent, guileless lass, she added much to our fund of knowledge of the district. The Scotch and North Irish lassies are exactly alike. Possessed of a guileless, childlike, honest, frank innocence, with a deep shrewdness and ample stores of knowledge they make most charming companions whether to while the passing moments along the country road, or as helpmeets up and down the vale of life. If a young lad should ever commission an object him a fit and proper helpmeet I think better direction could not be given than to the vale of Leven, and specially to my lovely little comrade of the hour from Dumbarton. But the roads, the breeze, the vale, the mountains tops were all covered with just such "beav an' bonnie lassies" and mark you gentle reader, the writer is not one who readily conceives that "celico is satin."

Coming to Great Britain and Ireland with a prejudice that the men and the women of these isles were not the equal of the average Canadian, I have been most agreeably surprised. Canadians come from the same stock, and therefore have all the good qualities of the British islands; and here as in Canada are millions of noble looking and true men and women. But another chapter for that.

Your Special Sale For 15 Days

IN TWO WEEKS Carpenters, Plasterers, Paper Hangers and Painters will require space now occupied by Summer Goods. We purpose holding a

Special 15 Days Sale

of all goods in stock at actual cost Commencing on Wednesday, August 11th.

This means a great sacrifice to us but a decided advantage to you.

- Dress Goods Muslins 27c, 25c, 23c, sale price 15c.
Fancy Dress Goods 25c, 23c, 20c, sale price 15c.
Blue Serge 60c, now 35c; 40c, now 28c; 25c, sale price 19c.
Black Lustres \$1.00 for 75c; 75c for 54c.
Cashmeres 60c for 43c; 50c for 37c.
Lace Curtain Samples 20c for 15c; 25c for 20c; 35c for 25c.
12 pairs slightly damaged Lace Curtains ranging in prices from \$3.00 to \$6.00, for \$1.25 a pair.
Parasols 50c for 35c; 60c for 42c.
Ask for our Grey Halifax Tweed worst 40c, now 25c.
Shaker Flannels 5c for 4c, 6c for 5c.
A big drive in plaid Dress Goods 18c for 10c.
CARPETS
Unions 35c for 25c; 40c for 28c; 50c for 37c.
Wools 55c for 43c; 65c for 50c; 75c for 55c.
Tapestries 60c for 45c; 50c for 39c; 40c for 29c; 5c for 23c.
Hemps 8c, 10c, 12c, 15c, 18c.

Every article reduced to actual cost for 15 days.

E. E. W. MCGAFFEY, Lindsay's Leader of Low Cash Prices Dry Goods House.

A Brave Deed.

Yesterday afternoon Herbie, the young son of Mr. Jas. B. Begg, of the firm of Begg Bros., made water man-of-war, while playing on the town wharf, fell into the water. When going down for the third time he was seen by Miss Donna Oculer, the sixteen year old daughter of Dr. Oculer, who at once jumped in and succeeded in bringing the little fellow safely to shore. It was a close call for the boy, and the young lady is deserving of the highest praise for her brave action. THE WARDER is proud to know such a courageous young lady is a resident of this place.

THE WARDER has the largest circulation of any paper in the MIDLAND DISTRICT.

Sick Headache and Constipation are promptly cured by Burdock Pills. Easy to take, sure in effect.