

January Sale

This is the month for clearing off all short ends in stock.

Remnants of

DRESS GOODS, SILKS, SATEENS, PRINTS, GINGHAMS, WRAPPERETTES, FLANNEL-ETTES, FLANNELS, EIDERDOWN AND MANTLE CLOTHS.

These Remnants are marked at prices that will make them go.

All Regular Lines of...

Dress Goods and Silks, Gloves and Hosiery, Men's Suits, Overcoats and Ulsters

...AT REDUCED PRICES

Blocks for Sofa Pillows and Tea Cosies at Cost

O'Loughlin & McIntyre

BUY FURS NOW!

All our large stock of Fine Furs will be offered at...

Special Reduced Rates

Some leading furs this season have gradually advanced in value. The Raw Fur market compelled an increase in price. COON, MINK, SABLE, GREY LAMB, PERSIAN LAMB, are the most notable examples of this. Having bought largely of these skins before the advance, we are in a position to offer these leading furs at the old time prices.

Our stock consists of all that is new and up-to-date in style and workmanship. Large assortment, big variety. Every Fur article guaranteed. In buying from us you take no risks, we assume all that. Call and look through. We quote a few prices below:

- Grey Lamb Storm Collars, \$4.50, \$5 and \$6.
- Grey Lamb Muffs, \$3.50, \$4.50 and \$5.
- Grey Lamb Gauntlets, \$4.50 and \$5.
- Grey Lamb Caps, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3.
- Men's Driving Gauntlets, in Coon, Astrachan, Wombat, Wallaby, Bear, \$3.50, \$4 and \$5.
- Ladies' Astrachan Jackets, \$20, \$25, \$30 and \$35.
- Ladies' Coon Jackets, \$30, \$35, \$40 and \$45.
- Ladies' Wallaby Coats, \$15 and \$20.
- Men's Coon Coats, \$20, \$25, \$30, \$35 and \$40.
- Men's Marment Coats, \$15 and \$16.50.
- Men's Black Corsican Lamb Coats, \$20.
- Men's Fur Caps, in all the fashionable furs, \$2, \$3.50 to \$7.50.
- Men's Persian Lamb Caps, wedge and driver shapes, \$5 and \$7.50.
- Ladies' Muffs, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50.

Repairing and Remodelling Furs a specialty.
 Ready money for Raw Furs.

Armstrong Bros.

Manufacturing Furriers and Leading Hatters,
 No. 96 KENT STREET, LINDSAY



White and Clean

Those words describe the articles laundered at the...

Lindsay Steam Laundry

Starched goods finished pliable and with the highest polish. No acids used.

JOS. CARROLL

A. F. MORGAN



A Paying Investment

The Man Who Buys

A Suit or Overcoat here always gets the worth of every cent he puts into it. Whatever his order includes, he gets the finest goods, the best style, with linings, trimmings, and workmanship of the highest order.

That's why we call it a paying investment.

Albert F. Morgan,

MY TAILOR.
 3 doors east of Post Office, South side Kent-st.

A Clearing Sale

of Winter Millinery, Capes, Coats, Mantles and Dress Goods will begin at MISS MITCHELL'S on FRIDAY. These goods are all new and up-to-date. The prices have been reduced to suit the season.

Ribbons, Silks, Velvets and Fringes of all sorts in great profusion.

The sale will be continued for four weeks.

Miss Mitchell,

Over Campbell's Grocery, Store

The Man Behind the Shears

—the cutter. It's he who gives the style and "snap" to a garment.

We know when a garment fits, and it never leaves our hands until it does fit.

We have the right cloths to select from, including English and Scotch goods.

Consult us before ordering your Suit or Overcoat.

J. J. RICH,

THE NOBBY TAILOR, LITTLE BRITAIN

WEDDING... RINGS...

In preparation for the coming demand we have filled our trays full—all sizes and patterns. Or we will make a Special Ring for you, any size or shape you like.

GEO. W. BEALL

The Old Reliable Jewellery Establishment of Lindsay.
 AT SAME PLACE MARRIAGE LICENSES
 THOS. BEALL, Agent.

The War and the British

A Capital Letter from a Clever Young Canadian, Now in the British Isles

THE WAR A SERIOUS ONE—REVERSES DO NOT DAUNT THE PEOPLE—SAD SCENES AT THE WAR OFFICE—A SCOTTISH NEW YEAR—THE PEOPLE'S "BOBS"—THE WAR MUST MEAN BRITISH VICTORY

Together with a brief personal letter describing his travels in the Channel Islands and his studies in Edinburgh, we have received a most interesting sketch of Great Britain in these war times, from Mr. J. Arch. McIntosh. Mr. McIntosh, who was formerly teacher at Geleit and later student at Queen's, is known to a number of our readers personally and to many more by articles that have appeared in these columns over his signature. His letter is as follows:

That Britain is now engaged in one of her most serious wars of the present century was quite evident weeks ago to even the casual observer of her military history. Long before the year had closed, it was apparent to all that the campaign being waged against the South African Republic could not be classed with an expedition against the wild Maharrats of India, or the fierce natives of Afghanistan, nor even with the one-dim'd grave problem of the Sudan. Even the British armies engaged at Waterloo and the Crimea were but small compared with that vast concourse of Britain's might which was being hurried to the south, or already mustered on the South African veldt, when the 1st year of the century dawned.

In another sense, the war stands distinctly apart from other wars of the century, in that it is a war waged by the Empire, some going so far as to think that success or failure mean either the firmer establishing and firmer up-building of Britain's might or the beginning of her downfall. At the opening of the struggle came offers indicative of the utmost loyalty from Canada, from Australia and from New Zealand. Recently, still further aid has been offered and in a measure accepted, from India. And now that the Colonials have been tested, the Empire feels that Britain's sons are Britain's still, whether they dwell in that land of "Our Lady of the Snow," or in the vast islands of the Pacific, or in the hot climates of the east.

At present the yeomanry are being called out. They were last engaged in active service during the Wars of the Roses, and have not been on foreign service since they went to France with the Black Prince.

That the war is a most serious one we well know. The news of Glenocoe, Elandslagte and Belmont caused many to think that before the year closed the British flag would float over Pretoria, but a couple of subsequent engagements put a different aspect on the face of affairs.

The admirable bearing of the people under adversity is worthy of comment. In every class of the community from the Liverpool shoeblack who, the day after Nicholson's Nek appears with a dightly puzzled look on his face, not so blithe an air, but still undaunted, to the member of the stock exchange who, while thinking of his Rands and Rhodesians, inwardly "hangs the luck," but invariably ends by saying "We must see this business through."

The Fashoda affair overthrew the French Cabinet, and threw Paris into a state of excitement. In London, after the worst reverse, you had scarcely known there was ill news save for the downcast look of the newsboy as he offered the "Telegraph" or "Daily Mail" with little of his accustomed energy. In truth he did not seem to care so much for the pennies that day.

The day after Magersfontein, a French reporter stopped a London policeman and said "You people do not seem to worry much over what seems a serious reverse." "Oh," replied the man in blue, "that's nothing."

French newspapers make much of the 2,000 or so British prisoners taken in the war, but they do not like to be reminded that some thirty years ago 200,000 Frenchmen surrendered to Von Moltke.

The sending out of General Roberts is a move welcomed by everyone who sees the magnitude of our undertaking in regard to the Transvaal. "Bobs," as he is familiarly called, is the soldiers' general. He is beloved by the rank and file because he cares for a man's life. We have officers in the field, or on their way there who are not so decidedly of this type. Occasionally a great general like Napoleon may make a signal triumph by sacrificing whole brigades merely to hasten an end, but even Napoleon met his Wellington at Waterloo. This wholesale sacrifice of

soldiers may sometimes be policy; it is very rarely a mark of good generalship.

Tommy Atkins, especially, rejoices that "Bobs" is coming. Roberts has for years been one of the most popular men in England. During the Diamond Jubilee celebration it was remarked that the cheering for some of Britain's great men was loud because of the dignity of their office; that which greeted General Roberts was spontaneous and uproarious.

Shortly before he left, General Roberts was in a London club house one day chatting pleasantly to a friend. The latest list of casualties had just been posted, and as the members crowded around to scan the list one was heard to exclaim: "By George, there's Bobs' son among the killed." Roberts sharply turned and said "What's that! What's that!" Quickly he elbowed his way through the crowd, read the list, saw the name, and without a word turned and passed from the room. Thus there is a sad side to the war, which comes home alike to the peer and the peasant.

It was a gloomy day towards the close of the year. News of a reverse had been received the previous day but the casualties had just been posted. Cabs and hansoms crowded Pall Mall. One might think it was a day in the season were it not for the November sky and the troubled faces which we saw as we passed along towards the War Office. Here the crowd of anxious inquirers brought before one vividly the sad side of war. As we step near the entrance a carriage door is opened and a lady, richly dressed in black, steps out and passes into the inquiry office but humbly past groups of her poorer sister women for, "Sorrow makes the whole world akin." A few minutes pass, and she returns. Her eyes frightened when she went in, are dull and hopeless now. His name is among the "killed" and with little, choking sobs, she enters the carriage and passed on.

Among that crowd, were toil-stained men and weary women. Into the fatal room they filed, heads uncovered, and treading softly as though in church, all of them were full of fear, a few were old and grey. They passed in solemnly, anxiously, and many a man came out bowed and broken, many a woman with the sweetness gone from her life. Yes, Pall Mall looked busy, but despite its life, it was a street of mourning.

But in Scotland they would keep New Year even if Mr. Kruger were on his way to capture these little isles (as one old Dutch woman thought probable on the outbreak of the war.) This year I think it must have been kept in good old-time style in "Auld Reekie." At any rate they started to keep it early on Sunday night and on Tuesday morning some could be found who had not yet observed the day to their satisfaction. An *Glesca* must have been worse, (or better) for a friend who came up from there to-night (Jan. 9th), said many of them were keeping New Year yet.

"Well, Mac, let us go now, said my friend, a few minutes before eleven o'clock on the last night of the old year. We passed out and across "The Meadows" towards the Castle. The fog had disappeared and the sky was bright. Down the High street we went until we came to the corner of the South Bridge and the Canongate. Here was a surging mass of Scotch humanity. We pressed through and passed down the Canongate as far as John Knox's house. This street, since the principal in the city, and the residence of many of the nobles, is now decidedly "wild," especially on Saturday night or New Year's eve. Often in "Ye olden time" King James and his nobles passed gallantly down High street and the Canongate on their way from the castle to Holyrood. To-night the streets were swarming with crowds of well-clad and ill-clad Scots. Here and there passed groups of boys and girls singing or making music on instruments ranging from anything up to a concertina. Everyone was jolly. Many were on their way to the houses of friends to gather round the fireplace with friendly chat until the chiming church bells intimated to them that a new year had dawned. But there were many who knew not when the old year passed and the New Year came, some because of slumber, others because of intoxication. In some of the churches watch-night services were held. St. Giles was well filled, the Trow church was crowded. As the old year was passing the Hundredth Psalm was sung, and with the opening of the New Year the 3rd verse began:

"O enter then His gates with praise."

Well, the old year has passed and we have entered upon another, whether the last year of one century, or the opening year of another, seems, strange though it may appear, a real matter of dispute.

Lord Kelvin says the 20th century has begun but the majority of reasoners cannot see it that way even though Lord Kelvin may declare it to be a fact. However that may be, things go along as usual. The war is progressing more favorably for the Empire; the foolhardiness which characterized some parts of the field a few weeks ago seems to have lessened considerably. The slaughter of the Highland Brigade at Magersfontein, is beginning to arouse great indignation in Scotland. Letters are coming in from private soldiers which show that engagement up in a light not very complimentary to the general in command. "For God's sake, men, don't blame me for this," said brave General Wauchope as he fell, pierced by Mauser bullets close to the unseen Boer trenches. No, Wauchope is not to blame for he led that early morning attack in response to the command of his superior, but against his own will. Britain is not fighting a band of unskilful, uncivilized men, but apparently a strong European compact, and cunning and skill must be met with more strategy and carefulness, and not so much blind bravery. But any individual or nation who thinks that hostilities will be suspended before the British flag floats over Pretoria does not know the British temper and is doomed to disappointment.

J. ARCH. MCINTOSH.
 Edinburgh, Jan. 9th.

COMMUNICATIONS

The Politics of the Woods

To the Editor of the Watchman-Warder
 SIR,—Will you kindly allow me a small space in your valuable paper. A week or so ago Mr. Hand, editor of the Fenelon Falls Gazette, had in his paper about a large pine tree cut in Mr. Archer's camp. It was the largest log in the camp, and he said in his paper, "The best of it is it was two good grubs who cut it." Well, Mr. Editor, I wish to contradict it, for they were two good Tories, Mr. M. J. Wilson and Walter English. If you will be so kind to put this in your paper you will do me a great favor. If the grubs deserve the credit let them have it, but Tories deserve it this time.

Yours,
 M. J. WILSON.
 Fenelon Falls, Jan. 18th.

A Pleased Patron

To the Editor of Watchman-Warder:
 SIR,—I think it my duty to tell you and readers of how the Watchman-Warder serves me in the line of advertising. It was but a few days after offering my two bull calves, that as reported to you, Mr. Webster from the south took one. He was followed in a couple of days by Mr. Wm. Alton from Bexley, who purchased my white calf, "Lord Strathallar," undoubtedly the best one ever bred at Fairview, with perhaps one exception. I was agreeably surprised to find Mr. Alton willing to pay a high price, and consider his neighbors in Bexley cannot think too highly of his enterprise in bringing into their township a bull of such merits and superior breeding. I expect his pluck will be fully appreciated, and that by his neighbor's patronage he will be awarded, while they, at the same time, will be largely the gainers. All I regret is that this most promising bull did not go into a herd of pure-breds, as he is good enough to head the best of herds. He ought to give extra good results in the north country.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

News of the Week

—In the Spanish Senate last week Premier Silvela announced that negotiations were in progress with the United States for the conclusion of a treaty of peace and friendship, and also providing for extradition and the resumption of normal relations. He added that preliminary steps had already been taken with a view to the conclusion of a commercial treaty.

—About two weeks ago an old man arrived from Gravenhurst and obtained board at Mrs. Graves' house, corner of McDonald and Owen-sts. In a few days he took sick and died. In his coat pocket was found a Methodist hymn book on the fly leaf of which was written, "John Sargeant, Gravenhurst." Upon inquiring, Chief King learned that the old man had worked occasionally around there, but had no relatives in that town. Undertaker Smith took charge of the remains and buried them in Union cemetery on Monday afternoon. Sargeant had \$12 in his pocket, which, however, was not enough to pay for his board, doctor's bill and burial expenses. He was about 65 years of age.

TO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY
 Take Laxative Bismuth Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.
 E. W. Grov's signature is on each box.