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SECTION TWO

LINDSAY, ONT., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1912.

PAGES 5 to 12

1.00 PER YEAR

Clearing Sale Of Furs

Marmott muffs reg 4.75 sale 3.75, reg 5.50 sale 4.00 reg 6.50 sale 5.00, reg 7.50 sale 6.00, reg 11.00 sale 9.00
 American Sable muffs reg 3.00 sale 6.50, reg 10.00 sale 7.00
 Grey Lamb collars reg 9.00 sale 7.50, reg 10. sale 8.00, 12.00 sale 9.50
 Mink Marmott Stoles reg 5.50 sale 4.50, reg 6. sale 5.00, reg 11.00 sale 9.00, reg 12. sale 9.50
 Mink Marmott Throw ties 4.00 for 3.00, 10.00 for 8.00
 Brown Coney Stoles 4.00 for 3.00, 5.00 for 4.00, and throw ties 2.25 for 1.90
 Astrachan drivers 6.00 for 5.00, Seal drivers 4.50 for 3.75, and 6.00 for 5.00
 Persian Paw caps 3.00 for 2.50 and 3.75, for 2.25
 Black Persian wedge caps 9.00 for 7.50, and 12.00 for 10.00
 Ladies' fur trimmed coats in black and green shell with marmott and western sable collars reg 25.00 for 20.00, 28.00 for 22.00, and 22.00 for 19.00
 Ladies' Astrachan fur coats 25 ins, 35.00 for 25.00, 45.00 for 35.00, Sable trimmed 50.00 for 40.00 and 40.00 for 30.00
 Ladies' ponette coats 22.00 for 18.00 and 25.00 for 20.00
 One brown ladies' fur lined coat, one navy and one green shell rat lined, sable trimmed, reg 50.00 sale 36.00
 Men's curl-lined coats with fur collars reg 18.00 sale 13.00 and reg 25.00 sale 20.00

E. E. W. MCGAFFEY

Omeme Lady Presented with a Gold Bracelet

Omeme, Feb. 26.—Mrs. Potts, of Adrian, Mich., is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) Earle. Mrs. Dodds has just concluded a visit as the guest of her niece, Mrs. Shite, of Sturgeon-st. On Friday afternoon Mrs. Harry Lamb was the hostess of a very pleasant party in honor of her mother's birthday. The storm played havoc with our train service and we were without the Toronto daily papers on Friday. On Friday night the public library board held its annual meeting and its sale of magazines and periodicals. Financially, the sale was a record one and speaks well for the president who wielded the hammer. A strong board of management was elected and the following officers: chairman, T. C. Stephenson; treasurer, W. H. Curry; secretary, T. W. McLean. A delegate was appointed to attend the Ontario Library Association, which meets at Oshawa on March 5th. It is expected that the new quarters in coronation hall will soon be ready for occupation. Mr. E. H. Williamson has been confined to his room by an attack of rheumatism. The basket social for Friday evening at the home of Mrs. A. Mahood, was postponed and will come off on Thursday evening of this week. The Misses Porter, who have been the guests of their mother for some

Prospective Lindsay Auto Buyers

A large number of Lindsay people took in the automobile show at Toronto and it is expected that there will be a number of new cars floating about Lindsay this summer. Among the prospective buyers are mentioned the following gentlemen: Messrs. John Carew, H. A. Holmes, M. J. Carter, Dr. Nesbitt, R. M. Beal, Dr. White, C. N. Naylor, C. M. Squier, M. Williams, R. F. Thomas, P. Ferguson and others.

To Spend Life Behind prison Walls

London, Ont., Feb. 27. — Daniel Reynolds, who yesterday pleaded guilty to manslaughter in connection with the death of Frederick Colver, was this morning sentenced to life imprisonment by Chief Justice Falconbridge. The killing of Colver occurred, following a drunken debauch in a hotel in the east end outskirts of the city last December. Colver and Reynolds quarrelled and the latter using an axe, struck his opponent a blow from which he later died.

Archbishop and Mrs. Hamilton, of Ottawa, received congratulations on their golden wedding anniversary.

Forestry in Europe

The productive forest area in 1908 of the Grand Duchy of Hesse in Europe amounted to 192,263 acres. In general the standing timber is composed of sixty-nine per cent. hard wood and thirty-one per cent. coniferous forest. The fir ranks first among the coniferous species. The total yield of lumber in 1908 was 4,575,000 cubic feet. Refuse in so far as it is not suitable for lighter lumber, such as laths or for pulp, is used for firewood. The expenditures for salaries, forest cultivation and road building amounted to approximately \$764,000, and the total gross income (from lumber and firewood) was \$1,161,931. The capital represented by the forests (\$52,665,354) brought interest accordingly at 2.21 per cent. Where intensive forestry of this kind is practised, forest fires are unknown. Sufficient

money similarly spent on Canadian forest reserves would greatly reduce the fire danger, maintain an adequate lumber supply for the country and in time become a source of revenue to the Government.

To-Day's Best Story

A passenger who escaped uninjured from a serious railway smash, seeing a fellow traveler searching anxiously among the wreckage with a lantern, offered to assist in the search, and, thinking the old man had lost his wife, asked in sympathetic tones: "What part of the train was she in?" Raising his lantern and glaring at the kindly disposed passenger, the old man shouted with indignant distinctness that triumphed over physical infirmity: "She, sir! I am looking for my teeth."

\$2 AND COSTS.

Drunk and incapable on Lindsay-st. on the night of Tuesday, Feb. 17th, was the charge upon which a local man appeared before Magistrate Jackson at this morning's court. The police found the offender in a muddled state of mind and chilled with the cold, so kindly took him in. He cashed in \$2 and costs to the court before getting his two-foot measure.

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The Lindsay Boot Maker
For your spring
Waterproof Boots
Special attention to repairing rubber and leather boots
Repairing while you wait
Lindsay Street S. and William Street N

Thomas Turney, A Desperate Character Threatened A Farmer—Captured by Chief

Thomas Turney, a desperate tramp who has been terrorizing the citizens of Lindsay by his nocturnal and daily visits, and demands for lodging and food, was taken into custody Monday afternoon by Chief Chilton, one mile north of town. The Chief received a phone message from Mr. Ernie Stewart, a farmer who lives two miles north of Lindsay that a man of desperate intentions visited his house at about 2.00 o'clock and demanded a warm lunch. As it was after the mid-day meal Mr. Stewart informed his visitor he could not provide him with such a repast, at which the tramp grew desperate and made for the barn eating he would soon have Stewart a poor man. He hurled all sorts of vile epithets at the farmer and filled the air with the most dire and blasphemous oaths, and declared his intentions of doing the tiller of the soil grievous bodily harm. The tramp was in an excited and inflamed state of mind, and were it not that Mr. Stewart called a large dog to engage with the outlaw a serious affray might have taken place. The dog grappled with the

stranger and after a few sharp attacks directed at his coat tail the desperado decamped. He was still in a vindictive mood and his loud talk and threats could be plainly heard as he made for the highway, vowing his intention of returning and carrying out the work of destruction, which he expressed his desire to do. It was then Mr. Stewart phoned Chief Chilton, who on receiving the warning, advised County Constable Thornbury of the affair and both officers started out with a horse and cutter to capture the outlaw. The constables had got about one mile out of the town, when they saw the burly form of the weary willy coming toward them, but as they were not sure of their man and being unable to turn on the road, owing to the depth of snow they drove up to a corner, wheeled around and took after the tramp, whom Chief Chilton placed under arrest and drove to town. In about twenty minutes Magistrate Moore was sitting on the bench, weighing the case and dwelling upon the gravity of the outlaws offence. He read the law to the "dusty roads" and informed him that for six months he would be confined in the Central Prison. The tramp has a bad record, having only been out of the Central Prison a short while, after serving a six months sentence. He also served three years in Montreal jail for horse stealing and it is said he did time in the United States. The people of Lindsay can rest easy now since the brigand is captured, as people were annoyed of late by his audacious demands. He had been sleeping in one of the churches for several nights. His plan was to go in early in the evening and hide under a pew until the caretaker locked up, and then sleep comfortably in the cosiest spot to be found. He walked into a house on Queen-st. on Friday night, took a seat in the kitchen, asked for lodging and food and on being given sufficient money to provide for his wants, he went away. That he was an intolerable nuisance and dreaded by every household is no dream, and thanks to the Chief who rounded him up and was right on duty when called upon to grapple with the outlaw and place him behind the bars.

Vatican Edict on Church Music

Rome, Feb. 26.—The Vatican has issued an order from the Pope to the effect that all religious institutions in Rome must comply with the Motu Proprio of 1093 in regard to the reform of church music. The Pope rules that the Gregorian chant must in future be adopted at all sacred services, and must be accompanied exclusively by an organ. Any other instrument is forbidden. Part singing is abolished, and women are not allowed to sing except as a part of the congregation, hence they are excluded from choirs, with the exception of those of female religious communities, where nuns and school girls are allowed to sing, provided the music is the pure Gregorian chant. All choirmasters and organists are required to pass an examination, which must be held by a special commission on sacred music, without whose certificates they cannot possibly be employed at sacred functions. The rules at present only affect some dioceses, but it is the Pope's intention to gradually extend them to all dioceses in Italy and abroad.

\$4,332 Raised For Missions Alone

The congregation of the Cambridge-st. Methodist church substantially increased its givings towards the general purpose of the Church during the past year. The total givings to general purpose was \$10,007, the largest amount in the history of the church. The sum of \$4,332 was raised for missions, the largest amount in the Bay of Quinte Conference, and a substantial increase over the previous year. It is the aim of the Methodist church in Canada to raise \$5 per member for missions, and the Cambridge-st. Methodist church exceeded that amount, giving last year at the rate of \$6.75 per member.

Canoe Club New Junior Champions

Orillia, Feb. 27.—Every available foot of space in the local rink was crowded with enthusiastic spectators this evening when Orillia and Toronto Canoe Club met in the final game of the O.H.A. junior championship series. The score, 5 to 3 in favor of the home team, is a fair criterion of the strength of the respective teams. After the game the supporters of the Canoe Club were ready to admit that the better team won. Although the trophy goes to T.C.C., Orillians console themselves with the reflection that exceptional conditions at Toronto night were responsible for the result of the round, which is 7 to 10 in the Canoe Club's favor, rather than that of "our little boys" were lacking in ability to play the game. The game was good clean hockey all the way through with the exception perhaps of the last fifteen minutes, when some roughness developed. After three-quarter time the Toronto Canoe Club seemed to fade away, and their goal was stormed repeatedly. At half time the score was 1 to 1. Brilliant play was conspicuous everywhere and neither side appeared to have any advantage. Toronto's defence did magnificent work and the combination play of the Orillias was a surprise to everyone.

Brantford Public Library Board wants \$10,000 for extension purposes.

U. S. Secretary of State Knox left on a mission to the southern republics.

The Imperial Hotel at Galt was damaged by fire.

He was a bit misty. "His wife?" I questioned quietly. "Yes, his wife. And they came over so prettily to church together from the house he had built for her. It's really a wonderful love story. The West isn't quite stony-hearted, is it? She had followed him out, found that she needed him more than the home luxury, I guess, and trusted him to know and have things right for her. She came to Carter Smith's at the Whitesand. Queer he didn't find it until that Sunday night he rescued her from the river; but Smith's kept her secret, I guess, while she waited to find him sober, and to have courage to tell him she had come. It must have been a benediction time when they forgave one another." The Bishop went to the stove and put in another stick of wood. Then we stood a while by the window, looking out at the moon and the wonderful stars above the quiet miles of prairie land. On such nights it is that the love of the land is born in one's soul. "Life is good, isn't it?" said the Bishop.

The Love of Norman Mark

(By Arthur L. Phelps.)

The following story, a tale out of the West, is from the pen of Mr. Arthur Phelps, formerly of Lindsay, and son of Rev. Mr. Phelps. It appeared in the Christian Guardian: He is coming up next Advent time for deacon's orders, but that is not a thing to be remembered against him. When his roan pony swung round the corner of my garden fence I looked up from my Saturday afternoon weeding. The carrots had been needing attention all week. "Hello, Bishop!" I said, as his pony stuck his nose over the corral bars, "better dismount and come on in. Eradication of original sin going on here. To help a little will put you better on the way to deacon's orders!" "Had supper yet?" the Bishop asked irrelevantly, as he was putting down the bars. "Because if you have, you may go on weeding; I'm going in to eat. That Fishing Lake trail makes a man forget his dinner. A twelve-mile ride in air like this hungries a chap. Steak, fried potatoes, good bread and butter, and some of those beets—that menu still orthodox with you?" "Personally," I said, "supper has not come my way either this evening. But you've made me hungry. Suppose you light the fire after you have unsaddled, while I get the water from the spring." And to it fell out that the Anglican divine and the Methodist brother, both somewhat in embryo, presently sat down to a steaming good meal in the latter's kitchen, while Nitchee and Pat, the faithful ponies, munched their oats behind the corral bars, and the sunset colors began to gather in the north-west of the great sky. When the last sup of tea had been poured the Bishop sat back. "Well, how's your parish?" I questioned. The Bishop is a young man, and good-looking at any time. But when the question was put his face became illuminated. "Splendid," he said. "Who do you think is leading the choir at Norris Lake? Norman Mark is!" "What!" I shouted. "Norman Mark! Three weeks ago he nearly shot up this town, and tried to run down two women on Front-st. Four men turned him out of town. They had an awful time; he was whiskey-mad." The student missionary's face was still alight. The light of the joy of redemption of men it was that was in it. "Well," he said again, and slowly. "Norman Mark leads the choir at Norris Lake." "Tell me about it." "Twas growing dusk over the miles of prairie land. We could see through the open door the far popular bluffs beginning to gather the night about them. The moon was swinging up as the sunset tints faded from the wonderful sky. "Tell me all about it." I said to the Bishop. And we settled into our chairs. "You know most of Norman's story," the Bishop began. "It's a pretty hard one. He came out here, you know, from England, with not very much. But always ready, he was, kindly and splendid, the whole great six feet of him. He worked well; got that implement shop going; and then, when at Stratford, he did a big business, and a good business, too. Straight he always was; never made a Galician pay twice—none of that sort of work. And then, you remember, the house went up—he'd boarded at the hotel himself. Everybody joked him, of course. But he was good-natured, and the house was finished and furnished—one of the finest little places in town. Often I'd be riding by of an evening to my shack, and we'd chat a bit as he did the last bit of carpenter work here and there by the fading sunset light. I remember the night we helped him in with the piano. It came off the evening train from Winnipeg, and he would have it right up to the house. When it was in, and the rest of the fellows had left, I played a bit. "Twas good to touch the keys. He did a bit at it himself too. Then he showed me the letter. Of course it was from the Her the boys had jollied him about. He was leaving next day for Montreal, to meet her. Seeing she hadn't wanted to come. But he had told her a little bit—not much of his preparations. I'll never forget how his blue eyes grew tender there in the twilight; he was fingering the keys. "I didn't tell her much," he said. "Not about the piano, or the house, or these furnishings; just said I thought we'd be comfortable, and she trusts me enough not to be afraid of what I call comfortable. That's the best of it." His eyes shone. "I don't need to tell her; she'll trust me to know, and—whether consciously or not, he was playing a bar or two of 'Annie Laurie,' his voice was low and I thought what a great man was this—and I met her next week, and we'll be here the week after, we will. Won't that be fine?" And to cover his bit of emotion he rose suddenly and kicked high in sheer joy to the shining new stove pipe. "I didn't know all of this; had heard some of it. The Bishop continued: "Well, you know how Norman left and how the town figured out when he'd get back. And he didn't come. And how we waited and wondered, and no word came; and then how, one day, six weeks afterwards, he stepped off the evening train so drunk he could scarcely walk—bleary-eyed, uncouth. It was awful!" It had grown dark in the little parsonage kitchen, and the Bishop paused while I lighted the lamp and put a few sticks into the stove, for the Saskatchewan nights came down cold. Presently he continued: "It went on that way for a long time, right up until about three weeks ago, when you saw him. He continued drinking, and his voice and apparent hatred of all women gave direction to the surmises of the people. Old Biddy Jones had it very pat when I called one day: 'He went clear to England, I bet, when she didn't come to Montreal, and she threw him down when he got there; an' he's fine a man as ever stood on Saskatchewan soil.' And that's about the gist of it. I think Norman kept pretty clear of me; told me a little about it, though. He did go to England, and she did not want him he said. Was kind enough to him and all that, but couldn't trust herself to the new land; she had told him. And he had turned and come away. 'Twas very hard. Seemed the life all went out of him; he saw no worthwhile in anything. Spent most of his time at the hotel, as you know. What else is there for a broken-hearted man to do in the West?"