



A Fall in Watches and Clocks

Prices have taken a tumble. We have bought a large stock of Watches and Clocks at a special price. Now you can get a reliable Waltham movement in a Nickel case, stem wind, for \$6.75. Waltham or Elgin, open face, stem wind, in Silver case for \$9.50. Waltham or Elgin, gold filled, 20 year case, for \$16.00. American 15 Jewelled movement, in Nickel case for \$9.50. Eight Day Clocks for \$2.50. These are all reliable goods and fully guaranteed. A large stock always on hand.

W. F. McCARTY,
THE JEWELLER,
77 Keat Street, South Side.

McLENNAN & CO.

GUNS and RIFLES
LOADED SHOT SHELLS
ENGLISH and CANADIAN
POWDER

SCALES
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—FINE IMPORTED—
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BRITISH



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FOR
Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers,
Open Sores, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Bites and
Stings of Insects, Coughs, Colds, Contracted
Cords, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bronchitis,
Croup, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Whooping
Cough and all Painful Swellings.

A LARGE BOTTLE, 25c.

Grand Trunk Time Table

Trains arrive and depart from Lindsay as follows:

ARRIVALS.	
82. From Haliburton	8.50 a.m.
21. From Port Hope	9.05 a.m.
30. From Cobocok	10.10 a.m.
22. From Toronto	10.50 p.m.
35. From Port Hope	2.05 p.m.
42. From I. B. & O. Jct.	5.20 p.m.
23. From Port Hope	6.15 p.m.
54. From Whitby	7.45 p.m.
24. From Toronto	8.05 p.m.
56. From Whitby	8.45 p.m.
60. From Toronto, fr.	5.00 a.m.
13. From Belleville	10.20 p.m.

Way Freights.

94. From Midland	3.10 p.m.
45. From Belleville	5.50 p.m.

DEPARTURES.

34. For Port Hope	6.00 a.m.
12. For Belleville	6.25 a.m.
51. For Whitby	7.00 a.m.
21. For Toronto	10.53 a.m.
22. For Port Hope	10.53 a.m.
55. For Whitby	10.57 a.m.
43. For I. B. & O. Jct.	11.00 a.m.
27. For Toronto	11.50 a.m.
33. For Haliburton	2.40 p.m.
23. For Toronto	6.17 p.m.
31. For Cobocok	6.35 p.m.
24. For Port Hope	8.10 p.m.

Way Freights.

44. Lindsay to Belleville	8.00 a.m.
98. Lind. to Mid. and Tor.	8.30 a.m.

DROWNED, BURNED OR SMOTHERED

Thirteen Men Lose Their Lives at Cleveland, Ohio

Five men were burned to death, four were drowned, three and possibly four were suffocated and several injured as the result of a fire which destroyed a temporary waterworks crib two miles off the Cleveland, Ohio, harbor early on Thursday. Twenty-six men obeyed the order of Manager G. C. Vanduesen, when the flames broke out, and took refuge in the water on floating pieces of wreckage. Four of them lost their holds upon their frail floats and sank beneath the waves just as help reached their comrades.

The crew of the tug J. H. Spangle heard the fire whistle blown from the crib and raced to the scene from the harbor. She picked up 18 of the survivors, who had drifted to the west of the crib on their floats of boards and wreckage.

Vanduesen and three of his men were hanging in the water from a two-inch line suspended from the crib. Just as the line was burning away from above the men's hands a yawl boat from the barge Wilhelm managed by two men dashed into the heat and smoke that enveloped the crib and rescued the four men on the rope at the risk of the boatmen's lives. The men picked up in the water were brought to the city on the tug Spangle. They were naked, exhausted and badly burned.

Awful Scenes
Men could be distinguished swimming and floating in the water, shouting for help. Others were clinging to the ropes they had tied and hitched to the rafters, but the flames were burning the ropes away, and the men, who were stark naked, were falling one by one into the lake. The tugs circled around the burning crib picking up men from the water and meantime playing heavy streams upon the flames.

Horror Exposed
After an hour's hard work the flames were diminished enough so that the firemen could climb up the charred steps and fight the fire from the interior. Then the horror of the calamity was first realized. Everything was a total wreck. While firemen were pouring water on the flames there was a roaring furnace beneath, which could not be reached, but the firemen clung to their places and fought every inch of the way until the fire was under control.

An Attitude of Prayer
After two hours of hard work, five charred human bodies were found burned beyond recognition. Two were in the attitude of prayer. They must have been awakened by the fire, but could not escape. They were caught like rats in a trap. One body was burned to almost nothing. All that could be found of it was a skull and some bones. The bodies of two other men lay close to those that were on their knees, and it looked as though they never knew what happened. They must have been suffocated before the flames reached them.

Men in Tunnel
As soon as the five bodies were discovered the tug Kennedy returned to the harbor at once, and notified the coroner of the discovery, and while this was going on ways and means were being devised to reach the men imprisoned in the tunnel, whose air supply had been apparently shut off entirely by the burning of the compressed air machinery. At times it was thought that voices could be heard down below, and the life savers and the firemen peered down with ears intent, but the sounds ceased again. At the mouth of the shaft it was like a furnace, and the iron work was red hot from the flames.

Cries for Help
Finally after a deluge of water had been thrown on the smouldering shaft entrance, a voice was heard from the bottom calling for help. "For God's sake throw down a rope," throw down a rope!" a man called. A line was quickly dropped down the shaft, and as it tightened a shout of joy went up from those about, for it was quickly observed that the man at the bottom was able to grasp it.

He yelled again to the rescuers to pull him up. Slowly and carefully he was raised. His pallid face, covered with slime, his staring eyes and heaving chest told of the horror he had gone through in the hours he was in the tunnel. He was William Curry of Canton.

Hurry Up
As soon as he could gasp, Curry said: "They are all at the bottom of the shaft. Hurry up!" In quick succession seven others were brought up from the foul and stifling air in the tunnel. All were in a most pitiable condition. They reported two other men were lying unconscious at the bottom of the shaft. A workman volunteered to rescue these men,

and he was quickly lowered into the shaft.

In a few moments the unconscious men were brought up, more dead than alive. One, and possibly two men, are supposed to be lying dead in the tunnel too far away from the shaft to be reached.

A Death Trap
The tugs that hurried out to the scene as soon as the fire was discovered succeeded in reaching no fewer than 20 men, who were clinging to wreckage and ropes tied to the burning structure. The tunnel, which was under course of construction for several years past, and is still far from complete, has been the cause all told of the loss of more than 30 lives.

Four years ago an explosion in the shore section of the tunnel resulted in the suffocation of 18 men. Two years ago in a similar accident several more men were killed at almost the same place, and today's catastrophe adds at least ten additional names to the list.

THE INDIAN'S TRIBULATION

Reverie of the Red Man

In the days that long have vanished, In the years that now have flown, All the lands in our Dominion Swarthy red men claimed to own.

Woods and water, lake and river— Forest dense o'er hill and dale, Where the wolf and bear in madness Echoed back the wild cat's wail.

Where the deer in fear and trembling Fled before some heartless foe, Fed in quiet on the uplands Or in meadow rich and low.

Where the beaver built its mud-hut— Made its mighty little dam— Rivalled only by the musk-rat That in swampy waters swam.

Where the silver skin and red fox Searched for food the whole night long; Where the warblers in the thicket Broke the stillness by their song.

Where the bison roamed at pleasure O'er the great plains of the west; Where the Rockies rose in grandeur, Pierced the sky with snowy crest.

Where were wigwags and papooses, Where squaws had the work to do For the bucks were lords and masters— Builders of the birch canoe.

Where the snow and ice of winter Melted neath the spring-time sun; Where the Indian slept serenely When his day of chase was done.

Where the brave and dark-eyed maiden Looked at each with eyes of love, Spoke in tones of gentle zephyr Soft as sound of cooing dove.

Where the red skin in his war-paint Flung aside his calumet, Rushed into the bloody battle Peace forgetting, scalps to get.

All the eastland, all the westland All the south and north as well Were the red man's by possession, But misfortune on him fell.

Came the pale face then to see him, Came from far across the sea, Came the white man with his wampam, To this home land of the free.

Came with beads and bad fire water, Came with swords and guns and spears, Mopped the earth with noble red man— Filled the land with blood and tears.

But the white man is the best man, And the best man he shall rule, Foe the strongest live the longest Is what's taught in nature's school.

The Transition
The forest primeval is lessening, The wigwag is fading in smoke; The paleface is building big houses— The Indian believes it a joke.

He would not sleep up near the roofing For fear that a big wind might blow, Then would come a most terrible drop— Dead Injun in wreckage below!

The great horse of iron is snorting "And everywhere dashing around; "Brave" once tried to lasoo the monster And bits of him only were found.

The white boats walk over the water— They puff out the hot steam and smoke; A chieftain looked hard at his daughter And then in deep sadness he spoke:

"Oh! white man he is a much great man— He everything seemeth to know He runneth the wide world as he likes And bosses the whole blazing show.

He buildeth the town and broad cities, He crosses wide streams with a span, He streaketh the earth with endless trails— The paleface a wonderful man.

He handeth the fireflash of heaven, His speech is cannon-voice thunder, He taketh the wealth from field and mine— The red man ceases to wonder.

'Tis strange in the annals of races That natives have faded away, Withered at advance of the white man— Mouldered and fallen to decay.

The English-tongued nations are leading— Their prowess is felt far and wide: The banner of progress uplifting They sweep like an incoming tide.

GEORGE H. FOX.

AN UPPER LAKE TRIP

A Visit to Cleveland—A Pretty City

Mrs. Frank Goodwin and her seven-year-old son Gordon, are at present enjoying a round trip on the steamer Kennebec, of which Frank is chief engineer. The steamer plys between Buffalo and Lake Superior ports. In a recent letter to relatives in town, Mrs. Goodwin gives some interesting particulars of the "drop in" at Cleveland. The steamer was boarded at Marine City, the lady having with her the usual outfit of a tourist intent on enjoying an outing. According to her own statement the only things she lacked to make the outfit complete were "a bird cage, a kitten and a mork."

Mr. Frank Goodwin is described as looking well, being "fat and sunburnt." This is what Mrs. Goodwin writes about the pretty and busy city at the western end of Lake Erie:—

"Arrived in Cleveland Saturday 2 p.m., had hard work to find a landing, as the river bed was full of boats, had to shift several times and last evening we moved further up in the slip. Had an exciting time while moving. You see our boat is large and heavily loaded with iron ore, which caused her to strike bottom. We were about an hour moving 100 yards and were wedged in between two other boats. Finally we ploughed our way through the mud and tied up this morning at daybreak. The operations of unloading were begun and you can form your own conclusion as to Gordon's appearance—to me he looked like a dirty-faced Indian. He is sunburnt and on top of it is a plaster of dirt and iron ore held on with coal dust, smoke and grease. The sights are not charming and all nice for a sensitive nostrils, but such is life on a steambot. Expect we will have to leave here tomorrow some time.

Saturday evening we went up town and bought a supply of fruit, and took in all the sights, making a visit to the "Soldier's Monument."

Sunday we went to the Lakeview cemetery in company with the second engineer and wife. We visited Garfield memorial which stands on a beautiful elevation of ground, overlooking the entire city and broad expanse of Lake Erie, the beauty of which fairly entranced me, for I especially love and appreciate nature when decked in her summer robes of many hues. It would be hard to describe the beauty of it all, so imagine if you can; after walking up a beautiful stretch of drive way-land on either side with flowers of every variety and hue, climbing a terraced lawn of probably 75 steps in each flight there being three in number, and each marble side covered with a beautiful vine shading from light to bronze and dark green, entering the beautiful memorial of stone and marble, after paying an entrance fee of 10 cents, climbing another long flight of steps, only winding ones which cause you to feel dizzy, then stepping out onto a broad stone verandah with a railing some 2 1/2 feet high, crowded with sight seers and kodak fiends, and viewing the landscape beyond: oh, its beautiful. Down below is a lovely green lawn and further down lies the beautiful city of the dead, while rising up to view here and there are tall pillars of marble marking the resting place of some loved ones. The pillars appear small as you downward gaze but high, massive and beautiful as you stand at their base: now look further on and down, where the busy city nestles in the arms of the lake which you see through amidst, as it were, of smoke and dust, turn your eyes to the left and view the elegant homes and streets built on the heights; the fine carriages and green lawn with stylishly dressed people sitting in friendly chat (and you are many feet higher than they), then the picture is complete, as it appeared to me. As the busy noise of the city floats up to your ears, its restful to slip back inside the memorial and look at the beautiful statue of Gen. James A. Garfield standing at the entrance as if to protect visitors, and now look at the fine stained glass windows each one representing a state. The whole is one perfect blending of colors which never fails to draw forth expressions of admiration. But I must hasten on else you become weary."

Just across the river (which is not very wide) from where we are runs the long grade of the lake shore route, and a few minutes ago a poor tramp fell from the car and had his arm cut off above the elbow. The grade is very long and steep, and I never saw such long freight trains, 70 and 75 cars with two engines pulling and two shoving. The boat is ready to go and you ought to see the gang of shovels on the dock and the dirty, red-skinned, half-dressed men, drinking beer which they buy in pailsful. Sometimes they use a dipper, but usually all grab for a drink as the pail is passed around.

LOTTA.

Slaughter in Bicycles

In order to clear out my large stock of High Grade Bicycles, I will sell the whole lot at about one-half the usual price.

Every Wheel Must Go.
Large stock of Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines.
J. J. WETHERUP, LINDSAY

CHINA and GLASSWARE

DINNER and TEA SETTS

Have you inspected our stock of Fancy China, Plain and Decorated Glassware, Dinner and Tea Setts, etc.

IF NOT, a visit to our store will pay you when in need of anything in the above lines. Our stock is large and varied and prices the lowest. You will find many suggestions for Wedding Presents, etc., and we will be glad to show you the goods.

Try Our 25c Japan Tea
A. CAMPBELL,
FAMILY GROCER,
Doheny Block, Kent st. LINDSAY

You'll Have Comfort

The Oven Bakes Perfectly

At Any Hour of the Day in the New



IMPERIAL OXFORD RANGE
Their distinctive fine construction ventilates the oven and keeps the heat perfectly even—the same in back, front and sides. Think of the turning and twisting this saves while roasting or baking!

And the fire is so quickly regulated that the oven can be heated to any desired degree at a moment's notice. You are making a mistake if you don't see all the new improvements, found only in the Imperial Oxford, before purchasing.

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We will sell the balance of our Ladies' Belts and Belt Buckles. We will not describe them, but simply say they are the newest and up-to-date. Come on if you want a bargain.

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are going fast. They are the best goods for the price. Accurate time-keepers and most reliable. Our new premises are bringing us many new customers. Bring on your engraving and repairing. We think we do the best work in the county.

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THE JEWELLER
Milne's Block, Kent St.

THE WATCH
LOVE'S GEOGR
"Was more delight in globes an
Each kindly wrinkles in the ol
Photologize an mountain peac
States, towns, aside as mere e
But I, a humbler student, w
Such maps, with little treckle
Love takes my hand and, poin
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So small the dots, so cheap
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A QUIET MOONLIGHT N
WATC
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