THE WATCHMAN-WARDER

Published Every Thursday

CIRCULATION, - - 5,000

CAN THE PARK SITE BE GIVEN?

The question is now raised whether the town has power to allow the library building to be put on the market park; that question has been submitted by council to the town solicitor. In the eyes of many, that action of council is an absurdity; to others it is simply a ruse to escape handing over the park to the library board. It is commonly asked whether it is not clear that the town has the right to put its own building on its own land. Undoubtedly it has; but that is of little avail if it should turn out that in the eyes of the law the town does not own the building, and of still less avail if it owns neither land nor building.

It is held that inasmuch as the library board has separate control of the library and its funds, the building will not be the property of the town in the sense that the law requires when it permits town buildings to be put on town property.

Again, it is held that the town does not own the park site in such a sense as will allow it to permit buildings to be put on it other than those for strictly municipal purposes. It was given to the town by government, not absolutely but for municipal purposes only, and there are those who hold that even though it should be shown that the public library is the town's property in the fullest sense, yet it is not such a town building as can be put on the park lot, under the provisions by which that lot came into the town's possession. Hence the very easy answer to the question as to whether the town has not the right to put its own building on its own land, may be very far from being an answer to the real question now before the council. Its submission to the town solicitor has much to justify it.

EDITORIAL NOTES

BY THE WAY the Philippine war is hanging on, it seems likely that it will be no trouble for the Americans to "Remember the Maine."

THERE IS SOMETHING in Mr. Lennon's objection to putting the new library building near the railway. If the soot got in, it would make smutty stories of the fiction.

IN THEIR SKILLFUL and vigorous fight in Driver O'Neil's behalf, Aldermen McDiarmid and O'Reilly did good work—that is, in so far as to defend the interests of one individual instead of those of the whole town, is the duty of an alderman.

THE POST recently said that Ald. Hore denied what we had reported him as saying about excluding reporters from council meetings. Our cotem hoped that we would admit our error and apologize. We shall do so with pleasure when it is shown that we are wrong. In the meantime we reaffirm what we reported the alderman as saying, and add that on the same day the Post said he denied it, he admitted its truth to us. Hence either the alderman told two stories in one day or the Post published what was untrue. Where will the apology come from?

SAID IN FEW WORDS

"I have given a good deal of time and work to the Public Library" said Mr. E. A. Hardy, B.A., "and if council is going to postpone indefinitely giving a site to put the new building on, I shall drop the whole thing. I cannot afford to give it so much attention if nothing is to come of it all."

"Last year we made a million, thirteen thousand bricks" said Mr. S. J. Fox. "That number has already been exceeded this year. Most of them have been sent to outside places."

"I do not think the new public library is so much needed by the town, that we should have asked Mr. Carnegie for money for it" said Dr. Totten. "It's value to the workingman is, in my estimation, greatly over-rated."

Rupture Specialist Coming.

If you are ruffering from Hernia (Rupture) or Varicocele (false Rupture) in deciding when and where to take treatment, do not forget that the records of J. Y. Egan, Specialist of Toronto, show that sooner or later nine-tenths of all cases must come to him for a cure.

This noted Specialist has visited our town several times in the past few months, and will again visit Lindsay during the Fair, Benson House, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, (all day and evening) 3 days only, September 26, 27, 28.

You will notice that he always stays in town two or three days, thus giving every sufferer sufficient time to secure proper treatment. Do not neglect yourself this time or regret may follow. Remember you will never be in a better condition to be cured than now. Consultation is Free.

TWICE TOLD TALES

—While Madame Patti was singing in a Welsh town, a wasp flew into her mouth and she was forced to leave the stage.

—It is proposed in France to require from persons who wish to marry, a certificate of physical fitness before the ceremony can take place.

—The great American capitalists are said to have threatened Pres. Roosevelt that if he did not stop his war on trusts, he would have to fight for the presidency next time. He replied that he was not thinking of his political future in his war on trusts.

—Robt- Robinson was leaning against the gang rail of the Str. Kingston after she left Toronto on Saturday, when the rail fell down and he went overboard and was drowned.

—A train was derailed about two miles north of Waterloo at 9 o'clock Saturday night, while on its way from Waterloo to Elmira. The engine, baggage car and one passenger coach left the track and pitched into the ditch. Fireman Walter Jones of Stratford was killed instantly, but Engineer Mitchell miraculously escaped unhurt. About fifty passengers were on board, but none were seriously njured, the majority escaping with a few bruises and a rough shaking.

—One of the two-dollar-a-day hotels in Toronto, made $975 more last week than in the first week of the fair last year.

—The birthrate in England fell in the last 10 years of the last century at a rate that would make the excess of births over deaths 500000 less than in the previous 10 years. That it did not actually do so was because the death rate decreased from 23.73 per 1000 to 19.18 in the past 50 years.

—On Saturday Mr. Samuel Bain of Durham was giving his 4-year-old son a ride on the binder, when the lad fell into the canvass carriers and was taken up between the rollers. He was rendered unconscious but recovered.

—While plowing the other day Philip Englehart, who resides near St. Thomas, unearthed some teeth, which no doubt belonged to either a behemoth or mastodon. The teeth are in a perfect state of preservation, earth for hundreds, or for probably a thousand, years. The largest of the teeth is four inches long, and no doubt belonged at one time to an infant mastodon. It is probable that further excavations will result in exhuming the greater portion of the animal.

—A Kingston despatch says: The people who attend the Hornerite church become so highly inspired that their feelings are given vent to by fiendish yells. The noise is such as might emanate from an hospital for the insane, and the people who live in the vicinity of the church say their peace of mind is nightly disturbed. One man who could not sleep the other night went over to the church and created quite a scene. He was going to thrash several of the elders, and if the noise is not stopped he will do something desperate. He cannot stand the nuisance any longer.

—Ex-Councillor Lamont of Drayton is a victim of sleep walking. When found by his parents and the hired man, at 3 a.m. on Sunday morning, he was leaning against the gate near the house, with his wrist and four ribs broken and an injured hip. The last thing Mr. Lamont remembers before he found himself lying helpless on the lawn, was removing some plants from the window of his bedroom. His next move evidently was to get out on the slanting verandah, and after that the descent down 12 feet was rapid.

—On Sunday night of last week Mr. James McMurray shot near Wicklow what proved to be a cross between a collie dog and a fox. It has the ears of a collie, the nose and general appearance of a fox. The farmers in the vicinity have been complaining that sheep were being killed, and were on the look out, when the animal named was noticed in a field, and appeared quite pugnacious. The dogs were afraid of it, and it seemed not afraid of the men. Some sheep had been killed the night before, and Mr. McMurray, appearing on the scene, despatched the animal with his gun. He brought the body to Cobourg on Monday, and a large number of people viewed it in the Commercial Hotel shed. Late—It is said the animal was a grey wolf-

—On Monday night of last week, Mr. J. K. Hamilton of Grand Valley went out with Mr. John Brown and each hid himself behind a shock of wheat, awaiting the coming of a bear. Soon Mr. Hamilton received a sudden awakening from his reverie, by a peculiar cracking of limbs and strange growling. Then two dark forms showed themselves on the fence, and crack, crack went his 45-60. Two dead—not bear cubs—but fat porcupines lay victims of a straight eye along a good rifle barrel.

—Henry, the 13-year-old son of David Huggins, Amaranth, fell out of the mow of his father's barn on to a pitchfork which was on the floor tines upward. One of the tines entered the joint of his right elbow at the front, went right through, and out the back. The boy pulled the fork out himself. The injury is almost sure to result in a stiff joint.

$33 to the Pacific Coast

from Chicago via the Chicago and North-Western R'y every day during September and October. One-way second-class tickets at very low rates from Chicago to points in Colorado, Utah, Montana, Nevada, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, California and various other points. Also special round-trip Home seekers' tickets on first and third Tuesdays, August, September and October to Pacific Coast and the West. Full particulars from nearest ticket agent or address B. H. Bennett, 2 East King-st Toronto, Ont. —34-10.

THE FAILURES.

They bear no laurel on their sunless brows,
Nor aught within the ir pale hands as they go;
They walk as men accu stomed to the slow
And level onward cou rse 'neath drooping boughs.
Who may these be no trumpet doth arouse,
These of the dark processionals of woe,
Unpraised, unblamed, b ut whom sad Acheron's flow
Monotonously lulls t o leaden drowse?

These are the Failures. Clinched by circumstance,
They were—say not too weak!—too ready prey
To their own fear whose fixed Gorgon glance
Made them as stone for aught of great essay;
Or else they nodded when their master chance
Wound his one signal and went on his way.

—Arthur Upson in Munsey's Magazine-

LADY NORA

(Continued from Page 4.)

CHAPTER XI.

She is sitting alone, her chamber door shut and locked against every one—sitting in a chair by the window, gazing out with hard, wistful, yearning, unseeing eyes, with the rich silken folds of ivory whiteness, and the filmy veil and frost-like laces of her splendid robe falling about her slender figure and half hiding the dark, girlish head, with its coiled-up wreaths of silky-brown hair, and the pale wistful young face. All about her are the fragrance of exquisite flowers and choice perfumes, the glitter of gold and the gleam of jewels, the glow of the rich hues of velvets and satins, and the snowy contrast of linens and laces.

She is sitting with cold trembling hands tightly clasped together—dreaming of the past two months. It is a dream, troublous, feverish, happy, miserable, bewildered, which has extended over the two months, and which has ended this morning—a dream which seems to begin on a misty, muggy day in December, the last day of the old year, when a girl, one Yolande Dormer, who has been out walking and shopping with her governess, comes home rather tired and depressed in the cold gray twilight, and is told by the butler that a gentleman called a few minutes ago and is in the small drawing-room with Miss Dormer. And then in her dream she hurries up-stairs to the drawing-room door—the little side-door which opens off the back corridor—and then pauses, with her heart beating madly, her limbs trembling, in the deep recess in which the doorway is placed, afraid to enter, afraid of the joy that is about to befall her, trifling with the rich draught of happiness that is sparkling to the brim at her lips. She pauses until mademoiselle's affected "mincing" voice in sarcastic tones startles her.

"What on earth are you waiting there for, ma cherie? You will change your dress of course before you let him see you. Besides, you know, ma cherie, what a dreadful fastidious gentleman is Captain Dallas Glynne!"—with a little sharp, thin laugh.

Without a word, Yolande opens the door and enters the room; and, as she stands in the radiance of the firelight and the lamplight, her face rose-flushed and sparkling, with her hand clasped in Captain Glynne's, she reads in his eyes nothing but pleased surprise and approbation of her—those eyes where most of all on earth she longs to read approval.

Before her mind passes the memory of the unreal, delirious, unsatisfying happiness of that evening and of other evenings, when Captain Glynne dines with them, goes with her and her uncle to the theatre or the English Opera, or with her and aunt Keren to picture-galleries in the afternoons, Miss Dormer's conscience objecting to go to theatres.

And then there comes one evening—the dream is vivid here in scraps which are indelibly burned in on memory's tablets in brightest gold and vividest colors—when there is one of the grand, formal, tiresome dinner-parties which Yolande hates and her aunt Keren dreads with dread unspeakable.

Mrs. Sarjent has been asked, of course, as all the efforts of her relatives, since her enrichment, have been directed towards preventing that good lady from feeling aggrieved or "huffy" on the score of what she calls their "grandeur" and their "titled people." But Mrs. Sarjent has a bad catarrh, and can not appear in a manner satisfactory to herself, her unkind relatives secretly blessing that opportune cold.

Late in the evening Captain Glynne and Yolande find themselves alone in the small drawing-room, which, as it is a bitterly cold, stormy night, has the heavy terra-cotta plush portieres dropped between it and the larger room. Just now, in the warm light of the lamp, with its big amber silk sl[illegible] and the ruddy glow of the fire, it looks a nest of luxury and comfort.

Captain Glynne is standing by the fireplace, resting his elbow on the lower shelf of the overmantel and closely watching Yolande.

To "make conversation" — for there are sudden lapses which are becoming dreadfully embarrassing — Yolande takes up a little white porcelaine figure—a peasant maiden with a basket on her arm, in which are delicate ferns—and shows it to Captain Glynne, and asks him if he admires it.

For answer he puts his two strong arms over her shoulders and draws her towards him, and stoops down until his heavy moustache touches her cheek.

"Yes, I admire it very much," he replied, smilingly; "I should like to have it. Will you give it to me?"

"With pleasure," Yolande answers, with tremulous gladness of heart and soft swift blushes.

"And I want something else!" Captain Glynne whispers.

"What?" Yolande whispers back again.

"You!" he says, smiling. "Will you be my wife, Yolande?"

No answer comes from frightened, happy Yolande, who can only tremblingly cling to Captain Glynne's arm with both hands.

"Silence gives consent, I suppose, after the immemorial fashion!" he says, with a slight laugh; and he presses his lips to her cheek. And then, after a little pause, in a rather formal manner and deliberate tone, he continues, "I will be a good husband to you, Yolande. You are an amiable girl, and I know you will be an affectionate, faithful wife—you could not be anything else— and I will be a good, faithful husband to you—as Heaven hears me. I [illegible]!"

In the dead hour of the [illegible] she recollects that he did not [illegible] say he loved her—did not once ask if she loved him.

And thenceforward the dream is a troublous whirl of people and things—shops, dressmakers, lawyers, worry—the people not so pleasant as they might be—for old Miss Dormer is always ailing and fidgety and a little cross; uncle Silas, full of business and business cares, is also a little cross; mademoiselle is more than a little cross—indeed she is overbearingly tyrannical and imperious at times, which has to be endured for the sake of the valuable services which, with her cleverness and tact, she impresses upon her employers she alone can render.

There is one scene in which she is dressed in stiff white rustling robes, strangely pure and splendid-looking, such as she has never before worn — a vision of going in the carriage to church with the heavy fragrance of a great bouquet of lilies and white hyacinths almost making her swoon, while her heart beats heavily against her tight-laced satin bodice.

And there, in her dream, she is walking slowly up a long aisle, and seeing in a kaleidoscope, a series of faces and rich dresses, but noticing nobody except her aunt Sarjent, who is prominent in the foreground in emerald velvet and sables, until she sees Captain Glynne's face as he stands before the altar waiting for her, gazing at her with calm critical eyes, without a trace of emotion or embarrassment.

This is the dream that the girl in the white silk robe and the bridal veil has been dreaming; and now she awakes, in her own room in No. 9, Rutland Gardens, to know that the dream is all real, and that her wooing and her wedding, her six weeks' engagement and her bridal morning, are all deeds of the past—done.

(To be continued.)

PRINTER WANTED

Good all-round man, tasty in job work. Apply at this Office.

Fur Remodelling and Repairing.

Miss Forbert will open her fur remodelling and repairing rooms on Sept. 15th. Rooms over The Watchman-Warder. All orders will receive prompt attention. Satisfaction guaranteed.—37-2.

Married

CASTOR—BABCOCK.—At Lindsay, Sept. 9th, by Rev. L. S. Hughson, B.D., Joseph S. Castor to Annie J. Babcock, all of Lindsay.

OLIVER—McNABB.—At the residenc? of Mr. Neil McNabb, Eldon, on Wednesday, Sept. 3rd, by Rev. A. B. Terrill, Arthur Oliver of Long Point to Margaret, youngest daughter of Mr. Neil McNabb.

CLARK—MORGAN.—At the residence of the bride, in the township of Somerville, September 5th inst., by the Rev. J. Munt, John Smith Clark of Kansas, U.S., to Mrs. Janet Morgan.

Died.

MILLER.—In Ops, on Sept. 9th, Henrietta Miller, third daughter of Thomas Miller.

SHIELDS.—At Coboconk, on Sept. 6th, W. L. Shields, aged 36 years.

DOWNER.—In Fenelon, on Sept. 5th, William Downer, aged 76 years.

Mariposa Fair.

The 54th fair of the Mariposa Agricultural Society will be held at Oakwood on Wednesday and Thursday, the 17th and 18th of this month.

This year the membership is 50 per cent. larger than it was last, and promises to be a greater success than ever before. The prizes and entries will be record-breakers, and given good weather the attendance will also surpass all former figures.

At night on Thursday a concert will be held in the town hall. Mr. J. H. Cameron, the noted entertainer has been engaged, and will be accompanied by Miss Ethyle Powell, soprano. The papers all over the Dominion speak in the highest terms of Mr. Cameron and no doubt the hall will be crowded to hear him.

REMOVAL.

The offices of the Bank of Montreal have been temporarily removed to the former Town Clerk's Office on William-st north. This removal has been rendered necessary by the extensive alterations to be made in the Bank premises, during the next few weeks. Our customers are requested to make a note of this temporary change of location.

J. A. PADDON, Manager.

MILLINERY OPENING

FRIDAY and SATURDAY,

September 19 and 20

AND FOLLOWING DAYS

YOU'RE invited to our Millinery Parlors on the above dates, it being the occasion of our Fall Millinery Opening. The prestigé of this Store is the guarantee of justice to such a wealth of Millinery Richness and beauty as you will find displayed here. Never have we been in a position to make such a magnificient showing of Millinery that pleased us so well. It combines talent, skill and good taste in its make up. Twice a year our Millinery experts visit the great fashion centres, while our foreign connections keep us in touch with European Novelties. Every lady in Lindsay and surrounding district will do well to see this showing and the wealth of ideas it affords. Intending purchasers will find this a most moderate priced collection of dainty millinery.

..Cloaks and Suits..

A Truly Great Showing of Ready-to-Wear

WE trust you will not miss this display. All the new Cloaks, Suits, Skirts and Wraps will be seen at their best. No matter whether you favor a twenty-seven inch form fitting back and semi-loose front coat, or for warmth your tendency is toward a longer coat. Then a thirty to thirty-eight inch length stopping short at the knee would be sufficiently warm. Yet if you prefer longer we have them up to fifty-eight inches. Garments finally tailored in every way, trimmed in the newest designs and perfect fitting at the most moderate prices possible, in fact at little more than making charges of so-called Ladies' Tailors. Every Garment a perfect fit before leaving our department.

J. Sutcliffe & Sons

CASH LINDSAY ONE PRICE

The People's SHOE STORE

BLACKWELL'S BLOCK

Finlay & Chantler's Old Stand.

The New Forces Out the Old

Consignments of NEW FALL GOODS are crowding us, and we are compelled to SACRIFICE the Balance of the FINLAY & CHANTLER Stock to make room for goods coming in. We have some

Genuine Bargains in Men's, Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes; Also a few snaps left in Trunks and Valises.

Summer Footwear Must Go. It is our rule to carry nothing over from one season to another. So come and secure some of the Bargains we are offering.

Blackhurst The Shoe Man

GEO. FINLAY, Manager.

Town of Lindsay

SEALED TENDERS marked "Tenders for Sewer," will be received by the undersigned up to twelve o'clock noon, on.....

Saturday, Sept. 13th

1902, for the construction of a sanitary sewer and cellar drain on Russell and Sussex streets, from Albert to Kent streets, as follows:

About 1092 feet of 9 inch sewer and six inch cellar drain on said streets, with 33 side drains each 33 feet long to the street line on the proposed sewer. 6

Plans and specifications may be seen and forms of tender obtained at the office of the Town Clerk, Lindsay.

A deposit in the form of a marked cheque for five per cent. of the tendered price must accompany each tender, and will be returned when contract is awarded.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

F. KNOWLSON, Town Clerk.

—36-2.

HOTEL FOR SALE

The GRAND UNION HOTEL

Opposite the Market, Lindsay,

Is offered for sale, together with Furniture, License, etc. This is one of the best Farmers' Hotels in the province, and is now enjoying a good trade. Immediate possession given.

Terms made known on application to the undersigned, ARTHUR McEVOY, on the premises.—37-3.

Sale Register

Monday, Sept. 29th—By Elias Bowes, auctioneer, credit sale of farm stock and implements the property of Mr. W. M. Grant, lot 11, con. 15, Mariposa. Sale at one o'clock and without reserve, as Mr. Grant has sold his farm. The stock comprises six horses, one driver, two yearling colts, five milch cows, eight 2-year old steers and heifers, seven young cattle, 3 calves, sheep, pigs, etc. The implements are all first-class.