

The best medium for Advertisers. Covers Lindsay and Surrounding District.

THE WATCHMAN-WARDER.

Guaranteed Circulation 4000 every issue.

VOLUME L.

LINDSAY, ONT., THURSDAY, 17TH OCTOBER, 1907.

NUMBER 42

Every Season brings it's New Styles

And Our Fur Styles for this Season are the latest patterns of the best Houses in Canada

When buying our stock we kept in mind that this store had made for itself a reputation of always having the very best quality in every article purchased. And after eight years in the fur business, we guarantee to hold our reputation.

Our stock is a large one and we invite the ladies of the Town and County to examine it.

We Quote Prices of a Few Leading Lines:

- Ladies' Fur Lined Coats**
Made of best quality Broadcloth, and lined with choice Rat pelts, large collars and reverses.
In natural Alaska Sable. Price \$85.00 and.....\$75.00
- Bohairn Lamb Jackets**
Made of prime No. 1 pelts with large collars and reverses of rich glossy Western Sable, referer or house styles. Extra value house styles. Price \$35.00 and.....\$50.00
- Astrachan Jackets**
Made of best quality Astrachan with Western Sable collars and reverses, referer or house styles. Price \$35.00 and.....\$40.00
- Persian Lamb Jackets**
Made of choice whole pelts, natural mink collar and large reverses. Price \$150.00, \$100.00 and.....\$175.00
- Near Seal Jackets**
Blouse style, with collar, cuffs and large reverses of natural Alaska Sable. very stylish jacket. Price.....\$65.00
- Ladies' Stoles and Scarfs**
In natural Alaska Sable. At \$13, \$15, \$20, \$25 and.....\$30.00
Mink Marmot Scarfs and Stoles. At \$8.00, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00 and.....\$18.00
Isabelle Australian Opposum Stoles and Scarfs. Price \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00 and.....\$17.00
Sable Fox Scarfs and Stoles. At \$15, \$20, \$25 and.....\$30.00
Grey Squirrel Scarfs. At \$8.00, \$10.00 and.....\$12.00
Western Sable Scarfs and Stole. At \$8, \$10, \$12 and.....\$15.00
White Thibet Scarfs and Stoles. At \$5.00 and.....\$8.00
- Ladies' Muffs**
Round and Empire shapes, natural Alaska Sable. Price \$10.00, \$12.00, \$13.00 and.....\$15.00
- Ladies' Muffs**
Sable Fox, pillow shape, with head and tails. Price \$15.00 and.....\$18.00
- Ladies' Muffs**
Round and pillow shape, grey squirrel, mink marmot, Isabelle opposum, western sable, Thibet, Isabelle fox and black opposum. Prices \$3.00 to.....\$8.00

O'LOULHLIN & MCINTYRE

CASH AND ONE PRICE

Alsike Red Clover Timothy

We are again prepared to pay the very HIGHEST market price for all grades of Clover and Timothy seeds. Show us sample before you sell—it will be to your advantage. Will send quotations by return mail to any who forward us samples.

Farmers may use our power mills at Mariposa, Sunderland, Blackwater, Sutton, Crosswell, etc., FREE OF CHARGE to clean their seed.

Dawson's Golden Chaff Fall Wheat for Seed.

Hogg & Lytle

Limited
Mariposa Station.

Western Bank of Canada

LITTLE BRITAIN
Chartered by Act of Parliament 1882

This Bank with its 123 branches and agencies in Canada, United States and Great Britain, is in a position to meet every requirement of the line of legitimate Banking.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received, upon which interest will be paid or compounded four times a year, at highest current rate from date of deposit to day of withdrawal.

Farmers' Business Receive Special Attention
In the line of cashing or collecting bills, notes, making advances for the purchase of Stockers, etc.
In soliciting your patronage we can assure you of courteous treatment and prompt attention to your business requirements.

G. S. THOMPSON,
Acting Manager

Victoria Loan & Savings Co.

Make Your Money Work For You

We offer you unusual advantages on your savings deposit. Our interest rates are substantially higher than those current in town or district. Every convenience

Call on US when in need of a Mortgage Loan.

Open from 9.30 a.m. till 4.30 p.m.

JAMES OW - Manager
NEWTON SMALE - Ass't.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1867

R. E. WALKER, President
ALEX. LAIRD, General Manager
A. H. IRELAND, Superintendent of Branches

Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
COMMERCIAL AND FARMERS' PAPER DISCOUNTED

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT
Deposits of \$1 and upwards received; interest allowed at current rates and paid quarterly. The depositor is subject to no delay whatever in the withdrawal of the whole or any portion of the deposit.

LINDSAY BRANCH
W. G. T. MORSON, Manager

When Purchasing a Piano or Organ your aim should be to obtain the greatest possible value for your money. The

DOMINION

PIANOS AND ORGANS

have been in existence 40 years which should be a convincing test to the thoughtful purchaser. Sold for cash or easy payments. Call and inspect the Dominion goods before purchasing elsewhere.

We also have 1 second-hand "Bell" Organ for \$30, and 1 second-hand Dominion for \$30. Latest SHEET MUSIC at city prices. Usual discount to teachers.

W. H. ROENIGK,
Central Music Store - Lindsay

An A I Recipe

Have you a good recipe for Condition Powders for your stock? If so bring it to us and we will fill it for you correctly and with the one quality of drugs.

WE CARRY THE BEST

If you have not a good B we can give you one of the best English Condition Powders already filled and at lowest prices.—CALL

L. A. Murphy, Phm. B.
Druggist and Optician
2nd Door West of Gough's Lindsay

BANK of MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1817

Capital Paid Up \$14,400,000.00
Rest - - \$11,000,000.00
Undivided Profits - \$159,831.84
Total Assets - \$168,001,723.00

Branches at all important centres in Canada and in London, Eng., New York, Chicago, Spokane, Mexico and Newfoundland.

Every description of a Banking business transacted. Interest allowed on deposits, compounded quarterly.

Former customers of the Ontario Bank Branch will be accommodated as heretofore.

H. J. LYTLE

Manager Lindsay Branch

Half a Century of Conservative Banking has placed the

Bank of Toronto

in the front rank of Banking Institutions of Canada

OMEMEE BRANCH
Open Saturday Evenings 7 to 9

Our Savings Department is growing every day. We invite you to open an account. One dollar will start it.

Interest paid 4 times a year.

J. B. L. SROUT, Manager

BLACK MACK

A Story With Local Coloring Written by a Rising Lindsay Author

How a Young Farmer Was Cured of Horse Racing, and the Purchase of a Winning Steed Called Off.

By NEIL DAWSON

Re-published by special permission of the Canadian Magazine.

"Oh, mother, Mack is just fine!" exclaimed Grace Nugent, bursting into the room where her mother was sitting sewing. "And the moonlight was just grand, too. And Dan says Mack did extra well at his first practice, for a mere colt. He has quite decided to prepare him for the green race at the fall fair."

"Yes, and just make a show of himself," drily remarked the mother, as she bit the end of a thread. In a moment she continued musingly: "Now if Mack did do something at the race so that Dan could sell him for a big price, then he could afford to furnish his new house in grand style. But a young farmer like Dan Gibson has no call for a racehorse."

"Oh, mother, don't talk that way! I couldn't bear to think of Black Mack falling into the hands of those horrid racing men. If you loved horses the least bit, you could never want such a horse sold. I would rather do without the grand furniture, piano and all, than see Mack sold."

The mother gave a look of provoking pity at the girl, and went on sewing.

"Mother, if you had just seen us leave Old Wilson behind!"

For the first time the mother looked really interested. It had long been a thorn in her side that no one kept a horse that Old Wilson could not run past on the way from church with his raky old sorrel.

"Could Wilson not pass him?" she asked eagerly.

"Pass him! Well, I guess not. He came tearing up with all his silly bluster, pulled out and struck his old sorrel. I glanced at Dan, and his eyes were just dancing. I could see Mack gathering himself up as if impatient for the word, but Dan waited till the sorrel was just going with a pest Mack, and then without a word he made some peculiar movement of the reins, and Mack was off like a shot. Wilson yelled at his horse, but it was no use; he was left away behind in a minute."

The mother looked for a moment at the girl, so pretty in her eagerness, and then said:

"Well, I'm glad someone has got a horse at last that old Wilson can't pass."

After a moment she added: "I hope Mack beats the whole of them at the fair."

The weeks slipped quickly away, and it was not long till the great day had arrived. The eagerness with which Grace Nugent sprang into her uncle Andrew's rig, when he called to take her into town, is only known to one whose interest had been gathering in intensity for months. She could scarcely speak of anything but Black Mack and his race, and long before they had reached town her uncle—a shrewd man of seventy—had unwittingly got to the bottom of her eager little heart. He knew that first of all she was intensely anxious that Black Mack should win, and that in the second place she was anxious that Dan should not under any conditions be persuaded into parting with his beautiful horse. And so the old man quietly resolved to keep his eyes open that day.

Having reached the fair grounds, Grace soon stole around to a point near the stables, where she was to meet Dan. Presently he appeared, but not with as cheerful a face as Grace had expected.

"Well, how is dear old Mack?" she quickly asked.

"Oh, Mack is all right; but the trouble is we are up against terrible odds to-day, Grace."

"Why, Dan, what's the matter?"

"The matter is that there is no green race after all, and the only thing left for us to do is to go in the free-for-all."

"What! Put a mere colt in a race with old racing horses? What a shame! How does that come?"

"Oh, it seems that the other green horses have withdrawn and so there can be no green race! But it is a shame to have to race Mack against old horses with good records. I was quite sure of winning the green race, but there is not much show for us in the free-for-all."

"I just wouldn't do it!" exclaimed the girl, with much vehemence. "I wouldn't race good Mack with their nasty old rakes at all. It is just some mean trick they are trying to play on you."

"Oh, yes, Grace, I am going to

face him, anyway. He is great shape to-day, and I want to see what he can do."

"Do you mean it, Dan?" she asked earnestly.

"Yes, I mean it."

"Then I hope you beat all their wheezy old things, so I do!" she exclaimed hotly.

"We're going to try hard."

"Well, good luck," and she turned away and hurried back to where she had left her uncle standing.

In a few words she told him how things stood.

"There's some game on," remarked the old man quietly. "I'm going to have a look around. You just wait here."

After a considerable interval he returned, but there was nothing in his face to encourage the anxious girl. In reply to her questioning look he remarked:

"Well, Grace, I think Dan has got into a pretty nasty nest of them to-day. There are four horses besides Mack in the free-for-all. One or two of them don't appear of very much account, but the others do. There is one old gray lad, a skinny, raky-looking old gent called the 'Gray Stranger,' that looks as if he might be of tremendous account, or might not, just as he sees fit—one of those old chaps that seem to wink at you as, much as to say, 'Well, I guess you don't know me. I'm from away down south.' And in truth he is a stranger; never was seen in these parts before."

"Well, never mind," continued the old man; "there'll be no fooling with Mack, anyway. He'll make some of those blue-eyed fellows show what's in them, even if he doesn't win."

"But, oh, I can't bear to see Mack beaten!" exclaimed the girl, with a tremulous voice. "I think it's just a shame," and a tear glistened in her eye.

"Oh, don't you be afraid; Mack is all right!" and the old man assumed cheerfulness. He exerted himself to interest her in the trapeze performance and the other events till the free-for-all was called.

By that time the crowd of spectators was immense, and when the five horses came trotting briskly down the course, and wheeled before the judges' stand, the interest became very keen.

After two or three trials, they got away in a nice start. The pole horse a little flat-sided, long-eared bay, was leading by a half-length. He was closely hugged by a big, lanky chesnut, and he in turn by a thick, low-set roan. These three got away swiftly, and soon were going at what was for them a furious pace. Outside these three, the long, low-rumped, blue-eyed gray stranger was going along at a steady, loping stride, as if calmly considering the beautiful young black that was proudly bearing along on the extreme outer course. At first it appeared as if these last two in their steadiness would be left far behind the others in their enthusiastic impulsiveness. But there was, notwithstanding, something in the appearance of the gray stranger and Black Mack that caught the attention of every horseman in that vast crowd.

"Just wait a minute, the stranger doesn't feel at home yet," remarked a youth standing in front of Grace and her uncle.

"Oh, dry up about your ugly old gray!" replied his chum. "I'm going to look at his beauty and his proud step."

"Yes, but beauty won't take him over the course in time to see the finish of my gray."

"Won't it! Won't it!" exclaimed the other; "just look at him now! see the way he is forging ahead, and up-grade and into the wind, too. Now, is beauty hindering him any?"

True, Mack was now distinguishing himself. They had reached the far side of the course, where there was a slight up-grade, and Mack had left the gray behind and was quickly closing up with the other three.

"Look, now! He's passing the whole bunch!" exclaimed the youth.

"That's the horse for you!"

Grace's eyes began to shine, and she shot a quick glance at her uncle who was gravely studying the old gray, now so far behind.

"Just wait a minute; keep your eye on my old gray, and you'll see

something after awhile," remarked the other youth.

"Now see the gray," he continued, as the horses rounded the bend and started down the home stretch.

"Look! Look! See his stride now!" he shouted, as the old gray came tearing down the home stretch, sliding easily past the bunch of three.

"He'll do Black Mack just the same way, see if he doesn't?"

Grace glanced nervously at her uncle's face.

"Looks like it. Looks like it," were the words she read there as plainly as if he had spoken them.

A rousing cheer greeted Black Mack as he came in front of the grand stand, nobly carrying himself at a very high speed, but the heat was not yet done. It was a half-mile track, so that there was another round. Then a second great cheer arose; it was for the gray stranger, who with wonderful stride was crossing right up on the black, and went under the wire abreast with him. In another moment the gray was ahead, and was pulling in to the pole horse's place.

"What did I tell you!" exclaimed the youth, and he followed this remark with a short, shrill cheer.

A shiver ran through the slender form of the girl behind him.

But now the horses had once more reached the up-grade on the long side, and Mack began to close up on the stranger. With each step his spirit and strength seemed to rise, and when Dan pulled him out, he dashed past the gray with great ease.

"Mack again! Mack again! My beauty! He's going to get it."

"Just wait," drawled the other, with provoking deliberation. "Wait till they round the bend."

"Oh, yes, wait, but look at the distance Mack has got this time. The stranger'll never catch him."

"Won't he, just look now!" as the gray started on his spurt for the wire.

Grace bent eagerly forward.

"He can't do it! He can't do it," shouted the youth, as the gray swept grandly down on Mack. Mack was going fast, and the gray was more to do this time. When there were only a few rods left the driver of the gray, aroused to the danger, began to slash and yell. But it was

too late; Mack has won the heat by a good length.

The crowd was wild with enthusiasm, for the majority were greatly taken with the beauty of the noble black.

The color came richer in Grace's cheeks, and she added her little cheer to that of the mass.

"That was good, real good," said her uncle, quietly, and then added in an undertone: "You remain here, Grace. I'll be back directly."

The old man sauntered slowly around to where they were sponging and rubbing down the gray stranger; and when the crowd of younger horse enthusiasts had satisfied their curiosity and begun to move away, the old man drew nearer and seemed greatly to admire the legs and sinews of the steaming gray. Presently a self-important, blustering man hurried up to speak to the driver. This was evidently the owner of the stranger.

"Well, Jack, what happened you that time?" he inquired.

"I miscalculated a little," answered the driver.

"Well, don't do it again, make a sure job of it," said the owner, with some emphasis. He was about to add something further but hesitated, and looked sharply at the old man, who was still looking admiringly at the gray trotter.

"It's a fine day, old man," said he in a loud voice, taking a step towards him.

The old man looked around with a puzzled expression, put his hand to his ear and said: "Did you speak to me, sir?"

The owner took a step nearer and repeated in louder voice: "I said it's a fine day."

"Yes, sir, a fine horse, a fine horse, sir," replied old Andrew, with a most innocent expression on his face. The owner turned again to the driver, evidently satisfied that the old man was very deaf, and continued in a low tone:

"Say, Jack, that black is a wonder, isn't he?"

"For a colt, he certainly is, sir. He'll beat the gray some day, if he is handled right."

"Some day? Say, 'ack, he'd do it to-day if the fool knew how to drive him."

(Continued on Page Four)



\$3.50 Shoes **\$3.50 Shoes**

WE CLAIM that we are selling the best GENTS' \$3.50 SHOE in Lindsay.

This Shoe is all goodyear, hand sewed, no tacks or nails, Black Vice Kid, Box Calf and Fine Patent Leather, every new shape and style, lace, blucher and button.

We are doing a large Shoe Business this fall.

The Reason:

Our Shoes and Prices are very attractive. Money returned if you are not satisfied.

The Felix Forbert Shoe Store
52 Kent-St., Next W. E. Baker's

THE DOMINION BANK

pays Special Attention to

SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

Interest Paid Four Times a Year.

Deposits of \$1 and upwards received; interest allowed at current rates and paid quarterly. The depositor is subject to no delay whatever in the withdrawal of the whole or any portion of the deposit.

LINDSAY BRANCH
W. G. T. MORSON, Manager