

THE WATCHMAN-WARDER.

XLII. Number 45

LINDSAY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9th. 1899.

Total Circulation 5,000

75 Cents per annum

O'LOUGHLIN & McINTYRE

Direct the attention of strangers visiting the town to their Exceptionally Large Assortment of

- DRESS GOODS.....** Home-spuns at \$1.25, \$1.50 per yard. Broad Cloths at 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25 per yard. Crepons from 50c to \$2.00 per yard. All-wool Serges 25c, 40c, 50c per yard.
- SILKS.....** Extra quality corded striped Taffeta, this season's designs and colorings, from 50c to \$1.50.
- LADIES' UNDERWEAR.....** Ladies' Vests, heavy ribbed, button front, long sleeves, winter weight, 40c. Drawers at the same price. Ladies' Vests and Drawers for Fall wear, 25c.
- LINENS.....** Table Cloths, Damask, Napkins, Doilies, Tea Cloths, Centre Pieces, Squares and Scarfs, Linen Sheets and Pillow Cases.
- BLANKETS.....** All-wool White Blankets. All-wool Grey Blankets. Union Blankets. Flannelette Blankets, white and colored.
- GLOVES.....** Ladies' Kid Gloves, all the new shades, 75c, \$1, \$1.25. Ladies' black all-wool Cashmere Gloves, 15c to 50c. Ladies' Cashmere Hose in plain and ribbed, 25c, 40c, 50c, 75c.
- HOSIERY.....**

The list given above is only a sample of the attractive values we are offering.

FINE FURS

same high standard of quality is maintained throughout the Fall line of Fine Furs. Every article is the best that produced of its particular kind. Our prices are as low as asked by other dealers for the product of less favorably makers, while our Furs carry correctness of style and merit.

Following articles cannot be purchased anywhere outside of Lindsay at the prices quoted:

- Muskrat Sable Scarfs, \$8, \$9, \$10, \$12.
- Muskrat Sable Muffs, \$7.50, \$9, \$10 and \$12.
- Grey Lamb Scarfs, \$3.50, \$5 and \$7.50.
- Grey Lamb Gauntlets, \$4.50 and \$5.
- Ladies' Ruffs, in other Furs, from \$2.50 upward.
- Ladies' Gauntlets, \$2.60 upwards.
- Ladies' Caperines or Collarettes, \$5, \$6.50, \$7.50, \$10, \$12.50, in all the fashionable Furs.
- Ladies' Astrachan Jackets, \$20, \$25, \$30, \$35.
- Ladies' Raccoon Jackets, \$25, \$30, \$35 and \$40.
- Men's Coon Coats, \$25, \$30, \$35 and \$40.
- Men's Wallaby Coats, \$18.50 and \$20.
- Men's and Black Goats' Robes, \$5, \$6, \$6.50, \$8 and \$10.

Armstrong Bros.

Manufacturing Furriers and Leading Hatters. 100 CENT STREET, LINDSAY. New and up-to-date styles of Men's Hard Hats always in stock. Prices in keeping with reliable goods.

THERE ARE OTHERS

But none to equal us in the two great essentials: Quality and Price

It is our business to supply Good Goods at the Lowest Prices..

Try us for a Stylish Fall Suit A Nobby Overcoat A Nifty Hat

and up-to-date... Furnishings

H. A. Morgan & Co.

ARTISTIC TAILORS Up-to-date Furnishers. Opp. Post Office

Teas Teas!

Are you tired listening to tea talk?

Read This

and it will interest you.

We have lately purchased our full stock of Teas, both Japans and Blacks, and are pleased to state that they are coming to hand better in every respect than for some seasons. We have not selected these goods in a haphazard, careless way, but have drawn each line and are positive of their cup value. We can confidently say we are in a position to offer our customers better value than any house in the trade, and earnestly solicit a sample order. Our specialties

Japan, 25c. Ceylon, 25c.

Mention this advertisement and ask for sample

SPRATT & KILLEN, FAMILY GROCERS

A Tailor to Trust

"I don't want a tailor to trust me, but I want a tailor that I can trust—a tailor whose say-stands for all that means honest quality and a good job." This young man was on his way to J. J. RICH'S, Little Britain, and was telling his friend why he was heading there. He had "wasted his substance" among the high-priced and was suffering from disappointment as well. My customers are never disappointed either in quality of goods, or fit and finish.

J. J. RICH, The Nobby Tailor, Little Britain

SEVEN SORTS OF FOLKS

WERE DISCUSSED BY REV. C. O. JOHNSTON ON TUESDAY EVENING OF LAST WEEK

IN CAMBRIDGE STREET METHODIST CHURCH—A FINE STUDY IN HUMAN CHARACTER—MASTERFUL DESCRIPTIVE WORK—THE FOIBLES AND FOLLIES OF MEN AND WOMEN—AN ENJOYABLE LECTURE

Rev. C. O. Johnston's lecture on the evening of the 31st ult. was, from the popular standpoint, one of the best ever heard in this town. Though never profound or argumentative, Mr. Johnston has the an intuitive knowledge of human nature and unusual ability to portray its varied phases by means of the most dramatic word pictures. As a result he always interests and delights the popular audience. He did so on Tuesday night. Necessarily most of the beauty and power of Mr. Johnston's lectures cannot be reproduced in print. We shall however attempt a few extracts.

At the outset the lecturer said: "Seven Kinds of People of Whom you are One": I had ten but three of them died and before I am through you may think that others might have done the same without detriment to the lecture on the community. It is not safe to buy humanity by the pound nor judge men by their size, looks or color. God has not given a monopoly of human gifts to any nature or any color. It is the soul that makes the man. What is man? Is he only an expert brute; a hog that has learned to root with the plow, a horse that pulls with the steam engine or a sheep that manages to grow its wool on other people's back, "only that and nothing more"? No. Man is much more. He is a creature partly animal, partly satanic, and partly divine. Only this assumption can account for the awful depths to which men sink, the all-devouring selfishness of which they are the prey, and the sublime height of noble character to which they rise.

In the long run we all advertise ourselves to be just what we are. If we are honest, men will come to believe in us without having our verbal recommend. There will be something in the way you look in their eyes, in your step on the street, in your hand-grasp and the tone of your voice, that will make men believe in you. If you are a hypocrite they will find it out in the same way. Perhaps not by any one event but gradually the disguise will fall away and men will judge you at your worth. A good man cannot long hide himself; God, angels and men will find him out. The bad man cannot long impose. You will come to know him by and-by.

The book of human nature is an easy one to read if your eyes are open. I sat in a street car with a friend. Two ladies sat side by side. They were talking together. One held an infant. I said to my friend "To which of the ladies does the child belong?" "I don't know," said he, "Wait a little and I'll tell you." I replied, Presently the wind wafted the clothing above a little white kneed of the child. The ladies went on talking, but the one who was not holding the infant put out her hand almost without looking and smoothed down the clothing. "That's the mother" said I. When the car stopped the ladies prepared to get off. I assisted them. I took the child in my arms and carried it to the pavement and handed it to the lady who had smoothed its dress, saying, "This is your child, madam." She looked surprised and said, "How did you know?" I stepped on the car and as we sped along I said to my friend, "I told you who the mother was." That lady acted like the mother of the child because she was its mother. You do things because of what you are and the world will find you out.

One day last summer I was sitting in the train on my way to Muskoka. I had tired of looking out of the window and began to notice the people about me. A few seats ahead sat a young man and woman. I knew they were young by the curves from ear to shoulder, the erect heads and glossy hair. I thought "What are they to each other? Are they brother and sister, husband and wife or lovers?" We waited. After awhile the lady leaned her head up against the car window. Presently her companion took a lead pencil and began to stroke her hair. "Now," thought I, "We shall see what relation they are. If they are brother and sister she will say 'O Harry don't', if husband and wife she will say 'Don't be silly Harry.' Said neither but turned slowly and said, 'Oh I know who the fly was' and so did I. (Laughter) What you say and do shows what you are and people will find you out.

The prodigal is a very numerous person. He has not found out his place in life and is always working at a disadvantage. Many people are not fitted either by a good providence or a wisdom that can be depended on to use the talents they may have for the best results. The young men of this country are cultured enough, they have brain, tact, courage, strength enough but fail to make a success of life because they do not develop their faculties into character. They have material and graces enough but do not connect these with the power that brings success. Self-government is lacking. They do not learn to be calm, patient, uncontrolled by passion or excitement. They fail to have themselves well in hand. A merchant advertises: "Boy wanted, must be in possession of himself." Wondering what was

meant the boys applied. The first question was, "Can you read?" the second, "Can you do what you say you will?" The boy says, "Yes." "Then read this passage through without stopping." After the boy got well into the passage the merchant upset a basket of young puppies in the office. They sprawled, played, tugged at the boy's pant leg; and the merchant had to test 76 boys before he found one who read right along as though nothing had happened. Wanted: boys who can write away while the circus goes by, who can go on with their work if the town is on fire, and leave it to the firemen. Wanted: men and women who can break their shoe-strings in the morning and go through the day with similar irritations and come to evening's shadow without temper, calm, self-possessed masterful men and women. This character is that stands the test in days of great stress; for the days will come. There is not a cyclone every day. No ship is hurricane-proof all the time; for the day will come when the sun is hidden and the blasts rush out and smite the sea. They goad its billows into fury. Then the ship must stand the dreadful shock and hold her way amid the trackless strife; then timber and plate and brace must be firm or the ship goes down. So it is in human life.

Woman is the most beautiful, graceful, charming and inexplicable of God's creation. One proof that she is beautiful is that she follows fashion's fickle folly without becoming unattractive. She can dress in snowy white, funeral black, turkey red, or the brightest green and be composed and beautiful still. Dress a man up that way and how would he look. Men are not beautiful. Men are strong. Deliver us from pretty men. Man has those qualities of mind that throw up the cheek bones, square off the jaws, give the nose prominence, and the whole profile angularity. Men are not pretty; women are. With the high-heeled boots, explosion sleeves, fantastic hats they are still beautiful. Those sleeves—a few of them fill a church, and the less a hat looks like a hat the better, hat it is. You never can tell what she will look like. Her own husband could not recognize her by her shape if he saw her coming up street two days following. Men write, so do women; men talk, so do women; men paint, so do some women; men try to sing, women succeed. There is no other such music in the world as a mother singing to her dying child.

I must find one fault with women. They do not put the moral standard up as high as men. That sounds very strong and I shall qualify it with proof. A young man comes down street in the morning. He goes into the saloon, drinks a glass of beer and comes out with a cigar between his teeth. A young lady is passing. He says: "Good morning Miss Nellie; may I walk up street with?" The reply is "Certainly Mr. Jones." But let the young lady come out of a saloon with beer on her breath and a cigar in her teeth and accost the young man. She can't walk the street with him; he has higher ideas of propriety than that. A young man and his sister got on a street-car. She went in and sat down; he stood on the rear platform and smoked a cigar. Presently she went back there too and stood eating a big apple. He looked at her and said: "What under the sun are you doing?" She replied "What under the moon are you doing?" "For goodness sake throw that apple away and go in and sit down," said he. "For mercy sake throw that cigar away and go in and sit down," was her reply. "I will if you will," said he. "Done," she answered and flung the apple away. He did the same with his cigar and both went inside. When women are as exacting with men as men are with women the millenium will be helped forward half a century.

The working man is a prominent person in the world to-day. We play for fun and work for wages. When we work for fun, it is play. The difficulty is that men are not making wagons, clothing and food now-a-days; they are making money. If you go into a store and ask for good butter, you will find that five times out of six it will not be good because the women are not intent on making butter so much as making money. So with all merchandise, men are thinking of an article that will sell and sacrificing the quality to money. That is why we have no great painters, sculptors or musicians now. Men are painting for money. They are not painting for the love of art. They do not reach up into the very soul of the universe till they catch the meaning of beauty and glory and have the hand of an angel to make permanent what the eye has seen by inspiration. The great masters did not live for money; they died in poverty. They painted day and night lest the image should fade before they could put it on the canvas. The best works of art are yet to be done. They will be done when men work for the love of it, and do the best that's possible before God. Then they will get money but they will get what is greater; they will be lifted up to the sonship of God, demonstrating their creation by the masterly work of their hands.

A carpenter called at my house and asked help. I went to his home next day. I stumbled on the loose door-step. Inside there was not a sound chair to sit upon. The table had to stand against the wall to keep from falling over. The man was there. I said to him: "You are a carpenter?" "Yes, but I can't get work." "Do you know your door-step is broken?" "Yes, but this isn't my house; the landlord don't pay me to fix it up; when it goes to pieces I'll move out." There was a man, a

carpenter, who could not get work but who would not drive a nail around his home because his landlord did not pay him for it. I said to him "I'll not give you a cent to get victuals; I'll give your wife and family food if you go away till they have eaten it." Industry works not merely for wages but because it has a call from God and heaven to work. There are happy people keeping house, making butter, working in the blacksmith shop, in the store, on the railroad, called to honor before God, doing their duty as kings and queens among men. They stand up at night conscious of having served their generation and glorified their humanity by honest faithful labor.

The best things cannot be bought with money. A millionaire was walking along the street. His face was anxious, worried, hard. Some children played by the curbstone; one little girl looked up at him as he passed and laughed a hearty childish laugh. The millionaire stopped. "Where do you live?" said he. "Over there" shyly said the child. Taking her by the hand he led her across the street and knocked at the door. The child's mother came. The millionaire said "Madam, I'll give your little girl a dollar if she will laugh for me like she laughed just now." "Laugh for the gentleman" said the mother, but the child shrank away and could not laugh. "Here's five dollars for your daughter madam, and when she grows up tell her that I had not money enough to buy a child's laugh." Oh, my friends, the peace of mind, the innocence of character, the light of life, the hope of the soul—these things, money cannot buy. There are higher rewards of toil than wages. Seek them. When, for small enough remuneration, you are pounding out the products of your toil, remember you are at the same time pounding out habit, character, destiny.

The statesman is a man who wants to do something for his country; a politician is a man who wants his country to do something for him.

A christian prays, but he also does what he can to make the lives of others brighter. He supplements his petitions by practice. A passenger train came wheeling to a standstill at the Southern Junction. The engineer adjusted the levers and, leaning his brawny arms on the window sill of the caboose, looked out into the night. A pale-faced woman stood upon the platform and looked anxiously up at him. At length she said, "Is the train on time sir?" "No madam, we are 50 minutes late." "Do you think we shall make it up between here and the Northern Junction?" "No madam, not very likely; its up grade; we don't usually make up time on that run." "Will the train for Louisville wait for us at the Junction?" "No, it never waits more than two or three minutes. It will not wait for us to-night." The pale face grew more anxious. "Are you a christian sir?" said she. "Well yes, I believe I am." "Will you pray that we shall reach the Northern Junction before the other train leaves. You see I have a sick child in the coach back there and I am going to my father's. If we do not catch the train at the Northern Junction I'm afraid it will be before I get home. Will you pray?" A new expression came into the engineer's grimy face and he said "Yes madam, I'll pray." As the slender figure disappeared in the darkness the engineer turned to his fireman and said: "Get on full steam Jim; we are going to make the Northern Junction on time." The whistle sounded and with a jerk that made the astonished passengers press their faces against the window panes, the train got under way. With his hand on the lever and his eye on the rail the engineer dragged that train up hill toward the Northern Junction, praying and putting on steam. Faster and faster it flew over bridges, through cuttings, so fast that when the whistle was pulled it sounded behind the train, and dogs that had been accustomed to run out and bark at it as it passed were surprised to find it had gone before the bark got there. Two minutes before schedule time the lights of the Northern Junction came in sight. The engineer adjusted the levers and, as he leaned on the window sill of the caboose and looked out on the platform he saw a slender figure carrying a tiny form, walk over and get on board the train for Louisville.

I have talked to you of seven sorts of people. I hope you are all among the last.

News from the Canadian Contingent.

The Montreal Star has the grand distinction of having with the contingent a special war correspondent thoroughly accredited, who accompanies the Canadian troops by permission of the Minister of Militia, Dr. Borden, and who goes with instructions cabled from the War Office by the Secretary of War. The Star had the choice of empowering a man in the ranks to send it an occasional letter and dubbing him its war correspondent or engaging a special expert equipped with photographic apparatus and accompanied by a mounted orderly. The difference in cost was a matter of five thousand dollars. As might have been expected the Star chose the expensive plan.

—It is said that the great and only Com. Dawey, who wiped out the Spanish fleet at Manila, has fallen an easy victim to the attractions of a Washington widow with a bank account.