

THE WATCHMAN-WARDER.

Vol. XLV. No. 45.

LINDSAY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6th, 1902.

75 Cents a Year in Advance 1.00 if Not so Paid

There's No Bluff ABOUT THIS

It really makes no difference "how it is" or "why it is" so long as its a fact that we have the reputation for always having a carefully selected and up-to-date stock of

Clothing and Furnishings

We have not space to give to all Lines so mention a few specials only:

- Men's double-breasted nap Serge Suits, one of the best values this season 9.00
 - Men's double-breasted Irish Serge, well made and properly cut 9.00
 - Men's double-breasted Tweed Suits, a regular line 7.00
 - Men's single-breasted Tweed Suits, made of good Canadian Tweed 6.50
 - Men's single-breasted Irish Serge, a very dressy suit for only 8.50
 - Men's single-breasted Scotch Tweed, equal to any \$15 ordered suit for 10.00
 - Men's Overcoats, black beaver, \$7.50 and \$10
 - Men's Overcoats, dark grey cheviot \$10 and \$12.
 - Men's Ulsters, Irish Freize with corduroy lining, \$8.
- In our Underwear Section you will find a full line of Canadian Scotch wool shirts and drawers 25c to 2.00
- We are showing all the newest styles in Men's Cloth Caps from 25c to 1.25

O'LOUGHLIN & McINTYRE

Cash and One Price

KENT-ST., LINDSAY

Good Furs at the Right Prices

We buy Furs direct from the trappers and collectors, and in such large quantities that we are able to offer you very reasonable prices in selling. This is no small subject in buying a Fur Garment this winter. If you wish to buy a Fur Jacket, ready-to-wear, you will find an extensive line of them in our store.—Persian Lamb, Russian Lamb, Electric Seal, Coon, Bocheam, Black A-trachan, Grey Lamb. Many new designs in Jackets, Capes, Cloaks, Collarlets, Boas, Scarfs, Fur Lined Capes, etc.

- Black Astrachan Jackets, 25.00, 30.00 and upwards
- Coon Jackets 40.00 and 45.00
- Electric Seal Jackets, special, 35.00, 40.00 and upwards.
- Fur Capes, 10.00, 12.50 and upwards.
- Fur Lined Capes, 20.00, 25.00, 30.00 and upwards
- Men's Fur Coats, 15.00, 20.00, 25.00 and upwards.
- Ruffs and Scarfs for Neckwear in all the fashionable Furs and newest styles. prices 2.50, 3.50, 5.00, 7.50, 10.00 and upwards.
- Collarettes and Caperines.—These comfortable styles for the cold weather in all the leading Furs latest shapes and styles, Coney, Hair, Black Opposum, Grey Lamb, Alaska Sable, Seal, Persian Lamb and many combinations of the different Furs, 3.50, 4.50, \$5, 6.50, 7.50, 8.50, \$10, \$12.50, upwards to 35.00.
- Muffs and Gauntlets to match Collarettes, prices 2.50, 3.50, 4.50, 5.00 and upwards.

FUR TRIMMINGS cut on shortest notice. Jackets and Capes Lined and Trimmed with all the different lines of Furs. Repairing and Remodelling Furs a specialty.

Armstrong Bros.

Manufacturing Furriers and Leading Hatters

KENT-ST., LINDSAY

GREGORY'S BAKING POWDER

is made from Pure Cream of Tartar and Soda Bicarb. Contains no adulterants. Always fresh because it is made every two or three days. An old and tried Baking Powder always gives satisfaction. Once used, always used.

30c. A POUND

E. GREGORY,

Corner Drug Store, Lindsay



In the Fall Days

you think very seriously about all sorts of household hardware—boating apparatus and cooking utensils more particularly, perhaps. But whatever particular article you want, you will consult your own interests by purchasing of KEYS & MORRISON, where you get low prices in Stoves, Heaters, Tin and Granite-ware.

KEYS & MORRISON, Lindsay

Opposite Benson House.

Portland Cement

The tests made by experts on behalf of Corporations and Contractors who are large consumers of Portland Cement has proven that the products of the . . .

Canadian Portland Cement

works are ahead of any manufactured in Canada, and equal to any imported. The capacity of the works is 1,800 bbls. a day. Special Prices—Call and see us or write us, or call us up by phone.

The Rathbun Co.

G. H. M. BAKER, Agent, Lindsay.

Its so Easy

to take cold. Its common to neglect the cold. That is one reason why there are so many people with deeply seated stubborn coughs, and so many more with lung trouble. The short, quick way to cure a cough is to use . . .

"Cough Not"

The quicker it is used the better, but even in long standing cases proves most beneficial. This remedy must not be classed with the many cheap preparations offered the public.

Dunoon's

Drug Store

Next A. Campbell's Grocery.

WORK OF SALVATION ARMY TALKED OF BY ITS FOUNDER

The Veteran Leader, Gen. Booth Tells of His Methods

SOUL-SAVING A SCIENCE

Jail-Birds and all Sorts of outcasts are Reclaimed by the Army



GENERAL BOOTH.

The greatest leader of the vastest army that the world ever saw, the mightiest marshaler of men, the magnetic, invincible enthusiast for the rescue of outcasts by saving their souls, the organizer and executive of the greatest ministries for giving men another chance to do right, that were ever launched, the most effective lieutenant of the Lord of Hosts, the founder and leader of the Salvation Army, General Booth, was in Toronto last week. He gave audience to a number of newspaper men, and what he said was thus reported by the Star:

"Saving a soul is a science." "Go to the poor fellow who is an outcast and ask him to get up and rise to the level, point to him the beauties of a life on the higher plane, and he will answer, 'I can't, it's such a long step up there.' It is here where the Salvation Army comes in, and, taking the arm of the fallen one, helps him to the level." The scene was in the private apartments of General William Booth at the Temple this morning, and the General was the speaker.

"I am nervous to-day," he explained to the press representatives about him. "I had a very narrow escape on Wednesday night." Arriving in the vicinity of Toronto a day before he was announced, General Booth, his daughter, Commissioner Booth, and staff quartered at Lorne Park, away from the noise of the city. A fire was built in an open grate, and the General and the rest of the staff retired, leaving it burning. Through the night Miss Booth smelled smoke. The house was found to be on fire, but prompt action saved it from destruction. In the meantime General Booth was driven to his private car two miles away.

FULL OF FIRE YET

General Booth appears older than when he last visited Toronto. But it is only in appearance. His hair is whiter, but his eye has just as much fire as it ever had, and as the year's go on his ideals have enlarged. His was a striking personality, this Napoleon of the day, as for an hour he spoke of his armies, of his world-girdling plans, of his work in London, in Australia, in India, in the United States, and his plan for Canada.

"I have corps in every village," he said, but it was not the remark of an egotist.

General Booth declares that it is the labor unions here that have opposed his colonization schemes for Canada. He says they do so without reason. He thinks that if Canada had spent more money in aiding him in colonization, and less in railways, the railways would have followed as the natural sequence of the influx of the settlers. General Booth says that if Canada would have a sturdy class of English settlers who must offer them inducements. His idea would be to approach the man who could dig a bit or plow, and knew a rake from a hoe, and say, "See here, now, I have put up a place for you in the West, a shack, where you can have protection. I will help you, and if you are sick I will stay by you. But, remember, if you make it go, you must pay me back."

The young English farmer went come here, so the General says. Why? Well, he has \$200 or \$300 to spend, and has been to college, and has visited the city. His trousers are too tight for him, as it were.

MAY START A PAPER

General Booth may start a paper before he gets through with life. He says the power of the press is rapidly increasing. The pulpit warring? He refused to say anything against the pulpit.

"How far have you travelled?" "I have covered 100,000 miles since I was here four years ago. I have given 1,500 addresses, and have seen 20,000 kneel at the penitent form. A few of these men have been newspaper men."

"You're a busy man?" "Yes, on the wing the most of the time. On the lookout for new ideas, you know; inspecting, counselling, encouraging, and receiving encouragement."

"Our methods in different countries? Well, hearts are all the same the world over. The hopes and fears of humanity are all the same. The Japanese has just about the same kind of a heart that we would find in India, and the man from India is, after all, just like you and me."

"The man who is down,—how is he best helped?" "Social reformers say, 'Wash the shirt and change the environment.' We say, 'Wash the soul, and you change the man.'"

When the general said this he became much in earnest.

THE MAN IN PRISON

The man in prison? General Booth pictured the fellow in jail. He painted his cell with a word picture, and

stuck the criminal in it. He traced the desire of the man to do better. Then the general followed him as he faced the world.

"The world turns its back on that man." The general turned his back and looked in the grate. "No one will have him. They say, 'Why, you are a criminal.' It is here that the Army steps in, and in Toronto last year the prison gate rescue work gave no less than 400 criminals help, aiding them to position and locking arms with them to prevent them from falling. They are under our wing today. Today the business man takes our word when we, after a year's trial and help, get a man who was a criminal a position. He often goes back to his old employer. Today if we had 300,000 we could get them all positions." he said. "The people trust us now, and if we give the employer a certificate of character it is accepted."

RESCUING GIRLS

The Army has at present 3,400 girls in North-East London that have been rescued, and have either got positions or married and settled down. "How about the backslider?" "Oh, yes; but 70 per cent. of these girls remain true. The cost is more than \$10 a head."

General Booth has got the thing down fine. He says that the saving of people is a science not to be taken up by any broken-down shopkeeper or by some fellow who can't make a living and becomes a missionary. The science of saving, he thinks, is rapidly approaching perfection. Seventy per cent of girls are saved by the Army, and General Booth cannot understand why it is the Governments and municipalities do not co-operate more in his work.

"They take great pains now-a-days to save their waste products, and I see they are anxious about the waste from the gold mines, but what about the waste products of manhood?"

Here the general said that the Army could save 50 per cent. of the drunkards, and 50 per cent. of the criminals with whom they came in touch.

"Does Canada help?"

"Yes, Canada aids some, and I now have word that New York will give us \$5,000 a year for our work among the city's unfortunates. Cecil Rhodes was a great friend of the Army, and we miss him."

HOW RESCUE WORK IS DONE

The work of a rescue home in London was outlined. In cool calculation, General Booth took a miserable bum and set him on one scale. He put a sovereign on the other side. For this sovereign the bum was transformed, washed, scrubbed, and scraped in soul and body. He was taught to support himself. He was sent out a man. Five dollars? Yes, the \$5 represented the cost of keeping him in position to help himself for one whole year.

"He helped 250 men in this place, and the total cost was not more than \$1250 for the entire year. In the London workhouse the cost is \$175 per annum."

FAVORS PRISON LABOR

General Booth is in favor of prison labor. He doesn't see why a man should not work in jail the same as out. The labor societies don't agree with him; but he doesn't abuse them. He is silent when speaking of them. "Our profits on the stuff we make and sell go to the poor," was his answer.

The interview closed with a description of the Army's farm near London, where the general has spent \$750,000. It is 3,000 acres in extent, and has helped many a chap to the level. The city of London has just offered to take its entire supply of brick.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS. EPPS'S COCOA

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. Sold in 1 lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA

GIVING STRENGTH & VIGOUR.

KIRS, AT THE FAIR

These People Do a Thriving Business—Female Snake-Eater

There are several people who traded money for experience at the recent fall fairs in this county, who will read the following from the Toronto Star with some interest:

Reports received by Mr. George C. Creelman, superintendent of fairs, indicate that the "fakir" has been a prominent feature at a number of the provincial fairs this fall. Some of the operators have been most glaring in their brazenness. They were not more gambling games where the nibbler has a chance for his money, but in many cases the victim, once snared, had not the slightest chance to make anything. Let alone get his money back. A favorite game was a sort of a lottery, where the public was asked to pay 25 cents a man, and draw an envelope containing a card from a box full. On each card was a letter of the alphabet, and for each letter there was a prize, varying from a thimble to a gold watch. "I watched one of these men," says one of Mr. Creelman's informants, "for most of an hour. Outside of two men in the crowd, who always withdrew, and whom I spotted in five minutes as pals of the fakir, there was not a draw made by anyone, which called for more than a thimble. The two pals were able to get watches, and all the good prizes, which they sold back for cash, \$1 to \$5, and to the crowd it seemed as though they were making lots of money. I would judge that the trio got away with about \$20 of the crowd's money in the hour, and if business was as good all afternoon, they would have about \$100."

At the same fair there about twenty other fakirs. Some operated wheels of fortune, or similar instruments, all of which seemed prejudiced against the public. Others had different devices. One of the loudly advertised sideshows was in a tent where a woman would edify the people by her "great snake-eating act." All the performers and fakirs seemed to have perfect immunity from the constabulary. Another correspondent writes that he knows of one farmer who was done out of \$30 during one afternoon at a fair. Mr. Creelman thinks that the time is about ripe for a deathblow to all fakirs and sideshow entertainments at the country shows. The "Model Fair" at Whitby was carried through to illustrate what might be done with the undesirable element suppressed, and it is hoped a large number of fair boards will follow the example next year. One feature of the Whi by fair, the experimental plots, showing grasses, corns, millets, etc., will be placed within the reach of every fair. The Department of Agriculture will supply the varieties of seeds and the cost of sowing and caring for the plants is small. Many of the other features will also be available.

AN OPERA LEADER'S FACE

An Animated Description of the Emotions Depicted There

The other night the Italian composer and opera leader was in Toronto. As an example of what an expert can say about the facial expressions of a musician, the following by Mr. H. F. Gadsby in the Toronto Star is reproduced: The right hand grasps the baton, and gives the tempo, the left hand helps with the shading. Mascagni has beautiful hands, strong hands and shapely. The fingers taper. There is a signet ring on his left little finger. In the tender passages that left hand steals out over the orchestra like a bishop's blessing. No phase of the music escapes that left hand. It pleads, it caresses, it grieves and when the fierce crescendos arise, it clenches and becomes a mailed fist. And all the while the left hand knows what the right is doing. . . . But you must train your opera glasses carefully to discover that Mascagni does most of his directing with his face. Now the Mascagni face is not handsome, but it is strong. The brow is noble, the eyes deep and inscrutable, but the nose is shortened, the mouth somewhat large the jaw heavy and the complexion pallid. Mascagni looks older than his photographs. His face showed turbulent emotions sternly depicted, hard study and exhausting labor. It is a lowering face, what the Scotch call "dour." It reflects every chord of music. It mirrors every strain. When Mascagni conducts his own operas, the first violin uses his heart strings. Sunshine, storm, shadow, chase over his features in bewildering confusion. Some of these grimaces are fearful, but to the prima donna they are better than the stage manager's look. From them she knows just what quality of sorrow or love or hate or madness to put into her voice. A biography of the Mascagni face at work would be a study in remorse. It would save more sinners than the fear of eternal punishment. To watch this face as it manages a crescendo, for instance, is to diagnose a hurricane, from the first cloud no bigger than a man's hand, to the black roaring pull, riven with lightning, and blotting out the firmament. As the music swells, Mascagni's eyes blaze, the raven lock over his forehead tosses about like the mane of an angry lion, the head twitches, the jaws click together, and the lips mutter. At the very height of the frenzy, the baton comes down like the swish of a birching rod, and Mascagni turns a baleful glare on the bass drum. His face is a picture of hate, an organism of inspired madness. He seems to hurl curses at the inoffensive players. He is merely repeating the words of the libretto, but appears to say: "Devils! Misbegotten fiends! Do your worst, or I'll kill you!"