

THE WATCHMAN-WARDER.

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LINDSAY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13th, 1902.

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This is to be one of the Greatest of Silk Seasons. Like every other class of Goods, Silks vary according to their manufacturing, and manufacturers vary according to the style of Goods they turn out. We particularly recommend the C. J. Bonnett & Co., makers of Lyons, for Fine Black Silks.

These Silks are always known by their white border and have the name woven on the end of every piece.

We have these at \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50 per yd

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of the success of GREGORY'S BAKING POWDER is that we make it fresh every other day and it is also made of pure chemicals.

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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.

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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.

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THE COOK'S FRIEND

Cream Tartar

is used daily in nearly every house because the importance of it being of the best quality. Adulterated Cream Tartar is highly injurious to use and dear at any price. You will find ours most satisfactory.

Baking Powder

Indispensable for Pure and Wholesome Food

Food for sick or those dyspeptic tendencies requiring to be leaved alone made perfectly wholesome and more nutritious by our powder than by most Vesicular Agents.

Dunoon's

Drug Store

Next A. Campbell's Grocery.

GREEN GOODS GO IN DAWSON

Mr. Chas. Milne Talks of Life Up in the Gold Region

MONTHS WITH NO NIGHT

All Goods are Dear, Especially Garden Truck—Taking a Windmill to Scotland

"I crossed the Dominion on board the train 14 years ago when on my way from Scotland to Vancouver," said Mr. Chas. Milne, who with his wife visited Sheriff and Mrs. McLennan a few days last week. Mr. Milne is a Scotchman, a native of Aberdeenshire, but he is as tall and spare and active as the typical American, or rather perhaps as the traditional one, for the tall, thin American has largely disappeared from everywhere but the cartoons. At all events, Mr. Milne is not oppressed by any of the physical or mental sluggishness that one sometimes associates with Old Country people. It may be that a constitutional freedom from that peculiarity has been augmented by 14 years' residence amid the strenuous life of the Pacific coast and the Klondike gold fields, where, in that time, he made a respectable sum of money, and is now on his way back to Scotland.

Mr. Milne was piloted about town by Mr. Geo. Jordan whom he knew when both lived in Vancouver. "Did he ever fine you?" one gentleman said to Mr. Milne who had said that Mr. Jordan was city judge there.

"Yes, once," replied the Westerner, and the erstwhile judge explained that he had on one occasion mulcted Mr. Milne for riding his bicycle on the sidewalk.

"When I went to Vancouver 14 years ago," said Mr. Milne, it was just beginning to grow. Why there

the whole supply was bought by somebody with money, and a genuine "corner" worked on it. Once the milk and cream was bought that way stored in a big shed, and sold before spring at enormous profit. You have no idea how anxious to get a bit of green stuff a person becomes before the winter ends. The hankering is not only to eat it but even to look at it. An old man who had a small plot of ground near my store, got hurt while mining, and was not able to work. He could go about a little on crutches, so he got some broken glass and made a sort of hothouse. I gave him the vegetable seed to sow it. Before long he had a nice crop of green stuff. He asked me what he should charge a bunch for. I said he might try it at twenty-five cents. Before he had got across one street he had sold out his stock. Next day he asked fifty cents and the third \$1 and sold his stuff with no trouble. He made a thousand dollars out of the products of that little patch. For two months there is perpetual daylight. In that time the growth is very rapid. I have sowed radish seed on Saturday and had nice-sized radishes to use a week from the next Monday, or in 8 days. Eggs sold for \$1 each and were in big demand, especially toward spring when a good many people suffer from pneumonia. In the dead of winter, when the weather is very cold—60, 70 and 80 degrees—the air is dry and there is very little sickness but in the spring when the river opens a little the moisture goes up into the air which is then very irritating and even dangerous. A good many people die of pneumonia. I am delighted with Ontario and especially that part of it about here. The farms are very fine and the farmers are evidently progressive. The old-country people are very conservative. A farmer there will hire two or three men to turn a mill to grind the feed for his stock or feed it to them whole. The Canadian farmer buys a windmill and grinds his feed at a little cost. I am going back to the old farm in Aberdeenshire and it won't be long before a windmill is going above the barn. I am getting quotations now and will have a mill of Canadian make."

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE

It is the night!
And snow lies thickly, white untrodden snow,
And the wan moon upon a casement shines—
A casement crusted o'er with frosty leaves,
That make her ray less bright along the floor.
A woman sits with hands upon her knees,
Poor tired soul! and she has naught to do,
For there is neither fire nor candle light;
The driftwood ash lies cold upon her hearth;
The rushlight flickered down an hour ago;
Her children wall a little in their sleep
For cold and hunger.

And doth she curse the alehouse and the sots
That drink the night out and their earnings there,
And drink their manly strength and courage down
And drink away the little children's bread,
And starve her, starving by the self-same act
Her tender suckling, that with piteous eyes
Looks in her lace, till scarcely she has heart
To work and earn the scanty bit and drop
That feed the others?

I think not . . . I have not heard such women curse.
My curse is curse enough.
When troubles come of God,
When men are frozen out of work, when wives
Are sick, when working fathers fall and die,
When boats go down at sea—then naught behooves
Like patience, but for troubles wrought of men
Patience is hard—I tell you it is hard.
"But woe is me! I think there is no sun;
My sun is sunken, and the night grows dark;
None care for me. The children cry for bread,
And I have none, and naught can comfort me;
Even if the heavens were free to such as I,
It were no much, for death is long to wait
And heaven is far to go!"
—Jean Ingelow.

were fine big new brick blocks standing on the swamp's edge without a street or walk near them. It is a good city now. So is Victoria. British Columbia is seeking a market for her products across the Pacific in China and Japan; but lately she has found that an enormous demand is rising in the Northwest Territories and Manitoba at her back door.

I was through the gold-mining boom in the Klondike. It has waned some but there is likely enough gold there yet to keep the country alive for 10 years longer. After that it is a question whether Dawson City will not go out of existence. The finds were very rich in places. I knew a case in which one pan of soil yielded nearly \$3000 worth of gold. I have myself scooped the pan into the side of a creek's bank and washed \$16 worth of gold out of one handful. "It was in dust and nuggets. Some of the latter were as big as a good-sized ink pot.

I took in several hundred tons of store goods when I went in 1898. We took them over the pass on pack mules and at the river made scows and floated them down to Dawson 600 miles away. I made money. I never paid any attention to the cost of the goods; in fact I never yet have totalled up my invoices. It was not a question of what was a fair profit, but of how much you could get for an article. All sorts of eatables are taken up there in cans. Milk and cream brought \$1 a can, potatoes 35 cents a pound and often frozen over at that. Hay brought \$700 a ton. I told a farmer outside of your town the other day that I had sold hay at that price and he asked what sort of tons we used up there.

Sometimes when during the early winter it is evident that any commodity will be scarce before spring

posure was inevitable."

Ross: "Well, we had to work with such tools as we could get."

Gibson: "But you should have got the best obtainable. If, instead of hiring a lot of irresponsible blackguards with prison records, just because they came cheap, we had engaged just two or three highly respectable men, good church members, and paid them liberally, say \$400 or \$500 each, the trick would have worked."

Davis: "Oh, that's absurd. Do you suppose men of that sort could be got to swear falsely?"

Gibson: "Why not, if the inducement was sufficient? Don't such men perjure themselves every day in our court for less money? Ask the judges. Better even pay \$1,000 for a deacon or a Sunday school superintendent, or someone of that class, than buy a rascal for the best money."

Ross (smiling): "You appear to think that every man has his price."

Harcourt: "Well, that may not be exactly a political axiom, but I think we've always found it a good working hypothesis."

Gibson: "My idea exactly."

Davis: "I don't like such cynical reflections on the religion and morality of the people."

Stratton: "We're talking practical politics now. As a matter of fact there are truly pious fellows who can do a little hard swearing at a pinch. How about W. T. R. Preston?"

Gibson: "That's just the kind of man I had in mind—smooth, plausible, with a good church record, but able to keep his politics and his religion in separate water-tight compartments."

Latchford: "I've as much respect for religion as any man, but it doesn't do to mix it with politics."

Davis: "You would never have been here but for your church connection."

Latchford: "Neither would you, if it comes to that."

Ross: "Gentlemen, we are digressing from the subject. I'm inclined to agree with the Attorney-General. What's past cannot be undone, but we shall know better next time. We are going to be confronted with some ugly questions during the session. There's the growing demand for public ownership, for instance. Why the Toronto people are even going so far as to urge the establishment of municipal coal yards."

Gibson: "We can never allow that. I'd resign first. It would be altogether contrary to public policy, and a gross infringement on vested rights and freedom of contract."

Harcourt: "And what has Toronto ever done for us?"

Ross: "While I quite agree with the Attorney-General, I think he is at times a little bit over-zealous and too outspoken in defence of vested rights."

Gibson: "You don't mean to say you'd let an outrageous measure of that kind pass?"

Ross: "By no means! But, I do say that you are often indiscreet in opposing such propositions when the same subject could be attained with a little finesse. The idea is a popular one and we must temporize. There's no need to denounce it openly, in fact we might appear to favor it. We might let it pass the Municipal Committee and kill it at a later stage."

Gibson: "Oh, but such a course would commit us to a policy of confiscation. Are not the vested rights of the coal dealers to be respected?"

Stratton: "I tell you straight, Gibson, the bull-headed way you go for measures of this kind, and your fool talk about vested rights, have done us more harm than enough. You've no tact. Of course we can't let it pass, but there's no occasion to make enemies unnecessarily."

Ross: "I think, gentlemen, we can turn the popular demand for municipal coal yards to account. Let us, without committing ourselves, appear friendly to the proposal. The coal dealers will take the alarm, they will raise a large fund to protect their interests. Well, who can protect their interests better than the government? You get the idea?"

Gibson: "Yes, I think the plan would work. We have always stood by the capitalists on principle, and it is only fair that they should come to our help."

Ross: "That's settled, then. We ought to get enough out of them to see us through the bye-elections without any trouble. There's one satisfactory feature about this public ownership question—we needn't be afraid that the Tories will take it up in earnest. Whitney and Matheson are just as much committed to the support of the corporations as we are."

Stratton: "Yes, but if they should conclude to throw 'em down and go in for taking advantage of the popular movement."

Ross: "Then they'd cut off their principal source of supplies. I'm not much afraid of that. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

Harcourt: "I should rather think it was."

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