

THE WATCHMAN-WARDER.

LINDSAY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4th, 1902.

75 Cents a Year in Advance; \$1.00 if Not so Paid

XLV. No. 48.

POPULAR PRICED. FURS

Tell us what you want, and from our carefully selected stock we will be sure to please. Read our prices—they will convince that we sell as cheap, if not cheaper, than any other house in town:—

Bocharin Jackets, best quality	..	\$40 00
Kangaroo	..	25 00
Fur lined Circulars	..	25 00
"	..	15 00
American Sable and Electric Seal Capelines, long fronts	..	15 00
Black Opposum and Electric Seal Capelines, long fronts	..	10 00
Grey Lamb Capelines	..	10 00
Electric Seal Capelines	..	7 00
"	..	5 00
"	..	4 00
"	..	3 00
"	..	9 00
Astrachan Capelines	..	5 00
"	..	18 00
Alaska Sable Ruffs	..	10 00
"	..	7 50
American Sable Ruffs	..	10 00
"	..	7 50
Black Thibet Ruffs	..	4 50
Black H. Coney Ruffs	..	3 00
"	..	2 00
Alaska Sable Muffs	..	10 00
"	..	9 00
Thibet Muffs	..	7 00
Electric Seal	..	5 00
Astrachan Muffs	..	5 00
H. Coney Muffs	..	4 50
Persian Lamb Gauntlets	..	8 00
Grey Lamb Gauntlets	..	5 00
"	..	4 50
Electric Seal	..	6 00
"	..	5 00
Persian Lamb Caps	..	9 00
"	..	8 00
"	..	6 50
"	..	2 25
Grey Lamb Caps	..	5 00
Electric Seal Caps	..	4 50
Astrachan Caps	..	3 50
Beaver Opposum Caps	..	3 50
		2 50

O'LOUGHLIN & McINTYRE

Cash and One Price

KENT-ST., LINDSAY

FUR FACTS

..FOR FUR BUYERS..



Buy Furs From . . . Responsible Houses

There are almost as many different kinds and qualities of Furs as there are different kinds of People. Furs are not like Clothes, there are no two garments exactly alike, and for this reason, the price necessarily varies. It is therefore important to buy Furs directly from the Manufacturer and only from houses of unquestioned reputation for honorable dealings in whom you can place implicit confidence.

About Qualities

A skin to be graded No. 1 must be full prime winter caught. We usually look to the fullness or compactness of the Fur, the larger number of hairs to the square inch as the first essential of good quality; next in sequence of selection comes the character. Softness, texture and flexibility of the Fur; good dressing or tanning as well as dyeing are also essential to produce good garments. It is only after many years of experience that one may become conversant with their several properties and values, and is able to judge the same properly.

Concentration Leads to Success

Everything in Furs find representation in our line, nothing else. We devote time and energy to one business, manufacturing Furs and selling directly to the consumer at manufacturers' prices. The manifold advantages accruing from this are readily apparent. Our patrons are assured the benefit of first cost for superior qualities and exclusive styles, advantages which cannot be obtained in dealing with houses that handle everything in general and nothing in particular.

New Styles for Season 1902-1903 are now in stock. Jaunty Short Jackets, Smart Collarettes, Comfortable Fur Scarfs, Warm Fur Lined Gauntlets, Good Generous Muffs, Fur lined Capes, Storm Collars etc.

Armstrong Bros

Manufacturing Furriers and Hatters, Etc.

KENT-ST., LINDSAY

GERMAN POLICE AND GYPSIES

Rev. J. W. Macmillan's Interesting Article on Scenes in the Land of Luther

ECONOMY IN ROADWAYS

The Crops Come Close Out to the Narrow Thoroughfares—The Emperor's Hunting Ground

A good many Lindsay people heard Rev. J. W. Macmillan, pastor of St. Andrew's deliver his lecture on his trip through Britain and across Europe a year ago; more have read the outlines of these lectures in these columns. In East and West, a young people's publication of the Presbyterian church, Mr. Macmillan recently had an article on his European jaunt that contains matter not used in his lectures. The article was entitled "The Road to Wittenburg," and is as follows:

The thrift of German road-making allows no more land than is necessary for the traffic, with no waste of a strip of ditch and grass which soon adds up into thousands of acres. Where the wheel-track and the foot-path cease, the hay and wheat begin. And the thrift, moreover, refuses to line the road with mere shade trees when it is possible to provide fruit trees which produce both shade and fruit. The road is like a corridor in an orchard, with cherries or pears or apples on either hand.

Straight away for seventeen miles on the wheel from Berlin to Potsdam through the royal pine forest, the road runs. There the Kaiser can shoot fifty deer of a morning, patiently driven before him by the foresters. And there the forester kills a certain number most precisely and methodically at most precise and methodical periods, with the result that you can find venison a common dish on German bills of fare. And there the pine is nurtured with a precision and method that abide untampered with for centuries, so that the cones are sprouting where the logs were hewn last year.

THE GERMAN POLICE

The German policeman is a compound of the gentleman and fate. He is as polite as one, as inexorable as the other. The policeman is the public guardian in this land. A facile population believes his every word and obeys his every nod. "One man shall chase a wherever the one man wears the helmet and sword of the Imperial Police Force, and the thousand are German citizens. But the one man forbears. He does not chase. He instructs, directs and kindly advises. But please remember that his advice is a command, and his precept is a statute.

On that road towns and cities stand, with huddling villages beyond. But they are apart from the road, not of it; beside it, not on it. And of what pertains to the road and journeys upon it this chronicler tells. Various are the travellers and curious to Canadian eyes. We shall dismount and observe them as they pass.

Far ahead a tiny cloud of dust appears. Rapidly it increases, drawing near at a rate of speed we never saw before except on a railway track. Now we can hear the clinkety-clinkety of its machinery, and the hoarse blasts of its steam horn. It is an automobile. And we have hardly time to pronounce its name before it is past and away, with perhaps a thin jet of steam spurting amid the cloud of dust behind, silver against brown. Two men sit facing forward, and two behind. Each has on a linen duster, a peaked cap, a pair of spectacles, perhaps a veil, and a face like a well-fed sphinx.

This pair, trudging barefoot, with their shoes over their shoulders are men looking for work. See them pause at the outskirts of the village and read that sign. It tells them the address of a man in the village who is appointed to care for them. He will tell them where work is to be got. Or, if he cannot do that, he will give them work, at a low wage certainly, but enough to provide for them over night, and send them on with good advice and a little money in their pockets to-morrow.

THE GYPSIES

And this, now approaching, is a gypsy caravan. All the precision and method of Germany cannot tame these vagabonds. Here, at the front is a house on wheels, drawn by a horse which might almost walk under it, spiritless and woe begone beyond all other horses in a land where most horses are thin and weak. It is driven by a girl of twelve or thereabouts, who stretches a brown skinny arm from the midst of a mass of rags, and cries out for a groschen. The next wagon is driven by a handsome young fellow, who salutes you with a dignified and melancholy bow. From the third descends a gray-headed and supple old woman, who might have stood for the beggar Addison describes in Sir Roger de Coverly. She will look at your hand, and prophesy for you great blessings. Much wealth, and health and high position, and a handsome wife are to be yours; and for it all,

"Give the poor old mother a few pennings!" But if you give them not, no malediction returns, only a look of pained surprise. Thus far perhaps the reign of the policeman extends.

The rear guard comes to you in the shape of an old man, the great-grandfather of all gypsies, with Abrahamian beard and locks, who is harnessed with a dog to a hand wagon.

LUTHER'S WELL

That is a windmill there in the middle of a field, and the man at the which is turning it round so that its thirty-foot-long arms may catch the western wind. And this is Luther's well—we are getting near Wittenburg now—there the pool in the cave. And these are peasants coming to fill barrels with water. One wonders if the women ever wear shoes or hats. What brute strength must lie in those stocky frames, and behind the sunburnt skin on their arms and legs. From some of the loads these poor creatures carry, I fancy they could hold their own with Indians on a portage. Here is a mother side by side with a big dog, pulling a wagon. She does nothing more than guide four legs now, but when those two big barrels are filled and she starts back up hill, she will have to pull. I wonder if she will then let her two-year-old ride in the front of the wagon then.

MICE IN ORCHARDS

Precautions That Should be Taken to Prevent These Little Pests From Working

"The time of year has now arrived," writes Mr. Jones, director of the Maryland Experimental Station in the Sun, "when we should take precautions against injury from mice during the coming winter. The experience of many fruit growers, particularly in the eastern part of the province, last winter proves that it is very much easier to protect our trees from the ravages of mice than it is to remedy the evil when done. Last year I successfully protected about seven hundred young trees, planted from three to four years, with ordinary building paper, cut into strips about eleven inches high and long enough to wrap around the tree once or twice, and tied in the middle with binding twine. Out of the above number of trees wrapped I only had one injured, and that was above the paper.

CANADA AND GENIUS

Brainy Men Are Driven Out or Kept in Poverty by Lack of Appreciation Here

The Montreal Daily Star says that clever and educated Canadians are forced to go to the States or elsewhere for employment, because they are neglected at home by both government and universities. The Star goes on to speak of one of the brightest Canadian poets as follows:

Archibald Lampman, a Canadian poet, much of whose work fairly ranks with that of which Wordsworth or Keats or Matthew Arnold might not have had any reason to be ashamed, once wrote to a friend, "We talk a good deal about Canada for the Canadians, and yet Canadians find it harder to get on in Canada than anywhere else. If I were an Englishman, say, an Oxford man, I have not doubt I could get a very good berth somewhere in this country." Once an American University had in view the giving him a Chair of Literature, such was his distinction as a writer, his attainments in the classics, his acquaintance with literature in general, and the sureness and soundness of his critical power. On another occasion he ascertained his mind in respect of leaving the Canada that had nothing better to give him than a salary of \$800 a year in the P. O. department, where he had to do deskwork nearly all day. He wished to continue to live in his ungrateful country, and did so until he died about three years ago, quite young.

One of the easy government places given to the heeled ministers or members would have saved our gentle, noble poet, by supplying him the means to live comfortably in the modest way he proposed, and let him enhance the reputation of his country than all the arches of wheat sheaves that ever it will erect in London. A chair of literature in a Canadian University would have been still more to his advantage, his liking, and the credit of his country.

BUILDING A GOOD ROAD AND KEEPING IT IN REPAIR

A New Yorker Writes of Work Done in Monroe County

J. H. C. of Monroe county N. Y., writes as follows in an article to the Country Gentleman: No one can object to the liberal expenditure of public money in the building of good roads; no sounder investment was ever made in this state, as all who are making use of these restored highways must admit. Whether we are driving for pleasure or with a heavily loaded wagon, the benefit derived is so apparent that we recall with a shudder bygone experiences with mud, dust and "pitch-holes," especially when passing smoothly over well-remembered portions of the road formerly passable only with half loads, and sometimes not at all in rainy weather. In dry seasons, dust two or three inches deep had to be driven through, suffocating both to man and beast.

I live a short distance on a by-road which joins the main road running from Buffalo to Rochester, seven miles from the centre of the latter city. The larger road is being rebuilt (in fact, is nearly completed) to this point, a length of rather more than five miles, and the traveller connects directly with the asphalt pavements in the city of Rochester,

The whole of it is situated in the town (Gatos) I reside in. The contract price for the work was \$36,000, towards the payment of which the assessment upon each town taxpayer is \$2.65 town tax and not quite three cents county tax per \$1000 assessed value of their property. Up to about ten years ago, a toll-house stood two miles from the city, at which a toll of ten cents each way was levied, and the tolls I have paid in a single year have often amounted to more than twice the sum I shall shortly be called upon to pay for an improved highway, such as I never dreamed of at that time. With proper attention for many years at little expense this can be kept in good condition and this continued maintenance of the road is a matter that should not be neglected. Until the charter (owned by a company) expired, and was not renewed owing to the vigorous objections of the patrons of the road, both in city and country, the road was kept tolerably well mended, but after that it lapsed into a disgraceful state, as it was impossible for the comparatively few residents on that long stretch of wide road to keep it in repair under the system of working out the road tax.

MAJOR NEIL IN SOUTH AFRICA

He Has Received a Good Government Position as Land Commissioner

LIVES IN JOHANNESBURG

South Africa is Not a Good Place to Go Yet—Col. Hughes Popular

Capt. Williamson the other day received a letter from Major Neil of Omemeo, who is now Land Commissioner in the Transvaal under Lord Milner. The letter says: I must apologize to you for not having written to you before, but really I have been so busy I have had scarcely any time for writing. I am now in the famous Johannesburg at the High Commissioner's office and have just been appointed Land Commissioner for the Eastburg district and expect to move up there in the course of a few days. I left the 3rd C.M.R. at Newcastle in June last, and since then have been in command of all over-sea colonials consisting of Australians, New Zealanders, Canadians and South African colonials, and various others such as Cameroonian Highlanders, Scottish Horse, etc.

I took command of a small camp at Newcastle but was shortly transferred to Germiston, where the camp increased to huge proportions and I found I had an immense amount of work on my hands. This I am now broken up, the men being scattered all over South Africa.

I had the difficult job of settling the books of all these over-sea colonials and as they belonged to so many different corps it was no easy matter. However, I tackled the work and everything has turned out satisfactorily. On completion of this work I have been out inspecting the various parts of the country for the Government and sending in reports. Lord Milner was so satisfied with my work, that he has offered me the position of Land Commissioner.

COL. HUGHES POPULAR

I have been in every district in the Transvaal, visited all the towns also the Orange Free State, Natal and Cape Colony, and I must say I was surprised in finding the number of I met who are acquainted with Col. Hughes. He seems to be as well known out here as at home, and there is not a doubt but that he did good work. All the officers whom I have met, who served with him or near him, speak in the highest terms of his courage and ability to lead men. They all say that if there had been a few more like our colonel out here and the red tape out of the war would have ended two years ago. I tell you that no one need feel ashamed to say out here, that he belonged to Col. Hughes' regiment. All who know the colonel speak more than highly of him.

I myself, feel greatly indebted to the colonel, as the early training he gave me has been of invaluable assistance to me, both in military and other lines.

THINGS ARE UNSETTLED

I would not advise anyone to come out to this country at the present time, unless he has a small capital. Things are still very unsettled. The mines are not working up to their full strength. Government land is not yet available for settlers and there are a great number of men out of employment.

It is impossible to live in the Transvaal on less than £2 a day and the best hotels here at 30 shillings a day could not compare with the Benson or Simpson House, but still I think there is a great future for this country, and I should advise any young man who wishes to make a home for himself to come out here in about 7 months time, when things will be more settled.

Johannesburg is a very dirty, bad city, full of Jews, smells and vice. It should be called Jerusalem. There is no drainage system here yet, and all slop water runs down into the roads and is eventually carted away in mule wagons. At night sand-bagging is the most interesting sport, being greatly played all over the suburbs, but the police are getting the sandbaggers in hand.

I witnessed the cricket match between Australia and South Africa, which was very fine indeed. It was the best exhibition of cricket I have ever witnessed. The Australians play well.

The night at the colonel's supper at Lindsay I promised a number of people I would write to them—let them know how things were in South Africa, but I am sorry to say I have not kept my word, in fact I do not exactly remember whom I promised, but if you could find out let me know for I will certainly write to them.

I suppose the regiment went to camp the same as usual. I would have liked to have been with them.

The Canadians out here as a rule are getting along very well. Major Hodgins is head of the engineering branch of the railways and Major Stewart head of the registrar of mines. Greenwood, of Peterboro, you know him, of course, is district surveyor, and numerous others are doing well. Please remember me to all the officers of the regiment. I remain, yours sincerely, NFILL. Johannesburg, Oct. 33rd, '02.

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BER 27th, 1902.

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Notes

11, jr., the enter-breeder, Ops, reth and Yorkshire ng parties: Geo. Horeb; J. W. Chas. McKay; Twohey, Green-Lindsay; Wesley reb; H. Fitzpat-

Time Table

nd depart from

ALS

on --- 8.50 a.m.
pe --- 9.05 a.m.
--- 10.10 a.m.
--- 10.50 p.m.
pe --- 2.05 p.m.
O. Jes --- 5.20 p.m.
--- 6.23 p.m.
--- 7.30 p.m.
--- 8.05 p.m.
--- 8.45 p.m.
frt --- 8.00 a.m.
--- 10.20 p.m.

ights

--- 8.10 p.m.
--- 5.50 p.m.

URMS

--- 6.00 a.m.
--- 6.25 a.m.
--- 6.80 a.m.
--- 9.10 a.m.
--- 11.50 a.m.
--- 11.05 p.m.
Cet. --- 12.05 a.m.
--- 2.40 p.m.
--- 6.25 p.m.
--- 6.35 p.m.
--- 8.10 p.m.

ights

leville 8.15 a.m.
ad Tor 8.30 a.m.



Sale

NESS, CUT-ES, etc.

uctions from J. Public Auction Cambridge St., Y ON Dec. 6th Horses, Robes, etc. Different breeds and a few second

ness, Single and

Cub and Griz-uality.

ES SOLD ON ON

lock Sharp

\$15 and under nt four months by furnishing

AS BOWES Auctioneers