

# The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

VOL. XIII.

FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1885

NO 26.

### ROUND THE WORLD.

Interesting Items from all Parts of the World.  
The great Jew residential quarter of London now is a part of St. John's Wood, where many have spacious mansions and gardens.

Miss Blanche Williams, colored, who has matriculated at Toronto University, is said to have passed an excellent examination in French and German as well as in English.

A prominent physician suggests to occupants of summer houses that a wood fire in the evening, when the moisture in the atmosphere is excessive, prevents many cases of sickness.

A woman carried enough blueberries to a store in Salisbury, N. H., one day last week to buy a barrel of flour and other supplies. They are bought by weight, fifty pounds to the bushel.

Lord Lyons, who tendered his resignation as Minister at Paris on the retirement of the Gladstone Ministry, has consented to remain at his post until June of next year, when he will retire.

An extraordinary instance of the depreciation in the value of land in England is noted by the London World. In 1875 Lewit Island, near Harwich, containing 270 acres of fresh land, was bought at a cost of £7,900; and on July 10 it was sold by auction for £420.

The burglar season has commenced in London with the approach of the annual out-of-towning, and all the suburban police have been ordered to arm themselves with revolvers. During the last few months they have been taking lessons in the art of bringing down burglars.

A bottle sealed and corked and containing a check on a Newburyport bank for \$11.16 was found in the surf at Collin's Beach, Mass., one day last week. With the check, which was signed and dated Aug. 17, 1884, was a note, stating that the finder of the bottle might have its contents.

The flag of the Chicago Socialists is red and black, signifying destruction, and some of the devices carried in a recent procession were "Every Government is a Conspiracy Against the People," "The greatest Crime To-day is Poverty," "Down with the Throne, the Altar, and the Moneybag."

In view of the fact that Dartmoor Prison, in England, offers profitable employment for convicts for years to come, many more are to be sent for. Meanwhile "that unfortunate nobleman," the claimant, so long the principal and certainly the most ponderous figure there, has lapsed into complete obscurity.

Unity Fair, alluding to the prevalent distress in England, says that at Newark lately thirteen of Mr. Chaplin's yearlings only averaged 1,630 guineas each, and some of the more fashionably bred animals only 3,000 guineas apiece, one handsome filly being disposed of at the rate of but a guinea an ounce. Appalling, indeed!

The present population of the city of Buenos Ayres is estimated at 400,000. One of the local newspapers predicts that in a few years it will be the New York in a southern hemisphere. Emigrants are arriving in a steady stream, and if the proportion of the first six months of the year is kept up, their number will be 150,000 before the 1st of January next. Italians form the great majority of the incomers.

Alaska, according to a newspaper correspondent, is a sort of fairy land in summer. The almost continuous light of day shines upon bright green slopes, varied here and there by dark timber belts, rising up from the deep blue waters. An endless variety of bright-hued flowers, the hum of insects and melodious song of birds make the land seem almost a second Eden, but the intensity of the sun's heat dispels any hasty impressions of this sort.

Mr. G. A. Sala is known by his white waistcoat. "I have worn a white waistcoat," he says, "every day, winter and summer, for five and twenty years. Once, in Paris, at a shop where I used to buy my gloves, a serving woman said to me: 'You always wear a white waistcoat.' 'Yes, I always wear one of the year round.' 'All the year round?' she exclaimed. 'A clean one every day.' 'Yes,' I said. 'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'if I had only been your washerwoman!'"

The London Echo draws attention to the difference between the peerage and the aristocracy, a difference suggested by the recent creation of peers. It points to several untitled magnates who are essentially members of the aristocracy, and remarks, on the other hand, that such a man as Lord Cairns, although a member of the peerage, is not a member of the aristocracy, a distinction of long lost sight of. One or two of the new peers are even quite unknown to persons moving in what is called "high life."

In the gardens of a well-known nobleman's country seat in the south of Ireland painted boards were set up in different parts of the pleasure grounds, with this request, "Please do not pull any flowers without leave." Recently the district practical joker passed that way, and at daybreak added an "s" to the last word on all the boards, which had the effect of making things pleasant—until the cause was discovered—for tourists and strange visitors who cherished a latent passion for floral gems.

"I'll Lie Down Beside Ye."  
Two Balfors of a northern town in Scotland were boon companions, and on all occasions of festivity it was their special aim to drink their fill. Once, dining a little way out of town in the summer season, they left the table at different hours. They had to walk home along a narrow path in a field of standing corn. The latest toppler was staggered on stumbling on something soft and warm right across his path. Stopping down, he hiccoughed, "Is this you, Sandy?" "Aye, it's me; help me up." "I cannae see that, but I'll tell ye what I'll do, I'll lie down beside ye." Sutting the action to the word, down he lay, and Betty, the milkmaid, as she tripped along in the morning, found the worthy pair snoring in each other's arms.

Friendship closes its eyes rather than see the moon eclipsed, while malice denies that it is ever at the full.

"Here," said Peterson, entering a store and throwing down a very gaudy red and black striped suit, "take this thing back; I don't want it." "But we don't take back bathing suits, after we have sold them once." "I don't care; you may have this one; I don't want it." "What's the matter with it?" "Why, I'm swimming in it in the lake and a whole fleet of yachts took me for a buoy and rounded me. I don't want any more of that."

### I'll Tell You Your Fortune, Pretty Maid.

"I'll tell you 'your fortune,' pretty maid!" "You say, if you tell it true?" "Well, I can say that you live right well. A lad in sailor's blue. A sailor lad with a bright black eye, And a heart both kind and strong." "Nay, gossip," she said, with a merry laugh, "You never were further wrong."

"The lad I love has a bright blue eye; A letter had never been born. He isn't a match behind a spikub, Nor yet in the hay or corn. He never was in a tossing ship; His home, it stands in a field of wheat, And under an apple tree."

"A farmer boy! And you love him well? Ah, that is a better fate. Just cross my hand, and I'll tell you, child, How long you will have to wait. Ere you shall smile at the wedding ring, And go to the home in the wheat field Set under the apple tree."

"It is not long, if the stars speak true— And when do they speak in vain?— You will marry the farmer boy you love When the summer comes again. Then merrily rang a mocking laugh— 'Ah, gossip, how little you know! For my farmer boy and I were wed A year and a half ago!'"

"Whatever of good may come to us, Whatever grief or ill, Comes not from any planet or star— It comes from our Father's will. The joy or sorrow of the future years No mortal could ever show; He knoweth the way that we shall take, And that is enough to know."

"But, after all, she used to be good to us." It was a son who said this of a mother whom some nervous malady had overtaken, and who was certainly a very serious trial to her family.

The young man's life, too, was a weary one. He was hard-worked through the day, and it was depressing to go home at night to fault-finding and fretfulness.

Harder still was it to sleep, as this son did, week after week, month after month, with all his senses half awake, that he might hear his mother's footsteps if they passed his door, and hurry after her to keep her from wandering into the night alone, as her melancholy half-madness often led her to try to do.

Strangely enough, she had turned against her own husband and her daughters. Only this one son had any power to persuade her for good. His work by day and his vigil by night won in him sorely, but he never complained.

"They don't know how blind they are!" she laughs quite heartily—Judith's moods are as changeable as the wind. "I will out with them yet, poor and obscure as I am; I will teach Mrs. Rutherford that even a worm will turn when it is trodden upon."

"But, Judith, she never said a word against you. She says as much as said, this morning at breakfast when I mentioned your name, that she was sorry any stop had been put to the old intercourse. And she said to me afterwards that the fact was she had always thought you too pretty and attractive to have you much at Velvry, as Erroll had absolutely nothing at present; and marriage with a girl equally poor would simply have ruined him."

"Must every girl who sees her sons fall in love with them?" "I suppose she thinks so. But I think she was more afraid of their falling in love with you."

"Ralph has money enough to marry a beggar girl, if he pleased." "She did not mention Ralph's name. She only seemed to think of the danger to Erroll."

"She only cares for Erroll. But she will give her darling to you! If you were old and ugly, she would give him to you just the same—she would encourage you to run after him; she would force him to make love to you. And all for the sake of a few paltry thousands. Bah!"

"Judith, you frighten me—you make me miserable! Don't let us talk about her any more. I sob, leaning my face down on her shoulder.

"I am sure I do not want to talk about her. Tell me all about your visit, and how much you enjoyed it. And what did she say to your aunts when she brought you back?"

"I don't know what she said," I smile through my tears; "but I think it was something like all liked. They think there is nobody in the world like Mrs. Rutherford."

Judith's red lip curls, but she does not indulge in any more invective—she seems anxious to make me forget the burst of passion which had so distressed and frightened me by bestowing upon me an extra amount of petting, and smoothing the tangled curls out of my eyes, kissing my tear-stained cheeks, blaming herself for having given me such a reception—I who had hurried over to see her first of all.

childish face at all. She can wear more effective bouquets, and larger hats, and longer trains, and higher ruffles, and a mingling of colors which my aunts would call "audacious" and yet they always look well upon her, though they would make a perfect fright of me. Her dress to-night is quiet enough, and yet its effect is not quiet as she comes into the drawing-room and is introduced to Erroll by his mother as "your old playmate," though I think they must have met before, for neither gives more than a casual glance towards the other, and, a moment later, Judith is talking to Mr. Rutherford, whom she has of course been in the habit of meeting at church on Sundays and occasionally at other houses, since those old days when he was a grown-up young man and she a child who came to play with his little sister, and to tease his younger brother with threats of excluding him from their girlish games.

Erroll of course takes possession of me, and though I cannot be blind to the fact that Judith is a thousand times more attractive than I am, he at all events does not seem to see it as he leans over the back of my chair whispering tender speeches into my silly delighted ears. He seems so glad to have me back again at Velvry, and I am so glad to be back—the evening seems to fly past as if it had wings.

Mrs. Rutherford is fond of music, and Mr. Rutherford also seems to enjoy it, though he generally listens from a chair in some distant corner, and never either thanks the performer or makes any comment on the performance. To-night Miss Irving sings and plays for hours with the most indefatigable good nature, both Mrs. Rutherford and Ralph listening with thorough appreciation to classical "arias" and "allegros," which give Erroll an opportunity of whispering a great many sweet speeches to me that the accompanying music only seems to make sweeter, if we heard it at all.

"Perhaps I ought to 'do the pretty' to Miss Irving now for a little while, since Ralph has taken himself off," Erroll says at last. "It won't do to neglect her altogether, will it?"

"Oh, I don't think Judith minds! She is not that kind of girl."

"No; she seems quite willing to cover our 'sides' with any amount of fortissimo chords, and to endure our whispering through her songs with the most philosophic indifference! But I really must go and turn over her music for a little while—no-blessed oblige!"

He saunters across the room to the piano, looking very tall and fair and handsome in his simple evening dress, with a moss-rosebud in his buttonhole, his crisp hair carefully parted, his blond moustache carefully curled. As he bends over Miss Irving I cannot help thinking—"What a handsome pair!"

"I think you must all be tired of my music!" Judith declares, turning round on the piano stool.

Mrs. Rutherford had left the room with Ralph, and I am constrained to say I am not tired, though I do not care to sit by myself on the sofa while Erroll turns another girl's music, even though that other girl be my own familiar friend.

"I'll tell you the warning be, love, That erst I gave to thee; The best I ask from thee, love, A secret gift must be."

"Thank you," Erroll says, as she rises from the piano. She crosses the room towards me, and he follows her; and, for a moment, I fancy he looks paler than usual; but Judith is laughing.

"My poor little child, who has banished you to this distant corner?" "I have been here all the time."

"And how did you like my song?" she asks, sitting down beside me on the sofa.

"It is an odd song; I did not like it much."

"I do not care about it myself. Is it really eleven?"—as the little time-piece rings out the hour in its musical chime. "How quickly the time has passed!"

"Thanks to you," Erroll says, looking at her as she stands before us.

"To my music, you mean. It is a pleasure to me to play upon such an instrument; my own piano saw its best days more than twenty years ago."

"How shall we amuse ourselves to-morrow?" Erroll asks. "Do you play tennis?" "Not well; I have had no opportunity for practice."

### A TALK ON HEALTH.

We approach the nearest to a perfect physical development when we rely most upon those goods which nature provides for us. Certainly, in regard to fruits, there need be nothing added to make them either more palatable or nutritious. From the ripe, juicy strawberry in the spring, to the rosy peach and purple grape of the fall, we have a constant succession of various kinds of fruits, which are among the most healthful of food substances.

One of the most essential characteristics which make fruit so valuable during the hot summer months is its lightness. If fruit is ripe, and eaten while fresh, there is nothing about it as far as composition is concerned, that will disorganize or disturb the most delicate stomach. Of course the statement would not hold true if one had eaten too much, or at the same time eaten heartily of substances which are known to be of a very different class of chemical constituents. It is therefore important that fruit should always be eaten alone, or at least as a dessert to one of the lightest meals. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of procuring fruit in its proper and best condition. With domestic fruits this is more easily accomplished than with foreign, or those coming long distances from the South.

Fruit culture should be encouraged, and thus made more of a food than has been the custom in former years. It is in the interest of the housewife to use fruit largely during hot weather. Strawberries, blueberries, blackberries and raspberries each in their turn, should be found upon our tables. These, with a few slices of bread and a glass of fresh milk, will make a most substantial and easily prepared meal.

The chemistry of berries deserves a passing notice. One of the most important constituents of this variety of fruit is certain kinds of acids, nearly all of which are necessary to carry on the natural process of digestion, and which are not always supplied by the stomach and other digestive organs. The presence of these acids in the stomach has a stimulating effect which is of special importance at this season of the year. A deficiency of a proper amount of stimulant action of the liver will cause the condition commonly known as "biliousness." The acid contained in fruits is a much better corrector of this affection than medicine.

Another advantage to be derived from the use of fruits during the summer months is in their percentage of water. By their liberal use the bowels and pores of the skin are kept open, and thus they are better able to perform their natural functions than when dry and heat-producing substances are used. We need the medicinal action of the pure fruit acids in our system, and also the cooling corrective influence of the watery portion which they contain.

Preference should always be given to the soft, juicy, stoneless kinds of fruits; also the skin of certain fruits, if tough, should not be eaten. Fruit should largely be substituted for pastry, certainly during that portion of the year when it can be obtained fresh and ripe. As a matter of expense also it is on the side of economy. But it is very foolish to buy decayed or partially unripe fruit because it can be obtained cheap. Fruit should also be eaten leisurely; never in a hurry, and it should be thoroughly masticated before it is swallowed. As regards to cooking fruit before eating it, a word is in place. With many of our common fruits, cooking destroys the acids which they contain. This has a tendency to make them insipid, and consequently sugar must be added in order to make them palatable. Now if the fruit is ripe and in perfect condition there is enough acid and sugar in proper proportion so that cooking is unnecessary. If additional sugar is desired it is solely a condiment, and not because it requires it. It is related of a distinguished physician that he once made the remark that "if a patient would make it a rule to eat a couple of good oranges before breakfast from February to June, his practice would be gone."

While such a statement can hardly be taken literally, yet there can be no doubt that the more general use of good ripe fruit in the early part of the day would be found beneficial, and often prevent many cases of illness.

### A REPENTANT ATHEIST.

Acknowledges His Error and is Praised by the Pope.

The Garibaldi branch of the anti-clerical league met in Paris for the purpose of expelling Joyand, alias Taxil, the penitent freethinker and atheist, who has recently recanted and published his return to the church. To the amazement of the meeting Taxil presented himself before the assembly and made a defiant speech. He declared that his publication called "Amours of Pope Pius the Ninth," and other similar pamphlets, were mere fictions. He denounced the league in vehement language, and said that he accepted his expulsion from that body with pleasure. A great uproar ensued upon the conclusion of Taxil's remarks, and the chairman ordered Taxil to leave the hall. He left amid the furious denunciations of his former colleagues. The Pope has written to Taxil, approving his action and encouraging him in his new allegiance to the Holy See. Taxil was one of the chief promoters of the recent anti-clerical congress at Rome, and has always taken a prominent part in the demonstrations against the Roman Catholic Church. His wife declares that he is insane.

### STORM AND SUNSHINE.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

Late on the following afternoon I am racing through the fields as fast as my limbs can carry me, my hat in my hand, the basket I am supposed to be carrying to old Mollie a quarter of a mile behind me, stuck into the hedge near her cottage, a flush of haste and pleasurable excitement burning in my cheeks. I have only two hours to get to the vicarage and back again, and I have so much to tell Judith! I shall not be able to say half I want to say before I am obliged to run home.

Fortunately I overtake her in the very next field next to the road, on her way from Mollie's cottage.

"My dear child, you have raced yourself into a perfect fever!" she exclaims the moment she looks at me. "Do not put on your hat and sit down for a minute or two! You will make yourself ill."

"Oh, Judith, I have had such a delightful time!" "I am glad to hear it. But do not try to tell me while you are out of breath."

"And I missed you so much. Judith, the next time I got Velvry you are to come too."

"Who said so?" she asks, smiling incredulously.

"Erroll says so, and I say so; and we can make Mrs. Rutherford do anything we please."

### CHAPTER V.

"Well, Judith, didn't I tell you I would have you here? You can't say Mrs. Rutherford isn't good-natured now!"

"She can afford to have me here now that Erroll is out of harm's reach," Judith laughs.

She is standing before the glass in her room—we have both come over "by invitation" to spend a couple of days at Velvry. It was very kind of Mrs. Rutherford to ask Judith just to please me, which I am sure was her reason. She seems to think she can never do enough to make me happy. I know she likes me for my own sake, notwithstanding Judith's hateful insinuations. But I am sure she will be glad if Erroll and I marry each other as I suppose we shall some day. I know the dearest wish of her heart is to see Erroll settle down into a steady respectable member of society; and she has told me, smiling, that I shall make "a dear little wife."

"You look very well to-night, Judith," I say, watching her as she puts the finishing touch to her dress.

I thought I had looked very well myself when I left my room a few minutes ago; but my faith in my own appearance is just a little shaken as I look at the tall slight figure in the simple black net dress, with the square-cut bodice and knots of gold-colored ribbon, and the cluster of over-blown faint Gloire de Dijon roses on her shoulder.

Judith dresses in a bold picturesque style and which would not suit my little figure and

"But you are not angry with me, Judith?" "Angry with you, you poor little thing? No. But I am angry with them, and—and with myself."

"You have no reason to be angry with yourself. If they are so blind—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)