

TO MY CUSTOMERS

whose Accounts are past due, I beg to give notice that

After the 15th day of April

next they will be handed over to other parties to collect. Accounts that have been running for two or three years will pass to a lawyer to enforce. I do this to give

FAIR NOTICE

to all parties concerned, and for my own protection.

JOS. HEARD.

Fenelon Falls, March 14th, 1892.

To the Ladies.

Millinery and Millinery Requisites.

New Shapes! Correct Styles! Right Prices!

We make it a point to have everything in the Millinery line that may be asked for, and to have a stock sufficient for all demands, and to maintain that stock complete throughout the season. Soliciting the favor of an early call from you, we assure you that it will be a pleasure to us to make it to your interest to give us a liberal share of your patronage.

Mrs. R. McDOUGALL,

Two doors North of the Post-office.
Fenelon Falls, April 14th, 1892.

HERE YOU ARE!

I have on hand a number of Men's, Boys' and Youths'

OVER-COATS,

which I will sell

AT COST PRICES FOR CASH,

as I do not want to carry them over. Now is your time to get a good Over-coat cheap. These goods are

All New and of the Latest Styles,

and made by one of the best houses in the Dominion.

—ALSO—

A Large Stock of Boots and Shoes

at prices to suit the times.

Groceries, Crockery and Glass-ware.

A full line of the best goods to be had always on hand.

J. M'FARLAND,

Twomey's Block.
Fenelon Falls, January 27th, 1892.

W. McKEOWN

Is Selling His Entire Stock of

FURNITURE

at and

Below Wholesale Cost

of manufacture, in order to make room for new designs and patterns. Call early and secure bargains, as I am selling cheaper than any dealer in the County.

DOORS, SASH, MOULDINGS ETC.

KEPT IN STOCK AND MADE TO ORDER. ALL WORK WARRANTED. UNDERTAKING ATTENDED TO IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

W. McKeown,

FRANCIS STREET WEST, FENELON FALLS.

A Great Change

has come over the
FARM MACHINES
—AND—
IMPLEMENTS

this year. Call and examine the

New Binders and New Mowers

set up for your inspection at

Robson's Show Room.

Nothing but the best Machines kept.

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER.

Come and examine the

New Fanning Mill

and get the prices before leaving the Falls.

The best brands of

BINDER TWINE

kept in stock at the lowest prices.

Brantford Repairs Always on Hand.

Thanking my numerous customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I beg to assure them that no effort will be spared to deserve a continuance of it in the future.

THOMAS ROBSON.

Fenelon Falls, April 27th, 1891.

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

Friday, April 29th, 1892.

As Others See Us.

Mr. E. E. Sheppard, of Toronto, who is publishing in his paper, *Saturday Night*, an account of his recent travels in Europe, says:—

"In a railroad coach I had as a fellow-passenger a Roumanian merchant who spoke English very well and was fond of asking questions. When I found out he was from one of the Balkan provinces I pitied him as a down-trodden citizen of a semi-civilized State, for Western people cannot conceive that Serbia and Bulgaria and Roumania are anything more than a half-heathen mixture of Turk and Tartar. He surprised me, however, by very distinctly showing his sympathy for me. 'Oh, from Canada, eh?' he exclaimed. 'A verr corrupt country, eh? Steal all ze public money, eh? Get into Parliament by buy ze votes, eh? Efferybody steal from efferybody else, eh? I haf read of him in ze London Times. I takke ze London Times.' This was pretty rich, coming from a Roumanian, where Russian intrigue, Turkish corruption, Austrian venality and Grecian crookedness are supposed to have brought political wickedness down to a fine art. Yet at this moment it is the general European opinion of Canadian politics."

Eliza Cook, in her well-known poem, speaks of the flush of pride that mounts from cheek to brow of the Englishman "as he tells of his native earth"; but, in the case of a luckless Canadian, a blush of shame will suffuse his countenance as he tries to give an evasive answer to a foreigner's question as to where he was born. And there appears to be no escape from the slough of infamy into which the Dominion is rapidly sinking, unless we smash Confederation into fragments, or become an annex to the U. S., or make history repeat itself and have '37 over again. But, in the latter event, who's to lead us? Like Byron, we "want a hero," and don't know where to find him—like little Bo-peep when looking for her woolly charge. If Sam Hughes had remained a Grit instead of buying the *Warder* and turning Tory, he'd have been the hero to help us turn the rascals out—and then, perhaps, his head would have been considered worth something. But alas! he has gone over the enemy, and we unfortunate malcontents can do nothing but practise patience, though it has long since ceased to be a virtue.

Home Lessons.

At the thirty first annual convention of the Ontario Teacher's Association, held in Toronto last week Dr. I. J. Birchard, of Brantford, read a paper on "Home Preparation of School Lessons," in which he condemned the present practice of pushing—he should have said trying to push—children beyond their capacity, and sending them home with a lot of lessons which they have to be assisted by their parents, brothers, sisters, cousins or aunts; thus turning the home into a school-house and sacrificing the family's comfort and rest. Dr. Birchard is evidently level-headed and every word of his address was replete with common sense. The evils—and they are great and deplorable—of our much vaunted school system spring from the prevailing, but utterly mistaken, idea that a teacher's fitness for his work is to be gauged by the rapidity with which his pupils mount from one class to another, and the num-

ber of them who succeed in passing the periodical examinations. A teacher may be ever so competent and painstaking, but if the majority of his pupils be naturally dull, and especially if they be the children of illiterate parents and have no elder brothers or sisters able or willing to help them with their home work, the blame will inevitably but unjustly fall upon him, and he will be estimated at far below his honest worth. Once more, for the fifth or sixth but not the last time, we record our conviction that there are far too many subjects of study imposed upon the children who attend the common schools, and that some of the least useful of them should be abandoned. What sense is there in compelling a boy, under penalty of not "passing," to drudge wearily over studies for which he has no taste or aptitude, which are not at all likely to be of any use to him in making a living, and which will certainly fade from his memory in a very few years after he leaves school? As Dr. Birchard remarks, experience has shown that mental toil is more exhaustive than physical, and we quite agree with him that students (especially if children) should only work during daylight, and that their tasks should be shortened in order to enable them to keep up with their class without doing night work. The present school system is oppressive to both teachers and pupils, who, like the man in the mythology—Ixion, or whatever his name was—are bound to a wheel and forced to revolve with it no matter how giddy it makes them. The school law apparently supposes that all children are intellectually equal; but, to quote the words of Mr. Bumble, "if the law supposes that, the law is a ass—a idiot; and the worst we wish the law is, that he may have his eyes opened by experience."

Collision.

The Misses Greene of this village are the fortunate possessors of a handsome and spirited pony and a nice little light road-cart; and last Saturday afternoon Miss Willie Green went out for a drive, accompanied by her friend, Miss Heaslip. On that day Police Magistrate Deacon, Crown Attorney Devlin and two or three Lindsay lawyers came to the Falls on business connected with the prosecution of certain individuals suspected of monkeying with the voters' list previous to the recent by-elections; and about four o'clock they piled into the covered carriage in which they came and started for home. Just as they left the McArthur House, which is only a few yards from the canal, Miss Greene drove on to the swing bridge from the other end, and the legal luminary who was driving the carriage horses, and whose name is a synonym for sense and sobriety, says he did not see the cart approaching. However it happened, the two "rigs" met near the middle of the bridge; there was a shout, a squeal or two and a crash, and the next moment the highly excited pony reached the north end of the bridge, and would probably have run away had not two or three men promptly grabbed his bridle and stopped him. Neither of the young ladies was hurt and the cart escaped with a bent axle and one or two trifling injuries, but so many spokes were torn out of one of the hind wheels of the carriage that it collapsed on the spot, and the load of legal luminaries had to get another vehicle to go home in.

Accidents.

On Monday, the 18th inst, Mr. Thomas Archer, of this village, received a letter from his sister, Mrs. Brown of Rochester, N. Y., stating that his daughter Hattie, who is employed in a drug store in that city, had, while stepping backwards behind the counter, fallen into the cellar, but she was not much hurt. On Friday or Saturday last, however, Mr. Archer got a letter from his sister-in-law, Mrs. Isaac Archer, also a resident of Rochester, telling him that Miss Hattie was more seriously injured than was at first thought; and on Sunday he and Mrs. Archer drove to Lindsay in order to be with their daughter at the earliest possible moment. On Wednesday Miss Minnie Archer heard from her mother, who said that Hattie was recovering, and that she would probably be home with her on Monday next.

On April 20th Robert Folley, aged 18 years, eldest son of Mr. Christopher Folley, of Fenelon township, met with an accident at Mr. T. H. Christian's barn raising. He was helping up with the rafters, and was standing on a joist beam about 15 feet from the ground, when another person similarly engaged happened to accidentally push him or touch his foot, causing him to lose his balance and fall to the ground. He sustained several scratches about the face and head and a fracture of the left wrist. He was driven by his uncle, Mr. Binney, to Dr. Wilson's office, where he received the necessary attention. So far he is doing well.

Personals.

Mr. A. C. Graham, C. D. C., of Victoria Road, was at the Falls on Tuesday.

Mr. E. D. Orle and Mr. O. J. McKibbin, C. D. C., of Lindsay, were here on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Irvine Junkin, C. D. C., of Bobcaygeon, paid a flying visit to his son, Mr. W. T. Junkin, yesterday afternoon.

Miss Sophie Wilson, of Lindsay, was on a visit to her uncle, Dr. A. Wilson, from Saturday evening until Tuesday morning.

Mr. J. G. Williams and Mr. G. H. G. McVity, of Port Hope, executors of the R. C. Smith estate, were at the Falls yesterday. We are sorry to hear that Mr. John D. Smith was prevented by illness from accompanying them.

To HORSEMEN—Route bills can be obtained at the *Gazette* office, printed in first class style, free from errors and at reasonable prices. A choice assortment of cuts to select from.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Members of the Fenelon Falls Mechanics' Institute are hereby reminded that the annual meeting for the election of officers and directors will be held in the reading room on the evening of Monday next, May 2nd, at 8 o'clock. A full attendance is requested.

CHANGED HANDS.—The McArthur House hotel in this village has changed hands, Mr. Noble Ingram, who has been landlord for so many years, having sold out to Mr. George Raper, of Millbrook, who took possession on Wednesday last. Mr. Raper, though a young man, is no novice at the business, and under his management, the long established reputation of the well known hotel will no doubt be ably sustained.

CLEAN YOUR PREMISES.—Mr. Sanitary Inspector Kelly is paying official visits to everybody in the village, and where he finds a cellar, yard or out-buildings that require cleaning, he leaves a small but pre-emptory slip of paper commanding their purification within a required number of days. There is to be no diphtheria, typhoid fever or any other disease in Fenelon Falls during the coming summer if Mr. Kelly can prevent it.

NAVIGATION.—The ice was all out of the lakes and navigation commenced about a fortnight ago; but we have not yet had a steambot visit the Falls, though the *Beauboige* got as far as Greene & Ellis's wharf one day this week. There is a rumor that the *Alice Ethel* is to run regular trips this season to Fenelon Falls, and carry the mail between here and Bobcaygeon, but we cannot ascertain whether there is any foundation for the report or not. The fine new steamer being built at Lindsay for Dr. McManus, of Bobcaygeon, is rapidly approaching completion and will soon be launched.

DIVISION COURT.—A sittings of the 2nd Division Court of Victoria was held in Dickson's hall on Monday last, Judge Dean presiding. There were twelve cases in the docket, none of any interest except to the parties to the suits; and as three were settled without a hearing, one adjourned and two or three took but a very short time to dispose of, the Court was over by a little after 3 o'clock. The next sittings will be held on Tuesday, July 5th, and the last day of service for defendants residing in the county will be Friday, June 24th. Defendants residing outside of the county must be served five days earlier.

"MINES OF WEALTH."—Under this heading Mr. Joseph McArthur has a four line advertisement in the *Empire*, offering rich deposits of gold, platinum, nickel, mica, phosphate and iron for sale. "Mines of wealth" have been talked and no doubt dreamed about by several of our villagers for a long time past, and it seems that Mr. McArthur has got 'em at last; but if we owned them, and wanted to sell, we'd insert a big advertisement with striking headlines in a dozen leading English, Canadian and American publications, instead of a scarcely perceptible notice amongst the business *chimes* in a party paper that circulates amongst only one class of readers.

It is believed that the world's population is increasing at the rate of nearly 6,000,000 a year.

A Georgian shoemaker has made for a customer a pair of shoes fourteen inches long and five and one-half inches wide.

A fine collection of seventeenth century tobacco pipes has just been found under an old London cellar and deposited in the Guildhall museum.

Albert G. Wakefield, Bangor's veteran lawyer, wears a pair of calf skin boots that he has had since 1861, and they are in good condition now.

Four railway companies, the Great Western, the Great Eastern, the South-western and the North-western, bring into London about 20,000,000 gallons of milk every day.