

WHEELS.

THE TUDHOPE BUGGY,

with up-to-date improvements, is a beauty, and the price is low. Call and examine it.

FOR SALE BY S. S. GAINER.

Waggons made in the best style. Repairing and Repainting neatly and promptly done.

REMEMBER THE PLACE :

NEXT DOOR TO KNOX'S BLACKSMITH SHOP,
Francis-St. East, Fenelon Falls.

ANOTHER YEAR HAS PASSED AWAY,

A year with lots of trouble financially for the men in business. As I have had my share of it, I ask my customers who have not settled last year's account to come forward and settle at once. It gives me a good light heart, it eases theirs, it saves a lot of anxiety and worry of mind and enables me to pay off my own liabilities and to cheerfully serve with a glad heart my customers for the coming year.

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JOSEPH HEARD.

J. M'FARLAND HAS EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES. THE VERY CHOICEST GOODS.

Ready-made Clothing at Cost for Cash for 30 Days.

-- Every Article a Bargain. --

J. MCFARLAND.

Furniture, Doors, Sash,

—AND—

UNDERTAKING,

—AT—

W. M'Keown's,
FRANCIS ST. WEST,
FENELON FALLS.

THE "IDEAL" WIND-MILLS.

THOMAS ROBSON has secured the agency for the Gould, Shapley & Muir Co's "Ideal" Pumping Wind Mills. The Freeport Journal contains the following notice of these Mills:

"The citizens of Freeport always take pride in the progress of its citizens, and especially in the development of its industries, for much of our prosperity depends on their success. We have a number of strong and enterprising manufacturing concerns in this city, and among them the Stover manufacturing company occupies a leading place. Their exhibit at the World's Fair has been the centre of attraction in the windmill division all summer, and energetic Mr. John M. Irwin, superintendent of agencies, with able assistance, has had his hands full and his tongue more than ordinarily busy explaining the merits of the Ideal Pumping Wind Mill and Ideal Junior Sectional Power Mill, and booking orders for them. Mr. Irwin reports business done with numerous foreign countries, and within the last few weeks the company has arranged with a live Canadian firm, Messrs. Gould, Shapley & Muir Co., (Ltd.), of Brantford, Canada, to manufacture and sell the Ideal and Ideal Junior wind-mills, exclusively in Canada. Mr. E. L. Goold, president, and Mr. John Muir, vice-president, were in the city recently arranging the details, and they report the prospects for business in Canada as excellent. Mr. Muir, who, by the way, is a noted salesman, said some very complimentary things about the members of the Stover Manufacturing company, and their honorable way of doing business, also about the excellence of their goods, but we will not tell more for fear it might make the worthy members of that company blush. We can endorse all Mr. Muir said about their business enterprise and integrity."

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

Friday, March 16th, 1894.

A Wild Time.

Those of our villagers who were on the main street last Sunday afternoon were thrown into a state of wild excitement, diluted with at least fifty per cent. of fear, by the crazy conduct of Christopher Brandon, a young fellow who was 21 on the 9th inst., and regarding the soundness of whose mental condition doubts have been current throughout the village for some weeks past. Chris, who is the eldest son of Mr. John Brandon of Fenelon, went to Manitoba in 1891, and before he had been there long obtained employment in Mr. W. R. Dick's sawmill at Keewatin, where he worked until three or four months ago, when his aunt, who lives near that place, wrote to his father telling him he had better get Chris to come home; and, as a result of this, a letter was sent to him and after that some money, and he reached the Falls on the Saturday before Christmas. Mr. Brandon, as we have said, lives in Fenelon, but his house is only just across the boundary and Chris spent most of his time in the village, where the young fellows very improperly began to tease him as soon as he commenced to show signs of not being quite right in his head. As he gradually got worse, and fears were entertained that he might become violent, his father talked several times of having him put under restraint, but was naturally reluctant to do so and unfortunately deferred it a little too long. On Saturday night he went to the S. A. barracks, and, having asked and received permission from the captain, read a while from the Bible and then delivered a short incoherent address which convinced his hearers that he was off his mental balance. Next morning he attended class meeting in the Methodist church, where he was allowed to read a selection from Scripture, at the conclusion of which he threw the Bible down with a crash, and exclaimed excitedly: "They drugged me in that hotel and I'll have revenge." He then asked to be allowed to read during the regular service, and the Rev. Mr. McCall's refusal appears to have offended him greatly, but he remained in the church throughout the services and conducted himself properly.

Mr. Joseph Heard's premises are on the east side of Colborne street and Mr. S. Nevison's are on the opposite side but a few rods further north. About 2.30 in the afternoon the members of Mr. Nevison's family heard the crash of glass, and, looking out of the upstairs windows, saw that one of the sidelights in Mr. Heard's doorway was broken, but did not see any one in the vicinity. Soon afterwards, as nobody about Mr. Heard's appeared to have heard the noise, one of Mr. Nevison's daughters went over to tell them, and she had scarcely returned when she was followed by Mr. Heard, who said that one of his show-cases as well as the window was broken, and he wished Mr. Nevison (who is village constable) to go over

and see if he could solve the mystery as to how the damage had been done. The two had barely crossed the road to Mr. Heard's when a big stone was thrown through the valuable sheet of plate glass that formed the front of Mr. Nevison's store, and the first missile was followed by two others while Mrs. Nevison was hurrying down stairs to see what the earthquake (as she says she thought it was) would do next. Opening the front door and looking down street, she saw Christopher Brandon with a revolver in each hand near Mr. Magee's harness shop. Glancing across the street she saw her husband at Mr. Heard's, and, pointing at Brandon, she screamed out: "There he is! There he goes! He has broken our window!" and then hastily went into the shop and locked the door, as Chris was shaking the pistols at her, though he neither took aim nor fired. Hurrying down street he broke two panes of glass in the doors of the unoccupied store in Jordan's block north of Francis street, two panes in one of the front windows of the Mechanics' Institute, two panes in one of the doors of the store occupied by Clark & Son, and both sheets of plate glass in the front of the red store, smashing one of them with a piece of board and kicking in the other which was cracked near the bottom a long while ago. So far he had not, so far as we can learn, discharged either of the revolvers, but soon afterwards he fired two bullets against the stone doorstep of one of the Syndicate stores, on which Mr. Thomas Graham, a member of the firm, was standing at the time, and another was sent through the lower left hand corner of the sidelight in the doorway of Mr. Lytle's (late Madill's) drug store, in which two young ladies and five young men had taken refuge, and one of whom—Mr. Harry Robson, the clerk—had a narrow escape, as the ball passed over and very close to his back. After Mr. Graham had entered the store, Brandon tried to kick in the plate glass windows, and while he was so occupied Constable Nevison approached him from the other side of the street and ordered him to desist. Wheeling at the sound of his voice, the young fellow told him to keep back, and, leveling both pistols at him pulled the triggers two or three times, one of the bullets almost grazing his forehead, and another passing through the inner side of his right leg about eight inches above the knee, inflicting a wound from which he is still laid up, and from which Dr. Graham, who is attending him, says he is not entirely out of danger. Brandon then went up street till above the Institute, then down again to the McArthur House, where he demanded a drink of water, which was given to him in a dipper by the hostler, and then up again as far as Bond street, having during his career fired at least half a dozen shots at the constable—who, notwithstanding his wound, had kept pace with him on the other side of the street—and two or three at other persons. By this time a little crowd of excited men were out, and as more than one charge of shot had been fired at him at long range, and he was slightly wounded in the face, hand and leg, his courage appeared to desert him and he suddenly turned and set off on a run down Bond street west. Near Mr. Dickson's residence the fugitive stopped and faced his pursuers, but upon Constable Nevison advancing alone (the others remaining behind) and ordering him, two or three times, to lower his hands, he at last did so and was arrested and taken to the lock-up. He had broken into Mr. Heard's store when no one was near, smashed the front of the glass case and abstracted five revolvers, taken several boxes of cartridges from a shelf and escaped through a window in the room behind the store. Going to a clump of bushes near Powles's landing he hid a lot of cartridges and two revolvers, and then, loading two others, he started on the warpath. Passing up Clifton street to Bond street east he turned to the left, sent a large stone crashing through a window in the Methodist parsonage into a room in which Mrs. McCall was sitting with her baby, and when he reached Colborne street crossed it to Mr. Nevison's store, and then followed the course above described. On Monday afternoon Police-Magistrate Deacon came from Lindsay, and all it is necessary to say of the proceedings at the examination is that the accused was committed for trial at the first court of competent jurisdiction on the charge of shooting with intent to do grievous bodily harm, and that the hearing with regard to damage to property was adjourned until Saturday (tomorrow) at Lindsay. On Tuesday morning Chris was taken to the Lindsay jail by Mr. Alfred Northey, who was appointed constable *pro tem*, and says that his prisoner talked crazily all the way to town and tried to jump out of the buggy when they met a hearse. Constable Nevison is awarded great credit for his courageous conduct, (as he was unarmed when he was shot, though Mr. Heard afterwards put a loaded revolver into his hand,) but some of our villagers, thinking a little cash would be more ac-

ceptable, laid a petition on Wednesday evening before the council, who in accordance therewith voted Mr. Nevison \$35 in recognition of his services on Sunday.

Quarrelsome Christians.

The answer to the question "Is marriage a failure?" depends upon the sense in which it is asked. In some cases it is a failure as far as going down to posterity is concerned, yet the married couple got along very well together; in other cases there are plenty of olive branches, though the father and mother fight like Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Christian, of Somerville township, whose surname is certainly a complete misnomer. They ought to live amicably together, as they have several healthy, well-favored children, he is a stalwart specimen of the "noble yeoman," while she is evidently a smart, capable woman and (when she doesn't wear her sarcastic smile) quite good-looking. But they have apparently agreed to differ, and that dire invader of domestic peace, the green-eyed monster, seems to be the cause. Three or four years ago Mr. Christian was up before one of Justice's representatives in Fenelon Falls for—as far as we can remember—forcibly ejecting from his premises an objectionable young man who had exasperated him by always calling to see him when he wasn't there; and only yesterday Col. Deacon came all the way from Lindsay to hear what Mr. Christian had to say in reply to his wife's charge of ill-using her on the 15th ult. The only persons whose testimony was taken were the complainant and the defendant, one of their little boys and two medical men—Dr. Graham of Fenelon Falls and Dr. Baker of Bobcaygeon, both of whom said that they had examined the lady and had found but slight marks of violence upon her. Both parties had engaged counsel, Mr. M. H. McLaughlin appearing for Mrs. Christian and Mr. D. K. Anderson for her husband; and as there was a good deal to be said on both sides, and as the Colonel did not wish to stay here until the sun went down upon the legal gentlemen's eloquence, he decided to hear their arguments at Lindsay and give his decision—which will probably be "common assault"—at the expiration of a week.

Disastrous Fire in Fenelon.

General sympathy is felt for Mr. John Edward Ellis, of lot 13 con. 11 in the township of Fenelon, near Sturgeon Point, who on Tuesday last lost three barns, two stables, a shed and granary, four full grown horses, three sheep, six lambs, all his feed and seed, a mower, a horse rake, a fanning mill, a double buggy, a seeder, three sets of double and one set of single harness and a great variety of smaller articles by a fire that broke out about 1.30 p. m. Mr. Ellis thinks, though he is not sure, that it originated in the oldest stable, but he is utterly unable to conjecture its cause, as he saw no sign of it when he visited the out-buildings a few minutes earlier, and his children assured him that they had not been playing with matches. His first thought when he saw the fire was to save the horses and he tried his best to get them out, but in vain; and he says that the noises made by the poor animals when the flames reached them were dreadful to hear. The house was at a safe distance, and he managed to pull his waggon, sleigh and single buggy from under the shed, but everything else was burnt. We are very sorry to say that Mr. Ellis had delayed protecting himself until too late and had not one cent of insurance, though he had fully decided to take out a policy, and a few days ago spoke to an agent, who was to go out to the farm and inspect the buildings. He cannot say what his exact loss is, but estimates it at over rather than under \$1,500. After the above was in type Mr. Ellis informed us that the fire was caused by one of his little boys, who struck a match to look for eggs in a dark corner.

SOMERVILLE.—The contest for the reeveship of Somerville will come off on Wednesday next and the candidates will be the same as on the 1st of January, viz: Mr. John Howie, farmer, who was elected and unseated on a protest, and Mr. James Wilson, merchant, of Kinmount, whom he defeated at the polls.

CAPT. SWEENEY, U.S.A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50 cents. Sold by W. T. Junkin.

COLD AGAIN.—The second winter that is the result of the bear seeing his shadow on Candlemas day has begun! A week ago the robins arrived, greybirds, bluebirds and blackbirds followed, and to day (Thursday) there is considerable snow on the ground, the temperature is a good deal below the freezing point, and preparations are being made for a curling match at night.