

Telegraphing Portraits.

From time to time during the last few years there have been various systems advanced and given a practical trial for "telegraphing" portraits, diagrams, outline drawings and specimens of handwriting; and an American electrical engineer claims to have discovered a remarkably simple method by which pictures, etc., can be transmitted long distances through the medium of only a single wire. N. S. Amstutz is the reputed inventor, and it is stated that certain Continental authorities have taken up the matter for the purpose of telegraphing pictures of military evolutions and portraits of fugitives from justice; while in Germany it is understood the Kaiser uses the system for transmitting his imperial signature to the seat of government whenever occasion calls for it. In theory the idea is excellent. "A crime is committed in Paris, and the assassin flees to America; a photograph of the culprit is found in France; you throw a bright light upon it, place it in front of the transmitter, which you connect with the Atlantic cable, set up a receiver in New York, and in a few minutes the chief of the New York police is in possession of a photographic representation, which is far better than any description." In other words, if the predictions of a certain learned French professor, who recently expressed his views on the possibilities of the project, prove correct, we must not be surprised if we are some day enabled to see what is passing in another part of the world without leaving our chairs.

Engine Drivers in England.

Railway engine driving does not seem to be an injurious occupation, judging from the fact that men interviewed by a contributor to *The Strand Magazine* had all been engaged for many years at the work, and seemed hale and hearty. One man was spoken of who had continued driving until he was seventy-five years of age, and only a few years before that felt somewhat aggrieved because he was taken off an express and put to driving a pilot engine. Previous to 1873 the men were exposed to the weather, but in that year the "cab," which affords so excellent a shelter for them, was introduced. It was the invention of a man named Webb. Even the risk inseparable from the engine-driver's occupations is commonly exaggerated. One of the men had never had the slightest accident. He had never, he said, even broken a "buffer plank," and the other had only comparatively trifling mishaps to speak of. A royal train seems to attain the highest pitch of security consistent with moving about from place to place. When the Queen is about to travel, a special engine is got in readiness and thoroughly overhauled, and the time table is so arranged that nothing is allowed to move on the line for half an hour before the royal train is due. A pilot engine, moreover, precedes it a quarter of an hour in advance. There is a distinctive code for signalling this particular train, and officials, provided with hand-lamps and fog-signals on the pilot engine.

Engine-drivers are a hard-working body, and their occupation requires so strong a nerve that many men, otherwise competent, shrink from it. Ten hours a day is their nominal working time, and the maximum wages, that is, the wages of an express driver, are eight shillings a day. For a full day's work on Sunday, however, a day and a half's wages are paid. To attain to the position of an express driver takes time, sometimes fourteen years. The day's work of certain drivers is reckoned by mileage, 150 miles being about equivalent to a day. Some benefit greatly by the system. Thus the actual running time to Crewe and back is six hours and forty minutes, yet that counts as two days' work, and the double journey is performed by two men in turns on alternate days.

Passengers by the railways are fond of tipping guards and porters, although they seldom gave a thought to the engine driver. The correspondent of *The Strand Magazine* obtained from one of them a story illustrating this. It seems that a fellow employee, described as an old stager, saw a gentleman give half a crown to the guard with a request that he would do his best to make up for lost time, as he wanted to catch a particular train at a junction. When the junction was reached the train in question was just steaming out of the station, whereupon the passenger, annoyed, went up to the driver and said, "I think, driver, you might have enabled me to get my train." "Ah, sir," replied the driver, "you greased the wheels at the wrong end of the train." —*London Daily News.*

Banana peel will clean tan shoes as well as the regular dressing.
A very fine steel pen is the best for marking with indelible ink.
Pole rings can be made to run easily by rubbing the pole with kerosene until thoroughly smooth.

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MONUMENTS AND HEADSTONES,
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Estimates promptly given on all kinds of cemetery work.

Marble Table Tops, Wash Tops, Mantel Pieces, etc., a specialty.

WORKS—In rear of the "marker" on Cambridge street, opposite Matthews' parking house.

Being a practical workman all should see his designs and compare prices before purchasing elsewhere.

ROBT. CHAMBERS.

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I AM OFFERING A FIRST-CLASS **TOP BUGGY**

GUARANTEED BEST GRADE THROUGHOUT, WITH THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS, FOR THE LOW PRICE OF

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NEXT DOOR TO KNOX'S BLACKSMITH SHOP, FENELON FALLS. **S. S. GAINER.**

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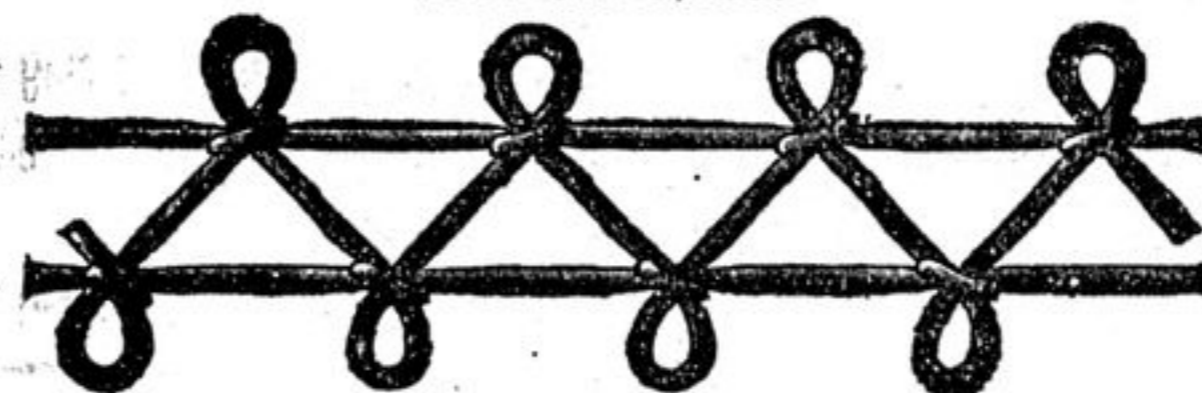
New Fall and Winter Jackets,
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We cordially invite you to call and examine our new Fall Stock. One price to everybody.

33 KENT-ST., LINDSAY. Opposite the Benson House. **KERR & CO.**

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Pat. Nov. 16, 1899.



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THE HATHAWAY PATENT FENCE WIRE,

Most Attractive in Design, and will stand a Test Breakage of 2,500 lbs.

**SHOVELS, PICKS, FORKS,
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PAINTS, OILS, AND WHITE LEAD,
A FULL ASSORTMENT OF TINWARE,
ALL OF WHICH WILL BE SOLD AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES FOR CASH.**

BABY CARRIAGES \$5.00 AND UP.

To the Patrons: Land Plaster \$6.00 and \$7.00 Per Ton IN CAR LOTS.

JOS. HEARD.

BACK AGAIN.

HENRY PEARCE

respectfully informs his numerous old customers and the public generally that he has returned to Fenelon Falls and resumed

The Boot and Shoe Business in the store lately occupied by Mr. S. Nevison on the east side of Colborne street, and hopes by turning out

GOOD WORK AT LOW PRICES to obtain a fair share of patronage.

Drop in, leave your measure and be convinced that he can do as well for you as any boot or shoemaker in the county. All kinds of

REPAIRS EXECUTED with neatness and despatch.

J. Neelands, Dentist.

Beautiful sets of Artificial Teeth inserted for \$10, \$12 and \$14, according to quality of teeth and kind of plate. Imitation gold filling inserted in artificial teeth free of charge. Gas (vitalized air) and local anaesthetics used with great success for painless extraction. Visits the McArthur House, Fenelon Falls, the third Tuesday of every month. Call in the forenoon, if possible. Office in Lindsay nearly opposite the Simpson House.

NOTICE.

To the residents of Fenelon Falls.

Take notice that any person or persons removing from any village or district infected with diphtheria to Fenelon Falls will be quarantined for a period of 14 days or longer, at the discretion of the Board of Health. The citizens of Fenelon Falls who do not wish to be so inconvenienced will govern themselves accordingly.

By order of the Board of Health.
A. WILSON, M. D.,
Medical Health Officer
Fenelon Falls, Feb'y 22nd, 1893. 1-t. f.

The "Fenelon Falls Gazette"

is printed every Friday at the office, on the corner of May and Francis streets.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1 A YEAR IN ADVANCE, or one cent per week will be added as long as it remains unpaid.

Advertising Rates.

Professional or business cards, 50 cents per line per annum. Casual advertisements, 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Contracts by the year, half year or less, upon reasonable terms.

JOB PRINTING of all ordinary kinds executed neatly, correctly and at moderate prices. }
E. D. HAND,
Proprietor.

For Hard Times.

The financial success of an inventor lies in his ability to hit the present needs of the people. A thing that meets a general and long felt want is sure to sell. Evidently this consideration was fully appreciated by the genius of whom the *Indianapolis Journal* has a story:

Mrs. Hogan—And why isn't the old man a workin' now?

Mrs. Hogan—Workin'! It's an inventor he is. He has got up a road schkraper that does the work of foive min.

Mrs. Hogan—An' how many min do it take to run it?

Mrs. Hogan—Six. It will be a great thing for givin' employment to the laborin' man.

Nerve Enough for Anything.

Dr. McTavish of Edinburgh was something of a ventriloquist, and it befell that he wanted a lad to assist in the surgery, who must necessarily be of strong nerves. He received several applications, and when telling a lad what the duties were, in order to test his nerves, he would say, while pointing to a grinning skeleton standing upright in a corner, "Part of your work will be to feed the skeleton there, and while you are here you may as well have a try to do so."

A few lads would consent to a trial, and would receive a basin of hot gruel and a spoon. While they were pouring out the hot mess into the skull, the doctor would throw his voice so as to make it appear to proceed from the jaws of the bouy customer, and gurgle out "Br-r-r-gr-h-uh! that's hot!"

This was too much, and, without exception, the lads dropped the basin and bolted. The doctor began to despair of ever getting a suitable helpmate, until a small boy came and was given the gruel and spoon.

After the first spoonful the skeleton appeared to say, "Gr-r-r-uh-r-br! that's hot!"

Shoveling in the scalding gruel as fast as ever, the lad rapped the skull and impatiently retorted, "Well, blow it, carn't yer, yer ould bouy?"

The doctor sat down in his chair and fairly roared, but when he came to he engaged the lad on the spot. —*Tit-bits.*

A Chicago Hold-Up.

"No, I'm not going to hold up my hands!" exclaimed the obstinate citizen whom a West Side footpad surprised at a late hour in a lonely part of the city one night last week. "I recognize the fact that you've got the drop on me and I'll have to cough up, but I'm going to hand over the dough myself."

"Be quick about it, then," said the footpad, sternly.

"I'll be as quick as I can," rejoined the other, "but this is business."

Producing his pocketbook he opened it and began to inspect the contents.

"What are you doing?" demanded the fellow at the other end of the revolver.

"I'm counting the cost of this transaction. Just keep your shirt on a minute, will you? Ten, 15, 20, 25, 40, 45. I don't care much for the money, he continued, feeling in his vest pocket and adding a stray coin or two to the sum in the purse, "as I do for maintaining my system of finance intact. Forty-eight, 49—"

"What the Sam Hill is your system of finance?"

"I keep a strict account of all the money I spend," replied the obstinate citizen, feeling in his trousers pockets and extracting another coin, "and I always know to a cent how much I ought to have on hand. Fifty-four. That's all I've got about me. Fifty-four cents, and you can take it and go to thum—hold on! Wait till I enter it in my passbook. Fifty-four cents for—for charity. For charity 54 cents. You need the money, I take it? Or, rather, you take it?"

"Don't get gay, my friend," said the footpad, grabbing the pocketbook.

"I won't. And don't you get drunk with joy and make a spectacle of yourself. The 54 cents won't justify it. In the meantime, if you think I've got any other property of a portable nature about me you are at liberty to search me. No? Well, then I'll move on. I've got to enter this in the expense book when I get home, and explain it to my wife besides, and altogether I'm 54 cents in cash and half an hour of valuable time worse off for having met you—darn your picture! Good-night." —*Chicago Tribune.*

Her Young Man—"Gracie, what is it your father sees in me to object to, darling?" His Young Woman (wiping away a tear)—"He doesn't see anything in you, Algeron, and that's why he objects."

Fair maiden (from town)—"How savagely that cow looks at me!" Farmer Hayseed—"It's your red parasol, mum." Fair maiden—"Dear me! I knew it was a little bit out of fashion, but I didn't suppose a country cow would notice it."