

# The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

VOL. XXI.

FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, MARCH 24TH, 1893.

No. 5.

Stop that Cough by using Red Spruce and Wild Cherry Balsam. It cures all forms of Coughs and Colds. For sale only by

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**MEDICAL.**

A. W. J. DEGRASSI M. D., CORONER, Physician, Surgeon, &c., &c. Residence, Brick Cottage, Wellington street, Lindsay.

DR. A. WILSON, —M. B., M. C. P. & S., Ontario,— PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHUR. Office, Colborne Street, Fenelon Falls.

DR. H. H. GRAHAM, GRADUATE of the University of Trinity College, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, Member of the College of Physicians & Surgeons of Ontario. Office and residence on Francis-St. West Fenelon Falls, opposite the Gazette office.

R. M. MASON, VETERINARY SURGEON; Honor Graduate Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto, 1884; R. M. O. V. M. A. Residence—Corner Colborne and Louisa streets, Fenelon Falls.

**SURVEYORS.**

JAMES DICKSON, P. L. Surveyor, Commissioner in the Q. B., Conveyancer, &c. Residence, and address, Fenelon Falls.

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W. H. GROSS, DENTIST, LINDSAY, All be at the "McArthur House," Fenelon Falls, the second Wednesday of each month. Beautiful and durable artificial teeth made, and all other dental work properly done. Nearly 27 years' experience. 16-17.

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The Lynvally Canned Corn, Peas and Tomatoes are the best in the market. Try them.  
**A LARGE STOCK OF THE FINEST GRADES OF TEAS** in Japan, Young Hysons and Blacks. Be sure and try our 25c. Japan Tea. It is really extra value. Our Grocery stock is complete, and you will always find prices low.  
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Latest Designs in Hall, Parlor, Dining-room, Bedroom and Ceiling Papers,  
*At Prices to Suit Customers.*  
from 5c. per roll up to 50. per roll.  
**OIL-PAINTED SHADES,**  
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**Pictures Framed to Order a Specialty.**  
**Paper Hanging and Kalsomin'g**  
done in the village or country.  
Fenelon Falls, March 20th, 1893.

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The above Rebus is a familiar saying. The Publishers of OUR YOUNG PEOPLE will give a fine Gold Watch to the person who first sends the correct answer to it. To the second a Silver Watch. To the third a beautiful Gold Brooch, with name of winner handsomely engraved thereon. To the fourth fifth and sixth, a fine Gold Scarf Pin. To the seventh and eighth, each \$1.00 Bill. To the last correct answer received will be given a fine Silver Watch. To the second, third and fourth from the last with correct answers, each, a handsome engraved Scarf Pin. Twenty-five other valuable Extra Prizes will also be given to correct answers. Every Contestant is to send with answer Five two-cent stamps (or ten cents in silver), for two copies of OUR YOUNG PEOPLE, which is a large and popular magazine, and gives information about those things which the young people particularly wish to know. Original and selected stories are found in every issue. Handsomely illustrated and full of common-sense. Answer to-day and enclose ten cents and you may win one of the leading prizes. Address: (A) OUR YOUNG PEOPLE, King St. W., Toronto, Canada.

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NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY  
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DURING HOUSE CLEANING  
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Will be given to those  
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My stock is large and complete, consisting of  
**BEDROOM SUITES,**  
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and every description of Kitchen Furniture  
**Pictures Framed to Order.**  
Everything Sold at Lowest Living Prices  
Undertaking promptly and carefully attended to.  
**L. DEYMAN,**  
UNDERTAKER & FURNITURE DEALER,  
Colborne Street, Fenelon Falls.  
Residence over the Shop.

**A Scotch Reading.**  
SANDY TAMSON AND HIS WIFE.  
The normal state of Sandy Tamson and his wife was a state of peace. Kate loved a warrior worthy of her steel, and as, in her opinion, Sandy was "naething but a muckle saffie," she despaired of ever enjoying a "guid fecht" by her "ain fireside." This, however, did not interfere with her happiness as much as might be expected. She had, fortunately or unfortunately, plenty of talkative neighbors, and it was always easy for her to organize a stairhead battle and thereby get rid of her superfluous spleen. Possibly, however, Kate slightly underestimated her husband's capacity. Even a worm will turn when tramped upon, and on one occasion at least the good woman found that the much-despised Sandy could fight. The occasion arose as we shall now describe.  
Sandy and Kate, though a very worthy couple, each possessed one of the "minor vices." Sandy smoked and Kate snuffed. It might be supposed that Kate, having the "wee bit failin' o' her ain," would have been tolerant of Sandy's. And so she usually was. But in an evil hour she happened to become possessor of a pair of window curtains. They were grand curtains, large and white and glossy, and their pattern was of such beautiful flowers that Kate thought she had never seen anything so fine. With pride in her heart she fixed them up in her little room, and said to herself:  
"Noo, Sandy will be for lichtin his pipe as usual an makin my bonny curtains as grey as a rat's tail wi' his nasty smoke. But, na—na—the better hoose the better manners." There'll be nae mair smokin' here."  
Sandy—all unconscious of the terrible doom in store for him—came home, took his tea, and prepared to light his pipe as usual. But Kate was on the look-out for him.

"Noo, Sandy, ye maunna smoke here. Ye'll fyle a' ma curtains wi' yer reek."  
"Wiman, nae o' yer nonsense. I maun hae me draw."  
"Ye maun hae yer draw, maun ye?" said Kate, firing up at this unlooked-for sign of rebellion. "Then gang out to the coal-hoose, an' draw pipe, matches an' a' doon yer dirty throat."  
"Na, na," said Sandy; "I'm weel content to smoke whaur I am. Ye can pit yer curtains in the coal-hoose till I'm done."  
"Wha e'er heard the like o' that?" said Kate. "Wid it no' be a nice thing to pit the pig in the palace and the Queen in the sty?"  
"An' wid it no' be a nice thing to pit me oot ma ain hoose because I'm na guid enough company for a pair o' window curtains?"  
"Company! Ye're as guid company as the toothchee, an' mak' me mad to look at ye. Ne'er a word o' sense comes oot o' yer mooth the hale nicht lang. Yer mooth's naething but a lum to spue oot reek. Confoond ye, yer company's enough to sicken the vera fleas."  
"Then, I'll save the price o' flea-paper."  
"save the price o' flea-paper? Ye guid for naething sot, in twa days ye waste as muckle money as wid kil' a' the fleas in Kilbarchan."  
"An' that's sayin' a lot," remarked Sandy; "for I'll take my aith at the present meenit there are mair fleas than fardins in Kilbarchan."  
Sandy, having now completed his preliminary preparations, proceeded to set the terrors of domestic law at defiance by calmly lighting his pipe, and blowing therefrom a rolling cloud of smoke.  
"Confoond ye," gasped Kate, "did ye hear me sayin' ye wasna' to smoke here?"  
"Brawly," said Sandy.  
"An' div ye think ye'll tramp on me as ye like? I'll let ye see ye'll no; for as sure as yer name's Sandy Tamson I'll hae a divorce afore this month's oot. I married a man an' he's turned oot a chimney; an' if that's nae guid cause for divorce, thia there's nae law in the kintra. Confoond ye, ye'll make me hoast ma tongue oot me head."  
"I wish I could," said Sandy, fervently.  
This was too much for Kate. Had she been skilled in the noble art of hysterics she would have undoubtedly thought the present a fit occasion for its exercise. As it was, she only looked daggers, and took a snuff.  
"Ye shouldna snuff afore the curtains," said Sandy, solemnly.  
"Snuff, I'd snuff afore the Queen. What hae ye tao say against snuff?"  
"Oh, no muckle ava; only whiles when I look at ye putting a spinfa' o' parrieh into yer mooth, an' a spinfa' o' snuff into yer nose, I just think yer a sicht to scunner a cat."  
This wounded Kate to the quick. She was at all times more famous for bad temper than good wit, and not having any rejoinder ready with her tongue, she had recourse to the very practical rejoinder of knocking Sandy's pipe out of his mouth. There the good man's idol lay—broken to pieces on the ground, and for a moment it seemed as if he were about to confirm Kate's opinion of him that he was naething but a muckle saffie." He looked quite sweetly at the broken pipe and smouldering ashes, and Kate was already rejoicing in victory, when behold, Sandy rose—not, however, to wreak physical vengeance on the fair form of Kate—for Sandy was no vulgar wife-beater. No! he simply at one stroke pulled the fair white curtains from the window, and showed them into the glowing fire.  
"Tit for tat, Kate," he said. "Ye hae broken my idol, and I hae burned yours; an' noo that we're quits we can be good freen's again."  
Kate, having come to the conclusion that a "good fecht" by her "ain fireside" is rather an expensive luxury, has adopted as her motto, "War with the world, and peace with Sandy."  
Back of Whitby rabbits are so numerous that the farmers are becoming alarmed for the safety of their orchards. "Squire" Abingdon, backer of pugilists, race horse owner and general exponent of fast living, died from pneumonia at New Orleans on Saturday, aged 31. His income was £100,000 a year. The rivers of Russia grow shallower year after year, and the Vorskia, once an abundant tributary to the Dnieper, and as wide as the Hudson or Delaware, 250 miles in length, has completely and permanently dried up.