



**Paint  
is to a  
Building**

what clothing is to the body. It is just as important. You should take as much care in selecting the paint to clothe your property, as you do in selecting the material to clothe your person. Paint preserves the building. Paint gives beauty to the building. In painting the labor costs more than the paint. There will be a large waste if the right paint is not used.

**THE  
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS  
PAINT**

is made for painting buildings. It is not a low-priced paint, but it is cheap because the best. It is made of the purest materials—that wear the longest. The colors are bright and handsome.

## SEASONABLE GOODS.

After looking around for a considerable time to find out the best Separator, I have succeeded in obtaining the agency for the

### AMERICAN CREAM SEPARATOR

as without doubt the best machine on the market for the following reasons:

1. It is all in one.
2. There are no loose parts whatever.
3. It can be easily cleaned, as the hand can be inserted in the bowl.
4. In no case during the past year was its superiority more manifested than by its being awarded, amidst strong competition at the St. Louis exhibition, the first premium and diploma for best separator for farm use. **Come in and see it.**

**Cheese Factory Cans.** That's where we shine. No better can offered in the country than the make we sell. Can undersell any other maker, having bought the material before the great advance.

**JOS. HEARD.**

## H. MCDUGALL,

AGENT FOR

McCormick Right Hand Open Binder Vertical Lift Mower.

All Steel Rake, and Corn Harvester.

COULTHARD SCOTT CO., OSHAWA, Champion Seeder and Cultivator.

Cockshutt Plows, Bell's Tread Power.

Chatham Waggon.

**ALL UP TO DATE.**

**FURNITURE, DOORS, SASH,**

—AND—

**UNDERTAKING,**

—AT—

**W. M'Keown's,**

FRANCIS ST. WEST,

**FENELON FALLS.**

## THE HIGHEST PRICE

paid for old iron, copper, brass etc

Dealer in  
**IRON and COAL,  
IRON PIPE, and  
PIPE FITTINGS.**

**Thos. Robson,**

Fenelon Falls.

### The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

Friday, June 22nd, 1900.

#### The Transvaal War.

There is no news of importance from the seat of war this week.

#### Lengthening The Session.

Somewhat better progress was made last week with the serious business of the session, but if, on the one hand, the legislation on the order paper has been put forward a few stages, other matters have developed which give every indication of lengthening out considerably a session which has already fully run the average length. The principal item under this latter head which has materialized, has been the charge made by Mr. Monk of Jacques Cartier against the Militia Department of purchasing worthless emergency rations for the South African contingents, to which reference was made last week. When the worthy member first launched his tirade against the Minister of Militia, he was evidently not prepared for the very prompt manner in which he was taken up by the Government, and promised his committee of inquiry if only he would lay before the House some thing definite to inquire into. So specific was the challenge that Mr. Monk had no alternative but to accept it, and in due course his indictment was presented. It was at once seen that the hon. member had most materially modified his accusations, for instead of fraud, malfeasance of office, and sundry other high crimes and misdemeanors, which were either definitely charged or broadly insinuated in his first harangue to the House, the most serious accusation that he dared definitely make against the Minister was one of "gross and culpable negligence." But this is serious enough, of course, and the Government promptly implemented their promise of a committee of investigation. The Opposition now has one more chance to squander public time and money in a wild goose chase after an election cry. Their success at this sport has not been strikingly manifest in the past; it remains to be seen what luck awaits them this time.

#### Signs of Disintegration. (?)

The ingenuity of Oppositionists is being severely taxed these days, to discover those signs of disintegration in the ranks of the Liberal party which are being so earnestly hoped for but which so obstinately refuse to manifest themselves. Because half a dozen or so supporters of the Government in the present House of Commons have intimated their intention of retiring when their present term expires, we hear the old familiar cry that, "The Grits are on the run." A typical sample of this is the case of Mr. Speaker Bain, who has, it is well known, been anxious to retire from public life for some years past, and who is now unhappily compelled by failing health to carry that desire into effect; but even his twenty-eight years of faithful service, during which his political conduct has never once been called in question even by his most bitter opponents, does not protect him from the miserable insinuations of small politicians. So, too, the intimation that the Minister of Customs may not offer himself for re-election in North Grey, is taken as an indication

that he fears the result of a contest there; where, as is perfectly well known by every man who makes any pretence of being informed of the facts, that Mr. Paterson only sought the suffrage of the electors of North Grey because the constituency happened to fall vacant, by the death of the sitting member, at the time of his entering the Government, and he was then elected by a majority twice as large as the biggest majority ever obtained by a Tory in that riding, and thirteen times greater than that secured by his predecessor over the same opponent two months before. These are a couple of samples of the nonsense which is being talked about Government disintegration. It is to be feared that the Tories themselves are not getting much comfort out of signs no more convincing than these. Another writer,—a fairly representative sample of his tribe,—incautiously remarked before the election last week in British Columbia that, "Joe Martin declares he will have no Laurier in his." In view of the fact that Premier Martin has been so emphatically repudiated by the electors of British Columbia, and that Mr. W. W. B. McInnes found it necessary to very emphatically assure the electors that he was not a Martinite to secure his election, it may not be unreasonable to ask for a clearer explanation of how the British Columbia local election is a condemnation of the Laurier Administration?

#### David Varcoe Found—Coroner's Inquest.

The body of David Varcoe, who disappeared so mysteriously on the night of December 6th, was found last Sunday afternoon floating in the Fenelon river about a mile below the falls, nearly opposite where Green & Ellis's shingle mill stood until it was destroyed by fire. The body—which presented a terrible appearance, nothing of the head remaining but the bare skull—was towed ashore as soon as possible and conveyed to the fire-hall; and Mr. John Puley, a brother-in-law of the deceased, having made oath that he had reason to suspect that there had been foul play, an inquest was held in the council chamber on Monday afternoon before Dr. Wilson, coroner, and the following jury:—

Edward Fitzgerald, foreman, Joseph McFarland, Findlay McDougall, Harry Robson, Henry Pearce, Thos. Roberts, James Knox, M. W. Brandon, Jas. J. Power, James Chambers, Hugh McDougall, Martin Kelly, Washington Northey and Joseph Heard. After the jurymen had been sworn in, they went to the fire-hall and examined the body, and upon their return the following witnesses were sworn and gave their evidence, which we have condensed as much as possible.

Constable Nevison:—On Sunday afternoon, June 17th, I was informed that a man's body was in the water below the village. I got help, had the body drawn ashore and conveyed to the fire hall. It was the same body that the jury examined and I believe it to be the body of David Varcoe. I had the clothing searched, and a knife, \$1 20 in silver, a piece of tobacco and a coupon from Bargoyne's store were found in one of the pants' pockets. The opposite pocket, which appeared to be very much worn at the bottom, was turned out and empty.

John Puley:—I made the affidavit that led to the inquest on account of what people said. So much was said about Varcoe having had a considerable sum of money in his possession the night he disappeared that I had a suspicion of foul play, and thought an inquest ought to be held, but had no suspicion of any particular person. I believe the body to be that of David Varcoe.

Mrs. David Varcoe:—I have viewed the body and am prepared to swear that it is the body of my husband, David Varcoe. The last time I saw him alive was about half past 1 o'clock on December 6th. He took his dinner and before leaving gave me thirty cents, which he took out of a leather pocket-book; in which he had quite a lot of bills, but I do not know how many or of what value. He was in his usual health, was not in bad humor, and made no threats, and I never heard him talk of committing suicide. He kept his pocket-book in the left hand pocket of his pants, in which there was no hip pocket. For three or four months he came home occasionally a little the worse for liquor, but I never saw him too drunk to take care of himself.

Andrew Torrance:—I am night watchman in Mr. Sandford's mill. About 7:30 on the evening on which David Varcoe disappeared he came into the mill so much under the influence of liquor that he fell head foremost into a hopper over which he stooped, apparently with the intention of taking a little of the grain it contained. I pulled him out, and he went into the other room of the mill and sat down upon the

edge of another hopper, into which he fell backwards. After I had pulled him out of that, he seated himself upon a small low bench, but slid off, and, as he seemed to be settling down to sleep, I told him that he must go away or I would have to send for the constable. He left the mill, and, after I had fastened the doors, I looked through a window and saw him talking to a man on the sidewalk. Shortly afterwards, when I was upstairs, I heard somebody trying the doors, and, looking through a window I saw that it was Varcoe. Not being able to get in, he turned to go away, and fell off the platform in front of the mill. Rising, he went to the sidewalk, and walked as steadily as if quite sober until he passed the corner of Sandford's office, which hid him from my view, and that was the last I saw of him.

David McKillen:—I saw David Varcoe that night on the sidewalk opposite Sandford's mill. He had liquor in him and was "jolly," but was not very bad. He wanted me to go into the mill with him, but I was in a hurry and told him so, and left him standing where I had met him.

F. H. Magee:—David Varcoe was in my shop about 3 p. m. and by his talk and breath I could tell that he had been drinking. He left in about half an hour and returned at 6 o'clock, pretty drunk. When the whistle blew he left, and staggered against a roll of leather in going out.

Charles Wise:—At the request of constable Nevison, I helped to take the body out of the water, and searched such of the pockets as were in view. One of them, I am not sure which, I found four 25-cent pieces, two 10-cent pieces, a jack-knife, part of a plug of tobacco and a store coupon, all of which I put into my pocket, except the coupon, which was left upon the ground. I put the body into the casket and took it to the fire-hall. No thorough search of the clothing was made at that time.

Robert J. Hazard:—About noon on Sunday I was coming up the river in a boat, and saw an object floating in the water near Torrance's landing, but did not stop to examine it. After I had been home and had dinner, I went down the river again, accompanied by three boys, Willie Barkley, Lewis Toranzo and Willie Crossgrey. A good way below where I had first seen the object I saw it again, and would have again passed without examining it; but something was said about it looking like a bundle of clothes and Willie Barkley asked me to go and see what it was. I consented to do so, and, when we got nearer, Barkley said "It's Davey Varcoe," as it proved to be. I immediately rowed back to Torrance's landing, when I put two of the boys ashore with instructions to go and notify constable Nevison, and then returned to where we had found the body.

Constable Nevison:—Since the inquest commenced Robert Wallace and I have made a thorough examination of the body and clothing, all of which was taken off. We found nothing whatever, neither money, pocket-book nor papers, on or about him, and I am satisfied that the articles found yesterday were all he had on him when taken out of the water. There was a place for an inside pocket in his coat, but not a pocket.

Thomas Austin:—About ten minutes past 6 o'clock that evening David Varcoe came into my shop, leaned against the counter and commenced to talk about the Transvaal war, General Hutton and Sam Hughes. A few minutes later James Stevens came in, and Varcoe and I left the shop together. When about opposite Joseph McFarland's Varcoe said, "You and me will have a glass together." We went into Twomey's hotel and he called for the liquor and paid for it, but only drank about two-thirds of the contents of his own glass. We went out in about five minutes on to Francis street, and, as he seemed to hesitate, I said "Come on, ain't you going home?" to which he replied, "No! not by a d—n sight." He then left me and went down street, and that was the last I saw of him. I saw him lay a coin upon the bar of the hotel, but did not notice where he took it from or what money he had.

The coroner then recapitulated the evidence, and the jury, after consulting together for about one minute, returned the following verdict:—"We find that David Varcoe came to his death on the 6th of December, 1899, by drowning in the Fenelon river, and, from the evidence adduced, we do not consider any blame attachable to any person whatever."

We do not agree with the last part of the verdict, as a good deal of blame is attachable to the person or persons who gave or sold him liquor (as somebody must have done) after he began to show signs of being intoxicated.

CHANGE OF DATE.—After July 1st Messrs. McLaughlin & McDiarmid will keep their office in Fenelon Falls open on Wednesday afternoons instead of on Monday afternoons, as at present.—20 t. f.