

**A Brave Man's Fear.**

"It's astonishin'," remarked an old Yankee forty-niner, as he nodded over his glass to a friend, "what a coward a man is at home—a reg'lar crawlin' sneak, by jove! I've travelled a good bit, and held up my head in most o' the camps on the coast since '49. I've got three bullets inside o' me. I've shot and been shot at, and never heard nobody say I hadn't as good grit as most fellers that's goin'. But at home I'm a kyote. Afore I'd let the old woman know that her hot biscuit wasn't all when it's like stiff amalgam I'd fill myself as full as a retort. I've done it lots o' times. Most o' my teeth is gone from tuggin' on beefsteaks that the old woman fried. D'ye think I roar out when I go over a chair in the dark?"

"No, sir. While I'm rubbin' my shins an' keepin' back the tears, I'm likewise sweatin' fur fear—the old woman has been woke by the upset. It didn't used to be so," sighed the poor fellow, thoughtfully rubbing his scalp.

"When we first hitched, I thought I was superintendent; but, after a year or two of argyin' the point, I settled down to shovin' the car at low wages. I kin lick any man o' my age an' size," cried the old gentleman, banging the saloon table with his wrinkled fist. "I'll shoot, stand up, or rough-and-tumble for coin, but, when I hang my hat on the peg in the hall, an' take off my muddy boots, an' hear the old woman ask if that's me, I tell you the starch comes right out o' me!"—*Chicago Ledger.*

**It's a Way They Have.**

"What we need," said the first dignified citizen, as he stopped to discuss the political situation, "is a business campaign free from all personalities."

"Precisely," replied the second dignified citizen. "This personal abuse of candidates is all wrong. Now, in our ward, there should be no question of the election of McFinnegan."

"What! That little nincompoop!" cried the first dignified citizen, indignantly.

"Nincompoop!" exclaimed the other. "Why, sir, there is an honest man. That thieving scoundrel, O'Dowd, who is running against him, does not deserve to be mentioned in the same breath."

"O'Dowd never stole the silver spoons at a banquet and pawned them for liquor," retorted the first, hotly.

"Of course he didn't, but he knocked his wife down stairs with a base ball bat and stole \$50,000 from an orphan."

"Who says so?"

"McFinnegan."

"McFinnegan is a thief and a liar!"

"O'Dowd is a thug and a disreputable scoundrel!"

"That's a lie!"

"Biff! Bang!"

And the dignified, business campaign, free from all personalities, was auspiciously opened.

**Horse Swapping in Tennessee.**

A travellingman thus describes a "horse-swapping day" in Tennessee: "One of the men was mounted on a raw-boned dapple gray, while the other nag was of a deep yellow, and looked much like a living, moving hat-rack. One was leading a mule and the other an old steed that looked like a broken down car horse. Presently the man on the yellow horse said to the other: 'Well?' The answer was, 'Well?' 'Talk.' 'You talk.' 'Well, what'll you do?' 'Swap.' 'How'll you swap?' 'Horse and horse.' After dickering for some time a trade was effected and one of them got a dollar to boot. We wandered about over the place and covered about an acre and a half until we grew tired, and then returned to the train. On the way back we heard two of the strangers talking. One of these said he was three jack-knives and \$3.25 in money ahead. We were told that these swapping days are held once a month. The men meet at this place and swap anything, from a jack-knife to a farm, but trading in horses is the favorite fancy with them."—*New York Tribune.*

**Short and Sweet.**

The bow-legged man has one advantage—he never wears out his trousers by the rubbing together of his knees.

When women get together, one of the main subjects of conversation is wonder if some other woman knows the way her husband is acting.

A Jersey City undertaker advertises that he furnishes "every requisite for a funeral." He must be a doctor as well as an undertaker.

An Ohio paper says that Sunday law is working well out there. So it works on Sunday, does it? Isn't that rather an illegal proceeding?

Each of the five wives of a Georgia widower has died on Friday. He says that the old theory that Friday is unlucky is a silly superstition.

**To Debtors.**

The great proportion of my customers, I am sorry to say, have not paid one dollar of their accounts yet. I cannot do business on wind, any more than any other ordinary mortal. To protect my own interests I shall be compelled to hand over all overdue accounts to a lawyer for collection. It is not manly nor honest to take goods out of my store for one, two and more years, and then show the perfect indifference shown by some to me of paying their just debts.

**Joseph Heard.**

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OF SPRING AND SUMMER

**READY-MADE CLOTHING**

JUST RECEIVED AT

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Perhaps you have Pictures stowed away—of little use for want of a frame. Bring them here and have their decorative qualities made the most of.

**L. DEYMAN,**  
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If you have n't got money to pay what you owe for the "Gazette," almost any kind of farm produce will be taken at market prices.

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is prepared to furnish the people of Lindsay and surrounding country with MONUMENTS AND HEADSTONES, both Marble and Granite.

Estimates promptly given on all kinds of cemetery work.

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

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

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JOHN MCGILVERAY, Master.  
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J. J. NEVISON, N. G.  
H. E. AUSTIN, Secretary.

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**INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.** Court Phoenix No. 182. Meet on the last Monday of each month, in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block.

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HERBERT SANDFORD, R. S.

**CANADIAN HOME CIRCLES. FENELON Falls Circle No. 127,** meets in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block the first Wednesday in every month.

P. C. BURGESS, Leader.  
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**METHODIST CHURCH—COLBORNE** Street—Rev. G. W. McCall, Pastor. Sunday service at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 2.30 p. m. Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—FRANCIS** Street—Rev. M. McKinnon, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p. m. Christian Endeavor meeting every Tuesday at 8 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

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**ST. JAMES'S CHURCH—BOND STREET** East—Rev. Wm. Farncomb, Pastor. Service every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 11.30 a. m. Bible class every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

Seats free in all churches. Everybody invited to attend. Strangers cordially welcomed.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

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**"Dick" was a Diplomat.**

HOW HE LURED HIS FRIENDS TO DEATH AND WAS THEN HIMSELF QUARTERED.

"Dick," the buno steer at Phil Armour's yards, Chicago, got too lazy for his job and was led to the slaughtering pen just like the animals he had decoyed to death before. The deceitful old beast is dressed beef now. "Dick" was a big, fat, brown steer, that had winning ways and a cold, treacherous heart. Many and many are the confiding country yearlings and heifers "Dick" has led up to the butcher's steel hammer.

Probably there never was a beef "critter" that had so wide a celebrity as "Dick." Every visitor who went to see how the packing houses work had to have a look at this steer. Foreign princes and pretty summer girls have marvelled at the skill and diplomacy with which he steered the unsuspecting "range" cattle to the place of death. "Dick's" picture has been printed in the papers many a time, and columns have been written about the beast's crafty tricks.

When the long horns from Texas and the short horns from Missouri come into the stock yards and are unloaded they are naturally exasperated over their rough trip, and are full of suspicion. The result is they are rebellious, especially in the matter of going into chutes. Now, unless a steer goes into one of the chutes in the packing house, it cannot have its throat cut, and throat cutting is the aim and object of their coming to Chicago. So it is necessary to have a docy steer, a crafty old beast, that can get the confidence of the rural beasts and lure them on to death and destruction.

Many years ago "Dick" arrived at the yards, and being a beast of more than usually sagacious appearance, was picked out for the work. "Dick" was carefully trained in the art of walking up a chute at the head of a bunch of cattle and then quietly dodging to one side, leaving the bunch to walk on to the place where the hammers swing.

After years of practice the big steer had grown expert at his treacherous work. "Dick" would saunter down into a pen full of new and unsophisticated cattle, and scrape an acquaintance with two or three of them. Then the wicked brute would begin to look wise and talk knowingly about the racy sights to be seen in the big white house beyond the fence. When "Dick" offered to lead the way there was a grand stampede to follow. Up the gangway went "Dick," and after him clattered the greenhorns. But just before the bunch got a sight of the big butchers waiting inside, "Dick" would unostentatiously shy off through a side passage, and leave his victims to transact business with Mr. Armour's men.

So "Dick" grew famous. But, like many other famous characters, he grew puffed up with pride, got lazy, and began to "lay down on the job." It got to be so easy, this thing of leading wide-eyed country cattle up into the chute, that "Dick" didn't seem to care whether he worked for his feed or not. Mr. Armour grew displeased with his apathy. He does not like to have his employees loaf on their jobs. So orders were issued concerning "Dick." One day last week the wise old rogue was leading the usual bunch up the gangway, but when he got to the usual jumping-off place there was none. "Dick" had gone on with the herd. Before long he had been converted into dressed beef. Now that "Dick" has suffered the same fate as his thousands of dupes, his work all devolves on his former partner, known to the butchers as "Phil."—*Chicago Post.*

**The Strength of Snails.**

I have a weakness for snails, and one day, having found a fine specimen, I tied a fine cord around his shell after having fastened a bit of iron to the other end of the same, in order to keep him until I needed him. The iron was bigger than he was, and I supposed it heavy enough to hold him, until my attention was attracted by a dragging, scraping sound on the window-sill, where I had corralled my captive. This aroused my curiosity, and I determined to find out how much one snail could pull. I loosened the string from the bit of iron and made it fast to a letter-scale, and watched Mr. Snail as he pulled the indicator around to very nearly nine ounces. Then I took a little match-box, such as matches are bought in, put it on two pencils, by way of wheels, and proceeded to hitch up my snail. I then loaded up my miniature cart with cents and found he could pull it up to a weight of nine and a quarter ounces; that is, about twenty times his own weight, which was half an ounce. In any country where time is no object we would respectfully submit this new motive power to those studying motors.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Elephants annoyed by flies have often been known to break off a branch and use it as a fan.