

Stalking Geese With Oxen.

A correspondent of the New York Sun says: "I made a good deal of money in the early days of California when we used to stalk wild geese with oxen. Stalking geese with oxen may sound a little queer, but that's the way we used to hunt 'em in the early days. A good stalking ox, I want to tell you, was a valuable bit of property forty years ago in California, and we used to talk about him and discuss his points just about the same as sportsmen nowadays discuss the points of their bird dogs. A good stalking ox could earn his owner anywhere from fifty to one hundred dollars a day, if the owner himself was any good, and enjoyed the sport as much as the hunter did.

"I went to California in 1851, and promptly dropped every cent I had in a gold mine venture. In all the counties bordering on the bay, and in fact all along the coast, wild geese occupied the wide and open plains by the hundreds of thousands. I have seen more than a thousand acres of these big fowl pasturing in a solid block, and that many cattle feeding could not have cleared the grass away as completely as those geese did. I heard that the killing of these geese for market had grown to be a great industry, and that some men were getting rich at it. Ranchers were also offering a bounty for the geese, as cattle raising was becoming an important business, and the geese pre-empted so much of the pasture area that the loss was serious to the cattle men. I scraped together enough money to buy a gun, and abandoned mining for goose hunting.

"When hunting for wild geese on these plains first began, the hunters were able to crawl up to them as they fed and get within easy gunshot. But the geese soon got on to the sportsmen, and by and by no one could get within half a mile of a flock. Hiding in grass blinds was tried and worked well for a time, but the cunning geese sized the blinds up at last and wouldn't come anywhere near a bunch of grass. So something had to be done. Some one had noticed that cattle feeding on the plains could crop the grass almost on the heels of a flock of geese, and the birds took no notice of them. He had an ox that was even tempered and accommodating, and one day he turned it loose and let it feed along towards where a tremendous flock of geese were pasturing. Now and then he'd hurry the ox up a little, walking close to it on the side away from the geese. By and by the ox got close enough to the geese to satisfy his owner, who stood still until the ox had passed on out of the way. Then he emptied one barrel of his gun into the flock on the ground, and gave it the other as the birds rose. He picked up sixty-two geese. The ox was somewhat surprised, but didn't object to repeating the operation next day, when it was equally successful. Geese were worth a dollar apiece. That was the origin of stalking wild geese with oxen. In less than a month there was not a goose hunter along the coast who did not have a goose-stalking ox."

Animals Tried For Crimes.

In these days of enlightened equity it is hard to realize that there was a time when the lower animals were prosecuted by law. As late as the sixteenth century hogs, rats, flies, bees and insects of various kinds were solemnly tried for depredations of which it is said they were guilty. It is recorded that a lot of rats tried to eat up the barley of the south of France. In the trial the rats were defended by Chasseneux, a great lawyer of the day, who actually won the case for the animals. In Sardinia the ass was the only animal exempt from capital punishment; but why it should have been exempt more than other animals is a mystery. Sometimes an animal would be executed. Again, it would be anathematized. Mules have had their ears lopped off for wrongdoing. If the mule were very bad, he ran the chance of being declared forfeit to the king; wherefrom it can be suspected that there was just a trifle of method in the governmental madness. It is stated that a horde of small flies which had become a pest in Mayence escaped punishment because of their extreme youth and small size. Once in France a number of hogs were tried for devouring an infant and were found guilty. The verdict was that they should be hanged, drawn and quartered, and the sentence was carried out. Procedures of this nature were common as late as the time of Shakespeare; but towards the latter end of the sixteenth century the authorities awoke to a sense of the utter silliness of the whole affair, and by the year 1,700 the practice was very uncommon.

The total cordage required for a first-rate man-of-war weighs about eighty tons, and exceeds \$15,000 in value.

Sir Benjamin Richardson, a noted English physician, thinks that the normal period of human life is about 110 years, and that seven out of ten average persons ought to live that long if they took proper care of themselves.



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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.

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

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MRS. J. A. CALDER,
 McArthur's Block, upstairs. Entrance next door to Mr. Robson's store, nearly opposite the Post-Office.

DIRECTORY.

SOCIETIES.

KNIGHTS OF TENTED MACCABEES.
 Diamond Tent No. 208. Meets in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block on the first and third Tuesday in each month.
 H. E. AUSTIN, Com.
 C. W. BURGESS, R. K.

MAPLE LEAF TRUE BLUE LODGE No. 42. Regular meetings held on the 2nd and 4th Wednesday in each month. Hall in McArthur's Block.
 JOHN MCGILVERAY, Master.
 S. MCCUTCHON, Deputy Master.
 GEO. JEWELL, Secretary.

CANADIAN ORDER OF ODDFELLOWS.
 Trent Valley Lodge No. 71. Meet in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block on the first and third Mondays in each month.
 J. J. NEVISON, N. G.
 H. E. AUSTIN, Secretary.

O. L. No. 996. MEET IN THE ORANGE
 L. hall on Francis-St. West on the second Tuesday in every month.
 LEWIS DEYMAN, W. M.
 J. T. THOMPSON, JR., Rec-Sec.

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.
 T. AUSTIN, Chief Ranger.
 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.
 R. B. SYLVESTER, Secretary.

A. F. AND A. M., G. R. C. THE SPRY
 Lodge No. 406. Meets on the first Wednesday of each month, on or before the full of the moon, in the lodge room in Cunningham's Block.
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 REV. W. FARCOMB, Secretary

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH—QUEEN-ST.—REV.
 James Fraser, Pastor. Service every Sunday morning at 10.30. Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30. p. m.

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 West—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.

SALVATION ARMY—BARRACKS ON
 Bond Street West—Captain Taylor. Service every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, and on Sundays at 7 a. m., 10 a. m., 3 p. m. and 8 p. m.

ST. ALOYSIUS R. C. CHURCH—LOUISA
 Street—Rev. Father Nolan, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 10.30 a. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 2 p. m.

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.

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MECHANICS' INSTITUTE—P. KELLY,
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POST OFFICE—F. J. KERR, POSTMAS-
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Blacksmithing in all its different branches done on short notice and at the lowest living prices. Particular attention paid to horse-shoeing. Give me a call and I will guarantee satisfaction. 45-ly.

The Arizona Kicker.

A CLEANING OUT.—During the last four years certain members of Congress have been very courteous and generous toward "The Kicker" in the matter of forwarding public documents. Many a time it has taken two extra mailbags to bring them along, and for days at a time they have been about the only bag received. While our heart goes out to the officials for their trouble and liberality, we cannot help but sympathize with the Post Office Department. At a close estimate we have received two tons of pub. docs. on which not a cent of postage was paid. In no one instance have we more than glanced at the title page. They have been packed up in a room as fast as received, and the other day, when we wanted the room and decided to clean out the "deadheads," we found the heap measured just three cords. They were removed by horse and wagon to vacant lots in rear of the office and consigned to the flames, and it was three days and three nights before the last volume was consumed. It may be possible that some member of Congress, statistician, historian, editor or private citizen finds use for some of these public documents sent out with such liberal hand, but we believe the best use that can be made of them is to send them to the prairie settlers of Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas. A four pound pub. doc. will burn for about fifty hours, taking the place of an eighth of a cord of wood, and, being compact and easy to handle and warranted clear of microbes and explosions, they would be welcomed as a boon and made good use of.

A CUSTOM ABOLISHED.—Ever since this town had a post office it has been the custom of certain people who called at the general delivery for mail to pull a gun and shoot through the opening to attract attention. The first two postmasters put up a plank in range to catch the bullets, but the last critter was too lazy and shiftless to care about saving three or four pounds of lead per week, and allowed the bullets to go through the opposite wall and out over the sand lots. During his time two of the employees were accidentally shot and many of the mail bags badly damaged. The calls at the windows and the firing were so frequent that the office was always blue with smoke and oppressive with the smell of gunpowder.

If our predecessor ever thought of a change for the better, he hadn't the pluck to make a start. Ten days ago we put up a sign at the right of the window reading, "Don't shoot, but rap on the window." No one heeded the sign, and after two days we replaced it with one reading, "No attention paid to shooters." Old Jim Hewson and his crowd came in one after another and fired twelve shots apiece through the window and walked out. There were thirty three shooters, and the shooting was rather continuous for several hours. The east wall of the post office was so damaged that we had to get a carpenter to put in some new planks.

Our third sign read, "Any one shooting through this window will be shot at in return." That same old Jim Hewson was the only man in town who wouldn't believe that we meant business. He came in, read the sign, pondered over it for awhile, and then fired a shot through the window. That is why Mr. Hewson is now laid up with a bullet in his leg, and why he won't cavort around town for several weeks to come. He was contending for a custom fifteen years old, and we felt no resentment. Indeed, we used to shoot through the same window ourselves before we became a part of the United States Postal Department. We do not expect to run this post office in the high toned, gold laced manner which prevails in Chicago or St. Louis, but we shall aim to have a system and to preserve a certain dignity.

If any one wants to rap on the shelf of the general delivery window with the butt of his gun no one will complain, but there must be no more shooting. When we are engaged in our duties as postmaster, all invitations to drink will be respectfully but firmly declined, and no outsider will be admitted to our private office, except on official business. When we are at "The Kicker" office we can be called "old man," and when in our mayor's office we shall not resent a good natured slap on the back. It's a sort of sliding scale, and the sooner the crowd gets on to it the better it will be all around.

First boarder—What's the star boarder making all that hubbub about over that berry pie? **Second boarder—**I guess he found the berry.

Grandma—Now, Robbie, what kind of pie do you like best?
Robbie—I don't know just what you call it, but it's what takes a whole pie to make one piece.

Mr. Morally Goode—My dear sir, there's no earthly use of my joining the church.

Pastor—But there's a heavenly use, my dear friend.