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But it is an admitted fact that if you wish to enjoy a cup of good Tea it is absolutely necessary for you to purchase Salada Tea at

W. L. ROBSON'S.

A Fitting Idea.

Fine Grades of Men's Trousers and Spring Suitings.

IT IS ONE THING TO COVER UP YOUR BODY.

Robinson Crusoe did that with Goat Skins.

But that time is past. It is not necessary to clothe yourself in any unsightly garb when you can get clothes that fit you like bark to a tree, and at prices consistent with the times. Call and select from a lot of choice pieces. We will make it worth your while.

THE FASHIONABLE CUTTER AND FITTER, OPPOSITE JOS. HEARD'S.

S. PENHALE,
FENELON FALLS.

The Attention of the Ladies

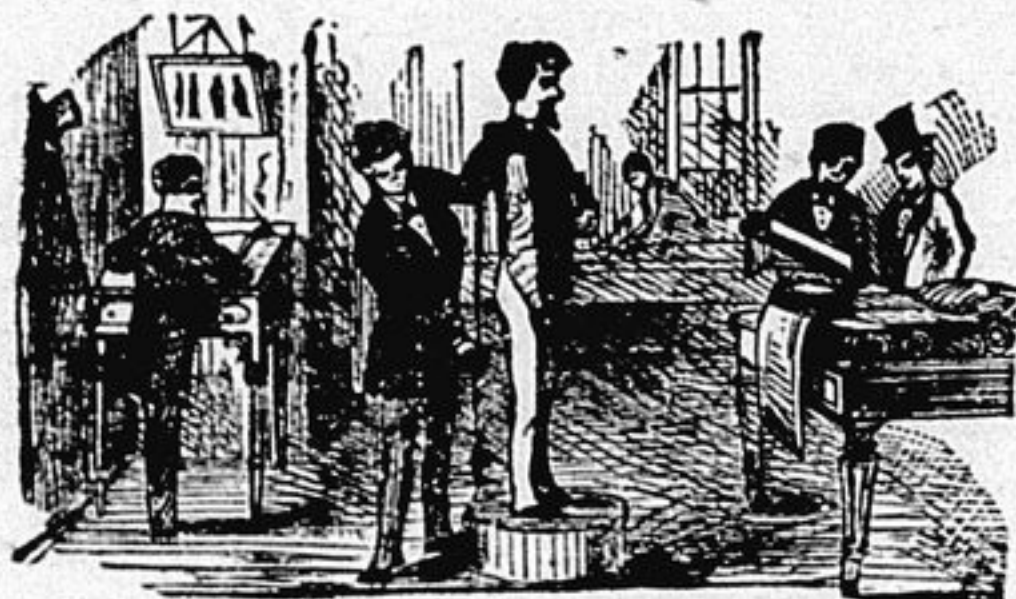
IS DIRECTED TO MY STOCK OF

Fancy Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Prints, Gingham, Cottons, Flannelettes, Waterproof Cloaks, Umbrellas, Bed-spreads, Ladies' and Childrens' Vests, Babies' Knitted Woollen Caps, Tam O'Shanters, Cashmere Hose, Ladies and Childrens' Fancy Knitting and Fingering Yarn, Ladies' Belt Buckles, Fancy Combs, etc., Wash Silk, Embroidering Silks, Kid Gloves, Cashmere Gloves, etc.

Thanking my customers for past favors, I respectfully invite them to inspect my stock and get prices.

McArthur's Block,
Fenelon Falls.

Mrs. Hamilton.



STILL AT THE HEAD.

A Larger Stock to choose from than all the others put together.

CLARK & SON.

Our Cheap Sale is a Success!

THE PUBLIC ARE NOW SATISFIED

WITH THE PRICES AT WHICH THEY GET DRY GOODS AT THE OLD STAND.

• THEY SAY •
THAT GOODS ARE NOT SOLD CHEAPER ANYWHERE.

Please Continue Calling, for there is always Something New turning up.

WM. CAMPBELL.

Thomas Robson of Fenelon Falls is agent for the

Solid Comfort Heater, FOR WARMING SLEIGHS, CARRIAGES OR BEDS.

The newest and best thing ever invented as a foot warmer. A stove that will give you more comfort with less trouble than anything you ever saw. No smoke. No odor. Perfectly safe. No possibility of fire.

THOS. ROBSON.

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

Friday, March 13th, 1896.

An Unforeseen Result.

The Hamilton Spectator says:

"Let us suppose that it is as the government apparently believes, that the Quebec bishops will be able to deliver the promised goods. Then the capture of Quebec members in the House on the remedial bill question will be a calamity instead of a blessing. The Quebec member votes in the House for the government and earns the right to the vote promised by the bishops. He will undoubtedly get all they can give him, and if they can give him what the government apparently thinks they can he will be elected at the coming election—a Grit member in opposition to the N. P. Thus every French Grit member who votes for the government on the remedial bill is simply putting a nail into the government's coffin. He is simply making one Quebec Grit constituency solid for the party which is opposed to the National Policy. If enough Quebec Grits vote with the government to ensure the carrying of the motion for the second reading of the coercion bill, it will be rather difficult for the government to find, in Quebec, those constituencies in which it hopes to make gains with the assistance of the bishops, for it may be accepted as being the fact that those Quebec Grit members who vote with Mr. Laurier feel perfectly safe—feel quite assured that in doing so they are not endangering their chances of re-election. The chances seem to be that the greater the success of the government in carrying the coercion bill in the house, the less will be its success in carrying the general elections."

The position in other words is this: The Quebec bishops have declared it a matter of conscience with all good Catholics to vote, without regard to their politics, for the Remedial Bill, and have promised that, whether the Bill carry or not, they (the bishops) will use their utmost influence to secure the return of such members at next election as a reward for having voted according to instructions. As Tory Catholics are sure to vote for the Bill, the bishops' promise is to the Catholic Grits, who, seeing the point to which the Spectator draws attention, will probably be willing to pay the price asked for the powerful support of the priesthood, especially as it will save them from incurring the censure of their Church, which it is desirable to avoid if possible, as the author of Ingoldsbys tells us,

"A row with the clergy is always distressing. They've got such a knack of bestowing a blessing."

The ultimate result of the bishops' zeal on behalf of coercion was probably unforeseen; but having made a promise they will of course keep it, and they are pledged to do their best, under certain easily fulfilled conditions, to secure the return of opponents of the Government that has shown itself willing to do any mortal thing likely to prolong its tenure of office.

Suicide of Samuel Swanton.

On Sunday afternoon Mr. Andrew Sutherland, station master here, while in his office received a telegram from the station master at Cobocook station, stating that Samuel Swanton, the well-known buyer of ties, poles, cordwood, etc., along the line of the Victoria railway, had shot himself in his room at Pattie's hotel. Mr. Sutherland at once imparted the sad news to the relatives of the deceased, and about six o'clock Coroner Naylor, Mr. Thomas Roberts and Mr. Wm. Golden left the Falls in a sleigh for Cobocook, but had hardly got out of the village when they found the roads so blocked up with snow that they were forced to return. Next morning a larger party, consisting of Coroner Naylor, T. Roberts, T. Johnson, T. Robson, J. Austin and Wm. Golden,

made another attempt, and, as they had plenty of light and farmers were out all along the line shovelling away the drifts, they managed to get through. Mr. Naylor had gone in case the facts should warrant the holding of an inquest, but he soon decided that it was not necessary. The last seen of Mr. Swanton alive was on Saturday evening about 7 o'clock, when he retired to his room, and, after locking the door, went to bed. Miss Eliza Keys, (Mrs. Pattie's daughter by her first husband) is an invalid, and about three o'clock on Sunday morning her mother went down stairs to get her a drink. Upon her return, Miss Keys said she had heard a noise like the report of a pistol and asked what it was; but her mother told her that she was nervous, and that what she had heard was probably only the noise of something cracking with the frost. As both breakfast and dinner passed without Mr. Swanton making his appearance, and no answer being given to repeated loud knocks upon the door, it was finally burst open, and the horrifying discovery that he had taken his own life was made. He was lying on his back in bed, with all his clothes on but his coat and boots, and with his left hand covering the left side of his breast; and a 32 calibre revolver, with one chamber in the cylinder empty, was lying on the floor by the bedside. It was at first thought that he might have died from some natural cause; but when Dr. Laurie of Cobocook removed the dead man's hand from his breast, it was seen that he had been shot through the heart, and the bullet was afterwards found in the bed. The body was brought to the Falls in a handsome casket by Mr. Lewis Deyman, undertaker, and the funeral, which was very numerous attended by residents of both town and country, moved at 4 p. m. on Tuesday from the residence of Mr. J. H. Brandon to the Fenelon Falls cemetery.

Deceased was born in June, 1841, in the township of Albion, west of Toronto, and was the third son of the late Wm. Swanton, who came to the township of Fenelon about forty years ago, and acquired so much land that he was able to give each of his boys a farm, the fine one now owned by Mr. Wm. Isaac falling to the lot of Sam. After working it for a time he sold it and went into the business at which he has been since engaged, and was so successful that at one time he was reputed to be worth about \$50,000, and to have his life insured for a large amount. But the curse of the earth, strong drink, in which for many years he indulged but moderately, gradually tightened its hold upon him, and things went from bad to worse until, about two years ago, he was forced to assign, and we learn with regret that he was worth little or nothing at the time of his death. But he was still able to make a good living, and the news that he had died by his own hand came like a thunder clap upon the community and occasioned nearly as much surprise as regret. He was always very popular, being of a friendly, social disposition and possessing the great merit of promptness and liberality in money matters. He was thrice married—first to his cousin, Miss Sarah Swanton, next to Miss Kate Dewart, of Fenelon Falls, and then to Miss Mary Clarke, of Rochester, N. Y., who survives him. His seven children—three daughters by his first wife and a son and daughter by each of the other two—are all living, and mourn the loss of an exceptionally kind and indulgent father.

Two Murderous Desperadoes.

On Thursday of last week at Woodward, a little hamlet 25 miles from Bellefont, Pa., while John L. Barner and Frank W. White, two constables, were attempting to arrest a desperate criminal named William Etlinger, he fired upon both of them, killing Barner upon the spot and fatally wounding his companion. The murderer then barricaded his house and defied the assembled citizens, who at once sent a telegram to Bellefont, and the sheriff and a posse of well-armed men left at 6 p. m. by special train for Woodward. Hundreds of shots were exchanged that evening between the besiegers and the besieged without effect, and next morning the position remained unchanged. The sheriff did not like to burn or blow up the house, as the desperado's family were inside; but, as there was no alternative, he set fire to it a little before noon, and soon afterwards the woman and her two children came out and were allowed to escape. It was thought for a few minutes that Etlinger intended to perish in the flames rather than be arrested; but just as the roof was about to collapse he appeared at the cellar door, and, upon being called upon to surrender, placed a pistol to his head and blew out his brains.

On Monday, the 9th inst., at Brockville, Ont., Etlinger's murderous record was completely beaten by a man named Lapoint, who, armed with a breech-

loading shot-gun, took his station about noon near the corners of King and Perth streets, and, after yelling several times and emptying both barrels into the air, loaded up again from a supply of cartridges in his pocket and commenced deliberately firing at everybody who came within sight. His first victim was Chief of Police Rose, who was wounded, it is believed fatally, by a charge of heavy shot in his chest, throat and head; and the next was Mr. Peter Moore, who was shot through the head and fell dead on the spot. Alonso Serviss and an old Indian named Dickson were standing close to Moore at the time, and the latter was seriously, though not fatally, wounded in the face and head, but Serviss escaped unhurt. Just then Constable Tinsley came out of the police headquarters, which were only a few rods away, and commenced firing at Lapoint with a revolver from behind a weigh-scale close at hand, but the distance was too great, and his shots proved ineffectual. All this time Lapoint was loading and firing as fast as he could, and six more men were wounded, but neither of them very seriously. Tinsley then got a gun, crossed the street, entered the side door of a corner grocery and went out at the front, but the moment he stepped on to the sidewalk Lapoint threw up his gun and fired, and the constable had to retreat, covered with blood. Finally, two or three persons armed with guns and revolvers appeared at the upper windows of adjacent buildings and fired at Lapoint, who at once fell, so badly wounded in the legs and abdomen that he is not expected to recover. He is an unmarried middle-aged man in good circumstances, and devoted a great deal of his time to hunting. He is said to have "always acted very strangely," and an attempt was once made to have him placed in an asylum, but it was unsuccessful. He was not much addicted to liquor, but he was once locked up for being drunk and disorderly and threatening his brother's life, and has since borne ill-will towards the local constabulary.

Village Council Proceedings.

Fenelon Falls, March 9th, 1896.

Regular meeting of council. All the members present except councillor Martin. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Moved by Mr. Robson, seconded by Mr. Mason, That the following accounts be paid and the reeve give his orders for the same: Clerk, express, 35c.; McSweyn & Anderson, law costs, \$3.53; F. J. Kerr, postage and stationery, \$3.69; R. Menzies, cutting ice, 50c.—ringing bell, \$1.50; S. Nevison, salary to date, \$56; J. R. Graham, on salary as assessor, \$12.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Mason, seconded by Mr. Deyman, That the auditors' report for 1895 as presented be adopted, erasing therefrom in liabilities \$100 due cemetery for gravel, and that the clerk be instructed to have the village and cemetery accounts printed, and to hand the school accounts to the school secretary, and that the auditors be paid the sum of \$10 each from the village funds and \$2 each from the cemetery funds.—Carried.

A by-law to extend the time for the collection of taxes was read and passed, and the council adjourned.

Powles' Corners.

(Correspondence of the Gazette.)

This week it becomes our sad duty to report the death of Mrs. Wm. Hamilton, who died about six o'clock last Monday evening. Deceased leaves three children and a sorrowing husband. Mrs. Hamilton was a kind and affectionate mother, and was very highly esteemed by all who knew her. The remains were followed to their last resting place, the Eden cemetery, by a large concourse of friends.

Mr. James Brown, who has had Mr. John L. Brown's farm leased for a term of years, is now moving to his own farm south of Sturgeon lake.

Mr. E. Hooie drove five or six very fine beef cattle to Fenelon Falls last week. Mr. H. Austin was the buyer. The prices are a great deal lower than they should be, and pork is still worse.

Mrs. John Moore is at present visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. J. Bailey, of Gravenhurst. Mrs. W. Marshall, of Lindsay, is enjoying a visit with friends in this community.

Kinmount.

(Correspondence of the Gazette.)

The Kinmount bridge is now being repaired. We hope a good job will be done, as it is rather unpleasant to have the horses' feet dropping through when driving over the bridge.

Mr. Shea of Gooderham will give a lecture on Friday evening. His subject is to be "Temperance." We understand he is a good speaker, and expect an intellectual treat.