

### A Day Amongst the Horsemen.

BY OUR SPORTING EDITOR.

On Monday morning last, the 30th inst., I was aroused from quiet slumber by the merry warble of the robins discoursing their sweet songs and exchanging greetings on an old apple-tree under my bedroom window. I was at first at a loss to know what was the cause of all the merriment, but on settling my equilibrium I realized that spring had begun, and I hastened to the open air to breathe in the gentle zephyrs fanned from those beautiful lakes which are bestowed on us favored people. I had not been long enjoying that essential element of health when I saw the lovers of man's faithful friend, the horse, driving to and fro with looks of confident admiration of their respective steeds. At this moment a thought ran across my mind that, as spring was on and the park in good shape, we would see considerable honorable rivalry among the equine admirers during the coming summer, and that it would be interesting to know what the prospects of each individual were. I did not wait to partake of breakfast, but just pulled on my moccasins and went down street. I first called on the genial host of the McArthur House and found him in a very pleasant mood and unusually communicative. "What are the turf prospects of this town for the coming summer, John?" I asked. "Everything looks cheery," said he. "I believe we will have a pleasant summer of innocent sport amongst the chargers." "And how is Little Hee?" I inquired. "The little fellow is feeling good. He has increased in muscular development as well as in speed. I am satisfied there is no limit in sight to the little side-wheeler's velocity." "I am glad to hear it, John," said I; "but you are troubled a little with flatulence, sometimes, aren't you? and probably you overestimate him. Didn't Mr. Maybee's mare beat him last fall?" "Yes, she did," he replied, "but Hee was only a baby then, and had I trained another week she would not have been in it. You will see her owner's lip drop before fall. Mark my words: the son of old Lapidist will get there right soon." I then walked smartly across to the south ward and soon landed at Mr. Maybee's door, where a pull of the bell brought forward the worthy wielder of the birch in his usual good humored style, and I was at once escorted to the drawing room, where I made known my mission, and after a few remarks about the weather I put the usual questions in regard to turf prospects, etc., and was assured that an agreeable season in the park was in sight. "I do not intend to say anything for publication," said Mr. Maybee, "but I will just privately tell you that I am never much mistaken in the action of an animal, and I think I am quite safe in presuming that this mare of mine will rub 2.20 close this coming summer. She beat Little Hee last fall hands down, and I could have made a show of him only I wanted to spare his owner's feelings." "Might I ask what your opinion of Little Hee is?" I inquired. "Well, once I said that he would never go fast enough to warm himself, but an honest man is always willing to change his opinion when circumstances demand it, and I am in duty bound to make restitution for that hurried and unqualified statement. I look on him now as a promising youngster." "Have you trained your mare any during the winter?" I inquired. "I decidedly did not," was the response. "Author Woodruff says 'give no work, turn into a box stall, feed plenty of straw, and you will have a grand development of muscle.' So I took his advice, hence my reason for estimating her speed. But I must again tell you this is private." I remarked that I most certainly would never repeat our conversation, and I will not further dilate on this part lest he should be led to believe I had not kept my word. After having become imbued with the ideas of the above named gentleman, I repaired to my boarding house and took breakfast, and then went out to complete my mission. As I jogged leisurely along and was passing the handsome residence of Mr. Harry Austin I saw that personage hitching his splendid bay mare over at the stable door preparatory to going out to buy a carload of the fat of the land. Hank is a jolly good fellow, and is never too much hurried to talk horse for a while, and accordingly I availed myself of the opportunity to interview him. I told him I had the opinion of several good men on the topic at issue, and would be glad to hear from him on the subject also. He said he had no notion of training his horses any, unless to give them a race after some of those cattle that want to drive the other road. He remarked casually that those fellows down town thought that they had something marvellous in horseflesh, but it was the want of experience that led them into error. "I'll tell you what," said he, as he brought the palm of his hand down on his leg like the report of a gun, "I have more style and speed here than the combined efforts of those fellows can muster up, and some day I'll be pleased to convince them of the fact. Remember, I have been there before. Look at Manie S! She is a credit to this town, and Brown Nellie was just as good. The people of this place know that I held the strings when she won the race from Handy Andy some few years ago." Then, pointing to the stable door, he said: "Just look in there and count the heads of the Forest Boys and Parkers. It makes me tired to hear those fellows blowing about their stock. Not one of them can show you such convincing proofs of their ability to judge in this line—but I must go for the present, as possibly there may be a rise in the price of fat stock. Good-bye." I then went across and saw James Chambers. Jim is a typical horseman and enjoys a discussion along those lines. He escorted me to his stable to see his Parker colt. I do not pose as a judge of horseflesh, but I must confess I was very much pleased with the general appearance of this animal. Do you intend to train her any, Jim?" I queried. "Yes, I most certainly intend to develop her speed," he answered, "but my time will be limited. However, she will develop speed rapidly. This I have great assurance of, as I have yet to run across her equal for her age, and I am convinced that by next fall she will carry off the laurels in the three-year-old class." John

Beggs was next seen in his comfortable little home three miles north of the village. Jack, like all the others interviewed, was in good talking humor, and seemed pleased as I, in my feeble way, said pleasant things in the way of eulogizing his efforts in producing an animal of superior merit, having reference at this time to his handsome Parker colt. "Say," said he, "those horsemen at the Falls don't know a promising animal when they see it. I got that colt right easy." "And might I ask how you got him?" I inquired. "Well, you see," he said, "Frank Kerr is fond of music, and I have a good baritone voice, so I just sang him one of my favorite odes, and he was so well pleased he handed me the halter shank and told me to lead him home. I did so, and look what I have to-day. There is not another one in the country to compare with him, either for speed or looks. Depend upon it, some of those horsemen down there will have to take mud next fall, or sooner if possible."

It was now after dark, and there was one other man I must see, and that was Mr. Edward Lansfield. I got there at 9 o'clock p. m., and found him sitting in his office on Bond street, assorting some freight bills, having just partaken of a good square meal and enjoying a good smoke of T & B brand. I need not say he was glad to see me, as all who know Ned are fully aware of his courteous manner; but he did not seem very anxious to talk on the horse question, in fact he was very reticent in his answers to my enquiries, seeming to care little whether the sporting world wagged or not. Said he, "I am out of the sporting circle and do not care to talk. Howandever, since its yourself that's here, I am going to tell you that I am not going to train Edward Temple this coming summer. No, sir. I will send for Mason and let him decapitate him before I be guilty of the likes of that again. You know I sent him to Lindsay once to train. I am told they tried to make a pacer of him then, and what was the result? When I got him home and put him in a race that confounded French butcher came along with a Clyde and done me. Will I train him? No, sir! I have never got over the effect of that episode. I never get fair play here, anyway. Look at that man with the one-eyed horse always carrying the prize away from me. If I wanted to get a prize here I would have to knock an eye out of my horse and give him to some P. P. A. to show. Will I train him? No, by de goh!" By this time I was convinced that Ned's sympathies were not running in the sporting channel, so, making a polite bow, I took my departure, and as it was late in the evening by this time I concluded to leave off interviewing the many others until some more convenient time.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### Anomalies of Criminal Law in this County.

To the Editor of the Fenelon Falls Gazette.

SIR,—

Has the way that criminal law has been administered in this county not something to do with the atrocious murder lately committed in Lindsay? Let us see. An unfortunate Frenchman at Fenelon Falls, some years ago, in a scuffle with the village constable, bit the least little piece off of the officer's ear. Six months in the Central Prison. Two doctors in Bobcaygeon, some years after, had a sort of rough and tumble fight, and the assailant nearly chewed a finger off the other, who only tried to defend himself. Let off on suspended sentence. Coming down to the last six months, we have a young man embezzling six or eight hundred dollars from a rich firm in Lindsay and then clearing out to the States, brought back, tried, cautioned in a fatherly way and let off on suspended sentence. A short time after this a miserable fellow, a common day laborer, receives a few dollars' worth of stolen goods and gets six months in the Central Prison. Then another gets six months in the Central Prison for stealing a bowing shirt, after being followed all the way to Rochester, the article not worth more than 75c. Then we have another case of a lad stealing a bag of oats and being sentenced to either six or twelve months, I am not certain which in the Central Prison. Now we come to the young man in Lindsay charged with the murder of James Agnew. He was convicted on his own admission of breaking into the warehouse of N. H. Cowdry, and was out on suspended sentence. Now, had this young scamp got the sentence he was entitled to by Section 413 of the Criminal Code of 1892, he would not have been at large to commit the diabolical crime with which he is now charged. It is to be hoped that the anomalies noted in the few cases cited will not occur again for a long time, but that all grades of society will receive equal justice and that it will be a decade at least before there will be any one on suspended sentence to commit another crime. Had the reeve of Fenelon Falls dealt with the case of Jack Kearney for breaking into the warehouse he would have got his deserts, like he gave the drunk and disorderly the other day when he sent him to the county jail for thirty days for being unable to pay a fine of one dollar.

J. BELL,

Baker and Confectioner,  
Next Door to the Meat Mart,

would thank the people of Fenelon Falls for their patronage since he started business in the village. My bread can't be beaten in Canada. It is home-made bread. My candles are the purest in the market. Oysters cooked or raw or by the glass. Meals at all hours, hot or cold.

J. BELL, FENELON FALLS.

### FENELON FALLS MARKETS.

Fenelon Falls, Friday, April 3rd, 1896.

Wheat, Scotch or Rife	75	to	76
Wheat, fall, per bushel	75		76
Wheat, spring	70		75
Barley, per bushel	30		33
Buckwheat	30		31
Oats	23		25
Pease	50		52
Rye	43		44
Potatoes	15		20
Butter, per lb.	12		13
Eggs, per dozen	14		15
Hay, per ton	13.00		14.00
Hides	3.75		4.25
Hogs (live)	3.25		3.50
Hogs (Dressed)	4.00		4.25
Beef	4.50		5.00
Sheepskins	60		70
Wool	18		20
Flour, family, Silver Leaf	2.00		2.25
Flour, best bakers'	2.05		2.25
Flour straight rolled	1.90		2.10
Bran, per ton	14.00		16.00
Shorts	16.00		18.00
Mixed chop, per ton	18.00		20.00

### Mrs. Heeley Has Returned

from Minden, and is opening out a stock of . . .

### Millinery and Fancy Goods

next door north of Northey Bros., where she will be pleased to receive a call from old and new customers. Watch for further announcements.

### Mrs. Heeley.

### West Side Store.

At this time I desire to call your attention to my new stock of **Boots and Shoes**, which has been selected with great care. Prices and styles will be found all right. My stock of **General Groceries** is the best that can be purchased, and my **Teas** speak for themselves. Everything usually found in a first-class grocery store in stock. Call and compare prices. I will please you. Produce of all kinds bought and sold

GEO. MARTIN.

### Furniture.

BEDROOM SUITES  
BUREAUS  
SIDEBOARDS  
EASY CHAIRS  
LOUNGES  
CENTRE TABLES  
MIRRORS  
PICTURES

and other articles—useful and ornamental, and the prices are not high.

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,  
Colborne-St., Fenelon Falls.

### HAY WANTED.

The undersigned are prepared to pay the highest market price in cash for a few hundred tons of first-class hay, delivered at their office in the village during the continuance of sleighing.

J. W. Howry & Sons,  
Fenelon Falls, March 11th, 1896.—4.3w

## CARTER

Has now in full swing a **366 days' Sale**. This is no thirty days' sale, but a genuine sale to last one year, and leap year at that. We have now a **\$37,000** stock, marked and ready for you, and our buyers are still on the search for bargains to keep this sale booming for 366 days. We are thankful that we have plenty of ready cash at our disposal to overcome any obstacle, for it's the ready cash that makes the price right. Remember, there is only one Carter in the dry goods and clothing business in Lindsay, and he is

called the poor people's friend. This is no forced sale, but a genuine organized sale, to last one year, to help the buying public to tide over the hard times. Now, think of the loss to us at the end of the year. Now show your appreciation of our undertaking by helping to boom this 366 days' sale. Shout the good news to your neighbors, talk the matter over, get up a special excursion. Carter will do all he can to help you. As newspaper space is expensive, we cannot enumerate our whole stock, so come with the crowds and you will be paid tenfold.

## CARTER

Men's Blue Serge Suits in wool, tailor made, good fit	\$2	75
" Nobby Tweed Suits, well trimmed, fit guaranteed	3	50
" Extra good wool Tweed Pants, well trimmed, three pockets	75	
Boys' Blue Serge short Pants, lined, two pockets, good quality	25	
Children's Blue Serge Suit, two piece, going for	1	25
Men's Black Waterproof Coats, guaranteed A1	1	50
Men's and Boy's Flannelette Shirts, nobby patterns	17	
" " White unlaundered Shirts, linen front and cuffs	29	
" Heavy cotton mixed Sox, just fancy, only, per pair	5	
Men's and Boy's Elastic Braces, mohair ends	10	
" " Silk Ties, spring styles	10	
See our Black Silk Finish Shirts, collars attached	50	
Men's Nobby Spring Hats, soft or stiff, for	50	
Boys' and Girls' new Spring Caps, big drive	10	
Men's and Boy's Colored Cotton Handkerchiefs, fast dyes	5	
Men's pure all-wool Sox, arctic finish	10	
6,500 yards double fold, 36-inch, all-wool Dress Serge, all shades	25	
4,875 " " " 42-inch, " " " "	30	
One cord of single fold Dress Goods, all wool, former prices 25 to 60c., now	12	1/2
Pure all-wool Black Cashmere, bought at a snap	33	
54 inch Cape and Mantle Cloths, new shades	75	
Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, fall fashioned	5	
Ladies' and Children's Undervests, fine ribbed	5	
Beautiful Fancy Border Handkerchiefs, new designs, each	2	
English and American Dress Ducks, fast colors, big drive	10	
Ladies' Parasols, commencing at the very low price of	20	
Ask for our ladies' black cotton Hose, called Leader	10	
Beautiful wide Laces, nobby for trimming cotton washing goods	5	
Embroideries, beginning at never before heard of prices	2	
Ladies' Hand-bags, worth 50 and 60c., to be cleared at	25	
" White Cotton Corset Covers, perfect fitting	15	
" " " Drawers, tucked and trimmed	25	
" " " Chemises, " "	25	
" " " Night Gowns, tucked and trimmed	48	
Perfect fitting Corsets (French model)	35	
Ladies' black and colored Gloves, new goods, only	10	
" " " Lace Mitts	10	
40-inch white French Lawn, beautiful finish	10	
Extra quality Factory Cotton, secured from S. K. & Co. wreck, 34-inch	3	
400 yards 36-inch Factory Cotton, a nice, even, round thread	5	
Good quality White Cotton, nice linen finish	5	
5,000 Yards fast color English Print, very wide	5	
3,800 " " " Check Shirtings	5	
2,700 beautiful plaid Gingham, fast colors	5	
3.3 0 Flannelettes, nice patterns, worth 10 and 12c., for 5, 6, 7 and	9	
Extra good quality Table Linen, direct from Belfast	20	
Fancy border cotton Towels, 16 x 28 inches, each	2	1/2
" " " " 22 x 45 " "	10	
Beautiful linen Bath Towels	10	
The largest white Bed-spread in Canada	1	00
German Plaid Tartans for Dresses, washing goods	10	
Weaving Cotton, five-pound bunch, from best makers	1	00
Good quality Feather Ticking, will hold water	8	
36-inch apron Gingham, fancy border, nice patterns	10	
Good Cottonade, just the thing for boys' clothes	12	1/2
Beautiful designs in Act Muslins for draperies	7	
Cream and white Lace Curtains, bound edges, 2 1/2 long	29	
36-inch union Carpet, looks as good as 75c. wool	29	
Hemp Carpets, all prices; a good one for	10	
Two Spools Coats' 200 yards Thread, or in all 400 yards for	5	
Big drive in good wool Tweeds, cheapest on earth	25	
Roller Toweling, commencing at	5	
72-inch sheeting (just fancy the price), and no seams	18	
Check apron Muslins, in white, a plum	5	
40-inch, very fine quality, a plum from S. K. & Co. wreck, for	7	

## CARTER

OF LINDSAY, THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

P. S.—Try us with a letter order. Goods taken back and money refunded if you are not pleased.

### This Looks Like Poetry,

But it isn't. At least it isn't intended to be. It's object is to catch your eye and inform you that we have bargains for you in

Watches, Rings and other Jewelry,  
Fancy Chinaware and Glassware,  
Pipes, Purses, Pictures, Perfumery,  
Stationery and Toilet Articles,

Musical Instruments, Toys and Dolls,  
Bedroom and Toilet Sets,  
Paints, Oils, Varnishes,  
Wall Paper and Window Shades,

We are always ready  
To supply your wants in these lines  
At rock bottom prices  
At S. Nevison's Bazaar, Fenelon Falls.

## Furniture,

## Doors, Sash,

—AND—

## UNDERTAKING,

—AT—

W. M'Keown's,

FRANCIS ST. WEST,

FENELON FALLS.