

### The Best of Mediums.

You may talk about your posters and your ads upon the fence, But they ain't the kind of mediums that appeal to common sense; You may talk about your dodgers and your circulars and such, But I calculate they don't assist an advertiser much; And especially in winter, when the snow is on the ground, I wonder where your posters and your dodgers can be found? But within the cozy homestead, when the parlor stove's aglow, The newspaper is read aloud to everyone, we know.

The farmer sees the painted sign upon the barn and grins; Two dollars yearly for the space he usually wins, And there his interest in the ad begins and there it ends, And the same is true of nearly all his neighbors and his friends: But they read the local papers every day or every week, And in its welcome columns all their information seek, And you may be quite certain that the ads therein displayed Are also read with interest and are sure to make some trade.

It stands to reason, anyhow, that what a fellow buys, He's going to read and get his money's worth, if he be wise. The father, mother, uncle, aunt, the daughter and the son, Are going to read the newspaper, and so is everyone. So it also stands to reason that a local merchant's ad Will there attract attention, be it either good or bad. And the newspaper as a medium leads all other kinds with ease, For that is where the multitude the advertisement sees.

Printers' Ink.

### His Uncertainty.

"Hurt ye much, Uncle Enoch?" inquired Jay Green of Farmer Squanch, who had inadvertently fallen off a load of hay, landing heavily and in an awkward heap on the ground, and was now sitting on a convenient stump and gingerly pawing himself over in search of fractures.

"Wal, no, I guess not," replied the old man. "But it it makes me feel considerably mystified."

"You don't mean mystified, do ye, Uncle Enoch?"

"Yep, that's jest exactly what I mean! Ye see, I've been feelin' kinder poorly for several days, and jest before I started to town with this load of hay I took a powder for the holler sensation in my head, a pill for the pain in my knee, a capsule for my lung trouble an' some pellets for my liver, an' put a good big plaster on my weak back. Wal, that jolt shook me up so that the plaster is now down in my left shoe, an' if the rest of thom remedies have been knocked as far out of place as the plaster was, I'm sorter mystified as to how they are goin' to git back to the p'int they were destined to benefit."

### He Was Posted.

She was from Boston and was on her way to the geysers. She had rendered the stage driver thoroughly uncomfortable by throwing great chunks of botanical and geological information at his head, and he had about reached the determination to frighten her with stories of highwaymen till she would get inside the coach, when some gnarled and twisted oak attracted her attention.

"Do you know how old those trees are?" she asked, and was preparing to launch a whole row of figures at him, when he surprised her by answering very promptly:

"Yes'm."

"How old are they?"

"Three thousand and six years."

"How do you arrive at such accurate results?"

"Well, a smart young woman from Boston what knows all about it told me they were 3,000 years old, and that was six years ago, so they must be 3,006 now—goin' on 3,007."—*San Francisco Post.*

### He Did Not Know.

Before Whitelaw Reid became minister to France he devoted a good deal of his time to the conduct of his paper, the Tribune. The copy editors who put up the headlines of stories of the day fell into the habit of making most of them interrogative—as, for instance, "Was it Murder or Suicide?" or "Did She Kill Him for Love?" or "Will the President Sign It?" etc. The entire paper was specked with interrogation points. This thing had been going on for weeks, till one day a postal card arrived, addressed to Mr. Reid and marked personal. It read as follows: "I'm getting awfully tired of your questions. Why don't you find out something? A great newspaper is supposed to know everything and ought not to annoy its readers with needless inquiries. This morning you ask 'Will Mr. Platt Consent?' How the blank do I know?"

### Hens Save Nebraska.

All honor to the American hen, says Mr. Wellman in a Chicago journal. She has saved the day in Nebraska. She has proved herself the friend of the poor, the salvation of those oppressed by fate, the protector of homebuilders from dispossession. She has tided the unfortunate farmers of Nebraska through a great industrial collapse. Her cheerful, incessant cackle has scared the wolf of starvation from many a door. It is a literal truth that, but for the hen, thousands upon thousands of Nebraska farmers would have been forced to give up the fight against drought and crop failures during the last three years. While everything else was going to rack and ruin, she has increased and multiplied. She has asked for no other food than that which her own industry provided. She has supported herself and the whole family, too. The very insects which the farmer dreads she has fattened upon. She has laid her daily egg—the blessed egg that takes the place of beef, mutton and pork—and in good time, after all these services to her country, has surrendered her own toothsome body to the cause of humanity. She is the best bird in the land. All honor to the American hen!

A travelling man told me he was riding on a train in the southern part of Nebraska a short time ago, when the conductor said to him, "This is egg day down here." "It is Friday, sure enough," the travelling man remarked, "but the people are not all Catholics, are they?" "No. Look at that platform." And as the train pulled up at a little station they looked and saw scores of boxes of eggs to be taken aboard for shipment out of the State. "It is this way at all stations every Friday," said the conductor. "If it wasn't for eggs and pensions the people down here would have starved to death during the past two years."

### Feeding in Cold Weather.

One of the most interesting experiments with hogs that we have read is given in the *Rural World*, as having been made several years ago, in Ohio, by Joseph Sullivan. A very large number of hogs were weighed on September 10th and turned into a 40-acre cornfield, the corn being in the roasting stage—perhaps the very best condition for fattening hogs—and they remained in that field till October 23rd, having eaten down the field. They were again accurately weighed and found to have gained 16,000 pounds, or 10 pounds per bushel of corn eaten, estimating the yield at 40 bushels per acre. Then, as experiment, he selected from the lot 100 hogs averaging 100 pounds each, placed them in large covered pens with plank floors and troughs and fed them upon corn meal ground in the ear and well steamed. At the end of 10 days they were weighed and found to have gained 20 pounds to each bushel of 70 pounds of meal fed, the weather at this time being mild. They were further fed to test the effect of temperature, and as weather became cold the gain was reduced to six and a quarter pounds per bushel, and when the thermometer reached from 5 to 10 degrees below zero they made no gain on all the meal they would eat. The effect of temperature will naturally strike the mind of the reader at once. He will also notice the double gain arising from non-exercise in the pen together with the ground and steamed corn. Two strong points appear—shelter saves food, and grinding and cooking corn, combined with ease, comfort and idleness, also saves food.

### Judicious Feeding of Horses.

The effectiveness of working horses, and especially on farms, is often impaired by injudicious feeding. The subject is better understood than it used to be, but there are yet far too many instances of horses being put to work with stomachs overloaded, and yet not providing the nutriment needed to give the muscular strength which hard work always requires. Hence the horse is always slow in his gait and soon tires out. This overloading the stomach with un-nutritious food is mainly due to the average farmer's dependence on hay as the staple and cheapest food for horses. Really, so far as effectiveness goes, grain, and especially oats, are always cheaper than hay. Liverymen and those in cities who keep horses soon discover this fact. They have to buy all their horses eat and soon learn to dis-criminate. When they feed hay exclusively they find that the horse is incapacitated for fast or long drives on the road.—*Rural World.*

If enough farm animals are kept to consume the crops grown on the farm, little fertility will be removed from it. Selling grain constantly wears out the land.

A pound of copperas, which can be bought for a few cents, dissolved in a gallon of boiling water, is excellent to cleanse a sink or closet. Remember the copperas is poisonous.

## Great Sacrifice!

I have at present the largest and best assortment of Cook and Heating

## STOVES

since commencing business in Fenelon Falls, which I will sell at **SLAUGHTER PRICES**, and all kinds of Hardware, Paints, etc., for **SPOT CASH**.

## Joseph Heard.

### A RUNAWAY

Or an upset may damage your buggy or waggon, perhaps only slightly, perhaps so badly that you will want a new one. In either case the best thing to do is to go to S. S. Gainer's, where repairing and repainting are done in the best style, and where the best kind of vehicles can be had at prices to suit the times. Shop on Francis Street East, next door to Knox's blacksmith shop.

## A FINE NEW STOCK

OF SPRING AND SUMMER

## READY-MADE CLOTHING


JUST RECEIVED AT

## JOS. McFARLAND'S.

**R-I-P-A-N-S**

The modern standard Family Medicine: **Cures** the common every-day ills of humanity.

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## LINDSAY Marble Works.

R. CHAMBERS

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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.

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

ROBT. CHAMBERS, North of the Town Hall

## HARNESS

If you want first-class single or double light or heavy harness or anything in that line call at

## NEVISON'S

new harness shop, between J. McFarland's grocery and Wm. Campbell's dry goods store.

## TRUNKS AND VALISES

kept in stock as usual, and also a good assortment of fly nets and buggy dusters at low prices. Try a bottle of Harris's celebrated harness polish. It is a new thing and you will be sure to like it.

Agent for Pianos and Organs. Fenelon Falls, May 20th, 1890.—14-ly.

## 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.

H. E. AUSTIN, Master.  
R. QUIBELL, Deputy Master.  
JOHN MCGILVERAY, Rec-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.

Wm. McKEOWN, N. G.  
R. M. MASON, V. S., Sec.

**O. L. No. 996. MEET IN THE ORANGE** L. hall on Francis St. West on the second Tuesday in every month.

LEWIS DRYMAN, 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 SANFORD, 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 SPY** 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.

E. FRITZGERALD, W. M.  
REV. W. FARNCOMB, 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. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30; Minister's Bible-class on Tuesday (fortnightly) at 7.30.

**METHODIST CHURCH—COLBORNE** Street—Reverend T. P. Steel, 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.

**ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH—COLBORNE** Street—Reverend 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.

**CALVATION ARMY—BARRACKS ON** Bond St. West—Adj. and Mrs. Miller. Service held every Thursday and Saturday evenings at 8 p. m., and on Sundays at 7 a. m., 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 7 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.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**MECHANICS' INSTITUTE—P. KELLY,** Librarian. Open daily, Sunday excepted, from 10 o'clock a. m. till 10 p. m. Books exchanged on Tuesdays and Saturdays from 12 a. m. till 3 p. m. and in the evening from 7 to 9. Reading room in connection.

**POST OFFICE—F. J. KERR, POSTMAS-** TER. Office hours from 7.40 a. m. to 8 p. m. Mail going south closes at 8 a. m. Mail going north closes at 3 p. m.

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Jars or Tins left at the GAZETTE Office returned to your house the same day.

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