

Absolute Merit

And the people's good judgment have made our store a success. Customers tell us they have traded with us 10 and 12 years, and some 17 years, and by fair dealing, steadily and constantly using every effort to lower the prices of reliable goods, our business has grown from the little tin and stove shop to one of the best equipped hardware stores in the county, we have gained your confidence, and to be always worthy of it will be our constant aim and ambition.

To those requiring anything in Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, Paints, etc., we are always pleased to quote the closest prices.



Paint?
Paint??
Paint???

That is the question!

Whether it is better in the end to suffer the sorrows and disappointments that poor paint will bring, or at the start provide the best that can be bought and end it there.

There is but one best, and that is THE **SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT.**

With Paint you will need Brushes and perhaps Varnishes. These and all Painters' Supplies are to be found at

Jos. Heard's,
The Old Hardware Store.

FOR STYLE AND ECONOMY COMBINED

Go to **Wm. Campbell**, who has the largest, best assorted, most stylish and cheapest stock of

MILLINERY

in town. Come early and

SEE THE PLUMS.

Our Opening takes place every day.

NORTH STAR ROLLER MILLS.

The undersigned beg to announce to their numerous customers and the public generally that their new Roller Flour Mill is now completed, and grinding night and day. The machinery throughout is of the most modern pattern, and the quality of the output second to none in Ontario. Special attention given to gristing and chopping. We pay Lindsay prices for wheat and coarse grains, of which we want an unlimited quantity. Hides and skins, Furs, Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, etc., bought and sold. Agents for the Canada Carriage Company. Parties buying Flour or Feed in quantities would do well to write us for quotations before purchasing.

McDougall, Brandon & Austin.

Binder Twine

Stacks of it.
Best makes.
Lowest prices.

At Thos. Robson's.

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

Friday, Aug. 6th, 1897.

Send Them to Jail.

It was said that the departmental stores had "come to stay," but it wasn't true of the establishment owned by the John Eaton Co., whose failure was followed by the arrest of three members of the firm on the charge of having defrauded their creditors by voting to each other assets of the company after they knew that they were insolvent. A strict inquiry into the cause of the great disparity between the assets and liabilities is to be made; and it is to be hoped that, if the guilt of the accused persons can be proved, neither their position in society nor their assumed respectability will save them from going to jail. Business morality is far too low in this Canada of ours, and it is high time that the standard should be raised to something like what it is in England, where disgrace and imprisonment are almost invariably the punishment of conduct that is looked upon as an evidence of smartness on this side of the Atlantic. To deliberately cheat a creditor is just as bad as direct theft, and the same punishment should be meted out to those guilty of either crime.

Not So Discouraging.

Hitherto all accounts have agreed as to the extraordinary richness of the Alaskan gold fields, the difficulty of reaching them and the hardships that await those who go there; but the despatch, to be found on our first page, from Joaquin Miller is far less discouraging than any we have hitherto read, and probably much nearer the truth, as Mr. Miller is an experienced miner, has no interest in deceiving the public, and, though well up in years, is on his way to Klondyke at what is said to be the most unfavorable season for the journey. It is said that, in spite of all the deterring statements that have been published, crowds of new comers are flocking into the country, and that Dawson, which came into existence less than a year ago, has now a population of nearly 4,000. As information from an acquaintance who is in a position to give evidence "touching the matter in question" is far more interesting than that obtained from strangers, we publish the following extract from a letter received by Mr. W. L. Robson from his eldest son, Harry, who is now in Victoria, B. C., and whose statements may be relied upon as absolutely correct:

"There is great excitement out here at present over the Klondyke country. It is in the Yukon district and a little on this side of the boundary line of Alaska, therefore in British territory. The whole talk here is the Klondyke, and they are leaving here and Seattle and other American cities in droves. In fact the boats have to refuse some. It is something marvellous, the gold up there. A conductor on the Nanaimo railway told me yesterday that he knew a man who went up there 18 months ago worth nothing hardly and came back with \$85,000 in gold. They have been coming back thick lately. One man in Seattle brought back \$85,000 in gold in his valise and has claims up there worth, he says, \$300,000, and he went in only a year ago last spring. These stories are true. This man was secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Seattle. A lady told me she was down in the steamer that arrived from there a few days ago, and that the gold was heaped up

in wash dishes in the cabin. It is said that bags of gold are there all around like sand and that the ground is almost yellow with it. It is a very hard journey to get there, and it seems there is lots of hardship if you don't go prepared. There is only about three or four months summer. During the winter they melt the ground with fire and dig up the earth ready to wash in the spring. Provisions and things are very high, I believe—eggs \$2 a dozen, bacon 50c. per lb., rubber boots \$15 per pair, etc. If a person had about \$2,000 to invest in stuff and take up there and sell it and watch for a chance to invest, I believe he could easily come out in a year with \$50,000. This seems like a fable, but all that come from there have the same story. Of course the claims along the present section will soon be all taken. But there are undoubtedly other places tributary to the Yukon equally as rich. They say in Seattle men in high positions are throwing them up, among them an ex-Governor and a railroad superintendent. It's no wonder either. I will send you a paper one of these days that gives a good account of the Yukon."

It is said to be definitely decided that a royalty is to be imposed upon all gold taken out of Klondyke, but we think that the percentage charged should be regulated, as far as possible, by the success of the miners, and that British subjects should be favored by a "preferential tariff."

Genuine Poetry.

Canada can boast of not only numerous rhymsters, but a few genuine poets, one of whom must have written the following, which appeared without the author's name in a recent number of the Montreal Star:

THE UNION JACK.

This is the flag we honor! This is the Union Jack!
Ye who are pledged to guard it, stand to it, back to back!
Hearts that have died to save it, burn in its splendid fold;
Hands that are thrilled with glory, grip to the staff they hold.

Far in the mist of ages—there, where the race began,
Out of the small beginning, it rose, with the life of man;
Strength of the earth is in it, ocean, and savage still;
Bending the might of nations to bow to our sovereign will.

Out of the whirl of battle, broad on the dazzled sight,
Flashing like glory's angel—there in the staggering fight,
Fluttered its crimson token, filling the soldier's world—
Back from the red battalions, broken the foe was hurled.

Star! of the clanging squadrons! Cross! with a triple sign!
Swept in the wild, mad charges, there with the "thin, red line,"
Leading a growing nation on to an Empire's birth;
Wonder of all the ages! and the "Meteor Flag" of the earth!

Bringing from battle—Freedom!—Peace!—with the flash of sword!
Breaking the iron fetters—taming the savage horde—
Raising a cross that is higher, over the world of men—
Opening the path of the helpless with strength "as the strength of ten."

Where is the heart could fail thee? This is the Flag we love!
Holding its stainless honor, everything dear above.
Hear! Where the voices of Heroes speak to us out of the past!
"Ye are our sons—and we charge you—die! as we died at the last."

Sobbing the brimming life-blood out in the ringing cheer;
Death! it is nothing—or living—the issue ye shall not fear.
Nurse ye no recreant children! Courage ye must not lack!
Live for the flag we honor! Die for the "Union Jack!"

A LOYAL CANADIAN.

English Sparrows.

An exchange says:
"If the common English sparrows continue to multiply as rapidly as they are now doing, a general movement will be necessary to wipe them out of existence, as they visit the farms and eat a large quantity of grain while it is in the ear. A fund might be raised for this purpose, and one cent per bird paid for their destruction, when an army of boys would undertake the work of killing them."

We always feel inclined to "stick up" for the sparrows, partly because they are compatriots of ours and our heart warms towards them; but chiefly because their vices are magnified and their virtues ignored. Sparrows are omnivorous, and, while it is true that they take toll of the products of the field and garden, they destroy an immense number of grubs and insects, and are particularly fond of grasshoppers, which, in rural localities, they may be seen pursuing and devouring at any hour of the day. Their personal qualities, which are much the same as are required to run a newspaper, command respect and admiration. They defy persecution, can live on almost anything, and their pluck and perseverance are immortalized in the following verse:

"There was a blooming sparrow flew up a blooming spout,
And there came a blooming rainstorm and washed the sparrow out;
But the blooming sun came out and dried the blooming rain,
And then the blooming sparrow flew up the spout again."

Of their intelligence there can be no doubt, for it is on record that a pair of sparrows, having found a piece of cracker upon which their beaks made no impression, carried it between them to the nearest railway track, laid it upon one of the rails and waited patiently until a train came along and smashed it to atoms. It used to be laid to their charge that they bullied and drove away the native birds, but in several of the houses set up on posts by our ornithologically-inclined villagers sparrows and purple martins are to be seen living amicably together. In April, when the martins arrive from the south, there are frequently very amusing contests between them and the sparrows for the possession of some of the apartments of the houses; but the martins, owing to their superior powers of flight, are almost invariably victorious, though their opponents would beat them all to nothing in a rough and tumble fight upon the ground. We like the sparrows, and, no matter what other papers say about them, they will always have a friend and a defender in the *F. F. G.* until the evidence against them is much stronger than it is at present.

Accidents.

A terrible accident happened last Saturday forenoon to Thomas Martin, the eldest son of Mr. William Martin of lot 18 concession 2, Verulam. His cousin, Irvine Junkin, was on the mower, and, as the horses that were drawing it would not move fast enough to suit him, and he had no whip, he stopped them and got off to cut a switch. While he was away from the machine the horses started, and young Martin, who was raking the hay, stepped forward to seize the lines; but in his haste he tripped on something and fell with his left hand in front of the knife-bar, and in an instant the keen blades had cut it off about an inch and a half above the wrist. A messenger was immediately dispatched to the Falls for surgical help, and both doctors hurried to the farm, accompanied by Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, who administered chloroform to the patient while Dr. Graham amputated enough of the end of the bone to allow the flesh and skin to be drawn over it. The unfortunate youth, who is not quite 18, is under the care of Dr. Wilson, the family physician, and is, we are glad to hear, progressing favorably, as far as can be told this soon after so serious an accident.

Mr. Thomas Coad, of Fenelon, had his barn struck by lightning and burned on the 17th ult., and at the raising of a new one, on Wednesday of last week, a very serious accident happened to his eldest son, John. The weather being wet, everything was slippery, and one of the rafters, while being hauled up, slid out of the rope and fell, striking the young man (who was running away in a stooping position) on the back of the head and shoulders, and throwing him against the floor with such force as to cause concussion of the brain and severe bruising and blackening of his eyes and face. His condition has been very serious, but at present he is somewhat better, and Dr. Wilson of Fenelon Falls, who is attending him, has hopes that he will recover.

While Mr. Richard Suggitt of Eade's settlement, Somerville, was building a brush fence last Monday morning, his axe, happening to strike the limb of a tree, glanced and inflicted an ugly wound on his right leg, which was cut down to the shin-bone. He at once drove to the Falls, and Dr. Wilson sewed up the gash, which was about two inches long.

Personals.

Mrs. Wm. McClennan left on Thursday to visit relatives at Cannington.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. D. Cameron returned last Monday from their wedding trip to Montreal.

Miss Sue McDiarmid left last Saturday to visit her sister, Mrs. Mann, at Kearney, near Huntsville.

Miss Minnie Clark left for Chicago last Saturday, after a visit of a fortnight to her relatives at the Falls.

Miss Edith Hand returned home on Wednesday from the General Hospital, Toronto, for a few days' holiday.

Mr. E. W. Glaspath was at the Falls on Wednesday, and reported all quiet and business very dull upon Grand Island.

Mr. Dennis Twomey left on Monday for Lindsay, where he is to fill a responsible position in Mr. Gregory's drug store.

Mrs. Rowe, of Toronto, came to the Falls last Saturday to visit her brother, Mr. Joseph Carpenter. From various causes they had not seen each other for