

**Figured on Mourning Goods.**

**THE MOUNTAINEER'S WIFE WANTED TO BE READY FOR ANY EMERGENCY.**

The best looking married woman in that particular locality of the Cumberland Mountains was Bill McGee's wife, and it was the constant wonder of the entire section why so much sweetness had wasted itself on such an ornery and doless deserter as was Bill. In line with this was another wonder why Bill's wife, Susan Martin, hadn't married Jim Ferguson, as everybody thought she should have done. But that had all happened a year before I came into the mountains, and it gave me no concern whatever. Like any gentleman of taste, I admired Mrs. McGee, and felt especially happy when, as it happened sometimes, the clerks in the company's store were busy and I could wait upon her. It was thus one day that as she entered the store I hopped around behind the counter like a youngster of 20.

"What can I do for you to-day, ma'am?" I said, with a fine bow.

"Got any mournin' goods?" she inquired, with a delightful hauteur.

"Anybody dead?" I asked, forgetting that it wasn't my business to be asking questions.

"No," she hesitated, "they ain't ezactly yit, but I thought I might as well be sorter looking 'round."

"What do you want to see particularly?" I inquired, very curious to know what she was after.

"I reckon I might as well see the whole shootin' match, fer ef I want part I'll be wantin' all thar is."

I threw down two or three pieces of mourning stuff, and piled black ribbon and all the other habiliments of woe in the shop down alongside.

"Them's right nice," she said, after taking a good look at the display, "but I ain't quite ready to take anythin' yit. You see, it's this a way, Colonel. Last night Bill and Jim had words kase Jim helped me across the footlog comin' from meetin', and this mornin' Bill took his gun and went huntin' for Jim. You know Bill and you know Jim, Colonel, and ef they run across each other you know what's goin' to happen. Thar's a chance that they won't meet up with each other, and I reckon I'd better wait."

"Probably it might be better," I ventured.

"I reckon it would," she concluded, moving slowly toward the door, "but you kin kinder hold back a dress pattern fer three or four days, can't you?"

When I heard from there last she was Mrs. Jim Ferguson.—*Washington Star.*

**Untamable.**

"Taming of the Shrew is a task for which some men are not fitted. I'm one of them." Then the honest-spoken man had to be urged before he entered upon a personal explanation.

"In some respects matrimony may be a lottery, but I made my own choice and lots of the boys envied my 'prize.' She was pretty, smart, and full of push, and had as much ambition as the first Napoleon. But what a temper! Whew! She literally made my hair stand on end just as though it were cut pompadour, and without touching it, too. Fifteen years ago I left her. As is very often the case, our quarrel was over a trivial thing. I had carried some mud on to the hall carpet, when going in after a rain. She took me to task for it, I talked back, and pretty soon she was doing that hair-raising act in a way that made it impossible for me to get in one word to her hundred. I stood it for a little while in hope she would run out of steam or material, but she gathered force as she went. In the midst of the tornado I took my hat and walked out.

"Ten years later I went back and sat down before the sitting room grate as though I had only been out for part of the day. There had been no noticeable change, and everything indicated prosperity. When my wife came in upon me she neither started, screamed, looked surprised, or turned pale. And what do you think were her first words?"

"Give it up."

"Well, did you wipe your feet this time?" Yes, sir, that was her exact language. I left without a word. When the second ten years are up, I'll go again, and I'll bet odds she'll ask the same question.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Now, sir," said the professor of medicine, "you may tell me to what class of maladies insomnia belongs."

"Why-er," replied the student, "it's a contagious disease!"

"I never heard it so described. Where did you learn that?"

"From experience. Whenever my neighbor's dog can't sleep I'm just as wakeful as he is."

Maud—Jack and I were out driving last night, and I had to drive all the way.

Clara—What was the matter with Jack?

Maud—Nothing. You don't suppose he could drive with his feet, do you?

**Keep More Sheep.**

In *Farming* two weeks ago we spoke of some of the advantages that would accrue to the Canadian farmer if he kept more sheep. What we are contending for is that every farmer ought to keep some sheep; say twenty sheep on a hundred-acre farm. This number could be easily kept without in any way interfering with the rotation established on the farm, or causing any additional help to be hired; and without necessitating any different crops to be grown other than would be grown in any case, or the erection of any farm buildings other than those which are usually found. These twenty sheep, if purchased as lambs, would in one year, by the wool they would produce, pay for their own keep and the keep of their lambs, and the lambs they would produce would more than pay for their original cost. Every subsequent year there would be the profit on the sale of the lambs obtained from them. Finally, when it would be necessary to replace an old ewe by a young lamb, the carcass of the ewe would be worth to the farmer the cost to him of a lamb with which he supplied her place. There is thus to the farmer who keeps these twenty sheep an annual profit of the value of the lambs which he produces and sells. The twenty sheep, we are told by practical sheep raisers, may be safely reckoned on to produce at least twenty-five lambs yearly. There is not only this direct profit, but there is also an indirect profit. The twenty sheep upon a hundred-acre farm would do a great deal towards keeping the farm clear of weeds. Sheep will eat weeds which other stock will not eat. They will go into fence corners and keep them clean when other stock will pass all such places by. They will find food and act as scavengers in and about stone-heaps, stump roots, etc., which cows and horses cannot go near, and which cannot be touched by the plough. They will pick up a good living on pastures that cattle have finished. Finally, they will leave the best of manure on every part of the land they cover.

We Canadians are exceptionally well favored in our sheep-breeding. We have no disease in our flocks, nor is there any danger of disease. Our climate is specially adapted to profitable sheep raising. We cannot, it is true, keep our sheep out-of-doors all winter; but we are compensated for that deprivation by being able to raise sheep that are hardy, vigorous and free from disease, and that produce the best mutton and the most desirable of wools. We are, also, specially favored in our markets. We not only have, as we said in *Farming* two weeks ago, our own market and the British market, but we have also the American market; and this latter market, despite the duty we have to pay to get there, is by no means an unimportant one. There is one branch of profitable sheep-breeding which our proximity to the American market gives us an especial advantage in; that is, the raising of ram-lambs for use on the western ranches. The western American ranchers frequently have flocks of from 5,000 to 10,000 ewes each. The rams used in these flocks are rarely pure-bred; what are used are high-bred grades of any good mutton and wool producing breed—the breeds most commonly used being our own standard breeds, the Cotswold, Leicester, Shropshire, Oxford and South-down. When a rancher wants to buy lambs at all he will buy from one hundred to three hundred at a time. He will, indeed, rarely buy less than 150. He comes to a district where sheep are bred, and, going about, picks up what he wants. Of course he likes to get his lambs (or yearlings, as the case may be) as near together as possible, so as to save expense. And he likes to get them of as nearly a uniform type as possible.

Now, here is a branch of the business that we in Canada have not got worked up, or taken advantage of. But that the trade is possible and desirable the experience we have already had amply shows. Not long ago to our knowledge a western rancher came to an Ontario town and picked up 130 ram lambs (all grades), the selection in this case being principally Cotswolds, Leicesters and Shropshires. We have heard of other similar purchases. Similar supplies, too, are needed for our own Northwest sheep ranches. The loss to Canadian farmers from their present indifference to sheep raising cannot be short of many hundreds of thousands of dollars every year. A farm of 100 acres that sells less than 25 lambs a year is doing much less than it ought to do, and could do. We know personally of one case where a man paid the entire purchase price of his farm, \$7,000, out of the sheep that he kept on his farm, without touching what he made from all his other stock, and from his grain and roots, etc., and there are a good many similar instances.—*Farming.*

It is best to feed cattle only just long enough to make a fair profit on them, and then let them go.

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For the balance of this month we will sell our stock of men's and boys'

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- Men's Fine Tweed Overcoats, regular price \$6.50, for \$4.
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- Men's Heavy Ulsters, regular \$7.50, for \$5.
- Boys' Overcoats, regular price \$4 and \$5, for \$3.25.

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**A SNAP.**

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**SOCIETIES.**

**K** NIGHTS OF TENTED M. JABEES. 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. BURGOYNE, R. K.

**M** APLE 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. AUS 18, Master. J. A. FOUNTAIN, Deputy Master. ROBERT J. DUNDAS, Rec-Secretary.

**C** ANADIAN 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. R. M. MASON, V. S., Sec.

**L** 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

**I** NDEPENDENT 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.

**C** ANADIAN HOME CIRCLES. FENE LON 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.

E. FITZGERALD, W. M. REV. W. FARNCOMB, Secretary

**CHURCHES.**

**B** APTIST 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.

**M** ETHODIST 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.

**S** T. 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.

**S** ALVATION ARMY—BARRACKS ON Bond St. West—Capt. & Mrs. McClelland. 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 7.30 p. m.

**S** T. 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.

**S** T. 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.**

**P** UBLIC LIBRARY—PATRICK 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.

**P** OST OFFICE—F. J. KERR, POSTMASTER. Office hours from 7.35 a. m. to 3 p. m. Mail going south closes at 8 a. m. Mail going north closes at 2.35 p. m.

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1. A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (returning the paper does not answer the law), when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office and state the reasons for its not being taken. Any neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for payment.

2. If any person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it is taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

3. Any person who takes a paper from the post-office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the pay.

4. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post-office. This proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

**LOT FOR SALE.**

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