

## Appendicitis.

Have you had the new disorder?  
If you haven't 'tis the order  
To succumb to it at once without delay;  
It is called appendicitis,  
Very different from gastritis,  
Or the common trash diseases of the day.  
It creates a fiery frolic,  
Something like a winter colic,  
That has often jarred our inner organs some;  
Only wrestles with the wealthy,  
And the otherwise most healthy.  
Having got it, then you're nigh to Kingdom  
come.

Midway down in your intestine,  
It's interstices infest;  
Is a little alley, blind and dark as night;  
Leading off to simply nowhere,  
Catching all stray things that go there,  
As a pocket it is simply out of sight.  
It is prone to stop and grapple  
With the seed of grape or apple,  
Or a little button swallowed with your pie.  
Having leaved on these chateaus,  
Then begin internal battles  
That are apt to end in mansions in the sky.

Once located never doubt it,  
You will never be without it,  
It's a fad among society that's gay;  
Old heart-failure and paresis  
Have decamped and gone to pieces,  
And dyspepsia has fallen by the way.  
Then stand back there, diabetes,  
Here comes appendicitis  
With a brood of minor troubles on the wing;  
So, verminiform, here's hoping,  
You'll withstand all horrid "doping"  
And earn the appellation, "Uncrowned  
King."

—Ashton Crade.

## Buying Canaries.

THE CHANGE THAT CAME OVER A YOUNG  
DIPLOMAT'S FANCY.

One of our Washington bird merchants tells a good story to illustrate the wavering course of young love's fitful fever. Something over a year ago a swell young diplomat, wearing a trim little white top-coat over his dress suit, came rushing into the store one night and asked to see the canaries.

"I weesh you would be so verra kind to show me ze canary—ze verra fines' you haf."

A number of the little wooden cages were set out before him, and he looked at bird after bird, but did not seem to find what he wanted.

"I vill tell you why I vant ze canary," he said at length. "I haf met a verra loffy young lady. She ces beautiful. She ces verra fine. I vill gif her ze canary—ze verra fines' you haf. How much ces zat canary?"

"The price of that canary," said the bird store man, "is \$5."

"Oh, zat ces not enough! I vant ze verra fines' canary you haf."

The dealer went again to the shelf where he kept his stock of yellow songsters and brought out a bird the price of which on ordinary occasions was the same as that of the rest. He would have been glad any time to get a \$5 bill for him.

"There," he said, "is an exceptionally fine singer. That is a trained bird. The price is \$15."

"Oh, zat ces ze bird! Now ze cage."

He bought a \$10 cage, and, leaving directions where the bird and the cage were to be sent, rushed out as fast as he came, evidently thoroughly satisfied with his purchase.

A few days ago the same young man came into the store and again asked for a canary.

The dealer's eyes snapped. He saw another chance to sell a \$15 bird in a \$10 cage.

He briskly set out the finest canaries he had and gave stiff prices on them, but the diplomat didn't warm up a bit. He shrugged his shoulders and kept saying: "Too much! Too much!"

Finally he threw up his hands and expostulated:

"Zee price ces too high. Haf you a cheaper bird? Zis canary ces not for a beautiful young lady. I am married now, and a \$3 bird vill do."

The dealer made the best of the situation and sold him a \$3 bird and a \$2 cage, and he trotted off seemingly as happy as he was a year ago after paying five times as much for the same thing.—*Washington Star*.

## His Opinion Unchanged.

Two citizens of Nebraska were caught in one of those violent funnel shaped clouds, and as they scooted along in the midst of ruins of buildings and flying trees one of them remarked:

"This is the worst cyclone I ever saw."

"Ignorant man!" cried the other in tones of scorn that were almost drowned by the roar of the storm. "Can't you distinguish a cyclone from a tornado? Are the teachings of science altogether lost upon you? This is a tornado, and as described by Professor Loveland and Meteorologist Gere, it is—"

Just then a church steeple transfixed the speaker, and he perished in great agony, while the other man drifted on for ten miles or so and was dumped softly into a sand bank. As he brushed the sand out of his teeth and ears he remarked:

"Well, that was the worst cyclone I ever saw."—*Nebraska State Journal*.

## Removing Rocks.

AN INEXPENSIVE AND LABOR SAVING  
OPERATION WITH DYNAMITE.

The description of any process for lightening the task of getting rid of rocks on a farm is sure of an interesting audience, for which reason the story of a rock "shooting," told by a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker, is here repeated:

This especial line of economics did not take place on this farm, for I have been fortunate enough to have the rocks removed by former generations, but a neighbor was not so fortunate, and, hearing the reports of his "shootings," I went over to see him. I found him about to begin operations on an ugly looking rock that showed about six inches above the surface and which was a botheration every time the field was plowed, cultivated or cut. With an iron bar he sounded around it until he found the straightest side, then with the bar a hole was made about two feet deep, slanting enough so that the end of it would be under the rock. A "stick" of dynamite (one half pound), was crumbled with the hands, let run into the hole and pressed lightly down with a broom handle. Then a piece of fuse two feet long was put in, having a cap on the end, and another "stick" was crumbled on top of the first. This was so that the cap would explode in the dynamite. Then earth was filled in the hole and tamped lightly with the broom handle, a match applied, and we all set out on a brisk walking match until we got out of reach. There was a report, and a hole in the ground and pieces of broken rock scattered about the field were all that was left of the troublesome rock. The cash outlay was about nine cents, and the time of making the explosion was about fifteen minutes. There was the broken stone to be hauled off, but in this case he sold the stone for 50 cents a perch, so that what he got for the stone more than repaid him for hauling.

Often a small rock, say three or four feet in diameter, will be turned out of the hole but not broken; then a stick or two is laid on the top of the rock and a bucket of mud (with all the small stones carefully taken from it) is placed on the dynamite, the charge fired as before, and a broken stone is the result. The thing wherein the most failures by beginners are made is not putting enough dynamite under the rock. One blast I saw was a case in point; after the blast the stone was in almost the same position as before, but we saw by the impression on the soft earth that the stone had rolled to the hole and had almost rolled out, and then for want of a half stick more had rolled back again. Put enough under to do the work, or you lose all that you do put under. Another caution is to get as far away from the rock as the fuse will let you, or else get behind some tree and close up to the trunk. I saw a shutter of a house broken by a blast that was fired fully 100 yards away. This was, of course, an exceptional case, but one does not want to get hit, even by an exceptional piece of rock.

## Overfeeding is Dangerous.

Overfeeding of fattening hogs is a fruitful source of disease and waste. Many think it makes no difference if hogs do leave a lot of feed at one meal, that they will return and eat it up when hungry, so that there is nothing wasted. If hogs are overfed it knocks them off their regular feed for a time, and this is always a loss; besides, it renders the inception of disease much easier, especially the "thumps" and apoplexy. It is best to feed regularly, at stated times, and when fattening, all that they will eat up clean. They will keep better and thrive better than is possible by keeping feed before them all the time. It is what the animals digest and assimilate and not what amount they eat that determines the gain in proportion to the amount of food eaten.—*Coleman's Rural World*.

## The Egg in Medicine.

In medicine the shell of an egg is used as an antacid, being better adapted to the stomach than chalk. The white of an egg is an antidote in cases of poisoning with strong acids or corrosive sublimate. The poison will coagulate the albumen, and if these poisons be in the system the white of an egg, if swallowed quickly, will combine with the poison and protect the stomach. An astringent poultice is made by causing it to coagulate with alum. This is called alum curd, and is used in certain diseases of the eye. The yolk of the egg is sometimes used in jaundice, and is an excellent diet for dyspeptics.

A feed rack for sheep should be wider at the bottom than it is at the top.

Those who stuck to sheep through the years of depression are reaping their reward. A man can get now as much as \$5 a head for ewes that brought only half so much two years ago.

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## DIRECTORY

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Diamond Tent No. 203. Meets in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block on the first and third Tuesday in each month.

THOS. JOHNSTON, 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.

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J. STEVENS, Rec-Secretary

**CANADIAN ORDER OF ODDFELLOWS**  
Trent Valley Lodge No. 71. Meets in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block on the first and third Mondays in each month.

JOHN COPP, N. G.  
R. M. MASON, V. S., Sec.

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

JOHN ALDOUS, W. M.  
THOS. AUSTIN, Rec-Sec.

**INDEPENDENT ORDER of FORESTERS.**  
Court Phoenix No. 182. Meets on the last Monday of each month, in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block.

T. AUSTIN, Chief Ranger.  
JAMES BRAY, R. S.

**CANADIAN 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.

H. H. GRAHAM, 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—Rev. R. H. Leitch, 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.

**CAVALRY ARMY—BARRACKS ON**  
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### SECOND DIVISION COURT

—OF THE—

County of Victoria.

The next sittings of the above Court will be held in Dickson's hall, Fenelon Falls.

**ON TUESDAY, SEPT. 27th, 1898,**  
commencing at 10 o'clock in the forenoon

Saturday, Sept. 16th, will be the last day of service on defendants residing in this county. Defendants living in other counties must be served on or before Sept. 11th.

S. NEVISON, E. D. HAND, Clerk

Balliff. Fenelon Falls, July 8th, 1898.

### The "Fenelon Falls Gazette"

is printed every Friday at the office, on the corner of May and Francis streets.

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