

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

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FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9TH, 1898.

No. 43.

"SEEING IS BELIEVING."

If your sight is failing have your eyes tested and get a pair of glasses from our new stock.

School Books, Stationery, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Pure Drugs and Medicines.

Try our Perfection Head-ache Powders.

The Old Reliable Drug Store.

LYTLE & CO.

Professional Cards.

LEGAL.

McLAUGHLIN & McDIARMID,
BARRISTERS, Solicitors, Etc., Lindsay and Fenelon Falls. Lindsay Office: Kent-St., opposite Market. Fenelon Falls Office: Over Burgoyne & Co's store. The Fenelon Falls office will be open every Monday afternoon from arrival of train from Lindsay. Money to loan on real estate at lowest current rates.
R. J. McLAUGHLIN. F. A. McDIARMID.

A. P. DEVLIN,

BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Kent Street, Lindsay.

G. H. HOPKINS,

BARRISTER, &c. SOLICITOR FOR the Ontario Bank. Money to loan at lowest rates on terms to suit the borrower. Offices: No. 6, William Street South, Lindsay, Ont.

MOORE & JACKSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c. Office, William street, Lindsay.
F. D. MOORE. A. JACKSON

MEDICAL.

DR. A. WILSON,

M. B., M. C. P. & S., Ontario,—
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCH-
eur. Office, Colborne Street, Fenelon Falls.

DR. D. GOULD,

Graduate Toronto University, Member College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. Office at Lytle & Co's Drug Store. Residence Francis street west.

E. P. SMITH,

VETERINARY SURGEON and Dentist. Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College Live Stock Inspector for North Victoria by appointment of Dominion Government. Office and address—CAMBRAY, Ont.

MUSIC.

ORWIN A. MORSE,

Organist Cambridge Street Methodist Church, Lindsay, Music Teacher. At Brooks' Hotel, Fenelon Falls, every Tuesday. Terms moderate. 32.

SURVEYORS.

JAMES DICKSON,

P. L. Surveyor, Commissioner in the Q. B., P. Conveyancer, &c Residence, and address, Fenelon Falls.

DENTAL.

DR. NEELANDS, DENTIST, LINDSAY,

Extracts teeth without pain by gas (vitalized air) administered by him for 27 years. He studied the gas under Dr. Colton, of New York, the originator of gas for extracting teeth. Dr. Colton writes Dr. Neelands that he has given the gas to 186,417 persons without an accident from the gas. Other pain obtunders used. A good set of teeth inserted for \$10. Dr. Neelands visits Fenelon Falls (McArthur House) the third Tuesday of every month. Call early and secure an appointment.

W. H. GROSS, DENTIST.

The beautiful Crown and Bridge work practised with success. Gas and all other anaesthetics for extracting teeth without pain. A set of Artificial Teeth, better than the average, for \$8 00. Rooms directly opposite Wood's store depot, Lindsay.

A LIST OF WHAT WE HAVE IN

Fall and Winter Footwear.

ALL FIRST QUALITY GOODS.

Women's Felt Buttoned Boots,

- " " Lined Laced Boots,
- " " Buttoned Overshoes,
- " " Low-cut Overshoes,
- " " Slippers,
- " Wool lined Rubbers,

Women's and Misses' Overgaiters in cloth and kid, from 50c. up.

Men's Buckle Overshoes,

- " Low-cut Overshoes,
- " Wool lined Rubbers,
- " Felt lined Laced Shoes,
- " Felt Elastic-side Shoes,

Men's, Women's and Children's Rubbers, all styles.

These goods will be sold at the closest possible prices. Call and inspect our stock.

J. L. ARNOLD.

Fire Insurance Agent, representing the Northern, Imperial, and Phoenix of Hartford.

WE CAN HARDLY SPARE TIME

To write advertisements, as our trade) (this season has opened up better than) (ever. Instead of telling you a lot in) (this paper, call and see what we are) (doing in Suits and Overcoats for the) (winter. We will make it worth your) (while.

JOHN J. TOWNLEY.

The Dominion Government's Last Requisition for Tea

Called for SALADA Ceylon Tea or its equal, thus showing the standard value of

SALADA.

TAKE NOTICE.—The only place you can purchase this Tea here is at

W. L. ROBSON'S, Fenelon Falls.

Lindsay's New Optical Business.

Is now in full working order and doing good work. Already many who were discouraged are deriving the benefit of scientific and accurately fitted glasses, that only a qualified optician can supply.

Consult my optician freely. It costs you nothing to try. He may preserve your eyesight for years, though of course to consult him before you wear glasses or injure your sight would be the best.

HERBERT BEALL,
Graduate Optician,

WITH **GEO. W. BEALL,**
Lindsay,
Jewellers, Opticians and Engravers.

Lobsouse and Absinthe.

The unsafety of safes is a strong point in the Ponton defence, and on this subject an ex-Hudson Bay factor told me a little story this morning.

It was in the old days that a safe was sent from Toronto to Battleford to the general storekeeper there. The bulky parcel arrived by way of an ox waggon and was dumped off at the store. It was an excellent safe, but, unfortunately, the manufacturers had locked it, and had not sent the combination. To return the safe was impossible, to get the combination was perhaps a matter of six months, and meanwhile the safe lay around the store a useless hulk of highly varnished iron. Everybody in Battleford, the plainmen, hunters, trappers and even Indians took a try at that safe, fiddling with the combination to see if the churlish door would unclose. Not a bit of it, until one fine day the factor who told me the story stepped into the place. He was in a facetious mood. "Jones," he said to the storekeeper, "how much 'll you give me if I open the safe?"

"Ten dollars," said Jones, entering into the joke.

"All right. I'm your man."

And with that the factor stepped forward, gave the knob one turn forward, two backward, and another forward, then a sharp pull and the door swung open.

"It took my breath away," said the factor, "for I was only chaffing. But the other fellows thought I was a Jim Dandy on opening safes. You can bet I collected the ten dollars."

* * * *

The following extract, evidently from a Toronto school boy's diary, was picked up on the street the other day. The diary we will hope displays more imagination than fact:

9 a. m.—prayers. The prayers is all right. I only wish they was longer, so I could take a bigger dip into "Fine Toothed Pete." Pete had just slew Rain in the Face and was reachin' for the blue-eyed lady captive. I tell you I was sore when the Rev. Percy High-church came in and dictated the hull of the Athinaysian Crede to us for a spellin' lesson.

10 a. m. I was reckonin' on havin' a real good whirl at the grammar. I like them old rules, you know, "The subject of a verb is in the nominative case," and "a transitive verb is followed by the objective case," and all that sort of thing. But grammar's off for to-day anyway. The Rev. Andrew Macpherson came in and we're turnin' the psalms into prose. The minister says its "a grand thing to combine education with relegeious instruction."

11 a. m. The doctor is makin' his rounds. "Billy Stubbs," he says to me, "stick out your tongue." "Won't," says I. With that he gave me a punch in the wind and my tongue came out in a jiffy. "Hah!" he says, "Coated! Nasty brown color!" I'd just been eatin' lickorish. "Here, teacher, give this boy a dose of salts." Oh, Lord, ain't I unlucky! And there was Sam Jackson, he had a pimple on his neck. The doctor thought it might be measles,

so Sammy was sent home for a week. Sammie was tickled to death. Who wouldn't be?

11.30. The tooth inspector's been round. He said the upper left insizer was bad and I'd have to have it out. He yanked out his forceps, and before I could say Jack Robinson he had that blasted tooth out and in his valise. It didn't hurt much, but it was the saucy way he did it I don't like. It spoils my aim with a pea-shooter. Say, how I wish mother went to school and had her teeth inspected. Mother's teeth are false, although she lets on they're her own. So they are—she bought 'em.

11.45 a. m. I sigh for a real good plunge into decimals! But we ain't had any arithmetic since a week ago Friday. We didn't have any recess this mornin'. The teacher said she had a little treat in store for us, and it wouldn't do for us to have too many good things in one mornin'. The treat turned out to be a speech from Inspector Hughes. Jimmy had just returned from a Mothers' Conference and he took up the last fifteen minutes with a interstin' speech on "Paregorio as a Brain Food." Jimmy is great punkins, if you don't mind what you say.

1.30 p. m. School is in again. Re-lidgeous instruction for half an hour from the Swedenborgian sky pilot. The boys is beginning to git a little sour on this. They ask where does the Sunday school come in, and that's what I say, too.

2 p. m. Singing lesson has begun. Tonic Solfa they call it. And that's no lie. Some of the voices in this room need a tonic pretty badly. Nelly Smith has a pipe like a scratchy slate-pencil, Bob Jones ought to be callin' off trains at the Union, and as for Jimmy White, who sets behind me, that boy has wool in his chest notes. Chest notes, did I say? I mean chestnuts. This tonic sol-fa game makes me dead sick. I'm no frog that wants to be croakin' all the time!

2.30 p. m. The chiropodist and the dermatologist and the massage man—I can spell these names because they're on the time table—and the hair specialist have all walked their beat. The chiropodist said some of the feet might be clegner, but "for the rest they was remarkably free from corns and callosities." I cote his own words. The hair man told Mamie Jones not to wash her hair in cold tea, as it made it shrink.

2.45 p. m. to 3 p. m. Calisthenix and Delsarte. My eye! To-morrow it'll be the little wooden guns and the boys brigade and we'll all be little tin soldiers, loyal to our country and our Queen, and the glorious memories of Ridgeway and Cut Knife Creek that Mr. Alex. Muir speaks about. What's this I hear? They say the old boy took the "Maple Leaf Forever" idea from somebody else. I don't believe it.

4 p. m. The last hour has been spent showin' us off to two guys from Boston. The principal would say, "Scholars, this is Mr. Ebenezer Simpson, of Boston." And we would say, all in a chorus, like a lot of little choir boys, "Good afternoon, Mr. Ebenezer Simpson, of Boston," and the same with the other hobo. Then we were marched and countermarched and drilled and rightabouted until we all wished that they'd thrown Simpson and his pal into Boston harbor along with the tea that caused the War of Independence. See how my history sticks to me, though I haven't had a jot of history since I was in the part second. I hear we're goin' to have a readin' lesson to-morrow. It's too good to be true.—"Gad" in Toronto Star.

Who Owns America?

The railroad companies own 215,715,000 acres of land in the United States, which amounts to nearly the combined acreage of land in the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Kansas, that foots up to 216,511,200 acres. Foreigners that do not live in this country own 65,000,000, Murphy of California 5,100,000, Vanderbilt 1,000,000, Dittson of Philadelphia 4,000,000, the Standard Oil company 1,000,000—nearly all of which land has been acquired since the civil war. Thirty-one thousand people own more than one-half of all the wealth of the United States. With a congress and president working for the interests of these few, how long does the reader think it will take these few to ow the balance of America?—Kansas Conmoner.