

Some Tricks of the Type.

"What is this?" exclaimed a compositor who was expecting to be appointed to a proofreadership shortly: "Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks! Impossible! He means, of course, 'Sermons in books and stones in the running brooks,' and a new reading of Shakespeare appeared next morning.

A sporting compositor thought that "Cricket on the Hearth" must be a slip of the pen. He made it "Cricket on the Heath."

A writer on angling had the joy of seeing his sentence "the young salmon are beginning to run," printed "the young salmon are beginning to swim," another thoughtful compositor having been at work.

Happier was the transformation of the sentence, "Bring me my toga" into "Bring me my togs."

Owing to an error in printing the announcement, "A sailor, going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation," became "A sailor going to see his wife, deserves the prayers of the congregation."

The statement, "Messrs.—'s preserves cannot be beaten," was rather vitiated as an advertisement by the omission of "b" in the last word.

Innocently gay was the newspaper report which said that the London express had knocked down a cow and cut it into calves.—*Gusta Typographica.*

Right After All.

A head adorned with shaggy and unmanageable whiskers was thrust out of the window, and a voice that fitted the beard inquired:

"What is it?"

"Oh, is this Mr. Higgins?" came a still, small voice from the shade of the doorway below.

"Yes."

"Please come to 414 High street just as quick as you can and bring your instruments."

"I ain't no doctor; I'm a carpenter. Dr. Higgins lives in the next street." And the window came down with a slam that told of former experiences of the same kind on the part of the humble artisan. But Carpenter Higgins had not got comfortably back into bed before the bell rang again, and, uttering some remarks, he rose once more and went to the window.

"Well, what do you want now?" he ejaculated.

"Please, sir," said the little voice, "it's you we want. Pa and Ma is shut up in the folding bed, an we can't get 'em out."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

One of the Fool Heroes.

She was reading from one of the October magazines.

"In the top drawer of his desk," she read, "she saw a cocked and loaded revolver."

"Hold on!" he interrupted. "Is that supposed to be the hero?"

"Of course," she replied.

"And he keeps a cocked revolver in the drawer of his desk?"

"That's what the story says."

"Well, don't read any more of it to me. I don't like these insane asylum stories."

"But it isn't an insane asylum story," she protested.

"Yes it is," he asserted. "If the hero who keeps a cocked revolver in his desk isn't an inmate of an asylum, the author who makes him do it ought to be. Why, he's worse than the man who didn't know it was loaded."

Made Sure it Was Used.

An old farmer and his wife, noted for their niggardliness, had a custom of allowing the servant only one match to light the fire with each morning. One morning the match failed to kindle, so the servant went to their bedroom door and asked for another one. A whispered consultation was held between the two; then audibly the wife said:

"Will ye risk her wi' another one, John?"

"I doot we'll hae the risk her, Janet," replied John, "but be sure an seek a sicht o' the one she got last night."—*London Answers.*

Correct Diagnosis.

Doctor—Good morning, Mr. Lover! What can I do for you?

Mr. Lover—I called, sir, to—ask for the hand of—of your daughter.

"Humph! Appetite good?"

"Not very."

"How is your pulse?"

"Very rapid—when I am with her. Very feeble when away."

"Troubled with palpitation?"

"Awfully, when I think of her."

"Take my daughter. You'll soon be cured. Ten dollars, please."—*New York Weekly.*

The Japanese never swear. Their language contains no blasphemous words.

In a Tiger's Mouth.

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH WAS THIS MAN PLUCKED.

The most strictly accurate and graphic accounts of man eating tigers in India fail to convey an adequate sense of the awful terror which these terrible brutes inspire in the breasts of the unfortunate villagers, whom they haunt like evil demons. In ordinary cases the tiger or leopard attacks the village herds more or less openly, and the herdsmen, finding that the enemy will, as a rule, retreat on being shouted at with vigor, are not in bodily fear all the time, although I have known instances of the herdsmen being killed by a tiger that he had presumed to interrupt while enjoying a meal from one of his cattle. They become more dangerous when they have tasted the blood of their victim, and are not usually disposed to give it up without a fight. I remember the case of a survey officer in India, who, being told of a "kill" near his work, went to inspect it unarmed. The tiger, disturbed at his meal, rushed out suddenly at the party, and in his headlong flight the officer, most fortunately for himself, tripped and fell into some long grass and bushes. The tiger's attention being drawn to the natives, who were climbing trees like monkeys in a hurry, he made for them, allowing the officer to crawl away in fear and trembling as quietly as he could. But in the case of the man eater everything is different. Having discovered his power to kill the genus homo more easily than a big ape, he takes every possible advantage of it at every turn. Neither by night nor by day are they safe, and life becomes one long terror, for whether the natives are working in the fields or fetching firewood from the forest or water from the well, they know not at what turn they may be seized.

Among the multitude of stories I venture to think that the following bears away the palm for gruesome horror, and its truth has been confirmed from many sources. I had it from a relative, the owner of the tea estate in Assam where it occurred. S—B— was, not many years ago—and, for all I know, still is—the manager of a tea garden in Assam, where a man eater was in the habit of carrying off the estate coolies for his dinner, probably finding them much less trouble than a deer or a pig. At last, emboldened, no doubt, by unhindered success in obtaining victims, he took to carrying off coolies who were sleeping on the verandas of the manager's bungalow. Many traps had been laid for him, the bodies of his victims poisoned, watchers with guns on the look-out over the killed men, but so great was his cunning that he had escaped them all. Everything having failed, things had become desperate, and B— and some of his planter friends determined to sit up for the tiger on the veranda with native blankets disguising them, an exceedingly exciting business, for, be it remembered, no lights were allowed, and the brute cared nothing for numbers, so that his appearance might be too sudden for unsteady nerves. One of the planters, after they had sat a long time in breathless suspense, entered the house for something that he wanted, and, while looking for it, was startled by a sudden and terrible uproar in the veranda, which he had just left. Seizing his rifle, he rushed out to find all the party gone, but from the dark of the tea garden he heard the voice of S—B— calling out in agony: "Help! For God's sake, help! The tiger's got me! Help! Help!" Fixing his bayonet, he ran toward the spot, and in the dim gloom made out the outline of the tiger dragging B—, who was walking by its side, his hand in the brute's mouth. Without a moment's hesitation, he rushed up to the tiger, plunged the bayonet into its side, and at the same time pulled the trigger. The tiger fell, releasing B—, and both rushed back to the house, but before they could reach the steps the tiger was upon them and again seized poor B—, biting and clawing his back and shoulders in a terrible manner. It was mercifully an expiring effort, for the brute fell dead before it could kill B—. It then transpired that the tiger had stolen in upon the watchers like a shadow, without the slightest warning, and had seized the nearest one, who happened to be B—, by the hand, which he had raised to defend himself, and had commenced to drag him off. In his agony he rose to his feet, and was actually walking off with his hand in the tiger's mouth, to be devoured, when his friend, by his courage and presence of mind, rescued him. The other watchers, utterly panic stricken, had made for the nearest door, and had it not been for the coolness of his brave rescuer, B— would have been added to the long list of the man eater's victims. After being ill for many months, B— lived to tell the awful tale of how he had been "led away to be eaten."—*Col. G. H. Trevor in Wide World Magazine.*

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CANADIAN ORDER OF ODDFELLOWS Trent Valley Lodge No. 71. Meet in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block on the first and third Monday 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. Meet 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. 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 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.

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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 WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18th, 1899,

commencing at 10 o'clock in the forenoon

Saturday, October 7th, will be the last day of service on defendants residing in this county. Defendants living in other counties must be served on or before Jan'y 7th

S. NEVISON, E. D. HAND, Bailiff, Clerk.

Fenelon Falls, Nov'r 5th, 1898.

The "Fenelon Falls Gazette"

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