



"Can't Afford to Paint."

The man who says that, forgets that painting properly done is economy, and the fact is he can't afford NOT to paint.
How often you require to paint is largely dependent upon the paint you use.

**THE
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS**

out last others. They are the most economical paints you can use, because they cover most and wear longest. Add to this their good appearance, and you have perfect paints—The Sherwin-Williams Paints.

They are made for many different kinds of painting. Whatever it is you want to paint—a house, or anything in or out of the house—we make the right paint for that particular purpose—not one slip-dash mixture for all.

SEASONABLE GOODS.

Cheese Factory Cans. That's where we shine. No better can offered in the country than the make we sell. Can undersell any other maker, having bought the material before the great advance.

Sap Pails and Spou's At bottom prices.

Eavetrough. We have not advanced the price. The same low price as last year.

ANY AND EVERYTHING

In Hardware. Do you want to build a house or barn? Come and get my prices and be convinced that this is

NOT WIND, BUT SOLID FACTS.

JOS. HEARD.

H. MCDUGALL,

AGENT FOR

McCormick Right Hand Open Binder Vertical Lift Mower,

All Steel Rake, and Corn Harvester.

COULTHARD SCOTT CO., OSHAWA, Champion Seeder and Cultivator.

Cockshutt Plows. Bell's Tread Power.

Chatham Waggons.

ALL UP TO DATE.

FURNITURE, DOORS, SASH,

—AND—

UNDERTAKING,

—AT—

W. M'Keown's,

FRANCIS ST. WEST,

FENELON FALLS.

THE HIGHEST PRICE

paid for old iron, copper, brass etc

Dealer in
**IRON and COAL,
IRON PIPE, and
PIPE FITTINGS.**

Thos. Robson,

Fenelon Falls.

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

Friday, April 13th, 1900.

The Transvaal War.

When Lieut.-Col. Sam Hughes said in his letter written on board the *Sardinian*, that he feared the fun would be over before he reached South Africa, he only voiced the general opinions of all who were ignorant of the character and resources of the Boers, namely, that the war was likely to be but a trifling affair, would not last, at the utmost, more than a very few weeks, and would be, practically, a "walk over" for the British. Time has shown how utterly erroneous that opinion was. The war was commenced in October, has involved the sacrifice of many thousands of valuable lives, and an English paper has estimated that, if it last another six months, the total money cost, in expenditure and debt, will foot up to nearly or quite a billion dollars. That it may last that long does not, at the present moment, appear to be at all improbable, as the Boers declare most positively that they will fight to the bitter end unless their independence be guaranteed, and Britain demands an unconditional surrender. Lord Wolseley predicted, less than a month ago, that Pretoria would be taken by May 15th, but his prediction is not likely to be verified; for the relief of Mafeking has not yet been effected, and the unfortunate garrison and other inhabitants must be well nigh starving by this time. Instead of fighting being practically over in the Free State, as was affirmed a few days after the capture of Bloemfontein, its capital the Boers are still there in great force uncomfortably close to Lord Roberts's line of communication, and on April 4th, after a fight extending over nearly thirty-six hours, they surrounded and captured five companies of British infantry, about 600 men, within a few miles of Bloemfontein. On the 5th some of Methuens troops surrounded Gen. Mareuil and a small body of Boers, and, after a four hours' fight, captured all of them, not a man escaping. Gen. Mareuil, who was one of the eight killed was a French officer in the employ of the Boers, is said to have been their best instructed soldier in continental methods of warfare. According to late reports, the Boers are becoming more daring near Bloemfontein, are advancing southward in Natal, and are planting heavy guns near Eland's Laagte. A despatch in Wednesday's daily papers says that the Boer general Dewet has attacked the British three times within a week at Meerkatfontein, killing and wounding 600, and capturing 900 men and twelve waggons. There has also been hot fighting at Wepener, and it is feared that Gen. Brabant's 2,500 men are surrounded and may have to capitulate.

Where Mr. Foster Missed It.

Mr. Foster, ex-finance minister and Tory financial critic, took four days to prepare and four hours to deliver a labored and sophistical criticism of the Finance Minister's speech on presenting the budget; but his effort is not much, if not all, its force, from the utterly unreliable data which he presented and upon which he based his deductions. As Sir Richard Cartwright pointed out in his reply, and as has been pointed out a score of times before, it is utterly and most manifestly unfair to take the expenditure of 1896 and quote it as an

indication of Tory expenditure, for the simple reason that obligations which should have been included in those figures were left over for the next year, and at least two big departments of the public service were so abominably starved during that last year of Tory administration, that it cost the country many thousands of dollars additional to repair the damage done. The fair comparison would be between the figures of 1895 and those of 1899; or between the estimates for 1897, as prepared by the late Government before they vacated office, and those now brought down for 1900. A second reason why Mr. Foster's criticism is worthless is, that a general comparison of capital expenditures is always misleading unless reference is made to any special features that may be included therein. For example, should the Government decide to expend \$10,000,000 in the nationalizing of the telegraph system of the Dominion, it would mean an additional expenditure that year to that amount, but it would be a business investment promising very handsome returns, and would therefore indicate progressive economy and not extravagance. Again, Mr. Foster arrived at certain remarkable conclusions as to the taxation per capita, but, as Sir Richard Cartwright clearly demonstrated, his estimate of the population of Canada at the present time is much below all the indications, and therefore thoroughly unreliable. And lastly, in comparing the expenditures of the present time with those incurred under the late administration, Mr. Foster took no account of the two and a half million expended in the Yukon, a half million increase in railway development, a half million applied to the sinking fund, a half million paid on interest account, which should have been met before the present Government assumed office, and many other items of a like character. After all and in spite of Tory criticism, the cold, hard fact remains, unpalatable though it may be to the Opposition, that, to quote again from Sir Richard Cartwright, "the people of Canada do not care to the extent of decimal point one for tabulated statements, but they do like to hear that the trade of the country has nearly doubled itself in the past four years; they like to know that the credit of Canada has so improved that we can now borrow at two or two and a half per cent.; that imperial confidence has so increased that her securities are to be admitted on the London trustee list; that for every \$2 paid by English imports the Yankee has to pay \$3; and that the Canadian consumer is reaping the benefit of the difference." These are the substantial facts which the average elector can very quickly appreciate, and which will weigh with him at the ballot box when the Government which has brought them about asks for a renewal of power.

The Budget Debate.

The debate upon the budget made some progress last week, and more than one important speech on each side has been contributed thereto. The principal result of the debate, so far, has been to draw the lines of demarcation very clearly between the trade policies of the two political parties. The Government's policy is clearly defined as:—a revenue tariff secured in part by a substantial preferential reduction upon British imports, whereby its promises of reduced taxation are fully redeemed and inter-imperial trade encouraged and developed; the Opposition policy is no concession to Great Britain unless at least an equal concession is made to Canada in return. This has been very appropriately stigmatized as "The pound of flesh policy." It is an exemplification of the old Tory principle so boldly enunciated by Sir John Macdonald and the *Mail* newspaper twenty years ago, but carefully hidden away since. "If British connection is imperilled by our trade policy (the N. P.) so much the worse for British connection." The contention that the farmers of Canada have experienced no relief in taxation through the new tariff was pretty thoroughly destroyed by Mr. Paterson in his budget speech. Indian corn, binder twine, barbed fencing wire, and cream separators are now admitted free. The quantities imported would have paid under the old tariff nearly a million dollars. There were reductions in the duties on many articles used by farmers, including pronged forks, hay tedders, rakes, scythes, spades and shovels, threshers, and separators, and other portable machines, stoves, axes, saws, tools of all kinds and coal oil. On woollens there has been saving of \$451,000, on cotton, \$163,000, on iron and steel manufactures, \$850,000. The fact of the matter is that the speech of the Minister of Customs created an impression in quarters where it was least expected. The *Toronto Telegram*, for instance, is not noted for its susceptibility to sound Grit argument, but even it is constrained to observe "Sir Charles Tupper's

argument would be more presentable at this moment if it had not been doomed to assault by Hon. William Paterson. He knows the Department of Customs as intimately as the Liberal platform of 1893, and when he chose to hit some of Sir Charles' mathematical calculations with choice chunks of the customs returns, the impact was usually a Ministerial success."

Poor Sam!

Our Sam is greatly ridiculed by the Press of Canada, and occasionally a Yankee paper takes a slap at him, too. Perhaps the most cruel onslaught of all is made upon him by *Saturday Night*, of Toronto, which calls him "more kinds of an ass" than any other of his assailants. It says:

"The daily newspapers are most unmercifully poking fun at Colonel Sam Hughes, who appears to be a victim of the letter-writing habit. As long as there was any mystery about the quarrel between Colonel Sam and General Hutton, the militiaman enjoyed all the benefit of having his name coupled with that of a distinguished personage. Since the publication of the Hutton-Hughes correspondence, Colonel Sam's friends have been hiding themselves under the barn, in hopes that the thing would soon be forgotten. The haughty and high-strung Hughes, however, refuses to be forgotten, and is writing more letters; the latest being dated from South Africa, in which he speaks of himself as having the best job of any Canadian thereabouts, and at the same time vents his wrath on General Hutton in a way that would get any schoolboy a first-class whaling. If he talks to his fellow-officers as he writes to his Canadian friends, it is a wonder if Colonel Hughes is not made to mess by himself and given command of a brigade of mules; for they are the animals most used to the literary style which Colonel Sam is just now affecting. His friends should send him word that, while he may be making a record as a brave and competent soldier in South Africa, he is writing himself down a variegated, vulgar, boastful, vituperative and multi-form ass in the country of his birth."

Even the *Mail and Empire*, which, one would think, ought to defend Sam, is down upon him, and says: "Surely Col. Sam Hughes has some true friends or other who will see to it that no more of his poor letters see print. The reading of them makes one's ears tingle with a sense of humiliation." And the *M. and E.* is the chief organ of the political party of which Sam Hughes is a burning and a shining light; but perhaps it thinks, as many others do, that he is quite ready to transfer his effulgence and his allegiance to the Ministerial side. One paper thinks it is a pity that he ever learned to write, and another says that he ought to leave his letters in the ink-bottle; but everything said about Sam helps him to notoriety, and that, failing celebrity, is what his soul loveth. Instead of seeking "the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth" he is seeking it at his own mouth; and, consequently, is clothed with ridicule as with a garment. Still, there are lots of good Tories with no sense of the ridiculous who swear by Sam Hughes, and when he comes home with a dozen Boer scalps dangling from his tongue, they will probably tote him around as the central figure in a procession, and will certainly do their best to send him back to Ottawa as their representative in the House of Commons, from which he has been absent during a whole session, though, in consideration of his "patriotism," no deduction from his \$1000 is likely to be made. Sam's friends say everything they can think of as offsets to his colossal egotism, which they are forced to admit, and one of them (a physiognomist, we suppose) remarked the other day: "Sam Hughes will never be hanged—his eyes are too far apart." We never measured or particularly noticed the distance between the eyes in his countenance; but we do know that, in his speeches and writings, his I's are a very great deal too near together.

Easter Millinery.

As Easter approaches, every woman is greatly interested in the new spring hats and bonnets. Always in the van when millinery displays are concerned, as in everything else, Mrs. Campbell, with the assistance of her head milliner, Miss Archer, has this year prepared a great millinery surprise. On Friday afternoon Mrs. Campbell's millinery parlor was filled to overflowing, and many were the ejaculations as the ladies passed up and down the room, which was very prettily decorated with artificial flowers of every shape and hue. Two or three large natural palms were also used as decorations. The large mirrors were gracefully draped with beautiful chiffons, which threw a soft, pleasing effect upon the smiling faces reflected therein. On a long table in the centre of the room, the trimmed hats