

Christy's Hats HATS

for men and boys.

If it's style you want, we have it. A visit to our Hat Department will convince you that for Style, Quality, Assortment and Price, we should be called

THE HATTERS of FENELON FALLS

We have an exceptionally fine line of Men's and Boys' fine quality Newest Style Suits, every suit guaranteed and prices to suit everybody.

A visit to our Gents' Furnishing Department will convince you that Burgoyne's is the right place to go for new and up-to-date Furnishings. See our display on Saturday.

W. BURGOYNE.

Three Stores.

HEADQUARTERS FOR HARDWARE,

Paints, Oils, Wall Paper, Blinds, etc.

In our tinware department all kinds of job work is promptly attended to.

See our Corn Planter—newest thing out.

We bought everything before the large advance which has taken place in hardware the last few months, and will give our customers the benefit of it. Try us.

JOS. HEARD.

REMOVED.

I have removed my Dressmaking business to the rooms over Miss Washburn's millinery establishment.

Street Entrance—door between the two red stores.

APPRENTICES WANTED.

MRS. M. E. CALDER.

L. DEYMAN,

Furniture and Undertaking.



Just received this week another lot of nice Baby Carriages that are **Special Value.**

Also Extension Tables, Sideboards and Bedroom Suites.

I carry in stock a full line of Parlour Suites, Lounges, Chairs, Etc.

Picture framing a Specialty.

If you are in need of a Sewing Machine be sure and see my styles before buying.

L. DEYMAN,

Fenelon Falls.

Subscribe for the "Gazette," \$1 a year.

Farmers!

If you want

Good Binder Twine

cheap, go to

THOS. ROBSON.

Twine in stock—

PLYMOUTH,
BRANTFORD,
RED STAR,
McCORMICK.

All at prices that will defy competition.

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

Friday, July 11th, 1902.

The New "Song of the Shirt."

Under the above heading the *Christian Guardian* says:

"There is a new 'Song of the Shirt' in New Zealand, under the compulsory arbitration law. The employers of the sewing women in Auckland gave notice shortly after the new law came into effect of a reduction in wages. Under the old regime of the woman who sits in unwomanly rags, with fingers weary and worn, these women would have had no recourse but to retreat from their crust and tea to a scantier crust and a dingier garret. But under the compulsory arbitration law the old 'Song of the Shirt' is a 'lost chord' in New Zealand. In this case the women's organization called the manufacturers into court. They had to show their books and to make good every statement as to their profits and the wages their women were earning. While this debate was proceeding in the rooms of the arbitration court, the sewing women sat secure in their factories, lighted and ventilated and safeguarded by the sanitary and other care of the state, and their work went on. The sewing woman did not have to strike, she could not be locked out, her work could not be taken from her, her wages could not be cut down, except by the approval of the court. This is the new 'Song of the Shirt.'"

New Zealand is called the "Banner Colony," because in its economic conditions are nearer to what they ought to be than in any of the others—nearer to what they will be everywhere in the coming days of Socialism. Upholders of "capitalism" assert that New Zealand is non-progressive because the object in view is "the greatest good of the greatest number," not the enrichment of a few at the expense of the many. In its early days attempts were made by capitalists to buy up large tracts of land and hold them for a rise, but the would-be "landlords" were taxed off the face of that part of the earth, and went away howling against and disparaging the colony because they were not allowed to exploit the people. In New Zealand there are no millionaires, "the richest man—who is far richer than any other—being worth only half a million, and there are no tramps, because any laboring man can obtain two days' work per week from the Government at good wages. The State—that is, the people—owns the railroads, on which school children ride free, and which carry passengers and freight for about one-third the rates charged in this Canada of ours. The New Zealanders have not reached perfection in the management of their affairs; but that they are working towards it, and setting an example that ought to be—and in time will be—followed by other peoples, is shown by the above quotation from the *Christian Guardian*.

Hangs Up His Sword.

Our Sam's recent retirement from the Canadian army moved the *Toronto Star* to make the following funny remarks, which were in type for, but crowded out of, our last week's issue:

"Colonel Sam Hughes has resigned from the Canadian militia, and he means it. He doesn't say that there are three or four other armies waiting for him, as some other Hugheses might do under the circumstances. Colonel Hughes has resigned, and Canada regrets the loss of a gallant officer, as resourceful as he

is brave, and as straightforward as he is strong in his opinions. Nobody ever said that Colonel Sam didn't love a scrap. He is the kind of man that looks for danger, and then gets into the firing line and takes his share of it.

"Colonel Sam was fortunate or unfortunate enough to run against a routine system. He forgot that the pace of the slowest must be the pace of the whole, and he spoke out. It endeared him to his constituents, who admire a bonnie fighter. It did not endear him to the British War Office, which distrusts an innovator, and more particularly a colonial innovator at that. Then came his clash with General Hutton, and though Colonel Sam carried a lot of sympathy with him in his tussle with a beaureaerat, the public verdict on the whole was that he wrote not wisely, but too well, Colonel Sam's letters, which he says were for personal consumption among his friends, got into strange hands, and, and, well—they ricocheted. They helped, however, to make things even more lively than the war warranted in South Africa. Wherever Colonel Sam went, there went the Hutton correspondence. It lay under his khaki jacket, next his heart, neatly tied with a red ribbon to signify danger. Was Colonel Sam in Cape Town, out came the Hutton letters, and British officers, with monacles in their eyes and ennui on their features, had to listen to Achilles' wrath from start to finish. Did Colonel Sam capture a kopje and take Boer prisoners, he read the Hutton correspondence to the enemy, just to show them what they would be up against when they became an integral part of the empire on which the sun never sets. After a while the Boers began to recognize the Hutton correspondence, and would fly indiscriminately whenever Colonel Sam brandished the bundle with the red ribbon. The Hutton correspondence did more execution among the Boers than Lyddite shells. Armies that would not yield to direct attack fell back when Colonel Sam and his letters hove in sight. British Generals, who could face an iron hail without flinching, took to cover when Colonel Sam reached for his breast pocket. Even Bobs quailed when Colonel Sam unlimbered the Hutton Artillery, and Kitch has been heard to remark that the horrors of war were nothing to the dreadful things concealed in Colonel Sam's bosom.

"Altogether the Hutton correspondence increased the carnage considerably on both sides, and did much to shatter the morale of both armies. Neither Boer nor Briton knew exactly when Colonel Sam would make a reconnaissance in force, and 'blow daylight out of both with his epistolary battery.' The suspense was dreadful. Negotiations were actually on to forget the original cause of the war and fight it out on the lines of the Hutton correspondence. When Colonel Sam went back to Canada. After that the war dragged on a year or so, but the heart was out of it. The Hutton correspondence, a pervading element of danger to make both sides sit up, had left the country. The struggle was less intense on both sides, because both sides knew that they had merely each other to fight, and not the Hutton correspondence. If Colonel Sam had remained in Africa, the war would have been short and sharp. As it is, some day Colonel Sam will probably write a history of the Hutton correspondence in South Africa, and we are persuaded that, along side of it, the Great Boer War won't be in it."

The Place to Spend a Happy Holiday.

Our neighbor, the *Bob Ind.*, is doing its best to boom the Kawartha Lakes district as a summer resort, and this is what it said on the subject last week:

"Before deciding on a place at which to spend the vacation this summer, it is well to take into consideration the many advantages of the Kawartha Lakes. As a place for camping they have no superior. For the most part, the shores are untouched by man. Nature is seen in all her grand disorder, there being nowhere that artificiality which, to the true lover of nature, often spoils the landscape. Pure air and water, each of which is a factor in choosing a summering place, are assured in that region. Transportation on the lakes is amply provided by a steamboat line plying between Lakefield and Cobocook, a distance of 70 miles. There is an additional attraction to the angler, as the fishing is very good. The gamey musk-nouge and black bass are there to reward the sportsman."

Intending patrons of the Kawartha Lakes district will do well to call and examine Fenelon Falls before deciding to settle elsewhere. The "Cataract Village" has first class hotels, numerous large stores, a short but wide river, with a lake at each end, running through it, delightful scenery, good fishing and other attractions; and, in addition, is very easy of access, as it may be reached daily by the G. T. R. train that leaves

Toronto at 7.50 a. m. and arrives at the Falls at 11.45, and also *via* Lindsay by the T. V. N. Co.'s steamer *Monita*. Cottages partly furnished can be rented for the season by applying to Mr. Thomas Robson. The fame of the Falls as a summer resort is rapidly spreading, and the accommodation for visitors will be increased as long as the supply equals the demand.

Sudden Death.

Much regret was felt and expressed throughout the village on Wednesday morning, when it became known that Miss Annabelle Macniven had been found dead upon her bedroom floor, about 8 o'clock, by her sister, who returned to the room after an absence of about three minutes. Deceased had suffered during the greater part of her life from neuralgia, which during the past few years had been greatly relieved by Dr. Wilton's treatment, but on the 2nd inst. the family moved from their previous residence to a house on Francis street east, and it is thought she over-exerted herself. On Tuesday she had a somewhat severe neuralgic attack and felt unwell on the morning of her death, which is attributed to heart failure. She was an amiable young woman, much esteemed by all who were acquainted with her. It is needless to say that her brother and sister, her only relatives at the Falls, have the sincere sympathies of the whole community in their sad and sudden bereavement.

Personals.

Judge McIntyre, of Whitby, was at the Falls on Monday.

Mr. Wilbur Church, of Detroit, is at the Falls visiting his sister, Mrs. Mark DeCew.

Miss Jago, of Barrie, is at the Falls visiting her sister, Lieut. Jago, of the Salvation Army, and will remain for about a fortnight.

Col. Hughes and Mr. William McArthur left on Wednesday for the Peace River District, and may be from home nearly three months.

Village Council.

Fenelon Falls, July 2nd, 1902. Council met at regular meeting, all the members present.

Moved by Mr. McGee, seconded by Dr. Gould: That the rate sign orders for the following accounts: E. Brook, salary, \$52; F. Jackett, drawing gravel, \$61.60; John Ingram, work on street, \$3.75; P. Cook, do., \$2.50; John Sheehy, do., \$10.90; W. L. Robson, charity to M. Barley, \$7.79; Star, printing, \$3; Gazette, do., \$2; C. Marshall, work on streets, \$11.85; T. Scott, do., \$7.10; Wm. Jordan, balance rent to July 1st, \$12.50; A. Torrance, cutting weeds, \$2; John Alexander, work on streets, \$2.50.—Carried.

By-law to regulate the closing of all classes of shops was read and passed in the usual manner, Mr. Austin in the chair.

Moved by Dr. Gould, seconded by Mr. McGee: That the clerk be instructed to have the above by-law advertised by posters and insertions in the newspapers.—Carried.

Powles' Corner.

(Correspondence of the Gazette.) The State Sentinel, a paper published in Dover, Delaware, U. S., says that a saloon keeper had to fork over \$8,000 to the wife of a man who was so badly frozen while under the influence of liquor as to lose his feet and hands.

It seems strange that in this enlightened age there are so many election protests and recounts and spoiled ballots. There is something wrong that should be made right.

A large drove of cattle of all ages passed through here last week. They were all purchased north of Fenelon Falls and were taken to Whitby township. We were told that \$24 was the highest price paid.

Mr. Thos. Lano has recently finished a stone foundation under Mr. Chas. Stroud's house, and Mr. R. Colmer is laying the foundation for a large hoppen for Mr. Peter Moffat. Mr. Colmer has been bothered and hindered by so much rain.

Last week there were 88 gullions of cream shipped from Hall's Crossing to Kilmount. Mr. John Gillis was back to Kilmount on Dominion Day, and reports that Graham Bros. turned out 1,400 pounds of butter that day. Well done for Kilmount.

Mr. John Moore has had his barn reshingled lately, and is now ready for dry weather.

The Statute Labor is all done, but it does not go far enough to keep the roads in good condition.

Mr. and Mrs. Baacock spent a few days visiting friends and relatives in Cartwright.

Some farmers in this locality cut some hay this week, but it seems to be