

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

VOL. XXXI.

FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, MAY 8TH, 1903.

No. 13.

The Bank of BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

Capital £1,000,000.
Reserve £390,000.

Fenelon Falls Branch.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of \$1 and over Received.
Interest at 3 per cent.

Farmers' Notes Discounted.

R. A. ROBINSON,
Manager.

OFFICE HOURS: 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Saturdays, 9 to 12.30, and 4 to 6 p.m.

Professional Cards.

LEGAL.

F. A. McDIARMID.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, Etc., FENELON FALLS. Office, Colborne street, opposite Post-office. Money to loan on real estate at lowest current rates.

McLAUGHLIN & PEEL.

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c. Money to loan on real estate at lowest current rates. Office, Kent street, opposite Market, Lindsay.

R. J. McLAUGHLIN. J. A. PEEL.

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.

STEWART & O'CONNOR,

BARRISTERS, NOTARIES, &c. MONEY to loan at lowest current rates. Terms to suit borrowers. Office on corner of Kent and York streets, Lindsay.

T. STEWART. L. V. O'CONNOR, B. A.

MOORE & JACKSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c. Office, William street, Lindsay.

F. D. MOORE. A. JACKSON.

MEDICAL.

DR. H. H. GRAHAM.

—M. D., C. M., M. R. C. S. Eng., M. C. P. & S.,
ONT., F. T. M. S.—
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHUR. Office, Francis Street, Fenelon Falls.

DR. A. WILSON,

—M. D., M. C. P. & S., Ontario—
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHUR. Office, Colborne Street, Fenelon Falls.

DENTAL.

Dr. S. J. SIMS, DENTIST,
Fenelon Falls.

Graduate of Toronto University and Royal College of Dental Surgeons
ALL BRANCHES OF DENTISTRY performed according to the latest improved methods at moderate prices.
OFFICE:—Over Burgoyne's store, Colborne street

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.

A Sunderland lady writes Dr. Neelands that he had made her a successful fit after having eight sets of teeth made in Toronto and elsewhere.

JUST THE OTHER DAY

our new spring stock of Boots and Shoes came. We want you to see it

It explains its good points far better than we could do.

You will notice first of all that it is particularly large. We wanted it that way so that every demand of our customers could be met.

We have the product of the largest and best shoe manufacturers in Canada, and when you buy a pair of Empress or Slater Shoes you have the satisfaction of knowing that the price you pay for them in Fenelon Falls is just the same as you would pay for them in Toronto or any city or town in Canada. We invite you to call.

J. L. ARNOLD.

BOOTS AND SHOES FOR THE CRITICAL BUYER.

Call and examine them. They will meet your every requirement regarding style, quality and prices.

W. L. ROBSON.

Who's Your Tailor?

If you ask any particularly well-dressed man in Fenelon Falls or surrounding district, "Who makes your clothes?" invariably he will tell you

'TOWNLEY.'

Be one of the number, and call and see what he is doing for the Spring and Summer. His prices are right, consistent with first-class style and workmanship. He makes no other.

ARE YOU
INTERESTED IN

RINGS?

Engagement Rings
Wedding Rings,
Diamond Rings.

WRITE

GEO. W. BEALL,
THE JEWELLER,
Lindsay,

For particulars. You will save money. You can rely on what you get.

Boytown Co-operative Railway.

(By Fred D. Warren.)

"Hi, Tommy, come and ride on my steam car," cried young Bill Short, as his boon companion passed the garden gate. Tom came over and inspected the "steam car." It consisted of a platform about three by five feet, mounted on the running gear of an abandoned hand-car. A track made of old scantlings, boards, etc., was carefully laid out for a distance of 100 feet or so.

"Ain't it a daisy?" said Bill, as he viewed his work with admiration. "Get on, and I'll give you a free ride." Tom mounted the car, and Bill started the thing going by pushing it along.

"Golly, but that's nice," exclaimed Tom, as the end of the journey was reached. "Lemme ride back."

"All right," said Bill, "if you buy a ticket."

"Eh? A ticket? How much?" inquired Tom, in surprise.

"What's your got?" shrewdly asked Bill, with the true financial air. Tom emptied his pockets and took an inventory. It disclosed the usual assortment of articles. Bill looked the collection over with critical eye and said: "That will buy four tickets."

After considerable haggling the trade was made. By this time rumors of the new railroad project had spread through the village, and boys of all sizes and descriptions appeared on the scene. Bill was soon doing a land-office business. His exchequer disclosed the fact that he was getting wealthy. Soon he became weary of pushing the car, and decided to hire a couple of boys to do the propelling act. This he did, and soon the improvised train was going at a merry clip. Bill found this much more to his liking, and he made just as much money as before. In a few days Bill had every marble, every pin, every ball and ball-bat in town, besides a miscellaneous assortment of kittens, dogs, cats, etc. But, notwithstanding he distributed his favors in the way of labor to the different boys, there was a falling off in business. He couldn't understand it. The boys were there and wanted to ride, the train was ready to start, and there were plenty of willing hands to do the pushing. Finally he hit upon the plan of offering reduced rates. This stimulated business a little, but after a short spurt the business fell off again.

"I've heard dad talk about panics; maybe we're havin' one. Still, I've got plenty," Bill, who was a shrewd financier, set about to relieve the distress. Bill had noticed that the "legal tender" which he paid to the boys to push the car, flowed back into his hands rapidly and easily.

"Now, I'll just have these boys do a lot of things for me, and get some more money in circulation, then my business will be good again." So, accordingly, Bill made it known that he wanted laborers to build a depot. The applications for places were numerous. He selected his gang, and then made it known that he would buy boxes, boards, nails, etc. Soon the back yard of Bill's parents was the scene of active industry. Boxes, boards and fence palings were surreptitiously hooked and brought to the scene, and exchanged by the boys for the very articles they had given for tickets on Bill's railroad. It was a busy scene, and activity in every department was stimulated. The railroad assumed operation on a larger scale, and the de-

pot was rapidly nearing completion. The work was completed and the miniature town had plenty of funds and the railroad still ran lively. In a few days, however, the railroad business dropped off, and came to a standstill. Bill took an inventory and found that he had accumulated a large amount of wealth, besides having his buildings up and paid for.

"Must be another panic," he soliloquised, as, with hands deep in his pockets, he gazed out through the windows of his little depot at the anxious-looking faces of the boys without. "I guess I'll have to do something to stimulate business again."

His fertile brain conceived numerous ways of giving employment to the boys, who were anxious to ride. The yard was cleaned and the fences and trees were whitewashed, the garden was weeded, for all of which he paid liberally, knowing full well that the "money" would come back. Business was good for awhile, but was followed by the usual stagnation when the money was gone.

This time there was muttering among the boys. Tom, the first passenger, appeared to be unusually demonstrative. He saw that Bill was accumulating all the wealth of Boytown without the least effort on his part, and he began to cast about in his own mind for a means to circumvent the youthful railroad magnate. He first concluded to build a road of his own; but he abandoned this idea, for he realized that the boys would have nothing with which to pay for a ride. At least he conceived an idea. He called a meeting in Jerry Simpson's barn, just across the alley from Bill's railroad project. Bill viewed the meeting with some misgivings. He did not altogether like it. He sent his bosom friend and lieutenant, Skinny Jones, over to report the progress of the meeting.

Tom called the meeting to order, and commenced: "Now feller citizens, it won't be any use fer me to explain the situation. Youse knows it already. We fellers want to ride, but we ain't got nothin to ride with, notwithstanding the fact that we've worked hard. Of course there air times when we've got plenty of marbles, pins, chalk an' sich; but, as Bill's got all, we can only get it when he has something for us to do, an' then we'uns go an' spend it with him over again, an' he soon has the money and the product of our labor." At this point he was interrupted by thunderous applause.

"Now, feller citizens, I have a plan that I think 'll work, whereby we cau have all the rides we want."

"What is it?" shouted half a dozen eager voices.

"It's this way; we'll build a road of our own."

"Can't be did," shouted a voice in the rear.

"Oh, yes, it can," replied the speaker. "We'll issue a notice to all the boys of this 'ere town an' tell them that if they want ter help they can have all the rides they want."

Contributions of material, etc., were called for, and by evening an assortment of wheels, boards and timbers were gathered together. In a few days the Boytown Co-operative Railway was well under way. Little slips of paper were prepared, on which was scrawled the number of hours each boy labored, and when the road was completed, lots were cast to see who were to be the first passengers. After that, the boys pushed and rode in turn.

Bill, the capitalist, was nonplussed. As he looked across the way and noticed the business the other road was doing, he became envious. He viewed with alarm his now rusty car. "I'll go over and see the blasted thing," he said to himself, as he closed the door of the little depot, and went out. He was greeted cordially by his former passengers, who took delight in explaining to him just how the thing operated.

"I see that," said Bill; "but where does the profit come in—who's makin' any money 'uten it?"

"There ain't any profit, an' no one's makin' any money. We're all ridin' an' pushin', an' every feller gets about six rides to one push. When we're workin' on your road, we had to push twice to ride once. It's great scheme!"

"Believe I'll ride," said Bill, as he stepped upon the car. He tendered the conductor some of the money good on his own road, but it was refused.

"Dat do n't go on dis line. If dat's all you have, you'll have to get off an' walk. See?"

"That's all I've got. How'm I to pay for a ride?" he anxiously inquired.

"Get off an' push de car, an' den you can ride on dis line. Labor talks here."