

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

VOL. XXXI.

FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18TH, 1903.

No. 45.

Deposits

RECEIVED IN SUMS OF

One Dollar

AND UPWARDS.
INTEREST PAID OR COM-
POUNDED TWICE A YEAR AT

3 per cent.

CHECK BOOKS ISSUED FREE OF CHARGE.

Bank of British North America,

Fenelon Falls.

R. A. ROBINSON,
Manager.

Professional Cards.

LEGAL.

F. A. McDIARMID.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, Etc., FENE-
lon 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.
Office: No. 6, William Street South, Lind-
say, 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. Of-
fice, 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 & ACCOUCH-
eur. Office, Francis Street, Fenelon
Falls.

DR. A. WILSON,

M. D., M. C. P. & S., Ontario,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCH-
eur. 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, Col-
borne street

Dr. NEELANDS, DENTIST, LINDSAY,

Extracts teeth without pain by gas (vital-
ized air) administered by him for 27 years.
He studied the gas under Dr. Colton, of
New York, the originator of gas for extract-
ing teeth. Dr. Colton writes Dr. Neelands
that he has given the gas to 186,417 per-
sons 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.

WE'VE BEEN THINKING OF CHRISTMAS

and Christmas requisites for quite a while. Have done some planning, a good deal of buying, and expect to have a little bigger collection to please you than we have ever asked you to look at.

Just at this time, when people want everything especially nice, they ought to turn their attention to this store and this store's stock.

Superior results are reached with our eatables because they themselves are superior.

No disappointments—everything as we think you think it ought to be.

Apply this to our goods, prices, variety and treatment.

J. L. ARNOLD.

This being the season of the year that you require the finest Fruits obtainable, we bought a good supply of them, and are having a big demand for our

RAISINS,
CURRANTS,
FIGS,
PRUNES,
DATES, Etc., Etc.

Our Cranberries will arrive next week.

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 Fall and Winter. 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.

Night Workers of the Sweat Shops.

Hark to the steps of the toilers' throng
As they pass 'neath the arc-light's glare.
Their shoulders are stooped, and they plod
along,
With seldom a laugh, a jest or a song,
To lighten their weight of care.

Onward they tramp o'er the busy trail,
The twilight of age and the morn of youth.
Their faces are haggard, their lips are pale,
Their hollow eyes tell a mournful tale
Of a selfish world's untruth.

Sweating and toiling night by night,
Earning their bread for the coming day,
Serfs of poverty, slaves of might,
Hopelessly toiling beneath the light
Of the gas-jet's flickering ray.

Intellects warped by the drudging toil,
Sorrow and want their heritage;
Victims of greed in the world's turmoil,
For breeding of crime a goodly soil,
With Want as its parentage.

Into a life of toil they come,
Out from a life of want they go;
They've given their all, a questioned sum,
So back to the elements whence they come—
To the potters' field with its unmarked
dumb,
And the grave of a pauper low.

No pleasure in life for the sons of toil,
Though their sturdy hands are the ones
which row
The ship of wealth, they receive no spoil
Save the ceaseless grind and the poisoning
coil
Of the galley slave, while their masters
brawl
O'er the wealth which their slaves bestow.

Hark to the sound of the shuffling feet;
Note the rags and the unkempt hair.
From cradle to grave their lives replete
With silent tragedy made complete
By the ache of a dull despair.

—Donald McRoyce, Springfield, Mo

Labor and its Products.

What is this gaunt, black arm, which, like the bony hand of death, stands between labor and its products? Why is it that in spite of all the arts and sciences, despite the greatest productivity the world has ever known, our wise men point mournfully to the filthy tenements, with their swarming population of ill-fed, ragged wretches, gazing hungrily into the shop windows at the things made by labor, but not for labor? Why does the groan of agony go up from the sombre walls of tomb like prisons where ten thousand convicts pray for death? What is the cause back of the effect that sends the mirthless laughter of fallen women, mingled with blaring music, the clinking of beer glasses, and the oaths of drunken men, out into the darkness of the night, to lose itself in the stupid ears of a drunken bum staggering down an alley through drifting snow? One shivering news-boy, trying to keep warm under the lee side of a closed church till he sells his last extra, condemns the whole system—and there are thousands of them.

Why do we find in the hearts of men the hatred born of greed, that does not hesitate to rob the widow and the orphan, that works old women until far into the night sewing at starvation wages on sweat shop clothes; that sends old men to the police station to be packed like animals, in damp grimy cells, to pass away the night amid a hell of stench, picking living vermin from their bodies, lisening to a pandemonium of noises from fellow-unfortunates, and breathing the awful odor of the great unwhashed urn daylight shall turn them

hungry into the streets, to starve, to beg—to steal?

We turn to the politicians and statesmen of our generation and we are told of the free trade, free silver, expansion, single tax, prohibition, government ownership and religion. We sigh and turn away. So many doctors and so little remedy. The social body is sick. Its whole fabric is a mass of sores and corruption. Round the world rings the cry, "I, I, Cheap, Cheap, Money, Money!"

One of the results of capitalistic centralization is the unemployed problem. To keep the unemployed within safe limits is the first duty of the capitalist state. But its entire removal would destroy capitalism, and hence no capitalist party will legislate it out of existence, either by shortening hours, furnishing employment by the state, or making legal holidays enough to take up the idle workers. The rate of wages is kept down by the man out of work, and the worker, through fear of losing his job, is forced to "produce an ever increasing amount of wealth, of which he receives an ever decreasing share, as measured by the wealth he produces."

The Socialist party is pledged to do those things which in their very nature the capitalist parties dare not do, and it is supported by its members who pay dues to this end. The horny handed working man is never asked to give one cent to support the expenses of a republican or democratic campaign; but such campaigns are borne by the capitalist class, who know how to take it out of the workingman's hide after the workingman's votes have elected capitalists to office. It is said that a dog knows when he is kicked. Can the same be said of some human beings?—*Frank Rivers, Canton, O.*

Dogs Better Than Children.

A New York World reporter in one hour counted 19 carriages on Fifth avenue with children and 71 with dogs, some of the latter decked out with embroidered blankets, gold and turquoise jewelry. And all this while the children of the working class, the people who make the wealth these parasites are lavishing on dogs, are dying of hunger amid the fetid atmosphere of the tenement hells of that great city! 'Tis sad to think that the American working class have the votes in their hands to change all this, and are too stupefied by their political and clerical teachers to know the remedy. With all this disgusting ostentation, the working class still persists in voting the republican and democratic ticket, when it is the men elected by those parties who have made this unequal distribution of the burdens of life possible.—*Appeal.*

What Would be the Difference?

What would you think of the action of twenty men who would conspire to swindle a farmer out of \$10,000—to get that much out of the farmer without any equivalent?

Now, suppose that twenty men were the members of a corporation that had monopolized some article used by farmers and should charge the farmers not only \$10,000, but \$10,000,000 a year more than had previously been done, what would be the difference between the two acts?

And yet there are hundreds of trusts that are organized by men to swindle the public, and do swindle the public of hundreds of millions annually.

One set of thieves you would imprison, and to the other set you give all the powers of government.—*Id.*

Something Doing in Japan.

A Tokyo, Japan, paper says that the number of unemployed is rapidly increasing, owing to the introduction of labor saving machinery, and the employers are putting children to work the machines, because they are cheaper. Socialist papers and books are prohibited circulation, and their authors are prosecuted. Evidently something is doing in Japan. This is one of the nations to which our capitalists expect to sell goods; but, when they do, it will be when Americans are reduced to Japanese conditions—and that will not be very long. We must have a world market for the Trusts' productions, even if Americans do not have as much of these American made goods as they desire. Great is civilization!—*American paper.*