

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

VOL. XXXII.

FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, APRIL 22ND, 1904.

No. 11.

Bank of British
North America.

Fenelon
Falls.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

R. A. Robinson,
Manager.

Professional Cards.

LEGAL.

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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.

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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.

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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. B., 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 obtenders used. A good set of teeth inserted for \$10.

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.

THE NEW
SHOE



THE GOOD OLD
SUMMER TIME WILL COME.

We are preparing for it.

Already several shipments of our spring and summer Footwear have arrived and are opened up for your inspection. Among the lot is the "Empress." Never before in the history of the making of fine Shoes for women have styles been brought out that have reached the ideal in women's footwear. The price remains the same—\$2.00 to \$4.00.

Our Grocery Department is always stocked with fresh goods of the best quality. Nothing inferior allowed on our shelves. Prices are always right.

J. L. ARNOLD.

See our Spring Stock

of Boots and Shoes.

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.

At Finnegan's Cigar Store.

"There, listen to this," said Finnegan, coming around from behind the cigar case with a paper in his hand.

"All right, go ahead, you've got the floor," said the Station Agent, tipping back his chair and depositing his feet on the coal box.

"This is from the Baltimore Sun," said Finnegan, reading as follows: "It has been the experience in recent advances in wages that the public, the consumer, pays the freight. When the wages of railroad employes have been advanced, the advance has usually been accompanied by an increase in freight rates, so that upon the whole the company has perhaps made money by the operation."

"Now, see here, Jim," said Finnegan, sitting down beside the Station Agent, "you are always talking about how the wage workers are exploited; can't you see that it is the public that always gets skinned?"

The Station Agent laughed. "Yes, Finn," he said, "I can see that the public always gets skinned; but did you ever ask yourself the question, 'Who is the public?'"

"Why, the public—why, the public is—well, I can't just express myself, but the public—"

"Let me tell you," broke in the Station Agent, with a smile, "the trouble with you, Finn, is, that you divide society into three classes, the workers and capitalists, and then you build up in your mind an imaginary class which you call the public. You think of this imaginary straw man—your public—as something distinct and apart from the workers and the capitalists. Can't you see how ridiculous this is? The public consists of the great mass of the workers and the handful of capitalists. Practically, the public is the working class; so, instead of saying the public always gets skinned, if you'd say the working class always gets skinned, you'd be telling the truth in a way that would always be understood."

"Well, anyhow," said Finnegan, doggedly, "it is the consumer who gets it in the neck."

"And that's where you're off again," said the Station Agent, "it's not the consumer that is exploited, but the producer."

"I don't see how you make that out."

"Easy enough. If I produce things for which you give me in wages \$1, and you sell them for \$2, you have exploited me, the producer, not the man who consumed my product."

"I don't just see it."

"No, but you will when you have studied it over a little more. Just you see here. The capitalist mode of producing wealth consists of three elements—the private ownership of the tools of production, wage labor and consumption. The worker is exploited at the point where surplus value begins, and surplus value begins where the worker receives back in wages less than he produces."

"Well, how are we to know when he receives back less than he produces?"

"Whenever he receives less than what his product sells for in the market—the process of capitalist production is not completed until the product has been placed on the market and sold. Do you see it?"

"Well, I don't know; I'll have to think about it."

"You see, Finn, the workers, as consumers, are simply a part of the capitalist process of exploitation—they are an involuntary part, made so by their necessities—of the process by which the capitalists exploit them as producers."

"That seems to look more clear to me," said Finnegan.

"And while we are on the subject, Finn, I'll just call your attention to the fact that consumption is the weak link in the capitalistic mode of production. It's this link that causes what is called 'over-production,' which brings on crises, and it is the link Socialists say must inevitably break some day. And when it does, the capitalist system must, of necessity, burst like a bubble. The capitalists cannot go on finding markets forever; they are bound to play out some day. It certainly ought to be clear to you that when the working class of the world do not receive back in wages the full value of what they produce, they cannot consume all they produce. And we cannot depend on wars, disasters and the extravagance of the rich to get away with the surplus product all the time. This means that, as the markets become glutted, with no relief in sight, we are going to have an unem-

ployed problem on our hands that we can't solve the usual way. I tell you, Finn, the capitalists can starve a part of the workers all the time, but they can't starve all of them all the time."

"Yes," broke in Finnegan, "but what has this to do with Socialism? It's not absolutely necessary that society should drift into Socialism when the present system's done away with, is it?"

"Well, of course," replied the Station Agent, "that is an open question. Personally, I cannot see any other channel for society to go into. Society, like electricity, follows the line of least resistance, and we Socialists hold that, when the capitalistic bubble bursts, Socialism will be the line of least resistance."

"Well, perhaps you're right," said Finnegan, as he reached for the box of cheroots.—*Socialist.*

He Need Not Worry.

Henry Soden is eight years old. By the death of his six-year-old brother, Raphael, at Kansas City last week, Henry becomes sole heir to property valued now at \$200,000. This property rents for over \$1,000 per month. The Kansas City Journal figures that a proper conservation of the income and the natural increase in the property valuation will give this fortunate youth command over one million dollars when he becomes of age. And this without the slightest effort on the part of the young man. He does not need to expend one single thought or a single day's labor upon this vast fortune. By that process of accumulation which society places in the hands of the owners of the earth's surface, which has now become practically automatic, this human atom will be able to draw to his own use the substance of thousands of little boys who have the same needs and the same desires as he himself. It is estimated, and the recent census reports bear out the statement, that one human working animal can support itself, provide for the reproduction of its kind, and turn over as surplus value (profit) to its master, \$500 per year. Counting only the cash income of the property—\$1,000 per month—this youthful landlord finds ready-made twenty-four human slaves. The care of these human workers causes him no worry. In case one should die, another immediately takes up the work where it is left off and cheerfully continues. In fact, so perfect is the arrangement that men anxiously bid against each other for the opportunity to help create this enormous fortune for the young master. We feel sorry for the ignorant Spanish peons whose slavish lives are spent in the accumulation of riches for the infant king of Spain, and yet we overlook the fact that our boys and girls are condemned by the prevailing social system to a similar servitude. The name and conditions are changed—that's all. I object to my boys becoming the slaves of this Soden parasite, and propose to use my best endeavors to change the prevailing system, even to the extent of abolishing the prevailing government and the inauguration of a new one!—*Wayland.*

War For Profits.

It now develops that the Russian prime minister and the commanding general of the Russian armies in the Orient have large interests in mining concessions in Korea. It would be fatal to their plans of exploitation if that country should fall into the hands of Japan and the other international grafters; hence Russia is waging war to become mistress of Manchuria, and, in consequence, Korea as well. War is waged by these captains of finance in the interest of their pocket-books. Captain Buckley Wells, manager of the Smuggler-Union mine, is waging a war, under the authority given him by the governor of Colorado, against the miners of that state. Russia is striving to do the same thing for the same purpose—profits. And the working class in both instances do the fighting, furnish the blood and sinew, and take crumbs after the masters have dined.—*Exchange.*

An exchange says: "No man is too rich to be useful." Perhaps, but the world is full of people too useful (to the capitalists) to ever be rich.

There are two kinds of people in the world, the common people and the grafters. The latter are divided into big grafters and little grafters, and these in turn are sub-divided into legal grafters and il-legal grafters.