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Fenelon Falls.

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ALL BRANCHES OF DENTISTRY performed according to the latest improved methods at moderate prices.

OFFICE:—Over Burgoyne's store, Colborne street

DRS. NEELANDS & IRVINE,

DENTISTS - LINDSAY.

Natural teeth preserved. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Splendid fits in artificial teeth. Painless extraction. Gas administered to over 9,000 persons with great success.

ABOUT TIME

to think of your Fall and Winter FOOTWEAR.

We have received this month the following well-known makes:

25 doz. pairs of the Empress shoes for women; price \$2.00 to \$4.00.

300 pairs of the Slater shoes for men; price \$3.50 to \$5.00.

40 cases of men's, women's, boys', misses' and children's Rubbers from the best Canadian factories.

The length of time a shoe wears is the best way to test its quality. Customers often tell us they have worn the Slater or Empress Shoe for over a year.

GROCERIES.

This season's goods.

New Selected Raisins.

New Cleaned Currants.

20 cases Horseshoe Salmon.

40 cases Corn, Tomatoes and Peas.

20 half chests of Japan Tea at 25c.

POULTRY.

I will pay the highest cash or trade price for live Chickens, Hens, Ducks, Geese or Turkeys delivered at my store or poultry house any Monday.

J. L. ARNOLD.

Empty Words



do not prove the stock. You must test for yourself. It will leave no doubt in your mind as to the quality of our GROCERIES.

They are of the "come again" kind. Another pleasant feature is the price. We touch lowest notch.

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.

A Condition—Not a Theory.

The American people have given Roosevelt a vote of confidence greater than was ever given to any American. It was not the Republican party, but the man. The party, however, will be held responsible, and if conditions are not made better for the masses, there will be something doing as astonishing as his great vote. The people are expecting something—something that Roosevelt cannot do, even if he wishes to. Roosevelt cannot give the people what they expect—relief from corporate extortion, and could not, even if he were crowned king. To attempt any such action would dethrone the czar of Russia or the emperor of Germany. Every nation is finally controlled by those who own its property, and no one man can control these forces. No matter what the president might want to do in the way of curtailing the privileged class, he would find the senate against him, the house of representatives against him, the supreme court against him, the millionaires against him, the party leaders everywhere against him. With these forces arrayed on one side, what could the president do? Nothing, until he could rally the people to his support, in the way of electing public officials in hearty sympathy with plans to bind the capitalists so that they could no longer make money—for it is the making of money that is the trouble. The trusts could not hurt the people if they did not make a profit off the people. There's the rub. I do not think the president knows just what he is up against. He does not understand that the discontent of the people with conditions has for its foundation the profit system. It is the profit that the trusts are making, and trying to increase, that causes the whole ferment. To prevent profit would be revolutionary—would be making an entirely different system of society. The president would be brushed aside as easily as a fly if he were to attempt such a change. The grandfather of the present czar of Russia visited England during the time that Robert Dale Owen was attracting much attention by reason of his great factory, around which was a model city, all the profits of the plant being spent to improve the living conditions of the working people. So taken was the czar with the great results realized, the higher citizenship, the absence of want, ignorance and brutality, that he spent a week there, and told Owen that he proposed to go home and institute his whole realm on just such a basis. And he tried to do so. But the nobility and the leading capitalists of Russia scented a rat at the first move; they saw that to carry out such a programme would be to deprive them of profit, and consequently of power, and a threatened storm of revolution of the ruling classes compelled him to abandon his good intention, and nothing more came of it. The czar is not the ruler of Russia. The property owning classes are the rulers. So in this country—Roosevelt is powerless to give the people the conditions they expect. The people do not know just what ought to be done to make the conditions they long for; but they are all expectant of great benefits that will not materialize, and there will be greater dissatisfaction in the four years to come than ever before. As great a landslide towards Socialism is possible in two and four years as went to the republican party this time. In fact, just such a swinging back of the pendulum is certain. If the president make no effort to do the things expected of him, he will be remembered with disgust; if he does, the capitalists will damn his memory and humiliate him. The president is between the devil of capitalism and the deep sea of the people. Things will go along as they have in the past—the ruling capitalists taking more and more profits, and the discontent of the people becoming more and more ominous.—*Jas. A. Wayland.*

Poor Fifty Thousand.

The Chicago meat trust has succeeded in forming an enormous combine, with the machinery of production and distribution reaching perfection, competition wiped out, waste of every description reduced to the smallest possible quantity, with prices at their mercy and the common people paying the prices, whenever they can; and yet the workers at this trade in the densely crowded, noisy, dirty region known as Packingtown, are forced to drag out their miserable existence of tread-mill toil day after day and night after night, with

their wages trimmed down to the mere subsistence point, and their employers jealous even of an effort at co-operating—at unionising—for better conditions, and whatever little comfort they may get out of it.

Up on the boulevards live the employers; their surroundings made luxurious by every art that is known to man; their children educated, pampered, clothed in costly raiment, and taught to have supreme contempt for the unfortunate lowly—the victims of their parents' inordinate greed. Here are horses of finest pedigree and various breeds of dogs, stabled and kennelled and fed as befits their blood.

Down there in the awful stench live over twenty thousand men and women, with their ænemic offspring. They are crowded in quarters of such small proportions that health, cleanliness, modesty, ambition, morality are soon thrown to the winds, and the soul lies crushed and helpless.

Up there on the boulevard men clothed in finest linen and broadcloth, and women briefly clad in a tissue of splendor—woven from the veins of the Packingtown denizens—ride out in liveried carriages and chauffeured automobiles to sumptuous balls and high-grade theatres, where low-grade morals are properly seasoned and dished out for the cloyed palates of the boulevard stripe.

Down there in the dirty Packingtown men clothed in greasy rags and women clad in shreds and tatters, go to their crowded rooms and eat their unclean food, and for their evening's amusement drink and swear and carouse—there is nothing else for them to do. They formed a union, where they might speak together of their needs and dream of some possible remedies—but the boulevard people say they shall not have the union. Impudent dogs! What do they want of a union? Only men of wealth should combine their interests; and they have no wealth, therefore they must not combine. It is all very reasonable—from the standpoint of the packers.

But what about the crushed, demoralized hirelings? Will they stand it forever? In Packingtown there were 20,000 strikers; at Fall River 30,000. In these two places alone are 50,000 human beings utterly dependent upon the whims of a handful of men for their livelihood. This handful of men seems to be fully cognizant of its power, since it has willfully and maliciously crushed this 50,000 men to a state of rebellion; and then, with arrogance, they say, "You take our terms or git." And when the 50,000 undertake to "git," they find themselves "gotten" by another handful of men, who do not love them any more than the first handful did. Poor fifty thousand! I am infinitely sorry for you. But there are so many other thousands just like you that I am more astonished than I am sorry. To be so numerous, and yet so helpless! —*J. C.*

Cause of Poverty.

The 23 nearest male relatives of the czar of Russia each receive a salary of \$460,000 a year from the government. They own together about 5,000 square miles of land and 325 palaces. They employ about 20,000 servants. You often hear the thoughtless say that the more rich men there are the better. Now, suppose that Russia had 23,000 men drawing as much as each of these 23, and owning as much land and having as many servants—to you think it would be better for the working people of Russia? Do not you know it would not? And do not you know that the relation of the rich to the workers of all nations is alike—a burden on the industry of the working people? The more rich people, the worse for the country. Now, do not go off and say that I wrote that wealth is bad—I said nothing of the kind. We need wealth, and much more of it than we have; but we do not need that wealth to be owned by a few, especially the few who do not help to produce it. Under Socialism we will multiply the wealth of the nation three as rapidly as at present, but it will belong to those who produce it—not to the drones and the useless. —*Wayland.*

Jack London puts it well when he says: "A tramp is the by-product of economic necessity."

The pupils held an election in Johnstown, Pa., using the regular sample ballots. The senior class voted 35 for Debs (the Socialist candidate) and 10 for Roosevelt, and the next class, 14 Debs and 19 Roosevelt. The boys are reading some, and will be with us later.