

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

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FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23RD, 1904.

No. 46.

Bank of British North America.

Fenelon Falls.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

R. A. Robinson,
Manager.

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.

AUCTIONEER.

STEPHEN OLIVER,
LINDSAY ONT.
Live Stock and general Auctioneer
Write for dates before advertising.

MEDICAL.

DR. H. H. GRAHAM.
—M. D., O. 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. B., 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, 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 2,000 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 ortrade price for live Chickens, Hens, Ducks, Geese or Turkeys delivered at my store or poultry house any Monday.

J. L. ARNOLD.

AROUND CHRISTMAS



we generally made many new friends. We do it by showing an unusually complete assortment of the seasonable

FANCY GROCERIES.

We take particular care not to admit anything that isn't of the very highest grade. We are ready to make your acquaintance and earn your friendship right now.

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

The Dream that is Coming True.

By John Spargo.

A profound faith in the ultimate realization of human brotherhood and comradeship is implied by the very name we Social Democrats bear. Good old Bronterre O'Brien, who in the rich mint of his powerful mind coined the phrase we do so proudly write for name upon our banners, sounded the very depths of our philosophy and scaled the heights of our faith when he declared, more than sixty years ago, that Brotherhood could never be realized in the world until Liberty reigned in the world; and that Liberty could never reign in the world until the system permitting private ownership of socially necessary things was destroyed.

So when we to-day declare for the social ownership of all socially necessary things, when we denounce the system which makes private property master of the common life, when we urge our demands that the means of the common life, produced as they are by the common labor and experience of the world, be owned in common, we are more than a mere political party aiming at political supremacy. We are the apostles of the great universal religious impulse, the faith of Humanity that the Brotherhood of man shall yet be universally recognized.

Thus we proclaim our faith in the highways and byways of the world, and sing it in our songs. We are the heralds of the Golden Age of Peace. "The day is coming," we cry, "when the cannon's roar will be silenced by the Peace-Song of a free and glad some world. The day is coming, its dawning is at hand, when Socialism, triumphant, shall break down the last barrier that keeps down a single child from the fullest enjoyment of the vast heritage prepared for it through long centuries of pain and toil. The day is at hand when there shall be no man master of another's bread and life; when the words "master" and "slave" and all their hypocritical latter-day equivalents shall pass from human speech and memory. The day is nearer than most of us know when the goulsh coining of little children's lives into dividends shall cease, and the tender babes be given their natural fellowship with bird and flower."

"Dreams! Dreams! Only dreams!" you say. Yes, we are dreamers, and this is our great and glorious dream. But before you sneer at the dreamer or the dream, look at the great army of dreamers.

Yonder down-trodden peasant on Russian steppe, bowed with oppressive toil, dreams that dream, sees that vision of a redeemed and revived world, and the load of his life is lightened. And that poor mother in Siberian exile, torn from the home where she was the love-crowned queen, could not bear the anguish of her lone exile but for the same vision.

In German workshops and garrisons, the tired workers and pallid prisoners dream the same dream, and their faces are lit of the same hope-light.

From the vineyards of France and from her cities comes the sound of glad songs; they are singing of the same hope. And Italy and Spain join in the strain.

From England's industrial hells and from the abysses of her great cities, those frightful dens of misery and squalor, a shout of increasing volume tells that they have seen the same vision and dreamed the same dream as that which inspires the workers of our own land from the crowded tenements of New York to the crowded tenements of San Francisco; on the small New England farm and the great prairie wheat farm; in the coal mines that lie in the heart of the Alleghenies and the metalliferous mines of the Rockies.

In far off Australia tens of thousands of toilers, gathered from all climes and speaking all tongues find inspiration in the same dream. It is life itself to them. And where Africa's millions gather in mine or factory, upon the cities' streets or the great karoo, the dream unites Boer and Briton, Kaffir and White in one strong brotherhood.

And even mid the battle's din, where Russ slave and Jap slave fight till their blood mingles in one red stream at the bidding of their masters, the vision appears and hatred, ignorant, blind hatred, is banished from many a heart.

How vast the army of dreamers! Time was when only the lone prophet in Israel dreamed such a dream or saw such a vision. He saw through the centuries the time to be "when the swords shall be beaten into plowshares

and the spears into pruning hooks." He told of his vision, but men derided and cried out, "Dreamer of vain dreams!" The number of the prophets grew but slowly. The lonely Nazarene, homeless and poor; Campanella, the Italian monk; Sir Thomas More, Saint Simon and Foursier, Robert Owen and the brave German tailor, Wilhelm Weitling. So the line of the "dreamers" grew and spanned the centuries.

But not till the clarion call of the great twin spirits, Marx and Engels, called upon the workers of the world to unite did we realize that the power to make the vision real rested entirely with ourselves.

Now how the army of dreamers has grown! And how it grows! It is no longer the dream of the lone prophet or of the poet. It is the dream now of millions in all lands, of all creeds, of all tongues. It is the dream of nations now. And as Lowell truly sings: "The dreams that nations dream come true!"

Aye, such dreams "come true." No power can prevent the fulfillment of the "dream" of the world's brain and heart. Our red flag, symbolizing as it does our world-kinship and fraternity and the seas of martyr blood shed for the cause, shall yet float in triumph from every state capital in the land.

Aye and from the Capitol at Washington it shall proudly fly—to be answered from across seas by like emblems of the Socialist triumph of our comrades in Europe and Asia, Africa and Australasia.

"Softly sweet as living springs
Mighty hopes are blowing wide:
Passionate perfigurings
Of a world revived,
Dawning thoughts that, ere they set,
Shall possess the Ages yet!"

Old at Seventeen.

Louise Fiske Bryson, the woman specialist, who has just completed an investigation into the child labor question in New York, says: "In this city 20,000, too young to even know what work means, are at work, and stunted and diseased bodies are to be their heritage. They are old at seventeen; their lives are over at forty. And the pity of it is that no necessity, but greed—pitiless, grasping, selfish greed—is the source of this lamentable condition.

"Poor little things. They are rather "damned" than born into the world. Under the conditions in which they are brought up, it is producing a nation of dwarfs. To thousands of little children the country is free in only one sense: free to die in.

"My investigation has been as to the physical effect that work has upon the little toilers. It would make one's heart bleed to see what I have seen. The photographs which I have had taken of the little victims of this brutal system form a terrible indictment. I wish that I might make them public, so that the whole world could be astonished at the evil that is going on right under its very eyes, and to which good men and good women are indifferent.

"This is what 'prosperity' under capitalism means. And we look in vain for help to either of the old parties to this infernal system, simply because it means business."

Capitalists Will Do Nothing.

What do the capitalist parties propose to do toward abolishing child-labor, the social evil, sweat shops, etc.? Nothing. There is not a word in their platforms touching these matters, for the reason that the conditions which produce these evils are precisely the conditions which produce dividends for the capitalist class. The legislation proposed by "reformers" of the La Follette type, and the charity doled out by such "philanthropists" as Carnegie, amount to nothing so long as the capitalist class possess the tools of production, and can regulate wages and prices so as to secure the larger part of labor's product. Even though the capitalists, from motives of humanity or self interest, may make concessions concerning conditions of employment, the workers are little better off "Wage slaves under better conditions remain wage slaves still." And wage slavery breeds misery and crime.—*The Vanguard.*

Theodore Mommsen, the great historian, recently said: "At the present time the Socialist party is the only party worthy of respect. It is the party of social conscience."