

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

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No. 1.

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You will admit if you look over our stock that we keep track of the prices too, never letting them get too high under any circumstances.

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.

England's Problem of the Unemployed.

(From the Mail and Empire.)

England's problem of the unemployed dwarfs all other problems at the present time, and quite overshadows even Mr. Chamberlain's imperialistic propaganda. In London the question is especially momentous and extraordinary measures are advocated to deal with the situation. In the meantime people are starving to death. Free trader and Protectionist are fiercely quarrelling, one trying to convince the other that a certain set of theories is responsible for the distress; the other fiercely refuting the claim. The papers bulge with contradictory statistics. Veteran disputants take pen in hand. The clamor is loud and increasing; and, as has been said, there are people dying of starvation in the meantime.

THE POOR MAN'S CIRCLE.

The first cause, as we seek to unravel the dreary tangle of all this suffering and despondency, is lack of work. There are millions of people in the British Isles who want employment, but cannot get it. A large percentage of these millions, as has often been pointed out, are small wage earners at the best of times. When they work, all their wages go to buy them food, so that they may have strength to work to buy them more food, so that they may keep on working. There is no surplus. When work stops, simultaneously stops the eating, and here we have the obvious explanation. The following table we cannot vouch for, yet it professes to contain an unexaggerated synopsis of the situation regarding the unemployed:

London	750,000
England (outside of London)	1,400,000
Scotland	200,000
Ireland	150,000
Wales	40,000
In the cities	2,200,000
In the country	340,000
Deaths from starvation and want	100 per week.

CAUSES OF THE DISTRESS.

To account for the unusual distress of the unemployed millions, we can cite the crop failure in Ireland, which has had the effect of making the necessities of life scarcer, and therefore harder to buy, and the unusually severe weather of early winter. To account for the unemployed themselves, we are referred to the generally bad state of trade, and here we find ourselves in the wrangle between Free Trader and Protectionist. The trade returns of England for the past eleven months show that never before were there so many arithmetical reasons for general prosperity. Imports have increased by nearly \$40,000,000, and exports by nearly \$32,000,000, over the corresponding period of 1903. Nor has the expansion of trade been confined to a few months, but has, on the contrary, been spread evenly over them all. Stagnately enough, trade appears to have expanded as the distress of the unemployed has increased. There is no contradiction in this, for it is obvious that people who are neither producers nor consumers can have absolutely nothing to do with trade. They affect it only in that they become burdens on those of their neighbors who do not participate in trade, as parasites affect the organism to which they cling.

CHARITY ANSWERS THE CALL.

Charity blindly and nobly shuts its ears to every sound but the cry of the destitute people, and rushes to the rescue. In the twenty-eight boroughs of London the councils have started extra works. Outside of London many municipalities have established free soup kitchens. Newspapers have opened penny subscription funds, and the appeal for help has met with a response from the uttermost corners of the earth. In London all the workhouses are crowded. The Salvation Army and the Church Army are doing a wonderful work, and between them ward off starvation. The Mansion House Fund, familiar in all such emergencies, is booming along. The king has sent a cheque for \$750, Lord Iveagh, the brewer, \$25,000, and the Messrs. Rothschild \$15,000. Yet if London, the wealthiest, as it is the most charitable, city in the world, were to give ten times what it will give, the mere weight of money would not blot out the problem, nor in any way considerably affect the destitution which is spread like a pall over the land.

SOCIALISTS TO THE FORE.

Naturally, the Socialists and all other members of society whose discontent with existing conditions has crystallized itself into a political doctrine, have seized

ed the present as an opportunity to proclaim their theories and offer their solutions. No matter that to hundreds of thousands the price of a penny roll is prohibitive, something of incalculably greater importance is as free as air. This is speech. There is free speech in England, and there are scores of demagogues in London daily denouncing the institutions and officials held responsible for the situation. Jack Williams is typical of his class, and his style is somewhat as follows:

"If you had any pluck in you, you would n't stand it; you'd revolt. Down Balfour and all his class of politicians! They'd revolt in twenty-four hours if they were in your position. Do n't hide yourselves in your garrets. Bring terror into the West End, and they'll listen to you yet."

The thousands who listen cheer the speaker, and then disperse scowling at the police; but they do no more, despite these incendiary speeches. Their real labor leaders in Parliament and out, John Burns, J. Keir Hardie and Will Crooks, are wise enough to make no such appeal. They trust to accomplishing their ends by constitutional methods; but there can be no doubt that in these men the great mass of working people, employed and unemployed, have the utmost faith, and that, should they choose to become fiery demagogues in this crisis, there would be riots which the police alone would be powerless to control. It will be remembered to their credit.

STATESMEN WANTED.

After all, the root of the trouble seems to lie in the fact that such large tracts of English land are productive of nothing but sport for the gentry. The population, through the centuries, has been slowly alienated from the land. More and more attention has been given to manufacturing and less and less to agriculture. There has grown up the theory that the land in England is too valuable to merely raise food upon. Factories are considered its best product. So, last year, England paid out \$244,000,000 for butter, cheese, eggs and bacon, while there are millions of acres of land lying idle, now, which might have been made to yield some of these products. Into the huge problem thus raised one cannot go in any limited space. Enough has been said to show that the need of the hour in England is not loose change, but brains; not philanthropists, but statesmen.

Behaving Like a Lady.

What society needs to-day is not charity, but justice. There is no greater impertinence and fraud perpetrated upon the disinherited poor than that which is known as professional charity. The following anecdote from one of our English exchanges lights off the situation finely:

"A little girl from an East End slum was invited with others to a charity dinner, given at a great house in the West End of London. In the course of the meal the little maiden startled her hostess by propounding the query:

"Does your husband drink?"

"Why, no," replied the astonished lady of the house.

"After a moment's pause the miniature querist proceeded with the equally bewildering questions:

"How much coal do you burn? What is your husband's salary? Has he any bad habits?"

"By this time the presiding genius of the table felt called upon to ask her humble guest what made her ask such strange questions.

"Well," was the innocent reply, 'mother told me to behave like a lady, and when ladies call at our house they always ask mother those questions.'"

—The Vanguard.

The Great Truth.

"The great truth of the importance of man," said Henry Ward Beecher, "which God is driving through our time with a chariot of fire—when this truth comes up to the Church, does the Church welcome it? No. The Church is busy dusting the fitches of old truth that have hung for years in the smoke-house of theology." That was an indictment of the Church made in the midst of the struggle against negro slavery fifty years ago. Shall such an indictment be made possible in this greater contest against wage slavery? Where are the preachers in this tremendous fight for mammon on the one side and for humanity on the other? Let them stand up and be counted.—*Id.*