

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

VOL. XXXIII.

FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17TH, 1905.

No. 2.

FARMERS.

The Bank of British North America lends money to enable cattle to be properly finished, or for other purposes.

Call in and talk it over.

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., 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. D., 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

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.

A great reduction in the price of all lines of winter Footwear.

J. L. ARNOLD.

YOUR GOOD MAN'S BREAKFAST,



as well as your own, should include a good cereal. We have breakfast foods in almost infinite variety. No matter what particular grain or combination you prefer, we have it here.

You can have the cooked, the half cooked or the un-cooked; the pre-digested, the half digested or just the plain cereal. It is for you to select, us to supply.

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.

Good Socialist Teaching.

The editor of a "Christian" journal takes exception to our statement that "to us the one all-important point in the records of the lives of Jesus, Isaiah, Moses and the great characters of Bible history is their supreme devotion to the cause and interests of those who toiled." But he fails to indicate how any other interpretation may fairly be put upon the messages of those prophetic souls, whose words of warning and denunciation were hurled at rich and powerful oppressors of the poor, and whose fearlessness in proclaiming the truth cost them their lives. In his recent work Dr. Keedy well says: "Jesus exhausted himself upon nothing as he did upon getting justice for man at the hands of man. His contention was always for the men's rights. The most terrible woe Jesus pronounced was that he called down upon the man, who should injure another." And then as now the men most noted for their inhumanity were the professedly "religious," the prominent and "respectable" citizens who devoured widows' houses, exacted usury, heaped burdens on other men's shoulders, while for a pretence they paid tithes and said prayers.

If the editor referred to wishes further light on fundamental principles of prophetic teaching let him turn to Isaiah and Amos, where he will find much after the style of the following: "He looked for judgment but beheld oppression, for righteousness but beheld a cry." "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?" "I hate, I despise your feast days and I will not smell your solemn assemblies. But let judgment run down as waters and righteousness as a mighty stream." "I know your manifold transgressions and your mighty sins: you afflict the just and take a bribe, and turn aside the poor in the gate from their right." "And they shall build houses and inhabit them. And they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build and another inhabit. They shall not plant and another eat. They shall not labor in vain nor bring forth for trouble." Good Socialist preaching this. But we must not forget that the prophets were regarded as "troublers of Israel," "agitators," "demagogues." And we are still "of the generation that stoned the prophets." The apostles, too, were considered "pestilent fellows," who wanted to "turn the world upside down." This is not surprising when we learn that one of them, the brother of Jesus, said: "Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries which shall come upon you. Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped have entered into the ears of the Lord."—*The Vanguard.*

The Valley of Woe.

The earth is wide, and broad areas of its surface have not yet been conquered by culture, but offer room and food for innumerable men. By systematic nursing, the natural productiveness of our planet has been increased a hundredfold by man, earth's youngest son.

Art and science, the noble twins who sprang from genius, were awakened in their harmonious association with their elder sister, labor, nature's master, she whose innermost nature she explored and pressed it into her service.

Man to-day moves mountains should they cross his paths, he literally rams the means to his end from the sod; his hands nowadays execute things which the wildest imaginations of the ancient would not have dared to give the gods credit for.

The results of culture form a cup which runneth over with all that tends to make man happy and contented. No man need plague himself from early morning until late at night in order to produce his wants for food. A few hours daily to-day represent the equivalent of a week's work in times gone by. Fire and water, electricity and magnetism, chemistry and mechanics have relieved and superseded man's muscles a thousandfold.

These are not mere gorgeous words, but facts that may only be denied by a fool. But when thou strutteth through the land, where dost thou encounter the joys of Paradise which such a situation would have us anticipate? Where?

Whether you look about in monarchies or republics, in the frigid or torrid

zones, every moment your eye is offended by apparitions hiding misery, need and woe, by human beings and things heralding Evil and Destruction, by scenes creating deep injustice, the foregrounds of which are spread with vice and crime, and for a basis have tombs of marble full of gold and decay.

Your path may lead over meadows streaming with the blood of assassinated men sacrificed to the war maeloch. You behold the wounded, the crushed, the dead—man and beast intermingled, strown about over a wide surface. Horrid groaning, whining and howling shock your ears. The crop has been destroyed where formerly the peaceful citizen drew blessing-promising furrows. The cannons of war have torn the land. Thick masses of agrarians flee from burning villages into the woods to pitch camps among the animals of the thicket.

Not far from the battlefield a crowned head musters his victorious army. Bewitching music penetrates the atmosphere and warriors cheer him, who but a short time previous had hounded their brethren to perdition in order to be able to fish for a new pearl for his diadem in the torrent of warm human blood. Slaves dedicated to death salute Caesar.

In the Metropolis your eyes are enchained by a gorgeous palace, from the ample rooms of which shine splendor and luxury. Magnificent vehicles roll forth and perfumed figures appear, loaded with all the splendor capable of being offered by five continents.

One of those balls has commenced where a hospitable Croesus of modern times must spend half a million if he would keep up his standing!

Out-side the masses move. Hardly one of ten wears a whole suit of clothes, and many among them has not enough to pay his lodging for the coming night.

You wander to the exchange to view the powerful, who dance around the poisoned tree. They speculate and calculate: Will wage slaves produce in the future more or less surplus? The answer to that question raises and depresses the stocks. The anticipated exploitation of the future must bring interest in a-avance for the present.

All tricks, kinks, lies, intrigues and deceit are thrown into the gambling by the lookers and the jobbers in order to correct the decisions of the Goddess of Fortune. One, smiling, pockets \$100,000; another drives cold lead into his brain. All of them respectable citizens and people.

A few strides across the street bring you into the palace of Justice. A wise judge, receiving \$25 daily for drowsing, rubs the "Katzmjammer" from his eyes by lecturing a tramp and opening jail for the same to occupy one year, because he stole bread and sausage instead of drowning himself. With important features, the chronicists of the press register the case and praise the holy order.—*Freiheit.*

A Bad Bargain.

The impulse of men under the capitalist system is to make merchandise out of their talents, their shrewd and everything else they can force into the scales. Make! Make! Make! Employ sharp practice, if possible, and swindle within the law, if necessary. Lie, if it pays. Business morality has become a stench in the nostrils, and the big business man, with his silk hat and his private pew in church, has been completely exposed as the author of civic corruption, the procuring cause back of hoodling, besides being part of the class that exhausts and impoverishes the industrious members of society. Certainly, the working people have never been charged with any such crime to our knowledge. But while everyone else is bargaining and making merchandise of their abilities and their foxiness, how about the workers? They by their toilsome industry produce the wealth of the nation; but instead of making merchandise of that fact, instead of driving a bargain with the buyers of labor power that will net them the handsome living they are clearly entitled to, they submit to a bad bargain, exchange their vast product for mere existence wages, and go through life ragged, forlorn and ignoble. A bad bargain! A very bad bargain, and it is time to change it!—*The Vanguard.*

"Suffer little children to come unto me," said the great-hearted Founder of Christianity; yet throughout Christendom millions of child-slaves are annually crushed to death under the wheels of capitalism at the hands of professed followers of the Nazarine.