

## BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

CAPITAL, \$4,866,666.

RESERVE, \$2,400,000.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS CONDUCTED.

### SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Interest allowed on deposits of \$1 and upwards.

Special attention given to farmers' business.

FENELON FALLS BRANCH.

### Professional Cards.

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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.

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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.

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M. D., C. M., M. R. C. S. Eng., M. G. 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.

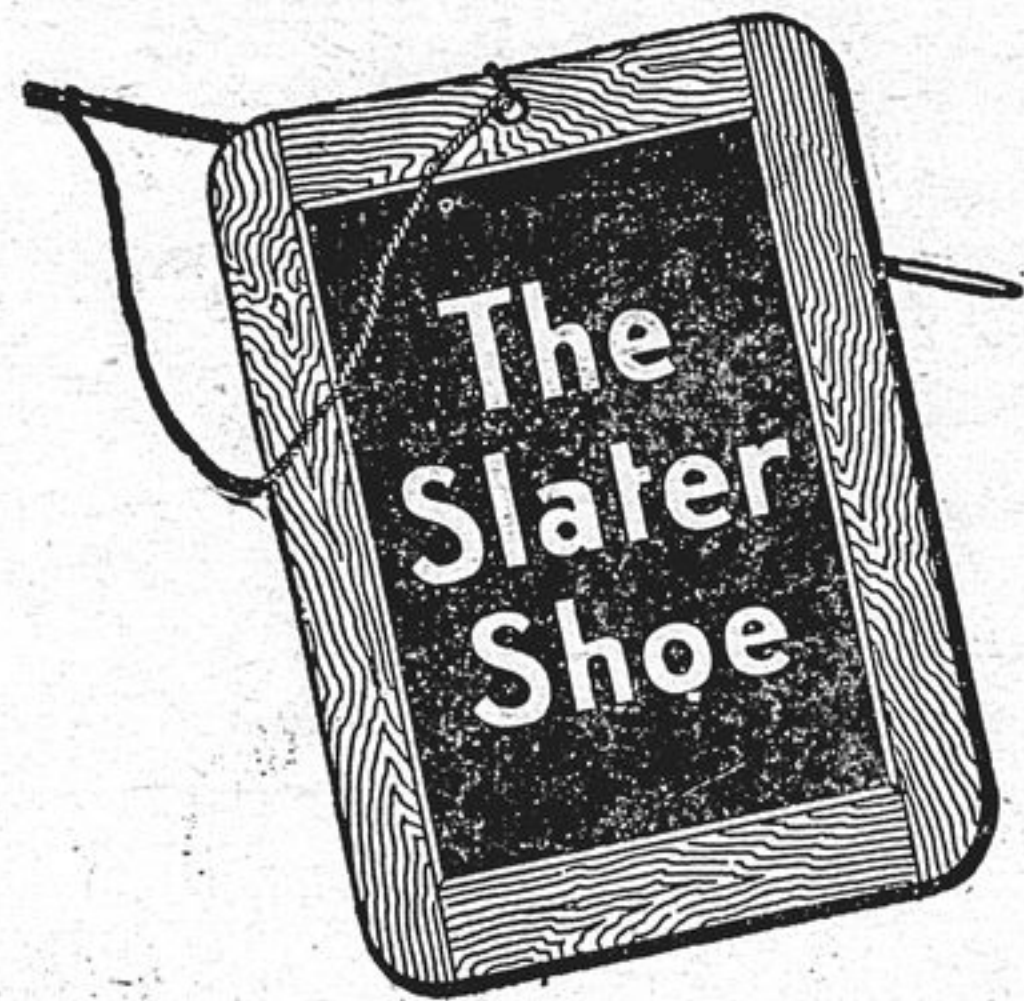
ALL BRANCHES OF DENTISTRY performed according to the latest improved methods at moderate prices.

OFFICE:—Over Burgoyne's store, Colborne street

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.



If you want to avoid every possible chance of getting a Shoe that does not fit the foot or wear well, buy the Slater.

We have all the newest shapes in tan and black.

Price \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00.

J. L. ARNOLD.

## Don't Have Your Head Turned



by tales of Shoes of extraordinary cheapness. There's a limit below which good shoes cannot be made or sold. We believe we have about reached it. Any lower prices than ours must mean lack of quality.

Shoes like Ours

cannot be sold for less than our prices. They are usually sold for much higher figures.

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.

### The Size of It.

Up in the morning and work all day,  
Just for the grub of to-morrow to pay;  
Work to-morrow for meat to carve;  
Got to keep working, or else I'll starve.  
Work next day for a chance to sup;  
Just earn money to eat it up.  
Next day after it's root or die;  
Habit of eating comes mighty high.

Next week, too, it is just the same;  
Never can beat the eating game.  
Working on Monday for Tuesday's bread;  
Working on Tuesday to keep me fed.  
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, too;  
Same old game, and it's never new.  
Do n't want to kick and make a fuss,  
But blamed if it ain't monotonous.

—Unknown Author.

### JACK LONDON SPEAKS OUT.

What He Said to University of California Students.

Yesterday morning I received a letter from a man in Arizona. It began "Dear Comrade," and ended "Yours for the Revolution." I answered that letter this morning. I began "Dear Comrade," and I ended "Yours for the Revolution."

There are 500,000 men in the United States beginning and ending their letters as our letters were begun and ended. There are 1,000,000 men in France, 3,000,000 in Germany and 6,000,000 men in the world beginning and ending their letters as ours were begun and ended.

Now, what do these facts mean? They mean that the Revolution is here, now. We are in it. It goes on every day. No man can escape it. Oh, it is great! There has been nothing like it in the world before. Its battle cry is: "Workingmen of the world, unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains. You have a world to gain."

Our Revolution was a merely local thing compared with this. The English Revolution was a merely local thing compared with it. And so was the French Revolution. This Revolution is as wide as the earth. Its men clasp hands around the globe. The Japanese Socialist hails the Russian Socialist, and the German Socialist hails the French Socialist with the same word that we California Socialists hail each other with, the noble word "Comrade."

But why are these men Socialists? What is it that drives them unceasingly to work for the Revolution, to go to prison for it, to go into exile for it, to die for it?

When I was in London, writing my book, "The People of the Abyss," I went down to Kent with a London Cockney to pick hops. One night, when going to bed, I stripped. My chum looked in wonder at my brawny body glowing with health, and then at his own scrawny body, white and lifeless. He said, holding out his arms and legs, "they are so because I had n't enough to eat when I was a boy." But this man was only one of millions. In London 1,800,000 people live on the poverty line and below it, and another million with one week's wages between them and pauperism. In Europe 60,000,000 people suffer from hunger and want.

Here is a statement from the celebrated English scholar, Frederick Harrison, "To me, at least, it should be enough to condemn modern society as hardly an advance on slavery or serfdom, if the permanent conditions of industry were to be that which we behold—that 90 per cent. of the actual producers have no home that they can call their own beyond the end of the week; have no bit of soil, or so much as a room, that belongs to them; have nothing of value of any kind, except as much old furniture as will go in a cart; have the precarious chance of weekly wages which barely suffice to keep them in health; are housed, for the most part, in places that no man would think fit for his horse. If this is to be the permanent condition of modern society, civilization must be held to bring a curse on the great majority of mankind."

Here is a book about our own land, written by a man who left his home of wealth to live among the poor. He is a university man, and a trained investigator. His name is Robert Hunter. His book is called "Poverty." It has just been published by the Macmillans, and costs \$1.50. Read it. Mr. Hunter says:

"There are probably, in fairly prosperous years, no less than 10,000,000 persons in poverty; that is to say, underfed, underclothed and poorly housed. Of these about 4,000,000 persons are public paupers. Over 2,000,000 working men are unemployed from four to six months in the year. About 500,000

male emigrants arrive yearly and seek work in the very districts where the unemployed are the most numerous. Nearly half of the families in the country are propertyless. Over 1,700,000 little children are forced to become wage earners when they should still be at school. About 5,000,000 women find it necessary to work, and about 2,000,000 of them are employed in factories, mills, etc. Probably no less than 1,000,000 workers are killed or injured each year while doing their work, and about 10,000,000 persons now living will, if the present ratio be kept up, die of the preventable disease, tuberculosis."

I might go on for a long time quoting Huxley, Alfred Russell, Wallace, Mill, Spahr, Brooke, Downtree and others. It is the facts cited and those found in the books of the men above, and the glorious ideas of Socialism, that keep them ever young.

About three years ago I went into the Klondike, and I saw there a body of Indians called the Innuits. There is an immense difference in time between them and us. They are still in the Stone Age, yet those men are all, in good times, well provided for; in bad times they suffer, but they all suffer together. How is it with us? We have, as I said before, a body of 10,000,000 men, women and children in poverty always—we who are the greatest producers the world has ever known; we, who by machinery make one man produce cotton cloth for 250 people, woolens for 300, and boots and shoes for 1,000. What do we call the industrial system we are under? We call it the capitalist system. What do we call its managers? We call them capitalists. I say, then, that the capitalist system which has so grossly and criminally mismanaged our industrial life must be swept away, and the Socialist system be put in its place.

But you ask me "What are you Socialists going to do? What are your ideals and ideas?" I answer: "We propose to destroy present-day civilization, that is, capitalist civilization, with its brutal struggle of man with man for life—by the ballot, which is free, be it forever remembered—and replace it by a better civilization, a civilization whose principle shall be "each for all and all for each."

My friend, George Sterling, speaking at the Ruskin club to the Round Table, on "Why am I a Socialist," said: "I am a Socialist because Socialism is the one clean, noble and live thing in the world to-day worth fighting for." Now, mark you, Mr. Sterling did not say that Socialism is the only clean and noble thing in the world to-day; there are many clean and noble things in the world to-day. He said: "Socialism is the one clean, noble and live thing in the world to-day worth fighting for."

And yet, as I look over the universities of my land to-day, I see the students asleep—asleep in the face of the awful facts I have given you; asleep in the greatest revolution that has ever come to the world. Oh, it is sad! Not long ago, revolutions began and broke out in Oxford. To-day, Russian universities seethe with revolution. I say to you then: "University men and women, you men and women in the full glory of life, there is a cause that appeals to all the romance in you. Awake to its call. Line up! Line up! All the world despises a coward. Read our books. Fight us, if you do not agree with us. But, by all that is brave and strong, show your colors! Line up! Line up, I say!"

### Capitalism's Inferno.

Dr. A. S. Daniel, of the New York Infirmary for Women, recently addressed the Woman's Municipal League on "Illegal Sweatshop Work." She said that children as young as four years of age were regularly employed in some of the thirty-three trades which the law allows to go on in tenement rooms. "Some time ago a child of one and one-half years was brought to the New York Infirmary for treatment," said Dr. Daniel. "After some days the child's mother came and took her away. At that time the mother said she needed the child's services following her trade of passemeterie making in her tenement home. She said that the child's services were worth fifty cents a week to her."

You think you don't take any stock in Socialism; but how do you know, unless you give it a careful investigation?

The fittest to survive under the present capitalist system are the capitalists, and even they are forced to be at each other's throats.