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to our store is just as safe as coming yourself. So, if in a hurry, send along your messenger with a note telling what you require. If it's

TEA or COFFEE, just say what kind you want and the very best will be sent you. The reputation of a grocery depends to a considerable extent on its teas and coffees. We will willingly be judged by ours.

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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.

A Lay of the Conscript.

Ivan Petrokoffsky, of the Twenty-First Division of the Army of the Danube, is a private—nothing more; And nobody expects of him to form a wise decision

On the diplomatic reasons that have mobilized his corps. He is rather dull and stupid, and not given much to reading, And even when he has a thought his words are few and rude, So when summoned to his stonia about that same proceeding, Rough Ivan's stray ideas were quite naturally crude. But he heard his colonel reading out the regimental order, Which explains in glowing language why the Russians go to war; And he holds some dim idea that he's on the Turkish border "For the glory of the Empire and the honor of the Czar."

Ivan Petrokoffsky is a little tender-hearted, His feelings (for a private) are entirely out of place; And when from wife and infant with slow, lingering steps he parted, No heroic agitation was depicted on his face. It was well for foolish Ivan that his colonel had not found him, When the marching order reached him at his home that bitter day, When the younger Ivan's chubby little arms were folded round him, And tearful Mrs. Ivan gave her tongue unbounded sway. There were murmurs of rebellion in that quiet little village, (So devoid of patriotic aspirations women are), When Ivan and his comrades left for scenes of blood and pillage. "For the glory of the Empire and the honor of the Czar."

Ivan Petrokoffsky, of the Twenty-First Division of the Army of the Danube, is not easy in his mind; For within the dim recesses of his heart is a suspicion He has said farewell forever to the loved ones left behind. In cruel dreams he sees himself, a shapeless mass and gory, By the rolling Danube lying, with his purple life-stream spent, And he has not such a keen appreciation of the glory Of dying for his country to be happy or content. He has seen his comrades falling round, all mangled, torn and bleeding, And their cries were not of triumph, but of homes and kindred far; While little reeked the vultures, on the gray-robed bodies feeding, "Of the glory of the Empire or the honor of the Czar."

—Arthur M. Forrester.

Roosevelt Discusses Socialism.

The Appeal has on several occasions quoted from the columns of the Chicago Tribune an interview in that paper between its Washington correspondent and President Roosevelt. The latter pointed out the seriousness of the situation and said emphatically that, unless the Republican party "did something," it would be called upon to face a social democracy. Public Opinion, a magazine of current literature, printed quite recently an article written by Jackson Tinker, a New York newspaper man, in which he elaborated the Tribune interview, and told in detail the circumstances which led to Roosevelt's remarkable and significant statement. Mr. Tinker says:

"He summoned Paul Morton from the Santa Fe railroad to his cabinet, and had many animated discussions with him concerning the workings of the great railroad systems. He entertained at the White House A. J. Cassatt, Samuel Spencer, J. Pierpont Morgan, James J. Hill, President Mellon, and other railroad capitalists and executive heads, and absorbed their views. Large shippers and small shippers, too, engaged his attention, and he studied carefully the work of the interstate commerce commission and what it had been able to accomplish. Then he summoned some of the railroad presidents again, and told them frankly that he was convinced that they were standing in the way of their own best interests by not being willing to accept moderate regulations of railroads by federal authority. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'you are only inviting still more radical action—government ownership.' One of his visitors was shocked when the president, turning upon him in his abrupt manner, exclaimed: 'The republican party will not go up against any more 'stuffed clubs' in a good while. The democratic party will not try that game again in this generation.'

"What then?" gasped his visitor. "Social democracy," came the astounding rejoinder. "That will be the next

move, unless we republicans, with full power in the executive and legislative departments of the government, satisfy the people and reform existing conditions. If we do not do this, we shall be overwhelmed."—Appeal to Reason.

The Greed For Gold.

Again has the financial world been shocked by the defalcation of a bank president. Again have the people of the whole country been treated to the spectacle of seeing a man in high social position playing a robber game which makes the peopulations of a common, everyday thief look like virtue in comparison. Here are the facts as announced in the daily papers:

Frank G. Bigelow, president of the First National Bank, of Milwaukee, has stolen \$3,000,000 and squandered it in wheat speculations. To cover his tracks he concocted a plot in which a trusted book-keeper was to falsify the bank books, and his own son was to act as his agent on the Chicago Board of Trade. By the merest accident the theft was discovered. Last year this same Frank G. Bigelow occupied the highest position which the men of his profession could bestow; they elected him president of the Bankers' Association of America. To-day he is a criminal. What was the cause of the downfall of this man? Was it the lack of moral teaching? No; he probably went to church regularly. Was it the lack of high ideals? No. At the annual banquet of the Bankers' Association, last year, Bigelow gave vent to the following beautiful sentiments:

"Let your conscience act first. Bankers should be religious and sincere.

"Be honest; be kind; earn a little more; spend a little less.

"Brothers, beware of reckless speculations!

"Bank presidents, I am happy to say, are ever honest, ever careful and ever conservative."

And then in his final exhortation this immaculate man, this "safe and sane" pillar of society, this protector of all good things, lifted up his voice in warning and cried aloud:

"BEWARE OF SOCIALISM! SOCIALISM MEANS THE RUIN OF THIS COUNTRY!"

Eureka! But at the very time he was giving voice to these borrowed phrases, he was speculating with other people's money, which he was stealing from the bank of which he was the trusted head!

What was the cause of his downfall? The Greed for Gold. The lust for more riches, which he did not need; the craving avarice which steals away men's brains, paralyzes conscience, and turns men's hearts to stone when dealing with the problems of labor and the miseries of the poor.

Verily the Socialists are dangerous; Labor Unions breed violence and anarchy, and we need bankers to guard the interests of religion and society and ward off revolution; but, how the deuce can we, in the meantime, keep their hands off our pocket books?—*Id.*

Wanted His Share of 'Em.

The following telegram sped over the wires alongside the Great Northern railroad. It was sent by G. C. Crittenden, an official of that road, to Division Superintendent E. Carter:

"Wire me number of Japs you will want on each section to fill out authorized force. Do not figure on any Italians, as we cannot get them. Let me have this at once, as boat load of Japs are in, and we want to get our share."

The jobs of free American citizens are going glimmering. And this is where they are going. Notwithstanding the fact that there are nearly a million idle men in this country, the steamship companies, in collusion with the railroad companies, are bringing hordes of Asiatics to the United States. They take advantage of their ignorance, and hold out before them glittering inducements of the land of gold. Once here, they become the victims of the employment sharks and the railroad and mining corporations. And what are you going to do about it?—*Id.*

Hints of great scandals in the United States postal system are again being revived. Washington is a rotten hole, putrid in the extreme. It needs a Socialist broom to sweep it out and clean it up. But the grafters are, of course, opposed to anything that will give them a good washing.