

## NATURAL AND SUPERNATURAL.

Where selfishness sits in judgment  
Grief, poverty, tears in pain  
Are the parts assigned to labor—  
The price of capital's gain.  
How long shall greed and injustice  
Grow fat on a brother's toil?  
How long shall the god of Mammon  
The lives of the poor despoil?

What shall it profit the miser  
Who worships at Mammon's shrine  
To perjure his soul with scheming  
To claim what is yours and mine?  
It seems the height of folly  
To spend the brief years of life  
For gain—to make others poorer  
By waging unequal strife.

When hands are too limp for grasping  
Perishing treasures of gold,  
When hearts seared with sordid scheming  
For aye lie pulseless and cold.

Can we forget they were cruel  
And blind with the lust of greed?  
Can we forgive the oppression  
Once heedless of tears and need?

Ah, yes, they were only mortal—  
To err is the human part,  
And we must not judge too harshly;  
Our own is a human heart!  
Not always shall wrong be reigning;  
Though right is exceedingly slow,  
The evolution of justice  
Will bring it to pass, we know.

The star of hope in the heavens  
Shines out in poverty's night,  
Symbol of "dark before dawning,"  
A sign of prophetic light;  
When brotherhood, with its blessings,  
Shall banish the sweatshop plan  
And righteousness rule all dealings  
Of man with his fellow man.  
—Margaret Scott Hall in Carpenter.

## Advertise in THE TRIBUNE.

## HAVE YOU A BANK ACCOUNT?

The wise trade unionist, who is enabled to secure better compensation for his labor, starts a little account at a savings bank, thereby increasing his earning capacity, for every dollar placed out at interest is so much additional help. The greater the deposits the larger the returns.

## A BAD POSITION.

The undesirable tangle which the International Typographical Union has forced itself into with Philadelphia is bad politics just on the eve of the eight-hour day movement.

## TEMPERATE MEN IN DEMAND.

The work of to-day demands men of clear brains for its performance. It matters not whether that work be in the office, the counting room, the legislative hall, the store, the shop, the field or the mine. The worker who each morning brings to his task a strong mind and a steady nerve will always find his services in demand, while the one who allows himself to become the victim of an unbridled appetite will soon discover that his place has been filled by one who can do the work better than he. While it is undoubtedly true that the excesses in the use of liquors are not as common to-day as they were a quarter or a half century ago, there is still vast room for

improvement, and every effort in that direction deserves the encouragement of all who seek the elevation and betterment of their fellow-man.—Baltimore American.

## BE CONSISTENT.

You don't smoke scab cigars or buy scab goods on Labor Day, do you? You insist on every bit of printing used in connection with the celebration bearing the label. You refuse to march behind a non-union band. You make it your business to see that the horses are shod by unionists. You even demand union-made canes. You are fairly aching to find some unlucky individual without labels all over him. You are not ashamed of the fact that you are a union man. You throw back your shoulders and march down the street, confident of your ability to whip every non-unionist in the land.

Then the parade disbands, the celebration ends, you go home and go to bed, tired out from your exertions in demonstrating what a good union man you are.

Next morning you get up, eat some scab breakfast food, put on your old scab coat and hat, and start for work. On the way down you stop and get a cigar, unmindful of the fact that there is no blue label on the box. A little non-union chewing tobacco is probably included in your morning purchases.

And so you continue through the day, and probably through the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year.

Make every day Labor Day.—Typo. Journal.

## HOMEMADE PHILOSOPHY.

(From Pennsylvania Grit.)

Most of our hates grow out of our fights for the dollar.

Misery loves company a little bit more miserable than itself.

You can kill anything with satire but a fool and a politician.

If we never envied the man on the pinnacle of fame we would never try to climb.

People who paint for glory have a change of pants to wear when glory fades away.

Let us try to live peaceably with our neighbor in our joys, the same as we do when sorrow bows us down.

Some men know all about God's plan of the universe, but know nothing at all of their own spleen or appendix.

If modern history is so full of errors, how can we believe the old traditions worn threadbare through talk?

If the most illiterate dead man could come back and write the story of "Life Beyond the Grave," he would become a millionaire.

I wonder if the first feeling after getting into heaven will be like the one we experience when an aching tooth suddenly stops aching?

In stormy weather the country people can't go to church, and in nice summer weather they don't want to go; but they may be saved between showers.

The wise man taketh advantage of the pleasant fall weather to see that his furnace and coal pile are in proper shape, for when he least expecteth it the frost cometh.

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ANNUAL CONVENTION  
TRADES & LABOR CONGRESS**

**OF CANADA**

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**SEPTEMBER 18-23, 1905**

*Chas. Bush*

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OF

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