NATURAL AND SUPERNATURAL.

14

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 despond?

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 foliy 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 schen ing

For aye lie pulselees 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 sav-ings 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 eighthour day movement.

TEMPERATE MEN IN DEMAND. The work of to-day demands men of

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 eigars 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 demontrating 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.

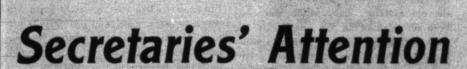
Let us try to live peaceably with our neighbor in our joys, the same as we do when sorrow bows us down.

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





Chas. Bush

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