In The World Of Labor

A Budget of News For Those Interested in Labor — By G. A. M. — **Gleaned From the Exchanges and Other Sources**

Made in Canada Canpaign

Organ of the Canadian Manufacturers Association Has a Few Suggestions to Offer Thereon.

"Industrial Canada," the official organ of the Canadian Manufacturers Association, in the current month's issue, has a somewhat lengthy article to Canadia nmanufacturers and consumers in whcih is outlined a scheme to boost the sale of "made in Canada" goods, and incidentally to acquire new markets for their output, taking advantage of the war now raging in continental Europe which it is claimed offers golden opportunites to the Dominion to extend its overseas commerce. The Courier hereby makes free to reproduce, in part, some of the suggestions and arguments advanced thereon. Industrial Canada starts out with the proposition that:

"While we are in this state of war certain duties develop upon citizens which must be loyally discharged. It is the duty of manufacturers to do all they can to keep their plants in operation; it is the duty of consumers to buy Canadian-made goods in preference to any other goods; and it is the duty of manufacturers, consumers and the government to see that reasonable prices are maintained. Our commercial energies should be directed along three main channels; home industry, establishment of new industries, and capture of export trade.

By Canadian Goods

This is no longer a commercial appeal. It is the rallying cry of combatants fired with imperial and national patriotism. We must furnish Britain and our friends at war with food and supplies. More land should be brought under cultivation, and part of our urban population transferred to the task of bringing wealth out of the soil. The money received for our products will go far to provide for our necessities and, if wisely circulated in our own country, will alleviate distress from unemployment. This is the perfect circle that will benefit our farmers, kee pour factories in operation, provide work, maintain credit, and retain money. It is the duty of Canadian citizens to spend every possible dollar at home during the war.

The support of the local press, public officials and consumers should be enlisted. It is evident that a flood of goods, from neutral countries, deflected from the ports of belligerent nations will threaten to overwhelm our markets. While our fellow-countrymen fight in Europe, let us fight at home to develop the sources of our national wealth so that they may strengthen us in time of need. The tremendous struggle is only begun. The end is shrouded in uncertainty. The struggle and its after-effects will tax us to the limit of endurance. Canadian producers and consumers must stand together, watchful of one another's interests, ready to sacrifice personal inclination, willing to incur inconvenience. This is no time to indulge whims, prejudices or fancies in favor of foreign manufactures. Neither should citizens who have means economize too severely; spend now, keep factories going and retrench later. In such a crisis everything should be done by the manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers, and, if necessary, by the Government, to keep down to the lowest possible figure the price of articles manufactured in Canada which Canadians are asked to buy for patriotic resons. Manufacturers and other producers must show consumers that they are willing to dispense temporarily with profits and will be satisfied to make ends meet. By restricting their purchases to Canada, consumers are bound to reap the advantagesons lowering of prices which is the natural result of large outputs, and they will escape the inevitable levies and possible confiscation whcih must follow wide-spread unemployment."

The above is excellent advice, and if the manufacturers do their part in the aforesaid article, and do all in their power in our city here to keep men employed, and avoid as far as it is possible to do, the cutting of the worker's wages or the shortening of the hours of labor, because they must bear in mind the fact that in not one single instance has the price been lowered on the comodities which the workingman has to buy in order to enable him to live, but that they have, on the other hand, in a great many instances advanced in a great degree, making it impossible, with his lessened wages to buy as much as he otherwise would. The manufacturer can depend on this, that if they give the men work and fair wages, they on their part, can be relied upon to buy none but "made in Canada" goods. It is up to the employers of labor in the first instance, the workers will do their share.

Wood's Phosphodine, *The Great English Remedy.* Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. *Cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $1 per box, six for $5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO ONT. (Formerly Windsor)

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Webb & Harris, Jamaica Rum.
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"St. Augustine" Communion Wine.
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Soldier Boy

Do you hear the bugle sounding, Soldier Boy?
Don't it make your heart beat faster, just for joy
Britain wants her sons to fight
For honor, truth and all that's right,
And face the foe with all your might, Soldier Boy.

CHORUS.

Keep the old flag flying, lads;
It's the honor of your Dads,
Who died for England in the days of yore.
'Tis your birthright your defending,
Should the strife be never ending.
Keep the old flag flying flying, evermore.

Do you hear the call to duty, Sailor Boy?
It is answered with a hearty "Ship Ahoy!"
We're the boys in navy blue,
Who ride the waves., and we'll be true to old Britannia, and we'll show them how to

Keep the old flag flying, lads, etc.

Do you hear the call for help, City Boy?
Will they call for you in vain? or annoy?
You to leave the desk or plough
To help the red line, show them how,
Britannia's sons can fight, right now, City Boy.

Keep the old flag flying, lads, etc.

—Mrs. J. Richard Jones,
Sturgeon Creek.

World of Labor

There are more than one million miners employed in the United States.

The Arkansas State Federation of Labor is pressing the legislature for an anti-child labor law.

After years of agitation the Missouri state legislature is to enact a workmen's compensation act.

Over four hundred coal handlers along the Milwaukee river docks are on strike for increased wages.

Massachusetts Journeymen Barbers have decided to agitate for state legislation regulating the hours of labor in barber shops, and that all journeymen shall pass an examination for efficienty.

Over three thousand employes of the Baltimore Street Railway Company have received an advance in wages. The new schedule gives an average raise of 25 cents per day to motermen and conductors.

There never was a time when there was such a large supply of flour in Great Britain as at the present time. Yet, instead of bread becoming cheaper, the cost of living is advancing, and bread has gone up to seven pence a loaf.

The City Council of Duluth, Minn., has offered the Edison Electrical Light Company an even million dollars for its plant and equipment. If the corporation refuses the offer the city will carry out the advice of its engineers and construct a plant of its own.

All indications point to the success of the New York fur workers, who, to the number of four thousand, are on strike for better conditions. Already more than two-thirds of the members of the Fur Manufacturers' Association have signed upon agreements, about three hundred shops in all having been affected. The chief demands of the union is for a forty-nine hour week, the closed shop and the stopping of all home work. The immediate success of the strike has make the workers jubilant, and the officials voice their satisfaction at the splendid progress made in such a short time.

The American Flint Glass Workers' Union now has a paid-up membership of 9,692 members. During the year, owing to the solidarity of the organization, there was a general advance in wages, which, if divided among the entire membership, would average up at $64.50 per year.

Nearly every central body and local trades union in Vermont is affiliated with the state Federation of Labor, and as a result the general movement has been enabled to secure many advantageous concessions from employers and municipalities because of its solidarity.

Reports from all sections of the United States and Canada show that the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners continue to make phenomenal headway. During the present year three thousand workers in Pacific coast shipyards have been initiated into the organization.

While the price of meat is soaring in Canada, it makes one begin to moralize when he learns that despite the fact that the country is at war, meat in Paris, France, has been selling at a lower price than at any previous time inside of twenty years. Looks as though there was some jugglery getting in with work somewhere in the "Domin."

James K. Hackett in Othello

Mr. James . Hackett is one of the most popular English-speaking actors of the stage, and the announcement of his coming is always sure to inspire interest, for it insures an evening of rare delight. Fine acting and artistic stage presentation are qualities not too often met in the theatre, but are always present in any production which bears the Hackett name. Memory runs back to his many great successes which have attracted a universal public, notably "The Prisoner of Zenda, "The Pride of Jennico," "Rupert of Hentzau," "John Glade's Honor," "Don Caesar's Return," "Samson," "A Grain of Dust" and "The Bishop's Candlesticks." What roles could have offered a finer apprenticeship for the great characters of tragedy And what finer opportunity for an actor of Mr. Hackett's personal and artistic attainments than in the character of the immortal Shakespeare's jealous Moor For a strietly limited tour, and to establish it in his permanent repertoire, this excellent actor is to play Othello. The opportunity is one which no true theatre-goer will venture to overlook and the star willassuredly be welcomed by capacity houses when he appears at the Grand Opera House next Saturday, Sept. 19.

Headquarters 38th Regiment D. R. of C.

Regimental Orders by Lieut.-Col. F. A. Howard, on Service

Brantford Sept. 12th, 1914.

No. 111.—The following extracts from General Orders is published for the information of the Regiment: G.O. No. 118. 38th. Regiment Dufferin Rifles of Canada. To be Musketry Instructor: Lieutenant A. C. Emmons, 22nd. June, 1914.

o. 112.—Captain of the week, week ending 19th. September. Captain W. F. Newman, next for duty, Captain F. E. Hicks. Subaltern of the week, Lieut. G. H. Sager, next for duty Lieut G. A. Duncan. Regimental Orderly, Sergeant. Sergt. T. Martin. Next for duty Sergt. H. T. Crumplin.

No. 113.—The following having passed the Recruit Class are posted as follows: Ptes. L. Harington, G. Parsons, A. Rose, G. Saunders, R. Pearsons and A. Money to A. Co'y. Ptes. C. Dawson, J. H. Woodcock, W. Fuller to C Co'y. Ptes. F. Wade, C. Taylor, E W. Brown, W. Sweeney, J. H. Hoffman, J. Wallace to E. Coy. Ptes. T. Hession to F. Coy. Ptes. A Smith W. Williams, C. Wilbee, G. Durnford, T. Hawley, A. Brooker, G. W. Brown, R. J. Beaty, B. Hughes and J. Milligan to G. Coy. Ptes. G. Skinner, A. Healey, W. Hebden., F. Tulley, S. Weir and V. Warren and W. G. Edmondson to H. Co'y. Ptes. R. Burbank, S. King to Signal Section. Pte. P. Lacey to Stretcher Bearer Section. Ptes. W. W. Edge, A. Prowse, W. Haynes, J. Haynes, S. Carey, H. Ward to Bugle Band.

No. 114.—The C.O. is pleased to approve the following transfers: No. 6034, Pte. W. Havman, Bugle Band, is transferred to Stretcher Bearer Section. No. 5670, Sergt. F. H. Jarvis, E. Coy. is transferred to G. Coy.

No 115.—The following are struck off the strength of the Regiment: No. 5659, Pte. W. J. Harvey, H. Coy; No. 6319, Pte. Richardson, H. Coy. No. 6029, Pte. H. A. Fairchild, F. Coy., left limits

No. 116—Sergt. Coale, Signal Corp. is reduced to Corporal for disobedience to orders.

No. 117.—The C. O. is pleased to hand the following officers His Majesty's commission in the Active Militia of Canada:

Lieutenant W. A. Burrows.
Lieutenant, T. W. Clark.
Lieutenant Geo. T. Cockshutt.
Lieutenant C. M. Sheppard.
Captain G. A. Ward.

No. 118.—The C. O. is pleased to hand the following certificates of military instruction.

Sergt. T. L. Foyle, Royal School of Infantry, sergeant certificate.
Sergt. C. T. Rotchill, Royal School of Infantry, sergeant certificate.
Sergt.-Major W. G. Oxtaby, Musketry Instructor certificate.
Sergt. A. Davis, Musketry Instructor certificate.
Color-Sergt. E. H. Prior, Musketry instructor certificate.
Sergt. C. Bissett, Musketry Instructor certificate.
Sergt. E. J. Brunsden, Musketry Instructor certificate.
Sergt. H. K. Martin, Musketry Instructor certificate.
Sergt J. Dockray, Musketry Instructor certificate.
Corp. R. Gage, Musketry Instructor certificate.
Pte. L. McIntyre, Musketry Instructor certificate.

No. 119.—The C. O. is pleased to make the following promotions:

To be Color Sergeant, B Coy, No. 5606, Sergt. A. T. Pickles.
To be Sergeant B Coy, No. 6107, Corpl. W. W. Prior.
To be Acting Sergeant, B Coy, No. 5629, acting corpl. F. Cook.
To be Acting Corp. B Coy, Pte. W. Gard.
To be Sergt. H Coy, No. 6328, Pte. Geo. Taylor.
To be Sergt. No. 5670, Corpl. F. N. James.
To be Corporal, No. 6161, Pte. F. E. Shaw.
To be Sergeant Signal Section, No. 5837, Corp. F. McKie., vice No. 4975, Sergt. Coale, reduced.
To be Col. Sergt., F Coy, No. 6073, Sergt. F. Stone.

No. 120.—The C. O. is pleased to hand the following good service badges which have been earned:

No. 5500, Corp. J. Frost, six years badge.
No. 5393, Pte. Albert Ife, 3 years badge.

P. P. BALLACHEY, Captain.
Adjutant.

The British army, Premier Asquith announced, would be increased to about 1,200,000, exclusive of territorials, the national reserve and the Dominions' contingents.

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Received just before the war--Quality the best--Prices the lowest. See China Hall Display!

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Drink it for its nourishing body-building qualities as well as for its delicious sparkling flavor.

Any dealer can supply you a case.

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May be ordered at 47 Colborne St., Brantford

THE STORY OF Waitstill Baxter

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

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CHAPTER XVI.

A State o' Maine Prophet.

SUMMER was dying hard, for although it had passed, by the calendar, Mother Nature was still keeping up her customary attitude.

There had been a soft rain in the night, and every spear of grass was brilliantly green and tipped with crystal. The smoke bushes in the garden plot and the asparagus bed beyond them looked misty as the sun rose higher, drying the soaked earth and dripping branches. Spiders' webs, marvels of lace, dotted the short grass under the apple tree. Every flower that had a fragrance was pouring it gratefully into the air; every bird with a joyous note in its voice gave it more joyously from a bursting throat, and the river laughed and rippled in the distance at the foot of Town House hill. The dawn grew into full morning, and streams of blue smoke rose here and there from the Edgewood chimneys. The world was alive and so beautiful that Waitstill felt like going down on her knees in gratitude for having been born into it and given a chance of serving it in any humble way whatsoever.

Wherever there was a barn, in Riverboro or Edgewood, one could have heard the three legged stools being lifted from the pegs, and then would begin the music of the milk pails; first the resonant sound of the stream in the bottom of the tin pail, then the soft, delicious purring of the cascade into the full bucket, while the cows serenely chewed their cuds and whisked away the flies with swinging tails.

Deacon Baxter was taking his cows to a pasture far over the hill, the feed having grown too short in his own fields. Patty was washing dishes in the kitchen and Waitstill was in the dairy house at the butter making, one of her chief delights. She worked with speed and with beautiful sureness, patting, squeezing, rolling the golden mass like the true artist she was, then turning the sweet scented waxen balls out of the mould onto the big stone china platter that stood waiting. She had been up early, and for the last hour she had toiled with devouring eagerness that she might have a little time to herself. It was hers now, for Patty would be busy with the beds after she finished the dishes, so she drew a folded paper from her pocket, the first communication she had ever received in Ivory's handwriting, and sat down to read it:

She Sat Down to Read the First Communication She Had Ever Received In Ivory's Handwriting.

My Dear Waitstill—Rodman will take this packet and leave it with you when he finds opportunity. It is not in any real sense a letter, so I am in no danger of incurring your father's displeasure. You will probably have heard new rumors concerning my father during the past few days, for Peter Morrill has been to Enfield, N. H., where he says letters have been received stating that my father died in Cortland, O., more than five years ago. I shall do what I can to substantiate this fresh report, as I have always done with all the previous ones, but I have little hope of securing reliable information at this distance and after this length of time. I do not know when I can ever start on a personal quest myself, for even had I the money I could not leave home until Rodman is much older and fitted for greater responsibility. Oh, Waitstill, how you have helped my poor, dear mother! Would that I were free to tell you how I value your friendship! It is something more than mere friendship. What you are doing is like throwing a life line to a sinking human being. Two or three times of late mother has forgotten to set out the supper things for my father. Her ten years' incessant waiting for him seems to have subsided a little, and in its place she watches for you. [Ivory had written "watches for her daughter," but carefully erased the last two words.] You come but seldom, but her heart feeds on the sight of you. What she needed, it seems, was the magical touch of youth and health and strength and sympathy, the qualities you possess in such great measure.

If I had proof of my father's death I think now perhaps that I might try to break it gently to my mother, as if it were fresh news, and see if possibly I might thus remove her principal hallucination. You see now, do you not, how sane she is in many—indeed in most ways—how sweet and lovable, even how sensible?

To help you better to understand the influence that has robbed me of both father and mother and made me and mine the subject of town and tavern gossip for years past I have written for you just a sketch of the "Cochrane craze," the romantic story of a man who swayed the wills of his fellow creatures in a truly marvelous manner. Some local historian of his time will doubtless give him more space. My wish is to have you know something more of the circumstances that have made me a prisoner in life instead of a free man. But, prisoner as I am at the moment, I am sustained just now by a new courage. I read in my copy of Dvid last night, "The best of weapons is the undaunted heart." This will help you, too, in your hard life, for yours is the most undaunted heart in all the world.

IVORY BOYNTON.

The chronicle of Jacob Cochrane's career in the little villages near the Saco river has no such interest for the general reader as it had for Waitstill Baxter. She hung upon every word that Ivory had written and realized more clearly than ever before the shadow that had followed him since early boyhood—the same shadow that had fallen across his mother's mind and left continual twilight there.

No one really knew, it seemed, why or from whence Jacob Cochrane had come to Edgewood. He simply appeared at the old tavern a stranger, with satchel in hand, to seek entertainment. Uncle Bart had often described this scene to Waitstill, for he was one of those sitting about the great open fire at the time. The man easily slipped into the group and soon took the lead in conversation, delighting all with his agreeable personality, his nimble tongue and graceful speech. At supper time the hostess and the rest of the family took their places at the long table, as was the custom, and he astonished them by his knowledge not only of town history, but of village matters they had supposed unknown to any one.

When the stranger had finished his supper and returned to the barroom he had to pass through a long entry, and the landlady, whispering to her daughter, said:

"Betsy, you go up to the chamber closet and get the silver and bring it down. This man is going to sleep there, and I am afraid of him. He must be a fortune teller, and the Lord only knows what else!"

In going to the chamber the daughter had to pass through the barroom. As she was moving quietly through, hoping to escape the notice of the newcomer, he turned in his chair and, looking her full in the face, suddenly said:

"Madam, you needn't touch your silver. I don't want it. I am a gentleman."

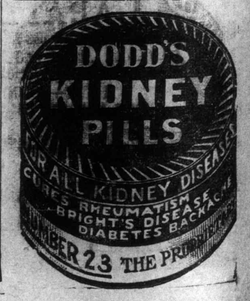
Whereupon the bewildered Betsy scuttled back to her mother and told her the strange guest was indeed a fortune teller.

Of Cochrane's initial appearance as a preacher Ivory had told Waitstill in their talk in the churchyard early in the summer. It was at a child's funeral that the new prophet created his first sensation, and there, too, that Aaron and Lois Boynton first came under his spell. The whole countryside had been just then wrought up to a state of religious excitement by revival meetings, and Cochrane gained the benefit of this definite preparation for his work. He claimed that all his sayings were from divine inspiration and that those who embraced his doctrine received direct communication from the Almighty. He disdained formal creeds and all manner of church organizations, declaring that sectarian names were marks of the beast and all church members to be in Babylon. He introduced rebaptism as a symbolic cleansing from sectarian stains, and after some months advanced a proposition that his flock hold all things in common. He put a sudden end to the solemn "deaconing out" and droning of psalm tunes and grafted on to his form of worship lively singing and marching, accompanied by clapping of hands and whirling in circles, during the progress of which the most hysterical converts or the most fully "Cochranized" would swoon upon the floor, or, in obeying their leader's instructions to "become as little children," would sometimes go through the most extraordinary and unmeaning antics.

It was not until he had converted hundreds to the new faith that he added more startling revelations to his gospel. He was in turn bold, mystical, eloquent, audacious, persuasive, autocratic, and even when his self styled "communications from the Almighty" controverted all that his hearers had formerly held to be right, he still magnetized or hypnotized them into an unwilling assent to his beliefs. There was finally a proclamation to the effect that marriage vows were to be annulled when advisable and that complete spiritual liberty was to follow; a liberty in which a new affinity might be sought and a spiritual union begun upon earth, a union as nearly approximate to God's standards as faulty human beings could manage to attain.

(To be Continued.)

The body of a sailor, believed to have been lost in the Lake Huron gale of last November, was washed ashore at Port Franks.



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Sometimes, He Had To Sit A Time—Suffered F Cured Himself W

D. A. W
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MAY BE TRICK

Express Correspondent Sees Po sibility in the Retreat of Germans.

[By Special Wire to the Courier]

LONDON, Sept. 12.—4.58 a.m. —The Paris correspondent of The Express thinks that there is a distinct possibility of a German attack by the extreme right of their army coming towards Paris from the south of Amiens.

The masses of the German armies seem not to have been seriously engaged thus far, he says. They came very close to Paris and are now being pushed back with great ease by the British army and it the allied forces toward the east, the allied forces toward the east, thus removing them from Paris and exposing them to the dangen of running their heads into a prepared position.

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