

An Easy Wheel

By GERTRUDE BRESLAU HUNT.

With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt,
Enriched from ancestral merchandise,
And for them many a weary hand did swelt
In torched mine and noisy factories,
And many once proud-quivered loins did melt
In blood from stringing whip—with hollow eyes
Many all day in dazzling river stood
To take the rich-ord' driftings of the flood.
For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,
And went all naked to the hungry shark;
For them his ears gushed blood; for them in death
The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark
Lay full of darts; for them alone did seethe
A thousand men in troubles wide and dark.
Half ignorant they turned an easy wheel
That set sharp racks at work to pinch and peel.

—Keats.

I live in Norwood Park, a suburb of Chicago, eleven miles from the heart of the city, on a branch of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, owned by the Vanderbilts. One mile north of Norwood Park, and farther from the city, there is a cemetery where the Polish and Bohemian poor of Chicago bury their dead.

One bitter day last January as I alighted from the two o'clock train from the city I saw a woman sitting on the wooden bench in front of the station. Her face looked as though prematurely aged by poverty, drudgery and suffering. Her clothing was faded and threadbare, her shoulders stooped, but these things I did not notice until later. That which caught and held my attention was a little unstained pine box which she held upon her knees. It did not need any gift of second sight to know that box contained the body of her dead baby. She seemed to see nothing, but stared at the little box with a dull apathy that told of an exhaustion of grief more terrible than tears. The hands she clasped about the box were brown, seamed and calloused by hard work. She was alone. At last I ventured to speak to her: "Madam, will you please tell me where you live?"

"I live on Throop street, near Eighteenth street, in Chicago, Lady."

"Will you tell me what work you do?"

"I wash and scrub when I can get the work to do."

I said, "Have you no husband, that you should be alone at such a time as this?"

"O, yes, Lady, I have a good husband, but he is away from home just now."

Again I questioned: "Would you mind telling me what work he does?"

"He is a section hand for the Chicago Northwestern Railroad."

"What wages does he receive?"

"My man gets \$1.35 a day when he is working, but a big iron fell on his foot last fall and crushed it. He was home nearly three months waiting for his foot to heal. I used to go down town and scrub in the big office buildings until eleven and twelve o'clock at night and walk home, nearly six miles, to save car fare, until my husband got well."

"But have you no kind neighbors that could have come with you today?"

I knew how unspeakable is the anguish when the breath of life flutters out of the body of a beloved child, even when everything that money and loving service can contribute has been done to save the life. To me the thought was unbearable that any mother should have to go alone on such an errand as this.

"Yes, I have good kind neighbors. The woman that lives up-stairs from me has been awful good to me. She has taken care of my baby many, many times when I was out washing or scrubbing; but she is poor, too, Lady. She has six children and a sickly man, and she works as I do. She could not afford the 35 cents it costs to come out here on the train. Why, Lady, I did not come on the train. I rode on the street car to the end of the line and walked the other three miles here, and I'm just resting here a little while before I walk the other mile out to the place where I must leave my baby."

This is only half my story. I want you to know the other half.

As I looked at this woman sitting

there with her dead baby on her knee there flashed through my mind the memory of a news item I had read not ten days before in all the great daily papers of Chicago. Young Reginald Vanderbilt, one of the owners of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, had lost \$125,000.00 at the gaming table in a single evening in a single hour.

One paper I read stated that young Vanderbilt was "game." They said he did not seem to mind; that he lost gracefully and went out of the place with a smile on his face as if nothing had happened. As I looked at this woman, with her stooping shoulders, her faded garments, her face carved deep with lines of toil and hardship, her hands scarred and worn, alone with her dead baby in that unsightly box, I said to myself: "Why in heaven's name should young Vanderbilt mind?" The wealth he lost at the gaming table was drawn from the blood and sweat of this woman's husband and the army of men who, like him, work on the Vanderbilt road. That he may scatter thousands in an hour among the vultures who always gather at such carrion feasts, these laborers toil in the blistering sun of summer and the biting blast of winter and their babies starve and freeze and die while they do it.

But it shall not always be thus. The earth trembles with the increasing tread of a vast army upon whose banners is emblazoned the gripped hands of the toilers of the world, an army that will valiantly fight for a commonwealth in which a baby's life shall be more sacred than a deck of cards.

ISSUE SOCIAL MANIFESTO

Promise to Preach Socialism as Incubated by the Golden Rule.

The Herald to-day received from Mr. John D. Long, secretary of the Ministers' Socialistic Conference, Brooklyn, N. Y., a copy of a manifesto addressed to the clergy and churches of America, signed by 161 clergymen. The manifesto is as follows:

Greeting:
Brethren—We who are ministers to congregations of various denominations hereby declare our adherence to the object of the Ministers' Socialistic Conference, which is:

1. To permeate churches, denominations and other religious institutions with the social message of the Bible; to show that socialism is the economic expression of the religious life; to end the class struggle by establishing industrial democracy, and to hasten the reign of justice and brotherhood upon earth.

2. We believe that the economic teaching of the Scriptures would find its fulfillment in the co-operative commonwealth of modern socialism.

3. We believe that the present social system, based as it is upon the sin of covetousness makes the ethical life as incalculable by religion impracticable; and should give place to a social system founded on the "Golden Rule" and the "royal law" of the kingdom of God. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," which, realized under the co-operative commonwealth of socialism, will create an environment favorable to the practice of religious life.

4. We accordingly urge with utmost earnestness that all our brethren in the ministry, and the people in all churches search the Scriptures and study the philosophy of socialism, that they may see if our belief be not indeed God's very truth.

The clergymen signing represent practically every state in the union, and include the following Canadians: Rev. Fred G. Tipping, Burnet Lake, Baptist, Everts, Alta.; Rev. J. L. Batty, Jubilee Methodist, Sydney, C. B.; Rev. J. C. Berrie, Methodist, Gibson, N. B.; Rev. A. M. McIntosh, Baptist, Hillsborough, N. B.; Rev. James E. Ford, Methodist, Lucknow, Ont.—Montreal Herald.

Life Lengthened

In reading an old scrap book, that is nearly half a century old. I came across the following rules for prolonging life, under the quaint old heading of "life lengthened."

- 1.—Cultivate an equable temper, many a man has fallen dead in a fit of passion.
- 2.—Eat regularly, not over thrice a day and nothing between meals.
- 3.—Go to bed at regular hours, get up as soon as you wake of yourself and do not sleep in the daytime, at least not longer than ten minutes before noon.
- 4.—Cultivate a generous and accommodating temper.
- 5.—Never eat when you are not hungry, nor drink when you are not thirsty.
- 6.—Never cross a bridge before you

come to it for this will save half the trouble of life.

7.—Never allow yourself to be chilled through and through. It is this which destroys so many every year, in a few days sickness from pneumonia, called by some, lung fever.

8.—Whoever drinks no liquids at his meals will add years of pleasurable existence to his life. Of cold and warm drinks, the former are more pernicious, drinking at meals induces people to eat more than they otherwise would, and it is excess of eating, which devastates the land with sickness, suffering and death.

14.—After 50 years of age persons should eat but twice a day, in the morning and about 4 in the afternoon, thus giving the stomach a rest, for every organ without adequate rest must give in prematurely.

15.—Begin early to live under the benign influence of the Christian religion for it has the promise of life that is now and of that which is to come.

A French chemist thinks he has discovered the elixir of life in sour butter milk, the lactic acid in which "dissolves" the products of organic combustion, which, as ossifying and calcareous degenerations, are the main agents in the death of the aged.

Mode of Lying in Bed

The Medical Journal says "It is often a question among people who are unacquainted with the anatomy and physiology of man whether lying with the head exalted, or level with the body, is most wholesome. Most people, consulting their own ease on this point, argue in favor of that which they prefer. Although many delight in bolstering up their heads at night and sleep soundly without injury, yet we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels in which the blood passes from the heart to the head are always lessened in their cavities, when the head is resting in bed higher than the body; therefore, in all diseases attended with fever the head" should be pretty nearly on the level with the body, and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus and avoid danger."

COSTS FAR LESS

To Protect Existing Forests Than to Plant New Ones

The Canadian public needs to wake up to the necessity of saving the valuable forests at a comparatively small expenditure, instead of losing millions by the burning of their timber and having to go to comparatively large expense to plant up areas thus denuded.

The need for forest planting is often, and rightly urged. But there is another aspect of forestry that claims a place even in advance of this, viz., that of protecting the forest from fire.

Planting an acre of ground with forest trees costs, according to figures given by Mr. E. J. Zavitz, Forester to the Ontario Department of Agriculture, \$5.00 to \$10.00 per acre. The former was the figure when labor could be had at a low price, and other circumstances were favorable. Taking even this figure it can easily be calculated that the cost of planting up one square mile is \$3,200.00, for planting 10 square miles the cost will be \$32,000.00, and to plant a single township 6 miles square would require an expenditure of \$115,200.00.

Instead of waiting for, and allowing, forests to burn down (and the tremendous risk to the forest from fire is little appreciated by any who have not studied the subject,) it is far cheaper and easier to guard existing forests from fire. The ranging of the railway belt in British Columbia, an area of a little over 10 million acres, during the last fiscal year, (April 1, 1907, to March 31, 1908,) cost the Dominion Government \$14,111.64—something less than 1½ mills per acre, or about 90 cents per square mile. No serious fires were reported during the year. The railway belt is exceptionally well patrolled, but even with the cost several times what it is, the expense is well worth while, considering the value of the mature timber and young growth thus saved.

THE DOG'S HOWL

"What made that man at the last table leave?" asked the proprietor of the hotel.

"It was this way, sir," said the waiter.

"He came in and asked for sausages, and I told him we had not any, but if he would wait for it a little we would have some ready."

"Well?" said the proprietor.

"Then I went into the kitchen and accidentally stepped on the dog's tail, and the dog began to howl as if he was being killed, sir, and—"

"I see, I see," interrupted the proprietor.

Letters to the Editor

What's in a Name

TO THE EDITOR:

About six years ago a new Cast Iron Range was put on the market by the McClary Manufacturing Company, and a contest commenced for procuring a suitable name. Some 20,000 were suggested, but the one that appealed most to the judges was "Pandora."

The same year an extensive advertising campaign was put on, and has been kept up ever since; by which this name and the Range have become nationally known. Pandora is now a synonym for Merit.

If there could be any doubt in any person's mind as to the value of newspaper advertising, in Canada, the success of the Pandora Range, and the widespread acquaintanceship with the name Pandora, is the best proof that advertising does bring the people in closer touch with exploited goods.

"Pandora" sales record is unequalled anywhere.

Yours truly,

The McClary Manufacturing Co.

Will be Again in the Market

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OBSERVER:

Dear Sir—As you are no doubt aware, our foundry and stock were recently destroyed by fire.

Coming at the season that it did, with our warehouse full of goods and a large number of orders on our books, the loss to ourselves and the disappointment to our customers has been very great.

You will, however, we trust, be glad to learn that we intend to rebuild on the old site. In fact, contracts have been made and the new buildings are now under way.

We were fortunate enough to save our new brick power house which had just been completed, with a 150 h. p. Corliss Engine, Boiler and condensing tank, and this will form the nucleus of our new plant.

This will be of brick, constructed in the most substantial manner and fitted with the latest improvements. Before the end of the year the new Enterprise Foundry, bigger and better than ever, will be hope be in full operation, turning out the Enterprise Monarch and many of the Old Favorites.

Later on we shall have some very interesting things to say about New Patterns and by another season will have ready for the trade the most perfect line of up-to-date Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces ever offered.

We trust our old friends will keep this in mind and not commit themselves beyond present requirements until they see the attractiveness, from every point of view, of the new line of Enterprise goods that will be ready for 1909.

We wish to take this opportunity to express our warm appreciation of the many kind words of sympathy tendered us since the fire, and regret more than we can say the loss and disappointment to those customers who have stood so loyally by us in the past; but we have every confidence that the new plans, patterns and methods we purpose adopting for the future will place us in a position to more than make good the temporary loss and inconvenience sustained; and with heartiest thanks for past favors, we remain,

Yours sincerely,

THE ENTERPRISE FOUNDRY CO.

Sackville, N. B., August 25th, 1908.

Under the Table

As a reward for good behavior, Johnny was allowed to come to the dinner table when company was expected. He wanted to appear big, too, so he chose a low chair which brought his mouth just to the top of the table. But he didn't mind this, because it was on a line with his plate, and he was not so likely to drop anything while eating. He ate ravenously of everything, having nothing to say to the guests, as his mother had told him to remember that good children are seen, not heard. Finally, after dessert when there was a lull in the conversation, he exclaimed:

"Dad you can't guess what I've got under t-e table."

"No, my son," said his father, with an indulgent glance; "what is it?"

"Belly-ache," shouted Johnny, gleefully.

NOT A BOTHERSOME SPOUSE.

The Heiress—"But why should I marry you? I don't love you."

Her Suitor—"Oh, that's all right. I shan't be home very much, you know!"

The Store of Bargains

Now is the Time to do Your Shopping at

MINER'S, DUNHAM

As we are doing our best to lead in Quality and Prices. Our stock is bright and clean in spite of the clouds of dust which is rising everywhere these days. Now that the weather is cooling off, you will want

Flannelette or Wrapperette

And we have it at the right price. PRINT for quilts, Print for waists, Print wholesale and retail. Be sure and see our samples of Prints before buying—6c to 13c a yard.

Table Linen

Some very nice at 45c a yard, better at 50c, 60c, 70c.

Ladies Stockings

At reduced prices. We have several pairs of cotton stockings which were fancy at 25c a pair. We will clear them at 20c a pair.

Cashmere at 25c 35c, 40c and 50c a pair. Ask to see them.

Collars and Belts

For Ladies, all at lowest prices.

The Store of Bargains

Look for Our Ad. Next Week

H. H. MINER, DUNHAM

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By means of a Sofa Bed one room can be made to serve the purpose of two—a sleeping room at night and a sitting room during the day.

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