

ONE-DOLLAR-A-WEEK

When a piece of machinery is too old to do its work satisfactorily, it goes to the junk shop

When a man is too old to do his work satisfactorily and has not provided for his old age while he was earning, he goes to the poorhouse.

Yet, ONE-DOLLAR-A-WEEK invested in our SAVINGS BANK POLICY

(Maturing in Twenty Years.)

Would have enabled him to spend his old days in a state of comfortable independence.

When our agent calls, listen to him and he will be sure to tell you something that will interest you.

THE UNION LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

Head Office - - - - - TORONTO

Help the Rich

The returns for the last year show that of the goods imported, there were \$150,000,000 dutiable and \$100,000,000 in the free list. In this free list, with the exception of \$13,000,000 of anthracite coal, there was nothing that was purchased by the poor—it was all for the rich.

And when these goods were afterwards bought by the poor they were no longer in the free list, for the tariff is arranged in such a subtle way that that which the rich man buys without a duty he can afterwards add the duty thereto. Take the case of cotton. When raw and bought by the employer, it is in the free list, but after it has been woven into cloth and printed on, then the manufacturer has the chance to add thirty-five per cent., because the imported printed cotton goods are subject to that duty.

The free trade part of the tariff is thus almost wholly for the benefit of the rich, and the heaviest duties are piled on to the poor.

The tariff is constructed on this plan: Whatever the richest of the rich have to sell and the poorest of the poor have to buy, that is in the highest rates; but whatever the poorest of the poor have to sell and the richest of the rich must buy, that is in the free list. The importation of labor is free all the time. The politicians cry out against the competition of pauper labor; but they take good pains that the labor market is always filled with these very paupers, so as to keep wages down to the lowest point. The immigration policy attends to that.

The employer, when he goes to buy, has the advantage of freedom, cheapness and abundance, but when the workman goes to buy the duty makes restriction, dearth and scarcity.

There is one law to enrich the rich and another law to skin the poor.

Oh! oh! they say, the workman gets far higher wages in this country than in free-trade England. Suppose he does, is that any proof that the workers get more than half what they produce. One thing is certain, namely, that both on this and on the other side of the Atlantic the laborers do the work and the other men get the wealth.

Yes, yes, they keep repeating; if you buy the cheap goods that the paupers make in the Old World with their cheap labor, the workers will become poor here. And this is asserted by the very men who have imposed millions of dollars on the workers, to bring the cheapest kind of labor, and who use every scheme to get the goods they want to buy into the free list.

Slaughter market and inundation, they cry. The wicked foreigner will inundate us with his cheap goods; then the employers arrange the free list so that they can keep all the inundation and slaughtering for themselves, while they carefully protect the workers against the slaughter and the inundation.

In the free list we find: Precious stones, \$1,152,206; but when it comes to blankets, shoes, clothing and tools, the duty is 25 to 35 per cent. If precious stones should come in free for the rich, why should not precious blankets come in free for the poor?

Go through the home of the workingman, and what article can we find that is not in some way affected by the tariff; if not directly, then indirectly. His furniture is made by machines and tools which the tariff makes dear, and coated with varnish that has been taxed. His mustard is taxed 35 per cent.; the needles to patch his garments, 30 per cent., and the pen to write his will, 25 per cent. It costs him 35 per cent. for a handkerchief to mop his nose, and the same rate for a comb to keep his hair in order. If his sight fails and he must buy spectacles, then up goes the tariff to 30 per cent.

That is the subtle way that the tax pursues the workingman, sleeping or waking, working or idle, in health or in sickness, for better or worse; it sticks to him like a leech, or drains him like an insensible perspiration.

But there is another man who is clothed in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day. He owns a few acres, well situated in the centre of the city. He tills not, neither does he spin. He has secured by law the power to charge his fellows all through the years for the opportunity to do business on the face of the earth. He enjoys a perennial spring of wealth, which is wrung from the toil of the poor. His land has a value of ten thousand to a hundred thousand dollars per acre per annum. The law can find the smallest microscopic article in the household of the poor man; but this mountain of wealth that rises to millions of dollars per acre in the large cities, the legislator cannot see. On that value, which ought to be taxed to its utmost limit, the law does not bear with a feather-weight, but to the home of the toiler it comes like a swarm of devouring locusts.

The Government helps the rich man to buy cheap and to sell dear. We will liberally reward the man who will point out the first case in which the Government does this for the poor man.

According to the figures in 1901, the census year, the furniture made in the

country amounted to close on \$7,000,000, while the imported was about \$444,000. For every dollar imported, sixteen dollars' worth were made in the country. What was there to prevent the home manufacturer adding the amount of the duty to that which he made? Nothing. In that case, for every dollar which the people paid into the public treasury, they had to pay sixteen dollars to the home manufacturers. It cost the people seventeen dollars to get one dollar into the treasury. In the case of boots and shoes, the result was worse, for the home-made goods were thirty times the imported. Therefore, if the manufacturers added the duty, and there was nothing to prevent them, the people had to pay thirty dollars to the manufacturers for every dollar they paid into the treasury.

Who is the protected man? It certainly is not the toiler; for he is bled by a host of parasites, bonus hunters, land speculators, collectors of ground rent, railroad subsidies, and protected manufacturers.

The worker produces abundance and lives in the home of scarcity. Then the politicians talk of protecting industry.

The collector of ground rent need not produce a dollar's worth of goods in a lifetime, and he reaps a fortune yearly.

Which man is protected, the one who produces the wealth and gets the poverty, or the man who gets the wealth and makes the poverty?

Iniquity, tyranny, fraud and oppression! Who, in the face of these wrongs, will slink like a laggard and raise no protest against the enslavement of industry and the enrichment of idleness? Every man in the ranks of labor should do his utmost to have these facts placed before the Tariff Commission, and demand with no uncertain tone their speedy rectification.

Justice demands that every dollar of tax should be removed from industry and placed on those values which now enable the man who does nothing to get nearly everything. The value which comes to the land of the city through the growth and organization of society is the honest source of taxation.

Plumbers Keep Away

Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters, and Helpers keep away from: Portland, Ore.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Bridgeport, Conn.; Burlington, Vt.; Stratford, Ont.; Syracuse, N.Y.; Utica, N.Y.; Bay City, Mich.; Burlington, Ia.; Boston, Mass.; Warren, Pa.; Vancouver, B.C.; Medford, Mass.

FEMININE TRANSLATION.

"Homer!" shouted the young man in the grand stand, as the player paused at third base.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the young lady who was seeing a ball game for the first time. "I didn't know that ball games were so literary. Why, that gentleman actually brought up the name of the old poet Homer."

EXTRAORDINARY.

"But is Eva really such a pretty girl?"

"Pretty! Why, she would look pretty on a photograph taken on an outing trip."

The Torn Trousers

A man and his wife arrived at a dance quite late in the evening, only for the husband to discover that in slipping on the icy pavement he had cut one knee of his trousers. The dressing-rooms were entirely empty, and the wife suggested:

"Here, come in the ladies' dressing-room. No one is in there, and I will pin it up and make it do for the evening."

But an examination showed the cut was too large, and no pinning up would do.

"I have a needle and black thread," suggested the maid attendant, "if the gentleman doesn't mind, I will stand at the door and see that no one comes in."

The trousers were hastily taken off and an overcoat made to serve as a robe. The wife quickly sewed, but in the middle of the task loud voices were heard arguing with the maid:

"We must come in, maid. A lady is sick. Quick, let us in."

The husband blanched; the maid looked appealingly; the wife glanced hurriedly around the room.

"Here, quick," she said to her husband, grabbing the knob of a door, "get into this closet for a moment."

And opening the door, she pushed her husband through, and slammed it. In a moment, however, a terrific hammering started on the other side of the "closet" door.

"Quick, Alice," came a voice; "let me back, quick."

"But the women are here," said the wife; "what's—"

"Oh, hang the women," came the voice, and another thump; "I'm in the ballroom!"—The Car Worker.

DIDN'T HAVE TO.

Warden—Have you anything to say before your electrocution?

Gambusta—No; but I'm so nervous I'm afraid I won't be able to stand the shock.