



SCENE IN MUSKOKA

J. H. Barnett, the Representative of the Iron Moulders' Union, is Interviewed by "La Patrie" of Montreal

Mr. J. H. Barnett, of Toronto, representing the International Iron Moulders Union of North America, when seen by a representative of *La Patrie* was asked if his mission to Montreal was a special one. He said: "No. While it is my duty to visit all iron centres to look after the interests of our people, I am here this time more in a fraternal way than as a special mission." When asked if the local people contemplated any trade movement, for increased wages or other conditions, Mr. Barnett said: "Of course you know this is the growing time. The iron industry was never more prosperous than at the present time, and, naturally, the moulders, like all other people, have aspirations for participating in the general prosperity."

"I do not think there will be any trouble of so serious a character that cannot be amicably adjusted without resorting to war measures."

When asked as to the relationship existing between the iron foundry organization and the moulders in Canada, he said, with possible two or three exceptions, our relationship is of the very best. The principal firms in the stove industry have found it advantageous to make contracts with our union with re-

gard to prices, wages, conditions, etc., for a fixed period of time, thus insuring a staple condition of affairs in that trade during the life of these trade agreements. If employers generally would regard their employees as having certain rights in disposing of their labor it would tend to establish a better feeling, confidence and respect, than attempting to prevent them from joining their trade organizations.

The trade unions are gaining a hold upon the minds of the working people as no other form of organization has; they are part of the institutions of our times and cannot be destroyed by any attempt of those who make profit out of the labor of the working people as some firms in Canada have, after expending thousands of dollars in litigation, found out to their sorrow.

The only difference existing in Canada in the stove trade between the moulders are two firms, the McClary Manufacturing Company of London and the Gurney Foundry Company of Toronto. The obstinacy of these contests has so embittered feeling in this matter that the organized workers and their friends have been giving their patronage to other firms more friendly and generally considered more fair.

He was a Dead One

How Scribner Felt After Receiving a Circular of a Cemetery.

Scribner was expecting a check. It had been promised him the week before and by him had he promised his tailor. If he made good his promise he would have his evening clothes. If he did not get the check himself he could not go to the theatre with her. Therefore he was most anxious to receive the check.

His anxiety got him out of bed when the postman first rang in the morning, though he seldom rose before 9. He toiled down the stairs and up again, disgustedly regarding a letter addressed by himself which he knew must contain rejected manuscript.

He was in the middle of his breakfast when the bell rang again, and once more he sought the mail box, this time fishing out a circular imploring him to have his life insured before he departed this earth and left his widow homeless.

Scribner indited a scathing letter to the insurance people, suggesting that they wait until he married before sending any more circulars like that, and this set him in such good humor that he actually was whistling when he answered the third ring.

It was only a paper this time, a country paper sent to him by a man he once knew. He had been receiving it for ten years. They were handy to use when he wanted to build a fire in the grate, but he scarcely considered it worth a trip downstairs.

There were no more rings until 5 p. m., and, sure that the check must have come at last, Scribner went down the steps two at a time. He only came back long enough to get his hat and overcoat.

LABOR FABLES

(Originated by Aesop—Modernized by M. Dash.)

A Bald Knight, who wore a wig, went blew off his hat and wig, at which a cat to him. A sudden puff of wind loud laugh rang forth from his companions. He joined in the joke by saying: "What marvel that hair which are not mine should fly from me, when my

own have forsaken even the man with whom they were born."

Those who cannot take care of their own should never be entrusted with the care of another's property, nor should those who cannot control themselves be placed in control of others. This is particularly true of trades unionism, where in most instances hot-headedness means defeat.

Three Bulls for a long time pastured together. A Lion lay in ambush in the hope of making them his prey, but was afraid to attack them whilst they kept together. Having at last by guileful speeches succeeded in separating them, he attacked them without fear as they fed alone, and feasted on them one by one at his own leisure.

In union is strength. Note this, ye workers who are not organized. Get wise and come in out of the rain.

A certain house was overrun with Mice. A Cat, discovering this, made her way into it and began to catch and eat them one by one. The Mice, being continually devoured, kept themselves close in their holes. The Cat, no longer able to get at them, perceived that she must tempt them forth by some device. For this purpose she jumped upon a peg, and, suspending herself from it, pretended to be dead. When the Mice came near she pounced upon them and killed a great number. Pleased with the success of the trick, she tried another. She whitened herself with flour and lay still on the heap of bags, as though she was one of them. The young Mice crept dangerously near her, but an old one peeping stealthily out, said: "Ah, my good madam, though you should turn into a real flourbag, I will not come too near you."

Avoid even appearances of danger, for the price of safety is eternal vigilance among trades unions as well as among mice. Taking chances is a desperate game when it comes to labor organizations, and too much precaution cannot be taken to avoid grievous blunders.

The poor but gentle and college-educated man who is always being told that his vulgar but wealthy master says "Sit on, boy!" is a living truth that "knowledge is power."

In the Air

Every reform has its "dervish" stage when its advocates make a noise out of all proportion to their influence. Then the "cranks" leave it for the next fad and the few loyal souls seem hopeless in their minority. But if the idea has merit it will not be lost. The sentiment that was uttered on the street corner will be echoed in the university, and grave professors and statesmen will begin to appropriate the very phrases of the neglected reformer. As the times ripen for the idea, it will begin to break out everywhere.

One of the ideas now in the air is that for which Henry George contended. Twenty-five years ago, when Henry George finished his great book, he fell on his knees and cried. No one in the wide world knew what he knew, that he had there an idea which would conquer the world.

A marble stone in Greenwood Cemetery says that Henry George is dead, but innumerable voices testify to the victorious power of his truth.

HOUSING PROBLEM A LAND PROBLEM.

Read the speeches of the Liberal leaders in England who are being swept into Parliament with overwhelming majorities. They are but repeating the phrases of Henry George.

For years single tax men, as they have been called, have objected to the proposals of the tenement house reformers. To those who busied themselves collecting fresh air funds, or inventing meddlesome legislation for the erection of tenements, or urging socialistic schemes for municipal lodgings. To all such the single tax men have said: "Congestion is caused by land monopoly. Transfer the burden of taxation from houses to land values."

Their solution was too simple. Their advice was not heeded. But now the Prime Minister of England asks, as though the answer were apparent to everybody: "What is the housing problem but a land problem?"

TAXATION AND EMPLOYMENT.

For years single tax men have vainly pointed out the obvious fact that as wealth production consists of labor applied to land, a system of taxation which may make it more profitable to hold land out of use than to use it operates to restrict the opportunities of capital and labor, and aggravates the problem of the unemployed. Now the Prime Minister of England is declaring on the hustings that the problem of the unemployed is simply the problem of colonizing their own countryside, and that, by a tax on the lands of the lords, he proposes to open the door of opportunity to England's beggared sons.

The Glasgow Herald quotes him as saying: "I am at any rate convinced that a moderate application of the principle of site value taxation would appreciably reduce the burdens and at the same time lighten rents and diminish the evils of over-crowding which disgrace us to-day, and give us a fresh outlet for employment."

A GERMAN EDITOR'S COMMENT.

And the example of this movement in England is rapidly bringing the idea into vogue in America. The Cincinnati Volksblatt, a German paper in high favor with conservative elements, said in a recent editorial:

"What England needs is an industrial reform, especially in the disposition of ground rent, which constitutes a heavy burden for the people, and what is more harmful, turns away capital which should be invested in industry, and thereby causes a lack of employment. As soon as it shall be ordered that the increment of land values created by society shall be paid back to society in the form of taxes, an enormous amount of capital which is now being invested in land will be turned in another direction and secured for the benefit of industry."

HERBERT S. BIGELOW,

Pastor Vine Street Congregational Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.
February 18, 1906.

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The person who is afraid of obstacles.
The man who has no iron in his blood.
The person who tries to save on foundations.

The boy who slips rotten hours into his schooling.

The man who is always running to catch up with his business.

The man who can do little of everything and not much of anything.

The man who wants to succeed, but who is not willing to pay the price.

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Bakers' strike still on.

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PREFERS HADES TO POLITICS.

Ex-Judge Samuel Miller, of Mercer, Pa., who has recently finished twenty years on the bench, and who thinks a political rest is due him, wrote a letter to the Western Press, a local paper, in which he says:

"Every now and then some cuss uses your columns to mix me up in politics. The last item was in last week's Press that I am opposing the election of Prof. Ghering. I have no more interest in the election, or defeat of the professor than I have in the eclipse of the moon. I've had all the politics I want. One United States District Attorney, George Jenks, asking about moving to Washington, said if given a choice between Washington and hell he'd take hell, and so if I am given a choice between Pennsylvania politics and hell, I'll take the same choice Jenks did."

"Of course, I'd want some reasonable assurance that I'd be reprieved at the end of three months."

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"Three months ago I returned his ring," said the tall brunette, "and I vowed then and there that I should throw his picture and his letters into the furnace."

"And did you?" gasped her chum.

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"How terrible!"

"But—there was no fire in the furnace."

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