

merriment at a meeting of 4,000 constituents. "My ideas," she said, "are my husband's. No; I don't mean that—I mean that my husband's ideas are mine. It is better to be born lucky than rich, and that is what my husband was. He has always got what he wanted, even myself, and as he wants so much to represent Scarborough in the coming Parliament I have great faith in his luck."

Mrs. Fred Horner kissed a workman on Monday in order to get votes for her husband in North Lambeth. The following version of the story was given by Mrs. Horner herself:—
About forty or fifty workmen in the southern part of the constituency had just stopped work for lunch, when Mrs. Horner drove up in her carriage. Immediately they crowded around her. "Will you give us a kiss if we all vote for your husband?" asked one of the bolder ones. "Which one is foreman?" asked Mrs. Horner, always equal to the emergency. A clean, healthy workman stepped forward. "Smack!" resounded Mrs. Horner's salute. "Now just pass that around. I am not going to kiss you all." Mr. Fred Horner seemed greatly pleased at his wife's action, and was in the best of spirits.

Mr. Hamilton Benn was unable, through illness, to attend a meeting at Greenwich on Tuesday. Mrs. Benn spoke in his stead.

Sir Henry Fowler being too unwell to appear at a Wolverhampton meeting on Wednesday, was represented by his daughter, Mrs. Felkin, nee Ellen Thor, neycroft Fowler, who created immense enthusiasm by a most able and telling speech.

A curious error has arisen in the Eccles Division of South-East Lancashire, by which about 1,500 women in the division are included as Parliamentary voters. These should have been placed in the division of the voters lists provided for women exercising the franchise for local purposes only. The authorities at Preston are rectifying the mistake.

The King's Gifts to Charities.—The King has, through Sir Dighton Probyn, sent a cheque for £110 to the Mayor of Windsor for his poor-box, £20 for tickets for convalescent homes, and £30 to the Windsor Association for the Care of Friendless Girls. All these amounts are from the State Apartments Fund of Windsor Castle.

King of Spain Wants Eight Hour Day

The King of Spain is young and likes to have a good time; yet he is often obliged to work twelve hours or more a day. Not long ago he handed his Prime Minister a sealed petition, with the request that it should be granted unconditionally. When it was opened it was found to be in the King's own handwriting. He demanded for himself an eight-hour day and no work on Sundays and holidays.

Canada and the U. S.

DISCORD AMONG MUSICIANS.

The old trouble which has been smoldering for many months has broken out afresh in connection with the Creswell Orchestra at the Grand Opera House. At the time Mr. Creswell was appointed leader of the orchestra, the charge was made that he and his men were not receiving the union scale of wages. The matter has dragged on for a long time, but now it bids fair to come to a head. Certain members of the union have made certain charges against Mr. Creswell, which resulted in a meeting the next morning.

A member of the union told a reporter to-day, that as the matter now stands, it is up to Mr. Creswell to disprove the charges which have been made against him. A special meeting has been called to consider the charges once again.—Advertiser, January 26, 1906.

ANOTHER BOSSES' UNION.

The Canada Starch Company, which has been formed by Toronto and Montreal capitalists, will take over the Edwardsburg Starch Company, of Montreal, the Brantford Starch Company, of Brantford, and the Imperial Starch Company, of Prescott, Ont. Negotiations for the merger of all the leading Canadian starch companies have been under way for some time, but at different times obstacles were encountered that prevented it being completed. The competition between the different companies was so great that it was found impossible to make a fair return on the capital invested, and this led to the board's advising that the merger be put through.

The Canada Starch Company of Cardinal, Ont., has been incorporated with a capital of \$2,500,000. The incorporators are George F. Benson, Montreal; James J. Warren, Toronto; Joseph Eddy, Brantford; William Strachan and Charles R. Hosmer, Montreal.

FAILURES THIS WEEK.

Failures in Canada number 40, against 37 last week, 51 the preceding week and 43 last year.

LITHOGRAPHERS OUT FOR MORE

Question of Increase in Wages Considered by Convention.

Buffalo, Jan. 29.—About 100 delegates from lithographers' unions in various parts of this country and Canada are gathered at the Genesee Hotel this forenoon for the biennial convention of the Lithographers' International Protective and Benevolent Association. Some 4,500 lithographers are represented. The most important business of the convention will be to agree upon a wage rate and hour schedule for a new contract with the employers, which must be entered into April 11, when the present contract expires.

Under the present agreement the working time is 53 hours a week, and the minimum wage is \$20 a week. Many of the delegates desire the hours decreased to 48, or eight hours a day, and the minimum weekly wage advanced to \$24.

On Strike a Year

A strike of twelve months' duration by the men employed in the Abbott vein of the Pattonwood colliery, near Pittston, Pa., has been ended by the men being granted an advance of five and one-half per cent. in the yardage for opening new chambers. Work was commenced this morning. When it was decided to open the Abbott vein twelve months ago, miners were placed at work to open new chambers, but after a few weeks' work declared that the yardage was too low. Rather than increase the pay, the company closed the chambers.

A Prosperous Trades Council

The Trades Council of Detroit, Mich., is in a prosperous condition, as is shown in their annual report. After paying all its indebtedness there remains in its treasury over \$700. The total number of unions connected with the Council is 78, compared with 83 at the same time a year ago, but the membership has increased from 10,554 to 10,588, notwithstanding the decrease of five unions.

Detroit Trades Council refuses to admit delegates from Innis' seceding teamsters on the ground that it is a dual organization.

Thirty thousand dollars' worth of inside work was last week taken from an unfair firm in Philadelphia and turned over to a company employing union Woodworkers.

Every employe of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company at Pittsburgh received an extra month's salary as a Christmas present, the total amount so expended being \$111,000.

Molders in Newark, N.J., struck against handling work for an unfair firm in Philadelphia. The employers were unable to get men to supply their places and they won the strike.

Julius Cohen, an open shop cigar dealer of Boston, was committed to the house of correction for six months for using a bogus union label. He had previously been fined \$50 for the same offense.

An employer's agent started from New York with thirteen men to take the places of striking Cap Makers in Detroit. Ten of them deserted at Newburg, N.Y., and the agent arrived in Detroit with the only one.

The Shoemakers' strike at the Watson shoe factory at Lynn, Mass., remains unchanged.

Garment Workers have secured a new contract with the Dawson Overall Company at Alton.

The printers have virtually won their strike in St. Louis. Out of 150 shops only eight are unfair.

Piano and Organ Workers of Fort Wayne, Ind., have recently organized and have secured a charter.

Electrical Workers by a referendum vote have adopted Springfield, Ill., as national headquarters.

Denver police have a rule that a paid-up working card is proof that its possessor is not a vagrant.

THE HORSE CHESTNUT.

Why "horse" chestnut? Ninety-nine out of a hundred will answer, "Don't know; never thought about it." All over the small branches you may find the minute horsehoes that give it the name. Where a bygone leaf has been the shoe, curve downward, with nail marks complete, is printed on the back. And it is said that among the twigs may be found some with an odd and life-like resemblance to a horse's foot and fetlock.

HOW IT LOOKED.

"Dear John," wrote Mrs. Newlywed from the shore, "I enclose the hotel bill."

"Dear Jane, I enclose check," wrote John, "but please don't buy any more hotels at this price—they are robbing you."

LABOR FABLES

Originated by Aesop—Modernized by M. Dash

The Oxen, once on a time, sought to destroy the Butchers, who practiced a trade destructive to their race. They assembled on a certain day to carry out their purpose, and sharpened their horns for the contest. One of them, an exceedingly old one (for many a field had he ploughed), thus spoke: "These Butchers, it is true, slaughter us, but they do so with skilful hands, and with no unnecessary pain. If we get rid of them we shall fall into the hands of unskilful operators, and thus suffer a double death; for you may be assured that, though all the Butchers should perish, yet will men never want beef."

Do not be in a hurry to change one evil for another, and be sure you can better yourself before you take a step that you may regret later on. There is an old adage about jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, and that is just what many labor organizations have done by hasty action.

An Ass, feeding in a meadow, saw a Wolf approaching to seize him, and immediately pretended to be lame. The Wolf, coming up, enquired the cause of his lameness. The Ass said that he had a thorn in his foot, and requested the Wolf to pull it out. The Wolf consenting, the Ass with his heels kicked his teeth into his mouth and galloped away. The Wolf said: "I am rightly served, for why did I attempt the art of healing, when my father only taught me the trade of a butcher?"

Everyone to his trade. Those are foolish who dabble in what they know little about.

An Ass once carried through the streets of the city a famous wooden image, to be placed in one of its temples. The crowd, as he passed along, made lowly prostration before the image. The Ass, thinking that they bowed their heads in token of respect for him, bristled up with pride and gave himself airs and refused to move another step. The driver, seeing him thus stop, laid his whip lustily about his shoulders and said: "O, you perverse dull-head! It is not yet come to this, that men pay worship to an Ass."

They are not wise who take to themselves the credit due to others, for oftentimes the mean act of robbing others of their due reverts to our own shame and sorrow.

A Hen finding the eggs of a viper, and carefully keeping them warm, nourished them into life. A Swallow observing what she had done, said: "You silly creature, why have you hatched these vipers, which, when they shall have grown, will surely inflict injury on all of us, beginning with yourself?"

If we nourish evil it will sooner or later turn upon us. Therefore, either convert the scab or strike him out of existence. There can be no half-way method of dealing with him.

A Lion, worn out with years, lay on the ground at the point of death. A Bear rushed upon him and avenged with a stroke of his tusks a long remembered injury. Shortly afterwards the Bull with his horns gored him as if he were an enemy. When the Ass saw that the huge beast could be assailed with impunity he let drive at his forehead with his heels. How many old and helpless toilers are treated the same way when they are no longer able to help themselves.

A Tortoise, lazily basking in the sun, complained to the sea-birds of her hard fate, that no one would teach her to fly. An Eagle, hovering near, heard her lamentation, and demanded what reward she would give him if he would take her aloft and float her in the air. "I will give you," she said, "all the riches of the Red Sea." "I will teach you to fly then," said the Eagle; and taking her up in his talons, he carried her aloft to the clouds, when suddenly letting her go, she fell on a lofty mountain and dashed her shell to pieces. The Tortoise exclaimed in the moment of death: "I have deserved my present fate; for what had I to do with wings and clouds, who can with difficulty move about on the earth?"

If men had all they wished they would be often ruined, and contentment is indeed a jewel to the toiler who enjoys its blessings.

A Pigeon, oppressed by excessive thirst, saw a goblet of water painted on a signboard. Not supposing it to be only a picture, she flew towards it with a loud whirr, and unwittingly dashed against the signboard and jarred herself terribly. Having broken her wings by the blow, she fell to the ground and was caught by one of the bystanders. Zeal should not outrun discretion, but it often does, and then trades-unionism suffers and grievous wrong is done before the fact is discovered.

Jupiter issued a proclamation to all the beasts of the forest, and promised a royal reward to the one whose offspring should be deemed the handsomest. The Monkey came with the rest, and presented, with all a mother's tenderness, a fat-nosed, hairless, ill-favored young Monkey as a candidate for the promised reward. A general laugh saluted her on the presentation of her son. She resolutely said: "I know not whether Jupiter will allot the prize to my son; but this I do know, that he is the dearest, handsomest, and most beautiful of all who are here."

A mother's love blinds her to many imperfections, and we are slow to see the imperfections of our friends and brothers. Therefore we should keep a closer watch on ourselves and those close around us, lest we lose sight entirely of our faults and errors, and great disaster result some day therefrom.

PARABLES

(In Slang.)

There was once a wise gazaboo strolling along the banks of a stream on the lookout for something good, when he saw an essay mark struggling in the turbulent waters and crying out for help. At first he determined to fish him out, but upon looking him over he recognized him as one of the head knockers in the furniture factory a mile or two up the river, and a bright idea crawled into his roof garden. "I'll let him drown and get his job," he figured out, and therefore yelled "23" and "skidoo" back at the man who was in the soup, and hiked away to the factory to get his joblet. There he met the foreman and told him just what he wanted. The foreman looked at him in surprise and then said: "I can't give his job; you are too late; I have just given it to the man who pushed him in."

Moral—You must land early if you expect to score.

Two brothers were born twins, and had to stay that way the rest of their lives. One was a Y. M. C. A. prize package, with a solemn Sunday-school look that would make a Chinese Joss have a fit, while the other was a hot tamale from way back, and went the limit in the joy line. The good young man saved his wages and did lots of good. The brother never saved a nickel and did lots of good also. They both lived in the same town, and while one was leading the Wednesday night young people's meeting of the Epworth League, the other was down town bowling in the "hootherine" and painting the town vermilion. One used to have his name on the temperance banner, while the other kept Justice Grannan busy writing his name down on the court docket. One day the news came that the rich uncle had died and left all his money to the rake, because he knew he never would be able to take care of himself, and the trust company had orders to pay him \$5 per day for the balance of his life. To the good young man uncle didn't leave a cent, because he knew he could take care of himself, and would not need it.

Moral—If you try real hard you can be good, but what's the use?

Once upon a time there was a man who sued a railroad company because he was knocked down by a car, and after a long legal battle he won his case and \$2,000 damages. His lawyer was one of the sticky-finger kind, and when the case was finally settled he was it with a bill for fees, costs, etc., which footed up to about \$1,995. He handed it over to the client with a solitary \$5 bill, and tried to look real honest, whereupon the client looked at the "fin-uff" and said: "What's the matter with it, ain't it good?"
Moral—When you get it good, take it cheerfully.

M. DASH.

A PROTRACTED CRUISE.

To enjoy yachting, a good breeze is almost as essential as a good yacht; but both were lacking in the case of a well-known New Yorker, an amateur whose experience is related in Harper's Weekly. With a few friends he set sail from New York, and started on a cruise by way of the Sound. They kept close to the shore, and owing to lack of wind and the slowness of their boat they were still drifting by familiar country a week or so after they left New York.

On a point of land which they passed a solemn Yankee sat fishing. For some hours the boat made almost no progress, and after a while the fisherman roused himself enough to ask: "Where are ye from?"

"New York," replied the yachtsman. "How long?"

"Since August first."

The man returned to his fishing, and the yacht kept on drifting. Along in the afternoon the same voice hailed them again: "What year?"

Don't kick about the weather. When it rains it settles the dust; when the sun shines it dries the mud.

No man can appreciate how another man can be busy when he wants to talk to him.

The man who hesitates may be lost, but the man who never hesitates is hard to find.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

Some men seem to believe that money was only made to make.

Some men waste a dollar's worth of time trying to save five cents.

Running in old ruts may be more risky than blazing new trails.

What everybody can do nobody wants to do.

Making a front is alright, but "making good" is what counts at the finish. It's a waste of time to try to explain a failure.

Mighty few things are as bad as they look.

THE STRIKERS

Out on the roads they have gathered, a hundred thousand men,
To ask for a hold on life as sure as the wolf's hold in his den,
Their need lies close to the quick of life as the earth lies close to the stone;
It is as meat to the slender rib, as marrow to the bone.

They ask but the leave to labor, to toil in the endless night,
For a little salt to savor their bread, for houses water-tight,
They ask but the right to labor and to live by the strength of their hands,
They who have bodies like knotted oaks, and patience like sea-sands.

And the right of a man to labor and his right to labor in joy—
Not all your laws can strangle that right, nor the gates of hell destroy.
For it came with the making of man and was kneaded into his bones,
And it will stand at the last of things on the dust of crumbled thrones.
—Edwin Markham.

Industrial Sneak Thieves

There is, no doubt, many workingmen in this city who are not affiliated with the trade union of their craft, simply because, as they say, they have never been approached or requested to join the union to which their fellowworkers are members. That such a condition in the ranks of union labor should exist, is to be deplored, but at the same time it is no legitimate excuse for the non-union men to advance as a reason for their remaining outside the ranks of organized labor.

To our way of thinking, any man that does not belong to a trade union and who will deliberately work side by side with a union man, accepting the highest rate of wages, made possible only through the efforts of organized labor, is no more than a contemptible industrial sneak thief. The union man gives both his time and money to advance the cause of unionism in general, and pays particular attention to the affairs of his own craft, in order that his wages may be kept up to the highest possible notch and his working conditions be bettered in every direction.

When this condition has been reached, along sneaks the non-union man, secures a position at union wages, thereby taking what his fellow-workers, the union men, have paid for and to which he has no more right than he would have to put his hand in the union-man's pocket and steal his money.

We admit there is considerable apathy shown by union men in securing new members to their trade union, and would advise the different unions in this city to inaugurate a series of "boom sessions," by offering prizes to the members bringing in the largest number of applicants in a given time; let the unions give this plan a fair trial and in a short time organized labor will be relieved of a large number of these industrial sneak thieves, into whose minds can be instilled the principles of unionism, which may be the means of making them hustling, bustling, simon-pure union men.

The late Sol Smith Russell had three young nieces of whom he was very fond. On one occasion he took the youngest of them for a walk and bought her some candy on the agreement that it was not to be eaten until they reached her home. They started, but before they had gone far the little girl proposed: "Let's wun!" Her uncle declined, and there was long pleading, all to no purpose. Finally, the little girl stopped, knelt down on the pavement, and offered up the petition: "Dod, please make Uncle Sol Wun." "It was simply a question of my losing my dignity, or her losing her faith in God," said Mr. Russell, in relating the incident, "so we ran as fast as we could for home."

By dint of fighting at school he acquired the hardihood and scorn of pain which give rise to military courage; but of course he also acquired the greatest aversion to study, for a public school can never solve the difficult problem of developing equally and simultaneously the powers of the body and of the mind.
—Balzac, Un Menage de Garcon.

He.—The prettiest girls always marry the biggest fools, you know. She.—Am I to consider that in the nature of a proposal?—Melbourne Weekly Times.

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