

CLASS DIVISIONS

The fact of class divisions in America has in recent years become too obvious to be seriously questioned. On the one hand we see a comparatively small number of men and women of fabulous wealth, whose riotous luxury exceeds anything of which history bears any record, and, on the other hand, the great mass of the wealth producers, the wage earners, forced to live close to the margin of bare existence.

trations throughout are numerous and appropriate. This magazine is published in Vancouver, B. C., and is a fine sample of Canadian printing.

CANADIAN RAILROAD ACCIDENTS

During the last five years no less than 2125 persons were killed and 10,635 injured through accidents occurring on Canadian railroads. This is a frightful record, all the more so because it is contended with good reason that the great majority of these catastrophes were due to preventable causes.

Canadian railroad officials are understood to have had the matter of railway accidents under deliberate consideration since the wreck at French River on May 29th, for the purpose of devising means for their elimination. Whether their deliberations will result in any really effective voluntary action on the part of the railroad companies remains to be seen.

ONE DOLLAR IS ENOUGH

If price is considered, there has been less improvement in the sleeping car service than in any other branch of railroading.

The Philadelphia Saturday Post calls attention to the fact that the annual meeting of the St. Paul railroad throws light upon the subject of Pullman profits.

The new government system of book-keeping reveals the following items: Sleeping car earnings, \$532,040 Sleeping car expenses, 170,353

The capital of the Pullman company is \$100,000,000, of which at least \$44,000,000 consists of "extra stock dividends," representing no new investment of money by stockholders.

The net earnings of the company in 1907 were 11 1/2 per cent. upon the whole hundred million, or over twenty per cent. upon that part of the stock which represents money paid in.

The company's cars carried 18,000,000 passengers that year.

The public is vitally interested in this statement. The people pay the dividends.

One dollar is a reasonable price for sleeping accommodation such as is provided.

Two dollars for an upper berth, which jars the good nature out of a human being might be termed extortion. Halifax Herald.

WESTWARD HO!

This magazine seems to know no limit to its powers of expansion and improvement; and the October issue is certainly its best. The fiction alone runs to nine short stories covering the sentimental, the tragic, the comic, the philanthropic, the serious, and the amatory. Among them are "The Dalton Case," by Arthur Davies, an author of already attained celebrity; "Beneath the Old Poke Bonnet," by Agnes Lockhart Hughes, whose works, both prose and verse, are always appreciated and sweet; "A Fifty Thousand-Dollar Laugh," by Billie Glynn, whose name is synonymous with humour and pathos; "Black Hawk Hank," by Mrs. Ruth Everett; "The Dollar and the Cross," by J. DeQ. Donohoo; "The Measure of His Love," by Isabel R. Macdonald; "The Truth of Pretence," and others.

There are two excellent articles, one by Bonnycastle Dale on "The Opening of the Season," and one on the "Alpine Club of Canada," by S. H. Mitchell. Under diversified articles we find "Simon Fraser," by E. O. S. Soholefield, Librarian of British Columbia, whose intimacy with the subject has enabled him to give to the public a splendid memoir of the celebrated explorer; "Prince Rupert," by Rosalind W. Young; "The Morale of Clothes," by Madame D'Alberta; "Mural Decorations," by Claude W. Gray, A. R. C. A.; "B. T. A. Bell," by William Blake-more.

There are also the usual features of Editorial, Poetry, etc., while the illus-

Crisis Thing Meant Kindly

CONTRIBUTED Yes, gentle reader, justice is swift and free (?)

Honesty is the best policy. It seems hard to believe it some times.

There are three kind of liars—liars, damned liars and expects.

When knives and thieves fall out, honest men get their dues.

When a man is down, keep him down. Pile on the costs. It is real charitable.

There should be something else in life beyond self as exemplified in present day existence.

The world owes every man a living. Under present conditions, it is failing to pay its just debts.

Are not those whom we emulate today, the men most successful in impoverishing other men?

Election deposits and hard knocks are no obstacles to those who would dare and do.

Men rob the poor to make a fortune to spend on charity in helping the victims of their robbery.

It matters not whether the Liberals or Conservatives are elected on the 26th; the moneyed class will still be in power.

We want to stand on our two feet solid. Value a man for what he is, not for what he seems to be. Rip off the veneer.

It has been charged that working men have no brains, and it is painful to have to admit that there is some truth in the judgment.

A good many honest voters are wondering, not which is the best party to put in, but which will take the least out of the people while it is in.

What is the use of building more railways, factories, etc., when those we have already built are only running on short time or closed down altogether?

Why the long hours with small pay for the hard working man, and the short hours with large pay for the man with the easy job?

The keen student after truth gets to see squarely and quickly into the grafter nature of the various schemes foisted on an unsuspecting public.

Do you think the capitalists are spending thousands of dollars in this election for the opportunity of serving, and telling you how much they love you?

We seem to be getting away from that old characteristic of British political life—the honest, straightforward conducting of government business by the men set apart for that purpose.

Periodically the topic of race suicide runs the gamut of the press. Ask any intelligent man which is better—a decrease in the child death rate, or an increase in the birth rate.

The day will come when the same will guarantee every child within its borders a clean, bright, happy life, with all the comforts of a good home, and an education suited to the life before it.

All women and little children can have all the beautiful things of life, if the men who have the votes once understand that there is machinery enough to produce all the necessities and luxuries for all.

There are numerous big buildings in Canada today that were built with the money that was wrung from underpaid, underfed, underclothed and underaged boy and girl workers. The donors are the princes of the land. Perfectly true, gentle reader.

A little ad. in the wait column of THE OBSERVER will do the trick every time.

Bigger and better than ever—STAG BRIGHT PLUG CHEWING TOBACCO Note the increased size of the plugs.

THE APOSTATE

A Child Labor Problem

BY JACK LONDON

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION

They passed on, and Johnny returned to his work, relieved in that the ill had been averted. But the one-legged boy was no so fortunate. The sharp-eyed inspector hailed him out at arm's length from the bin-truck. His lips were quivering, and his face had all the expression of one upon whom was fallen profound and irremediable disaster.

"I know him," the inspector said. "He's twelve years old. I've had him discharged from three factories inside the year. This makes the fourth."

He turned to the one-legged boy. "You promised me, word and honor, that you'd go to school."

The one-legged boy burst into tears. "Please, Mr. Inspector, two babies died on us, and we're awful poor."

"What makes you cough that way?" the inspector demanded, as though charging him with crime.

And as in denial of guilt, the one-legged boy replied, "It ain't nothin'. I jes' caught a cold last week, Mr. Inspector, that's all."

In the end the one-legged boy went out of the room with the inspector, the latter accompanied by the anxious and protesting superintendent. After that monotony settled down again. The long morning and the longer afternoon wore away and the whistle blew for quitting time. Darkness had already fallen when Johnny passed out through the factory gate. In the interval the sun had made a golden ladder of the sky flooded the world with its gracious warmth, and dropped down and disappeared in the west behind a ragged sky line of house-tops.

Supper was the family of the day—the one meal at which Johnny encountered his younger brothers and sisters. If partook of the nature of an encounter, to him, for he was very old, while they were distressingly young. He had no patience with their excessive and amazing juvenility. He did not understand it.

His own childhood was too far behind him. He was like an old and irritable man, annoyed by the turbulence of their young spirits that was to him arrant silliness. He glowed silently over his food, finding compensation in the thought that they would soon have to go to work. That would take the edge off of them and make them sedate and dignified—like him. Thus it was after the fashion of the human, that Johnny made of himself a yardstick with which to measure the universe.

During the meal, his mother explaining in various ways and with infinite repetition that she was trying to do the best she could; so that it was with relief, the scant meal ended, that Johnny shoved back his chair and arose. He debated for a moment between bed and the front door, and finally went out the latter. He did not go far. He sat down on the stoop, his knees drawn up and his narrow shoulders drooping forward, his elbows on his knees and the palms of his hand supporting his chin.

As he sat there he did not thinking. He was just resting. So far as his mind was concerned it was asleep. His brothers and sisters came out, and with other children played noisily about him. An electric globe on the corner lighted their frolics. He was peevish and irritable, that they knew; but the spirit of adventure lured them into teasing him. They joined hands before him, and, keeping time with their bodies, chanted in his face weird and uncomplimentary doggerel. At first he snarled curses at them—curses he had learned from the lips of various foremen. Finding this futile, and remembering his dignity, he relapsed into dogged silence.

His brother Will, next to him in age, having just passed his tenth birthday, was the ring leader. Johnny did not possess particularly kindly feelings toward him. His life had early been embittered by continual giving over and giving way to Will. He had a definite feeling that Will was greatly in his debt and was ungrateful about it. In his own play time, far back in the dim past he had been robbed of a large part of that playtime by being compelled to take care of Will. Will was a baby then, and then, as now their mother had spent her days in the mills. To Johnny had fallen the part of little father

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and little-mother as well.

Will seemed to show the benefit of the giving over and the giving way. He was well built, fairly rugged, as tall as his elder brother and even heavier. It was though the life-blood of the one had been diverted into the other's veins. And in spirits it was the same. Johnny was jaded, worn out, without resilience while his younger brother seemed bursting and spilling over with exuberance.

The mocking chant grew louder and louder. Will leaned closer as he danced, thrusting out his tongue. Johnny's left arm shot out and caught the other around the neck. At the same time he rapped his bony fist to the other's nose. It was a pathetically bony fist, but that it was sharp to hurt was evidenced by the squeal of pain it produced. The other children were uttering frightened cries, while Johnny's sister, Jennie, had dashed into the house.

He thrust Will from him, kicked him savagely on the shins, then reached for him and slammed him face downward in the dirt. Nor did he release him till the face had been rubbed into the dirt several times. Then the mother arrived, an anemic whirlwind of solicitude and maternal wrath.

"Why can't he leave me alone?" was Johnny's reply to her upbraiding. "Can't he see I'm tired?"

"I'm as big as you." Will raged in her arms, his face a mess of tears, dirt and blood. "I'm as big as you now, an' I'm goin' to git bigger. Then I'll lick you—see if I don't."

"You ought to be at work, seein' how big you are," Johnny snarled. "That's what's the matter with you. You ought to be at work. An' it's up to you ma to put you to work."

"But he's too young," she protested. "He's only a little boy."

"I was younger'n him when I started to work."

Johnny's mouth was open, further to express the sense of unfairness that he



felt, but the mouth closed with a snap.

He turned gloomily on his heel and stalked into the house and to bed. The door of his room was open to let in warmth from the kitchen. As he undressed in the semi-darkness he could hear his mother talking with a neighbor woman who had dropped in. His mother was crying, and her speech was punctuated with spiritless sniffles.

"I can't make out what's gittin' into Johnny," he could hear her say. "He didn't used to be this way. He was a patient little angel."

"An' he is a good boy," she hastened to defend. "He's worked faithful, an' he did go to work too young. But it wasn't my fault. I do the best I can, I'm sure."

Prolonged sniffing from the kitchen, and Johnny murmured to himself as his eyelids closed down, "You betcher life I've worked faithful."

TO BE CONTINUED

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