

BRITAIN FACES BLACK WINTER OF SOCIAL WAR

Spectre of Red Revolution
Rises from Bed of Hunger,
Says Desmond—Govern-
ment is Slipping—Nobody
Trusts Anybody.

(By Shaw Desmond in the N. Y. Sun.)

The war after the war. No I'm not speaking of the fight for trade union speaking of the social war. That England is faced with her blackest winter and that the spectre of red revolution is rearing itself from its bed of hunger, and despair is as certain as death. This may profoundly affect the fight for the markets with the United States and, in view of the financial interrelationship of England and America, may give birth to an entirely new set of economic problems and throw pre-war economics to the dogs.

I am no job. If I were I here say bears the mark of a rearing of elements and a casting of ashes, it is because, despite your intelligence as you like, the two outstanding things in Britain today are hunger and revolution. It is only the official mind that cannot see this. The gods, using that mind to mask their terrestrial purposes, first made it, and so, through it, made the peoples.

There is not one outstanding figure in Britain today who will get up and say: "First things first! Fill hungry bellies and starve revolution. Fill hungry bellies and starve Bolshevism. Fill hungry bellies and forget military adventure. Fill the belly before you talk about the fight for trade. 'First things first!'"

Government Without Policy.

What are the facts? Masses of the British people are hungry while food has been rotting at the docks. Masses are homeless while the nation clamors for clothes and houses. Profiteering flourishes. There are 350,000 unemployed. There are 800,000 more than 250,000 transport workers on their heels. The Government is without policy. Parliament is losing its position in the national consciousness. Nobody trusts anybody. And in and out of all this chaos there limp and drag unemployable thousands of armless, legless, and sightless soldiers.

The Government has been fast losing ground. Its defeat at Glasgow and Widdowale told the tale. But the outstanding fact is the deterioration of Mr. Lloyd George. From the little

The Best Cough Syrup is Home-made.

Here's an easy way to save 25c, and yet have the best cough remedy you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? When you do, you will understand why thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap. But the way it takes hold of a cough will quickly earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex (10 cents) water; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the bottle. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you 25c worth of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50. It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, breaks the mucus, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "25c ounces of Pinex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.



Applied After Shaving
Keeps the Skin Soft and Smooth

MANY men suffer from irritation of the skin as a result of shaving. With some it assumes a form of eczema and becomes most annoying and unsightly.

By applying a little of Dr. Chase's Ointment after shaving the irritation is overcome and such ailments as Barber's Itch and Eczema are cured.

50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

virtue idealist who galvanized a political opportunist who, in the growing opinion of the British people, in order to hold on to office has camouflaged about Russia, there is a progressive degeneration paralleling the national decline.

Nobody believes Mr. Lloyd George today. Nobody believes Mr. Winston Churchill today. Labor has no faith in Eric Geddes, Minister of Transport. To the mass mind, Parliament is rapidly becoming a sepulchre of words.

The one time faith in its promises is passing into a grimmer scepticism, which, in these days of internationalizing, is a menace to parliamentary institutions throughout the world.

Effect of "Economy."

To allay all this suspicion and discontent the Government is "economizing." But the Times laughs. It says that the Government has not been able to show a smaller deficit than £2,900,000 a day. It has been firing its clerks, it has been dismantling the air service, it has been cutting its own pay, but it has not been able to show a smaller deficit than £2,900,000 a day. It has been firing its clerks, it has been dismantling the air service, it has been cutting its own pay, but it has not been able to show a smaller deficit than £2,900,000 a day.

And all this discontent is being helped by a growing feeling that the war has not abolished war. Armaments are increasing, not decreasing. Men like Cardinal Mercier and Albert Thomas, the French Socialist leader, are being quoted to show that Germany is nursing revenge, and an apprehension that Europe will one day again be plunged into a blood bath is fast becoming conviction.

To still further swell the discontent come the women. In dismantling its war factories the Government is letting loose armies of discontented women, who if they go back to the home as domestic servants and prospective mothers of the race, but war has taught them to demand the freedom of domesticity; its freedom to give many of them distaste for that marriage which, perhaps not long ago, they considered a duty.

All that may be economy, but it may prove economy dearly bought. The discontent is such that some of the most cautious judges of labor are predicting a Labor Government at the next election. But if revolution comes where is the election?

Direct Action Vs. Parliament.

It is a sinister, pitiful confession, but direct action, in the definite sense of being opposed to Parliament has been in the air since the outbreak of the war. Direct action feeds on hunger and discontent. The Government has fed it. We have to tread a stage in the most constitutional country in Europe where the mere fact that something is promised by Parliament is regarded by large numbers as assurance that it will not be carried out. Before the war the House at Westminster was just the House that is filled with the wind of promises.

Lloyd George has broken out into another epidemic of speeches. He speaks in his rounded, florid sentences of a future world in which hunger and unemployment shall have no existence; a world of happy children and contented proletarians. Nobody believes him any more than they believe the man in the pulpit who sometimes replaces reason by rhetoric. As the Times says, "The time for elaborate promises is past." He is drawing another check on the bank of good intentions and it will be returned marked, "Account overdrawn."

The coalition Daily Express sums up the position in a cartoon which shows that happy and contented world of which Mr. Lloyd George speaks and which is mapped out into "Land of Milk and Honey," "Promised Land," etc., the sole inhabitant of which is his creator—Mr. Lloyd George himself.

Abnormal Must Come First.

It is not that I believe all this is going to be a permanent condition. Disintegration and anarchy are not the mother of life. But we are not going to have something of normality before we have passed through the abnormal. I don't believe that any statesmanship today can avert what is coming. Some things, like the march of the clock, are inevitable. There is a time when national unity is essential to its whole future. It means inevitably the loss of the world market, and it means presumably the lowering of what has hitherto been the first credit in the world. It means chaos.

But does anyone realize what that "it" means? The average official, as perhaps the average man, comforts himself in this way: "We've been through as bad. What about the war? People prophesied all sorts of disasters. But we muddled through. People prophesied revolution today but we muddled through. We've always muddled through. There comes a time in the affairs of nations as of men when they cannot 'muddle through.' It is written on the time portals that have swallowed Babylon and Greece and Rome. He does not realize what it means.

"It" means in the first place a still further lowering of an already crippled production in a world where "Produce or die" is the law of life. "It" means vast strikes assuredly leading to bloodshed and to a bitter struggle which will divide the nation at a time when national unity is essential to its whole future. It means inevitably the loss of the world market, and it means presumably the lowering of what has hitherto been the first credit in the world. It means chaos.

Profound Modification.

Some here admit the coming of chaos but they say: "We shall one day return to pre-war conditions." Now I don't believe that Britain or Europe for that matter is going back to pre-war conditions. I almost venture to say that we shall see profound modifications in our system of production as in our society. There is a feeling of inevitableness about the things that are happening today. And one feels that they are not merely transitory. Why?

Because the masses in Britain have developed a new and strange comprehension as the result of the war. Their conceptual horizon has been enlarged. They have "got ideas." Sometimes has been set moving down there in that incalculable mass mind—something that is growing every moment. It is not so much a philosophy though there is philosophy be-

hind it as a feeling. The path of labor, like the path of humanity as a whole, is not the line of the inclined plane. It is dynamic, not static. It is not a straight line, but a series of sharp lifts, as though the thought forces banking themselves up found vent at intervals.

It is not that British labor is Socialist. It is not that it is anarchist or Bolshevist. But it feels that the standard of life is too low. It feels that it wants some of the amenities of existence. It feels that its children don't get a fair chance. It feels many things—things without form; things gigantic, impellent; things sometimes soulless—but yet things. The city of it is that this natural aspiration under the drive of what seem formidable forces is taking the form of physical revolution. Its cry was once for bread. No wit is a cry for "Bread and Roses!" But its roses will be eked with blood.

Glimpse Into Future

One of two things will happen. Either this new feeling is about to be met by smashing ruthless force and crushed in a civil war which will leave Britain helpless and devastated or it is going to find its outlet—perhaps in a bizarre and terrible form. The third possibility is that it may reach its fruition through constitutional forms recedes for every day that goes.

That is why labor men who are evolutionists, not revolutionists, view the future with such a black vision. That is why Mr. Hoover was filled with despair when he failed to convince the Supreme Council of the Allies that unless drastic steps are taken and now, the coming winter is about the feeling that perhaps, even at the time in which the pallid nightmare of starvation and death, we'll replace the red nightmare of war, finishing the work which it began.

Mr. Taft was once asked how he would solve the problem of unemployment. He replied: "God knows." If anyone asks me how Europe can be saved, I reply: "God knows," but with the feeling that perhaps, even at the time in which the pallid nightmare of starvation and death, we'll replace the red nightmare of war, finishing the work which it began.

Piles Cured in 5 to 14 Days. Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure hemorrhoids, Blind, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. Stops Irritation. Soothes and Heals. You can get refund after the first application. Price 60c.

THE TOILERS BY NIGHT IN N. Y.

Anybody going uptown in the subway at about 5.30 in the evening has every right in the world to believe that the rest of New York returns home at about that hour. As a matter of fact, the home traveling time of the city's workers is strung over the full 24 hours, and between 5 and 6 just happens to be cluttered a little.

Some day a statistician who has made enough in the dried fruit business and can devote his dotage to the study of the city's workers will work for him the number of men who work while the nine-to-fivers sit up.

DIED.

FARROW—After a lingering illness Eva Belle, beloved wife of John Farrow, leaving her husband three sons, died at her home in St. John, N. B., Nov. 3, 1919.

BRADLEY—Suddenly in this city on the 5th inst. Walter L. Bradley, son of the late David Bradley, in the 35th year of his age.

Notice of funeral later.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE (Tablets). It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. E. W. GROVES' signature on each box, 30c.

Year Overcoat!

must be warm. It should be stylish. Combine both features and be sure that this winter will find you the satisfied wearer of an Overcoat you may depend upon. Every method at the command of the maker for ensuring serviceability and good appearance goes into the tailoring of

HENDERSON CLOTHES

That you cannot secure a better return for the amount you invest is readily proved by an examination of garments, and a try-on of your choice.

Overcoats at \$25.00, \$30.00, \$35.00 and up

A. E. Henderson

MEN'S CLOTHIER, 104 KING STREET

with a toothache or sleep. He will find, probably, that this city has more sun dogs than Meriden, Conn., Danby county, Neb., and Williams, Mass., have day workers and summer boarders. He will learn that if all the city's odd-hour workers were placed end to end they would reach from Third Avenue and Fourteenth Street to some man's boarding house in Hoboken and back to People's House.

He will be shown also that 64 per cent of the nighttime employees and bosses wear worried looks, like men who are constantly and ineffectually trying to convince wives that they ought to be allowed to continue to work while the date changes.

Power houses cannot run all night without nursing. Power house workers drip home at various hours, and most of them have only a few seconds moments from the time they get to the time they get out of their favorite mode of transit.

Police men working the 4-to-12 tour journey home with that part of the theatre crowd which doesn't eat after supper, being mostly married and with stuff in the face.

The ranks of the morning home-comers are swollen to a respectable size by the men who help write, edit, print and distribute newspapers. The average man gives little thought to the clean-cut resume of the day's happenings spread out in front of him at breakfast.

Getting out a newspaper requires reporters who begin deserting Park Row at about 11 or 12 o'clock at night, while inside the offices the copy readers mull over their yarns. A copy reader is a man who cuts out of a story the difference between the reporter's and the night city editor's conception of its proper length. He also writes headlines, and therefore, according to experts on how much of the newspaper the average person reads, keeps the public informed on the strikes, illnesses and transcontinental airplane races of the moment.

These copy readers put away their dull pencils at about 2 a. m., and some of them go home. One or two in each office remain until 4, in case something or somebody of importance should be blown up. The compositors and printers stay until 4 o'clock, and between 4 and 5 are filling those trains which the day workers think are empty.

At 5 o'clock some of these late workers board the Brighton Beach heeds Bay, feeling the fish mill high noon, when they go home and sleep. A benevolent gentleman who rose at day work from office boy to retirement with income heard about the city's company of night workers and determined to make an altruistic survey personally.

He might have founded a home for them or something, only when he got into a Third Avenue elevated train at 4 in the morning and said to an obviously worn-out young man that it was too bad he could not work by Nature's light rather than Edison's, the young man said:

"Shay, ole greaser, I jist been to de plasterers' ball, an' if you don't let me sheep 'I'll ne' be able to ge' up at 8 'morrow mornin' and ge' tub work."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

There is but One Super-Six—Hudson Controls It

Without Increase of Size or Weight, 72% was Added to Power and Countless Records Proved Its Greater Endurance—That is Why It is Called the Super-Six

Don't forget this. Endurance must always be the most important automobile quality.

It is not appearance, speed, hill-climbing or acceleration, though the Super-Six leads in all these.

Look at the records. Hudson holds all that are worth while. What car offers more proof?

But speed records are not nearly as important as those which prove endurance. Many tests are required, to be considered final proof.

Look at these. A Hudson stock chassis was driven 1819 miles in 24 hours. The best previous record fell 347 miles short of that.

The greatest endurance test ever made was that of the Hudson double trans-continental run. The 7000 miles was covered in 10 days and 21 hours. It was the only round trip test ever completed and the distance each way between San Francisco and New York was made in less time than any other car has ever done.

No Car Ever Offered Such Proof

The reason these records, made years ago, still stand unequalled is simple. The Super-Six is a patented motor developed and controlled by Hudson. The principle which gives it power and endurance over others, would, if incorporated in any other car, make it equal to Hudson in that respect.

But you must choose a Hudson to get those qualities. There is no other way.

Hudson also leads in style. It has introduced models that are today standards with all fine cars.

MOTOR CAR & EQUIPMENT COMPANY, LIMITED

Distributing Agents

Showrooms: Cor. Charlotte and Duke Streets. Service Station: 108 to 112 Princess Street, St. John.

PROVINCIAL OPPOSITION CONVENTION

A Convention of the Opposition Party (male and female) in the Province of New Brunswick, will be held in the

SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6TH, 1919

Three sessions will be held. Morning session called at 10 o'clock. Afternoon session at 2.30 o'clock. Evening session at 8 o'clock.

In addition to the members of the legislature and the defeated candidates in the last Provincial election supporting the present opposition the basis of representation is three delegates for each Parish in each County and for each Ward in each City and Town, besides the chairmen of the Ward and Parish organizations. It is particularly desired that each Ward and Parish should choose at least one lady delegate.

In the interest of Provincial affairs it is urgently requested that each Parish in the Province, as well as each Ward in the towns and cities, should send a complete representation to this Convention.

L. P. D. Tilley,
John B. M. Baxter,
Geo. B. Jones,
John L. Peck,
Harry W. Smith,
Convention Committee.

OBITUARY

Walter L. Bradley

The many friends of Walter L. Bradley will be grieved to learn of his death which occurred shortly after last midnight at his home 21 Summer street.

The deceased was extremely popular with a wide circle of acquaintances, was 25 years of age and employed as C. N. R. telegraph operator at Union Station and Island Yard. He was the son of the late David Bradley and is the last remaining member of the Bradley family. He had been ill only one week and death resulted from acute indigestion. John Stewart, locomotive engineer, of Moncton, is an uncle.

Sophia J. Cameron

The death of Sophia J. Cameron, aged sixty-four years, widow of Mr. Gilbert Cameron, took place at the home of her daughter, Mrs. James Cameron, Upper Hampstead, Queens County, N. B. She leaves a daughter, Mable, living at Upper Hampstead and two sons, Gilbert and Fred, living at Pleasant Villa, Queens County, N. B. Funeral service was conducted at the home by Rev. L. H. Jewett of Gasquetown and interment was made in the Baptist Cemetery at Upper Hampstead, Friday, Oct. 31st.

Martin Rae

Moncton, Nov. 4.—Martin Rae, a retired employee of the C. G. R., and one of the best known of the old C. G. R. men, died at his home here today, age 72 years. Deceased had retired from the service about five years ago. He was a native of St. John and was well known among C. G. R. employees all over the system. One of his sons is Robert Rae, of Sydney. Three other sons are Norman and Howard, of C. N. R., Moncton, and James, Boston. Deceased is also survived by his wife and six daughters, all residing here.

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In the interest of Provincial affairs it is urgently requested that each Parish in the Province, as well as each Ward in the towns and cities, should send a complete representation to this Convention.

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