

A combine of the four sugar refineries in Canada would cost the people millions, and may take place at any moment.

Is there not a danger of our having in Canada within fifty years the same strife between the rich combines and labor that our neighbors are now having in the United States?

It would be wise then to avert it by enacting the provincial progressive law, so that each city and county could tax wealth by such an easy scale that small capital would not feel it, but still high enough to make it difficult for the millionaires to breathe freely in Canada. This potent check on money lords would enable the state to supply to the industrial classes those aids to livelihood which will tend to decrease ignorance and crime, and keep the working classes to the level of true citizenship.

Would it not be well to have this bridle placed on the avarice of the rich, and thereby create a fund of sure avail to give work to the pleading poor?

Let us be just and wise in our day, and urge upon all communities the need to adopt remedies against the too rapid concentration of wealth.

Even now there are those who say they would rather serve the nobility of 1750 than be slaves to mammon lords of 1900. Do we "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee" to this oligarchy of sugar, oil, lumber and coal, more than our forefathers did in the seventeenth century?

Wealth in its palaces on the land, or on the sea, strives to compass so much, earns an unhonored reputation, and goes at last in equality with its servant to the one narrow confine whose boundaries are broken only by the spirit of love and tenderness.

And away off, crying in the night of their poor houses, are millions calling, calling to take away the stone that we had given them, and give them back the bread that they had earned.

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary  
 And we cannot run or leap—  
 If we cared for any meadows, it were merely  
 To drop down in them and sleep.  
 Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—  
 We fall upon our faces, trying to go,  
 And underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,  
 The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.  
 For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,  
 Through the coal-dark underground,  
 Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron  
 In the factories, round and round."

—E. B. BROWNING.