

with hope to the dawn of a better day for the workers; but we are afraid that for many years yet to come labor will be bought and sold as described by Mr. Barnes."

The world is full of ingratitude. No matter the tone of voice in which the phrase is uttered, it is true, and holds good whether you say it with a simper or say it with a sigh. The Record in commendation, rushed to the assistance of Dr. Kendall in an effort to second his efforts to induce the local government to go into coal mining, and pointed out several fields, for government operation, and yet our efforts have failed to call forth appreciation. The Doctor has snubbed the Record with cold disdain. The Doctor, however, cannot rob the Record of the quiet satisfaction of having done its duty, and the consolation remains that the reward of labor will yet, at some time, appear. Perhaps after all the Doctor is wise in going slow. There is now a labor government in Australia. Coal in that country is exorbitant in price, the government intends to try its hand at coal mining. If it manages to mine coal and coal operators then Dr. Kendall will have an argument to place before the provincial government. State operation in New Zealand has not effected any radical change in price, nor in Germany. so the doctor may be wise in waiting.

#### JIMMIE'S HOT AIR.

Some few years ago there arrived in C. B. a man, who, as the saying has it, left his country Sydney Mines. When he first came to this country he claimed to be a Scot, and went by the name of McLaughlin. It was pointed out that the name was inconsistent with the claim so without act of parliament or act of Cumberland concluded that he was mongrel and dubbed him McGlocklin. To paragon a better man, he is by birth an Irishman, by choice a Scot, by adoption a Canadian, by instinct a sneak, by profession a slanderer, and from long his base fictions are as red as the tie of the revolutionary socialist. Since coming to this country he has had a swelled head. He was a cipher in Scotland, and though he has made bold since to become a unit he is a cipher still. To Jimmie, Jimmie is the biggest man in Glace Bay or thereabouts.

So much by way of introduction. Some kind soul in Glace Bay has sent the Record a copy of the International Socialist Review, in which the gentleman has an article entitled "Still fighting in Glace Bay." The friend who sent the article was not inspired in the so doing by love, for with intended for the benefit of Scotsmen, generally, and John Moffatt in particular. The verses run:

"And well I know within that bastard land,  
Hath wisdoms goddess never held command,

A barn soil where natures germs confined,  
To stern sterility can stint the mind  
Whose thistles well betrays the niggard earth.  
Emblem of all to whom the land gives birth,  
Each genial influence nurtured to resist,  
A land of meanness, sophistry and mist,  
Each breeze from foggy mount and marshy plain,

Delutes with drivel every frizzly brain,  
Filled, burst at length, each watery head  
oreflows.

Foil as their soil, and rigid as their snows.  
(This may be fair poetry, but the spelling is execrable)

The burlesque is so extravagant that it will not hurt a genuine Scot, only cause him to smile. A caricaturist, who overdoes the thing, brings ridicule only on himself. The lines, in this instance, were meant to hit a few, but they hit including the McDougalls, McLellans, McLachlans and other Macs of the U. M. W.

Mr. McLachlan in his article tells some big, fishy, stories. For instance, he says economic necessity forced the miners to appeal to the U. M. W. for years maneuvered to get a footing in Nova Scotia and at last succeeded with the co-operation of a few disgruntled, swelled heads, who imagined they were born for big things. This historian says, "The P. W. A. in its palmist days was never anything but a little toy trade union." Give us, then, toy unions, of the P. W. A. kind. No union that exists, or ever existed, all things considered, ever secured so many reforms, concessions and privileges for its members as the P. W. A. It set the pace in mining legislation not only to the United States, but in some cases to Britain. It established mining schools in advance of any English speaking country. No country has such a splendid system of Relief Societies. It has secured a thousand and one privileges for its members; and the prosperity of the miners so excited the cupidity of the U. M. W. that they planned to annex them. Why, even McLachlan has become fat due to the fact that he was enabled to learn a lot of things at Sydney Mines, thanks to the P. W. A.

Mr. McLachlan calls John Moffatt the Grand Secretary of the P. W. A., a fellow. To have called him a traitor and a scab and a lick spittle was rubbing it in, but to call him a fellow, "cows a," Jimmie must be mad indeed to allow his passion to get the better of him so far as to call a man a 'fellow.' Mr. McLachlan tells of a meeting of 'all' the operators of the province in Truro to deal with the U. M. W. invasion. Between fear and greed, he declares, they carried a compromise motion which bound each not to deal in anyway with the U. M. A.

It seems that all the U. M. A. leaders dwell still in heathen darkness. Jimmie is as ignorant of history as Peter. All the operators of the province did not meet in Truro, nor the half of them. We are further told by this reliable historian that the men of the P. W. A. who did not come out on strike gave the glad hand of welcome to every thing supported by the Dominion Coal Co. The Dominion Coal Co. must have had a hard lot of it for it took time, trouble, and money to