

In The World Of Labor

A Budget of News For Those Interested in Labor

By G. A. M.

Cleaned From The Exchanges and Other Sources

Your Personal Responsibility

Did you ever know a Christmas, when the spirit of sacrifice seemed to pervade the very air as it does this year? Christmas is, and has always been, a time of merry-making and rejoicing. Many of us, no doubt, will make this year no exception to the rule. But, while this is possible for some, what of those who are less fortunate than we? What of the homes from which he who has been is the very backbone of Christmas, has been called to fight for the safety and protection of us, who are safe in our warm, comfortable homes? It may seem a small thing to any who have

not sacrificed those near and dear to them, that others gave up their loved ones in this cause. But, what if it came right home to us, and our very best loved one were to go? That is one side of it. We all know that the great majority of men who have gone have left families who were utterly dependent on the weekly wage they earned, and now that this has been withdrawn, what are they to do? Many are too proud and independent to ask for aid and are consequently overlooked in the distribution of funds collected for the purpose of relieving the suffering of such cases. There are, on the other hand, those who are bound and in chains. Let us ever keep before us the high ideals of the labor movement that has ever battled through stress and storm, through sunshine and darkness, courageous, unbending, unyielding in the battle for human freedom. Let the

satisfaction of giving until you have given to someone who really needs, and have made glad some heart that is sad and aching.

The New Year

And now as we stand upon the threshold of the new year let us resolve to press forward with renewed zeal and determination in the battle for the emancipation of mankind from the last vestige of bondage, and to bring hope and assurance to those who are bound and in chains. Let us ever keep before us the high ideals of the labor movement that has ever battled through stress and storm, through sunshine and darkness, courageous, unbending, unyielding in the battle for human freedom. Let the

record of 1915 be written the years, and let it mark the onward march of labor to greater lengths and higher heights. Let us play our parts courageously, and undauntedly, ever facing the front and pressing on in the march of progress and humanity, and as noble spirits blazed our way for us in these years that have gone, so when we like them, have passed away and laid down the weapons of this earthly warfare, may they who come after us be truly able to say we have fought the fight and kept the faith, and that the world is better because of our lives and work and influence. We are hastening on, and for us the years will soon cease to roll. Let us live well while live we may, and thus shall we die when die we must, as soldiers of a great cause that shall leave its impress on the ages yet to come, undaunted and unafraid.

The Troubled Way

It would almost seem to appear unnatural at this time to wish our patrons a Merry Christmas, for, truth to say, this will probably be the darkest Christmas that has dawned upon the world since the birth of our Lord. The Prince of Peace of whom the angels sang, "Peace Upon Earth and Good Will towards Man."

To millions of homes in Europe the dawn of this Christmas Day will bring added heartaches, as it conjures more vividly to mind those who a year ago gathered at the festal board but now slumber in an unknown and unmarked grave, cut down in the prime of life and manhood on one of Europe's devastated battlefields, or perchance may be tossing in pain in one of the myriad hospitals, or figures in the list of the missing, as to whose fate no knowledge may be gleaned, either in the present or in following years to come.

Indeed, it were impossible for men and women to think of merriment in days such as we have fallen on, when man's hand is raised against his fellow man and the spirit of Cain is abroad and destruction stalks unsatisfied through many lands. Sad indeed to think that in this year of all years, with its accumulated knowledge wrested from the house of the past, which has added to the knowledge until man has not only won dominion over the earth, but mastery of the air and the elements, and has even conquered ocean's depths.

Alas! that with the advance of knowledge and science man's energies have been so largely wasted in the devising of armies and navies and the invention and construction of huge engines of destruction, which have now resulted in the writing into the history of humankind the awful chapter in its long march from the days of savagery towards the universal brotherhood of the races.

As Canadians, the citizens of this favored Dominion have indeed much to be thankful for. Our soil is not threatened with the tread of thousands of the foemen and thousands of our fellow citizens are now in Britain ready to take the field and thousands more are enlisting in defence of the Empire, war indeed seems far, far away from our thresholds.

But even here the menace of poverty raises its unholy head and throughout the length and breadth of the commonwealth, thousands of homes are shrouded in tragedy and the wolf is at the door.

To thousands, many thousands of our brothers and sisters to whom the message of the angels promised hope and happiness, there is alas! nought but blank despair, for cold and hunger is in the home, and the husband and father has wearily trudged in his hopeless task in search of employment, only to find that none desires to buy his labor.

It has even been said that in some of the charitable cities in this great Dominion of ours, although we believe in our own city, has not existed the relief work of the Social and other relief organizations, breakfast tables for children, and charity steps in to provide them with shoes and clothing to face the wintry blast.

But hope springs eternal in the human heart, and even in the darkest of the hour, that ever overclouds the earth, we finally fared to melt into blessings for the world and the people therein.

And so to-day, let us trust, may, unflatteringly believe that out of the present darkness may come the greater light, for never before have better impulses swayed the race, and never has the spirit of self-sacrifice and service on behalf of others been so unmistakably demonstrated as in this darkest of the years in human history.

And the light will come, and the light will shine, and the brighter day will yet dawn, when out of the travail and tragedy of the present shall come the greater and fuller glory of the future.

It is for each to act his or her part, to it possible brighten the life of those who are less fortunately situated, and to strive and labor for the coming of that better day, when with more equal laws and a larger sense of the spirit of the Master, the song the angels sang nearly two thousand years ago will become a reality, and peace shall reign on at length, and among men will typify the spirit of service and brotherhood that shall hereafter be characteristic of the race.

You needn't keep on feeling distressed because of indigestion, or experiencing nausea, or feeling full, or suffering from loss of sleep, or feeling nervous, or feeling weak, or feeling tired, or feeling out of sorts, or feeling any of the other ailments that are so common to those who do not take Hood's.

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THE QUESTIONER.

"Don't God Car At All?"
By a mother's knee in the darkening
A child to pray knelt down;
And the moon coming in at the window
Touched his brow with a silver crown.

White lids were blue veined and drooping,
The unshed tears enclose,
And out from the lips, soft velvet,
This old sweet prayer arose—

"Our Father Who are in Heaven,
Please give us our daily bread,
And out through the verses,
Till the "amen" soft was said.
Then, though the prayer was ended,
He lingered kneeling there;
With his poor thin arms still lifted,

In the attitude of prayer,
"Are you thinking dear, of Heaven,"
She asked with mother pride,
As she stooped and kissed her darling,
Still kneeling at her side.
Then the great blue eyes uplifted,
Tear-gemmed with questioning shone;

"Don't God care at all, mamma,
That we are so poor and alone?
"Oh, I've prayed to Him so often,
For just a little bread;
But He doesn't seem to hear me,
Or care for the tears you shed."

"Why, over the street in that mansion,
There's a boy no bigger than I,
Throws bread to his doggie, while I
Famished stand by."

Now answer me, mamma, why?
Then the heart-broken mother for answer
Drew her darling more closely still,
And whispered between her sobbing,
"This man's and not God's will
That makes this prayer seem mockery."

To hear so full of woe:
Though, dear, we die of hunger,
God hath not willed it so."
—Alice Tregaskis.

WHY NOT BE CONSISTENT.
The so-called philanthropists who are donating money to aid in stamping out tuberculosis and at the same time are resisting the demands of their employees for the shorter work day are not consistent, to say the least. Every reduction in the hours of labor in any craft has always been followed by a decrease in the death rate from this particular disease. The trade unions who are fighting and insisting on an eight hour work day are the real enemies of the dread scourge, and the employer who forces his employees to work for a longer period is the individual who is aiding in its spread and propagation. Give the workers an eight-hour day and proper sanitary surroundings and the deaths from tuberculosis will decrease fifty per cent.

Will You Help The Hospital for Sick Children, the Great Provincial Charity?

Dear Mr. Editor:—
Thanks for the privilege of appealing through your columns on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children. The Hospital takes care of sick and deformed children, not only in Toronto, but in the Province, outside of the city. This coming year, of all the years in the Hospital's history, has a more serious outlook, as regards funds for maintenance, than any year that has passed its calendar.
So many calls are being made on the purse of the generous people of Toronto and Ontario, to help the soldiers of the Empire, that as I make my daily rounds through the wards of the Hospital, and see the suffering children in our cots and beds, the thought strikes me as to whether the people with us as of old, with all the demands made upon them, answer our appeal and help to maintain the institution that is fighting in the never-ending battle with disease and death, in its endeavor to save the stricken little ones in the child-life of Ontario.

Last year there were 394 in-patients from 310 places outside of Toronto. In the past twenty years there have been 7,000 from places in the Province other than Toronto.

It costs us \$2.34 per patient per day for maintenance. The municipalities pay for patients \$1 per patient per day; the Government allows 20 cents per patient per day; so, deducting \$1.29 from \$2.34, it leaves the Hospital with \$1.05 to pay out of subscriptions it receives from the people of Toronto and the Province. The shortage last year ran to \$13,000.

Since 1890 about 1,000 cases of club feet, bow legs and knock knees have been treated, and of these 900 had perfect correction. Nearly all these were from different parts of the Province outside of the city of Toronto.

Remember that every year is a war year with the Hospital; every day is a day of battle; every minute the Hospital needs money, not for its own sake, but for the children's sake. The Hospital is the battleground where the Armies of Life have grappled with the Hosts of Death, and the life or death of thousands of little children is the issue that is settled in that war. Will you let the Hospital be driven from the field of its battle to save the lives of little children for the lack of money you can give and never miss?

Every dollar may prove itself a death-dealing angel in the battle against death, a flagship in the fleet that fights for the lives of little children.

Remember that the door of the Hospital's mercy is the door of hope, and your dollar, kind reader, may be the key that opens the door for some body's child.

Will you send a dollar, or more if you can, to Douglas Davidson, Secretary-Treasurer, or
J. ROSS ROBERTSON,
Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Toronto.

The Y. M. C. A. of Toronto supplied tons of Christmas eatables to the soldiers at Exhibition Park. James T. Pettie is again Mayor of St. Catharines, the other nominees, Samuel Platt, not having filed his qualification papers.

A PERSONAL VIEW OF RUSSIA'S RULER

Emperor Nicholas Kindly and Unassuming When He Gets Chance to Move Among Subjects

The Czar of Russia, unlike his arch-enemy, the German Emperor, is a man whose life is largely shrouded in mystery. With the Kaiser it is a case of "power and publicity." With the Little Father of all the Russias it is a case of mighty influence, swayed by a man whose personal side is seldom revealed. One of the officers closest to the Czar is his personal bodyguard. This position was held two years ago by Count Simon Rodianoff, and after he relinquished it he gave to the world many personal stories of his imperial master which otherwise would never have become public.

On one occasion his Majesty announced his desire to have a drosky brought, so that he might go for a drive in the country incognito. While Count Rodianoff went to inform the necessary members of the Household of the Imperial wish, the Czar strolled in the park. When the bodyguard came upon him, about half an hour later, he was helping a gardener to lop off the dead limbs from a tree.

In civilian attire the Czar and his bodyguard walked past a wing of the palace, and through an open window heard voices. They approached, and



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA

looking in, saw about a dozen sentinels seated at a round table, drinking vodka and playing cards. One of the men was telling his companions of a love affair, at which they all laughed heartily. The sentinels sprang to their feet, saluted, and presented arms.

"How do you do, boys? Go ahead, and don't be disturbed by me," he said. When the drosky came they drove into the country, enjoying the sunshine and the delightful rural scenery, until they came to a typical Russian inn, where the Czar stopped the horse, and announcing that he was hungry, entered the hostelry.

His host was deep in a discussion of politics with a number of peasants that had stopped on the way to market with their produce to drink vodka.

"We want something to eat," said the Czar.

But all the innkeeper had in the house were some old dried-out ham, butter, and eggs. However, one of the peasants had a cartload of crabs, and the Czar asked the innkeeper to buy a couple of dozen and boil them.

"I have no time to boil you crabs," quoth mine host. "If you are hungry eat herring and drink vodka."

"But suppose I pay you ten rubles?" persisted the Czar.

The innkeeper looked at the speaker.

"I'm sure your money doesn't grow on trees," he replied. "You buy the crabs from the man and pay me fifty rubles for boiling them, and I shall be satisfied. I don't wish to be too greedy."

Half an hour later his Imperial Majesty and his bodyguard sat down at table with the peasants and partook heartily of a repast of boiled crabs and tea, of which the Czar afterwards said that he had never enjoyed a meal more.

Later in the day the Czar and the count took part in a wedding they found in progress in the cottage of a humble fisherman.

"I know people pretty well from their appearance," said the old peasant, smiling broadly. "I know from your face that you are either a commercial traveller or an agent for a drapery house."

Nevertheless, the two distinguished tourists attended the wedding, and drank with the bride and bridegroom; and the next morning the Czar sent a present to the bride, consisting of a fine service of silver, a five-hundred ruble note, and a personal message, which ran:

"I congratulate the newly-weds, and send my wedding present.
Nicholas I."

Though the Czar enjoys a stroll incognito, he is guarded at his various residences in the closest possible manner.

Heroic Highlander
At the foot of the hill of Jouarre, near La Ferté, is a simple wooden cross, bearing the inscription, "T. Campbell, seafarer." It marks the grave of a brave Highlander who, even after receiving a mortal wound accounted for three of the enemy. Campbell was with a small detachment of Highlanders who encountered a score of "Death's Head Hussars," and somehow became separated from the others. Nothing undaunted, however, he dashed alone into the middle of the Germans, who fired a volley at him. Mortally wounded, he still managed to kill one Hussar and wound two others before he was finally killed by the enemy.

Several unfortunates had their feet frozen on Christmas Eve.

NOT ENGLISH CUSTOM TO MURDER HELPLESS

Even the Savage Zulus Knew it and Took Advantage of it—Inspiring Words of Noted General

Field Marshall Sir Evelyn Wood told some interesting stories at a meeting which he addressed in London recently. Referring to the charges of brutality made against the Germans, he said:

"We need not fear that the British soldier will ever descend to making reprisals. Thirty-five years ago I was commanding 18,000 men, who fought against 23,000 brave Zulus for five hours and a half. They attacked with the undaunted courage of savages who did not realize the effect of modern rifles, and the following morning we buried, besides 2,000 number of men, where, 854 close up to one face of the wagons behind which our men had stood. When the fight was over I desired a few friendly Zulus who were attached to our companies under my command to collect men of every regiment promising for each unmarried man a stick of tobacco. Next morning there was a group outside my tent of 1,000 specimens of humanity. When I got all the information I required, I said, 'Two months ago, when after a skirmish our doctors cared for your wounded, and a few days later you overran our camp, killing 1,500 of our men. You did not spare those who had been attending on your own brothers. Will one of you say why I should not kill you?' Said a young Zulu, 'May I speak, O Master? You ask why you should not kill us; I answer, because it is not the English custom.'

"This is the character our race bears in the North, South, East and West Africa, and I hope it may ever continue, for reprisals are not only useless, but would sensibly lessen the grand fighting value of our soldiers. The troops at the assault of Delais in 1857, when embittered by horrible stories, many exaggerated, and at Jhensi in 1858, were seen deliberately lifting women and little children out of the line of fire. Such conduct is a part of our national inheritance."

Major Rivers Bulkeley was a man whom to know was to respect, but not to the majority was given the knowledge. He was an exceedingly quiet and retiring disposition. He was not one to thrust himself upon others. His many medals, worn upon occasion, told their own tale. His bravery was proverbial, but his modesty was such, that he really did not appreciate his own virtues. Captain Long—who was aide-de-camp to His Royal Highness the Duke during the term of Major Rivers Bulkeley's Comptrollership—told a friend that he was "one of the very bravest men he had ever known." His reserve covered a rare character of extraordinary strength. He had served with distinction, had been mentioned in despatches on three different occasions, was the proud possessor of the Queen's medal with six clasps, and the King's medal with two clasps, yet he never spoke of his achievements, and apparently shrank from publicity on that count. As Comptroller and Secretary of the Household of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Major Rivers Bulkeley's position was no unenviable one. His duties and responsibilities were great.

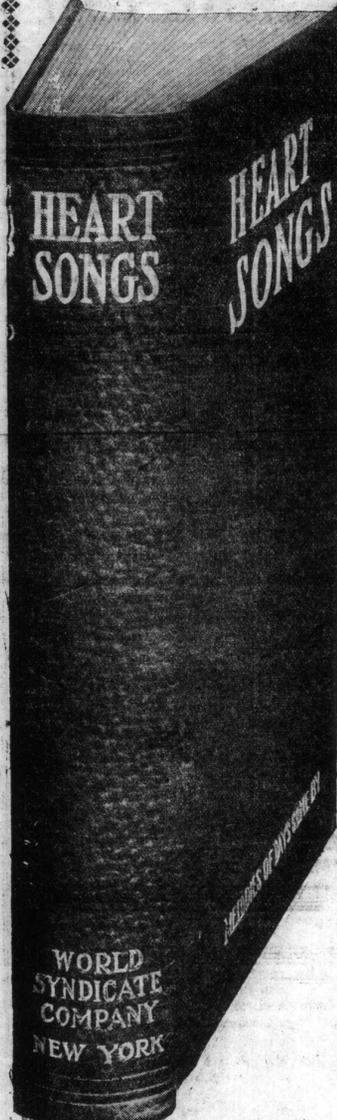
Ordinary people are apt sometimes to envy those in the higher walks of life, but trouble and sorrow follow all ranks, and on very many occasions it proved "the sadness of farewell" between the two lives, now so ruthlessly torn asunder. Although good comrades, as fate had thrown them together, it was not quite a year previous to their marriage, that Major Bulkeley and Miss Pelly became engaged, with the pleased consent of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess, who later graced the wedding by their presence. But even after that happy event, little time could be spared from their high social duties to allow of much intimate intercourse. During the all too short honeymoon, death cast its shadow by removing the bride's step-father, Sir Henry Francis York. In January, 1914, their small son, "Bobbie" was born, followed shortly afterwards by the death of Mrs. Rivers Bulkeley's mother, Lady Lillian York, whose long illness made it impossible for her to join her husband in Canada. This was again followed by the death of her grandfather, Lord Wenys; so that, in reality only a very infinitesimal portion of their lives was spent together. Therein lies the extreme tragedy of his death. Each had a striking personality, which, having passed; left its mark. Those of us who were privileged to have met and known them, even ever so slightly, are the better for the contact. Aching hearts there are in plenty for the stricken wife and fatherless boy, who, if he be spared, will no doubt in time learn that he had a father of whom he could be proud. As someone somewhere fitly says:

"We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths; In feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs—He most feels Who thinks most, lives the noblest, acts the best—"

One Honor Lacking
The Lord Mayor of London was asked to have the name of the German Emperor erased from the roll of Honorary Freeman of the City of London. He replied that the name could not be erased for the sufficient reason that it was never on the roll. No foreigners have ever been admitted to the Freedom of the City, as they are unable to declare allegiance to his Sovereign.

The first "dry" Christmas in Toronto resulted in very quiet streets.

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