

# Canada Labor Courier.

"ORGANIZED LABOR IS THE BULWARK OF THE NATION."

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## BITTER AND SWEET.

It was in the autumn that the news of the loss of the ship Albatross reached the small town of Haven. She had foundered on her way to Calcutta, and Aleck Fanshawe was on board as supercargo.

"It isn't as though Squire Fanshawe hadn't other sons," commiserated a neighbor, when the blinds were pulled down and cranes tied on the knocker at the big stone mansion, and prayers were offered in church for the bereaved family and friends. Everybody in town, so to speak, turned out to church on that September morning to see how the family took it, and to be able to criticise the funeral sermon. The Fanshaves had been a gay, worldly crowd, and this was their first sorrow, and those who had seen them in prosperity and joy wanted to behold the effect of the reverse; but they proved to be a family who did not wear the heart on the sleeve; they conducted themselves bravely behind their veils and restrained their tears till they might flow in private. The only excitement of the occasion, however, was worthy of the expectations of their friends. The family fled into church, black as grief and craped could make them. There were John and his mother, Sue and Hildegard; but who was this other on the old squire's arm, bowed with emotion, more sable than them all, in widow's veil and cap? Who? Why, it was only Louise Turner, whom they had always known. Why was she in widow's weeds and on the squire's arm? What had happened to her? There was lively gossip, you may be sure, that day on the way home from church.

"I remember he was kind of attentive to Louise Turner one spell," reflected Mrs. Ames.

"That's so," echoed Mrs. Blake. Don't you remember he took her to a concert over to Danvers? He has always known her, and like as not there was something between them."

"So he has always known every other girl in town," said Mrs. Blunt, the skeptic; "and he has been just as attentive to half a dozen others, as far as I can see."

"Yes," acknowledged Mrs. Ames, reluctantly; "he was attentive to all of them on and off; but then a man may be attentive to a dozen, you know, while he only cares for one. He odd; a woman couldn't do it; it would bore her horribly—that is, unless she's a flirt."

"Well, of course it's true," sighed Mrs. Blunt, "or else she wouldn't be in widow's weeds and in the squire's pew; but she's the last girl I thought Aleck would care for. I can't reconcile myself to it."

The interest and surprise of this event seemed to subside something from the solemnity of the occasion. It was not so wonderful that Aleck Fanshawe should die as that he should have been engaged to Louise Turner and no one ever had guessed it. It perplexed and disturbed Mrs. Blunt, she could hardly tell why. Perhaps she was disappointed that Aleck should have cared for such a shallow girl as Louise; and then a surprise has an irritating effect upon some natures. She upbraided herself for having so little sympathy for Louise in such a tremendous sorrow. Louise was pretty; everybody said Louise was pretty, and young men are easily pleased. Doubtless it had occurred at the last moment before his departure, and Louise had waited for his return to declare it. Aleck had been the best match in town, and, love aside, this was a great blow for Louise, with whom everybody was bound to sympathize. But Mrs. Blunt was dissatisfied with the quality as well as quantity of her own sympathy.

"It seems," said a neighbor who happened in to talk it over—"it seems that Louise heard the rumor and rushed up to Squire Fanshawe to know the truth, and when it was verified she went straight into hysterics and confessed that they had been privately engaged. Of course the squire adopted her into the family at once. They bought her mourning, the very best, and I dare say they'll give her Aleck's property—you know he had a fortune from his own mother, the squire's first wife."

"Have you heard that John refused to believe it at first?" asked Mrs. Blunt.

"Yes; he was a little stiff at first; he never liked Louise, you know."

"It seems to me it shouldn't want to take it on trust as they've done. I should want to see letters in his own hand, or something confirmatory, not just her word for it."

"Seems to me it would be a tremendous cruelty to turn a deaf ear to her at such a time, and refuse to believe her story."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Blunt. "Better be cheated to the last than lose the blessed hope of truth," as some poet says."

"It was a few days after these astonishing events that Miss Betty Le Breton returned from a vacation at the mountains, without having heard of the disaster that had overtaken the Fanshaves."

"When I am married," she said, in the enthusiasm of a first acquaintance with the mountains, "I shall take my wedding to it through the hills in a buggy; it's just enchantment. Any letter for me, Aunt Ellen? Any news?"

"News? Oh dear—yes—too much. I didn't write you because I didn't want to sadden your vacation. And you and Aleck were always such friends."

"Aleck?"

"Yes. The Albatross has been lost at sea, and the Fanshaves are just heartbroken, and Louise is there with them; it seems she was engaged to Aleck privately; and her widow's weeds are very becoming. It's a dreadful, dreadful thing for her; but they say the squire has about the same as adopted her, and that she'll have the lion's share of Aleck's money. She went in on the squire's own arm when the funeral sermon was preached; it was very touching. Why don't you say something, Betty? I always thought you and Aleck were good friends; and Louise?"

"What is there to say?" Betty asked, directly. There was an odd luster in her eyes, but she was not crying; she looked petrified.

"You might at least say you were sorry."

"Sorry? Oh, yes!—absolutely—'I suppose so.'"

"Why, Betty, haven't you any feeling?"

"I don't know. Perhaps not. What good would it do?"

"Aleck was such a good friend to you! Do you remember when he used to come and help you with your German? I used to think he was a little in love with you, Betty; but it seems I was mistaken; and for the matter of that, it doesn't signify, now that he is dead. Indeed, it's better for you as it is, you are spared the sorrow. Why, Betty, are you sick? Is anything the matter?"

Betty had risen with a great cry and was stretching out unavailing arms into space.

"He is!—Aleck—and he loved her, and she has rights to her sorrow; and!"

It was three months before Betty Le Breton was able to sit up. The neighbors said she had come home from the mountains with malaria, and it was doubtful if she would ever get it out of her system. Miss Le Breton, her aunt, wisely said nothing; but when she saw Louise in her funeral garments driving by in Squire Fanshawe's carriage she wondered if Betty were not far gone in her grief.

She could not reconcile herself to her changed condition, nor adjust herself to the belief that Aleck had cared nothing for her through all the years that had been to her like heaven on earth—that he had merely been passing the time. She felt as if the solid earth had failed beneath her feet, and her life stretched out before her in dreary and barren perspective. If she could only be allowed to preserve the illusion that he loved her, wherever he might be that would have sufficed for happiness, would have gilded all the empty years she must spend on earth without the sun of his presence. But people do not die when they have nothing to live for. Betty's unt trusted to time to mitigate the blow; she remembered that she herself once had a lover who deserted her, that she had cried her eyes out, and had given away all her jewelry and believed she was done with everything; but ten years later he passed her window daily, a bald, gouty man from whom the glamour had fled. But she had forgotten that he had robbed her of the power of loving any one else, and that other lovers had sighed in vain. When Betty first went out and began to resume her ordinary life as if nothing had happened, the squire's family had gone abroad and had taken Louise Turner with them to lighten the shadow of their grief; and a stone in the squire's lot in the cemetery recorded the fact that Aleck Fanshawe had lived and died. It would have been a melancholy comfort to Betty to hang wreaths upon that great white stone that confronted her like a ghost among the shrubbery, to plant flowers about it. But how could she lavish such loving trifles in memory of the man who had deprived her of the poor privilege of weeping for him? She sometimes felt as if she would like to leave Haven forever; every road and stile and bit of wood reminded her of Aleck. It was here he met her on her daily walk from school; it was in the wood they gathered the autumn leaves and came home laden with spoils; on this river the moonlight had found them; on this wild bank Aleck had sat and sketched the scene for her; beneath this tree he had read to her from the poets. The very air of the places they had frequented together seemed filled with the tender words he had spoken. Could it be that he had not cared? Why, then, had he spent his last evening ashore with her? He had left early, to be sure, saying he must pack and be off by day-break. Had he gone from her to Louise? The bough of scarlet berries he had given her that night had hung in her room ever since, where her eyes would see it on waking. The first time she was able to walk across the room after her illness she took it down and threw it upon the grass and:

indeed, she took out all of his letters for the same purpose, but put them back again, not strong enough to abandon them all at once.

It was summer at Haven, but it was not summer in Betty Le Breton's heart. I think she remembered other Junes, whose flowers were no sweeter, whose woods were no greener—Junes that had borrowed something of their charm from her own happiness, that like the moon shone with borrowed light. She was trying to sing one of the old songs at her piano one twilight—songs she had sung with Aleck in their drives through the woodland aisles, where they had loved to linger; but the sobe choked her and the tears crowded and jostled each other in her eyes; and suddenly, when the last vibration of the notes had ceased, a voice outside took up the strain and sang it through.

"It is Aleck," she cried, hurrying toward the piazza like one in a dream. Then she walked, turned back and sat down. Supposing it was Aleck, he belonged to Louise. Of course it was a mistake. It was because she had been thinking about him. Aleck was dead, and she had no right to think of him. She never would think of him again—never; she would forget him as he had forgotten her. Dead or alive, he could be nothing to her—nothing, nothing. He had broken her heart; could one love with a broken heart?

Somebody was coming into the room with a lighted lamp, preceded by excited voices. It was Miss Le Breton, followed by Mrs. Ames.

"Isn't it marvelous?" she was saying. "Such a shock, too, for the squire's family, just as they were getting used to the idea of death!"

Betty had shrunk into the dark corner of the long room (which one lamp only illuminated in patches) in order to hide the tears upon her eyelids.

"Mrs. Ames was preaching. I was just getting into the train for Haven this afternoon—I had been up to town for a brief of shopping—and I heard a familiar voice saying, 'Allow me to carry your bundle, Mrs. Ames.' It made me shiver and my blood curdled. I looked over my shoulder, expecting to see a ghost—a railway station's a queer place for a ghost, though, isn't it? Well, there stood Aleck Fanshawe. I shan't be any more surprised at the Day of Judgment."

"What a change!" cried Miss Le Breton; "and they all in their mourning, and the stone up in the cemetery, and the estate administered upon! I wonder where Betty is?"

"Yes, seems as though they'd been to a mortal lot of expense for nothing."

"And what a happy day for Louise Turner!" sighed Miss Le Breton. "I suppose he has called to his father?"

Mrs. Ames answered with a hearty laugh. "That's the oddest part of it. He asked about all the folks, coming down in the train; he didn't know they'd gone to Europe. And he asked first of all after your Betty—upon my word! 'And you don't want to know about Louise?' said I. 'Louise who?' said he. 'Why, Louise Turner, of course.' 'What about her? Is she married, or dead?' 'Married!' I cried; 'why, Aleck Fanshawe, are you mad, or making believe?' Didn't you expect that Louise Turner would confess her engagement to you, you sly old dog, after the news of your death?' 'Confess her engagement to me?' he repeated, and he looked like a thunderbolt. I was frightened. 'You don't mean to say you weren't engaged to her?' I said. 'Now, she's just like one of the family—wears widow's weeds for you, and went to church on the squire's arm when your funeral sermon was preached!' 'Engaged to her?' he cried. 'I never thought of it. I am engaged to Betty Le Breton, and I never loved any one else.' I thought I'd run over and prepare your mind," pursued Mrs. Ames, "for fear of the shock. Where's Betty?"

Squire Fanshawe's family returned in season for Betty's wedding; and she took her wedding tour through the White Mountains after all. But Louise Turner never appeared in Haven again.—Mary N. Prescott in Harper's Bazar.

Trouble with the Wire.

"Newspaper work in the far west is attended with many drawbacks," said the city editor of a Cheyenne paper at the Grand Pacific the other afternoon. "I remember one instance in particular which may serve to show you what we have to contend with. About two weeks ago the operator in our office began to receive what promised to be a sensational murder from somewhere near Rawlins. There was 'wire trouble' all along the line, and the night editor, who was standing over the operator, was beginning to fear that the 'matter' would not be in time for his edition. The instrument worked laboriously, the operator had reached that point when the murderer had pointed the smoking pistol to his own breast, when—snap."

"Wire's gone," exclaimed the operator, with a long breath. "Might just as well shut up shop and go home, for we can't get it again to-night."

"The dispatch, amplified and embellished, was printed with a scare head. About noon the next day it was found that a tree to which the wire was attached had been borne down by snow.—Chicago Herald.

## OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

A Tempest in a Tea Pot—A Gigantic Coal Strike—New Labor Party—The Labor Vote—Governor Hill's Message—The Archbishop and George.

It is amusing to see how hard the old party papers work to make mountains of trouble out of mole hills of dispute going on between some of the heads of the labor organizations. Why, here in the city where dwell the men who magnify the "troubles" aforesaid, the Democratic and Republican Clubs, "Halls," and associations have been fighting like mad cats and snarling curs, year in and year out for half a century, especially on the approach and just after an election—on which occasion a regular row—sometimes sanguinary—occurs over the distribution of nominations and the spoils—which appear to be the only objects of an election here. But the editors of the journals representing the money bags are hot after the United Labor Party now, and in their rage because of its existence, and in their frantic attempts to destroy it, they pretend to lose sight of the fact that "family quarrels" in all sorts of organized bodies—political, social, theological, and corporate, from time immemorial have occurred and are constantly occurring. A few squabbles among the little "great grands" of an immense organization cannot destroy the latter, while they may have the happy effect of destroying the former; and what then? Why, when the king dies, the people cry—"The King is dead! Long live the King!"—and when the President dies the Republic still lives. Those writers who love to serve monopoly and kneel in deep devotion at the cloven feet of the Golden Calf of Capital should bear this fact in mind when they gleefully proclaim from their house tops and tall towers that there is trouble in the camp of Labor.

Three thousand Coal Heavers are out on strike across the river in New Jersey at the present writing and their movement is sanctioned by their friends all along the line. The best of order is preserved, very much to the disappointment of the coal Barons whose first step was to notify the police. The men on strike have obeyed the instructions of their officers to keep away from the drinking saloons and to conduct themselves as sober, peaceful citizens. The superintendent appealed to the men on the boats to take the paces of the strikers, but after listening attentively to his remarks the batmen quietly laid down their tools and refused to touch a shovel or pick that had been left by their fellow workmen.

It seems strange to a fool like myself, that the great coal companies, like the Reading for instance—owning 160,000 acres of coal land (Reading), 95,000 acres of which Mr. Gowen estimates to be worth \$1000 per acre, or \$95,000,000, and getting high prices and large profits for their products should be either unable or unwilling to pay their working people a satisfactory rate of wages—enough, say, to make the men comfortable and contented. There must be something in the perversity of the monopolistic conscience, which, in the simplicity of my nature, and the shallowness of my mind, I am unable to fathom.

The new party is now fairly launched upon the broad bosom of the sea of politics having its birth in the Convention held at Clarendon Hall on the night of the 6th inst. Considerable preliminary work was accomplished. John Mackin was elected temporary chairman and Frank Farrel was placed in the vice-chairmanship, James Archibald, Secretary. Mr. John N. Bogert, of Typographical Union No 6, one of the very best workers in the cause of Labor, received a large and well deserved vote for the secretaryship. His record for faithful, earnest and intelligent effort to do his whole duty wherever

placed is of the brightest character. The convention adjourned after the transaction of some further business to meet on the 13th of January.

Now, more than ever, the labor vote will be coaxed, flattered and fished for, Governor Hill dashes boldly into the field, through the convenient medium of a "message" and on the subject of labor uses in expressive "words; words signifying nothing. And yet the professionally democratic governor has succeeded in scaring the party papers badly. The Democratic World intimates that "there may be some criticism raised by Hill's endorsement of some extreme demands of the Labor Organizations." The ratified Tribune turns green, and says that "The workingmen must realize that talk is cheap" which original expression coincides with the one used above, by your correspondent. "God help the poor" is another cheap thing in the way of costless phraseology. The Times smiles grimly at the idea that "something should be done by legislation to increase the pay and diminish the toil of men who work." All this and much more in the same strain, because the workingmen have resolved to take a hand in politics, for when they were quiescent, "innocent," passive, obedient, docile voters, all the attention they ever received was a sort of quasi acknowledgement that they were good fellows on occasions when it was desirable to reelect their representatives, and perpetuate the rule of the politicians.

Promises have been made before, and as often broken, for the Democratic and Republican governors and legislators of New York have, through many alternate terms of service (to capital) manifested a cold and cruel indifference to the needs of the toilers, and this state of affairs would have continued till "the crack of doom" but for the political action of Labor. Now a Democratic governor is made to see that workingmen have become a practical and powerful faction in the way of demonstrating their ability to take the reins of power in their own hands and it is political life or death with him to either win or lose the votes of "men who work."

Hence these "words of promise to the ear," in the governor's message. But "His Excellency" could not have studied up the methods of the new style of workingmen very closely, else he would have discovered that one of the fundamental rules of the politically organized workmen is the vote for the nominees of the United Labor Party and by no means for professional Democrats or for Republican office seekers.

CORRIGAN VS GEORGE AND LABOR.—The case is briefly this. The Archbishop struck the cause of Labor a stinging blow, through George, who struck back in defence of his views of labor's rights. Corrigan, incensed at this, attacked Dr. McGlynn. George, feeling deeply aggrieved and provoked,—1st, by the Archbishop's blow at Labor, and 2nd, at the punishment inflicted upon his friend, at once threw his mailed gauntlet at the feet of the proud prelate and arraigned the "Castle Catholic" wing of the Roman Church as being in antagonism to the poorer followers of St. Peter as to their temporal interests in both Ireland and this country. It was an act of courage which may be classed among the most heroic deeds recorded in history. It proves conclusively, also, that Henry George is no truckling politician—he will make neither "deals" with the oppressors of, nor concessions to the foes of humanity.

W. S. T.  
New York, Jan. 10th, 1887.

—British Columbia Knights have boycotted Chinese Labor. In that part of the country there are upwards of 20,000 Celestials who have practically driven white labor out of the market. The Chinese question is one that is as difficult of solution as that of Prison Labor. We invite communications on these questions from readers of the COURIER.