

Ten in O'Leary's Room.

O'Leary, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, Professor Kettle and the "Irish Times" show some of the difficulties in keeping all the Ten Commandments in one Dublin Room in which Ten People Live.

"A case was heard recently in the Dublin Northern Police Court in which two men were charged with assaults on the police during a riot," says the Irish Times in a remarkable leading article. "They made counter-charges of a very serious kind against a sergeant and six constables. In the course of the hearing a bright and terrible light was thrown on the conditions of life in the tenement slums of Dublin.

An Irish Home.

"The brothers, William and Patrick O'Leary, are labourers. They live together in a front room on the third floor of 2, Marlborough Place. William O'Leary was asked to state the number of occupants of this room on the night of August 31. He replied: 'My wife, myself, six children of mine, my brother Pat, and one child of his, who is dying of consumption. There are ten of us in the room.'

"O'Leary's wife confirmed this evidence. She said that the ages of her six children ranged from thirteen years to twelve months. 'One of them was sick now, and Pat's child might die at any moment, as its lungs were bleeding.'

Is It Economy?

"Here, truly, is an appalling indictment of the civilisation of Dublin," adds the Irish Times. "We ask our readers to consider that front room on the third floor of 2, Marlborough Place from the aspects of economy, health, humanity, decency, their personal interests, and the larger interests of the city. 'Is it economy to house the workers of Dublin in surroundings which make a clear mind, a strong arm a cheerful heart—the essentials of good work—utterly unthinkable? The two O'Learys admitted that they were not sober on the night in question. Who could expect them to be sober?' asks the Irish Times.

"Think of decency—two men, a woman and seven children, eating, living, and sleeping, in a single room. Think of humanity—the humanity which allows such conditions to exist, not in this case only, but among a large part of the twenty thousand families who occupy single-room enements in the capital of Ireland. The slums of Dublin are a physical danger, a moral degradation, a grave social peril for us all. We are chastened just now by industrial revolt and fears of violence. Let us be honest with ourselves," adds the Irish Times, "and admit that these afflictions are in some measure the result of our own indifference and selfishness. The strike agitators have

a hopeless case; their methods are insane and ruinous, but they draw their support from material which we have all helped to prepare for them.

Abolish the Slums.

"The folly of the 'sympathetic strike' was hatched in the foul recesses of our city slums. If we are wise—apart from all questions of humanity and decency—we shall make up our minds without delay that the so-called Socialism of the Dublin working-classes must cease to find a breeding ground in the rotten tenement houses. The work is imperative in the interests of Christianity and social order. The expense, however huge, must be faced—it is inevitable. As soon as the present strike troubles are ended, the city's whole heart and soul must be put into the abolition of the slums.

"We still ask for a Viceregal Commission, because we want all the facts, and we do not believe that we shall get them from the Corporation," says the Irish Times. "When the facts are public united action will be possible, and, if the leading citizens of Dublin put their hearts, consciences, and money into a great scheme of reform, it can, and will be brought to fulfillment. The proper housing of the working classes of Dublin will be an insurance against disease—and against things even more perilous to their health. Let us remember that, if the thought of sick children gasping out their lives in the crowded horrors of a tenement room is not a sufficient stimulus to action."

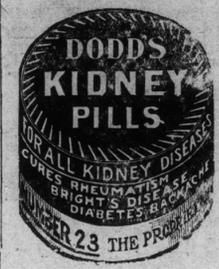
"Mr. T. M. Kettle, Professor of National Economy in the National University, himself a citizen of Dublin, thus describes the city he loves:

A Denial of the Ways of God.

"In average wage-level, in previous lack of organization, and consequently of skill and productivity, laboring Dublin is the blackest scandal of that Empire with which we are associated. And its housing? As a citizen of Dublin I read my arguments and cry for forgiveness at the word. The mansion-slums of Dublin go as close as any material fact can to a denial of the ways of God. You can walk through broken street after street of this proud capital, and as you absorb into your eyes—and your nose, the realities there presented, you will understand the degradation to which this city has condemned the Caryatides of labor.

"If you seek for a parallel to the houses in which so many of our fellow-citizens are endeavoring to enact the Ten Commandments on fifteen shillings a week, you must go to some city in the Balkans."

Professor Kettle adds: "We ought all of us to be ashamed to talk again of the twenty-one thousand single-room tenements of Dublin. Since I



was a boy I have heard them talked about, and, in the region of action, from January election to January election all was a rhetorical zero.

Remember Tyre at Liverpool. Such facts as these go far to justify Mr. G. W. E. Russell's warning to "Remember Tyre."

"Into Liverpool after breakfast, and about the Docks. Ships lading and unlading for all the world. The Mersey beautiful with its full cohort of vessels—steam, sail and tug.

Such things fill the mind with thoughts of Tyre and England. "These words are taken from the diary of a famous man who visited Lancashire in 1868," writes Mr. G. W. E. Russell, in the Manchester Guardian.

"It is only on the last three words that I am inclined to dwell, Tyre—and England. The very collocation of the names suggests a note of warning. The commercial supremacy of Tyre, with all its resulting luxury and wealth, and the hideous fate which overtook it, are object-lessons of a kind which no one who believes in the Science of History can affect to disregard.

"Even Froude, who believed very little, believed this, and taught it as the one certain lesson of history, that for every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last; not always by the chief offenders, but paid by someone."

Four Miles Thro' the Alps.

"The Mont d'Or tunnel between France and Switzerland, on which boring operations began nearly three years ago, has just been completed," says the Mail.

"The tunnel, which is 3 3/4 miles long, bores through the Jura mountains from Frasne to Vallorbe, thus obviating an eleven miles detour by Pontarlier, and should have been pierced two months ago. The work, however, was delayed by the tapping of a number of unsuspected springs, which had to be pumped dry.

C.L.B. Boy Making Good.

L. R. Croucher, late of the C.L.B., who was transferred by the Commercial Cable Co., to their office at Canso, N.S., in April, is making a name for himself in athletics. At the Halifax Road Race he finished 9th man and in the 2 mile Race, at Guysborough, N.S., he took first place. He has also entered for the 10 mile race at Truro.

Draining the Zuyder Zee.

"The Zuyder Zee (Southern Sea) was formerly a lake surrounded by fens and marshes, its present extent being chiefly the result of floods which occurred in the thirteenth century. Its area is about 2,000 square miles, and average depth from 10 to 19 feet. It has always been the work of the Hollanders to recover as much as possible of the land lost to them in this manner in past ages, and in the liberal sense they can be said to have half made their country, having reclaimed over 3,000,000 acres from sea, lake, and river since the sixteenth century. Schemes for the reclamation of the Zuyder Zee have been at various times discussed, and a Bill was introduced in 1900, but afterwards withdrawn, to deal with, first, some 115,000 acres of the southern part at a cost of £7,917,000, and eventually 500,000 acres at an estimated additional cost of £24,000,000. The present measure before the Dutch Parliament is an extension and completion of those plans," says the Sphere.

Wanting Amendment.

Two Portland swordfishermen discovered last week that the old proverb about a pen being mightier than the sword is a fallacy and should be supplanted by something a little more modern. Their reason for believing this is based on an experience neither experts soon to forget. They were pursuing what, according to actions and appearance, bid fair to be a giant swordfish, worth so much per pound in the Portland market. But, when having been harpooned, the monster turned toward them his frontal view, their spirits sank first into gloom and then to the deeper throes of horror. Upon them was fast projecting no threatening "sword" but a hungry cavity flanked at the sides with something like a picket fence. Their minds had not been loaded for this particular species of fish, and they hoisted sail and beat a hurried retreat. The next time they harpoon a swordfish they decidedly intend to look twice.—Fishing Gazette, Sept. 27.

Dredge the Harbor for Dead.

SAYS CORRESPONDENT. A correspondent writes: "On Sunday night last the Dominion Coal Co's steamer Wabana collided with and sank the schooner Annie Roberts near Petrie's Ledge in the harbor mouth, the latter vessel going to the bottom and carrying four of her crew to death with her.

"A couple of days later I read in the Post a notice to the effect that a captain of a Newfoundland schooner at North Sydney, would make an effort to locate the bodies of the unfortunate victims from their nameless grave in the ocean.

"I have watched the papers carefully but have seen nothing further on this matter, so, I presume that, after all, nothing was done. I should imagine that this charitable Newfoundland captain would not have the necessary apparatus to conduct a search of this kind, and for this reason the laudable scheme was dropped.

"Now, Mr. Editor, supposing the drowned persons had been members of the Coal Company staff; or, suppose, some of Sydney's citizens had gone down on that ill-fated schooner, would there not be a hue and cry and scurrying in hot haste to get a fleet of dredgers out to scour the sea in an effort to locate the sunken ship and her cargo of dead?

"But the men lost were only four poor Newfoundlanders, and, apparently, they do not count for much with the powers that be.

"And yet they (the dead) have wives perhaps and little ones at home who would be just as glad to have news to the effect that the bodies of their dear ones had been taken from the water and if not sent home at least given decent burial in some Christian cemetery, as the highest in the land.

"It seems to me that some person or persons are gravely at fault in not having this matter attended to long before this. However, it is better late than never, and I hope to see some effort made this week to locate the bodies and the vessel."—Sydney Post, Oct. 28.

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