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The Canadian Labor Press

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A WEEKLY NEWS LETTER.

THE WEAPON OF WORDS

Let old-fashioned people rejoice. The Montreal Herald points out that the day of the orator has not been replaced by the efficient machine. In the State of Missouri a long contest for the Democratic nomination to the Senate has just been concluded by the selection of Senator Reed over Breckenridge Long. The latter had distinguished support and a good organization, Reed had the open hostility of ex-President Wilson and the pronounced opposition of such a powerful Democratic organ as the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The result brings into question the soundness of the modern maxim that oratory no longer counts, for, in casting about for the principal reason for Reed's victory, the New York Globe attributes it to his personality and "the dreaded weapon of words" which left his opponent armorless. Senator Reed, it seems, is an orator who sways his audiences by the power of golden speech.

It is a curious thing, the Montreal journal continues, that many persons, especially those who possess imagination and temperament, are subject to the spell of oratory when, the most eloquent appeals on paper leave them unmoved. A perfectly convincing pamphlet they lay down with the feeling that no doubt it's all right but there must be another side. These same people will be carried away by the spoken word, uttered with apparent sincerity and great earnestness. Canadian history is full of examples of the power of oratory, from the magnificent periods of Joseph Howe and the moving appeals of McGee to the matchless eloquence of Huntington, Chapleau, Ross and Laurier.

GETTING ON THE FENCE

The "Ottawa Journal," replying editorially to a correspondent with regard to prohibition, discounts the fact that Christ at the marriage in Cana turned water into wine as an argument against present day temperance legislation in Ontario. The "Journal" holds that the drinking of "light wines" nineteen hundred years ago has no bearing on the drinking of strong spirits at the present time and points out that light native wines may yet be obtained in Canada without restrictions. It also expresses considerable doubt as to the majority of people living up to the standard set by Christ—with especial mental emphasis being laid we imagine on the anti-prohibitionists. While we agree that the morals and tastes of today are not those of nearly two thousand years ago and cannot with safety be dealt with on the same lines, we would remind the "Journal" that the prohibitionists introduced the Christian religion into the question of prohibition in an attempt to show that "drinking" was opposed to the teachings of Christ. They failed in the attempt. Christ undoubtedly taught that intemperance was a sin, but He also taught that self-righteousness was a sin and that intemperance was applicable to words as well as to deeds.

One thing He did not teach. That it was a good thing to form our judgment as to what was right or wrong by waiting for popular approval or following the multitude. The "Journal" in a recent editorial said that it supported prohibition because it believed the majority of the people in Ontario wanted it. We are, therefore, justified in thinking that had the majority not wanted prohibition the "Journal" would have used its influence in the opposite direction. If the time comes for it to do so we sincerely trust that its arguments will be more convincing.

A SENSELESS PROPOSAL

Representative MacGregor of New York, a United States Legislator, has discovered, or rather re-discovered, a simple and effective way for Great Britain to pay her war debt to our southern neighbour. It is so simple and so effective that, as the people chiefly concerned, it is a marvel that Canadians have not thought of it long ago.

In a word, Representative MacGregor proposes that the United States shall take that portion of Canada embracing the Great Lakes, including the whole of the water power resources of Niagara, and give Great Britain a receipt for the "account rendered."

Mr. MacGregor was careful to make it clear that humanity at large and Canadians in particular would benefit by the change. The Canadians affected would be immensely enriched by being members of the great country to the south, and the United States would round off its territory at a point where it would be of benefit to humanity.

This sounds so good that our only wonder is that Mr. MacGregor stopped at the Great Lakes territory. Why deprive the rest of Canada from participating in these wondrous blessings and the whole of humanity from feeling the beneficence of being governed by the United States. It must appear to Mr. MacGregor that he has only half stated his case and that he has overlooked some millions of people who are with difficulty repressing a desire to be handed over to his country.

We are, however, afraid that, despite our anxiety to be "immensely enriched" by such a transfer of our allegiance, Great Britain will ignore our passionate longings and deny to Mr. MacGregor's proposal the consideration he thinks it deserves.

Meanwhile before telling Great Britain what he is prepared to accept in lieu of cash Representative MacGregor might find out that the Old Country has no other means of paying her debts.

PURITY

"SALADA"

Is the Essence of all That is Best in Tea

"To Taste is to Believe"

THEN THE FUN BEGAN



PARENTS AS EDUCATORS

THE CURL MADE PEGGY CRY

By Minerva Hunter.

Mrs. Ivy was sitting at her living room window sewing buttons on a new gingham dress when Mrs. Baxter came to her dining room window and looked out. "I've had such a scare!" shivered Mrs. Baxter.

"Peggy?" inquired Mrs. Ivy anxiously rising from her chair. "Do you want me to come over and help you?"

"No, no, Peggy isn't really hurt," said Mrs. Baxter. "but Oman nearly put her eye out with the scissors. When I went out of the nursery to empty the bath water, he cut one of her curls off. I happened to look through the door and there he stood with the curl in one hand and the point of the scissors within an inch of Peggy's eye! I was never so frightened in my life. Every mother has anxious times with her children, but when one undertakes to rear another person's baby the responsibility seems to double. Peggy's father is so pitifully grateful because we have consented to care for the baby that I feel even more responsible for her than I did for Oman. If my child should injure Peggy's eye I'd never get over it!"

"Oman is very fond of Peggy," said the neighbor. "I never saw greater devotion on the part of a little four-year-old boy. He would do anything to keep her from crying."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Baxter. "that is true, but why did he go near her with the scissors? He is never allowed to play with them—in fact I punish him every time he handles any but his blunt pair."

"It may be he had a really good reason for cutting Peggy's curl," suggested Mrs. Ivy. "I mean a good reason from a child's point of view."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Baxter. "that is true, but why did he go near her with the scissors? He is never allowed to play with them—in fact I punish him every time he handles any but his blunt pair."

They say our present coal supply will last four thousand years, and it appears likely that the public's patience will also.

Speaking of dismal failures, there's the mother's effort to speak sweetly to an impudent child when company is present.

Royden, Bart., sixteen years later. Her brother, who succeeded in 1917 to the baronetcy, is M.P. for one of the Bootle divisions, and deputy chairman of the Cunard Steamship company. Miss Royden has another brother and five sisters. Her education was commenced by governesses and continued at an old-fashioned school kept by four maiden ladies, who made stitching girls wear backboards, and if their toes turned in put their feet into stocks. At Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, her interests were literary and historical. Later she worked in the slums until broken down in health, and then became editor of the suffrage organ. And hence to the pulpit. She dislikes working in one center only, and may soon be heard on this side of the water.

AFTERWARD

The startled moon breaks cover,
The little stars burn white;
A lost wind wanders through the trees
And moans along the night.

The sky is black between the clouds
And I can smell the rain
Before its fingers come to tap
Against the window pane.

Oh, it is sad to sit alone
On such a night as this,
With never any hand to touch
Nor any lips to kiss;

Nor any voice to answer mine,
The weary room so still,
Save where the poplar reaches in
And whispers at the sill.

How could I know it would be so
Who never thought at all
Save of one thing, that when you went,
I was too proud to call!

Now when my pride lies in the dust,
You are no longer near,
And though I call across the night
You are too far to hear.

You never get the full meaning of
efficiency until you observe a small
boy placing himself around ice cream
cones.

HUMORESQUE

The Lighter Side of the News as Viewed by "Puck."

Last Saturday, Mr. Puck told the Boss that he was going camping with Missis Puck and his two kids, one being a girl with curls and blew socks and the other a boy having red hair named Algeynon. He is a sissy kind of herd though not two had when you no him, having a Radio and steem in-jine and uther things which make a feller not two had if he lets you monkey with them.

Anyways, when Mister Puck told the Boss he sed: "Hey! what's the matter with taking yung Persey (that's me) to camp—would you like to contemplate natcher in all its py-moridil buety Persey." "You bet I wud," I sed, and Mister Puck sed to the Boss, "Kaa you spair him." "Spair him," sed the Boss, "if you can lose him where the bares can get him you can have half my kirgdom," which was his way of saying I could get off for a wile.

On Saterdag, P.M. I went down to Mister Puck's home to help them put the furniture on the rig and Missis Puck, the large ferease lady which came to the ofis a couple of weeks ago, was there with a bywdore cap on and a red fase and a perpul ki-moer all over large beris looking like stawks. She was kuffing Algeynon most of the time, not doing any-thing to the gerl on account of her having curls and being a favorite and Mister Puck was on the sidewalk looking for the rig. Pretty soon it turned up being called the "Internashunal Transfer" and having a fat man driving a ferease looking-horse which went pretty slow not taking much interest in anything.

"Gee Father," sed Algeynon, "Why is the rig called the Internashunal—why is it, hey, father." "I think the werd applies to the horse, my son," sed Mister Puck, "it having certain features akin to all the known breeds." "Why didn't we have a moter transfer, father?" sed Algeynon, "why didn't we, hey." "In this age of rush and hurry there is a lot to be sed in favor of the horse isn't there Persey," sed Mr. Puck, me thinking that the horse kneaded all that could be sed in its favor.

Anyways we got all the furnature on the rig, me and Algeynon sitting on the top, and Mister Puck and his Missis and the gerl coming behind in a taxi, and pritty soon we got to where the camp was, Mister Puck having a swell shak with verandais and everything and a little tent for me and Algeynon to sleep in. Pritty near the camp was the river and a heek of a big waterfall making a ferease noise. Me and Algeynon got all wet on account of him falling in

the river and me getting him out and we were late for supper taking so long to dry.

On Sunday, Mister Mortimer, who is our Editor and Miss Smith, our stenographer, turned up. Mister Mortimer waring write flannel trousers and Miss Smith looking much the same except she had more powder on her nose and a green sunshade, making her look pretty unhealty when she had it up, her nose being green and her fase perpul. She had a big box of candy white Mister Mortimer had bot for her and swung in the ham-mick eating them all two herself.

Me and Mr. Puck and Mister Mortimer went fishing just ware the water falls was, Mister Puck lending Mister Mortimer a peech of a rod and line and me getting worms and bating his hook wich he couldn't do. Mister Puck and Mister Mortimer fished for quiet a whiles but nothing doing when a tuff looking kid comes along with a long pole with cutlance rings on it and a heek of a big stone on his line for a sinker. The tuff kid gets in between Mister Puck and Mister Mortimer and throes the stone in the water pritty soon bringing out a sukker about three inches long, and Mr. Puck and Mr. Mortimer both says, "Can you beet it." "Hey, kid," says Mr. Mortimer, "What are you going to do with that fish, hey." "Use it for bate," sed the tuff looking kid and throes his line in again with the sukker on it pritty soon bringing out a heek of a big pikkeril about a yard long. "Fools for luck" says Mister Mortimer getting up off the ground. "Here Persey," he says, "try your pretense hand," giving me his rod which the tuff kid fixed up like he had done his own.

In about a minait I felt a pull like I was going into the river and yeils to the tuff kid, "Here bare a hand, I got a wale or sumpin," it proving to be another pikkeril bigger than the tuff kids. Mister Mortimer warked away looking pritty mad but Mister Puck sed, "Vertu rewarded Persey, take it home to Misses Puck and tell her to cook it for supper—I will tempt fate a little longer," meaning he would go on fishing.

So I took the pikkeril and on my weigh I thort, "Gee if I tell Missis Puck that her husband cort it she'll be tikkeled to deth," which I did. Missis Puck being as pleased as if he had won a Viekter Cross for killing Germans. I let Miss Smith smell the pikkeril pritty close, her saying, "Oh, how disgusting—oh, dear, oh, dear—" and beeting it quik into the woods ware nobuddy could see her. She had eat nearly all the candy.

Anyway when Mr. Puck comes home he having caught too little fellers and was looking pritty glumey until Missis Puck through her arms round his neck saying, "My hero to ketch such a lovely fish," me giving him the

wink not to let on any different. The pikkeril was O.K. Missis Puck being some cooly, if ferease looking, and after supper Mister Puck gave me five bucks telling me to buy a fishing rod and line. He's a good skout and I was sorry when he berned his self in the bon-fire which we had before we went to bed.

PERSEY.

BEATEN IN HONOR OF DEAD

There are meh in Korea who do nothing but go about the country permitting themselves to be beaten in honor of the dead. The blows are wielded by the members of the families who have suffered the loss of a relative. For this unusual work they are awarded the "degree" of "Master of Mourners."

The Master of Mourners must see that the Korean is placed in a receptacle of thick wool, and in a room properly ornamented and prepared. The next thing to which he directs his attention is the proper costumes for the family and relatives. The mourning weeds consist of a gray frock, as torn and patched as possible, and a girdle of twisted straw and silk made into a rope about the thickness of the wrist. Another cord, the thickness of the thumb, is placed around the head, which is covered with dirty linen. Special sandals and a big knotty stick complete the costumes of those who would mourn according to Korean rule.

Then the master is ready to permit the relatives to beat him. Every morning upon arising, and before each meal, he leads them to the mourning room, where he is beaten until prostrate.

If a Korean is very wealthy, a house is built in front of the tomb, where the family watches for three years. The long vigil wins great respect from the neighbors, who judge the social standing of the family and the depth of their sorrow from the loudness of the groans and the length of time the mourning is carried on. A noble has been known to weep at a tomb for 3 day and a night without stopping.

Ferdie jilted Maud and married another girl, but Maud had her revenge.

"How?"

"She sent the bride a book to read on their honeymoon—Stevenson's 'Travels with a Donkey.'"

Swell-head is just the conviction that the opinion of the first person singular makes it unanimous. Nearly every community has a church that contains most of the wealth and culture of the town and very little of its religio.

Whatever it is that makes a man tell his story forty times, it isn't a sense of humor. Or any other kind of sense.

The smaller the town, the less money is required to enable you to talk patronizingly about the "common people."

You understand mankind better when you reflect that failure, rather than righteousness, lessened the number of home brewers.

The scars of war are healing and gradually the soldier is forgetting the few French words he picked up.



Youth and Age

THERE is no time in woman's life that she cannot benefit by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in order to keep up the supply of pure, rich blood and to ensure a healthful condition of the nervous system.

Headaches, neuralgia, sleeplessness, nervous spells, irritability, tired, worn-out feelings, soon disappear when the vigor and energy of the nerves are restored by the use of this great food cure.

50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.



To Holders of Five Year 5 1/2 per cent Canada's Victory Bonds

Issued in 1917 and Maturing 1st December, 1922.

CONVERSION PROPOSALS

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE offers to holders of these bonds who desire to continue their investment in Dominion of Canada securities the privilege of exchanging the maturing bonds for new bonds bearing 5 1/2 per cent interest, payable half yearly, of either of the following classes:—

- (a) Five year bonds, dated 1st November, 1922, to mature 1st November, 1927.
- (b) Ten year bonds, dated 1st November, 1922, to mature 1st November, 1932.

While the maturing bonds will carry interest to 1st December, 1922, the new bonds will commence to earn interest from 1st November, 1922, GIVING A BONUS OF A FULL MONTH'S INTEREST TO THOSE AVAILING THEMSELVES OF THE CONVERSION PRIVILEGE.

This offer is made to holders of the maturing bonds and is not open to other investors. The bonds to be issued under this proposal will be substantially of the same character as those which are maturing, except that the exemption from taxation does not apply to the new issue.

Dated at Ottawa, 8th August, 1922.

W. S. FIELDING, Minister of Finance.