

LABOR'S FUNCTION.



Scotch The Snake!

WERE you to live in tropical India you would have to turn down your bedclothes every night before retiring, in case a snake were hidden in the folds, a cobra, whose deadly bite is certain death. And when you arose in the morning you would shake out your shoes lest the four inch "karait," equally deadly, had taken refuge there.

There are snakes in Labor's bed and in Labor's pathway to-day, hidden in the folds of smooth speech and spacious but fallacious argument. "Snakes in the grass" Secretary P. M. Draper of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress called them the other day at a meeting of the Ottawa Trades and Labor Council; men who do not openly profess their affiliation with the "Reds" but hide in the ranks of Organized Labor that they may work its downfall. Beware of them. Scotch the Snake!