

and butter and a little jam. In the end a long sleep and a forgetting. The minister says our dear departed brother will get his reward in heaven. Why did he have hell on earth? Men and women are seriously and earnestly asking that question. They are beginning to think that much of the drudgery and misery and monotony can be cast out of their lives if they try.

The old political parties have been blindly leading us through a wilderness, holding out promises of reconstruction, co-operation, better conditions. They have now arrived at an uncharted region and know not where to turn. The workers are asking: "Where is the promised land? Where is the new world?" Their cry cannot be answered. They are told to keep quiet and work harder; but their lot gets worse and worse. Every day it becomes harder to make ends meet. Every day, to-morrow is more uncertain than was yesterday.

At last they have decided to act. They are done with the old politicians and their useless formulæ. They have decided to do things for themselves. That is why the Labor Party was formed. It is open to all who labor by hand or by brain. In Great Britain the middle classes, the clerks, the shopkeepers, the teachers, professors, managers, all the hard-hit black-coated workers, are swinging in behind the Labor Party, recognizing in its broad fundamental principles the hope of the new and better society that is to be.