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VICTOR FINSTEN 305 Queen Street West

BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE TORONTO ONT

W. BROOKS, Principal

Carter's TEETHING Powders. BEERY FOR TEETHING BABIES. Avoid substitutes. Buy what you ask for. Every Genuine Box bears this signature Carter Drug Co.

Dr. Carson's Tonic Stomach and Constipation Bitters. Taste long been recognized as the greatest remedy for all ailments of the stomach and bowels.

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THIS LABEL DEMAND IT. Appears on all bottles of Union Beer.

Union Men and Friends. International Brotherhood of Bricklayers. Made in America.

DEFENSE SCHEME.

Toronto, Dec. 1, 1904. To the Officers and Members of Toronto District Labor Council. Fellow Delegates—Your committee appointed to study a scheme of financial defense in time of strike or lock-out, beg to submit the following:

- 1. Equality of payments. 2. Equality of benefits. The plan is able to forth by Mr. Isaac Cowan, of Cleveland, in a pamphlet on this subject, and embraces the features of the old country scheme known as the "King Blithford Plan."

The method of management of the Federation would be determined by the body itself, and is purely a matter of detail to be decided upon after framing a constitution for its government. We will, however, cite for example, a few of the rules taken from the "King Blithford Plan."

1. To organize a Federation, each union agrees to pay into a guarantee fund for one year, the sum of \$100 (or such other sum as may be mutually agreed upon), at the end of one year they are full members of the Federation, and unless any one of the unions joining the Federation are in strike or lock-out, they then cease paying such sum as any of their number are involved in a dispute, when they immediately resume paying their weekly guarantee, they then cease paying as long as a dispute continues.

2. No trade or branch could be entitled to any strike from the Federation until the full year's dues are paid. 3. Any trade or branch leaving the Federation would have to forfeit the amount paid into the Guarantee Fund.

4. Any trade or branch wishing to rejoin the Federation would have to pay the full guarantee again and submit to such other penalties as the other trades thought proper before being admitted. 5. The Guarantee Fund to be banked and placed under the control of a committee elected by the Federation, each trade to be represented on such committee. 6. In cases of disputes, where a strike is contemplated by any trade or branch, a meeting of the Federation is called for its consideration and endorsement or otherwise. The meeting of the Federation is held in consideration of pending strikes is governed by the strength of the trade branch in dispute. For example, in the case of a union who have but one vote in the Federation, such as the other unions would send one delegate. If the most metal workers, who have three votes, all others having more than three votes, could not send more than the quota of the most metal workers who, when in trouble, those having less, would, of course, have to be content with their voting strength. If the "builders" laborers, were in dispute they would be entitled to their full voting strength, they having the largest number of votes. This system applies only to consideration of the merits of a case as to whether a pending strike is justified by circumstances and entitled to the financial support of the Federation—in all other matters of government of the Federation the principle of representation according to membership obtains. For illustration, we take the "bricklayers' trade-section of the Toronto District Labor Council, composed of 29 unions—suppose these 29 unions agree to federate, and agree upon a basis of ten cents per week, the weekly payments so will assume to be as follows:

THE TOILER

Her Last Call

By KEITH GORDON

Copyright, 1904, by Mary McNeil

"It's the last call for dinner in the dining car, my dear girl," said Jerome, adjusting his speech to their surroundings, "Will you or will you not undertake to have dinner and obey my sweetly said call?"

"No, no, no, but I thought it might facilitate the search." "What because of the husband's young lawyer?" "He fell by the wayside. Too many rains."

"Here's an article that says that in China a safe costs \$10." "Well, a good one is worth every cent of it."

"You are the fourth," he announced shamelessly, and at the words his eyes blazed into his again involuntarily, and he became lost in a great contentment. Usually she refused him so differently. It was: "You see, I don't love you in that way, though I want you for a friend. Somewhere there is a nice girl waiting for you, and you'll find her together."

"Of course," he continued, as if the ten minutes of tense silence had elapsed since his last remark was the most natural thing in the world. "I rest entirely with you whether to be continued or concluded shall be written after this the fourth chapter."

"I didn't know that it was bad form to keep from trying," he explained.

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY

By EDNA MANNERS

Copyright, 1904, by E. E. Mow

The base of the sentimentality was everywhere floating in its elusive veil. These were hours in the Mexican's eyes as he sang in his tinkling guitar, and his notes were taken with grief.

"What's the matter?" came in a foreign voice, and he glanced up to see the American man looking down at him. There was something unpleasant in the American's eye that held people back and made them stare with restraint when he was near. Raphael stopped playing, covered his face with his hands and sobbed aloud.

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Will You Help It?

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN

For It Cares for Every Sick Child in Ontario whose Parents Cannot Afford to Pay for Treatment.

The Hospital for Sick Children, College Street, Toronto, appeals to the fathers and mothers of Ontario for funds to maintain the thousands of sick children that it cares for in its walls every year.

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...and she should pay court to her pretty daughter and eat all the trouble. "Senor," came in soft Mexican Spanish, "has he money to buy the wedding clothes?" "He has enough to buy the finest any bride could wish." "And does he love me well, senor?" "To distraction, oh, divine one." She drew back and shivered a little, but the dimples played in her cheeks. Anita must love and be loved and would make a good, true little wife for any man who would only love her enough. "Senor," she leaned far out into the silver night, pulled a rose and threw it down to him. "Senor, when?" He picked up the flower, kissed it and pressed it to his heart. He was so coldly, artificially Mexican. It frightened and attracted her. "Now," he answered. "Now, Anita. Will you come with me now?" The realization came to her like a shock. Leave her father and mother? Go with this man? To America? Love and possess, wear a riding habit, poor little soul. Yes, she would go. "In two minutes, senor," she whispered. A victoria sped away from the house. The girl kept up a soft giggle as the carriage bumped over the stones that covered the street, but as they reached the outskirts of the city she turned silent. "Senorita," that was the first word she spoke, her voice had spoiled. He now bowed forward in the darkness. "Senorita, are you afraid?" "His gaze was cold and steady." "Are you afraid, senorita?" he repeated as she did not answer. "No, senor. But why are you so cold? You do not love me?" "Hush, hush, hush." "Senorita, I have loved many beautiful ladies. I am—ah!—he seemed to be talking to himself—"tired of it all." "Tired of love?" A cold hand knocked at the door of her heart. The carriage was on a lonely, white country road. "Senorita, I cannot—I, er—well, you see, I cannot marry you." "You cannot marry me? Then why did you bring me here?" "Wait, senorita. Do you love me?" She was dazed by the sudden, practical question; then she shuddered and answered, "No, I hate you, I hate you, senor. Oh, take me back to my mother. Take me home!" "Have you ever loved any man? Ever truly loved?" he asked without heeding her. In her heart arose the vision of a pair of faithful, gentle eyes that had sought her on the piazza and a form that bent over the guitar at twilight. She burst into tears. "Oh, yes," she moaned. "Raphael, dear Raphael!" The carriage stopped. The lover climbed out, then, leaning on the window ledge, he whispered, "If you are wise, keep still." And she obeyed. The horses stirred, the coachman dozed and the time grew long. Then the night quiet was broken by the heavy voice of the American, mingled with the soft tones of her native tongue. The carriage door opened, and there before her stood Raphael. "Now," said the American, "if you want to go home I'll take you back. If you want to go with your lover, go." For answer she threw herself into Raphael's arms, and caste and property were forgotten in the bliss of a first kiss of love gratified. "Here's a purse for you and your girl, Raphael. Hope you'll like married life." He told the driver to drive to the station with the pair and stood watching them disappear down the white road. Then he took out a cigar, lit the end and laughed as he said aloud, "I always thought Miles Standish was a fool. Half my mind was gone. The fool and his money are soon parted. Well, it's the only fun I'll ever get out of it." Then he went down the road toward the city alone. Old Scotch Apprentices Laws. A newspaper of Dundee, Scotland, publishes the regulations established for apprentices in that town several hundred years ago. Here is one which deals with the custom of apprentices drinking at night: "It is statute that forasmuch as the gentry abuse among the prelates and ancient the many complaints given in to the deacons and masters declaring that they do abuse at night by visiting and drinking, neglecting their due time to come to their work, and rise early in the morning for entering thereto, intolerable to be suffered in any civil burgh. For remedy thereof it is consented that like servants and prentices of the crafts keep their ordinary diet of intermediate and go to their beds at ten hours at night, and wish being drinking or waiving in other men's houses or in the streets of the get after ten hours might sell pay to the crafts box, eggs, three shillings and eightpence, and prentices, six shillings and fourpence, and if he have not monies, to be punished at the will of the deacon and masters." Rain For Hate. A farmer tells the Kralia Capital that he did his farm of oats in the following manner: "On a very large number of pieces of old shingles I put about half a teaspoonful of molasses and on that with my pocketknife I scraped a small amount of concentrated lye and then placed the old shingles around under the stable doors and under the office. The next morning I found forty dead rats, and the rest had left for parts unknown. I have cleared away many of the pests in the same way and have never known it to fail." Some modification of this scheme will drive mice out of your house a sport.