

THE MAN WITH THE HAMMER.

The editor sat in his easy chair with a loaded fountain pen, And wrote of the great and bustling world with its millions of busy men; He wrote of the "dusky diamonds," at ers de've in dust and soot and grime; He wrote of the trains of well-filled cars that ran with a merry rhyme; He wrote of the many marts of trade where the products of mines are sold, He wrote of the state of business there, and the eager scramble for gold; He wrote of the "dusky diamonds," at mine and wharf and dock— And a man overhead with a little tack hammer, went.

Knock!

Knock!!!

And the editor paused not a moment, for his mind was so full that it whirled

With the countless things that his pen must write of the hustling, moving world;

And he wrote of the progress of labor, and the plans that labor laid

By which the workers might all enjoy the wages that labor made;

He wrote of the trials and triumphs by which the workers rose,

And the meeting of labor and capital, as friends, and no longer foes;

"No more," he wrote, "should such clashes come as all the world would shock"—

And a man overhead with a little tack hammer went

Knock!

Knock!!!

And the editor paused not a moment, he was busy as busy could be,

Is keeping up with his own affairs, just the same as you and me;

And he wrote of the good time coming when employer and employe

Would meet on a business basis, and in business ways agree;

"And now is the time to subscribe," he wrote, "and now is the time likewise

For the firm that is hunting for business to come and advertise,"

And then, with a thundering racket, that might have been heard for a block,

A man overhead with a big sledge hammer went

KNOCK!

KNOCK!!!

A STORY OF SMITH AND JONES.

Samuel Gompers, in an address in Philadelphia, said to a labor organization wittily:

"There are at least no high financiers among you, and none of your names appear in 'Fads and Fancies.'"

Mr. Gompers had been talking about human nature's proneness to err, and a little later, in elaboration of this point, he said:

"We are all a good deal alike. While Smith feels ashamed of himself for wanting to trick Jones, Jones at the same time feels ashamed of himself for wanting to trick Smith.

"Two friends of mine—let us call them Jones and Smith for convenience—were camping last month in the Canadian woods.

"The days were superb. Cool, sweet airs rocked the trees, and in a sky of the clearest blue shone a splendid sun. But the nights were cold; it was necessary for Jones and Smith, who had only one blanket apiece, to keep a fire roaring at their feet all the while they slept. The moment the fire dwindled, the cold seized them.

"Well, in the dead watches, Jones awoke one night and shivered. His teeth chattered, he was miserable. The fire had shrunk to a handful of grey ashes wherein glimmered only two or three yellow coals.

"Comfort demanded that the fire be replenished. But Jones hated to crawl out from under his blanket's shelter. If Smith, now, were awake, he, too,

would feel the cold, and then would he not, perhaps, leap up and throw on fuel?

"Jones, though a good deal ashamed of himself, nevertheless kicked Smith.

"A snore."

"Another kick."

"Another snore."

"A most tremendous kick, and Smith, opening a pair of very wakeful eyes, chuckled.

"I kicked you five minutes ago," he said. "That is how you happen to be awake."—Kansas City Journal.

Call for the Label.

FIFTY-THREE SUNDAYS.

There are fifty-three Sundays in 1905, and as this is something that has not been known before since 1795, it is worthy of note. It gives one more day upon which the well-to-do may play golf without molestation from the police, and one more day upon which the working lad will be pinched if he plays at baseball.—Labor Clarion.

SNAP SHOTS BY AN AGITATOR.

By D. Burgess.

I appealed to a shoe cobbler to investigate Socialism, but he protested, saying: "The Lord will provide for all who love and serve Him.

A few months after this a shoe mending machine had been installed in the vicinity of our cobbler. I saw him; he was despondent and I tried to cheer him up by saying: "The Lord will provide for all who love and serve Him."

The cobbler shook his head despairingly, and, pointing to the machine said: "The Lord can't do anything with that machine."

I had a large crowd gathered on a street corner in a Montana city.

The time for asking questions had arrived. A young man, a teacher, came to the front and asked if we would take the ranches away from the present owners.

I was preparing to give the usual explanation when some one in the crowd cried out: "No, we will simply take the slaves away from the ranches."

A soldier was in our coach. He had been circumspect in every regard. Along came a man of the cloth, one who goes about doing good from his point of view. He evidently thought there was a chance to serve the Lord by both example and precept, and incidentally to increase his exchequer by dealing with this hired, trained, professional murderer. So the preacher, after carefully reconnoitering, approached the soldier and addressed him as brother.

"Do you carry a Bible with you?" enquired the man of God.

"H—ll, no," replied the soldier. "I could kill nobody with a Bible, and killing is my business."

I judge this preacher is still voting to perpetuate a system in which soldiers are a necessity, even from the viewpoint of those who profess to be followers of the tramp of Nazareth who said, "Thou shalt not kill."

Old "Under Socialism" says that it is the men who spend their money for the cause that have made Socialism what it is.

No doubt, no doubt, if measured by "Under Socialism's" yard stick, for with him it's only money that counts.

Industrial development staggers back into the shade when "Under Socialism" canters down the pike.

An old friend of mine who is bowed with age, bent and twisted with toil, and who is too poor to own a cheap shack, even, is opposed to Socialism, because he does not want to "divide up." He is afraid there would be something coming to him.

Poor fellow, he has been trading homes here on earth, good comfortable homes, for mansions in the skies not

made with hands, and he has neglected so far to get an abstract of title and a deed signed by the recording angels. He has just accepted the promise of people who have been plundering him all his life.—Toledo Socialist.

LOYALTY TO UNIONISM.

It Means Something More Than the Mere Payment of Dues.

To be a loyal union member does not consist alone in the regular payment of dues and other demands of the union for a financial purpose.

We hear at times members on the curbstone asserting: "I am a good union man. I pay my dues regularly, and I attend all the meetings of the union." But at the same time he may have a sack or plug of scab tobacco in his pocket, the clothes on his back, hat on his head or shoes on his feet without the union label.

To be a consistent trade unionist in the accepted sense of the term, we must remember the Golden Rule and consult the interests of others as well as our own.

We ask our brother trade unionists to patronize the products in our trade that are fair and bear the union label, and we should not forget their demands upon us to return the compliment, for we should be consistent to one another in that particular if in no other.

If we did not follow this principle our movement would be of little force in remedying the evils we are fighting against. Our cause is a common one, with the object in view of bringing the greatest good to the greatest number.—Tobacco Worker.

FINED FOR GRAFTING.

Printer Judge Socks It to a Pair in Kansas City.

N. Edwards and D. Bernardi, claiming to be agents of the American Federation of Labor, were fined \$50 each in police court last Saturday morning by Police Judge Hugh Brady on a charge of vagrancy.

For several weeks, it is charged by officers of the Industrial Council, Edwards and Bernardi have been operating an advertisement scheme purporting to be authorized by the American Federation of Labor. They would solicit advertisements from merchants, selling space in calendars and posters that were never published.

When Judge Brady asked the two men what they had to say for themselves he was informed that they had authority secured from officers of the American Federation of Labor, but were unable to produce anything in the way of evidence to verify their contentions.

Isaac Taylor and William Maxwell, of the Industrial Council, testified that no one was authorized by the American Federation to solicit advertisements, and said that many similar grafting schemes are being operated in this city.

Thereupon Judge Brady fined Edwards and Bernardi \$50 each.—Kansas City Labor Herald.

If the 75,000 mouths controlled by organized labor, with their sympathizers, ate union made Bread, there would be no Bakers' Strike on.



..FACTORIES INSPECTORS..

The following are the Factory Inspectors for the Province of Ontario:

| | |
|------------------|------------------|
| James T. Burke | Thomas Keilly |
| Arthur W. Holmes | John Argue |
| Miss M. Carlyle | Mrs. J. R. Brown |

Their Office is in the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, ground floor. Any one having business with them, or desiring to know anything in regard to the Act under which they are employed, will please address them as above.

NELSON MONTEITH,
Minister of Agriculture.

THE "ELLIOTT"

CHURCH & SHUTER STS.

THE ELLIOTT has again been taken over by Mr. John Elliott, for the past thirty years one of Toronto's leading hotel men.

Mr. Elliott has with many alterations transformed The Elliott, with its good service and appointments, into one of Toronto's leading hotels.

In connection with it will be found a bar in which purely unadulterated goods are disposed. A share of your patronage will be appreciated.

JOHN S. ELLIOTT, Prop.

If you believe in fair conditions you will assist your Fellow Workers

by demanding

Union Label Articles

UNION MADE TOBACCO

always bears the Union Blue Label



When purchasing Tobacco, either Plug, Package or Twist or Cigarettes, always see that it bears the Union Blue Label, as it is your only guarantee that Union Wages, fair hours and healthy conditions prevail.

BUY NO OTHER

Acker & Barron Mfg. Co.

ALL STYLES OF

Washable Coats, Pants, Frocks,
Caps, Aprons, Etc.

ORDERED WORK A SPECIALTY

Special Attention to Mail
or Phone Orders

70 Terauley St.

TORONTO

Phone Main 6053.

