

We Have the Finest Line

Of Christmas Presents in the City, and at the Lowest Figures. Come and See

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OPEN FROM 9 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

DAVIDSON BROTHERS,

The Jewellers, 59 GOVERNMENT ST, VICTORIA.

remembered that in discussing labor questions, I do so as one who has interested himself in trades union organization in Canada and the United States for nearly twenty years, and also as a member of the committee which drafted the first Bureau of Labor Bill on this continent. I am free to confess, however, that the result of the conference has not been at all satisfactory to the conservative element in trades unions. They realize the disastrous effect which must result to organized labor from the unreasonable demands made upon the Government at this conference.

My personal knowledge of union matters in this city permit of my stating that organized labor was most outrageously misrepresented. Trade unionists are like municipal voters—they sometimes grow apathetic and allow their affairs for the time being to drift into the hands of irresponsible persons. Such is the reason ascribed by good union men for the late labor conference being manipulated by extremists and would-be labor politicians.

I attended the meeting, the other evening of what was supposed to be a gathering of unorganized labor, but which was in reality composed principally of labor unionists. The most interesting feature of the meeting was the amusing attempt of Hon. Mr. Baker to discuss intelligently

a subject of which he knew nought whatever. After repeated failures on the part of the Provincial Secretary, the Attorney-General came to the rescue, and really I was surprised to find that the latter possessed a thorough knowledge of the subject. After being bored to death with the outrageous and absurd statements of men of the Keith stamp, it is refreshing to hear a politician discussing labor topics with the intelligence of Mr. Davie.

The passage-at-arms between the Attorney-General and Arthur Dutton might be referred to as an extra number on a tolerably interesting programme. It was Mr. Dutton's first attempt at platform speaking, and certainly he has no reason to feel ashamed of his maiden effort; and, by the way, I am convinced that the Government could adopt many of the labor leader's suggestions with profit. Before leaving this subject, I would candidly confess that no matter what the shortcomings of the Labor Bill may be, and they are many, the Government are entitled to much credit for evincing their sincere desire to meet labor half way, and I believe that Mr. Davie and his colleagues would be only too happy to amend the bill to meet the views of intelligent and reasonable advocates of the rights of labor.

In common with most of the

newspaper readers of Victoria, I could not help noticing the almost daily regularity with which the *Colonist* has proclaimed its admiration of the President of the United States during the past few weeks. Personally, I have nothing against Grover; in fact, I consider him the right man in the right place, but there does seem to me to be an incongruity about this constant lauding to the skies of the President of a Republic by a journal that prides itself on being an ultra royalist and devout believer in blue blood. Various opinions have been expressed as to the cause of this admiration for the head of the American nation. Personal friendship on the part of the editor for Grover—school-day recollections, possibly—has been suggested. Again, it has been hinted that the *Colonist* was pandering to the American residents in British Columbia with a view to capturing their votes and influence at the coming Provincial elections. However, the public may congratulate themselves that the spell has been broken. Municipal questions have come to the front, and Grover, with all his virtues, has been retired, as it were, to the gray matter in the *Colonist* editor's cranium.

Aggressive Christianity from the standpoint of the professing Christian may be all right; but there are times when, it occurs to me, the workers in the Lord's vineyard carry matters just a little too far. Bearing on this point, here is something that occurred at one of a series of revival meetings held in a Victoria church. A woman who is not in the habit of making confidants of even her most intimate friends, much less strangers, while attending one of these meetings, was approached by a clergyman, who familiarly asked her: "Sister, do you love the Lord?" To this she replied rather evasively. He then handed her a card and pencil and asked her to write her name