

# Canada Labor Courier.

"ORGANIZED LABOR IS THE BULWARK OF THE NATION."

VOL. I.—NO. 34.

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO, JANUARY 13, 1887.

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## BITTER AND SWEET.

It was in the autumn that the news of the loss of the ship Albatross reached the small town of Haven. She had foundered on her way to Calcutta, and Aleck Fanshawe was on board as supercargo.

"It isn't as though Squire Fanshawe hadn't other sons," commiserated a neighbor, when the blinds were pulled down and cranes tied on the knocker at the big stone mansion, and prayers were offered in church for the bereaved family and friends. Everybody in town, so to speak, turned out to church on that September morning to see how the family took it, and to be able to criticize the funeral sermon. The Fanshaves had been a gay, worldly crowd, and this was their first sorrow, and those who had seen them in prosperity and joy wanted to behold the effect of the reverse; but they proved to be a family who did not wear the heart on the sleeve; they conducted themselves bravely behind their veils and restrained their tears till they might flow in private. The only excitement of the occasion, however, was worthy of the expectations of their friends. The family fled into church, black as grief and craped could make them. There were John and his mother, Sue and Hildegard; but who was this other on the old squire's arm, bowed with emotion, more sable than them all, in widow's veil and cap? Who? Why, it was only Louise Turner, whom they had always known. Why was she in widow's weeds and on the squire's arm? What had happened to her? There was lively gossip, you may be sure, that day on the way home from church.

"I remember he was kind of attentive to Louise Turner one spell," reflected Mrs. Ames.

"That's so," echoed Mrs. Blake. Don't you remember he took her to a concert over to Danvers? He has always known her, and like as not there was something between them."

"So he has always known every other girl in town," said Mrs. Blunt, the skeptic; "and he has been just as attentive to half a dozen others, as far as I can see."

"Yes," acknowledged Mrs. Ames, reluctantly; "he was attentive to all of them on and off; but then a man may be attentive to a dozen, you know, while he only cares for one. He odd; a woman couldn't do it; it would bore her horribly—that is, unless she's a flirt."

"Well, of course it's true," sighed Mrs. Blunt, "or else she wouldn't be in widow's weeds and in the squire's pew; but she's the last girl I thought Aleck would care for. I can't reconcile myself to it."

The interest and surprise of this event seemed to subvert something from the solemnity of the occasion. It was not so wonderful that Aleck Fanshawe should die as that he should have been engaged to Louise Turner and no one ever had guessed it. It perplexed and disturbed Mrs. Blunt, she could hardly tell why. Perhaps she was disappointed that Aleck should have cared for such a shallow girl as Louise; and then a surprise has an irritating effect upon some natures. She upbraided herself for having so little sympathy for Louise in such a tremendous sorrow. Louise was pretty; everybody said Louise was pretty, and young men are easily pleased. Doubtless it had occurred at the last moment before his departure, and Louise had waited for his return to declare it. Aleck had been the best match in town, and, love aside, this was a great blow for Louise, with whom everybody was bound to sympathize. But Mrs. Blunt was dissatisfied with the quality as well as quantity of her own sympathy.

"It seems," said a neighbor who happened in to talk it over—"it seems that Louise heard the rumor and rushed up to Squire Fanshawe to know the truth, and when it was verified she went straight into hysterics and confessed that they had been privately engaged. Of course the squire adopted her into the family at once. They bought her mourning, the very best, and I dare say they'll give her Aleck's property—you know he had a fortune from his own mother, the squire's first wife."

"Have you heard that John refused to believe it at first?" asked Mrs. Blunt.

"Yes; he was a little stiff at first; he never liked Louise, you know."

"It seems to me it shouldn't want to take it on trust as they've done. I should want to see letters in his own hand, or something confirmatory, not just her word for it."

"Seems to me it would be a tremendous cruelty to turn a deaf ear to her at such a time, and refuse to believe her story."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Blunt. "Better be cheated to the last than lose the blessed hope of truth," as some poet says."

"It was a few days after these astonishing events that Miss Betty Le Breton returned from a vacation at the mountains, without having heard of the disaster that had overtaken the Fanshaves."

"When I am married," she said, in the enthusiasm of a first acquaintance with the mountains, "I shall take my wedding to it through the hills in a buggy; it's just enchantment. Any letter for me, Aunt Ellen? Any news?"

"News? Oh dear—yes—too much. I didn't write you because I didn't want to sadden your vacation. And you and Aleck were always such friends."

"Aleck?"

"Yes. The Albatross has been lost at sea, and the Fanshaves are just heartbroken, and Louise is there with them; it seems she was engaged to Aleck privately; and her widow's weeds are very becoming. It's a dreadful, dreadful thing for her; but they say the squire has about the same as adopted her, and that she'll have the lion's share of Aleck's money. She went in on the squire's own arm when the funeral sermon was preached; it was very touching. Why don't you say something, Betty? I always thought you and Aleck were good friends; and Louise?"

"What is there to say?" Betty asked, directly. There was an odd luster in her eyes, but she was not crying; she looked petrified.

"You might at least say you were sorry."

"Sorry? Oh, yes!—absolutely—'I suppose so.'"

"Why, Betty, haven't you any feeling?"

"I don't know. Perhaps not. What good would it do?"

"Aleck was such a good friend to you! Do you remember when he used to come and help you with your German? I used to think he was a little in love with you, Betty; but it seems I was mistaken; and for the matter of that, it doesn't signify, now that he is dead. Indeed, it's better for you as it is, you are spared the sorrow. Why, Betty, are you sick? Is anything the matter?"

Betty had risen with a great cry and was stretching out unavailing arms into space.

"He is!—Aleck—and he loved her, and she has rights to her sorrow; and!"

It was three months before Betty Le Breton was able to sit up. The neighbors said she had come home from the mountains with malaria, and it was doubtful if she would ever get it out of her system. Miss Le Breton, her aunt, wisely said nothing; but when she saw Louise in her funeral garments driving by in Squire Fanshawe's carriage she wondered if Betty were not far gone in her grief.

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indeed, she took out all of his letters for the same purpose, but put them back again, not strong enough to abandon them all at once.

It was summer at Haven, but it was not summer in Betty Le Breton's heart. I think she remembered other June's, whose flowers were no sweeter, whose woods were no greener—June's that had borrowed something of their charm from her own happiness, that like the moon shone with borrowed light. She was trying to sing one of the old songs at her piano one twilight—songs she had sung with Aleck in their drives through the woodland aisles, where they had loved to linger; but the sobe choked her and the tears crowded and jostled each other in her eyes; and suddenly, when the last vibration of the notes had ceased, a voice outside took up the strain and sang it through.

"It is Aleck," she cried, hurrying toward the piazza like one in a dream. Then she walked, turned back and sat down. Supposing it was Aleck, he belonged to Louise. Of course it was a mistake. It was because she had been thinking about him. Aleck was dead, and she had no right to think of him. She never would think of him again—never; she would forget him as he had forgotten her. Dead or alive, he could be nothing to her—nothing, nothing. He had broken her heart; could one love with a broken heart?

Somebody was coming into the room with a lighted lamp, preceded by excited voices. It was Miss Le Breton, followed by Mrs. Ames.

"Isn't it marvelous?" she was saying. "Such a shock, too, for the squire's family, just as they were getting used to the idea of death!"

Betty had shrunk into the dark corner of the long room (which one lamp only illuminated in patches) in order to hide the tears upon her eyelids.

"Mrs. Ames was preaching. I was just getting into the train for Haven this afternoon—I had been up to town for a brief of shopping—and I heard a familiar voice saying, 'Allow me to carry your bundle, Mrs. Ames.' It made me shiver and my blood curdle. I looked over my shoulder, expecting to see a ghost—a railway station's a queer place for a ghost, though, isn't it? Well, there stood Aleck Fanshawe. I shan't be any more surprised at the Day of Judgment."

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## OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

A Tempest in a Tea Pot—A Gigantic Coal Strike—New Labor Party—The Labor Vote—Governor Hill's Message—The Archbishop and George.

It is amusing to see how hard the old party papers work to make mountains of trouble out of mole hills of dispute going on between some of the heads of the labor organizations. Why, here in the city where dwell the men who magnify the "troubles" aforesaid, the Democratic and Republican Clubs, "Halls," and associations have been fighting like mad cats and snarling curs, year in and year out for half a century, especially on the approach and just after an election—on which occasion a regular row—sometimes sanguinary—occurs over the distribution of nominations and the spoils—which appear to be the only objects of an election here. But the editors of the journals representing the money bags are hot after the United Labor Party now, and in their rage because of its existence, and in their frantic attempts to destroy it, they pretend to lose sight of the fact that "family quarrels" in all sorts of organized bodies—political, social, theological, and corporate, from time immemorial have occurred and are constantly occurring. A few squabbles among the little "great grands" of an immense organization cannot destroy the latter, while they may have the happy effect of destroying the former; and what then? Why, when the king dies, the people cry—"The King is dead! Long live the King!"—and when the President dies the Republic still lives. Those writers who love to serve monopoly and kneel in deep devotion at the cloven feet of the Golden Calf of Capital should bear this fact in mind when they gleefully proclaim from their house tops and tall towers that there is trouble in the camp of Labor.

Three thousand Coal Heavers are out on strike across the river in New Jersey at the present writing and their movement is sanctioned by their friends all along the line. The best of order is preserved, very much to the disappointment of the coal Barons whose first step was to notify the police. The men on strike have obeyed the instructions of their officers to keep away from the drinking saloons and to conduct themselves as sober, peaceful citizens. The superintendent appealed to the men on the boats to take the paces of the strikers, but after listening attentively to his remarks the batmen quietly laid down their tools and refused to touch a shovel or pick that had been left by their fellow workmen.

It seems strange to a fool like myself, that the great coal companies, like the Reading for instance—owning 160,000 acres of coal land (Reading), 95,000 acres of which Mr. Gowen estimates to be worth \$1000 per acre, or \$95,000,000, and getting high prices and large profits for their products should be either unable or unwilling to pay their working people a satisfactory rate of wages—enough, say, to make the men comfortable and contented. There must be something in the perversity of the monopolistic conscience, which, in the simplicity of my nature, and the shallowness of my mind, I am unable to fathom.

The new party is now fairly launched upon the broad bosom of the sea of politics having its birth in the Convention held at Clarendon Hall on the night of the 6th inst. Considerable preliminary work was accomplished. John Mackin was elected temporary chairman and Frank Farrel was placed in the vice-chairmanship, James Archibald, Secretary. Mr. John N. Bogert, of Typographical Union No 6, one of the very best workers in the cause of Labor, received a large and well deserved vote for the secretaryship. His record for faithful, earnest and intelligent effort to do his whole duty wherever

placed is of the brightest character. The convention adjourned after the transaction of some further business to meet on the 13th of January.

Now, more than ever, the labor vote will be coaxed, flattered and fished for, Governor Hill dashes boldly into the field, through the convenient medium of a "message" and on the subject of labor uses in expressive "words; words signifying nothing. And yet the professionally democratic governor has succeeded in scaring the party papers badly. The Democratic World intimates that "there may be some criticism raised by Hill's endorsement of some extreme demands of the Labor Organizations." The ratified Tribune turns green, and says that "The workingmen must realize that talk is cheap" which original expression coincides with the one used above, by your correspondent. "God help the poor" is another cheap thing in the way of costless phraseology. The Times smiles grimly at the idea that "something should be done by legislation to increase the pay and diminish the toil of men who work." All this and much more in the same strain, because the workingmen have resolved to take a hand in politics, for when they were quiescent, "innocent," passive, obedient, docile voters, all the attention they ever received was a sort of quasi acknowledgement that they were good fellows on occasions when it was desirable to reelect their representatives, and perpetuate the rule of the politicians.

Promises have been made before, and as often broken, for the Democratic and Republican governors and legislators of New York have, through many alternate terms of service (to capital) manifested a cold and cruel indifference to the needs of the toilers, and this state of affairs would have continued till "the crack of doom" but for the political action of Labor. Now a Democratic governor is made to see that workingmen have become a practical and powerful faction in the way of demonstrating their ability to take the reins of power in their own hands and it is political life or death with him to either win or lose the votes of "men who work." Hence these "words of promise to the ear," in the governor's message. But "His Excellency" could not have studied up the methods of the new style of workingmen very closely, else he would have discovered that one of the fundamental rules of the politically organized workmen is the vote for the nominees of the United Labor Party and by no means for professional Democrats or for Republican office seekers.

CORRIGAN VS GEORGE AND LABOR.—The case is briefly this. The Archbishop struck the cause of Labor a stinging blow, through George, who struck back in defence of his views of labor's rights. Corrigan, incensed at this, attacked Dr. McGlynn. George, feeling deeply aggrieved and provoked,—1st, by the Archbishop's blow at Labor, and 2nd, at the punishment inflicted upon his friend, at once threw his mailed gauntlet at the feet of the proud prelate and arraigned the "Castle Catholic" wing of the Roman Church as being in antagonism to the poorer followers of St. Peter as to their temporal interests in both Ireland and this country. It was an act of courage which may be classed among the most heroic deeds recorded in history. It proves conclusively, also, that Henry George is no truckling politician—he will make neither "deals" with the oppressors of, nor concessions to the foes of humanity.

W. S. T.  
New York, Jan. 10th, 1887.

—British Columbia Knights have boycotted Chinese Labor. In that part of the country there are upwards of 20,000 Celestials who have practically driven white labor out of the market. The Chinese question is one that is as difficult of solution as that of Prison Labor. We invite communications on these questions from readers of the Courier.

## Trouble with the Wire.

"Newspaper work in the far west is attended with many drawbacks," said the city editor of a Cheyenne paper at the Grand Pacific the other afternoon. "I remember one instance in particular which may serve to show you what we have to contend with. About two weeks ago the operator in our office began to receive what promised to be a sensational murder from somewhere near Rawlins. There was 'wire trouble' all along the line, and the night editor, who was standing over the operator, was beginning to fear that the 'matter' would not be in time for his edition. The instrument worked laboriously, the operator had reached that point when the murderer had pointed the smoking pistol to his own breast, when—snap."

"Wire's gone," exclaimed the operator, with a long breath. "Might just as well shut up shop and go home, for we can't get it again to-night."

The dispatch, amplified and embellished, was printed with a scare head. About noon the next day it was found that a tree to which the wire was attached had been borne down by snow.—Chicago Herald.



# THE Canada Labor Courier.

Every Thursday Morning.

From the office of publication  
Talbot Street, ST. THOMAS, ONT.  
THE COURIER CO., Publishers

## SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The Courier will be mailed to subscribers in the Dominion, or in the United States, post free, for 60 cents per annum.

The price of subscription may be remitted by currency, in registered letters, or by postal order, payable to The Courier Co. Money sent in unregistered letters must be at sender's risk.

Failure upon the part of subscribers to receive their papers promptly and regularly, should be notified at once to this office.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising rates made known on application. Orders for new advertisements should reach this office not later than Tuesday morning of each week. Changes in advertisements will be made whenever desired, without cost to the advertiser; but to insure proper compliance with the instructions of the advertiser requests for change should reach this office the beginning of the week.

## EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

### INCREASED THEIR WAGES.

A deputation of thirty engineers on the Canada Pacific Railway between Port Arthur and Quebec waited on W. C. Vanhorne, vice-president in Montreal, for an advance of wages. They considered that the company's receipts justified an increase. The result of the conference was that it was agreed to raise the wages from \$2.30 to \$3.40 per day, with an increase of 20 cents per hour for detention time.

### MONTREAL KNIGHTS.

Through the pressure brought to bear on the Knights of Labor by the Roman Catholic clergy of Montreal, it is possible that some of the Lodges will have to be closed, and that all French-Canadian Knights will unite in one or two lodges. A prominent member of the order says that some members have been admitted to communion during the mission without leaving the order, on promising that should Rome pronounce finally against the organization as constituted in Canada, they would resign at once.

### HELP THOSE AT HOME.

The Hamilton Palladium says that to think of sending thousands of dollars to furnish Bibles and creeds to a lot of contented savages who are so warm that they cannot wear anything but a necktie and a fan, while many of our own citizens are suffering for food and clothing and fuel, seems to us anything but Christian to say the least of it. What helps to make Christianity unpopular now-a-days is sending a box of Bibles to a fat family of blacks in Zululand when the same money, judiciously expended in flannels and pants at home, would do more good. What lots of us want is trousers, not tracts.

### THEY STAND ALOOF.

The Toronto News remarks that it was a little bit marked that during the campaign there were many political persons on both sides who were ready and anxious to talk either for or against Mowat, but there was no man of the cloth who stepped forward and made himself noticeable by saying anything for the Labor candidates. It would be a mean insinuation to say that it was because the Labor party had no offices to offer, no emoluments, no social dignity to confer, that, amongst so many divines, the struggles of so large a section of the people remained unnoticed. When the Labor organization becomes a great party we will have plenty of preachers who will be glad to say something for us.

### THE GRAND TRUNK UKASE.

The Grand Trunk Railway has forbidden its employes to hold public offices of any kind—political or municipal—under pain of dismissal. The order is absolute and will be strictly enforced all along the line. It affects every employe no matter how high his position. The theory of the company is that no man can serve two masters, and that a proper discharge of official duties interferes with efficient work on the road. The theory is sound, and no one can gainsay the wisdom of the Grand Trunk officials who have issued this order.

But what about the Canada Pacific? Their theory is one of a different kind, so far, at least, as it affects the authorities themselves, one of whom is at this time a candidate for the mayoralty of Montreal and another for representative to the Dominion Parliament from Winnipeg.

### EARL OF OTTAWA.

Canada will soon be an aristocratic country. Already we have a considerable number of Knights; and even higher (?) honors are proposed to be given to some of our great men. This being the Queen's jubilee year it is proposed that Sir John be made "Earl of Ottawa," and that the mayors of all Canadian cities be knighted. If there be any virtue in the distinction proposed, the Courier would like to know why farmers are to be overlooked. Why not confer the honor of Knighthood upon the wardens of counties, who certainly deserve to be honored as highly as the mayors of cities. But perhaps they are not aristocratic enough to fill the bill. Honesty and ability count for nothing when meaningless titles are to be distributed.

### POLITICAL CORMORANTS.

The array of political cormorants known as civil service employes at Ottawa are clamoring for an increase of pay. The eve of a general election is a fit and proper time for those leeches upon the public treasury to make this demand, but there is a danger that the mark may be overstepped. Should a change of government take place, which does not seem improbable, the dissatisfied ones may be allowed to find employment elsewhere. There are too many employes in the civil service, many of whom have little or nothing to do, and most of whom are already paid double what their services are worth, they having been chosen to fill positions, not because of their fitness therefor, but because they are closely or distantly related by marriage or otherwise—mostly otherwise—to those whose duty it is to select qualified men and women to fill positions in the several departments. Let the leeches howl, but give them no more pay.

### ABOLISH THE QUALIFICATION.

The Wallaceburg Herald-Record says:— "So much is being said about property qualification for municipal offices that it might be well to inquire if the system requiring it is not an injustice and one that results in keeping much good ability from the council board. It is very apparent that men are elected and serve who have not the property necessary to qualify, and yet they are good officers. Why not do away with the qualification and cover the responsibilities of an office with a bond? It would answer the purpose."

This is all right except the bond. Why require a bond at all? Of what use would a bond be? Of what use is property qualification? Voters who elect members of councils have property qualification and they should be able to choose honest representatives. If they want men who have property to represent them they will nominate and elect such men even should the property qualification be abolished, so that no one could be wronged. Why should property qualification be required for municipal offices when none is required for Parliamentary offices? The responsibilities of members of Parliament are as great as those of members of municipal councils. Let the qualification be removed in accordance with the resolution passed last fall by the Dominion Labor Congress:— "That this Congress petition the Provincial Legislature to abolish property qualification for holding municipal offices."

### FEW AND FAR BETWEEN.

The Canada Labor Reformer, Toronto, says that "the number of Grit votes cast for Mr. March were few and far between" in the recent election in that city. There were two Conservative and two Labor candidates and one Reform candidate. The Globe advised Reformers to cast their second vote for March, one of the Labor candidates. Had that been done March would have been elected instead of Leys; the Reform candidate. The votes polled were as follows: The two Clarks, Conservative, 7,023 and 6,833 respectively, Leys, Reform, 5,380; and March and Roney Labor, 4,055 and 3,408. The difference between the votes polled by the Conservative candidates was 340. These votes were either plumpers for E. F. Clarke, or they were recorded for Roney, the Labor candidate most favorable to the Conservative cause. Suppose the latter; then the actual Labor vote polled for Roney was 3,068. It would be impossible to figure the Labor vote to any lower number than this. If, then, the Labor vote was 3,068, add to that the Reform vote, 5,380, and the number, 8,448, should indicate the number of ballots that ought to have been cast for March if Reformers had done as they were advised by the Globe. What do workingmen think of it?

If Reformers had been honest enough to do what they promised to do, one of the Labor candidates would have headed the poll. They knew a trick worth two of that, however, and they played a game that elected their candidate. Perhaps the Globe "winked" when it gave the advice it did. In any case workingmen have had one more proof of the fact that what they obtain from either of the two political parties of the day must be wrested from them.

### CHEINENT CHEAP LABOR.

It is understood that negotiations at Washington with the Chinese Government, to which allusion was made in the President's message, for such modifications of existing treaties as will entirely prevent the introduction of Chinese coolie Labor into the United States, have just been brought to a successful termination, and that in a few days an amended treaty covering this point will be submitted to the Senate for ratification. Sir John A. Macdonald is not, apparently, half as smart as Uncle Sam.

### WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

It is argued that in America there is room for all, and that no willing workers need want for any of the necessities of life. Is the argument sound? If an equal distribution of the products of the country could be made, the statement would be true; but, unfortunately, the Dutchman's one per cent. goes to the few who control the many, and the many who are thus controlled are content to accept the humble pittance allowed. America is fast becoming a country that is governed by autocrats and aristocrats, and the result will ere long, if the progress of events does not stay the tide in the direction in which it is now flowing, be the same as is described in the following paragraph:—

"Out of a population of 1,200,000 in Berlin, (Europe) more than 150,000 are receiving public charity. Many of the workmen here openly favor the community of wives. Divorces have increased to 15 per cent. of the marriages solemnized. The attendance at the churches has decreased 2 per cent. of the adult population, and of 48,000 funerals last year nearly 30,000 were performed without any religious ceremonies whatever."

### KING HOG OF PACKINGTOWN.

This is the name by which P. D. Armour, Chicago, is now known. He is a many-millionaire. Years ago he made \$7,000,000 in a single day by "bullying" the market. He employs about 20,000 men in his packing establishment. The law of Illinois is that eight hours shall be recognized as a days work. Through the efforts of this man the attempts of the packers to establish the eight hour system have hitherto failed. There are other smaller firms than that of Armour, but he has bulldozed them to do as he commands, threatening them by "bearing" the market and running prices down, even if by so doing he lost millions of dollars, and promising if that were done he would soon again recoup his losses by having the market entirely to himself. Knowing that the smaller firms have been intimidated by the King Hog, the Labor organizations some time ago boycotted Armour's meats. It was a wise move to boycott Armour's alone and allow consumer's to purchase goods sent out by other firms. It is already bearing fruit, Armour's meat last November that he "would starve the 60,000,000 people of the United States into submission" having been proved to be a vain glorious one. Car load after car load of meats are being returned to the King Hog, who about this time is beginning to wonder whether or not it would be a wise move to call out the militia again—this time to compel people everywhere to buy his meats as of yore. Poor Hog! What will he now do with his carelessly packed goods? What thinks he now of the power of the Labor organizations to cope with men—men as all-powerful as he? What next will he do to uphold his dignity and remove the odium of defeat which is now staring him in the face.

One word to workingmen. What say you about your brethren in the West? Even in adversity they assert their power. Beaten in one way they adopt new methods of warfare, always observing the law of the land and working unitedly to accomplish their common purpose. Has this no lesson for you? Have you organized? If not, go to work at once and obtain a charter. If you have already organized, are you prepared to stand by your principles as have those of your brethren in the West who have almost brought the King Hog out of his trough? If not, why are you not?

### THEY MAY BE HONEST.

We are at a loss to know exactly how to classify the sixteen subscribers for the Courier who, since receiving a statement of their subscription account, have returned the Courier to us marked "refused," without settling the small scores against them, ranging all the way from ten cents to sixty cents each. It's pretty "small potatoes"—that kind of business—and if the list of that class of subscribers is increased to any extent we promise to publish the names of the miserly fellows who act after that manner. We honor a man who has the manhood, if he wishes to discontinue the Courier, to pay up his arrears; and if he feels like it to state his reasons. We do not expect every subscriber on our large list to continue, but we should be allowed to expect every man to be honest enough to quit honorably and fairly. The small amounts due from individual subscribers are not a very big thing to them, but they aggregate a considerable sum to us. We suppose there have been some suckers on our list and it will be some satisfaction, at least, to know who they are.

### To Subscribers in Arrears.

—Every subscriber in arrears for the Courier has had a statement of his account handed to him during the past fortnight. We have already heard from many but there is a large list yet of subscribers who are in arrears. Reader, if you are one of the negligent ones, now is your time to act. Read our remarks last week in article headed "to our subscribers and be governed accordingly. We do not want to lose any of our old friends, but we are compelled to take such action as is necessary to protect ourselves from loss. Pay up and read your own paper. We want to do what is fair and right in this matter. When we extended the term of payment to January 15th, we thought all should make themselves clear on our books before that time. In order now that none shall have cause to complain, we make a final extension to January 31st. Do not wait until the last day, come now and pay up, or send your remittance by letter.

### INDEPENDENCE OUR PLATFORM.

The editor of this paper was a few evenings ago referred to at a political meeting in this city as an active worker on behalf of Reform and a staunch adherent to the principles of the Reform party. The gentleman who made this assertion has been wrongly informed. Though brought up a Reformer, we became an independent voter and thinker at the Dominion and Provincial elections four years ago, casting then one vote for Reform and one for Conservatism, just as we expect to do on the present occasion. We voted for men then rather than for party, and we hope also to do so now. We believed then in a change of government in the one case and a strong opposition in the other, and we believe so still. We published then an independent newspaper in the rising town of Wallaceburg, and we now are publishing an independent Labor paper here. We passed through both contests then without losing a friend or subscriber in either party and without having acted the part of a partizan in any manner or form, and we expect to do so again in this contest. We did not then conceal the fact that this or that candidate was the one whom we preferred to support and we did not hesitate as an elector to use our voice in support of the candidates of our choice, but we refrained from using the editorial columns of our paper to influence electors to vote this way or that way in either election, although in both contests both parties used the advertising columns of our paper to further their respective interests. In the recent contest our programme was somewhat different for the reason that one of the candidates was a workingman and a member of a Labor organization in this city, but in the coming contest neither of these reasons exist why we should use the columns of the Courier to favor either party. We do not propose to give up our franchise, which is as dear to us as to any reader of the Courier, and we shall not deem it necessary to apologise to any one for voting as we shall do or supporting the man of our choice, since every reader of the Courier will enjoy the same privilege that we claim for ourselves.

We deeply regret that there is not a Labor candidate in the field, even though that candidate had not the most remote idea of being elected. We recognise the baneful effects that contests like the recent one have had, and which party struggles like the coming one will produce,

upon the interests of Labor. But, while the result now is disastrous, we trust that when the din of battle has passed away the workingmen of St. Thomas will see, as we see, that they cannot afford to support either political party as they have in past days been wont to do.

### THOSE PREMIUM BOOKS.

On and after the 20th instant, a supply of our premium books will be kept at the Courier office where subscribers may then receive the numbers for which they have given their orders. The same books (supplied by the same publishers in Philadelphia) have been offered by hundreds of publishers in Canada and the United States, and the multiplicity of their orders at this season of the year has been the cause of delay. There are parties in this city who ordered through a Toronto publisher and failed to secure books for three months. No one has waited that long yet for those we have ordered, as all our first orders have been filled. After next week we will receive them in bulk and there will then be no further delays. Our first arrangement was that every subscriber would receive his books direct from Philadelphia. Hereafter all orders will be filled direct from this office.

### The Interest is Reviving.

It is pleasing to be able to report that since New Years in all the Assemblies there is not only a largely increased attendance, but that the interest taken in the work by the various members has been greatly enhanced. New work is being introduced and interesting subjects discussed in such a manner that good cannot fail to follow. It is pleasing to see the faces of many who have not for some time been able to attend regularly; and their assistance hereafter will be greatly valued, as many questions of vital importance will be discussed in the Assemblies and Trade and Labor Councils during the present quarter while Parliament is in session.

### HE LIED TO GET THERE.

H. E. Clarke, one of the Conservative candidates in the recent contest in Toronto, during the election campaign claimed the suffrages of workingmen because he was a friend of Labor. He had introduced the nine hour movement in his trunk factory and asked workingmen to support him in preference to their own nominees. He was elected, but had no sooner gained the goal of his ambition than he altered his tune to his employes. He had for some months allowed the nine-hour day to his men, and a few days ago he refused to do so any longer, a strike being the result. The men refused to work ten hours a day again, and their sincerity is evidenced by the fact that a very large number of the men are piece hands. The firm is no loser on their account by adopting the nine hour day. It is pretty well understood that the object of the firm is to gain time and save expenses during the dull season, and to work off a lot of the stock now on hand. If they were honest enough to say so they would get credit; as it is they are deservedly condemned for the course they have chosen to pursue.

"Clarke, the workingman's candidate,"—the "workingman's friend," &c., sounds well in the light of the new revelation, but no one is greatly surprised. Workingmen who believe all they are told by partizan candidates in election contests deserve to be deceived and beaten every time. Clarke, one of the Conservative candidates in Toronto, is no exception to the general rule, but his hypocritical appeal to workingmen so recently is rather too transparent a manifestation of cheek and brass.

—The Journal of United Labor will hereafter be published weekly instead of monthly, and will be circulated outside of the order as well as among members and Assemblies alone. Private matter will be forwarded to Assemblies whenever necessary in supplement form. The subscription price will be the same as before, viz.—one dollar per year.

—Chatham Knights had their difficulties settled satisfactorily last week, but just as we go to press we learn that there is new trouble in store for them. The pledges publicly given a week ago by a few business men have been violated and a rupture has once more been forced upon the Knights, who are determined to stand by their rights and compel their refractory opponents to abide by the decision they arrived at last week. Politics is said to be at the bottom of the new move, but the dodge is a little too transparent and the scheme will be exploded.



**AN EXPELLED MEMBER.**

To the Editor of the COURIER.

DEAR SIR.—I wish you would insert in the columns of your paper the reasons why I was expelled from the order of the Knights of Labor. I belonged to the Assembly, of which I was Treasurer for one year, during which I did everything I could to advance the interests of that body. I was also appointed on Hall Committee and did a lot of dirty work and spent more time than I could afford. Last April I put in an account of twenty dollars for services on Hall Committee, and the assembly had the gall to offer me five dollars. These are Knights of Labor, men who want ten hours' pay for eight hours' work. These are men who call themselves brother, who in reality are not men at all. If this is the principle of the Knights the quicker that body goes down the better. There was a brother who belongs to the Assembly, that was on that committee with me. He put in his bill for twenty dollars and his Assembly paid him for the same work. There was the difference between two Assemblies. If members would read article six and section six in constitution they would see I was not dealt fairly with. All I want is fair play. They gave me no chance to defend myself. They gave me no trial, which they should. Those who had me expelled were enemies of mine of the bitterest kind, who lied worse than thieves, but broke their obligation in many ways, not only in lying but drinking. This is strong language but true. I was treasurer and had the money in my possession and I kept it. I will leave it to the public in general whether I was right or wrong. It was no use to sue the Assembly, for if you sue a beggar you will get a louse. I have been twitted of stealing that money—that is behind my back—but it won't be well for the person if I can find out who makes this statement. I earned that money and it was mine, and that was the only way I could get it. If the public don't believe me let them ask the other Hall Committee man whether I am entitled to it or not.

EDWARD MANN.

[We willingly give place to the above in the columns of the COURIER for the reason that the writer of the communication has had a good deal to say publicly in and out of the city on the subject. It is fair that both sides should be heard, but we should hesitate to refer in the columns of the COURIER to Mr. Mann's expulsion without the excuse which the publication of his own letter gives us.

Every man is either his own best friend or his own worst enemy. In this case Mr. Mann is the latter. His actions in the past have condemned him; his letter now condemns him. It is a poor cause that compels the aggrieved party to resort to personal abuse of his opponents and threats against parties who perhaps have an existence only in his own disordered brain.

Briefly stated the facts are these: Mr. Mann and a member of another Assembly were members of the Hall Committee, in which capacity they did work for which they thought they ought to receive payment. On all committees more or less work is done and more or less time is given for the good of the order, as is done in all organizations. In this case the special work done was the laying down of a carpet on the Hall floor. The Hall is not a very large one, but the bill was regarded by members of both Assemblies as exorbitant—\$40 in all. The twenty dollars was paid in one Assembly after considerable protest and purely in the interests of harmony. In the other Assembly members declined to be imposed upon to such an extent. They voted to pay Mr. Mann \$5 for his work. Mr. Mann was Treasurer, and while refusing to accept the sum offered he had it in his possession all the time. Many months passed by until a time when the bulk of the money belonging to the Assembly was in the bank and orders were drawn covering the balance still in Mr. Mann's possession, leaving him the \$5 that had been voted to him. Then he became insubordinate and refused to honor the draft. The Assembly went into Executive Session and argued the question with him in all its bearings until long after the midnight hour. Members pleaded with him to allow the matter to be arbitrated upon. Mr. Mann stubbornly refused and the Assembly was then compelled to proceed against him in the usual manner. He was expelled, but he kept the twenty dollars. Members could well afford to let Mr. Mann enjoy the solitude to which he was retired to make use of his ill-gotten booty, and would not hereafter have interfered with him had he manifested the good sense of keeping a still tongue. Mr. Mann has chosen, however, to allow that unruly organ of his to wag too freely to the supposed injury of the man, and it is therefore necessary that this explanation should be given.

No one desires to speak harshly of Mr. Mann. He deserves a reprimand for his

dishonesty, but his letter proves what members have long known, that he is barely responsible for all he says and does. The principles of Knighthood are the same now when he denounces the order as when he joined the order and affirmed his fealty to it. The membership now is as good as it was then—not perfect, by any means—but Mr. Mann should remember that any man who has enough virulence in him and only a little common sense about him may at any time hurl epithets equally as forcible and convincing against members of any other organization—even of the church—as those he now heaves so promiscuously against his late comrades, who have not been his enemies, though they have been compelled in the interests of the order to disapprove of the dishonesty practised by Mr. Mann.

Mr. Mann sneers at Knights because they "want ten hours pay for eight hours work," but he forgets that the payment he demanded was equal to payment for two weeks work, though only a few hours were occupied. If Mr. Mann's principles were recognized, the order would very soon go to eternal smash. He refused to arbitrate his grievance with the members, though arbitration is one of the strong planks in the platform of principles. Under all the circumstances, therefore Mr. Mann will be apt to look a long while for the sympathy he seeks from the public through means of his letter. The order has nothing to lose by the discussion of his grievance in any way, but Mr. Mann has everything to lose.—Editor LABOR COURIER.]

—Renew your subscription for the COURIER if you have not yet done so.

We are obliged to hold over until next week an interesting communication signed "Laborer." It will then appear.

—The Carpenter, the official organ of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, has been enlarged and improved. It is now published in Philadelphia.

—Henry George's Labor paper, the Standard, and the LABOR COURIER to any address for one year, \$2.60. The Standard alone for \$2.50. Published weekly; subscribe at once.

—Chatham Knights did the correct thing at the municipal elections recently held there by electing five out of six of the candidates supported by them, four of the five being members of Maple Leaf Assembly.

—A subscriber last week suggested that our editorial paragraphs would look "better with headings and that readers would be better pleased to have them appellationed. We have taken the hint; now how do they look?

—A full attendance of the delegates to the Trades and Labor Council will attend the meeting to be held on Saturday evening at 7.30 sharp. When the election of officers for 1887 will take place and other important business will be transacted.

—District Assembly, No. 138, will meet in London next Tuesday in Annual session. The routine business having been completed in the formation of the District, the Assembly can now buckle down to work and a lot of business that will prove beneficial to the order may be transacted.

—The difficulties referred to in a communication in these columns two weeks ago from Chatham have been adjusted, a compromise having been effected and the men returning to work. The hour for closing is now 5.30 p. m. One hour was asked and half an hour obtained. Both parties have acted wisely. Education must be gradual.

—The M. W. of the K. of L. Assembly in Sarnia is in trouble, he being charged with having manipulated things there to the detriment of the order in the matter of obtaining the approval of the Assembly to the candidature of A. W. Wright. In this connection there are grave charges against him which will be investigated next week. Meantime, it would be unwise, therefore, to comment further on the matter, though the facts have been discussed pro and con in the Sarnia press.

—The Standard, Henry George's new Labor paper in New York, appeared for the first time last Saturday. It will be a fearless and independent weekly publication, for which dozens of the ablest writers on Labor subjects in America will be regular contributors. Subscription price, \$2.50 per annum, or clubbed with the LABOR COURIER for \$2.60. Those who can afford to take the Standard should do so, as in it will be found the cream of Labor literature.

**A TOAST FOR LABOR.**

Some tell of the wealth that blesses this nation.  
Some tell of the intellect flashing so bright,  
Some speak of a science that studies creation,  
And find in its learning a wonderful light;  
But fill now your glasses with pure sparkling water,  
We'll give you a toast that shall ring through your land—  
Here's health, love and joy to each son and daughter  
Of true-hearted labor wherever they stand!

Yes, labor ennobled is ever a glory:  
It builds up the wealth of the nations to-day,  
It frees every mind and writes a rich story  
In power all-enduring that never decays.  
Let the carriage of wealth roll by in its beauty,  
While its occupants frown on the hard working man;  
If he knows that his heart and his strength do their duty,  
He is lord of his rights and a pride to his land.

Then bless every workman who fears not to labor,  
Who in time of great danger springs free to the call,  
Who is kind to the world and just to his neighbor,  
With friendship for true hearts, and good will to all,  
The rich-robed aristocrat deems in displaying  
His lilly-white hands that never have toiled:  
He's showing his power, but the workman is saying  
Far better my hands than my heart should be soiled.

Go, sweep all the workmen from out of your nation,  
And let down all wealth and each statue that's grand,  
'Tis the laborer, who, in life's varied gradations,  
Uprears all platforms on which the rich stand.  
Then here's to the workman, bless him and speed him,  
May he learn the true value of "labor profound":  
The country well knows that in all hours she needs him,  
His worth yet on earth shall be royally crowned.

—Labor Advocate.

**MEAT FOR BABIES.**

Stuff the school children; fill up the heads of them;  
Send them all lesson-full home to the beds of their;  
Blackboard and exercise, problem and question,  
Bother their young brains and spoil their digestion;  
Stuff them with 'ologies, all they can smatter at;  
Fill them with 'ometries, all they can batter at;  
Crowd them with 'onomies, all they can chatter at;  
When they are through with the labor and show of it,  
What do they care for it? What do they know of it?

Feed them and cram them with all sorts of knowledges;  
Rush them and push them through high schools and colleges;  
Keep the hot kettle on, boiling and frothing;  
Marks count for everything, death counts for nothing;  
Rush them and push them while they've the will for it;  
Knowledge is great though many you kill for it;  
Pile on the taxes to pay you the bill for it;  
Urge them and press them to higher ambitions;  
Heed not their minds' or their body's conditions.

Sick to the system you long have been cherishing,  
Careless of those who are fading and perishing,  
Strong meat for babies! is the age's last motto;  
Drop the weak souls who can't learn as they ought to;

Feed them and fill them, no end to the worrying;  
Push them and press them, no stop to the hurrying;  
Parents at home will attend to the burying;  
Strong meat for babies! is the motto of progress;  
Knowledge a fiend, is ambition an ogress.

—New York Sun.

**Advice to Consumptives.**

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is a scrofulous disease of the lungs—therefore use the great anti-scrofula or blood purifier and strength restorer.—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's Treatise on Consumption send ten cents in stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

**Blacklisting is illegal.**

Judge Pickett, of New Haven, Conn., recently rendered a voluminous decision in the case of Assistant Supt. William H. Wallace, of Consolidated Railroad, and Supt. Stacy B. Opdyke, of the Northampton Road, who were tried Dec. 10, for conspiring against Thomas F. Meaney, in blacklisting him. He found both of the railroad officials guilty and made the fine \$50 in each case. The defendants appealed to the next term of the Superior Court. They put in no evidence in their own behalf at the trial. Meaney, the complainant, was night-yardmaster for the Northampton road until Nov. 17, when he was taken ill and had to remain away from work for three days. He wanted pay for those days, and when Mr. Opdyke refused, he left and went to work for the Consolidated. He was discharged after working there eleven days, it is alleged, because Mr. Opdyke objected to the way he left his employ. This is the first decision of the kind that has ever been rendered. Judge Pickett was the judge who first convicted the boycotters in New Haven.

**HORTON WOOD YARD.**  
(Opposite the Horton Market.)  
SELLS ALL KINDS OF STOVE AND CORD, WOOD, GREEN AND DRY, TO SUIT PURCHASERS. PRICES ALWAYS REASONABLE AND PROMPT DELIVERY GUARANTEED. Remember the place,  
**WILLIAM KARR, Prop.**

**OVERWORKED Women**

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00. A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 633 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.** **SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint, 200¢ a vial, by druggists.**

**MARVELOUS PRICES!**  
**BOOKS FOR THE MILLION**

Complete Novels and Other Works by Famous Authors, almost given away. The following books are published in neat pamphlet form, and are all printed from good type upon good paper. They treat of a great variety of subjects, and we think no one can examine the list without finding therein many that he or she would like to possess. In cloth-bound form these books would cost \$1.00 each. Each book is complete in itself.

1. The Widow Bedott Papers.
2. Winter Evening Recreations.
3. Back to the Old Home. A Novel.
4. Dialogues, Recitations and Readings.
5. The Standard Letter Writer.
6. The Frozen Deep. A Novel.
7. Red Court Farm. A Novel.
8. The Lady of the Lake.
9. In Cupid's Net. A Novel.
10. Amos Barton. A Novel.
11. Lady Gwendoline's Dream. A Novel.
12. The Mystery of the Holly Tree. A Novel.
13. The Budget of Wit, Humor and Fun.
14. John Bowerbank's Wife. A Novel.
15. The Grey Woman. A Novel.
16. Sixteen Complete Stories.
17. Jasper Dane's Secret. A Novel.
18. Fancy Work for Home Adornment.
19. Grimm's Fairy Stories for the Young.
20. Manual of Etiquette.
21. Useful Knowledge for the Million.
22. The Home Cook Book and Family Physician.
23. Manners and Customs in Far Away Lands.
24. 87 Popular Ballads.
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28. Dark Days. A Novel.
29. Shadows on the Snow. A Novel.
30. Leoline. A Novel.
31. Gabriel's Marriage. A Novel.
32. Keeping the Whirlwind. A Novel.
33. Dudley Carlton. A Novel.
34. A Golden Dawn. A Novel.
35. Valerie's Fate. A Novel.
36. Sister Rose. A Novel.
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43. Building Plans for Practical, Low-cost Houses.
44. Anecdotes of Public Men.
45. Aesop's Fables.

**NOTICES OF MEETING.**

Cards of Assemblies and other labor organizations reinserted under this heading at a rate of \$1.00 per term of six months, a description of the organization, the time and place of meeting, and the Secretary's post office address being given.

**K. OF L. ASSEMBLIES.**

**HEADLIGHT, 4,069.** K. of L. St. Thomas; meets Thursday evening in K. of L. Hall, corner of Talbot and Hiawatha Sts.; Secretary's address, P. O. Box 1,007.

**KEYSTONE, 4,323.** K. of L. St. Thomas; meets Friday evening in K. of L. Hall, corner of Talbot and Hiawatha Sts.; Secretary's address, P. O. Box 685.

**PIONEER, 2,416.** K. of L. Ingersoll; meets Monday evening in K. of L. Hall, over Walley's store, next "Chronicle" office; Secretary's address, P. O. Box 225.

**PROGRESSIVE, 6,008.** K. of L. Oil Springs; meets Tuesday evening in Orange Hall; Secretary's address, P. O. Box —.

**HOME, 5,912.** K. of L. Wyoming; meets every Friday evening from Oct. 1st to May 1st and every other Friday from May 1st to Oct. 1st; Secretary's address, Lock Box 14.

**ROYAL OAK, 5,961.** K. of L. Chatham; meets Monday evening in the Forester's Hall, King Street; Secretary's address, P. O. Box 667.

**GRACE DARLING, Ladies, K. of L. St. Thomas;** meets Tuesday evening in K. of L. Hall, corner of Talbot and Hiawatha Streets; Secretary's address, P. O. Box 718.

**CONCORD, 4,992.** K. of L. Woodstock; meets on Tuesday evening at 7.30 o'clock in Imperial Hall, corner of Danial and West Market Streets. Secretary's address, P. O. Box 446.

**RIDGETOWN, 6,704.** K. of L. Ridgeway; meets on Thursday evening at 7.30 o'clock in K. of L. Hall; Secretary's address, P. O. Box 129.

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Are now prepared to supply the trade with goods of excellent quality and at prices that compare favorably with those of other manufacturers.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THESE GOODS AND TAKE NO OTHER.

For sale now by all grocers who are friendly to Organized Labor.

**GRAND RALLY**  
—AT THE—  
**Liberal Club Room,**  
(Over A. S. Smith's Store.)  
To-morrow **Friday Evening**  
—AND ON—  
**MONDAY Evening Next.**  
On which occasions addresses will be delivered by  
**DR. WILSON, M. P.**  
And others. All are cordially invited to attend these meetings.  
By order of COMMITTEE.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**  
ONTARIO DIVISION.  
GOING EAST—DEPART.

Montreal Express.....	4.35 A. M.
Local Express.....	2.00 P. M.
Through Freight, (Mixed).....	6.00 P. M.

FROM THE EAST—ARRIVE

Detroit Express.....	12.50 P. M.
Chicago Express.....	4.30 " "
Local Express.....	10.40 A. M.

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY—LOOP LINE.**  
LONDON AND PORT STANLEY DIVISION.  
GOING NORTH.

Accommodation.....	6.45 A. M.	6.50 A. M.
Mail.....	7.00 P. M.	1.35 P. M.
Accommodation.....	4.55 P. M.	5.00 P. M.
Mail.....		10.00 P. M.

GOING SOUTH.

Mail.....	7.15 A. M.	10.15 P. M.
Accommodation.....	10.10 A. M.	3.40 P. M.
Mail.....	3.30 P. M.	6.30 P. M.
Accommodation.....	7.25 P. M.	6.30 P. M.

**MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.**  
CANADA SOUTHERN DIVISION.  
GOING EAST FROM ST. THOMAS.

No. 2.—Boston and New York Express, (except Sunday).....	11.10 P. M.
No. 6.—Limited Express, daily.....	2.12 A. M.
No. 10.—Atlantic Express, daily.....	9.50 " "
No. 8.—Mail, (except Sundays).....	2.00 P. M.
No. 12.—Boston and New York Express, daily.....	3.30 P. M.

GOING WEST FROM ST. THOMAS.

No. 3.—Chicago Express, daily.....	4.15 A. M.
No. 5.—Limited Express, daily.....	10.00 " "
No. 1.—Special Michigan Express, (except Mondays).....	1.15 P. M.
No. 7.—Mail, (except Sunday).....	3.00 " "
No. 9.—Pacific Express, daily.....	4.45 " "



# LITTLE TU'PENNY.

BY S. BARING GOULD.

## CHAPTER V.

### HOW SHE WAS SPOILED.

The incidents recorded in the last chapter were the beginning of a friendly intimacy between Joe and Little Tu'penny. Indeed, Joe was the only person from whom Miss Tripolema Yellowleaf Redfern would endure to be called by this nickname.

It was a curious fact that Joe, so reserved and unobscured by his fellows, unbent to the girl. He did not grudge a talk with her, or the time spent in her society; he learned even to smile at her odd and audacious remarks. He even encouraged her to visit the mill. He knew that she got harm at home. He knew that she had alienated the girls of her own age, her former associates, by her conceit, and he hoped to be able to supply some little check to the mischief which was going on. When the sails were in full swing, and Trip was being made giddy, he had put on the drag and saved her; perhaps now he might do something of the sort morally. I do not know that he thought this all out for himself, but a dim sense of pity for the child filled him, and a desire to befriend and better her was like a warm spark in his heart.

One evening his mother said to him, in reference to Trip, who had been into the cottage to beg for bread and honey. "It is a bad lookout for the little lass. With a careless father and a foolish mother, she will go utterly to the bad in the end. I see it all before me. It cannot be other. As you bend a plant so it will grow. What are you sighing about, Joe?"

"Sighing, mother? I'm blowing the flower out of my lungs."

Next day he was not in his usual amiable frame of mind when the girl appeared in the mill door, a lovely apparition, dark against the brilliant sky behind, standing on one leg, with a hand on each doorstep, looking in and singing. His gray eyes rested on the graceful figure. The face was in shadow because a sunlit white cloud was behind it, and he blew the flour again out of his lungs.

She continued warbling, standing on one leg.

"Hush!" said Joe, starting to the stairs. "There is the bell ringing; the hopper is empty."

When Joe had gone aloft, Trip produced her whistle and piped. He did not come down till he had filled the hopper. Then he descended leisurely. He found the girl seated on a flour sack, pouting.

"You care for the hopper more than for me," she said; "when the hopper rises you run up to it, when I whistle you will not come to me."

"Because I am really needed at the hopper; as I have already told you—when you really need me, I will come to you."

"If I whistle?"

"Without your whistle. When you were flying or rather falling you did not call me, but I came."

"Yes at—the right moment, dear Joe."

She sat on the sack, thinking, with her finger on the dimple in her cheek, and he looked at her, not without sadness on his brow.

All at once she brightened, turned her dark eyes on him, and said: "Miller Joe, you are going to let this sack down into the basement. It is on the trap. Give me a ride down."

He shook his head. He took her hand and lifted her from the sack, and made her stand on one side.

"Run down, little woman, below. The sack, it is true, is going to be let by the trap into the basement, but never, and in no way, will I let you down. Go below and stand on the trap, and when the sack is removed I will haul you up."

She went out at the door, ran down the steps, and presently he saw her through the hole in the roof of the weighing house and floor of the flour chamber, holding the chain of the lift, and looking up. He heaved, and up she came, with bright, uplifted face and fluttering white hair, and smiles in her dancing eyes. Then he knelt, put out both his hands, and lifted her on to the floor and closed the trap.

"So, Little Tu'penny!" he said. "Never down; too many who know no better are doing that with you; I will always put out my hands and help you up."

But she understood nothing of his meaning. How should she? She was but a child.

## CHAPTER VI.

### OF CAUTIONS GIVEN.

As a child, her mother's talk had not taken great effect, though it had taken some hold of Trip, but as she grew out of childhood it fired her imagination.

She had been so nursed in the notion that she was to have a grand future, and that the only way in which this grand future was to be secured was through a grand marriage, and the only way in which a grand marriage was to be arrived at was by personal ornament, the cultivation of complexion and hair, and by coquetry, that as Trip grew into young womanhood she qualified for it with even greater eagerness than she had qualified before for idleness by passing the fourth standard. A life of luxury and extravagance, of wearing of fine dresses and of seeing sights, of being admired, and of doing nothing was held up to her as the reward of passing the fifth standard. That fifth standard was the captivating and catching of a wealthy husband.

In spite of the deterioration of her character, in spite of her mother's re-

monstrance, the friendship with Joe Western was not broken; it lasted on with fluctuations, it lasted in spite of Joe's ill-humor and her provocations, that ill-humor in Joe being the result of her provocations.

But good there was, lying deep below the surface, buried under a wonderful accumulation of frippery and folly.

They had their quarrels, when Trip bounced out of the mill, vowing she would never again revisit it, because Joe was glum and had not a word to cast at her; or when Joe, angered at some foolish remark or exhibition of petulance, gave her a sharp reprimand. Sometimes these quarrels lasted a week, once or twice a month, when they neither met nor spoke. Reconciliation always came from the side of Trip. Joe never sought her out; but when she reappeared, penitent, with downcast head—pitiful entreaty to be forgiven—and pleading eyes, he could not resist the appeal. They shook hands, and were friends again.

"My dear Lema," said her mother, "I don't half like you to see so much of Mr. Western. He may be, and no doubt is, a respectable young man. But respectability is not what we look at; we look miles beyond that. So my dear Lema, give him no encouragement. If ever it should happen that he persuaded you to become Mrs. Joe Miller it would bring my gray hairs—no, they are brown, and not gray yet—with sorrow to the grave."

"Mamma, what a comical idea! Joe!"

"Let it remain an idea, and a comical one, Lema. As an idea only it is like cold water trickling down my backbone. My dear, if you were to be such a fool as to take Mr. Joe Western, I'd wash my hands of you. Flying would be as out of the question as when the wings are clipped. You'd stick to the soil. I'll tell you exactly what it would be like. I was once at a show—a sort of mixed circus and menagerie—and it was advertised and given out in public that an elephant was to ascend in a fire balloon. Well, I suppose pounds was took at the door of people that went in to see. I went in. True enough there was the elephant, and there was the fire balloon. The balloon was hooked on to a belt—a very ornamental belt it was, of all the rainbow colors—passed round the body of the elephant. There was a catch at the top, and into this catch went an iron hook from the bottom of the balloon. Well, Lema, a fine lot of low and spirits of wine was lighted in the balloon, and I will say this for the balloon, I believe it did its best to rise, but it couldn't, because of the elephant. It could neither lift the great beast nor rise itself. So at last the cord was cut, and away flew the balloon without him, and we looked after it till it was no more than like a star in the sky. But the elephant didn't budge an inch, not he. He didn't even look up after the balloon."

"Where did it come down, mamma?"

"Oh, I don't know, nor whether it ever came down at all. They ought to have returned us our coppers as the elephant didn't go up, but you may be sure we got nothing back. Now, my dear Lema, true as I stand here, that was a picture of an unequal match. So, my dear, if you think of taking and fastening of yourself on to any elephant; you're a fire balloon, and ordained to rise to be a star."

Much about the same time Mrs. Western was addressing a word of caution to her son.

She had watched Joe for long with the anxiety of a mother and the perception of the loving eye. At one time he seemed to be escaping from his silent ways, to become more glib and sociable; but of late his curious closeness had closed over him again, and had become more confirmed and intensified.

Something weighed on his mind. His mother was sure of that; but what it was she did not at once discover. For a time she suspected that the business was not prospering, that his accounts had not been paid to Christmas, that something was wrong with the machinery of the mill, which would entail a heavy outlay which he did not know how to meet, that custom was falling off—but she abandoned all these suppositions, there was no evidence to substantiate them, and the man was able to satisfy her that everything went well with the mill.

What was the matter with Joe?

She observed that his fits of deepest depression occurred after his interviews with Trip. Nevertheless, she did not arrive at the right solution even then; it seemed to her prepossessed mind that Joe would never care for any girl who was not as grave, sedate, and systematic as himself. That so frivolous, inconsiderate a coquette as Trip should have seized on her son's heart was inconceivable by her for long. She resisted the thoughts—she fought against evidence when it came on her. No—Joe was ill, he was suffering from some internal malady.

She asked him if he had any illness hanging about him; anything the matter with his liver? He shook his head and answered, "I am quite well, mother."

"Have you been clipping the stones, and the grit got into your lungs, Joe?"

"My lungs are sound," he said.

"And there's nothing the matter with your heart?" she asked.

Then he stood up, shaking his head, and went out to his bees.

She watched him through the window. She saw him presently standing looking at his hand and squeezing it. She went after him into the garden.

"What is it, Joe?"

"A bee has stung me, that is all. I have drawn out the sting. It will hurt no more."

"Will you have the blue bag for it, Joe?"

He shook his head. "No; when the sting can be drawn out the hurt is soon

over; it is where the sting goes deep and remains, that it rankles and aches and poisons the blood."

He was not thinking of the bee. She was sure of that. He spoke of another sting. Her eyes were opened. She saw all plain. Then her face became very grave.

"Now, Joe," she said, "put the thought from you. It never can be. She is not the sort of wife for you; with such an unreasonable name, too. Tripolema Yellowleaf! It would give me the bronchitis to call her by it every day."

"Mother—oh mother!"

"It is of no use your 'mothering' me. I can see. I know what consumes you. You love her because she is beautiful and winning. I don't deny all that; but she is not for you. If you had her you would be utterly miserable."

"I know it."

"Yes, Joe, you know it; and yet you love her, that is it. Your reason says that she would drive you mad if she were yours, and make your home a hell, and yet you have not the moral courage to think no more of her. You think of her all day and all night—when you work, when you pray, when you dream."

He put his hand to his heart.

"Then, Joe, pluck the sting out; pluck it out and cast it away."

"Mother, I cannot; it is too deep. It poisons me, that is true—but I cannot. Indeed, I cannot!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### HOW THE CHANCE CAME.

There was a small inn, called the Dog and Pheasant, between the park and the mill. Sometimes, when any visitors were at the hall, the servants who could not be accommodated in the house were sent to the Dog and Pheasant. It was a tidy, respectable, old-fashioned inn, low, yellow washed, with russet tile roof, and a vintage Black Hambroough, trained on a trellis over the porch, where it ripened well in warm summers. The host had been a butler to the old squire before the property was sold to the successful Oxford street tradesman. However much the host might turn up his lip of scorn in the privacy of his own room with his wife over these parvenus, he was most urbane and obsequious to the public.

for Mr. Tottenham was his landlord, and the hall brought a good deal of custom to the Dog and Pheasant.

Throughout the neighborhood of London the old families have well nigh disappeared. They have migrated, and sold their estates and mansions to wealthy tradesmen, who live in the old seats in far grander style than did the plain country squires.

Ringwood had belonged to the family of Ringwood for three hundred years, then came a spendthrift, then a rash speculator, bad times, finally a breakup. Squire Ringwood was obliged to sell his ancestral estate and manor house, and it was bought by the Tottenham of the firm of Tottenham & Sons, Oxford street.

One day there arrived at the Dog and Pheasant a gentleman of engaging exterior and manners. He wore a black frock coat that fitted him admirably, lavender pants, and kid gloves, a crimson ribbon round his throat, a Glorie de Dijon rose in his buttonhole. His name—she showed his cards—Mr. Algernon Beaufort. He had a delicate complexion and a slight cough. He came into the country because he had been ordered country air, and to Ringwood because Ringwood was prescribed as specially salubrious.

He strolled about the neighborhood for a day or two, and found it dull—an endless tract of London clay, broken by old tile pits and puddles. In time one may have too much of a good thing; it takes very little time to have enough of London clay.

Mr. Beaufort, standing in the bar, drawing on his gloves, with his elegant lavender legs wide apart, asked if it were permissible for strangers to stroll in the park. The host of the inn hesitated. It was not a favor generally accorded, but if the gentleman would not mind taking a message of thanks from him to the keeper, whose lodge was in the park, for a brace of rabbits he had sent his man, it might serve as an excuse. Then Mr. Beaufort could look about him, and see the trees, and the deer, and the lake; and the keeper might, perhaps, take him over the warren.

Mr. Beaufort was much obliged. His Glorie de Dijon was faded, so he ventured to beg a China rose of the landlady, which suited his complexion better even than the Glorie de Dijon, assumed his highly polished hat, curled up at the side, took his cane, lighted a cigar, and sallied forth. He entered the side gate of the main entrance, sauntered about the well wooded grounds, came to the keeper's lodge, delivered his message, and asked to be allowed to sit down and drink a glass of water. His appearance, his complexion, his address, struck Mrs. Redfern as aristocratic. She made him very welcome, entered into conversation with him, assured him that her marriage had been a come down in life, and that, though she lived under a cottage roof, she knew what good society was, having lived in baronial halls. This was a little bit of an exaggeration, but it did not matter. Baronial halls—even when converted by an infirmity of the speaker's, into halls—sounds well.

Mr. Beaufort assured the lady that he quite believed it. Something in her speech and bearing struck him as out of the common when he first saw her. Then she told him how she had acquired her finished address and polite bearing. She had been lady's maid to the Misses Tottenham, of the great house, one of whom was now married. The other was

still single, but said to be engaged. It was a sad blow, she said, to old Mr. Tottenham that his eldest son had married an actress; he was not allowed to remain in the firm. He was given an annuity, and did not come to Ringwood.

"And this, sir," she said, as Trip appeared, "this, sir, is my daughter."

"Your sister, surely," exclaimed Mr. Beaufort, starting to his feet and bowing gracefully, with a wave of his hat.

"My daughter, an only child, sir, aged eighteen."

"Impossible, madame!"

"Pray be seated," urged the flattered Mrs. Redfern.

"If I might offer you some of our modest ale and humble cake, sir, or unpretentious biscuits—"

"With the highest pleasure. My name—I ought to have introduced myself—is Beaufort," he put a card on the table.

"You may chance to know the name; if you study the peerage, you will have observed that there is a duke of my name."

Mrs. Redfern was giddy with excitement. She whispered to her daughter:

"Lema, put on your myrtle green with coffee trimmings; in it you look beautifullest." Then she hastened to produce cake, biscuits, glasses, and a jug of ale and place them on the little table under the balcony of the picturesque cottage.

After a pause, and the eating of a biscuit, Mr. Beaufort said:

"So you, my dear madame, were lady's maid at Ringwood. A position of great responsibility—next to that of the butler, the most."

"Responsibility!" exclaimed Mrs. Redfern. "I should think so. I've had thousands of pounds worth of jewelry pass through my hands. My young ladies were awful careless, and left their brooches, and bracelets, and necklaces about. I've had times out of mind to put them away for them. I didn't think it right that they should be left littering anywhere."

"And where did you put them away, madame?"

"In morocco cases, locked in a jewel box, which was kept in the wardrobe. But there is not quite so much now as was, as the eldest of the young ladies is married, and took hers away with her."

"I suppose the plate of the family must be superb?"

"Soup-erb ain't the word for it," said Mrs. Redfern.

"What sort of a gentleman now, is the butler?"

"Mr. Thomson. Oh, polished as his plate."

"Would it be possible for me to see over the house? I am thinking of building Beaufort court in Gloucestershire, and am interested in gentlemen's places. One can take hints everywhere I find that, is if one has an intelligent mind."

"Well, sir, Ringwood ain't generally shown; there's generally some of the family here, though they do go to London a deal. The ladies find it dull in the country, and the old gentleman has been so much in business all his life that he must be doing something in his old age, so they make over to him the hosiery branch of the affair. But I dare say, the house might be looked over. The family are mighty proud of their pictures, painted by the most d—, I mean fashionable artists, and which have cost the old gentleman pounds on pounds. Come here, Tripolema. My daughter and I will be pleased to walk with you, sir, to Ringwood. Mrs. Podgings, the house-keeper, is a very superior person and eager to oblige me. Mr. Thomson, I have no doubt, will allow himself to be coaxed into letting you have a peep at the plate." Then, aside to her daughter, "My dear, go on with the gentleman. I will follow. The opportunity has come. Now is your chance. Lay hold."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HOW SOME ONE SEIZED A CHANCE.

"Mr. Beaufort," said Mrs. Redfern, graciously, "would you mind stepping on with my daughter? I'll follow directly. I'll first slip on my seal skin and hat."

She allowed Tripolema to go most of her way with the stranger. Trip looked charming, her color was heightened. Her mother's words had kindled her fancy. The gentleman at her side was good looking, faultlessly dressed, polished in manners, presumably rich—he talked of Beaufort court which he was rebuilding, and a man cannot build without money—certainly well born. He had a duke in his family. That was better than a Bart. Trip put on her best graces; and when Trip wanted to be gracious she was irresistible.

Mr. Beaufort chatted pleasantly, admired everything, had flattering remarks to make to his companion, with whom he was really struck.

Ringwood house was of red brick, a large stately mansion, with long windows, plaster quoins, plaster cornices and vases and balustrades, which looked well with the old red brick.

Mrs. Redfern came up with her daughter and Mr. Beaufort before they reached the back door.

"Dear me!" said the gentleman, "this strikes me as the perfect ideal of a house. If the interior arrangements are equal to the exterior perfection I shall take a notion of taking away with me. For my part, I like neither comfort sacrificed to architectural design nor architectural beauty neglected for internal comfort. I shall be most interested to see over this house."

The housekeeper, Mrs. Podgings, was accommodating. She liked to have a chat with Mrs. Redfern. The butler was gracious; he had a liking, indeed an unbounded admiration for Trip, and vowed he only wished he were ten years younger to make her Mrs. Thomson. Wherewith Trip was wont to toss her pretty head.

The gentleman was invited along with the ladies into the butler's private room. He must insist on their all returning there after having been over the house and inspected the pictures. He trusted a light refectory there would be acceptable all around.

So Mrs. and Miss Redfern and Mr. Beaufort started on their round, conducted by Mrs. Podgings. Fortunately the family were out, the house was accessible in all parts. Mrs. Redfern was anxious to see all the old rooms again she had known so well, and take Mrs. Podgings' attention while the young people talked together. Mr. Beaufort was enchanted with everything. He admired the paintings, the porcelain, the glass, the curtains, carpets, furniture—everything was in admirable taste, and most expensive.

But what fascinated him more even than the pictures and china was the perfect arrangement of the house—so compact, so comfortable. He must ask permission to be allowed to make a few rough sketch plans in his pocketbook for his information and guidance in the erection of Beaufort court, Gloucestershire. The permission was at once accorded him, and pencil in hand, he drew plans, and was too engrossed in them to say much to Trip.

At last when all had been seen the party returned to the butler's room, where he had for them a bottle of dry Sherry. Some had been drunk at dinner the evening before, and a bottle had been reserved by the butler for his own particular friends.

"Mr. Thomson," said Trip, putting on her most coquettish manner, "might Mr. Beaufort have a sight of the silver wheelbarrow?"

"Barrow? Certainly," answered the butler. "Anything you ask, miss, must be complied with." Then, explanatory to the visitor, "You see, sir, Tottenham began life with a wheelbarrow, some fifty years ago, and as an occasion of telling the story, and abiding how clever a man he has been, he has had two dozen little silver wheelbarrows made holding glass salt cellars; a salt cellar to each guest, you understand. At a dinner party Tottenham never fails to tell the story apropos of the cellars. He's had on the sides an inscription, 'Propera,' which, I take it, means 'Shove along.'"

"I don't think it," interrupted Mrs. Redfern, "though I'm sorry to differ from you, Mr. Thomson. How 'Propera' can mean 'shove along,' beats me. I see clear enough what it signifies. Proper A means A one, and Mr. Tottenham means that whatever he has, from his pictures, his plate, down to his dinner and salt, is A one, and nothing that isn't A one will suit him."

"It may be, Mrs. Redfern," said the butler, blandly. "But I take it the language is Latin. However, this is interrupting my story. The missus, she don't particularly like Tottenham's boasting of his small beginnings; she is more high in her notions, and she always says an aside to the chief gent that took her in. 'What Tottenham says must be taken, like the barrow, with salt. He was a younger son, and the bulk of the property went to the eldest. If he came off only with the barrow. That is what comes of our laws of primogeniture, which in a civilized and Christian land ought to be done away with.'"

"And so they ought," threw in Mrs. Redfern, "because I don't understand nothing about them."

"But," continued the butler, "about that inscription on the barrows. I know that Tottenham did not comb out of his head. He asked the rector, who is an Oxford scholar, to help him. Propera is what it is. Now, Mr. Beaufort, you can help us to the meaning. 'Shove along' do seem rather vulgar. What does it mean?"

"Sir," said Mr. Beaufort, graciously, "till I see the plate itself I can hardly decide between you and Mrs. Redfern. The letters may be Greek or even Hebrew. Suppose you allow me to look at them."

"Certainly, sir," said the butler, rising and taking his keys.

### To be Continued.

A Legend of the Flight into Egypt.

"Arise, and take the child and his mother into Egypt; and they fled through the solemn darkness of the night."

The next day they came upon a man sowing corn. Some mysterious influence attracted him to the travelers. From the countenance of the mother, or from the earnest eyes of the child she bore in her arms, a softening gleam of grace descended into his heart. He was very kind to them, and permitted them to cross his field, and the young mother, folding her babe yet more closely to her heart, leaned forward, explaining to him that they were pursued by enemies. "And if they cross this way," said the sweet, love voice, "and ask if you have seen us?"

"I shall say you did not pass this way," was the eager interruption.

"Nay," said the blessed mother, "you must speak only the truth. Say: 'They passed me while I was sowing this corn.'"

And the travelers pursued their journey. The next morning the sower was amazed to find that his corn had sprung up and ripened on the night. While he was gazing at it in astonishment, Herod's officers rode up and questioned him.

"Yes, I saw the people of whom you speak," said he. "They passed while I was sowing this corn."

Then the officers moved on, feeling sure that the persons seen by the sower were not the Holy family, for such fine ripe corn must have been sown months before.

RUTH O'CONNOR.