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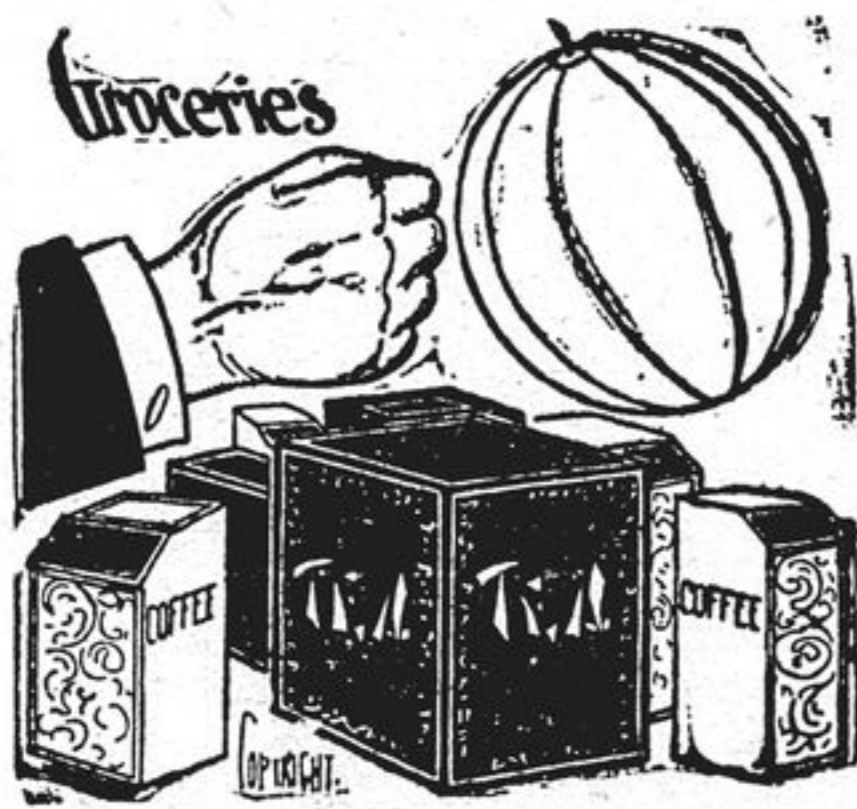
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out of the customary price of Tea and Coffee. Instead of reducing quality, we raise it.

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**'TOWNLEY.'**

Be one of the number, and call and see what he is doing for the Fall and Winter. His prices are right, consistent with first-class style and workmanship. He makes no other.

## A Man You Can't Tell Anything.

I know a man who reckons you can't tell him anything about Socialism. Nor can you. He won't give you the chance.

"Ah, ah, Tough," says he to me the other day, "I see old Denham has been giving you Socialists a touch about wanting to divide up wives and wages every Saturday night."

I demurred. "Socialists," said I, "never—"

"Oh, you can't tell me," says he. "I'm too old a bird to be caught with salt on my tail. You may fool the rest of the public, but you can't fool me like that. I've read books on Socialism—whole books!—and I tell you the idea is to do away with the home, and all live in one big barracks, and eat at one table, and sleep in one bed."

I began to expostulate. "Socialists," said I, "never—"

"Get out with you!" said he. "I've heard all that before. Give us something new. What did they do over in Cosmo? Didn't they have stewed monkey for breakfast, dinner and tea? And didn't they make everybody's fowls be long to everybody else, and get 'em so mixed up you couldn't tell whose blooming rooster was crowing? And didn't the women tear one another's eyes out over whose hen laid the egg? I'm a freeborn Briton, I am, and none of your beans and monkey business for me."

I tried to get in a word. "Socialists," said I, "never—"

"That'll do, now," said he. "I know what you're going to say. I see through the whole blooming bag of tricks. But you can't have me that way, old fellow. I know too much for you. Why should I share my wealth with you? Tell me that. My hard earnings, my savings in the bank, the fruit of my thrift—why should I divide 'em up with some drunken loafer, eh? That's got you."

I attempted to point out that he had no wealth, nor any savings, and was out of a job into the bargain, and that any man who divided up with him would probably get the worst of the deal. "Besides," said I, "Socialists never—"

"What are you giving us?" says he. "You'll be wanting to stuff me next that Socialists don't believe in bombshells. They keep pretty quiet in this country, I grant you. The good old British lion won't stand none of their nonsense, that's why. He's got a tooth in his head yet. But look how they carry on over there in Russia, and them continental places. The old Tsar ain't no daisy, I 'low you, but see what aggravation they give him. How would you like to have to give your dinner to the dog before you eat it yourself, for fear it's poisoned? How would you like to be scared of your life to lick a postage stamp, case it might bite worse'n a snake? How would you like to have to look under your bed every night to make sure there wasn't an infernal machine there, timed to go off just when you are snug between the blankets, and blow you to bits? Every man wants to die decently in one piece, don't he, and not be scattered all over the place, and have his corpse gathered up with a broom and shovel? He cuts up rough, the Tsar do, but can you blame him?"

I made a wild attempt to explain. "Socialists," said I, "never—"

"Of course," said he, I ain't finding any fault with you for sticking up for your friends, though I'm surprised at a man like you taking up with such a crowd. Look at that bloke Warton, him as was hanged—there's a specimen of a Socialist for you! Don't tell me he wasn't. Didn't he want to take another man's money, and didn't he pot him for objecting? What's that but Socialism, I'd like to know? You can't kid me. And didn't he confess he was an atheist? And ain't Socialists and atheists just one and the same, eh? Of course they are. I see the old Pope's been giving you slops about that. Good for him! Not that I take any stock in Popes. I don't. I'm a natural born subject of the king, I am, God-bless him. You'll find no blooming Popes about me—not much. They are as bad as the Socialists, in my opinion. It takes old Dill Macky to fix them up, by gum it does. Only Rome's right there, you know. You are a bad lot in religion, you can't deny it. You want to give God Almighty the sack and abolish the Ten Commandments, and run the whole blooming caboose on your own hook; you know you do."

I commenced a warm disclaimer. "Socialists," I said, "never—"

"Why don't you own up?" said he.

"Give me a man as stands by his principles, whatever they are. I ain't a particular cove myself—not very. But you Socialists are too blooming strong for me altogether. I can forgive you a lot; what I always say is it takes all sorts to make a world—but when it comes to wanting me to whack my hard earnings with some blooming cadger what won't work, I'm dead off you. See?"

Then he borrowed sixpence from me, and we parted.—*Brisbane Worker.*

## Always Have Been and Always Will Be.

No, things have not always been this way, and they will not always be.

Things have always changed continually, and always will.

The man who can't see that must be blind, indeed.

We have always had street cars, for example, have n't we?

We always have had steam railways, and we always will have them! It is all a dream that people used to ride in stage coaches! And there is no prospect of electricity ever taking the place of steam!

Certain muddle heads have tried to make us believe that the lights which appeared in the belfry on the night when Paul Revere watched for the signal, and then made his memorable ride from Boston to Lexington, were made with tallow candles. But everybody knows that the colonial heroes merely turned on the electric lights! We have electric lights now, and, as things have always been this way, it follows that they had them in colonial days!

The historians have tried to delude the people by telling them that the negroes of the South were once chattel slaves, and that more than two million soldiers went down there and freed them from chattel slavery! But that is all a hoax! The negroes of the South are now working for wages, and, as things have always been this way, it follows that they have always been wage slaves, and never were chattel slaves at all!

What nonsense!

Things were not this way ten thousand years ago, nor five thousand years ago, nor one thousand years ago, nor five hundred years ago, nor one hundred years ago, nor fifty years ago, nor even ten years ago.

Before civilization began, society was not divided into classes. There was no master class. The tribes lived in a state of communism—not Socialism, but communism—and men made no attempt whatever to outdo or overreach one another financially.

For several generations after civilization began, the people were divided into masters and chattel slaves.

For several centuries after that, they were divided into feudal lords and serfs. And, after the feudal system had run its course, the present wage system, or capitalist system, began.

Even seventy-five years ago, in this very United States, wealth was quite evenly distributed, and the people had approximately equal opportunities.

Even fifty years ago, the concentration of wealth into the hands of a few had not progressed very far.

Even twenty-five years ago, it had by no means reached its present state.

Even ten years ago, the centralization of the industries into trusts and combines had not reached anything like its present stage of completion.

Labor saving machinery in all industries has developed and changed like a kaleidoscope before our very eyes.

Decidedly, things have not always been this way.

Still more decidedly, things will not always be this way.

This is a world of change, not of stagnation.—*John M. Work, in "What's So and What Isn't."*

## Harmony Impossible.

The "Review of Reviews," dealing with the subject of industrial disputes, says "the interests of both parties ought to be conserved," and it deplores "the tendency to consider one interest at the expense of another." This is the sort of stuff talked by people who ape the wisdom of moderation. How can conflicting interests be both conserved? When a cake is to be divided between two parties, how can one receive more unless the other receives less? It will not do. Let us put aside these amiable inanities and recognize the rude truth.

Labor can only gain at the expense of Capital; Capital only at the expense of Labor.—*Brisbane Worker.*