

SINGLE TAX COLUMN. LAND QUESTION.

Progress of the Movement Against Monopoly.

Gen. Booth received a letter from Mr. James Laut, secretary of the London Single Tax Association, requesting him, on behalf of that organization, to give his opinion of the single tax as a means of advancing the interests of humanity. The following reply has been sent:

My Dear Sir,—Gen. Booth wishes me to acknowledge your letter and to say in reply that he has not sufficiently considered the single tax proposal to be able to give an opinion as to their practicability. The present condition of society under a country clear of individual ownership he thinks that beyond question it would be wise because right to act upon in connection with the colony and in the sea that he is seeking to establish and which he proposes to give an illustration of the advantages of the land ownership of the community, and may be of some service to mankind in general. Believe me, dear sir, yours faithfully, F. Malans, Major.

People and Opinions.

Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, a New York millionaire, who writes financial articles for the New York "Sun" under the pen name of "Matthew Marshall," says: "Everything indicates that, under the pressure of the discontent which is an ineradicable element of human nature, civilized society is gradually shaping itself into a system in which private affairs will be much more regulated by law than they are now, and that the outcome eventually will be what is called state socialism."

This fact of socialism on the part of the rich shows that they are beginning to realize the unsafe foundations on which their society rests. There is, however, no real danger of the establishment of socialism in this country. With the adoption of the single-tax, the necessity for government regulation of private affairs will disappear, and instead of paternalism we shall have freedom.

Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the "Century Magazine," has recently achieved more than local fame as the chairman of a legislative committee appointed to investigate the tenement house system of New York city. Speaking of the criticism by Henry George of the committee's recommendations, Mr. Gilder said in a public address: "I confess that the republicanism why we did not draw a bill to abolish poverty was simply this: There was not a man on the committee who knew how to abolish poverty is my eloquent, persuasive and good-natured friend, Mr. George. What an easy thing for our committee, simply to have drawn up a single-tax bill and submitted it to the legislature."

It was summer time. The office windows were open. The old millionaire had come up to confer with his lawyer, and had been told he could now foreclose his mortgage on a fine and coveted corner which he knew he could bid in for a song. He therefore felt at peace with all the world, and he wished that everybody might banish uncharitable and sordid thoughts and be of good cheer. He took off his hat and wiped his brow.

"I am thinking of going out into the country," he said, speaking in a kind tone of that humble region. "I like the country. We don't really know what life is here. I often wish I were back. I had a farm before I came—about five hundred acres—as pretty land as ever laid outdoors—high, rolling, sandy loam; oh! fine pasture, plenty of woods, and running spring right on the place—never went dry the driest season, and magnificent orchard. I set out about ten acres all to grain 'em before I sold, and looked to sell 'em for \$2 right on the ground."

"But I sold—\$2. Yes, sir, I sold that five hundred acres—\$80 an acre, and came here and put every dollar into corners. Of course, hitting it just the time I did, the money has turned itself a good many times; but I don't know—I often wish I hadn't sold the old farm. I sold it to my brother-in-law for \$80 an acre. That was twenty years ago, and I don't suppose he could get \$40 an acre now."

Here the sad repiner engaged in silent thought of his brother-in-law pounding cloids on the depreciated farm, and became suffused with such joy that, as he rose and put on his hat, he seemed like a statue of ecstasy. "No, sir, I don't suppose he could get \$40. Fine farm, too."

Congressman Jerry Simpson of Kansas, lectured in Chickering hall, New York city, a few weeks ago before a large audience. Among other views expressed on the social and political problems of the day were the following: "The trouble is that for a hundred years we have been following the almighty dollar and have forgotten to make laws which would lead to the equitable distribution of wealth. The first great reform in that direction is the single-tax. That system of taxation will not take away any man's lawful property, but will tax a man according to the value of the land he occupies to the exclusion of all others. Land monopoly is really the foundation of all monopolies. The single-tax will remedy this great evil."

Andrew Carnegie visited Union College recently to deliver the twenty-sixth lecture in the Butterfield course before the faculty and students of the college. His subject was "Wealth and Its Uses."

In introducing him to the audience, General Butterfield said that he had learned from private sources, without Mr. Carnegie's knowledge, that the millionaire had given more than \$3,000,000 for educational purposes.

"I hold, with Herbert Spencer, that existing titles to land should be respected, and that nothing like confiscation should be attempted." His wealth would be if his powers of "confiscation" were abolished.

The objects of the Social Reform Club, recently formed in New York city, are: "First—To form a common centre at which wage-earners and others interested in the labor movement may meet to consider the next step or steps which should be taken in order to improve industrial and social conditions in the city of New York."

"Second—The specific characteristic of this club is to be that it shall take no share in the propaganda of general theories of society, and shall rigidly exclude all so-called 'social panaceas' from its discussions, but shall confine itself to the consideration, the advocacy and the carrying out of practical measures such as can be undertaken in the immediate future with fair hope of success, and commend themselves to conscience and to common sense."

That is, they will consider any way of relieving the poor, except getting off their backs.

LABOR WORLD.

What Organized Trades are Doing for Workers.

Machinists are agitating for a label. All the Swede printers in Chicago are getting into the union. Machine woodworkers are having an organization boom.

Coxey has established headquarters in Massillon, and will publish a paper. The Colorado Farmers' Alliance resolute in favor of the Omaha platform.

The A. F. of L. executive board has endorsed the joint label of the shoe workers. The Illinois Trades Unionist has arisen from the ashes of the Chicago Workman.

Cleveland printers declare that they will raise more money for the A. R. U. men than any other union in the city.

Boston stonecutters have finally joined the international. Baltimore is also coming in, and perhaps New York will soon.

The Sandwich, Mass., glass works started up last Monday, after lying idle almost ten years, on the co-operative plan.

Contract convict labor system has been abolished in Mississippi. The state will furnish employment to its prisoners.

Die Wochentliche Rundschau is the name of a new weekly paper published in the German language by three members of Typographical Union No. 5.

The Kellar Printing Company of New York city has been unionized after fighting the union for several years.

The new Goodson typesetting machine is going to knock the Mergenthalers into smithereens, as it sets italic, roman and display type.

Board of directors of the Brooklyn Eagle claim Mergenthaler machine are costing the paper more than when the type was set by hand.

Detroit musicians' union has forbidden any member, orchestra or band donating any music hereafter. Requests of that character were becoming too numerous.

Railroad organizations of Cleveland, Ohio, one of the great railroad centres of the country, are affiliating with C. L. U., conductors having broken the ice.

Hebrew bakers of Chicago have organized a union. Bakers' unions have also been formed in Louisville, Ky., and Kansas City within the past few days.

Eastern unions are taking up the fight of the A. R. U. men in a manner that is good to look upon. Funds are being collected with an enthusiasm that shows that the spirit of unionism is largely in evidence.

Fifty Hebrew families, of Newark, N. J., applied to the Russian consul in New York to have them sent back to Russia. Commenting on this, the Cleveland Citizen says "when people prefer Russia to America to live in it's almighty tough."

That degree of poverty which involves the inability to procure the necessities of life without the charitable assistance of the public is, moreover, an incurable evil; and it is rather irritated than alleviated by the remedies commonly applied to remove it.—Count Rumford, in "Fundamental Principles of establishments for the poor." Works, Vol. IV.

—Of the U. S. labor organizations, the first is the Knights of Labor, next the American Railway Union, and now the American Federation of Labor, have declared, in their general conventions, emphatically for the abolition of land monopoly, and, with tolerable directness, for the taxation of land values, irrespective of improvements, as the method of doing a way with land monopoly.

IN MEMORIAM. The following are lines in memory of the late Mrs. Brown, who departed this life in Lindsay on Nov. 16th, 1894, at the age of 43 years. Deceased was the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald McCrimmon, Glen, Mariposa, and was the first break in a family of twelve. She left an only son, an orphan boy, to mourn the loss of a kind and loving mother.— A precious one from us is gone A voice we loved is stilled, A place is vacant in that home Which never can be filled.

Other, patient, loving, kind and good, A will of love so sweet, And she was to all A friend in presence met. Who in his heart, she is gone, Her pleasant face, no more will greet us, Her reunited life, 'ave above, Free from sin and sorrow, now to meet us.

Long had her illness been, Long years of unguished pain, But on that mo'ning, white with snow, Such peaceful rest she found.

The strongest wish, she had to live Was that to care for, Willie, But God, in His kind mercy, Seen fit to take her to himself.

Her troubles here on earth were great, Her trials they were hard, To part with those she held so dear, And live without them here.

But through all her afflictions She bore them patiently, And even in death by faith could say My Jesus doeth all things well.

The vacant chair reminds us all Our mortal frames must die, But we trust in the promise of Christ, We shall meet above the sky.

We mourn for the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a silent voice, But though we mourn, yet not alone, For Christ has told us to rejoice.

We would not ask her back again To this dark world of sin and care, For we trust that she is happier With our dear Saviour over there.

Loving mother cease your weeping, Sisters wipe away all tears, Live a life that you may meet her In the grand hereafter years.

Oh, Willie dear with lonely heart 'Tis true your parents are gone, But trust in your Heavenly Father And be a follower of His Eternal Son.

Think, but for one little moment A father, mother and loving brother Watching and waiting with outstretched arms To receive you when your trial on earth is done.

A faithful friend she was to me, But her dying bed it was not my privilege to see, To cool her lips, to raise her head, Or change a loving word.

But one poor tribute I impart To her I loved so dear, 'Tis but the ebbing of the heart, 'Tis but a silent tear.

Friend after friend departs, Who hath not lost a friend, There is no union here of hearts That finds not here an end. Were this frail world our only rest, Living or dying none were blest. Eden, Feb. 1st, '95. M. A. G.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN. For God and Home and Native Land. Mammie and Allie, Mrs. M. P. A. Crozier.

'Baby's told.' And so she was poor little thing, with her bare pink toes all out of her shoes and her thin old calico dress, and scarce a bit of warm flannel underneath. And mamma took her up in her lap, and wrapped her own apron around her shoulders, and her skirts around her toes, and cuddled her up to her breast just as close as she could, and then mamma cried. There wasn't any fire,—only one little black stick in the stove, and that hadn't quite gone out.

It wasn't always so. When baby came, mamma lived in a pretty white house with green blinds, and some nice green grass in front, and a flower-bed at the side door. She didn't have to go up three flights of stairs, and call a little back bedroom 'home.' And there was a glowing coal fire, and pretty pictures on the walls, and a pretty white robe ready for baby when she came; and there was a good, kind papa, who came and looked at the little bundle, and kissed it, and kissed mamma, too, and said, 'I hope God will help me to be a good father to baby!' And he was.

Mamma didn't cry then, only when she was too happy to help it; and baby grew to be so pretty, and was one of the dearest babies in the world.

But it didn't last so long. The papa had a dreadful appetite that he didn't know much about, for he hadn't been tempted yet. Many, many years ago, when papa was only three years old, his father had died a drunkard, and the little boy had in his own nature the seed of that disease, that would some time bring such terrible results. And so when baby Allie was nearly a year old, one bright New Year's day he went to make some calls at different homes. And one friend offered him some wine, and another friend offered it to him; and by the time he went back to his home, he was so tipsy that he didn't seem to be like himself at all.

And after that, in some way he got to stopping every day to warm himself in some saloon, and to meet friends there, and get something strong to drink; till he came at length to forget his wife and darling little Allie, and to neglect his work, and by and by they had to go some-where else to live, and after a while to move into this dismal place.

Mamma wasn't well, and she couldn't work much to get food and clothes;

and when she did work; the people, who employed her didn't pay her much. So the fire had to go out very often, and baby had only poor thin clothes, and mamma was growing paler and paler every day. All the while papa, who once wanted God to make him a good father, was spending money in those dreadful places where he went and didn't make home happy any more.

But it is almost over now. Mamma isn't going to cry much longer, and the baby isn't going to suffer cold. They are going to sleep a while, in some quite place—perhaps out in the country where, mamma lived when she was a little girl, and where the blue violets will blossom over their graves, and the green grass wave above them. And,—God be praised!—they will wake up again, and they will live again in a pretty place, and baby will have a white dress once more, and mamma too; and then mamma will not cry any more, for Jesus will wipe away all tears.

And papa,—oh, if I only knew that papa would be there, kind and good again, and could kiss his little Allie, and all would be happy again together. But I don't know. Papa doesn't sign the pledge, and he hasn't given his heart to Christ, and—'No drunkard can inherit the kingdom.'—'Morning Star.'

Becher on Heredity. It seems hard that when a man does wrong, his children should be put under an almost irresistible inclination to do wrong; it seems hard that when a man drinks spirituous liquors his children and his children's children should find themselves urged by a burning thirst, which they can scarcely withstand, toward indulgence in intoxicating drinks; it seems hard that diseases should be transmitted, and that because a man has violated the laws of health his children should be sickly and short-lived—these things seem hard so long as we look at them only on one side; but what a power of restraint this economy has when every man feels, 'I stand not for myself alone, but for the whole line of my posterity to the third and fourth generation!'

A Brooklyn Alderman. ATTENDED A MEETING OF THE TORONTO CITY COUNCIL—COMPARISON OF TWO CITIES—BIG SALARIES FOR ALDERMEN—POLITICS AND PUBLIC OFFICIALS.

Ald. John Guilfoyle, of Brooklyn, N. Y. was an interested spectator of the proceedings at the meeting of the city council Monday afternoon. He was accompanied by Oarsman Hanlan, and was introduced to the Mayor and other members of the city council by Ald. Sheppard.

Ald. Guilfoyle spoke freely of civic affairs in Brooklyn, where the alderman had a yearly salary of \$3,000, and the Mayor, 10,000. The ordinary expenses of the legal department of the Brooklyn corporation exceed \$50,000 yearly, exclusive of special council fees in all important cases.

It costs more than \$350,000 annually to keep the Brooklyn streets clean. The cost of public works was enormous. When told that the police, civic officials and school board officers were not changed with every change of the city council, he was very much surprised. In Brooklyn the spoils went to the victors.

The civic business of Brooklyn required a small army of officials to attend to it and the council had no less than twenty standing committees, with a number of special committees. The result was that the aldermen had to spend the whole of the day at the city hall. In addition to the committee meetings, the city council meet every Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Almost every one of the fourteen or fifteen departments of civic administration had a commissioner at the head of it, at a salary of from \$3,000 to \$10,000 per annum.

Brooklyn received no money from any corporation for the enjoyment of a civic franchise. He never heard of such an excellent agreement for the city as that Toronto had made with the street railway company. In Brooklyn several companies operated roads, so that a system of transfers was not possible.

The present city council consisted of 15 Republicans and 4 Democrats. For 15 years preceding the recent elections the political complexion of affairs was exactly the reverse of this.

Regarding the strike of the street railway employees. Ald. Guilfoyle expressed the opinion that the men would win. Public opinion was again running strongly in favor of the strikers, and the people were boycotting the cars. The dispute had given a great impetus to the movement for the placing of the whole street car franchise of the city in the hands of one company, and on terms somewhat like those prevailing in Toronto. The movement for cancelling the franchise of all the companies now running in the city was becoming very strong, and was likely to be successful.

He was very pleased with all he had seen in Toronto. He saw a great deal which convinced him that the people preferred solid progress and comfort to showy go-ahead, and a generally uncomfortable state of things.

The Rent of the Land Exceeds All Taxes. Arthur Withy, in Westminster Review: "The total rates and taxes of the United Kingdom amount to some \$640,000,000 per annum, the rental value of the land, as distinguished from buildings and other improvements, amounts to upwards of \$800,000,000—an estimate based on the income tax returns."

Abandoned Farms. The new edition of the Massachusetts catalogue of abandoned farms shows that only about 2 per cent of the farms in the state are put in that category. The expense to the state in issuing these catalogues of abandoned farms, which are sent free on application to the state board of agriculture, has been since 1891 \$2,860.81.

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