

Medical. Good Hair, Good Health, and Good Looks. THE AUDETTE'S HAIR PROMOTER. CLEANSSES THE SCALP AND REMOVES DANDRUFF.

The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, SEPT. 23, 1892.



BY CHARLES J. BELLAMY. Copyrighted by the Author, and published by arrangement with him.

CHAPTER XVII. WHAT WOULD THEY BRING?

Days passed till they made weeks, and weeks till they made months, and no change came for the mills or for the lives of the creatures who worked within their grim walls, except the change from poor to more poor.

His acquaintances saw new expressions on his face—the open, boyish look had gone, and his voice had new tones of decision; his step had grown firmer and his eyes met a glance with a new steadiness.

One morning the three men who had been once on the fire escape met in the doorway of No. 2 mill, restored after the fire. They had left their work for a breath of fresh air.

"He is closer than his father; he scrupulously saves like a poor cuss trying to support a family on \$5 the week. What show is there for us?"

"Ye'll mind it's all just as I told ye, Bill Rogers," suggested Graves, the comfort of 'I told you so' being left to him out of the general wreck.

"'Taint that," said Graves, as he turned to go back to work, and then lingering a moment longer: "It is the nature of a man and crosses out as sure as he gets his swing. There ain't a one of us but would make a meaner risk than him. It comes easy to be a labor reformer and radical as long as a fellow is poor, and it's just as easy for a man to talk beautiful if he ain't looked to do nothing."

"But it makes a man drunk when he feels the reins in his hands, and him nothin' but a man of the same stuff as the rest on us. Look at Curran now; how much better'n the rest is he? He deserted us at the most critical moment. Somethin' in him throw us up, and if we had all of a sudden sickened on his stomach. We're poor stuff, all on us, boys. I never seen a finer fellow than that Curran, but he's forgot all about the wrongs and rights he used to holler so purty about. There's no chance for a punishin' us for it. It seems so strange somehow his changin' all so sudden."

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"No," said Philip, slowly. "It ain't exactly what I mean; can we raise the wages?"

"Can you, why yes, I suppose you can step right into the mills and give a \$100 bill to every hand. But you couldn't afford to do that thing long, and I don't think it would do anybody any good. I wouldn't assume to advise you, sir, but why not just as well go up street and insist on paying a fancy price for your flour?"

"But don't they find it hard to live on what we give them? And what a life it is at that, suggested Philip sadly. Apparently he had not quite forgotten them."

"No doubt, no doubt!" repeated the paymaster with the querulousness of his class, "but is there any sense in putting in your or my flat? You can't make a ninety cent laborer worth a dollar and a quarter by giving it to him. You insult him and damage business by making it all uncertain with the gratuitous element."

"I see you don't believe in benevolence, my dear Jennings," and Philip smiled curiously.

"Yes, I do. If labor needs and paupers, but if you don't want to make paupers of everybody you mustn't."

"But I am not a pauper, and I never earned a penny in my life till a few months ago," Philip's eyes flashed at the sudden revulsion.

"But, ah—but that is different. Drop that then. To make our cots there are a number of expenses; there is the mill and the machinery, the money locked up in fabrics and material. These are fixed; you don't think it your duty to pay extra prices for raw material, nor make a gratuity with every dollar you spend on machinery, no matter how poor the man that sells to you. Now comes another element, labor. That should be as fixed as the rest and all calculations based on its market price. If labor needs and paupers, but if you don't want to make paupers of everybody you mustn't."

"I didn't know you could be so eager. But supposing they tell me my profit is too large, that my labor pays me so well I ought to make it up to them." The young proprietor was looking musingly out of the window where the autumn wind was chasing the leaves in savage gales.

Mr. Jennings, the paymaster, had reached the door, but waited a moment to clinch his argument.

"Then if you lost money your help ought to contribute. But it might not be at all their fault that you lost, any more than it is

to their credit you succeed. Their labor in quantity and quality would be just the same. What reason in changing it is there? No, I am sure there is but one way, to measure the value of your labor as you do everything else, by what it will bring."

"Not quite everything," said Philip; but he said it so low the argumentative Jennings did not hear it. All he heard was just as he was closing his door:

"Please send in the overseer of No. 1 weave room."

It was but a few moments during which Philip did not move from his seat, before the overseer came in, stroking his apron deferentially.

"Mr. Bright, the men and girls complain; they say they ought to be paid by the day instead of by the piece."

"Which ones complain? The lazy ones, I guess. Why surely, Mr. Breton, it wouldn't be right to pay the best weaver and the poorest the same."

"Why not?" asked Philip, with unchanged features watching the look of astonishment that shone on the man's round fat face.

"Why not, if we paid them all the highest price?"

"Well sir, it wouldn't be a month before bad and good would all be worth about the same, and that as little as the poorest of them. It would be a poor way to encourage them to be smart."

"Does Graves work in your room?"

"Yes, but he is just going out for this mornin'—"

"Send him in if you can find him." Philip rose to his feet now, and was walking the room impatiently when John Graves slouched in. He turned on him as if he was going to do violence to his visitor, but it was only a question he hurled at him.

"What do you think ought to be changed in the mill? Speak up now, and let me know your mind."

"I think we work too hard for our pay, then," drawled the laborer, but his mind was in an unusually excited condition.

"That is because the public want such goods as ours so cheap."

"There's other things to cut on besides labor forever and ever. Oh, no, ye can't buy poor cotton, it would show all the cloth ye can't; but if we carders and weavers and spinners be cut, it don't leave a mark on the cloth. But it leaves deep gashes in our hearts and joys, you be sure."

Graves looked at the young man to see if he might go on, but he could not read his master's face. He hesitated a moment and then he continued:

"There ain't a poor bent girl in the mill but might live a life so happy it would make a strong man cry to think of it. We are of more account than your machinery. No belt or patent self acting springs could do our work; it takes immortal souls, and intellects in the image of God to do it. It's the same sort of work you do, and compare what the two of us gets. We ain't fairly paid till we gets, the weakest of us, a taste of the sweet things in this world we have longed for so long. I don't care what yer wise book men says." Was the young proprietor angry, he stood so grave and still? What a change! Time was when pity would have shone on every line of his face. But he might have been a statue for all appearance of melting in his new role.

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

—Pily ascribes the invention of the sailing to the P. O. class, about B.C. 200. At the banquet given at the opening of the London Royal Albert dock in June, 1880, there were 500 waiters, 100 cooks, 4,000 dishes, 24,000 forks and spoons, 12,000 knives, 13,000 glasses and 15,000 plates. The dessert consisted of 50 cwt. of grapes, 2,000 baskets of grapes, in addition to other fruit; and the tables and tablecloths extended a mile and a half.

—At the Ottawa session of the case of L. C. Labelle, late employee of the Ottawa printing bureau, charged with murdering his wife by shooting her with a revolver in December last, continued till after three o'clock. The evidence for the crown was lengthy, but when exhausted Judge Aronson considered there was no case to go before the jury and recommended no defence. Labelle was consequently discharged.

—There has been a disastrous fire at the navy yard at Brooklyn. It broke out at 3:15 o'clock Saturday morning in the three storey wooden extension of the machine shop. In this extension were stored the machinery for the new cruiser Cincinnati. It was totally destroyed. The flames extended to the two storey brick machine shop and caused a total loss of \$1,000,000. The loss is roughly estimated at half a million dollars.

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—The Rev. Joseph Weedon, vicar of Moreton parish in Lancashire, committed suicide at Rhyll, a watering place in Wales, on Friday morning. Weedon was considered to be a man of exceptional piety and was happily married. A fortnight ago when he stepped on the beach at Rhyll, he was told by a pretty servant girl from Moreton at a station a few miles off and proceeded with her to the hotel and shot himself dead. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide in a fit of insanity.

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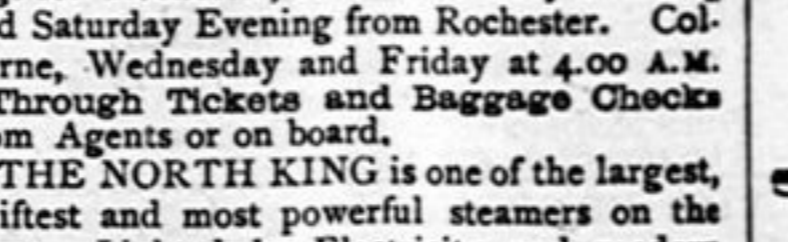
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A POT OF MONEY. Is not found every day, but a potful of money can be saved handily during the next month by those in need of Furniture.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO. Will offer during Fair month some solid Bargains in the following lines:

Bedroom Sets, Mattresses and Springs, Dining-Room and Kitchen Chairs, Lounges and Extension Tables.

We have a ware-room full of other lines of Furniture, all good