

LONDON WORKER SOUND AT HEART.

(By Lacy Amy.)

In London there are three great safety valves to public feeling—three public parks, where on Sundays everything on earth and in heaven, from politics to religion, is slammed with the uncontrolled hysteria of fanaticism, where the same variety of subjects is applauded with the same lack of restraint. Hyde Park is the most diverse in character, the most frequented, and usually the most interesting. In the East End is Victoria Park, where the foreign element are privileged to say nasty things of the country which protects them and provides them with a profitable living. And in the north Finsbury Park is the Sunday rendezvous of the laboring class.

Labor is Loyal.

For the last Sunday was announced a couple of pacifist meetings in the latter park, and as the attitude of the laboring classes has such important bearing on the opportunity to study its expression in the licensed atmosphere of these Sunday gatherings, I came away relieved. In spite of the groundlessness of many of the strikes, in spite of a constant undercurrent of bickering which has produced many long overdue reforms, in spite of the misrepresentations of pacifists and conscientious objectors and pro-German Labor leaders, the incidents of Sunday afternoon have more than convinced me that Labor is sound and loyal at heart.

In the first place, the pacifist orators did not appear—and it was well for them. Finsbury Park resolved itself that day into a great patriotic mass meeting that would have given short shrift to Ramsay Macdonald and his friends. Even to my surprise when a speaker of the Seamen's Union spoke of Mr. Henderson, late Cabinet Minister and Stockholmite, as a discredited Labor leader, he had the obvious sympathy of his hearers.

Excited Ravings.

I arrived early. No speakers were yet on their stands, but the unalterable love of debate in the English breast was displaying itself in little excited groups. In the heart of the largest were two men engaged in an unequal combat of tongues. One, a small, blood-shot-eyed fanatic, who seemed only a few degrees removed from insanity, was raving of the tyranny of Capital, of bossdom of every description. In the fervor of the moment he lost the sympathy of the crowd by declaring that he understood this question better than anyone else there, and he considered it his duty to come out and

enlighten them. His opponent, a calm Scotsman with red hair and a freckled face and a Harry Lauder laugh, pulled him on by sly twitting until the furious Socialist began to introduce the "brother-German" talk. It was the Scotsman's chance, and he made the air bristle about his opponent's head. Then, after a few curses of disgust and some personal remarks, he sneered himself away.

Impatient of Orators.

There was a stand held by an admirer of the Pope, who was scattering Catholic literature among the crowd and trying to steer clear of war discussion. A Christian Brotherhood man, a clever young orator and sincere, was encountering the same difficulty. The National Socialist party was in the same predicament. In fact, there was an atmosphere all over the park of impatience with speeches not confined to the war and our duty towards it. Most of the platforms were of that luridly religious tone that bases its right to popular acceptance on a liberal attitude towards everything being confined to our enemies. But not one of them dared come out openly in favor of shaking hands with the Germans. Obviously the crowd was out to get its hands on the man who would, and the speakers sensed it in the air and considered their skins.

"Say That Again."

The Seamen's Union was holding a meeting of protest against pacifism and conferences with the enemy, of ridicule and worse of Ramsay Macdonald. And only there did there crop up the pro-German sentiment. Through the audience two or three men contradicted the speaker in the usual boisterous and impolite manner of such meetings, and things were growing warm. An obviously foreign Jew butted in and began to throw pro-Germanism about with lavish hand. When the speaker drew his attention to the barbarities of the Germans in Belgium, the Jew insisted that the British had done the same things. There was a sudden movement in the crowd, and a burly discharged soldier elbowed his way to the interrupter. He was very quiet, but at sight of him the Jew wilted. "Will you say that again?" inquired the soldier mildly.

Excited Ravings.

The Jew stammered and was silent. "Because I was there," went on the soldier, "and the man who says we did what the Germans did is a liar. Now contradict me." But the Jew hadn't bargained for that. Indeed, it is a surprising feature of these Sunday meetings that the men are utterly frank in their opinions of each other without coming to blows. "Votes for Women." Over in the corner, a grotesquely

youthful boy who had not yet said anything I shouldn't, I apologize," he whined. "I apologize." But apology was too late. An ex-soldier pushed his way to him, caught his arm, and whirled him about. "Now, you go!" he ordered. "Another yap from you and into the pond you go." And the fellow turned about, the ex-soldier's hand guiding him, and slunk meekly away. I watched him break free from the crowd and run for the gates.

No Friends for Germany.

I believe I heard therein the workers of England speaking. They may wage relentless battle with Capital, mix things up rather disastrously at times in what may appear a disloyal and dangerous manner, but the one who in public comes out for Germany is taking risks he is likely to shun before many weeks. I am of the opinion that the way of the pacifist is getting harder, but I recognize the danger of prophesying, sincere certain internal acts of folly may alter the whole complexion of things. It is certain, however, that the English are growing less long-suffering. If nothing happens to swing the people directly in the opposite direction, pacifism is going to be the topic only of martyrs. As yet the British workman is not the one who is crying for peace. His mistake has been to permit his organizations to be utilized by such agitators as Ramsay Macdonald and Sidney Webb and a few of their kind, who have no connection whatever with labor.

ONE MAN'S PRAYER.

Out in Kansas there is a man named Hamer McKee. He wrote a prayer, and it was printed in the State Board of Health Bulletin. The Bulletin fails to identify Mr. McKee further than to publish his name, which is enough in a way, for the prayer speaks for the man. Here it is:

His Bluff Called.

As he finished I moved over to the group that still hung together where the Socialist and the Scotchman had expressed themselves about each other. Now the crowd was larger, tighter, ominously quiet. A dozen men, many of them ex-soldiers and soldiers, were hurling at the wild Socialist questions that goaded him beyond control; and he was taking chances he was too excited to appraise. In a fit of fury he said: "The English are no better than the Germans. Instantly a little old man of about sixty-five, an inch or two shorter than the Socialist, leaped before him. "You're a--swanker and a liar!" he jerked, thrusting his chin into the other's face. Like all his ilk, the Socialist pro-German drooped. A hasty look told him what he had not before noticed in the faces of the crowd. "I only ask for British fair play," he pleaded. A foreigner took him up. "You say a Briton's no' better than a German, and now you ask for British fair play." The hounded man looked fearfully about, but there was no escape. "If I've

said anything I shouldn't, I apologize," he whined. "I apologize." But apology was too late. An ex-soldier pushed his way to him, caught his arm, and whirled him about. "Now, you go!" he ordered. "Another yap from you and into the pond you go." And the fellow turned about, the ex-soldier's hand guiding him, and slunk meekly away. I watched him break free from the crowd and run for the gates.

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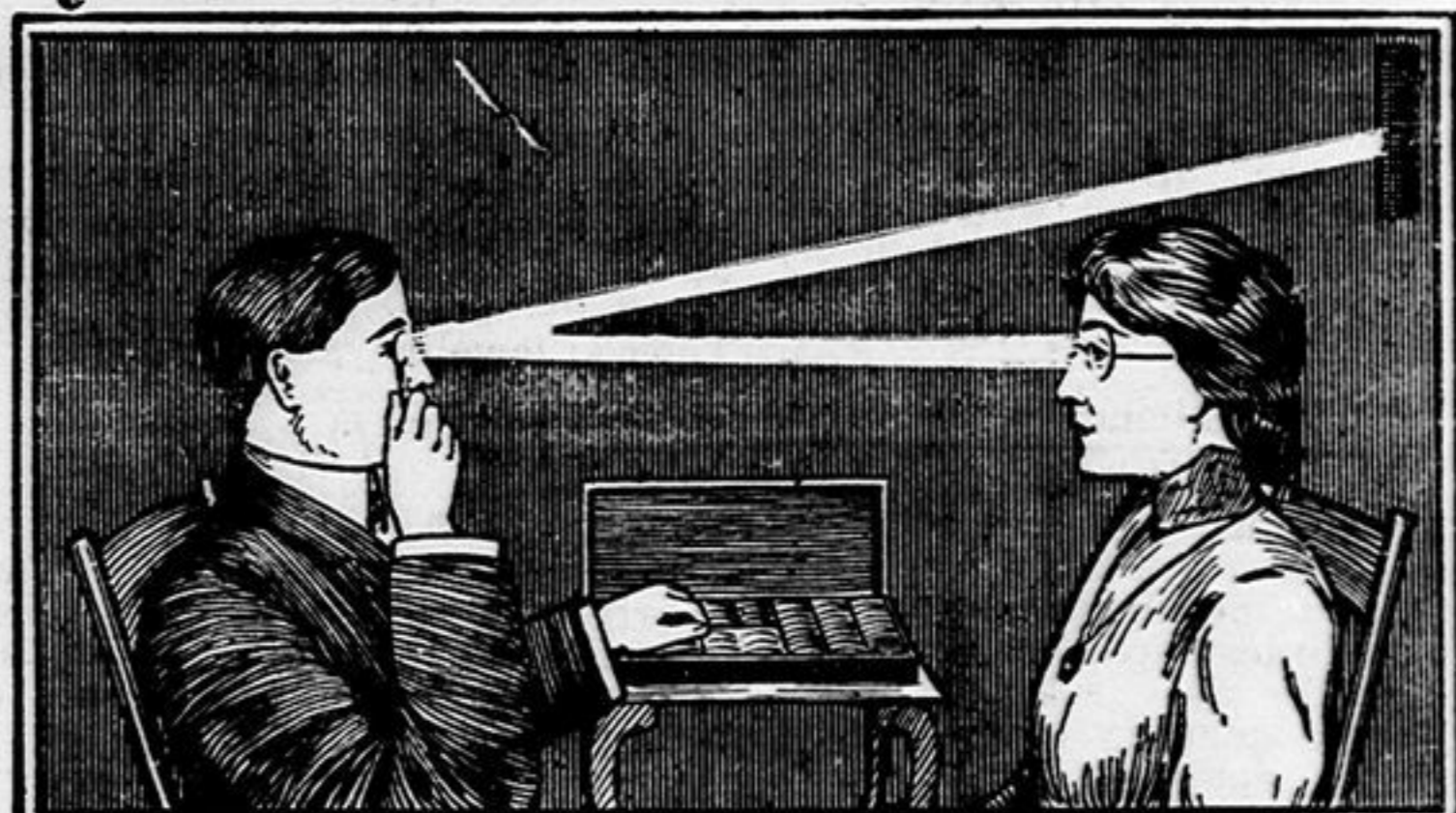
"Blind me to the faults of the other fellow, but reveal to me my own."

"Keep me young enough to laugh with the children, and to lose myself in their play."

"And then, when comes the smell of the flowers, and the tread of soft steps, and the crushing of the hearse's wheels in the gravel out in front of my place, make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple."

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We are giving up business, and having rented the store, everything must be cleared out during the next couple of weeks. Our stock is low, but buyers of the undernamed list of articles will secure great bargains. Come Early. First Come, First Served

A Partial List of Articles to be Sacrificed

- 1 Wooden Bedstead
- 25 Iron Bedsteads (different qualities).
- 12 Bed Springs
- 15 Sanitary Mattresses
- 2 Felt Mattresses
- 1 Child's Cot (Iron)
- 1 Wooden Cradle
- 1 Rattan Cradle
- 1 Counter Stool
- 1 Web Furniture Covering
- 3 Dressers
- 2 Bedroom Stands
- 1 Fumed Oak Extension Table (round)
- 1 Elm Extension Table (round)
- 1 Elm Extension Table (square)
- 1 good Mahogany three-piece Parlor Suite
- 1 Velour Couch
- 1 Quartered Oak Hall Seat and Mirror
- 1 Quartered Oak Hall Seat
- 2 sets Surface Oak Diners
- 1 Hall Mirror
- 50 wood Curtain Poles
- 50 Window Blinds
- 3 doz. Brass Curtain Rods
- 50 white Window Poles
- 1 Grokinole Board
- A number of Framed Pictures, all new.
- A quantity Picture Moulding
- An assortment of Prepared Paints
- A quantity of good Varnish
- 1 Regulator Clock
- 1 Refrigerator
- 2 Scythe Snaths
- 3 Cross-cut Saws
- A number of Saw Handles
- 1 Platform Scale (1200 lbs.)
- 1 Counter Scale (240 lbs.)
- Odd repairs for McClary Stoves
- A number of O'Cedar Mops
- A quantity of O'Cedar Oil
- An assortment of Skates
- A quantity of Turnip and Mangold Seed
- 60 Dry Cell Batteries (away cheap)
- A stock Pratt's Poultry Food
- Lamp Brackets and Reflectors
- Lamp Burners
- Lantern Burners
- About 200 lbs. No. 9 soft Galvanized Wire
- About 200 lbs. No. 9 Coil-spring Wire
- 500 No. 7 Galvanized Fence Stays
- 1 Jack Screw
- 1 Logging Chain
- 5 gallons Fish Oil
- 2 gallons Neatsfoot Oil
- A number of Government-stamped Gallon, Half-Gallon, Quart and Pint measures
- A lot of Shelf Hardware and other articles

Everything must be sold, as we are positively giving up business

F. LENAHAN . Durham

NEWS

F. A. Graham, eyes—At the Central Drug Store. Mr. and Mrs. W. D. in attendance at the Guelph.

All persons indebted requested to call at settlement.—Z. Clark

Special value in watches, from \$10 Town, Jeweller.

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A very fine assortment of pendants, drops, style ranging from Town, Jeweller.

Mr. Thos. Daniel town, after spending with relatives in and Montana State.

Christmas photos in every dozen your appointment. Kelsey Studio.

The Red Cross occupy the room at Standard Bank du months.

Sidney Baker, a C at the cement plant was reported wounded casualty list.

In the published butions to the Red of Mr. C. L. Grant should have been c

Owing to the in ance at the Meaf the board has been another teacher to create the account

A report from C Food Controller a oleomargarine shot to consumers in al by Tuesday of nex

Call and see our men in watches, c links, tie pins, fobs suit any purse.—D ler.

Burns' church, will hold their ment on Decembe for Y.M.C.A. work mission 25c. Good

A special meetin 632 will be held i ham, on Wednesday commencing at 8 Chas. Ritchie, W.

Have your watch Town. Every job Have your eyes Town, Jeweller. acceptable Christ

Photographs. W photos you order, are given you. mas rates last, fif en. Phone 68. T

To rent.—On A five-room house, spring-water pu fowl house. Ap Crutchley, Durha their views to th

A Public Schoo held in the town 14th, at 8 p.m. tary Y.M.C.A. wor and varied progr Adult 25c. child

A concert and held in Townsen Thursday, Decem ceeds for patriot mission 25c. Lad free.

Sergt. J. W. M. Dr. Marsh, of F of Holstein, has tion. Dr. Marsh's here will sympat his loss.

Mr. E. W. Li week from the w a month or so. he visited Elkh Jaw, Weyburn, Lanegan, Hanley He says times ar n the west