

WEEKLY FOUNDED 1857 DAILY FOUNDED 1861

12 PAGES TO-DAY

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1904.

PAGES 9 TO 12

SINGLE COPY 2 CENTS 15 CENTS PER MONTH



A smart gown of silver grey voile, trimmed with ruffles and shirring of self, with grey silk knotted trim. The crown of the hat is of deep grey panne velvet, and the soft folded stock and yoke are of grey chiffon.

SERMON FOR LABOR DAY

Dr. Talmage Sympathizes With Hard Lot of Workingman.

SOME VIRTUES SEEN ONLY IN AFFLICTION

Oppression Does Not Always Declimate, as Witness the Multiplication of the Hebrews in the Land of Egypt During the Reign of the Pharaoh Who Knew Not Joseph—A Comparison With American Labor Conditions of Today.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by William Easty of Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 4.—In this sermon, which is specially appropriate to the Sunday before Labor Day, the preacher expresses his sympathy with the hard lot of the workingman and points out some of the conditions which increase his difficulties. The text is Exodus 1, 12: "The more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew."

"Some virtues," writes Joseph Addison, "are seen only in affliction." But from the Egyptian standpoint it would take a very long and a very useless investigation to find any virtue in the national catastrophe which, as the text would indicate, was about to overtake the Egyptian kingdom. The mightiest foreign foe ever assembled in on the borders of the land drained by the arteries of the gigantic Nile was not to be feared as much as was the host of enslaved Hebrews who were living among them. It was only a few hundred years before that a little handful of Hebrews, with their flocks and herds, had migrated to and settled in the land of Goshen during the Premiership of Joseph, the famous statesman. But since that time the descendants of old Jacob had multiplied so greatly that now they could be counted literally by the hundreds of thousands. Not only in numbers were they to be feared, but in mental power also. With the proverbial acquisitiveness of the Hebrew, these people were absorbing much of the wealth of the kingdom. Moreover, the "signs of the times" declared they would soon become rulers of the nation. By a silent revolution they threatened to take possession of the Egyptian Government.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" was the one question that was upon almost every Egyptian lip. "Shall we allow the Hebrew people to become the dominant factors upon the banks of the Nile and to sit upon the throne of the Pharaoh?" This question was not only asked in the street, but it was anxiously discussed in the King's palace. To-night we see the lights blazing in the Privy Council room. As we enter the council chamber we see the King sitting at the end of the long room, surrounded by his best and strongest Ministers. After the question has been talked over long and earnestly I see the King rise. He looks straight at his Ministers and says: "Gentlemen, we are facing a condition, not a theory. We dare not and cannot deport the Hebrews from our realm. They are now essential to our national welfare and prosperity as laborers, clerks and servants. But we can't debar them from holding property. We can forbid them studying in our schools. We can enslave them and make them the chattels of our people. We can degrade them by ignorance and overwork. That's what the King I here and now decree the Hebrew men and women and children from henceforth to be in perpetual bondage. They shall be compelled to make bricks without straw. My Ministers will see that my decree is carried out. When the King speaks the King's will becomes the law. Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, the Council is dismissed."

This royal behest was carried out to the letter. The Hebrew people living in Egypt were disfranchised. Not only were they deprived of the rights of citizenship, but they were degraded to the most abject and humiliating servitude. Their property was taken away from them, and they could not even claim their wives and children as their own. Yet, strange to say, and yet not strange after all, the more the Hebrews were cursed and struck and ill-used and murdered by the Egyptians, the more their numbers grew, and the more of a menace they became to the Egyptian Government. This is the first Sunday in September. To-morrow is Labor Day. Many preachers this Sabbath morning will be talking to the mechanics, the clerks and the farm hands, to the masons, the carpenters and plumbers, and to all those who work with their hands. It is not inappropriate that, this morning, I should present some of the conditions that are afflicting American labor. I shall speak frankly concerning capital, I shall speak with equal candor concerning labor. For I firmly believe, as a deep friend of mine said to me a few days ago, that "the greatest curse labor has to bear to-day does not come from capital,



Showing a modest frock for young girl of brown wool, trimmed with bands of Persian embroidery, bordered with folds of brown velvet. The guimp is of tuck white silk.

but from labor itself. "The more the Egyptian master afflicted the Hebrew slaves," says our text, "the more they multiplied and grew, and the Egyptians grieved because of the affliction of Israel." Labor's afflictions! We first find them in the American laborer being compelled to compete for work in a home market that is glutted with foreign immigrants. We find them in the great misery which each year disembarks at Ellis Island, New York's Castle Garden of the present day. We find them in the impoverished Italians and the Bohemians and the Portuguese and in the human offscourings of Europe who each year come to our manufacturers and foundrymen and contractors and say: "Let me handle your pick," "Let me lay your asphalt pavement," "Let me dig your mines," "Let me chop your wood," "Let me work in your foundries." "We are foreigners. We do not intend to become citizens of the United States. As soon as we can save up a little money we intend to return to our native land and live there. But meantime we will work cheaper than any American man can work. Why? Because our living expenses are practically nothing. We live in dirt-outs. We will eat food that no American family would eat. We will buy no books and will wear the cheapest clothing. As a result of these conditions of living we can crowd your American workman to the wall."

The American laborer, from this foreign competition, must have help, and help right soon, to save him from this condition of affairs. Our National Legislature must give it. Shall we lift high our tariff walls to protect capital at the expense of the time lift high our walls of immigration laws to protect our native workers? Is not the American laborer's sturdy arm as valuable in the sight of our Government as the capitalist's pocketbook? "What do you mean by such a statement as that?" some one asks. "Would you start another Know Nothing party? Would your ballot box slogan be 'American work only for the American born—American political offices only to be held by those graded under the shadows of Mount Washington and Pike's Peak?' Oh, no, I am not preaching any such political nonsense. I do not believe there ever was a political party wrapped in the swaddling clothes of so many errors as that born in 1833, and which, with ex-President Millard Fillmore as its Presidential candidate, swept many of our northern States in 1856 with the political cry, 'America only for the American born.' American liberties and American progress both on land and sea, militarily and industrially, have been won and built up by America's adopted sons as well as by her native born children. Were there not foreigners among George Washington's bravest companions in arms? Baron Johan DeKalb, who was shot at Camden in 1780, and Kosciuszko and Lafayette and many others—they were all foreign born. Who was the most valued statesman during Washington's Administration next to the President himself, Alexander Hamilton, who was foreign born. Who was John Ericsson, the inventor of the Monitor, that revolutionized naval warfare, and saved the American navy off Newport News? He was a Swedish-American. He was foreign born. If you blot out from our nation's history all the deeds which America's foster sons and daughters have accomplished for the land of their adoption you blot out some of its brightest pages.

But while we, as American citizens, would welcome gladly into our midst the German or Englishman or Scotchman or Swede and the men of any foreign nationality who with intelligence would come among us and say: "Brother, give me the hand, for come I will be one with you and become an American citizen," yet to-day we would not welcome the ignorant, the idle, the filthy, the pauper, the lazzaroni or the criminal offscourings of Europe or Asia, who would come to this land, not to become American citizens, but to stay here just long enough to scrape together a few thousand dollars and then go back to the land of their birth. We would not welcome the ignorant and depraved of foreign lands, who would come to our American workmen, and compel our American boys and girls to live in dugouts of tin cans, in a cellar as they live. These classes have neither part nor parcel in the glorious inheritance of freedom and equality for which our forefathers fought and bled. While we would gladly open our gates to

the oppressed of other lands, we would shut them against a horde that can have no appreciation for the precious privilege of American citizenship, and no sympathy with our national aims and ambitions, and whose coming is as much of a menace to our people as the cloud of locusts is to a harvest field. Nations, like individuals, should be as wise as well as generous in their hospitality. We must protect ourselves against the industrial locusts of the old world by wise and discriminating laws, which shall do injustice to none, and which, while vindicating our ancient hospitality as a world-wide asylum for the lovers of liberty and independence, shall shut out the swarms of mere mercenaries and against the "indescribable elements" which other lands seek to thrust upon us, from whatever quarter they may come.

Labor's next great affliction is to be found in the absurd and tyrannical demands made by some labor unions, which seem to have the suicidal policy of antagonizing capital at all times and under all pretenses, and of widening the breach between capital and labor, with the result that labor itself is the heaviest sufferer through their insane follies. The most brutal tyrant the southern negro knew in antebellum days was not the white man, but the negro himself who was made the overseer of the plantation. In the same way in many cases the most brutal tyrant the laboring man has to-day is not the capitalist, but the "walking delegate" or the mercenary political trickster who, as a laboring man, manipulates the executive committees which govern the labor unions for their own ruin. Of course this indictment is not universal in its application. There are many honest and upright and beneficent labor organizations, like that of which the late Mr. Arthur was president—namely, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Mr. Arthur brought that organization up to such perfection that it not only looked after the interests of the owners of the different railroads, but after the interests of the engineers themselves. There are many clear-headed, sane and noble-minded labor leaders whose object is not to disorganize the labor market, but to steady it, so that employers as well as the employed may have their due.

Now, my laboring friends, mark your throats. I am not claiming that capital is all right and labor is all wrong. I think some of the most merciless men in the world are to be found in the ranks of capitalists. Some of them will squeeze out of a worker his last drop of blood. But while capital in some instances may be merciless, it is quite certain that the laboring man will stop their petty hectorings and their unjustifiable tyrannies and unitedly demand what is right. Capital will be compelled to yield to all of labor's just demands. So long as labor persists in making absurd claims just so long will labor not only be reduced "skin and bone," but it will lose much of what she justly and rightfully ought to have. When a labor union comes and says, "Capitalist, you must hire the men I send to you and no others," then the capitalist, stung by such tyrannical replies: "Rather than have you dictate to me what I shall do, I will fight your organization to the last dollar. Free I was born, free I shall live, and free I shall die." It is flint against steel and is the inevitable result of such a course of action. This is the spirit with which capital is to-day fighting labor when labor makes absurd and unjust demands.

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