

farmer does not pay more than his share towards the revenue of the country, I would ask how it can dispose of this case :-

The total revenue of the colony, inclusive of railway and post-office revenue, is about £8,000,000, or little more than £6 10s. per head of the population. A Wimmera farmer, his wife and three children, ought, therefore, to pay no more than £32 10s., all told, if not less. Yet, if he sends away 400 bags of wheat, which is worth £200 only, he pays £40 in railway freight alone, besides the payment of quite another £40, which goes in duties, excise, stamps, &c. It seems to me that the "Age" might about give up this sorry farce and help the farmers to shift their burdens. If it does not, the farmers will shift the "Age" for a certainty.

The Chicago "Daily Record" publishes a detailed statement, showing that 19 manufacturing concerns have reduced their working forces from 45,465 to 4073, besides which fully three-fourths of the carpenters, bricklayers, and plasterers in town are idle, and work in tailor shops, machine shops, stone yards, and marble yards is at an almost complete standstill."

Things seem almost as bad in protected Chicago as in protected Melbourne—that is, for the protected working men.

Sir Graham Berry last year raised the duty on plated ware from 20 to 35 per cent. Dixon's Plated Works, in Birmingham, thereupon reduced the size of their spoons and forks by 17½ per cent., so that they can still be sold at the old price in our market. This is one of the few instances which we have been able to discover, in which a protective duty does not increase the price to the consumer. Another is due to the diligence of the formidable Mr. Mauger. As a convincing proof that it is always the foreign manufacturer who pays our duties, this gentleman innocently relates how an English hat manufacturer met the increase in the duty on hats by reducing the quality of his products. We make him a present of our discovery. It will serve as a new illustration of his favourite theory, when it is borne in upon him, that reducing the quality is the same as increasing the price of the article. Our only fear is that someone will reveal to him the unsuspected fact, that the same result follows from a reduction of size. However, we will risk it.

The following statement, made by Judge Maguire, one of the most prominent members of Congress, where he is one of the representatives of California, is interesting, in view of the allegations made by the Protectionist press, that the Free Trade party in the United States is afraid to carry out the promises made to the electors. It also shows the common sense policy pursued in order to gradually reduce, and, ultimately, abolish the Protective tariff.

"My opinion," said the Judge, "is that a Tariff Bill, framed for revenue purposes solely, without any regard for the purpose of increasing the profits of particular individuals or classes, will be promptly passed by both Houses of Congress. The raw materials of all manufacturing enterprises in this country will undoubtedly be put on a free list, and the tariff on all commodities manufactured from all such materials will be correspondingly reduced, so that the whole people, and not a privileged few, will get the benefit of the exemption of raw materials from tariff taxation. This is the course to which the Democratic party stands pledged, and thus far there has been no suggestion that any Democratic representative will fail to assist in executing his party's pledges on the tariff question."

Our contemporary, "The Worker," reads the Single Taxers a lesson on their co-operation with the Conservative section of the Free Trade party, and informs them that "it would be unwise not to study the company one gets into." We appreciate the advice thus offered. It is valuable alike to men who are so uncertain of themselves that their companions obtain undue influence over them, and to those who are afraid as to what other people may say of them. The Single Taxers, however, do not belong to either class. They know so exactly what they want that no influence can make them swerve from their course, and they do not care a dump as to what interested opponents may say of them. All they care about is the cause which they have espoused, and as the success of that cause can be most quickly ensured by their co-operation with all other Free Traders, they act accordingly. Our contemporary may or may not be a Single Taxer; we know that it has a fairly accurate appreciation of the importance of land-value taxation. Will it associate with the Protectionists to bring it about? If it does, we are afraid that it will have to endure the company of protected capitalists. "Have they ever done anything to improve the lot of the workers?" If it will not associate with them, it will also have to refuse the help of their boon companions—Trenwith, Winter and Co.

The fact is, our contemporary, whose assistance we value, appears to look at men instead of measures. Has Protection done anything for the workers? is the question. If not, why maintain the restrictive laws which establish it? If yes, why not advocate it? This is the dilemma into which all those get, who, while advocating the cause of the workers, profess to remain neutral on the fiscal question.

The Song of the Lower Classes.

By ERNEST CHARLES JONES.

We plough and sow—we're so very, very low
That we delve in the dirty clay,
Till we bless the plain with the golden grain
And the vale with the fragrant hay.
Our place we know—we're so very low—
'Tis down at the landlord's feet;
We're not too low the bread to grow,
But too low the bread to eat.

Down, down we go—we're so very, very low—
To the hell of the deep-sunk mines,
But we gather the proudest gems that glow
When the crown of a despot shines;
And whenever he lacks, upon our backs
Fresh loads he deigns to lay;
We're far too low to vote the tax,
But not too low to pay.

We're low, we're low—mere rabble, we know—
But at our plastic power
The mould at the lordling's feet will grow
Into palace and church and tower—
Then prostrate fall, in the rich man's hall,
And cringe at the rich man's door;
We're not too low to build the wall,
But too low to tread the floor.

We're low, we're low—we're very, very low—
Yet from our fingers glide
The silken flow and the robes that glow
Round the limbs of the sons of pride.
And what we get, and what we give,
We know; and we know our share—
We're not too low the cloth to weave,
But too low the cloth to wear.

We're low, we're low—we're very, very low—
And yet when the trumpets ring
The thrust of a poor man's arm will go
Through the heart of the proudest king.
We're low, we're low—our place we know,
We're only the rank and file;
We're not too low to kill the foe,
But too low to touch the spoil.

Frances Margaret Milne.

(From the Weekly Journalist.)



THE STORY OF A SINGLE TAXER.

Frances M. Milne was born in an old-fashioned stone farm-house, bearing the quaint name of "Tattykeel," in the county of Tyrone, Ireland, on the date of June 30th, 1846. Her father, Isaac W. Tener, was at that time a civil engineer of much repute, frequently employed on Government works, and his family was well known and highly respected in the north of Ireland. Her mother was the daughter of a gentleman of old estate in the South of Ireland, who was a leading member of the Dublin bar. Though belonging by birth and association to the upper classes, this family was always identified with the people's side in their country's unhappy struggles, and two of its members were exiled to the continent during the troubles of '98.

Her own babyhood was passed amid the dreadful famine years and the tremendous uprising which ended with the imprisonment of O'Connell and the transportation of Meagher and his confederates. In 1849 her father emigrated to the United States, settling in Delaware, but after a year or so removing to the town of Sunbury, in Eastern Pennsylvania, where he bought property and engaged in business. The house in which Mrs. Milne's childhood up to the age of twelve years was passed dated back to the time of William Penn, the title deed bearing his signature.

When she was twelve years of age her father removed to a small town in Ohio; and it was here that she began her literary life with some bits of news published in the local papers. Encouraged by this measure of success, the youthful author next produced a romantic tale in nine chapters, to compete for a prize offered by the same paper. This thrilling tale, bearing the startling title of "The Outlaw's Revenge," entered the list on its merits, and naturally met disaster.

During the succeeding years, in the course of which our author removed to Pittsburg, Pa., and became much interested in the excitement of the Civil War, her impulse towards writing was checked. But when she