

The Champion

The conductors of this journal have very decided convictions on one or two points. It will be only fair to give its readers the earliest possible warning of them, so that no misconceptions might arise. To begin with they believe that there is a great deal of loose democratic sentiment in this community, and it by no means is confined to that portions of the citizens which belongs to the manual labour class. Further, this feeling had, until this week, no form of printed expression. The *Argus* at 'prices to suit the times,' reminds one in its spasmodic attempts to express radical ideas, of a cat trying to play the bango. When the generation that now has control of the destinies of the country was playing marbles, the *Age* was very nearly abreast of the advanced politics of fifty years ago, but it is now universally believed to be contemplating a change of its title to the *DotAge*. The *Bulletin* is the *Bulletin*. The rest is silence.

It is true that Melbourne has seen of late some attempts to establish a weekly democratic paper. It is also true that these journals have died not for the common disease of such papers, "poverty of circulation," but of a more fatal disorder, namely, incompetent management.

Remarks that Victoria is the worst governed country in world aside from Turkey. "This journal does not venture to hope that it can alter this state of affairs"

Argues for regulation of labour markets as the real form of protectionism. This regulation needs to either come from the state or from trade unions.