



CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)
Though June had pleaded fatigue, she did not go to bed, but, having had her hair brushed, dismissed her maid, and waited up to give Tom a lecture and to acquaint him with her wishes for the future.

He came into the room in his usual cheery, rather boisterous manner. "What! not in bed, little one?" he said. "I thought you were tired."

"No," returned June, rather coldly, feeling even more displeased now that her victim had arrived than before he came. "I wanted to speak to you."

"Speak away, my dear," said Tom, with stolid good humor, planting his broad back against the mantel-shelf and thereby damaging the lace and ribbon with which it was garnished.

"I think," said June, "it was rather inconsiderate of you to ask Agnes to stay to-night, and, if she had had decent manners, she would not have accepted your invitation, as I did not second it."

"It would have looked kinder if you had," answers Tom, bluntly. "And I don't quite see that there is any necessity for ceremony between cousins and friends."

"Friends!" echoes June, her lips beginning to quiver and her eyes to blaze. "I don't think there is very much friendship about it. You know she is in love with you—for all I know, she is in love with you still; and all this pretended affection for the boy is only assumed with the object of getting influence over you and setting you against me."

"For shame!" utters Tom. "I did not think my wife was capable of such paltry feeling. What has the poor girl done to you? If she did like me, is that a fault in your eyes? Do I begrudge any one liking you? Am I not proud and glad that every one should admire and thank much of you? And, because there is just one creature in the world who thinks something of me and shows some pleasure in my company, you turn round and are jealous and rude to her, and want to put her out of the house. Poor thing! What has she got in comparison with you? She does not care for you, and she likes your husband, who is her own cousin, and that's a mortal offense! I thought you were a bit above the little spites and jealousies of most women."

"Things are indeed taking an unexpected turn; her ladyship's pride is up in arms. Tears more of anger than grief start to her eyes."

"It shows what she is," she cries. "All the time we have been away we have been as happy as possible, and never had one word, and the instant, the very instant we set foot in this house again, she is the cause of our quarreling."

"She!" echoes Tom, who is fairly roused by this time. "It is no doing of hers, poor girl! All she wants is to be kind and friendly. We have been away for months, and she comes up in the nicest way to welcome us back, and you are all but rude to her. No, but the saddle on the right horse, it is you who make the quarrel!"

In the morning, calmer counsels prevail. She does not for one moment believe that Tom cares for Agnes, or that Agnes has any real influence over Tom; but she sees that he is obstinate, and that there will be a struggle between them.

CHAPTER XXI.
Christmas came and went; there were guests at the Hall, and the festive season was spent in a fitting manner. No actual reconciliation had taken place between Sir Thomas and Lady Nevil; both had found it convenient to let the cause of quarrel drop; neither had the smallest intention of acknowledging to having been in the wrong. But, like all quarrels not made up and canceled, it left a smothered resentment behind.

Agnes was perfectly aware of the estrangement she had caused at the Hall, and Madge's stinging sneers and sharp reproaches were by no means necessary to show her the mischief she was doing. She redoubled her attentions to Tom's heir; her manner to Tom was more angelic than before; her sweetness increased his admiration and respect for her tenfold. Once, after a smart encounter with Madge, she waylaid Tom in a quiet spot and confided her grief to him. She told him of what she had been accused; she wept before him, not loudly or convulsively, but in a saintly and composed fashion. She set so little store by the world; she was absolutely indifferent to the exciting pleasures which June and Madge loved; she lived for duty.

Poor Tom was deeply moved. He was immensely indignant, besides, at this dear, good creature being persecuted for what was his highest virtue and recommendation in his eyes. He felt extremely inclined to go to her ladyship and reproach her in no measured terms for her unkindness; but calmer reflection made him feel that such a step would do ten times more harm than good, and would set the rectory and the Hall by the ears. So he comforted Agnes to the best of his ability, and behaved to June with a shortness which she at once took note of and comprehended.

About this time Mrs. Ellesmere sent a most pressing invitation to her daughter-in-law to spend a week or ten days at her house in London, and June accepted. "And now, dear child," said her ladyship as parting, "what am I to say to Mr. Carslake if I meet him?" Madge buried her face in her cousin's shoulder. "Oh, my darling June," she almost groaned, "if you will only bring him back to me, I will be your slave for the rest of my life!" So Lady Nevil promised to do her best—anything in the world short of humiliating her cousin.

June enjoyed her visit to London immensely. Mrs. Ellesmere was a great admirer of good looks in both sexes, and June's beauty, her elegance, her refinement, the way in which she attracted people, were very high recommendations to her favor. She was proud of Lady Nevil, and her ladyship thoroughly reciprocated her mother-in-law's good feeling.

Dallas was in town, and added not a little to the pleasure of the two ladies. He was always a welcome guest in his aunt's house, and, during Lady Nevil's stay, almost lived there. He took June walking and shopping; he escorted her and Mrs. Ellesmere to the play; if they dined at home, he invariably dined with them, giving up every other engagement on their account.

Tom was helpless with his pen. Compositions to him were labor and sorrow; spelling an accomplishment no more to be mastered than the piano. But June would have smiled with fond toleration over his lapses in grammar and spelling if his letters had only had the right ring—if he had said he missed her and wanted her back. Unfortunately for her ladyship's frame of mind, he never hinted anything of the sort; on the contrary, he impressed on her that she was on no account whatever to hurry back, but to stop and enjoy herself. Everything at home was going on swimmingly. The rest was always about little Tom, over whom he invariably waxed rapturous.

During this visit she received a good deal of attention from Lady Dangerfield, whom she had only known slightly in the season. Indeed, some degree of friendship sprang up between them, as no woman could make herself more agreeable when she chose than Lady Dangerfield, and June was exceedingly amenable to kindness.

They met at a luncheon party where Dallas was also a guest, and Lady Dangerfield at once proposed that they should do a dinner and play together, and this led to other meetings of a similar nature. Dallas was invariably one of the party. He was not a little puzzled, and confided his perplexity to his friend Mrs. Trevanion.

"I can't make that lady out," he said. "For the last six months she has cut me dead, and now she's everything that's civil and delightful. What is she up to?" Mrs. Trevanion smiled. "What are your suspicions," she answered. "What are they? Do tell me," he cried, eagerly.

"I don't know that there is any harm in my telling you. When you left off your attentions to her ladyship, it was because you had fallen in love with Lady Jane."

"Yes?" inquired, "Well?" "Well, now that she sees you so much in the society of another lady, she may think that by assisting to bring you together she is revenging herself on Lady Jane."

Lady Nevil was going back home in the best of spirits. She was looking forward immensely to seeing Tom and his heir; she was full of excellent resolutions—almost charitably inclined even to Agnes, and in excellent humor with herself and everyone else.

As the train drew up to the platform Tom's big form was distinctly visible, and in a moment he had kissed her heartily and was helping her out, for Tom had no idea that it was indiscreet or vulgar to salute his wife in public.

Half an hour later, when she went into her boudoir, June found a note in Madge's handwriting lying on the table. She had rather expected that her cousin would be up at the Hall waiting to receive her. When she had read the letter the liveliest emotion was depicted on her countenance. It was rather fortunate that Tom had gone off to his room to see a man on business. Madge's epistle was almost incoherent from indignation. Tom had grossly insulted her that morning—had called her a spy and a mischief maker, and finally had forbidden her the house.

June was still in her traveling attire; it was scarcely dark. A moment later she was on her way to the rectory, leaving word that one of the footmen was to come there in half an hour to see her home.

She found Madge alone in what used to be the school room; the rest of the family were out. Madge, her eyes inflamed with crying, threw herself on her cousin's neck and began to sob violently. June was scarcely less moved.

"To think," gasped Madge, "that Tom, whom I was always so fond of, should behave so to me! I will never speak to him again, never, never! And oh, June! I wouldn't mind a bit about not going to the Hall if it wasn't for you. But what shall I do without you?" "Nonsense, my dear," replied June, superciliously. "If Tom forbids you the house, he will have to turn me out too. We shall soon see about that. But you haven't told me yet what has happened."

"Well, this morning Aggie managed to steal off without my seeing her, but the moment I missed her I put on my hat and rushed off to the Hall. When I got to the drive, I saw her and Tom talking in a very earnest manner and standing still in the middle of the road. Just before I came up, Agnes left him and went toward the house, and he came to meet me, looking very red and angry. And before I had time even to say 'Good morning,' or anything, he flew at me."

"Look here!" he said. "I must have an end to this sort of thing. I'm not going to have spies set on me and tales fetched and carried to my wife!" June was almost stupefied by this revelation. A chill passed through her heart. She had come home so full of pleasant anticipations, and here was Agnes inter-

poosing more seriously than ever between her and happiness. Here was fresh cause for estrangement between her and Tom, for never, never would she tamely submit to this conduct on his part; never would she allow her favorite cousin to be insulted or to suffer for her affection and championship.

She and Tom did not meet until the going sounded for dinner. Tom was aware that his wife had been down to the rectory, and felt dreadfully harassed and worried at the thought of the impending unpleasantness between them. For he knew enough of June's temper to be quite sure she would not submit to the events of the morning in a quiet and peaceful manner; there was bound to be a storm. He was not in the least deceived by her ladyship's affable conversation during dinner; that was for the benefit of the servants; he knew so well that little company, and what it portended when employed to him. She informed him of his mother's health, of the people she had seen, the places of amusement she had visited; she kept up a flow of conversation; but something in her eye said "by and by," and Tom felt ill at ease and miserable.

When, finally, they were left alone, there was a pause of at least a minute. It was coming now, and Tom knew that no human power could avert it.

"I have seen Madge," said her ladyship, looking over at Sir Thomas, and her beautiful eyes, in which he had seen so many moods expressed, were lighted by an ominous flash.

Tom met her glance rather sadly, but was obliged to turn away from it and concentrate his attention on a walnut and the nutcrackers, with which he sought to occupy himself.

"And she tells me," pursued June, "that you have forbidden her the house." Tom gave his walnut a sudden crack which reduced it to a jelly, and, throwing it aside, he took another.

"She forced me to it," he said, slowly. "Her behavior has been scandalous; no one could put up with it." "Really?" uttered June, a little red spot coming into either cheek and her eyes growing brighter. "How?"

"How?" Here Sir Thomas raised his voice a little. "By always dodging and spying about in the most improper and impudent manner." "Is there any reason," asked June, her voice growing colder as her temper waxed warmer, "why she should not come up here?"

"Not the least reason," answered Tom, warmly. "If she came up in a straightforward manner and with some business to come about; but when it was only to dog her sister's footsteps and play the spy, I think it was high time for her to be told that she'd got the wrong person to deal with."

"Oh!" uttered June. "And if she came by my wish?" "Well, then," said Tom, looking up and meeting her eyes with a steadiness equal to her own, "the sooner we come to an understanding the better. Perhaps you will tell me what you suspect me of, and why you think it necessary to set a spy upon me. Heaven knows you must have changed, or there must be something very wrong with your mind, before you can have come to stoop to such a thing." (To be continued.)

THE CHOICEST COMPLIMENT.
Author of "Little Women" Receives It from an Indignant Girl.
One day a very pleasant-faced lady came in and asked for something "very nice and new" to read, says a writer in Success. A copy of "Little Women" had just come in, and I had it snugly tucked under my arm, ready to send it out. I liked this woman very much; there was something about her which appealed very strongly to me, and I was moved to give her the best I had. So I took the little volume from under my arm and handed it to her, telling her that it was the sweetest and nicest book we had, and that I was glad to be able to give it to her. She took it from my hand, looked it over for a moment, then tossed it carelessly down, saying: "I've seen that before."

"Isn't it just beautiful," I exclaimed, thinking that my enthusiasm would meet with the usual response. Judge of my disappointment and surprise! "It's a good enough thing, I dare say," was the indifferent reply.

That was too much for me, and I sprang to the defense of the book. For a wonder—I have never been quite sure how it happened; I think it must have been because the editor wished to get rid of the persistent schoolgirl who was bothering him to such an extent—I had been given the book to review for a Boston paper—and I am afraid, in my indignation, that I quoted the entire review to my helpless victim. She smiled sweetly, and then, choosing a book without my assistance, turned away. I went up to the desk to send my rejected volume to some one who did want it, when the head librarian spoke to me:

"Do you know who that was whom you were serving?" "No," I said, "I'm sure I don't." "Well, it was the author of 'Little Women,' Miss Louisa Alcott."

I fairly gasped. "And I have been abusing her because she wouldn't take her own book from the library?"

Just then I heard a ringing laugh, and looking down to the front of the library, I saw the lady to whom I had been reading a lecture on her lack of appreciation of my cherished book. In close conversation with the proprietor, both were laughing, and just as I turned, both looked in my direction, and the proprietor beckoned to me to come to him. I was presented to Miss Alcott, who took my hand in hers and said to me:

"My dear, that was the choicest and sweetest compliment I have had paid my little book. I thank you for it." That was the beginning of the most cherished friendship of my whole life—a friendship which lasted until the object of my devoted affection passed beyond this earth.

Troy, with the ruins Schliemann explored, has been presented to the Imperial Ottoman Museum of antiquities at Constantinople by the owner of Hisarlik, the Englishman, Frank Calverley.

GOLD'S DEADLY WORK

GOLD STANDARD CONTRACTION PARALYZES ENTERPRISE.

Prospects of Future Credits Are Destroyed—We Have Come to the Place Where the Road Branches; in Which Direction Shall We Move?

Scientific Reform or Destruction. Whatever credit devices may be invented, whether government or bank currency, redeemable in gold, or private checks, bills of exchange or other promises to pay, the volume of the circulating medium must ultimately depend upon the volume of money clothed with every money function. Money redeemable in other money is simply a form of credit. Credit is limited by the means of payment or redemption. Since prehistoric times and up to the year 1873, the fabric of credit, including currency redeemable in coin, rested on both gold and silver. That part of the foundation which consisted of silver has been removed, and the silver coin, which formed at least one-half of the base, has been converted into credit money to be redeemed in gold. In round numbers, the gold coin, silver coin and paper money of the world are about equal to each other. The pyramid was firm and substantial while gold and silver were the base, and constituted two-thirds of the fabric; and while paper, the apex, represented only about one-third. It now stands: Gold coin, one-third, for the apex; and silver and paper, two-thirds, for the base; but the pyramid is reversed, with the apex at the bottom.

The load of credit resting on gold must be greatly reduced to correspond with the gold standard, and that is the process now going on, which has produced the current financial "squeeze," and to which the authors of the ruin point as an "object lesson."

The hope of relief by increasing debts, or issuing more currency redeemable in gold, is vain. The inflation of prices, by issuing paper redeemable in gold without gold for redemption, must end in panic and collapse. It would be like attempting a permanent cure of delirium tremens by an increased indulgence in strong drink. The grasp of gold contraction can only be temporarily relieved by credit devices, as a patient is sometimes revived when suffering from the effects of alcoholism, by a cocktail in the morning, only to be sunk to a still lower depth of depression by the inevitable reaction later in the day. Banks are the storm center of panics. The squeeze of 1893, to force the gold standard, pumped the wind out of \$4,500,000,000 of bank credits, based on \$500,000,000 of reserves. But the "object lesson" has not silenced the demand of the gold trust for more credit and less money.

The alternative of scientific money, of material other than gold and silver, or the restoration of the automatic rule, is presented to the creditor class. The revolution which they have inaugurated to destroy the automatic rule, must either be arrested by the restoration of silver, or by the invention and establishment of a better system.

The preliminary effects of the gold standard contraction have paralyzed enterprise and destroyed the prospect of future credits. It is now distressing existing obligations, and when its deadly work shall have been fully accomplished, all bonded debts will have been liquidated by liquidation and bankruptcy. If blind greed is to be the only guide of the money powers in the future, as it has been in the past, the horrors of universal ruin and the disorganization of society may be realized before the work of reconstruction can be begun. The hope still exists that there is sufficient intelligence in the masses to direct their dormant energies in a mighty effort to break the chains of contraction, with which fraud and avarice have bound the limbs of enterprise. If this hope can be realized, the civilization of the nineteenth century will escape the abyss of degradation and want in which all preceding civilizations have perished.—Silver Knight-Watchman.

Past the Theoretical Stage. Direct legislation is no longer a theory to be considered at some future time, but has come up before the people to be settled. Shall we have a government by the people and for the people, or a government by and for the money changers? Delegated government has proven a failure, and we should assert our right to have a voice in the management of the government. Under the present system we elect a man to a legislative office, and then he will not do a thing that he is instructed by his constituency to do, and the bigger rascal he is the more chance he stands for re-election. Under the initiative and referendum the people could have just such laws as they wanted. There would be no power above the people. You will not have to give up your other ideas for this one. If you are a free-soil Democrat you can continue so to be. If you are a gold standard advocate and believe that a majority of the people want monometallism, you cannot object to this principle.—Legal Tender.

A Remedy for Trusts. Prof. Franklin Giddings of Columbia College knows how to hold his job. He has come out frankly in defense of trusts. "Trusts," says Professor Giddings, "cannot force consumers to pay extortionate prices. People will do without the things for which too high a price is charged." In commenting upon this utterance the New York Journal remarks editorially: "Trusts will defeat themselves if only the people will adopt the plan of campaign suggested by burning candles instead of lamps, eating clay for wheat, walking miles instead of telephoning, let-

ting children go uneducated instead of buying school books, using flint and steel instead of matches, and possibly being buried in sacks so as to escape the extortions of the National Casket Company."

Duplicity of Governments. The United States has been disgraced for the last twenty years by the double dealing of leading politicians and government officials on the silver question. All parties have claimed during that time that they were in favor of bimetallicism while they were working and plotting for the single gold standard. Mr. Gage was the first goldite in this country who declared that it was the policy of the administration to more thoroughly commit the country to the single gold standard. He has since procured another face and attached it to the other side of his head, so that he can look both ways. He now says that he is an internationalist bimetallicist. On the principle that misery loves company it may be some satisfaction to know that the British government is equally false in its dealings with the people as is this government.

In 1896 the House of Commons passed a resolution urgently recommending the adoption of an international agreement to secure a par of exchange between gold and silver. Everything at that time in government circles wore a bimetallic aspect, and the rose-colored falsehoods so familiar in this country on the subject of bimetallicism bloomed as brilliantly in London as in Washington. When the test came by the appearance of the Wodecott commission a shilly-shally game was played for a time, and finally the commission was dismissed, and the government of Great Britain proceeded in its relentless policy of forcing India to a gold basis and influencing other governments to proceed to crush the masses by contracting the circulating medium to the narrow limits of gold.

The people of Great Britain are not insensible to the miseries which the gold standard inflicts. The labor organizations and wealth-producing organizations of Great Britain are foremost in intelligence and courage of any industrial organizations in the world. They feel keenly as the people of the United States do the double dealing of Republican and Democratic administrations. A monster protest has been presented to Lord Salisbury by the wealth-producers of Great Britain. It shows that the conditions on both sides of the Atlantic are the same. Of course it will have no more effect than a like petition of the laboring masses of this country would have had upon either Harrison or Cleveland, or than it now would have if presented to the present occupant of the executive mansion. It will be seen by this protest that Lord Salisbury is as dependent upon the money powers as the chief executive of the United States. Gold monopoly is as powerful in England as it is in the United States, and it is the enemy of labor under every sun and in every land.

Why It Costs More. It is said that in the matter of carrying the mails that the railroads charge thirty millions of tax money for their service to the government, but render the same service to express companies for three millions. Why? All Congressmen ride free on railroad passes, though they are paid 20 cents per mile in cash by Uncle Sam for mileage, and are generally, in both parties, elected by railroad campaign funds, and often are owners of stock in some of the roads working for the government. The common people are ignorant of government details, and sweat and grunt it out, and throw up their hats for the party. The poor devils are so easy fooled that no man in politics thinks it worth his while to help them.

What Our Money Rests On. "Our money rests on gold," says the Portland Oregonian. Yes; why does it? Simply to perpetuate a paternal debt system which feeds upon production like a war-wolf. Our money will likely continue to rest on gold so long as the people support the idea that the government should encourage debt making, protect debt owners and otherwise meddle in business affairs. But the money of no people capable of real self-government would have to rest on gold or any other product. In short, under the form of government which would best serve the whole people money would be simply a representative of value.—East Oregonian.

A Ghastly Record. During the month of March in the city of St. Louis, there were 22 accidental deaths, 25 suicides and two murders. That is what makes prosperity for the coroner and furnishes proof that the present system is the best that man can have. How many people could commit suicide, think you, if they were employed by the public at wages that would enable them to live well and never feel the fear of want? That is what socialism would guarantee to every person. Do you think that would deprive life of any incentive to live and grow wiser and better? Appeal to Reason.

Prosperity With a Vengeance. They are still cutting down wages in New England. The Boston Manufacturing Company, of Waltham, Mass., will reduce the wages of 1,500 employees 10 per cent on the 28th inst., and a strike may result. The Carnegie Company have notified their several thousand employees of a 10 per cent reduction in wages. New York City has about 187,000 workers idle and the appeals for charity are more urgent than ever before.

Amunition Monopoly in Nicaragua. The government of Nicaragua, as a revenue measure, has assumed a monopoly of the trade in lead in bulk and bars or manufactured, and also in caps and cartridges for hunting guns and revolvers.



Organized Into Unions. The United Mine Workers of America are spreading rapidly in the anthracite districts of Pennsylvania, says the National Labor Tribune. A couple of miners from Wilkesbarre arrived in Pittsburg the other day and stated that since the last general strike the organization has been growing rapidly, and especially since the Lattimer affair, which encouraged them to join the union. In Wilkesbarre alone, they claim, there are three local unions, with a membership of 1,300, 900 and 750, respectively. A large number of business men have become members of the organization, and it is in a flourishing condition. Throughout the Wyoming valley the United Mine Workers of America have secured a good foothold, and there are now thousands of union men at work in the mines.

The work, however, is very slack. At Nanticoke last month the mines worked only four eight-hour days and one six-hour day, while at Wilkesbarre the mines worked five days and one hour. The miners claim that the hard coal markets are becoming smaller every year, and that as the demand for the coal becomes less there is less work for them, so that at present it is almost impossible to make a living. A great many of the anthracite miners are leaving the region, they claimed, and coming west to the soft coal mines, where they secure work without any trouble.

Industrial Notes. Carpenters have 433 unions. Colorado has 10,000 unionists. There are 10,000 union barbers. Indianapolis coopers won a strike. Japan has forty-five watch factories. Cleveland, O., prohibits Sunday funerals. Marion (Ind.) printers won a nine-hour day. Montreal plasterers won a strike for 22½ cents an hour.

New York 'tile-layers' helpers get \$2.40 for eight hours. Buffalo structural steel workers struck for 80 cents an hour. Duluth 'longshoremen' now get 50 cents an hour, an increase of 10 cents. Cigarette-rollers at New York struck against a cut from \$1.10 to \$1 per 1,000. Mayor Quincy of Boston suggests that instruction in swimming be given in all the public bathhouses.

At Detroit the street-car men's union leads all other organizations in enlistments and enthusiastic effort. Detroit team owners will hereafter charge \$3.50 a day for their teams. The wage since April 1 has been \$3. Denver's ordinance requiring stationary engineers to pass examinations has been declared unconstitutional and void.

Miss N. Daniels, of Washington, has been elected second vice president of the Bookbinders' International Brotherhood. Sixty New York waiters struck because their employer reduced wages from \$11 a week and board to \$9 and board. The five labor organizations whose members are employed in the Hebrew theaters of New York have formed a council.

One Buffalo brewery pays \$136,500 for saloonkeepers' licenses this spring; another pays \$75,000, and six others pay from \$35,000 to \$40,000 each. At the meeting of the New York Central Labor Union last week the cigar-makers' delegate was charged with drinking non-union beer. A member of the same union was condemned for smoking non-union tobacco.

Des Moines (Iowa) bakers are organizing. The pay ranges from \$6 to \$16 a week and the hours from twelve to eighteen a day. The union will insist on a uniform scale of \$12 a week for bread bakers and a working day of not to exceed twelve hours. In England changes in the rates of wages of about 21,000 work people were reported during March, of which number 9,350 received advances and 12,250 sustained decreases. The net result was an increase estimated at about 2½d. per head in the weekly wages of those affected.

Employees of the Japan Railway Company won a strike for increased wages. There was a complete tie-up of the entire main system for several days. This victory was followed by a voluntary increase of 5 cents per day in the wages of the employees of the government system.

The Labor Exchange Co-operative Company, at Aladdin, near Leechburg, Pa., is practically a thing of the past, says the National Labor Tribune. It has failed through general dissatisfaction among the members and the general desire of each one to be the boss of the concern. The mine has not been idle for a week, and the probabilities are that when it starts up again it will be under the entire management and ownership of Rev. L. M. McDermott, of Leechburg.

Having enjoyed the nine-hour work-day for twenty-six years, Toronto Typographical Union, No. 91, has decided to set the pace for its sister unions across the imaginary line—and for all of us—by demanding eight hours. As one of No. 91's members puts it: "Canadians do not follow—they lead in economic and social reform movements." Every member wishes success to Toronto's latest effort, as well as hopes that the International will reach the goal in a few years.