

virtue that must well up from within the individual like pure water from a spring, then, surely, the assumption by the State of such a function is vicious. The roots of charity are fixed in sympathy; and sympathy, like mercy, cannot be strained through any middleman, whether Church or State, or whatnot. For any good results, there must be the contact of the benefactor and the beneficiary.

The poor law denies this self-evident truth.

Again, a result bad, though not so bad, is the necessity for State machinery. State-cut charity, administered by State-appointed officials, will do harm both to those who give and those who take.

How comes it that with us to-day there is such a demand for charity here in this city, built under such auspicious conditions, set in a fertile country, favoured with a healthy climate and plenty of elbow room, with a pure water supply, and a good drainage system, with a by no means ignorant population?

How come it that this young State—old as an average man—should feel the need of a poor law? How comes it that on a very recent Sunday there was an appeal for fourteen different institutions, at which fifty-four thousand odd cases were relieved last year and £150,000 distributed during the last twenty years? How comes it that in this once vaunted Marvellous Melbourne there has sprung up, like weeds in a field, in such profusion, asylums for the maimed, the halt, and the blind, and the imbeciles; reformatory, immigrants' and pauper homes, hospitals, soup kitchens, relief works, and missions, whose name is legion?

It is on such things as these that we look with admiring eyes. And as we gaze, our eye of fancy sweeps down the corridors of time, to find such institutions conspicuous by their absence. Then do we pat each other on the back, and our penny dreadfuls roll off their columns pointing to these monumental piles as silent witnesses to the spread of Christianity.

What moral men and women we are all becoming!

Unfortunately, the abiding and multiplying presence with us of charitable institutions, and their comparative absence during previous centuries, does not necessarily imply the development of a firmer and truer moral spirit. It is a grim necessity that forces them upon us of to-day, which grim necessity was neither so real nor keen in past times.

True, in past times there was not so much so-called charity per head, but there was more justice per head. And as justice is the root, the foundation, and charity nought but the crown and glory of justice, let us build firmly on justice. This done, the call for charity will be much reduced, and the necessity for the poor law will be unfelt.

Let us cease framing useless and tinkering acts to regulate the overcrowding in tenements, sweating dens, dangerous occupations, insecure and unsafe machines and structures, unhealthy workshops, insanitary buildings, vitiated atmosphere, long hours, insufficient wages, and all those other spectres and bogies of progress and poverty which make our asylums, our hospitals, our benevolent institutions, our missions necessary. Let us do justice, and we may be sure that that beneficence which has lifted us up to what we are will not put us to confusion. Let those who work receive their true and

just reward; let those who idle receive, too, their true and just reward. But in the name of justice, let not those who idle receive the true and just reward of those who toil, and then hand back a fraction of such in charitable doles after luxurious leisure has been supported. "The widow is gathering nettles for her children's dinner. A perfumed seigneur delicately lounging in the 'Oil-de-Boeuf,' hath an alchemy whereby he will extract the third nettle and call it *rent*." Here, in the graphic words of Carlyle, is the worm in the bud, the rent in our social garment. It is by the individual appropriation of rent that he who sows not, reaps a harvest fifty-fold, some a hundredfold, and some a millionfold. It is by the individual appropriation of rent that he who sows in a myriad of cases reaps not.

Why marvel, then, that the demands for charity increase year by year? After all it is not charity; only a cumbrous and misdirected attempt to do that justice which our present system at the outset denies. These so-called charitable doles are, after all, but a part, and a very small part, of the just portion of those who receive them in this vicious and unmanly fashion. Abolish the private ownership of land, and this surplus, which dribbles out in charity, would go to its rightful owners, together with more besides. Such individuals would then be in a position to look after themselves, both in health and in sickness, and would not be "*compelled to contract*" to work in dangerous and unhealthy localities amidst vile environments. The demand for our hospitals and our organised and unorganised charitable institutions would be incalculably reduced.

Let each receive his due reward, and then, and not till then, will latter-day charity and poor laws and badly-managed State hospitals and asylums be stowed away in the hold of oblivion—"Not wanted on the voyage."

The Story of My Dictatorship.*

By M. H.

"The Story of My Dictatorship" is the first work of fiction on Single Tax lines which has come under my notice. I do not know whether I am quite right to call it a work of fiction, for the story is of the slightest. It is the record of a dream. The anonymous author dreams that he is elected "Lord Protector" of the realm, and that he uses his dictatorship for the sudden establishment in Great Britain of the Single Tax unlimited. The story then proceeds to illustrate the resulting changes in a series of discussions between the "Lord Protector" and deputations or individuals who remonstrate with him, either because he has gone too far or not far enough. These discussions are with A Loafer, A Socialist, Railway Directors, Directors of the New River Company, The Liberty and Property Defence League, composed of Lords, Lawyers, and Bishops, who successively advance their arguments, Capitalist, and A Communist. Each discussion is designed to controvert the arguments and objections which these several classes are likely to bring against the working of the system, and when they are concluded the author wakes up in the armchair in which he has passed the night.

* "The Story of My Dictatorship." London: Bliss, Sands & Foster.

Slight as the story is, it enables the author to advance his arguments in a manner which, while detracting nothing from their scientific value, invests them with a romantic interest, and makes them understandable by the meanest intelligence. The discussion with the socialist, the directors of monopolies, and the lawyer are especially interesting, the latter giving the author occasion to exhibit, in their fullest light, the power of his reasoning faculty and the lucidity of his argumentation.

There are some passages which will not gain the unanimous approval of Single Tax men. The author is of opinion that with the full establishment of the Single Tax, interest would entirely disappear, and apparently he has also not yet seen the distinction between the competitive conduct of the carrying trade over the railway and the monopolistic ownership of the lines. As a consequence, he purchases the railway plant on behalf of the State, after having taxed away the value of the monopoly—a proceeding which, to most Single Taxers, will appear equally unnecessary and mischievous.

Apart from such differences of opinion, however, the book is a most valuable contribution to Single Tax literature, exhibiting the economic as well as the moral character of the system in a most able manner; especially the fictitious character of the vast bulk of what is called "capital" is exhibited in a manner which cannot be extolled too highly. As a means for propaganda work the book is invaluable, and should be in the hands of every Single Taxer who is anxious to spread the light. It is to be regretted that the name of this talented author is withheld from his fellow-workers, but doubtless there are private reasons for this anonymity. We trust that his book will soon be published at a price which will place it within reach of the people for whose instruction it has been written.

Song of the Factory Slave.

By ERNEST CHARLES JONES.

The land it is the landlords';
The traders' is the sea;
The ore the usurer's coffer fills—
But what remains for me?
The engine whirls for masters' craft,
The steel shines to defend,
With labour's arms what labour raised
For labour's foe to spend.
The camp, the plinth, and the law
For rich men's sons are free;
Theirs—theirs are learning, art, and arms,
But what remains for me?
The coming hope, the future day
When wrong to right shall bow,
And hearts that have the courage, man,
To make that future now.
I pay for all their learning,
Toil for all their ease;
They render back in coin for coin,
Want, ignorance, disease;
Toil—toil—and then, a cheerless home,
Where hungry passions cross;
Eternal gain to them that give
To me eternal loss.
The hour of leisure happiness
The rich alone may see;
The playful child, the smiling wife—
But what remains for me?
The coming hope, the future day
When wrong to right shall bow,
And hearts that have the courage, man,
To make that future now.
They render back, those rich men,
A pauper's niggard fee,
Mayhap a prison—then a grave,
And think they're quits with me:
But not a fond wife's heart that breaks,
A poor man's child that dies,
We score not on our hollow cheeks
And in our sunken eyes;

SMOKE PHOENIX AROMATIC TOBACCO.

We read it there—where'er we meet,
And as the sun we see,
Each asks, "The rich have got the earth;
And what remains for me?"
The coming hope, the future day
When wrong to right shall bow,
And hearts that have the courage, man,
To make that future now.

We bear the wrong in silence,
We store it in our brain;
They think us dull—they think us dead—
But we shall rise again.
A trumpet through the lands will ring,
A heaving through the mass,
A trampling through their palaces
Until they break like glass,
We'll cease to weep by cherished graves,
From lonely homes we'll flee.
And still as rolls our million-march,
Its watchword brave shall be—
The coming hope, the future day
When wrong to right shall bow,
And hearts that have the courage, man,
To make that future now.

Correspondence.

The Editor of the BEACON.

Sir,—The following explanation of the origin of the legal right of private landownership is taken from Stephen's Commentaries on the Laws of England, Vol. I., Book II.:—"The only question remaining is . . . what it is that gave men an exclusive right to retain in a permanent manner that specific land which before belonged generally to everybody, but particularly to nobody." "It is agreed upon all hands that occupancy gave the original right to the permanent property in the substance of the earth itself, which excludes everyone else but the owner from the use of it." It has occurred to me that a thief might, therefore, escape punishment by occupying the stolen coat. Should it be answered that occupancy "excludes everyone else but the owner" it must be remembered that it is stated above "that the land before belonged generally to everybody," and that everybody, therefore, is still the real owner. I understand that the Single Tax, while giving the occupant absolute security of tenure, is a practical way of ensuring that "land belongs generally to everybody."—Yours, &c., NODDLE.

Melbourne, Oct. 25th.

The following letters conclusively show the manner in which Protection fosters the industry and progress of the country:-

Natimuk, Jan. 14th, 1894.

Max Hirsch, Esq., Horsham.

Dear Sir,—I was one of your audience here last week, when I listened to your lecture with very great pleasure. Since then I received enclosed letter, which you may find interesting. I think it caps anything you told us, showing, as it does, how Protection does in some instances lead to absolute prohibition. The "punchings" referred to I required for the construction of a dynamo. I have patterns made, ready to send to local foundry for the other parts of machine, but the foundry will now lose that job, and, worse still, I must do without my dynamo, and thus scientific progress is hampered by Protection. Wishing you every success in your noble mission for the welfare of the colony, I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

T. H. Strangman, L.B.C.S.I., L.K.Q.C.P., &c.

408 Collins-street, Melbourne, Jan. 12th, 1894.

Dr. T. H. Strangman, Natimuk.

Dear Sir,—We duly received your letter of the 9th inst., and have been endeavouring to do what you require of us, but, we regret to say, without success. The "punchings," &c., are not kept in stock by us (nor, it seems, by anyone else), because there is a duty of 38½ per cent. on them, nor can they be made here unless at considerable expense, because special tools are required for them. It neither suits the importers to stock these things, nor the local manufacturers to make them, but you will observe that our "local industries" are "greatly benefited," and we trust, therefore, that you will not mind being disappointed with us! Thanking you for your enquiry and order, we are, yours faithfully,

JOHN SLATER AND CO.

To the Editor of the BEACON.

Sir,—A few months ago our present Government decided to construct a line of railway from Boort to Quambatook; a deputation from those interested waited upon Mr. Patterson, and as the line was to pass through some private lands it was resolved

The Deadly Lockjaw.

Through the discovery of the bacillus of lockjaw it is now possible to cure persons suffering from that commonly fatal disease. The bacillus is in the shape of a drumstick, and contains deadly poison. It is found everywhere in the surface soil of streets and fields, and every time a foreign substance enters the body lockjaw is highly possible. Of course a vitiated system is more likely to become a prey to the ravages of the destroying microbe than one full of vigour and fine physical action. Not only lockjaw, but almost all diseases that afflict man, can be avoided by keeping the internal canals of the anatomy clean and wholesome. Accumulations of refuse and effete matter make places of ambush for the destroying enemies. By keeping the liver and kidneys in a condition fit for performing their functions, and free from unnecessary work, a momentum is given to the whole body, which enables it to throw off the bacilli and escape disease. Warner's SAFE Cure fortifies against these insidious attacks. Large numbers of men and women become the victims of Bright's disease through the kidneys failing in the work of carrying off the uric acid poison which becomes incorporate with the blood, and are thus slowly but surely dropping into a premature grave.

Warner's SAFE Cure expels all injurious matter, and assists the body in resisting the thousand and one attacks which assail it at every turn. It helps to make life worth living, and restores many a sufferer to health and soundness when all other expedients had been resorted to in vain. The following is a case in point related by Mr. M. Sharkey, of Norwood, South Australia, under date 23rd May, 1893:—"I have to thank Warner's SAFE Cure that I am alive and enjoying good health to-day. Five years ago I was stricken with Bright's disease. Doctors were called in and consultations held, and I was finally removed to the hospital for the purpose of obtaining better attention. At length I was discharged as being incurable. Then I was advised by a friend to try Warner's SAFE Cure and Pills. After taking the fifth bottle I felt myself daily becoming stronger, and at the end of several months' treatment I had regained my former strength and energy. I have often said that Warner's SAFE Cure is worth not only five shillings, but five hundred shillings per bottle."

that the settlers should provide the land free of cost to the Government. As usual in such cases, there are some landowners who demand excessive prices. A trust has been formed, and a rate struck to defray the cost of the land in this way:—All land within 3 miles from any portion of the line 3d. per acre, and within 6 miles 1d., and 9 miles 1d. per acre. Probably some owners will contribute, whilst others will not, although it is stated that any who do not will be compelled by a special Parliamentary measure. Apart from the injustice of such a system, seeing that land may be situated within the 8 miles of the line, it may be 10 miles from the nearest railway station; and also that the building of this railway will add value to city and other lands, but which will not contribute at all to the cost of the line, is it not a very haphazard mode or building railways? In the meantime, whilst the trust is collecting the money, the railway is in an unfinished condition, and every probability that it will not be finished in time for the harvest this year, thus depriving the department of the freights on about 20,000 bags of wheat, besides implements, &c., at this busy season of the year. If the Government has the power to enforce such a grossly unfair and unscientific system of rating, let us hope that the time is not far distant when, under the influence of the continuous and weighty arguments of the *Beacon*, the Government may at last gain a little common-sense and adopt the scientific and absolutely just system of taxation of land values, exclusive of improvements, in regard, not only to railway construction, but to all other kinds of public works.—Yours, FARMER.

To the Editor of the BEACON.

Sir,—As a constant reader of the *Beacon* I have been much interested in many of the articles that have appeared from month to month, but in none more so than that which appears in a somewhat disconnected form in the current number as an editorial, and which deals with the issue of electors' rights. It has always seemed to me as if—compelled by the pressure of public opinion to grant manhood suffrage—our legislators had endeavoured to hedge about with restrictions and difficulties the issue of "rights" to those desirous of obtaining them, that, after all, a great proportion of men, (more especially those who have no "vested interest" in the country), would be debarred from so doing.

The absurdity of the system of registration in vogue in Victoria was never impressed so strongly upon my mind as, when through force of circumstances I left the land of my birth and came to reside for a time in Adelaide. Hardly had I landed on the wharf at Port Adelaide before I was asked by a friend to see about having my name placed on the roll. The method is simplicity itself. A blank form is obtained, which when filled up gives the name, age, occupation, and address of the person seeking registration. This, then, is posted to or deposited with the Electoral Registrar, who on the same day places the name on the roll for the district in which the applicant resides. The only condition is that on the day of election the person desirous of exercising his franchise should have been enrolled at least six months, a precaution necessary to check "roll-stuffing" by unprincipled candidates. Should an elector change his residence from one district to another he can have his name transferred to his new district within a few days of the election, by simply posting to the Registrar for the district in which he formerly resided a form, provided for the purpose, on receipt of which that officer is bound under a very heavy penalty to forward the necessary papers to his brother officer in the other district without loss of time. Now, Sir, Victorians have been wont to consider South Australians as rather slow, and decidedly behind the age, but in this matter, as in many other points, we can with advantage take a leaf out of their book, and in place of the cumbersome and costly machinery necessary to carry out the Victorian system, adopt the simpler methods of South Australia, which would abolish the most objectionable features of the present Act, and at the same time ensure greater efficiency in achieving the desired end, viz., that every man not otherwise provided for should have a voice in the affairs of the country by securing an

ELECTOR'S RIGHT.

Hindmarsh, S.A., December 18, 1893.

To the Editor of the BEACON.

Sir,—Thanks for your attack on the Purification of Rolls Act. Lately I acted as scrutineer in an election for the Assembly. I had been 15 months in the district and a ratepayer, yet my name was not on the roll as a rate payer, nor would I have had a vote but for the precaution I had taken to get an elector's right. My fellow-scrutineer had been a ratepayer in the shire for nine years, he had no vote; the presumable reason was that he had sold a selection and purchased a house in the

"DON" and PHOENIX are the BEST BRANDS.