Another piece of Jubilee tomfoolery has been combined with as bold a piece of mendacity as can very readily be found. An Address to the Queen has been presented, signed on behalf of Welsh miners by Sir T. Lewis, and "on behalf of the miners" by Mr. W. Abraham, Labour M.P. for Rhondda Valley. Among other "jubilations," one is indulged in on account of the improved position of the men!

"There was never any other period in the history of this country in which your workmen were so much taken care of, nor more prosperous. They never had better housing; they never had such good clothing, nor such good food; and the past year has never shown such an example of pleasure and happiness. We are indebted for these blessings to the reign of your Most Gracious Majesty!"

These lies, for they are nothing less, are signed by a man supposed to "represent" the miners and who was an honest man before he went into parliament. How they are viewed by his constituents may be judged by one meeting out of many that have considered them.

A meeting of the house-coal colliers of Rhondda and other districts of Glamorgan was held at the Nelson Inn, on Saturday, when Mr. Joao Lloyd, chairman, Mr. Isaac Evans, secretary. There were present 37 delegates, representing between 5000 and 6000 miners. A motion was passed sent, com. utterly repudiating that portion of the loyal address which is given above and strongly condemning the misuse of their names to it.

As for the "care" taken of them, the annual average of accidents will show that; for their "prosperity" twenty-five years ago they could wear broadcloth on a Sunday and now put up with shoddy. Their hirelings have stood unchanged for over fifty years except in an 10s. an hour, the present 12s. of rent, which has advanced. "Her Majesty's" reign may therefore have caused them to be "indobted," but not in a way to increase "pleasure and happiness."

"Good food!" In 1876, when they were even better off than at this present happy time, it was not uncommon for a miner to go down to ten hours a week's work on a lump of dry bread, with perhaps another for supper, and a meat dinner Sundays!

A good workman thinks himself lucky to get 18s. every third or fourth week, and 10s. or 12s. meanwhile. These wages are nett and rent, clothes, and all else must be paid.

These men who toil unremittingly, are maimed and bruised, and cast aside to die unrewarded, must be made by a time-serving syphopant his catapav in pandering to a silly superstition! Verily, so long as they are content with "labour representation," who can wonder?

The Poll Bill has had another attack of hysterica; no uncommon event, but this time it is a bad one. A clerk in a department of the Metropolitan Board of Works is said to have used his position to help his relatives in their competition with other tailors. Of course, if this has been done it is an abuse of trust and should be punished, but it savours of dishonesty to have on one page an article with the accused, in which he promises proofs of innocence, and on another page an account of a full virulent attack and damaging insinuation."—New Journals!

We all know that this kind of thing is done. The Poll Bill, when it was looming in J. G. Blaine the other day, knew that he was the most renowned lobbyist of modern times, and that he lost the last presidential election on that account. There is a "lack of cohesion" somewhere.

Herr Krupp is dead. Not a bad man in himself, but the biggest maker of murder-machines of his time. He was very free from national prejudice and sold his wares to any government with cash to pay for them. So long as the workers allow themselves to be used as pawns in the imperial game, such a trade as Krupp's will prosper. So long as they allow it their lives will be spent in paying for his game. Whoever will take the cost of one of his big man-smashers, and reckon how many workers its price would support for a year, will be surprised.

8.

LEADERS OF THE PEOPLE.

There are so many men to-day in the political arena that are looked on as the champions of the people, that one is puzzled at times to discover what claim, judging them by their acts, they have to be so called. Many of the leaders of the people are leaders, not because they are the chosen of the workers, but because they have asserted themselves to be so.

The utterances of some of these self-styled leaders are of a character that can only be designated as humbug. Although associated with and essentially belonging to the most advanced school of political thought, they are, despite their protestations to the contrary, really the discarded agents of the workers' enemies. The people are leaders, not because they are the chosen of the workers, but because they have asserted themselves to be so.

Fellow-workers,—No one will charge me with sympathy with and regard for the rights of monopolists; all my life I have fought on the side of the people. I have been instrumental in bringing about much improvement in their condition. (Oh, oh!) The persons who cry oh, oh! are no doubt in the pay of the Tories. (Cheers) Beware