am not to give to a neighbour, unless he has done something special for me. I have heard of this kind of thing; but pardon me for saying that it seems to us an unenviable reputation, because we don't know how to manage it. And you see this forryng and giving people casts about the water is my business, which I would do for anybody, so to take gifts in connection with it would very queer. Besides, if one person were embarrassed another another, and so on; and I hope you won't think me rude if I say that I shouldn't know where to shew away so many mementos of friendship.

And he laughed loud and merrily, as if the idea of being paid for his hobbies had inspired him. But at the same time he had enough of it after all, and I was rather glad to think that I was a good swimmer, since we were so close to the swift stream. However, he went on by no means a madman:

"As to your coins, they are curious, but not very old; they seem to be all of the reign of Victoria; you might give them to some scantily-

supported museum. As a matter of fact, they are not always in use; we don't want salmon every day of the season."

I was going to say, "But is this the Thames?" but held my peace in my wonder, and turned my bewildered eyes eastward to look at the bridge again, and thence to the shores of the London river; and surely there was enough to astonish me. For though there was a bridge across the stream and houses on its banks, how all was changed from last spring! But the druggets with their smoke-rotting chimney tops were gone; the engineer's works gone; a line of every pretty house of riveting and hammering came down the west wind from Thorney-

croft's. Then the bridge! I had perhaps dreamed of such a bridge, but not seen—a score or one out of an illuminated manuscript; for not even the Ponte Vecchio at Florence came anywhere near it. It was of stone arches, splendidly solid, and as graceful as they were strong; high enough also to let ordinary traffic river through easily. Over the river as you方案 have built up a line of girders painted red, and set up to be booths or shops, beset with painted and gilded vanes and spirets. The stone was a little weathered, but showed no marks of the grimy soot which I was used to on every London building most of the time.

The sculler noted my eager astonishment, and said, as if in answer to my thoughts—

"Oh, it's a pretty bridge, isn't it? Even the up-stream bridges, which are so much smaller, are scarcely daintier, and the down-stream ones are scarcely more dignified and stately."

I found myself saying, almost against my will, "How old is it?"

"Oh, not very old," he said; "it was built, or at least opened, in 1791."

The date shut my mouth as if a key had been turned in a padlock fixed to my lips; for I saw that something inexplicable had happened, and felt myself being taken up in a game of cross-questions and crossed answers. So I tried to look unconcerned, and to glance in a matter-of-course way at the banks of the river, though this is the first time I saw up to the bridge and a little beyond, say as far as the site of the soap-works. And there was a line of every pretty house low and not large, standing back a little way from the river; they were mostly built of brick and roofed with tiles, and looked, above all, comely and gayer, as if they had nearly done with the life of the dwellers in them. There was a continuous garden in front of them, going down to the water's edge, in which the flowers were now blooming luxuriantly, and sending delicious waves of summer scent and greenness abroad. The trees rising, mostly planes, and looking down the water there were the reaches towards Putney almost as if they were a lake with a forest shore, so thick were the big trees; and I said aloud, as if to myself,

"Well, I'm glad that they have not built over Barn Elms."

I blushed for my fatuity as the words slipped out of my mouth, and my companion looked at me with a half smile which I thought he understood—so to hide my confusion I said, "Please take me ashore now: I want to get my breakfast."

He nodded, and brought her head round with a sharp stroke, and in a trice we were at the landing-stage again. He jumped out and I followed him; and of course I was not surprised to see him wait, as if for the inevitable after-piece that follows the doing of a service to a fellow-citizen. So I put my hand into my waistcoat-pouch, and said, "How much?" though still with the uncomfortable feeling that per-
haps I was offering money to a gentleman.

He looked puzzled, and said, "How much? I don't quite under-
stand what you are asking about. Do you mean the ticket? If so, it is close on.

I blushed, and said, stabbing, "Please don't take it amiss if I ask you; I mean no offence: but what ought I to pay you? You see I am a foreigner, and a great deal of work, and expense to you.

And therewith I took a handful of money out of my pocket, as one does in a foreign country. And by the way, I saw that the silver had oxidised, was like a blacklead stoved in colour.

"No, you shouldn't pay anything at all," said the sculler; and he looked at the coins with some curiosity. I thought, Well after all, he is a water-
man, and is considering what he may venture to take. He seems such a nice fellow that I'm sure I don't grudge him a little extra-payment. I wonder, by the way, whether I couldn't hire him as a guide for a day or two, since he is so intelligent.

Therewith my new friend said thoughtfully—

"I think I know what you mean. You think that I have done you a service; so you feel yourself bound to give me something which I
I nodded, not caring to enter into a long explanation which would have led to no end in this case. At all events I had begun to doubt myself. And we all three turned toward the door of the Guest House.

William Morris.

[To be continued.]

DRIVE THE RICH ROBBERS AWAY.

*Time—* Drive the cold Winter away."

Winter has a mind to freedom inclined, A soul about life in a ditch, Not all of its will, but come with us now To break down the power of the rich. You know the rich do it for their own good, Where manhood and honour decay. So join in our band, with heart and hand, And drive the rich robbers away.

The man who controls the bodies and souls Of his fellows, because they are poor; Who swats all his wealth from woe and ill-health, And steals all their safety to save his own. A wolf with man's face, he's a foe to his race, The helpless and weak are his prey. He never will mend until we make an end, And drive the rich robbers away.

Not much do we get, however we sweat, Our masters' profit must make; And then for the rent, we must content The landlord shall come of it take. The kids and the wife must subsist through life, Be thankful to eat when they may, Be often half-fed and hungry to bed, Till we drive the rich robbers away.

And don't be afraid of injuring trade, To us it is always good, it is well understood The workman must lose at some time. The game is so played, and the rules of it made, The rich man will make his own laws. And well do we know, it must ever so be Till we drive the rich robbers away.

Though they can with pride in carriages ride, While we go on foot in the mud, It is we who provide; while, whatever beside, We never get enough of good food. Indeed we work for home and country Until we no longer obey When we rise like a man, and do all that you can, To drive the rich robbers away.

AV GEALSHAN.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

GERMANY.

At Offenburg, a new Socialist paper is about to be published under the title of Frankfurter Volkszeitung (The People's Voice of Frankfort). At Munich, the Christian Minnigerode, as editor of the Vaterlandische Arbeiterzeitung (Saxon Worker's paper) appears now three times a week. At Erfurt the Thüringische Volkszeitung is about to appear in a larger size, and at Magdeburg a new tradesman's paper, Wohrander-haut, will have the rich robber Collen a short distance come into existence. As it seems, Bismark has not got it all his own way.

Two Anarchist pamphlets, entitled 'Arbeitists' (Out of Work) and 'The 11th of November' (Chicago Commemoration), have been prohibited by the Berlin authorities.

Our comrades in Reischtag, the brother of August Reischtag, who was beheaded four years ago for taking the principal part in the Niederwald attempt, has been arrested at Pogas, a small village of Saxony, on his return from New York, where he was working in the Post Office depart- ment. The reason given for his arrest is a stupidly false one that we expect him to be set free almost immediately. He was arrested at Carlsruhe. M. Guttzeit, royal attorney at the supreme tribunal of the great duchy of Baden, has made a formal accusation to the social democratic party; if it is true, me thinks this clever attorney shall not long muster up the bench.

BELGIUM.

One of the oldest forerunners of the revolutionary movement in Belgium has just died at an hospital in Brussels: not an unusual reward for many who have been the chief and all their energies to the cause of the proletariat. Nicolas Coulon was born at Liège, in the year 1816. A tailor by profession, he was at the same time an exceedingly clever popular writer. It was Coulon who published the first paper in Belgium which was ex- clusively edited by working-men. He acted in the revolution of 1830 in Brussels, and as a result of a long life he became blind, and of course he died very poor. Coulon has taken a most prominent part in the various democratic and revolutionary movements of his own country, and has always been truly asserted, the right man in the right place; and the Belgian Socialists will undoubtedly ever remember most kindly their old "père Coulon."

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

The Austrian Socialists press makes good headway, and this is all the more remarkable when we think that the political conditions under which our Austrian comrades have to live are far from being favourable to the development of Socialist journalism. There are no less than eight papers, which all are, we are glad to say, very well supported by the Austrian working man. They are: Der Arbeiter (Socialist) (Monthly Review); Arbeiterzeitung (Worker's Gazette); Volksdeutsch (People's Deutsch); Fliekschier Trade Paper; Die Schilfe (Gum- merings); Freiheit (Freethinker); Heil, and Corensch. Again we ask the readers and sympathisers of the "Wone" to do all they can to assist our comrades in furthering their own paper, which is now a very valuable one. We feel sure that it is well worth anything at all, can manage as well as their much more fortunate brethren of Austria! Why, then, don't they do it?

SWITZERLAND.

Our comrades Nicolet, Delarolpe, and Eymard, who last summer disappeared in various towns of Switzerland an Anarchist manifest, have now been tried at the Court of Assize at Neuchatel and acquitted. Comrades Nicolet, for subversion, on the charge of having put a piece of poison among the hotel- tates, and of a very much more revolutionary character than the manifestino complained of, and then declared to the astonished tribunal and members of the court, that his life had been in danger from the police; having previously to his own leaflet by the very same attorney-general who now prosecuted himself and his friends. Hence a prompt and general acquittal!

RUSSIA.

A telegram from Moscow, via Vicenza, says that Captain Tolezichkine, chief of the secret police, while making a descent upon a Nihilist club, was shot dead by a young woman named Olga Gontscharenko, who afterwards stabbed her own brain, and was herself killed, on the death of the young combatant in the cause of liberty and justice, we cannot help sympathising with her in the prompt punishment of the police's inhumanity.

VICTOR DAVE.

IN AUSTRALIA.

Mr. W. GRAHAM, member for Newcastle (N.S.W.), has lately gone into Parliament, and has there addressed the public. Mr. James Curley, the miners' general secretary, opposed him as a "labour candidate," and won over the tough, and a piece of party work, was turned down by the government, and whilst Curley goes for trade free. This district is red-hot protectionist, and would have been all for bolder Grahams, had not the majority of the miners nominated the electoral secretary in favour of that man. So far as Curley has proved true and honest to the miners, both during strikes and in times of smoothness; rather too straight, in fact, for some of the big mine- owners over here, they have not the doubt, have they? And if they office, and perhaps have done a great deal to prejudice many of the miners against him. The man has given them to take a two or three district strike, in 1888, until last, it almost seems, the feeling becoming more bitter, it has made him run for a chance at the legislative game; and the result, that he has been the honour (?) of taking the miners' seat. Whether he will act fair and square is a question as yet; he has to sit alongside some of the biggest rogues and scoundrels the earth has produced among mining-makers. If they have not the courtesy to their own pockets with biddle without doing the least amount of work for it, to fix them from the assistants away from the strikers and destroy those many true sentiments of his, it will be one of the greatest wonders of the ages.

One large mine-owner was heard to say, when he heard that Curley had won the seat, "It's a good job; it's a good job;" and starting his fingers very much, with delight. This shows that one coal-monopolist at least was happy at partly getting one of their enemies into their clutches. It seems probable that the miners can say "good-byes" to a man who has worked earnestly for them for a period of nine years, and that now he is entering upon a road which leads to more slavery and monopoly.

The Victorian authorities have taken steps to close the wharf at Melbourne, as so as to keep away the speakers who have been addressing the miners there on strikes. This has given the police and the Free Press a lot, as it is their chief place of resort for propaganda work. To show that they mean business and keep up a pretense of impartiality, the authorities have come down to the latter a tesseract of a demonstration and fined him 25 or seven days in the "House of Correction." Upon this being only a small fine, and a very large crowd, during September 1909, banded together to discuss the action taken by the Government. The meeting "firmly maintained" their right of meeting on the wharf, and have resolved to try and get public support on meetings there.

After finishing the business of the wharf affair, the opening of the public library and other institutions on Sundays was then discussed. The 2,000 strong then paraded the streets in the vicinity of the library, and before the gates of the latter institution they strongly asserted that such a place should be open on Sundays.

The bill brought forward in the Victorian Legislative Assembly for the suppression of Sunday newspaper selling, has passed its second reading. The民营 miners of Victoria are gradually becoming stronger and stronger the restrictive laws of that so-called "protective" colony. We have not come to that exactly in New South Wales yet, but, who knows? A strike recently occurred in the Victoria mines, where 6,000 miners refused to work with non-unionists. The strike only lasted about a week, when the miners (unionists) partly gave way and released their wages, and then with the help of the police, who are against a pit (N.S.W.) have gone on strike, the cause being that they wish only to work eight hours per day, as is done by the pit. Different unions are preparing to give help to the strikers, who fear a long struggle.

The unemployed army is rather large up in Brisbane, and deputations are asked to the House of Parliament on the principles of the "laws of man," to see what can be done towards keeping the people from dying of starvation.

The latest news interesting to the miner is that from Melbourne, and ex- claims that the meeting (New South Wales), Nov. 21, is to take place in Melbourne, and ex- claims that the meeting (New South Wales), Nov. 21, is to take place in Melbourne, and ex- claims that the meeting (New South Wales), Nov. 21, is to take place in Melbourne, and ex- claims that the meeting (New South Wales), Nov. 21, is to take place in Melbourne, and ex- claims that the meeting (New South Wales), Nov. 21, is to take place in Melbourne, and ex- claims that the meeting (New South Wales), Nov. 21, is to take place in Melbourne, and ex- claims that the meeting (New South Wales), Nov. 21, is to take place in Melbourne, and ex- claims that the meeting (New South Wales), Nov. 21, is to take place in Melbourne, and ex-

"An organised demonstration of Socialists paraded up Bourke Street last evening, with the intent of invading Parliament House to see Dr. Maloney, the member for Melbourne, and to make him know that a large section of the people are sympathetic to be known with them on the point that the public libraries should be open on Sundays. There were some 1,000 people present. The police closed the gates of the project, and the constables were summoned from Russell Street barracks and pursued the crowd up the street. Seeing that they were pursued the Socialists ran to get the entrance to Parliament House first, but half-a-dozen constables reached the steps first, and forming themselves in a line blocked the crowd, some of whom were very excited. There was some wrangling but no violence, and several arrests were taken."

Hamilton, N.S.W., Nov. 21, 1899.

Robert Stuart.