Slight as the story is, it enables the author to advance his arguments in a manner which, while in line with Single Tax literature, exhibiting its scientific value, invests them with a romantic interest, and makes them understandable by the layman. Combinations with the socialist, the directors of monopolies, and the lawyer are especially interesting, the latter giving the author color for his vision. The study of this work is a revelation to the, punch father of reason and the subtlety of his arguments.

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 distinction between the State and the monopoly— a bulwark of which is called “capital” is exhibited in a manner which cannot be excelled 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 this book will soon be published at a price which will place it within reach of the people for whose instruction it has been written.

THE STORY OF MY DICTATORSHIP.

By M. H.

“The Story of My Dictatorship” is the first work of fiction on Single Tax lines for which some 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 the record of a dream. The 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 Loyalist, A Socialist, Railway Directors, Directors of the New River Company, The Chamber of Property Defence League, composed of Lords, Lawyers, and Bishops, who successively advance their arguments. Concerning 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: Him, Sixth Edn. It is an excellent book, and the author has the merit of having written it.

SONG OF THE FACTORY SLAVE.

By Ernest Charles Jones.

The land it is the landlord’s;
The trader’s the soul;
The ore he makes coffin dirt—
The iron the sword.

The engine whirrs for master’s craft,
The power, hideously bright,
With labour’s acres what labour raised
For labour’s foe to spend.

The camp, the toil, and the law
For rich men’s sons are free;
There—they have toil and toil and toil,
But what remains for me?

The factory slave
When wrong to right shall bow,
And hearts that have the courage, man,
To make that future now.

I pay for all their learning,
A bock for all their ease;
They render back in coin for coin,
Want, ignorance, disease.

Till—till—and then, a cheerless home,
Where hungry passion fling its breast
Against the iron walls, to gain them that give
To the eternal blow.

The hour of leisure happiness
The smiling face, the gay;
The playful child, the smiling wife—
England’s pride.

The coming hope, the future day
When wrong to right shall bow,
Whose hand are you to have the courage, man,
To make that future now.

The factory slave
For rich men’s children, rich men,
A pander’s hangdog, fee,
Become the most respectable.

And think they’re quite with me;
But not a fond wife’s heart that breaks,
A poor man’s child that moans;
We score not on our hollow cheeks
In their unseen eyes.

SMOKE PHOENIX AROMATIC TOBACCO.
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 vaccinated 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 falling in the work of carrying off the uric acid poison which becomes incorruptible in the blood, and are thus slowly but surely dropping into a premature grave.

Warner's Safe Cure expels all infectious 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."

The Beacon.

We read it there—where 'er we meet, As on the starry waveness. Each asks, "The rich have got the earth; And what remains for me?"

The coming hope, the future day When all the field and meadow be sad, And hearts that have the courage, man, To make that future new.

We wait in hope—where 'er we meet, We store it in our brain: There all the dead—think we dead—

But we shall rise again. Among the hills to which the will will ring, A beating through the maze, A trampling through their palaces.

Well cease to weep by cherished graves, From lonely homes we'll rise.

And still as rolls our million march, Its watchword brave shall be—

The coming hope, the future day When wrong in right shall be here, And hearts that have the courage, man, To make that future new.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Beacon.

Dear Sir,—I was one of your audience here last week when you spoke with your usual great pleasure. Since then I received enclosed letters which you find interesting. I am sorry anything you told us, showing, as it does, how few of the most apparent instances escape our notice. The "punchings" referred to are required for the comfort of his dynastic dignity, and not found ready to send to local fancy for the other parts of the 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 future missionary work for the welfare of the colony, I am,

Yours, etc.,

T. B. Swangam, L.R.C.S.I., L. R.O.C.P., &c.

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

Dr. R. H. Strangman, National.

Dear Sir,—We duly receive your letter of the 5th inst., and have been endeavouring to do what you require of us, but, regret to say, without success. The "punchings," &c., are not kept in stock by us nor, it seems, by anyone else, because they are of very high cost, on them, nor can they be made here where considerable experience and special tools are required for them. Neither the importers nor the stockists of these things, nor the local manufacturers to make them, but you will observe that our "local industry" are "greatly benefited," and we trust, therefore, that you will not mind being disappointed with us. Thanking you for your enquiries and order, we are, yours faithfully,

R. & H. Martin & Co.

To the Editor of the Beacon.

Mr,—A week or two since our present Government decided to construct a line of railway from Ballarat to Quorn, and it was reported to me that Mr. Patterson, and as the line was to pass through some private lands it was resolved that the settlers should provide the land free of cost to the Government. This of course is most unfair, as there are some landowners who demand excessive prices. A trust has been formed, and a rate struck by which each landowner will be compelled to pay a certain sum per acre towards the cost of the line of railway. This is a practical way of ensuring that the line of railway is not too far from any of the landowners, and it will be paid for by the landowners. The land may be taken within the limits of the line of railway, which will not contribute at all to the cost of the line. By the method of taxation, nothing will be paid by the landowners, but they will be compelled to pay a certain sum per acre towards the cost of the line of railway. The tax is not far from any of the landowners, and it will be paid for by the landowners.

To the Editor of the Beacon.


Dear Sir,—The coming hope, the future day

When wrong in right shall be here,

And hearts that have the courage, man,

To make that future new.

"DON" and PHOENIX are the BEST BRANDS.