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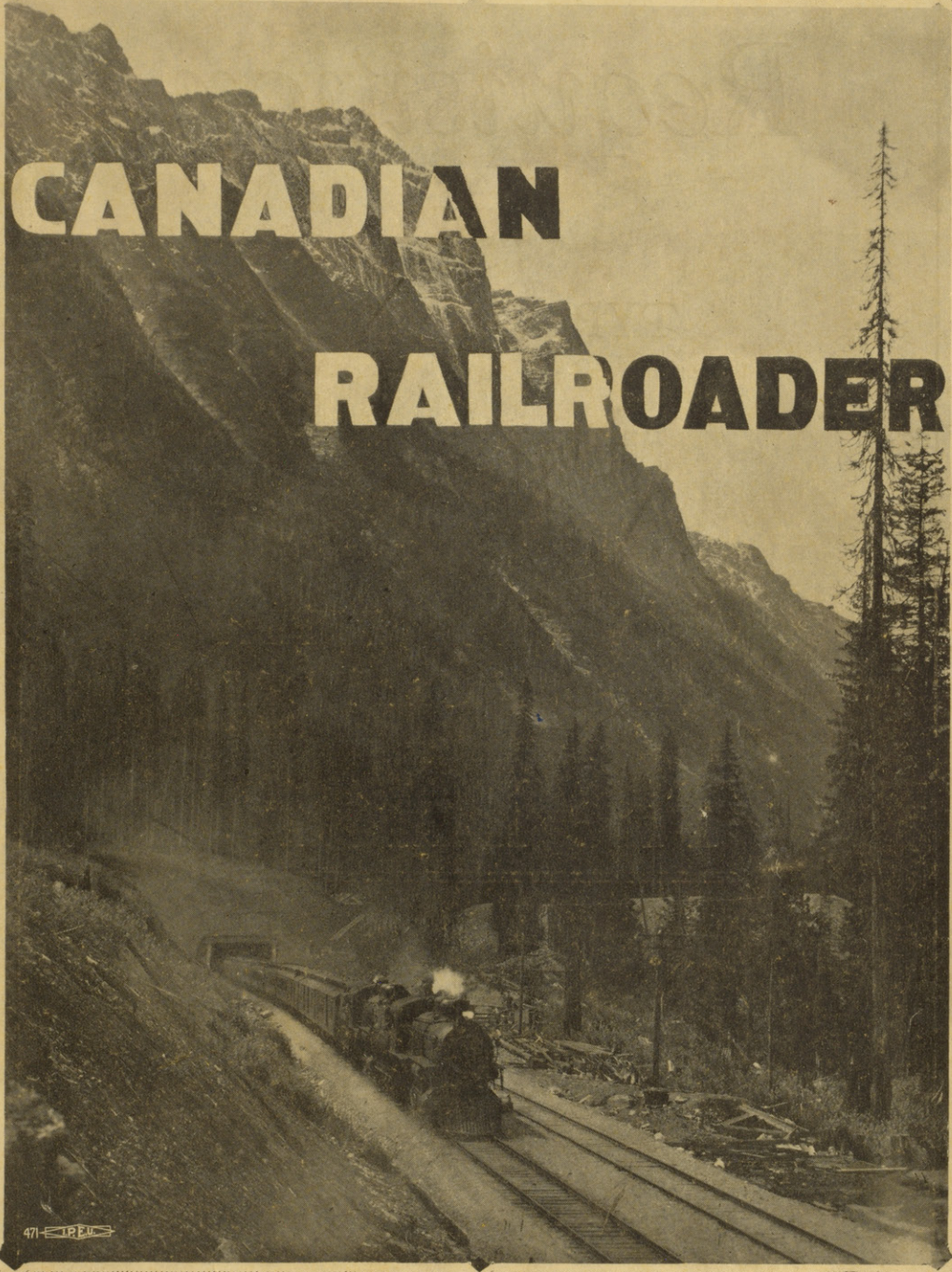
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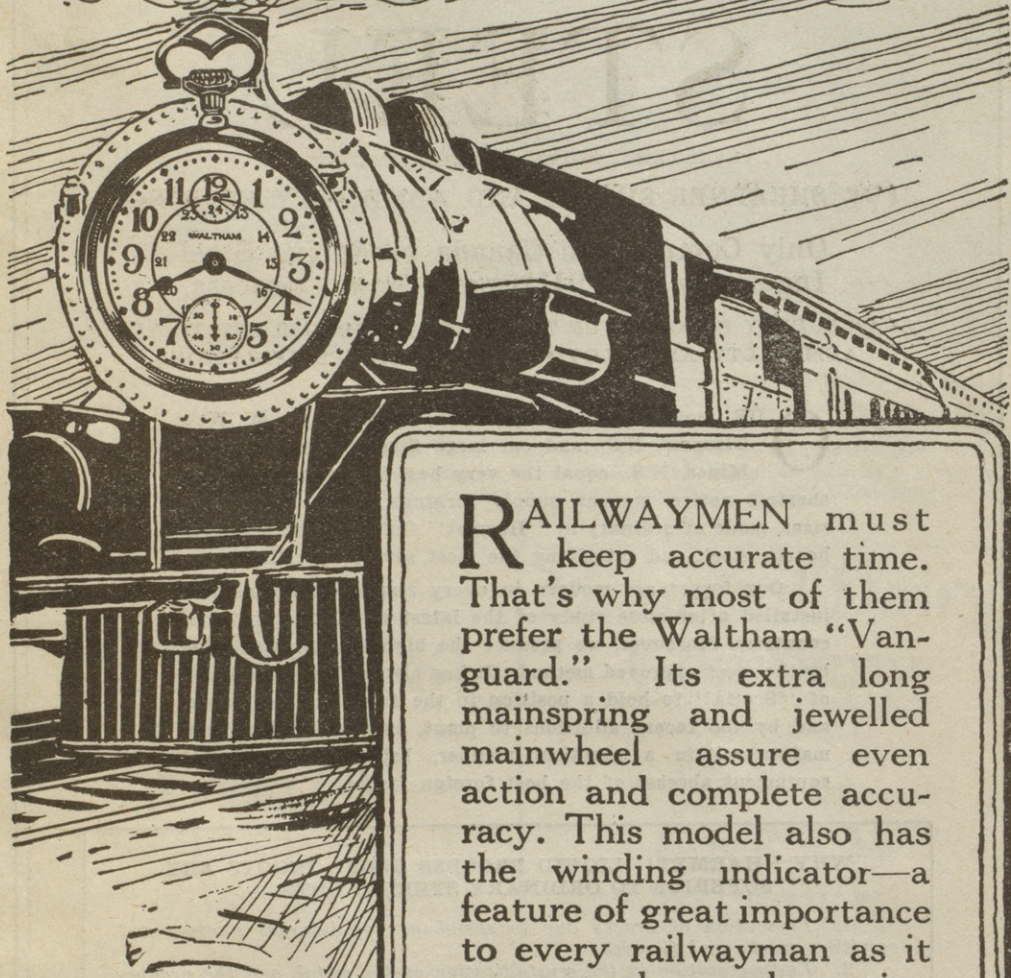
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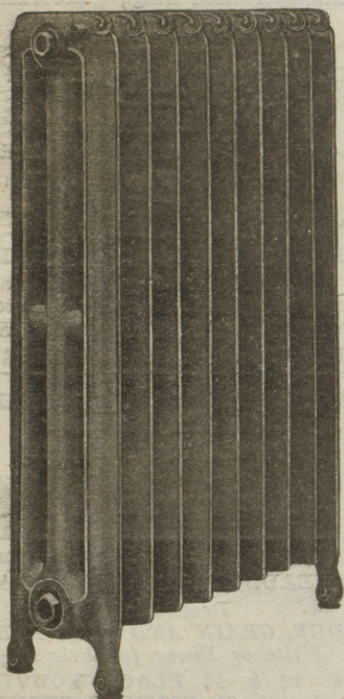
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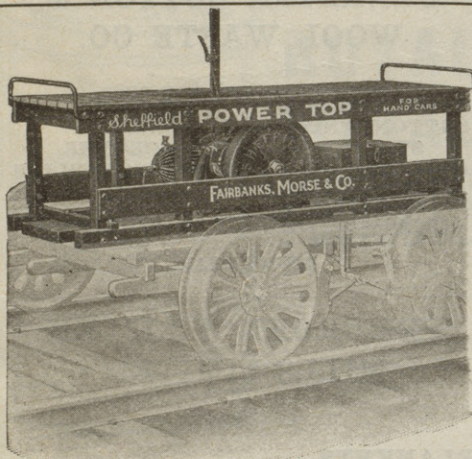
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GEO. PIERCE, *Managing Editor*

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1917

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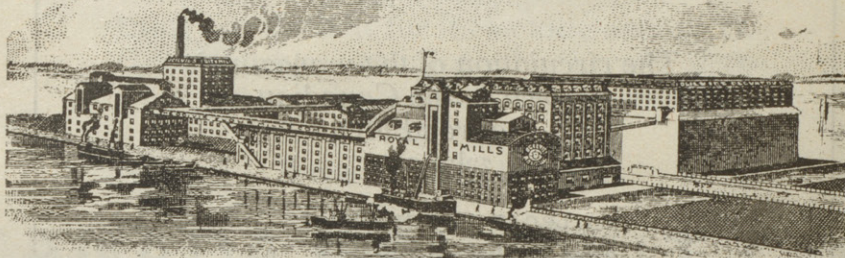
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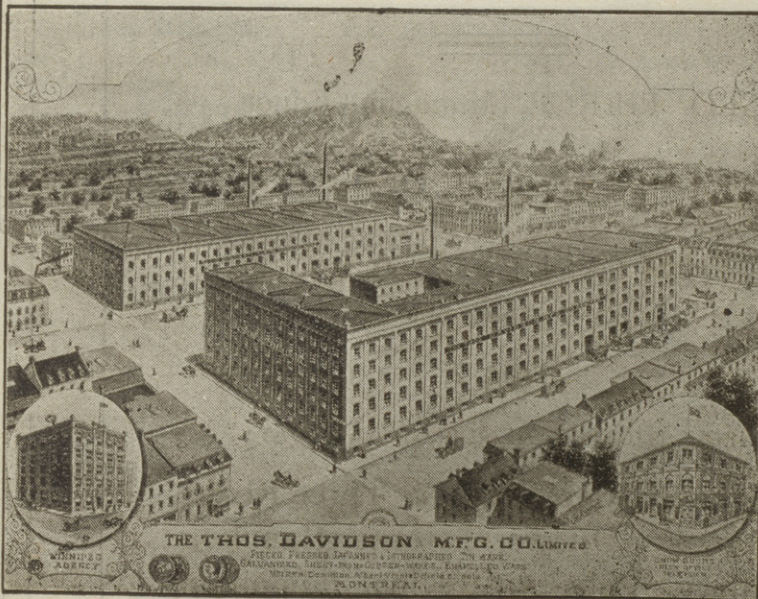
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The Fifth Sunday Meeting Movement and The Canadian Railroader

By J. A. WOODWARD, *Chairman.*

THE FIFTH SUNDAY MEETING MOVEMENT was started with the object of becoming a social, educational, and political movement among the Railroad men of the Dominion of Canada.

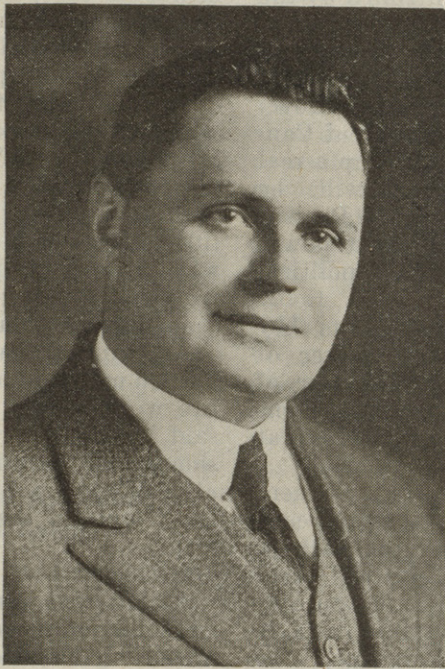
Fifth Sunday Meeting have been held with some success in the United States, but they have never been organized with the intention of becoming a great power for good within the ranks of railroad men in this Dominion. Our first meeting was called in Montreal, on Oct. 29th, 1916, and was such a great success that most of the railroad men in the city became greatly interested, and we conceived the idea of establishing, The Fifth Sunday Meeting Association of Canada, and also a Magazine to be known as the "Canadian Railroader," the aims and objects of which I will attempt to explain.

We felt that we could bring about a greater understanding between the railroad men of the Dominion of Canada, which would serve to promote greater success in handling the great social and economic problems that are presenting themselves from day to day, if we could get together every time there was a Fifth Sunday in the month (4 times a year,) and talk over matters of importance to all concerned and listen to distinguished speakers.

Within the ranks of the railrod men of Canada lies hidden a wonderful power to accomplish national good, which if harnessed and used properly may be

likened unto harnessing a great water power. It would throw light into the darkness, and power into places where it is most needed. We could elect railroad men, and members of our own class into the Legislative Halls of the country, and in this way work out

great benefits to ourselves and our fellow men. From an educational standpoint the Fifth Sunday Meetings should do a great deal of good. It is the intention to invite leading educationalists from the great universities, heads of the different railroad systems, as well as officers of the Grand Lodges of different Brotherhoods to address these meetings. We feel that in this way we can work out a co-operation, which will bring good results between the men, the public, and the Railroad Companies. From a political standpoint the Fifth Sunday Meetings and the "Can-



J. A. WOODWARD
Chairman

Fifth Sunday Meeting Association

adian Railroader," should become a great power. Surely the eyes of the world have been opened to the old order of things. It should be easy for the workers to realize that a Parliament with a good sprinkling of labor members, would be a great improvement over a Parliament of Professional Politicians. If railroad men and the great working class would shake out the worn out system of Party Politics, and always stand free to support friends of labor and friends of justice, in the Dominion, and Provincial Parliaments, the old order of things would soon pass away, and we would have

men sent from the people to represent the people. Personally I believe there could be more accomplished through legislation in the near future to benefit railroad men, and the workers in general, than in any other possible way.

The Magazine feature is a very important factor in bringing about results. We all know the power of publicity. We all know that the only way to accomplish anything worth while is to have some medium through which we can reach those interested. Such is the object of the "Canadian Railroader". Its policy is controlled by the Fifth Sunday Meeting Association, or in other words by the men themselves.

The funds which are derived are used to propagate the Fifth Sunday Movement throughout the Dominion of Canada, our object being to build up a real workingmans' paper, that will be known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and which will become a great power in the social industrial, and political life of our country.

Railroad men know the benefits they have received through the power of organization as the only defender of the true faith. A member of one organization has the same interest at stake as a member of the other.

I know the difficulty of a movement of this kind. In starting out to reach many thousands of men, into each of whose breast God has put different emotions and convictions is not an easy task. But there was never a time in history, when the working men, the great middle class should begin to realize themselves, and to put forth some united effort in the interest of the future, and in the famous words of President Wilson, "Make the world safe for democracy."

A short time ago it was my rare privilege to listen to one of the greatest musical organizations on earth — the famous Sousa band, which had only recently finished a tour during which it had encircled the earth. This wonderful assemblage of musicians had travelled 700,000 miles in its history and has thrilled millions of people with the wonderful harmony of its music. The famous conductor, Phillip Sousa was teaching harmony at the age of 15. The marvelous harmony of his music is rivalled only by the splendid co-oper-

ative feeling and comradeship that he has been able to instill and foster among the many musicians who comprise his organization.

Here were 80 talented musicians working away with great physical energy at instruments of different sizes which produced all manner of sounds and noises, and each man seemed to be paying particular attention to the **part he was playing**. There were instruments of wood, and there were instruments of silver, there were instruments of brass, and there were instruments of sheepskin; some were large and some were small, some whispered and some roared, some would pause and some would play; no man appeared to be trying to do it all; no man criticized another's playing BUT EACH MUSICIAN PLAYED HIS PART. The big brass horn and the little wooden piccolo, the big brass drum and the little silver bells all played together with a sort of brotherly regard and fraternal deference for the part that each one was playing.

And unconsciously I began to compare in my mind our own work our own life work with its many phases and I said to myself, Co-operative — that should be the watchword, the foundation stone upon which we shall rear the temple of the Fifth Sunday Movement.

Let each one of us, even as those musicians did, play his part as best he can and let us all play together, not criticising but encouraging each other. We cannot produce the wonderful flood of melody that this famous man sent floating out upon the summer air, because the instruments of music are not within our hands, but we can produce a wonderful brotherhood and fellowship among the railroad men of Canada, a fellowship that will be lasting and deep, that will unite the railroad workers in friendships that are insoluble and in bonds that never can be broken.

:o:

HIS PRICE

"Now, Tommy," said Mrs. Bull, "I want you to be good while I'm out."

"I'll be good for a nickel," replied Tommy.

"Tommy," she said, "I want you to remember that you cannot be a son of mine unless you are good for nothing."

"The Canadian Railroader"

Why it has been established.—The useful purposes it will serve.

THE INSPIRATION for the inauguration of "The Canadian Railroader" lies in the reading of the report of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, read before the last Convention of the American Federation of Labor, and printed in the report of the proceedings of that body on page 189. Every railroad man in Canada should be familiar with every word in that speech. It is of the most vital importance and represents the true reason for the establishment of this magazine.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with Mr. Carter's address, we herewith reproduce it with the intent of convincing you of the necessity of establishing and supporting a magazine, which at all times will do justice to the truth, and conscientiously fight in the interest of Justice.

The speech of Mr. Carter before the Convention of the American Federation of Labor.

"The danger that confronts the American Labor movement and for that matter the danger that confronts all working people to-day is coercion or subornation of the public press of this land by the master class. There was a day when the editor in his sanctum controlled the policy of his paper. That day has long since passed, and the editor is simply a hired man like you and rest of us. There was a day when a newspaper depended for its existence upon its editorial policy and the subscription list which grew as that editorial policy became popular. That day has long passed and any newspaper that would depend upon its editorial policy for its support would cease to exist or be in a receiver's hands before the end of thirty days. The coming of the penny paper has done more to place the public press under the domination of the advertising classes than any other one thing.

There was a day when the public who subscribed for a newspaper largely controlled its policy; to-day the people who pay for the advertising pages control its policy, and must do so if the paper is to exist. Newspapers to-day would be published at a great financial loss if it were not for the advertising pages. Unfortunately, labor has little to do with advertising. The advertising comes from the master class and any newspaper that is too independent cannot secure a liberal patronage from advertising. The result is that to-day the editors of newspapers are not their own masters. Let us see how that is being worked to a great extent.

When we began our eight-hour movement a year ago the railroads undertook one of the greatest publicity campaigns this country has ever witnessed. I said the railroads — I did not mean what you consider a railroad — I did not mean the operating officials of those railroads; but I meant the few men in New York City who direct the financial affairs of all the railroads — began one of the most effective publicity campaigns against these railway brotherhoods of which we have a record. We have positive evidence from the best authority that their plan of action was first laid down by a decision to advertise in three thousand daily newspapers and fourteen thousand weekly newspapers. We have that information from one of the leading advertising agencies of the land. Through those three thousand daily newspapers and those fourteen thousand weekly newspapers they published perhaps millions of dollars worth of advertising, every line of which was intended to prejudice the public against these railway brotherhoods.

If the New York end of the railroads, if the Wall street representatives who conducted this campaign paid as much for their advertising space in the three thousand daily newspapers and the

fourteen thousand weekly papers as we did over there in Washington to the few papers that we sought space in, then I am safe in estimating they spent several million dollars in advertising space in the American press for the express purpose of prejudicing the public against us.

It is said the advertising space in a newspaper is free to all. That is not true. The advertising space in a newspaper is only free to those who have the money to pay for it. If they spent as much money for their advertising on that stupendous scale as we spent in Washington on a very minute endeavour to gain public opinion, I am fair in stating they must have spent many millions of dollars. If they did not, then for some reason other than the actual compensation for advertising space they received a rate very much lower than we did.

The result of that publicity campaign was that the first people they converted were the editors of those same papers. Now, I am going to be convinced that the editor, when he got in his easy chair, casually turned the pages and found the big advertisement that had been put in at a cost of several hundred dollars for that issue. I am safe in saying he was convinced, the same as other people who read it were. I am not going to say the business manager gave him a tip before he saw the advertising.

The editorial opinion of these papers before they had this advertising was either neutral or in our favor. After these few millions of dollars were dumped into the coffers of these papers 75 per cent of them were crowding their editorial pages with criticism and abuse and misrepresentation of these brotherhoods.

We met the railroad managers in New York later: At no time during the meeting was there an unkind word spoken. In fact, when we parted we shook hands like old friends, as we had been; but throughout the press statements were published that we had been there and threatened those managers that if they did not do so and so, we would tie up the railroads of this country on the first of January. We made no such threats. That report was sent out practically to every newspaper in

the country. For what purpose? Simply to prejudice the public against labor organizations. The idea sought to be conveyed was that we did not like the law and we were going to tie up the railroads and paralyze industry.

One of my home town papers had an editorial the day I reached home, which said that these railway brotherhoods had succeeded in coercing the President and the Congress of the United States, but they could not bluff the railway managers, and after we had threatened the railroad managers with a strike we had been kicked out of their office. The truth is we left their office with the kindest of feelings, and personally in our wage negotiations we have respect for each other; but in order to prejudice the American people against those railroad brotherhoods that statement was published in every newspaper in this country I read or saw.

So long as the class that controls the money of the country can, by buying the advertising pages of newspaper, control public opinion, there is no free press. And while Congress is dabbling with laws, so-called corrupt practice acts, to prevent money being unduly used in controlling the election, they will have to go further and prevent money being used in the so-called free press of the country to dictate its political policy. It has got to the point that the President of this land, be he who he may, regardless of his party affiliations, if he does not truckle to that power, usually called Wall street, is crucified by the public press.

The day is going to come — and mark you, that day is not far distant — when the common people, and I include among those working people and members of the trade unions, when Congress will have to deny access to the mails to any newspaper that is suborned by the master class. If it is through advertising pages that they thus purchase public opinion, as expressed through a so-called free press, then no newspaper should be carried through the mails with an advertisement in it, and allow editorial opinion and news items to go to the public untrammelled with the corrupt influence of the advertising manager at the other end of the office.

Now I am saying all this with the understanding that what I say will be maligned, changed so as to show I am a renegade, and I guess an anarchist. Regardless of what those men who work just like you and the rest of us do for a living, known as the reportorial staff, no matter how honest and sincere they are in their reports, higher up is the man with the blue pencil, and he not only strikes out that which he does not want to publish, but takes the other pencil and puts in that which he would like to say for us in order to destroy us before the American public.

Now let us see if Congress has not to do something to protect the common people and labor, and not only that, but to protect themselves. It is a known fact that some of the Congressmen who were defeated in the last election were defeated because of certain great financial interests they honestly opposed on Capitol Hill. There was a concentrated attack on them through the papers, so that they were destroyed by their own people. One of the best representatives of labor that ever reached Washington, a man who ably represented labor in Congress, has been defeated by this process. When it was thought that every chance of his winning was secured, when even propositions for speakers representing working people to help him were declined because it was thought not necessary to have them, from evidence I believe is true, I learn that the employers of members of one of the greatest organizations affiliated with this American Federation of Labor and now seated in this hall, those employers called their men in from the mine and said: "Who are you going to vote for?" When they said: "We are going to vote for Casey," they were told: "Then you go to Casey tomorrow and get a job." The result was that where there was a chance for Casey to come back there was 4,000 majority against him through coercion. And you say this is a free country and we have a free ballot.

So long as those who have money use it to corrupt a public press, and so long as those who rank with the employing class prevent a free and fair election by coercive methods, then this country

is not a free country. I have hopes, however, that through the American Federation of Labor (perhaps—I know through the great mass of what are known as the common people—there will be a change of program in the not distant future. During these piping days of prosperity when factories are running to their highest capacity and beyond, when everybody is pleased and satisfied they perhaps can do anything, but there will come a day, my brothers, mark it, when the American people — now, that does not mean working people, members of the American Federation of Labor or any other union — will rise in their wrath and throw off this infernal corrupting yoke that money has laced upon their shoulders in the public press.

I thank you."

AN ORANGE

Leigh Hunt was asked by a lady at desert if he would not venture on an orange. — "Madam," he replied, "I should be happy to do so, but I am afraid I should tumble off."

"All right on behind there?" called the conductor from the front of the car.

"Hold on," cried a shrill voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on!"

The passengers craned their necks expectantly. A small boy was struggling to get a basket of laundry aboard.

A LOOSE CORK

One of the jokes of which Kentuckians never grow weary concerns Senator Blackburn and his loyal appreciation of the liquid products of his native State. The Senator had gone to pay a visit to a friend of his who lived many miles distant. His friend met the Senator as he alighted at the station.

"How are you, Joe?" his friend asked.

"I'm up against it," was the reply. "I lost the best part of my baggage en route."

"Did you misplace it, or was it stolen?" his friend inquired solicitously.

"Neither," said the Senator. "The cork came out."

MOVING

When Mark Twain was a young and struggling newspaper writer, in San Francisco, a lady of his acquaintance saw him one day with a cigar-box under his arm looking in a shop window.

"Mr. Clemens," she said, "I always see you with a cigar-box under your arm. I am afraid you are smoking too much."

"It isn't that," said Mark. "I am moving again."

“ The Canadian Industrial Disputes Investigation Act ”

By HOWARD S. ROSS, K. C. *Counsel for the Canadian Railroader.*

1. ANALYSIS OF THE ACT.—GENERAL SCOPE.

WHEREVER any dispute exists between an employer and any of his employees either of the parties may make application to the Minister of Labor for the appointment of a Board of Conciliation and Investigation. Except when the dispute is between a railway company and its employees, when it may be investigated under the provisions concerning railway disputes in the Conciliation and Labor Act, the Minister, whose decision shall be final, shall, within fifteen days establish a Board of Conciliation and Investigation, if satisfied that the provisions of the act apply. The act applies to any person, company or corporation employing ten or more persons and owing or operating any mining property, agency of transportation or communication, or public service utility, including, except as

hereinafter provided, railways, whether operated by steam, electricity or other motive power, steamships, telegraph and telephone lines, gas, electric light, water and power works and, since March 23, 1916, all classes of war work.

The board of three members are appointed by the Minister, one on the recommendation of the employer, one on the recommendation of the employees (the parties to the dispute) and the third on the recommendation of the members so chosen. Each party may, at the time of making application or within five days after being requested by the Minister to do so, recommend

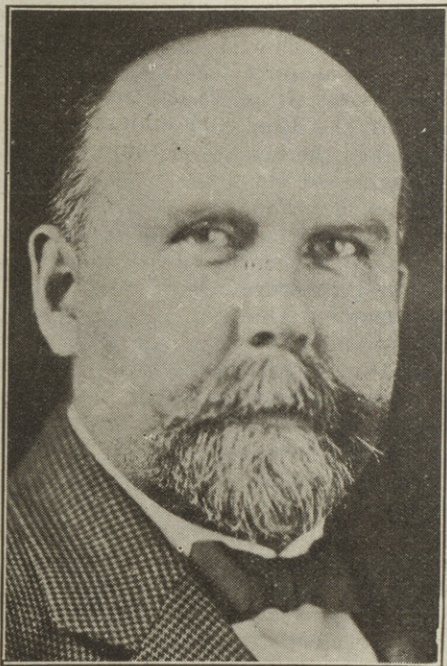
the name of a person as a member of the board. If either of the parties neglects to make a recommendation within said period or such extension as the Minister, on cause shown, grants, the Minister shall appoint a fit person and such person shall be deemed to be

appointed on the recommendation of the party who neglects to make a recommendation. If the persons chosen neglect to make a recommendation, the Minister shall appoint a fit person. Persons other than British subjects may not act as members of the Board.

Procedure for Reference of Disputes to Boards.

The application is accompanied by a statement of the facts and as provided by Chapter 29, assented to May 4, 1910, a statutory declaration setting forth that, failing an

adjustment of the dispute or reference thereof by the Minister to a board, to the best of the knowledge of the declarant a lockout or strike will be declared, and (except where the application is made by an employer in consequence of an intended change in wages or hours proposed by the said employer) that the necessary authority to declare such lockout or strike has been obtained; or where a dispute directly affects employees in more than one province and such employees are members of a trade union having a general committee authorized to carry on negotiations in disputes between employers and employees and



H. S. ROSS, K. C.
of the Montreal Bar

so recognized by the employer. There shall also be a statutory declaration by the chairman or president and by the secretary of such sub-committee setting forth that, failing an adjustment of the dispute or a reference thereof by the Minister to a board, to the best of the knowledge and belief of the declarant a strike will be declared, that the dispute has been the subject of the negotiations between the committee and the employer, and that all efforts to obtain a satisfactory settlement have failed, and that there is no reasonable hope of securing a settlement by further negotiations. Application for the appointment of a board is made by post by registered letter to the other party to the dispute who shall, without delay, send by registered letter or personal delivery to the registrar and to the party making application, a statement in reply.

Powers and Procedure of Boards.

No reference to a board can be made if the employees affected by the dispute are fewer than ten. Where a settlement is not affected, the board makes to the Minister a complete report (avoiding as far as possible all technicalities) and recommends a course of action by the parties to the dispute, and copies of such report and recommendations are sent to the parties concerned and published without delay in the Labor Gazette which is published by the Department of Labor.

Any party to the procedure may be compelled to give evidence. When the dispute is between a railway company and its employees, any witness summoned by the board shall be entitled to free transportation over any railway. The board, may, with the consent of the Minister, employ experts. The board may, at any time, enter and inspect any building, mine, shop, factory or premises of any kind which is or are the subject of a reference.

Any party may be represented by three or less than three persons. Every party appearing by a representative shall be bound by the acts of such representative. No counsel or solicitors shall be entitled to appear or be heard, except with the consent of the parties to the dispute and, notwithstanding

such consent, the board may decline to allow counsel or solicitors to appear. Proceedings are in public unless otherwise determined by the board.

The decision of the board shall be binding.

Strikes and Lockout.

Strikes and lockouts are prohibited prior to or pending a reference, but (except where the parties have entered into an agreement to be bound by the terms of the board's decision) the act does not restrain any employer from declaring a lockout, or any employee from going on a strike in respect of any dispute which has been duly referred to a board and which has been dealt with by the board, or in respect of any dispute which has been the subject of reference under the provisions concerning railway disputes in the Conciliation and Labor Act.

Employers and employees shall give at least thirty days' notice of an intended change affecting conditions of employment with respect to wages or hours; and in every case where a dispute has been referred to a board, until the dispute has been finally dealt with by the board, neither of the parties nor the employees affected shall after the conditions of employment with respect to wages or hours, or on account of the dispute do or be concerned in doing, directly or indirectly, anything in the nature of a lockout or strike or a suspension or discontinuance of employment or work; and if, in the opinion of the board, either party uses this or any other provision of the act for the purpose of unjustly maintaining a given condition of affairs through delay, such party shall be guilty of an offence and liable to a fine of not less than \$100 nor more than \$1000 for each day or part that such lockout exists.

Any employee who goes on strike contrary to the provisions of the act shall be liable to a fine not less than \$10 nor more than \$50 for each day or part of a day. The penalty for inciting, encouraging, or aiding is not less than \$50 nor more than \$1000. The procedure for enforcing penalties is Part 15, of the Criminal Code relating to summary convictions.

Special Provisions.

Either party to a dispute may agree in writing to be bound by the recommendation of the board in the same manner as parties are bound by an award made pursuant to a reference to arbitration on the order of a court of record. This agreement is sent to the registrar who sends it to the other party. When both agreed, the recommendation shall be made a rule of the said court on the application of either party and shall be enforceable by either party.

If a dispute arises in any industry or trade other than such as may be included under this act, likely to result in a lockout or strike, or resulting in a lockout or strike, either of the parties may agree in writing to refer such dispute to a board and, if both parties agree, the recommendation of the board shall be binding.

Miscellaneous.

Courts shall not recognize reports of or testimony before a board except in the case of a prosecution for perjury.

The Governor in Council may make regulations which shall go into force on the day of publication in The Canada Gazette and they shall be laid before Parliament within fifteen days after such publication or within fifteen days after the opening of the next session.

II. Practical Operation of the Act.

Up to the end of 1916 there were 215 applications for boards, involving about 350,000 employees. Of the 215 applications 193 were received from employees, 19 from employers and three from employers and employees together. In 183 cases boards were granted, the remaining cases being settled without the necessity of a board. There was only 21 cases in which strikes were not either averted or ended by a reference of the dispute under the act.

The employers support the act but the labor organizations have not supported it, though prominent labor men feel the act has some good features. It is significant that, as it is extended to new trades, the men of those trades disapprove and call for the repeal of the Act. The Trades and Labor Congress

of Canada which met at Toronto in September, 1916, voted unanimously for the repeal of the act.

The following comments made in this Congress during the discussion of the Thetford Mines dispute will give some idea of the attitude of leading labor leaders towards the act.

Chairman Rigg said he was pleased to notice the Minister of Labor had arrived to hear the indictment against his department. The Committee on Resolutions had come to the unanimous conclusion that the resolution of the miners should be adopted but that before doing so the Minister of Labor should be heard. "There are five companies controlling the asbestos mines at Thetford", said Chairman Rigg. "There are really only three controlling companies. After the miners made an application for a board under the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act they were informed, through a letter from the department, that the industry in which they were employed came under the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act and that it would be a criminal act on their part to go out on strike. The letter stated that there was not the slightest doubt as to the act applying to the Thetford Mines, and the inference was that the provisions of the act dealing with penalties for violations would be rigidly enforced, if a strike was declared. While that attitude was assumed by the Minister of Labor, the men were prevented from taking any further action in their own interests, other than complying with the law. Suddenly, however, the department switches and points out that there are five companies controlling the mines at Thetford, in which the applicants for a board were employed, and that, because the owners of the mines could not agree upon a representative for the board, under the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act a board could not be appointed. We find, therefore, that, while the men were informed that a strike would be a criminal offense, a Board of Investigation and Conciliation was refused because the employers refused to agree upon one representative to sit upon the board. The next feature of the situation is not entirely a matter for the Labor Department but involves all

the members of the federal cabinet. This refers to the releasing of interned aliens from the internment camp at Spirit Lake and transporting them under armed guards into the Thetford mining district. There is no doubt that these interned aliens were specifically brought into the mining camp to intimidate the miners in their fight for a better economic condition and to take the strength out of their spine. The understanding was that these interned aliens would be paid at the rate of \$2.00 per day, but in many cases the envelopes in which their wages were supposed to be enclosed on pay day had nothing in them at all. In the envelope of one of these men there were no wages, but there was an intimation that he had eaten so much of the food supplied by the company that he was actually in their debt to the extent of \$6.20. Another peculiarity in the situation was that in the final settlement of the trouble the division of representation was entirely upon the side of the miners and the singleness of representation was on the side of the mine operators. We find that a lawyer from Montreal represented the companies in determining the conditions which were accepted by the men, but that it was two representatives from each of the mines controlled by the different companies, so that, while the board could not be appointed because the companies refused to agree upon one representative, while the men could, in the final adjustment the companies had agreed upon one representative and the men were compelled to accept a settlement reached after representation from the different mines had been made a necessary condition of negotiation. This was all done by the jockeying with the provision of the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act. I never heard of a case that assumed such a position of serious importance as the one now before this convention. I am sure that we shall listen with the keenest interest to the defense offered by the Minister of Labor and have not the slightest hesitation in saying that, if the facts as submitted to your committee are substantiated, it is the most serious indictment that has ever been made against the Department of Labor and proves that the act is a colossal farce

in every sense of the word. It seems that through the caprice or whim of the Minister of Labor clauses can be interpreted entirely in the interests of the employers. That is the reason why I have picked out the salient features of the situation to present to this convention.

Hon. T. W. Crothers, Minister of Labor, in reply, said: "At Thetford Mines there were two unions, the local union being there before the local of the Western Federation of Miners." "That is not so," interjected Delegate Foster. "I am informed", continued Mr. Crothers, "that the local union had 1000 members. The other organization was only formed last Fall and it was difficult for the employers to deal with two organizations, when one says it is dissatisfied with the course of the other union. I have refused to appoint boards before when there were two unions quarelling among themselves as to what should be done. There were five companies to deal with when the request to appoint a board was made. I hold that the act does not lend itself to the condition where there are several employers not agreeing. Each employer has a right to name a man. That would give five when the act calls for three. We had a case in Cobalt where there were forty-two companies and I refused to grant a board when application was made by the miners union. I would refuse to-day.

Delegate Foster, president of the Montreal Trades and Labor Council, said, "We always thought the act was passed to obviate strikes. We know that 1000 men did strike after doing all in their power to prevent a strike. A representative of the Labor Department went into the Thetford district to adjust the dispute (Before Mr. Blanchet of Ottawa was sent there) but he incurred the displeasure of the mine owners and was sent away to Nova Scotia to draft a fair scale schedule."

Delegate Moore asked the Minister of Labor if the men had the "legal right to strike after a board had been refused because the five companies at Thetford Mines could not agree upon a representative. "The Minister answered that the men could not legally strike, but were compelled to resort

to the provisions of the act and apply for the appointment of a board to deal with one company. Delegate Simpson asked the Minister if a board would have been granted each group of employees in each mine, if they had applied separately. The Minister replied that he would not answer, because such a situation had not arisen.

Delegate Arcand, who had been sent to Thetford Mines as representative of the Labor Department, said that "after a short time, for some reason I received instructions to leave, an Ottawa lawyer having been appointed a commissioner to adjust the dispute. When I saw that someone was pulling strings harder and stronger than the government of this country, I did not wish to occupy the position of fair wage officer any longer and I sent my resignation to the department, and, even though I had my wife and nine children to support and my position meant their bread and butter, I left the position with a conscious satisfaction that I had been true to the labor movement."

Delegate Angus McDonald of Pictou, Nova Scotia, said that unionism had been crushed in Nova Scotia and nothing had done more to crush it than this act. He said he had been blacklisted for seven years.

Delay in the appointment of boards is complained of and it is suggested that a board should be organized within one week and that one day be given instead of three for agreement upon a chairman for the board.

Labor organizations would like to prevent the effort by appealing to the courts to restrain the Labor Department from enforcing the act, as in the case of the dispute with the Montreal Street Railway employees. At present if employees are laid off on the ground that inventories of stock are being made, the burden of disproving this contention is upon the employees.

There is much difference of opinion in connection with the interpretation of the act where reference is made to trade unions and other organizations, and it is claimed it should be made clear so that employers would be placed in the same position as labor organizations in interpreting the act.

It is claimed that there is too much

red tape in the procedure in applying for a board, particularly the provision calling for the taking of votes among the employees before an application can be made for a board. It is thought that provision should be made so that applications may be made by a committee of the men. It is urged that provision should be made for the reorganizing of the board, when doubt arises as to the meaning of the award and that it should be made clear as to what are the rights of workmen, in the event of their application for a board being refused. It is suggested that ten days instead of thirty should be allowed for the party upon whom a demand is made after an award to reply as to whether, the demand not being acceded to, application for a board may be made.

An amended act was presented to the labor congress by Mr. John G. O'Donoghue of Toronto, solicitor for the congress. The amended act provided that the penalty on the employer for locking out his men unlawfully should be on the per capita basis for all the employees locked out, just the same as it would be on the per capita basis, if the employees were penalised for going out on strike in violation of the act.

The delegates to the Toronto congress did not wish any action they took towards repealing the act to imply that they repudiated the principle of arbitration. They would still resort to arbitration to settle disputes.

Further critical comment was made as follows: Delegate Rees said he noticed that some of the men who were at Vancouver and Montreal when the act was discussed had been brought under its provisions since and were now opposing it as vigorously as those who had been under its provisions for a number of years. He said that under the amended draft of the act it would be just as difficult as ever to prove that men had been locked out and just as easy to prove that men had gone out on a strike. Delegate Anderson contented that the act was not so far wrong itself, but when put into the hands of the government, controlled by capitalists, it was impossible to get proper enforcement. Delegate McCutcheon asserted the American railway managers said they had noth-

ing to arbitrate, but, when the brotherhoods forced the issue, the managers wished to have an act like ours to help them out. The twenty-five men engaged in negotiations with the Canadian Pacific Railroad for improved conditions on the Western lines were of the unanimous opinion that, if this act had been utilized, they would not have received the increases asked for. Delegate McVety claimed that whenever an organization is able to take care of itself the board is invoked, but when the organization is weak the board is not granted. He did not think the Liberals could congratulate themselves, if the convention condemned the Tory administration of the act because the act was the gift of a Liberal Government and had been drafted by W. L. McKenzie King, who was then Minister of Labor and is now the representative of the Rockefeller Endowment Fund and busy organizing unions of miners in opposition to the United Mine Workers of America. He noticed that there was not one member of the executive council in the trades covered by the act. Delegate Baneroff said he voted for the repeal of the act at Calgary and had been present at a conference of the representatives of International Unions in Philadelphia when the act was the chief topic of discussion. He had also given his advise at the San Francisco convention and expressed the opinion that the convention would not only be a party to hoodwinking the people of Canada but also the people of the United States, if the Convention did not stand for the repeal of the act. He said the argument was being used in other countries that, if the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada had never asked for the repeal of the act, it must be a good act. He also claimed that the powerful labor organizations who were able to help themselves had their hands tied. "Let the big organizations do their own fighting and let us strengthen the organizations that are now weak," he said. He said it was quite clear that both of our political parties have made up their minds not to repeal the act, and that he had been in Australia and New Zealand and other countries where similar acts were in force and they had always failed to

satisfy the workers. Delegate Sinclair stated that the officers of the congress had endorsed the act in 1907 without obtaining the consent of the affiliated organizations.

Reference was made to the case of the King vs. Neslion. In Nova Scotia a union man was committed to prison for feeding strikers, the court holding that this constituted the offense of "assisting in prolonging the strike."

Labor is taking the position that the right to strike must be unlimited, but the public at large at present does not agree with this contention. The right of a man to leave his work is not objected to; but when he uses that right, not to free himself from his employer, but to cause such general hardship that the public will have to act for its protection the question will arise as to whether the action should be for the restraint of employer or employee. When the strike is against a private employer, the public wishes to see fair play. When the strike is against a public service corporation, the public becomes directly interested. If the public asks organized labor working for public service corporations not to strike until an effort has been made to reach a settlement, must not the public do everything possible to establish just working conditions? If the public objects to the exercise of force by organized labor, should it not use its great power to make the use of that force unnecessary?

Individuals have been instructed with public functions but the public does not have the power of complete regulation, and there seems to be a growing sentiment that no legislation will give justice to capital and to labor, unless it gives complete public control, by public ownership of public utilities.

UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

In a cemetery at Middlebury, Vt., is a stone, erected by a widow to her loving husband, bearing this inscription:

"Rest in peace—till we meet again."

I. ZANGWILL

Andrew Lang once wrote to Israel Zangwill to ask him to take part in an author's reading for the benefit of a charity, and received in reply the following laconic message: "If A. Lang will—I Zangwill."

Preventing Wrecks Before They Happen

A Letter from a Railway Man to His Son

My Dear Boy:—

An able and successful general manager — not all able men and not all general managers are successful — recently called attention to a most important distinction in the training and practice of superintendents. He says that too much stress is laid upon the development of ability to locate responsibility after a wreck occurs, and not enough upon the quality of controlling circumstances, of cultivating precautionary habits that will prevent disaster. As he aptly puts it, the superintendent should be a doctor, a health officer, rather than a coroner; his staff a sanitary commission, a board of health to prevent disease rather than a jury to determine its causes and effects. Some superintendents pride themselves on their legal acumen, their ability to cross-examine, and on the way they can catch a crew trying to lie out of a mix-up. This is all very well if it does not obscure the main object, namely, to minimize disaster in the future. The investigation serves, perhaps, to determine what men to discipline and discharge as an example to others in the service. It should also serve as a lesson in official methods. However thorough and searching, it cannot restore life or return property. The damage has been done. All the king's horses and all the king's men cannot put Humpty-Dumpty together again.

Some of your men every day will give you the old hot air, "As long as there are railroads there will be wrecks," to which you should hand back the stereotyped reply, "Very true, but let's figure on letting the other fellow have them." A discreet remark or suggestion that will put a man to thinking for himself is one of the secrets of success in handling men. Never miss an opportunity to make the point that wrecks seldom occur from the neglect of any one man. It is when two or more forget at the same time or fall down together that trouble results. Impress on the brakeman the fact that the very stop he neglects to

flag is the time when the operator is most likely to let two trains in the same block. Remind your conductor that when he fails to read the orders to the engineman in person and sends them forward by the porter or the head brakeman, that is the very trip the orders get torn or smeared so that a fatal mistake results. When a pass-



J. N. POTVIN
Vice Chairman, Fifth Sunday Meeting Ass'n.

enger train breaks in two the air usually sets on both portions. It fails to do so when bums or misplaced safety chains have turned the angle cocks; and that is the time there should be a trainman riding in the rear car. Men will tell you so and so cannot happen, but next week it does happen just the same. The whistle hose and the brake hose cannot be coupled together because the connections are purposely made of a different pattern. A green apprentice coupling an engine to a tender at a roundhouse managed to pound together the couplings of the wrong pairs of hose, which the engine inspector had failed to notice were

badly worn. That was the day the car inspectors neglected to try the signal and the air before the train left the terminal. By a strange fatality the conductor trusted the car men for the station test. The engineman was too busy to make a running test. They all got wise when the air wouldn't work at the first railroad crossing. Watch the inspectors to see that they do not form the lazy habit of giving the signal to try the air from the next to the last car, of walking only half the length of the train to see the pistons and the brakeshoes. Never wink at an irregularity of that sort. It will come back to plague you a hundred fold. Go right after it quietly, but promptly and effectually. Do not wait for disaster or for investigation by your superiors to tell you that a loose practice prevails. Get such information with your own senses or from observations of your staff.

It is vigilance, eternal vigilance, that is the price of safety. Teach your men that a hundred successes do not justify an avoidable failure, that twenty years of faithful service cannot condone criminal carelessness. A fundamental is that when backing up there should always be a man on the rear end. Educate your men to feel that neglect of this wise precaution is just as mortifying as to appear in public without clothes. In skeenting long cuts of cars without using air, get your brakemen and switchmen to feel a pride in setting a hand brake on the end car to take the slack and save the jerk on the drawbars. Work for the old time feeling of chagrin that came to the calloused-armed passenger brakeman, in the days of Armstrong brakes, when he did not go after them soon enough and let his train run by the station. The men are not to blame for this loss of pride and interest. We, the officials, are at fault. We have not kept ahead of the game. We have been coroners, not inspectors.

If an engine is waiting at a hand derail or at a crossover for a train, neither switch should be thrown until the train has passed. Then, if the throttle happens to fly open at just the wrong moment, the train will not be sideswiped. If not trained, your

switchmen will throw every switch possible before hand so as to be ready. They may think such precautions are old womanish, but the time will come when your wisdom will be vindicated. If a train is waiting for a connection, with a siding switch in rear, the facing point switch should be opened, so that if the incoming man loses his air or misjudges distances the train will not be hit. Similarly a flagman going back to protect a train between switches should open the siding switch as he passes it.

The switch is more effectual than a torpedo, and if a following train happens to get by him and his torpedoes his own train will not be hit. He should flag just the same, because a train entering the open switch too fast might turn over. It is better to take a chance on a derailment than a collision. It is better still to have such training, vigilance and discipline that there will be little chance of either disaster.

Train your men to do things because they are right, because it is mainly to do good railroading. Then, when you hold an investigation you will not find at the moment the accident happened that the engineman was priming his injector, the fireman putting in a fire, the head brakeman shoveling down coal, the conductor sorting his bills, and the hind man starting to boil coffee for supper.

There is hardly a conductor or an engineman of any length of service who has not at some time overlooked an order or a train. When he has forgotten, his partner has remembered. The trouble has come, bad luck they call it, when they both forgot. Many a \$50 operator has saved the job of a \$150 engineman. Keep your men up to the idea that this is too uncertain; that each must watch his own job, that in so doing he may keep his comrade out of the hole, that by conscientious vigilance he becomes a better man and more of a credit to his calling. No man wilfully courts danger to life and property. His failures are an accompaniment, a con-comitant they call it in logic, of officials being better coroners than they are doctors.

Affectionally, your own

D. A. D.

(Reprinted from the "Railway Age")

A History of Conscription

By GEORGE PIERCE
Managing Editor

“Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress—no crime destroy—no enemy alienate—no despotism enslave. At home, a friend; abroad, an introduction; in solitude, a solace; and in society, an ornament. Without it what is man?—a splendid slave, a reasoning savage.”—VARLE.

Editor's Note.

AT THE time of writing this article, the Canadian Government is putting into effect Military Service or selective draft to augment the Canadian army. The Italian line has been pierced and a military catastrophe seems to have occurred. There is no denying the fact that there is a wide diversity of opinion, and that the minds of the people have been stirred as never before, by the mighty events of the past few months. Just now, when a great political campaign is foreshadowed in which the issue of conscription unfortunately will play a leading part, it is not for us to attack nor defend an issue which is of such stupendous importance to the future of the dominion that it is beyond the mind of man to foresee how the future will be effected.

In this great crisis we propose to submit the history of conscription, that you may educate yourselves to the facts and fully understand and comprehend just what this important legislation portends. Then let each man, alone with his conscience, and armed with a history of the facts, judge for himself; and may Providence, in whose hands we are this fateful hour, guide you aright to a conclusion.

* * *

The Origin of the Word.

The word “conscription” is derived from the Latin word *con*, meaning together, and *scribere* meaning — to write. It is only accepted at this day to mean the selection by lot, or by devised plans, of a proportion of the men of military age to serve the military or naval forces of the country under compulsion. More widely it means compulsory military service in any form whatsoever. The word cons-

cription occurs for the first time in France in the law of the 19th. Fructidor 1798, and it prescribes the liability of conscripts to serve if required from their twentieth to twenty-fifth year of age.

Far-reaching Importance of the Law.

It is safe to say that from that time when man first began to formulate laws for the regulation of their fellow-men, no law enacted by any nation has exercised, and is destined in the future to exercise, a more far-reaching influence on the future of humanity than this little-known French act of 1798. The name of the general who first introduced it to the governing body of France at that time, THE COUNCIL OF THE FIVE HUNDRED, was General Jourdan.

It was the passage of this law which provided Napoleon Bonaparte with an unprecedented number of troops. It was this law that enabled Napoleon to over-run Europe and successfully defy every combination of military power effected against him. It is this very law that has determined the course of events not only on the battlefield, but in the workshop, from that day to this, and it is this law that formed the chief guarantee of the stability and peace of Europe until the outbreak of the present war.

Its Antiquity.

Although the idea or the principle of conscription dates from the earliest times, the vital importance of this event lies in the fact that at a critical moment in the world's history, this law was passed by a relatively unimportant and unknown body of men, in defiance and in the face of an agitated public led by the greatest reformer that France had, at the time, the brilliant Carnot. It became permanent by the sequence of events identified

with the Napoleonic acquisitions and eventually it compelled all Europe to adopt similar legislation. To comprehend its powerful influence, it is necessary to trace the evolution of the armies which existed in Europe at that time.

The Need For Special Training of Men.

In each country as the controlling or governing powers formally established themselves and controlled any internal disturbances, able-bodied men of such countries no longer had opportunities and incentives for training themselves to the use of arms. It became more profitable to trade than to plunder. As the result of internal peace wealth began to accumulate and to demand protection from aggression; forts and defensive armour were erected and perfected, and the minds and the ingenuity of man began to concentrate on these specialties. Thus from the growth of trade and the efforts made for its protection, it became necessary to enlist men who had some knowledge of the use of arms, and who were willing to abide by the necessary discipline so essential to the organization of an army.

How Peace Conditions Affected the Armies.

The periods of peace, however, decreased the men who had so trained themselves and so compelled the state to undertake the training of its soldiers. As the development of weapons became more and more complicated, the process of training men to their use became increasingly difficult. Moreover after the peace of Westphalia, marking the close of the great religious wars — wars were made for dynastic reasons, and essentially for the acquisition of territory; and since the territory was of no use unless the inhabitants could be made to pay revenue, the system of moderation was introduced into the conduct of hostilities. Soldiers were prohibited from living in free quarters and were severely punished for pillaging towns. They were submitted to the severest discipline, even in enemy country, and looting became a punishable offence. Thus the profession of soldiering no longer attracted

the adventurous and daring spirits who had made it more or less of a business.

French Army Re-organization.

Just preceding the stormy days of the French Revolution, the profession of soldiering had reached its lowest ebb all over Europe.

The first problems of the French Revolution was the question of reforming the army, and although it was met by the opposition of the principal soldiers, ultimately there was a compromise by which voluntary enlistment was retained for the line, while all unmarried citizens between 18 and 40 years of age, constituted the militia; and the rest of the men, the national guard for home defence. The latter proved so popular that over 2,571,000 were obtained. The legislators then began to eliminate the militia department with the intention of placing reliance upon the National guard, which was called upon to furnish 169 battalions of volunteers. History records that the results were most disappointing. Only 60 incomplete battalions were furnished. They were called the celebrated *Volontaires*.

The subsequent campaigns made it very evident that they were not able to cope with the invaders, and immediately the legislative assembly decreed on the 11th day of July 1792 that the country was in danger, and then ordered every able bodied man to consider himself liable for active service. But it was left to the Communes and to the districts to select representatives who were then sent to the front. These men were called *Federes*, and history hints that they seem to have been principally those whom the communes desired to be rid of.

Duration of Service Confined to a Single Campaign.

In this connection we see the idea of compulsion, but we observe as well that the means of enforcing the law were so very imperfect that the results obtained were very incomplete. Only 60,000 men were produced and of this number less than half ever reached the armies which were actually in the field. The law of this date provided that the

liability for service extended only during the duration of a particular campaign and each campaign in those days was considered to end with the approach of winter, when the armies went into winter quarters.

Hostility of the People Ending in Revolt.

Therefore in the month of December, almost all of the men raised during the year, took their discharge, and with the coming of the successive year the work had to be done over again in its entirety. To fill the great gaps caused by this dissolution and stimulated by the fact that Great Britain had been added to the list of her enemies, the Convention of France decreed on the 20th day of February 1793 a fresh compulsory levy of 500,000 men. Each department and district was allowed three days to produce its quota of men, and in the event of failure, compulsion was resorted to. All unmarried men of the national guard between the ages of 18 and 40 were held liable to service. Thousands upon thousands fled from their homes and the Vendee rose in open and violent revolt which was subdued only with the utmost difficulty.

The System of Enforcement Applied.

On the 18th day of March came the national disaster of Neerwinnden and the danger of invasion became apparent to the minds of the people. The Committee of public safety discharged all the existing recruiting agencies and replaced them by special commissioners vested with unlimited power, who immediately proceeded with vigor to hunt down those who evaded the liability. Swiftly then followed the disasters of Valenciennes and Conde. The Jacobins appeared before the Convention on the 12th day of August of the same year, using the popular outcry as a fulcrum and demanded a levy of the masses. Carnot the great reformer succeeded in introducing a workable scheme of compulsion between the ages of 18 and 25 and allowed absolutely no exemption. From a military viewpoint this law became the most satisfactory one of all of the conscription laws enacted to this time. It went

into effect the 12th day of August. Its success is attributable to the fact that its operation was limited to a class of young men who were neither sufficiently numerous nor powerfully important enough politically to resist coercion. In the meanwhile other factors had appeared to stimulate military service. The ghost of famine was painting Europe with its pallid hand.

The Army The Sole Refuge.

Political persecution became furious and rampant and the national army became the sanctuary and the only refuge where men might escape the terrors of secret denunciation. About this time the experiences of the French armies in the Netherlands and the Palatinate had proven that men could live very comfortably at the expense of an enemy — a stimulating thought to the famished thousands! These causes, combined, largely assisted the success of the new law and by the 1st of January 1794. France had no less than 770,000 men available for active service. The allies against France now began to experience the resistless power of the armies produced by hunger and political terrorism. The success of Napoleon Bonaparte in 1796 lay in the development of conscription which was then known as "the new French method". But the great successes won in Italy secured cessation of hostilities and the discontented using the severity of conscription as a lever began to agitate for reforms, and concessions from the Government.

The Law Provides for the Substitute.

To the political economists of the period it seemed a decided waste of productive energy to take the young merchant or clerk from his work and force a musket into his hands, while other men already trained were willing to renew their contract to defend the state. In 1798 Jourdan introduced before the council of the Five Hundred a report calling for the reorganization of the army which was meant to regulate this question and to define the obligations of each citizen minutely. This law definitely laid down the principle of the liability of every able-bodied French citizen to serve from

his twentieth to his twenty-fifth year, but after much discussion and compromise conceded the right of exemption by the payment of a substitute. The disasters of 1870 are directly traceable to this provision. In the meanwhile, Napoleon assumed the imperial title and a fresh era of conquest commenced. As each territory was conquered the law of conscription was immediately enforced, and of course this still further swelled the numerical preponderance against which the other and free nations had to contend and the result in each instance was to compel them to follow the French lead and institute conscription. It was Prussia, however, alone, who pursued the idea to a final and logical conclusion, and in the year 1808 Prussia definitely affirmed the principle of universal service without distinction, without class and without right of exemption. After 1815 when peace was assured, this system came into full operation in Prussia, and soon became the principal business of the state.

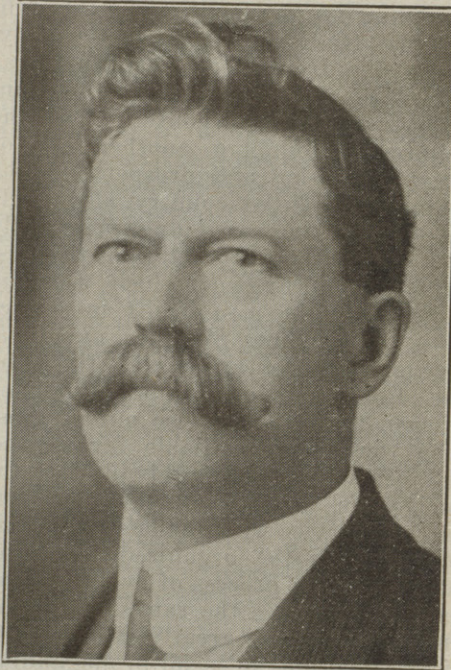
Introduction of Conscription in Prussia.

The finances of Prussia following the Napoleonic wars were in a disorganized state. The troops had to be fed, clothed, equipped and housed. Expenditures for the army and navy became the very life of the nation. Occupations and trades involved in the process of the development of armament became lucrative and capital became free on guarantees by the Government of the payment of all contracts on war supplies, and the productive power of the people began its course of development. For the first time in the life of the nation, the organization of the army compelled the higher classes, through army association to educate the masses. Instruction by free book was forced on the nation as a military necessity because it became evident that a certain degree of intellectual development in the recruits was necessary in order to make them proficient soldiers within the shortest period of time. In sheer self-defence, the knowledge of the better class recruits was transferred to its social inferiors in the army, and in this unconscious manner the general character and univer-

sal knowledge of the individual became strengthened and extended.

The Part Played by the Aristocracy.

The growing intelligence in the men reacted on their officers who could not exercise authority by mere word of command, but were compelled if they wished to survive, to teach by intellectual methods; and they were



W. E. BERRY

Sec. Treas. Fifth Sunday Meeting Association

compelled to attempt survival because outside of the army, nothing awaited them but absolute ruin and poverty. The peculiar fusion which took place between the aristocracy and the people as a consequence of their coming in the army, produced results. It compelled men of opposing classes to understand each other.

The False Prosperity — Conscription In Full Serving.

As the years rolled on and the Prussian Military machine was turning out ever increasing numbers of men, who by reason of physical training, began to assert greater superiority, in the labor and industrial markets, than their untrained brothers. About this time the wonderful grow-

ing wealth producing power of the nation, due to increased production and higher average physique, and power of concentration which was the result of military training, began to command the attention of the captains of industry, the capitalists. An era of railroad building and expansion set in, distributing more wealth and employment through the country and removed fears of invasion. Industries began springing up like mushrooms throughout the trading centres of Germany. When the treaty of Frankfurt was signed the last fear of investors vanished and capital poured into the country introducing another era of great expansion and prosperity. The population of the country also made astonishing increases due principally to a common understanding of the first principles of hygiene which were instilled into the men whilst in service with the colors. As the numerical strength of the army was fixed by the financial limits, the proportion of men taken for service out of those who were actually liable for service, fell off very considerably during the early 80's, as a result the men who escaped service were far less fit for employment in the organized industries which were in process of evolution and as a consequence the ranks of the unemployed became greatly swelled with the result that the social propagandists found new material to work upon.

Conscription and Politics The Growth of Socialism.

The leaders of the Government easily recognized that if the proportion of men escaping military service rose above the number of men who became available for service, that the socialist vote might soon exceed all other interests put together, thus threatening the existing institutions of Government. In the year 1893 a law was enacted to meet this danger by increasing the annual contingent and diminishing the duration of service in the colors, so that approximately two-thirds of the men available would pass through the military ranks. The theory of all Prussian statesmen was that if men passed through the army the habit of obedience to constituted authority together with the silent influence which

would be exercised on the ex-soldiers and reservists by their former commanders offered the only possible means of combating the rapid spread of the advanced socialistic thinkers. It was meant to instil into the minds of those who had been in the army a sort of hopelessness against armed resistance and it was hoped that the masses would retain their allegiance and form a solid breastwork against the agitators who were demanding industrial reforms.

The Army. — The Balancing Lever.

To the minds of the statesmen and soldiers of Germany, always closely allied, socialism was regarded as a lever to extort from capital, fairer conditions for labor. Capital, in their minds, had to be dealt with fairly, if the reasonable demands of labor were to be satisfied, and the army was always regarded as a sort of compensating lever which secured the necessary adjustments for the two conflicting powers. It was seen that under the modern industrial conditions, the great national wealth-producing power, resides, not in the individual which was being superseded by machinery, but in the power of continuous, collective effort of the organized bodies, and it was well recognized that physical health and power of mental concentration were the principal qualities required by the units of such bodies.

The Prussian Credit.

At the close of the Napoleonic wars Prussian credit was practically nil, and there was hardly a town or hamlet within that area, swept over by the French armies, that was not paying heavy interest on loans raised to satisfy the rapacity of the conquerors.

Many of these loans still remained unliquidated at the close of the 1870 campaign; yet since then, the credit both of the individual states and of the empire had risen to a point rivalling the world's greatest empire. In Prussia there existed a numerical aristocracy sufficient to fill the office of instructorship to the masses, and poverty compelled this aristocracy to accept the new responsibility. In the minds of the people the knowledge of what war really meant was sufficiently

evident and fresh to induce the masses to submit to military discipline.

Causes of the Russian Failure.

In other nations, notably in Russia, these factors have been missing. In Russia the aristocracy was not numerically sufficient nor intellectually adequate to instruct the masses, nor were the people afraid of invasion. This accounts for the failure from a military viewpoint, at least of the Russian campaign.

Justice For Yourself.

The facts are now before you. We may only marshal them so that you may obtain a closer view. The reflections we make in the wake of the speeding events are only the efforts of a very finite mind to grasp the frayed edges of an infinite human fabric, waving widely in the agitated minds of the millions. A synopsis seems to be that the French people in a frenzied effort to maintain themselves against invasion, marshalled to its standard the entire available strength of its being, for the maintenance of its national life. The military genius who has been termed a mighty somnambulist, a man whose ambitions were limited only to the known boundaries of the world, Napoleon used this potential force and threatened the existence of Europe. He proved the value of unlimited numbers in an army, and he beat down the free and voluntary forces of his enemies, wherever he met them, as the storm bends the flower in its bed. He beat them until they too adopted the principle of conscription. And from that day to this, it has been spreading-for ever and eternally spreading.

The Spread of Conscription.

It has crossed the seas, and leaped the ocean. Today it is cradled in the bosom of the democracies of the Western hemisphere. It hammers upon the doors of the nations of peace and demands and attains admission. It roars into the startled ears of an affrighted and liberty-loving people "**I am here, conscription, and I will not be denied. I am efficiency!** I am national life! without me comes destruction! without me comes loot, pillage, lust; without me you may bury the lofty and grand ideals of democracy in the grave-

yard of incompetency and inadequacy where they shall sleep forever the dreamless sleep of human dust".

CONCLUSION.

AND what well ordered mind may deny the facts. Who will contend that the high minded soul—stirred volunteer, limited in his numbers by the high self sacrifice, which is the badge of his manhood—of the high class of civilization to which he belongs, and which is the heritage of the few, and therefor isolates him from the masses, to whom the rigours, the terrors, and the horrors of war are a hideous nightmare; who will contend, in sober thought, that the huge machine or Prussian militarism with its millions of men, and its rumbling cannon, its preponderance of human and mechanical power, can be successfully defeated by the highly superior but numerically inferior **Saint of the War—the Volunteer.**

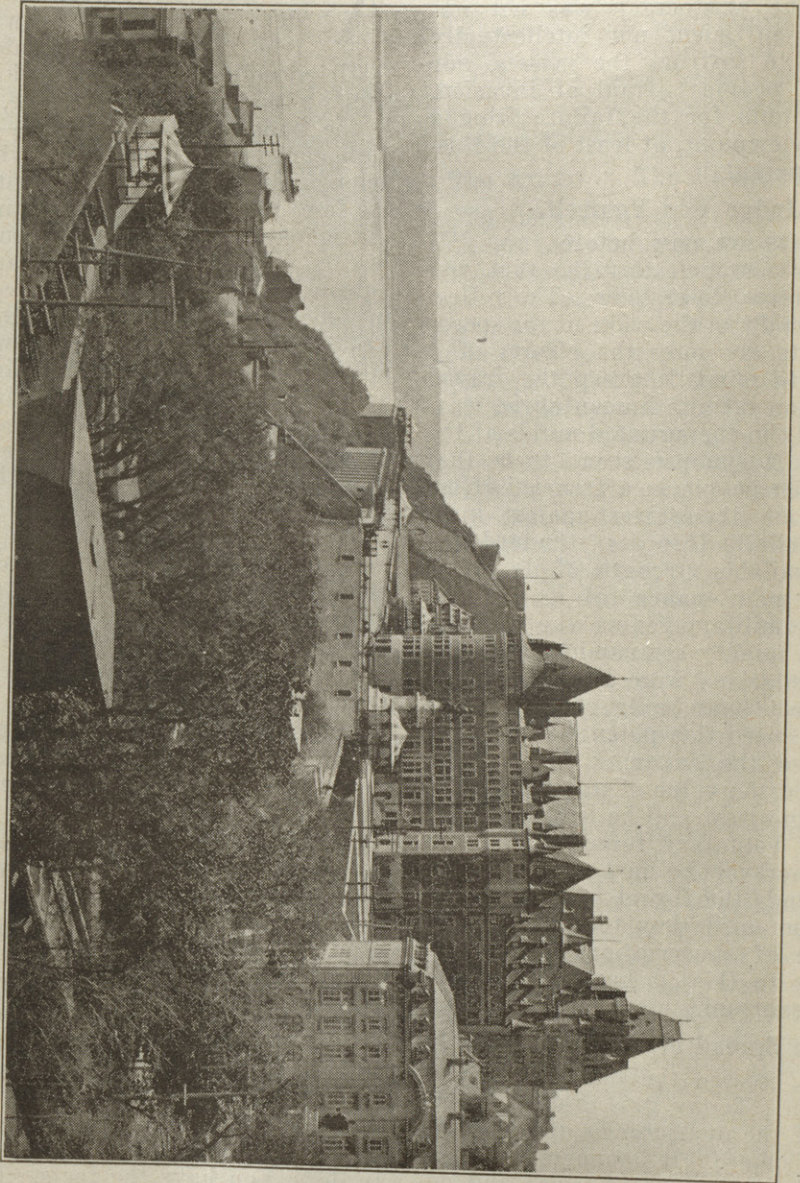
There is only one way to defeat a perfectly organized military machine, and that to meet it cannon for cannon, gun for gun, man for man, shot for shot, and yell for yell, and by organizing a military combination of equal or even better perfection.

The institutions of liberty **must be preserved.** The structure of democracy must survive the hurricane. It is the destiny of mankind.

Humanity cannot revert again to the darkness and the barbarism of the past ages.

The world is in a great conflagration. The great question is; what can humanity can save from the ruin?

Immersed in this war, steeped in it to our very souls with the costly countless efforts of numberless years in the struggle of democracy to establish and maintain rule, by the people and for people, at stake, what are we going to do? You have the facts. It is for each man to decide, if the liberty, the freedom of thought and action that your ancestors fought and died for, is to be maintained and preserved. You need to think long and earnestly, and remember while you are thinking, the world is burning and another Nero is singing a song of victory to the flames.



CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUÉBEC (By courtesy of C. P. R.)

False Profits.

There is no need at this time to reflect that we have been led to disaster by false profits. The leaders of thought, the world over, in every nation, in every province, in every little village, unceasingly preached to the people that there was but one guarantee of peace, and that guarantee was Armament. The people were told that if huge armies were organized, huge cannons constructed, and tremendous stores of munitions provided that the peace loving citizens of the world might live in tranquility to the end of their days.

It was plausibly explained that war would be so terrible and so disastrous to mankind, that no nation would venture upon its bloody fields. These were false prophesies. The first nations involved in the catastrophe of war, were those that were best armed and equipped, and those nations which possessed the smallest armies and the least equipment such as Holland, Norway, Sweden, Spain, and Switzerland are date free from the scourge of war. The immediate effect of perfection in war machinery, of which conscription is a most important factor, has demonstrated that there is no limit to armament when a stage may be reached, truthfully guaranteeing peace.

As between the days of the voluntary soldier and the conscript; where there was one cannon a thousand cannons roar; where there was one rifle, a thousand bayonets glitter; where there was one tear, there is a flood of misery; where there was one crepe, there is a grave-yard; where there was a devastated home there is a wilderness of ruin and desolation. War has become infinitely more barbarous, infinitely more destructive and horrible, infinitely more pitiless and infinitely less profitable.

We had been led astray, far astray by false profits. But how futile and senseless it is to discuss how the structure of humanity should have been built, even as the structure is burning to its foundation. The great question is, what, that is dear and sacred to humanity can we saved from the ruins by united and determined action, and what plans can we devise in the build-

ing of the new structure to prevent a repetition.

If progressive humanity, if the liberty lovers of the world are called upon to use the last ounce of strength and resolve in order to endure, let us bear in mind that it is upon the backs of the poor, the toilers, the middle class, that the great fray of war is staged, and in all wars to come it would be so again. General Smuts, and men like him, are pointing the way to a new salvation. He courageously admits that armament has not been and never will be a guarantee of peace. His proposal is total disarmament so that a reenactment of this war will be impossible. The greatest triumph that liberty and democracy can win in this war is to demonstrate the madness, the folly and the uselessness of armament.

We shall strangle the god of war, even in his own temple and in sight of his high priest William of Prussia. The love of liberty cannot be shot from a man's breast, nor can the soul of men be touched by the sabres' thrust.

Perhaps if in every man's mind was molded an indelible ideal to demand unceasingly and uncompromisingly that this war shall bear its holy fruit; the fruit of disarmament; perhaps if it became our ceaseless effort to demand unceasingly, so that this horrible slaughter shall not have been in vain, that in the peace treaties a clause shall provide for total disarmament and so banish the horrible weapons of destruction from the face of the earth, then the day may come, when from the shot scarred fields where once raged the bloody human hurricane will ascend the laughter of our children who will never even know that at one time the tears of sorrow and of suffering on the earth were as numerous as the dew drops upon the flowers among which they play.

"TANKS"

Once in Nice an Englishman and a Frenchman were about to separate on the Promenade des Anglais.

The Englishman, as he started toward the Cercle Mediterranee, called back:

"Au reservoir!"

And the Frenchman waved his hand and answered:

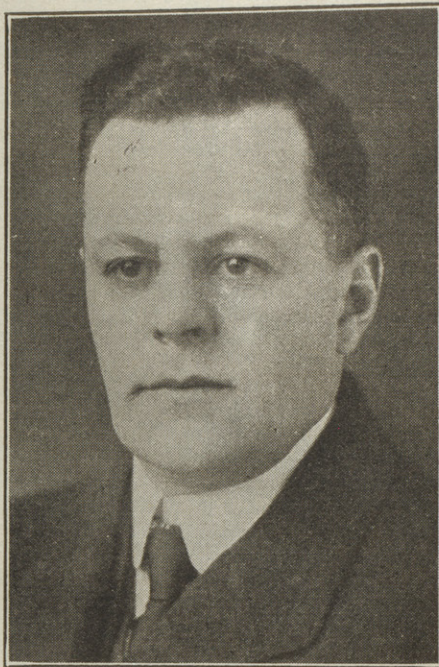
"Tanks."

COMPENSATION ACT

By J. L. LABRECHE

IN 1909, the Quebec Government yielding to the justified requests made by both Industry and Labor, enacted the "Act Respecting Labor Accidents". Although we must acknowledge that this law has rendered important service, we must also admit that owing to the constant change of economic and labor conditions affecting the Province, it has outlived its usefulness and has almost ceased to give any protection whatever to either Industry or Labor. The growing dissatisfaction of the numerous bodies of Organized Labor throughout the Province never was more evident than to-day, we have seen from time to time delegations of workmen requesting for certain amendments with the object in view of improving our Compensation Act. But the lack of cohesion and also the lack of uniformity in the many requests that were made at different times, did not result favorably and it was only recently that the Labor Leaders of the Province at a meeting held in Montreal, after a thorough discussion during which all contentions were expressed, that a unanimous understanding was reached, and on July 25th. a petition was presented to the Minister of Labor.

In his reply to the delegation of representatives of labor for the Province of Quebec, who are contending for a radical change in our Compensation Act, the Minister of Labor acknowledged the necessity of having the pres-



J. L. LABRECHE

Chairman, Sub. Legislative Board of R. T.

ent law amended and expressed himself as being strongly in favor of the appointment of a special commission to study the principles and workings of the various acts in effect in the Provinces of Canada and also in United States, with a view of having legis-

lation enacted at an early date. We sincerely hope that in the appointment of this special commission the labor interests will be taken care of by a suitable representation. The delegates referred to above have requested that labor be represented by two members, one to be chosen from the ranks of the Trades and Labor Councils and the other from the ranks of the Railroad Brotherhoods. The workmen of the whole Province are waiting with keen interests for the outcome of these investigations and do not only hope that the NEW LAW will not

only be the equal to the existing ones, but sincerely trust that the Government will be justly generous and will enact a Compensation Act that will be an honor to its makers and a legislative effort worthy of our great Province.

I just said that we were waiting with keen interest for the results of the investigations to be gone into by the commission which we know will be appointed shortly and we naturally expect that this report like that of the Commission appointed by the British Columbia Government, will recommend a system of State — administered Insurance, WE ALSO HOPE THAT THE

RECOMMENDATION WILL SPECIFY THAT THIS SYSTEM BE ADOPTED TO THE EXCLUSION OF THE CASUALTY COMPANIES. No profiteers should be allowed to compete with the State Insurance. In the State of California where free competition is encouraged rather than otherwise, it was found even among those whose connection would naturally induce them to favor Insurance Companies, that the competitive system was far from being satisfactory. The State Insurance Fund charging the same rates of premium as the casualty companies has, owing to the economy of its operation, been able to pay back to the employees under its participating policy, a dividend of 15 per cent, after providing ample reserve to cover all outstanding losses. The average expense of the casualty companies is approximately 40 per cent. of earned premiums while the total expense of running the State Insurance Fund in California has been less than one third of that, or 11.45 per cent. of earned premiums. It has been found in California, that competition in the matter of insurance saddles a great amount of expense on the business and ultimately on the employer. In the State of Ohio the cost of administration has been less than 10 per cent. of earned premiums while the cost of operation of casualty companies is very seldom less than 40 per cent. The cost of administration of the State Accident Fund for the State of Oregon for the year 1915, was 8.69 per cent of all the moneys handled by the State Commission, as compared with the State of Wisconsin where free competition is permitted, it costs the employers of this State \$2.07 to place \$1.00 of benefits in the hands of the injured workman, while in Oregon where the casualty companies have been excluded it only costs \$1.13. From the experience of these States it is amply demonstrated that the State — administered Insurance to the exclusion of the casualty companies is the best system and should be adopted without any hesitation whatever for the next compensation act for this Province.

We expect that strenuous efforts will be made by parties representing certain interests to prevent the enactment of a law based on such a system

but it is to be hoped that the interests of both the employer and the workmen will be given first consideration. A COMPENSATION ACT IS NOT A BUSINESS PROPOSITION, BUT SIMPLY A HUMANITARIAN MEASURE ENACTED FOR THE PURPOSE OF ALLEVIATING HUMAN SUFFERING. Therefore the interference of a third party with conflicting interests should not be permitted to stand between the employer and the injured workman in their relation as such, for the purpose of conducting a profitable business.

IMPERTINENCE

A lady entered a railway station not a hundred miles from Edinburgh and said she wanted a ticket for London. The pale-looking clerk asked:

“Single?”

“It ain’t any of your business,” she replied. “I might have been married a dozen times if I’d felt like providin’ for some poor, shiftless wreck of a man like you.”

AN OBJECT LESSON

A teacher giving a lecture on the rhinoceros found his class was not giving him all the attention it should. “Now, gentlemen,” he said, “if you want to realize the true hideous nature of this animal you must keep your eyes fixed on me.”

LET US HOPE

Mr. Blaine used to tell this story: Once, in Dublin, toward the end of the opera, Mephistopheles was conducting Faust through a trap-door which represented the gates of hell. His majesty got through all right—he was used to going below — but Faust was quite stout, got half-way in and no squeezing would get him any further. Suddenly an Irishman in the gallery exclaimed devoutly: “Thank God! hell’s full.”

INSTRUCTIONS

Instructor in Public Speaking—“What is the matter with you, Mr. Jones; can’t you speak any louder? Be more enthusiastic. Open your mouth and throw yourself into it.”

WHAT IS A DRYDOCK?

During a conversation with a young lady Mark Twain had occasion to mention the word drydock.

“What is drydock, Mr. Clemens?” she asked.

“A thirsty physician,” replied the humorist.



FOOD FOR THE ALLIES BEING HAULED TO THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC LINE IN WESTERN CANADA.
(By courtesy of G. T. R.)

The Value of Education

(By ROSE HENDERSON)

The Objects of Education is Complete Living.
—Ruskin.

Early Agitation for Education.

THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION, while interesting, is not essential to the purpose of this article; nevertheless there is one interesting fact which will bear repeating. It is not generally known that the first great political achievement of Labor in politics on this continent, was the establishment of public schools. Public schools are generally believed to have been the work of humanitarians, professors, ministers or priests. No one would think of attributing their creation to common working men! Yet such are the facts. Previous to 1830, the children of the working classes were educated either at home or in charity schools. These schools were supported, as the name would imply, though charitably disposed citizens. The children who attended them were dressed usually by charity, their clothes were cut out of the same cloth, and by the same patterns. They were marched to and from school and proudly exhibited as the wards of the John D's of that time in much the same manner as our unfortunate neglected and dependant children are paraded and herded today!

The self-respecting mechanic never liked this idea and usually forbade his children to enter. Consequently unless he could afford a private instructor they had to grow up illiterate.

In the year 1828, a group of humble working men of New York, Pennsylvania, and several New England States, established a political party of their own, their slogan being "Free and

Compulsory Education for All." This road needless to say was a hard one, for this measure was assailed as a dangerous and revolutionary demand, and all the old bats of both sexes fought it with all their might. What! said they! establish schools to be supported by the State! preposterous! outrageous! and they immediately withdrew themselves to the sacred precincts of their darkest chambers, and came forth in due time armed to the teeth with the usual store of antiquated but ever new arguments. The establishment of free schools said they — "would lead



MRS. ROSE HENDERSON
Of Montreal Juvenile Court.

to parents neglecting their children and leaving them more and more to the tender mercies of the State. "It would take from the parents the incentive to work, because unless a laborer felt the necessity of earning enough to bring up and educate his children he would cease to work, and become a loafer and drunkard. They said they would grow up irreligious and boys would refuse to serve and obey their masters; but worst of all it was putting the burden of taxation on the rich; it would actually mean confiscating the wealth of the rich for the benefit of the poor. Horrors! Fortunately their

arguments did not conquer. The agitation for public schools spread from the workers to the middle classes and the foundation was laid for the first attempt to make education democratic and useful instead of a badge of privilege and charity.

The School, A Monument to the Working Class.

Let us therefore, never forget that in every city and town on this continent — where a public school stands it is a monument to the united efforts of a few working men, illiterate themselves, but endowed with wisdom and vision and fired by a courage born of that vision, laid the foundation for an educational system which will one day attain the object for which it exists "Complete Living."

It is harder to unlearn old follies than to acquire new wisdom. Most of us would know a lot more had we learned a lot less. Most thinking people today admit that our present school system is antiquated, machinelike, the disseminator of mis-information. It does not train for life. It does not train individuals to think for themselves. It does not train them to take care of their bodies, it does not train them to make a living, for home making parenthood, or citizenship. If the school had trained its pupils for the great essentials of life, we would not witness the conditions in nations, both morally and commercially, that we do today.

Mighty changes have taken place in our industrial and political system. We have grown through the evolution of machinery and interconnection of cable, commerce and banking systems, from neighbourhoods to empires.

Patriotism no longer means love of one's own country, men who only yesterday were taught in school history to hate certain nations and look on them as their "natural enemies," are told today, they must look on them as their "friends and allies," and are loyally fighting side by side in the trenches in a country which they scarcely know existed three years ago. Vast armies of untrained men and women are being turned loose upon industry, with scarcely any knowledge of the world in which they are living, or what their

ultimate goal is. This in turn will upset, to a very large extent, what was taught them in schools and churches. These men who are fighting in Europe, and these women who are fighting in their own way at home and abroad, will learn from real life a very different lesson from the one taught them in their home town school by a theorist.

Impractical Education.

What is the average school or college doing to change its school curriculum to meet these changing conditions? This is a most important question for organized labor to look into. Consider and offer a reconstructive program. Not only offer but demand a more liberal and modern education for your children to enable them to cope with the new conditions arising with the changing social systems.

Labor is the tree of existence, its roots are buried deep into the body politic. Upon the health, intelligence and moral well being of the masses rests the entire social structure. If labor is ignorant, under paid overworked, then the social structure most collapse.

Labor is the foundation, the corner stone of progress. Only through its awakening, and the emancipation of the workers, can humanity cultivate and bring into being the flowers of love, peace and brotherhood. This can only be accomplished through education and organization. This can only be attained through the workers themselves recognizing their common goal. Education for the most part has consciously or unconsciously kept the workers apart. It has been formulated and controlled by a class whose interests it was, and is to keep the workers apart. A divided working class means, a triumphant ruling class. An uneducated working class means a dependant subservient and easily exploited class. Therefore, if there is one thing more essential than another it is an educational system, which will train men and women to think independantly and act courageously.

Reforms Must Come From the People.

All reforms and progress have come from the bottom up, not from the top down. Progress came in proportion to the spread of knowledge amongst

the workers. This knowledge was not obtained in the schools as it should have been, but from men and women amongst the masses with vision — a desire for justice and the welfare of the people.

These teachers and leaders for the most part, were self-educated. Circumstances saved them from the mechanical progress of the school curriculum. Consequently they saw deeply and thought clearly.

Our schools boards are made up of men whose circumstances and education have almost entirely divorced them from the life of the masses. These are the men who control and make up our school curriculum. Is it any wonder that children are taught subjects which have no bearing, or very little, on their actual lives. We are suffering from educational theorists, who have not had enough contact with the life of the common man or woman to deal successfully with the education and training of their children who are the product of modern social and industrial environment. The wish to preserve past standards and institutions rather than the desire of preparing them for their places in the future civilization, dominates the minds of those who control the teaching of our young. Is it any wonder that the average person is progressing backwards, and constantly looking for a shepherd to lead him out of the wilderness of his fears and superstitions?

Labor Representation on School Boards

There should be on every school board working men. Who knows better than they do, what the needs of the 86 per cent. of the children of the masses are, and the system of education which best fits them to adapt themselves to modern industrial methods? If working men were consulted as to the needs of their children's education, it would be less theoretical and more rational, and its safe to say no child's brain would be crammed with book knowledge on an empty stomach! Neither would their children have to endure the scoldings and humiliations meted out to them by class mates and teachers. A condition of mind and body for which the child is not responsible, and for whom there is scar-

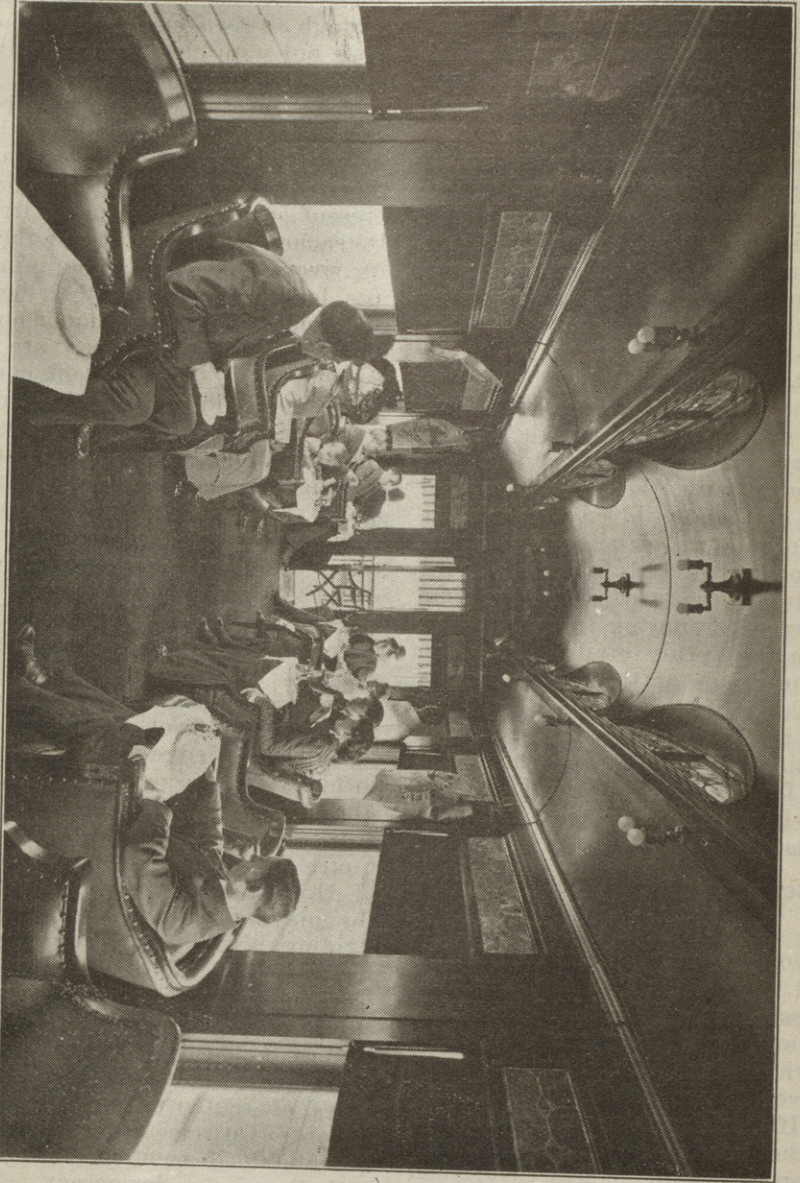
cely any provision made in the schools of today. Large classes presided over by young undeveloped teachers, a machine-like dead level of sameness in instructions and subjects, is the failure of the present school system.

The millions of children who pass through this educational machinery come out with closed minds. It stupefies individual mental thought, retards or kills mental growth and prevents development, by imposing on the plastic mind of youth, its preconceived antiquated programs and formulas! The present school curriculum is irrational. It teaches the geography of the world, its rivers, lakes and mountains, their size, length and height, their beginning and end, to a lot of under-nourished children most of whom are merely waiting until they are old enough to enter some industry. And none of whom in all probability will ever leave their own city, while at the same time leaving the geography of their city a closed book. To them, Johnny Smith leaves school at the age of twelve, he takes a job as a messenger boy. He doesn't know one ward from another. He goes on his first errand. The direction in which to go or where the street is, is a mystery. Nothing of the geography of his own city wherein he must live and work is known to him. Is this knowledge not more essential to him than the geography of Europe? Jim Brown a little older gets a job as a driver. He is brought to the Juvenile Court for driving on the wrong side of the street. Another Harry Jones for playing ball on the sidewalk, or "riding his bike." Both boys plead ignorance of all of the laws. They were never taught that there such a thing as city government or By-laws.

Why not? Is this not a thousand times more essential than the stupid rules of sentences and the grammar lesson? Citizenship should and must be taught, if men are to understand and live in a democracy. But this cannot be taught while the teachers, 90 per cent. of whom are women, are denied or considered unfitted for citizenship.

Education Health and Happiness.

Thousands of our young people go down, yearly, to moral and physical



INTERIOR OF OBSERVATION CAR C. P. R. (By courtesy of C. P. R.)

ruin because they are not taught the science of body and health. What they were created for, the beauty and sacredness of their physical structure, the conservation of the life force, and the terrible penalty attached to the violation of these laws. Is not the knowledge of how to preserve the health and happiness of the race, of more consequence than the teaching of dead languages? Harry Jones reaches his 21 year. He has a vote. No one has ever given him any instructions as to the Government of his country or the responsibility he owes the nation or class to which he belongs. He either votes as his forefathers voted, or sells his vote to a cunning politician. His sister Mary Jones at 21 years has no vote. She is not fitted for citizenship. Why is she not? What have the schools being doing in both cases?

Mary Jones however, gets married and begins home making. She has been working in a factory since her twelfth birthday having escaped the factory inspectors' eye. Needless to say, she has no idea of cooking, buying to the best advantage, or furnishing her few rooms, with the least expense, or the greatest amount of taste and comfort. Gilt frames screech at each other, paper flowers fill impossible vases, and vie with the flowers on the carpets, cheap lace curtains shut out the sunlight, a range large enough to do the cooking for a hotel fills the five by seven kitchen, and a stiff backed upholstered mahogany parlor set occupies the best room which is carefully closed to all save the occasional friends. In due time the first child is born and in due time it dies as 50 per cent. of the first born of the children of the workers always die, not so much for want or physical comforts as for want of knowledge on the part of both father and mother as to the essentials of child rearing. Both of these young people went to the public schools for from two to seven years. Why were they not taught something of parentcraft, and home making? Would it not have been better if this girl had been taught sewing, mending, plain cooking, home furnishing and child care. Would it not have been better if both had been taught their duty towards one another and the race, rather than the histories

of kings and monarchies, great conquerors and warriors and the fall of decaying nations. What has this to do with the life of the masses? The stability of nations or even the life to come!

Education to Ideals.

A tree is known by its fruit. We need not look far to see the fruits of our present educational system, worse than useless, in the way we are assailed on all sides with an unwashed, unlovely, ignorant machine like unthinking people.

The man who has ideals, and dares to voice them is so rare that all efforts are put into operation to get him out of the way, as a menace to the community. We have not travelled far since the days of Christ. Most of us are still in the jungle and likely to remain there, until the educational system is changed. Education should seek to conquer not persons, but prejudices, to teach not dead languages but living truths, to create not a passion for national power, but for principles of justice and liberty for all people. It should rule not by Might but an administration for right. Education should endeavor to interpret not the history of kings and monarchies, wars and conquests, but life in all its aspects and unceasing changes; economic, political and moral. Education and a fuller life should be the goal.

Schools are a Common Social Necessity.

The schools are a common social necessity. They belong to the people, they are taxed for their up-keeps, they are open only five days for public use, about thirty-five or forty hours per week. As a business proposition are we getting our money worth? Why should a plant on which so many hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent be in use less than three fourth of the time? The homes of the masses are inadequate for social needs! Character building and recreation for our youth. Why not use the schools? There is not one legitimate argument against it. The schools should be the greatest possible adjustment to civic improvement, and political party life. They should be the schools for boys and girls,

clubs for men and women, dancing and gymnasium for the hundreds of youths who must work, and who are now compelled to find their enjoyment on the streets. Debating societies, citizenship classes and peoples forums should be organized. If the schools were thus used, the deadened imagination of the people would be stimulated and a saner public opinion created. If people once got the habit of assembling in the school house to discuss the needs of their work, wages, garb, housing, and other problems, a better city and national government would soon follow.

When the working men and women congregate in the schools to freely and frankly discuss their work and daily problems, there will be more civic pride, less graft and it will be an honor to be a city alderman or member of Parliament—this question of open schools organized labor can settle very quickly if they will organize and agitate for it.

Freedom of Thought.

The great tragedy of today is that we do not face the social problems with free open minds. Only free minds can hope to grasp and grapple with the mighty social problems coming out of this world of slaughter, a slaughter which could never have occurred if men's minds had been trained and civilized, and taught to love and revere truth. No enslaved mind can ever bring the light of truth to bear on any question. The supreme task for education then is to free men's minds from past cut and dried dogmas, superstitious and outgrown philosophies. To this end the working men of this and of all other nations, should bend every energy. Theirs is the supreme interest at stake. They are in the majority. They and theirs have always been the sufferers, the exploited, the scorned, derided and punished. Self-knowledge, self-control and self-reverence, leads life to sovereign power. To this end all education should aim.

ROSE HENDERSON.

A BUSY DAY IN A BUTCHER SHOP

It was a busy day in the butcher-shop. The butcher yelled to the boy who helped him out in the shop: "Hurry up, John, and don't forget to cut off Mrs. Murphy's legs, and break Mrs. Jones's bones, and don't forget to slice Mrs. Johnson's tongue."

SAFEGUARD FOODSTUFF IN TRANSIT, IS APPEAL TO RAILWAY MEN.

President Howard G. Kelley has issued all Grand Trunk men in Canada, and in the United States the following message:

"In the interest of conserving the foodstuffs of the country by the elimination of waste, it is urgently requested that employees of the carriers engaged in the transportation of foodstuffs, exercise such care and diligence as will minimize the damage to this class of freight when in carrier's custody for transportation and lessen the economic loss. I appeal to all Grand Trunk employees, particularly those engaged in station, yard and train service, as a patriotic duty to the Dominion to exercise such precaution in providing proper refrigeration, ventilation, protection from the weather, and care in loading, switch and train handling of carload and less than carload shipments of food products, as will eliminate waste. Observe the slogan efficient, maximum service, and in so doing you will render an enduring service to your country. The Dominion is counting on you."

—:0:—

"Paste This on Your Glass," said a man to me one day long ago. And I pass it on as a bit of verse that has much wisdom in it:

If you think you are beaten, you are;

If you think you dare not, you don't;

If you like to win but you think you can't,

It's almost certain you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you've lost;

For out of the world we find

Success begins with a fellow's will;

It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are;

You've got to think high to rise;

You've got to be sure of yourself before

You can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go

To the strongest or fastest man;

But soon or late the man who wins

Is the one who thinks he can.

BIBLICAL MEDICINE

Johnny—"Pa, did Moses have the dyspepsia like you?"

Father—"How on earth do I know? What makes you ask such a question?"

Johnny—"Why, our Sunday-school teacher says the Lord gave Moses two tablets."

Labor Representation Essential

Political Participation Imperative

IN THE August number of the "American Federationist", the official magazine of the American Federation of Labor, a very interesting letter is published. It is directed to the Council of National Defense, Washington, D.C., and it is signed for the Executive Council, American Federation of Labor, by Samuel Gompers, President, and Frank Morrison, Secretary. We reproduce this letter in its entirety, because it has such an important bearing upon the swiftly moving trend of events. The letter is as follows:—

Washington, D.C., June 27, 17.

To the Council of National Defense,
Washington, D.C.

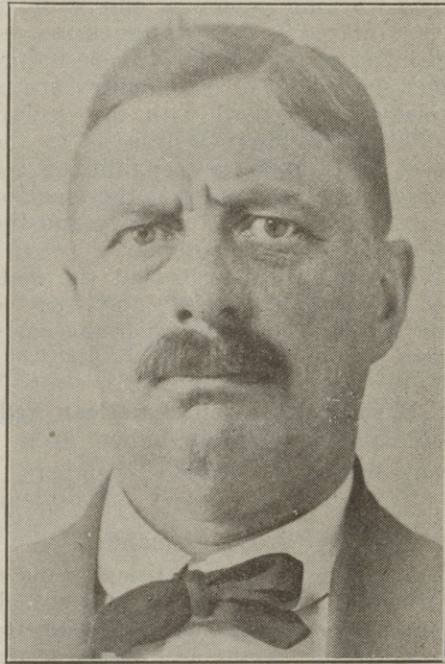
Gentlemen:

As agencies are now organized for national defense work, economic power is largely concentrated in Washington and controlled by the committee established by the Council of National Defense and the Advisory Commission. As the transition from a peace to a war basis progresses, war finance, war contracts, war business will replace the economic basis of peace.

The working people have long ago learned that freedom and democracy have real meaning in other relations only when established in the economic world — they have declared and struggled for democratically organized and controlled relations between employers and employees. Now the workers declare for democracy in all things concerned in a world war for democracy. They demand direct representation by workers, co-equal with all other interests, upon all agencies, boards, committees and commissions entrusted with war work.

These boards and committees are now composed almost entirely of business men — able, prominent, men of large affairs who control the placing of contracts and the expenditure of millions of the nation's money. As a matter of precaution to prevent any charge of discrimination or suspicion of scandal,

representatives of all citizens contributing to the national funds expended ought to be on the boards or committees. War contracts must not be allowed to be an opportunity for private



W. T. DAVIS

*General Yard Master Harbour Commission
Board of Directors*

gain and the accumulation of war profits. As a matter of justice and democratic principle, representatives of employees as well as employers ought to determine national economic policies.

Many workers understand the industry in which they work and have a fund of information supplementary to that of their employers. Representation for workers means valuable service to the nation as well as recognition of the fundamentals of democracy. Therefore we, the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, urge the Council of National Defense that you endorse the principle of according representation for labor on

all agencies, committees, boards or commissions organized under the Council of National Defense — and recommend that chairmen of all such bodies follow that principle.

Equal participation to all groups in the responsibilities, the duties and the determination of policies concerning the war is necessary to create and maintain a spirit of willing cooperation in the work and sacrifices which all the people of our nation must meet.

The working people of this country have declared their willingness to assist. The men and the women in the Labor movement of our country are in wholehearted accord with the declarations of President Wilson as to the causes for which the republic of the United States has entered the war for the dethronement of autocracy and the enthronement of democracy.

We respectfully urge that the matters dealt with herein may receive your favorable consideration and early action.

Very truly yours,

Executive Council, American Federation of Labor,

Frank Morrison, Samuel Gompers,
Secretary. President.

Very Broad Demands.

The demands for political representation in each and every branch of the Government, leaves no room for speculation or doubt as to aims of the officers of the American Federation. It is very evident that they realize that with the War has come a tremendous concentration of power within very few and circumscribed groups of Politicians. Millions upon millions of the Country's money are disposed of at the will and under the sole direction of little groups of Government officials. Everything is subordinated to the needs of War. To secure swift efficiency and promptness of action, tremendous power has accumulated within the hand of the very few. The workers who are just as important to the conduct of the War, as the Institution of Capital itself, and upon whose backs, for generations to come, will be saddled the unbelievable debts of this gigantic conflict, are entitled to representation upon each and every commission and Legislative body in Can-

ada, and no Government can hope to secure effective and whole-souled co-operation of the wage worker, unless that Government recognizes his just rights; recognizes that he has a right to representation, particularly when the huge sums of money involved come largely from his own pocket, and that the lives lost are to be those of his own sons. The time has gone by, and it will never return again, when the voice of the millions may be ignored.

As a rule political bodies and Governments in particular are seldom open to persuasion. They prefer to amble along under old conditions until the reform is forced upon them by powerful pointed, well organized attacks that virtually "kick" them into a state of temporary consciousness of facts and conditions. For this Government to undertake the huge task imposed by War, of maintaining the democratic effort of all classes, by utterly ignoring the masses is suicidal. Labor representatives should be found both in the Senate and in the House of Commons. And they will be found there in numbers before many moons. There was a time when the governing class might say with certain justification, "develop the right kind of men", men with intelligence and experience and we will gladly co-operate with them. To-day, labor, and the Railroad Men in particular, can produce and have produced just such men.

Senator Robertson is a shining example. If there is any doubt of the strength of such timber we shall gladly submit a list of a hundred men, all of whom would pass the acid test, and all of whom, would serve the country as well and in most instances infinitely better than most of the lordly dignitaries who stroll about on that big hill of Ottawa, blissfully ignorant of the angry masses, in the humble valley of Industry below.

Idle gossip wont kill a canary bird.

The railroad workers will have to organize a big "drive", and shoot a continuous fire of political agitation, into the big fort upon the Hill until they eventually succeed in disturbing the slumber of some of our political Rip van Winkles.

"The Last Fifth Sunday Meeting"

GOOD RESULTS OBTAINED

Resolutions passed received attention of the Prime Minister and from the Minister of Public Works, Honorable Mr. Taschereau.

Perhaps the most important business at the last Fifth Sunday Meeting held at Stanley Hall, Montreal, on Sept. 30th, 1917, was the presentation of three resolutions which were subsequently referred to the Railroad men represented in the Fifth Sunday Association and subsequently unanimously adopted.

The following resolution was presented by Mr. E. McGilly of Lodge 335 B. of L. F. E.

**Resolution presented by Mr. E. McGilly,
Lodge 335 B. of L. F. E.**

WHEREAS a law known as the Military Service Act has been passed and is now being enforced; and

WHEREAS under this law many young men up to the age of thirty-four will be drafted for military Service overseas; and

WHEREAS the revenues of men so drafted will be greatly reduced; and

WHEREAS great numbers of those who will go to the front under the enforcement of this Act have in the past assumed obligations by purchasing property on the instalment or partial payment plan; and

WHEREAS it is quite evident that it will be impossible for those young men drafted into the Service of their country to maintain the usual instalments and thus protect the property purchased; and

WHEREAS this situation would undoubtedly lead to the loss of the entire savings of such drafted men; therefore

BE IT RESOLVED that this Joint Meeting of the Railroad men immediately urge upon the Quebec Government to enact a moratorium upon scientific and just lines, the effects of which shall be to protect the savings of drafted men with the least possible injury and embarrassment to those who have extended the credit, and the Secretary is hereby instructed to send a copy of this resolution to the Premier of the Province of Quebec, and to the Minister of Labor of the Province of Quebec.

It was duly sent to the Prime Minister, Sir Lomer Gouin, and the following letter was received which fully explains the present status.

OFFICE OF THE PRIME MINISTER
Province of Quebec.

Quebec, November 7th, 1917.

W. E. BERRY, Esq.,
Secretary-Treasurer,
The Fifth Sunday Meeting Association
of Canada, Montreal.

DEAR SIR:—

I have your letter of yesterday's date, enclosing copy of a resolution adopted by the railroad men of the Province of Quebec, and I will give my attention to the same.

Yours truly,

(Copy) Signed. LOMER GOUIN.

Another resolution was presented by J. L. Labreche, Lodge 490, B. of R. T. Chairman of the Sub-Legislative Board of Quebec, reading as follows:

**Presented by J. L. Labrèche, Lodge 490.
B. R. T. Chairman of Sub-Legislative
Board, Province of Quebec.**

WHEREAS the Act respecting Labor Accidents has failed to give the workmen the protection that they had a right to expect, this fact being clearly demonstrated by the numerous requests that have been made to improve the said Act; and

WHEREAS it is impossible to better the Act respecting Labor Accidents in a manner that would be satisfactory to all parties concerned and that in the opinion of the Minister of Labor himself the problem can only be solved by the appointment of a special commission to study the various acts in effect with a view of having legislation enacted; and

WHEREAS the Joint Meeting of the Railroad men fully approves of the action taken by the Railroad Brotherhoods and the Trades and Labor Councils representatives for the Province of Quebec at their last meeting, as of July 25th, 1917; therefore,

BE IT RESOLVED THAT WE DEMAND FROM THE GOVERNMENT THAT THE APPOINTMENT OF A SPECIAL COMMISSION FOR THE PURPOSE CITED ABOVE BE MADE IMMEDIATELY AND BE IT FURTHER;

RESOLVED that we wish to go on record being strongly opposed to any further delay for the betterment of a condition we consider as unfair to the workmen of this Province and that a copy be sent to each Member of the Quebec Legislature.

To this resolution, the following reply has been received.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS
AND LABOUR

Quebec, November 8th, 1917.

MR. W. E. BERRY,
Secretary-Treasurer,
Fifth Sunday Meeting Association
of Canada.
Montreal, Can.

SIR:—

I am directed by the Honourable Mr. Taschereau, minister of Public Works and Labour, to acknowledge receipt of your letter of Nov. 6th enclosing resolutions which have been approved by the railroad men of the Province of Quebec, in reference to the Act Respecting Labour Accidents, and to inform you that said resolutions will receive his careful consideration.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant.

(Signed) ALP. GAGNON,
Secretary.

(Copy.)

There was still another resolution presented by Mr. W. Farley, Division 258 B. of L. E. duly sent forward but to which no replies at the present have been received.

Resolution presented by M. W. Farley.
Division 258, B. L. E.

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

WHEREAS the prices of all foodstuffs are continuing to soar; and

WHEREAS the efforts of the Canadian food control seem to be confined to the control of the consumption of foodstuffs rather than the fixing of the maximum prices at which the necessity of life be sold; and

WHEREAS the British authorities under Lord Rhondda and the United States authorities under Mr. Hoover profiting by three years experience, are attacking the problem on the scientific and effective basis of fixing maximum prices to prevent profiteering; therefore

BE IT RESOLVED that this Joint Meeting exercise its power and effort to secure for Canada the most advanced scientific food regulations enforced in Great Britain and the United States and the Secretary is hereby instructed and empowered to write to the British and the United States authorities for food regulation and the most improved methods regarding food regulations so that Canadian Railwaymen may be properly informed and then proceed to agitate for effective and righteous food control.

The timeliness and importance of this resolution may be gathered from the reading of the following newspaper article appearing in the Montreal Star on November 15th. 1917.

GOVERNMENT HAS EXPOSED GREED
OF FOOD PROFITEERS

Searchlight Turned on Wm. Davies Company Shows 80 P.C. Profit. — 1916 was Banner Year for Firm. — New Law Will Stop all that Now. — Profits Limited by Statute.

Ottawa, Nov. 15.—The William Davies Company made a profit of 80 per cent in 1916 on the basis, not of the original capital, but of all the money arising out of profit working in its business.

The report of Messrs. Henderson, Clarkson and Brodie, the Commission investigating the packers' business, has not yet been made public, but it is learned today that this is the outstanding conclusion.

For the company, 1916 was the big year. There was not so much profit in 1915 or 1914. For the past year, however, when the business reached the crest of the wave of prosperity, the profits, on the basis fixed by the Commission, aggregated, roughly, \$1,600,000.

This conclusion is not based on the company's method of calculation, but rather on what the accounting experts on the Commission, Messrs. Clarkson and Brodie, consider to be fair.

There was a great deal of "writing off" for various reasons, and while a certain amount of this is allowed for by the Commission, it is not anywhere near that claimed by the Davies Company as justifiable.

The Commission deals at length with this aspect of the case, and the methods of the company are not at all upheld to the degree that has been the practice.

Profits Based on Assets

The actual capital originally put into the company was almost trifling, while the total capitalization, largely made out of application of profits, is only about \$2,000,000. Much more money, however, derived from profits is working in the business, and it is understood that the Commission, in arriving at its conclusions, has based the profits on what practically are the assets of the concern. If the percentage of profit were calculated on the original capital invested, the amount would be tremendous.

The Matthews-Blackwell Company is also reported on, but it is understood that the Commission gives it a clean bill of health.

The Government's action, announced yesterday, limiting and regulating the profits of the packers will, in particular relation to the Davies Company, tend to greatly reduce its profits and correspondingly enrich the Dominion treasury.

For the convenience of those who have no time to investigate for themselves, we append the following recently compiled statistic which will show you exactly what your dollar would buy in 1912-1913 and in December 1917. Study it carefully and compare these prices with the prices in London England or in New York City, and you will realize how important it is to secure scientific food control based on the British and American methods:

A Dollar's Worth of Cereals.

IN 1912-1913		IN 1917	
Bread	18¼ Lbs	Bread	11 Lbs
Flour	28 "	Flour	12½ "
Rolled Oats	28 "	Rolled Oats	12½ "
Rice	28 "	Rice	12½ "
Corn Meal	28 "	Corn Meal	12½ "
Peas	28 "	Peas	6½ "
Beans	28 "	Beans	5½ "
Tapioca	12½ "	Tapioca	5 "
Sago	12½ "	Sago	5 "
Sugar	17½ "	Sugar	10 "
Molasses	6½ quarts	Molasses	3½ quarts
Syrup	5½ "	Syrup	2½ "

A Dollar's Worth of Meat.

IN 1912-1913		IN 1917	
Bacon	5½ Lbs	Bacon	2 Lbs
Salt Pork	8 "	Salt Pork	3½ "
Ham	5½ "	Ham	3 "
Sausage	10 "	Sausage	4 "
Stewing Beef	10 to 12½ "	Stewing Beef	5½ to 6¼ "
Round Steak	8 "	Round Steak	3¾ "
Mutton	5½ "	Mutton	3 1-3 "
Stewing Mutton	10 to 12½ "	Stewing Mutton	5 "

A Dollar's Worth of Fish.

IN 1912-1913		IN 1917	
Herrings	20 Lbs	Herrings	10 Lbs
Haddock	12½ "	Haddock	7½ "
Halibut	5½ "	Halibut	3 1-3 "
Mackerel	12½ "	Mackerel	7½ "
Canned Salmon	8 Tins	Canned Salmon	4 Tins
Canned Sardines	8 "	Canned Sardines	4 "

A Dollar's Worth of Vegetables and Fruits.

IN 1912-1913		IN 1917	
Potatoes	4 to 5 Pecks	Potatoes	2 to 2¼ Pecks
Onions	20 Lbs	Onions	4 to 5 Lbs
Apples	3 Pecks	Apples	1½ Pecks
Cabbage	20 Heads	Cabbage	8 to 10 Heads
Turnips	4 Baskets	Turnips	2 Baskets
Prunes	12 Lbs	Prunes	5 Lbs
Canned Tomatoes	12 Tins	Canned Tomatoes	4 Tins
Canned Corn	12 "	Canned Corn	4 "
Canned Peas	12 "	Canned Peas	4 "

A Dollar's Worth of Dairy Produce.

IN 1912-1913		IN 1917	
Milk	12½ to 16 quarts	Milk	7¾ quarts
Butter	4 Lbs	Butter	2 Lbs
Cheese	6½ "	Cheese	3½ "
Eggs	4¼ Dozen	Eggs	2 Dozen
Lard	8 Lbs	Lard	3¾ Lbs



JOHN WILLIAMS

*Engineer, C. P. R.**Member of the Board of Directors*

We are also appending a clipping from the Glasgow Herald, which will give you some indication as to current prices in the old country.

Glasgow Herald: As Food Controller, Lord Rhondda is now getting into his stride. From now on the necessaries of life will be strictly controlled and it is a hopeful augury for the success of the scheme, so far as the public is concerned, that such criticism as has been offered comes not from the consumer but from the various trades interested—that, indeed, Lord Rhondda's pace is not too slow, as has been the complaint in the past, but rather too quick for the trading interests concerned. His Lordship's plan is the simple one of fixing both wholesale and retail prices at the actual cost of production plus transport charges and a fair profit to the dealer. Thus the wholesale price of meat has been 1s 1d per lb., and the retail price 1s 3½d on an average, which means that the best cuts may now be had at from 1s 6d to 1s 8d per lb., and the coarser portions at from 10d to 1s 3d—an average reduction of from 3d to 4d on last week's prices. The finest Canadian cheese has been obtainable for a month now at the Government price of 1s 4d per lb.—provided you insist on your grocer supplying it at that price!—and now the highest price for home cheese has been fixed at 1s 6d. Like the retail butcher, the retailer of butter is also to have its profits strictly limited to 2½d per lb., (with ½d extra for credit or delivery), and it should be possible to obtain the finest butter at 2s 2d or 2s 3d per lb.—a saving of from 3d to

5d on present prices. A week later the price of the 4 lb. loaf is to be 9d, and with tea at 2s 4d to 3s, sugar (by-and-by by card) from 5¼d, jams and jellies from 9d to 1s, oatmeal at 4½d (so far as Scotland is concerned), peas and beans from 5½ to 8 d, and potatoes and other vegetables at seasonable prices which portend no shortage, there should be an immediate and appreciable reduction in the cost of living.

We earnestly hope that the Government will make every effort to institute necessary reforms in the food control.

Mr. J. A. Woodward presided at the Meeting. The Honorable Senator Robertson delivered an interesting address which was highly appreciated by the membership. Mr. McGovern and Mr. Berry gave their opinions on matters of general interest and were accorded respectful attention. The speech of Mr. Stewart will be remembered for a long time to come. His open mindedness, and his outspoken opinions on current topics won him the hearty applause and sympathy of his audience. The Meeting was a decided success.



D. TRINDALL

*Engineer, G. T. R.**Member of the Board of Directors*

THE CRIME OF POVERTY

(AN ADDRESS delivered in the Opera House,
Burlington, Iowa, under the auspices of
Burlington Assembly, No. 3135, Knights of
Labor.)

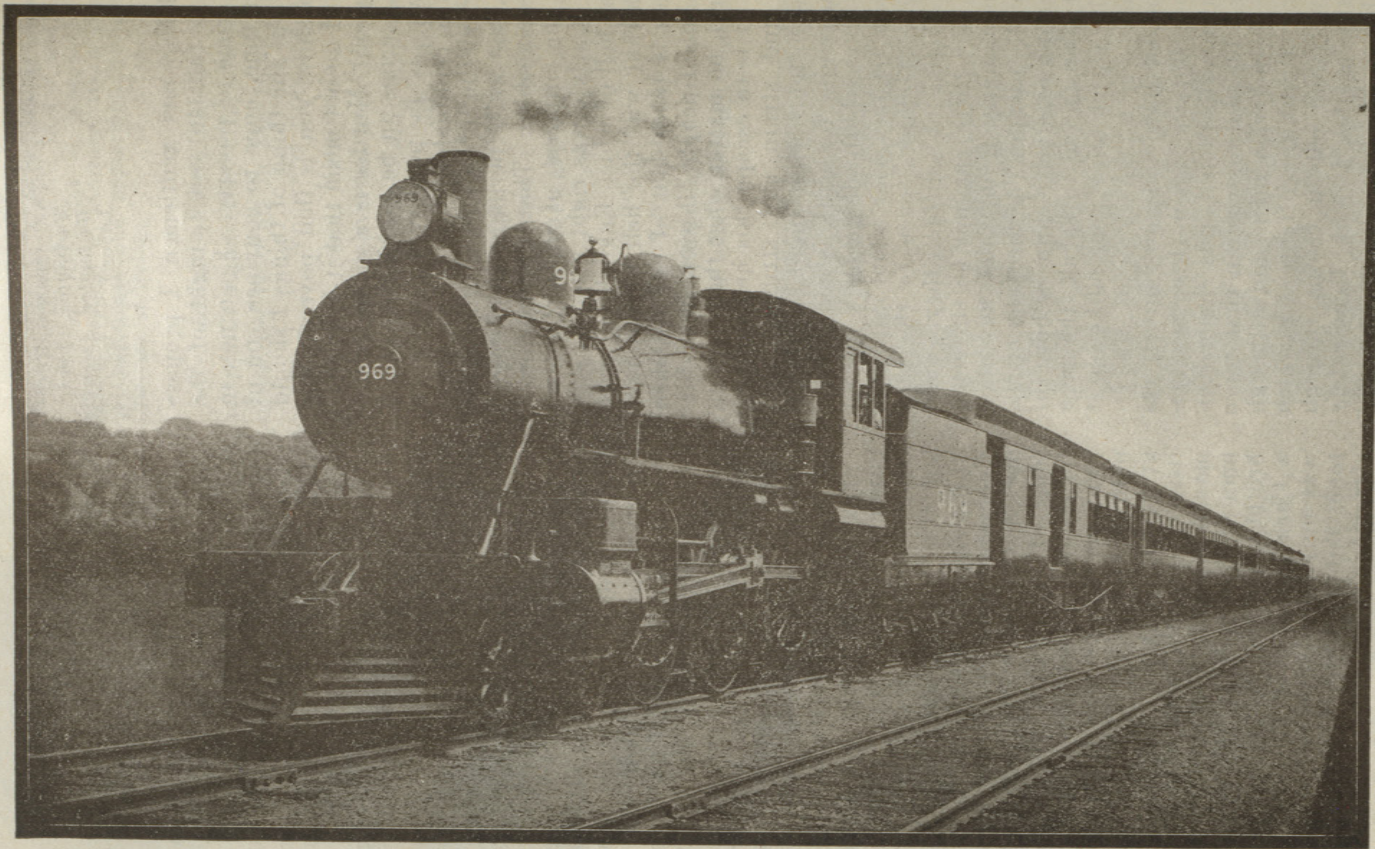
LADIES and gentlemen, I propose to talk to you to-night of the crime of poverty. I can not, in a short time, hope to convince you of much; but the thing of things I should like to show you is that poverty is a crime. I do not mean that it is a crime to be poor. Murder is a crime, but it is not a crime to be murdered; and a man who is in poverty I look upon not as a criminal in himself so much as the victim of a crime for which others, as well, perhaps, as himself, are responsible. That poverty is a curse, the bitterest of curses, we all know. Carlyle was right when he said that the hell of which Englishmen were most afraid was the hell of poverty; and this is true, not of Englishmen alone, but of people all over the civilized world, no matter what their nationality. It is to escape this hell that we strive and strain and struggle, and work on oftentimes in blind habit long after necessity for work is gone.

The curse born of poverty is not confined to the poor alone; it runs through all classes, even to the very rich. They, too, suffer; they must suffer, for there can not be suffering in a community from which any class can totally escape. The vice, the crime, the ignorance, the meanness born of poverty poison, so to speak, the very air which rich and poor alike must breathe.

I walked down one of your streets this morning and I saw three men going along with their hands chained together. I know for certain that those men were not rich men; and although I do not know the offense for which they were carried in chains through your streets, this, I think, I can safely say, that if you trace it up you will find it in some way to spring from poverty. Nine-tenths of human misery I think you will find, if you look, to be due to poverty. If a man chooses to be poor he commits no crime in being poor, provided his poverty hurts

no one but himself. If a man has others dependent upon him, if there are a wife and children whom it is his duty to support, then if he voluntarily chooses poverty it is a crime — aye, and I think that in most cases the men who have no one to support but themselves are men that are shirking their duty. A woman comes into the world for every man; and for every man who lives a single life, earning only for himself, there is some woman who is deprived of her natural supporter. But while a man who chooses to be poor can not be charged with crime it is certainly a crime to force poverty on others. And it seems to me clear that the great majority of those who suffer from poverty are poor not from their own particular faults but because of conditions imposed by society at large. Therefore I hold that poverty is a crime — not an individual crime, but a social crime — a crime for which we all, poor as rich, are responsible.

Two or three weeks ago I went one Sunday evening to the church of a famous Brooklyn preacher. Mr. Sankey was singing, and something like a revival was going on there. The clergyman told some anecdotes connected with the revival, and recounted some of the reasons why men failed to become Christians. One case he mentioned struck me. He said he had noticed on the outskirts of the congregation, night after night, a man who listened intently, and who gradually moved forward. One night, the clergyman said, he went to him, saying "My brother, are you not ready to become a Christian?" The man said, no, he was not. He said it not in a defiant tone, but in a sorrowful tone. The clergyman asked him whether he did not believe in the truths he had been hearing. Yes; he believed them all. Why, then, wouldn't he become a Christian?" Well, "he said, "I can't join the church without giving up my business; and it is necessary for the



STANDARD PASSENGER TRAIN—GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

(By courtesy of G. T. R.)

support of my wife and children. If I give it up, I don't know how in the world I can get along. I had a hard time before I found my present business, and I can not afford to give it up. Yet, I can't become a Christian without giving it up." The clergyman asked, "Are you a rum seller?" No; he was not a rum seller. Well, the clergyman said, he didn't know what in the world the man could be; it seemed to him that a rum seller was the only man who does a business that would prevent his becoming a Christian, and he finally said, "What is your business?" The man said, "I sell soap," "Soap!" exclaimed the clergyman, "you sell soap? How in the world does that prevent you becoming a Christian?" "Well," the man said, "It is this way; the soap I sell is one of these patent soaps that are extensively advertised as enabling you to clean clothes very quickly, as containing no deleterious compound whatever. Every cake of the soap I sell is wrapped in a paper on which is printed a statement that it contains no injurious chemicals, whereas the truth of the matter is that it does, and that though it will take the dirt out of the clothes pretty quickly, it will, in a little while, rot them completely out. I have to make my living in this, and I can not feel that I can become a Christian if I sell that soap." The minister went on describing how he labored unsuccessfully with that man, and finally wound up by saying, "He stuck to his soap and lost his soul."

But if that man lost his soul was it his fault alone? Whose fault is it that social conditions are such that men have to make that terrible choice between what conscience tells them is right and the necessity of earning a living? I hold that it is the fault of society; that it is the fault of us all. Pestilence is a curse. The man who would bring cholera to this country, or the man who having the power to prevent its coming here, would make no efforts to do so would be guilty of crime. Poverty is worse than cholera; poverty kills more people than pestilence, even in the best of times. Look at the death statistics of our cities; see where the deaths come quickest; see where it is that little children die like flies — it is in the poorer quarters.

And the man who looks with careless eyes upon the ravages of this pestilence, the man who does not set himself to stay and eradicate it, he, I say, is guilty of a crime.

If poverty is appointed by the power which is above us all, then it is no crime; but if poverty is unnecessary, then it is a crime for which society is RESPONSIBLE and for which society must suffer.

I hold, and I think no one who looks at the facts can fail to see, that poverty is utterly unnecessary. It is not by the decree of the Almighty, but it is because of our injustice, our own selfishness, our own ignorance, that this source, worse than any pestilence, ravages our civilization, bringing want and suffering and degradation, destroying souls as well as bodies. Look over the world, in this heyday of nineteenth century civilization. In every civilized country under the sun you will find men and women whose condition is worse than that of the savage; men and women and little children with whom the veriest savage could not afford to exchange. Even in this new city of yours, with virgin soil around you, you have had this winter to institute a relief society. Your roads have been filled with tramps, 15, I am told, at one time taking shelter in a roundhouse. As here, so everywhere, and poverty is deepest where wealth most abounds.

What more unnatural than this? There is nothing in nature like this poverty which to-day curses us. We see rapine in nature; we see one species destroying another but as a general thing animals do not feed on their own kind; and wherever we see one kind enjoying plenty, all individuals of that kind share it. No man, I think, ever saw a herd of buffalo of which a few were fat and the great majority lean. No man ever saw a flock of birds of which two of three were swimming in grease and the others all skin and bone. Nor in savage life is there anything like the poverty that festers in our civilization.

It is a rude state of society that there are seasons of want, seasons when people starve; but there are seasons when the earth has refused to yield her in-

crease, when the rain has not fallen from the heavens, or when the land has been swept by some foe — not when there is plenty; and yet the peculiar characteristic of this modern poverty of ours is, that it is deepest where wealth most abounds.

Why, to-day, over the civilized world is there so much distress, so much want? What is the cry that goes up? What is the current explanation of the hard times? Overproduction! There are so many clothes that men must go ragged; so much coal that in the bitter winters people have to shiver; such overfilled granaries that people actually die of starvation! Want due to overproduction! Was a greater absurdity ever uttered! How can there be overproduction till all have enough? It is not overproduction, it is unjust distribution.

Poverty necessary! Why think of the enormous powers that are patent in the human brain! Think how invention enables us to do with the power of one man what long ago could not be done by the power of a thousand. Think that in England alone the steam machinery in operation is said to exert a productive force greater than the physical force of the population of the world, were they all adults. And yet we have only begun to invent and discover. We have not yet utilized all that has already been invented and discovered. And look at the powers of the earth. They have hardly been touched. In every direction as we look new resources seem to open. Man's ability to produce wealth seems almost infinite; we can set no bounds to it. Look at the power that is flowing by your city in the current of the Mississippi that might be set at work for you. So in every direction energy that we might utilize goes to waste; resources that we might draw upon are untouched. Yet men are delving and straining to satisfy mere animals wants; women are working, working, working their lives away, and too frequently turning in despair from that hard struggle to cast away all that makes the charm of woman.

If the animals can reason, what must they think of us? Look at one of those great ocean steamers plowing her way across the Atlantic, against

wind, against wave, absolutely setting at defiance the utmost power of the elements. If the gulls that hover over her were thinking beings, could they imagine that the animal that could create such a structure as that could actually want for enough to eat? Yet so it is. How many even of those of us who find life easiest are there who really live a rational life? Think of it, you who believe that there is only one life for man — what a fool at the very best is a man to pass his life in this struggle merely to live. And you who believe, as I believe, that this is not the last of man, that this is a life that opens but another life, think how nine-tenths, aye, I do not know but ninety-nine hundredths of all our vital powers are spent in a mere effort to get a living, or to heap together that which we can not by any possibility take away. Take the life of the average workingman. Is that the life for which the human brain was intended and the human heart was made? Look at the factories scattered through our country. They are little better than penitentiaries.

I read in the New York papers a while ago that the girls at the Yonkers factories have struck. The papers said that the girls did not seem to know why they had struck, and intimated that it must be just for the fun of striking. Then came out the girls' side of the story, and it appeared that they had struck against the rules in force. They were fined if they spoke to one another, and they were fined still more heavily if they laughed.

There was a heavy fine for being late a minute. I visited a lady in Philadelphia who had been a forewoman in various factories, and I asked her, "Is it possible that such rules are enforced?" She said it was so in Philadelphia. There is a fine for speaking to your next neighbor, a fine for laughing; and she told me that the girls in one place where she was employed were fined 10 cents a minute for being late, though many of them had to come for miles in winter storms. She told me of one poor girl who really worked hard one week and made \$3.50, but the fines against her were \$5.25. That seems ridiculous; it is ridiculous, but it is pathetic, and it is shameful.

But take the cases of those who are comparatively independent and well off. Here is a man working hour after hour, day after day, week after week, in doing one thing over and over again, and for what? Just to live. He is working 10 hours a day in order that he may sleep 8 and may have 2 or 3 hours for himself when he is tired out and all his faculties are exhausted. That is not a reasonable life; that is not a life for a being possessed of the powers that are in man; and I think every man must have felt it for himself. I know that when I first went to my trade I thought to myself that it was incredible that a man was created to work all day long just to live. I used to read the *Scientific American* and as invention after invention was heralded in that paper I used to think to myself that when I became a man it would not be necessary to work so hard. But, on the contrary, the struggle for existence has become more and more intense. People who want to prove the contrary get up masses of statistics to show that the condition of the working class is improving. Improvement that you have to take a statistical microscope to discover does not amount to anything. But there is no improvement.

Improvement! Why, according to the last report of the Michigan Bureau of Labor Statistics, as I read yesterday in a Detroit paper, taking all the trades, including some of the very high-priced ones, where the wages are from \$6 to \$7 a day, the average earnings amount to \$1.77, and, taking out waste time, to \$1.40. Now, when you consider how a man can live and bring up a family on \$1.40 a day, even in Michigan, I do not think you will conclude that the condition of the working classes can have very much improved.

Here is a broad general fact that is asserted by all who have investigated the question, but such as Hallam, the historian, and Prof. Thorold Rogers, who has made a study of the history of prices as they were five centuries ago. When all the productive arts were in the most primitive state, when the most prolific of our modern vegetable had not been introduced, when the breeds of cattle were small and poor, when there were hardly any roads, and

transportation was exceedingly difficult, when all manufacturing was done by hand — in that rude time the condition of the laborers of England was far better than it is to-day. In those rude times no man need fear want save when actual famine came, and owing to the difficulties of transportation the plenty of one district could not relieve the scarcity of another. Save in such times no man need fear want, pauper-



J. E. CARRIERE

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ism, such as exists in modern times, was absolutely unknown.

Everyone, save the physically disabled, could make a living, and the poorest lived in rude plenty. But, perhaps, the most astonishing fact brought to light by this investigation is that at that time, under those conditions, in those "dark ages," as we call them, the working day was only eight hours, while, with all our modern inventions and improvements, our working classes have been agitating and struggling in vain to get the working day reduced to eight hours.

Do these facts show improvement? Why, in the rudest state of society, in the most primitive state of arts, the

labor of the natural breadwinner will suffice to provide a living for himself and for those who are dependent upon him. Amid all of our inventions there are large bodies of men who can not do this. What is the most astonishing thing in our civilization? Why, the most astonishing thing to those Sioux chiefs who were recently brought from the far West and taken through our manufacturing cities in the East was not the marvellous inventions that enabled machinery to act almost as if it had intellect; it was not the growth of our cities; it was not the speed with which the railway car whirled along; it was not the telegraph or the telephone that most astonished them; but the fact that amid this marvelous development of productive power they found little children at work. And astonishing that ought to be to us; a most astounding thing!

Talk about improvement in the condition of the working classes, when the facts are that a larger proportion of women and children are forced to toil. Why I am told that even here in your own city there are children of 13 and 14 working in factories. In Detroit, according to the report of the Michigan Bureau of Labor Statistics, one-half of the children of school age do not go to school. In New Jersey, the report made to the legislative discloses an amount of misery and ignorance that is appalling. Children are growing up there compelled to monotonous toil when they ought to be at play; children who do not know how to play; children who have been so long accustomed to work that they have become used to it; children growing up in such ignorance that they do not know what country New Jersey is in; that they never heard of George Washington; that some of them think Europe is in New York. Such facts are appalling; they mean that the very foundations of the Republic are being sapped. The dangerous man is not the man who tries to excite discontent; the dangerous man is the man who says that all is as it ought to be. Such a state of things can not continue; such tendencies as we see at work here can not go on without bringing at last an overwhelming crash.

I say that all this poverty and the

ignorance that flows from it is unnecessary; I say that there is no natural reason why we should not all be rich in the sense not of having more than each other but in the sense of all having enough completely to satisfy all physical wants; of all having enough to get such an easy living that we would develop the better part of humanity. There is no reason why wealth should not be so abundant that no one should think of such a thing as little children at work, or a woman compelled to a toil that nature never intended her to perform; wealth so abundant that there would be no cause for that harassing fear that sometimes paralyzes even those who are not considered "the poor," the fear that every man of us has probably felt that if sickness smite him, or if he should be taken away, those whom he loves better than this life would become charges upon charity. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin." I believe that in a really Christian community, in a society that honored not with the lips but with the act the doctrines of Jesus, no one would have occasion to worry about physical needs any more than do the lilies of the field. There is enough and to spare. The trouble is that in this mad struggle we trample in the mire what has been provided in sufficiency for us all; trample it in the mire while we tear and rend each other.

There is a cause for this poverty, and if you trace it down you will find its root in a primary injustice. Look over the world to-day-poverty everywhere. The cause must be a common one. You can not attribute it to the tariff, or to the form of government, or to this thing or to that in which nations differ; because, as deep poverty is common to them, all, the cause that produces it must be a common cause. What is that common cause? There is one sufficient cause that is common to all nations; and that is, the appropriation as the property of some, of that natural element on which and from which all must live.

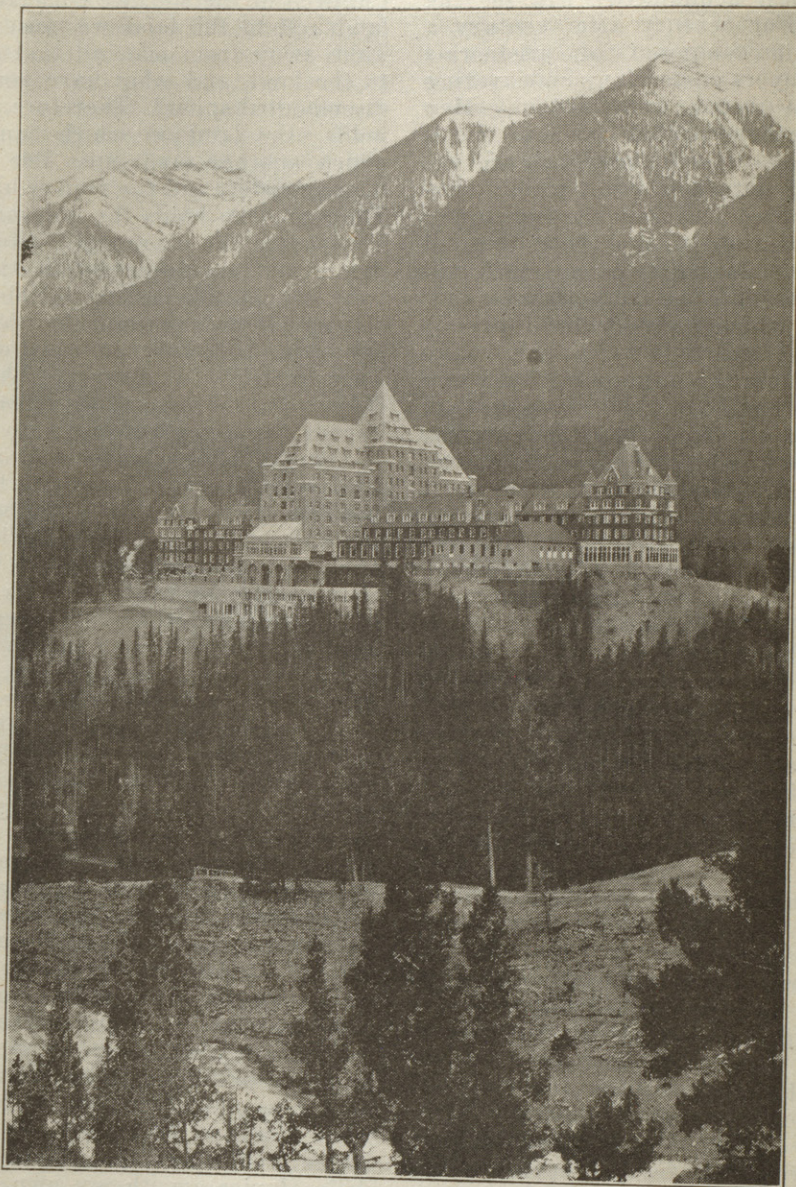
Take that fact I have spoken of, that appalling fact that even now it is harder to live than it was in the ages dark and rude five centuries ago. How do

you explain it? There is no difficulty in finding the cause. Whoever reads the history of England or the history of any other civilized nation. (But I speak of the history of England because that is the history with which we are best acquainted) will see the reason. For century after century a Parliament composed of aristocrats and employers passed laws endeavoring to reduce wages, but in vain. Men could not be crowded down to wages that gave a mere living because the bounty of nature was not wholly shut up for them; because some remains of the recognition of the truth that all men have equal rights on the earth still existed; because the land of that country, that which was held in private possession, was only held on a tenure derived from the nation and for a rent payable back to the nation. The church lands supported the expenses of public worship, of the maintenance of seminaries, and the care of the poor; the Crown lands defrayed the expenses of the civil list; and from a third portion of the lands, those held under military tenures, the army was provided for? There was no national debt in England at that time. They carried on wars for hundreds of years, but at the charge of the landowners. And, more important still, there remains everywhere — and you can see in every old England town their traces to this day — the common lands to which any of the neighborhood was free. It was as those lands were inclosed; it was as the commons were gradually monopolized, as the church lands were made the prey of greedy courtiers, as the Crown lands were given away as absolute property to the favorites of the King, as the military tenants shirked their rents and laid the expenses they had agreed to defray upon the nation in taxation, that bore upon industry and upon thrift — it was then that poverty began to deepen and the tramp appeared in England, just as to-day he is appearing in our new States.

Now, think of it, is not land of monopolization a sufficient reason for poverty? What is man? In the first place he is an animal, a land animal, who can not live without land, all that man produces comes from land, all pro-

ductive labor in the final analysis consists in working up land or materials are drawn from land into such forms as fit them for the satisfaction of human wants and desires. Why, man's very body is drawn from the land. Children of the soil, we come from the land and to the land we must return. Take away from man all that belongs to the land, and what have you but a disembodied spirit? Therefore, he who holds the land on which and from which another man must live is that man's master, and the man is his slave. The man who holds the land on which I must live can command me to life or death just as absolutely as though I were his chattel. Talk about abolishing slavery — we have not abolished slavery — we have only abolished one rude form of it, chattel slavery. There is a deeper and more insidious form a more cursed form yet before us to abolish in this industrial slavery that makes a man virtual slavery, while taunting and mocking him with the name of freedom. Poverty! Want! They will sting as much as the lash. Slavery! God knows there are horrors enough in slavery; but there are deeper horrors in our civilized society to-day. Bad as chattel slavery was, it did not drive slave mothers to kill their children; yet you may read in official reports that the system of child insurance, which has taken root so strongly in England and which is now spreading over the Eastern States, has perceptibly and largely increased the rate of child mortality. What does that mean?

Robinson Crusoe, as you know, when he rescued Friday from the cannibals made him his slave. Friday had to serve Crusoe. But supposing Crusoe had said, "Oh, man and brother, I am very glad to see you, and I welcome you on this island, and you shall be a free and independent citizen, with just as much to say as I have, except that this island is mine, and, of course, as I can do as I please with my own property you must not use it save upon my terms, "Friday would have been just as much Crusoe's slave as though he had called him one. Friday was not a fish, he could not swim off through the sea; he was not a bird, and could not fly off through the air; if he lived at all he had to live on that island. And if



C. P. R. BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL—(By courtesy of C. P. R.)

that island is Crusoe's, Crusoe was his master through life and death.

A friend of mine, who believes as I do upon this question, was talking a while ago with another friend of mine who is a greenbacker, but who had not paid much attention to the land question. Our greenbacker friend said, "Yes; yes, the land question is an important question. Oh, I admit that the land question is a very important question, but then there are other important questions. There is this question, and that question, and the other question; and there is the money question. The money question is a very important question; it is a more important question than the land question. You give me all the money, and you can take all the land." My friend said, "Well, suppose you had all the money in the world and I had all the land in the world, what would you do if I were to give you notice to quit?"

Do you know that I do not think the average man realizes what land is? I know a little girl who has been going to school for some time, studying geography and all that sort of thing, and one day she said to me: "Here is something about the surface of the earth. I wonder what the surface of the earth looks like?" "Well," I said, "Look out into the yard there. That is the surface of the earth." She said, "That the surface of the earth? Our yard the surface of the earth? Why, I never thought of it!" That is very much the case not only with grown men, but such wise beings as newspaper editors. They seem to think, when you talk of land, that you always refer to farms; to think that the land question is a question that relates entirely to farmers, as though land had no other use, than growing crops. Now, I should like to know how a man could even edit a newspaper without having the use of some land. He might swing himself by straps and go up in a balloon in the air? Land; the surface of the earth. Let the drop, and what would become of the balloon? The air that supports the balloon is supported in turn by land. So it is with everything else men can do. Whether a man is working away 3,000 feet under the surface of the earth or whether he is working up in the top of one of

those immense buildings they have in New York, whether he is plowing the soil or sailing across the ocean, he is still using land.

Land! Why, in owning a piece of ground, what do you own? The lawyers will tell you that you own from the center of the earth right up to heaven; and, so far as all human purposes go, you do. In New York they are building houses 13 and 14 stories high. What are men living in those upper stories paying for? There is a friend of mine who has an office in one of them, and he estimates that he pays by the cubic foot for air. Well, the man who owns the surface of the land has the renting for the air up there, and would have if the buildings were carried up for miles.

This land question is the bottom question. Man is a land animal. Suppose you want to build a house; can you build it without a place to put it? What is it built of? Stone or mortar or wood or iron — they all come from the earth. Think of any article of wealth you choose, any of those things which men struggle for, where do they come from? From the land. It is the bottom question.

The land question is simply the labor question, and when some men own that element from which all wealth must be grown, and upon which all must live, then they have the power of living without work, and therefore those who do the work get less of the products of work.

Did you ever think of the utter absurdity and strangeness of the fact that all over civilized world the working classes are the poor classes? Go into any city in the world and get into a cab and ask the man to drive you to where the working people live; he won't take you to where the fine houses are; he will take you, on the contrary, into the squalid quarters, the poorer quarters. Did you ever think how curious that is? Think for a moment how it would strike a rational being who had never been on earth before if such an intelligence could come down, and you were to explain to him how we live on earth, how houses and food and clothing and all the many things we need are all produced by work; would he not think that the

working people would be the people who lived in the finest houses, and had most everything that work produces? Yet, whether you took him to London or Paris or New York or even Burlington, he would find that those called working people were the people who lived in the poorest houses.

All this is strange — just think of it. We naturally despise poverty, and it is reasonable that we should. I do not say — I distinctly repudiate it — that the people who are poor always from their own fault, or even in most cases; but it ought to be so. If any good man or woman had the power to create a world it would be a sort of world in which no one would be poor unless he was lazy or vicious. But that is just precisely the kind of world that this is; that is just precisely the kind of world that the Creator has made. Nature gives to labor, and to labor alone; there must be human work before any article of wealth can be produced, and, in natural state of things, the man who toiled honestly and well would be the rich man, and he who did not work would be poor. We have so reversed the order of nature that we are accustomed to think of a workingman as a poor man.

And if you trace it you will see that the primary cause of this is that we compel those who work to pay others for permission to do so. You buy a coat, a horse; there you are paying the seller for labor exerted, for something that he has produced or that he has got from the man who did produce it; but when you pay a man for land, what are you paying him for? You pay him for something that no man produced; you pay him for something that was here before man was, or for a value that was created not by him individually, but by the community of which you are a part. What is the reason that the land here where we stand to-night is worth more than it was 25 years ago? What is the reason that the land in the center of New York, that once could be bought by the mile for a jug of whisky, is now worth so much that though you were to cover it with gold you would not have its value? Is it not because of the increase of population? Take away that population and where would the value of

the land be? Look at it any way you please.

We talk about overproduction. How can there be such a thing as overproduction while people want? All these things that are said to be overproduced are desired by many people. Why do they not get them? They do not want them. Why have they not the means to buy them? They earn too little. When great masses of men have to work for an average of \$1.40 a day it is no wonder that great quantities of goods can not be sold.

Now, why is it that men have to work for such low wages? Because if they were to demand higher wages there are plenty of unemployed men ready to step into their places. It is this mass of unemployed men who compel that fierce competition that drives wages down to the point of bare subsistence. Why is it that there are men who cannot get employment? Did you ever think what a strange thing it is that men cannot find employment? Adam had no difficulty in finding employment; neither had Robinson Crusoe the finding of employment was the last thing that troubled them.

If men cannot find an employer, why can they not employ themselves? Simply because they are shut out from the element on which human labor can alone be exerted; men are compelled to compete with each other for the wages of an employer, because they have been robbed of the natural opportunities of employing themselves, because they cannot find a piece of God's world on which to work without paying some other human creature for the privilege.

I do not mean to say that, even after you had set right this fundamental injustice, there would not be many things to do; but this I do mean to say, that our statement of land lies at the bottom of all social questions. This I do mean to say, that, do what you please, reform as you may, you never can get rid of widespread poverty so long as the element on which, and from which, all men must live is made the private property of some men. It is utterly impossible, Reform Government — get taxes down to the minimum — build railways; institute cooperative stores; divide profits, if

you choose, between employers and employed, and what will result? The result will be that land will increase in value — that will be the result — that and nothing else. Experience shows this. Do not all improvements simply increase the value of land — the price that some must pay others for the privilege of living?

Consider the matter. I say it with all reverence, and merely say it because I wish to impress a truth upon your minds; it is utterly impossible, so long as His laws are what they are, that God himself could relieve poverty — utterly impossible. Think of it, and you will see. Men pray to the Almighty to relieve poverty, but poverty comes not from God's laws — it is blasphemy of the worst kind to say that — it comes from man's injustice to his fellows. Supposing the Almighty were to hear the prayer, how could He carry out the request, so long as His laws are what they are? Consider, the Almighty gives us nothing of the things that constitute wealth. He merely gives us the raw material, which must be utilized by man to produce wealth. Does not He relieve poverty even if He were to give us more? Supposing, in answer to these prayers, He were to increase the power of the sun, or the virtues of the soil? Supposing, He were to make plants more prolific, or animals to produce after their kind more abundantly? Who would get the benefit of it? Take a country where land is completely monopolized, as it is in most of the civilized countries, who would get the benefit of it? Simply the landowners. And even if God, in answer to prayer, were to send down out of the heavens those things that men require, Who would get the benefit?

In the Old Testament we are told that when the Israelites journeyed through the desert they were hungry and that God sent down out of the heavens manna. There was enough for all of them, and they all took it and were relieved. But, supposing that desert had been held as private property, as the soil of Great Britain is held, as the soil of our new States, is being held; supposing that one of the Israelites had a square mile and another one

had 20 square miles, and another one had a hundred square miles, and the great majority of the Israelites did not have enough to set the soles of their feet upon which they could call their own — what would become of the manna? What good would it have done to the majority? Not a whit. Though God had sent down manna enough for all, that manna would have been the property of the landholders; they would have employed some of the others perhaps to gather it up in heaps for them and would have sold it to the hungry brethren. Consider it — this purchase and sale of manna might have gone on until the majority of the Israelites had given up all they would have had, even to the clothes off their backs. What then? Well, then they would not have had anything left with which to buy manna, and the consequence would have been that while they went hungry the manna would be lying in great heaps, and the landowners would be complaining about the over-production of manna. There would have been a great harvest of manna and hungry people, just precisely the phenomenon that we see to-day.

I cannot go over all the points I would like to, but I wish to call your attention to the utter absurdity of private property in land. Why, consider it; the idea of a man selling the earth — the earth, our common mother. A man selling that which no man produced. A man passing title from one generation to another. Why, it is the most absurd thing in the world. Did you ever think of this? What right has a dead man to land? For whom was this earth created? It was created for the living — certainly not for the dead. Well, now, we treat it as though it was created for the dead. Where do our land titles come from? They come from men who, for the most part have passed and gone. Here in this new country you get a little nearer the original source, but go to the Eastern States and go over the Atlantic. There you may clearly see the power that comes from land ownership.

As I say, the man that owns the land is the master of those who must live on it. Here is a modern instance; You who are familiar with the history of the Scottish Church know that in the

forties there was a disruption in the church. You who have read Hugh Miller's work on the Cruise of the *Betsey* know something about it; how a great body, led by Dr. Chalmers, came out from the Established Church and said they would set up a Free Church. In the Established Church were a great many of the landowners — some of them, like the Duke of Buccleuch, owning miles and miles of land on which no common Scotsman had a right to put his foot save with the Duke of Buccleuch's permission. These landowners refused not only to allow these Free Churchmen to have ground upon which to erect a church, but they would not let them stand on their land and worship God. You who have read *The Cruise of the Betsey* know that it is the story of a clergyman who was obliged to make his home in a boat on the wild sea, because he was not allowed to have land enough to live on. In many places the people had to take the sacrament with the tide coming to their knees — many a man lost his life worshipping on the roads, in the rain and snow. They were not permitted to go on Mr. Landlord's land and worship God, and had to take it to the roads. The Duke of Buccleuch stood out for seven years, compelling people to worship on the roads, until finally, relenting a little, he allowed them to do so in a gravel pit; whereupon they passed a resolution of thanks to his grace.

But that is not what I wanted to tell you. The thing that struck me was this significant fact: As soon as the disruption occurred the Free Church, composed of a great many able men, at once sent a deputation to the landlords to ask permission for Scotsmen to worship God in Scotland and in their way. This deputation set out for London — they had to go to London, England, to get permission for Scotsmen to worship God in Scotland and in their own native home!

But that is not the most absurd thing. In one place, when they were refused land upon which to stand and worship God, the late landowner had died and his estate was in the hands of the trustees, and the answer of the trustees was that, so far as they were concerned, they would exceedingly like to allow them to have a place to

put up a church to worship, but they could be very displeasing to the late Mr. Monaltie! Now, this dead man has gone to heaven, let us hope; at any rate he had gone away from this world, but, lest it might displease him, men yet living could not worship God. Is it possible for absurdity to go any further?

You may say that those Scottish people are very absurd people, but they are a whit more so than we are. I read only a little while ago of some Long Island fishermen who had been paying as rent for privilege of fishing there a certain part of the catch. They paid because they believed that James II, a dead man centuries ago, a man who never put his foot in America, a king who was kicked off the English Throne, had said they had to pay it, and they got up a committee, went to the county town and searched the records. They could not find anything in the records to show that James II had ever ordered that they should give any of their fish to anybody, and so they refused to pay any longer. But if they had found that James II had really said they should, they would have gone paying. Can anything be more absurd?

There is a square in New York — Stuyvesant Square — it is locked up at 6 o'clock every evening, even on long summer evenings. Why is it locked up? Why are the children not allowed to play there? Why, because old Mr. Stuyvesant, dead and gone I don't know how many years ago, so willed it. Now, can anything be more absurd?

Yet that is not any more absurd than our land titles. From whom do they come? Dead man after dead man. Suppose you get on the cars here going to Council Bluffs or Chicago. You find a passenger with his baggage strewn over the seats. You say, "Will you give me a seat, if you please, sir?" He replies, "No; I bought this seat," "Bought this seat? From whom did you buy it?" "I bought it from the man who got out at the last station." That is the way we manage this earth of ours.

Is it not a self-evident truth, as Thomas Jefferson said, that, "the land belongs in usufruct to the living," and

that they who have died have left it, and have no power to say how it shall be disposed of? Title to land! Where can a man get any title, which makes the earth his property?

There is a sacred right to property — sacred because ordained by the laws of nature, that is to say, by the law of God, and necessary to social order and civilization. That is the right of property in things produced by labor; it rests on the right of a man himself. That which a man produces, that is his against all the world, to give or to keep, to lend, to sell or to bequeath; but how can he get such a right to land when it was here before he came? Individual claims to land rest only on appropriation. I read in a recent number of the Nineteenth Century, possibly some of you have read it, an article by an ex-prime minister of Australia, in which there was a little story that attracted my attention. It was of a man named Galahad, who, in the early days, got up to the top of a high hill in one of the finest parts of western Australia. He got up there looked around, and made his proclamation: "All the land that is in sight from the top of the hill I claim for myself; and all the land that is out of sight I claim for my son John."

That story is of universal application. Land titles everywhere come from just such application. Now, under certain circumstances, appropriation can give a right. You invite a company of gentlemen to dinner and you say to them, "Be seated, gentlemen," and I got into this chair. Well, that seat for the time being is mine by the right of appropriation. It would be very ungentlemanly, it would be very wrong, for any of the other guests to come up and say, "Get out of that chair, I want to sit there!" But that right of possession, which is good so far as the chair is concerned for the time does not give me the right to appropriate all there is on the table before me. Grant that a man has a right to appropriate such natural elements as he can use, has he any right to appropriate more than he can use? Has a guest, in such a case as I have supposed, a right to appropriate more than he needs and make other people stand up? That is what is done.

Why, look all over this country — look at this town or any other town. If men took only what they wanted to use we should all have enough; but they take what they do not want to use at all. Here are a lot of Englishmen coming over here and getting titles to our land in vast tracts; what do they want with our land? They do not want it at all; it is not the land they want; they have no use for American land. What they want is the income that they know they can in a little while get from it. Where does that income come from? It comes from labor, from the labor of American citizens. What we are selling to these people is our children, not the land.

Poverty? Can there be any doubt of its cause? Go into the old countries; go into western Ireland, into the highlands of Scotland; there are purely primitive communities. There you will find people as poor as poor can be, living year after year on oatmeal or on potatoes, and often going hungry. I could tell you many a pathetic story. Speaking to a Scottish physician who was telling me how this diet was induced among these people a disease similar to that which from the same cause is ravaging Italy (the pellagra). I said to him: "There is plenty of fish; why don't they catch fish? There is plenty of game. I know the laws are against it, but can not they take it on the sly?" "That," he said, "never enters their heads. Why, if a man was even suspected of having a taste for trout or grouse he would have to leave at once."

There is no difficulty in discovering what makes those people poor. They have no right to anything that nature gives them. All they can make above a living they must pay to the landlord. They not only have to pay for the land that they use, but they have to pay for the seaweed that comes ashore and for the turf they dig from the bogs. They dare not improve, for any improvements they make are made an excuse for putting up the rent. These people who work hard live on hovels, and the landlords, who do not work at all — oh! they live in luxury in London or Paris. If they have hunting boxes there, why, they are magnificent castles as compared with the hovels in

which the men live who do the work. Is there any question as to the cause of the poverty there?

Now, go into the cities, and what do you see? Why, you see even a lower depth of poverty; aye, if I would point out the worst evils of land monopoly I would not take you to Connemara; I would not take you to Skye or Kintyre — I would take you to Dublin, or Glasgow, or London. There is something worse than physical deprivation, something worse than starvation and that is the degradation of the mind, the death of the soul, that is what you will find in those cities.

Now, what is the cause of that? Why, it is plainly to be seen; the people driven off the land in the country are driven to the city and the demand for the produce of the workmen of the cities is lessened: and the man himself, with his wife and children, is forced among those workmen to compete upon any terms for a bare living and force wages down. Get work he must or starve — get work he must, or do that which those people, so long as they maintain their manly feelings, dread more than death, go to the almshouse. That is the reason, here as in Great Britain, that the cities are overcrowded. Open the land that is locked up, that is held by dogs in the manger, who will not use it themselves and will not allow anybody else to use it, and you would see no more of tramps and hear no more of over production.

The utter absurdity of this thing of private property in land! I defy anyone to show me any good from it. Look where you please. Go out to the new lands, where my attention was first called to it, or go to the heart of the capital of the world — London. Everywhere, when your eyes are once opened, you will see its inequality and you will see its absurdity. You do not have to go further than Burlington. You have what it might be, is a miserable, straggling town. A gentleman showed me to-day a big hole alongside one of our streets. The place has been filled up all around it, and this hole is left. It is neither pretty nor useful. Why does that hole stay there? Well, it stays there because somebody claims it as his private property. There is a man, this gentleman told me, who wished to

grade another lot, and wanted somewhere to put the dirt he took off it, and he offered to buy this hole so that he might fill it up. Now, it would have been a good thing for Burlington to have it filled up, a good thing for you all — your town would look better, and you yourselves would be in no danger of tumbling into it some dark night. Why, my friend pointed out to me another similar hole in which water had collected, and told me that two children had been drowned there. And he likewise told me that a drunken man some years ago had fallen into such a hole and had brought a suit against the city which cost you taxpayers some \$11,000. Clearly it is to the interest of you all to have that particular hole I am talking of filled up. The man who wanted to fill it up offered the hole owner \$300. But the hole owner refused the offer, and declared he will hold out until he can get \$1,000, and in the meanwhile that unsightly and dangerous hole must remain. That is but an illustration of private property in land.

You may see the same thing all over the country. See how injuriously in the agricultural districts this thing of private property in land affects the roads and the distances between the people. A man does not take what land he wants, what he can use, but he takes all he can get; and the consequence is that his next neighbor has to go further along, people are separated from each other farther than they ought to be, to the increased difficulty of production, to the loss of neighborhood and companionship. They have more roads to maintain than they can decently maintain; they must do more work to get the same result, and life is in every way harder and drearier.

When you come to the cities, it is just the other way. In the country the people are too much scattered; in the great cities they are too crowded. Go to a city like New York, and there they are jammed together like sardines in a box, living family upon family, one above the other. It is an utterly unnatural and unwholesome life. How can you have anything like a home in a tenement of two or three rooms? How can children be brought up healthily with no place to play? Two or three

weeks ago I read of a New York judge who fined two little boys \$5 for playing hopscotch on the street. Where else could they play? Private property in land had robbed them of all place to play. Even a temperance man, who had investigated the subject, said that in his opinion the gin palaces of London were a positive good in this that they enabled the people whose abodes were dark and squalled rooms to see a little brightness and thus prevent them from going wholly mad.

What is the reason for this overcrowding of cities? There is no natural reason. Take New York; one-half of its area is not built upon. Why, then, must people crowd together as they do there? Simply because of private ownership of land. There is plenty of room to build houses and plenty of people who want to build houses, but before anybody can build a house a blackmail price must be paid to some dog in the manger. It costs, in many cases, more to get vacant ground upon which to build a house than it does to build the house. And then what happens to the man who pays this blackmail and builds a house? Down comes the tax gatherer and fines him for building the house.

It is so all over the United States — the men who improve, the men who turn the prairie into farms and the desert into gardens, the men who beautify your cities, are taxed and fined for having done these things. Now, nothing is clearer than that the people of New York want more houses; and I think that even here in Burlington you could get along with more houses. Why, then, should you fine a man that builds one? Look all over this country — the bulk of the taxation rests upon the improver; the man who puts up a building or establishes a factory, or cultivates a farm, he is taxed for it; and not merely taxed for it, but, I think, in nine cases out of ten the land which he used, the bare land which he uses, the bare land, is taxed more than the adjoining lot, or the adjoining 160 acres that some speculator is holding as a mere dog in the manger, not using it himself and not allowing anybody else to use it.

I am talking too long; but let me in a few words point out the way of getting rid of land monopoly, securing the

right of all to the elements which are necessary for life. We could not divide the land. In a rude state of society, as among the ancient Hebrews, giving each family its lot, and making it inalienable; we might secure something like equality. But in a complex civilization that will not suffice. It is not, however, necessary to divide up the income that comes from the land. In that way we can secure absolute equality; nor could the adoption of this principle involve any rude shock of violent change. It can be brought about gradually and easily by abolishing the taxes that now rest upon capital, labor and improvements, and raising all our public revenues by the taxation of land values; and the longer you think of it the clearer you will see that in every possible way it will be a benefit.

Now, supposing we should abolish all other taxes, direct and indirect, substituting for them a tax to kill speculative values. It would be to remove from the newer parts of the country the bulk of the taxation, and put it on the richer parts. It would be to exempt the pioneer from taxation, and make the larger cities pay more of it. It would be to relieve energy and enterprise, capital and labor, from all the burdens that now bear upon them. What a start that would give to production! In the second place, we could, from the value of land, not merely pay all the present expenses of Government, but we could do infinitely more. In the city of San Francisco, James Lick left a few blocks of ground to be used for public purposes there, and the rent amounts to so much, that out of it will be built the largest telescope in the world, large public baths, and other public buildings, and various costly monuments. If, instead of these few blocks, the whole value of the land upon which the city is built had accrued to San Francisco, what could she not do?

So in this little town, where land values are very low as compared with such cities as Chicago and San Francisco, you could do many things for mutual benefit. Improvement did you appropriate to public purposes the land values that now go to individuals. You could have a great free library; you could have an art gallery; you could



THE FORT GARRY HOTEL AND UNION STATION, G. T. R.—WINNIPEG, MAN.— (By courtesy of G. T. R.)

get yourselves a public park, a magnificent public park, too. You have here one of the finest natural sites for a beautiful town that I know of, and I have traveled much. You might make on this site a city that it would be a pleasure to live in. You will not, as you go now — oh! no! Why, the very fact that you have a magnificent view here will cause somebody to hold on all the more tightly to the land that commands this view and charge higher prices for it. The State of New York, wants to buy a strip of land so as to enable the people to see the Niagara, but what a price she must pay for it. Look at all the great cities; in Philadelphia, for instance, in order to build their great city hall they had to block up the only two wide streets they had in the city. Everywhere you go you may see how private property in land prevents public as well as private improvement.

But I have no time to enter further into details. I can only ask you to think upon this thing, and the more you will see its desirability. As an English friend of mine puts it, "No taxes and a pension for everybody"; and why should it not be? To take land values for public purposes is not really to impose a tax, but to take for public purposes a value created by the community. And out of the fund which would thus accrue from the common property, we might, without degradation to anybody, provide enough actually to secure from want all who were deprived of their natural protection, or met with accident; or any man who should grow so old that he could not work. All prating that is heard from some quarters about its hurting the common people to give them what they do not work for is humbug. The truth is, that anything that injures self-respect, degrades, does harm; but if you give it as a right, as something to which every citizen is entitled it does not degrade. Charity schools do degrade the children that are sent to them, but public schools do not.

But all such benefits as these, while great, would be incidental, the great thing would be that the reform I propose would tend to open opportunities to labor and enable men to provide em-

ployment for themselves. That is the great advantage. We should gain the enormous productive power that is going to waste all over the country, the power of idle hands that would gladly be at work. And that removed, then you would see wages begin to mount. It is not that everyone would turn farmer, or everyone build himself a house, if he had an opportunity for doing so, but so many would, and would, as to relieve the pressure on the labor market and provide employment for all others. And as wages mount to the higher levels then you would see the productive power increased. The country where wages are high is the country of greatest productive power. Where wages are highest there will invention be most active: there will labor be most intelligent; there will be the greatest yield for the expenditure of exertion. The more you think of it the more clearly you will see what I say is true. I can not hope to convince you in talking for an hour or two, but I shall be content, if I shall put you upon inquiry. Think for yourselves; ask yourselves whether this wide-spread fact of poverty is not a crime, and a crime for which everyone of us, man and woman, who does not do, what he or she can do to call attention to it and to do away with it, is responsible.

:o:

INDIFFERENCE

Wife—"Do come over to Mrs. Barker's with me, John. She'll make you feel just as if you were at home."

Her Husband—"Then what's the use of going?"

AS TO SIZE

Kentucky Tailor—"What size shall I make your hip pockets, Colonel, pint or quart?"

**REMEMBER THE NEXT FIFTH SUNDAY MEETING WILL BE HELD ON SUNDAY, JANUARY 6th, 1918, AT 7.30 P.M., AT STANLEY HALL, MONTREAL.
BE SURE TO ATTEND.**

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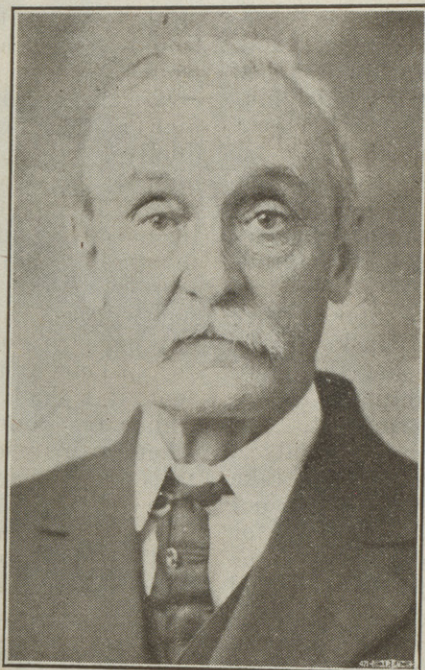
Over Fifty Years a Railroadman

By W. J. RATH of the C. P. R.

AT THE REQUEST of the "Canadian Railroader," I am here-with going to give a synopsis of my life and experiences as a railroad man dating from April 1864 when I entered the service as a section hand of what was then known as the Brockville and Ottawa Railway consisting of 75 miles of road from Brockville to Sand Point with a branch from Smiths Falls to Perth. After two years and two months I got tired of handling the pick and shovel and was transferred to the Mechanical department being a roustabout in the Round house at Brockville for six months after which I was promoted to the position of Locomotive Fireman. At that time we had wood burning Engines and had to go out on the running board with the

Tallow Pot and run around on the ground after the train started to close the cylinder cocks. This position I held for two years during which time the Canada Central was built, a road running between Carleton Place and Ottawa, a distance of 28 miles. As fireman with the late John Clough Engineer we laid all the steel on this road. When that part of the Brockville and Ottawa road between Carleton Place and Sand-Point, a distance of 28 miles, was leased to the Canada Central bringing that large system to 56 miles, this road was opened on Sept. 16th, 1890, by the running of a special from Ottawa to Sand-Point to which the press, aldermen and prominent citizens of Ottawa, were invited and a banquet was given by the Officials of the road at Sand-

Point. The crew that manned this special consisted of our venerable ex-conductor Mr. C. Spencer who was the father of our late General Supt. of Transportation, the late Mr. C. W. Spencer for lines east of Fort Williams; and our present Supt. of district No. four at Ottawa, Mr. H. B. Spencer. The Engineer, the late John Clough, and myself, the fireman, completed the crew. On account of my health failing in the fall of 1891 I was compelled to resign from the service. I again entered the service as Freight porter in the spring of 1892 and after two years in that capacity was promoted to the position of agent and operator, an office which I held for three years, when my health again failing, I left the service and went into business for three years.



W. J. RATH
Train Baggage-man, C. P. R.

But railroading seemed to be in my blood and I again entered the service on the old Canada Central as Freight Brakeman in May 1881. This was of course the pin and link and hand breaking age, the era of wood burning engines and the stretching of bell cord over the train. There was no compensation for over time, no remuneration for dead heading. We used to leave Ottawa a six a.m. on the way freight and arrive at Pembroke about midnight. Our compensation for 40 hours on duty was \$3.75 for brakemen. Of course this was before the birth of the Trainmen's organization on our system for it was Sept. 1887 that the first Lodge on the system known then as the Brother-

hood of Railway Brakemen was organized.

At Ottawa, Ont., a short time previous to that date, about a dozen of our trainmen met at the side of the Ottawa river in the lumber piles and after a short conference as to the desirability of starting a Lodge I was elected to the office of Secretary for the purpose of writing to the Grand Lodge of the B. of R. B. for the necessary information and to request them to send a Grand Lodge organizer. In due time the first lodge on our system, with a membership of about a dozen chartered members was organized and which has grown to its present strength with lodges at every divisional point from St. John, N.B., to Vancouver, B.C. Now it is necessary for railway trainmen to have a thorough knowledge of the rules, and strict discipline to be maintained, nevertheless a knowledge of the rules and discipline never would or never could have brought trainmen up to the present high standard of efficiency to which the trainmen of our system attained. There must be something to appeal to the inner conscience of the men and it has always been the policy of our organization to inculcate the fact that if our order were to accomplish the purpose it was intended for to better the conditions of our men in the service we must demonstrate to the company that we had the companies' welfare at least as well as our own at heart and there is no question about the results. For in my experience as Local Chairman for twelve years during which I was General Chairman of the Eastern Division of our system for six years, in the many conferences with our committee in conjunction with the committees of the Order of Railway Conductors, the Officials have on many occasions willingly admitted that the organizations were a decided benefit to the system. Now I am afraid that I have taken up too much space in your Journal, therefore I will close wishing the Fifth Sunday Organization every success in its endeavor to better the conditions of the men in the railway service, morally and mentally.

I remain Fraternally yours,

W. J. RATH,
70 Draper Ave., Montreal.

Reasons why Railroad Men should support the "Canadian Railroader," and the Fifth Sunday Meetings.

BECAUSE WE INTEND to specialize in things that most affect the railroad men as Citizens of the Dominion of Canada, we invite your assistance in forming the policy of this magazine, as we feel it is better for us to get into closer touch with the men we wish to serve before we decide on a definite policy.

Fifth Sunday Meetings could be organized in all the large centers such as Halifax, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver. Elect your Committee of Arrangements and write us that you are ready for business, and we will help you financially and assist you in organizing the meetings or give any information you require, all we ask in return is that you support the "Canadian Railroader," and the Fifth Sunday Movement, and help us to carry out this great and serious work we have undertaken. Why not elect railroad men, and men of your own class into the legislative halls of your country.

Our next Fifth Sunday Meeting will be held in the Stanley Hall, Stanley Street, Montreal, on Sunday January 6th, 1918, on account of the Fifth Sunday coming on the night before New Year's Eve.

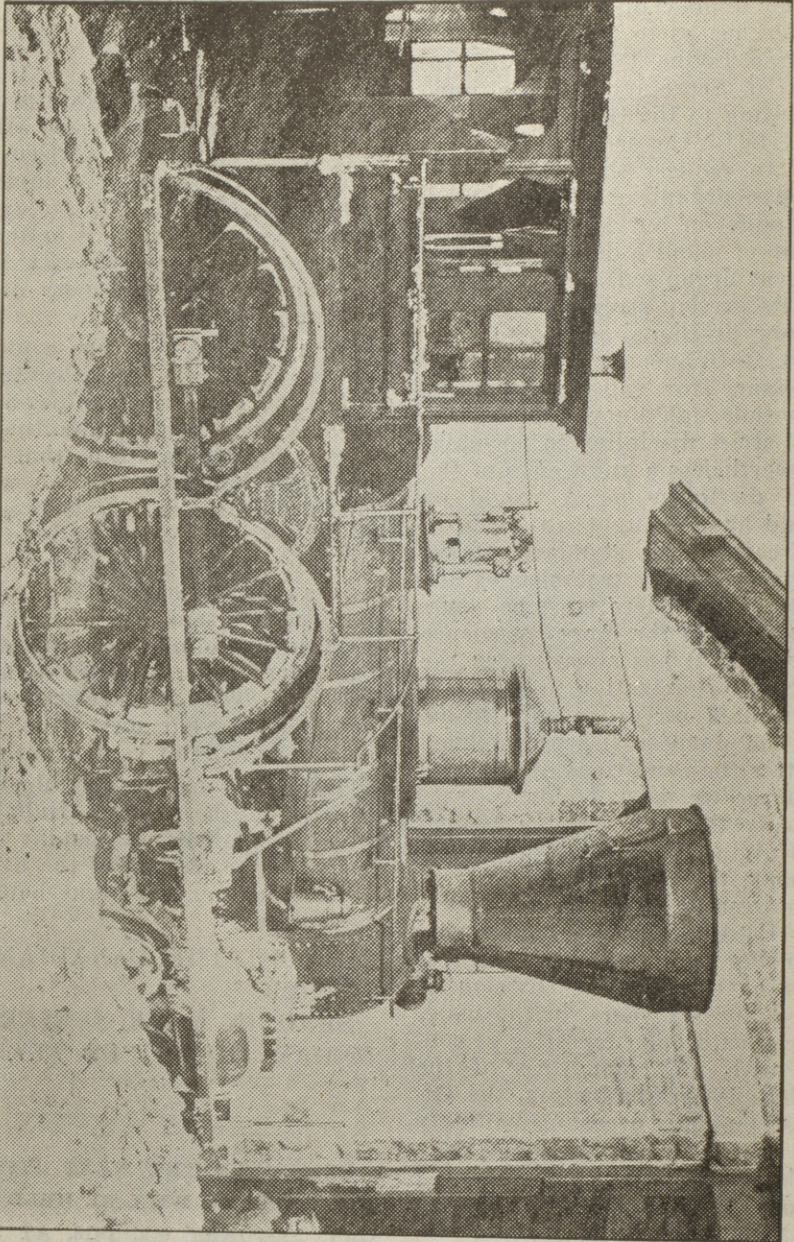
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THE EARLY LOCOMOTIVE TYPE USED IN THE PIONEER DAYS OF CANADIAN RAILROADING
(By courtesy of G. T. R.)

A PIECE OF BREAD

By FRANCOIS COPPEE

The young Duc de Hardimont happened to be at Aix in Savoy, whose waters he hoped would benefit his famous mare, Perichole, who had become wind-broken since the cold she had caught at the last Derby, — and was finishing his breakfast while glancing over the morning paper, when he read the news of the disastrous engagement at Reichshoffen.

He emptied his glass of chartreuse, laid his napkin upon the restaurant table, ordered his valet to pack his trunks and two hours later took the express to Paris; arriving there, he hastened to the recruiting office and enlisted in a regiment of the line.

In vain had he led the enervating life of a fashionable swell — that was the word of the time — and had knocked about race-course stables from the age of nineteen to twenty-five. In circumstances like these, he could not forget that Enguerrand de Hardimont died of the plague at Tunis the same day as Saint Louis, that Jean de Hardimont commanded the Free Companies under Du Guesclin, and that Francois-Henri de Hardimont was killed at Frontenay with "Red" Maison. Upon learning that France had lost a battle on French soil, the young duke felt the blood mount to his face, giving him a horrible feeling of suffocation.

And so, early in November, 1870, Henri de Hardimont returned to Paris with his regiment, forming part of Vinoy's corps, and his company being the advance guard before the redoubt of Hautes Bruyères, a position fortified in haste, and which protected the cannon of Fort Bicêtre.

It was a gloomy place; a road planted with clusters of broom, and broken up into muddy ruts, traversing the leprous fields of the neighborhood; on the border stood an abandoned tavern, a tavern with arbors, where the soldiers had established their post. They had fallen back here a few days before; the grape-shot had broken down some of the young trees, and all of them bore upon their bark the white scars of bullet wounds. As for the

house, its appearance made one shudder; the roof had been torn by a shell, and the walls seemed whitewashed with blood. The torn and shattered arbors under their network of twigs, the rolling of an upset cask, the high swing whose wet rope groaned in the damp wind, and the inscriptions over the door, furrowed by bullets: "Cabinets de société — Absinthe — Vermouth — Vin à 60 cent le litre!" — encircling a dead rabbit painted over the two billiard cues tied in a cross by a ribbon, — all this recalled with cruel irony the popular entertainment of former days. And over all, a wretched winter sky, across which rolled heavy leaden clouds, an odious sky, angry and hateful.

At the door of the tavern stood the young duke, motionless, with his gun in his shoulder-belt, his cap over his eyes, his benumbed hands in the pockets of his red trousers, and shivering in his sheepskin coat. He gave himself up to his sombre thoughts, this defeated soldier, and looked with sorrowful eyes toward a line of hills, lost in the fog, where could be seen each moment, the flash and smoke of a Krupp gun, followed by a report.

Suddenly he felt hungry.

Stooping, he drew from his knapsack, which stood near him leaning against the wall, a piece of ammunition bread, and as he had lost his knife, he bit off a morsel and slowly ate it.

But after a few mouthfuls, he had enough of it; the bread was hard and had a bitter taste. No fresh would be given until the next morning's distribution, so the commissary officer had willed it. This was certainly a very hard life sometimes. The remembrance of former breakfasts came to him such as he had called "hygienic," when the day after too over-heating a supper, he would seat himself by a window on the ground floor of the Café-Anglais, and be served with a cutlet, or buttered eggs with asparagus tips, and the butler, knowing his tastes, would bring him a fine bottle of old Léoville, lying in its basket, and which

he would pour out with the greatest care. The deuce take it! That was a good time, all the same, and he would never become accustomed to this life of wretchedness.

And, in a moment of impatience, the young man threw the rest of his bread into the mud.

At the same moment a soldier of the line came from the tavern, stopped and picked up the bread, drew back a few steps wiped it with his sleeve and began to devour it eagerly.

Henri de Hardimont was already ashamed of his action, and now with a feeling of pity, watched the poor devil who gave proof of such a good appetite. He was a tall, large young fellow, but badly made; with feverish eyes and a hospital beard, and so thin that his shoulder-blades stood out beneath his well-worn cape.

"You are very hungry?" he said, approaching the soldier.

"As you see," replied the other with his mouth full.

"Excuse me, then? For if I had known that you would like the bread, I would not have thrown it away."

"It does not harm it," replied the soldier, "I am not dainty."

"No matter," said the gentleman, "it was wrong to do so, and I reproach myself. But I do not wish to have a bad opinion of me, and as I have some old cognac in my can, let us drink a drop together."

The man had finished eating. The duke and he drank a mouthful of brandy; the acquaintance was made.

"What is your name?" asked the soldier of the line.

"Hardimont," replied the duke, omitting his title, "And yours?"

"Jean-Victor — I have just entered this company — I am just out of the ambulance, and in the infirmary they gave me horse bouillon. But I had only a scratch, and the major signed my dismissal. So much the worse for me! Now I am going to commence to be devoured by hunger again — for, believe me if you will, comrade, but, such as you see me, I have been hungry all my life."

The words were startling, especially to a Sybarite who had just been longing for the kitchen of the Café-Anglais, and the Duc de Hardimont looked at

his companion in almost terrified amazement. The soldier smiled sadly, showing his hungry, wolf-like teeth, as white as his sickly face, and, as if understanding that the other expected something further in the way of explanation or confidence:

"Come," said he, suddenly ceasing his familiar way of speaking, doubtless divining that his companion belonged to the rich and happy; "let us walk along the road to warm our feet, and I will tell you things, which probably you have never heard of — I am called Jean-Victor, that is all, for I am a foundling, and my only happy remembrance is of my earliest childhood at the Asylum. The sheets were white on our little beds in the dormitory; we played in a garden under large trees, and a kind Sister took care of us, quite young and as pale as a wax-taper — she died afterwards of lung trouble — I was her favorite, and would rather walk by her than play with the other children, because she used to draw me to her side and lay her warm thin hand on my forehead. But when I was twelve years old, after my first communion there was nothing but poverty. The managers put me as apprentice with a chair mender in Faubourg Saint-Jacques. That is not a trade, you know, it is impossible to earn one's living at it, and as a proof of it, the greater part of the time the master was only able to engage the poor little blind boys from the Blind Asylum. It was there that I began to suffer with hunger. The master and mistress, two old Limousins — afterwards murdered, were terrible misers, — and the bread, cut in tiny pieces for each meal, was kept under lock and key the rest of the time. You should have seen the mistress at supper time serving the soup, sighing at each ladleful she dished out. The other apprentices, two blind boys, were less unhappy; they were not given more than I, but they could not see the reproachful look the wicked woman used to give me as she handed me the plate. And then, unfortunately, I was always so terribly hungry. Was it my fault, do you think? I served there for three years, in a continual fit of hunger. Three years! And one can learn the work in one month. But the managers



M. JAMES

*Engineer, C. P. R.**Member of the Board of Directors*

could not know everything and had no suspicion that the children were abused. Ah! you were astonished just now when you saw me take the bread out of the mud? I am used to that for I have picked up enough of it; and crusts from the dust, and when they were too hard and dry, I would soak them all night in my basin. I had windfalls sometimes, such as pieces of bread nibbled at the ends, which the children would take out of their baskets and throw on the sidewalks as they came from school. I used to try to prowl around there when I went on errands. At last my time was ended at this trade by which no man can support himself. Well, I did many other things, for I was willing enough to work. I served the masons; I have been shop-boy, floor-polisher, I don't know what all! But, pshaw; to-day, work is lacking, another I lose my place. Briefly, I never had enough to eat. Heavens! how often have I been crazy with hunger as I have passed the bakeries! Fortunately for me, at these times I have always remembered the good Sister at the Asylum, who so often told me to be honest, and I seemed to feel

her warm little hand upon my forehead. At last, when I was eighteen I enlisted; you know as well as I do, that the trooper has only just enough. Now — I could almost laugh — here is the siege of famine! You see, I did not die, when I told you just now that I have always, always been hungry!"

The young duke had a kind heart, and was profoundly moved by this terrible story, told him by a man like himself, by a soldier whose uniform made him his equal? It was even fortunate for the phlegm of this dandy, that the night wind dried the tears which dimmed his eyes.

"Jean-Victor," said he, ceasing in his turn, by a delicate tact to speak familiarly to the foundling, "if we survive this dreadful war, we will meet again, and I hope that I may be useful to you. But, in the meantime, as there is no bakery but the commissary, and as my ration of bread is twice too large for my delicate appetite, — it is understood it is not? — we will share it like good comrades."

It was strong and hearty, the hand-clasp which followed: then, harrassed



W. ALLAN

*Trackman, C. P. R.**Member of the Board of Directors*

and worn by their frequent watches and alarms, as night fell, they returned to the tavern, where twelve soldiers were sleeping on the straw; and throwing themselves down side by side, they were soon sleeping bundly.

Toward midnight Jean-Victor awoke, being hungry probably. The wind had scattered the clouds, and a ray of moonlight made its way into the room through a hole in the roof, lighting up the handsome blonde head of the young duke, who was sleeping like an Endymion.

Still touched by the kindness of his comrade, Jean-Victor was gazing at him with admiration, when the sergeant of the platoon opened the door and called the five men who were to relieve the sentinels of the out-posts. The duke was of the number, but he did not waken when his name was called.

Hardimont, Stand up! repeated the non-commissioned officer.

"If you are willing, sergeant," said Jean-Victor rising "I will take his duty, he is sleeping so soundly — and he is my comrade."

"As you please."

The five men left, and the snoring recommenced.

But half an hour later the noise of the near and rapid firing burst upon the night. In an instant, every man was on his feet, and each with his hand on the chamber of his gun, stepped out, looking earnestly along the road, lying white in the moonlight.

"What time is it?" asked the duke. "I was to go on duty to-night."

"Jean-Victor went in your place."

At that moment a soldier was seen running toward them along the road.

"What is it," they cried as he stopped, out of breath.

"The Prussians have attacked us, let us fall back to the redoubt."

"And your comrades?"

"They are coming — all but poor Jean-Victor."

"Where is he?" cried the duke.

"Shot through the head with a bullet — died without a word! — Ough!"

* * *

One night last winter, the Due de Hardimont left his club about two o'clock in the morning, with his neighbor, Count de Saulnes; the duke had lost some hundred louis, and had a slight headache.

"If you are willing, André," he said to his companion, "we will go home on foot — I need the air."

"Just as you please, I am willing although the walking may be bad."

They dismissed their coupés, turned up their collars of their overcoats, and set off toward the Madeleine. Suddenly an object rolled before the duke which he had struck with the toe of his boot; it was a large piece of bread spattered with mud.

Then to his amazement, Monsieur de Saulnes saw the duke de Hardimont pick up the piece of bread, wipe it carefully with his handkerchief embroidered with his armorial bearings, and place it on a bench, in full view under the gas-light.

"What did you do that for?" asked the count, laughing heartily, are you crazy?"

"It is in memory of a poor fellow who died for me," replied the duke in a voice which trembled slightly, "Do not laugh, my friend, it offends me."

SUPPORT The Canadian Railroader, the Magazine with an Object to Put Men of Our Own Class In the House of Commons and In the Provincial Legislatures. Subscribe To-day — \$1.00 Per Year.

New Railway Board Will Mean Much to Canada's Future

W. M. Neal, the Secretary, explains what is to be done.—
General control of all railways for good of
Country and of Allies.

NOTE—The Railroad man of Canada will be interested in reading this news item which appeared in the "MONTREAL STAR."

FOR THE PURPOSE of completing details of organization and outlining a plan of campaign for increasing the supply of cars for moving war supplies and commercial traffic, the administrative board of the Canadian Railway Association for National Defence is holding its first meeting this afternoon at its offices in the Eastern Townships building.

The organization of the Association is the biggest thing in Canadian Railway history, it is declared by W. M. Neal, general secretary of the new body and long superintendent of car service for the Canadian Pacific Railway. The association, he asserts, is really a great patriotic organization, and will produce vastly important results in the way of benefits to Canada and to the cause of the Allies.

The matter of first importance is to better the car service, and improvement is expected in this line at once. The administrative board is laying its plans today for a free interchange of cars among all lines operating in Canada. This will increase car efficiency by accelerating the movement of all classes of freight and by eliminating unnecessary empty car movements.

Shippers Must Help.

Mr. Neal declares that it is possible to end the car shortage. But to accomplish this, the Railway Association needs the co-operation of shippers, and that will be sought immediately. Many shippers already realize the importance of conserving the car supply and are doing all they can to that end; but the association is going to try to enlist the aid of the entire shipping public in putting a stop to the wastage of cars which now exists to an alarming extent. At one shipping point investig-

ated by Mr. Neal recently there was a waste of 38 cars a week.

And this, he says, was not an isolated instance. There are hundreds of such cases.



E. MCGILLY,
Fireman, C. P. R.
Member of the Board of Directors

On one Canadian road last winter there were carried 7,755 cars loaded with ammunition, flour and other heavy supplies easily capable of full loading. But the cars were so lightly loaded that the total weight of freight could have been carried in 5,506 cars. In other words, there was a movement of 700 miles of 2,249 more cars than was necessary — and then the cars had all to be carried back empty.

As a result of such wastefulness, the Canadian railways have all been carrying war supplies to their maximum capacity, while other goods have had to be held up.

Full Carloads The Answer.

In order to eliminate the car shortage in Canada altogether, Mr. Neal says, it is only necessary that every load per car in the country be increased by five tons. In order to bring this about the Association will appeal to all shippers to do their part by shipping full carloads.

The American Railway War Board has accomplished wonderful results by co-operation, and it is confidently expected that the same good can be attained here. The administrative board will meet frequently to review the entire Canadian car situation. It may be found, for example, that there is on one road a congestion or a scarcity of cars at a certain point, which that road alone, with the best will in the world, cannot remedy.

The board will then decide jointly what interchange of cars or other step will remedy the situation and order it done. Each railway, in other words, is surrendering control of the details of its own management to the board, for the common good of the country and the Allied cause.

"In unity there is strength," quoted Mr. Neal, "and much that is irremediable under separate management can be done, and will be done, through central control."

The members of the administration board are: U. E. Gillen, vice-president Grand Trunk System, chairman; Sir George Bury, vice-president Canadian Pacific Railway; E. D. Bronner, vice-president and general manager Michigan Central Railway representing the American lines operating in Canada; D. R. Hanna, third vice-president Canadian Northern Railway; F. F. Backus, general manager Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo Railway; C. A. Hayes, general manager Canadian Government Railways, and J. H. Walsh, general manager Quebec Central Railway.

SIR STEPHENSON KENT AND LABOR.

One of the favorite lines of attack among the less respectable pacifist and anti-English publications has been the picturing of the American bowing to British lords and accepting their advice on how to achieve here the social

distinctions and exclusions of English society. Even among more honest and less prejudiced people there has been some fear of English influence since we became England's ally. At this writing there is on tour of our principal industrial centers a British commission of employers and unionists, headed by Sir Stephenson Kent, one of the largest employers of labor in England and chairman of the labor supply division of the British Ministry of Munitions. They are meeting with our industrial leaders and answering questions as to how England met the labor question. Sir Stephenson's experience and prestige are such that he is eagerly listened to, and what he says cannot be lightly dismissed by those who question him. Washington is chuckling over stories of his meetings there with some of our foremost industrial magnates. Yes, he told them, he recognized the unions and employed union men in his own establishments. But did he maintain an open shop — that is did he also employ non-union workmen? Yes, replied Sir Stephenson, now and then they took on a non-union man, but not when they could help it. His experience was that the man who did not belong to his union was an inferior workman and generally unsatisfactory. He much preferred to deal entirely through the unions. Sometimes they were a bit arbitrary and unreasonable, but on the whole it was the right way and the most satisfactory. The principle was firmly established in England. Sir Stephenson is also an advocate of the eight-hour workday, based upon England's experience during the war. The influence of a commission headed by such a man as this, even although there is a "Sir" before his name, can be viewed without alarm by American democrats. Canadian and American employers who have combated the principle of collective bargaining and fought bitterly against the movement for industrial democracy are discovering that they have been living in the dark ages. There is reason to believe that the nation's war experience will effect a revolution in the attitude of Canadian and American industrial managers toward the labor problem.

The Railwayman and the Canadian Railway Association for National Defense

ONE OF THE MOST SERIOUS set-backs the British army has had for several weeks took place the other day between Winnipeg and Ottawa. You may not believe this at first. You may say that there isn't any British army between Winnipeg and Ottawa. You may claim that the newspapers would have told if this were true.

But it was true nevertheless.

There were no serious casualties. There were no uniformed men present. No Red Cross nurses. No artillery, or aeroplanes, or Generals with red tabs on their shoulders and brass on their hats. Yet it was a defeat, a small defeat, for the British army.

There, in the ditch beside the embankment of a certain railroad line, lay a double-compound mallet-type engine with his toes up and his coal rations dumped across a nearby brook; and behind him, just a little nearer Winnipeg than the engine, were thirty loads of stuff required in a desperate hurry by the Allies in Europe.

A defeat for the British Army?

It was.

And who defeated it?

An Austrian section hand whose nationality had not been detected by the section foreman. The Austrian had not actually so much as turned a finger to throw the freight off the track. All he had done had been to neglect a loose fish-plate and report it o.k. to the boss when he knew it wasn't... Along came the freight and tripped on the spread joint. Over goes his string of cars. Out spills his cargo. Up comes a strip of track that took the auxiliary four hours of night work to patch up again.

But that wasn't where the defeat was to be counted. Not in the damage to fireman and engineer (though they both got a shaking up). Not in the damage to rolling stock, or permanent way, or the loss of goods from the wrecked cars, or the cost of setting things to right again. The real significance of that defeat was this: Over the stretch of road on

which that spill took place a certain maximum number of cars can be handled every day. The sidings are just so long and just so far apart. There are just so many engines available and no more. The tip-top load that can be sent across that stretch of line is three hundred cars of freight a day and two passenger trains each way. Short of building a double track, or lengthening the sidings, (work which is impossible today owing to shortage of material and labor) NOTHING can increase the amount of freight to be handled over that section of line.

But countless little factors can DECREASE it.

Such an one was the wreck due to the deliberate carelessness of an alien enemy. It cut six hours off the working day of that section of line. It took off a quarter of the carrying capacity of that line for one day — or seventy five east-bound cars! And those cars can never in this world be caught up! They will mean so many extra cars in the Winnipeg yards of that railway until the day comes when the war is over and traffic slacks off, or a double track, or longer sidings are built across that part of Canada.

And the loss of those seventy five cars was felt clear across Canada, clear across the Atlantic, straight through to France — just the same as when a yard engine bunts the end of a long string on a siding and the "bunt" is passed all the way down the line to the very end—most car.

That is what one railway employee did in less than three minutes of his time.

II

Don't let anybody suppose that that story is intended to represent the sort of thing Canadian railroad men do. That particular event was due to the activity of an alien enemy. Others, of a like nature no doubt, are due to unavoidable circumstances. Accidents



C. P. R. VANCOUVER HOTEL—(By courtesy of C. P. R.)

will happen. The record in Canada is so low that Canadian railwaymen may well be proud of themselves. The average Canadian railroader is doing his bit for the war just as conscientiously as though he were in France in Khaki. BUT.....

The episode shows the power of the railway employees of Canada. They have far more power in their hands than the average fighting man at the front. Private Jones may manage to kill forty Germans, or may save a whole section of trench from being stormed by the enemy. But his brother back in Canada working on a Canadian railway has it in his power very often to interrupt the great machinery by which supplies are sent to the Allies. The traffic of the whole world depends for the smoothness of its running on such seeming trifles as — well trimmed signal lamps, well kept right-of-way, well-cared-for engines, well-kept schedules, well-done despatching, well-packed freight in the cars, and smart handling of big and little tasks by everybody.

III

In England and in the United States there are railway war boards whose business it is to see that the railways handle a maximum amount of traffic with a minimum of waste time, energy or material. In Canada, although the roads have been cooperating fairly closely ever since the war broke out, it was only recently that an official organization was found necessary between the roads. About the first of November, in response to the suggestion of the Ottawa government, the Canadian Railway Association for National Defense was formed. The Executive committee of this association consists of the presidents of all the Canadian roads. The Administrative Committee includes the vice-presidents. Under that again comes the Car Service Commission and the Passenger Committee. With W. M. Neal as General Secretary the new association is rapidly developing means of increasing railroad efficiency in Canada still farther. The Association is not, so far, concerned with the actual efficiency of the employees of the railways: they have a creditable record. While everything possible will

be done by the separate roads to help the Canadian Fuel controller by urging economy in the handling of coal on engines and elsewhere, and while no effort will be relaxed to keep up the promptness and alertness of the service, the attention of the new association is being directed to improving general traffic conditions.

Practically the first thing to be undertaken was the recovery of twenty thousand too many Canadian cars in the United States — twenty thousand over and above the number of American cars in Canada. This is now being done through vigorous correspondence with Washington. Then there have been questions of local car shortages on some of the Canadian roads. For example the Canadian Government road was short of potato cars in the Maritime provinces. One of the other roads loaned its potato cars to the C. G. R. The same thing happened with regard to a coal car shortage on a certain road in the west. Meantime, the passenger train mileage which has already been cut down by over ten million miles since the war began, is being further reduced by another two million miles a year, and, last but by no means least: the Canadian shipper is being appealed to make full use of the cars at his disposal and load to capacity instead of half-capacity or less as has been the practice hitherto. This particularly important work is not to be carried on by appeal only, but wherever possible direct pressure is to be brought to bear on those who fail to make the most of the cars. In the same connection efforts are being made to shorten the loading and unloading time for cars.

IV

The Canadian Railway Association for National Defense is an important body and one whose work is certain to interest the railway employees. It is understood they will issue bulletins from time to time for the instruction of the public as well as of the railwaymen. The work of winning the war will be made so much the easier and shorter if the Association has the cooperation of the employees of the various roads.

THE LAST LESSON

By ALPHONSE DAUDET

I started for school very late that morning and was in great dread of a scolding, especially because M. Hamel had said that he would question us on participles, and I did not know the first word about them. For a moment I thought of running away and spending the day out of doors. It was so warm, so bright! the birds were chirping at the edge of the woods; and in the open field back of the saw-mill the Prussians soldiers were drilling. It was all much more tempting than the rule for participles, but I had the strength to resist and hurried off to school.

When I passed the town hall there was a crowd in front of the bulletin-board. For the last two years all our bad news had come from there — the lost battles, the draft, the orders of the commanding officer — and I thought to myself, without stopping:

“What can be the matter now?”

Then as I hurried by as fast as I could go, the blacksmith, Wachter who was there, with his apprentice, reading the bulletin, called after me:

“Don’t go so fast, bub; you’ll get to your school in plenty of time.”

I thought he was making fun of me, and reached M. Hamel’s little garden all out of breath.

Usually, when school began, there there was a great bustle, which could be heard out in the street, the opening and closing of desks, lessons repeated in unison, very loud, with our hands over our ears to understand better, and the teacher’s great ruler rapping on the table. But now it was all so still! I had counted on the commotion to get to my desk without being seen; but, of course, that day everything had to be as quiet as Sunday morning. Through the window I saw classmates, already in their places, and M. Hamel walking up and down with his terrible iron ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and go in before everybody. You can imagine how I blushed and how frightened I was.

But nothing happened. M. Hamel saw me and said very kindly:

“Go to your place quickly, little Franz. We were beginning without you.”

I jumped over the bench and sat down at my desk. Not till then, when I had got a little over my fright, did I see that our teacher had on his beautiful green coat, his frilled shirt, and the little black cap, all embroidered, that he never wore except on inspection and prize days. Besides, the whole school seemed so strange and solemn. But the thing that surprised me most was to see, on the back benches that were always empty, the village people sitting quietly like ourselves; old Hauser, with his three-cornered hat, the former mayor or the former postmaster, and several others besides. Everybody looked sad; and Hauser had brought an old primer, thumbed at the edges, and he held it open on his knees with his great spectacles lying across the pages.

While I was wondering about it all, M. Hamel mounted his chair, and, in the same grave and gentle tone which he had used to me, he said:

My children, this is the last lesson I shall give you. The order has come from Berlin to teach only German in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new master comes to-morrow. This is your last French lesson. I want you to be very attentive.”

What a thunder-clap these words were to me!

Oh, the wretches; that was what they had put up at the town-hall!

My last French lesson! Why, I hardly knew how to write! I should never learn any more! I must stop there, then! Oh, how sorry I was for not learning my lessons, for seeking birds’ eggs, or going sliding on the Soar! My books, that had seemed such a nuisance a while ago, so heavy to carry, my grammar and my history of the saints, were old friends now that I couldn’t give up. And M. Hamel too; the idea that he was going away, that I should never see him again, made me forget



A. E. LAWRENCE
Member of the Board of Directors

all about his ruler and how cranky he was.

Poor man! It was in honor of this last lesson that he had put his fine Sunday-clothes, and now I understood why the old men of the village were sitting there in the back of the room. It was because they were sorry, too, that they had not gone to school more. It was their way of thanking our master for his forty years of faithful service and of showing their respect for the country that was theirs no more.

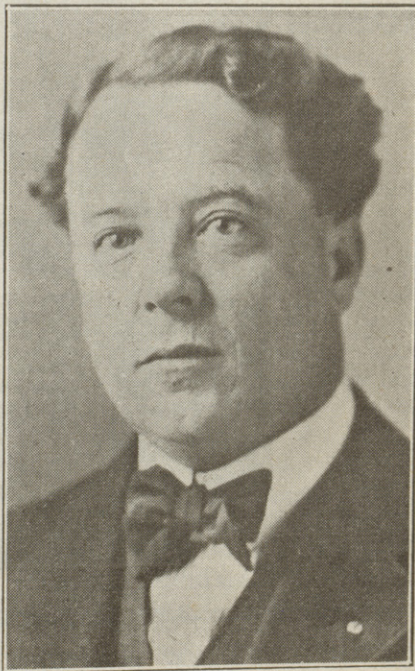
While I was thinking of all this I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say that dreadful rule for the participle all through, very loud clear, and without one mistake? But I got mixed up on the first words and stood there, holding on to my desk, my heart beating, and not daring to look up, I heard M. Hamel say to me:

"I won't scold you, little Franz; you must feel bad enough. See how it is! Every day we have said to ourselves: Bah! I've plenty of time. I'll learn it to-morrow. And now you see where we're come out. Ah! that's the great trouble with Alsace; she puts off learn-

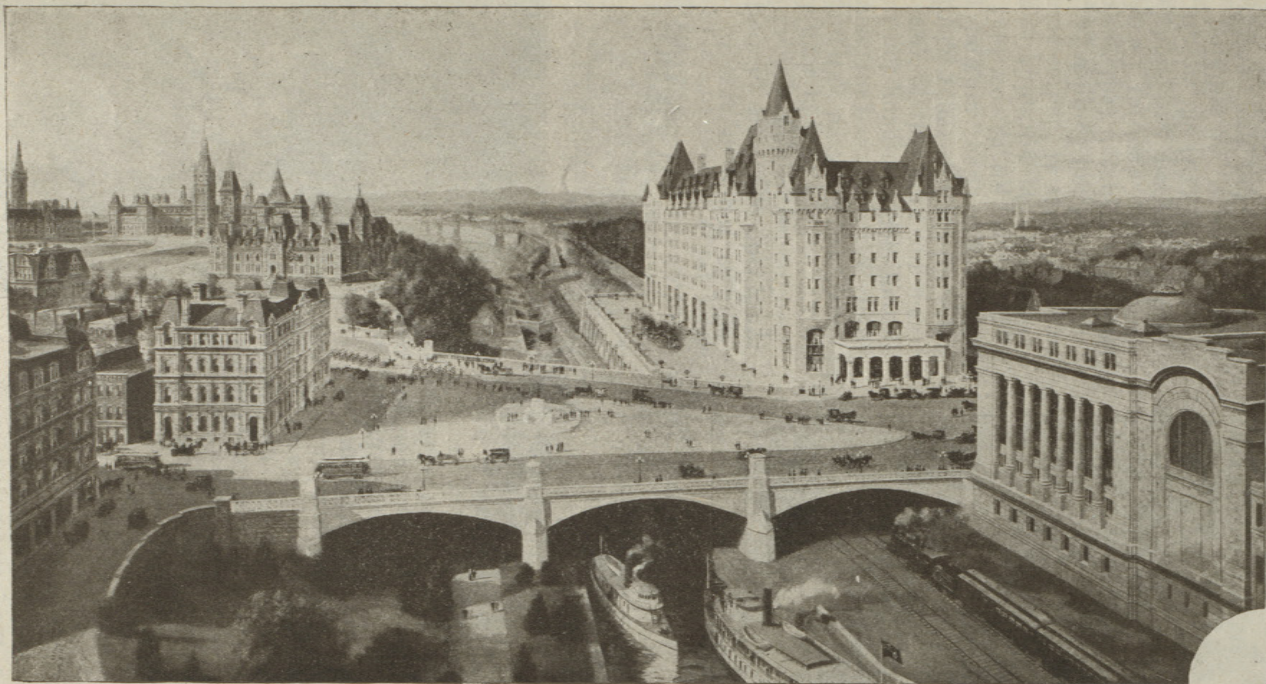
ing till to-morrow. Now those fellows out there will have the right to say to you: How is it; you pretend to be Frenchmen, and yet you can neither speak nor write your own language? But you are not the worst, poor little Franz. We've all a great deal to reproach ourselves with.

"Your parents were not anxious enough to have you learn. They preferred to put you to work on a farm or at the mills, so as to have a little more money. And I? I've been to blame also. Have I not often sent you to water my flowers instead of learning your lessons? And when I wanted to go fishing, did I not just give you a holiday?"

Then from one thing to another, M. Hamel went on to talk of the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world — the clearest, the most logical; that we must guard it among us and never forget it, because when a people are enslaved, as long as they hold fast to their language it is as if they had the key to their prison. Then he opened a grammar and read us our lesson I was amazed to see how well I understood it. All he said seemed so easy, so easy! I think, too, I



O. LAFLEUR
Conductor, C. P. R.
Member of the Board of Directors



OTTAWA'S GREAT ARCHITECTURAL GROUP WHICH INCLUDES THE CHATEAU LAURIER
AND THE GRAND TRUNK'S FINE STATION—(By courtesy of G. T. R.)

had never listened so carefully, and that he had never explained everything with so much patience. It seemed almost as if the poor man wanted to give us all he knew before going away, and to put it all into our heads at one stroke.

After the grammar, we had a lesson in writing. That day M. Hamel had new copies for us, written in a beautiful round hand: France, Alsace, France, Alsace. They looked like little flags floating everywhere in the school-room, and hung from the rod at the top of our desks. You ought to have seen how every one set to work, and how quiet it was! The only sound was the scratching of the pens over the paper. Once some beetles flew in; but nobody paid any attention to them, not even the littlest ones who worked right on tracing their fish-hooks, as if that was French, too. On the roof the pigeons cooed very low, and I thought to myself:

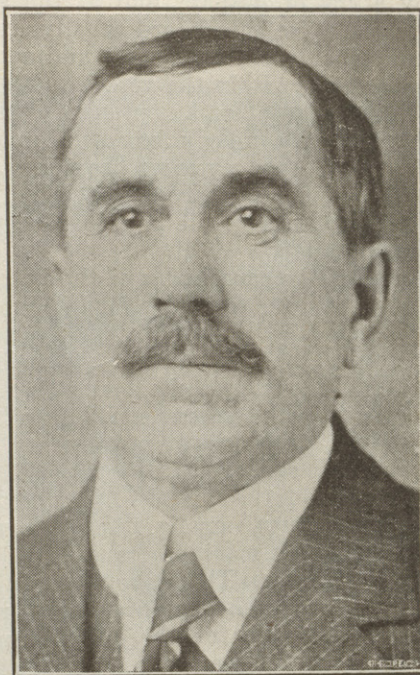
"Will they make them sing in German, even the pigeons?"

Whenever I looked up from my writing I saw M. Hamel sitting motionless in his chair and gazing first at one thing, then at another, as if he wanted to fix in his mind just how everything looked in that little school-room. Fancy! For forty years he had been there in the same place, with his garden outside the window and his class in front of him, just like that. Only the desks and benches had been worn smooth; the walnut-trees in the garden were taller, and the hop-vine that he had planted himself twined about the windows to the roof. How it must have broken his heart to leave it all, poor man; to hear his sister moving about in the room above, packing their trunks! For they must leave the country next day.

But he had the courage to hear every lesson to the very last. After the writing, we had a lesson in history, and then the babies chanted their ba, be, bo, bu. Down there at the back of the room old Hauser had put on his spectacles and, holding his primer in both hands spelled letters with them. You could see that he, too, was crying; his voice trembled with emotion, and it was so funny to hear him that we all

wanted to laugh and cry. Ah, how well I remember it, that last lesson!

All at once the church-clock struck twelve. Then the Angelus. At the same moment the trumpets of the Prussians, returning from drill, sounded under



N. FOXY

Conductor, G. T. R.

Member of the Board of Directors

our windows. M. Hamel stood up, very pale, in his chair. I never saw him look so tall.

"My friends," said he, "I—I—" But something choked him. He could not go on.

Then he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and, bearing on with all his might, he wrote as large as he could:

"Vive La France!"

Then he stopped and leaned his head against the wall, and, without a word he made a gesture to us with his hand:

"School is dismissed—you may go."

REMEMBER THE NEXT FIFTH SUNDAY MEETING WILL BE HELD ON SUNDAY, JANUARY 6th, 1918, AT 7.30 P.M., AT STANLEY HALL, MONTREAL.
BE SURE TO ATTEND.

A Fight with a Cannon

By VICTOR HUGO

La Vieuville was suddenly cut short by a cry of despair, and at the same time a noise was heard wholly unlike any other sound. The cry and sounds came from within the vessel.

The captain and lieutenant rushed toward the gun-deck, but could not get down. All the gunners were pouring up in dismay.

Something terrible had just happened.

One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four pounder, had broken loose.

This is the most dangerous accident that can possibly take place on ship-board. Nothing more terrible can happen to a sloop of war in open sea and under full sail.

A cannon that breaks its moorings becomes some strange, supernatural beast. It is a machine transformed into a monster. That short mass on wheels moves like a billiard-ball, rolls with the rolling of the ship, plunges with the pitching, goes, comes, stops seems to mediate, starts on its course again, shoots like an arrow from one end of the vessel to the other, whirls around, slips away, dodges, rears, bangs, crashes, kills, exterminates. It is a battering ram capriciously assaulting a wall. Add to this, the fact that the ram is of metal, the wall of wood.

It is matter set free; one might say, this eternal slave was avenging itself; it seems as if the total has escaped, and burst forth all of a sudden; it appears to lose patience, and to take a strange mysterious revenge; nothing more relentless than this wrath of the inanimate. This enraged lump leaps like a panther, it has the clumsiness of an elephant, the nimbleness of a mouse, the obstinacy of an axe, the uncertainty of the billows, the zigzag of the lightning, the deafness of the grave, it weighs ten thousands pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. It spins and then abruptly darts off at right angles.

And what is to be done? How put an end to it? A tempest ceases, a cyclone

passes over, a wind dies down, a broken mast can be replaced, a leak can be stopped, a fire extinguished, but what will become of this enormous brute of bronze? How can it be captured? You can reason with a bulldog, astonish a bull, fascinate a boa, frighten a tiger, tame a lion; but you have no resource against this monster, a loose cannon. You can not kill it, it is dead; and at the same time it lives. It lives with a sinister life which comes to it from the infinite. The deck beneath it gives it full swing. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This destroyer is a toy. The ship, the waves, the winds, all play with it, hence its frightful animation. What is to be done with this apparatus? How fetter this stupendous engine of destruction? How anticipate its comings and goings, its returns, its steps, its shocks? Any one of its blows on the side of the ship may stave it in. How foretell its frightful meanderings? It is dealing with a projectile, which alters its mind, which seems to have ideas, and changes its direction every instant. How check the course of what must be avoided? The horrible cannon struggles, advances, backs, strikes right, strikes left, retreats, passes by, disconcerts expectation, grinds up obstacles, crushes men like flies. All the terror of the situation is in the fluctuations of the flooring. How fight an inclined plane subject to caprices? The ship has, so to speak, in its belly, an imprisoned thunderstorm, striving to escape, something like a thunderbolt rumbling above an earthquake.

In an instant the whole crew was on foot. It was the fault of the gun captain who had neglected to fasten the screw-nut of the mooring-chain, and had insecurely clogged the four wheels of the gun carriage; this gave play to the sole and the frame-work, separated the two platforms, and the breeching. The tackle had given way, so that the cannon was no longer firm on its carriage. The stationary breeching, which prevents recoil, was not in use at this

time. A heavy sea struck the port, the carronade, insecurely fastened, had recoiled and broken its chain, and began its terrible course over the deck.

To form an idea of this strange sliding, let one imagine a drop of water running over a glass.

At the moment when the fastenings gave way, the gunners were in the battery, some in groups, others scattered about, busied with the customary work among sailors getting ready for a signing for action. The carronade, hurled forward by the pitching of the vessel, made a gap in this crowd of men and crushed four at the first blow; then sliding back and shot out again as the ship rolled, it cut in two a fifth unfortunate, and knocked a piece of the battery against the larboard side with such force as to unship it. This caused the cry of distress just heard. All the men rushed to the companion-way. The gun-deck was vacated in a twinkling.

The enormous gun was left alone. It was given up to itself. It was its own master and master of the ship. It could do what it pleased. This whole crew, accustomed to laugh in time of battle, now trembled. To describe the terror is impossible.

Captain Boisberthelot and Lieutenant la Vieuville, although both dauntless men, stopped at the head of the companion-way and, dumb, pale, and hesitating, looked down on the deck below. Some one elbowed past and went down.

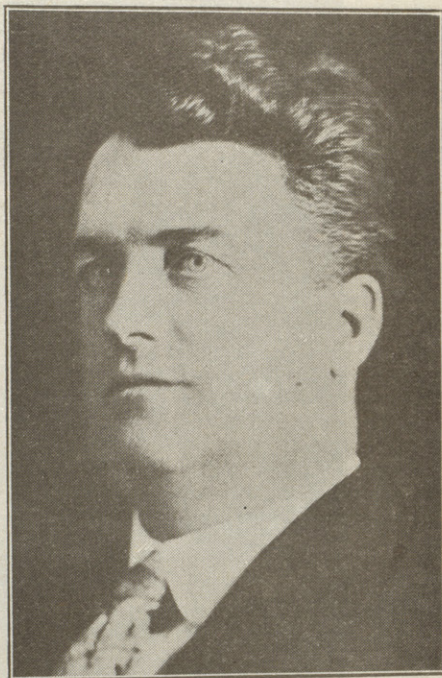
It was their passenger, the peasant, the man of whom they had just been speaking a moment before.

Reaching the foot of the companion-way, he stopped.

The cannon was rushing back and forth on the deck. One might have supposed it to be a living chariot of the Apocalypse. The marine lantern swinging overhead added a dizzy shifting of light and shade to the picture. The form of the cannon disappeared in the violence of its course, and it looked now black in the light, now mysteriously white in the darkness.

It went on its destructive work. It had already shattered four other guns and made two gaps in the side of the ship, fortunately above the water-line, but where the water would come in, in case of heavy weather. It rushed

frantically against the framework; the strong timbers withstood the shock; the curved shape of the wood gave them great power of resistance; but they creaked beneath the blows of the huge club, beating on all sides at once, with a strange sort of ubiquity. The percussions of a grain of shot shaken in a bottle are not swifter or more sense-



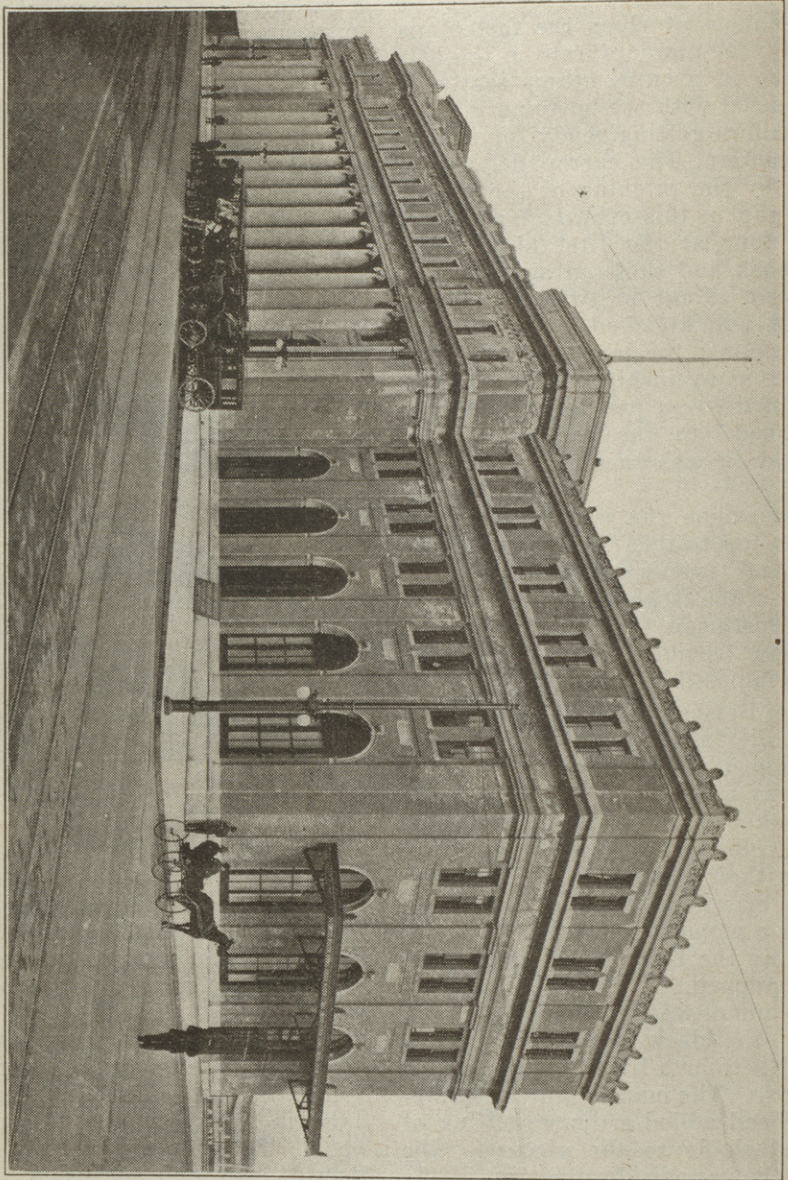
W. FARLEY

Engineer, C. P. R.

Member of the Board of Directors

less. The four wheels pass back and forth over the dead men, cutting them, carving them, slashing them, till the five corpses were a score of stumps rolling across the deck; the heads of the dead men seemed to cry out; streams of blood, curled over the deck with the rolling of the vessel; the planks, damaged in several places, began to gape open. The whole was filled with the horrid noise and confusion.

The captain promptly recovered his presence of mind and ordered everything that could check and impede the cannon's mad course to be thrown through the hatchway down on the gun-deck-mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, rolls of cordage, bags belonging to the crew, and bales of counterfeit assignate, of which the corvette car-



C. P. R. VANCOUVER STATION — (By courtesy of C. P. R.)

ried a characteristic piece of English villainy regarded as legitimate warfare.

But what could these rags do? As nobody dared to go below to dispose of them properly, they were reduced to lint in a few minutes.

There was just sea enough to make the accident as bad as possible. A tempest would have been desirable, for it might have upset the cannon, and with its four wheels once in the air there would be some hope of getting it under control. Meanwhile, the havoc increased.

There were splits and fractures in the masts, which are set into the framework on the keel and rise above the decks of ships like great round pillars. The convulsive blows of the cannon had cracked the mizzenmast, and had cut into the mainmast.

The battery was being ruined. Ten pieces out of thirty were disabled; the breaches in the side of the vessel were increasing, and the corvette was beginning to leak.

The old passenger having gone down to the gun-deck, stood like a man of stone at the foot of the steps. He cast a stern glance over this scene of devastation. He did not move. It seemed impossible to take a step forward. Every movement of the loose carronade threatened the ship's destruction. A few moments more and shipwreck would be inevitable.

They must perish or put a speedy end to the disaster; some course must be decided on; but what? What an opponent was this carronade! Something must be done to stop this terrible madness — to capture this lightning — to overthrow this thunderbolt.

Boisberthelot said to La Vieuville:

"Do you believe in God, chevalier?"

La Vieuville replied:

"Yes — no. Sometimes."

"During a tempest?"

"Yes, and in moments like this."

"God alone can save us from this," said Boisberthelot.

Everybody was silent, letting the carronade continue its horrible din.

Outside, the waves beating against the ship responded with their blows to the shocks of the cannon. It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly, in the midst of those inaccessible ring, where the escaped cannon was leaping, a man was seen to appear, with an iron bar in his hand. He was the author of the catastrophe, the captain of the gun, guilty of criminal carelessness, and the cause of the accident, the master of the carronade. Having done the mischief, he was anxious to repair it. He had seized the iron bar in one hand, a tiller-roppe with a slip-noose in the other, and jumped down the hatchway to the gun-deck.

Then began an awful sight; a Titanic scene; the contest between gun and gunner; the battle of matter and intelligence; the duel between man and the inanimate.

The man stationed himself in a corner, and, with bar and rope in his two hands, he leaned against one of the riders, braced himself on his legs, which seemed two steel posts, and livid, calm, tragic, as if rooted to the deck, he waited.

He waited for the cannon to pass by him.

The gunner knew his gun, and it seemed to him as if the gun ought to know him. He had lived long with it. How many times he had thrust his head into his mouth! It was his own familiar monster. He began to speak to it as if it were his dog.

"Come!" he said. Perhaps he loved it.

He seemed to wish it to come to him.

But to come to him was to come upon him. And then he would be lost. How could he avoid being crushed? That was the question. All looked on in terror.

Not a breast breathed freely, unless perhaps that of the old man, who was alone in the battery with the two contestants, a stern witness.

He might be crushed himself by the cannon. He did not stir.

Beneath them the sea blindly directed the contest.

At the moment when the gunner, accepting this frightful hand-to-hand conflict, challenged the cannon, some chance rocking of the sea caused the carronade to remain for an instant motionless and as if stupefied. "Come now!" said the man.

It seemed to listen.

Suddenly it leaped toward him. The man dodged the blow.

The battle began. Battle unprecedented. Frailty struggling against the invulnerable. The gladiator of flesh attacking the beast of brass. On one side, brute force; on the other, a human soul.

All this was taking place in semi-darkness. It was like the shadowy vision of a miracle.

A soul — strange to say, one would have thought the cannon had a soul; but a soul full of hatred and rage. This sightless thing seemed to have eyes. The monster appeared to lie in wait for the man. One would have at least believed that there was craft in this mass. It also chose its time. It was a strange, gigantic insect of metal, having or seeming to have the will of a demon. For a moment this colossal locust would beat against the low ceiling over head, then it would come down on its four wheels like a tiger on its four paws, and begin to run at the man. He, supple, nimble, expert, writhed away like an adder from all these lightning movements. He avoided a collision, but the blows which he parried fell against the vessel, and continued their work of destruction.

An end of broken chain was left hanging to the carronade. This chain had in some strange way become twisted about the screw of the cascabel. One end of the chain was fastened to the gun-carriage. The other, left loose, whirled desperately about the cannon, making all its blows more dangerous.

The screw held it in a firm grip, adding a thong to a battering ram, making a terrible whirlwind around the cannon, an iron lash in a brazen hand. This chain complicated the contest.

However, the man went on fighting. Occasionally, it was the man who attacked the cannon; he would creep along the side of the vessel, bar and rope in hand; and the cannon, as if it understood, and as though suspecting some snare, would flee away. The man, bent on victory, pursued it.

Such things can not long continue. The cannon seemed to say to itself, all

of a sudden, "Come, now!" Make an end of it!" and it stopped. One felt that the crisis was at hand. The cannon, as if in suspense, seemed to have, or really had — for to all it was a living being — a ferocious malice pre-pense. It made a sudden, quick dash at the gunner. The gunner sprang out of the way, let it pass by, and cried out to it with a laugh, "Try it again!" The cannon, as if enraged, smashed a carronade on the port side; then, again seized by the invisible sling which controlled it, it was hurled to the star-board side at the man, who made his escape. Three carronades gave way under the blows of the cannon; then, as if blind and not knowing what more to do, it turned its back on the man, rolled from stern to bow, injured the stern and made a breach in the planking of the prow. The man took refuge at the foot of the steps, not far from the old man who was looking on. The gunner held his iron bar in rest. The cannon seemed to notice it, and without taking the trouble to turn around, slid back on the man, swift as the blow of an axe. The man, driven against the side of the ship, was lost. The whole crew cried out with horror.

But the old passenger, till this moment motionless, darted forth more quickly than any of this wildly swift rapidity. He seized a package of counterfeit assignats, and, at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in throwing it between the wheels of the carronade. This decisive and perilous movement could not have been made with more exactness and precision by a man trained in all the exercises described in Durosol's "Manual of Gun Practice at Sea."

The package had the effect of a log. A pebble may stop a log, the gunner, taking advantage of the critical opportunity, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon stopped. It leaned forward. The man, using the bar as a lever, held it in equilibrium. The heavy mass was overthrown, with the crash of a falling bell and the man, rushing with all his might, dripping with perspiration, passed the slipnoose around the bronze neck of the subdued monster.



R. PRING

One of the oldest engineers on Ottawa section of C. P. R. Has been running an engine for 34 years, is still very active in Railroad circles.

It was ended. The man had conquered. The ant had control over the mastodon; the pygmy had taken the thunderbolt prisoner.

The mariners and sailors clapped their hands.

The whole crew rushed forward with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was secured.

The gunner saluted the passenger.

"Sir," he said, "you have saved my life."

The old man had resumed his impassive attitude, and made no reply.

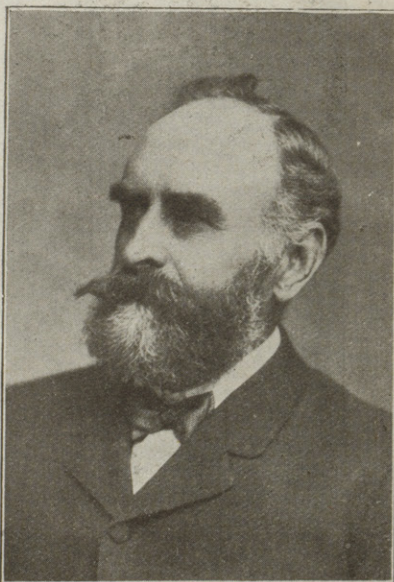
The man had conquered, but the cannon might be said to have conquered as well. Immediate shipwreck had been avoided, but the corvette was not saved. The damage to the vessel seemed beyond repair. There were five breaches in her sides, one, very large, in the bow; twenty of the thirty ear-norades lay useless in their frames. The one which had just been captured chained again was disabled; the screw of the casable was sprung, and consequently leveling the gun made impossible. The battery was reduced to nine

pieces. The ship was leaking. It was necessary to repair the damages at once, and to work the pumps.

The gun-deck, now that one could look over it, was frightful to behold. The inside of an infuriated elephant's cage would not be more completely demolished.

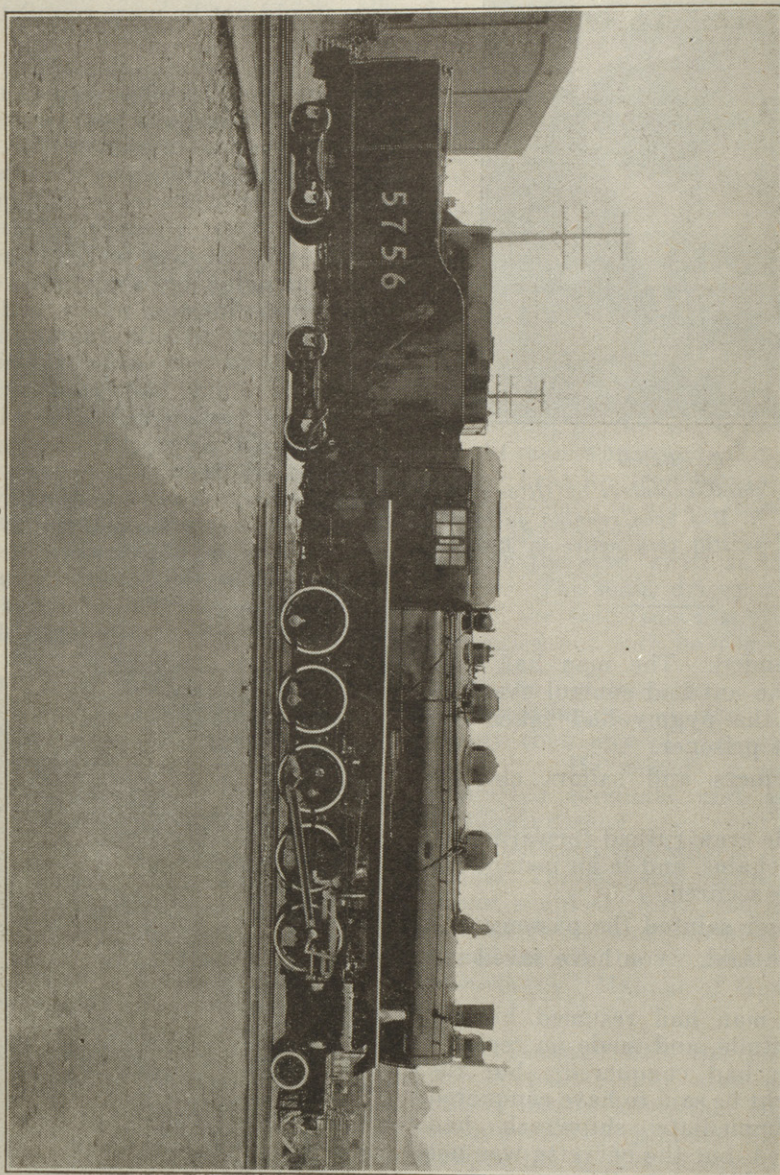
However, great might be the necessity of escaping observation, the necessity of immediate safety was still more imperative to the corvette. They had been obliged to light up the deck with lanterns hung here and there on the sides.

However, all the while this tragic play was going on, the crew were absorbed by a question of life and death, and they were wholly ignorant of what was going to take place, outside the vessel. The fog had grown thicker; the weather had changed; the wind had worked its pleasure with the ship; they were out of their course, with Jersey and Guernsey close at hand, further to the south than they ought to have been, and in the midst of a heavy sea. Great billows kissed the gaping wounds of the vessel — kisses full of danger. The rocking of the sea threatened destruc-



GEORGE MONROE

He entered the service of the Grand Trunk on October 1874, and was promoted engineer in 1880, he retired on a pension September 1912. He ran over all the divisions on the main line of the Grand Trunk in Canada.



ONE OF THE LATEST C. P. R. LOCOMOTIVES—(By courtesy of C. P. R.)

tion. The breeze had become a gale. A squall, a tempest, perhaps, as brewing. It was impossible to see four waves ahead.

While the crew were hastily repairing the damages to the gun-deck, topping the leaks, and putting in place the guns which had been injured in the disaster, the old passenger had gone on deck again.

He stood with his back against the mainmast.

He had noticed a proceeding which had taken place on the vessel. The Chevalier de la Vieuville had drawn up the marines in line on both sides of the mainmast, and at the sound of the boatswain's whistle the sailors formed in line, standing on the yards.

The Count de Boisberthelot approached the passenger.

Behind the captain walked a man, haggard, out of breath, his dress scordered, but still with a look of satisfaction on his face.

It was the gunner who had just shown himself so skilful in subduing monsters, and who had gained the mastery over the cannon.

The count gave the military salute to the old man in peasant's dress, and said to him:

"General, there is a man."

The gunner remained standing, with downcast eyes, in military attitude.

The Count de Boisberthelot continued:

"General, in consideration of what this man has done, do you think there is something due him from his commander?"

"I think so," said the old man.

"Please give your orders," replied Boisberthelot.

"It is for you to give them, you are the captain."

"But you are the General," replied Boisberthelot.

The old man looked at the gunner.

"Come forward, he said.

The gunner approached.

The old man turned toward the Count de Boisberthelot, took off the cross of Saint-Louis from the captain's coat and fastened it on the gunner's jacket.

"Hurrah!" cried the sailors.

The mariners presented arms.

And the old passenger, pointing to the dazzled gunner, added:

"Now, have this man shot."

Dismay succeeded the cheering.

Then in the midst of the dead-like stillness, the old man raised his voice and said:

"Carelessness has compromised this vessel. At this very hour it is perhaps lost. To be at sea is to be in front of the enemy. A ship making a voyage is an army waging war. The tempest is concealed but it is at hand. The whole sea is an ambushade. Death is the penalty of any misdemeanor committed in the face of the enemy. No fault is reparable. Courage should be rewarded, and negligence punished."

These words fell one after another, slowly, solemnly, in a sort of inexorable metre, like the blows of an axe upon an oak.

And the man, looking at the soldiers, added:

"Let it be done."

The man on whose jacket hung the shining cross of Saint-Louis bowed his head.

At a signal from Count de Boisberthelot, two sailors went below and came back bringing the hammock-shroud; the officers; quarters, accompanied the two sailors; a sergeant detached twelve marines from the line and arranged them in two files, six by six; the gunner, without uttering a word, placed himself between the two files. The chaplain, crucifix in hand, advanced and stood beside him. "March," said the sergeant. The platoon marched with slow steps to the bow of the vessel. The two sailors, carrying the shroud, followed. A gloomy silence fell over the vessel. A hurricane howled in the distance.

A few moments later, a light flashed, a report sounded through the darkness, then all was still, and the sound of a body falling into the sea was heard.

The old passenger, still leaning against the mainmast, had crossed his arms, and was buried in thought.

Boisberthelot, pointed to him with the forefinger of his left hand and said to La Vieuville in a low voice:

"La Vendée has a head."



UNLOADING FREIGHT AT ONE OF THE BUSY TERMINALS OF THE GRAND TRUNK IN MONTREAL
(By courtesy of G. T. R.)

"Dr. Manette's Manuscript"

By CHARLES DICKENS

I, Alexandre Manette, unfortunate physician, native of Beauvais, and afterwards resident in Paris, write this melancholy paper in my doleful cell in the Bastille, during the last month of the year, 1767. I write it at stolen intervals, under every difficulty. I design to secrete it in the wall of the chimney, where I have slowly and laboriously made a place of concealment for it. Some pitying hand may find it there, when I and my sorrows are dust.

"These words are formed by the rusty iron point with which I write with difficulty in scrappings of soot and charcoal from the chimney, mixed with blood, in the last month of the tenth year of my captivity. Hope has quite departed from my breast. I know from terrible warnings I have noted in myself that my reason will not long remain unimpaired, but I solemnly declare that I am at this time in the possession of my right mind—that my memory is exact and circumstantial—and that I write the truth as I shall answer for these my last recorded words, whether they be ever read by men or not, at the Eternal Judgment-seat.

"One cloudy moonlight night in the third week of December (I think the twenty-second of the month) in the year 1757, I was walking on a retired part of the quay by the Seine for the refreshment of the frosty air, at an hour's distance from my place of residence in the Street of the School of Medecine, when a carriage came along behind me, driven very fast. As I stood aside to let that carriage pass, apprehensive that it might otherwise run me down, a head was put out at the window, and a voice called the driver to stop.

"The carriage stoped as soon as the driver could rein in his horses, and the same voice called me by my name. I answered. The carriage was then so far in advance of me that two gentlemen had time to open the door and alight before I came up with it. I ob-

served that they were both wrapped in cloaks, and appeared to conceal themselves. As they stood side by side near the carriage door, I also observed that they both looked of about my own age, or rather younger, and that they were greatly alike, in stature, manner, voice, and (as far as I could see) face too.

"You are Doctor Manette?" said one.

"I am."

"Doctor Manette, formerly of Beauvais," said the other; "the young physician, originally an expert surgeon, who within the last year or two has made a rising reputation in Paris?"

"Gentlemen," I returned, "I am that Doctor Manette of whom you speak so graciously."

"We have been to your residence," said the first, "and not being so fortunate as to find you here, and being informed that you were probably walking in this direction, we followed, in the hope of overtaken you. Will you please to enter the carriage?"

"The manner of both was imperious, and they both moved, as these words were spoken, so as to place me between themselves and the carriage door. They were armed. I was not.

"Gentlemen," said I, "pardon me; but I usually inquire who does me the honour to seek my assistance, and what is the nature of the case to which I am summoned."

"The reply to this was made by him who had spoken second. 'Doctor your clients are people of condition. As the nature of the case, our confidence in your skill assures us that you will ascertain it for yourself better than we can describe it. Enough. Will you please to enter the carriage?'

"I could do nothing but comply, and I entered in silence. They both entered after me—the last springing in, after putting up the steps. The carriage turned about, and drove on at its former speed.

"I repeat this conversation exactly as it occurred. I have no doubt that it

is, word for word, the same. I describe everything exactly as it took place, constraining my mind not to wander from the task. Where I make the broken marks that follow here, I leave off for the time, and put my paper in its hiding place...

The carriage left the streets behind, passed the North Barrier, and emerged upon the country road. At two-thirds of a league from the Barrier—I did not estimate the distance at that time, but afterwards when I traversed it—it struck out of the main avenue, and presently stopped at a solitary house. We all three alighted, and walked, by a damp soft footpath, in a garden where a neglect fountain had overflowed to the door of the house. It was not opened immediately, in answer to the ringing of the bell, and one of my two conductors struck the man who opened it, with his heavy riding glove, across the face.

“There was nothing in this action to attract my particular attention, for I had seen common people struck more commonly than dogs. But the other of the two, being angry likewise, struck the man in like manner with his arm; the look and bearing of the brothers were then so exactly alike that I then first perceived them to be twin brothers.

“From the time of our alighting at the outer gate (which we found locked, and which one of the brothers had opened to admit us, and had relocked), I had heard cries proceeding from an upper chamber. I was conducted to this chamber straight, the cries growing louder as we ascended the stairs, and I found a patient in a high fever of brain, lying on a bed.

“The patient was a woman of great beauty, and young; assuredly not much past twenty. Her hair was torn and ragged, and her arms were bound to her sides with sashes and handkerchiefs. I noticed that these bonds were all portions of a gentleman’s dress. On one of them, which was a fringed scarf for a dress of ceremony, I saw the armorial bearings of a Noble, and the letter E.

“I saw this within the first minute of my contemplation of the patient; for, in her reckless strivings she had turned over her face on the edge of the

bed, had drawn the end of the scarf into her mouth, and was in danger of suffocation. My first act was to put out my hand to relieve her breathing; and, in moving the scarf aside, the embroidery in the corner caught my sight.

“I turned her gently over, placed my hands upon her breast to calm her and keep her down, and looked into her face. Her eyes were dilated and wild, and she constantly uttered piercing shrieks, and repeated the words, ‘My husband, my father, and my brother!’ and then counted up to twelve, and said, ‘Hush!’ For an instant, and no more, she would pause to listen, and then the piercing shrieks would begin again and she would repeat the cry ‘My husband, my father, and my brother!’ and would count up to twelve, and say, ‘Hush!’ There was no variation in the order, or the manner. There was no cessation, but the regular moment’s pause, in the utterance of these sounds.

“‘How long,’ I asked, ‘has this lasted?’

“To distinguish the brothers, I will call them the elder and the younger; by the elder, I mean him who exercised the most authority. It was the elder who replied, ‘Since about this hour last night.’

“She has a husband, a father, and a brother?”

“A brother,”

“I do not address her brother?”

“He answered with great contempt, ‘No.’

“She has some recent association with the number twelve?”

“The younger brother impatiently rejoined, ‘With twelve o’clock?’

“‘See, gentlemen,’ said I still keeping my hands upon her breast how useless I am, as you have brought me! If I had known what I was coming to see, I would have come provided. As it is, time must be lost. There are no medicines to be obtained in this lonely place.’

“The elder brother looked at the younger, who said haughtily, ‘There is a case of medicines here;’ and brought it from a closet, and put it on the table.

“I opened some of the bottles, smelt them, and put the stoppers to my lips,

If I had wanted to use anything save narcotic medicines that were poisons in themselves. I would not have administered any of these.

"Do you doubt them? asked the younger brother.

"You see, monsieur, I am going to use them," I replied and said no more.

"I made the patient swallow, with great difficulty, and after many efforts, the dose that I desired to give. As I intended to repeat it after a while, and as it was necessary to watch its influence, I then sat down by the side of the bed. There was a timid and suppressed woman in attendance (wife of the man down-stairs), who had retreated into a corner. The house was damp and decayed, indifferently furnished—evidently, recently occupied and temporarily used. Some thick old hangings had been nailed up before the windows, to deadead the sound of the shrieks. They continued to be uttered in their regular succession, with the cry, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' the counting up to twelve and 'Hush!' The frenzy was so violent, that I had not unfastened the bandages restraining the arms; but I had looked to them, to see that they were not painful. The only spark of encouragement in the case, was, that my hand upon the sufferer's breast had this much soothing influence, that for minutes at a time it tranquillised the figure. It had no effect upon the cries; no pendulum could be more regular.

"For the reason that my hand had this effect (I assume), I had sat by the side of the bed for half an hour, with the two brothers looking on, before the elder said:

"There is another patient."

"I was started, and asked, 'Is it a pressing case?'

"You had better see," he carelessly answered; and took up a light.

"The other patient lay in a back room across a second staircase, which was a species of loft over a stable. There was a low plastered ceiling to a part of it; the rest was open, to the ridge of the tiled roof, and there was beams across. Hay and straw were stored in that portion of the place, fagots for firing, and a heap of apples in sand. I had to pass through that part, to get at the other. My memory

is circumstantial, and unshaken. I try it with these details, and I see them all, in this my cell in the Bastille, near the close of the tenth year of my captivity, as I saw them all that night.

"On some hay on the ground, with a cushion thrown under his ear, lay a handsome peasant boy—a boy of not more than seventeen at the most. He lay on his back, with his teeth set, his right hand clenched on his breast, and his glaring eyes looking straight upward. I could not see where his wound was, as I kneeled on one knee over him; but, I could see that he was dying of a wound from a sharp point.

"I am a doctor, my poor fellow," said I. 'Let me examine it.'

"I do not want it examined," he answered; 'let it be.'

"It was under his hand, and I soothed him to let me move his hand away. The wound was a sword-thrust, received from twenty or twenty-four hours before, but no skill could have saved him if it had been looked to without delay. He was then dying fast. As I turned my eyes to the elder brother, I saw him looking down at this handsome boy whose life was ebbing out, as if he were a wounded bird, or hare, or rabbit; not at all as if he were a fellow-creature.

"How has this been done, monsieur?" said I.

"A crazed young dog! A serf! Forced my brother to draw upon him, and has fallen by my brother's sword—like a gentleman."

"There was no touch of pity, sorrow, or kindred humanity, in this answer. The speaker seemed to acknowledge that it was inconvenient to have that different order of creature dying there, and that it would have been better if it had died in the usual obscure routine of his vermin kind. He was quite incapable of any compassionate feeling about the boy, or about his fate.

"The boy's eyes had slowly moved to him as he had spoken, and they now slowly moved to me.

"Doctor, they are very proud these Nobles; but we common dogs are proud too, sometimes. They plunder us, outrages us, beat us, kill us; but we have a little pride left, sometimes. She—have you seen her, Doctor?"

"The shrieks and the cries were audible there, though subdued by the distance. He referred to them, as if she were lying in our presence.

"I said I have seen her."

"She is my sister, Doctor. They have had their shameful rights, these Nobles, in the modesty and virtue of our sisters many years, but we have had good girls among us. I know it, and have heard my father say so. She was a good girl. She was betrothed to a good young man, too; a tenant of his. We were all tenants of his—that man's who stands there. The other is his brother, the worst of a bad race."

"It was with the greatest difficulty that the boy gathered bodily force to speak; but, his spirit spoke with a dreadful emphasis.

"We were so robbed by that man who stands there, as all we common dogs are by these superior Beings—taxed by him without mercy, obliged to work for him without pay, obliged to grind our corn at his mill, obliged to feed scores of his tame birds on our wretched crops, and forbidden for our lives to keep a single tame bird of our own, pillaged and plundered to that degree when we chanced to have a bit of meat, we ate in fear; with the door barred and the shutters closed, that his people should not see it and take it from us—I say, we were so robbed, and hunted, and were made so poor, that our father told us it was a dreadful thing to bring a child into the world, and that what we should most pray for, was, that our women might be barren and our miserable race die out!"

"I had never before seen the sense of being oppressed, bursting forth like a fire. I had supposed that it must be latent in the people somewhere; but, I had never seen it break out, until I saw it in the dying boy.

"Nevertheless, Doctor, my sister married. He was ailing at that time, poor fellow, and she married her lover, that she might tend and comfort him in our cottage—our dog-hut, as that man would call it. She had not been married many weeks, when that man's brother saw her and admired her and asked that man to lend her to him—for what are husbands among us! He was willing enough, but my sister was

good and virtuous, and hated his brother with a hatred as strong as mine. What did the two men then, to persuade her husband to use his influence with her, to make her willing?"

"The boy's eyes, which had been fixed on mine, slowly turned to the looker-on, and I saw in the two faces that all he said was true. The two opposing kinds of pride confronting one another, I can see, even in this Bastille; the gentleman's, all negligent indifference; the peasant's, all trodden-down sentiment, and passionate revenge.

"You know, Doctor, that it is among the Rights of these Nobles to harness us common dogs to carts, and drive us. They so harnessed him and drove him. You know that it is among their Rights to keep us in their grounds all night, quieting the frogs, in order that their noble sleep may not be disturbed. They kept him out in the wholesome mists at night, and ordered him back into harness in the day. But he was not persuaded. No! Taken out of the harness one day at noon, to feed—if he could find food—he sobbed twelve times, once for every stroke of the bell, and died on her bosom.

Nothing human could have held life in the boy but his determination to tell all his wrong. He forced back the gathering shadows of death, as he forced his clenched right hand to remain clenched (and to cover his wound.

"Then, with that man's permission and even with his aid, his brother took her away; in spite of what I know she must have told his brother—and what that is, will not be long unknown to you, Doctor, if it is now—his brother took her away—for his pleasure and diversion, for a little while. I saw her pass me on the road. When I took the tidings home, our father's heart burst; he never spoke one of the words that filled it. I took my young sister (for I have another) to a place beyond the reach of the man, and where, at least, she will never be his vassal. Then, I tracked the brother here, and last night climbed in—a common dog, but sword in hand—Where is the loft window? It was somewhere here?"

"The room was darkening to his sight; the world was narrowing around him. I glanced about me, and saw that

the hay and straw were trampled over the floor, as if there had been a struggle.

"She heard me, and ran in. I told her, not to come near us till he was dead. He came in and first tossed me some pieces of money; then struck at me with a whip. But, I, though a common dog, so struck at him as to make him draw. Let him break into many pieces if he will, the sword that he had stained with my common blood; he drew to defend himself—thrust at me with all his skill for his life."

"My glance had fallen, but a few moments before, on the fragments of a broken sword, lying among the hay. That weapon was a gentleman's. In another place, lay an old sword that seemed to have been a soldier's."

"Now lift me up, Doctor; lift me up. Where is he?"

"He is not here," I said, supporting the boy, and thinking that he referred to the brother.

"He! Proud as these Nobles are, he is afraid to see me. Where is the man who was there? Turn my face to him."

"I did so, raising the boy's head against my knee. But, invested for the moment with extraordinary power, he raised himself completely: obliging me to rise too, or I could not have still supported him."

"Marquis," said the boy, turning to him with his eyes opened wide, and his right hand raised, "in the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon you and yours, to the last of your bad race, to answer for them. I mark this cross of blood upon you, as a sign that I do it. In the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon your brother, the worst of the bad race, to answer for them separately, I mark this cross of blood upon him; as a sign that I do it."

"Twice, he put his hand to the wound in his breast, and with his forefinger drew a cross in the air. He stood for an instant with finger yet raised, and as it dropped, he dropped it, and I laid him down dead."

"When I returned to the bedside of the young woman, I found her raving in precisely the same order of continuity. I knew that this might last for many hours, and that it would probably end in the silence of the grave."

"I repeated the medicines I had given her, and I sat at the side of the bed until the night was far advanced. She never abated the piercing quality of her shrieks, never stumbled in the distinctness of the order of her words. They were always 'My husband, my father, and my brother! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hush!'"

"This lasted twenty-six hours from the time when I first saw her. I had come and gone twice, and was again sitting by her, when she began to falter. I did what little could be done to assist the opportunity, and by-and-by she sank into a lethargy, and lay like a dead."

"It was as if the wind and rain had lulled at last, after a long fearful storm. I released her arms, and called the woman to assist me to compose her figure and the dress she had torn. It was then that I knew her condition to be that of one in whom the first expectations of being a mother have arisen; and it was then that I lost the little hope I had had of her."

"Is she dead?" asked the Marquis, whom I will still describe as the elder brother, coming booted into the room from his horse.—'Not dead,' said I: 'but like to die.'

"What strength there is in these common bodies!" he said, looking down at her with some curiosity.

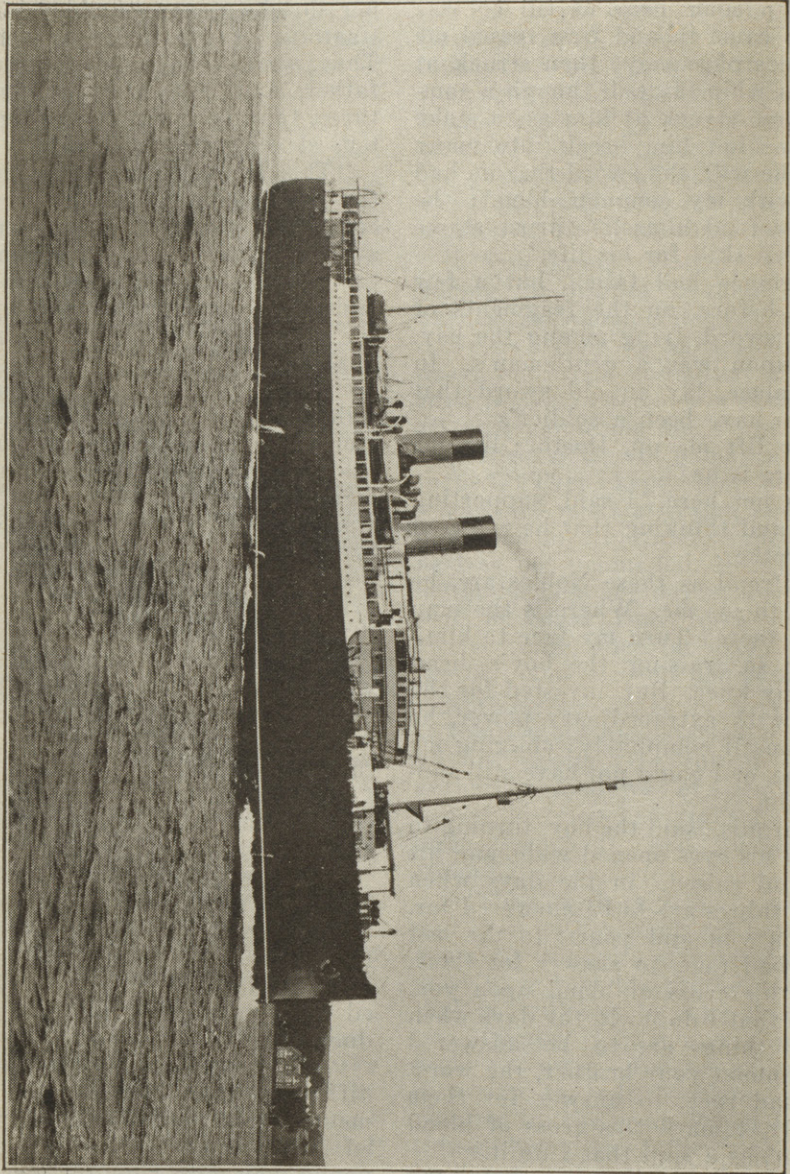
"There is prodigious strength," I answered in sorrow and despair."

"He first laughed at my words, and then frowned at them. He moved a chair with his foot near to mine, ordered the woman away, and said in a subdued voice.

"Doctor, finding my brother in this difficulty with these hounds, I recommended that your aid should be invited. Your reputation is high, and, as a young man with your fortune to make, you are probably mindful of your interest. The things that you see here, are things to be seen, and not spoken of."

"I listened to the patient's breathing, and avoided answering.—Do you honour me with your attention, Doctor?"

"Monsieur, said I, 'in my profession, the communications of patients are always received in confidence.' I was



C. P. R. ATLANTIC STEAMER 'MISSANABIE'—(By courtesy of C. P. R.)

guarded in my answer, for I was troubled in my mind with what I had heard and seen.

"Her breathing was so difficult to trace, that I carefully tried the pulse and the heart. There was life, and no more. Looking round as I resumed my seat, I found both the brothers intent upon me.

"I write with so much difficulty, the cold is so severe. I am so fearful of being detected and consigned to an underground cell and total darkness, that I must abridge this narrative. There is no confusion of failure in my memory; it can recall, and could detail every word that was ever spoken between me and those brothers.

She lingered for a week. Towards the last, I could understand some few syllables that she had said to me, by placing my ear close to her lips. She asked me where she was, and I told her; who I was, and I told her. It was in vain that I asked her for her family name. She faintly shook her head upon the pillow, and kept her secret, as the boy had done.

I had no opportunity of asking her any question, until I had told the brothers she was sinking fast, and could not live another day. Until then, though no one was ever presented to her consciousness save the woman and myself, one or other of them had always jealously sat behind the curtain at the head of the bed when I was there. But when it came to that they seemed careless what communication I might hold with her; as if—the thought passed through my mind—I were dying too.

"I always observed that their pride bitterly resented the younger brother's (as I call him) having crossed swords with a peasant, and at that peasant a boy. The only consideration that appeared to affect the mind of either of them was the consideration that this was highly degrading to the family, and was ridiculous. As often as I caught the younger brother's eyes their expression reminded me that he disliked me deeply, for knowing what I knew from the boy. He was smoother and more polite to me than the elder; but I saw this. I also saw that I was an incumbrance in the mind of the elder, too.

"My patient died, two hours before midnight—at a time, by my watch, answering to the minute when I had first seen her. I was alone with her when her forlorn young head dropped gently on one side, and all her earthly wrongs and sorrows ended.

"The brothers were waiting in a room down-stairs, impatient to ride away. I had heard them, alone at the bed-side, striking their boots with their riding-whips, and loitering up and down.

"'At last she's dead?' said the elder, when I went in.

"'She is dead,' said I.

"'I congratulate you, my brother,' were his words as he turned around.

"He had before offered me money, which I had postponed. He now gave me a rouleau of gold. I took it from his hand, but laid it on the table. I had considered the question, and had resolved to accept nothing.

"'Pray excuse men,' said I. 'Under the circumstances, no.'

"They exchanged looks, but bent their heads to me as I bent mine to them, and we parted without another word on either side...

"I am weary, weary, weary—worn down by misery. I cannot read what I have written with this gaunt hand.

"Early in the morning, the rouleau of gold was left at my door in a little box, with my name on the outside. From the first I had anxiously considered what I ought to do. I decided, that day, to write privately to the Minister, stating the nature of the two cases to which I had been summoned, and the place to which I had gone, in effect, stating all the circumstances I knew what Court influence was, and what the immunities of the Nobles were, and I expected that the matter would never be heard of; but, I wished to relieve my own mind. I had kept the matter a profound secret even from my wife; and this, too, I resolved to state in my letter. I had no apprehension whatever of my real danger; but I was conscious that there might be danger for others, if others were compromised by possessing the knowledge that I possessed.

"I was much engaged that day, and could not complete my letter that night. I rose long before my usual

time next morning to finish it. It was the last day of the year. The letter was lying before me just completed when I was told that a lady wished to see me.

"I am growing more and more unequal to the task I have set myself. It is so cold, so dark, my senses are so benumbed, and the gloom upon me is so dreadful.

"The lady was young, engaging, and handsome, but not marked for life. She was in great agitation. She presented herself to me as the wife of the Marquis St-Evrémond. I connected the title by which the boy had addressed the elder brother, with the initial letter embroidered on the scarf, and had no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that I had seen that nobleman very lately.

"My memory is still accurate, but I cannot write the words of our conversation. I suspect that I am watched more closely than I was, and I know not at what times I may be watched. She had in part suspected, and in part discovered, the main facts of the cruel story, of her husband's share in it, and my being resorted to. She did not know that the girl was dead. Her hope had been, she said in great distress, to show her, in secret, a woman's sympathy. Her hope had been to avert the wrath of Heaven from a House that had long been hateful to the suffering many. She had reasons for believing that there was a young sister living, and her greatest desire was, to help that sister. I could tell her nothing but that there was such a sister; beyond that, I knew nothing. Her inducement to come to me, relying on my confidence, had been the hope that I could tell her the name and place above. Whereas, as to this wretched hour I am ignorant of both.

"These scraps of paper fail me. One was taken away from me, with a warning, yesterday. I must finish my record to-day. She was a good, compassionate lady, and not happy in her marriage. How could she be! The brother distrusted and disliked her, and his influence was all opposed to her; she stood in dread of him, and in dread of her husband too. When I handed her down to the door, there was a

child, a pretty boy from two to three years old, in her carriage.

"'For his sake, Doctor,' she said, pointing to him in tears, 'I would do all I can to make what poor amends I can. He will never prosper in his inheritance otherwise. I have a presentiment that if no other innocent atonement is made for this, it will one day be required of him. What I have left to call my own—it is beyond the worth of a few jewels—I will make it the first charge of his life to bestow it with the compassion and lamenting of his dead mother, on this injured family, if the sister can be discovered.' She kissed the boy, and said caressing him, 'It is for thine own dear sake. Thou wilt be faithful, little Charles?' The child answered her bravely, 'Yes!' I kissed her hand, and she took him in her arms and went away caressing him, I never saw her more. As she had mentioned her husband's name in the faith that I knew it, I added no mention of it to my letter. I sealed my letter, and, not trusting it out of my own hands, delivered it myself that day.

"That night, the last night of the year, towards nine o'clock, a man in a black dress rang at my gate, demanded to see me, and softly followed my servant, Ernest Defarge, a youth, upstairs. When my servant came into the room where I sat with my wife—O my wife, beloved of my heart! My fair young English wife—we saw the man who was supposed to be at the gate, standing silent behind him.

"'An urgent case in the rue St. Honoré,' he said. It would not detain me, he had a coach in waiting.

"'It brought me here to my grave. When I was clear of the house, a black muffler was drawn tightly over my mouth from behind, and my arms were pinioned. The two brothers crossed the road from a dark corner, and identified me with a single gesture. The Marquis took from his pocket the letter I had written, showed it to me, burnt it in the light of a lantern that was held, and extinguished the ashes with his foot. Not a word was spoken I was brought here, I was brought to my living grave.

"If it had pleased God to put it in the hard heart of either of the brothers, in all these frightful years, to

grant me any tidings of my dearest wife—so much as to let me know by a word whether alive or dead.—I might have thought that He had not quite abandoned them. But, now I believe that the mark of the red cross is fatal to them, and that they have no part in His mercies. And them and their descendants, to the last of their race, I Alexander Manette, unhappy prisoner, do this last night of the year 1767, in my unbearable agony, denounce to the times when all these things shall be answered for. I denounce them to Heaven and to Earth.”

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WHAT AILS AGRICULTURE

The Public, of New York, says editorially:

Mr. Adolph Lewisohn, New York philanthropist, has written a letter to "The Times" urging a Federal survey of "all unoccupied lands all over the country, and a list of such as are suitable for planting." The suggestion is an excellent one, and the Department of Agriculture should have been about the task long ago. Of the total area of the country, only one-fourth was in improved farms in 1909. Only about one-half of our cultivated area is under cultivation. In the State of New York only 37 per cent of the agricultural acreage is under cultivation, as Mr. Frederick C. Howe has pointed out in his new book on "The High Cost of Living". But Mr. Lewisohn's further suggestions will appeal only to those who are prepared to adopt the German conception of government. He writes:

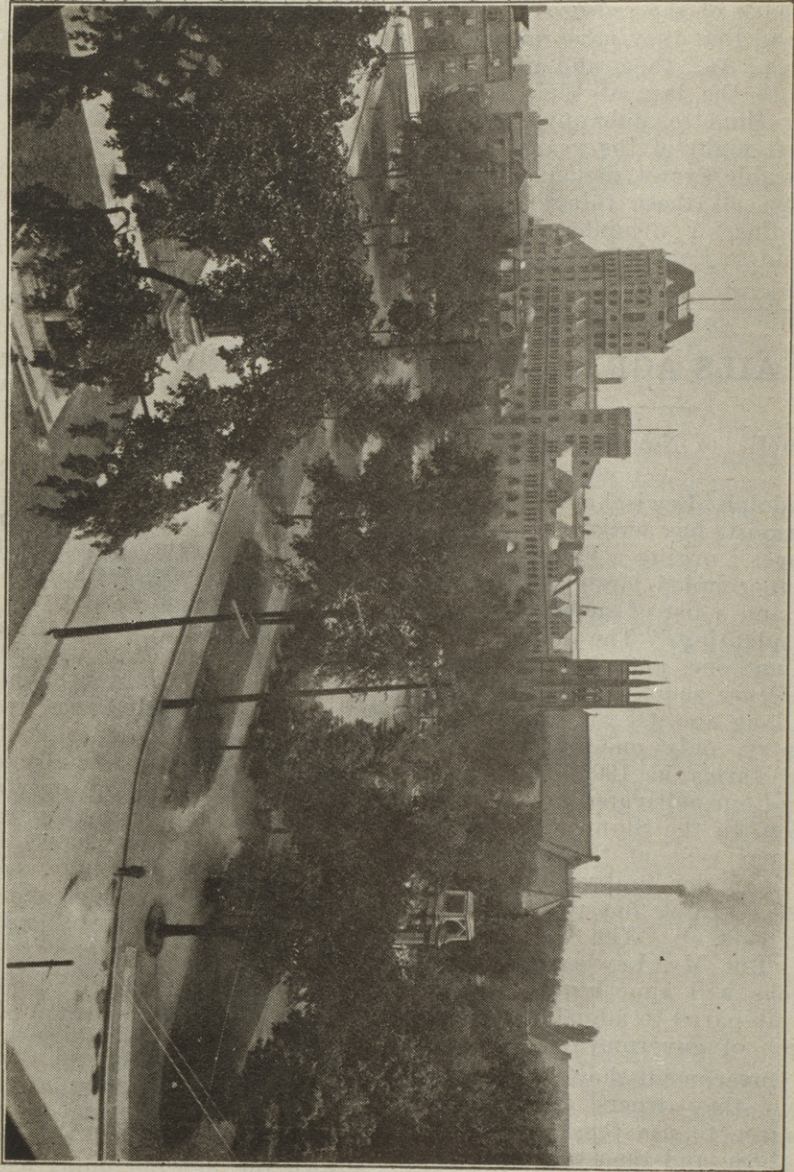
"The Government should next ascertain from the owners whether they would agree to use the lands or any part of them, and then take over temporarily the best parts of such unused ground and use it for the kind of planting that will give the best results. Should it be impossible to get the needed labor, on a volunteer or paid basis, prisoners might be used for part of the work. If all this fails to supply the needed help, then such available labor as is suitable might be conscripted the same as we do now for the army and navy."

Could there be a stronger indictment of American agriculture than Mr. Lewisohn has here unwittingly drawn? Why should we be forced to go to our prisons and use compulsion to get men for the most ancient and honorable of all the callings, and this at the time when the products of the farm are in demand and selling for unprecedented prices? What is wrong with American farming that free men will not go in for it? Why do thousands of acres remain uncultivated within twenty-five miles of the largest and richest of American cities? Why do men face the hardships and privations of industrial employment, earning scarcely enough to buy food for their families, when uncultivated acres lie all about them? The are questions that have been answered time and again in unequivocal language by United States Government reports. Land lies idle because we have exalted the possessive over the creative impulse, because we have richly rewarded the man who held land out of use to sell at a profit and have penalized the man who cultivated and improved his plot. Owners of unused land refuse to part with it on terms that will permit the farmer to earn interest on his investment, because their taxes are so low that they can afford to hold it at a speculative price, and finally dispose of it at a great profit. Not only are taxes low on slacker acres; they are correspondingly high on acres that have been cultivated and improved to the benefit and salvation of society. And the man who both owns and tills his land cannot pay taxes and freight charges and still retain enough to pay him for his labor. They would do nothing toward opening up unused land to those who are willing and able to cultivate it. For the speculative owner would merely increase the price at which he would sell sufficiently to absorb the new advantages, and then sit back to wait until the ever-growing human need for products of the soil brought his a buyer.

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REMEMBER THE NEXT FIFTH SUNDAY MEETING WILL BE HELD ON SUNDAY, JANUARY 6th, 1918, AT 7.30 P.M., AT STANLEY HALL, MONTREAL.

BE SURE TO ATTEND.



WINDSOR STATION AND DOMINION SQUARE, MONTREAL.— (By courtesy of C. P. R.)

Organizing the Farmer

AN ADDRESS BY ARTHUR E. HOLDER
(*People's News Service*)

THESE are indications that organized labor and organized farmers, tired of half-way measures in the struggle with the high cost of living, are today in process of getting together for a mighty drive against the fundamental causes.

With all their sacrifices and all their struggles to build up strong unions, about the best that even the most fortunate of American wage earners can do is to keep the margin between wages and the cost of living from narrowing or disappearing entirely.

As for the farmers, the prevailing high prices for food are for the most part confiscated by men who monopolize the transportation and marketing machinery. And if some of the increased price does reach the producer, it is paid out again in exorbitant prices for seed, farm machinery, shoes, and clothing.

From organized labor has just come a ringing call for action in the form of an address delivered at Washington by Arthur E. Holder, for many years legislative representative for the American Federation of Labor in the lobbies of Congress and one of labor's strongest champions at the national capital. Mr. Holder, who is a member of the Machinists, has just been appointed by President Wilson to represent labor on the government commission that will direct vocational training in the states receiving federal aid for such training. On that Commission it will be Mr. Holder's duty to see that vocational training is not used to limit the opportunities for the sons and daughters of wage earners by cutting them off from a general education and fitting them only for the shops and factory.

Addressing a conference on the high cost of living, Mr. Holder said:

"The dawn of a new free day is at hand. Everything comes to those who wait, those who watch and work. Don't ever forget the three w's. The hour has struck when we the people can make the 'world safe for democracy', incidentally, we can strangle plutocracy in our own country.

"The opportunity has arrived when the eloquent resourceful elder statesmen on yonder Capitol Hill can build eternal monuments for themselves.

"In the midst of a world of sorrow, agony and horror, the dawn of the 'New Freedom' for all mankind is distinctly visible. Necessity is the mother of invention. It is the driving force of all economic law. Someone said years ago in a half apologetic play of words that, 'Necessity knows no law', let us say in language that cannot be misunderstood that necessity is the law and as such cannot be denied or withheld. Great necessity now confronts the democracy of the world.

"We must mobilize sufficient power to break the German line, we must defeat autoocracy in junker ridden Prussia; we must strike the shackles from ourselves. We must make one complete finished job of this task. No half way measure will suffice. The struggle and sacrifice will only be half done if we stop at putting the Hohenzollerns out of power and prevent them from further mischief.

"Democracy will not be worth the letters it takes to spell it if we do not at the same time drive the food speculators into oblivion, and remove forever from our midst the bed rock evil of land monopoly. Democracy can defeat Prussian autoocracy, if it has sufficient food and weapons and money.

"All these essentials can be readily obtained if democracy first cleans its own house and sets its own energies free.

"If we should have free energy we must have free men, but before we have free men we must have free land.

"The outspoken democracy of the United Kingdom will make this their goal, no titled land owning oligarchy can stop the progress. We in these United States can set the pace, our opportunity is here, it is for us to arm the world, to feed the world: We cannot do either if we do not free ourselves.

"A new revenue bill is before Congress. Legislators are busy devising new methods of taxation and discovering new means of raising funds. Billions of dollars will be required. Almost every scheme known to man has been suggested by the draftsman who are working on the measure. Little schemes and big schemes from the old time tea tax to the new scheme of an excess profits tax.

"The best method of taxation has not yet been seriously considered. The great basic foundation of all wealth has not yet been taxed. The suggestion has been made by the militant forces of organized labor that a tax on land values should be levied, not only as a war revenue measure but as a permanent means of raising public funds.

"Let us at this conference, second the motion of the Trades Unions, let us herald to the world the soundness and the simplicity of this practicable, honorable and necessary scheme to meet the necessities of a fighting democracy for freedom.

"Billions upon billions of unearned increment will flow into the people's treasury if this just and simple plan is adopted.

"Millions of men now suffering duress from economic servitude would be set free from the harsh industrial conditions prevailing in congested centers.

"Scores of millions of acres of fertile unused land now held by greedy speculators would be made to yield bumper crops for our own people and our valiant allies. The food question would be settled without tedious investigations or costly law suits. Eternal friction and suspicion on the part of our best citizens — the toilers themselves would be set at rest. Democracy would be stimulated as never before, we would all feel more enthused, we would all have a piece of the country worthy our struggle to protect.

"This country has too long been owned by money lords and land lords. Let us tackle for all the people what is our own, what is our rightful heritage. Land values have been made by the community, let them go to the peo-

ple's treasury, and not into the pockets of Wall Street speculators or local gamblers."

LABOR AND THE LAND

Organized farmers and organized wage earners are fast coming to realization that they are common sufferers from our system of land tenure. In California another strong coalition of farmer and wage earner has just been formed under the name of California Union of Producers and Consumers. Mr. Paul Scharrenberg, secretary-treasurer of the State Federation of Labor and a member of the State Immigration and Housing Commission, is secretary of the new organization. In an editorial in the "Coast Seamen's Journal", of which he is editor, Mr. Scharrenberg points out that the new organization can serve both farmers and wage earners by working for "reform of taxation, exempting improvements from taxation and placing more of the tax burden upon privilege and big interests," and for "land for the landless; government aid and encouragement in opening land to any person able and willing to cultivate it; this to include taking land from speculators and the reclamation of uncultivated land."

Mr. Scharrenberg is one of the best executive officers serving state federations of labor in the country. And he is also the most ardent champion, among labor men, of the taxation of land values as a remedy for our economic ills and the best means of achieving economic freedom.—The Public.

OUTSIDE TICKET OFFICES

A press report stated recently that there was a movement on foot in railway circles to abolish the outside ticket offices in the smaller Canadian cities and towns. No confirmation of the report is obtainable. On the other hand, several passenger officials state that it is without foundation. — (From Canadian Railway & Marine's World.)

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The Attitude of English Labor

THE People's News Service has succeeded in obtaining the following editorial summary of English labor conditions and the attitude of labor toward the British Government, published in the London Nation, the foremost British journal of liberal opinion.

The Nation was recently denied the privilege of circulating outside of England, because of its outspoken criticism of the Government. The Government's policy in this respect occasioned general surprise, as The Nation's loyalty has not been questioned and it was never classed as a radical publication.

"The Nation" says:

This crisis in the railway industry is over, but if the Government treat it as a transient trouble it will be followed by other crises of a similar kind. That such a crisis should be possible reflects no credit upon us. What is wrong with our society is that the governing class cannot yet adapt itself to a new situation, and the working classes are full of mistrust because they think the Government is actually using the difficulties created by the war to depress their power and prejudice their prospects. The Government still lives in the atmosphere of pre-war politics, judging everything by the standards of the day when the most modest advance towards democracy was treated as an epoch-making measure. In the working classes there is a new spirit, produced partly by the revolution that the war has brought into their lives and homes, partly by the influence of the Russian Revolution. In this way the war, which might be the teacher of a new unity, may actually widen the gulf that separates the governing class from the mass of the nation. For the workman has stepped into a new world, and the governing class cannot keep up with him.

The recent reports of the Commission on Industrial Unrest provided a comprehensive picture of the state of mind of the industrial classes. War weariness is not confined to any class or any nation, but a Government that has imagination will do its best to combat that depressing influence by keeping the ideals and objects of the war be-

fore the nation from which such appalling sacrifices are demanded. Nothing illustrates more clearly the incapacity of the Government to understand democracy than its neglect of this obvious duty. But there is much more than war-weariness in the present discontents. There is a deep and growing suspicion that the ideas of the ruling world and of the Labor world are coming into sharper conflict, and that every measure taken by the Government nominally for the prosecution of the war with Germany must be watched jealously as a manoeuvre that is connected with the war of classes. From one point of view, it is true, Labor has been recognized in this war as at no other time. If we look at the coal industry, the cotton industry, we find Committees on which Labor is represented dealing with the general questions that concern the whole industry. This is an important advance. Without the cooperation of the trade unions in this responsible form, the war could not have been carried on for three years. If the principle had been carried further on the railways and in the munitions, there would have been less friction and less trouble during those anxious years. Mr. Churchill, we hope and believe, recognizes this truth, and a more democratic spirit is to be introduced into his department.

It is universally admitted that the trade unions have made to this appeal for their cooperation a generous and ungrudging response. Mr. Asquith's fine tribute in the House of Commons last week did no more than justice to their patriotism and their sacrifices. But this spectacle is in itself a danger, for it makes some people blind and indifferent to the causes that are steadily alienating the confidence and the sympathy of the working classes. Roughly speaking, we may say that the war, with its vast disturbance of life, custom, prejudice, and established habits of thought, has produced in the working-classes a new demand for freedom and self-determination. Two things have happened to the ordinary workman. His life has been shaken out of its setting by the event of the war, and, in addition, new restrictions have been

put on his freedom as part of the business of conducting the war. Some millions of men have exposed themselves to the risk of death, injury, and disease for the sake of their country. We talk eloquently about this sacrifice, but do we realize exactly what it means? For the men who make it, life assumes a new value, a new significance. They had been accustomed to accept the conditions imposed on them by the industrial system without too much grumbling. There was much they disliked in those conditions; they had not very much leisure; free in name, they found themselves subject to a good deal of practical compulsion — in general, they seemed to exist in society, not as men with their own lives to lead, but as part of a great industrial system. Before the war, a minority of reflecting workmen were profoundly dissatisfied with this general scheme; but human nature is conservative, and custom is strong and powerful. What has happened during the war has been an immense increase of this sense of revolt. The rough school of the trenches, with its sharp presentation of the realities of life, has taught men to expect something more. The Russian revolution has spread this sense among the working-classes at home, and it is generally agreed by observers who know what is happening, that the Shop Steward movement represents a revolt of idealism against the practical, compromising, "statesmanlike" methods of the older leaders.

It is this that makes it so dangerous to have Labor represented in the Government at this moment. The Government is associated in the mind of the working class with the anti-democratic ideas of its Tory members and the quarrel of Mr. Lloyd George with the trade unions. The effect of putting a Labor member into the Government is to give a dangerous confidence to the governing classes who suppose that it implies some more or less effective cooperation with Labor. In fact, it means that certain trade-union leaders become branded in the eyes of Labor as the accomplices of the men they suspect, and the bitterness with which they regard the Government is only intensified. It might be supposed that the workman who is anxious about his trade-union rights would be reassured by reflecting that Mr. Barnes is in the Cabinet, and that other trade-union leaders are Min-

isters. No such thing. The only effect is to make them distrust Mr. Barnes and his colleagues, who under the arrangements of the Parliamentary system have to give their votes on many occasions in opposition to the workmen's wishes. The general mistrust of the old-fashioned leader is thus aggravated, and the younger men with new and more stimulating ideas increase their influence. For the Labor Ministers are associated with restrictive measures, with the defence of Profiteering, with all those features of the Capitalist system against which the workman is in revolt.

There is one important truth that the ruling class has not yet appreciated. The working classes will not accept after the war the kind of life they tolerated before the war. At present there is a great deal of talk about unity and the mutual understanding of classes after this terrible ordeal, but many who talk like this appear to think that the one test of successful reconstruction is to be the test of output. Industrial councils and other reforms are recommended as likely to improve production. This kind of language creeps into discussions of all kinds, Education Bills, Corn Production Bills, and a hundred others. It is used by politicians of all schools, including, of course, Labor Ministers. But it is a fatal bar to the amity classes, for it reads to the working classes as a challenge. For the men and women who have toiled in the trench or at the lathe, the test of successful reconstruction is to be found, not in volume of output, but in quality of life, not in industrial production, but in the opportunities of leisure, happiness, and freedom that are thrown open to the mass of the nation.

It is not the engine-driver alone who is resolved to keep something of the daylight for his own life. The same demand will be made in every industry. There is no indication in the debates in Parliament that the ruling class has learnt to apply this new standard, and to judge by the measures submitted, the atmosphere in the House of Commons has not been changed with the atmosphere of the workshops and the trench. This it is that makes national unity so difficult of achievement, and encourages the kind of class conflict that becomes revolution.

Distances and Gradients Between Quebec and Winnipeg

In the Senate, on Sept. 3, Sir James Loughheed gave the following information in answer to series of questions by Senator Casgrain. The railway distances between Quebec and Winnipeg are as follows: National Transcontinental, 1,356 miles; Canadian Pacific, 1,597; Canadian Northern, 1,640.

The following information was supplied by the managements of the three railways mentioned in respect to the adverse grades:

Canadian Northern—Main line from Quebec to Winnipeg is built to 0.5% westbound and 0.4% eastbound grades, with the exception of 53 miles of westbound and 84 miles of eastbound short momentum grades, which can be reduced later when necessary. If these latter temporary grades, there are less than 6 miles of 1% and less than 1 mile of 1.15% grade. All other temporary grades are less than 1%.

Canadian Pacific — Ruling grades vary from 0.3% to 1.1% on different subdivisions eastbound and from 0.4% to 1.25% on different subdivisions westbound.

National Transcontinental—The total adverse grade eastbound from Winnipeg to Quebec amounts to 608.0 miles in length and 8,946.7 ft. of a raise. The total adverse grade westbound over the same distance and between the same points amounts to 536.8 miles in length and 9,730.3 ft. of a raise.

Senator Casgrain accepted the answers to the distances, but stated that the information given in reply to the questions as to adverse gradients did not answer them at all. The "total adverse grade" is the grade up which a locomotive must haul a train. The total on the National Transcontinental Ry. and on the G. T. Pacific Ry. is 6,900 ft.; while on the C. P. R. it is 23,000 ft. On the C. P. R., for instance, between the Pacific and the Atlantic every ton of freight had to be raised to a height of 23,000 ft., or nearly five miles, while on the National Transcontinental it had to be raised only 6,000 ft. He thought the Canadian Northern

would make a very good showing in this respect.

Senator Casgrain repeated his questions as to the total adverse gradients on Canadian railways between Quebec and Winnipeg, and between Winnipeg and Quebec, Sept. 18, and Sir James Loughheed in reply said the mileage between Quebec and Winnipeg was: Canadian Pacific Ry., 1,587 miles; Canadian Northern Ry., 1,640 miles; National Transcontinental Ry., 1,351 miles. The railways concerned had supplied the following information as to total adverse gradients: C. P. R., 681.51 miles in length, with 14,102 ft. of rise, going east; 659.83 miles in length with 14,578 ft. of rise going west. C. N. Ry., 9,655 ft. going east, 10,393 ft. going west. The elevation above sea level is: 18 ft. at Quebec, and 756 ft. at Red River bridge, Winnipeg. N. T. Ry., 608.0 miles in length and 8,946.7 ft. of rise going east; 536.8 miles in length and 9,730.3 ft. of rise going west. — (From Canadian Railway & Marine World.)

EMILE JACOT

Watchmaker and
Jeweller

Watch Inspector

QUEBEC

Motor Accidents at Level Crossings in Ontario

The Board of Railway Commissioners has issued the following circular:

In view of the increasing number of accidents at level crossings in Ontario to persons traveling in motors, the board desires that a discussion should be had, in which the different motor associations, municipalities and railways interested should take part, and the best possible methods and protection in the interest of public safety be adopted. Without in any way limiting the discussion, the following questions should be considered:

The matter of the view from the highway of any approaching trains. Factors to be considered from the motorist's standpoint are the speed and braking efficiency of the motors, having regard to the fact that the motor must be stopped after the train is seen.

Whether or not there is any difficulty in seeing the standard railway crossing sign from motors, and whether additional post signs on the road would assist in obviating accidents, for example, warning posts placed at some distance from the crossing, or posts placed in the centre of the highway, about 50 feet from crossing?

Whether humps or hogs-backs should be placed on the road, so as to compel motorists to bring down the speed of their cars to a rate at which they may safely proceed?

Ought motors be brought to a stop before crossing?

Bells or wig-wag signals, which are of the greater benefit to motorists?

Can any change be made in railway regulations which, without injuring the efficiency of the public service, will promote safety?

Ought the regulation whistle signals to be given closer to the highway, or any change be made in the use of the signal or the bell?

Written submissions may be sent by mail to the board at Ottawa, and in addition the matter may be spoken of at any meeting of the board.

In connection with the foregoing circular it may be mentioned that the

Vice Chairman of the Ontario Railway and Municipal Board, A. B. Ingram, suggested recently that that board's efforts to protect crossings on railways under provincial jurisdiction should be supplemented by the municipalities, which should erect warning boards on the highways, say, 300 ft. from each crossing, worded, "Beware. Railway Crossing, 300 Feet," or something similar. — (From Canadian Railway & Marine World.)

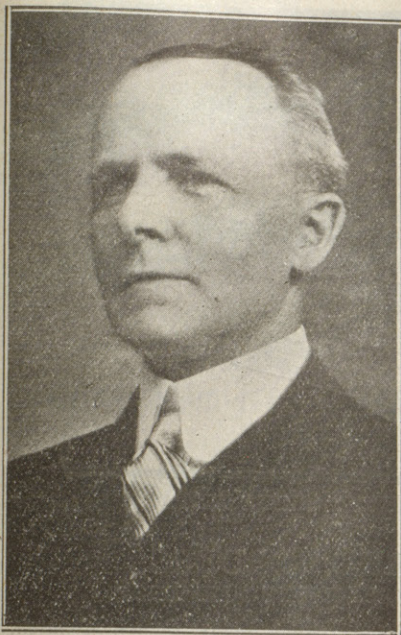
THE TEST OF LEADERSHIP

In France and England, as in America, it is becoming increasingly difficult, it will soon become impossible for statesmen who wish to maintain their leadership to ignore the issue that has arisen within the nations. Our leaders must frankly recognize the fact that, in Mr. Wilson's words, "the whole world now is witnessing a struggle between two ideals of government," and that "no settlement of the questions that lie on the surface can satisfy a situation which requires that the questions which lie underneath and at the foundation should also be settled, and settled right." Leadership in every Allied nation will pass into the hands of men who accept the spirit and substance of the President's Note to the Pope, and the morale of the Allied nations during the next year or two will be maintained or wrecked according as Mr. Wilson succeeds or fails in getting his conception of the war and of its purposes accepted by the Allied governments. He must begin by getting it accepted by the American people.—The Public.

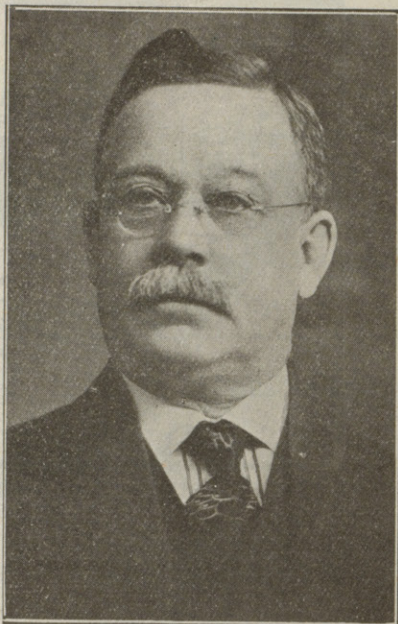
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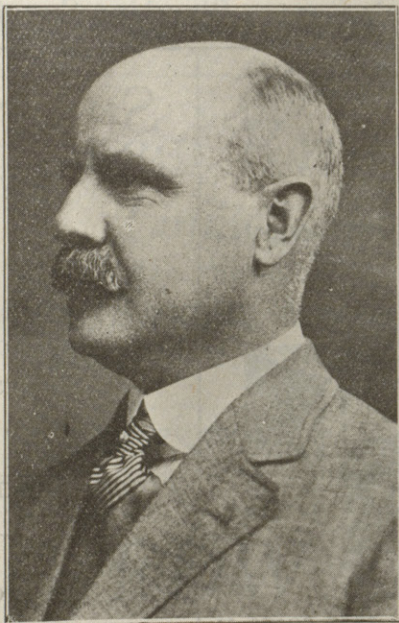


GEO. A. WANLESS

August 29th, 1917, marks the reaching of the third milestone in the history of Ottawa's Workingman's Store — McKerracher-Wanless.

Unprecedented in growth due to public confidence, backed by an insistent, vigorous and united policy upon the part of its managers and proprietors, McKerracher-Wanless has proved to the workingman, time and again, their preference for union made garments. The policy of this store has always been to back the workingman and his products to the very last ditch and the toiler has shown his appreciation by buying every union brand this progressive firm has stocked.

Through McKerracher-Wanless it has been made possible for the first time in the history of Ottawa merchandizing to buy, in one store, a complete outfit made by union men — paid for by union wages and retailed by workingmen at a fair profit — not an exorbitant one. Until McKerracher-Wanless entered into competition in Ottawa the policy adopted in the sale of union made goods was to raise the price twenty to fifty per cent higher than that asked for non-union



W. A. ADA

products, blaming the difference upon the cost of the label; to-day, thanks to the insistent campaign of McKerracher-Wanless, prices of union made garments compare most favourably with that of any other sold. Today there are thousands of Ottawa men, both union and non-union, wearing union-made garments, who really never understood in previous years what union-made goods really were. Nor are these garments being sold haphazardly but time and time again we have repeat orders for garments similar to those sold previously.

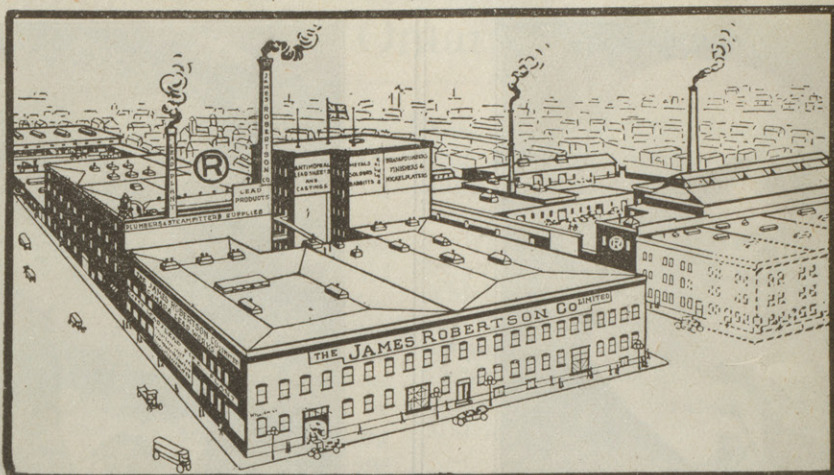
Reverting to that good old labor maxim, "In union there is strength," it behooves every good labour man to deal at the store that shares his burdens and his worries. He should bear in mind that the bigger this store becomes and the greater its turnover the lower the prices necessarily will be. Every line of goods is guaranteed satisfactory or

will be promptly exchanged or money refunded. Let every man put his shoulder to the wheel of the "Workingman's Store" during the next twelve months and show definite results by illustrating to the general public and the merchants in particular what the power of the labor man in Ottawa really is.

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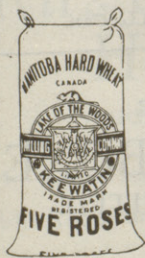
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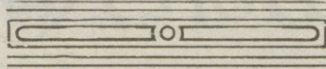
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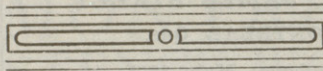
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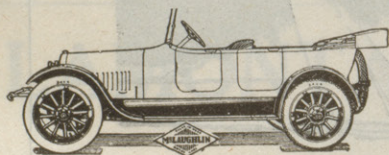
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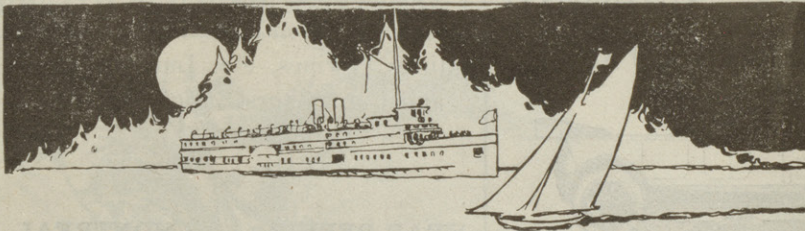
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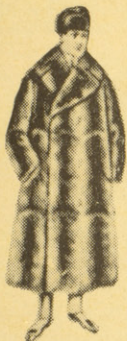


the Allies. In addition to these, its larger vessels have been employed continuously, during the navigating season, in bringing foodstuffs to the Atlantic seaboard. When the war is over Canada will still be able to bring her products by her own ships from the Head of the Lakes to the Atlantic seaboard, but policy and patriotism should now dictate a national shipbuilding program which will render Canada independent commercially in her export trade. Canada has built wonderful trans-continental railroads to foster and develop its natural resources, but, so far, has neglected the means to carry it beyond its own shores to the eagerly waiting markets of Europe and other continents. No opportunity, therefore, should be neglected to build up our shipbuilding industries.—
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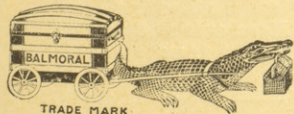
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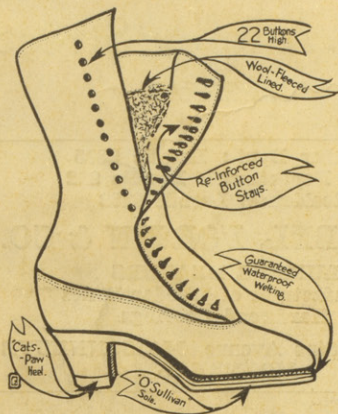
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