



## THE CLASS STRUGGLE

### In Spite of All Agreements Between Capitalists and Workers, the Conflict of Interests Makes Class War Inevitable.

If human society be divided into factions or classes, the material interests of one conflicting with those of another or others, it logically follows that peace and harmony cannot dwell within the confines of such society. Every encroachment of one interest upon another is bound to cause friction and ill-feeling that may easily develop into open hostility that is quite likely to express itself in violence and even bloodshed.

That present society is divided into two hostile elements or classes it is useless to deny. Upon the one hand are the capitalists, masters of the resources of the earth and the gigantic instruments of production, and upon the other the workers, who own practically nothing but their power to labor. The capitalists cannot use their means of production even to the extent of satisfying their own personal needs as individuals, but depend solely upon the workers to operate them and thus carry on the processes of industry and bring forth the needful things. The laborers cannot use their power to labor, in order to supply themselves with the necessities of life, without first obtaining permission to do so from the capitalists. As the power to labor cannot express itself in the things necessary to sustain the life of either capitalist or laborer except through the medium of the means of production which the capitalists own, it is as plain as a pike-staff that they hold the point or vantage in whatever negotiations may occur between them. The former holds the key to the situation and can, therefore, at least to a very large extent, dictate terms.

If an agreement be reached between capitalists and workmen and the processes of industry be carried on, the interests of the one class will be continually at variance with those of the other. The interest of either demands the largest possible returns from the industrial process. But it may be readily seen that the more completely the interests of either class is conserved the more damaging the result to the interest of the other. The larger the amount of wealth accruing to the capitalist, the smaller, and vice versa. No matter how large the profit of the capitalist may be, he is ever on the alert to increase it by hook or by crook. However large the wage of the worker may be, he is equally eager to increase it and will leave no stone unturned to do so. Every forward movement made by either of them in this direction expresses itself in a corresponding loss to the other. The terms capitalist and worker are used here merely to designate the two classes, and not in an individual sense.

Within the ranks of the capitalist class there will arise numerous feuds and factional quarrels over possession of points of vantage that are peculiarly favorable for the conduct of capitalist operations. Within the ranks of the working class will arise similar quarrels over possession of points of vantage in the labor market. In the first instance they arise from the inevitable tendency of capital to concentrate in ever larger holdings by the greater capitalists absorbing or swallowing the smaller. In the latter case they spring up as a consequence of the equally inevitable tendency of the labor market to become ever more completely overstocked and the conditions surrounding its victims, the workers, consequently more unbearable.

However fiercely these factional fights may be waged within the confines of either of these economic classes; whatever savage instincts may be aroused within the breasts of the combatants; to whatever pitch the passions may be aroused in these intestine scourgings, it will be but as the calm of a summer noonday in comparison with the storm that will come when the capitalist class and working class clinch in deadly combat, each in defense of its economic interest and class program. In this supreme struggle all factional quarrels within the ranks of either will sink into insignificance and be forgotten and every resource centered upon the coming forth victorious from the fray.

The class that is vanquished must perish, hence it will be "war to the knife, the knife to the hilt," and no quarter.

Capitalist civilization is today a festering nuisance, reeking with the vile stench arising from its own filth. It is neither moral nor immoral. It is absolutely unnormal. Based upon the exploitation of labor, the sole purpose of its being is to suck the blood of its victims to the last drop in order to increase its vulgar display and obscene splendor. It has now passed the point in its development where it is possible for the working class to live under it. They are perishing by the thousands, crushed beneath the iron wheels of the capitalist juggernaut. They are ground into profit in its mills, its mines and factories. They are sweated to death in its tenement workshops. Their children's lives are coined into dollars in its factory hells. Their daughters are lost in its red light districts. Thousands of them, men, women and children, rot away in its infernal slums.

With the decay of the working class capitalist civilization totters upon its foundation and threatens to collapse. But the working class will not give up the struggle for life. The collapse of capitalist civilization will come as a result of the triumph of the working class. The workers are recognizing the State to be a ruling class instrument, devised and used for the purpose of holding them in economic subjection. It protects and defends the present system of property in the means of production, which secures to the capitalist complete economic domination over labor. Without the State under its control the capitalist class cannot maintain its economic domination over the workers. The workers purpose to seize control of the State in their own behalf and turn this instrument of oppression and enslavement into a means of deliverance from slavery. With the working class victory in the class struggle for control of the State, capitalist civilization with its debasing wage slavery collapses to be succeeded by an era of "Peace, Labor and Liberty," in which master and slave shall be unknown and common decency may find an abiding place.

### CONSERVATISM RECEIVED A JOLT.

The United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America and its biennial convention held at Washington, D. C., branded Oscar Straus, the Bull Moose candidate for governor of New York, as a scab herder and the delegates placed themselves on record as opposed to members of the Carpenters being identified with the National Civic Federation.

The delegates discussed Socialism, and after a heated debate the following resolution was adopted: "Resolved, That it should be one of the objects of our organization to propagate among our members the abolishment of the present wage system and the establishment of a co-operative commonwealth, where the problem of unemployment, with all accompanying misery, will be banished from the human race, and, further

"Resolved, That we recommend to our members the study of social questions at the meetings of their respective local unions."

The United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America has always been looked upon as one of the most conservative and the action taken at the recent biennial convention shows that the Carpenters are awakening from that long sleep, and are opening their eyes to the desperate struggle that grows out of the hellish profit system.

The Carpenters have discerned the ulterior purposes of a National Civic Federation and have taken such action as will make it impossible for an official of this organization to attend the annual feast and mingle with men of the ilk of Straus, who has been denounced as a scab-herder.

The resolution adopted by the local union of Carpenters at a forum of discussion, and the interchange of thoughts and ideas on questions that affect the working class will do much towards strengthening that sentiment, which, when expressed at the ballot box by the laboring millions, will sound the death-knell of capitalism.—Miners' Magazine.

### A FARM MEANS A JOB.

"When a man buys a farm he buys a job." Too many of the "back to the farm" fellows from the city side up the situation from their viewpoint, and imagine that they are buying an established business, which will practically run itself and yield a profitable income. They are merely "buying a job," and it's a mighty sure job at that; they will never find a time when there is nothing to do in the farm factory. The city man, out of employment, goes to the man who has jobs to give out, and applies for a position—an opportunity to work for a daily or monthly wage. He enters the employ of the man who controls the jobs in that particular plant, and so long as there is work to be done, and his work is satisfactory, he receives his wage, and the job is his. But he doesn't own the job; the employer owns all of the jobs all of the time, and that is the reason why we have a "labor market." The city man who buys a farm buys a job as well as a business. True, he controls or owns his own job, but at the same time he must make the business of farming pay or his job will get away from him.

We hear much these days about profitable farming. The press talks learnedly about farm profits; the independent life farmer leads; however, through the use of modern machinery, the labor upon the farm has been minimized, etc., and the city man begins to sit up and take notice. He subscribes for some high-class agricultural journals, and reads about the wonderful transformation that has been made on an abandoned farm down in Jersey; he views the reconstructed house, looks longingly at the shady bowers and winding lanes, as they appear in the halcyon engravings which illustrate the article. And he buys a farm; it is "back to the farm" for this gentleman of the city. He moves to his newly acquired possession and soon learns that he has "bought a job." He finds that the pictures in the articles he reads were true to life all right, but that the improvements made were paid for by money made in other channels than farming. He soon realizes that he must work on the job every day; that he must master both the scientific and the business end of farming. The moment he turns his face toward the fields he faces the problems of the farm. He finds a thousand elements to contend with. Viewed from any angle, our city friend finds he has

### THE PASSING OF "GENERAL" BOOTH.

"Speak no ill of the dead." We are duly impressed with the weight of this adage when, while noting the unctuous chorus of capitalistic platitudes now being paid by sycophantic ruling-class hirelings to the memory of one who was a highly useful chloroforming tool in the hands of the hypocritically brutal master class, we wish to say we are not joining in that snivelling sacrodotial wall.

The "Starvation Army" is on a par with the contemptible brain-stunting, slavetwisting, manhood-destroying Boy Scout Movement and other deplorable master-class agencies, which do such yeoman service in degrading the workers into the stupid mass of apineas slaves, so necessary to the continuation of the present worldwide, brutal, robbing capitalist system of wealth production.

Whatever decent qualities General Booth may have possessed as a man—and we believe he had some—we heartily accord him, but we have no sympathy with the capitalistic nature of his "army" and we hold its support of the ruling-class in the most profound and unutterable contempt. It is one of the chief props of capitalism and we despise it accordingly. As to the late remarkable General, "peace to his ashes."

W. H. ANDERSON.

"bought a job." His living, his profit, his success alone, depend upon the energy, labor and business ability displayed in handling the "job" he has purchased.

Statistics gathered since the "back to the farm" movement began, show that about 90 per cent. of those who leave the city for the farm remain less than three years. No man can hire all his work done, and not farming pay. The personal element is absolutely necessary if success is desired. From the best statistics available, the average profits upon the farms of this country are less than 5 per cent. on the money invested. These statistics prove that the business of farming is run on altogether too small a margin for the inexperienced to make a success of the business. The fields look inviting from a distance, and the pastures are green, but the city man who buys a farm, burns his bridges behind him, and expects to make a livelihood, as a farmer, is sure to find that he "bought a job," and not an established business with a sure income.—The Gleaser.

## THE GREAT LEVELER

This Last Great West is surely the country of surprises, including, as it does, the numerous attractions of scenery, the vast army of real estate sharks, jobless wage slaves, etc., and the last, by the way, brought me my greatest surprise.

Most of us who have been brought up in those little old country, stick-in-the-mud towns, will remember the classes or castes the population is divided into. First, the local gentry, squires, etc.; second the doctors, sky pilots and so on; third, small shopkeepers and better class artisans, and, lastly, the mudsills of society, the laboring class.

Now I, myself, was, and am yet, one of these latter useful ornaments of society and was consequently looked down upon by the more or less useless chumps on the higher rungs of the ladder of success. Since emigrating to "God's country," and getting wise to myself generally, it has been a source of considerable satisfaction to me when, occasionally, I would find as a companion working mule one who had at some better period of his life lived without selling his hands.

Purchase it is wicked of me to feel so, but it must be the natural spirit of antagonism in me, anyway. While recently on the scent of the owner of a job which required a bright slave, if such a thing exists, I almost collided at the door with a person "don't know," from my home town, who at one time, for which no doubt he thanked God, he didn't have to work with his hands, who moreover, would pass me by with a supercilious nod, scowling me as the dirt under his feet. Yet here we met in this glorious West, the leveler of men's petty caste lines, on a common footing. Two wage slaves in pursuit of a job.

And he spoke to me, "Doused knee you, see, to meet some one who knew him at 'ome," and he spoke to me as an equal oh, wonderful event! It seems like a dream. I can hardly realize it yet as a fact. I put this before you as an idea.

I, natural rebel that I was, always inwardly considered myself as good as he, through ECONOMIC necessity he has got to the point of thinking he is no better than I.

Truly this West is a great maker of democracy, but a greater is the capitalist system. It is the one thing that makes us slaves, at either a high or low state of society get together, realize our common interest as a class producing all wealth, yet receiving a stinky pittance.

The capitalist system, born of necessity which will in its turn give birth to a more advantageous order of society, made me a class-conscious man by its harsh treatment of me all these years.

The same system brought about my fellow worker's downfall from his fancied security and he realizes today that as workers we are bound together by the ties of common interest. We are both deprived of a living if no one will buy our brain or muscular power, and we both realize that these buyers are hard to find. So it makes us unite in a common revolt against an outworn system.

But this blessing is due to the capitalist system, which said system receives so many hard blows from our hands or tongues. It is creating the means of its own downfall and I am thankful for that. It is obliterating national lines, caste prejudices, religious superstition and so on, and is creating the new international, with a new patriotism, a universal solidarity, and a growing hope for a brighter morrow.

Capitalism, thou wilt go to thy doom accursed, yet take with thee the blessing of one at least of thy fruits. I was born a slave under thee, but thou madest me a man, and hast made it possible for me to join hands with fellow workers who once looked down on me as their inferiors.

Thou art the great leveler, and out of thy ruins will come the workers' goal.

Industrial Democracy.  
FRED S. FAULKNER.

## THE LIQUOR QUESTION

### The Evils Arising From Over Indulgence in Liquor Are Insignificant Compared to Those Accruing From Capitalist Rule—T. Edwin Smith.

One of the hardest subjects for the propagandists to tackle is the man who, in addition to being deeply and sincerely religious, also has the prohibition bug. He can see nothing but snakes and talk nothing but booze. He considers every glass of beer taken by a thirsty man as a deadly sin. The hotel keeper, forced by capitalism into the ignominious occupation of pot-smoker, in his eyes is only one degree less culpable than a murderer. He hopes by one law shutting the doors of the bars in one particular district to put an end to all the filth, misery and degradation that go along with the rum traffic.

You tell him that sixty per cent. of the entire population are living in poverty, by poverty meaning that condition in life which, through lack of food and adequate shelter, the mere standard of working efficiency can not be maintained, and he tells you that they are poor because of drink. He thinks that they spend the extra wages for booze or they would have enough money to buy sufficient food. Let us examine it and see if this is true.

In one year, taking all Canada for our field, there was manufactured vinous, spirituous and malted liquors to the value of \$1,230,084. There was imported from all countries in that same period liquors to the value of \$3,261,000. Canada exported that year \$1,227,488 worth, leaving liquors to be consumed in Canada to the value of \$3,263,602. That amounts to \$1.38 per year per inhabitant. According to the census exactly one-third of the population are men between the ages of 20 and 50. This takes in the most of the able bodied working men.

Therefore we see that the average amount of money spent on drink by the worker is only \$1.58 per year. The average worker is not doing himself such a terrible lot of harm by his beer and whiskey. Even if he were to leave it all out he would only be less than six dollars ahead per year and that would not certainly help such a great deal.

Admitting that when the worker bears this burden of booze he has a load far greater than he should, still we can not say that all this liquor is consumed by the workers and paid for out of their wages that should go for food and clothing. No doubt a large part of this amount is consumed by the employers of labor. There are some types of liquor that are clear out of the reach of the average wage plug, such as champagne, sparkling hock, Pilsener beer and Per's chartrouse, liquor and others of that kind. A thirsty workman drinks beer at fifteen cents a pint, but a capitalist orders a bottle of sparkling Burgundy at five dollars a quart.

Now we admit that this is an economic burden for the average workman to bear and we also admit that it would be a good thing to put an end to all the drinking in the world, if possible, but we claim that there is a burden thrust upon the worker from above that hurts him much more. We refer to the toll demanded by the non-productive parasites, such as shareholders, bond owners and landlords. Now the prohibitionists claim that they have no interest in this fight against the liquor traffic other than the well being of their fellow men and most of them are sincere when they say it. Most of them are teetotalers and one bar or a hundred in every town would not affect them personally, but their hearts bleed for the suffering brother. This being the case should they not fight anything that oppresses those same brothers? If they are sincere and if we can show them that there is something else causing those same men a hundred times the misery, want and degradation that drink does they should be the foremost champions of man against the new enemy. This new enemy is Capital. The toll taken from the working class by the non-producing capitalists causes a hundred times the suffering to men that drink does.

Let us point to a few instances. On every bushel of wheat grown and marketed in Canada the capitalists take 51 cents that does not go to pay for any productive labor applied to it in any way. The yield of wheat in Canada last year was 215,851,000 bushels. Taking 51 cents from every bush-

el means \$110,084,010. The C. P. R. alone for the year ending June 30, 1912, made a profit of the men in its employ of \$43,000,000. In other industries it is even worse. The complete production of coal in the Alberta mines means an outlay approximating \$1.40 per ton. The coal is worth \$3.50. You see that \$1.40 goes to pay for productive effort, while the remainder, or \$2.10 goes into the pockets of the parasites who have no claim upon us. Taking the whole category of our commercial and industrial products we find that productive labor receives about one-half the value, while the parasite takes the rest.

In Canada during the year 1911 the value added to the materials by the plant and the human labor applied directly amounted to \$528,000,000. Of this amount labor received \$240,000,000, leaving \$288,000,000 for the parasites. In the U. S. for the year 1909 the manufacturers added to the raw materials value to the amount of \$8,530,000,000. Of this amount labor received \$4,385,000,000, leaving the rest to the parasites. There are in Canada hundreds of concerns whose profits can not be published but now and then we see little notes on the financial pages of the papers that give us a slight glimpse of the great stream of profits flowing into the coffers of the masters. In the month of April, 1912, it was estimated that the profits from the different financial, commercial and industrial companies was more than thirty millions of dollars.

Every dollar that goes to pay profits in the form of rent, interest and dividend is food, clothing and shelter stolen from the working class. We say that these capitalists steal from the working class about eighty times as much as the value of all the liquor consumed in Canada. Assuming that the working class drinks all the liquor we can see that the burden of Capital is eighty times as heavy.

Not only is Capital such a tremendous burden, but there is no escape from it. No man is compelled to drink unless he wishes. The police are not here for the purpose of making men drink. No man is forced into a bar at the point of a bayonet, but it is different with Capital. The whole structure of the State is reared and maintained to protect Capital. The courts, police militia exist only for the purpose of making us pay toll to the Trinity of Rent, Interest and Dividend. No man can escape. In darkest Africa, in the wilds of Buenos, on the prairies of Canada or in the woods of Maine, Capital is always waiting to take half he produces and the long arm of the law can always reach out and compel him to divide up what he has produced.

After we have told him of all this and brought forth positive proof of all we claim he will tell us that the money spent on drink is not the full story of its harm. He will say that the money spent on drink that should go for food, clothing and shelter is not the full burden. They tell us that drink deadens our mental powers, dulls our sight and weakens us in every way. It is not only the time lost while a man is off on a bust that hurts him, but the man is no good for work when he goes back. If he is working for himself this is serious. Then, too, he hurts his family by drinking in other ways than depriving them of the material necessities. (To Be Continued)

NEW YORK CITY.—After 11,000 men and women had crowded into Madison Square Garden to hear Eugene V. Debs, Emil Seldel and other Socialists, the police closed the doors, and there were many in the streets outside as were inside the big auditorium. The police said that no such crowd had been seen there since Bryan made his first speech in 1896. The meeting was held to ratify the nomination of Mr. Debs and Mr. Seldel as candidates for the presidency and the vice-presidency.

A new light now beats upon the Millita of Christ game. One of its secret purposes is now known to be to further the election of members of its faith to the official positions of the trade unions. An inner conspiracy, in fact, to get control of the union movement for ulterior purposes.

Read, What is Socialism. 10 cents.



# CORRESPONDENCE

## ALBERTA EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Meeting of the Executive held Tuesday, October 8, at the headquarters, Comrades Reid Haag, Burge, Adie, McLean and the Secretary being present. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Several communications from Alf Budden, re organizing in Alberta, were read. The Secretary was instructed to inform Comrade Budden of the Executive's appreciation of his past work and that the field in Alberta was still open to him to continue in the organizing work as soon as he would be free.

There were also several communications from C. M. O'Brien in regard to reorganizing Hillcrest and Coleman. He also reported the formation of new locals at Passburg and Canmore. Comrade O'Brien informed the committee that Joe Knight of Edmonton would be available for a three months' organizing stint in Alberta. The matter was laid on the table until Comrade Knight could be conferred with.

The following correspondence was read and ordered filed: From Local Kingman, ordering stamps and cards. From Local Linda, quarterly report. From Thos. C. Makepeace, re dues as member-at-large. From Robert Parry, re Hillcrest charter. From Local Red Deer, inquiring as to last referendum of the Party. From Local Taber, re securing English and Hungarian speakers. From Local Passburg, re supplies received. From Local Canmore, writing for charter and stamps.

The Secretary was instructed to write to the D. E. C. in regard to Alberta organizers.

**Financial Report.**  
Balance at last report.....\$29.00  
Receipts from all sources..... 7.45  
Total.....\$36.45  
Disbursements since last report... 22.25

Balance of hand.....\$14.20  
Adjourned.

BUCK E. ANDERSON,  
Secretary.

## NO FUSION.

Western Clarion.

Dear Comrades—Please find enclosed cheque for my renewal sub, and one yearly sub. for Wm. Morgan, Marwayne, Alta.; also \$1 for a weekly bundle of five as per bill sent in some time ago. I did not get my bundle No. 687. Should be much obliged if you would send me one bundle of that number. Sincerely hope the Clarion will weather the storm. I saw in a certain paper that the editor thought the S.D.P. and S.P.C. would eventually unite. I personally hope the D.E.C. will never lower themselves to enter into any negotiations for the fusion of the two. The S.P. of C. will have to keep going with its program of education, and eventually the others will come to the S.P. of C. as individuals as the only sound party. I would like to know what 8 hour days, etc., have to do with the propagation of Socialism? For when the workers receive as near the full value of their toil as it is possible to get, they will not want to set any limit on the length of work day, for it will be no one's business how many hours per day (or night) I work.—Yours in the scrap,  
C. W. SPRINGFORD.

Marwayne, Alta., Oct. 8, 1912.

The free speech light has broken out again in Ottawa. More news later.

## The best and cheapest WORKINGMAN'S HOME Cordova Boarding House

512 Cordova Street East

## PAMPHLETS FOR THE MILLION

FIRST ISSUE OF 120,000 COPIES NOW READY

1. WHY I LEFT THE CHURCH.  
By Joseph McCabe. 48 pp. and colored cover, with portrait.
2. WHY AM I AN AGNOSTIC?  
By Col. R. G. Ingersoll. 24 pp. and colored cover, with portrait.
3. CHRISTIANITY'S DEBT TO EARLIER RELIGIONS.  
By P. Vivian. 64 pp. and colored cover, with portrait.
4. HOW TO REFORM MANKIND.  
By Col. R. G. Ingersoll. 24 pp. and colored cover, with portrait.
5. MYTH OR HISTORY IN THE OLD TESTAMENT?  
By Samuel Laing. 48 pp. and colored cover, with portrait.
6. LIBERTY OF MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD.  
By Col. R. G. Ingersoll. 48 pp. and colored with portrait.

The Set of Six Pamphlets Post Free for 25 Cents

The People's Bookstore 152 Cordova Street West, Vancouver, B.C.

## HOW THEY COME

Subs. are coming in mighty slow just now, and if some of you don't get busy and do some tall hustling we will have to close down and hunt a master. Many of you are aware that it is to hunt for a master in the winter time, so we hope you won't yet put us to the disagreeable task of selling our labor-power to some parasite. As a class conscious member of the working class we don't want to let the other class know that we have been forced to lay down our arms. It may not spell defeat for the working class movement to have to suspend the publication of this paper, but it would be a cruel blow to those who are striving week in and week out to keep the revolutionary banner of the working class flying at topmast. Comrades, it's up to you to put the joy of a winning fight into our hearts; it's up to you to see that the fight is kept up and on with increasing victories; it's up to you to see that we do not receive one setback in the march for the emancipation of the working class.

Joseph Naylor, Cumberland, B.C. .... 4  
W. Grille, Washington, U.S.A. .... 3  
C. M. O'Brien, Organizing, B.C. .... 3  
Local Toronto, Ont. .... 3  
J. C. Johnson, Westbridge, B.C. .... 2  
G. O. Vennessland, Granum, Alta. .... 2  
J. A. Beckman, Meeting Creek, Alta. .... 2  
C. W. Hunt, Fiske, Marwayne, Alta. .... 2  
J. P. Spring, Sask. .... 2  
J. Watson, Winnipeg, Man. .... 2  
W. Ingram, Winnipeg, Man. .... 2  
A. G. McCullagh, Ottawa, Ont. .... 2  
J. W. Dargie, Ainsack, Sask. .... 2

**Singles:**  
J. E. Smith, Fernie; J. Sidaway, City; Mrs. Angus MacLeod, Stewart, B.C.; Robt. Dixon, Cranston, B.C.; M. Lightstone, Montreal, Que.; A. Bonar, Moose Jaw; A. J. Bull, Moose Jaw; Cecil Homer, Brantford, Ont.; M. Schasly, Merritt, Ont.; A. H. Grewar, St. Catharines, Ont.; D. Thomson, St. Catharines; Geo. Gunderson, Port Arthur; W. Wellins, San Diego; J. C. Turner, Victoria; W. S. Reynolds, Toronto; A. C. Mills, London, Eng.; J. F. Johnson, Enderby; J. Pilkington, Enderby; R. P. Pettipiece, City; J. Burgess, City; Hugh Dixon, City; C. H. Scott, City.

**Bundles:**  
C. W. Springford, Marwayne, Alta. 5.  
Comrade Alex. Paterson, of North Battleford, comes along with the third instalment of one dollar a month to the organizing fund. He also sends in seventy-five cents for the Clarion maintenance. Have we heard from you yet?

Comrade J. R. Kinnaird, of Vancouver, helps to keep the Clarion going with a dollar to the maintenance fund.

Comrade D. M. Coutts, of Vernon, B.C., helps in the fight with one dollar to the organizing fund.

Comrade R. W. Davies, of Vancouver, sends along a dollar to the organizing fund.

Local Enderby contributes another two dollars to the organizing fund. Who will follow suit?

The strike at Bingham is still on, and 10,000 miners are idle. They have been forced out of the miserable shacks, which are owned by the company, and are living in tents in the surrounding valleys.

Local Winnipeg will hold a series of meetings in the Labor temple this winter. See that you Clarion readers of Winnipeg are on hand there next Sunday. Take a friend with you.

Only three jurors have been selected out of 200 that have been examined to act as jurors in the trial of the fifty-two timber workers charged with murder at Grabow La.

## THE RUSSIAN NAVY

The announcement of the Russian Minister of Marine in regard to the proclamation of martial law in Sebastopol proves clearly and plainly the recent dispatches concerning a new and serious mutiny in the Russian fleet. Sebastopol was at least partially correct. Of course, the Russian Government immediately denied the truth of the dispatches first published in the London Daily Chronicle, but in the form of these denials, which declared that any news of a mutiny in the Black Sea fleet had been made of whole cloth, proved that the Russian authorities were, as usual, attempting to conceal the whole affair. Now in the edict issued by the Minister of Marine, on August 30, we find the following: "Martial law has been proclaimed in Sebastopol. How painful is the knowledge that this is not occasioned by a threatening foreign foe but by a mutiny against the enemy who upon the native soil is conducting his dark and shameful underground warfare against the fatherland. This knowledge was especially depressing, he said, in view of the celebration of the centenary of the war in defense of the fatherland. He, the Minister of Marine, went in person to Sebastopol in order to remind the navy of its duty, and to demand that it proceed with all rigor against the revolutionary agitators."

The Czar also was visibly downcast over the news that the seed of inurrection had been sown in the fleet. It was, however, fortunate, he said, that this poison had only extended to a few ships. So much for the official announcement, from which naturally more can be inferred than the Minister deemed it necessary to say. As appears from various dispatches, the government has been extremely disturbed by mutinies in the Baltic, as well as the Black Sea fleet. As early as August 20, a conference was held in Sebastopol between the commanders of the fleet and a subordinate of the Minister of the Interior, the results of which were held strictly secret. It is also significant that the Minister of Marine on his tour of inspection in the Black Sea made use of the yacht Almas, and that the convoying torpedo boat was manned exclusively by officers. Further, it is reported from Sebastopol that the Board of Inquiry sitting under the presidency of Vice Admiral Eberhardt is working feverishly to prove the guilt of 300 sailors under arrest. The trial will take place towards the end of September, and the accused will be tried under military law.

The conservative press is manifestly disturbed over the continual insurrections in the fleet. The same journals which, a few months ago, were proclaiming the grant of the marine budget to be a life and death question for Russia, are now saying that the country must, before expending millions on the fleet, be assured that "the fleet would be an obedient tool in the hands of the government." And there is truly little certainty of that. The barbarous despotism in the fleet of which Comrade Kuznetsov complained to the Duma in April of last year, has increased to the extent of the bitterness of the sailors. Twenty thousand sailors of the Kronstadt division at that time submitted to the Social Democratic faction in the Duma in which they made known the frightful conditions in the Russian navy and the feeling of the sailors. But the majority in the Duma were deaf to all these complaints, and the military and naval authorities declared defiantly that they feared no agitators in the fleet. But the reality soon put an end to the self-satisfied calm of the government.

The sailors saw that an appeal to the intelligence of the rulers only had the effect of making the tyranny worse than before, treatment by the officers bolder and more autocratic. And so many spontaneous outbreaks took place, many conflicts with the officers, desertions en masse of the suffering sailors. Then the Police Department took a hand. Numerous spies were let loose upon the fleet and the result was a number of arrests and trials which sent many sailors to prison. But far from removing the cause of the ferment, all these measures of the government only increased the breadth and depth of that ferment and finally converted the greater part of the fleet into a powder magazine that threatened to explode at any moment.

Far back in the summer a portion of the conservative press knew very well that the ferment among the technically highly efficient marines had the closest connection with the growth of class consciousness in the Russian working class. Modern battleships require an entirely different quality of man from that of the crews recruited from reactionary elements for interior police duty. The proletarian who torn from the factory or workshop, enters the navy, carries into these floating slaughter factories, which combine the barbarous barracks life with the isolation of a prison and the moral dirt of the navy, the protest of a social class rising to power, and deeply rooted hate of the existing regime of knout and gallows. He is accustomed to close co-operation, to an organization, and this deeply rooted need of the class conscious worker

## THE RUSSIAN NAVY

cannot be destroyed by the military authorities. It may be regarded as certain that this is the Socialism rampant among the sailors which form a solid dam against the blazing discontent of the unorganized mass, which allows itself to be led into purposeless struggles through spontaneous outbreaks of anger and the infamous incitements of the spies.

The government has the greatest fear of these calm and methodical elements in the navy, and its most angry attacks are always directed against them. The government knows that it can easily suppress the individual "uprisings" of small groups, but that it is powerless against the smoldering fire of revolutionary discontent which, spreading from the working class to the army and navy, undermines the most important foundations of its power, and calmly allows the time to elapse when the inwardly consumed armed forces of the country will collapse, either in a war or under the assault of revolutionary discontent.—From Berlin Vortwaerts.

## "BIG BUSINESS" SWALLOWS "LITTLE BUSINESS."

A recent issue of "The Financial World" published the following statement:

"For many weeks, with monotonous regularity, the commercial agencies whose business it is to look after such matters have reported that the majority of the business firms that had failed and gone into bankruptcy had a capital of \$5,000 or less. This week the same melancholy record is made and actually 91 per cent of the 239 business houses that failed throughout the country during the week had a capital of \$5,000 or less."

What does this mean? It means that the small manufacturer and the retailer are being crowded to the wall by "big business."

We need not point out that the steel trust, the coal trust, the best trust, the sugar trust and similar corporations, long since made it impossible for concerns with small capital to compete successfully in their market.

It is not so generally recognized, however, that in the field of retail business the same process is taking place. The department stores are constantly getting the larger share of the business of our cities. The mail order houses are rapidly putting the old general store in the country out of business entirely. One of the largest mail order houses have over 5,000,000 customers scattered throughout the length and breadth of America.

The United Cigar Stores Company has over seven hundred cigar stores scattered throughout our leading cities selling non-union cigars and driving their small competitors to the wall.

In the shoe business such companies as the Regal and the Douglas are establishing chains of stores throughout the country and they are making it more and more difficult for the independent retailer to survive.

Recently a five and ten-cent store trust has been organized which takes in hundreds of stores formerly owned by Woodworth and Knox and other concerns. This business is capitalized at \$65,000,000 and will be able to wipe off the map any small concern which stands in its way.

We know that in the city of Chicago the Borden and Bowman milk companies have almost secured a monopoly of the milk business. The City Fuel Company has practically secured a monopoly of the coal business.

A few large breweries own most of the saloon licenses and fixtures with which the saloonkeepers do business. The butcher shops are under the thumb of the beef trust and the independent drug stores now recognize that their business is endangered by the drug trust.

Oh, no! the trusts are not putting the small concerns out of business! They are simply swallowing them whole. The only hope of the small business man lies in the same direction as that of the workingman.

It is folly to attempt to destroy the trusts. These tremendous organizations have come to stay. They are gathering control of more industries every day.

The real solution of this problem is to be found in the national ownership of the trusts. Then all the people will share in their advantages.—Evening World.

The Italian League of Young Socialists have been making so much anti-war propaganda in the Italian army that the government has sent out secret circulars urging the spying upon soldiers suspected of being sympathetic toward the league—particularly those soldiers who do not get money from home, one circular says, as they are more likely to listen to the league than the others. Some of the secret circulars have found their way mysteriously into Socialist hands and have been published.

Have you got some good literature for the coming winter evenings. If not, send in for our 25 cent bunch of literature for a start.

# IN LIGHTER VEIN

## SOCIALISM'S ENMITY TO THE CHURCH

Lecturing recently on socialism, the Rev. Dr. McCaffrey of Maynooth College, says:

"With socialism pure and simple no Catholic can have any sympathy. As it is advanced by its ablest exponents, it is based largely on a materialistic system of philosophy which denies the existence of God and a Divine Providence governing the destinies of the world. It assumes that human society is being gradually evolved, not under the guidance of God, but under the stress of economic laws, and that this natural evolution has now reached the stage when individual ownership should be abolished in favor of collective ownership. The large body of Continental socialists openly scoff at the existence of God and the doctrine of a future life of rewards and punishments. Man, they say, should seek his happiness in the goods of this earth. In the possession of these goods consists his heaven. If men believe with such propositions as these—if they believe that there is no Divine Providence guiding the destinies of the world, no future life where the apparent inequalities of this life shall be set right, no example of suffering given by Our Divine Saviour for men to imitate, no teaching of this same Saviour about the rewards in store for the poor and the oppressed and the punishments for the extortioner and the unjust—if they believe all this, it is easy to understand how they should advocate equality for all in the possession of the goods of this earth, and the abolition of private ownership as the means of attaining such equality.

"Again, it cannot be denied, for it is a fact notorious to all, that wherever the socialists have become powerful they have waged war against revealed religion, and more especially against the Church. On their platforms and in their official programs they sometimes proclaim that religion is the affair of the individual, and they do not wish to interfere with the religious beliefs of any man; but such professions are not in accordance with their policy. They are made in order to deceive supporters and to win recruits, who would not join in an avowed anti-religious campaign. It is not by such professions we are to judge them, but by the whole trend of the movement; and, judging them by that standard, we see that in Germany, in France, in Belgium, in Italy, in Spain, and Portugal—in a word, wherever they have secured a foothold and can show their true colors in safety, they make no secret of their wish to overthrow religion. On this matter there may be slight shades of indifference. One man may express himself more violently than another; one may be prepared to advance further and more rapidly than another, but, taking them all in all, I can safely say, without fear of contradiction, that the socialist movement, as a whole, wherever we find it in full swing, is the declared enemy of the Church."

"And it is precisely this undeniable fact, socialism's avowed enmity to the Church, which should be insistently brought to the notice of the American Catholic laborer," says the Ave Maria, commenting upon the foregoing. "He is perfectly within his rights when, as a member of a union, or as an individual, he advocates, pleads for and votes for a large measure of social and economic reform; but he is emphatically going away when he identifies himself with genuine philosophical socialists, whose aim is not merely to effect salutary reforms within the framework of existing society, but to destroy that framework altogether, and to abolish among other institutions the Church, to which labor and capital must look for the solution of their apparently insoluble problems."

—Catholic News.

## HIGH STANDARD OF LIVING.

One of the unfortunates of Vancouver, who has been existing on "coffee and" for some time past, recently became the possessor of a live spot, and being in need of a good feed he dropped into the Maple Leaf coffee house, and indulged in a regular proletarian Lucullan feast. He ordered up and disposed of 8 "coffee and"—without turning a hair. He then went up the street with an air of prosperity and a little round belly that would do credit to a New York alderman or a police lieutenant.

## Appreciating a Joke.

A British soldier was ordered to be flogged. During the flogging he laughed continually. The lash was laid on all the harder, but the rain of blows only seemed to increase his delight.

"What are you laughing at?" the sergeant finally asked.

"Why," the soldier chuckled, "I'm the wrong man."

Revised by a Banter.

Whom the gods would destroy, they first make fat.—Judge.

## FACING NEW PROBLEMS RAISED BY SOCIALISM.

In facing the new problems raised by socialism, the Catholic workman will probably have a greater responsibility and a greater share than all the theorists put together, says Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson. There is no doubt that socialism in some form or another will have, in the immediate future, an immense influence upon both legislative and social life; and it is, therefore, all the more imperative that the Catholic worker who listens at street corners to the preachers of this new creed, who himself will be listened to respectfully when he puts his questions or his criticisms, and who will be obliged, again and again, in workshop and factory, to expound his own views on the matter, should have a clear and reasoned account to give as to what socialistic tenets are in accordance with Christianity, and what in antagonism to it.

At present, it must be confessed, he does not show that familiarity with the affair which he will be bound to possess in future. Young men educated in Catholic schools, taken as operators, hear many undoubted truths preached by them with fervor and sincerity, sympathy, and interest; but, with the small exceptions of the conditions of injustice and greed; and then, partly through the subtle atmosphere of irreligion that runs through so many of such discourses, partly through having heard that socialism, in its entirety, is incompatible with Catholicism, elect to follow the former rather than the latter, think it better to set their hands to the removal of various grievances than to continue to practice a religion whose influence in such things they are unable to discern;—and, finally, are lost to the Church and to God.

In this, surely, as much as in anything, the duty of the Catholic worker is plain. By the help of his parish priest he can have access to the abundant and ever-increasing literature dealing with the relations of the Church towards socialism; he can learn which are those few doctrines condemned by the Divine Authority, and why; which are those (such as the nationalization of certain industries) that are indifferent, and which, therefore, he can hold and yet remain a Catholic; and which, finally, are those ideals and objects which the Church, no less than the socialist, holds dear, and, indeed, has preached and practised in every country of the world, centuries before socialism, name or theory, came into existence.

In those and other matters Catholicism will do the work which its Divine Founder intended; and the Kingdom of Christ will come indeed, —Catholic News.

## Good for Cattle.

In a recent article on "Sesamo Culture," The Scientific American says: "An abundance of yellow, mild and bland oil called 'gingelly,' resembling olive oil, is obtained from the seed. If the oil is of a very good quality, it is employed as an adulterant of oil of almonds, and is of great economic value, only second to coconut oil in the variety of its uses. It is employed for culinary purposes, food, medicine, cosmetics, illumination, lubrication, soap-making, etc. The oil is also used in making a very attractive confection, being used in the amount in making a 'butte.' The cakes left after the oil has been pressed from the seeds are used as food by the poorer classes, and also serves as good food for cattle."

## WRONG KIND OF TRASH.

Oct. 5, 1912.  
Dear Sirs—Please do not send me any more of your infidel literature. You will never help the Laboring man with that kind of trash.—Yours,  
London, Ont.  
JAS. HAMILTON.

## Blind as a Bat.

The antiquated fossil that says that Socialism is impossible is like the geese that saw a giraffe for the first time. After gazing awhile at the long necked creature, he remarked to his companion, "There's ain't no such animal."

## MATERIALISM.

George W. Perkins, the millionaire, says he found out when fifty years old that making money was a poor life occupation. In the same article he says later that if we allow socialism to abolish private profit from business it will destroy man's great incentive to work. Here we have a man who says the profit game is a rotten one and still he is afraid the Socialists will abolish it!

## BUSINESS FAILURES INCREASE.

Business failures are on the increase, according to Dunn's report for the past nine months. There were 11,816 failures, against 9,644 during the same period in 1911.

COMRADES, FELLOW WORKERS, GREETINGS TO YOU!

One-half of the race in the contest in which the workers are today engaged has already been run.

In it our party has made more than a creditable showing. Thousands, many thousands, have flocked to our standard.

Our war cry, our declaration for industrial freedom, the high aim of our glorious cause, is like so much light breaking into the night of wage slavery.

In the crucible of suffering and want the masses have been robbed of the hope of individual salvation and are now embracing the new gospel of collective salvation through co-operation.

It is an inspiration to see and meet the toilers of the land as they gather from the hills and the plains, from the cities and the farms, from the forests and the mines, from the factories and from the craft upon the waters.

Their eyes are today flashing the terrible fire of determination. They sit in six thousand meetings today eagerly listening lest they fail to catch a word of the new message.

There is no North, no South; there is no East, and no West. There are no separating lines of nationality or creed.

Socialism is placing a bond around them all, bringing together the industrial worker and the farmer, the miner and the seaman, the lumber jack and the mill hand, the man and the woman.

Within our nation, torn asunder by strife over possession, there grows up the real nation, the nation of toilers, from all ends and climes and corners of the land.

All petty differences must be laid aside. There is no issue before us today that is not overshadowed by that one big issue—Here, Socialism; there, Capitalism. Which are we allied with? Which stands for us and for which do we stand? Which shall come out of the contest stronger than it entered the contest? Which, shall, come with colors unfurled and blazoned in the morning air of a new day?

I say, "Socialism, first; Socialism, last; Socialism at all times!"

He who assails my cause assails me, my home, my wife, my children, my every hope, my every aspiration, my very life and being.

Comrades! He who fights capitalism intelligently, persistently, unswervingly, never flinching once; he who stands true, morning, noon and night, he is my comrade.

We may err, we may make mistakes, but there is one mistake more we must not make, one that is more serious than all others in its consequences, one more disastrous to our cause, and that is to divide our forces. We are not to DIVIDE.

In my travels over the country I have met many an old comrade; aged comrades who have stood in this fight for thirty, forty, even fifty years. These comrades, now gray haired, have in their day faced abuse, slander and persecution; they have been driven from City to City, from State to State.

Their heads are now hoary, their backs bent by the weight of years, their hands shake and their feeble frames tremble. But the fire of years that are gone are still in their eyes. There the spirit of their youth still lives. With jaws set and flats clenched they are yet determined not to yield, even one iota.

They have prepared the soil, they have sown the seed; they have gathered the material; they have been the pioneers.

It is an inspiration to meet them, to look into their eyes, to clasp those gnarled hands, to hold their hands in fraternal embrace, to let me pay my tribute. No better tribute can be paid than to make a solemn vow to continue and carry to completion the glorious work that they have begun and to which they dedicated the best that was in them. Let us honor them by doing the same.

And as our cause has attracted the youth of fifty, thirty and ten years ago, so it attracts and unites under its banners the youth of today.

Youth—you will finish the work! A world for your opportunity. You will reap the harvest that has been sown by those who have gone before. You will build with the material that they have gathered.

You will plan the foundation and lay stone upon stone. You will top the structure with a roof and adorn that with pinnacles. You will carve its gables in bold relief, you will decorate its interior in rare design with rare colors, for your hands are less stained with individualism than are ours, and you shall be possessed with a more refined sense of beauty.

And then what have you built? You have built a new social structure—a social structure in which will dwell a happier race, a race that can be more nearly like its creator; a social structure in which old age will not beg, widows and orphans will not weep, and children will not be ground into dividends and profits. It will be a social structure where men will be men, every inch of them; where women will not sell their virtue, where children will grow up into flowers of pure manhood and womanhood; a social structure that will realize the dreams that have been dreamt by all

AT A COMRADE'S GRAVE.

Yesterday we buried the remains of Comrade John Youri, who had his spine broken in the ming about six months ago. Though he suffered a great deal he did not make much noise, for he was conscious of the fact that he was a victim of the rule of Capital, that he was being sacrificed upon its altar to appease its ravenous greed for profit. The wage market being the cooling place where the red, Capital, gorges itself, wage slaves, though they are conscious of these facts, are the legitimate prey of this god and they must take chances on their lives, even when they know they are doing so. At the minor's hall a local preacher performed the usual staid. Then we marched to the grave. A comrade read a paper in the Finn language. The words capitalist and wage slaves were all we English-speaking comrades could save. I venture to say, however, that the death of our comrade was attributed neither to mystery nor to Jehovah in His infinite wisdom.

At the request of the comrades conducting the funeral the writer said: "We are here this afternoon to pay our last respects to the remains of a most worthy member of our class; one who never overlooked an opportunity to expose the rule of capital and pave the way for a social system that would be free from class rule. Death is but a change of form. Matter cannot be destroyed. When we burn coal we merely change its form into ashes, gas, etc. The greatest intellects of the age agree that man is the most complete manifestation of life in the universe, but even man has only one source of knowledge, that is experience. Experience has taught us that men die; that is, change, so that life is manifest in a different form, but experience has also taught us that human beings can live twice, yes, thrice as long as our comrade has lived. The cause of his premature death is not a mystery. In fact, it is not dead to seek. Every form of life struggles to maintain itself as long as it can. Those types of life that resort to mutual aid as between units have an advantage in the struggle for existence. For fully ninety-five thousand years the human family lived in communistic societies. By mutual aid we have conquered one form of natural force after another until we have reduced premature death from such sources to a minimum. But since the decay of Communistic societies, and the advent of a society based on private property our great achievements have taken on an artificial force termed "capital," which has neither life to save nor body to hurt. It has made us wage-slaves and ruthlessly crushes out our lives. "Capital" that compels us to produce things not for our own use, but for profit, is the cause of the sufferings and the premature death of our comrade; the sorrow of his wife and children; the making of them widow and orphans. The lesson to be learned at this grave site is that we must educate ourselves, so that we of the working class may, by mutual aid, break the rule of capital, to the end that we may live to a ripe old age and individually enjoy what we collectively produce."

C. M. O'BRIEN.  
Coleman, Alta., Oct. 2, 1912.

DELICATE LEGS.

The other week the editor of a Labor paper in Spain was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment for insulting the King's legs. The King has legs, like most other Spaniards, but unfortunately they are what would be called in lumber persons spindlinettes—they are actually skinny. However, the application of such vulgar terms to the royal underpinning constitutes treason in this enlightened country, and because the editor published a cartoon in which the King's legs were shown as they actually are, he was awarded eight years in a dungeon. Legs are, it seems, a delicate subject with the Spaniards. Once upon a time a blighted but well-wishing person sent a Spanish Queen a pair of very fine silk stockings. They were promptly returned by the Prime Minister, who crushingly wrote: "Queens are not ordinary personages. Queens, sir, have no legs." But Spanish Kings have, it seems as the enterprising Journalist has found out to his cost.—"Moorland Worker."

QUESTION BOX.

Comrades wishing to have questions answered should confer a favor on us by writing the question on a separate slip of paper. If you have any suggestions to make outside of the ordinary correspondence, write on a separate slip also.

The best of men of all ages; a social structure that will be the answer to the prayers of hundreds of millions, when in the simplicity of their hearts they pray: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth!" Oh youth! The world is yours! God and possess it! Hold it for all mankind!!!

EMIL SEIDEL,  
Socialist Candidate for the Vice-Presidency.

THE POT OF GOLD

By Wilfrid Gribble.

CHAP. I.

Some hitherto dormant cells were being stirred to activity in the brain of George Lowden, as he leaned over the rail and watched the shore of England grow dimmer and dimmer as the liner steadily trod her way westward.

Though a young fellow of more thoughtful and reflective nature than his mates who had taken passage on the same ship, he had hitherto been to him largely, almost wholly, a matter of course. He had "taken things as they came." If at any time he had been inclined to question things as they were or the rightness or wrongness of things he had been taught were right or wrong, the inclination had soon passed away.

But now, though he had been thinking for months of emigrating, and had taken his passage weeks before, with the actual surrendering of old ties, he was thinking seriously for the first time what was the reason of the hard conditions which had caused him to leave his native land. It was not because of a desire for travel; it was not even because of a desire to get an easier living than could be had in the old land, that he had decided on going to the new one. It was the fact that a living of any kind was hard to get that had caused him to feel that his life in England had become unbearable, that had at last impelled him to take the great step of crossing the ocean to that land of opportunity which he had read so much in the papers.

But George, though not yet twenty-two years of age, was thoughtful and had not trusted wholly to the eulogistic newspaper descriptions of Canada.

He had taken the old atlas and compared Canada's area with that of the British Isles; he had noted the fact that its population was about equal to that of London, and it seemed to him that in a country so much vaster, with so much smaller population than the land of his birth, there must be a much "better chance" of making a "good living" than in the overcrowded old land.

And so, as a result of his thoughtful decision, he was standing at the ship's rail, looking at the vanishing coast line with misty eyes and an aching lump in his throat, thinking earnestly, though vaguely, of the reason for it all, and hopefully wondering how he would "get on" in Canada, and how long before he would be able to send money home to the old mother, whose mainstay he had been for years past. Then he thought of the girl—yes, there is a girl in this story, and perhaps some of the readers may think he ought to have thought of her first—and he wondered how long ere, in that wonderful new country, he would be able to make a home for her to share. Oblivious of the gay chatter of the lighthearted Lancashire lads about him, who had left the same town with largely the same hopes as himself, his mind took on a retrospective mood and traveled back to the earliest recollections of his childhood. He remembered how he had sat one sultry afternoon on the front doorstep and wondered how he could not look straight at the sun, and why it was so round and red, but he did not remember asking anyone why. He remembered also one day sitting on the same doorstep after a heavy rain storm and looking, with pleased and wondering gaze at the brilliant colors of a rainbow that had followed the storm. That same day there was a motherly old woman in the house, who seemed to take charge of everything. His mother was not about as usual and a new baby had mysteriously arrived.

He had asked the motherly old woman where the baby had come from, she had told him that it had come from heaven, and he had implicitly believed her—his mother had often spoken of that wonderful place—heaven.

He remembered it had occurred to him that, as the old woman knew so much about the baby's advent, she must be able to tell him something about the rainbow, but the only information she seemed able to give was that if he would but get to the foot of it he would find "a pot of gold there." The foot did not seem far away and he had started out to find that pot of gold and was brought back tired and sleepy by a policeman to the care of the much worried old woman.

And now, had he but known it, he was endeavoring to reach the foot of another rainbow, not one painted by his mother, but one painted by the bright stars from heaven, and he had implicitly believed her—his mother had often spoken of that wonderful place—heaven.

George did not know this then, but he does now, for George is a real character who has learned some things since he leaned over the liner's rail in a retrospective mood that day. But "we anticipate" so that we go back to the retrospective George, leaning on the vibrating rail, looking at the disappearing coast line, having a kaleidoscopic vision of his earlier years, with their simple, but well-remembered events.

He thought of the first Sunday school treat; he had attended, and

how he had with a kind of shy innocence, pocketed a bun (buns were rare in his childhood) in order to take it home to his mother, as a great treat, and how he had been both scolded and petted for his action.

Then there was another great occasion, when he and the rest of the family had been treated to an whole egg each (eggs had been almost unknown to George's childhood).

It seemed wonderful at the time, but his mother had given the money for the eggs to "spend on themselves." His older brother, as was his right of primogeniture had been given charge of the cash, and George's mind went back to the important air this brother wore as they all trooped down the street to "choose the eggs." He smiled now as he thought how impatient the shopkeeper must have been over the time that was taken in choosing those eggs.

They were arranged in a wonderful wire thing, in a pyramid, and every egg stood out clear from its fellows, so you could see exactly what it was like. One wanted a brown egg, another wanted a white egg, but they all wanted big eggs.

At last the eggs were chosen, and the shopkeeper proceeded to put them in a paper bag, but that wouldn't do, each had to carry his or her own egg home.

How careful they were not to break those eggs; how they glared over them after they had been carefully placed on the "ground" to wait till "tea time." Who'd "tea time" came how they all crowded round mother to superintend the cooking of those rare and wonderful eggs. How they discussed which had the best egg while they were eating them, how they tried to make them "last out," and how, after they had thoroughly cleaned out the shells, they turned them upside down so that the broken ends would not show, and tried to imagine that they still had whole eggs before them.

"Too simple and childish to write about," some reader may say, but is it?—when there are millions of little children today, many more than when George was a child, to whom an egg "all to themselves," would be a never forgotten event; children who never have, any but the plainest and coarsest food and not enough of that; children whose little frames are being stunted in growth and robbed of health; children whose little lives are devoid of pleasure; children who never have been able to truthfully say, "I can't eat any more;" children who have never known, and who never will know, anything but want and squalor, blighted childish aspirations and unsatisfied childish wishes, till that day comes when enough of the workers rise and say that they and their children shall own the earth and enjoy it in its fullness and plenty.

But this is a story, and we must get back to our hero—you will not find him a conventional one, musing over the steamer's rail, musing over past occurrences too numerous to record here, thinking particularly of his father's death when George was still too young to realize the significance of that event; of how, as he grew older, he came to a knowledge of his mother's hard struggle to provide for the family; of his impatience, on realizing this, to grow big enough to go to work in order to help that mother; of how at last he did go to work in the mines, and how proud he was at bringing home his first wages. Times were even harder now than they had been when he was a boy, and he, a grown man and a qualified minor, was endeavoring to escape the hard conditions he could no longer tolerate by going where he was told work was more plentiful, to the coal mines of Canada.

At last the coast line faded entirely from view, and turning away from the rail, George, unlike most of the Lancashire lads, a man of few words, sat listening to the merry chatter of his chums, the quieter conversation of some Scotchmen and the sing-song but musical accents of several Welshmen who had quickly chummed up with the party.

There is a spirit of comradeship among miners, as among sailors, that one does not find to the same extent in other walks of life, probably explained by the dangerous nature of those occupations, and before long, a bond of fellowship was established between those exiles, experiences were exchanged, stories "swapped," songs sung and—don't find fault with the writer, for he is but stating the truth—sentences passed around, for some of the party had thoughtfully provided themselves with such before coming aboard.

If this was a work of fiction I should here chronicle that George refused to drink when the bottle came round to him, but he did not refuse. He had learned, and to say, as well as taking many other things as a matter of course, to take his "drop o' beer," likewise, as a matter of course, and as a matter of fact, George took a hearty swig at the bottle when it came round to him, and temporarily, at least, felt the better for doing so.

(To be Continued.)

Break your chains- AND GO BACK TO THE LAND

160 ACRES HOMESTEADS and Pre-emptions

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

WE HELP YOU TO LOCATE

Western Farming & Colonization Company, Limited 5 WINCH BUILDING VANCOUVER, B. C.

LOCAL VANCOUVER Propaganda MEETING Every Sunday Evening Empress Theatre

E. T. KINGSLEY Printer Publisher

High-Grade Catalogue Book and Commercial

NEW LABOR TEMPLE VANCOUVER, B. C.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGN & COPYRIGHTS E.C. A good description of a patent and description of a trade mark and design is essential for a patent application. MUNN & CO. 364 University St. Cor. St. Catherine St. Montreal.

GREAT BOOKS BY GREAT MEN

- Eight Lectures, Ingersoll..... 25c
Riddle of the Universe, Haecckel..... 25c
Not Guilty, Blatchford..... 25c
Age of Reason, Paine..... 25c
Origin of Species, Darwin..... 25c
Evolution of the Idea of God, Grant Allen..... 25c

All books postage paid.

People's Bookstore 182 Cordova St. W.

Brackendale - Cheakamus MOTOR STAGE Leaves Squamish wharf daily, on arrival of Vancouver boat Better Service Same Old Prices H. JUDD, Prop.

F. PERRY TAILOR Removed from 58 Hornby St. to LABOR TEMPLE.

A Good Place to Eat at Mulcahy's Cafeteria 137 Cordova Street West The best of everything properly cooked

LITERATURE. We need money and we want to make way for new pamphlets. Therefore we make the following offer: Manifesto of S. P. of G..... 10c Socialism, Revolution and Internationalism..... 10c Socialism and Unionism..... 5c Struggle for Existence..... 5c Summary of Marx' "Capital"..... 5c The State and Government..... 5c Value, Price and Profit..... 5c

50c THE WHOLE BUNCH FOR 25c.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free. MARION MARION, 364 University St. Cor. St. Catherine St. Montreal.

Party Label BUTTONS Price: 50c each or 5 for \$2.00 Dominion Executive Committee Labor Temple

DENTIST W. J. CURRY 301 Dominion Trust Building Vancouver, B. C.

Vancouver Island ACREAGE

To Readers of "The Clarion"

I have received a large number of enquiries for improved British Columbia farm lands from readers of the "Clarion." I have just purchased a farm on the Skeena River, about two miles from the city limits of Alberni, which I am subdividing into blocks of about ten acres each. The soil is very rich bottom land and each block will have about five acres cleared, and the other five acres will be very light clearing, most of it having been slashed a number of years ago. Price will average \$250 per acre. This will all be rapidly sold in Alberni. Two railroads are projected through the property, and Alberni City is growing rapidly.

If any readers of the "Clarion" wish to reserve a block, I will hold same for them upon receipt of a deposit of \$100.

Papers will be ready for exception in about 60 days.

Terms one-third cash and the balance can be spread over three years if required. Interest 7%. If unable to visit the property yourself, I will select a block for you.

This is a good thing either for actual settlement or speculation, and I will guarantee your money.

W. W. LEFEAUX LABOR TEMPLE BUILDING, Dunsmuir St., VANCOUVER, B. C.