The District Ledger

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HON GIDGEON ROBERTSON SHOULD EXPLAIN

(From El Paso (Texas) Herald, June 5)

"A special train of 300 Mexicans and their families left here last night on the El Paso and Southwestern railroad for Chatham, Ontario, where they will be employed in the beet fields during the summer. They were brought across the international bridge early yesterday afternoon and left here in charge of Canadian officials."

Another Step For One Big Union

The One Big Union conference at Calgary finished its sessions on Monday evening last after having drawn up a constitution and elected temporary officers for the preliminary work. The subject matter of the constitution will go before the various organizations which have voted to withdraw from the so-called international organizations. A referendum vote will be taken and arrangements made for a first annual convention, the election of officers, the choice of headquarters, etc. The official report of the conference has been sent to all locals.

Very little publicity hasb een given to the conference at Calgary for there were no speeches. Various committees worked out the different details and coming before the body as a whole satisfactory readjustments were made where necessary. Nearly 50,000 workers were represented and although the conference was not widely heralded abroad it marks nevertheless another important step forward.

Strike Situation In Brief

The District Ledger has been in touch with locals all over District 18 and has discovered a splendid solidarity in practically every camp. There is nothing startlingly new to report. Some camps are absolutely "scabless" while in others a few of those pestiferous vermin have appeared. A number of mines are fast going to destruction and some of the operators in Alberta are fast artraretan tors in Alberta are awakening to the fact that they have been victimized by the stronger power within their own ranks. Several of the operators have been calling at the offices of the Director of Coal Operations and his assistants at Calgary to discuss the situation.

According to reports we are receiving from Winnipeg the stories in the Calgary and other daily papers are perverted accounts of what is really happening. Every effort is being made on the part of the authorities to stir up trouble while the strikers are continuing the regard for law and order that they have manifested from the commencement of the strike.

Tremendous efforts are being exerted at Calgary and Vancouver to break the spirit of the strikers in those cities and large monetary inducements are being held out for scabs.

How About Crows' Nest Pass Titles

Bob Smillie has demanded that seven great mine owning peers in Great Britain, submit their title deeds to the property, for scrutiny. The income of the Marquis of Bute has been estimated at over 200,000 pounds a year. He is the owner of 117,000 acres, including rich coal mines in South Wales. He is also chairman of the Cardiff Railway Company and director of the Rhymney Railway Company. The [illegible] and much of his wealth comes from the Bute docks at Cardiff.

Lord Durham owns about 20,000 acres and he said at the coal commission enquiry that it would take a railway van to carry his title deeds. "Never mind," said Smillie bring them along.

DOCTORS SAY 144 HOURS A WEEK IS SUFFICIENT

Trenton, Ont., June 9—Trenton physicians have passed up the 44 hour working week as a hopelessly unattainable ideal, so far as they are concerned. But they are forming a local cooperative union with the purpose of restricting their working week to one hundred and forty four hours.

No Denial That Fate of Fernie at Mercy of G.N.

Manager Wilson Says "We May Open At Sparwood" And That Means Government Should Act At Once If Interests of The Property Holders of Fernie Are To Be Protected.

Premier Asks The Company For An Explanation of The Situation

Corporation Again Attempts To Camouflage The Issue By Placing The Blame On The "Attitude of Union Officials"---Crows' Nest Steal To Be Reviewed.

MANAGER WILSON'S STATEMENT

Referring to The District Ledger's story re abandonment of Coal Creek and the way in which the Western Coal Operators were all victimized, W. R. Wilson, general manager and second vice-president of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, says:

"I have no particular comment to make. The subject matter seems to be addressed partly to my associates on the Western Coal Operators Association, and partly to the citizens of Fernie, and I am sure they are both quite competent to form their own conclusions without comment from me.

"We may open at Sparwood some day. It is within the bounds of possibility. We have made no secret of our survey work there during the past five years, nor of similar work at Morrissey. But the suggestion that opening at one or both of these points would mean closing Coal Creek is simply pure invention and conjecture. The life of any mine, however, depends on the production of coal from it at less cost than you can get for it. Everything that reduces the margin between cost and price hastens the economic end of the operation, and whether the responsible act be through ignorance or deliberation the result is the same. An instance of this is the present attitude of the Union officials in refusing permission to men to remain at work to do the necessary upkeep and repair work during the shutdown, although this is part of the present agreement, and has always been done in the past. We cannot make them do the work, but we must make it plain that we do not accept the blame for the consequences.

"I do not suggest that the impression conveyed that I was manager at the time of the explosion in 1902 was deliberately intended to mislead, but the fact that I left Fernie some nine months before that occurrence would have been very easy to verify before publication."

The claims made by The District Ledger regarding the proposed abandonment of the mines at Coal Creek are not denied by the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, either through their manager, Mr. Wilson, or their official organ, The Fernie Free Press. Mr. Wilson says:

"WE MAY OPEN AT SPARWOOD."

The Free Press says:

"If they cannot operate successfully in one place they will try another and there is no law or reason to prevent them."

Mr. Wilson knows that it is his hope and his intention to have a coal operation proceeding at Sparwood that will eclipse anything the company has ever undertaken and by which coal will be produced at a cost of a dollar a ton or possibly less. Against that intention, under the system of business of today, no one can utter a word. Mr. Wilson cannot be criticised for his endeavor to produce coal at the lowest possible cost. The only protest The District Ledger made was against the attempts which the company are insidiously making to place the whole blame upon the miners and in placing such blame it gets the glad assistance of the Free Press which sees in organized labor all that is bad and iniquitous.

If the "business men" of Fernie are willing to have the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company's intentions carried out The District Ledger has no objection to their inactivity. The average "business man" of Fernie does not want to see the mines at Coal Creek abandoned, he does not want to believe that they will be abandoned, and being in that frame of mind a very lame promise is satisfactory. The Free Press, with all the air of official sanction, says, "WE WILL STATE that unless the mines at Coal Creek are utterly ruined by a long idleness they need have little fear of Fernie becoming a second Hosmer."

It would have cost the coal company one-half of a cent per ton on their minimum production to have averted the strike and a much smaller fraction on maximum production and yet the company preferred to have the strike and to run the risk of the mines being "utterly ruined." Does the company for a moment think that any man in his sane senses would believe that the company would be willing to run the risk of the mines being "utterly ruined" if they wanted to save them for the sake of that fraction of a cent? Mr. Wilson was the one man among all the coal operators of the Association of which he is president who could have averted the strike but he preferred to have it go on knowing that his fellow operators would in many cases have their mines practically destroyed while for his concern the worse the effect of the strike the better it would be for the carrying out of his plans to get cheap coal.

Let us presume for a moment that Mr. Wilson is absolutely honest in saying that "closing Coal Creek is simply pure invention and conjecture." Such being the case Mr. Wilson should without hesitancy agree to a government investigation with a review of the concession rights of the company and the passing of whatever legislation is necessary to guarantee individual property rights in Fernie and the issues of bonds which this city has made. Will he be willing for such a review and such an investigation? Watch him!

Premier John Oliver, of British Columbia, has asked The Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company for an "explanation of the situation." We have not yet seen that "explanation."

Dr. Bonnell, M. P., wires under date of June 6:

"Minister of Labor informs me that threat published in local paper cannot be correct as he has positive evidence that company are anxious to continue working mines."

The minister of labor (?) knowing the facts as he does, could easily measure the company's anxiety by the fraction of a cent which would have kept the mines in operation. Hon. Gideon Robertson, however, cannot be expected to see anything except through the glasses of the corporations. The date of Dr. Bonnell's telegram shows how close is Gideon Robertson's connection with the business end of the big corporation which has Fernie's destiny in its grasp. Dr. Bonnell's attention has been called to the fact that the extent of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company's "anxiety" to continue working the mines is measured by a fraction of a cent and he has been advised that if the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company has no such sinister intentions as The District Ledger has attributed to it there should be no objection to a review of their concession privileges and the securing on behalf of the people of Fernie such legislative guarantees as would insure business stability in this community.

Responding to "His Master's Voice" the editor of the Fernie Free Press says:

"The Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company is a business concern. If they cannot operate successfully in one place, they will try another and there is no law or reason to prevent them."

The company is, without doubt, a business concern, and as such feels that laws are not made for its control. Laws are for such poor devils as get in debt or in libel suits or in jail for being too radical in espousing the cause of those who work. And the moral responsibility of a business concern is not great under existing conditions. If that moral responsibility were up to the standard it should be, a business [illegible] in a community which has been built up so that labor would be easily available to extract the natural wealth for the business concern's profit.

[illegible] company has a moral responsibility, and we are confident a legal responsibility as well, to Fernie as a community. The concessions granted that company created the responsibility and it will be found that there is both "law and reason" to prevent them abandoning Coal Creek with its millions of tons of untouched coal so that they can make more money by [illegible] spot in the natural resources of British Columbia which came under their control by methods darker than ever were dreamed of by Bret Harte's heathen Chinee.

It will be interesting at this time to look up some of the records regarding the acquiring of the great coal deposits in this part of British Columbia by the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company. A series of these records are available. Below we print some comment from the Winnipeg Tribune in June, 1906:

GAFFING THE GRAFTERS

The Winnipeg Tribune Stirs up the Coal Subject with a Red Hot Poker

"The discussion in the House at Ottawa in regard to coal lands owned by the Government of Canada is significant of public conviction in this country that such coal deposits should be treated as the property of the public and the ownership of them not turned over into private hands.

"The Minister of the Interior, Mr. Oliver, had an easy task, of course, in pointing out that it was the Conservative Government which granted the vast areas of public lands, including immense deposits of coal, to railway companies."

The above extract from an editorial article published in the Free Press yesterday is interesting as a proof of the surprising lengths to which partisanship can go. It is chiefly interesting because it makes it not only justifiable but necessary again to place the facts of the greatest steal that has ever been perpetrated in Canada, or elsewhere—the everlastingly infamous Crow's Nest Pass deal—before the people.

The British Columbia Southern [illegible] the most notoriously corrupt government that British Columbia ever has had, by means denounced as [illegible] railway through the Crow's Nest Pass.

With this charter the [illegible] which 3,500,000 acres included the most valuable coal lands in British Columbia; in fact, one of the most valuable coal deposits on earth.

This raised a great storm of protest from the honest men of British Columbia, and the Liberal members for British Columbia in the Dominion House, led by Mr. W. W. B. McInnes—now Governor of the Yukon—[illegible] provincial Act that permitted this infamous steal.

In the meantime Messrs. Cox, Jaffray and their associated "Liberal" grafters had obtained possession of the charter from the promoters. This fact, however, was known only to the Cox-Jaffray ring, to the original holders of the charter and to the inner circle of the Laurier Government. The private members of the House and the

(Continued on page five)

Will Government of B. C. Investigate

Fernie, June 10, 1919

To The Hon. John Oliver,
Premier of British Columbia:

WHEREAS, W. R. Wilson, Esq., general manager and second vice-president of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, in a statement in The Fernie Free Press asserts that "we may open at Sparwood," and

WHEREAS, responsible officials of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. have made the statement that coal can be produced at Sparwood for a dollar a ton, and

WHEREAS, machinery purchased for the safety and improvement of mines at Coal Creek has been kept idle at Coal Creek since its arrival many months ago and it is common knowledge that it is to be used in the new field and,

WHEREAS, there are many other reasons to believe that it is the intention of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company to abandon the mines adjacent to Fernie as soon as such abandonment is practicable and

WHEREAS, such abandonment would mean serious loss to the householders and property holders and also to holders of city bonds, besides the abandonment of an area containing millions of tons of coal which would be irretrievably lost to the province;

THE UNDERSIGNED THEREFORE HUMBLY PETITION you as head of the government of the province of British Columbia to at once commence a thorough investigation which will lead to legislative guarantees that such abandonment will not be considered and which will also review the concessionary grants of the said company with a view of safeguarding the interests of the province.

The above petition signed by several hundred property owners of Fernie, obtained after only two hours canvass, was forwarded this week to the premier of the province. In addition to the above the following facts were drawn to the attention of Hon. Mr Oliver:

"The federal government's high cost of living commission set the minimum amount upon which a worker could live.

"Your government instituted an eight-hour law and a certain number of workers were affected who had been working ten and eleven hours at the established minimum.

"The operators took advantage of this law and when the men's time was reduced their wages were also reduced below the said established minimum. The miners organization took the ground that under no conditions would they consent to a reduction of wages because they had been assured that it was not the intention of the Act that it should be used as a pretext for the reduction of wages.

"A readjustment would not have added one-half cent per ton to the cost of production of coal."

A telegram received from Dr. Bonnell, M.P., on Wednesday said that he had just been to the Department of Labor and found that Hon. Gideon Robertson had again gone to Winnipeg. Dr. Bonnell said he had talked the proposed abandonment of Coal Creek over with Deputy Minister of Labor Ackland and that he was writing fully to Gladstone local regarding the matter.

INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM IS AN EFFECT NOT A CAUSE

"No time for neutrality," says the Calgary Herald of May 29. Then it is every workers' business to get busy and it does not matter whether we be tagged One Big Union, or so many little unions, our sympathies are the same, our cause is the same. But The Calgary Herald is opposed to the present strike and believes, and the Minister of Labor declares, it is a movement designed to overturn the existing industrial system and that leaders in the One Big Union demonstration do not represent organized labor as a unit. Why is it that the Editor of the Calgary Herald and the Minister of Labor will not look the world square in the face instead of lying around street corners trying to rope part of the community whom they are pleased to class as Leaders or Reds or Bolsheviks or any thing they think will stink in the nostrils of the readers of the so-called newspaper?

We read some time ago through the Herald that they knew something of Unionism. That being so they must know by the votes that are being taken throughout this country and even other countries that sympathetic strikes are not brought about by a few leaders or agitators or One Big Union plotters.

Then, where is the thoughtful workman who would not vote in sympathy with the workers today?

When we see the blundering, reckless, foolish methods adopted by the government, the Minister of Labor and The Calgary Herald to meet a condition which exists in every country at the present time.

If they think that by creating discord or spending a little money in printing slimy stuff it will prevent Industrial Unionism or One Big Unionsm they are sadly mistaken.

For instance, a strike thrust upon District 18 with a membership of something like 3,000, and according to Commissioner Armstrong only five workmen involved.

Here, Mr. Calgary Herald, would you disrupt or die without an effort or would you be sympathetic and fight to the last ditch?

The conditions that exist today are not brought about by Industrial Unionism or One Big Unionism. But Industrial Unionism is brought about by conditions that exist, the H.C.L. being the greatest factor in bringing the worker to a sense of his position, thereby compelling him to form a policy whereby he may be able to exist. Hence a One Big Industrial Union, even if Governments have to fall and systems have to change. No matter if a favored few have to be swept out of the way. Democracy will have to live, will in spite of all the forces that can be brought against it. If our children of today suffer for want of milk, we live in hope that tomorrow there will be enough and to spare. To think that in this age men have to fight to live in a land flowing with milk and honey. According to the capitalist press, a land of immeasurable resources, unmeasured, unsurveyed and uncultivated. Yet the people have not the wherewithal to live and are refused the right of collective bargaining.

It is true that Citizens committees (strike breakers) may be able to disrupt and sidetrack the workers in Winnipeg and other places for a while but they will never break the heart of Industrial Unionism in Winnipeg and Calgary. I can speak for the miners of District 18; they have had some before. The press boasts of how little we have in the till for strike purposes yet the same press would fain make the returned soldiers believe that we are little millionaires.

Never mind, Mr.Ed itor, I was glad to note in your last issue that even soldiers are human and that they realize that the workers are their friends and brothers and that they too are out to live and not to starve.

That human society has a right to live and enjoy the products of its labor.

Yours MINER

MILLION OUT OF WORK IN ENGLAND

LONDON.—Over a million persons are now out of work here, and of these 100,000 are in the cotton district. Very naturally, labor leaders and trade unionsts everywhere are demanding that the government should organize production and nationalize industry, instead of giving unemployment doles.

It is pointed out that there is a world shortage of necessary articles while factories stand idle, that nothing has been done to start the announced schemes of housing, town planning, afforestration and intensive cultivation of the soil, and that the travelling public is being put to the greatest inconvenience through want of transport facilities while thousands of unemployed could be repairing rolling stock and manning extra trains and tubes, etc.

Labor Scores in Local Elections

All over the country hundreds of labor men and women have been placed on the county, district and parish councils, and boards of guardians. This labor movement in our local government is unprecedented. If those who rail aimlessly against Bolshevism, they would see in this successful labor campaign in local districts, as compaign in local districts, as compared with the apparent indifference shown in the recent parliamentary elections, a real desire for the decentralization of government which is really the foundation of the Bolshevist system. (Evelyn Sharp, of the London Herald.)

HELEN KELLER WRITES NOTE OF CHEER TO DEBS

(From the New Age, Buffalo, N.Y.)

Forest Hill, N.Y.,
March 11, 1919.

"To Eugene V. Debs:

"Dear Comrade: Of course, the Supreme Court has sustained the decision of the lower court in your case. To my mind, the decision has added another laurel to your wreath of victories. Once more you are going to prison for upholding the liberties of the people.

"I write because my heart cries out and will not be still. I write because I want you to know that I should be proud if the Supreme Court convicted me of abhorring war, and doing all in my power to oppose it. When I think of the millions who have suffered in patience. I want to fling myself against all brute powers that destroy the life and break the spirit of man.

"In the persecution of our comrades there is one satisfaction. Every trial of men like you, every sentence against them, tears away the veil that hides the face of the enemy. The discussion and agitation that follow the trials define more sharply the position that must be taken before all men can live together in peace, happiness and security.

"We were driven into the war for liberty, democracy and humanity. Behold what is happening all over the world today. Oh, where is the swift vengeance of Jehovah, that it does not fall upon the host of those who are marshalling machine guns against hunger-stricken people. It is the complacency of madness to call such acts "preserving law and order." Law and order! What oceans of blood and tears are shed in their name! I have come to loath traditions and institutions that take away the rights of the poor and protect the wicked against judgement.

"The wise fools who sit in the high places of justice fail to see that, in revolutionary times like the present vital issues are settled, not by statutes decrees and authorities, but in spite of them. Like the Girondins in France they imagine that force can check the onrush of revolution. Thus they sow the wind, and unto them shall be the harvest of the whirlwind.

"You, dear comrade. I have long loved you because you are the apostle of brotherhood and freedom. For years I have thought of you as a dauntless explorer, going toward the dawn, and, like a humble adventurer, I have followed in the trail of your footsteps. From time to time the greetings that have made me very happy, and now I reach out my hand and clasp yours through prison bars.

"With heartfelt greetings, and with a firm faith that the cause for which you are now martyred shall be all the stronger because of your sacrifice and devotion, I am,

"Yours for the revolution—may it come swiftly, like a ift of light sundering the dark."

American's View of The Russian Situation

Petrograd a City Without Crime and Has No Police—Safer Than Paris and Has No Women on the Streets

La Follette's Magazine for May has the following letter, which was a personal communication, in its issue. The letter throws considerable light on the situation in Petrograd today. The foreword by the editor is sufficient to prove at least that the writer is well known and to be trusted.

"The writer of this letter is a trained investigator, able, impartial and trustworthy. I commend his statements to the confidence of our readers.—Editor."

Petrograd, March 27, 1919.

Dear Senator:

I have been several weeks in Petrograd. I have met Tchitcherin, Litvinov and most of the important personages in the communist government of Petrograd.

Briefly, my opinion of the Russian situation is as follows: In Petrograd I presume the present communist government has a majority of the working men obeying it but probably less than half of the total population are members of the communist party. However, my conclusions are based on conversation with not only communists but also many opponents of the communist government, members of the aristocracy, business men and foreigners, and I am persuaded that a large majority of the population of Petrograd if given a choice between the present government and the two alternatives, a counter revolution or foreign intervention, would without hesitation take the present government. Foreign intervention would unite the population in opposition and would tend to greatly emphasize the present nationalist spirit. Revolution would result in chaos.

There is nowhere a group of Russians in whom the people I have talked with have confidence. Kolchak, Denikin, Yudenvitch, Trepov, the despicable hordes of Russia emigress who haunt the Grand hotel, Stockholm, the Socithans house, Helsingfors, the offices of the peace commission in Paris, and squabble among themselves as to how the Russian situation shall be solved; all equally fail to find many supporters in Petrograd. Those with whom I have talked recognize that another revolution, did it succeed in developing a strong government, would result in a white terror comparable with that of Finland. In Finland our consul has a record of 12,500 executions in some fifty districts out of something like 500 districts by the white guard. In Petrograd I have been repeatedly assured that the total red executions in Petrograd and Moscow and other cities was at a maximum 3,200.

It may seem somewhat inconsistent for the Russian bourgeoisie to oppose Allied intervention and at the same time to give whole-hearted support to the present government. They justify this attitude on the grounds that when the two great problems of food and peace are solved the whole population can turn itself to assisting the present regime in developing a stable efficient government. They point to the numerous changes which have already been introduced by the present communist government, to the acknowledge that mistakes have been made, to the ease of securing introduction of constructive ideas under the present government in possibly a some-persuaded many of the thinking people with whom I have talked to look to the present government in posibly a some. Russia.

Situation is Bad

At present the situation is bad. Russia is straining every nerve to raise an army to oppose the encircling White Guards. That the army is efficient is demonstrated by the present location of Soviet forces who have contended with the Russian White Guard supported by enormous sums of money, munitions and even sailors from the Allies. Naturally transportation is inefficient; it was horrible in the last year of the Czar's regime. Absolute separation from the rest of the world combined with the chaotic conditions which Russia has passed through since the 1917 revolution, plus the sabotage, which until recently was quite general among the intelligent classes, including engineers, has resulted in a decrease in rolling stock. The transportation of the enormous army which has been raised limits the number of cars which can be used for food. The cutting off of Siberia, Finland, the Baltic provinces, and until recently the Ukraine, lines of food transportation. Consequently there has been great suffering in Petrograd. Of the population of a million 200,000 are reported by the board of health to be ill; 100,000 seriously ill in hospitals or at home, and another 100,000 with swollen limbs still able to go to the food kitchens.

However, the reports of people dying in the streets are not true. Whatever food exists is fairly well distributed and there are food kitchens where anyone can get a fairly good dinner for 3.50 roubles. For money one can still obtain many of the luxuries of life. The children, some 50,000 of whom have been provided with homes, are splendidly taken care of and except for the absence of milk have little to complain of. In the public schools free lunches are given the children and one sees in the faces of the younger generation little of the suffering which some of the older people have undergone and are undergoing. Food conditions have improved recently due to the suspension of passenger traffic and the retaking of Ukraine where food is plentiful. From 60 to 100 carloads of food have arrived in Petrograd each day since February 18.

Some Sort of Recognition

Perhaps it is futile to add that my solution of the Russian problem is some sort of recognition of the present government with the establishment of economic relations and the sending of every possible assistance to the people. I have been treated in a wonderful manner by the communist representatives, though they know that I am no Socialist. They have the warmest affection for America, believe in President Wilson, and are certain that we are coming to their assistance, and together with our engineers, our food, our school teachers, and our supplies they are going to develop in Russia a government which will emphasize the rights of the common people as no other government has. I am convinced of the necessity for us taking a step immediately to end the suffering of this wonderful people that I would be willing to stake all I have in converting every ninety out of every hundred American business men whom I could take to Petrograd for two weeks.

It is needless for me to tell you that most of the stories that have come from Russia regarding atrocities, horrors, immortality, are manufactured in Viborg, Helsingfors or Stockholm. The horrible massacres planned for last November were first learned of in Petrograd from the Helsingfors papers. That anybody could even for a moment believe in the nationalization of women seems impossible to anyone in Petrograd. Today Petrograd is an orderly city; probably the only city of the world of its size without police. I was at the opera the other night. While there I was told there had been a robbery the previous night in which a man had lost 5,000 roubles, that this was the first robbery in several weeks. I feel personally that Petrograd is safer than Paris. At night there are automobiles,s leighs and people ont he streets at twelve o'clock to a much greater extent than was true in Paris when I was there in January.

Most wonderful of all the great crowd of prostitutes has disappeared. I have seen not a disreputable woman since I went to Petrograd and foreigners who have been there for the last three months report the same. The policy of the present government has resulted in eliminating throughout Russia, I am told, this horrible outgrowth of modern icvilization.

Begging has decreased. I have asked to be taken to the poorest parts of the city to see how the people in the slums live and both the communist and bourgeoisie have held up their hands and said "but you fail to understand there ars no such places." There is poverty but it is scattered and exists among those of the former poor or the former rich who have been unable to adapt themselves to the conditions which require everyone to do something.

No More Executions

Terrorism has ended. For months there have been no executions I am told and certainly people go to the theatre and church and out on the streets much as they would in any city in the world.

I am dragging this out much longer than I expected to and I want to add a few lines about the situation in Helsingfors, which seems to me to be worse by far than that in Russia. In Helsingfors we have an American consul who has taken a firm stand that the present government is not representative and that recognition should be postponed until a new government can be formed. On the other hand representatives of the food control, army officers, etc., are persuading Mannerheim that the United States government is back of him and that we as a people are absolutely opposed to the Socialists, of whom Mannerheim has executed so many, and to the communist government across the boundary to the east. The English situation is the same. Part of the Englishmen are bringing pressure to bear on General Yudenvitch with the help of Russians to invade Russia or the Finns to do likewise. Another group of Englishmen oppose this attitude and look favorably upon the Soviet government. All this is happening at the same time that the new parliament is meeting, with 80 Socialists out of 200 members.

There is a power in Finland more important than that of the foreign office and the civil power, and that is the military government of which Mannerheim is the head.

A Straight Tip

Advertisements in The District Ledger reach the people who are willing and able to spend money. It will be your own fault if you don't get some of that money If you're interested, Get Busy.

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3576	Aerial, Alta.	I. Radocy
3993	Drumheller, Alta.	A. Parker
646	Drumheller, Alta.	J. K. Adams
1559	Monarch Mine, Alta.	Robert Parry
2949	Yellowhead, Coalspur, Alta.	J. P. Morris
3249	Lovett, Alta.	E. Lund
2615	Oliphant Munson, via Coalspur	Joseph Ormond
3840	Diamond City, Alta.	
2655	Mountain Park, Alta.	K. McGillivray
3864	Mile 22, Coalspur, Alta.	W. C. Stephens
3175	Pocahontas, Alta.	L. A. Williams
1054	Brule, Alta.	Mack Stigler
4083	Humberstone Mine,	Box 488, Edmonton
		Ed. Eastham
3760	Evansburgh, Alta.	Will J. Keen
4096	Cardiff, Alta.	W. J. Bourque
4084	Twin City Mines, 9710-85th Ave.,	Strathcona
		Robul Jones
4118	Sturgeon Mine, Namao, Edmonton	D. A. Thomas
4119	Dawson Mine, Edmonton, Box 792	Thomas Coxon
4121	Clover Bar, Strathcona	Elmer Burk
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IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Appeal Editor Interviews Debs In The Prison

(By E. Haldeman-Julius in the Appeal to Reason)

Moundsville, W. Va. (May 20.—Eugene V. Debs, this country's most conspicuous political prisoner, is ready to serve his full ten years rather than compromise the principles that to him are more precious than life itself. I spent a number of hours with Debs and found him quite at home, feeling free of spirit because he is convinced that he has been true to his conscience. He talks with the same dramatic restraint that impressed me when I saw him in Terre Haute in 1916 at the time he was running for Congress and back in 1911 when I interviewed him in Chicago during his last Presidential campaign. He told me that if he were on his way home now and showed the slightest repentance then would he really be a prisoner—his soul would be behind bars of iron.

I feel at a distinct disadvantage in writing this interview because under prison regulations agreed to between Debs and his warden, Debs is not to issue statements for publication. I promised not to use quotation marks in any report I might write. I am trying to be true to Debs, fair with the warden and yet give the Appeal readers the information they deserve.

Debs is deeply grateful to the Appeal for the efforts it is making for him. Debs made his words of thanks ring deep. He gets the Appeal each week and sees that we are sparing neither space, time nor money in the fight to free him. I didn't have to tell Debs that the Appeal army is standing by him. His mail would be proof enough, if that were all. He gets books, magazines, flowers, cigars, sweets and substantial "eats" from every section of the country. He appreciates this from the bottom of his heart. It brings happiness not only to him but to the sick in the hospital where he earns the board which the government provides.

Cannot Answer All Letters

I was in his room—thank God he isn't cooped up in a stifling cell. His room is of fair size, with a bed that fetches rhapsodic carols of praise from Debs—he sleeps when he goes to bed. There is a large window facing south—a window that is almost the full length of the room, commanding an excellent view of the interesting prison yard. The head of his bed is at the right of the window, and to the left of the bed Debs has a table on which he keeps a row of books, a glass full of flowers and writing materials. Debs can write all he pleases, but, of course, he could not possibly answer all the letters he gets from friends who know him and friends who never saw him but who love him as deeply.

Under the agreement he struck with the warden (whom I talked with and found to be a right nice fellow) Debs is to write nothing for publication, nor talk propaganda among the 900 prisoners. Debs obeys implicitly and is considered a model prisoner. He is liked by everybody—from the warden to the poor wretch who is to be executed on June 20. When I walked with Debs from the captain's office to Debs' room in the hospital section, Debs was greeted by everyone in sight. And Debs returned the greetings with: "Howdy, Bill," "Hello, Sam, feel better?" "Ho, there, Harry," "Oh, boy, Larry." Debs knows every man by his first name, and all call him "Mister Debs," with slow emphasis on the Mister.

"He's a brainy guy an' a good sport," was a guard's unsolicited testimonial.

Debs loves them all. He considers this penitentiary a university where he is privileged to take a course of study in human nature. It is all a wonderful experience to him. Possibly the only drawback is found in the unfortunate fact that he is away from his family, especially his dear wife and brother. This opinion is not mine; it's Debs'.

The spirit of Debs is utterly unbreakable. He could stay here his full term and still he would not lose an iota of faith in the cause his personality seems to symbolize. He bears no malice, not even towards his enemies.

Debs told me the witnesses in his trial repeated his statements with fair accuracy. He took the stand that he said what he was alleged to have said, that he felt he had said the truth, and if that might constitute a violation of law he would be ready to take his abode in a penitentiary. He could have quibbled; he could have pointed out inconsistencies; he might have reinterpreted his own reported remarks, but no, he refused to draw fine distinctions, he refused to trim his sails, though he saw the doors of prison opening before his eyes. He has no hatred for the witnesses, the judge who sentenced him, the Supreme Court, the prison officials, and the powerful politicians who are keeping him where he is.

Only one thing hurts and rankles. A lying newspaper report, started at Youngstown, Ohio, where he made one of his "farewell addresses," credited him with remarks like: "To hell with the Supreme Court," "when I go to prison there will be a General Strike," etc. These untrue statements were used against Debs just before he was taken to prison. The Attorney General quoted them as gospel truth. They were used, it seems, as an excuse for [illegible] stands before God with his right hand uplifted, swearing that he never said these things. And if Debs says so, rest assured he is telling the truth. If Debs had said these things those who know him don't question that he would [illegible]

Debs told me that he saw the Associated Press reporter who originally gave these lies to the public; Debs, in the presence of Mrs. Prevey, told him to retract; the reporter heard each phrase of Debs' solemn denial—and the cowardly, treacherous liar went back to his office and wrote nothing, or, if his rotten conscience still had enough decency to straighten him up for at least a statement of correction, the officials of the Associated Press must have refused to give circulation to his report.

Debs is not going to ask for a pardon. To do so would imply an admission of penitence, and Debs, as I have already said, is not repentant. Debs is no coward. And he is not seeking martyrdom. He told me that nothing is more disgusting and despicable than deliberate efforts for martyrdom. Debs wants his freedom, but he wants it honorably. He wants to come out without shame. Debs is not ashamed because he is in prison. He is there for an idea. And so long as that idea is lofty instead of disgraceful, his days spent in prison are not black shameful days.

When Debs speaks of those who want him in prison his eyes light tragically and his face takes on an infinite sadness. As we stood in his room in Moundsville prison and laughed and joked I could feel a vague heaviness in his heart and a sorrowfulness over a world's crass stupidity and senseless cruelty. I'm glad we laughed and joked, for one can smother sobs that way.

Our Lips are not Sealed

Debs—among 900 strange, sick souls—Debs, pledged to silence among his "buddies," to not one of whom can unburden his heart because those words might be "propaganda"! Yes, they would be "propaganda," burning pellets of "propaganda"—but he must keep his lips sealed. God! Debs must keep silent, but we who are criminally free in prisons of larger proportions can still talk, and talk we shall. Debs! Shall Debs, nursing the sick in Moundsville prison hospital, be forgotten by the sick of the outer world whose wounds and bruises Debs' tender hands sought to heal?

Debs is not going to retract a word; he is not going to beg mercy. Will he, therefore, spend the rest of his days in the West Virginia bastile? Debs is old now; he was taken from a sick bed and hurried to prison. His health is bad—I can prove this even though Debs speaks of himself so lightly.

May our souls rot in Hell if we let one day pass without protest so long as Debs is in prison.

AUSTRALIAN LABOR OPPOSES INTERFERENCE

Many spirited protests have been made by Australian labor bodies against Allied interference in Russia, also against the tyranny shown towards law-abiding Russian citizens in Autsralia. As regards the latter, the position has become well nigh intolerable. A goodly number of them have been interned and with their wives and families are to be deported——to where, they are not told. The government is busy trying to rope in others as well. In addition to this, those at liberty are subjected to military raids every now and then; these and other petty tyrannies being doubtless for the purpose of terrorizing them. The Russians naturally complain at the action of the government, and the press in backing up the actions of the government, and point out that they are law-abiding citizens who were invited to come to Australia by Tory-Government immigration agents from their own country. Today the same governments do not want them, while the malicious lies spread about them make it extremely difficult for them to obtain a living.

At the annual conference of the Australian Labor Party, held at Melboune (Victoria) on April 18.22, the following motions were carried:

"That this conference strongly protests against the use of any forces to interfere with the internal government of Russia, objects to the Allied policy of starvation by blockade, and urged the government to do all in its power to allow the Russian people to work out their own destinies.

"That this conference protests against the treatment meted out to Mr. Peter Simonoff (the Russian consul-general, who has been gaoled) and other Russian citizens in Australia, and instructs the labor executive to demand that Mr. Simonoff and the Russian citizens desiring to return to Russia by any route that will permit them to return to their native land, be at once permitted to do so such agitation to be followed by deputation to the Prime Minister.

"That this conference, recognizing that the Russian working-class revolution, in seeking to establish the common ownership and workers' management of the collectively used means of production, has the same object as the International Labor Movement in general and the Australian Labor Movement in particular expresses its earnest hope for the success of that revolution and the speedy and bloodless accomplishment of that object in every country. It further declares that the mass of testimony from disinterested observers shows that the blame of the Russian bloodshed and famine must be imputed to: (1) The terrorism, corruption and incapacity of the Czarist regime against which capitalist governments have never protested; (2) the ruin and disorder springing from the great war, and (3) the support by armed intervention and starvation blockade rendered by the Allies to reactionary movements which have as their objects the restoration of capitalism and Czarism.

"This conference further places on record its enthusiastic admiration of the conduct of the anti-militarist Socialists of Europe during the war, whose aims have been so vilely misrepresented by the capitalist press of Australia.

"This conference again instructs the executive to hold meetings and to publish pamphlets for the purpose of putting before the people the truth of the Russian position."

ROSS AND MINERS ARE LOCKED OUT

The Consolidated Mining Company of Rossland, B.C. has locked out 175 of its employees, presumably for endorsing the One Big Union. In April this company announced a cut of from 25 to 50 cents per day in wages and asked the employees to concurrate with it in this action on account of the reduced prices quoted for metal. This the employees agreed to. Since then the O.B.U. has been endorsed by the men and the company has, without any explanation, paid off a great number of its employees. Previous to this action the company instructed the shift bosses to discharge all agitators for the O.B.U., but the shift bosses failed to do as instructed.

Some of the men locked out have worked as many as twenty years in Rossland, and claim that the company is in better financial condition today than at any time during its history. It has introduced labor-saving machinery that has eliminated more than one-half of the men needed before the war to produce the same amount of wealth.

The government has sent an investigator to the scene, but the company has put up a good excuse for its action so little is expected from the inquiry.

The executive of the B.C. Federation of Labor is taking up the matter with the provincial and dominion governments.

To The Secretaries Of All Locals in District 18 U. M. W. of A.

The District Ledger believes that it deserves a wider measure of encouagement from the membership.

There should be an immediate increase in circulation, not only because of the fact that the expenses are increasing and more money is needed but because more and more workers should be kept closely in touch with the ideas of the progressive forces of the movement.

We appeal to all secretaries, or others interested to bring this matter to the attention of the membership at once. There is scarcely a camp where more than twenty-five per cent of the membership has subscribed. A few camps have done very much better.

Do it today or at your very first meeting. It is a part of your share in the big struggle that is now convulsing the whole world.

We have not the time to write to individuals and trust that all interested will take this as a personal appeal.

The District Ledger

FERNIE - - B. C.

The District Ledger

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C. P. R. PRESIDENT SAYS UNREST IS ONLY "MENTAL TROUBLE"

The people of the west who have come to realize that the C. P. R. is greater than the government must read with great interest the words that flow from the lips and pen of the head of that great corporation.

When President Beatty was in Fernie for a short time a few weeks ago it was not realized how mighty was his intellect and how keen his discernment. Other men,whom we have been considering "great" have been puzzled over the industrial unrest and have differed in opinions as to its causes. To President Beatty it is no puzzle. Speaking to a Winnipeg reporter on Saturday last President Beatty said with confidence and direct-

"This industrial unrest is nothing more than mental trouble due to the war."

He declared that a bumper crop in the west would cure all the trouble.

It is pleasant, indeed to have the matter so easily disposed of. When next we go to buy a pair of shoes for the kiddie and find the shoe man asking six or seven or eight dollars for the shoes it is not going to bother us in the least for we will realize that it is "mental trouble due to the war" that makes the shoe man charge so much. When the grocery man sends in his bill we are not going to feel a bit peeved for we will know he doesn't mean to put down such big figures but is merely suffering from "mental trouble due to the war." If we have occasion to get a box of goods or furniture from Calgary or any other point on the C. P. R. we are not going to complain of the high freight rate for we will know that there's nothing the matter with it only "mental trouble due to the war." If ever we get on a C. P. R. train and at meal time go into the dining car and order a bowl of soup and a tough steak with a few potatoes and a cup of coffee and then find a bill alongside our plate for two dollars and four bits we won't feel the least unrestful for even dining car men are suffering from "mental unrest due to the war."

Canada owes a debt of gratitude to the brilliant young president of the Canadian Pacific Railway for having so effectively brushed aside the clouds that have been hovering over us so darkly.

SECRET SERVICE ON TRAIL OF ONE BIG UNION

A special to the Calgary Herald from Winnipeg shows how the combined intelligences of the secret services of the United States and Canada have discovered that the One Big Union is responsible for the Winnipeg strike and all the smaller disturbances.

Considering the immense amount of money Canada is expending upon its secret service better results should be expected. The worst trouble with our secret service in Canada is the fact that its men are sent out with instructions as to what they are to discover. They have direct instructions from their masters that they must find something to stop the One Big Union. They must not let such a trifling thing as truth stand in the way of what they discover.

They should have discovered that there was no One Big Union at the time of the Winnipeg strike and that the committee appointed at the Calgary conference was merely for the purpose of taking a vote to see how many unions were ready to discard the antiquated methods of the A. F. of L. and unite in One Big Industrial Organization of all workers. That vote was taken and its result has carried dismay into the hearts of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and of all monopolists who know the significance of the solidarity of labor. Hence the secret service has been ordered to find some means of killing the One Big Union before it is really born.

The One Big Union is not a cause, it is an effect. The One Big Union of Capital has forced One Big Union of labor in self-defense The One Big Union of Capital has the government, press, the secret service and all that vast multitude of people whose thinking is done for them by others, at their command. The One Big Union of labor has only the workers from whom to draw and only the thinking workers from whom to expect active support.

The District Ledger defies the secret service of Canada to produce the proof that ANY ONE INDIVIDUAL active in the One Big Union of Labor in Canada is an advocate of law-breaking or of violence. On the other hand the One Big Union of Capital is an open advocate of strong hand methods and is filled with tricks for inciting the ignorant into some action which would justify the machine guns being turned on masses of workers

The One Big Union is revolutionary in its ideas and believes that the present system of production for profit [illegible] have a free system of society. It believes that this revolution can be brought about without the shedding of blood if the workers will only unite solidly on the industrial field and re- [illegible] them by their present masters. The masters of the world know that such a revolution could unseat them from power, and place them where they had to work for a living. Such an unseating they will resist with all the cunning strategy they possess and with their money they will try to induce misled fools to bring on bloodshed in the hope that they can establish an industrial oligarchy and perpetuate the slavery of the toilers.

L. H. PUTNAM
Barrister, Etc.
BLAIRMORE, ALBERTA

Inflated Capital Is Calling for Dividends, Dividends, Dividends

A very significant item of news is going the rounds of the Canadian Press to the effect that Minister of Finance Thomas White will soon resign his position in the cabinet and take the better paying and more important job of managing the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Premier Sir Robert Borden does not anticipate remaining much longer at the helm. He, too, is one of the important men in the banking world of today.

The war has left Canada an enormous debt and in the country there are train loads of paper "promises to pay." These promises can only be kept by the producers of real wealth acquiescing to conditions of "thrift," they have never before known. Already they are commencing to groan under the burden and the more rebellious are protesting. At all costs their protests must be suppressed either by skillful blind-folding or by force of arms. A powerful daily press and news service is doing the blindfolding but it is not able to handle the situation alone so more stringent laws are to be passed and more rigid powers of repression constructed.

A Glasgow, Scotland, paper of April 17th last has an account of banking conditions in the old country which is not without its counterpart in Canada. It says:

Watch the financiers. This should be a cue for all militant Socialists. We are apt to concern ourselves solely with the doings of the industrial capitalists, forgetting that in most cases "the power behind the throne" is that of the gentlemen of finance. With the connivance of the Government, some amazing things have happened during the last few years; things which have meant nothing more or less than the establishment of an international money trust, placing into the hands of a group of cosmopolitan cambists the entire control of industry in this and other countries. The financier wields a weapon of practically unlimited power, able at will to create artificial money and bring into being fictitious capital. Of course, like all such weapons, this power is one that possesses dangers for the users as well as the people it is used against, but the fact remains that up to the present the financiers have wielded this weapon fairly successfully. There are, though, ominous signs of a financial crackup. If we examine the international financial situation we shall discover the important parts banks play in our industrial life, which is not generally appreciated by the majority of the workers. From the relatively unimportant role of being merely bullion dealers with facilities for safe deposit, they have become vital organs of the capitalist system. With the wonderful development of credit they control for good or ill the whole mechanism of production.

Today, an important financial transaction is nothing more than a book-keeping operation performed by the banks, which may lend a thousand or a million pounds by merely crediting the borrower with that sum on their books. The bulk of payments today are by means of cheques; the cheques being exchanged or "balanced" at the Banker's Clearing House, and the balances between the different banks adjusted by small transfers of cash. The last returns of the London Clearing House at the end of 1918 showed that the total dealt with was over £21,000,000,000. Outside of this there is the sums dealt with by the country bankers, yet the totality of tangible money in this is about £500,000,000 of which about four hundred millions are paper—money notes. At a very moderate estimate there is but one pound of real money behind every fifty pounds of money of account.

Our capitalists have been living in a fools' paradise during the war. Even before the war, the development of credit had reached a stage when a collapse might occur at the slightest dislocation. Only by strong Government measures was a first-rate financial crisis averted when the war's first alarums shook the capitalist fabric. Moritoriums, suspended payments, issue of unlimited paper money; these were the things that saved the situation temporarily, but aggravated it permanently.

A period of fictitious war prosperity set in. Government loans were floated and subscribed, while thousands of millions were borrowed from the financial magnates. These millions were only arbitrary creations of credit, having no real wealth behind them, and merely constituting claims on the future surplus value to be produced by future workers. And so we have come to the pass when not only have we an enormous national debt of 80,000 million pounds, claiming interest to the tune of 400 millions per year, but we have the total capital of the capitalist class probably trebled and quadrupled.

All this inflated capital calls out for dividends, dividends, dividends! How can its voracious maw be satisfied? It cannot unless the workers acquiesce into deeper slavery than before. And even supposing the workers do agree to intensified exploitation, this vast mass of dividend-competing capital will, by its own struggles for profits, bring about a crisis which will envelop the whole of capitalism, unless by the establishment of a financial oligarchy or international money trust it can eliminate competition among owners of capital, and by controlling finance artificially prolong the life of the system.

Whether this is possible is very doubtful, but there is undoubtedly an attempt in that direction. The bankers are drawing together, and the financial experts of capitalism are aiming their efforts in the direction of international control. At home the direction towards trustification is seen plainly from the following list of amalgamations:

London City and Midland and London Joint Stock Banks, now London City and Midland.

Lloyd's and Capital and Counties Banks, now Lloyd's Bank.

London County and Westminster, Parr's, Nottingham and Nottinghamshire Banks, now London County and Parr's.

Barclay's, London and South Western, London and Provincial, now Barclay's.

National Provincial Union of London and Smith's, W. and J. Biggerstaff Bradford and District Bank now National Provincial Union

Bank of Liverpool and Martin's Bank, now Bank of Liverpool and Martin's.

Union Bank of Manchester and East Morley and Bradford Bank, now Union Bank of Manchester

These amalgamations are but foreshadowings of still closer unions. Actually there are only two big interests in the banking world outside of the Bank of England. These are Lloyds and the London City and Midland. These two concerns have swept the rest up into their maw. Lloyds have acquired a controlling interest in the National Bank of Scotland and the London and River Plate Bank, whilst the London City and Midland control the Ulster Bank and the Belfast Banking Company.

Abroad the same policy is in full swing. Lloyds have acquired controls of banks in South America, and through their subsidiary Lloyds Bank (France) and National Provincial Bank (France) are opening offices in Belgium.

Barclay's Bank, by their amalgamation with the London Provincial have obtained an interest in Cox and Co. (France), and they have concluded intimate working arrangements with a number of foreign and colonial banks, the British Bank of South America, Ltd., the Banca Italiana di Sconto, the Irving National of New York and others. The London City and Midland and the London County Westminster and Parr's each combine an Irish bank, while the latter possesses a French subsidiary and branches in Spain. William Deacon's Bank have entered into a working arrangement with Anglo-South American Bank and the London and Brazilian Bank, while clearing banks are interested in the British Italian Corporation and the British Trade Corporation.

And so the process of amalgamation goes on. All this is going on at the surface and must be only a faint clue to the real trustification that is going on secretly in the conclaves of the world's financiers.

At present the money lords hold the reins of power. Meanwhile the storm clouds are massing on the capitalist horizon. The very foundations of property owning society are rocking.

THE SYMPATHETIC STRIKE OF CANADA

Am I My Brothers' Keeper

(By W. J. Curry in The Critic, Vancouver)

"And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother, and Cain said, I know not; am I my brother's keeper? And He said, The Blood of thy brother crieth unto me from the ground."—
Genesis.

Today the blood of millions is crying from the battlefields of Europe and asking the world's rulers, What was it for which he fought and died?

The sign of hope today is that in Canada and elsewhere the survivors of those who fought the great war in Europe are enlisting with their comrades on the industrial fields, and in Winnipeg and Ottawa this alignment is bringing dismay to the masters and their political executives or governments.

Today, as always, every contest of labor and capital has a moral and social significance.

Morality is based on relationship. Whichever side in the contest stands for justice and peace is moral, and vice versa.

No Man Liveth to Himself

The modern world is one vast organism, with tingling nerves which convey pain or pleasure or news, whether false or true, to its furthest part, with arteries and veins which convey the stream of food or poison, life or death, to every portion of the throbbing whole.

When our "ministers of capital," our politicians, editors and pulpiteers who live by supporting the present system of property shed their crocodile tears over the hardships and suffering of the "innocent public," due to this sympathetic strike of "man struggling for life in the jungle of capitalism," it is enough to make one sick. It is only our knowledge, past struggles and victories of our race, our faith in the common people and in the forces of understanding and revolt due to increasing stress, that enables us to take heart and see through the lowering storm clouds of today into the blue sky and sunshine of tomorrow. For our opponents, to whom the overthrow of wage slavery seems ruin, there can only be darkness and despair. Their only hope is in ignorance, and the iron heel of "law and order."

The men and women who believe that the public have no responsibility and are in no way to blame for our social distress, are either hypocrites or are sorely in need of that knowledge that can only be acquired by the economic stress which this industrial conflict will force upon them.

To tolerate a system of property rights that breeds war and poverty is bad enough, but for statesmen to defend this system with force, and to antagonize its only alternative, is a social crime the penalty of which is to be driven out in disgrace by the people.

Wealth the Product of Vital Forces

Today our ministers of capital, such as Senator Robertson, are anxious over the suffering of the innocent public through this "unconstitutional" strike. Some of the upper class are so mentally obtuse that they fail to see that labor of brains and muscle applied to natural resources produce all the essentials and luxuries of life, and that the relationship of the capitalist class and the workers is that of master and slave.

The fact is, that under this system every commodity used is stined with the tears and blood and sweat of the masses.

The cottons and woollens and silks which the upper classes drape and protect themselves with, is the unpaid wages of labor. It is the life forces of the men and women and children which are ground up in the mills of Mammon. The swell clothing worn by our society dolls are the playtime and laughter of the child-slaves of the cotton mills who live in the slums of the great cities and industrial centres.

Our food represents the back-bone and heart-aches of the slaves of the farms and packing houses and sugar mills, and of transport workers and clerks.

The shambles of industry destroys tens of thousands of lives yearly, and always millions of men and boys are grouping in the mines and braving a lingering or sudden death because the master class and ministers of capital hold them down and keep them blind as to the cause of their slavery.

The swell cars driven by the upper classes are the products of the class which under capitalism can never own cars or homes. They work long hours without really living, for those who live without really working at useful labor.

The workers build palaces for the drones, and live in tenements. They use the poorest and leave the best for their exploiters.

Yesterday I talked to a man who had served a term in jail for "sedition." He told me the vast majority of men and women in jails were of the working class. Usually their crime could be traced to poverty; many had violated property rights and the law and order of the class which lives on the backs of labor and makes and enforces the laws.

This Strike is not Revolutionary

Early reports from the "kept press" told us the strikers were establishing a Soviet and a violent revolution to overthrow "constituted government was in sight. Labor reports after the returned men had lined up with the strikers, contradicted this, and we are now informed that Winnipeg was never so free from crime and disorder as now.

The demand of the strikers is to preserve the principle of collective bargaining, but Senator Robertson and other ministers of capital tell us that when a union that can ruin is formed it is unconstitutional, because it becomes a sympathetic strike. For that reason the O. B. U. is an "anarchist institution." From this decision let it be known that the O. B. U. must be the correct method for labor.

True, a combination of labor that can beat capital and its government on this present issue might tomorrow perform a political and economic overthrow which would place the people above property, and so destroy the constitution of capitalism.

This might compel the class now in power to even obey the constitution and the law and order of the labor State, even the "dictatorship of the proletariat" instead of the common people obeying the dictatorship of capital

There is no doubt the men who represent organized labor in Canada are fully aware of this strike being a preliminary lining up of labor in what must be the climax of the class struggle. The workers, united with the returned men, may force an election and capture political power at any time they see fit.

The Strike in B. C.

There is no part of this continent where intelligent class consciousness is more thoroughly developed than in this province, and this is due to years of scientific propaganda, which is the only antidote of anarchy.

With the returned men and police realizing their class interests, the day is won for the people. With these forces of government on the side of the workers, the same fate which befell the autocracy of Russia and the junkers of Germany will end the reign of the capitalist class of Canada, and there seems no reason it should not be so bloodless and final as the overthrow of the Czar and the Kaiser. After that will begin the building of the industrial state, production for use and the abolition of poverty.

The seven points demanded by labor in B C. are in no sense revolutionary, but they indicate a technical move toward that end. A clean jump from complete plutocracy to a working class dictatorship is not possible in Canada, and although those in charge of the strike are after the earth and its fulness for the useful members of society, yet they are wise enough to know how far the returned man and the average worker are ready to go at this stage. Constitutional methods are sufficient for this country. The ballot backed by the ONE BIG UNION must win when the time is ripe, and this time seems near at hand.

The time is at hand when the economic bankruptcy of the present system will be acknowledged by practically all—when the great social crime will be known to be the exploitation of man by man. This strike is teaching us that none is independent, and that our interests demand co-operation for the common good.

To that question of Cain's: "Am I my brother's keeper?" today the voices of millions of the workers echo around the world: "Yes, you are. Do you keep him down; help him to rise."

MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND GREATER THAN "KEPT" PRESS REPORTED

According to the London "Labor Leader" of May 8, May Day celebrations in Great Britain and Ireland were held on an unprecedented scale. Glasgow, true to its reputation, had two hundred and fifty organizations in procession, and the Red Flags flamed over all. Over a hundred speeches were delivered from twenty-two platforms in the course of ninety minutes, and at 4 p.m. the following resolution was acclaimed by the massed audiences:

"That this meeting declares for the overthrow of the capitalist system of production for profit, and the establishment of a co-operative commonwealth based on production for use; and further sends greetings to the European Soviet Republics in Europe and to the workers of the world. Also we protest against the arrest and deportation of foreign subjects without trial; further, we urge the withdrawal of all armies of occupation, and declare in favor of the 1st of May being observed as International Labor Day."

In Edinburg six bands played the procession to the meeting ground where similar resolutions were enthusiastically passed as at the Glasgow meeting. In many other places similar proceedings were the order of the day.

London also had its processions and its meetings. From the report we quote a description of one significant feature in the procession:

"Here is a strange looking, plain white banner, bearing no device but four large letters, S. S. A. U.

"To the uninitiated the letters mean nothing at all. To those with inside knowledge they form the most portentous element of the whole parade, an element not hitherto present in this or any other country.

"For the mystic letters on the banner are the initials of the recently formed Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Union, formed of ex-service men and some still in the ranks, of which the guiding spirit is a Scotch ex-rifleman, and whose fundamental article of faith is that under no circumstances will they consent to be used against fellow trades unionists in industrial disputes. The men are wearing their discharge badges alongside red ribbons and Socialist emblems.

"Bronzed and determined looking are these young men, who have fought on the blood-stained fields of France and Flanders, and are now quite ready, as they themselves put it, to 'fight the Hun at home,' which, being interpreted, means they will stand no nonsense at all from the profiteer and the sweating employer."

In Ireland the celebration of May 1 as a general holiday was almost complete, though the military in many places prevented meetings and processions. Comment on this, however, was mild besides that on the action of J. H. Thomas, general secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen in circulating the Irish branches that they must not cease work without the sanction of their executive. This failing, he issued a second "order" to which, of course, the press gave lavish publicity:

"I would warn them that if they are determined, as stated, to stop without authority from their executive, it may be that the Irish Railway Executive will follow a like course and refuse to put into operation the settlement agreed to with this union."

Yet this Mr. Thomas was a delegate to the so-called Socialist International Conference at Berne. The same Mr. Thomas who, some months ago, told the English railwaymen that if they did not be good he would retire and would not do anything more for them. He is now in this country (Canada), we believe. What a the game!

Corbin Men Are Holding Firm--A Popular Fireboss Improves Holiday By Getting Wed

In company with a member of the District policy committee, John Johnson, of Coleman, the editor of the District Ledger had the pleasure of spending the week end in Corbin. It was not pleasant to find that two or three men were scabbing at that colliery and their names and records (with some photographs) have been obtained for future reference. As a body, however, the men are standing solidly together.

(Corbin is taking the strike situation quietly. There was more talk over the marriage of John Virgo than there was of the strike for Virgo is one of the popular men of the camp and he has recently been wedded to a most estimable young lady from Calgary. On Friday night there is to be a dance in celebration of the event. Mr. Virgo was a fireboss at the colliery and promptly quit work in company with the fellow members of his organization at the other collieries. A man named Osborne, from Merritt, B. C., is at work anticipating that on resumption of work he will be the fireboss. Perhaps he will be—perhaps.

CROW'S NEST PASS STEAL

(Continued from page one)

general public knew nothing of the transfer.

Laurier, ever faithful to his friends, Cox and Jaffray, and then, as now, a traitor to the people who trusted him, declined to disallow the British Columbia Government's notorious act.

He assumed a lofty attitude, spoke of the sacredness of Provincial Rights—those rights that he afterwards outraged to the last degree in his Autonomy Bills—and flatly declined to move a finger to protect the people of Canada from the most daring and colossal robbery that has ever been perpetrated. (Yet in the same session he disallowed another Act of the British Columbia Legislature—in which, however, his friends were not interested.)

The Government being "properly" worked, the people being held by the Government while Cox and Jaffray (masked) went through their pockets, disallowance being refused, the conspirators being safe, the highwaymen walked openly in the streets in the broad sunlight once more.

Messrs. Cox, Jaffray, et. al., sold the railway charter to the C. P. R. for $85,000, cash—and received, to make good weight, another piece of property, which immediately passed into other hands.

Cox and Jaffray retained the most valuable coal lands when they disposed of the charter to the C. P. R. The railway company, however, applied to the Dominion Government for a cash subsidy. (Remember, the charter when originally granted carried with it hundreds of millions of dollars worth of coal lands, the most valuable of which Cox and Jaffray retained when passing the charter on to other hands.) A subsidy of $3,630,000 was granted—and the C. P. R., not possessing the magnificent impudence of the Cox-Jaffray ring, gave the Government 50,000 acres of land that had been transferred to it when it bought the charter.

When the dust cleared away, the C. P. R. had the charter for the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, $3,630,000 cash subsidy from the Dominion Government, and the enormously valuable lands that Cox and Jaffray had transferred when the subsidy was granted.

The Dominion had 50,000 acres of coal lands that the C. P. R. had transfered when the subsidy was granted.

Cox and Jaffray had $85,000 cash, and coal lands that they themselves, in their company's first statement, claimed to be worth $13,000,000.

The Laurier Government had, among other possessions, the reputation of being a set of traitors to their country, the abettors of grafters and members of an infamous conspiracy.

Hon. Clifford Sifton has the Free Press—formerly owned by the C. P. R.

The Ottawa correspondent of the Free Press, in a despatch to that paper shortly after all the deals had gone through, claimed on the highest authority that the value of the 50,000 acres of coal lands that the Government had received from the C. P. R. was more than enough to pay off the entire national debt of Canada—at that date about $300,000,000.

If this 50,000 acre block is worth $300,000,000, who can estimate the value of the whole 3,500,000 acres originally given with the charter?—the gift that Sir Wilfrid declined to permit the people to recover, though it was denounced by Liberal members as having been obttined by fraud!

It is quite impossible for any man to make an estimate. We can, however, from the reports of engineers, form some rough idea of the value of that part of the grab that was retained by Cox and Jaffray.

A most competent engineer described these coal lands as inexhaustible, containing at the lowest estimates hundreds of millions of tons of coal—in other words, containing coal to the value of billions of dollars; coal that will be dug from those beds as long as the human race exists on this continent; coal that is a necessity to the people, a necessity to life; coal that is their heritage—one of the most valuable endowments of Providence.

And this is what has been stolen from the Canadian people, with the connivance of two "representative" Governments; this is the theft that dooms the people of the West to buy from a little ring of grafters the fuel that is their own; this is the deal that left the people of Alberta and Saskatchewan staring into the fact of shivering death when this little ring played the autocratic tyrant with its miners, turned a deaf ear to appeals made in the name of humanity and refused to settle the strike that tied its plunder underground; this is the deal that will leave the people at the mercy of this little ring until they arouse their sleeping manhood and take back by the surest means the invaluable heritage that has been stolen from them with the criminal knowledge and consent of two corrupt Governments by a brace of psalmsinging grafters that should be made to decorate a pillary.

This is the deal that stands as the most collossal and disgraceful that has ever been engineered in Canada. This is the deal that a part of the stakes in the game—the Free Press—ignores when it says:

"The Minister of the Interior, Mr. Oliver, had an easy task, of course, in pointing out that it was the Conservative Government which granted vast areas of public lands, including immense deposits of coal, to railway companies!"

Heaven knows, the Conservative Governments were bad enough, foolish enough, criminal enough—but no Government, Grit, Tory, Republican, Democratic or Socialist, was ever for a moment in the same class with a crew of pirates that bound the people of Canada hand and foot, and robbed them of billions in the everlasting infamous Crow's Nest Pass steal.

We cannot, however, expect an honest confession from part of the "consideration" in that notorious transaction.—Winnipeg Tribune.

WOULD STOP SEDITIOUS PROPAGANDA

Sweeping Amendments to the Criminal Code Proposed by Special Committee—Revolutionary Bodies to be Declared Unlawful—Members to be Liable to Imprisonment for not Less Than One Year or More Than Twenty

Ottawa.—Some sweeping amendments to the criminal code are raised by the special committee of the house of commons on seditious propaganda. The committee proposes the insertion of a series of new sections in the code.

Associations purposing to bring about any governmental, industrial or economic changes within Canada by the use of force are, it is raised, to be declared unlawful.

Any property belonging to such an unlawful association may be seized and forfeited to the crown.

Any member of any such unlawful association is liable to imprisonment for not less than one year and not more than twenty years.

"In any prosecution under this section," reads the act which the committee proposes shall be inserted in the criminal code, "if it be proved that the person charged has:

"(a) attended meetings of an unlawful association, or,

"(b) spoken publicly in advocacy of an unlawful association, or

"(c) distributed literature of an unlawful association by circulation through the post offices or mails of Canada or otherwise.

"It shall be presumed in the absence of proof to the contrary that he is a member of such an unlawful association."

The owner or lessee of a building who knowingly permits the meeting in it of an unlawful association, or committee thereof, shall be liable to a fine of not more than $5,000 or to imprisonment for not more than five years, or to both fine and imprisonment.

Penalties of prison for not less than one year and not more than 20 years are also provided in the case of endeavors to circulate or to import literature through the post office as a means of accomplishing any governmental, industrial or economic change.

Fight Against O. B. U.

(From The Critic, Vancouver)

Is it such a monstrous crime for workers to organize as One Big Union?

In the eyes of Borden, Flavelle and Russell: it is.

In the eyes of the C. P. R., the Bank of Montreal and the Hudson's Bay Co.: it is.

In the eyes of provincial premiers: it is.

What is the proposed League of Nations but one big union?

What is the league of railways on this continent, a league that regulates freight and passenger traffic?

One big union.

What is our banking system ,controlled by a half-dozen men?

One big union.

What is our own fishing combine?

One big union.

What are our law, medical and dental associations?

One big union.

Every combination of big interest for the restriction of trade or for the purpose of making prices

Is one big union.

Our manufacturers' association is one big union.

The principle has already been adopted by the big interests.

Now they are confronted by a force of their own creation—One Big Union of all who toil for a living. They object. They demand that laws be passed preventing such combinations of labor.

They had expected to affect a line of cleavage between labor and returned men; but the man who has been fighting can on longer be fooled. He has seen the "cat."

Only those men who have been parading around in the King's uniform for four years, either at home or in England, men who never intended to get into the firing line, are to be found today with the capitalist. They claim to be soldiers, but they were, and are, cowards.

The whole fight is against the One Big Union idea. The inspired press hastens to tell the people that it is an organization of I. W. W., of Reds of Bolshevists.

Whereas the men who by their votes in their different unions have approved of the One Big Union, are not the radical men who are in the foreground of every movement to bring relief to the masses. John Brown was a Bolshevist, yet his soul goes marching on. Wendell Phillips, the Abolitionist, was a radical according to the views of the financial class and the churches of his day.

It is no crime to be an advanced thinker, to be blazing the trail in the interest of humanity, whether the person be an I. W. W., a Socialist or a Bolshevist.

Every cause for the amelioration of the condition of mankind has had its men who have sacrificed life and everything dear to them for a principle. Jesus was sacrificed for the same reason, and by the same class of oppressors that are today endeavoring to hold the people in subjection

International unions have had their day—"the world doth move." The unions of yesterday did their work, and are now having to pass into oblivion.

You can no more stem the tide of evolution than you can the tide of the sea.

The defeat of Germany and Austria did not end as the governments expected. The men who accomplished this defeat were from the masses; they are now returned to fight corruption at home, to fight for a decent living, to fight for shorter hours of labor and more hours of pleasure; to fight for their children, that they may not have to bear the burdens of their fathers before them; to fight against child labor; to fight for a better education; to fight against a system that allows men and women who have spent many years in toil, going to the poorhouse or living on charity; to fight against military rule and profiteers; to fight for honest elections.

These are the things that count—nothing else does.

SYNOPSIS OF

LAND ACT AMENDMENT

Pre-emption now confined to surveyed lands only.

Records will be granted covering only land suitable for agricultural purposes and which is non-timber land.

Partnership pre-emptions abolished, but parties of not more than four may arrange for adjacent pre-emptions, with joint residence, but each making necessary improvements on respective claims.

Pre-emptors must occupy claims for five years and make improvements to value of $10 per acre, including clearing and cultivation of at least 5 acres, before receiving Crown Grant.

Where pre-emptor in occupation not less than 3 years, and has made proportionate improvements, he may, because of ill-health or other cause, be granted intermediate certificate of improvement and transfer his claim.

Records without permanent residence may be issued provided applicant makes improvements to extent of $300 per annum and records same each year. Failure to make improvements or record same will operate as forfeiture. Title cannot be obtained on these claims in less than 5 years, with improvements of $10 per acre, including 5 acres cleared and cultivated, and residence of at least 2 years.

Pre-emptor holding Crown Grant may record another pre-emption, if he requires land in conjunction with his farm, without actual occupation, provided statutory improvements made and residence maintained on Crown granted land.

Unsurveyed areas, not exceeding 20 acres, may be leased as homesites; title to be obtained after fulfilling residential and improvement conditions.

For grazing and industrial purposes, areas exceeding 640 acres may be leased by one person or company.

PRE-EMPTORS' FREE GRANTS ACT.

The scope of this Act is enlarged to include all persons joining and serving with His Majesty's Forces. The time within which the heirs or devisees of a deceased pre-emptor may apply for title under this Act is extended from one year from the death of such person, as formerly, until one year after the conclusion of the present war. This privilege is also made retroactive.

TOWNSITE PROPERTY ALLOTMENT ACT.

Provision is made for the grant to persons holding uncompleted Agreements to Purchase from the Crown of such proportion of the land, if divisible, as the payments already made will cover in proportion to the sale price of the whole parcel. Two or more persons holding such Agreements may group their interests and apply for a proportionate allotment jointly. If it is not considered advisable to divide the land covered by an application for a proportionate allotment, an allotment of land of equal value selected from available Crown lands in the locality may be made. These allotments are conditional upon payment of all taxes due the Crown or to any municipality. The rights of persons to whom the purchaser from the Crown has agreed to sell are also protected. The decision of the Minister of Lands in respect to the adjustment of a proportionate allotment is final. The time for making application for these allotments is limited to the 1st day of May, 1919. Any application made after this date will not be considered. These allotments apply to town lots and lands of the Crown sold at public auction.

For information apply to any Provincial Government Agent or to

G. R. NADEN,
Deputy Minister of Lands,
Victoria, B. C.

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INFORMATION WANTED REGARDING SCABS

The District Ledger is compiling a list of names of those who are acting as strikebreakers in the present crisis. We already have the names of a fewat Lethbridge, Coleman, Corbin, Lovett and Coal Creek.

Anyone Sending information should give full name of the scab, his age, nationality and as much of his record as possible. If a photograph can be obtained be sure to send it.

There are some restrictions against publishing the names of these men but there is no law against keeping a record which will be of value later on and will not be forgotten.

What Led Up To Organization of One Big Union In Canada

Writer In A New York Publication Gives An Interesting Historical Resume of Events Leading Up To Western Interprovincial Convention At Calgary

(By Gordon Grey in the "Nation").

The aim of progressive labor men and women in Canada who are voting for organization along industrial union lines and complete separation from the American Federation of Labor is "One Big Union." This radical action was not taken hastily. It is the outcome of years of dissatisfaction with the policies of those controlling the American Federation of Labor and its affiliated organizations. The war has brought discontent to a head. The labor movement of Canada has certain characteristics peculiar to itself, but is no more distinctive than the industrial development which it reflects. Canada is a nation within the British Empire; but industrially its progress is more like that of the United States. Its commercial organizations, its religious associations, and its newspapers follow those of its big neighbor. This imitation of the methods of the United States continues despite activities of an aggressive Canadian and British-born element which favors British customs.

No one, however, should misunderstand the labor movement in Canada. It is far from nationalistic. In sections where feeling is most bitter against the American Federation of Labor it is intensely international. Less than ten years ago national unionism did exist in Canada, and it had a hold among Quebec's French-Canadians; more than one prelate addressed the faithful, giving warning against the pitfalls of international unionism. Employers encouraged this nationalistic labor viewpoint and with their newspapers frequently condemned "foreign labor agitators" who came to Canada from the United States to offer advice during labor troubles.

Most employers and newspapers have changed their views of labor unionism and now favor affiliation of employees with the American Federation of Labor. They recognize the ever-widening gulf between that organization and the labor movement of other continents. The more employers and politicians show their friendship for President Gompers and the Federation, the more do labor men condemn both. Resentment against the policies of the official family of the Federation is most noticeable in Canada's Pacific Coast province, and, to a lesser extent in her prairie provinces. Class lines are more clearly drawn in British Columbia, the last stopping-off place for native-born and British-born Canadians. These residents of Canada's Far West have an especial familiarity with the progress of events in Australia and New Zealand because Vancouver is the most important point of communication on this continent for Canada's two sister nations.

Certain men, recognizing the failure of advanced social reforms in Australia and New Zealand, began years ago to spread clear-cut Marxian socialist doctrines in British Columbia. They have had a lasting effect on the situation. Formidable strikes of powerful western unions, independent of the American Federation of Labor, and the extensive development at one time of the industrial workers of the world in the Pacific Coast province, also sowed seed now ripening in the "One Big Union."

Labor in Eastern Canada, however, is not so radical. The nearer a Canadian city is to Washington, D. C., and Indianapolis, the two principal seats of politics within the American Federation of Labor, the more conservative its labor unions are likely to become. The residence in Ontario and Montreal of Canada's members of executive boards and organizers of craft unions also contributes to the "saner" labor viewpoint. This difference between eastern and western thought has been noticeable at annual conventions of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress, a legislative body of American Federation of Labor unions in Canada within the scope of Federation matters. The Congress, however, is more radical than the American Federation because a reform Socialist and Labor party element forms a "centre" or middle-of-the-road group which crosses swords with the Gompers or ultra-conservative labor faction.

The declaration of war opened an era in Canadian circles. Canada entered the struggle at its start; the United States did not. Efforts of craft-union officials to keep the United States out of the war naturally made it impossible for officers in Canada to consult them on problems growing out of the struggle. Small strikes and even general strikes were numerous. The more they saw the power of the general strike the more did Canada's union men and women resort to it—and this in defiance of union officials who threatened sympathetic strikers with expulsion.

Two and a half years passed, and the United States entered the war. With its entrance came President Gompers' reversal of established labor policies, his "peace" with open-shop employers, and the acceptance by him and by other labor spokesmen of positions on various political commissions and boards. Canadian workers who paid dues into international headquarters—many of them fathers and brothers of men who had died in battle two or more years before—felt the Gompers war programme to be a defeatist labor policy, and, still defiant, continued to strike.

When the United States adopted conscription Canada's Government promised labor it would not take similar action. In December, 1917, however, the Dominion Government held a general election on the conscription issue and won by the aid of a "doctored" franchise and solemn promises to farmers that their sons would not be taken. A few months later it began to draft farmers' sons. This made the farmers join with the union labor men in denunciation of the Government. The tillers of the soil sent to Ottawa the largest delegation in Canada's history to protest, but though practically all the delegates were voters, the House of Commons refused to receive a deputation of two farmers or to permit them to make disconnected speeches on the floor of the legislative chamber. A few weeks later President Gompers arrived in Ottawa, and Canada's senators actually went in a body to the House of Commons in order to attend a joint session addressed by him. Influential daily newspapers which denounced Canadian labor men featured his address under screaming headlines, while the Dominion Department of Labor printed hundreds of thousands of copies of it and distributed them without charge in every section of the country. The aged chief of the Federation also spoke before the Ottawa Trades and Labor Assembly, denouncing independent political action.

No one event did more to arouse Canada's workers against their Government. Most of whose loved ones had died in Flanders fields, at a time when President Gompers denounced the war, resented his lectures on how they should conduct themselves to prove their loyalty. Even the Toronto Industrial Banner, a labor paper favorable to President Gompers, craft-unionism, and minor reforms, and opposed to industrial unionism and other radical doctrines, attacked the Federation president, while western labor papers printed bitter denunciations of him. Feeling mounted against the politicians at Ottawa. Labor grew less conciliatory; general strikes on a scale unprecedented in North America became frequent and shook Canada to the very foundations. Government employees—the postal workers—went on strike from Montreal to the Pacific Coast, and in several large cities completely demoralizing the postal service.

This hostility towards the Government showed itself at the annual convention of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress held in Quebec in September. Western delegates, who were not numerous because of the distance, clashed with pro-Government delegates, but their radical proposals were defeated. They decided, therefore, to hold a conference of western labor delegates in Hamilton, a city of Ontario chosen for the next convention, just prir to the Dominion meeting of the Congress next year. Gvernmental pressure and the signing of the armistice, however, led to a change in this plan. Hardly had the western delegates returned home before a series of extraordinary orders-in-council curtailing freedom of speech and press began to issue from the Government. Within three weeks more prohibitory orders were issued affecting labor than during the four years of war, and not even the cessation of fighting on the western front put a stop to the development. Socialist organizations were proclaimed illegal, socialist papers suppressed, and the importation of socialist literature if published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., of Chicago, was prohibited. Possession of Plato's Republic, if in the Kerr edition, was considered an offence punishable by five years' imprisonment or a $5,000 fine or both.

Labor in Canada met this challenge. It backed the Socialist party, an illegal organization, when it held a mass meeting in Vancouver, at which the chairman announced that he would sell Kerr's publications. Two orders-in-council were thereby broken at one time. Labor unions, in defiance of their internationals, called general strikes to bring about the release of political prisoners. The Winnipeg Trades and Labor Council's official paper announced on its first page that it would refuse to obey certain orders of Canada's chief censor. It was the realization that there is power in might and that organization is the most efficient way to use that power effectively that brought about the organization of "One Big Union." Labor saw the need for quick action. Unions of the prvince of Ontario from the head of the Great Lakes west, and of the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, decided to holr an inter-provincial conference as soon as possible instead of waiting until September, and Calgary, Alberta, was selected as the convention city. The British Columbia Federation of Labor also determined to hold its enventin in the same city—although it was outside its own province—just before the larger gathering.

Australian labor's adoption of the "One Big Union" followed governmental oppression; the spread of I. W. W. propaganda in Canada despite orders-in-council making it a criminal offence to advocate its principles or to circulate its literature; and the undisguised satisfaction with which various American Federation of Labor officials seemed to welcome the imprisonment of the advocates of the "One Big Union" in the United States, doubtless had something to do with the British Columbia convention's vote in favor of "One Big Union" and of secession from the American Federation of Labor, but sheer oppression did most. The inter-provincial conference also voted in favor of "One Big Union." It endorsed the Soviet form of administration, condemned reform by legislation and the petitioning by labor delegations of politicians in legislative halls, demanded freedom of speech and press, and sent gretings to the Russian Bolsheviki and to the German Spartacans. This decision in favor of "One Big Union" of all workers, it is believed by labor men, led to the Government's announcement of a commission to study the feasibility of a joint control of industry by capital and labor.

TOO MUCH FLOUR

While Europe is clamoring for food, seventy thousand tons of Canadian flour are being stored in warehouses waiting for shipping orders. It is probable that Canada's wheat surplus may be purchased by Britain and the Allies, but it is reported that no flour will be shipped. Why this discrimination against Canadian flour? Is there no place in the British Isles for any Canadian manufactured products? At the present moment flour which cannot be exported is being warehoused at Montreal, in addition to the big surplus in other warehouses.

PREDICTS BIG INCREASE IN GRAIN YIELD

Sir James Wilson Gives Optimistic Outlook in Interview with Broomhall

LIVERPOOL, Eng., [illegible]—At the conclusion of a comprehensive statement regarding the international wheat position, Sir James Wilson, in an interview with Broomhall's, declared that by October 1, 1919, according to his estimates, Britain will have reaped a total of 11,000,000 quarters as compared with pre-war average of 7,500,000 quarters. And, although the total yield of wheat in France, Germany and Austria-Hungary will be much below their pre-war average, all importing countries in the world which on the pre-war average imported 77,000,000 quarters are not likely to import in the year ending July 1, 1920, as much as 92,000,000 quarters.

Sir James Wilson does not share the view of Mr. Hoover, who stated that wheat in the United States may sell at $3.50 next season. By October 1, he says, the United States, Canada, and Argentina will find themselves in possession of an exportable surplus amounting to 113,000,000 quarters. In addition to this there is the prospect of an additional 37,000,000 quarters from Argentina, Australia, India, Russia and Roumania. Competition between exporting countries to get rid of their exportable surpluses is likely to be very keen, Sir James stated.

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Secretary Local Union No. 1054

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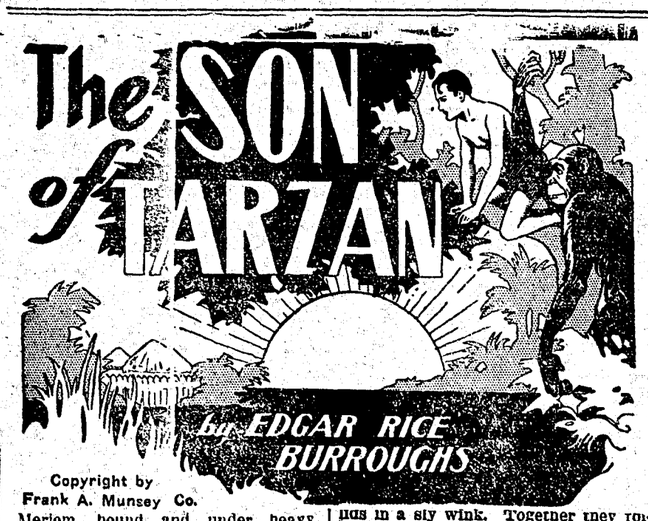

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Meriem, bound and under heavy guard in Kovudoo's own hut, had no doubt but that Korak would come back and still less that he would easily free her.

So now as she lay waiting for him she dreamed of him and of all that he meant to her. She compared him with the sheik, her father, and at the thought of the stern, grizzled old Arab she shuddered. Even the savage blacks had been less harsh to her than he.

Not understanding their tongue, she could not guess what purpose they had in keeping her a prisoner. She knew that man ate man, and she had expected to be eaten, but she had been with them for some time now, and no harm had befallen her.

She did not know that a runner had been dispatched to the distant village of the sheik to barter with him for a ransom. She did not know, nor did Kovudoo, that the runner had never reached his destination; that he had fallen in with the safari of Jenssen and Malbihn and with the talkativeness of a native to other natives had unfolded his whole mission to the black servants of the two Swedes. These had not been long in retailing the matter to their masters, and the result was that when the runner left their camp to continue his journey he had scarce passed from sight before there came the report of a rifle, and he rolled lifeless into the underbrush with a bullet hole in his back.

A few moments later Malbihn strolled back into the encampment, where he went to some pains to let it be known that he had had a shot at a fine buck and missed. The Swedes knew that their men hated them and that an overt act against Kovudoo would quickly be carried to the chief at the first opportunity. Nor were they sufficiently strong in either guns or loyal followers to risk antagonizing the wily old chief.

The next day the Swedes set out for Kovudoo's village, bent on securing possession of the person of the white girl whom Kovudoo's runner had told them lay captive in the chief's village. How they were to accomplish their end they did not know. Force was out of the question, though they would not have hesitated to use it had they possessed it.

In former years they had marched roughshod over enormous areas, taking toll by brute force even when kindliness or diplomacy would have accomplished more. But now they were in bad straits—so bad that they had not shown their true colors scarce twice in a year, and then only when they came upon an isolated weak village.

Kovudoo was not of these, and, though his village was in a way remote from the more populous district to the north, his power was such that he maintained an acknowledged suzerainty over the thin thread of villages which connected him with the savage lords to the north.

To have antagonized him would have spelled ruin for the Swedes. It would have meant that they might never reach civilization by the northern route. To the west the village of the sheik lay directly in their path, barring them effectually. To the east the trail was unknown to them, and to the south there was no trail.

CHAPTER IX.

When Thieves Fall Out.

So the two Swedes approached the village of Kovudoo with friendly words upon their tongues and deep craft in their hearts.

Their plans were well made. There was no mention of the white prisoner. They chose to pretend that they were not aware that Kovudoo had a white prisoner. They exchanged gifts with the old chief, haggling with his plenipotentiaries over the value of what they were to receive for what they gave, as is customary and proper when one has no ulterior motives. Unwarranted generosity would have aroused suspicion.

During the palaver which followed they retailed the gossip of the villages through which they had passed, receiving in exchange such news as Kovudoo possessed. The palaver was long and tiresome, as these native ceremonies always are to Europeans. Kovudoo made no mention of his prisoner, and from his generous offers of guides and presents seemed anxious to assure himself of the speedy departure of his guests.

It was Malbihn who, quite casually, near the close of their talk, mentioned the fact that the sheik was dead. Kovudoo evinced interest and surprise.

"You did not know it?" asked Malbihn. "That is strange. It was during the last moon. He fell from his horse when the beast stepped in a hole. The horse fell upon him. When his men came up the sheik was quite dead."

Kovudoo scratched his head. He was much disappointed. No sheik meant no ransom for the white girl.

"I know where there is a white girl," he said unexpectedly. "If you wish to buy her she may be had cheap."

Malbihn shrugged. "We have trouble enough, Kovudoo," he said, "without burdening ourselves with an old, broken down she hyena, and as for paying for one—" Malbihn snapped his fingers.

"She is young," said Kovudoo, "and good looking."

The Swedes laughed. "There are no good looking white women in the jungle, Kovudoo," said Jenssen. "You should be ashamed to try to make fun of old friends."

Kovudoo sprang to his feet. "Come," he said. "I will show you."

Malbihn and Jenssen rose to follow him, and as they did so their eyes met, and Malbihn slowly drooped one of his lids in a sly wink. Together they followed Kovudoo toward his hut. In the dim interior they discerned the figure of a woman lying bound upon a sleeping mat.

Malbihn took a single glance and turned away. "She must be a thousand years old, Kovudoo," he said as he left the hut.

"She is young!" cried the savage. "It is dark in here. You cannot see. Wait. I will have her brought out in the sunlight." And he commanded the two warriors who watched the girl to cut the bonds from her ankles and lead her forth for inspection.

Malbihn and Jenssen evinced no eagerness, though both were fairly bursting with it, not to see the girl, but to obtain possession of her. They cared not if she had the face of a marmoset or the figure of pot bellied Kovudoo himself. All that they wished to know was that she was the girl who had been stolen from the sheik several years before. They thought that they would recognize her for such if she were indeed the same. But even so, the testimony of the runner Kovudoo had sent to the sheik was such as to assure them that the girl was the one they had once before attempted to abduct.

As Meriem was brought forth from the darkness of the hut's interior the two men turned, with every appearance of disinterestedness, to glance at her. It was with difficulty that Malbihn suppressed an ejaculation of astonishment. The girl's beauty fairly took his breath from him. But instantly he recovered his poise and turned to Kovudoo.

"Well?" he said to the old chief.

"Is she not both young and good looking?" asked Kovudoo.

"She is not old," replied Malbihn. "But, even so, she will be a burden. We did not come from the north after wives. There are more than enough there for us."

Meriem stood looking straight at the white men. She expected nothing from

"Is she not both young and good looking?" asked Kovudoo.

them—they were to her as much enemies as the black men. She hated and feared them all. Malbihn spoke to her in Arabic.

"We are friends," he said. "Would you like to have us take you away from here?"

Slowly and dimly, as though from a great distance, recollection of the once familiar tongue returned to her.

"I should like to go free," she said, "and go back to Korak."

"You would like to go with us?" persisted Malbihn.

"No," said Meriem.

Malbihn turned to Kovudoo. "She does not wish to go with us," he said.

"You are men," returned the black. "Can you not take her by force?"

"It would only add to our troubles," replied the Swede. "No, Kovudoo, we do not wish her, though, if you wish to be rid of her, we will take her away because of our friendship for you."

Now, Kovudoo knew that he had made a sale. They wanted her. So he commenced to bargain, and in the end the person of Meriem passed from the possession of the black chieftain into that of the two Swedes in consideration of six yards of Amerikan, three empty brass cartridge shells and a shiny new jackknife from New Jersey.

And all but Meriem were more than pleased with the bargain.

Kovudoo stipulated but a single condition, and that was that the Europeans were to leave his village and take the girl with them as early the next morning as they could get started. After the sale he did not hesitate to explain his reasons for this demand. He told them of the strenuous attempt of the girl's savage mate to rescue her, and suggested that the sooner they got her out of the country the more likely they were to retain possession of her.

Meriem was again bound and placed under guard, but this time in the tent of the Swedes. Malbihn talked to her, trying to persuade her to accompany them willingly. He told her that they would return her to her own village, but when he discovered that she would rather die than go back to the old sheik he assured her that they would not take her there—nor, as a matter of fact, had they any intention of so doing.

All that night Meriem lay listening for a signal from Korak. All about the jungle life moved through the darkness. To her sensitive ears came sounds that the others in the camp could not hear, sounds that she interpreted as we might interpret the speech of a friend, but not once came a single note that betokened the presence of Korak. But she knew that he would come. Nothing short of death itself could prevent her Korak from returning for her.

What delayed him, though?

When morning came again and the night had brought no succoring Korak Meriem's faith and loyalty were still unshaken, though misgivings began to assail her as to the safety of her friend. It seemed unbelievable that serious mishap could have overtaken her wonderful Korak, who daily passed unscathed through all the terrors of the jungle. Yet morning came, the morning meal was eaten, the camp broken, and the disreputable safari of the Swedes was again on the move northward with still no sign of the rescue by Korak the girl momentarily expected.

All that day they marched and the next and the next. Nor did Korak even so much as show himself to the patient little waiter moving, silent and stately, beside her hard captors.

It was on the fourth day that Meriem began definitely to give up hope. Something had happened to Korak. She knew it. He would never come now, and these men would take her away. Presently they would kill her. She would never see her Korak again.

On this day the Swedes rested, for they had marched rapidly and their men were tired. Malbihn and Jenssen had gone from camp to hunt, taking different directions.

They had been gone about an hour when the door of Meriem's tent was lifted and Malbihn entered. His look portended no good to the girl.

Out in the jungle Jenssen had brought down two bucks. His hunting had not carried him far afield, nor was he prone to permit it to do so. He was suspicious of Malbihn. The very fact that his companion had refused to accompany him and elected instead to hunt alone in another direction would not, under ordinary circumstances, have seemed fraught with sinister suggestion, but Jenssen knew Malbihn well, and so, having secured meat, he turned immediately back toward camp, while his boys brought in his kill.

He had covered about half the return journey when a scream came faintly to his ears from the direction of camp. He halted to listen. It was repeated twice. Then silence.

With a muttered curse Jenssen broke into a rapid run. What a fool Malbihn was, indeed, thus to chance jeopardizing a fortune!

Further away from camp than Jenssen and upon the opposite side another heard Meriem's screams—a stranger who was not even aware of the proximity of white men other than himself, a hunter with a handful of sleek, black warriors.

He, too, listened intently for a moment. That the voice was that of a woman in distress he could not doubt, and so he also hastened at a run in the direction of the affrighted voice, but he was much farther away than Jenssen, so that the latter reached the tent first.

What the Swede found there roused no pity within his calloused heart, only anger against his fellow scoundrel. Meriem was fighting off her attacker. Malbihn was showering blows upon her.

Jenssen, streaming foul curses upon his erstwhile friend, burst into the tent. Malbihn, interrupted, dropped his victim and turned to meet Jenssen's infuriated charge.

He whipped a revolver from his hip. Jenssen, anticipating the lightning move of the other's hand, drew almost simultaneously, and both men fired at once.

Jenssen was still moving toward Malbihn at the time, but at the flash of the explosion he stopped. His revolver dropped from nerveless fingers. For a moment he staggered drunkenly. Deliberately Malbihn put two more bullets into his friend's body at close range.

Even in the midst of the excitement and her terror Meriem found herself wondering at the tenacity of life which the hit man displayed. His eyes were closed, his head dropped forward upon his breast, his hands hung limply before him. Yet still he stood there upon his feet, though he reeled horribly.

It was not until the third bullet had found its mark within his body that he lunged forward upon his face. Then Malbihn approached him and, with an oath, kicked him viciously. Then he turned once more to Meriem.

At the same instant the flaps of the tent opened silently and a tall white man stood in the aperture. Neither Meriem or Malbihn saw the newcomer. The latter's back was toward him, while his body hid the stranger from Meriem's eyes.

He crossed the tent quickly, stepping over Jenssen's body. The first intimation Malbihn had was a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

He wheeled, to face an utter stranger, a tall, black haired, gray eyed stranger, clad in khaki and pith helmet. Malbihn reached for his gun

But at the Flash of the Explosion He Stopped.

again, but another hand had been quicker than his, and he saw the weapon tossed to the ground at the side of the tent—out of reach.

"What is the meaning of this?" The stranger addressed his question to Meriem in a tongue she did not understand. She shook her head and spoke in Arabic. Instantly the man changed his question to that language.

"These men are taking me away from Korak," panted the girl. "This one would have harmed me. The other, whom he has just killed, tried to stop him. They were both very bad men, but this one is the worse. If my Korak were here he would kill him. I suppose you are like them, so you will not kill him."

The stranger smiled. "He deserves killing," he said. "There is no doubt of that. Once I should have killed him, but not now. I will see, though, that he does not bother you any more."

He was holding Malbihn in a grasp the giant Swede could not break, though he struggled to do so, and he was holding him as easily as Malbihn might have held a little child, yet Malbihn was a huge man, mightily thewed. The Swede began to rage and curse. He struck at his captor, only to be twisted about and held at arms' length. Then he shouted to his boys to come and kill the stranger.

In response a dozen strange blacks entered the tent. They, too, were powerful, clean limbed men, not at all like the mangy crew that followed the Swedes.

"We have had enough foolishness," said the stranger to Malbihn. "You deserve death, but I am not the law. I know now who you are. I have heard of you before. You and your friend bear a most unsavory reputation. We do not want you in our country. I shall let you go this time, but should you ever return I shall take the law into my own hands. Now, get out, and next time you see me remember who I am," and he spoke a name in the Swede's ear—a name that more effectually subdued the scoundrel than many beatings. Then he gave him a push that carried him bodily through the tent doorway, to sprawl upon the turf beyond.

"Now," he said, turning toward Meriem, "who has the key to this thing about your neck?"

The girl pointed to Jenssen's body. "He carried it always," she said.

The stranger searched the clothing on the corpse until he came upon the key. A moment more Meriem was free.

"Will you let me go back to my Korak?" she asked.

"I will see that you are returned to your people," the stranger replied. "Who are they, and where is their village?"

He had been eyeing her strange, barbaric garmenture wonderingly. From her speech she was evidently an Arab girl, but he had never before seen one thus clothed.

"Who are your people? Who is Korak?" he asked again.

"Korak! Why, Korak is an ape. I have no other people. Korak and I live in the jungle alone since A'ht went to be king of the apes." She had always thus pronounced Akut's name, for so it had sounded to her when first she came with Korak and the ape.

A questioning expression entered the stranger's eyes. He looked at the girl closely.

"So Korak is an ape?" he said. "And what, pray, are you?"

"I am Meriem. I also am an ape."

"M'm," was the stranger's only oral comment upon this startling announcement. But what he thought might have been partially interpreted through the pitying light that entered his eyes. He approached the girl and started to lay his hand upon her forehead. She drew back with a savage little growl. A smile touched his lips.

"You need not fear me," he said. "I shall not harm you. I only wish to discover if you have fever—if you are entirely well. If you are we will set forth in search of Korak."

CHAPTER X.

Korak's Vengeance.

MERIEM looked straight into the keen gray eyes. She must have found there an unquestionable assurance of the honorableness of their owner, for she permitted him to lay his palm upon her forehead and feel her pulse. Apparently she had no fever.

"How long have you been an ape?" asked the man.

"Since I was a little girl, many, many years ago, and Korak came and took me from my father, who was beating me. Since then I have lived in the trees with Korak and A'ht."

"Where in the jungle lives Korak?" asked the stranger.

Meriem pointed with a sweep of her hand that took in, generously, half the continent of Africa.

"Could you find your way back to him?"

"I do not know," she replied, "but he will find his way to me."

"Then I have a plan," said the stranger. "I live but a few marches from here. I shall take you home, where my wife will look after you and care for you until we can find Korak or Korak finds us. If we could find you here, he can find you at my village. Is it not so?"

Meriem thought that it was so, but she did not like the idea of not starting immediately back to meet Korak. On the other hand, the man had no intention of permitting this poor, insane child to wander further amid the dangers of the jungle. Whence she had come or what she had undergone he could not guess, but that her Korak and their life among the apes was but a figment of a disordered mind he could not doubt.

He knew the jungle well, and he knew that men had lived alone and naked among the savage beasts for years, but a frail and slender girl! No, it was not possible.

Together they went outside. Malbihn's boys were already [illegible] preparation for a hasty departure. The stranger's blacks were conversing with them. Malbihn stood at a distance, sullen and glowering.

The stranger approached one of his own men.

[illegible] he commanded.

The negro thus addressed questioned one of Malbihn's followers. Presently he returned to his master.

"They bought her from old Kovudoo," he said. "That is all that this fellow will tell me. He pretends that he knows nothing more, and I think that he does not. These two white men were very bad men. They did many things that their boys knew not the meanings of. It would be well, Bwana, to kill the other."

"I wish that I might, but a new law has come into this part of the jungle. It is not as it was in the old days, Mbali," replied the master.

The stranger remained until Malbihn and his safari had disappeared into the [illegible] Meriem, trusting now, stood at his side, Geeka clutched in one slim, brown hand.

They talked together, the man wondering at the faltering Arabic of the girl, but attributing it finally to her defective mentality. Could he have known that years had elapsed since she had used it until she was taken by the Swedes, he would not have wondered that she had half forgotten it.

There was yet another reason why the language of the sheik had thus readily eluded her, but of that reason she herself could not have guessed the truth any better than could the man.

He tried to persuade her to return with him to his "village," as he called it, or "douar" in Arabic, but she was insistent upon searching immediately for Korak. As a last resort he determined to take her with him by force rather than sacrifice her life to the insane hallucination which haunted her. But, being a wise man, he determined to humor her first and then attempt to lead her as he would have her go.

So when they took up their march it was in the direction of the south, though his own ranch lay almost due east.

By degrees he turned the direction of their way more and more eastward, and greatly was he pleased to note that the girl failed to discover that any change was being made.

Little by little she became more trusting. At first she had had but her intuition to guide her belief that this big Tarmangani meant her no harm, but as the days passed and she saw that his kindness and consideration never faltered she came to compare him with her Korak and to be very fond of him, but never did her loyalty to her ape man flag.

On the fifth day they came suddenly upon a great plain, and from the edge of the forest the girl saw in the distance fenced fields and many buildings. At the sight she drew back in astonishment.

"Where are we?" she asked, pointing.

"We could not find Korak," replied the man, "and as our way led near my douar I have brought you here to wait and rest with my wife until my men can find your ape or he finds you. It is better thus, little one. You will be safer with us and you will be happier."

Meriem laughed. "The jungle," she said, "is my father and my mother. I do not fear the jungle. I love it. I should rather die than leave it forever. But your douar is close beside the jungle. You have been good to me. I will do as you wish and remain here for awhile to wait the coming of my Korak."

"Good!" said the man, and he led the way down toward the flower covered bungalow behind which lay the barns and outhouses of a well ordered African farm.

Meriem walked on toward the bungalow, upon the porch of which a woman, dressed in white, waved a welcome to her returning lord. There was more fear in the girl's eyes now than there had been in the presence of strange men or savage beasts. She hesitated, turning an appealing glance toward the man.

"That is my wife," he said. "She will be glad to welcome you."

The woman came down the path to meet them. The man kissed her and,

She Buried Her Face on the Bosom of This New Friend.

turning toward Meriem, introduced them, speaking in the Arab tongue the girl understood.

"This is Meriem, my dear," he said, and told the story of the jungle waif so far as he knew it.

Meriem saw that the woman was beautiful. She saw that sweetness and goodness were stamped indelibly upon her countenance. She no longer feared her, and when her brief story had been narrated and the woman came and put her arms about her and kissed her and called her "poor little darling" something snapped in Meriem's heart.

She buried her face on the bosom of this new friend, in whose voice was the mother tone that Meriem had not heard for so many years that she had forgotten its very existence. She buried her face on the kindly bosom and wept as she had not wept before in all her life—tears of relief and joy that she could not fathom.

And so came Meriem, the savage little Mangani, out of her beloved jungle into the midst of a home of culture and refinement. Already "Bwana" and "my dear," as she first heard them called and continued to call them, were as father and mother to her.

Once her savage fears were allayed she went to the opposite extreme of trustfulness and love. Now she was willing to wait here until they found Korak or Korak found her. She did [illegible] Korak [illegible]

• • • • • • •

And out in the jungle far away, Korak, covered with wounds, stiff with clotted blood, howling with rage and sorrow as soon as sufficient strength returned swung back upon the trail of the great baboons. He did not find them where he had left them, nor in any of their usual haunts, but he sought them along the well marked spoor they had left behind them, and at last he overtook them.

He persuaded them to aid him in rescuing Meriem and attacking the village of Kovudoo, calling to mind how he had saved their king. And so they came, upon the second day, to the village of Kovudoo. It was midafternoon. The village was sunk in the quiet of the great equatorial sun heat. The mighty herd traveled quietly now. Beneath the thousands of padded feet the forest gave forth no greater sound than might have been produced by the increased coughing of a stronger breeze through the leafy branches of the trees.

Korak was in the lead. Close beside the village they halted until the stragglers had closed up. Now utter silence reigned.

The king of the baboons was anxious to revenge himself upon Kovudoo, and so the band was quickly organized.

Korak, creeping stealthily, entered the tree that overhung the palisade. He glanced behind him. The pack was close upon his heels. The time had come. He had warned them continuously during the long march that no harm must befall the white woman ape who lay a prisoner within the village. All others were their legitimate prey.

Then, raising his face toward the sky, he gave voice to a single cry. It was the signal.

In response 3,000 hairy bulls leaped, screaming and barking, into the village of the terrified blacks. Warriors poured from every hut. Mothers gathered their babies in their arms and fled toward the gates as they saw the horrid horde pouring into the village street. Kovudoo marshaled his fighting men about him and, leaping and yelling to arouse their courage, offered a bristling, spear tipped front to the charging horde.

Korak, as he had led the march, led the charge. The blacks were struck with horror and dismay at the sight of this white skinned youth at the head of a pack of hideous baboons.

For an instant they held their ground, hurling their spears once at the advancing multitude. But before they could fit arrows to their bows they wavered, gave and turned in terrified rout. Into their ranks, upon their backs, sinking strong fangs into the muscles of their necks, sprang the baboons, and first among them, most ferocious, most bloodthirsty, most terrible, was Korak, the Killer.

At the village gates, through which the blacks poured in panic, Korak left them to the tender mercies of his allies and turned himself eagerly toward the hut in which Meriem had been a prisoner.

It was empty. One after another the filthy interiors revealed the same disheartening fact—Meriem was in none of them. That she had not been taken by the blacks in their flight from the village Korak knew, for he had watched carefully for a glimpse of her among the fugitives.

To the mind of the ape man, knowing as he did the proclivities of the savages, there was but a single explanation—Meriem had been killed and eaten. With the conviction that Meriem was dead, there surged through Korak's brain a wave of blood red rage against those he believed to be her murderers. In the distance he could hear the snarling of the baboons mixed with the screams of their victims, and toward this he made his way.

In the distance Kovudoo was gathering his scattered tribesmen and taking account of injuries and losses. His people were panic stricken. Nothing could prevail upon them to remain longer in this country. They would not even return to the village for their belongings. Instead they insisted upon continuing their flight until they had put many miles between themselves and the stamping ground of the white demon whose hordes had so bitterly attacked them.

And thus it befell that Korak drove from their homes the only people who might have aided him in a search for Meriem and cut off the only connecting link between him and her from whomsoever might come in search of him from the douar of the kindly Bwana who had befriended his little jungle sweetheart.

It was a sour and savage Korak who bid farewell to his baboon allies upon the following morning. They wished him to accompany them, but the ape man had no heart for society. Jungle life had encouraged taciturnity in him. His sorrow had deepened this to a sullen moroseness that could not brook even the savage companionship of the ill natured baboons.

Brooding and despondent, he took his solitary way into the deepest jungle. He moved along the ground when he knew that Numa was abroad and hungry. He took to the same trees that harbored Sheeta, the panther. He courted death in a hundred ways and a hundred forms. His mind was ever occupied with reminiscences of Meriem and the happy years that they had spent together.

He realized now to the full what she had meant to him. The sweet face, the tanned, supple little body, the bright smile that always had welcomed his return from the hunt, haunted him continually.

Inaction soon threatened him with madness. He must be on the go. He must fill his days with labor and excitement that he might forget—that night might find him so exhausted that he should sleep in blessed unconsciousness of his misery until a new day had come.

Had he guessed that by any possibility Meriem might still live he would at least have had hope. His days could have been devoted to searching for her, but he believed implicitly that she was dead.

For a long year he led his solitary, roaming life. Occasionally he fell in with Akut and his tribe, hunting with them for a day or two, or he might travel to the hill country, where the baboons had come to accept him as a master of course, but most of all was he with Jackie, the companion of the great gray battleship of the jungle, the superdreadnaught of his savage world.

The peaceful quiet of the monster bulls, the watchful solicitude of the mother cows, the awkward playfulness of the calves, rested, interested and amused Korak. The life of the huge beasts took his mind temporarily from his own grief. He came to love them as he loved not even the great apes, and there was one gigantic tusker in particular of which he was very fond.

The lord of the herd, a savage beast that was wont to charge a stranger upon the slightest provocation or upon no provocation whatsoever.

And to Korak this mountain of destruction was as docile and affectionate as a lap dog.

He came when Korak called. He wound his trunk about the ape man's body and lifted him to his broad neck in response to a gesture, and there would Korak lie at full length, kicking his toes affectionately into the

He Wound His Trunk About the Ape Man's Body.

thick hide and brushing the flies from about the tender ears of his colossal chum with a leafy branch torn by Tantor from a nearby tree.

And all the while Meriem was scarce a hundred miles away!

CHAPTER XI.

A Lion and a Lamb.

TO Meriem, in her new home, the days passed quickly. At first she was all anxiety to be off into the jungle searching for her Korak.

Bwana, as she insisted upon calling her benefactor, dissuaded her from making the attempt at once by dispatching a head man with a party of blacks to Kovudoo's village, with instructions to learn from the old savage how he came into possession of the white girl and as much of her antecedents as might be culled from the black chieftain. Bwana particularly charged his head man with the duty of questioning Kovudoo relative to the strange character whom the girl called Korak and of searching for the ape man if he found the slightest evidence upon which to ground a belief in the existence of such an individual.

The white man's wife, whom Meriem had christened "My Dear" from having first heard her thus addressed by Bwana, took not only a deep interest in the little jungle waif because of her forlorn and friendless state, but grew to love her as well for her sunny disposition and natural charm of temperament. And Meriem, similarly impressed by like attributes in the gentle, cultured woman, reciprocated the other's regard and affection.

And so the days flew by while Meriem waited the return of the head man and his party from the country of Kovudoo. They were short days, for into them were crowded many hours of insidious instruction of the unlettered child by the lonely woman.

She commenced at once to teach the girl English without forcing it upon her as a task. She varied the instruction with lessons in sewing and deportment, nor once did she let Meriem guess that it was not all play. Nor was this difficult, since the girl was avid to learn.

Then there were pretty dresses to be made to take the place of the single leopard skin, and in this she found the child as responsive and enthusiastic as any civilized miss of her acquaintance.

A month passed before the head man returned, a month that had transformed the savage, little, half naked Mangani into a daintily frocked girl of at least outward civilization. Meriem had progressed rapidly with the intricacies of the English language, for Bwana and My Dear persistently refused to speak Arabic from the time they had decided that Meriem must learn English, which had been a day or two after her introduction into their home.

But, docile as Meriem was in these matters, there was one thing that she insisted on during her entire stay with the kind white folk, and that was her personal freedom to make excursions into the jungle, attired very much as she had been when with Korak, whenever she chose. Bwana and My Dear got used in time to finding her room empty and to have her turn up hours later, flushed and radiant, after a wild romp through the trees and jungle.

Thus it was that, despite the civilized boots she wore and the confining feminine garb, the soles of her hard little feet and the palms of her capable hands remained exceedingly serviceable, nor did her grace and agility suffer.

The report of the head man plunged Meriem into a period of despondency, for he had found the village of Kovudoo deserted, nor, search as he would, could he discover a single native anywhere in the vicinity. For some time he had camped near the village, spending the days in a systematic search of the environs for traces of Meriem's Korak. But in this quest, too, had he failed. He had seen neither apes nor ape man.

Meriem at first insisted upon setting forth herself in search of Korak, but Bwana prevailed upon her to wait. He would go, he assured her, as soon as he could find the time, and at last Meriem consented to abide by his wishes. But it was months before she ceased to mourn almost hourly for her Korak.

It was about this time that a runner [illegible] excitement. Visitors were coming! A number of English ladies and gentlemen had accepted My Dear's invitation to spend a month of hunting and exploring with them.

Meriem was all expectancy. What would these strangers be like? Would they be as nice to her as had Bwana and My Dear, or would they be like the other white folk she had known—cruel and relentless? My Dear assured her that they all were gentlefolk and [illegible] kind, considerate and honorable.

[illegible] assured. There were three men and two women—the wives of the two older men. The youngest member of the party was Hon. Morison Haynes, a young man of considerable wealth, who, having exhausted all the possibilities for pleasure [illegible] by the capitals of Europe, had gladly seized upon this opportunity to turn to another continent for excitement and adventure.

NEW RECORDS

Results secured during the past year re-affirm the position of the Sun Life of Canada as the **largest life assurance organization of the Dominion.**

Fair-dealing and progressive business methods have given it leadership in annual New Business, Total Business in Force, Assets, Surplus Earnings, Net Surplus, Total Income, Premium Income and Payments to Policyholders.

M. A. KASTNER
AGENT

Fernie Sporting Notes

The young ladies of the F. A. A. C. pulled off one of the best dances held in this neck of the woods for a long time, and they are to be congratulated for the good time given to all who attended the swell affair. The hall was nicely decorated in the club's colors, red and black, and with evergreens. The refreshments handed around at supper time were of the best, as they were donated by the girls themselves and some good cooks we have in Fernie. The music supplied by Commons' four-piece orchestra was second to none in the Crow's Nest Pass. The next club dance will be in about a month.

The next big dance will be held at Waldo. The Tennis club of Waldo are putting on a swell affair and it is expected that a large crowd will go from Fernie. Commons' will supply the music with a six-piece jazz band.

Fernie is to have a big day July 1st. The programme will be published next week. The next meeting of the celebration committee will be held at the G. W. V. A. on Sunday evening at 8.30 o'clock. Anybody interested in the good and welfare of the first of July will be welcome.

The football game at Coal Creek last Sunday ended in a win for Michel by a score 2—1. Michel winning the toss played down hill with the wind and sun at their backs right from the start. Michel showed better team work and did most of the pressing, although Coal Creek put on a burst of speed right on the start and scored in the first ten minutes of play. W. Martin carried the ball right through for a goal, which was Coal Creek's first and only goal. At the face-off Michel carried the ball into Coal Creek's goal, Yates scoring for Michel, tieing the score. Again Coal Creek seemed to lose heart and let A. Bell score another for Michel, breaking the tie and winning the game. The second half Coal Creek played with the wind and sun but were unable to score. W. Hale was the star of the day, playing center half for the Creek, and is one of the best we have in the Pass. These two teams meet again in Michel on Sunday next and it should be a dandy game.

WEDNESDAY'S PROGRAM

The game between the F. A. A. C.'s and the Hula-Hulas on Wednesday evening was played in very cool weather, which affected the attendance to some extent, but the regular fan crowd was on hand and full of noise for their respective clubs.

The lineup was as follows:

F. A. A. C.'s—R. Colton, c; Wilson, Dragon, C. Colton, Anderson, Glover, Dufour, p; Reno, McDougal.

Hula-Hulas—Ricketts, H. Shaw, Hovan, c; Costa, Biggs, J. McDougall, Citra, E. Colton, Palmer.

When Umpire Spence called "play ball," the F. A. A. C.'s went to bat, with Ricketts in the box; and Hovan behind the bat. R. Colton and Dragon went out at first and C. Colton sent a fly to Citra in center field.

Dufour went into the box for the F. A. A. C.'s and Colton caught in the last half of the first. Ricketts sent a fly to Anderson at first, Costa sent a fly to Biggs, and Corrigan went out at first.

In the first of the second the F. A. A. C.'s scored a harvest of five runs before the Hula-Hulas got the third man out. The Hula-Hulas failed to score no one getting to first base.

In the third Anderson flew out to first. Glover sent a fly to McDougall who muffed it. Reno sent a fly to the right field, which was muffed, but was put out at third. J. McDougall went out on a foul, which the catcher held.

The Hula-Hulas failed to pass first a[illegible] C. Colton, Hovan and Palmer were thrown out to Anderson.

In the fourth, R. Colton was stopped at first. Wilson sent a good fly to J. McDougall, and Dragon was out at first.

In the last of this inning Ricketts sent a fly to Dragon, who muffed it. C[illegible] went out at first. Dunlap got to third from where he scored on Biggs' drive.

McDougall struck out, Citra struck out, E. Colton got his base on balls and Hovan struck out.

In the fifth C. Colton went to first on a fly to second base, which was muffed and later scored.

[illegible] Glover and Reno all ten at bat.

Palmer got to first on a good drive past second and brought home the bacon.

A. Dunlap went out at first. Dufour sent a fly into the mit of the pitcher and [illegible] out at the plate.

[illegible] another harvest, scoring six tallies after Dufour and Colton struck out.

Reno stopped the tally business when he struck out.

Shaw scored for the Hula Hulas on a muffed ball; Shaw proved a dark horse when it came to running bases and made more than one score for his team. Both Hovan and Palmer went out on flys to C. Colton. McDougall was out at first.

In the seventh Citra went out on a throw from Biggs to first. Dufour struck out and R. Colton was out on a throw to first by Biggs.

The Hula-Hulas in the first of this inning got a score on Ricketts grounder, which let him to second.

F. Dunlap scored and A. Dunlap went to first on balls. Biggs out at first, and E. Colton scored. Shaw was left on first.

The F. A. A. C.'s failed to score in the first of the eighth, but the Hula-Hulas added another mark to their score.

Hovan drove a fly to Dragon, Palmer sent a fly to C. Colton, Ricketts got his base on balls and scored.

The two Dunlaps were left on the bases when Biggs struck out.

In the last inning the F. A. A. C.'s added two to their lead.

Anderson got first on a good grounder and scored. Glover got to first on a muff of his fly. Baker struck out. Sofkol went out at first by a throw from Biggs, and Dufour was thrown out at first.

The fun of the game was reserved for the last of the ninth, when the Hula-Hulas rallied and scored four runs.

McDougall went out at first, Shaw got his base on balls and made good at the home plate. E. Colton went out at first. Hovan scored. Palmer followed him with another, and the fans began to fan in earnest. Ricketts got his base on balls and scored. Both Dunlaps got on bases when Biggs was thrown out at first.

The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
The F. A. A. C.'s	0	5	1	0	1	6	0	0	2	—15
Hulas	0	0	0	4	1	1	3	1	4	—74

Dunlap relieved Ricketts in the box early in the game.

FRIDAY'S GAME

Despite the rawness of the weather last Friday's ball game was freer of raw plays, the batting and fielding of both teams better and the score more evenly contested than has been any game yet played on the new grounds.

The attendance was small, owing to the chilly weather, but those who stayed with the players were well rewarded for the discomfort they experienced.

Kastner was behind the pitcher.

The line-up was as follows:

Old Timers—Spence, 2nd; B. Wilson, p; Liphardt, s. s; Quillman, 1st b; McIntyre, 3rd b; McLaren, r. f; Gates, p; Dahl, l. f; Winters, c. f.

F. A. A. C.'s—R. Colton, p; Wilson, 2nd b; Dragon, l. f; C. Colton, p; Anderson, 1st b; Dudley, s. s; Glover, c. f; Baker, r. f; Sofkol, 3rd b.

The F. A. A. C.'s went to bat and in the first failed to score; R. Colton, Wilson and C. Colton going out at first.

The Old Timers fared no better; Spence struck out, Wilson got his base but Liphardt was caught trying to reach third, while Quillman went out on a fly.

In the first of the second, Anderson went to bat and scored; Dudley, Glover and Baker all fanned the air and the side changed to the field.

The Old Timers had no better luck; McLaren struck out, Gates hit the ball and got away, but Dahl struck out and Winters sent a nice fly over to Baker, leaving Spence at the plate.

In the first of the third, Sofkol struck out, R. Colton followed suit and Wilson was put out at third.

The Old Timers again failed to score. Spence got to first, Wilson went out at first by a throw from Dudley; Liphardt sent a ball to Wilson who held it, and Quillman struck out.

In the first of the fourth Dragon was put out at first, C. Colton got a good hit, but was put out in his attempt to steal home.

Anderson went out at first, retiring the side.

McIntyre, of the Old Timers, got to second, and was given third by the umpire on a baulk by pitcher Colton, and scored.

McLaren, who followed McIntyre got too frisky and was caught trying to steal the home plate. Dahl got first on a muff by the pitcher, but was also caught in an effort to steal the plate which McLaren had left. Winters went out at first.

In the first of the fifth, Dudley went to bat and added another score for the F. A. A. C's. Dragon got first on balls; the first time a batter got such a credit from Wilson. Baker struck out, R. Colton hunted to Wilson, and Wilson got to first, but Dragon struck out. Spence got to third and was put out trying to steal that coveted piece of jewelry, the plate. Wilson got away to first. Liphardt sent up a nice foul which C. Colton gathered in on a smart run. Quilman went out at first.

In the sixth C. Colton struck out; Anderson [illegible] and scored. Dudley struck out and Dragon got caught trying for the plate.

McIntyre put out on a nice high one to Dudley.

McLaren sent another to Dudley; Gates was lucky and tallied. Dahl went out at third.

In the seventh, McDougall struck out, ditto Reno and R. Colton.

The Old Timers got no further than first, where Spence died. Wilson struck out and Liphardt fouled to Colton behind the bat.

In the first of the eighth Wilson went to first on a fly to center field [illegible] Dragon got his base on balls and scored a run. C. Colton's fine drive to center field brought in Dragon and Wilson and followed them with the third score for the inning.

Anderson struck out; Dudley got first on balls, the second base thus earned from Wilson, and Dragon fouled out to Dahl.

In the last of the eighth, Quillman went out on a fine fly to Dragon; McIntyre got his base on balls but was out on a fly from McLaren to pitcher Colton. Gates went down at first.

In the first of the ninth, McDougall struck out and Reno and R. Colton neither could beat the ball to first.

In the last inning of the game, Dahl went out at first, Winters sent a fly to the pitcher, Spence got away to first but Wilson failed to beat the ball to the same base and the game was over.

Score by innings—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Old Timers.....	1	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	—4
F. A. A. C.'s	0	1	0	0	2	1	0	3	0	—9

C. Colton's lucky drive at the right time in the eighth, bringing in three runs was the deciding feature of the game, which otherwise was a very even one.

Wilson, C. Colton, Dudley and Anderson made hits for the F. A. A. C.'s and Spence was credited with two and B. Wilson with one for the Old Timers.

Held over from last week .....

Wednesday's Game

It will be noticed by the line-up for the game on Tuesday evening that the Hula Hula's were very materially helped by Old Timer players who volunteered to take the places of players who could not be present with the regular Hula Hula boys.

The game on Wednesday was a one-sided affair, so far as scores went but the score will show that the Old Timers made the big total in the third innings, when they brought home seven tallies. It was the first victory for the Old Timers, and the manner in which they played showed plainly the improvement in team work.

There were more people in attendance than upon any occasion except that drawn out by the exhibition game when the band was out and the event well advertised.

There were many automobiles on the ground and the benches were well filled. This is encouraging to the players, and enjoyable to the spectators, and it is hoped that the sport will keep growing in interest.

The line-up on Wednesday evening was:

OLD TIMERS:—Spence, c; Liphard, s s; Quillman, p; Winters, c f; McLaren, r f; Austin, l f; Oliver, 2nd; Parker 3rd; Bishop Wilson, 1st.

HULA HULA'S—E. McDougall, c f; Ricketts, 3rd; Palmer, 2nd; Biggs, s s; Costa, l f; Hovan, c; E. Colton, 1st; Robertson, p; A. Dunlop, r f.

Umpire—Kastner.

The Hula Hula's scored twice in the first and presented the Old Timers with a goose egg.

The Hula Hula's added another talley in the second and gave the Old Timers a mate for their first goose egg.

But in the third, the Old Timers returned one of the eggs to their over-confident opponents and piled up seven runs to their credit in their half at the bat.

The Hula Hula's made no more scores until the sixth when they made one, making it three on their side of the talley sheet.

The Old Timers added two in the fourth, and three in the fifth, and the kids began to look serious, and added two each in the seventh and eighth.

The Old Timers drew a goose egg in the sixth and made another tally in the last half of the eight, making a total of 13 to the Hula Hula's 8 The boys failing to add to their side of the score in the ninth.

Quillman was relieved in the sixth by Bishop Wilson, who made his first appearance with the Old Timers in the game and proved a good twirler.

A. Dunlop relieved Robinson during the last two or three innings. The crowd seemed pleased to see the Old Timers make such a good showing in the game and their fielding has been decidedly improved with the practice they have had.

They are good batters and Spence, who went behind the bat for the first time shows ability and the two colt teams will have to practice and train themselves down to a good hard condition if they wish to give those Old Timers all they want to do.

It is worth while boys! Go after them and make them earn their scores! It is good sport.

The score by innings—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Old Timers	0	0	7	2	3	0	1	0	x	—13
Hula Hulas	2	1	0	0	0	1	2	2	0	—8

FERNIE NEWS

Wedding Announcement—Miss Alice Lancaster announces the wedding of her sister, Miss Sarah Lancaster, to Mr. E. H. Ward, at three-thirty on the afternoon of Wednesday, June the twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred and nineteen at the United Church, Fernie, B. C.

Another Enjoyable Time Promised—The ladies of the Catholic Church are holding a Whist Drive and Dance Tuesday, June 17th, at the Parish Hall. Refreshments will be served and prizes given. Cards commence at 8.30 p.m sharp. Gentlemen 50c. Ladies 25c.

Monthly Tea.—The regular monthly tea of the Ladies Aid of the United Church will be given at the home of Mrs. Mott and Mrs. Daniels at the corner of Riverbank Avenue and Gemmel street, next Tuesday, the 17th, from half past three to six o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended all

Reception to Pastor and Wife. The reception tendered to Pastor and Mrs. Terrell in the basement of the United Church on Tuesday evening, was a very enjoyable affair. The congregation turned out in goodly numbers, and a programme of vocal and instrumental music and readings was rendered, after which refreshments were served in the usual manner in which the ladies do such things, which is to say they were of the very best. Miss Hogan and Miss Liphardt favored the audience with vocal solos and Miss Harper and Miss Ingram rendered piano solos. Miss Crocker gave a couple of most enjoyable recitations. In reply to a very short address from the chairman, Rev. Batzold thanked the people of the congregation for the very evident good will manifested by so happy an occasion, expressing himself as feeling that with such unity of spirit as was manifested by the congregation that he should not fail in his work as pastor.

Whist Drive.—On Tuesday, June 17th, the ladies of the Catholic church are holding a whist drive and dance at the Parish Hall. Prizes will be given and lunch served. Cards commence at 8.30 p.m. sharp. Gentlemen 50c. Ladies 25c.

PIPE THE CANON IN SUIT OF BORROWED OVERALLS

Ottawa, June 9.—"If such a situation as that in Winnipeg should develop in Ottawa, then I stand ready to don overalls and do by share to deliver us from any such tyranny," said Rev. Canon Snowdon, rector of St. George's church, in a sermon upon the labor question on Sunday morning. He took as his text the fifth verse of the third chapter of Malachi, and had criticism for the labor element only when allowing itself to be controlled by rash, unthinking demagogues who favor Bolshevism.

U. S. PHONE WORKERS TO QUIT NEXT MONDAY

Cleveland, O., June 9.—A nationwide strike of telephone workers, involving operators and repairmen, was called today, effective next Monday morning, according to C. Sickman, local business agent, and J. H. Groves, financial secretary, of the Electrical Workers' union. It was announced that the orders were received from the international headquarters at Springfield, Illinois.

TRADES UNIONISTS OF CANADA

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Rev. C. E. Batzold, Pastor
J. Whitehouse, Organist

Services, Sunday, June 15, 1919

11.30 a.m. **"Purchased and Paid For"**
7.30 p.m. **"Weighed and Wanting"**
12.15 p.m. **Sabbath School**

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COAL MINE FOR SALE

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NAZIMOVA in **"Eye for Eye"**
A tremendous screen triumph exceeding in brilliance and power and beauty the previous successes of this star of stars on screen or stage.

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"Creaking Stairs" starts out very quietly, just sort of "eases you along," till all of a sudden, you find yonrself right in the coils of the loveliest, creepingest, thrillingest drama that ever sneaked up and caught you by the throat.

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More Than A Motion Picture
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SIR JOHNSTON FORBES ROBERTSON in
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