

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

did they do with the money? Was it put away in their bootlegs? I was told to go and ask the saloons. I did. Before the strike, one saloon was taking in \$300 on ordinary days, \$1,500 on holidays. I have no comment to make. Two saloons made practically the same report, only in the other case the holiday total was \$1,200. These workers have as much right to blow in \$1,500 a day on cheap booze as a certain well known steel magnate in the United States has to come down periodically to New York and blow in \$1,500 a day on champagne. The point is—and it is not a matter of opinion—both in the case of the worker and the magnate, it is the public and not an imaginary bloated figure called Capital that is paying the piper for both these frisky gambles and gambols. The point also is—neither the magnate nor the worker could succeed for one day without the approbation of the public. The point also is—the public is beginning to ask questions—how much are we going to stand in this little game of dog-eat-dog that comes so high? That is why the public is vitally interested to a dollar, to a dime—the whole Canadian public.

B. C. spends annually many millions on imported foodstuffs, butter, eggs, cereals. If you figure up her total imported foodstuffs and divide that by her population, you will find that she is spending yearly \$35 for each person in the province for imported foodstuffs. Why doesn't she raise that foodstuff at home? I have no comment to make. I state the fact and ask the question.

I suppose that it is also accepted as a matter of fact that every winter there is great destitution among the unemployed. In a province big as one and a third of Germany, with less population than one of Germany's lesser cities, why are there *any* unemployed?

To go back to the fact of importing food and the unemployed. Stopping at a junction one night, I had supper with an English fruit rancher and his wife, who were giving up their ranch and going back to England. I asked why they were giving up. Didn't like the life? "Best life on earth, but I am a poor man and I can't afford it. The fruit harvest comes all at once. I must get help to pick it or it rots."

"But there are thousands of unemployed in this country."

"Yes, but when I pay more than \$2 a day for unskilled labor it does not pay me to pick my fruit. I must ship it at a loss; and I am a poor man. I cannot afford to do that." And he gave me the figures.

As I might make a mistake in his figures, I am going to give the exact figures on a fruit farm which I have in New York. Laws have been passed compelling the use of barrels of a regulation size. These cost 38 cents. Freight on the barrels was 3 cents. At \$2 a day, which I paid pickers, averaging 12 barrels to the day, it cost 16 cents a barrel for picking. The freight to the market is 27 cents. (In the West the freight is from 50 cents to a dollar). In all, it costs 84 cents to put a three bushel barrel of fruit on the market. Early apples sold in New York at only \$1.25, which left a profit of 41 cents for a three bushel barrel. During the early season labor was very scarce. It could not be got under \$2.50 a day. Now, I should like to pay unskilled labor \$1 a minute if I could, because I am a worker myself and consider work not