

# Editorial Page of The Canadian Labor Press

ANIEL McCANN, Manager. CHAS. W. LEWIS, Circulation Manager.

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A WEEKLY NEWS LETTER.

### WHERE WE WRITE.

Our Edmonton friends find us as allies when they state "The action of Gompers over Lewis as head of the American Federation of Labor indicates that the skilled crafts have reached the conclusion that they must stand together in labor matters."  
We are getting close to the bridge which calls for a Canadian decision, and the Moore-Draper leadership continued forcible and aggressive handling of Canadian labor affairs.

### NOT TO THEIR TASTE.

According to the Hamilton Herald the labor M.P.P. George Harlow is too vague simply because his pronouncements are not a line with their drifting policy, and thus is not understood. Showings things as they are is too painful for his opponents thus the aim for lack of policy. The summarizing that this organ finds pace to give it is true, may not be of the understandable from the viewpoint, but to the worker it has no mystery. Viewed in this way no better courage of conviction may be shown than give this analysis, which is as follows:

In his talk to a gathering of the unemployed last evening, George Harlow, M.L.A., appeared to be moved mainly by a desire to intensify the discontent of his audience. He blamed and criticized the federal government, the Drury government, the civic government and manufacturers and employers generally, either or not trying to solve the problem of unemployment or for not doing the right thing. It is a pity that the member for East Hamilton was unable to make some intelligent contribution to the discussion himself—some proposal that might prove helpful.

Mr. Harlow finds the cause of unemployment to be, "that goods are not made for use, but for profit. The manufacturer," he says, "will not make good until he can sell them at a profit." Well, what of that? Does he get a profit it wouldn't be long before he would have to stop making goods. And if Mr. Harlow had permitted himself the luxury of thinking, he would hardly have said that goods are made for profit and not for use; for if they were not made for use they could not be used, and if they could not be used they could not be sold, and if they could not be sold they would not be made, and if they could not be made the factories would close down and there would be no people employed in making goods.

Mr. Harlow did suggest that the Hydro radial projects should be proceeded with in order to provide employment—but the same might be said of every public project the utility of which is a subject of debate.

### A PSALM OF LABOR.

By Ada M. Stinson.

For centuries I have served mankind. For ages I have borne the burdens of the world.  
I have stirred the earth. I have made it to bring forth increase.  
I have caused the desert to blossom and changed the wilderness into a garden.  
I have garnered the grain. I have gathered the fruit.  
I have fed the world. I have provided food for all the people.  
I have woven fibres into cloth and fashioned garments. I have clothed the people.  
I have hewn down mountains and transformed the rock into human habitation.  
I have felled the giants of the forest and made them furnish comfort and protection for man.  
I have gone down into the bowels of the earth and forced her to give up her treasure.  
I have wrought in the glare of the furnace undaunted by the hissing of steam and clanging of steel.  
But my eyes have been blinded and my hands have been shackled. I did not see that the wealth I had created was mine; nor that the good things of life belonged to me.  
But the scales are falling from my eyes. I am beginning to see.  
I will arise in my strength. I will break my chains.  
I will take what belongs to me. I will lay hold of my own.  
I will bring comfort and abundance to all. I will bring peace and joy to the multitude.  
All mankind will be blessed. All the inhabitants of the earth made glad.  
For I am greater than greed. I am mightier than mammon.  
I am LABOR.

"The One Big Union" which for a time received considerable support from certain elements within the Trade Union Movement in Canada and the United States, reached its climax in the big Winnipeg strike, and since then has almost vanished. The reports to the A. F. of L. Convention indicated that it was no longer a disturbing factor, the members of the International Unions having been able to successfully hold their own.

The One Big Union fantasy, like some other movements, contained this danger, that it attracted inexperienced men, and for a time swept them from their feet, involving them in movements disastrous to themselves, and for the time being harmful to legitimate trades-unionism.

Whether it is One Big Union, the I. W. W., or some other movement which aims to attack the trade-union movement from within as well as from without, its danger lies largely in the influence it acquires to weaken trade union effectiveness, compelling the union to protect itself from attempts to disrupt it from within, when all its strength and activity should be devoted to meeting the attacks.

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## A Business Man's Resolve

I have spent the best days of my life building my business. I have been a slave to that business. My waking hours have been so full of business that I have lost touch with my fellow-men. My nights have been crowded with worries over business until my home has lost its attraction. The great city around me seems nothing but an aggregation of prospects. I hear of men called public spirited citizens who seek to achieve things that mean nothing to me. As they pass from the community the wheels of industry halt and men bare their heads in recognition of one who has been an inspiration in their midst.

Should I pass on to-morrow there would be some slight speculation as to the future of my business. My immediate family would miss me, but the community that has been my bread and butter, that has made it possible for me to raise and educate my family and that has given me all that I possess, would not care. No man would halt on his busy way to mourn my absence. I should leave no gap in life. I am too small. I have failed to realize that my country can be no greater or more prosperous or better than its citizens and I have been too narrow to appreciate the fact that my business cannot be a great business without a great country behind it. I have been too selfish and too much engrossed in my own affairs.

### Idle Time at Cape Breton Mines.

Beginning in August the Cape Breton mines of the Dominion Coal Company will work only about half time, according to H. J. McCann, assistant general superintendent of the company. The end of the British coal miners' strike has left practically no orders from the United Kingdom, although there are still a few unfilled and the bunker trade will go into the end of the season as usual. The St. Lawrence market is also very light as domestic demand is not great and manufacturers are not stocking up. It is claimed the coal bunk at Glace Bay, which last winter reached 150,000 tons, has as yet been only half used up and it will be October before the last of it is loaded and shipped from Cape Breton.

### G. O. M. to Visit Canada.

President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, will spend the greater part of August in Canada at the Grand Trunk Railway.

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## THE SIX MEN OF DORSET

By JAMES LORD.  
President, Mining Department, A. F. of L.

This rhyme is dedicated to Samuel Gompers, who has ever championed the "right to quit," as the sheet anchor of all the liberties of freemen.—J.L.

Since dream of empire drew mankind to serve the war god, Mars,  
And sons of men have warred for fame, for recompense or glory,  
Historians have immortalized a myriad cruel wars,  
And hard and minstrel thrilled the heart with stirring lay or story.

In fancy we see each pageant pass in grand array,  
With martial tread in harmony to some inspiring strain,  
The light of battle in each eye, impatient for the fray,  
Where each might meet a warrior's death, or victory attain.

I would not lessen by one thought a heart inspiring deed,  
That casts in life's great crucible the sacrifice supreme,  
Where man has served the cause he loves, what'er his race or creed,  
All men revere the thought sublime, the self-effacing theme.

But I would sing of heroism cast in more obscure mould,  
Of service to the common man that draws not grand applause,  
That, countering established thought, has courage to unfold  
Some thought of greater happiness in man's mysterious laws.

That will offend the "status quo," when "status quo" shall fail  
To guarantee the humblest should equality to strive  
To nobler heights as time and opportunity avail,  
And man's creative mind finds paths where freedom can survive.

Those six poor men of Dorsetshire, kin in adversity,  
Who toiled each day in summer's heat or winter's chilling blast,  
For that poor pittance that would scarce ward off dire poverty,  
Gazed thoughtfully on other men whose lives were happier cast.

Then up spake one of them and called his fellows to his side,  
He asked them what the future held in such vile servitude,  
Where, toiling through each day they could but meagerly provide  
For wife and weans life's meanest fare, indelicate and crude.

"And when," quoth he, "disease shall come, and lay its blighting hand  
On one of us or those we love, how then, what is in store,  
When struggling on like galleys slaves each day upon this land,  
We scarce can keep grim nakedness and hunger from the door."

"Let us arise," he said, "and go, each one to take the stand,  
That to our weekly pittance one more shilling may be add,  
And when we've sought our masters out and given our poor demand,  
We'll meet again, tell our results, should they be ill or glad."

So these six men each fared him forth upon his master's hall,  
And urged in their respectful way their poor and modest plea,  
"We scarce can make ends meet," they said, "and should affliction fall  
On our poor wives, or little ones, in sore travail we'd be."

"Grant you our modest, poor demand, and blessings on you fall,  
Give us a little more of life, and we will harder strive  
To serve you faithfully, let task be great or small,  
Give us one shilling more," they said, "that we may better thrive."

Each master stood by haughtily, then sternly made reply,  
"Your insolence should bring you each before the whipping tree;  
We shall not pay you more," they cried, "and tell you instantly  
To get back quickly to your tasks or sorrier each shall be."

They met again at eventide, recounted their affairs,  
Resolved that each should service seek and other masters serve,  
Each sought the other's hand, resolved that in their common cares  
They'd each stand by the other, their efforts to conserve.

Now, when these masters heard of this, they vowed in fierce accord  
To punish these rebellious ones who dared them to defy,  
They then combined their energies, passed their united word,  
That in the courts these men should hear a master's outraged cry.

The judge spake sternly to these six poor men of endless toil:  
He asked them what they sought to do, where was obedience?  
He asked them how they dared combine, and leave their master's soil  
For other fields where they might win a greater recompense!

"'Tis treason," said the judge, "'tis revolution 'gainst our law,  
This monstrous evil must be nipped 'ere it becomes a curse,  
In our fair land, and gathering strength, open its sinful jaw  
And make an end to all respect throughout the universe."

"Your punishment shall be severe, a menace you have been,  
To all contented workmen throughout this Christian Strand,  
And all your days from this day on, you'll suffer, for I ween  
I'll transport you to exiles be in far Van Diemen's Land."

They took these men of Dorset, they bound them up in chains,  
And on the hell-ship called Success they started on their way,  
The brutal captain scoffed at them, reviled their tears and pains,  
And cast them in a dungeon vile from daylight hid away.

He placed them in the dread "black hole," a scant six feet by five,  
He would not let them walk the deck, confined them night and day,  
Six weary months this voyage took and more dead than alive,  
These hapless men were cast ashore, their lives to wear away.

They cursed each other as they could, and from their ill revived,  
They wept together as they longed for news of those at home,  
The months went by, they wondered if their loved ones had survived,  
They prayed for strength their cross to bear, across that endless foam.

But while these men of Dorset lived in penal servitude,  
A murmuring arose among their neighbors o'er the sea:  
"What have these poor men done," they said, "shall we all be pursued  
With fear of transportation if we discontented be?"

This murmuring grew on apace 'till protests loud and clear  
Cause and inquiry in this foul and despicable wrong,  
And justice, 'gainst their clamor, in legal, deadly fear,  
Ordered these men returned again, 'mid threats both loud and strong.

So the captain of the hell-ship then was told to bring them back  
To England's shore that they might be set at their liberty,  
Again this convict ship set forth, with chains and dungeons black,  
Again these men knew duress vile, and hideous cruelty.

For the captain of this floating pen was ordered to return  
These tortured men, but told not how, so then he cast again  
In that black hole, nor suffered them to leave it any time,  
And so he brought them like wild beasts, dead to their ill or pain.

Six dreary months again the ship took in its weary way,  
Six cruel months across the sea these hapless men were led,  
And when at length, the voyage o'er, they sailed in Weymouth Bay,  
Three of them were in sore travail, and three of them were dead.

Three of them dead! Three worse than dead! Victims of bigotry!  
For their poor try at unity this cruel fate was theirs,  
By justice racked and murdered, and by studied cruelty  
Their feeble protest thus was met, in those benighted years.

And lo! the "status quo" was changed, the judge, inflexible,  
Had been unmasked and now appeared a cruel, guilty thing:  
The people saw what these poor men, in life's great crucible,  
Had cast, that better things to them the coming years should bring.



## KING GEORGE'S NAVY

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They saw, more clearly than before, the great and shining truth,  
That men must not be tied to tasks, whether they willed or no;  
That freemen had the right to stop, and that they would, forsooth,  
When sense and welfare justified the right in doing so.

And as the years rolled by and children grew mature and strong,  
And in the fight for liberty their ideals firmer grew,  
They reared a monument to show the curious, questioning throng,  
How sacrifice is ever made and freedom runs on true.

And men who do the useful work throughout this world's domain,  
May read a lesson from this tale of heroism grand,  
And know that by their own best thought and effort shall they gain  
That need of life and liberty that's sought in every land.

So I would sing of heroic deeds that bring their good to all,  
E'en though you reviled and crucified their pioneers we see,  
And these Six Men of Dorsetshire, who gave at freedom's call,  
Gave not in vain, but gave that this a better world world might be.

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