

enables them to skin you. As soon as grain is raised and a country becomes settled, in comes a railway, thrust like the arm of a bear into a bee's nest and lo! in a trice all the honey is drawn out. Yes, the farmer unloads every kernel of grain, except that required for seed, at the railway depot, at his master's command. But I hear some ore say the farmer can hold grain for a better price; which is true enough if he can borrow money or has had some to start with, but soon or late the "stand and deliver" of the real owner comes and the farm slave unloads, which is quite right and just, as things go.

Now we see that the old serf could in three days produce his own living with very clumsy tools and that we to-day have the most up-to-date machinery enabling us to produce our living in about 4 hours, which is considerably less than we work in a day. What then becomes of the product of the rest of the working day? Why, good farmer, wise headed, keen, hard, business man, it is stolen before your very eyes and you can't see it. Yet we are not certain if it is stolen seeing how readily you "part up."

Let us sum up. We have seen that farming is part and parcel of the present industrial system, interwoven and so mixed up as to render it impossible to say just where the process of raising grain begins. We have seen that the farmer has no more title to consideration than any other of his class—the working class, for in strict truth there is no such thing as a farming class—all are workers, all are slaves. Indeed the factory slave is better off than the farm worker because hail, frost or drouth may sweep the farm slaves' wages out of sight and the G.G.A. powerful as they are cannot stop that. As there is no class of farmers, is it not rank idiocy to send men to parliament as "farmers' candidates to look after the interests of a class that has no existence? Besides be they ever so honest they will do their master's work, in conserving his interests, because