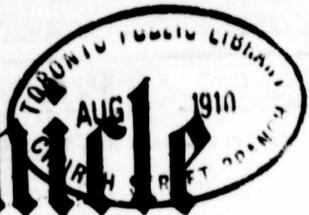


# The Chronicle



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**GRAND TRUNK STRIKE ENDED.** **T**HE strike of the Grand Trunk train men called on July 18, was called off at half-past seven o'clock on Tuesday evening, and nobody on earth (except possibly some of the organizers), is one penny the better off for the kick. The Company has lost probably \$1,000,000 gross revenue; the strikers have thrown away from \$100,000 to \$200,000; the public have lost an amount of money, impossible to even roughly estimate. Many of the men have jeopardized the pensions earned by a life's work, and others have lost their situations, and all hope of equally remunerative employment. The men have gained substantially a schedule of rates they could probably have obtained without the fearful sacrifices they have made. We believe as firmly in the right of labour to organise and to strike, as we do in the supreme folly of nine-tenths of the strikes that occur. The organization of labour in the interests of the worker, has not yet been reduced to a science. Men capable of organising thousands of workmen are apt to have graduated into the employer class; and if they have not lost sympathy with their old associates, are apt to be suspected of that alienation. To appreciate an economic situation, and be able to give thousands of workmen sound advice regarding their relations with their employers, requires something more than the gift of the gab. Obviously what labour requires is educated and capable leadership. The history of the strikes of the last half-century would read like a record of economic suicide. Generally, they have "cost more than they have come to," and it is questionable whether the gross result has not been to the great loss of the labour element. This, however, is difficult to decide, because there is no knowing what exactions employers unchecked by strikes, and the fear of strikes might not have made from the men. All the nostrums for the adjustment of labour difficulties have been more or less failures, and their failure is largely due, not to a lack of reasonableness on the part of the men, so much as to the deficiencies of their professional leaders. Sometimes it is a lack of knowledge, sometimes, a lack of tact, at other times perhaps a lack of a due sense of responsibility. A general strike is a desperate remedy, when it is a remedy at all. It involves loss, privation, risk and anxiety to all con-

cerned directly or indirectly. To judge by his own utterances the average strike organizer goes into a strike with a light heart and to judge by observation many families come out of it broken hearted.

Seeing to what a great extent the whole business of the country is demoralised by these interruptions to what is essentially a public service, the law should certainly provide for, and the government enforce, compulsory arbitration.

**THE CRIPPEN TRAGEDY.** **M**OST tragedies, have in them elements of farce or comedy—in which respect, they faithfully reflect human life. Romeo and Juliet would be intolerable without Mercutio; and King Lear would be a bore if he had not a Fool for a foil. The comic element in the low, brutal, Crippen tragedy, has been thoughtfully furnished by the special correspondents of the daily papers; whose name, like that of the unclean spirit, is Legion. Their bickering over the question who did this first, or who did that, is not so much a matter of profound public interest, as of puzzled and astonished curiosity. The wonder is not so much, how he or the other fellow did it, as why on earth any fellow should want to do it. Of course, there is a demand for this kind of "news," or the market would not be so lavishly supplied, and ultra-conservative, ultra-respectable papers, would not be boasting of their share in the elevating "enterprise." There is a legend of an enterprising western store-keeper with more imagination than stock or capital, who put up a placard in his window, reading: "If you don't see what you want, ask for something else!" But that is exactly what the blasé sensation-saturated people of eastern America will not do. They have been nourished on a daily diet of horrors and romance and melodrama, and they will not ask for anything else. After all is it to be wondered that the enterprising store-keeper gives them what they want, and the unenterprising storekeeper vainly implores them to ask for something else?

Among the better class of readers, the chief feeling is one of relief, that the chase is over; that justice will be done and that they may hope to find more wholesome subjects to occupy their attention.