THE TOILER

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Labor Gazette

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READ THE TOILER'S NEW STORY.

TIMES ON THE RUN.

Organized Labor Has Otis Fighting for His Existence.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 1.—(Special Correspondence.)—During the month of January, 1904, the Los Angeles Times published 48 pages and five columns less advertising than it did during the same month last year, notwithstanding that the January of this year had five Sundays, while that of last year had only four. The Council of Labor has offered to donate the sum of $100 to any charitable organization named, if Otis will make an affidavit that the figures given are incorrect. Will the "old man" accept the challenge? Well, hardly, as he has no desire to place himself in a position to be convicted of perjury. In all probability, the Times will continue to ignore the challenge and resort to its usual tactics of abusing every man and woman connected with organized labor.

Not only is the Times losing its advertising patronage, but its decrease in circulation is equally pronounced, the falling off being conservately estimated at several thousand during the past month.

Anti-Times committees have been organized and are doing good work in nearly every city in the United States.

The year 1904 is destined to be the most disastrous in the history of the notorious Times and its non-union crew.

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS AND OTHERS.

Few things interest housekeepers more than the price and quality of groceries—and on this account none can be of more interest to them than the weekly announcement of cut prices given in The Toiler in The Thompson Company's advertisement on the first page. This company absolutely guarantees everything they advertise, but in last week's issue of The Toiler a printers' error made one item unintelligible. The reader could readily see that the figures quoted were a mistake. The Thompson Company started several years ago with one store, but on account of increase of patronage increased till they had four in the city and became a very active factor in the fixing of grocery prices. Their rivals even went so far as to complain that they paid cash for all their goods. This hurt them, for, of course, the Thompson Company, buying more largely than any other grocery in Toronto and paying spot cash were able to get lower prices than competitors—and their patrons got the benefit. The Thompson Company recently closed one store—on Yonge street, near Gould—but notwithstanding this have found their business much in excess this year of what it ever was at the same season in the history of the firm. Rivals have complained, but their irritation appears only to increase The Thompson Company's sales.

Editor Toiler:

I notice the following paragraps in your issue of the 5th inst.:

"Now is the time for the labor men to act and demand the dismissal of Police Magistrate Denison.

"Denison would stamp out the unions if he could, but that being impossible he can soak every union man who comes before him."

And several others to the same effect. Now who stands behind Denison? The Grit Government of Ontario. And who upholds the Grit Government? The Grit party.

And who supports the Grit party?

"Labor" men, such as Ralph Smith, Puttee, Mayor Urquhart, Ald. Ward, the Single Taxers and probably more than one-half of the trade unionists of Toronto.

Physician heal thyself!

Yours for class conscious Socialism,

Phillips Thompson.

Better far let the gold remain in its native matrix than flood South Africa with an alien race to the exclusion of white men, says a resident in South Africa.

ABOUT OUR PEA COAL

It is large clean coal, satisfactory as nut in all ranges, lasts long, burns to a clean ash and is a great bargain. Only $4.75. Simple pure coal for little money.

The Connell Anthracite Mining Co., Limited

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READ THE TOILER'S NEW STORY.

The Price of Victory

Interesting Review of Labor Battles in the Recent Municipal Elections—From the Clarion.

The labor party has reason to be satisfied with the results of the recent municipal elections. Where we have not won we have terrified. Local aldermen are really beginning to be afraid of us. They are beginning to talk about the dangers of continental socialism taking hold of the minds of our hitherto thick-headed working classes. Should this thing happen, the days of aldermanic jobbery and gluttony would be ended. Should workmen of independent minds secure places upon the municipal bodies, a limitation would be placed to the extent to which they could make small private arrangements which end in their gain and the ratepayers' loss. These local magnates are not quite such fools as we thought. They are quite right in their analysis and their fears. Aldermen will be thinner in the future; they will have to pay for their own turtle soup. Accustomed to a simple standard of life, the men we have sent to administer municipal affairs will not tolerate foolish and wicked waste of public money in directions that bring no return to the people. Therefore, the whole hungry pack of jerry-builders, the rack-renters and house-jobbers, the sweating contractor and the peccant tradesmen, are howling about the dangers of the future. They are assailing not only the dangers involved in the programme of progress, but also the qualifications of the workmen we have elected. They are said to be "fellows of no delicacy"—men who are unaccustomed to deal with gentlemen. Some are even so low in the social scale as to be greengrocers or manual laborers. The disgrace of it is intolerable.

From the point of view of the people, however, and for all purposes of cleanliness and health, a navvy who in his youth learned the eighth commandment and has remembered it, may be better suited for the work in hand than is the crowd of successful malefactors whose administrative record has been the complete negation of it. And it is just possible that a carpenter or a plumber is preferable as a public administrator to, say, Mr. Hooley or Mr. Jabez Balfour, or even to the thousands of their less conspicuous imitators. In any case, we are there, and we mean to stay. It will pay us best to say nothing in reply, but to concentrate ourselves upon our work.

Nevertheless, we are faced with some very serious considerations. We have to justify ourselves, to silence our traducers with a record of good work. Should our opportunities be now missed the whole cause of labor representation will be set back. Especially is this true where—as in Woolwich—there is for the first time a labor majority. The rejected reactionaries are already prophesying disaster, and they must be snowed under by such a record of administrative efficiency as hitherto has not been seen. Municipalization of universal commodoties is only sound doctrine when it is carried out as well as a private company would have carried out the same duties. As Mr. Wells has lately pointed out, it is not safe to assume that any municipality is better than any private company. If the persons elected to administer public services perform their duties worse than would the directors of a public company, the balance of advantages may well be with the private enterprise and not with the public undertaking. For, after all, it is not exactly a case of comparison as between the private shareholder and the private voter. The standard of comparison is between the directors and their permanent official staff, and the municipal councillor and the permanent public officials. It follows, therefore, that if these officials are appointed to responsible positions from any other motive than that of capacity and merit, if private sentiment or political tendencies influence their selection, then the municipality will be served by less skilful men than will the private companies. The slightest deviation from strict principle on their part, therefore, will be seized upon and held up to public execration by the moneyed interests of the country, and the aim for which we stand, a city with a minimum of dirt, disorder and disease, will suffer.

Municipalities have graver duties to perform at the present time than at almost any period of our history. The modern city, except in those quarters where wealth predominates, is a place of insufferable ugliness. The "practical business man" has been allowed to impose his standard of taste upon municipal government, until the beauty of the old mediæval town has been completely destroyed. Commercialism has made our towns hideous. Railway companies are allowed to cut through streets and make a rubbish shoot of every piece of unbuilt land; while hardly any restriction is placed upon builders in regard to the type of house they should build. The result is that a city becomes in time a place without order—a haphazard jumble of dirt and jobbery.

A city cannot, of course, be made as beautiful as the country; but there is not a street that might not be improved if only the standard of taste and quality were raised. There is absolutely no justification for the tens of miles of mean streets that make London so hideous. With a little care many of these could be made even beautiful, and so help to make joyous the lives of the people condemned to live in them. There is no good reason why civilization should spell ugliness, and there is no sort of justification for bolstering up the sacred rights of property at the expense of the lives of the people. What is chiefly needed is order and arrangement in the government of city life. Hitherto, when a new street has been needed, it has grown up in a casual fashion, and no attempt has been made to beautify it. There was probably never an age when a sense of the beautiful was so much needed, nor one in which any real conception of art would work such wondrous changes as in the present. Every locality should have its picture gallery with its competent demonstrators, so that the lessons learned, by rich and poor alike, might be made visible in their own homes. The poor man's home must forever remain destitute of beauty unless the vision of beauty is created in him by such provisions as these. We want to instil into the minds of the people a sense of horror of dirt and ugliness in home and street alike. Slavery, as William Morris used to say, stands between us and art, but nothing except desire and want of efficiency stands between us and a tolerably healthy civic life. And this the labor party means to supply.—The Clarion.

WHAT CAN THE WORKERS DO?

Editor Toiler: Thanks to F. B. Johnson for the facts and advice he gave us in your issue of Jan. 29th. He asks: "What can the workers do?" the men who look below the surface, who analyze the present, and wisely forecast the future, by the laws of the inevitable that have governed the past. F. B. Johnson says "the first step is to join the union." But note how he defines the union. "A union is run by all the members for the equal benefit of all." Is not that a splendid democratic socialistic idea? Yet I don't like that word "socialist," for the good is theory, the inherent greed and laziness of humanity makes it impractical, and to many of us socialism seems rather to aggravate than relieve our troubles. Why does F. B. J. advise us to join the union instead of the socialists? Well, you know, the simplest society cannot be run without funds. More societies mean more subscriptions, more officers, more nights out in the week, more expense all round. The most important thing to a toiler is the daily pay that maintains his home. Is there a society that has improved our condition as the trades union has done? Every non-union man must admit that but for the union we would to-day be working ten hours a day for 20c an hour or even less. I like the word progressive better than socialist. Let us advance along the line of the least resistance. It seems to me that F B. Johnson's idea is a "progressive trades union." Progressive means reasonable reforms, a step at a time that commends itself to every citizen as just and desirable. Reforms such as New Zealand, Glasgow and the London County Council are successfully carrying out. Not tidal waves, such as socialists advocate, that would sweep away existing institutions and give us doubtful substitutes. I am sure that every genuine socialist would welcome progressive trades unions, because the progressives are educating the people, bringing them more political power, diminishing the power of the capitalist, and so preparing the way for the adoption of so much of the socialist platform as commends itself to the majority of the nation. There are various advantages in joining the union rather than the socialists. The union looks after your daily interest; it was first in existence, and for one subscription and one evening out in the week will do both union and progressive work. Also, what is the use of going among socialists who are already educated and informed on these subjects? Come into the unions, and use your voice and influence there. Thousands of men are willing to be educated on these lines. Offices are waiting to be filled, where you will have a chance to shape the policy of the labor party. But I am afraid that there are some trades unionists who are not even progressive; who in the face of the perils described by F. B. Johnson have no policy, no forward movement, no plan of resistance to offer to the evils that are crowding down upon us. Over a million emigrants from European countries are coming into the northern continent every year, and as far as Canada is concerned the stream is swelling. New machinery is being introduced that does away with labor. By stock watering and market cornering the whole industrial system to attempt to right these wrongs by means of the close union, the working card and the strike is to my mind about as much good as trying to sweep back Niagara with a broom. These things are all right for local application, but the root of the evil is away back in the judicial system, the financial system, the very constitution of the nation, and it is there we must grapple with it. The unprogressive trades unionists are playing into the hands of the socialists. I believe that many of the 86 men who lined up behind James Simpson at the election of president for the District Council were simply progressives, not socialists. If that vote proves anything, it proves that the trades unions of Toronto are about equally divided between socialists and their opponents, but both wings are agreed in resisting the claims of the capitalist. Now, just notice this, from the days of Nebuchadnezzar, who said in the pride of his heart, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built, by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty," the big bugs have thought that they and their interests were the whole thing. Poor humanity does not count. Millions of lives may be crushed out on the battlefield, the railroad or in the mine. Never mind; on with the game; so long as the throne stands firm and the dividends keep up. So long as this claim is allowed, labor is out of court. The fundamental principle of socialism is that not mines, railways, thrones and palaces are the chief wealth of the nation, but the manhood and the womanhood in its highest development—the homes of the common people clean, happy and comfortable. On this battle ground we can claim the support of all lovers of humanity. On this battleground we can claim the leadership of Him whom Tennyson calls the Mighty Son of God. On this battle ground and by this principle we are bound to conquer. J.H.R.

BISHOP POTTER'S ELEPHANT.

Cincinnati, Feb. 7, 1904.—The theme of Herbert S. Bigelow's address at the Vine Street Congregational Church this evening was suggested by a published interview with Bishop Potter, of New York, on the subject of "Capital and Labor."

Mr. Bigelow said in part:

"Bishop Potter takes the ground that wages are going up while interest is going down; that labor is annually getting a larger share of the profits of industry; that, if anyone is entitled to our sympathy, it is the capitalist; but that everything will come out all right and that matters will regulate themselves. Trust to luck and cheer up. That is not the advice one would offer to a schoolboy who has a difficult problem to solve. But with this problem of the distribution of wealth, the Bishop tells us not to be worried; that it will solve itself.

Heel on Labor's Neck.

"To illustrate his notion of the relation between capital and labor the Bishop refers to the elephants that are used in the Far East to unload and stack lumber. 'Their intelligence seems wonderful and their ability beyond conception. As you look closer, however, you see a little black figure on the neck of each elephant. . . . Watch him closely and you will see that his bare heel rests with an intermittent pressure on the neck of the huge animal he rides, and there you have the secret of the whole business. The brute obeys the man . . . That is how the genius of capital uses labor—by invention, construction, organization and direction.

"Is that the secret of the whole business Does that metaphor go to the root of the matter? Does it not rather ignore a factor of very great importance?

The Vital Question.

"The little black figure on the neck of the elephant is not a capitalist. He is a hired man. He is just as clearly a laborer as the elephant. He works with his head, it is true, while the animal works with his trunk. He is none the less a worker. The inventors, organizers and directors of industry are, properly speaking, workingmen. The capitalist can buy one kind of labor as well as another. It often happens that laborer and capitalist are combined in one person, where a man not only owns but also superintendents a factor. His share then will include his earnings as a manager as well as the interest on his capital. Each man should be rewarded according to his abilities. The vital question is this: Are there any who reap rewards, not by reason of their labor or their ability, but by reason of social advantages and monopoly privileges which are conferred upon them by law, and which make them masters, not only of the elephant of labor, but also of the man on his neck?

Riding Legislatures.

"Our grievance is not that brains command a higher price than muscle; but that both brains and muscle are made the servants of monopoly. Of course it requires some brains to secure these monopolies. Likewise, it requires no small degree of intelligence to break a safe. But it makes a vast difference to the community whether a man uses his brains to ride elephants and add to the sum of wealth, or whether he uses them to ride legislatures and secure the power legally to take the wealth of others. Monopoly is the key to the whole matter. He who attempts to discuss this question and ignore monopoly, gives evidence that he has not himself escaped the confusion from which he promises to deliver others."

NEW YORK'S ASSESSMENT.

New York City's separate assessment of land and buildings is completed, and in the course of a few months will be published in detail in the City Record, where every property owner and voter in the city can see for himself how he and his neighbors are taxed.

The land of the city is worth three and one-half times as much as the city built on it. The mass of stone, brick, steel, etc., is worth less than one-quarter the value of the room it takes up. In the business sections the building that is worth as much as the land it stands on is a rare exception. Those below Union Square of which this may be said may be counted on one's fingers. Uncle Russell Sage lives in a $10,000 house on a $250,000 lot. John Wanamaker's great store is worth $400,000, while the land under it is worth $1,600,000. The Equitable building, ten stories high, numbered among New York's finest structures, is assessed at $2,580,000, while the land under it is valued at $8,365,000. The Waldorf-Astoria and the Fifth Avenue Hotel each stand on ground assessed at $4,000,000; the former structure is assessed at $5,000,000 and the latter at $500,000. R. H. Macy Co.'s great $6,000,000 store is assessed at $3,500,000 for the land and $2,800,000 for the building. The Metropolitan Opera House is worth $406,000, but it takes up $2,225,000 worth of room. The palatial home of the New York Herald is worth $200,000, and it stands on a Broadway and Fifth Avenue lot worth $1,900,000. The Stewart building, a marble structure of which New York is justly proud, is worth $520,000, and the land under it is valued at $2,850,000. But the Park Row building, towering 28 stories toward heaven, is worth $2,000,000, taking up only $1,241,000 worth of space.

Think of it, you who believe in straight taxation! A few centuries ago the great metropolis was non-existent and the land worth $0. Now the presence of a great population makes the land worth the vast sum, acording to the assessment rolls, of $3,697,686,935. The labor of past and present generations has built up a city worth $1,100,657,854. The grand total foots up the inconceivable sum of $4,798,344,789!

If Ald. Thomas Foster were to offer Woodstock—which is out of coal—a flag pole and 6,000 cords of uncut wood situated somewhere within a thousand miles of the trip described in Hiawatha, North Oxford might be completely redeemed for the Conservatives instead of having to be satisfied with a moral victory. But in Oxford the flag pole might be burnt and the wood left till it brought forth fruit of the tree of knowledge—and that might be some time.

♦ ♦

People seldom appreciate anything they can afford.

WHY IS THE ADD WHICH WAS IN THIS SPACE IN IT NO MORE?

For the Best Answer to this query in an article of 500 words a prize $5.00 will be paid at this Office.

Contest Closes Feb. 14th, 1904.

The Nasmith Baking Company IS UNFAIR TO ORGANIZED LABOR.

27 lbs. BEST GRANULATED SUGAR $1.00

With every $ Grocery Order which includes one pound of our famous 40c. Tea, or two pound of our 25c. Tea or Coffee. Our 40c. Tea is guaranteed equal to any 60c. package Tea in the market.

Gold Seal Baking Powder, The largest can and best Baking Powder on the market, absolutely pure, guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or no charge. Price only 14c

Best Potatoes, smooth and dry, per peck, 15c.
Fancy Dairy Butter, one lb. Prints, 19c.
Choice Large Roll Butter, very fine, lb., 18c.
Very Best Cheese, lb., 15c.
3 doz. Large Juicy Lemons for 25c.
3 doz. Sweet Oranges for 25c.
Best Bread in the City large loaf, 8c.
10c. New Pink Salmon for 7½c.
12c. New Pink Salmon for 10c.
15c. New Red Salmon, very best, 12½c.
30c. Packages Black or Mixed Tea, 22c.

2 packages Malta Vita	25	25c. bottles Olives for	18
2 packages Grape Nut	25	Great assortment of Olives from 10c to	60
2 large packages Seeded Raisins	25	Crosse & Blackwell's 25c. Pickles	19
7 lbs. best Tapioca for	25	10c. packages Amonia 9c. or 3 for	25
5 lbs. good Rice for	25	6 large packages Naptha Washing Powder	25
8 lbs. best new Beans for	25	This is the largest package and best Washing Powder made. Try it.	
10 lbs. Wheatine for	25	65c. bag Choice Family Flour	54
10 lbs. Corn Meal for	25	40c. bag " " "	34
8 lbs. Rollec Wheat for	25	10 lbs. Graham Flour for	25
3 packages Rolled Oats for	25	3 five-cent bags Table Salt for	10
3 " Flaked Wheat for	25	15 lbs. Cooking Salt for	10
2 " Force for	25	15 large Nutmegs for	10
3 packages Vim for	25	4 ten-cent packages Jelly Powder for	25
3 " Life Chips for	25	2 fifteen-cent bottles Extracts for	15
1 lb. 35c. Tea, Coffee or Cocoa	25	10 bars best Laundry Soap for	25
3 large cans Baking Powder for	25	6 packages Pearline for	25
4 ten-cent packages Corn Starch for	25	3 " Silver Gloss Starch for	25
3 cans new Pink Salmon for	25	3 five-cent packages Blue for	10
2 cans very best Red Salmon	25	1 gal. best 40c. Vinegar for	25
1 lb. best Boiled Ham	25	1 quart best Cooking Molasses	9
5 cans new Oil Sardines for	25	1 can best Table Syrup for	9
2 fifteen-cent cans French Sardines	25	1 quart choice Maple Syrup for	25
2 lbs. Fancy Mixed Biscuits	25	Imported Worcestershire Sauce 9c. 3 for	25
Good White Lard per lb	10	40c. five-pound pails new Jam for	29
Buckwheat Flour, 9c. package, 3 for	25	10c. glass jars choice Jam for	9
Large Juicy Sweet Oranges, per doz	19		
Shredded Cocoanut, per lb	12½		

New Canned Goods, Honey, Preserves and High Class Groceries, all at Cut Prices

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It will take care of his wife and children should he die.

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SUNDAY, Feb. 14, at 3 p.m.

SPEAKERS:

ARTHUR W. ROEBUCK and W. A. DOUGLASS

Music by MISS JESSIE M. FISHER and MISS EVA VARDON.

Silver Collection.