

mother earth, and strong men, with brawny arms bared to the elbow, leaning on pick and shovel, waiting and even begging to be allowed to dig them up, but who are held back by a few "coal barons," who, ensconced in their cosily furnished offices in the city, have, forsooth, decided to "limit production," or to offer the men such a miserable pittance in return for their toil, that their self-respect causes them to rebel against such a manifest injustice.*

Give men but the opportunity to get at these natural opportunities, and peace and plenty will reign, where now discord and scarcity hold high carnival; then there will be no need for men to scheme and plot to secure an advantage one over the other; then men willing to work will get a fair day's pay for a fair day's work; no longer will weeping women—the bright and shining stars of our social firmament—be forced to long and dreary hours of toil no longer will innocent children—the future hope of our nation—be done to death or stunted in physical, moral and spiritual growth by

* See appendix "What about Canadian Coal Lands?"