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Saskatchewan Labor's Realm

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Justice, Truth, Fraternity. Labor Omnia Vincit.

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Union Label Suicide

IN another part of this paper will be found an article by Henry Sterling, condemning the action of the Boston Central Labor Union for endorsing the action of the newsboys who are boycotting the Boston American on account of the wholesale prices of that journal being increased from 50c. to 60c. per hundred.

The newsboys' organization has decided that this increase is unwarranted, and the members have as a consequence gone on strike.

The President of the American Federation has declared that the Boston American is, and always has been the product of union labor, so that we now have the melancholy spectacle of union men boycotting the product of union manufacture.

It is just such examples of inconsistency on the part of union men that is bringing the cause of unionism to shame and disrepute.

It is perfectly natural for men to sympathize with the newsboys in the plucky fight they have put up against the American, but some measure should be adopted, and some satisfactory understanding arrived at, whereby union manufactures and the product of union men will be protected from boycott by other union.

What protection is to be vouchsafed an employer who concedes the demands of the union, and who agrees to pay the stipulated wages and work the number of hours submitted by the union, if the product which is the result of such a transaction is liable to boycott?

As has been pointed out the newsboys can make more money selling the American than they can by selling any other paper, and although it is perfectly natural for all men to resent anything which looks like an encroachment on their real or imaginary prerogatives, it is nevertheless earnestly hoped that the Boston Central Labor Union will use every effort to throw oil on the troubled waters, and bring to a satisfactory issue the dispute existing between the newsboys and the publishers.

Union men are fighting the cause of labor in every part of the world to-day, and the laboring classes have by a natural process of evolution attained to a higher perfection of manhood and to a truer recognition of their position in the social scale than heretofore, but if dissension is permitted to work its pitiless havoc in the ranks of union men, if goods manufactured and produced under union conditions, bearing the hall mark of fair dealing and inviolate observance of contract in the symbol of the union label, are to be turned down, then the label, which has come to be regarded and recognized by employers and employees as the symbol of honest labor and the foe of sweatshop malpractices, will become in very truth a "little joker," the laborious work of years will become a failure and a ridicule, and the hands of time will again be reversed.

St. George's Day Celebration

PROBABLY one of the greatest banquets ever held under the auspices of a fraternal society in the City of Regina took place on Wednesday night in the new City Hall, on the occasion of the celebration of St. George's Day by the Sons of England Benefit Society, Lodge "Empress of the West."

The Hall was decorated with tri-colored bunting stretching from side to side, and festooned along the walls and upon the balcony. The Union Jack was in evidence in every conceivable place, and the Cross of St. George on the stage was literally wreathed in a garland of flowers. The white and red roses of York and Lancaster were in the button-holes of all the gentlemen present and bloomed in all their delicate glory on the dresses of the ladies.

From beginning to end of the magnificent program the generous hospitality and hearty good will of the English nation was manifest, and throughout the length of the excellent menu the Excelsior band, under the conductorship of W. Giddings, dispensed sweet and appropriate music.

The programs were gaily decorated with the Union Jack in red and blue, and the St. George's Day serviettes had the following appropriate lines by a local writer printed thereon:

"From smiling plains, from mountains capped with snow,
From tropic calms, from where the blizzards blow,
From jungle depths, from ice-fields white and drear,
This message beats on England's listening ear:
"Oh Motherland, your sons in lands afar,
Wanderers and exiles following Empire's star,
Greet you this day, our day, our England's day.
With tender hearts our loving homage pay.
Land of the bold in heart, the strong in arm,
Home of sweet maidens of unequalled charms;
Home of homes where peace and pride
And blood-bought liberty stand side by side,
Land of great deeds, great heroes and great aims,
Of shining records graced with noble names,
Greeting we give, who steadfast, watchful stand
And guard the outposts for the Motherland."

From the loyal toast of "The King" at the beginning of the program to the charming toast of "The Ladies" at the end the utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and the Englishmen and Englishwomen present could not do otherwise than appreciate the words of praise and esteem which fell from the lips of Canadian speakers, who so eloquently extolled the virtues and traditions of the English race.

It is gratifying to the working men of the city to know that labor was honored by a place amongst the list of toasts, and the manner in which the toast was received is a sign of the times, and is a happy augury for the future, when the men whose brawn and brains have contributed so largely to make the world of to-day what it is, will come into their own, and instead of being looked down upon and treated as an inferior race, will receive their proper place in society, and be accorded that consideration which they merit, and which their history commands.

Labor unions in Newfoundland are increasing at a rapid rate. In 1892 unions were almost unknown there, whilst to-day they exist in almost every branch of industry.

The labor men of Halifax have organized a good live branch of the Canadian Labor Party there. The object of the club will be to organize the workmen of Halifax for aggressive political action.

The C.P.R. labor trouble is causing considerable unrest in the east. The men have determined to strike if the new order is enforced, as they are convinced that if they do not it will mean death to the Brotherhoods.

Winnipeg Socialists intend to hold a parade on May Day this year, and are now endeavoring to procure a suitable hall for speeches and a concert in the evening.

The organization of the Brandon branch of the Canadian Labor Party has now been completed.

Mr. Keir Hardie Back Home Again

A Night Vigil in a Tug Boat—"Ay, Lads, I'm Here."

[BY BRUCE GLASIER]

THE traveller has returned, looking the picture of health and of youth renewed.

Eight months ago, as a friend, a colleague, and a scribe, I formed one of the host of enthusiasts who conveyed the veteran agitator down the Mersey as he sailed away from our shores. Last Monday, or rather Tuesday morning, found me amongst another band of demonstrators welcoming the wanderer home.

When I arrived at Plymouth on Monday evening I discovered, on inquiry at the docks, that the "Moravian," which was bringing Mr. Hardie home, would not arrive till early next morning. The docks at night do not form a very attractive region wherein to "while the happy hours away," so, after writing a few letters, I strolled up the town with a lively conviction that I should somewhere or another discover, or be discovered by, some wearer of the I.L.P. badge.

The Plymouth agents of the Aberdeen line had, it appears, flatly refused to give permission to Mr. Belcher, or any of our friends to go out in the passenger tender to join Hardie on the ship's arrival. What then did our friends do but at once proceed to charter on their own account a small tug steamboat wherewith to keep watch upon the waters during the night in order to hail with Socialist cheers the "Moravian" with her Socialist tribune as soon as she should enter the bay. They had also thoughtfully remembered to purchase a quantity of fireworks; and, furthermore, being fully persuaded that the ship would arrive by dawn, they had arranged for a breakfast reception party promptly at 6.30 the next morning. All this displayed, we must allow, a gratifying spirit of resource and organization.

The night was mild and dark, and the stars shone out, and the great blue flare of the lighthouse shone magnificently across the sea. We steamed out under the noses of the guns of the great black and white speckled floating battery, and then slowed down and hitched our cable

to a h town kling forth from the darkness behind us, we kept our vigil for the night.

Cl upon four o'clock, while it was yet the man on watch shouted—"St. hey!" We all sprang upon the upper deck and soon the "Moravian," like a great shadowy spectre spangled with glittering lights, floated into the bay, and our little tug boat steamed quickly forward and frisked up to the ship like a dog welcoming the homecoming of its master. Up went our rockets and brightly flared our Socialist red lights, and forth went the cry—

"Is Keir Hardie on-board?" And the familiar voice came from the high deck rails—

"Ay, lads, I'm here."

"Welcome home!" was the hearty cry.

"Thank you. I'm glad to be home. Greetings to you all."

Then came the inquiry if Mrs. Hardie was with us.

Our demonstration brought a crowd of passengers to the deck, who were evidently astonished to hear vociferous cheers for Socialism saluting their ears on their return to the old country.

Our numbers were greatly reinforced by breakfast time, when Mr. Belcher, who presided, again cordially welcomed our guest, and expressed gratification that the Plymouth Socialists had been afforded an opportunity of welcoming Mr. Hardie on his returning to his native shores. Mr. Hardie acknowledged the greeting in part as follows:

"I come back feeling more deeply than ever that the one thing worth living and if need be dying for is Socialism. I come back also, he said, with this opinion, that for solid comfort and the real means of happiness, there is no part of the world to compare with this old country of ours."

He touched briefly on the Socialist and Labor movement in the Colonies, and referred to the kind reception he had received from comrades in all lands.

Mr. Hardie is in splendid health, and presented a most picturesque figure as he stood, erect as ever, sunburnt and aglow, in his Tweed suit, his grey Tam o' Shanter, and with an Indian shawl swung round his shoulder.

Labor Leader.

A Big Saturday Sale Of MEN'S SHOES

We are going to Clear about one hundred pairs of Men's Shoes, in sizes 5½, 6, 6½, 7 and 7½ on Saturday. These are New Shoes--Lines that have the larger sizes sold out. They are shoes of the best makes we have, and were priced at \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00. If you wear any of these sizes you can get a pair on Saturday for - - **\$2.85**

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