

Mother of Canadian Soldier

Gets Horrible Treatment at the Hands of the Landlord Classes in Scotland.

In the British House of Commons, Nov. 26, 1917, Mr. W. C. Anderson (Lab.), asked the Secretary for Scotland whether his attention had been called to the case of Mrs. Mackenzie of Achnasheen, Lochrosque estate, Rosshire, the mother of a soldier now in France, and who has since been compelled to accept the accommodation of a local work house; whether he was aware that an application on the part of this soldier to the Scottish Board of Agriculture has produced no result, and that an offer to his landlord to pay for a house and small holding has been met with definite refusal.

As our press in Canada has never mentioned these cases, we reproduce the story of the mother of a Canadian soldier from the Forward (Glasgow), which they have under the caption of "The Pure Milk of Prussianism":

Last Saturday's Highland News devotes almost three columns to the story of an eviction at Invergordon, which if it reaches the ears of the German Huns, may have an important effect upon the termination of the war. There is no use in the Germans imagining that they can beat our home-bred article, and they may as well cease at once the useless struggle for pre-eminence in barbarism.

We give some extracts:

As an instance of what deeds of heartless cruelty can be done in the irreproachable name of the law in the Highlands of Scotland—a part of the country whose heroic sons in this dark hour are, in defence of hearth and home, bleeding and dying by the thousand on the blood-red fields of France, Flanders, and Mesopotamia, we may be permitted to picture a disgraceful scene—an eviction—witnessed on Outram Street, Invergordon, on the forenoon of Monday last, one of the most in-clement days of the surliest November experienced for many years.

"The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last,

"The rattlin' shooters rose on the blast" when two Inverness Sheriff officers, named Stewart and Grant, armed with a warrant of ejection, entered a humble dwelling-place on the street named—consisting of two rooms—of Mrs. D. Fraser, a widow on the verge of 70, the part occupier of a somewhat dilapidated building known among the people of Invergordon for several years as "the house with the tin roof," and proceeded, with the usual scant courtesy and customary care of the emissaries of the law of this class, to remove the belonging of the old lady—the gatherings of a lifetime—into the mud and glaur of a thoroughfare little better than the roughest of country cart roads. It was truly a lamentable, a pathetic sight—a sight one would scarcely expect to witness in a civilized country in times of peace or war.

Invergordon Widow Evicted.

One by one the household goods were taken from their accustomed places by ruthless hands, and bundled outdoors into the cold, blinding rainstorm, while the old lady who had occupied the rooms for almost a decade stood helplessly by, wringing her hands, having not yet recovered from the shock received at the unexpected entry of the law-protected wreckers. A few kindly neighbors gathered round the doorway, and it is almost needless

to say that the language used by them, in their anger, was more forcible than refined. One lady offered to take in the bedding, but would not be permitted to do so.

"I thought I would break my heart," said Mrs. Fraser, with tears in her eyes, "when they threw my late husband's boots—he is dead two years—downstairs." At last beds, bedding, chairs, wax-cloth, pictures, delf, mantle-piece ornaments, etc., lay in a confused mass in the open, and the work of eviction was done, the officers of the law, in a remarkably short time—indeed ere the news had time to spread through the town—having finished their task, and who can say that they had reason to be proud of their accomplishment? They were, however, not permitted to take their departure without some little attention on the part of the school boys, who, headed by a sturdy little fellow, came on the scene during the "meal hour," and who—tell it not in Gath or to the Food Controller—pelted them with potatoes.

Away out yonder, somewhere in the vicinity of Cambal, where shot and shell are flying, where the air is rent with the sound of the guns, the shouts of victorious onward pressing warriors mingled with the groans of those who have fallen, and where the sky is dark with the smoke of battle, Sergt. D. Fraser, of the Canadian Artillery, the only son of the evicted widow, is valiantly fighting in order to safeguard—among those of others—the life and property of the houseowner (the evictor) and his family. He (the son) hoped to have been home last week-end but failed to obtain the necessary leave and we make no apology for saying that the two Inverness men who entered his mother's house on Monday, as indicated, may "thank their stars" that they had not a robust young Colonial soldier, fresh from scenes of strife, to open the door to them instead of a lonely old widow nearing the allotted span. They certainly had the law on their side in so far as that they held a Sheriff's warrant, but it will be admitted under the circumstances and particularly considering the nature of the weather, any son would have been more, or rather less, than human who would have stood meekly by while an aged parent was being rendered homeless on a bleak winter day. In a few days Sergt. Fraser will return, but where now is his home? Echo answers "Where?" Wrecked by officers of the Crown. Is this the reward which a grateful country allows to be meted out to her sons, her defenders, for their patriotism, valour, devotion to duty, and self-sacrifice? Surely not.

There are people in Germany who have come to the conclusion that one peck of potatoes is worth more than the most wonderful dream of empire. —Charleston News and Courier.

Then the people of Germany must be coming to their senses quicker than Canadians.

Yes, Socialism is practicable. That's why it angers the capitalists so much.

The times were never so ripe for the acceptance of the Socialist idea, and such were never so easy to get. Have you gathered any in?

NOT 100,000, BUT THE "VERY LIMIT."

Gen. Mewburn, the new Minister of Militia, in a speech at Hamilton, said he was opposed to the limitation of the call under the conscription law to 100,000 men. "We are in this war, or should be," he said, "not with one, two, or three hundred thousand, but to the very limit of our resources."

If the war goes on, and the present Government is returned, there is no doubt that the first call will not be the last. Repeated calls will be made until practically every man physically fit is called to the colors, and the work in field and factory left to women, boys and cripples.—From Toronto Weekly Sun.

An old Scotsman was threatened with blindness if he did not give up drinking.

"Now, McTavish," said the doctor, "it's like this—you've either to stop the whiskey or lose your eyesight. It's for you to choose."

"Ay, weel, doctor," said McTavish, "I'm an auld man noo, an' I was thinking I ha'e seen aboot everything worth seein'."

CHURCHIANITY AND SLAUGHTER.

John Hobson, in his "Psychology of Jingoism," said:

"There is no record of any Church having failed to bless war, and find reasons for representing it to the masses as a righteous war."

Frederick Harrison, in his book on "National and Social Problems," said:

"The Church waits upon the pushing trader and the lawless conqueror, and with obsequious thanksgiving blesses every predatory enterprise."

Voltaire said, in his "Philosophical Dictionary":

"The most wonderful part of this infernal enterprise (war), is that each warring chief carries his colors to be blest, and solemnly invokes God before he goes to exterminate his neighbors."

W. M. Hughes, the greatest patriot any country ever produced, said in Sydney (June 27, 1917):

We draw the attention of Patriot Pearce to this remark of the Prime Minister.

Mr. Tennant, M.P., shining light of the Churches in England, said in the House of Commons:

"The pulpits have been our best recruiting stations."

The clergy, secure in their own exemptions, have eagerly pushed others into the slaughter line. Even before Conscription came to England, able-bodied clerics, well fit for the firing line, were daily shouting to the school teachers of England. "Your country needs you." These clerical patriots in hundreds of cages have taken the places of the school teachers gone to the front, and have drawn for themselves the salaries of the school teachers as well as their own clerical emoluments.

To such an extent has this outrage gone, that at the Conference of the National Union of School Teachers, held in the Memorial Hall, London (April 12, 1917), a resolution was carried not to teach in any school alongside a clergyman of military age who takes the place of a teacher drawn off for war.

On March 27, 1916, Mr. Henderson declared in the House of Commons that 46 per cent. of the male teachers of Great Britain had joined the army. By the end of April, 1917, under the Conscriptionist policy, only 16,000, mostly middle-aged, remained out of 42,000 male teachers before the war.

The number of children between the ages of 11 and 13 employed on farms were:

January 31, 1915	1,413
May 31, 1916	15,753
March 31, 1917	47,206

The "Daily Mail," of March 5, reported that, out of a total of 6,000,000 children of school age, 250,000 were cripples, and another 1,000,000 were so physically or mentally unfit as to be incapable of education.

These cripples and degenerates are the products of the system that makes Greed its god. Starvation is its instrument, and the slum the habitat of its victims. The Church sanctifies the system and hallows it—it stands for the slave state in every form. Its relationship to the system is exactly its relationship to war.

In a book, entitled "The Moral Damage of War," the Rev. Dr. Walter Walsh, a Presbyterian divine of Dundee, Scotland, expressed his opinion in these words:

"The Church, exerting herself in accordance with her principles, could make war impossible; but the Church makes no move; its multitude of ministers stir no finger; preach no sermon, sign no petition, sound no note that the Government can interpret as hostile to their project. The Church is always for the war of the day."

"It is true that, when peace is the popular cry, the preachers are also for peace; but while the white banner yields to the red, the pastors beat the drums of war as savagely as they had previously denounced the savagery of war.

Capitalism speaks—the Churches obey.

Capitalism lays beautiful bank-notes in the collection plate.

So the Church blesses war, and uses the name of Christ to hallow it and sanctify it. Blessed be War! Blessed be its holy name for ever and ever. Amen.—Labour Call, Melbourne.

THE WORKERS AND THEIR COUNTRY.

The motto of Socialism must be: "Workers of all countries, unite across your frontiers." The motto of patriotism is, "If your country commands it, workers of all countries, massacre one another." Nations came into being by a slow, historic progress. They may be dissolved or amalgamated by a contrary process. There is nothing sacred in the chance of war, which has made most modern nations. For the worker, there is nothing to choose between them.

Go from one country to another, and you will find everywhere the same prisons, the same barracks, the same police, the same brothels, the same Minister of Interior. Cross what frontier you please, and you are still only a living tool, which is worth only its current price in the labor market.

—"War of Steel and Gold."

BENEFICENT ACTIVITIES.

Since the opening of this century, Russia exercised its beneficent activity upon the Jews in Russia, smashed the Persian revolution, and waged a war with Japan.

France annexed Tunis, Tonkin, Madagascar and Morocco, planted a garrison on the Upper Nile, fought China, and added 4,250,000 square miles to the French Empire. Italy annexed Tripoli and fought Abyssinia.

England occupied Egypt, smashed the Boer Republics, and added 3,000,000 square miles to the Empire's territory. Lloyd George went to Germany to study social insurance and municipal reforms, and on June 25, 1912, Mr. Asquith said in the House of Commons:

"Our relations with the great German Empire are, at this moment, and, I feel sure, are likely to remain, relations of amity and good will." —Labour Call.

Toryism is hateful. Criticism is despicable. A Union Government is both.