

THE CANADIAN FORWARD

To Our Contributors—

The columns of The Canadian Forward are open to contributions from all friends of the cause. Though we can by no means undertake to publish all we may receive, everything, by whomsoever written, will receive careful attention.

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It has always been the opinion of broad minded statesmen that to take away the liberties of subjects is to incite the license of rebels.—G. F. Stirling.



Democracy.

"He who murders confidence destroys the coming generation in its mother's womb."

This election is the fight of democracy against Canadian militarism, Canadian capitalism and Canadian press. And the people will win, even against such great odds, for democracy is always right.

It is inconceivable how any person opposing a referendum on the question of conscription can ever again profess to believe in democracy. It is still more inconceivable how any person supporting the Canadian leader whose government passed the recent

Franchise Act can ever again pose as a loyal citizen of Canada. That monstrous act of injustice has already roused bitter race hatreds which will endure for generations. It has in it the seeds of untold national disaster.

The betrayal in this act is threefold. It has betrayed the confidence of the Canadian people that the franchise, once secured, was a sacred right not to be tampered with, by establishing such a dangerous precedent that there is no citizen in Canada who feels as secure in his rights as a voter to-day as he did before the Act was passed.

It has betrayed those people from other lands who accepted in good faith the invitation of the Canadian government to come and help build up the country and has made the pledged word of Canada a "mere scrap of paper" so that no foreign born citizen of any nationality will ever again set any real value on the naturalization papers issued at Ottawa.

Finally it has betrayed those many men lying under little wooden crosses "somewhere in France" who went out to fight, as they believed, for a free and honorable Canada, while the politicians and the financiers stayed at home and made it into a little Germany.

The Franchise Act of 1917 cannot be undone and much of the harm resulting from it is irreparable, but it can be repudiated. By refusing to elect those candidates who have enrolled themselves under the banner of Sir Robert Borden the people of Canada can show that they are not willingly a party to it. And they will do so; for there is an abiding principle of decency in the Canadian people which will induce them to restore as far as is now possible the tarnished honor of Canada, and to seek to redeem a place for her among those nations whose word is to be trusted.

Francis Marion Beynon,
Formerly Editor Country Homemakers' Page, Grain Growers' Guide,
Winnipeg.

A Wrong Impression.

A discharged soldier fined at Carnarvon, Wales, on Saturday, for fishing without a license, wrote to the magistrates, stating that he was under the impression that all soldiers who had served in France had free access to all rivers.

Mr. Hanna, our so-called food controller, is a huge, hilarious, side-splitting joke. Perhaps the Borden Government thought we toilers needed something to cheer us up during these gloomy, war-weary days.

AN AFTER CONSIDERATION.

Sir Graband Batten was showing a very old friend and confident round his newly acquired and magnificently furnished mansion.

"I've racked my brains to think of a suitable name for this place," he told his friend. "I want something striking and appropriate."

"Well," remarked the friend, "it reminds me of some old Scotch castle. Why not call it Dunrobbin?"

"Not a bad suggestion," agreed the millionaire, "but it's hardly appropriate. I've no intention of retiring until after the war."—New York Globe.

Rheumatism

A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case. I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-sought-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but understand I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 616D Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.
Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true—Pub.

A SOLDIER'S TESTAMENT.

In quarrels not their own,
And peoples called to reap
The woes they have not sown;
If all we who are slain
Have died, despite our hope
Only to twist again
The old kaleidoscope—
Why, then, by God, we're sold!
Cheated and wronged! Betrayed!
Our youth and lives and gold
Wasted—the homes we'd made
Shattered—in folly blind,
By treachery and spite,
By cowardice of mind,
And little men and light!
If there be none to build
Out of this ruined world
The temples we have willed,
With our flag there unfurled.
If rainbow none there shine
Across these skies of woe,
If seed of yours and mine
Through this same hell must go,
Then may my soul and those
Of all who died in vain
(Be they of friends or foes)
Rise and come back again
From peace that knows no end,
From faith that knows not doubt,
To haunt and sere and rend
The men that sent us out.
—Eques (Egypt), in The Nation.
If I come to die
In this inhuman strige,
I grudge it not, if I
By laying down my life
Do aught at all to bring
A day of charity,
When pride of Lord or King
Un-powerful shall be
To spend the nations' store,
To spill the people's blood.
Whereafter evermore
Humanity's full flood
Untroubled on shall roll
In rich tide of peace,
And the world's wondrous soul
Un-crucified increase.

But if my life be given
Merely that Lords and Kings
May say: "We well have striven.
See! Where our banner flings
Its folds upon the breeze
(Thanks, noble sirs, to you!)
See! how the lands and seas
Have changed their printine hue."
If after I am dead
On goes the same old game,
With Monarchs seeing red
And Ministers affame
And nations drowning deep



MR. HANNA'S IDEA OF FOOD CONTROLL AS INTERPRETED BY THE FORWARD SPECIAL CARTOONIST.