

Goodwill.

By J. W. Winson.

Since man first began to work voluntarily for his fellow-man the adjustment of adequate service and rightful compensation has never been easy.

With slave and owner the problem was as simple as that of the farmer and his horse, the better condition of the animal, the more work to be had from him. The freemen were little better than the slaves, at times they were worse. The cost of keeping the slave had been measured carefully, and this became the standard of wages, sufficient for fair weather, not enough in foul

Higher in the scale of service the standard was different, what are now the "professions" charged according to benefits received, or the ability of the client to pay. "Wages" were not considered in these transactions. There is no comparison between the mending of a boot, the skill of a physician in restoring health, and the bravery of a soldier in defending his country; such labor cannot be gauged by hours of service.

If a man joins his friend in an enterprise there will be co-operation of work and a sharing of profits. If a third or fourth be called in to assist and these on a definite salary, there will still be friendly interest all round, but when the business grows and administrators come between owners and workers, distrust creeps in, on either side, and doubt whether the service and the salary are equal expressions. Out of this doubt has grown unionism and from organization have come lock-outs and strikes, weapons not of peace but strife—weapons which cut all who use them.

Recent times have seen the greatest strikes in history, the biggest combinations ever made in class antagonism, and it must be conceded that as weapons they have failed. They failed because the conditions did not call for a weapon at all, but a tool; the

remedy was not in fighting but in fellowship.

Men were talking at a distance and could not understand each other, the cure was closer contact. Industries have so grown in magnitude that this personal contact between owner and worker seems impossible: therefore some substitute for fellowship must be provided. Experts are working in frantic haste to discover the ideal wage. They consider it should have three essentials. It must carry the necessary minimum for a decent, healthy standard of living: it should contain a variable addition for the extra effort of the individual worker and there should be another variable factor according to the results of the enterprise.

In the last item is seen the essence of co-operation, the recognition of a partnership between all concerned

There is one essential that must be found in every wage and service agreement, and that is the spirit of good-will. Unless this leavens the labor and the relationship, the ferment of distrust and unrest will

be working instead. With goodwill as the solvent, hours, terms, and conditions have an elasticity that prevents any snapping or jarring.

When a man does a thing because he likes doing it, he brings to it more than his mind and his muscles, and this good spirit of his works longer than union hours. Time and effort are not to be reckoned in the joy of achievement.

Capilano River.

By Roland Goodchild.

Capilano, Capilano, ancient river of the west—
Born before the birth of those whose eye was on the
setting sun,
You were rushing through your canyons while as yet
the White Man's quest
With his trading and his cities and his ships had not
begun.

When the Siwash roved the mountain, caught the salmon,
shot the Narrows,
When the Tyee of the Siwash learned his wisdom on
your shore;
And you saw the manufacture of the dug out and the
arrows,
Heard the shouting and the clashing of the inter-tribal
war.

You have heard War Councils uttered, to avenge a
tribal wrong
When the braves sat round in concourse by their fires
upon your marge;
You have heard the Spring Thanksgiving, harkened to
the Hunter's Song,
Seen invading tribes arrive, and watched their war
canoes discharge.

Then the White man came and anchor'd, saw the land
and found it good;
Planted there the flag of Britain, sailed away and came
again
And thereafter fell the forest, and an endless multitude
Cleared and level'd hill and valley, and a city rose
again.

Capilano, Capilano, ancient river of the West,
We have tamed you for our need, and thrown our
bridges 'cross your stream
But I know, O Capilano, as I watch your heaving
breast
That you still hold deep communion with the Siwash
in your dream.

OUR NEW STORE

Cor. Robson and Howe Sts., Vancouver

J. McTAGGART & SON

Quality and Service.

RETAIL GROCERS