

many a bitter winter's day have ridden or tramped behind "dumb, driven cattle," hauling cordwood for a meagre existence, you will find some explanation, perhaps, why these things be. You will recognize at least that some points are clear where before we were somewhat hazy in our explanation of the remarkable situation that the farm slave keeps producing more, and becomes steadily poorer. You will, I think, realize why the "Slave of the Farm" is a slave, and the way to his emancipation.

These letters, of course, do not pretend to cover all the ground or give all the truth, but if through this medium some other worker can be induced to study the Socialist position, you, I know, will feel glad, and I shall rest satisfied. The business of boosting the West has developed into a science; no effort has been spared to obscure the real state of affairs; no stone left unturned to seduce the nimble dollar from the pocket of the "easy mark." All over the world the virtues and beauty of the Canadian people, the wealth and quantity of "our" natural resources, the splendor and joy of "our" scenery, and the opportunities for the investment of Capital at high rates of interest have been trumpeted. You will smile, of course, at the idea that virtue and beauty, health and joy, can exist as a result of the "investment of Capital at high rates of interest," but we must remember that many, many of our fellow slaves still have this master class viewpoint. The soil slave himself howls and howls aloud for Capital; he weeps to embrace his most implacable enemy.

Those in charge of the "Ananias" policy of boosting lost no opportunity to play the game. The stranger crossing the continent, the journalist or editor, the statesman or author (if he be of sufficient importance), is induced to take his impression of the Canadian West from the wide windows of the Pullman coach or the deep armchairs of the Canadian Club. His viewpoint is colored by the purple and amber of wines, delicately served.