

THE SLAVE OF THE FARM

BEING LETTERS FROM ALF. BUDDEN
TO A FELLOW FARM SLAVE AND
COMRADE IN REVOLT

LETTER No. I.

My Dear E,—

The title under which these letters appear will not, you may be sure, appeal to the booster and optimist. "Slave," as applied to our farmers of this last west, will by no means please the real estate and bogus stock vendor. Journalists and publicity men (as such) will reject with hired scorn and contumely what is written here, should they ever discover the existence of these pages. They, poor fellows, must rave and enthuse over what is not, and directly ignore or forget what is. A miserable lot, and not one to be envied by those who would be free—at least in thought. The leaders of the various farm organizations will deeply regret the viewpoint taken in these letters, despite the pitiful howl put up by some farm slaves at the Lethbridge Convention of 1914, or else feign to regard it as the emanations of one disgruntled Conservative. Old party heelers and workers will find cold comfort, for it is the purpose of this scribe in future letters to place these gentry in the category to which they belong, to prove, if possible, that far from being the Soil Slave's friend, they are in very fact his worst foes.

But you, who have worked your fingers to the bone; you, who have suffered exile, who have been "fired upon by a home-stead," and who at last gave up in despair; you, who upon