

will not say the same men, but their descendants, to approve of the enactment of this measure of justice and right to the ordinary railroad workers. It is a long time to look back upon. For years and years my pen was at their service. For years and years that pen was spurned by the railroad companies and by those in power—the governments of the day.

Hon. Mr. POWER: They didn't know who was writing.

Hon. Mr. CLORAN: But they know to-day who is talking, and the talking comes from the writing. I heartily endorse the motion made by my honourable friend on the other side (Hon. Mr. Robertson), that this measure go into effect as soon as possible. He has set a date, the 1st of October. That gives the companies the half of June, the whole of July, the whole of August, and the whole of September to get ready to pay their men semi-monthly instead of monthly. Now, what more time than three months and a half does a business man or a company want to regulate their affairs so as to change the date of payment of their employees? Do they want 35 years more, when I shall be dead and gone and my son will probably be here advocating the same cause? Oh, honourable gentlemen, life is too short to trifle with the rights demanded by the workmen of this country. We have trifled with them for the past 50 years in this Canada of ours, and the day has come when the workingman must be listened to, must be heeded, and his demand for right and justice and self-preservation must be respected, in spite of the powers and influences that come into the Senate. That is the stand that I take. I heard an honourable gentleman say yesterday that we were all business men: we had graduated from the work of a coal heaver up to the position of a coal baron; we had graduated from being a counter-hopper up to the position of a merchant of dry goods; we had graduated from a shantyman up to a lumber king; and so on. Oh, gentlemen, I tell you it is unfortunate for the people and for the race that the men who have graduated from the ranks of labour and have attained to the pinnacle of finance, in Canada or elsewhere, forget their obligations to the fellows they have left behind, in the trenches, in the dugouts, in the water, in the fields, in the forests, in the mines, in the cotton factories. It is regrettable that that fact must be admitted. It is a misfortune that the wealthy forget their beginnings, and live only to

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enjoy the wealth accumulated, instead of spreading it abroad for the benefit of the race. That is the misfortune of men who come into the House. I have known them; they have come and they have gone—men worth millions and millions, who never spent a cent during their life—well, I will admit that they may have spent something, but nothing in comparison with the wealth accumulated. There is the foundation of the cry of the workingmen, that the rich man has accumulated millions and millions, not by the sweat of his own brow—oh, no!—not by the sweat of his own arms—oh, no!—but by the sweat of the brow of the labourer in his factory, in his lumber mill, in his mine. And these millionaires, having accumulated wealth, not by their own effort, but by the effort of slaves, sit in their offices and gloat over their wealth, and by chance very often, too often, are given honours in public office, in this Senate, in the House of Commons, or elsewhere. Honourable gentlemen, the time is coming when the united force of the workmen will prevail over capitalist wealth, gotten unjustly and against the welfare of the people. No man on earth owning a million dollars or over ever earned that money. I say that deliberately and positively. No man on earth, from his birth to his death, has ever earned, honestly and fairly, without oppression of his workmen, a million dollars. And how many men there are worth anywhere from a million to ten, fifteen or one hundred millions. I say to this country—not to this Senate, not to deaf ears—I say to the country, and I hold out to the workmen of this country this pledge, that that state of affairs cannot last forever, any more than could the injunction of the railroad companies of thirty-five years ago against the workmen that they should be paid only once a month, that it was too much bother, too much expense to the company, to pay them twice a month. The day will come when the railway companies will have to pay their employees once a week, because to-day the grocer, the baker, the milkman, and the other suppliers of food demand the payment of their bills on Saturday—at the end of the week. I do not blame them; they are justified, because the wholesalers demand from the retailers immediate payment for these goods. The railroad companies condescend—no, they do not condescend—they have been forced by public opinion, by the needs of the working classes—not to grant, for we are compelling them, but to accept this demand made on behalf of the working people. Why do the working people ask for bi-