



Editorial Page of The Canadian Labor Press



Entered at Ottawa Post Office as Second Class Postage.
The Canadian Labor Press
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE CANADIAN LABOR PRESS, LIMITED
138-140 QUEEN STREET, OTTAWA
A WEEKLY NEWS LETTER

THE WRONG ANGLE

While we are, perhaps, giving the One Big Union Bulletin undeserved prominence we must confess that we find in it so much humor of an economic variety that we are reluctant to deprive it of a wider circulation than it appears to get. The Bulletin is nothing if not "slashing" in its methods, and its bombastic proclamations to the "proletariat" are in the true Napoleonic strain. Almost we can see the O.B.U. editor, surrounded by an admiring circle of the Winnipeg Central Labor Council, chest well out and with hand raised to Heaven calling on mankind to witness that he, and he alone, has the true and infallible remedy for the woes of a suffering world. Almost we can hear the plaudits of his auditors and without undue exertions we can visualize the Winnipeg Central Labor Council dissolved in tears, as it emotionally gasps its devotion to a modern Moses. It is a touching vision.

True to the Communist creed of "hypnotic suggestion" the Bulletin harps on the well worn string of coming starvation. "Capitalism cannot feed its workers," announces Moses in capital letters and proceeds to elaborate the theme that with the further development of capital employment will decrease and the lot of the working class be harder to bear. Finally, in a glowing peroration of eloquence, he announces the Remedy—

"It is in our interests to organize with our fellows into an organization of our class to propagate our ideas so that, when enough of us are ready, we may scrap this old mad-house system of exploitation and erect in its place a system where the existence of an abundance of good things shall be a blessing to society and not, as it is today, a curse."

Wonderful and yet again wonderful, or perhaps, as Alice would say in Wonderland, "Curious and Curiouser."

Capital cannot feed its workers. What is Capital? Capital is Labor. Therefore Labor cannot feed its workers.

With the further development of Capital, that is with more work, which creates Capital, the workers will be worse off and employment will be less. This paradox we leave to the O.B.U. Bulletin to explain.

The only way is to erect a system where the existence of an abundance of good things shall be a blessing and not a curse.

Exactly, but what is the system. Some hundreds have been tried. One is now in operation in Russia. Where Lenin and Trotsky, with Russia to play with, have failed, we do not think the Editor of the Bulletin will succeed, notwithstanding the assistance of the Winnipeg Central Labor Council.

BALFOUR'S WAR DEBT NOTE

Probably no official pronouncement since the close of the world war has caused greater comment than that of Lord Balfour in his statement of the financial position of war indebtedness amongst those nations who, for nearly six years, stood together as allies in the cause of world security and liberty. The document is admirable in its clarity and the generous moderation of its language. The pity is that it was necessary.

After the glorious fellowship of those who, irrespective of tongue, nation or creed, combined to "make the world safe for Democracy" it is far from reassuring that the matter of expenditures made jointly and severally in a common cause should need official pronouncements in an attempt to obtain an adjustment, especially when every nation involved knows that without an adjustment, and a speedy one, economic ruin may drive the world into another war even more ruinous than the last. That one nation stands in the position of a creditor carries with it no honor. That another is a debtor infers no disgrace. The debt was incurred and the credit given to "make the world fit for heroes to live in," and to quote Lord Balfour, "It can never be agreeable to generous minds to tear the monetary aspect of the War from its historic setting and treat it as ordinary commercial borrowing and lending."

Much has been made in American papers of the idea that Lord Balfour had in mind to "let the American people know where they stood in the estimation of the world." No more mischievous statement was ever made and none more alien to the intention of Lord Balfour or to the wishes of the British nation. Whatever may be the faults of the British people an inclination towards a "holier than thou" attitude cannot be attributed to them.

Whether the American nation is called upon to assist in the readjustment of world finance by foregoing its claim against its former allies is a matter for its own decision. Great Britain certainly will not even suggest that it should do so, however much she may feel that such a course would lead towards ex-President Wilson's ideal. That America, or at all events those who are presumed to speak for her, should blame France for complicating European settlements by insistence on reparations from enemies while herself insisting on the payment of debts from friends is a policy which somewhat bemuses the mind of the ordinary man.

The New York Times reviewing Lord Balfour's pronouncement editorially surmises that America is not in a mind to "forgive her debtors" although such a frame of mind may in time be developed. The forgiveness, should it come to pass, will, however, be on clearly understood terms, namely that the "Great original aims of America in lending the money" are secured. These aims were "sound finance in the countries it is desired to help, cutting down of armaments and, in a word, guaranteeing a lasting peace."

How far this statement echoes the opinion of the American

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people as a whole we cannot judge. We feel confident that the underlying sentiment is to show that America, whose material war burdens were insignificant, and whose losses in human life bore small proportionate relation to those of France, Great Britain, Russia and Canada, cannot be counted as failing in generosity when compared with countries whose economic, industrial and social systems have been jettisoned in an effort to save civilization.

One thing appears certain, that sound finance, disarmament, (in spirit as well as in munitions) and lasting peace cannot materialize until something like normal business conditions prevail in Europe. Normal business depends, in the main, on normal currency and that in it turns depends, so far as we can see, on forgiveness of debts. Great Britain is facing this position and is willing to take the only practical step towards a lasting solution of the problem.

That she will do so irrespective of the action of any of her late allies, or associates, we feel sure. Whether she will eventually benefit in material gains remains to be seen. That she will gain in the estimation of humanity we have no doubt.

THE DRAWN BATTLE WITH MOUNT EVEREST

Climbers of the British Expedition, assisted by oxygen and favorable weather, managed to reach a record height of 27,300 feet on Mount Everest, more than half a mile higher than men have ever sealed mountain heights before; and then came the monsoon, and the whole expedition was forced to retreat to a base far down the mountainside. Mountain climbing authorities, both in North America and England, who were only a short time ago so optimistic that the great peak would be conquered, now admit that the attempt will have to go over, for this year at least. The story of the final attempt which although it did not completely succeed, nevertheless represents a huge advance in mountaineering records, is told by George Finch, one of the two men who made the record climb, in a special cable dispatch copyrighted by the Philadelphia Public Ledger. With Captain Bruce, brother of the commander of the expedition, he set out on May 20 from Camp Three, located at an altitude of approximately 20,000 feet. They prepared oxygen apparatus with some difficulty, since, as he reports, "only one out of ten was fit to use, and it was only by stripping the remainder and reassembling the sound portions," that they managed to get masks that functioned properly and didn't leak. The latter part of the climb is thus described:

The plan of attack was to climb 1,500 feet above the camp (at 25,500 feet), there relieving Tejbir of his cylinders and sending him back to camp. After climbing a few hundred feet in the intense cold a fresh breeze began to affect Tejbir's sturdy constitution and he showed signs of wavering. All efforts to spur Tejbir were to no purpose, for he was quite played out and really unable to go farther, so by relieving him of four cylinders, we sent him back to camp to await our return.

Now it was our turn to taste the burden Tejbir had hitherto borne. Forty-eight pounds is never a joke to carry, whatever the altitude, and at 26,000 feet a decidedly cruel imposition. As climbing was easy we mutually consented to dispense with the rope, thus allowing each other more free movement. At 26,500 feet the ground was much steeper, the wind much fiercer and colder. While following the ridge we were climbing perfectly straightforward, but on these evil slabs greatest care was needed to avoid a slip. Our progress was not rapid but steady.

By midday the climbers reached a northwest shoulder and the summit point almost half-way between the of the mountain, the altitude being 27,300 feet. At this record altitude, Mr. Finch continues:

The wind, cold and far from abating, seemed bent upon doing its worst toward us. Bad weather also was clearly on the way, for huge banks of grayish rolling clouds filled the great valley at the head of the main Rongbuk Glacier, a fierce west wind driving them hard toward us. Only an occasional glimpse of the North Peak, 24,730 feet, through the mist clouds scurrying across the North Col, was possible. Gyachungking, 23,910 feet; Chouyo, 24,867 feet, and another mountain off there to the left were the only peaks or summits well above the cloud limit, which is easily over 25,000 feet. We could look across the former peaks to clouds on their far side, a fairly sure indication we were still above them.

We both felt the cold in our feet, which lost all sensation in a short time. We also were tired and our shoulders were aching with the weight of oxygen apparatus, which we had now carried five and a half hours. These circumstances added to the idea that by depositing two cylinders each on a ridge below the shoulder we should have a much finer chance of reaching the summit, but after a second attempt we decided to return. Arriving back at the ridge, which we struck somewhat above 26,500 feet, we dumped the four cylinders underneath a rock, making it by a small cairn. This time we were really in the midst of bad weather. Encountering the same old winds and mists, we decided to go back to camp,

rejoicing at the light loads we were at last permitted to carry.

We found Tejbir, well wrapped in our sleeping bags, really no worse for his outing. We heard the porters talking lower down the ridge and telling Tejbir to await their arrival. After replacing his two spent oxygen cylinders with fresh ones we started downward. We were tired, deplorably tired. Our knees did not seem under proper control, sometimes bending against our will, causing us to reel and stagger, and sometimes we had to sit down.

An almost insatiable craving for food and drink was about all that animated us to plod to the North Col camp. We were refreshed and started on the final stage of the day's journey to reach Camp Three, arriving there at 5:30 o'clock. From our highest point we had descended 6,000 feet when we were finished, and I doubt if either of us could have taken another step.

PLAYGROUNDS OF ONTARIO.

Nature, who ordained that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, also endowed him with a capacity for play. She further provided him with playgrounds wherein he might exercise that natural instinct. The Canadian National Grand Trunk Railways have issued a booklet that provides an introduction to some of Nature's finest playgrounds, set down in the Province of Ontario. In these vast playgrounds of Ontario, Nature is at her best. Ages ago, giant glaciers from the north carved out the beds of Ontario's rivers, lakes and valleys with prodigious profusion and in splendid disarray. To such an ideal setting for a summer sojourn, Nature has added yet one boon more, that of a perfect summer climate. The air is pure and bracing, laden with the scent of pine. A very brief sojourn in these delightful altitudes brings relief to those afflicted with hay fever. To all—old and young, the strong, the weak—this beautiful land, where summer lingers long with its cool nights and halcyon days, brings rest and vigor. A handsomely illustrated booklet entitled "Playgrounds of Ontario," may be had for the asking by applying to H. R. Charlton, General Advertising Agent, Grand Trunk Railways, Montreal.

THE REGION OF ROMANCE

The Lake of Bays is one of the scenic gems of the Dominion of Canada, which is so richly starred with lovely lakes. It has a shoreline indented in such a manner that it affords constant delight and surprises, and is designated as "the lake of a thousand bays." On sites overlooking these bays have been erected charming cottage homes with, here and there, hotels that are in keeping with their setting of wistful waters and brooding woods. To spend a summer vacation here is to be near to Nature in her most fascinating mood. An entire season may be spent in exploring the Lake of Bays and her sister lakes, and you may choose for your excursions, according to personal desire, canoe, sailing craft, motorboat or steamer. There is also the widest choice of vacation pastimes—bathing, golfing, fishing, boating, bowling, tennis, etc. Perfumed by millions of pines, invigorating breezes blow across these lakes, providing a real tonic that is "easy to take." The average altitude is about one thousand

feet above sea level. The Lake of Bays is reached through Huntsville on the Grand Trunk, 148 miles north of Toronto. A handsomely illustrated booklet telling you all about this lovely district sent free on application to H. R. Charlton, General Advertising Agent, Grand Trunk Railway System, Montreal, P.Q.

Terrors of the Next War.

"Aeroplanes are coming daily to carry greater weights, and this provides a means of distributing poisonous gases in appalling quantities," says Marshal Poch, in a preface to a book by a British major on chemistry and warfare.

The Marshal points out (says an exchange Paris message) that the intensive application of electricity,

chemistry, and other sciences to the art of war, has suddenly given rise to new factors, the importance and danger of which to the peace of the world can only increase with time.

There is a real menace for which it is urgently necessary to prepare at once. Aeroplanes are not only a possible means of distributing poisonous gases in appalling quantities, but also of dropping bombs of tremendous weight, and thus of attacking not merely armed forces, but centres of population behind the lines, and, in fact of rendering whole regions uninhabitable.

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