

THE CANADIAN FORWARD

To Our Contributors—

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No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

All contributions intended for insertion to be addressed to the address given below, and must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

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I've seen some nations like o'erloaded asses,
Kick off their burthens—meaning the high classes.

—Byron.



THE REVOLT IN RUSSIA.

It is impossible at the present moment to sum up the profit and loss account which is embodied in the synonym of "Political Revolt," but from our present vantage point we may be permitted to make a few deductions of our own. To say the least, we herald the liberation of political prisoners with joy much in the way that we awaken from a nightmare, to find that the demons and the terror of the hideous night have vanished forever.

This change is apparently more radical than we at first assumed, in so far as the new administration is determined to rid itself of the Romanoff regime—root and branch. Good! We now await the second chapter. Will the present forces continue in unity, or are the reactionary elements preparing for a counter revolution. The real question seems to be German rule versus revolution, not as viewed by the tenets of military ascendancy on the part of Germany, but the Prussian spirit that has ruled Russia for so many generations at such an enormous sacrifice in human life.

THE REVOLUTION OF THE THIRD ESTATE.

We join with our fellow-workers in Russia with gratitude in acknowledging that one of the greatest stumbling blocks to their progress has thus been removed, but perceive at the same time the limitations to which it is subjected. The composition of the new administration and the commendation of capitalist governments, particularly of the Lloyd George, Carson, and Milner sample, is sufficient to guarantee a future crop of trouble and a more important struggle ahead, although unfortunately more obscure in the first flush of constitutional victory.

The military element in the new administration is a horse of doubtful color, but we fully anticipate the greatest degree of co-operation between the Octobists and the Socialists, so far as the constitutional forms to be embodied immediate necessities are concerned, in the new order and the administration

of economic problems that vitally affect the wealthproducers at the present time. It will undoubtedly give a fillip to popular education as soon as its organization becomes stable and illiteracy will soon become a thing of the past so far as the Russian people are concerned. The Jews for the first time will be looked upon as political equals, and presuming its continuity we may look for the total elimination of Nihilism; with the extremists sobering down to constitutional methods of procedure.

The spirit of revolution is contagious. The situation viewed from this aspect presents almost undreamt of possibilities, and drawing our analogy from the war, we conclude that if the revolt develops beyond the national boundary lines, as some have suggested, it would in all probability envelop the rest of Europe. The immediate cause of the war would be entirely eliminated, and we should have Europe in revolt against her taskmasters, in which case the spoilers would have wished to have settled their little differences without an appeal to arms; for once started the hour of doom approaches "for the ruling class."

SAM GOMPERS ENDORSES INDUSTRIAL CONSCRIPTION—WITH A STRING TO IT.

The man who will accept such signal honours at the hands of Labor, and demonstrate his fidelity by supporting industrial conscription, can only be characterized as a perfidious scoundrel. No doubt the bankers and munition vendors smiled as they read the grateful news. The question we are led to ask is, Was Gompers conscious of the fate awaiting Tom Mooney, and the Senate's concurrence in the Adamson Law to legalize the compulsory settlement of strikes? If not, what inducement has been offered him to give official approval to a principle that is destructive of the very elementary principles for which we are organized? The principle of industrial conscription is the very antithesis of free contract, of which the editor of the Glasgow Forward says, reviewing the possibilities of this same principle in Britain:—

"We know the purpose for which in-

dustrial conscription has been designed; we can see in advance the fruits of it; and we know that, however much the prospect of having army discipline in the workshops may please a certain class of profiteers—the political retribution that will be meted out to the designers of this thing will be sharp, salutary, and permanent. He goes to show how thousands of honest people are dragged away from home and dependents compelled to perform tasks to which they are totally unsuited, concluding his wonderful arraignment by a quotation from Burns:

"Scots wha by the rich are bled,
An' wi' the Heralds lees are fed,
Until they by the nose are led
Tae chains and slaverie."

We fail to see that Mr. Gompers' attitude will save the members of the A. F. of L., from this hell, or help them to that position in society which as the producers of all wealth they have a right to occupy.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF SOCIAL-DEMOCRACY

N.B.—This is No. 10 of a series of passages culled from the works of the world's greatest sociological writers. In their final form these articles will make a worth-while anthology of Social-Democracy.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

I felt lonely and sick at heart past the power of words to describe. I hung about a minute longer, and then turned and went out of the porch again and through the lime avenue into the road, while the blackbirds sang their strongest from the bushes about me in the hot June evening.

Once more without any conscious effort of will I set my face toward the old house by the ford, but as I turned round the corner which led to the remains of the village cross, I came upon a figure strangely contrasting with the joyous, beautiful people I had left behind in the church. It was a man who looked old, but whom I knew from habit, now half forgotten, was really not much more than fifty. His face was rugged and grimed rather than dirty, his eyes dull and bleared, his body bent, his calves thin and spindly, his feet dragging and limping. His clothing was a mixture of dirt and rags, long over-familiar to me. As I passed him he touched his hat with some real good-will and courtesy, and much servility.

Inexpressibly shocked, I hurried past him and hastened along the road that led to the river and the lower end of the village, but suddenly I saw as it were a black cloud rolling along to meet me, like a nightmare of my childish days, and whether I was walking, or sitting, or lying down, I could not tell.

I lay in my bed in my house at dingy Hammersmith thinking about it all, and trying to consider if I was overwhelmed with despair at finding I had been dreaming a dream, and strange to say, I found that I was not so despairing.

Or indeed was it a dream? If so, why was I so conscious all along that I was really seeing all that new life from the outside, still wrapped up in the prejudices, the anxieties, the distrust of this time of doubt and struggle?

All along, though those friends were so real to me, I had been feeling as if I had no business amongst them, as though the time would come when they would reject me, and say, as Ellen's last mournful look seemed to say: "No, it will not do, you cannot be of us; you belong entirely to the unhappiness of the past that our happiness even would weary you. Go back again, now you have seen us, and your outward eyes have learned that in spite of all the infallible maxims of your day there is yet

a time of rest in store for the world, when mastery has changed into fellowship—but not before. Go back again, then, and while you live you will see all round you people engaged in making others live lives which are not their own, while they themselves care nothing for their own real lives—men who hate life though they fear death. Go back and be the happier for having seen us, for having added a little hope to your struggle. Go on living while you may, striving with whatsoever pain and labor needs must be to build up little by little the new day of fellowship, and rest, and happiness."

Yes, surely, and if others can see it as I have seen it, then it may be called a vision rather than a dream.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TRADE UNION NOTES

(Continued on page three.)

demand by them, have throughout the nation, voluntarily increased the pay of their employees. It follows just as sure as daylight follows darkness when a change in our condition comes, with less employment for labor, the present high wages will have to be reduced.

You cannot legislate value to the services of an inefficient laborer without doing his employer and an efficient laborer in the same line a great injustice. At present the attitude of organized labor is by no means reassuring. Its recent denunciation of the decisions of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts that labor is a commodity and its threats to strike if the Adamson Bill is declared unconstitutional are as much acts of rebellion against our government as was the firing upon Fort Sumpter!

The President's recommendation that legislation be immediately passed enforcing compulsory arbitration before a general strike can be declared is being denounced by the labor leaders as vigorously as they praised the passage of the Adamson Bill. That bill, however, is now pronounced a failure by everybody, including the labor leaders who are, exceedingly anxious to have it repealed."

DEMOCRACY AS SHE IS SPOKE "IN OTTAWA"

Trade unionist is fired by the Devlin Fur Company because he told some of the boys that fifty-eight hours per week was too long for an Irishman to work.

The interesting dialogue followed:

Manager—One of my men tells me that you are looking over the field in order to organize my employees.

Pat—You could surely blame me for looking over your field; I have none of my own to look over.

Manager—I had word from Toronto two days after you started here that you were active in the union movement, and was advised to keep my eye on you.

Pat—Sure, it is I am a trade unionist, and not ashamed of the fact. I claim that every man has a right to join an organization if he has sufficient intelligence, and also the right to live; but at fifty-eight hours per week you only grant him the right to commit suicide.

Manager—I will not have agitators about my workshop. You are a Socialist; get out at once; you would injure my business.

The foregoing is vouched for by my informant. He also informs me that taking the year round, the furriers in Ottawa work two months more in the year than they do in Toronto, where they have a union to protect them. The question my young friend now wants answered is, in his own words:

Why the hell should I go to fight the Germans, the Turks, or my own countrymen in Ireland? Perhaps some of our enlightened readers will instruct him about the "Prussians in our midst."