

recent printers' strike, as the publication of the previous issue was held up by it at the last moment. That strike, like some others, seemed to provide a good argument for arbitration.

So far as the men in the job press departments were concerned, it seems that they held that they had a good case. While the wages paid them were lower than those given in the newspaper press department, the job pressmen claimed their work required more experience and skill than are needed for the other work. From \$29.50 to \$34.50 per week seems a substantial increase, even for these abnormal times.

Whatever the pros and cons for each side, it must be said that the sudden stoppage of work reflected unhappily on all concerned in it. The masters accused the men of breaking an agreement, the men accused the masters of not giving them a direct answer, and it was also alleged that an endeavour among certain masters or business managers to form or

maintain a "price-fixing ring" had a bearing on the trouble.

Any such attempt by masters to keep up prices by having a central authority or agent to whom estimates (given as independent) are reported, so that the same figure may be given by each firm to the customer, is as objectionable on the part of employers as the demanding by employees of an equal wage for all men, regardless of their individual training, experience or working capacity. Whatever advantages may be claimed for such courses, they do not allow for individual initiative.

Publishers who have ideals seek to put all they can into their service, but often find themselves handicapped by the high cost of printing. In the circumstances, no prophet is needed to predict that if unreasonable rates are asked for printing work, publishers of periodicals may be compelled in self-protection to organize a "Union" Printing and Publishing House.

THE GOLDEN ROAD TO NOWHERE

By Robert Watson, Vernon, author of "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman"

Oh! for the chance to roam again
Over the road to Nowhere:
Down the village and through the lane,
Up the hill and across the plain;
Out in the sunshine, out in the rain,
Catching the breeze from the salted main;
Joyous youth and the glad refrain:
Off and away to Nowhere.

Nothing of sorrow or time knew we,
There on the road to Nowhere:
Blossomed the hedgerow, blossomed the tree;
Hearts were merry, and light, and free,
Happy the laughter of you and me.
Ah! it was life as it ought to be,
And little we dreamed of a weird to dree
While on the road to Nowhere.

Where are the friends that you and I
Met on the road to Nowhere?
Heedless of love and kindred tie
Some with their broken idols lie;
Some still long with an aching sigh;
Bravest and best in Flanders die.
All are gone with the days gone by;
Gone—like the road to Nowhere.