

Labor Produces  
All Wealth  
Unto Labor It  
Should Belong

# THE CANADIAN FORWARD

"WORKERS OF  
WORLD UNITE"  
YOU HAVE NOTHING  
TO LOOSE BUT  
CHAINS, AND A  
WORLD TO GAIN.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY

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"WITHOUT LIBERTY OF SPEECH, ALL THE OUTWARD FORMS AND STRUCTURE OF FREE INSTITUTIONS ARE A SHAM-A PRETENSE--THE SHEEREST MOCKERY. IF SPEECH IS NOT INDEPENDENT AND UNTRAMMELED; IF THE MIND IS SHACKLED OR MADE IMPOTENT THROUGH FEAR, IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE UNDER WHAT FORM OF GOVERNMENT YOU LIVE, YOU ARE A SUBJECT AND NOT A CITIZEN." ---Senator Borah, U. S. Senator.

## CAPITALIST MILITARIST

There is a profound similarity in their attitude of mind towards their fellowmen between the capitalistic exploiter and the militarist. To both, the mass of men are merely tools for the achievement of their purposes. In both there is the same fundamentally undemocratic outlook. Even when they show concern for the welfare of the men constituting the mass, they do it, not out of regard for the individual welfare and happiness of the men as an end in itself, but to the end that the men may become more efficient tools or may be prevented from becoming broken and useless tools.

The capitalist regards those who work for him simply as his "hands". The militarist--no matter how much pomp and ceremony may seem to hide the fact--regards those who fight for him simply as cannon fodder.

I take, as an example of this general attitude to men, recent references to the birth rate. It is not difficult to discern, peeping out here and there in relation to this matter, the implicit valuation of men as cannon fodder. Sometimes the essentially disgusting view that a higher birth rate is necessary for the sake of military strength and in order to repair the "wastage" occasioned by the war is proclaimed somewhat apologetically; and those proclaiming it, not untirely unconscious of its disgusting quality, stress rather the need for better births and for better nurture. Sometimes it is proclaimed unshamedly, as in the recent decision given by five United States judges restraining the exhibition of Margaret Sanger's birth control film. The judges said "that, in view of the pending war, a plan to limit birth control (presumably the judges mean "to limit births") should not be part of amusement, recreation, or entertainment in the metropolis." The commissioner of licenses, the judges declared, "would in time of war be authorized, and it would be his duty to prevent any exhibition at a licensed theatre that might be to the prejudice of the nation or state."

### MORAL DEGENERACY

Again, just as in the matter of securing more and better births, even those who would most sincerely protest a moral and humanitarian concern with the subject are perhaps not entirely innocent of the militaristic attitude of mind, and are certainly associated with some who are quite definitely militaristic, so, in much of the prevailing concern with venereal disease, militaristic motives are associated with motives that are humanitarian.

Much is being proclaimed as to the necessity of guarding the morals of the soldiers, but it is not difficult to recognize in it the militaristic attitude. The "morals" of the soldiers are not to be protected for the men's own sake, but in order that the men's efficiency as soldiers shall not be prejudiced. More and better births are not wanted in order that there may be more and finer joy in human life, but, implicitly, in order that the "kannonenfutter" may be sufficiently plentiful and effective.

The whole position of those whose solicitude to stem the advance of the "hidden plague" is joined with approval of war and military training is contradictory. For they are approving the most fertile source of the very evil which they are pretending to combat. At the best, they are doing no more than directing their attention to symptoms.

When you divest men of their individual responsibility and turn them into soldiers; when, to employ the phraseology of George Crile, a surgeon with the American ambulance in France) you place men in circumstances calculated to call forth from "the cultivated men of to-day . . . the beast of the phylogenetic yesterday," you inevitably generate a spirit of recklessness; of "eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we may die"; and you must expect a crop of animality, venereal disease, and sexual perversion.

"The greatest evil to society (of camp life)" says Dr. J. M. Exner of New York, in a report on the United States camps on the Mexican Border, "results from shattered ideals, lowered standards, sexualized minds and perverted practices which are brought into home life by these men who represent in large measure the cream of the young manhood of the nation."

The magnitude of the danger which this particular "fault" of war is bringing to men and women, both of to-day and of the future, should not be glossed over. It has been officially admitted in the British House of Commons that the percentage incidence of venereal disease in the British Army during the war has been as high as it was in the army prior to the war. The significance of this can be grasped when it is recalled that the rate in the small professional army prior to the war was notoriously higher than the rate in the general population. If the rate in the present army of five or six millions is as high as the rate in the old army, there must have been a tremendous increase of venereal dis-

ease in the British Empire. That there has been such an increase is generally recognized. In a series of articles on venereal disease which appeared in the New York "Evening Post" in July, we learn that it is "a matter of history that at one time the British had more men disabled from venereal infection than from injuries received in the firing line."

Imagine what this condition of affairs implies. Thousands of youths who would otherwise retain their decency and self-respect become mentally and physically debased and debauched; thousands of husbands will have indulged in conduct that will irreplaceably have drawn an element of sweetness from their future marital relations; thousands of men will have become infected with venereal disease and will spread it among the population; wives will suffer and, most lamentable result of all--babies still to be born will suffer from hereditary syphilis and other consequences of this time. One result of the war will be a wholesale poisoning of healthy stock; the fruit of war will be brought to wives and children throughout the Empire in the shape of the poisons of syphilis and gonorrhoea; and the task of building up a physically healthy and morally wholesome race will have been made more difficult than before.

It was officially stated recently that during the first five months of the present year 6,000 new cases of syphilis were treated in the London clinics alone, and that 1,000 were treated in a single large provincial town. So serious is the menace now seen to be that, I gather, soldiers arriving from France are in some cases quarantined for venereal disease at ports on the south coast of England. A similar story comes from Germany. Between 1914 and 1916 the number of cases of venereal disease in women in the large cities increased tenfold. Dr. Mr. J. Exner, speaking at the New York Hygiene Society a week or two ago, said that from 10 to 30 per cent. of the European soldiers are affected by venereal diseases.

### THE LAW OF NECESSITY

The general attitude of the military machine to the human "material" which it employs is revealed clearly enough in the evidence which has recently been put before the Select Committee of the British House of Commons to enquire into army recruiting. Numerous scandalous instances of men in advanced stages of disease having been passed and having died almost as soon as put into the army or having spent the whole of their army life in hospital have been brought to light. Surgeon-General Bedford, who appeared to disapprove of the way in which things had been conducted, said: "Men almost totally blind, deformed, and of doubtful intellect; men almost unable to stand" have been taken into the army. It came to light that the War Office issued a notice

that fewer men must be rejected and saying: "Every man who can earn a living in civil life can do something in the army."

The weaklings may, of course, owe their weakness to our present-day system of democracy. But can it be denied that the world will be safer for democracy--better able to bear it, if they are eliminated?

Judge Mellor, the chairman of an appeal tribunal, giving evidence before the committee just mentioned, said that the men who came before him from one examining board had received no proper examination at all. I gather that there had been a certain amount of discontent among some of the British conscripts at having been compelled to live, under the close conditions of army life, alongside the syphilitics. Judge Mellor mentioned that several cases came before him of syphilitics who had been passed for the army. "The military do not seem to mind," he said; whereupon one of the committee pointed out that the War Office had issued specific instructions that syphilitics were to be accepted into the army.

Cannon fodder! Cannon fodder!

Militarism and military organization and the democratic spirit are mutually exclusive.

G. Stafford Whitby.

### TO THE WOMEN CRUSADERS

Comrades! Take courage. Our hearts are all sore because of the sufferings of the poor boys away at war, and of the brave upholders of the white standard of peace and freedom. But let us look up, there is so much to encourage us as we hear what the women of other lands are doing to-day.

The movement among women is increasing every day.

The women of the United States are very courageous. The news comes from Los Angeles of a "Women's League for the Extermination of War," spreading to other cities along the Pacific Coast.

From all parts of Australia, Great Britain and Canada the news continues to be very gladdening.

The alarming report of the arrest of Mr. Bainbridge came just the day before a meeting of the Rainy River Educational League was to be held at my home. I read the account, and passed around the paper, and there was a unanimous desire to send protests to the Prime Minister and the Minister of Justice asking for his immediate release, and demanding the restoration of free speech. This was done.

At the time of writing I am unaware of the turn events have taken, but I have never been so proud of being a writer for any paper as for "The Canadian Forward," whose editor takes the leading piece for truth and fearlessness in the whole Dominion in this

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## WHAT OTHERS ARE THINKING

AN OPEN LETTER TO E. D. MOREL  
(From J. Ramsay Macdonald.)

My Dear Morel,

Honors do not always come in by the same door or upon the same parchment. Sometimes their badge is "a purple ribbon worn over the right shoulder with a silver medal of the size of a shilling hanging in the region of the left trouser pocket," sometimes it is "a broad arrow stamped in tarry material on a suit of white canvas." But whichever it is, the gentleman holds it in small concern, knowing that both honor and dishonor belong to the essence of thing and not to their wrappings. But whilst the world demands its labels, under the impression that it would otherwise make mistakes and be unable to distinguish worth from vulgarity, a rich mind from a full pocket, a fool from a genius, discriminating people will often put the broad arrow in the forefront of all distinctions.

The Knighthood of the Broad Arrow is both ancient and noble. If it had a chapel, with banners and coats of arms and a register of names, its membership would be so rich in men whom time has honored and for whom history is a shrine that such baubles as the Garter and the Thistle would be treated by this knighthood with a condescending patronage.

In congratulating you on your honors, I am breaking a rule which I have rigidly observed for a long time. But my congratulations are really two-fold. You have been attacked with an unscrupulous malignity which has outraged the world of decency as much as any frightfulness in this war has outraged the world of humane feeling. You have been a sore offence to every blackguard who has been making holiday and cash upon the top of the wave of popular passion and credulity. They knew they could go to any length in their attacks and slanders. During a war, thrice is he armed who has prejudice on his side. I know how often you considered a prosecution and how often you were advised to treat the scoundrels with indifference. I also know how the Intelligence Department has been laying snares for you; how you and I once shared the charming smiles of an agent provocateur, paid for from our own taxes, and how the poor thing whom we pitied came to grief when she found she could not ensnare us; how your letters have been opened, read, returned to their envelopes, and then delivered; how officers have tampered with your staff and offered them appointments if they would give information against you; how, in short, you have been living in a glass house for years where there has been no privacy, with every action spied upon and reported, and running the risk that your most innocent and ordinary conduct might be converted and perverted into a criminal one. You have come scathless out of it all—and you have been trapped because you wished to send a pamphlet to Romain Rolland and some of his friends! Sneered at as a naturalized Frenchman you are now in prison because you obeyed the instincts of an Englishman and not the regulation of a Prussian official. That is the best that a Government with unlimited cash to employ spies and agents, unlimited powers and no scruples to pry into every act of yours, and an unlimited desire to get hold of you, could do against you. Such a charge as that preferred against you is, under the circumstances, the most magnificent testimonial to probity, honesty, and single-mindedness that any Government has ever given to a citizen who holds liberty in greater esteem than law, and independence of thought in greater value than departmental

orders, who honors the fine motives that are making our soldiers willing to die so much that he is determined to vindicate them against all the powers and principalities which range themselves against them.

The reason for your imprisonment reminds me of the traditional French sportsman. He starts in the morning in spick-and-span hunter's garb, a bag bulging with cartridges on his back and a prodigious gun on his shoulder. That is the Government. All day he blazes away turning sparrows into eagles in his imagination, and succeeding by sunset to knock over nothing but himself. But he cannot return to supper and glory in the bosom of his family without some prey, so he 'shoo's' a chicken into the corner of a farm yard and puts a bullet through its head. With that he returns in triumph. That was the skinny little thing that the Bow Street Attorney, under the admiring eye of the Public Prosecutor, produced as your crime from the bag of the Intelligence Department of the War Office, the livery of which has so appropriately and with such unusual honesty been chosen as green.

You are serving six months in Pentonville. Before being condemned you were refused bail. That was the scourging and the spitting process. Though your crime was political you were sent to the second division. They had to try and insult and humiliate as well as punish you. Thus they have only secured the completeness of your triumph and opened for you the higher orders of the knighthood they have conferred upon you.

The highest service that adversity does to a man is to sift his friends for him. The Congo was the crime of another ruler, and we could apply morality and righteous indignation to that. In that the Church blessed you and the mighty ones patronized you. But even then you discovered our Foreign Office. Now you are fighting a different fight, and I know how surprised you were at first that what was so plain to your Congo principles was so deserted by your Congo colleagues. You were very innocent of the world then. You will remember, perhaps, what a friend said to us one night three years ago: "I opposed one war, and I am not going to oppose another." With you the opposing of war was an incident; the supporting of truth was the concern. You were troubled, I thought, when I remarked of friends that "they will be fewer yet," and you left me without a reply when you observed that it was our families who bore the brunt of these things. That is only too sadly true. The children suffer with the fathers and for them. Never mind! The day will come when your Pentonville papers, framed and displayed with pride, will be valued by your children and your children's children as the most precious heirloom that your uprightness in character and conduct has enabled you to hand down to them.—Yours, etc., J. Ramsay Macdonald.—Labor Leader.

### IF CHRIST ARRIVE IN 1917.

The editor of Mesaba Ore printed in Hebbing, Minn., comes to the rather logical conclusion that this year would not be a good one for Christ to come back to earth. Equally logical is his conclusion that "He would have one hell of a time—and likely land in jail on top of that."

He certainly would, especially if some of the preachers and his proclaimed followers discovered the kind of stuff he was preaching and that he was associating with publicans and sinners like the Social Democrats.

The following paragraph will enable you to understand why the capitalists

of all lands hate Socialists and fear their propaganda:

All previous historical movements were movements of minorities, or in the interest of minorities. The proletarian movement is the self-conscious, independent movement of the immense majority. The proletariat, the lowest stratum of our present society, cannot stir, cannot raise itself up, without the whole superincumbent strata of official society being sprung into the air.—Karl Marx.

### LA FOLLETTE

(By Mark Sullivan, in Collier's.)

Senator La Follette is what folks often call "a trying person." Last March and April he put himself in the forefront of public attention by a stubborn and spectacular effort to prevent our entrance into the war—a performance which flooded the press with execrations of him. Thereupon he retired from public view, passing four months with only infrequent participation in the debates. Now he emerges, and it turns out that he has been busy framing a tax measure which takes no account of the bills prepared by the committees, a piece of pioneering work which commands the respect even of the persons who, politically, do not like him. Senator Lodge of Massachusetts said of it:

"The Senator from Wisconsin (Mr. La Follette) has a bill on a different system from ours—a coherent system, but a different theory. I do not agree with the theory, but there is no doubt that it is a coherent and intelligent system of raising revenue."

It would be difficult to exaggerate the amount of devoted application of midnight oil involved in this self-imposed task. On the part of Senator La Follette it is characteristic. His career has been divided between performances which can only be described as capricious obstinacy, and the successful performance of unique tasks, the solving of new problems born of changed economic conditions, which could only be done through high intelligence, intense application, and real courage. Taking his more than thirty years of participation in public affairs as a whole, the balance is on the credit side.

Senator La Follette's tax bill drops all that long and complex business of imports on coffee, tea and other subjects of general consumption which formed the bulk of the bill originally written by the Ways and Means Committee; he ignores that committee's arbitrary and unintelligent dip into an increased tariff of 10 per cent. on imports. He makes no change in existing taxes except to increase those on incomes and liquors. He faces the business of paying for a war as a new problem. He proposes to pay it, logically, chiefly out of the excess profits made by those who make and sell war supplies. It may well turn out that no man in Congress will have made so useful a contribution to the conduct of the war as the one who most stubbornly resisted our entering it. Probably the ultimate form of the Revenue Bill will be some variation of Senator La Follette's idea. In any event, the Ways and Means Committee is now utterly discredited.

### MR. DOOLEY ON CAPITAL AND LABOR

It was different when I was a young man, Himmissy. Capital was like a father to Labor, givin' it its board an' logins. In them golden days a wurukin man was an honest artysan. That's what he was proud to be called. The week befor illiction he had his pitcher in the funny papers. He had his arr'b ar'ound Capital—a rosy, binivolent ol' guy with a plug hat and eye-glasses. They were going to the polls together to vote for simple ol' Capital.

"In return fr' fidelity he got a turkey ivry year. At Christmas time Capital gathered his happy family round him, an', in the prisence iv the ladies iv the neighborhood, gave them an oration. 'Me brave lads,' says he, 'we've had a good year. (Cheers.) I have made a millyun profit. (Sensation.) Ye have done so well that we don't need so many. (Long and continyous cheerin'). Those who can do two mins wurruk will remain, an', if possible, do four. The old faithful sarvints,' he says, 'can come back in the Spring.' An' the bold artysans tossed their paper caps in the air an' give three cheers fr' Capital. They wurruked till ol' age crept on them, an' then retired to live on the wishbones an' kind wurruuds they had accumulated."

—Social Revolution.

### SONG OF THE PRISONER

A dirge for Socialists, truth-seekers and editors who dare to criticize the existing state of anarchy and chaos. Oh, yes, I'm guilty right enough; It ain't no use to throw a bluff, An' yet I guess society Kin share the guilt along with me. I ain't the sort to weep and whine— But say, wot chance, wot chance was mine?

Born in a dirty, reeking slum, Where decent sunlight never comes, An' starved for food and starved for air Through all my years of boyhood there;

But even then I might 'uv been Reformed to be some use to men, If e'ry time I left the trail They hadn't jammed me into jail, Where thieves and all that rotten crew Would teach me worse than all I knew. Oh, yes, I'm guilty, that is clear, But e'ry guy who's listenin' here, An' all you swells and goody folks Who sniffs at me, and all such blokes, Is guilty, too, along with me, An' will be, till the world is free Of stinkin' slums and rotten holes That poisons people's hearts and souls, An' cheats them from their very birth From any decent chance on earth. I ain't the kind to weep and whine— But say, wot chance, wot chance was mine?

(Unknown.)

—Social Revolution.

### GENUINE TEARS

Le Matin, Figaro, and Petit Journal (all Capitalist) are proved by documents in the archives of the ex-Tsar to have been regularly supplied with cash, doubtless for the purpose of boosting the Franco-Prussian alliance and the loans of French money to Russia. The tears of these great papers at the success of the Russian Revolution are unmistakably genuine.

—Forward, Glasgow.

### STOP PRESS NEWS

#### Bainbridge Trial Result.

Charge 1. Circulating literature with the intent to prevent recruiting—"Charge withdrawn," no argument. Charge 2. Circulating a seditious libel. Not heard. Carried over to the assize court. Trial may take place next week, or may be laid over until January, 1918. I don't mind if they lay it over until next century.

Bainbridge.

Don't be downhearted, comrades, about the conditions of the progressive and revolutionary movement in our little Canadian Parish. Take a long and broad look across the continents and you will see Socialism coming so fast it will make you dizzy.

Hustle up a few new subscribers for the Canadian Forward.

Order a bundle of Forwards for distribution in your locality.

# ITEMS OF NEWS FROM ALL PARTS

## TAKE PREACHER'S ADVICE FAR TOO LITERALLY

Copenhagen, June 6.—According to the "Stargarder Zeitung," the local preacher of Tischendorf in Saxe Weimar, Germany, in the course of a sermon exhorted his parishioners to practice the utmost economy in regard to foodstuffs and quoted the famous imperial dictum, "We must persevere," urging the congregation to act accordingly.

The following night the pastor's house was robbed of a dozen hams and a quantity of bacon stolen. A placard was nailed to the door inscribed "We shall now be able to persevere."

## MILITANT WOMAN

So here's to the new era of Militancy—"Hold, ye faint-hearted! Ye are not alone!

Into your worn-out ranks of weary men

Come mighty reinforcements, even now!

Look where the dawn is kindling in the East

Brave with the glory of the better day, A countless host; an endless host all fresh

With unstained banners and unsullied shields

With shining swords that point to victory

And great young hearts that know not how to fear

The women come to save the weary world."

## COMPETITIVE ANNIHILATION

The more efficient organization of war has only served more completely to reveal an indescribable maleficence. A populous industrialized nation in arms can hardly be defeated until its able bodied men have been so far killed that they are insufficient to protect its frontiers. In order to save the indispensable soldiers the utmost exertions and ingenuity are spent to obtain some superiority in weapons and materials. The whole civil population devotes its energy to the manufacture of equipment, ammunition and guns which are created only to be destroyed; and in the case of the present war an equally effective process of destruction at sea is being added to the destruction on land.

On both sides the technique of annihilation inexorably overtakes and surpasses the technique of production. The furnace of the war is steadily consuming large quantities of material and large numbers of men; and at the same time the chances of a decision are fading away. It is becoming less probable that the prolongation and the intensification of work of annihilation will enable either of the adversaries to impose its will upon the enemy.

—The New Republic.

## SHOWING WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS

It does not require exceptionally keen powers of discernment to know that outside of Russia, there is not a government on earth that is not at present as essentially undemocratic and in every sense as unscrupulously autocratic and tyrannical as was that of Germany at the time of the present outbreak. Russia may be exempted from the indictment, not because the government of that country is any different from that of the rest, but because Russia really is just now a country without a government. The very fact of rulers and their spokesmen and attorneys sitting up nights in order to make the welkin continuously ring with asseverations of their in-

tense love for democracy and their hatred of all that is autocratic and Prussian, manifestly puts them in the class of those who "do protest too much," so much so in fact as to afford ample warrant for very grave doubt of their bona fides, but not of their hypocrisy.—B. C. Federationist.

## LAW AND OTHERWISE

Law being the edict of one man or set of men and aimed at another or others, why should it be the duty of those at whom the law is aimed, to obey it? Of course, if every sucker on earth can be doped into the belief that the law is something sacred, and which it is his divine mission and bounden duty to scrupulously obey, those who live by working, suckers, have little or no cause to complain. It might be permissible to mention that all progress has been measured by the repudiation and violation of law. The purpose of all man-made law is to prevent progress, rather than to speed it along. It sometimes seems to us that it is the supreme duty of every one fit to be called a man, to persistently refuse to obey any and all law that rulers and other thieves and robbers may negotiate. Was it Thomas Jefferson who said that "they are best governed who are governed least"? Is there any merit in such a contention? It is up to the reader to determine.

—B. C. Federationist.

## NO WORDS WASTED BY G. B. S.

George Bernard Shaw, though he writes lengthy prefaces, can be brief when occasion requires. The New Age, a well-known London sociological publication, has sent a questionnaire around to the ablest men in the kingdom, asking their opinion of "Industrial Reconstruction" after the war. The answers—60 of them—already have appeared in book form. The questions were as follows:

1. What in your opinion will be the industrial situation after the war as regards (a) labor; (b) capital; (c) the nation as a single commercial entity?

2. What is your view of the best policy to be pursued by (a) labor; (b) capital; (c) the state?

This is what Shaw answered:

"1. (a) (b) (c) Chaos, as usual.

"2. (a) (b) (c) SOCIALISM.

"G. Bernard Shaw."

And if Shaw had been asked his opinion about the "only" policy possible, as well as the "best" one, he would have made the same reply, we are practically certain.

Chaos, first; the death flurry of capitalism. Then Socialism, to bring order out of chaos. Shaw is a prophet who speaks short and to the point. But, then, he knows.—N. Y. Call.

## THE FLOOD TIDE

New York, Oct. 20, 1917.

This city, always prompt to respond to political agitation, is in the whirl of a municipal campaign such as it has never witnessed before. Stung with the goad of fast rising prices for food, and eager for peace, the immense body of the working people, who cast the "silent vote" that is always a source of anxiety to the politician, are drifting in a solid mass to the Socialist party.

Straw votes taken in shops and in the thickly populated districts show Socialist majorities that stagger the Republican and Democratic leaders, and give promise of an avalanche for Morris Hillquit, the Socialist nominee, on election day, November 6th.

A poll of the jewelry workers, for example, taken by the New York Her-

ald, a Fusion organ, showed 398 votes for Hillquit out of a total of 494, with 47 for Hylan, the Tammany nominee, and 39 for Mitchel, the present mayor, candidate for renomination on the Fusion ticket. It is indicative of the swing to the Socialist side that the same group cast only 73 Socialist votes in the last mayoralty election.

The street meetings of the Socialists are attended by crowds numbering as many as eight and ten thousand persons, while their opponents can scarcely gather a corporal's guard. Hillquit's first appearance on the East Side in the present campaign was the occasion of a demonstration that reached the proportions of a triumphal march.

The live issues of the campaign are the war and high prices, with the infringement of the freedom of the press a close third, since the Russian, Hungarian and German Socialist dailies were deprived of their mailing privilege, and the great Jewish and English Socialist dailies, the Forward and the Call, threatened with similar punishment.

A meeting held in Madison Square Garden, Oct. 14, to protest against the expression of the last-named paper broke all records, with an attendance of 15,000, and at least 20,000 more turned away. In one week alone the circulation of the paper leaped 20,000, thanks to the Government attack.

All readers desiring to assist financially are requested to make remittances payable to Eugene L. Cohen, No. 7 East 15th St., New York.

## A "V.C.'S" Wife to the War Office.

Our readers will appreciate the tragic humor of the following open letter sent to the British War Office in reply to a regimental paymaster's memorandum.

Re 48034, Bristol, Pte. T. H. Higgins.

Madam,—as your husband refuses to sign the necessary army form to enable separation allowance to be issued to you, will you please forward the two birth certificates to this office, so that separation allowance may be issued to you in respect of your children. Whilst separation allowance is not admissible to you in respect of yourself owing to your husband having refused to sign A.F.D. 4181B, the regulations permit allowance to be issued to you in respect of your children only. Will you, therefore, please forward these birth certificates as soon as possible.

C. Hewlett, Lt.-Col.

8 Lyndale Rd., Whitehall, Bristol. To Regimental Paymaster, Warwick.

Sir,—in reply to yours of the 17th re "Children's Allowances," I beg you to wait until I ask before offering me allowances paid by the War Office for my children.

I know no such man as Pte. T. H. Higgins. My husband is Mr. Thomas Henry Higgins, aged 41 years, going bald-headed, having put in 30 years for industrialism.

When we were married I well remember these words being read: "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." I always have had an aversion to soldiers, and it's impossible for you to make me the wife of one now. Governments can rob us of our husbands, but they can't force us to bring more children into this country under conscription, so I reckon that they and I will be quits.

The dear children I already have I will work for, independent of "military pay," and in spite of my being a chronic dyspeptic for 15 years.—Yours faithfully,

Mrs. Higgins

(A very conscientious objector.)

—Labor Leader.

Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Austen Chamberlain both voted against Women's Suffrage in any form.

## HILLQUIT TELLS THE TRUTH

The truth was so strong that the New York Call, which gave publicity, had to show cause why it should not be banned. The speech as follows:

"In this great process of regeneration, we, the workers and Socialists of America, must and will play our part. For, notwithstanding the protestations of all our self-styled 'patriots' in our press and on our public platforms, the people of America, alike with the people of the whole world, want peace.

"The Socialist party is the only party that has the courage to voice this demand, this hope, this desire. As the spokesman of the great working class that is being bled to death in this war, we are opposed to war, to killing off the flower of our young manhood. We are opposed to the straining of our resources in pursuit of an unintelligible, un-understandable, bewildering kind of 'democracy'—a democracy that has the support of those classes who have robbed and despoiled the American people—a democracy which begins with suppressing our liberty of press and speech and assemblage, and the stifling of legitimate criticism at home.

"We say to the powers that be, to the ruling classes: 'Not war, dear bread and terrorism at home, but Socialism and social justice can make the world safe for democracy.'"

(Continued from page one.)

great struggle against militarism.

Suppression is the order of the day. But suppression of a great and true cause has here led to the growth and development—so once more "Take Courage."

I was in Winnipeg recently and was much gladdened by what I saw there. Many indeed are ready to stand for freedom and to uphold the cause of humanity at all costs. From my brother in prison comes a message: "The power to compel does not exist, and a State of a society which endeavors to suppress the determination of an honorable man, though it lead to the purpose every available material resource, must inevitably yield before the unquestionable supremacy of the individual soul. Moreover, and this is a comforting reflection, the one who feels this sense of power—this ascendancy within himself—can regard his immediate circumstances with perfect equanimity and can await further developments with the utmost confidence, and his material 'deliverance' with a patience absolutely tireless." That is a message of a brave young soul who has already spent 17 months in prison for the "crime" of refusing to murder his fellow-creatures in this war for "Freedom." I am trying to answer all the letters that are coming now so fast.

The copy for leaflets is in the hands of the printers, and I hope soon to send a supply to every one who has written to me. I desire to thank W. E. Pierce for a lovely booklet poem, "The Only Way." There is no address given or I would write.

Let us bear up, dear friends. War and its offspring, Militarism, are the deadly foes of all workers—and doubly are they foes of womanhood.

Degradation of all that is sacred follows the wake of every war.

Let us arise and bravely fight, with the bloodless weapons of love, faith, and humanity. I have two suggestions to-day that I give for your consideration: First, that we boycott all capitalist jingo newspapers. (That suggestion came from a lady in the U. S.) Second, that we rise and quietly leave every religious service where war is preached in the name of Christ, as a protest against the blasphemy.

Please write to me, all who will help.

(Mrs.) Gertrude Richardson,

Swan River, Manitoba,

Canada.

# THE INTERNATIONAL

## BELGIAN SOCIALISTS FOR STOCKHOLM

### "Ramsay MacDonald Is Right."

An interesting sidelight on the manifesto issued last week-end by the leaders of the pro-war sections of Belgian Socialists is to be found in *Le Socialiste Belge*, the organ of the Belgian workers temporarily domiciled in Holland.

In its issue of August 25 *Le Socialiste* deals with the two Conferences of the British Labor Party, and in a trenchant leading article, which incidentally repudiates by anticipation the Belgian signatories to the manifesto, it answers Mr. G. Barnes.

The following leading article, headed "Where is Truth?" has been specially translated for the *Labor Leader*:

At the Labor Party Conference in London, Barnes, an English Minister, declared that the Belgian Socialists wanted to have nothing whatever to do with the Stockholm Conference.

This is a legend and against it we protest with all our strength.

It may be that Vanderveelde is opposed to Stockholm, that de Brouckere is opposed to Stockholm.

It may be that some Brussels lawyers are opposed to Stockholm.

But have these lawyers the right to speak in the name of the Belgian working class? Without any hesitation we answer "No, a hundred times no."

The working class was not in a position to be consulted as a whole; for the time being no one has the right to speak in the name of the Belgian Labor Party.

We challenge the right of these lawyers to give their own opinion as the general feeling of the Belgian workers.

Against the declarations of some few attorneys on the question of Stockholm, we oppose the following well-known facts:

The working class of Eastern Flanders, at the head of which is Anseele, a member of the Executive, is in favor of Stockholm.

The paper, *Vooruit*, the only official organ of the P.O.B. (Belgian Labor Party) in occupied Belgium, on August 4 published an article from its editor under the heading "To Stockholm!"

The great majority of the Belgian workers of the province of Antwerp are supporters of the Stockholm Conference.

We have no information as to the sentiments of the Belgian workers of the other provinces. But when the Belgian workers of Eastern Flanders and of the province of Antwerp have confidence in the policy of the International, why should those of the other provinces think differently?

We are firmly convinced that the Belgian working class, in its entirety, longs for peace; it has and ought to have confidence in its own strength, in its own policy, in its own salvation from Stockholm.

With the exception of certain lawyers the Belgian Socialists in France have decided to go to Stockholm.

The Belgian Socialists and the greater part of the Belgian steel workers in England, with few exceptions, have declared: "We are going to Stockholm."

The Belgian Socialists in Holland, reunited in the U.T.B.H. (the Union of Belgian Workers in Holland, of which *Le Socialiste Belge* is the official organ), which includes more than five thousand members, decided at their Whitesunrise Congress at Rotterdam to go to Stockholm.

The Belgian Socialists in Holland

have nominated a delegate for the Stockholm Conference. This delegate is going to Stockholm, even should he go alone, and there he will speak in the name of the Belgian workers.

That is our answer to George Barnes and to all who think with him.

To the famous legend: "The Belgians do not want to have anything to do with the Stockholm Conference" we oppose the irrefutable fact: Belgian Socialists are going to Stockholm and they will speak, if not in the name of the whole Belgian working class, at least in the name of the great majority of Belgian workers.

Stockholm is the historic ground upon which the Socialists of the whole world will meet and deliberate on Peace.

At the Labor Party Conference Ramsay MacDonald said: "There will be Belgian Socialists at Stockholm."

Ramsay MacDonald is right.

## RADICAL PEACE PLAN DRAWN BY SOCIALISTS

### Stockholm Conference Issues Manifesto Asking Evacuation of All Occupied Territories.

Stockholm, Oct. 20.—The organizing committee of the Stockholm Conference has drawn up a manifesto declaring that from the experience of three years of war it is not rash to draw the conclusion that there will be a victory by neither side in 1917 or 1918, or even later.

It indicates as the general conditions under which it considers peace should be made the complete evacuation of all occupied territories in Europe and the colonies and the restoration of devastated territories by means of an international fund. The special conditions demanded by the manifesto are:

The complete political and economic re-establishment of Belgium, with cultural autonomy for Flanders and the restoration of all contributions raised contrary to international law, the amount of the damages to be paid by Germany to be left to the Hague arbitration court.

#### Plebiscite for Alsace.

Solution of the Alsace-Lorraine question to be arrived at by a plebiscite.

The restoration of Serbia, which, in common with Bulgaria and Greece, would have free access to the district and port of Salonica.

Eastern Macedonia as far as the Vardar to be given to Bulgaria.

An independent Poland, the Polish districts of Austria and Germany to enjoy as wide autonomy as possible, and the different nationalities of Russians to enjoy territorial autonomy within a federative republic.

The independence of Finland, united to Russia.

Solution of the problem of Bohemia by means of the reunion of the Czechs in a single federative state with Austria.

The Italian districts of Austria not ceded to Italy to enjoy cultural autonomy.

#### Freedom for Ireland.

The political independence of Ireland within the dominion of Great Britain.

The independence of Turkish Armenia.

The international solution of the Jewish problem, and personal independence for the Jews in the districts of Russia, Austria, Rumania and Poland where they are massed, together with protection for the Jewish colony in Palestine.

The manifesto declares in favor of compulsory arbitration, general dis-

armament, the suppression of any kind of economic warfare and the extension of parliamentary control over foreign policy.

## France.

The July revelation that the French President, Poincare, had authorized the "left bank of the Rhine" agreement with the Czar without even consulting his Premier, Briand, caused much indignation in France. Various other rumors about Poincare were spread, and it is reported that the French Senate will appoint a commission to inquire into Poincare's acts as President. The war party's reply to the growing distrust of French policy was a violent attack on pacifists, with the suppression of several papers and the arrest of the staff of *Bonnet Rouge*. This was followed by the death in prison of the editor, Almereyda—variously attributed to murder, suicide or natural causes. The circumstances of his death prove at least grave carelessness on the part of the prison authorities and the responsible Minister, M. Malvy, after a few contradictory attempts to explain Almereyda's death, resigned. Charges against the *Bonnet Rouge* staff of German bribery have been met with counter-charges that the questionable funds came from members of the Government and other French politicians, and in the general atmosphere of suspicion M. Ribot, with his whole Cabinet, resigned last week. He attempted to form another Cabinet, but the Socialist Party refused to join it, and he has finally abandoned the idea.

It is probable that M. Painleve will attempt the task, relying on the support of M. Thomas and Benaudel; but Socialist co-operation is only likely to be permanently secured under definite conditions, which will be laid down at the Socialist Congress on October 6. M. Caillaux, with a policy of moderate war-aims and negotiation, is also suggested as a possible successor to Ribot, but it is not likely that Poincare will ask him to form a Ministry unless all bellicose nominees fail to get support.

The French Parliament meets on September 18, and the Socialist Group will at once bring in an interpellation on war aims and general policy, probably demanding an answer to Michaelis' later charge against Poincare of having been in league with the Russian Sukhomlinov, who, with Yanushkevitch, claims the distinction of having made the war by disobeying the Czar's order to cancel the Russian general mobilization. The French Socialist Party will meet in Bordeaux.

—Labor Leader.

## A PEOPLE'S PEACE

### How the Socialists Line Up.

The Glasgow Forward in its issue of October 6, 1917, gives a summary of views representing the European Socialist parties "On Terms of Peace." From their reckoning there is a tacit agreement upon all the fundamental problems arising out of the war, the only differences presenting themselves on the following provisions, stated as follows:

The differences between the Socialist Parties of Europe about European

problems, therefore, narrow themselves down to this:—

(1) That the German Majority wants the economic regeneration of Belgium to be contributed to internationally;

(2) The other Socialist Parties desire Germany alone to foot the bill.

And

(1) The German Majority desire that Alsace-Lorraine shall be a Federal and Independent State within the German Empire;

(2) The other Socialist Parties would give the Alsacians a plebiscite, and let them settle for themselves which flag they will live under.

So that the working-class movement of Western Europe is now only split over the question of the precise banking houses through which the funds will come for the restoration of Belgium, and whether Alsace-Lorraine should be a Federal State within the German Empire or whether it should take a plebiscite and decide for itself. These are the Socialist Peace Terms differences narrowed down. Belgium could be, we expect, rehabilitated economically at less than one week's cost of war; and slowly, but none the less surely, the German Minority view that Alsace-Lorraine ought to have a plebiscite, triumphs over the German Majority view that it shouldn't. It is doubtful now which is the Majority and which is the Minority Party in Germany.

So far as the financial problems of repatriation is concerned the workers need not lose any sleep. This would be effected by requisitioning war profits; it is obvious that we must get it from where it is; the workers don't own the banks.

Sub-hustling is infectious. Get the habit.

## ...PARTY ANNOUNCEMENTS...

### ALBERTA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Meets on the First Wednesday in each month, at 8 p.m., at Mrs. A. Martin's, 10528 98th Street, Edmonton, Alta.

The Dominion executive committee meets on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of the month at 363 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, secretary, I. Bainbridge.

The Ontario provincial executive committee meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursdays of the month at 363 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, secretary, I. Bainbridge.

Local No. 71, Toronto—Meets at 165 Van Horne street, every Sunday, at 2.30 p.m. A hearty invitation is extended to all friends and sympathizers.

J. Cunningham, 219 Wallace avenue, Secretary.

Saskatchewan Provincial Executive Committee—Meets on the 1st and 3rd Sunday of each month. All comrades desiring to join party or organize Locals are requested to write,

F. G. Wetzel,

Box 151, Vanguard, Sask.

Locals and Executive Bodies may have their Advs. in the Directory for the sum of \$3.00 per year.

## Organizer's Maintenance Fund

The Workers of Canada await the message of emancipation. Send along your dimes and nickels. Drops of water make the ocean; let us have a tidal wave for Socialism.

NAME.....

AMOUNT, \$..... c.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... PROVINCE.....

# THE CANADIAN FORWARD

**To Our Contributors—**

The columns of The Canadian Forward are open to contributions from all friends of the cause. Though we can by no means undertake to publish all we may receive, everything, by whomsoever written, will receive careful attention.

**Subscriptions (post free)—**

Single copies, 5 cents; three months, \$5 cents; six months, 50 cents; in clubs of six, \$2.50; twelve months, \$1.00; in clubs of six, \$5.00; United States, Great Britain and other countries, \$1.50 a year.

**Advertising Rates—**

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**Correspondence—**

All correspondence should be addressed to  
I. BAINBRIDGE, Managing Editor,  
363 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

Vol. 1, No. 24 TORONTO, CANADA October 24, 1917



Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.—Macaulay.



**PLUTE PATRIOTIC ZEAL**

Discussing the shipment of rails down the Okanagan Valley, the Minister of Agriculture made reference to the fact that 3,000 men had gone to the front from this district. This evoked a stormy reply from Mr. Carvell, who said: "I am tired of this flapdoodle, this wrapping the flag around transactions for which there is no other defence of the Minister of Agriculture, in order to get votes," he continued.

We are disposed to thank Mr. Carvell for this pointed reference "to get votes," not that we had any hallucination in regard to the matter in question, but as the admission of one of our political stars. There are more ways than one to make the country safe for Borden's re-election. (Democracy.) The Allen Election Act is specifically designed for no other purpose. We do not see any line of moral demarcation between this policy and the despotic regime which came to such a dramatic ending in Russia. In fact, the Borden system of maintaining control is the more reprehensible of the two, because of its hypocritical disguise the spirit thereof is the same. We trust the electors will not be deceived by their loud-mouthed pretensions to loyalty—example is better than pretext. How about the treatment meted to returned soldiers?—sufficient to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of every honest man. What effect are "Hanna's pills" having upon the bank balances of the profiteering rascals? A country mansion and a limousine. Yes, the Borden administration has been so attentive to our national needs that the four years of war has produced more millionaires than any ten years of peace in Canadian history. The price we pay for our stupidity. Let those who want starvation vote for Borden and the "big interest" alignment he is trying to work up. If the Canadian electorate are well advised they will give the quietus to the "Hun in our midst" when the perennial voting day comes round. We are confident there are a sufficient number of electors to do the job, provided they have got the sand.

The political barometer registers the "Borden administration" at a very low mark, and we venture to suggest it will be down to zero by election time, notwithstanding the warming pan which will be applied assiduously from

now on. We urge all Socialists and Labor men to a prolific use of the pen and the spoken word, notwithstanding the dangers that beset those who adopt such a laudable vocation at the present time. Liberty can not be given. It must be taken. Take it now, or forever hold your peace. A million voices call you to action from the inhuman stige of the front line trenches. Millions of maimed and dying appeal with outstretched hands—"How long, Oh, God—how long?" Cease your theoretical rambles—there is work to do. Hear again the call of our noble dead, "Workers of the world, unite; you have nothing to lose but chains; you have a world to gain." The plaintive voices of broken-hearted mothers who have lost their sons, wives who have lost their husbands, children who hsp the name of Daddy, look to you through a vale of tears. May your voices revibrate like a thousand trumpets; your hearts be hearts of oak; your courage that of giants. To do and dare—it is humanities call.

**A REFLECTION OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION**

(By Georg Brandes, noted Danish critic, in Call Magazine.)

Czarism was for the last century a strong embodiment of all the vicious principles. It represented coercion upheld by cruelty, wrong maintained by persecution, imprisonment, exile and the death penalty. It stood as the invincible foe of the human race and humanity. Now it has ceased to exist. It is like a dream that has come true. To those in Russia who have cherished hopes, to those who for the last 30 years have longed and earnestly worked for the liberation of Russia, to them their hopes, their longing and the realization of their work is no longer a distant chimera—it is a reality. What few older people, after the failure of the revolution in 1905, ever expected to see what has been realized. It is now felt that the last 12 years have not been wasted. Without great efforts, without resistance, almost, the Russian people emancipated themselves by means of the revolution from the upper classes, who were the real autocracy. They cast off their masters, just as the steam throws off the lid from the boiling kettle. The big center for all oppression in Europe has become a hearth from which the flames

of liberty leap forth. The Russian government has ceased to war against the intelligence of its big domain; has abolished the censorship against domestic and foreign literature.

The Poles may be next to throw off the yoke. The people of Ukraine may use their own language. The Jews will be given rights as citizens and as human beings. Georgians will be free. Lithuanians, Esthonians, etc., will be oppressed no more. It is the first time since the great French revolution that anybody hears the holy message of freedom proclaimed in a manner that it is not to be denied in the same breath.

We have lived to see a people that was bound, gagged and downtrodden raise itself and lift its strong liberated arm. It is as though one's innermost soul were filled with summer and sunshine; as if one heard the chirping of all the larks that herald the spring of liberty.

The revolution has in some evoked the mingled feelings of joy, fear and hope. The joy arises from the fact that the pernicious principles upon which the czar and papal rule, unfettered by any laws and until recently supported by the western powers, no longer exist, and are no longer able to enslave and oppress the people, to shatter and to destroy the best and most valuable that has existed in eastern Europe. The fear is that the feelings and disposition of the people will remain as before. The hope is based on the idea that the spirit of the revolution will gain in strength, so as to turn against nationalism in Russia—act as a damper on its growth in England and France, and, finally, spread to the German people, crush the junkers, and finally make for peace.

If the Russian revolution could be instrumental in making an end to that idiotic war which tears and destroys the white race for the benefit of the yellow race, coming generations will have reason to bless it as one of the greatest benefactions humanity has received at the hands of a single country, and will look with reverence on those who so speedily accomplished it.

As regards the future of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, I must remain skeptical. Liberty, in my estimation, is equivalent to free trade, and, as those nations who oppose free trade are advocating liberty, it seems clear that the friends of liberty are in reality in favor of autocracy. The question of liberty has been perverted and abused by the various governments, just as the phase of brotherhood has been contorted by the church; only the ideal of brotherhood is invincible. Brotherhood, as conceived to-day, however, has descended into a class war and brought on the present world war, in the course of which the majority of the races on the earth massacre each other to the best of their ability. Why is this?—Because the human race has wasted its vital energies of thousands of years on the illusion called the "Heavenly Kingdom," instead of using its intellects for the improvement of mundane conditions.

Religion is a word still surrounded by a halo, though religion belongs to the infancy of the human race, and, since this infancy, has only worked for evil influences.

As long as the church in Russia, as well as elsewhere, is sustained, to feed people on superstition, with priests who keep them in ignorance, and schools remain that educate children to believe in legends and fairy tales, which 1,900 years ago were fit for slaves and small tradesmen in Asia Minor or the coast of Greece, then the revolution is not accomplished, and cannot be considered as real evolution.—American Jewish Chronicle.

**THE DAWN OF LIBERTY**

(By Thomas Curtis Clark, in New York Call.)

Around the world truth speaks in new-found voices;  
The darkness flees and all the world rejoices.  
The people's God has heard the people's plea;  
It is the dawn—the dawn of liberty.

God shakes all thrones; the jeweled crowns are falling.  
"We live to serve!"—this is the clear cry calling.  
The hosts of earth shall see a world set free;  
It is the dawn—the dawn of liberty.

No longer shall the war lords strike with terror;  
The end has come for darkness and for error.  
The light of truth shall rest on land and sea;  
It is the dawn—the dawn of liberty.

**Rheumatism**

A Home Cure Given by One Who had it

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case. I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but understand I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 616D Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.  
Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true—Pub.

**A PERTINENT QUESTION**

We are told that death would be preferable to the conclusion of a peace that was dishonorable to Belgium. Are our children honored by existence in conditions that produce these results? Are the honor and safety of our children not as dear to us as the restoration of Belgium? If we cannot have peace except on the basis of a free Belgium, why peace that did not guarantee to our children freedom to live a clean, healthy, noble life in Britain?—Forward, Glasgow.

**CRIMINAL COWARDICE**

The workers will be extremely foolish if they permit the perpetuation of class distinction in industry, education, or general living conditions. They can revolutionize society now, and establish social freedom and security in comfort for ages yet unborn. If they continue to permit themselves to be hoaxed into contentment until the conditions have changed and the opportunity has gone, they will rank in posterity's estimation as the blindest, meanest and most cowardly generation in history.—Forward, Glasgow.

It is unfair to judge Christianity as taught by the great Carpenter of Nazareth by the "pillars" of Sherbourne St. Methodist Church, as exemplified in that famous Canadian Trinity, Kemp, Flavell and Henry Pellet. Ye gods, what an inspiration it must be to honest old W. A. Douglas who has put in a lifetime of service for humanity when he looks towards the altar and sees that trio saying their prayers. Some things reach the point of seriousness where they are really funny.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.—Abraham Lincoln.

"Our country is the world—our countrymen are all mankind."—William Lloyd Garrison.

# A PENALTY FOR A PACIFIST

I beg to present to our readers the diary of events experienced by C. H. Norman, N.C.O., and the punishment meted out to this celebrated journalist and pacifist. We advise our readers to take stock of this article in order that they may better appreciate the treatment they are likely to receive if the Military Service Act of the Borden administration is put into force.

May 23rd, 1916 (query 24th.—Met with shower of abuse on arrival. Asked for some paper to make will. They asked whether I would put on uniform—refused. Taken to cell and forcibly dressed. Repeatedly request to make will, as I might not be alive more than three or four days. Officer went to Commandant. I was taken to reception room and signed for things. Commandant arrived; and without a word to me ordered me to be taken to hospital and put in strait-jacket. Was taken there and put in strait-jacket, which was too small and caused me great pain. I told the attendant, but he could not do anything. Commandant and another officer arrived. Commandant mocked at me and spat at me. Other officer asked whether I was alright; a question which amused me in the circumstances. M.O. (Medical Officer) came about 8 p.m., but did not explain anything. He said Commandant had said I had threatened suicide. I told him I had asked to make my will, and that was all. After a discussion of my opinions, the M.O. suddenly rushed off. I could not move myself in strait-jacket and suffered a great deal because I wanted to go to the lavatory, but was lying on the floor and could not attract the attendant's attention. I did finally, and went, and then was left standing. I had asked in the beginning for a chair, but was refused it. During the night I became unconscious with pain, and fainted, lying on the floor for an hour, as I heard last the clock strike twelve and I again remember the clock striking 1.30. Sergeant-major came in, and another officer and asked how I was. I told them I was feeling ill. M.O. came at ten, and released me on my giving my word against doing harm whilst under his authority.

May 24th.—In hospital, on asking leave to write my solicitor or friends, Commandant swore and spat at me, expressing hope the M.O. would put me in strait-jacket again.

May 26th.—Commandant visited me again; cursed me and said he wished I would cut my throat; that I was a coward who ought to be shot. Also spat at me.

May 30th.—Nothing important. Commandant very annoyed that I was still at hospital.

May 31st.—Sent over to Detention Barracks. Began hunger, thirst and sleep strike.

June 1st.—Ordered to parade by Commandant, who again cursed me and said I should be sent to France; and that it was a pity I was afraid to kill myself. Commandant again said I would be put in strait-jacket. Ordered P.D. 1, and put in darkish cell; bread and water diet; all "privileges" taken.

June 2nd.—Still on partial food, drink and sleep strike; eating little brown bread and drinking a drop of water. Nothing fresh. Commandant said he would report me Medical Officer, who would give me the stomach pump.

Sunday, June 4th.—Still on partial food, drink and sleep strike. Commandant said I should be ordered to parade to-morrow, and if I refused, given 21 days No. 2. Later in the day Commandant said I should be forcibly fed next week. Grossly insulted by N.Z. n.c.o., who threatened to murder me. Commandant also said he was making

special report to G.O.C., suggesting I should be more severely punished. He wants me sent to France to be quietly shot.

Diary continued of C. H. Norman at Wandsworth Detention Barracks. (This portion was seized and detained by the authorities till January, 1917.)

June 8th, 1916.—Forcibly fed through nose: very painful. Did not eat anything. Commandant said I should have the stomach pump.

June 9th.—Forcibly fed through mouth: very painful, as the tube was too big for my throat. Ate a little dinner. Hunger strike suspended. Commandant jeered at me while in strait-jacket; announcing his intention of reporting me for another court-martial. Spat blood in night.

June 10th.—Not at all well, so decided to eat for present, so as to be well for court-martial. Was told sub rosa Pater had been and was refused admission.

June 11th.—Commandant told me I would be ordered to attend military parade on Monday. Said he did not believe any woman would speak to me.

June 12th.—Ordered to parade, and refused.

June 13th.—Taken before Commandant for refusing to parade. A horrible scene ensued in presence of three n.c.o.s. Commandant furious at some publication in paper about his evil deeds. He called me a coward, a swine, a beast, a bloody cur, a sham conscientious objector, and accused me of mean sneaking bribery and sending out lying letters. I told him that the statements about my treatment were true, and he would not dare say these things were we on equal terms. The measure of his courage was to abuse the helpless in his power. Commandant talked like an inebriated fishwife the whole time. Finally wound up by repeating that I was a beast and saying he would report me G.O.C. and War Office. He admitted spitting, but denied "in my face," which I never said.

June 14.—Commandant came in in state of indignation to tell me that Army Council had reduced my sentence to 112 days; but expressed the hope that I should have another court-martial. Returned with Visiting Officer, who asked me whether I had any complaint. I told him about strait-jacket, forcible feeding, and being spat at. Commandant admitted spitting, but denied in my face (which I have never said), saying one could not help spitting after having to speak to such a nauseous creature as me. Took all meals to-day for first time since out of hospital.

June 16th.—Nothing fresh; but had half-an-hour's exercise first time for a fortnight. Various attempts made to persuade me to fall into line. Still spitting a little blood, and have internal pain.

June 18th.—Visiting Officer told me I had been reported for court-martial. I explained my position and he stated I should have an opportunity of making my defence on the taking of the summary of evidence to-morrow. Was told Commandant had been removed; so publication of my sufferings, has had one good result.

(Signed) C. H. Norman.

## THE PALE LAUGH

(By K. E. Primus-Nyman.)

How vividly can I yet remember the first time I read Leonid Andreyev's "The Red Laugh." I was but a child then, but the Red Laugh became part of my imagination; it became the Great Drama of Life that I wanted to see and study and to feel. The horrors of the Red Laugh did not frighten me, they struck me by their intense power, and

they appealed to my mind by their melancholy.

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I had plenty of chances both to see and to hear the Red Laugh. Each time I witnessed its violent outbursts I was forced to rejoice at the volcanic powers that lay hidden at the bottom of the human soul and that could burst out when you least expected their appearance. For there is no more impressive scene than when a human soul is set aflame, and when it knows not its owner, nor time, nor surroundings. No acting, no painting, no music is greater than wild, unconscious life. But I saw laughter that I could not hear, laughter that I could not understand, laughter whose inner meaning for a long time remained a mystery to me.

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## The Pale Laugh.

The first time I gave it this name I was brought as a prisoner through a large gallery in a Russian prison. Many of my unhappy comrades, working in the gallery, watched me closely with their eyes. They were not allowed to say a word, or even to make a sign, but as I passed them their lips formed something that resembled a smile. That resembled—for it was only the muscles in their white faces that were distorted into a ghastly smile.

The Pale Laugh. It was the greeting of a prisoner, nay, the greeting of all the prisoners. A greeting that meant pity, mockery, and pride.

The first prisoner I met smiled at me in this way. I had never seen him before, nor did he interest me, but I felt how my lips formed like his. Evidently I smiled too.

## The Pale Laugh.

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One night I was strolling around in one of London's darkest slums in East End. It was a narrow lane between two rows of grey, mouldy houses. Here and there the way was barred by old, broken furniture or rags that had been thrown out into the street. And there at their side sat dark, human figures, praying, moaning, cursing. They had no money to pay for their filthy, little dens, no more furniture or other belongings of any value to pawn, no power to resist. It was a late autumn evening, and a damp, frosty wind whistled through the lane, causing the people to seek shelter behind old corners or barricades of furniture. And there they were sitting in the darkness, their teeth chattering, and talking in low whispers. But the wind carried their moanings with it, and at the end of the street it seemed to me that I was listening to a hymn, arising out of the lowest depths.

It was hideous to listen to that hymn, it was hideous to view all the misery of that lane, but at its end, quite close to the river where a yellow mist rose like an impenetrable wall, the very worst sight met my eyes. Leaning against a red brick wall sat a thin, disfigured woman, trying to shield a weeping baby under her ragged shawl, too small even to give herself shelter against the cold. All her belongings were stowed down in a box, besides which she only possessed the three-legged chair upon which she was sitting.

I had expected she would beg for a coin as I passed her by. She said not a word. She only drew the shawl closer round herself and her baby. It seemed to me as if she wanted to show that they stood alone in this world. And when I laid down a silver coin in her meagre, bony hand she only stared at me for a few seconds. Perhaps she tried to speak—it is difficult to say—but her lips were drawn into a smile, disdainful and appalling, although she only tried to express her thanks.

It was a yellow, sickly smile—it was the Pale Laugh.

We sat one evening, a few buoyant youths, at one of London's gayest variety theatres. From our side table we had a good view of the "Promenade," where the stars amongst London's swell demimondes walked to and fro. I do not remember how long we sat there, criticising the extravagant dresses, the swinging ostrich feathers, the gaily colored stockings, and the small satin shoes of the demimondes, when one of them suddenly crawled up to our table. She was dressed like the others, extravagantly, tastelessly. But she had not red lips like them, and her cheeks were white. Red paint would only have shown off her pale face with the deep, hollow eyes. At the first glance you could see she was suffering from a dangerous disease.

It was evident that she wanted to join our table. But her look was appalling, and one of us cried out scornfully:

"What do you want here? Go away! You are ill!"

She remained standing, and she reminded me of a whipped dog. Her lips moved as if in a whisper of defence, but when she saw our reluctant looks she burst out into a short, soundless laugh. It reflected, however, all the horror, humiliation, and submission to fate that must have dwelt at the bottom of her soul.

The whole evening that same sickly smile remained on her lips. It looked like the smile of Death, but it was only the Pale Laugh.

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Many faces have I seen lit up by that devilish smile, but clearest of them all I remember one smile that never will go out of my memory.

It was early one morning at one of London's night restaurants. At a table some drunken people had been enjoying themselves since midnight. The clock was three when they moved. For three hours a sleepy waiter had been running to and fro between the tables, trying to do his best to please everybody. And he had come to this place directly from another restaurant, which closed at midnight. He had a family to support, and he worked bravely day and night for their daily bread.

But every time he passed that table where the drunken people revelled, the little waiter was insulted by one of them, a big, fat, reddish man. And when they finally went, and the waiter was busy collecting the few coppers they had left, the fat man spat him in the face. I had expected a disturbance, but without a word of protest the poor, little fellow wiped his face. And when he nodded a last farewell to them, a tired, subdued smile still lay on his lips.

That time I understood the meaning of the Pale Laugh.

It is the laugh of the slave.

—From The New Review.

## CHARLES LESTER IMPRISONED

Advice has just come to hand intimating that Charles Lester, a prominent Western Canada Socialist and propagandist, has been imprisoned at Fairbanks, Alaska. The charge upon which he was found guilty was "speaking disrespectfully of the Flag," and a term of one year in prison with \$1,000 fine imposed. The judgment is being appealed. We extend the hand of comradeship to Charlie (in the metaphor). There may be worse places than a prison at the present time, but is not a happy reflection that men must go to prison for the honest expression of opinions in a country that is ostensibly fighting in the great war—"For Democracies."

"Militarism must be destroyed," yells the irate patriot. "By what?" asks the Socialist. Militarism. Same thing.

## THE EMBLEM OF PLUTOCRACY

This old world is now entering upon the greatest crisis of human history. Greatest because universal and because the next surge onward must land us above Capitalism, the last phase of human slavery. Victory is mainly a record of class struggles and similar causes produce similar effects.

In our struggle upward from the animal world so far we have been ruled mainly by the more brutal types of man; the human tigers, jackalls, weasels and cuttlefish. The claw and fangs still dominate the jungles of civilization, while the Christs of reason and brotherhood are still crucified for sedition and blasphemy against Mammon.

The emblem which comrade Lester disrespected represents the state and the states are but the executive of the world's economic rulers, the capitalist class. In fact, the politicians have for the most part been purchased and are themselves among the exploited.

Sir Robert Borden, for instance, in 1913 had an income from Canadian bank stock of \$8,000 per, and from official reports we learn that 38 others, members of parliament, are also shareholders in the banking trust of "our Canadian Democracy." So we find that the emblems of the world represent interest on capital, and to the world's rulers a million men crushed in battle, a million children made fatherless, a million mothers and wives made destitute, and burdens of debt and toil for coming generations weigh as nothing compared with the unfolding of their emblem over a few square miles of added territory or additional opportunities for trade, and this is the class to which we must bow!

Through these ideals empires have developed. Invasion, slaughter, victory and "benevolent assimilation for God and Country," such is the process of growth. After all, the destruction and casualties of peace are about as great as those of war, and the grinding up of tender and tougher flesh and blood into dividends is the sacred process guarded by the forces of state and church. This is what our emblems to-day represent, and this is why it is so sensitive to insult. It rules through brute force, not reason.

Mr. Editor, we must remember that treason, sedition and patriotism are relative terms. They depend on what is in our opinion the most precious, property or humanity.

The thousands of Socialists and rebels against war and military autocracy now in jail are represented by men like Karl Lebnicht, Bill Haywood, women like Gurdey Flynn, and British Socialists like Bainbridge and Lester, and we who are still at liberty are indeed traitors to the state which places property rights above human welfare. The Borden, the Hughes, the Roosevelts, the plutocrats and profiteers of Wall Street and Canada, the lords of Britain and the Junkers of Germany and their statesmen, press and pulpit all of one class, have said so and they are right.

We plead guilty of the charge. Our concepts of things material, mental and spiritual are antagonistic to theirs and to their interests as exploiters and rulers, and we stand for their overthrow.

We place property and dividends, territory and trade below human life and happiness. We would use material, mental and spiritual force to promote the happiness and progress of mankind, and we believe that the producing classes are in reality superior mentally and morally to the class that rules and rots them. Producers are always superior to parasites.

Mr. Editor, let us understand the

present from the past. The ancient empires, such as Rome, were also built on slaughter, conquest an exploitation. In ancient Rome the patricians and war lords and profiteers ruled, and their scribes and priesthood and officials are represented to-day by our press, churches and parliaments. But oppression breeds revolt—it is the law of life and progress. Primitive Christianity was a slave revolt. Jesus and His followers were traitors and blasphemers according to the standard of Rome. On the other hand the rebel Jesus, scourged the temple of priests and traders as a "den of thieves." He and thousands of His comrades were jailed and crucified, even as we modern "traitors" are to-day.

Were the real patriots? Was the Nazarene with his message of brotherhood and of peace and industrial democracy, the destroyer and enemy of Rome, or did Rome rot and go down to death because of the class representing property and militarism, a class which ruthlessly destroyed human life and happiness even as their successors are to-day? No, the social gospel of Jesus, had it been adopted, would have saved the ancient world, and the same is true to-day. Economic freedom and co-operation alone can save the modern world from destruction.

Again, Cromwell, Garibaldi, Paine were branded as traitors in their day. John Brown was executed for treason. Lovejoy and Lincoln and Phillips were "traitors" according to the masters of chattel-slavery, and yet the soul of Jesus and John Brown and thousands of the martyred comrades "goes marching on" and upward to victory. We may know a man to-day by his enemies as well as by his friends. The hope of the world is in the workers, poor and ignorant as they are, they are still "the salt of the earth and the light of the world." And to-day they are hearing gladly the message which will in time enable them to overthrow the class enemies of our race, and establish a social order in which peace and co-operation will prevail.

W. J. Curry.

## WOMAN'S COLUMN

### THE WOMEN'S REVOLUTION

#### Raid on Parliament House—How It Started.

The patience of the Labor and Socialist women who meet at the Socialist Hall on Thursdays to discuss Peace and the Problems of the War is exhausted by the cruel indifference of the Government to the sufferings of the people.

In reply to the deputation of unemployed men and women which waited upon Mr. Hughes he had only told the people that they must suffer, as all people must in the midst of wars!

But why should Australian people want, with a continent to develop by their labor, and the wharves loaded with food and the cool stores overflowing, while great companies make profits?

Mr. Hughes said, too, that the employers would not employ men and women unless they were assured of their absolute docility and obedience. In point of fact, he tells us that the people of this country have no right to live unless their masters can make profits out of them.

There are thousands of people starving to-day in Australia, and thousands more must join their ranks.

Mr. Hughes admits that private individuals, assured of high prices from the Imperial Government for stocks existing, will not employ their capital;

but when asked to nationalize industry and save the people, he turns upon those who make the suggestion with insults, and says:

"Nationalize my grandmother!"

#### Our Protest.

So we went to make our protest. We represent thousands of voiceless women whose husbands have been thrown out of work.

Parliament ignored us. There was no women inside to speak, and we decided, therefore, to address Parliament ourselves.

Of course, we were refused permission to the Chamber where the Drones consume the people's food, and we tried to walk inside and say a word or two.

The doorkeepers flew to defend the sacred portals, but the women shouted, "Send Hughes to us!" "Give the people food and work!" "Down with the profiteers!" until between the doorkeepers and the police, they hustled us outside.

#### The Next Day.

All the day hundreds of women stood outside the House, barred by the police on the Speaker's orders. Mr. Conside and Mr. Brennan tried to get us inside, but failed in many instances, though the galleries were packed with women who had come there to listen to the debate upon the question raised by the Labor Party on the adjournment of the House.

#### Mr. Hughes and the Workers.

It all ended in nothing. Mr. Hughes can do nothing, and will do nothing. He has withdrawn the War Profits Bill—don't touch those sacred millions; he listens to the exporters—don't interfere with their bankbooks; but we, who speak for the workers, the decent people who feed him and his crowd of

#### The Wharf Laborers.

The Wharf Laborers have done more for us than the politicians, for the women and children and humanity and liberty.

We honor and love them as the saviours of the people. We shall never forget what they have done, and in time to come, when Victoria Crosses are but the memorials of a barbaric age, future generations will tell of the industrial soldiers of Australia who fought for liberty and humanity on the bloodless field.

#### The Future.

If the men stand true, they need not fear the women will falter. We shall storm the citadel of Parliament and reduce it before our fight is done. Adela Pankhurst in Melbourne Socialist.

### OBSERVATIONS

#### A Backward Glance.

The Manchester Guardian of July 26, 1900, reports a speech of Lloyd George as follows. Speaking of the South African War, Mr. George says:

"We went into the war for equal rights, and prosecuted it for annexation. We went into the country for philanthropy, and remained in it for burglary."

It is every honest citizen's duty to see that our Canadian manhood is not sacrificed for such gross materialistic purposes in the present struggle.

Britain has produced one and a half million tons of potatoes, extra. And the price has advanced to 1/2 per stone. We are credibly informed that the potato controller has resigned. It will take more than that to make Hanna resign as food controller (in name) in Canada.

#### Roosevelt as "Prussian" in Chief.

Mr. Roosevelt in an address on America's part in the war urged the prohibition of the publication of newspapers in the language of any nation with which the U.S. is at war.

Councillor Shinwell of the Glasgow City Council has had his exemption to military service rescinded. The comrades explain this act on the ground that comrade Shinwell is a "peace-by-negotiation" man, and a thorn in the flesh to the food profiteers of that city. From reports to hand this is the policy of the exemption tribunals to remove their most powerful opponents. Take note.

The British I.L.P. has added 49 new branches since March 1st, and the Labor Leader has increased its circulation by 20,000 during the last summer. Let us hear from our Forward readers, and send a few subs. to help the movement.

Two alternatives are presented to us at the present moment, i.e., Socialism or Starvation. Choose, ye electors!

The slap-stick performance of those two famous comedians, the Toronto Star and the Toronto Daily News, as to which one is the greatest asset to the Kaiser is highly entertaining, if one has the time to follow them these days.

What shall it benefit a man if he gains the world—for his Boss—and loses his own breakfast?

If a man sows a hundred seed potatoes and his crop is six hundred pounds, and it takes four hundred pounds to keep him alive, he has two hundred left. Is there no interest on his capital expenditure of a hundred potatoes?

Come, comrades, don't get mussy. In Utopia there will be enormous interest, but it won't be wasted on the "work shies" as at present.

The peace negotiations committee of Great Britain has handed to the Premier a memorial with the signatures of 221,617 persons, and endorsed by labor bodies representing 900,000 members.

A woman's peace crusade is sweeping Britain. Giant meetings have been held in Bradford, Manchester, Burnley, Nelson, Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, Wexham, and other places. They are paying special attention to the churches, and in some instances the soldiers have assisted and wished them "God speed." It is very encouraging to note that the demonstrations have all been peaceful and well attended.

#### A Wrong Impression.

A discharged soldier fined at Carnarvon, Wales, on Saturday, for fishing without a license, wrote to the magistrates, stating that he was under the impression that all soldiers who had served in France had free access to all rivers.

Mr. Hanna, our so-called food controller, is a huge, hilarious, side-splitting joke. Perhaps the Borden Government thought we toilers needed something to cheer us up during these gloomy, war-weary days.

To appoint Mr. Hanna, one of the ablest Standard Oil wolves, to regulate the profits, the big capitalists were to be permitted to squeeze out of the consumers, at once stamped the movement with all the marks of its insincerity to all capable of penetrating what takes place behind the curtain. The revelations being brought out by Gordon Walderon, that honest old Grit crank, at the Wm. Davies Packing Co. investigation, is tearing the curtain aside and revealing capitalism in all its beastly ugliness to even the sumps who never suspect what goes on behind the curtain where the plutes pull the strings which make the Hannas and the Borden jump.

# PEN PUNCHES BY THE LOCALS

## ORGANIZER'S REPORT

Fernie, B.C., Oct. 15, 1917.

Dear Comrade,  
 Herewith please find expense sheet for week. Also list of new subscribers. It is slow work here at present as the distances between camps are great and much time is lost in getting from place to place. In the Fernie district the English-speaking miners have been very much thinned out, and it is difficult to get a meeting together. As an instance, a mass meeting of the miners of the local union was called for Sunday and a special train arranged for, to bring members from Coal Creek. The meeting was called for 2 o'clock but at that time not a soul, with the exception of the secretary, had arrived. About 15 or 20 finally assembled.

The late strike has depleted the funds of the locals in the district and more or less subdued the men, so that they are not disposed to begin any new agitation along Socialistic lines. I had a good meeting at Moyle on Wednesday, and got them interested enough to start a local S.D.P. Also had an enthusiastic meeting at Kimberley on Friday, but the S.P. of C. had a local there, and although they are not very active, it was not considered a good time to attempt to organize a S.D.P. local.

I shall be glad to hear if the Alberta comrades have made any definite plans for the tour. I shall be in Calgary on or about the 22nd, so please address reply to me there per return. Yours in the fight.

George F. Stirling.

## Correspondence

Buffalo Horn, Sask., Oct. 14, 1917. Canadian Forward,

Dear Editor,—Buffalo Horn Local No. 34, S.D.P. of Canada gave a very successful dance and entertainment, Oct. 12th, 1917, at the Buffalo Horn school. The music being good, the dancers enjoyed themselves greatly. The supper, which was supplied by the lady comrades, was pleasing, as it was surprising to those present. The members of the local feel a greatfulness to the non-members who took part in the entertainment, and for their assistance at the supper also.

The door receipts will be used to defray the expense of Comrade Stuart, whom we expect here in the near future to lecture and organize in this district.

Yours in the cause.

James McGill.

Niagara Falls, Ont.

Dear Editor,

At our last meeting of Local 60, Niagara Falls, Ont., the following measure was passed unanimously:

That a request be submitted to the Dominion Executive for a referendum on the advisability of the Social Democratic Party actively participating as individuals with the Provincial I. L. P. of Ont. or other democratic Labor Parties throughout the Dominion.

Will you kindly bring this matter up at your earliest convenience.

Yours for the Social Revolution,  
 S. L. Sec.

## SECRETARIAL NOTES

Charters granted:

- Lithuanian, Toronto Ont., No. 126.
- Russian, Timmins, Ont., No. 127.
- Ukrainian, Bojan, Alta., No. 69.
- Ukrainian, Angusville, Man., No. 36.

Notice—All Locals are requested to send in the orders for convention stamps to the Provincial Secretaries at once. Do not forget that the convention assessment is 50 cents per member. We are using the usual convention stamp; this will necessitate two stamps at 25 cents each per member.

The influence of your paper is being felt, but the subs. are not coming so fast as to be burdened with financial prosperity. Let every reader become interested in interesting some other person. This is your threefold duty, firstly to society, secondly to your party, and thirdly to yourselves.

I. Bainbridge, Secretary.

## BAINBRIDGE DEFENCE FUND

J. Brown, Pt. Arthur	\$ 25.00
Jewish Local No. 3	19.50
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# "Bargain Day" AT THE BOOK STORE

We have on hand a few hundred low priced books slightly soiled, and rather than have them lying idle as deteriorating capital, we have decided to sell them off at greatly reduced prices.

Books regularly sold at 5c. straight will go at a sacrifice in bundles of 20 for 40c. Bundles of 10 for 25c. Bundles can be procured with twenty different titles or a number of the same title.

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6. The Socialist Party and the Working Class.
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8. Intemperance and Poverty.
9. How I Acquired My Millions.
10. The Parable of the Water Tank.
11. Why a Working Man Should Be a Socialist.
12. The Confessions of a Drone.
13. The Issue.
14. Liberty.
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17. Craft and Reunionism.
18. Why I Am a Socialist.
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## SOCIALISM AND BRAINS

The Capitalist press has been lamenting that organized labor in Canada at the present time is being misrepresented by union officials who are Socialists, which, it says, accounts for their being opposed to conscription. This recalls to mind a somewhat similar plaint made by Lord Hamilton, an English railroad director, at the time of the railroad strike in Britain, shortly before the war. At the sitting of the investigation commission this magnate said: "The whole trouble is that the unions are controlled by the Socialists!" Arthur Henderson, Labor M.P. (now cabinet minister), who was present representing the railwaymen, asked him how he accounted for it. "Oh, well, I suppose," replied Hamilton, "it is because they have the brains."—J. A.

"The State is the coldest of all monsters. And its lies are cold; and this lie creeps out of its mouth: 'I, the State, am the people.'"—Nietzsche.

Every good Socialist should consider it a crime to allow his paper to lie idle or be destroyed. Hand it on. It will bear fruit in a new subscriber.

Little strokes fell great oaks. 26 issues of the Canadian Forward (50 cents) will overcome the greatest anti-Socialist. Be a fell-er.

Who overcomes by force hath overcome but half his foe.—Milton (Paradise Lost).

The times were never so ripe for the acceptance of the Socialist idea, and subs. were never so easy to get. Have you gathered any in?

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