

EMIGRANTS.

Why do these people called emigrants come to Canada? A few may come for the love of adventure; but the majority come for the love of something to eat. Forced out of their native land they come to Canada in order to live. If you ask the average person what is the cause, what is the reason that emigrants cannot live in their own country, he will reply "O that is easily explained. The old countries of Europe are overcrowded, over-populated;" but when we refer to the political economist we find he does not support that explanation, for he says: "First, no man yet knows the productive capacity of a single acre of land anywhere in respect of food. Second, the whole existing population of the globe, estimated at fourteen hundred million persons could find comfortable standing room within the limits of a field 10 miles square. In a field 20 miles square they could all be seated and by the use of telephones they could all be addressed by a single speaker. Third, we can raise grain enough on a small part of the territory of the United States to feed the world."

As yet, therefore, the doctrine of Malthus has no application. The true reason why emigrants cannot live in their own country is because the land-owners own the land, and the capitalists own the instruments of production. They collectively own the country. The emigrants come from that class who only have their labor-power to sell to the capitalists. A pious emigrant may bewail his lot, he may pray about it. He may say "Thy will be done," but if he would investigate he would very soon realize he is not the sport and plaything of a supernatural power. He is the victim of economic determinism. Considering it the will of God, he becomes a fatalist and thinks there is no help for it, no remedy. If he was class conscious he would find there is a remedy in collective action. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie which we ascribe to Heaven.

The capitalists of a country want only so much labor-power and they take good care to buy it in the cheapest market. The English capitalists are no exception to this rule and so the British working man woke up to find England was being invaded by competitors called aliens, and they soon discovered that these aliens had a lower standard of living and could live on something inferior to tripe and chitlings. Consequently the British working man had to come down to that standard or get out. The most independent spirits get out because they like to feed their faces.

How patriotic the capitalists are! they love England because they own it, the only love they have for the workingman is to make profits out of him and they buy him in the cheapest market. Shall we call those "men" who submit to be bought and sold. No, they are wage-slaves. Slaves you are and slaves you will remain till you get together. Our forefathers did not submit to slavery without a struggle. In the days of King Richard the peasants of Kent, Essex and Hertfordshire died fighting rather than submit. Seven thousand of them perished on the gallows and the field of battle.

The emigrants of every European country are forced out because the supply of labor exceeds the demand. When we consider the tyranny of capitalism the patience of free-born wage-slaves is remarkable. Those English capitalists may well boast emigration. They had better look to it. When our Puritan forefathers were forced out of England by another tyranny it was not without a wrench that they tore themselves from their English homes. "Farewell dear England" they cried, as its shores faded from sight. "Our hearts" they wrote to their friends, "shall be fountains of tears for your everlasting welfare, when we shall be in our poor cottages in the wilderness." I rejoice to know that some of those Puritan emigrants returned, fought under Oliver Cromwell and smashed the tyranny.

Such were our ancestors. If you want to see the tragedy of emigration go to Liverpool landing stage. Talk about Socialism destroying the home, capitalism has broken up more homes than can be numbered. "They grew in beauty side by side."

Their graves are scattered far and wide, by stream, by mount, by sea. When I emigrated, when I got on the ship half the ship was drunk. Those of us who were drunk were singing "Good-bye Dollie I must leave you." The men were cursing and the women

were weeping. I noticed one stalwart young man alone by the deck rail. He was looking at a little withered, faded old woman standing helpless and forlorn on the landing stage. He stood there helpless, silently weeping, the tears streamed down his face, and the little woman was weeping in wild despair and wringing her hands. It was his mother and the lad she loved was being forced away from her. The mother's love! how deep it is, and the son's how tender. His whole being said "Mother," and hers "My Lad." He told me a day or two after, he was coming to Canada to keep her out of the workhouse.

There is a mother weeping in Ireland right now; her son came to Canada and was electrocuted because profits are more important than wage-slaves. We can see the mother standing at the cabin door. She sees the postman coming down the road; "Ah," she thinks, "perhaps he is bringing me a letter from my lad in Canada." He gives her a letter. The letter is opened. "This is to inform you that your son was electrocuted while doing his duty." Duty!

It is a law that a creature must adapt itself to its environment or perish. An old Scotchman down East the other day died of a broken heart. He had been forced out of Scotland. He had said farewell to the mountains, farewell to the North, and come to Canada; but he could not adapt himself and so perished. His heart was in the Highlands. He was too old to be transplanted. Now if that old Scotchman had a free will why did he come to Canada to die of grief? He had no free will, he was the victim of Economic Determinism. Scotland is a deer forest for aristocrats.

I wish the wage-slaves of Scotland would rise in their might and say, "Our fathers shall not be forced into exile to die of grief in a far country." Just think of the father in Burns Cotter's Saturday night, dying in exile. When John Knox died, over his grave they said: "There lies one who never feared the face of man." Today Scotchmen, Irishmen, Englishmen and wage slaves of every nation bow down to the tyranny of Capitalism.

The relation of wage slavery and capital exists in Canada and so long as we allow the relation to exist there will always be one class to be exploited.

Awake! Arise or be forever fallen.

CLIFFORD BUTLER.

THE RAILWAY STRIKE IN FRANCE

Paris, October 17, 1910.

The great railway strike, which has been the sole and absorbing topic of discussion during the past week, and which has called to life many quaint opinions from many callow reasoners, is gradually petering out.

The general impression of the crisis left upon the mind of the novice in these social disturbances is rather a confused one: Great popular excitement; all the world selling and buying and reading newspapers (which seemed to appear at irregular intervals all day long); an uncomfortable sense of being jostled on the boulevards by hurrying newsboys shouting in hoarse voices "La Presse," "l'Intransigeant"; and the same insistent persistent calls rising without cessation from the boulevards through the fifth-story office window, and inflaming the imagination with all sorts of lurid pictures; the constant meeting of troops of soldiers along the more frequented routes; a new view of the Seine with soldiers bivouacking along its quays; and always, and all around, discussion—discussion—discussion, the right or the wrong of the thing; the men, the masters and the Government; all these elements are welded into the fabric known as a "general impression."

All the summer the situation has been gradually ripening, and the denouement might have been easily avoided had the perfectly reasonable demands of the men received earlier attention at the hands of the company and the Government.

The claims of the railway employees were: For a general living wage of five francs a day; a shorter working day; and the enforcing by the Government of its law regarding superannuation benefits; also that the Government should (according to promise) provide that the law concerning these benefits should act retrospectively.

Paris is just recovering from a very lively fear; the fear of being starved out; and this, together with the inconveniences of locomotion, and the difficulty of transit, has been the cause of