

The Great Tribulation Winnipeg's First General Strike (with an introduction by A. Ross McCormick)

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THE GREAT TRIBULATION: Winnipeg's First General Strike

Libertas Brammel (Introduction by A. Ross McCormack)

INTRODUCTION

MOST Canadians know that a massive general strike was fought in Winnipeg in 1919, and a few realize that a similar dispute, although of smaller proportions, occurred in the same city a year earlier. Thus, when in 1902 *The Voice* published serially a novel written by an author calling himself "Libertas Brammel," the organ of the Winnipeg trades council preserved for posterity an eerily prophetic vision of class tensions in the city.¹ Set in 1902 Winnipeg, *The Great Tribulation* chronicles, "the greatest strike Canada had ever known."

The parallels between the actual 1919 general strike and the 1902 fictional strike are quite remarkable.² "Thousands of the unemployed stalk about our streets," Philip Murray, *Libertas'* hero, tells twenty thousand of his followers; and "in spite of our efforts wages drop lower and lower." Falling real wages caused by war-time inflation and surplus in labour market caused by returning soldiers substantially contributed to the polarization of Winnipeg society in 1919. As a reflection of *Libertas'* internationalism, the Great Strike of 1902 begins on 1 May when "factory hands, mechanics, clerks, printers and street railway employees, and all others" leave their jobs. On 15 May 1919 nearly 25,000 workers, including factory hands, mechanics, clerks, printers and street railway employees, disrupted Winnipeg's economy by striking. In *The Great Tribulation* the strikers are peaceable and meet at "a great auditorium on McDermot Avenue." To maintain peace among their followers in 1919, strike leaders held rallies at Victoria Park, near the end of McDermot Avenue. At the head of his rebellious workers, *Libertas* placed Philip Murray and a small "central committee" of strike leaders constituted from several representative groups. The actual general strike was directed by a "central strike committee" of fifteen nominated by a much larger organization. Opposed to Philip Murray and his comrades is "the syndicate of twelve," self-made merchants, manufacturers and railway magnates committed to the economic pre-eminence of Winnipeg. In 1919 the Committee of One Thousand represented a *nouveau riche* elite which had prospered as a result of the city's commercial domination of the prairies.

¹ *The Voice*, 30 May - 26 September 1902.

² David Jay Bercuson, *Confrontation at Winnipeg: Labour, Industrial Relations, and the General Strike* (Montreal 1974).

Who was the remarkably prescient *Libertas*? I do not know in any specific way. To date my efforts to determine his identity, through searches in *The Voice* and Winnipeg directories, have been unsuccessful. I can make, however, some reasonable guesses about his background. Judging from a good deal of internal evidence, such as allusions and idiom, *Libertas* was probably an Anglican who had recently emigrated from Britain. And judging from his literacy and erudition, probably an artisan. Climbing farther out on the limb, his apparently short stay in the city which suggests tramping reinforces my impression of artisanal status. I hope publication of *The Great Tribulation* will lead to further inquiries into its provenance and *Libertas*' identity.

In the mean time, *The Great Tribulation* should not be considered only an historical curiosity; rather it is an important historical document, however faulty or incomplete. Indeed the novel provides illuminating glimpses of working-class aspirations and attitudes. Some of these are familiar, for instance the ideological ambivalence reflected in the debates between Philip Murray and his friend David Paynter, but other insights that *Libertas* offers are new. Perhaps most important *The Great Tribulation* reflects the vitality and eclecticism of the autodidactic tradition in the labour movement, a significant though unexplored dimension of working-class culture.

Increasing literacy was a prominent dimension of British working-class culture during the nineteenth century. An essential of the Victorian self-improvement ethic, the ability to read and write became associated with security and status. As a result, especially after 1850 mass appeal newspapers, tracts, manuals and novels proliferated to meet a growing popular demand for the printed word. And many self-educated workers, inspired by a strong "desire to participate in English literary culture," explored their experience in poetry and prose, which was usually published in newspapers.³ A well-founded tradition of literacy, then, was part of the cultural baggage of the British workers who migrated to western Canada at the turn of the century. This heritage was evident when immigrants from the United Kingdom took a leading role in the foundation and direction of every labour newspaper in the West. In 1903 it was estimated that "nine out of ten" of the *Western Clarion's* readers had recently arrived from Britain.⁴ *The Voice* of Winnipeg typified the phenomenon. Established in 1894 by Arthur Puttee and other English trade-unionists, the paper was always newsy and literate, but at times its pages shone with an erudition and literary grace which reflected tremendous working-class pride and accomplishment.⁵

³ J.F.C. Harrison, *Learning and Living 1790-1970: A Study in the History of the English Adult Education Movement* (London 1961), 38-89; Richard D. Altick, *The English Common Reader: A Social History of the Mass Reading Public 1800-1900* (Chicago 1957), 318-364 and Martha Vicinus, *The Industrial Muse: A Study of Nineteenth Century British Working-Class Literature* (London 1974), 140.

⁴ *Western Clarion*, 31 July 1903.

⁵ For a discussion of the impact of British immigration on the Canadian labour move-

Working-class authors, such as *Libertas*, who explored the experience of the masses in industrial society were inspired by two complementary, though different, literary traditions. The industrial novelists, the best of whom was Dickens, portrayed the squalor and degradation of the northern slums and denounced the human price of progress. Nevertheless these middle-class authors believed implicitly in the perfectability of industrial capitalism. Class conflict represented a failure produced by irresponsible employer and wicked workers; "Strikes, mass demonstrations or any expression of working-class solidarity," P.J. Keating argues, "are naturally condemned."⁶ In *Hard Times* one of Dickens' most attractive characters in the novel dies as a result of union solidarity. By the last quarter of the century this attitude began to change under the impact of French naturalism and progressivism. Through carefully observed treatments of the brutality of working-class life, slum novelists, such as Arthur Morrison, severely indicted modern society.⁷

The second influential literary tradition was explicitly political. The product of working-class authors, a few nineteenth-century English novels encouraged class conflict. Even though the tradition was a minor one, it manifested two periods of vitality, periods which significantly coincided with social polarization. Fiction was an important dimension of Chartist propaganda. Leaders of the movement, such as Ernest Jones and Thomas Martin Wheeler, wrote novels which used melodrama and moralizing to promote dissatisfaction and solidarity among workers.⁸ This tradition became dormant during years of class accommodation at mid-century but revived in the turbulent nineties. In *A More Excellent Way*, Constance Howell's hero is an advocate of socialism. The ultimate expression of the political school was Robert Tressell's *Ragged Trousered Philanthropists*; even though his belaboured didacticism obscured any artistic merit, the novel had a tremendous popular impact.⁹ *Libertas* was part of this tradition.

The political instrumentality of *The Great Tribulation* is clear. *Libertas'* vision of society in polarized Winnipeg was simple and direct; good workers are exploited and oppressed by evil capitalists. He elaborated his vision in florid prose and melodramatic action which were designed to arouse his readers. "We have been shorn like sheep; we have been squeezed like lemons," cries Philip Murray; "we make everything for [the syndicate], toil for them day and night; they pay us little and charge us whatever they please for our own products." The legitimate and humane aspirations of the workers are opposed

ment see A. Ross McCormack, "The British Working-Class Immigration and Canadian Radicalism: The Case of Arthur Puttee," *Canadian Ethnic Studies*, 10 (1978).

⁶ P.J. Keating, *The Working Classes in Victorian Fiction* (London 1971), 1-30 and 121-35.

⁷ *Ibid.*, 125-98 and P.J. Keating, *Working-Class Stories of the 1890's* (London 1971).

⁸ Vicinus, *Industrial Muse*, 113-35.

⁹ Allan Sillitoe, "Introduction" to Robert Tressell, *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists* (London 1977), 7.

by a powerful and corrupt elite. To warn his readers against underestimating their opponents, *Libertas* portrayed employers as ruthless. "They can strike till doomsday before their pay will be increased as far as I am concerned," George Elliott, a department store magnate, tells the syndicate, "they're overpaid . . . Their food is too good; their labour is too light."

True to its purpose, *The Great Tribulation* advocates a solution to social inequality. Because there is a certain confusion to *Libertas*' thought reflecting Marxist, Darwinian and liberal influences, the burden of his political theme is at times obscure. Nonetheless one essential idea system persists throughout the novel, Christian Socialism. Inspired by progressives in the Church of England, *Libertas* believed that society could only be redeemed through a renewal of faith.¹⁰ Divine will had originally ordained an egalitarian and co-operative society. But because modern men and women had abandoned Christianity, they "are crushed and ground down to serve their unrighteous taskmasters." The co-operative commonwealth can be restored through working-class solidarity. The form which collective action must take, however, is unclear. Ironically *Libertas* recognized obvious tactical disadvantages in strikes. Implicitly he seems to prefer political action; it is probably significant that Philip Murray defiantly describes himself as a socialist. But if *Libertas* was uncertain about the form of working-class action, he had no doubt about its moral content. "Fallen man has fallen so deep that he cannot be rescued except by the Almighty," David Paynter, the author's mouthpiece, explains. By imposing Christianity, the working-class can redeem society. The promise of social harmony embodied in *Libertas*' hope is symbolized by the pure and noble love of Philip Murray for Enid Anstruther, daughter of the syndicate's leader, a love which ultimately ends the Great Strike.

Because *Libertas*' didactic purpose ultimately precluded artistic achievement, *The Great Tribulation* is a piece of bad literature. The novel is clearly derivative. To achieve character development and dramatic impact, he borrowed freely from popular fiction. Philip Murray is a highly conventional hero, of the people yet clearly separated from them by a superior idealism. Enid Anstruther's resurrection is a *deus ex machina* characteristic of Victorian melodrama. Two dimensional characterization, inadequate setting, an uncertain narrative all mar the novel, but one deficiency stands out. When Winnipeg's history necessitated that *Libertas* set his great strike in the future, he could have written an engaging and entertaining tale. He missed the opportunity. Unlike Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward* there is no fantasy in the novel; instead of air cars and moving walk-ways, Winnipegers of *Libertas*'

¹⁰ K.S. Inglis, *Churches and the Working Classes in Victorian England* (London 1963), 259-287. English historians are presently debating the importance of Christianity's influence on socialism. Stephen Yeo, "A New Life: The Religion of Socialism in Britain 1883-1896," *History Workshop*, 4(Autumn 1977), 5-56 and Royden Harrison, "The Religion of Socialism," *History Workshop*, 5(Spring 1978), 214-7.

future continue to ride street cars. Had *The Great Tribulation* been better fiction, it would have been better propaganda.

In preparing this edition of *The Great Tribulation* for publication, I have corrected typographical errors which appeared in *The Voice*, standardized the punctuation and abridged Chapters IV, IX and XI.

THE GREAT TRIBULATION

Chapter I: A Great City

IN 1900 THE city of Winnipeg had reached proportions undreamed of sixty years before. Situated on the banks of the Red River at the point where it is met by its tributary, the far-famed Assiniboine, this great city occupies the most commanding position in America. Twenty miles westward and eighty miles northward its busy streets extend. Into this metropolis from all the surrounding country are poured the products of the soil of the most fertile country in the world, and from it flow out in almost immeasurable quantity the supplies required by the millions of agriculturists and ranchers round about.

The history of this city is not uninteresting. From a few huts erected along the river banks and beside the old Indian trail which ran through the place, the settlement gradually acquired the dignity and title of a city and in 1900 had already begun to exhibit some indications of its future greatness. Grand warehouses began to be erected, magnificent banking institutions and beautiful dwellings made their appearance in ever increasing numbers. And for sixty years this had gone on in ever increasing ratio.

One feature which strikes the visitor to Winnipeg is the contrast between the Sabbath and the weekday. On Sunday there is a charm and stillness, a restfulness and quietude about the city of Winnipeg which is not found in any other American city. Scarcely a carriage or vehicle can be seen

on its streets, the Sunday street car, with its nerve-wracking rattle and rumble, does not destroy the feeling of rest which seems to pervade the Sabbath atmosphere. Nowhere would it seem possible to find more absolute quietude than in this city of the plains. Whatever the actual conditions may be, whatever the strife, the turmoil, and wearying labor performed during the week, Sunday, at least to all outward appearance, is thoroughly and essentially a day of rest. Rest! Rest! How the human heart craves for it, prays for it. Rest! It is the great throbbing cry of humanity's mighty heart. Like the raging waves of the sea it rolls from generation to generation, echoing down the march of centuries in hoarse, deep cadences, thrilling with an undertone which only one voice can still, — the voice of Him who pleads, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Many industries are carried on in the great city. The construction of a great water power system on the Assiniboine River, together with the establishment of a gigantic electric plant of nearly one million horse-power capacity upon the Winnipeg River, some few miles to the north of the city, had caused factory after factory to spring into existence till at the time of this history nearly all branches of manufacturing were more or less represented, and some of them on a very large scale indeed. Hundreds of thousands of men and women found employment in these factories and mills.

Chapter II: The Strike

ON THE first of May every worker in Winnipeg went out on strike. Factory hands, mechanics, clerks, salesmen, printers, street railway employees and all others. The greatest strike Canada had ever known was on.

In the great auditorium on McDermot avenue a vast audience of nearly twenty thousand representatives of the different Labor organizations were gathered to hear their leader, Philip Murray. I can see him before me now — a young man of not more than twenty-seven or twenty-eight, tall, dark, and of commanding figure. When in repose his features were almost stern, but when lit up by a smile they were the most attractive I have ever beheld. One might easily wonder how, so young, he had become the master mind of that great organization, but it was only necessary to come in contact with the man, to know something of his powerful personality, his strong intellect, his agreeable manner, to understand how he came to be the chosen leader.

There was a hush in the auditorium as Philip Murray rose to speak. "Friends and Brethren, we are met together at a crisis in our lives. Many of those before me have participated in strikes, but there has never yet been one like this. It is a struggle to the finish — we win or we die. For forty years affairs have gone from bad to worse here from the workman's standpoint. Combinations of capital have grown larger and larger, till as we know but too well, almost the entire city is owned or controlled by a syndicate of twelve. Our own organizations have also grown in number, we are now practically a unit, but what have we been able to accomplish. Nothing almost nothing. Thousands of the unemployed stalk about our streets; in spite of our efforts wages drop lower and lower, and now as a last final blow on the part of our masters we are threatened with a decrease of wages that brings the income of many of us seriously close to starvation point. The

limit of human endurance is reached.

"Something must be done. What that something is we cannot decide hurriedly. We have had to take action in this strike so quickly that our course is not exactly clear to all. It is too early for me to advise you. Let the various committees assembled here discuss the matter. Our central committee will then be prepared to act. We have been at the mercy of the syndicate. As cattlemen close around the innocently browsing cattle to work their doom, so the syndicate has closed around us. We have been shorn like sheep; we have been squeezed like lemons. The cost of everything we eat or drink is controlled by the trust. We make everything for them, toil for them day and night; they pay us little and charge us whatever they please for our own products. O men, can you not see injustice here.

"But worse than the effect upon us is the effect upon those who cannot obtain work of any description. What are they to do? Perhaps they die quietly. But suppose they should steal. Never fear; we have the police. At every corner they stand as thick as peas in a pod. Or they might commit murder! What then, we have the hangman. And a busy man he is too. His income would keep ten of us here in luxury.

"The effect, too, upon our females is fearful to contemplate. O ye syndicate, race of oppressors, your other inequities are light as compared with that sin of sins for which ye are responsible — the loss of the virtues of Canada's wives and daughters. Look into our own slums. Here the spectacle is awful to behold. Vice runs riot. Here misery drowns its hunger in drink. Men and women, the latter almost as numerous as the former, some with infants on their withered breasts are to be seen at all times, in constant intoxication. Poor things, perhaps they are better off than we are — at any rate they are not so conscious of their misery. The bonds that bind us must be broken. The power of the Syndicate must be crushed. Let us think about it first, then act — to a man."

Chapter III: Philip and David

PHILIP Murray resided with his mother in a small cottage on Arlington avenue, in the suburbs of the great metropolis. It was a pretty little place, and had been built principally by Philip in the evenings after the regular day's work had been performed.

Benjamin Murray, the father of Philip was a jovial, good-hearted man, stout, fat and lazy. He hardly did a tap of real work during his whole life, and when his earthly term was run it can scarcely be said that Mrs. Murray was any worse off than during his lifetime. Her struggle was, nevertheless, severe, and were it not for the assistance of kind friends she must at one time have given up in despair. It came as a real relief when young Phil was old enough to work and thus contribute something to the maintenance of himself and his mother. Brought up thus in the midst of toil and poverty Philip Murray developed a character probably impossible under any other conditions.

Mrs. Murray was a sweet, good natured woman. But she had one weakness — at least for her own welfare. She thought too much of the wants of others. Many a time had she been known to go almost without a meal in order to provide food for someone she thought needed it more and this, too, at a time when she was herself in actual want. She fairly idolized Philip. He was her comfort, her only joy on earth — her darling boy.

Philip and his mother were at home together the night after the Great Assembly.

"My poor boy," said the good woman, tenderly, "I am afraid this strike will worry you to death."

"Oh, no fear, mother; times are hard but they are not so bad but what they might be worse. The cloud is heavy but I can see the silver lining. I shan't worry. Why should I, with my dear mother near to cheer me."

"Ah, you flatterer," she replied, "that's the way you always answer me,

when you have a grave burden of responsibility to bear, but you cannot deceive your mother. But you must promise me that you will take your regular rest, I can't have you staying up night after night as you did during our last labor troubles."

"All right, mother."

At this moment there was a knock at the door and a young man entered. David Paynter was Philip's closest friend, his only friend in fact.

"Good evening, Mrs. Murray," the young man said, greeting the lady of the house. "And how are you? I trust you are well."

"Very well, thank you, David."

"And Phil, old boy, how are you tonight, in good temper?"

"How dare you insinuate that he is ever out of temper," said Mrs. Murray, playfully.

"His mother's boy then is all right," returned Dave.

"Of course," she said, smiling.

David Paynter was an orphan. He was a year or two older than Philip, whom he called very frequently to see. Mrs. Murray was almost a second mother to him. When Dave Paynter was about eighteen he had started out in life as a school teacher. It was really interesting to hear him tell his little history of those early days. His first school was at a little place called Provenda, far up in the Northwest. Climbing out of the old wagon which brought him to the place, he entered the home provided for [him] during his six months' term. This was a wood structure of moderate size, with a sod roof and a clay floor. Fifteen or twenty people, young men and young women principally, dwelt in this house and slept in bunks arranged along two sides of the walls. There were no divisions to the room. Each one of the inmates lived and slept in the one chamber, and when they retired at night, there was no alternative but to disrobe in the centre of the place and make a dive for the allotted bunk. This was so startling to poor Dave that he hardly knew what to make of it, more particularly as the inmates

were all good innocent people. They really seemed like a lot of young children. Next day, when wandering about the village, the young teacher came across a dilapidated old shanty, where an old man had a small lot of lumber for sale, and David seized the opportunity to purchase a sufficient quantity to erect a partition around the bunk which had been given to him. He could not have made a worse move. The occupants of that house thought he was a very proud young man, too high minded to associate with them, and for a long time the young ladies would point him out to their friends as the aristocrat of Provenda.

It was really amusing to listen to Dave tell his own story of his experience in this out-of-the-way settlement. He was a rather bashful lad was David, at that time, at least so he says. It was quite the usual practice for the young people to arrange a dance each week or so; and so modest was the young teacher that some of the fairer sex resolved to tease him, and they proceeded to do so forthwith. As he was sitting down at the side of the room watching the fun, a pretty girl sat down beside him. After chatting gaily with him for some time the fair creature suddenly stood up and putting one hand on each of his cheeks gave him a loud sounding kiss fairly on the lips. This was the signal for the young people, who were intently watching the progress of the joke, and they immediately commenced to laugh loud and heartily. Of course young David blushed to the roots of his hair. Poor fellow!

Four or five times this was repeated upon various occasions, and the school-master (so he was called) was at his wits end to know what to do. A particularly grand affair for that village was on one evening, and the belle of the ball chatted with him for a time, and then in the forementioned manner duly kissed him. Of course everybody laughed. Why shouldn't they? But Dave had learned a thing or two. He arose and chased that young lady. She tried then to escape. He caught her, and of course, she struggled to get away. This

was a huge joke to the spectators, and they seemed to enjoy the sight immensely thus to see the tables turned. David held the girl in his arms, and kissed and kissed her till he was fairly tired. He was never troubled with the kissing girls again. But he became more popular than ever; and when he departed from that school district to commence his studies for the ministry, many of the people there really wept with regret to see him go from their midst.

Chapter IV: The Resurrection of Jesus Christ

"I NEVER could quite understand Dave," said Philip, "why you ever decided to enter the church. Of all the institutions which are responsible for the present reprehensible state of society, the church stands foremost. It has shut up knowledge in monastery walls; in its earlier days it has slaughtered every soul which dared make one step towards truth. It has made exiles and martyrs of all the boldest natures of Europe, for centuries. It has burned master minds at the stake. It has throttled every movement ever inaugurated for the advancement of human well being. You are unable to point to one solitary man who has boldly and bravely championed the cause of truth and justice that it has not persecuted."

"Hold a minute, Phil," exclaimed his friend. "You'll be out of breath."

"No, let me finish," he continued, warming to his subject, for on this matter of religion these two friends were always arguing and wrangling.

"Then what is this religion you profess. What does it offer to man? It offers an endless period of harping and singing to the saved after death, while to the non-believers it assigns a place of torment where all the strictly progressive people of the ages, our Darwins, our Huxleys, our Tyndals, our scientists and all our advanced minds are doomed to frizzle for ever and ever, while their shrieks, groans, and yells are borne across the great abyss between to be drowned by the twang of the

harpers beyond. Oh hideous doctrine! the fiendish contrivance of a God of Love! Absurd!

"There can be no creator of this world. There is no indication of intelligent design in the universe. It is all the result of chance. Do you suppose for an instant if there was a God such as you evidently believe in, if he was the God you claim Him to be, that he would have permitted all the present wickedness to invade the world, that he would have allowed so much sorrow, pain, weakness, crime, pestilence and famine to enter here to torture his own creation — let alone torment them eternally hereafter. Your belief is nothing but a horrible nightmare."

"And on what, too, is all your religion based? Upon the supposed resurrection from the dead of an old Hebrew philosopher. Why, all the evidence regarding this, the very keystone of the arch of your faith, is so contradictory that no rational being could accept it in the light of evidence. Poor Dave, 'tis a pity to waste your life as you are doing among the fossil and dry bones of the church. Make life worth living here, the hereafter will take care of itself."

"No, Phil, the future will not take care of itself. But you have poured forth such a furious charge, that I might almost think you wanted me to run away."

"No fear of that, Dave."

"You are right, but let me take up your various objections in order. And the last shall be first."

"You say that the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, upon which all Christianity is based is not sufficiently established? That's the point isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Philip, smiling somewhat triumphantly.

"Very few educated people have any doubt of the existence and general effect upon the destinies of Europe at the time, of an historical personage known as Napoleon Bonaparte. And yet it has been shown by Archbishop Whateley, in a little treatise

entitled "Historic Doubts as to Napoleon Bonaparte,"¹¹ which you doubtless know created some stir when it was published, that the treatment of the testimony of contemporaries towards him and his deeds, exactly following unbelieving treatment of the testimony of contemporaries towards the resurrection of Jesus Christ would be as thoroughly — no more thoroughly, and no less thoroughly — disprove the fact of Napoleon's existence. As the fact of Christ's resurrection was and is disproved by an appeal to the variance of the testimony as to details. The two cases were shown to be exactly parallel as regards the character of the testimony, and what is proved or disproved, i.e., an alleged fact. And the argument loses none of its force by time.

"I believe in Jesus Christ, my friend" continued David, "and I believe in Him as the Son of the Omnipotent.

"Your other arguments are as easily swept aside, but I see Mrs. Murray already beckoning me to stop."

"Yes, you boys quit your arguing," said the good lady. "Phil's always ready to provoke a discussion."

"We're nearly through, mother."

"As to the world showing no signs of a creator," Dave went on, "it would be as reasonable for you to say that that this house showed no signs of a builder. The wonders of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdom, and the even greater wonders of the other kingdom on which depend so many wonderful light and electric phenomena are far too perfect for any sane man to believe anything but the beautiful

¹¹ Richard Whateley an active and prolific churchman who ended his career as Archbishop of Dublin, published *Historic Doubts as to Napoleon Bonaparte* anonymously in 1819; popular throughout the nineteenth century, the pamphlet argued that by David Hume's principles even the existence of the French Emperor could not be proven beyond reasonable doubt. (*Dictionary of National Biography*).

creations of a Master Hand holding the reins of omnipotence.

"As the peculiar doctrines which some professing Christians hold, I can say little. As many undoubtedly absorb erroneous ideas among Christians as among infidels, for alas, man is not perfect. But whatever professing Christians may say about it, the Bible, the Word of God, upon which I pin my faith, says nothing concerning the playing of hymns in Heaven as the sole source of employment, and it positively forbids any such idea of Hell as you would try to persuade me some believe. There is no Hell of Torment in the Word of God for any man or woman, no matter how vile they may be.

"The cruelty of the early church has nothing to do with Christianity. You must distinguish closely between followers of Christ and followers of the church. In the early centuries the church, polluted by overtures and connections with the heathen, aimed at temporal power, and zeal for dominion led to the many persecutions which we deplore. The true church of Christ has never attacked anyone, and in later centuries even the nominal church has never fought men, only the principle of evil; never the sinner, only the sin — except in self defence."

"Come and have a cup of tea, boys," said Mrs. Murray at this juncture.

"Yes; let's drown the beggar's arguments," Phil answered laughing.

Chapter V: A Chance Encounter

ENID ANSTRUTHER was one of Canada's fairest daughters. Born in the lap of luxury, and reared in the midst of wealth and all that wealth means, she yet presented a sweetness of disposition and grace of manner most unusual among those in high estate.

Philip Murray was on the street one afternoon, several days after the declaration of the great strike. He was in deep thought as he moved along, and only nodded mechanically to the many who rec-

ognized him as he wended his way. Suddenly, inexplicably, there flashed before him a face that aroused him from thought, and sent the blood coursing through his veins like a mountain torrent. It was the face of his dreams, his ideal. The magnetic thrill caused him to look up. He looked into the eyes of Enid Anstruther.

It was love at first sight.

While he looked, Enid Anstruther had passed on. But she had scarcely gone twenty yards when Philip saw her accosted by several young bloods, whom the afternoon glass had probably somewhat affected. And standing across the sidewalk they barred her further progress.

"A kiss from missy, and she can pass," said one.

Another had taken the frightened young lady by the hand, when he was suddenly seized by the collar and pushed violently into the gutter. The others immediately passed on.

"I trust you have not been hurt?" Philip cried, baring his head and bowing politely.

"No, not in the least, thanks to your generous aid. I scarcely thought I could have been addressed in that manner upon this public thoroughfare. I must be careful not to be unaccompanied in future. Probably this unfortunate strike is making some of the men reckless! But they did not look like workingmen! Did you think so?"

"No, I would stake my life they were not," Philip answered, gazing curiously into her face.

During the time the young couple had passed on their way. Philip hardly knew whither he went, all he knew he walked beside one whose fair eyes had affected him as he had never been affected before.

Then Enid, suddenly recovering herself, paused, and somewhat alarmed, said: "But this is not my way, I must go home. I must see Helen."

"Ah," said Philip, "how stupid of me. But who is Helen?"

"Helen is my friend. She went into one of the large stores while I called at papa's

office. I have been so long that she must be already waiting for me."

"Will you not allow me to accompany you while you seek your friend?" Philip said, beseechingly.

"Ah, I see her now," exclaimed the young lady. "Thank you very, very much, sir, for your kindness."

And with a smile and curtsy she was gone.

Chapter VI: A Man of Means

SELF-INTEREST is the mainspring life motive, without which it seems impossible to conceive that anything could live an instant. It gives a tremendous force of character to the individual in whom it is strongly manifested, and enables him to make most vigorous exertions to accomplish worldly and personal ends.

Carveth Anstruther possessed this self-interest faculty in the greatest degree. No one could think more of number one than this the leader of the great syndicate. Not that self-interest or as it is more commonly called, selfishness, is in itself an insidious faculty. Far from it. While it encroaches not on the domain of the rights of others it lends a force to the will and a power to the mind almost incalculable. Conjoined to a high intellectual order it would make one a very giant of energy among less selfish associates. Unfortunately, however, self-interest can rarely preserve inviolable the rights of others; in the effort to better the condition of self it grasps at and seizes not only the interests and rights but more frequently the actual property of weaker brethren.

Riches had not come to Carveth Anstruther by birth or station. His parents were comparatively poor people; the son had won his position of opulence and magnificence by his own efforts, assisted, it is true, by considerable influence as he had succeeded in winning for himself through his own personal attractiveness and graces. He had started out in life as a bookkeeper in a small store, but his industry soon pro-

cured for him a position of trust in a large departmental store. Here his natural talent for business found full vent and in the course of several years his suggestions had proved so valuable to his superiors that they voluntarily granted to him a very large increase to the salary which he was at that time receiving, much greater in fact than he could have hoped to obtain, judging by the wages of his co-workers.

Shortly afterwards, however, he secured his first real lift in life, when through a fortunate combination of circumstances he was able to purchase a small clothing business upon one of the main thoroughfares. Within a year young Anstruther had succeeded in placing his new venture upon a sound financial basis. It was about this time, when Carveth Anstruther, in fact, was just twenty-seven years of age, that he courted and married Miss Clara Vining, whose untimely end two years later, while giving birth to their daughter Enid, prostrated the young financier with grief and well nigh killed him with despair. As the infant grew up the father gradually transferred to her the whole of his love and affection. Upon her he lavished all that the heart could desire, till it were a wonder that Enid was not spoiled. Not so, however; the young girl developed into a noble young woman, accomplished, amiable, considerate and kind. She was liked by everyone.

With the death of his wife, Carveth Anstruther threw himself into business with greater energy and determination to succeed than before. He extended his little business, added department after department, and finally made of it a great store. Every move he made seemed to glow with gold. Why it should be so in this case more than with other men it is not easy to say, but the fact remained. Doubtless, however, to his powerful personality was due a large measure of his success. He was a great business magnet that drew all to him who came within the reach of his influence. He commenced to manufacture different classes of goods for sale in his store. This branch, too, was commenced in a small

way, but like his earlier efforts it met with success. In course of time factory after factory was operated, and ultimately owned. At the time of our story Carveth Anstruther was the wealthiest man in the city.

Chapter VII: The Syndicate Meets

IN UNITY is strength. It would seem absurd at this late date to argue the point or to endeavour to prove its truth. The fact is well known and thoroughly believed. Not only the labour interests combine, but also those of capital. It was so in Winnipeg.

In the library of Carveth Anstruther twelve men were assembled. Practically all the wealth of the city was in their hands — certainly they controlled all at stake in the present trials. James Dawning was a little man, self-important, active and energetic. He was at the head of all the foundries. Colbert Watkins controlled the printing business of the great city. He was a luxurious man, generally mild mannered, but he could be as sharp as a needle when the occasion required it. Crawford Mills stood for the street railway interests. Almost all the members of the syndicate had shares in the gigantic system that threaded the streets of the great city, but this man was by far the largest owner. He was a capable man, hard-headed, unsympathetic, iron-handed, and thoroughly masterful. A more suitable man for the management of the system could not be chosen. The railway system paid large dividends. George Elliott was the departmental store magnate. With the exception of a few large stores which were unaffected by the strike, he controlled the general retail business of the great metropolis. Red-headed, hot and wiry, he was liked by none who worked under him — but he made his interests pay. James Fulton, Roderick Wainwright, Jackson Barnaby, William George, Eason Arnott, Alex Burns and George Willis each were men of millions, and each were at the summit of some particular branch of industry.

Carveth Anstruther, as chairman,

called the meeting to order.

"This strike is unfortunate, gentlemen," said Mr. Anstruther, "coming as it does at this particular time. But it is folly to give way to the demands of these men. They are positively insatiable. It seems to me that the more they get the more they want. They demand this, they want that, they make this regulation and they form that rule till it becomes really difficult to decide whether they work for us or own us."

"Ha, ha, he, he, good." Dawning broke in, "but we'll shake them off. Never fear."

"Competition with other great centres," continued the chairman, "is exceedingly keen, so keen in fact that we cannot increase our expenses and still make money. We cannot afford to give way; it is more than a question of our actual living. Of course, I speak more particularly with regard to the factories at this moment, but from what I have gathered from my friends present today I feel sure that an increased expenditure such as would entail were we to meet the demands of the strikers would prove disastrous. I should be glad, gentlemen, to hear you discuss the matter, so that we may decide upon a settled plan of action, but at the same time I do not hesitate to recommend a vigorous resistance to these arbitrary demands of the strikers."

"I won't be coerced by a lot of pigheaded idiots," George Elliott ejaculated. "They can strike till doomsday before their pay will be increased as far as I am concerned. Do you suppose I'll be forced to do anything? Not I! In any case they're overpaid. What do they want with more money? They would only waste it in useless luxury. They get too much now to be good workers. Their food is too good, their labor is too light; if they had more to do, they would have less time to think of striking. We'll never give in to a parcel of dogs such as these, never!"

"My sentiments exactly," said Mr. Arnott, "if we give in to these men now,

we may continue to do so. We cannot afford to pay them more, and if we could it would be folly to give way upon occasion of this kind."

"Gentlemen," said Crawford Mills, the street railway magnate, "from the expressions I have heard here, it is undoubted that we are all unanimous in our opinion that the men must be opposed, that we must not, under any circumstances, accede to their demands. Now, I have a proposition to make. It is this. First, that we do our utmost to fill the places of the strikers with outsiders. There are thousands of men seeking employment. We will get them if we can. If necessary, we will send to the east and the United States. Should this be unsuccessful, we will fight Mr. Striker with his own weapons. We will let the strike continue as long as we can, till the men are well nigh exhausted with the struggle, then we will announce that we intend to close down, indefinitely, our mills, factories, refineries and foundries. Of course, some portions of our system must be run, but these at least can easily be operated by outside aid. Then when we have got these foolhardy strikers where we want them, we shall be able to dictate such terms that they will never be able to attempt anything of this kind again. Strikes must be taken out of them for this generation at least."

After considerable discussion of these suggestions by the chairman and others, this course was finally agreed upon. The syndicate would work their interests with non-union men, or close down their works.

Chapter VIII: The Course of Love

ALL HAPPINESS proceeds from Love, and when such love is experienced mutually by human beings of opposite sex, one towards the other, such happiness reaches the summit of earthly possibility. True love begets that exalted estimation, regard and worship which each feels; it creates an inexpressible delight, an untold joy which each feels in the presence of the other. How potent, too, the power of love. It renders a woman incomparably more

lovely; it beautifies her every step and motion; she becomes more queenly, more graceful and bewitching; while at the same time it gives to her lover more pride, more dignity, more nobility.

See the happy couple while they promenade together, note how much more graceful and perfect they are than at any other time. And their rambles, how short they are to the enamored ones! If they start out on a picnic or excursion, though either or both are weakly, they walk on and on for miles, so gayly, lively, easily, unconscious of distance, time, or weather. A wonderful power is love!

Philip Murray was a different man since that chance encounter with Enid. He thought and thought about her. He pictured her face mentally again and again. He wondered where or how he could meet her again — for be it remembered he knew not her name or abode.

He met her a second time by chance.

St. John's College is a historic old place. Erected in the early days when the country was but a wilderness, and maintained in its earlier days with difficulty, it has for three quarters of a century prepared western Canada's noblest sons and daughters for the battle of life, the greater portion of whom have entered directly into the active service of the Lord Jesus.

Philip always had a love for the old college; inexplicably, perhaps, but doubtless mainly due to the fact that such was the college he would have entered had he possessed the means and opportunity of doing so.

The Alma Mater of St. John's were holding their annual reunion and as David Paynter was anxious to attend he invited his chum, Philip Murray to accompany him. The meeting, which took the form of a social and concert, interspersed with speeches by past and present students of the college, was held in St. John's school house. This is a somewhat antiquated brick structure long since inadequate for the requirements of the cathedral, but proba-

bly still clung to because of old associations. Down the centre of the room a row of tables were set, laden with the good things so necessary upon an occasion of this kind, while down the two sides were arranged chairs for the accommodation of the audience.

The school house was well filled when David and Philip entered, some accomplished pianists filling the room with pleasing music. The two young men had not been seated long, ere Philip noticed some few yards ahead of him the object of his thoughts and dreams, the fair maiden of his heart — Enid Anstruther — though as yet he knew her not by name.

"Say, Dave!" he said, as soon as the opportunity presented itself, "I want you to excuse me for a few minutes, old chap. I know you will pardon me, won't you?"

"Certainly."

Miss Anstruther was seated alone when Philip approached her and occupied a seat at her side. A charming blush intensified the beauty of her face as she beheld near her the hero of her recent adventure.

"Good evening, fair maid," said Philip, with a smile, "the Fates are good to me. I frankly confess that I have frequently thought of you, and wished that I might meet you again, if only to enquire if you reached home safely after our last, shall I say fortunate? encounter."

"You are too kind; you may call it what you please," Enid replied.

"Then it was a fortunate occasion," Philip said, "for me."

"And more fortunate for me, then," she replied.

Just then a white rose which Enid wore in her hair became loose, and fell to the floor. Philip immediately stooped and picked it up. He gazed at it, offered it, and then as quickly drew back his hand.

"Nay," he said, "may I not retain it?"

"I am sure, sir," replied Enid, colouring and looking down, "I am so much indebted to you that I should be pleased indeed if a poor rose could repay you."

"A poor rose! Ah, you do not know

what a treasure this is to me. It is beyond price."

Carefully Philip placed the flower in his bosom, and proudly he looked into the fair face before him.

"A talisman this, which will lead me to all happiness."

For some minutes the young couple continued to talk on various topics.

"I am sure it is very thoughtless of me," said Enid, "but I have not yet enquired the name of my kind helper. Will you not tell me?"

"Certainly, I am known as Philip Murray."

"What!" replied the young lady, in alarm. "Not the rioter, anarchist and agitator, the leader in all our present labor troubles, and my father's bitterest opponent? Not that hateful and hated man? Oh tell me, not he?"

Philip was thunderstruck with amazement, not unmingled with some resentment at the warmth with which his companion spoke of him.

"Certainly, I am Philip Murray, Socialist," he replied with dignity. "Can I deny myself? But who, pray, may be she that judges me and mine?"

"Miss Anstruther."

"Oh!"

With a muttered ejaculation under his breath, after a brief "Good evening" to the lady, he beckoned to his friend Dave, and abruptly left the room.

Chapter IX: A Talk on Government

PHILIP and Dave were together at the home of the former. It was evening.

"Six weeks now this strike has continued, Phil," said David, "and not a sign of its termination do I see. Do you still feel sanguine about it, old man?"

"We're bound to succeed. We've got right on our side, we've organization, and" — there was a steely glitter of determination in his eye as he said it — "I'm pledged to victory. We shall, we will, we're bound to win."

"Go it, dear fellow, I wish you suc-

cess, you know I do, with all my heart," David responded. "But seriously, suppose you do win, do you think that your difficulties are ended, is this strike not merely the forerunner of another? Is not trades-unionism played out?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," continued David, "that with the wonderful concentration and organization of capital and capitalistic interest to-day, with the rapid development of the forces of production and the consequent multitude of unemployed that trades-unions have become utterly powerless to grapple with the social difficulties of the times. Labor is as much a slave to capital to-day as it ever was, and trades-unionism will never change this."

"By Jove, Dave, I thought you were a churchman. A new role this, eh?"

"No sarcasm, Phil, please. I glory in the fact that I am a Christian, but none the less I have some ideas upon social questions. It is true that these latter are unimportant to me as compared with the greater question of 'Life in Christ Jesus,' but still, dear boy, I shall be glad to tell you what I think about the matter, if you care to listen."

"With pleasure, Dave; go ahead."

"You know, I recognize the handwork of God in many matters earthly. I think I mentioned this in one of our earlier discussions. Some six thousand years ago God created man. He did so for a definite purpose. What that purpose was we will not discuss here. To man he granted dominion over the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air and over every living thing that moved upon the earth. This dominion was given to all mankind, and had the human race remained perfect and sinless, this dominion would never have passed out of its hands. No man was given authority over fellowman, but the entire race was given authority and dominion over the earth, to use the products of field, forest and mine, river and sea, for the common blessing. Had man never failed in his duty to the Almighty, it would have become necessary

as the race multiplied, for men to meet and consult together, and to devise ways and means for the just and wise distribution of the blessings of life. It is easy to see that as the race increased greatly in numbers it would be impossible for all to meet and consult together, and that it would be necessary for various classes of men to elect certain of their numbers to represent them, to voice their common sentiments and to act for them. And if all men were perfect mentally, physically and morally, there would be absolutely no difficulty about such an arrangement."

"You thus see, Phil, that as I understand it, the first design of the architect and builder of this world of ours for its government, was a republic in form, a government in which each individual would have ample opportunity and be amply qualified in every sense to exercise the duties of his office for his own and the general good."

"Now, though man has lost through his disobedience to the will of God, dominion over the lower creation, I still maintain that by following as closely as possible the original design, the greatest success, the greatest happiness, can be obtained."

"When I speak of a Republican form of government, I mean such a form as gives to every individual the same opportunity to secure a satisfactory livelihood, together with the comforts and advantages which alone make life a pleasure. I care not whether you call your head president, king, state or emperor — call him what you please, but he must not be the representative of one class, the capitalistic class, as in all present forms of government, in opposition to the great class of the common people, who are crushed and ground down to serve their unrighteous taskmasters."

"The workmen hold in their own hands the remedy for the present iniquitous state of affairs. They are themselves entirely to blame. Were it not for the shame of it, it would be amusing to watch the hundreds of toilers as they hang their heads, or bow meekly before a single master. Perhaps, though, poor fellows, it has never occurred

to them that a hundred to one as they are they could ride victorious over their single-handed enemy! Like the dog that licks the hand of its master for the daily bone, so the toiling class has been accustomed to whine and cringe before Master Capital. The toiler has not even the excuse that the dog has, for generally the latter genuinely loves his master, and certainly contributes little towards the food it devours. But the laborer hates his taskmaster, yet — all powerful as he is — pleads for a portion of the product of his exclusive toil, and a minute portion at that. O fool, verily dost thou deserve the judgment upon thee. A man, yet not a man, insensate clay, to be moulded and made just as the moulder willeth.

"But the day comes when this will all be changed. Sceptic as you are, Phil, I perceive in this the handiwork of the Almighty, foreseen from the beginning.

"But man must go through many and great tribulations before the great day of restitution, justice and equity comes."

"You interest me," said Phil; "go on."

"Phil, I am not preaching a sermon, so I am not going to recount the destiny of our race, as I understand it from the word of God. I believe, however, that we have not begun to experience the trouble which is yet in store for mankind. The final desolation is fearful to contemplate, yet it will all occur naturally through the blindness and hardness of the heart of mankind. Man is working out his own destiny."

"Then, Dave," said Phil, "you would let things take their course; you do not think anything should be done to alleviate our sufferings?"

"No, I do not think that. I believe we should always struggle to better ourselves. I only maintain that the plan of God obtains in spite of us. It is always possible to receive comfort and blessings by following the expressed will of the Almighty to love your neighbor as yourself."

"The form of government which most nearly represents this great principle is the

one which would bring most happiness to the governed."

"Socialism most nearly represents it, theoretically. But I don't believe a body of men could be found to carry out the principles of socialism after it was once established. The benefits of Socialism would only be manifest at its inception. They could not be maintained after the dangers and difficulties of setting up this form of government in opposition.

"Fallen man has fallen so deep that he cannot be rescued except by the Almighty."

Chapter X: The Strike

A STRIKE is a most unfortunate event. It is doubtful whether there is any act of organized man which causes so much misery and distress. True it is that the object for which a strike is carried on is a worthy one, true it is that the laborer has suffered much oppression and injustice before the strike is determined upon, but nevertheless the result is almost inevitable, disaster — and such disaster falls first and hardest, not on the men themselves, but on their wives and families.

Rarely is it that the workman, from the small wages he receives, is able to lay aside a single dollar for emergencies, or, as it is so aptly put by some, "for a rainy day," consequently the minute his work ceases, at that minute also his living stops. His wages, even at the best, can never provide more than the commonest necessities of existence, so even with the allowances which are made from strike funds during the continuance of a strike, how is it to be expected but that the family suffers? *It must suffer, it does suffer;* and it is doubtful, whether after the successful termination of a strike the average family is as well fixed as before, even after the expiration of three or four years. When, then, the number of unsuccessful strikes are taken into consideration — and these outnumber the successful ones — it is evident that the average workman's family is crippled financially by every strike, whether the object sought for be gained or lost.

Strikes, then, are disastrous affairs, and should rarely be attempted. There are better remedies, remedies more completely within the control of the workman, and remedies whose cures are permanent. Such cannot be said of strikes.

The great Winnipeg strike continued unsettled. During six weeks, two, three, four, five and six months it dragged on, till the enormous fund of the strikers was all but exhausted.

Each day the committee met, but each day Philip Murray and the others found themselves powerless. At last they felt a compromise had best be attempted, but imagine their surprise and alarm, when one morning at the entrance of every factory, mill, shop or foundry affected, was read the ominous words.

"The owners have decided to shut down these works indefinitely."

Chapter XI: A Study in Hypnotism

"DID I EVER tell you, Phil," said David Paynter to his friend, "that I have recently been investigating in hypnotism. I have a subject who will arrive at my rooms here in a few minutes, stay and watch will you, dear boy."

Ten minutes later a young man knocked at the door and David admitted him.

"Let me make you acquainted with Mr. Allan Robur, Phil — Mr. Murray, Mr. Robur."

The latter was a young man of some twenty two or three years of age, a bright, intelligent man, and a great student of the Mysteries of Nature. It was because he was so greatly interested in hypnotism that he had consented to allow David to use him as a medium. After ten or fifteen minutes of general conversation between these three young men, David asked his subject if he might be permitted to commence. Philip leaned back in a rocker prepared to be interested.

David stood up in the centre of the room, with Robur before him, and gazed steadfastly into the eyes of the latter. After

a few minutes he cried: "Sleep, sleep, I say sleep," and catching him by the shoulder he pushed the subject over into an easy chair he had already prepared for his reception, where he lay apparently in the deepest slumber. "Sleep deeper, deeper, deeper, deeper!" At every command the breathing became slower and more regular.

David then made some dozen or more passes up and down the sleeper, slowly and deliberately.

"You are now asleep, you cannot open your eyes. Try, try, you cannot open your eyes." The subject struggled and endeavored to do so, but in vain his eyelids were apparently as firmly fixed as though bound with cords of iron.

"Now, you are all right, open your eyes." Robur did so.

"Close your eyes, you are fast asleep. Now you cannot rise from your seat. You are fixed as fast as though weighted down by a ton of lead. You cannot rise, try, try, try. But you cannot. Can you?"

"No," replied the subject.

"Now you are all right, Robur."

"You've lost your memory, Robur, you cannot remember anything, but what I will. You've forgotten your name. What is it?"

The subject shook his head, signifying that he did not know.

"Your name is Bill Smith. Now what is your name?"

"Bill Smith."

"No, it isn't it is Peter Simple."

"Yes, that's so, it is Peter Simple."

"Nonsense, you name is Stick-in-the-mud. What is your name?"

"Stick-in-the-mud."

"Well, Stick-in-the-mud, you've forgotten the alphabet, all but the first three letters, A, B, C. You've forgotten, I say, except these three, A B C. Now, what is the alphabet?"

"A, B, C," replied the subject, when he immediately came to a standstill, he was absolutely unable to proceed. It was interesting to watch his face during his evident mental struggle to recall the

remaining letters. But all in vain.

"Now, you are all right," said David.

"Robur, I've in my hand a bundle of photos" — at the same time he picked up a package of plain white visiting cards — "amongst them is one of your father. It is this one," at the same time showing him a perfectly spotless card, on the back of which, however, David made the faintest possible mark, by which he might himself distinguish it. "Now, Robur, I am going to put this picture of your father amongst the others, and I want you to pick it out. Can you?"

"Yes," murmured the subject.

David thoroughly shuffled the cards and then handed them to the hypnotized young man. Slowly he went through them, card by card, till he had passed about half the pack, when he handed to David a card. The latter turned it over and looked at it. It was the correct card.

"What do you think of it, Phil," asked David.

"Marvellous," he replied.

"Robur, go to sleep, sleep, sound, deeper, deeper, deeper."

The young man's head sank down upon his breast, while his breathing became slow and regular.

"Now, I'm going to try a strange experiment, Phil. Take out your watch and count the beats of this young fellow's pulse."

Philip did so.

"How many beats?"

"Eighty-eight in the minute," replied Philip.

"Robur, I command you to still the beating of your heart, to slacken the circulation of the blood through your veins, to slow down your pulse till it beats but ten times in a minute. Do you hear, I command it, it is my will, my will, my will." To Phil David seemed to tower over the young man like a giant.

"Count," said David.

"Twenty-seven."

"Robur, slacken the beating of your pulse, stay the action of the heart, slower, slower, I will it, obey, by the strength of

my own will I command, do you hear."

"Count again, Philip."

"Sixteen," he answered.

"Robur, still slower, I command. Do you hear, man."

"Yes, I hear," he murmured.

"Count once more, Philip."

"Ten."

Now, Robur, you are all right, that's right, you are feeling good; now the circulation quickens, the heart beats faster; madly the blood flows through your veins, faster, faster, faster."

"Count his pulse, Philip."

"One hundred and seventy-two."

"Thanks."

"Now, you are all right, Robur. Sleep deeply, deeper, deeper. You are feeling fine, comfortable, cosy."

David took a card and wrote upon it: "I go to the other room. I will make Robur follow; watch." He then tiptoed out of the room.

Philip waited and watched. After a few minutes Robur moved uneasily, shook his head with his teeth clenched as though resisting a command; then after two or three attempts, rose from his chair and slowly moved out of the room.

Philip watched spell-bound.

(Note — I have personally seen all these experiments successfully performed. — *Libertas*.)

In a few minutes David returned, Robur followed him.

"Now, we will go visiting, Robur. You pass out of this room to the street. Now you are on the street. You are facing southwards. You are walking straight ahead. Two blocks you proceed. On your right is the National bank. You must turn to the left. Follow me. You turn again to the right. Where are you now?"

"On Arlington avenue."

"That's right," continued Dave. "Now you go on with me. We stop before this little white cottage. I will leave you now. Enter. You are now in the hall. You see the entrance to the parlor, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Is there anyone in the parlor?"

"No."

"Look into the next room," David commanded, "Who's there?"

"An old lady."

"Who is it?"

"Mrs. Murray."

"What is she doing?" the operator asked.

"Reading," Robur replied.

"Reading what," David demanded, "a book or paper?"

"A book," he answered. "Mrs. Murray is seated in a rocker. A lamp is on the table at her left hand. By her side is a copy of to-day's Voice, containing Mr. Murray's last speech before the strikers, in her hand is a book, which she is now perusing."

"What book is the lady reading, and at which page?"

"Yeast"¹² is the title of the book," Robur replied. "Mrs. Murray is now at page one hundred and thirty-three, chapter thirteen, beginning 'At dusk the same evening the two had started for the village fair.' Ah, she lays down the book. She murmurs something, ah."

Philip was so intensely interested that he could scarcely restrain himself. "What does my mother say," he asked, turning to Robur.

"He won't answer you, Phil," David said. "Would you really like to know?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Robur, I command you to tell me what Mrs. Murray says. Are you listening?"

"Yes, but I cannot hear."

"You can now, you are quite close to her, but you are there. You hear. What is

Mrs. Murray saying to herself?"

"She says: 'My poor boy, this anxiety is killing him. Hundreds are in the greatest want because of this strike, and my Phil makes all their troubles his own. Oh, my boy, my boy.'"

"Dear mother," murmured Philip, "always thinking of me."

"That's enough, Dave, no more, please. But stay, if by means of this subject you possess such wonderful power, doubtless you can read the minds of foes as well as friends. Ah, by the powers above, that's it, take me to the house of that leader of the capitalists, Anstruther."

"We shall be glad to try, Phil. But do you know the way to Anstruther's house, from here."

"No," was the reply.

"That is a pity, for I don't know how else we shall get our subject to pick out Mr. Anstruther."

"But stay," continued Dave, eagerly, "perhaps you have something belonging to Anstruther."

"No, I am sorry to say I have not," but, he could not avoid the faint blush which came to his cheek, "I have a flower which once belonged to Miss Anstruther."

David smiled as he said "Lend it to me."

Philip took out his pocketbook, and gently he extracted therefrom a faded rose, which he handed to his friend.

"Now, Robur," David commanded, "find the lady who last possessed this flower. Do you see her?"

Robur took the flower, placed at his forehead, and after a few minutes answered "No."

"Search, search, search, I command, it is my sovereign will, you shall, you must seek and find. Do you see?"

"I cannot."

"Look, look again, scan closer the sea of faces before you."

"Ah, now."

"Where, where," Philip eagerly demanded.

"Wait a moment, Phil," said David,

¹² Written by one of the most influential Christian socialists in the Church of England, Charles Kingsley, *Yeast* (1851) was intended to demonstrate, as the author put it in his preface to the first edition, that only "the ancient Creed, the Eternal Gospel" could overcome the anarchic materialism of modern society and save mankind.

"don't excite my subject or you will spoil it all."

"Tell me, Robur, what the young lady is like?"

"I cannot; she is under a deep shadow."

"Under a shadow; what do you mean? Are you sure that it is the lady of the rose? What is her name?" David demanded.

"Enid Anstruther," he answered.

"Be more explicit; describe the situation. Tell me where the lady is?"

"She lies in a black coffin, six feet below the ground, in St. Bartholomew's cemetery."

"My God, my God," groaned Philip, as he came to his feet with a bound, "this can never be true." Then he leaned against the edge of the doorway, and man though he was, he wept bitterly. "My love, my love, my love."

Chapter XII: The Passing of Enid

CARVETH Anstruther was greatly troubled about the strike. While perfectly true that he and all his associates had determined to contest the affair to the end, and had actually taken steps to administer to the strikers *a taste of their own medicine*, it was none the less true that the shut-down of all their works was affecting them seriously. Immense sums of money were locked up, and without the aid of human skill it was impossible to make all this capital earn a single sou. On the contrary, the great strike was actually a cause of tremendous loss to the monied class of Winnipeg through loss of market and deterioration in plant. If the strikers were losing heavily by their act, the capitalists were certainly suffering severely.

Carveth Anstruther was, therefore, troubled. So much was this true that he did not observe that his daughter, whom he loved better than all else on earth — even better than his wealth and business — was fading away before his eyes. He was brought to his senses one day when Enid appeared not at the breakfast table as usual

but was obliged to keep her bed. Medical aid was speedily summoned, when it was discovered that an insidious growth in the head had progressed so far that an operation was necessary. This was attempted, and the operation successfully performed, but the young lady passed away several hours later, never having recovered consciousness from the moment the anaesthetic was administered at the commencement of the operation.

The father was well nigh prostrate with grief.

Chapter XIII: The Tribulation

WITH the strikers matters went from bad to worse. Their funds were exhausted and the factories and workshops were now closed against them. The strike was practically out of their hands and they had no work and no means of obtaining such. Many families were on the verge of starvation, they were both without food and the means of procuring such. The strikers were defeated — worse than defeated — they were without hope.

Mr. Anstruther was seated in his library. Books and papers were on the table before him, but he looked at none of them. He mourned the loss of his daughter. Probably the most determined of the capitalists not to give way to the demands of the employees, now in his hour of bereavement he cared nothing about it. He seemed to have lost all interest in life, all hope of happiness. Now is this difficult to believe? As we have before mentioned, having lost his wife many years previously, his whole affection had been lavished upon his daughter Enid. And now she was gone, utterly, irretrievably, hopelessly, irrecoverably departed, and he was left alone to mourn. What interest could life have for him? Riches do not bring happiness, there is no power in opulence to heal the wounds of affliction and sorrow, and it is when one is in the presence of death that the great folly of devoting all one's soul and energy to the amassing of wealth presses home.

Most men would, at the moment of affliction, fling all they possessed to the four winds of heaven if by doing so they could restore the departed one.

Mr. Anstruther sat and mourned.

He was roused from his sorrowful reflections by the message by his servant that a visitor awaited him below.

"I want to see no one," he murmured impatiently.

"But the gentleman insists, sir, that he bears a message of life and death importance."

"Oh, well, show him up."

Mr. Murray was admitted. Now though Philip had been in correspondence with the leader of the capitalists many times during the continuance of the strike, never yet had he met him face to face.

"Good evening, sir," Philip said as he entered the room. "My name is Murray, Philip Murray. I have had the honor of corresponding with you upon several occasions in regard to the unhappy state of affairs which exist in consequence of the present strike, but have never before met you, sir. I hope I am not intruding."

"Well," said Mr. Anstruther.

"I have called," continued Philip "concerning a matter of life and death, the life and death of many men and their families who are now starving because they have no bread and no means of obtaining such. I have not the least doubt, sir, but that you consider that you have the most just grounds for acting in the manner in which yourself and your associates have done, but in the name of common humanity, in the name of her for whose death you now mourn, reconsider the matter, reinstate the men to their former positions. Nay, I ask more. I ask you to do so on the terms that the men I represent ask, for sir, for no other terms can they hope to support themselves, except in the most abject misery."

Mr. Anstruther listened attentively, then answered, "I am sorry I can do nothing for you, sir."

"But you will for me, won't you papa?"

And his daughter Enid entered the door, bounded to his side, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately.

Chapter XIV: Life From Beyond

WE LEFT David Paynter with his hypnotised subject Robur, narrating the startling news of Enid's death to Philip. To understand the scene depicted in our last chapter it will be necessary to listen to Robur. Hypnotism is an intensely interesting study and there is little doubt but that the wondrous power it has already brought to light are but preliminary to more wonderful discoveries yet to be made. In it we seem to have found the links between the visible and invisible, the known and the unknown.

Philip leaned against the doorway in great anguish.

"Ah," continued Robur, "the pall is lifted slightly. I see the eyelids tremble, the mouth moves, but no sound emanates therefrom, the right hand is raised till it presses against the roof of the coffin, the —"

"What man, what's that you say?" Philip in trembling accents cried. "What's this fearful tale of death and life in death you tell me? Dave, Dave, what's this frightful, hideous scare that you have prepared for me? Answer me; 'tis not true, Enid is not dead, not buried, not —" and strong man as he was he broke down in sobbing.

"Philip, I am sure what you hear is true. Robur has proved to me on many previous occasions that he possesses miraculous clairvoyant powers, and I cannot but believe he is correct in this instance."

"True! true you say!" exclaimed Philip, "and me loitering here! Let's go immediately, we've not a moment to lose; we must away to the cemetery." And he moved towards the exit.

"Wait, my friend," said Dave, "before you could proceed one-tenth of the way the young lady, if she resumes consciousness, will suffocate to death, even if she is not

affrighted to such upon the first complete realization of the horror of her situation."

"Oh my God, my God, that's so, that's so. Dave, Dave, what can we do?"

"There is only one thing that can be done," answered David, "and that I am going to try. But try to calm yourself, you can do nothing if you are not cool and collected, like your old self. Keep up your heart, dear boy, and if you can, offer a prayer to the Almighty. After all, in His hands abides the issue."

"Robur," demanded David, "do you still see the young lady?"

"Yes."

"Is she motionless?"

"Yes; oh no, she brings her two hands together and clutches them."

"Now Robur, I want you to watch carefully. Look into the face, read the thoughts, note everything. Do you hear?"

"Yes."

David took the rose which he had previously offered to Robur. He gazed upon it and then breathed slightly upon it. Then he stretched himself up in all his manly dignity and cried with a loud voice:

"Lady of the rose, Enid Anstruther, hear my voice. Wherever you linger, wherever you lay, I command you to hear. Take my will, O winds, take my will, O heaven, and bear it to her, the object of my thoughts. By my sovereign will I command; hear, O Enid, hear; it is my will, my will, my will; do you hear, do you hear, do you hear? Answer, I command."

"Robur, what does she say?"

"She hears."

"Ah," and he turned triumphantly to Philip. "We will yet save your lady."

"You hear me, Enid? I command you to sleep, sleep, sleep; sleep soundly and in peace, you need no air, you need nothing but my will, and my will is that you sleep."

"Robur, does she sleep?"

"She sleeps."

"Now Philip," said Dave, "let's to action." And awaking Robur, first commanding him to remember what he had seen, the three young men hurriedly left

the house. Hailing a passing cab, they were rapidly driven to St. Bartholemew's cemetery. At his house near by they found the head caretaker of the cemetery and related their story. At first he was naturally incredulous, but by the dint of much persuasion and the offers of considerable reward, he at length consented to the disinterment which they proposed, and took them to the proper spot with picks and shovels. The men set to work with a will and in a short time laid bare the coffin and with ropes they drew it to the surface.

"It will never do," said Dave, "to open the casket here. May we take it to your house, Mr. Caretaker?"

This was done and in the presence of the caretaker's wife and grown up daughter, the lid was unfastened. The face of the young girl was as fair as an angel's. The body was taken out of the casket and laid upon a bed in an adjoining room.

"Now, as I have explained," said David, addressing the caretaker, "the young lady lies in a hypnotic sleep, although she was interred as dead. What had we best do so as to best conceal the horrible position in which she has been placed?"

"I wish my mother was here," said Philip.

"Just the idea. You, Robur, go for Mrs. Murray, meanwhile it is absolutely necessary to bring Miss Anstruther to consciousness, whatever happens; she has already been unconscious too long." But even while David Paynter spoke, they saw a figure, clad in white, appear at the door of the bedroom, cast one horrified glance at the casket and the people gathered around, utter one terrified shriek and tottering, fall heavily to the ground.

For two weeks Miss Anstruther remained at the home of Mrs. Murray, lingering between life and death. But the critical period was passed at last and Enid began slowly to recover. It was during this time that she sometimes met Philip, after having first recognized him as the hero of their old encounter. The Murrays had per-

suaded the witnesses to the resurrection of Enid to say nothing about the occurrence till the young lady was out of danger, and were of the opinion that Miss Anstruther knew nothing about it. They were intensely startled when she informed them one day that she knew it all as in a dream of long before.

Mrs. Murray was delighted to find someone to whom she could converse about her boy, her darling boy, and Enid was an attentive listener. She therefore naturally learnt all about the strike and Philip's and her father's connection therewith, and when she was well enough to go

out planned with Philip the little surprise set forth in our last chapter.

The result can be imagined. Mr. Anstruther felt himself lastingly indebted to the young man and his associate, Paynter, and used his influence to terminate the strike. He succeeded, and so great was the sensation produced by the reappearance of Miss Anstruther that Philip was practically allowed to dictate his own terms.

Thus ended the Great Strike.

And Enid and Philip, we believe, are more intimate than ever.

THE END

International Labor and Working Class History

International Labor and Working Class History (ILWCH) is a biannual journal (May and November) published by the Study Group on International Labor and Working Class History, which also serves as the official organ of the Workers and Industrialization Network of the Social Science History Association. **ILWCH** provides a vehicle for the exchange of views and information on current work in labor and working class history. Publication began in 1972 at the University of Southern California with a primarily European focus. Two years ago, the journal broadened to include material from many geographic areas. The editors expect to extend this international scope systematically in the future. The contents include conference reports, short topical essays, book reviews, reports on new research sources and projects, and lists of individual works-in-progress, as well as announcements of upcoming conferences and noteworthy publications.

Due to the untimely death last year of **ILWCH's** editor, Robert Wheeler, the journal has now moved to the University of Pittsburgh with David Montgomery as editor. Material for inclusion in the journal and suggestions for future issues are welcome. Yearly subscription rates are \$4 for students, \$7 for faculty, and \$12.50 for institutions. Checks should be made payable to the Study Group on International Labor and Working Class History. All correspondence should be addressed to the Editors, c/o Department of History, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, PA 15260.