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# FROM TRAPPER BOY TO GENERAL MANAGER:

*A Story of Brotherly Love and Perseverance*

C.W. Lunn (Introduction by Ian McKay)



## INTRODUCTION

HOW SHOULD we mark the centennial of continuous trade unionism in the Nova Scotia coalfields? One hundred years ago, on 29 August 1879, the miners of Springhill, striking against a wage cut, resolved to form an association to protect their interests. Pioneer Lodge was formed on 1 September, and on 15 October, delegates from five lodges from Nova Scotia mining communities constituted the first grand council of the Provincial Miners' Association. In 1880, the name was changed to the Provincial Workmen's Association to signal the union's intention of securing a wider base.<sup>1</sup> So began 100 years of continuous trade unionism in the eastern coalfields.<sup>2</sup> But notwithstanding the Canadian enthusiasm for centennial celebrations and the Nova Scotia miners'

<sup>1</sup> The name was changed in order to appeal to a wider range of workers. "If the name, — which we allow is an objection — stands in the way of Shipwrights and others joining the Association, we see no objection to the proposed change, as we think the more workmen who join the Association, the more influence it must exact . . ." *Trades Journal* (Stellarton), 6 October 1880. In this novel, and in many other writings, the union is called the Provincial Workingmen's Association.

<sup>2</sup> There was, of course, a long history of struggle prior to the birth of the PWA, *pace* the claims of Robert Drummond, the Grand Secretary, that the PWA rescued the miners from helplessness. The Springhill strike of 1876, for example, demonstrates that miners could achieve impressive levels of collective discipline prior to the coming of the union.

enduring class memory, the birth of the PWA will not likely be remembered in 1979, let alone celebrated. The history of the PWA is shadowed by the strikes of 1909-11, which marked the pyrrhic victory of the PWA over the rival United Mine Workers and left behind the image of the PWA as a "company union." The entire history of the union is now seen in the lurid light of its ignominious decline. Historians have not challenged this "interpretation:" in general the historical treatment of the union has been so slight that it constitutes an implicit dismissal.<sup>3</sup> New monographs are finally appearing which question the pat answers of an older historiography,<sup>4</sup> but the vagaries of academic production preclude the centennial publication we really need: a comprehensive reassessment of the union in all its aspects within a wider study of class formation.<sup>5</sup> How, then, should we mark this centennial?

<sup>3</sup> Paul MacEwan's emphasis, in *Miners and Steelworkers: Labour in Cape Breton* (Toronto 1976), is placed on the 1909-11 strikes; the thirty years of organization before these strikes are summarily treated. Eugene Forsey, *Economic and Social Aspects of the Nova Scotia Coal Industry* (Toronto 1926), provides a more balanced appraisal of the union and particularly notes the union's legislative accomplishments. Harold Logan, whatever his failings, has left us with a reasonably thorough institutional account in Chapter III of the *History of Trade Union Organization in Canada* (Toronto 1948). When Logan ventures away from a purely descriptive account, he congratulates the leaders for their statesmanship and wisdom, i.e., their conservatism. A spate of general surveys of Nova Scotia labour, including a number of MA theses, repeat Logan's findings. Some of the most curious interpretations of the union have come from the nationalist left. Jack Scott, notwithstanding his sharp eye for "class collaborationism," leans over backwards to be generous in his assessment of the PWA in *Sweat and Struggle: Working Class Struggles in Canada*, Vol. 1: 1879-1899 (Vancouver 1974). Charles Lipton, in *The Trade Union Movement of Canada 1827-1959* (Toronto 1973) provides us with a highly disingenuous portrait of the union. Like Scott, he exempts the PWA from the charge of "class collaborationism," although he allows that Moffat's later career "smacks of class collaborationism." His discussion of the bitter 1909-11 strikes takes place in a footnote (p. 107) which completely misrepresents the issues of the strikes. Is the PWA sacrosanct because it was "national"?

<sup>4</sup> See the comments of David Frank and Don Macgillivray in their introduction to Dawn Fraser, *Echoes from Labor's War* (Toronto 1975), for a discussion which places the PWA within a framework of working class "loyalism," and Joe MacDonald, "Unionism of the Steel Plant, 1902-1904," *Miners' Museum Notes*, 2 (July 1977), 35-42, on the PWA's attempts to organize Sydney steel. Two excellent unpublished essays should be noted: Joe MacDonald, "The Roots of Radical Politics in Nova Scotia: The Provincial Workmen's Association and Political Activity, 1879-1906," BA Honours Essay, Carleton University, 1977, a detailed study of the PWA's political career, and Danny Moore, "The 1909 Strike in the Nova Scotia Coal Fields," unpublished essay, Carleton University, 1977, which provides a structural interpretation of the origins of the 1909-11 conflicts. See also Sharon Reilly, "The History of the Provincial Workmen's Association, 1879-1898," MA thesis, Dalhousie University, 1979, and Ian McKay, "A Social History of the Mainland Nova Scotia Coalfields, 1857-1921," Ph.D. thesis, Dalhousie University, forthcoming.

<sup>5</sup> Four main lines of enquiry will take us into the central issues raised by the history of the union. First, we need an adequate periodization: in particular, we need to know if

C.W. Lunn's serialized novel *From Trapper Boy to General Manager* is an attempt to capture events in Springhill in 1905 and to describe the internal life of the union, and perhaps it will serve as a light-hearted centennial document. Light-hearted, because it is a particularly wooden and unsuccessful novel of social life, which unintentionally carries the rhetoric of earnest self-improvement to the level of satire. This is a funny piece. Its *papier-mâché* characters are forced through all the predictable postures of early twentieth-century popular romance. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the novel has no characters, only moralistic speeches with names attached: children spout forth with Gladstonian cadences on the economic importance of coal mines, and say things like, "Our duty is, as lads, to take wise steps towards laying the foundation of our future manhood."

The genre within which Lunn is working is quite obviously the literature of social improvement, whose heights are Samuel Smiles and Horatio Alger.<sup>6</sup> The title is reminiscent of John Hodge's *From Workman's Cottage to Windsor Castle*, a British depiction of an even more dramatic social rise.<sup>7</sup> It also has links to the extensive fiction of British coal-mining communities, which has run the gamut from the novels which celebrate the manly, rational miners, teetotal evangelicals to a man, to works of a debased "social realism" which

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the "inclusiveness" of the union was an instrumental response to other unions (notably the Knights of Labor in the late 1890s), or a vital aspect of its ideology. The main question of the strikes of 1909-11 is the extent to which they represented the history of the whole union, or merely the most conservative rump which stayed with the union until the end. Second, we need to understand the strength of the PWA in some coalfields and its weakness in others. Religion, the advent of large corporations like Dominion Coal, the changing nature of the workforce, and relations between the skilled and unskilled workers, all seem to be promising areas of investigation. Third, we need a clearer sense of the lines which divided the leadership from the rank-and-file: that rank-and-file whose "extreme selfishness, petty jealousies, childish captiousness, and love of change" so irritated the Grand Secretary. Historians of craft unions have noted a considerable measure of effective militancy coexisting with an impeccably conservative leadership, and this is the likely explanation of the apparent paradox of militancy growing within the context of this conservative union. Finally, there is the question of the PWA's ideology, which is partially addressed by this novel.

<sup>6</sup> But there are the obvious differences: Lunn is writing about trade unionism and in his social fable there is remarkably little room for contingency. In an Alger story the hero might rise to the top after rescuing the boss's daughter. His ascent is not the inevitability of Tommy's rise in this story, who is on the way up purely because of his qualities of manliness and industry.

<sup>7</sup> London, n.d. We lack a full-scale study of such novels in Canada. M. Vipond, "Blessed are the peacemakers: the labour question in Canadian social gospel fiction," *Journal of Canadian Studies*, 10 (1975), 32-43, discusses three novels "written by and for the middle class . . . designed to appeal to its conscience, to give it a task, a cause, a sense of purpose." Lunn shares the concepts of heroism that animate an author like Gordon, but his audience is not specifically middle-class. The progressive clergyman, so central to the novels of the social gospel, is not in evidence.

portray miners as brutalized and dehumanized by the conditions of their labour.<sup>8</sup> Lunn's novel, in sum, is an effort to portray trade unionism, childhood and love in a coal-mining community, and his themes are the Christian moralism of the community, the redemption of wayward children by exemplary social service, and the flowering of young love. Tone down the romance, and this "industrial novel" would be at home in the *Boy's Own Annual*.

But this is where it gets interesting. This funny, rather pathetic novel of social advancement was not written by a middle-class reformer, but by someone who throughout his life was close to the working-class movement. C.W. Lunn's *The Searchlight* was for a short while the official voice of the Provincial Workmen's Association, which was attracted by Lunn's "non-political" (i.e., non-partisan) stance and his support of temperance.<sup>9</sup> Lunn's own attachment to the values of the PWA is made very evident in this novel. The interest of this novel, then, lies primarily in the sociology of its presentation. It is a utopian novel, drawing from real events in Springhill in 1905, but actually portraying a community in which the values of the Provincial Workmen's Association are fully realized. All those aspects of the ideology of the PWA are presented here: temperance, class-cooperation, sturdy independence, indeed every one of those nineteenth-century labour concepts which present such an interpretative challenge to historians.

C.W. Lunn was born in Lower Sackville, Halifax County, in 1858, and died in Truro in 1941. He served an apprenticeship as a stonemason before joining the Intercolonial Railway as a brakeman, in which capacity he lost his arm in 1882. This accident pushed him towards journalism, first in manuscript publications in Halifax, then as a correspondent for the *Halifax Herald*, an association which, with some interruptions, was maintained from 1886 to the end of his life.<sup>10</sup> Lunn published the *Head Light*, a Truro newspaper aimed at

<sup>8</sup> A stimulating analysis of internal and external perceptions of coal-mining communities (but one with all the problematical features of "culturalist" interpretations) is Robert Colls, *The Collier's Rant: Song and Culture in the Industrial Village* (London 1977). Colls' work is difficult to summarize, but in the main he traces the evolution of cultural "archetypes" that figure in both internal and external perceptions of the coal communities: the hedonistic Bob Cranky, the temperate and determined Jack Spring, and the Geordie Shieldykes, the degenerate creation of the "social realists." Lunn's novel is a peculiar variant of the "Jack Spring" archetype. Note that Lunn's ridiculous portrayal is less damaging and unwholesome than the more famous "social realist" depiction of Nova Scotia miners, which portrays them as brutalized animals. I refer, of course, to Hugh MacLennan's *Each Man's Son* (Toronto 1951). (This, of course, is to a large extent the problematic of *Germinal* itself.)

<sup>9</sup> Proceedings of the Grand Council of the Provincial Workmen's Association, 400, cited in Joe Macdonald, "Radical Politics," 89. The PWA, which sought a large railway membership, may have also been attracted by Lunn's long association with railwaymen.

<sup>10</sup> I must thank W. DesB. March, the historian of the *Herald*, for his help in tracing

railwaymen, the *Searchlight*, which became the official organ of the PWA, Lunn's *Weekly* and its daily version *The Morning Star*, both progressive papers in Truro, and the *Colchester Sun* and the *Citizen*. He was also editor of the *Eastern Federationist*, which after the First World War was the official organ of the Pictou County Trades and Labour Council.<sup>11</sup> Lunn saw himself as an embodiment of the crusading journalism of Joseph Howe. But Grub Street was not really his natural habitat: he had all the rough edges of a self-educated, immensely egotistical reformer, and his newspapers either went down in bankruptcy or were displaced by less personal organs.<sup>12</sup> He was one of those marginal men who were attracted by the exciting ferment of ideas in the early twentieth century, but who lacked the intellectual ability to make a lasting contribution.

Although Lunn was noted as a pioneer of the labour press, his most important work was for the *Halifax Herald*, whose circulation in 1905 was the largest of any provincial newspaper. The *Herald* was at least nominally Conservative, and one might (as others did) dismiss Lunn as a Tory plant. But one must be cautious. The *Herald* had long been notorious for its independent inclinations. Under W.H. Dennis it conducted a rather remarkable experiment in "radical" journalism, condemning trusts and attacking injustice with a vigour that could have offended Hearst himself. From 1903 on the newspaper gave a great deal of play to labour journalism. The "Labor Herald" ran all sorts of radical writing, and the *Herald* served many of the purposes of the later independent labour press.<sup>13</sup> (Naturally this curious "radicalism" served the long-term interests of the Conservatives, although it may well have reflected a genuine interest in social reform on the part of Dennis.) The point is

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Lunn. Lunn's obituary is in the *Herald*, 19 May 1941. The company payroll record, which Mr. March was kind enough to consult for me, indicates that C.W. Lunn was directly employed by the *Herald* from November 1920 to 8 February 1924, the period of the newspaper's Maritime Rights campaign. His association with the newspaper before and after this period was on a retainer basis, for which no record survives. Although this novel is signed only by the initials "C.W.L.," there can be no doubt that Lunn is the author: his style is, alas, unmistakable. I owe to David Frank the suggestion that "C.W.L." was Lunn.

<sup>11</sup> Gertrude Tratt, "A Survey and Listing of Nova Scotian Newspapers With Particular Reference to the Period Before 1867," MA Thesis, Mount Allison University, 1957, 276-278; W.B. Foster, "Truro's Newspapers," *Proceedings, Reports and Programme Summaries* of the Colchester Historical Society, 1954-1957, 78-81.

<sup>12</sup> Both *Lunn's Weekly* and the *Eastern Federationist* were superseded by more radical newspapers, the *Canadian Labor Leader* and the *Workers' Weekly* respectively. Both published veiled criticisms of Lunn.

<sup>13</sup> Among those who wrote letters to the *Labour Herald* was J.B. McLachlan. It is perhaps the major newspaper source for the events of the 1909-11 strike in Springhill. One of the reasons for the *Herald's* "radicalism" was the evident need of the Conservatives (in Nova Scotia a miniscule political force in the early twentieth century) to find new bases of political support. The spirit of Dennis' crusading journalism is brought out

that mere affiliation with the newspaper did not make Lunn a party tool.<sup>14</sup> Any quick dismissal of Lunn — as a crank, or a Tory, or as a hack writer (which he certainly was!) — must confront the fact that he was, in his own way, a significant figure in the labour movement. He was, in a strictly literal sense, a "class collaborationist," but the phrase is one of the abusive relics of a superannuated vocabulary. What we need is a more precise terminology to describe the problem of Lunn, which is in fact the problem of the PWA: the problem of an awareness of classes that does not entail class consciousness.

There is a certain coherence to Lunn's rudimentary social thought, which paralleled the logic of the *Herald's* Tory populism. This coherence is best seen as a position of class co-operation. This had two aspects: the reform of the working class through a purified politics, a revitalized religion or the spread of temperance, and the reform of industry by giving both labour and capital their constitutional rights. What Lunn wants is a mildly reformed capitalism. In these positions he is similar to a hundred other thinkers, but his own particular situation and style gave his writing a flavour that was highly distinctive.<sup>15</sup>

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in Christopher Armonstrong and H.V. Nelles, "Getting Your Way in Nova Scotia: Tweaking Halifax, 1909-1917," *Acadiensis*, 5 (1976), 105-131, although the same article pinpoints the limitations of such Tory radicalism. I am indebted to W. DesB. March for allowing me to read his manuscript history of the *Herald*, an invaluable scholarly account of this exceptional newspaper.

<sup>14</sup> Lunn's political position is not easily assessed. We may assume his long association with the *Herald* indicated a sympathy for Dennis' progressive Toryism. What survives of Lunn's political correspondence is suggestive but hardly conclusive. In a telegram to Sir Robert Borden, Lunn urged Borden to reactivate the Londonderry steel plant, claiming that his suggestion "has no political significance behind it other than you shall have the credit for any effort that may be made." In a letter to Borden on the same issue, Lunn said he had forwarded correspondence to John Stanfield (MP for Colchester) and to Joseph Flavelle, "in order to avoid any possible party trouble." C.W. Lunn to Borden, 15, 31 January, 1917, R.L. Borden Papers, PAC. Writing to King in 1921, however, Lunn boasted that he had engaged in journalism for more than thirty years on behalf of railway employees and claimed credit for King's support among railway workers. C.W. Lunn to King, 25 December 1921, W.L.M. King papers, PAC. The thrust of Lunn's work was that of a Tory populism.

<sup>15</sup> The political itinerary of these ideas was distinctive as well: they were a fundamental part of the pivotal 1925 provincial election, which saw the victory of a populist Tory party, and the pre-emption of the left. Lunn's own role in Maritime Rights was probably a good deal less important than he himself thought, but he had good reason to think himself a pioneer in the movement. His favourite issues were the disadvantages of Intercolonial freight rates and the need for fairer play for Nova Scotia (*Lunn's Weekly*, 15 April 1911). He was "first, last and all the time a Nova Scotian, a patriot of the land of his nativity" (*Lunn's Weekly*, 15 April 1911.) Reflecting on his role in Maritime Rights in 1929, Lunn wrote, "Our party was not interested in the movement till Dennis, yourself and others aroused public conscience re the matter. I recall that till Dennis joined me I had no conservative support in the matter . . ." C.W. Lunn to H.S. Congdon, Congdon Papers, Public Archives of Nova Scotia.

The reform of the working class through a purified and more democratic politics was Lunn's most consistent ambition. Democracy was saluted whenever he founded a newspaper. The *Searchlight* was designed as a "real friend of the common people, and believes in the masses more than in the classes. It espouses every deserving cause — cares nothing for so-called party obligations if the people can be the gainers by advocating an independent policy."<sup>16</sup> The newspaper was the tool of the masses, fearlessly exposing hypocrisy and corruption. The motto of the *Searchlight* was "Hew to the Line, Let the Chips Fall Where They Will," and in the *Eastern Federationist* Lunn could be heard to remark, "A little stirring up at times is a good thing."<sup>17</sup> Lunn waded into local issues with immense enthusiasm and little sense, chastising clergymen, publishing veiled gossip, publicizing divorce proceedings. The people's press, in this rude rural version, verged on scandal-mongering.<sup>18</sup> When *Lunn's Weekly* suspended publication in 1912, Lunn felt obliged to publish apologies for stirring up animosity.<sup>19</sup>

Democracy was the rationale for this journalistic crusade, but Lunn was also specifically concerned with the more narrowly political aspects of the question. He wrote angrily about the franchise restrictions suffered by Nova

<sup>16</sup> *The Searchlight*, 13 May 1899.

<sup>17</sup> *Eastern Federationist*, 31 May 1919.

<sup>18</sup> See the veiled gossip concerning reformed drunkards and clergymen in *Lunn's Weekly*, 16 March 1912, among many other examples.

<sup>19</sup> "If I have stirred up animosity in the breasts of any, through that paper, I regret it. I can assure all that, notwithstanding the abuse that came to me, I have no spite toward any human being." *Canadian Labor Leader*, 16 October 1912. The *Leader*, whose editor had likely fallen out with Lunn over tactics pursued in the contemporary hatmakers' strike in Truro, published in reply a lethal satire on Lunn:

A week ago today, a little wanderer into the boundaries of the newspaper firmament dropped out again with a sigh that spoke nothing if it did not speak columns of regret for its fitful and fruitless intrusion.

"I," wrote he, when he penned what he chose to call his valedictory for his last Saturday's devolution, "have enjoyed myself immensely" (or words to that effect). "I have tried to reform this town, to teach it how to be good, have shown how it may mend its ways and be what I intended, have planned and talked and wrote as though I were the corn and oil and wine, the three in one," (like the well-known wagon fat,) which, when used according to directions, makes everything run smoothly and look as slick as a baby's chief exposure.

And now I am done, indeed I am undone, as Shylock might have said, and if, for I am not yet done, I have done or did anything for which I am sorry, I hope to be forgiven.

When I tumbled into this boundary it was not with trepidation or misgiving, for I am not like my forefathers who were given to modesty and temperate speech. I believed in calling a spade a spade when I played it, even though it raised the deuce with everything and brought me nothing but a bobtail flush.

I tried my hand in dictating to the mayor, the council, the churches, and even went so far as to disapprove the opinions of the other newspapers when they went wide of me.

I knocked, praised, coaxed, cajoled, pricked, tickled [sic], tormented, talked big, small, blase, wise as I could copy, foolish as I knew how" (and that was going some), "called names, fathered the falsehoods, defiled the truth and pulled or thought I pulled the leg of the best and wisest men I could interview . . .

I've a never-to-be-smothered conviction that if somebody doesn't adopt me as an amnueensis or a



Scotia railwaymen, and in his own very short career as an independent candidate in the 1911 provincial election he put forward a position as a "friend of the working man and the wage-earner."<sup>20</sup> In the inflamed atmosphere of 1919 Lunn thought he detected a fear in the old-line parties, and analysed it this way: "The scare in the Big Interests camp is because they know the masses are getting ready to clip the power of the Autocratic 'Bullsheviks' in the constitutional way through the ballot box."<sup>21</sup> The vague terms of this pronouncement: "masses," "Big Interests," recall the rhetoric of the Tory populists. Lunn's local patriotism, his willingness to write as though the workers of the Maritimes were primarily the victims of Canadian iniquity, similarly recalls a populist reflex.

In his pronouncements on specific political questions, notably independent working-class politics, Lunn was uncharacteristically hesitant. When PWA members in Cape Breton, remembering the transparent collusion of the provincial government and capital in the 1904 steel strike, decided to form a labour party, Lunn was sympathetic but cautious. He expressed a fear that the party would fall prey to opportunists, "sore heads, [whose] sudden conversion to the cause of labor should arouse suspicion rather than inspire confidence as regards their sincerity or honesty of purpose." He urged the PWA to select a candidate from among their fellow workmen. But then he went on to question the abandonment of the PWA's traditional reliance on winning influence with the old parties (in practice, of course, the provincial Liberals). "There are many who argue that at this particular stage the best course to pursue is for labor to definitely formulate its political desires, array themselves unconditionally behind them as a balance of power party, which it is claimed would have the effect of forcing one, or both, of the old political parties to come to the support of the principles laid down by labor. It must be admitted that there is much force in this proposition." Revealingly Lunn cited the instance of the cotton industry, which, when it wanted "fair treatment" at the hands of parliament, did not require a separate party, for that "would be dividing the forces."<sup>22</sup>

I am not sure whether Lunn knew what he wanted in a political party, for his political writing is clouded by his execrable rhetoric. One can say with certainty that his was not fundamentally a radical position. His ardent con-

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mouthpiece there's bound to be a desert where I am not, darkness where I don't glimmer, and solitude where the scratch of my pen and the laughter I create from ancient wit cannot penetrate . . . I hope everybody I ever undertook to blister with my scorching ironies or burnish with my gall, will forget and forgive.

[*Canadian Labor Leader*, November 9 1912].

<sup>20</sup> Lunn entered the race, but withdrew before the writs were issued. He later denied that any influence other than his own poverty led him to withdraw. *Truro Daily News*, 1 May 1911.

<sup>21</sup> *Eastern Federationist*, 31 May 1919.

<sup>22</sup> *Herald*, 1 August 1904.

stitutionalism never went beyond the expectation of fair play. He could write of the British constitution as an unassailable base of society, with social ills as secondary problems.<sup>23</sup> It is too simple to dismiss Lunn, at least until the 1920s, as a Tory agent. But his contemporaries, many of whom were moving on to socialism, were not wrong to think him a political loose fish, whose conception of democracy was not so different than that of the *Halifax Herald*.<sup>24</sup>

Temperance was a second aspect of Lunn's project of working-class reform. He was an ardent supporter of moral suasion, possibly because he had himself struggled against drink and won.<sup>25</sup> The PWA supported temperance, and went well beyond Lunn's own voluntarist position in its effort to have the traffic curtailed near the pits.<sup>26</sup> In *From Trapper Boy to General Manager* Tommy and his friends reform the Day family by the pacific methods of rational persuasion.

Lunn's third emphasis, the "social gospel," naturally embraces his democratic reformism and his interest in temperance. His fuzzy Christian moralism reminds one that the demanding theological positions of the movement were often reduced to mere sentimentalism. Lunn's use of Christian mythology was a conservative one. In the novel, Tommy, expatiating on the purposes of the Almighty, complains of the "inhumanity out of which arise class distinctions, contentions, and struggle, — commonly called capital vs. labor." Tommy, we notice, circumspectly dodges the "socialistic question." So did Lunn. He was quite capable of writing radical things about the Christian legacy, but at bottom his "brotherhood of man" was not an objective of collective struggle but the goal of individual effort.<sup>27</sup> And the Sunday-school moralism of this novel translates the brotherhood of man into the brotherhood of capital and labor.

This notion of brotherhood was carried into the second basic aspect of

<sup>23</sup> *Eastern Federationist*, 31 May 1919.

<sup>24</sup> For Lunn's position in the movement, see E.R. Forbes, *Maritime Rights: The Maritime Rights Movement, 1919-1927. A Study in Canadian Regionalism* (Montreal 1979), 42, 53. Forbes argues that "regionalism played an important role in the defeat of farmer-labour forces in the Maritimes" (51). Lunn, of course, was by the 1920s a peripheral figure in the labour movement.

<sup>25</sup> Lunn wrote: "... for over two years we have lived a sober life, and we are determined by the help of God to keep on doing so..." *The Searchlight*, 13 May 1899.

<sup>26</sup> The PWA had successfully urged the government to forbid the sale of alcohol within a mile of a coal mine, as part of the comprehensive reform package conceded by the Fielding regime.

<sup>27</sup> Lunn's relations with the local Truro clergy were often stormy: some ministers even preached sermons on his newspaper and his advocacy of "moral suasion." Lunn responded by pointing out how many active church-goers were secret drinkers. In the *Eastern Federationist* (31 May 1919) Lunn would also make a point of attacking the established churches for tacitly approving class divisions. But when it came to an explicit assault on the Truro clergy on labour issues, such as that of W.N. Goodwin in the 1912 Eastern Hat and Cap strike, Lunn backed off. (*Colchester Sun*, October 23 1912; Department of Labour Records, Vol. 300, f. 1912-3601, PAC).

Lunn's social perspective: the reform of industry. Lunn thought industry should be permeated with a sense of constitutionalism. Both labour and capital should respect each other's rights. If questions arose, they should be referred to impartial hearings. On both sides there should be a judicious weighing of evidence before any precipitate action be launched. The top positions in industry should be open to all talents, but those who win their way to the top should never develop an overweening sense of their own authority. The manager should be a fair and compassionate man (although, with refreshing realism, Lunn notes that managers by their very nature have to reflect the views of their companies).

This "constitutional" view of industry, with its wise and compassionate managers, and its fair and impartial inquiries, was utopian in the commonsense meaning of the phrase, that is, highly romantic. But it was equally utopian in another sense. It contained a critique of the existing order, and even in this saccharine novel this is not that far from the surface.

The "Boss" is very often not as bad as he is painted, though many of them, by their uppishness and conceit, make themselves obnoxious to honest labor.

Yes, too frequently the "boss" permits his position, by reason of pride and arrogance, to become a cleavage, dividing him from the ordinary employees under him, destroying the measure of friendship and co-operation that should exist as a preventative of that unnecessary friction that is, alas, too much in evidence between master and servant.

No contemporary Nova Scotian needed to have that passage decoded, for if anyone symbolized "uppishness" and "conceit" it was J.R. Cowans of Springhill. His conduct was the cause of two strikes in 1905 alone. This implicit critique of the "unnecessary friction" that seemed to be mounting in the coalfields tells us why Lunn, although drawing on events in Springhill in 1905, sets his tale in a mythical golden age of class peace.<sup>28</sup>

So this is not a novel of description, but a novel of ideology: the class-harmony ideology that was the touchstone of the PWA. One can measure the extent to which this is an ideological novel by noting the discrepancy between the real events of 1905 and Lunn's fictionalized account.<sup>29</sup> Lunn portrays the child employees of the mine as little scamps, impressionable little innocents. But the real boys of Springhill were not these charming tykes of a proletarian boys' weekly, but tough and spirited workers, who sustained their collective

<sup>28</sup> Although earlier industrial relations in Springhill, after the 1879 strike, were somewhat closer to the model Lunn provides us: Pioneer Lodge accepted a wage reduction (after extremely heated debate and detailed consultation with the company) in 1855, on the grounds of the general condition of the trade, in line with the doctrines of the leadership.

<sup>29</sup> There is no doubt as to the immediate inspiration for Lunn's account. Much of his reportage of the boys' strike in the *Herald* is repeated in this novel virtually *verbatim* (notably the description of the trapper boys' duties). Moreover the resemblance between the two strikes is too close to be coincidental.

unity through initiation rites and acts of misrule.<sup>30</sup> Their strikes were not averted at the last minute by the fortuitous interventions of miniature Robert Drummonds, but could tie up the community and the coal mines for days at a time. This is what happened in 1905, and the PWA was helpless to stop it. The boys did not go on strike for reasons of collective fun, but for the serious objective of protecting the interests of their fellow workers. In Lunn's novel a concerned manager is anxious to hear the boys' case and have justice prevail; he is won over by Tommy's impassioned appeal to the principles of British justice. In real life, the general manager was absent from the town, and the boys were unable to contact him. The strike closed the mine for four days, over the issue of a questionable dismissal. When the manager returned to Springhill, he settled the strike, but with great bitterness.<sup>31</sup>

In short, Lunn's account of the boys' strike is a chronicle of how it ought to have been conducted. His interest lies in the prescription of class peace, not the description of class conflict. In his reportage of the actual events of 1905, Lunn takes pains to show the "real" side of Springhill: its churches, voluntary societies, sobriety.<sup>32</sup> But events were rapidly overtaking this type of perception. The widening gap between management and labour in Springhill, which

<sup>30</sup> For a description of these youthful workers of Springhill, see the *Morning Chronicle* (Halifax), 4 December 1890.

<sup>31</sup> The boys' strike of 1905 concerned the dismissal of a trapper boy named Foster, who was discovered absent from his post on the 3200-foot level on 7 July 1905. He was suspended by the underground manager. On 11 July the boys went on strike. On 13 July the boys' committee, which was not under the control of the PWA, met with the underground manager, and were informed that the general manager of the mine, J.R. Cowans, had sent no reply to the underground manager's reports, forwarded to him from Springhill to his summer home near Parrsboro. The mines were closed for four days; Foster was reinstated.

<sup>32</sup> *Herald*, 14 July 1905. Lunn's interpretation of the strike was extremely strange. "... [N]otwithstanding the sixteen strikes and attendant irritation," he wrote, "the men actually like Mr. Cowans. They believe he is the cleverest mine manager in Canada, and they are proud of the mine, and proud of the town." *Herald*, 17 July 1905. This is almost certainly an inaccurate portrayal of the popular attitude to Cowans, who had just emerged from a strike which involved the allegedly unfair treatment of a crippled worker and who seemed to take delight in depicting the miners as irresponsible drunkards.

<sup>33</sup> This novel of 12 chapters was published in the *Halifax Herald*. The last episodes of the novel are set in 1880, which places the events covered by this extract in c. 1875-6. This, of course, is historically impossible. The novel is divided into three sections, the first of which describes Tommy's early days in the mine and the death of his mother, the second describing his career as a labour leader and trapper boy, the third chronicling his rapid ascent up the ladder to become the general manager of the mine. The dates of publication: *Herald*, 15 August, 26 August, 2 September, 9 September, 11 September, 3 October, 14 October, 21 October, 28 October, 4 November, 18 November, 2 December, 9 December, and 30 December 1905. Because of a misprint no heading was placed on Chapter Nine in the *Herald*. This novel is reprinted with the permission of the Halifax Herald Limited.

was to result in such a large number of strikes, would defeat Lunn's concept of social peace.

This is not to criticize Lunn for writing a utopian novel. Indeed, given Lunn's severe disabilities as a writer, one shudders to think of what fate "social realism" might have suffered at his hands! He has left us with a curious, funny document of a serious social position. For the doctrine of class co-operation, so firmly rooted in Christian moral teaching and so compatible with notions of working-class "independence," was not merely venality or cowardice. In this ideology the PWA did not merely "sell itself" to the highest bidder, nor serve as the financial reserve of a predatory leadership. It would be nice if the problem were that easily solved. But down to the end the PWA had a mass following; its leaders were, in their own terms, moral and upright men; there was a consistency in the public pronouncements of the union and its public behaviour. We should remember that class co-operation as an ideology presupposes the existence of classes, a divergence of interests which must be reconciled in a process of mutual accommodation between labour and capital, and the right of workers to organize to secure democratic and social reforms. Class co-operation is not the momentary rationale of a corrupt leadership but one "natural" first position of a nascent labour movement.

The way to remember the PWA in this centennial year is then a bit clearer. Its central doctrine of class co-operation was, of course, unsuited to the tumultuous twentieth-century coalfields. Even in its heyday this doctrine probably meant different things to different people. The leadership saw itself as the agency of the moral reform of the miners, and it is within this external frame of reference that class co-operation acquires the conservatism that Lunn's novel fully represents. But the view from the rank-and-file, the internal view of class co-operation, might have had a different logic and resonance. The miners used strikes as a last resort, but this last resort was frequently sought, with or without the Grand Secretary's approval. Was there a sort of division within the union between the leadership and its rhetoric, and the local lodges? The leadership's rhetoric might have been seen as the instrumental language of the winning of mining reform and democratic rights. At the lodge level, the rhetoric of *manliness, independence and class co-operation* could be given a more radical meaning. Perhaps the PWA's ideology represents yet another instance of a problem typical of Victorian trade unionism: that of the differential interpretations of a widely diffused symbolic language.

But this is to anticipate the comprehensive reassessment of the union which we require but do not have; it alone will situate the PWA within the wider field of the making of the Nova Scotia working class.

## FROM TRAPPER BOY TO GENERAL MANAGER

### *A Story of Brotherly Love and Perseverance*

*Author's Note.* — *The story to follow is not founded on fact, but much of it is true to life, as a portrayal of what is almost every day transpiring in the mining districts of this province, in fact, the mining districts throughout the world.*



[*Précis of Chapters I to VI.* Tommy Barnes is but ten years old when, as a fatherless child, he enters the coal mine to support his aged mother. He works well, for he is a boy who believes in the great social and economic importance of coal mines, and he is moreover a lad of sterling character and moral strength. After his mother's extremely prolonged death, Bill Jones, an exemplary unionist, takes him into his family. This excerpt begins about four years after the death of Mrs. Barnes and begins with a reference to the comment of Bill Jones which opened the story: "That lad'll make 'es mark." ]

#### Chapter VII.

IT WAS four years after the death of Mrs. Barnes that Jones gave utterance to the words recorded at the beginning of the opening chapter. They were prompted by remarks made by Tommy from a Nova Scotian standpoint, anent the outlook for the coal trade.

There were rumours of difficulties in the way of securing more extended markets and the employes of that particular mine, like those of every other mine in the province were deeply interested in the question, and freely discussed it among themselves when opportunity offered, that is whenever a sufficient number of them to admit of an exchange of opinion happened to meet, and none were more deeply interested than Tommy. Indeed, for that matter, what pertaining to coal mining was he not interested in?

During the four years that elapsed since we parted with him, he had stuck closely to his work and had been just as faithful to his studies which he methodically pursued for a certain number of hours each evening with the exception of Saturday and Sunday evenings, with his faithful little friend and teacher, Annie Jones, ever near him ready to render any and every assistance within her power. Writing, reading, spelling, grammar, geography and arithmetic were the branches he studied.

"If I," he once remarked to Annie, "can secure a fairly accurate knowledge of those branches of education, I will be all right. They will lead me to the obtaining of at least a passing knowledge of the higher branches such as geology and minerology, that will enable me to better prepare for the life work that I have chosen."

So well had he progressed with his lesson that Annie declared him the best educated work-a-day lad in the town; indeed she had serious doubts if any of the employes, young or old, were his equal in

that respect. Not only was the boy a diligent student, but he also found time for the reading of healthy literature, chiefly the best current magazines. He was also a faithful reader of the daily press, and was in that respect, for his age, well versed in the trend of the affairs of the world.

Yet he was not one that was given to parading his knowledge merely for the effect of spectacular show, so to speak. He had a profound respect for the opinions of his elders, for as he once put it, "the experience of years produces knowledge that is not obtainable from books." He possessed the tact of entering into a discussion with those older than himself and not appearing forward. He did so by the mere asking of simple questions, ever leading up to more important ones, until finally a point was reached when those he was asking the questions of came to the limit of their understanding in the matter under discussion.

It was then that he usually interposed, but with much caution and tact, being careful to state from what source he received his information, always giving the name of some eminent well-known authority, naming both the publication and the writer. In that way he was enabled to sandwich in many of the thoughts that had come to him while reading those of his authorities, of his favorite authors and therefore without even being suspected of egotism, something that he certainly was not guilty of in the least; he won the reputation among his fellow employes and his friends and acquaintances generally, young and old, of being a well-informed lad.

The old saying: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" did not apply to Tommy, for although faithful in his work and his lessons, giving them their full share of attention; he also found time to give vent to that sportiveness that is inherent in every physically and mentally sound person, especially youth. He made it a rule to devote an hour at least every evening and Saturday afternoons several hours, when opportunity afforded to join with other lads

in a good healthy manly game. Cricket was his choice; he was a splendid player, and for many years was captain of the local junior team, in time graduating to the same position in connection with the senior team. On many occasions he led his team in victory against crack players from neighbouring towns, and more than one season with his team had the proud honor of standing at the head of the district league games, carrying off and again retaining the trophy.

He was easily the leader among his companions, more especially his fellow-trapper boys and the trip runners, for during the four years and a half he had served in the mine he had filled both positions to the satisfaction of all concerned. Though on the very best terms with nearly all the boys employed in the mine, Jack Ross, good-natured, honest hearted Jack, that had been his first friend in a practical way when he entered the mine a wee lad, was the one that seemed nearest to him.

The friendship began on that day nearly five years ago, became stronger as the years went by, so much so that the two lads seemed like brothers. Jack truly and honestly admired and loved Tommy, acknowledging him his leader, seeking his counsel and doing his bidding whenever the other so ordered it, for Tommy's was the master mind, his the dominating spirit. And it was well for Jack that such was the case, for though master and dictator Tommy was by no means a tyrant. He ruled the other, but he ruled in love. When he ordered, when he chastized, when he advised, it was all with the best of intentions toward Jack with a view to the boy's future best welfare.

When they first met, Jack, though of an honest, kindly disposition, had not much ambition in life of the nature of the higher order of things, the ambition to do, and in doing bring out all that which is best in human nature. He was inclined to be a drifter on the tide of time. He simply worked because he felt it was his duty to do so as a matter of course. He went about his daily toil in a mechanical sort of a fashion,

having no aspirations beyond then and there, "work, eat, sleep and play, let the morrow care to itself," was his moral creed.

But as the days went by and the friendship between himself and Tommy deepened with their passing, and the influence of the latter began to bear fruit, a change came over him. He was seized with a new desire — a desire to be something better than what he had been, than what he was, and he looked about for a model, finding it in Tommy, and so began the transformation.

"Tommy," said Jack, as they walked home from work one evening, following their usual fashion, "I want to be something."

The words were uttered with such intense earnestness that they startled Tommy and caused him to suddenly turn his face in the direction of his companion. As he did so their eyes met and Tommy was quick to notice that Jack's were filled with tears.

"You want to be somebody?" he repeated.

"Say, Tom, do yer think there is any chance for the likes o' me?" he burst out.

"Well, it all depends on what you want to be, Jack, old friend," was Tommy's quick reply.

"Oh," Jack went on, "I don't want to be a big gentleman, a politishun, a governor or a king. I know I was never cut out fer that. I just simply want to be a coal miner, a good one, a honest one, something like yer are going to be. I know I'll never be as good as yer, but I want to get as nigh that way as I can."

"Will yer help me, Tommy," he concluded.

"Yes, I will Jack," Tommy quickly replied, "but tell me this — why is it that you have become so anxious to become somebody, as you have expressed it."

"Well, Tom," Jack began, "yer see, 'twas this way. Up to a year ago when me father died I could a gone to school, but I had no taste for it.

"I hated school and was more anxious to work in the mine than I was to learn me lessons and yer know how it turned out, Tom. Me father said, as I told yer that first day yer was in the mine: that I must either go to school or to work, so I choose the goin' to work, 'cause 'twas just what I wanted.

"Fact is, Tom, I could see no sense in the going to school," he went on to say, "cause I knowed, sooner or later I'd have to go to work in the mine, and in time become a miner, and I had an idea that a miner didn't need learning — that is, merely enough to be just able to read, and to write his name so as people could make it out.

"I thought learnin' was only fer lawyers, ministers and such like and just decided to merely work, do as I was told by me boss."

"Well, you see, Jack, that is where you made a mistake," Tommy interposed, "for there is just as much room at the top for the miner as there is for any other person."

"Yes, I know there is now, Tommy," Jack replied, "'cause you have made me see it, and I know its true."

"Yes, Jack, it is true," Tommy went on to say, "and I am glad you have got sight of the fact, and that you intend striving with me to be a first-class, well-informed miner. And Jack," he continued, "get that idea out of your head about miners as a rule being merely able to write and to read. Living, as you have, among the miners of this place all your life I cannot understand where you got it.

"I am aware that there is an impression abroad among people far removed from mining circles that miners are an illiterate lot, but it is all a mistake, for there is no better informed class of workaday people in the world than the coal miners of Nova Scotia. A publisher of one of the leading newspapers of Canada," Tommy continued, "recently stated that as a rule, the miners of the province are extensive readers of current literature, and are therefore



well informed regarding the questions of the day the world over. That they can discourse on almost any topic of live interest in a highly intelligent manner. That they are deep thinkers and excellent citizens in every way. Of course there are exceptions."

"That is just it, Tommy," Jack said, "and my father was one of the exceptions."

"He never was much set on learning, but me mother is, and it was her that was always wantin' me to go to school, and me father just sided in with her views."

"That was all the interest he had in the matter."

"He used to say that the educated people were just loungers on the working people, the miners and such like."

"That they were no good."

"A common belief, with some people," remarked Tommy and then he added, "but one that is not altogether well founded."

"There is a place for everything and every person."

"All, I believe, were made to serve a wise purpose, if they do not, then some person who is responsible has blundered."

"Order it has been said, is the first law of Heaven, and as the Almighty created both the Heavens and this earth, it is reasonable to believe that He also intended that order should be the first law of earth, and so it is, but alas there are many who disobey — 'man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn' and inhumanity out of which arise class distinctions, contentions, and struggle, — commonly called capital vs. labor."

"But Jack," Tommy said in conclusion, "we are getting into deep water."

"We have encroached to the verge of a great socialistic question, one that we at this stage of our experience and understanding are not capable of grappling with."

"Our duty is, as lads, to take wise steps towards laying the foundation of our future manhood."

"To that end let us strive, you helping

me, I helping you, and we both helping others."

"All right, Tommy, I am with yer for good and for all," replied Jack.

The boys had by that time reached Jones' house, Tommy's home. Before they parted, Tommy informed Jack that he would that very evening make arrangements whereby he might at once begin his studies — start in to "try to be somebody." That night, as was their usual custom, just before retiring, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Annie and Tommy sat around the hearth in the cozy little sitting-room, indulging in their usual social chat, which as a rule consisted in each relating the most striking things that had come to their notice during the day. Tommy, of course, reciting the salient points of the conversation that had taken place between himself and Jack Ross a few hours previously while on their way home from work.

Needless to remark that Mr. Jones, Mrs. Jones and Annie were as deeply interested in the matter as Tommy was. In fact the lad knew they would be. After he had given them to understand what had taken place between Jack and himself he announced that he intended doing all he could to assist the other boy in respect to rising to something better and added: "I want Annie to have a share in the task."

"You see," he went on, "thanks to her I am pretty well advanced in my studies, and therefore I do not require so much assistance from her as formerly."

"I was thinking she could, for that reason, find time to give Jack some assistance."

"Of course I, too, will do all I can to assist."

Tommy had no doubts as to what would be the result of his suggestions. He was confident that his good friends would readily join with him in an effort to give Jack a lift in the direction of something better further on. As a matter of fact they heartily acquiesced in his plans, especially Annie. Indeed it was there and then planned that Jack should come to the house

and begin his studies the very next night.

### Chapter VIII.

JACK ROSS proved to be an apt scholar. He entered upon and continued, his studies with a zeal and a determination to conquer that presaged victory; therefore, at the end of three months it was little wonder that Tommy and Annie were delighted with the progress he had made. Never did a pupil have more faithful and enthusiastic teachers. Both took a delight in the work. It was more pleasure than task to them.

As for Tommy, it presented new ideas to his mind, new aspirations and he came to the conclusion that if Annie and himself could assist Jack, and they certainly had, why also could they not do something toward helping others? But in what way? That was the question.

He, however, continued to keep the matter uppermost in his mind until one evening the opportunity he had been waiting for presented itself. He had just come up out of the mine, and was in the act of stepping from the door of the lamp cabin after depositing his safety when he heard some person call his name. Turning in the direction from which the sound of the voice came, he was, in the rapidly gathering twilight, able to discern a group of his mates, apparently engaged in an animated conversation. As he drew near to them he noticed that a trapper by the name of Dannie Day was the centre of attraction. He quickly learned that Day had a grievance, and that he was very much agitated, and being a fairly good talker, was making out a strong case in his own behalf.

He saw at a glance that the others all sympathized with him, and were ready to stay by him through thick and thin, so to speak, even to the extent of making a stand. Tommy fully realized what that meant. He was aware that unless the trouble could be adjusted in some other way the boys would go out on strike and that of course would mean the tying up of the entire mine, until they—the boys—or the management won out. The trouble arose

over the boy Day absenting himself from his post of duty for several minutes.

His explanation of the affair was that he thought he heard a trip approaching, but that suddenly the noise made by it ceased and that immediately afterward he heard some person cry out as if in distress. He then came to the conclusion that the boxes had left the rails, and that the trip runner was injured, and he had rushed away from his post to render assistance. However, when about fifty yards from the door he again heard the noise made by the box, knew the trip had not left the rails and that therefore the "runner" had not been injured.

He then turned to retrace his steps, running at top speed, but when he got back to the door he was confronted by the underground manager who had arrived at that point during his absence. Mr. Graham was angry, and demanded to know where he had been, receiving in reply the explanation given. The underground manager discredited the story, partly from the fact that the trip had not become derailed and partly because rumours had from time to time reached him that Day was suspected of having absented himself from the door on more than one previous occasion. The upshot of it was that orders were issued by Mr. Graham to stop Day's lamp, which meant he was either suspended indefinitely or dismissed.

"It's an outrage," Day shouted as he finished relating how it happened.

"That it is," the most of the boys responded in chorus.

"Will yer stand by me boys?" Dannie again shouted. "We will," they replied.

Then Day continued, "Will yer go out on strike ter morrow, and stay out till I'm put back to work, and paid for the time I'm kept off the job?"

"Agreed," they shouted, all of them this time, save Tommy. Day was quick to notice that Tommy did not seem enthusiastic over the proposition to go out on strike.

Indeed, he mentally noted the fact that Tommy did not with the others shout

"Agreed!" when he, Day, proposed that they stand.

None of the others, however, noticed the omission on Tommy's part, and would not have, only that Day, addressing himself to them said in a sarcastic tone of voice: "Say, fellers, Barnes didn't vote to strike," and then turning to Tommy, he continued, "What's the matter witch yer? Ain't yer wit us; are yer skeard of the bosses, or do you want to be a strike-breaker?"

The blood mounted to Tommy's cheeks, until they glowed like coals of fire. For a few minutes he could not make reply to Day's attack on him. The latter was not slow to notice that Tommy was embarrassed, and in his haste to make a point against him, accepted it as sign that he was guilty of at least some of the charges he had suggested.

He was therefore encouraged to continue the attack, and readily yielded. "If," he again began, "yer too nice ter stand by yer mates in this trouble, yer too nice to work in the mine, and y'd be better go teaching Sunday school. Yer no —"

"Hold," cried Jack Ross, his eyes flashing with anger, "that's enough of that sort of lingo, Day. Tommy Barnes is a man every inch of him."

"Oh, I see," sneered Day in reply, "yer another o' the weak-kneed kind are yer!"

"Weak-kneed, am I?" came the quick retort from Jack as he menacingly stepped toward Day with clenched fists.

"Come on," said Day, "I am ready fer yer," at the same time squaring away, but no blows were struck, for Tommy, who had fully recovered his temper, stepped in between them and gently pushed Jack to one side. Then facing Day he said: "Dan, I am at a loss to know why, but this is not the first time you have made tantalizing remarks to me. What injury did I ever do you?"

"Ah, go on," replied Day. "Yer too nice; yer always trying ter play the good little boy in the Sunday school book."

"Easy, Dannie," Tommy replied "for there is such a thing as limit to human forbearance."

"I have no desire to injure you in any way, but if you persist in the course you are at present pursuing I may be compelled to forcibly remind you that you cannot throw insults into my face that I am not deserving of."

"Please remember I am not the coward you seem to think I am."

The cool, determined demeanor of Tommy, the steady gaze of his clear grey eyes, were not without effect on the pugnacious Dannie. One glance at Tommy's face convinced him that he had made a mistake; that he was no coward, therefore his only reply to Tommy's remarks was: "Well, why don't yer stand by us?"

"I am standing by you, and I intend standing by you," Tommy replied, "but I do not propose to act foolishly in the matter and lose the fight before we have fairly begun it."

"Don't yer believe in strikes?" queried Day in a more respectful tone of voice.

"Only as a last resort," replied Tommy.

"Wise labor leaders," he went on, "never call a strike until they have tried every other means to bring about a fair settlement and failed. This we have not yet done."

"You're not our leader," broke in Day, who was again becoming pugnacious, for the reason that it was quite plain to him Tommy's remarks were making a favorable impression on the rest of the boys, and that as a result he could lose his chances of being a leader in a real strike, and having his name mentioned all over the countryside as such — something that he dearly coveted — gradually fading away.

"It is quite true, as you say, Dannie," Tommy replied, "that I am not the leader, but I am an interested party, and therefore possess the right to be heard in the matter and what is more, I intend to be heard, and yet I only wish my views to be taken for

what the majority of the boys think they are worth.

"I have no desire, no not the least, to dominate and tyrannize over others. I only wish to advise, and boys, if you take my advice you will not order a strike to-night.

"It is too serious a step to be hastily taken, for we must not lose sight of the fact that if we boys quit work hundreds of men, many with families depending on them, will be forced into idleness, and there is no knowing what misery might be brought about, more especially if at this, the beginning of the winter season, the struggle continued on from day to day, extending into weeks; perhaps months.

"Then again," Tommy continued, "there is public opinion to be reckoned with.

"That is something that cannot be lightly passed over. It is to my mind of the gravest importance to all who go into the open to settle, or try to settle their differences, and it is oftener the rule than the exception in contests of that kind that victory perches on the banner of the individual, or individuals, that receive most sympathy from the public.

"Public sympathy in such cases," he continued, "is not mere sentiment.

"True, both sides have their blind partisans, those that neither argument or fact effect or influence.

"Usually they are interested parties and unable to swing victory to this or to that side. The balance of power, therefore, rests with the independents, those who may be termed disinterested in so far as being individually concerned. They simply take part in the dispute from a sense of their public duty.

"Now," Tommy went on to say, the boys, including even Day, becoming interested in his remarks, "If we tonight decide to tie up the mine we must naturally expect that the public will immediately become deeply interested, and begin to make inquiries as to the cause, also what steps were taken by both the management and ourselves with a view to arriving at a

settlement without resorting to the fight methods involved in a strike.

"We must not forget the fact that so far as we are concerned it will be the word of Dannie here against that of Mr. Graham, the underground manager.

"Dannie will stick to his explanations as already made to Mr. Graham while the latter will not recede from the position he has assumed, to the effect that he has reasons for believing that Dannie is not stating the exact truth.

"Acting on the well-known principle of British justice that an accused person must be assumed to be innocent until by a fair trial proved guilty, we are bound to believe that Dannie in his explanation has stated the facts of the case, yet we at the same time must not conclude that Mr. Graham's position is that of a determination to punish Dannie without rhyme or reason, so to speak.

"We must assume that he has been misled, and taking that view of the situation, it is our duty before going to the length of ordering and carrying out a strike, to go to him with a view to effecting a settlement by means of conciliation — give and take. We must call his attention to the fact that there is no evidence to corroborate the position of either himself or Dannie, and therefore the best and easiest way out of the trouble is for him to take Dannie on again.

"In doing so he need not wholly recede from the strong suspicion he has that Dannie is at times a bit careless of his duties. He can warn him that a close watch will be kept on his movements, and if in so doing the suspicions are substantiated he will forthwith be dismissed from the employ.

"If Dannie is innocent, and I assume that he is, then he has nothing to lose, but the rather much to gain by such a course being taken.

"If on the other hand, the suspicions are proved to be well founded, then no person can successfully support him in the neglect of a duty, on the faithful performance of which depends so much as regards safety to both human and animal

life, and the valuable property of the company as well.

"If he is," Tommy concluded, "proved guilty of a breach of trust of that kind he must take the consequences."

"But I'm not guilty," snapped Day, when Tommy had finished.

"Ah, go on wid yez, who said yez was," replied Dinny Burns, a red-haired, freckled, sunny-faced son of Erin, who had two years previous, along with his parents and other members of the family, arrived from the old sod. Dinny was about Tommy's age. He was agile, honest, good-natured and a general favorite with all who knew him.

"Tommy is roight," Dinny continued in his rich musical Irish brogue.

"My, Day," he went on, "but does yez be thinkin' yer sif immaculate — wan of those that do be above suspicion? Sure, if yez are, yer not fit to be in this wurld, especially working away down there in the direction av that place where saints do not be."

"I do be movin' that Tommy Barnes, Jack Ross and "Ted" Young do be a committee to wait on the boss and prisint thim views Tommy has expressed a moment ago."

This was quickly seconded and agreed to by a chorus of "here, here!" Day being the only person that remained silent.

In the meantime it was rumoured about that the boys intended going out on strike unless Day was put back to work, and as might be expected there was a good deal of uneasiness apparent among all classes. Later on it was reported that Tommy had succeeded in persuading the boys to appoint a committee to wait on the manager, and that the latter, in company with the underground manager, had agreed to meet them and discuss the situation. Every person was hopeful that good would come out of the meeting. The meeting was to take place at the residence of the general manager at 8 o'clock.

Accordingly at that hour the committee presented themselves. The other boys were

to remain at the union hall to receive news of the result of the conference. Tommy and the other members of the committee, Jack Ross and "Ted" Young, were promptly on time, arriving at the general manager's residence sharp on the stroke of eight o'clock. They went to the side door and soon after were admitted by the general manager in person, Mr. Blackett, Tommy leading the way, for it was agreed among the boys that he was to act as spokesman.

The general manager ushered them into his private office, or perhaps to be more explicit, his library, where they found the underground manager, Mr. Graham. He had arrived half an hour previous, no doubt for the purpose of conferring with his superior in office relating to the matter they were about to discuss with the boys. Both officials received the members of the committee in a kindly manner, therefore, at the very commencement of the conference setting them at rest as regards timidity. Indeed, the general manager, the "grand old man" as he was familiarly called when ordinary employes of the mine referred to him in their general conversation with each other, was noted far and near for his gentlemanly deportment, square dealing, and kindness of heart. In the estimation of the employes of the colliery, and the townspeople generally, he was as near the ideal as it was possible for a general manager to be, for they had the good sense to understand that managers are largely the creatures of boards of directors, and at times are forced to execute orders from the boards that are as unpleasant to them as they are to the ordinary employes of the corporations — the miners.

Not only does this apply to coal mines, but to all other labor-employing concerns as well. The "boss" is very often not as bad as he is painted, though many of them, by their uppishness and conceit, make themselves obnoxious to honest labor. Yes, too frequently the "boss" permits his position, by reason of pride and arrogance, to become a cleavage, dividing him from the ordinary employes under him, destroy-

ing the measure of friendship and co-operation that should exist as a preventative of that unnecessary friction that is, alas, too much in evidence between master and servant.

Mr. Blackett had been manager of the mine for more than a quarter of a century, and during all that time there was never a serious labor dispute and never a strike. Whenever an employe, or any number of employes, went to him with a grievance he received them courteously, listened to them patiently, and in the end did the right thing by all concerned. He tried to view the matter, whatever it might be, in dispute, from the men's standpoint, and he also endeavored, to the best of his ability, to get the men to view it from his standpoint and he succeeded oftener than he failed in both undertakings. In the matter of arriving at a settlement, if he saw that justice was on the side of the men he readily and cheerfully gave in; if, on the other hand, he saw differently, he firmly yet in a kindly way stood by what he conceived to be right. In dealing with his men under circumstances of that kind, he was decidedly frank.

He, on such occasions, took them into his confidence, withholding nothing from them, but once he had revealed his position, or more properly speaking, that of the company, he appealed with all the earnestness he could possibly command to their sense of honor and fair play, and he did not appeal in vain, for there is an abundance of both among the miners of Nova Scotia. Trust them as honest, intelligent men, and from them you will receive honest intelligent treatment in return; treat them differently, in the opposite direction, and they will resent it with all the ardor of honest independent mankind.

Immediately Tommy and his fellow-members of the committee were seated, the general manager said, "Well, boys, I understand you have come to confer with me in connection with Mr. Graham's decision regarding the lad Daniel Day."

"Yes, sir," Tommy replied, "that is the object of our visit."

"And what are your wishes regarding the matter," Mr. Blackett queried.

"That he be put back to work, sir," Tommy quickly made his answer.

"Then," continued the general manager, "you evidently do not believe him in the wrong."

"We have no proof that he is or is not, sir," Tommy replied.

"But," said Mr. Blackett, "Mr. Graham, the underground manager, thinks he is."

"Should it be a case of 'think' or positive proof, Mr. Blackett," Tommy queried in a quiet, respectful manner; "and, sir," he went on, "I hope you will not think me forward if I venture to remind you that according to British justice and fair play, an accused person must be held innocent until proved guilty of the charges or charges preferred."

It was quite evident that the boy's words had made a deep impression on the general manager. He had not anticipated his question, nor the remarks which followed, therefore he was not prepared to meet them. In fact, as he afterwards expressed it, when discussing the matter, "I found myself in an awkward position." The boy's words did not anger him in the least but on the contrary, they aroused a kindly interest in the lad, an interest, as the sequel will show, that became stronger in later years.

However, Mr. Blackett did not immediately surrender to Tommy's demand that Day be put back to work, but proceeded to say, "Do you not, Master Thomas, think that Mr. Graham is the best judge as to whether Day or any of the others employed underground for that matter performs duties satisfactorily or not?"

"I have every respect for Mr. Graham," Tommy replied, "and I fully realize the importance of the responsibility that rests upon him. I am well aware that he is held responsible for the proper carrying out of the rules and regulations of the mine. I am also fully aware that upon a strict observance of those rules and regulations

depends the safety of life and limb, and that of property, and I conceive it therefore to be the duty of every honest conscientious person employed in the mine to assist Mr. Graham in carrying them out to the letter. And, further, I believe that any and every person that in any particular violates those rules should be severely punished, *but not on the evidence of mere hearsay.*

"Now, as far as we are concerned, we have no proof that Day is guilty of the charge preferred against him nor have we any proof to offer that he is not guilty of them.

"But," and Tommy hesitated for a moment or two, "perhaps, sir, you have the last-named proof, if so it would greatly simplify matters if you presented it at this stage of the conference; it would end the matter, for far be it from me to uphold any person in wrong doing."

Mr. Blackett and Mr. Graham exchanged glances when Tommy had finished speaking, but neither spoke for several minutes.

Then Mr. Blackett said, "Well, Master Thomas, I must confess you are making out a strong defence. I must also confess that neither Mr. Graham nor myself have positive proof that Day is actually guilty.

"I am sure that neither of us wish to act on the principle 'give a dog a bad name and hang him,' do we, Mr. Graham?"

"No," the underground manager replied, "we do not; and," he continued, "for my part, I entertain no ill will toward the boy, but I at the same time, firmly believe he has been neglectful of his duties, in fact, after what happened today, I have no doubts, but I am free to confess I have no actual proof to substantiate this belief."

"Which means," Mr. Blackett added, "that we had better put him back to work and end the trouble."

"Not unconditionally, though," Tommy remarked.

Both men eagerly stared at him, then Mr. Blackett said, "What do you mean, Master Thomas?"

"This, sir, that Day be taken on again with the understanding that a strict watch will be kept on his movements not only by the management, but by his fellow-boy employes, as well, and if by any of us he is caught wilfully neglecting his duties, we promise to promptly report the matter to the underground manager, coupled with the request that he be immediately dismissed from the service of the company.

"We sir, are willing to be a party to an agreement of that kind, and sir, if you will draw up an agreement along those lines we, that is myself, Jack Ross, and "Ted" Young, will sign it on behalf of the other boys, as their duly accredited representatives. We take that course, sir, out of respect to what we conceive to be Mr. Graham's honest convictions as regards the boy Day. We have no desire to turn Mr. Graham down as being all wrong, and to uphold Day as being blameless. We simply want to give them both the benefit of the doubt."

Mr. Blackett and Mr. Graham laughed heartily when Tommy had finished speaking, not at his remarks in general, but at the that part of them regarding the "benefit of the doubt."

"Very well, Master Thomas," said Mr. Blackett, "it shall be as you suggest. Your proposition to my mind is an exceedingly fair one, and I gladly accede to it."

Then he proceeded to write the agreement in the way suggested by Tommy, making two copies, both of which were signed by himself, Tommy, and the two other members of the committee, after which he handed one copy to Tommy, placing the other on file in his office.

Mr. Graham then gave Tommy an order for Day's lamp, which meant that he could return to work on the morrow and the conference was at an end, but before the committee withdrew, Tommy, in the name of the boys, thanked the general manager for the kind way in which the committee was received and dealt with by himself and the underground manager, Mr. Graham. In reply Mr. Blackett said the conference had

turned out to be a real pleasure to him and that if the boys always came as well prepared to deal with matters affecting their welfare as the present committee had, he would be always glad to receive them, and treat with them.

It was about 9.30 when the committee arrived at Union hall from the conference with the general manager. The large assembly room of the building was filled to overflowing with men and boys eagerly awaiting the news. Presently "Dinny" Burns, who had been keeping up a vigil at the front entrance to the hall, with a particularly sharp eye in the direction of the general manager's residence, caught sight of the three boys by aid of a light in a store window a block away, which they at that minute were passing. He did not wait to take a second look, but hurried into the hall, shouting at the top of his voice, said, "They do be comin'." Instantly every person was alert, and all eyes were fixed on the door.

They had not long to wait, for in a minute or two the committee entered, Tommy leading the way. In order that time might not be lost, the master workman had taken the chair, when Dinny Burns announced the committee's coming, so that immediately after the boys entered the hall he called the meeting to order and said, "Brothers, this is not purely a lodge matter, but is one in which we are all deeply interested, for if the boys decide to 'stand,' then we, the men, will be compelled to quit work. They are not members of the Provincial Workmen's Association, and are therefore not bound, that is their committee is not bound, to report to this meeting. If they wish, they can retire to the adjoining room, and receive the report, or they can receive it here jointly with the men."

"We will receive it here," shouted the boys in chorus, when the master workman had finished speaking.

Thereupon Tommy arose and going up to the platform, took from his pocket the agreement the committee had entered into with the general manager, and handed it to

the master workman, coupled with the request that he make known its contents to the meeting. There were cries of "Read it, Tommy, read it Tommy," but he shook his head and went back to his seat. The master workman at once arose, and read the document, and just as soon as the meeting caught the full fact that a settlement had been effected a mighty cheer went up, which was in turn caught by the crowds on the street who had also been anxiously awaiting the news.

Pretty soon the glad tidings spread throughout the entire town, the church bells were rung, steam whistles tooted, besides which there were many other manifestations of pleasure. It was pretty generally known that the strike, the tying up of the mine, had been prevented by the wise counselling and clever negotiating of Tommy Barnes, and he was accordingly heartily congratulated, but declared that others, in fact, all of the boys played as important a part in the matter of effecting a settlement as he had. But the people knew better, they knew that his was the leading, the master mind, yet they at the same time admired his modesty, and gave him full credit for the generosity toward his boy comrades in the struggle. As for Jones, Mrs. Jones and Annie, they were delighted with the part Tommy had played — they were more, they were proud of him.

Shortly after the announcement that there would be no strike was made Jones remarked to a fellow workman who happened to be standing near him, "Didn't I tell thee as how the boy would make his mark?" Everybody was delighted, excepting the cause of all the trouble, Daniel Day. When the terms of the agreement were made known, he immediately left the hall, remarking as he did so, "Yer a nice gang. I'm to be watched am I? That Tom Barnes is no good. I'll get even with him."

"Ah, gwan," said Dinny Burns, "yer no good yerself. Yer are niver satisfied unless ye do be kicking up a disturbance. Look yez here, Day, yer ungrateful crathur, and fer two pins I'd be puttin' a



hand on yez. Ah gwan out me sight."

Then turning to the other boys who were crowding about the door he said: "Come lads, niver mind that spalpeen, but do yez be sittin' fire to yer torches to that yez will be ready to eschort Tommy and the other conquering heroes home the very minit they do be comin' out of the hall."

## Chapter X.

AS STATED in the previous chapter, Tommy in the threatened strike found the opportunity he had been looking for, that of doing something for his fellow boy employes as a whole. He had for some time previous to the trouble entertained the opinion that the boys should be organized into some kind of union. He reasoned that if unionism was a good thing for the adult employes of the mine, why not also a good thing for the juvenile employes?

After returning home the night the trouble was settled Tommy and Mr. Jones sat talking over the matter long after Mrs. Jones and Annie had retired, and it was during their conversation that the lad expressed the opinion that the boys should be organized. The idea was a new one to Jones, but Tommy soon convinced him that to organize the boys would be a step in the right direction.

"But how would thee go about it?" queried Jones.

"Well," replied Tommy. "I would suggest that yourself, Cameron, Lang, McInnes and Murphy, become interested in the matter and call a meeting of the members of the PWA lodge, for the purpose of discussing it; of course permitting the boys to be present, and I will see to it that as many of them will attend as possibly can."

"And will thee undertake to make a speech, Tommy?" Jones further queried.

"Well, Mr. Jones," Tommy replied, "I had not thought of that, but I suppose I might be able to put my views before the meeting in some sort of shape."

"There is no fear but thee can do it, lad, if thee undertake to," said Jones.

It was agreed that Jones would on the morrow enter into conversation with the persons mentioned by Tommy, with a view in having the meeting take place on the following Monday night. Thus giving sufficient time to make preparations as it was then Wednesday night.

The following day Jones talked the matter over with Cameron, McInnes, Lang and Murphy, and succeeded in deeply interesting them in the movement.

At the regular meeting of the PWA lodge on the following Friday night, the matter came up for discussion, and so cleverly and ably was it presented by those interested in the movement, that when the motion was put the members present unanimously agreed to meet with the boys on the following Monday evening in the union hall and discuss the question with them. In the meantime Tommy had easily secured the co-operation of "Jack" Ross, "Ted" Young and "Dinny" Burns.

The quartette went to work with a will among the other boys, and never were there more earnest and effective agitators. In view of the recent trouble the field was ripe for union. Only one of the lads attempted to throw cold water on the movement, Dannie Day, the lad over whom the trouble arose that nearly culminated in a strike. He was still up against Tommy, so to speak, over that proviso that was inserted in the settlement, calling for a strict watch over his future movements while at work in the mine.

When approached by "Dinny" Burns in reference to the movement, he said, "Go on, what der yer think I am?"

"So yer wants me ter fergive me biggest enemy Tom Barnes, and be his tool? Not much."

"See here, Dannie Day," Dinny replied, "are yez sane, or are yez a lunatic? If I may be judging by the trind of yez talk, yez do be more fit to be an inmate at the hospital for the poor unfortunate who do be bereft of their reason, than yez are to be the companion an' fellow employe of decent, honest, working men and byes.

"Tommy Barnes yez inimy, is it yez do be saying? Bad cess to yez; if it wasn't fur that same lad yez would be skulking about the strates an idle loofer this viry day. Put that in yer pipe and smoke it, yez durty spalpeen av —"

"An' put that in yer pipe and smoke it," Dannie interrupted, accompanying the words by a swinging blow that caught "Dinny" on one side of his head, but it merely staggered the Irish lad, who quickly recovered himself, and in an instant afterward sprang at his antagonist with the agility of a tiger, delivering a blow on his jaw that instantly felled him. Though frenzied with anger, "Dinny" did not forget the rules of the game, but waited for Day to rise, which he quickly did, for he was no coward. The instant he regained his feet, he, by putting up his clenched fist, intimated to "Dinny" that so far as he was concerned the fight was not at an end, neither was it with the young son of the Emerald Isle, and in the twinkling of an eye there was another mix-up but it soon became evident that Day, though much the older of the two, was no match for "Dinny," whose Irish, so to speak, was then at white heat. Day would in the end have fared badly only that Tommy, Jack Ross and several other boys appeared on the scene.

Immediately they did so, Tommy sprang between the fighting lads and pushed them apart, but it was no easy matter to do so, especially as regards "Dinny."

"Let me at the spalpeen, Tommy," he shouted, "he called yez durty mane names. Let me at him, and I'll tach him dacent manners."

"Be quiet, Dinny," Tommy remonstrated. "Calling names will not hurt me."

"Faith I do be aware of that, Tommy, but me blood just biled over whin I heard him sayin' nasty things about yez, yez that has been so good to him, mesilf an' all the rist av us."

"Never mind, Dinny," Tommy said in

a soothing tone of voice. "I am aware Dannie is not just acting up to the mark of what is fair and square. He seems to be imbued with the idea that I am an enemy of his, but in that he is mistaken, and some day he will know better. In the meantime, let us go on with our work of organization." Then turning to Day, he said, "Dannie, we want you to join with us."

Dannie, however, hung his head and made no reply. In fact he went off in a very sullen mood.

"Well, Tom," said Jack Ross, "its very little use wasting time on that fellow."

"Sure," chimed in "Dinny," "It's nothing more nor less thin castin' yer purts ferninst swine."

"Well, boys," Tommy replied, "I do not agree with you there, yet at times I feel like giving him a sound thrashing, but then again I remember Dannie has not had the chances we have, that is as regards home influences."

"His mother died when he was very young, and since then the care of the home has rested on his sister, like himself, a mere child."

"His father, though industrious, in fact a first rate workman, is uncouth, and as you know, is to a large extent addicted to the drink habit, and I am told is not by any means a genial character when in his cups, especially at home. He is one of those that believes a workingman or boy's privileges do not extend beyond working, eating, drinking and sleeping. He is in fact decidedly unsocial. He does not believe in holidays, recreations, sports or pastimes, and has been decided opposed to his children taking part in such things, holding that they are frivolous; a mere waste of time."

"So you can see boys that Dannie's life has been a very unpleasant, a very hard one. In fact it has made him a modern Ishmael, acting on the belief that every man's hand is against him and that therefore his hand should be against every man."

"What Dannie needs," Tommy con-

cluded, "is some person to take an interest in him; act kindly toward him. For my part I am going to try it, and I want you boys to do likewise, to join me in an effort to make the boy's life more cheerful."

Tommy's words had a decidedly softening effect on "Dinny," "Ted" and Jack. They readily fell in with his suggestion, that they take a kindly interest in Dannie's welfare.

"But how can we best go about it," Jack Ross asked.

"Leave that to me," Tommy replied.

As a matter of fact Tommy had already taken steps with a view to assisting Dannie, and in doing so he had sought and readily obtained the assistance of his staunch little friend Annie Jones.

It may be here stated that Tommy had reached his sixteenth year, and as already intimated, Annie was one year his junior. They were very much alike in their dispositions, both were bright and highly intelligent, diligent seekers after knowledge of a high order which they earnestly strove to make a benefit to others as well as to themselves. Annie was a close friend and warm admirer of Miss Foster, the nurse, already referred to. In fact the two were warm friends, for notwithstanding the fact that the latter was some eight years the other's senior, she found much in her to interest and admire. Indeed the interest and admiration were mutual. And it is also worthy of note that Harry Lang, Miss Foster's fiancée, though ten years Tommy's senior, was a warm friend and admirer of the lad, and here too was another case of meeting on mutual grounds, for Tommy was just as warm a friend and admirer of Harry. Indeed Harry was Tommy's model miner and labor leader, and in that respect and all others he was all Tommy believed him to be.

It will thus be understood that the four persons held much in common. Each was actuated by ambitions founded on the highest type of what might be termed noble character. The strong point in each was to do good to others, that the world, their

world, might be the better for them having lived in it. Therefore it was those three strong pure characters that Tommy was privileged to call to the assistance of his own equally strong character — a quartette that even the greatest hosts of tyranny, oppression, superstition and ignorance would have to reckon with before going up against it in battle array.

Tommy was the diplomat of the little band, so after parting with the other boys, he set about making his plans to have Dannie Day present at the meeting on Monday night. It was then Saturday afternoon and he had no time to lose.

As already stated Tommy had conferred with Annie in connection with the matter. His plan was that Annie and Miss Foster should take an interest in Dannie's sister, Kitty Day, and do what they could to brighten her life to make her feel that they were those who cared for her. In that way he hoped that the two girls would win the sympathy of not only Dannie, but the older Day as well, and that in time brighter days, would dawn for all concerned. As for himself, he was willing to remain an obscure adviser, believing he could accomplish more, for the object sought, in that way than he could by acting in the open.

Annie freely fell in with the suggestion, in fact eagerly seized upon it as a means of doing some good thing for a fellow creature. Needless to say that when she unfolded the plan to Miss Foster she found a ready and willing sympathizer in that young lady. They visited the Day home and spent an hour or more chatting with Kitty, their hearts going out in full sympathy to the girl housekeeper, for girl she was, being only eleven years of age, but upon whose pale face there were deep lines betokening care, and, perhaps, sorrow, much out of keeping with her tender years. Yet, withal she was a sweet faced, kindly dispositioned girl child. Those who knew the family best said she inherited much of her mother's genial character. Annie and Miss Foster soon put the girl at ease, and in a few minutes she was chatting

freely with them, and her pale face brightened up wonderfully when on coming away Annie invited her to tea on the following Monday evening.

The girl's eyes filled with tears, and there was a suspicious moisture in the eyes of the other two girls when she frankly said: "Oh, Miss Jones, I would like to so much, but I am afraid father would scold," and again her face blushed crimson. "I have nothing to wear."

Annie, however, was equal to the occasion. "What time does your father arrive home from his work?" she asked.

"Some times at six o'clock, and" — she hesitated, her face again became flushed, "and some times it is very late."

"Oh, Miss Jones," the girl continued, tears streaming down her face, "perhaps you don't know, but father drinks; that is one reason why I think our home is so unhappy, so miserable."

"Some times, very often I wish I was dead, but then I remember my little brother and sister. They could not get along without me, and when mother died she asked me to stay with them, and father and Dannie, and I promised, and to the best of my ability I am trying to keep my word."

"Is Dannie kind to you?" queried Miss Foster. "Yes he is, poor boy," Kitty replied, "but he has a hard life of it; he seems to be imbued with the idea that every person is down on him. I do wish he would get that notion out of his head. Won't you please talk to him about it?"

"Yes, we will," both girls eagerly replied.

"But you must come and see me Monday afternoon," Annie persisted, "you can come early, we will have tea in time for you to reach home and prepare the evening meal before your father arrives. And," Annie went on, "as for your clothes, they are all right, there will be no person there but my mother, Miss Foster and my self."

Kitty promised that she would go, and the visitors took their departure.

Immediately after tea Harry set out in quest of Dannie, and following Tommy's

directions went in the direction of the post office corner, and there, sure enough, he was, leaning against a fire plug, whittling. Harry, of course, did not wish to give the lad the impression that he was particularly seeking him; his object was to disarm all suspicion in that respect; therefore, when he came up to him he merely passed the time of evening in his well-known pleasant manner, receiving an equally pleasant response from Dannie, after which Harry went on a few steps, then suddenly stopped, and said: "Dannie, don't forget the meeting in Union hall Monday night."

"Guess, I'll not be there, Harry," Dannie replied.

"Why not?" further queried Harry.

"Oh, I am not wanted," came the reply.

"Nonsense, Dannie," Harry quickly made answer. "What put that into your head?"

Dannie made no reply for a minute or two, then he said: "Oh, I guess the fellows think I am not good enough."

"I think," said Harry, "that you are laboring under a mistake, Dannie. I do not think the boys entertain any such opinion of you, and even providing they did, I want to tell you that most people in this town look upon you as a clever lad — one that will, if given a fair chance, make a mark. You have lots of friends, Dannie, those who would willingly assist you if you would only give them an opportunity to do so."

It was quite in evidence that Harry's kindly remarks had reached a responsive chord in Dannie's heart, for when he had finished speaking the lad's eyes were filled with tears, and the fact that they were did not escape unnoticed by Harry. Indeed he was quick to notice it, and they encouraged him to go on. In fact, his great kind heart went out in full sympathy to the unfortunate misguided lad, and there and then he determined to make a declaration of his friendship for him.

"See, Dannie," he began again. "I want you to understand that I am your

friend, and if you will only permit me to, I will do my best to demonstrate in a practical manner the truthfulness of what I saw. Will you accept me as your friend?" Harry paused for a reply.

Dannie hung his head, the tears trickling rapidly down his face. Then he answered in a low, gentle tone of voice: "Yes, I will Harry."

For a few minutes thereafter there was silence between the two, Harry purposely remaining so, for he felt that the lad had more to say, and he was not mistaken, for presently Dannie remarked in a more cheerful tone of voice: "Harry, yer too good, I didn't think any body cared a snap of their finger for me. I'll try and do the right thing, 'cause yer wants me to."

"Good, old boy," Harry replied, heartily slapping the boy on the back. "And now I want you to promise me one thing, and that is that you will attend the organization meeting Monday night. There are, remember, a good many others besides me that also want you to attend. Do you promise?"

"I do, Harry," Dannie replied.

"Give me your hand, Dannie," Harry said.

The boy quickly responded, and as the two stood with hands clasped in a newly found friendship, Harry said: "Dannie, I am not at all surprised, for I knew you were good at heart. Now I must be going. Meet me at this spot at seven o'clock Monday evening, and we will go to the meeting together. Do you promise?"

"I do," Dannie replied.

The two then parted, Harry to call on Miss Foster and Dannie to go to his home with a lighter heart than he had known for many a day.

When Monday evening rolled around the miners and the boys began to pour into Union hall by scores, so that when the time for opening the meeting arrived fully eight hundred were present. Tommy, Jack Ross, "Dinny" Burns and "Ted" Young were early on hand. Tommy had learned from Harry Lang the result of his conference

with Dannie Day the previous Saturday evening. He had in turn imparted the information to the other three of the quartette, and together the four had arranged with most of the other boys to applaud when Dannie Day entered the hall.

The boys, on entering, led by Tommy, took seats where they could command a good view of the entrance, on which they kept a sharp watch. The hour for opening had nearly arrived when the manly form and smiling face of Harry Lang appeared in the doorway. He came in, followed closely by Dannie, at the sight of whom the boys began to applaud, and were quickly joined by most of the men, who somehow or other seemed to divine that it was the proper thing to do.

When the applause subsided Dannie's face was crimson, and his heart was beating wildly. The question uppermost in his mind was whether the applause was meant for him, or for Harry. However, the idea impressed itself upon him that it was intended for him, indeed it possessed him more and more when he remembered that he heard several of the boys, including Tommy Barnes, call out his name. What could it all mean, he pondered?

The time for opening the meeting arrived. Thomas Cameron was appointed to the chair, and shortly thereafter the business of the meeting was in full swing. The chairman, at the outset stated the object of the meeting, and then called on the grand secretary of the PWA, who had been summoned to attend, and who had responded with his well-known promptness, a promptness born of his deep interest in the work of the association. His remarks were brief and to the point. He pointed out that the scope of the association was to benefit the juvenile as well as the adult mine workers. He also congratulated the lads on the dexterous and most satisfactory manner in which they had brought about a settlement of the recently threatened trouble.

The outcome of that affair, he said, was such as to fully convince every other person in any way at all acquainted with the

facts, that there was sufficient ability among the boy employes of that particular mine to successfully conduct a juvenile branch of the Provincial Workmen's Association in that particular mining town. He therefore would be only too pleased to grant a charter, and there and then assist at the organization of a lodge. It was, however, up to the boys to decide at that point, and he would be pleased to learn their views. Immediately he sat down there were cries of "Tommy Barnes, Tommy Barnes, Tommy Barnes, Tommy Barnes."

When quiet was restored the chairman called on Tommy. The lad blushed deeply and trembled like a leaf. For a moment or two he seemed unable to rise, but immediately Jack Ross gave him a nudge he arose to his feet and in trembling voice began with "Mr. Chairman," but he was interrupted with cries of "platform, platform." For a minute or two he again hesitated, then, as if seized with some sudden impulse, he walked quickly toward the platform and mounted it. When he did so he was cheered to the echo, Dannie Day joining heartily in the demonstration. The cheering was continued for several minutes, while Tommy stood facing the audience with his hands behind his back.

The chairman rapped for order, and his demand was instantly obeyed. Again Tommy began in faltering, trembling voice, "Mr. Chairman," again hesitated, and again said "Mr. Chairman," only to again falter. Then, as he afterward explained when speaking of the matter, he was seized by some irresistible power, became calm, and then enthusiastically began: "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," but time and space will not permit of doing justice to what he said. He became possessed with all the clearness of thought, faultless diction and eloquence of the proverbial "boy orator." For one hour he spoke, his audience becoming more and more spellbound by the magic of his demeanor, words and sentiments as he proceeded. Time and time again he was interrupted with bursts of hearty applause.

He began by a reference to our magnificent heritage, this grand Dominion of ours; styling Nova Scotia as the brightest gem in the cluster of provinces comprising Canada. His deliverance on that point clearly indicated that he had read much and carefully about his native land.

He said such a splendid heritage should only be possessed by an equally splendid people. Our spiritual, our moral, our social, our mental, and our physical life should be in accord with all those grand inanimate gifts a bountiful providence had bestowed upon us. They are ours for the purpose of working out a high type of manhood and womanhood.

We should, he continued to say, work hand in hand, capital and labor, to develop the splendid natural resources of the country; to build up great industries, institutions and happy homes. In order to bring about the greatest possible results along correct lines of procedure there must be a union of common interests. Labor, he continued, should unite, so should capital, not for the purpose of fighting each other, of mastering each other, but the rather that they may the better understand each other.

"I do not," he said, "believe in equality. That cannot be. The natural superiority along certain lines of one intellect over another make that impossible. Some are born to rule, others are born to serve, but because one man's intellect is greater, more powerful than that of another, is no justification for him using it to crush his less fortunate brother in that respect; not any more than a physically strong man would be justified in crushing one less physically strong."

Continuing, he said: "The underlying principles of all labor unions should be 'brotherly love,' founded on the great Christian principles of the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man; without these as a foundation nothing definite and lasting can be accomplished, and even if they are professed principles, little will be accomplished unless they are lived up to and practised in our every day life."

"In a unity of labor there should be no self-seeking. Those who join a union with that end in view are a hindrance, rather than a help to the cause. 'United we stand, divided we fall,' should be the motto, believing as individuals that what helps my fellow union men will help me.

"I say I believe in union labor, and most of all, I believe in it as laid down in the principles of the Provincial Workmen's Association. I believe it is good for the adult worker, and I believe it is also good for the juvenile worker. It should be an educational force, enabling them to become more intelligent men and boys, therefore better servants."

When he sat down he was cheered again and again. After the applause had subsided and quiet was restored, by unanimous vote of boys, it was decided to organize, and the grand secretary forthwith proceeded to comply with their wishes.

When it came to the election of officers and nominations for associate master workman were called for, Dannie Day was the most surprised person present. No sooner was the request made than Tommy sprang to his feet and moved the nomination of Dannie, the motion being quickly seconded by "Dinnie" Burns, and there being no further nominations he was, amid great applause, declared elected to the office. The incident was but another instance of Tommy's tact and manly ways in overcoming difficulties and making friends of enemies.

Before the organization ceremony was through with there was yet further demonstration of the boy's tact and unselfishness. He had planned that not one of the regular offices went to himself, and it was with great difficulty that he was persuaded to accept the chairmanship of the managing committee. He pursued that course, so as to disarm all jealousy regarding himself. It was the tactics of the wise leader, for

after all he became the real leader of the organization, the moving spirit, so to speak.

A great compliment was paid him when the boys, one and all, decided to name the organization the "Thomas Barnes, Sr., lodge of the PWA," in memorial of his father.

To say that Dannie Day was completely won over by the methods employed by Tommy, Harry Lang, Jack Ross, "Dinnie" Burns and the other boys is but to state the unvarnished truth. He was completely surprised at the interest evinced in his welfare, and more especially at the magnanimous way Tommy and Dinnie had used him in moving and seconding that he be associate master workman. But, as already stated, Dannie was really good at heart. There was within him the instinct of true manhood, therefore at the second meeting of the lodge, the night he was installed into office, he confessed that he was wrong and that Tommy and the other boys were right. For him a new life had opened up.

*[Précis of Chapters XI-XII. Four years have passed by. Tommy is now a dignified young man, "Tall, of splendid figure, clear complexion, dark curly hair," and yet "withal he was genial, off-handed, and as a natural consequence was popular with all." Because of his efforts, the boys' lodge is a reliable training school of the mining order, and "as a result the boys of that particular mine were a particularly manly, well behaved lot." At the age of 23 Tommy becomes underground manager, and soon after replaces Mr. Blackett as the general manager. He decides to live in the workman's cottage in which he was born, rather than live in a special manager's residence. He marries his childhood sweetheart Annie, and on his honeymoon in England he spends his time, of course, inspecting the collieries.]*