

Labor Conditions Are Bad.

To the Editor of The Globe.: In your article of Saturday's issue, the writer appears to express doubt as to the desire of British immigrants desiring to labor for the bread they eat. Will you permit me to enlighten your readers as to the cause of the presence of a small percentage of "British born" in a destitute condition in the Queen City. An emigrant arriving in **Canada**, even in the spring or summer, is in a condition of ignorance as to the means of obtaining employment, and he naturally at first approaches the Government agents. Here (I speak from personal observation) he is treated with scant courtesy and nothing but farm work is offered. This somewhat disappoints many who have read glowing accounts of all sorts of work in this country, and, despite reiterated inquiries, nothing in the way of outside information can be gleaned from those in authority. Then, if he decides to stay in any of the cities, he is naturally attracted by the many legalized "dollar-snatching" employment agencies, which bait their business with nicely-worded advertisements of positions of every description, most of which exist only in the imagination of the "gentlemen" who are licensed so to act.

After depositing perhaps his last cent, the immigrant is directed hither and thither, to various firms, who are supposed to want help, to find in the majority of instances the position has been filled weeks before. Then, perhaps, he hears of a position, and finds that city references are necessary, and again he is adrift, with an empty pocket and an aching void under his belt. Then he takes the advice of your reporter and proceeds to a railway camp. I would that I had the honor of his acquaintance, as, I imagine, a week in a railway camp would dispel his roseate view of the conditions which prevail, and lead him to take "cum grano salis" the opinions of the foremen of small contractors.

But to resume. These camps are filled with a heterogenous collection of humanity, whose personal habits certainly savor of scant civilization. The laborers are herded like pigs, treated like serfs and paid, on the average, five dollars a week, good wages for a starving European, whose whole life has been passed in a state of semi-slavery, but disheartening to a decent, clean Briton, who has been deluded by the glowing promises of official and other agents across the herring pond. Then, if he expostulates during his ten hours' work at being treated as a perpetual motion machine, he gets fired. This is the reason why **foreigners** are preferred. **Canadians** will, I am sure, agree with me that, although hardships must be endured in opening up this grand country, it is not impossible to minimize much of the discomfort, if proper supervision was made of the contractors' methods. Strange to say, Canadian-born laborers, many out of work now even, will not take up railway work. Strange, too, they refuse farm work, and, may I say, strange, too, that Britons should have the slur thrown upon them when colonists themselves refuse what is offered. No, sir, the fact remains that it is not the city-bred that prevents emigrants working, but the conditions of the work are such that unless the man is absolutely driven to it it is not likely he will submit. May I appeal to those who have so generously subscribed to your London unemployed fund to stay their hands, and, by establishing a city employment bureau, do away with the many evils which immigrants suffer under. There are enough philanthropists in England who will look after those at home, if those in **Canada** will just think for one moment of the thousands of dollars brought to the railway companies by the fares of immigrants and assist in the better control of immigration, so that good men may not be disgusted with their first experience in the new land. There is plenty of room in **Canada**, if only the importation of the immigrant was conducted systematically and the authorities took steps to prevent the introduction of specious inducements in "old country" papers by direct information as to the real state of affairs. An Emigrant.

Toronto, Jan. 30,