Five more to Bellevue, Alta.

A Port Arthur red joins the 1917 club.

Battle Creek, Sask., booms along with $1 for two subs.

$1 for the Agitation Battery comes from Berlin, Ont.

Bridgetown, N. S., gets five more Cotton's for forty weeks.

The price of two subs and three books comes from Maisonneuve, P.Q.

"Enclosed find $2 to put myself and friend on the 1917 Club."—Pembroke, Ont.

A comrade of busy Berlin finds time to hustle up three subs, and will try for more.

A Montreal comrade believes in the handle distribution of Cotton's and gets worth.

Five more go to Manville, Alta., to cheer the lives of the farmer slaves in their chains.

"I have to add four more names to my list of nineteen last week."—Green Court, Alta.

A comrade of Moncton, N. B., sends for four sub cards to flash on the slaves of that town.

Legal tender to the extent of $1 supplies the dope to four slaves of Fort William for forty weeks.

"Kindly send Facts, as this makes twelve. I am right after more. Yours for Socialism, E. B., Toronto.

Ladysmith, B.C., proves that town is not altogether under a state of siege by sending four more for the cause of liberty.

"Here are three dollars to help reduce the rent. Keep out of the clutches of the landlord, if possible."—Preston comrade.

A four dollar bill for sub cards from Fort William will supply revolutionary literature to the slaves of that capitalist cursed city.

Toronto reds lean strongly to the 1917 Club, and send their dollars for that purpose, thereby saving trouble of renewing each year.

Five comrades in Idaho, U. S., want Cotton's to help them forget their chains in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

A Westminster, B.C., comrade sends in six subs, and says: "It is only a matter of going after them, and rank carelessness not to go."

"Find enclosed money order for $2. Send the paper to the five names on sub blank, and send sub cards for the other three."—St. John, N. B.

Four Scotchmen in Sydney will read Cotton's and understand the reason why they should do less hurrahing for King George and more for their own class.

"Enclosed find $3 for sub cards and pamphlets. I am starting on the fight with a vengeance. All my time and money will be spent putting this rotten capitalist system out of commission."—Sundial, Alta.

"Find $1 for subs. I like your paper, and hand it out to the boys. I see a great change in public opinion around here upon social questions. Most people expect, and are looking for a change."—South Vancouver, B. C.

"Enclosed find six. Put them down to my credit for Facts. Quarters are very scarce around here, as the farmers sold their grain at cost last fall, and then they went up like good fellows and voted for the same dope, only with a different label."—Lougheed, Alta.

The Montreal ball team is away down at the bottom of the list, but the Socialists of that town are right at the top, with a dandy percentage. A comrade bats $3.50, and is thereby entitled to Facts, which will be forwarded as soon as they come from the binders.

"Enclosed is my sub for a year's benefit of your paper. Kindly use the balance on behalf of any other person likely to be benefitted. I have but lately come into contact with your paper, and would like to do what I can to further its aims."—C. S. B., Dawson, Y. T.

Four miners of North Cobalt will be put wise to how they are robbed by the masters, who loaf around summer resorts and squander the dividends created by the Cobalt toilers who slave long hours in the depths of the earth at a bare living wage. They will soon understand.

"Enclosed find my renewal, and also amount for three sub cards and two pamphlets. This will be my first attempt to hustle, and I hope I can land enough to get a copy of Facts, and then some. Here's hoping you can see your way clear to locate in Galt."—H. C. T., Galt.

"There are so few people around here one can convince. They know there is something wrong, but the moment you mention Socialism, they take fright. I often get discouraged, my efforts seem so vain." However here are twelve, whom I wish you would send the paper to."—Mrs. D. J. Boissevain, Man.

"Please find $1 for subs. The carpenters have been out for some weeks, and the Tram. company men went out last week, and it is rather hard to get subs. The people showed the spirit of revolt by smashing the tram cars, also the windows in the power house, and strike-breakers were roughly handled."—Halifax Comrade.

The cylinder of our press will revolve fifteen more times every week for forty weeks in order that fifteen slaves in St. Catharines will be able to see the light. This is the town where the masters have such a hold on the slaves that the slaves representative in the council introduced a by-law refusing the rights of free speech on the streets. Wow!

A hustler of Victoria, B. C., sends eight subs and remarks: "Probably you are aware that owing to the precarious nature of employment in this country (unsettled and migratory), the workers hesitate in subscribing to Socialist papers owing to the uncertainty of being in any one place any length of time. The labor field is overcrowded, thereby the plute rejoiceth in his heart, for will there not be hundreds clamoring for every job? And will the workers not bid each other down to the lowest limit? Sure, Mike, for they must eat, and have shelter.

"I am a Socialist from h— to breakfast, and from now until I pass in my checks. Send me Cotton's for a year. I have been an organizer in the States, and I want to organize some locals here so please send me the names of the nearest headquarters of the reds, so I can get the necessary forms. The ungodly robbery by the trusts is the thing that is making Socialists by the score every day out here. So on with the revolution. Let it roll until it rolls over capitalism and smashes it as flat as a pancake."—Fertility, Alta.

"Dear Comrade:—Enclosed find $5 to be applied to the Agitation Battery. I am not in a position to hustle subs. Perhaps that is a cowardly position, but sometimes it cannot be helped. I am in the mining business, and I have been losing money for six years. So you see we all have our own little troubles. I have a chance to make good here, and if I do you will certainly hear from me. I realize what you are up against. The fight is hard, but I expect to see the day when your paper will be the Appeal to Reason for Canada. Hoping that you will come out of your present difficulty soon."—A Mining Comrade of Ontario.

Twelve New Locals

The Social Democratic Party of Canada is booming along in fine style. Since last report twelve new locals have been organized at the following places: Local 28, B.C., Lund; 29, B.C., Merritt; 30 B.C., South Wellington. Local 17, Alberta, Islay. Local 23 Ontario, Lindsay; 35 Ont., Welland; 78 Ont., Fort William, Ukranian; 79 Ont., Copper Cliff, Ukranian; 80 Ont., Wolf Siding; 81, Ont., Welland, Ukranian; 82 Ont., Brantford, Ukranian; 83 Ont., Toronto, Polish. A new local is contemplated at Fort William, Russian.

Prosperity In Kingston

The capitalists are raising the dividends on their stocks and bonds. There is great prosperity for them. As for the workers, a Toronto slave writes Cotton's:

"I am a constant reader of your paper. A shopmate induced me to subscribe, and now my eyes are opened. I am a Socialist out and out.

"I see by a Toronto paper the prosperity in Kingston praised. I know this to be a lie. I lived there twenty-three years. As for the wages being high, that is all rot. My brother went to work in the cotton mill there a few weeks ago, and all they would pay him was $1.25, wheeling coal, and working ten hours a day. I worked in the locomotive works for $1.50 a day. I send you a copy of a letter written by a prominent Kingston man, to my father offering him a job. My father had a wife and seven children to support. I have shown his letter to hundreds, and they say that man should be shot. Yours in the fight, A Toronto Red."

The letter referred to was in reply to a request to work. Here is what this capitalist gent wanted the slave to do.

Your duties would be to feed horse, and water, three times a day, and bed him. Groom horse in morning, keep harness and buggy clean, and at times when necessary, exercise horse. If I want him at any certain hour, I will let you know.

Cut grass, etc., in summer, attend to furnace and shovel snow in winter, and other small jobs. I will try to get you other employment of the same kind. I will pay you $9.50 per month, as long as it suits me, and you.

This won't take up much of your day. You can be finished in the morning by 7 o'clock, and this may lead to other work.

Night and morning attend furnace and bring in the kindling wood from the shed. Empty ashes from furnace and cook stove.

Office.—Put coal in office stove once a day, empty ashes, keep office clean and nice, clean windows. Come every morning.

That Kingstonian sure wanted to give the slave work. He wanted to pile it on to him and wanted to take advantage of his necessity to get the work at less than starvation wages. He was engaged in the serious occupation of the master class of skinning the worker.

That is what the worker may expect as long as he allows the master class to control the jobs.

Alberta Election Results

Alexandria—Anderson (S.), 207; Conservative, 478; Liberal, 470. This is the first time a Socialist has run in this constituency.

Red Deer—Paton (S.), 268; Conservative, 314; Liberal, 137.

Rocky Mountains — O'Brien (S.), 1008; Conservative, 1085; Liberal, 513.

Little Bow—Budden (S.), 124; Conservative, 204; Liberal, 721; "Independent," 202. This is another place where the Socialist Party made its first appearance.

O'Brien Defeated

Final reports show Comrade C. M. O'Brien defeated in Rocky Mountain. He went to defeat by 77 votes. It is said that the old parties put thirty thousand dollars into the constituency to defeat him.

OUR SASKATCHEWAN POET

Thomas C. Robson (good old English name) sent a bunch of "patriotic" verses to the Grain Growers' Guide, of Winnipeg, which published them and commented on them in a manner which should cause Mr. Robson to do a little thinking and studying before again attempting to foist such rot upon a Canadian people who are struggling to escape from the claws of capitalism, and who have no more use for battleships than a dog has for two tails. The last verse of Robson's brainstorm goes as follows:

Shall Africa join her willing sons
To India's career clan,
Shall Boer and Briton here unite
And we not send a man?
In storm and stress they sleepless watch,
That we in peace may sleep,
And shall we still refuse to aid
The Constables of the Deep?

These verses so riled the Socialist blood of Comrade Fred. H. Puffer, of Audrey, Sask., that he wrote the following, which certainly sounds better than the "patriotic" slobber of Robson.

BLOODSHED vs. WOODSHED.

Dear friend, you are behind the times,
To judge you by your little rhymes,
Which ring with antiquated chimes
Of base "defense" and bloodshed.
You welcome would, we know you would
And warm yourself as best you could
With heat derived from "foreign" wood,
If piled within your woodshed.

You do not see, or will not see
That all this bluff, o'er land and sea
But comes because man is not free
From jungle days of bloodshed;
That all these navies with their guns,
Built but to kill a thousand sons—
The best, most brave, most stalwart ones
Who cluster round a woodshed.—

Are there because our man-made laws
Protect alone our great (?) pa-pas.
Whole ill-got millions fill their maws
While causing all this bloodshed.
That force of arms and other harms
Do NOT PROTECT the man who farms,
Nor all those other toiling swarms
Who haven't any woodshed.

That right within our peaceful (?) land,
Our greatest enemies now stand
Though "patriotic" stuff be grand,
These do not care for bloodshed.
Unless it come from toiling slaves
Who daily fill our early graves,
Who SENT to fight, are called the "braves,"
For leaving home and woodshed.

It's greed and graft, and unearned gain,
Which keeps our Dreadnaughts on the main,
By some, who think there is no brain
Possessed by those whose bloodshed
Has made a monarch, vassal, king,
Or duke, or earl, or knighted thing
To daily from the poor man wring
What SHOULD fill up his woodshed.

No universal, longed-for peace
Can come to earth to give release,
Unless all earthly nations cease
To now prepare for bloodshed.
And cease to at each other glare,
O'er tariff walls with jealous stare,
While countless hosts the burden bear,
From proceeds of their woodshed:

The heavy, blaring, burning brunt,
Or help their fellows' mortal hunt,
When base oppressors do the "stunt"
Of loyalty, and bloodshed.
No nation's masses sigh for war,
But rather keep the door ajar
That peace may reign both near and far,
Nor covet they a woodshed.

'Twas never yet the poor man's row
Which put the nations in pow-wow;
And yet, we ALL have learned by now
That he his manly blood shed
He knew not why, this most every time,
Like some who write a little rhyme,
Because they THINK it sounds sublime
Recited on a woodshed.

Will Thorne, Socialist M.P., of England, refused an invitation to visit Buckingham palace from King George.

PROSPEROUS ST. JOHN

And the Blessings that come to the Workers Who Hustle Hard with the Pick and Shovel

By J. W. EASTWOOD.

St. John, N.B., is booming. On every hand our masters and their henchmen are bellowing: "A Bigger and Better St. John," and there is no doubt that they are working hard for this, their ideal. And for why? The same old story, which we who are class conscious are only too painfully aware of, more profits, more profits. The bigger St. John grows, the more slaves to exploit, hence more profits, hence a better St. John.

You are no doubt aware that the Canadian government is spending some millions of the CAPITALISTS' money in improving the port of St. John. Methinks that I can hear a howl from bourgeois thinkers at this statement that it is the capitalists' money, but it is. We workers agree to be a commodity, and so long as this system continues, the surplus values of our labor will belong to the capitalists. These surplus values or rather a small part of them, are now being spent at St. John.

I read quite a touching article in one of our local papers, how certain of our pastors, and masters, had looked with pity upon the laborers engaged on this great public work, and how they had worked very hard to build a hall so that these laborers should have somewhere to spend their long evenings, after they had finished their labors. Oh, no, no, this doesn't mean that the said pastors and masters took off their coats and went to work with hammer and saw (that would be too vulgar, and altogether unbecoming), but that with herculean labor, they wrote invitations to certain capitalists to meet in Mrs. Skin-em-quick's drawing room and there over tea and cakes, they persuaded the said capitalists to part with a few of the plunks they had acquired because of the ignorance of labor. With another herculean effort they took those plunks to the office of a local contractor, who hired laborers, yea, even common wage mules, to build the hall. Then they started advertising what good, kind, virtuous citizens they were, how they had looked with compassion on labor, etc.

I read the boom, and, knowing these gentry, decided to investigate.

At this point I may say that the contractors for this work are Norton Griffiths & Co., of England. Norton Griffiths is one of the pillars of the Methodist (I think) church in the old country, one of the "bless thee, my brother" kind.

Myself and Comrade Hyatt went along. We found the entrances to the works had very prominent notices stuck all over them, "Nobody allowed. Trespassers will be prosecuted." It was Sunday. Hence in deference to the Lord's Day Alliance only about half the men were working. Down beside the fertilizer works (anyone who has lived near a fertilizer works will know the stench), we found the men's quarters. We decided to risk the prosecution, and went in. And good heavens, I have read of some of the construction camps in the west, but here we had it in all its glory.

We went into the first shack. Here in a room measuring about 18 feet by 17, lived and slept 41 men. Ye gods, the Black Hole of Calcutta! Three tiers of shelves went round the room. No mattrasses, no nothing but the rough boards to sleep on. A small cook stove occupied the centre of the room. No sanitary conveniences.

We got into conversation with an intelligent young Galician, (by the way, the inmates were all Eastern Europeans,) and he informed us that there were 41 men living in the room. He also told us that if any more came the bosses would pile them in. They paid for the accommodation—accommodation!—I'll bet Norton Griffiths would not stable a pig like that—$1.20 per man per month, a total of $49.20 per month. We estimated that the building could be put up for $32. A decent profit.

The place stank to high heaven. I was inside ten minutes, and I had to come out to get a breath of fresh air. What it must have been nights I leave you to guess.

"You can't be clean, living like this," I said to the Galician.

"Oh, no, me lousy. Me don't like to be lousy, but me can't help it. Me come here clean, me sleep here one night, and me lousy. All the men here lousy. Can't help it."

"Why don't you leave here then," I said.

"Me stranger. Must get food. If me leave here, me must go to construction camps. Same thing there." Myself and Comrade Hyatt left, promising the young fellow to get him some of the real dope in his own language so that he could find out why it was. We came away more revolutionary than we went. We came, away, I think, with a deep curse in our hearts for those misleaders who were building halls, so that they could chloroform the workers into submission. "Oh, yes look up to heaven. This is a miserable place, this vile earth. Here we suffer, but if you are humble and meek and serve your masters faithfully here, a bright golden crown awaits you." That is what some canting parasite will tell them, when they go to that building the pastors and masters "built."

Oh, if I had the pen of a Dickens, oh, if I had the eloquence of a Lincoln to tell the impression this incident left on my mind. But I am sure it has left me a better fighter for the cause, which will rid the earth of such degrading spectacles and which will make this old earth blossom as a rose.

All Tell the Same Story

There is practically the same story to repeat on behalf of nearly every local trades union in Toronto. The past winter has broken all records so far as initiations of new members is concerned. Many of the organizations have doubled their numbers since November, 1912, and, with the advent of Spring, the inrush of new blood continues with unabated vigor. If correct statistics were to hand, there is no doubt whatever but what they would show an increase that would surprise the most optimistic of local trades unionists. The number of new members will count up, not into the hundreds, but into the thousands. Toronto was never organized before as it is today.—Industrial Banner.

Ben Wilson in Ontario

Comrade Ben Wilson, member of the Kansas Legislature, an old Canadian boy, writes H. Martin, Secretary D. E. C., Berlin, Ont., that he will be open for a few speaking dates in August or September while visiting his relatives in Ontario.

Out of the Frying Pan

Dear Comrade:—Before reading Cotton's Weekly I had no idea of the meaning of Socialism. Having been a mechanic (slave as you term it), a few copies of your paper convinced me that you are toiling for the interests of the working man. I left the trade, as the pace was too hot for my health, and went back to the farm. I became my own master (in name only), but find that the capitalist grip is tighter than ever. The farmers of the west are aware that something is hitting them pretty hard, but always fail to look past the two old parties, Grit and Tory, for relief. Please let me know how Socialism would work on the farm.—A. E., Tullymet, Sask. (Comrade T. Edwi Smith is writing about Socialism and the farmer. A splendid article from him on this subject will appear in next week's issue).

Flying Wedge in St. John, N.B.

A comrade and myself had an open air meeting in one of the squares and at the close I appealed for subs for our paper, and succeeded in landing five. I hope we shall be able to hold at least one meeting every week in the city in the open, and I will endeavor to get subs every time. Kind regards to yourself and staff.—One in the fight, A. T. St. John, N. B.

The Halifax street railway strike was settled on May 20th. The terms of settlement, according to the capitalist press, were the men got an increase of a cent and a half an hour and they individually signed a two years' contract at the new rate. The press report declared that when passing the office of the company the returning strikers gave three cheers for the company. This, if true, shows how the workers are deceived. They toil and get only a living wage. The master class rob them of hundreds of dollars a year in rent, interest and profit. The men strike and force the labor skinners to give them $45 per year more of the wealth the workers themselves have created. The company is forced to grant this increase, and then the men cheer the very men who rob them. Surely a great awakening is due in Halifax. Cotton's has 127 subscribers in Halifax. Can you not get together, Comrades of Halifax, and form a local of the Social-Democratic Party? The west is looking to you to fall in line in an organized manner.

Copenhagen, Denmark, population 500,000, has gone Social-Democratic again.

Sub Hustlers of Nova Scotia

Cotton's Weekly has active sub hustlers in the various electoral districts of Nova Scotia, as follows. Six hustlers in Annapolis; 12 in Cape Breton South; 22 in Cumberland; 6 in Colchester; 8 in Halifax; 3 in Hants; 3 in Inverness; 1 in Kings; 3 in Lunenburg; 7 in Pictou; 2 in Richmond; 1 in Shelburne and Queens, and 2 in Yarmouth.

The most active part of Nova Scotia is Amherst. The hustlers of this town of 8,000 population have sent in one-fourth of the revenues for subs received this year at Cotton's. The population of Nova Scotia is half a million.

Nova Scotia has been standing stationary. Is it not time, Reds of the Maritime, that you got busy fighting your masters on the political field?

PLEASED TO HEAR FROM YOU.

I thought you might wish to hear from this part of the world. Several of us sent you 71 subs. Without making a campaign or spending a cent, Socialists polled 24 votes, with at least a dozen who could not, or did not, vote. Conservatives got 43, Liberals 52. I think you are getting out an able paper. But few know the task of doing so. Any monopoly of the press or control of the avenues of intelligence is the most dangerous thing we have to contend with today. The religious press and even our Sunday school lesson comments are actually poisoned. I send you a few clippings.—Yours fraternally, C. S. Shonts, Rocky Mountain House, Alta.

PARABLE OF THE WATER TANK.

A swell little pamphlet of 24 pages. Also contains "The Civilized Monkeys," by Fred. Warren. This is an excellent propaganda or prejudice-breaking booklet. Just moral enough in these stories to sink in nicely and make a craving for more. This edition was printed by Cotton's Co-operative. Single copies, 5 cents; ten copies for 25 cents. Order a few copies at once.

The fire brigade of Montreal are leaving in such numbers that the authorities are alarmed. The usually long waiting list of applicants contains only a couple of names. My, how the feeling of unrest is spreading throughout the masses. A few years ago firemen's, policemen's and such like jobs used to be looked on as a sinecure. Hundreds were on the waiting lists, and a political pull was needed to land what was thought to be such soft snaps. But no more. The fireman, as well as the policeman and postman, is looking for something better than to be a uniformed lackey, seven days a week, and no holidays. He wants what he is worth, and the capitalist system, whose immense interests he is mainly employed to protect, will have to come across with shorter hours and more pay. The firemen say, "Let them fight their own fires," and the soldier is beginning to say, "Let them fight their own battles." Oh, it won't be long now.

SO COULD CANADA.

Isn't it about time we gave up calling England the Mother Country? Australia owes the international money lenders who sit down in London nearly £300,000,000 (£279,676,931, to be exact), and New Zealand runs well towards £100,000,000. Why not the Uncle Country?—The Worker, Wellington, N.Z.

Mr. Edgar Whiteley, manager of the National Labor Press of Manchester, Eng., has been arrested. The basis of the charge was that the National Labor Press printed The Suffragette, the organ of the Women's Social Political Union.

News From Montreal

MONTREAL YOUNG SOCIALISTS.

The Young Socialist League of Montreal is in a fine condition. There are a hundred and fifty members in good standing. They have rented a Socialist home on St. Urbain street. They paid their rent six months in advance and got a good discount.

The Young Socialist League is going in to get the young people. They have employed a physical instructor. They hire lecturers. They hold concerts and entertainment.

In February the Young Men's Hebrew Association was addressed by Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia. The same evening the Young Socialist League scheduled a lecture and had a larger audience than the Minister of Militia. Sam was in some form that evening. He told how he was glad to see the Jews, etc. However, the Socialists got the crowd, and Sam had poor pickings.

The organizer is Comrade Baltic. When I was running in Montreal against Bickerdike, in 1908, four young students dropped into the Socialist geadquarters one evening. They were not Socialists, but had come to find out. Comrade Baltic was one of them. He was man enough to own up that the Socialist arguments beat the capitalist ones, and for the past five years he has been one of the most active comrades.

The Y.S.L. is doing wonders. Their activity is being felt throughout the city.

UNIONS RADICAL.

Since the garment workers' strike it is goodbye Bickerdike. The garment workers voted for Bickerdike because he was such a friend of the workingman. When they struck, Bickerdike was conspicuous by his absence. His interests were opposed to the interests of the workers.

The result is that many of those who voted for him to go to Ottawa from St. Lawrence ward no longer support him. They have formed a union under the United Garment Workers of America, and are relying on their own strength. For the first time in the history of Montreal the bosses have recognized this union. The union has hired quarters on Prince Arthur street, for which they pay $1400 per year. Bickerdike was and is a tower of weakness to the working class.

AN ECHO OF MAY DAY.

A Socialist was travelling on the train op towards Three Rivers. This is in the French part of the province. He overheard a Frenchman and a priest discussing the Montreal May Day celebration. The Frenchman was asking the reverend father how it was. The priest could not tell how Socialism had got such a hold on Montreal. Surely the French had not been perverted. No, that could not be with the Archbishop and the beautiful churches in Montreal. No, No, No. Ah, yes. It was the Jews. They were Socialists. That was the father's explanation. This explanation entirely overlooks the French members and the French banners and the French speakers on the French platforms. Socialism has got a grip on the French population of Montreal as well as on the English, the Jewish and the various other nationalities among the working class.

The Bundle Boosters

Are there any non-Socialists you would like to make Socialists out of? Of course there are, unless you are out on a lonely farm, or where everybody are Socialists.

Here is what a Kingston comrade does. He takes a bundle, reads a copy carefully. Then he thinks of his associates, studies their tastes and marks the articles which he thinks will touch them. He will mark one article for one person and another for another. Then he gives them the marked paper. In this way the non-Socialist feels you are taking a personal interest in him, and will read the paper for this reason, if he would not read it for his own interest. Why not take a bundle and try this method? Below are the bundle prices:

BUNDLE PRICES.

4 copies per week for a year	$1.00
8 copies per week for a year	2.00
12 copies per week for a year	3.00
30 copies per week for a year	7.50
60 copies per week for a year	10.00

Special Prices for Short Time Bundles—15 copies, 3 months, $1.00; 25 copies, 3 months, $1.50; 30 copies, 3 months, $2.00; 50 copies, three months, $3.00. Double the price for six months bundles.

The Agitation Battery

Next week Cotton's will publish the Agitation Battery statement up till June 1st. This statement will show that the rent bill has been pulled down under $500.

He Has Seen The Light

The Rev. Dr. Arundel, who has been forced out of his church in Pittsburgh because he would not preach capitalism and capitalist morals regarding the poor man, says "I believe in preaching the gospel as our Saviour did, not as a few of our congregation may desire. A clergyman cannot preach the doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man in the churches these days and last very long."—S. D. Herald, Milwaukee.

J. B. Learmont of Montreal has purchased "Quebec House" the famous home of General Wolfe in Westerham, Kent, England. He intends to save it as a historic relic. An American was going to buy it. This roused Mr. Learmont's patriotism and he stepped in and purchased it. Mr. Learmont is a capitalist. He belongs to the capitalist class. He enjoys a portion of the surplus values stolen from labor. General Wolfe was an official murderer. He murdered Frenchmen and also murdered Englishmen by ordering and compelling them to fight at the Plains of Abraham and elsewhere. To honor this murderer, Learmont is willing to spend tens of thousands of dollars stolen from the working class. The struggles of present day Canadians against exploitation do not attract him. He will not get up on a soap box at the Market Square, St. Lawrence St., Montreal, and tell the workers how he and his class enslave them. The purchase of Quebec House by Learmont on the patriotic plea is an affront to the enslaved working class of Montreal.

AMERICAN NOTES

The natural increase of the Rockefeller fortune alone would acquire all America in a hundred years.

The "Solid South" is being broken by the Socialist party. At the last election in a number of southern states Debs received more votes than Taft.

The Socialists of Berkeley, Cal., elected Mrs. Elvina S. Beals to the school board with a vote of 4,227, a majority over her nearest opponent of 863.

The barbers of New York city are on strike. Fifteen men have been arrested. The membership of the union has jumped from 1,000 to 4,000 since the strike was called, and no scabs can be obtained. The workers have the shops completely tied up.

Drivers for the express companies and department stores of Buffalo are on strike. Mayor Fuhrman is providing police to act as drivers till the strike is broken. Fifty men employed as special policemen to "protect property" have quit their jobs.

Patrick Quinlan, the I. W. W. organizer, was convicted by a Patterson jury of "inciting to riot". The case will be appealed. The day has passed when workers can be railroaded to prison by the capitalist class with their picked and chosen jurymen without a protest by the whole working people.

The bosses of the large industrial plants of Buffalo are frantic with fear of the organization of their wage slaves. In the Pierce—Arrow slave pens of that city slips have been presented to the men for their signature which read as follows: "We, the undersigned, are satisfied with our wages and working conditions, and will not walk out in case the machinists of Buffalo call a strike." Now, what do you know about that?

According to the United States Bureau of Mines the number of deaths occurring among workers in the metal ore mines is far greater than in the coal mines. In the year 1911 the average number of deaths per thousand employees was 4.19 (in the state of New Jersey 13.23 per thousand as matter of fact). This number is only exceeded in Mexico, Peru or the Transvaal, where the absence of regard for human life is proverbial. In great Britain the death rate among the ore miners is 1.64 per thousand, in Germany 1.29, and in France 2.16 per thousand. This high death rate in the United States is due to the deplorable results of the speeding-up systems in vogue, and of the callousness of the American employer in his attitude to the men—often newly arrived immigrants—who come under his thumb.

Toronto Reds Will Picnic

The S. D. P. locals of Toronto will hold a basket picnic at Centre island Park on Saturday afternoon, June 14th. In case of rain the picnic will be held on the following Saturday afternoon. Speeches and ice cream will be enjoyed, and an all round good time is promised by the Reds of Toronto the Good. The ladies have secured permission to sell ice cream in spite of a pavilion on the grounds being engaged in the business.

SOCIALIST DIRECTORY

DOMINION Executive Committee, Social Democratic Party of Canada, meets every first and third Monday at 55 King St. East. H. Martin, secretary, 61 Weber Street East, Berlin, Ont.—255.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C., Local No. 4, S. D. P. of C. meets first and third Sundays, 2 p. m., in Labor Temple corner Royal Ave., and 7th St., and other Sundays at Comrade Goodmurphy's, South Westminster, P. O. Box 595. A. V. Stedman, Sec.—236.

NANAIMO Local No. 11, S.D.P. of C. English. Business meeting held on Sunday afternoons, 3 o'clock, above Beattie & Hopkins, Printers, Wharf St. Propaganda meetings all time in open air. B. Temple, Rec. Sec., Box 656, Nanaimo, B. C.—256.

BRITISH Columbia Executive S.D.P. of C., meets in Nanaimo, (Wharf Street) above Beattie & Hopkins. Regular meeting first Sunday in month at 12.30 noon. Routine business third Sunday in month at 3 o'clock. A. Jordan, Prov. Sec. Box 610, Nanaimo, B.C.—258.

LOCAL VANCOUVER No. 13, meets for business and propaganda every Tuesday 8 p.m., Dominion Hall, Pender St. Public meetings, Dominion Theatre, Granville St., Sunday evenings. Secretary, O. L. Charlton, City Market, Main St.—245.

BERLIN Local, No. 4, S. D. P. of C., meets every second and fourth Wednesday, 55 King St. East. Chas. Nicholson, Sec., 115 Benton St., Berlin, Ont.—253.

PORT ARTHUR Local S.D.P. meets in Labor Temple, Bay Street, 2nd & 4th Thursdays 8 p.m. for business, and 1st and 3rd Thursdays to discuss matters of interest to every worker. Workers unite and run Port Arthur for the benefit of the workers. Herbert Barker, Sec.—249.

SOUTH PORCUPINE Local No. 23, S. D. P. of C., holds business and propaganda meetings every Sunday at 8 p.m. in Miners' Union Hall, South Porcupine. F. Dogue, Sec. Box 521.—252.

TORONTO Local No. 1, S.D.P. Business meeting first and third Tuesday in month, Labor Temple, 167 Church St. 8 p.m. Second floor. Attend the lectures at the Cosmopolitan Theatre, 256 Yonge St., corner Edward, Sundays at 7.30 p.m. P. C. Young, Sec. 724 Pape Ave.—257.

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