

A Definition and Some Reasons

(The following paper was read recently at the regular meeting of the Social Democratic party in Edmonton, Alta., by Comrade A. C. Johnson.)

The speaker prefaced the body of his remarks with a lengthy selection of definitions of Socialism, amongst other sources being the Encyclopaedia Britannica, Standard, Webster's and other dictionaries, and as time did not permit of the marshalling of many of the great writers on Socialism, he closed his list with a quotation from the opening statement by Morris Hillquit in the debate now proceeding on Socialism in Everybody's Magazine. Mr. Hillquit, of the American Socialist Party, who claims to represent international Socialism, in opposing Father Ryan in above debate, says Socialism advocates a reorganization of the existing industrial system on the basis of collective or national ownership of the social tools. It demands that the control of the machinery of wealth production be taken from the individual capitalist and placed in the hands of the nation to be organized and operated for the benefit of the whole people. The writer of the paper said that, of course, before you discussed reasons for a thing you must have some clear and definite idea of what that thing was, and he showed that there was a loose way of using the word Socialism. The general public, for instance, would describe anybody or anything as "Socialist" at times, from Lloyd George to the Panama canal, or the latest criminal. But a definition is certainly a necessity, and he submitted that whilst it could be as brief and simply worded as possible without weakening it, it should nevertheless be insisted upon and the occurrence or non-occurrence of any person with this definition should place them as Socialist or non-Socialist. "We should as all times be prepared to give a reason for the faith that is in us," and while having no use for the heresy-hunter, who is usually a hypocrite or a bigot, and while pleading for the greatest possible liberty as regards non-essentials, he ventured to suggest as a test question evolved from these various definitions the following irreducible minimum, which is sufficiently comprehensive to indicate the fundamentals of the Socialist program: "Socialism means the common ownership and democratic control of the whole means of life."

The reasons for Socialism are, of course, as many and different as there are people. The whole population of the world might be adduced as so many million reasons for Socialism, but using the word now as the ideal we are aiming at, there is no lack of forcible reasons for its immediate instalment, though we are compelled to admit our powerlessness to hasten its coming, save by the process of education. As a reason for Socialism let us consider the need of the system at present obtaining. Capitalism as a system of world-management is nearing its end, and many profess to discover tangible signs of a speedy dissolution; but whether the climax be soon or late, it is already a failure in achieving what a universal plan should achieve—the greatest good for the greatest number, and more harm than good is necessarily bound up with its continued development. It even fails to perform the functions claimed for it by its apologists. The regulation of industry, the maintenance of commerce, the acquisition of treasure, the adequate reward of struggle—all these counts it has fallen down and the world is ready for a change. We have been told for years from most conservative sources of the 15,000,000 starving in the richest country in the world; we read of three-quarters of the whole population of the United States living below a moderate efficiency standard; of ten millions being in actual poverty while a lurid few are feverishly chasing fresh organs of expenditure; of millions of school children being too poorly equipped physically to take advantage of even such poor education as the law demands.

We have statistics to prove that the death roll of peace is far heavier than that of war; the words, the necessary and inevitable loss of life and limb under present methods of conducting industry is greater annually than the damage done by actual military operations in the same proportionate time. We know of the infantile death-rate so comparatively easy to prevent or minimize, but for commercialism; and we are aware that the employment of women and children is a necessity, both from the employer's and employee's point of view, so long as "buy cheap and sell dear" is our commonly accepted maxim.

The incentive to effort offered by capitalism appeals to the lower traits of human nature—a human nature continually cheapened and coarsened by the system itself. Such education as is within the reach of the average child is mainly intended to fit it for a place in the vast army of wage-slaves, whose outlook is bounded by the factory and whose gods are the idle rich—an education even then largely wasted because commercialism kills it before maturity. Small wonder, then, at the paucity of our national ideals—the utter absence in many cases of any public spirit or civic pride!

The reason for Socialism deduced from this has to be justified by showing that capitalism fails on principle. It is based on the assumption that individual ownership of land and natural resources, private or corporate appropriation of the results of labor, the payment of wages in lieu of the ownership of the product, etc., are all calculated to produce the best results necessary to maintain law and order and especially essential order to protect the race from retrogression and decay. All this, of course, might be translated "To the victors belong the spoils," and is often a mere subterfuge of the selfish; but there are apologists for the present system, with certain modifications, and it is here that the socialist must stand alone, preaching a fundamental change as necessary, a repairing and tinkering as worse than useless.

capitalism, has at least served the useful purpose of partially organizing towards the collective ideal. The march of science has enabled the production of necessities to be conducted on co-operative or collective lines; the next logical step is obviously, collective ownership and consumption.

The mechanical means by which commodities are multiplied and work of all kinds facilitated with a mere fraction of the labor and time formerly used, the applications of science to common things and the incredible results thereby attained; these victories do not belong to capitalism; they are the heirloom of the ages, bequeathed to humanity by those who wrested the secrets from nature with blood and tears; their possession by individual owners of classes, as weapons against their fellow-workers, is a crime against mankind, and can only be rectified by the community resuming control.

The very obvious fact that commercialism is the exact antithesis of the teachings of Christ or any great moral leader, and the twin truth that the removal of the economic barrier will give religion and ethics a free opportunity for the first time in history, are together a very important reason for Socialism. It is a psychological marvel that there are yet to be found followers of the Democratic Carpenter who are not active Socialists.

One of the most significant signs of the times, however, has been the revolt of the artist or any great moral leader, and the hopelessness of the outlook under present conditions; many recruits to the Socialist writers and speakers are from this cause, and to all of us it is a potent reason for Socialism. What do we know of the world we live in, we are told, that is not a mystery? The glorious fields of literature and the divine songs of the poets, the natural wonders of the earth, or the mysteries of the universe itself?

What can we know? Or what do we care, when we have our bread and butter to scramble for and our rabbit-hutches to build? And yet life is not truly lived without these things; we do not know the meaning of life, and never shall, till Socialism makes leisure a factor in every one's existence. There is a vast field of enquiry and argument open to us, if time served, in the moral and social evils attendant upon capitalism. So real are some of these that many of our friends have become side-tracked at times, and have come to consider them as remediable evils, rather than as fundamental. The drink question for instance, prostitution, the whole vexed problem of woman's position, gambling, etc., etc.

The simple fact is that they are the unwholesome fruits of a decaying tree set in a rotten soil; what else but evil can be expected of a system based on robbery, nursed by greed, trained in hypocrisy, and whose creed is "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." These are all so many more reasons for Socialism, and the consequent bad arrangement of the nutrition necessary to keep that body in health. Such members of the body as obtain a larger share of the life-blood do not therefore benefit any more than those who are deprived of a rotten soil; what else but evil can be expected of all. To maintain a body in perfect fitness and enjoyment of life it is vitally necessary that the health of each individual cell be safeguarded, and that each has its proportionate share of duty and return—and so it is in the body politic. The good of one is the good of all, ultimately, and what we are suffering from now, the world over is a mal-adjustment of our community relations, due to the bastard individualism of the capitalist system. Paradoxical as it may sound, the Socialist is the only true individualist! We must combine to save ourselves.

This, then, is the reason for Socialism, the well-being of the whole community, and as we appreciate the essential immorality of capitalism, so we realize that the only remedy is Socialism. However far off it may seem, whatever difficulties may appear ahead, it is in reality just as near as we are; just as soon as we and our fellows come to an understanding, and know what we want, we can have it for the taking. As Morris sang, so many years ago: "The why and for what are we waiting, while our brothers droop and die. And on every wind of the heavens a 'wasted life goes by? Come! join in the only battle wherein no manning falls and dieth, his deed shall yet prevail; Come! let us cast off fooling, and put by ease and rest. For the cause above is worthy, till the 'good' good days bring the best."

The Reform Dope in 1848

On the very day, April 10, 1848, which registered the collapse of the old-hopes at Kensington Green (England), a group of "Christian Socialists" assembled at the house of F. Maurice and came to the conclusion that something more than military force was required to oppose the Chartists' infatuation. About the same time the Earl of Shaftesbury, on the strength of his experience with the movement for the ten hours' day, advised the Prince Consort to put himself at the head of social reforms if he wished to kill the revolutionary spirit in the country. The mood and behavior of the working class after the collapse of 1848 suggested to the reformers the lines on which they had to work. Emigration? Why, it is far from being a calamity! Emigration, Maurice declared, was the holiest thing that could be imagined. As for the tasks of everyday life, these are just the things which form the essence of the "Christian" existence. And with the help of some of the mightiest in the land emigration funds were started, co-operative societies were formed, workmen's colleges were established, and here and there even trade unions were called into life to assist the workman in his struggles for better conditions of labor. —Theodore Rothstein in The New Review.

Law and the Wage Worker

Dec. 27th, 1913.
Dear Comrade—I am a carpenter by trade and have slaved all my life. I am not very well educated, consequently, I cannot express by words as I would like to. You can publish this in our good little paper, and if you wish correct the wording of my story. I will now attempt to explain the way I have been treated.

I have lost my father years ago, and my old mother is on my hands to support. I have a wife and two little children and a sister—six to support by my labor, rent to pay, fuel to buy. My wife took sick with inflammation of the lungs and heart failure last May. I left here for Edmonton to get her the best care I could. I had a little money, so I got her in an hospital, and got the best doctor I could. She remained fifteen days in the hospital, and it took all mother and I had to pay her expenses. We rented a home in the city and paid three months in advance at twenty dollars a month. We had to stay in the city a month and a half longer than we had paid for, making four and a half months in all. We had no more money to pay rent, and we decided to return here. We sold what best clothes we could to get enough money to return. We had, all told, \$18. We saw our landlord and explained our position, and offered to leave all our furniture in security for what we owed him, and just let us have our clothes and bedding. We packed our bedding and trunks and left the house in the morning and went and got a room at a cheap boarding house. When I returned for my bedding and clothes, I found the door sealed by a bailiff. This was on the same day we had left the house.

I then could not get bedding nor clothes. I returned to where we were staying, and my old mother came with me and we begged and implored them to let us have only our bedding and clothes, as we had nothing but what we had on our backs. We offered to give them a note for the amount and the furniture, bedding and the claim was only fifty-five dollars. They would not hear of it. We could not stay in Edmonton without clothes, bedding or money, and no work. I had walked the streets every day in the four and a half months looking for work, and only got eighteen days' work in all that time.

My wife was unable even to sweep the floor, and my sister could not go out to work because she had to look after the children and her old mother. My old mother is too sickly and old to do anything now. I went and hunted up a friend of mine, the city bailiff who had been in this business for five or six years. I consequently made up my mind he knew something about it. He told me the law could take away my clothes and bedding of my family, and he sent a man with me to the place and told me to force the door and take my goods, and for his man's help I had to pay five dollars. I, not knowing the law, went with him and forced the door and took my family's and my own clothes and bedding, and took them to the railway station. An hour after I took my own goods, the police recaptured the goods and took them all back to where I had taken them from. I was trying to get a loan of a few dollars to pay for the room where we were staying, when a detective stepped in and arrested me for stealing four trunks and four bundles of bedding of my own. I was taken over to the police station and was searched and put down in the basement behind steel bars and fed on tea and bread until I could get out. I nearly froze to death that night. I got only one small blanket to keep me warm. But I did not mind that so much. What tortured my mind was the thought of my poor family. My poor children came and looked through the iron bars at me and called Da, Da, and they had nothing to eat. I managed to get out on bail, and I had to remain till my trial came off.

I did not give them a chance to try me. I had friends who came to my help when they learned that I was in, and offered them the amount if they would only withdraw the charge against me. It was for my family's sake that I did not wish to be tried. They accepted my offer and they charged me \$88 to clear me of the charge, and the claim was for only \$55.

The shock of my arrest nearly caused the death of my poor wife and nearly killed my old mother. We at last managed to return here, and now we are all a little better in health. We are making at least a living, and hope to pull through till times pick up a little.

Times are very bad here, and scores are hunting work. This has been the way I was treated, and I can prove every word of it if you think it is worth anything.

Had I a little money to spare I would help out the cause a little, but I am too hard up at present. As soon as I have a little money I shall only be too happy and pleased to help along such a good cause as our little Cotton's Weekly is trying to do, and I am certain that it will not be long before we win out. If you should publish this letter, I will ask you not to print my name to it, and you can use my name, if necessary after.—An Alberta Comrade.

Mail Order Buy Newspapers

From the Dry Goods Review.
The big departmental stores continue to extend their interests in, or control of, the daily newspapers in Toronto, Montreal, and Winnipeg. A large interest in, if not the control of, another Toronto daily has just been acquired. This makes three dailies in Toronto in which these mail order houses are financially interested. In Montreal it came out in legal proceedings recently that one of the oldest daily papers there passed some months ago into the hands of the chief owner of a rising mail order house which aims to monopolize the trade in Eastern Canada. There are now nine dailies which are known to be owned, or controlled, by the big store and financial interests, and while posing as the mediums of public opinion are the organs of these interests. The trade of these houses has grown enormously in the cities in which these dailies circulate; but in the other cities and smaller places where there are good local newspapers they have not made the same gains, because the local papers are well edited and are loyal to their local merchants and refuse to carry the advertising of the big stores. The only way in which the big mail order houses can make headway is by cutting their prices. They get \$3 to \$5 a year in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, but sell in other cities at \$6, to \$1 a year. This does not pay for the white paper on which these newspapers are printed, but the heavy deficits are made up by subsidies through big advertising contracts and in other ways, and by the lower postal rates.

The Limit

'Sir William Mackenzie, president of the Canadian Northern Railway, and party, arrived late last night after driving the last spike in the C. N. R.'v at Little White Otter River, early yesterday morning. Although arriving late, the party was banquetted by the city council and the Board of Trade in the Prince Arthur Hotel, prominent citizens of the city attending, Mayor John A. Oliver presiding.

The above is a clipping from the lickspittle press of a moth-eaten capitalist paper. What a mighty eye opener for the workers! What an overdose of castor oil for the weak-stomached worker! What a shock to the brain of the creature who imagines Sir William and his hangers on are something immortal! What a pain in the side it gives the Socialist as he looks forward with glee to the time when the workers are intelligent enough to see to it that such gents as Sir William will drive many spikes or starve! Or if he is more adapted to cleaning engines, he will probably get a job at that. Anything, as long as it is useful, work, the workers won't mind. Again I say, what a slur on the workers! Sir William drives the last spike. Where under heaven has he been while the other spikes have been driven? Who started him to work at the last minute? What was he paid for that spike-driving expedition? (I can only remember a small item of \$15,000,000.) Surely it was worth more money than that to drive the last spike! Oh, oh, oh. This is really too tragic. At the first glance it seems more like a vision. Sir William drives the last spike, and gets home from work very late only to receive a good hearty meal, and to witness something alive to welcome him, creatures whose words would be very oily, but devoid of flavor.

Sir William drives the last spike. Are all the men in the construction gangs killed or injured by the hammer? Surely Sir William has not been hiding around the corner while the others were working, and then at the last minute come out of his hole to receive congratulations.

What to be hoped for the other construction workers. If he did he must certainly be lousy. I wonder was it pork and beans he had for supper when he finished driving that spike? Have you forgotten your chains who have been blown to pieces or injured? Are you free from the vermin that you found in the camps? Tell me, comrades, what is there so heavenly in Sir William that the nation is to be banished? How is that? What can you see in him to warrant giving him \$15,000,000 in cold cash?

You who have driven thousands of spikes on the C.N.R., tell me, what did the supper consist of at the Prince Arthur Hotel? Surely you were there. Sir William was there and only drove one spike. Tell me, boys, did you have a good time that evening? What kind of gentlemen are the Board of Trade? No-doubt the Mayor was pleased to see you. What's that? You didn't get an invitation to the banquet? How is that? Let me tell you Sir William is something a little above the ordinary being; he is a capitalist, you know, a kind of hypnotist. He has Borden paralyzed, also a lot of Borden's pals. Sir William owns your job; you haven't brains enough to do it. How is that? I want to use you. Come or starve. Workers, the fortunate part of it is, if you don't go when he calls you, there are thousands who will. Dear Reader, as you glance over this little collection of words, think about them. Fancy driving one spike and then claiming the whole business. Think of the thousands who have taken part in the construction of that road, but Willie owns it. Mr. Worker, get down to business. Fifteen millions of dollars has been taken from you and your class in one bit, and no one knows how much more, and his class get it. Study the burning question of Socialism. Send the workers to parliament. Pass laws in your own interest. Today the workers are blinded; may they soon receive their sight. May their tongues soon be loosened. He says, "Come on, boys, tell all the Sir Williams that you have lent them the railroad long enough, and you are going to take them back. They will kick and say, "Please don't, this is confiscation." But they are mistaken, and firmly, and tell them that they are mistaken; just tell them that if they are not good you will have to punish them. Every Socialist is bound on his honor to give a job to all the Sir Williams that come along and make a special quotation to them, that they work or starve. Workers, the railroads, mines, forests, and waterways are yours for the taking. Awaken and take quickly.—H.B.F., Brockville, Ont.

The Coming Days

Come hither, lads, and harken for a tale Of the wonderful days a-coming, when all shall be better than well. Then a man shall work and bethink him, and rejoice in the deeds of his hand, Nor yet come home in the even too faint Of his fellow's fall and mishap to snatch at the work he had. Men in that time a-coming shall work and have no fear For tomorrow's lack of earning and the hunger-wolf a-near. I tell you this for a wonder, that no man then shall be glad to see his fellow's fall and mishap to snatch at the work he had. For that which the worker winneth, shall then be his indeed. Nor shall he be reaped for nothing by him that sowed no seed. There all mine and all thine shall be ours, and no more shall any man crave For riches that serve for nothing but to fetter a friend for a slave. And what wealth then shall be left us when none shall gaudier gold To buy his friend the market, and pinch and pine the sold? Nay, what save the lovely city, and the little house on the hill, And the wastes and the woodland beauty, and the happy fields we till? And the painter's hand of wonder; and the marvellous fiddle-bow, And the banded choirs of music; and those that do and know. For all these shall be ours and all men's, nor shall any lack a share, And the gain of living in the days when the world grows fair. William Morris.

If it is not immoral, anti-religious, and horrible for Henry Ford of Detroit, Mich., to pay his workers \$5 per day minimum wage, as he says he will, how can it be immoral, anti-religious and horrible for the working class to combine to get the full social value of the wealth they produce? This is the aim of Socialism.

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Letterheads, on 16lb Bond, a fine light sheet	For 500	For 1,000
Envelopes, a fine commercial envelope, Nos. 7 or 8	\$2.60	\$3.60
Bill Heads, standard size, good stock	\$1.80	\$2.90
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We have special facilities for printing Booklets, By-laws, Folders, or any such jobs used by the average business house.

The above prices are quoted to give you an idea of the charges generally made for other lines. They are low. The work is good. The stock is the best. And all work is PREPAID by mail or express. Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Co., Inc. Cowansville, P.Q.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Meeting of Shareholders

Public Notice is hereby given to the shareholders of Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Company, Incorporated, a body politic, duly incorporated according to the laws of the Province of Quebec, having its head office and chief place of business in the Village of Cowansville, District of Bedford, that the annual general meeting of the shareholders of the said body politic will be held at Cowansville, at the head office of said company, on Monday, the second day of February, 1914, at one o'clock in the afternoon, for the following, among other purposes, to wit: To receive and consider the annual statement of the business transacted by the company; to elect the directors for the coming year, to transact all other various business which may arise and which are within the powers of the general annual meeting to deal with.

William Ulric Cotton, President, Cowansville, December 24th, 1913.

SOCIALIST DIRECTORY

- DOMINION Executive Committee, Social Democratic Party of Canada meets every first and third Monday, 55 E. King St. East, H. Martin, Sec., 61 Weber St. East, Berlin, Ont.—285.**
- ONTARIO Provincial Executive Committee, S.D.P., meets the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in each month, 8:15 p.m., Labor Temple, 167 Church St., Toronto. Secretary, P.C. Young, 82 Wroter Ave.—270.**
- MANITOBA Executive Committee S.D.P. of C., meets every second and fourth Monday night at Headquarters Hall, 213 Jarvis Ave. For information and literature write to Prov. Sec., J. Penner, Box 1682 Winnipeg, Man.—264.**
- BERLIN LOCAL No. 4, S.D.P. of C., meets every Sunday; business every first Sunday. Secretary, 140 Weber St. E., Berlin, Ont.—26.**
- BRITISH COLUMBIA Executive S. D. P. of C., meets in office 304, Labor Temple, Vancouver, on the 1st and 3rd Sunday of every month, at 2 p.m. General business meeting on third Sunday. J. Winch, Prov. Sec., Jubilee Station P.O., Vancouver, B.C.—270.**
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- LIBERTY Co-operative Club, P.Q., 31 Butler Ave., Point St. Charles. Propaganda meeting every Sunday 3 p.m. Economic and social problems every Wednesday 7 p.m. Co-operative club every Friday 8 p.m. Women's Club every Thursday 3 p.m.—272.**
- LOCAL VANCOUVER No. 12, meets every Tuesday 8 p.m. for business and propaganda in Hamilton Hall, corner of Hamilton and Denmarc Streets. Public meeting every Sunday at 8 p.m. in Dominion Theatre, Grandville St. Sam Atkinson, organizer, 301 Dominion Bldg., Vancouver, B.C.—285.**
- 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 hall, 55 Temple, Rec. sec., box 656, Nanaimo, B.C.—254.**
- NUMMOLA Finnish Local No. 6, S.D.P. of C. Post Office address. S.S. Oosato, Nummola, Sask.—262.**
- PORT ARTHUR Local S.D.P. meets in Lab-ory Temple, Bay St., 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, 8 p.m., for business, and 1st and 3rd Wednesdays for diverse matters of interest to every worker. Workers unite and run Port Arthur for the benefit of the workers. Herbert Barker, 147 Pine St., Sec.—252.**
- SOUTH PORCUPINE Local No. 32, S.D.P. of C., holds business and propaganda meetings every Sunday at 3 p.m. in the Miner's Union Hall, Swales Porcupine. Tom Meyers, Sec., Box 521.—252.**

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Vancouver

Cotton's Weekly appeal from the Vancouver Island plan for the appeal on a piece of paper and we forward it.

FELLOW WORKERS, We, as brothers at present in jail, at the working of help, that we in the brand of crime, fence in their labor movement.

The miners, who were the corpora their utter explosions occur. The mining law of a Gas Committee on exan gas, was disba ag-up with the force the laws, tors of their ov The men were on the 1st of this Island came union.

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Finnish Local, Webster's Co. Finnish Local, Frank McKee a Main, Sask. Green Valley S Mountain Ho Finnish Sociali Ont. Local No. 9, S Finnish Sociali also, U.S.A. C. G. Johnson, S. S. Oosato M cago, Ill. Local No. 21, Alta. Finnish Ex. Co Trades and L Com's Cronk a Alta. John Heaton Milwaukee, Wis Arvo Saro Vancouver, B.C. sation Local, Finnish Sociali Co. Minn. Per A. G. Godt B. C. Finnish Local, T. C. Wood, per Finnish Sociali Co. Minn. United Bro. C Nelson, B.C. S. S. Oosato, C. Ont.

Local 13, B.C. S. S. Oosato, C Greenwood Unio Int. Union No eers, Prince P Miners, Cardiff. Finnish Local, Bandall Local 495, Je New Westminst Local Union 1

The In conversation rades I often n ralesly harsh in the portion of the p I often think th ally I have not to get after the Again I wish to much time and and not half em, that allow Carnegie, Berde are part and p much as the p the shack. Capitalism is these gents ver like ourselves, only difference is and we fight fo Who is to bla affairs? You crier or Borden, for exploiting th we must give th to white wash tongues, notwit they are handi present time. Capitalism w thank heaven w thousands out every day in the ing of the grand got of the dan not, what a fine help ought to w that has just p half starved h about what the not get after th to own so much whilst, you own the most won day is. That m a mere handf trol every bla ing and contro

Our forefath village we enjoy lot box has bec and most men a the Grit and bluff, and quite best price for t Now workers and go right pieces: expose