

CO-OPERATION

Cotton's Weekly has no grudge against co-operative endeavors and co-operative success. May they increase and prosper.

But we must realize that as long as the wages system lasts, as long as men sell their labor power at its value, namely at what it costs to reproduce that labor power in food, clothing and shelter, just so long will the workers get a living wage and a living wage only.

The cost of living has been rising tremendously. In the U. S. the cost of living has gone up 66 per cent in the last fourteen years and wages have advanced but 22 per cent. The working class are forty-four per cent worse off than they were fourteen years ago.

The pressure upon the working class to live has become tremendous. The result has been black hand organizations, white slaves, gang bandits, suicides, increased disease, bread-lines, etc.

The co-operative movement comes along and offers to reduce the cost of living—at the expense of the retailers and of some petty manufacturers.

The petty manufacturers oppose the co-operative movement. The retail merchants associations oppose it.

But the employing capitalists as a whole are rather in favor of the movement. It will give their slaves better food on the same wages. This will increase the productive capacity of the working class, and the profits of the big exploiters will increase.

In the States the railway employees are getting advances in wages totalling many millions of dollars. The advance is given simply because the cost of living has gone up.

In Canada the railways are encouraging the co-operative effort among their slaves in order to reduce the cost of living and prevent demands for increased wages.

We approve of the co-operative movement in the same way that we approve of trusts, amalgamations, swatting the middlemen and the like. We approve of these, not because they improve the condition of the working class, but because they put the little parasites out of business and reduce them to the ranks of wage workers. They become propertyless slaves peddling their labor power and are ripe to become revolutionary Socialists demanding the full product of their toil.

The Grain Grower Grain Co.

No system of ownership collapses until it has saturated its state of society with its mode of production and ceases to respond to the needs of the people as a whole. Capitalism replaced the worn-out feudal system, and will be replaced as it fetters the productive forces instead of encourages them.

The Grain Growers Grain Company, a co-operative effort among the farmers of the west, is assisting the death of the capitalist system by hastening production and making industry more productive.

On November 11th the annual meeting of the Grain Growers Grain Company met at Winnipeg. Four hundred and fifty shareholders of the fourteen thousand members attended.

The president reported that the company had handled \$50,000,000 worth of business and the profits were \$370,000. The company had shipped the grain of the members at lesser price than the grain dealers.

He also reported that the company had purchased 300,000,000 ft timber limits in British Columbia, and that next year the company expected to be able to sell lumber in carload lots to members of the association in the prairie provinces at 25 to 40 per cent lower than the present retail prices.

Better prices to the farmer as a producer, and lower prices to the farmer as a consumer will increase the net revenues of the farmer. The money formerly put into the pockets of the grain, lumber and other dealers will find its way into the pockets of the farmers.

This will not introduce Socialism, nor is it a step in the direction of Socialism save as it hastens the capitalization of farm values and turns the big farmers into capitalist exploiters.

The commission merchant will be forced out of business. Instead of doing useless work and getting a rakeoff, he will have to turn his hand to useful production. He will have to become a wage slave and increase the total of commodities now on the market for sale.

The farm values will increase in value, which will give a greater incentive to install costly farm machinery. The small farmer will be bought out or crushed out by his big competitors.

Whereas now the farmer of the west is largely his own slave, the added income of the farm will produce two classes, the farm slave doing the work and the capitalist owner drawing unearned revenues from the farm slaves.

The Grain Company a Labor Skinner

In the Grain Growers' Guide of Winnipeg, the woes of the consumer are pathetically and indignantly painted. A scientific Socialist does not talk of the woes of the consumer. He talks of the robbery of the producer.

The Grain Growers' Grain Company has purchased a 300,000,000 foot timber limit in British Columbia. It is going to run this timber limit, hire lumber jacks, pay them wages, and sell the lumber produced to the farmers at cost.

The result will be to fling the working farmer into antagonism to the lumber jacks. The lumber jack will have higher wages and shorter hours. The Socialists and Industrial Workers of the World will preach revolt to the slaves of the forest. They may strike, and the Grain Growers' Grain Company may appeal to the capitalist repressive forces to beat the lumber jacks back to their slavery. For bigger pay and shorter hours to the lumber jack will mean higher prices for lumber to be paid by the prairie farmer members of the Grain Company.

We must not blink the fact of economic determinism. We must cling to this and follow the result of economic determinism logically to its conclusion.

A group of farmers owning a timber limit and collectively exploiting timber slaves will want the slavery of the timber slaves to continue and to be as severe as large profits will warrant.

The farmer will want to climb into the capitalist class over the backs of farm slaves or any kind of slaves he can force to pay him tribute through his ownership of the means of production.

Were the peasant proprietorship of the west to continue, there would be little hope of Socialism coming to Canada for a long time. But just as a group of farmers composing the Grain Growers Grain Co. want to climb to economic dominance on the backs of slaves, timber and farm, so the individual farmers within the group will struggle to gain dominance over the wrecked lives and failures of their fellow farmers.

Competition among the farmers will be keen. AND THE FARMER WITH THE BIGGEST MASS OF CAPITAL WILL SURVIVE AND GROW MORE POWERFUL. The big farmer will swallow up the small farmer. The little farmer will have to be a slave to his more well-heeled neighbor. As the bigger farmer grows bigger still, farm will be added to farm, and the joint-stock company will become the ruling feature of farming as it is of manufacturing.

At first the joint stock companies will be small. They will compete and some will grow big at the expense of the others or there will be mergers.

The trust will come to farm production as it has to other lines of industry.

For capitalism makes all things into its own likeness.

The crushing out of the useless middleman by the Grain Growers' Grain Company is the first step to the farm trust.

When the farm trust comes, its slaves on the farm will groan under the weight of their burdens. They will make common cause with the lumber jacks, the forest and farms will be expropriated from the capitalist exploiters, and the collective working class will come to its own.

The Revolt of Labor

Fred. S. Faulkner, Vancouver, B. C.

Many Socialists are guilty at times of a pessimistic feeling regarding the imminence of the overthrow of this damnable system we suffer under. But one feels that this despondent outlook should be a thing of the past now, when we see masses of labor forces moving in every corner of the earth. On all hands discontent is rampant; and it may truly be said that a crisis in world affairs is near us. We who know something of economic forces are beginning to realize that consciously or otherwise, labor is rising in its strength, and feeling its embryonic might, is tempted to start something. Let us look and see.

Every daily paper now, bears news of some strike, somewhere; true, we only get smatterings of news, carefully censored by our wise and paternal rulers, but enough to let us know that something is doing. Yesterday it was the Dublin strike, or the New Zealand strike, or Calumet, or Trinidad, Colorado, where the miners showed real revolutionary spirit, in going gunning for their enemies. Today, it is Natal, New South Wales, Russia. It may be objected that these are commodity strikes, such as have occurred from the inception of capitalism.

But mark this: In every struggle that now takes place on the industrial field, of any magnitude, the repressive forces of the ruling class, make their appearance, and any incipient revolt is crushed in blood if necessary. The masters are throwing off the mask, and relying less on their mental chloroform, and more on the real thing, force.

For this in the last analysis, is the arbiter of destinies, and only that will our masters respect.

In the parliamentary field, too, the working class of the world, in its blind groping, is soon to try conclusions with its oppressors. Signs point that way everywhere, the masters know it, too.

Further, the working class, at present is a mob; very inadequately organized, but hunger and misery wait not on organization, and for real or woe, all reds will soon have to assume the responsibility of guiding that revolt, that may wipe out class lines; at least this is the goal to which we must unceasingly direct labor's onward rush.

To revolutionists, be ready, for you know not the day nor the hour when the working class revolt will occur, and we must prepare.

The 36th Peel Regiment of Ontario is likely to go the way of many others which of late have blown up and disbanded. Officers are having a mouthy battle among themselves, and are hurling serious charges at each other right and left. Incompetency on the part of some of the officers, illegal recruiting of men, misappropriation of county grants, and maladministration in departments are charged by officers, who are probably sore because they could not get a finger in the pie. Aside from this the regiment for years past has had the hardest time imaginable in securing recruits. We have it on good authority that the regiment never went into Niagara full strength or anywhere near it. Recruits cannot be secured for love or money. The game is foolish and unpopular. The 36th is drawn from among the farm lads and school kids of Peel county, and is a misfit organization from start to finish. Still, the disbanding of this regiment will mean a few hundred less bayonets pointed at the breast of the working class by Sam Hughes's knee-sprung aggregation of brainless boobies.

Lord Northcliffe advises the British government that the difficulty in securing army recruits might be overcome by an alert advertising campaign in the daily press. The government has taken up with the idea, and ads will appear inviting the men to join the army and "setting forth the army's attractions." Tommy Atkins knows all about the army's "attractions," that is why he is steering shy of the recruiting offices. The boasted prestige of the British army is becoming a well known myth. Tommy is sick of the job. Undergoing hardships and getting shot up for the sake of being called a hero and having a seison of the royal family of insects pin a medal on his coat appeals to Tommy Atkins no more. And did you notice where the squeal over the lack of soldiers came from? The noble parasite horde are the first ones to give tongue. Not a sound comes from the useful working class over the decadence of Britain's hired murderers.

The British are going to send their blood-thirsty Lord Kitchener to India. They say the situation in India needs a strong hand. Kitchener and his bunch of assassins slew 12,000 Dervishes in Egypt in a few hours, a few years ago, and now he is to be sent to India to oppress and enslave the natives to such an extent that they will forget their revolutionary spirit and submit to the lash. But India of today is not the India of a hundred years ago. The native Indian is becoming educated. He knows that he lives in one of the grandest countries on earth, and that if it were not for the oppressive tactics of the foreign oppressors his people would be comfortable, and famines would be a forgotten memory. Some day the British will find they have bitten off more than they can chew in the case of India.

There were no mine-owners injured in the Welsh mine explosion which resulted in the death of several hundred members of the working class. If an earthquake occurred in Monte Carlo it might be different.

Canada, the Land of the Free

H. B. F., Brockville, Ont.

How many thousands, I wonder, have read the above assertion, with eyes and mouth wide open? How their hearts have leaped for joy as the steamship company's agent or the Salvationist has filled them full to the brim with their glowing stories of this fair Dominion. How readily have they paid their hard earned cash in order to reach this land of freedom. As they cross the ocean how they build up hopes of what they are going to do when once they set foot on Canadian soil. They picture the land of freedom in their mind's eye. "If only I had known I would have come before," some poor, innocent creature is heard to say.

They land at last, and the first sight that catches their eye is a poor, ragged little child. They nearly faint. The next sight they witness is a real live policeman with baton in hand. "At home," says one, "they do keep it out of sight."

What sort of country can this be? Before they know where they are, they are lined up and examined, and all their business is dragged from them. Says the cockney to his mate: "We ain't cattle, are we? I never seed 'em ask these first class blokes if they was going farming, and I'm darn sure they did't even look at their bloomin' ayes. Ain't they got a nerve!"

They board the train. Married and single, old and young, packed in together. Mother, father, and the youngsters down below, single ones overhead. They arrive at their destination and start looking around, expecting some one to put their arms about their necks and shake their hand, tickled to death to see them. It don't come off, unless some skinflint is looking for a new arrival to do in good shape.

Imagine their surprise when they start to look for work and can't strike a job for love or money. Their hearts sink and they pray very earnestly to just get one more look at the agent who sold them their tickets for this land so free and so fair.

Their only friend, their money, is all gone. "What next?" Along comes a gentleman with a nice blue suit with a beautiful piece of red braid down the pants leg and a dandy peaked cap, and in anything but comforting words he says, "What's your business? No money and no work, eh? Why, bless my soul, old chap, you're a vagrant," and that's the last we hear of the immigrant for some time. The government has given him bed and clothing and a little food, also a shelter and a little work in a large establishment.

But the men are not the only ones who are up against the game. Look at "Montreal" with all its wealth, churches and goodness knows what else. There you will find girls working 13 hours per day and for this stroke of business they draw the handsome sum of five dollars per week and are perfectly free to spend it as they please. Will some kind parson or other sacred gentleman tell the people how these girls live on five dollars a week in Montreal and keep straight? They have no answer, unless it is in a wee, faint whisper. The upper crust of the church might get next to him for speaking the truth too loud.

Even the parson is not free to tell the truth too loudly. Hundreds of them would like to, but dare not, in case they offend, and they lose their jobs. We all know this class of society are not used to work (that is useful work) as a rule. If they were they wouldn't mind a little bit. But leave it to those rats. Capitalism causes them to lie rather than to work.

Freedom you have not even at election time. Your boss names the man who is going to represent you. How is it that you so seldom have a voice in the nominating of a candidate. You have the two evils, Grit and Tory, each painted a little different colors. Both are out to skin you, and who's to blame? As long as the workers are tickled to death to be fooled, there will be Grit and Tory ready to fool them. Wake up, workers, and learn what freedom means.

"We have freedom now," do you say? Yes, to pay rents, to work for a boss or slave. Freedom to leave one job and hunt for another. Freedom to keep single until you can earn enough to keep a wife, or marry when you like if you are fond of destitution and poverty, and are anxious to have a family of ill-fed, poorly clad children around you. Oh, that the workers would wake up to their own interests! You have slept long enough. The next time you run up against it good and hard, think of the gent who tells you that this is your country, this land of the free; and then reason up how much you own of it. Boys, oh boys, it is stupid for any sane man to tolerate such conditions as exist today. You are just a slave to the system that is bringing humanity to the level of the animal kingdom. How the eyes of some of our darlings would sparkle if they got a glimpse of the cat's dinner in the mansion across the way, or the up-to-date stable of the millionaire's horses. How she would like to have that pretty piece of silk ribbon that is around that puppy's neck. Wouldn't it look nice on her?

When will these conditions end? Not until the slaves of Canada become intelligent and use their intelligence not only at election times, but day in and day out. Take up your share of humanity's burden. Help to carry the load of emancipation. Put your shoulder to the wheel, and when the time comes and all things are ready, once and for all, up boys, and at 'em. Turn the loafers out of their arm chairs, help yourself to some of the cigars you made. Take a trip to a warm climate when you are indisposed. A trip in an auto, didn't you? Pass a suit of overalls over to the gent who has been lazy for so many years. Give him a chance to work. He might tackle it. (If he don't he'll starve). Just remind him that capitalism is dying very, very fast, but Socialism is very much alive, and the sooner he realizes it the better. Comrades, stick to your guns and victory is ours.

The fight is long, the battle hot. But we shall win the fray. The capitalist is bound to rot. The Socialist comes to stay.

The suffragettes are organizing armies over the east end of London, and a rent strike is in progress. They will wait till everything is ready, and no one will pay rent until the vote is given women. The brokers will be powerless against the 10,000 strikers it is proposed to organize. The strikers are ready for the law to throw them into the workhouses, which could never hold them all; as they are already overcrowded with the poor of the richest little country in the world.

"The Common Cause" was a twenty cent magazine which was commenced with a great blare of trumpets in New York city to fight Socialism. It has recently deceased. Peace to its ashes.

Masters Steal a Month's Pay

(Special correspondence.)

Cordova Mines, Ont., Nov. 23.

I am writing you a few lines to let you know the conditions of the wage slaves in this part of prosperous Ontario. We have been working in the mines here for some two years past under conditions that were so rotten that some wouldn't believe they could exist in a civilized country where laws are presumed to be made to protect human life. But we find that laws are made to be broken or covered up.

Up here, when a mine inspector came on the job, he was taken over only the best part of the works, and there was always some repairs being made on the other parts which were never done. When any protest was made the owner said that the working man was no more than a dog in his estimation.

When the men who lived in camp kept fighting for their rights, the scab class was brought in, who could not do the work of ordinary underground men, let alone mine ore. Some of these scabs are still here taking the places of local men who have gone to the lumber woods. The wages are thus kept down and the cost of living still goes up.

To make matters worse, many of the transient workers get goods on credit and leave camp without paying for them. Those who live here are thus forced to pay more for their goods by paying for bad debts.

The master class claim that every one of these immigrants is worth from one thousand dollars up, to the country. They may be to the masters to overstock the labor market and force wages down, but not to the wage worker.

During the last year in the month of March the mining company here has done the men out of one month's pay, amounting to about seven thousand dollars, and the system of law here gives us no chance of getting even our slaves' pay. The owners claim a registered mortgage on the mine given to two of the directors has priority over other claims. The men filed a lien under the wage workers' lien act, and then at the end of ninety days entered court for action, but the lawyers claim that they can do nothing until the mortgage is settled. Wonderful system or rights in a country whose claim is equal rights to all men and special privileges to none.

Wage workers, wake up and look after your rights and use your ballot for the defense of yourself and family. Get into the Socialist movement and away from worshipping the old parties that have been leading you for years, and every year getting you worse into the power of your masters.

We have been reading Cotton's for nearly a year through the local union of the W.F.M., and it is setting some of them thinking. I have been hoping to see a Socialist organizer here in the near future.

Bowser Meets Hot Reception

(Special Correspondence.)

At a meeting of the Conservative Party of Ward 3 Vancouver City, on Friday evening, November 14th, the Hon. Attorney General, Mr. Bowser, was the advertised speaker. The meeting was held in the Orange Hall, and was presided over by Mr. McLennan.

Mr. McLennan opened the meeting by asking the audience to sing the Maple Leaf. Less than twenty voices were heard.

Mr. Bowser on being introduced said he welcomed the several old faces and the many new and hoped they were good conservatives from the old country, who were prepared to support that good old conservative party which had kept British Columbia in a prosperous condition for the past twelve years. He then dealt with the Land question, the Railroad policy, and the Vancouver sewerage scheme, and said he hoped the various contractors and Vancouver City Councils would employ citizens of Vancouver, and married men at that, on any employment to be given.

A question was then asked from the body of the Hall "What about the strike situation on Vancouver Island?" He replied, that he had not come to deal with the strike situation, but only to address the conservatives of Ward 3. However, since the question had been asked he would deal with it. He misrepresented the whole situation, saying that the miners had no complaint relative to gas in the mines, or other dangerous conditions, but only demanded the recognition of their Union. He said so far as he was concerned he was prepared to enforce the law, whether it be mine-owners or miners in mob-rule, and he believed the judge and jury would determine in an impartial manner whether or not mob-rule had existed.

Mr. George Pettigrew, International Board Member, District 28, Vancouver Island, then took the floor and asked the platform for fifteen minutes, as Mr. Bowser had lied absolutely on the whole question. Mr. Bowser said he would allow no United States agitators to occupy his platform, trying to delude the audience that Mr. Farrington was the speaker. On the question being brought to his attention that Mr. Pettigrew was a British born subject, and a Canadian citizen, he apologized, and said he could ask any question, but he would not allow him to occupy his platform.

Mr. Pettigrew then asked him if he would come to Nanaimo or any of the other mining camps and make the same statements that he made that evening. He replied that he would go any place where he could get a fair hearing. The Chairman then announced the meeting closed by asking each and all to sing "God Save the King," but Ward 3 Conservative meeting ended with the singing of the "Red Flag" and a motion passed declaring Mr. Bowser's cowardice. George Pettigrew then personally went to him and asked him when he would come to Vancouver Island as they could guarantee him a fair hearing, and he replied that he would only come when it suited his own convenience.

Calgary has a department store which represents a capital of \$3,000,000; another is going up in Vancouver at a cost of 4,000,000; Victoria gets one which will cost \$1,250,000; and Winnipeg tops them all with a \$7,000,000 store. When do the little Canadian retailers expect to get off? Toronto has immense mail order houses; Montreal has them, and is building more. With the advent of the parcels post this string of stores across Canada will extend their business to such an extent that the little fellows will have to throw up the sponge and fall back with the workers.

Cash dividends of Standard Oil have so far this year amounted to over \$111,000,000, equivalent to more than 111 per cent on the capitalization of the former parent corporations. Every cent of this money was taken from the hides of slaves, and goes to fatten the parasite class. Socialism is sweeping over the world, and the game of grab is about at a close.

Mother Goose Rhymes

(Corrected to Date)

C. P. Cullford, Beachville, Ont.

There was a little man, and he had a little gun;
And was going to fill his brothers full of lead, lead, lead;
But he read Tom Mann's address, and said,
"I must confess,
I had better fill my brothers full of bread,
bread, bread."

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
The price was too high for the poor folks to buy,
Thus their platter was always kept clean.

Dickery, dickery dock, the plute is dead;
At stock.

He goes by gasoline, in a big limousine,
Which throws dust on the people who walk.

The worker owns his labor power,
It's all he has to sell.
The capitalist owns the railroads,
And the worker's job as well.
It surely would be better for all the working slaves,
To own their jobs, the railroads too
And dispense with idle knaves.

Jack and Jill worked with a will
To serve their lordly master;
He robbed them of their labor power,
And made them work the faster.

A plutocrat, known as a knave,
Advised for an honest wage-slave
It made him feel bad, when a Socialist lad
Kindly offered to dig him his grave.

Goosey, goosey gander,
Where will the worker wander?
Go where he will, he's in poverty still,
Because of the capitalist's plunder.

Little Jack Horner, sat in a corner;
Hungry and cold and damp;
This caused him to think, I am surely a gink,
To vote for the parasite scamp.

Sing a song o' sixpence,
Looking for a job.
From the capitalist master,
Oh, isn't he a snob?
To live in luxury and wealth
Produced by working men,
And should they kick and go on strike,
He puts them in the pen.

Reports from the State of New Jersey show that \$4,566,650 were lost to the workers in that state through strikes during the twelve months ending September 30th, 1913. The capitalist statisticians always publish such figures to make it appear how foolish workers are to strike. But they do not publish statistics showing how much the workers lose when thrown out of work by the master class and they take mighty good care not to publish how much the workers lose when they do work, through giving billions of what they produce annually to their masters.

"Do your Christmas shopping early." This is the advice the capitalist does sheets give to the tens of thousands of unemployed workers throughout Canada who have no money.

SOCIALIST DIRECTORY

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. E. Winch, Prov. Sec., Jubilee Station P. O., Vancouver, B.C.—250.

DOMINION Executive Committee, Social Democratic Party of Canada meets every first and third Monday at 55 King St. East. H. Martin, sec., 61 Weber St. East, Berlin, Ont.—265.

EDMONTON Local, No. 21, S.D.P. of C., meets every Thursday at 8 o'clock, in Moose Hall (over Snowflake Laundry), Fraser Ave. All are heartily invited to meetings. C. Spencer, 55 Clara St., Secretary.—268.

LIBERTY Co-operative Club, P.O. 31 Butler Ave., Point St. Charles. Propaganda meeting every Sunday 3 p.m. Economic and social problems every Wednesday 8 p.m. Co-operative club every Friday 8 p.m. Woman Club every Thursday 3 p.m.—272.

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.

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. R. Temple, Rec. ever, box 656, Nanaimo, B.C.—256.

NUMBOLA Finnish Local No. 6, S.D.P. of C. Post Office address, S.S. Osorto, Nummola, Sask.—262.

LOCAL VANCOUVER No. 12, meets every Tuesday 8 p.m. for business and propaganda in Hamilton Hall, corner of Hamilton and Dunsmuir Streets. Public meeting every Sunday at 8 p.m., in Dominion Theatre, Granville St. Sam Atkinson, organizer, 301 Dominion Bldg., Vancouver, B.C.—265.

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 Wrexeter Avenue.—270.

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.—263.

PORT ARTHUR Local S.D.P., meets in Labor Temple, Bay St., 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, 8 p.m., for business, and 1st and 3rd Wednesdays to discuss 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, South Porcupine. Tom Meyers, Sec., Box 521.—252.

HAMILTON Local No. 61, S.D.P. of C., meets every 1st and 3rd Sunday evening of the month, at 7 o'clock, in Swales Hall, (cor. Barton & Kinrade). This is an invitation to attend. J. Alexander, Sec., 41 Fraser Ave.—274.

COTTON'S WEEKLY is published in the interests of Socialism by Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Co., Inc., Cowansville, P.Q. W. U. Cotton, Pres., Roy Winn, Sec.-Treas.