

OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM

By Anna M. Barnard

"Oh dear," sighed Susie, "I wish it wasn't time to go home. I love to be here where there's fun."
 "Why?" asked Nettie. "Don't you have any fun at home? Can't you and Winnie play and sing and dance, and sometimes make candy? Isn't your papa and mamma good?"

"Yes, Pa and Ma are good," Susie replied slowly, looking thoughtfully out of her neighbor's window towards home. "Minnie is good, too, I guess."
 "What is the matter at your house?" asked Nettie, approaching the unhappy child, while Grace, her younger sister, dropped her playthings, and looked on inquiringly.

"Pa just reads and talks all the time about awful things. Reads about awful bad capitalists and starving strikers and mean police; and then he talks to Ma about them. Ma, she shakes her head and says it's a shame, and it's awful. She looks so sad sometimes, and looks just like she'd cry. There's going to be a great struggle. Ma and Pa says so. They say we must be brave, and make sacrifices. Their sacrifices are bad things a comin', for they make Pa and Ma afraid when they talk about them. Sure, we're all going to starve and freeze for the big capitalists has all the coal and all the things to eat. We're just awful miserable."

"Oh, Susie!" protested Grace, who had moved away from her playthings. "We are glad every day. Papa is always glad. He sings and whistles all the time, and nothing bad can happen to us when he is glad. He comes home from work, and makes lots of fun for me and Nettie. Mamma is happy too. She laughs great big laughs when Papa plays with us. Come over here, and we'll give you some fun."

Susie looked doubtfully at the happier child. "Pa and Ma think the capitalists will get everything in the world, maybe," continued Susie. "and if they do, we will starve and freeze. Pa and Ma belong to the movement. They look afraid all the time. I know they never had any fun. I wish there wasn't any movement nor capitalists, then I believe we would be happy."

"Oh, poor Susie!" exclaimed Grace, sympathetically. "No miserable movement will get us. We don't belong to nothing miserable. Papa and Mamma are always glad, and they wouldn't let anything get us. It must be they own a movement and don't belong to one. Papa don't believe in slavery, I know he don't. He's a Socialist too, but he laughs and laughs lots of times."

"Oh, my Ma and Pa are Socialists too; but they don't laugh," replied Susie. "Winnie said the other day she's a Socialist now, and she says I'll be one. She reads and reads about the capitalists, and she don't laugh now, neither. She's gettin' the movement bad."

Nettie, the oldest of the trio, had, for a few moments been listening and thinking. "Papa wouldn't let us suffer," she said with assurance. "He wouldn't let anything hurt us. I heard him one day tell Mamma that me and Grace must not be worried about the great big things he calls problems. He said little boys and girls should be happy, and not think about big things till they grow up. My Papa told my Mamma that only the glad are strong, and said we must grow up glad so we can be strong. Oh, I know this is true, for when I have fun I feel so strong that I could lift anything, and the other day when Papa came home and said another Socialist was elected he turned a handspike because he was just glad."

Susie turned to go. "I hate capitalists," she said, "and the Socialists, and the strikers. I hate everything that won't let me and Minnie and Pa and Ma be happy; and with a look of bitterness she walked out across the lawn toward home. At her own gate she paused, and looked back at the house she had just left. "Maybe Pa and Ma ain't got the happy kind of Socialism," she said to herself. "I guess that's it."

Come With the Montreal Reds

Every now and then you feel like dancing, singing, playing. Why shouldn't you? Aren't you human? Is the desire for life totally extinguished in you? Let us hope not. We have made all this world's beauties. From the deepest mines in the world to the tallest skyscrapers of New York, we, the members of the working class, toil every day, week, month in order that you may be either turned out on the scrap heap or totally destroyed. Then don't let chance pass by. Enjoy every moment of your life today, for tomorrow may be too late. Don't remain as a dead man before a band of famous musicians, or as a blind man before a moving picture show. Feel that you are alive, and show your comradeship in all their undertakings. Help make the movement a success that tends to uplift the social condition of the human race. ON SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, come and meet the Montreal Reds at our Grand International Ball at 137 Notre Dame Street East. Bring your friends and show them that we are here for the toiling masses.

Meeting of Shareholders

The annual meeting of the shareholders of Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Company, Incorporated, will be held the first Monday in February, 1913. At this meeting a report of the business transacted during 1912 will be made. The officers of the company for the ensuing year will be elected and other business gone through with. Shareholders may either attend in person or send proxies. The shareholders will get personal notification of this meeting by mail with proxy form some time early in January.

IT'S PAID FOR

If you receive Cotton's Weekly regularly and did not subscribe for it, it is paid for. You will receive a bill for subscription, and the paper automatically stops at the end of the time paid for.

Bundle rates will still remain at the old figure during 1913. \$3.00 will pay for 12 copies per week for a year.

If you are receiving this paper regularly, it's paid for.

Socialism will build up, not break up homes.

Socialism is the rift in the clouds of darkness, and despair.

He who marked the sparrow's fall will also mark the fall of Borden.

Labor is the Rip Van Winkle of modern times. But the effects of the sleeping potion are wearing off.

Pinkerton's motto: "Hire a thief to catch a thief." Sam Hughes' motto: "Hire a worker to shoot a worker."

If you know anything about Socialism, pass it on to your fellow worker. He may be waiting for just such a message.

Cold winter is approaching. The shylarks of the Canadian capitalists will be after many a pound of flesh before spring opens up.

Borden, Laurier & Company care about as much for the building up of Canada as the Hague Peace Conference did of securing the peace of the nations of the world.

The Pirates of Penzance were a merry lot of rascals and did a brisk business, but they would look like a lot of bush-leaguers lined up alongside the Pirates of Ottawa.

How long will it take you to get to the top of the ladder with all the capitalist parasites clinging to you? Better stop climbing and shake them all off.

"A stitch in time saves nine," said the boss of the factory as he placed the name of a detective on the payroll and appointed him to a job where he could watch the slaves.

The common mechanic sells only his own labor to the capitalist class. The farmer sells his own labor, and that of his wife and children, often at a less price than the mechanic manages to squeeze out.

Notice the meagre and distorted attempts to "report" the conditions at Porcupine occasionally printed in the kept press? News today is carefully censored before it reaches you, by agents of the moneyed interests.

Workers of Toronto are up and doing. They intend to have representatives in the council and school board, who will look after their interests, and are running candidates from their own ranks.

Man is said to have sprung from an ape. Where is the ape that would work ten hours a day 300 days in the year, and hand four-fifths of what he produced to another ape who gave him permission to work?

"Money is active; business is brisk," says a financial page. If money and business had not the muscles of the worker behind them pushing unceasingly, money and business would soon be as dead as the dodo.

I.W.W.'s are still on strike in B. C. and the great railroad is not doing much in the building business. We are told that capital builds these roads. Mr. Capital has one grand chance to prove his ability in the building line just now. Let us watch him as he builds.

Fear lurks in the heart of the little business man as he sees trade slipping away from him to the big stores of the cities day after day. His dream of controlling a large store and doing a fine business in his native town amongst people he knows is vanishing into smoke. His time is limited.

The hand that rocks the cradle to-day may be helping to herald the coming of a man who tomorrow will arise and teach the downtrodden masses the approach of a greater age, in which all lives shall be brighter, and the fear of life and the fear of death shall be no more. One of these men they crucified.

A western farmer complains, "Money is hard to get a fist on these days." It will be harder in days to come. "If the capitalists carry out their present plans, they are camping on the trail of the farmer, and have marked him for a victim. His much vaunted independence is being put to the supreme test."

The workers have troubles. They see the M. P. for their constituency. He smilingly receives them, and promises to do all in his power to remedy their conditions. He says he will speak to the Minister of Labor. Perhaps he does. They discuss it a minute or so. The Minister says he will give it due consideration, gives a most expressive wink, and the deal is closed, as far as the workers' troubles and the M. P. are concerned.

Members of the Roman Catholic church often complain of attacks against their religion in the Social list press. Socialism has nothing to do with any man's religion. When the cause of Socialism is misrepresented deliberately, and held up to church-going people by bishops, priests, et al, as something vile, to be eternally abhorred and avoided, why, the Socialists naturally object. "They gotta quit kickin' our dawg around."

Canada has innumerable peat bogs, with an inexhaustible supply of peat, according to those who have made a study of this coming fuel of the masses. Millions of tons of raw material lie right at our doors ready to be manufactured into a much-needed commodity. A small share of the \$15,000,000 Borden is tossing to the war lords of England would, if applied to the peat industry, make comfortable the homes of thousands of workers who cannot afford to keep warm at present coal prices. Of course, the peat will "keep," and battleships won't, as they are scrapped in less than ten years, so perishable goods have to be attended to at once.

THE LION OF GERMANY

An Interview with August Bebel

By Nicholas Klein

In a plainly-furnished three-room flat on the third floor of No. 84, Hauptstrasse, Berlin, lives the man who is the most famous German next to the Emperor.

August Bebel is known to be the best parliamentarian in the German Reichstag, and above all men in the world that Emperor Wilhelm fears, this little man Bebel is the one.

He is called the "Lion of Germany," because the people have confidence in his ability to do things, and "he is a fighter." Because the people have many causes to believe that when Bebel roars, the administration trembles. There is a modern legend that Bebel, of his spirit, is constantly at the entrance of the Reichstag, guarding the people's interests. His popularity is Berlin is so great that when simultaneously several public meetings are announced, the Socialists do not mention at which one Bebel is to speak. Not many boys or girls can be found in Berlin who have not heard of Bebel, the man who refuses to attend court functions given by the Emperor, or to do "knee breeches."

"YOU MUST LOVE THIS MAN," I arranged with Bebel to meet him in the Parliament House, and one afternoon I handed my card to an elderly gentleman, with a luxurious growth of "Wilhelm-the-First" whiskers, who was garbed in a uniform that would make a rear admiral look envious. He conducted me into a waiting-room of the Reichstag, forgetting the custom of waiting or even asking for a tip. I was astounded, as this was the first time this thing had ever happened to me in all Europe. After waiting about fifteen minutes, the silk curtains of the waiting room parted, and I saw the snow-white head of Bebel and heard his hearty, "Well, how do you do, comrade?" followed by a good hearty handshake. This makes you feel at home at once, and even if your opinion of a Socialist is a bewhiskered, red-shirted demon, with dynamite bombs, who wants to divide up with the rich, you must love this man when you meet him.

Walking through the Reichstag building, he showed me the large assembly hall, the dining hall where each Party has its separate table, the different reading rooms and libraries. On the second floor we came to committee rooms and meeting rooms for the different political divisions in the Reichstag.

"This room," pointing to a sign marked "Social-Democratic Chamber," "is ours and we have grown so rapidly since 1891, when we first cast 124,655 votes, that the administration has been compelled to move us into larger quarters every election since."

"This is one of the largest and best rooms in the house," he continued, as he walked into the beautifully furnished and well-decorated apartment. It contained three large tables and about one hundred carved chairs, and the nobles. This high-backed chair, added Bebel, placing his hands on a fine, hand-carved mahogany, "was formerly used by Bismarck at sessions of the cabinet. I am using it now in our party conferences."

One of his remarks that made an impression on me was dropped while we were walking through the cafe, where members of the Reichstag were drinking wine and beer, and chatting merrily. He was explaining some works of art on the walls and ceiling when he came to the table used by the Socialist members of the house.

"Sit down here and have a black coffee with me," he said. "I am a temperance man and don't drink anything stronger."

HOW GERMAN MEN ARE PAID. Strolling towards the entrance to the Session room, he pointed to a book on a desk and turning to his name, said: "You see, here's where we earn our wages. We get 3,000 marks (\$150) a session of six or eight months, and we are fined 30 marks every day our name fails to appear in this register."

We passed down a long hallway under immense arches into the centre of the building, where the great central tower is located. The hall was bare of all trimmings, except a large silk flag which was presented to the people of Germany by patriotic German-Americans in grateful remembrance of their early days in the Fatherland.

The Reichstag building is one of the finest I have ever seen, and Bebel took pains in explaining every detail, taking special pride in the immense library and its circulation.

We were seated in the lounge room discussing the future of economic development, and I was insisting that we were on the very brink of a period of "hard times" when a group of visitors in charge of one of the members of Parliament, approached us, and the latter, pointing to Bebel, said loud enough for all to hear, "You see, this is Bebel the Lion." The visitors examined him and started to discuss him as they passed on with side and back glances, as though he were an ornament in the building. Bebel smiled and remarked, "You see, I'm a regular BEBEL WRITING HIS LIFE HISTORY."

One of the objects of my visit was to induce Bebel to visit America and deliver a few addresses in the leading cities. So I took the occasion, after the visitors passed out, to invite him to come to the States, "as we were anxious to see you," was my way of putting it.

"What do you want of me in America?" he asked.

"Oh, we just want to get a good look at you," I replied.

"I know you Yankees," he said, with a chuckle, "you want to import

me as a great curiosity, and put me on exhibition at so much per look, don't you?"

I confessed the truth.

Then, seriously, Bebel said, "I really would like to visit your country in order to study the trust problem, in which I am very much interested, but I am growing old. I am seventy-one now, and one of my pet ideas still remains undone."

"And what may that idea be, Comrade Bebel?" I ventured to ask him.

"I am writing the history of my life," he answered. "You see, I have been so busy with Parliament and politics these many years that I have scarcely started on it yet, although I have set aside every summer during the past five years for a beginning. I am growing old and don't know when my turn to go will come."

"When do you expect to finish the work?" I asked him.

"Probably it will take me two years to build up the work. You see, Comrade, in the early days we were under constant police surveillance, and it was bad to be caught with notes in one's possession, so I haven't notes to work on. But next summer I should like to visit the United States to see the people and study them. I should be a great help to me in my work, and you Americans are far ahead of the rest of the world in industrial evolution."

"We should think ourselves fortunate," I said in return, "to have Bebel as our guest, and I assure you in advance that the United States will welcome one of Germany's leading men in a style befitting the occasion."

I really thought that Bebel would be pleased at my little speech, but he smiled as only Bebel can, and said rather sharply: "Do you want to welcome me as you did Prince Henry? Then, before I had a chance to answer, he added: 'If so, I'll stay here in Berlin.'"

After having discussed war, we began talking about Germany, and her future.

"Of course, we cannot tell at this distance," said he, in answer to my question, "just what we would do in case we got a majority in the Reichstag, for great economic and political changes may take place between today and that time. You see, we have an old constitution made by nobility, and an Upper House to fight, and the workers of Germany are not ripe for great changes."

BUYING OUT THE EMPEROR.

I was surprised at this last remark, but he explained to me that the Social Democracy was practically the party of the German Labor movement, and that a worker usually joined the party when he joined the union of his craft.

"You see," said Bebel, "the class lines are so closely drawn here in Germany that a worker cannot help but see his political party in the Social Democracy. But if we got a majority, well, I suppose that we could do nothing better than buy out the king business."

"Do you mean to say that the best policy would be to bribe the crowned heads?" I asked him.

"Exactly," he replied. "We could pay them to retire on a pension. You see, we are far behind the Americans. They can turn things about as they choose almost any election. They already have what we here in Germany are just fighting for. Their nation, in the main, is composed of people who are seeking freedom and better economic conditions, and this, coupled with their educational facilities and an industrial evolution that is second to none in the world, places them in the van of progressive nations. It is my private opinion."

"It is continued," that the United States will shortly declare for public ownership of public utilities, and that it will advance so rapidly as to be the first nation to declare a Co-operative Commonwealth."

STRUGGLE TO DETHRONE MILITARISM.

"Now let's just make a comparison," Bebel continued. "Here, in Germany, the railroads, the railroad depots, and even the eating-houses are divided into four classes. You see a worker is driven to class consciousness here, while the Yankees have apparently but one class. That which they have already done is now our greatest need."

There, leaning across the table, with flashing eyes and pointed finger, he exclaimed: "We here must struggle to dethrone militarism and the nobility, but, of course, we both must battle in the common cause of educating the workers to a full realization of their mission; we must teach them that they have but one enemy, and that is ignorance."

Our conversation was here interrupted by the ringing of the Appropriation Committee bell, and, of course, Bebel bid me "servus," and went to his committee work to "fight," as he had put it to me, against more naval and military money.

I had to leave Germany that very evening, so I could not accept his invitation to a further discussion, but I shall not soon forget that plain, honest face, that high forehead with the snow-white hair, and the earnest handshake of Bebel, "the Lion of Germany," who is crowned in the hearts of the German proletariat.

His "servus" is an open invitation from the depths of his heart. He is earnest and sincere, and has far more followers than the ruler of Germany. Bebel has a great ideal, and he is giving his life towards its realization. This is why he is so loved by the common people.

If Germany were selecting a president today, the choice would fall on one man; there is no doubting the fact that the Republic of Ger-

many would choose as president August Bebel. Such is the opinion of the people.—The Progressive Woman.

"A man cannot understand what the Thiel men were like unless he was here. In dozens of instances I have seen them assault with their batons, and in some cases shoot at citizens who were doing nothing at all." This is the statement of W. H. Wilson, Mayor of Timmins, with regard to the conduct of the Thiel gunmen employed by the Hollinger people at Porcupine, Ont., to break the strike of the miners, provoke riots, and shoot up the men who refused to sell their labor power at a reduction upon the former price. But the working people of Canada have allowed Liberals and Tories to appoint the judges and run the officials who enforce the laws. Hence the workers are treated as slaves to be herded to work.

THE SOCIALIST

By Alfred Pomeroy

'Tis he who looking back across the field of time, Observes the toiler, slave and others of their kind Bound like stupid oxen, to their masters' mind: Who sees the wealth of generations past, The land and homes held firm and fast.

By those who neither toil nor spin, And never helped this wealth to win. Who knows that title deeds to land were written by the sword. Dipped in human blood, by those who went abroad.

To loot and plunder foreign lands and rule "by right Divine," And gave no thought to Golden Rule of Mine and Thine.

'Tis he who sees the rust and blight, Wrought o'er the world by brutal might Of those whose hearts are nothing but the right; Whose eyes see naught but lust of gain.

And nothing care for right, if gain they can attain; 'Tis he who claims the world belongs to all.

Of those who dig and delve and toil; Who sees no need of right to crowns and thrones and those who claim in trust The world to own; whose king is all mankind with scepters of the just.

The right to live and love and worship whom we please, To land and home and opportunity, and die at least in ease." (7)

The Federationist is in receipt of a letter from an old-time miner, now in Vancouver, who ridicules the idea of the Sun's lurid story of an alleged attempt to blow up Trent River bridge, within the strike zone of Vancouver Island. Who ever heard of a "fifty yards of fuse?" asks the miner, who declares that it is only sold in 100-foot coils. The "plant" must have been counted before it was burned, else why "twenty-five sticks?" Frozen dynamite will explode if the explosive cap is inserted. "The story," continues the correspondent, "is too raw for even a schoolboy to credit. It is as bad a break as was made in the Cripple Creek district in Colorado a few years ago under Peabody's reign, when a detective agency blew up the railroad platform and killed a lot of non-unionists, when a similar story was related as to the number of sticks of dynamite. The story savors of Jonah and the whale. The Sun's anxiety to bring discredit upon the striking miners is too far-fetched to serve the purpose evidently intended. —R. P. Pettypiece.

In the struggle for existence the best of work can never be had because of that struggle. No artist can express his highest ideals when his mind is occupied by want or fear of it, or fear of losses or hope for gains. All other workers are subjected to the same conditions. Life that should be one continual joy from the cradle to the grave is made, by the social organization, the very opposite to heaven. And yet a few good laws enacted would change the whole face of the earth and leave a happy, prosperous, progressive people.—Labor Advocate, Nanaimo, B. C.

A friend of a financier asked the great man what career he would advise him to select for his son. "Teach him to play the game," said he of the dollars. "It is the only thing worth while these days. Trades and professions are too slow. Get him in with the big fellows." They are scrambling at the top for the big money, knowing well that the long row of workers will keep the wheels moving, to supply them with the wherewith to scramble for.

A LOSS FOR OUR XMAS GIFT

The sub list this issue is not very encouraging. For the first time in many weeks it registers a loss. This is hardly a cheerful Christmas present to receive from our hustlers, but we suppose most of them are chasing Santa Claus for the children, or haunting the fancy goods store, thinking of pleasing their future better helps. Perhaps—because in many places where Cotton's penetrates, fancy stores are a thing to be dreamt of only.

This is being written on December 18th, hence the Christmas flavor. The outlook for things gains for a few weeks is dull. If your hustlers cannot send more than 187 new subs, we are going to go down hill at an alarming rate. There is nothing to stop us if you do not get busy at once.

Let your New Year's resolve be to start the year well for Cotton's and Socialism. Get one or more subs on New Year's Day.

Our message to every hustler is: "RUSH IN THE SUBS." Offs are heavy in January. The crux is coming. CIRCULATION STATEMENT.

Week of December 18th, 1912.

Ontario 173 181 10665

British Columbia 173 35 4674

Alberta 44 10 3647

Saskatchewan 49 69 3047

Manitoba 27 15 1550

Nova Scotia 10 16 1467

Province Quebec 21 12 1419

New Brunswick 15 1 428

Foreign 2 6 438

Yukon Territory 0 0 0

Newfoundland 0 4 273

Prince Edward Island 0 0 4

494 457 25228

LOSS for week—37.

Total issued for Dec. 19th—30,900.

CIRCULATION POINTERS.

British Columbia, Manitoba and New Brunswick show losses this week. The workers in these provinces should busy. There is great need of an awakening in New Brunswick.

Prince Edward Island is stationary. Of course we have no hustlers there, but long ago we had only about four. Any comrades knowing people in the little province, might send a few subs along. Every little helps.

It is encouraging the way the Newfoundland list is growing. It took some time to get it started, but it now beginning to look pretty good. The register is 272, yet there's lots of room for more.

Let every hustler grid up for January. There's going to be a battle between on and off that will be a corker. We want to get the list over 30,000 for Jan. list, but it's very problematical at present writing.

Start the New Year right. Remember to do something for Cotton's on the first day of the year and resolve to follow it up as often as possible.

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.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C. Local No. 4, S.D.P. of C. Headquarters, and free reading room. Room 12, Columbia St. Entrances from Clarkson and McKenzie. E. A. Brown, Sec'y, 481 Royal Ave. 116

NANAIMO Local No. 11, S.D.P. of C. English. Business meeting held on Sunday afternoon, 2 o'clock, above Beattie & Hopkins, Printers, Wharf St. Propaganda meetings all month in open air. A. Jordan, Sec. Box 416, Nanaimo, B.C. 116

BRITISH Columbia Executive S.D.P. of C. meets in Nanaimo, (Wharf Street) above Beattie & Hopkins, Printers, Wharf St. Propaganda meetings first Sunday in month at 12:30 noon. Routine business third Sunday in month at 3 o'clock. A. Jordan, Prov. Sec. Box 416, Nanaimo, B.C. 116

LOCAL VANCOUVER Local No. 13, S.D.P. of C. meets Sunday evenings in Labor Hall, corner Homer & Dunsmuir Sts., at 8 p.m. for propaganda and business. O. L. Charlton, Sec. City Market, Main St. Vancouver, B.C. 116

VICTORIA Local No. 9, S.D.P. of C. meets every second and fourth Thursday each month in the Political Equality League Room, 67 Fort Street. John L. Martin, Sec. 255 Shelburne St., Victoria, B.C. 116

BERLIN Local, No. 4, S.D.P. of C. meets every second and fourth Wednesday, 55 King Street East. Chas. Artney, Sec. 115 Berton St., Chas. Nicholson, Sec. 115 Berton St., Berlin, Ont. 116

BROCKVILLE, Ont., Local No. 18, S. D. P. of C. Business meetings 1st, 3rd and 5th Fridays at 8 p.m. Propaganda meetings every Wednesday, 2nd and 4th Fridays at 8 p.m., and Sundays at 12:30 p.m. A.O.U.W. Hall, 16 King St. East. G. Hase, Sec. 168 Pearl St. East. 116

PORTRAIT Local meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in the Labor Temple, Bay St. Propaganda meetings every Sunday 3 p.m. Socialist Sunday school every Sunday afternoon 2:30. Financial Hall, 114 Adelaide St. West. P. C. Young, Sec. 124 Page Ave. 116

SOUTH PORCEPINE Local No. 28, S. D. P. of C. holds business and propaganda meetings every Sunday at 8 p.m. in Miners' Union Hall, South Porcupine. J. A. Walker, Sec. Box 521. 116

TORONTO Local No. 1, S.D.P. of C. Business meeting held first and third Tuesday each month. Labor Temple, 187 Church St., 8 p.m. Propaganda meetings every Sunday 3 p.m. Socialist Sunday school every Sunday afternoon 2:30. Financial Hall, 114 Adelaide St. West. P. C. Young, Sec. 124 Page Ave. 116

WOODSTOCK Local No. 21, S.D.P. of C. meets at 25 Finkle St. General business Sunday mornings at 10 o'clock, open every evening for business. George Hampe, Sec., Woodstock, Ont. 116

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