

RULE BRITANNIA

By R. Winn.

"Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves, Britons never, never, never will be slaves."

Some patriotic pinhead set the above words to music, and wherever there is a gathering of soldiers or a loyal pow-wow of any sort, this idiotic gibberish may be heard, accompanied by the fiendish air blared forth by brass bands.

It has ever been "rule" with Britannia. Not satisfied with a rich little island, she sent her sons abroad and they shot and sabred and slew inoffensive citizens of other countries, and ran the union jack to the poles of every country they could possibly get their hands on—and hold.

Capitalists of Britain pick a quarrel with another country which has valuable possessions they covet. Their kept press befuddles the brains of the common people with wild mouthings about the empire being in danger, Rule Britannia is prompted, and away goes another horde of uniformed savages to win another little patch of red for the empire's map.

While Britannia's soldiers are chasing the benighted heathen of a far-off land away into their native hills, and devastating the country generally (with the exception of diamond mines, or other things that can be turned into profit for the capitalists of the mother land) these capitalists are having a whale of a time at home, living on the best of everything. The stockholders in the manufacturing of the munitions of war are reaping a harvest, for they are sending out shiploads of rifles and bullets to slaughter the enemy with; also rifles and bullets for the enemy to use on the silly British tommy who are suffering the horrors of war in the interests of the bloodsucking parasites at home. These vampires are the loudest yappers of Rule Britannia among the whole bunch.

Another bunch of capitalists are chuckling in fiendish glee over the fact that when the war is over they will be the possessors of the valuable assets of another country. What care they of the misery, starvation and death caused by the war? Do they grieve when a regiment returns home with only a quarter of its former strength alive? No. If these soldiers were silly enough to rush into a war they knew nothing about, why should the capitalist worry because they were butchered? Besides, capitalists keep soldiers for just such a purpose, and "England expects that every man this day will do his duty." If there is any sign of discontent a little display of fireworks (fireworks cost money), much flag waving (flag waving is cheap), and a few bars of Rule Britannia from the musical slaves of the army will work wonders with a crowd of Britishers.

At a recent military camp some officers were trying to find the secret of why a certain colonel always went into camp with his regiment full of strength, while their regiments were little better than "skeleton" regiments, and hard to get together at that.

"Why, dammit," said the popular one, "it's the easiest thing in the world. Get out your regimental bands and good recording officers. Play Rule Britannia like blazes and send the recruiting officers through the crowd, and you can fill up your companies in no time."

Rule Britannia. When things are dull in the murder trust, war-tubs are sent abroad with their flags flying and their bands playing "Britannia rules the waves." Like the little boy who kept on saying to the other little boy, "My dog can lick your dog," there is sure to be trouble sooner or later. And then more widows, more orphans, more poverty, more taxes, and more misery for the common people for the sake of their parasite masters being able to sing, Rule Britannia to the accompaniment of the stock tickers in their offices, and the clink of gold as it falls in their safety deposit boxes. "Britannia rules the waves" being dimmed constantly in the ears of other nations is surely not conducive to peace. It sounds more like a piece of bullying British braggadocio.

"Britons never will be slaves." There is a real meaning behind these words. "Britons" means the lords, dukes, and other parasites of aristocratic throne-worshipping England. These are the real Britons meant in the song. They never have been slaves, and do not intend to be. As for the workers, they have always been slaves, and the aristocrats will see to it that they will continue to be. If ever a country possessed more slaves to the square mile, and ground those slaves, both male and female, more mercilessly than have the parasites of England, than that country has not yet been heard of.

Slaves in the mines, slaves in the mills, slaves on the land, slaves in the army, slaves in the navy, all forced to bend the knee and touch the hat to every monkey-faced moneyed aristocrat who haps their way. Britain is rich, and her richness and vast possessions abroad are due entirely to the exploitation of her slaves. It is a country of slaves—and masters; and over the heads of these slaves hangs the British law, and when its heavy hand falls, it descends not on the heads of the masters, but on the heads of the slaves, and them alone.

Fool Britannia! For the slaves of the mine and the slaves of the land. Bring the fruits of their toil to their master's hand; And the slaves on the waves of the rolling deep—Like their brothers in chains do they sow—but not reap.

Under the present system it is the easiest thing imaginable to become a criminal, and often very hard not to become one.

"Izzy the Painter" has been a professional firebug of New York. During the last two years he has set over fifty fires. He was hired to commit arson by persons who wanted to get insurance on worthless stock. He was the legitimate outcome of the profit system.

There were fifteen thousand suicides last year in the U. S. In Canada we make attempts to kill ourselves a crime punishable by two years imprisonment. Is not that ridiculous? We keep a system in force which robs the many and keeps them in poverty, then we punish those rendered so desperate as to try and do away with themselves.

Have you noticed how the daily papers play up crime? They feature it for a purpose. People are made to think that criminals are everywhere and that it is only the police and soldiers and judges which prevent society being overwhelmed by the criminal element. Whereas it is the police and judges and soldiery which enforce obedience to the laws which have been made to protect the really criminal element of society—those who live off rent, interest and profit, in their criminal revenues.

Arthur Chamberlain was engaged as driver by Evans Bros., coal merchants of Montreal. The first load of coal entrusted to Chamberlain was sold by him for two dollars, which he pocketed. Before the magistrate he said he had been out of work and badly in need of money. Under Socialism this would not have happened. This crime was directly traceable to the profit system. Follow up ninety-nine crimes out of a hundred and you will find their origin in the same cause.

The average citizen has no earthly idea of the police court methods in vogue in his particular town or city. If he had, he would open his eyes. Numerous cases are cut and dried before they are aired in court. The social status of a prisoner is enquired into, and his private life is raked over with a fine-toothed comb before he is brought into court. If he is pronounced "all right," the sentence is generally "all right."

"We must retrench," say the directors of a large industry. Where do they start? Why at the wage account, of course. They don't do any retrenching on their yachts, automobiles, and private pleasures which yearly costs them more and more. They don't prune down the immense sums lavished on their women. No, they begin at the worker, and generally by the time the retrenching process is completed, the worker's pitance is cropped as close as a penitentiary hair cut.

Two thousand cases have gone through the juvenile court of Montreal. The list of offences—many of them serious crimes—is pitifully unchildlike. Theft, vagrancy, immorality, attempted forgery, suicide, even murder. Says the Montreal Herald: "It would seem almost as though our boasted civilization were a failure when such things can be. At times it is a failure. It is rotten, rotten at the heart, and will continue to be rotten as long as our respectable rich are allowed to suck the lifeblood of the toiling many."

Prosperity for Canada means lots of easy money for the plutocrats. It also means plenty of work for the workers. When there is abundance of work it simply means that the wealth labor has created is being used to further the interests of private prosperity, at the workers' expense. The holders of this wealth can allow you work enough to get you three meals a day, or just one. You have no kick. Every four years you vote for another man to carry your meal ticket.

The capitalist class of Canada are using the libel laws to harass and pile up enormous law costs against such papers as dare criticize them. Six directors of the Montreal Tramways Co. are suing the Herald in six actions for the sum of \$650,000 damages for libel. Godfrey Bird, general manager of the Banque Internationale, is suing the Toronto Mail and Empire, the Toronto News, the Toronto Star, and the Ottawa Free Press for \$100,000 each for damages for their remarks about his conduct in managing the affairs of the bank. The majority of the newspapers are afraid of the expense of libel suits, and the capitalist exploiters play on this fear to keep the newspapers tamed.

Punishment, punishment, and then more punishment. This is the cry all over the land. Why do not those in authority try to get at the fountain head of the cause of crime? Why do they not study the cause of crime, and when they find it, smash it into oblivion? Simply because the revenues from crime run into millions of dollars annually, and if crime did not flourish, these revenues would cease. Judges, lawyers, detectives, police, prison keepers, and the rabble that travels in the winks would then have to do some useful work or starve. They are satisfied so long as crime is rampant, and the easy money coming their way. The cause of crime is no problem for them; they are dealing with its effect.

If hanging is just, if it is a piece of necessary work to be performed, why is it done so privately? A very few only are allowed to witness an execution. The job is so degrading and demoralizing that those concerned in it are ashamed to let their fellows witness their degradation, and they carry out their nefarious duties behind barred doors.

Last year 44 people were convicted for attempting to commit suicide. We make conditions so hard that men would rather die than live, then we jail them for trying to get away where our eminent financiers cannot plunder them.

POWER OF JUDGES

You think the worker gets a fair handout with regard to the law. He does not.

He is either tried by a jury or by a judge alone. If he is tried by a jury the jury consists of petty traders and property holders who have small sympathy with a wageworker. The judge has no sympathy at all. And even if the worker is tried by a jury, the jury only says whether the prisoner is guilty or not guilty.

The judge is the one who hands out the sentence. These sentences vary within the limits set by law. The judge has the say as to what the penalty will be. The judge is more savage with the workers. He hands out heavier sentences.

Thus inciting soldiers to mutiny renders the offender liable to imprisonment for life. If a Socialist, in time of labor trouble, incites the soldiers to mutiny against the orders of their officers to fire on the strikers, that Socialist can be sentenced to life imprisonment or be let off on suspended sentence. The jury simply says "guilty" or "not guilty," the judge does the rest.

A rioter is liable to two years imprisonment with hard labor. The judge says how much time a prisoner will have to do. A working class rioter will be punished harder than a capitalist rioter.

An M. P. who takes a bribe is liable to fourteen years imprisonment. Have you ever heard of an M. P. going to the pen for accepting favors from corporations? For years every member of parliament sat with a railway pass in his pocket. Such a case never came before a judge. If it had, do you think the judge would have been harsh like he is on a workman?

Go through the penalties attached to crimes and you will find that a great discretionary power lies with the judge. A few cases alone, such as murder, etc., have the fixed penalty of death.

If you resist a bailiff when he comes to seize your goods, you are liable to two years imprisonment. The judge can give you the maximum or let you go on suspended sentence.

A humane judge would do very little convicting. He would know that the criminals are but the result of a criminal system. But we have no humane judges.

Before a lawyer can become a judge he must practice ten years at his profession. Those ten years squeeze out all the milk of human kindness from his system so far as law is concerned.

As the class struggle grows more intense in Canada, as the wealth becomes concentrated in the hands of the few, and the needs of the many become less satisfied, crimes will increase and the hyena nature of the judges will be accentuated. Their displeasure will fall more and more on the working class, and the class nature of our courts will become more lurid.

The remedy can only be applied when the workers seize the political power and abolish the system which forces men and women into crime.

THE PAROLE SYSTEM

For 1912 the population of Canada's seven penitentiaries was as follows: Dorchester, N.B., 220; St. Vincent de Paul, P.Q., 442; Kingston, Ont., 494; Manitoba, 183; Saskatchewan, 58; Alberta, 167; British Columbia, 331. Total 1,895.

Besides convicts in the penitentiaries, there are convicts out on parole. These have been steadily increasing. In 1907, 157 were released on parole, that is, they must report once a month to the prison authorities in the district in which they live. In 1908 215 convicts were released on parole, in 1909, 244; 1910, 286; 1911, 334; 1912, 380. Thus the prisoners on parole are steadily increasing. According to the parole officer's report, only 2.18 per cent of those thus released during the thirteen years the system has been in operation have been returned owing to subsequent crime.

W. F. Archibald is the Parole Officer. His report for 1912 is a marvel of antedated ideas. He still believes we shut prisoners up for the same reason we spank a child. He considers crimes are the result of moral delinquencies and that you can punish morality into a person like you stir yeast into bread. He says that if we banish all punishment from the criminal code, we can expect to look for an unlimited crop of criminals for the next generation to care for.

Of course we can—as long as the present system is continued. For the present system of society is one of crime, either legalized or non legalized. Our Borden, our Strathcona, our Perley, our Rogers, our Pellatt are legalized thieves, stealing the produce of the workers. Our convicts are thieves whose operations had not been legalized. If they were not punished, then our gamblers would flourish like our stockbrokers; our bankers. The host of parasites would grow so enormous that those who still did useful work could not support them all, and the criminals would have to go to work, or starve, not only the bank burglars, but the bankers, not only the gamblers, but the stock brokers, not only the parasite poor, but also the parasite rich. So we have our savage criminal laws to prevent our non-legal criminals interfering with the operation of our legal criminals.

The whole upper crust of modern society, the paroled convict is found a job and is supervised by the officer. Hence his bread and butter becomes sure, something which was not so before he became a convict. In other words he gets a steady job by committing crime. The unemployed who do not commit crime can starve. The reason for this anomaly is that when the master class find a man who will break their laws rather than gently starve to death, they consider it wisdom on their part to give that kind of a worker a job, providing he will take one.

When is a crime not a crime? When it is committed by the capitalist system.

Red Seal Sub Cards, four for \$1.00.

THE DAY IS COMING

By John McFarlane, Dutton, Ont.

Come hither, lads, and harken, for a tale there is to tell Of the wonderful days a-coming, when all shall be better and well. There are more than one in a thousand in the days that are yet to come. Shall have some hope of the morrow, some joy of the ancient home.

For then, laugh not, but listen to this strange tale of mine—All folk that are in Canada, shall dwell in great peace of mind. Then a man shall work, and be-think, and rejoice in deeds of his hand, Nor yet come home in the even too faint and weary to stand.

Men in that time a-coming shall work and have no fear For to-morrow's lack of earning, and the hungry wolf a-near. I tell you this for a wonder, that no man then shall be glad Of 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 soweth no seed. O strange, new, wonderful justice! But for whom shall we gather the gain?

For ourselves, and for each of our fellows, and no hand shall labor in vain. Then 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 shall then be left us, when none shall gather gold To buy his friend in the market, and pinch and bind 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 homes of peace and laughter when hath ended the reign of spoil And the wise men seeking out marvels to lighten the common toil.

For all these shall be ours and all men's, nor shall any lack a share. Of the toil and the gain of living in the days when the world grows fair. Why, then, and for what are we waiting? These are the words to speak—

We will it, and what is the foe man but the dream-strong wakened and weak?

O 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? How long shall they reproach us where crowd on crowd they dwell, Poor ghosts of the wicked city, the gold-crushed, hungry hell?

Through squalid life they labored; in sordid grief they died—Those sons of a mighty mother, those sons of Britain's pride. They are gone; there is none can undo it, nor save our souls from the curse;

But many a million cometh, and shall they be better or worse?

It is we must answer and hasten, and open wide the door For the rich man's hurrying terror, and the slow-foot hope of the poor. Yea, the voiceless laugh of the wretched, and their unlearned discontent, We must give it voice and wisdom till the waiting tide be spent.

Come, then, since all things call us, the living and the dead, And o'er the weltering tangle a glimmering light is shed. Come, then, let us cast off fooling, and put by ease and rest, For the cause alone is worthy till the good days bring the best.

Come, join in the only battle wherein no man can fail, Where whoso faitheth and dieth yet his deed shall still prevail. Ah! Come, cast off all fooling; for this, at least, we know: That the Dawn and the Day is coming, and forth the banners go.

Quit Yer Kickin'

What are you kicking about? 'Cause you fetched and you carried from sun to sun, And you dug and you delved for the son of a gun. Of a boss, who now that your race has run, And you've made him in Bradstreet's No. 1. Has kicked you out, and counted it fun? Don't kick. Oh, he said he'd reward you, come woe, So he did—smell the stink of his automobile! And quit yer kickin'.

—R. Winn.

We come slowly out of the depths—oh, so slowly. Not so very long ago mankind was torturing his fellows with rack, thumb-screw and various other devices of devilish ingenuity. Have we advanced so much? We imprison, flog, hang and electrocute our fellows, and continually thrust before them the incentive to commit crime. It will continue to be thus so long as we support the system which fattens on crime and criminals. That system is the capitalist system.

A system which causes men to deliberately commit crime in order to have food and shelter for the winter should be abolished.

One may meet with law on every hand. It is nothing but law, law, law. But justice is like the African dodger in a circus—hard to locate.

Col. Sam Hughes claims the Minister of Militia is a peace minister, that the war lords of Canada like himself help maintain the peace of the world. In medieval legends it was common to hear of the devil parading as a saint. Our militarists have evidently been studying these medieval tales.

The British Columbia Federation of Labor has passed resolutions favoring the six hour day for miners with a minimum wage of \$4 per day. In Ontario they fine miners \$500 for refusing to work ten hours a day for a wage that a western miner would sneer at. In Ontario the slute henchmen tell you that Socialism is against religion and would break up the home, so as to get you to vote for the Whites to keep laws in force which make the lives of the working class a nightmare.

The straitjacket is an instrument well beloved by the more brutal keepers. I am told, for this atrocious reason: The internal organs of the body, as every student of anatomy knows, are packed as skillfully as only Nature, with its millions of years of experience, can pack them. But if the body be incased in a straitjacket and the straps, perked to the last notch, the delicate internal organs may be permanently dislocated without leaving any external evidence.

The U. S. Congress has passed the Rockefeller Foundation bill, by which \$100,000,000 of Rockefeller's fortune is incorporated into a company for the benefit of human progress. According to Lawson, \$2,000,000,000 a year is paid by the American people as interest on watered stock. Rockefeller incorporates a beggarly \$100,000,000 for charitable purposes. The Socialist proposals whereby \$5,000,000,000 a year would be added to the incomes of the wealth-producers so that no more charity would be necessary make Rockefeller's scheme look insignificant.

The Moose Jaw, Sask., Times publishes a little article from Cotton's running down the Tories and says Cotton's publishes some good things once in a while, but that it knocks, knocks, knocks. The Times wants to know why Socialists and Laborites do not support their friends the Liberals and help them enact such measures as the Lemieux Conciliation Act. Under that act two wage-workers of Porcupine, Ont., have been fined \$500 or three months in jail for advising their fellow workers to refuse to sell their labor power to the masters. The Liberals are as great enemies to the workers as are the Tories, only they are a little bit more only.

The Hon. A. P. McNab, Minister of Public Works in the Saskatchewan government, declares that the new clause in the Bank Act which allows farmers to borrow from the banks on the security of their grain and cattle will not help the farmers any but will simply give the bankers a bigger strangle hold on the farmers. The banks have been lending money, accepting the farmer's note. Now the banker will get the farmer's grain also in his power, and this new clause has been slipped in for the benefit of the banks. Even the pretended reforms granted by our capitalist politicians are such as to make the labor skinner rise up and call them blessed.

Miss S. M. Franklin, Secretary of the U. S. National Woman's Trade Union League, and Editor of Life and Labor, after a thorough investigation declares that poverty breeds prostitution and that \$12 a week is the minimum wages upon which the security of girl or woman can live in Chicago. The Toronto advanced women are demanding that the Ontario legislature pass a minimum wage bill for women and girls. Can you fancy Whitney or Rowell or the other legislators at Toronto passing a law fixing a minimum wage for women of even \$9 per week throughout Ontario? Of course the politicians will do no such thing. The profit skinner would not stand for such a law, and the profit skinner have their political hangers round the necks of Whitney and Rowell. Under Socialism, however, \$9 per week will be a small income for a woman worker. Every woman in Canada who wishes for the economic freedom of her sex should join the Socialists.

"Alcohol is filling the jails," they tell us. Well, who is at the head of the alcohol business? Who benefits from the manufacture and sale of the vile decoctions placed on the market under the guise of stimulants? The capitalist system, and their henchmen, the politicians who form our paternal government. Among the largest and most looked up to financiers in Canada stand the makers of booze. They are all rich. They are all powerful. They pay large sums of money to the government in revenues. The government needs this money to build jails, prisons, and asylums in which to confine people, who drink the product of the liquor makers; and so it goes on, with no end in sight as long as the people vote for politicians who uphold their masters in the manufacture of liquor. If alcohol is filling up our jails, why not stop the filling up of alcohol? When alcohol is made for use, and not for profit, the present makers will not put out of the business in quick order. If the profit system was not attached to the manufacture and sale of alcohol, there would soon be no manufacturers and sellers, and alcohol would have no more demand for it than there now is for hydrochloric acid.

A system which causes men to deliberately commit crime in order to have food and shelter for the winter should be abolished.

One may meet with law on every hand. It is nothing but law, law, law. But justice is like the African dodger in a circus—hard to locate.

Change Needed

Cotton's depends upon its readers for its maintenance. It relies upon the working men, both wage slaves and farmers, to give it a subscription list.

We rely upon you to renew, and to get new readers.

We pay no commission nor agency fees for subscriptions obtained. No one connected with the paper gets profit. No one connected with draws pay exceeding that of a skilled mechanic.

For this reason we are able to publish the paper at 5 cents for four weeks in clubs of four subscribers or more.

Even then, we have to have a constantly increasing subscription list or we are in danger of going under.

Our readers are asked to look to for support, not only to read the paper, but to spread its influence and to get others interested.

When our sub hunters go back on us, then there is grave danger. We have no reserve funds. We have run the paper as close to the limit as possible.

The statement appended shows a decrease over half a thousand a year ago our comrades tried and true were twice as active as now. Not only for one week, but for three weeks.

For the week of Feb. 1st, 1912, the new subs sent in were 1256, Feb. 8th they were 1804, Feb. 15th they were 2225.

The subs put on last week were for forty weeks. This means that our comrades of the Fighting Line, whose activities are more necessary to the success of the paper than the editor's, for they furnish the funds of war while he only furnishes the words, are heading the subscription list for below the 20,000 mark.

It is no excuse for letting the circulation go down. In the light of your past activity, your present support is away below the necessary level. Grades of the Social Revolution should give their fighting organ.

When I do this, Gus stunt in this column, you come through with the subs. But, comrades, are you children that I have to trouble with enough fear of what will happen to Cotton's?

For the sake of your pride in the cause to which you have given your heart and your energy, make that subscription list different. Sir Henry M. Fellatt of Toronto, is building a \$30,000 stable for his horses. Let our revolutionaries stable their horses in palaces and live you in shacks, laugh and sneer at the workers and their revolutionary protest?

CIRCULATION STATEMENT.

Week of January 30th, 1913.

	On.	Off.	Total
Ontario	383	121	10390
British Columbia	157	40	4608
Saskatchewan	109	22	628
Alberta	150	39	3482
Manitoba	38	23	1504
Nova Scotia	86	17	177
Province Quebec	31	21	1368
Foreign	28	2	419
New Brunswick	21	4	311
Yukon Territory	0	0	311
Newfoundland	1	0	273
Pacific Islands	1	0	44
Loss for week—566.	1,004	498	28225
Total issue last week—31,600.			

RED SEAL SUB CARDS, FOUR FOR \$1.00.

FARM FOR SALE

Good farm for sale, cheaper than dirt. Located in Saskatchewan. Must make small cash payment. Apply to L. J. Nesbitt, agent, Bandette, Minn., U.S.A.

SOCIALIST DIRECTORY

DOMINION Executive Committee, Socialist Democratic Party of Canada, meets every first and third Monday at 61 King St. East, H. Martin, secretary, 61 Weber Street East, Berlin, Ont.—225

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C., Local No. 4, S.D.P. of C. Meets first and third Sunday, 1 p.m., at Com. Goodmurphy's South Westminster, P. O. Box 558, E. A. Brown, Sec'y, 401 Royal Ave.—220

NANAIMO Local No. 11, S.D.P. of C., English. Business meeting held on Sunday at 2 o'clock, above Hotel & Hopkins, Printers, Wharf St. Propaganda meetings all time in open air, R. Temple, Sec. Rec. Sec. Box 666, Nanaimo, B.C.—234

BRITISH Columbia Executive S.D.P. of C. meets in Nanaimo, (Wharf Street) above Beattie & Hopkins. Regular meeting first Sunday of each month at 2 p.m. for propaganda and business. O. L. Charlton, Sec., City Market, Main St., Vancouver, B.C.—215

LOCAL VANCOUVER No. 12, S.D.P. of C. meets Sunday evenings in Labor Hall, cor. Homer & Dunsmuir Sts. at 8 p.m. for propaganda and business. O. L. Charlton, Sec., City Market, Main St., Vancouver, B.C.—215

VICTORIA Local No. 5, S.D.P. of C., Victoria, B.C., meets every Sunday at each month in the Political Equality Equality League Room, 647 Fort Street. John L. Martin, Sec., 255 Selbourne St., Victoria, B.C.—212

BERLIN Local No. 6, S.D.P. of C., meets every second and fourth Wednesday, 61 King Street East, Chas. Nicholson, Sec., 15 Benton St., Berlin, Ont.—233

BROCKVILLE, Ont., Local No. 18, S.D.P. of C. Business meetings 1st and 3rd Fridays at 8 p.m. Propaganda meetings every Sunday at 2 p.m. Propaganda meetings every Sunday at 2 p.m. A.O.U.W. Hall, 16 King St. East. H. Hase, Sec. 168 Pearl St. East.—288

LOCAL OTTAWA No. 8, Socialist Party of Canada meets first Sunday evening at 8 p.m. first Sunday in the morning at 11 p.m. Bank St., over Empire Theatre. All comrades calling at Ottawa are requested to phone 1965 Rideau.—27-28

PORT ARTHUR Local meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in the Labor Temple, Bay St. Workers unite in your own Political Party the S. D. P. of C. Rupert Lochte, Sec.—225

SOUTH PORCUPINE Local No. 8, S.D.P. of C. Local business meetings every Sunday at 8 p.m. in Miners Union Hall, South Porcupine. J. A. Walker, Sec. Box 521.—222

TORONTO Local No. 1, S.D.P. Business meeting held first and third Tuesday each month, Labor Temple, 169 Church St., 8 p.m. Second floor. Propaganda meetings every Sunday 3 p.m. Socialist Sunday school every Sunday afternoon 2 p.m. Finnish Hall, 214 Adelaide St. West. P. C. Young, Sec. 734 Page Ave.—231

WOODSTOCK Local No. 11, S.D.P. of C. meets 1st and 3rd Sunday mornings at 10 o'clock. Every evening for business. George Hamble, Sec., Woodstock, Ont.—238

FIERI FACIAS DE BONIS ET D. TERRIS.

Superior Court—District of Bedford, Province of Quebec, District of Bedford, No. 899.

ERNEST J. LEE, Plaintiff, against the goods and lands of DAME MELLIE YATES Et Vir, in their quality of joint-tutors to Ernest John Snyder, minor child of the late John W. Snyder, Defendants. "as qualified"

That certain piece of land forming part of lot number four (4), of the sixth range of the primitive survey of Bedford, and now known as the official plan and in the book of reference of said township of Dunham, as cadastre lot number five hundred and fifty-five (555), bounded on the west by a pond, (Selly Lake, so called), containing fifty two acres and five tenths, more or less—with all improvements thereon.

To be sold at the church door of the parish of Sainte Croix, in the village of Dunham, in the district of Bedford, on next, 1913, at the hour of TEN of the clock in the forenoon.

CHAS. S. COTTON, Sheriff's Office, Sweetsburg, 7th January, 1913.