

THE WAGE-EARNING WOMAN

By Mary E. Garbutt.

I want to ask the wage-earning woman this pertinent question: If you are not a Socialist why not? Perhaps you do not know what Socialism is. You do know this, however, and it should lead you to question and to find out what is wrong.

Daily you go to your work, rain or shine, whether it be in the factory, the office, the store, the laundry. You render your best service. You do this six days in the week, week in and week out. What do you get in return for this body racking and nerve exhausting service? You get a mere pittance for a wage, insufficient for the bare necessities of life, to say nothing of its comforts.

Dr. Scott Nearing of the University of Pennsylvania in his book "Wages in the United States," tells us that one-fifth of the women workers get less than two hundred dollars a year, or less than four dollars a week; two-thirds of the women wage-earners get less than three hundred dollars a year, which is about six dollars per week. Practically one-half of the working women of this country are young women under twenty-five years of age. Fifty-nine per cent of these young women are between the ages of sixteen and twenty, frequently with others dependent upon their earnings.

You know perfectly well, for you have tried it, the strain upon a working woman to try and make both ends meet upon such paltry wages. Numerous cases end in awful tragedy. First, she must get lodgings the very cheapest, usually some little back hall bedroom where she gets bad smelling odors and where the bright sunshine never penetrates. The room is not only a place to sleep in, but it becomes a kitchen where she prepares her scanty meal, a laundry where she does her week's washing and ironing, a sewing room, in fact a place where the various duties of her life are performed. You know how sorely she is tempted to accept a bit of brightness that comes to her through dangerous channels. You know the utter weariness and hopelessness of her life, little or no recreation, no opportunities to enrich and beautify life or to appropriate any of its joys.

Socialism has an entirely different view of the worth of the working class. It says that the workers make everything that contributes to the needs and comforts of human life, therefore they are entitled to the things. There is enough produced in this land of plenty, if we abolish profits and waste and organize society into a class of workers, for every single worker to have all his necessary wants satisfied and sufficient to surround him with comforts and give him opportunities to enjoy art and music and travel or whatever his tastes demand for his development.

The very fact that Socialism is the demand of the working class for its own, what it has a full right to, ought to lead every working woman, whose condition is doubly unfortunate in the working world to listen to its message of freedom and of hope. It includes women in its program of emancipation. There is no other way out of your bondage.

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Capitalism is the boss constrictor which has the worker in its coils.

ECZEMA



AWFUL AWFUL ITCH

FREE TRIAL of my Mild, Soothing Guaranteed Treatment SENT ON REQUEST

If you have Eczema, also called Itch, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk Crust, Weeping Skin, etc., and will write me today, I will send you a free trial of my Wonderful Treatment that will stop itching and should cure to stay. Besides this I will send you, free and post-paid, the most perfect book that was ever printed on Eczema, (16 pages). ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY and when I say cured, I mean just what I say, CURED, and not merely patched up for a while, to return worse than before. Remember, I make this broad statement after putting twelve years of my life on this one disease and handling in the meantime nearly a half million cases of this dreadful disease. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will send for a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing treatment you will be more convinced in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time, tell you what my treatment will do for you. If you are disgusted and discouraged I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims.

Thousands of patients all over the country, will gladly testify that I have cured them of Eczema, and I believe I can do the same for you. If you will give me a chance, by writing me today you will enjoy more real comfort than you ever thought this world holds for you. Why not send for free trial treatment now?

DR. J. E. CANNADAY, Eczema Specialist
421 Court Street, Sedalia, Missouri.
Reference: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Missouri.

Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

The soldier is not a bad fellow. He is human like the rest of us. He has worse conditions than many wage slaves. His trade is to butcher strikers and other workmen. He does not like his job. The masters know this, and so they do not allow the soldiers the benefit of civil law. He is tried, not by the civil courts, but by military tribunals. If an ordinary wage slave commits murder he is tried by a jury of men, and he is hung. If a soldier does NOT commit murder when told to do so, he is tried by his boss butchers AND SHOT. The soldier should have our sympathy. Once in the army he cannot get out. If he quits his job, he is arrested and put into a military prison. In Europe the workers in the shops extend the fraternal hand to the wage slave who has been hired to tote a gun. In Canada, among the soldiers, there are many who will be glad to see the day come when Socialism shall triumph. In Canada as well as in Germany, France, England and America, there is much education to be carried on among our soldiers. They must be shown how they are wage slaves like their comrades in civil life with like interests in the abolition of the capitalist class.

ATTACKS INEFFECTIVE

The Catholic church has for many years been conducting an anti-Socialist campaign. Since the Appeal to Reason has spread Socialism throughout Kansas and captured many Kansas political offices the Catholic clergy have become more active and virulent.

Socialism is a political movement for the freedom of the working class. It does not engage in religious matters. It busies itself with educating the working class along political lines. Yet the Catholic church attacks Socialism.

When the Catholic church attacks Socialism, its attacks do not hurt Socialism. The attacks hurt the Catholic church. For when any church forsakes its religious mission to oppose a movement like Socialism which has aroused the hopes and aspirations of millions of people for a better life upon this earth, it cannot help but suffer. Neither Socialism nor religion is hurt by the attacks of the Catholic church. Both remain as strong as ever. But the Catholic church is bound to be hurt, cannot help but suffer severely, when it leaves its true sphere. When it forsakes its mission of being a medium through which may flow religious feelings to its adherents and goes in for political brawlings, its adherents, to put themselves in touch with things religious, are forced to go elsewhere. The attacks of the Catholic clergy upon Socialism do not worry me. I only pity the attackers.

We Socialists do not attack religion. If any of us do, then we are forsaking our political mission AND ONLY HURTING OURSELVES. We Socialists who act upon the political field, enter the lists against religion as Socialists, the same thing happens to us as happens to the Catholic church. We neither hurt religion nor Socialism. Only we force people who want to spread Socialism to seek other channels for their activity. Our little organization grows weak, but the great struggle towards the co-operative commonwealth forces its resistless way into the future, leaving our particular body circling slowly in some stagnant backwash. In my opinion no church, no matter how hard it might try, can prevent the growth of Socialism, and no Socialist body, even if it should try, can hurt the growth of the religious spirit in man.

CONSCRIPTION—A TRAP FOR WORKERS

It is difficult to regard any agitation of the moment in its proper perspective; but we shall probably not widely err if we take the actual movement towards conscription as belonging to a clearly marked political tendency, of which the purpose is the restoration to the aristocracy through militarism of much of the powers of which the history of the nineteenth century gradually deprived it. A hundred years ago the aristocracy ruled the country with but little let or hindrance from the classes beneath them. Large towns had no representation in parliament, and the working classes in town and country had no political existence. The course of history altered these conditions till the government of the country approximated in form to a democracy, which still threatens increasingly the remaining privileges of birth and wealth.

But these privileges, well-nigh lost on the political side, may to some extent be recovered by covertly introducing such military changes into our constitution as may again subject the poorer classes of the country to the domination of those classes which alone have leisure to devote to military organization.

Conscription is the object by which this is to be accomplished. That it is really needed to protect us from invasion, or to improve our morals, or our wealth, or our industries is the greatest imposture with which it has ever been attempted to delude us. In short, the principle of aristocracy has everything to gain, the principle of democracy everything to lose, by the militarization of the country; and more especially by the military capture of our schools.

Nothing more need be feared from Labor, nothing more need be hoped for by Labor, if only the laborer can be made a conscript by compulsory military training.

This is the trap that is really laid for us beneath all the fine phrases with which the conscriptionists regale us, and into this trap only too many appear as willing to walk, as the fly of the fable into the spider's parlor.—Australian Socialist.

"Every little movement has a meaning of its own." The Socialist movement is a big movement, and also has a meaning of its own, fraught with importance to the working class.

How Helen Keller Became a Socialist

By Helen Keller, Deaf Mute, Whose Intellectual Development Against Her Infirmities Has Won the Sympathy of the World.

For several months my name and Socialism have appeared often together in the newspapers. A friend tells me that I have shared the front pages with baseball, Mr. Roosevelt, and the New York police scandal. The association does not make me altogether happy, but, on the whole, I am glad that many people are interested in me and in the educational achievements of my teacher, Mrs. Macy. Even notoriety may be turned to beneficial uses, and I rejoice in the disposition of the newspapers to record my activities results in bringing more often into their columns the word Socialism. In the future I hope to write about Socialism, and to justify in some measure the great amount of publicity which has been accorded to me and my opinions. So far I have written little and said little about the subject. I have written a few letters, notably one to Comrade Fred Warren which was printed in the Appeal to Reason. I have talked to some reporters, one of whom, Mr. Ireland, of the New York World, made a very flattering report and gave fully and fairly what I said. I have never met Mayor Lunn. I have never had a letter from him, but he has sent kind messages to me through Mr. Macy. Owing to Mrs. Macy's illness, whatever plans I had to join the workers in Schenectady have been abandoned.

On such negative and relatively insignificant matter have been written many editorials in the capitalist press and in the Socialist press. The clippings fill a drawer. I have not read a quarter of them, and I doubt if I shall ever read them all. If on such a small quantity of fact so much comment has followed, what will the newspapers do if I ever set to work in earnest to write and talk in behalf of Socialism? For the present I should like to make a statement of my position and correct some false reports and answer some criticisms which seem to me unjust.

First—How did I become a Socialist? By reading. The first book I read was Wells' "New Worlds for Old." I read it on Mrs. Macy's recommendation. She was attracted by its imaginative quality, and hoped that its electric style might stimulate and interest me. When she gave me the book, she was not a Socialist and she is not a Socialist now. Perhaps she will be one before Mr. Macy and I are done arguing with her.

Mr. Wells led to others. I asked for more books on the subject, and Mr. Macy selected some from his library of Socialist literature. He did not urge them on me. He merely complied with my request for more. I do not find him inclined to instruct me about Socialism; indeed, I have often complained to him that he did not talk to me about it as much as I should like.

My reading has been limited, and slow. I take German bimonthly Socialist periodicals printed in braille for the blind. (Our German Comrades are ahead of us in many respects). I have also in German braille Kautsky's discussion of the Erfurt Program. The other Socialist literature that I have read has been spelled into my hand by a friend who comes three times a week to read to me whatever I choose to have read. The periodical which I have most often requested her lively fingers to communicate to my eager ones is the National Socialist. She gives the titles of the articles and I tell her when to read on and when to omit. I have also had her read to me from the International Socialist Review articles the titles of which sounded promising. Manual spelling takes time. It is no easy and rapid thing to absorb through one's fingers a book of 50,000 words on economics. But it is a pleasure, and one which I shall enjoy repeatedly until I have made myself acquainted with all the classic Socialist authors.

In the light of the foregoing I wish to comment on a piece about me which was printed in the Common Cause and reprinted in the Life Line, two anti-Socialist publications. Here is a quotation from that piece: "For twenty-five years Miss Keller's teacher and constant companion has been Mrs. John Macy, formerly of Wrentham, Mass. Both Mr. and Mrs. Macy are enthusiastic Marxist propagandists, and it is scarcely surprising that Miss Keller, depending upon this lifelong friend for her most intimate knowledge of life, should have imbibed such opinions."

Mr. Macy may be an enthusiastic Marxist propagandist, though I am sorry to say he has not shown much enthusiasm in propagating his Marxism through my fingers. Mrs. Macy is not a Marxist, not a Socialist. Therefore what the Common Cause says about her is not true. The editor must have invented that, made it out of whole cloth, and if that is the way his mind works, it is no wonder that he is opposed to Socialism. He has not sufficient sense of fact to be a Socialist or anything else intellectually worth while.

Consider another quotation from the same article. The headline reads: "Schenectady Reds are Advertising: Using Helen Keller, the Blind Girl, to Receive Publicity."

"It would be difficult to imagine anything more pathetic than the present exploitation of poor Helen Keller by the Socialists of Schenectady. For weeks the party's press agents have heralded the fact that she is a Socialist, and is about to become a member of Schenectady's new Board of Public Welfare."

There is a chance for satirical comment on the phrase, "the exploitation of poor Helen Keller." But I will refrain, simply saying that I do not like the hypocritical sympathy of

such a paper as the Common Cause, but I am glad if it knows what the word "exploitation" means.

Let us come to the facts. When Mayor Lunn heard that I might go to Schenectady he proposed to the Board of Public Welfare that a place be kept on it for me. Nothing was printed about this in the Citizen, Mayor Lunn's paper. Indeed, it was the intention of the board to say nothing about the matter until after I had moved to Schenectady. But the reporters of the capitalist press got wind of the plan, and one day, during Mayor Lunn's absence from Schenectady, the Knickerbocker Press of Albany made the announcement. It was telegraphed all over the country, and then began the real newspaper exploitation. By the Socialist press I was hailed as a Socialist. The Socialist papers printed the news, and some of them wrote editorials of welcome. But the Citizen, Mayor Lunn's paper preserved silence and did not mention my name during all the weeks when the reporters were telephoning and telegraphing and asking for interviews. It was the capitalist press that did the exploiting. Why? Because ordinary newspapers care anything about Socialism? No, of course not; they hate it. But because I, alas, am a subject for newspaper gossip. We get so tired of denying that I was in Schenectady that I began to dislike the reporter who first published the "news."

The Socialist papers, it is true, did make a good deal of me after the capitalist papers had "heralded the fact that I am a Socialist." But all the reporters who came to see me were from ordinary commercial newspapers. No Socialist paper, neither the Call nor the National Socialist, ever asked me for an article. The editor of the Citizen hinted to Mr. Macy that he would like one, but he was too fine and considerate to ask for it on my behalf.

The New York Times did ask me for one. The editor of the Times wrote assuring me that his paper was a valuable medium for reaching the public, and he wanted an article from me. He also telegraphed asking me to send him an account of my plans and to outline my ideas of my duties as member of the Board of Public Welfare of Schenectady. I am glad to say I did not comply with his request, for some days later the Times made me a social outcast because of the range of its righteous sympathies. On September 21 there appeared an editorial called "The Contemptible Red Flag." I quote two passages from it: "The flag is free. But it is none the less detestable. It is the symbol of lawlessness and anarchy the world over, and as such is held in contempt by all right-minded persons."

"The bearer of a red flag may not be molested by the police until he commits some act which the red flag justifies. He deserves, however, always to be regarded with suspicion. By carrying the symbol of lawlessness he forfeits all right to respect and sympathy."

I am no worshipper of cloth of any color, but I love the red flag and what it symbolizes to me and other Socialists. I have a red flag hanging in my study, and if I could I should gladly march with it past the office of the Times, and let all the reporters and photographers make the most of the spectacle. According to the inclusive condemnation of the Times I have forfeited all right to respect and sympathy, and I am to be regarded with suspicion. Yet the editor of the Times wants me to write him an article! How can he trust me to write it for him if I am a suspicious character? I hope you will enjoy as much as I do the bad ethics, bad logic, bad manners that a capitalist editor falls into when he tries to condemn the movement which is aimed at his plutocratic interests. We are not even entitled to sympathy, yet some of us can write articles that will help his paper to make money! Probably our opinions have the same sort of value to him that he would find in the confession of a famous murderer. We are not nice, but we are interesting.

I like newspaper men. I have known many, and two or three editors have been among my most intimate friends. Moreover, the newspapers have been of great assistance in the work which we have been trying to do for the blind. It costs them nothing to give their aid to work for the blind and to other superficial charities. But Socialism—ah, that is a different matter! That goes to the root of all poverty and all charity. The money power behind the newspapers is against Socialism, and the editors, obedient to the hand that feeds them, will go to any length to put down Socialism and undermine the influence of Socialists.

When my letter to Comrade Fred Warren was published in the Appeal to Reason, a friend of mine who writes a special department for the Boston Transcript made an article about it and the editor in chief cut it out. The Brooklyn Eagle says, apropos of me and Socialism that Helen Keller's "mistakes spring out of the manifest limitations of her development." Some years ago I met a gentleman who was introduced to me as Mr. McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn Eagle. It was after a meeting that we had in New York in behalf of the blind. At that time the complaints he paid me were so generous that I blurted out to him, "But now that I have come out for Socialism he reminds me and the public that I am blind and deaf and especially liable to error. I must have shrunk in intelligence during the years since I met him. Surely it is his turn to blush. It may be that deafness and blindness incline one toward Socialism. Marx was probably stone deaf and William Morris was blind. Morris painted his pictures by the sense of touch and designed wall paper by the sense of smell."

Oh, ridiculous Brooklyn Eagle! What an ungallant bird it is! Socially blind and deaf, it defends an intolerable system—a system that is the cause of much of the physical blindness and deafness which we are trying to prevent. The Eagle is willing to help us prevent misery, provided, always provided, that we do not attack the industrial tyranny which supports it and stops its ears and clouds its vision. The Eagle and I are at war. I hate the system which it represents, apologizes for, and upholds. When it fights back, let it fight fair. Let it attack my ideas and oppose the aims and arguments of Socialism. It is not fair fighting or good argument to remind me and others that I cannot see or hear.

I can read all the Socialist books I have time for in English, German and French. If the editor of the Brooklyn Eagle should read some of them he might be a wiser man and make a better newspaper. If I ever contribute to the Socialist movement—the book that I sometimes dream of, I know what I shall name it: "Industrial Blindness and Social Deafness."—New York Call.

WORLD NOTES

The Socialists in Switzerland have just captured five more seats from the old parties. It happened at Schaffhausen.

Engineer Knox, of Newcastle, England, who was reduced in rank because of a charge that he was drunk while on duty, has been reinstated on his old locomotive. This was due to a strike of thousands of employees of the North-eastern Railway.

This is a sad day for kingship and all such nonsense. The capitalist papers have been telling with tears of joy and genuine hearts how the Montenegrois loved their aged Sovereign like good subjects should. But the war has not been going very favorably, and now the Montenegrois are thinking of dethroning their sovereign and declaring themselves a republic.

Lloyd-George has offered the doctors \$1.00 per insured pension under the British Insurance Act, and the doctors are standing out for \$2.00 per insured person per year. As fifteen millions of people are to be insured the difference amounts to \$2,000,000 per year. Lloyd-George is threatening to establish a state medical service, thus practically creating a state socialism of public health.

The British have announced that it refuses the demand of the Social Democrats for an alteration of the constitution on the subject of suffrage because it was accomplished by a threat of a general strike. How touchy some of these poor governments are! No one takes any notice in the reason, however. It is the unequal suffrage to continue because it keeps the hand of the master class on the throats of the people. But it is labor's next move.

Viscount Hardinge, Viceroy of India was very nearly assassinated as he was leaving the Indian Imperial Bank, Delhi. An Indian threw a bomb from a house top as the Viceroy was entering the city gate. The bomb killed the attendant instantly and severely wounded the Viceroy. The would-be assassin escaped capture. India is held by British capitalists and is being starved. Seventy millions of Indians are continually in a state of partial starvation. The British have trampled on India for the sake of profits and reaps assassinations of her officials chosen to keep the peace in power.

European papers are declaring that the war correspondent's art is gone. Formerly special correspondents from the front newspapers would follow a war and send home vivid pictures of the fighting and the conditions surrounding the troops. This has all changed since the Russo-Japanese war. In that war the correspondents were herded in the rear, and were allowed to transmit only the news given them by the war officials. In the present Balkan war the correspondents are kept fifty miles in the rear of the battle lines. The documents at war do not want vivid pictures of the fighting to be sent broadcast among the civilized peoples. The common people against war, and real war correspondents make the people indignant at the atrocities committed. In the future the press will be kept away from the scenes as much as possible. The official bulletins will be kept secret.

A labo has been put on Socialist and anti-progressive speeches in the fourth Russian Duma, which has been dubbed "black" when the National Council of the Russian Republic was elected. The Duma is entirely "black," as even semi-progressive, the Octoberists, have only 100 members in the present Duma. It is composed of clericalism, business men and nationalists who have been very active in the various groups of the Black Hundred, which so ably assisted the Czar's government in its fight on the Socialists and progressives. The reactionary action in the Duma was taken following Premier Kokovtzev's denial of the demand of the revolutionary methods under which the recent elections were held.

A grain train was wrecked by a broken axle on one of our trunk lines a short time ago. Twenty-two box cars were smashed into kindling wood, and piled promiscuously all over the station yards where the accident occurred. Twisted iron rods and broken timbers and grain were piled to a height of ten or twenty feet over the switches and main line of the railway. The auxiliary was soon on hand with the wrecking crew and the work of clearing the main line was hurriedly begun. Of the crew of the wrecked train only two were missing, and their comrades were busily overhauling the grain at the point where they believed them to be buried. Along came the huge crane of the auxiliary, diving into the wreckage and swinging tons of iron and wood to one side. "Clear out of the way," shouted the man on the platform of the crane as he swung the huge arm in the direction of the men engaged in digging for their "mate." "But our 'brakeys' are under here," cried the men, as the crane swung round. "Never mind the 'brakeys,' this line has to be cleared," shouted the operator, and the crane pounced upon two trucks of a car sticking up through the grain, and with a rending, sickening sound tore them loose and tossed them to one side. In a few minutes the panting passenger trains that had been held up by the wreck, passed on their way their wheels stained with the blood of Labor. And the division superintendent gave a sigh of relief. The line was clear.

It will indeed be a glorious sunrise that heralds the day of freedom of the slave from the chains which have bound him for ages. Many a fervent "Thank God" will be uttered on that morn.

Fur-lined coats for the plute, overalls for the worker.

NOT BREAKING NEW GROUND

Owing to the rush of the Christmas season and the two holidays, the circulation statement has not been able to be made up. Many comrades are availing themselves of the four-year subscription offer for one dollar. There is, however, a regrettable lack of new subs. The comrades are not breaking new ground as they should.

There are places where the comrades are going ahead, as in Kingston, yet the list remains steady, or falls off. We could make Cotton's a real, exciting, and raising excitement and bluster. We prefer, however, to give you a more solid paper. Yet with the solid paper, there is a tendency to become the sub hustlers to remain quiet, to read and not assert themselves. This does not refer to the good comrades who are always backed Cotton's and who now the ones who are maintaining circulation. This refers to those comrades who can be excited by exposure of capitalist rottenness.

But muckraking gets us hardly anywhere. It is the solid, educational, and organization work which tells.

Many of our readers have ample opportunity to get a new idea. Why will you not get them? I think it is because you do not feel your own responsibility, your own power, your own worth. You have been looking down upon your masters, you have got their viewpoint, and you look down upon yourself. Now I want you to look up to yourself, to admire yourself, to feel that you are worth while, just as much worth while, yet more so, than the world's Lord Strathcona or Laurier or Borden. You are a useful producer. They are parasites.

You get the spirit, the brotherhood spirit, the idea that you, an equal comrade of the revolution, are needed in the fight, then you will become active.

Get over the viewpoint you get from your master, your employer. YOU ARE OP MORE IMPORTANT THAN HE IS. Although of more importance, you are shut up, tied down to your job, while in how solid importance, how far wider liberty. I wish you would help yourself to your freedom. Awaken your fellow workers to Socialism, to their own worth, to their own unity. Get them to read Cotton's Weekly.

The freedom of the workers of Canada lags because you underestimate your own power and worth and importance as a means of spreading the light of Socialism.

I want YOU, to send me a list of subscriptions as big as you can as soon as you can. I want you to know you have awakened to your own powers. If you think little of yourself, your fellow workers will also think little of you.

By sending in a list of subs and the way you write your letter in sending them in, I know how far you have realized yourself.

Let me hear from you soon, as an active worker. I want to hear from YOU, THE WORKERS, NEED YOUR REPORTS in hustling subs for Cotton's.

Shall I hear from you?

MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS

PUBLIC NOTICE.
Public notice is hereby given to the shareholders of Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Company, Incorporated, a body politic, created according to the laws of the Province of Quebec, having its head office and chief place of business in the City of Montreal, District of Bedford, that the annual general meeting of the shareholders of the said body politic will be held at Cowansville, at the Hotel Windsor, on Monday, the third day of February, 1913, at one o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of electing directors, to wit: To receive and consider the annual statement of the business transactions of the company; to elect the directors for the coming year, to transact all other the various business which may arise and which are within the powers of the general annual meeting to deal with.

WILLIAM ULRIC COTTON,
Cowansville, December 28th, 1912.
President.

Subscribers who send in a single 55 cents will please take notice that they receive a six months subscription only. The single yearly sub rate is 50 cents.

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SOCIALIST DIRECTORY

DOMINION Executive Committee, Socialist Democratic Party of Canada, meets every first and third Monday at 8 King St. East, H. Martin, secretary, 4 Weber Street East, Berlin, Ont. 25
NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C., Local No. 4, S.D.P. of C. Meets first and third Sunday at 8 p.m. at the Commercial Hotel, South Westminster, P. O. Box 553, E. A. Brown, Sec., 401 Royal Ave. 22
NANAIMO Local No. 11, S.D.P. of C. English. Business meeting held on Sunday afternoons, 3 o'clock, above Beattie & Hopkins, 215 Commercial St. Propaganda meetings all time in open air. A. Jordan, Sec. Box 418, Nanaimo, B.C. 23

BRITISH Columbia Executive S.D.P. of C. meets in Nanaimo. (Wharf Street) above Beattie & Hopkins, 215 Commercial St. Propaganda meetings all time in open air. A. Jordan, Sec. Box 418, Nanaimo, B.C. 23

LOCAL VANCOUVER No. 12, S.D.P. of C. meets Sunday evenings at 8 o'clock in the Labor Temple, 1250 Commercial St. Propaganda meetings all time in open air. A. Jordan, Sec. Box 418, Nanaimo, B.C. 23

VICTORIA Local No. 9, S.D.P. of C. meets in each month in the Political Equality League Room, 617 Fort Street. John L. Martin, Sec., 515 Shelburne St., Victoria, B.C. 21

BERLIN Local, No. 4, S.D.P. of C. meets every second and fourth Wednesday, 8 King Street East. Chas. Atkinson, Sec., 15 Benton St., Berlin, Ont. 20

BROCKVILLE, Ont., Local No. 18, S.D.P. of C. Business meetings 1st and 3rd Fridays at 8 p.m. Propaganda meetings every Wednesday at 8 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Sunday at 2 p.m. A.O.U.W. Hall, 16 King St. East. G. Hase, Sec. 168 Pearl St. East. 24

FORT ARTHUR Local meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in the Labor Temple, 1250 Commercial St. Propaganda meetings all time in open air. F. O. C. Rupert Lockhead, Sec. 21

SOUTH PORCUPINE Local No. 2, S.D.P. of C. holds business and propaganda meetings every Sunday at 3 p.m. in "Miners' Union Hall," South Porcupine. J. A. Walker, Sec. Box 21. 22

TORONTO Local No. 1, S.D.P. of C. Business meeting held first and third Sunday each month. Labor Temple, 1250 Commercial St., 3 p.m. Second floor. Propaganda meeting every Sunday at 3 p.m. in "Miners' Union Hall," South Porcupine. J. A. Walker, Sec. Box 21. 22

WOODSTOCK Local No. 2, S.D.P. of C. meets at 20 Finkle St. General business meetings Sunday mornings at 10 o'clock. Open every evening for business. George Hampe, Sec., Woodstock, Ont. 20

COTTON'S WEEKLY is published by the International Socialist Publishing Company, 421 Court Street, Sedalia, Missouri. Editor and Publisher: H. A. Webb, General Manager and Secretary-Treasurer.