

A PLUTE PROMISE

At the time of the Queen's Jubilee in England, the plutes of that country worked a beautiful skin game on the soldiers of the queen.

It is a well known fact that desertions in the army are and have been of daily occurrence. Some of the deserters manage to get out of the country and get jobs elsewhere. The majority of them, however, are forced to remain, and as they can get no work, eventually drift into some branch of the service other than the one they deserted from.

The frame up of the masters at the jubilee was as follows: An edict was issued and broadcast throughout the British Empire that any soldier who had previously deserted and was at present in the service, would be granted a FREE pardon provided he surrendered to the authorities. Thousands bit at this bait and surrendered, as they wished to have a clean sheet and not be harassed as deserters. In India alone hundreds upon hundreds enlisted in the Indian force gave themselves up secure (?) in the knowledge that they would get a "free" pardon.

Here is how it worked out:

They got their free pardon all right. But there is always a but—they were gently informed that their term of enlistment began from the date of their surrender!

Thus, if a soldier had six years to serve at his desertion and four years to serve in the regiment he at present belonged to, he would have a term of ten years to serve, his previous service counting as nothing.

Perhaps there was not an unholiest stink kicked up in the ranks of the deserters! But what use? The under dog is always the under dog in the army as elsewhere. Still, such tricks as the above have helped enormously to foster the spirit of rebellion which at present permeates the ranks of all the armies of the world, which same spirit is making the crowned heads lie uneasy, and which will finally do away with crowned heads altogether.

RUSSIA

Russia is having a sweet time with the revolution.

In Russia the triumph of the parliamentary institutions is long overdue. A few years ago the Czar grudgingly established the Duma. The power of this body was sorely limited. And since it has been established, its power has been more restricted than ever.

The Socialist deputies of the first duma were tried for treason and exiled to Siberia. In the present Duma a Socialist who declared his group wanted a republican form of government was suspended.

The government has declared that the Duma has no right to initiate legislation. It can only discuss legislation submitted to it by the Premier.

The Duma got tired of this kind of tommyrot and threw out the budget. The members refused to pass the supplies the government needed to carry on the public departments.

This kind of a battle was fought out in England two hundred and fifty years ago. A king lost his head for being pigheaded over the matter.

To support the parliament several hundred thousand workers have gone on strike.

What will the government do? Call out the Cossacks and killing striking workers and dissolving the Duma will not make matters better. The modern state needs money. It can only get that money by taxing the employing class. The employing class can only make money out of their robbed slaves by having a parliament which will make laws giving the capitalists favorable conditions to run factories, railways, operate coal mines, banks and the other means of exploitation.

If the government opposes capitalist development, surplus revenues from peasant labor will remain small and the ruling class will be weak compared with the ruling class of other nations where the exploitations is more scientific and intense.

Autorocracy is doomed in Russia.

1,013 Soldiers Support Charges

When the Socialists of Germany make charges against the kaiser and the government of Germany they have evidence to support those charges.

In support of her terrible excommunication of the German army, for which she was arrested, Rosa Luxemburg has the testimony of 1,013 witnesses. They are ready to tell of recruits driven to suicide by brutalities of "non-coms" of phlegms ruined for life by the kickings and cuffings and shavings of sergeants and corporals of humiliations which burned as deeply into the souls of soldiers as the welts of riding whips cut into their bodies.

It is felt that as a result of this formidable defence the case against Rosa Luxemburg will be dropped.

After four days of proceedings before the civil court, the state suddenly came forward with a motion for adjournment.

The public prosecutor declared that the mass of alleged evidence submitted by Rosa Luxemburg was so overwhelming that the war office had not been able in so short a time to prepare its own versions of the various cases.

Rosa Luxemburg bitterly opposed adjournment. She had been indicted, placed in the dock, and was ready for trial. Defiantly she accused the war office of humiliating defeat in case it dared to press its charge. The court, nevertheless, granted the adjournment, and the case came abruptly to an end—never again, in the opinion of unprejudiced observers, to be revived. Even non-Socialist commentators exclaim that Rosa Luxemburg has scored an unprecedented triumph, destined the next time voters are counted, to sweep still more Social-Democrats into the Reichstag.

Corrected Ontario Vote

The following is the corrected Socialist vote in the Ontario elections held June 25th:

Brookville	64
Cochrane	519
Niagara Falls	606
Perth North	351
Perth South	838
St. Catharines	929
Toronto, Riverdale	164
Toronto, N.W.	532
Toronto, S.E.	249
Toronto, S.W.	419
Victoria West	104
Waterloo North	595
Waterloo South	762
Wellington South	283

Total 6,326

The election result on December 5th, 1911, gave the Socialist vote as 3,304. The Ontario Socialist vote has therefore almost doubled in less than three years.

Doings in Hamilton

Dear Comrades:—In the absence of the secretary who is somewhere in the jungles looking for a kind benevolent master, I was deputed to write you a little article, which we will call an awakening in Hamilton. Two comrades, members of the S.P. of C. arrived in town a week ago, and on making inquiries if any public speaking was carried on by the rep in the negative owing to the lack of speakers. On declaring their intention to hold forth during the week or two they would be in town, we lent them our communal soapbox and pointed out to them the market place. Comrades, Wilson and Conway held forth each night giving out the revolutionary gospel with vigor and judging from the attitude of the audiences which were getting larger each evening, was well received. Comrade Conway spoke on Socialism and its relation to the organized forces of religion on Friday, which caused a healthy discussion, but everything in an orderly fashion. On Saturday night he spoke on Socialism and anti-patriotism, showing how the workers of all countries were mentally chloroformed by having the flag of each respective country dangled in front of them during infancy, being taught during that receptive period of their lives how much better, braver, and superior they were to others of different nationalities, also opening their eyes to the real nature of the boy scout movement citing Baden Powell when he was at Los Angeles advising the authorities to take the boys down to the abattoir twice a week so they would get accustomed to the sight of blood.

As an instance how the crowd was enjoying it, which numbered seven to eight hundred, one individual boiling over with mistaken patriotism took his hat off and asked for three cheers for the Union Jack. Out of the multitude there, not one responded. To the contrary he got the horse laugh. But then the climax came. The authorities could stand it no longer. The slaves were seeing. Suddenly there appeared in the midst of the meeting a man, who touching the speaker on the shoulder, ordered him to desist. On being asked by whose authority he answered deputy chief's authority. In less time than it takes to write it twenty policemen were around the crowd, and it was plainly seen what they wanted was someone to create a disturbance. Comrade Conway, seeing this, stepped down, and then Deputy Chief Whately perpetrated a disorder, and in the course of British democracy by informing Comrade Conway "never to speak in this town again."

O shades of Russia. The deputy climbed down and told a delegation of ours on the following Monday morning that he would not stop the meetings provided there was nothing said to incite disorder, but adhered to his autocratic rule regarding Comrade Conway speaking in the town again. The mayor on being interviewed, practically upped the deputy's decision regarding the meetings. On Monday evening, Comrade Jones of Toronto, S. P. of C. held forth, and to a large and interesting crowd explained the principles of Scientific Socialism in a masterly way. During the meeting a half dozen youngsters arranging in age from fifteen to eighteen kept continually creating a disturbance, and upon one of them shoving an onion at the speaker, Comrade Wilson took hold of him and shoved him out of the crowd, the lad turned and kicked him; our comrade, like most people who are human, lost his temper, and instinctively hit him, and by the speed that he was hustled to jail by a plain clothes man, our suspicions that the disturbance was a planned arrangement was almost confirmed.

Tuesday our comrade got off the charge not being sustained, but it gave the magistrate a sort of an excuse to show how the meetings created disorder, and in the course of his statements said there were other channels which we could acquaint the people with our ideas such as literature and halls, and he did not believe in Socialism or any other ism which was always running down the king and the magistrates of the country, and he for one would support the police in suppressing these meetings, if there was any disorder created. You see if a Socialist speaks and some fellow loaded down with squirrel whisky creates a row the speaker gets the jail. But let anyone pursue the same tactics with the scab producing Salvation Army or any of the other Holy Fakers that abound around street corners, what would be the result? Anybody that is not stone blind to the conditions surrounding them knows who would be in jail. It is a fine object lesson for slaves around here. The ruling class discriminate against the Socialist because he and he alone is able to show the wage slave that the only way he can emancipate himself from the chains of wage slavery is to fight as a class the only real enemy he has in the world, the capitalist class, who through the ownership and control of the machinery of production, owns and controls their lives. Remember what Shakespeare puts in the mouth of the Jew: "He takes my life who takes the means whereby I live." Yours in Revolt.—H. K., Hamilton, Ont.

Another Verse

The "Poetry of Dynamite" continues to accumulate. It keeps on "getting more."

Astonishing! A couplet comes from a church!

But true!

Down in Ronceverte, W. Va., some perfectly good church members got peeved at each other.

These church members felt strongly about matters. They wanted forcible expression for their outraged feelings.

How could they express themselves fittingly?

Aha! Dynamite!

The fight was all about the pastor.

One side wanted him, the other didn't.

The side that wanted him was barred out of the church.

The side that didn't want him was in possession of the church, behind locks and bolts and barricades.

The followers of the good and kindly shepherd, the white in the most fervent and devout demeanor, sneaked up to the church door and blew the blamed thing down and out with dynamite.

Strong stuff and it did the business.

And then they drove the holders of the good fort out with rifle bullets. And that is the recognized way of doing things in our best capitalist circles.

The remarkable thing is that the capitalist press has not found it necessary to point any morals and yell for any "law and order" stuff.

Maybe dynamite is all right in church.

They say that everything has its place.—Ex.

Man advances only in proportion as he discovers the natural laws governing society and applies them.

The Canadian parliament is controlled by the capitalist class. The workers have no laws made in their favor.

The Strongest

By S. Shulman, in the New York Call.

Tral, the slave was walking about the court not in very good disposition, as his master had given him a beating. On this account Tral hated him, but did not show it in words. Behind Bjorn's back, though, he used to clench his fists, and mutter terrible curses. This he dared, because nobody could see or hear it and so he was safe from Bjorn's whip. In the same place there were many other men, slaves like himself. Some worked in the fields and others at the forge—as Bjorn, being a wealthy farmer and gunsmith also needed many hands.

The working people were industrious and carried in silence all heavy burdens. In the fields the hot sun was burning them and in the smithy the fire of the forge. But this they did not feel as bad as the blows from Bjorn's whip. Nobody dared to rebel, because they all thought that Bjorn was the strongest and that he had received his power from the gods. So that he could do anything he felt like to repay good deeds with curses, diligence with kicks.

Bjorn used to give his slaves very little to eat. "Hungry dogs do the best hunting," he used to say, and nobody dared to contradict him. But Tral, who suffered most from hunger and beatings, retired from the company of his comrades and kept to himself.

"What ails you?" the slaves asked him. "I am thinking," answered Tral.

The others scoffed at him.

"To think—never can a slave think," they told him. "Only a gentleman has the right to think; this is the will of God. A slave is made to work, suffer and obey."

"What walks straight like you?" exclaimed another with indignation. "He thinks perhaps he is better than we are."

They all got together to decide how to punish him.

"Let us give him a good beating," said one.

"No, he is strong," answered another.

"We will attack him from behind," proposed a third.

"All right, we will tell Bjorn about him," and so the slaves went to Bjorn and told him all about Tral.

"He thinks,"

"He sings,"

"He walks straight like you,"

Bjorn's sharp eyes examined the herd of slaves, which was standing before him submissive and with bowed heads. He caressed his long beard and a faint smile appeared at the corner of his mouth. But the slaves did not see that, as they never dared to look straight into the master's eyes.

"So he thinks and walks straight," said Bjorn. This is very dangerous. Where is Tral?"

He was speedily brought over. That was easy. Tral came willingly.

"Are you the one who thinks?" Bjorn asked him.

"Yes, I started some time ago," answered Tral, and looked straight into his master's face.

"And what do you think?"

"I'll tell it in your ear."

Tral bent toward Bjorn and said in a low voice:

"You are not the strongest. Your slaves are stronger."

Bjorn was startled. "This is a dangerous thought," he exclaimed.

"Of course he is dangerous," exclaimed the slaves in chorus, as they had heard the last words only.

"Yes, he surely is," acquiesced Bjorn.

Bjorn's contemptuous glance ran over the bending group; he caressed again his head, and after a while said:

"No, I don't think I'll drown him. Tral is wise. I really need somebody who can think."

The slaves understood nothing; they thought he was speaking with his God.

Bjorn turned toward Tral.

"Will you become my man?" he asked.

"When I'll be free."

Bjorn shook his head approvingly.

"But with one condition."

"What is it?"

"That you will not tell anybody what you thought."

In Tral two desires were fighting. Should he repay the hate which his companions had shown him with goodness and tell them what he had thought—the truth? But will they be able to understand it? Was it not enough for Bjorn to utter a single word and they will be only too glad to beat, torture and even kill him? And after his death will they let him be better?

Tral turned to Bjorn and said: "I accept. Liberty is beautiful and my own house is also good. I am yours."

Bjorn then addressed his slaves:

"Tral is now the man who is nearest to me. You must obey him just as you obey me."

They could not understand it, but Bjorn wanted it, and so they had to obey, as he was the strongest.

This happened to the slaves in olden times, and will continue the same way until they also think.

Election Corrections

A few corrections in the election returns. Sidney Burrows, Niagara Falls, 606. H. Martin, South Waterloo, 762, instead of 749.

L. Cunningham, South Wellington, 203 instead of 200.

This will increase the vote by 622.

Winnipeg Laborites. Ward (Elmwood) 508. Bartlett (Assiniboia) 501.

S. P. of C. Hoop, Winnipeg Centre, 953; Armstrong, Winnipeg Centre, 928.

S.D.P. of C. Beech, Winnipeg North, 1844; Saltzman, Winnipeg North, 1943. Total 6677.

S.D.P. saved election deposits, \$400.

Oil is very dear, but what price would old John D. not pay for a small quantity, just enough to renew the lamp of life, which is now burning very dim? But it can't be did.

A Few Suggestions

F. J. Flatman.

The Provincial Executive should appoint a Propaganda Secretary, whose duties should consist of compiling from time to time a list of competent Socialist speakers, which he has previously obtained from the different locals in the province, together with the date that these speakers could place at the disposal of the movement. He should also divide the province into districts in which an interchange of speakers could be arranged.

With an active co-operation of the local secretaries, speakers from outside points could be introduced into new districts at the minimum of cost.

This officer should take steps also to ascertain if any of these speakers would be prepared to place their vacation—and some of do take vacations in spite of the system—at the disposal of the movement.

These speakers could be routed with advantage over probably a large area according to the time they had at their disposal. There are several comrades who would do this. I know. It is done both in Germany and England. I have done it myself several times and personally I have yet to discover a more pleasant way of spending a vacation than going into a strange district and meeting comrades good and true who will make any sacrifice to escort you through the district and show you all the different places of interest, etc. in the vicinity.

So much for Propaganda. Now then back to the lesson of the elections.

We boast we are a political party, and for the purpose of capturing political supremacy, etc., and as witness at Toronto and West Hamilton our candidates got left at the post because we did not know enough to fill up a newspaper paper correctly. What is the lesson to be learnt from this?

Let every local in the Dominion instruct their executive, from now on at every election, Municipal, Provincial or Dominion, to obtain a nomination paper examine and file it for future guidance.

Then there is our method of selecting our candidates, and the organization at election times.

In the first place how do we select our candidates at present? Anyhow, no method is used at all. For instance I was requested to run for West Hamilton at 10 a.m. on June 8th, and nomination day was June 22nd. What chance had we to arrange for an educational campaign? Small wonder indeed we got left at the post.

How should it be done? The Dominion or the Provincial Executive and the local secretaries should immediately get into communication with the local secretaries, with the view of ascertaining the names, etc., of capable local Socialists who would be prepared to accept nomination at the next election. After the necessary nomination a list of prospective candidates without ridings should be published from time to time in Cotton's Weekly.

A Dominion and Provincial Election Fund should be established at once also.

All locals desiring to contest their riding, who require assistance from these funds should notify their respective Dominion or Provincial Executive; that they have a reasonable chance of success, and all educational contests should be fought by the locals themselves.

But it should be an accepted fact that the Dominion or Provincial Executive must supply the candidate.

The candidate should be adopted at a meeting called for that purpose, and henceforth after that adoption whenever or wherever he speaks at a meeting or takes the chair at a meeting he should be advertised as the Prospective Socialist Candidate for such and such a riding.

In this way we should eliminate that question that always arises now at election, viz:—Who is he, and what is he anyway?

The candidate at final adoption would be well known in the riding and his principles would be well understood by the electorate.

He, knowing that he was going to be the Socialist standard bearer, would have plenty of time to watch carefully the speeches, the actions and the votes of the sitting member, and would be able to ride and this knowledge would materially assist him during the campaign.

In corroboration of this I beg to place N. W. Rowell on the witness stand. Hamilton Spectator, Tuesday, June 30th, has as follows:

ROWELL'S REMARKS.

N. W. Rowell: "I am pleased with the gains we did make for the sake of the policy we were advocating. I regret that we did not do better."

"I ascribe the result largely to the short time we had to work in. The Liberals had to spend the most of the time getting candidates in the field, and it left us but a short time to organize the constituencies. An indication of how much we suffered in this respect is given by the result in Brant county. The candidates there were two of the first nominated, and both were turnovers to the Liberal side."

"No matter how good the cause, there must be organization to get results. I feel however, that the campaign has brought a new spirit into politics in Ontario, and has also brought out large numbers of men who had hitherto taken no part in politics. That is a guarantee of the ultimate success of this policy."

Dominion and Provincial Executive members and secretaries please read and criticize The columns are open.

Two Kinds Of Men

The man who has no enemies is the man who is good to himself or his country. He agrees with everybody and everything. If you ask his opinion on a subject he finds it given by the result in Brant county. He never does anything, so it is impossible to find fault with him. He never says anything, so frequently, none have any exception to what he says. He is a do-nothing and a say-nothing. His idea of life is just simply to eat, breathe and sleep, until his anatomical machinery wears out and then die.

The man who has enemies is the man who does things—what makes things happen; who brings things to pass; a big cog in the wheel of progress. He has plans and strives to put them into execution. If he meets with opposition and obstacles, so much the better—the greater the obstacles the greater becomes his efforts and determination to succeed. He thinks things and has the nerve and manhood to express his thoughts, not stopping to inquire who it does or does not suit.—Ex-change.

Rent, interest and profit banished, the world will be a mighty nice place to live in.

The lords of grab and greed are sucking the wealth of Canada from the sweaty hides of the working class.

LABOR IN BRITAIN

Lloyd George has been warning the British capitalists and the Ulster farmers that they had better go slow. For the temper of the British worker was anything but sweet at present and the working class might bust loose if given half a chance.

The old days when the British worker said "Thank you, thank you, sir," every time his employer kicked him has passed away. The worker has been thinking. He has not been thinking patriotism, nor loyalty nor religion nor art nor morality. He has been following his masters and has been thinking pounds shillings and pence. He has been studying his own exploitation.

The railway men are demanding a raise of \$1.25 per week. The average wage of the British railwaymen is \$6.25. He wants an average wage of \$7.50. And the railway barons weep mighty weeps and declare to high heaven that the demand is impossible. For the good kind masters only swipe \$230,000,000 per year for themselves and so the workers cannot have \$1.10 per day wages.

A building dispute is on and tens of thousands of builders are out of work. The doctors and miners are also restless. In short the workers want more pay and shorter hours. If they win their demands they will demand more. If they do not win their demands they will fight.

The shock of a struggle between capitalist and employee, owner and worker is growing more formidable. The conflict is no longer fought in skirmishes, but the massed working class is more and more facing the massed capitalist class. In one of these conflicts labor will walk right through and find themselves more powerful than the government. Then the revolution will be won in Britain.

Will this hoped for event happen in 1914, 1916, 1918 or 1920?

U.M.W. IN GLACE BAY

A meeting of the United Mine Workers was held in the Casino building, Glace Bay, Cape Breton, recently. Messrs. Bonnyman, local president, Jas. D. McLellan, international board member and Jas. D. McLachlan, secretary, delivered addresses. An open air meeting was also held.

This is splendid news. The miners have been ground down. Unionism was forbidden. A Provincial Workmen's Association has been dragging on a painful existence with the solicited care of the bosses. This P.W.A. pretended to make contracts for the men, and when the miners kicked, the bosses howled that they had an agreement with the men through the P.W.A. and the men must not break faith. At the meetings of the U.M.W. the P.W.A. got itself painted in proper colors.

Glace Bay has lain dormant under brutal exploitation. The police spies, company houses, and the usual trimmings of master class rule were applied to the men and no sign of resistance appeared. The company congratulated itself upon the contentment of its employees.

But the employees are men. They will not endure slavery forever. Let us trust that this move is the beginning of the final awakening that will put the Dominion coal company out of business and put the working class of the province in possession of the mines and plant of the Dominion Coal and all other exploiting agencies.

WHEAT

Prices for wheat will be several cents lower this year than last. According to the Grain Growers' Guide, on July 18th on the Winnipeg Grain Exchange wheat for October delivery in Port Arthur was selling at 83 1/2 cents. Just a year ago wheat for same delivery was selling at 91 1/2 cents.

The Guide warns the farmers that they must curtail their obligations and suggests that no new farm implements be bought.

The harvest plant in Hamilton has been shut down. When farmers do not buy, machines are not sold and workers do not get jobs.

Dear bread means higher cost of living and strikes for higher wages and bigger slum areas.

Cheap bread means lower receipts for the farmers, a curtailed expenditure and fewer jobs.

Under capitalism you take your choice and get hell.

The Dope

How doth the loathsome Moneybug, With vicious greed obsessed, Connive and scheme to rob the slave Of all that he's possessed.

And how the vile and slimy THING Will struggle, crawl and squirm. When once he's tasted of the dope That kills the filthy worm.—Sidney Merton.

Mr. Worker, do you know where Borden is at present? He is out in the highlands of Ontario enjoying the breezes from the Muskoka lakes, and incidentally golfing, bathing, boating, etc. The dailies say he has been feeling the strain of his arduous duties, and will have a three weeks' vacation. Mr. Worker when you feel the strain of your arduous duties, where do you take your vacation? If your back is bent and tired your eyes weary from following the motions of untiring machinery, your health broken down, and you would almost give your life for a vacation, where do you go? Back to work, back to the slave pen of the masters whom Borden serves. If you do not go back for a few days, the eagle eye of the foreman will find you out and you will be on the vacation list no more.

The Rainbow, the western half of the Canadian fleet, will be overhauled and leave for patrol work, whatever that is. Cotton's has been claiming she had no crew. Well, she will have, for the crew of the eastern half of the navy—the Niobe—will man the western half, while the eastern half will be tied up for a few years. Canada must indeed be prosperous when she buys old worn out junk from the mother country. The British admiralty must laugh up their sleeves when the pin-headed Canadian politicians reach out and take such floating junk shops of their hands, and pay good money for it, too.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir R. L. Borden, are both starting a political fight. They will denounce each other's policies for that is their serene play given them by the capitalist class. And while they are denouncing each other, the exploiters will continue to rob the workers under laws made and maintained both under Laurier and under Borden.

The liberty to vote is one of the least liberties to be won by the common people.