

## TWO BLADES OF GRASS

Martin Burrell, Minister of Agriculture, spoke at the Dairywomen's Convention held in Cowanville on the 25th of February. He spoke at length, the burden of his refrain being that the duty of the farmer is to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before.

Around Cowanville apples have rotted on the ground for lack of a market. That is a mere trifle to the Minister of Agriculture. Let the farmers make two apples grow where one grew before.

Out west the railway lines are congested with grain. Farmers drive in twenty or thirty miles and find no accommodation for their grain. No cars; elevator full, and no store room. Never mind. The Minister of Agriculture wants the farmers to make two heads of wheat grow where one grew before. Then there would be more grain for the western farmers to find no place to put.

Farmers complain about the low price they get for their tomatoes from the canning companies. Fool, that is nothing. Our Minister of Agriculture tells them to grow two tomatoes where one grew before; then perhaps the farmers will be glad to pay the canning companies to accept their tomatoes.

Tobacco growers complain about the low price of raw tobacco. Never mind a little thing like that. Let the farmer be an optimist. Let him conscientiously go to work doubling his tobacco crop and the price will be so low that the farmer will have to mortgage his farm or be turned into the street. The farmer should not mind a little thing like that. His duty is to double his crop so there may be more prosperity.

Alderman Bluementhal of Montreal has been urging the government to increase the crops of the farmers by any method possible, so that the price of living may go down by the farmers raising more crops and getting less pay for them. Martin Burrell obediently sets to work to encourage the greater output.

Arthur Meighen, M.P. for Portage La Prairie, speaking in the House of Commons on February 12th, declared that every one per cent of interest added to the cost of loans to farmers added an annual charge upon them of \$7,500,000. As these loans average seven per cent, the farmers of Canada are paying \$52,000,000 annually in interest charges. Burrell said nothing of this enormous burden carried by the farmers. He said nothing about the injustice of the system which exacts interest. He only told the farmers to double their output. It was their duty to their country.

As long as farmers will listen to the mush of men like Burrell, chosen by Borden to be one of his executive officers in running Canada in the interest of the capitalist class, just so long will they be told to work harder.

If the farmers are wise, they will turn from the parties owned by the master class, join their own party, the Social-Democratic Party, and vote for the abolition of rent, interest and profit.

A nice little squabble is going on over the wardenship of the penitentiary at Portsmouth, Ont., just outside Kingston. The former Warden, Platt, has departed this life. Deputy O'Leary is in line for promotion, but he is a Roman Catholic. Besides, Major J. Hughes, accountant of the penitentiary and brother of the Hon. Col. Sam, the Minister of Militia, wants the job. The pay of the Warden is \$2,600 per year. O'Leary, as deputy, gets \$1,500 and Hughes, as accountant, gets \$2,400. The question of religion is a purely secondary question. Two men want the same job because it is a better job. If they can make religious antagonisms count in their favor, a holy war in a teapot is started. Economic determinism is largely at the bottom of religious rows, like at the bottom of all other rows.

Rowell, leader of the opposition, has come out with a few weak demands like exempting improvements from taxation, minimum wage for women and the like. Whitney, speaking in the Ontario legislature with regard to Rowell's policies, declared: "Such a deliberate and intentional considered and mature declaration of advanced political Socialism has never been heard in a British legislature in North America. But when I consider the fact that the principal leader of Socialism in this province is now managing editor of his newspaper, I am not surprised that influence has been brought to bear upon him." Whitney was evidently referring to Jimmy Simpson, but Jimmy is not managing editor, nor were Rowell's schemes Socialism. Whitney is a Tory of the Tories. To him Lloyd George would be an anarchist. It would be bad for Whitney's health to have a real live red in the legislature. A Socialist speech in the Toronto house would send the old gentleman into convulsions.

Darwin and Marx were scientists of equal ability. They made discoveries of equal import to humanity. Why was Darwin's fame so quickly recognized, while the fame of Karl Marx has been delayed? The reason is that Darwin's discoveries did not interfere with the privileges of the ruling class. His discoveries only hit religious prejudices and these were quickly overcome. But Marx's discoveries hit at the very basis of the economic and political power of kings, nobles, financiers, capitalists. Hence he was denounced and driven from country to country. Yet in the summing up of posterity, the name of Karl Marx will rank on an even higher plane than that of the famous naturalist.

LEAFLETS EXHAUSTED. Our supply of leaflets as advertised at clearing prices, is practically exhausted. Only about 1,000 are left. The price is 1 cent per thousand express collect or 75 cents per thousand.

Four copies of Cotton's for a year sent \$1.00. The hustler should always have an extra copy to push along.

Capital is the uncrowned king of Canada.

King George thinks he is king, but in reality capital is king.

A revolutionary Socialist is one who is striving to give the working class justice.

Under capitalism the capitalist's address is Mansion Avenue, and the worker's address is Poverty Row.

The Socialists are in the lifeboat going to the rescue of the workers on the doomed ship of capitalism.

The millionaire has no assurance that his son will not die on the poor farm, under the present dog-eat-dog system.

What power has wealth beyond the grave? None. Then why should the priests and capitalists howl that we are irreligious and atheists because we are going to make the means of wealth production a social thing?

There is more truth than fiction in the saying, "God helps those who help themselves." If the working class are content to be robbed of three-fourths of the wealth they create, the Lord will not interfere.

The lion is considered the mightiest of wild animals, but a man with a rifle soon puts an end to him. The capitalist is considered to be the mightiest of modern men, but the red ballot in the hands of the workers will put an end to him.

Do not let the capitalists hoodwink you about the prosperity of Canada. The prosperity is theirs. Maybe there is a little less unemployment among the working class, but the exploitation, hard work, brutality and worry are with them just the same.

Two workmen were recently killed on Cote St. Laurent Road, Montreal, thawing dynamite. The capitalist takes small chances with his wealth, while the worker is compelled to take big chances with something that money cannot buy—his very life.

A man who becomes a millionaire puts the word "Success" before him and never looks to the right nor left at the poverty and misery he is causing others. When he wins and becomes exceedingly rich he keeps several detectives to guard him and is his own private prisoner. He does not enjoy life. The abolition of the private ownership of the means of wealth production will relieve him of his burdens while assuring him a reasonable living without worry.

We are living in a great mechanical age. The machine should be a blessing to humanity by lessening the hours of labor and giving more time for pleasure. But the capitalists own the machines and the workers toil long hours, fill up wealth for their masters and receive for all their vast product only a wage which will barely allow them to live and toil on.

Some men make it their life's work getting title deeds to the means of wealth production so as to have immense incomes. They take no pleasure in life, and at the same time shorten their days on earth in order to leave a vast amount of wealth to an only son out of whose hands the wealth flies like chaff before the wind. There is no certainty for the descendants of a capitalist that they may not die in utter want. Socialism, by giving an assured living to all, would free from the fear of want even the capitalist himself.

The Socialists are the best friends of the capitalists, although the masters do not know it. What would become of the capitalists when things get so bad that the workers cannot live? There would be the reign of terror and the heads of the master class would be raised on long poles. The Socialists are busy teaching the workers intelligent class consciousness. They are educating them in order to obtain the ballot control of the state machinery in order that through political power humanity may usher in the co-operative commonwealth when all shall take care of the needs of each.

Did you ever hear of a wage-worker saving his wages and becoming a millionaire on the savings? No. You see the game of life. The capitalist is loaded against the workers. They lose all the time. The capitalist class gain because the whole system is rigged in their favor and they praise it very highly. Why should they not? It is their game, and the rules are made in their favor. But why should the workers stand for such rules? Why do they not say to themselves, "We will send our comrades to toil to parliament and instruct them to work for a change of the rules governing our country so that all will have justice and no class will gain unfairly?"

The manager of an English street railway company, who held a large bunch of shares which were paying a very small dividend, wanted to get out of the concern. He therefore cut the expenses down as much as possible, spent no money for improvements, and very little for repairs. That year the company declared a big dividend, the stock went up, the manager sold out at a high price, and next year the company paid no dividend at all. That capitalist played a low down trick upon the other shareholders who invested. He deceived them. But the deceiving manager and the deceived purchasers were both robbing the working class. Under Socialism, when ownership becomes social and not individual, street railway shares will not be bought nor sold any more than shares in the government owned Intercolonial Railway are bought or sold. Dividends will be abolished, and this particular brand of lowdown trickery will be abolished.

## Law Makers and Law Breakers

By Sam Atkinson.

The story is told in the mining region of a man and a mule working together in one of the mines. One day the roof fell in, knocking out the brains of both. A doctor was hurriedly called and arrived upon the scene in time to save their lives. By some means, however, he gathered the brains of the man and put them in the mule's head, putting the brains of the mule into the man's head. Both recovered and no difference was noted in their actions. They went to work again as though nothing had happened, but in the evening, when the day's work was done, the man left the mine and joined the Western Federation of Miners and the Social Democratic Party of Canada. But for these two organizations the people on strike in the Porcupine mining region would have no outside assistance at all. One organization goes on at all hours of the day and night at all the mines.

There are general provisions in the mining laws of Ontario which are entirely ignored in Porcupine. Contrary to Section 184 "blind pigs" are running. These places must have police protection because the police have been seen beastly intoxicated since the strike began. The magistrate must be a party to this violation of the law, because he has been many times playing poker and blackjack in these places. Yet this bright light of our modern civilization sentenced four men to jail because they wanted to board a train upon which scabs were travelling.

In contra-distinction to this magistrate and his loyal assistant, Chief Colbeck, of the Provincial Police, the officers of the Western Federation of Miners visited all these places and informed the proprietors that if they found these serving drink to miners they would report them to the authorities. Here is a condition where the men who are appointed to keep the law are the greatest transgressors. These places and the local house of easy virtue must be supported principally by Thiel men and Provincial Police.

The outcome of this strike is not yet in sight, but this much may be said, that hundreds of working people in the Northern country have lost faith in the government, and this faith cannot be restored until the passage of the eight hour law. Evidently the present government intend to leave this question out of their consideration as long as possible. Workmen ought to visit the House of Parliament once in a while to see how the government ignore questions affecting their well-being. I was in the Speaker's gallery when Allan Studholme made his two hour speech in reply to the address from the throne. Not a single Conservative member listened to that address.

With the exception of Whitney, who had to listen in order to get his fireworks ready, every man went on with his personal business. Some wrote letters, others were engaged in conversation, not one took any notice of the lone laborer who was pleading for the workers. Can you wonder that people ask what is the use of law anyway, when you have a government like this?

THE RESURRECTION

A comrade rummaging in his desk found ten sub cards, which had been mislaid and forgotten. He filled them out and sent them to Cotton's with the following lines:

I found a little sub card, long lost to view.  
Soon I dug another out, then there were two.  
Two little sub cards not lonesome long.  
'Twas just like fun for another one—then there were three.  
Three little sub cards: "Perhaps there are some more."  
Like Mr. Popham popped a pop, soon there were four.  
Four little sub cards, as sure as you're alive.  
Another one came tumbling out, then there were five.  
Five little sub cards; one cannot do good tricks.  
With only half a deck of cards, so I had to take this.  
If only I can find six cards, I'd lose my faith in heaven.  
Another one popped out and said "Yes, comrades, we are seven."  
Seven little sub cards lying there in wait.  
For my old hand and calloused paw, I soon found eight.  
Now, eight little sub cards surely looked so fine.  
So I found hard till I found a card—then there were nine.  
'Nine little sub cards!' I grabbed a fountain pen.  
And spied a marker in a book, which made the total ten.  
Ten little sub cards went down to Cowanville.  
And the pluses and the capitalists' brutes may swallow this bitter pill.

The Rev. Pedley, of Toronto, recently denounced the twenty-three men who control Canada. In his sermon he declared it were better that one thousand men received one thousand dollars a year each than that one man received a million dollars a year. This sounds radical and socialistic and all that, but it is more or less buncombe. There is no point to such a sermon. Pedley was evidently catering to the small exploiters, the kind that go to church. It is worse for one thousand small parasites to have one thousand unearned income a year each, than to have one big parasite getting one million a year. For those thousand would support, tooth and nail the capitalist system. Feeding on robbery, they would fight for the continuation of robbery. But when the one big parasite gets all their incomes, the thousand will be yelling for the abolition of the system which creates the robber, while only the big thief will be supporting it. It is thus better to have one big robber than a thousand little ones.

NEW BIG STOCK OF BOOKS. Cotton's Book Department is in for a glorious time. Part of a big shipment are here and the balance are on the way. All the standard Socialist books, and the latest publications from the Kerr press. Watch for new lists of both paper and cloth bound books.

Workers, get out of the capitalist night into the Socialist day.

Under the present system we have workers and shirkers. Mr. Worker, you have kept the shirkers. Why not vote for Socialism, which will turn the shirkers from being dead drags upon you into fellow workers?

When you want to catch a hen to kill it, you lead it along with a few grains of corn. So when the master class want to skin the workers, they distract their attention by scattering round charity doles.

When shall we see things in their true light? Not until the co-operative commonwealth, when the class antagonisms in society will be abolished and common economic interests will make the whole world feel the race consciousness, the universal kinship.

The world is going at too fast a pace. The speeding up system for the profit of the capitalists is responsible. It puts a man working on his nerves and after a few years of this pressure he is broken down in health. He is then cast aside by his employer for a new worker.

The report of a great alienist recently stated that people were going insane to such an alarming extent that something ought to be done at once to remedy this great calamity. People cannot stand this pressure on their nerves. We are human beings, not machines.

The British capitalist patriot hates the German capitalist. Why should the German be allowed to come round and skin the British working class and the colonial suckers? No, sir. British patriotism and British pride declare that the hide of the British worker shall only be tanned for the benefit of the British brand of legalized thieves. So when the British plate sees a German plate, he shakes with covetous awe and shouts, "Battleships, more battleships." And nice little messenger boy Borden runs right up to him and says, "Here sir, here are three nice new big ones."

In an Ontario city a wage slave got married. His boss gave him a parlor set as a wedding present. My, was not that slave proud? He crawled all over his boss' office thanking him for his goodness. A little while after, times grew slack and this slave was sacked. When he went to draw his back pay, he found the parlor set his boss had so kindly given him had been deducted from his wages. That little stunt had put money into the pocket of that exploiter. The thankful slave had done a man and a half's work and saved the boss over a hundred dollars in wages. Get wise, you ginks, get wise.

Why is the flag so much in evidence these days? Why are Canadians being taught patriotism? The answer is easy. Germans, Poles, Italians and Finns are coming to Canada. These workers have lived under other flags. Now, if the Canadian worker can be made to worship his own flag, he will have nothing to do with these foreigners, and race hatred will divide the working class. But the working class are not rushing to the flag, and race animosities are killed by class solidarity. Wherefore such creatures as Police Chief Colbeck of South Porcupine have their hearts filled with rage because the slaves know their own interest.

In an Ontario town, some wage mules, without the mule's intelligent ability to kick, got together and bought their superintendent a nice gold-headed cane. They presented it to him with nice words on one of his anniversaries, and thanked him for his kind treatment of them and spoke the "identity of interest" spiel to him. A kicker or two warned them that they were foolish and that they would rue that cane. But no, the doughhead, kickless wage mules knew better. Shortly after these wage mules got a cut in pay. That gold-headed cane business and the thanks of the workers was a surprise to the little boss. It set him thinking. He realized that if the workers could afford to buy expensive canes, they were getting more than enough pay to live on. When he got thanked for his kindness, he realized that he was leaving a little hide on the workers. He went after that hide as soon as he conveniently could. But of course this little incident will have no moral drawn from it by those slaves who look upon their robbers as kind benefactors.

LITTLE FELLOWS GOING.

I was sorry to see Cotton's only last going back, but this will not last long. You will see it go up again. At this time of the year it is hard for workers to get ahead. Heating and high provisions strike us in the winter hardest. But soon we will have a little money and that will be more money going to Cotton's to feed the bulldog so he can run faster and bark louder.

We had Sam Atkinson here. He is a powerful speaker. It would have been better if he had stuck to the bread and butter question instead of on religion. Be that as it may, he is a power for the movement. I only wish he had had a bigger crowd.

Some of our little business men are being crushed to the wall. They feel it very hard. When I told them ten years ago what would happen to them they told me I was crazy, and that I did not know what I was talking about. Still even yet they cannot see anything in Socialism. They have eyes for nothing but capitalism. They think the same dog that bites them will also heal their wounds. What a foolish idea.—James Stanley, Lindsay, Ont.

WRITING TO THE PAPERS.

Comrade R. W. Northey got a column letter into the *Rosland Daily Miner* of February 19th. Other comrades have got letters into other papers.

Why not try and get a letter on Socialism into the papers you read? Many of these papers will publish such letters if you write carefully and briefly. Make your letters short and interesting.

Cotton's cannot handle many letters. Each week we get enough communications to more than fill the whole paper. We can use only a very few. Why not write your capitalist papers and make them realize that there is a large demand for articles on Socialism? In this way you can get people reading about Socialism who take no Socialist paper at all.

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## TEN CENTS FROM SIR JAMES

By R. Winn.

Did you ever hear Sir James Pliny Whitney at a political gabfest? If you did you will probably remember that you had an earache for a few days afterwards; and if you didn't hear him you can rest assured that you didn't miss much. He stands before the footlights, and rolls off the English language to the "intelligent electorate" with a reckless abandon and pose which bespeaks much private practice with a large mirror as an audience. Words, words, words! They come shooting from his mouth like papers from a web press. They fill the auditorium, and try to escape through windows and up ventilators. They patter on the bald pate of the open-mouthed yokels who come to worship like hail on a tin roof. He brooks no opposition of any sort. His is the law that is always right. Arguments are banished with a wave of the left hand, political questions of the day are swept aside with a flourish of the right hand. He careens onward with a self-conceit and egotism that is wonderful to behold. With a cutlass in his hand and a knife between his teeth this little big man would resemble nothing so much as the picture of a pirate chief in the yellow-covered books which record the life and deeds of Captain Kidd. This is the man Ontario workmen put at the head of the legislature to carry out the wishes of the electors. This is the man whom the workers fondly imagined would pass laws favorable to their interests and guide the ship of Labor safely through the coral reefs of capitalism. The workers got stung. Sir James did nothing of the kind. To him the worker is only a creature who every four years will listen to his spielings and vote him in power for another term. As an instance of how the bold J. P. recognizes the value of the sweat of labor we relate the following: When he was practicing law in the town of Morrisburg, a load of wood was delivered on the pavement in front of his legal offices, which were upstairs on the second floor. With true capitalist instinct the embryo premier cast about to see how cheap he could get the wood carried upstairs. He reduced a couple of lads to perform the service, and after working all one afternoon, they were handed the sum of ten cents apiece, together with a little advice, which was gratis. This was some time ago, but the premier has not changed one whit in his attitude towards labor. He has nothing to ameliorate the miserable conditions of the workers in the slave pens of Ontario. He has other fish to fry. Truly, there is nothing big about Sir James but his voice.

Mr. Kloeffer, President of the Dominion Linen Manufacturing Company, Guelph, Ont., passed out of this life recently. The mill was closed as a mark of respect, and a notice was posted asking the men to turn out in the funeral procession as a mark of respect. On Friday, when they were paid, the men demanded pay for the day they were marching in the procession. The superintendent refused, and twenty men have gone on strike. The day has passed when workers consider they are bound to be respectful and think highly of the men who rob them. Why should any slave feel it his duty to pay respects to the master class? If a burglar breaks into your house and robs you, would you feel like marching in his funeral procession to show your respect? Why, then, should workers march respectfully in the funeral procession of those who rob them?

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YUKON BUSINESS OPENING

A good Horsehoeer and General Blacksmith, who wants to make \$1,000.00 to \$3,000.00 per year, should write W. L. Mainville, Dawson, Yukon. Object—retirement.—23c.

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