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Cotton's Weekly

W. U. COTTON, B.A., B.C.L., Managing Editor Established Dec. 3rd, 1908 ROY WINN, Associate Editor

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The Olivier Papineau Case

On May 10th, 1913, Olivier Papineau of the Township of Bolton in the District of Bedford, was brought before a Justice of the Peace on the charge of stealing one tub of sugar, containing 88 pounds, and said to be worth \$8, from his brother. He was brought to Sweetburg on the 19th of May, tried a little later, and sentenced to three months in jail by Judge Mulvena.

The two brothers live a few miles from the village of Eastman, about thirty-five miles from Cowansville. The tub of sugar was in the sugar house of Joseph Papineau. The little daughter of Olivier said that her father had bought a tub of sugar. The brother was suspicious, and questioned the little girl, and told her she could have the sugar if she returned the tub. This she did, and Joseph declared it was his tub, called up Joseph A. Boisvert and had him go and arrest his brother Olivier.

Joseph Boisvert and his brother, Alphonse Boisvert, went to the home of Olivier and arrested him. The prisoner declared and has always maintained that he bought the tub of sugar from a man he had met on the road. He declares there was about 40 pounds of sugar in the tub and he paid \$1.50 for it. Tub sugar is not worth 10 cents a pound, but five or six cents, according to the storekeepers of Cowansville.

Mulvena heard the evidence, and came to the conclusion that the prisoner was guilty and gave him three months.

Olivier Papineau had no lawyer. He can not read nor write. He is a hardworking man. The neighbors say he abuses his children.

Up in the wild mountains of Bolton Papineau was endeavoring to make himself a little home. Towards the end of 1910 he bought a little farm, which he believed contained forty acres more or less. He agreed to pay \$450 for the place. He worked upon the place for over two years. He was building a two storey house 26 by 30 feet. He had it nearly built. He had a little barn built 20 by 26 feet. He had fifty or sixty cords of wood, he had legs, he had material ready to continue finishing his house. He had hens, milk cans, a little furniture. He had a sled, some hay, and other things a small farmer gathers round him.

When he was put in jail, he owed about \$250 on his little place. The man who sold it to him thought he saw a chance to skin the poor devil and get back the place with what improvements were on it.

Joseph A. Boisvert, who can scent a dollar as far as anyone in Canada, stepped in and arranged to buy the farm. Papineau was in jail. Joseph Boisvert was about the only person he could see. So Joseph Boisvert arranged to buy the farm for \$500. He was to get the farm outright. It was a sale.

On June 14th, 1913, Joseph Boisvert rendered the following account to Papineau:

MEMO BETWEEN J.A. BOISVERT AND OLIVIER PAPINEAU
Sweetburg, Que., June 14th 1913.

Re movable and immovable bought of Olivier Papineau and the result of liquidation as follows:

Farm sold to Mr. Lagorce, \$475.00
Block wood sold to Mr. Lagorce 75.00
Timber, hens, wood, etc sold to A. Boisvert 32.00
Old horse sold to A. Boisvert 15.00
Paid to Mr. Murray, balance on colt and acct. 25.00

Total 622.00
Purchase price 500.00
Balance 122.00
Donation to Olivier Papineau 50.00

Leaving for my time and expenses 72.00

Joseph A. Boisvert, the man who arrested the prisoner, who worked up the case against the prisoner, buys the prisoner's property and clears \$72 on the transaction. He says the horse sold to his brother has since died and he has to make good the loss so his net profit is \$57. However, I do not believe he will have to make good the horse. For when a horse sells for \$15 it is sold without warranty.

Joseph A. Boisvert's brother bought the hens, wood, etc., for \$32. As this is evidently a final accounting, this is the only place in which the loose property could be accounted for. The "etc." shows that for \$32, Mr. Alphonse gets all the loose property. Mr. A. Boisvert went with the High Constable and was present assisting in the arrest. Does it not look strange that this man should receive and get all the loose property around the barn and house for \$32, including the timber? When Joseph sells to Alphonse all Papineau's loose property for \$32 and an old horse for \$15, does it look as though Joseph would make good the old horse? Does it look a square deal to Oliver Papineau?

When Joseph A. Boisvert was asked why he gave a donation to Papineau of \$50, he replied that the neighbors were saying he was robbing the poor fellow too much.

Mr. Boisvert bought the farm, and when the people complained too much he released his grasp a little. Even then \$72 is quite a sum for selling \$622 worth of stuff. For such an amount many a worker has to toil a month and a half or more ten hours a day.

Mr. Boisvert informs me that Pelletier can have back all his stuff at the price at which it was sold and

Boisvert Still a Manhunter

Did you ever run across the minister who says "I am a 'Christian' Socialist," and then proceeds to run down the revolutionary Socialist movement?

Did you ever notice how the man who boasts that he never reads anything votes the old party ticket? This is the sort of Simon pure that Laurier and Borden loves.

There should be no poor workingmen and women in a rich country such as Canada. And there wouldn't be if the working class were not robbed of a great share of what they produce.

Go into a Canadian lumber yard and ask the price of lumber. You will pay as much for it as asked for it in cities after it is shipped to the United States. How is this? Mathematicians get busy, please.

Socialists stand for no destructive policy. They are the advocates of a square deal for the working class, and they consider nothing less than the full social value of everything they create to mean a square deal.

Police Magistrate Watt, of Guelph, recently sent two fifteen-year-old boys to the cells and they were flogged for theft. It takes a mighty long time for Dame Nature to eliminate the barbaric strain from some people.

Just think of the tens of thousands of Canadian workers who rush to a mill or factory at the sound of the morning whistle and slave and sweat and are bruised and mangled and maimed producing profits that their masters and their families may revel in idleness and luxury.

You do the crawl act to your master for a job, and when your week is ended he hands you a few nickels out of what you have produced with an air which makes you imagine he is doing you a favor, and that he is a real philanthropist. When, oh when, are you going to get wise, and demand what you produce?

No, dear Brother. The Bible nowhere says, "Thou people of Canada shall give fifteen million dollars to Bill and Dan and thirty million dollars to the warship builders of England." But you would think it did, so to hear other sharks who want to get the fees from them are jealous and angry at Boisvert. ECONOMIC DETERMINISM MAKES THEM SO.

They miss the fees and, like a baby that cries when its mother is late in providing sustenance, they howl against Joseph because he has connected up with the dollars which they are reaching after.

The High Constablenesship

The high constablenesship is one which has an odor to it.

There have been three occupants of it since this district was created and the record of each has been maddening in the nostrils of the people.

There is no salary attached to the office. The only thing the High Constable gets is the patronage of the court. The High Constable does the orders of the courts and gets the fees when he executes the orders. These fees are small and few.

Consequently the High Constable has to look out for himself. He has to make his own living.

All three occupants of the position have made a good thing out of it.

It takes a mean man to hold the position, a man who will do things that other men would scorn to do.

If a robbery has been committed, and you are a good High Constable, you will ferret out the criminal. You will curl yourself up under another man's back verandah and listen to the private conversation of a family. A man who respected himself will not do such things. It is only a low order of person who will hold the office.

The thief is the cause of this thief catcher.

The unearned revenues of our prominent citizens is the cause of the thief.

They produce the poverty and the extravagance, which causes envy and malice and temptation and thievery and brings the special qualities of men like Boisvert into active exercise.

WERE J. A. BOISVERT TURNED OUT OF HIS OFFICE, HE WOULD BE SUCCEEDED BY AS CROOKED AN INDIVIDUAL IT IS THE OFFICE WHICH IS CORRUPT AND ONLY A CORRUPT MAN CAN HOLD IT.

The thirty-eight who control Canada have separated the workers from the wealth they have created, yet the workers keep right on voting for the continuance of the system which makes them poorer and the thirty-eight richer.

"Business is business," say the capitalists, and then they proceed to grind the workers, male and female, into the dust, and cause conditions to be so oppressive that only the strongest may survive, and that for a short time only. Business is hell.

The very minute you refuse to be hypnotized by the spellbinders of capitalism you break the first chain towards freedom.

When a man says, "I am no longer a liberal," or "I am no longer a Conservative," that man is just beginning to reason for himself.

The capitalist system is a wedge which is forever thrusting you farther and farther from what you produce.

In most armies those who stand the fire are usually pawns in some higher game.—James Manson.

There is no money stringency with the noble illustrious thirty-eight who control the finances of Canada.

Flour can be bought in England for the same price which is asked for in this where it is made in Canada. Why is the wherefore of this?

Canadians are willing to take the wealth they have produced and place it in the hands of a few men, thereby making them idlers and parasites, and then set up a howl about a money stringency when these parasites put the pressure on in order to make a big killing.

5,726 insane people cost the province of Ontario \$1,000,000 a year. The capitalist system imposes conditions under which the worker either breaks down physically or goes insane. Then he is placed in an asylum, and his place taken by others who are younger and more virile. A large number of the above patients are reported to have gone insane from privation and overwork. The masters take a heavy toll from labor that they may live in luxury and idleness.

A mammoth oil-driven harvester that is being tried-out on Australian wheat fields strips 60 acres a day. Do the workers own this machine, and the others that will be built if it proves a pronounced success? No, the workers invented and built the machine, but the master class own it, as they own all other labor saving and money making machinery whereby great profits can be piled up. A wheelbarrow is about the only machine that a worker is allowed to own, and the majority do not own even one of those.

A daily paper says:—"Mining gold in South Africa produces an appalling mortality roll." The mortality is not among the class who benefit from the efforts of the miners, but is among those who produce the wealth and get but a bare existence out of the results of their toil. Why not let the people who want gold mine it themselves? Why do the miners brave danger of life and limb to enrich people who have never seen the inside of a mine? The capitalist result of such an action is to get prodded with a bayonet or shot up in gangs at the first sign of revolt against unbearable conditions.

Some time ago a man in Passaic, N. J., was arrested and sent to jail ten days for failure to send his fourteen-year-old daughter to school. The girl was the only support of the family. Her parents were ill, and unable to work. The authorities, however, refused to allow her to work, and sent her back to school. Now the father is dead of starvation and the mother had to be taken to hospital. Now, who will support the girl while she attends school? The workers under capitalism are up against it every move they make. The machinations of the capitalists are fast bringing the affairs of every country into a chaos, and the working classes must bear the brunt of battle.

A deputation of labor men of Toronto visited the parliament buildings and complained of the manner in which the police of that city round the workers who dare to go on strike. The police have made numerous efforts to provoke the strikers into breaking the law. During the carpenters' strike men were pushed off the sidewalks, and otherwise handled, so anxious were the police to get them to say or do something for which they could be arrested. The men in the Toronto labor movement are determined to have this injustice stopped at once. It is a notorious fact that the Toronto police have always been picked out for qualities otherwise than intelligence.

Viscount Gladstone sent 3,650 troops to Johannesburg to suppress the striking miners. This is exactly what soldiers are kept for, and did you ever notice how the master class were always in command of soldiers, from the lowest subaltern in the militia to the highest rank in the permanent force? There are regiments in England whose officers must all be of the wealthy class, and where those of the working class are not wanted. The workers fought for and secured South Africa for the master class, and the masters will see to it that the British workers are kept at work in the mines at the wages imposed by the bosses, or take their medicine in the form of bullets and bayonets.

A Canadian office of the Wm. J. Burns detective agency will be established in Montreal. The city of Montreal is already cursed with a superfluity of creatures in the guise of detectives, and this Burns outfit will not help in the least to smother the stink. Montreal is a huge town, it has tens of thousands of workers who are in a state of unrest bordering on a citywide upheaval. The corporations which exploit these workers note the uneasiness of the labor market. They also note that the soldiers of the city cannot be depended upon to butcher striking workmen, so they import an agency of the gunmen and strong arm tribe of Burns, the most successful of the many crooks who have railroaded workers to prison on perjured evidence. The workers of Montreal will now have another stone around their necks.

Boisvert Still a Manhunter

Boisvert Answers.

In the last two issues of Cotton's Weekly we have been showing up how Joseph A. Boisvert, the High Constable of this district, drags unemployed men before District Magistrate Mulvena, and Mulvena slams them with hard sentences.

We cited the case of four men, Jas. Garvin, Charles Feeley, Weldon Burke, and Edward Burke who had been arrested at Farnham.

We showed up Mr. Boisvert as a feeble, and pursuer of innocent men. To these articles Mr. Boisvert gives the following answer.

REPLY FROM HIGH CONSTABLE BOISVERT.

To William U. Cotton, Esq., Editor "Cotton's Weekly," Cowansville, Quebec.

Sir:—I hope you will allow me a small space in your columns to tell your readers that the contents of the facts alleged in your sensational article of the 17th inst., are absolutely false, untrue and unfounded.

You first accuse me of having arrested four innocent men, Jas. Garvin, Charles Feeley, Edward Burke, and Weldon Belyea. This is absolutely untrue. I did not arrest them nor cause them to be arrested. They were arrested on the 21st of June last and it was not until the afternoon of the 22nd, that I was notified to go to Farnham and convey them to Sweetburg jail. Mr. Roy, the Chief of Police at Farnham made the arrest in the forenoon and later allowed them their liberty upon the express promise that they would leave the town immediately. As they failed to keep their promise, they were re-arrested in the afternoon not only because they were tramps and vagrants but also because four tramps had been seen going into a freight car in the morning and it had been found that the seal had been broken. Early in the afternoon it was also discovered that a trunk addressed to Mr. A. Dupont had been stolen and hidden in the bushes where it was later found with the lock broken. There is no doubt that the four tramps who had been seen going in and out of the freight car were waiting for the middle of the night to take away the contents of the trunk.

When I arrived at Farnham, I questioned the accused with the Chief of Police, Mr. Roy, and although they were the only tramps seen in the vicinity, I soon realized that they were not disposed to admit their guilt and that it would be difficult to connect them with the mischief done. When I questioned them concerning their means of livelihood, where they came from and where they had been working, they refused to give me a satisfactory answer. It was only after they had been in jail for eight days that Jas. Garvin and Charles Feeley told me that they came from Natick, Mass.

I immediately wrote the Chief of Police asking him what he knew as to their conduct and behaviour and I give you herewith a copy of the reply received, which speaks for itself.

Town of Natick, Police Department, David D. Church, Chief.

Natick, Mass., July 4th, '13.

Mr. Joseph A. Boisvert, High Constable, Sweetburg, Que.

Dear Sir:—In regard to your letter of the 3rd, I would say that James Garvin, 12 Fifth Street, is his right name and address. He has been in court here for being a loafer, he is not wanted here now.

Charles Feeley, 30 Harrison Street, is his right name and address. He has been arrested here for drunk, and since then he is not right at times.

These two young men never stay in one place very long, they are rovers.

Respectfully yours, (signed) David J. Church, Chief.

Edward had given me his address as Fresno, California, saying that he had been born and brought up there. I wrote the Chief of Police who replied to me in the following terms:—"I have done my utmost to locate anyone who would know Edward Burke. He is not known in Fresno." (signed) Edward Jones, Chief of Police.

Now Mr. Editor, you call these men honest working men. Did they succeed in making you believe that they were? And if so, who am I to believe, you or the Chiefs of Police above mentioned? I will leave the answer to this question to the reader of your paper.

You have printed their affidavits, stating that I told them to give me \$2 or \$5 and I would get them off. I can easily forgive them for making the affidavit but I cannot forgive you for having published them, because you know that I did not say that. When they asked me what would be the penalty imposed by the magistrate for vagrancy, I told them that it would be from \$2.00 to \$5, which is usually the fine which as you know goes to your father, the Sheriff, for the building and Jury fund and not to myself.

I defy you or anyone else to say that I have ever received through graft or otherwise, one cent from anyone that was not for the regular fee allowed by law. I have never yet even charged one cent to make an unsuccessful investigation except of course to Companies and Corporations.

You say that I am a great tramp hunter. I have every reason to be for nearly all the offences committed

Boisvert Still a Manhunter

in my District since my appointment have been the work of tramps. I can cite you many cases where we have arrested not hoboes, but mere tramps and then allowed them to go after hearing a nice story like the one told you and printed in your paper about their being driven away from their own country by strikes, etc., only to find the very next day, the same parties guilty of shonbreaking and theft.

The threats you make against me in your paper do not scare me in the least. I shall continue to do in the future as I have done in the past, without consulting the editor of "Cotton's Weekly" or anyone else. It is my duty to arrest tramps such as these parties were and all those who may commit offences that will require prosecution and your articles will never keep me from doing my duty and protecting the rights and property of honest people.

When you refer to my fees you should know that there is no fee allowed by law for the arrest of tramps who are residents of this Province and that in the case of outsiders, all that I receive from the Government is a mileage fee of 10 cents per mile which only pays my travelling expenses.

Before closing, allow me to say that it was, to say the least, very imprudent for you to publish the article which you did, without obtaining your information from a more reliable source. I could give you more information concerning these particular cases but I feel that it is unnecessary for me to do so, to convince your readers that I only did my duty.

Thanking you for your courtesy in allowing me the use of your columns to reply to your article, I am, Yours truly, High Constable.

P.S.—You may add that I am willing to contribute \$5000.00 to any charitable institution if it is proven that I ever received one cent outside my taxable fees.

A Self Convicting Statement

Of all the weak, knockkneed self convicting statements, this one takes the biscuit.

Let us review what happened.

On the 21st four men were arrested at Farnham.

On the 22nd, Boisvert arrived, looked at the men, and made out a warrant charging them with trespass on the C.P.R. and with entering a freight car with intent to ride thereon without paying their car fare.

They were taken to Sweetburg jail, kept there till the 7th of July when Mulvena came. Then a new charge of vagrancy is made out against these four men, (the writing still is Boisvert's) and upon this charge they are railroaded to jail.

Nothing is done about the charge of trespass. They were not released on that charge, they were not convicted, they were not remanded. It appears to have simply dropped out of sight.

The four men had money on them when arrested. They had not been in Farnham long.

Boisvert's hand is seen all through. Now he tries to lay the blame on Roy of Farnham.

A Damnable Charge

See what Boisvert says.

A car was broken into.

Four tramps were seen going in and out.

A trunk was stolen from the car.

These four men were seen around Farnham.

Therefore they broke the seal of the car and stole the trunk.

They would not admit their guilt, and it was difficult to prove it on them.

Therefore convict them as tramps. That is the way Boisvert reasons. That is the way Mulvena reasons. When I asked Mulvena about them he said a charge of breaking into a car and stealing would probably be laid against the men. Then he suddenly shut up. He realized he had said too much. He had given himself away.

He had not convicted the men on the evidence before him. He had convicted them upon the lies and slanders and insinuations Boisvert had poured into his unjudicial mind before the trial.

It is the principle of British law that a man is held to be innocent until he is proved guilty.

Joseph A. Boisvert's rule is to hold a man guilty until he proves himself innocent.

The Arrest of the Four Men

The four men were arrested without warrant.

The arrest was perfectly illegal.

Trespassing is not a crime for which an arrest can be made without warrant.

Having entered a car to steal a ride without paying car fare is not a crime where an arrest can be made without warrant.

Being a vagrant is not a crime where an arrest can be made without warrant.

Roy, policeman of Farnham, made the arrest.

The four men were not on the railway track when arrested. They were sitting on the steps of Cyril Lapointe's old cash and door factory.

They are put in, hung into the dirty cell and kept all night.

Next day Boisvert arrives, asks questions, draws up the warrant, has them before a J. P., hales them to Sweetburg, and then says, "Please,

(Continued on Page Two)

Boisvert Still a Manhunter

(Continued from Page One)
Mr. Cotton, I did not do it, it was that naughty Roy.
Is not that enough to give an angel the stomach ache?

A Previous Arrest

Mr. Boisvert says that these four men were arrested previously in the day and let go on condition that they leave town. Such an arrest was not an arrest. An arrest without a warrant is illegal.
Besides, these men deny having been previously arrested. It must have been some other men in Farnham.

Supposing they had been warned out of Farnham? When a man is not guilty of any crime, has he got to sneak away from some fee hunter like Roy or Boisvert?
Suppose a policeman comes up to Boisvert when he is sneaking through Farnham hunting a tramp and tells him to get out or he will be arrested. Supposing Boisvert refuses. Can he then be jumped and arrested and tried as a tramp, and held to be such a man saying, "I ordered him out of Farnham and he would not go. This shows he's a tramp."
Is not Boisvert's letter enough to give an angel the stomach ache?
These men arrived in Farnham that day. They had money on them. Boisvert writes to "Tresno" Cal. wherever that is, and the chief of Police does not know Burke. Does this mean to say that Burke had not lived there? Had Boisvert written to the Union to which Burke belonged, he might have found out that Burke had lived there.

Drunk and a Loafer

Boisvert wrote to the chief of Police at Natick. He got back a letter that Garvin had been in court as a loafer.
This evidence, I believe, is erroneous. Garvin's father died when Garvin was a little boy. He and some other fellows went to camp, opened the door, cooked dinner, donned the costumes, and Garvin, fourteen years of age, was sent to an institution for six months for this prank.
A loafer, moreover, in the eyes of the police, is a man who does not serve a labor skinner as the labor skinner thinks he should be served.
In Lindsay, Ont., when a worker quits his job, the boss quite frequently telephones the police to chase the quitter back to his job under threat of being a vagrant and a loafer. If Boisvert wrote to Lindsay, Ont., for the record of a man, he might be told that a man who objected to working long hours for poor pay was a "loafer."
As for Feeley being drunk, that does not make him a loafer. If it did, there is many a judge in Canada and even in the Quebec province, who would be doing time behind the bars as a vag, instead of sitting on the bench glowering at poor devils.
Further, whatever letter the Natick chief may write to Boisvert is no evidence. It cannot be produced in a court of law. No doubt the judge read it and lambasted the prisoners.

They do not Squal

Joseph A. Boisvert has the reputation of being a crook.
There are some things it is easy to prove against him, but other crookedness is hard to prove.
Here is a man who has a family and also an illegitimate child.
Supposing the Constable finds it out in the exercise of his duties as the first constable among sixty thousand people. He can bleed that man of hundreds of dollars and that man dare not complain.
Here is a thief. He has been caught by the constable and no one knows anything about it. He has a little money. It is easy for the constable to paint the expense of a criminal prosecution and influence the man from whom the goods have been stolen not to prosecute. The thief dare not complain if he is bled in the process.
In many ways the criminal can be bled through his fear for the jail or the penitentiary.
This can take place, not only in this district, but throughout Canada.
And the men who graft have very good excuses. They have reason on their side.
They say that there is much wealth enjoyed by those who do not work, that a man who works will only get a living, and consequently they, the grafters, might as well join in the general plunder and get their share. They plunder the plunderers. Or, if they plunder workingmen, they reason that if they do not get that little the workers save, the workers will lose it to some other shark.
The capitalist system is living on its shams. If the people spoke what they thought the rotten system would go down mighty quick.
The rotten system produces our rich men and our criminals are bled by the agents appointed by our legalized thieves to stop the illegal stealers. The thief catches join in the game of stealing. This is the logical conclusion of a damnable system.

Every Time

Every time you vote Tory, you are voting for corruption. Every time you vote Liberal you are voting for corruption. Every time you are caught by the reforms promised by Liberal or Tory, you are caught by the glitter of scam floating on a mass of filth.
Do you like what Jos. A. Boisvert does? If you do not, remember that every time you vote for anything but Socialism, YOU ARE VOTING TO MAINTAIN HIS ACTIONS AND THE ACTIONS OF HIS FELLOW SHARKS.

That Fining Question

Mr. Boisvert says that when he was speaking of \$2 to \$5 fine to the prisoners, he was referring to the fine the judge would impose. The judge imposed a \$10 fine. Evidently Mr. Boisvert mistook the amount of the fine. WHY?

That Offer of 5,000

In the document before me, Mr. Boisvert kindly neglected to sign his name. He sent the document in, but omitted his name. Was this because he feared that someone might step in and make him hand over \$5,000 to a charitable institution?
But Mr. Boisvert may rest easy. No one is likely to come forward and force him to pay over the \$5,000. That sum is to be paid over to some charitable institution IF IT IS PROVEN THAT MR. BOISVERT EVER RECEIVED ONE CENT APART FROM HIS TAXABLE COSTS!

No one is coming forward to make Mr. Boisvert cough up.
If a man has done something criminal, and supposing he has been tagged a considerable sum for the silence of a constable, do you think that criminal, over whom a sentence would hang, would come forward and say, "Yes, I am a criminal and I have been bled. Mr. Boisvert will kindly give \$5,000 to the Kingston orphan's home."
Not on your life.
The criminal, if such there be, is going to keep his mouth shut.
And even if he did come forward and squeal on himself, that would not be proof. Mr. Boisvert could easily deny the charge and the charge would not be proven. Such things are not done with a cloud of witnesses around.

A Last Word

The whole business is produced by the system of robbery.
A gentleman, a respectable, eminent gentleman, recently declared that if he had to dig postholes all day for \$1.50 per day for a living, he would steal.
The working class, the producing class create the wealth.
Out of the wealth they create they receive a bare living wage or a bare living income from their labor on the farm.
On their backs they support the capitalist plunderer, the illegal thieves, the petty sharpers, the thief catchers, the Boisverts, the whole system of useless parasites.
Mr. Boisvert says he intends to protect the property of honest men. The honest men do not own the property. The most Boisvert can say, even if he were a just official, would be that he would endeavor to see that no unlawful plunderer should steal from the lawful plunderers.
Unemployment causes men to rove, roving men may develop into tramps, tramps steal, constables arrest them, become suspicious of everyone that looks like a worker out of work and makes fees out of them. The Mulvernas draw good salaries for jailing them, and the producing class, you workers, keep the whole bunch of these official sewer-men of the social system well fed and well clothed.
How do you like to pour out your sweat to keep such creatures living fat?
If you do not like it, your place is with the Socialists, working, agitating, organizing and voting for the overthrow of the vicious system.

The Socialist does not Hate the Soldiers

It has been said that the Socialist hates the soldier. That is a lie.
The Socialist hates no man, not even the capitalist, but he hates the system which makes capitalists and soldiers.
If you would condemn the Socialist for hating that system, why not condemn the religion that says "... they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."
The Socialist believes that the day is past when it is necessary to murder one another for the sake of making progress. The Socialist would submit questions of dispute to be reasoned out instead of fought out on the battle field.
The Socialist does not believe that might is right except when the might is the might of reason, and that reason used to establish the welfare of masses.
The Socialist encourages education for the masses in order that the people may develop reasoning power and use that power to establish the welfare of a small privileged class which is now upheld by physical might and the ignorance of the masses. Socialism stands for education and abolition of war.—Shermerville Socialist.

Thousands of workers are parading the streets of Vancouver, many of them with no place to sleep at night and most of them with hope as their only asset. McBride's capitalist government has the workers of B. C. just exactly where it wants them. name their own price for the commodity of labor, and their profits will soar accordingly. No wonder the capitalist press claims the motor-men and conductors of Vancouver are satisfied with a paltry wage. The men have to be satisfied, when there are hundreds waiting with the eagerness of any empty stomach to take their places at the least signs of discontent.

Montreal is making a record for infant mortality. 214 helpless children died in one week in that city recently. Dr. Laberge, of the health department, says there will be no radical improvement in the infant mortality rate until there is a betterment of housing conditions. True, and there will be no betterment of housing conditions as long as hundreds of houses bring in revenues to one man. Laberge also says the powers of the health department are uncertain, and they have to be careful how they act. True again. If they tramp on the toes of the profit lords of Montreal they would have the wrath of big business falling on their heads, and it would not fall light. Let the children of the slums die, let their mothers slave in the sweat pens of the masters, let their fathers loaf because they cannot sell their labor power: the landlords and profit lords must have their pound of flesh.

God Watcheth over Dividends.

Religious business men sometimes come as near to being the perfection of blasphemous blackguards as could be found. There is Floyd N. Franklin, of the indicted N. A. Brown Company, for instance. This company was promoting the 1,000 per cent. Franklin candy concern of which mention was made some months ago in the Sunday Call. Franklin and others were unloading choice hunks, nice sugared lumps, luscious honey sticks of stock, and the investors were just eating them up. Franklin knew how to put over the "as-God-is-my-witness" stuff.
Here are two choice bon-bons from his come-on correspondence: "Why, I tell you that if you offered me \$50,000 cash this very minute for my stock, you couldn't buy it. If you made your offer six months, from now \$100,000 wouldn't tempt me. This sounds big. It is big. But it is absolutely true on my word of honor as a God-fearing man. If you could see the way money and orders are pouring in, why then you'd get a bulldog grip that death itself wouldn't loosen. It's a nice block of Franklin stock." "The Almighty has prospered and rained down his blessings upon us of Franklin's. And I feel in my soul that any business conceived in the spirit of the golden rule cannot fail to leave its indelible impress whether on city, State or nation."

One of the lures of this business was the cruelly low wages paid the candy makers. Figures were given for the city of Baltimore, and these seemed to show wages of between \$2 and \$3 a week. Wages for the whole United States indicated wages averaging somewhere around \$4 a week. The God-fearing men of Franklin were going to plunge into this field of cheap labor and get away with their 1,000 per cent. dividends.

The glorious example of Huyler was cited. Huyler's little chocolate drops made him a multimillionaire. The Franklin concern was in a state of pious exultation at the thought of the heavenly dividends that may be produced by a judicious combination of sugar, starch, furniture glue, roof paint, piano polish.
It did not adopt the lofty "cent a profit" motto, but it did point repeatedly to low wages that were paid in the candy business. The God-fearing Mr. Franklin hasn't anything on Loft in that way. Loft fears God just as much, and he hires help just as much, and he hires help just as cheaply as he can. So he is a millionaire, and he has given liberally to the church, after he has taken more than a cent a pound profit out of his help.

There may be some strong connection between candy and sanctity, for many of those in the business pray while they adulterate, and sing smug hymns of praise while they smash down wages.

Even John D., through the Corn Products Company (the glucose people)—nice glucose, with a little free sulphuric acid in it that rots the teeth and tears holes in the stomach—is in the candy business. In fact, as far as piety and peppermint sticks are concerned, he is the candy king, or the glucose guy. He has had as much sanctity as Franklin, and no doubt he used it to as satisfactory a result. The only difference is that he had hold of a good proposition, one that involved a much underpaid labor, but still a thing that carried with it greater possibilities. So Holy John won out, and God-fearing Franklin is now before the courts. And both were working the same game.

It is a safe bet that when God is pulled in to get by a business game, that game is particularly contemptible. Then Huyler is able to build country estates and Loft is able to build altars and dedicate memorial windows. In those windows there is no suggestion of the pale girls, the underpaid labor that helped pile up the fortune. Why should there be?
The glories of capitalism are built upon underpaid labor, and nothing else.—New York Call.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

What is success? A question old and fairly solved by few.
The way that leads to higher life And conduct grand and true;
And last and selfish greed, Intent, regardless quite,
Of how the world may criticize Or e'en deny our right.
What is success? To shape our course Among our fellow-men,
In paths which lead them to the truth That lies beyond their ken;
And reach a helping hand to those Who falter in their zeal,
And pour the balm of sympathy In wounds which slowly heal.
What is success? To stifle hate And lust and selfish greed,
While with the fruits of hope and love The multitude we feed;
And spread our faith, our charities, As Heaven's bright sun shines forth Until they vitalize man's brotherhood And circumscribe the earth.
What is success? To strive each day To make love's kingdom come;
To exile Dogma, Creed, and fear, And teach that all is one;
That however we drift apart Through caste, or class, or clan,
The laws of nature draw us back And bind us man to man.
O Toiler, why do you support the wastrel sons and daughters of the rich? Why do you supply them with plug hats and silks and satins while your sons and daughters are forced to wear shoddy and calico?

Publicity Cures Injustice

(The following article taken from the "International Sheriff," published in the U. S., shows what is needed throughout Canada, as well as throughout the United States.)
Woodrow Wilson is President of the United States. He is the highest executive in our land and this fact alone makes his thoughts and utterances at all times worthy of thought and consideration.
There is no sheriff or other officer of the law who has not some time or other seriously pondered on the subject of "publicity," whatever may be or have been the form and substance of such publicity. Fair and just, or unfair and prejudiced—publicity has its effects, and that's why we desire at this time to call attention to a brief expression of opinion on this subject by President Wilson.
As to publicity and its effect on politics our chief executive says:
"Publicity is one of the purifying elements of politics. The best thing that you can do with anything that is crooked is to lit it up where people can see it. It is crooked, and then it will either straighten itself out or disappear. Nothing checks all the bad practices of politics like publicity exposure. You can't be crooked in the light. I don't know whether it has ever been tried or not; but I venture to say, purely from observation, that it can't be done."

And so the people of the United States have made up their minds to do a healthy thing for both politics and big-business. Permit me to mix a few metaphors. They are going to open doors; they are going to let up blinds; they are going to drag sick things into the open air and into the light of the sun. They are going to organize a great hunt and smoke certain animals out of their burrows. They are going to unearth the beast in the jungle in which when they hunted they were caught by the beast instead of catching him. They have determined, therefore, to take an axe and raze the jungle, and then see where the beast will find cover. And I, for my part, bid them Godspeed. The jungle breeds nothing but infection and shelters nothing but the enemies of mankind.
And nobody is going to get caught in the hunt except the beasts that prey. Nothing is going to be cut down or injured that anybody ought to wish preserved.

You know the story of the Irish man who, while digging a hole, was asked, "Pat, what are you doing?" "Digging a hole," he replied.
"No, sir; I am digging the dirt, and having a hole." It is probably the same Irishman who, while digging around the wall of a house, was asked, "Pat, what are you doing?" And he answered, "Faith, I am letting the dark out of the cellar." Now, that's exactly what we want to do—let the dark out of the cellar.

What it is to Be

After years of "immigration" publicity in the old lands the employers and corporations of this province, assisted by their executive composites, the McBride government, are at last being rewarded. Thousands of jobless men are roaming the highways and byways in search of employment. Consequently the employers are endeavoring to reduce wages and dictate terms of enslavement. The Saturday afternoon holiday is fast becoming a thing of the past. In fact there appears to be a well laid plan at the bottom of it all to oust organized labor out of existence. Regular strike-breaking agencies have been established in Vancouver and the fight is on in earnest. Organized labor must fight for its very existence or go temporarily down and out. And fight it will. Where the unions have been unable to secure a foothold and maintain decent wages every first and third Monday at 56 King St. East, H. Martin, Sec., & Weber St. East, Berlin, Ont.—256.

A little Toronto boy coveted a Scout pole, and swiped one. Result: the little nine-year-old lad appeared in the juvenile court, and listened to a sermon by a servant of the master class against the evils of taking what did not belong to him. The masters commit robberies every day in the week. They hire soldiers to protect what they have stolen. The soldiers are becoming scarce; the far-seeing masters entice innocent little lads to train with arms so they may take the place of those who are older and refuse to bear arms. When they are very young, they are supplied with scout poles; when they are a little older, they take up the uniforms of the militia and carry and drill with rifles and bayonets. A little lad covets a scout pole, and the masters hale him to court and lecture him. This is the reward of the masters; this is as it has always been. Militia is for the sole purpose of suppressing the working class, and the father who allows his boy to join the infamous organization of Boy Scouts deserves all that is coming to him, and will probably get it.
Militant suffragists fired off a toy pistol in the English House of Commons and a panic ensued among the members. They fled in all directions seeking the exits and corridors of the House. How brave, how heroic, how Rile Britannie these members acted. These are the people who sit in solemn conclave and, obeying the will of their masters, send useful, producing workers to Sebastopol, Waterloo, Khartoum and Majuba Hills to fight and die that the wealthy class of England may become still more wealthy. These are the tools who wave union jacks and work themselves into a frenzy when an aristocratic young snob in the House stands up and demands millions of dollars to build a fleet that will lick their peaceful neighbors, the Germans—and they themselves stay in the tight little isle, and are afraid of a toy pistol in the hands of a woman. Jellyfish!

Are not the workers a kind, forgiving sort of people? They produce everything, and are robbed day by day, week after week, year after year, and complain not. Job was a raving, roaring, obstreperous individual alongside the average worker.

An Intelligent Kick

On July 3rd at the social study class in connection with the Presbyterian church of Minotnas, Man., we were treated to a rousing and instructive address by Mr. Wm. Sifton on "Land and the people." Mr. Sifton is a scientific Socialist, accepting this philosophy in toto. As such he threw a new light on modern conditions to those who have been looking to party politics for emancipation.
During the course of his address the speaker pointed out the importance of the land to the life of people, and said—"Land might exist without the people, but people could not exist without the land. If then the land were of such importance it were surely folly to allow the birthright of all the people to be at the disposal of rich-thirsty individuals to whom wealth was of more importance than human life."

The speaker went on to show how the land passed from the people to the landlords. In older countries the land was given out in portions to favorites of the Divinely appointed (7) king, but in Canada the supposed servants of the people have deliberately handed out to land companies and railway magnates the land which in reality belonged to the people. This the people of Canada must make terms with the land kings of today for the right to live.
Continuing he said that "Land being a necessity for the sustenance of human life it was a master card in the hands of the privileged few who forced the people to pay unreasonable prices for the use of it. By the revenue thus obtained, certain individuals were in position to take advantage of every invention and every industry, so that the private ownership of the land had naturally led to the private ownership of all industries, and even to private ownership of the governments."
In conclusion Mr. Sifton advocated Socialism as the only reasonable solution. By Socialism the land will be taken from the favored few and restored to the people and thus put an end to the real-estate exploitation; Socialism will place the means of production and distribution in the hands of the worker who will thereby receive the full product of his labor. Mr. Sifton finished with a splendid appeal to the people for their earnest study of the question, and for the ownership by the people of the government and of the means of production which would allow the worker to get every necessity of life at cost.

Among the moss-back farmers would be in bringing of the revolution. May their numbers increase rapidly. —Minotnas Comrade.

BREAD IS FREEDOM

There are people who are ever ready to do battle for the inalienable right of the workman to drink whatever and whenever he likes, but who cannot be induced to fight for decent conditions of work and life for the working class. Personal liberty is a beautiful thing, it is a necessary thing, it is essential to the abundant life, physical, mental and moral, which is the ideal of modern civilization. But its foundation is economic freedom, and this the masses of the people can never attain under the present economic system, the tendency of which is the concentration of life in the hands of a class of men. No man is really free who is compelled to sell himself in order to get bread. No man can enjoy personal liberty whose means of existence are controlled by another man. The German poet, Herwegh, was on the right track when he said, "Bread is freedom, freedom is bread."—Ex.

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ANOTHER LOSS

Another loss was registered last week. This loss is for the issue of July 24th. Subscriptions received later than July 21st are held over till next week.
Under first class postage on July 18th, I sent out a statement of the financial condition of Cotton's to the army of eighteen hundred loyal hustlers of this paper. This statement had not been issued long enough to affect the circulation statement.

Campaigns are not won by faint hearts. Battles are not won by non-fighters.
You have the grandest fight before you that ever appeared upon the horizon of the world's history.
Tennyson, speaking of the advance of man up from the animal stage, exhorts humanity to "move upward, working out the beast, and let the ape and tiger die." Marx, speaking of the social ownership of the means of life, says that when this is accomplished, man will definitely pass out of the animal stage of struggle and a new era in history will open for the human race.

Today the struggle for food, clothing and shelter occupies nearly all the waking hours of man. It troubles him in his dreams. He is thinking of his job, his store, his bills payable, his rent coming due, his fight for a little more pay in the envelope, his resistance to paying more pay in the pay envelope of the "hands," how much he can get for his wheat, the fear of frost, the exactions of the machine companies, the high interest rates.

When private property in the means of production is replaced by collective ownership, and men produce for use instead of profit, the getting of food, clothing and shelter will become so easy for all, that the physical maintenance of life will become so easy that it will sink to an incident in man's waking and sleeping life.

Then man will bourgeois fourth. The spiritual, intellectual, moral life will become the foremost part of man. He will forget the animal struggle for existence. He will forget the old animosities due to the class struggle, and to the individual struggles within the two classes for jobs and for the surplus values. Kindness will take the place of cruelty. Love will replace hate. The brotherhood of man will come to reality out of dream.

Behind the apparent cruelty of Cotton's, behind its fights against individuals, not as individuals, but because the system of cruelty involves individual interests in the fight, lies the hope, the desire of the coming of that time when necessity for fighting shall be over and love will rule.

This fight is the one you are engaged in, Comrades. The advance in circulation you give this paper is the record of your faithfulness to your principles. What record will you write in the circulation statement of the coming week?

Circulation statement for week of July 24th, 1913.

	Off.	On.	Total
Ontario	91	129	8964
B. Columbia	114	65	4790
Saskatchewan	111	48	4834
Alberta	119	67	4188
Nova Scotia	12	14	1538
Manitoba	13	12	1243
Quebec	29	66	1294
Foreign	13	6	489
N. Brunswick	7	1	418
Yukon Terr.	5	2	279
Newfoundland	4	5	256
P. E. I.	61
	518	412	28354
Loss for week—106.			
Total issue last week—32,000			

SOCIALIST DIRECTORY

OMINION Executive Committee, Social Democratic Party of Canada, meets every first and third Monday at 56 King St. East, H. Martin, Sec., & Weber St. East, Berlin, Ont.—256.
NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C., Local No. 1, S.D.P. of C. meets last and 3rd Sundays, 8 p.m., at Labor Temple, corner Royal Ave. and 7th St., and other S.D.P. meetings at 1000 Goodwin St., S. Westminister, P. O. Box 586, A. V. Steadman, Sec.—226.
NANAIMO Local No. 11, S.D.P. of C. English. Business meeting held on Sunday afternoons, 2 o'clock, above Beattie & Hooker's Printers, Wharf St. Propaganda meetings every Sunday at 3 p.m. Temple, Rec. Sec., Box 666, Nanaimo, B. C.—264.
BRITISH COLUMBIA Executive S.D.P. of C. meets in Vancouver, Finnish Socialist Hall, Fender St. E., on the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 p.m. General business meeting on 3rd Sunday, E. Finch, Sec., Jubilee Station P.O., Vancouver, B. C.—260.
LOCAL VANCOUVER No. 12, meets for business and propaganda every Tuesday 8 p.m., Dominion Hall, Fender St. Public meetings in Dominion Theatre, Granville St., Sunday evenings, Secretary, O. L. Charlton, City Market, Main Street—246.
BERLIN Local No. 4, S. D. P. of C. meets every second and fourth Wednesday, 56 King St. East, Chas. Nicholson, Sec., 115 Benton St., Berlin, Ont.—263.
PORT ARTHUR Local S.D.P. meets in Labor Temple, Bay St., 2nd and 4th Thursdays 8 p.m., for business, and last and 3rd Thursdays to discuss matters of interest to every worker. Workers units and run Port Arthur for the benefit of the workers. Herbert Barker, 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, P. Dugan, Sec., Box 581—283.
TORONTO Local No. 1, S.D.P. of C. Business meeting first and third Tuesday in month, Labor Temple, 161 Church St., 8 p.m., second floor. Attend street meetings Wednesdays and Saturdays evenings in different parts of the city. Alfred Corra, 96 Simpson Ave.—267.

HYPNOTISM

You May Learn It! Big Book FREE
By this mysterious unseen force of nature you may reform the degraded, break the sick and weary, relieve the suffering, and make money easy. YOU may learn it! Write today for my free book on Hypnotism, Personal Magnetism, and the Science of the Mind. Address: J. M. D. BERRY, 1000 Jackson, Mich.

The FID

Five more from two bones and sub cards.
A Woodstock bundle of ten Biltown, N. Y. four new.
A Springfield to the torch of "Please see Socialist local."
The liberty a bundle of ten months.
Twenty-eight Cowansville list up to six.
A Comrade ta, takes eight the capitalist North Lond wades right, muck and pull.
"Here are much time to another try Toronto."
"Enclosed find out asking. Ter er sons are st Vancouver, B. C."
"Here are for near fall, for through our present."—Luc.
"Enclosed find Money is about teeth, but I can light all I can Sarepta, Alta."
"These are ers up here s to read Cotton out the reason their grain till a bushel."—P.
"Enclosed find read all kindr ton's is the b on all I can Botwood, New."
"Send Cotton The cry here man out. As gone, Socialis for the cap for they grave do fill it in."—H.
"I have run hard to get a head. You can is not so well or, for the higher price for farmer has to get."—Brown.
"Enclosed p sub cards. To having an elec enjoying two ride to vote walk and if can they are dock condition, is on Ont."
Cotton's is better than the ing away. The P.R. save pub big dividend to Winnipeg close \$5 for to drop into Co shake the face of a man.
"Enclosed rushing this s ets into Chat ton's food for fine needs in broad back and it will take drivers to sto Chatham is for Until recently Cotton's. No going there at go in the near."
"Enclosed p I send you m the 20th. I m Clarion to C he took my m hearers. is the way I mud up to m begin to grab distribute the hungry chicken the hardest lo to. I lambas noon and nig converted this Island, B. C."
"Artisans h the day for feels too wea book. I have dollar together I venture to these disc more kicks th es my conten should arouse we ought to them, and af come to us, urade."

THE IN

Broke, broke, I came out oak To leave me oak And yoke yoke Gobleme boy I've put me For I'm broke



The Fishing Line

Five more from Amherst, N. S.
Two bones from Ottawa for subs and sub cards.
A Woodstock, Ont., Comrade takes a bundle of ten.
Biltown, N. S., is billed for Socialism. Four new recruits.
A Springfield, Ont., Comrade passes the torch of light on to fourteen.
"Please send me 20 sub cards," Socialist local of Sault Ste. Marie.
The liberty club of Montreal takes a bundle of thirty copies for three months.
Twenty-eight new subscribers for Cowansville bring the Cowansville list up to sixty-eight.
A Comrade of Lake Saskatchewan, Alta., takes eight sub cards to hunt the capitalist beast with.
North Lonsdale, B. C., Comrade wades right into the capitalist mud and pulls out fifteen victims.
"Here are six. Have not had much time to hunt subs but will have another try in a week or two."—Toronto.
"Enclosed find six. Get them without asking. The seeds from the other subs are starting to bear fruit."—Vancouver, B. C.
"Here are four, I hope to do better near fall, for money is very scarce through our parts of the country at present."—Luelle, Sask.
"Enclosed find two four-year subs. Money is about as scarce as hen's teeth, but I am trying to spread the light all I can round here."—New Sarepta, Alta.
"These are four more. The farmers up here since they have started to read Cotton's are just finding out the reason they cannot hold their grain till it is worth a dollar a bushel."—Pineview, Man.
"Enclosed find five subs. I have read all kinds of papers, but Cotton's is the best yet. Will send along all I can every opportunity."—Botwood, Newfoundland.
"Send Cotton's to the following 4. The cry here now is, cut the middleman out. As soon as he is entirely gone, Socialists get your shovels out for the capitalist class will have their grave dug and we will have to fill it in."—Hindville, Alta.
"I have rustled six more. It is hard to get anything into a farmer's head. You cannot tell him that he is not so well off as a common laborer, for the laborer can fight for a higher price for his labor, while a farmer has to take whatever he can get."—Brownlee, Sask.
"Enclosed please find \$3 for 12 sub cards. Today North Gray is having an election and the men are enjoying two hours off and a nice ride to vote. Tomorrow they have to walk and if they are ten minutes late they are docked an hour. Blessed condition, is it not?"—Owen Sound, Ont.
Cotton's is fine. I like every issue better than the last one. Just keep going away. The writer is just a C. P. R. slave pulling the throttle of a big dividend making superheater in to Winnipeg and other points. I enclose \$5 for the Battery. I intend to drop into Cowansville this fall to shake the hand and look into the face of a man."—Railway slave.
"Enclosed please find five. Am rushing this so you can fire the bullets into Chatham this week. Cotton's food for thought is the medicine needed in this city. I have a broad back and a shaggy tongue, but it will take a big bunch of slave drivers to stop me."—Chatham, Ont.
Chatham is a city of 10,000 people. Until recently Chatham had but 5 Cotton's. Now sixty Cotton's are going there and more are likely to go in the near future.
"Enclosed please find \$1 for books. I send you my picture taken June 20th. I was taking the Western Clarion to Comrade Patterson and he took my picture. You can't see my hearers. You see my elbow. That is the way I go when I go through mud up to my knees. The fellows come to grab for Cotton's. When I begin to grab for Cotton's, they like hungry chickens for bread. They were the hardest lot to pound reason in, noon and night. Some say I have converted this bunkhouse."—Thurlock Island, B. C.
"Artisans have very little time of the day for themselves. Then one feels too weary to even take up a book. I have managed to scrape a dollar together for a bundle. You see I am mortgaged up to the hilt, and am just able to pay the interest. The cursed conditions under which we strive to gain a living are getting harder for us who are doing the hard work. Every workingman with whom I have come in contact is more or less discontented with his circumstances, and the majority have lost faith in their ministers, are drifting anywhere at present. When I venture to speak about Socialism to these discontented ones, I get more kicks than pence, and it arouses my contempt, when I suppose it should arouse my pity. I suppose we ought to be more patient with them, and after a while they will come to us."—Victoria, B. C. Comrade.
THE IMMIGRANT'S LAMENT
Broke, broke, I'm always broke;
I came out 'ere. I was a blique
To leave me 'ome and the 'earts of oak
And put me neck in the capitalist yoke.
Globoime boys, I hope to choke,
If to starve in Canada is a joke—
I've put me bloomin' watch in soak.
For I'm broke, broke, always broke.

They Want to Know

Here are the names of eight more hard working farmers. They want to find out what is the matter with this country. They want to know why wheat, which brings only 60-65 cents a bushel, when four costs \$3.50-\$4.00 per hundred weight and an eight foot cut binder costs \$185. Every time I go to Gull Lake or anywhere I am likely to meet people, I take a few copies of Cotton's in my pocket and hunt up all the subscribers I can get.
Last time I was in town I met a man on the street. By his clothes I judge he was a blacksmith or an engineer. I handed a copy of Cotton's over to him to subscribe. He said he thought Socialism was good. I asked him if he ever read any Socialist book or paper. He said "No, but I hear about Socialism every day. They are talking Socialism on the streets, in the restaurants, hotels, poolrooms and all round town here."
I left the man. I did not sell him the paper, but I felt satisfied. I felt that maybe those thirty-five new subs I had hunted up around here had caused part of all this talk on the question: I felt I had not worked in vain.
If all the comrades would make up their minds to place Cotton's in every home possible in their district, what a wonderful country this would be after a while. The present word in the press is a strong power.
Back in Scandinavia Socialism is very strong. In Denmark the Socialist party is the strongest. In Norway and Sweden they are gaining fast. Do you know why? Because the working people read their own press. In every town of any importance there is a Socialist paper. Back there the papers cost \$1 and \$1.50 per year. In Canada and the U. S. we have a paper at 25 cents. No man ever looks at the twenty-five cents. They are just waiting for you to come and get their quarter and their name. If you just knew how much you could do for the movement by getting all you can to read about Socialism I know you would be hustling all the time.—Ole Hjelk, Georgina, Sask.

The Two Parties

What is the difference between the Socialist Party and the Social-Democratic Party of Canada? Does Cotton's Weekly support the Social-Democratic Party or the Socialist Party of Canada?—Montreal Comrade.
The Socialist Party of Canada was the first party in the field. Many members of the Social-Democratic party were members of the Socialist party.
The Social-Democratic party was the result of a split. Some of the members of the S. P. were not satisfied, and at a convention held in Toronto in 1911 formed the S. D. P.
Both parties aim at the education of the working class to seize the public powers in order to transform the ownership and management of the means of production and distribution into the possession of the collective working class.
The headquarters of the S. D. P. are at Berlin, Ont. The headquarters of the S. P. of C. are at Vancouver.
Cotton's Weekly is the official organ of the Social-Democrats.
The Western Clarion, published at Vancouver, B. C., is the official organ of the S. P. of C.
Quite a few S. P. comrades consider Cotton to be a fakir, full of lawyer's tricks, and a detriment to the revolutionary movement.
Personally I would like to see the two parties unite. Let Cotton's Weekly be the propaganda organ of the united party, and the Western Clarion be the official organ.
Both parties at present do not seem to want to unite. Writers for the Western Clarion declare that Cotton's Weekly has very doubtful value even as a propaganda paper.
The Social-Democratic party, although the youngest, is the more numerous in membership. This, to some S. P. writers, indicates that we as a party are half-baked, and not founded on the true principles of revolutionary Socialism.
Cotton's Weekly supports the Social-Democratic party. The S. D. P. as a party hold \$1,700 worth of shares in this printing company.
The principal thing is to make Socialists. The S. P. have done good work along this line.
Both parties realize that time will bring them to unite. It will be a great day of rejoicing when the two parties do become one.

Capitalist Prosperity in Edmonton

Get rich quick Edmonton is in bad shape just now. 300 registered carpenters out of work, plasterers, bricklayers etc. in similar condition. A familiar sight is the card displayed advertising "No help wanted" in C. N. R. Station. Such signs are printed on the doors as, "No Engineers wanted," "No surveyors wanted," "No Brakemen wanted," and in fact every department has their respective signs tacked on their doors. Edmonton is a good town to stay away from. Yours for truth, O. B. Elliott.

ENEMIES

Contributed by a Comrade.
Everyone who does anything worth while must make enemies. The mere fact of doing good will create opposition and enmity within the ranks of evil. As one writer phrases it: "He has no enemies you say! My friend, your boast is poor; He who hath mingled in the fray Of duty, that the brave endure, Must have made foes. If he has none, Small is the work that he has done. He has hit no traitor on the hip; He has cast no cup from tempter's lip; He has never turned the wrong to right; He has been a coward in the fight!"

100 Locals and a 10,000 Sub List for B. C.

Dear Comrade:—Herewith report of proceedings of Executive meeting held at Vancouver, July 6th. Please bring same before your local for consideration.
Comment, criticism and suggestion are invited by the Executive.
Present, Comrades, Davidson Houghton, Wilkinson, Charlton Finch; chairman, Comrade Wilkin son.
Minutes of previous meeting, read and adopted.
Correspondence. General correspondence from Nanaimo local, New Westminster, Edmonds, Dominion Secretary 3, Finnish party organ. Received and filed.
Correspondence re Speaker's lists from Comrades Curry, Temple, Stevenson, Winkler, Silvertz. Received and filed.
Correspondence written since last meeting 97 Circulars mailed 605. Confirmed and adopted.
Reports of Committees. By-law Committee: Report submitted, with draft of proposed bylaws. Received and adopted and ordered to be submitted for referendum vote.
Central Information Committee. Correspondence from Comrades Silvertz, Guthrie, McKelcher, Temple. Received and filed.
Organization Committee. Correspondence from Comrades P. Smith, Parker Williams, J. Place, Gilbert 2, Locals Vancouver English, Vancouver Finnish, North Vancouver 2, Gibsons Heights, New Westminster 3, Lund, White Lake, Hyda, South Wellington, local of Dominion Secretary. Cotton's Weekly 3, Finnish Executive Socialist party, Chicago.
Quarterly reports from Locals New Westminster, North Vancouver, S. Wellington, Burnaby.
Organization reports from White Lake, New Westminster, North Vancouver, S. Wellington, Burnaby. Received and filed.
RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED
That arrangements be made for routing Organizer Gilbert during his week in Vancouver and District. Re B. C. mailing list of Cotton's Weekly. That every subscriber in those districts where six or more were located, be circulated, and each given full particulars of other subscribers, and urged to co-operate in the formation of locals and active propaganda work. Every assistance and information being placed at their disposal by the Executive. Cotton's Weekly sub competition. That 2,000 sub cards be obtained for distribution to the locals in connection with the current quarters sub-order campaign and competition, and that the locals be requested to urge upon their members the need for active individual work. The prize consists of a set of 3 volumes of Marx "Capital" to the B. C. local which in proportion to its membership disposes of most sub cards during the September quarter.
Slogan for 1913. That Comrades throughout the Province be urged to adopt the Slogan "100 locals and a 10,000 sub list for B. C. and to co-operate with each other and the Executive to carry it in to effect."
Bundle Order. That the present "Cotton's" bundle order be continued, and arrangements made with neighboring locals to undertake the sale of same on the streets in their vicinity.
Illustrated Lectures. That Comrade Winkler's suggestion be adopted, and arrangements made to supply speakers at public propaganda meetings with lantern slides to illustrate their lectures.
Monthly Bulletin. That negotiations be entered into for purpose of issuing a monthly Bulletin to all members in the Province.
GENERAL REPORT
Nanaimo local reported that "Jas. Young" had been given another trial and again expelled from the party, and all locals and members are notified to govern themselves accordingly.
Comrade J. Place, M. P. P., paid \$100 on account of organizer's salary in accordance with arrangement made.
Comrade Parker Williams is prepared to assist any and every local to the utmost of his ability.
Seven public meetings have been arranged by Executive since last meeting.
The Executive must urge upon all locals who can do so, to have their delegate attend the Executive meeting as regularly as possible and so assist in making the work more effective.
It is regretted that considerable difficulty is experienced in getting prompt replies to communications and to request more information. In some instances locals have not yet replied giving information asked for their four weeks ago—thus preventing the completion of a scheme which it was hoped would lead to more effective organizations throughout the Province. Very few locals appear to have done anything in appointing their delegates and getting the District organizations formed and working. It is necessary that this should be done at once.
It is felt that much of this unsatisfactory practice of some locals not holding weekly meetings, the work thus becoming congested and consequently receiving inadequate attention. The quarterly reports show that one local held 18 business and propaganda meetings and increased its membership over 100 per cent, making it now the strongest local in the Province. Like action on the part of all locals should produce like results and B. C. would then become in the forefront of International Socialism. It is urged upon every Socialist from the newest convert to the one of thirty years standing, to get in to the thick of the fight and adopting whole heartedly the full principles implied in those immortal words of Marx "Workers of the World Unite", which have been adopted as the Socialist motto strive against what may appear to be over-

whelming odds toward that day of victory which we know is rapidly approaching and which only requires more united and whole hearted effort on our part to bring to pass.
Comrades let us each make up our mind to do all we can to advance the greatest cause on earth. The emancipation of the worker.
Don't get disheartened at obstacles. Don't throw up the sponge because of a few knock down blows, in fact stop at nothing short of absolute victory, and which is ours when we act up to our motto. "Workers of the World Unite!"
Yours in all Comradship.
—The Executive.

Why I am a Socialist

I am a Socialist because:
I have learned to see everything in its true light, and as a result of this I see in the poverty, crime and vice that now exists, the fault of no individual, but an expression of defectiveness in the system of society under which we live.
I am a Socialist because:
I understand that in order to do away with these evils, it is necessary to abolish their cause.
I am a Socialist because:
I have the courage to point out and openly denounce the exploitation of one class by another, and bring light to those who have not been fortunate enough to see it before.
I am a Socialist because:
After devoting considerable time to the study of the philosophy of Socialism, I found it to be the only possible and practical outline for a system of society under which life will no more be a continuation of sorrowful days for those who produce the wealth of society.
I am a Socialist because:
I believe that in order to abolish the present system and bring about the realization of the Co-operative commonwealth, an organization is needed whose aim it shall be to educate the people and explain to them the class struggle.
And as such organizations are in existence, I have joined them and have pledged myself to do all that is within my power in furthering this great work, until the goal is reached and the principles of Socialism are realized.
—A young Comrade of the Toronto Socialist Sunday School.

Montreal Comrades Attention

Cotton's Readers' Picnic.
A picnic specially gotten up for the readers of Cotton's Weekly in and near Montreal will be held Sunday, August 17th, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., at Bronx Park near Lachine Rapids. Take a Wellington car, transfer to Lachine Rapids car, go to end of car track, go up 4th Ave. to picnic grounds.
W. U. Cotton, editor of Cotton's Weekly will be present and will speak.
This picnic is gotten up under the auspices of the Liberty Co-operative Club, 31 Butler Avenue.
The Comrades getting up this picnic write, "We hope this picnic will be the means of getting a good band of Cotton's boosters together. Why not suggest the idea of Cotton's readers picnic in every place where there are Cotton's readers? Ten mere can put 5 cents a week each together and get a bundle of 100 Cotton's Weekly."

Unionism and Socialism

Please print in your paper an answer to the question—Can a Union man be a Socialist?—Hamilton, Ont.
Of course he can. Every union man should be a Socialist. Socialists stand for the interests of the working class. Socialism aims at the working class getting all they produce.
A union man stands for a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. Socialists stand for more than this. They stand for the worker GETTING THE FULL SOCIAL EQUIVALENT OF WHAT HE PRODUCES.
When workmen go on strike, Socialists take the side of the strikers. When workmen want short hours, the Socialists help them all they can.
The union man believes in unity on the industrial field. He believes in the workers bettering their condition by getting shorter hours, more pay, recognition of the union, etc.
The Socialist stands for all this AND MORE. They stand for the unity of the working class ON THE POLITICAL FIELD.
They want the workers to unite and capture the public powers so the working class can control industry and abolish rent, interest and profit. Men who do no useful work live at ease on the toil of others through the revenues they get either in rents, interest or profits. The Socialists want to abolish these revenues of the non-workers so that the revenues of the workers may be larger.
The place of the union man is in the ranks of the Socialist-Democratic party.

HOW TO ORGANIZE

How to organize is a little sixteen page pamphlet prepared by H. Martin, Secretary of the Dominion Executive, S. D. P. It contains the Socialist Democratic Party's platform and the constitution under which we are organized.
This pamphlet should be in the hands of every party member. I was a member of the Socialist Party of Canada for a couple of years. I never saw a copy of their constitution. When questions came up I could not talk because I did not know the constitution of the party.
There are many members of the S. D. P. no doubt in this condition. They want the constitution but do not know where to get it. You can get it at Cotton's. Price is four copies for five cents.
Or we will send you a copy for every member of \$1 or over for subs, sub cards or bundles. Just mention that you want "How to Organize" when you send your remittance and the pamphlet will come back by return mail.

Hamilton Wants to Know

Editor Cotton's:—At a special meeting of the Local Hamilton S. D. P. of Canada held June 29th, the proposition re moving Cotton's Weekly to Ontario and having same housed in a "Party-owned headquarters" was taken up and deliberated at considerable length. The rather involved nature of Comrade Cotton's circular-letter, however, (or perhaps it was lack of penetration on behalf of the members assembled) made it impossible for us to take any intelligent action thereon.
The one definite and unanimous conclusion reached was for a thorough discussion of the merits and demerits of the move-to-Ontario scheme—same to take place through the columns of Cotton's without delay.
Following is a list of several questions which, if answered categorically by Comrade Cotton, would in our opinion greatly aid in starting an intelligent discussion.
(1) Would the contemplated "Dominion Headquarters," as proposed by Comrade Cotton in circular-letter dated June 19th, be owned out-and-out by the party (Comrade Cotton taking a mortgage on the property as security for his investment of say \$3,000.00) or would said headquarters be owned jointly, i. e. partly by the S. D. P. and partly by Comrade Cotton?
(2) How, at the present time is the ownership of Cotton's allotted or distributed; i. e. how many shares are held by Comrade Cotton? The S. D. P.? Party Locals? Individuals?
(3) Who would own the controlling number of shares providing Cotton's were moved to Ontario upon the basis suggested in the circular letter?
(4) To whom would the shares owned by Comrade Cotton go in the event of his demise?
In conclusion we would state that the principle of Party Ownership appeals very strongly to membership of Local Hamilton—not only as regards a "Dominion headquarters" but even more so as regards Party ownership of the Party's official organ and publishing plant—and if we may be permitted to express an opinion re the relative importance of establishing such ownership in one direction, to the exclusion of the other, we would by all odds give precedence to out-and-out Party ownership of the press.
This matter we consider to be of the utmost importance to the movement here in Canada in view of certain events which have recently transpired in the U. S. movement—particularly in California and Chicago.

Trusting that the foregoing will serve to initiate a thorough discussion of this very important question, both by locals and individual members. We remain Yours fraternally, Local Hamilton, S. D. P. of C.
Per Thos. Ryan, Organizer
The party headquarters would be owned by the party; I would take a second mortgage for whatever I might have in the headquarters, the first mortgage would enable the party to finance the building of the headquarters.
Cotton's Co-operative is a joint stock company with shares of a par value of \$10 each. So far 627 shares have been issued or waiting to be issued when the stock subscribers pay the balance of the purchase price due thereon. These shares are held as follows, 202 shares held by W. U. Cotton, 185 shares held by various individual Socialists, 170 shares held by the Social-Democratic party through their executive, 38 shares held by Socialist locals, and 32 shares held by trades unions, of which latter shares 20 are held by Cobalt Miners' Union.
I think that if Cotton's moved to Ontario a new company would have to be formed under the Ontario provincial laws, although we might run along for a while by taking out a license for Cotton's Co-operative to do business in Ontario. No doubt the new company would take over the assets of Cotton's and issue its stock to the shareholders in Cotton's in proportion to the shares held by each. In that case I would still be the largest individual shareholder. I would be far from holding control. In the event of my death my wife inherits whatever I have.
As to the ownership by the party of the printing plant of Cotton's I would be only too glad for the party to take over the investment.
In 1910 when we erected the present publishing plant of Cotton's, it cost \$5,000 cash in building, land and machinery. This was in addition to the \$2,000 deficit for the first year's operation of the paper along Socialist lines. At the same time I transferred to the Company \$1,000 equity I had in the monoline. The Socialist-Democratic party can have the land, building, machinery and stock I own in Cotton's Co-operative for \$5,000.
I would feel very grateful to the party if they would OWN the publishing plant altogether. I would feel grateful if they would become the owner of the stock I hold.
If the party wishes to own the party press instead of owning a party headquarters, I should be only too willing to dispose of what I own in connection with the publishing plant.
I want to get the opinion of the party. Is Cowansville a suitable location for a National Socialist party? Do you want us to remain here or would you prefer us in Ontario?
Do you think the benefit of a central organization with press located with the executive to be outweighed by the Executive getting too much power?

Suppose your member at Ottawa gets a new postoffice built in your town; a new wharf; new locks, or a new line of railway to call on its way through the country, just how much will this benefit you as a producer? None. These things are done for profit for the masters, and profit is the only consideration when the schemes are projected.

A Victim of Capitalism

Enclosed please find my subscription for a year. Would make it much more if I could, but am only a poor cripple who makes a precarious living for a wife and family and myself from a small news agency. I myself am a victim of capitalist injustice and rapacity, having lost my arm thirty-six years ago in the tannery of F. Shaw Bros. at Grand Lake Stream, Maine, and was thrown by them on the scrap pile to get a living as best I could.
I know of no organization whose aims and acts so completely work together to bring about justice and brotherhood between man and man as the Socialist party, and I have been an open and avowed Socialist for a number of years. I belonged to the Frederickton local so long as Stuart of Newcastle kept the scattered remnants together.
I have done my best to keep a local going here and while there have been ten or a dozen sympathizers there was not man enough in any of them to pay ten cents a month dues.
Wishing you a large measure of success in your work of humanity, I remain, Yours in rebellion against unjust laws, Martin Butler, Editor Butler's Journal, Fredericton, N.B.

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Four doctors and three trained nurses were employed to save the life of a sick dog belonging to a millionaire member of the Newport colony. And a few miles away, in New York, thousands of poor babies were fighting for life in the foul tenements of the masters, while their mothers were chained to the loom or their fathers were chained to the lathe in the sweat shops of profit. Is it any wonder Debs. doubled his vote? Is it any wonder workers by the thousands are casting in their lot with the Socialists determined to put an end to the cruel and unfair conditions imposed by the capitalist class?

Two sleuth hounds of the poor miserable Russian Czar chased a Socialist across Europe on to a steamer bound for Canada. They could not arrest him once he was out of Russia, but they had orders to shadow him every minute: while he was in Canada. At Grosse Isle a boy contracted smallpox on board the boat, and he and all the passengers in that section were quarantined for an indefinite period. The hounds happened to be gathered in with the rest, and were forced to watch the Socialist, who was quartered in the opposite end of the boat, go on shore with the passengers of his section. Hooryay!

Socialism may not be all that is claimed for it; it may not rid the world of all evil. It would take a long time to eliminate the cursed effects of the capitalist system. As we see Socialism today it stands out as a shining light against the dark deeds of capitalism. It looks fair, and a square deal to all but the grafting, idle and lazy contingent. They will have to hustle with the useful producers, or starve.

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Collective Ownership Necessary for Harmony

T. Edwin Smith of Yetwood, Alberta
Among other things we Socialists want to reestablish harmony between our system of ownership and our method of production.
That state would be perfect in which the rewards to the various individuals were in proportion to the service which those individuals rendered to their fellow men. No doubt those well meaning men who drafted the form of our present social structure had this in mind when they made ownership the touchstone by which men were to be judged and rewarded. They thought that industry and property would always go together and that the owners of the property would receive rewards of industry for the services they rendered to their fellow men.

Our present system of society and government takes cognizance only of ownership and all the products of a farm, a factory, a mine or a railway belong to the owners. There was a time when such a system of ownership and control was in harmony with the method of production.

That was when individual production was the rule. In those days when the factory system was only in its embryo, each producer worked by himself in his own little shop and made the complete product with his own hands. He owned the shop, he used it himself, he completed his article by his own efforts and when it was finished he sold it or rather bartered it to the person who wanted to use it.

Under such a system, the ownership of the shop went hand and hand with the production and a system that gave the owner of the shop the goods that were made in it gave them to the actual producer and there was no robbery about it. For the rewards went to the man who rendered service to his fellow men.

At one time all sorts of things were made under those conditions. The tailor had his little shop and inside that shop made a suit of clothes complete with his own hands. The shoe maker had his little shop and likewise made his produce complete inside the four walls and only his own hands took part. A coal miner had a little mine and with the assistance of his family or a few relatives put out coal on a family or partnership basis and naturally the produce belonged to the owner of the coal mine because the owners were the workers. The sawmill was run in the same way, the brickyard or other enterprise.

There were in many cases instances where the owner of the shop had workers under him but these were usually apprentices and journeymen who were learning the trade and they worked mainly for their board and instruction rather than for wages. This stage of industry endured as long as the economic conditions were favorable. It must be remembered that the organization of industry is not the result of a definite scheme in the brain of a man but the product of the economic forces acting. This is true of the handicraft stage of industry. The industries were carried on as they were from force of circumstances rather than from the choice of the workers. At that time there was no opportunity or incentive for grouping of many men under a single roof and hence no grouping and division of labor took place.

At that time men worked with their own hands or with simple primitive tools that while they increased the power of the man somewhat they did not multiply it sufficiently to enable him to produce much more than was sufficient to keep him alive. Under savagery man could obtain a precarious living with a lifetime of work and could not prevent famine and starvation. When man began to use primitive tools (and the simple hand tools later in the development) while he made his livelihood more secure he could not do much more than that. It was not at that time that the productive power had been multiplied to that extent that the man in a few hours could produce those things which he would need to sustain life. Consequently there were no surplus values to be made out of the hides and carcasses of the workers at that time and where there was no surplus values to be made there was no incentive to enslave and exploit men. The great fact to be kept in mind at this point is that there was no opportunity to be gained by grouping men together and introducing division of labor.

However man's inventive genius in time developed machinery and a new era of production arrived. The first machine was an elaborate tool and the tender of the machine still had to have considerable skill. Gradually the machine was improved and perfected to such an extent that the workers became but an unskilled attendant whose duty was mainly to supply new material or do something of that sort. For instance, the old hand loom was worked by the weaver in his or her own house. It required great skill and there was nothing to be gained by grouping a number of weavers with their own looms under a single roof. The power loom of today, however, is a machine that is extremely complicated but it very nearly runs itself. The modern Northrop loom will run for hours with no attention and one girl can tend twenty-four as easily as she could have worked one in the old days. But being so complicated and so powerful the attendant cannot repair a loom. It requires a skilled machinist. The machine being so powerful and heavy she cannot propel it herself and this brings in the inanimate motive power and the engineers. The work requires a certain deftness and attention that requires constant practice and the attendant cannot turn from weaving to spinning and back again but must continue on the same job steadily.

It is the possibility of division of labor that makes the grouping of many workers under a single roof desirable and possible. This division

of labor is made most desirable by the use of the labor complicated machinery and the division and grouping of workers follows the advent of machinery and the inanimate motive power.

Now though the large number of workers were grouped under a single roof the ownership was not made to follow the same course. Private ownership of the shop or factory and the machines still prevailed although the methods of using them were changed. Although a hundred or a thousand workers were now grouped under a single roof and using the same machinery the ownership was still vested in a single individual or company and who might or might not take any part in production.

This principle of division of labor has been introduced into nearly every line of human activity and by it the productive power of the working person has been multiplied to such an extent that the worker of today in two hours can produce enough of the necessities of life to maintain him in state of decent efficiency. The products of the remainder of the day goes to the owner of the factory who takes no part in the actual production but merely enjoys the fruit of other people's toil.

The principle of division of labor has been extended to take in not only the different stages in the production of a single article, but all the articles. Not only do all the workers in a single factory take part in the production of each article produced there but all the workers of the world take part in the production of some parts of all commodities. All the industries are interlinked and each is dependent upon all the others. Each industry provides part of the material and supplies for all the others and in turn uses some part of the products of all other factories as part of its own material.

Whether that produce takes the form of machinery, lumber, coal or supplies that enter directly into the work or even the clothing and food of the workers.

This interlinking of all industries and all workers we call SOCIAL PRODUCTION. No one worker today makes anything complete. No factory or even a single industry makes anything complete. All men take some small part in the production of every commodity that is made in the world.

Though we have SOCIAL production and social OPERATION of the agencies of production, we have allowed the system of private ownership to remain as the guiding principle of our society and government.

We have collective operation of the factories and other agencies of production by the working class. The working class by some means or other has been dispossessed so that now of all the workers in the world only a very small number share in the ownership and control of those things to which they must have access in order to live.

While the method of production has undergone a transformation the exact form of ownership has changed too. In the early stages of industry a single man could and did own the shop in which he carried on his work; and later when the first machines were built and the beginning of division of labor crept in, the ownership of this small factory would still be vested in a single individual. But as the machinery increased and the number of workers under a single roof grew, the cost of building the factory and equipping it with machinery grew in proportion; so that it soon became impossible for one man to provide the capital necessary and he took some other wealthy person into partnership with him. The partnership gave way in turn to the joint stock company with its numerous shareholders and salaried officials who took over the superintendence and direction of the shareholders' interests. The shareholders in time ceased to take any interest in the business at all. With the extension of the principle it soon became impossible for the shareholders to attend the annual meeting of the company and they organized the board of directors which is merely a committee of the shareholders who act in the name of the entire body.

The form of ownership such as this is the common one in nearly all industries today. The shareholders by their rapidly increasing wealth are absorbed from the necessity of earning their own living and because they do not have to work, never learn any useful thing. They tell not neither do they spin and their favorable position on the backs of the working class is transmitted from father to son from generation to generation. All the work of a factory is now done by wage earners and salaried officials who have no interest in the enterprise other than their wages and salaries.

We find that the shareholders no longer limit their investments to those industries with which they have some acquaintance or knowledge, but that any enterprise which will yield a profit will claim their attention. We find that the same small group of shareholders and bond owners have their investments so widely spread and that the directorates are so closely interlinked that we can not specify the ownership of any factory or any industry, but the ownership is collectively in the hands of the CAPITALIST CLASS.

We have class production and class ownership, and the only vicious feature about the system is that the class is not the same in both. We have WORKING CLASS production and CAPITALIST CLASS ownership. The WORKING CLASS who produce everything own nothing and the CAPITALIST CLASS who own everything produce nothing.

Instead of harmony in our mode of production and ownership we have the most vicious discord. The system that is based upon strife instead of harmony can not endure. The whole universe is based upon harmony and harmony must

prevail. Our present system is not based upon harmony. We have anarchy in production where we should have system.

The owners must be the producers and the products of industry must go to those who render service to humanity and society in proportion to the service. We have class production and it is absolutely impossible to go back to private and individual production. We must have class ownership but that class must be the producing class. We must turn our backs forever upon that dream of private ownership and go forward to that goal of ownership of all the means of production by the working class. When we achieve this, we shall have put an end to the capitalist class and with the retirement of the present set of masters, slavery will depart forever from the earth.

To accomplish this great mission is the purpose of the Socialist party. We intend to reestablish harmony between our method of production and our system of ownership to the end that the worker shall receive the full product of his toil and the idlers receive nothing.

The first item in the economic program of the working class calls for: THE TRANSFORMATION AS RAPIDLY AS POSSIBLE OF CAPITALIST PROPERTY INTO THE MEANS OF WEALTH PRODUCTION INTO COLLECTIVE OR WORKING CLASS PROPERTY.

This great aim is the goal to which friend, the Beetle, lying still, past all the other things of the world, the Socialist party seeing this great tendency have resolved to work with evolution rather than against it.

A "Bugology" Fable

A great beetle fell crushed and wounded to the earth. Barely had it time to commence feebly dragging itself along the ground when it was set upon by a number of ferocious ants. Grasping the unfortunate with their powerful jaws, they commenced to tug horribly at its legs, broken wings and mangled flesh. Happening that way, a solemn caterpillar paused before the sorrowful sight, and thus addressed the ants:

"You terrible creatures! Do you not see the suffering of this thoughtless Beetle? Why do you not assist your wounded fellow creature? See, he writhes in agony. I beseech you, be just! be merciful!"

Whereupon the ants made an end of the Beetle and rushed suddenly upon the caterpillar, beginning to pull and tear its flesh as they had done the Beetle's. But the Caterpillar, being a creature of peace, struggled violently to escape. Seeing this, one of the ants rose up and said:

"How now, friend; why do you seek to make life difficult for us? Do you not know that our colony suffers for food? Many of us are starving and the pangs of starvation are a thousand times worse than the bites of our sharp mandibles. Behold your friend, the Beetle, lying still, past all pain and trouble. Mince! has left him. At no more cost to yourself than this, you give life to many! I beseech you, be just! be merciful!" But the Caterpillar struggled more violently than ever.

Moral: There are no such words as Justice and Mercy in the struggle for Life.—B. C. Federationist.

The sword of the Lord and of Gideon

O ye blind rulers of England, what are ye waiting for?

While thousands of English women beat at the fast-barred door?

Are ye waiting for battle, goading till patience dies,

Till in the dust of nations the honor of England lies?

Are ye so weak in spirit ye see not our women brave?

Are ye so sunk in your flesh-pots ye wot not the sign they gave?

Some have died in their struggle, died at the hands of men,

And where was one warrior yesterday tomorrow will number ten!

How have our British Soldiers heroes of mighty wars,

Learned their lessons of courage, gloried to gain their scars?

Long ere the schools of warfare, long ere the blows were struck,

They drew in their fire and spirit from the breast that gave them spark!

The Hebrew stories show us a nation with heart of steel,

Slaying with quiet purpose the foe of her country's weal;

And in the sacred writings where all who will may read

The God of justice and mercy sanctioned the ruthless deed!

Think ye our British women have lesser things at stake,

Or in their hearts less truly the passion of freedom's war?

Are there no Jaels ready, hammer and nail in hand,

Waiting in calm and courage the voice of Divine command?

The day is past for the gamblers who threw loaded dice,

The hour is past when the bodies of women may pay the price;

Look to yourselves, ye cowards, have care to the thing ye do,

For at every point in your armor the sword of the Lord goes through!

—Almon Hensley, in London Daily Herald.

The finances of France are in a very bad condition, according to experts in that country. The country has borrowed money right and left, and now has to cough up. The military burdens of the country are enormous, and are growing yearly. For thirty years the nation has not been in such an embarrassed condition as regards finance, and the outlook for 1914 looks very gloomy. The enormous expenditure connected with the keeping up of huge armies and the continual buying of the munitions of war is having its effect on the French people, and they are in a very restless mood. The strain between the robbers and the robbed is growing more acute each day, and the three years compulsory military service has not helped to lessen the tension.

As long as the masters can keep the toilers quarrelling and scrapping over petty politics, the country will go on the same as ever—the rich getting richer and the poor getting poorer.

The working class of Canada are fighting a double fight. On the one side they are in a never ending struggle against want and hunger for themselves and family, and on the other side they have to give battle to the capitalist system which is crowding them close and closer against the bread line with machinery which the working class themselves invented and constructed.

Many persons are spending their last dollar to advance the cause of Socialism, in order that their sons and daughters may be free from the curse of capitalism. Others are sweating and toiling for a bare existence, and are content if they are able to leave their family a mortgage house and a couple of thousand dollars insurance when they die. These workers condemn their sons and daughters to a life of slavery and serfdom. It is not a square deal to the younger generation, and stays the hand of time.

The money lords of Canada, have their land on the lever, and the toilers slide towards financial ruin. The International Harvester Company, of Hamilton, Ont., has closed down until the end of August, and their slaves are out of a job. This company can well afford to shut down its time they please. They have robbed the workers of the U.S. and Canada for years, and are ready for the money stringency which is promised in America. Well they know that before the latch strings of Canadian banks are hung out as formerly, many of their small competitors will have fallen by the wayside, and that they will emerge from the financial trouble stronger and more powerful than ever. Big business is in its initial stages in Canada, but is losing no time in pushing the weak to the wall.

That Great Britain is being flooded with a mass of misleading information by publicity bureaus, employment agencies, builders' exchanges, and others in Canada, with the result that the labor market of this country is flooded to the extent that every important city has its quota of unemployed, and that the object of this special campaign to attract tradesmen and laborers is to lower wages and lengthen hours of work, as charges set forth in a strongly worded pamphlet, just prepared by the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada. The message is being broadcast to the unions of Britain and the Continent as a warning to stem the tide of workmen being sent over here under what are alleged to be false pretences. The warning is signed by J. C. Waters, Ottawa, president of the Congress; F. Bannister, Toronto, vice-president, and P. M. Draper, Ottawa, secretary-treasurer.

Great things are promised with Lloyd George's insurance act, in which the government of Great Britain insured the workers against illness. Like all reforms, it has proved practically a failure. The employers of England, who pay the lowest of wages, have found that workers preferred a holiday and ten shillings a week, to working in the sweat pens sixty hours and more for little more than ten shillings. The workers have feigned illness and in many cases deceived the attending physicians. Government insurance, medical attendance, and such reform measures are red herrings drawn across the path of Socialism to stem the tide. They are of little avail, and do not work out according to plans. Socialism will give the worker what he produces, and he will have no need for insurance acts or such measures, as he will have the price to pay for what he wants, and the added incentive to labor will banish idleness and laziness.

Fifty-two small armories are in course of construction for the Canadian militia in different parts of the country. They cost about \$10,000 each, and are simply that—small armories upon the landscape of a peace-loving and hard-working nation. These armories are supposed to be useful for mobilization purposes. They probably will be, but the mobilization will be for the sole purpose of crushing any spirit of revolt which may be exhibited by the workers. The big business interests of Canada wanted these armories, their tried and true henchman, Sam Hughes, saw to it that they got them. These useless buildings are not placed at strategic points along the border. They are being built at industrial centres, or as near to them as possible, but the worker sees not, nor hears not, until the bayonet of the hiring of the master class is at his breast and he is forced back to his slave job.

The thirty-eight who control Canada are turning their attention to municipalities. They are refusing to extend credit to numerous towns in Ontario and Quebec. Many local improvements have been started, streets to be paved have been torn up, sewage systems have been gotten under way, and in some cases half finished, when the towns concerned were informed that no more credit would be extended. Contractors have refused to do any further work, and have packed up their tools and fired their workmen. An Ontario town has its main street torn up from end to end, and the contractors have left the job. Municipalities send men to parliament who pass laws favoring the big capitalists who then turn round and squeeze the life out of the town or city which is trying to make living conditions more healthy and working conditions more easy. If you place all the money in Canada in the hands of a few grasping brainless money grabbers, you are getting exactly what is coming to you, and are entitled to no sympathy.

Plain Talk to the Paindealer

By F. J. Flatman, Hamilton.
I have before me a copy of Cotton's containing, "A wild screed against Socialism."

The lash has been slipped off my neck until Monday, and I am free. I have tried to rest my weary limbs, but I cannot. The aforesaid article has gone clean through me, and I feel that I must say, do, or write something.

I thought perhaps by writing I may be able to show the editor of the Plaindealer that W. U. Cotton the rant and file of the Socialist movement.

But my comrades of Newfoundland, did you all notice the heading of the article in the "Dealer"? In case you did not let me repeat it in Cotton's Weekly WHO IS DISTRIBUTING IT? Place Cotton on to the last four words and let the answer be "Every Socialist is doing it now."

There is not enough space on the front page of our little sheet to do justice to our comrades in Newfoundland, and while the editor has replied in Silhouette, I propose, subject his approval to deal with the whole of their objections in future weeks in the following order. (1) The Church. (2) Free Love. (3) The Insult. (4) Schrank the Socialist.

Hence today I propose to show the reason why we Socialists distrust the church.

The counts in our indictment against the church are many. Looking down the centuries of bygone years there stands out one fact more distinct than any other, one fact which is sufficient to damn the church in the eye of the right-thinking workers, one fact that the editor of the Plaindealer nor any of his like can deny. That fact is the organized church has generally been on one side of the dominant class. I need not go very far back in all the ramifications of history to prove this.

Did not the Romans institute slavery, and did not the Roman church uphold this chattel system? Then when the time arrived as a result of the many wars the generals were bringing home too many slaves. Did not the church uphold the institution of gladiatorial rite combat (merely a method of decimating the slave population)? Then when economic exigency demanded that the slave should be made free, (I mean when the time arrived when there were too many slaves, when the slaves were so numerous that it was unprofitable to the dominating class to feed them, when conditions were such that the Roman masters would have liked to have turned these slaves loose rather than feed and house them but were restrained from so doing only because of the very number of the slave class,) then, and not till then, did the church advocate the freeing of the slave in ancient Rome.

Running down the ages as it were, did the organized church raise its voice against child labor in England, when children of the age of 8 years were toiling from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. in the cotton factories of Enfield. (October 1857.) when the manufacturers petitioned the English parliament in 1862 to allow the employment of children for 12 hours a day, when children of tender years were employed trucking coal in the English coal mines?

Save, you capitalist hack editors, you brain-dealers where was the organized church? I'll tell you: On the side of the Dominant class. Did they, the church, not uphold slavery in the U.S.A.? Did they not preach contentment to the negro slave? Did they not say time and time again that to destroy slavery would be synonymous with the destruction of society?

Say, Mr. Plaindealer, where was the organized church previous to and during the South-African war? Did not the paid agent of the capitalist class sprinkle holy water on and bless the rifles of military (The English of course)? Where is the organized church today, Mr. Dealer in brains? They are today where they stood always. Are they not doing the bidding of the master class?

What do they preach today? Contentment with a good big C. Do your duty in that condition of life in which it has pleased God to call you.

Blessed are the meek, Blessed are the poor; The rich man in his castle, The poor man at his gate, He made them high and lowly And ordered their estate.

But the master class pay the piper, hence they call the tune. Let me cite an instance to demonstrate my meaning.

Some 10 years ago Lord Overton presented a very beautiful organ to a church in Glasgow valued at £25,000. This money has been made in a large chemical works just outside Glasgow. The work in this factory is of such a nature that a large percentage of the workers contract a disease which draws up their limbs and destroys their noses. Now Mr. Scatter-brain, answer that some of these afflicted workers were at the church on the day that the new organ was dedicated. What do you think must be their thoughts when the clergyman who, mind you, for none is the embodiment of the organized church, enunciates a doctrine that preaches contentment. The worker complains to the parson of the pains in his arms and legs. What sayeth the parson? "God bless you my brother; that drawn up and painful shoulder, that disappearing nose, is sent by God. He moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. It may be sent as a punishment. It may be sent as a trial. But you can rest assured that he knows best. Suffer on then; trust in God, and remember that the greater the cross you have to carry in this world the greater the crown in the world above."

This, Mr. Newfoundland Plain

Dealer, this is the balderdash we are out against. We say to the slave, "God did not send that disease to you. That disease is caused by the chemicals in which you work. Don't let the parson to whom your employer, Lord Overton, has given £25,000, chloroform you any longer with that dope."

We deny that it is the will of God that Titanic sink, that millions die of starvation in India, that plagues and floods devastate countries. We deny that it is the will of God that one class should toil and sweat from morn till night, day in and day out, until worn out blood and muscle can stand no longer, and the master's field lies yawning, in order to produce all the luxuries for an idle set of parasites who pay parson and capitalist hack writers to do their bidding.

In conclusion I want to inform you, Mr. Newfoundland, that the powers that be, both church and state, are fully conscious as to what extent their "misguided men" are circulating the "Literary filth of Foreign Socialist Organizations" among the people. And do you really want to know why they take no action to stop it? They are afraid to. If they attempted to stop it, they would then answer your query in the subject of your article, Who is distributing it? But, say, Mr. Newfoundland, might not the fact that this filth is foreign, or in other words, international, have something to do with their not stopping it?

Now just think this over, and when next you see the clergyman who sent you that copy of Cotton's ask him if he will be prepared to debate any of these questions on a public platform with a responsible Socialist. One word more. I really must thank this editor, Comrade Cotton for recognizing and making the readers of Cotton's cognizant of the fact that our Newfoundland comrades are untiring in their efforts to propagate their views.

Keep on, comrades, and remember that the workers of all countries expect the workers of all the countries to do their duty to the work- ing class by educating, agitating, and organizing the working class into a class conscious party to the end that we achieve the destiny of the "International mob."

THE GOD OF WAR

To safeguard peace we must prepare for war— I know that maxim; it was forged in hell.

This wealth of ships and guns inflames the vulgar And makes the very war it guards against.

The God of war is now a man of business With vested interests.

So much sunk capital, such countless callings, The Army, Navy, Medicine, the Church—

To bless and bury—Music, Engineering, Red-tape Departments, Commissariats

Stores, Transports, Ammunition, Coaling-stations.

Fortifications, Cannon-foundries, Ship yards,

Arsenals, Ranges, Drill-halls, Floating Docks,

War-loan Promoters, Military Tailors,

Camp-followers, Canteens, War Correspondents,

Horse-breeders, Armourers, Torpedo-builders,

Pipeline and Metal Vendors, Big Drum Makers,

Gold lace, Embroideries, Opticians, Buglers,

Tent-makers, Banner-weavers, Powder-mixers,

Crutches and Cork-limb Manufacturers,

Ballonists, Mappists, Heliographers, whether,

Inventors, Flying Men and Diving Demons,

Beelzebub and all his hosts, who, In water, earth, or air, among them pocket

When trade is brisk a million pounds a week!

—ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

The Chinese of Saskatchewan have been employing white labor to a large extent. The white masters do not like this, and the Supreme Court of Saskatchewan has decided that it must be stopped, and handed down an ultimatum to that effect.

The Celestials have rebelled, and will carry their case to the Privy Council. It is claimed that the girls get better wages, shorter hours and more courtesy shown them by the Chinese employers than by the white labor skinner. Canadian law forces workers to obey the call of the masters for profits, and then steps in and decided whether that master shall be white, black or yellow. Oh yes, this is a free country, all right.

Youthful, Wrinkleless Skin Easy to Have

(Elberta Reid in Woman's Tribune.)
You who desire to regain a youthful appearance will do well to make the acquaintance of the two simple, but valuable, prescriptions here given.

To make an effective wrinkle-re mover, mix an ounce of powdered axolite and a half-pint witch hazel. Bathe the face in the solution immediately every wrinkle is affected. It acts wonderfully on sagging facial muscles, also, the lotion possessing remarkable astringent and tonic properties.

To get rid of an aged, faded, freckled or discolored complexion, try an ounce of common marcolized wax at any drug store and apply nightly as you would cold cream, erasing this morning with soap and water. This will slowly absorb the undesirable surface skin, revealing the younger, brighter, healthier skin underneath. I ment as a facial rejuvenator. know of nothing to equal this treat-

ENGLISH Sub- yearly Two \$1 Canada, Your those, \$1.00 per

NO M- ough for a l- get a l- stop a- paid fo- Subscrip-

FOUR SUBSCRIP-

Crother-

The miners have been on months. They of their union. Mine Workers. These miners y of the mast- life and limb w- The governme- to have two every mine. T- spectors are in- tions in the m- etc. Dangerous- are bulletined- where the work- see just what- fore they enter-

The mine ov- pelled the inspe- dangerous pos- An inspector w- unsafe place O- increased pay e- tions in the m- and bulletined- he would be un- bosses who pla- fits to the limi-

The miners' d- anger. They- d- for union- inspectors. T- strict as regar- in the mines- to confer with- could get no s- masters, and w- recognition o-

The coal bar- pressure to the- the strike, but- firm. The situ- ers, the Minist- pealed to, and- couv- island, Crothers.

While there- held with the- ployees. The e- tion was found- as the miners- mition of their- out about- tried every me- induce the mi- conditions sal- they are forced- met at every- if they reb- were fired and- bosses cared n- limbs of the w- profits. There- is full of unem- decided it was- strike, and dir- would take pla-

Crothers say- difficult one- of Labor. If- mining or the- face daily, he- fiscal in reco- would compel- tect the life of- ers is a benche- he looks at la- capitalist stat- or the master- he would lose- sees difficult t- making condi- fit makers, the- bowels of the- Crothers and- fruits of labor-

Workers sho- to investigate- useless to art- fair. He will- situation, and- ditions of the- in the same o- came. He is- is the smiling- the masters- What has Cro- member of the- done for the- Crothers care- ers of Vancou-

care for the w- they represent- ers represents- private opinio- told by his m- Does will not- or.

And Mrs- him on his p- weeks through- how a daily p- ter's wife on- "Mrs. Croth- interest in the- visited the mi- miners, whom- and intelligenc- sympathy for- as many of the- homes unless- reached."

Cotton's W- just what Mr- find in the h- yers- she expect- stone axes b- out? Did ab- hanging up th- while their i- in ghoulish g- what she did- the above sh- tween the tv- and the rob- which kind o- uries, and se- find them? This is a rot- and their fan- land.

She expres- their present- do not want- body else's b- bring to life- suffocated by- in an explos- feed the poo-