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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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This Paper is not Published for Profit It is published by Co-operative effort as an advocate of the Co-operative Commonwealth. It is the only Canadian Weekly Paper at the low Subscription Price of 25 CENTS FOR 40 WEEKS. Total Number of Subscribers for week of June 19th 29,059

Number of New Subs..... 711
Number of Existing Subs..... 787
Total Edition Last week 32,500

There will be no freedom for the masses as long as there are millionaires.

Your vote will snap your fetters easily. Why don't you loose yourself?

A doctor for the working animal when he is sick, the porthouse for the working human mule when he staggers under the load.

A daily paper howls for better penitentiaries. What we want is a better system to live under, then we would soon need no penitentiaries.

What have you ever gained from Laurier? What has Borden done for the working class since you have sat him in his high seat? Think it over.

Don't be a servile slave. Resurrect that spirit of independence and liberty that has been buried so long in your toilworn body. Face the lash of capitalism with a brave front.

The majority of Canadian workers vote for non-producers to handle and waste the wealth of the country, and they pay them more for wasting it than they themselves get for producing it.

Anything founded on deceit and robbery cannot long exist. The capitalist system has nothing but robbery and deceit to back it up, and is growing more confused and consequently weaker day by day.

A few years at school for the workingman's lad, then the forge, the lathe and drill in the shops of the masters, so that the sons of the masters may get a good education to fit them for a life of luxury and ease.

Railroads ask for, and get your money by the millions. What would it benefit you if there was a railroad every half mile all over Canada? Would you be any to the good? No. More railroads, more robbery, as long as they are run by the capitalist system.

The working girl toils ten and twelve hours per day in order that her sister of the wealthy class may play tennis, and golf, and motor. Yet the working girl's father often thinks the system all right.

If every workingman and woman in Canada were to refuse to do any sort of work whatever for the masters for one week only, where would the much-vaunted strength of capital be? Capitalists would stand aghast. A month and they would be on their knees. But no such luck. The capitalists keep the workers near the starvation line for anything like that to happen.

James J. Hill says never in 57 years of his experience have conditions been more favorable for general business, and that the gross earnings of the Great Northern will show \$7,000,000 increase over last year, in first six months. How much of this additional money flowing to the railway will the workers get who earned it? If they asked for a larger share of the money they have earned would they get it? Not without a fight, for the railway magnates keep their slaves with their heads just above the water line. These additional millions will be used to swell the fortunes of the useless class.

Socialist street meetings are being stopped by police in both Toronto and Montreal. The police may sometimes wonder why they are ordered to stop one class from holding meetings and let other classes have free scope, but there are only two classes who understand the motive. They are the Socialists and the capitalists. The Socialists know their strength; so also do the capitalists, and they try to stem the tide at every point. The ordinary contented workers stand still while the masses of class conscious toilers sweep past them in the coming struggle for the overthrow of the capitalist system.

A money stringency is promised in Canada. A weeding out of the small capitalist is due. The big fellows are going to trample out flat the little fellows who are standing in their way. The sacred circle of the thirty-eight who control Canada will brook no opposition. A traveller who has been touring Ontario and the west says that he and his fellows have only transacted 50 per cent of the business the six months of this year that they did in the same months of 1912. Is this the prosperous Canada the capitalist papers are bleating about? Canada can never be prosperous until the workers cease to be exploited slaves, until they rise to their might and break the chains which bind them to the system of the masters.

The incorporation of bailiffs of Montreal sent a petition to the superior court asking for the services of an official locksmith to open the doors of houses where goods and chattels have been seized. At present they have to remain outside or break open the doors, as locksmiths will not help them out owing to the small fees for such work. A man grubs and toils all his life, and is robbed high, wide and wicked by the masters and their henchmen; he manages to rake together a few articles of furniture in a place he calls his home. A little lack of employment, a little sickness, and he is set back so far that a stony-hearted vampire of the capitalist system comes and breaks open his door and seizes his furniture and ejects him to the street. The law that says this is right is indeed a funny law.

A Dominion Convention or Party Owned Headquarters. Which?

Change in Cotton's Landlord

Cotton's boasts that it has no sacred cows. A sacred cow, in newspaper slang, is some interest which the writers on a paper are not allowed to touch. The proprietor will be interested in the gas trust or a sweated clothing shop, and the newspaper reporters must say nothing against these things.

Cotton's has boasted that it has no sacred cows. A reader of our paper in Cowansville has perused many copies. He then confided to a friend the following observation, "I see Cotton's says 'rotten judges,' I see it says 'rotten courts,' I see it says 'rotten lawyers,' but I do not see where it says 'rotten sheriffs.'"

Perhaps, after all, Cotton's may have a sacred cow. I did not realize this until the above conversation was made. Sheriff G. S. Cotton of Sweetsburg, P. Q., paternal proprietor of the editor, has been our landlord. He erected our present quarters expressly for us. He installed \$1,900 worth of printing machinery therein. We agreed to pay rent, and to replace machinery when it became worn out. We have done neither. During 1909, 1910 and 1911 he paid insurance and taxes. That is why I have referred to "our benevolent landlord" in the columns of Cotton's.

This condition of affairs could not continue. Can you wonder at our landlord wishing to terminate such a state of affairs, Comrades? Only the termination is far different than is usual with landlords when dealing with delinquent tenants.

On Monday, June 16th, 1913, before Moses O. Hart, Notary Public, a deed of gift inter vivos was passed, whereby our landlord, out of the love and affection he bore his son, gave to me the land, building and machinery connected with Cotton's Weekly. This property is unseizable for debts, both the placements and replacements thereof and the revenues therefrom. He seriously considered making the property inalienable, but after a little persuasion left this latter provision out.

I am now the landlord of Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Company, Incorporated. A Long Cherished Dream

This change in ownership makes it possible, if the S.D.P. is willing to co-operate, to carry through a scheme which would be of immense benefit to the movement in Canada. This is for the party to acquire and own its own headquarters, and these headquarters could house, both the Dominion Executive and the paper, Cotton's Weekly.

Heretofore the question of financing such an undertaking has been the stumbling block. The party has not been in a position to finance the move.

I am ready to move my part of the plant to the headquarters to be acquired by the party, to sell the real estate I own in Cowansville, which is assessed at \$2,500, and reinvest the money in the Dominion headquarters. If necessary I am willing to allow the whole to be mortgaged to some third party so as to provide ample security for the party providing the building.

Cowansville Local No. 1, S.D.P., as soon as the members heard of the possibility of such a move, passed a resolution calling for a referendum vote on the following propositions:

1. That a convention be not held this year.
2. That \$2,000 of party funds be voted to paying the debts of Cotton's Co-operative.
3. That the Dominion Executive take steps to acquire Dominion Headquarters.
4. That Cotton's be moved to Ontario and be housed in the Dominion Headquarters.
5. That my offer be taken advantage of by the party.

Benefits

This move will be of much benefit to the party. At present we have two publicity organizations, the newspaper organization, and the party organization. We cover much the same territory.

Under one roof, the duplication could be done away with, and both organizations could be strengthened. The party could be used more effectively to increase the power of the paper and the paper could be used more effectively to increase the party membership and solidify it.

A permanent secretary could be employed, and when his time was not taken up with the duties of the Secretaryship of the S.D.P., he could be busy as circulation manager of Cotton's.

Located at Berlin, or Galt, we would be in the centre of the Ontario wage working region. We would be still in the cent belt, and the paper could be maintained at 25 cents. Further west and north, expenses would be higher, and the price of the paper would have to be raised.

We would be surrounded by industrial towns from which we could draw job printers. We could take advantage of hydro-electric power from Niagara, furnished at cost by the Provincial commission.

At the beginning of next year, the post office will introduce a parcel post, charges being based on the zone principle. The zones will be by provinces. On mail order printing going to Ontario and the west we would have to pay an extra zone price if we stay in Cowansville. This will be obviated by moving to Ontario.

There are many other advantages. The party membership no doubt will feel that the headquarters may be changed in the future and why acquire headquarters now? If the headquarters of the party are changed, the building acquired can be sold, probably at an advanced price with the growth of the value of property under the capitalist system, and the money can be re-invested in the new location.

The Convention call

Recently referendum questions were put to the party membership, and Port Arthur was chosen as the place of convention. There is much dissatisfaction with regard to the bases of representation; the British Columbia provincial convention unanimously condemned the unequal basis of representation.

When the referendum questions came before Cowansville local to be decided, every member of the local was against the idea of spending \$2,000 for a lot of talk. I pointed out to them that THE QUESTION OF WHETHER WE HOLD A CONVENTION OR NOT WAS NOT BEFORE THE PARTY AT ALL.

In the referendum put, we were asked, what should be the basis of representation, what should be the assessment, whether Port Arthur or Winnipeg should be the place of meeting. The question shall a convention of the party be held or not, was not placed before the party at all. So Cowansville local voted for Port Arthur and for the assessment and for a smaller delegation. To clear up the question whether the party wants a convention or not, I put the question fairly before the party membership.

The Finnish comrades, I believe, desire a convention. But the Finns have always shown themselves progressive, and I think the Finns would rather spend the money in wiping out the debts of the party paper, and would like to see a Dominion headquarters. The Finns have a labor temple in Toronto, in Port Arthur and in Vancouver. I am sure they would like to see a Dominion headquarters owned by the party and housing the national party organ.

Now Comrades, to Action

I am sending a letter to all the locals of the S.D.P., asking them to take stock in Cotton's Co-operative. We owe the following sums:

Balance on big press	\$326.95
White and job paper	433.87
Consolidated note in bank endorsed by G. S. Cotton	750.00
Rent owed W. U. Cotton	470.35
Printing supplies, etc.	261.07
Total	\$2342.24

Cotton's is capitalized at \$20,000, divided into 2,000 shares of \$10 each. Stock is payable twenty-five per cent with order, and the balance is payable in ninety days in three equal monthly payments.

I want all the supporters of Cotton's to take stock who can. We have never had sufficient capital. The total number of shares taken is about 600, of which I hold over 200.

I make this offer. For every share of stock taken by individual Socialists, Socialist locals or trades unions during the balance of June and the month of July, I will take a share of stock also, up to \$1,000. You will find a subscription blank for stock in the corner of this page.

Subscriptions

I want you also to go out and rustle up as many subscriptions as possible. No doubt you think a twenty-five cent paper is not a going concern. I can only tell you what J. A. Wayland, of the Appeal to Reason, told me in 1911. He said that at twenty-five cents and with a paid circulation of fifty thousand, Cotton's Co-operative ought to be making net profits of \$500 per month. Wayland knew the newspaper game from start to finish. You are giving Cotton's just a little over half that circulation.

Here are a few figures. A paid circulation of 40,000 forty-week subscriptions would mean 1,600 subs a week. This would bring in a revenue of \$250 per week. White paper would cost \$60 per week. Wages would be around \$150 per week. That would leave \$85 per week for other expenses from the subscription revenues alone. There would be in addition the profits from job work, book sales and advertising.

Why are we hard up if the newspaper business is so good? Because for the week of June 6th you sent us total revenues of \$85.15; for the week of June 13th you sent us \$123, and for the first half of the week of June 20th you sent us \$52. Our wage bill is over \$100 per week now.

The price of 25 cents is about right. We have two Socialist papers in Canada. The Western Clarion has tried a dollar a year as a weekly, and it has tried seventy-five cents. Now it is trying the price of a dollar a year as a fortnightly. Cotton's has tried a dollar a year, it has tried fifty cents a year, forty cents a year, and twenty-five cents a year. Our present rate of twenty-five cents for forty weeks is the most successful of all the prices tried. We need only the circulation.

In Ontario, near Hamilton, Stratford, St. Thomas, Brantford, Guelph, Woodstock, London, Welland, St. Catharines, the circulation should certainly take a big leap forward.

Send in the subs now, Comrades, and make us boom. You of the west also will want us five hundred miles nearer you.

This move means a big thing for the Canadian Socialist movement. Act at once. And remember that stock subscription blank in the corner of this page.

Marching Toward the Sunrise

By Eugene V. Debs. The emancipation of labor is essential to the freedom of humanity. The struggle for freedom is the history of the race; the fruit of the struggle, the development of man. The civilization of Egypt, Persia, Babylon, Greece, Assyria and other ancient nations and the royal robbers and privileged parasites that ruled over them, had their day and passed away with the wretched slaves who built the pyramids and obelisks along the tracks of the early centuries of the race. The feudal nations of medieval Europe, whose lords and nobles inherited all the vicious and heartless characteristics of the ancient ruling class, especially their parasitic disdain and brutal contempt for their outraged slaves, have followed in the wake of their predecessors, and nothing remains but the memory of their bloody reign—the midnight horrors of history.

The working class may be robbed, tramped upon, crushed, broken, sated, imprisoned, shot full of jagged wounds, "poor dumb mouths" to bear witness to the crimes it has suffered, but its majestic march continues towards the sunrise. The master and slave, the lord and serf of past ages, are gone, and the capitalists and wage workers of our day must soon follow them. It is the historic mission of labor to free the human race. To free itself is to free mankind. Labor is life. Society would perish without the working class. The degree of labor's servitude is the degree of society's tribulation, defeat and shame. There can be no morals in any society based upon the exploitation and consequent misery of the class whose labor supports society. There can be no freedom while workers are in fetters. Wage servitude is fatal even to the freedom of its most favored capital-

A Factor for the World's Peace

By Arthur Rice. Nothing would do more to bring about the world's peace than to send the moving picture men with their cameras to the front in actual warfare, and take pictures of the soldiers in the throes of warfare, in their animal form, in the act of destroying the lives of their fellows, and being destroyed by them. You would then see the soldiers in torn clothes bespattered in their comrades' blood, the maimed, dying and dead humanity covering the ground. You would then see hell in reality. It would hardly be possible to picture anything more cruel than the suffering of the wounded soldiers, some with an arm or leg blown off, others groaning under the pain of mortal wounds. Could Dante's Inferno be worse than this? Do the heathen do anything worse than murder? Could men that are in reality Christians ask men of one nation to destroy the lives and property of men of another nation? Some of the so-called Christian men sent the British soldiers to South Africa to fight the South African Republic for the sole purpose of giving a group of capitalists control of the diamond mines.

It will be remembered that when England was sorely pressed by the Boers that Canada sent several contingents to fight, not for the empire, but for a few capitalists who wanted to control the diamond industries. This group of capitalists caused the British and Canadian workers to be slaughtered by the wholesale in the Boer war. What will not the robbing class do to increase their blood-stained money? If moving pictures had been taken of the engagements of the Boer war, and these pictures shown in their true character to the general public,

no man with any reasoning power would want to be a soldier—a legalized murderer. The public would then see the soldiers' life in a different light than on horseback in smart uniforms, as in time of peace. They would then be looked upon as more animal than man, low, brutal, degraded creatures, and would be treated as such.

Benjamin Levy, of New York, testified before a committee investigating the conditions of the detective and police department, that he had, at the request of officials in the detective bureau, often induced criminals to commit burglary in order that they might be arrested. He also said that a deputy commissioner in charge of the detective bureau gave him \$25 with which to purchase burglar's tools, and paid him \$75 after he had succeeded in the burglary. When the police cannot get enough graft from the capitalists, who employ them, they have to turn their talents into nefarious work amongst the class of criminals. The police system of every city is probably just as rotten as the one in New York, but on a possibly smaller scale. If criminals are not handy they manufacture them.

Join the 1917 Club and be in the swim.

Subscription for Stock

The undersigned hereby subscribes for shares in Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Company Inc., and enclose \$..... as..... payment thereon—Shares are \$10 each.

N.B.—Stock can be paid in full, or one-fourth down and the balance in 90 days in three equal monthly instalments.

The path of the thinking worker leads straight into Socialism.

Once you become class conscious, class conscious you will remain, for you have seen the light.

The London, Ont., Methodist conference adopted a resolution against militarism. The feeling is spreading.

The capitalist class are struggling for unlimited wealth and power, while the working class are struggling for a bare existence.

Thousands of Canadian women are forced to work to support their husbands and families. This is conclusive evidence that we are deluged with prosperity.

"... Then when you're on your uppers, and without a bite or sup. Just think of the Dominion you're helping to build up."

The capitalist is not your friend. He is out to trim you, and he must trim you good and hard if he is to amass more wealth each year. That is the only way in which he can get it. You are the goat.

The convicts in the Kingston penitentiary eat their meals in their cells, and in solitary silence. Added to this iniquity, they are compelled to eat without either knife or fork, "eating like animals," as the Kingston Standard expresses it.

Socialism is progressing silently and surely. The masses do not come with trumpets and drums and rattle of arms. They come with a steady march of a determined mass of class conscious slaves. They are irresistible.

Converts to Socialism do not all come from the ranks of the workers. It may surprise some comrades to learn that the Canadian movement has within its ranks men and women from all walks of life. Professional men, wholesale and retail merchants and others who see the coming downfall of capitalism are enlisted, and work along in their quiet way.

We hear with regret (?) that the gallant 96th cannot muster a sufficient company to take a holiday. What is the good of building an armory under the circumstances? We do queer things these days. We build an armory for a regiment we haven't got, and would never think of investing public money in homes for artizans we have got.—The Wage Earner, Port Arthur.

Almost daily children are killed on the poorly lighted streets of Montreal as they are enjoying their evening romp. Montreal can spend millions upon millions to enlarge the city and make better feeding grounds for the capitalists, but cannot find the wherewithal to supply proper playgrounds for the children. They are forced to the streets, and are killed by the autos of the rich. Would the Socialists provide playgrounds for the children? Well, we should worry.

There is a "don't know they are robbed" class among the workers. This class makes the capitalists chuckle with glee. As long as this class of producers exist, capitalism will be on easy street. As soon as they become class conscious and realize their power the masses will arise and throw off their yoke. Comrades, do you neglect any chances to show your shopmates how they are being exploited? If you do, you are not doing your duty towards your comrades of the firing line who are devoting every spare minute towards educating their class.

The majority of the people of Canada are willing to dig in and help the thirty-eight who now control Canada to become richer and more powerful. The only people who are making any attempt to stay the amassing of unlimited wealth are the class conscious workers called Socialists. Trusts, combines and mergers are formed every week or two, but the average toiler never raises his head from his toil to give them a thought. Not so the Socialist. He knows he is robbed, and how much he is robbed of, and is trying to get his fellow worker enlightened so that they can fight side by side their common enemy.

Heads of governments pull off some funny ones. McBride of British Columbia claims credit for the fact that there are 50,000 pupils enrolled in schools of that province. In a few years the capitalist bosses of McBride will force the majority of these pupils into the sweat pens of the province to make profits for the system. The sons of the rich will be left in the schools and prepared to take high places amongst the capitalist robbers and grafting politicians of the province. That is, if the Socialists do not rise in the meantime and fire McBride and his scandalous Tory politicians off the backs of the workers.

ANTI-MILITARISM

Borden and his politicians fought hard for the life of the naval bill. Powerful influence was behind them urging them to get it through. They failed, for the Senate smashed it.

Borden cared not for the popular feeling of the Canadian people. He and his tribe well know that militarism in any form is unpopular in Canada.

They spend millions each year upon a useless and disorganized militia, and are willing to spend many more millions on a useless and rusty fleet of boats, for the glory of a pack of army and navy contractors of munitions of war.

While we are spending seven millions each year on the baby militia, and attempting to spend many millions more on a more than useless navy, let us take a look at the status of the Canadian militia.

During the month of June camps have been held in the various military districts. They have all been under strength, according to the daily papers. Some of them are not fifty per cent of last year's strength, and the camps last year were reported as the thinnest ever.

But the millions, seven of them, have been spent on the depleted militia with the same zest as if we had a militia worthy the name. And on top of the fiasco another additional three millions have been asked for. Every inducement has been put forward to encourage militarism by the authorities, but to no avail.

The attendance is yearly growing smaller and smaller. The capitalist sheets make silly excuses for the lack of attendance, and Sam Hughes says "The camps this year are fifty per cent better than formerly." If small numbers of soldiers make a camp fifty per cent better, Sam's camps will soon be one hundred per cent better.

Anyone who has a grain of sense, or feels the pulse of the people in military affairs, knows that Canada has no time nor inclination for the fuss and feathers of the lazy militia. The business is dying, standing on one leg. The people do not want it.

An instance: Toronto is supposed to be a military town. Garrison parades are held once or twice a year besides the regular weekly drill and march-out in the summer season. Thousands of soldiers dress up in their best and join in the big parades. The city turns out en masse to witness the spectacle. And it is a spectacle only. Out of the 10th Royal Grenadiers of Toronto, a regiment nearly a thousand strong, only about fifty attended the recent camp at Niagara.

It is the same elsewhere. Little boys of fifteen and sixteen are persuaded to don a uniform and go into camp. The first long pants so many a lad wears are the pants of the militia. Just as this year a fat boy being written a number of dragons passed Cotton's Weekly going into the camp at Farnham, P.Q. And weren't they a luscious looking bunch! The officer riding at the head looked sad, and ashamed of his outfit. Boys fifteen and sixteen years of age were seated on benches above the ranks with backbones like razors, and so poor that you could hang your hat on them anywhere. What few men there were in the squad were unkempt and unshaven. The whole pack looked as if they had been fitted out at a second hand store. They were at the walk, for it is quite possible for them to trot, for many looked as if it was the first time they were ever astride a horse.

Sam Hughes will attend this camp and will swell out his chest and tell some reporter that "The camp is a splendid success. The men are the finest bunch I have seen in years; a very efficient camp indeed."

On top of all this useless, expensive foolishness comes the news that the Rainbow is being dismantled at Vancouver. All her guns have been taken off, her ammunition stored away on shore, her regular crew (for the few she had left) have been given their discharge, and the ship handed over to watchmen. In future the Rainbow will rot and rust at a Vancouver wharf.

A few years ago certain citizens of Vancouver formed a navy league. This league purchased a small vessel from Great Britain with the intention of studying naval matters at first hand and building up a class of well-trained sailors in B.C. waters.

Doctor Tells How to Shed Bad Complexion

We cannot restore degenerated facial tissue any more than we can restore a lost limb. It is useless to attempt to convert a worn-out complexion into a new one. The rational procedure is to remove the complexion instead of removing the degenerated tissue. Not by surgical means, however, as the underlying cutis is too thin to tender to withstand immediate exposure. Applying ordinary medicated wash will gradually absorb the offending cutis, by degrees, a new youthful skin appears; a skin soft and delicately tinted as a rose petal.

Procure an ounce of mercurized wash of the druggist. Spread on a thin layer before retiring, removing this in the morning with soap and water. In from one to two weeks the complexion is completely transformed.

An approved treatment for wrinkles is provided by dissolving an ounce of powdered caroline in a half-pint of warm water. Bathing the face in the solution brings prompt and remarkable results. Dr. Robert Mackenzie is Founder, etc.

FREEDOM NEAR AT HAND

A few years ago the Socialist papers set the world on fire with the courage to say that the capitalist system would not last long. Staggering along with a poor circulation, and weighted down with financial worries, the hope that was near at hand seemed very far distant.

Today they are more sanguine. They get their news from the wide world, and this news tells them of the unrest and strife the workers are engaged in. From places which we hardly knew were on the map comes news of unrest. From every country in Europe, in Asia and in Africa the masses are sending forth glad tidings that they are awakening. South America, the islands far off in the Pacific, and the far north contain the men with the spirit of revolution and desire to cast off the chains which have burdened the working class for ages.

The masters are frantic. They are ordering their henchmen politicians to make huge grants for armaments. They are forcing conscription on every country, which they think will stand for it, they are making conditions harder and harder for the workers, they are trying to smother the universal spirit of liberty which has broken out. And they are not succeeding. Time was when they could fuse together and crush the masses with the immense power of their capital and the brutal fury of their police and soldiers. That time has passed. The workers fear not the bully and the bullet; they have fought fighting individually; they fight side by side, and are learning to use the most powerful weapon in the world—the ballot.

Newsmongers of the daily press carefully censor everything from foreign countries which tends to show the uprising of the proletariat. Nothing is allowed to pass through which would give any other indication that the world were in perfect harmony with the system of exploitation. Only the more glaring instances and the largest strikes are reported. If they report a strike on an European railroad they carefully conceal the reports of hundreds of other strikes and uprisings in the old world. They have a purpose, but it is a failure.

Millions of dollars have been sunk in paper in this continent and in the older countries for the cause of labor. Hundreds and thousands of men have cast aside high positions and enormous salaries to take up the fight of the workers. Socialist and labor papers of the world number into the thousands. These papers are giving the facts in their true light. The slaves of one country translate the writings of their fellow slaves of another language, and they are printed and read and studied. Unity is largely looked upon as a gossip sheet. The Socialist and labor press is eagerly scanned to see how the brotherhood of man is progressing.

Today the Socialist press is not in the least timid in prophesying the fall of capitalism at an early date. They have the facts back of them. They know the feeling of the masses. They see the handwriting on the wall. Never before in history have the workers of the world been in such a state of discontent, and revolt. Never before has the capitalist system made such elephantine blunders as it has in the past few years. Capitalists of every country have been ripping and gouging at each other's bank accounts in such a frenzy that they have not heard of the tramp, tramp, tramp of the advancing hosts of labor.

As labor has advanced, so has the capitalist. But he is too late to stem the tide. He, with his beloved system will go down with the rest of the useless hangers on and parasites who have fed off the workers.

And the time is not far off. If you read and study the signs of the times you will surely come to the conclusion that it is very near.

Workers of Canada, why don't you do a little figuring? You bricklayer, you know the price of bricks; figure out the profit of your boss on the house you just built. You molders, how many of your class does it take to make a \$50 stove? You know how much you get for the castings you make. Figure out the iron, coal, and labor, and see the big jump from that price to the price of the retailer. All the money differences are what are termed profits, and should belong to you and your class.

You machinist, who takes a rough piece of casting which has only cost a couple of dollars to produce. You take this piece and put ten hours' work on it; the finished product sells retail for forty dollars. Don't you think you come in at the tail end? Workmen of all classes are doing some tall figuring lately. The market prices of the goods you produce can be easily found, the expenses of the shop you work in are almost as easy to figure them up, and see, where the result of your efforts goes to the making of millionaires. A printer in an Ontario town recently figured on the price of a job which was just turned out of the office. He was employed in, according to his estimate, the job cost \$39.50 to produce. The kind employer who sat in the front office with his feet on the desk charged, and got, \$165 for the piece of work. The employer spent his evenings on a river with a high power motor boat, while the printers of his office fumbled around in their pockets hunting for a nickel to attend the movies.

Don't let your boss do all the figuring; do some yourself, and see how much of the product of your toil your boss confiscates to himself.

You are only an atom in the universe, but you may as well be a fighting one. Don't be a clam.

The best Socialist literature procurable is represented in Cotton's Bookshelf. Ad. on page 2.

BORN-A SON

On Sunday, June 15th, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. U. Cotton. In looking at the helpless little morsel of humanity that has come to us, I think of all the damnable theories that theology has invented, particularly that one of "infant damnation," as if a poor little babe could be damned.

And yet children are damned in this world of robbery. To think of a little, complaining mite of humanity being born in foul tenements!

To think of a mother, weak and helpless, caring for a babe without a nurse, without comforts, refused because the husband can only dispose of his labor power for \$1.25 or \$1.40 a day, while he creates wealth four times what he is given!

The capitalist system damns the babe of many a worker before it is ever born.

Few of the proletariat can give their helpless children the things required for healthy child life. The little Socialist that has arrived is healthy and strong and comfortable.

Grandpa called upon our son and pressed into his arms a magnificent hand a twenty dollar gold piece, saying that the little fellow should handle gold young and hoping that he would keep it up.

Nurse takes the tenderest care of the little fellow, who spends his waking hours largely in yawning and in growing acquainted with this large, strange, shadowy world into which he has come.

His only language is a cry. He seizes his blessings because he wants them. He leaves them alone when he does not want them.

He will grow to strong manhood, we hope, and be healthy in body and limb. He will go forth to school, and if he fights, will probably win against those born of mothers with the fear of the landlord over them, with the fear of the husband's job being taken away over them, with the worry of making both ends meet out of the husband's salary pay over them. These things have not bothered the mother of this little boy now come into the world. He comes with the courage of prenatal influences due to ECONOMIC CIRCUMSTANCES.

He will wax strong and be well-fed. Other baby boys of the slave class will grow up malnourished, will not have the marrow and sinew he will have. He starts in the race of life with ECONOMIC CIRCUMSTANCES giving him a terrible advantage over the children of the slaves of Canada.

Why do I not go to church? Because I am tired of hearing ignorant men tell lies about morality and free will and the Grace of God. I am tired of hearing pretty parsons with their sleek doleful faces discoursing rot to the sons of men.

I KNOW, I know that men have not an equal chance. I know the system is crooked from start to finish. I KNOW the sleek doleful parsons, if they think at all, know they are preaching damnable lies in the name of God.

The plutes know the source of their strength. They know why the courage in them is great, why they have "individual initiative." It is because their position gives them assured results until the storm breaks. Their individual initiative, their pride, power, their superiority are only such as they may have got from a fear free mother, owing to her ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE OF THE BLOWS OF FORTUNE. Their acquired pride and freedom is due to their ECONOMIC POSITION of unjust superiority.

We hear of the sporting life. The capitalist class are largely sports. They attend the races and games and prize fights. We hear how honorable they are, AND YET THEY OPPOSE SOCIALISM.

Los Angeles bids fair to become the centre of the development of the Socialist movies. Jack London, the well-known Socialist novelist, is now in that city directing the production of several of his stories in film form, while Frank E. Wolfe, the newspaper writer, is superintending the massive production of a moving picture film, that is intended to depict the history of the great labor war in Los Angeles. It will be known as "From Dusk to Dawn," and will be one of the most pretentious films ever produced. In some of the scenes, no fewer than 10,000 persons will appear in the action of the story. Men and women who have taken an active part in the labor movement will appear in the cast. There is a growing interest in the west for labor union and Socialist pictures, and if the regular houses hesitate to display them new ones will be established to cater to the wants of the people.

THE MASTER CLASS ARE THE CHEAPEST SPORTS GOD EVER LET LIVE. They have no sense of justice, of fair play, of sporting fair play. They sneer at the workers because, handicapped from before birth, the slaves are not in the master class.

I have a sense of fair play. I do not want my son to have an unequal start. Let there be a fair race and let the best win. If my son goes to school and fights, I want him to meet, not the sons of slaves, but the sons of free men, equal producers, receiving revenues commensurate with their services in the production of the things men need. And if my son cannot win in a standup school boy fight, I want him to get licked.

A slave system is a horrible calamity to humanity. It gives the slaves an unjust sense of inferiority, and it gives the slave controllers an unfair sense of superiority. It curses both. The spirit of freedom dies while the yowling politicians' blasphe-my through their corrupt and sycofantic lips.

Comrades of Canada, will you help my son? Will you give him a fair world to live in?

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WHAT MESSAGE

The workers of the world send greetings across the seas and say, "Brothers, we gather for the emancipation of our class. We gather for the freeing of humanity. We suffer from the rule of those who do not work but who consume the produce of our labors. Our wives and children suffer. We cannot give them the good things we would. Wherefore, uniting on the industrial field in union solidarity, and uniting on the political field with our weapon the ballot, we march forward, fighting our way to freedom through the entanglements of law, trickery and force our masters oppose to our voice."

What message, comrades of the revolution in this Canadian land where the British flag flies high over a scene of slavery, do you send to your fighting comrade of other lands?

When we hear of a strike won in Germany, we rejoice. When we hear of the double circulation of an Austrian Socialist paper, we are glad. When the ballots are counted in Spain and the Socialist vote increases, our hearts are warmed with the glory of our coming emancipation.

What message do you send, comrades? How is your press progressing?

It has been stationary now for some months. You have not flung yourselves into the getting of subscriptions. The word goes forth among our enemies, "The progress of Socialism in Canada is stayed. We, the masters, hold our slaves inactive."

Is it not time, comrades, that a great forward move was initiated? You, a lone outpost, think that your few poor souls count little. You, in the city grind, where the air hangs heavy and the clang of machinery rings in your ears; feel that the weak little you can do is of small account.

Change your ideas. Every subscription you get adds another to the army of revolt. Every recruit you can interest means another soldier of the revolution.

Your efforts are needed. Join the ranks. Show your activity. A thousand of you sending in one sub a week would mean a circulation of 40,000 a year. If you gather two a week, our circulation would be eighty thousand.

Remember, the average number of subs sent in by each of our sub hunters is only 17 per year. Some send more, others less.

You who never hustled, do you not think that in a year's time you could gather that many subs from your fellow workers? Why not begin by getting four subs and sending them in?

Below is the circulation statement:

Table with 3 columns: Province, Off., On. Total. Rows include Ontario, B. Columbia, Sask., Alberta, Nova Scotia, Manitoba, Quebec, Foreign, New Brunswick, Yukon Ter., Newfoundland, P. E. Island.

Loss for week—46. Total issue last week—32,500.

ALONG THE LINE. Ontario cries, "I'm sick of subs. We're working slaves are lazy dubs. We're sunk in sloth and slavery. Forgotten is our bravery!"

B. C. exclaims, "I want to tell. We'll fight the plutes from here to hell." The master class have ground out a long.

Now Cotton's hears our rebel song." Old Sask pipes up, "We're seventy-six." We know the loan and mortgage tricks.

Sometimes we hustle, then again, We weave the plute like little men." Alberta gives a snooty snore And says, "We're five less than before."

We're rebels good, but just this week. We're slow and weak and measly meek."

Old Manitoba said, "Good night. We've most forgotten how to fight; The plutes can skin us to the bone, And we their praises will intone."

N. S. observes, "We're just thirteen, We've joined the class of might-have-been." Mid coalmine's grime and mill's unrest, We toil and slave and won't protest."

Quebec speaks up, "I've come to life, We've thought of babe and home and wife; Now by our working, greasy jeans, We'll teach the plutes what protest means."

A few more voices weak and small, Spoke in the revolution hall. A gap, a stretch, a dreamy "peep," Like chickens waking from a sleep.

HOW TO MAKE SOCIALISTS. Form trusts and gouge the consumer on every purchase he is compelled to make.

Throw men out of jobs. Then curse them for being lazy and arrest them as vagrants.

AMERICAN NOTES

Charles Edward Russell, Frank Silverman and Algernon Lee were unanimously acclaimed by the Socialists of Greater New York in convention as their candidates for the offices of Mayor, Controller and President of the Board of Aldermen, respectively, in the coming municipal campaign.

Hatpins and screwdrivers, concealed in their sleeves were used by girl scalps employed at the Jacob Gerhardt shirt factory, Hazelton, N.Y., when they stood for free-labor speech last year at that hysterical and vigilante ridden city. They not only acted illegally for the Socialists and Free Speech League, but got on the firing line themselves, and were convicted of the new crime "Conspiracy to violate an ordinance." They go to jail on June 26.

A state's prison sentence of not more than one year, with a fine of \$250, imposed on Alexander Scott, editor of the Weekly Issue, official organ of the Socialist party of Passaic County, N.J., who was convicted on a charge of "aiding and abetting hostilities to the government of the City of Paterson" by Judge Klenert in the Court of Quarter Sessions. No sooner was the sentence pronounced when Henry Carlless, a Socialist attorney of Newark, and Henry Marelli, both of whom defended Scott, filed notice that a writ of error had been applied for, a copy of which notice was presented to the judge. Bail of \$3,000 was fixed, and Scott was released.

The passing by the Illinois Legislature of the bill which gives women the right to vote on all except constitutional state officers and police magistrates is the climax of 58 years of effort to eliminate by education and reason the discrimination made against woman by the old English common law. Women residents of Illinois now can vote for presidential electors, town, county, township and other officers, and on all questions of public policy as well as for certain state officers whose positions have been created by the Legislature and not by the constitution. Included in these offices are those relating to the assessing and collecting of taxes.

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THE FIDELITY

Four to Badger... Four more copies... Four more to go to Bradford, Ont.

Four from George... Four more copies... Four more to go to Bradford, Ont.

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The FIDING LINE

Four to Badrejos, Ont.
 Vulcan, Alta., whops up four more.
 Sturgeon Falls, Ont., will get four more copies.
 Four more go to Kewatin, and four to Brantford, Ont.
 One slave with a bold fist bowls in four from Montreal.
 A comrade of Piapot, Sask., hurls six subs at the capitalist beast.
 Five more from Abbotsford, B.C., and five from Winnipegosis, Man.
 Hanley and Gerald, Sask., each get four more copies.
 An Alberta Justice of the Peace sends five subs. This is going some.
 L. Borden, N.S., pokes four more readers into the political aspirations of R. L. Borden.
 Bueloody, Man., will have four more pursuing the revolutionary paper the platform of the Dominion Convention.
 Four from Georgina, Sask., make the crawling feeling slide up and down the back of the Dominion Executive.
 Two bones for the bulldog come from Fort William, and the paper darts its way into more brains.
 Have been working all winter, and am not back to the headstead. I send four.—Waldville, Sask.
 "Enclosed please find \$3 for subs. Strongly cannot getter. I am a stranger here.—Toronto, Ont.
 Thirty-three more copies are plunked into Preston and Hespeler, Ont. "Now, what do you, Sir?"
 "I enclose one dollar for subs. One goes six miles out in the country, so the cause is spreading."—Thorburn, N. S.
 A Montreal comrade snipes ten from the system and takes the "Common Sense of Socialism" to help him snipe me.
 A. Jenkins, Alta., comrade forwards the price of seven subs and five sub cards and puts himself in the running for the circulation here.—Sturgeon Falls, Ont.
 "Enclosed find \$3 for one sub and seven sub cards. Will do all we can to get the circulation here."—Sturgeon Falls, Ont.
 "I send these three names with mine because I know they do not take the paper, and want to spread the light."—Mair, Sask.
 "Please keep my name quiet, as I am the only one here who takes the dope sheet as yet, writes a comrade of a Quebec locality with four.
 Peterboro, Ont., shows signs of revolt. Four slaves take to the sheet and begin to look at their employers in a new light. G-r-r-r-r.
 How many slaves have we in Owen Sound? writes a comrade with a bone for one sub and three sub cards. Just fourteen subs go to this slave town.
 A Lindsay, Ont., comrade plunks in five bones and pulls out five sub cards. These will do fine execution if they can only be used on the heads of the slaves of Black Canada.
 "Enclosed find \$1 to send a copy of your Socialist dynamite to the enclosure name, an extra copy to me to hand out to Socialists, and two sub cards."—Instow, Sask.
 "Enclosed please find nine swats at the capitalist henchmen of darkness. These nine will clear the trail through life to the city of progress."—Comrade E. Beattie, St. Catharines, Ont.
 "I enclose two subs. I have been working in the woods and never got a copy of my paper all winter. It seems they don't like a socialist paper around to camps."—Stocks, Alta.
 A dozen sub cards go forward to Cabri, Sask. Now it is not that easy to make the glooms spread themselves over the faces of the thieving machine companies and the mortgage lenders.
 "Enclosed find \$1 for subs and sub cards. I have been taking your paper for some time, and I think it is all right, but I don't think it is worth it to help you in your good work."—Hamilton, Ont.
 "The slaves around Guelph, Ont., will have a sinking feeling strike them in the pit of the stomach when they hear that a comrade there has taken twenty sub cards, ten copies a week, and handed a four year sub.
 "Living in an isolated locality, I have no subs; but I send this in the hope to the Weekly which is the best instrument I have yet seen to use upon the masses of the working class."—Yearley's P.O., Muskoka, Ont.
 "Enclosed please find \$5.50 to apply as follows: \$2 for sub cards, \$1 for a bone of 10, and \$2.50 for the share of stock. You can rely upon our local \$1 to support you as far as its finances permit."—Fort Assiniboia, Ont.
 "I enclose you four. We had a local here once, but it slowed down and stopped. One reason was that the majority of the workers are employed by the Steel Co., and it is as much as a man's job to work to the unionism of Socialism."—Sydney, N.S.
 "I herewith enclose my own renewal and the renewal of a fellow comrade. We think highly of the paper, and we know the things we read in it are the truth. We cannot say the same of the other papers of the day. Let us grind out truths for the slaves."—Painwick, Ont.
 "Took me a long time to get through my sub book, but here it is. I have sent please send another. Got two of these subs travelling on the train. I don't know where they are reaching, but there are no more people in this new country, but I am game for the hunt."—B.C. slave.
 "During 1912 I sent in 24 subs. I'll bet you a dollar and one of them has renewed. I'll cast no more pearls before swine. You may think I am careless, but the money can be used to advantage. I am not afraid of the swine turning and rending me, they are too sleepy for that."—West Belkirk, Man.
 "I received your call to arms, and have been routing the enemy's lines. The result is six more from me and twelve by the assistance of another comrade. We will notice the money, and I am sure, Grossin, Daniels and Lanno contribute eighty cents for pamphlets. We will do our best to spread the disease of Socialism."—Montreal, P.Q.
 "I enclose you one dollar for the Battery to help the good work in which you are engaged. You may think I am careless because I do not send in subs, but it is almost impossible to get any in the cotton mill where I work the slaves of the carding room get 19 cents an hour. They are ignorant, willing and docile.—Nanaimo, B.C.
 "I am requested by the executive to send these \$5 worth of sub cards and take them out in bundles. The slaves of Vancouver Island are revolting and it is up to us to take advantage of the opportunity when the slave has time to think. When a slave has full stomach and a steady job, he is pretty hard to deal with."—Nanaimo, B.C.
 "I enclose you \$2 for the Battery. Had a walk today saw the house where the Canada Machinery Corporation houses their strikebreaking molders. They have heavy shutters made out of one inch lumber like doors, hung on strong strap hinges, and which lock on the inside. They fit over the windows to shut the strikebreakers in and lock them up at night."—A Galt, Ont., slave.
 "I receive my sub. I had intended taking a bundle, but the building trade is falling off on account of the miners' strike in this one horse power town, and I am out of a job. But I don't intend to lose sight of your valuable paper, not as long as I can lay hands on it. It has taught me more than a dozen of the other trash peddling papers could have done, and I am teaching others."—Nanaimo, B.C.
 "Enclosed please find \$3 for subs and sub cards. There are several Socialists

around here. In fact, they all are if they only knew it, for this is a farming district and people are trying hard to make a living. There are not many who make a living. The majority have just been living on their credit. By the looks of things the loan companies are making a fine little paper you print. It is small, but there is more in it than in any other paper published in Canada."—Willow Beach, Sask.
 "Your February 23rd to hand. I have cemented another bunch of subs to where you claim they are needed. How do they like you? You say you think I will be able to make baliseyes in the firing line? This last bunch of subs makes me twenty-eight new readers, besides the green bud that has captured them all. I do wish that my new subs would work as I have, so that you might be sooner nearer to Manitoba—Elgin, Man. There are some shooting in it, not you old veterans of the Firing Line!"

How to Organize a Local of the S. D. P.

This is a sixteen page pamphlet just off the press of Cotton's. It contains the policy platform of the party, the constitution, the revolutionary nature of the party, and instructions how to form a local, written by Comrade H. Martin, Secretary of the Dominion Executive. The party constitution should be in the hands of every party member. This pamphlet should be in the hands of those who want to form a local. We will mail four of these pamphlets to any address in Canada upon the receipt of five cents. We will mail eight for ten cents. Many places where readers of Cotton's are unorganized, and where the readers would like to form a local. This pamphlet was gotten up to meet this need.
 Or you can get this pamphlet by writing the Secretary of the Dominion Executive, H. Martin, 61 Weber St. East, Berlin, Ont.

Local Cultus Does Not Want Convention

Dear Comrades—It appears from the result of the recent referendum initiated by the Finnish Local of Toronto, that we are to have a new basis of representation in the Dominion Convention to be held at Port Arthur. As only about 25 per cent of the members voted on this referendum it would seem that the Soc. Dem. Party of Can., as a whole are not taking the interest they should in the affairs of the Party.
 We see no pressing questions of sufficient importance to require a session of the Dominion Convention being held this year and protest against one being held until such time as the financial condition of the Dominion treasury will warrant it. It is doubtful if an assessment of \$2.00 per member would defray the expenses of the convention, and we contend that such an amount spent judiciously in sending out Organizers would result in far greater good to the Party.
 Approved unanimously by the members of Cultus Local No. 7 Arthur Ravin, Secretary, James Larsson, chairman.

Big Picnic in B. C.

Burnaby, B. C., local No. 15 are making arrangements for a picnic on July 1st. It will be held in Central Park, and the committee in charge are making every effort to make it a huge success.
 Orilla Getting Busy
 Orilla local has secured their charter from Berlin, and the following officers were elected at their first meeting:—Rummerfeld, Sec.-Treas.; A. Duguid, Organizer. Those in Orilla and surrounding district wishing to join membership should apply to Comrade Rummerfeld for particulars.

Porcupine Boys Winning Out

The Hollinger is the great mine of South Porcupine, where the strike of the miners is on.
 The capitalist papers have been telling how the mineowners were breaking the strike. Press reports declare that the profits of Hollinger for the month of May were \$8,811, a sum little more than half enough to pay the dividend. Cost of operation has advanced to an abnormal degree.
 Mining is yet a skilled occupation, and the master class cannot pick up scraps from everywhere and think they have got miners. If they are so deceived, the results will appear in the dividend sheet and the capitalist owners will howl for their accustomed profits.

British Columbia Active

The British Columbia S.D.P. is a live organization. It is boasting for Socialism all right.
 The Provincial Executive is laying plans to put the circulation of Cotton's in that province. It is planning to put two thousand sub cards in the hands of the party membership to sell.
 Over seven hundred copies of Cotton's are being sold on the streets of Vancouver.
 A live organization like they have in B.C., in each of the other provinces would send the circulation sky high, and the plates would feel the coming earthquake rocking beneath their feet.

Elected Two Candidates

The Burnaby, B.C., local nominated two candidates for two vacancies on the municipal school trustee board, and elected both. The voting resulted as follows: Wm. Coulter, 136; O. F. Decker, 135. Their opponent, the secretary of the local board of trade, polled 116.
 Sir Richard McBride, premier of British Columbia, has fathered a pamphlet which is self-laudatory to a very high degree. It fairly sizzles with statements of what has been done by the McBride government. The pamphlet says that "provision for the safety of miners underground has been attended to." Whatever the provisions may have been, they have not stayed off a miners' strike over the whole of Vancouver Island. The booklet also tells the world at large that the mining department has been thoroughly reorganized on a basis of efficiency and economy." The B. C. Sunset says—"The efficiency of the department is notorious. Those seeking information about the mining districts of British Columbia are confronted by a stone wall of ignorance at Vancouver, and in so far as the economy of the department is concerned, it is only necessary to state that Sir Richard McBride is the minister of mines, and has a host of political bullies who must be satisfied."

Quaff your wine, O capitalist robber, smoke your cigar and curl your lip with contempt at the man with the overalls. It will not be for long. The slave has awakened, he is making preparations to oust you from your hereditary bed in the lap of luxury.

BUNDLE PRICES.

4 copies per week for a year ... \$1.00
 12 copies per week for a year ... \$2.50
 24 copies per week for a year ... \$5.00
 48 copies per week for a year ... \$10.00
 Special Prices for Short Time Bundles
 10 copies, 3 months, \$1.00; 25 copies, 3 months, \$2.50; 50 copies, 3 months, \$5.00. Double the price for six months bundles.

WHAT ARE YOU?

Some Questions for a Referendum Vote

To the Members of the British Columbia Social Democratic Party, and Socialists at large:

To get results you must have the right material, and as the B. C. Provincial Executive is out for results, it is necessary to know just what material there is to work with, and so you are asked: **ARE YOU?** and we want a reply. Can you deliver the goods? If so, it's time all were working.

Don't glance this over and say it doesn't apply to you! It does, and by the way in which you deal with it you will answer the questions asked of you.

Is yours a live local or just a charter holding one?
 Do you hold meetings weekly or just sometimes?
 Are you a worker or a drone, alive wire or a dead head?
 Do you work for Socialism daily or just sometimes?
 Are you one of the clique of workers or the clique of grumblers?
 If you join the former the latter will cease to exist.
 There is no middle course, it's get in or get out!
 Are you as anxious to be on time for local meetings, as you are to be on your job? Or do you consider your services to the party not as valuable as they are to your employer?
 Are you as anxious to retain your membership of the local as you are to hold your job?
 Do you condemn sabotage on the job and practice it in the local?
 Do you want to see party organizers in the field and doing effective work? Then get going yourself and prepare the ground for more effective laborers from them. Money is useful in propaganda work, but no amount of money can represent the value of active, energetic whole-hearted and co-operative work by comrades whose whole incentive is the economic freedom and welfare of the class in society of which we are all members.
 By your actions prove to the world that Socialism makes its advocates justify their existence by working strenuously and whole heartedly for the emancipation of the workers of the world from the bond of wage-slavery and for the uplift of the whole human race.

Don't throw this in the waste paper basket; remember it is addressed to you individually, that each item is of vital importance. Ask yourself and each other these questions and get a reply; then write to us yourself. Remember you have elected the executive not to rule, but to serve. Tell us what to do, make suggestions, give us advice, ask for information. We will attend to the former and assist you with the information to the best of our ability. Let each individual member get in touch with the executive, and each other, and by so doing mutually increase our value to the cause and PROVE BY RESULTS that we can each answer the question, "What are you?" by saying "A Live Socialist."

Yours in all Comradeship, on behalf of your Executive,
 E. WINCH, Provincial Secretary, Jubilee Station, Vancouver.

Military Bug Dying in the West

George E. Winkler, Victoria, B. C.
 Owing largely to the anti-military agitation that has been carried on here by the revolutionary organizations, the Fifth Regiment of this city has had much difficulty in securing recruits.

50 men were wanted to strengthen the regiment, and recently a big display of cups, shields and other trophies (won by the regiment) were shown in the windows of a clothing store on the main street of the city.
 A church parade was held to the principal Methodist church of the city, where the pastor (supposed follower of the Prince of Peace) addressed kindly words to the bunch of potential murderers assembled to hear him.
 Nothing was said indicating the presence in the bible of a certain command which reads: "Thou shalt not kill."

To cap the climax, the following appeared in the daily papers of this place:
 Canadian Garrison Artillery, 5th Regt., Victoria, B.C.
 Lieut.-Col. A. W. Currie, Officer Commanding.

GIVE US MEN!
 Men from every rank,
 Fresh and free and frank;
 Men of thought and reading,
 Men of light and leading,
 Men of loyal breeding,
 The Nation's welfare speeding,
 Men of faith and not of fiction,
 Men of lofty aim in action.
 Give us men, we say again,
 Give us men!
 Strong and stalwart ones,
 Men who stiched hope injuries,
 Men whom purest honor inspires,
 Men who trample self beneath them,
 Men who make their country wealthy,
 As her noble sons,
 Worthy of their sires,
 Men who never shame their mothers,
 Men who never fall their brothers;
 True, however false are others,
 Give us men, we say again,
 Give us men!

GIVE US MEN!
 Men who when the tempest gathers
 Grasp the hand of their fathers,
 In the thickest fight,
 Men who strike for home and altar;
 Let the coward cringe and falter;
 God defend the right!
 True as truth, the comrade lonely;
 Tender as the brave are, only;
 Men who tread where saints have trod,
 Men for Country, Home and God.
 Give us men, we say again,
 Men to train;
 Give us men!
 Young men desirous of joining the regiment can obtain all particulars at the drill hall any Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday evening.
 God Save the King.

If Lieut.-Col. Currie wants to find such men today as he describes, he will have to look for them in the Socialist movement, but he will never be able to get them to join an organization that exists principally for the purpose of shooting down working men on strike who refuse to starve quietly.
 The Catholic bishop here, Alex. McDonald, made a bad break last year in referring to the need of a militia to suppress "internal troubles" when required, so the McBride newspaper did not appeal to the clergy this year for support in securing enlistments.
 So peculiarly constituted is human nature that it is likely before many moons, as in the past, these same clergymen will be heard regretting from the pulpit that the workers are not more loyal to the church.

Galt, Ont., Reporter Muzzled

The Editor of the Galt Reporter has brought the road roller and will publish no more concerning the rottenness of Galt unless you can string him into another \$1.00. He is naturally a benchman of the labor skinner.—Comrade W.G. Galt, Ont.

Message to Toronto Worker

We learn that there are over a thousand subscribers of Cotton's Weekly in the city of Toronto. We presume that a major portion of these are English speaking people. Still the Anglo-Saxon element is sadly behind the other people in coming to the side of the Party and spreading the Propaganda.

Those of us who are busy are anxious that all the English-speaking Socialists and sympathizers rally to the ranks.
 We are holding large and well attended meetings outside the factories, last Thursday, for instance, the Organizer was alone and sold or distributed all the literature he had, and got two subs for this paper.
 We have it in good authority, that the police intend to put a stop to these propaganda meetings, the Police are backed up by the Council Church, Politicians, and unless our ranks are of a formidable size we may look for squalls in a short while.

The Trade Unions are demanding our Organizer for the purpose of learning of the movement, and we are doing well in evening meetings at the street corners.
 We are breaking new ground, and have quite a number of promising men who are taking the stump.
 We make no error or bluff about our intentions, they are straight and plain, we intend to get our men in the City Council, Board of Education, and Provincial as well as Dominion House.

We are out for Working class political Supremacy as soon as possible. We have a permanent organizer in the field, we have rented a headquarters at 102 Victoria, where you can buy all the books and papers you like on the movement.
 If you want Sub-Cards for Cotton's come there and we will supply you. We must reap in the harvest of rebels now, the city is full of unrest, and discontent is seething everywhere. Strikes labor troubles and abominable conditions are sending the workers to us, why not get busy? If you wish to join the party send in your name to this office or P. C. Young, 42 Globe Ave., and we will enroll you in the Local of your district.

We suffer from opponents of two kinds, active and apathetic. Some are in front, (or think they are) who declare that we are not real rebels, and some are behind, who whisper that we are too rebellious, but we go right ahead, and never feel their wastefulness.
 Before this appears in print our organizer may be in jail for telling the truth, because this is a free country, and men are free to follow their lying masters or keep still.
 Come to our aid, comrades! let us together strip this veneer of pretence from the smug faces of the buccaners of this city of sham and shame.

Every man counts, and if you cannot come out openly, you can at least financially help those who are striving to educate the working class, and who are battling against great odds, stormed by enemies who use every kind of lie that the mind can conceive.
 We are weaving the web, a fiery web in which the workers can catch the parasites that have fattened on their bodies.
 We are beset by envy, calumny, hate and abuse, but we are plugging away and we need your help.
 Comrade, the battle is on, those who are not for us are against us. Where are you?

Ben Wilson Open for Dates

Locals desiring to avail themselves of the services of Comrade Ben Wilson should make application at an early date to H. Martin, 61 Weber street east, Berlin, Ont., who will send particulars and make final arrangements.

Struggle in Foreign Lands

Italy has four Socialist dailies and 110 weeklies. In 130 cities and towns Socialist mayors preside.
 Socialists gained four members in the Prussian Lower House, bringing the number of Socialist Deputies, up to ten.
 The French Socialist party has lost two members in the Chamber of Deputies by the deaths of Jacques Ducour, member for Issoudun, and Ducourange, member for Charolles. Maurice, Socialist councillor at Tulle, and one of the founders of the section at Correze, is also dead.

The members of the British Federation of Transport Workers have adopted a resolution urging all members to refuse to handle munitions of war. They declared war to be a crime, and pledged themselves to do no work that would further it. Ben Tillet, the labor leader, said that all British "patriotic" societies are financed by "armament rings."

The most formidable blow of the year aimed at Finnish autonomy in the past few years, in the opinion of all classes here, was the bill brought up in the Russian Duma at St. Petersburg. The bill requires that all Finns who resist Russian-made laws must be tried by a Russian court. Introduced by the Ministry of Justice, the measure is designed to affect all offenses in which bureaucratic ingenuity can discover the slightest semblance of political motives, and includes murder, any attack on police or military, damage done on railways, mails, telegraphs or telephones, the manufacture or sale of bombs, and even any attempt to prevent the application of Russian laws in Finland. The purpose is admittedly to sweep as many Finns as possible into the wide net of Russian law and Russian court procedure.

The intense propaganda of the Socialist party and the labor unions against the three year compulsory military service has frightened the French government. The manifestations of many groups, and occasionally of entire bodies of troops, has not served to allay its fear, but has emphasized the effectiveness of the anti-militarist campaign. Exactly what the government fears is unknown, but that its fear is great is evidenced by its actions. Acting under orders from the Palais de Justice, the police of Paris and of eighty-eight other French cities, raided the various headquarters of the Socialists and of the labor unions. Where admittance could be gained in no other way, and most of the raids took place at about 5 a.m., doors were broken down, desks smashed and their contents stolen.

CONSTANTINOPLE WORKERS FOR PEACE

The Trade Union Organization of Constantinople issued the following manifesto for the first of May celebration:
 Comrades—For the first time since we have recognized our class consciousness and the necessity for united action for the emancipation of the working class in Turkey, we take the opportunity to declare against the exploitation and oppression of our great family by the employing class. The first of May, 1913, finds us sunk in the deepest sorrow and misery, caused by the crimes which the bourgeoisie and the feudal elements of the Balkans have committed against our class for the satisfaction of their imperialist interests.

Comrades, it is our duty today to accomplish the task which others have neglected; we must give an example for others to follow.
 Let us raise our voices against the crimes of our governors, against the exploitation of our labor power, against the crusade of the Balkan armies, all reactionary and hostile to the workers. Let us take action in defense of our economic, moral and political rights. We demonstrate on the first of May in order that the employers and the supporters may hear the cry of protest and the menace of the exploited.

Workers of Turkey! Rouse yourselves and listen to your brothers who live like yourselves in misery and slavery.
 Our present misery and misfortune are neither the work of a vindictive deity nor the consequence of our sins. It is the work of a class which is our enemy—the rich and exploiting class, which, animated by a cruel and savage selfishness and a thirst for domination, makes slaves of us and enjoys life at the expense of our misery.
 Rouse yourselves! Join our ranks! Organize yourselves in your trade unions and take common action to end your misery.

Awaken! so that the first of May, 1913, shall be the eye of your battle against your adversary.
 Orphans of the Balkans! Never forget that our fathers and our brothers have been slaughtered on the battlefield by the order of our tyrants. We must swear our solidarity and work for our emancipation.
 Comrades of the International! We turn toward you today and ask your assistance—both moral and financial—in our unequal struggle.
 Encourage us by your writings, your books and your papers, and be assured that your brothers of the East, who suffer so cruelly today, will do for others in happier times that which is now being done for them.—Zacharias Bezenstis, Secretary.

Remember when the little retailer used to shoot the old stock phrase of "competition is the life of trade" at you? Don't hear it so much lately. The little fellows are just marking time till the axe falls. The large departmental stores are brushing the little fellows from their path in their mad race for wealth. Competition is the death of trade in these modern times. Competition has produced the greedy, powerful magnates of big business; they are merciless, and the weak must go to the wall.
 Four years for \$1 is good buying.

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 Waiter Whitman, by Milla Tupper Maynard 1.00

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 These books shipped prepaid, in small or express. Shipping weight is 10 pounds. Best offer ever made. All these books for \$8.35.

Reds Will Multiply

Comrade—I received a few copies of your paper which I just began reading with interest. I think you are doing splendid work, and have undertaken a task that will certainly come to its day and shine. I am heart and soul in favor of extending and widening the news of your work which has not been known here till the other day. I strongly believe that opportunities are great, and the reds will multiply in this vicinity. In about a month I will be able to do it. I will be glad to see you, my friend, and step forward in triumph.—O. F. Yillinsky

THOUSANDS SELLING

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SOCIALIST DIRECTORY

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, Socialist Democratic Party of Canada, meets every first and third Monday at 55 King St. East, Berlin, Ont., 8 p.m.
 NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C., Local No. 4, S.D.P. of C. meets 1st and 3rd Mondays, 2 p.m., in Labor Temple, corner Royal Ave. and 7th St., and other Sunday meetings at 3 p.m. Goodbury's, South Westminster, P. O. Box 588, A. V. Stedman, Sec.—256.
 NANAIMO Local No. 11, S.D.P. of C., English, Business meeting held on Sunday afternoons, 3 o'clock, above Best & Hopkins, Printers, Wharf St. Propaganda meetings all time in open air, R. Temple, Rec. Sec., Box 66, Nanaimo, B. C.—256.
 BRITISH COLUMBIA EXECUTIVE S.D.P. of C. meets in Vancouver, Finnish Socialist Hall, Pender St. E., on the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 p.m. General business meeting on third Sunday, E. Winch, Sec., Jubilee Station P.O., Vancouver, B. C.—256.

LOCAL VANCOUVER No. 12, meets for business and propaganda every Tuesday 8 p.m., Dominion Hall, Pender St. East, meetings in Dominion Theatre, Granville St., Sunday evening, Secretary, O. L. Charlton, City Market, Main Street—245.
 BERLIN Local, No. 4, S. D. P. of C., meets every second and fourth Wednesday, 55 King St. East, Chas. Nicholson, Sec., 115 Benton St., Berlin, Ont., 253.
 PORT ARTHUR Local S.D.P., meets in Labor Temple, Bay St., 2nd and 4th and 3rd Thursdays to discuss matters of interest to every worker. Workers unite and run Port Arthur for the benefit of the workers. Herbert Barker, Sec.—232.
 SOUTH PORCUPINE Local No. 22, S. D. P. of C., holds business and propaganda meetings every Sunday at 3 p.m. in Miners' Union Hall, South Porcupine, F. Dogue, Sec., Box 231—232.

TORONTO Local No. 1, S.D.P. of C. Business meeting first and third Tuesday months in Labor Temple, 187 Church St., 8 p.m., second floor. Attend street meetings Wednesdays and Saturdays evening in different parts of the city. P. C. Young, 82 Globe Ave.—257.

Katie Goes to a Ball

A SKETCH FOR "LADIES"

(Translated from Gluhlichter.)
 Ten o'clock in the morning.
 The lady of the house has just awakened. Her soft hand, white as the rich lace on her nightgown, presses the button of an electric bell.
 The noise sounds shrill through the house.
 "Good luck to you," says Marie, the cook, to Katie, the chambermaid. "But if she didn't have a good night, then you'd better not tell her you went to go to the ball. But I think she feels good this morning. If she didn't, she'd make more of a racket with the bell. Well, good luck to you!"

Katie smoothed her white apron with a trembling hand. She looked again at the cook and the kitchen maid, an embarrassed smile on her flushed face, gave a deep sigh, and hurried to the curtained door which led to her mistress's room.
 The young wife of the bank director had slept well. To Katie's "Good morning" she replied with a friendly smile. Katie felt relieved immediately—thank God, the lady had slept well.

The lady had Katie envelope her in a filmy morning gown. The maid became more strongly convinced that the mistress was the best of humors.
 "I think everything will be all right," she said to herself.
 When she went to the kitchen for the lady's breakfast her joy was apparent to the cook and the chambermaid.

"I am going to ask her when I dress her hair."
 With these words she slipped out of the kitchen with her tray.
 The lady lay back in a chair before her dressing table and with satisfaction studied her rosy face in the mirror. Katie thought the moment favorable.
 "Gnadige Frau, I would like to ask—"

And there she stopped.
 With a satisfied air the lady turned her head from one side to the other, never taking her eyes from the mirror, and with her right hand covered with diamonds she touched the artistic coiffure.
 "The curling irons upon the left a little, I think. Now, and what did you want to ask, Katie?"
 Stammeringly she made her request.

"I would like to go out today, please, gnadige Frau."
 "Where? Why?"
 She had an opportunity to go to a ball, Katie explained. And during the whole carnival she would have no other opportunity. Her parents would be there, and her other relatives, and then two school friends.

"Who knows when there'll be another chance, please, gnadige Frau!"
 The lady nodded her gracious permission.
 "Yes, you can go. Why not? I have nothing against it. I hope you have a good time and dance all the dances."
 Katie was overjoyed. She ran into the kitchen and embraced first the cook and then the kitchen maid. This joy increased as the day went by.

"You're dancing already," said the old, rheumatic cook to Katie. "Well, when one's young one gets foolish over nothing."
 As often as her work permitted, Katie ran up to her little room, pulled open a drawer, and gazed admiringly at a simple waistband which she had bought in anticipation of the ball. She took the waistband out, and stood before the glass to see how the light blue batiste became her.

Her face looked young and smooth, lightened by dark, happy eyes, and young and smooth was her slim neck.
 "I'll look pretty, I'll look pretty," cried Katie, and with the color rising in her cheeks she thought of why she really, really wanted to be pretty.
 Franz will be happy when he sees me in that. Lord, how happy I am!"

In the afternoon the bank director's wife had company. It was a brilliant affair, for this lady's "at home" day was very popular. It meant a great deal of work for Katie. She flew here and there, reading her mistress's wishes at a glance. But she was full of misgiving because the company stayed so long.
 Old Marie noticed her anxiety and comforted her.
 "It won't last so long, and as soon as it's over you can get ready for the ball. Don't worry about your work; you'll soon be done, and Fanny will finish up for you."
 The reception room was not empty of guests until 7.30. Marie and Fanny straightened up the room. Katie flew to her room to get ready for the ball.

"That will surely take till 10," thought Katie, with sinking heart. "I won't be able to leave her till then."
 It was a quarter of ten when the bank director's wife had finally finished her toilet, waves of perfume all about her, rustling silkily. Katie knelt before her. She bent her pale face lower than really necessary as she gave some final touches to her mistress's gown. The lady was buttoning her long gloves.

"Oh, Katie! before you go, be sure to lock up the silver we used today and rely upon you. You will be responsible if anything is missing. Did you hear? Oh, and one more thing, be sure to look over the yellow reception gown. I need it early tomorrow. There are a few stitches needed in the front of the corsage. It will only take you a few minutes. You will not have to do in the morning then, and you will have time for other things. Now, do your best, or else you must not come to me with another request like today's."

With highly-raised skirt she rustled down the carpeted stair and stepped into the waiting automobile. Katie tucked in the train of her dress.
 At half-past ten Katie had finished with the silver and had put away the key.
 "You'd better hurry and fix your hair and get dressed," scolded Marie. "We'll help you."

Katie broke into tears.
 "I won't be through for a long time. I've got to fix her yellow reception dress."
 She commenced. It was a delicate piece of work, and she could hurry very little.
 "My God!" Fanny growled, "she has five or six reception dresses. Why did she just take a notion for that one?"

Katie was finally through with the dress. She began to fix her hair.
 "Hurry, hurry," scolded the cook. "And don't cry all the time or you'll have a nice face for the ball!"
 Katie finally stood all ready before the looking glass.
 "Heavens!" cried the cook, "it's past twelve!"
 Katie stood for a moment as if stunned. In her haste to get away she had paid no attention to the time.

"I'd rather stay home now," she cried, and fell sobbing on her bed.
 "Yes, yes! I'll stay now!"
 Marie and Fanny went to bed. But Katie wept for a long time.
 "Well, did you have a good time last night, Katie?" asked her mistress the next morning in a very friendly tone.—The Labor Leader.

FUTILE ATTACK

At a meeting of the Anglican Synod, Toronto, Canon Hague stated that two hundred girls were annually lured into white slavery from that city alone. He stated that this has been going on for years, and urged the Synod to call upon the government and railway companies to cooperate against the evil.

What does the Synod suppose the government will do in the matter? The government are too busy looking after the interests of their masters to trouble themselves with affairs of the daughters of the working class. The workers' daughters are the ones invariably led astray by the white slavers, and as long as the supply of slaves in the mills and factories of the masters keep up, the government will take no definite means to stamp out the evil.

The railways are out for profits, and profits alone. Anyone who has the price of a ticket can buy one to any point. White slavers or black slavers, it makes no difference to the railway companies who rides on their trains as long as the ticket is forthcoming.

The government is looking for profits, the railroads are looking for profits, the white slaver is looking for profits, the mistresses and landlords of the brothels are looking for profits, and they are all willing to sell the souls of helpless, innocent girls in order to gain those profits.

The Anglican Synod dare not go to the root of the white slave traffic, and demand its abolition. They know that the conditions which prevail in Toronto, also prevail in Montreal, Quebec, Winnipeg, Vancouver, and that every little town, village, and hamlet in Canada yearly sends its quota to the large cities to be gobbled up in the maelstrom of capitalism. They also know that white slavery is winked at by those in high places. The Synod may organize a light against white slavery, but when they reach the point where they interfere with the pocketbooks of the capitalists, they will receive a rude check. The sacred god of profit will stand for no interference.

In a very short period recently over 1700 women billed from New York to Chicago disappeared from trains between those two cities. Both in the United States and Canada weak-kneed religious and reform organizations make futile stabs at the white slavers, but the traffic flourishes and is growing larger and larger.

When the rent, interest and profit system is abolished, the white slave and the white slaver will go with it. Socialism will abolish slavery of all the people, without regard to race, creed or color.
 Socialism is the only cure for the white slave traffic. Canon Hague's charges will have no more effect on the white slave traffic than a mosquito attacking a rhinoceros.
 The longer you submit to robbery, the longer will capitalists be on the job, and the longer your children and children's children will be forced to crawl to a master for a job. Now is the time; swat the system.
 Soldiers in England refuse to shoot their brothers of the working class. They say, "Let George do it."

The Right to Live and Live Right

By Arthur Rice.

On life's highway, from mother's knee, through the various stages, childhood, youth, maturity, middle age and old age, until we pass on from the visible to the invisible, we are fully entitled to more than just enough to exist in the way of food, clothing and shelter.

We should have the very best of food, and plenty of it, in order to grow up strong and healthy, with plenty of out-door exercise. The average married worker today does not receive enough remuneration in the way of wages to raise a family right. Parents have to buy the cheapest food they can get, and in some instances they cannot get enough of that to satisfy the appetites of their children and themselves. Very often the husband and wife both have to work in the factory in order to buy food, clothing and obtain shelter for themselves and family.

Their children are sent to the day nurseries for care—thus capitalism destroys the home. Very often the wife is practically forced to work in the shop during the maternity period, and when the newcomer puts in appearance it does not have the vim and vitality it should have, being born under improper conditions. Is it any wonder that some people seem born-tired? They have not had the privilege of being born right—under the present unjust system.

The clothing the worker's family is forced to wear is often little better than rags, and usually too thin to withstand the winter blast, while the idle rich go about clad in the best cloth money can buy. A sight of their wardrobe would make the average married worker feel like getting out, when he compares his shoddy with the plute's broadcloths.

The worker's children are just given enough education so that they can perform the work that is required of them by the employing masters, and by keeping the father and mother poor the children are forced out to work at an early age, in order to give the plute's son a college education to fit him to rule over the workers.

The workers of the world produce all the good things—the things that make life worth living, but in exchange for their labor power, they are scarcely get money pretty rough, on the surplus values that the workers produce, which the capitalists claim as toll for the privilege of allowing the workers to toil for them. It is high time that the system that allows the idle rich to rob the workers of the fruits of their labor be abolished, and a same system put in operation. Then the workers would get the full social value of their labor power, and the selfishness in man would be a thing of the past, and men would be brothers in the sense of the world, realizing that every mortal creature has the right to live, without being robbed, and thus make it possible for them to live right.

The Socialist parties throughout the world are doing everything, in their power to bring about ideal living conditions for the workers of the world, but they will not be satisfied until they have thrown away the idle capitalist off the backs of the only necessary class—the workers.

THE WAGE SLAVE'S APOLOGY

Geo. E. Winkler, Victoria, B. C.
 Dear Rose, I know it's mighty tough to only and you to get this mail; but things are coming pretty rough. Or I would not put up this wall. Old Pinchem out our wages down Two bits a day, because he said So many men had come to town, and he had little work ahead. So you had best be careful, Rose. For work is scarce and wages low. Don't buy the kiddies many clothes, for I may shortly have to go. And for another matter hunt; the price is full of idle men, and someone has to be the runt. So PLEASE be careful of this. Old Pinchem's wife has silks to wear. While you are dressed in calico. It makes me mad enough to swear. To think the slaves will have it so. If we would use our brains and stand for all the products we create, Old Pinchem's kind would all be damned. Within a very early date. And then in place of costly gear. And jewelry for Old Pinchem's wife, I'd get the best for you, my dear, and yours would be a happy life.

Students of Socialism will find an ad. on page 3 which should be of immense interest to them.

EVERY experienced politician knows that all great political movements were fought upon large and often distant issues, and that those of them were strongest which provoked most disinterested enthusiasm. All great historical movements have had this character, and for our own generation Socialism stands in that case. "Paid agitators" is, no doubt, the favorite refrain of those who know nothing about it. The truth, however, is that—t speak only of what I know personally—if I had kept a diary for the last twenty four years and inscribed in it all the devotion and self sacrifice which I came across in the Socialist movement, the reader of such a diary would have had the word "heroism" constantly on his lips. But the men I would have spoken of were not heroes; they were average men inspired by a grand idea. Every Socialist newspaper and there are hundreds of them in Europe alone, has the same history of years of sacrifice without any hope of reward, and in the overwhelming majority of cases, even without any personal ambition. I have seen families living without knowing what would be their food tomorrow, the husband boycotted all round in his little town for his part in the paper, and the wife supporting the family by sewing, and such a situation lasting for years, until the family would retire, without a word of reproach, simply saying: "Continue; we can hold on no more!" I have seen men, dying from consumption, and know it, and yet knocking about in snow and fog to prepare meetings, speaking at meetings within a few weeks from death, and only then retiring to the hospital with the words: "Now, friends, I am done; the doctors say I have but a few weeks to live. Tell the comrades that I shall be happy if they come to see me." I have seen facts which would be described as "idealization" if I told them in this place; and the very names of these men, hardly known outside a narrow circle of friends, too, have passed away. In fact, I don't know which most to admire, the unbounded devotion of these few or the sum total of petty acts of devotion of the great number. Every quire of a penny paper sold, every meeting, every hundred votes which are won at a Socialist election, represent an amount of energy and sacrifice of which no outsider has the faintest idea. And what is now done by Socialists has been done in every popular and advanced party, political and religious, in the past. All past progress has been promoted by like men and by a like devotion.—PETER KROPOTKIN.

Darrow a Poor Economist

Clarence S. Darrow has said some

mighty clever things, some mighty eloquent things in the course of his public career, and has therefore gained a place on an economic pedestal where those who still want heroes are free to worship, but if the Syndicalist is correct in reporting Darrow's speech at a recent banquet in Los Angeles we will have to link him up with Prof. Laughlin of the Standard Oil University. Darrow is reported as having said:

"You can't gain anything by raising the price of labor while a few men in Wall Street can gather around a mahogany table and in the twinkling of an eye take away all you gain by raising the price of all commodities."
 We would pass Darrow's economic absurdity without comment were it not for the fact that it is upon such rot that the capitalists, the middle class, and the purely political socialists base their main argument against direct industrial action. To see the above tacitly approved by the Syndicalist is quite a surprise.

No one has ever been struck by the goodness of heart of the men who manipulate things in Wall Street, yet if we accept Darrow's idea we will have to admit that these financial pirates are refraining from gaining larger profits for themselves because they love the rest of society. How else are we to judge their actions? If they assemble around a table and in the twinkling of an eye raise prices on all commodities it would be a sure thing that all they would do would be to sit there and twinkle their eyes until their oculist ordered them to take a vacation. The fact that they do not do it is proof that they cannot. And the same economic laws that prevent them from arbitrarily raising prices keeps them from getting back in added profits what the workers force from the employers in higher wages.

The great strikes of today have come because the price of commodities has already risen, not because a few men forced it up, but because the cheapened production of gold has reduced the purchasing power of the dollar. This means that labor is robbed of more of its product right at the point of production inasmuch as the price paid for labor power represents less food, clothing and shelter than before.

And it still remains for Darrow and others to explain why it is that the capitalists always fight against an increase in wages if they can so easily add it to the price of commodities. Tell us the reason, Clarence.—Industrial Worker.

Weary Weight on German Peasants

The army of Germany's war lord hangs as a heavy load upon the back of the farm workers, and the peasantry in general.
 Germany's military burden has been made the subject of investigation, and from reports on nearly two thousand peasants' families in Bavaria, it is seen that every soldier costs his family at least \$238 during the two years of service in the army. As the pay of the men does not suffice for their needs, their parents have to send them money and gifts that average about \$36 a year. Besides this, the peasant must hire a farm laborer as a substitute for his son, which means a further expense of \$90.

These figures appear all the more serious when it is remembered that over half of the families included in the investigation furnished the country at least four soldiers each, while the number went as high as eight or nine in some families. A striking feature of the situation is the virtual ruin of some small farms by the removal of the young men to do their term of service. Such cases are by no means rare. One peasant who supplied five soldiers wrote: "I should have been glad to send a few of them to school, but I am spending all my money on the army."
 Another owner of three acres of land and half a farm laborer for a part of his time reported: "My property, small enough already, was ruined by military duty." He had sent four sons into the army.—Ex.

The whole 20th regiment of Halkon county, Ont., would not attend the Niagara camp this year. The dailies say the regiment is in a "somewhat disorganized condition." The whole 96th regiment of Port Arthur refuse to turn out to drill, and is practically disbanded. From all over Canada come like reports of scarcity of soldiers. Soldiering is becoming a mighty unpopular pastime.

Mr. Workingman, when you go to cast your ballot, think not of the candidate, but of the system he represents. If he is of the old Grit or Tory stripe, and a "good fellow," that does not entitle him to your vote. Some few politicians at Ottawa are honest men, but they must obey their masters. They have no initiative in anything. The gun is loaded and handed to them; all they have to do is to pull the trigger. And the gun is pointed at the worker, and he alone. Vote for your own class, not the henchmen of your masters.

"INASMUCH YE DO..."

Montreal is a city of wealth un-

limited. Its people are supposed to be well fed, sleek and prosperous. A fact that people are actually starving in Montreal would be met with a storm of contradiction.
 A short time ago Cotton's publishing the facts about children existing out of garbage barrels in Chicago. People held up their hands in horror, and were so very, very thankful there were no conditions such as these in Canada. The fact is, Canadian people do not look around them enough, or they would see conditions as bad as those in other countries.

Mrs. Rose Henderson is a probation officer of Montreal. She recently visited the district in which the workers are forced to live, and told a reporter of a daily paper the following:
 "We went on a visit of inspection around the city and visited about fifteen yards, and lanes, and there was not a single exception to the filth. In one yard there were twelve barrels of refuse, which were there a week ago on the occasion of our last visit, and around these barrels the garbage was piled up eight feet high, giving a fearful stench. This was on St. Dominique street. In another yard on the same street there was not the smallest space that was not full of rubbish, old mattresses, old furniture, tin cans, and every other kind of dirt and filth."

"In some of these lanes the children were eating from dump heaps; they were actually so black and dirty that it was next to impossible to distinguish them from the dogs and cats that sported around in their midst, and the wonder is that the children are not stricken with a plague."
 "The mothers are to be pitied. Their efforts to keep these filth holes clean are really pathetic, for it means extra work and suffering, and very often after all her exertion she loses her child through death."
 "In many of the yards we visited the debris had been there since last February and March; it was becoming dry now, with the result that disease germs were flying all over the districts in which these yards are situated."

"On St. Elizabeth street we ran into one of what may be described as a human slaughter house. A woman and five children were living in two rooms with a little room which served as a store in front. In this store was thrown many kinds of fruit. In the passageway were standing four large cans of swill. We asked her why she did not put these cans out on the street, and she stated that the scavengers had missed her place on their last trip and the law would not allow her to put them on the sidewalk or anywhere outside the house. Yet the children slept every night with their heads actually touching these cans."
 "It seems a funny law that will not allow the refuse cans to be placed outside, but will allow them to be housed inside carrying death and suffering to the young."

"In our last visit to Colborne St. we found similar conditions, and mothers were unanimous in blaming the condition of affairs on the law that makes it necessary to keep the garbage enclosed owing to the lack of sufficient back yards or lanes."
 "And the children cannot get away from these conditions. If they play on the street they are arrested, and liable to a fine as high as twenty dollars, so there is no alternative for a great many of them but to live their young lives amidst conditions that are not fit for even the animals."

The papers publish this news and the people pass it over or else forget it. But there they are in Montreal or in any other city you might name. There are the garbage barrels, the stinking with germs and filth, in alley and in house in the rottenness of poverty displayed. There are the barrels, there are the children feeding at the refuse, because they are hungry and cannot get enough to eat at the miserable hotel they call a home.

The slums are for the denizens of the slum, and the only children of the slums are walled off from the better part of the city with a law or iron. They have a street limit, and keep it as rigorously as if they were in a prison. The average man or woman, when they have a little time on their hands, do not want the slum districts; they hide themselves in any other direction. They miss the heartrending sights of starving children feeding at refuse barrels; of men living ten and fifteen to a room in under the sidewalk; of starving young girls struggling to keep their virtue in the face of merciless, overwhelming odds; of dirt and filth and disease on every hand. These sights may be seen in any city; Montreal is probably no worse than others. It is nothing new. It is the result of the system which makes the rich richer and the poor poorer.

The capitalist system forces children fashioned after the image of our Creator to eat out of a mawgory refuse dump, and the press that prints the report of the occurrence eulogizes the capitalist system to the skies.
 How can these children survive the disease and filth of the slums? Why does not a mighty dormant spirit of revolution break forth that will sweep the masses into line and sweep the capitalist system out of existence?

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MONTREAL MOVIES CENSORED

The board of censors in Montreal

has put the ban on the moving picture film entitled "The King Can Do No Wrong." This moving picture represents a king sending an officer to far outposts, while the king stays at home and makes love to the officer's wife. The officer, every time he gets home, dies a promotion. Finally the woman dies, the king's heir makes love to the daughter of the woman, and the old officer is made a duke. That is the end of the story.

Sheriff Lemieux, who by the bye draws one salary as sheriff and another as censor of moving picture films, says such a tale is an absolute slander on royalty, and should not be shown in any kingdom. When he heard the film had been passed in Ontario he added he could not understand how a board of censors loyal to the king could allow the production of such a reel.

Perhaps there is no fool like an official one. There have been kings all through the centuries, and if report speaks true, they have been a pretty scaly crowd on the average. History is full of their pranks.
 We have a king over in England to which the people pay millions of dollars a year. Because a film shows a not unrare occurrence in the history of kingship, Lemieux is afraid for the reputation of the little man over in England.

Royalty is slandered, mouths Lemieux. Everyone knows how that old saintly ruler King David acted. Will Lemieux forbid the bible because it slanders royalty and may hurt the job of King George?
 Such scenes are not to be allowed under a monarchy. If Lemieux were appointed censor in hell he would forbid any pictures of any hypothetical devil unless the devil were pictured as a moral creature. And Lemieux would do this in the name of morality.

The people are supposed to rule in Canada; in the moving picture houses of Montreal can be seen many films which show the ordinary man in anything but an enviable light. Will Lemieux forbid such pictures for slandering the multitude? If not, why is he so tender hearted over royalty?
 The Montreal censors have also forbidden a film showing a parson peering through the bushes at girls in bathing suits on the beach. The ministerial profession is not to be made fun of either.

By and by, we will have Lemieux forbidding pictures derogatory to the police and to judges and to the whole host of the parasite class.
 The board of censors are appointed on the ground of morality, but this was not the real reason. The rulers care little for morality. The moving picture show has become a great educative force. It is stripping the trappings of mystery from the parasite class. The hocus pocus which formerly passed for superior learning and brains is being shown in all its paltry theatricalness. Ministry, rulership and royalty are being stripped of the mystery that shrouded them. The people see.

It is to take away the eyes of the people that Lemieux uses his censorial powers. He is a henchman of the master class. He is naturally a reactionary. That is why he is censor. He has been a lawyer and a sheriff, and he has got his contempt of the common man into the very marrow of his bones through the parasite bread he has eaten.
 The common man rises. He demands to know. He goes to the movies. The movies teach him. Lemieux fears for his class.

Poor old sheriff-censor, ex-lawyer Lemieux is having a hard time of it. Even the capitalist newspapers are making fun of the old fellow.
 He is a pitiable spectacle trying to cover up the reeking rotten truth about materialism and the like. He spreads his censorial skirts over the mass to hide it from the eyes of the people on the score of morality, and he only succeeds in wading into the stench in the vain attempt.

ART UNDER CAPITALISM

"What, in your opinion, is the effect of the capitalist system on art?" Jack London was recently asked.
 "Awful! Absolutely killing! The editors are not interested in the truth; they don't want writers to tell the truth, so they should be better his head on a pike on a stone wall." He gives the editors what they want, for he knows that the staff he believes in and loves to write will never be purchased."

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FOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS

FORCED IN

How long are you going to stand expenditure of your militia? The Canada over Canada strength, and are of arms ever. Re- (ed) in many insti- the people have refusing to enlist on militia camps. Hughes took away many evils- ied and replaced tions for the boy- ance has been sli- some cases recr- needed that the from their jobs. A soldier who fore he signs the fore camp breaks signs this sheet- three years milita- said. According- tending a mis- field, a mis- the government. ways in. He has be forced to leave tend camp and discharged. The Kingston High i- what an officer- short of men.

The scarcity of camp was shown when the military field, a mis- under arrest a yo- an apprentice in- to fall in with No Army Service Co- he joined a year- G. H. Gillespie co- Any man who- three years re- large number do- rules and for th- he been in the- This young man- Service Corps has- unable to ro- number of the pri- canvas. A party- the corps came to- young man in his- to the camp.

Cotton's has a young lad who- ployers for des- trial duties. Wh- thorough job of- sue him for not- giving due notic- Major Gillespie- the papers, or h- who he apply- A couple of mon- stated that he h- 70,000 additiona- but had not the- officers with sh- 70,000 the- Niagara Falls- would have be- instead of the fa- The militia too- or away from h- fired. They use- and cast him a- own salvation. The masters wa- use for him unt- soon when they- more and take- ther job, if he- employers chose- him, and keep- ployment at h- military author- force him to at- the time pri- Military aut- idea of anyone- ing camp. The- which will atten- discharges a sl- fence. There m- ever hear tell- the masters wa- military author- against the ma- servants of the- as they are to- in the Canadian- a lazy, unprod- try any manue- against the cla- them.

What are the peace conference- bling over the enormous exp- prosperous. Co- they have tri- piece of legisla- money for a f- the poor. The- these institu- work the farm- stock. Annual- of refuge often- is the discards- the masters- down and dies- unmarked gra- field on the p- of refuge.

The doubling with the old will never work. "C work."

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