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25 Cents FOR 40 WEEKS

This is No. 250

W. U. COTTON, B.A., B.C.L., Managing Editor

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ROY WINN, Associate Editor

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Number of New Subs. 711

Number of Existing Subs. 787

LOSSES FOR WEEK

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 too 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 wedding 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, their might and break the chains which bind them to the system of the masters.

The corporation 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 progenitor 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 in 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 unsuitable 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.

### 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, trampled upon, crushed, broken, battered, imprisoned, shot full of jagged wounds, "poor dumb months" at hard labour 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-

ist-beneficiaries. They must be surfeited with gold and powers, but they are not free. They cannot sever the ties that bind them to their slaves and soar alone into the realms of freedom.

It is written in the moral law with "iron pen in the lead and rock forever," that whosoever enslaves his fellow-man forges fetters for himself. When labor is emancipated, humanity will draw its first full and vitalizing breath of freedom. We are now in the transition period between individualism and collectivism; between brutality and brotherhood. Wealth will be for all; so easily obtained honestly that there will be no incentive to steal, and so abundantly that poverty will disappear; and ignorance, disease and crime will follow in their order. Profits and wages produce palaces for parasites, and workhouses for workers. An awakened proletariat is pulsing with solidarity and turning its eyes towards the sunrise. Scarred and seamed are its rough and hardened features, and grim its determination, but no just man on earth need fear it. It has suffered a million crimes, but is animated by no spirit of revenge. Its mission of emancipation is darkened by no shadow of contemplated injury or injustice to its conquered enemy. It conquers that enemy but to free that enemy; and a victorious proletariat will celebrate the peace of the world.

As long as the toiler could be kept with his brain centred on his work, and on that only, the capitalists were safe. They speed the toiler up at a killing pace. He is supposed to be sapped at night, and unwilling to discuss economic conditions with his fellows. But it is not altogether true. Workers today toil at breakneck speed, but their minds are on their fellows, the misery they endure, and the remedy, and that remedy they know is Socialism.

### 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 printing.

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 parcels 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, it puts 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 \$200 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.

### 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."

—Gerald Lively.

The capitalist is not your friend. He is out to trim you, and 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.



## 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 vote, we march forward, fighting our way to freedom through the entanglements of law, trickery and force our masters oppose to our advance."

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 nine 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 outposter, think that your few poor subs 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. Chezo says:

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.

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

	Off.	On.	Total.
Ontario .....	427	181	8,864
B. Columbia .....	122	312	5,346
Sask. ....	40	76	5,113
Alberta .....	47	42	4,175
Nova Scotia .....	32	13	1,531
Manitoba .....	49	21	1,363
Quebec .....	12	53	1,203
Foreign .....	25	8	477
New Brunswick .....	3	1	423
Yukon Ter. ....	0	2	287
Newfoundland .....	0	1	259
P. E. Island .....	0	1	61

Loss for week—46.      711      29,059  
Total issue last week—32,500.

ALONG THE LINE.

Ontario cries, "I'm sick of subs,  
We 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 us  
long.  
Now Cotton's hears our rebel song."  
Old Sask pipes up, "We're seventy-  
six,  
We know the loan and mortgage

Sometimes we hustle, then again,  
 We please the plute like little men."  
 Alberta gives a snoozy snore  
 And says, "We're five less than be-  
 fore.  
 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 tritons,  
 We've joined the class of might-have-  
 been;  
 'Mid coalmine's grime and mill's un-  
 rest."  
 We toil and slave and won't pro-  
 test."  
 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.  
Display your wealth in as insulting

in a manner as possible; at the same time you are telling workingmen not to be extravagant.

Arrange your factories so that in case of fire it is practically impossible for the working men and women to escape.

In politics be conservative and steadfast when even the most obvious

The 1913 edition of Facts will be ready for distribution shortly, and will mailed to those who are entitled to it.









## Katie Goes to a Ball

A SKETCH FOR "LADIES"

(Translated from Glühlichter.)  
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 tell her you want 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' 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 rose 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, gnädige 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, gnädige 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 chambermaid. 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 the 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 tulle 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' wishes at a glance. But she was full of mingling 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.

"I'll hurry as fast as I can," she said to herself. "I want to be at mother's at 9, and ever that will be a little late. But, for God's sake, I hope the mistress doesn't need me!"

She let down her hair to arrange it more stylishly. Then the electric bell rang! Three times in succession, loud and sharp. Katie was frightened. Heavens, that sounded like bad humor. Again it rang. Fanny struck her head through the door.

"Go to the mistress, Katie."  
Katie threw a towel over the great loose masses of hair.

Again the bell rang.  
Katie ran.  
"Where were you?" asked her mistress, angrily. "My, how you look!"  
"Excuse me, gnädige Frau, I just wanted to fix my hair 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' 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."

"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 felt 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 co-operate against the evil.

What 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 ride on their trains as long as the ticket is forthcoming.

The government is 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 fight against white slavery, but when they reach that point where they interfere with the pocketbooks of the capitalists, they will receive a rude check 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; sweat 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 keeping the father and mother poor as 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 receive scarcely enough wages to exist on, while 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 sane 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 then be brothers in the sense of the word, 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, and they will not be satisfied until they have thrown away 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 ten this mail! But things are coming pretty rough. I'd I would not put up this wall.

Old Pinchout cuts 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 master hunt; The price is full of idle men, And someone has to be the grunt. So PLEASE be careful of this tem.

Old Pinchout'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 Pinchout's kind would all be damned.

Within a very early date, And then in place of costly gear And jewelry for Old Pinchout'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 to 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 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, and has thereby gained a 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 facetiously 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 price of food and other necessities 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 himself 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.

The slums are for the denizens of the slums, 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 slums; they like to see 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 margarine 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?

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 Grift 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 unlimited. Its people are supposed to be well fed, sleek and prosperous. A student that people are actually starving in Montreal would be met with a storm of contradiction.

A short time ago Cotton's published the facts about children eating 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 decomposing germs were flying all over the vicinity 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 this 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 taken 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, reeking with germs and maggots. In alley and in house is the rottenness of poverty displayed. There are the barrels, there are the children feeding at them, 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 slums, 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 slums; they like to see 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.

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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 Be 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, gets 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 peeping through the curtains of a girl 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 were 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 house 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 rulership and the like. He spreads his censor's skirts over the mess 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 off if they had no sense at all. 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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