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Capitalist Tyranny on Vancouver Island

By GEORGE PETTIGREW.

The independent-tempered worker is making the short-tempered plutocrat.

Sixteen soldiers guarding a bale of hay in Nanaimo is enough to make the whole of Canada laugh.

In the Port Arthur Labor Day parade was a Woman's Suffrage section, the first in Port Arthur history.

Do you notice the change in the ideas of the people? Just a little while ago Socialism was idiotic. Now the people are getting to think Socialism is all right, but is a long way off. The change in outlook is tremendous.

Lord Haldane, Chancellor of Great Britain, says the cause of peace is afar off. He is pointing at the situation from the master class outlook, and he sees some mighty, big storms brewing in England for him and his class.

The minister used to make the worker shiver with his pictures of hell. Now no matter how the parson lets his imagination rip, the worker just yawns. He lives in an earthly hell making profits for his masters, and the preacher cannot give him any pointers on that subject.

With forty millions a Harry Shaw can have himself proved sane or insane as he wishes. With the thousands of dollars worth of wealth you have produced and the forty cents you have in your trousers' pocket ought to be enough to prove insanity if you voted either of the old party tickets.

There have been strikers and soldiers at Dublin, strikers and soldiers at Nanaimo, B. C., and at Pretoria, South Africa, H. and at Barcelona, Spain and elsewhere. The lords of rent, interest and profit are feeling the heaving working class beneath them straining to burst the barriers that keep them in slavery.

Has labor not advanced? It has advanced mightily. It is a far cry from the conspiracy laws when two workers could not talk over their wages together without committing a crime, to the sight of a million miners on strike at once. We have seen the latter event. Surely the day of complete emancipation is not far off.

Capitalist papers report trouble is brewing in the English trades unions. Why? Because so many unskilled workers are flocking into the unions that the "conservative" trade leaders of the skilled workers are alarmed. The capitalist papers have a way of glossing and making to look pleasant some facts mighty uncomfortable to those who rule.

Scandals of grafting have been uncovered in the police forces of New York, Edmonton, Montreal, Dublin, London, Paris and elsewhere. This system is sure a graft breeder, but even when the system is stinking under the noses of the old citizens, they think it is something else. Their noses are good, but their reasoning powers are mighty poor.

There is a chain of Socialist and labor papers across Canada. There is the "Worker", N. B. Labor News, the Cowansville Cotton's Weekly, the Toronto Industrial Banner, Hamilton Labor News, and Port Arthur Wage Earner. In Port Arthur is also published a Finnish Socialist daily. There is the Winnipeg Voice, the Edmonton Alberta, Federationist, the Fernie Ledger, the B. C. Federationist, and the Western Clarion. Labor has sure progressed some in the past few years.

The price of milk is to go up in Montreal. You have not heard anything about the "milkmen's union" striking for more wages, but the price is advanced just the same. You did not hear anything of the "ice-men's union" demanding more pay when the ice-dealers boosted the price of ice. But the price went up just the same. However, labor strikes for more pay, how must be. Why, these advancing prices at the door of the tyrannical worker. Its a cheap guy who will fall for the song that rising wages compel a rise in prices.

Toronto financiers are adopting many strange pets. Fish, squirrels, big snakes, and the like are being housed in Toronto for the pleasure of the financiers. Did we hear any one say there were slums in Toronto? How absurd. Just visit the luxurious place, the snakes are kept in, and you will be persuaded that there can be no slums where the kind financiers are so careful of animals. The rumors of the slums must originate with the discontented Socialists whom the ministers say are such dreadful people. Just look at the snakes and do not investigate further.

Canadian papers report that the Barcelona strikers are being led by Spanish anarchists. Of course they must be. Why, these strikers actually dare stop working. They actually have the audacity to make demands upon their law-abiding, profit squeezing, blood sucking masters. The nice, kind, gentlemanly worker who will crawl for a job and say, "Thank you sir," when given an opportunity to be robbed, would do no such things. Hence anarchists must lead the strike. Now the plumes have called so many people anarchists, such persons as Tom Mann and Ben Tillett and Bill Hayward and Jim Larkin of Dublin, and the workers have found these people on their side, good comrades, true comrades, fiery agitators against oppression, that the worker is ready to say, "If these people are anarchists, then God bless the breed."

A social converse is the best appetizer, is the message that comes from a bunch of hygienists who have met in Balafo. We are so pleased to know this. When the coal miner is eating his slops in the cells of Nanaimo jail, let him remember this and commune with himself. When the slum child is munching its lunch from the garbage barrel, let it commune with itself and find its repast appetizing. When you are eating on the jump so as to get back to your slavery ere the whistle blows, remember this and commune between your gulps. When you sit beside the road, you workers on the Cowansville streets or elsewhere, eating your tripe, and the automobiles of your masters whizz by, giving your food a pleasant, gritty flavor, remember that social converse will make the sand appetizing. Are you not glad, fellow slaves of Canada, that this deep pearl of wisdom has come from the wise ginks who have chimed at Buffalo?

The strike situation on Vancouver Island has developed into a serious proposition, and one which cannot be studied too closely by every member of the working class in Canada. To give the readers of Cotton's Weekly an idea of the real conditions, I will endeavor to give a brief review of the whole situation. The production of coal on the island commenced many years ago, and has been gradually developing. With the course of such development the mines on repeated occasions have changed hands, with the usual expected results—worse conditions and lower wages for those employed. At various times the workers employed have made attempts to organize. Through various reasons (mainly the employers getting control of the unions) they have failed.

With the desire to make larger profits safety was neglected, and in October, 1909, a serious explosion took place at Extension Mines near Ladysmith, and thirty-three men were killed. Notwithstanding this terrible slaughter, the mines were placed in no safer condition than previously, although a mining law to prevent such accidents has been passed, and as usual, wages were lowered to make up for the damage to property through the explosion.

The men soon found the only remedy for such oppression was through collective action, and this through the form of industrial organization. An effort was made in 1910 to get the United Mineworkers of America, or the Western Federation of Miners to come and organize. Neither of these unions, being then engaged in large fights, would do as desired by the men on the island, and for the time being a local union was formed, known as the Canadian Federation of Miners. This local organization was formed only for the purpose of proving to the larger body that the men were ready to organize. It had the desired result, for the U.M.W. of A. took over the whole organization in September, 1911, and a district was formed in December of the same year, known as District No. 28, U. M. W. of A.

The organization grew rapidly in Ladysmith, South Wellington and Cumberland. In Nanaimo, however, it was slow, for the Western Fuel Company had a splendid spy system, and whenever a man was known to grumble, the bosses were immediately notified, and he had to get out. Many a score of miners had to go through this spy system, and the spots they had, these men generally had good places and conditions, and made good wages. The company, every two years, pretended to make an agreement with the men, but as a rule nobody attended these meetings except the hired funkeys of the coal company. Any man having a grievance knew, did he voice his opinion, he had to get out. Even though the agreement contained certain conditions, the company violated these every day, and without a union the men had no redress. Still, they had not the courage to join the union. In the other camps mentioned, the union had grown to nearly 90 per cent. of the miners, owing to the exceedingly bad and dangerous conditions.

Owing to the recent explosion and heavy death rate and the then existing conditions of the mines, the men in the highly organized camps decided to take advantage of Sir Dickie's much boasted Coal Mines Regulation Act, which contains a clause to the effect that the men shall either have appointed or elect two of their number at their own expense to examine the workings and to report to the men and the chief inspector of mines with regard to dangerous gas in the mines.

In the month of June, 1912, the union felt strong enough in Ladysmith to have the courage to elect two members of the union on this gas committee. After having examined the workings, the committee found a small quantity of gas, and reported it.

In July the committee again made their examination, and found a larger quantity, so large that it was considered dangerous. The company to try and prove these men inefficient, brought the inspector of mines to examine, and he verified the report made.

THE BLACK LIST IN OPERATION.
The company, because it had to meet some expense in clearing this gas (which in other words meant a reduction in dividends to that extent), decided to have these examinations ended. It dismissed one of the inspectors on the pretext they had no place for him to work. He went from day to day seeking work while strangers were being employed. The union at this time, not being in a position or desirous of making a fight, induced this man to seek employment elsewhere. This he did, and it soon was evident he was blacklisted. For wherever he went, he could get no work.

The dismissal and blacklisting of this man gave the coal companies more courage, and the men active in the union in all the camps were openly discriminated against and had no means of finding the reasons.

This gas committee was sent to Cumberland and was fortunate in getting work from a contractor. However, he was only three days employed when the superintendent informed the said contractor this man must go, and made as the excuse he could not pay the wage of \$3.85 per day, although other men employed by him received this wage. The contractor did not desire to part with this man owing to his experience and ability, but was promptly ordered to do so.

day a similar notice was posted for them. This started the lockout, which has gone on since. In October, 1912, a convention was held representing the whole men of the island and a wage schedule was drawn up and presented to all the coal companies for higher wages and improved conditions. This was completely ignored. J. P. White, the International President, sent a communication to all the coal companies asking them to meet him and a delegation of mine workers, to discuss a proposed agreement. This also was ignored.

McBRIDE A SNEAKING CAPITALIST TOOL.

Meantime Sir Richard had been asked to investigate the trouble at Ladysmith and Cumberland, seeing he was Minister of Mines at \$5,000 per year. He refused to do so, on the plea that he did not desire to interfere between capital and labor. In the meantime the 600 Chinese and Japanese had stood loyally by their white fellow-workers, and because of the desire of the coal company to work the yellow man against the white, application was made to the government to send 300 special police. Not being desirous of interfering with capital and labor, this was granted by Sir Richard and his cabinet, and Chinatown and Japantown were surrounded and the inhabitants ordered by the police to work on the threat of imprisonment and deportation. Through fear, the yellow men went to work with a few yellow white men. Since that time the coal company has scoured the whole of Canada, United States and Great Britain for men to break the strike, and has been unsuccessful.

Seeing the other coal companies had been doing their best to defeat the strike on the island, by supplying the market with coal, a move was made to get the International Executive Board to grant power to finance a general strike on the island. This was given and on April 30th, 1913, a circular was issued to all men at all mines declaring a general strike on May 1st. The men in Nanaimo, although only organized at that time to about forty per cent., took advantage of the call, and the company spy system was thrown out of gear by the way things had been done so quietly. The men joined the union, and by the end of the first week of the general strike ninety-seven per cent. were members.

COAL BARONS TURN ANARCHISTS.

For some time these companies in Nanaimo did not attempt to scab their mines; but it seems the whole of the companies had made an organized move to scab the mines, make trouble, get in a large force of police and militia, and get things their own way. The only way this could be done was to get the scabs to make the trouble, because in July and August in Cumberland the scabs sent a challenge to the strikers that they intended to clean them out of the city. The men made up their minds if they were to be cleared out, they would be cleared out in a body, and not individually, and gathered to meet them. The result was when the scabs marched into town using all the filthy language they could and challenging the strikers to fight, one or two fights did take place, and the police, who accompanied the scabs, only arrested the strikers, and the scabs were allowed to go free. This roused the strikers to the point. They organized and chased the scabs and police alike from the city. In Ladysmith, the scabs in the scab camp, hotel, hearing of the attempt at Cumberland, became more bold than usual, also used dirty language, and on Saturday, August 9th, four Southern Italian scabs made an attack on two strikers, and freely used the knives. The case was given in charge of the police and they would only arrest the man who was supposed to have used the knife, and the others were allowed to go free. Previous to that point scabs had been taken from scabs, and they were not prosecuted, but on the other hand strikers who only used the word "scab" were heavily fined.

In Nanaimo several women had been heavily fined and insulted by the magistrate for being on the picket line.

The point of endurance reached its limit the beginning of the week of Sept. 18th, when the men decided, since there was no law to protect the striker, they must protect themselves.

SCABS START SHOOTING AND KILLING.

Later in the same week the scabs being on strike, and the men of the strikers, and an open fight must have taken place, as later the scabs had to take refuge in the mine tunnel, and one man was shot in the abdomen by them. When the news of the shooting spread to all the districts, naturally the desire among the strikers was to defend themselves, and avenge the shooters and clear out the scabs. The scabs were cleared out to the mine, and there they were shot and killed. The military or militia forces were then mobilized, and brought into the strike district. The question now is as to who sent for them. Whoever did it, they are here, and doing what it would take Russia hard to beat.

A BLOOD-LESTING COLONEL.

On Monday, September 18th a meeting of miners of Nanaimo was held in the Athletic Club. Between twelve and fifteen hundred men were present to discuss a proposed agreement between one of the coal companies and the U.M.W. of A. The meeting started at 7.30 p.m. About 8 p.m. it was announced a move of some kind was on, as the troops were surrounding the building. At 9 p.m. the commander, Colonel Hadd, asked for the chairman to come out and speak. On doing so, Hadd showed him around the outside of the building, letting him see the troops on all sides, and informed him each man had fixed bayonet and ball cartridge in his rifle, and plenty more in his belt. He said he would give the chairman two minutes to start and clear the hall, and ten minutes to have it cleared, and each man must come out in single file, and if not cleared a big gun at the back door would be set in action to help them out at the front. Business was suspended to comply with his orders, when he sent word to let the meeting go for one hour. The meeting had only been a few minutes started when he again sent word he desired to address the meeting. On being received, he stated he was tired; he wanted to go to bed

with the assurance there would be no disturbance when the meeting finished, and he would allow the men as long as they wished to conduct their business. On this assurance being given he went out, but later developments proved he did not go to bed, and had no intention to do so.

It is the opinion of all present that this man gave his first order with the expectation of a general stampede, so he could order fire on them, and make it appear the men were anxious for riot. Had the men not been warned to keep their heads cool, this would undoubtedly have taken place, and a few lives been lost. Had such happened then Colonel Hadd and he alone would have been responsible.

When the meeting did close at 11 p.m., the order was given that only ten men could get out at a time. These marched single file through soldiers with fixed bayonets and loaded guns to the provincial court house. Each man was examined to see if he had any arms, and his face examined by a large number of special and regular police. If he was an active man in the union or supposed to be he was arrested, and if not he was allowed to go outside to again stand with armed soldiers on guard till 6 a.m.

A WORKINGMAN'S HOME IS THE SPORT OF THE SOLDIER.

While this was on in Nanaimo, the soldiers and police were going through the houses of the men in Ladysmith, South Wellington and Extension. The result is over one hundred and twenty men have been put in prison and more going every day, and more women would be going the same journey only for lack of space in the jails.

Col. Hadd told the president of the union the following day his men had seen gas, etc., being handed out at the meeting to the men. For two days the empty hall has been guarded by ten or twelve special police, the whole place ransacked by the militia, even to the length of tearing up the floor, and not one gun or other weapon has been found.

When the prisoners are brought to and from the jail to the court they are in between four armed soldiers, and a policeman holding each. Special trains have been chartered to run the prisoners to and from the jail, and Ladysmith, Victoria and elsewhere. Among the prisoners is Jack Place, M.P.P. for Nanaimo, and several international organizers of the U.M.W., including all of the local officials of all the local unions.

BOWSER AN AGENT OF THE MINE OWNERS.

Bail has been refused in every case, and each man remanded for eight days. In many cases the authorities had no direct charge, and had to make it unlawful assembly.

The crew of the Princess Patricia (C.P.R.) struck work one night and refused to man her when the troops were being brought from Vancouver to Nanaimo. The Chinese took their places, and these soldiers are the men who have enlisted against a possible Chinese invasion.

At meetings held in Victoria and Vancouver resolutions have been passed by the B. C. Federation of Labor protesting against the use of the militia and asking a referendum for a general strike.

Bowser has said he will spend \$2,000,000 but he will chill these miners into submission; he is certainly doing his best to spend the money, and the way things are going at present, \$2,000,000 won't last long. A wagon with one bale of hay was going up the street, the other day with two mounted men in front, eight kilites on either side, and two mounted men in the rear. This can be seen scores of times per day, only with small commodities other than hay in the wagon.

THE LESSON.

What is the lesson? Who should benefit by it?

We, the workers in Canada, should benefit, for it is not only the miners in Vancouver Island who are looking down the muzzle of a loaded rifle, but the whole working class. The lesson is, it is time we were united as a Socialist Party and fighting together for the overthrow of such class governments. The only way is to get together on one stand. By doing so, we will be able in Vancouver and Victoria to overthrow Bowser and McBride, and all their followers. Let us, on the political field, not forget that because some men may not be so well grounded in economic questions as others, he is none the less sincere and determined. By getting into one party we will be the better able to educate each other and be able to do much propaganda in a more effective way. Let our I. W. W. realize that these things have happened, and will happen, and they are partly responsible. For taking no part on the political battlefield, let each remember similar fights will take place in the future before the overthrow of capitalism, and they can help man or win the fights. Let each man in the I.W.W. remember if the fight on the industrial field is to be one of success, the best way to make it so is by building up the present unions on industrial lines, the same as is being directed by the U.M.W. of A. and W. F. of Miners. The A. F. of L. can and will be changed in policies if only men imbued with such ideas will get in and work for the change.

In conclusion I will again appeal to the Executive Committee of the S.D.P. to ask the Executive Committee of the S. P. of C. to get together and try and work on one common platform for unity. The sights I witnessed have made me feel that parties must not stand in the way. I feel this more strongly because of the attempt to form a labor party. It may have failed in the west for a short time only. It may be discussed again soon, but the end is sure if we have Socialist unity.

The fight is on in earnest in Canada by the other side. Let them know it is on our side also. When the masters are prepared to do such things against those of us who demand better wages and conditions in the only two constituencies where Socialists are returned in the west, what are they prepared to do when we demand all?

Marx said: "Workers of the world unite; you have a world to win, you have nothing to lose but your chains."

The little boy stealing jam does not like it when the cook finds him out. The capitalist stealing labor power does not like it when the Socialist says, "Ha, ha!"

Once a Socialist, always a Socialist.

When the plutocrat says, "I'm it," the worker says, "I'm hit."

The world will pass from the night of capitalist horrors and awake into Socialist peace.

Socialism and Liberty, or McBride, Bowser and bayonets. B. C. workers will have their choice at the next election.

The worker works all the time and has nothing. The capitalist works not and has everything. Queer, is it not?

No, Gussie, under Socialism you would not be deprived of your terrapin and champagne if you earned them by working.

The producing class of Canada is robbed each year of \$600,000,000 in rent, interest and profit. No wonder the profit lords think this system the best ever.

"Be meek," preach the preachers. Why be meek? So your bosses can see how meek you are and slice a dollar or off your pay each week and add it to their profits?

How foolish it is for people to say that the capitalist system will last a long time. It has lasted a bare hundred years (the feudal system lasted a thousand) and already the capitalist system is going to pieces before our eyes.

The working class build the mansions of the capitalist and the shacks of the workers. They give the palaces to the capitalists and then, not content with such lavish generosity, they pay the capitalists large sums of money to be allowed to live in the shacks they have built for themselves! Foolish workers.

A farmer will feed his horses during the winter when there is no work and he calls this business. The capitalist will pay Salvation Army bunks and handout dens money to feed their workers when there is no work to do, and the capitalists call this "charity." What rot.

The critics of Socialists want us to lay down some cut-and-dried plan. They want us to draw a golden picture and set everybody in it like a wooden frame. We have no cut-and-dried plan. Society is an evolution. We wish the workers to seize the public powers in order to change production for profit into production for use and abolish rent, interest and profit. Just how the workers will arrange the laws and society we have no way of saying and no desire. The workers will know what to do when they get the power.

You want to have good clothes, to have a nice house to live in, to see your wife well dressed, to see your children comfortably dressed and playing with toys which children like. This desire in you of a praiseworthy one, yet you cannot fulfill it. The banker must have his rake-off, the bondholder must have his interest, the manufacturer must have his profits, the landlord must have his blood money. Socialism would give you your praiseworthy desires. Then why not support a movement which will raise you, your wife and children to a better position in life?

The 45th regiment of Lindsay, Ont., wear the Mackenzie tartan on their headgear. An inquisitive mortal once asked an officer what a Scotch tartan was worn by other than a Scotch regiment for. The officer replied:—"S-h-h-h! Sir William Mackenzie gave us a thousand dollars." The men wear the Mackenzie tartan and the band plays a Scotch regimental march. The officer who made the remark is a German, and a lover of his Fatherland. He has said openly that if war between Germany and England broke out, he would support the Kaiser. And he wears the Mackenzie tartan in Sam Hughes' home regiment, of which Sir William Mackenzie is Honorary Lieut.-Colonel.

No taxation without representation has been a cry of liberty that won many battles. Yet the railroads tax the greater part of their earnings away from the railway workers and the workers have no say. The manufacturers and employers of labor tax the workers three-quarters of what they produce, and the workers have no say. The workers are not represented on the boards of directors of the companies they work for. They do not choose the company officials who guide the affairs and give the orders the workers must obey. This is the worst taxation without representation that there has ever been in the history of man. Yet Borden and Laurier and their political benchmen have the effrontery to tell the producing class they are free!

Do you think that the masters built a rifle factory at Quebec for nothing? Do you think they pay a high-priced expert in the art of legalized murder such as Sam Hughes for doing nothing? Do you think the hired press of the capitalists is fostering the Boy Scout movement and urging the expenditure of large sums on the militia for no definite purpose? No chance. The masters see far ahead, and realize that a strong militia force is the only thing that can save them from oblivion. First they send the special police and hired thugs, then the murderous militia. Workers of Vancouver Island know what it feels like to be bulldozed by a force of arms and having a trick worked on them where, if the plans of the officers had carried out, the men would have been massacred.

Lord Haldane, Chancellor of Britain, has been in Montreal attending a law gabfest. He says the burden of defending the empire is getting too heavy for Great Britain. You see, the plutes of England have starved the common workers till a million a year of them die twenty years sooner than they should. The master class ride in luxury on the backs of these underfed slaves, and say, "Now defend for us our swag from all quarters of the world." The British slaves reply, "Masters, The burden of you is already too heavy for us. How shall we go to get killed when we are already rich to death?" So Haldane trots over to Canada and hints and bems and haws and wants us to bear the burdens of defending the British plunderings. Go to, old fellow, go to. Betake yourself back with this message from the working class of Canada: "We stand for suffering labor the world over. If the British lordly wish war, let them put their lordly and pulled-up carcasses where the bullets are seeking flesh."

A Plain Statement of Facts Concerning a Jew Socialist of the First Century of Importance to Workingmen of the 20th Century

BY C. STUART BARNES, DAWSON, YUKON TERRITORY

(Continued from last week)

Two servant maids, called deaconesses, confronted mighty Rome in the shape of Pliny, the rich gifted Roman Governor, and Rome was helpless to shake the constancy of the trust of two humblest women in One above all others who loved them.

Some forty years previously, A.D. 70, Josephus the Historian expressed in turn his amazement at the fact that the same inflexible constancy nerved little children under torture in Alexandria to die upholding the teaching of Jesus the Galilean. "We are the free children of one sole Ruler, God Almighty, and as such we cannot be bought," Pliny's deaconesses we designate "Christian martyrs"; Rome's victims in Alexandria we designate "assassins," "dagger-men."

To understand the origins of our Christian religion it is vitally necessary to be able to fill intelligently the gap between the Gospel atmosphere of thought and the so-called Pauline atmosphere of thought. That gap is filled for us by Josephus as far as A.D. 70-71, and later, commencing A.D. 7. For from A.D. 7, the date of the teacher's departure, men, as pupils, began their efforts to interpret his "teachings in parables" to the best of their own ability to understand that "New Philosophy for Jews" (Josephus).

ATTEMPTS TO BRIDGE THE GAP.

The remainder of the gap in thought does lie for us in the period of time lying between A.D. 70-71 and the time when a Christian church commenced to have a written literature of its own outlook on life, as an organized collection of churches with a common interest in a common outlook, and in a common internal government and in a common history. We ourselves can perceive that this now flourishing church organization did make an honestly laborious effort to fill a part of this gap. They began with the time of Pilate and filled the gap for them lying between A.D. 36 and A.D. 65, by declaring that their Gentile-Christian churches must naturally have been originally started and organized individually by a missionary such as themselves, who were then imbued with the missionarying spirit as "Preachers."

What other cause could they assign? We of today with all our wealth of gifts have never lifted one finger to improve on their labor. For, the removal of their cause, Paul, plunges us, even as of our greater talents, into a helpless, helpless silence of utter inability to assign an origin for our own church's doctrines or organization. And yet those origins are, in fact, staring us straight in the face, if we, as Christ lovers, but take to the task of discovering those origins the same spirit of humble earnestness which our Buddhist brothers take to their task of discovering the simple, naked and unadorned white truth about the origins of institutions so dear to their own hearts as Buddha's loves.

If to an unsolvable mystery to all you assign a cause acceptable to these most intelligent, that cause, if untrue, HAS BUT ONE WEISS DENYING ITS VALIDITY. AND THAT WEISS IS THE ABSOLUTE SILENCE OF MEN CO-EXISTENT WITH THAT CAUSE. FORCEFULLY INJECTED INTO THEIR GENERATION BY THE LATER GENERATION ORIGINATING THAT CAUSE TO EXPLAIN THEIR UNSOLVABLE MYSTERY. Those honorable, honest, lovable toilers of the past justly gaze straight at us of wider opened eyes, and say, "What have you accomplished as but every usury for your riches in gifts?" The men who gazed back at their mystery of a gulf of silence regarding their religion's origins offer us their solution in the "Acts of the Apostles." That solution satisfied them. Does it satisfy us?

THE TESTIMONY OF GIBBON.

Gibbon turned his mighty searchlight on that silence and frankly acknowledged his own inability to solve the mystery surrounding the origins of the Christian religion. Therefore he himself offered no solution. Christendom's literature, Jewish literature, the whole world's literature contains no solution. Therefore it can be logically said that no other solution than the present solution, now acceptable to the Christian churches, will ever, or can ever, be available as an authoritative solution out of any writing yet written concerning the mystery surrounding the origins of the Christian religion. Necessarily, any new solution will be a solution from a new point of view based on a review of historical facts and historical records of men's judgments, thoughts and deeds from a new point of view. Any new solution to be enduring must be satisfying to man's simple common judgment as being satisfactory on a common sense line of reasoning. Obviously, as a new solution time will either correct its mistakes and strengthen its verity, or kill it dead. Just as obviously, any new solution will be warmly and honestly protested as untrue by those who do honestly regard as satisfying to themselves their sacred literature, as Christians, from cover to cover.

The message of Buddha, the man, is of value to a whole world of men aiming to help all others, themselves necessarily included, to get out of life, present and future, a fullest measure of happiness. But the world of today, which is gazing today at the Buddha of today, does not share with the Buddha lovers of today their special interest in explaining to themselves the obvious mistakes of their Buddhist forefathers. In the same way exactly, the advent, out of the books of Josephus, of the Christ man is of value to the same whole world of today. And, in exactly the same way, the mystery regarding the origins of Christianity as a religious organization is only of special interest to us Christians who regard with love and respect the Mother who spent her all on our behalf, the Christian church.

No Buddhist has yet arisen so densely ignorant or so densely unjust as to throw one word of condemnation at the Mother Church which raised him, set him on his feet and sent him on his upward way, a happy, free child of life.

HIGHER STEPPING STONES.

You are not destroying anything when you remove out of a man's pathway a false imagination, for you are but lifting a brother from off a helpful stepping stone on to another helpful stepping stone. Just as obviously is the fact that one man's meat is another man's poison, and, therefore, it behooves all to be harmless with their own wisdom. It does most clearly behoove us, as Christians, to go frankly to a Jewish nation and say, each of us, "I, in the name of the Mother who taught me justice, ask you to forgive my Mother, and myself whom she sends, our injustice towards you which we have ignorantly perpetrated on your nation." But it does not do honor to "Our Mother" for us her children as one family, to say: "I speak for myself and my Mother-Daughter of our Mother,

I throw a stone in my Mother-Daughter's name at the mother who bore her, and who raised her, and set her on her feet to go on her upward way rejoicing, a happy, free daughter of her Mother." For we are not, Catholics and Protestants, as two families of two mothers; we are the common inheritors of the heroic sons and the heroic daughters who, as Gentiles discredited, disowned, despised of all, dared to look pitifully into the eyes of jobless strangers amongst their own Lazarus tribe and courageously offer to those jobless lives their own passport, the sign of a "fish," with the message of hope: "One there is above all others. Oh, how he loves YOU." AT NO TIME, IN ALL PAST OR PRESENT TIME, CAN YOU GO TO THE LAZARUS FAMILY AND SPEAK ANY ONE OF THE PAULINE EPISTLES AND WIN A RESPONSE FROM THE HEART OR MIND OF THEMSELVES. Tell them the story of "One who loves them," and the heart of the loving-natured leaps in response. But Lazarus is dumb. He is not a writer of books. He is no controversialist, neither will he listen to controversialists.

And yet, every tradition of the Christian church takes Christianity straight on a "bee line ending in men of the very bottom classes in man's ordering of his social system. Both Tacitus and Pliny, writing as disinterested witnesses, one of Rome, the other of Bithynia, agree in that view of Christians, around A.D. 110.

CHRISTIANITY A SPLIT FROM UPHEAVING JUDAISM.

Christianity, as a religion in which a Jew is deified, did not originate in the minds of Jews, but did originate in the minds of a certain type of character amongst the Gentile proselytes to a Judaism which was itself undergoing a movement in reform and a persecution also.

Wherever Jewish communities did exist, which we know was all over the Roman empire, there would be found their Gentile proselytes. Speaking of Antioch in particular, the historian Josephus informs us concerning the Jewish community there: "They also made proselytes of a great many of the Greeks perpetually, and thereby after a sort brought them to be a portion of their own body." It is amongst these Gentile proselytes that it is necessary to search for the origins of Christianity. With the fall of the Jewish national existence would obviously occur a secession amongst their Gentile proselytes. It is not too much to say that with the destruction of that national existence the Gentile proselytes to Judaism vanish from history. "When troubles arise, hirelings flee." Who, then, would still cling to their religion when those Gentile proselytes got into trouble for being Jews in their religion amongst their neighbors who now regarded Jews as their lawful prey, "Rome's enemies?"

History draws for us a picture of the Semite character passing through a mighty upheaval. Judaism was bursting loose from the fetters of ancient tradition. The Jew by inheritance was defying the world of his day as a free-to-live, free-to-die son of the father-land of his people Israel. The Gentile proselytes fled from his side. Who would not flee from the Jew's new philosophy, "Liberty and Love from God?" There would remain, as there always will remain, "the meek, the mighty meek, the terrible meek," whose soft unresistance to force renders force absolutely helpless to impose its own will on "obedient Christians" (Marcus Aurelius, Pliny the Younger, Tacitus).

It was in that soil, that human nature soil, that the Galilean's message fell and spread and spread and spread, wherever, all over the world, the Semite Jew was fighting for liberty to live, liberty to die, a free son of an all overruling just father. The hirelings fled from Jew and message, but the meek clung to the message, and, safe in their insignificance as fighters, were left to their obscurity in history.

The history of the meek is written only where? In the lives of servants, in the lives of the gentle, in the eyes of the uncomplaining dumb. "But One there is above all others, in whose eyes loving justice is changelessly just."

Josephus, then, carries his readers half way over the gap in thought lying between the simple gospel message of "Liberty and Love for all," and the controversialist, doctrinal message of our Epistles. From A.D. 7 to A.D. 70, that message was in the hands of Jews. It then vanishes from history as written by Gentiles, and only comes to the surface again when the upper classes have realized the presence of a strange movement going on in the lower strata of the social system.

THE TESTIMONY OF TACITUS.

The first historical reference to the presence of "Christians" occurs about A.D. 110 in the writings of Tacitus and Pliny the Younger. Both agree that Christians are still in the lower strata of society. But the spirit in which these two Romans write is so different. Pliny writes as a man honestly anxious to do justice to Rome's Christian subjects. Tacitus treats Jew and Christian with blandest contempt. Tacitus, as a Roman writing for Romans, is rightly judged as a painstaking historian. Tacitus, as a historian writing of Jews, is writing of a nation of whose history he is ridiculously ignorant, of whose customs he is heartily contemptuous, and whose records, as an analyst, he is too indifferent, as a Roman, to use for the simplest purposes of verification, the very simplest. His remarks upon Jews are full of inaccuracies, but he makes no effort whatever to conceal his contempt for Jews, and, obviously, his readers do obtain full warning of what they can expect to find in his writings concerning those whom he despises. In his own mind, Jews and Christians are both Jews. As a Roman he had a contempt for the doctrinal differences so clear to our eyes. Tacitus, being, in time, the first historian to mention the existence of Christians is a writer, of course, of special interest to all Christians. In his famous paragraph he names Nero's martyrs as "Christians." Gibbon has pointed out that this is inaccurate. For Nero, at Rome, was but doing with "Innovating Jews" as disturbers of the peace amongst Orthodox Jews, what his legates were doing in Syria, Palestine and Egypt at the same time, and carrying his madness further in cruelty. Tacitus (as an example of his contemptuous inaccuracy) is also related that the Jews in their defense of Jerusalem had three main leaders, John, Simon and Eleazar. He says of this John that he was also called Bar-Gioras. As a matter of fact, if Tacitus had but deigned to use the already existent histories of Josephus he would have stated that this John (of the Banishment) was the son of Levi and that Simon was also called Bar-Gioras, the son of Gioras. And both John and Simon were personally known

to Josephus, who cordially hated both. Also does Tacitus state that, concerning "Christians," "the author of this name was Christ, who, in the reign of Tiberius, was brought to punishment by Pontius Pilate."

On that statement of Tacitus, Christians, of course, have gazed ever since, as being final and conclusive evidence that Pilate did execute the Founder of Christianity. Tacitus also states that the tradition concerning the origin of Jews is to the effect that they originally ran away from the island of Crete, which has a mountain named Ida, with a neighboring tribe called Idæi, which becomes "Judæi" for Jews. Tacitus, however, is not an imaginative writer; he must needs have had some logical "reason" for placing in Pilate's time the author of Christians.

Tacitus, it is clear, was an authority on Roman history, Roman annals, Roman documents, evidences. He found Christians around him in his day of writing books, A.D. 110, as a disturbing sect he classed with the Jews. He states they existed as "Christians" in Nero's time. That is incorrect. He states they got their name from a Jew named "Christ." That, also, is incorrect. For, in the first place, no Jew could own such a name as the Greek Christos, which is a Gentile appellation. And, also, the name Christians, or Anointed, was affixed contemptuously on those who annointed their proselytes, when sick with oil, in the name of the Lord (James: 5, 14). Lastly, then, he places their origin as Christians in Pilate's time of office as Procurator.

It then becomes a question whether Tacitus borrowed his information regarding Pilate from Christians, or whether Christians borrowed their information regarding Pilate from Tacitus.

Tacitus, as a Roman historian, did have a logical reason, from an historian's point of view, to refer the origin of Christians to Pilate's time. But it is not yet apparent why Christians should select that particular time when their own traditions did connect their author's execution with the High Priest Ananus who did hold office in A.D. 7, the date of his suppression, and who did not hold office during Pilate's time.

The reason why Tacitus, as a Roman, would select Pilate's time for the origin of Christians is that no Roman searcher of his own archives could select any other. Rome did occupy Archelaus' Judea without any disturbance to note amongst their own official records as serious in A.D. 7. Coponius, Marcus Ambivius, Annus Rufus—these procurators enjoyed a quiet government from A.D. 7 to A.D. 14. Gratus, as procurator from A.D. 14 to A.D. 26, also enjoyed a peaceful government. But Pilate, A.D. 26-36, during his time of government enjoyed anything but a peaceful government. And after ten years of failing efforts to rule his inflamed jurisdiction, he was finally sent home to Rome in disgrace as an unsuccessful administrator. And from that time on the country was ablaze with disturbances culminating in the revolt from Rome after the Reformers had gained control. Tacitus, therefore, as a Roman usury Roman archives, would have no hesitation whatever in placing his finger on the time of Pilate for the origin of the Jewish disturbers of the peace, now known to him as the disturbing Christians of his own time, whom he also judged as the disturbing Jews of Pilate's time.

THE TESTIMONY OF PLINY.

From the contempt of Tacitus it is a pleasure to turn to the famous letter regarding Christians written by Pliny the Younger, the Emperor Trajan, about A.D. 110. It is written by an official anxious to carry out the laws against Christians, but unable to use the law as a persecutor of people he perceives were more to be pitied for their superstitions than harshly judged as active enemies against law and order. The picture he draws of his Christian subjects does show us Christians of a type impossible to imagine as willing listeners to the Epistles of our New Testament.

There is no hint whatever in Pliny's official report to his emperor that the Christians in his province were displaying the zealous interference with others, as missionaries, which zeal does so prominently force itself on the attention of anyone reading the Epistles. That spirit is not yet born in Bithynia at any rate. But what does show up vividly is the fact that Christianity in Bithynia, in A.D. 110, was still in the prototype of the meek, the pure in heart, the humble, the meek in gifts. For when a Roman governor of a province cannot find any Christian executive above the social status of "two servant maids" to exhibit to his emperor as his best effort at discovering Christians, it is obvious that the men able to construct the "Pauline" thoughts were absent from Bithynian churches, and that the audiences able to understand them were just as absent. From A.D. 7 to A.D. 110, the unwritten words of that new teacher of stiller philosophy for Jews were passing through many hearts and minds of many men and women.

There in the hearts of the humblest poor lay the message of good will to all, undisfused as yet by desire for authority, by intellectual additions, subtractions, multiplications and divisions. For pure Christianity has no religion, is no religion as intellect defines religion. Pure Christianity is to live in a spirit of love a life true to your own ideals of love, trustfully. A Christian life's theology has nothing to do with Christian living. Christian living is the fruit of character; natural disposition as owned by anyone at any one moment in his own life. A theology is the fruit of intellectual experiences co-ordinated in an attempt to intelligently understand natural law through an examination of natural law's works.

From A.D. 110 and onwards, men flocked to swell the numbers in the communities of the poorest poor in intellectual gifts. The arrivals, as is inevitably the case, placed their intellectual gifts above character in standards of worth. The meek, the gentle, the uncomplaining dumb, the two servant-maid deaconesses, the heroines and heroes, the true, true saints who founded our towering theological edifice the Christian Church of Christendom, the terrible meek and lowly, as is inevitably the case, went uncomplainingly, unobtrusively, unnoticed, unthanked, unvoiced in history, unsung in literature, on with their teaching of pure Christianity; and wisdom and prudence assumed the reins of authority from out of the hands of the meek who rule through love alone.

The historian Josephus, places an emphatic finger directly on a single individual, Judas the Galilean, a humblest of figures in all history, and says for our eyes of judgment: "This is the man who loved the meek as not far from their goal."

In the books of Josephus stand also two

other of life's humble meek. It is to be hoped that when Christendom sets Christendom's house in order that those two shall mean their meed of gratitude. Their Black foot; mentioned but once in all history, Ben Wilsa 46, Tiberius Alexander crucified two sons of Judas the Galilean, whose life work, from A.D. 7 to A.D. 46, is the unsung work of the meek. Their names are James and Simon. For citizens of Christendom, therefore, these books of Josephus contain the message of a Galilean teacher, whose message is carried for his readers from A.D. 7 to A.D. 70 and later, as being in the hands of Jews actively engaged in putting those teachings into practical use as reformers, both teaching and carrying out actively reforms from varying points of view. That message then vanishes in the custody of Jewish communities scattered over the Roman empire, and which consist of Jews by birth and of their Gentile proselytes. By the end of the first century that message is found arising from amidst the humblest ranks of Gentiles' social systems, and attracting the notice of history again, as referred to by Tacitus and Pliny the Younger. In A.D. 110 it is still in that custody, but persistently rising into the more intellectual classes.

The advent of Wisdom and Prudence amongst a community of men and women ordered by the meek and gentle produces an inevitable result. From the forward doctrinal disputations begin to become an essential part of living righteously. Also does written literature commence to grow up. Also does investigation commence as to the authority for this, the origin for that.

(Concluded next week).

Labor Must Free Labor

Labor alone will free labor.

The capitalist is willing to give doles to charity. He is willing to give much money to sleek persons whose stock in trade is long prayers. But he is not willing to get off the backs of the working class.

The lawyer is willing to live as a parasite in the niches of the capitalist system. He will wear good clothes and look grave and talk politics and law and consider himself an eminent, useful citizen. He will do nothing to help the coming of freedom to those who toil. His economic interests, are with the masters. The whole of the present respectable, wealthy and learned classes are against labor. They live by doing no useful labor. The stockbroker lives by buying and selling for others shares and stocks and bonds and the title deeds to the dens of slavery.

The land broker lives by trading in the homes, present or future, of the people. He is a useless gentleman and will do all he can to keep the useless classes living in luxury. The stock broker, the land broker, the lawyer, the banker, the manufacturer, the gentleman of leisure, these are the men who come before the producing class of Canada asking to be sent to the places where the laws are made, in order to help make the laws.

Do you think these gentlemen will make laws in the interest of the producing class or in the interest of the non-producing useless class? The laboring man has no friend but himself and his fellow workers. Let him realize this politically, and the nice, kind gentlemen who say they sacrifice their own interests to go into politics will be kindly left at home by the votes of the workers, and producers will be sent to Ottawa to make laws in the interest of the producers.

Imprisonment

A few weeks ago we published a series of articles upon Mr. Jos. A. Boisvert, and we received many letters of congratulation for our boldness.

Slaves congratulated us for our boldness for attacking this wrong.

From our point of view, the slaves were in error in congratulating us on this particular fight.

The four men arrested were shut up, it is true. But they did not have to work. What little work they did was mowing the court-house lawn.

They were fed and clothed at the expense of the state, which means at the expense of the capitalist skippers, for at present the state is their property.

The slaves who congratulated us were prisoners themselves. They have been condemned to hard labor for life. If they fall sick, they will have to go out washing.

Before the working slaves of Canada, life stretches bleak and bare and barren. From youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, there is hard labor.

Weep not for the men that fall into the clutches of Mr. Boisvert. Weep rather for yourselves ye slaves of Canada. For you are in bondage to Lord Strathcona. You are the bondslaves of Mackenzie and Mann. You are the work animals of your masters. And the Borden and Laurier your masters so much admire are the faithful servants of those who own you.

You feel pity for those in jail. Rouse yourselves and fling off the chains which bind you, then you will be able to open the prison doors and let the prisoners free.

Church Bells

Charles Cotton, my 4-months-old son, does not like the church bells. Whenever he hears the ugly noise that the bells of the Anglican, Methodist and Congregational churches of Cowanville make of a Sunday morn, he lifts up his voice and weeps.

Of this I am glad, for it shows that Charles is civilized.

We pity the ignorant savage in Africa. When he beats the tom-tom and makes a hideous noise, we look upon it as a sign of his low condition.

The tom-tom and the church bells are similar. They both make a hideous noise. We call the East Indian who skurries when he hears the tom-tom uncivilized. We call the white who skurries when he hears the church bell civilized.

It is because we refuse to think, to use our reasoning power that we let the clang, clang make us think we are a religious people.

We Socialists are called irreligious. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh wisdom. Charles Cotton, the babe, when he howls at the rank noise of the bells, can teach the whole church-going population of Cowanville wisdom.

Let us Help the Capitalist

Let us help the capitalist, comrades. Let us help him to be a useful citizen, a brother to us all, a useful producer. Let us help him to be a man worthy of sympathy and fellowship by taking his graft away from him.

"The capitalist robs the workers. He lives by making others slave. When he does this he becomes cold, callous, selfish, unbrotherly. As he grows more powerful and robs more people his unloveliness of character increases. Let us help him by changing the system so he will have to go to work. This will do away with his selfishness. It will remove his unhealthy fat. It will make a man of him. He will not want to have us help him. A child does not like castor oil or many things its parents give it or make it do for its own good. So the capitalist does not want to be benefited.

Let us help him by preventing his robberies in spite of himself. Let us introduce the system of collective ownership under which none shall rob or be robbed.

Capitalists Make Socialists

The capitalist class make Socialists. We Socialists could preach till doomsday, and we could not make converts did not our masters aid us with all the power they have.

The capitalists start mail order houses and squeeze the little country merchants hard. Formerly the country merchants would not listen to us, now the mail order houses make them turn a willing ear our way.

The capitalists unite their plants into mergers, and prevent the active worker from escaping from the slavery he endures. He has to suffer exploitation. He cannot escape save by raising his whole class. Therefore he turns his energy to propagating Socialism.

The masters put the blacklist in operation. They keep wages stationary while the cost of living goes up. They introduce "efficiency" methods whereby the tasks are multiplied upon the working class. Pharaoh compelling the old Israelites to make bricks without straw has nothing on the eminent financiers and industrial magnates of Canada in the way of oppression.

We can not let labor hard to make Socialists. We have to do it to quietly and reasonably point out the facts.

The capitalists will do the rest to dig their own graves.

The Ethical Message of Socialism

By Sam Atkinson

The chief value of Socialism lies in the fact that it makes men think for themselves. Our judgments are not as warped as they used to be. We fight today for the "under dog." We analyze him. We excuse a man because of his birth and breeding. We have begun to take heredity and environment into consideration. As we have looked at economic causes we have begun to admit that you do things because YOU are YOU. There is no credit due for being good, therefore there should be no condemnation for being bad. The child of the gentleman and the slum is hungry in his mother's womb. Just as a mother's yearning gave Dante to the world the thief is made a thief by the unsatisfied longing of a mother heart. The beauty of the art of a Raphael and an Angelo finds its origin in the creative genius of the mother love, and as Methodism was really founded by Suzannah Wesley in the days that John and Charles lay underneath her heart, so the criminal is but the outward expression of some mother's unsatisfied longing.

If the Northerner had been born upon a Southern plantation he would have thought slavery a God-ordained institution. Here Ward Beecher and Wendell Phillips might have been generals in the Southern Army but for their birth and surroundings.

The little shrubs in the Arctic region would become our oaks and elms if they were transplanted. They would grow to a stately height and a sturdy strength.

So it is with men. They must be well born and surrounded by the purest environment to rise to their full stature. No writer has been so misunderstood as the old sage on the Isle of Patmos. He was not dreaming about the other life. No spirit of other worldliness prompted his musings. He saw a new Jerusalem. An earthly city as it ought to be. He pictured man at his best and described what London, Berlin, Paris, New York, Chicago, Saint Louis, Denver, Portland, Vancouver and all the cities of the earth ought to be. Socialism alone shows how man may become a veritable God, and these conditions be changed.

We are very particular to raise the best breed of chickens, hogs and horses. We have been apathetic with regard to men and that is why the human race is deteriorating. Instead of condemning men for crime and disease let us wipe out the cause. The children of the coming age must face life with an equal opportunity.

We are bestial now. Nay, we need to apologize to the beasts for the comparison. This will be recognized in our dealings with each other. We speak of men as heastish, hogish, foxy and wolfish. Yet these creatures are more loyal to their own kind. Would that the mark of the beast were upon us. It is impossible for any of us to be the best of us. A chain is just as strong as its weakest link and society is just as strong as its member.

If we aspire we can only reach our goal through the material. When the fear of poverty has been lifted from our minds and we have food, shelter, fuel and clothing we shall find the race giving itself up to the consideration of Art, Science, Music, Literature and Religion.

We are hearing about a Christ who came into the world to save our souls. There is not a passage in the scriptures in which this is taught. For every such passage you bring me, I will show you that it was not a savior but the life which concerned him. The salvation of the entire man depends upon his physical salvation. Make the man fearless, remove haunting poverty from him, let him be sure of a job, and you will find a new creature.

This is the message of Socialism. Not merely material things. Not only worldly well-being. Simply these things that an avenue may be opened until every man becomes the God every man ought to be.

Poverty drives men to drink. The simple remedy for the drink question is to do away with poverty. Of course the class who live in luxury off the poverty of others consider such a solution absolutely immoral—it would interfere with their profits.

The income returns of the U. S. show that the net earnings of the U. S. corporations each year amount to over \$3,000,000,000. That is some unearned revenue.

IN THE IDEAL COMMONWEALTH

(The Common Cause is the name of an anti-Socialist monthly publication published by Roman Catholics in New York City. Should any of our readers be anxious to subscribe, we cheerfully give the address as 131 East 23rd Street, New York City, and the subscription price in Canada, at \$1.25 per year.)

To show how the Common Cause misrepresents our aims, how utterly absurd it makes itself appear in trying to fling mud at us, we take the pleasure in republishing from its August number a story entitled "In the Ideal Commonwealth." This story supposes that the Socialists have triumphed and have established their republic. Read it and see what absurdities our opponents use in attempting to raise a hostile sentiment against us.)

Comrade Gimannetti entered the council room this morning and, to our surprise, strode directly to the chair of our Comrade President, leaving his own place as Comrade Secretary of Matrimonial Regulations unoccupied.

"Comrades," he said, "you will pardon me for being late. It became necessary for me this morning to apply the direct and immediate recall of the late Comrade President. Comrades, the tyrant is dead! Long live the Co-operative Commonwealth!"

Comrade Flynn, Secretary of Sanitary Regulation, sighed wearily. To tell the truth, we were all slightly bored. This continuous performance of summarily disposing of tyrants falls on one. The latest amendment to our constitution provides that the presidential term shall be three months in duration, but none of our presidents since the happy organization of our commonwealth has lived to enjoy the distinguished honor for more than a week. Each of them developed certain traits which made him objectionable to the spirit of our constitution. Each of them attempted to exercise certain privileges prejudicial to the welfare of the State.

Comrade Pottlachten, for instance, had insisted upon wearing a tall silk hat, when the headgear prescribed for common use by the department having jurisdiction, was a cloth cap. His feeble excuse was that in the old barbarous days in which he passed his childhood it had been the ambition of his life to wear a high hat, similar to the one then displayed by the boys of the political organization in the city of his birth. Of course, such an affront to the principle of equality could not be tolerated and the indignation of Comrade Secretary Oliphant could not be restrained. He put an end to the official as well as to the terrestrial term of Comrade Pottlachten and assumed the presidential office himself. This was only one instance. But we had hoped, for the sake of peace, our last Comrade President would conform to all the rules and principles of our state. Consequently we were a little disappointed at the report of Comrade Gimannetti.

"The usual signs of a reactionary tendency, I suppose," suggested Comrade Secretary Muddledink, looking toward the head of the table.

"Comrades, the state was in danger," declared Comrade Gimannetti vehemently. "Why, this tyrant dared to retain his wife for more than one month, although the regulations of the department of Matrimonial Regulation have definitely fixed that period for all matrimonial alliances."

Comrade Heliotrope Ginn, Secretary of Arts and Harmonies, cast a tender glance at Comrade Gimannetti.

"What did you stick him with," she inquired softly, and Comrade Gimannetti, with one of his flashing smiles, laid a keen stiletto on the table in front of him.

"This, Sister Comrade," he said, "was the sword of freedom. I pushed it between his slats."

"Ah!" sighed Comrade Heliotrope admiringly.

"I suppose," said Comrade Muddledink, with a little impatience, "that a motion to waive the referendum on the recall and the suggestion is now in order, and I so move." Before a "second" could be offered, Comrade President Gimannetti hit the table a resounding thump.

"No more of that, Comrades, if you please!" he said. "This is a habit of despotism that has been growing upon us. Let the people rule. Let no man say that I hold authority except by popular choice. I insist that there shall be a referendum both as to the recall of the late Comrade President and as to my election to succeed him."

As he delivered this declaration Comrade President Gimannetti stood up and thrust his right hand into the bosom of his coat.

Comrade Secretary Heliotrope Ginn cried "Bravo!" and clapped her hands.

Comrade Secretary Muddledink snorted with disgust.

"What's the use?" he asked. "The referendum docket now contains 312,237 appeals. Even if we pass upon them ten at a time it will take eighty-six years for your ex post facto referendum to come before the people."

Comrade President Gimannetti frowned portentously.

"There seems to be a disposition on your part, Comrades," he said, "to sneer at the institutions of our Commonwealth. It would be well for you to beware, sir. Such sentiments are dangerous to the state and their expression doubly dangerous to those who express them."

"Well," said Comrade Muddledink, with resignation, "have it your own way. It's your business, anyhow, and I don't see why I should worry and get a pimple on my nose."

"Humph!" said Comrade President Gimannetti, "the matter will then take its regular order and the Secretary will see that it is properly docketed for submission to popular vote. We shall pass to the reports of departmental secretaries."

"I have a report to make, and it is a high one," exclaimed Comrade Ostergrove, Secretary of the Department of Infant Nourishment. "I am getting appeals for relief from all my district superintendents. Thirty-two women were killed in the uprising in district No. 62, territory A, fourteen in district No. 31, territory B, and I have a long list here of injured females who were wounded in the various riotous proceedings."

"It is the work of reactionaries," declared Comrade President Gimannetti. "What particular cause do these women assign for their violence?"

"They say they want to see their babies," answered the Comrade Secretary. "In the beginning we made some slight allowance, as you remember, for this maternal instinct which was a reflex of the economic conditions of the past and allowed the mothers to see the infants taken into the custody of the state. The number of such has become so large, however, that it is impossible for us to identify each infant and keep a record of its

relationship to its mother. We now scientifically designate them by number and departmental title, our new regulation calling for the bestowal of suitable name upon them at their suggestion when they reach the age of maturity. Consequently it is impossible to comply with the plea of these uncivilized women and allow them to see the charges of the state. It is unsanitary also as they maul and kidnap infants in a manner strongly reprobated by the medical officers in charge."

"I don't see what concerns they have with the children, anyhow," commented Comrade Secretary Heliotrope Ginn. "It seems to me they would be a great bother. Why can't these foolish women be educated up to the modern idea with regard to them?"

"Efforts have been made in that direction," responded the Department Secretary, "but they seem altogether ineffectual. We have read to the women the works of the most eminent authorities on the subject and have tried to impress them with the fact that they have no more concern with their offspring, and that the state only has an interest in the development of its citizens. The only answer is the barbarous cry of these crowds of women, 'I want to see my baby!'"

"They must be repressed then by force," said Comrade President Gimannetti resolutely. "We can't let such foolish sentimental considerations interfere with the regular orderly activities of the Commonwealth. In my own old department I have had similar troubles. It will take a generation, I imagine, before men and women become accustomed to our new matrimonial arrangements. Despite all we can do they retain the old sentimental regard for this union, and there is the utmost trouble about the allotment of wives and husbands. I had a most outrageous complaint only the other day from a comrade citizen, who objected to the wife allotted to him because the lady was a Chinese."

"How medieval!" "How medieval!" "He must be a God-worshiper!" came from the assembled comrade secretaries.

"What is the report from the Comrade Secretary of Initiative and Referendum?" asked the Comrade President.

Comrade Secretary Buggs reached into his desk drawer and drew out a voluminous document. From this he began to read in a slow monotonous tone:

"No. 2321, appeal of the rubber cement workers for the removal of the citizen director, dated the first year of the Commonwealth, the first day of the first month."

"No. 2322, appeal of the iron workers in district No. 12, territory 9, for the reduction of their hours of labor from two hours to one hour per diem, dated the first year of the Commonwealth, the first day of the first month."

"No. 2323, appeal of the Ladies' Socialistic Coterie of Anna Logan, Ohio, for the amendment of the matrimonial regulations so as to make the choice of the female partner determining as to the duration of the alliance, dated the first year of the Commonwealth, the first day of the first month. Note: Rejected as contrary to the policy of the Commonwealth and the welfare of the state."

No. 2324—

The head of Comrade President Gimannetti had been dropping on his breast, and at this point there issued from his nasal organ an unmistakable indication that he was sound asleep.

Comrade Muddledink, who had been watching the Comrade President from under lowered eyelids, stealthily obtained possession of the stiletto, which the Comrade President had carelessly left on the table in front of him and quietly drove it into the form of the sleeping executive of the Commonwealth.

"Comrades!" he cried, rising and flourishing the still dripping weapon, "the tyrant is dead. Long live the Co-operative Commonwealth!"

.....

A WONDERFUL STORY

When such a wonderful story as that appears in a supposedly intelligently run magazine, we need exhibit no surprise at anything our opponents say we stand for.

The aim of the Socialist movement is the collective ownership and democratic management of the means of production and distribution for the benefit of all. This presupposes the abolition of rent, interest and profit.

To carry out this program, we must have the majority of the people with us. We must have a large majority. Fifty-one per cent. of the people wanting this will not do, for the other forty-nine per cent. of the people opposing this aim would defeat it. So at present our aim is the education of the people to the foolishness of capitalist ownership.

When Socialism comes, it will be considered right and proper and the only sane thing. For the great majority of the people will be thinking it right.

But in order to discredit us, to lampoon and vilify us, the Common Cause publishes the above story in order to raise the ignorant passions of its readers against us. Its picture of the "ideal commonwealth" is the ideal horrible and false picture our opponents paint of us.

Let us analyze the story and see what it presumes.

Socialism is alleged to have triumphed. The Socialist president's term is limited to three months. One president was assassinated for wearing a silk hat, another for retaining his wife more than one month, another for snoring in the council chamber.

Women are forced to be the wives of men for one month only, and forced to be their wives against the will of both parties.

Babies are snatched from their mothers, and their mothers are never allowed to see them.

The referendum is in full swing, and 312,237 referenda are before the tyrannical council at the helm of the state.

This is the "ideal commonwealth," as pictured by our enemies.

In the first place, there is no Socialist, syndicalist or industrialist who advocates assassination, even of our capitalist exploiters and rulers of today.

In the second place there is no Socialist, syndicalist or industrialist who demands that no silk hat should be worn.

In the third place there is no Socialist, syndicalist or industrialist who advocates that marriage should be forced and limited to a period of one month.

In the fourth place there is no Socialist, syndicalist or industrialist who advocates that babies should be taken away from their mothers.

In the fifth place, no Socialist, syndicalist or industrialist advocates an unworkable system of referendum.

But truth to a Catholic anti-Socialist publication is of small importance. The Socialists want to introduce just economic conditions. Wherefore upon us is heaped all the slander, infamy and malice a lying, venomous pen can write.

OUR COMMON GROUND

T. Edwin Smith.

There are thousands of farmers who believe that the wage earners and the farmers should get together and act unitedly in support of their common or peculiar interests, but they do not see any common ground upon which they can meet. The wage-earner as a rule is propertyless, and is in constant conflict with the property owners. The farmer with a small portion of this earth's surface nominally in his name, considers that this property qualification effectually prevents any common action.

I wish to point out a few things which impel me to the belief that the farmer's ownership of land constitutes no valid reason for keeping them apart.

In the first place very few of the farmers actually own the land they farm they till. This is a surprising state of affairs, and one that very few will believe at the outset. I have not sufficient data at hand to enable me to state definitely the number of absolute owners who actually farm their land, but I do not think more than one-sixth of the farmers own their farms in the U. S., and not more than one-fourth in Canada.

A great number of the farms are mortgaged. In 1910 the census of the U. S. showed that one million and four hundred thousand farms were mortgaged out of a total of four million. The census of Canada does not tell us that. For some reason, when the last census was taken the enumerators were simply instructed to count a farmer as an owner, whether he had a mortgage or not, or whether he had finished paying for the place or not. I know of a great many men near me who were put down on the census roll as owners of a quarter to a section each, when as a matter of fact they could not have a clear title to a single foot.

During this last two years I have been riding about the country holding meetings among the farmers. I stayed at several hundred places during that period, and altogether met about twelve men who were not mortgaged to the limit. I feel safe in saying that 90 per cent. of the farms in Southern Alberta are mortgaged. I have been told by a man in the Land Titles office that in the district around North Battleford 95 per cent. of the farms are mortgaged.

We cannot consider man as the absolute owner of his farm while there is a "plaster" on it. Very few men ever take the trouble to read their mortgages over before they sign, as the agent is always in a hurry and says "It's just the regular form, you know; you will have to sign it anyway." If a man would read all the clauses he would find in all of them two significant paragraphs.

The first paragraph orders a special inspection made of this land at any time, and the mortgagee agrees to pay costs of such inspection or survey.

"Any time the company shall have reason to consider this loan insecure they shall have power to declare any amounts still owing, together with accrued interest due and payable forthwith."

With variations these two paragraphs occur in all the mortgages I have read, and I have seen a number of foreclosures in which a mortgage was foreclosed before it came due. To put it bluntly, a man is but a tenant of his own farm, and the real owner has the power to put him out any time they see fit.

Then, besides the farmers under the mortgage, there is the great army of tenant farmers. This is a phase of the situation that is but slightly felt in Canada owing to the new and lately settled country, but it is coming.

In the United States almost one-third of all the farmers are tenants. In some localities nearly all of them are. During 1907-8 in my capacity of travelling investigator of the U. S. Bureau of Labor it was my business to interview several hundred farmers in the Southern States, and during that time I did not meet one farmer black or white who actually owned the land he tilled. The owners lived in Atlanta, Savannah or other cities while the farmer paid tribute to him.

In Canada tenantry is just beginning. In Nova Scotia in 1911 the amount of farmland leased or rented was 59,506 acres greater than ten years before. In all about 5 per cent. of the farmers were tenants, and these men paid a quarter of a million dollars in rent to the non-occupying owners. Prince Edward Island shows pretty nearly the same thing. I have no data for the other provinces.

In the prairie provinces at least there is another form of tenantry. I mean that where the land is owned by a non-resident who runs it as a capitalist factory with hired men. There are numerous farms of this sort all over the prairies, and I believe they would account for three or four per cent. of the total area farmed. I do not count these owners as farmers, nor do I count the farmers (the men who are doing the actual work on the land) as tenants. We have no means of knowing how far this condition has spread except in isolated instances.

Greater than any one of the three forms of occupying just described is another, and a far more deceptive one. Most of the land sold in the western country is sold on long terms, with easy payments and high interest rates. This makes it easy for a man to get a farm for himself, but usually it takes him a long time to get it paid for, and in many instances he never does. I know several men in the Claresholm district who bought farms at a good price per acre on the half crop plan. That is, the farmer gives one half the saleable crop to the owner, the amount so realized to apply first to paying the interest, and then to reducing the principle. One man, after taking off three crops, had reduced the principle by \$365. The interest each year amounted to a good share of what he could raise, leaving but a small sum to apply on the principle.

How much land has been sold in this way it is impossible to say. Near me I know of several whole townships sold on long terms and high interest rates. Most of the land will eventually revert to the company unless the price of land goes up, and the purchaser can unload his burden upon some other sucker. The millions of acres owned by the C. P. R. and the Hudson's Bay Co., to say nothing of the countless other land companies, come under this heading.

The men who have purchased land under such terms are tenants, in fact but nominal owners. The census counts them as owners, and in this way pad unduly the number of owners. They are not owners, and very few of them will be.

There is a great craze just now for chicken ranches and truck farms of five to twenty acres each, sold at prices ranging from two hundred to five hundred dollars per acre. The terms are usually easy: \$10 per acre down and so much per month with interest anywhere from 6 per cent. to 8 per cent. If the prospective purchaser will figure a little while he will see that the payments called for in many cases barely equal the interest. During the last three months I have received circulars from six companies offering to sell

fruit farms and chicken ranches in B. C., Florida, California, and Oregon, on easy terms. In every case if the purchaser pays only what his contract calls for he will never get the title to his ten acre lot, because the payments only equal the interest on the principal.

In California especially this game has proved profitable to the sharks because they would often sell a man a fruit farm and then when he had cleared it and got it in a producing stage they would foreclose on him and get the results of that man's toil for nothing.

There are these four forms of occupation that are tenantry in fact if not in name. I believe that the farmers working under one of these handicaps will amount to at least three-fourths of our farming population. If not more. If this is the case, then three-fourths of our farmers are really propertyless. If we can arouse sufficient interest along these lines we may be able to get the Canadian government to make an account of them in the next census.

There is no reason to expect an improvement in this regard in the near future. On the contrary the ownership of land vested in the man actually doing the work will become less and less in proportion to the whole amount farmed each succeeding year.

Ten Millions for Alberta

By John J. Hurley, Red Hill, Alta.

"Ten millions for Alberta," that is the cry that is ringing throughout the province now. The Calgary News-Telegram, an independent newspaper, though of no small influence with the people, is the originator of the idea. It implores all the farmers, merchants and business men of Alberta to petition the Borden government to loan us this money, or else, they say, this country will receive a terrible setback.

"Ten millions for Alberta." What for? We don't want to borrow money from anybody. We can support ourselves in comfort. The farmers and workers of Alberta produce enough to live in plenty.

But they cannot support the society lady over in London who, it was calculated, wore at a dance twenty yards of pearls, not to mention diamonds. Neither can they afford to present to Mackenzie and Mann a few odd millions.

"Ten millions for Alberta." Again I say we don't want it. The News-Telegram's intentions are no doubt good. They are trying to the best of their ability to help the country out, but their viewpoint is different from that of the Socialists.

Let us see what "Ten millions for Alberta" will do. The cause of the present financial stringency, as it is called, is overproduction. The workers of the world, the actual producers, comprise 87 per cent. of the total population, the capitalist class 13 per cent. The workers only receive in wages one-third of the value of the produce they create. They cannot buy back all they produce, neither can the master class utilize it. Consequently it piles up unsold. A surplus is created. As a natural course of events, then, production ceases, the owners shut down their factories and mines. The workers are thrown out of work. They are not allowed to produce; let us say, shoes, because there are thousands of pairs produced and unsold already, notwithstanding the fact that there are thousands of children going barefoot.

Now we see the cause of the present financial stringency. Ten millions, or a hundred millions would not help us. If the government did lend the farmers that money, they would use it to create more wealth. The farmer would utilize it to increase the produce of the world, when there is already a surplus on the world's markets, more than the people can buy back.

Alberta would not need to borrow money under a sane system of government. She produces enough and more to keep her population in comfort. But where did the money come from that is to build three dreadnoughts as a Canadian unit? Where did the \$3 million dollars that the C. P. R. cleared last year come from, and where did the fifteen million dollars that Mackenzie and Mann received, come from? From the working class, every cent of it. Why should industrious, honest workers be forced to give forty-three million dollars to a bunch of shareholders who do nothing? Why should the men who mined the ore out of the ground and beat it into tempered steel, who brave the unknown and run surveys, who build the bridges and grades, who dig the coal to feed the iron horses, who do every bit of the work incidental to running a railroad, why should they pay a bunch of shareholders, who wouldn't know an engine from a cabbage, forty-three million dollars for the privilege of using a thing they themselves built? There is no sensible reason whatever why they should. A sensible vote will change a senseless system to a sensible one.

THE UNDERWORLD

Patrick MacGill, in the Labor Leader.

I do not sing
Of angel fair or damozel
That leans athwart a painted sky:
My little verses only tell
How human beings live and die,
And labor as their years go by.

I do not sing
Of plaster saints or jealous gods
But of the little ones I know,
Who paint their cheeks or bear their hods,
Because they live in doing so,
Their hapless life on earth below.

I sing of them
Whose lives are varied as their creeds
I've shared their every toil and care,
I know their many hopes and needs,
I've seen Death take them unaware;
Mayhap some day their death I'll share.

I sing their life
Misknown, misunderstood,
Its ups and downs, its outs and ins;
I know the evil and the good it brings—
Where virtue ends and vice begins—
But judge no mortal by his sins.

I sing of them
The underworld, the great oppressed,
Befooled of parson, priest and king,
Who mutely plod earth's pregnant breast,
Who weary of their sorrowing,
—The Great Unwashed—of them I sing.

I sing my songs
In mirthful guise or woeful strain;
I've dwelt where woe and hunger dwell,
And told my rosaries of pain—
I sing my songs to you—and well,
You'll maybe like them—who can tell?

The scab is a traitor to the working class. The scab hurts himself as much as any. The scab is learning this, hence the bosses are finding it more difficult each year to break strikes with scabs.

REBELS

Rebels, rebels, rebels are we, rebels of heart and hand
Rebels of every color and creed, rebels of every land.

We won't bow to your gods of brass,
We won't kneel when the rulers pass.
Too well we know all flesh is grass,
Rebels, O rebels are we.

Rebels, rebels, rebels are we, rebels of brain and arm
Rebels from factory, mine, and mill, rebels from sea and farm.

Rebels from every calling and trade
All through the years have made rulers afraid
Spartacus, Shays, and Tyler and Cade,
Just such rebels are we.

Rebels, rebels, rebels are we, sprung from the loins of time,
Rebels of every region and race, rebels of every clime.

All through the ages we rebels have died,
Hanged, and tortured, and crucified,
Our country is wide as the world is wide
Rebels, O rebels are we.

Rebels, rebels, rebels are we, mocking your man-made law,
We are the breaking link in the chain, we are the fault and the flaw.

We are the blemish, and we are the stain,
We are the tangled knot in the skein,
We are the clot of blood in the vein,
Rebels, O rebels are we.

Gerald J. Lively.

The machine age is here. We have the machine carrying passengers and freight, setting our type, printing our newspapers, making our clothes, building our houses. With all this machinery—doing the work of man, surely man ought to be able to take life easy. Yet he cannot, save a few of the machine owners who live in luxury the world never before saw. But the working class have to labor as hard as ever. The working class, to enjoy the lightning of toil that comes from machine labor, must OWN the machines collectively. Then the product of the machines will belong to the machine tenders and operators—the working class generally.

The capitalist has made the conditions of work so hellish that his greatest fear is that he may have to go to work himself. Socialism will make work such a pleasant thing and so remunerative that it will be a joy instead of a curse.

The rich give to charity. Were it not for the rich charity would not be necessary. A bunch of charitable rich people is like a bunch of skunks handing out a little deodorizer and then claiming credit for helping to put an end to the stink.

There is one sure welcome for the worker. After he is broken in the shops of the masters and cast aside as useless, he may be certain that the cemetery man will swing the gates and welcome him home.

You workers of British Columbia, what do you think of the militia now? Now that you have had a taste of the brutality and ball-doing tactics of the hired murderers of the masters, what do you think of them?

A vote for Borden is a vote for corruption, immorality and slavery. A vote for Laurier is the same. Both parties are organizations controlled, financed and possessed by the skinned of the useful producers.

When reading the reports of the speeches in the House of Commons one is forcibly made to think that there is a conspiracy on between all the speakers to say as little sense in as many words as possible.

Corruption runs riot in Canadian elections. That is the time the capitalist thieves are buying from the people the right to rob them of hundreds of millions of dollars a year for the next four years.

What do you think of a law which allows a mob of murderous militia to invade the quarters of the workers and break up a peaceful meeting? Which Britons will never be slaves?

The Boy Scouts of today will likely be the "heroes" of tomorrow who may be called on to shoot up their fathers and brothers, who are struggling to secure a breath of liberty.

Many Japanese are too poor to eat their own rice, yet the trade of Japan is increasing rapidly. Prosperity is there as in Canada reserved for the class who do nothing useful.

Harnack says:—"People ought not to speak of loving their neighbors if they can allow men beside them to starve and die in misery."

A capitalist is a legalized thief. But the law is so made that he cannot be honest. He must either steal or be stolen from. So after all, it is the system which is at fault.

Question for the militia authorities: Were there any union men on the roster of the armed force which bulldozed the workers of Nanaimo? If not, why not?

The capitalist, being a legalized thief, has the morals of a thief. And he pays part of his stealings to churches to preach the thief morality that he likes.

There are three churches in Cowansville. How long will it be before one of them becomes the headquarters of Local No. 1, S. D. P., Cowansville?

THE ACCIDENT OF BERTH

Leone Davis Collier, in the Labor Leader.

My brother sat on a park bench,
And the rain beat on his head;
His body was racked with sickness,
And he had not meat nor bread.

The plutocrat passed in his motor,
And chancing to see him, said:
"The city's flotsam and jetsam—
Quite a type," mused the Overfed.

My sister walked the pavements—
Walked in the sleet and the rain—
She was painted, and weary, and hungry;
And she walked the streets for gain.

The daughter of Many Millions
Rolled by to a dinner dance,
And she turned her eyes from the loathsome thing;
It might have been she, perchance!

My brother stood in the prisoner's dock,
And heard his sentence—for life!
He was sullen and dwarfed from starvation,
And was brutalized by strife.

And the judge who read the sentence
Was sleek and smug, nor knew,
But for the accident of birth,
He might have been there, too!

SOCIALIST DIRECTORY

DOMINION Executive Committee. Social Democratic Party of Canada, meets every first and third Monday at 56 King St. East, B. Martin, sec. 51 Weber St. East, Berlin, Ont.—256.

LIBERTY Co-operative Club. P. Q. 31 Butler Ave. Point St. Catharines. Propaganda meeting every Sunday 3 p.m. Economic and social problems every Wednesday 8 p.m. Co-operative club every Thursday 8 p.m. Woman Club every Thursday 3 p.m.—272.

MANITOBA Executive Board S.D.P. of C. meets every second and fourth Monday night at Headquarters, Hall, 125 Jarvis Ave. For information and literature write to Prop. Sec., J. Penner, Box 1022, Winnipeg, Man.—264.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C. Local No. 4, S.D.P. of C. meets 1st and 3rd Sunday, 3 p.m., in Labor Temple, corner Royal Ave. and 7th St., and other Sundays at Com. Goodmurphy's, South Westminster, P. O. Box 528, P. A. Steadman, sec.—252.

NANAIMO Local No. 11, S.D.P. of C. English. Business meeting held on Sunday afternoons, 3 o'clock, above Beattie & Hopkins, Printers, W. J. Propaganda meeting all time in open air, R. Temple, sec. sec. box 666, Nanaimo, B. C.—254.

NUMMOLA Finnish Local No. 6, S. D. P. of C. Post office address, S. S. Oorito, Nummola, Sask.—262.

BRITISH COLUMBIA Executive S.D.P. of C. meets at Dominion Hall, Pender St., on the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 p.m. General business meeting on the 1st Sunday, E. Winch, Prop. Sec., Jubilee Station P.O., Vancouver, B.C.—258.

LOCAL VANCOUVER No. 12, meets for business and propaganda every Tuesday 8 p.m., Dominion Hall, Pender St., and Wednesday in Dominion Theatre, Granville St., Sunday evenings. Secretary, O. L. Charlton, City Market, Main Street.—260.

BERLIN Local No. 4, S. D. P. of C. meets every second and fourth Wednesday, 56 King St. East, Chas. Nicholson, Sec., 115 Benton St., Berlin, Ont.—262.

FORT ARTHUR Local S.D.P. meets in Labor Temple, Bay St., 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, 8 p.m., for business, and 1st and 3rd Wednesdays to discuss matters of interest to every worker. Workers unite and run Fort Arthur for the benefit of the workers. Herbert Barker, 147 Pine St., Sec.—252.

SOUTH PORCUPINE Local No. 2, S. D. P. of C. holds business and propaganda meetings every Sunday at 3 p.m. in Miners' Union Hall, South Porcupine, P. Dugan, Sec., Box 251.—252.

TORONTO Local No. 1, S. D. P. of C. Business meeting first and third Tuesday in month, Dominion Temple, 147 Pender St., 8 p.m., second floor. Attend street meetings Wednesdays and Saturdays in various parts of the city. Alfred Corne, 96 Simpson Ave.—257.

W. U. COTTON, B.A., B.C.L. ADVOCATE Cotton's Block, Cowanville P. Q.

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In every city of Canada, the cries of the oppressed are heard. The robbed producers are in dire slavery. The masters ride at ease. They know that Borden and Laurier and Whitney and Sifton and Murray and Gouin and Fleming, and the other premiers are on their side. They know they have but to speak and their political puppets will pass the laws wanted. They know they have the courts and the police and the soldiery to protect them and to keep the slaves in subjection. Wherefore wave the old flag to the breeze. Give us patriotic speeches. Praise the politician, the judge, the soldier. Tell them what a glorious career is theirs. Fools, you, our rulers! Do you think that the slaves are not thinking! In every city of Canada the slaves think. Your imperial army, your courts of injustice, your stolen wealth cannot prevail against the awakened millions of slaves throughout the British dominions.

Jack Place, M.P.P. has been arrested for rioting, and a charge of theft has been placed against him, because the revolver taken from a bull was found in his room. Jack Place, on trial in the courts of Vancouver for taking his stand with his fellow miners is a nobler figure than R. L. Borden, seated in power at Ottawa and hoarsely shouting for more battleships to the plunderers at London may blow to smithereens such sections of the human race as dare protest against their world thievery.

How to Absorb an Unlovely Complexion

(Phyllis Moore in Town Talk)

The face which is admired for its beauty must have a satin-smooth skin, lustrous white and youthful looking. The only thing I know of that can make such a complexion out of an aged, faded, or discolored one is a natural, not a painted, complexion—i.e. ordinary unadorned wax. This remarkable substance literally absorbs the unsightly cuticle, a little each day, the clear, healthy, girlish skin beneath gradually peeping out until within a week or so it is wholly in evidence. Of course such bleaches as freckles, moles, patches, liver spots, blotches, and pimples are discarded with the old skin. If you will procure an ounce of unadorned wax at the drug store, use like cold cream every night, washing this off of morning, you'll find it a veritable wonder-worker. Another valuable natural treatment is a wash lotion to remove wrinkles which can be easily prepared. Dissolve 1 oz. powdered ascorbic acid in 1 pint with hazel. Bathe the face in this and you'll find it "works like magic."

What the Strikers Did

A comrade of Cumberland County, N.S., writes us about regarding the Springhill, N.S., strike of miners a couple of years ago.

"Things are getting worse at Springhill Mines. Canadians, (as Britons that never, never will be slaves) are being driven out and foreigners are brought in to fill their places. Canadian miners are asked to teach the foreigners how to mine and then the Canadians are told to take their happy home on their back and move on. The result is vacant houses and a dilapidated town.

The next strike at Springhill will show something doing. The masters will get the foreigners will stick together better than the Canadians did, and are not quite so docile. Solomon in all his wisdom is not so wise as our Canadian government. They ask us to spend millions to keep foreigners out, and assist the masters to bring them in and drive us out.

I am told by foreigners that the Dominion Steel Co. has agents all over Europe giving glowing accounts of Springhill and Sydney. The workers from other lands come here to receive only \$1.40 per day or a little more. Some who have the means leave, but it will be the same wherever they go.

I was a friend of the miners during the strike at Springhill. There is one thing they did I did not think was right. They drew strike pay from the United Mineworkers every week. If they went to work anywhere else they were not supposed to draw strike pay from the U. M. W. Many of the miners went into the lumber woods, scabbed on the lumbermen, cut their wages, and drew their weekly strike pay from the U. M. W. Where they had friends at the beginning of the strike, they made enemies at the last. I hope the matter will come before the U. M. W. of A., and they will see to it they will not be driven on the rocks by a lot of scabbing strikers.

Your paper will continue to grow, and we may some day have good Socialist speakers traveling through this part of the country knocking the old party blunders off the voters and letting light into their dusty attics."

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Socialism on the Outpost

"We settlers, nineteen miles west of Pitoeux, Alta., in what is known as the Horse Guard district, held a Socialist meeting at the home of Comrade P. O. Peterson, on the 19th of July. Comrade Shonts of Mountain House, was the able speaker. We had an audience of at least thirty people."—Joseph Papineau.

SUBS CARDS

Sub cards are regular printed government post cards. On the back of the card is printed a certificate that twenty-five cents has been paid for a forty-week subscription to Cotton's. The card will be honored at Cotton's if the purchaser will sign his name and address, and drop in the nearest post-office. If you cannot get a club of four subs at once. Send a dollar with what subs you can get and ask for the balance in any way in this way you do not have to hold your subs to get four. You can send the sub just as soon as you get it.

Why not send for a bunch of sub cards? They cost only a quarter each. They are the best thing you can have. You can keep your money working for Socialism all the time.

Ontario Comrades, attention

Do you realize that you live in the only province which does not exact a deposit from candidates running in the provincial elections? You should take full advantage of this and run candidates in EVERY CONSTITUENCY.

You readers and hustlers of Cotton's in those districts where there is no Socialist local should get together and run independent Socialist candidates to test the sentiment in your district.

Begin now and for the next elections. Organize Ontario. Ontario should hold a poll at least twenty thousand Socialist votes at the next provincial election.

Is vote not worth rolling up? Then dig in now spread Cotton's in your district and work now and on until elections for the best Socialist vote.

REBEL THOUGHTS

Gustave Prager

Helen Keller, in a letter to me, says: "I too feel the turmoil, injustice and unrest of modern life, and I am all the more determined to carry out to the world the message of true light which has come to me in the dark. We are all deaf and blind until our eyes are opened to our fellowmen, until our ears hear the voice of others crying for help. What we need is clear, understanding light, a bright normal day-light upon common human happenings and the conditions of our daily life. . . . It encourages me to know that a light unto those who are blind in their perceptions."

What an inspiration to have the understanding of a noble spirit with the problems of Labor! What a pity that so many who have eyes, will not see, and having ears will not hear!

When I am asked what I think of the efficacy of prayer, I think of the chaplains of the opposing armies praying for victory. Then I am reminded of the cat who asked Providence for her food supply, while poor mouse prayed for escape from the dreadful cat.

"Whenever the weak and weary are ridden down by the strong. Whenever the voice of Honor is drowned by the howling throng. Whenever the right pleads clearly while the Lords of life are dumb, The times of forbearance are over and the time to strike has come." (Geo. D. Herron)

Messages from the Front

"Enclosed please find 5. Keep our bundle coming."—New Westminster, B.C. Ten more subs go into Cumberland county represented by E. N. Rhodes, M. P.

Nine subs to Peterboro, Ont. That is good news for us reds. Mr. J. Ham Burnham, M.P.

From Victoria, B.C., come sixteen subs. Henry Barker, M.P., might as well go home for good.

From Vancouver, Ont., come four to help pull down the plutocratic control of Newfrew South constituency, Ont.

Four subs to Kingston, Ont. These will help retire to private life Wm. F. Nickle, the little Tory with the big voice.

Six subs from Glasgow Station, Ont. will help hasten the time when the electoral district of Newfrew South will be painted red.

Eight subs from Sandwick, B.C., help some to win Comox-Atlin for Socialism away from H. S. Clemens, the present Tory member.

Ten subs come from Stanley's Corners, Ont. This is in the district of Carleton Place. May it soon be represented by a Socialist.

Eight subs go to Niagara Falls, Ont. W. M. Gorman, M.P. for the Welland, is hereby notified the revolutionary workers are after his political scalp.

Eight subs go to Neville, Sask. W. E. Kitchin, M.P. for the Yorkton, is hereby notified the revolutionary workers are after his political scalp.

"I have supported the Liberal party for thirty-one years and have quit. I do not like to be legislated for by the Liberal party. I am a Canadian aristocrat."—Abernethy, Sask.

Four subs from Clearwater, Man. W. Sharpe, M.P. for Lisgar, Man., will soon be seeking the all time Liberal enemy from his district keep on converting the electors to Socialism through Cotton's.

Ten subs come from Umattila in the electoral riding of Dauphin, Man. R. Cruise, Liberal M.P., will find it harder to keep the all time Liberal enemy from his district keep on converting the electors to Socialism through Cotton's.

North Bay, Ont., Local S.D.P. No. 70 takes a bundle of a hundred copies of the book of the future political triumphs in the breast of Frank Cochrane, a Minister of Railways in the Borden cabinet.

"I enclose a club of four and a dollar for the Battery, you to choose some delegates to go out on the tour. I can see while looking out on the world the gathering army of the cause that will replace the Liberal party and its laws."—Bear River, B.C.

"We have heard of our ranch and are now living in this budding new town. We keep boarding house, and I send a few of the back numbers of Cotton's on the stand, and I notice the boarders read it regularly. We are clearly. We have ready railway plugs to keep."—Alberta, Canada.

From McAdam Junction, N.B., four subs come from Crookwell, M.P. York, will soon find he has something else to do than to spit his little venom at the Socialists. He wants to go to his home with Cotton's going to him.

Most every corner of Canada, the M. P. is not out of the pocket of the Socialists. He is not out of the pocket of the Socialists. He is not out of the pocket of the Socialists.

"I enclose my renewal. Money here is mighty tight, and several who less than a year ago were Socialists, are now on a thoughtful face when the subject is mentioned."—Solon, Alta. Solon is in the district of Red Deer, and Clark, M.P., will have to get a wiggle on to hold his seat in the House of Commons.

Commons. The Socialists are successfully to take it away from him. Four subs from Carleton Place, Ont., also help to take it away from him.

A comrade of Grace Bay, N.S., sends in eight subs. W. F. Carroll, is the Liberal member from Cape Breton. S. the Liberal member from Cape Breton. S. the Liberal member from Cape Breton.

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"Send the live wire to the following addresses. I was one of the International Harvester slaves, and the plant has shut down. There are any amount of men waiting the streets here just now, and what it will be like in the winter I cannot guess."—Thus writes a red worker of Hamilton, Ont. At the last Dominion elections the Hamilton workers were lured by the labor skinkers, and Barker and Stewart follow him like dogs their master. The workmen of Hamilton are not worthy being lured with the wages of a few dollars. Let the wretches walk the streets. Then they will be willing to scab and cut wages and this will make more profit for Barker, M.P., and his class. Why Hamilton workers do you not choose and support two Socialists to represent you? You should be to fight ever and always for you and your class?

"Here are a bunch of six who are going to help put the plates of rrr backs on the Socialists. I have given decent for they are yet a timid lot of slaves. One told me he did not dare take the Socialists. I told him that I would like to have got more, but I am a seafarer and get home only at intervals. When the fishing season is closed I will gather in more."—River Herbert, N.S. Clinton is a troublemaker. J. N. Rhodes, Conservative, and H. J. Hogan, Liberal, were put up in Cumberland county, N.S., for election. No workingman ran. Just these two and they fought and they talked and the voters voted and Rhodes, the lawyer, not M.P. While he was in the office, the M.P. strike occurred. The troops were called out and the men were arrested. We have the men, we have the first; we want the electors to know that, and we shall stop the continual discrimination against us.

As Sir James Whitney says, "When the people want a thing they can have it." We are educating the people to their interests and, if it is a hard job, the results are at present very gratifying."—M. Wayman.

A committee has been appointed to draw up a plan of action for the next municipal campaign. We hope to have a full straight slate on January the first. We have the men, we have the first; we want the electors to know that, and we shall stop the continual discrimination against us.

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Socialist Notes from Toronto

We are going ahead in this city for sure. We are getting better crowds than ever. A new local has been formed in ward one, and at the time of writing we are arranging for a dozen men to have given their names for the new ward seven local, and with this in operation, we shall have no fear but that we shall make a great showing at the next election.

The free speech fight has given us a lot of sympathy.

Our organ is under a ban for a while, and it is amusing to see the detectives and police watching him around. Still we shall win all along the line, and we hope that every live Socialist will rally round the rebels and increase the membership in startling proportions.

Comrade Armstrong has been very active. He kept a large crowd interested for over an hour at the corner of Keele and Dundas streets last Sunday, Aug. 31. The police did not interfere. Comrades Turnbull and Edgar also helped. They are new men, who are showing good possibilities.

Our Jewish and Finnish locals are reporting good progress. We cannot do much without the help of these comrades, and are glad to see them growing. We leave their task to them, and know that they will keep up their end well. We wish that the English speaking locals would do likewise.

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CHASE THE GLOOMS

This is the gloom corner. The glooms have been in possession for the past few weeks. During that time there has been a steady fall