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ROME ALARMED AT FAST GROWTH OF SOCIALISM

Rome.—That Socialism is fast becoming a serious rival of the Catholic church is the admission practically made by the Vatican itself.

The rapid spread of Socialism during the past four years has forced the church to consider methods for preventing Socialism from encroaching on its own field of influence.

The situation has really become so serious that it has found its way into the Catholic papers of Italy, and "Roma," a semi-official paper of the Vatican, goes into the subject thoroughly. Because of its high standing with the Vatican, the sentiments expressed by "Roma" may be regarded as the actual sentiment at the present time of the pope and the church in general on the subject of Socialism. The review of the situation by "Roma" is in part as follows:

"Socialism is increasing steadily all over the world; in Germany and France it has almost gained control of the state; in Italy, under the new franchise, it will become the strongest homogeneous party in the country; in Austria and Hungary it is spreading rapidly; in the United States and England the masses of the working classes are approaching more and more closely to it; in Belgium it is rapidly absorbing Liberalism. There is no country, not even excepting Turkey, which has not been affected by it. Nor can we gauge its strength from its forces in the various legislatures—many Socialists are indifferent about parliaments; many hundreds of thousands of them scattered here and there in all countries have been unable to obtain legislative representation."

A GOOD SIGN.

The steady and persistent growth of the revolutionary movement of the proletariat of the world is forcing the ruling class of every country into a state of terror at the rapid approach of the day of reckoning. In no country is their terror becoming more manifest than in the United States. Scarcely an issue of even the most commonplace capitalist sheet comes off the press without containing some sort of squawk or shriek in evidence of their terror. Apology mongers of the professional type; faith fakirs of the sky-pilot cult; gold-bribe artists of the political pattern and the entire job-lot of capitalist toadies, lickspittles and hangers-on, join in a vociferous chorus of mournful wails and dire prognostications in their mad efforts to exercise the terrible shape the looms upon the horizon of capitalist civilization and threatens to bring to an end the long regime of ruling class pillage, rapine and slaughter.

Well may the capitalist tyrants of today tremble at the prospect. Their slaves by the million are becoming awakened to an understanding of the infamies so long practiced upon them, and their power to bring the perpetration of such infamies to an end. They are going to do so by a peaceful and orderly process, if possible, but in any event, they are going to do it, cost what it may.

The increasing evidence of terror in the camp of their capitalist masters should be an inspiration to the workers and spur them on to renewed efforts in the struggle to strip from their limbs the shackles of wage-bondage. Terror in the enemy's camp is a good sign. It is a rainbow of promise.

It has been asserted by charlatans that capital creates value as well as labor—the test can easily be made. The worshiper of capital may sweep together in a heap his capital, ho may gather all the capital of the earth, and after the space of a year there would not have grown a penny more of value from it, but indeed the worth of the idle mass would be considerably decreased. Capital is not merely the child of labor; it cannot grow and continue without it. Capital has in relation to labor no rights, while labor in relation to capital has the right of ownership.—From "Socialism, What It Is," by Wilhelm Liebknecht.

Propaganda Meeting
THE ELECTRIC THEATRE
Sunday, April 7, 8 p.m.
Speaker:
W. W. Lefaux

A BRUTAL ATTACK BY POLICE IN OAKLAND

Oakland, Cal., March 15.—Alarmed at the growth of Socialist movement, and, no doubt, spurred on by its masters—the allied employers of this city and San Francisco, the Mott administration made the first move in a campaign to terrorize the Socialists of Oakland into silence last Sunday evening, says the Oakland World.

Events culminated in a police attack on a peaceful meeting of the Socialists in the Hamilton Auditorium, where the audience, who had been quietly listening to the speaker, were clubbed and driven from the hall and the meeting dispersed.

For the third time indiscriminate clubbing was resorted to. Many of the audience inside the hall were quietly seated and were thunderstruck when they found the hall filled with striking and cursing bluecoats.

The police seemed beside themselves. Women were roughly pushed and prodded to the doorway; men were beaten to the floor and flung bruised and bleeding down the stairs, where they lay on the pavement unconscious. County Organizer Frank Strawn Hamilton, who was in the rear of the hall, was beaten over the head by two policemen and, dazed and streaming with blood, hurried to the pavement below. Inside the hall policemen were striking with an abandoned brutality. They ran men down the aisle; they climbed over the backs of seats after them. When men fell under their blows, they beat and clubbed them as they lay.

Comrade J. B. Chestnut, chairman of the meeting, was dragged from the platform, receiving a severe scalp wound from a patrolman's stick. C. A. Bascom, a Berkeley Socialist was beaten into insensibility, and flung bodily to the sidewalk.

But the crowning infamy of all came when a maddened patrolman attempted to club Comrade H. C. Tuck, editor of the World, who is nearly 60 years of age and totally blind. The blows would undoubtedly have fallen on his head but that Comrade Mace stepped in between and warned them off. No attention was paid to the pleading of his blind wife, who, clinging to him, called pitifully to the frantic police man not to strike her sightless husband.

No excuse can possibly be offered for this base and cowardly outrage. Comrade Tuck's features are known to every policeman in Oakland. He has served a term in the city prison for exposing the police brutalities which ended in the death of Lizzie Wohlgothan, and has for years been a well known figure about the entire city. This was the opportunity for the police department, whose cruelty and inhumanity he has exposed with such unflinching persistence.

Had not one sergeant of police, with a little more command of his reason and a little more political sagacity, prevented, there is little doubt that the lion-hearted, blind old veteran would have been stretched bleeding and senseless on the floor. Sergeant Dock, seeing the assault, ordered his men not to touch Comrade Tuck.

THE WORKER'S CHILDREN.

These poor little souls are born, amidst tears and suffering they gain such love as they may, they learn to feel and suffer, they struggle and cry for food, for air, for the right to develop, and one civilization at present has neither the courage to kill them outright quickly, cleanly and painlessly, nor the heart and courage and ability to give them what they need. They are overlooked and misused. They go short of food and air, they fight their pitiful little battle for life against the cruellest odds, and they are beaten, battered, emaciated, pitiful, they are thrust out of life, borne out of our regardless world, stiff little, life-sold sacrifices to the spirit of disorder, against which it is man's pre-emptive duty to battle. There has been all the pain in their lives—there has been the radiated pain of their misery, there has been the waste of their grudging and insufficient food, and all the pain and labor of their mothers, and all the world is the sadder for them because they have lived in vain. G. WELLS.

In the Seattle election last week the Socialists cast 24,000 out of the 64,000 votes. Last year the Socialists polled only 4800, but no women voted at that time, I believe. The vote in Seattle this year ought to give plutocracy an other stir down the spine. Verily you can already hear the tramp, tramp of the Social-Democratic commonwealth on the way!

W. R. Ross (Con.), 1112; Wm. Davidson (Soc.), 799. 1909 vote for J. Harrington, 813.

Interesting Story About Some Figures

\$4.18	\$5.60	\$5.06	\$5.60	\$5.60
5.10	5.86	5.77	5.08	5.98

Ordinary figures? An account of weekly expenditures for incidentals? The sums you and I spend for tobacco, theatre tickets, drinks or carfare? The cost of a housewife who wants to know the cost of gas, or coal, or water, or ice, or milk? No! None of these!

No ordinary dollars and fractions of dollars these. These figures drip blood—human blood—the blood of men, women and children. They stand for hunger and cold, for disease and degradation, vice, lawlessness, shame! No ordinary figures these! They are the message of damnation blazing across the dome of a banquet hall of the modern Belshazzar, the scarlet letters of prostitution branded upon the joy bosom of civilization: "Thou hast sold out Christ!"

No ordinary story that which they tell. That \$4.18 is history of the virtue of a sixteen-year-old girl. She worked fifty-six hours per week. Rents high, fuel high, food high, clothes almost impossible! Before her eyes, lolling on soft cushions, bedecked with jewels, protected by rich furs, rides a daughter of Mammon, born to luxury, who works not at all! The girl of that \$4.18, hungry, cold, hopeless, futureless, has naught to save her body—and she becomes the prey of the rich young fellow who later marries into Mammon's "best" circles. Arrest her! Pounce upon her with the police! Six months, \$200 fine, and a warning to leave the city!

That \$5.10 is a boy without boyhood—a lean, lank, boy, with lustreless eyes, empty heart, dwarfed soul, a child of whom a man's work is demanded by slave-drivers. He has worked, gone cold and hungry, been lashed by the fiend of profit-making for fifty-six hours per week, that he might help father feed the motherless children back there in a hovel in the alley. At fourteen years of age he is sixty-four years old. He stens. He throws rocks at the officers. He hates the law. Bayonet the "undestrate!"

Results of the Election

Election returns show that the British Columbia House of Parliament will consist of forty Conservatives and two Socialists. The Socialists returned are Parker, Williams of Ladysmith and Jack Place of Nanaimo.

The result shows very little gain on our vote of 1909, and unless lots of pick and shovel work is done from now on we will not be a factor in the next elections.

Returns for districts in which Socialists were running are as follows:

- Newcastle.** Parker Williams (Soc.), 388; Dier Dier (Con.), 373. Soc. vote for 1909 was 379.
- Nanaimo.** Jack Place (Soc.), 621; Planta (Con.), 578; Shephard (Lib.), 375. 1909 vote for J. H. H., 786.
- Comox.** W. W. Lefaux (Soc.), 338; Manson (Con.), 634. 1909 vote for Cartwright, 206.
- Skeena.** W. Manson (Con.), 649; A. Manson (Lib.), 432; Montgomery (Soc.), 218; Clayton (Ind. Con.), 83. 1909 vote for T. Y. McKay, 163.
- Slocan.** Hunter (Con.), 174; A. Shiland (Soc.), 128. 1909 vote for W. Bennett, 172.
- Victoria.** McBride (Con.), 3228; Brewster (Lib.), 2043; W. Midgley (Soc.), 662; Perry (Ind.), 620. 1909 vote for Geo. Oliver, 691.
- Vancouver.** Highest Con., Bowser, 5077; highest Lib., Ralph Smith, 3248; Green (Ind.), 918; J. A. Macdonald (Soc.), 1272; V. A. Pritchard, 1069; Wm. Bennett, 1150; Jno. Reid, 1154; J. P. Lord, 1126. 1909 vote for E. T. Kingsley (highest), 1883; M. McGreggor (lowest), 1218.
- Equilateral.** Poolley (Con.), 398; Ind. Con., 188; Lib., 156; Ind. Con., 96; Geo. Oliver (Soc.), 24.
- Fernie.** W. R. Ross (Con.), 1112; Wm. Davidson (Soc.), 799. 1909 vote for J. Harrington, 813.

INTELLIGENCE WILL CONQUER SUPERSTITION

The great unemployed army that is rapidly growing larger in every important city of the United States is causing alarm, and the bloated exploiters who revel in fabulous dividends annually are using every agency to placate the victims of wrong and injustice. Among the organizations launched to blind the vision of the working class to brutalities of the profit system is the "Men and Religion Forward Movement," financed by capitalists, whose millions have been wrung from the sweat and blood of toiling humanity.

Ministers of the gospel and "labor leaders" have been secured whose rights of oratory are intended to lift the eyes of the hungry and impoverished victims of legalized robbery from the material things of earth, and give their eyes upon the "invisible mansions in the skies," in order that plagues of the twentieth century may continue to reap that golden harvest that puts the few in palaces and the multitudes in hovels. The victims of abject poverty and want must be made to forget their wretchedness on earth through the golden promises that are held out by the tongues of hired hypocrites, who prostitute religion to serve mammon. They must be made to forget their rags and pangs of hunger, by promises of harps and crowns in the "Kingdom Come," in order that industrial monarchs and kings of finance may be undisturbed in the revenues that are drawn from the veins of labor.

"Blessed are the poor, for they shall see God," is the stimulant that is administered to the pauper, in order that hope shall not die within his breast and to quell the rebellion in his heart against the heartless monsters whose greed respects no right of the toiling millions.

The "Men and Religion Movement," the "Millitia of Christ" and "The National Civic Federation" are institutions that have been constructed by the cunning ingenuity of conspirators to halt that progressive spirit in the labor movement that is slowly but surely arousing the masses of the people from their lethargy, to give battle to the wrongs of centuries. Capitalism is using every agency and securing every ally to uphold the hellish system that gives costly funerals to dogs and puts human beings in the potter's field.

But men and women are learning lessons from misery and wretchedness and cannot be fed upon the superstition of a past age. Men are beginning to realize that an empty stomach demands something more substantial than a reward beyond the grave. A full larder in a comfortable home is more conducive to righteousness and good citizenship than promises of eternal glory in the unknown realms of immortality.

Intelligence will conquer superstition and emancipate the race.—Miners Magazine.

150 CLAMOR FOR ONE SOLITARY JOB.

The Globe, not a Socialist news paper, recently printed the following: "First one came, then ten, then fifty, then 100, and finally 150, all promptly and eagerly. These were intelligent young men looking for a situation. Unfortunately there was only one job to go around. It shows what the pressure is in New York."

"A New York firm wished to secure for their Chicago office the services of a high-class man of good education, pleasant address and previous experience in meeting business men. Their requirements were not unusual, perhaps, but they were most particular as to quality."

The Globe states the firm advertised in its columns and this is what followed:

"The results were prompt and immediate. The point is that they would have been satisfied with half a dozen answers, pleased with a dozen, surprised at fifty, and dumfounded at 100. But they were almost incredulous when the 150th applicant walked into their office."—New York Call.

Today more than a hundred shoe workers are needed to make a pair of shoes. So it is with everything. We make everything co-operatively, therefore we should own everything co-operatively, instead of individually. Like the seaweed builder, we will have to revolutionize ourselves by getting out of the sea of capitalism into the pure air of social co-operation.—From "Nature Talks on Economics," by Caroline Nelson.

SOCIALIST LOCALS MUST GET ORGANIZED

The Conservative Party, although polling not more than one in four of the voting strength of this province, has been again returned to power. The Liberal Party, dead for some time, has been quietly buried because there is no sense in having two parties which stand for the same thing. The Socialist Party weathered the storm owing to the fact that the workers voted our ticket in spite of all we could do or left undone. The future of the working class party in this province depends on one word, ORGANIZATION.

(By the way, forming a Local in a riding is not "organising"; it is but the beginning.)

Every riding must be contested at the next election. That means that one hundred dollars must be provided for every candidate. To do this every riding must have its Local or Locals take steps at once to collect the necessary funds, which can be deposited in trust with the Provincial Executive, so as to be ready for all emergencies. Local Vancouver 69 has already made a start towards a systematic distribution of literature, getting names on the voters' lists, etc. If your Local contains any "dead weights," they must be shown that their room is wanted by those who are prepared to work. There must be no more child's play. We have the machinery here in Vancouver all ready and willing to turn out millions of good pamphlets for distribution. "Tie up to you to send in your orders regularly for a supply of these pamphlets; they are dirt cheap. Nothing short of an efficient organization, with all the term examples, will capture this slice of Canada for the working class. Detailed information can be obtained from the Provincial Executive. Write for it. "Up, boys, and at 'em." ORGANIZE OR QUIT.

GOING TO HELL.

A society in which unformed ruffians are required to maintain any semblance of order is self-condemned as one resting upon the enslavement of labor. The conflict of interest between masters and slaves will produce continuous turmoil and disorder. Slaves will revolt. Masters will ply the lash through the instrumentality of their unformed slaves. Slaves will quarrel among themselves over their jobs. Masters will fight with each other over the plunder wrung from their slaves. There will be a sort of continuous performance clearly demonstrating the practicability of a slave civilization and the necessity with which it will work out in the conservation of human nature.

With unlimited natural resources and the most powerful tools of wealth production that the world ever saw, the human race stands today unable to feed, clothe and shelter itself. Two-thirds of the silly animals that constitute this aggregation of folly are practically paupers. An extremely large percentage of them are actually starving to death, and a lot more ought to do so. A few are clad in "purple and fine linen" and sport a rotundity of paunch that betokens good living. These are the big fellows—the capitalists. Then there is a bunch of small-fry property owners who are between the devil and capital on the one hand and the deep sea of wage-slavery and pauperism on the other. They lie awake nights devising ways to borrow enough to meet their obligations and wear out their shoes during the daytime trying to collect their bills and judge their creditors. Getting each day to wear a more hunted look. It requires no shrewd guess to determine whether the devil eventually gets them or they go to sea. In either case it is equivalent to going to hell.

Socialism in Germany has just received a cheer from far-away Siberia, where the Russian exiles had learned of the great German victory and managed to get out of the country their fervent joy at the news. It was sent without signatures.

LOCAL VANCOUVER
Propaganda MEETING
Every Sunday Evening
Empress Theatre

A few copies of 1910 bound volume of Western Clarion left. \$1.50 a volume.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1912.

GLORIOUS CIVILIZATION.

Some thousands of years have elapsed since human society emerged from that period of its growth which historians term barbarism and denoted the habiliments of Civilization.

During those thousands of years remarkable strides have been made in developing and perfecting the means and processes of wealth production.

The volume of wealth produced by the labor of man has been multiplied many times in consequence of the gigantic and powerful machinery of industry that has been developed from the clumsy and insignificant tools used by our barbaric and savage ancestors.

The power of production has long since reached the point where it is no longer possible for human society to suffer because of a shortage of food, clothing and shelter, provided the industrial establishments of the world are kept going at a rate even approximating to their full capacity, and anything like a sane system of distributing the products be maintained.

But in the face of all this marvelous development, and the stupendous power of production that results therefrom, never was poverty and wretchedness more widespread or vice, crime and degradation more rampant.

The older civilization becomes the more pronounced and chronic because this condition of poverty, misery, vice, crime and degradation. It is high time that careful enquiry into this matter was made and the reason for these distressing conditions laid bare.

What is this precious thing known as civilization? It is not a difficult question to answer once we become acquainted with the particular characteristic that distinguishes civilization from that of the Barbaric and Savage periods immediately preceding it. Under Barbarism private property in land was yet undreamed of. Barbarians were free men. Slavery was as yet a thing unknown. As the implements of production—primitive and awkward hand tools that day—were slowly but surely improved and perfected, they in time so increased the productive power of the user as to make it possible for him to produce wealth at a more rapid rate than was actually necessary for his own sustenance. As he was thus enabled to produce a surplus the hour for the birth of slavery had come. The death knell of Barbarism struck and Civilization announced its advent upon the stage of events.

The birth of slavery was the birth of civilization. The terms are synonymous. While the latter sounds less harsh than the former, the fact still remains that the only suitable basis to be emblazoned upon the escutcheon of civilization is a slave in chains.

With the shackles once upon the slave, the tide to land upon which to use the slave was next asserted by the master and step by step was unfolded the detectable system of property (capitalist) that now holds the working class of the world in chains and has made of industry a merciless shambles in which the bone, blood and sinew of the workers is converted into the sweet-smelling incense that alone can mollify the nostrils of the god, Capital.

The history of civilization is the history of slavery. Chattel slave, feudal serf and wage slave have followed in logical sequence down the thorny pathway of civilization. Each has been ruthlessly driven under the lash and their lives coined into wealth for the glory and aggrandizement of brutish rulers. And the deluge of misery that pours daily and hourly into the satisfaction of the Capitalist class and its army of apologists, boosters, lickspittles, dictaphonists, thugs, ruffians and other indiscriminate hangers-on, whose moral and ethical status would put a "white slave" to the blush, and alongside of whom Judas Iscariot would appear as an honorable and high-minded gent in comparison.

Some thousands of years of civilization has not only resulted in enfilading the earth with poverty, misery and degradation, but it has also degraded

the landscape in all countries with a delectable assortment of gaols, penitentiaries, prisons, workhouses, bull-pens, bastilles, almshouses, insane asylums, brothels, prostitutes, policemen, soldiers, detectives and other similar pest-houses and vermin, until the very nostrils of decency must be offended no matter in which direction they sniff.

If one is inclined to doubt the alleged rottenness of modern civilization, it is but necessary to peruse the current literature of today to have all doubt removed. The daily papers, though of many pages, and the magazines, no matter how voluminous, are either busy uncovering the corruption and rascality of the times, or are equally busy in trying to cover it up.

In either case we find ample proof of its existence. If it did not exist, it could neither be covered nor uncovered.

If civilization is not slavery, how does it come about that all this poverty and misery exists under its beneficent sway? Why is it that a million miners are moved to quit their employment in Great Britain in order to enforce a demand for better conditions?

How is it that 25,000 textile workers in Lawrence, Mass., do likewise? How is it that these textile workers are brutally assaulted by the millmen and police men in many cases mercilessly beaten and clubbed?

How is it that such brutality is meted out to men, women and children indiscriminately?

How is it that unbridled ruffianism is turned loose in San Diego, Cal., in the shape of policemen and other thugs, against the workers of that city who are insisting upon the right of free speech in the public streets?

How is it that similar treatment was dealt out to workmen in this city but a few weeks since?

Are free men compelled to lay down their tools and refuse to work in order to obtain conditions of employment satisfactory to them?

Are free men compelled to express permission to express their opinions, either in the public streets or anywhere else?

Can free men be chased off the streets, or compelled to move on, by every hulking ignoramus who is so devoid of manhood as to wear a uniform?

The fact is that all of this phenomenon is attributable to slavery. Civilization is now, as it always was, cornered upon the enslavement of labor. Every institution of modern society works upon the product of the enslaved working class, therefore such institutions always rise to the defense of that slavery, if it be attacked.

All the institutions of modern society—government, the press, the church, the school—are but parts and parcel of the machinery necessary to hold the slaves in subjection and thus insure the perpetuation of our glorious civilization.

Glorious, indeed!

CAPITALISM IN ITS DOTAGE.

(By Eugeno V. Debs)

The capital exploiters who have spent all their lives and devoted all their energies to money-getting don't know much about anything else. They know how to cheat, lie, swindle; how to corrupt politicians, bribe preachers and perjure themselves, but that is about the extent of their education and accomplishments.

Not one capitalist in a thousand knows what capital is or can define the term capitalist. He is a profiteer by instinct and as such is sharp but not intelligent, cunning but not wise.

If capitalists as a rule were intelligent instead of ignorant, if they were not all absorbed in their frenzy of profit-mongering, they would deal far differently than they do with the Socialist movement. The militant tactics they have thus far employed in combating Socialism are nearly all calculated in their very nature to quicken the movement. Their servile courts, their assiduous kidnappers and their bungling, disreputable J. Wesley Hills et al. are all operating in unison to arouse the Socialist sentiment that is latent in the people and hasten the overthrow of their system.

It is only the impetus that capitalism received in the past, when the forces underlying it were operating to uphold it, that prevents it from collapsing and capitalist society from being swallowed up in chaos and old night.

When we look abroad we cannot but conclude that in its present stage capitalism has reached its dotage. In the daily papers and on every street corner the signs of declining vigor and are ceasing gradually to function and to nourish the capitalist organism.

Capitalism can no longer find employment for the workers and as a consequence it can no longer feed itself. Its food supply is being gradually cut off—by itself.

Millions there are of workers this winter who ought to be at work, producing profit for capitalism, its very lifeblood, who are idle, paralyzed, helpless, eking out an empty existence somehow, preying upon decaying re-

tailism as certain species of birds prey upon carrion.

But because capitalism is in its dotage there is no occasion for alarm or dismay. On the contrary this is but the condition precedent to social resurrection. Society, which is forever renewing itself in the process of evolution, is to be born again.

The very decay and senility of capitalism quicken the new life that is springing from the outgrown old shell.

Capitalism has had its period of growth and activity and now that it has served its historic time and completed its allotted work, it is going into decline and dottering in its dotage to the open grave which its own diggers are now preparing for it.

Vale, Capitalism! Hall, Socialism!

NEED OF STUDY.

Sociology is a subject very few study. It being a science, renders it very hard for the ordinary worker plug to understand. Also the working class is wise enough to see that it is not one of the subjects taught in the schools. In some universities it is taught, but only from a master class viewpoint. Then if you follow slaves would like to find out what there is in sociology for you, you will have to study it for yourselves.

Some of the workers are studying it. Yes, an ever increasing number are, and they have found that certain things exist which are of benefit to you if you will only listen and think a little for yourself. They have learned that society is based on class lines; also that might is right and that the class that has the might is the class that rules.

There are two classes in society, viz., the master class and the slave class. If that be true, then there should be two moral codes; two standard works on political economy; and two political parties. Let us now look into the matter and see what we can find.

The moral code which rules society today is written by the master class. The legislative halls, the churches, the schools and all the avenues of education are controlled by that class. Some workers acting on the knowledge obtained by studying this question have tried to get slave class morals written in the statute books.

What are you doing, reader (assuming that you are in the slave class)? Are you fighting with your class, trying to send help to those already in the law factories? You who do not study this subject, and vote blindly for one of the old parties, are the ones who give the power to this master class. You slaves who number 99 to one; you who could write the moral code of the world are going along with the tide too lazy to think or do anything to have Justice reign supreme for the slave, for it is he who provides the wealth of the world and does all the useful services. What for? A mere pittance. Just enough (when he can get work) to reproduce expended labor power, and when he cannot go work, the direct poverty and perhaps a dirty hand-out from some soup kitchen, supported by almsable charity. And let me say right here, it is better than you deserve. You keep voting for a system that gives the master class a RIGHT to take all you produce and give you back a small portion, and it also gives them the RIGHT to stop work and throw you on the road a tramp, a bum, and a vag, not fit for society to look upon. Are you going to stand for it? If it suits you, go ahead; if not, go to a Socialist that knows working class economics and he will help you study the situation. Socialism is growing very fast now, because the slave class, getting harder driven every day to make a living, are beginning to think and ask questions. Then the Socialists step in and do the rest. You know him, I think, kind reader, that cursed agitator, the boss told you ought to be blown to hell with dynamite or hung by the neck, hence the growl which is beginning to be heard all over the earth. That same agitator is telling his fellows that they are being robbed of four-fifths of what they produce. Those of us who have got wise to the game have pledged ourselves to support a certain platform which can be found in the Western Clarion. We wish to abolish this master class, also this slave class, and on the ruins build up a society based on freedom and equal opportunities for all, and make every member of society a useful one. Remember this, it is not the fault of the master class that they are in power. They are the great slaves to the system as you are, even if they wanted to abolish it by the ballot box and vote away.

But unless the workers help them, I think we have helped them enough, and it is high time we helped ourselves; and the only way to do that is by political action, for that is the only power we have. Talk about economic power. How much have we got? We do not even own the right to be out of a job. If we are out of a job we are hunted down and run in for being vags.

The workers who are content with their lot and go to church regularly and do not go to those awful Socialist meetings on Sundays are called re-

spectable workers. They are promised mansions in the sky. I cannot find a name for them myself, I hold them in such contempt.

There are several works on political economy, some issued by upholders of the master class, such as Henry George, of single tax fame, and others. Also there are works by Marx and Engels which were written by Socialists who are of a grade higher than Socialists who have studied both sides, have adopted these works of Marx and Engels, and have based their platform on their teachings. So if you wish to go to the fountain-head you can buy the three volumes of Capital by Karl Marx for \$2 a volume. There are two parties in the political field, viz., the master class party and the slave class party. Apparently the masters' party are split into Conservatives, Liberals and Independents, but you can bet that when it comes to making laws that give the masters the right to rob the slaves, they are united.

The slave class is represented by the Socialist Party. There will be candidates in the field from now on, so long as the club used is the ballot. Now you slaves, who were clubbed by the "Bosses" in Vancouver, and those of you scattered all over the country who ought to be clubbed, get your think tanks to work and see which is the best to vote for, your masters or yourselves.

C. W. SPRINGFORD.

THE SEATTLE SPIRIT.

This is a name given to a certain brand of boosters' optimism, manufactured solely in Seattle. It is supposed to have been the dominant factor in the growth of Seattle from a sawmill village to a centre of civilization.

Since 1907, the spirit has somewhat decayed, and got into such bad repair that a new scheme had to be concocted to get rid of the gloomy feeling and despondency prevailing everywhere.

So a number of prominent citizens or parasites got their heads together, and organized a huge parade, at the head of which was a large hammer, and after a drive around the principal streets it was solemnly burned, as the emblem of the knocker, amid the cheers of a few hundred brave optimists near the fire, although the press did mention cheering thousands, but doubtless they were misinformed.

Then shortly following, a week of high links was organized to further invoke the return of the lost spirit. Daily parades, much firing of crackers, and banging of cowbells, was indulged in, but of no avail.

Houses and stores continued empty; all winter signs were displayed on store after store, as "Forced to quit," "Must sacrifice," etc. Daily holidays and burglaries still continue as they have continued to take place all winter. Unemployment is rampant. Only this morning the writer watched about a hundred poor women chase after a mean little canvassing boy. Poor devil! And our purity squad is busy chasing immoral women out of town. What a waste of energy: manufacturer the prostitutes on one hand, and electing a good man as mayor to help stamp prostitution out by driving the poor girls out of town.

Oh, you Seattle Spirit, you are gone forever. The only spirit that will be manifested round here soon will be the world-wide spirit of revolt, as attested by Germany's Socialist vote, England's general strike, the hunger revolt in Lawrence, and elsewhere—all signs of a growing discontent. Here in Seattle a class-conscious vote of nearly 11,000 for a workman for mayor, who talked the class struggle throughout the campaign, shows the new spirit that is permeating Seattle's workers.

We rebels are making more rebels than ever before; and the soapbox orators are reaching the right class with their message, the man and the woman of the ditch, the beggar and human society. We are beginning to hate and despise that hours-long teachings, and to treat in themselves; and despite would be saviours within the party, the new spirit will win out. Not the Seattle Spirit, but the spirit of working class solidarity.

No man ever created a single atom of anything in nature; all he does is to labor to make it useful. For millions of years the little cell-builders labored to store up coal and build up forests and perfect plant life, and here the Rockefeller and Morgans claim that it all belongs to them on account of what they call their superior brains. Poor, silly Rockefeller can't make a hair grow on his own head, far less add anything to nature, nor does he expend any labor power to make anything useful.—From "Nature Talks on Economics," by Caroline Nelson.

PRICE LIST OF SUPPLIES.

(To Locals.)

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Charter (with necessary supplies to start Local) \$5.00. Membership Card, each .01. Dues Stamps, each .10. Platform and application blank per 100 .25. Ditto in Finnish, per 100 .50. Ditto in Ukrainian, per 100 .50. Constitutions, each .20. Ditto, Finnish, per 100 .50.

Socialist Party Directory

SOCIATION PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE: Socialist Party of Canada, meets second and fourth Mondays. Secretary, Danmuir St., Vancouver, B. C.

BRITISH COLUMBIA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE: Socialist Party of Canada, meets second and fourth Mondays in month at Labor Temple, Dunsmuir St., E. T. Kingsley, Secretary.

ALBERTA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE: Socialist Party of Canada, meets every alternate Tuesday at 425 Eighth Street, Danby, secretary, Box 647, Calgary.

MANITOBA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE: Committee: Notice—This card is intended to inform you that the Socialist Party is interested in the Socialism movement. SOCIALISTS are always members of the party. If you are desirous of becoming a member, or to get any information, write the Secretary, J. D. Houston, 493 Purby St., Winnipeg.

ONTARIO PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE: Socialist Party of Canada, meets every first and third Saturdays in month at 120 Dundas Street, Toronto. Secretary, Main Street, North Toronto. Secretary will answer any communications regarding the movement in this Province. T. Budden, Secy., Box 10, North Toronto, Ont.

QUEBEC PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE: Committee: Notice—This card is intended to inform you that the Socialist Party is interested in the Socialism movement. SOCIALISTS are always members of the party. If you are desirous of becoming a member, or to get any information, write the Secretary, J. D. Houston, 493 Purby St., Winnipeg.

NEW BRUNSWICK PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE: Socialist Party of Canada, meets every first and third Saturdays in month at 120 Dundas Street, Toronto. Secretary, Main Street, North Toronto. Secretary will answer any communications regarding the movement in this Province. T. Budden, Secy., Box 10, North Toronto, Ont.

NEW SCOTIA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE: Socialist Party of Canada, meets every first and third Saturdays in month at 120 Dundas Street, Toronto. Secretary, Main Street, North Toronto. Secretary will answer any communications regarding the movement in this Province. T. Budden, Secy., Box 10, North Toronto, Ont.

PELWASH PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE: Socialist Party of Canada, meets every first and third Saturdays in month at 120 Dundas Street, Toronto. Secretary, Main Street, North Toronto. Secretary will answer any communications regarding the movement in this Province. T. Budden, Secy., Box 10, North Toronto, Ont.

YUKON PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE: Socialist Party of Canada, meets every first and third Saturdays in month at 120 Dundas Street, Toronto. Secretary, Main Street, North Toronto. Secretary will answer any communications regarding the movement in this Province. T. Budden, Secy., Box 10, North Toronto, Ont.

LOCAL BRITISH COLUMBIA, NO. 1, B. C. of C. meets every Sunday evening at 7:30. Business meeting first Sunday in each month, Miners' Hall at 8 p.m. Secretary, W. J. Phillips, Secy., Box 604.

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CORRESPONDENCE

BRANTFORD, ONT.

We celebrated the "Commune of Paris" by a fine little meeting the other Sunday afternoon. Frank Martin of Toronto was down and gave us a fine talk on "Lessons from the Commune." It is a pity he is not more busily engaged in propaganda work than he is, as he is a good, clear, and earnest speaker, however much we may differ from him as to the need of industrial organization.

ALBERTA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Regular meeting held March 26, 1912, Comrade Tipping in the chair. Present: Comrades Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Tipping, Frame and secretary. Correspondence read and dealt with from Local 8 South Ravelin, Red Ravelin, Content, Linda, Medicine Hat, Bellevue, Green Valley, Dewberry, Edmonton, Waskasoo, Markerville and Mound. Also from Organizer Budden, who reported successful meetings and a good sale of literature.

RECEIPTS.

Table with columns for item and amount. Includes Local Calgary, due stamps and supplies, Local Raven, due stamps, Local Red Ravelin, charter and supplies, etc.

EXPENSES.

Table with columns for item and amount. Includes To Dom. Ex. Co., due stamps and supplies, To Calgary Local, rent, etc.

FRANK DANBY, Secretary.

MARITIME EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Meeting held in headquarters, Commercial street, March 17. Comrades present: A. McKinnon, chairman; A. Nash, recording secretary; Brodie, M. Laughlin, W. M. Kinnon, Ross, and the secretary. Minutes of previous meeting read, and approved of as read. Correspondence read from Dom. Ex. W. W. W. A. F. H. Moore (G. W. Keath, Gushoro Co.), Local Sydney Mines and Comrade McLeod, Amherst. On motion the secretary's action (of instructing Fillmore to proceed to Springhill to try and organize the Local) was endorsed by the committee.

RECEIPTS FOR FEBRUARY.

Table with columns for item and amount. Includes Local St. John, 30 due stamps, Local Sydney Mines, 20 due stamps, etc.

EXPENSES FOR FEBRUARY.

Table with columns for item and amount. Includes Dom. Executive, 100 due stamps, Postage, Jap., Feb., etc.

THE CUMBERLAND-GOMOX CAMPAIGN.

If from a political point of view we have not increased our representation at the local law and regulation factory, we have the satisfaction of knowing that a lot of good seed has been sown, and not all on barren ground. That the industrial fields of this province are ripe for systematic organization is amply proven by what has been accomplished by the comrades at Cumberland, assisted by Provincial Organizer Gribble. Two months ago a Local was formed there which now has about a hundred active members. Over four hundred dollars were collected for the campaign fund in about two weeks, and in the month of March the whole of the constituency, extending about 175 miles north by about 100 miles from east to west, was fairly well covered by literature, and meetings held at all the important points. There is rather a large Conservative ranching element in this district, and every one on the voters' list. But the coal miners of Cumberland, organized in the new Local there, will before long completely overshadow them.

If I am not mistaken, this district will make a showing in the next few years that will be well worth following, for the comrades there are made of the right stuff, and, starting in on straight class conscious lines, will get an education themselves and spread a quantity of propaganda that cannot but produce results. Three of the comrades bought a store on the main street for a headquarters for the Local, and a number of them laid off a large number of shifts to help in the campaign. Academic knowledge and philosophy are not Cumberland's strong points, but in the chief essential to good propaganda-work—they promise to be second to none. Keep an eye on Cumberland. It will pay you. It would not do any harm if some other Locals we know were to get busy, too. Comrade Gribble has been guaranteed at least a grub stake by these comrades and is staying to assist in the good work. Their own headquarters, a good political campaign, a grub-staked organizer, and a hundred members all inside of what weeks is not too big at all. What about YOU, and YOUR LOCAL? W. W. L.

HERE AND THERE.

By WATTS. A Boy Scout armed with a rifle shot and killed a nine-year-old boy in New York last week. We have been trying to tell the Liberals for the last four years that they were dead. Now perhaps they will be convinced. Soldiers have been sent for to drive the strikers out of Aberdeen, Wash., and surrounding districts. Who said the ruling class had any brains? As far as can be gathered, nearly 170,000 workers are on strike in the United States, without counting the miners who have just gone out. Moose Jaw is now the seat of the Saskatchewan Provincial Executive. Send your communications to D. McMillan, South Hill P. O., Moose Jaw, Sask. The late B. C. election shows conclusively that we must start right now to organize every district. A candidate must be run in every constituency at the next election. Every Local organizer should be a commissioner for affidavits, thereby being able to put men on the voters' list. Send in your organizer's name to Parker Williams and have him made a commissioner. Do it now. Locals who are distributing leaflets should keep to one district for several weeks. Cover the same ground week after week. You will make better headway than doing one district and then leaving it for several weeks. Every local in B. C. has got to be wary of the new members joining the locals from now on. Some of the old Liberal politicians may get in and make themselves prominent. The only way to try every member in your local is to get them to distribute leaflets and other work. Keep them at it AND WATCH THEM. Seventy-one miners have been brought up dead from a mine in Welch, West Virginia, in which an explosion took place March 26. The miners, who are unorganized, claim that it could have been avoided and that they had warned the officials. Two hundred orphans have been made as the result of the explosion. Winnipeg Single Taxers are trying to show the phenomenal growth of Vancouver and Victoria under single tax. These cities are new compared with Seattle and other American cities, and anybody with any common sense knows they must grow as their geographical position forces them to; because they are growing does not prove that the working class get better off. It acts just the opposite. Come here and see. H. Rahim, a prominent Hindoo who voted and acted as scrutineer for the Socialists in Vancouver, has been arrested and held in place at \$10,000. He was put on the voters' list by the Liberals last year, but a clause in the Election Act states that Hindoos must not vote. What queer laws we have! A British subject must not vote, but a Russian can become a British subject, get a vote, and become a Russian again; but if the Hindoo goes back to India he is still a British subject, but he gets no vote here. Supply and demand will compel the readjustment of the pay for agreeable work downward and of the pay for disagreeable work upward, so that the human energy consumed will be at least as well compensated in one occupation as it would be in another occupation. Nothing else is finally possible because nothing else is right. From "Incentive Under Socialism," by Warren Atkinson.

GOOD GOVERNMENTS.

Fellow Workers of British Columbia:—Again your masters' political junk shop at Victoria has been dissolved and you are called upon to elect "representatives" to the Provincial House. It's up to you to do some thinking and working, else the same rotten band that has clubbed you in Vancouver and sundry other places and robbed you of all that you know what to do about a bare living when you worked will again take the saddle and ride you for another term. If you want to be rid of your slavery, be up and doing, for you must effect your own freedom, neither Grit or Tory politicians nor yet the gods will ever deliver you from the slavery on the proceeds of which both the old parties add their masters' revel in luxury. You workers have had an opportunity for several years of testing the relative beneficence of the two capitalist parties. A strong Tory government in British Columbia and an equally strong Grit government in Alberta have existed side by side for several years. And in what particular are you fellows who do the work in both provinces any better off in the one than in the other? Where is there any difference in the two administrations. Have they not both brutally and consistently opposed every measure that might have been of any slight benefit to you? Have they not brazenly upheld the "law and order" program of their masters, regardless of the number of workers who were compelled to crack in doing so? It is easy to see even at this distance that the only real opposition existing in either of these legislatures has been the few Socialist Party representatives who have sat in them. You can see this if you will, but throw off the influence that the political party of your grandfather still holds over you. Then why hesitate and in consideration of a bottle of "red-eyes" or a \$2.00 note sell yourself into a state of willing slavery for another period of years? Why not be men? Even though you are compelled to remain slaves for yet a few years on account of the backwardness of your class, you can at least kick like hell against that slavery and thus hasten the day of your deliverance. Never mind the "good government" slogan of those who would distract you, and by side-tracking you cause you to lose sight of the real issue at stake in this as every other political campaign—the question as to whether we workers are to always remain slaves. A good government has never yet existed from our point of view. For the good governments that we read about in the papers are considered good only because they have succeeded in preventing us slaves from revolt and thus have safeguarded the profits of our masters. In so far as we slaves are concerned, no government has been or can be good. Government came into existence along with and as the result of chattel slavery. Of this there can be no doubt. For it was not until the inception of a system under which classes were formed, a class to own and rule and a class to work and be ruled, that government was needed. And as the FORMS of slavery have changed down through the ages, so also have the FORMS of government changed, until today we have a democracy so-called, a perfectly safe form of government for the masters, while we slaves remain in ignorance of our interests and so hug the chains of our slavery. It possesses the merit of appearing to abolish the abuses of past systems of government through that very democracy and thus hypnotizes a lot of us and leaves us dreamily contemplating the beautiful theory of representative individuals and blaming sundry "bad" individuals for existing abuses. Under the existing system you and I are free-to starve, unless we can find a master. If we attempt revolt against our masters' brutal treatment of ourselves and our families, government, that beautiful institution that is so eulogized by the press and pulpit, is called in and we are crushed. Witness, Lawrence Nest, Springhill and scores of other places where the slaves have been cowed into submission by the brute force of machine guns, rifles, bayonets and ball cartridges. These troubles we find every power of the organized state on the side of our masters and prepared to commit any atrocity that the exigencies of the masters call for. And you fellows can't run away from this state of affairs, for it exists all over the civilized world. Wherever you may go you find it necessary to sell your labor power, your ability to work, to someone for a living. You must sell this to the owners of the machines and means of production. Every day you sell yourselves into slavery and the price of that slavery is, the world over, a bare subsistence for the slave and his family. It matters not what sort of government is in power, so long as the tools and means of production that you must gain access to are in the hands of others you are the slaves of those owners of your means of life. And the capitalist class owns those tools, you are the slaves of capital whether under a

Liberal government as in Alberta, a Tory as in British Columbia or a Labor government as in Australia. All are tools of capital, pledged to hold you in subjection. Do you enjoy your slavery? Do you enjoy living on pork and beans while your masters who do no useful work live on the fat of the land, the very luxuries that you have produced but cannot enjoy, because of the existence of that master class and its ownership of your means of life? If so, you know what to do—continue to vote for McBride, Bowser, Brewster, et al. They will see to it that you get plenty of work while you can produce a profit for the masters. When "times are dull," as at present, and you can't sell your labor power because your masters can't make a profit out of its use, they will see that you are kept in a properly humble attitude and that you starve with a spirit of meekness by the judicious use of the cocksack club as in Vancouver recently. How do you like it? Under capitalism we are but slaves. Our only excuse for being alive at all is that we may be useful to a master. We are furnished with the necessities of life while we work only in order that we may be in a fit condition to produce profit. We are furnished with shackles in which to exist for the same reason. And just as fast as the installation of labor-saving machinery is making it possible, the masters are dispensing with our services altogether. And as soon as the workers can dispense with our services we can be prepared to get off the earth, as we will no longer be useful to the owners of it, and our only excuse for existence will have vanished. There's the proposition in a nutshell, fellow slaves; and what are you going to do about it? Your slavery is caused by the capitalist ownership of your means of life. Government exists but for the perpetuation of this state of affairs. If you would abolish your slavery you must get hold of the instrument that is all-powerful in holding you down; you must get into politics and seize upon the powers of the State. Then we workers will be able to change the title deeds on the strength of which our masters appropriate our product, and we will enjoy the full produce of our toil because we will own our means of life and cannot be compelled to hand over our product to a master. Bear in mind the brutal treatment you and your fathers before you have received from these masters. Learn that your interests are diametrically opposed to those of your masters. The writer is no philosopher, and frankly admits that he hates this capitalist class individually and collectively. Nourish your hatred of these parasites for that hatred will be but another incentive to urge you on to do more work for your emancipation. Don't try to concoct excuses for the existence of Socialism. It needs no excuse, but it does need workers, well posted workers, men who think it the only thing worth a fighter's damn. And never mind asking questions about the future. None of us are prophets. When the workers get wise enough to take hold of the State they will know just how to go about the confiscation of the means of production which they want. Until then we are wasting no time in idle surmise, but are doing our best to show the workers that they are but slaves, and the reason; and when those slaves are wise enough to revolt against slavery they will know what to do.

ROSCOE A. FILLMORE.

Scouting a general provincial election the Conservatives of Alberta have recently drawn up a prospective platform. We are overwhelmed with gratitude at their generosity to labor interests. Their list of proposed legislation fills a newspaper column three feet long by two inches wide. Among this mass "labor legislation" has a very prominent position at the end column and occupies the extensive space of two and one-eighth inches long by two inches wide. The magnanimity of our patrons transcends all possible conception and we humbly present our thanks for their beneficent thoughts. What have we done to deserve such gracious consideration. It is true that under the skillful guidance of their paid managers, engineers, architects, etc., we have scrambled through the construction of the railroads, factories, elevators, street cars, automobiles and the like, but in return have not received our wages and are not our wages occasionally sufficient to buy us three meals a day. We note that our friends say that labor legislation will be enacted AIMING AT a higher standard of comfort and living for the workers. We hope that the words "aiming at" are not used in the same sense as when a man levels a gun at another; in other words that they are going to aim at our three meals a day (sometimes) and blow them into a bottomless abyss. Terre Haute, Ind., March 15.—Private detective agencies were unanimously condemned by the Indiana coal miners in session here, and any man in the employ of any detective agency will hereafter be debarred from membership in any local within the jurisdiction of the District No. 11, United Mine Workers of America. On recommendation of the committee on constitution, members of the Indiana miners' unions were almost unanimously prohibited from supporting in any way the "Boy Scout" movement, and from joining the National Civic Federation, any member who violates this provision to be immediately expelled from the organization. Rugby, North Dakota, Socialists have succeeded in electing a mayor and two aldermen to that city's government.

LIQUOR OR THE PRESENT SYSTEM, WHICH?

The following clipping was sent me some time ago by an unknown friend and is truly interesting as showing the depths of slime to which our friends the enemy will stoop in order to create a prejudice against the Socialist movement. I don't know the publication in which the slimy stuff was published, as my friend did not enlighten me on this point. "If the working people of this country want to know why they have had times every few years, we can tell them. It is not over-production or under-consumption, as those phrases are commonly employed. If they had kept the \$1,000,000,000 they spend every year for strong drink, in their pockets for the past five years of hard times, that business activity would find many of them able to bear it without being pinched for the necessities of life. It is the over-consumption of food and clothing in this land of liberty and liquor. The annual bill for bread, meat, cotton and woolen goods of this great American people foots up a total of over \$1,250,000,000. But its annual bill for whisky, and taxes thereon, is \$1,400,000,000. In other words, it unnecessarily drinks \$150,000,000 worth more than it necessarily eats and wears. And the people who commit this folly are amazed that once in a few years they are hard up, and some of them want to hold the communistic view of life, and destroy every man's class's property because they have wasted their own share of the national sub-

HOW THEY COME.

The slaves of British Columbia have voted for four more years of slavery. The comrades who voted for freedom have four years in which to put the other slaves wise. This can best be done by getting the Western Clarion into their hands, and also the leaflets now being sent to all locals. Here are some reds undermining the present system: W. Atkinson, Victoria, B. C. 6 K. Johnson, Montreal, Que. 5 Chas. Macdonald, Steam Mills, N. S. 4 W. Gribble, Cumberland, B. C. 4 Dan McDougall, Winnipeg, Man. 3 C. M. O'Brien, Organizer, Alta. 3 G. P. Warren, Victoria, B. C. 3 Wm. McQuoid, Edmonton, Alta. 2 A. B. Tipton, Winnipeg, Man. 2 G. H. Anderson, Calgary, Alta. 2 W. G. McCluskey, Calgary, Alta. 2 D. A. MacLean, Calgary, Alta. 2 Singles. W. B. McLean, Ymir; B. Gribb, City; H. A. Ladd, City; Leeds, City; J. H. Burroughs, City; M. S., Vancouver Island; T. Hughes, Beaver Mines, Alta.; P. F. Olsen, Copville, Alta.; J. Ledgerwood, Hydab, B. C.; Mrs. W. DeKay, New Denver, B. C.; Geo. McDonald, Narvon Lake, B. C.; J. C. Turner, Parbo, B. C.; R. Tuno, Paterson, New Zealand; Australian Socialist Party; S. Kemp, Brantford, Ont.; B. Hodge, Montreal, Que.; W. Revelley, New Toronto; B. O. Robinson, Toronto; W. Rees, North Vancouver. Bundles. Bert Savage, Steelton, Ont. 10 Chas. Macdonald, Steam Mills, N. S. 5 T. N. Hines, Gibson's Landing. 20 Local Nelson. 20 W. Green, Toronto. 240

Edmonton takes fourth place this week. Winnipeg takes fifth place. The rest are climbing steadily on. Sub-list growing steadily, and things generally are looking pretty healthy. Seventeen thousand leaflets disposed of this week and material being prepared for other leaflets. Here's your position this week: Vancouver, B. C. 1 Victoria, B. C. 2 Calgary, Alta. 2 Edmonton, Alta. 4 Winnipeg, Man. 5 Brandon, Man. 6 Toronto, Ont. 7 Fernie, B. C. 8 Moose Jaw, Sask. 9 Montreal, Quebec 10 New Westminster, B. C. 11 Cumberland, B. C. 12 Nelson, B. C. 13 South Fort George, B. C. 14 Okotoks, Alta. 15 Ottawa, Ont. 16 N. Battleford, Sask. 17 Regina, Sask. 18 Glace Bay, N. S. 19 South Hill, N. S. 20 Send in for mailing list and rustle up the expiring subs. The rush for political jobs has been so great in Rock Island that a scrap has taken place between Repub. and progressives, resulting in one dead, one dying, nine desperately wounded and a score hurt.

THE COST OF LIVING

(By T. Edwin Smith, Late Traveling Investigator, U. S. Bureau of Labor, Washington, D.C.)

We hear a great deal lately about the noticeable increase in the cost of living. All parties are seeking some one on whom to saddle the blame and as the small retail merchant is the immediate agent in collecting the additional cost he comes in for more than his share of condemnation. We are told that the average cost of living in Canada has gone up one-third and the government reports show an increase of that amount within the last twelve years. Every man knows that he can not buy as much with a dollar now as he could ten years ago and he immediately jumps at the conclusion that he is being treated badly. He blames one thing or another for this state of affairs according to his various beliefs. For instance the tariff reformer blames it on the tariff and lately one man has written a large book to prove this. The disciple of Henry George blames it on our system of land taxation and tells us that if we would adopt the single tax we would bring prices down to a reasonable level again. The ordinary reader of the muck raking magazines believes the trusts are to blame and wishes to curb their power and in that way reduce living to its old level.

The Department of Labor has recently issued a report on the wholesale prices in Canada that shows the upward tendency during the last twenty years without, however, making any attempt to explain the phenomenon. All the reasons that have been advanced for the great increase miss the mark. Almost without exception the inquirers present reasons for the fluctuations above and below the average price instead of for the general rise.

None of the agents that have been blamed are to blame. No one is to blame for the great increase in the cost of living. It has gone up because we have to pay more than we used to for the things we need to live. No man or no corporation is to blame, for prices are beyond human control.

Price is but a monetary expression of value and while prices may vary above and below the value of an article such variation is but temporary. As sure as the price of an article is raised arbitrarily above its value it automatically goes down below it shortly afterwards. The value of an article is determined by the amount of socially necessary labor that enters into its production, and the price of that article is nothing more nor less than the measure of that labor expressed in terms of some third commodity in common, usually gold.

Most of the civilized countries use the gold standard. That is, they consider all commodities in terms of gold. In Canada the unit of measurement is the gold dollar. This is merely a certain definite amount of gold of a definite standard of purity. We decided several years ago to let twenty-eight or twenty-nine grains of gold be a dollar, and we have kept that measurement ever since.

Now gold is a commodity, that is, it is the product of a number of men's labor and it has more than a local use. The value of any commodity is determined by the amount of necessary labor in its production. Therefore the value of twenty-nine grains of gold is the amount of labor necessary to produce it under average conditions the world over. This being the case, the value of a gold dollar is dependent upon the degree of development in the gold mining and producing industries.

All industries have shown a great advance in development. A man's productive power today is so much greater than it was twenty years ago that in many cases he can produce on an average twice as much in the same time.

The average production of a working man for all Canada and for all industries has been as follows:

1881	1891	1901	1906
\$1215	\$1278	\$1635	\$2018

You see by these figures that a man can produce goods to nearly twice the value that he could thirty years ago.

With regard to the mining industry the same thing is noticeable. During the same years the average production per man per year has been:

1881	1891	1901	1906
\$1127	\$1477	\$2090	\$2481

It is hard to find out exactly the amount of gold a man can produce because the production of gold is so closely connected with the production of other metals that the figures overlap and lose much of their value. The annual production of gold has almost doubled since 1885 but the number of men has not kept pace with it. Where 65,000 men in 1905 could produce gold to the value of nearly \$200,000,000, about 100,000 men in 1908 could produce more than \$500,000,000. These are not the exact figures, but they are in the proper proportions. These show that one man can now get one-third to one-half more gold in a year than he could formerly. Naturally, therefore, the value of gold as a commodity has gone down.

To show how this increase has been brought about, let me cite a few specific examples that have come under my own observation. The Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine at Wardner, Idaho, produces Lead, Silver and Gold. The lead was easy of extraction, and the silver was not difficult, but the gold was combined so closely that it was not profitable to extract it and the tailings which were rich in gold were dumped into the river bed to accumulate until the spring freshets carried them away. By constant experimenting at last a method was discovered by which the gold could be profitably taken out, too. Immediately a large mill was erected and machinery was installed right out in the river bed above the great heap of tailings to put it into use. By the use of their new mill, new machinery and new methods this company was enabled almost to double their gold output of the same amount of ore.

There is a mine in Idaho near Moscow that is located on a mountain of almost solid ore but so difficult is it of separation that eight men could not get enough to pay their own wages. The State laboratory was experimenting pretty steadily for years, and finally a process was evolved that would cut the cost of extraction in half. A company was formed, machinery was purchased and the new method was introduced and within two months the mine was on a paying basis. Ten men then could get out nearly three times as much gold in a day as the eight could before.

Examples of this sort could be multiplied indefinitely but these will suffice to show that gold is not so valuable as it was a few years ago and therefore twenty-nine grains of gold will not buy as much clothing, groceries and such like as it would formerly.

Some economists place the blame for the high prices ruling for most of the articles in common use in our homes upon the great supply of gold, but they are wrong. The increase in gold is a result merely, and not a cause of the rising price. The increase in our supply of gold is the effect of man's greater productive power instead of a cause.

All things used in our complex modern civilization are made for sale rather than for use. When they are offered for sale, a price is put on them in terms of so much gold and the one offered for sale are economically equal. That is, there is the same amount of human labor tied up in the one, sugar for instance, as there is in the gold. Both are crystallizations of the same amount of human energy, flesh, bones and skin. They may vary at times but only for a time. One man raises wheat. He puts his whole working days in to the production of that one commodity and naturally enough he produces a great deal more of it than he can consume himself so he sells it in a raw state and buys the other things that he needs. He trades this wheat in the world's market for what it is worth. The farmer does not get what the wheat is worth but the consumer buys it for that. If it were not for the middlemen he would get for his wheat an amount of gold equal to the amount of the wheat in the terms of hours of labor. It has taken a month of time to grow the wheat that it has taken to dig and refine the gold.

For instance, cotton in the world's markets exchanges for gold in all amounts with respect to labor. All gold is nothing but barley. One man trades wheat for gold and then trades the gold for whatever else he needs. Gold is used as a medium because it is so compact and so hard that a great value in it can be put in a small space and it is not perceptibly destroyed by abrasion.

There is a settlement of homesteaders not far from here with whom I am acquainted. The winter evenings are too dull to endure quietly so they play poker to pass the time away. When they first began this form of dissipation they used real money and bet their homes and five cent pieces. Soon they found that it was often hard to make change so they took to using matches. Sometimes they were short of cash and then they decided that a match was to represent one cent. In this way they could get a lot of playing and no one would lose very much money. At other times they would have a lot of spare change and then to make the game more exciting they would let each match equal five cents. When they did this their respective positions were exactly the same but they would win or lose five times as fast. In the long run, however, they would be in pretty nearly the same position that they were in when they started.

Gold coins are to trade what the matches were to this poker game—merely counters. Men can understand poker but very often they can't understand the way the forms are made. The size of the dollar has not changed during the last fifty years, but its

value has. A gold coin differs from a match in a poker game in that it has not an arbitrary significance but has a value definitely determined by the amount of labor necessary to its production.

This is the true explanation of the increased cost of living. Gold is less valuable than ever before and all other things are higher—wages, farm produce and supplies. As a consequence, our money is going around the ring faster. Wages are higher; so is rent, food and clothing. The farmer gets more for his wheat and hay but he has to pay more for his machinery and his harness. We all earn and spend much faster than we used to but in the long run we are in just about the same relative position.

The reason why the working man finds it harder to buy his ends here is because he wants the benefits of all the modern inventions. He finds that overalls with rivets to support the pockets will last him longer than the old style. He learns that improved suspenders are easier on his back than the old strap that his father wore. His work today requires better and more accurate tools. He clothes his children better than he himself was clothed. His wife has more and better things than his mother even dreamed of.

Many of the necessities of today were luxuries in his father's time. Running water is piped to his house and he has a sewer connection. Numbers of working men use electric lights in their houses where kerosene lamps did their fathers.

These things are necessities to him. The health authorities would not permit him to use an open well and the outdoor privy that was sufficient for his parents. He can not do the work demanded by modern conditions with the old tools.

If he could live exactly as his father did he would find that his wage would buy as much food and clothing as it used to and it would be of a better quality. He does not have to work harder today in order to earn a sack of flour. In fact he does not have to work as hard, but as a sack of flour costs more dollars he thinks it takes more labor.

The actual cost of living today is lower than ever before but its money value is greater. We have simply speeded up our money circulation through the people but that is all. The much talked of increase is merely an optical illusion.

WILL LOSE THE FARM.

They intend to take our farms from us. Lord! how I raved when I found it out. Just to think I had been in the ranks of the Socialist party for four or five years, and that I had in my spare moments, too; and yet a fellow who never read a Socialist pamphlet or paper in his life had found it out ahead of me.

Yes, and now, after the books I have tried to master dealing with the Socialist philosophy, and yet this fellow can tell me without a minute wasted in studying the question, who I never could have found out by studying. Surely some of the human family must have superhuman powers of penetration, while others, like myself, are deplorably dense.

The worst is not yet told, for I am only one out of tens of thousands of farmers who are losing their farms to the Socialist party throughout the world, each of whom must be equally blind and foolish, otherwise they would not belong to a party that aimed to take away their farms which they had worked so hard to obtain.

What I had fancied, from a more or less careful study of the work of the farmer, was that the Socialist party, analyzing the present system, and from observation on my own part, was merely that what the average working farmer would do for his share in producing food, stuffs, just about averaged up with the wage he had to pay his hired help.

When his machinery was all paid for it was used worn out and he purchased new, and the same thing was repeated over again indefinitely; so all the difference there was between the farmer and the Socialist was the fact that the former had a lifelong job (how precarious) at \$2.00 per day wage, to keep himself and family on, and, etc., etc., while the hired man had a more or less unsteady job with plenty of idle days to lament over his misfortune in not being a farmer with a steady job and lots of work.

What a precious piece of property! It pays him TWO DOLLARS PER DAY wage for working it, and boards himself! No wonder the Socialist wants his farm.

The U. S. Government has told us that the amount of wealth produced each day amounted to about \$1,000 for each man, woman and child that took part in producing it, and that the share that went to the workers was less than \$2.00 per day, the owners of the farm and the means of wealth production, such as railroads, factories, mines, etc., getting the rest.

Now it looked to me as though it would be a good thing if the workers were to take over for their own use this property that they, the capitalist now own, seeing that they, the workers, would be able to keep the \$10.00 worth of wealth that they each produce in a day, among themselves. The farmer being a worker, it appears to me he might do well to take a hand in this too, even though he might have to give the rest of the workers a share in his property, which now pays him \$2.00 per day, in return for a share in the capitalist property that pays \$10.00 per day.

so desired, stay on their farms and form the necessary help required being easily obtainable, seeing that helpers received equal value for their labor measured by time.

Let us see how this would work out: Under this system of private ownership we have seen that the farmer gets about \$2.00 per day, or, say, 60 days of the year, \$700.00. He had three men during the busy season at \$2.00 per day of, say, 60 days, \$800; \$700 for the farmer, \$300 for the men, \$1000.00 for them all.

Under Social ownership (which is Socialism), the farmer receiving the full value of his labor, would get them \$1800.00; total for farmer and help, \$5400.00.

Looked like a good business proposition to me. But dear me, I would have to give up an interest in my "fawn, yew know," in return for an interest in all the rest of the Province.

But this other fellow also says it never could be managed by the workers. Well, it's managed by the workers at present in the interest of an idle class who could manage a mouse trap. So I am fool enough to think they might make a bluff at managing it for themselves. But their own goal? Sure they would. Seeing that they held everything in common, and got all they produced in common to individually enjoy, and unless they produced they would get nothing, thus eliminating all possible chance of making a profit out of anyone, they would have to graze, and graze like thunder—in their dreams of the past.

But you haven't told me yet just how every detail is going to be worked out? No, I forgot. So did they who were willing to make ready for the capitalist system, while they were yet under the feudal system; they forgot to explain the details of capitalism, and they were ready to say that they couldn't cross a bridge before they came to it. But they crossed it when they reached it, and so will we.

We want something right now, though, says the Conservative or Liberal workman. So do I, if I can get it. That is why I am a Socialist. I don't want to wait till I get to heaven.

But you Socialists have no eight-hour planks in your platform; no government; insurance or other such things to offer the workers this election, like the old parties.

No, we haven't much in our platform for the workers, just the whole thing, that's all.

The old parties never offered you their cure for the way of eight-hour bills until they found that you fellow workers were after the whole loaf—Socialism. Then, and then only, did they try to coax you over with eight-hour bills for a bait. They are alive to their interests and keep on with bigger baits until you bite, and then they will land you like they would land any other suckers, skin you for a feast.

J. PILKINGTON.

THE INTELLIGENT SLAVE VOTER.

I ain't the man who led the way A ridin' proud and stately; I walked for miles in the display: The same fatigued me greatly. I wasn't of the chosen few, Silk hatted and high collared; I did jes' what they told me to—I am the man who hollered.

They told me I was needed there; Sech doin's always has 'em— The folks who forwards the affair With their enthusiasm. I never tried to make a speech, Not bet'n' any scollar; I merely jined the general screech—I am the man who hollered.

I've had to meet with some expense That couldn't be neglected. My achin' head, it feels immense, I'm weary and dejected. Not one 'em could tell my name— Those leaders what I followed. A patriot all unknown to fame—I am the man who hollered. (Ain't he a beauty?) R. A. F.

Under the monopoly of our industries and the private ownership of our natural resources, that "equal chance" has been lost which our fathers enjoyed through the old freedom to get on their feet and undeveloped industrial opportunity. What we Socialists want is collective ownership by the people of the things which are necessary to their collective industries to make them independent of private control. This is the only basis upon which it is possible to establish an efficient administration of industry and equality of opportunity for the people who are to do the work.—From "Inceptive Under Socialism," by Warren Atkinson.

There can be no question that the avenues of personal development in the United States are fast becoming closed and that henceforth the American working man will have to rely more upon his efforts as a member of his class than upon his own personal efforts for his individual success. Henceforth his lot in life becomes to an ever increasing degree dependent upon the conditions of others like himself. He cannot rise out of the work-ing class. He is inevitably and irremediably confined to the class to which he belongs, and his economic position becomes more and more determined by the economic position of the class. Hence his whole satisfaction depends upon class action.—From "The Militant Proletariat," by Austin Lewis.

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