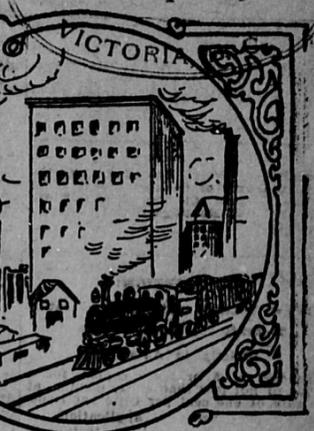




# WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE

# THE WESTERN CLARION

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKING CLASS ALONE



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## FAIR PLAY IN FERNIE

Showing How, in Relation to Elections, Justice Moves in a Mysterious Way its Wonders to Perform. Carefully Discriminating Between the Rich and the Unjust.

It is generally believed by the wise and the unwise, philosopher and fool, that somewhere in these sublunar regions there exists and has its being an entity known by the name of Justice. Poems have been profusely penned in its praise. Apostrophies may be found in almost whatsoever book we choose to take up appealing to its might. Monuments of chiseled stone and moulded brass have been erected, always taking the form of a classic female, blindfolded, with scales and sometimes sword in hand; and the rostrums and pulpits of all lands are ever filled with panegyrics to this same Justice. But what stuff 'tis made from; whereof it is born, I have yet to learn. It manifests itself in the laws of the land. It is administered.

"Utter true it measures mete, its faultless balance weighs."

Rich or poor; great or small; those high in councils of state or the meanest crossing sweeper of us all, receive alike consideration at its hands. And like the laws of the Medes and Persians it knows no change. Justice is Justice, nothing else, neither to hobbled shoes nor ermine gowns.

And yet we have some heterodox individuals who will rail sans intermission one hour by the town clock against those who administer Justice; aye even 'gainst Justice herself. Declaring she has been corrupted; insinuating that the sly minx has been peeping through her eye bandage. "There is a law for the rich and a law for the poor; We did not get Justice," is a cry as common in the land as the crows "caw caw." To prove this, many periodicals, place side by side certain judgments, handed down by the administrators of Justice, showing that she is a partial jade, who favors the wealthy, great and high of place. Labouchere's "Truth" is noted in this respect. And the organ of social democracy "Justice" has produced like examples at intervals.

I have no desire to emulate these shining literary lights, I am content to take the word as it is. I do not bow the knee to "Billikin". I know there are laws, enacted by the Master Class, which slaves must obey. I know that these laws are not enacted for the master, but by him. So sayeth the doctrine of the class struggle. Consequently I am saved considerable worry. Things as they ought to be I leave to the devotees of Billikin, I deal with things as they are.

So when an excuse is offered by any one on the plea that he did not get Justice, I feel that there is another obstacle to be removed from the path of the disinherited. I am, therefore, constrained to take a tilt at Justice and her worshippers. I should have done so earlier, but my time is disposed of to the C. N. C. company for sixty cents per ton, and I am as a result, much concerned in seeing that said company gets Justice.

It was with considerable surprise and no little chagrin that the Socialists of Canada read Fernie Riding's failure to produce the goods at the last election. Many said if we had got Justice we should have won, and thereby hangs a tale.

When the ballots were counted it was found that some score or so had voted at two different polling booths. Now the Provincial Elections Act of B. C. expressly forbids such practices. Cnap. 17, sec. 92. "If any elector shall vote at more than one polling place in any one Electoral District, he shall, on summary conviction before a Justice of the Peace, be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars and all the votes given by him shall be null and void."

Accordingly we did not get Justice in this respect. The framers of the Act threw that little portion in as extra measure, knowing full well the impossibility of carrying it out. However, one of the successful candidates (W. R. Ross), staunchest supporters, Lorne Whelan, proprietor of the Napanee Hotel, a citizen of some standing, voted twice in his own name. We entered proceedings against him, not however, under sec. 92 but sec 181 which reads:

"Every person who—  
(a) Applies for a ballot paper in the name of some other person, person living or dead, or of a person living or dead, or if of a fictitious person; or  
(b) Having voted once at any such election for a ballot paper in his own name—is guilty of personation and shall, etc., etc., penalty not exceeding \$400, and imprisonment for a term not exceeding one year with or without hard labor."

We desired to get Justice and place our worthy friend behind the bars. However, ere the trial came off in Fernie, Lorne went down to Elk, where he had voted, had himself charged under sec. 92, and was duly fined \$50. The lawyer who defended him against our charge called him an easy mark, not in pite such direct and impolite terms, I might add. Our legal friend held the sub-sec. (b) sec. 181, does not mean what it says, but means something else, and the learned administrator of Justice was so much impressed by the logic of the lawyer, that had our host of the Napanee not been in such a "hooted" hurry and not have been possibly scared by that one year hard labor, he would have got Justice.

Against the many others who repeated, and the many who impersonated, excepting two cases, we took no action. We had no money, being in debt from our audacity in running a candidate, and if we left the prosecution in the hands of the individual provided by a generous government, we were assured of Justice. This person is the chief of police Arthur Samson by name, an important looking creature, but about as nimble-witted as an idiot, and about as useful, in the role of prosecuting attorney at least. We invoked sec. 166 against a lumber-mill owner. This sec. forbids the giving of spirituous or fermented liquor in any place, within the limits of any electoral District during the whole of the day of polling. This mill-owner, Sandy McDougall and Arthur Sampson, chief of police were great friends. Sampson's wife, being the guest of the mill man. So we were assured of Justice. As Portia would say more than we desired. After much argument on the part of Mr. Eckstein who appeared for Mr. McDougall, the learned administrator of Justice decided that there was no evidence to show what had been in the bottles which Mr. McDougall so lovingly pressed upon all and sundry, it might have been prussic acid, or something equally dangerous to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, such as Postum, Peruna, etc. Furthermore the evidence did not make his worship cognizant of whether the bottle had been offered within the limits of the Fernie Electoral Riding or any other Riding and, in all Justice to the accused, he must turn him loose. Good old Justice! Dear old Law. Precious Old British Fair Play!

In several of the polling booths, whiskey was openly given. In one, Corbin, it was on the table beside the ballot box. I do not wish to be misunderstood here. I am not attempting to show that whiskey was the cause of our defeat, I am merely trying to prove that the election law is a farce, a piece of machinery convenient enough in so far as it appears, to protect all candidates, while in reality it is, as Mr. Eckstein told the Judge during the Whelan case, "A most incongruous measure."

Not content with voting miners who had left the riding for years, in lumber

ber camps, the great Conservative party must needs drag boys into its dirty work. One of these, an Assyrian pleaded guilty. I am not aware how the case ended. Those who induced him to vote could also have been charged under sec. 181, but we could not see much use in spending money when we were already in debt, and seeing that we had got Justice in the other cases. We failed to get one conviction. Tom Whelan, of course, in his haste, getting one against himself, did not count in our favor.

Of course we could have had an Election petition upon depositing five hundred dollars, but if we failed to obtain a conviction where the offence was direct and glaring, how could we hope to gain one in a general way where the evidence was complicated, and the offence covert. We tried to get the sanction of several to call them as witnesses, but they were married men with families. Some of the hotel-keepers could have given incriminating evidence, but their licenses were at stake, so there you are, where are you!

Law costs money, in no mean bulk either. We have not got the where-withall, and the other fellow has. Besides he makes the law; he appoints the administrators, and that should be enough. He is not loading the dice against himself. When we get a little more class conscious; a little more courageous, a shade more sane, we may take a hand in the making of laws, then we will have a chance; not till then.

Fernie Riding was lost, not because we did not get Justice, but because we had not enough Socialists with votes to count the other fellow out. Socialists are what counts. Make them, they will do the rest. When we get enough, it won't make much difference how the laws are framed. It won't make much difference how many non-voters go to the Conservative

Committee rooms and get their names, addresses and occupations written on a slip of paper in a large firm hand, so they won't forget it. None of these things will matter a—ah "hoot" (ahem gee whiz Mc but I am getting righteous). We will get Justice then because we will be powerful enough to take what we consider Justice.

"The good old rule sufficient still, the simple plan. That he may take who has the power, and he may keep who can." applies to Justice and Freedom also. But I want to tell you this in case some may not be aware of the fact, that Justice and Freedom are rated at a higher value than two bits a month. It will cost you more than that to enforce your conception of Justice and Freedom. It may suffice to keep you a bona fide member of the Party, and therefore give you full title to abuse men who are sweating blood, but it never can give you surcease from slavery. He who would be free must not only strike the blow himself but himself must pay the price, which conformed up the eternal hell of modern days, as Burns has it "Damnation o' expenses."

J. H.

### ON THE WAR PATH.

Dear Comrade:—  
I have just returned from a trip out east of here, setting dates for Comrade Matthews to speak, getting seven different dates and places for him. Comrade Matthews lectures on "The Necessity for Working Class Political Organization." I have been out twelve days and did lots of walking on my trip, but the roads were generally good. I was as far east as Trochu, 40 miles out and got three orders for the Western Clarion.

Please find P. O. order for \$3.00 enclosed, your truly,  
A slave for the revolution.  
F. W. SPENCER.

## THE SLAVES' MOVEMENT

The Socialist movement is a political movement on the part of those who are slaves to the rule of capital. So in order to interest our class in this movement it is necessary to prove to them that we are slaves, as there is no place in a slave movement for those who think they are free.

As the old hand tool developed into a machine it began to cripple, maim and kill those who put it into operation. At the same time it forced the old method of the production of things for use into the background, and forced the production of things for sale or profit to the fore.

Also it produced a new master class and a new form of slavery, wage slavery which had the very appearance of freedom. This enabled the new masters in their fight for supremacy with the old masters, to impart the idea of freedom so as to induce the slaves to fight on their side. When slaves know they are slaves, they are constantly in revolt, making trouble and expense for the masters, but slaves who can be hypnotized or mentally chloroformed so as to make them believe they are free, have no excuse for revolting, and the masters are therefore saved trouble and expense.

All ideas that come from masters to slaves must be false, anyhow worthy of suspicion. "Seek ye the truth and the truth will make ye free." It is therefore, evidenced that it is not the masters' business to impart to us the truth, in fact it is to their interest to conceal from us the truth in-so-far as they can.

Let us see how free we are. The slave masters of old bought their slaves and owned them outright. Why? Because it enabled them to exact from their slaves all they produced excepting a slave's portion, enough to enable them to continue to slave.

The next social order was feudalism, the serfs were not owned by the nobility, so it would appear that they were free, but things are seldom as they appear.

Before we investigate a thing, that is, before we study it, we have certain conceptions of it, after we study or investigate, in most cases we find that the conceptions we formerly had were false. For instance, before I

studied Socialism I used to put up a straw Socialism of my own, tear it all to pieces and then pat myself on the back. Socialism was easy to me. But after studying the movement I found the conceptions I formerly had were false.

So too, with these serfs, while they were not owned by the nobility, they were not free. The nobility owned the soil that the serfs must have access to in order to live. What benefits came to the nobility by owning the soil? Why the same benefits that came to the slave masters by owning the slaves. It enabled the nobility to exact from the serfs all they produced except a slave's portion.

The next Social order is the one in which we find ourselves, capitalism, under which a small and ever decreasing number of the population own most all the means of wealth production. What benefits accrue to the modern capitalist by owning that which we must have access to in order to live? Why the same benefit that came to the nobility by owning the soil that the serfs had to have access to; and the same benefit that came to the slave masters by owning the slaves. It enables the capitalist class to exploit from us all we produce except a slave's portion.

What is the motive of slavery? Why did one portion of the human family ever enslave the other? Simply to get the product of the slaves' toil. That is all there ever was to slavery. Surely the modern capitalist gets the product of our toil. True we are free to quit any particular capitalist concern and try for employment with some other, but we cannot quit the capitalist class. They who own that which I must have access to in order to live, control my life. They who control my life are my masters and I am their slave.

Never before in the history of human kind was it possible to produce so much necessities and comforts of life with so little labor as at the present time, yet we are slaves.

With slaves, as with all other things when the supply is greater than the demand, they are deserving of less consideration, for instance, turnips, unless it be to move them to avoid a strong smell. So too with slaves. Eng-

## MAN AND HIS MASTER

How the Tool, With Which Man Upraised Himself From Brutedom, Has Now Outgrown and Mastered Its Creator.

How long ago, who can say, so many ages have passed and gone, so many changes in our shifting existence, so many weary epochs flown since that momentous day when our remote ancestor first made the tool, to be his servant in the hard task of getting a living. Before the dawn of written history, before, it may be the era of articulate speech, before Egypt raised her first collection of mud huts by the life-giving Nile. Before Babylon's hanging gardens were dreamed of, before Tyre existed, when Athens was not.

Imagine him there, huge and ugly, tusked like a tiger, covered in hair, hardly able yet to stand upright crouching in some dim lit cave furtively thinking, yes I imagine we may call it thinking. In one hand a lump of flint, roughly hewn to the semblance of an axe, things, thinking, pondering over the terrible problem, how to fit a handle. Light comes at last and lo the axe is made, the tool complete, from that day onward, a new factor has arisen, a new environment is created, an economic one.

Man made the tool to be his servant and his help, and so for a time it was. By its aid he slew the larger animals for meat, hewed out a rough canoe, to go fishing, hacked down trees to keep his fire burning, lived a better, easier life, because he thought. Flint, I imagine, was cheap and wood inexpensive to make a stone axe at first a hard task, became in time easier and because it had started a new train of thought, behold it presently polished and ornate.

These were grand times, good Comrades, food for all who would but go a hunting, right was, as it is to-day, night, life was easy, love free to all. Rough drawings carved upon a cave wall, etched, we hardly know how, upon a reindeer bone, tell of heroic combats in the darksome woods and of mighty gorging in the fire-lit caves. Here is the early beginning of the machine age, here was sown the seed which presently should blossom out into our present-day machinery.

The lowly paleolithic axe—the gigantic complexity of our modern machinery; a strange contrast indeed, yet there can be no doubt that the former was the progenitor of the latter. I cannot but think that from the contemplation of this, its first essay in mechanics, mankind has progressed. Upon and because of this old rough stone, wedged upon a yard of wood, Mankind has triumphed over nature, has harnessed the powers of the universe, has mounted to giddy heights of power, alas only to become the abject slave of its own creation. I have heard it said that some other force was working beside the economic one called Ideologic. Well, suppose it was, to-day the economic has so far overpowered the Ideologic as to annex it for its own use. Ideology becomes to-

land, for instance, where the unemployed are so numerous in such small space. They are dangerous to capitalist property. So they are trying to scatter them over Canada and elsewhere. In olden times slaves were not so plentiful, and they received such consideration as to enable them to live on the average about three score years and ten. Now with millions of slaves idle in every empire in the world, we are deserving of so little consideration that our average life is about 33 years.

The first law of nature is self preservation, they say a worm will squirm to preserve its life. Finding ourselves going down, we first squirm individually. Then we find the age of individualism has gone by; that the individual effort is futile. Then we commence to squirm collectively; to reform the society in which we find ourselves. And then we find it cannot be reformed. England with all her reform laws is a striking example. Then we commence to squirm collectively for the overthrow of the rule of capital and its slave society. Such is the Socialist movement.

C. M. O'BRIEN

day the reflex of economic conditions. Primitive man was master of his axe, but slowly the position changed and behold the modern axe, master of its man. Consider the proletarian, slave to a machine, miserable servitor of an inexorable mass of fashioned iron, hurled under the juggernaut wheels of modern industry, mangled and crushed, maimed and killed; fast as the stricken fall, thousands rush in with joyous crys to become in turn victims of their metal master.

Wretched wage slaves how long man, truly made in the image of god (the machine) is this all your life for? Were you born into this world to grind, grind, grind at the command of a devilish machine. Behold you in your slave uniform, as like one another as any other machine product, working at set times and at high running power, stopping only to cool off and for oil. Living machine, thinking machine, dreaming machine. Your lives are ordered by machinery and often just to prove who is boss you are whirled aloft upon some swift running belt and dashed to the ground a bloody mess. At its strident command you dash to do its bidding, and anon it bellows you back again to your machine-made home—if any. You are so many little cogs in this giant machine, and like all machinery, when you are worn out are replaced by others, you being consigned to the scrap heap. Rusted and broken up you die, no doubt blessing this glorious age of machinery.

The primitive axe caused a new line of thought in man, has the modern axe taught you not to think at all? Was this wild savage, hairy and foul a better man than you are to-day. Can you not hear the voice of your tyrant always saying, "He who would direct must own me, he is my master who directs; properly governed I am a wonderful servant, but no man I master of me today, no or all mankind 'tis I who am master, and so I shall remain until that day when you are wise enough." Are you not wise enough yet? Will you never cast off the fetters of mechanical domination? And direct where now you must obey!

You may think the capitalist is master of the machine, he is not. Does he own a factory or railway? Does he own a fleet of ships or many mines? still he is not master, do or the whole Capitalist class, who, between them own the machine are not its masters but simply its owner. Masters of men they are, but of the machine never "He is my master who directs," and there is the rub, for they cannot direct, behold it directs them. There is but one way to own and direct this machine and that is collectively. Unity is strength disunited as we are to-day masters and slaves constantly warring, our Moloch of steam and steel grinds us in the mire. The Capitalist class is like the farmer who was gored to death by a bull he owned. Hayseed was owner by law, but you would hardly say he was master nevertheless his relations fought amongst themselves for ownership, to observe, his bullship was worth \$2,000.

The days of the capitalist class are numbered, my lord the machine has spoken, but in the meantime, with you might, say, a sense of humor, he simply overpowers them with his products; stifles them as it were with manna. They are like a boy dying from a gorge of oranges and pop. Machinery rules. The invention of steam which gave the capitalists a great lift incidentally sealed their doom, a funny situation, and the machine must certainly be enjoying its little joke. The capitalist lives in luxury and fear for his existence. Constant improvement in machinery, constant industrial war abolishes the weaker capitalist, and wealth and the ownership of the machine contracts into an ever narrowing circle; survival of the fittest. The smaller capitalist feels the pinch first, the iron heel grinds him into the proletarian ranks. Work comes to a standstill in

(Continued on Page 2)

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SATURDAY, APRIL 2nd, 1910.

THE RENT SHYLOCK.

Editor World.—There's a whole lot of talk nowadays about remedying certain civic evils and affairs. City councils have taken upon themselves to regulate certain vehicle fares, etc., but nothing is ever done to curb the soulless grabbing of that highway robber—the landlord—the man who is on time each month to collect his rent in order to insure his permanent residence on Easy street. The poor, struggling shopkeeper, in very many cases, is kept jumping sideways to keep pace with his landlord's visits. There are certain stores on Hastings street which are rented at most outrageous figures, one in particular being \$800 per month for this year and \$900 next year. Several storekeepers of late have been forced to vacate owing to the high rents. When is this extortion going to stop? It is contrary to all reason, and nothing but sheer hogghishness, against which the storekeeper is apparently helpless. The state ought to step in and at least protect him.

Indignant Protest.

Good. "Poor struggling shopkeeper," we give heartfelt thanks to the gods for your existence, for somewhat, among other things, it compensates us for our own. Your "indignant protest" is music to our ears. We love to hear you wail.

"City Councils have taken upon themselves to regulate certain vehicle fare, etc." Ergo they should regulate store rents. Quite so. Also, while they are about it, they might regulate the prices of the goods you sell. Ah, but no. Your prices are by no means to be characterized as "contrary to all reason and nothing but sheer hogghishness." You only charge reasonable prices, as set by that public-spirited body, the Retail Hucksters Association. You are in business to serve the dear public. Not under any consideration would you stoop to reside anywhere in the neighborhood of Easy street.

Really we cannot for the life of us see why "that highway robber—the landlord—is not satisfied with legitimate returns, like yours, for instance. We are sure he would feel much better. Of course, if he reduced his rent to a reasonable figure, you would at once take that much off the provender, or whatever it is, that you sell us. Wouldn't you? It would be the very first thing that would occur to you.

However, we are afraid that landlords are just naturally born with soulless, grabbing, dispositions, and, you know, "you cannot change human nature." As to the state stepping in to protect you, we are afraid that would be class legislation of the rankest kind and would, moreover, be an unwarranted and unprecedented interference with the sacred right of property, which he has lawfully acquired by industry and thrift, no doubt.

Anyway you are a free born British subject (it serves you right if you are not) and you don't have to be a slave to any landlord. Tell him to go to—North Battleford—with his store. You can get another one. What? Its \$800 too? We weep for you. It looks to us that there is no hope for you, except, as you are a pious person and generally a good Christian when you are not a Jew, it may avail you to go down on your knees and pray the Giver of all good things to send you a kind, Christian, landlord.

THE MORE THE MERRIER.

Press despatches inform us that officials of the A. F. of L. are planning the formation of a "Labor Party" (like they have at home). In Canada also, a similar move is being made under auspices equally above suspicion.

Let 'em all come. If we may offer our aid, provided that the collective ownership of something be an ultimate aim, we know of some very raw material we could profitably lend them.

Of course this opens up a couple of questions, among others—what does the Labor Party want? And what do we want with a Labor Party?

As to the first, so far as we have been able to ascertain, the Labor Party as a prime consideration wants to get somebody somehow elected. Furthermore, we understand from Ramsay MacDonald, that the Labor Party's chief strength lies in the fact that it has no programme. This beautiful arrangement will allow everybody to want whatever he fancies, which gives the Labor Party a much to be desired breadth in contradistinction to the narrowness of the Socialist Party. As a Party the British Labor Party seems to want all the things that the Liberal Party wants and a lot more besides. "When you can't get all you want, you have to take what you can get." So the Labor Party is content to take what the Liberal Party wants and wait for the rest.

As to what we want with a Labor Party, that should be clear enough. Owing to the pertinacious agitation of the Socialists, and an unbroken succession of non-success on the industrial field, Labor is awakening to the necessity of going into politics and will not even be content with rewarding its friends and punishing its enemies. Hence it is particularly essential that it should go into politics under proper auspices lest it be misled into the camp of the Socialists.

For our part we are by no means inclined to "view with alarm" the advent of a "Labor Party." We rather doubt the possibility of it materializing in Canada even under the very best of auspices, but if it does it will at any rate provide a home for the politically homeless.

WANTED—A MOSES

Editor Western Clarion.—As I know that your time is fully occupied, I will make my message to you as short as possible and right to the point.

The Expressmen in the United States and Canada in the employment of the great express companies for the past thirty years have many times endeavored to organize and become a recognized body of expressmen. On every occasion, all who took part in such organization were promptly discharged from their positions.

The expressmen are overworked and underpaid and in case of grievances have no tribunal to appeal to. Their masters are judge, jury and prosecuting attorney. At present they dare not mention that they are in sympathy with an order, or out they go. They are shown no mercy.

The expressmen want to organize. If they were protected until they formed their order and filled their ranks, they would muster one hundred thousand strong and could protect themselves afterwards. They have an agent at every station, and agents, clerks, drivers and transfermen in all towns and cities in the United States and Canada, as well as thousands of messengers on the passenger trains, almost every passenger train has some or more messengers, thousands of clerks in the large cities. When combined, these men and their families number hundreds of thousands. They have no voice in their business outside their duties. The companies look on them and act towards them, as a general thing, as a lot of nobodies represented by nobody.

The express companies are wealthy. They pay a large dividend on the capital invested in the business and on all kinds of stock, hundreds of millions of which do not represent one dollar's worth of property or one dollar invested. They call this watered stock. The management is well paid. They have their annual and semi-annual meetings to discuss their interests.

Why should the express employees not be allowed to have their brotherhood and hold their meetings the same as the officials and all the other branches of labor?

Could not a bill be put through legislature preventing the companies from dismissing their employees for forming or joining such an order? Such a law is required for the protection of all honest wage-earners. The companies have all kinds of laws to protect them but the employees have not one that I know of. In six months from the time such a law as this would come in force, the expressmen would have an order, tens of thousands strong. They would realize and enjoy what they have been anxious to obtain for thirty years.

Or again, would it be possible to have the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen take the express messengers in their order, or under their protection? If this could be arranged, the messengers would enjoy their rights but the other employees would be still left out in the cold.

Could you get some first class man to take this matter in hand and see it through? Here is a chance to create one of the grandest orders in existence. Here is a chance for a man to become a benefactor to a hundred

thousand expressmen and their families, who will be the means of adding comfort and happiness to tens of thousands of homes, who will be blessed by all expressmen in this country.

If you can help the expressmen in this matter please do so, and you may be richly rewarded. With your experience you may know just what move to make.—R. D.

The trouble is that our experience will not help you. Your own experience should.

Think of it. One hundred thousand strong, and looking for a Moses, ill-paid, overworked and "shown no mercy," "treated as a lot of nobodies represented by nobody," and yet asking why you are not accorded rights and privileges. Why? Because you are nobodies. You are mere packages of merchandise and by no means as valued merchandise as the packages you handle.

Your masters are "judge, jury and prosecuting attorney." Why not? Do not they buy your services, and shall not the buyer judge whether the article suits him?

And you would organize? You, when "you dare not mention that you are in sympathy with an order or out you go." Why is it they can let you out thus without inconvenience? Is it not because they have no difficulty in filling your places? Do not a dozen just like you stand waiting for your job? Were you most thoroughly organized even in our most up-to-date, though at present somewhat down-at-the-heel, organization, would that materially reduce the number or the necessity of that eager dozen on the anxious seat? What have you to organize? What skill or training to give you a vantage ground? Can not any common laborer among us who can lift a parcel and read a label fill your position?

Go to. Your complaint in the matter of wages and hours is groundless. Your masters, the express companies, are righteous and just in the sight of Mammon. They pay you a fair wage. If you believe me not, ask them. They pay the market price for your class of labor power; the least at which it can be got. That their wage is fair is proven by the fact that, when they find it advisable to dispense with your services, they experience no difficulty in filling your place. If they did, they would have to raise your wages, and until they do they don't have to. If you don't like their wages and hours, you are free to quit. That is the freedom your fathers fought for, and you vote for.

As to their "watered stock." Don't you worry about that. Every dollar of their capital is represented by property—and you are that property. What? A law to prevent discrimination? Absurd. Who ever heard of a company discriminating against its employees? Not Bowser, nor McBride, nor any legislator of repute. And then a law against the express companies of all people; to protect nobodies; when a U. S. parcels post cannot be obtained by all the agitation and supplication of the smaller capitalists aided and abetted by all the magazines and journals whose advertising columns they patronize.

And once obtained, pray who will enforce such legislation? And how? If I hire you can I not fire you as well because of the tint of your nose as because of the color of your opinions? Admittedly it would cost you enormous effort to "organize." And then what? Look round on those who are organized, excepting some few who have some advantage of skill which you have not, and tell us what comfort and happiness has been added unto them. Even more difficult would it be for you to have legislation passed in your aid by legislators financed by your masters and their like. And then what? Look around on those such as you who have had laws passed for their protection and tell us what measure of protection it has won them. There is no help for you thus. Under capitalism you may receive nothing more than you are receiving. Only in bending your energies to capitalism's overthrow lies your salvation. There the force of your hundred thousand could be felt to some purpose, and there only.

MAN'S MASTER.

(Continued from Page 1)

The smaller factories and the slaves are driven out to find another master. Labor saving machines, in themselves so gigantic that only large capitalist can own them, supplant more labor and so onward. The ranks of the workers swell to an enormous extent, fierce competition for jobs forces the price of labor power down to and below the subsistence point, and do you really know where the subsistence point is?

The slave can only buy back a very small portion of that he produces and the rest, except in the case of luxuries for the non-producing class, must be sent abroad for to find a market, but where? Africa, Egypt, Persia, India, China, in fact all the one time markets are being closed up, choked with an abundance of Occidental wares. Countries once barbaric have taken upon themselves the yoke of capitalism and begin to produce for their own master class. Where then is this surplus product to be dumped? Nowhere, unless a way is found to build a railway to Mars or some other planet. The end must be plain to you: our master the machine will whirl us into industrial anarchy a thousand times worse than it is today. How long before you will see this, you proletarians? "Go Count your dead by the Forges red."

and see the price you must pay for servitude to an iron master. Then you, the capitalist class, what are you but the product of machinery? You wear the machine uniform, your children in infancy are dominated by its sinister shadow, their very toys are models of railways or steamships, clockwork cranes and miniature mining machinery. Later they play, when the slave child is already grinding out its little life in your factories, with autos and motor launches, flying machines and I know not what else. The men amongst you, the majority kind enough fathers and husbands, at the command of the machine become incarnate devils. Sunday school teachers, some of you; members of churches, sincere, too, I believe you are, will in the stress of machine rule cast off any restraint you may have felt while under the influence of religion and call out your troops to slay the workers. Your law courts, your parliaments, your soldiers, your sailors, are all kept in being to make and enforce laws in favor of our common master. Do not think I have any sympathy for you of the master class. You will die of surfeit, we of starvation; you stand embattled under the black flag of industrial piracy. We stand under the red, red flag of the common blood brotherhood, face to face, and sympathy there can be none, until your flag of tyranny is torn down and you as a master class swept away. How far away that day is, who can say or how near? Coming it is and ever our ranks are swelling, ever yours grow slimmer.

For those who pass up and down before the two hosts crying peace! peace! where no peace can be, I have less than the ordinary stock of patience. Already the skirmishes are engaged and soon the battle will be fully joined. I have said unity is strength and there is but one way to unity. The class war is that way; when Nike the winged victory shall perch upon our banners, when the master class shall cease to be, then we can turn our hands, workers all, to subdue and shackle our erstwhile common master. While we wage war against each other, the machine is our boss, when we unite in one class the working class, we shall be able to control it and not before. In that great day not many years hence we hope, mankind shall at last rise to its real level. No longer the servant of economic laws but to a tremendous extent their master. Free humanity will look with wonder upon that paleolithic axe and upon the giant machine and perhaps never realize how from that lowly stone tool grew up a terrible tyrant. Will perhaps never understand how humanity one and all bowed down and suffered under its iron yoke.

Proletarians of all countries, join hands; unity is strength, and there is no going back now. Your boats are burned—onward to victory!

A. BUDDEN.

Every Local of the Socialist Party of Canada should run a card under this head \$1.00 per month. Secretaries please note.

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every alternate Monday. D. G. McKenzie, Secretary, Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.

BRITISH COLUMBIA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every alternate Monday. D. G. McKenzie, Secretary, Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.

ALBERTA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every alternate Monday in Labor Hall, Eighth Ave. East, opposite postoffice. Secretary will be pleased to answer any communications regarding the movement in the province. F. Oxtoby, Sec., Box 647 Calgary, Alta.

MANITOBA PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. Meets first and third Tuesdays in the month at 120 1/2 Adelaide St. Any reader of the Clarion desiring information about the movement in Manitoba, or who wishes to join the Party please communicate with the undersigned. W. H. Stebbing, Sec. 361 Good St.

ONTARIO PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. Meets in Labor Temple, 157 Church St., Toronto, on 1st and 3rd Wednesdays. Organizer, W. Gribble, 134 Hogarth Ave., Toronto. P. C. Young, Secretary, 940 Pape Ave.

MARITIME PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, Socialist Party of Canada. Meets every second and fourth Sunday at Comrade McKinnon's, Cottage Lane. Dan Cochrane, Secretary, Box 13, Glace Bay, N. S.

LOCAL VANCOUVER, NO. 1, S. F. OF C. Canada. Business meetings every Tuesday evening at headquarters, over Edgett's Store, 151 Hastings St. W. F. Perry, Secretary, Box 836.

LOCAL VANCOUVER, B. C., NO. 45, Finnish. Meets every second and fourth Thursdays in the month at 151 Hastings St. W. Secretary, Wm. Myntti

LOCAL VICTORIA, NO. 2, S. F. OF C. Headquarters and Reading Room, Room 1, Eagle Building, 1319 Government St. Business meeting every Tuesday evening, 8 p.m. Propaganda meetings every Sunday at Grand Theatre. R. Thomas, Secretary.

LOCAL HAWAII, NO. 3, S. F. OF C. Meets every alternate Sunday evening in Foresters Hall. Business meeting at 7:00 o'clock sharp. Propaganda meetings commence at 8:00 o'clock. Jack Place, Rec. Sec., Box 826.

LOCAL FERNIE, S. F. OF C. HOLDS educational meetings in the Miners' Union Hall, Victoria Ave., Fernie, every Sunday evening at 7:45. Business meeting first Sunday in each month, same place at 2:30 p.m. David Paton, Secy, Box 101

LOCAL GREENWOOD NO. 9, S. F. OF C. Meets every Sunday in Miners' Union Hall at 7:30 p.m. Business meetings, 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month. Geo. H. Robertson, Organizer; R. J. Campbell, Secretary, Box 124.

LOCAL VERNON, B. C., NO. 39, S. F. OF C. Meets every second and last Friday in each month. Chas. Chauncy Secretary, Box 127, Vernon, B. C.

LOCAL PRINCE RUPERT, B. C., NO. 53, S. F. OF C.—Meets every Sunday in hall in Empress Theatre Block at 8:00 p.m. Angus McIver, Secretary.

LOCAL MARA, B. C., NO. 34, S. F. OF C. Meets first Sunday in every month in Socialist Hall, Mara, 2:30 p.m. Cyril Rosoman, Recording Secretary.

RULE OF THREE

Mr. Editor, Looking up some Old Country papers I read some of the election news. At a meeting of a Conservative candidate, questions were asked for, several were sent up, among them was the following:

"If, as Mr. Balfour states, a two two shillings per quarter tax on wheat would tend to reduce the price of bread, how much tax would have to be imposed so that the consumer may obtain bread entirely free?"

The candidate replied that he could not work a rule of three sum out in his head. I have been trying to work this out on paper and have been thinking this problem over for several days. I was going to get records of the amount of wheat sent in by the various countries, so as to get at some solution, then it dawned upon me what if Patten and his clique form a corner in wheat.

I give this up in despair, perhaps you Mr. Editor or some of our comrades would like to work this rule of three sum.

I remain, yours in revolt, J. PARKES.

FRIEND OF LABOR (?). McKenzie King, minister of labor, speaking on the Eight-hour Bill in the House of Commons, began by saying, "I am in favor of the principle of the eight-hour day." The balance of his speech was taken up showing the absolute impossibility of passing the measure.

If you are opposed to Socialism, study it that you may be able to attack it logically and sensibly, and if you are inclined to believe in it, study it that you may be able to give good reasons for your belief, says Victor R. Midgley, in the Lathers' Journal.

Socialist Directory

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LOCAL REVELSTOCK, B.C.S.P.C.—Propaganda and business meetings at 8 p.m. every Sunday evening in the Edilson Parlor Theatre. Speakers passing through Revelstoke are invited to attend. B. F. Gayman, Secretary. W. W. Lefeaux, Organizer.

LOCAL LADYSMITH NO. 10, S. F. OF C. Business meetings every Saturday 7 p.m. in headquarters on First Ave. 1, 118, Williams, Sec., Ladysmith, B. C.

LOCAL MONTREAL, B. C., NO. 30—MEETS every Sunday 7:30 p.m. in McGregor Hall (Miner's Hall), Mrs. Thornley, Secretary.

LOCAL ROSSLAND, NO. 25, S. F. OF C. Meets in Miners' Hall every Sunday at 7:30 p.m. E. Campbell, Secy., P. O. Box 674. Rossland Finnish Branch meets in Finlander's Hall, Sundays at 7:30 p.m. A. Sebble, Secy., P. O. Box 765 Rossland, B. C.

LOCAL NELSON, S. F. OF C., MEETS every Friday evening at 8 p.m. in Miners' Hall Nelson, B. C. C. A. Organizer; I. A. Austin, Secy.

LOCAL PHOENIX, NO. 8, S. F. OF C. Meets every Sunday at 8:30 p.m. in Miners' Hall. Matt Halliday, Organizer. H. K. Macinnis, Secretary.

LOCAL CALGARY, ALTA., NO. 4, S. F. OF C. Meets every Sunday at 8 p.m. in the Labor Hall, Barber Block, Eighth Ave. E. (near postoffice). Club and Reading Room. Labor Hall, T. H. d. Mach n. Box 647. Secretary, A. Macnald, Organizer, Box 647.

LOCAL BELLEVUE, ALTA., NO. 18, S. F. OF C. Meets every first and third Sunday evenings, Bellevue Town Hall. J. Oliphant, Secretary.

LOCAL COLEMAN, ALTA., NO. 8. Meets every Sunday night in the Miners' Hall Nelson, B. C. C. A. p.m. Everybody welcome. Socialist speakers are invited to call. H. J. Smith, Secy.

LOCAL EDMONTON, ALTA., NO. 1, S. F. OF C. Headquarters 622 First St. Business and propaganda meetings every Thursday at 7:30 p.m. sharp. Our Reading Room is open to the public free, from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. daily. F. Blake 649 Athabasca Ave., Secretary. Treasurer, T. Bissett, 322 Fourth St., Organizer.

LOCAL WENNEPES, S. F. OF C. HEADQUARTERS, Hall, 120 1/2 Adelaide Street, opp. Robin Hotel. Business meeting every Sunday morning 11 a.m. Propaganda meeting Sunday evening 8 p.m. Everybody welcome. Secretary, J. W. Hilling, 370 Young St.; Organizer, D. Mcbougall, 424 Jarvis St.

LOCAL TORONTO, ONT., NO. 24, S. F. OF C.—Business meetings 2nd and 4th Wednesdays in the month, at the Labor Temple, Church St. Propaganda meetings every Sunday at 3:30 o'clock at the Labor Temple. Speakers' class every Thursday at 8:00 o'clock at Labor Temple. J. Stewart, Secretary, 62 Seaton St.

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LOCAL COBALT, NO. 2, S. F. OF C. Propaganda and business meetings every Wednesday at 8 p.m. in Miners' Hall. Everybody invited to attend. Arthur L. Botley, Secy., Box. 446.

LOCAL BURLING, ONT., NO. 4, S. F. OF C. Meets every second and fourth Wednesday evenings, at 8 p.m., 55 King St. E., opposite Market Hotel. V. A. Hutz, Secy., 95 West Lancaster Street.

LOCAL GLACE BAY NO. 1, OF N. S.—Business and Propaganda meeting every Thursday at 8 p.m. in Macdonald's hall, Union Street. All are welcome. Alfred Nash, Corresponding Secretary, Glace Bay; Wm. Sutherland, Organizer, New Aberdeen; H. G. Ross, Financial Secretary, office in D. N. Brodie Church Co. building, Union Street.



Wage Workers who Understand what SOCIALISM means are usually socialists. Better look into the question for yourself. Write your address on the lines below, mail us the coupon with 10 cents, and you will get a hundred-page illustrated magazine and a 62-page illustrated book that will help you decide very quickly which side you are on.

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What all married people and those contemplating marriage, ought to know. By W. K. C. Larson, M. D.; and John Cowan, M. D. \$3.00 by mail. Dr. Browne's True Marriage Guide, \$1.50 by mail.

The People's Book Store 142 Cordova St. W.

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A. F. Cobb Merchant Tailor Okotoks, Alberta

For every suit sold through this advertisement I will give \$2.00 to the circulation of the Western Clarion.

- Plan: 1. Write me for samples of goods. 2. Mention the price you want to pay for suit. 3. Compare my sample with the price. 4. If suitable, send me deposit of \$5.00. 5. I will guarantee to deliver suit to fit within three weeks. 6. Clarion will acknowledge receipt of \$2.00 from me when suit is paid for. Suits to measure from \$15.00 to \$20.00.

Propaganda Meeting Sunday Evening, 8 o'Clock City Hall Vancouver B. C.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

This Page Is Devoted to Reports of Executive Committees, Locals and General Party Matters—Address All Communications to D. G. McKenzie, Sec., Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.

PRICE LIST OF SUPPLIES

Table listing prices for Charter (with necessary supplies to start local), Membership Cards, Dues Stamps, Platform and application blank, etc.

OKANAGAN CAMPAIGN FUND.

Table showing Receipts and Expenditure for the Okanagan Campaign Fund, including collected amounts from various individuals and expenses for hall rent, postage, etc.

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Accounts audited and found correct, March 13th, 1910. GEO. W. PATERSON, W. ELSON, Auditors.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

Revelstoke, B. C. March 23rd, 1910. Editor Western Clarion:—When I was back east a bit, where, by the way my eyes were first opened to the light of freedom, I used to oft-times say to the comrades there, that I hoped to sometime be able to get out to British Columbia, where the "real reds" blossom.

you think this Party is? An old woman's debating club? Do you think that you pay your two-bits a month for the privilege of getting together once in a while and chuckling to each other that "we're all slaves, but hush, the other fellow doesn't know it?"

Don't think that because you read Marx from cover to cover (with the covers facing you perhaps) and can rhyme off a five cent pamphlet by heart that you have all the knowledge in the world, even if you had you owe that knowledge to this Socialist Party and its up to you to use it in aiding this Party in its mission.

This movement is no Sunday school picnic, its based on a class struggle, a fight, and a fight to a finish. It is not sufficient for a member of this Party to know what Socialism is. He must be able to impart this knowledge to others and continuously do so.

THE UNPATRIOTIC IRISHMAN.

There seems no utterance in all the writings of Socialism which is so obstinately ignored by the comrades than that which is contained in the words "workers of the world unite."

Considering the intolerant spirit of infallibility with which comrades robe themselves, and the bitter and venomous spleen which they show towards other Socialists who have apparently not been blessed with their gigantic brain power, it makes us think there must be something which either they or we do not understand in those words, "workers of the world unite."

UNITE

We have stood amazed as we have seen them hacking right and left with their broadswords amongst their fellow workers crushing skulls of all kinds, Stitthers, Graysonians, Hardies, Campbelloons, Untermonsters and various other misguided men, and then they have appealed to the general herd who were looking on at their inglorious work with "workers of the world unite."

Oh that some of our brilliant essayists gifted with dissecting genius would strip the skin and flesh off that so simple phrase and tell us exactly what he thinks it means.

How are we to unite? What are we to unite? Does it mean that we are to boil down the gray matter of our brains and run it into a huge think-tank where it may be stamped by the gods with the correct views on Socialism, religion, science, marriage, and everything else? Really, some expositors of the text would make us think so.

If any man imagines that there will ever be a party unanimous on all points, trivial as well as vital, he had better quit the field for he is beating the air. Unanimity is eternally impossible and moreover if it were possible it would mean stagnation and death to the cause.

IN DEFENCE OF THE I. L. P.

Dear Sir,—Gourock, in your issue of Feb. 19th, is puzzled about what particular brand of Socialism the I. L. P. stands for. Well, there is only one particular brand that I know of, and the I. L. P. is it. The capitalist parties in Britain, and their organs, think of it as such, and as they are pretty astute gentlemen they at least in this instance are not liable to be wrong.

The socialistic nature of the "Socialist budget" of which he speaks, must exist only in his own imagination; apart from the imaginative editors of the British capitalistic press of which he seems to be an indulgent reader.

I am no apologist for Snowden; he can very well take care of himself, but I object to the tone of the whole article so far as it refers to the I. L. P. The I. L. P. does not stand committed to compensation for industrial capital taken over by the nation, that has no place on its programme.

I met several comrades in Chicago, Kerr, Simons, Berlyn, known as "Father of the Movement in Chicago," Curtis and others. There is sad confusion of ideas there, regarding tactics, ranging from I. W. W. extremism to the old time trades unionists policy.

I must now comment on a sore point. A number of comrades over here are under the impression that the I. L. P. is the only traitorous party in England and that the S. D. P. are straight.

His assumption that the Snowden I. L. P. Socialist state would be capitalist's coercive weapon against the workers, and that the industrial capital of such a state would be the very essence of capitalism, staggers me.

I have always understood, heretofore, that it was the present capitalistic state that was capitalism's coercive weapon against the workers, and that it was the private ownership of industrial capital which constituted the essence of capitalism.

However, thanks to the bright sparks emanating from Gourock's anvil, I am learning some. Capital, according to him, means money and other things. My Socialist tutors used to tell me it meant the other things, and that the proper function of money was simply that it was a medium of exchange between these things and between the commodities which these things produced.

We live to learn. Yours fraternally, GEORGE WHITFIELD.

FURTHER PILGRIMAGES OF A WAGE-SLAVE.

I have at last got to the land of the free. Weary of hunting a master in England, I thought I would get me thence. I embarked at Liverpool, therefore, for the land of Liberty and jobs galore.

amination is undergone. After claiming your baggage, you are embarked on a tender to Ellis Island, are marched up three flights of stairs, in single file, bareheaded, into a large pen, decorated with the Stars and Stripes.

Of a two day's trip on the train, I will not speak, save to say it was of the usual weary type common to immigrant trains.

I arrived in Chicago, I witnessed one of the ways, the poor foreigners are fleeced. As soon as they were herded into a room, a fat policeman opened the door and turned loose on them a small army of expressmen, who seized hold of their baggage regardless of protests and compelled the poor fellows to hand out what they thought fit, on getting it to where they were bound.

I met several comrades in Chicago, Kerr, Simons, Berlyn, known as "Father of the Movement in Chicago," Curtis and others. There is sad confusion of ideas there, regarding tactics, ranging from I. W. W. extremism to the old time trades unionists policy.

A letter was recently brought under my notice, the writer of which had been 15 years in the S. D. P., but after the recent elections he resigned.

Another point, what do papers like the Appeal hope to gain by exaggerating or quibbling with the truth as they do when they tell their readers that the Labor Party has increased in England by 200,000 votes, and 11 more members, they are deliberately fooling them into believing the Socialist movement is going great there, when the actual facts are that the Labor Party is really weaker in numbers, and very much so in prestige.

But the movement in England will clear, the signs are all portentous of a change, many members of the fake Socialist Party are leaving them for a straighter organization.

It is about 400 years now since the benefits of Christian civilization were first conferred on the people of this continent. The discovery of America by Christopher Columbus gave the ruling class of Spain the greatest opportunity of spreading the light, and for a hundred years or so pirates and priests, cutthroats and adventurers, swept across the New World bestowing the benefits of Christian teaching.

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THE LAND OF GREAT DESIRE.

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Near this time originated those wonderful tales extravagantly favorable to the new country, perhaps with the object of inducing immigration sufficient to carry on the good work.

The land of Great Desire was always farther distant than the great slave class ever reached, and even though they have spread over all lands now they have never yet sighted it.

Emigration as a cure for the ills that beset the workers of all lands is folly, the burdens they would avoid by quitting one land merely being transferred to wherever they may go, and sooner or later they find themselves once again face to face with the same proposition.

Labor which is said to have conquered everything has failed to achieve a victory over one thing, and that thing is economic power.

Thus alone can they reach the Land of Great Desire. RAYNER.

REBELS AND SOCIALISTS.

Air—"Heroes and Gentlemen." Written at the wish and in memory of "Bob" Stroud—he was one of such men.

They rise! The slaves are rebelling, Must'ring in a mighty host for the freedom to be won;

They are gathering to train for the duty to be done. Men of the farm and men of the mine, Men of the forests and maple and pine,

Men of the mountains and the plains, Free from mental fetters and chains, Men of every country, race and nation!

Into line they fast are falling, As they see their mission is their galling chains to break;

They hear the Clarion calling, Calling them their power to use a great new right to make.

Men of the country and men of the town, Vowing the red flag shall never come down;

Men with the wisdom of old, Men who with youth are spirited, bold, Working, striving every day for freedom!

The host is every increasing, As it daily gains recruits they're in hard fighting trained;

Never they the fight are ceasing, And never will they cease it till their class the world has gained, Men who cannot be frightened or fooled, Men whose minds are not to be sold, Whose hearts with one great hope are thrilled, And minds with one great purpose filled, Uncompromising revolutionists!

—WILFRED GRIBBLE.

Here and Now By "LEEDS."

The previous five months show a particularly good record for the Clarion's sub. hustlers, considering that sub. hustling has never been made the chief end and aim of the Clarion, as seems to be not infrequently the case with some we might mention.

Gribble says he means to hold the belt. Eleven more; huff sed.

Local Victoria pays up for a bundle and card.

Com. Bryce of De Maine, Sask., catches a farm hand and an editor.

Somebody in the crowd at a Vancouver propaganda meeting passes up a dollar for a bundle for the Manitoba campaign.

And somebody else drops into the rat hole and leaves another to be put where it will do the most good; so it goes there, too.

Meanwhile W. H. S. is not idle because Watts is working, so along come two more from the 'Peg.

"Give us the good sound stuff. No palliatives for ours." Says Com. Glasspell, as he sends up \$3.00 for Local Galt's bundle.

Com. Spencer of Bowden gets three while rustling up dates for Organizer Matthews.

Local Ottawa renews its bundle and wants its bill.

Com. S. Moen finds a bundle as useful and as badly needed in Cranbrook as in Kimberley, so he renews it.

Com. W. Edwards finds two more in Vancouver who need the Clarion.

Still working at it is Com. Maxwell, who forwards two more from Cumberland, B. C.

His sub. and a dollar for the maintenance fund is the way Com. Haigh of Vancouver does it.

One at a time counts if you keep it up as do the following comrades: J. Rolis, New Westminster, B. C.; J. Stewart, Toronto, Ont.; L. E. Drake, Bellevue, Alta.; H. Collingwood, North Battleford, Sask.; Mrs. Bone and W. J. Curry, Vancouver, B. C.; C. V. Hoar, Portland, Me.; Geo. McKay, Olalla, B. C.; A. Stewart, Moose Jaw, Sask.; F. J. Peel, Toronto, Ont.; A. M. Conbear, Orville, Ont.; Israel Garand, Dawson, Y. T.; J. W. Trebett, Geo. Worth and A. Irvine, Vancouver; W. L. Luddington, Bangor, Me.; J. Rosenstein, Honolulu, Hawaii; Geo. Armstrong, Winnipeg; Geo. Karley, Chesley, Ont.; C. Steen, South Hill, B. C., and E. Lothian, Vancouver.

AMONG THE HARDHEADS

Dear Comrade,—Please change my address to North Battleford. I am holding down a homestead this winter about forty miles from the post office, but I managed to get my Clarion all along, for which I am duly thankful although I don't know who I am thankful to.

There are no Reds around here yet, but I am trying to bore through their hides, which I find damn thick. One old mutt "don't know what he would do without the rich." The trouble is to get them to read anything but Dick Turpin and such stuff. I guess they're too bone headed to savvy anything else. Excuse pencil; my ink froze up.

Yours in Revolt, E. J. TURNER

MANITOBA CAMPAIGN FUND

Table listing names and amounts for the Manitoba Campaign Fund, including E. J. Hemming, J. Coxon, Jimmy's always on deck, etc.

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# The New Slavery

Lecture on Social Economics delivered by W. J. U. before the Backsliding Bachelors' Club, under the auspices of the M. B. defunct class of political economy.

Comrade Chairman and Fellow Slaves: A well-known philosopher (I do not recall his name at the present moment), is reported to have expressed his contempt for our present boasted civilization in the following significant and rather scathing terms: "What avails it that the waste places of the earth have been turned into the highways of commerce if the many still work and want, and only the few have leisure and grow rich? What does it profit the worker that knowledge grows if all the appliances of science are not to lighten his labor? Wealth may accumulate, and public and private magnificence may have reached a point never before attained in the history of the world, but where in is society the better, it is asked, if the Nemesis of poverty still sits like a hollow-eyed spectre at the feast?"

John Stuart Mill, the English economist, says in one of his writings, "It is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being." He should have said, however, "of any human being not fed by other people's labor."

I quote the foregoing passages, not because they draw your attention to empirical facts of which you are not already aware, but rather because they serve to express, in the words of men prominent in the literary and scientific worlds, the all-important question that is not only claiming the attention of the thinking element of society, but which is also pressing for a solution at no distant date, if society is to escape extermination. Not only is it true that the great majority of the human family have not materially benefited by the increased productivity of labor, but their condition, as the producers of the world's wealth is continually going from bad to worse. As Professor Thorold Rogers, in speaking of the present-day conditions in England, says, "The grinding, hopeless poverty under which existence may be just continued, but when nothing is won beyond bare existence, did not, I am convinced, characterize or even belong to mediæval life." And what is true of England is becoming equally true of Canada and the United States of America as is evidenced by the progressive increase of unemployment, and the actual decrease in the rate of wages within recent years on this continent.

These phenomena become somewhat paradoxical when we realize that society today is equipped with the most powerful and gigantic machinery of wealth production that the world has ever known. The natural resources of our mother earth still remain inexhaustible; science has pressed chemical and other natural agencies into the service of labor; time and space by means of communication and transport have been shortened, and the machine together with the social character of labor has developed to such an extent that it is claimed on reliable authority that America alone with its present population is capable of supplying the whole civilized world with all the necessities and even luxuries of this life. Yet, notwithstanding this increased productivity of labor, the cry goes up for bread from several millions of throats; millions again clamor for work in order to obtain bread, but work, the hitherto never-falling god of the slave, whether chattel or wage, seems to forsake them, for as Carlyle puts it, "earth's laws are silent and heaven's speak in a voice which is not heard; no work and the ineradicable need of work gives rise to new very wondrous life-philosophies, to new very wondrous life-practices."

If we look at the other side of the picture for one moment, we shall find that, although increasing in mass, the wealth exploited out of the working class is continually concentrating into fewer and fewer hands, but the laws of capitalist accumulation are at the same time forcing the middle class or petty bourgeois into the ranks of the proletariat—the great unwashed—the propertyless class—the working class.

It were well to note, however, that while, along with the constantly diminishing numbers of the magnates of capital who usurp and monopolize all advantages of this process of transformation, there grows the mass of misery, oppression, slavery, degradation and exploitation, with this, too, grows the revolt of the working class, a class always increasing in numbers and disciplined, united, organized by the very mechanism of the capitalist process of production itself.

Meanwhile, the tendency of machinery under the rule of capital is to bring all laborers to the same level. In place of developing skill and individuality, the great machine industry has the effect of developing mere automatic, mechanical toil. Not only

are women and children crushed under the Juggernaut wheels of capital, but, as one writer says, "a great deal of capital which appears today in America without any certificate of birth, was yesterday in England the capitalized blood of children."

Incentive, private property and homes (save the mark!) are practically speaking unknown quantities in so far as the working class is concerned. Broken in body and brutalized in mind, the whole lifetime of the modern wage-slave is turned into labor-time in order that he may grind out profits for his masters and a bare subsistence for himself.

There appears in the distance, however, a light, faint at first but always approaching, ever increasing in brightness. It is the light of class-consciousness, the forerunner of revolt, the foreshadow of economic freedom. Capitalism, like every other thing in the limitless universe, whether organic or inorganic, has to go through its allotted cycles of growth, development and decay, and at the end of the evolution of the capitalist period, as we now are, the examination of what is termed in political economy value, will not only afford the key to what is going on around us, but will also, properly understood, enable us to act intelligently with, instead of against, the laws of economic and social evolution which govern the society in which we live and of which we form a part.

The present system, known as capitalism, which dates practically speaking, from the creation in the sixteenth century of a wide-world market and a world-wide commerce, is essentially different from pre-existing societies (such as feudalism and chattel slavery) in that it is based on the production of commodities or articles primarily for sale. The first task of political economy, therefore, is to analyze and define the laws that govern and regulate the sale and exchange of commodities.

In speaking of the value in exchange of a commodity we mean the proportional quantities in which it exchanges with all other commodities. In order to exchange or even compare two or more qualitatively dissimilar articles, say, for instance, a merry-widow hat, a bushel of wheat and a gold coin, they must contain some property common to each of them.

According to Sir William Petty, one of the fathers of political economy, "if a man can bring to London an ounce of silver out of the earth in Peru in the same time that he can produce a bushel of corn, the one is the natural price of the other." In other words, one ounce of silver would be equal in value to one bushel of corn, the same amount of human labor, measured by time, being embodied or crystallized in each of them.

Every article that is produced today, however, is produced socially, that is to say, by the collective efforts of the whole of the working element of society. It must also be subordinate to the division of labor within the society, and, in addition, must satisfy some social want, or, in other words, have a use-value, although its use-value, be it noted, does not, in any way affect its exchange value. Not only are the articles produced social products, but the means of production are themselves social products, such as factories, buildings, machinery, new appliances, inventions, etc.

There is no individual genius at work here of such colossal magnitude that its possessor can divorce himself from his begettings, surroundings and education and thus invent, apply, construct and use, so to say, in vacuo. There is no human being who is entitled to say of any invention, "I did this," or "I am the unit that gives to the human cyphers their value." Every single improvement is due to a long series of circumstances, falling any of which the improvement could not take place. Yet, in spite of this, it is constantly reiterated that all improvements are due to individual persons and that therefore (the ethic is as peculiar as the logic is faulty), certain persons, namely the capitalist class who did not invent them, really ought to possess them.

I should like to point out at this juncture that the capitalist, as such, creates no value whatsoever. His capital simply enables him to appropriate to himself the products of labor. Capital is only a term applied to the means of production when they are used for the express purpose of exploiting labor. It expresses class ownership and production for profit, or, in other words (Marx), "Capital is not a thing, but a social relation between persons, established by the instrumentality of things."

We see, then, that the value of a commodity is determined by the amount of social labor embodied in it. "Oh, yes!" but you will exclaim, "How can we measure the amount of social labor embodied in an article?" Let us see now. Suppose you come across say, two cabinets, in a furniture store,

similar in every respect both as to quality and quantity. One of them, however, has been made by old-fashioned tools and took six days to make, while the other was made by the most up-to-date implements and took only two days to make. The actual value in exchange of the two cabinets will be dependent, not upon individuals, but upon the amount of social labor necessary for the production of a similar cabinet, and as in this instance, two days only is socially necessary for the production of the cabinet, society will pay for them on the basis of two days' labor time.

As a matter of fact, whether raised or made by the highest skilled white labor with the best machinery in the United States; by civilized beings on a lower plane of economic development in Italy; by negroes in Africa; by ryots in India; or by coolies in China, once the products themselves are on the market, they, other things being equal lose every vestige of their environment during production. They are simply incarnations of quantity of labor in various shapes, and their relative value is determined, not directly by themselves, but by the least amount of social labor necessary for their production.

This least amount of social labor is arrived at indirectly by competition and the higgling of the market, and as the amount of labor worked up in a commodity depends entirely upon the productive powers of labor; those countries with the most highly developed machinery will eventually compel all competitors to reduce their cost of production to the same level or else go to the wall in the competitive race. The same is true of individual capitalist concerns, corporations and trusts. A word or two with regard to price and its relation to value may not come amiss here.

Price, broadly speaking, is simply the monetary expression of value. We have seen that the value of a commodity is determined by the amount of social labor necessary for its production. The price of a commodity, however may be more or less than its value according as the law of supply and demand dictates, but if supply and demand equilibrate each other the market prices of commodities will correspond with their values as determined by the respective quantities of labor required for their production.

Again, if instead of considering only the daily fluctuations you analyze the movement of market prices for longer periods (Tooke's History of Prices) you will find that the fluctuations of market prices paralyze and compensate each other, so that all descriptions of commodities are on the average sold at their respective values, and consequently, in order to arrive at the general nature of profits, we must start from the theorem that the commodities are sold at their respective values and that profits are made by selling them at their values.

The next step into our inquiry as to whence profits are derived will bring us to the consideration of one specific commodity which functions in the creation of all values, namely labor-power.

What the workingman sells is not directly his labor, but his power to labor or his labor-power, the temporary disposal of which he makes over to the capitalist, and its value, like that of every other commodity being determined by the cost of production, or, in other words, wages being determined by the cost of living, it becomes self evident that the workingman is paid, not according to what he produces, but rather according to the amount of necessities required to keep him and reproduce his kind, and as skilled labor costs more to produce than unskilled, it necessarily follows that skilled labor will command a higher wage than unskilled. The capitalist, however in calculating the cost of producing his particular commodities, reduces all the different kinds of labor under his command to simple, average, unskilled labor, making one day of skilled labor equivalent to say six days of unskilled.

This particular commodity labor-power, which we are now considering, possesses one peculiar characteristic that distinguishes it from all other commodities, namely its property of being able to create a greater value than its own value to begin with represents, and in order to illustrate this seeming anomaly, we shall take as an example some capitalist concern, say a shoe factory, and endeavor to trace if possible the value-creating process pursuant to the transformation of the raw material into the finished product.

Starting from the supposition that one pair of shoes is equivalent in value to \$4 in gold, or four hours of socially necessary labor time, we arrive at the conclusion—that one hour of socially necessary labor time is equivalent to \$1 in gold, or, in other words, it takes one hour of socially necessary labor time to produce a certain quantity of gold of a given degree of fineness, expressed in terms of \$1.

Assuming further that the average wage paid in our model factory is \$2 per day of eight hours, this would mean that by working two hours the worker would produce in values the

equivalent of his wages, and, if in the raw material, machinery and so forth (constant capital) used up in the pair of shoes, two hours of average labor were realized, equivalent in value to \$2, to which the workman would add two hours of labor, or an equivalent of \$2 (variable capital) the total value of the finished pair of shoes would therefore amount to four hours of realized labor, and be equal to \$4, and the capitalist in accordance with the law of the determination of value by labor-time, would be compelled to sell his shoes at \$4 per pair.

The worker, on the other hand, by working two hours would produce the equivalent of the wages advanced to him by the capitalist, and if he suddenly conceived the idea of doffing his overalls and walking out of the factory after the first pair of shoes had been produced, the capitalist would realize no profits, and, as a matter of fact, under such circumstances, there could neither be exploiter nor exploited.

But our hero of the overalls, as becomes a horny-handed son of toil, puffed up with the "dignity of labor" will insist on working six or more hours for which he receives no equivalent, but which the capitalist realizes as surplus-value or unpaid labor time. Not only does the poor, deluded ape produce his own miserable wages and supply the parasites on his back with all the comforts and luxuries of this life, but in addition, the working class, in every case, creates by the surplus labor of one year, the capital destined to employ additional labor the following year.

We find then, that by advancing \$2 as wages, the capitalist will realize \$6 because, advancing a value in which only two hours of labor are crystallized, he receives in return a value in which eight hours of labor are crystallized, so that profits merely represent unpaid labor, and, according to the figures furnished by the Bureau of Labor at Washington, the American workman produces \$2,500 per annum, out of which he receives \$500 in the shape of wages.

In other words, the "free and independent American Citizen," in the "land of the free and the home of the slave," allows a small gang of horse-thieves to rob, exploit, skin him out of four-fifths of the product of his toil, and what is true of America is equally true of Canada, where "Britons never, never shall be slaves." Of course, it would never do to tell the biped that he is a sucker not to demand the social value of his labor.

I suppose the sudden change from a diet of "swill" to "corned beef and cabbage" might prove too much for his hoggish inclinations, and then the "old woman" would never consent to be the recipient of \$2,500 per, as she might be compelled to feed and clothe her children properly and send them to school instead of sending them to the factory hell and have their little bodies crushed and ground into profits in order to satisfy the capacious maw of the beast capital.

The transaction involving the robbery of the producer, which I have endeavored to outline, is hidden from the worker owing to the commodity form of the product and the money-form of the commodity, while the degree of exploitation is veiled by the division of the surplus-product into the categories of rent, interest, and industrial profit, which are simply different names for the different parts of the surplus value of the commodity.

Rent, interest and industrial profit are not derived from land as such or from capital as such, but land and capital enable their owners to get their respective shares out of the surplus extracted by the employing capitalist from the laborer. For the laborer himself it is a matter of secondary importance whether that surplus-value is altogether pocketed by the employing capitalist or whether the latter is obliged to pay portions of it away to other parties under the name of rent and interest.

As I have already taken up too much of your time, however, I must refer you for a complete exposition of the theory of value to "Das Kapital" by Marx (3 vols.), while to the uninitiated I would strongly recommend "Value, Price and Profit," by the same author.

In conclusion, I simply wish to state that although the advance of capitalist production develops a working-class, which by education, habit, tradition, look upon the conditions of that mode of production as self-evident laws of nature, it is nevertheless, a fact that the spell which binds the workers in the meshes of ignorance and superstition, is being broken by the growth of empirical knowledge and education, born as the necessary offspring of the capitalist system of production itself.

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## PLATFORM

### Socialist Party of Canada

We, the Socialist Party of Canada, in convention assembled, affirm our allegiance to, and support of the principles and programme of the revolutionary working class.

Labor produces all wealth, and to the producers it should belong. The present economic system is based upon capitalist ownership of the means of production, consequently all the products of labor belong to the capitalist class. The capitalist is therefore master; the worker a slave.

So long as the capitalist class remains in possession of the reins of government all the powers of the State will be used to protect and defend their property rights in the means of wealth production and their control of the product of labor.

The capitalist system gives to the capitalist an ever-swelling stream of profits, and to the worker an ever increasing measure of misery and degradation.

The interest of the working class lies in the direction of setting itself free from capitalist exploitation by the abolition of the wage system, under which is cloaked the robbery of the working-class at the point of production. To accomplish this necessitates the transformation of capitalist property in the means of wealth production into collective or working-class property.

The irrepressible conflict of interests between the capitalist and the worker is rapidly culminating in a struggle for possession of the power of government—the capitalist to hold, the worker to secure it by political action. This is the class struggle.

Therefore, we call upon all workers to organize under the banner of the Socialist Party of Canada with the object of concentrating the public powers for the purpose of setting up and enforcing the economic programme of the working class, as follows:

1. The transformation, as rapidly as possible, of capitalist property in the means of wealth production (natural resources, factories, mills, railroads, etc.) into the collective property of the working class.
2. The democratic organization and management of industry by the workers.
3. The establishment, as speedily as possible, of production for use instead of production for profit.

The Socialist Party, when in office, shall always and everywhere until the present system is abolished, make the answer to this question its guiding rule of conduct: Will this legislation advance the interests of the working class and aid the workers in their class struggle against capitalism? If it will the Socialist Party is for it; if it will not, the Socialist Party is absolutely opposed to it.

In accordance with this principle the Socialist Party pledges itself to conduct all the public affairs placed in its hands in such a manner as to promote the interests of the working class alone.

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