



Four from Woolchester, Alta.
From Phoenix, B.C., come four.
From O'Connor, Ont., comes four
subs.

From Billtown, Kings Co., N. S.,
comes a list of eight.

"Enclosed find \$10 to pay for sub
cards."—Toronto, Ont.

Masset, B. C., waves the red flag
aloft over four recruits.

A comrade of McIntosh, Ont., sends
in \$2 for sub cards and battery.

A comrade of Roslin, Ont., scat-
ters Cotton's in four different towns.

"Send Cotton's Weekly for forty
weeks to the following nineteen par-
ties."—Burdette, Alta.

Four subs come tumbling in from
Truro, N.S., eager for the fight
against thievery.

A comrade of North Bay, Ont.,
went to Foresters' Falls and gar-
nered in twelve subs.

"As this is the longest day in the
year, I managed to rustle four subs
for Cotton's."—Pennant, Sask.

"Put me on the four year list. I am
still in the scrap, though there is
nothing doing in subs."—Preston
Ont.

"Just to show you that we are
still in the fight, we submit the fol-
lowing list of six names."—Montreal
P.Q.

"The capitalist sun is setting. We
are watching his dying struggles,"
says a Nanton, Alta., comrade with
four.

\$1.75 worth of the revolutionary
paper is being scattered by an en-
thusiastic comrade of Reddickville,
Ont.

"Herewith \$2 for sub cards. Send
them quick so Port Arthur local
may sell them and send in for more
dope."—

Comrade Mrs. M. A. Owen, of Fer-
rie, B.C., sends in four subs, and
she and a friend send in \$1 to the
Battery funds.

A Maidstone, Sask., comrade rus-
tles twelve and takes Facts to help
him prove to the boneheads the rot-
tenness of capitalism.

"Please place my name on the list
for four years. I like the dope; 'tis
good for what ails most of the work-
ing class."—Toronto, Ont.

"Enclosed find \$2 for subs and sub
cards. I am going slow, but always
keep pounding away for subs every
chance I get."—Waterloo, Ont.

A comrade of Alexandria, Ont.,
went among the exploited many and
gathered in fourteen who want to
know the way to work for freedom.

"Please send me your paper. Some-
one sent my father a subscription,
but he does not seem interested. I
am interested, so subscribed."—Van-
couver, B.C.

"Please send a paper to these
four and send me four copies for a
year. I expect to have some more
names in a few days; from now on
I am busy for Cotton's."—Waterford,
Ont.

"Here we are with some ammu-
nition for the Battery, three dollars
for throwing it into our glorious
Port Arthur—Port Arthur, Ont.,
comrades who style themselves "a
bunch of slaves."

"If twenty-five per cent of the sub-
scribers to Cotton's would get only
one new sub a month the circulation
would assume such proportions as
would make some people bite their
nails."—Kenora, Ont.

"Enclosed please find \$3 for fifty
copies of Cotton's Weekly for three
months. Work is on the bum here,
and it would be a good idea to dis-
tribute some Socialist matter to the
people."—Edmonds, B.C.

"Herewith find \$1 for sub cards.
I think Cotton's gets better with ev-
ery issue. I am always trying to get
subs, but the smirking fools round
here do not think they are slaves,
and they can be fooled by any of
Roblin's henchmen."—Grand Vital,
Man.

"I am a homesteader, and have
little time to spare, but expect to
be in communication with you short-
ly with something more encouraging.
I admire the work you are doing and
I know of no reason that the cir-
culation should not go to 50,000."—
Dorion, Ont.

"Enclosed find four. This is the
result of one little sub sent here by
a comrade."

To Help Nature Shed A Bad Complexion

(From the Family Physician.)
Beauty devotees are enthusiastic
over the beautifying qualities of mer-
cerized wax. Perhaps nothing dis-
covered within recent years accom-
plishes so much, so quickly, without
harm, without detaining one indoors,
and at such small expense. The prin-
cipal reason for its wonderful merit
is that it works in harmony with
physiological laws instead of hid-
ing or "curing" complexion defects.
It removes them. The wax actually
comes off the aged, faded, sallowne,
freckled or blotchy cuticle gently gra-
dually, causing no inconveniences. It
is nature's way of renewing complex-
ions. When the natural process is re-
tarded because of deficient circulation
or nerve tone, mercerized wax comes
to the rescue and hastens the skin
shedding. The new complexion which
appears is a natural one, youthful,
healthy, exquisitely beautiful. If
you've never tried mercerized wax,
get an ounce of it at the drug store,
use at night like cold cream, wash-
ing it off in the morning.
Another natural beautifying treat-
ment for wrinkled skin—is to bathe
the face in a lotion made by dissolv-
ing an ounce of saxonite in a half
pint with hazel. This is remarkably
and instantaneously effective.

someone last winter. There is more
to follow when I have time to col-
lect. The time is ripe to educate the
western farmers to the cause of pov-
erty and the way to get better con-
ditions."—Tisdale, Sask.

"I am sending twelve new subs. As
there are none of them Socialists, we
will see if we cannot convert them.
Business is dull here. The money
grabbers are busy with the big mit,
but the time is coming when they
will have to get out and do their
little bit with the rest of humanity."
—Nakusp, B.C.

"Enclosed please find our renewal
for four years. We would not miss
a copy for anything."—Nelson, B.C.

"Send me a bundle and I will set
a boy to sell them. In a few weeks
we will see how they sell. Don't
you think this would be a good
move, and if it proved a success,
you could try it in other towns."
—Truro, N.S.

"Having been handed a number of
your paper by the Rev. Mr. Irvine,
the Presbyterian minister in charge
of the congregation here, I have
decided to help the good work by
introducing the paper to some think-
ing men in the community, which
will forward social thought. I here-
with send you twelve."—Minitonas,
Man.

"I am enclosing five subscriptions,
which I think will hammer in the co-
ffin nails of capitalism. Practically
everyone here takes Cotton's, except
a few thick heads, and they never
will. Last election we polled at our
poll for T. E. Smith, the Socialist
candidate, 26 out of 26 votes cast.
Five years ago you could count us
on the fingers of one hand."—Rose-
mead, Alta.

"It is not necessary to speak for
the paper. It speaks for itself. I
hope you will always find space for
a couple of lines in Cotton's advising
the readers not to play the dog-in-
the-manger with it, when through
reading, leave it in the street car,
or on the benches in the parks. I've
watched people goggle it. That's why
I'm sending it for more food."—Van-
couver, B.C.

"Please send me sub cards. I am
on your sub list in two places, al-
though you have never heard from
me before. Our local is small, but
we are doing what we can. I figured
out that Stratford takes more Cot-
ton's per capita than any other place,
with the possible exception of St.
Thomas. Can you state in your next
issue where S.D.P. buttons can be
got?"—Stratford, Ont. S.D.P. but-
tons are obtainable, I believe, from
the Secretary of the Dominion Exe-
cutive, H. Martin, 61 Weber St. East,
Berlin, Ont.

"I herewith enclose four. There is
no work whatever going on here ex-
cept the Provincial-Government road
work, and there are two gangs, each
four miles out, so you can see it is
quite a walk to get to them. But
when election time comes around,
these men will vote for Stratford,
the sitting member for Simikameen,
because they think he is the right man
to get lots of money for the dis-
trict. Such are the stupid mules we
are trying to get wise as to their ex-
ploitation by the able and cunning
gentlemen they elect to office."—Ker-
emeos-Centre, B.C.

HOW TO ORGANIZE

How to organize is a little sixteen
page pamphlet prepared by H. Martin,
Secretary of the Dominion Executive, S.
D. P. It contains the Social Demo-
cratic Party's platform and the constitu-
tion, and is a most valuable organiza-
tion pamphlet. It should be in the hands
of every Canadian Socialist. Particu-
larly should it be in the hands of every
party member. It is a member of the
Socialist Party of Canada for a couple
of years. I never saw a copy of their
constitution. When questions came up
about the constitution I did not know
the constitution of the party.
There are many members of the S.D.P.
no doubt in this condition. They
want the constitution but do not know
where to get it. You can get it at
Cotton's. Price is four copies for five
cents.
Or we will send you a copy for every
remittance of \$1 or over for subs, sub-
cards or money. Just mention that
you want "How to Organize" when you
send your remittance and the pamphlet
will come back by return mail.

B. C. Pushing up the Sub List

The British Columbia Executive of
the Social-Democratic party are busi-
ly engaged in shoving up the sub-
scription list of Cotton's.
The Executive has taken two thou-
sand subscription cards of Cotton's
Weekly. These are to be distributed
to the different locals, and the mem-
bers of these locals will do their best
to put them in circulation. The Exe-
cutive forwarded Cotton's \$20, the
first cost of the government post
cards, and they are to remit in pro-
portion as the cards are sold. This
scheme can be worked by the execu-
tives of the other provinces.
The comrades of B. C. are anxious
to shove up Cotton's sub list to 10,
000 in that province. The idea is
that when 10,000 subs are got, for a
provincial organ to be started there.
The comrades hope to be able to
publish this new organ within a cou-
ple of years.

How to Organize a Local

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

The job plant at Cotton's Weekly can
stand a lot more work than it is get-
ting. Why patronize capitalist concerns
for cheap labor? Send your
printing orders to Cotton's. Economy
prices.
The "social unrest" is not due to agi-
tators, but to capitalist conditions that
are agitating every man and woman who
thinks.

MUNICIPAL PROBLEMS

As Socialism advances we are con-
fronted with problems. Socialists
get elected to office, municipal, pro-
vincial, Dominion. In office we can-
not sit down and do nothing. We
cannot wait until the working class
vote the whole power into their own
hands to get experience.

We must fight. There is the final
victory coming when the revolution-
ary working class will seize the pub-
lic powers. In that day we can put
our principles into operation.

But victories are not won all at
once. A social war is on in which
many battles are being fought. When
we win one battle or even skirmish,
that victory must be used to the
fullest advantage.

We are living in an age of slavery.
We want to abolish that slavery. We
cannot do it until the slaves drive
the masters from political suprem-
acy.

But cannot we ameliorate the con-
ditions of slavery somewhat? Can-
not we shift the harness of slavery
a little so the sores on the slaves
may heal a bit?

Cannot we work to introduce the
eight hour day in municipal work
when we capture a municipality? Can-
not we control the police of a
town so they will not arrest strikers
for picketing? Cannot we force
landlords to give sanitary dwell-
ings? Cannot we, in municipal po-
wer, enforce pure, whisky laws to a
certain extent so the workers will
not be poisoned?

It is true these are reforms, and
they will benefit the master class.
The workers will be stronger and
less tired when they work eight
hours. They will be more healthy if
the police will not arrest strikers.
They will be clear-brained when they
have pure drinks. These things will
give the master class more robust slaves.
But will not these reforms also cre-
ate a more intelligent slave class
who will have more power to revolt?
Is the ten-hour-a-day, insanitary,
household, dog-tired, poison-drinking
slave more or less fit to fight the
battles of the revolution than the
well-knit, sanitary-house, eight-
hour man?

These questions are forced upon us
as the question is raised, "What
good can it do the working class to
elect a revolutionary Socialist to a
municipal body?" If he can do
nothing, the practical man will say,
"What is the use of electing a So-
cialist?"

The Cowansville Problem

These questions are presented to
me, as I am facing the question,
"What can I do if the Cowansville
local nominates me for Councillor
and the working class elect me?"
I am studying the question. And
so far, there are certain things I am
agitating.

I am agitating for an eight hour
day upon municipal work. The Cor-
poration of Cowansville is macadam-
izing its streets. This is part of the
great scheme of road improvement
initiated by the provincial govern-
ment. The government lends money
to municipalities at two per cent.
Our traders and business men have
hailed the government as progressive.

Huge piles of stone lay around the
village. The stone crusher is at
work. The roller puffs over the new-
ly made stretches. And the work-
ers, out of the hot sun, toil ten
hours a day for a bare, toiling wage.
The roads will be made, their jobs
will be gone, and the teamster
drawing goods hereafter will be able
to haul bigger loads and the labor
skinner will get better service.

Why should not these workers have
an eight hour day? The employers
of labor do not like the idea. They
fight it. For they know that if the
municipal workers get the eight hour
day, their own slaves will not rest
satisfied working for ten.

Another problem in Cowansville is
the liquor problem. We license an
hotel to sell alcoholic beverages. This
hotel is supposed to sell good stuff.
It is supposed to sell only within
certain hours.

After hours the shutters are
drawn, and the door is locked. But
if you sit in the hotel, you can see
the hotel keeper or barkeeper unlock
the door and take a bunch behind the
closed shutters of the bar. In a few
minutes the bunch will come out
wiping their lips.

I have nothing to do with that
side of the question. But there is
another side.

A few days ago a couple of slaves
stood on the sidewalk in front of the
postoffice. They were half corned.
One had a bottle in his pocket to
take home to celebrate the holy Sab-
bath day with, for it was Saturday
night. The other reached into the
pocket for the bottle and a half
drunken, weak scuffle ensued, and
the bottle fell on the cement side-
walk kerpsash. It smashed to pieces
and the precious contents ran over
the pavement. Then there arose a
sickening stench as of shellac and
wood alcohol and rotgut.

A minister witnessed the scene and
he hastened home, away from the
awful wickedness.

The smell of shellac tells a tale.
It tells a tale of poison, of men's
stomachs being rotted out.

I began to enquire of the toppers
and they tell me two different tales.
Some say the stuff sold at the bar
in Cowansville is good and pure.
Others say it is poisonous stuff. I do
not drink myself and do not know.

Talking with the working class
many tell me they get poor stuff.
One person told me that if you paid
the price you got good brands, but
that cheap whiskey was also dis-
posed of.

That gave me an inkling of the
probable operation. The labor skin-
ners and the men who know get
good stuff. But the poor devils who
have little money have to load up
with stuff that never should be sold.

Here again the class distinctions
come out. The parasite gets the
best. When he gets drunk he can get
good whiskey to sober up on. He

can employ a doctor to shoot the
strychnin into him.

But the wage worker must load
up on vile stuff. When his little pit-
tance is gone, he is loaded up with
poison that eats into his vitals. He
cannot get good pure beverages to
sober up on. He cannot get a doc-
tor. He has only his shack to go to.
He staggers along the street, sick
unto death and the goody, goody
people glance scornfully at him and
talk about the "degradation of the
working class."

These things take place under cap-
italism. There is more profit in sell-
ing poor stuff than good stuff, where-
fore the poor stuff is sold. Those
who have influence, "our best citi-
zens," get the good stuff, and the
slaves suffer. They have not learned
to organize in Cowansville to pro-
tect themselves. So they have to
take what is handed to them.

I am endeavoring to form a "Boo-
zers Pure Whiskey Club." The work-
ers are afraid to join. But the idea,
I think, will take hold.

Mr. P. H. Hauser is the holder of
the license. After the episode of the
broken bottle I went up to him and
said, "Mr. Hauser. You are selling
your hotel. You may not know it,
but you are selling." "No," he said
in a puzzled way. "Yes, you are."

I said, "There are too many men
getting paralyzed in this own and
you are selling." He woke up and
said, "Well now, Mr. Cotton, just
let me tell you that—'Tell nothing.'"
I retorted, "You are selling out.
Goodbye." And I departed.

Mr. Hauser may not be to blame.
He may be buying rotgut and sell-
ing rotgut in the original bottles.
But we have to hit the rottenness of
capitalism where we can, irrespective
of who is hit.

I want to see pure alcoholic bev-
erages sold in Cowansville. If this
were done, there would not be the
degradation there is among a cer-
tain section of the wage slaves of
Cowansville.

The W. M. W. U.

Another thing I would like to see
formed is the Working Men's Wives'
Union.

The organized workers preach ag-
ainst scabbery, and yet they do not
advocate a union for their wives.

The worker is a slave. The wife is
a slave of the slave. Her position is
doubly slavish.

She works from early morning far
into the night. She cares for her
children out of mother love, work-
ing till she almost drops on her feet.
She has little time to read, to de-
velop. She is working raising the
live stock of the labor skinner of
Cowansville, as elsewhere. Her moth-
er love is working overtime to pro-
duce the future generation of slaves
to be ground by the master class.

I would like to see the wives of
the slaves of Cowansville organize
and go on strike to demand the eight
hour day.

Would not that throw the fear
into some of our lickspittle wage-
workers—those who lick the boots of
our exploiters out of gratitude for
getting a job at \$1.50 or \$2 per
day?

Such a slave lets his wife toil and
sweat looking after the children and
going out washing, and patching and
mending and stewing and sweeping.
He should only organize and strike
for the eight hour day there would
be something doing in the world of
high finance.

"But," some of the workers cry
in amazement and fear, "How will I
get my food and my clothes and my
house clean? I cannot afford to
send the clothes to the laundry nor
go out for my meals. What shall I
do?"

That is just the point. Kick, buck,
scratch, bite for higher wages from
your boss.

When the petty labor skinner hears
of a union of his workers, he fears
he cannot meet the increased de-
mands and fights the union. If the
union wins, he has to hustle harder
and collect his bills quicker and pro-
bably advance the price of his goods
if he can. He has got to get more
revenues in some manner.

If the women formed a Working
Men's Wives' Union, the slave hubby
would have to get more income. He
would have to do so to live. The
boss would have to come through
with more pay in the pay envelope,
and the working class home would
be greatly in importance.

It is a goodly thing, Comrades, to
instill the spirit of unrest in the
breasts of our sisters of the work-
ing class. As long as they stay slavish,
loving, honoring and obeying
slavishly a spineless forked rat-
sh they will tie the feet of the as-
piring members among the slaves in
the shackles of a slave system.

B. C. Organizer at Work

Organizer Gilbert, Editor of the
Seattle Herald, began a month's or-
ganizing trip for the British Colum-
bia Social-Democrats on July 1st.
After that it is expected that Com-
rade Sam Atkinson will be in the
field permanently in the Pacific Pro-
vince.

Books are Sledgehammers

If you can't beat the principles of
Socialism into the heads of your
neighbor, and he will not listen to
your reason, just hand him one of
the many books on the subject. Per-
haps a little five or ten cent book
will land him in the net. The best
writers of the world are engaged
night and day and are spending huge
sums of money putting their ideas
before the people. Books are printed
for workers in all stages of bone-
headedness. It only remains to pick
out the right book for the right man.
We have them for all kinds, and at
all prices. Read our list of book
bargains printed elsewhere in the
paper. Make your selection, and
carry a few around in your pocket.
These, with a few extra copies of
Cotton's, makes you a regular walk-
ing arsenal. You can tree them all
with Cotton's assortment. Catalogue
on request.

GALT SHOULD ORGANIZE

I see that the letter you published
from "Digusted Chirper" in your
issue of May 22nd has raised quite
an uproar. I am very glad that the
city of Galt has been given a little
free advertising in this matter. Wow!
It is not my intention to decry po-
litical action, but I think you and
all fair minded working men will
admit that political action to be at
all effective must be country wide
and not local. I believe that you
will also admit that the changing of
these conditions by political action
will take many years. During the
time the workers are voting to cap-
ture the "Parliament," we have no
reason to believe that until they
have succeeded, conditions will be
any better (in wages higher, hours
shorter and more healthy working
conditions.) I would like to draw
your attention (the attention of
your readers if you see fit to publish
this letter) to the fact that the
miners of England attempted to gain
the "minimum wage" for twenty
years by the ballot, and were un-
successful, whereas by using direct ac-
tion (striking) they gained their
ends in a short 3 or 4 weeks.

I notice also that "Digusted Chir-
per" is praying for some Moses in
the form of another Tom Mann to come
and lead himself and his fellow slaves
out of their economic wilderness.

Wow! What is the matter with "Di-
gusted Chirper," appointing himself
some "Moses" and getting together with
some of his fellow slaves who think
like he does. (There must be many
such) and organizing on the job and
kicking by means of a strike the
labor thieves of Galt to disgorge a
little of the unearned increment. If
"Digusted Chirper" waits for some
Moses to save him he will continue
unhappy and probably underfed.

If "Digusted Chirper" decides to be-
come a Moses and gather around him
other "Moseses," may I be al-
lowed to suggest that in his efforts
to organize; he organizes industri-
ally—Get every man, woman
child employed in one industry ir-
respective of race, religion or color into
one union. That further he remem-
ber that anything the working class
got in the past they got themselves,
no one gave them anything. That
anything the working class of Galt
got, they will have to take by their
organized might.

Trusting you will see fit to pub-
lish this, I remain—Yours for Indus-
trial Freedom.—John Terrill, Ed-
monton.

CHARGE OF THE EIGHT HUNDRED

People wander into a delicatessen
store and among the dainties some-
times order potted goods. They have
heard that potted poultry was of
the very choicest; they have read of
rare birds such as quail, pheasant
and woodcock being captured in the
open season and potted so that they
could be enjoyed in the close seasons.
They are willing to pay the highest
prices for this food, for it was some-
thing the common herd would not be
able to invest in. So they sit and
leaf and gaze and eat the delicious
viands which come in the beautiful
patent cans covered with the alluring
pictures of the contents when
they were flying and feeding in the
glens and on the shores of the
charming lakes.

Cotton's has not much sympathy
for people who stuff themselves with
this sort of grub in the happy con-
fidence that they are putting one
over on the class who cannot afford
it, but we cannot help giving an il-
lustration tending to show that all is
not gold that glitters, and that it
is a long way from the haunts of the
quail, pheasant and woodcock to the
cans of the cannery, and that the
path is strewn with all sorts of fowl.
Here is one sort, and there are
others.

A firm in an Ontario town make a
specialty of buying up turkeys and
shipping them to foreign lands, fro-
zen and ready for the market. This
firm last summer sent its slaves
through the country buying up tur-
keys. Several hundred were bought
up in one little town. A car was
filled, another car ordered, but still
the farmers kept in a steady process-
ion with nice, large juicy turkeys.
No place could be secured to store
them in the small town, and they
were thrown in a heap on the ground
over night. Morning came, still no
car. Noon came, nothing better than
a handcar came along. Night came,
and by this time a respectable car
would not be seen in the vicinity of
the heap of turkeys. The next morn-
ing a car was dropped and the train
crew held their noses till they were
uphooked, then fled to the next town
at a forty mile an hour clip.

The crowd who had bought the
fowl were used to the smell of birds
in all stages of decomposition, so
they loaded the bunch, and shipped
them to the home town. They arrived
and the heated car had done its
deadly work. The aroma was even
too much for the nerves of the vol-
unteers in the warehouse. Volunteers
were called, and two men secured at
\$5 per day to unload the outfit. The
turkeys were skinned, frozen, placed
in barrels with venturators running
up through them, rolled into refrig-
erator cars and shipped to a cannery
firm on the classic shores of lake
Ontario.

There were eight or nine hundred
turkeys in the bunch, and they prob-
ably filled a great number of the
high priced cans and caused many a
young swain's pocket book to dwindle
when he paid for them served at
a swell lunch in an exclusive restau-
rant away up in the non ten dis-
trict.

Organizing B. C. from the G and on

A new local has been formed at
Edmonds, B.C., with ten char-
ter members. This is in the Burnaby
district, which is forty square miles
in extent. New locals will be form-
ed within a month. Cotton's sub-
list is being used for organizing pur-
poses and the subscribers are being
urged to form locals or to join the
party as members at large.

THE BLOOD RED FLAG

By Arthur Rice

The color of the Socialist flag is
the same color as the blood of the
crucified Christ, and the Socialists
are doing the very thing that Christ
met an earthly death for doing—do-
ing away with the causes of suffering
to humanity. The workers realize
that there are thousands of their
number killed every year for profit
by the capitalist machinery under the
speeding up system for profit. ("Crucified
for the profit of the master
class.") which goes to a few idle
parasites. The workers thus provide
the means by which these parasites
can obtain the good things—things
that make life worth living for—and