

WAR IN PEACE

By ALFRED TENNYSON

Why do they prate of the blessings of peace? We have made them a curse—

Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own;
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse

Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone?

But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind,

When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's war or his word?

Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that of a kind

The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword.

Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by,

When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together, each sex, like swine,

When only the ledger lives and only not all men lie;

Peace in her vineyard—yes!—but a company forges the wine.

And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head,

Till the filthy by-law rings to the yell of the trampled wife;

And chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,

And the spirit of murder work in the very means of life.

And Sleep must lie down armed, for the villainous centerbits

Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights,

While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps, as he sits

To pebble a poison'd poison behind his crimson lights.

When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee.

And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones—

Is it peace or war? Better, war! loud war by land and by sea,

War with a thousand battles and shaking a hundred thrones!

—From "MAUD."

JUSTICE

WILL R. HIBBERD

Justice, as we understand it, is the virtue which consists in giving to each and every one their due or rectitude in the dealings of men with each other, or merited punishment, agreeableness to right, impartiality, etc. This is how Webster defines justice. Now we can judge for ourselves that which the ruling-class calls justice.

It is necessary to keep in view the two classes in society, the useful class and the useless class, both of which are antagonistic to each other. There can never be such a thing as justice until the abolition of class rule. You know if you are a workingman that what we workers say is right; the master's say is wrong. For instance, if you and your fellow workers strike for better conditions or because your master has reduced your wages, he will tell you that you were wrong in striking for better conditions. You will say you were right; but you can't both be right.

Now, the socialists come before you and tell you that they stand for the full equivalent of their toil, or in other words, that which we produce, the same to be ours. Of course the capitalist class say we are wrong, but when we get the might we will not consider their view of things, because they do not consider us in the least. We socialists advocate the ownership of all the means, mines and machinery of production by all the people, thereby abolishing class rule and distinction, as a solution to all the social ills from which we suffer. Such as underloaded stomachs on the one hand and over-loaded stomachs on the other; and workmen I want you to think a moment of the suffering of the champions of the class to which you belong. I do not wish to be sentimental, but it is a fact that the socialists are suffering for your sakes as well as for their own in all parts of the world; hounded from one country to another; blacklisted and jailed. Did you ever think of the martyrs who are confined in the damp, dark prisons of Mexico; the sufferers in the poisonous mines of Siberia, who are slaving their very lives away for you? Men, real men, who will never see the beautiful sunlight again. Jew or Gentile; black and white, they suffer in a thousand ways and will suffer until you rise and assert your strength and might with a blow for freedom at the ballot box.

If justice is the virtue of giving to each and every one his just due, why do they not give you your due? They do not believe in that kind of justice. Nothing is given by the capitalist class.

It is the workers who give everything. You had better quit it. Look around you workingmen—you, and you alone, have made this world what it is. You build fine cities, but they do not belong to you. Yes, the fine cities are all right, but can't you have a fine city without white slaves? Can't you have a fine city without baby toilers? Can't you have a fine city without poverty, misery, degradation or starvation? The socialists says, yes, if you own the city in common. We say yes, if you own the means of life; if you own your own job; if you are all workers and no idlers. Yes, you can have a fine city if you let loose your great army and navy of destruction and put them at work on production. Your insurance agents, commercial travellers and host of other unproductive laborers. Give them something useful to do and your labor will be less by more than half.

How can you do all this? By the very fact that you workingmen are in the majority. You can by your numbers have anything you wish if you will only unite on the political field and by the aid of the only weapon, the ballot, you can transform society. This should be your mission in life. Never mind the other fellow. Do your bit. The socialist party the world over is organized for the emancipation of the working class by the working class. The socialist party stands for you and your desires that the people should own their own lives, that there is any justice to be dispensed the people should be the dispensers and it is only the working class that have any true sense of justice. The capitalist class sense of justice, is and always will be, injustice.

ROCKEFELLER'S CALF

Once upon a time, the organizer having his audience in a pleased frame of mind asked if it was right for one man to hire another and make fifty cents a day off of him. A vociferous chorus of "Yes!" was their answer. Then would it be right for one man to hire a thousand and make five hundred dollars a day off the labor of these? Here quite a few began to think and there were only about a dozen who answered "Yes." "Would it be all right to keep on with the process, making profit from labor until one man owned the earth and all the rest of us were dependent on him for jobs?" A dense silence followed. The speaker again asked in tones audible half a mile, "Is the principle of making a profit off labor until we have developed the trust and a nation of wage-slaves—is the principle right?" One lone individual, a would be funny Reuben, loudly answered, "Ya-as!" Here the speaker put a hand to his ear. "Excuse me, but my hearing is not as good as it once was, did I hear a human being reply or was that Rockefeller's calf blatted?" Then the crowd roared with appreciative laughter but on election day, most of them voted for the principle they condemned this time.

Another time a hearer interrupted after requesting permission, "I believe it is their own fault that people are poor. I came to this town without a dollar and today I am fairly well-fixed. Others who came here when I did have nothing yet."

"Of what does your property consist, Mr. K?"

"Well I have half a dozen houses I rent out and—"

"Do you mean to say that had every man who came to this city been as industrious and saving as yourself, each could have owned six houses and rented them to others?"

"I most certainly do."

"Now Mr. K. I think you believe that and I would not make fun of any honest inquirer, but tell me, if each citizen today owned six houses to whom would he have rented the five he did not occupy?" Dense silence.

Then "Jed" Knight spoke up from the crowd, "Maybe the houses would have stood empty, but their wives could have taken in each other's washing and got rich! And I know of some boys who used to trade shirts every morning and each make a profit off the other to the extent of \$10 or so apiece, and yet each continued to wear his original shirt."

Where is there anything sensible in the profit system? It is good for a few, perhaps, but very bad for the many.

—E. FRANCIS ATWOOD in "The Lantern."

More for your money—
STAG
BRIGHT FLUG
CHEWING TOBACCO

Ask your dealer for the new increased size.

A PRESENT PLEA

VERNE DEWITT ROWELL

Let us not live that in some vague tomorrow,

We may enjoy what we call heaven, Nor look with cruel calmness upon sorrow,

And with a martyr-zeal deem it God-given.

Nor follow in the paths of yesterday. The once sufficient is all charmless now.

And while we honor saviors past away, Of heroes of today, enwreath the brow.

Let us alleviate the pangs of pain, That bring hot tear-drops to like-human eyes,

Let our toil be for common love not gain, And thus build up a present paradise.

LITTLE LUMPS

GERALD DESMOND

At a public meeting in New Zealand lately to boost Deadweight building, there was a riot and the Union Jack was torn to pieces. No mention was made of anyone being struck dead by lightning for doing it. The "God of our fathers" and "Lord of our battle-line," of whom Kipling sings, must have been engaged elsewhere. Or was this war god merely a creature of the jingo poet's imagination.

An employer of the writer's town recently defended the reduction of his employee's wages by saying that meats for soup making, and bones and boiling pieces of beef, scrap ends—were cheap, and that a man could live pretty comfortably on \$1.75 per day. From the capitalist standpoint this is a perfectly logical argument. Wages under capitalism simply represent cost of subsistence, and if the workers are content to subsist on bones and scrap ends, it is perfectly natural for the plutocrats to reduce their pay to that level.

THE TERRITORIAL ARMY SHAM

The work of exposing this sham must be persisted in until its absolute failure is acknowledged. Seventy per cent of those who have joined the force have only done so for one year; they should have plainly put to them all the objections against their signing on for a longer period. The difficulties which the authorities have to contend with in filling the ranks, and the frantic efforts they are making to overcome these, are well illustrated by the following extract from a North Country officer's letter appearing in the "Morning Post" of last Friday:—"In our battalion we can only get men by promising them that, whatever happens, and in spite of all that may be written in the papers, they won't be expected to be more efficient. Of course, the non-efficients are not weeded out. We've had to scrape in everything over fifteen that calls itself a male."—JUSTICE



'Vessels Large May Venture More, but Little Ships Must Stay Near Shore.'

THIS APPLIES

Aptly to Socialist Papers. Put Cotton's in a position to sail all round the big Canadian questions and show the seamy side. It can talk with authority and command attention with a respectable circulation behind it.

Steady, Persistent Canvassing for subs will do it.

Make Cotton's "The Appeal" of Canada, to do and to dare for Socialism.

50 CENTS PER YEAR 25 CENTS FOR SIX MONTHS

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER, THREE MONTHS FOR 10 CENTS.

\$1.00 pays for Two Yearly Subs, Four Half-yearly Subs, or Ten Trials for three months.

The Standard Oil interests have invaded the retail business. Now watch all the little store keepers get put out of business.

Laws are made to protect property and not life.

Wage slavery in many respects is worse than chattel slavery. Under chattel slavery the slave could at least be sure of food to keep from starvation.

We can understand why the robber who gets the spoils insists that robbery is beneficial and justifiable. What puzzles us is that the robbed uphold the system under which are deprived of the fruits of their toil.

The workingmen are the ones upon whom will fall the brunt of fighting for the economic common wealth. They will agitate and struggle and vote for it because it is the only way they can achieve economic liberty.

"There is an ever-growing portion of the working class whom the ever-increasing severity of the discipline of the machine press is teaching more and more to think solely in terms of material cause and effect. To them, just as much as to the scholar who has learned by study the relativity of ethics, current morality has ceased to appeal. It is idle to talk of the will of God, or of abstract, absolute ideas of right and wrong to the sociological scholar and the proletarian of the factory alike."—ROBERT RIVES LA MONTE.

Everywhere Rip Van Winkle clergymen are waking up and, with their hands on their hearts, loudly protesting that "the workingmen need the church and the church needs the workingmen"—oh, especially the latter, for it is the workingman who pays. Patient, mule-like workingman, how long have you borne on your back the priest grinding you with bridle in your mouth, while elsewhere on your back rested so snugly the capitalist, or the king, with soldiers to jab your sides and make you truly useful and obedient!

Material interest has always been the inciting motives of the incessant struggles of the privileged classes, either with each other, or against the inferior classes at whose expense they live. Man is dominated by the material conditions of life, and these conditions, and therefore the mode of production, have determined and will determine human customs, ethics, and institutions—social, economic, political, juridical, etc.—GABRIEL DEVILLE.

The transition from the civil wars of antiquity and the Middle Ages to social revolution in the previously used sense of the word was made by the Reformation, which belonged half to the Middle Ages and half to modern times. On a still higher stage was the English revolution of the seventeenth century, and finally the great French revolution becomes the classical type of social revolution, of which the uprisings of 1890 and 1848 were only faint echoes.—KARL KAUTSKY.

Most editors of daily papers think capitalism, eat, drink and sleep capitalism. They cannot get it out of their system. They love that old lie of "dividing up," and come at Socialism with the same stale observation than it would be no use: "the more cunning ones would soon have the advantage again." They would—under capitalism, but capitalism is precisely what we propose to abolish.—Ex.

The historic mission of the class at present exploited, the proletariat, which is being organized and disciplined by the very mechanism of capitalist production, is to complete the work of destruction begun by the development of social antagonisms. It must, first of all definitely wrest from its class adversaries the political power—the command of the force devoted by them to preserving intact their economic monopolies and privileges.—GABRIEL DEVILLE.

No wonder Mexican enterprises are profitable. The laborers get from eight to thirty cents a day and pay American prices for all they buy. If they strike they are shot down. Every cent of dividends drawn by Canadian Mexican companies is stained with the life blood of a slave.

"The ruling ideas of every age have ever been the ideas of its ruling class. This applies of ideas of right and wrong—of what is commonly known as morality—as fully as to ideas of any other kind."—ROBERT RIVES LA MONTE.

Heretofore political institutions have been organized for subduing the workers and holding them in a position of bondage. When the workers triumph and capture the government they will become free from their age long repression.

Put a little "Sunshine" in your home

An old-fashioned, ill-working furnace is a non-producer.

It consumes the coal, but through leaks and cracks wastes the heat. It is not economy to have such a furnace in your own home, or in your tenant's home.

If you are thinking of building you should be interested in Sunshine Furnace. It adds 100 per cent. to home comforts.

As soon as you let the contract for your house decide on your furnace. The "Sunshine" man will be pleased to tell you just how the rooms ought to be laid out with an eye to securing greatest heat from the smallest consumption of coal.

If you want to experiment with the question don't specify "Sunshine."

If you want to settle the question specify "Sunshine."

McClary's

For Sale by McCLATCHIE BROS., Cowansville

Cotton's Weekly

FOR ALL CANADA

A PAPER FOR CANADIANS WHO WANT THE TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOR

Sub Price

50 CENTS

TWO FOR \$1.00

SIX MONTHS 25c

U. S. Subs \$1.10

Bundles at the rate of 1 cent per copy.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Three Months for 10c

Send 10c in 1c Stamps for Single Subs

A Paper that Every Wide-awake Canadian should Subscribe for and read closely.

Remittances to be sent by Postal Note, addressed to Cotton's Weekly, Cowansville, P.Q.

LIVE PROPAGANDA PAPER

Human Nature

Human nature cannot be altered! Yet we used to burn witches. Human nature cannot be altered. Yet we used to hang people for stealing bread. Human nature cannot be altered. Yet we used to flog children to work. Human nature cannot be altered. Yet we send drunks to inebriate homes. Human nature cannot be altered. Yet we rescue hooligans from slum life and crime. Human nature cannot be altered. Yet we teach children morals and manners. Human nature cannot be altered. But we alter it. Therefore Socialism is possible. —British Clarion.

Money in the bank covers a multitude of sins

Notice is hereby given that COTTON'S WEEKLY is the registered business name of this paper. All business letters, copy, etc., should be so addressed, all money orders and cheques made payable to, and all drafts drawn on

COTTON'S WEEKLY, Cowansville, P. Q.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Wm. D. Gifford