

WITH THE SOCIALISTS

The Personality, Aims and Hopes of a Rapidly Increasing Party

If Men Were Wise

What might be done if men were wise!
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right
And cease the scorn of one another,
All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs,
All vice and crime might die together,
And fruit and corn
To each man born
Be free as warmth in summer weather.
The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self respect
And share the teeming world to-morrow.
What might be done? This might be done?
And more than this my suffering brother:
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung
If men were wise and loved each other.

—By Charles Mackay.

THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS

We of the Eastern Townships, are little affected by the doctrine of Socialism, as the need thereof has not become acute. Most of the farmers own their farms and work on them themselves. One of the strong tenets of Socialism is that the actual worker should own his own tools and when the farmer owns his own farm upon which he works, he is filling a niche in a Social regime. The store keeper owns his own store and runs it himself, sometimes with the help of nobody else. In short, the Eastern Townships has hardly yet developed a capitalist industrialism against which Socialism is directed. Consequently, the population has not yet felt the pressure of the support of the rich by the work of the poor to any great extent and we are likely never to experience the great suffering that is experienced in France, Germany, England, the United States and Montreal. We are persuaded that before the class struggle becomes acute among our agricultural population, that the Socialist fight will have been won in older lands and we will secure the benefit without a struggle in the same manner as we secured the benefit of democracy by the struggles of other countries as illustrated in the French Revolution and the American War of Independence.

THE SHOE BEGINS TO PINCH

Nevertheless, the shoe is beginning to pinch even here. Undoubtedly there are combines and we are being bled for the support of these combines. There are few manufacturing industries in our midst and we buy our goods from the large centres of industrial activity. Formerly the local merchants had greater opportunities for profit than they have now and we venture to predict that local-merchants throughout the Eastern Townships will find their present chances of making an honest living grow smaller and smaller as our manufacturers become more thoroughly organized. Even as it is, as the manufacturers find their position growing stronger, the local merchants are being squeezed. Long line credits are being curtailed and in some lines of goods country merchants find they must pay for their goods long before they have an opportunity of selling them. In other lines of goods the manufacturers are fixing the wholesale and the retail prices as well and the difference between the price which the country merchant has to pay and at which he is directed to sell is so small as not to allow him a decent profit. The tendency is for the manufacturers to get more of the profit and the country merchants to work harder for less profit. The good old days when the country merchant could make good profit is passing. The country merchants are forced to keep their nose to the grindstone and watch the wives and daughters of the men they buy their goods from roll lazily by the country stores in summer time in expensive automobiles.

CONDITIONS MAY CHANGE

In large cities of England and the United States, public ale houses are tied. That is to say, the brewers and

distilleries own the public houses and saloons and get someone to run them for a salary. In the United States the tobacco trust is acquiring tobacco shops and taking all the profit from the consumer, the retail as well as wholesale. The power of capital is great and it is said to be almost impossible for a young man to start in business for himself without capital. The tendency of the age moreover, is for large aggregations of capital to force into bankruptcy those in business with small capital.

The department stores of the large cities are reaching out into the country by their mail order departments for business. They succeed in taking a large amount of business away from country stores. When the time comes propitious we expect to see a million dollar company organized to open branch stores through the various small villages of the Eastern Townships. These stores with the large capital behind them could undersell most of the country merchants and force them into bankruptcy. After the country stores had been destroyed, the large organization, having a monopoly of the trade, would boost prices and take into itself the profits which formerly kept many country merchants busy and gave them a living. This process has taken place in England to the ruin of many excellent business men. The moral is "stick to your country merchant as long as you can and read up the principles of Socialism as the workers are doing in England."

THE FARMER AND MODERN CONDITIONS.

The large Socialist votes in the Western States was rolled up in country places by the farmers. "The Appeal to Reason" has been making special efforts to show the farmers where the modern system was reducing the profits of farmers and it has opened the eyes of the small Western farmer to a good many things. Here in the Eastern Townships also the farmers will be forced to learn that they will have to get into politics as a class conscious body if they do not want to see the profits on agriculture disappear. It is true that farmers are now getting more for their products than they formerly did, but it is also true that everything they buy has gone up as fast if not faster, and the actual margin of profit is hardly greater than it was years ago.

The farmer ships his milk to Montreal by express and the express companies get the cream of the profit on the farmer's cream. Under modern conditions the farmers must buy much goods. His shoes and his woolen garments and his plows and his reapers and his phosphates and nearly all that he buys has advanced enormously in price. The country merchants do not benefit because they are being squeezed by the same process by which the farmers are also suffering. While apparently independent and as free as the air, the farmers are building up fortunes for others huger than they themselves are aware of.

THE CASE OF RUDOWITZ

Rudowitz is a political refugee from Russia in the United States. Russia is seeking his extradition on the ground of murder. A strong movement is on foot among the radicals and socialists to prevent his being sent back to the terrors that await prisoners in Russia. The events in which he participated were of a political character. He was a member of a secret revolutionary society in the Baltic Provinces. The society condemned to death some of the Russian officials who were murdering innocent men and women under the pretence of martial law. The assassinations were carried out as directed. Rudowitz has not, so far, been connect-

ed with the assassinations themselves.

The question is whether Rudowitz is a political offender or a common murderer. If the latter the further question arises whether he will be given a fair trial in Russia. The last person the United States surrendered to Russia last-just sixteen minutes on Russian soil. He was hacked to pieces by Cossacks on the landing stage in the sight of the American officers who handed him to Russia.

It is extremely doubtful whether Rudowitz if surrendered would have as peaceful an end. The torture chamber awaits him, as the endeavor will be made by Russian officials to exact from him the names of his comrades still in Russia. The following are the things which await him as set forth in the columns of the Chicago Daily Socialist:

Welcome, Rudowitz, to Russia.

By JOHN CARROLL.

I am Marie Ivanovna, the wire thronged, many tongued whip which raises human flesh in series, bloody welts bordered by dripping, ruddy furrows, I sigh for thee, O Rudowitz.

I am the comb of Kiev, a little instrument which tears the pulsing human flesh into fine filaments, which shreds the tender nerves and draws them out as a beauties tresses are drawn through a silver comb held by maid in waiting, I long to caress thee O Rudowitz.

I am the Cossack, brave on vodka, rictous debaucher of women, torturer of little children and babies, I would care for thee, O Rudowitz.

I am the clerical, rich through a people in torment, anointer of the Czar, upholder of his holy government, I would see that justice was done to thee, O Rudowitz.

I am Nicholas, czar and puppet by the Grace of God, the Little Father of the People, supporter of Noble Thieves and Princely Extortioners. At my call are Marie Ivanovna and the Comb of Kiev, I await thee with a Father's welcome, O Rudowitz.

I am the dungeon, lightless and filled with vermin, ante-chamber I to the den of torture, I would shelter thee, O Rudowitz.

I am the swift and sure bullet. When thou hast told all under torment, glad would thou be when I called thee to God, I wait to send thee to peace, O Rudowitz.

Had No Attic

The minister called at the home of Tommy's father the other day and was told by Tommy, who admitted him, that his father was upstairs in bed, whereupon the reverend gentleman asked:

"Can I sit down and await your father's coming?"

To this the little fellow replied: "I don't care what you do."

After the expiration of a few minutes the clergyman ventured to ask Tommy: "Do you think that your father will be down soon?" and was rewarded by the answer, "Guess so," and this proving unsatisfactory, he decided to negotiate friendly relations between the boy and himself before questioning him further, and began by stating that God was in the room and asking Tommy if he were aware of that fact.

Tommy—God in this room?

Minister—Yes, God is in this room.

Tommy—Now?

Minister—Yes, God is here now; and everywhere.

Tommy—Is he in the other room, there? (pointing to the next room).

Minister—Yes, he is there also.

Tommy—Is he in our cellar too?

Minister—He is in your cellar, and everywhere.

Tommy—Ooh! It's dark down there, Ain't he afraid to go there?

The clergyman explains that God is everywhere and afraid of nothing.

"not even the dark," and Tommy further questions, "Is God in our attic?" Again the "man of God" attests God's presence everywhere and also in the attic, whereupon Tommy's shrill treble voice exultantly cries: "You're a liar; we ain't got no attic."

A Stocking Novelty

In wondering what to give a girl friend for Christmas do not forget that a pair of silk stockings always proves acceptable. Black and white are the most popular choices for a gift, as in buying colored stockings it is necessary to know the shade of the gowns and shoes that are to be worn with them. If, however, you want something a little more elaborate, there are black silk stockings with colored tops and insets on the instep to match that are new and popular with young women who are not conservative as to the dressing of their feet.

GOOD BITS

From the Little Old "Appeal."

Socialism is a b-a-a-d thing. It is agin bog nature, you know.

If socialism prevailed there would be no incentive to work—others.

There is one thing of which labor has too much. That is patience.

Socialism is a menace to society because it would obliterate ambition.

Lies crushed to earth sometimes rise again, and slap a fellow in the face.

Socialism is impractical. It offers no chance to live without doing something useful.

Socialism is such a beautiful dream that the wisecracks recommend the nightmare of capitalism instead.

Socialism is the enemy to the kind of religion that builds battleships and sells opium to a heathen nation.

Great private wealth debases not only those from whom it is taken, but debases the possessors. The families of the rich are, as a rule, not such people as any respectable family would associate with except for their money.

Because he was rich and could afford to spend large sums on a beautiful but debased women, the ex-president of France was found dead in her house though he had a happy home and a worthy family.

According to the Capital of Oklahoma City, the oil wells of Oklahoma pour out ten billion feet of crude oil per day, and only one-tenth of this amount is saved. This is an example of the waste of capitalism that ought to impress one.

That it was not superior judgment, but luck in stumbling on to and securing a monopoly of a natural resource that made the Standard Oil an immense wealth producer, is shown by Archbold's testimony when he said at one time he offered to drink all the oil that would be produced in the mid-continent fields. These fields now produce 70,000 barrels a year.

The smart gazabo who said that the socialists want to occupy some position for which they are not fitted was not so far from the truth. They have been fitted by capitalist conditions to work like beavers and starve like greyhounds so they can develop more speed, and their insistent desire for enough to eat is as inconsistent as it would be to put fattening food into a lean stomach.

Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, a Unitarian minister of Chicago, in a recent sermon remarked: The great industrial system of which we are so proud is founded on the bodies of wage-earners. "The products are stained with the blood of children and soiled with the tears of women." If there was more truth of this nature told in the pulpit the workers would not be deserting the churches as they are now doing.

Aphorisms from Emerson

All good is eternally reproductive. Character is higher than wisdom. Success treads on every right step. Nature always wears the colors of the spirit. Beauty is the mark God set upon nature.

Why Refer to Doctors

Because we make medicines for them. We tell them all about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and they prescribe it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption. They trust it. Then you can afford to trust it. Ask your own doctor.

"The best kind of a testimonial—Sold for over sixty years."

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Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

PANDORA RANGE

Train up a girl in the way she should bake, and when she is married she will not depart from it.

"My mother taught me how to bake, and told me why she always used a McClary Range."

"Now I have a 'Pandora', and, as with mother, my troubles are few. After fire is started, I simply bring thermometer to desired heat and leave the oven in charge of the baking. It's built for faithful service."

"While housewives with other ranges are poking fire and changing dampers, I sit and read the 'Joy of Living'."

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The announcement that the Japanese are about to open the railroad which they have built in Formosa is the latest evidence of the good work which they are doing in the island, which was acquired in 1895, at the close of the war with China. At the time of the transfer 62 miles of the road were completed. It now covers a total of 334 miles, and Japan has built the additional 272 miles at nearly \$2,000,000 less than the estimates.

Why are lumps of sugar like race horses. The more you lick them the faster they go.

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