

# Getton's Weekly

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CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

VOL. XXXVIII No. 47

## REPUDIATION

The little reformer is greatly worried. He knows the governments are corrupt. He perceives that vast aggregations of capital are falling into the hands of a few persons. Life for the common man is becoming harder and harder. Everywhere laws are made to bind the ordinary man and to free the capitalist.

The little man is convinced that legislatures and parliament and civic administrations are corrupt. Franchises are given which plunder the many and enrich the few. Enormous debts are assumed by representatives of all the people. These debts do not represent value received. They represent gifts made to the plunderer. Corruption everywhere and overblown millionaires resulting from that corruption face the little reformer.

The little reformer's philosophy and line of action are too small to solve the problem. The sacredness of contract binds his mind. A contract must be observed according to him, no matter how injurious it may be to the common people. The only way to break a contract is to prove fraud. The little reformer knows that the contracts given to exploiters of labor are fraudulent. But he cannot prove it. Hence he becomes a pessimist and joins the Conservatives.

But the socialists do not bother about the little restrictions in which the little reformer enmeshes himself. They realize that the whole of our civilization as represented in our laws, is based on corruption and class rule. The socialist realizes that the standards adopted as a test for contracts are unwholesome and inhuman. The whole of the present system must be swept away to give rise to a better system based on sound economics. If the system is bad it follows that the results are bad and those results must be eliminated and not carried forward as a burden to the new phase of democracy.

Therefore the socialists stand for repudiation. Debts, national, provincial or municipal, will be repudiated. Stocks and bonds will be abolished. The whole system of organized plunder which the millionaires have built for their own aggrandizement will be swept away and the millionaire will stand forth stripped and naked of all his great possessions and he will be but a man among other men.

If we are to build a system in which the standards will be the power to labor and the need of the individual, then the present system which is based on the power of the most cunning to corrupt and rob must be completely overturned. The little reformer wants that intact. All he wants to do is to tone down some of the most glaring injustices.

When you once perceive the socialist philosophy you become self-poised and at peace. You look forward to the coming of the revolution with confident hope. You do not worry over the thievery and the national corruption. You do not care to follow in their intricate windings all the phases of that corruption. You do not care who gets the plunder whether it is Mackenzie, or Mann, or Strathcona, or Forget, or Carsley. You know that when the revolution comes the paper certificates the cobweb indebtednesses, which these plunderers have schemed for the binding of the nation, will be laughed to scorn by giant emancipated labor and the plunderers will stand forth stripped of their belongings and ashamed. If the plunderers can work at something useful, they will be made to do their share in the useful work of world. If they cannot labor, because of infirmities or old age, they will be numbered among the pensioners of labor, receiving support, as of right, in the category of the weak and the incapable.

## CAPITALISTS GIVING LABOR

There is a fallacy which the capitalists diligently propound. Their newspapers and all the functionaries who gain more or less of a soft living from contact with capital, also sedulously circulate it. This fallacy is that the capitalist gives labor. Quite frequently a group of men will decide to build a

railroad or a factory. Immediately a hundred men will be set to work, bricks will be bought, or railroad ties, and the undertaking will be accomplished. The ignorant man will conclude that the capitalist has given labor and therefore that the capitalist is necessary.

Let not the capitalist be confounded with capital. Capital is unpaid labor. The capitalist is a person who controls and owns capital. While capital may be necessary, the capitalist is not necessary.

Labor should be fully paid. Labor should be allowed to say how its reward shall be spent. When labor is only half paid, and the capitalist takes the other half of the pay which should go to the laborer, the capitalist is morally a thief. The capitalist may, under our present system, appropriate half the pay which should go to the laborers who produce the goods. The capitalist may have an income of a thousand dollars a day. With this income he may build factories or tenement houses. What he really does therefore is not give work but to plunder labor and with that plundered labor, to create new machinery for the further plundering of the proletariat.

Capitalists do not give work. They plunder workers.

## HOW WILL IT BE DONE

A question which puzzles the average man who has not let his brain wander out of the rut of bills receivable and bills payable, duns and taxes, is how the socialists intend to bring socialism into practice. The average man declares that socialism is fine in theory, but it cannot be put into practice. It is against human nature.

The trouble with these men is that they have a wrong outlook upon life. They actually believe that men have free will. They think that men control their environment and that the environment does not control men. In philosophy the average business man is an anarchist.

The ordinary man thinks that the socialists have some deep-laid scheme for regenerating human nature. The ordinary man while claiming to be a Christian, nevertheless despises and does not believe in the Christian doctrine of the regeneration of the individual. When the socialist tells the ordinary man that socialism is not a scheme and that socialism does not aim at regenerating the individual, the ordinary man is completely nonplused. Ignorant himself, the only solution he can give is one based on the argument ad hominem. The socialist is a long-haired crank, who does not know what he is talking about.

The Utopian socialists, Robert Owen, Saint Simon, Fourier and others, laid down schemes. They built paper societies and wanted men to conform to them. The modern socialist has no schemes. He has studied the trend of history and the evolution of industry. He has studied the laws governing the conduct of man in the aggregate. He knows that the outcome of industry must necessarily be a co-operative commonwealth. The question as to how socialism will come about does not bother him. He knows that it is inevitable. All that he endeavors to do is open men's eyes to its coming and to usher in the socialist state with as little suffering as possible to the human atoms that compose his particular state.

H. C. Frick of the Steel Trust, is said to be building a thirteen storey building in Pittsburg. Of course, as the reports state that Frick is building it, there can be no one else helping him on the job. Will he dig the foundation with his own hands? Will he put up the steel frames and lay the bricks? Or will he get wage slaves to do the work while he draws the revenue?

Prof. Charles Zueblin, sociologist, of Boston, is declaring that Harriman is a railroad genius and a financial pest. Under socialism his railroad genius would be utilized while he would have no chance to exercise perniciously his thieving abilities.

## CAUSE AND EFFECT

Things are not what they seem. Erroneous impressions have passed for the truth through the ages. It has only been by the closest investigation that men have become able to find out the true course of events and to distinguish those phenomena which are the causes and those phenomena which are the effects. To-day vast numbers of men and women hold the erroneous impression that religion makes people good. They do not see that they are mistaking the effect for the cause.

A certain number of people holding a certain status in life with aims and ambitions of a similar nature gather together into a social organization called a church. They make unto themselves a certain standard of conduct, and, perceiving that a certain line of conduct is of benefit to themselves, they gradually erect that line of conduct into a universal maxim for the guiding of the world.

As time goes on individuals of the same status in life having the same aims and ambitions will join the church and increase its membership. A minister or priest is hired at a stated salary to propound their philosophy of life to the church members and to assert that philosophy and the aims of the members have impressed upon them the sanction of the Divine Being.

In general, religious experiences are a composite of blind emotion and irrational mental processes. This is readily seen at Salvation Army meetings and Methodist revivals, wherein emotion is worked upon and hysterical exhortations attempt to persuade the people to have faith and not think. It is also seen in more aristocratic bodies in the repetition of creeds in a solemn and unctious manner. Reason is held in abeyance and emotion holds sway.

When the church adherents have become sufficiently faithful and unreasoning, a little reason is brought to bear by the church authorities. The church authorities begin to declare that it is their preaching and their ritualistic performances that make the church adherents possess the social status, the aims and desires which they do. The church adherents look within themselves and perceive the aims and desires which they possess. They look around them and behold the social status which they hold and perceive that it is a good one. Possessing faith, they swallow the words of the church authorities and repeat the sentiments of the authorities with blind and erroneously reasoning faith.

A church is an expensive institution to maintain, therefore the members must have a fairly good position before they can join and keep up their share of the burden. Thus the social status of the church members is not the result of the church and its preachings but the result of the social status of its members.

From this point of view, it can readily be seen how the various ecclesiastical organizations are arrogating to themselves the honor and influence which they do not produce.

Man is not naturally bad. Man is naturally good. He possesses the qualities of love and friendship, honesty and nobility. These qualities are repressed and distorted by the economic anarchy and commercial competitive warfare which desolates all modern countries. The churches in preaching the depravity of man have been working a monstrous hoax upon society. It is very doubtful whether the church organizations, either Catholic or Protestant, are really desirous of doing away with the evils which afflict Canada. The so-called bad men and bad women are the result of economic forces too great for the individuals who suffer from them to overcome. Remove these economic forces, or rather direct them in the right way, and the bad men and the bad women, they or their children, will become good.

But if the bad men and the bad women became good of themselves without the aid of the tom-toms of the Salvation Army, or the broad phylacteries of the Catholic and Anglican priests, the emotionalism of the Methodists or the speculative anarchistic philosophy of the Congregationalists, these various

religious organizations would have to cease as they would not be able to show a shadow of excuse for existing. The authorities could not point to the wicked and frighten their flocks into thinking that if they did not support the religious organization materially, morally and financially, they would become like unto the wicked.

When the people come to see clearly that religious organizations are exploiting the good instead of creating it; when men and women become clear-brained and are swung by a sane and reasoning emotion, our present church institutions will disappear and we will look back upon the philosophies, priestly robes, religious alms giving and other church paraphernalia of the present churches with the same broad minded contempt with which we now look back at the Aryan, Pelagian and Jansenist controversies which afflicted humanity and furnished the church authorities of the early and middle ages with remunerative, word-splitting occupation.

## BREAD AND CIRCUSES

Bread and circuses is an old scheme. If the people won't be frugal and become restive under robbery, give them a rattle to amuse themselves with. The circus was an old idea of the Roman Emperors. When a Roman Emperor had waded through blood to the Imperial throne and the Roman inhabitants were in an ugly mood, then the people were distracted with huge spectacular exhibitions. Wild beasts, the tiger, the elephant, the bear, the lion, would be gathered together and kept hungry. Then the arena would be thronged and the citizens would forget their anger against the Emperor because of the spectacles he had furnished for them. Christian women and children would be flung alive to the wild beasts. Gladiators would kill each other and the citizens would howl with delight at the fierce encounters between lion and elephant. If the people howled for bread, corn would be imported from Egypt and given free to the inhabitants of the city of Rome.

Bread and circuses is still the cry. It is still the idea which haunts the rulers for the pacification of the mob. Free soup kitchens are not established because of Christian charity. The soup is flung as a sop to the brute beings of the slums, creatures our multimillionaires have bred and whose wrath they fear? The Salvation Army has been taken up as a means of giving free bread to keep the people quiet. It is a cheap way of giving bread as the Army exacts its pound of flesh from the recipients of its charity.

As for the circuses, this is an age of spectacular exhibitions. The average newspaper devotes two pages a day to sports. Baseball, football, horse racing and fist fights are arranged to keep the mob quiet. If a wage slave can be got to turn his attention to Jim Jeffries or Jack Johnson he will not be thinking about how much Lord Strathcona or Colonel Carson or Sir Frederick Borden is taking out of his pay envelope. Here again the exhibitions are not giving free as they were in Rome. The wage slave has to pay to see the game. He has to buy his sporting paper to read the news. Like the Salvation Army for bread, so the organizations for sport are paid for by the wage slave.

There are exhibitions which are free. The gee-gaws of the Governor General are a free exhibition. The king in state is another free exhibition for the people to gaze at. But the people are getting tired of this kind of spectacle. Edward and the Czar have just met. But the people were in an ugly mood and this exhibition was not public.

Bread and circuses worked well for the rulers of Rome. Bread and circuses, however, are not keeping the modern citizens quiet. The socialist organizations are in every country. These socialists are sapping the foundations which the parasites rest upon. In a few years, with peace, the multimillionaires and the titled aristocrats will be pulled down from their positions of protected thievery. Bread and circuses do not work and the rulers are experimenting with imperialism and militarism as a counter attraction. Militarism is a dangerous experiment which may sweep the rulers into a bloody oblivion.

## THE LESSON FROM SPAIN

Spain is teaching the nations an international lesson with regard to the strength of the spirit of social revolt. Spain, to protect some mining concession in Morocco, has engaged in a war with the Moors. At the first intimation of war the Spanish people protested. When troops were withdrawn from Spain the people of Barcelona and of the north of Spain broke into a revolt. The troops stationed in Barcelona refused to fire on the rebels and it was only by the importation of soldiers from other parts of Spain that any impression could be made by the reactionary government of Madrid.

There was a time when a foreign war could be used to quiet home troubles. The riotous spirits were drawn off to foreign countries by the hope of plunder. That day has passed. Russia attempted to quell her home troubles by the distractions of a war with Japan. The war removed the soldiers and the people left at home broke into rebellion. Spain is passing through the same experience.

Everywhere labor is against war. The master class, frightened by the solidarity of labor and perceiving their own coming overthrow, are massing troops to protect themselves against the rising of their slaves. The German army is not so much an instrument for foreign wars, as an instrument for the subjugation of German citizens. The British Army is being groomed for the work of the slaughter of Englishmen.

The master class have learned that it is dangerous to let soldiers stay long in one garrison town. Italy originated a plan of sending troops from the north to the south of Italy. The southern soldiers were sent north. Hypocritical as ever, the government declared that the authorities desired to have a unified Italy and had introduced the system of exchange in order that the citizens of Italy might grow together in one spirit. The authorities knew that in the case of a disturbance northern troops would not be likely to fire on their own kindred.

The master class of Great Britain are scheming for reliable troops. They speak highly of imperialism which means that Canadian boys should join an imperial army to be moved wherever the bosses want them to go. It would highly please Balfour and Chamberlain and Rothschild and the other plunderers of British labor if they could persuade the good shots of Canada to form themselves into an army that could be depended upon to shoot down the striking coal miners of Lanarkshire.

The Barcelona troops refused to fire on Barcelona working-men. Lanarkshire troops would probably refuse to fire on their Lanarkshire kindred. Hence, the constant shifting of troops. Hence the frantic endeavors of Lord Strathcona to inveigle Canadian working-men into becoming the pliant tools of British labor thieves like himself. Hence, the cheers which greet Fred Borden when he froths about Canadian loyalty and the readiness with which, in his opinion, Canadians can be got to act as murderers.

Did the capitalists feel sure of the result there would be an international war to-morrow. There are so many rich pickings to be got in a financial world out of loans and army contracts that the capitalists long to start a war that will kill off the surplus labor and at the same time enrich themselves. But the capitalists are afraid. The plundered laborers are in an ugly mood and the capitalists fear for their own necks should their protecting armies be sent to a foreign field. Spain is an example which has put the fear into the hearts of the murderously disposed international capitalists.

## THRIFT

One of the bluffs which the oily capitalist likes to work off on the laborer is that of thrift. The English lord or the American multimillionaire is great on preaching thrift. He will paint in glowing colors the benefits which the working man can derive from being thrifty. Comfortable old age, happy grand-children and the respect of the King or President is the alleged

reward to the working man for being frugal. And all the while the millionaire or lord is planning in his crafty head how he can get the pennies saved away from the thrifty worker.

Let the workingmen save and their pay will be cut down. Let it be seen that the workingmen can pay more and his rent will be raised. Capitalism is a skin game for doing the workers out of everything, but a bare living. The less he spends the quicker the boss will cut down his wages. The idea of frugality is impressed upon the workers by the bosses in order to give them false notions and to send them on a wild goose chase after riches. The game is loaded before hand. The masters will see to it that the men do not enjoy the fruits of their frugality.

These fairy tales about the poor worker attending conscientiously to his duties and building up a huge fortune by his own initiative are nonsense. The men recognize that the slower they work the longer they will hold the job. They realize that the more they do for the bosses, the quicker a commercial crisis will come when they will get the sack. They know that the interests of the boss are not their interests.

It is true that men rise from poverty to great riches. It is a fact that it is more possible to roll up great wealth now than ever before. But that wealth is not obtained by doing honest work at the bench. It is done by being a craftier thief than the big thieves. It is done by plundering the labor plunderers.

Vast wealth shows itself by means of paper titles. Bonds and stock certificates and title deeds to lands and houses are the representatives of wealth. A certain factory or group of factories will cost a million dollars a year to run. The products will realize two million. Whoever therefore possesses the title deeds, the stocks and bonds of this factory or group of factories will have an income of a million dollars a year clear and free. Wealth therefore will not come to the fool laborer who goes into the factories as a wage slave with the hope of working up. He is nothing but a slave. Let him try to get out of his slavery and the Canadian judges, Canadian policemen and Canadian soldiers will mighty quick show him where he belongs. The possession of wealth does not come from working at the bench.

The possession of wealth comes to that individual who schemes to get the title deeds of the factory. Rigging the stock exchange, bribing officials, getting special laws passed by parliament, cajoling people out of good money to put into worthless enterprises and taking that good money to buy the bribed officials, these are some of the crafty ways of becoming rich.

In the meantime, the labor thieves preach frugality to the wage slave. The less the wage slave will consent to live on the more plunder there be for the plunderer and to peacably divide up or querulously snarl over.

Senator Stone of Missouri threatened to shoot a dinky waiter on a Pullman car because the waiter told the Senator that he had to wait his turn in being served. The Senator, however, contented himself by calling the waiter a black dog and striking him on the mouth. Police Magistrate Graham of Baltimore, before whom the Senator was haled for assault, dismissed the charge declaring that the Senator's actions were justifiable when a waiter was dilatory. Thus plutocracy sneers at equality and justice.

Two injunctions have been issued recently. One injunction has been issued preventing the aldermen of the City of Halifax selling a lot of city land at low rates to a private company. The other was in Toronto preventing the city fathers from doing the same thing. Our courts as yet are not so capitalized and corrupt as those of the States.

At last the revolution is stirring in Spain. It is the fact that the revolt is in the seaport town of Barcelona and in the manufacturing regions of the North which show that the revolution is the result of economic causes.

THE PLOT REVEALED

By Prolo No. 2

Dear Comrades:

Some of our local editors are trying to make you believe that your old friend J. H. Prolo is a fool because he speaks plain to you, but they can call Prolo a double cursed fool if they like, its up to the union men to judge which is the best friend, Prolo or the editor. In the first place Prolo has never made welcome to your flattery, but a certain editor of Springhill did. Prolo has always spoken plain to you, and is going to speak plain to you too, here and now.

Now comrade, maybe you don't know about the irrational and dirty scheme planned by some gentlemen against the labor party. And maybe you are not aware of the fact that whilst you are working in the bowels of the earth some of those gentlemen spend their time in having summer morning chats. Now Bill, can you guess what some of those chats are about? No, you don't; eh? Well I am going to tell you. Here is one of them, over here on the Main street, within one-half mile of Sprague's boot store.

Gentleman—"Good morning Mr. Editor; how are you this morning?"

Editor—"I am very well thank you. How is yourself?"

Gentleman—"Very well. Did you hear about the Labor Party's convention?"

Editor—"Yes, and I don't like the way everything is turning now. It seems to me that the workmen are going to fight their own battle."

Gentleman—"Is it true they have nominated their candidate?"

Editor—"Yes; Seaman Terris and Mr. Landry are the Labor Candidates."

Gentleman—"Well, Seaman Terris is a good union man, and a good christian, and in favour of prohibition. Mr. Landry is a well educated young fellow, who escaped in the Springhill explosion of 1891, and I was told he was determined to defend the interests of the working class."

Editor—"Yes and the Labor Party have adopted a platform which one cannot attack without hurting the workers' interests, and it would be folly to do so, as we want, and need the workers vote to elect the Conservative candidate."

Gentleman—"Yes and that notorious, cursed Belgian has had the crazy idea of drawing up clauses in accordance with the U. M. W. of A. constitution, and the Labor Party adopted them. Now all the miners know that if they vote against the Labor Platform they are voting against their obligation. By jove, I wish that crazy, stupid Belgian had never put his foot in this town."

Editor—"Yes, and one of our staunch Conservatives was one of the delegates to the convention, and I don't know how we conceived the idea of putting in a clause in the Labor Party's Platform. Our friend made a big mistake that time."

Gentleman—"Is that so, and what is the clause he put in?"

Editor—"Well the clause reads like this: 'All coal areas not permanently in operation four years from date of lease shall revert to the Crown.' And the operators are very much opposed to this clause. Now, what do you think is the best to do?"

Gentleman—"I don't know what to think, nor what to do."

Editor—"We will not take a back seat by any means and leave the field open for the Labor Party alone. They have adopted a good sound practical platform and it will not do to attack their platform and principles. The only thing to do is to attack their candidates individually."

Gentleman—"Yes, but Seaman Terris is a good respectable citizen, a good union man, and a christian. Furthermore he has a good reputation and a good character, and he is well known in Cumberland county."

Editor—"Oh hang the reputation and good character; that won't cut no ice at election times. We have got to attack them regardless of reputation. Anyway it won't be the first time we have sacrificed individual reputations to gain an election. Those laborites must not get a chance to get into parliament. They would soon know too much about the working of our capitalistic government, and labor could not be bluffed any longer."

Gentleman—"Yes, but who is going to attack Seaman Terris individually and wreck his reputation as a good union man, and citizen?"

Editor—"Well I'll do it. We have got plenty time ahead of us. I will start at it and do it gradually. I will try to find fault with his work in connection with the union. The

miners certainly must trust Terris now, but our friends will report all the proceedings of the union and watch out for any mistake Terris may possibly make, and if there is none I'll manufacture them myself, and put Terris in the hole."

Gentleman—"Yes, but be careful not to get into a hole yourself."

Editor—"Oh, there is no danger of getting myself in the hole, as I am not intending to stay in Springhill much longer after the election is over anyhow."

Gentleman—"Do your best; we have got to down those labor candidates by fair means or foul. You remember what our friend Mr. Rhodes said in R. B. Murray's office. He said: 'I am not in favor of workmen getting control of the legislature,' because they would establish too radical legislation detrimental to our industries."

Editor—"Put your mind at rest, and don't worry about it, I'll fix the whole thing. Well, so long I must leave you."

Gentleman—"Good morning, and be careful."

Now Bill you have got it all in a nutshell. What do you think of their little scheme? The editor has already started to work out his scheme, but it has proved a failure so far, and I hope that the working men will not let this editor deceive them any longer.

And Bill, watch him. He will have the guile to call Prolo No. 2 a fool, and a crazy liar, because Prolo tells the truth, while he, himself believes that he is a smart and wise man in trying to make us swallow all kinds of nonsense. This editor is so accustomed to misstatements that when he is prevaricating he is under the impression that he is telling the truth.

Good night Bill. Tell Joe I'll be round again.

Yours for the truth,  
PROLO, NO. 2.

CHIPS FROM A BLOCKHEAD

Darkness can only be dispelled by light. It can not be dispelled by denunciation.

How to be happy—get a purpose in life and let it dominate you.

Every defeat of organized labor brings grist to the Socialist mill.

Happiness is the synthesis of pleasurable emotions.

Prudery and pruriency are opposite sides of the same coin.

The opposite of free love is enforced love, which, of course, is an absurdity. The most that governments can do is to enforce co-habitation.

Disobedience is the cardinal virtue of the human race.

It is the agitators who make the world move forward.

Pleasure is the only right. Pain is the only wrong. Whatever produces pain is immoral.

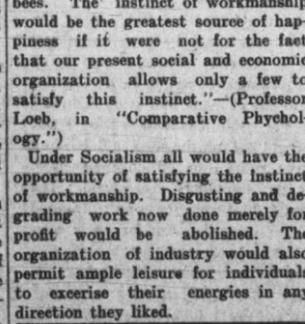
—William Restelle Shier.

HAPPINESS AND WORK.

"Human happiness is based upon the possibility of a natural and harmonious satisfaction of the instincts. One of the most important of the instincts is not usually recognized as such, namely, the instinct of workmanship. Lawyers, criminologists, and philosophers frequently imagine that it is only want that makes men work. This is an erroneous view. We are instinctively forced to be active, in the same way as ants or bees. The instinct of workmanship would be the greatest source of happiness if it were not for the fact that our present social and economic organization allows only a few to satisfy this instinct."—(Professor Loeb, in "Comparative Psychology.")

Under Socialism all would have the opportunity of satisfying the instinct of workmanship. Disgusting and degrading work now done merely for profit would be abolished. The organization of industry would also permit ample leisure for individuals to exercise their energies in any direction they liked.

More for your money—



Ask your dealer for the new increased size.

EVOLUTION

By LANGDON SMITH

History records that in 1895 Mr. Langdon Smith, at that time connected with the Sunday edition of the New York Herald, wrote the first few stanzas of the following poem. They were printed in the Herald. Four years later having joined the staff of the New York Journal in the interim, Mr. Smith came across the verses among his papers, and was struck with their incompleteness.

He added a stanza or two, and laid the pen aside. Later he wrote more stanzas, and finally completed it and sent it in to Mr. Arthur Brisbane, editor of the Evening Journal. Mr. Brisbane, being unable to use it, turned it over to Mr. G. E. Russell, of the Morning Journal. It appeared in the Morning Journal—in the middle of a page of want "ads"! How it came to be buried thus some compositor may know. Perhaps a "make-up" man was inspired with a glimmer of editorial intelligence to "lighten up" the page.

But even a deep border of "ads" could not smother the poem. Mr. Smith received letters of congratulation from all parts of the world, along with requests for copies. The poem, before The Scrap Book republished it, had been in constant demand; and it had been almost unobtainable.

—Reprinted from the Montreal Star.

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish,  
In the Paleozoic time,  
And side by side on the ebbing tide  
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,  
Or skittered with many a caudal flip  
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,  
My heart was rife with the joy of life,  
For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,  
And mindless at last we died;  
And deep in the rift of the Caradoc drift  
We slumbered side by side.  
The world turned on in the lathe of time,  
The hot lands heaved amain,  
Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,  
And crept into light again.

We were Amphibians, scaled and tailed,  
And drab as a dead man's hand;  
We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,  
Or trailed through the mud and sand,  
Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet  
Writing a language dumb,  
With never a spark in the empty dark  
To hint at a life to come.

Yet happy we lived and happy we loved,  
And happy we died once more;  
Our forms were rolled in the clinging mold  
Of a Neocomian shore.  
The eons came, and the eons fled,  
And the sleep that wrapped us fast  
Was riven away in a newer day,  
And the night of death was past.

Then light and swift through the jungle trees  
We swung in our airy flights,  
Or breathed in the balms of the fronded palms,  
In the hush of the moonless nights,  
And, oh! what beautiful years were these,  
When our hearts clung each to each;  
When life was filled and our senses thrilled  
In the first faint dawn of speech.

Thus life by life, and love by love,  
We passed through the cycles strange,  
And breath by breath, and death by death,  
We followed the chain of change.  
Till there came a time in the law of life  
When over the nursing rod  
The shadows broke, and the soul awoke  
In a strange, dim dream of God.

I was thewed like an Auroch built,  
And tasked like the great cave bear;  
And you, my sweet, from head to feet,  
Were gowned in your glorious hair,  
Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,  
When the night fell o'er the plain,  
And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,  
We mumbled the bones of the slain,  
I flaked a flint to a cutting edge,  
And shaped it with brutish craft;  
I broke a shank from the woodland dank  
And fitted it, head and haft,

Then I hid me close to the steady tarn,  
Where the Mammoth came to drink—  
Through brown and bone, I drave the stone,  
And slew him upon the brink.  
Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes,  
Loud answered our kith and kin;  
From west and east to the crimson feast  
The clang came trooping in.  
O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof,  
We fought and clawed and tore,  
And cheek by jowl, with many a growl,  
We talked the marvel o'er.

I carved that fight on a reindeer bone,  
With rude and hairy hand;  
I pictured his fall on the cavern wall  
That men might understand.  
For we live by blood, and the right of might,  
Ere human laws are drawn,  
And the Age of Sin did not begin  
Till our brutal tusks were gone.

And that was a million years ago,  
In a time that no man knows;  
Yet here tonight in the mellow light,  
We sit at Delmonico's  
Your eyes are deep as the Devon Springs,  
Your hair is as dark as jet;  
Your years are few, your life is new,  
Your soul untried and yet—  
Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay,  
And the scrap of the Purbeck flags;  
We have our bones in the Bagshot stones,  
And deep in the Coraline crags.  
Our love is old, our lives are old,  
And death shall come amain;  
Should it come to-day, what man may say  
We shall not live again.

God wrought our souls from the Tremadoc beds  
And furnished them wings to fly;  
He sowed our pawn in the world's dim dawn,  
And I know that it shall not die.  
Though cities have sprung above the graves  
Where the crook-boned men made war,  
And the ox-wain creaks o'er the buried caves,  
Where the mummied mammoths are.  
Then as we linger at luncheon here,  
O'er many a dainty dish,  
Let us drink anew to the time when you  
Were a Tadpole and I was a Fish.

could recognize anything and anybody on earth except the coal miner.

Some of the houses furnished the men by the companies were the worst of shacks. In some camps the companies did not have sufficient houses, and leased the men ground on which they build dwellings of their own—the lease, however, requiring that they be vacated on five days' notice. But in one or two camps, notably that of Primero, the company had erected a group of houses that were nearly fit dwelling places for human beings.

The demands of the men, as I have said, were for increased wages, the eight-hour day, honest weight, wages to be paid in lawful money, and ventilation of the mines.

So far as the employers through their funkies and factotums made any answer to the demands of the men, it was one continued anthem in praise of the "houses at Primero!"

"Increase our wages," said the men. "Look at those beautiful houses at Primero!" replied the bourgeoisie editor of the organ of the coal companies.

"Give us the eight-hour day," said the miners. "What nonsense," said the agents of the companies. "You men don't want the eight-hour day. Look at those beautiful houses at Primero!"

"Give us a check weighman," said the men, "so that we shall not be required to mine 3,500 pounds of coal in order to get credit for 2,000 pounds."

"Hogs!" responded the members of the Citizens' Alliance, every last man of them on the side of the coal barons. "You poor miserable children of darkness! It is not a check weighman that you want. A ton is a ton, isn't it, whether it weighs 3,500 or 2,000 pounds? What can common people like to know about honest weight, anyhow!" See the beautiful brick houses at Primero!

"Pay us our wages in money, instead of scrip on the company store," said the men.

"Money! Money?" yelled the chorus of little business men in the Citizens' Alliance, who felt themselves honored and flattered when a mine manager spoke to them. "Money? For coal miners? You're a lot of miserable foreigners! It's not money you want. Look at the houses of those miners at Primero! Some of them are painted! Besides, we want all the money ourselves!"

"Ventilate the mines as the law requires," said the men. "We must have air or we can't work."

"Anarchists!" yelled the bourgeoisie. "You are a lot of Dagoes and Mexicans. You want air? Look at those houses at Primero. Some of them have windows!"

No matter what these thirteen thousand men asked for, sufficient answer unto all to point to the little group of cottages, and say, "Look at those houses at Primero!"

—BEN HANFORD in "Fight for your Life."

"See the Beautiful Houses at Primero"

A True Story of the Trinidad Coal Strike (1904)

This is a chapter from "The Labor War in Colorado," by Ben Hanford, 1904, now out of print. It recorded many of the events of the strikes of the coal and metalliferous miners in Colorado, including the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, the confinement of strikers and their friends in bullpens by Governor Peabody's militia, the deportation of the miners, and other outrages of the ruling class which culminated in the kidnapping of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone two years later.

In the Trinidad coal field the employers would at no time confer with officers of the union. As usual, they said they were at all times ready to listen to anything their employees had to say to them as individuals. But they absolutely refused to recognize the union. Individual employees repeatedly went to them and asked that ills be remedied.

With what result? With the result that so far from any of their grievances being remedied, the individuals who had the temerity to mention them were either discharged from their employment or placed in such unfavorable parts of the mines that they were worse off than before.

The coal companies redressed the grievances of the men by the instant discharge of any man who had a grievance.

Their method of securing contented employees was to "fire" every employee who was discontented.

The managers of the coal companies could not recognize the union. They could recognize the militia, they could recognize the deputy sheriffs, they could recognize thugs and bad men, all in their employ and all obedient to their orders—but they could not recognize the union.

The men who owned the coal mines

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Gifford*

As to Socialism By a Business Man-Socialist

Socialists are Inconsistent

"You Socialists are certainly an inconsistent lot, for although you say you are opposed to rent, interest and profit, and denounce the whole profit system, yet I know none of you who refuse to take all you can get, and never have I heard of you returning any, to the exploited laborer with whom you say you sympathize so much."

Thus spoke one who does not understand Socialism or the Socialist. It was true that I was denouncing the profit system, and showing the iniquity of it, when I was asked if I would not do exactly as others if I had the chance, and as another put it, "If your daddy left you thousands in bonds with coupons attached, I reckon you'd clip 'em."

Fellows who think thus of socialism need to be reminded that Socialists are not a body of men and women separate and distinct from the laboring class with whom they sympathize, but that socialists are laboring men and women, and that socialism is their idea of how the game of life should be played.

Suppose there is a game of baseball in progress, or it may be a wrestling match, or a boxing match, or even something more exciting, a duel or a fight. Now suppose you rush in, seize one or more of the participants and tell them you are not pleased with the way they are playing the game, and that the rules of the game do not suit you. What do you think would happen? Do you not know that you would be hurt, hurt badly, and perhaps mortally wounded? Many a man has lost his life by not playing the game according to the recognized rules, and many a man has been declared out of the game by violating these same rules.

These last mentioned facts the socialist is wise to understand, and so is he wise enough not to try to break up the capitalist game while it is in progress; and while the mass of the spectators are in favor of the present system of rules.

What the socialist is trying to do is to interest the masses in the learning of a new game. It may be called co-operation. It is a more interesting game than competition, and has this immense advantage. All can play at it. All can become reasonably successful at it. It is not such a brutal dangerous game. Under the rules of this game I would do just as others, and I would have the chance, but I would not have the chance to exploit my fellow man by means of rent, interest and profit; nor would my daddy have the chance to leave me thousands in bonds with coupons attached, and so under the rules of this new game, I would not have the chance to clip 'em.

The Socialist would gladly give up what little rent, interest and profit is being forced upon him by the rules of the competition game for the privilege of playing the new game unmolested, for the benefits of the new game would far exceed what he derives from the old.

When I say, "the rent, interest and profit being forced upon him," I say it advisedly. Under the game of competition, saving becomes a necessity, because of the uncertainty of employment. Something must be done with this money saved in order to protect it from thieves. Now there are only three things that can be done with it. First, hide it. Second, deposit it in a bank without interest. Third, invest it in houses, or lands, or in some business. In the first and second cases there is no interest to the Socialist, but in the second case the bank still exploits the laborer with interest, and nothing is gained in this direction. The Socialist can not be consistent. In the third case unless the investment made is productive of profit the Socialist can not turn it into money when he most sorely needs the money. Again, he is forced to be inconsistent as a matter of self protection.

Of course, it goes without saying that a very small percentage of the laboring people need to make any explanation of this charge of inconsistency. What was said was simply to show the weakness of those who make this most foolish of all charges.

Sec. Dem. Herald

A Bundle of Quotations

The following quotations are from "The Right to be Law, and other Studies" by Paul Lafargue (Kerr edition.)

THE WHEREFORE OF MILITARISM.

"There is no more room for illusion as to the function of modern armies. They are permanently maintained only to suppress the 'enemy within.' Thus the forts of Paris and Lyons have not been built to defend the city against the foreigner, but to crush it in case of revolt" (Page 39)

"The Socialists hope to realize their program, not only by appealing to the intelligence of the capitalist class and its sentiments of justice and humanity, but by fighting it, expropriating it from its political power, which protects its economic despotism"—Page 151

THE EVOLUTION OF INTEREST IDEAS.

"The dominating class of the Middle Ages being military, the Christian religion and social ethics condemned lending money at interest, and covered the lender with infamy; to take interests for money loaned was then something so ignominious that the Jewish race, obliged to specialize itself in the trade of money, still bears the shame of it. But today, now that Christians have become Jews, and the ruling class lives on the interest of its capital, the trade of the lender at interest is the most honorable, the most desirable, the most exclusive"—Page 158

"The wealth of the ruling class is produced by slave labor; religion, ethics, philosophy and literature agree in authorizing slavery."—Page 152

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FOOLISH NOTIONS

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CORRESPONDENCE

Good Roads in Alberta

Conjuring Creek Alta. July 17/09

Comrade Editor: A great good roads convention was held in Leduc on the 16th inst. The farmers were invited from far and near to come and tell all they knew about roads and consult with the enlightened citizens of Leduc as to how they were to be attained.

When we got there we found at once that the whole scheme was to boost the government scheme of creating larger municipalities with power to borrow money and bond the district. The Minister of Public Works and the members of the Legislature were present and spoke at considerable length; also, the Mayor and other burghers; but the funny part of it was that we hayseeds were limited to five minutes debate.

Fancy, Comrades, how we who were specially invited by the mover of the whole scheme felt when called on to answer about five or six hours gush in five minutes. Only two of us were foolish enough to take the floor in opposition. And yet each of the principal speakers declared he came to learn our views rather than express his.

One freak on the government side actually proposed that we build a grade road on one side of the allowance and a mud road on the other so when our loaded teams met an automobile we could pull out of the way, and give the automobile the whole grade which we had built. What think you of the abject slaves who sat silent there and let the city dudes rub it in like that, although they scorned the idea of spending any money outside the city limits?

The proposition to bond for money to build roads was submitted and declared carried by the Chair. A demand for a count was refused and how many votes were cast for or against no one will ever know. The Convener of the Resolution Committee, who had a whole set of resolutions already drafted, presented one declaring that all grades, ditches, culverts and bridges should be surveyed and staked by competent engineers before being commenced. Of course, you have guessed it; he held a diploma himself as an engineer. But the committee turned him down cold. The Minister told us "so many people want to get something for nothing."

Now this remark would look as though the Minister was rubbing it into Leduc pretty hard as their sole object was to goad the farmers into voting in favor of bonding themselves far beyond what they could afford, thus improving the town which contributed not a cent; but it was not. It was aimed at the hayseeds in general and at a certain old socialist in particular, as were several other slurs which neither of the speakers dare have uttered had they not had him safely muzzled with a five minute's reply and that already used up.

The fact is, trade is somewhat dull in Leduc. Now, no matter even if the absurdly low estimate made by one of the would-be bosses is correct, \$300.00 per mile on the roads in the country, trading at Leduc runs into hundreds of thousands and Leduc knows she will catch the bulk of it, and it will cost her not a cent. Great good roads scheme is it not? I call on socialists in Alberta to help in this fight.

W. T. BUCKELL, Socialist Hayseed.

TO END CLASS WARFARE

To end this class warfare is the conscious aim of the Socialist movement. Socialists are not aiming, as many people suppose, to overthrow the rule of the master class merely to set up the rule of another class in its place. It is not a question of changing the position of the classes, but of destroying class rule once and for all. That is the ultimate aim, the goal, of the Socialist movement of the world. Socialists believe that the present guerrilla warfare, which injures most of all the workers and their families, should give place to other and saner methods. They believe that we should aim at the permanent solution of the issue upon which the classes divide in the only way that is possible, namely, the removal of the fundamental cause of the division and struggle. That, as we have seen, is the system of private ownership in the means of production

and exchange and their use for profit. This system of capitalism has played its part—an important part—in the development of society. Now it is no longer necessary nor adapted to the needs of social development. Moreover, it is plainly and rapidly disintegrating, and Socialists believe it is possible to end it without bringing upon society any of the lamentable evils which follow upon attempts to abrogate, or interfere with, the great universal laws of evolution.

The Socialist, then, advocates the organization of the workers politically for this purpose. The organization may be, and most Socialists think, should be, economic as well as political. But the political organization is imperative. The strike and boycott need not be repudiated as weapons. They may be used in conjunction with the political weapon. They may still be mainly depended on for the immediate economic struggle, or they may be used to supplement the political attack. We may yet have mass strikes of the workers engaged in the staple industries for political purposes. Nor must the mistake be made of supposing that this Socialist view of the position of the workers in the great class struggle affords no immediate hope to them, promising nothing now but everything ultimately through the solution of the whole problem of economic inequality and class divisions. Such political organization as the Socialists advocate must inevitably bring great immediate advantages to the workers. It is easy to see, for instance, that the control of the legislature would make it possible for them to enact legislation for their immediate advantage. Even a partial control, the possession of a strong minority party in the legislature, would enable them to demand effectively important concessions as well as to prevent many of the outrageous abuses to which they are at present subjected. If they destroyed the capitalist control of the judiciary they would be able to safe-guard their organizations against injunctions, damage suits, and other insidious forms of capitalist aggression which are now rendering them impotent.

There can be no question as to the political power of the working class whenever its members choose to exert it. Their votes far outnumber the combined votes of the great so-called middle class and the small plutocratic class. If these class lines were closely drawn in politics, the workers uniting against the plutocrats and the middle class, their relative strength would be almost two to one.

Now that we have seen what the Socialist theory of the class struggle really means, let us see what position its opponents must take if they are to refute it. They may contend: (1) That there is no class struggle in modern society; or (2) that the class struggle which exists is not the result of natural economic causes, but that individuals are responsible for it; (3) that the continuance of the present guerilla warfare of the classes is desirable, and that the Socialists are wrong in trying to end it; (4) that the Socialist contention that the end of the class struggle is dependent on the end of the capitalist system is wrong. If any one of these four contentions could be established the Socialists would be compelled to change their position upon this fundamental question. Up to the present, however, no serious attempt has been made to maintain any of these positions, those who have entered upon that field contributing unwittingly either to the propaganda of Socialism or to the amusement of mankind.

Spargo in The Socialists.

"Socialism, Positive and Negative"

By ROBERT RIVES LA MONTE

This is a volume of brilliant essays that will serve as a stimulus to clear thinking. The one entitled "The Nihilism of Socialism" may shock the sentimental convert to Socialism from the "upper" classes, but it will do him good, and it will delight the thinking wage worker. Cloth, 50 cents.

Don't waste time arguing with your friend. Let Cotton's talk to him every week in his leisure moments. There is always something that will make him think hard.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.

A REPLY

To Mr. Crews, of Guelph, Ont.

Dear Sir: Your howl in Cotton's Weekly of July 22nd. shows quite plainly that the editor has been telling the truth about the church and those who find it a useful tool with which to exploit the workers.

What makes the Rev. gentleman's letter particularly interesting to me is the fact that I was born and lived nearly all my life in the town of Guelph, with the exception of about four years, therefore I know a little of the place, its churches, the people and some of their parsons. I was raised in a christian home, and attended the churches of Guelph, went to Sunday-school there, and thus got acquainted with the so-called Christian people who are to be found around churches. Among some of the leaders of these churches were a few men who were employers of labor, who saw to it that their employees attended church each Sunday whether they liked it or not. These same christian employers did not care a snap whether these employees had good clothes to attend church in, or whether they had good food to eat before, and after church, so long as they worked hard for their christian employers through the week, and did not join labor unions, or ask for more wages—but attended church on Sundays.

In time some of the workers in your town of Guelph got sick of all these things. They found out that in spite of all the church going and good living and so-called Christianity—that their christian employers were making them work hard for small wages and that their christian business men and merchants (they all belong to the churches in Guelph, and direct them too!) were charging them higher prices for their goods, and when the cost of living got so high in Guelph, and the wages paid by christian employers were so low—that the workers of the Royal City were, a good many of them, unable to keep out of debt, then the christian merchants through their Retail Merchants Association complied a Blue Book of the names of various workers who were unable to pay their debts, with the result that many of them were denied the necessities of life.

Of course the workers of Guelph, like the workers all over, are beginning to see through this combination of the church and capitalism. They are beginning to find out that the christian capitalist and business man does not allow this christianity to interfere with his process of squeezing and exploiting the workers. And we all know that the worker is first exploited as a producer, by his christian employer, and again by the business men and merchants, as a consumer. This has been the game in Guelph, as elsewhere, because I lived there long enough to see it, and I know of many honest workers in Guelph who do not go to church because the church has fallen into the hands of the exploiters who use it and its influence to further enslave the workers.

Mr. Crews, you know this as well as anyone, so don't be angry when a socialist editor uncovers the nakedness and hypocrisy of your so-called christian churches! Don't gnash your teeth and froth at the mouth when someone tells the truth about these churches, their two-faced attitudes, and their lie-spittle ministers, for if the cap does not fit you and your church—don't wear it! And don't tell us that Socialism owes anything to the church and christianity.

The man who first gave Socialism to the world in its present state was not a christian, and what is now known as Socialism was practiced in Rome, and Greece long before your church or your Christ were thought of! The modern system of wealth accumulation, land monopoly, usury and fleecing of the poor, in short, capitalism, with all its attending miseries have grown and prospered alongside of christianity and the church. Truly they are now the Siamese twins, if they were to be now estranged it would be bad for both of them, as they might both be crushed if divided. They are both parasite institutions which have to combine in order to overpower and enslave the workers, that they might both fatten on the proceeds of the worker's toil.

We socialists cannot see, Mr. Crews, how the church can be more antagonistic to Socialism than it is. The church has always opposed anything that was in anyway socialistic, or anything that was, over intended for the benefit or education of the common people. We don't want any

alliance with the churches for the simple reason that Socialism does not depend on Christ's teachings or preaching to back it up, it contains enough for the working class with or without christianity with it. Men can and will be brought to the socialist movement without bringing the name of Christ into it. We have had the name of Christ and christianity held before us for over eighteen centuries, but with it all, the condition of the working class has not improved to any great extent.

Therefore it is any wonder that we working class men don't show much liking for the church and christianity? After I sum up my experience with christianity, and churches, I heartily agree with the Editor of Cotton's Weekly in his article on "A Godless People." More strength to his pen.

I hope the circulation of Cotton's Weekly will increase in Guelph, for the people there certainly need it. Christianity and churches have not done wonders for Guelph; so they can do with a little of that real religion, Socialism! Guelph still has saloons, breweries, the redlight district; slums, and many other evils, including many churches, whose ministers neither toil nor spin and live in good houses, and the workers of Guelph have to keep them. Naturally, Mr. Crews resents any move on the part of Cotton's Weekly to point out these things to the working class. He does not want to come down to hard labor, after tasting the delights of a minister's comfortable life. He doesn't want to live in the slums along with the workers, which he is afraid he would have to do if these wicked and anarchistic socialists had their way.

These clergymen and ministers who only identify themselves with the socialist party for their own personal ends are no good to the movement, and are better out of it. Socialism and socialist papers or editors would be all right with them, if they could only use them as one would use putty.

No, Mr. Crews we have let your kind manage this job long enough, and we have made up our minds that we will have to work out our own salvation, the church has betrayed us to the capitalist enemy. So if we use the sword it is not to be wondered at. The sword has been a mighty factor in putting christianity and the church in the position it holds today, and if it will do the same for one cause, don't howl because you and your kind get in the way of its sweep.

I am afraid sir, that you will have your feelings ruffled many times by the socialist press and its editors. They are on to you fellows all right and will get after you every chance. They don't respect individuals or institutions that don't believe in a square deal.

May the editor of Cotton's Weekly ever keep up the agitation against our enemies, and we Canadian socialists will be behind him to the last ditch, and what help we can give him will be given in the true socialist spirit.

Yours for the revolution.

ALF. J. GORDON

Lachine, P. Q., July 24th, 1909.

REVOLUTION.

There was a humble slave in the palace of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid. The caliph had in his audience chamber twenty rare vases, and it was written "in the laws of Bagdad that he who should have the misfortune to break one of these would pay the penalty with his life. This slave one day broke a vase. He was instantly seized, tried and condemned to death. But the caliph had no sooner pronounced sentence on him than the slave turned, and, walking calmly to the other nineteen vases, with one sweep of the arm destroyed them all.

"Wretch," the caliph thundered, "why have you done that barbarous deed?" "To save the lives of nineteen of my fellow countrymen," the doomed slave replied.

A Bargain in Pamphlets

Nine exceptionally good pamphlets written by the ablest Socialist writers in America, may be obtained from W. R. Shier, 314 Wellesley St., Toronto for 25 one cent stamps. Send for a set, read them yourself, then sell to others at 5 cents each, thereby spreading the propaganda and making a little money on the side.

Capitalism produces paupers and millionaires. Both are degenerate

NEW SOCIALIST GAME "The Class Struggle" The whole family can play it. Sold for 10c in stores, 25c by mail. CHAS. W. K. REED & Co., 130 Kinross Street, Chicago, Ill.

MIRTH PROVOKERS

MATTER OF POSITION.

When about to leave town one day a certain elderly bishop, who was especially fond of his bath, gave strict orders to the housemaid about his "bawth-tub," and told her not to allow any one to use it.

However, the temptation grew on the poor housemaid, and she took a plunge.

Upon retiring unexpectedly, the bishop found traces of the recent stolen bath, and questioned the maid

NO HURRY.

An English paper says that the champion absent-minded man lives at Balham. On one occasion he called upon his old friend, the family physician. After a chat of a couple of hours the doctor saw him to the door and bade him good-night, saying "I suppose?" "My heavens!" exclaimed the absent-minded begger, "that reminds me of my errand. My wife is in a fit."

LOVE LETTERS ABROAD.

Little Willie was missed by his mother one day for some time, and when he reappeared, she asked: "Where have you been, my pet?"

so closely that she had to confess she was the guilty one, and was very sorry.

"I hope you do not think it is a sin, bishop?" asked Jane, in tears. "Your using my tub is not a sin, but eyeing her sternly, he said: "Jane, your using my tub is not a sin, but what distresses me most is that you would do anything behind my back that you would not do before my face."

"Playing postman," replied her pet. "I gave a letter to all the houses in our road. Real letters, too."

Where on earth did you get them?" questioned his mother, in amusement. "They were those old ones in your wardrobe drawer, tied up with ribbon," was the innocent reply.

AWFUL BREAK.

The fair young debutante was surrounded by an admiring crowd of officers at the colonel's ball. Mamma was standing near by, smiling complacently at her daughter's social success. The discussion was over the quarrel of the day before between two brother officers. "What was the cause belli?" asked the fair debutante. "Maud!" exclaimed mamma, in a shocked voice, "how often have I told you to say stomach?"

Did Jesus of Nazareth coddle and seek the favor of the rich hypocrites of His time—those who made long prayers and devoured the substance of the poor? Did He not call them a generation of vipers? Even so do we.

Sunshine grates have maximum strength. Sunshine Furnace has four triangular grate bars, each having three distinct sides. In the single-piece and two-piece grate no such-like provision is made for expansion or contraction, and a waste of coal always follows a shaking. On the left- and right-hand sides are cotter pins, which when loosened permit the grates to slide out. These four grate bars are made of heavy cast iron, and are finished up with bulldog teeth. The teeth will grind up the toughest clinker; and

McClary's For Sale by McCLATCHIE BROS., Cowansville

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 conquering 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.

A CONTINUED DEFENSE

Springhill, N. S. July 26th, 1909

To Editor of Cotton's Weekly:

Dear Sir—The adversary of Labor in Springhill, (namely the Local Editor of the Standard) seems to assume great glory and satisfaction in placing the Labor Party candidates in his desired position. He cannot see how to attack the Platform of the Labor Party so now he is making use of dishonorable means to fulfil his mission, which is as usual personal abuse.

It is strange that a man who claims to have such a limited amount of capital (less than thirty dollars) from steady employment after five years duration, could be so indifferent to the burning question of the twentieth century, one that relates to the struggle between capital and labor.

All people are interested in this great issue, inasmuch as it affects each family and will decide the destiny of the rich and poor. Capital is strong in money and brains, while labor in addition to its mental power is especially strong in men and muscles, and each side is contending for the field.

The cause of the unhappy strife is not hard to find. A little reflection and observation reveals an alarming condition of things in our country. We see the great corporations and monopolies, such as the Dominion Coal Company heartlessly grabbing the lion's share and with rapacious greed they are swallowing the whole country at a steadily increasing rate. We also see the arms of octopus graft fastening themselves upon every part of our fair land. On the other hand we see the vast army of workers grinding their lives away at hard toil, ever getting the deepest cut from the competitive whip, and suffering from laws made by capitalist lawmakers. These workers are tantalized by what they see of refined life, but they are not enabled to earn enough to live such a life. We are not blind to the fact that the rich are becoming richer and the poor are becoming poorer, because monopolistic oppression has raised prices more rapid on one side than it has raised wages on the other side.

Under the whip of monopolistic slavemasters, the host of common people, generally known as laborers, are getting deeper and deeper into bondage. This has given rise to widespread discontent among the workmen, which has found its expression in various kinds of labor organizations and also in revolutionary measures such as strikes and boycotts. Of course Mr. Sanford will sneer when I say he is opposed to the cause of labor. Still every intelligent man knows that the only hope of deliverance for the exploited class is through political action. Still he says to keep them in ignorance. The truth is none the less true because he sneers at it.

Yours for Labor.

SEAMAN TERRIS.

A PROPHETIC VISION

H. E. England, Hutchinson, Kan.

Socialists are said to be dreamers. Probably there is some truth in the statement. In the onward march of humanity the dreamer has always been in the front rank. Our opponents are sleeping too soundly to even dream.

Some years ago there was an almanac that foretold the weather. It also foretold political storms. It was not a free almanac. It was to sell and it sold remarkably well. An intimate friend of mine had great faith in it. It occupied the second place on the bookshelf, perhaps crowded the Bible a little. One day he discovered the forecasts for the July weather were word for word like those of the July of the preceding year. He did not buy the Almanac for the next year.

I will guarantee and back it up with a wageslave's bond that I am at least as good a prophet or dreamer as the aforesaid author. (Pray do not spell it profit.) No armies and no slaves under socialism, says the average socialist. Not too fast, Comrade. Say, perhaps not. In my dreams old Father Time had taken a leap forward and it was nineteen hundred and blank. There is a call for volunteers. The supply more than meets the demand. Such vigorous young men. Being always used to a due proportion of labor and leisure and enjoying everything worth enjoying, our boys of ninety-eight were invalids compared with them. They would be able to withstand

the fierce assaults of the beef trusts if that were necessary. But the beef trust is only a memory, an incident in the hideous nightmare of history.

Northern Texas seems to be the assembling place of this army. No widows' and orphans' tears, no desolate hearths, no smouldering ruins, no crushing debt, no bitter feelings, follow in the wake of this victorious army. Their battlefield is the wheat-field and their enemy the standing grain. In their triumphant progress northward they do not ride on brakebeams nor in Texas sleepers. They do not work sixteen hours a day and then do the chores. Huge slaves of steel do their bidding. You see slavery is simply transferred to where it belongs, not abolished. These steel slaves are well cared for in the intervals between harvests. In the past the wage slaves were not so well cared for as are these machines. Enough wheat will be retained in each district and it will not be necessary to ship it back again later on. Such blundering is of course of the past.

Kansas invaded; Oklahoma overrun. Any bloodshed? Yes, among the chickens. Nebraska next. The people do not seem to be alarmed. The Dakotas next and the army marches to the international line where the bands play; "See the conquering heroes come." Reinforced by their Canadian comrades the happy army of labor guiding their slave machines go northward still. For science is still pushing the wheat line ever north. The army of labor is happy for each member has his easy appointed place and there is no worry over jobs nor railway fares.

But I awake to the sad realities of nineteen hundred and nine.

What the average man needs is power to use his brain.

One moral atheist smashes all the dogmas of the churches.

The laborer uses the weapons of the boycott and the strike. Labor must wake up.

India has become partially capitalized, hence unrest against old forms of government.

The biggest confidence man is the one upon whom riches are showered. The little confidence men get jailed.

The torturing Czar and King Edward have met. Who now wants to sing, "God save our Gracious King?"

The rich very often work hard but their hard work consists of laying schemes for further robbing the people.

The Western Federation of Miners is taking up the case of Fred D. Warren. The miners know who their friends are and will stick by them.

There will be no peace for the working men and working woman until the Christian millionaires are flung off.

Sam. Gompers is finding out that the wage slaves of the big liners are treated most shamefully. Luxury based on misery.

Premier Briand is not to meet the Czar. President Fallieres will do the dishonors of France to his torturing Majesty.

The constructive work of socialism is already beginning to be done. But to be well done the capitalist system must be swept away.

The idea of the average Christian is to save himself out of the wreck of fortunes, morals and lives which flow from our anarchist methods of business life.

Under the present system as the worker becomes rich he would do as the rich do. Socialism will do away with the overburdensome rich and will prevent poverty.

The nations are arming themselves to the verge of bankruptcy. The capitalist system will go out in a whirl of blood or will go out by the bankruptcy of the nations.

Some day labor will laugh like a young god awakened. The vampires of the capitalist class will hear that laugh and will know that their rule is over.

Peach basket hats are going out and tall spire hats are coming in. Decadent capitalism must find work to make the wage slaves work at, even if it make the women the laughing stock of the ages.

If the workingman is killed in an industrial accident the capitalist press gives him an obscure notice. If an automobilist is killed the capitalist press flares it abroad. Who says the press is not class conscious?

Will King Edward try and persuade the British government to interfere and drive the Spanish wage slaves back to their slavery? He is capable of doing anything to keep himself and his relatives in power.

The Swedish employers have locked out eighty thousand men. A few persons can prevent thousands of men from earning enough money to keep their wives and children from starving.

The cultured ladies of the South stood for slavery and thanked God for the mercy showered upon them in that they ate daintily from the labor of flogged slaves. Today capitalist ladies thank God that they are provided dainty food while labor rots in the slums.

The evils which are near are unseen. The poverty, misery and wretchedness of our system pass unnoticed as the ordinary expected condition. But the same men and women who will not notice present evils are fearfully afraid that socialism will result in something awful.

How many people really like the rush and worry of modern life? How many would like to live peacefully and without worry? As long as they vote to keep up the senseless robbery and extortion under which we live the labor thieves will live at ease while the laborers do the work and live on the ragged edge of poverty.

Extracts of Thought

Will R. Hibberd.

To the ignorant this universe is one of mystery. Sunrise, sunset, poverty and wealth he cannot account for. Being mentally lazy, he exclaims "There is a greater guiding will than mine." True,—the capitalists.

If ignorance is a great curse to humanity, then the socialist deserves to be blacklisted for educating his fellow workers. It is an unpardonable sin from a capitalist point of view.

Says the average wage plug, "Socialism is all right, but it will never come in our time." Don't but so much, because socialism is right here now. It's form is plutocratic. Your aid with the vote will transform it to democratic.

Insane asylums, hospitals, disease, prostitution, child labor, monkey dinners, pink teas, human pies, divorces and Thaw trials are the effect of your cause. Remove the cause by all means. To remove that cause you must abolish class rule, class distinction. In short, abolish capitalism for ever.

Revolution means a complete change. That is what the socialist advocates, knowing as he does that you cannot reform a system based on the exploitation of the workers by the idlers. Do you think the robbers are going to reform their system? Not on your life. They are fond of a good time.

The Socialist's Guide

The Truth our Guide,\* we do not shrink

From casting old beliefs aside;

The errors of the past must sink

By weight of modern truth applied,

Why should we fear the truth? we see

And know "The Truth" shall make us free."

The Truth our Guide, it lights our way

Too long did we in darkness grope,

For it was night, but lo, 'tis day.

We boldly walk in light and hope,

And ever truth our guide shall be,

Until the truth has made us free.

The Truth our Guide, our battle light,

Our sure defence, our strong attack,

Our armour proof, our weapon bright,

Full armed with truth, no aid we lack.

The powers of ancient error flee

Before the Truth which makes us free.

WILFRID GRIBBLE.

\*With apologies to Lovelace.

"Fearing to lose the symmetry of her exquisite hands, she never closed them." Needless to say the author was not describing the hands of a poor but honest working woman.

To capitalism: You want a race of dwarfs to give prominence to a few 'big ones,' we want a whole race of giants.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

To the Workers of the Dominion of Canada.

The long strike of bakers of New York city has ended, with the unionists victorious in their claims for shorter hours and increased pay.

The bill prohibiting anyone not entitled to do so from wearing a button of a labor union or carrying a union card has passed both houses of the California legislature.

The profits of the Toronto labor temple for the first three months of the current year amounted to \$1,100, and prospects are that this will be increased during the second quarter. The shares are selling at a high figure. The unions that own will receive a dividend thereon.

Alphonse Verville, M. P., has announced his retirement from the presidency of the Trades and Labor Congress at the Quebec session, which will be held in September. Mr. Verville's proposed visit to England with Mrs. Verville this summer has been postponed and Mr. Verville will do some organizing for the congress previous to the convention.

The membership of the United Mine Workers is now 309,000 in good standing, the largest number in the organization throughout its history. The gain during the past year was 28,000. Efforts will be made by the officers to continue increasing the number until all practical miners are in the union, so that when future agreements expire they will be in a position to make better terms than was possible in the anthracite fields recently. While the officers are fairly well satisfied with the slight concessions gained under the existing circumstances, they say if they had had a solid organization behind them every demand would have been granted.

Industrial accidents occurring to 278 individual work people in Canada during the month of May, 1909, were reported to the department of labor, Ottawa. Of these 39 were fatal and 185 resulted in serious injuries. In addition four fatal accidents were reported as having taken place prior to the beginning of the month, information not having been received by the department before May, 1909. In the preceding month there were 64 fatal and 186 non-fatal accidents reported, a total of 250, and in May, 1908, there were 122 fatal and 202 non-fatal accidents, a total of 324. The number of fatal accidents reported in May, 1909, was therefore 29 less than in May, 1908. The number of non-fatal accidents reported in May, 1909, was one less than in the preceding month, and 17 less than in May, 1908. Altogether there were 28 more industrial accidents reported in May, 1909 than in the preceding month, and 46 less than in the same month of the preceding year. Of 147 returns received during the month giving the ages of the victims of industrial accidents, 12 referred to persons under 21 years of age, 29 to persons between 21 and 55, and six to persons over 45. One hundred persons were over 21 years of age, but their exact ages were not specified.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND SOCIALISM.

The opinion with a large number is that the Catholic Church will be the final bulwark of capitalism against the cry of the people for emancipation from wage slavery; indeed, it is already taking the capitalist side quite openly. But whether it will continue thus, unblushingly and unequivocally, much as that is indicated now who can say?

It has been on the wrong side of many questions and later changed when sentiment was too strong to withstand.

It was in favor of slavery. It fought science. It has been against the theory of evolution, and then switched.

It stands against public education is well known. Its stand against modernism is manifestly a losing one. And now its own magazines are discussing Socialism in a way that shows how hard it has to work to keep the level out.

"The Catholic who can see no adequate remedy for present industrial ills except in some moderate form of economic Socialism has a right to as much moral freedom as other Catholics with respect to other theories and practices," declares a Catholic professor in a recent Catholic review.

This is a sample of many such things that are being said. There is a lot of Socialist sentiment inside the church—and how could it be otherwise with conditions as they are?—which the head politicians of the church will find it pretty hard to stamp out.—Social Democratic Herald.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

We report a gain of 29 this week, which is at least a stop to the slump of last week. The good work must go on unceasingly. We urge you to put the list surely and soundly over the 3,500 mark this month. It will take over 350 subs to do it.

Table with 2 columns: Province/Territory and Circulation. Nova Scotia: 373, Prince Edward Island: 2, New Brunswick: 103, Prov. of Quebec: 892, Ontario: 1060, Manitoba: 144, Alberta: 208, Saskatchewan: 181, British Columbia: 259, Yukon Territory: 2, Elsewhere: 66, Total: 3290.

The total number of this issue is 3,600 copies.

Socialism aims at extending the principle of co-operation. Co-operation is seen everywhere and is found to be good. Why not have more of the good thing?

Bryan is the last great fighter of the expiring middle class. Thirteen years ago he had a big following. Today the middle class, which backed him, are mostly either plutes or hunting a job.

A Buffalo banker has committed suicide. Even the plutes are being drawn under by the vortex of the economic whirlpool.

There has been a sensational rise in cotton prices. The speculators reap the benefit. The wage slaves do the work.



Yes! Cotton's is gradually growing. But there is little danger of it growing too big. There are 1,500 capitalist papers published in Canada, and only 2 English Socialist papers. So it is up to you Canadian socialists to keep it growing. You can never get your views before the public with a weak puny press.

Back up your papers by persistent sub hustling.

REMEMBER THAT COTTON'S IS A MINE OF INFORMATION AT THE PRICE.

Cotton's Weekly

Published for the Propagation of Socialism

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

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From COTTON'S BOOK DEPARTMENT

\$10 IN BOOKS

To the Hustler Sending in the Most Subs During August

The subs are about all in for July and they total a very respectable looking list. Who the winning comrade is will be announced next issue, when we expect to give the names of each comrade sending subs during July, and the number sent.

Meantime get busy on this August offer. Subs are more necessary than ever, and the prize has been doubled, offering a splendid chance to obtain the cream of the books in Chas. H. Kerr's catalog. Subs must keep rolling in all the time to keep the staff keyed up to produce a live paper.

The same rules will hold good as in the July prize offer. The prize to go to the comrade or local sending in the most subs on a yearly basis. Two half-yearly or five trial subs to count as one yearly. The only condition is that the winner must send a total of 15 yearlies. And this is very reasonable when you consider that you can get the pick of the finest books published. Certainly a grand chance for some local or comrade to start a library or lay in a supply of pamphlets for propaganda work. Locals after the prize must send all subs by one comrade.

We want you to put Cotton's over the 3,500 mark this month. Keep this figure in mind. It will take over 350 subs to do it, figuring on the expiring subs.

We are relying upon you to do it. Well over the 3,500 mark.

\$10.00 VALUE IN BOOKS THE PRIZE FOR AUGUST.

FIRING LINE

A sub for six months received per Com. M. Stechishin, Winnipeg, Man. A bunch of twenty trials have landed from Port Arthur. Propaganda work by A. L.

Com. Wm. Stevens in scouting around Victoria, B. C., obtained two subs which are in the right hands.

Com. Ed. Chastain of Stony Plain, Alta., sends along two trials one to go to New Mexico, U. S. A.

Another tip from Kamloops, B. C. per Com. C. F. Orchard. One sub and a book order, duly filled.

Another sub for Calgary, Alta., per Com. A. J. Browning, sec. of the executive committee, S. P. of C.

Com. Geo. E. Frye, in spite of many duties, has managed to locate two subs for Cotton's at New Glasgow, N. S.

Five trials take a trip all the way from Okotoks, Alta., to find a place on Cotton's list. Com. Cobb did the hustling.

Com. McKee has been doing some scouting around Wauchope, Sask., with the result that he landed four half-yearly subs.

Four subs found their way in from Cornwall, Ont. They were sent by Com. Green, and three of them are renewals.

Com. J. B. Irwin of Meeting Creek, has just learned of the good features of this propaganda sheet, and sends five trials as a starter.

Com. W. T. Buckell gets in with a hot liner from Conjuging Creek, Alta. He has use for a bundle to distribute among his brothers, the exploited farmers.

Com. F. McDonald finds much pleasure in hustling subs for Cotton's as it helps along the cause. Five yearly subs is a good lift from Calgary.

Who is going to win that \$10.00 worth of books offered for the most subs sent in during August. It is a splendid offer and is certainly worth working for.

Can't send in too many subs for Cotton's. We can handle them all. If you want Socialism spread, increase the circulation of your papers.

Still on the firing line at Nelson, B. C. Com. I. A. Austin says they come slow, but still he gets 'em. Two full subs and six trials grace the sub book this time.

Com. Glennie of Ottawa has had Cotton's on his mind. Sends in four yearly subs as a gentle reminder that he is not too busy to do his little bit for the cause.

You can get the choicest books in Kerr's catalog by getting a hustle on during August in hustling subs for Cotton's. Probably you will not have such a chance again.

A sub bound for a good destination has been received from S. J. C., Coleman, Alta.

Com. E. S. Oldham sends in the correct amount from Ottawa to settle for the locals bundle for July.

One full sub comes from Moncton, the home of those two lady hustlers, whom Com. Fillmore told you about last week. This one from Miss F. Levy.

Here's another one for that July prize, that consists of six yearly, four half yearly, and ten trial subs. The hustler is Com. S. Biddlestone, of Preston, Ont.

Com. R. Heilinger has his last shot at that July \$5.00 Prize. His list contains four yearly, five half-yearly and ten trial subs. Next issue will tell the tale.

That travelling exponent of socialism, Com. Wm. Watts, is again heard from, this time at Oakburn, Man. A list of ten trials for farmers out there looks like business.

Lay in your next winter's reading now, same as you lay in your winter's coal. How are you going to do it. Well, hustle subs for Cotton's Weekly and win that \$10.00 book prize.

Com. Geo. Toseland, the cartoonist, has been sending in some more food for Cotton's cat, also a couple more pictures which have been carefully fyled. Two yearly subs are the food.

Com. S. Garber found time while in Montreal to do a little for Cotton's. In fact he always has Cotton's in mind, and can extract the necessary from the most hardened cases. Three yearlies this time.

That energetic hustler in Vernon, B. C., he of the red cross department, is again on the firing line of the revolutionary army. A bunch of eleven yearly, one half-yearly and five trial subs will help along in the fight. Keep it going.

Com. R. Cammack had Cotton's sent to him for three months by some friend, and now renews for a year, as he is glad to see a live Canadian paper in existence. Also sends along a new sub from Lamont, Alta. So the old cause grows.

Glad to see Cotton's getting around among the farmers out west. Com. Ewald has been doing some scouting around Camrose, Alta., and has rounded up four yearly and four trial subs. An order for five copies of The Socialists has been filled.

The last shot at the \$5.00 Prize offered for July comes from Brantford, per Com. Fogal. There are seven yearly, one half-yearly and two trial subs. This also qualifies Brantford for the book offer now closed. They get Vol. I. of Capital by Marx. Bundle order noted.

Comrades will notice that names are being removed from the mailing list as fast as they run out. Keep your eye on the address label, and renew a fortnight ahead so as not to miss a copy. You may get a copy as a sample after your sub expires but that is only to jog your memory. Don't write in and kick about not getting your paper when the sub has run out. Watch the date.

Maritime Provinces Organization Fund

Following are further contributors to the Maritime Provinces Organization Fund:

Previously acknowledged \$37.80 Comrades of Rocky Mountain district per Jack Oliphant 50.00 Total \$87.80

The fund is beginning to grow. I believe I am echoing the sentiments of all the Maritime Comrades when I say that we are very grateful to the Rocky Mountain district who have given in such a boost. All those who have contributed have paid up handsomely and we of the East will not soon forget their generosity.

Yours in Revolt ROSCOE A. FILLMORE Secy. temp. Organization Com. Albert, Albert Co., N. B.

The Canadian Trades and Labor Council is against militarism. Labor knows that the function of modern armies is to shoot down the exploited should they object to being exploited.

The trusts are the products of their age. They cannot be smashed, but they can be confiscated and owned and controlled by the laborers.

Law and order leagues to uphold the system of decadent capitalism are really leagues for violent anarchy.

CAPITALISM ON THE DEFENSE

Will R. Hibberd.

We can clearly see that capitalism is on the defense. Its aggressor is socialism and capital, although socialism flaunts the red international flag of freedom in the face of capital, takes considerable care not to come out of cover, but resorts to all kinds of mean, despicable tactics in her awkward effort to make her system of production all right, and the socialists agree with the capitalists that her economic system is all right for the capitalist, but for the workers, the subject class, it is all wrong.

We are more or less familiar with the evils connected with this system of economic dependence of the mass on a class of individuals who own the means of life, and who by virtue of their ownership of the tools that you must work with to live, own you. This alone destroys a whole lot of manhood and womanhood of humanity, which compels them to grovel in the dust begging for the right to live, often enough refused even that. Disease, crime and prostitution being products of the present dog-eat-dog system, are all on the increase and will increase until the proletariat inaugurates a system superior to that of production for profit. Charity, philanthropist and other institutions for the relief of poverty are unable to cope with the increased poverty of the workers, who through their inability to find employment, resort to crime, others become toughs, hoboes, etc.

All these things which are distasteful to those who wish to live like men who were supposed to be made in God's image, are the inevitable products of the system, and in the efforts of the supporters of capitalism's hirelings and henchmen, parsons and politicians, to smooth things over, they say all will be well when Jesus comes. But the working class who have waited with patience for nineteen hundred years are longing to look for a way out themselves. The benevolent capitalist politicians assure the workers that panics or money stringencies are due to spots on the sun or something equally as foolish, while it takes a large number of professors to account for unemployment. They tell you that you do not seek work (you are bums they say.)

Others tell you that you do not do enough work when you are employed, hence the boss cannot make a profit. Some say there too many people in the world, and the large number of holy freaks who are going to solve all the social problems, who storm, rave and tear their hair, come forward with their various reasons for crime, poverty, prostitution, etc. Their solution of crime is to be good. Poverty, they say is a blessing in disguise, so count your many blessings workmen. These capitalist hirelings who fear their collar the wrong way, who are well paid and well fed by the capitalist class are good actors. Listen to the lying hypocrites tell you the reason for prostitution. Their reason is that such a life of shame is a woman's choice. They should have such confounded lies rammed down their throat. It is an insult to any man's intelligence to tell him such a life is the choice of woman, the mother of the human race.

And so it is that the present system is tottering to its fall. Monarchs are trembling on their thrones. They devote all their intellect to devise ways and means of holding off socialism, to perpetuate this human drift of suffering for the working class, but all the powers in the world cannot avail, for we have reached our goal, all that remains is for the worker to enter. Even though they employ Roosevelt to throw mud at socialism with his pen at a dollar a word, the only result will be the speedy downfall of the system of which he defends. Here you have a man with such great mental ability that he can run the United States, yet he must willfully lie to defend his system to which he owes his fat, his tour to Africa and a seat in the office of the Outlook. But, I tell you workers, Roosevelt never ran the United States of America any more than Laurier runs North America. You working men run everything. The world in fact is run by you. But you run these things not for yourselves, but for the idle class who say this system of private ownership is all right. And this social system being all right for the few, all wrong for many, the socialists say, "Enough of this." And all the Roosevelts, Popes, parsons, professors and editors must stand aside. For the advancing proletariat is marching on to victory with the light of science in his eyes, sur-

mounting with more or less ease the obstacles put in his way by the defenders of the present decaying social system.

TALE OF A TOUR

NINTH INSTALLMENT

After holding two well attended meetings at Stellarton, I was warned that my third would be a very slim one as the bosses had got in their fine work and most of the men were scared and did not even dare to be seen listening to me. This turned out to be true, only a few daring spirits were at the appointed corner, though there were many standing "afar off," trying to look as if they just "happened" to be there.

There was a bunch of bosses standing at the opposite corner and as soon as I started to speak, they began talking and laughing loudly, in order to convince me. They got theirs alright and soon subsided. Then the Salvation Army arrived and showed their Christian spirit by starting a meeting close by, thumping the drum and howling something like "Oh, you must wear a collar and a tie, Or you wont go to heaven when you die."

They also got theirs, and by and by left and all was "calm and peaceful," except me. There were some spotters in the crowd who "was on to," and I poured a few phials of verbal vitriol over them and noticed it burn a bit. Gradually the crowd grew and I had my chance and did the best I could with it. The hardest meeting I had was one at Caledonia where I had a good crowd about two deep and a hundred yards long, sitting on a fence, but that was Paradise to Purgatory compared to this. Tell you it took the steam out of me to make myself heard above the Salvation Army primps but I had the satisfaction of doing it. There will be no local at Stellarton for a bit, but New Glasgow is close by and will bear strengthening.—A wink is as good as a nod. There are some fine comrades at Stellarton, but the workers as a whole are the most timid, submissive bunch I ever saw. Never mind, they are sheep today, but they will be lions tomorrow. Westville is fine; had crowds there, that were simply magnificent and bigger every night. The Salvation Army acted decently here.

A local was formed and with a little looking after, will be one of the biggest and best in the province. The boys urged me to stay and I should have liked to but had to keep arrangements with Amherst. I held three outdoor and one indoor meeting at Westville. There are great prospects at Amherst where I now am.

Had a splendid crowd the first night, speaking from the band stand, Comrade Jones, who is a good speaker in the chair. Afterwards we adjourned to the hall and had another meeting. The hall was packed.

On Tuesday had another big crowd, who stuck as if glued to the spot. Comrade (to be) Landry of the I. L. P. followed me on the platform being thrown open, and strongly supported what I had said. It is my opinion that before long he and a number of other good fellows now in the I. L. P. of Cumberland Co., which has the "ultimate demand" on its platform, but is only nominally in existence, will be putting in their applications to join the only party. Last night the band occupied the stand and we had an indoor meeting, the best one from an educational point of view, held on the tour. Indoor meetings are the best if a crowd can be got, and it is far easier on the speaker. This is a strong hint to places where I go in future. I want to say frankly I am about "all in," and sick and tired of speaking to the four winds of heaven, though prepared to do so right along if the crowd cannot be got indoors. I shall be very grateful if comrades can manage to advertise sufficiently in future to hold more meetings indoors.

At indoor meetings one can speak in a conversation tone, which is the most effective, you have your audience there sitting comfortably and can interest them much easier than at an outdoor meeting. If however, only a handful can be got indoors, it is better to hold an outdoor meeting. Landry was again at this meeting and again supported unreservedly what I had to say. He will be a very useful member of our party some day, and I feel sure that day will be soon.

Just heard from Fillmore that the Rocky Mountain comrades had donated the handsome sum of \$50.00 to the Maritime fund. Well done! Now its up to the Maritime comrades to do some more.

WILFRID GRIBBLE.

ABENAKIS SPRING The Favorite Resort of the Eastern Townships. Delightfully situated on the west bank of the St. Francis River, near its confluence with the majestic St. Lawrence at Lake St. Peter, 65 miles from Montreal. AS A PLEASURE RESORT It stands without a rival in Canada. The surrounding country affords opportunity for pleasant walks and delightful drives along the river banks and through groves of pines. Unsurpassed boating, bathing, fishing, croquet, driving, tennis, large ball room. AS A HEALTH RESORT It ranks as the "Carlsbad of Canada." Thousands testify to the benefits derived from Abenakis Mineral Water. Many of our patrons claim their continued good health is due to an annual visit to Abenakis Springs, and a liberal use of the water and baths. Abenakis Mineral Water, in competition with the waters of the world, was awarded a silver medal by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904. Highest Award to a Canadian Mineral Water. ABENAKIS MINERAL WATER AND BATHS Specially valuable in cases of Gout, Rheumatism, Nervous Diseases, Scatica, Hypertension of various forms, Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidney, also diseases peculiar to women. Ninety per cent of cases cured, 100 per cent benefited. HOTEL OPEN FROM JUNE FIRST TO OCTOBER FIRST Modern Hotel, lighted with gas, Long Distance Bell Phone, Telegraph and Post Office in Hotel. Rates \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day, \$12.00 to \$16.00 per week. Beautifully Illustrated Souvenir Free. Prompt attention to correspondence. Round Trip Ticket from Cowansville to Abenakis Springs, via C. P. R., \$6.35; Sweetburg \$6.45, Sutton Junction \$6.85, Abercorn \$7.25, Knowlton \$6.85. Be sure to Buy a Round Trip Ticket. R. G. KIMPTON, Manager Abenakis Springs, P. Q.

Effective Propaganda at Low Cost

Cotton's can be sent for— Three months to one person for ten cents. Three months to ten different persons for a dollar. Three months to fifty different persons for five dollars. Three months to one hundred different persons for ten dollars. Locals please note the effective propaganda that can be done at small cost.

The law of the capitalist is the law of exploitation. The law of the worker is the law of labor. Upon which law can a just system of economic activity be based?

Montreal bank clearings for July amounted to a hundred and sixty-eight million dollars. How much of this money did you Montreal wage slaves handle?

The financier boasts of his patriotism, but stays at home in war time to make money. He lets the fool workers march to the front and get shot.

The quaking of the coming revolution is evident on all sides. No wonder the purse proud plunderers fear for their money bags.

A Berlin, Ont., manufacturer has committed suicide with a 44 revolver. Capitalism claims its victims the world over.

SPRINGHILL, N. S. ADS.

GET WISE

To the Fact that a Dollar Saved is Two Earned.

If You Value Your Hard-earned Dollar, Pay a Visit to

The St. John Clothing Co.

Where You are Guaranteed Honest Value for Your Money

WE don't pretend to give you goods for NOTHING, for you ought to be wise to the fact that all you can get for nothing, is nothing, but we intend and guarantee to give you satisfaction or your money refunded. We have on hand

36 LADIES SUITS Made of the finest quality goods, in different shades and colors, made in the latest and most up-to-date styles by one of the best manufacturers in Canada. Also a lot of MEN and BOYS SUITS, which we will sell cheaper than the cheapest. We defy competition, as we always take advantage of every opportunity to buy at the lowest possible figures, and therefore save you the middlemen's profit. Call and be convinced.

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READ

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PUBLISHED BY

THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.

RUTLAND AND NOYAN RAILWAY CO.

St. Thomas, P. Q., August 5th, 1909. NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of the Rutland and Noyan Railway Company will be held at the head office of the company at Noyan Junction, in the Parish of St. Thomas, County of Missisquoi, in the Province of Quebec, on the 1st day of September, 1909, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

Aug 5-11 DWIGHT W. PARDEE, Secretary.

MONTREAL LOCAL NO. 1

SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA, meets at Socialist Headquarters, No. 10 St. Charles Borromeo Street.

OTTO JAHN, SECRETARY, 625 Chasse St., Montreal

Effective Propaganda at Low Cost Astigmatism or Irregular Vision This insidious eye defect usually causes radiating lines to appear with different degrees of distinctness. It produces headaches and sore eyes. We are experts in relieving astigmatism. FRANK E. DRAPER Jeweler and Optician COWANSVILLE, QUE.

REGISTERED JERSEY CATTLE For Sale Tuberculin Tested Five Cows from 6 to 10 years old, price, \$50 to \$150, each. Two Yearling Heifers, \$100 each. Two Heifer Calves 6 months old, \$60 each. One Bull Calf 7 months old, \$40. One Heavy Pair Work Horses, 7 and 8 years old. Good working condition, about 2300 lbs. \$350. Registered (Canadian and American register) Percheron Stallion, Transvaal Second, for service on the farm. Chester White Boar for service on the farm. Grade Jersey Cows and Heifers for sale. GEO. E. FORD Elm Cottage Stock Farm, Cowansville, Que., July 10th, 1909.

This Steam Engine FREE For Selling Our Postcards Boys, here is a stationery set with sheet of polished brass and cylinder safety valves, whistle, double spirit burner, round base, just like any other engine. It is a puff and a pop, while the fly wheel revolves at a great speed, all complete for selling or collecting. Worth of Post Cards. They just like any other cakes. Name and address and we will mail you the Post Cards to you for 5 for 10 cents. Write to-day. A postcard only. THE RELIABLE PREMIUM CO. Dept. A, Waterloo, Ont. (References Molsons Bank)

RAILS, STEEL PLATE, PIPES, Hangers, Shafts, Pulleys, Belting, Chains, etc. sizes and kinds. Write us what you need. IMPERIAL WASTE & METAL CO. 5-13 QUEEN ST., MONTREAL

What to Read on Socialism Charles H. Kerr, Editor of the International Socialist Review, has published a new book, "What to Read on Socialism," which contains a list of the best books on socialism. One copy free to all who mail for it. \$1.00 for 100. CHARLES H. KERR & CO. 153 Kinzie Street, Chicago

# Fate and Mrs. Bayard.

By LULU JOHNSON.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"You may come in," called Ethel, eyeing approvingly the tall, well proportioned figure in the doorway. "I'm hiding," she explained as Chisholm came forward. "I'm hiding from a man."

"Remarkable!" was Chisholm's quiet comment as he dropped into a chair opposite the settee on which Miss Sprague sat. "I have come here to hide from a woman—a woman I never met."

Ethel clapped her hands. "Wouldn't it be funny if it happened that you were running away from me and I were running away from you and we both should be hiding here together—from each other?"

"More than likely we are the victims of Mrs. Bayard's well intentioned efforts," asserted Chisholm. "It is odd that after dodging Mrs. Bayard we should find ourselves in the same retreat with the common aim of avoiding each other."

"If you should tell me your name," suggested Ethel, "we could find out if we really are the only two victims of Mrs. Bayard's matchmaking craze."

"And rob the situation of its piquancy," objected Chisholm. "No, Miss—Miss—er—Miss Dimples. I think we will enjoy a chat far more, because we are not absolutely certain that presently we will emerge from our retreat only to be pounced upon by the energetic Mrs. Bayard, thereupon to be introduced to each other while the world—our little world—looks on and smiles its commiseration."

"Mrs. Bayard means well," declared Ethel, "but it is dreadful the way she goes around introducing people with a look that says, 'Now I have introduced you young people I shall expect you to be married immediately, because you are perfectly suited to each other.' Every one finds such amusement in Mrs. Bayard's matchmaking that her victims are marked persons, so they come to hate each other."

"If she were content with mere hints it would not be so bad," continued Chisholm comfortably, "but she had me over here this morning to tell me that tonight I should meet my fate."

"And she wrote me," explained Ethel. "It seems that she has three sets of victims here tonight, so as soon as I came I made straight for this flirtation nook. Mrs. Bayard believes in flirtation booths to further her amiable ends, and it seemed a clever bit of satire to take refuge in one of her matrimonial traps."

"I felt much the same way," assented Chisholm. "Of course some time in the course of the evening I shall have to undergo the ordeal, but I am trying to defer her introduction until the last moment."

"This is the first time that I ever have been warned that I must marry, whether or no, and—well, I don't suppose that it would sound right to say that I am bashful, but I don't seem to fancy the idea."

"Which is ungrateful when Mrs. Bayard goes to such trouble on our account," reminded Ethel. "She gives three or four balls a year just to bring people together, as she expresses it."

"Just as though the people would not find each other if let alone!" commented Chisholm, with a laugh. "Now, I can imagine that in happier circumstances I might—"

"What?" demanded Ethel as Chisholm paused.

"I was going to say," he concluded, "that left to myself I might perhaps have carried out Mrs. Bayard's wishes through natural impulse and not through a sense of duty."

Ethel colored softly at the remark, for the meaning was not to be mistaken. Moreover, she suddenly regretted the matchmaking propensities of her hostess, which had resulted in prejudicing the mind of this new found acquaintance against her.

"I remember when I was a youngster in short trousers," reminisced Chisholm, "that one day my father mixed a pail of whitewash, placed a brush beside it and gave me strict orders not to whitewash the chicken coops because I did not have the requisite skill. Then he went downtown, and I took chances on a thrashing to prove that I could do it."

"We always want to do the forbidden things," assented Ethel. "I suppose we inherit the trait from our first parents."

"It's human nature," agreed Chisholm. "Now, if Mrs. Bayard had said, 'Above all things, keep away from Miss—er—Dimples,' I should have hunted up the introduction the very first thing instead of running off to hide."

"And then you make my acquaintance the very first thing, just the same."

"But we are not certain, you know," pleaded Chisholm eagerly. "You said yourself that there were four other victims."

"But of course we are one of the pairs," insisted Ethel. "Perhaps not of the same pair. It may be that through some happy chance fate has been permitted to take a hand and do things right."

"If you would tell me who you are," suggested Ethel, "we could settle the matter."

"And spoil it all," reminded Chisholm.

"Then I shall tell you my name," declared Ethel firmly. "I am—"

"You are Miss Dimples—for just a little while," pleaded the man. "All the rest the awakening will come."

Let us enjoy these few minutes without the thought that fate and Mrs. Bayard are contriving to make us hateful to each other.

"If I am hateful"—suggested Ethel, rising.

"Don't go," pleaded Chisholm. "I didn't mean it that way. You are not hateful. You are a most adorable and charming young woman. It is only as an inevitable thing that you could become—not hateful, but—"

"Irritating," suggested Ethel, resuming her seat. "I suppose that when we are introduced I shall feel the same way about you."

"Then you do not feel that way now?" he pressed.

"You are not hateful—yet," she conceded. "I think that I should like you if I were not certain that Mrs. Bayard is looking everywhere for us to give the detested introduction."

"Then don't let us be introduced," pleaded Chisholm. "I mean not by our hostess. We can get some one else to introduce us, and when Mrs. Bayard sees us talking together she will leave us alone."

"Perhaps that might be done," agreed Ethel thoughtfully. "The only trouble is that so few here know me. It would be running a risk to go in search of an introducer."

"Then we might go and look for—the devil," he completed unexpectedly as the palms which screened the entrance parted and Mrs. Bayard swept in.

"There you are," she cried, shaking a plump, roguish forefinger at the pair. Mrs. Bayard would insist on being kitchentish in spite of 200 pounds of all too solid flesh. "I have been looking everywhere for you two," she added, and Chisholm groaned. Evidently they were one of Mrs. Bayard's "pairs."

"I think it's a shame," continued the good lady. "There are Mr. Wynne and Miss Maurer flirting desperately, and all the time I've been looking for you two to introduce you to them."

A gleam of interest shone in Chisholm's eyes.

"Dear Mrs. Bayard," he suggested, "don't you think that perhaps it would be well to let that infatuated couple alone and rest content with introducing us to each other?"

"Miss Sprague—Mr. Chisholm," repeated the hostess, adding, "I am sure that you will like Miss Maurer when you meet her, Mr. Chisholm."

"I am quite convinced of that," assented Chisholm calmly. "I am already very grateful to Miss Maurer for occupying Mr. Wynne's attentions."

There was no mistaking the meaning and the mastery in Chisholm's tones. Mrs. Bayard turned and fled. Chisholm faced the blushing girl.

"Since it was fate and not Mrs. Bayard who took an interest in our affairs," he said significantly, "I—that is—there is a good half hour before the supper dance. Let's spend the time in getting better acquainted." And he sat down again, this time on the bench beside her.

The trend of the times is shown when editors of well known medical journals have up for discussion the question as to whether drugs will be discarded by physicians in the future. The opinion is expressed that more and more drugging will be abandoned. More and more the laity are studying into the cause and nature of disease and seeking nature's methods of avoiding disease and recouping health, and the doctors have to reckon with this tendency.

The way to spread Socialism is to disseminate Socialist literature. The best introduction to Socialist literature is the Socialist Press. If locals would have Cotton's Weekly sent to each barber shop in their town for a period of three or six months, very gratifying results would be obtained.

The Western Federation of Miners are meeting in Denver. It is declared that Pinkerton and Thiel detectives are spying on the actions of the convention in the interest of the bosses. It is a trick the bosses have of hiring detectives to join unions, work themselves up to high offices in the organization they join and then wreck the body.

Capitalism gives the workers shacks to live in, shoddy clothes to wear and adulterated food to eat. And if the worker should object to such conditions the capitalists who profit on corruption immediately take away the jobs from the disgruntled workers.

Spain is fighting Morocco. Her troops do not want to leave Spain and are revolting. The Socialists are blamed for this state of affairs. The Socialists are certainly not in favor of getting themselves shot by going to a country which belongs to someone else.

Make out a list of ten barbers in your town, enclose in an envelope with a dollar bill, address to us and Cotton's Weekly will do the rest.

Lo, the criminal: If he is rich he is deranged; if he is poor he is just vicious.

# SEVEN YEARS AN INVALID

Then She Took "Fruit-a-tives" And Is Now Well.

Arnprior, Ont., Nov. 27, 1908. I was an invalid for seven years from fearful Womb Trouble. I had falling womb, with constant pain in the back and front of my body and all down my legs. There was a heavy discharge and this made me weak, sleepless, restless and miserable. Often I was obliged to be in bed for a month at a time. I was treated by several doctors, but their treatment did me no permanent good.



A few months ago, I was persuaded to try "Fruit-a-tives." I took several boxes, and from the outset of this treatment I was better, the Constipation was cured, and the discharge lessened. I took, for the painless, several bottles of the Iron Mixture as recommended in the "Fruit-a-tives" book, but I feel that it was "Fruit-a-tives" alone that cured me.

(Mrs.) Eliza Levesque. Take Mrs. Levesque's advice. Take "Fruit-a-tives" and cure yourself. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50; trial box 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

# The Passing of Alcohol in Medicine

Professor Wientrand, M. D. of Wiesbaden, in a recent statement concerning the employment of alcohol in the treatment of the sick, quoted by the news sheet of the German Abstaining Physicians' Society, March, 1909, said that in accordance with the results of the present scientific investigations of alcohol, he had reduced the dietetic use of alcoholic drinks in his department of the city hospital and only prescribed it as a medicine in certain individual cases. Even cases of delirium tremens which were once thought to require alcohol, were given none. Pneumonia, in which the use of alcohol was once thought to be indispensable, was now treated without it except in occasional instances. Of thirteen pneumonia patients recently treated, twelve recovered completely without alcohol.

Fever patients, who often tolerate alcohol exceptionally well without being intoxicated, are often only put by it in a cheerful mood which deceives the physician in regard to the seriousness of their condition. So also with tuberculosis. Formerly, in certain sanatoria for consumptives a half pint of brandy a day was prescribed in order to increase the weight. But this increase is now secured by systematic feeding, without the regular use of alcohol. Such use of alcohol is also an unwise practise for other reasons. The patient, after his discharge, carries his good or bad hygienic practices to the family. Hence many patients who are cured in the hospital after a long stay during which they receive no alcohol, will go away with the belief that one can live and be well without alcoholic drinks.

Views concerning the former over-valuation of alcohol in medicine are set forth in an article on the dietetic treatment of diabetes, published in the Zeitschrift fur physikalisch und dietetisch Therapie (vol. 12, part 4) by Dr. R. Kolisch of Vienna who there quotes the statistics of a French physician, Leduc, showing that in the wine-growing regions of France diabetes is much more frequent than in the provinces where no wine is produced. In the treatment of diabetes, he says wine can not be employed in sufficient quantities to furnish any appreciable food value without doing injury, since what is true of its injuriousness for normal

**DOCTORS** say consumption can be cured. Nature alone won't do it, it needs help. **SCOTT'S EMULSION** is the best help, but its use must be continued in summer as well as winter. Take it in a little cold milk or water. Get a small bottle now. All Druggists.

men is equally true of the diabetic, whose heart, blood vessels, liver, kidneys, and nervous system are even more sensitive. The belief that the addition of alcohol to the diet would permit the assimilation of more fat is another fallacy that has been shown to be out of keeping with facts. In considering the prevention of diabetes, say Dr. Kolisch, special emphasis is to be placed upon the avoidance of alcohol.

According to the Vienna correspondent of the Journal of the American Medical Association, many clinical teachers in the German and Slavic universities of Austria (in Vienna, Crakow, Lemburg, and Graz) have recommended a non-alcoholic plan of treatment of diseases such as pneumonia, erysipelas and septicemia, in which alcohol has hitherto been frequently used.

Sc. Temp. Federation.

# The Indian's Answer

The question of the ownership of land recall an answer given by a Kickapoo Indian chief, when asked why his people refuse to accept a title to an allotment of land and peacefully surrender their collective ownership. The answer, without many signs and gestures, reduced to a few lines was as follows:

"White man take him paper For legal right to own; Maybe so sell him paper. Maybe loose him home. Indian not take paper, No like him white man rule; Indian always got home— Him white man a fool.

It seems that as the land and all it implies, not being a creation of man, that the above lines—that is neither music nor poetry—speak a great truth. If those few who have small holdings of land, of which they make use, and those who have no holdings at all, were not so persistent to have title to hold and dispose of their holdings, it is self-evident that those who own the major portion of the earth never could have secured it.

The right to us means equal opportunity to all men. We of the shop, mill, mine, factories, railroads, etc., only ask the right to use these means. Why should the farmer ask or receive a greater privilege? Under Socialism he would still have the use of his farm. The only thing he would lose would be the capitalists who set the price on what he buys and what he sells, which robs him of his products to such an extent that usually the use he makes of his farm is to support the railroads owners instead of his family.

# NO TIME

Some men are kept so busy trying to make a living that they haven't time to live—"Journal," Minneapolis.

Hi, the strenuous life!  
Ho, the feverish bustle!  
Fierce commercial strife,  
Bang and bounce and bustle;  
In affairs immersed,  
Grudging crumbs of leisure,  
Truly, men are cursed  
In their quest for treasure!  
Human poor machine,  
Night and day you're running,  
With an outlook mean—  
With much craft and cunning;  
Scrooge-and-Marley chains  
Make a hideous clanking:  
What are all your gains?  
What the gold you're banking?  
Vanity, alas!  
Brother, that's the trend on't;  
It must come to pass,  
Death will be the end on't.  
Haven't time to live,  
With the moments flying?  
This reproof I give:  
Ye'll find time for dying!  
Beziqur.

# "Merrie England"

We are having quite a demand for this excellent little book by Robt. Blatchford. Probably the best book to hand to anyone who knows nothing of socialism. Has had a sale of over a million copies. Up-to-date edition from Chas. H. Kerr Co. Ten cents per copy.

Capitalism takes part of the masses and degenerates them, then virtuously complains because they reproduce themselves. "It calls them unfit—and perhaps it has a right to name its own product!"

Woman suffrage, as well as male suffrage, is useful only so far as it is used to destroy capitalism.

**900 DROPS**  
**CASTORIA**  
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of  
**INFANTS CHILDREN**  
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**  
Recipe of Old Dr. J. C. FLETCHER  
Pumpkin Seed -  
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Whitening Flavour.  
A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.  
Fac Simile Signature of  
Chas. H. FLETCHER  
**NEW YORK.**  
At 6 months old  
**35 DOSES - 35 CENTS**  
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

# A SPLENDID PAGEANT.

In an interesting article which appeared in a recent issue of "T. P.'s Machan," says:

Life may be an ugly and noisome and squalid struggle—an affair of a raging mob, going this way and that, hungering and thirsting, and slaying and trampling, without end or purpose; or else it may become cosmic, a splendid and ordered pageant, in which the grey is as necessary as the scarlet, and gold leads to the celestial azure.

Those words written by a non-Socialist, are an excellent expression of the Socialist ideal. We wish to substitute order and harmony for discord and chaos.

It is all very well for us to plume ourselves upon what labor organizations have done in raising wages, but what have they done—that are they able to do—in keeping down the prices of the necessities of life which the plutocrats advance at their sweet will? How long does it take for an advance in the cost of living to sweep away every little advantage gained by an advance in wages? And what is the solution of this terrible condition, before which all workers and all labor unions stand helpless as sheep? The only solution and remedy is Socialism.

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There is a woman whom they call "Typhoid Mary" in New York, and they are making such a fuss over her ability to disseminate typhoid fever, while suffering no fatal consequences herself. Mary reminds us of the capitalist system. It is immune to its own poison, but poisons everybody else.

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# Woman's Page

Devoted to Ways and Means for Bettering Her Lot in the Various Walks of Life

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED FOR THIS PAGE

## Children of the Tenements

Children are they with nothing of the child,  
Where laughter never fills the narrow court,  
Who never dash through alleys in a wild  
Pursuit, or vex the echoes with their sport;  
Who walk with life and labor reconciled  
And find the time for playing all too short.  
For they are toilers—see how each one bears  
A worker's worries and a peddler's pack;  
Fading through darkened halls and creaking stairs,  
With stooping shoulders and a breaking back,  
Each carries, 'neath a monstrous load, the cares  
That men of graver age and burdens lack.  
Nay, these are never children—these uncouth,  
Strange figures nutured with Toll's poisoned bane.  
They know too well how sharp is hunger's tooth,  
Life message is for them, alas, too plain.  
Even as children have they lost their youth  
And childhood never comes to men again.  
—LOUIS UNTERMEYER, in Moods.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Never keep pickles or vinegar in any form in glazed ware, as the vinegar acts on the glaze and forms a poisonous compound. They may with safety be kept in glass jars or bottles.

Don't throw away squeezed lemons; use them for cleaning brasses and dish covers. Put a pinch of whiting on the article to be cleaned and rub it well in, using the lemon as a sponge.

Enamel-lined saucepans should never be washed with soda, as it is liable to crack the enamel. Use a cloth dipped in very fine ash or crushed eggshell to remove the stains, then rinse well with a plentiful supply of hot water.

If housekeepers who have natural wood kitchen tables would cut a lemon in two and rub it over the surface, rinsing it well with clean warm water, the result would be a snowy white board without the rough top made by continual scrubbing with a brush.

Rugs have a tiresome way of curling up at the corners, which spoils their appearance, and in the end the corners get torn away. To prevent this, directly a rug is bought bind it on the under edge with stout holland or furniture webbing. The expense of this is trifling and the rugs will wear twice as long in consequence.

The kitchen sink can, and should be kept as clean as a china plate, with a liberal use of hot soda-water and a scrubbing brush. If black, a little paraffin scrubbed on will remove all stains. It is a good plan to keep a piece of soda on the plate at the top of the sink-hole. This will prevent grease from accumulating in the pipes.

## A Suffrage Frappe

"I see no reason," cried the Suffragette, "why women should be classed with aliens, idiots, children and criminals!"

"I hope you'll forgive us," replied the kind-hearted Alderman. "We didn't do it intentionally; we didn't mean to hurt your feelings. But, tell me really now, aren't things going along pretty well as they are?" Do you really know of any good reason why women should vote?"

"Far exactly the same reason that men should vote!" thundered the Suffragette; "because a person who is forced to obey the law should have a voice in choosing the law makers."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," protested the

Alderman. "You forget that women are, and always have been, utterly different from men."

"An excellent reason," replied the Suffragette; "why men shouldn't represent them. What do you know about my views on street-cleaning or the police service?"

"Well," answered the Alderman considerably, "I suppose you can tell your husband about them; he has a vote."

"But, if he doesn't happen to agree with me, that doesn't give him two votes, does it? Shouted the Suffragette.

"No," said the Alderman, with a benevolent smile, "but a woman can do so much to influence a man. Just a little kindness and patience is required. That is woman's mission in the world isn't it?"

"Look here!" shouted the Suffragette, with vehemence. "Did you ever stop to realize that I have four able-minded daughters over twenty-one years of age, and each one has a different view of the present municipal government? Do you think my husband's one little vote is going to do for the family?"

The Alderman seemed puzzled. Finally his face lighted up with a smile of triumph. "Well," he said. "If you women want to vote you'll have to serve in the army the same as we do."

The Suffragette clutched him by the shoulders. "You old sophist!" she cried; "why do you vote? With your gout you couldn't serve in the army even if you wanted to. Why does your father vote. He's too old to load a musket. Why has every man in the country over forty-five a right to vote? They don't have to serve if they don't want to!"

"Yes," laughed the Alderman; "but don't you see, my dear madam, that if there were no men there would be no army."

"And if there were no women," added the Suffragette, there would be no men!"—Otto S. Mayer, in Moods.

## OLD FRANCES

### A Victim of the System

By JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

Out of the door of her basement lodging Old Frances came. For a moment she stood there, under the shadow of the steps that led to the apartments above. And as she stood she took her bare hand from under the folds of her faded shawl, and opened it. In the withered and grimy palm lay a new silver piece—a quarter of a dollar. As she looked her rheumy eyes grew bright, a grin played about her toothless mouth, and the long chin with its sparse beard drew closer to the beak-like nose. After a moment of gloating over the bright thing, she drew her hand again under the worn shawl that covered her head and fell about her shoulders to her waist. Then she climbed laboriously up the snow-covered steps that led to the street.

Old Frances had been young once. She had been nursed with love at a young mother's breast, and had been looked upon fondly by a proud, but not too wise father. She had grown into a "mere slip of a girl" and here temptations and voices for which she was in no way responsible, and the meaning of which her childish mind did not know, began to crowd upon her, to take hold of her life, and undetermined her will-power, until she had grown into a repulsive womanhood; and as she climbed unsteadily to the



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pavement at this time, her back bent, her iron grey hair straying from under the faded shawl over a face scarred and seamed with years of horrible depravity and deprivation, it was beyond mortal power to imagine her ever to have been other than the ugly crone she now was.

Holding her coin tightly in her hand, she picked her way painfully along the slippery street. She had been sent on an errand of life or death. On a cot in the damp basement room a woman lay withing in mortal agony. Three children, unheeding, played upon the floor. They fought, they screamed in anger, they shouted in glee, and they fretted because it was cold. But the pale creature on the cot was conscious only of her pain, and prayed the Mother of Jesus to hasten old Frances' return with a quieting drug.

At the corner Old Frances stopped. Again she took her hand from the folds of her shawl and looked longingly at the silver piece. The habit of a life time time gnawing at her vitals. The cold was at her bones, and her parched throat thirsted "for a drop." As she turned the corner a gush of wind swept down upon her, cutting through her thin clothing fiercely, causing her to lose her balance for the moment. Clutching at an inviting door knob she clung to it, bracing herself against the storm.

Then some one flung the door open, dragging her in.

The light, the warmth, the odor, were overpowering.

"Just a drop," she gurgled to the man at the bar.

An hour later a policeman piloted Old Frances to her basement door. Revived by the cold, she was able to turn the knob and enter. The children huddled together among some rags in a corner were fast asleep. The sick woman was quiet. Old Frances approached her hesitatingly. She was afraid she would start up and curse her. But the sleeper did not waken. The old woman put out her hand, which had begun to tremble as with an ague, and touched the ice-cold face.

"Mother of Jesus," she gasped, as her weak knees gave way under her, and she sank to the floor.

The woman was dead.—The Progressive Woman.

## HOME HELPS

Add kerosene to a pail of soft water when washing oiled woodwork and floors. Besure and polish with dry cloth and you will be fully repaid.

Plates that have become burnt through baking or keeping food hot in the oven may be cleaned by rubbing them with a cloth dipped in common salt.

For shabby leather-covered chairs rub them over with a reviver made of one part vinegar to two parts of boiled linseed oil. Then polish with a soft cloth.

The dark streaks on hardwood floors caused by moving beds every morning can be easily removed by rubbing with a soapy woolen cloth dipped in kerosene.

Watery custard is caused by cooking in an oven that is too hot. Set the custard in a pan of hot water and see that the water does not boil during the baking.

The water in which rice has been boiled, allowed to stand until jellied, makes an economical substitute for milk. A cup of rice will yield about a pint of jelly.

One very simple plan for preserving eggs is simply to rub each one all over with butter or oil, and then to lay the eggs so treated in a jar with common salt to cover them.

In making baked or boiled custard scald the amount of milk to be used and set aside until cool, then make your custard and bake it as usual; it will be perfectly smooth.

## PAPER TOWELS FOR SCHOOLS

The problem of providing sanitary towels for school rooms has been solved by the Montpelier, Vermont school board. The board furnishes individual paper towels. The cost is one and one-half cent a year for each pupil. This is less than the laundry bills for the roller towel.

Many people who are not socialists like to read Cotton's because like other socialist papers it tells the truth. Socialists are made by reading socialist papers.

## Socialism and the New Domestic Economy

By M. M. A. Ward.

The history of woman from the earliest times until today has been a tale of her untiring industry. Women have made a very important contribution to the arts of civilization and culture. It is only by studying women in savagery and amongst primitive people that we can adequately appreciate her services to mankind.

Women were the first weavers, the first basket-makers. They made the first food vessels and water-pots, and exquisitely wrought and beautiful vessels they were. There is a model in the British Museum of a savage woman giving a bowl of mashed corn to her mate. This picture is one of the important duties of the savage woman. She is the food-bringer. Woman was the first agriculturist, and learned what seeds were good for food and how to make them grow.

## ERE CIVILIZATION DAWNED.

The woman built the first shelters, and in cold regions it was the women who dressed the skins and made the beautiful soft fur robes. "Butcher, skin-dresser, curer, racker, cook, server, and all men and women now engaged in such work must look back on women as the founders of their craft."

What scope for women's development belonged to those early days!

Her mind was always alert to discover new secrets. How she slaved, doing all the domestic work, which included practising all the early arts and crafts. There must have been plenty of joy in her life, for she had the joys of companionship. Women in those days were not shut up in a little back kitchen, with a four-walled yard beyond. They worked together. Whatever they suffered from, it was not loneliness. Some would tend the babies, some would go to draw water, others to find roots for fodder; some would weave mats and fashion pottery; but they would work together, and Nature was around them teaching them new wonders every day.

## THE QUESTION OF PROGRESS.

Does the English woman who lives in a little back kitchen today get as much joy out of life? Civilization has brought few gifts to women. There should be a greater gain. Women are no longer the "burden-bearers." They do not carry the fodder or the camp equipment; they often do not even bake the bread, and they certainly do not weave the cloth, tan the leather, and grind the corn. But is their burden very much lighter?

"Bebel says (vide 'Woman's Share in Primitive Culture') that 'woman was the first human being that tasted bondage. Woman was a slave before slavery existed.' But this expression takes all the aroma from her fragrant life. She made a servant of herself, and willingly, before there was any slavery. The emancipation of woman is from a self-imposed bondage, as everybody knows." Socialism will bring the "New Domestic Economy," and in this woman will find the means for emancipation.

## THE EMANCIPATION OF THE DRUDGE.

How can women escape from the never-ending duties which absorb all her time and energy, to the exclusion of all opportunity for study, for self-development and self-expression?

The children who must be tended, waking or sleeping; the ever recurring meals, with the inevitable "washing-up," the perpetual house-cleaning, mending, when will women have time to educate themselves and to give their contribution to the solving of social problems? Some people say they will never find time to vote—when the time comes for them to have a vote. Only through Socialism, with its watchwords of mutual aid and co-operation, can the solution be found; only by sharing each other's burdens and so lightening the load.

In the Colonies the women have already partly learned the lesson. Instead of each one sitting at home sewing in a lonely room, these women find that it is far better to call a "sewing bee." All the sewing necessary for some time is brought out. The neighbors come and share the work; there is laughter and song as well as work. When the work is done the party make music and dance. Why should we all cook our little dinners without proper labor-saving appliances, with inadequate little stoves and cheap saucepans that burn and spoil the food? The waste of it all.

With a properly equipped kitchen half a dozen trained and taught women can cook for three or four hundred people with less worry and loss

temper than one woman can cook for a family.

Why not have co-operative kitchens in all populated districts; food to be taken home or eaten if desired in a suitable refectory—a beautiful, airy, clean chamber? The rich can dine at 'Prince's; why should not similar and very much pleasanter places be at the disposal of those who toil to obtain the food for all?

## THE LESSON OF BRADFORD.

At Bradford, where they feed the necessitous children who attend the elementary schools, our kitchen can supply 3,000. Motor-vans take the food to various centres, and bring back the soiled plates. Two thousand plates can be washed, with the proper apparatus, in one hour, by two men. The plates are placed on racks and wheeled into the drying room. Washing dishes in this way is not the greasy, unpleasant process with which we are so familiar. Plenty of hot water, and no greasy sink afterwards!

Why should the poor always wash their own clothing? Why should not public laundries be available for everyone? Home is not the place to turn into an antiquated laundry, where washing is done in the most primitive way. Machinery might never have been invented for all the use it is to working women.

Why should the rich women have nurseries and nursemaids, while the poor women must always keep one eye on the baby and the other on her work. Eyes won't work like that! Either the baby suffers or the work.

Mothers ought not to be too weary to enjoy their children. They need time to play with them, to educate them, for the most important lessons should always be taught by the mother. Mothers today have no time to think what and how they ought to teach their children.

Why not have a kindergarten and creche to give the working mother the respite and relief that the rich mother claims as a matter of course?

## HOW IT CAN BE DONE.

We can only do these things through Socialism, which stands for organization. We can only put the advantages of improved methods at the disposal of all when we produce for the use of all and not only for the enrichment of a few.

Socialism hopes to take slavery out of the home and to make home the place in which to rest, to learn, and be happy.

Socialism hopes to give the mother back to her child and also to permit the mother to give some share of herself to the larger family—the community—where her care and guidance, advice and genius, are so badly needed today.—English Labor Leader.

## VERGING ON SOCIALISM.

Carl Whitaker, an 18-year old boy, stole one orange from G. A. Gardener's store in Suffolk, Va., the other day and was caught at it. Haled into court he put up the usual plea that he had had nothing to eat for two days and was hungry. But the Just judge decided that it was his duty to make an example of the boy and sent him to the state prison for two years.

For a long period of time the American Sugar Refining company consistently cheated the government by the simple and rather vulgar method of using false scales. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were stolen in this manner and a legal technicality stands in the way of the prosecution of the men responsible for the fraud.

But to contrast the case of the poor boy and the great corporation and therefore to point a moral would be regarded in conservative quarters as dangerously Socialist.—Ohio State Journal.

## PSALMS

Psalm 31.  
21 Blessed be the Lord; for he hath showed me his marvellous kindness in a strong city.  
22 For I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes: nevertheless thou hearest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee.  
23 O love the Lord, all ye saints: for the Lord preserveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth the proud doer.

PSALM 32.  
1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.  
2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.  
3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.  
4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.

## Universal Humanity

The partially emancipated human being who extends his moral sentiments to all the members of his own species, but denies to all other species the justice and humanity he accords to his own, is making on a larger scale the same ethical mess of it as the savage. The only consistent attitude, since Darwin established the unity of life (and the attitude we shall assume, if we ever become really civilized,) is the attitude of universal gentleness and humanity.

"The world is my country," said Thomas Paine, and every man woman, and child capable of appreciating the exalted sentiment applauded. But "the world" of the great free-thinker was inhabited by men only.

The following lines were written by Robert Whitaker, and first printed in a San Francisco newspaper:

"My Country is the world. I count  
No son of any man my foe,  
Whether the warm life currents mount  
And mantle brows like snow,  
Or whether yellow, brown, or black,  
The face that into mine looks back.  
"My Native Land is Mother Earth,  
And all men are my kin,  
Whether of rude or gentle birth,  
However steeped in sin;  
Or rich or poor, or great or small,  
I count them brothers one and all.  
"My flag is the star-spangled sky,  
Woven without a seam,  
Where dawn and sunset colours lie,  
Fair as an angel's dream,  
The flag that still unstained, untorn,  
Floats over all of mortal born.  
"My Party is all humankind,  
My Platform, brotherhood;  
I count all men of honest mind  
Who work for human good,  
And for the hope that gleams afar.  
My comrades in the holy war.  
"My Country is the World! I scorn  
No lesser love than mine,  
But calmly wait that happy morn  
When all shall own this sign,  
And love of country, as of clan,  
Shall yield before the love of Man."  
—J. HOWARD MOORE in "The Eternal Kinship."

## Capitalist Morality

Theodore Roosevelt, in his recent attack upon Socialists, described them as evil livers and immoral persons. A few days ago, an inquest was held on an ex-actress, who committed suicide in London. Investigation disclosed the fact that deceased was the daughter of a boiler-maker. Several years ago she met Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt in New York, where she was struggling to make a living on the stage, and smitten with her beauty, this Yankee plutocrat made her his mistress. At last, however, the millionaire tired of his plaything, and cast her off, whereupon she ended her life. One of our contemporaries wants to know why these details were carefully suppressed in the reports of the inquest. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt could give a good guess.—Labor Leader.

## SOCIALISM LABOR'S VOICE

The Socialist movement is of the working class itself; it is from the injustice perpetrated upon and the misery offered by this class that the movement sprung, and it is to this class it makes its appeal. It is the voice of awakened labor arousing itself to action.—Eugene V. Debs.

The present capitalism system grants the agricultural worker just about as much protection as it does the city worker. And that isn't saying much.

## PROVERBS

CHAPTER 17.  
1 Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than an house full of sacrifices with strife.  
2 A wise servant shall have rule over a son that causeth shame, and shall have part of the inheritance among the brethren.  
3 The fining pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold; but the Lord trieth the hearts.  
4 A wicked doer giveth heed to false lips; and a liar giveth ear to a naughty tongue.  
5 Whoso mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker; and he that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished.  
6 Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers.  
7 Excellent speech becometh not a fool; much less do lying lips a prince.

CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

THE WORKING CLASS AND THE EMPLOYING CLASS HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON. THERE CAN BE NO PEACE AS LONG AS HUNGER AND WANT ARE FOUND AMONG MILLIONS OF WORKING PEOPLE, AND THE FEW WHO MAKE UP THE EMPLOYING CLASS HAVE ALL THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE.

Cotton's Weekly

A CANADIAN SOCIALIST PAPER

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THE PRESENT SYSTEM

The present system of doing business, our institutions, laws and business philosophy, are laughable. It is particularly ludicrous to watch the serious way with which the average man regards capitalism. He stands in awe at the complexity of our social organizations. He is astounded at the cleverness of humanity in originating the thing. As a matter of fact the system is so cumbersome and foolish that it is breaking down.

First of all our commerce and industry and finances are based on the principle of selfish self-interest. The idea is that no man is so foolish as to do anything for nothing. All persons must be paid to do anything. Having laid down this principle, our society follows it up to a certain extent. The workman gets his pay; the owner of the land gets his rent and the labor thieves get their interest. It is thought that by the conflicting workings of the selfishness of the individuals of society a balance of justice and fair dealing will be struck.

But society does not allow the workings of self interest to go unchecked. It is to the interest of the burglar to break into houses and steal. Organized society punishes the burglar when he acts according to his self-interest. It is to the interest of the business man to sell shoddy clothes for good clothes, to sell oleomargarine for butter. The laws lay down punishments for merchants who thus act according to the selfish principles. Detectives are employed, and policemen and judges, to punish people for being selfish.

Our system therefore, is based upon the idea of making people act from selfish motives and then appointing a whole series of checks to prevent people from acting from selfish motives. The complexity of modern business rises from selfishness trying to break through the checks. Thus we see the big selfish financiers electing representatives to Parliament who will do away with the checks on bankers and stock brokers and financiers. These gentlemen can act according to selfish motives without check. The little fellows who act too much on the selfish principle get chased by the police and detectives. The whole of society is one huge scramble to be selfish and not get caught. Liquor dealers sell vile liquor and get fined by judges who in theory hand out a perfect justice from the selfish motive of getting a good fat salary. City officials are employed and are supposed to do their duty, because they are paid. City officials learn their lesson well, and do not do their duty because they are paid by the criminals not to do it.

The faith of the little man in the power of the checks imposed by law is ridiculous. The whole of commerce is based on graft, legal and illegal. It pays to be dishonest and not get caught. The checks break down. Selfishness stalks unashamed and the biggest thief is the one most respected.

There is no hope for the selfish corruption to cease of itself. Those who profit by that corruption will hire lawyers, priests, politicians and judges to keep the corruption going. The only hope comes from those upon whose shoulders the weight of the corruption falls. Labor is organizing for victory and all the banded anarchs, their corrupted politicians, their biased judges and their intimidating priests and

ministers, will be swept away by the wrath of victorious labor into the same pit of oblivion where lie the feudal plunderers of old.

THE LONE FIGHTER

Wilfrid Gribble is down in Nova Scotia fighting for Socialism. He is the one organizer of the Socialist Party of Canada in that region. He is jumping from place to place and running up against all the organized opposition of Salvation Army, Boss, and Politician.

It is not a pleasant task to talk to sneering crowds in strange places. It is not an easy thing to jump from town to town and to wear one's self out in fighting what appear to be vain shadows. It is not so bad to be a soap boxer when you have known friends around and when you go "home" and rest after your exertions.

But to be on the outpost places of the fight, to be a flying forlorn hope, as it were, fighting singlehanded very often for men who do not know their own interests. This is hard. It is only a person like Wilfrid Gribble, who has the fire of the revolution burning in his heart, who will do the stunt.

You socialists, who are taking it more or less comfortably on regular pay; you who watch eagerly for news from the front as reported week by week by the lone fighter you have sent to revolutionize, with the help of such Nova Scotia socialists as there are, the Maritime Provinces, you can help him keep the field by word and money. Write your appreciation of his services to Roscoe A. Fillmore at Albert, Albert Co., N. B. And do not forget to send your contributions in money at the same time. Money is the sinews of war and Gribble is the fighter fighting for the revolution that will free the wage slaves of Canada from their bondage.

THE BREAK OF DAWN

Can you see the dawn breaking? Have you listened to the rumblings of the human earthquake? Labor the world over is ceasing to moan in its sleep. It is becoming conscious of its own power. The clash of the coming conflict is already here. Spain in the south is rent by the warring of labor against its exploiters. Sweden in the north is in the throes of a giant conflict. The universal strike is eagerly grasped at by labor and the King and the frightened parasites proclaim a state of siege. In Asia Minor six thousand laborers have organized and their organization is but a prelude to the coming hosts of labor organized for victory. India is being repressed abroad while at home the British parasites feel their power shaken as never before. In Canada the troops are drawn up and machine guns are pointed at the breasts of workingmen while Mackenzie King, the tool of the capitalist, skulks out of the way. In Japan Socialist processions are broken up and Socialist speakers jailed. Everywhere the lines of battle are drawn up and labor realizes that it must fight for its life.

What are you doing to emancipate yourself? Are you bowing and scraping to your bosses and being thankful because they let you work for their luxury? Are you wasting your time over the distractions they have provided for you while they pick your pockets? Or are you studying your own interests by reading up on the way you are plundered? Are you content to be a slave and laborer because they have placed over you as a slave driver? It is up to you workingmen of Canada to achieve your own liberty? Have you the manhood to do it?

OLD AGE PENSIONS

The idea of old age pensions is taking hold of the minds of men. Why should not a man in his old age be protected

from want? Why should the day when the powers of life are failing be a time of material dread? Yet men fear old age today. Not because they dread that period but because the anarchy and warfare for jobs and business is so keen that few men can save enough for a competency in the days when they are beyond the earning stage.

Asquith has introduced and passed an old age pension. This pension does not touch the problem of poverty. The pension is receivable only by those who have never been in jail, who have never been on the rates, who have been British subjects and who have no means of support. These restrictions make the pension list so restricted as not to touch the great mass of poor at all.

Our own government has passed a grandfatherly act for old age pensions. You pay in so much and you get so much out. This putting in and getting out is served up in various forms for the would be old age pensioners. But this cannot touch the problem of old age for those who are living from hand to mouth.

Of course the government old age pension scheme is a step in the right direction. The greatest modern graft comes from the insurance companies. Of the insurance policies taken out by the poor upon the weekly payment basis seventy-five per cent lapse. Of total premiums paid in there is only seventeen cents on the dollar paid back to the insured or their heirs. This graft is something enormous and anything that will stop it is good.

But such old age pensions do not touch the question. Every man should be free from worry in old age. By the very fact of his being a man he should be provided for in his old age. The instalments given by Asquith is but a small beginning. The insurance given by the Federal government of Canada is simply a sop to make the workers think that the government is doing something for them.

Old age pensions will be given under socialism.

The Japanese are buying human bones from the Chinese. These bones are those of soldiers killed in the battles with Russia. They go to make up a new powerful explosive. First of all the bosses set the wage slave soldiers at work killing each other. Then they take the bones of those killed and prepare for the killing of more wage slaves.

If man be the temple of the Holy Ghost, the capitalists, who draw blood money from the workmen and workingwomen, have been zealously helping the Devil win his battles against God. How that mythical Being must laugh when he sees the capitalist kneeling in prayer while his paid preacher mumbles over him.

Mrs Russell Sage has given ten million dollars for the investigation of social conditions. The result has been the discovery of what a hell hole Pittsburg is. Sanctioned Andy is shown up as a labor plunderer of the most unscrupulous type. His libraries cannot mask the hideous ruins he has wrought.

An anti-gambling crusade has swept over Japan and the horse racers are going to Vladivostok. Eighty-two Japanese horses have arrived in that city for the races. Japanese statesmen are getting moral in appearance. The sugar steal in which they indulged makes them anxious to show that they can make other people moral if not themselves.

The Gazette declares that one of the reasons why international labor organizations should not be tolerated, is because American labor leaders cannot be reached by the penalties of the Lemieux Act. The plutes pass a law which handicaps labor and then whine because some of the laborers are where they can't be hit by a Canadian plute law.

Primeval man used to hit his fellowman over the head with a stone club. That is the best example of individual initiative on record. Ever since then that horrible thing, socialism, has been growing.

The Tories of Great Britain are talking themselves hoarse against the budget. They talk so much that the bill is held up. Asquith is applying the gag and the Tories do not like it.

The man from Mars would laugh at the awe in which a lot of brow beaten laborers regard the bits of paper which constitute the wealth of the plunderer band.

The hocus pocus business of capitalism is about played out.

The Battle For Bread

By William Restelle Shier.

All self-respecting people want the best of food, the best of clothing, the best of housing.

They want security of employment, short hours of labor, healthy conditions in the mines and shops and factories.

They want education for their children, freedom from the fear of want, a voice in the management of industry.

They want the means and leisure which to enjoy life.

But of these things they are deprived under the reign of capital.

Notwithstanding the fact that all wealth is produced by labor, they must be content to eat cheap food, to wear shoddy clothing, to live in tenements or miserable-looking houses.

They work in dingy factories, have long hours of labor, wear the badge of inferiority and must endure before their masters in order to hang onto their jobs.

They never know when illness, accident, hard times or the caprice of their boss may throw them into abject poverty.

Their children are often snatched from the home at a tender age to help eke out the family existence.

Their daughters are frequently forced into a life of shame through the pressure of economic want.

Their higher natures are stifled in the sordid struggle for bread and butter.

They are hounded from city to city, from country to country, in the effort to make a living.

They are sometimes forced to beg or steal in order to avoid starvation.

They are despised, robbed, duped and oppressed in all conceivable ways.

WHO IS TO BLAME.

Simply nobody but themselves. The workers are getting what they have voted for these many years.

By voting their masters into power election after election they have voted for perpetuation of wage-slavery.

By supporting the old political parties they have supported the industrial system for which these political parties stand.

It is this industrial system which is responsible for the ruthless exploitation of labor.

The land, the mines, the mills, the workshops, the departmental stores, the railways, the steamships, the banks, the real estate, the telegraphs, in short, the entire machinery of production, distribution and exchange, are in the hands of a small number of people.

A privileged few control the means whereby the disinherited many must live.

Thus is society divided into two classes, a master class, on the one hand, a slave class, on the other.

The master class consists of capitalists, landlords, moneylenders. The slave class consists of farmers, wage-workers and all those who earn their living by the sweat of their brow.

The master class is enabled to keep the slave class in subjection because it is in control of the law-making power, the federal, provincial and municipal governments, the courts, the police, the militia.

The master class is numerically weak, the slave class numerically strong. The slave class has it in its power to emancipate itself from all forms of domination. It has the power because it has the majority of the ballots.

But the master class also controls the press, the universities, the churches, these great avenues of information and instruction. Hence its ability to mould public opinion and dupe the workers into believing that this is all as it should be.

The purpose of this article is to counteract the sinister influence of capitalist books, capitalist papers, capitalist schooling and capitalist sermons upon the minds of those who toil.

WHAT TO DO.

There is only one thing that keeps the workers in the unhappy condition which we have described, namely, their own ignorance and stupidity.

As long as they continue voting their masters into power, just so long will they have to put up with unemployment, starvation wages, cheap food, shoddy clothing, bad conditions in the mines and fields and workshops.

At present the government is controlled by business men in the interests of business men.

Both the old parties called re-

THE UNEMPLOYED

I am the shifting sand beneath the walls  
Ye build and call the State. I am the Fear  
That haunts you in your boasting and your dreams  
Your dead youth's lost occasions! Yea, I am  
The corse beneath the fabric of your Dream!

I am the shifting sand beneath the State.  
Your laws, your customs, creeds, I undermine.  
I laugh at your conventions, meant to bind  
Your Creeds! To me they purvey only lies.  
So as ye build, I bury that ye build;  
The walls ye rear upon me do decay.

I am the dream of Evil ye have dreamed;  
The uncouth Hun, the Vandal, and the Goth;  
The savage come again to leer, and laugh  
Into forgetfulness the domes ye build.  
Your learning, culture, visions—these shall fade,  
And I shall pour your wisdom into pools  
To sink, and fail, and so be lost to man.  
I am the youngest anarchy of the world:  
I neither love nor hate, I only leer.  
A gibbering ghost of manhood, o'er your dreams.

I am your Brother, driven forth to die!  
These are your cities, empires, and demesnes—  
And these your doles—to toil!—and still to toil!  
To render unto Caesar, not the tithe,  
But all, that Caesar of his will bestow  
That in his wisdom "recompense" is writ—  
The helot I, your brother equal born!

These are your cities; I will make them dust!  
These are your empires; they shall disappear!  
These your demesnes—Forgetfulness shall be  
Of all ye said, or did, or hoped, or sung!

Ye did inherit much, but did take all;  
So I shall ravish in its bloom your hope,  
Shall make your boast of culture all a lie,  
Shall make you know the emptiness of dreams!

Hear once again the word of him ye scorn!  
I am that Ishmael ye have doomed to die;  
I am the fair Occasions ye have flung  
Aside as void of value and of life.  
I am the Fear that haunts you in your halls,  
And senates, and the temples of your God.  
And as your systems crumble and decay  
Heed well that I did tell you and now tell—  
I am the shifting sand beneath the State!

—HUGH J. HUGHES.

THE REWARD OF INDUSTRY.

respectively Conservative and Liberal, represent the interests of business.

The interests of business men and workmen are antagonistic.

The Socialist Party recognizes this conflict of interests. It is the offspring of the battle between the classes.

The old parties are financed and controlled by the propertied classes. The Socialist Party is financed and controlled by working men and women.

Workingmen who vote the ticket of the old parties are voting for their enemies.

Workingmen who vote the ticket of the Socialist Party are voting for themselves.

Surplus Product

Socialists say much of the surplus product. By this they mean what the worker produces over and beyond what he gets. To illustrate, no man can afford to hire another to do a work unless the employer makes a profit on that work. This profit, and all profit, is what the Socialist means by surplus value. He claims that it is a tribute rendered to the owner of the machine, of the land, or the house, for the use of that property, and that it is an immoral exaction, just as the ownership of the slave involved an immoral exaction. He recognizes that "business" cannot be conducted under the private ownership of these needful things, without this tribute, so he does not attack the individual capitalist as a guilty man. But he holds that the tribute is only a part of the system, and, being morally wrong, must be ended in the overthrow of the system.

Believing the tribute to be wrong, he cannot compromise on letting it remain. This is why he cannot fuse with any party that would merely tolerate any teaching that would justify the robbery of the people, which has made them poor and ignorant. As well as expect a man to be willing to assent to murder so long as it was done in an artistic manner as to ask the Socialist to compromise on the matter of surplus value—the tribute exacted of the worker.

The Socialist sees a very simple and practical way of ending this tribute. If the people owned the machinery of production and distribution collectively it would cease to be a possibility.

THE REWARD OF INDUSTRY.

Socialism would encourage industry. One of the deepest instincts of human nature is the hope and expectation of adequate reward for labour exerted. If a man is cheated of the result of his labour he is disappointed and feels injured. This disappointment undermines energy and initiative. Hope is killed. Under the present system only a few people receive the just reward of their labour. Millions of people are cheated of the results of their toil. For them there is no spur to greater exertion, no hope of increasing their reward.

Under Socialism reward would be proportioned to service. No private capitalist or landlord could lay hands on the wealth produced by others. Consequently no one would be robbed of the fruits of his labour, and industry could be encouraged. Its only limit would be man's powers and desires.



Swimming Against the Stream

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Twenty-five cents for six months.  
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CHEAPEST AND BEST METHOD OF PROPAGANDA.

The New York Sunday American amused its readers by publishing two pages of evidence of the tendency of the children of multimillionaires to go insane, commit suicide and do other queer things. Some of them have actually killed themselves for fear of poverty. Well, and does not this show what a horrible nightmare the capitalist system is for even its most successful votaries? Would Socialism not be a relief even to them?