

Total No. of Subs for
Issue of April 20
9,956
Total Edition
Last Week **11,300**
W. U. COTTON, Editor

Cotton's Weekly

NOTE THE RED ADDRESS
LABEL ON YOUR PAPER
If it is **No. 138**
Your subscription expires next
issue. You should renew at least
two weeks before your sub expires
so that you will not miss any
numbers.
H. A. WHEE, BUSINESS MANAGER

SPECIAL MAY DAY EDITION

This is No. 137

COWANSVILLE, P. Q., CANADA, APRIL 27, 1911

50c a Year—25c for 6 months

THE HISTORY OF MAY DAY

Geo. Edward.

May Day came into existence through a resolution which was adopted at the International Workingman's Congress, held in the year 1889 and afterwards at the Brussels Congress 1891, Zurich 1893, London 1896, Paris 1900 and Amsterdam 1904.

The resolution calls upon the workers of the world to unite in celebrating the 1st day of May as a holiday and further that henceforth they shall do their utmost to establish a universal eight hour work day.

May Day is typical in most countries, as being the dawn of brighter and better times or in other words of the glorious summer about to arrive and the end of the cold winter just finished.

The day was well chosen by our comrades in Paris on which the proletariat of the world should express their joy at the signs of decay, already so pronounced in the present abominable wage slave system and the ushering in of a new era when all shall be free from exploitation and the evils that are now so prevalent in our body politic. This holiday is not generally understood by the proletariat of Canada, England and the United States, on account of the backwardness of the class-conscious Socialist movement in these countries, but wherever the workers do comprehend its meaning their enthusiasm for it knows no bounds.

May Day is celebrated differently according to place and conditions. For instance, should there be serious labor troubles, great strikes are often commenced, but should there be no labor trouble our German comrades usually spend the day at a picnic or in one of their favorite concert gardens. In France where most of the workers celebrate this holiday, some take advantage of it to have a day's rest, others to visit some favorite place, theatre or lecture hall.

Austria, Belgium, Switzerland, Russia, and other European countries celebrate May Day in a like manner. This holiday is very different to other holidays in as much as it is the only one which has been named by the workers for themselves. They have declared that May Day shall be their own, that on that day they will recognize no master. Hence the antagonism displayed by the capitalist class against all celebrations, parades, Socialist meetings, etc., held upon the 1st of May.

May Day is usually celebrated in a very different manner to other holidays, because you will find that those who take part in it are imbued with a spirit of fraternity and their chief desire is to learn something about the great hope of the workers, the Socialist movement, or else to impart knowledge to their less informed brothers. New hopes are kindled on this day of a better system of society, when they gather together to sing their revolutionary songs or to listen to one of their favorite orators.

The drunkenness and rowdiness so common on other holidays is conspicuous by its absence among those who celebrate May Day. The reason is two-fold, because the class-conscious worker is more intelligent than the average, and also because he looks upon May Day as his most sacred holiday.

Judge Lantot of Montreal waxed indignant in his courtroom on April 19th over the employment of child labor. An undersized boy under fourteen years of age had been employed by the Dominion Cotton Company. The judge declared that the company who employed child labor was the one who ought to be punished. Here is a judge who sees an evil. But he is powerless. Nay more. He must enforce the conditions which bring about child labor. He must enforce laws which evict people from their homes. He must give decisions according to laws which compel wage slavery. The Socialists of Canada will confer a great benefit on many human hearted judges of Canada by bringing about a revolution which will allow just judges to adjudicate according to just laws.

The judge on the bench is paid his seven thousand dollars, not to give economic justice, but to enforce wage slavery and to decide in difficult cases just which particular labor thief shall have the wealth stolen from the workers.

The Origin of May Day

Jules Lavigne.

It was in 1888 after the general election at which our old comrades, Barley and Lamandin were elected to the French Chamber of Deputies by the French Federation of the Arrondissement De Bethune, Pas-de-Calais, that the Syndicat des mineurs du Nord et du Pas-de-Calais, composed of some seventy-three thousand miners, held their convention at Lens, P. de C. At this convention it was moved that the Socialist Deputies be requested to present the 8 hour day bill before the French Chamber. It was also resolved to keep the first of May as labor day.

The following year the capitalists did all they could to make the miners work the first of May. They succeeded in keeping about half of the men at their tasks. But the same year the International Socialist Party endorsed the Lens resolution. Since then the first of May has been recognized as the international Labor day.

Now all the workers of France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, a big portion of England and of the United States keep the first of May as Labor day and carry a red ribbon in their buttonhole. This year is the twenty-second anniversary of the celebration of Labor Day.

There are reforms everywhere. The masters are planning old age pensions and workmen's compensation acts and model dwellings and many other things. Why do they do these things? For the love of God? Do not believe it. God has been held up to the workers as the fearsome creature who would punish workers if they did not remain content in the sphere wherein God had placed them. Are they doing it for the love of humanity? Don't you believe it. The ruling class has never loved humanity. It has always oppressed and enslaved it. No. The rulers are weakening and trying to placate labor. The masters have felt the rising wrath of the toilers. They have felt a slave class tugging at its bonds. Priest and warrior, judge and orator, all have been used to keep the workers in physical and mental slavery. Now the slaves are thinking. The spirit of the slave is going. The workers are looking at their masters and the light of freedom burns with a steady light in the eyes of a class that once cowered. Wherefore the masters fear. Wherefore they try to win with flattery and coaxing. But all in vain. For the workers reply, "You may give us old age pensions but that does not compensate for the years of our manhood which you deprived of joy and ease. You may give us workmen's compensation acts but your hell holes of factories still blight the earth. You may give us hospitals but they would not be necessary were our daughters not forced to prostitution. You are a damnable exploiting class. Your days are numbered. Prepare for your end."

There are a class of men who preach the gospel. These men are called ministers. Many of them who have studied a few musty books and got their knowledge of life from afternoon ladies teas are not worth bothering about. They have no influence. There are other ministers who know that Socialism is right but will not preach it because they would lose their comfortable quarters and easy life. The Christian ministry in Canada is on a mighty low pair of wheels just at present. It is filled either with men who do not think, nice smooth-checked men, who talk soft soap for the dollars there is in it, or with men who preach what they know to be a lie. The Christian church in Canada is carried captive at the chariot wheels of big business and successful dishonesty. The Socialists are the ones who are bearing the burden for the freedom of humanity.

Economic interests determine men's conduct. The parasite will do those things which will secure him in his parasite condition. The Socialists cannot expect to have Socialism come through the efforts of the capitalists. Socialism will come by the workingmen realizing how well they can live if they will only take hold of industry and have it socially owned and operated without having the parasites getting the greater share of the wealth produced.

THE BATTLE IS ALL BUT WON

The night of despair is over. The dawn of the day for the last great battle for liberty is come. The hosts of labor go forth to conquer.

It has been a long struggle. The masters have been cruel and cunning. The heroes of the social revolution, who gathered the first recruits against capitalism, engaged in a desperate venture. No master class has ever allowed the agitators against slavery to act with impunity. Our Comrades of the past have been exiled, proscribed, shot down.

Now their heroic struggles are bearing fruit. Their weak voices crying amid the babble of slaves have at length prevailed. Their message fell on deaf ears. But one by one the slaves heard and listened. More and more the slaves became attentive. Many of the slaves took up the message and cried it aloud to other slaves. "Workers of the world unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains and a world to gain."

The slaves have heard. The hosts are gathered. The might of the oppressors is shaken. They tremble. They endeavor to win some of the slaves by promise of a share in the ill-gotten wealth that was produced by the sweat and misery of the slaves. Their cries fall on unhearing ears. The few cowardly slaves who are tempted and yield and forsake their Comrades find themselves cut off from the great living world. They find themselves ranked with flabby skinned, white livered traitors of humanity.

The international exploiters endeavor to give aid and comfort to the other. But they find themselves forestalled. The revolt of the slaves spreads from country to country, from continent to continent.

Would Germany hurl her soldiers upon France in order to destroy men and maintain slavery? Her rulers dare not. For facing the exploiters in Germany are the slaves and were the troops flung into France, the slaves at home would revolt. England dare not send her troops abroad. Her rulers fear the Welsh, the Scotch, the Irish, the English slaves.

France must keep her troops at home. The railroad workers, the vine dressers, the postal employees are on the verge of revolt. The exploiters fear, even as it is, the temper of the troops.

Spain sent her troops to Morocco and the monarchy trembled on the verge of collapse from the quaking mass of revolting proletarians.

These are sorrowful days for the plundering plutocrats.

Laurier piles military burdens upon the workers, and many fool workers cheer Laurier.

Do you believe in Socialism? Yes, do you say? Then what are you doing to make it come? Nothing? Then confound your lazy bones. Wake up, get busy and root for what you know is the grandest movement that has ever come to bless humanity.

Did you ever take a good look at the plutocrats? Take an average specimen. You will find he is a soft-headed, portly, unathletic sort of a creature. When the muscled and skillful workers just get a few things in their heads they will wonder why in the everlasting blazes they ever allowed such a gang of puny creatures to rule and rob.

Did you ever go into a courtroom and see the judge on the bench with bailiffs and policemen and courtiers round him? Did he not look awe inspiring in his wig and woman's gown? Next time you go in and take a look at one of the creatures, just use your brains and exude a little thought for your own benefit. Just remember that that thing on the bench is paid seven thousand dollars a year, not to give justice, but to enforce wage slavery. Remember that all the mummery with which he is surrounded is not erected to advance right but to fool people into thinking this particular wage slave of the parasite plunderers of humanity is some pumpkin and should be obeyed. When you get the right viewpoint our Canadian judges will cease to appear to be great men. On the contrary they will think into shrivelled little puppets who are drawing large salaries from a slave driving class for the dirty work they do.

In Canada the masters see and fear. The army is being strengthened. The cry of imperialism is raised. Why? Not because Borden wants imperialism. He fears the slaves of Canada.

Not because Laurier wishes to protect Canadians against American aggression. No. But because he wants to protect the multimillionaires of Canada against the wrath of an oppressed slave class.

It is good to be alive these days. It is good to be in the thick of the greatest movement of emancipation the world has seen.

The revolt that is shaking Canada is not given publicity. The capitalist press dare not publish the news. The slaves would know too much of their own strength, their numbers and their mutual spirit, and did the capitalist press tell the truth the revolution would break tomorrow.

From Ontario come tales of whole factories permeated with the spirit of revolt. British Columbia and Nova Scotia tell the same story. The echo of the Socialist agitation is still ringing in the hearts of the wage slaves. They do not speak out. They dare not speak individually. But in the workshops and in their little gatherings the same tale is told. The slaves realize their condition and are prepared for freedom.

The coming year in Canada will be the most momentous year in the history of Canada. The agitation of the Fillmores, the Waymans, the Gribbles, the Stebbings, the O'Briens, the Kingsleys, and the countless other workers has taken deep root. It remains but to marshal the recruits of the army of revolting wage slaves to let them see their own strength. When they see their numbers and see the shrunken force of the exploiters, composed of traitorous slaves without spirit, of word-spinning parsons without backbone, of tongue-wagging judges without sense, a laugh of contempt will go up from the ranks of embattled labor and plutocracy will vanish in contempt.

Wherever the Western Clarion circulates, wherever Cotton's Weekly reaches, wherever the voice of the travelled Socialist agitator is heard, there is spread the glad news to the doubting slaves that Canada is on fire with a burning of hearts among the exploited and a marshalling of hosts for the sweeping of capitalism into oblivion.

Courage, Comrades. The battle is all but won.

The capitalist will rob as long as the worker is content to suffer the robbery.

The slaves of Canada are organizing not for the right to have better slave conditions, but for the right to be free men.

There is many a capitalist who wants Socialism to come as long as it will not hurt his own particular graft.

The grab fest is on at Ottawa. It has been going on many months now. Laurier and the rest of the political henchmen of the slave drivers have been talking day and night over reciprocity. There is a plan back of all their loud mouthings and empty vapors. They are trying to make such a loud noise as to prevent the workers of Canada from thinking. For these professional rangers know that if once the workers begin to think there will be a revolution in Canada that will shake every financier and industrial magnate into the working class.

Formerly education had to be paid for. Only the rich could afford to hire tutors for their children. Now education in many places is free and compulsory. All the people came to the conclusion that ignorant people were a drawback to a community and all the people furnished schools and means of education for all the children. We would not go back to the old system of private education for the few. We are going forward and we are furnishing free school books and free dinners for the children. Is not that a sensible step to take? If it is why not have more of a good thing and furnish proper clothing for all the children and for all the people as well?

We March in Millions Today

Rosecoe A. Fillmore.

What is your idea of life? Do you never wonder whether you were created to become a machine or not? Don't you know that the never-ending grind of which you are the victim is making a machine of you? You rise at 6 a. m. eat something, (always the very cheapest that can be bought) go to work at 7 a. m. eat something at 12 a. m., go to work at 1 p. m., quit at 6 p. m., eat some more, go to bed at 9 p. m. to rise at 6 and resume the same routine.

I ask you, brother worker, is this your idea of life? Are you satisfied? Do you believe that such a mechanical existence should satisfy a rational being?

Your wife or mother finds life even more monotonous than do you. It is always speculate and calculate over the food she must buy, the manner in which it should be cooked, etc., in order that it may last as long as possible. When a special season comes around such as Christmas or Thanksgiving you put your hands together, count the pennies in the purse, and choose not the food which you would like, but the miserable odds and ends which can be bought cheaply because milady or milord will not take them at any price.

These are the conditions when you are steadily employed. If you chance to lose your job you must starve or, if you have any credit, mortgage your future by buying your groceries on "tick." Do you call this living? I don't. I call it simply a miserable brute existence and I intend to do all in my power to change these conditions.

We are approaching a day which has been set apart by men who are not satisfied with this miserable condition of things. We call it May Day and we use it for the purpose of spreading our doctrine of working class unity among our brother workers. On this day we march, millions strong, and we make the idlers in their palaces turn pale. Their cheeks blanch as they realize that our ranks are filling up, that every May Day sees millions added to our army. They know that when we get crowded enough we intend to change the conditions which force you and I to work that they may loaf and it makes them unhappy. They are alive to their own interests. They are class-conscious.

But you, my brother, have not yet discovered wherein lies your interests. If you had you would be marching with us. You too would be dreaming of and working for the glorious future. You would be working for the time when men shall be free. You would be carrying a pocketful of Socialist literature to give your friends; you would be hustling for subs for Socialist papers. You would be doing all these things if you were true to your class and to yourself.

You'd better make a start this May Day. Fall in! You will easily catch the swing. You will feel happier when working for a time when your children need not go to work when still babies. You will find yourself in line with progress. You will find yourself in line with economic evolution, the power which has brought industry where it can very easily be made co-operative, in place of private property. And if you join us this May Day you will be able to bring along some of your friends, by next year and thus we add to our army. Come on, brother, we are marching in millions today. Come with us and we will show you how to win a world.

From St. John's, Newfoundland, come reports that there is a scarcity of labor. Until recently the workers of the city were practically without work for two months. Then the season of navigation opened up, all the idle men were put to work and still the employers wanted more. That is how the cry of scarcity of labor originates. The capitalists want many unemployed men around a city in order that the employed workers may be kept subdued by the fear of being displaced in their jobs and in order that there may be many workers in case the capitalists want some seasonal work done in a hurry. The suffering of the unemployed means nothing to the employers save that their miseries will make them all the more eager slaves. Will it not be a glorious change when Socialism will have provided opportunity to all to do useful labor?

ECONOMIC FREEDOM

H. Martin.

Fellow workers—The most important issue of your class today, is that of your economic freedom. We hear a great deal about "freedom" today. Our politicians, clergy, college professors and editors never tire telling us of the most remarkable heritage we are privileged to enjoy. This vaunted freedom is made the theme of thousands of songs, stories, essays and editorials of every description.

Freedom, means to be free; liberty; ease in performance. Does this fit your case, fellow worker? Are you at liberty to work at ease? Have you any voice in regulating your wages? You may think you have; the capitalist class (your masters) are willing that you continue to think so; but as a matter of fact you have no choice but to accept the market rate of wage.

If you were free, it would not be necessary for you to rap at the factory door and beg a master to buy your power to toil.

This vaunted freedom is a delusion. The man who owns the jobs, owns the people who must have them. The few who own the jobs can only give them out when the workers return a profit in exchange for the privilege of working.

Today such a profit is impossible in millions of instances, so the jobs are not given out. Never in the history of the world have there been so many willing hands denied an opportunity to produce a livelihood.

Mr. Workingman, has this not been your experience? I know it has. Experience is all you have had; you have never lived. Just experience in trying to make a living.

Your class are the most generous people on earth. You do all the work, you pay all the bills, you give away all you produce. You suffer from enforced idleness; you see your wives and children in rags and poverty; you live in hovels and shacks, all this so that a few may riot in idleness and luxury.

The men who own the jobs in any society rules that society. We may have convents and constitutions, legislatures, free schools, universal suffrage and rights and privileges without number, but while jobs are privately owned those who do not own them are practically slaves to the job owners.

We may sing "My country tis of thee, sweet land of liberty," but as long as some one else owns all the jobs there is no liberty. I appeal to your intelligence, fellow workers, to free yourselves from this economic slavery. You were men before you were workers. Exert your manhood and become economically free. Strike for freedom, join the Socialist ranks; become a worker for your own emancipation. You have nothing to lose, you have everything to gain.

The Toronto Mail and Empire of date Saturday, April 15th, has a stinging editorial against trust breakers. It declares that burglars, highwaymen, pickpockets, and the more vulgar thieves do not do the damage that the big thieves do, the men who betray their trust, who float bogus companies, who wreck banks, etc. This all sounds very radical, but the Mail and Empire is a reactionary sheet. The capitalists get unearned revenues. These revenues must be entrusted to other people to handle and reinvest. It is a horrible thought to the Mail and Empire that the legalized robbers should be preyed upon by unfaithful servants. The Mail and Empire never raises its voice against the continued robbery of the wealth producers by the capitalists.

It would be laughable were it not so pitiable. The workers whose strong labor has subdued the land, built the cities, spanned the continent with steel bands, mined the coal and produced the wealth are ridden by a gang of cunning thieves who rob and plunder, and throw out to starve the men who create the wealth. When once the plundered wake to the legalized miseries they have been forced to endure, then will the masters run trembling to their priests and beg on bended knees that their hireling religion mongers quell the awakened with word thunders and fear of the unknown supernatural. But it will be too late. That trick has been played out and will no longer work.

What Socialists Want

WE are constantly asked to explain the philosophy of Socialism in a few simple short words that can be read in a few minutes and easily understood.

This is impossible. Socialism is an elaborate system of thought that touches every phase of human life. It has a literature of ten thousands of volumes. There are men who have spent years of their lives on single phases of Socialist philosophy and still have not touched its depths.

The same thing is largely true of every great system of thought. None of them can be understood in a moment. There is no royal road to knowledge.

Yet there are certain fundamental principles of every philosophy and science that can be explained so that anyone can understand them. The same thing is true of Socialism. Its basic principles can be stated in plain simple words.

First let us state some plain facts. Indeed, nearly all there is to Socialism, as to science in general, is a system of arrangement of certain facts.

Men are working today with wonderfully productive machines. The user of the modern locomotive transports a thousand times as much each hour as the driver of an ox-team could move in a month. The child tending a battery of Northrup magazine looms weaves miles where the old hand-loom worker wore feet. The steam thrasher turns out ear loads of grain where the man with the flail threshed bushels.

This is the story that meets us everywhere.

With relation to these wonderful machines the members of society are divided into two classes—those who OWN and those who DO NOT OWN the machines.

The class that own the machines do not need to work. They may be like the owners of the great Marshall Field estate, wards of a court. They may be insane, infants, in jail. This does not interfere with their ownership.

The class of owners does not need to do any work, yet its income flows in.

This is because of the existence of the other class—the class that DOES NOT OWN anything.

This non-owning class cannot live unless it can use the property of the owners. It cannot even set foot on the earth unless it uses the land that belongs to the owning class.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SPRING

Poets and novelists have long recognized the influence of nature's moods upon the spirit of man. It is a cheap trick of a novelist to make the moods of nature agree with the moods of his heroine. Weddings take place in the sunshine and dark deeds are done when nature is morose.

The beneficent influence of the sun works on the human frame. Nature revivifies all life with recurring springtime. The myths and religions of man have been influenced by the seasons and even the politicians take advantage of nature's changes. The gods have been said to have been born on the twenty-fifth day of December. This is the day on which the sun is first perceived to have turned northward again and to have risen higher in the Southern skies. Bacchus, Apollo and Christ are all said to have been born on this day.

Easter is the time when Christ is said to have risen from the dead. Easter is fixed at the time of the spring equinox when the sun crosses the equator. The Christian festival of Easter derives its name from the Norse Goddess Eastre, whose worship was celebrated at the same time.

In Greek mythology Proserpine, daughter of the goddess of harvests, Demeter, is said to be stolen in the fall by Pluto, King of the Nether World, and to be returned to her mother in the spring. Demeter mourns all winter until her daughter returns. Hence, the Greeks fixed their Eleusinian festivals in the springtime.

In ancient Egypt the people worshipped the bull. The spring equinox, over three thousand years ago, coincided with the zodiacal sign of the bull. With the precession of the equinoxes the equinox later coincided with the constellation of the ram. The Egyptians thereupon began to worship the ram or the he-lamb. This is illustrated by the worship of the paschal lamb given to the Jews by Moses.

In Brittany, as late as the fourteenth century, the peasants sacrificed a virgin and buried her in the ground to appease the powers of nature and to render their fields fruitful.

All through the ages, in myth, religion and politics, the springtime

The non-owning class cannot live unless it produces wealth. In order to produce wealth it must use the land and machines of the owners.

For the opportunity to use the property of the possessing class long enough each day to produce a subsistence for itself, the propertyless class agrees to keep on producing wealth with these wonderfully productive machines all day.

The portion which the propertyless producing class creates for itself, and is allowed to keep is called WAGES, and all the remainder flows into the pockets of the possessing class as RENT, INTEREST AND PROFITS.

In return for this the owning class do nothing but hang on to their legal titles to the property. This possession makes it possible for them to lay tribute upon the organizing, directing, managing labor as well as upon the most menial, unskilled manual toil.

The Socialists point out that since no function is performed by these owners, and since it requires neither brains nor ability of any kind to hold titles, therefore it would be easy for the workers collectively to hold these titles. The workers could just as well appoint the state as their agent to hold the titles as the capitalists can appoint banks, corporations and trust companies for that purpose.

Since it is only this private, legal title that prevents the propertyless working class from gaining access to the wonderfully productive machines, and using them to produce wealth for the producers, when once the title was transferred to the working class government, then all could use the tools and land and retain the product.

The present title is a law-made one. It can be unmade by changing the laws. Therefore the workers are asked to make use of their political power, their overwhelming majority to gain control of the government and use it to transfer the title of the means by which wealth is produced and distributed from the present idle owning class to the working propertyless class.

Unlike the present private ownership, the ownership to be established by the victorious Socialist working class will not be EXCLUSIVE but INCLUSIVE.

There will be none shut out from ownership. All will be owners and all will be users. THIS IS WHAT THE SOCIALIST PARTY IS SEEKING TO ACCOMPLISH.

and its influence upon man's nature has been exhibited and been taken advantage of to influence men. Queen Victoria's birthday fell on the 24th of May. The 24th of May was made a public holiday for the worshipping of royalty. The patriotic enthusiasm raised in the British Empire on behalf of the reigning house has been more the natural ebullition of springtime vigor than real love for the sovereign. After Queen Victoria's death Edward ascended the throne. He was crafty enough to continue the 24th of May as a holiday. He, or his advisers, had sufficiently studied history to know that a national celebration for his own birthday, which fell on the ninth day of November, would be a dismal failure. Nature is bleak and bare. Spirits of men are low. Men do not celebrate under such conditions.

In Canada Labor Day is in September. The cunning rulers will not give labor a holiday in the spring when men feel glad and joyous. Like the royal purple, which was kept sacred in ancient days for use of royal persons, so the glad May time has been kept sacred for the celebration, and with the Tories actual worship, of British royalty.

Royalty must have the best. Labor can have celebration on a day when the powers of nature have failed. Is it any wonder that triumphant labor revolts and, in the might of its own strength, forestalls puny royalty and snatches, even under the glaring eyes of capitalism and the hostile manoeuvrings of aristocracy, the first glad day of May and takes it for its own?

see people going by and you wonder if we are civilized. You wonder if those people clothed in such old clothes and wearing such worried and wrinkled looks belong to this twentieth century of invention and mechanical triumph. We have progressed immensely in mechanical production but we have not yet learned how to let people have the benefits of the modern age. Socialism will distribute the advantages of our modern means of production among all the people. Then the people will lose their worried looks and happiness will reign instead of misery.

BUNCOME & SCRAPP'S

By R. W. NORTHEY

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "COTTON'S WEEKLY"

CHAPTER XIII.

Miss Wimple Receives Something of a Shock.

(Continued.)

"Well, Mac," continued Scrapp, "I guess I'll have to knock off a few thousand, from the sum total I've got down here. What do you think of that? Is it altogether too steep, do you think? Look it over," and he handed McSurly the papers which had been lying on the desk before him.

McSurly looked through them with knitted brows for several minutes. When he had finished he said, "Well, never get it. Smoothie & Grabbitt's will be fifteen or twenty thousand below that."

"Sage Grabbitt is one of these fellows who seem to know exactly what everybody else's figures are going to be, because he's always able to drop his a thousand or so below. See how he got that big order for mining machinery from British Columbia last spring. They were only \$150 below the Power Company and only \$1,000 below us. He might have got hold of the Power figures, but I know he didn't get ours. He made a good guess of it, though."

"They're pretty busy over there just now, ain't they?"

"Yes, full up; working night and day. The overtime question was to strike."

"Well, as they are so busy they may not care to go to very low figures to get this Stephenson work."

"Oh, you don't know Grabbitt. He wants everything in sight. He's hogish when it comes to getting work."

"Ha, ha! The joke is on you this time, Mac. Isn't every business man hogish when it comes to getting work? Doesn't the competitive system develop the tooth, fang, and claw side of human nature? Where is the business man that doesn't want everything in sight? Tis the system that makes hogs of us all. But I'm not going to preach a sermon on hogs, so you needn't squirm like that. Say we knock off \$15,000. That will nearly eliminate the profits, but I'm anxious to get this work whether there's any profit in it or not."

"Yes, I guess that would fill the bill. I believe we would get it if there was only about \$5,000 between us and Smoothie & Grabbitt's, as I had a hint to that effect from Mr. Tremayne, who drew up the specifications."

"Yes, that's so. Stephenson himself said the work would go to the best shop if the difference in price was not too great. Well, then, I'll come down \$15,000, which with the \$5,000 allowance will make a difference of \$20,000 in the figures here. That ought to be a winner."

"Yes, that ought to win, and anything below that would be unprofitable. There's one thing about these specifications; they call for a rigid inspection of all material used. That'll put a stopper on one of Grabbitt's shifty tricks. He always uses inferior and cheaper material whenever he gets the chance."

"Well, Mac, you've been in the business long enough to know that that's part of the stock in trade. Why, it's a recognized rule among machine makers to use cheap material whenever possible. Buncome always did business that way before I took charge here and cut it out. You see, my desire to become known as a maker of real serviceable machinery was stronger than my desire for profits, and it is pretty well known by now, that there are very few shops in this country that turn out work equal to Buncome & Scrapp's. It will pay us better to stick to the principle of good work and honest material, because the great majority of machines now-a-days are built more for profit than use. We're getting widely known as a firm that can be depended on for good work and first class material, and I don't propose to lose the standing we have gained by following the general rule of using cheap material wherever possible. That's the reason our prices have to be higher than Smoothie & Grabbitt's or any other firm that does cheap work. Honesty may be the best policy in the long run, although very few business men believe that."

He had taken up the papers while speaking and now made the alteration—that reduced Buncome & Scrapp's tender by \$15,000, which would indicate that the price tendered was a big one.

"Well, Mac," he continued in a low tone of voice that he had been using, "mum's the word. Only you and I know what the tender is to be. I won't say anything about the change to Miss Wimple until everything is ready to be typewritten tomorrow. I had intended to finish it and take it home with me tonight, but there won't be time now. She took down most of this before you came in and knows what the figures were before the reduction. She is thoroughly trustworthy, though, and there is no fear of its leaking out through her."

"I should say not," returned McSurly warmly. "I'd sooner suspect myself of betraying a secret of the firm than Miss Wimple."

The tone rather than the words caused Scrapp to look up at the superintendent, who was sitting with his eyes fixed on the lady at the typewriter.

"Oh, excuse me, Mac," he said "I didn't know the wind was blowing in that direction."

McSurly's flushed face showed his embarrassment. He hadn't intended to let the cat jump out like that. But he made no denial, only emitting a little teeny gurgle that he imagined to be a laugh, then he changed the subject.

"I suppose you won't go abroad till we know the result of the tender?" he asked.

"No, and if we do get it I intend to

postpone the trip for some months. In fact, I may stay till Buncome returns."

"And if we don't get it?"

"Oh, then I may run away to hide my disappointment."

It was very evident that McSurly was in no hurry to leave, as, while still watching Miss Wimple, he continued to talk on various topics of relative interest, until at last Scrapp said:

"You must excuse me, Mac, but I've got quite a lot of correspondence to finish."

This seemed to bring McSurly back to cases, as he at once jumped up saying, "Oh, ah, yes, I beg your pardon. I've got quite a bit to do myself," and then with another elaborate bow to Miss Wimple he went out.

Now although Miss Wimple had been seated by the far window, the office not being a particularly large one she had heard nearly everything Scrapp had said, because, as I think I mentioned before, that gentleman had a very clear enunciation and a penetrating voice, not exactly loud, but far-reaching. McSurly's words were less distinct. She had not intended to listen at first, but not being altogether devoid of that well-known feminine attribute, curiosity, she had allowed herself to become interested in the conversation almost unwittingly. So she gathered that McSurly, with Scrapp's knowledge and consent, had endeavored to bring about a strike at Smoothie & Grabbitt's so as to prevent their tendering for the Stephenson work; that McSurly had counted on the help of the Socialists in the union to have the strike vote carried, but because of his ignorance of what Socialism stood for he had failed, much to Scrapp's amusement; that while Scrapp understood and appreciated the Socialist doctrine he was well content with his own position to want it to succeed. As for McSurly, she hadn't caught all he had said, but she heard enough to place him as a bitter opponent of the movement. Then she marvelled at Scrapp's inconsistency in declaring that he was too honest to use inferior material in his workshops, and yet dishonest enough to knock out a competitor by trying to foment a strike.

Needless to say Miss Wimple received something of a shock which engrossed her thoughts during the remainder of the afternoon.

CHAPTER XIV.

Tis the man with the ferret sense that corrals the dollars.

Miss Wimple reached 23 Baker's Row shortly after five o'clock and she found Mrs. Harris waiting for her with the tea things laid and everything ready for a chatty meal. She was all right now, she said, as the chief cause of her illness, the worry of an empty larder with the utter impossibility of replenishing it, had been removed.

"Oh, Miss Wimple," she said, as she made the tea, "poverty is a terribly fatal disease. It kills its thousands every year. I don't believe I should be here now alive and well if it hadn't been for you. We can never thank you enough," and she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron. Before Miss Wimple could reply Old man Harris came in with a basket of eggs and a jug of cream.

"Oh, Mother," he said, "don't be a pessimist. There's nothing to cry about. You mustn't spoil Miss Wimple's visit by any hard luck stories."

"There," said Mrs. Harris, "now isn't that just like a man?"

"Oh, I think I understand Mr. Harris perfectly," returned Miss Wimple. "There are some natures, you know, who do not care to allow their deeper feelings to appear on the surface. They look on such manifestations as a weakness."

"That's right, Miss Wimple, that's Henry exactly. He was always like that."

"Well, Mac," said the old man laughingly, "I suppose I must have been born that way. But it's quite true, Miss Wimple, what mother said just now. We have a lot to thank you for."

"If you know how much happiness it gave me the last time I was out here you would allow me to thank you," said Miss Wimple. "I believe it did me as much good as it did anyone. However, since I have your thanks and you have mine it is a case of quits, isn't it? So we'll shake hands on it, and pass it up, as we say out west. And the three of them shook hands as if in solemn compact."

Then they sat down at the table where certain rare old china plates and dishes were piled with delicacies disclaiming any connection with hard luck stories and Mrs. Harris poured the tea into the fragile cups with all the pride of an old-time hostess showing off her best china.

"I must say it was honorable in Scrapp making restitution for that miserable joke of his," said Old man Harris. "Don't you think so, Miss Wimple?"

"Yes, but that was the only thing an honorable man could do. Mr. Scrapp is very honorable in some things, while in other things he doesn't seem to understand what honor is." She thought of the conversation she had overheard in the office a few hours before.

"That's quite true, Miss Wimple, but you must remember that the other things you mention, where he doesn't seem to understand what honor is, are always business things; in business, perhaps, Scrapp is as crooked as any of them. And you must not forget that the ethics of competitive business include crookedness, spying, underhandness and any devious method that will win. Honor in business would be something like an ineffectuality, and worse than that, it sometimes means failure and bankruptcy."

"Then business must be an unholy thing."

"It is, Miss Wimple, mostly. Of course there are exceptions. But in the race for profits the exceptions don't show a very high percentage of wins. A hundred years ago, perhaps, when competition was not so keen, it was possible to conduct a successful business with honor, but even then our grandfathers were pretty well noted for their tricks in trade."

"And yet all business men consider themselves honorable and upright and resent it when any imputation is thrown on their honesty."

"Undoubtedly. They're honest enough in that at all events. The great majority of men in business are as honest as men in any other walk of life. But when the honest business man has to fight the shyster business man he cannot pick and choose the weapons he must use. He has to come down to the shyster's level or else get out and leave the field clear for the conscienceless hogs to kill and maim and grab the whole world in his greed for profits. We have to thank the honest business man that conditions are no worse than they are today."

(To be continued.)

Jack London's Talk to Soldiers

The war dogs are angry at Jack London and snap their teeth at him. He may get material for a new novel if they keep it up. He might call it "The Black Fang" and make General E. A. Forbes the villain.

At any rate, Jack London has kept a big lot of men from joining the army and navy by a circular he has issued.

The army officers are crazy about it and are looking for legal support to put Jack London in jail for his impudence.

Almost every man in Southern California who has read the circular refuses to enlist, and it has caused a big falling off in enlistment.

It has also caused a great many desertions.

Here is the circular:

"Young Men: The lowest aim in your life is to be a soldier. The good soldier never tries to distinguish right from wrong. He never thinks; never reasons; he only obeys. If he is ordered to fire on his fellow citizens, on his friends, on his neighbors, on his relatives, he obeys without hesitation. If he is ordered to fire down a crowded street when the poor are clamoring for bread, he obeys, and sees the gray hairs of age stained with red and the life tide gushing from the breasts of women, feeling neither remorse nor sympathy. If he is ordered off as one of a firing squad to execute a hero or benefactor, he fires without hesitation, though his blood the bullet will pierce the noblest heart that ever beat in human breast."

A good soldier is a blind, heartless, soulless, murderous machine. He is not even a brute, for brutes only kill in self-defense. All that is human in him, all that is divine in him, all that constitutes the man, has been sworn away when he took the enlistment roll. His mind, his conscience, his very soul, are in the keeping of his officer."

"No man can fall lower than a soldier—it is a depth beneath which we cannot go."

Keep the boys out of the army. It is hell.

Every Socialist local should make it a point to advise thoughtless fellows, who may mean well, and tell them of the awful rottenness of the whole army system.

Down with the army and the navy. We don't need killing institutions. We need life-giving institutions.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

It is said that men will not be honest if given a chance. That is not true. In remote parts of Norway and Sweden, medicines and medical supplies are hard to obtain, and boxes containing drugs, ointments and bandages are placed on trees along the road. Whenever an inhabitant needs any of these materials he goes and takes them and leaves the money to pay for them. The right amounts are always left and although the money is not collected for weeks, none of it is ever stolen. It is not humanity that is dishonest. It is a dishonest system which forces men to be dishonest. Give us an honest system and prisons will become almost unnecessary.

The Ontario government is mightily pleased with itself. Whitney is setting the prisoners to work to smash free labor. The prisoners of Ontario are put to building roads, quarrying stone, raising farm produce. The wage slaves of Ontario are face to face with a competition of true slave labor, that of prisoners forced to work without wages. Whitney is no friend of the workers. He is the friend of the labor skimmers and oppressors.

SELLING & FLEEING PACK-AGE of Leaflets for Farmers. Contains 100 each of: Who Gets the Big Haul, Selling at Cost Prices, and Fleeing the Farmers. A big package for 25 cents. This offer is only good for 30 days.

GET BUSY

Another little bump bumped on the road back.

The sub list sinks below the ten thousand mark.

Now will the foolish exploiters rejoice and think that the wage slaves of Canada are content with slavery? Figures talk. Cotton's Weekly with a circulation of nine thousand, with a drop of fifteen hundred in the last couple of months means much to the exploiters. It speaks to them of slaves content with slavery, of humanity patient beneath outrage, of opportunity to exploit still further the slaves of Canada.

But their triumph will be short-lived. I attended the convention of the Socialists of Ontario last week and the harmony, enthusiasm and fighting spirit of the Comrades proved to me that Cotton's need fear nothing, that its circulation will go forward in an unresisting sweep.

Figures talk. Cotton's Weekly with a circulation of twenty-five thousand will have ten times the influence that it has with a circulation of ten thousand.

Now Comrades, become active. Get behind the paper, each and every one of you and spread it broad and deep. It is your paper, not mine. It is fighting your battles. It is the battering ram that will smash in the gates of the capitalist fortress of ignorance and oppression and it can only become powerful for work through the numbers behind it.

When the final struggle comes and the common enemies of Canadian liberty now enthroned at Ottawa feel their power shaken, then Cotton's will be the point of attack.

I do not fear the fight. It will be a bonny fight. When it comes there will be many a Socialist sorry he did not get all his friends on the grand stand of the sub list to see it.

Get busy and roll in the subs. Cotton's needs them. You need them.

Circulation Statement

Following is the statement of circulation for the issue of April 20.

	OFF	ON	TOTAL
Ontario	28	95	123
Alberta	28	74	102
British Columbia	72	34	106
Province of Quebec	41	43	84
Lower Ontario	10	6	16
Manitoba	79	15	94
Saskatchewan	28	32	60
New Brunswick	7	6	13
Elsewhere	8	1	9
Yukon Territory	0	1	1
Newfoundland	0	0	0
Prince Ed. Island	0	0	0
Total	428	307	735

Loss for week 121

Total issue last week was 11,100

Who is a Socialist?

Elia Wheeler Wilcox.

Who is a Socialist? It is the man who strives to formulate or aid a plan.

To better earth's conditions. It is he who having ears to hear, and eyes to see.

Is neither deaf nor blind, when might, rough shod Treads down the privileges and the rights, which God Means for all men; the privilege to toil.

To breathe pure air, to till the fertile soil.

The right to live, to love, to work, to wed.

And earn for hungry mouths their meed of bread.

The Socialist is he who claims no more.

Than his own share from generous Nature's store.

But that he asks, and asks too, that no other.

Shall claim the share of any weaker brother.

And brand him beggar in his own domain.

To fight a mad, inordinate lust for gain.

The Socialist is one who holds the best.

Of all God's gifts is toil—the second, rest.

He asks that all men learn the sweets of labor.

And that no idler fatten on his neighbor.

That all men be allowed their share of leisure.

Nor thousands slave that one may seek his pleasure.

Who on the Golden Rule shall dare insist—

Behold in him the modern Socialist.

THE capitalists pass laws to legalize robbery and then whine about confiscation when the Socialists get busy to put a stop to legalized robbery.

SCRIBBLING PADS—Very handy for secretaries and others, size 3½ by 5½ inches, three for 10 cents.

Dr. W. J. CURRY

DENTIST

SUITE 501 Dominion Trust Building

VANCOUVER, B. C. 136

WE PRINT letter heads, bill heads, note heads, envelopes, statements, circulars, hand bills, advertising cards, shipping tags, labels, initiation typewritten circulars, postal cards, pamphlets, and booklets. Calling cards and wedding invitations in choice script. We have a modern type equipment, use best stock, and produce high-class work at prices that will please. Express prepaid anywhere in Canada. Send for our New Samples. COTTON'S CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING CO., INC., MAIL ORDER PRINTERS, COVINGTON, P. Q.

THE FIRING LINE

THE TOP NOTCHERS

(Reckoned on a basis of five halfers for a dollar.)

Alain Burke, Montreal . . . 65
J. J. Scott, Ainsworth, B. C. . . 46
C. Bradford, Fort Arthur, Ont. . . 35
Fred T. Carroll, Gowganda, Ont. . . 30
Wm. Sutherland, Glace Bay, N. S. . . 29
Wm. Voss, Winnipeg, Man. . . 25
Edward Fisher, Inverness, N. S. . . 23
A. A. Armitage, Edmonton, Alta. . . 21
C. W. Thompson, Granum, Alta. . . 20
Mrs. J. Allen, West Fernie, B. C. . . 20
E. P. McCurry, Porcupine, Ont. . . 20
P. A. Askew, Ruthven, Ont. . . 20
A. Rabinovitch, Montreal . . . 18
S. P. Patterson, New Liskeard . . . 17
Geo. Penfold, Guelph, Ont. . . 15
Jas. McPherson, Viking, Alta. . . 15
W. E. Farrell, Hespeler, Ont. . . 15
J. Celander, Kaslo, B. C. . . 15
P. McDermott, Bowden, Alta. . . 15
R. Heilinger, Montreal . . . 15
M. Stafford, S. Wellington, B. C. . . 15
D. J. McDougall, Silver Centre, B. C. . . 15

A halfer from Comrade John Lyons, Ottawa, Ont.

Two yearlies from Comrade Thos. Johnson, Weyburn, Sask.

Comrade I. A. Austin, Nelson, B. C., scoops two yearlies.

Comrade Bolivar, Silver Centre, Ont., lands seven halfers.

Two yearlies from Comrade N. Buchanan, Gore Bay, Ont.

Comrade N. McLean, Bridgeport, N. S., forwards two yearlies.

A silent worker of Winnipeg nabs a couple who stay for fifty-two weeks.

Another yearly from Dawson City per Comrade Sam B. Betzner.

A yearly and a halfer per Comrade Rupert Lochhead, Fort William, Ont.

Two yearlies from Comrade Wm. Kendall, New Westminster, B. C.

Comrade A. Abbott, Wiggins, Sask., plunks two more into the west.

Montreal May Day Conference takes one thousand copies of the May Day issue.

Twenty trial subs go to Berlin, Ont., through the activity of the Berlin local.

Porcupine Miners' Union, W. F. of M. Co., 145 take a bundle of ten copies for a year.

Comrade Joseph Lewis, Atholmar, B. C., lands a reader who wants two years of the dope.

Comrade G. A. Robinson, Manville, Alta., lands a good looking bunch of five yearlies.

Comrade J. A. Wallace, Grand View, Man., brings three recruits to the camp of the revolution.

A New Brunswick slave pumps the revolutionary philosophy into four yearlies.

Three yearlies and a halfer are added to the Gowganda slave revolt, per Comrade Neil McKenzie.

All subs for Cotton's expire at end of time paid for, and all subscriptions, new or renewals, are treated as new.

Place a copy of Cotton's in every place in your town where there is a chance of it being read. Barber shops, reading and waiting rooms, public libraries, etc.

Should it be necessary to make complaint, return receipt card sent for remittance of \$1.00 and over.

"I wish you would inject a Cotton's Weekly into each of these three fellows for six months," Comrade Hiram Mumby, Maple Coulee, Sask.

Comrade Wm. Lorimer, Fort William, Ont., drops four half yearly bricks on the toes of the capitalist exploiters.

"I have been successful in getting the following eight yearlies to renew in spite of the fact that there is a strike on here," Comrade Mrs. Jos. Leonard Allen, West Fernie, B. C.

Comrade E. P. McCurry, Porcupine, Ont., watches the capitalist exploiters gag as they try to swallow a list of two yearlies and five halfers.

Five new halfers, recruited by Comrade Sarah Hassard, Biggar, Sask., are welcomed by the fighting army of the revolution.

"Send me Facts quick," says Comrade P. McDermott, Bowden, Alta., as he flings over the counter two yearlies, five halfers and ten trials.

Comrade J. G. Pepin, Blain Lake, Sask., lands a yearly. The hustler on the outskirts is bringing in the recruits as well as the hustler in the populous centres.

Ten half yearlies from a Montreal wage slave whose boss is out hunting Socialist agitators in order to decorate them with the grand order of the bounce.

Comrade J. W. Collins, Preston, Ont., picks up a yearly and three halfers who have become addicted to the revolutionary philosophy and want more of it.

"Enclosed find five yearlies and two halfers. I hope your paper will soon be on a good footing as it is just the dope to start some of the ground hogs thinking," Comrade Matthew Stafford, South Wellington, B. C.

"For a newly settled district there is quite a number of readers of Cotton's Weekly here. I hope soon to see the paper with as many subscribers as any leading newspaper in Canada," Comrade Fred Schallhamer, Leslieville, Alta., with two yearlies.

A halfer from Comrade A. T. Stewart, Folger, Ont. Sometimes the landing of a halfer takes more effort than the landing of a goodly bunch. It all depends on the place and the condition of the slaves who are being landed.

Comrade John Wold, North Bay, Ont., forwards ten trials and says, "This will be one ball started. Who will be the next in Nipissing? Am glad to see Cotton's put on a safe basis. The S. P. of C. simply could not afford to let you go, old man. More power to your elbow."

"Enclosed find one dollar for sub cards. Glad you have decided to continue Cotton's. We need you more than ever. Let us all boost for a big

ger sub list." Comrade Wm. Roenicke, Eyremore, Alta. That is the kind of way to talk. That sub list has got to point its nose towards the twenty thousand mark and hit the pace that will land it there quick.

"I send you one dollar for the Agitation Battery. I borrowed the plunk to do it. I can get no subs here. The boss forbids it. But I can furnish a little of the sinews of war for the battle." Thus writes a British Columbia slave who dares not be active openly. Such Comrades are far more numerous than the average avowed Socialist imagines.

"Enclosed you will find two more yearly subs. I am getting them by degrees. I hope to get more soon. I feel very proud that you are staying with the paper that is giving the good dope to the people to make them think." Comrade Thos. J. Lewis, Cranberryland, B. C.

Comrade Alan Burke, Montreal, keeps working away pumping the revolutionary philosophy into the wage slaves of that city. Almost every mail week brought a bunch from him till at the end he had captured thirteen dollars worth of yearlies and half yearlies. How's that for revolutionary activity?

Comrade Wm. Forsyth, Halifax, boosts five halfers into the temple of the revolution and says that one reason why the sub list has fallen was because that non-Socialists could not be got to subscribe to a paper that might not deliver the goods. Now that Cotton's is going to stay in the arena the sub list will increase.

One bone for sub cards from Comrade Isaacson, Exeter, Alta., who encloses a letter from Michael Clark, M. P., saying he will support A. C. Macdonald's bill to abolish the \$200 election deposit. IF IT COMES UP FOR DEBATE. You all know what that means. The bill will be buried out of sight. It is an old trick for an M. P. to wax enthusiastic over a bill individually which the M. P.'s will collectively smother.

"Please send Cotton's Weekly to the following yearly and five halfers. I may say I have shown Cotton's to a friend for a long while. At first he would not look at the paper, but I kept showing him bits, till at last he gave me two bits for a half. Two dollars and a half was voted at the Laborers' Union at the last meeting for a bundle of twenty-five for three months, to be distributed among the members, and some to be left in my reading room around town." Comrade A. A. Armitage, Edmonton, Alta.

"Enclosed please find three dollars for fifteen halfers. Having received the money from the Dominion government for acting as witness before a Conciliation Board I could think of no better use to put it than to send it for subs. It is pretty hard rustling money for shares just now here. Owing to the recent strike and the subsequent blacklisting, many men are hunting for a master. The spirit of class consciousness is smouldering here, and the flames are liable to break out at any time. Would that the time were here when the slaves would revolt and take that which belongs to them instead of being thankful like dogs when they are thrown a bone." Comrade D. J. McDougall, Silver Centre, Ont.

"I am sending you a list of I think three fourths of the people in town. Please send me all the Compendium of Facts you can." Thus writes Comrade J. J. Scott, Ainsworth, B. C., with a list of twelve yearlies and thirteen halfers and an express order for \$9.25 to cover the same. When I received this letter my thoughts travelled back to the blue days of two years ago. In 1909 just about this time of the year the total income for one week was \$9.10. Now one Comrade thinks nothing of rolling in a sub list totalling more than the past united hustling of all the Comrades during one week. Not only is the income big but in almost every mail is represented sub hustling from every province. The next letter on our file is one from Comrade James W. Armit, Winnipeg, ordering two hundred copies of the May Day issue. The next letter on the file is from Comrade William Sutherland, Glace Bay, N. S., enclosing four yearlies and sixteen halfers. So you see, Comrades, we have travelled some since 1909. The blue days have changed to the rainbow tinted glories of a triumphant movement.

EXPIRING SUBS.

All expiring subs get a notice in the last copy of Cotton's going to expiry addresses. Two weeks after each will receive a sample copy, etc. Any subscriber, having renewed his sub in the meantime, who gets these notices, will please pay no attention, so long as the new sub is coming correctly. Pass the sample paper on to another and get the yellow sub blank filled up. Then with a happy smile, watch Cotton's for satisfaction.

POOR FARMERS.

Lives of Farmers all remind us. We must work at every chance. And in working get behind us Bigger patches on our pants.

But if our rulers swell the taxes As they seem inclined to do, Farmers soon will have no clothing For to sew the patches to.

J. Nesbitt, Parkman, Sask.

KEEP IN MIND.

That your name and address should be signed to everything you write.

All money orders should be made payable to Cotton's Weekly.

Write book, bundle, card or sub orders on separate sheet of paper from letters on other matters.

Always give expiration number when renewing sub.

A Credit Slip for Cotton's Compendium of Facts comes by return mail for all remittances or subs, sub cards, agitation or bundles, of \$1.00 or over. \$3.00 in orders gets "Facts."

These are glorious days for a Socialist to be alive in.

The Sweep of the Social Revolution

GERALD DESMOND.

All hail the first of May! All hail the jubilee of Labor! The hour is inspiring. On other days and amidst other surroundings we may be prosaically, ordinary, commonplace. At other times we may falter distrustful of our own strength; we may hesitate dreading the power of our enemies. But today is not as other days. Today we rise above the sordid degradation of environment of capitalism. Today a vision of the new civilization comes to us. Today it is for a little while as though the sun of freedom springs above the horizon dispelling the mists of our ignorance and illuminating the darkness of our slavery. Today in the world wide celebration of labor and the myriads which march beneath the red flag of humanity, we realize "and rejoice in the strength, the grandeur, the irresistible, all conquering power which makes itself felt and known in the sweep of the Social Revolution."

The sweep of the Social Revolution, Grand, awe-inspiring, glorious. Old earth has seen afore times no such thing. History finds no fitting precedent. Tradition and legend can afford no parallel. The impossible has been achieved. From the humblest of beginnings comes the mightiest of movements, leading to the grandest of consummations. From a people enslaved has risen the most wonderful of all thoughts, the most transcendent of all thoughts, the most transcendent of all thoughts.

The Torch of Liberty

Raise the torch of liberty!

Grasp it with a firmer hand; Let your tyrant masters see And its meaning understand. Labor's hosts have sworn to be From the yoke of bondage free.

Raise the torch, lift it high.

And with loyal hearts and brave. Shout the revolution's cry— To each master, to each slave Freedom comes and Slavery Banished from the earth shall be.

Raise the torch! O may its flame

Set the Nation's heart aglow! Bear it high in Freedom's name, Singing ever as you go. Workers of the World, Unite. This is Freedom's holy fight.

Raise the torch of Liberty—

Bear it onward through the gloom Of the night of Tyranny. Shout aloud the tyrant's doom. Onward till the world shall be From this yoke of bondage free.

—John Sparrow.

SOCIALISM IN CANADA

RESOLUTION RE SPRINGHILL.

Silver Centre, April 10th.

The following resolutions were unanimously passed at our regular meeting on April 9th, 1911. We would deem it a favor if you could find space in your paper to publish the same.

Whereas our fellow wage slaves at Springhill are unjustly treated and are being denied the rights of Canadian citizenship by the Dominion Steel Company, and

Whereas the Dominion Steel Company demands that our fellow workers give up their membership in the United Mine Workers' Union before they go back to work for the said company, and

Whereas we the Silver Centre Miners' Union believe that the things asked for by the men are quite justifiable, (1) Recognition of the Union, (2) Payment by the ton, price to be precisely the same as paid for the past twenty-five years, (3) A fair docking system, so that the miner may not be cheated of their wages through the unjust withholding thereof, and

Whereas the Dominion Government (the people's representatives) have in the past given millions of dollars to the Dominion Steel Co. in bonuses. Be it therefore resolved that we

Be it therefore resolved that we

In Response to Urgent Requests, the Time Limit for Subscriptions had been extended to MAY 1st, International Labor Day. We need Subscriptions for 85 Shares yet to complete the 250 necessary to put Cotton's on firm ground. DON'T let May Day pass without making sure that Cotton's is SAFE. Watch next week's paper.

STOCK SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

COTTON'S CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING CO., INC.
COWANSVILLE, P. Q.

I HEREBY SUBSCRIBE to _____ Shares of Stock in Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Co., Inc., par value \$10.00, and here-with enclose \$ _____ being _____ payment on said stock.

Signed _____
Street or Box _____
City _____ Province _____

Twenty-five per cent of the amount of Stock subscribed for said company Subscription Blank. Balance is payable in three equal payments of 25 per cent, at thirty, sixty, and ninety days.

"straight from the shoulder" replies to the volley of questions left no doubt as to his having the courage of his convictions, especially as some of his questions showed a decidedly antagonistic spirit.

Comrade Knight spoke on Sunday, April 16th on "The Industrial Outlook of Canada," pointing out that although Canada was essentially an agricultural country, yet other industries were making rapid progress, and that consequently, under the present regime, exploitation was increasing in proportion.

Our May Day Conference has decided to have Comrade Killambeck of New York, visit us and give us as well as the man in the street a lecture or two. S. Major, Montreal.

NEXT WEEK

Next week's issue will cheer every Comrade in Canada. It will be an issue of hope, not of worry. I hope to make it a Convention Number Special.

As you all know the Socialist Party of Ontario held its convention in Toronto on April 15th and 16th. The secretary was instructed to furnish a report of the proceedings to Cotton's Weekly. This report should be in hand in time for next week's publication.

That convention will be historic. It marks the beginning of a united Socialist movement. There was a spirit of unity, of harmony, of enthusiasm and triumph over the convention. Next week I hope to deal with the convention as I saw it.

Comrade H. A. Webb, who is at present in Montreal looking up some new machinery for Cotton's, will give you an article on the business end of the paper next week. He does not know he is going to yet, but he is. You'll be looking for it after this announcement and he will have to come through with it.

So Comrades, just free your minds from all worry, and go after those wage slaves with a smile. Tell 'em they can no longer afford to subscribe for Cotton's. Tell 'em to come along and get their hearts warmed at the hearthstone of Comradeship.

They have to face the snarl of the capitalist taskmasters in the mines, and mills and shops. It will not be long and in the meantime let 'em come along and get into touch with the glowing enthusiasm of the revolutionists.

The Bundle Boosters

The following Comrades have become bundle boosters since last report:

A. H. McHugh, Edmonton, Alta. . . 25
Allan Cameron, Amherst, N. S. . . 25
E. P. McCurry, Porcupine, Ont. . . 10
A. R. Burns, Vancouver, B. C. . . 10

I like to see these smaller bundles being taken. The locals who take a hundred or two hundred copies a week do not distribute the papers to advantage. That has been the experience of Montreal and Berlin. There is no reason why big bundles should not be distributed to advantage, but somehow the planned effort is lacking. So we in the office are glad to see bundles of ten going out. We know that one person taking ten copies and planning to use each copy effectively will do far more good in proportion than a local taking two hundred copies and paying for them out of the common funds and having no settled plan of distribution.

Why not become a bundle booster and scheme up ways of putting the few copies you get each week into the most effective use? You will find it a great means of propaganda. Try it and be convinced.

SPRINGHILL, N. S.

The strike situation is about the same. The notorious J. Moffat is in town trying to organize the P. W. A., but the Springhill boys ignore the scab leader of the scabs.

Cumberland election fund. From Comrade H. C. Besant, Red Bank, Alta., to help the cause along, \$2.00. From Souris Valley, Sask. "I am proud of you and the work you are doing and have done." Comrade Edgar N. Randall with six six-months sub cards for Cotton's Weekly. Yours without trace nor rest, Jules Lavigne.

To you soldiers of King George the Fifth of Great Britain a word—You are men. You come from the ranks of labor. Your slavery is brutal. You have hearts within you. Your conditions are hard. Shall you not be ranked with the army of wage slaves? Are not your interests identical? Is not your bondage grievous to you? Does not the hot blood surge up in you when you see your puppet officers order you about like dogs? Do you like to act as guards for scabs? You are one with us in spirit. Come, join us. Defy your masters. Read Socialist literature. Let your fellow slaves of the industrial field know that when the time comes you also will revolt and will not fire on slaves who seek their freedom.

The workers produce all the wealth. The workers are not one bit thankful to the capitalist politicians for giving old age pensions. They know that all such schemes are simply attempts on the part of the capitalists to placate the workers with a fraction of the wealth produced by labor which labor does not get.

If you are receiving this paper regularly you can bank on the fact that it's paid for. No bill will be sent.

SOMETHING NEW IN PRINTING. If you are a user of printing write and get on our list for the NEW PRINTING SAMPLES to be ready about May 1st. Value and price are beyond compare. COTTON'S CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING CO., INC., MAIL ORDERS PRINTERS, COWANSVILLE, P. Q.

GUMMED STICKERS—250 assorted for 25 cents. All new and snap-printed in red and blue. Size 2 1/2 by 2 1/2 inches.

WORLD WIDE STRUGGLE

The bourgeois rulers of France are in great fear of the first of May.

The masters are fearing a strike of 150,000 international seamen during the coming summer.

The Socialists of Minden Min. a. Mo., have elected the Mayor, a city marshal and the entire school board.

A general strike is on in Lima, Peru. The police in the streets have been doubled and all saloons have been closed.

San Francisco unionists are calling for a general strike as a protest against American interference with Mexican revolutionists.

Two editors of La Guerre Social of France, Merle and Almeyda, have been set at liberty provisionally after 161 days of arbitrary imprisonment.

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, has been visited by the Socialists. The Socialists electing their whole ticket from Mayor down.

A regiment of soldiers have been sent from Berlin, Germany, to Posen to take the place of striking railway workers. German rulers are copying the precedent set by Briand of France.

Four hundred workers of Tand Argentina, have been thrown into jail. They were seized and jailed in a vain hope that the fifteen hundred strikers would be cowed into going back to work.

The Spanish government has closed certain Portuguese socialist clubs that were agitating on Spanish territory for the overthrow of the Portuguese republic. In reciprocation the Portuguese authorities have closed Spanish republican clubs that had established themselves in Lisbon.

The New York Department of Labor has been investigating and finding that the incomes of 400,000 organized male workers show a shrinkage of \$20 for the third quarter of 1910 in comparison with the same three months of 1909.

A fire in the red light district in Tokio, Japan, exposes a great evil. The fire caused a property loss of ten million dollars and six thousand legalized prostitutes of this section were rendered homeless. Five thousand houses were burned including several hospitals which the government ordered maintained in the quarter.

As the capitalists find that their power is being shaken they resort to force. The Montana legislature has just passed a law making every able-bodied man, other than capitalist, a member of the militia force and subject to martial law, and giving power to officers of the troops to arrest strikers without warrant.

On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the independence of Italy the Italian Socialists organized enormous demonstrations in all the large towns to point out that the proletariat has been allowed no part in all the progress accomplished during these fifty years, which has merely benefited one class, while the working class are treated as pariahs.

The Socialist vote in Kansas showed amazing growth. Girard elected a Socialist Mayor and a hundred votes more would have made Fort Worth a Socialist city. The vote in a few cities was greater than the vote in the whole state last fall. It would appear that the 10,000 miners in the state are voting Socialist and that the old guard of the Populist movement are swinging under the red standard of Socialism.

Japan is continuing its extreme measures for the suppression of Socialism. W. B. Fleishner, the American publisher of the Tokio Advertiser, has been fined for publishing an interview with Sakai, the Socialist. The Yamato Shimbun has been suppressed for publishing the interview while two more papers are being prosecuted.

When the Muscatine, Iowa, workers elected a workman on the Socialist ticket to be Mayor, the bosses tried to stir up a riot and lay it on the striking button workers. The hired thugs began rioting and a hurry up call was sent for troops. When the troops arrived it was quickly discovered who the mischief makers were. When they were kicked out of town it was found that the troops were entirely unnecessary.

STOCK REPORT

Since last report four more shares have been taken. Comrades Robert Renwick, Murillo, Ont., Jas. Nesbitt, Parkman, Sask., Fred C. Graham, Phoenix, B. C., and A. R. Burns, on behalf of the Social Democratic Party, Hillcrest, B. C., each take a share. Total sold, 165.

Cotton's is out of danger. There is good news from Ontario. That, however, must be kept till next week's issue when the report of the Ontario Convention will be in.

The stock subscription list is still open.

These are glorious days for a Socialist to be alive in.

These are glorious days for a Socialist to be alive in.

These are glorious days for a Socialist to be alive in.

These are glorious days for a Socialist to be alive in.

These are glorious days for a Socialist to be alive in.

These are glorious days for a Socialist to be alive in.

These are glorious days for a Socialist to be alive in.

These are glorious days for a Socialist to be alive in.

These are glorious days for a Socialist to be alive in.

These are glorious days for a Socialist to be alive in.

These are glorious days for a Socialist to be alive in.

These are glorious days for a Socialist to be alive in.

These are glorious days for a Socialist to be alive in.

These are glorious days for a Socialist to be alive in.

THE SIGNIFICANCE of MAY DAY

BY CHARLES LESTOR.

This year the First of May will be celebrated as Labor Day by thousands of workers who have hitherto not taken any part in these gatherings, and I sincerely hope a short statement of the real significance of these May Day celebrations will not be out of place.

In the Middle Ages the First of May was universally kept as a day of holiday and pleasure. But May Day was also celebrated at a much earlier period. It is in fact very difficult to ascertain how great is the antiquity of the May Day Festival. The revival of vegetation which marks nature at May-time so far as any rate as the North temperate zone is concerned has been the occasion for various ceremonies from even primitive times. The "Floralia" of the Romans, which in its turn is believed to be derived from India, was no doubt the forerunner of the May Day festivities, which in England were popular for centuries.

The "Floralia," or floral games, were held in honor of Flora, the goddess of spring, and lasted four or five days. Among the old Celtic nations of Europe, too, the Beltain festivals were akin to the Maypole dances. Gigantic fires, were kindled on the hill-tops to joyously proclaim the approach of summer. As the floral games of the Romans celebrated the awakening of floral life in warmer climates, so did the Beltain fires of the Celts in colder latitudes hail the appearance of the sun, which, entering into its highest altitudes, meant giving fresh life and warmth to the earth after the frosts and snows of winter. Amongst the peasantry of Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the Scottish Highlands the Beltain celebrations were in vogue, to a slight extent, even up to last century.

There can be no doubt that the beauty of flower and leaf which nature brings forth at the end of April and the beginning of May reflected itself in the minds of men and women accustomed to a healthy life in the open air. The divorce of the vast majority of our working population of today from open air life has largely killed that happy enjoyment of spring-time. The development of the factory system steadily crushed out that joyous spirit which found its expression in the love of that profusion of flower and blossom which called it forth. It is a fact that most of our class have lost the power to receive those pleasurable impressions of nature which gave our ancestors such keen enjoyment. Happiness came more spontaneously to them than it does to us, creatures of steam and electricity, whose brains and sinews are the property of the employing classes.

The central feature of the May Day observance was the Maypole Dance. Let us see what it was.

The parish of St. Andrew Under-shaft and its Maypole is celebrated by the great English poet Chaucer, who speaks of an empty braggart: "Right well aloft and high ye beare your head, As ye would beare the great shaft of Cornhill."

Stow, who is buried in this church, says that in his time the shaft was set up "Every year on May Day in the morning in the midst of the street before the south door of the said church which shaft when it was set on end, and fixed in the ground, was higher than the church steeple. The people used to dress themselves with flowers on May first and the Maypole was the centre of a ring of merry dancers."

In connection with the May Day Festivities was a distinct set of sports. In England they represented the adventures of Robin Hood and his merry men. Every parish in the county had its May Pole and its May celebrations. All this has vanished. The factories claim their human machines and will not be gainsaid.

Popular history of that period known as the Middle Ages, lays bare the tyranny of the kings and the rapacity of the nobles; but a deeper inquiry tells us that at the period when May Day festivities were universally celebrated throughout England the economic condition of the wage-earner was relatively to the general conditions of the times, far and away better and higher than it has ever been since. The production of goods was carried on upon a scale which rendered the individual worker master of his own implements of labor, and the products thus manufactured were made primarily for use, only the surplus over and above that needed to satisfy local wants being brought into exchange. Such people owning their own land and instruments of production were of necessity free, economically and socially, whatever political disabilities there may have been. Men and women then enjoyed themselves, in a rough and rude fashion perhaps, but nevertheless enjoyed themselves because the future

held few terrors for them in the way of starvation and want of employment.

The Artisans and Craftsmen of the Middle Ages had their economic freedom secured by their individual control of their tools of labor, so the workers of today must possess collectively the great means of production. This in short is the great economic truth which underlies the Labor Celebrations throughout the world. With the development of the industrial forces and the rise of the commercial and trading classes which commenced about the Tudor period, the great and terrible change for the workers began.

Into the various stages through which the artisans and laborers passed from free craftsmen to modern wage-slaves it is impossible to enter in an article of this description. Time began to be much too precious to be wasted on enjoyment, and moreover, when time for holiday-making means poverty, enjoyment is necessarily absent. The Puritans rigorously suppressed all May Day revels, on the ground of their being ungodly things, but in reality their suppression succeeded because the necessities of the growing capitalist form of production for the ever expanding markets rendered it imperative that there should be as few as possible of these stoppages in the manufacture of goods which the numerous holidays of older times would have caused. The celebrated Maypole, to which I have referred, was destroyed in a fit of Puritanism in the third year of Edward VI's reign, after a sermon preached at the St. Paul's Cross against May games.

The inhabitants of the parish "sawed it to pieces, every man taking for his share as much as had layne over his door and stall, the length of his house and they of the alley divided amongst them so much as had layne over their alley gate."

Of the evils of capitalism during the nineteenth century it is unnecessary for me to write. The inhuman brutality of the capitalist class during their mad rush for wealth is disclosed in the reports of the times. Men, women and children were literally used up to make fortunes for the factory lords—eaten as though they were bread.

May Day and other holidays disappeared. Even Sunday was thought a fitting time for children to clean the machinery. The brutal and unrestricted exploitation of the workers threatened to ruin the whole population of Britain. Fortunately the noblest spirits in the kingdom began to revolt against the horrible conditions which existed, and factory legislation together with the organization of the workers did some little in the direction of raising the standard of life for the workers. The master class also wanted educated wage-slaves.

We have now seen the significance of the old May Day revels. What is the meaning of its revival?

May Day in its modern sense as Labor Day as it is now universally called, dates from 1889. One of the two great International Socialist and Workers Congresses, held in Paris in that year—the year of the French Exhibition—the following resolution was passed: "A great international demonstration shall be organized on fixed date in order that in all countries and in every town on the same day the workers shall demand the legal reduction of the working day to eight hours, and the application of other resolutions passed by the International Congress. Further, seeing that a similar demonstration has already been decided upon for the First of May by the American Federation of Labor, at its Congress of 1888 at St. Louis, this date shall be adopted for the international demonstration. The workers of the various nations shall carry out these demonstrations under whatever conditions may be imposed by the special situation of their respective countries."

On next May Day, that of 1890, the effects of the decision of the International Congress began to be felt. In Belgium the demand for a legal eight hour day was vigorously taken up by the miners. May Day celebrations were held in the principal large towns, such as Brussels, Liege, Charleroi, Antwerp and Namur. In Denmark the workers began to organize for the first of May celebrations, but open air processions were prohibited by the Danish government before the day arrived. In Austria great military preparations were made to meet all emergencies. In Germany many meetings were suppressed and the military were confined to barracks. But it was in France that the most vigorous measures were taken for putting down manifestations. On May 1st M. Constans, then Minister of the Interior, suppressed everything except meetings in private halls. In short,

the terror stricken manner in which the governing class through Europe treated these perfectly legitimate demonstrations on the part of the workers was nothing less than a pitiful exhibition of fear at the sentiment of the international fraternity of the people which lay at the back of the May Day celebrations.

In London there was a great demonstration held in Hyde Park on the first Sunday in May. In the following year 1891, the London Trades Council and the Legal Eight Hours League held a conjoint demonstration on the first Sunday in May.

In the August of the same year at the Brussels International Congress, interesting reports were given in on the Socialist and Labor movements in the various countries. In these reports mention was made of the success of the First of May demonstrations. In addition to the countries we have already given, the reports showed that International gatherings had taken place in Portland, Norway, Roumania, Hungary and even in the Argentine Republic, were meetings had been held at Buenos Ayres, La Plata, Santa Fe, and other of the larger towns.

The 1892 demonstrations reached an importance far beyond that of 1890 or 1891. The First of May fell on a Sunday and consequently the gatherings were immense. The day was looked forward to with anxiety throughout Europe. In most of the continental capitals the military were held in readiness to shoot or bayonet the people at a moment's notice. The authorities were everywhere pretty well scared out of their wits. It was in fact the nearest approach to 1948 that had occurred since that memorable year.

In France, Germany, Belgium, Austria, Holland, Italy, Roumania, Spain, Switzerland, the United States and the old country in fact, in every capitalist nation on the planet, the workers assembled on May 1st, to declare fraternity with their fellows throughout the world.

These demonstrations have been growing yearly in popularity and are an indication that the end of capitalism is near at hand. May Day is the rallying day of the workers of the world. They are slowly being welded together by one common interest. May Day is a sure indication that the solidarity of the toiling and enduring millions is becoming a fact. When once united their chains disappear for ever! Let these International May Day celebrations rouse the workers of the Dominion to class consciousness. Let them understand that the class interests of the workers of every nation are identical, and that those class interests are and must necessarily be antagonistic to those of the capitalist class. Labor day shows that our class is perceiving this more and more every year.

Cheer, comrades—cheer! Our victory is nigh. We can hear the steady march of millions and the growing tramping of their feet is music in our ears. We feel, after toiling and waiting so long, on May Day that we are really and truly part of the world's proletariat. We stretch our hands to our fellows abroad in international amity and concord, confident in the future, determined to devote our lives to the work of the emancipation of our class the world over and resolved to band on to the generations who come after, a brighter and happier social state than that under which we now toil and suffer.

SUB PRICE OF COTTON'S.

Canada and England.
Six Months, 26 copies \$.25
Six Months, clubs of 5 1.00
One Year, 52 copies50
One Year, clubs of 5 2.00
Three Months, club of 550
Three Months, club of 10 1.00
Subs to the United States are \$1.00 per year. This is on account of the postage, which is one cent per copy.

War is considered a good thing by many exploiters. They consider the present state of society to be a stable one. When machines throw hundreds out of work and they clamor to be fed, the capitalists are at a loss what to do. To feed them without requiring work in return would make the employed slaves discontented. It would endanger capitalist robbery. So the unemployed must be set to work doing something. They are put into the army and are trained to shoot men. This is a fine solution from the capitalist point of view. It furnishes an excuse to the capitalists to keep the unemployed busy. It furnishes a body of legalized murderers to fire at strikers and to keep the wage slaves in slavery. And finally a war can be engineered and thousands of these creatures can be killed off by one another in a legalized manner. The army is fine for the exploiters. For the workers it is an instrument of hell. For these reasons Laurier, Borden, and the capitalists are strengthening the army and making the laws governing soldiers more tyrannical and brutal.

EUREKA LEAFLETS—50 cents for 500 assorted. State if wanted for farmers only.



LABOR'S HOLIDAY

GERALD DESMOND.

Rise from your sleep, my comrade toilers,
Casting your fears away;
Showing your strength to the quaking spoilers,
Is this not Labor day?
Hang out the flags so the world may see them;
Emblems of brotherhood,
Workers enslaved, we have sworn to free them;
We be of common blood.

Workers of every race and nation,
Hark to our marching feet,
Circling the world with our celebration,
Gathering on square and street,
Not as of old when, with wistful longing,
We bowed round the despot's throne;
Now in the might of our numbers thronging,
Boldly we claim our own.

Surely today is a promise glorious
Showing the time is near
When, in the last hard fight victorious,
Labor's day shall be all the year!
When from the depths of the gloomy prison
Claiming the world in fee,
Labor shall spring like a God new-risen,
Spite of their tyranny.

Blind we have been but the spell is ending,
See how we break each chain,
Myriad voices in the war cry blending—
"Nought to lose and a world to gain!"
Onward the ranks, then, firm, unfaltering,
Banish each doubt and fear;
Onward the ranks then, the foes are faltering,
Victory hovereth near!

BUNDLE PRICES.

10 copies per week, for 3 months	\$1.00
25 copies per week, for 3 months	\$2.50
5 copies per week, for 6 months	\$1.00
10 copies per week, for 6 months	\$2.00
5 copies per week, for one year	\$2.00
7 copies per week, for one year	\$3.00

When the eight-hour-day bill reached the Senate of Canada Senator McMullen declared that "The people must be plainly told that such legislation is contrary to the best interests of the country and will not be tolerated." Senator Power declared that the work of the carpenter, mason and bricklayer was practically only healthy exercise, and the demands of health did not require any eight hour day. That is the kind of talk the doddering old Senators mumble forth. The Senate is first, last and all the time against labor and in favor of capital. That is why the capitalists of Canada pay the Senators \$2500 a year each. The Senate ought to be abolished and the Senators placed in a home for the feeble minded.

While the Mayor of Montreal was in Quebec, he gave a little dinner party at the Chateau Frontenac which cost the city of Montreal \$158. Mayor Guerin draws \$10,000 a year for being Mayor. Money comes easy to him. While the little bill of \$158 was being presented to the city for Guerin's little supper a twenty-year old Montreal boy committed suicide. "Good-bye, mother, I will never see you again," was the message he wrote as he lay dying from a dose of carbolic acid. The boy, J. C. Hanon, had been out of work for two months. A suicide's grave for the unemployed worker. A \$158 supper for Mayor Guerin. Just think it over.

Cotton's carries in stock three of the best propaganda books published: "The Common Sense of Socialism," by Spargo, "Industrial Problems," by Richardson, and "Principles of Scientific Socialism" by Vail. Well and tastily bound in paper at 25c. a copy.

The slaves of Canada must look to themselves for their own freedom.

COTTON'S WEEKLY is published in the interests of Socialism by Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Company, Inc., Owen Sound, P. O. W. E. Corcoran, General Manager and Editor, H. A. Wynn, Sec.-Treas. and Business Manager.

Not "Cheap printing," but "Good printing, cheap," is the way to put it, when describing Cotton's printing. There's a difference. Better send for samples and prices. We prepay

If you get this paper regularly, it is paid for. You needn't worry about a bill.