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CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA ELECTIONS

The British Columbia elections will be held on November the twenty-fifth. Just before the British Columbia session closed the McBride government agreed to force the Province to guarantee the bonds of the Canadian Northern Railway for six hundred miles at four per cent. The question that is worrying McBride is not the Liberal opposition but the Socialist. McBride has been a faithful henchman of the capitalist class and the workers are waking up to the fact that he has swung the Provincial government to the support of the labor thieves. Will the British Columbians see this sufficiently to smash his government at the polls and to elect a socialist one?

Six hundred miles of railroad are to be built in the Province. D. D. Mann will not build these. It will be working men who shovel dirt and hew out ties and drive spikes home. These are the men who will build the line. While these men are building the six hundred miles they have to eat and wear clothes and be housed. Again D. D. Mann will not raise one grain of wheat nor weave one bit of cloth nor build one single shanty for the men. Other working men will do all the work that will be done to provide food clothing and shelter for the railroad builders. Where then does D. D. Mann come in?

He comes in by the grace of the McBride government. McBride is going to use the credit of the Province in order that D. D. Mann may get money he never earned. This money, the Provincial money, the money for which the workers of the province become responsible, will be handed over to D. D. Mann. Mann will thereupon have men build a railroad which the same men guarantee as citizens of the Province. He will set other men to work preparing the necessities of life to keep the railroad builders alive. When the road is built Mann will own it. He will have put not a cent of money into it. He will have done not a stroke of work. He will have done nothing. Nevertheless, thanks to the capitalist trickery of McBride, D. D. Mann will own the road.

The workers will have got nothing but a bare living. Mann will have got millions. The Province will be in debt if the road does not succeed. Mann will lose nothing. If the road is a success the Province gets nothing. Mann gets it all.

If the Province is to build the road and bear all the loss of the undertaking if the concern does not succeed why does McBride let Mann in on the game at all? If the Province is to bear the risk why should it not get the profit if there is any? Simply because McBride is a capitalist and wants to help the capitalists corner the resources of the province. If the Province is going to be generous why should it not be generous to its own citizens the men who do the work? If McBride wants to build a railway and then make a present of it to someone after it is proved to be a valuable asset why does he not give it to the men who do the work? Surely the railway navies would be only too glad to work on a railway which they know they are going to own in the future.

But that is not McBride's way. McBride is going to make the Province stand the loss if any and he is going to let Mann have all the plums providing the plumtree bears.

Of course McBride will stomp the country and saw the air and tell what a wonderful thing he is doing in getting Mann to build a line. But McBride must know that such talk is nonsense when the province puts up the money. McBride having been in politics knows how easily it is to fool the unwary workers.

How long are you plain men and women of British Columbia going to stand for the McBrides and the labor thieving Manns? How long are you going to stand for politicians who take your money to build railroads in order that multimillionaire Easterners may get them for nothing? How long are you men who work in the mines and the forests and on the railroads going to stand for that sort of exploitation? How the plunderers must laugh in their

sleeve at you sillies who will let yourself be taxed in order that the plunderers may pocket the taxes. Even McBride himself must feel sheepish at times when he thinks what a flimsy game you will stand for. Men of British Columbia, how long are you going to stand to see your puppet politicians give away your glorious province to glut the purses of the Eastern parasite money lords? I can take you into Montreal and show you palaces which you have sweated to build for the money lords. I can take you into Montreal and show you men who are scheming to further enslave you. How long will you stand for the McBrides who are the instruments the capitalists employ to lambaste you into a deeper servitude?

PAID IN ADVANCE

Every copy of Cotton's Weekly is paid for before it leaves this office. If you get Cotton's through the mail with a little red address label on it, your subscription has been paid by some friend who wishes you to look into the socialist doctrines. You need not hesitate to take Cotton's from the post office as no bill will be rendered, and the paper will be promptly discontinued when the subscription expires.

THE KING

Bernard Shaw declares that a king combines the fetishism of a wooden idol with the credibility of a flesh and blood one. King Edward is a case in point. Canadians know nothing about what the king thinks or does. We cannot tell whether he is a fool or a wise man. We cannot tell whether he writes his own speeches or has them written for him. His actions are shrouded in mystery. All we can get is what other people say the king said.

The king goes shooting or goes to his club and the strings are pulled to make the king popular. If something happens in government circles which takes the fancy of the people, the fable is diligently circulated that the thing was done through the initiative of the king. When something happens which the people do not like, the fable is diligently put forth that the king was opposed to the measure, but had to yield to the will of his responsible ministers. The common English workers have been paying millions to the king, his brothers and his cousins and his aunts, for a little flesh and blood idol.

For years one of the chief planks in the platform of the social democratic federation of Great Britain has been the demand for the abolition of the monarchy. This demand is becoming popular. The king is showing himself at last to be a reactionary monarch. He could have prevented the death of Ferrer, but he uttered not a word to stop the outrage. The House of Lords is thwarting the will of the people. The King is backing the lords. If the king wants to look wise and say nothing and let the people rule England, the British democracy is tolerant enough to let the old chap be a make believe king and give him a couple of millions a year to amuse himself with. But if the king is going to side with the reactionaries and labor thieves, his crown, as Hardie said, will go into the melting pot and Edward will have to take an old age pension along with the ordinary aged poor.

Fifty thousand soldiers lined the railway into Italy to protect the Czar. The line and time of journey was changed at short notice so that he might escape those who want to kill him. Every inch of the line was searched for bombs. Men were arrested by wholesale and flung into prison. Meetings were forbidden. Yet with all this the plute press declared that the people received the Czar with enthusiasm. The plute press has a queer idea of what enthusiasm looks like.

Toronto receives half a million dollars from its share of the profits of the Toronto Street Railway. Under socialism the workers of Toronto would get the full return of their labor and the labor thieves would have no profits to divide up with the city.

COMING SILVER TRUST

In the last eight years more gold has been produced than in the preceding century. Silver is being produced in enormous quantities. The price of gold and silver is falling which means that the price of the necessities of life is rapidly rising. If silver is produced continually as it is at present, the price of silver will fall very low. The owners of the silver mines will forestall that action by the formation of a silver merger and the closing of some of the mines. The silver trust will be no more gigantic than the steel trust. It is bound to come. What will be the results from the viewpoint of the interests of labor?

When the Cobalt district and the Nevada district of silver mines are merged in one company the silverminers will be at the mercy of the silver mineowners. The output of silver will be limited, which means that some of the mines will be closed down. The miners at Cobalt, say, become discontented and want better conditions and bigger pay or shorter hours. Or suppose that the mineowners declare that they must have a twelve hour day. The men will strike and the mines will be shut down. This is exactly what the mineowners will want as they will desire to close some of the mines to limit the output. Cobalt will be shut down and will stay shut down for a couple of years while the Nevada mines are worked. The company owning both properties, the profits of the mineowners will remain stationary while Cobalt is wiped off the map. The mines being shut down the miners must go elsewhere. The storekeepers will have to close up and sell out. Property will become a drug in the market in Cobalt because there will be no workers to buy things nor to rent houses.

During this period of stagnation brought about by the future silver trust the shacks and land and stores will be bought in by the silver trust agents dirt cheap. After the trust has got a cinch on Cobalt property at the end of one, two or three years, they will reopen the Cobalt mines and skin the workers through profits on the mines, rent of houses and pluckme stores.

When Cobalt reopens, the closing down gag will be worked in Nevada. The workers will be forced into a labor war; a strike will be called and the trust will shut down its Nevada mines for a protracted period until all the little property holders have been forced out. In this manner with properties thousands of miles apart the silver trust will be able to keep the mine-workers at starvation wages and make them mere brutes of labor without a stake in the country.

This is not a fancy picture drawn from the imagination. This is what has happened at many places. This is what happened at the Sault steel works. This is what is happening in the states. The only thing that can stop the labor thieves from playing these kind of tricks is to capture the parliament of Canada and the Congress of the United States and to tell the labor thieves to take a pick and go out and work with the rest of the miners and get an equal reward with the rest of the workers. Until this is done the labor thieves will oppress and rob and sneer at their laboring victims.

The House of Lords has taken upon themselves to define what a workman is. For under the free flag of Great Britain there are many slaves and few masters. And certain of the masters sit in parliament and certain sit in the house of the lords. And it is convenient to the masters to find out just who are the slave workers. The really useful classes in Great Britain are getting exceedingly tired of their gilded and idle masters.

Sheriff Middleton of Hamilton declares that it is Canadians and not foreigners who are filling our jails. The Canadian is no more exempt from being forced into crime because of our rotten system than are foreigners. But then the plute press blames the foreigners so that patriotic Canadians will not wake up to the fact that they are being done by the labor thieves.

"GO TO BLAZES"

Once upon a time a little boy was sitting on the doorstep of his father's house. His head was resting in his hands and he was looking sad and disconsolate. Around the corner bustled a well dressed stranger. He looked at the houses and then, seeing the little boy, came up to him and asked, "Can you tell me, little boy, where Mr. Brown lives on this street?" The little boy answered in a weary tone without looking up, "You go to blazes. I've troubles of my own."

That little boy was not polite according to capitalist ideas of politeness. The little boy should have jumped up and said, "Yes, sir," and should have run ahead of the stranger and should have shown him the house of Mr. Brown and if the stranger had said "Thank you, my little man," the boy should have said, "Don't mention it, sir."

The workingmen must adopt the attitude of the little boy. There are too many workingmen who run their legs off to please their bosses. There are too many of them who sympathize with their bosses and cry when the boss has a toothache or his wife gets ill or the boss loses money in a stock transaction. The proper attitude of the workingman to the ups and downs of his boss is that of the little boy to the stranger. "You go to blazes. I've troubles enough of my own."

The millowner and mineowner and factory owner do not give a hoot for the welfare of their workers; why should the workers give a hoot for the welfare of the master class? The mineowner of course does not want to see all his men get sick with typhoid. That would make the mine shut down and he would lose his profits. The millowner does not like to see a worker have a leg taken off him in the mill. That means a damage suit and expenses. But beyond that the bosses do not care what happens to their wage slaves.

The workers have to free themselves. They cannot free themselves as long as they have a grateful spirit and sympathize with the bosses. All that sentiment has to go. The workers have to discover how they can stop the boss from robbing the workers. The first step is to get a spirit that feels like telling the boss to "Go to Blazes."

The next step is to look around and discover how the power of the bosses can be broken. This is not so easy a task. The bosses have the legislatures in their pockets. The bosses have their sons as officers in the army. These officers are there to see that the soldiers fire on strikers and disobedient workers. The bosses have the cunning lawyers and judges to interpret the laws in their favor. They have blackrobed catholic priests and blackhatted protestant clergy to steal the brains away from the working class and teach them not to think. They control everything.

The workers must unite on the political and industrial fields. They must study hard the various ways which the bosses have devised for robbing the workers and keeping them in slavery. They must be keen and alert for the bosses have no fear of God nor the devil nor man, and the bosses are perfectly willing to fling workingmen soldiers against workingmen factory hands and sneeringly watch them slay each other.

The only thing the boss fear is a set of working men who will look them straight in the eye and tell them to "Go to Blazes." When sufficient workers get that spirit then the bosses will have to hunt cover. Until that time comes the bosses will lord it in high places and occupy the fair portions of the earth while the men and women who do all the useful work are crowded into back alleys and unhealthy streets; and if they have not money to pay for even this wretched shelter, they will be forced to freeze in the streets.

The shipping federation, with its centre at Antwerp, is branding its employees on the wrist in order to prevent desertion. Who says the days of slavery and subjection have passed away?

The working men have the power to take the means of production away from the parasites. They will do it just as soon as they wake up to their own interests.

A couple of shoe firms are moving from Quebec to Montreal. The Quebec National Trades Union has been demanding too much and the shoe companies are going to Montreal where labor is cheap. The manufacturers declare that the National Trades Union is tyrannical and should be put out of business by the more obsequious International Union. The Dominion Coal Company, on the other hand, howls against International Unionism. As a matter of fact, the manufacturers want to get the cheapest labor and they will uphold that union whose members will work the cheapest. Capitalism does not care for the welfare of the workers. It wants rent, interest and profit, no matter by what suffering of the working people, these three are obtained.

THE UNION LABEL

Cotton's Weekly would carry the union label, if there was a typographical union in the Eastern Townships. We have not enough employees to form a union, so we are forced to wait till such times as an organizer of the I. T. U. gets through this district and brings the printers up to the mark.

The Czar met the King of Italy on Italian soil. The meeting was said to have been cheered by the populace. We all know how these things are arranged. When the Czar met Edward and Edward sneaked out into the ocean to meet the monster the sailors cheered for the Czar. The order had been given that all sailors who did not cheer would be deprived of shore leave and have other disagreeable things happen to them. Hence the sailors cheered their majesties while they cursed them in private. When the Czar travels in Russia the people must bow and cheer. If they do not they are flogged. In Italy half the people of the little town where the tyrants met had been evicted from their homes to give place to soldiers, police, spies and government sandbaggers. It was this kind of stuff that cheered. The common working people remained sullen and hostile as much as they dared.

The U. S. Steel trust is going to buy out the breweries round Gary, Ind., and is going to sell beer, etc., at retail prices alone to the workers. The workers now buy wholesale and get drunk and do not produce enough surplus profits to satisfy the steel trust. Under the new arrangement the workers will pay more for their drinks, which profits will go to the steel trust, and will not be able to get drunk on what they buy, which will mean they will do better work. In Germany the socialists are boycotting whisky and it would be a good thing if the workers around Gary would do the same.

Socialism will do away with the master class. The present superstructure of owners and bosses will be swept away. Who will furnish the brains then to run industry? The workers themselves. There is enough latent brain power among the common workingmen to run industry and to give pointers to Van Horne and Shaughnessy on how to do these things properly. The bosses think they are necessary but in the true light of history they will be looked back upon as hinderers of the march of progress.

The big men of Canada who bulk large do so simply because of their power for evil. But instead of the plutocratic press helping Canadians to free themselves from the power of these men the plute press praises the big men and fight the socialists. All the socialists want to do is to take away the power of evil doing from these men. But the plute press cries. These men make money from their operations. If you take away their power you confiscate their rights. The plute press wants Canada to give the evil doers a vested right to all eternity to oppress.

Recently in Montreal a man was sent to jail for four months for begging five cents. The labor thief can beg millions from the government and live in fine places and enjoy the best of everything and the police will not touch him.

SOCIALISM IN QUEBEC

The Roman Catholic Church is the peculiar enemy of socialism in the Province of Quebec. Apart from the question of religion and dealing with the subject from the economic side alone, the Catholic Church prevents the development of socialism. Socialism cannot develop until capitalism has developed. In the Province of Quebec the Catholic Church is a feudal institution. It prevents the capitalist development of surplus values and consequently of socialism.

Many Canadians do not understand the peculiar economic privileges and taking powers of the church granted to it by the laws of the Province of Quebec. The Catholic Church can tax Roman Catholics by law. The Protestant Churches must depend for support upon voluntary contributions. The Catholic Church can collect its tithes and if these tithes are not paid, the farms of the Catholics can be sold over their heads and the tithes can be taken out of the proceeds.

The church authorities have power to erect new parishes, to build churches and to put a first mortgage upon all the farms owned by Roman Catholics within the parish. The Roman Catholic cannot escape paying his share in the erection of a church although he may not want the church built.

Capitalism where capitalism works freely, produces surplus values. The workers are always producing surplus values which must be reinvested. Owing to the workers not being able to buy back what they themselves produce, there come panics, unemployment, hoboism, and unemployables. This all comes about because the capitalists are trying to sell the surplus product for profit and cannot find a market.

The Roman Catholic Church in the Province of Quebec prevents the stagnation of the markets due to underconsumption. The Catholic Church authorities whenever they get a foothold within the province, see to it that they themselves shall consume all that the workers can produce over and above the cost of living. If the Catholic farmers are getting prosperous and are putting a little money by in the banks, the local priest noses the fact out through the confessional and the farmers of that particular locality will wake up to the fact that the parish has been divided, another church is to be erected and a mortgage has been slapped on their farms, which to pay off will wipe out their little savings.

To anyone who has visited the French sections of Quebec for the first time, the size and number of churches and nunneries and ecclesiastical buildings are startling. In Montreal there are huge Catholic Churches and monasteries and nunneries filled with lazy priests and monks and nuns. The Roman Catholic Church within the Province of Quebec has deliberately set itself to work to consume the surplus product produced by its adherents. The result is that wherever the Church is found there the people work hard and live frugally while the churches grow in size and the priests wax ample in girth. In the country regions the Catholic boys and girls are married early in life. The church advocates early marriage because it wants a plentiful supply of future workers who will produce future surplus values to be totally consumed by a parasite ecclesiastical institution.

The Catholic Church insists upon separate schools. Catholic children must go to religious schools for which their parents are taxed where the children are taught to say their catechism, to tell their beads and to pater prayers in Latin to the Virgin Mary. Beyond these things they learn little.

By preventing the capitalist development, the Roman Catholic Church is preventing the development of socialism. But the Catholic Church is not having everything its own way. The Provincial Cabinet is a tool of the capitalists and Premier Gouin and Treasurer Weir are doing all they can to counteract the economic blight of the Catholic Church. The Provincial Cabinet is not fighting the Church for the benefit of socialism, but it is fighting the Church in order that the surplus values which now go to support religious dignitaries may be turned to augment the revenues of the secular labor thieves.

THE IGNORANCE OF THE RACE

"When Shall We Dead Awake?"

This article is taken from the "Labour News" of Halifax, England, and is by Rev. Stitt Wilson, M. A., who will lecture in Montreal under the auspices of Local No. 1, Socialist Party of Canada, about November 12th next.

No one can read the history of the human race and the record of its progress, without seeing how deep the pit of Ignorance has been from which we have been digged. Ignorance of the earth—even of its geography; Ignorance of the human body; Ignorance as to the constitution of the mind; Ignorance as to the meaning of life; Ignorance of ourselves, and ignorance of our relations to others. Man was originally afraid of his shadow. Nature to him was one vast enigma. His own soul was a perpetual bafflement.

Time after time during the long centuries Great Sages and Saviours have appeared as schoolmasters to the children of men. The Super-Men came as lovers of the race, to teach mankind the Truth—the Truth that alone can make free. For ignorance is darkness, and Darkness means Bondage and Slavery. But truth is Light and Intelligence, and Intelligence is Freedom and Power. "Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free."

But so great was the Ignorance in which the race wandered that they knew not the Light when it was in their midst. "The Light shineth in the Darkness, but the Darkness comprehendeth it not." As Emerson says: "When the gods came among men, they are not known. Jesus was not; Socrates and Shakespeare were not. Autar was suffocated by the grip of Hercules." And so the Darkness of Ignorance rose up to put out the Light when it did appear. THE POOR IGNORANT WORLD KILLED ITS TEACHERS OR SCHOOLMASTERS BEFORE THEY HAD TIME TO TEACH IGNORANCE THE TRUTH THEY CAME TO REVEAL. The ancient philosophers who had penetrated into the secrets of Being, who walked the earth as Gods, were compelled by the ignorant to form themselves into secret societies, and commune with each other in caves and lonely places of the earth. Pythagoras was not seen by his pupils, for he hid behind a veil. If after five years of devotion to his words of Light they hungered for more, they might be admitted to the presence of the Great Master. Socrates was accused of blasphemy against the gods, and of corrupting the youth, and to him was given the hemlock. Jesus—the Great Lover and Democrat, of Nazareth—repeatedly hid himself during the three short years of his public career, and after he said to his disciples, "See thou tell no man." And even from those who were the very closest to him he kept some of the secrets of his wisdom. "I have yet many things to say unto you,

but even ye cannot have them now." But the priesthoods and powerful classes did not want any light shed on "the people who sat in great Darkness," and so the Ignorance of the learned of Jerusalem put him to death. The world will never know what Light and Freedom it has missed, and what pain and suffering it has endured, because Ignorance has put out the Light that came to save it.

And all down the long centuries, dark and full of sorrow, Ignorance has loved itself and sat in the pride of itself, quenching the Spirit of Truth, Killing its Light-Bearers, resisting the Day-Dawn hugging error.

The mighty secrets of nature have only begun to be tapped. The first Scientists never declared to be under the Influence of Evil Spirits. They lived in disguise and under assumed names to protect themselves from the Waves of Ignorant populations led on by still more Ignorant Leaders. Every step of modern Science has been taken by storm and siege of the citadels of Darkness and Superstition. The Powers of Electricity have been disclosed in spite of the Walls of Ignorance. Edison, still living, was called "Looney"—that is a lunatic—in the early part of his career. The greatest of modern scientists—Darwin—was the subject of a tidal wave of ridicule and misrepresentation and persecution. The old world laughed at George Stephenson's proposals in locomotive engines. Lord Brougham declared he would eat the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic. It is only yesterday that we giggled at Tesla and his wireless telegraphy. Social Reformers, uncovering the True Science of Human Government, and purposing to take power from tyrants and brute rulers, languished in prisons and died on scaffolds. IGNORANCE HAS HAD A LONG INNINGS. O GOD! HOW LONG! HOW LONG!

We knew for thousands of years that we had thinking powers that responded to training, that education uncovered great depths of the human consciousness; and yet, think of it not in all a thousand years has the race had wit to organize a "Social System of Instruction for all Youth" until within the memory of men now living. And even yet Ignorance still would hamper that System of Education, to bind the souls of the rising generation to the past, and blind their young eyes to the possible revelations that still lie behind the veil. Every religious body in the world, with the utmost colossal audacity, seizes the child-mind and wraps it in the grave-clothes of dead men's interpretations of other dead men's thoughts. WHO GAVE ANY BODY OF MEN THE RIGHT TO SEIZE THE VERY SOUL OF THE RACE IN THIS RUTHLESS AND AUTHORITATIVE MANNER?

But, Ignorance still lives. Here we are living human beings, that must eat, and wear clothing, and live in houses. Our nature demands the necessities, the comforts, and the satisfaction of Life.

And the Earth is a vast store, an inexhaustible Treasure-House of everything to satisfy the material needs of the people.

And human Genius, in spite of depths of Ignorance, has come like Prometheus of old with gifts stolen from the gods, in the form of mighty machines, locomotives, steam-hammers, electric motors, power looms, hydraulic rams, and a countless number of smaller inventions and devices to lighten labor, and multiply the powers of production, and deliver the human race from excessive labor and the pain of poverty.

AND YET HERE WE SIT, AS A LOT OF NUMB-SCULLS, AS A HORDE OF LUNATICS, AS A PACK OF IGNORAMUSES. After

5,000 years of human history, after 2,000 years of Christianity, after 100 years of constitutional government,—here we sit in the presence of a Bountiful Earth, and the Colossal Power of Machinery, making by our Labor untold quantities of everything for Human Comfort. Here we sit and starve; here we lie—the half of us—crowded into miserable holes cynically called homes; like a lot of dumb-driven asses. We go to our toil early and stay late, and crouch at the call of the masters of the market. Here we take our notice and quit and Join the Army of Unemployed who are Landless and without Tools, without Money, and all the time the Wealth which our hands have produced, is gathered by a small handful of people, and spent in luxury, extravagance, and dissipation. If this is not a revelation of profound, almost depthless Ignorance what is?

WHEN SHALL WE DEAD AWAKE? WHEN SHALL THIS NIGHT OF IGNORANCE VANISH BEFORE THE DAWN? IS it near daylight yet? Must the poor, dumb driven humans suffer on and on and on and on with no eye to pity, no arm to save? Is God dead? Is there no Saviour? Must they and their children and their children's children rot by tens of thousands in dark city slums, while the bunted hare hath the broad fields at least to die in, and the deer hath its hills? Must the workers grow numb at monotonous toil and then be left on the roadside to "hunt for work"—to play—grim play—forever.

Will Gospel-preachers (O God forgive) still point people to mansions in the skies, while these workers can't pay the rent of a back-to-back tenement? Will the priests who bear the name of Jesus still tell the people of the white robes they shall wear in the new Jerusalem, while 30 per cent. to 40 per cent. of the children are verminous and filthy, and have no change of a shirt? (O God forgive us!) Must the professed armies of salvation tell into the cars on Sunday the "Eternal Value" of a human being and "wink" at the Dragons of Capitalism which carry them off by thousands on Monday? Will Statesmen forever play the of "Tiddle-wink" politics and become titled, and salaried and pensioned, and sit forever on the backs of a hungry world? O God when shall Light break? When shall the Ignorance of the Multitudes receive the Light that will set them free?

THE FERTILITY OF THE LAND STARES US IN THE FACE! THE LIMITLESS POWER OF MACHINERY LEAPS AT OUR EYES AND THUNDERS IN OUR EARS!

Every day we see the huge piles of raw and finished goods our hands have made, standing before us, showing to our very faces the mighty power of our Labor. In ten thousand huge factories we see the untold Power of Co-operation and Division of Labor. Thrown at us, as if to compel us, is the constant lesson of the marvellous Power of Organization, over the weakness of disorder and chaos! And yet here we stand as idiots. We labor as slaves; we pile up the product of our labor, and see it vanish before

our face. We are fools! Awake, O my Brothers, awake from the dark Night of Capitalism, and march to the Canaan of Brotherhood—the Co-operative Commonwealth!

CONFESSION

The following fable by Hugo von Trimberg was written in the thirteenth century. Strangely enough it is suited to our own day and age.—Mrs. O. Leonard.

Sly Reynard, with the Wolfe, one day, Travelled to Rome, and on their way. They overtook the Ass, and so All three to Rome together go And when they saw the city near. The Wolfe said to his cousin dear: "Reynard, my plan I'll name to you; The Pope we know, has much to do. I doubt if he can spend his time To hear our catalogues of crime. 'Twill spare some trouble for the Pope (And also for ourselves, I hope, As we may 'scape with penance less). If to each other we confess; Let each describe his greatest sin.— So, without preface, I'll begin, To notice trifles I disdain; But one fact gives my conscience pain, 'Tis this: There dwelt beside the Rhine

A man who lived by feeding swine. He had a sow who rambled wide, While all her pigs with hunger cried. At last I longed on pork to dine—I killed and ate the cruel swine. Her little ones, deserted now, Oft moved my pity, I'll avow; I ended all their woes one night— Now let my punishment be light!"

"Well," said the Fox, "your sin was small, And hardly can for penance call; For such a venial transgression. You've made amends by this confession."

And now I'll do as you have done; Of all my sins I'll name but one: A man much noisier fowls would keep Than that no one near his house could sleep;

The crowing of his chancleer 'Disturbed the country far and near, Distracted by the noise, one night I went and stopped his crowing quite; But this feat ended not the matter; The hens began to crow and chatter; And so (the deed I slightly rue) I killed them and their chickens, too."

"Well," said the Wolfe, "to hush that din Was surely no alarming sin. Abstain from poultry for three days, And, if you like, mend your ways."

But now the Ass must be confessed— Donkey, how far have you transgressed?"

"Ah!" said the Ass with dismal bray, "You know I have not much to say; For I have toiled from day to day, And done for master service good, In carrying water, corn and wood; But once, in water-time, 'tis true, I did what I perhaps must rue— A countryman, to keep him warm (We had, just then, a snowy storm). Had put some straw into his shoes— To bite it I could not refuse; And so (for hunger was my law) I took, or stole, a single straw."

"There! Say no more!" the Fox exclaimed. "For want of straw that man was lamed; His feet were bitten by the frost; 'Tis probable his life was lost, What shall be done to such a sinner? The Wolf must have him for his dinner."

The Appeal to Reason is beginning a series of articles on the corruption of the American courts. It will show how rotten the conditions of the courts are in the states. It will circulate a million copies of each of the five issues. The capitalist courts, it is said, will issue an injunction against the publishing of these articles. If the injunction is issued the Appeal will ignore it. The editor of the Appeal has already been condemned to six months' jail by a packed jury and a hostile judge. The Appeal case may in "free" America the outrages of Russian tyranny.

When a man is out of a job and his wife is fretting at home there is apt to be ill temper shown. Ill temper leads to quarreling and separation. Capitalism with its horrors of unemployment is fast breaking up the homes that still remain to the working people.

Every time a workingman votes for either of the old political parties he votes to allow his boss to steal half the pay from his pay envelope.



Direct Draft Damper
at Front of Stove
Where it is Easy to Turn

No reaching across a hot stove and over steaming pots to turn direct-draft damper on Sask-Alta. It is placed right at front of stove (see illustration) where a child can readily operate it.

Sask-Alta Direct Damper insures your arms against scalding by steam, and fingers from being burned. But you cannot get this feature in any other range. It's patented—an exclusive Sask-Alta improvement.

McClary's
Sask-Alta
Steel Range

For Sale by McCLATCHIE BROS., Cowansville

Effective Propaganda at Low Cost

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

We Must Have Them All

The Socialist movement is based upon the class struggle. This struggle is between those who live by working and those who live by ownership and the exploitation of the workers.

In such a movement the workers are invincible. No power can stand against them. Divided they are helpless. When the divisions are turned against each other the workers whip themselves. No single division of labor can wage the class struggle to a victorious outcome. Some would limit it to the unskilled. There are less than three millions of these in the country, and they form a majority in no state. Some would ask for the co-operation of factory workers alone. These, again, are too few in number to hope for victory. Politically too many are disfranchised to make their domination possible save in a very few states.

Yet these must set the pace. They are the ones that best express the spirit of labor today. But their hope of victory lies in showing the other divisions of the producing class that their interests can best be secured by following the class instinct of the wage worker.

Unless this can be done, unless the great mass of men who gather the raw materials from the earth as farmers can be enlisted in the Socialist movement, there is little hope of victory. This is true, no matter what weapons are used. A general strike of city laborers, with a hostile agricultural population, would have a short life and certain failure before it.

Unless the workers move as a whole they will move only to defeat.

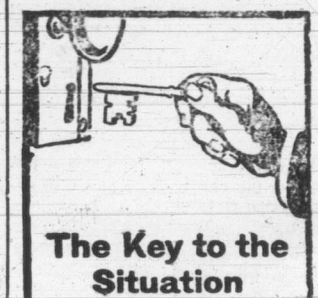
This is another reason why every possible weapon must be kept within reach. There are places where political action alone can unite enough of the working class to insure victory. There are times when the hardest blows can be struck upon the economic field by a compact organization of the factory wage workers.

Any campaign based upon the class struggle must include all divisions of the working class. Any movement that neglects any portion of that class, or any method of action that includes but a part of that class, is not only hopeless, but has no right to claim the name of Socialism.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

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

Socialism does not stand for making the workers divide up with the drones. Capitalism stands for that.



The Key to the Situation

In regard to Socialism will be found in each one of these attractive little books. Read, learn and digest at leisure.

They are nicely printed, convenient for the pocket, and convincingly clear and to the point in regard to Scientific Socialism.

SOCIALISM MADE EASY. By JAMES CONNOLLY. The latest and best book to put into the hands of workingmen who have as yet read nothing on Socialism. Straight-from-the-shoulder talks, simple and scientific.

THE SOCIALISTS: Who They Are and What They Stand for. By JOHN SPARGO. Admirably concise and clear. States the principles in brief, crisp chapters, and is a good introduction to the heavier books.

THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO. By KARL MARX and FREDERICK ENGELS. This book, prepared in 1848, has for more than sixty years been the accepted text-book of all International Socialists. An indispensable book to the student.

SOCIALISM, UTOPIAN & SCIENTIFIC. By FREDERICK ENGELS, translated by Edward Aveling. A classic that should be read by every socialist intending to talk or write on Socialism.

VALUE, PRICE AND PROFIT. By KARL MARX. A book addressed to workingmen, clear and direct in style, which explains surplus value, especially as it affects the wage-worker.

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SAVED FROM SUFFERING IN HIS OLD AGE.

Gin Pills cured him.

Annapolis, N.S., May 14, 1909.
I am over 80 years of age and have been suffering from Kidney and Bladder trouble for fifteen years. I took doctor's medicine but got no help. I want to thank you for sending me the sample box of Gin Pills, which helped me.
I have taken six boxes of Gin Pills altogether but got relief before I had taken near that amount. I had to get up some nights every fifteen minutes and had to use an instrument before I could urinate. Now, I can lie in bed four or five hours without getting up. I can say that Gin Pills have nearly cured me and shall always keep a box in the house.
Thanking you for your timely help, I am your sincere friend and well-wisher,
W. H. PIERCE.
And all as a result of sending for a free sample box of Gin Pills.
Do you suffer with your Kidneys or Bladder? Send to the National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Dept. Q, Toronto, and get a sample free by return mail. Regular size, at all stores, 50c. a box—or 6 for \$2.50.

For Quality and Quantity

STAG
BRIGHT PLUG
CHEWING TOBACCO

In new big plugs.

WORNOUT LIVES

PROBABLY the most pitiable, dulling eyes, and full of all the miserable pictures of human suffering is the spectacle of an aged and toil-worn worker. With bowed shoulders, limned face, a weakening, slow-working mind, he totters across the shameful page of modern civilization. His way is not smoothed and no strong arm is held out in aid; rather his steps are hastened, and he is often thrust savagely on that his place may be filled by the younger ones who, like swine, crowd the weaker from the industrial trough into which is coming an ever-lessening stream, the doled-out wage-swill of the capitalist swine-herd.

Worthless to the private employer and a heavy burden upon his offspring, he sees nothing else in life but the poorhouse, or the asylum, and he longs for the day when he can lie at rest within the narrow confines of the grave.

That he has toiled honestly and strong for so many years, and has produced wealth sufficient to support in abundance himself and his children, does not weigh a tittle in his favor. He is old, worn out, and modern competition and a modern civilization demands, brutally, that he step aside and give place to younger men whose strength, mentality and ability offer a greater source of sustenance for the human parasites who make society's laws. Where the old man shall step does not concern society. He may go to a suicide's death, or his hopes and his life may wither to vanishing in a workhouse; society cares not WHERE or HOW he goes, if his going will but be hastily accomplished.

It would seem as if the toil-worn lives of those who have created their share of all the wealth around us, who have given of their love, wisdom and ambition to make the world a better one for their children, should be something to those who are to inherit the accumulated riches of all those years. But our mad rush for wealth denies us the opportunity, or even the desire to care for and tenderly nourish our fathers, as they go alone, with their hopes crushed and their ideals razed, to grasp the surcease denied by their brothers and granted only by death.

May be you who read this are getting old and worn; you feel the strength of manhood failing you, and the goal for which you aim is further off than it ever was before. Your wife has grown faded and aged beside you, and the love you once for each other was long ago crushed out in the merciless struggle for existence.

You have seen your babes grow to youth and then to manhood and womanhood, with their finer natures hardly cared for by their parents, who could find little leisure between the long hours of toil and the un-resting couch.

When love was young, and your wife full of courage and loving help, you set your mark at a brave and noble height. That mark was a home, surrounded by books and flowers with plenty and to spare to eat, and you looked forward to the time when you and your good wife, having been rewarded for your honest toil, could sit with folded hands in the home you had made, with no worry of poverty to darken your days, and with no woe and suffering to shorten your lives. You thought how beautiful all this would be surrounded by your loving and happy children, whose noble qualities of mind and heart would give added value to filial affection and kindness.

How like a dream that ambition looks like today. How Utopian appears the humble aspirations for a home.

Your bright vision of a peaceful old age, when you might restfully enjoy the fruits of your own labor, soon took on a sombre hue, and years ago the dream utterly vanished, leaving no ambition but to exist today, and no thought save the fear of an ever-haunting poverty.

As the babies came you regarded them as burdens rather than blessings, for did they not mean a heavier drain on a purse that was, always slender and very often empty? Your wife, forced to fill the numerous duties of nurse, teacher, cook, washwoman, seamstress and house-keeper, can hardly give satisfaction at either one, and you frighten away what little love and brightness there may be about the house with nagging at the faults the poor little woman cannot overcome.

Very often evenings at home be-

come unbearable and you seek the plebeian dram shop or the high-toned club for the light and laughter and pleasure—our industrial system denies you with your family. Sometimes your wife, disheartened by your lack of appreciation at even her attempt to perform the manifold duties physically impossible for her to do, seeks elsewhere the sympathy you have denied.

Even if she does not the result is nearly as bad. You pay less attention to the unattractive quarters you call home. You make it a place to hastily eat and perforce sleep. You do not give the paternal guidance to your sons and daughters that you should, and yet you wonder at their imbibing from unfit associates and unclean surroundings, a contamination that eventually destroys their filial love and your parental solicitude.

They then, with loss of home love that follows cheerless surroundings, seek to leave the home nest, the girls to go on the street to seek a living denied by honest labor, and the boys to take advantage of the first opportunity whereby they may live upon the labor of others, sometimes by illegal theft and robbery, becoming footpads, tramps or criminals, or by that legalized robbery that is less merciful to the victims. If they do not leave your humble home they are forced into the store or shop or factory and mine, and you have the added horror of seeing them brutalized and their finer feelings ground out for the sake of the commercial piracy of today.

Yet you blindly struggle on, seeing your goal drawing further away from you day after day. If a farmer, you have seen those who manipulate the market grow rich on your sweat and labor until the hungry maw of usury and greed demanded your farm as well as the results of your labor.

If a wage worker, you have seen the chance of employment grow less and less until it has well-nigh vanished, and though the cost of living has gone up terribly, your pitiful wage still remains the same.

Though you have with your hands and brain created a dozen kings' ransoms it all has been wrenched from you as the price of mere existence, save less than a beggar's pittance, and you find yourself today a human being, created in the image of God, and in the possession of an immortal soul, of less value to your industrial kings than are the beasts of the field.

Can I not ask you honestly, has your life been worth the living to yourself and yours? Of what glory is the nineteenth century civilization to you, while it is based upon your crushed body and dwarfed soul?

Your hands may be strong and honest, but they have won naught but deep-furrowed lines of toil, and they are as empty and of far less use than when you sprang to win a living in the far-off days of your hopeful youth. Others enjoy what should be yours, and the legacy you leave your children is one of far more limited opportunity and of far less reward than was bequeathed to you.

Your toil-worn life has availed you nothing, and the soul within you that was born for brighter and better things has been tortured and well nigh destroyed that they who have defrauded humanity of its birthright may further profit by the theft.

But a brighter day is dawning and the sun of Socialism is heralding the morn, when that longing for a higher and better living shall not be unrequited, and when, though there will aged be, their lives will not be toil worn, nor their dimming days be unilluminated by the love and affection of those younger who will have gladly taken up the lightened burden when their fathers have passed their prime.

UNCLE SAM.

Universal Justice Must Rule

It is calculated that the supplanting of hand-labor by machinery has caused an increase of the world's wealth in the last hundred years greater than that of the preceding 2000 years. But our social and political forms, which are always the latest to change, have not yet been adopted to the marvelous advance in industrial conditions. An inevitable accompaniment, therefore, of

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

our progress has been a glaring inequality in the distribution of the wealth thus newly created, and an intolerable increase of the evils of poverty.

We must change our social order in accordance with the idea that the advance of the people, toiling and striving through countless generations, leaving an inheritance to which all men are rightfully the joint heirs. When this thought of universal justice rules in our minds, instead of the present greedy and selfish scramble under the law of competition, the general level of life will be raised. Contentment and happiness will become abnormal conditions. Poverty and despair, fighting and swindling will become as obsolete to as cannibalism.

—COMMONWEALTH.

"What is a Socialist's Duty?"

1. To study socialism.
2. To understand socialism.
3. Then to teach socialism.
4. To give thinkers something to think about.
5. To give (mental) sight to the (mentally) blind.
6. To make "those who have ears to hear" hear.
7. To help the (educationally) lame to walk.
8. To give those who have not time to study, the benefit of our study.
9. To vote for honest men, and not for party.
10. To vote for the man who has taken an interest in your (collective) welfare, and not for the would-be-vote-catcher who says he will do this or he will do that, when he doesn't care (our forefather) whether you starve or not, so long as you put him in.
11. To distribute socialist literature.
12. To get together and organize.
13. To remember that organization is the root of success!
14. To bring out your own men in election campaigns, where possible.
15. To vote early and as often as you can.
16. If disagreeing on any one point, settle the matter in private, not in public, so that only hurts the cause.
17. To remember that there are several roads leading to the "good time coming," and that even if the other fellow's road is a little different from yours, it, too, may lead to "the land flowing with milk and honey," where "man to man the world o'er will brethren be for a' that."
18. And last, but by no means least, to preach the truth and practice what we preach.

COMPETITION

Competition is organized greed. Socialism is love of mankind. Competition is founded in selfishness. Socialism is founded on the golden rule. "As ye would that men do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Competition is hatred. Socialism is love.

Competition is a social war. It is every man for himself. The commerce of the world is a system of competition. It permeates every fibre of society. Politics is competition run mad. Party success obscures everything. The fitness of men for office is not taken into account; but availability. Can he be elected? The people are not thought of. The welfare of the country is ignored. The greedy corporations, the heartless trusts, the selfish combines, pour out boodle without stint to elect their attorneys. They are not elected to legislate for the people. They are paid agents to work for monopolies, and they do it.

Under the system of competition which now prevails all over the world, society boils like a tempest-tossed sea. One nation keeps a standing army of millions of idle men, saddled upon the backs of the toilers to feed; and other nations must have an army to match.

One government builds great warships and other governments must do the same.

One government enacts a tariff, and other governments retaliate.

This foolish system extends down through every avenue of society.

It is the most expensive system that could be devised.—Ex.

Taft and Diaz have met. When Taft struck El Paso martial law was established and peaceful citizens were locked up. Taft is the fat darling of the American criminal rich.

The man or woman who looks into Socialism with a perfectly open mind will surely be convinced of the truth and justice of its teachings.

Be a man and face the truth. "The truth shall make you free."

POEMS FOR THE PEOPLE

The People and the King

By HARRY H. KEMP.

The king had crag-built castles
And vaults heaped full of gold,
But the people starved in hovels
And perished from the cold.

The nobles hawked and hunted
And a haughty folk were they:
The wild beasts were their quarry,
And the people were their prey;

Their ladies swept and rustled
In all the pomp of court—
But the women of their subjects
Dressed in another sort;

So at last the people muttered
Like rustling forest trees
When league on league of leafage
Whispers in the breeze,

And they crowded, dense, together,
And begged the king for bread,
And many things in anger
Against the State were said.

But the nobles jeered, and plotted
To do a foolish thing:
They vowed, "We'll make the people
Praise and bless the king."

So they herded them like cattle
In field and town and square,
Commanding, "Praise your master,"
With a gay and mocking air.

Yes, they mocked them in their madness
And laughed to hear them sing
In forced and foolish chorus,
"God save our Lord, the King."

But, lo, a marvel happened!
Men stern and dark of face
Began, uncalled, to gather
About each market place;

And the people sang by thousands—
Right loudly did they sing!
'Twas the Marseillaise they shouted,
And not, "God save the King!"

Bread is Freedom, Freedom Bread.

ANONYMOUS.

Toil and pray! The world cries cold;
Speed thy prayer, for time is gold,
At thy door Need's subtle tread;
Pray in haste for time is bread.

And thou plow'st and thou hew'st,
And thou rivet'st and sew'st,
And thou harvestest in vain;
Speak! O, man; what is thy gain?

Fly'st the shuttle day and night,
Heav'st the ores of earth to light,
Fill'st with treasures plenty's horn—
Brim'st it o'er with wine and corn.

But who hath thy meal prepared,
Festive garments with thee shared,
And where is thy cheerful hearth,
Thy good shield in battle dearth?

Thy creations round thee see—
All thy work but nought for thee!
Yea, of all the chains alone
Thy hand forged, these are thine own.

Chains that round the body cling,
Chains that lame the spirit's wing,
Chains that infants' feet indeed,
Clog! O, workman! Lo! The need.

What ye rear and bring to light,
Poets by the idle wight;
What ye weave of diverse lives,
'Tis your curse—your only due.

What ye build, no room insures
Not a sheltering roof to yours,
And by haughty ones are tread—
Ye, whose toil their feet hath shed.

Human bees? Has nature's thrift
Given thee nought but honey's gift?
See! the drones are on the wing,
Have you lost the will to sting?

Man of labor, up, arise!
Know the might that in thee lies,
Wheel and shaft are set at rest
At thy powerful arm's behest.

Thine oppressor's hand recoils
When thou, weary of thy toil,
Shun'st thy plough; thy task begun
When thou speak'st: Enough is done!

Break the two-fold yolk in twain
Break thy want's enslaving chain;
Break thy slavery's want and dread;
Bread is freedom, freedom bread.

The Heirs of All the Earth

By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON
From street and square, from hill and glen,
Of this vast world beyond my door,
I hear the tread of marching men,
The patient armies of the poor.

The halo of the city's lamps
Hangs a vast torchlight in the air
I watch it through the evening damps;
The masters of the world are there.

Not ermine clad, nor clothed in state,
Their little deeds not yet made plain;
But walking early, toiling late,
The heirs of all the earth remain.

Some day by laws as fixed and fair
As guide the planets in their sweep,
The children of each outcast heir
The harvest fruits of time shall reap.

The peasant's brain shall yet be wise,
The untamed pulse beat calm and still,
The blind shall see, the lowly rise,
And I work in peace time's wondrous will.

Some day without a trumpet's call,
This news shall o'er the earth be blown;
The heritage comes back to all;
The myriad monarchs take their own.

The Law of Savagery.

MRS. M. T. HANCOCK.

In early days while yet the earth was young,
Ay! when Time's winding cycles first begun,
The strong man raised his hand to crush the weak
And blatantly did overawe the meek.

Then lest he in some insensate way
Should lose the vantage of his forceful sway,
He brought low scheming cunning to his aid
And a wondrous, curious law he made.

The law that might makes right, and, strange to say,
No one had the courage to say him nay.
Might makes right by that law of savagery.

The strong man bound in chains of slavery
His weaker brother, forced him with sharp goads
To carry heavy burdens, weightier loads!

Compelled him unassisted, to bear
All the weights and burden of both their care.
Took by force from him that made life sweet,

Trampled him like dust beneath his feet.
And though, as man rose from savagery
He lost much of his barbarity,
And ceased to hack, maim, or burn with fire,

Merely to gratify his savage ire,
He ceased not to hold in durance vile
Taught 'twas right the weak should work and obey;
That they were form'd of somewhat coarser clay.

And to this day, in this age and nation
In this era of civilization,
To that savage law—might makes right—we cling,
While the sweet song of Liberty we sing.

Pointing with one hand to Freedom's fair crown
With the other holding the toiler down,
Forcing him to work for another's gain,
Though his love ones die of hunger's pain.

The brightest and brainiest writers
In the magazines today are all socialists.
The capitalists say, "Blessed are the meek,
For we can pick their pockets in peace."

The bloody Czar has a new scheme
He is going to Odessa many of whose
citizens have been butchered by his orders.
The streets cry aloud for the blood of the Czar and he is afraid. So he is going to travel surrounded by babies, babies of the citizens of Odessa.

If a bomb is hurled it will kill the babies as well as the Czar. The picture of the Czar is contemptible. Turning himself into a nurse girl to escape death.

The workingmen have the numbers and the votes. It is up to them to stop the plunderers who rob labor. The only thing that allows the fool worker to be robbed is the fool worker.

Socialism stands for the abolition of the robbery of the workers.

Recommended As An Ideal Remedy



W. S. BOND, Esq.

Lloydtown, Ont., March 10th, 1909.
"For some years I have been greatly troubled with headaches and indigestion, brought on by stomach disorders, constipation and biliousness. I had tried many remedies with only indifferent success, until 'Fruit-a-tives' came to my notice. Being a general store-keeper, I was selling a good many 'Fruit-a-tives' to my customers and, remarking how pleased they were with the results obtained from using 'Fruit-a-tives,' I decided to try them and, I might say, the effects were almost magical. Headaches and biliousness disappeared and to-day I recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' to my customers as 'An ideal remedy.'"

"I might also add that about three years ago I was laid up with LUMBAGO AND SCIATICA—couldn't get out of bed or lift one foot over the other. A good treatment of 'Fruit-a-tives' cured me of these pains and banished the Sciatica and Lumbago so that to-day I am as well as ever and can lift anything necessary."
(Signed) W. S. BOND.

Beware

Have you always been respected by your neighbors?

Do they ask your advice on all important matters?

Do they all speak well of you and point you out as a leading citizen and a pillar of society?

Has no one ever said that you were beside yourself?

Or called you crazy, or a pestilent fellow?

Have you never been accused of associating with publicans and sinners or of stirring up the people, or of turning the world upside down?

In short are you thoroughly respectable? Then beware; you are on the downward road; you are in bad company.

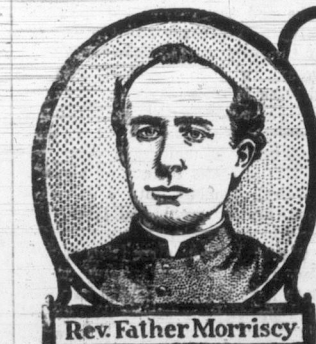
Mend your ways or you can claim no kinship with the saints and heroes who were before you.—Ex.

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Rev. Father Morrissey

"Father Morrissey's No. 10" Cures Coughs, Colds and Lung Troubles.

Father Morrissey's remedies have been known for years throughout the Maritime Provinces, and thousands testify to the remarkable cures they have wrought.

The very same remedies, with all their healing virtues, prepared from the late priest's prescriptions, are now on sale throughout the Province of Quebec.

The "Lung Tonic," commonly known as "Father Morrissey's No. 10," is one of the best remedies ever put up for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and lung troubles of all kinds. It removes the mucus, quickly drives away the inflammation and congestion and heals the membranes, leaving them stronger than before and better able to resist disease.

"No. 10" is absolutely free from Opium, Morphine or any harmful drug, and is perfectly safe even for babies.

Trial size 25c. per bottle. Regular size 50c.

At your dealer's.

Father Morrissey Medicine Co. Ltd. Chatham, N.B.

SOCIALISM FOR THE SOCIALISTS

By Robert Blatchford.

The great Mr. Balfour has made his great speech, and the great Tory Party is preparing for its fight. Tantantara, tzing boom!

Between you, me, and the gatepost, I should not think the above terrific facts worth talking about, were it not that several good Socialists have intimated that I am expected to say something.

But why, because a quite disingenuous professional politician talks an infinite deal of nothing, should a busy and somewhat bored Socialist be called upon to answer him? Mr. Balfour's great speech? Pish! A real man, who meant anything, could make a better speech with a pair of bellows.

Why should I say anything? Why should any honest sensible person say anything? Say something about nothing? Why?

Can anybody explain to me why anybody else imagines that Mr. Balfour matters? On what does the right honorable gentleman's reputation rest? What has Mr. Balfour ever done?

Say something? I have said it. I have said it all over and over again. I have been saying it for twenty years.

Socialism is the only remedy. Socialism means Britain for the British. Socialism does not mean a little bit of Britain for the British; it means the whole of Britain for all the British. Socialism does not mean a halfpenny in the pound; it means twenty shillings in the pound.

Socialism does not mean a tax on American canned meat, nor a tax on Swedish clothes pegs, nor a tax on German toasting forks. It means that the whole of the land shall belong to the whole of the people; and that the whole of the produce shall belong to the producer. Socialism does not mean the succession of paltry bargains with Liberal politicians; it means that the British people shall own their native country, and that the worker shall enjoy the product of his work. Socialism is not Free Trade; it is not free love; it is not mob rule. It is Socialism—the only remedy. The only remedy.

All the other remedies are shams. All the men who sell the other remedies are quacks. You cannot get a man off your back without getting him off. If he remains on he is not off. He may be the most polite, or plausible, or aristocratic burden ever borne. But there he is: on your back.

If a man is robbing you, he is a thief. He may give you reasons in seven languages why he should rob you, or why you would starve if he did not rob you; and he remains a thief. He remains a thief until he ceases to rob you. If he is a professional thief who has no other means of livelihood than stealing, you cannot stop his robberies without seriously imperilling the sources of his income. That is obvious. Anyone who tells you that is not true is deceiving you.

Mr. Balfour tells us that the issue is between Tariff Reform and Socialism. Nothing of the sort. The issue is between the bitter and the bitter; between the workers and the parasites.

Here is Lord Avebury weeping bitter tears over the coast armaments. How many Dreadnoughts could we build for the amount we pay annually in rent?

Mr. Balfour informs an intelligent and discerning public that we cannot "abolish poverty by abolishing riches." Has any lunatic suggested the abolition of riches? I have never heard of him.

The Budget does not abolish riches; it is intended, to a very limited extent, to transfer riches; but not to abolish them.

The Budget will not put a tax of a halfpenny in the pound on a part of the incomes of the rich men. The working man already pays a tax of four pounds on every pound he spends in tobacco. Last year I paid a tax of a shilling in the pound on every pound I earned by my own work. The Government takes this money from us for the use of the State. It does not destroy the money we pay; it transfers it. It will not destroy the money it takes from the dukes, it will transfer it.

If a gang of brigands hold me up and rob me, they do not destroy my money, they transfer it. If the police arrest the brigands and return

my money to me, they do not destroy the money; they transfer it.

Socialists do not propose to destroy wealth. They simply propose to prevent those who produce no wealth from robbing those who do produce wealth.

Socialism is not a thief; it is a policeman. It does not say, "Thou shalt not produce," nor "Thou shalt not enjoy," it says, "Thou shalt not steal."

Mr. Balfour knows this perfectly well, but—the right honorable gentleman's right honorable conscience is not in my keeping.

Why Mr. Balfour does not speak the truth is his own affair, not mine. I deal simply with the fact, and the fact is that what Mr. Balfour says is false.

Mr. Balfour's remedy is Tariff Reform. Tariff Reform is a pig in a poke. What is it? What will it do? Mr. Balfour does not say, does not know, does not care; his object is to sell the thing—if only the fools will buy. Let them buy if they like. But do not let any Socialist waste time over a name.

Free Trade is a failure, Mr. Balfour says. Quite so. Free Trade means free competition. The Socialist is opposed to competition. The Socialists have no more concern with Free Trade or Tariff Reform than with Puseyism or the Flat Earth theory. The Socialist wants Britain for the British; the producer for the producer; nothing less will content him; nothing else interest him.

Not many days ago I saw a good and clever woman serving refreshments in a beer garden. I found upon inquiry that she worked, and worked hard, from 7 a.m. until 2 a.m., a total of nineteen hours out of the twenty-four.

Tariff Reform would not help that woman. She was a German woman, in Germany. She had got Tariff Reform already, and nineteen hours work a day along with it.

Would Free Trade help her? Ask about the seamstress, the match-box maker, and the domestic servant in the home of Free Trade, England.

Come now! What have we to do with the Arthur Balfours and the Winston Churchills and the rest of them? And why should I be troubled to reply to their windy aspirations of forced breath? Let them bray; we Socialists have work to do.

In this great country, over which by turns the Balfours and the Asquiths rule, there are many tragic figures. Here are two of them, known to us all; present always to the national conscience. One is the worked-out laborer, who has worked for half a century like a beast of burden, and now in his old age can choose between a pension of five shillings a week and the workhouse; the other is the unemployed worker who still able and willing to work, can find no work to do.

Contrast these tragic figures, for whom the Balfours and the Asquiths have no help and no commiseration, with the figures of the noble dukes, whose defence the Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour is so eloquent and zealous.

The Duke of Portland owns 180,000 acres of land. He has a mansion in London, a palace in England, and three palaces in Scotland. And there are many richer than he.

Consider the difference between the duke and the pauper, between the duke and the unemployed workman, between the duke and the laborer, or the seamstress, or the brave little woman who carries beer jugs for nineteen hours a day.

Is there any justice, or reason, or manliness in a nation which tolerates such inequalities? Can any system of ethics be bent by plausible political humbug into a defence of such brutal greed and pitiful misery?

Can Free Trade alter these things? Can Tariff Reform alter them? Both have been tried; both have failed. Mr. Balfour knows it. All the political hanky-panky men know it. Socialism is the only remedy.

You cannot get a man off your back without getting him off. You cannot give your earnings to a lord or a master and keep them for your wives and children. Land is the source of wealth. While the land is held by a few, the many will be poor.

We do not want to destroy riches; we want to possess them. We do not want to destroy the land; we want to possess it. We cannot have the land for the people and leave it for the dukes. We cannot have the produce for the producer, if we allow it to be taken by the non-producer.

We cannot have Socialism without Socialism. We want Socialism, and we will

not be content with anything but Socialism. Nothing else will do; nothing else is any use.

I have said all this before. I have said it over and over again. I have been saying it for twenty years. I have said it until I am tired of saying it. I have said it until I am sick of saying it. I have said it until I am weary of hearing it. I have said it until many of those whom I taught to say it are turning upon me with reproaches and are drifting off into new Shibboleths and weak compromises.

But it is true. It was always true. It will always be true. The great Mr. Balfour's great speech has not altered a word of the gospel.

Socialism is our remedy: the only remedy. Socialism for the Socialists!

WORLD-WIDE SOCIALISM

Progress of the Movement in the Various Parts of the World

Hall Caine, the English novelist, has joined the socialists.

During the last election in Chili the socialist members increased from three to five.

The Spanish socialists have started a fund for the launching of a Spanish daily socialist paper.

The general elections in Norway are about to take place and the socialists expect to make big gains.

It is reported from Barcelona that the advocate who prosecuted Ferrer has been assassinated.

The Socialists of Anderson, Ind., have a good chance to elect a Mayor. Debs has been helping in the campaign.

The representatives of twenty thousand dues paying Swiss socialists met in Basle on October 23rd in annual congress.

The Spanish Cabinet has resigned and a Liberal cabinet has taken its place. The new cabinet will be as reactionary as its predecessor.

A Jesuit College has been opened in Chicago. The Jesuits make trouble wherever they go and are fleeing to America, Europe having got too hot for them.

Edward F. Cassidy, Socialist candidate for Mayor of New York city, was hooted by a gang of Wall Street messenger boys when he mounted the soap box in that street.

The Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor has issued an appeal for funds for the Swedish strikers. This is a result of Gompers' trip to Europe.

Gompers has refused to be welcomed by soldiers on his return from Europe. The pacifist and anti-militarist socialists of Europe have influenced him in the right direction.

At the recent byelection in Coburg, Germany, the socialists won out. This is a new constituency gained for socialism. The triumph is all the more striking as the district was considered a safe one by the National Liberals.

Four thousand soldiers have deserted from the U. S. army this year. Moreover the Appeal to Reason has been flooding the army posts with socialist literature. The army cannot be relied upon altogether to fight their comrades of the industrial field.

The "Review of Reviews" and "The World Today," two plume magazines of the States, have been informing their readers that the Swedish strike was called off by the strikers on Sept. 6th, as a failure. The strike is still on and may last all winter.

The problem of the unemployed is rapidly increasing in Great Britain. The individualistic rich men of Great Britain are powerless before the economic conditions and will probably be swept out of existence on a sea of blood if the socialists do not gain power shortly.

John Murray, Secretary of the Political Defence League, was arrested by a lettre de cachet at San Antonio during Taft's visit and has instituted a \$25,000 action for damages against Wilkie, Chief of the U. S. secret service. The police methods in the U. S. are coming to rival those of Russia.

A Congressional Committee is busy investigating charges of peonage against the big corporations in and about Chicago. The conditions exposed last summer by the Chicago Daily Socialist in the Argo plant of the Corn Products Co. were worse than those in the Canadian G. T. P. camps.

A hot election fight is on in the Bermondsey division of London, Eng. Dr. Salter is the socialist candidate. It is felt that the election is important as Bermondsey is considered the barometer of public feeling. Which way Bermondsey goes goes

the general elections. If Dr. Salter wins it will put fear into the hearts of all who fear their great possessions.

Since Taft and Diaz met the U. S. police have been hunting Mexicans and flinging them into American jails. Bloody Diaz has evidently pleased Injunction Bill and his corpulency has ordered the U. S. police to do the dirty bidding of the slave president. The common people of America are becoming roused and Taft may find himself in the same position as is Alphonso.

Paterson, N. J., has a bureaucracy of police which has forbidden the socialists to speak on the streets. In Philadelphia Emma Goldman has been prevented from addressing audiences in halls and from even receiving friends in her own apartments at her hotel. The freedom of speech guaranteed by the American constitution is a thing of the past. It has been nullified by police rule.

William English Walling, the magazine writer, declares that the death of Ferrer has given a great impetus to the anti-church movement. The pope is not only prisoner in his palace but his bishops are getting mobbed and Merry del Val dare not appear on the streets. The blood of the martyrs is the death of church tyranny.

Gypsy Smith led twelve thousand persons in a procession through the red light district of Chicago for the Glory of God and the conversion of the denizens. The result has been a vast increase in the business done by the vicious resorts. It was the best advertisement the district had had for a long time.

The November McClure's has a long article describing the white slave traffic of New York. Young girls are entrapped into vice and shipped to Panama, Australia, the Yukon and even to China and other Asiatic countries. Tammany has made hundreds of thousands of dollars out of this traffic.

President Taft's western trip has been a complete frost. Indignation meetings against his confab with Butcher Diaz were held wherever he went and the secret police had to suspend the constitutional guarantees and hustle peaceful citizens off to jail without warrant in order to preserve even a semblance of peace for Taft.

The state of Illinois passed a law limiting the employment of women in industrial establishments to ten hours a day. A judge, Tutthill by name has declared the law unconstitutional as it interfered with the freedom of contract and proprietary rights. Tutthill's daughter is the wife of a millionaire woman sweated. Hence the judgment.

AUSTRALIA.

The Queensland General Elections resulted in the return of forty-one Ministerialists, twenty-seven Labor members, and four Independents.

FRANCE.

A committee has been formed of "National Protest" to combat by every possible means the increase in the price of common tobacco. The committee appeals to all smokers, and especially to Press-men, for support.

BELGIUM.

The Belgian proletariat has sustained a severe loss in the death of Pierre Fluché, poet and veteran of the Old International, who passed away at Verviers on October 5, after a cruel illness. Fluché was born at Hodimont in 1841, the son of a proletarian parents. When hardly more than a boy, he made the tour through France, which he described so poetically during his later years, and during this tour he joined the International. He was one of the favorite orators, and one of the most ardent workers for the cause in Verviers. He became a collaborator in the "Mirabeau," and from that time his popularity was assured. No one has ever made the characters of the hard-working population of Franchimont live as he did in his writings. To trace the diverse phases of this noble and fruitful career, it would be necessary to relate a great deal of the history of the Socialist movement in Belgium, for both are closely bound up with the other. When the sad news of the death was made known, the red flag on the Maison du Peuple was lowered to half-mast.

GERMANY.

The Landtag election in Sonneberg, Saxe-Meiningen, brought a great victory to the Social-Democrats. They retained seven seats, and won two more from the Radicals, among them Eisfeld, hitherto a Radical stronghold.

Resolution by Montreal Local

At a public meeting, held under the auspices of the English Branch of the Socialist party of Canada, in the Labor Temple, Sunday last, it was moved by G. Desmond, seconded by C. Levesque, that the following resolution should be accepted, and addressed to the press:

"Resolved, that this meeting joins with the revolutionary workers and thinkers of the world in all countries in protest against the assassination of our Comrade Ferrer, in Spain, and also that this should only spur us forward in our efforts, to abolish the tyranny which has removed our comrade until tyranny is itself broken and the work-ers come to their own."

Unanimously resolved. Comrade George Edward acting as chairman.

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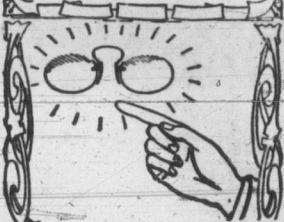
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NOW IS THE TIME FOR AN AGITATION LEAGUE

If Cotton's is to Get That 10,000 Circulation

Propaganda Hustlers Voice Their Confidence and Faith in Cotton's and Show How the Circulation Ladder Can be Climbed

THE time has now arrived when an Agitation League is urgently necessary in connection with Cotton's, to help boost along the circulation to the 10,000 mark.

Comrades on the firing line have been urging on and off that there was much need for an Agitation League.

There must be many comrades who want to help in the PROPAGANDA WORK, but have not time to hunt up names or canvass for subs.

To such, the Agitation League should be a welcome opportunity. All that will be necessary to enroll, will be to forward the amount they can spare for propaganda, and let Cotton's place the subs to the best advantage or where most needed, on the advice of comrades.

We have lists of districts where socialism has no foothold. There are thousands of little towns and villages in Canada where valuable educational work can be done, and the voters reached with our propaganda.

Who will be the first on the Agitation League? Will some comrade come forward before next issue and start the League humming on its mission of spreading our propaganda in Canada.

Cotton's is over the third rung in the Circulation Ladder, but there is seven more to climb before it will be high enough to see all that capitalism is doing, and put it before the world fearlessly.

Read below what some of Cotton's hustlers and subscribers have to say about 10,000 and other matters: Let the good work go, on till Cotton's has a solid phalanx from Atlantic to Pacific.

A LIVE WIRE FROM THE WEST.

Here is a live wire from Com. Wm. Watts, who has been travelling through the wheat towns of the west: It shows the need of an Agitation League.

"Dear Comrade—Just a few lines to let you know that I am still keeping up the fire, have still got a bunch of names for Manitoba yet, but am working in Saskatchewan now and hope to send in a bunch for that province. I am pleased to notice the subs going in, but would like to see the firing line take up the whole of the page. I ask the comrades to send in a bunch of trials, surely most of them have a dollar to spare for the cause. Hunt up a few names and send them in with a small amount and help to scatter Cotton's all over the Dominion of Canada. Get the comrades who can't afford to send in a dollar to send in a bunch of names and perhaps the Comrade that can't get the names can supply the money. I am determining to spend a dollar a week for the cause and I may be in want of a few names myself, so let's all pull together for the next elections and help clear the Houses of Parliament of the grafters that now represent the people for the benefit of their own pockets. So here goes another dollar with ten names. Yours for the revolution."

BRITISH COLUMBIA SPEAKS

The following from British Columbia is interesting. Read it.

"Dear Cotton's—Your path may seem rather hard and the immediate results of your work may not appear large to you, so I thought that a few words of encouragement from a far distant comrade might cheer you up a little.

I wish to express my admiration for your splendid paper and the magnificent manner in which it advocates the cause of Socialism and I can assure you that the seed you are now sowing will result in a bountiful harvest of converts and before long. There is more attention being paid to Socialism just now than to any other political issue.

You had a good eye when you picked out Bellamy's parable of the "Water Tank." I think it is the finest piece of propaganda matter ever published. You may talk Social economics to the average working

plug (like myself) until you are black in the face, but let him read that parable and it will immediately soak into his "think tank."

I should like to see that parable printed on a single sheet and placed in the hands of every working man in Canada and I will send a dollar myself (out of what little the plutes let me have) to help the thing along.

You asked your subscribers to make any suggestions that would be helpful to the cause, I hope this may help and if you put a subscription blank to "Cotton's" on the bottom of each leaflet it might help us to get that 10,000 Circulation we need so much for the good of the cause.

Nelson Subscriber."

HITS THE NAIL SQUARELY.

Com. W. R. Hibberd comes at it in this characteristic manner. Hits the nail on the head:

"Dear Comrade—I read your appeal for support in last issue and I fully realize the pressure and hardships the worthy little fighting organ of the proletariat is undergoing and I wish I could do more for its upkeep and establishment than I now do. Cotton's needs fuel to keep the pressure up to drive the Socialist movement forward to make men of slaves, to educate and uplift the working class of Canada. If comrades of the S. P. of C. realize the power of the press as an educative medium they certainly could do a little more than they do. Now get busy comrades make it your business to get a new subscriber by next issue, and keep at it. You do not need to stand by while others are doing their utmost; swell the army of sub hustlers by doubling it. You have a press; keep it; it is not run for profit; so give it food; keep it alive. Deliver the goods in the way of new subscribers, so that Cotton's may develop to a fighting force to be reckoned with."

IN A HURRY FOR 10,000.

Com. Geo. Toseland, of Dauphin, cartoonist, takes an infatigable interest in Cotton's. He does it thusly:

"Dear Editor—Enclosed find enough to cover four yearlies and five trials. I want to congratulate you on the improvement in your "our" paper. I expect Webb is back by now. Tell him to keep in the footsteps of Wayland when he runs a two-horse paper in a one-horse office. Say, sometime when you get space, just throw in Warren's "Boy Town Railway." You must excuse my scribbling, I cannot sit still until we reach the turning point. I cannot stand the soap box; my vocal organs are very weak, so I must scribble. If my dope don't hit, burn it. I'm nothing out."

Yours in a hurry for 10,000."

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

Another hustler shows the spirit necessary to secure the subs needed for Cotton's. Com. Geo. Faulkner, of Conjur Creek, Alta., blazes the trail in this fashion:

"Please find enclosed list of scalps and \$2 to pay their way, they will be on the 10,000 and perhaps I can catch some more when the snow comes so that I can track them. If every comrade would be on the alert for subs they would soon send ten thousand home. Tell the boys to get busy. Cotton's has got the goods and it is up to us to distribute it. All together now and we'll shake this nation from centre to circumference.

Yours in the Revolution."

THE POCKET LIBRARY

A comrade in Northern Ontario finds the "Pocket Library," which can be obtained from Cotton's Book Dept., a good paying venture. He conducts a store, so was able to place the sixty little books in a prominent place on the counter, marking on the box "5c each." He says: "I have sold half the books already. It's a good paying proposition. In a couple of cases I gave a book free, and one of them came back and got another pamphlet, paying for the first one, too. If any of your readers are selling books, let them try this game. It spreads the light and is profitable as well."

FROM THE SHOULDER

Here you are, right from the shoulder, from a western farmer;

"I first learned of your existence in our mutual friend the little Appeal, and intended to send for your paper, but didn't. However, someone a socialist friend, must have sent you my name because a short time ago I received a sample copy of your paper. We certainly need somebody to wake up the working and farming class in Canada and in order to help you I hereby send you my own sub, and one of a friend. If I can be of any service to you out here in a community of farmers in Alberta, don't be backwards in calling on me. I am living in the Edmonton district but I did not vote for any of the old parties last election, because I believe they are too rotten for an honest man's vote."

Cotton's was the Socialist friend. See the good work a sample will accomplish.

A COPY WORTH SUB PRICE.

This comes from Com. Wood, Manitoba:

"I received a sample copy sent to my address. Am so pleased with your paper that I send in my subscription with another who has read it. The educational matter contained in this copy alone is worth the subscription price."

Your paper should have a circulation of at least 50,000 in Canada. Many a poor fellow I suppose would gladly subscribe for it if he could afford to do without his whisky and cigars. How can you educate such people? The fact of the matter is, society has been lulled to sleep by the church and the press and it will take some awful force to string it into life."

Make Cotton's the force.

A MERCHANT TALKS.

This is from an Ontario merchant: "I am a retail store-keeper and convinced that we will have to disappear sooner or later. And the sooner we get into the ranks of the international socialists, the better. We have nothing to lose but a whole lot to win."

BE ON THE LOOKOUT.

Comrade Wm. Allen, of Sydney Mines, gets round it this way: "Our way of getting subs is for all to be on the lookout, and recommend names to Com. Kernick, who supplies the physics. We earnestly hope to see Cotton's up to the 10,000 mark in the near future."

GETS INTERESTED.

A Saskatchewan comrade says that: "Since I have subscribed for your paper, I have become interested and wish to introduce Cotton's to some of my friends." He sent a bunch of subs and ordered some copies of "Merrie England."

GOOD LITERATURE

A word from Com. Karley, of Chesley, Ont.: "I received your Pocket Library of Socialism, and like it fine, as they are good pamphlets to hand out, for they are not long and people are more apt to read them on that account."

DOING GOOD WORK.

This emanates from an Ontario comrade: "Yours to hand re bundle. Find enclosed a plunk to renew same. I cover about 65 miles per week gathering cream, and am opening some eyes with Cotton's."

A POSTMASTER TALKS.

Says a postmaster: "I greatly enjoy Cotton's, and will try and interest my neighbors in the questions of the day which you discuss, and try and get them to see your side of the story."

GOOD LITTLE PAPER.

Says Com. Volland of Calgary: "I enclose postal note for which I want your really good little paper for one year."

FIRING LINE

From Will. Shier, Toronto, comes a half-yearly sub.

W. R. Farrell of North Bay, Ont., subscribes for a year.

A. J. Gordon sends in two yearly postcards from Lachine, Que.

Chas. Sandquist, of Dominion, Y. T. forwards two yearlies.

Jos. Rummion, of Sedley, Alta., becomes a reader for six months.

M. Marawtebik, of Port Cobalt, Ont., has captured another yearly.

Alex. Lyons of Toronto sends along a yearly and a trial. The Toronto list is looking up.

Geo. Penfold is again on the firing line. This time he bags eight trials, all for Guelph, Ont.

W. B. Burk, of Springfield, Ill., sends in his sub for a year. Says that Cotton's is a fine paper.

A. W. Galloway, of Strathroy, Ont., renews his sub to Cotton's.

Robt. Murray, of Hamilton, Ont., comes along with a year's sub for himself and another for a neighbor.

F. Reynolds, of Beaver Point, B. C. writes, "Keep carrying the big light and things will come your way." To back up his statement he sends along two yearly subs.

H. G. Ross, of Glace Bay, N. S., sends in five yearlies, seven halves and seven trials. As Comrade Gribble found, Glace Bay is ripe for the revolution.

B. Wing, of Brockville, Ont., forwards a yearly, and two halves. Every new reader of Cotton's means another nail in the coffin of Canadian capitalism.

Mrs. M. C. Smith, of Cornwall, Ont., renews her sub for Cotton's Weekly. Declares that she would miss it exceedingly if anything should happen that she could not get the paper.

H. C. Besant, of Red Deer, Alta., sends along a yearly and a renewal for a friend. Says that circumstances over which he had no control in the economic line kept him from subscribing sooner.

Wm. J. Warren, of Cardston, Alta., takes a yearly and a trial, both for himself. He takes the two copies that he may have an extra one to hand to friends whom he thinks ripe for the socialist doctrine.

Three papers intended for J. T. McKenzie, G. Watson, and A. M. Mullan, of Dominion, Cape Breton, recently arrived in Dominion, Yukon Territory. Thus does Cotton's travel. Two new subs are in as a result of this misdelivery.

S. Robrag, of Montreal, lands with a yearly, two halves and five trials. Says this was the result of ten minutes work, and that it is easy to get subs for Cotton's. "In the name of the revolution," he adds, "I demand of the Comrades to secure one reader a month and fifty thousand circulation will be accomplished in a short time."

Two yearlies, one half and twenty-eight trials have been received from Brockville, Ont. Comrade LaFlaver, Wing, Stewart and others are the responsible parties. The comrades of Brockville write in that they have been meeting some Montreal men who declared that socialism was sweeping through Montreal on winged wheels. The Comrades add that Cotton's is getting better all the time.

Gerald Desmond sends along two yearlies from Elk Lake, Ont. Comrade Desmond was billed to speak in Elk Lake at the local but skipped out to escape the ordeal and landed in Cowansville to see what Cotton's Weekly looked like in the making. The Editor nabbed him before he could make a get-away again and took him to Montreal and hoisted him on the soap box at St. Lawrence Market. The Editor also nabbed him for a spiel in Cowansville in the Town Hall which is scheduled to take place on Friday, the 29th. So Comrade Desmond found that in flying from one box he struck two.

The revolutionary spirit is growing in Montreal. Every little while the organized comrades run across a little centre of socialist activity which they did not suspect. The question of Capital and Labor is uppermost. Two advocates of Montreal have recently become socialists. One has joined the new Westmount Local. The other cannot join for business reasons but he is helping on the movement all he can. A Montreal doctor has been discovered with strong socialist opinions and a circle of friends whom he has been gradually influencing in the direction of the Revolution. A Roman Catholic priest is about to be expelled from the church of Rome for advocating socialist doctrines. On my way to Montreal last week I began to converse with a Montreal advocate. He did not know who I was and spoke quite sympathetically of the hard fight the workingmen have to undergo to make both ends meet. When I told him I was a socialist he would not talk. He was a French Catholic and his business would be ruined if it were known that he sympathized with socialist ideals. The light is breaking in dark places.

Chas. H. Lowthian, of Elk Lake, Ont., sends along two yearlies and remarks that a Socialist Local has been formed in that locality. According to reports the revolutionists of Elk Lake have done their work pretty thoroughly and have made most of the miners of that place thorough going revolutionaries. The mineowners cannot discriminate by sacking a socialist and replacing him with a nonsocialist because there are no nonsocialists in that neck of the woods.

C. A. Carlson, of Edmonton, Alta., lands with three trials. He reports that Comrade Haywood has been in Edmonton stirring up the boys. Haywood has been in Toronto and shocked the plutocratic press by declaring that bullets were a persuasive argument against tyranny. The plutocratic press would like to have the workingmen be peaceable and not object when a plute organization wants a few of them hung.

P. D. Mills, of Vancouver, B. C., enclosing two yearlies, writes as follows, "Just to keep the B. C. boys ahead of my old province of Nova Scotia and to help in overtaking Quebec and eventually Ontario in the matter of "Sub Hustling." I believe in this kind of competition, as it is the cleanest as well as the most valuable kind of sport."

Cobalt Miners' Union No. 146 takes twenty-five copies of Cotton's for a year. The Miners' Union have their treasury pretty well ripped up with death dues and sick benefits. The typhoid epidemic struck them hard and it speaks well of the revolutionary steadfastness of the union that they still have time and money to devote to the socialist cause.

A SOLITARY BRICKBAT.

A man rejoicing in the appropriate name of "Knight," sends in the following from Moncton, N. B.: "You have been sending your foolish paper to my address. I gave you no permission to do so. Kindly discontinue sending same as it only goes into the waste basket." The darkness of night refuses the needed light.

SAYS IT'S SPLENDID.

Comrade McInnis, Phoenix, B. C., says "Cotton's is a splendid propaganda paper."

Socialism is to the fore. There is hardly a magazine or publication of any standing but what has some reference to it from time to time. Go where you will, all over the world, the finger of socialism points the way of progress for the human race.

Read the socialist papers and learn the why of things that are now bothering your untutored thinker.

You workers are easy. Shank's mare for yours. Automobiles for the boss.

COMRADES, this week's issue of Cotton's is a splendid propaganda sheet. If you appreciate this kind of paper, let us feel your appreciation either in subs, or by joining the League, by November 10th next. We are carrying a heavy load. Will you get into harness. By November 10th remember.

What It Costs to Print Cotton's

Following are the expenditure and receipts for Cotton's from Jan. 1st, to Sept. 30th, 1909:

Ordinary Expenditure.....	\$2,361.43
Capital.....	755.93
Total.....	3,117.36
Cash Received.....	1,563.87
Deficit.....	1,553.49

PARTY NOTES

A new local has been started at Elk Lake, Ont.

Toronto local is agitating for a book room on one of the public streets, after the pattern of that conducted in Patterson, N. J., which has been very successful.

Organizer Gribble will be in Montreal on Saturday, Oct. 30th, on his way to Toronto from the Maritime Provinces.

Montreal local has found the old headquarters too small, and have secured a new home. The new headquarters are situated at 22 St. Lawrence. All socialists visiting Montreal will be sure of a warm welcome. The movement is going ahead in Montreal.

Maritime Provinces Organization Fund

Following are further contributors to the Maritime Provinces Organization Fund:

Previously acknowledged.....	\$108.30
English Branch, Toronto.....	6.60
Com. Jas. Simpson.....	1.00
Total.....	\$115.90

EXPENDITURES

Previously Reported.....	\$80.08
Paid W. Gribble.....	18.00
Postage.....	33
Total.....	\$98.41

Amt. on hand Oct. 21, 09.....\$17.49
Yours in Revolt
ROSCOE A. FILLMORE.
Secy: Organization Com., Albert, Albert Co. N. B.

Propaganda at Brantford

Brantford Local held a very successful propaganda hall meeting the other night. Comrade F. Watkinson spoke on "What Socialism Means." He dealt at length with the position of the working class today, how they were robbed as producers of the fruits of their labor. He spoke of the many remedies brought forth by would-be-saviors of society to cure the social problem. Labor unionism, reforms, capitalistic virtues were all dealt with.

More especially was Watkinson "death" on the "labor leader" who received the approval of the capitalist press. He showed this gentry up in fine style and his audience evidently saw the point.

His handling of the many questions that were put to him was a most effective piece of propaganda in itself. He shook the stuffing out of such fallacies as the class struggle on the industrial field, "finding" work for the unemployed and the question of a "fair" wage.

Brantford local is satisfied with their first attempt this fall at indoor propaganda and intend to make further use of the "speakers class" members of Toronto Local.

Keep hustling to be happy. But let the hustling be for the best cause on earth. The socialist cause.

A NEW SERIAL STORY

TOILERS AND IDLERS

By John R. McMahon

Copyright, 1907 by
John R. McMahon

A rich young man, tired of a monotonous life, goes to work in a New York iron foundry, which he discovers to be his own property. He lives in the East Side, meets many surprising characters, and has a variety of adventures. His social studies are interwoven with his relations to three young women of diverse charm, a working-girl agitator, a girl who paints, and one who belongs to high society. Scenes of uptown life contrast vividly with the world of labor. A powerful romance of real people and things.

CHAPTER II.

But he was surprised and a trifle hurt by a judgment that tallied with the attitude of the gatekeeper and the men about the cupola. He had long held the doctrine that blood tells; he owned to a definite if modest sense of his superiority. He had been sure that gentle birth was distinguishable, especially by one's inferiors. Did not one's features alone proclaim heritage and culture? The broad brow under sandy hair, the incurious gray eyes, full ruddy cheeks, artistically loose lips—tightened at the thought—ought to have told something. He was clever witty, able to talk on music, women's dress, painting, cooking; had an excellent knowledge of dogs, and horses and auto boats; danced well and played every fashionable game. No one, it had seemed, could fail to appreciate the erect, forward carriage of well padded shoulders, the manicured white hands that never rested, the smile on smooth, ample lips, the low-pitched voice, the bored droop of the eyelashes, and even the manner of smoking a cigarette.

Of course, one could not display such traits to advantage in the present occupation.

These ideas were quickly displaced by a sense of reminiscence that had been struggling in his mind. Until now the calamity of self and the stress of toil had kept down all lesser matters. The familiar note, as he gazed about the yard and at the low brick buildings, connected itself for a moment with dreams and pictures. Then his thoughts leaped to the simplest explanation. It was incredibly absurd.

He had not noticed the name of the firm on the application blank. There was a placard on the nearby wall and he walked toward it in order to verify fantastic suspicion.

"You greeny, quit mooning! Come here and shovel coke." The cupola boss had a peremptory voice.

Renson had to bear suspense for awhile. He took a tined fork, not unlike that which farmers use in pitching hay, and joined the other laborer. The coke lay in a pile of silvery gray fragments the size of coal, and a fork seemed a strange tool with which to toss it on the elevator; but it was very light and easily handled, and it tinkled musically as it fell. By the time he had pitched enough coke and helped load another ear of pig, he had almost forgotten to look at the placard.

There was a new interest, too, in the advancing operations; the greater activity and bustle of the men, outside and in. Being sent up to the charging platform of the cupola, he had a look at the interior of the monster that devoured so much coal, iron, oyster shells, coke and limestone. The cavernous stomach pipe, lined with bricks and clay, was filled with airy sheets of flame, blue and rose and violet mingling kaleidoscopically. The eager clouds of radiance were torn and scattered upward in a shapes of fantasy.

Soon, a humming roar proceeded from the cupola, as if the monster had become vocal in a new-found zest of appetite; sparks and flame sheets began to fly from the stack to the evening sky. A furnace spout, waist high, vented a black, viscous stream that spread into a glistening cake and hardened. The windows of the buildings on the right gave ruddy gleams. There was a creaking of machinery and shouts of men. The flame s at the stack darted higher; spreading like the petals of an angry flower, they threatened the roofs and caused an uneasy pulse of glare and gloom in the yard. A man

came out holding a red object with a pair of tongs; leaning back, he dropped the thing in a water tank, when there was a volcanic explosion and the water flew a dozen feet.

Renson found time to read the placard only when the whistle blew the end of the day's work. He was hugely delighted. He laughed. What a story for the Belvedere Club tonight! Perhaps there would be skeptics rash enough to wager it an invention; that would add to the sport. A bath, a change of linen, some canvasback, a salad, a bottle of Lafitte, cigars and coffee—the encounter with the skeptics and then a luxurious sleep.

"Say, you done well for a green hand," remarked the cupola boss, approaching. "You're ignorant, but willing."

"Thanks. That's very kind—" "You'll do, son. The foreman wants you inside to-morrow. You'll report to John Day."

Renson was struck by the idea of being depended upon. There was something friendly and heart-warming about these men. Moreover, he felt a little curious about the work inside, of which the afternoon's toil was evidently a detail. And now that one came to think of it, five hours ago he was considering ways and means. What then? Where as he had been restored to sane vigor. He wondered whether he ought to be grateful to anyone or anything.

At any rate, it would be worth while to carry on the adventure for another day. His brows knitted. He joined the hurrying, noisy procession of men and boys who swung empty dinner pails and put on their coats as they passed the arched gate.

A few blocks away in Scammel street, which was narrow, rather quiet and fronted with a better sort of tenements, Renson found an eating place. It bore the name Eureka restaurant, had clean windows, and occupied the first floor of a three-story house. The proprietor said that he had a good custom, merchants and clerks who did not live in the neighborhood. The choicest thing on the bill of fare this evening was bean soup, made by the proprietor's wife. Renson ate two large plates of soup and a half loaf of bread; nor did he regret the canvasback and Lafitte.

"Where you working?" asked the German as he paid at the desk.

"At the foundry."

"So. Maybe you new mans. I rent you room upstairs."

"I want a room for the night at least. Is there a bath?"

"Bath? My gracious. I tell you, we make a bath, mit pails of water hein!"

"All right. Let me see it."

The room was at the rear of the top floor. It was square, papered in pink flowers and carpeted with worn Brussels; it had a small coal stove, a bed with two feather ticks, a wash stand, a little table and two chairs. The guest being left alone with a candle—since too many people nowadays selbstmordern, so the gas was

FOOD FOR A YEAR

Meat	300 lbs.
Milk	240 lbs.
Butter	100 lbs.
Eggs	27 doz.
Vegetables	500 lbs.

This represents a fair ration for a man for a year.

But some people eat and eat and grow thinner. This means a defective digestion and unsuitable food. A large size bottle of

Scott's Emulsion

equals in nourishing properties ten pounds of meat. Your physician can tell you how it does it.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send the name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch-Book. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny.

SCOTT & BOWNE

126 Wellington Street, West Toronto, Ont.

turned off—tilted his chair, feet on window sill, and lit a cigarette. Some distance away there was a truck yard; men with whips and lanterns stamping about; shaggy big limbed horses gingerly descending an incline to their cellar stable. On the left the rows of tenement windows gave a clear idea of domestic operations in a dozen households.

At one window that had lace curtains and green shades sat a young girl working at a sewing machine. The light shone on her glossy black curls smoothly parted, and brought out a profile comely yet strong. The bent head never changed position, except once when she rose to get some white material; and the observer noticed the shapeliness of her short figure. On the opposite wall were pictures, and shelves of books.

Renson, starting to turn in between the two feather beds, surprised himself with a hearty laugh. The climax of the eventual day, the scene at the placard, was worthy a historical painting. It could be entitled, "The New Cortez, or, a Laborer Discovering that He is His Own Employer."

For he had considered the Atlantic Foundry, Renson & Sons, proprietors, merely as one of several properties that yielded a steady income and whose management did not interest him. Years since his father had taken him through the works. Since then all he knew about them was comprised in the annual statement of the long-trusted superintendent, a paternal protegee, so business-like that he insisted on being bonded and having a public accountant certify to his books. Therefore Renson only knew that the net profits fluctuated between twelve and eighteen per cent. It was as convenient as coupon bonds.

CHAPTER III.

"Williams, is my bath ready? Yesterday it was too hot. You're getting careless—unreliable. Who mentioned pails of water. I say, have that noise stopped."

Renson woke with a start. The foundry whistle was blowing; fifteen minutes after seven, and he must be at work. He threw on his clothes, took a swallow of Eureka coffee, put a roll in his pocket, and ran down the street. This running developed the stiff soreness in arms, legs and back, but the joints soon limbered and he had an exhilarating sense of vigor. A real handicap to speed was the tightness of the borrowed overalls over elegantly cut trousers, not to mention the toe-pinching of his patent leathers.

The morning air smelled good, bearing a whiff of the sea. Over the roofs between synagogue towers on this side the river and factory chimneys on the other, dawn was painting the leaden sky. A horse-car, picturesque relic, jangled the Grand street. Farmers returning from early market drove hooded wagons toward the ferry.

He passed the arched gate in the tail of the procession of workers as a bell was tolling notes of grace. A moment later and he would have been docked half an hour's pay. He entered the foundry, asked for John Day, and was sent to a short man with chubby red cheeks and grey hair who stood in the middle of the floor studying some varnished pieces of wood.

"New handy man, eh? What's your name son?" inquired the veteran moulder cheerfully.

"Otis,"—recollecting the application blank. It was in fact his first name.

"What do you know, Otis?"

"Nothing, I'm afraid."

"That's all right, you're young—"

"I am thirty years old."

"Just the right age to learn. I'm sixty. This is your first duty, son, he went on, placing a shovel in Renson's hand. "Keep an eye on this all day. Don't give it up. Afterward I'll show you where I hide it at night."

John Day left him to consult the foreman about a pattern.

The first view of the foundry was rather confusing. A long gloomy hall, lighted by wire-net windows, dusty enough and several broken. Shadowy black rafters criss-crossing the high places above. At equal distances across the hall two cranes triangles of massive timber, stood pivoted on one leg. The floor, mere

earth deeply layered with black sand was cluttered with sections of iron cylinders, boxes like those in the yard, queer shaped patterns, tools and what not. An odor of burnt sand, machine oil and damp earth. Many men were doing things all over the place—one delving in a pit, another perched on a sand pile, without seeming to mind the disorder.

Renson recalled the hasty visit to this place years ago with his father. He had found nothing to interest him. These toilers seemed scarcely human. As a dilettante in landscapes, one had been repelled by the shut-in ugliness. Machinery and all the processes of industry one had detested, taking credit to himself for a poetic, cultured taste. It came to him now that machinery might have some interest as the embodiment of thought, as the yoke-fellow of human labor.

Also he wondered, not without a flush, how many backs had been bent how many drops of sweat had fallen here in the last decade, to realize for a cultured taste an income of twelve to eighteen per cent.

"Let's have that shovel, it's mine, said a handsome well-formed young molder who came strolling up.

"I was told to keep it. But, of course, if it's yours—" Renson, admiring the features and stalwart figure, saw in time the deceptive glint in the dark Celtic eyes.

"Sure it's mine. Why don't you give it to me? Just tell the old man, Tom Locker took it."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Locker—"

"Go to hell," grumbled the shovel seeker in a tone of child-like disappointment. He walked away.

Renson became interested in the doings of the cupola boss at the end of the shop. He was raking cinders from his furnace, standing in a pit under the open trap door; only his long legs showed. He stooped down, kneaded balls of clay; and again went out of sight, except his legs.

A wizened-faced boy with a shrill voice ran up.

"John Day wants the shovel, young feller."

This time the precious tool was relinquished. A moment later John Day returned.

"That little rascal, Ohio Jimmy, did the trick," was the comment on Renson's report. "Now you've failed in your first duty."

"Shall I steal one?" asked the charged helper.

"Well, I doubt you'd succeed,"—with a twinkling blue eye.

Equipped with another shovel, the fruit of politeness rather than craft, Renson began to clear a space where the burnt sand from yesterday's cast lay in crisp hummocks. Bending low to the task, with heed to a suggestion on leverage, he scooped the black sand to one side. A layer of coarse cinders was put down. Now the bottom flask, twelve feet long and half as wide, was swung by the crane and laid in the cleared space. This box without top or bottom, on-ly sides and edge-up boards cut to fit the pattern, had to be adjusted carefully by the spirit level. Next Renson took turns with Day at shovelling sand into a round sieve—the riddle—and shaking it. The sifting kept out stray nails, lumps, pebbles and bugs—iron droppings. Mixing was a further important operation, the sand being combined with fresh yellow loam. After this the mixed sand was riddled into the flask until the traverse boards were well hid.

The two men took the pattern, a pine model of an engine bed plate, and laid it in the sand. It was hammered down with a mallet and proved by the spirit level. Renson, tired of shovel and riddle, gladly accepted an invitation to get on his knees and help press the sand around the sides of the pattern. But soon he had to be up and shovelling while Day alternately shook the sieve, walking backward over the box, and wielded a rammer. At length, the model being half buried, the rammed earth was levelled with a stick and smoothed with a trowel. Some fine white sand was sprinkled over all.

"Have we finished it?" asked Renson, not sweatless.

"My son—I was going to say, don't be like Lot's wife. Never mind. Fetch me the windbags."

"But why," persisted the helper, returning with a pair of bellows, do you take such pains with the level and all that?"

"Otis," said the old man, blowing the sand from interstices in the pattern. "I like your spirit, so I'll tell you. Melted iron is like a woman. She's gentle, delicate, obliging, if you treat her decent. Otherwise she may fuss and explode."

Another flask was shifted by the crane and placed on top, pins fitting into holes in the lower box.

"Sun about," said Day, which

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 20 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Junk" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulence. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

meant that both men, balancing the box on its handles, should push from right to left. This operation, to be repeated afterwards, would insure a fit, despite the chance of loose pins.

A layer of fine sand was sifted through the upper box. Renson fetched a pail of orange-hued clay-water, in which some iron hooks were dipped, and then placed upright at intervals along the cross boards. The hooks, Day said, were to hold the sand together when the upper flask was lifted; in fact, both cross boards and hooks served no other purpose than to solidify the tons weight of sand; 'twas like the bony framework of law stiffening unstable flesh and blood. There was more shovelling by the assistant and ramming by the molder, which seemed the easiest work; but evidently the latter require some peculiar skill.

When the sand reached the top of the box, Renson felt he had never worked so hard in his life. His hands were blistered, the cords behind the knees, the arm muscles, the leg muscles from heel to thigh, ached terribly; his back seemed to be crippled. A suspicion that the joke had gone far enough, that one ought not, to risk health in brutish violence of toil, urged him momentarily to rebellion. Would it not be wiser to take moderate, clean exercise at golf or polo? Gentle exercise in the open air?

"I guess you're tired, son," said John Day, casually.

"No—oh no," declared Renson, startled, with a flush. "Just getting my second wind."

"Don't feel soft anywhere?"

"Why should I?" retorted the indignant helper, clinching his lips.

(To be continued)

Socialism aims at giving every man a chance to develop the best that is in him. Capitalism stands for giving a few rich persons and a few unscrupulous devils a chance to develop the best and the worst that is in them at the expense of everybody else.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER



yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book, "WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER," with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says, "You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Discharge, and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell you further that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 876

WINDSOR, ONT.



All Socialists may not agree that there is money in economy in all things, but they certainly must admit that there is Economy in using Cotton's as a means of propaganda.

For \$1.00, Cotton's will be sent to two addresses for a year; four addresses for six months, or ten addresses for three months.

Fifty cents will pay for one yearly sub, two half yearly subs or five trial subs for three months.

A bundle of ten for three months costs only \$1.00.

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Surely COTTON'S is an economical propaganda paper. Get busy and spread it abroad, thereby helping in the world-wide agitation for Socialism.

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I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or White discharge, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Prolapse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping, crawling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book, "WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER," with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says, "You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Discharge, and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell you further that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

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WINDSOR, ONT.

SAFE

There Morphine No

A cough irritated, of the air selves.

Many preparative Morphine the irritant they cause medicine is unsafe tant physician

"Father Tonic) con this char removing

Made of Nature's mucus from heals the strength so that disease can it. Trial soc. At Morrissey N.B.

Woman's Page

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

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED FOR THIS PAGE

The March of the Mothers

By OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

The Lord of Little Children to the sleeping mothers spake;
"Lo, the dreaming time is over, ye the hand of Life must take;"
And the dawn was in our faces as we startled up awake,
On Liberty's great day.

We have heard the babes that called us from the whirl of wheel and loom,
In a world of sun and meadows crying for a little room,
Ere their blood ran to the coffers, ere their labor made their tomb;
And we arise and go.

We have heard our sisters weeping for the child that must live,
For the hands that may not tend it, for that milk she may not give;
We have seen her kneel in anguish and the bitter blow receive,
And we arise and go.

Over law unblessed, unsanctioned by a mother's holy name,
Law that gives the child to bondage and the woman unto shame,
See the day of justice rising with a dread, consuming flame!
'Tis bringing in His day.

THE WOMAN'S PAGE

MARY COTTON WISDOM

A gentleman asked me the other day why I did not write more about Socialism. For reply, I asked him how he knew what I wrote about?

I supposed the woman's page to be simply a weekly chat among us women. A little space where we could discuss the things which interested us, such as house-keeping and babies and recipes, and dress-making, our neighbors and our individual selves.

A place where we could feel at ease and where we could speak with freedom just among our own selves, with never a man to listen or interfere or contradict us.

A place where one could get help and advice from one another and have our heart to heart talks.

When that man asked me why I did not write more about socialism, I felt just as if I had caught him peeping in through the key hole, listening to some thing he had no business to hear.

I don't know why I should have felt that way, for of course, every subscriber to Cottons has a right to read every word of the paper.

I think I must have gathered the impression that the woman's page was something all our own, safe and secure from masculine interference, from a remark made by another man quite a long time ago.

He was well educated, well read, and I had great respect for his opinions. Imagine my surprise, on referring to our woman's page, to have him say positively that no intelligent men ever read any woman's page; that they skipped it as uninteresting, the same as he did the patent medicine ads.

The idea gave me sort of a mental slap. But I sat up and said to myself, "If that's the case, I'm glad of it. If all the intelligent men skip this page,

SAFE EVEN FOR CHILDREN

There is not a Trace of Opium or Morphine in "Father Morrissey's No. 10" (Lung Tonic.)

A cough is merely a symptom of an irritated, inflamed or diseased condition of the air passages or the lungs themselves.

Many cough mixtures are simply preparations containing enough Opium, Morphine or similar drugs to deaden the irritation. They relieve the cough, but they do not remove the unhealthy condition that caused it. Moreover any medicine containing morphine or opium is unsafe unless prescribed by a competent physician.

"Father Morrissey's No. 10" (Lung Tonic) contains absolutely no drugs of this character. It relieves a cough by removing the cause.

Made of Roots, Barks and Balsams, Nature's own remedies, it clears the mucus from the passages, soothes and heals the inflamed membranes, and strengthens the lungs and whole system so that they can throw off the disease entirely. Thousands have proved it. Trial bottle 25c. Regular size 50c. At your dealer's, or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

we can discuss exactly what we like whether it is cooking or mending, or house cleaning, our neighbor's bonnets, or the general affairs of the nation, as seen from our feminine standpoint. The intelligent men are the only ones we care about; the others don't count any more than the dog under the table, or the pussy cat beside the hearth.

I gave no answer to the gentleman who asked me why I did not write more about socialism, but I will confess just among ourselves, that though I believe earnestly in socialism, I have not the energy to keep keyed up to the high pitch of pulling my hair in despair over the evils of capitalism, nor the desire to yell like an angry fish wife and call ugly names at all who do not see eye to eye with me upon the subject. If socialism is going to come, it will come. Any remarks I may or may not make will have little effect. I am only an atom like a tiny straw floating down the broad ocean of life. It makes no difference if the tiny straw floats side up or endways or disappears; the ocean still sweeps on.

Another reason is, why should I talk shop all the time and jam socialism down the throat of everyone I meet, whether he wishes it or not?

This is a free country, in which every man has a vote, (I just wish every woman had) and if the men want socialism they can have it by simply casting their vote at the next general election that way. It is very easy.

But the men don't want socialism, so let them be ground down for a while longer by capitalism. Let them be hungry and naked and in prison and kicked and cuffed about by one trust after another.

Then, let each one trot like a tame little monkey on election day and cast his vote in the same old way.

The only thing that troubles me is the suffering it means for the poor mothers and the helpless wee babies.

Any man who sells his vote for a glass of beer, or the handshake of some vulgar politician, deserves all he gets. In the meantime, we women must do our housekeeping, the dishes have to be washed and the floor swept and the children put to bed, despite all the political agitators around us. We must continue to do our duty each in her own small way, thus we will continue to be for a while longer, the salt with which this old world is savored.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

By NELLIE BEST

At the close of last winter I was returning home rather late from an L. L. P. meeting when, nearing my home, I stumbled over what, upon closer inspection, turned out to be a little girl of about ten years of age, asleep on the pavement.

"After I had succeeded in fully awakening her, I found a sad-faced, wistful-eyed, diety girl, who had been sent out to beg. The responses to her entreaties had evidently been so discouraging that she had sat down for a nap.

Wild horses would not draw her name and address from her, for fear "I might send the policeman to her mother."

However, I persuaded her to come into my house to get warm. She sat down on the rug beside the fire, put her head on my knee, as though she would fain resume her interrupted slumbers; but the interrogative of childhood prevailing, she, pointing to a "Sign of the Cross" picture, on the opposite wall, said, "Please, miss, doesn't that cross mean Christ?"

I answered in the affirmative, and she continued, in a musing sort of way, "And Christ means God? I don't think much of God, miss, do you?"

I answered her question by asking her another: "Why don't you think much of God, dear?"

"Well, you know," answered she, "God gives all the sheep wool; but He doesn't give all the boys and girl clothes to keep them warm, does He?"

To those readers who may be under the erroneous impression that Socialism is going to interfere with religion I especially dedicate the above.

To those Christians (?) who may be attempting to retard the inevitable

"Socialism" of the future, I commend to your earnest consideration the above. To those mothers whose children live in a garden of love, plenty, and contentment, I ask you by your love for your own children to give a few moments' thought to the sentiments uttered by that little child.

That child has been my inspiration this summer for propagandist purposes. She seems in some mysterious spiritual way to go with me to the meetings.

When a pious questioner has tackled me about Socialism being atheistic, she has whispered to me; "Tell him that if we had Socialism instead of Christian (?) Capitalism I would have had clothes, and I would not have been led into erroneously blaming God for not having them."

"Tell him that Christian (?) Capitalism is to blame for little girls and boys not having boots—not God."

"Tell him that when we get Socialism 'waifs and strays' will once more be led back to a belief in a 'loving heavenly Father' who cares for them—because Socialism will give them boots and shoes and food and—and—and—and love and cuddles."

"Tell him that 'parsons' can scream themselves hoarse telling us poor beggars how much God loves us. It leaves us cold. We cannot—hungry, thirsty, naked, tearful,—admire God's particular method of demonstrating it to us."

Another interrupter, thinking to deliver a knock-out blow to a woman speaker, has said, "What about Socialism and free love?"

Forward in spirit has come my little assistant, and somehow I have gathered from her that she was not a child of love. That she was not a natural outcome of two happy loves, but that she was the result of an unhappy unharmonious union.

I have fancied her mother not marrying for love—she was not free to love,—but for a crust and a home to shelter her, and probably taking the first man who offered these.

I have tried to picture the thousands of "working women" who are too old at thirty for the "Christian (?) Capitalist Industrial Market," and their terrible anxiety to get married somehow to evade the workhouse.

Are they free to love? Ah, no! But under Socialism, with its "right to work, or, in the event of your labour being rejected, the right to the same standard of maintenance as those whose labour is accepted," no longer will any girl be forced into matrimony. Socialism means "free love," does it? Well, it all depends upon your interpretation of the word "love." Do you mean "free lust?" Christian Capitalism means free lust (80,000 prostitutes in London).

Under Socialism no girl will have to prostitute her body for the necessities of life. Under Socialism, with the right to labour, girls will be Free—to Love.

Their love will culminate in wedlock; and they will realise more, in one brief hour of their happiness, of that mystical Attraction of which they have heard so much in Church phraseology, but have understood so little.

I wonder if my little girl of "The Pavement" has passed to the Better Land, and if she is indirectly, through my mediumship, trying to voice and redress the wrongs she suffered in earth life?—LABOR LEADER.

A Study in Contrasts

By ANNIE P. E. BLACKWELL

The rain fell pitilessly, beating the pavements in foamy fury. "I was cold, and the woman who stood on the doorstep shivered as she drew her well-worn cloak more closely around her. She paused irresolutely, and looked back into the room behind. Cheerless as the apartment was, it looked inviting compared with the wind swept street, and she went back and laid the parcel on the table. How she wished she might make a fire and spend the evening with the boy in its cosy cheerfulness. But there was only a handful of coal in the house, and 'twas but the beginning of September—a fire in September was altogether outside the bounds of her domestic economy.

The boy, who was playing quietly in the corner, looked up wistfully.

"Ain't you goin', Mummie? I've so hungry." The woman started.

"Yes, laddie." She spoke cheerfully, but there was in her eyes an agony that comes only to those who witness the suffering of loved ones. "Yes, laddie, I'm just goin' but I must wrap up the

parcel a bit better to keep out the rain. I won't be gone long, and when I get back you shall have something to eat. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, mummie. When I grows to be a man I shall take your work home for you, and then you won't have to go out in the wet."

The little fellow went back to his corner, and the woman went out into the rain.

And half-an-hour's walk she reached her goal—tired, cold and soaked to the skin, but hopeful. A smart maid opened the door, and the woman had a glimpse of a warm, brightly lit hall.

"Will you please tell Mrs. Smythe-Jenkins I've brought the needlework, and—and I'll wait for an answer, please."

"There won't be an answer. Mrs. Jenkins is engaged," the girl replied, preparing to close the door.

The woman made ineffectual attempt to explain the necessity for receiving payment for the work, but the girl, though sympathetic, could only repeat that her mistress was not to be disturbed, and that she would post the money.

The door closed on the warm, bright hall, and the woman turned despairingly homeward. She passed numbers of gaily lit shops—shops where all the necessities of life were temptingly displayed, so close at hand, and yet so unattainable. She was cold and tired, and hungry—but 'twas the thought of the boy, waiting at home for the meal that was not forthcoming, that lashed her into something akin to frenzy.

She gazed into the window of a confectioner's—gazed at the loaves and the cakes—thought of the boy—and—

And they called it theft, and a paragraph appeared in the newspapers something like this:

Emma Jane Brown was yesterday sentenced to seven days' hard labour for stealing a loaf of bread from the shop of Messrs. Baker and Co. in Market Street.

II

The Honourable Mrs. James Upperton sat in the showroom of a high-class drapery store, fingering dainty articles of filmy lace—lace upon which the women folk in the little Irish and Devonshire villages spend hours in earning a shilling, and for which the big shopkeepers ask pounds. The honourable lady held up the lace trifles, viewing them from all possible angles. They were marvels of intricate workmanship and delicate beauty—but the honourable lady was critical. Could she not see some others? The assistant left the counter to comply with the request, and the honourable lady calmly stuffed a costly bertha into her scented handbag.

"Jim should give me an adequate allowance," she murmured, in self-entenuation. "How in the world am I to dress decently on a beggarly eight hundred a year?"

The assistant returns with a fresh selection; but madame is hard to please—she finds nothing to suit her, and therefore leaves the shop.

The man who had been watching compared notes with the assistant, who misses the lace; and the management decide to prosecute. There has been so many affairs of the kind—they have had their suspicions—they must make an example of someone, and the honourable lady is not a big customer.

The Honourable Mrs. James Upperton, wife of the ex-Government official, was acquitted of a charge of shop-lifting, medical evidence showing that the defendant was suffering from severe nervous and mental breakdown.—LABOR LEADER.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

MARY COTTON WISDOM

Grass stains may be removed by cream tartar and water.

Salt on the fingers when cleaning fowls, meat or fish, will prevent slipping.

Mustard water is useful to clean the hands after handling any odorous substance.

For blood stains use cold water first then soap and water, never hot water as it sets the stains.

Half a teaspoonful of sugar thrown into the embers will nearly always revive a dying fire, and it is always safe to be used for that purpose.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

ADVERTISEMENTS

PSALMS

PSALM 39.

5 Behold thou hast made my days as an handbreadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity, Selah.

6 Surely every man walketh in a vain show: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

7 And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.

8 Deliver me from my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish.

9 I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it.

10 Remove thy stroke away from me: I am consumed by the blow of thine hand.

11 When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity. Selah.

12 Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at my tears: for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

13 O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.

PSALM 40.

1 I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

2 He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

3 And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

4 Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turneth aside to lies.

5 Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

6 Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

7 Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me.

8 I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, the law is within my heart.

9 I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

10 I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation: I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

11 Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord: let thy loving-kindness and thy truth preserve me.

12 For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up: they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW

CHAPTER 4.

6 And saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands, they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.

7 Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

8 And again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them;

9 And saith unto them, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.

10 Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

11 Then the devil leaveth him; and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him.

12 Now when Jesus had heard that John was east into prison, he departed into Galilee;

13 And leaving Nazareth, he came and dwelt in Capernaum, which is upon the sea coast, in the borders of Zabulon and Nephthali:

14 That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, 15 The land of Zabulon, and the land of Nephthali, by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles;

PROVERBS

CHAPTER 21.

21 He that followeth after righteousness and mercy findeth life, righteousness, and honour.

22 A wise man sealeth the city of the mighty, and casteth down the strength of confidence thereof.

23 Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles.

24 Proud and haughty scorner is his name, who dealeth in proud wrath.

25 The desire of the slothful killeth him; for his hands refuse to labor.

26 He coveteth greedily all the day long: but the righteous giveth and spareth not.

27 The sacrifice of the wicked is abomination; how much more when he bringeth it with a wicked mind?

28 A false witness shall perish: but the man that heareth speaketh constantly.

29 A wicked man hardeneth his face: but as for the upright, he directeth his way.

30 There is no wisdom nor understanding nor counsel against the Lord.

31 The horse is prepared against the day of battle: but safety is of the Lord.

CHAPTER 22.

1 A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

2 The rich and the poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all.

3 A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself: but the simple pass on, and are punished.

4 By humility, and the fear of the Lord, are riches, honour, and life.

5 Thorns and snares are in the way of the forward: he that doth keep his soul shall be far from them.

6 Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.

7 The rich ruleth over the poor, and the harrower is servant to the lender.

8 He that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity: and the rod of his anger shall fail.

9 He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed: for he giveth of his bread to the poor.

10 Cast out the scorner, and contention shall go out; yea, strife and reproach shall cease.

11 He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend.

12 The eyes of the Lord preserve knowledge; and he overthroweth the words of the transgressor.

13 The slothful man saith, There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets.

14 The mouth of strange women is a deep pit: he that is abhorred of the Lord shall fall therein.

15 Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him.

16 He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, and he that giveth to the rich, shall surely come to want.

17 Bow down thine ear, and hear the words of the wise, and apply thine heart unto my knowledge:

16 The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.

17 From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

18 And Jesus, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers.

19 And he said unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.

20 And they straightway left their nets, and followed him.

21 And going on from hence, he saw other two brethren, James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, in a ship, with Zebedee their father, mending their nets; and he called them.

22 And they immediately left the ship and their father, and followed him.

23 And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people.

24 And his fame went throughout all Syria: and they brought unto him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatic, and those that had the palsy; and he healed them.

(To be continued.)

A NEW SERIAL STORY

TOILERS AND IDLERS

By John R. McMahon

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John R. McMahon

A rich young man, tired of a monotonous life, goes to work in a New York iron foundry, which he discovers to be his own property. He lives in the East Side, meets many surprising characters, and has a variety of adventures. His social studies are interwoven with his relations to three young women of diverse charm, a working-girl agitator, a girl who paints, and one who belongs to high society. Scenes of uptown life contrast vividly with the world of labor. A powerful romance of real people and things.

CHAPTER II.

But he was surprised and a trifle hurt by a judgment that tallied with the attitude of the gatekeeper and the men about the cupola. He had long held the doctrine that blood tells; he owned to a definite if modest sense of his superiority. He had been sure that gentle birth was distinguishable, especially by one's inferiors. Did not one's features alone proclaim heritage and culture? The broad brow under sandy hair, the incurious gray eyes, full ruddy cheeks, artistically loose lips—tightened at the thought—ought to have told something. He was clever, witty, able to talk on music, women's dress, painting, cookery; had an excellent knowledge of dogs, and horses and auto boats; danced well and played every fashionable game. No one, it had seemed, could fail to appreciate the erect forward carriage of well padded shoulders, the manicured white hands that never gestured, the smile on smooth, ample lips, the low-pitched voice, the bored droop of the eyelashes, and even the manner of smoking a cigarette.

Of course, one could not display such traits to advantage in the present occupation.

These ideas were quickly displaced by a sense of reminiscence that had been struggling in his mind. Until now the calamity of self and the stress of toil had kept down all lesser matters. The familiar note, as he gazed about the yard and at the low brick buildings, connected itself for a moment with dreams and pictures. Then his thoughts leaped to the simplest explanation. It was incredibly absurd.

He had not noticed the name of the firm on the application blank. There was a placard on the nearby wall and he walked toward it in order to verify fantastic suspicion.

"You greeny, quit mooning! Come here and shovel coke." The cupola boss had a peremptory voice.

Rensen had to bear suspense for awhile. He took a tined fork, not unlike that which farmers use in pitching hay, and joined the other laborer. The coke lay in a pile of silvery gray fragments the size of coal, and a fork seemed a strange tool with which to toss it on the elevator; but it was very light and easily handled, and it tinkled musically as it fell. By the time he had pitched enough coke and helped load another car of pig, he had almost forgotten to look at the placard.

There was a new interest, too, in the advancing operations, the greater activity and bustle of the men, outside and in. Being sent up to the charging platform of the cupola, he had a look at the interior of the monster that devoured so much coal, iron, oyster shells, coke and limestone. The cavernous stomach-pipe, lined with bricks and clay, was filled with airy sheets of flame, blue and rose and violet mingling kaleidoscopically. The eager clouds of radiance were torn and scattered upward in a shapes of fantasy.

Soon, a humming roar proceeded from the cupola, as if the monster had become vocal in a new-found zest of appetite; sparks and flame sheets began to fly from the stack to the evening sky. A furnace spout, waist high, vented a black, viscous stream that spread into a glistening cake and hardened. The windows of the buildings on the right gave ruddy gleams. There was a creaking of machinery and shouts of men. The flame at the stack darted higher, spreading like the petals of an angry flower, they threatened the roofs and caused an uneasy pulse of glare and gloom in the yard. A man

came out holding a red object with a pair of tongs; leaning back, he dropped the thing in a water tank, when there was a volcanic explosion and the water flew a dozen feet.

Rensen found time to read the placard only when the whistle blew the end of the day's work.

He was hugely delighted. He laughed. What a story for the Belvedere Club tonight! Perhaps there would be skeptics rash enough to wager it an invention; that would add to the sport. A bath, a change of linen, some canvasback, a salad, a bottle of Lafitte, cigars and coffee—the encounter with the skeptics and then a luxurious sleep.

"Say, you done well for a green hand," remarked the cupola boss, approaching. You're ignorant, but willing.

"Thanks. That's very kind—"

"You'll do, son. The foreman wants you inside to-morrow. You'll report to John Day."

Rensen was struck by the idea of being depended upon. There was something friendly and heart-warming about these men. Moreover, he felt a little curious about the work inside, of which the afternoon's toil was evidently a detail. And now that one came to think of it, five hours ago he was considering ways and means. What then? Where as he had been restored to same vigor. He wondered whether he ought to be grateful to anyone or anything.

At any rate, it would be worth while to carry on the adventure for another day. His brows knitted. He joined the hurrying, noisy procession of men and boys who swung empty dinner pails and put on their coats as they passed the arched gate.

A few blocks away in Scammel street, which was narrow, rather quiet and fronted with a better sort of tenements, Rensen found an eating place. It bore the name Eureka restaurant, had clean windows, and occupied the first floor of a three-story house. The proprietor said that he had a good custom, merchants and clerks who did not live in the neighborhood. The choicest thing on the bill of fare this evening was bean soup, made by the proprietor's wife. Rensen ate two large plates of soup and a half loaf of bread; nor did he regret the canvasback and Lafitte.

"Where you working?" asked the German as he paid at the desk.

"At the foundry."

"So. Maybe you new mans. I rent you room upstairs."

"I want a room for the night at least. Is there a bath?"

"Bath? My gracious. I tell you, we make a bath; mit pails of water hein!"

"All right. Let me see it."

The room was at the rear of the top floor. It was square, papered in pink flowers and carpeted with worn Brussels; it had a small coal stove, a bed with two feather ticks, a wash stand, a little table and two chairs.

The guest being left alone with a candle—since too many people nowadays selbstmordern, so the gas was

turned off—tilted his chair, feet on window-sill, and lit a cigarette. Some distance away, there was a truck yard; men with whips and lanterns stamping about; shaggy big limbed horses gingerly descending an incline to their cellar stable. On the left the rows of tenement windows gave a clear idea of domestic operations in a dozen households.

At one window that had lace curtains and green shades sat a young girl working at a sewing machine. The light shone on her glossy black curls smoothly parted, and brought out a profile comely yet strong. The bent head never changed position, except once when she rose to get some white material; and the observer noticed the shapeliness of her short figure. On the opposite wall were pictures, and shelves of books.

Rensen, starting to turn in between the two feather beds, surprised himself with a hearty laugh. The climax of the eventful day, the scene at the placard, was worthy a historical painting. It could be entitled, "The New Cortez, or, a Laborer Discovering that He is His Own Employer."

For he had considered the Atlantic Foundry, Rensen & Sons, proprietors, merely as one of several properties that yielded a steady income and whose management did not interest him. Years since his father had taken him through the works. Since then all he knew about them was comprised in the annual statement of the long-trusted superintendent, a paternal protegee, so business-like that he insisted on being bonded and having a public accountant certify to his books. Therefore Rensen only knew that the net profits fluctuated between twelve and eighteen per cent. It was as convenient as coupon bonds.

CHAPTER III.

"Williams, is my bath ready? Yesterday it was too hot. You're getting careless—unreliable. Who mentioned pails of water. I say, have that noise stopped."

Rensen woke with a start. The foundry whistle was blowing, fifteen minutes after seven, and he must be at work. He threw on his clothes, took a swallow of Eureka coffee, put a roll in his pocket, and ran down the street. This running developed the still soreness in arms, legs and back, but the joints soon limbered and he had an exhilarating sense of vigor. A real handicap to speed was the tightness of the borrowed overalls over elegantly cut trousers, not to mention the toe-pinching of his patent leathers.

The morning air smelled good, bearing a whiff of the sea. Over the roofs between synagogue towers on this side the river and factory chimneys on the other, dawn was painting the leaden sky. A horse-car, picturesque relic, jangled the Grand street. Farmers returning from early market drove hooded wagons toward the ferry.

He passed the arched gate in the tail of the procession of workers as a bell was tolling notes of grace. A moment later and he would have been docketed half an hour's pay. He entered the foundry, asked for John Day, and was sent to a short man with chubby red cheeks and grey hair who stood in the middle of the floor studying some varnished pieces of wood.

"New handy man, eh? What's your name son?" inquired the veteran moulder cheerfully.

"Otis," recollecting the application blank. It was in fact his first name.

"What do you know, Otis?"

"Nothing, I'm afraid."

"That's all right, you're young—"

"I am thirty years old."

"Just the right age to learn. I'm sixty. This is your first duty, son, he went on, placing a shovel in Rensen's hand. "Keep an eye on this all day. Don't give it up. Afterward I'll show you where I hide it at night."

John Day left him to consult the foreman about a pattern.

The first view of the foundry was rather confusing. A long gloomy hall, lighted by wire-net windows, dusty enough and several broken. Shadowy black rafters criss-crossing the high places above. At equal distances across the hall two cranes triangles of massive timber, stood pivoted on one leg. The floor, mere

earth deeply layered with black sand was cluttered with sections of iron cylinders, boxes like those in the yard, queer shaped patterns, tools and what not. An odor of burnt sand, machine oil and damp earth. Many men were doing things all over the place—one delving in a pit, another, perched on a sand pile, without seeming to mind the disorder.

Rensen recalled the hasty visit to this place years ago with his father. He had found nothing to interest him. These toilers seemed scarcely human. As a dilettante in landscapes, one had been repelled by the shut-in ugliness. Machinery and all the processes of industry one had detested, taking credit to himself for a poetic, cultured taste. It came to him now that machinery might have some interest as the embodiment of thought, as the yoke-fellow of human labor.

Also he wondered, not without a flush, how many backs had been bent how many drops of sweat had fallen here in the last decade, to realize for a cultured taste an income of twelve to eighteen per cent.

"Let's have that shovel, it's mine, said a handsome well-formed young molder who came strolling up.

"I was told to keep it. But, of course, if it's yours—" Rensen, admiring the features and stalwart figure, saw in time the deceptive glint in the dark Celtic eyes.

"Sure it's mine. Why don't you give it to me? Just tell the old man, Tom Locker took it."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Locker—"

"Go to hell," grumbled the shovel-seeker in a tone of child-like disappointment. He walked away.

Rensen became interested in the doings of the cupola boss at the end of the shop. He was raking cinders from his furnace, standing in a pit under the open trap door; only his long legs showed. He stooped down, kneaded balls of clay, and again went out of sight, except his legs.

A wizened-faced boy with a shrill voice ran up.

"John Day wants the shovel, young feller."

This time the precious tool was relinquished. A moment later John Day returned.

"That little rascal, Ohio Jimmy, did the trick," was the comment on Rensen's report. "Now you've failed in your first duty."

"Shall I steal one?" asked the chagrined helper.

"Well, I doubt you'd succeed,"—with a twinkling blue eye.

Equipped with another shovel, the fruit of politeness rather than craft, Rensen began to clear a space where the burnt sand from yesterday's cast lay in crisp hummocks. Bending low to the task, with head to a suggestion on leverage, he scooped the black sand to one side. A layer of coarse cinders was put down. Now the bottom flask, twelve feet long and half as wide, was swung by the crane and laid in the cleared space. This box without top or bottom, only sides and edge-up boards cut to fit the pattern, had to be adjusted carefully by the spirit level. Next Rensen took turns with Day at shovelling sand into a round sieve—the riddle—and shaking it. The sifting kept out stray nails, lumps, pebbles and bugs—iron droppings. Mixing was a further important operation, the sand being combined with fresh yellow loam. After this the mixed sand was riddled into the flask until the traverse boards were well hid.

The two men took the pattern, a pine model of an engine bed plate, and laid it in the sand. It was hammered down with a mallet and proved by the spirit level. Rensen, tired of shovel and riddle, gladly accepted an invitation to get on his knees and help press the sand around the sides of the pattern. But soon he had to be up and shovelling while Day alternately shook the sieve, walking backward over the box, and wielded a rammer. At length, the model being half buried, the rammed earth was levelled with a stick and smoothed with a trowel. Some fine white sand was sprinkled over all.

"Have we finished it?" asked Rensen, not sweatless.

"My son—I was going to say, don't be like Lot's wife. Never mind. Fetch me the windbags."

"But why," persisted the helper, returning with a pair of bellows, do you take such pains with the level and all that?"

"Otis," said the old man, blowing the sand from interstices in the pattern. "I like your spirit, so I'll tell you. Melted iron is like a woman. She's gentle, delicate, obliging, if you treat her decent. Otherwise she may fuss and explode."

Another flask was shifted by the crane and placed on top, pins fitting into holes in the lower box.

"Sun about," said Day, which

meant that both men, balancing the box on its handles, should push from right to left. This operation, to be repeated afterwards, would insure a fit, despite the chance of loose pins.

A layer of fine sand was sifted through the upper box. Rensen fetched a pail of orange-hued clay-water, in which some iron hooks were dipped, and then placed upright at intervals along the cross boards. The hooks, Day said, were to hold the sand together when the upper flask was lifted; in fact, both cross boards and hooks served no other purpose than to solidify the tons weight of sand; 'twas like the bony framework of law stiffening unstable flesh and blood. There was more shovelling by the assistant and ramming by the molder, which seemed the easiest work; but evidently the latter require some peculiar skill.

When the sand reached the top of the box, Rensen felt he had never worked so hard in his life. His hands were blistered, the cords behind the knees, the arm muscles, the leg muscles from heel to thigh, ached terribly; his back seemed to be crippled. A suspicion that the joke had gone far enough, that one ought not to risk health in brutish violence of toil, urged him momentarily to rebellion. Would it not be wiser to take moderate, clean exercise at golf or polo? Gentle exercise in the open air?

"I guess you're tired, son," said John Day, casually.

"No—oh no," declared Rensen, startled, with a flush. "Just getting my second wind."

"Don't feel soft anywhere?"

"Why should I?" retorted the indignant helper, clinching his lips.

(To be continued)

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Socialism aims at giving every man a chance to develop the best that is in him. Capitalism stands for giving a few rich persons and a few unscrupulous devils a chance to develop the best and the worst that is in them at the expense of everybody else.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AFFLICTIONS.

I am a woman. I know women's sufferings. I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—yes, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea, White Discharge, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Prolapse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors, Growth, also pains in the head, back and legs, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, headache, weakness, kidney and bladder troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. I want to send you a complete 10 days treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it and learn to think for herself. When the doctor says, "You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Discharge, and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Pimples and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

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Woman's Page

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

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED FOR THIS PAGE

The March of the Mothers

By OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

The Lord of Little Children to the sleeping mothers spake;
"Lo, the dreaming time is over, ye the hand of Life must take;"
And the dawn was in our faces as we startled up awake,
On Liberty's great day.

We have heard the babes that called us from the whirl of wheel and loom,
In a world of sun and meadows crying for a little room,
Ere their blood ran to the coffers, ere their labor made their tomb;
And we arise and go.

We have heard our sisters weeping for the child that must live,
For the hands that may not tend it, for that milk she may not give;
We have seen her kneel in anguish and the bitter blow receive,
And we arise and go.

Over law unblest, unsanctioned by a mother's holy name,
Law that gives the child to bondage and the woman unto shame,
See the day of justice rising with a dread, consuming flame!
Tis bringing in His day.

THE WOMAN'S PAGE

MARY COTTON WISDOM

A gentleman asked me the other day why I did not write more about Socialism. For reply, I asked him how he knew what I wrote about?

I supposed the woman's page to be simply a weekly chat among us women. A little space where we could discuss the things which interested us, such as house-keeping and babies, and recipes, and dress-making, our neighbors and our individual selves.

A place where we could feel at ease and where we could speak with freedom just among our own selves, with never a man to listen or interfere or contradict us.

A place where we could get help and advice from one another and have our heart to heart talks.

When that man asked me why I did not write more about socialism, I felt just as if I had caught him peeping in through the key hole, listening to some thing he had no business to hear.

I don't know why I should have felt that way, for of course, every subscriber to Cotton's has a right to read every word of the paper.

I think I must have gathered the impression that the woman's page was some thing all our own, safe and secure from masculine interference, from a remark made by another man quite a long time ago.

He was well educated, well read, and I had great respect for his opinions. Imagine my surprise, on referring to our woman's page, to have him say positively that no intelligent men ever read any woman's page; that they skipped it as uninteresting, the same as he did the patent medicine ads.

The idea gave me sort of a mental slap. But I sat up and said to myself: "If that's the case, I'm glad of it. If all the intelligent men skip this page,

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A cough is merely a symptom of an irritated, inflamed or diseased condition of the air passages or the lungs themselves.

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we can discuss exactly what we like whether it is cooking or mending, or house cleaning, or our neighbor's bonnets, or the general affairs of the nation, as seen from our feminine standpoint. The intelligent men are the only ones we care about; the others don't count any more than the dog under the table, or the pussy cat beside the hearth.

I gave no answer to the gentleman who asked me why I did not write more about socialism, but I will confess just among ourselves, that though I believe earnestly in socialism, I have not the energy to keep keyed up to the high pitch of pulling my hair in despair over the evils of capitalism, nor the desire to yell like an angry fish wife and call ugly names at all who do not see eye to eye with me upon the subject.

If socialism is going to come, it will come. Any remarks I may or may not make will have little effect. I am only an atom like a tiny straw floating down the broad ocean of life. It makes no difference if the tiny straw floats side up or endways or disappears; the ocean still sweeps on.

Another reason is, why should I talk shop all the time and jam socialism down the throat of everyone I meet, whether he wishes it or not?

This is a free country, in which every man has a vote, (I just wish every woman had) and if the men want socialism they can have it by simply casting their vote at the next general election that way. It is very easy.

But the men don't want socialism, so let them be ground down for a while longer by capitalism. Let them be hungry and naked and in prison and kicked and cuffed about by one trust after another.

Then, let each one trot like a tame little monkey on election day and cast his vote in the same old way.

The only thing that troubles me is the suffering it means for the poor mothers and the helpless wee babies.

Any man who sells his vote for a glass of beer, or the handshake of some vulgar politician, deserves all he gets. In the meantime, we women must do our housekeeping, the dishes have to be washed and the floor swept and the children put to bed, despite all the political agitators around us.

We must continue to do our duty each in her own small way, thus we will continue to be for a while longer, the salt with which this old world is savored.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

By NELLIE BEST

At the close of last winter I was returning home rather late from an I. L. P. meeting when, nearing my home, I stumbled over what, upon closer inspection, turned out to be a little girl of about ten years of age, asleep on the pavement.

After I had succeeded in fully awakening her, I found a sad-faced, wistful-eyed, diety girl, who had been sent out to beg. The responses to her entreaties had evidently been so discouraging that she had sat down for a nap.

Wild horses would not draw her name and address from her, for fear "I might send the policeman to her mother."

However, I persuaded her to come into my house to get warm. She sat down on the rug beside the fire, put her head on my knee, as though she would fain resume her interrupted slumbers; but the interrogative of childhood prevailing, she, pointing to a "Sign of the Cross" picture, on the opposite wall, said, "Please, miss, doesn't that cross mean Christ?"

I answered in the affirmative, and she continued, in a musing sort of way, "And Christ means God? I don't think much of God, miss, do you?"

I answered her question by asking her another: "Why don't you think much of God, dear?"

"Well, you know," answered she, "God gives all the sheep wool; but He doesn't give all the boys and girl clothes to keep them warm, does He?"

To those readers who may be under the erroneous impression that Socialism is going to interfere with religion I especially dedicate the above.

To those Christians (?) who may be attempting to retard the inevitable

"Socialism" of the future, I commend to your earnest consideration the above.

To those mothers whose children live in a garden of love, plenty, and contentment, I ask you by your love for your own children to give a few moments' thought to the sentiments uttered by that little child.

That child has been my inspiration this summer for propagandist purposes. She seems in some mysterious spiritual way to go with me to the meetings.

When a pious questioner has tackled me about Socialism being atheistic, she has whispered to me: "Tell him that if we had Socialism instead of Christian (?) Capitalism I would have had clothes, and I would not have been led into erroneously blaming God for not having them."

"Tell him that Christian (?) Capitalism is to blame for little girls and boys not having boots—not God."

"Tell him that when we get Socialism 'waifs and strays' will once more be led back to a belief in a 'loving heavenly Father' who cares for them—because Socialism will give them boots and shoes and food and—and—and—and love and cuddles."

"Tell him that 'parsons' can scream themselves hoarse telling us poor beggars how much God loves us. It leaves us cold. We cannot—hungry, thirsty, naked, tearful,—admire God's particular method of demonstrating it to us."

Another interrupter, thinking to deliver a knock-out blow to a woman speaker, has said, "What about Socialism and free love?"

Forward in spirit has come my little assistant, and somehow I have gathered from her that she was not a child of love. That she was not a natural outcome of two happy loves, but that she was the result of an unhappy unharmonious union.

I have fancied her mother not marrying for love—she was not free to love,—but for a crust and a home to shelter her, and probably taking the first man who offered these.

I have tried to picture the thousands of "working women" who are too old at thirty for the "Christian (?) Capitalist Industrial Market," and their terrible anxiety to get married somehow to evade the workhouse.

Are they free to love? Ah, no! But under Socialism, with its "right to work, or, in the event of your labour being rejected, the right to the same standard of maintenance as those whose labour is accepted," no longer will any girl be forced into matrimony.

Socialism means "free love," does it? Well, it all depends upon your interpretation of the word "love." Do you mean "free lust"? Christian Capitalism means free lust (80,000 prostitutes in London).

Under Socialism no girl will have to prostitute her body for the necessities of life. Under Socialism, with the right to labour, girls will be Free—to Love.

Their love will culminate in wedlock, and they will realise more, in one brief hour of their happiness, of that mystical Attonement of which they have heard so much in Church phraseology, but have understood so little.

I wonder if my little girl of "The Pavement" has passed to the Better Land, and if she is indirectly, through my mediumship, trying to voice and redress the wrongs she suffered in earth life?—LABOR LEADER.

A Study in Contrasts

By ANNIE P. E. BLACKWELL

The rain fell pitilessly, beating the pavements in foamy fury. 'Twas cold, and the woman who stood on the doorstep shivered as she drew her well-worn cloak more closely around her. She paused irresolutely, and looked back into the room behind. Cheerless as the apartment was, it looked inviting compared with the wind swept street, and she went back and laid the parcel on the table. How she wished she might make a fire and spend the evening with the boy in its cosy cheerfulness. But there was only a handful of coal in the house, and 'twas but the beginning of September—a fire in September was altogether outside the bounds of her domestic economy.

The boy, who was playing quietly in the corner, looked up wistfully. "Ain't you goin', Mummie? I'm so hungry." The woman started.

"Yes, laddie," she spoke cheerfully but there was in her eyes an agony that comes only to those who witness the suffering of loved ones. "Yes, laddie, I'm just going; but I must wrap up the

parcel a bit better to keep out the rain. I won't be gone long, and when I get back you shall have something to eat. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, mummie. When I grows to be a man I shall take your work home for you, and then you won't have to go out in the wet."

The little fellow went back to his corner, and the woman went out into the rain.

And half-an-hour's walk she reached her goal—tired, cold and soaked to the skin, but hopeful. A smart maid opened the door, and the woman had a glimpse of a warm, brightly lit hall.

"Will you please tell Mrs. Smythe-Jenkins I've brought the needlework, and—and I'll wait for an answer, please."

"There won't be an answer. Mrs. Jenkins is engaged," the girl replied, preparing to close the door.

The woman made ineffectual attempt to explain the necessity for receiving payment for the work, but the girl, though sympathetic, could only repeat that her mistress was not to be disturbed, and that she would post the money.

The door closed on the warm, bright hall, and the woman turned despairingly homeward. She passed numbers of gaily lit shops—shops where all the necessities of life were temptingly displayed, so close at hand, and yet so unattainable. She was cold and tired, and hungry—but 'twas the thought of the boy, waiting at home for the meal that was not forth-coming, that lashed her into something akin to frenzy.

She gazed into the window of a confectioner's—gazed at the loaves and the cakes—thought of the boy—and—

And they called it theft, and a paragraph appeared in the newspapers something like this:

Emma Jane Brown was yesterday sentenced to seven day's hard labour for stealing a loaf of bread from the shop of Messrs. Baker and Co. in Market Street.

II

The Honourable Mrs. James Upperton sat in the show-room of a high-class drapery store, fingering dainty articles of filmy lace—lace upon which the women folk in the little Irish and Devonshire villages spend hours in earning a shilling, and for which the big shopkeepers ask pounds. The honourable lady held up the lace trifles, viewing them from all possible angles. They were marvels of intricate workmanship and delicate beauty—but the honourable lady was critical. Could she not see some others? The assistant left

the counter to comply with the request, and the honourable lady calmly stuffed a costly bertha into her scented handbag.

"Jim should give me an adequate allowance," she murmured, in self-extenuation. "How in the world am I to dress decently on a beggarly eight hundred a year?"

The assistant returns with a fresh selection; but madame is hard to please—she finds nothing to suit her, and therefore leaves the shop.

The man who had been watching compared notes with the assistant, who misses the lace; and the management decide to prosecute. There has been so many affairs of the kind—they have had their suspicions—they must make an example of someone, and the honourable lady is not a big customer.

The Honourable Mrs. James Upperton, wife of the ex-Government official, was acquitted of a charge of shop-lifting, medical evidence showing that the defendant was suffering from severe nervous and mental breakdown.—LABOR LEADER.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

MARY COTTON WISDOM

Grass stains may be removed by cream tartar and water.

Salt on the fingers when cleaning fowls, meat or fish, will prevent slipping.

Mustard water is useful to clean the hands after handling any odorous substance.

For blood stains use cold water first then soap and water, never hot water as it sets the stains.

Half a teaspoonful of sugar thrown into the embers will nearly always revive a dying fire, and it is always safe to be used for that purpose.

ADVERTISEMENTS

PSALMS

PSALM 39.

5 Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity. Selah.

6 Surely every man walketh in a vain show: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

7 And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.

8 Deliver me from my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish.

9 I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it.

10 Remove thy stroke away from me: I am consumed by the blow of thine hand.

11 When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity. Selah.

12 Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at my tears: for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

13 O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.

PSALM 40.

1 I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

2 He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

3 And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

4 Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turneth aside to lies.

5 Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which, thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us:ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

6 Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

7 Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me.

8 I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, the law is within my heart.

9 I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

10 I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness—and thy salvation: I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

11 Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord; let thy loving-kindness and thy truth preserve me.

12 For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up: they are more than the hairs of mine head; therefore my heart faileth me.

13 And again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them;

14 And saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.

15 Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

16 Then the devil leaveth him; and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him.

17 Now when Jesus had heard that John was cast into prison, he departed into Galilee;

18 And leaving Nazareth, he came and dwelt in Capernaum; which is upon the sea coast, in the borders of Zabulon and Nephthalim:

19 That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying,

20 The land of Zabulon, and the land of Nephthalim, by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles;

PROVERBS

CHAPTER 21.

21 He that followeth after righteousness and mercy findeth life, righteousness, and honour.

22 A wise man sealeth the city of the mighty, and casteth down the strength of confidence thereof.

23 Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles.

24 Proud and haughty scorner is his name, who dealeth in proud wrath.

25 The desire of the slothful killeth him; for his hands refuse to labor.

26 He coveteth greedily all the day long: but the righteous giveth and spareth not.

27 The sacrifice of the wicked is abomination; how much more when he bringeth it with a wicked mind?

28 A false witness shall perish: but the man that heareth speaketh constantly.

29 A wicked man hardeneth his face: but as for the upright, he directeth his way.

30 There is no wisdom nor understanding nor counsel against the Lord.

31 The horse is prepared against the day of battle: but safety is of the Lord.

CHAPTER 22.

1 A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.

2 The rich and the poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all.

3 A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself: but the simple pass on, and are punished.

4 By humility, and the fear of the Lord, are riches, honour, and life.

5 Thorns and snares are in the way of the forward: he that doth keep his soul shall be far from them.

6 Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it.

7 The rich ruleth over the poor, and the harrower is servant to the lender.

8 He that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity; and the rod of his anger shall fail.

9 He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed; for he giveth of his bread to the poor.

10 Cast out, the scorner, and contention shall go out; yea, strife and reproach shall cease.

11 He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend.

12 The eyes of the Lord preserve knowledge; and he overthroweth the words of the transgressor.

13 The slothful man saith, There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets.

14 The mouth of strange women is a deep pit; he that is abhorred of the Lord shall fall therein.

15 Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him.

16 He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, and he that giveth to the rich; shall surely come to want.

17 Bow down thine ear, and hear the words of the wise, and apply thine heart unto my knowledge:

18 The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.

19 From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

20 And Jesus, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers.

21 And he said unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.

22 And they straightway left their nets, and followed him.

23 And going on from thence, he saw other two brethren, James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, in a ship with Zebedee their father, mending their nets; and he called them.

24 And they immediately left the ship and their father, and followed him.

25 And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people.

26 And his fame went throughout all Syria: and they brought unto him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatic, and those that had the palsy; and he healed them.

(To be continued.)

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

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

Cotton's Weekly

A CANADIAN SOCIALIST PAPER

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS—Subscribers must give old as well as new address. If you do not get your paper promptly notify us. We will supply missing numbers free if requested to time.

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WM. U. COTTON, B.A., B.C.L., EDITOR AND PROP.
H. A. WEBB, BUSINESS MANAGER

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Nova Scotia.....	466
Prince Edward Island.....	3
New Brunswick.....	186
Prov. of Quebec.....	678
Ontario.....	1149
Manitoba.....	109
Alberta.....	251
Saskatchewan.....	161
British Columbia.....	753
Yukon Territory.....	5
Elsewhere.....	62

Total.....3917

Gain for week.....5

The total number of this issue is 4,200 copies.

Socialism will give to each man all he earns, less what will be necessary to keep the machinery of production in a state of repair.

The only hope of the worker is to have a party of their own. They cannot trust either the one or the other of the old political parties.

Montreal pays a million and a half in interest. Abolish interest and Montreal could have more schools, and less poverty.

The two fundamental ethical principles of socialism may be said to be these. The laborer is worthy of his hire and if a man does not work neither shall he eat.

A worker's federation of South Africa has been formed to capture control of the industrial organization and to abolish capital.

Socialism, by abolishing rent, interest and profit, will do away with men who live on the work of others and who, although perfectly able to work, refuse to do their fair share.

A post office was run in Egypt over two thousand years ago. Post-offices were run before the capitalists came into existence and will exist after the capitalists have ceased to exist.

In the Kingdom of Saxony, there were sweeping victories for the socialists in the elections held on October the 21st. They elected sixteen members with fifty-three candidates still having a chance to be elected. The last Saxon diet was composed of eighty-two members of whom only one was a socialist.

Four miners were recently arrested in Glace Bay. These men had been lured to Canada by the coal company and had refused to scab on the strikers. A capitalist law protects scabs with soldiers and jails the men who refuse to scab. Our Canadian laws are just as capitalistic and antagonistic to labor as elsewhere.

The Toronto World is going in for a campaign for votes for women. If the Toronto World can get the Ontario government to grant votes for women, it will have done a good thing. However, it is very doubtful whether votes for women will be granted. The capitalists want nothing that will interfere with their profits.

The Mexican government, with butcher Diaz at the head of it, is going to furnish free food to starving people. Thus declare capitalist press despatches. The government of Mexico is going to do no such thing. The peons can starve by the thousand for all the government cares.

The State Railways of France show a big deficit. The state purchased these roads from the labor thieves at an enormous valuation and have been paying interest on a lot of watered bonds. Abolish the rent and profit which the labor thieves exact from a complacent government and the deficit would disappear.

Keir Hardie declares that the king's crown may go in the melting pot. Hardie is getting revolutionary again. Good old Kier.

The times are out of joint and the capitalist class keeps its benches busy passing laws to keep the times out of joint.

The Laurier gang is the tool of the capitalists. The Borden gang whine around because the capitalists won't let them do their dirty work.

Two hundred children are forced to attend insanitary schools in St. Denis Ward, Montreal. Capitalism cares little for the life of the children as long as the labor thieves get their blood money.

During the past ten years twenty-one thousand miners have perished in the United States through explosions. Ninety-five per cent of these explosions were preventable. The capitalist search for dividends has much to answer for.

Bruchesi, of the Roman Catholic Church, declares that there are too many saloons in Montreal. Bruchesi might declare with perfect truth that there are too many labor thieves in his diocese. But Bruchesi will say nothing about the labor thieves, nor can we expect him to hit himself in the face.

Toronto receives half a million dollars from the Toronto Street Railway. Toronto does not know just how to spend this money. Some suggest to spend it on an art gallery. Why should not this five hundred thousand dollars be set aside to support the unemployed to whom the labor thieves will not give a chance to work?

Maise Pouliot, a pilot of the Lower St. Lawrence, has had his license cancelled because of old age and defective sight. This worker in his old age has his job taken away from him. The worn out worker is thrown on the scrap heap after working for years at useful work. D. Lorne McGibbon, a Montrealese, has made a million and a half in the past couple of years through stock juggling operations. The worker suffers while the parasite waxes fat.

The Honorable Mr. Hanna of Ontario, is starting the humane treatment of prisoners. The province will abandon the practice of placing prisoners in striped suits and of cropping their hair. Prisoners will be allowed to smoke. The average prisoner in jail is there through no fault of his own. He has been forced into crime to get the necessities of life. The humane treatment of prisoners is mere palliative. It will need a revolution in property-holding to abolish crime.

The Canadian government has refused to give a license to the United Wireless Telegraph Company to build a wireless station at Port Arthur. The government desires to retain control of all wireless communications. Consequently, the government refuses to allow private initiative in this line of endeavor. The government, however, throws open the country to the operation of railway promoters and gives them millions of dollars to throttle the trade of the country. It will be the work of the socialists to recover from the labor thieves what the Macdonald gang and the Laurier gang have given away.

Paid in Advance

Every copy of Cotton's Weekly is paid for before it leaves this office. If you get Cotton's through the mail with a little red address label on it, your subscription has been paid by some friend who wishes you to look into the socialist doctrines. You need not hesitate to take Cotton's from the post office as no bill will be rendered, and the paper will be promptly discontinued when the subscription expires.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, will have a three cornered fight in the next Provincial election. A labor candidate will be put up. It would be a good thing if a labor candidate would be put up in the Dominion elections who could put R. L. Borden out of the political arena. Borden is only a decoy. The capitalists can get all they want out of Laurier, so they have him elected. Then they put Borden on the back and get him to run in order that the disgruntled voter can vote for Borden instead of a candidate who would stand for the smashing of the plutocratic control.

A twelve year old boy, the only support of his mother and sister, was arrested in Montreal for selling things on the street without a license. James Ross of Montreal has refused five million dollars for his Steel holdings. The boy who has to work is arrested if he does not pay for the privilege of working. The man who does not work, lives at ease on the toil of others.

The Death of Ferrer

By VERNE DEWITT ROWELL

Ferrer is dead! O direful word! O God of Love? Can it be true? A thousand thousand hearts are stirred, With bitter pain, and grief, and rue.

Ferrer is dead! They speak again Those of anguish and despair; Deep in our hearts, they rend and strain The soul, of life, no longer fair.

Ferrer is dead! O God, they say Shot down by brutish soldiery! O God of Love, so far away! So near the fiend of Cruelty.

What soulless being has decreed This crowning inhumanity? Ah! God, it is the bloodiest deed, Since Jesus died on Calvary.

Ferrer is dead, fair gentle soul, Opposing only war and force; Nay, he shall live while there shall roll, The years eternal in their course.

Deep in our comrades' hearts enshrined, He shall inspire to nobler life Our souls, sad women in the grind, Of tyranny and daily strife.

A bloodless battle we shall wage; And in his name, his hallowed name, Against grim powers of this age, Of senseless wrong and want and shame.

Ensigns of freedom we shall bear; Proclaiming Life and Liberty, The might of Superstition dare, Till mankind shall be free.

Resolution by North Battleford Local

Local North Battleford, No. 3, Saskatchewan, recently passed the following resolution:

"Whereas this Local views with alarm and distrust the efforts of the Finnish Local Port Arthur to force immediate demands into the platform of the S. P. of C.

"And whereas the watchword of the S. P. of C. is no compromise, no political trading, and whereas, immediate demands always savor of political trading, also that the only immediate demand we have is abolition of the wage system and establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth:

"And whereas the Finnish Comrades are assuming a dictatorial attitude altogether out of keeping with the democratic organization of the S. P. of C. Be it resolved:

"That this Local indorse the present makeup of the platform and trust that it may always remain as simple, concise and revolutionary as it is at present.

Alfred Budden, Secy.
Gerald Boerma, chairman.

ATTENTION

Socialists and Sympathizers in Manitoba

Comrade E. Fulcher of Brandon, Man., provincial organizer of the S. P. of C. will be sent on an organizing tour through the Province about the middle of November. Comrades and sympathizers with the S. P. of C. in unorganized localities will do a great service to the movement by arranging the meetings for him. Write at once to H. Saltzman, Room 15, Harrison Block, Winnipeg, Man., and get the dates of the meetings.

To New Subscribers

All subs received up to Monday night go in this week's issue. Those received after, will go on next week. This is unavoidable, as subs must be entered and put in type in a systematic manner.

THE ATTITUDE

Of the Educated Worker

Roscoe A. Fillmore

A short time ago I was ordered off the sidewalk by one who believes herself to be of the "upper ten." In a bullying tone of voice she told me to "Get out of the way." Now as there was plenty of room for her to pass I did not perceive the necessity of "moving on," so I courteously informed her that I would "Move when I got good and ready." She realized from my tone that this was final and walked away.

Turning to the fellows with whom I had been arguing on Socialism I said, "Boys, there's a lot of satisfaction in being a Socialist. It takes more than a silk dress or hat to scare one who knows just where silk dresses and hats come from." Of course the most of them didn't understand.

But, my readers, did you ever note the difference between the Socialist and non-socialist workman? Did you ever see a bunch of men standing before an employment agency hoping they might strike any old job if only shovelling snow, in order to insure a bite to eat? I have. And did you ever see any of those fellows get inside the office and note the cringing, scared attitude of the poor fools when they asked for work? How they will say "yessir" and "no sir" or "yes'm" and "no'm"? And how at sight of a silk hat or dress tarily go to their forelock? I have. These fellows act as though they were begging the capitalist class to confer favors upon them. They are non-socialists.

But did you ever see a Socialist (I mean a genuine Socialist) do the bowing and scraping act? I guess not. The Socialist worker knows that he is conferring the favor. He knows that in asking for a job he is asking for the "privilege" of producing surplus value for his master and that this surplus is what enables the employer to sit before a roll-top desk and clip coupons. He knows that for every silk dress worn, there are little children starving, girls selling themselves and strong men driven to crime or suicide. He sees blood, human blood, the blood mangled forms of the comrades killed in the shops where the automobiles were manufactured. When he passes the places in which these parasites live and revel in luxury he sees blood, human blood, the blood of comrades dripping from the rafters, and he hates them with a noble and passionate hatred. Sometimes the depth of his hatred for the capitalists almost scares him.

Knowing these things the Socialist can look every man and woman in the eye and speak his mind, regardless of fine clothes. It makes him happy to bully them on every possible occasion. He knows that the future is his. He feels the power of himself and his class. The power to take the gilded palaces and the silks and satins from the idlers and give them to his loved ones. He is fearless, a man in the true sense of the term. And all this through a more or less thorough knowledge of economics.

His confidence and independence are further increased by his faith in the inevitable break down of capitalism. He sees the movement growing all the time. He sees the workers gradually awakening to a realization of their power. And he also sees the inevitable grind of the present system making more Socialists. He knows that the capitalists are compelled by competition to exert a steadily increasing downward pressure on the standard of living workers. They are aided in this by competition among the workers. The standard goes lower, a few more fellows get desperate and resolve to help bury capitalism and so the work goes on. It is inevitable. This the Socialist workers know and it keeps up their spirits. It prevents discouragements.

It's a great thing this Socialism! A couple of years ago I was in the Northwest and was "broke." When Christmas day came round I didn't know where to go to get my share of goose, turkey, mince pies, doughnuts, etc. Finally I decided to go to the headquarters of the Salvation Army. Arriving there in the company of several others "out of work" we sat down to a really good dinner. But you should have seen the bunch that was gathered there. With scarcely a single exception they sat with their heads down, trying to hide their faces in their plates. Christmas day in the "work-us" wasn't a circumstance to it.

A number of "prominent citizens" in rustling silks and broadcloth were on hand to add dignity to the occasion. Say, did you ever

attend a circus? Do you remember how curious you were when the barkers promised, for the infinitesimal sum of ten cents, to allow you the privilege of seeing "the animals eat?" Well that wasn't a circumstance to the way in which those "prominent citizens" crowded round to see the human animals eat at that Salvation Army dinner. We were "problems" to them; "Something they had read about, talked about but seldom seen." We were curious sociological specimens and most of us knew it and were duly shy and ashamed of ourselves. But there were two or three Socialists in the bunch, among them the writer, and these were absolutely indifferent. No bashfulness there. We held our heads as high as though we were dining at the Waldorf-Astoria or St. Regis. We could not have done so had we believed that "God in his infinite wisdom" had decreed that those silks should be worn by a small bunch of superior creatures who were also privileged to ride on our backs.

We knew that we were eating food which had been stolen from us. We were just getting what we had produced. And as we ate and enjoyed the "charity" of the masters we dreamt of the day when we will take the earth and enjoy all the good things as our right. There is a joy, a satisfaction in Socialism that amply repays us for the occasional hard knock that we get from bowing to the ground before these superior creatures.

Fellow workers, if you want to be real men and women you'd better investigate Socialism. Find out what it means and what it stands for. Take a squint at Noah Webster's definition and let it show you that we are not the murderous "red-shirted" gang that we are commonly supposed to be. Just remember the following facts. Labor produces all wealth. Labor gets on the average one fifth of the wealth it produces. An idle class is enabled to hold the four fifths because of its ownership of the tools of production.

Problem—how to give to labor its full product. Socialism says, kick the idle class off the earth or make them work and let the productive workers labor for themselves. Let the workers own the tools and produce goods for themselves. Doesn't it sound reasonable? You'd better come in with us and help make the change. You'll never be sorry.

The Gentleman From Mars

In the course of his journeying on the earth, the gentleman from Mars came to a great and wonderful country. Through it majestic rivers ran, and its soil, stretching away for unknown leagues, was of remarkable fertility. Here he wandered for a time, whistling "After the Ball" softly to himself, when he met a citizen of the earth, whose face was very sad.

"Mornin'," said the Martian. "Mornin'." "What's the matter?" "Hungry." "Why don't you eat?" "No money." "Work and get some." "Can't get none." "Work on this great tract of land; raise wheat, corn, potatoes—all such things. See?"

"The owner won't hire me." "The WHAT?" "Owner won't hire me." "What's the Owner?" "Why, them as that owns it." "Does one man own this land?" "Of course." "Well, I'll be blo—Say, didn't God make this land?" "I've heard so."

"Didn't he make it for all his that they might live?" "I—I've heard so—I guess so—I dunno."

How does it happen that one man owns it all?" "Why the law gives it to him, of course."

"Who makes the law?" "We do, of course." "Who's we?" "Why, the voters; me and the rest of us—the sovereign people."

"And you make laws giving one man a great fertile tract of land like this, which he can let lay idle if he chooses, while you beg for work and starve for food?" "Yes."

"Would you kindly take off your hat and let me see the shape of head?" And the gentleman from Mars cut the anchor of his airship and sailed away, repeating, "What fools these mortals be!"

WATCH the colored Address Label on your paper. If this number is on it your subscription expires next issue. You should renew at least two weeks before your sub. expires so that you will not miss any numbers.

"In every historical epoch, the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange, and the social organization necessarily following from it, form the basis upon which is built up, and from which alone can be explained, the political and intellectual history of that epoch."—Karl Marx.

The Booster's FORUM

Conducted by W. R. Shier

WANTED

I want Comrades all over the country to help me edit this column.

I want comrades everywhere to send me in contributions of a practical, helpful nature.

I want to learn about the propaganda schemes being tried out in various parts of Canada.

I want to know how locals advertise their hall lectures, how they secure speakers for the same, how they enlist them with music, how they handle the disturbers, etc., etc.

I want to know how comrades sell literature, how they secure subscriptions to socialist papers, how they get people reading along our lines.

I want to know what canvassing schemes have been tried, what results have been obtained from them, and how locals should go about house-to-house visitation.

I want to know how economic study clubs are conducted, how speakers' classes are organized, how choirs are gotten together.

In short, I want information about all the propaganda and organization plans that are being tried, or that have been tried, in or out of Canada.

It is important that party members make a study of such plans. I suggest that comrades jot down the ideas on paper and send them into this column.

It does not matter whether you are good or bad at composition. Send in your ideas and we will see that they are clothed in proper language.

Criticisms of present methods will be welcomed, we want this problem of propaganda to be threshed out in a most thorough manner.

Address all communications to W. R. Shier, 314 Wellesley St., Toronto.

FOR LITERATURE AGENTS

It is not sufficient for literature agents merely to display their wares at the door of the lecture hall. They should have comrades canvass those in the audience both before and after the lecture begins. Considerable literature can be sold in this way. They should also make it their business either to give a literature talk themselves or have some other comrade do so. It is best to push the sale of one book or pamphlet than several.

The way to make thorough-giving socialists is to get your acquaintances reading socialist literature.

Comrades everywhere should start building up a socialist library of their own and lending its volumes to all who read along our lines.

Also, subscribe to numerous socialist papers and pass them on to others. This kind of work brings results.

No one need lament his inability to attend a university. The time and money spent in academies is next to wasted. The best university, and the cheapest, is, as Carlyle says, books. Buy good books, and you have a university right in your own home.

Only by studying political economy can we discover whether old age pensions, the eight hour day, the acquisition of higher money wages, free trade, compensation acts and remedied legislation give the worker a larger share of the wealth produced.