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CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

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A NEW CATHEDRAL

The paid preachers of the Anglican Church in Toronto are aching for a larger Cathedral. The dim twilight and the expensive pillars and the mystic nave and symbols that will awe the ignorant are exceedingly wanted by the priests in authority.

Canon McNab preached a powerful sermon (all sermons are powerful when preached by anybody over a curate) on the benefits of the Cathedral. He took for his text Joshua XXIV., 27. Verses 26 and 27 read as follows:

"And Joshua wrote these words in the book of the law of God, and took a great stone and set it up there under an oak, that was by the sanctuary of the Lord.

And Joshua said unto all the people. Behold, this stone shall be a witness unto us; for it hath heard all the words of the Lord, which he spake unto us; it shall be therefore a witness unto you, lest ye deny your God."

From these words and actions, the good Canon concludes that the people of Toronto should build his Bishop a Cathedral. Let us look at the circumstances.

Joshua had called the people together and asked them whether they had chosen to serve their God Yahweh. They said they had. Then Joshua told them to stick to their bargain and as witness of the bargain he picked up a stone that had heard the answer of the Israelites and put it under an oak tree and told the people that the stone had heard their answer and would be a witness to the contract.

From these circumstances, reasoning from analogy, the good Canon should call his congregation together and ask them if they wanted to serve God. If they said yes, he should tell them to put away the strange capitalist Gods that inhabit their heart and he should take a stone and put it up somewhere so that they could see the stone and be reminded of their promise.

But the good Canon does not argue like that. The new school of philosophy, led by Bergson and Henry James, declares that logic does not apply to the deeper reaches of philosophy. The good Canon argues like a Bergsonian. He has one Cathedral. He wants it greatly enlarged. Joshua set up a monolith, a sort of peaceful Bunker Hill Monument. The good Canon wants a whole half million dollar, or million dollar building. The monument was the evidence of a contract. The Cathedral would be a sort of larger studio for the artistic prayers of the priests.

In ancient Greece there were sophists. These sophists had certain ideas which they wanted to expound. They would ask their audience for questions. No matter what question was put the sophist would twist it so that he could get off his favorite idea.

The good Canon is like the old sophists. He can wrench a report of what a primitive leader of an ancient nomad tribe did into a command of the Divine Being for the people of Toronto the Good to build its Bishop a Cathedral. The good Canon is reputed to be a follower of a man who had not where to lay his head, who went about healing the sick, who delighted not in temples made with hands, who gave the good priests of his day who wanted money for their building one of the most terrible tongue lashings known to history.

Is it any wonder that many socialists on the Sabbath day prefer to wander through the fields than to listen to the text wranglings of illogical and building hungry priests.

MATERIAL IDEALISM

The word material is shunned by many persons. A whole host of horrible ideas is conveyed by this word to some unclear thinkers. A materialist is a man who is gross and podgy and atheistic, one to whom all the finer senses are lacking. This is the idea conveyed to some by the term.

Yet materialism is triumphing more and more. The idealist who does not base himself on material things is apt to be a sentimental visionary. The idealism that counts is based on material things.

The doctor who wants to cure a

patient, the surgeon who wants to remove pain, must depend on material things. It is through the care of the material body that health is obtained. Idealism is founded on materialism.

Sanitary inspectors are not discussing so much altruistic truths as the care of drains. The inventor does not attempt to fly except by the control of delicate but strong machinery. The gardener does not attempt to raise beautiful flowers except on soil fitted for the plant life and men and women are coming to see that children must have the proper material environment to develop wholesomely.

Socialists are idealists. But they know that the only true way to bring about an ideal state is to lay a firm foundation of society according to the laws nature has laid down for our guidance.

When Tolstoy was a little boy he wanted to fly. So he spread his arms and stepped out of a window and fell. The immaterial idealists have been doing the same thing for centuries. They have just asserted that idealism would triumph if it were only preached long enough.

After the natural laws have been followed and we have conquered the material existence for all the people and removed worry. When we have removed want and hunger and poverty and misery caused by the lack of the material necessities for the body, then we can build the tower of the soul. Then we can build the superstructure of aerial idealisms in actual practice.

But our duty lies with the nearest thing to do. We must be materialists now because we are in material bondage and we must take material means to free us from that slavery. The first step first.

CIVIL SERVANTS

Civil servants of the various countries are realizing that they are a part of the working class and as such have little to look for from the capitalists. Until recently in France the state employees kept themselves apart from the labor movement. They considered themselves a superior type of creatures. The way the Clemenceau government handled the postoffice employees have convinced them that their interest lies with that of the workers.

At Ottawa, recently, the workers in the various departments had their hours of labor lengthened. Many grumbles were heard because some of the employees had taken summer cottages and the lengthened hours seriously interrupted their enjoyment of evening and morning country life. These workers will realize that they are in the class of the workers.

President Taft is using the pruning knife. He is cutting down expenses. The first official cut he makes is among the U. S. wage slaves. He takes them off the salaried list and puts them on wages. This means that they are paid by the day and not by the month. If slack times come and they are not employed for two or three days they get no pay. Moreover the service can be speeded up and more work can be got out of fewer men.

In the cities an attempt is now on to do away with democracy. The idea advocated by the capitalist press is government by commission. A business government where the workers will be exploited is what the business men want. This kind of a government is being strenuously urged for Montreal. The civic employees are having too nice a time of it to think the business men when they consider the way they make their own slaves hustle.

France has taught the lesson to its employees, Canada, the U. S. and the governments of the various cities are also teaching their employees that their interest lies in fighting the system that speeds up and exploits.

Russell Wallace has worked out a scheme whereby free bread can be given to all the people of England, rich and poor, noble and commoner. The bread is to be free to the recipient, being paid for by taxation. This would not pauperize the people as both the rich and the poor share and shiftless people any more than does free water.

THE TIME DRAWETH NIGH

WILLIAM RESTELLE SHIER

"Yes, Socialism is all right, but it won't be in our time."

Familiar words, these. There is not a socialist agitator in any part of the word who does not hear them spoken at least a dozen times a week, and by persons, mind you, inside as well as outside the Socialist Party.

Now, whenever anyone makes such an assertion, you are pretty safe in betting your tongue that he is not well grounded in economics, for if he were he would know that all the ethical, political and economic forces of the age are conspiring to bring about great changes in the near future.

In the first place, we already have socialism in production, that is, co-operation in the manufacture and distribution of commodities. The little shops and factories of a century ago, employing at most half a dozen workers, have been absorbed by the colossal establishments of today in which there is minute division of labor and thousands of people working under one roof. The foundation for the co-operative commonwealth is already laid.

Again, individual ownership of the instruments of production with its corollary, supervision of the plant by its immediate owner, is no longer a fact of much importance in Europe and America. To-day capital is collectively controlled through means of joint-stock companies, the shareholders of which probably know nothing of the industry in which their money is invested, much less work in the mines and ships and factories from which they derive dividends. These industries are conducted by salaried managers, and if all the shareholders should die at once, or if their claims should be transferred to the state not a wheel would cease whirling nor a fire go out.

The rate at which industry is being organized by the trusts is amazing. Between 1899 and 1900 the trust movement flashed upon the country like a meteor in the sky, but, unlike the meteor, it has not vanished from sight. Instead, it is gathering body like a comet and becoming more conspicuous as the months roll by. And this, too, notwithstanding Mr. Roosevelt's "big stick" and the piteous outcries of the middle class. If anyone doubts this, let him but consider the following facts which, let me say, did not originate in the heated mind of some crack-brained fanatic, but which are culled from the blue-books of the United States government.

The Census of Manufacturers, published by the Department of Commerce and Labor, informs us that, in 1904, 11.2 per cent of the manufacturing establishments controlled 81.5 per cent of all capital invested in manufacture in the United States, and supplied 79.3 per cent of all products. Thirty-eight per cent of the total values were produced by about 1900 establishments—less than one per cent of the whole. From the same source we learn that in seven of the principle industries the trusts do from 75 to 90 per cent of the business, while in ten other industries from 40 to 75 per cent of the business is in their grip.

How do those facts impress you? Here are some more.

According to John Moody, author of "The Truth about the Trusts," the total wealth of the United States exceeds \$120,000,000,000, and of this amount fifty billion dollars is held in corporate form. Thus, over one-fourth of the national wealth has already become trustified. And the bulk of this wealth is owned by a score or two of families. In the railway industry, for example a group of seven men, consisting of Morgan, Harriman, Vanderbilt, Frick, Hill and the Moore brothers, are credited with controlling 75 per cent of the country's railway mileage and 85 per cent of the earnings. Nor are their holdings confined to rolling stock; they extend into every department of industry, into street railways, gas and electric light plants, telegraphs and telephones, oil, steel, copper, asbestos, tobacco, rubber, sugar, insurance and many other interests.

Yet in spite of these facts there are many people who declare that the world is not yet ripe for socialism. They are

mistaken. It is not the socialists who are in advance of the times, but the non-socialists who are behind them.

Again, the only thing which has kept capitalism going in the past has been the fact that surplus population could overflow into new territory, surplus capital be invested in new undertakings, surplus produce be disposed of in new markets. But the world has now been pretty well conquered by king capital. The era of expansion has been superseded by the era of consolidation. The wilderness of the west has been brought under cultivation, industrial development has reached the age of maturity, and foreign market countries, such as Japan and China, which have hitherto absorbed our surplus produce, are learning to supply their own wants.

Now, unlike the industrial system which preceded it, capitalism depends for its life upon growth. It cannot stand still like the social orders of antiquity and the middle ages. It must grow, grow, grow. It must have room and lots of it in which to expand. But unfortunately for it the globe cannot be dilated beyond its present dimensions, nor is it very likely that communication will be established with Mars or Venus or the planets off in space. True, South America, Africa and Asia have not yet been brought under intense exploitation, but these countries will have a rapid development and provide only a temporary outlet for the pent-up energies of Europe and America. Capitalism is swiftly nearing the end of its tether.

Now, the consolidation of industry into trusts, the curtailment of foreign markets, the narrowing of new fields for exploitation, the doubling of population every thirty years in the United States and all the tendencies of capitalist development are intensifying every evil which now afflicts the body politic. The people are losing their homes; the farmers are losing their land; the unemployed army is growing in size, and wages are not keeping pace with the rise in the cost of living. Social conditions are becoming worse. And with what result? Simply that the masses are being forced into revolt against a system which holds out to them nothing but increasing misery. They are beginning to listen to socialist agitators. They are starting to vote the Socialist ticket. They are studying economics and organizing into a great political party of their own. They are clamoring for emancipation and all signs point to their attaining it in the not far distant future.

The C. P. R. Company have given \$2,500 to educate the son of a constable killed while defending the Company's property. The wage slaves of the C. P. R. can slave their lives away and will get fired for their pains. But the man with the gun, the man who will fight, the man who is ready to lay down his life to hold the property down for the C. P. R., that is the man the Company likes. It simply shows the capitalist outlook. Produce wealth for the company and be despised. Hold the wealth for the company and be rewarded. The workers are dead easy.

The troops were rushed to Glacier Bay in quick order. The capitalists know a good thing when they see it. They are giving their wage slaves two weeks with full pay if they will spend the time in the militia. You see what they want their wage slaves to do? They want them to work for the bosses at the terms dictated by the bosses and to be ready, if necessary, to shoot down those workers who object too strenuously to being wage slaves.

King Edward is declaring that the prosperity of Great Britain depends on scientific technical training. This is good. But unless the people get enough money to buy the services produced by the activities of technical experts of what benefit will the training be to Great Britain?

A man in London, Ont., was fined seven dollars for sleeping with hogs in a railway car. The hogs of the farmer can sleep in peace but the son of man hath not where to lay his head.

ENVIRONMENT AND ORIGINAL SIN

G. DESMOND

That a lie may be told and retold so often that it finally comes to be accepted as the truth, is an old and very true saying.

On this ground we are prepared to admit that the average paid preacher of Bourgeois religion, who endeavors to inculcate into his congregation the ideas of original sin and inherent human depravity, may believe it himself. Certainly, if the constant repetition of a statement could make said statement true, the aforementioned preachers, who seldom lose an opportunity of thundering forth this doctrine, would have humanity vile to the last degree ere now. As it is, however, they have not done so. It is true that in the past most people accepted the idea. But at the present time we find a change manifesting itself. An increasing number of persons are rebelling against church and ecclesiastical domination. They are beginning to think for themselves. People are beginning to realize that man is not a creature inherently bad, any more than he is a creature inherently good, but simply a living thing controlled and made and moulded to a certain scale and shape like all other living organisms by his environment.

The human infant for instance has very little inherent tendencies which cannot be overcome. It is simply full of almost unlimited possibilities. Its mind, the controlling part, is a blank and can be developed for good or bad, just as its body can be developed for sickness or health. It is all a matter of environment. With a good environment, the possibilities for good are developed and become the dominating part of the individual's nature. With a bad environment the opposite is the case. These facts are becoming apparent to all thinkers.

We are beginning to realize, that society can be, to the human unite, either a God or a Devil as it likes, developing the best or the worst side of the nature at will. Capitalism in its last stage certainly tends to the development of the worst side of the human nature. Capitalism, however, is on its last legs and, if the signs of the times can be depended upon, must soon fall from its own weight. When the era of socialism dawns society will recognize its duty to the individual and there will be no need for paid preachers to apologize on its behalf for the suppression of the best possibilities in human nature and the development of the worst by preaching, as they do now, the doctrine of original sin and the unborn depravity of the human being.

INDIVIDUALISM

The capitalists are all for individual initiative. Their long homilies are poured forth in tedious manner upon the benefits arising to civilization from individual initiative. They are against all socialistic activity for the benefit of the workers. Their newspapers and paid preachers and bonused politicians all shout the same tune.

Yet the capitalist is the last one to practice what he preaches. He does not want to stand on his own feet. Every time the toes of capitalism are stepped on the capitalist goes whining to the government for relief and protection. Your gentlemanly, stiff colored capitalist is the greatest whiner in the world.

He whines to the government and gets protection. He whines to the government and the government gives him a railway system. Strathcona and his gang would today be piking the streets as tramps had they not whined to the government for bonuses. The Dominion Steel Company has whiners at its head. They whined and got bonuses on pig iron and steel. The government of Canada gives these gentlemen a bonus for doing business. They can't stand on their own feet. They talk about individual activity and how they have prospered. But their grandiloquent speeches are prevarications. They are all whiners for government pap.

The capitalists whine to the government and get an Industrial Disputes act. They whine and get a bonus on

lead. They whine and troops are hurried at the expense of the people to protect for them the property the government has given them. They get themselves into a mess by mismanagement and the people's purse is open to them to right themselves again.

They whine and broad acres of the people's domain are given to them. They whine and the flunky press mouth against the workers.

When the capitalists talk to the workers they cannot talk like one man to another. They hector. They whine. They declare that workers are attacking law and order. They declare that the lazy shiftless drones want to live at government expense. Of course workers should not approach the government for any assistance. They should recognize that government assistance is reserved solely for capitalists.

The capitalists make the laws and they make them so that the workers are shut out from the benefits of the law. Then they tell the workers to stand on their own feet and rely for justice on a hostile law.

The capitalists, as far as law and individual initiative are concerned, are hypocritical whining humbugs. The workers are seeing through their shams and are going to vote their own men into power in order that the laws may be made in the interests of humanity and energy. Until recently they thought they did themselves proud if they voted for the whining capitalists and in return got a handshake from a capitalist flunkey politician.

THE LONDON SITUATION

It is declared that London, England, is a hard place for Socialism. If there is a place where poverty is more grinding and where the wealthy are more corrupt it is not known.

The socialists have a hard time to convert the East end Londoner to socialism. The agitator will tell the poor devils of their corrupt and soulless landlords and he will be believed. But he cannot entuse the voter. The Londoner has got into the way of thinking that things cannot be made better. He has grown hopeless and all he hopes to get is bread and circuses. Therefore he votes imperialism because it will give him spectacles to look at. He likes the king because around the king a sort of circus like performance is kept up.

When the spirit of the worker becomes too broken then they will be broken reeds and will be the danger spot of democracy. The spirit in the worker must still be good and whole or else he will be a fit instrument in the hands of the reactionaries to stifle the spread of democracy in politics as well as in industry.

When the people are oppressed too much then they will become diseased and degenerate and it will become impossible to raise them. Or else the people will revolt in a blind way as they did during the French Revolution.

There must be organization and strength and intellect among the workers. The revolution will not be so much a quick action affair. It is more a long drawn out civil war. We are in it now.

That being the case, anything that will strengthen the men who work and make for them the betterment of their conditions will make for them the betterment of socialism.

Capitalism is dying. The death throes are on it. In its writhings it is injuring workmen the world over. It is up to the workers to kill the thing outright. Trades unions, strikes, boycotts, Labor Councils, are all the means taken to protect labor from the agonies thrust upon them by capitalism. These things are good to keep the worker from becoming dead wood as they become in the slums of London. The civil war between capital and labor could be ended tomorrow did the workers but realize their strength. Until they do the labor unions and the fight for better conditions will keep the spirit in the workers for a hope for better things.

Curzon protests against the dolorous chorus of England's leading men. The leading financiers and lordly racketeers need not consider that because they are being taxed a penny or two the country is going to perdition.

ADVANCE OF JAPAN

Frank G. Carpenter, the noted correspondent, writing from Japan after making an investigation of the industrial development there, makes some statements that are of great interest to American workmen. Within a few years Japan has thrown off her medieval garb and entered the arena of modern industrial competition and modern civilization. Says Mr. Carpenter:

Only a short time ago everything in Japan was made by hands in the houses. There were no large establishments and practically no factories. Today there is still an enormous house industry, but there are, all told, over 10,000 factories and they employ altogether about 600,000 workmen. There are thousands of men who labor in the mines, and millions in the industries of every kind which go on in the homes of the people. As to the factories, I have already written of the shipyards and cotton mills. In the spinning factories the women are now receiving about 22 cents a day and children as low as 6 cents, while men get, on the average, about 34 cents. Cotton weavers receive about the same and silk weavers a cent or two more.

This wretched wage scale prevails proportionately in all other Japanese industries as will be seen by the following extract from the same letter:

Japanese mechanics are about as good workmen as you will find anywhere. Every common carpenter is a cabinet maker, and many of the stone cutters would pass as sculptors. . . . Here in Japan the master carpenter receives 65 cents a day, and the best men under him 40 and 50 cents. This is for nine or ten hours' work. These carpenters are fully the equal of any we have at home. . . . Bricklayers, equal to those who receive as much as \$5 a day, from 28 to 41 cents, blacksmiths 28 cents, for nine hours work here, and this is ten per cent more than they got in 1906. Brickmasons and plumbers 35, and that without helpers. . . . Our printers will be interested in what the compositors receive. There are now dailies in all the towns of any size. . . . The day's work begins at 8 a. m. and ends at 5 p. m. The wage scale is from 30 to 60 cents, the average being about 45 cents. Coal miners get from 28 to 41 cents, blacksmiths 28 cents and machinists almost a dollar.

It will thus be seen that the modern wage system is now established in Japan and that the modern industry is rapidly developing in that empire. During the next few years the factory system will be established in every department of industrial activity and millions of Japanese wage slaves will be producing commodities for the world's market, based upon the lowest wage scale in the world.

What is true of Japan is likewise true of China, which has ten times Japan's population. In these days of swift changes the capitalist mode of production and modern industry in all its forms will soon be in full operation throughout the Japanese and Chinese empires and the teeming millions of these so-called "heathen" countries will come into direct competition with the workers of the United States and other nations. The result of such competition can be readily foreseen. The products of America will be driven from the market unless produced on the same cheap level. The lowest prices control the world's market and the product of Japan and China will in the next few years flood the world.

What then will become of boasted protection of the American tariff from any less restrictive foreign immigration?

These are questions for American workers to consider seriously. They will soon be in competition with the great masses of Asiatic laborers and their standard of living must inevitably fall to the same level.

Capitalism is international and its trusts, syndicates and combines will have their work done and their commodities produced for the market where the lowest wage scales prevail and where the working class is most nearly enslaved.

Intelligent wage workers will see in this spread of modern industry over the nations of the far east the forerunner of the international solidarity of the working class. There is absolutely no hope of better conditions for labor under the capitalist system and the sooner the workers of all countries realize this and unite in the international Socialist movement to abolish the capitalist system and establish industrial democracy in which the workers shall be the people, the sooner will they and their children escape the poverty, insecurity and misery entailed upon them by the present system.—The Appeal.

The Incentive of Gain

A sympathetic study of the history of art, science and invention would show that it is a history of devotees. That competitive spirit has not made it, except in so far as competition among leaders of business had led them to watch for the best things, and get it at the lowest price. The commercial motive never produced a single great work of art, discovery in science, or epoch-making invention. It may do a great deal of the minor work by decorative artists, postmasters and inventors of "gimmicks" or improvements. The nature of genius is to love truth in some or all of its forms and sources. The same mind absorbed in such a pursuit is brought back to consideration of the mighty dollar only by sordid necessity. If the individual were the social unit one might reason that genius is its own reward, and envy the joys rather than pity the needs of the truth chaser. But the dependents of the man or woman who pursues some thread of truth for love of it or for humanity's sake experience the needs without the joys.

Competition has made for the survival of the fittest in organic evolution. Co-operation should achieve the survival of the fittest in ethics. Competition makes weak-hearted athletes, bankers that die suddenly at their desks and politicians that end their own lives. Co-operation? Well, we shall know what it can produce when it has become a science and a universal practice, stimulating and moderating, directing and securing the industries of the world.—Ellen E. Kenyon Warner, in New York Times.

The Jury's Independence

The Wolverhampton "Express and Star" prints the following report of a case heard by Mr. Justice Ridley.

The girl Mayer, found not guilty of the alleged attempted murder of Harry Gwilt by shooting, was again put on trial for assault, before a fresh jury.

At the conclusion of the evidence the Judge turned to the jury and said: "On these facts, gentlemen, I ask you to find a verdict of guilty."

Mr. Bosanquet: But the jury are entitled to find the rider.

The Judge: Please don't interfere any more, Mr. Bosanquet, or you and I will quarrel. I do not think the jury have any option in this case.

Foreman of the Jury: You say we have no option, my lord?

The Judge: Follow my direction. It is your duty, and do your duty.

The foreman said the jury had not agreed on their verdict.

The Judge: I have directed you to give a verdict. It is the law and your duty to find the prisoner guilty. Will you be good enough to do so? I am waiting for your verdict.

The Foreman: We find the girl guilty under great provocation.

The Judge: You may say that if you like. If you had known what I intended to do perhaps you would not have hesitated so long. I am not accustomed to be so treated by juries.

The Judge then bound the girl over to be of good behaviour, and she was discharged.—Clarion.

"Socialism, Positive and Negative"

BY ROBERT RIVES LA MONTE

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

Indian cotton mills pay their employees from one to three dollars a month. No wonder there are hard times in the Lancashire cotton district. And there is going to be harder times still. India will play to the English workers the same role that Mexico is playing to the American workers.

Plato says: "Society arises from men's economic wants: the division of labor and exchange and he attempts to generalize regarding the succession of changes in political life as due to economic facts?"

The Bishop of London asks how a stum child can believe in the goodness of God. He can't. The God of the Christians becomes his devil.

In strict justice everything should belong to all. Iniquity alone has created private property.—St. CLEMENT

The rich are robber's, better all things in common.—St. CHRYSOSTOM.

HYMN TO CAPITAL

Specially adopted for a choir of capitalist voices.

Oh, Lord of all the earth, to Thee, Again we offer prayer and praise, Long may thy rule continued be, At least, throughout thy servants days. Good markets we would ask of Thee, Large profits, lord we also wish, And that our slaves submissive be, In short, we're out for loaves and fish; Grant us thy blessings, Lord, and then We ask, confound the Labor men.

We wish all thy desires fulfilled, To Thee we light our votive fires, To Thee we goodly temples build, With sounding organs, towering spires And men of fluent speech we hire, That they may serve Thee all their days,

And many a sweetly singing choir, To carol their melodious lays. To Thee we take cigars and wine, Our worship it is wholly Thine.

Oh, Lord, in these Thy latter days, Rebellious men against Thee rise, Who to Thee offer prayer nor praise, Nor fear of Thee before their eyes.

They constantly blaspheme Thy name, At home, in workshop, street and hall; We pray thee put these men to shame, For this especially we call, Put forth thy mighty arm, our God, And smite them with Thy golden rod.

These men, oh Lord, be men of strength;

We cannot bend them to our will, These men, would go to any length, To work Thy chosen people ill.

They constant all our powers brave, They do not seem to care a cuss, We pray Thee to Thy servants save, Who are Thy people, Lord, but us? The greatest boon we ask is this,—

Oh Lord, confound these Socialists.

Their Party, Lord, is getting strong, Their numbers ever larger grow, And if we don't look out, ere long, They'll make of us a holy show.

We put it up to you, oh Lord, We're at our wits end what to do, And so we cry with one accord,—

It's up to You, it's up to You; Oh, Capital, our God most High, To Thee, and only Thee, we cry.

—WILFRID GRIEBLE.

THE CAUSES OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

The workers make for the owners of land and capital more wealth than these owners can spend or consume or invest abroad. Employers are compelled, therefore, to stop the machinery at times because there is no way of getting rid of goods. The rich export an enormous amount and invest it in foreign countries. But they cannot spend all the wealth the workers could produce if they all worked full time. Hence unemployment.

Under Socialism industry would be organized to produce the goods needed by the people, and this wealth would be divided fairly so as to enable the producers to consume or use the wealth themselves.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF INVENTIONS

A new labor-saving device often throws thousands of people out of work, and it is no one's business to find them other employment. The capitalist, the inventor, and the consumer may gain in lower prices, but the unemployed hands suffer intensely, and may be permanently degraded in character and position.

Under socialism these people would be provided for, because it would be to the interest of the state to keep every person fit and healthy. A fit man can produce more wealth than an unfit.

Plato says: "There is such a gulf between wealth and virtue, that when weighed, as it were in the balance one of the two always fall and the other rises?"

The collective energy of the people is more economical and more beneficial than private initiative of the few who are out for big dividends.

There must be democracy in industry before wage slavery can cease.

More enjoyment!

STAG
BRIGHT PLUG
CHEWING TOBACCO

The new plugs are bigger than ever.

Picture of Bernard Shaw

This is Mr. Jackson's portrait of Bernard Shaw, from British Labour Leader:

"His sandy hair, which is parted in the middle and brushed well back from a square forehead, and his beard, which is longer than of yore, are toned down with grey. He is of the average height and easy in carriage; his head, which is remarkably square between the brows, with a crown which depends towards the neck in a line unusually free from curve, is set well back, and his ears have a forward tilt. His eyebrows are at the mephisto-angle, and he has steady blue eyes. It is the head of a fighter who prefers a frontal attack. At the same time, there is, in his general appearance, a hint of one who would strike comfortable attitudes and lounge had he the desire to do so; there is again something about his immobile yet alert head in strange contrast with his curiously mobile and expressive arms and hands. This is well brought out on the platform in moments of oratorical heat, when with head thrown back, hair and brows seeming to bristle, and eyes sparkling to match his peculiar eloquence, he stands quite still, but moves his hands and arms in a kind of gesticulating punctuation. Not, however, the swinging notes of exclamation which are the gesticulating stock-in-trade of the politician with the roaring oratorical manner, but movements of hand and wrist and even elbow, which add the commas, semi-colons, full-stops, and interrogatory notes to his irresistibly spoken sentences."

The Curse of Classes

The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles. Freedman and slave, patrician and plebeian, lord and serf, guildmaster and journeyman—in a word oppressor and oppressed—stood in constant opposition to one another and carried on an uninterrupted—now hidden, now open—fight that each time ended either in revolutionary reconstruction of society at large or in the common ruin of the contending classes.

In the earlier epochs of history we find almost everywhere a complicated arrangement of society into various orders, a manifold gradation of social rank. In ancient Rome we have patricians, knights, plebeians, slaves; in the middle ages feudal lords, vassals, guildmasters, journeymen, apprentices, serfs; in almost all of these, again, subordinate gradations.

The modern bourgeois society that has sprouted from the ruins of feudal society has not done away with class antagonisms. It has but established new classes, new conditions of oppression, new forms of struggles in place of the old ones.—DR. KARL MARX.

A Propaganda Stunt

Locals which have organized speakers, classes or economic study clubs, and even those which have not, would do well to appoint a committee to secure the addresses of the secretaries of all the debating clubs, literary societies, bible classes, temperance leagues and similar organizations with the view of offering to debate labor questions with them or to supply them with speakers. Just as soon as the fall sets in, and literary clubs start on their winter work, they should be written to the above effect. This would result in good training for our young speakers and considerable propaganda among intelligent young men and women.

THE PROBLEM OF SOCIALISM

Sense and Humanity in all the affairs of life. The present system is a system of chaos and cruelty. Given a country and a people, the problem to-day is how to keep power and property in the hands of the few and to prevent the masses from obtaining power and property.

Under Socialism the problem would be, given a country and a people, how to organize the activities of the whole people so as to produce the highest welfare of all.

THE RIGHT TO LIVE

Socialism means the right to live. Neither free traders nor tariff reformers admit that right. Free traders and tariff reformers assert that no man or woman has a right to live unless he or she can obtain the permission of a landowner or capitalist employer.

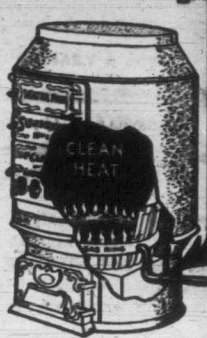
Under Socialism the right to live never would be questioned, and the duty of working for a living would be obligatory on every sound individual.

Another "Sunshine" Feature

This is an entirely new idea, and will especially interest people who reside in natural gas districts. The gas ring takes the place of the lower Sunshine fire-pot, thus making it possible to burn gas in your furnace without inconvenience. Such is not possible in a furnace where the ordinary gas log is inserted; for, should the gas give out, a coal or wood fire could not be started until the gas pipes were disconnected.

To provide against sweating in the summer time, Sunshine Furnace is equipped with a nickel-plated steel radiator and dome. All bolts and rivets are nickel-plated, all rods copper-plated. This special treatment, besides meaning quicker and greater radiation from the radiator and dome than cold iron could possibly give, acts as protection for the bolts, rivets and rods from inroads of gas. When cast iron comes in contact with our nickel-plated steel it is coated with our special Anti-Rust treatment, which prevents the slightest possibility of rust commencing anywhere in Sunshine Furnace.

The Gas Ring



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LIVE PROPAGANDA PAPER

"THE ANCIENT LOWLY."

Those who have read "The World Revolution" by Untermyer, and wish to follow further the history of the organization of the workers from the earliest known period up to the period of the adoption of Christianity by Constantine, will do well to read and study "The Ancient Lowly" by C. Osborne Ward. In two volumes at \$2.00 per volume. Either volume for 25 yearly subs to Cotton's up to the end of this month.

A crisp Five Dollar Bill to the comrade landing the most subs during this month. Two 26-week subs or five trials count as a yearly. There are several ways of employing a fiver in the interest of the cause.

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COTTON'S WEEKLY, Cowansville, P. Q.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

THE HAT

Twelve millions of the people of Britain are paupers.—CAMPBELL BANNERMAN.

The income of the English landlords amounts to £150,000,000 per annum.—Statistics.

Take off the lid of England—let us gaze in the seething vat;
And what is England's secret—the secret of England's fat?
Behold the stewing paupers—behold them in their plight;
And these are the pride of Britain—of the proud old race and white!
These are the living secrets, these anguished things that crawl
Through the rain-swept streets of London by the Fat One's palace wall.

These have produced her stoutness—aye, these have produced her fat—

These have supplied their Master with his wealth and his Shining Hat!

Turn back to the South Sea atoll, where the tiny polypes toil;

These are the English people—these insect things that moil,

These are their polype-symbols—like their medullary pulp

Are the blood and the grief and labour that the English landlords gulp!

So low that one may not tell them from protoplasmic forms—

Aye, building their insect-Empire beneath the Pacific's storms;

So Britain's paupers labour—poor Sandy, and Hodge, and Pat—

For the sake of England's fatness and the shine of Balfour's Hat!

The polypes toil and perish—they spend their strength and die;

And the worn-out paupers sicken in the noisome English sty.

Like zoophytes true they labour, these pale cephalopods

Who bow their knees in worship to Britain's crazy gods!

As the builders of the atoll feed the cruising bird of prey,

So the paupers bred in England feed the landlord race for aye—

Yes, they bow to the landlord-fetish, and it towereth like Ararat;

So hooray for England's fatness, and the shine of Cohen's Hat!

There's another Thames of sorrow—it flows to that Sluggish Sea

That is fed from the eyes of paupers, grown old in their misery

There's a Bridge that spans that River—the River of Paupers' Tears—

And an army marches o'er it with its face to the hopeless years.

Lo! a chariot thunders after, and Mammon sits on high,

While the paupers groan hosannas as the Empire-sham rolls by.

Aye, they cheer for the good King Cohen—they huzza for the plutocrat

Who feasts on England's fatness, and struts in a Blatant Hat!

Ye prate of England's glory, but what of England's shames,

Since ye bow to a tawdry greatness that is greatness but in name?

For what is her vaunted freedom but freedom to oppress—

To wring the landlord's tribute through blood and bitterness!

Far better that Saxon England, ere the millionaires and sots

Had risen from slums like London's, Where the heart of a people rots!

Far better the feudal baron who midst his vassals sat,

Than the pauper-fattened landlord, who props up a Garish Hat.

Art proud of the Newer Conquest—of Cohen's diadem?

Go ask of the English paupers—win England back for them!

The "precedents may broaden," but heavier grow the gyves

That fetter England's millions and crush their stunted lives!

Dost wait for a bloodier Senlac—when the hungry hosts shall rise,

With the grief and the pain of ages in their anguished, sunken eyes?

Beware of the Day of Spurning, O lipping Aristocrat,

When the English serfs shall trample on thy Symbolistic Hat!

Huzza for the Time of Spurning, when they tear each fetich down—

When the paupers smite their landlords with the sceptre and the crown?

When they heap up age-worn parchments in a mighty pile and high,

And the deeds of a dukeling's freehold go blazing 'thwart the sky!

Far better the days of Chaucer than Austin's pinchbeck times.

When the English landlords beaten on the fruit of a thousand crimes!

So huzza for that Day of Spurning, when the landlord-joss lies flat,

And the pauper welts the landscape with his owner's Burnished Hat!

Replace the lid of England—we have gazed in the seething vat;

We have spied out England's secret—the secret of England's fat!

We have seen the starving paupers who shiver athwart the night;

And these are the pride of England—of the proud old race and white?

Aye, these are the ghastly secret—these homeless forms that crawl

Through the wind-swept streets of London on the lee of the palace wall.

Lo! these have produced her stoutness—yea, these have supplied her fat—

How long will they feed the landlord who struts in a Heavenly Hat?

GRANT HERVEY,
In the Sydney "Bulletin."

NO DIVINE RIGHT

Once upon a time people believed in the divine right of kings. To-day they believe in the divine right of capital.

But this latter belief is passing away as did the former. So also is the belief that poverty is a blessing in disguise.

The church is losing its influence over large sections of the community.

Among working men and women a feeling seems to be prevalent that the church is an institution controlled by the capitalist class in the interest of the capitalist class.

At any rate, the old teachings no longer suffice to allay their discontent. An anti-religiousness akin to that which characterized the French Revolution is developing among the proletariat of both Europe and America.

In the domain of political economy a like unorthodoxy is manifesting itself. A large and increasing number of working people are studying economics of the schools and colleges.

The economics which they are studying are the economics of Karl Marx, economics which have a revolutionary import and which, though meriting the title of the "dismal science" because of the unpleasant truths they contain, nevertheless bear a message of hope to the disinherited of all lands.

—W. R. S.

Our "Hold" Nobility

The woes of our parasitic population appear to be on the increase. The latest recruit to the ranks of the mourners is Lord Sherborne.

In a circular sent to his tenants, his lordship says:

Lord Sherborne regrets extremely that owing to the extravagance of the present Government, and the consequent heavy burden of taxation they have thought fit to lay upon the land, he will no longer be able to spend as much as he has hitherto done on the upkeep of his estate.

This will entail a considerable reduction of the sum spent on labour, which he regrets both for the sake of his land and of the laborers who live upon it, but super-taxation necessities super-economy.

It is to be feared that, if things get much worse, the noble lord will be reduced to doing some useful work—which might or might not prove a blessing to the nation at large. Meantime the lesson which Socialists will draw is: so long as a few rich men are able to monopolise the means of existence, so long will they be able to shift on to the shoulders of their serfs the financial obligations to the community—Labor Leader.

An Officer, Not a Gentleman

The following is one among many examples of Englishmen's treatment of natives recorded in Mr. Keir Hardie's shilling book on India:

An Indian gentleman, knighted by the late Queen Victoria, a Christian, and an active supporter of missionary work, happened to be travelling, and was joined at a certain station by his son—who, by the way, is married to an English lady of good position. The son is darker in complexion than his father, and when he entered the carriage where his father was, one of the other passengers objected. The father pointed out that there was plenty of room, and that he desired that his son should be beside him. This was the response from one of the men wearing the King's uniform: "Look here, we tolerate you because you don't look so bad, but I'll be damned if we allow that black dog in beside us."

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LANCASTER, ONT.
CARRIED BY
"FRUIT-A-TIVES"

These Wonderful Fruit Juice Tablets
Are Winning Friends on Every Side.



Lancaster, Ont., Sept. 16, 1908

I was a martyr for many years to that distressing complaint, chronic Constipation. I tried many kinds of pills and medicines without benefit and consulted physicians, but nothing did me any real good. Then I began to take "Fruit-a-tives," and these wonderful little fruit tablets entirely cured me.

At first, I took five tablets a day, but now I take only one tablet every two days. I am now entirely well, and thanks to "Fruit-a-tives," I give you permission to publish this testimonial.

(Madame) Zenophile Bonnevillie.

This is only one more link in the chain of proof that "Fruit-a-tives" never fail to cure Constipation or non-action of the bowels. 50c a box, or 6 for \$2.50, or trial box 25c. At dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

A BUNCH OF QUOTATIONS

The following quotations are made from Plechanoff's work entitled "Anarchism and Socialism." Unless otherwise stated the paragraphs are written by Plechanoff himself.

"There are many of the younger or of the more ignorant comrades who are inclined to take words for deeds, high-sounding phrases for acts, mere sound and fury for revolutionary activity, and who are too young and too ignorant to know that such sound and such fury signify nothing."—Preface, page 4, Eleanor Marx Avelline.

NEED FOR INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION.

"Recent events in the labor movement in Belgium, France, Russia, Italy and America have made all thinking socialists realize that revolutionary organization on the economic field is, to say the least, equally as essential as revolutionary organization on the political field. But the two methods of combat are not antagonistic, but mutually supplementary. They must be used simultaneously, and it is not necessary to harmonious co-operation that there should be organic connection between the political and economic organizations of the proletariat."—Page II, Introduction, Robert Rives LaMonte.

METHODS.

"All weapons are good which accomplish our aim, and if the ballot should prove a failure we shall not hesitate to resort to other weapons, even to powder, lead and dynamite."—p. 12, Untermann.

THE UTOPIAN

"The Utopian is one who, starting from an abstract principle, seeks for a perfect social organization."—page 21.

HUMAN NATURE.

"It is not human nature which explains the historical movement; it is the historical movement which explains human nature."—Page 33.

MARX' INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY.

"The great revolutionary party of our day, the International Social Democracy, is based not upon some 'new conception of human nature,' nor upon any abstract principle, but upon a scientifically demonstrable economic necessity."—Page 34.

RUSKIN'S VIEWS

"Neither the roads nor the railways of any nation should belong to any private persons. All means of public transit should be provided at public expense, by public determination where such means are needed, and the public should be its best shareholder. Neither road, nor railroad nor canal should ever pay dividends to anybody. They should pay their working expenses, and no more. All dividends are simply a tax on the traveler, and the goods, levied by the persons to whom the road or canal belongs, for the right of passing over his property, and this right should at once be purchased by the nation and the original cost of the roadway—be it of gravel, iron, or adamant—at once defrayed by the nation, and then the whole work of the carriage of persons or goods done for ascertained prices, by salaried officers, as the carriage of letters is done now."—JOHN RUSKIN, 1863.

The mode of production of material life determines the social, political and intellectual processes of life. It is not the consciousness of mankind that determines their being, but, on the contrary, their social being that determines their consciousness. In a certain stage of their development, the material forces of production of society come into contradiction with the existing relations of production, or, which is only a juridical expression for the same thing, with the relations of property within which they had hitherto moved. From forms for the development of these forces of production, they are transformed into their fetters. We then enter upon an epoch of social revolution."—Quoted from the preface to Marx's "Zur Kritik der Politischen Oekonomie," Berlin, 1859.

"What humanity seeks in religion and calls God, is itself," said Feuerbach. To which Proudhon adds that "what the citizen seeks in Government and calls king, emperor or president is again himself, is liberty."—Page 55.

"Economic facts preceded and preceded the facts of political and civil law."—Page 84 (Bakounine.)

"All the religions, and all the systems of morals that govern a given society are always the ideal expression of its real material condition of its political organization, the latter, indeed, being never anything but the juridical and violent consecration of the former."—page 84 (Bakounine)

"No human individual can recognize his own humanity, not therefore, realize it in his life except by recognizing it in others, and by helping to realize it for others. No man can emancipate himself except by emancipating with him all the men around him. My liberty is the liberty of everyone, for I am not truly free, free not only in thought but in deed, except when my liberty and my rights find their confirmation, their sanction, in the liberty and the rights of all men, my equals."—Page 87, Bakounine.

PARLIAMENTARIANISM

"Working class candidates, transferred to bourgeois conditions of life and into an atmosphere of completely bourgeois political ideas, ceasing to be actually workers in order to become statesmen, will become bourgeois themselves. For it is not men who make positions, but on the contrary, positions which make men."—Page 98 (Bakounine.)

A New Textile Machine

Canadian textile manufacturers will be interested in the new warp-tying machine which has been brought out by a Lancashire firm. It is an extremely ingenious invention. The business of the operative twister-in, or loomer, is to twist the threads of a new warp to the threads of a finished warp, on which remains the heads and reed. The human worker selects the threads with the fingers of each hand cuts or breaks them with the curved knife in the belt round his waist, and twists, with his wetted fingers and a little whitening, the parts of threads together. An expert twister can join the two sets of threads at a speed of 2,000 threads per hour.

The new machine does the same amount of work in eight minutes. One machine will do all the twisting for a shed of 600 to 1,000 looms. Two men can easily attend on it, and do all incidental work. The inventor, Mr. Gilmann, has taken twelve years to perfect it. The machine is not yet arranged for Jacquard looms, but the difficulties in the way of its application to this class of work do not appear to be insurmountable. —THE ENGINEERING JOURNAL OF CANADA.

Ruskin's Views

"Neither the roads nor the railways of any nation should belong to any private persons. All means of public transit should be provided at public expense, by public determination where such means are needed, and the public should be its best shareholder. Neither road, nor railroad nor canal should ever pay dividends to anybody. They should pay their working expenses, and no more. All dividends are simply a tax on the traveler, and the goods, levied by the persons to whom the road or canal belongs, for the right of passing over his property, and this right should at once be purchased by the nation and the original cost of the roadway—be it of gravel, iron, or adamant—at once defrayed by the nation, and then the whole work of the carriage of persons or goods done for ascertained prices, by salaried officers, as the carriage of letters is done now."—JOHN RUSKIN, 1863.

PLATFORM

Socialist Party of Canada

We, the Socialist Party of Canada, in convention assembled, affirm our allegiance to, and support of the principles and programme of the revolutionary working class.

Labor produces all wealth, and to the producers it should belong. The present economic system is based upon capitalist ownership of the means of production, consequently all the products of labor belong to the capitalist class. The capitalist is therefore master; the worker a slave.

So long as the capitalist class remains in possession of the reins of government all the powers of the State will be used to protect and defend their property rights in the means of wealth production and their control of the product of labor.

The capitalist system gives to the capitalist an ever-swelling stream of profits, and to the worker an ever increasing measure of misery and degradation.

The interest of the working class lies in the direction of setting itself free from capitalist exploitation by the abolition of the wage system, under which is cloaked the robbery of the working-class at the point of production. To accomplish this necessitates the transformation of capitalist property in the means of wealth production into collective or working-class property.

The irrepressible conflict of interests between the capitalist and the worker is rapidly culminating in a struggle for possession of the power of government—the capitalist to hold, the worker to secure it by political action. This is the class struggle.

Therefore, we call upon all workers to organize under the banner of the Socialist Party of Canada with the object of conquering the public powers for the purpose of setting up and enforcing the economic programme of the working class, as follows:

1. The transformation, as rapidly as possible, of capitalist property in the means of wealth production (natural resources, factories, mills, railroads etc.) into the collective property of the working class.

2. The democratic organization and management of industry by the workers.

3. The establishment, as speedily as possible, of production for use instead of production for profit.

The Socialist Party, when in office, shall always and everywhere until the present system is abolished, make the answer to this question its guiding rule of conduct: Will this legislation advance the interests of the working class and aid the workers in their class struggle against capitalism? If it will the Socialist Party is for it; if it will not, the Socialist Party is absolutely opposed to it.

In accordance with this principle the Socialist Party pledges itself to conduct all the public affairs placed in its hands in such a manner as to promote the interests of the working class alone.

How to Organize

FROM OFFICIAL CONSTITUTION OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

In order to affiliate with the Socialist Party of Canada, the first requisite is to become thoroughly informed as to the necessity of the political organization of the workers on strictly class lines. This calls for some study of Socialist literature in order to be able to grasp at least the fundamental principles of capitalist economics, and the reasons for increasing poverty among the workers alongside of increasing wealth and power in the hands of the capitalists. It is of the utmost importance to become familiar with the program and principles of the Socialist Party of Canada, by a careful reading of its platform, constitution and other literature, which may be obtained from Locals, Provincial or Dominion Executive Committees.

Having become convinced of the soundness of the party's position and the correctness of its program, write the Provincial Executive Committee or the Dominion Executive Committee where no provincial organization exists, for a copy of the regular charter application form used by the party.

Five or more persons may make application for a charter, by signing and forwarding such application to the Provincial Executive Committee, or where no provincial organization exists, to the Dominion Executive Committee, accompanied by 10 cents for each signer to cover the current month's dues, and \$5 to cover the expense of supplies, including charter, financial books, warrants, membership cards, etc.

Upon receipt of charter proceed to elect officers as laid down in Article II. of the party constitution. At each business meeting follow out the order of business as laid down in Article VI.

It would be well to devote the first business meetings of the Local to becoming thoroughly familiar with all of the provisions of the party constitution, platform, etc. When this is well in hand, the work of spreading the propaganda by holding public meetings, circulating literature and other means should be taken up.

A Local from its inception should train itself to attend as closely as possible to such work as legitimately belongs to it. It should learn to be accurate and methodical in keeping its records, both financial and otherwise, in making reports to the party committees and in attending to correspondence. It should be strict in requiring its officers to give close attention to their duties; it should give close attention to all reports made by the Dominion or Provincial Executive Committees, thus keeping closely in touch with, and well informed in regard to all party work.

Locals should realize that a continually increasing volume of work is falling upon the Executive Committees of the party, a burden which they will make easier to carry if they refrain from fault finding, suspicion and distrust. A measure of confidence must of necessity be placed in officials, and it is but fair to presume that they will attend to their duties and carry out their instructions as closely and completely as possible under the circumstances surrounding them.

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon Locals and party members that energy expended in spreading party propaganda and building up the party in their respective localities will prove more productive of good than picking flaws with party officers, committees and representatives, or bothering them with unreasonable or ridiculous requests. The pernicious activity of a few who are qualified to find fault and pick flaws, can easily nullify the work of the many who are actuated solely by a desire to build up the organization by furthering its work.

The Socialist Party of Canada has to deal with a population scattered over a vast territory. It has a stupendous task to perform. If its members be guided in their actions by reason and good judgment, the task may be speedily accomplished, and the Canadian workingmen come into control of Canadian industry and resources, a position that properly belongs to them by virtue of both usefulness and numbers.

For Charter Application, etc., write to D. G. McKENZIE, Secretary of the Socialist Party of Canada, Box 886, Vancouver, B. C.

AN EDITOR ASTRAY

Springhill, N. S.

Editor Cotton's Weekly,

I notice in the "News Sentinel" of Amherst the assertion that socialism is ridiculous in the extreme. I would like to ask the Editor of that paper if it is ridiculous to abolish crimes by removing the cause that tends to breed criminals, to change a system that compels men to crush or to be crushed. Is it ridiculous to remove the cause of prostitution and cruelty? Mr. Editor of the Sentinel, what is ridiculous is to assert that socialism may remove some of the causes that lead to drink, prostitution, etc., but that it will fall short of abolishing these evils unless the Kingdom of God is set up in the heart and mind of mankind at the same time. Have you, Mr. Editor, got the Kingdom of God set up in your heart? Are you not struggling from the first day of January to the thirty-first day of December to make money and sometimes to overwork yourself for it? Is not the dollar, from the fact that you cannot live without it, your most sacred idol under the present system? If so then you are a worshipper of mammon, and you have mammon's kingdom in your heart and you are struggling to get more of it all the time. The present rotten system is to blame for this, not you.

Did you ever see a man who is supposed to teach the maxims and theory of the man of Nazareth succeed in setting up the Kingdom of God in any man's heart? If so just let me know where. I have never found any of them here in Springhill nor yet in Amherst. Did you ever dream that God's Kingdom could be set up in any capitalist's heart? If it can be why have they not got it after nineteen hundred years of teaching? Why is there so much trouble in Springhill between the employer and the employee? Why was there so much slack time in Amherst? I will tell you why. In the first place, because capitalists are greedy, ambitious and luxurious. They have made the laws for themselves, or have had the laws made by their friends to protect their riches. These laws give them the power to compel the workers to overproduce, themselves getting but a bare living. Through that overproduction come slack times and then the workers starve because they have produced too much. The worker goes naked because he has produced too much cloth. The miner must freeze because he has produced too much coal. The shoemaker goes barefoot because he has produced too many shoes. It is strange but true that if a man cannot get more than a bare living when he overproduces, he cannot get the necessities of life when idleness is caused by overproduction. Then appear starvation, thievery, prostitution and crime. You say that poverty is a fertile cause in producing crime and prostitution. But you do not say what is the cause of poverty. I refrain from saying, Mr. Editor of the Sentinel, that this is an absurdity on your part. But I must say that it is ridiculous for a man like you to assert that the Kingdom of God can be set up in the heart of mankind under present conditions. If I am mistaken about capitalists prove it and I am willing to walk fifty miles barefooted to get a good look at a capitalist who has the Kingdom of God set up in his heart and is free from greediness, luxury, ambition and the devilish curse of everything. Mammon. If I am not mistaken, how ridiculous you make yourself by asserting that to make socialism a success it must go hand in hand with the regeneration of the individual.

How, Mr. Editor, can you conceive the idea of regenerating the individual by setting up the Kingdom of God in his heart? Surely you are not without historical knowledge. You must have read about the Holy Inquisition, torture chambers, massacre of St. Bartholomew, Alexander Borgia, Diego Deza, Adrian de Florencia, Innocent III and Constantine, the first Christian Emperor. Do you know anything of their methods in setting up God's Kingdom in the heart of mankind and the ways and means used to regenerate the individual? What a nice and sweet thing it was for mankind to receive the teachings of the Man of Nazareth, while burning at the stake. These regenerators of the individual, these preachers of thou shalt not kill, there is not one page of this history that is not red with the blood of humanity. They have set up, not God's but the Devil's kingdom in the heart of mankind. They degenerated the individual by keeping him in ignorance and slavery. And, Mr. Editor, you have the foolish ideas that these regenerators and

socialism must go hand in hand to make a success.

Socialism will free the mass. I say free because we workingmen are slaves. We are free to work but we are not free to hold our jobs. Socialism alone will regenerate humanity. Socialists are the only true teachers of the maxims of the Man of Nazareth. Among political parties the Socialist Party is the only party that truly preaches that "thou shalt not kill," and is against war and militarism.

Listen, Mr. Editor, to what Spencer says about your regeneration, "Of God, who should be a hope, they have made a monster, always ready to devour his children."

Now, Mr. Editor, the next time you come out on socialism, for or against, kindly argue politically and scientifically, and according to knowledge.

JULES LAVENNE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

To the Workers of the Dominion of Canada.

Ferid Pasha, Minister of the Interior Turkey, recently declared that trade unions are a hindrance to the economic development of Turkey. As a protest six thousand Turkish workers held a meeting in Constantinople to denounce the position taken by the Pasha.

Several New York banks will be made defendants in separate actions, which will be brought against them by the Ottoman government, for the recovery of certain sums of money deposited to the credit of Abdul Hamid, the deposed Turkish ruler. Abdul Hamid has more than \$50,000,000 deposited in his own name in German, French, English and American banks.

Fraternal organizations, building and loan associations operated exclusively for the mutual benefit of their members, labor organizations, or any corporations operated exclusively for religious, charitable, or educational purposes will be exempt from taxation provided in the recently adopted U. S. corporation tax. An amendment to the effect was adopted by the Senate, after considerable discussion pro and con.

Insisting that the Presbyterian Church is confronting a situation which means a disintegration of the present institution, a group of ministers of the New York Presbytery have inaugurated a movement of protest against the admission of the "higher criticism" of the Bible into the teachings of the church. The movement was brought about by the ordination of George Ashmore Fitch by the Presbytery despite a protest filed by the conservative ministers.

U. S. A. NOTES

From Weekly Bulletin issued from National Headquarters of Socialist Party.

The Socialists of Virginia held a very successful State Convention on July 4th at Richmond, Alonzo H. Dennett of Ware Neck, being chosen as a candidate for Governor.

The new Social-Democratic members of the Milwaukee School Board, Meta L. Berger (wife of Victor L. Berger) and Frederic Heath, editor of the Social-Democratic Herald, took their seats last Wednesday. With one Social-Democrat holding over, and one re-elected, this makes four Socialist school directors in Milwaukee. Mrs. Berger has the high honor of being the first Socialist woman official in America.

Secretary of Navy Myers has been for sometime prosecuting an inquiry as to the spread of Socialism among the navy force and gathering facts as to the amount of Socialist literature being circulated in that quarter. Here is an item that should engage his attention: The Socialists of Maine held a State Field Day at Oakland Park, Rockland, on July 5th. The Board of Trade of Rockland had requested and secured from the Navy Department the visit of three battle ships for a counter-attraction. The blue jackets having shore leave to attend the Board of Trade celebration, virtually boycotted it and swarmed to the Socialist picnic, took part in the games and dances and listened with interest to the oratory by Comrades John W. Brown, National Organizer, Grace V. Silver and Robert V. Hunter, member of the National Committee for Maine. They took back to their ships great quantities of literature, some of which was given to them free and some of which they purchased. Altogether the middies were responsible for the financial success of the Socialist picnic and the state treasury has been increased by a big sum.

TALE OF A TOUR

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

Since last writing meetings have been held at Sydney, Sydney Mines and Caledonia. Sydney and Sydney Mines always provide good crowds. At Sydney I met Comrade Matthews, late of Bellevue, Alberta, with a card paid up three months in advance. An enthusiastic comrade, he has come just when he is wanted and is an acquisition to Sydney Local.

I am leaving for the Western part of the province on Friday the 16th July.

The big strike in the mines of the Dominion Coal Company has started. The majority of the miners are in a state of fatuous confidence as to their success and are just now unfitted to some extent for listening to the real thing. It will not be long before many of them will be disillusioned however and then will be the chance of the Maritime comrades to see that the only hope of the workers is again expounded to them.

On the third day of the strike five hundred of the regulars arrived and it surely was a pretty sight to see the patrols marching through the streets with fixed bayonets and ball ammunition, and all because a few women had scratched the face of Manager Duggan and a strike-breaker or two. The soldiers were sent against the protest of Mayor Douglas, who is making a grand stand play as being in favour of the strikers in order to get the Conservative nomination at the next election and the dodge is to get the miners vote in order to oust the setting Liberal member. A lot of the strikers are saying what a "good man" Douglas is; how he must laugh in his sleeve. And the majority of them will probably vote for him at the next election, too, if they are here to vote for him.

The strike is just started, and before it is finished a lot of the strikers will have gone elsewhere in search of fodder and they won't be able to vote for the "good man" then. Oh, they are confident, but by and by when they see crowds of strikebreakers brought in as they look between the fixed bayonets of the soldiers, when they find themselves being turned out of their homes, (you should see most of the homes) which are owned by the Company, when they find themselves being crushed, when they see the hopelessness of fighting dollars with cents, their confidence will become despair or resentment, and it is the ones who feel the latter sentiment that the comrades must be on the look out for and as the local comrades recognize these facts as clearly as the writer they will look out. The fool workers will not learn except through bitter experience and the sum total of that kind of experience will be added to very considerably before this strike is over. It is evidently going to be a desperate struggle on the part of the men, who are in a fighting mood, all credit to them, but they are fighting where they are weakest, and it is my personal opinion that they are in for a horrible trouncing.

I have warned them time and again that the soldiers would be used against them, that the henchmen of the Company would manufacture bomb outrages and try to fix it on them that the Company could certainly beat them if they choose. The first two predictions have already come true and I have no doubt about the last. It is pitiable to see the jaunty air with which most of the bawky slaves walk about and to know that before long these slaves will be going about with hanging heads and hopeless faces.

But out of the buried hopes of many of these men will spring the sure and certain hope of a joyful revolution, and they will come in with us and help work out their own industrial salvation not in fear and trembling but in hope and confidence.

Tonight I speak at Dominion No 6, to-morrow at the regular Sunday meeting of Glace Bay Local; Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday I campaign in Sydney and Sydney Mines; returning here on Thursday for a farewell meeting and am off on Friday to fill the bill arranged by Comrade Fillmore, who has been doing some organizing on his own account, more power to him. I shall consider it a treat to see him again, for he is one of the best, as he will give great proofs before long and I have no fear of placing myself on record to that effect.

WILFRID GRIBBLE.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD

I would add to the above prayer, "Under better conditions." The Editor gave me strict injunctions to back up any report I might make with facts; legal facts were the words

he used. Not being able to distinguish between facts and legal facts at the time that I heard of the impending strike amongst the Jewish bakers in Montreal, what could I do? To write the evidence in the raw was like beard-ing the Cotton in his den, "and to refrain from reporting would involve a wealth of 'Webbian wrath,' (a word like that deserves a circulation of two million). In my dilemma I went to the Secretary of the Montreal Branch of the Jewish Bakers' union, Mr. A. Suffrin. That worthy leader of a great cause was at home, and with one fell diplomatic swoop I threw the responsibility of proving the case onto his shoulders. I greeted him and said, "You are in trouble." There was no need for the statement; a glance at the features of my friend—if he will permit me—affirmed it.

"Speak for thy servant heareth," I said, and I know that when the gospel according to Wayman is written, that these words will become famous and prophetic.

"Well, you must know," said Mr. Suffrin, "that there are about fifty or sixty Jewish bakers employed in Montreal. Their lives are spent under the most horrifying conditions. The bake-houses are generally in basements or cellars and the air is either mouldy or stifling. Thousands of loaves a day are being put in and taken out of the ovens while the city man in the air outside that we are longing for, says, 'Hellish hot in the streets today.' We say not a word about the heat, yet I think you will agree that we get too much of a good thing, sometimes thirty-six hours at a stretch; always from twelve to twenty hours a day, or is it night? And such queer times too. We can't make arrangements for a night's enjoyment like other men. Sometimes we have to start work at midnight or at three in the morning. In fact any old time the boss thinks fit to have us. And our wages are only averaging eight dollars a week."

"Now look here," I burst in, "Were I to repeat this it is more than likely the boss would never again buy me an ice cream soda. You say that here, in free Canada, you work all hours God sends in a hokey pokey cellar, slaving in a hellish hole, for eight dollars a week. Why do you stand for it?"

"I would like to show you some of the bakehouses," he answered, and you shall judge for yourself. We have determined that something must be done. We applied for a charter and started a union and the masters formed a union and the result was that those who were prominent in forming the trade union were sacked. There were nine of us."

"Ha, Ha," I said, "That's where you have the pull. No good living Jew will buy bread made by a gentile and the Rabbi won't bless the shew bread if it is not made by the Chosen People's own coreligionists."

"That's how it used to be," said my informant. "Tis not so today. Our places were filled immediately by French Canadians. And today the bosses went around and asked the men whether they belonged to the union or not. If they answered in the affirmative they were sacked. And so we are going to strike."

Or is it a lockout?

M. WAYMAN.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The new subs are not coming in fast enough to offset the expiring short trial subs. Instead of over 3,500, where we should be, we are only 3,364, barely holding our own. Remember there is a \$5 cash prize for the comrade landing the most subs during July.

| | |
|---------------------------|------|
| Nova Scotia..... | 389 |
| Prince Edward Island..... | 2 |
| New Brunswick..... | 56 |
| Prov. of Quebec..... | 861 |
| Ontario..... | 1195 |
| Manitoba..... | 110 |
| Alberta..... | 207 |
| Saskatchewan..... | 209 |
| British Columbia..... | 267 |
| Yukon Territory..... | 4 |
| Elsewhere..... | 64 |
| Total..... | 3364 |

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

Stamps Acknowledged

The following have sent in stamps for the unfortunate comrade whose case we mentioned some time ago:

Nick Stevens, Ladner, B. C.; Mayor Libson, Montreal; John Wright, Brussels, Ont.; Frank Richer, Winnipeg; Mrs. L. M. Richter, Halifax; Mrs. Nelson, Markerville, Alta.; F. Glennie, Ottawa.

IF

By WILLIAM RESTELLE SNIER

If as much money and effort were put into pushing the circulation of socialist literature as into holding hall lectures and open air meetings, Socialism would be a greater force in Canada and the United States than it is to-day.

If the comrades would argue with people less and get them reading more, they would have more to show for their work.

If street corner meetings were held for the sole purpose of selling pamphlets and papers, less prejudice against socialism would be found throughout the community and solid educational work would be carried on.

If every socialist lecturer would conclude his address by urging people to read socialist books and pamphlets, to subscribe for socialist papers, to circulate socialist literature, he would be accomplishing something worth while.

If the comrades who attend propa-

ganda meetings would peddle pamphlets among the auditors and canvass subscriptions for socialist papers instead of loafing around the door or smoking cigarettes in the hall, they would not be wasting their time.

If each party member carried a supply of pamphlets in his pockets and sold them as opportunity offered to their acquaintances, they would be hastening the triumph of the working class.

If instead of going to the great expense of employing outside speakers, paying their railway fare, hotel expenses, and three dollars a day as salary, locals would send some good socialist paper for a period of three months to a select list of names, they would soon capture their town for Socialism.

If comrades everywhere would only study propaganda and organization methods, if locals would only plan their work in a more systematic and efficient manner than at present, if all effort were spent upon wisely circulating socialist leaflets, papers and pamphlets, our propaganda would bear more fruit.

BOOKS FOR Sub Hustlers

THIS OFFER CLOSES JULY 31st

We have decided to close out this Book Offer which has been running for some months on July 31st. We are giving for every

TWENTY-FIVE YEARLY SUBS

Sent into COTTON'S WEEKLY, Volume I. II. or III. of CAPITAL, by Marx, valued at \$2.00, or the same value in any other books or pamphlets, as found in our list.

For 15 Yearly Subs we Offer Books to the Value of \$1.00

All these Books are well printed and bound in a substantial manner. They are the New and Standard Works on International Socialism from the co-operative house of Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

Comrades wanting to get books immediately, can do so by ordering 15 or 25 Postal Sub Cards. Each card is worth 50c and good for a yearly sub

Subs can be sent in as obtained, and we will keep check and issue books when due.

SEND IN FOR SUB BLANKS AND PRINTED ENVELOPES OR POSTAL SUB CARDS

POCKET LIBRARY of SOCIALISM

1. Women and the Social Problem, May Wood Simons.
2. The Evolution of the Class Struggle, W. H. Royce.
3. Inherent Marriage, Robert Blackford.
4. Pichington, A. M. Simons.
5. Russian Literature and Art, Clarence S. Darrow.
6. Single Tax vs. Socialism, A. M. Simons.
7. Wage Labor and Capital, Karl Marx.
8. The Man Under the Machine, A. M. Simons.
9. The History of the Working Class, Charles H. Kerr.
10. Marx on Communism, translated by H. R. Lakewood.
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14. A Christian View of Socialism, G. H. Strobel.
15. Ten Billion Men, Eugene V. Debs.
16. Possible of the Water Tank, Edward Bellamy.
17. The Road to Socialism, Wm. Thurston Brown.
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34. Socialism and the Past, Charles H. Kerr.
35. Socialism and the Present, Charles H. Kerr.
36. Socialism and the Future, Charles H. Kerr.
37. Socialism and the Past, Charles H. Kerr.
38. Socialism and the Present, Charles H. Kerr.
39. Socialism and the Future, Charles H. Kerr.
40. Socialism and the Past, Charles H. Kerr.

Price five cents each. The sixty books complete in a strong box or sixty books assorted as desired, sent postpaid for \$1.00.

From COTTON'S BOOK DEPARTMENT

White Violets

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Out of the darkness Margaret said, "Then every one knows it?" "Every one but you, my dear. Over at the Country club it is common talk."

"But, Aunt Clara," vehemently, "they gossip so at the hotel."

"This isn't gossip. I've known it for a long time, Margaret."

"Oh—the sigh was almost a sob—he has always seemed such a gentleman."

"He has the training of one," Mrs. Kent affirmed. "His mother is charming."

After a moment's silence Margaret broke out, "But he saved my life, Aunt Clara."

There was a rustle of skirts as Mrs. Kent moved impatiently in her chair. "Yes, and that's the worst of it."

Mrs. Kent ended the longer silence that followed by ringing for lights. "No, no," Margaret protested. "I like it better with just the fire."

"But I must go, dear, and dress for dinner, and you will be so dreary alone in the dark."

As she rose and stood by the couch her caressing fingers touched Margaret's cheek and found tears on it.

"You'd better have the lights," she said, and there was a worried note in her voice. "I hate to leave you here alone."

"Oh, I shall be all right," Margaret said. "I'll be here in the dark and get Toodlekins."

Still protesting, Mrs. Kent found her way out, and after a time in the big room there came the sound of a stifled sob, and another and another, and after that everything was very quiet. The flame of the fire died down. The green eyes of the little cat, snuggled close to her mistress, glowed in the darkness.

The click of an electric button and the flare-up of lights brought Margaret's head out of the cushion where she had buried it. She shielded her face with her hand.

"You are early, Uncle Dick."

"I'm late. What's the matter with the lights? Why didn't you get somebody to look after them?"

"I like the dark."

"Queer taste!" He gave her a keen glance and sat down in the chair by the couch. "How's the foot?"

"It hurts a little, but it's going to be all right."

"Everybody at the club is talking about your accident. They are making a regular hero of Ridgeway." He settled himself back in the big chair and smiled at her genially. "He must have had the strength of a Hercules to hold those horses back."

"He's awfully strong," Margaret said and sat up. "His college record in athletics is fine."

"He flunked in some of his studies, though," Mr. Kent teased.

Margaret's face faded. "I know." She smoothed the little cat with nervous fingers. "Is—is he very ill, Uncle Dick?"

"Who—Ridgeway? Um—well, that depends. He's a mighty nice fellow, Peggy." He caught the eagerness of her eyes and pulled himself up. "That is—oh, well, your Aunt Clara wouldn't exactly approve of him, and—and I don't know that he's just the friend for you, Margaret."

"Oh!" came in fluttering protest, and after that Margaret lay with her eyes closed, and nothing was said for several minutes.

"Tired, little girl?" asked her uncle finally, and when she nodded he stood up.

"I must go and dress for dinner," He hesitated by the couch, looking down at her until she opened her eyes and held out her hand and said, "Dear Uncle Dick," and then he patted her cheek and said a little huskily, "Cheer up."

This time there was no friendly darkness to hide the tears, so Margaret dabbed at them with her handkerchief and stared until a ring of the front door bell brought her to an upright position.

"It's Mr. Ridgeway," the maid announced.

"I'm afraid I can't see him!" Margaret said nervously.

"Please," boomed a big voice from the hall—"please don't turn me out like that."

"Oh, well," Margaret agreed, and the maid's place between the curtains was usurped by a young man as big as his voice, who came over and picked up the pussy cat and dropped a small square box in its place. "If you'll let me pet Toodlekins I'll let you have some flowers," he said, and as he sat down the little cat curled into the hollow of his arm and sang her song of contentment, untroubled by the change.

There were white violets in the box, and Ridgeway said, his big voice softened by some fine emotion, "They always make me think of you."

"Oh, don't do that!" Margaret said with quick caught breath, and Ridgeway stared at her in a puzzled way.

"Don't you like them?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, it's a funny way to show it." There was so much of the boy in him that Margaret smiled in spite of herself.

"It's because I like them so well that I don't want you to bring them to me any more."

"You don't?"

"I mean it," she said faintly. "You mustn't bring me any more flowers."

"What's that?"

"Because I can't take them."

"Why can't you take them?"

"Because—"

"That isn't any reason," he flung out. "Do you mean that you don't want me to come?"

She held out one slim hand to him. "Don't," she said beseechingly—"don't speak to me like that. We must always be good friends, but you mustn't come."

He took her hand. "It's to be just—friends?"

"Yes."

"Never anything more?"

"Never."

"And yet that night after the accident you let me kiss you—Margaret."

"Yes," very low.

The fire flickered and sapped. The little cat, disturbed somewhat, slipped down from Ridgeway's arms and curled herself up on the rug.

"Would you mind," Margaret said at last, "turning off the upper light? The strong glare hurts my eyes."

The rosy halo of the lamp made dark the distant corners of the room. Margaret on her couch was a dim outline. The little cat was invisible except for her emerald eyes. Ridgeway came back and sat down; then he bent forward.

"Margaret," he said sharply, "you are crying."

"Yes," she sobbed, "I'm crying—oh, because you are such a black sheep, Justin."

He drew his breath sharply. "So that's it?" he said at last.

"Yes. I didn't know until tonight. Aunt Clara told me."

He stood up. "Then there's nothing more to say. Goodbye."

He went to the door, hesitated and came back.

"Look here, Peggy," he said grimly, "if I were a story book hero I'd take my medicine and go away and suffer in silence. And it would all be very tragic and romantic, but it wouldn't be sensible."

He threw himself into the big chair and knitted his brows. "The sensible thing is to get over the difficulty. Let's begin at the beginning. Everybody says I'm a black sheep?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"Well, I am. I've wasted my time in riotous living, as the Bible says of the prodigal, and when I flunked in my studies I got what was coming to me. But that was before I met you, Peggy. I don't think my worst enemy could accuse me since the night I saw you at the junior prom in your white gown, with your hair twisted up in a big braid like a crown. You seemed the princess in a fairy tale, and I made up my mind then and there that I'd win you."

He drew a long breath and went on: "But now I know I'm not good enough, and I know, too, that I have not any right to ask you to wait for me. All I'll ask is that you do it con- demn me utterly, don't shut me out from your life."

His voice broke. Then as she held out her hand to him he went on steadily:

"I'm only going to ask that you will believe in me and if, after two or three years, no one else has come into your life that you care for and I have made good, that you will let me plead my cause again."

He stood looking down at her. Her cheek was laid against the bunch of white violets. Their delicate fragrance was roundabout her.

"Dear little girl," he said, "I'll stick it out at college another year, and then I'll go into business with dad and show him what I can do. And if you will have faith in me"

She sat up, her eyes shining. "Oh," she said, "I felt that back of it all there was a man in you, Justin; and then when you saved my life—I felt that it belonged to you."

"I'm not half good enough," he said humbly.

She took from the bunch of violets a half dozen blossoms and held them out to him.

"They shall be a talisman," she said, "of faith and hope and love. You must let them keep you from all evil, Justin."

And as he knelt beside the couch the rapture in his eyes answered her.

BENEFITS OF INVENTION

To-day a new invention is often "cornered" and retained for the benefit of the few rich, and small capitalists have to continue working with old-fashioned machinery because they cannot afford to buy the latest style. Under socialism it would pay to introduce a new invention through the whole field of industry as rapidly as possible. For example, under socialism electricity would have been introduced wherever it would save time and labor long ago. Under our present system it is taking tens of years to adopt it even partially.

The sub postal cards are the most convenient way of sending in subs. Fifty cents per card, each good for one yearly sub. Mail them as you land the subs.

DON'T WAIT IF YOU ONLY KNOW HOW SCOTT'S EMULSION

would build you up, increase your weight, strengthen your weak throat and lungs and get you in condition for next winter, you would begin taking it now.

Take it in a little cold milk or water.

Bottles and 25¢ each. All Druggists.

Pig Philosophy

By Victor Grayson, M.P.

Once there lived an awfully honest sort of man named Peter. He had lived a very varied and peculiar existence, trying all the time to serve his country and support the Constitution. He had served his time to be superseded by machinery, and was consequently thrown into the ranks of casual labor. Later on he joined the Army, lured partly by a proper sense of pride in England's greatness, and partly by a deep-seated desire for a more regular recurrence of meal-times. He fought under the British flag in the famous Boer War, when our plucky little khaki warriors gained such a signal and enduring victory over the bloated oligarchies of South Africa. On leaving the service minus a few essential organs of his anatomy, he married on the strength of his savings and his appointment to the temporary berth of general laborer in a foundry. The ever-progressing science of industrial economy soon precipitated Peter on to the streets again. And after tasting the motley joys of outdoor relief relieved by brief periods during which he advertised from his skimpy chest and bent back the redoubtable virtues of Blob's soap, the partner of his many vicissitudes, fell ill with consumption, while her numerous progeny developed premature tendencies to go to the devil. In the desperation of protracted unemployment, Peter decided to go on tramp and seek a job. He took farewell of his sick wife and set out to try his broken boots on the hard roads. One bitterly cold night, under a moonless sky, he grouped his way toward the light in a farmhouse window and craved permission to occupy the barn. A rough refusal greeted his request. He was stiff with cold and too hungry and jaded to resent his treatment. So turning away in the thick darkness he tried to grope his way out of the yard. Eventually his fingers knocked against a door-latch, and Peter, instinctively opening the door, crept in. It was a low, dark room. The stone floor was covered with straw, and as he stretched himself recklessly upon it he felt that it was warm and cosy. The warm smell of the atmosphere suggested he was not alone, and low grunts and snuffles indicated beyond doubt the character of his lodgings. He was in a sty-lying with the pigs. Poor Peter! He was so weary that he did not care, and stretching out his aching bones, he settled himself for sleep.

Now up to this point Peter's history presents a faithful and verifiable record of Peter's acts. But it seems to have fallen out that while Peter was dozing he was startled by the voice of the pig speaking in tolerable English. Furthermore, its uncanny conversation was apparently addressed to him.

"What brings you here, my man?" said the pig's voice from the darkness.

Peter lay perfectly still, holding his breath in eerie dread. Then the following conversation took place:—

Pig (drawing nearer and raising its voice): Do you hear me? What are you doing in our sty?

Peter: Please, I came in here by accident; but I've nowhere else to sleep.

Pig: Are you aware that this is our house?

Peter: Yes—er, sir.

Pig: Then why don't you sleep in your own home?

Peter: I haven't got any home.

Pig: How does that come about?

Peter: I am out of work!

Pig: What's that mean?

Peter: I'm unemployed. I've nothing to do.

Pig: That's nothing; neither have I!

Peter: True! But there's a difference.

Pig: How?

Peter: You're a pig.

Pig: Granted.

Peter: But I'm a human being.

Pig: Well?

Peter: I have been endowed by God with reason and a soul. You are merely a beast. I exist on a higher plane.

Pig: H'm!

Peter: And was made in the image of God.

Pig: Conceded! But what are you doing here?

Peter: Poor pig! You don't seem to understand. Let me explain. Being human I am a member of an organized community.

Pig: Yes; go on!

Peter: It is essential to the perfection of our organization that some should be unemployed in order that the social system may not be disrupted.

Pig: What is the social system?

Peter: Dear I dear! By the social system we mean the rules by which our society shall be guided.

Pig: Who made the rules?

Peter: Parliament.

Pig: And who made Parliament?

Peter: We did!

Pig: Whose we?

Peter: I and my class.

Pig: And you're unemployed, and starving, and ragged, and sleeping with pigs. You have no one to care for you, nor care about you. You exist on a higher plane than we do, and are made in the image of God. You have what you call a social system, which you made yourself, and a religion which was made for you. You are an outcast and would excite our pity were we not, merely pigs. You have tramped your feet sore in search of a master and failed to find one. H'm! I'm going to make a suggestion to you. We may not seem prepossessing to your aesthetic gaze. We are neither the paragon of animals, nor the noblest work of God. We are just plain pig. But if we have a pain in our stomachs we squeal. And a man comes with food. If we can't eat the food he brings physic. If the physic doesn't seem to make us better his anxiety and attention are pitiful to behold. A large department of our social system is exclusively devoted to the study of the conditions—and food most conducive to our happiness. The land on which you are an alien is periodically placed at our disposal. It is our employers' business to keep us well fed and make us fat. Don't be a silly. I admit we have not your accomplishments nor culture. But what use are these if they only torment your misery? When dawn breaks tomorrow, we will turn ourselves over on our straw at the approach of our manservant—and he will bring us, pails of savory food. You will gather up your rags and steal away, hungry and followed by a kick, into a world that cares not a fig whether you live or die. And when you die—

Peter: Stop! For God's sake, stop! What is your suggestion? Tell me that.

Pig: Have a bit of gumption—and be a pig.

Then Peter woke. It was daylight, and raining hard. He listened—and could hear heavy footsteps on the stone-paved yard. The pigs were still slumbering. "Ta-ta, Mr. Pig," he said, dreamily, as he opened the door, and buttoned his ragged jacket across his chest.

"Ta-ta," grunted the pig, opening its little eyes.—British Clarion.

THE REASON WHY

"If you left a million or two of poor people without the restrictions of religion, you West end people would not take it as quietly as you do," said the Bishop of London in a striking speech recently, contrasting the condition of the rich and poor in London. The bishop was speaking at Grosvenor house at a meeting in support the Bishop of London's fund, which builds churches and mission rooms in poor districts of London.

He described a scene he saw at Rugby school—the body of which were entertaining sixty men and boys associated with their slum mission in Nottingham. Compared with the fine physique of the public school boys, it was really touching to see the dwarfed, undersized boys and men who came from the slums.

Could they be surprised that so many of them were unfit for the army? He was perfectly certain that merely from the physical point of view if they were prepared to rest content with their present state of things in the slums, it could only end in the ruin of England. Did it not account to some extent, for the fact that today in Canada "no Englishman need apply" in the case of almost every job going? If that went on, loyalty would soon be undermined. At home, in London, he saw the best material among the young men being wasted and demoralized by drink.

Describing the acute poverty in the slums, the bishop declared that if they were not ashamed of some of the revelations of the report of the poor law commission, he did not know what could make them ashamed. He was ashamed of the stupid way in which the young life of the country was being thrown away. If the report did not stir their conscience, what would? Quoting a statement by a slum missionary, the bishop described how a whole family in Nottingham was existing on 5s. a week, earned by a boy, and out of which 4s. a week was paid for rent. Could they expect that boy to believe in the goodness of God? Would he not want to know where God "came in"? Under all the circumstances, he could not regard the prospect as rosy. If they left the poor in this state, they would leave religion. In forty years the Bishop of London's fund had built 230 churches, and he believed, saved them from a revolution that would have astonished the world. What they wanted was not cheap socialism but equality of opportunity for every child of God.

Comment—Socialism is the only system that will give equality of opportunity for every child.

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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 Factory Girl

I met a little factory girl—
She was twelve years old, she said,
She toiled amidst the busy whirl
Of pulleys, straps, and thread.
"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
Her eyelids drooped—a tear had strayed
"Please, Sir, there's only me!"
"Two of us in the churchyard lie;
Consumption took my brother;
And since the strap caught Janey, I
Go toiling with my mother."
"Poor child," I cried, "is father dead?"
I felt my sore heart throb,
"He's there! Look—at the gates!"
she said.
He was looking for a job!

J. Reece.

THE ART OF SINGING

MARY COTTON WISDOM
(Continued)

Shakespeare (that grand old master of singing), teaches and works along the lines of breath, breath, breath. He believes that with perfect breath control nearly every other vocal defect can be overcome. I agree with him, though I must confess that my own experience of voice teaching is small, when compared to the long years of his rich experience along these lines.

As a general thing good singing may be described by one word, freedom. Anything that handicaps or constricts the student either mentally or physically limits freedom. This is what the study of singing means.

It is the search for that freedom which enables us to pour forth our human song with as little effort as a bird pours its morning hallooings as a welcome to the rising sun. The only constricting muscles of its little body are its claws clinging to the swaying branch. Its whole body, mind and spirit is given up to the enjoyment of the torrent of its song.

I once studied under a clever teacher who, in my earlier lessons, made me sway up and down on the tips of my toes while practicing my vocal exercises. This was to imitate a bird swaying to and fro on a tiny branch high in the air.

To the ignorant such an exercise may seem foolish and far removed from the study of singing. Nevertheless, it was of great benefit to me. It helped me to forget that I was solidly standing on two good sized human feet. It made me think of birds and sweet winds and scented grasses and freedom and elasticity. As a result the tone came beautifully; quite to the satisfaction of my teacher and to the aid of my own progress.

The gift of song brings with it an exquisite pleasure, but it also means struggle and work and looking forward, all of which mean growth.

As eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, so is continual growth the only way of keeping up to the best that is in one. We believe the joy of a beautiful singing is well worth the price right here and now. We also believe that in the other realm beyond the finite limitations of this life, the exquisite beauty of whose singing hath not entered into the heart of man, we will sing as do the Herald Angels with a sweetness divine.

Tea on the Pantry Shelf

MARY COTTON WISDOM

A gentleman, in referring to a certain good dame, long since dead, said, "Ah, she was a tartar. Why she made her husband eat his tea on the pantry shelf, and only gave him bread and milk."

At first I agreed, and thought a woman who would do such an unusual thing must be a tartar and pictured to myself that poor man eating his tea of simple bread and milk. On turning the subject in my mind. I said to myself, "There was a woman who had the courage of her convictions. Despite the waspish tongues of her gossiping neighbors."

This particular woman, who lived on a farm was famed for her cleanliness, so I know that her husband had his tea scoured on a spotlessly clean

shelf, that he had the best of home-made bread and also that he had all the good rich milk he could drink.

If you ask my opinion, I say her husband had much to be thankful for; only, being blinded by self pity, his eyes couldn't see it. Neither could his gossiping neighbors who were preparing tea for their various husbands, of fried pork, fried potatoes with perhaps fried pancakes for a desert.

The lady of her own convictions brought up a family who were to the third generation leading men, not only of their own immediate town but of the nation. Bread and milk seems to have been a good brain food. While the children of her contemptuous neighbors ambled their fried-pork-fred road through life, worthy folk no doubt; but never one to my knowledge rose intellectually above the dead level of his mother's frying pan. As for the good wives themselves, the only memory, as far as I can find out, is a row of moss grown tombstones.

Descendants to the third and fourth generation rise up and call blessed the delicate woman who made her husband eat his tea on the pantry shelf, reserving her strength for the upbringing of those children who became among the great ones. Shall we say she was not a wise woman, doing her duty as she saw fit.

Before I finish my tale, I will say for the benefit of any one who may be sympathizing with the husband that history says he was fat and rosy cheeked and he lived to a great old age. Which goes to prove this simple diet was good for him.

The import of all this is not that I believe in feeding one's families on bread and milk. Far from it. I think we should prepare as good a table as our purse and strength will allow. But I do say, when a woman feels herself worn and tired from much serving, she should let things slide for a while. If she does not, things will let her slide in truth. Others will take up her work, her husband will woo a new wife and the world will jog on as before.

The ripple caused by the death and birth of any of us is very tiny. So does it really matter? As for myself, I admire the strong minded woman who dared to defy the opinions of her neighbors and fed her husband in the pantry using her spare time and strength to train her children in the paths of righteousness.

As for her conventional, proper, back-bone-less, jelly-fish sort of neighbors, their memory is colorless, save for a reminiscent odor of frying pans.

WELL TRIED RECIPES

It is surprising to me that mothers do not make more suet pudding in the course of a year. No dessert could be better for a growing family than a good light, well steamed suet pudding. It is wholesome and nourishing. It is palatable and cheap. It is easily made and if any is left it can be warmed over for the next day's dinner, and will prove just as nice as when freshly cooked.

SUET PUDDING

3 cups of flour, 1 cup of finely chopped suet, 1 cup of raisins, 2 teaspoonsful of cream tartar, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 2 cups of sweet milk, 1 teaspoon of salt.

This pudding can be either steamed or boiled.

As for my own taste I prefer to steam my suet puddings, but I know of some good cooks who always put them in a pudding cloth and boil them in the old fashioned way. Either way will prove satisfactory if the water is kept constantly boiling till the pudding is done, which will take about three hours for the above recipe. If the water ceases boiling for a minute, your pudding will become soggy, and let me say right here that a soft soggy pudding is not fit to eat.

STEAMED HAM

Lay in cold water for about twelve hours, wash thoroughly, rubbing with a soft brush to clean out the salt and smoke. Put in the steamer and set over boiling water. It is well to allow twenty minutes or more to the pound. Keeping the water at a hard boil.

When tender take out of the steamer and take off all the skin, and when cool stick cloves about half an inch apart all over the ham. This imparts a very nice flavor. Some cooks, who do not care for the cloves, after taking the skin from the ham, place it in a moderate oven till nicely browned.

FOR THE CHILDREN

By Robert Blatchford

Well, there is a difference between saying a thing and doing it. One is a lot easier than the other.

It is a very easy thing for the parson to say people ought to be good. But it is very hard to be good. The parson would find out if he were to try.

Have you ever been to Sunday school? I do not mean a Cinderella Sunday school, but a respectable Sunday school, where they tell you that if you clean your shoes every morning, and always work very hard, and never want your wages raised, and read the Bible, and say "Sir" to a good suit of clothes, you will "get on"; but if you are naughty children, and get thinking about things, and wanting to enjoy yourself, the angels won't love you.

Have you ever been to a school like that? Perhaps they are not like that now. But when I was a little boy they were very like that, only more so.

I was not a good boy. The Sunday school teacher did his best for me; but it was no use. The more he told me to like a thing, the more I did not like it. It was the same with the parson. He told me what I ought to think; but I could not think it. It could not come thought. I got very miserable about this, and began to think I was a bad lot.

One day the teacher lent me a book to read. It was "Little Bertie's Lesson," and told how a nasty, dirty little street boy, who was wicked and had a father who drank, was taken to Sunday school, and taught to be good, and say, "Yes, mum," and "No, sir," when a silk frock or a black coat asked him a question; and how this little boy grew in grace, to such an extent that he seemed to grow past his strength, and got very ill; and how he asked his father to be good, and say "Yes, mum," and "No, sir," to the Paris Fashions, and give up his beer, and send his money to the missionaries to teach the little black boys to wear trousers made of sized calico; and how little Bertie died—I suppose because the angels had got to love him so much that they could not deny themselves the pleasure of his company any longer.

It was a beautiful book! The teacher said it was. And I ought to have liked it. But I did not like it at all. It was not funny, and I like funny books. And there were no battles in it; and no tigers or shipwrecks. I did not like it half as well as Robinson Crusoe. That was my style. So you can see the kind of boy I was.

Besides, I did not like going to church. If you had a patch on the knee of your trousers you would not like to go to church—not along with the Paris Fashions. And I never could respect the Paris Fashions. And the sermons were long ones, and I did not know what that meant. And so the angels did not love me, and I did not die.

I was such a naughty boy that I did not want to die. I wanted to be wrecked on a desert island.

And as I grew bigger I grew naughtier. Do you know sometimes I ran away from Sunday School?

Yes, when it was a fine day I would slip away and go out on the moors. There I used to lie down—a lazy, idle, wicked, happy boy—on my back in the heather, and look at the clouds and listen to the hum of the hover-flies.

Do you know what a hover-fly is like? He is like a small wasp, and he keeps on moving his wings so quickly that you can hardly see them and yet he stays almost still in one place.

I used to think it was so funny. The hover-flies worked their wings like steam fans, and hardly moved; and the swallows moved their wings very little and yet flew miles.

And one day the teacher asked me where I had been, and what I had been doing, and I told him. So he said I was a bad boy, and that God lived in the sky and would see me, and be very angry.

I thought it was very queer that God should be angry with me for looking at His flies and clouds, when He seemed to have taken such a lot of pains to make them pretty. But I did not say anything, because the teacher would have been shocked.

Well, the next Sunday was fine, and I went on the moors again and lay on my back and looked at the sky. And it was very bright, and very blue, and very deep. And I

thought about what the teacher said, and I thought for a long time, and then I said, "I don't care." Yes, I said that; and I didn't care. And I looked at the sky till I felt as if I was part of it, and it was part of me, and I said, "I don't care. This is good."

And I stayed away from Sunday school harder than ever.

So you see I was a very bad boy, and I never "got on."

You are not to think that I wanted to be a naughty boy I was very much ashamed of myself. And I tried to be good. But I made a mess of it. And I read a lot of good books, but they made me miserable. I used to wonder sometimes how it was that the people who wrote the good books never thought of any jokes. And so I got bigger and bigger and naughtier and naughtier.

And then I ran away and went for a soldier.

Before I went away for a soldier, I was very thin and pale, and used to have a lot of sickness for a boy who was out of favour with the angels. And I used to be very sad and serious.

But when I got to be a soldier it was different. I went to live in the Isle of Wight, and that is a very nice place, and very healthy. And I got so much fresh air and so much exercise, and what with the drill, and the dumb-bells, and the Indian clubs, I got strong and well, and brown and bright. And I felt as if I was walking on springs, and my eyes seemed to glow, and I wanted to jump over things.

And one very fine day I was standing on a hill, looking at the sea, and the waves were sparkling in the sunshine, and the skylarks were singing, and the great white seagulls were flying around and around as if they were glad.

And I was glad. I had been out shooting and had made a good score, and I had run a race with a good runner and won; and I was pleased, and I stretched out my arms and said, "A—h! I am a man!"

And then I thought about the Sunday school teacher, and the parson, and the Paris Fashions, and the "getting on," and I stretched myself out in the long grass and clover, and I laughed.

I enjoyed that laugh. Did you ever hear a man laugh at anything stupid, or cowardly, or mean?

Ah! A man is made to laugh, and those things are made to laugh at. So I laughed at the parson and his stupid sermons, and at the teacher and his fear of future, and at the Paris Fashions and their dirty pride, and I had a good time and went back to my rifle and pipe, and my brave, merry soldier friends, and was sad no more.

You see they had always told me at Sunday school to fear God. I never could understand that. And in the Army we were taught to fear nothing. And so the two things rubbed together in my mind. But I knew that when I stood on that green hill, and saw the sky, I had looked God straight in the face, and I was not afraid of Him at all.

Fancy a seagull or skylark being afraid of God! Why, if you could ask a seagull whether he feared God, he would lie down and laugh, if he could, just as I did when I spread myself out in the long sweet grass and clover.

The fact is, my dears—and now I am going to be very serious—the fact is, those Sunday school people meant well, but they were very cowardly, and very stupid, and very mean.

And all the while that I was so miserable because I did not know how to be good, I ought to have been glad. For the truth was that I did not know how to be afraid, nor how to be greedy, nor how to be vain.

You will find all kinds of stupid men and women ready to tell you to respect the Paris Fashions, and this, that, and the other. Laugh at them, boys and girls. They are muffs and duces.

When you meet a man he will tell you to respect everybody; but he will also tell you to respect yourself. And he will tell you that unless you respect yourself you will never respect other people. You will only fear them. Which is a very different thing.

But I do declare you are getting tired. There is little Tommy Traddles half asleep on the back bench; and I believe Rosie Rutter is drawing houses on her slate. I know those houses. They have lace all round them, like valentines, and the wind blows the smoke of the chimneys two ways at once.

By-the-by, if you see a swallow any time you are out, stop and look at him. He is a lot better worth looking at than Paris Fashions.

Aristotle says: "That money should be born of money is contrary to nature."

HEAVENLY VOICES

Contributed

By ALICE M. SEAMAN

There are voices on the breezes, with tremendous force they come,
Like a mighty wind they're sweeping o'er the valleys, o'er the foam.
In the pathway of the ironclads that plow the mighty deep,
In the wake of aerial ventures there are minds that never sleep.

Off, we catch a shout of victory when the weaker ones prevail,
Sometimes 'tis prison barriers that help to blaze the trail.

And those voices sing of triumph, when this fair, green earth shall be,
To oppressed and patient people, the abode of harmony.

God hath blessed, but nigh hath cursed it, see the beauties of the earth
So defaced with crime and bloodshed, which should ring with joy and mirth;

Dwellers down in darkest alleys where God's sunshine never comes,
Children dying in the hovels, alien to the joy of homes.

Cheerless, foodless, fireless, hovels; dens of infamy and vice,
Close beside their usual neighbors, clinking glass and sounding dice.

Mirrored wall which shows the drunkard, every mark upon his face,
Are the pictures there reflected, samples of a noble race?

Can it be that man, created in the image of his God,
Can defile that holy temple, though he once in virtue trod?

Must he choose the downward pathway where all sin and sorrow lies?
No he drinks to drown ambition in a death that never dies.

No, the answer on the breezes comes, 'tis borne from sea to sea,
'Twas the hand of the oppressor that wrought so cruelly.

He who basks within the firelight of grates so amply fed,
Ne'er thinks of him who mines him coal, but scarce can buy his bread.

He who on his downy couch, sees not the sun till noon,
Cares little for the weaver slave, who nightly works his loom.

His mind so warped by labor, that the clanking arm and beam
Has failed to show what bosses know, he is part of his machine.

Your toil alone has delved the mine, with aching back and head,
For owners' bodies are not found, when mines give up their dead.

And they who try to comfort widows with a library or two,
Created for the better class, with the wage they stole from you.

They clothe their wives in raiment fine, and their children fair and free,
Rejoice in the good things your toil has earned which your little ones never can see.

But a squalid dwelling and shabby dress with little time for school,
Is all your babies ever get until you see you're a fool.

For knowledge is power and the capitalist knows
That as soon as you open your eyes, his trumps are all played, and he's lost the game,

And he's getting close up to his woes. Up to the present a thug and a tongue have been calling you in vain,
And ringing with a gladsome cheer o'er valley, hill and plain.

Why will ye die? the earth is fair, God's sunshine is for you,
The scent of pine, the wealth of mine he gave not to the few.

Oh, brothers break the fetters that long hath held thy soul,

PSALMS

Psalm 31.

1 In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed, deliver me in thy righteousness.

2 Bow down thy ear to me; deliver me speedily: be thou my strong rock, for an house of defence to save me.

3 For thou art my rock, and my fortress; therefore for my name's sake lead me, and guide me.

4 Pull me out of the net that they have laid privily for me; for thou art my strength.

5 Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.

6 I have hated them that regard lying vanities: but I trust in the Lord.

7 I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy: for thou hast considered my troubles; thou hast known my soul in adversities.



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For countless are the hosts behind that urge you to the goal,
Then cast your vote with labor, 'twill herald your release,
And earth will ring while the heavens sing, good will to men, and peace.

Cheap Labor in India

Writing from Calcutta of the jute industry, Consul-General Michael says of the wages and mode of living of the mill workers:

"I visited the modern Kinnison mill, which has a capital of \$1,000,000, and the latest machinery made in England. It has 650 looms and produces 18,000 tons of bags and Hessian cloth in fifty weeks. This mill employs 4,000 men, women and children.

"The wages paid to men in the mills range from \$2 to \$3 a month, workmen from \$1.50 to \$2, and boys and girls from \$1 to \$1.75. These people subsist principally upon rice and vegetables made up in the form of curry, which is a peppery and sweetish mixture of rice and vegetables, with now and then chicken, duck or goat meat.

"They all chew betel nut constantly as a stimulant. They eat two meals a day, as a rule, one before beginning work, and one after the day's work is done. The men and boys wear breech-clouts or dhoties, and the women and girls saris, which consists of forty yards of thin muslin wrapped in a peculiar way about the loins and shoulders.

"The people of a mill, or several mills if the mills are nearly located together, occupy a village, which is made up of huts made of mud, brick and palm leaves woven into sheets and tacked on long bamboo poles. All are thatched with a long, tough grass, used throughout India for covering huts and bungalows, and

Which makes a tight, cool and durable roof. The floor is made of clay, tamped down hard, which makes a very good floor. On this floor is spread in places matting made of bamboo grass. On this matting many of the natives throw down a cotton blanket or possibly a thin mattress for beds. Some have a rude bed made of four posts, 16 inches, pinned together and then criss-crossed with bed cord. There may be a few rude benches, but little or no furniture is to be seen on the huts. The natives eat on the floor, squatted around a pot or a pan containing the food. The men and boys eat first and the women and girls afterward, taking what is left. No knives, spoons or forks are used in eating, the fingers answering all purposes. Each Indian is ambitious to own a brass jug or pot, and these brasses are handed down as heirlooms and are held as almost sacred in possessions. They are kept brightly by scouring them with mud and water. After a meal the brasses that have been used in any way are taken out in the street, where the women or men, as the case may be, squat on the ground and rub them with the dust and water.

Comment—This article is taken from a capitalist paper. It reveals the ideal animal life under brutal capitalist exploitation, and under the British flag, which is understood to guarantee freedom to all men.

PROVERBS

Chapter 16

11 A just weight and balance are the Lord's; all the weights of the bag are his work.

12 It is an abomination to kings to commit wickedness: for the throne is established by righteousness.

13 Righteous lips are the delight of kings; and they love him that speaketh right.

14 The wrath of a king is as messengers of death; but a wise man will pacify it.

15 In the light of the king's countenance is life; and his favour is as a cloud of the latter rain.

16 How much better is it to get wisdom than gold? and to get understanding rather to be chosen than silver?

17 The highway of the upright is to depart from evil: he that keepeth his way preserveth his soul.

CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

THE WORKING CLASS AND THE EMPLOYING CLASS HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON. HERE 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

Is published every THURSDAY at Cowansville, P.Q., for the broad field of Canada

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WM. U. COTTON, B.A., B.C.L., EDITOR AND PROP.
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45

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The capitalist does not want the right to work. He wants the right to shirk.

The unsanitary hovel and the corrupted palace; behold the monuments of degenerate capitalism.

Capitalists are great on advocating the right to work. Socialism will instruct these gentlemen in the duty and necessity of work.

Capitalism can work well up to a certain point. Then it breaks down. We are in the period of the breakdown of the capitalist system.

Capitalists boast about the right to work. But the right to work advocated by the capitalist is simply the right to scab.

The natural resources of Canada have been cornered by the trusts. The old line party voters are like mice caught in a trap and don't know it.

There are many imitation plumes who think socialism will take away their revenues. Socialism will give these little hangers on of capitalism far more than they dream of at present.

Socialism will be for the benefit of all the people. But it will be the revolutionary proletariat who will bring about the revolution that will make the introduction of socialism possible.

Socialism does not aim at abolishing the rich man nor his riches. All it aims at is the transfer of the means of exploitation possessed by the plutocrats to the world's workers for the world's good.

Under democratic government the power of the trusts have grown. They are confronted by giant labor unions. We are living in a period of industrial civil war. This civil war can only end with the triumph of the proletariat.

There are Christian socialists and scientific socialists. The distinction between these two bodies is the difference that exists between Christian astronomers and scientific astronomers. Both are the same kind of astronomers.

There are many straws in the wind pointing to the nationalization of the British railways. This is not the triumph of Socialism. This simply means that the shareholders want to unload their depreciating shares on the nation.

The Conservatives are going to give us a radical and social platform for the next elections. The Conservatives want votes, they felt the lack of them last year. How they would like the socialists to nibble at the weak bait they are providing.

The Liberal Party of Canada is bankrupt politically. All that is holding it together is the hope of capitalist plunder from the labor of the workers.

Rockefeller is giving ten million dollars for education. The Church of Rome has given millions to educate people along the lines it wants taught. France has abolished the separate schools of the priests. It is a great stunt to give money for education, and control the ideas of the young. It pays as a business plan.

Ecclasticism and metaphysics have come near to being the death of Christ's influence in the world.

Socialism means the organization of the industries of the world on a rational basis with the elimination of the useless drones.

The world is approaching a crisis. The cornerers of the gifts of nature are making the world a hard place for humanity.

The revolutionary Christ is not the God of the reactionary churches. He is used simply as a cloak to hide the treachery of his lip worshippers.

The Bishop of London frankly admits that slum churches are good to persuade the people to starve to death quietly and with religious resignation.

The worker fights the boss by the strike, and votes for the candidate of the boss to go to Ottawa to make laws that will prevent the strike being effective.

The British authorities hint at a prosecution of the London Justice for its article on the butcher Czar. It would be another "Appeal to Reason" case.

Everywhere socialism is forging to the front. The common people, as soon as they understand, they want it. What the common people want they must have.

Socialism will maintain the sacredness of life. Capitalism is the greatest foe of life and liberty; therefore the socialists fight it.

Industry is crystalizing rapidly. The trusts are organizing and sacking useless employees. It is up to the workers who have been expropriated of their jobs by the trust to expropriate the trust of its possessions.

There are stocks and bonds listed on the Montreal stock exchange of more than seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Think on this, you wage slaves of the pick and shovel at a dollar and a half a day.

Lady Francis Cook is bringing a million dollars to America in order to boost the woman suffrage movement in the United States. This woman has some sense. Votes for women will mean a wider scope for the exercise of democracy.

The Czar has given \$2,500 for the poor of Poltava, Russia. The usual style of his philanthropy. He robs millions from his subjects, kills them by hundreds, and has his name telegraphed all over Christendom because he gives a dole to his victims.

As long as the necessities of life are held for profit and a man cannot eat unless he has the price, it means that if the man has not the price he starves. Socialism will provide the necessities of life in such a manner that no man, woman nor child need starve in the midst of plenty.

Socialism means the world for those who work. This does not mean that the men who labor with their hands shall alone reap all the benefit of toil. The man who works with his head is as necessary as the man who works with his hands and should be rewarded.

The strike is a weapon that hurts the workers more than the bosses. The political weapon is the one that won't hurt the worker but will beat the bosses completely. When will the workers learn to use it?

See how quick the troops were hustled to Glace Bay? The capitalist had but to crook his little finger and the troops were there with machine guns ready to shoot down the workers. And you wage slaves vote for that sort of thing. No wonder the bosses treat you with contempt.

Do you live in a rented house? Would you like to live in a home without the fear of eviction and without the payment of rent? Then get your brain busy and study the science of socialism which will provide homes for the people without a rakeoff going to a lot of useless drones.

The union is the organization of the workers on the industrial field. Socialism is the organization of the workers in the political arena. The union aims at obtaining the best conditions possible for the worker as a wage slave. Socialism aims at abolishing the wage slave condition of the worker entirely.

Canon Welch of Quebec declares that materialism may be the downfall of Canada. No, the Canon is not attacking socialism. He declares that it is the keenness of the pursuit of wealth that is fostering in many directions a dangerous practical materialism. If the Canon wants to boost idealism and hit materialism let him join the Socialist ranks and fight for the brotherhood of man in the economic realm.

Peace, peace is cried when there is no peace. The competition among the workers for jobs, the competition among the capitalists who have to fight the people, their workers, and frequently each other, and the wild scramble not to be crushed under the ruins of a falling civilization, all these go to show that this is not an age of peace but of a wild fight for men know not what. Get on to the band wagon of socialism and join in the rhythmic harmony for a newer, better social civilization.

There was once a man who was accustomed to shave himself with a dull razor. Every time he shaved he scratched his face and swore and got mad. One day he took his razor to a barber shop and had it sharpened. He began to shave and the razor went so smoothly that he could not hear the noise of the scrape. He thought the razor wasn't going and that it was so dull it was not cutting. So he gave it a half a dozen swipes up and down the stove pipe. The razor then made the same old noise and pulled and scraped as of yore. The man smiled and declared, "Gee, but it goes good now." That is the way of the workingman. He will strike and get mad and suffer. But the weapon of the ballot goes so smooth and quiet that they think it don't work. And all the time it is cutting deep into the tangled whiskers of capitalism.

REMARKS

Will R. Hibberd.

Strikes are futile. They remind one of a mule trying to kick the wrong way, then at a loss to know why he hurt himself.

When you strike the capitalist hires thugs to start a riot. Then he calls on the soldiers to shoot you down. So much for the blood thirsty capitalist.

Socialism will prevent strikes, because under democracy the workers (the only class) will be able to settle any grievance in a sane humane fashion, under a sane system.

They tell you that the troops are kept and maintained for the protection of private property, and if you have the impudence to strike! they will not hesitate to have you shot. The reason is, the wage slave is dirt cheap.

Workingmen, if some person stole your watch and you knew the culprit, would you ask him to give you back the case and tell him to keep the works. You would not. Well, this is exactly what you do, if you strike for more wages. Why not strike for the whole thing, that is the full equivalent of your toil at the ballot box certain, effective and sure.

SCAB HUNTING.

The U. S. Immigration Bureau will send an inspector to Portugal to obtain workers for the coffee planters in Hawaii. These planters have found it difficult to obtain hands and enlisted the assistance of the immigration authorities.

Sometime ago the bureau secured about two carloads of men in New York for the Hawaiian planters and they were started across the continent to San Francisco. When the train arrived at San Francisco the men had dwindled to three individuals.

In view of the fact that there is a strike of Japanese laborers on in Hawaii, many labor men are characterizing this action of the Government as scab-hunting.

WAGE SLAVES

Appeal to Ottawa

The following is from the columns of the Daily Phoenix, Saskatoon, Sask. The unsettled labor conditions that exist in the city and have for some time been the cause of protest from the men over alleged lack of protection for the workers in the sewer trenches, now promises to come up before a conciliation board under the Lemieux Labor Act. The city labor organization at a meeting last night decided to appeal to the Dominion department of labor for its intervention and the appointment of an impartial arbitration board, naming Ed. J. Stephenson as their representative.

The document requesting this step contains a recital of the grievances and alleged unjust conditions the men labor under, the changes they request and the efforts they have made in the past to secure a proper remedy to the abuses.

The following are among the conditions objected to: Insufficient pay, running from 15 cents an hour upward; dangerous cribbing or lack of any cribbing at depths as low as 18 feet; employment of transient men residents can be had; lack of sanitary arrangements near the works; unsatisfactory method of paying wages involving delay; discharge of employes without explanation; lack of proper civic inspection for safeguarding interests of employes.

Instances are given of injuries to workmen from insufficient cribbing or lack of same and cases where trenches caved in though none were hurt.

Among the remedies suggested are: That 25 cents an hour be the minimum wage; that cribbing be furnished below six feet; that proper sanitary arrangements be provided and that payment be made fortnightly in cash and that no more than one day's pay be held back at any time.

Showing efforts to secure adjustment, it is pointed out that these recommendations were drawn up early in June by the Trades and Labor Council and endorsed by the city council. Also Ed. Stephenson had endeavored on the union's behalf to secure settlement of the discharge of employes without reason but he had met with refusal. In spite of these efforts and their being followed up constantly, to date no improvement had taken place, the men declare.

The fact that the men have addressed their complaints to the city shows that they hold the city to be at bottom responsible for the conditions they complain of. On Wednesday night a deputation from the men were told that the city could do nothing under the present contracts, but in the future could insert clauses covering such matters as are now the cause of dispute. It is expected that a special meeting of the council will be held to deal with the trouble.

The N. S. Coal Strike

Every fairminded reader of the daily press will easily discern that the Dominion Coal Company is the most active of the operators in this campaign of aggression against its employes. I am sure if an escaped lunatic had sufficient presence of mind to read the statements of the president of the Dominion Coal Company as reported in the Sydney Record of June 17, he would instantly become sane, for witness his statement as follows:

"In my opinion if the Dominion Coal Company had agreed to the recognition of the United Mine Workers, Glace Bay and other mining towns would soon have had empty houses and stores and is there anything more distressing to contemplate in that prosperous district than the remains of once prosperous mining settlements. Anyone who would fully realize the results of a strike should make a pilgrimage to the old Victoria workings where there is enough desolation to frighten anyone with a property interest in Glace Bay."

I presume when Mr. Ross makes reference to a strike and old Victoria he refers to that famous Langan strike of long ago. For argument sake, for the present, we admit the horrid, gruesome and desolating picture in the resident's mind which will overtake Glace Bay and other mining towns in the event of a strike. Let us take our camera and go back, not so far as the Langan strike, taking Mr. Ross officially with us to New Victoria, about ten years ago, where, at the time, peace and prosperity prevailed among the thrifty workmen of that mining village, and witness the havoc and desolation wrought by the official acts of this horrified president, by dismantling New Victoria and rendering property valueless, and break-

ing up hundreds of happy homes. Let us follow along the shore till we reach Port Morien, where the same work of making empty houses, reducing the value of property and destroying a thriving settlement of God-fearing and law-abiding citizens to the extent of 2,000 people was ried on. Let some come back near to the Old Stirling in the center of Glace Bay, where the same official tyranny dismantled that thriving colliery, whose workmen were driven like cattle to Caledonia colliery to work night and day shifts which shortly after brought about a disastrous explosion, instantly destroying the lives of eleven of our fellow-workmen. Now, gentle reader, take a snapshot of this desolation and pillage in the time of peace not caused by any invasion of the St. Lawrence coal trade by American coal operators, not caused by strikes, but caused by the official acts of the Dominion Coal Company in their mad desire to declare large dividends. Then in view of those facts, if the word hypocrite has any meaning in the English language, it is applicable in this case, and sad to say when this pillage and desolation of homes and property was going on, the government of this province stood idly by quite indifferent as to the outcome. The P. W. A. was powerless to stem the tide. The public, through the press, was weeping and wailing and yet this wonderful president appears to be horrified at the thought of the number of empty houses and the reduced value of property in Glace Bay in the event of a strike. Oh! consistency, where art thou? In the face of these facts is there any wonder that the workmen of the Dominion Coal Company should attempt to get under the wing of some powerful organization to assist them in their struggle.

In reference to the Langan strike, I hasten to assure Mr. Ross that the men who took part in the industrial struggle are to-day in comfortable circumstances, while their opponents, or oppressors of that time, are down and out and only remembered as a bad dream.

As for recognition of the U. M. W. it is well within the memory of a large number of workmen in Nova Scotia whom Hon. R. Drummond conceived the idea of organizing the P. W. A. That organization was suppressed, oppressed and denied recognition by the coal operators of those days, but as time went by they were obliged to surrender to the popular will of the people. If one may judge by the present feeling of the workmen of this province, it is only a matter of little time when history will repeat itself.—U. M. W. of A. Journal.

Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before

The United States are beginning to discover that their subjects are being shamefully maltreated in Central America. A writer in "Uncle Sam's Magazine" for June declares that in the turbulent countries lying between the United States and the Panama Canal Zone, American citizens must endure, without redress, insult, spoliation, flogging, and other injuries at the hands of the authorities. From Guatemala alone, we are told, more than half a hundred official outrages against American citizens have been recorded within the last four years, and in but one case—and then only because of the personal intervention of President Roosevelt—was any redress obtained. Nor is the situation in Guatemala, we are assured, other than typical.

It may be remembered that similar stories of the maltreatment of British subjects in the Transvaal heralded the absorption of the South African Republics.

History repeats itself. Central and South America may be prepared for the worst.—Clarion

Police Rules of Cleveland

The following are the rules laid down by chief of Police Kohler of Cleveland, for the guidance of the police under him. Canadian chiefs please copy.

1. Juveniles not to be arrested, but handed over to parents for correction.
2. Drunks assisted home and not arrested unless absolutely helpless.
3. Policemen to act as judges where possible and settle minor disputes without arrests.
4. Policemen to use their best efforts to ease friction and ill-temper between man and man.
5. The best policeman is the one who manages the offender with the least show of authority.
6. Officers should have evidence to convict before even contemplating the arrest and imprisonment of any person.
7. Some men fail through misfortune and are not criminal at heart.
7. A well-applied reprimand may be the most effective punishment.

Stop! Pause! Consider!

W. R. SHIER

Local Cobalt was recently put to an expense of over \$80 by a travelling socialist lecturer who staid in that town a full week and delivered three speeches while there.

And what good was accomplished by them? Well, the boys were enthused by his presence, they certainly were given splendid addresses and some good educational work was no doubt performed. No one will deny that.

But couldn't that same money have been expended in a more effective way? Could not greater results have been obtained by devoting the same effort and the same money to circulating socialist literature?

I think so. In fact, I am sure of it. If, for example, that eighty dollars had been used to send Cotton's Weekly for a period of three months into eight hundred (800) workingmen's homes, imagine if you can, the boost that would have been given to socialism in that town.

Why, Cobalt would send a socialist member to parliament at the next election under those circumstances.

Cotton's Weekly going into eight hundred homes for a period of three months! That would mean, at least, 2,000 readers! The way to capture towns for socialism is to have a socialist paper going into each of its homes for a specific period, then hustling for subs, when that period is almost up. See?

ANOTHER PASTOR RETIRES

The Rev. Loomis O. Black, pastor of the First Universalist church of Troy, N. Y., will retire from the ministry on Aug. 1 to devote himself to Socialism. All arguments of his people and friends, together with an offer of twice the salary he has been getting here, have been firmly set aside by Mr. Black.

WHY HE RESIGNS PASTORATE.

In an interview, Mr. Black said: "I have been brought to take this step by the fact that the church has no definite policy, nor does it desire to have any on any of the problems before the country today. Take the peace movement. It is neither for nor against the temperance movement; it is neither for nor against the enforcement of the law; it has no opinion whatever on the labor problems. Its policy is conciliatory and weak, rather than aggressive."

"The church has absolutely no desire to wield any influence to help the common people to get fair play. It is not back of any organization of men to get their rights. The moneyed classes of today control the attitude of the church toward any problem. The church has no desire to have its ministers deal with any subject that is in the least questionable."

RESTRICTIONS OF CHURCH.

"For instance, a minister must not preach about Socialism. He must not tackle the liquor question, he must not speak of the brothels."

"He must withdraw himself from the active affairs which should claim the attention of a clergyman, as well as any other man. Above all if he has ideas on social problems he must not voice them; the church is more interested in righting men's little faults and inconsistencies than it is with the great faults that are undermining society."

DOES NOTHING TO STOP POVERTY.

"The church will find fault with a vaudeville performance or a baseball game on Sunday; but it will say nothing against a system which year after year degrades and starves millions. Why, today in this country there are 4,000,000 of persons starving, and the church, while it has a sympathetic spirit and deals out charity, is doing absolutely nothing to remove the causes that produce that unfortunate condition."

"In days gone by the church has wielded a tremendous influence, but it has undeniably lost its hold on the people because for many years it has had no definite policy in any vital problem. It has been interested in its theology, discussing its creeds and attempting to build up its denominations rather than to minister to the real needs of man."

The Japanese plantation labourers of Hawaii have organized to increase wages and to better the miserable housing conditions imposed upon them. The plantation owners have decided, as an opposition move, to stimulate immigration of the contract labour variety. Being backed up by the Territorial Government, they are taking advantage of a ruling of the Bureau of Immigration at Washington, permitting State and Territorial Governments to import foreign labor.