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W. U. COTTON, P. A. S. G. L. Managing Editor Established Dec. 3rd, 1908 ROY WINE, Associate Editor

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Crothers, and the Strike at Vancouver Island

The miners of Vancouver Island have been on strike for several months. They demand recognition of their union—the International Mine Workers of America.

These miners have been at the mercy of the masters in the past, and life and limb were in daily danger. The government allows the miners to have two mine inspectors for every mine. The duties of the inspectors are to report unsafe conditions in the mines, as regards gas, etc. Dangerous places in the mine are bulletined at the mine entrance, where the workers have a chance to see just what regions are safe before they enter.

The mine owners virtually compelled the inspectors not to report the dangerous positions in the mines. An inspector who would report an unsafe place O. K. would have an increased pay envelope, and an easier time generally. If he were honest he would be under the ban of the bosses who played the game of profit to the limit.

The miners' lives were in constant danger. They applied to the masters for union men to be placed as inspectors. Their union is very strict as regards working conditions in the mines. The masters refused to confer with them. The miners could get no satisfaction from their masters, and went on strike for a recognition of the union.

The coal barons have brought every pressure to bear in order to break the strike, but the miners remain firm. The situation is tense. Crothers, the Minister of Labor, was appealed to, and paid a visit to Vancouver Island, accompanied by Mrs. Crothers.

While there many conferences were held with the mine owners and employees. The dailies say the situation was found to be a difficult one, as the miners were asking for recognition of their union. What is the result about it? The miners have tried every means in their power to induce the mine owners to make conditions safe in the caves where they are forced to toil; a refusal; if they rebelled individually they were fired and blacklisted. The bosses cared not for the lives and limbs of the workers who made them profits. There were others; the west is full of unemployed, so the masters decided it was a good time for a strike, and directed things so a strike would take place.

Crothers says the situation is a difficult one. He is a sweet minister of Labor. If he knew anything of mining or the dangers the miners face daily, he would see nothing difficult in recognizing a union which would compel mine owners to protect the life of their workers. Crothers is a henchman of the capitalists; he looks at labor troubles from a capitalist standpoint; he has to, or the masters would see to it that he would lose his job. Therefore he sees difficult things ahead when the master class are asked to make working conditions safe for the profit makers, the men who go into the bowels of the earth and toil. Crothers and his like may enjoy the fruits of labor, but the workers should never ask Crothers to investigate labor troubles. He is useless to arrange any of their affairs. He will come, look over the situation, and depart, and the conditions of the workers will remain in the same conditions as before he came. He is no friend of labor; he is the smiling and serene friend of the masters each and every time.

What has Crothers, or any other member of the Canadian parliament, done for the workers in past years? Crothers cares nothing for the workers of Vancouver Island, but he does care for the bosses of that island, as they represent the class which Crothers represents. No matter what his private opinion, he will do as he is asked by his masters, and whatever he does will not be in the workers' favor.

And Mrs. Crothers accompanied him on his pleasure trip of four weeks through the west. Here is how a daily paper reports the Minister's wife on the strike situation:

"Mrs. Crothers, who takes a deep interest in the work of the Minister, visited the wives and families of the miners, whom she found to be kind and intelligent, and expressed much sympathy for their present hardships, as many of the miners will lose their homes unless a settlement is soon reached."

Cotton's would give a lot to know just what Mrs. Crothers expected to find in the homes of the workers. They were kind and intelligent. They expected to find a semi-civilized crowd of half-naked savages with stone axes bashing each other's brain out? Did she expect to see children hanging up to rafters by the thumbs while their parents sat by grinning in ghoulish glee? It is hard to tell what she did expect to encounter, but the above shows the wide chasm between the two classes: the robbers and the robbed. The Crotherses and their kind look down on the class which provides them with the luxuries, and seem surprised when they find them "kind and intelligent." This is a rotten insult to the miners and their families of Vancouver Island.

She expressed much sympathy for their present hardships. The miners do not want her sympathy or any other class's. Sympathy will not bring to life again the miner who is suffocated by gas or blown to atoms in an explosion. Sympathy will not feed the poor hungry little mouths

Socialists are against wars.

A class conscious worker is a power to himself and his fellows.

Under capitalism just what does the term "honesty" convey? What does it mean, anyhow?

Capitalists fight Socialism, for it will exterminate their class, and force them to become useful producers with the workers of the world.

Twelve million rounds of ammunition, claimed to be worth \$300,000, have been condemned at the Quebec arsenal. The cartridges, both for small arms and field guns, have been found to be unsafe. Sabotage?

The paucity of arms has lost its attractiveness for Canadians. As the master class are getting anxious as they are well aware that their hired murderers are all that stands between the workers and their freedom.

How much of the \$15,000,000 cash gift that Parliament voted to Mackenzie and Mann will find its way into the campaign funds of the two political machines? If this question were answered truthfully it might explain volumes.—*Grain Growers' Guide.*

Every additional worker who gets a toe hold on Socialism causes a tingle in the ranks of the capitalists, for they know once he is wise to the robbery practised upon him, he is lost to the "slave" and "beef tea" arguments of the robbing class.

Capitalists hitch the workers to machines and drive them till they are worn out and useless for the making of profits. Then they are hived in jails, asylums, and houses of refuge till they die. From there it is a short jaunt to the house of refuge cemetery, or a midnight ride to the medical college.

Cabinet ministers of the Canadian capitalist government are touring Canada with their families in their private cars. This is done under the guise of ministerial business and education. What do Borden's ministers care for the welfare of the country? They do as they are told, and take their rewards like little men.

A new spirit is being born into the masses. It is the spirit of thought. Once a man uses his brain more and his hands less, he becomes a person who is a menace to the masters, and one who will help his comrades to widen the breach between the robbers and the robbed. He chafes in his chains, he creates a feeling of unrest among his fellow slaves. He is doing a noble work for the only class which is worth while—The working class.

From the cradle to the grave, we are the unfortunate victims of the evil effects of organized capital. The latest trust in Canada is the coffin trust. The promoters say the casket manufacturers have been cutting each other's throats. This will be stopped, and the throat cutting operation will in future be performed on the survivors of the rick who croak. Organizers of the new concern say the price of funeral supplies may not go up, but profits will be greater. This means lower wages for those who make the caskets.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy says the banks have the situation well in hand. There is nothing startling in this information. The banks of Canada are full of wealth filched from the working class. The workers are poor, and the banks with their tremendous power keep the producing class as close to the bread line as their greed of profits allow them to do in safety. As long as the workers are content to make millionaires bank presidents out of what would otherwise be good working men, the banks will have almost any situation well in hand.

Dr. Alfred Bernstein, a Prussian Socialist, has been advocating the idea of a "birth strike" in Germany. He declares that most successful pressure would be exerted on the government if mothers would make some such announcement as this: "We will bring no children into the world to become citizens of this state unless better rights of citizenship are accorded." When the supply of wage workers is cut off the capitalists will be up against it. They cannot run the machinery of the world; they cannot conduct the facilities of transportation and distribution. The women of the world have the situation in their own hands, and if women of other countries followed the method advocated by the German Socialist that much nearer its finish.

Everybody is looking for an easy time. The toilers in the shops lace in and try to beat the speeding-up system, buoyed with the hope of securing a fatter position, where they will not have to slave so hard, and perhaps have the privilege of keeping an eye on the slaves who have taken their jobs when they have been promoted. Push the other man aside is the motto of today, and underhand tricks are pulled off every day in the mills and factories of the masters, in order to gain some fancied advantage. But it rarely comes. If a fatter job and a larger salary is gained, the masters of today invariably force the bolstered slave to commit acts of dirty work which they would not do themselves. There is no easy time for the producer under capitalism. The only ones who enjoy the easy time are the takers of rent, interest and profit. They rest at ease, while their tools do the dirty work, and scourge the slaves who produce the wealth.

Socialism does not mean free love

Socialism does not mean dividing up.

Socialism will give the capitalist justice. It will give him all he produces—nothing more.

Capitalism is for the rich few. Socialism is for all, and for the benefit of all.

Millions slave in order that the few may sit in high places and direct the financial affairs of the world.

Socialism has never yet been tried. Capitalism has, and has proved a cruel failure. A system which has produced crime, misery and degradation should be changed.

The right to work is even being exploited by the grafters. The system is rotten which compels a man or woman to come across with money in order to secure a job.

The daily papers are the friends of capitalism; they hold no brief for the working class, yet the working class dig down and come across with their good money for the support of the sheets which are used to keep them in subjection.

The "New Zealand" visited Vancouver harbor, and the only naval display to greet her was the watchman of the Canadian "fleet," who leaned over the rail of the dismantled "Rainbow" smoking his old clay pipe. A noble patriot he.

The toiling masses are becoming educated. They will not be satisfied with a little food and poor shelter for their long hours of toil. Even now they are refusing to listen to the spellbinders of the capitalists in political halls and pulpits. They are becoming class conscious, and have a desire to attend to their own affairs and conduct the distribution and production of the wealth they produce. They are sick of the rule of blood and murder.

Infant mortality in Montreal is steadily increasing. No cool spots for sick babies. No hospitals but furnace-like rooms in the slums, and infants a year old being fed on pea soup would increase the mortality of any community. This is what capitalism hands out to the children of the poor and unfortunate. What do the capitalists care about a few hundred children dying every week in a city where slaves are numerous and thousands more joining the ranks every day? Nothing. If the slaves were wise they would refuse to breed children to fill the mills of the masters.

There promises to be trouble on the Intercolonial. Canada's government owned railroad. The men demand a decent increase in pay, and the officers of the railroad offer the clerks the huge increase of \$2.50 a month and laborers ten cents a day. The men threaten to strike. For forty years the Intercolonial slaves have tamely submitted to their lot, with never a protest. They have numerous other grievances besides low wages. All the government officials are arrayed against the men. Canada is "prosperous," but of course the men who help to produce the wealth should not have the audacity to ask for a little larger share of what they produce. Oh, no, the prosperity must go to the masters. The government cannot afford to give the railway workers a decent wage, but it coolly hands over \$15,000,000 to Mackenzie and Mann to build their railroad.

Montreal papers claim that the impure milk being sold in that city and the consequent spreading of disease is due to the small dealers, who in their struggle for existence against the large concerns are forced to resort to trickery and unfair methods. The large dealers spend their money and have the facilities to secure the utmost purity of their milk, while the small dealers have no money to spend, and their product does not receive the attention it should get. In the struggle the little fellow is sure to go under. He will sell his watered and chalked product for a time, but big business will swallow him in the end. Little business cannot but the trusts; the old party politicians cannot but the trusts; reformers cannot but the trusts. It has been, and is being tried every day, and is a dismal failure. Socialism will bust the trusts by taking over the means of production and distribution and putting them in the hands of the whole people for the benefit of the whole people.

Toronto plutes love and foster militarism. The Boy Scout movement is in full swing in that city. To the west on the Humber river complaints have come to the police of depredations committed by the Scouts. Now they have turned their attention to the eastern section of the city. They overrun the farmers' fields, and break down and destroy his fences. At Scarborough Heights overlooking Lake Ontario recently a crowd of Scouts were attempting to rob the nests of the cliff swallows. One of the number fell and was killed. Did the Scout master order the boys to rob the nests? Does he order the boys to practice rifle shooting near picnic parties? Does he order them to rob gardens and fruit trees in the suburbs of the city? From reports of late Toronto will soon have its full of Boy Scouts. They have become a nuisance in every community in which they are organized. They are a standing menace to the freedom of the working class, and so thinking workingmen's son should ever don a uniform.

Christianity and the working Class Movement

Christ

Elsewhere in this issue Comrade T. Edwin Smith points out that class antagonisms bias the reporting of history. He shows that the histories of the world have been written from the viewpoint of the master class, and that the workers have recently had to interpret history from their own standpoint.

The circumstances leading to the death of Christ is a case in point. The master class have had looks upon books written about this question. It is only recently that the death of Christ has been treated from the workingman's point of view.

If we take the history as reported to be true, we will find that Christ was crucified, not because he proclaimed himself the son of God, but because he was stirring up the multitude.

Christ was a workingman. He gathered twelve workmen around him. He went forth preaching the end of the then existing dispensation. He preached the exaltation of righteousness. The common people loved him gladly. They groaned under oppression. Heavy taxation was upon them. Soldiers were quartered upon the people. The daughters of the people were at the mercy of the ruling class.

When Christ went abroad preaching the new morality, the common people heard him gladly. They wanted to be led in revolt. They clamored for freedom. Then the same struggle that later confronted Karl Marx confronted Christ. Marx had to fight for delay, for educating the people, for the organizing and solidifying of the working class. The anarchists of Marx's day wanted to fight the capitalist class at once. Hence the fierce factional fights that arose.

The people of Christ's day wanted hasty action. Christ declared that his doctrines had to be carried to the ends of the earth. A premature revolt would be crushed in blood.

Christ went to Jerusalem and was seized by the hierarchy. He admitted he was the son of God, and blasphemed in the sight of the Jews. He was taken before Pontius Pilate and the priests accused him of blaspheming against their religion. There was nothing in the eyes of Pilate. Pilate represented the Roman Emperor. Within the empire all religions were allowed. Any religion could build a temple at Rome. As long as pagan Rome received her tribute from the subject nations, she cared not for their religious disputes. But she checked them when the religious disputes began to lead to fighting. The Jews could have their religion subject to their allowing all others to hold their religion.

Hence, when Christ was brought before Pilate and the Jews accused him of blaspheming their God, it was nothing to Pilate.

Then the accusers changed their tactics. They said that Christ was stirring up the rabble to resist Rome. That he was opposing the civil power. That his doctrines were subversive of the ruling power. This is the same charge brought against Socialists today.

At this accusation Pilate took notice. He was a weak ruler, and his rule was troubled with factions. If this Christ was stirring up the people, Pilate's job would be in danger. So he handed Christ over to crucifixion.

Christ was crucified, not because he proclaimed himself the son of God, but because he taught the people to stand firm in their own dignity. He instilled into the ancient lowly spirit of independence. Such independence in a slave class boded ill to the ruling class.

Christ was railroaded to death because his teachings were not liked by the plundering classes, in the same way that the Haymarket anarchists of Chicago were railroaded to death.

Primitive Christianity

The death of Christ did not stop his doctrines. They spread over the Roman empire, chiefly among the slave class, the lowly and the oppressed. Saint Paul sounded the keynote of the new religion when he declared that there was neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, but all are in Christ. Such a doctrine appeals mightily to the bond slave and the lowly. The ruling class heard such teaching with astonishment, rage and terror. What! The slave were lowly. The ruling class heard such doctrines as crazy! They will overthrow society! In such manner the ruling class thought, and the whole might of pagan Rome was turned against the Christians. Nero smeared them with pitch and burned them alive as torches to light his gladiatorial shows. The proconsuls throughout the empire had orders to exterminate those who preached this new doctrine.

Rome allowed all religions. The reason why Christianity was banned was because of its ECONOMIC teachings. The power of pagan Rome was based on chattel slavery. The Christian doctrine of freedom to the slave was subversive of the power of the old ruling class. Hence the persecution by the ruling class of the Christians. Hence the hatred of the beneficiaries of the religious graft of the early days of our era to the Christian religion.

Today the Socialists advocate freedom from wage slavery. They say that life is too sacred a thing for any capitalist to buy another man's life from day to day for a pittance wage. And today the ruling class persecute the Socialists as much as

Subsequent Development

The Christian lowly were persecuted and grew in power and numbers. The Roman authorities could not deal with the great number of Christians. The Christian cause seemed on the point of triumphing.

Then—the Emperor Constantine, who ruled from Byzantium, or Constantinople from 323 to 337 A. D., turned the course of history. He saw the power of the Christians, AND HE DECLARED HIMSELF A CHRISTIAN. He said he saw a vision of a cross in the sky as a sign of victory in war. He made Christianity the religion of the empire.

At once the battle was on between primitive Christianity and the Christianity established by Constantine. Many Christians refused to recognize him as a brother. They said he had come in to pervert the movement. He was using the movement, not for the emancipation of the oppressed, but as a bulwark to oppression. He had come in, not as a brother working for freedom, justice and right, but as a traitor to ruin the movement, turn it from its aim and sap its strength.

Under the Christian emperors, persecution was practised against the stalwart Christians.

Persecution has ruled since.

Today we see the plunderers occupying the chief seats of the temples of worship. Christianity has become a bulwark to robbery. Throughout Canada the big labor skippers are the main supporters of what is known now as Christianity.

Socialists aim at the emancipation of the slaves.

They work for the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth.

They preach justice to all on the economic field.

The beneficiaries of privilege in the name of Christ call us all kinds of vile names.

And in spirit we are nearer to the primitive spirit of Christianity than any other movement on earth.

Walt Whitman, in his piece "To Him who was Crucified," says: "My spirit to yours dear brother. Do not mind because many sounding your name do not understand you. I do not sound your name but I understand you."

I specify you with joy O my comrade to salute you, and those who are with you before and since, and those to come also.

That we all labor together transmitting the same charge and succession.

Were Christ present today, and heard a preacher paid by the labor skippers denouncing the Socialists, it is my firm conviction he would say, "God forgive him, for he knows not what he does."

The Christian Guardian rips up the apple packers and says some of them are dishonest. It also says that "the man who starts out to get rich by fraudulent means will be apt to find before long that the way of the transgressor is hard." Just what constitutes honesty for the Guardian? The big robbers of Canada flim-flam millions from the government; lesser robbers gamble in stocks and rob their fellow gamblers; masters of mills and factories deliberately exploit their workers of a large percentage of what they produce. But concerning this class of dishonesty the Guardian is mum. The apple packers are of the working class. A large profit is made from their efforts by railroads, express companies, shipping companies, and the middleman who handle their goods before they reach the consumer. The packers know they are robbed, and they play the game, and the capitalist press jumps on them and calls them dishonest. What Christian consistency!

"Do we want sober soldiers?" asks the Christian Guardian. No. We don't want sober soldiers or any other kind of soldiers. We don't want them because we don't need them. We want sober producers, and more producers, and less production and of a better quality. We want the parasites who now fatten on labor to come down with us and share in the production of the country. Soldiers are non-producers, and wasters; they are unnecessary to a sane system.

The Swiss guard at the Vatican have mutined, and a little war is right on tap, ready to start at any moment. The pope is tired of being followed around by armed guards. He wishes to disband the whole pack, and live like any other man. The authorities are arranging to drive the whole Swiss guard from the Vatican where they will be captured and deported to the Italian-Swiss frontier. Big-business is having its troubles.

Secretary of State Bryan of the U. S. gets \$12,000 a year, and raises a howl for a large increase. He says he cannot live on the salary. This is as much as the average salary of 26 men who are the real producers of the country. They have to grub along on a little over \$400 a year, and pay rent and raise families, and give them education enough to enter the mills and shops of the class which supports Bryan and his high-flying followers.



The Fishing Line

Four to Smiths Falls, Ont. Englehart, Ont., shoots in four. Kenton, Man., swings into line with four copies.

A Comrade of Dominion, N. S. sends \$1 for sub cards.

Four from Dundas, Sask., and five from Yorkford, Alta.

Enclosed please find four subs. This makes twelve I have sent, Swansea, Ont. I guarantee one dollar per month for twelve months besides the five dollars enclosed. Toronto, Ont.

A Comrade of Fertility, Alta., takes four copies "How to Organize." This pamphlet sells four for five cents.

Here are three more slaves who are beginning to feel the sting of the capitalist lash. Sturgeon Falls, Ont.

Niagara Falls, Ont., Local S.D.P. send me to respond to the stock appeal. The Comrades take one share of stock.

Here are \$3. Put me on for 4 years and two dollars to interest. There are one Montreal Comrade takes eight cards and one to the factory. There are two to educate the workers to the needs of their class.

Enclosed please find \$2 which pays for the undermentioned subs. These are the first subs I have sent you, but I hope to be guilty again soon. Maisonneuve, P. Q.

I enclose two subs and want twenty "How to Organize" pamphlets. Better make a little more propaganda. Brandon, Man.

Times are hard with us here. We homesteaders who are trying to farm are finding pretty close picking. The I. H. C. and other outfits do not leave much for us. Flowerdale, Ont.

The big fall in circulation last week makes me to be low in spirits. I send you some new subs. It is a regular stock for me. St. John, N. B.

Enclosed please find \$3 for sub cards. I would like to see the Comrade of some point equidistant for east and west. The time is ripe for a live Socialist paper in the West. Kinross, Ont. About forty subs. so to Kinross; this is what other Comrades can do.

Kindly send me four copies for a year to help me in getting subs. I am on the wage slave's heels all the time. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Toronto, Ont.

I enclose \$2 for subs and sub cards. I will pledge myself to \$2 per month for one year either in subs or sub cards. Now then, Comrades, there should be at least one thousand who will do the same. Ottawa, Ont.

Enclosed please find eleven subscribers. Rush them along as I have held them for quite some time. Keep your heart up, the hustlers are getting busy. Hamilton, Ont.

I am a poor sub writer, but I will undertake to send you \$1 per month for a year to spread the gospel. You have surely done more than your share. Bridgewater, Ont.

I was a member of the S.P. of the U. S. and would like to organize a local in this country. Please send me the paper to these four and eight copies of "How to Organize." Botha, Alta.

I have read all or two copies of your paper and am wanting to read more so I enclose one dollar for subs. I shall try in the future to interest some more in your paper and let them have the same eye opener I had. East Killdonnan, Man.

The present time is a lull, a lull that bodes ill to the present order of things and those who wish to keep them in that order, work at the elbow of a business capitalist and he is peering all day every day in the week by jobless slaves. Sprindale, Alta. Comrade sends twenty-five cents for the pamphlet "How to Organize" and a dollar for subs. This pamphlet should be widely scattered. Why not get at least four and give them to those most likely to form a local organization.

Enclosed please find \$4 for which send sub cards. This is a hurry up order. Will send more by Monday. Will be able to guarantee you at least \$5 a month for the next three months. Circumstances prevent the Socialist Local, but on looking up the number of subs in Hamilton and district it strikes me this branch is not any too live. Cotton's Weekly certainly does more for further Socialist education than any other phase of the Socialist activity in Canada. Hamilton, Ont.

Send me four sub cards. I have taken your paper for three years and always carry sub cards in my pocket. A friend of mine whom I could not make a Socialist because he thought he could save money and became a capitalist, is now out for a job. He is chafing for a job all over the place. I think another week will make him a Socialist. Montreal, P. Q.

Open Air Meeting in Montreal

Our open air meeting Friday, July 18th, was a great success. We sold all the Cotton's we had and took one yearly sub. Mrs. Sharpe, Work Chairwoman, I spoke. I took for my subject your article about the arrest of the four unemployed men at Farnham. I told the crowd of workers listening to me the details, and many of them showed deep interest and anger at the conduct of the powers that be.

I referred to an article that appeared in the Gazette, in which it stated "That the city of Verdun had to discharge 50 men, because the city council could not borrow money from the capitalists of Europe." I showed the connection between the two events. I asked my audience this question, "Why should workers in Montreal be thrown out of work because certain governments in Europe could not agree? Because the German government getting scared of war with France or England, killed her war chest by taking money out of circulation?"

I had to give the answer myself. I explained that both money and governments are controlled by the wealthy capitalist class. That when the capitalists get scared and held money back, they took it out of circulation, and caused what is called tight money.

The municipalities and industrial concerns were unable to get money to carry on work and business. Work was laid off. Men and women were thrown out of work. The working people had to worry and starve. All because a few useless parasites got scared. I explained that the remedy was for the people to own and control their own industries and financial institutions. I told them much more, but have not time to write it all.

The best sign at the meeting was this, that when I left speaking, because my vocal cords were exhausted. Some in the audience, called upon me to tell them more. So keep Cotton's going. A big change has come over the people. They are not where we would like to see them, it is true, but a big improvement has taken place. We must have patience. Our turn will come. Socialism is on the road. It is drawing near, but it needs Cotton's to blaze the path. Yours for Socialism, G. Edward.

STOCK SOLD

Local Niagara Falls, Ont., No. 66 has taken one share of stock. Comrade Wm. Goodwin, of Lindsay, Ont., has taken two shares. A Comrade of Hamilton, Ont., has taken one share, while the Finnish Society of Toronto have taken five shares.

Stock in Cotton's is \$10 dollars a share. Comrades are cordially invited to become members of the publishing business of Cotton's Weekly.

The thinking man is the real danger to the capitalist system. Once a worker throws his thinking machinery into the high speed clutch he is lost to the profit mongers. This they know full well, and they devise all sorts of schemes in order to divert the thoughts of the toiler away from the fact that he is exploited.

A traveller in the Canadian west declares that in cities out there, the last meal on the last sucker is in sight, and people will have to rustle for a living. The farmers of the west have been supplying meal tickets for a horde of parasites for a long time now; they have been the easy marks for machine agents, loan sharks, mortgage fiends, and the tribe of real estate grafters who infest every province in Canada. Let this class of non-producers rustle the same as the farmers and other workmen. Let them do their share, or starve.

Owing to the incompetency, haste, shut-downs, shoddy work, competition of the capitalists hunting profits, where \$1 goes for profit, at least \$4 of potential wealth is not realized. The working class under Socialism could get from \$8 to \$10 per day income.

There is something radically wrong in our social and economic conditions when the employer becomes suddenly rich, while the toiler with the utmost thrift and economy can scarcely keep the wolf from the door. James Cardinal Gibbons, Metropolitan Magazine for January, 1913.

THE MOVE TO ONTARIO

At a meeting of Cowansville Local held the 15th day of June 1913, the following referendum propositions were initiated.

COWANSVILLE.

1. That a Dominion convention of the Social-Democratic Party be not held this year.
2. That the sum of \$2,000 of party funds be used to pay off the debts of Cotton's Weekly and to place the paper in a condition free of debt. This sum to be invested by way of purchase of stock or as the Dominion Executive may see fit.
3. That the Dominion Executive take steps to acquire permanent headquarters, the title-deeds to be owned by the party, or in trust for the party if the S.D.P. is not a sufficient body in the eyes of the law to hold real property.
4. That the Dominion Executive take steps to move Cotton's Weekly to Ontario, said party paper to be housed in the headquarters of the party, so that the Executive and the party organ may work together, each supplementing the work of the other, the party to aid in building the paper and the paper to aid in building the party.
5. That as soon as convenient, the Executive take advantage of the offer of Comrade Cotton, to purchase the plant of Cotton's Weekly owned by him to Ontario, and to sell the real property he holds in Quebec province, and reinvest the sum or sums realized, in the Dominion headquarters of the S.D.P.

W. U. Cotton, Arthur Rice, President, Secretary.

To this referendum the following amendment has been initiated by Guelph, Ont., Local.

GUELPH.

1. At a meeting of Guelph Local No. 5, S.D.P. of C. held on July 15, 1913 the following amendment to the proposed referendum of the Cowansville Local No. 1, S.D.P. of C. is hereby offered to the party membership for their consideration.
2. This party is of the opinion that the holding of a party convention would at the present time not be justified by the expense incurred therein, we are also of the opinion that the Cotton's Weekly plant could be used to better advantage, were it moved to South Western Ontario, but we are also of the opinion that it would not be in the interests of the party to have permanent headquarters at any given place.
3. Past experience has taught us that the stationing of the party headquarters for too long a time in one place has a tendency to autocracy rather than democracy, and we believe that any move to permanent house the party headquarters in the same locality as the party paper would tend to accentuate rather than diminish that tendency to autocracy.
4. Therefore be it resolved:
 1. That a Dominion Convention of the S.D.P. of C. be not held this year.
 2. That the D.E.C. take steps to move Cotton's Weekly to Ontario, at the earliest possible opportunity, and that they be empowered to levy an assessment not to exceed 50 cents per member for the purpose of raising sufficient funds to clear Cotton's Weekly of indebtedness and carry on the said removal, and that they also take advantage of the offer of Comrade W. U. Cotton to sell the real estate property he holds in Quebec Province and reinvest the sum or sums realized in the paper's new headquarters.
 3. Should an assessment of 50 cents per member realize sufficient funds to remove the plant and place it on a good foundation financially, that the D.E.C. be instructed to initiate a further referendum for the purpose of raising sufficient funds by assessment to carry the project through.
 4. That all party funds advanced for the above mentioned purpose, be carried out by purchase of stock in Cotton's Co-operative Pub. Co. Edward Hill, J. W. Lane, Chairman, Secretary.

While these referenda are being considered, the Dominion Executive Committee has put out the following letter to all the locals.

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF CANADA
Berlin, Ont., April 22nd, 1913.

Comrades—You have received the letter in explanation of the action taken by your Executive in not calling a Dominion convention for Labor Day.

An assessment of 50 cents per member has been approved by the recent vote with the object of defraying the expenses of aforesaid mentioned convention. Now that the convention will not be held this year, and in view of the urgent need financially of Cotton's Weekly, your Executive request that all locals who are in sympathy with a proposition to turn this assessment over to assist Cotton's Weekly will kindly forward the locals quota to the secretary of the D.E.C. at your earliest convenience.

A referendum to cover this assessment and how to be supplied, will be sent for the approval of the membership in due course.

Fraternally yours, H. Martin.

Wipe Out the Debt

These are the referenda of the party, the Local Guelph amendment no doubt appears to be more in keeping with the temper of the party.

When the Social-Democratic party united with the Canadian Socialist Federation to form the present S.D.P., the unity was effected by referendum vote and the present constitution of the party was adopted in the same manner. The section applying to the Dominion Executive Committee reads as follows.

(That the representation on and seat of the Dominion Executive Committee be left until the first general convention. In the meantime the work of the Dominion Executive

Committee be left to the General Executive Committee of the Canadian Socialist Federation, Berlin, Ont.)

In the light of this paragraph of our constitution, Cowansville referendum for the Executive to take steps to acquire permanent headquarters would saddle the party with headquarters where the party might not want them permanently.

Guelph Local referendum would obviate this difficulty, by giving Cotton's a home in Ontario without tying it up to the headquarters of the party. Local Hamilton has declared itself in favor of owning the paper and plant rather than owning the headquarters.

On the other hand, the separation of headquarters and paper seems to me to be a duplication of machinery. The Executive sends out many communications. The Executive maintains publicity machinery. Cotton's maintains publicity machinery. Last year the Appeal to Reason, of Girard, Kansas, spent \$10,000 in first class postage in letters to its supporters. Last year Cotton's spent \$300 in postage, being \$100 in mail charges for sending Cotton's out to subscribers. The idea of housing the Executive and the paper in the same quarters was to economize rent, and to save the duplication in postage. The idea was efficiency. Today amalgamations take place to cut down the cost of operation. Capitalists do this for the sake of profits. Why could not the Socialists do the same? In Belgium there is the Maison du Peuple which is the centre of Socialist activity for the whole country. It is the headquarters for the publishing of the party paper. It is the headquarters for the Trades Union, for the Co-operative Societies, for the political party of the Socialists.

The fear of the party is that the Executive would gain too much power by controlling the paper. The Executive need not control the paper were the two housed together any more than they need control the paper were the two housed separately. So far the stock taken by the S.D.P. is voted on by the Executive. When the party buys the majority of the outstanding stock, the Executive, unless the present system changes, would control the paper.

Cotton's holds its annual meeting in February. The Executive authorized Comrade H. Martin, the Secretary, to vote on the party-held stock. Comrade Martin comes to Cowansville, joins in the general annual meeting of the shareholders, who nominate the Directors of the publishing company. When the party gets the control in Cotton's, Comrade Martin, or whoever the Executive saw fit to appoint to vote their shares, could nominate all the directors and control the policy of the paper, even though it is published in Cowansville. He will be able to sack the present editor and manager.

Were the party and executive housed in the same building, the Executive need have no control over the publishing of the paper whatsoever. The Social-Democrats, could call a convention, elect their Executive to run the party. They could, at the same time, choose other Comrades entirely apart from the Executive in whom to vest the control of the stock in Cotton's held by the party. In that case the Executive would have no say in the management of the paper. The Comrades in whom the voting power of the stock in Cotton's is vested, could choose the directors for the party could practically do this at the convention. These directors could appoint the editor and manager of Cotton's. The paper would work for the Executive or against it as the directors saw fit in the interests of the party.

Comrade McGuire, of Port Arthur, has suggested that a convention be called before the paper is moved, in which the questions of the location of the paper, its management, location of party headquarters, method of choosing the Executive, etc., could be threshed out. Perhaps the party would like to have a convention before Cotton's is moved.

In the meantime there are \$2,000 which should be paid off. Both Cowansville and Guelph desire to see this debt wiped out before a convention is held.

How to Organize

"How to Organize" is a little sixteen page pamphlet published by Cotton's. This booklet contains the platform and constitution of the Social-Democratic Party of Canada. It is written by Comrade H. Martin, secretary of the Dominion Executive. It tells how to start a local of the party.

The Socialists are an organized political party who are aiming to capture the Dominion and Provincial Legislatures. The local is the unit of the organization.

You who have read Cotton's no doubt are anxious to get busy in your locality to capture your own constituency either federal, provincial or municipal. This pamphlet shows you the way to begin. Cotton's sells this pamphlet 4 copies for 5 cents, 8 for ten cents, 20 for 25 cents.

The following places have comrades who have purchased copies: Benito, Man., 20; Botha, Alta.; Fertility, Alta.; Sprindale, Alta.; Grandview, Man.; 20; Athabasca (Blindford), 5; Nekoma, Sask.; 8; Kaminitikwia, Ont. 8 copies.

This pamphlet should be in the hands of every Socialist.

COTTON'S READERS PICNIC

A picnic of the Montreal readers of Cotton's Weekly under the auspices of the Liberty Co-operative Club will be held on Sunday, August 17th, at Bronx Park, near Lachine Rapids. Those who intend to enjoy a day's outing with the revolutionary Socialists of Montreal, should take a Wellington car, transfer to Lachine Rapids car, go to the end of the track, and go up 4th Avenue to the picnic grounds. W. U. Cotton will speak, and games and various races will be held. Tickets will be offered. The picnic will be held from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Tickets will be one dime.

Doings of Capitalism

By EL TUERTO, in Coast Seaman's Journal.

You cannot possibly confute Socialism with arguments based on sound premises. Those who have tried it are careful not to repeat the experiment. It's too much like going up against the higher criticism with a correspondence school outfit of learning. The net result in either case will simply be to show up your own ignorance.

But some men are congenitally unable ever to confess themselves wrong. Nothing daunted by their inability to down Socialism with pure reasoning, its opponents triumphantly conceived with the lame and irrelevant statement that "Socialists have never done anything."

Well, maybe so; maybe so, friends. But if "doing things" is the only justification for the existence of a movement or institution, here are some things done by capitalism which you will find hard to explain away.

It has sacrificed more lives, and expended more money and energy, on war and the incidentals of war than on all other things combined.

It has made life so insecure that right now in America we are annually killing and maiming more people than were killed and maimed in the battles during the entire four years of the Civil War.

It has created a condition of wage slavery that causes one-third of our population to always hover near the ragged edge of poverty; sometimes on the edge, sometimes below it, sometimes above it, but never very far from it.

It has encouraged drunkenness and smoking so that the internal revenue to the government from the manufacture and sale of whisky, beer and tobacco is now greater than ever before.

It has fostered the social evil so that 60 per cent. of our adult males are or have been infected with unremovable diseases.

It has created an army of unemployed aggregating millions even in so-called "prosperous times."

It has placed millions of women and children of tender age, at work on labors for which they are physically untrained, thus directly contributing toward race decay.

It has fostered crimes of all descriptions, so that our penal establishments are increasing faster than our educational establishments.

It has made our civilization so artificial and unnatural that the feeble-minded are increasing 100 per cent. and the insane 50 per cent. faster than the population. If this ratio keeps up for 350 years the crazy people will be in the majority.

It has decreased the marriage and birth rates, and increased divorces and suicides.

It has made the environments of the poor in cities so insanitary and vile that of the children born in the slums only 5 per cent. have perfect teeth and only 30 per cent. have good teeth.

It has created a reign of universal graft and corruption that has never been approximated since the days of the Roman Empire.

It has evolved a code of business ethics which openly connives at the poisonous adulteration of the people's food and drink.

It has made the obtaining of justice in the courts largely a matter of money, which favors the rich at the expense of the poor.

It has debauched the press, the pulpit and the public institutions of learning for its own selfish ends.

It has definitely placed the dollar above the man, so that wherever and whenever human rights conflict with property rights, human rights must yield.

It is still at it, harder than ever, doing these and other similarly nefarious things literally "too numerous to mention."

Oh, yes, indeed, capitalism is "doing things" alright, all right. There's no question about that. That's what it's here for. Mr. individualist: to "do" you and me. Its record on that point is straight back to a time to which the memory of man runneth not. And that record reeks with the stench of every conceivable iniquity: every crime against God and man, every baseness to which human depravity can descend. For capitalism was conceived in selfishness, and nurtured in greed. Its master passion is an insatiable lust of profits. It's a hydra-headed beast of prey that must be killed before we will have "peace on earth, good will to men." Guess who the young Hercules is who will by and by do the killing?—New York Call.

SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC NOTES FROM TORONTO

The Social-Democrats are a very busy bunch in Toronto. They are holding the largest attended meetings that have ever been known since the principles of Socialism have been preached in this city.

Over a thousand men eagerly listened to the organizer, as he laid the movements and tendencies of Society before the people of West Toronto.

The Mail and Empire on Monday, July 21st, acknowledged that the Socialists held a large demonstration at the corner of Keele and Dundas.

The Mail and Empire on Monday, July 21st, acknowledged that the Socialists held a large demonstration at the corner of Keele and Dundas.

The Mail and Empire on Monday, more eager for the truth of Socialism than for music, and listened to the Socialist speeches in spite of the large band that disturbed the attention of the people at the corner of Queen East and Lewis, on Sat. July 19th. Max Armstrong was the man to hand out the goods, and every Socialist knows the kind of talk Max can give. "Nuf Sed."

Dovercourt are getting a better crowd and good response. Last week many joined the party, and a large quantity of literature was distributed and sold. The factory meetings are a huge success, and the Organizer is realizing the advantage of the growing sympathy of the workers in the mills and factories, Canada foundry, and Massey-Harris are the best examples. A. E. Kemps employees are very friendly, but the workers are poorly paid and consequently less appreciative, but still they are good men. We hope that some organizer of the unions will get after these men and encourage them to take an active interest in life. They seem to have lost hope. That quiet, dull, unresponsive look, that they give is appalling to any speaker.

We have distributed many Banners and Cotton's Weekly and sold much literature. A large crowd gave a splendid hearing to the Organizer on Monday July 21st, and when the non-unionist element gave trouble, the people were strong in their resentment against them.

The Social-Democratic Locals of Toronto are a live active bunch of workers, they continue the meetings in every part of the city with the usual force and vigor.

The Organizer was at Stratford and Guelph last week, and he reports good meetings there. While he was away, the comrades in Toronto kept the ordinary meetings going as usual. Armstrong was the head physician on the occasion of the Organizer's absence and the boys were remarkably good in turning out and thus helping make up the loss with some to spare.

The crowds at West Toronto are good natured and Comrade Armstrong reports that he had fine, well attended meetings. The literature sales have increased, which goes to prove that the workers are willing to learn more of the movement. Armstrong spoke on war, he showed the real use of militia, and the reason for war. He touched upon the Balkan war, and the crowd showed their appreciation by their hearty applause.

The membership is increasing finely. We intend to make a new local in wards one and seven. If comrades who are not affiliated with the Party will send their names in to the Organizer, M. Wayman, 102 Victoria St we will notify them of the inaugural meeting and they can be there to see a new Local born, a joyful proceeding in every truth.

The opponents of Socialism are very active. We are told that every form of hindrance will be advanced by those who are against the emancipation of the working class. But, as the boy said, "the more there is the more there is."

The picnic of the joint locals will have taken place at Highland park on Monday August 4th, before this appears in Cotton's. We have invited the Dominion Secretary to join us.

We are having a full line of sports, and scores of features, that the usual picnics do not have. Many valuable prizes will be offered, and one especially for the best five minutes talk on the subject of Socialism.

Socialism has reached a point where it cannot be dismissed as an idle dream. It is an owner of a piece of property may prevent our having access to it though he is unable to use it himself. The owners combined may keep nine-tenths of the people off the earth entirely. They have the power to

DR. W. J. CURRY

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The sending out of samples and price list has proved costly, cumbersome and generally unsatisfactory. We have discontinued the practice. With the large variety of jobs and the far from uniform amount of copy contained in them, the stationary price list is not fair to customer or printer, and is cancelled from this date.

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MOTHERHOOD

By Josephine A. Meyer in the New Review

Carlton at last managed to jerk up the window and after wiping the perspiration from his face and neck, leaned back to enjoy the mild, cedar laden breeze. The two women sat in the seat behind him and through the rhythmic hum and click of the moving cars and the misty memories of that afternoon at the hospital, Mrs. Shinski's yellow face, and the haunting eyes of Mrs. Connor, drifted the meaning of their words.

"I don't know what the world is coming to. I often say I've outlived my day. It's all this suffrage nonsense that's to blame. Now they've come to a point where they have to pay women to become mothers!"

Two days after Carlton had been sent to investigate unusual conditions in one of the tenements owned by his firm.

Three women sat on the steps of the house that was his goal. A fourth, in the doorway, was trying to administer nourishment to a wilted, fretful infant in her arms. To Carlton, who could barely stand the baking, odor-laden air and the stolid placidity seemed to mark them as something less than human, products of an unnatural environment that would droop and die if fed upon quiet and clean air.

"Mrs. Connor?" Carlton addressed himself to the woman in the doorway inquiringly.

"Nah, she no Missis Conna," the youngest of the group, without dropping a stitch in the elaborate cotton lace her brown hands were so deftly creating, flashed upon him a large, white-toothed smile.

"She's at work voluntered the big-boned, forbidding Mrs. Donlan. "That's the whole trouble with her."

"Why, it's after six," exclaimed Carlton with some exasperation. "I came late on purpose. She doesn't work all night, does she?"

Only the Sicilian maker of lace smiled.

"She work all time till seven," she declared pleasantly.

"Far from here?"

"Where is Rosalaky's, Mrs. Shinski?" Mrs. Donlan turned to her neighbor, a shiny, uncorseted woman in a black wig.

"I should know," Mrs. Shinski sang all her utterances, complainingly. "All I know is her kids, dey make me crazy."

"You're not the only one, then," snapped Mrs. Donlan.

"It's awful," came another dazzling smile from the Sicilian.

"Fierce!"

"It's no rist we get at all," suddenly spoke up the madonna of the stair. Pat won't stay home with it. Now, no woman will stand the like of that. On the twenty-third our month's up and we go."

"We've warned her repeatedly," said Carlton petulantly. "We can't have the flat emptied because of her children. If she can't arrange for them so that they don't disturb the neighbors, she's got to move." His jaw hardened.

The women were silent.

"Poor thing!" Mrs. Shinski shook her head and set her whole fat body swaying.

"Well, it's her own fault," frowned Carlton. Why, doesn't she put them in a home?"

"Oh, God help her!" Mrs. Donlan muttered rubbing her gaunt knees nervously. "An' she all alone!"

"Why can't she take them to a day-nursery?"

"It only means getting up a little earlier," Carlton lost patience. "And her oldest child could help her. It's seven, isn't it?"

"It's far to get them ready decent an' get back to work," Mrs. Donlan explained half apologetically.

"Not five, yet," said Mrs. Shinski. "And four of them!"

walked away through the boisterous sight of misery and eager to get away to the sweet coolness of his summer cottage near the sea.

Mrs. Connor held to the iron rail and watched him go. The yellow lights fast appearing in the windows and the sickly white of the street lamps but contributed to the dismal sultriness of the murky street.

"It ain't our fault," intoned Mrs. Shinski. "My Mann, he says—"

Mrs. Connor raised her trembling hand, her eyes bright. She spoke thickly as one under intense restraint.

"I ain't blamin' nobody," she said and pushed her way past them to mount the close, dark stairs.

At the sounds that greeted her on her own landing, she shivered as if actually chilled, and raised her hands in impotent revolt.

"My God!" she gasped hoarsely. "I wish we was all dead." She put the key in the lock with a shaking hand and stood for a moment to brace herself.

"I can't blame 'em," she muttered. "I wish I could lose 'em as easy." A jarring thud behind the door woke her from her musing and she went in quickly. They came from the window, a flock of pitiable little moths, seeking the last glimmer of daylight, from Jimmy, not five, clad only in blue rep overalls and a torn shirt, to the fifteen months old baby in a soiled jumper, scrambling in the rear on all fours.

Jimmy nearly fell off the fire-escape, gurgled Lily, a tale-bearer at four. "He was makin' faces."

"You shut up!" advised Jimmy malignantly.

"The wath Lily," put in Annie, and a storm of wrath broke among them, while the baby roared miserably.

Their mother was lighting the lamp, turned on them suddenly, her eyes blazing crimson.

"I leave each other be!" she commanded fiercely, and seizing Jimmy by the shoulders, shook him passionately, boxed his ears and threw him from her across the room. Lily dodged in vain and Annie waited her turn white-faced, under the table. Only the baby escaped. Then the woman dropped into a chair and between sobs cursed them.

"What comfort are ye?" she cried. "Nothin' but sorrow and bad luck have ye brought since ye was born. I wish ye had fallen out of the window—all of ye!"

The children's cowed silence lasted throughout the crude meal she prepared when she recovered herself, a moment later. She ate nothing, but sat at the window listening to the sounds of the city and watching the lines of wash hanging limp and ghostly still in the scorching air.

The children fed themselves with little whimpers, then crawled in to their corners and went to sleep. Still their mother sat, new and terrible, by the open window that let in only more heat.

The roar of the city came to her deep-toned and subdued. It brought to her mind the sound of the sea as she had heard it years ago when she had been in service with a family that spent the summer at the shore. She might take service again if she had only herself to think of. She turned to look into the room and found the yellow eye of the kerosene lamp fixed on her steadily. She drew her hand to her breast as though to shield her heart, then rose and blew out the light. "It's a waste," she muttered, trembling.

Again she sat on the window-sill, but all thought slipped from her. She woke with a thrill of fascinated horror. She had dropped till her head rested between the iron bars of the rails, and five stories below the grey dawn showed her the empty and gaping yards. If she had fallen! The horror passed, but the fascination grew. All one needed was the courage to jump—or something less than courage. Confusedly she realized that the children were holding her back more securely than any iron rail. A dazzling thought shot through her and she glanced in terror toward the dead lamp.

She could no longer sleep. She envied wearily the still little figures in the twilight room. It was for them she was giving up everything, kuing herself. In return they brought her the hate of the neighbors—section!

She grew cold at the thought. And what would they grow into? She had no time to attend to them properly. She had to work, day by day, year after year, to scrape together enough food merely to keep them alive. Her hard life gave her a clear vision, and she had seen how it was with others. They did not love her. They had no time to learn, nor she to teach them to. And when she was worn out with drudgery and they old enough to earn money, how would they treat her? She choked a bitter laugh. She could see Jimmy looting in the streets, perhaps a drunkard—she shuddered and waved her hands before her eyes to shut out the desperate pictures that crowded upon her.

Lily—I she cried out once sharply, and though she checked herself instantly it had awakened the baby who twisted about uncomfortably for a while and opened his eyes. He stared at her solemnly with a blank impartiality, and something in the indifference of his gaze smote at her heart. Then he turned away and in a moment was fast asleep.

She gave up all thought of further rest entirely and set to work listlessly to clear the littered table and set forth the poor food that was to do the children for breakfast and lunch. Finally she left with an hour before her in which to seek for other lodgings.

She was too early for the slovenly janitors in some places, and found the rooms in others beyond her purse, and arrived at work late enough to hear the boss's brutal suggestion that she get another job if his hours didn't suit her. She slid into her seat at the machine and

commented the weary wailing. The anemic woman at her side had on a soiled red neck ribbon that looked intensely hot and caught Mrs. Connor's eye whenever she turned to get more work. Once the owner of this ribbon snatched the time to whisper sympathetically: "You look awful sick."

Mrs. Connor tried to forget the red ribbon and focus her mind on the machine. She found the wheel swelling under her feverish fingers, and the treadle racing madly away under her powerless foot. Then the wheel began to diminish till it was hard to see it at all, and a black curtain slowly dropped before her straining eyes. The boss's rough voice broke through the maze.

"If you're goin' to be sick, we don't want you here. I tell you that right now!"

"I ain't sick," she heard herself say thickly.

"Then do your work right. I ain't goin' to accept this. It's punk!" He threw her a blur of white muslin to be ripped.

At noon she fainted, but she managed to conceal her weakness from the boss and went through with her afternoon work. The owner of the red ribbon, whom she knew as Bertha, offered to see her home, but she refused. She walked unseeing through the hot, noisy streets and came face to face with the same group on the stoop of her tenement.

"Your kids dey bin yellin' on de fire-escape," was her greeting from Mrs. Shinski. "An' dat little Shimmy—he climb! oi!"

"They be no childer," said Mrs. Donlan conclusively. "They be divil sin't to plague us all!"

Mrs. Connor nodded to them and smiled and wiser people would have seen a sinister warning in her look.

She was still nodding and smiling vaguely when she let herself into her own dim room. The children quieted as she entered, but she presided over their supper with unusual gentleness, and afterward, to their vast astonishment, she hunted out clean things for them and washed them, and combed their hair. At first they took advantage of her mood, but when it did not change they became startled and grew quiet and wary.

When the general cleaning was over, she blew out the lamp and called them to her, where she sat in the broken chair near the window. Her head throbbed. She felt she had to be very cunning in what she was about to do. With her hands crossed above her madly beating heart, she told them a story while they listened eagerly in the dark.

"They flew away!" gasped Annie incredulously.

"Flapped their arms an' it went as easy as anything. But mind ye, not many is brave enough to jump," she nodded, her eyes burning.

"I would if Jimmy did," declared Lily.

"I would," boasted Jimmy stoutly; "An' ye'd all go and leave you't little brother behind?"

"I'd carry him in my arms," said Lily. "We'd all fly together."

"Try it to-morrow an' when I come home to-morrow night ye can tell me how ye liked it," said the mother in soft tones. "O, I wish I was a little boy or girl myself, to take a nice fly from the fire-escape! I'd flap my arms, so, huntin' out Ye flap your arms, mind!" She illustrated with a clicking mechanical laugh and her children joined in delightedly, for they had not heard their mother laugh in many days.

"Now, to bed, all of ye!" she whispered hoarsely. "Ye'll need all your strength to fly in the mornin'!"

They scrambled away, laughing and chattering, discussing their courage and the sort of flying stroke they would use and where they would fly to first. She sat and listened, near the window. The heat grew so oppressive that she dragged the collar from her throat. A sudden frenzied horror shook her as she looked up, for the lamp she had so carefully extinguished was blazing with treble power, searing her eyes and her brain and her breast.

She woke in a light room and remained watching the ceiling and thinking of nothing but the pleasant coolness and comfort of the bed on which she was lying. Gradually the roar of thunder and the hiss of falling rain dawned upon her consciousness, and she turned her head. She was near a window that looked up into the grey sky; on the other side of her were more beds, and coming toward her a hospital nurse in blue and white.

"What am I doin' here?" she asked with dreamy curiosity.

"The heat," answered the nurse. "I guess the storm will break it. The hospital is full of prostrations."

"The heat," repeated Mrs. Connor slowly. "I fainted at Rosalaky's. She stopped, her eyes clouded with vague memories she could not distinguish from dreams. "What day is this?"

"Thursday afternoon. You came in this mornin'. They found you wandering in the street, unable to talk. As soon as you feel strong enough to tell us who you are, we'll let your people know."

Mrs. Connor sat up in bed, her eyes fixed, her raw hands tagging at the hair above her temples.

"He killed them!" she screamed wildly. "I've killed them! I've killed them! Oh, my God!—Oh, my God!"

A thrill of interest swept through the ward. The second nurse hurried over, while the first, thinking this was some delirium, held down Mrs. Connor's arms, trying to soothe her and persuade her to lie down. But something in the clear repetition of an unbelievable story impressed them.

The house doctor got the facts from her and gave her morphine to keep her quiet while investigations were being made.

As she lay waiting, her arms and legs seemed to be melting at the joints. She thought of nothing but the grey stone pavement of the

yard, five stories below, and the baby in Lily's arms. She cried out once and fought against the cruel power of the opiate that held her helpless to the bed.

"Insanity?" asked a man's voice, vaguely familiar, miles away.

"Temporary, of course. The heat and overworked. The Shinski woman, who told us to send for you, says she always left before eight and never get back till seven. With four children and a notice to move because she couldn't stay home and look after them—"

"Oh, you don't think—"

"It was all worry and over-fatigue in mind and body, and the heat."

"Good Lord! In a way then, we're responsible!"

A little silence fell and Mrs. Connor, struggling for speech, heard her own voice break in, harsh and barely audible.

"Where are they?"

"Safe!" Walter Carlton bent over her. "Mrs. Shinski has them right here, see!"

Mrs. Shinski in feathered bonnet, bearing the youngest Connor in her arms, appeared at the foot of the bed. The other children stood beside her, dumb with awe.

"Dey bin Teufels," declared Mrs. Shinski, genially. "But I catch dem! Mein Got! I bin sick von it yet!" She placed the baby on the bed and heamed over the re-union.

"Ach," she wept with a large handkerchief. "Ich weint darmit. Mrs. Marini an' Mrs. O'Reilly an' Mrs. Donlan an' me, we look after dem kids till she's better."

"Mother's pension!" the voice of the woman in the seat behind Carlton quivered with righteous wrath. Why, the very words rob Motherhood of all that is beautiful and sacred and self-sacrificing! It is positively immoral!"

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

To the battleship "New Zealand," which visits the port of Vancouver, on Monday, July 27th.

Welcome! thou emblem of a darker age; when Mars and Woden strove for fame; when tribes with tribe relentless war did wage; and heartless tyrants ruled in blood and shame.

Welcome! for what? The reasons are not few; Why flags and shouting greet thy visit now; That waking workers may each one welcome! that those who dare to sound revolt, And raise the scarlet emblem of the free, In the master's march, effect a halt.

By showing others what our goal is, Welcoming the rulers of the world may know, That some refuse the tyrants voice to hear; And, while the bugles of rejoicing blow, That many view the scene without a cheer.

Welcome! yes doubly welcome to the west! The cruiser which New Zealand's sons have given to guard an empire, which, like all the rest, The slaves with iron hand has ever driven.

Frank Foster.

To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, or as nearly as possible is a worthy object of any government.—Abraham Lincoln.

If ever a European war occurs, the guns of Dreadnoughts built by the same trust will be turned on each other. The Armaments Trust is the most terrible of all capitalism's evils. It is an international conspiracy trading in death. During this year the nations of Europe will spend \$400,000,000 on armaments. Is it not time that the workers of these nations slayed the hideous octopus which lives on their blood? The International Labor and Socialist movement calls them to the conflict.—London Labor Leader

A little boy in Emerson, Man., was accidentally shot, and lay waiting for a train to take him to a hospital in Winnipeg. Sir William Mackenzie happened along in his private car and had the lad placed in it and rushed to the city, and attended to. This is good for a laudatory half column in the press controlled by the class Mackenzie belongs to. Acts such as the above showing up the humanity of man are performed daily among the working class, and no mention is made of them, nor is expected to be made. The parliament of Canada recently voted Mackenzie and his partner \$15,000,000 so that they may ride in private cars over a road which the money helped to build. The henchmen of the capitalists at Ottawa are giving away our country and its resources, and when one of the parasite money grabbers happens to do a kind act, the kept press blazes forth the fact to the whole world on a front page. The workers built the road; they built the private car; they ran the engine which pulled the car. Why should not the parasite riding in the car help a workingman's son to get to the hospital? There is nothing astonishing in this; it would have been criminal had he done otherwise. But we suppose the daily press must keep the boots licked clean. Economic determinism.

The British took South Africa. They chased the peace-loving Boers from their farms and devastated the country through which they fought. They shot the Boers with dum dum bullets, and bayoneted them in the trenches; they blew them to pieces with shrapnel, and poisoned them with the fumes of lyddite shells, and riddled them with case shot at close range. General Botha was the special enemy of the British. Had they shot him they would have flung him into a trench and shovelled the red sand of the velt of his carcass. Botha was too foxy. He escaped being perforated. The diamond syndicate who caused the war, must have made overtures and promises to Botha, for his fighting spirit soon vanished and he allowed himself to be captured. Very shortly after the fighting ceased this general was made Premier of South Africa. He was taken to England, wined, dined and feted by the upper crust, and was a popular idol all round. From being a deadly enemy to the British he suddenly finds himself a natural hero and in the highest position of his country. Such is the power of diamonds. The servile daily press, which a few years ago were thirsting for Botha's gore, now refer to him as "that patriot and distinguished general and statesman—Louis Botha." On the same page they say "The diamond trust has just paid a dividend of seventy per cent. on the year's operations." A little further on they inform us that the Krupp firm still gets army contracts, despite the show up by the Socialists regarding the bribing of Prussian officers by that firm. Diamonds, generals, statesmen, guns and newspapers are among the greatest factors in the world today for the suppression of the working class.

Waiters Organized in Montreal

Mr. W. Brown, business agent of the Waiters' Union of Montreal, says that in some of the uptown cafes and bar-rooms the waiters receive as low wages as from fifty cents to a dollar a week, and are forced to depend upon the tips they get from those who patronize the establishments.

Mr. Brown is working with the view of getting better wages for the class he represents. The union is about 160 strong, and is affiliated with the International Federation of Labor. They are decidedly opposed to the tipping system, and all the evils resulting therefrom.

Regarding the low salary paid to waiters, Mr. Brown has the following to say:

"I do not mean to say that in our good houses this system prevails, but look what it means to man who is employed in uptown places, where we know that things are not so strict as they should be. The man earns his living by following this occupation, and if he receives such a miserable pittance as this for wages, he not only accepts tips offered him, but he really expects to be tipped."

"When there are places in Montreal—yes right in the centre of our busy thoroughfares where deeds that would not bear the light of day are committed, and the poor wretch who is getting this small salary is paid by the patrons to shut his eyes to what is going on, and in some cases paid to help to have these deeds carried out."

The waiters of Montreal must organize strongly in order to fight for their rights. Over 600 chefs, cooks and waiters have recently left London of Canada, and more are to follow. As in other branches of trades, the restaurant and hotel help will soon be here in such large numbers that the masters can set their own prices, as they seem to have been doing in Montreal.

A waiter's job is not the nicest thing in the world, and he should not have to depend on the generosity of patrons in order to live and keep up appearances, but as long as the capitalists can exploit him long hours and take the profits of his labor unto themselves and make their patrons pay the shot, they will do it, for that is the way of the profit mongers.

THE BOY SCOUT

So now, our boys, the goose-step learn, and the killer's joys, and to powder burn; before they reach the age of reason, if peace we teach they call it treason. They line them up in every town, and batter our defenses down. Hot-headed youth is bound to drill, or read of sleuth and how to spill their superfluous gore, they can see it, feel it, eat it, when they learn more they'll quickly beat it; they'll sometime learn what an unholly mess, is this foul, misleading, military B. S. Go to it, some, and get your fill; go do your stunts on every hill, go join the eighth, and tenth, and twelfth; I was young one time myself. But when these lads reach man's estate, I do not think they'll hesitate; they'll join their comrades who've gone before. Our system's rotten to the core. We'll unfurl our banner to the breeze, that coils our brow, and sways the trees, you'll see it wave from sea to sea, the blood-red flag of liberty. We'll show them we're not for nothing learned, the stately goose-step and powder burned, we'll sally forth from every town and goose-step this whole darned system down; unless our foes step down before, but peace shall reign for ever more.— J. S. Derick, Millet, Alberta.

EVOLUTION + By Langdon Smith

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

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

We were Amphibians, scaled and tailed, And drab as the dead man's hand; We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees, Or trailed through the mud and sand, Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet.

Writing a language dumb, With never a spark in the empty dark To hint at a life to come. Yet happy we lived, and happy we loved, And happy we died once more; Our forms were rolled in the clinging mold Of a Neocomian shore. The sun came, and the cons fed, And the sleep that wrapped us fast Was riven away in the newer day, And the night of death was past.

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

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

I was thwed like an Auroch bull And tusked like the great Cave Bear; And you, my sweet, from head to foot, Were gowned in your glorious hair.

Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave, When night fell o'er the plain, And the moon hung red o'er the river bed, We mumbled the bones of the slain.

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge, And shaped it with brutish craft; I broke a shank from the woodland dank And fitted it, head and aft. Then I hid me close to the reedy tarn, Where the mammoth came to drink— Through brawns and bones I drave the stone And slew him upon the brink.

Loud I howled through the moonlit waste, Loud answered our kith and kin; From west and east to the crimson feast The clan came trooping in. O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof, We fought and clawed and tore, And chattered by jowl with many a growl, We talked the marvel o'er.

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

And that was a million years ago, In a time that no man knows Yet here to-night in the smellow light, We sit at Delmonico's. Your eyes are as deep as the Devon springs Your hair is as dark as jet; Your years are few, your life is new, Your soul untried, and yet—

Our trail is on the Kimberidge clay, And the scrap of the Purbeck flag; We have left our bones in the bagshot stones, And deep in the Coraline crags. Our love brown, our lives are old, And death shall come amain; Should it come today, what man may say, We shall not live again?

Great cities have sprung above the graves Where the crooked-boned men made war, And the ox-wain creaks o'er the buried cavas, Where the mummied mammoths are. Then as we linger at luncheon here, O'er many a dainty dish, Let us drink anew to the time when you Were a tappote and I was a fish.