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WE FIGHT THE BATTLE OF THE PLAIN PEOPLE

VOL. XXXVIII No. 20

LETTER FROM MR. FRENCH

To the Editor of Cotton's Weekly:

Sir:—I have read with interest your leading article of date January 21st, on Punishment in which you have several times mentioned my name.

I have carefully read the whole issue through. There seems to be an element of truth and sincerity in it which appeals to me. You seem to have definitely made up your mind as to the "first cause to a great extent of the social evil in Montreal." I do not know upon what you base this opinion, upon theory or fact? It has been within my line of duty to study the matter in many definite instances for over a quarter of a century in Montreal. In most cases I have tried to reach the root of the matter. I have tried to learn the moral history of the case, as a doctor would the physical history, without trespassing on the family relations, or even sinful relations with others. I can find no definite "first cause to a great extent," as you claim to have done. It seems to me "tot puellas quot causae." I have read, and it is sometimes seen on the stage, that women sell their virtue to buy their bread, but I have never met an instance where necessity was primarily the true cause. I know of instances of families supported by those living by vice. I know of those who have "got into trouble" because they have overstepped the limits of true modesty. But my experience tells me that many young women have given (not sold or yielded) their integrity that they may have what money can bring and secure a "good time," absence (as they think) from the drudgery and even poverty of life. Not the necessities but the luxuries of life are often the cause (not of the fall) but of the deliberate jump into vice.

You take exception to the drastic treatment in the Recorder's Court of those who are steeped in vice, hardened, and subjects of previous conviction. I think the Magistrate would justly resent the suggestion that his judgments are in any way directed by me and that when he pronounces sentence, after careful enquiry and consideration of the case and the history preceding the conviction, that it is "a Minister of God jumping with both feet on the girls." At the same time I thank God that the Recorder has been drastic. Possibly it will sicken some of the life and lead them to respond to efforts made to help them. It will teach many girls, who are tottering now on the brink, that the way of the transgressor is hard," and that vice does not eventually pay.

I do not wish to defend myself, but it is only just to say that the general tone of your article shows that the writer does not know me, nor what I have often said in the pulpit, nor that I am a friend of the Employee and that, from the earliest days of my Ministry in the manufacturing districts in England, I have been somewhat of a Conservative Socialist myself. I am in sympathy with much that I have seen in your paper and feel that you have yet to learn that many that you call foes are really your friends.

ARTHUR FRENCH,
St. John the Evangelist, Montreal

OUR ANSWER

The above is a letter we have received from the Rev. Arthur French. He writes in a very moderate manner and presents his side of the case. He makes it a little difficult for us to answer him as he praises us for our sincerity. We had never heard of the Rev. Arthur French until he started his present campaign against vice in Montreal and he had never heard of us until we had criticized him for his actions. There can, therefore, be no personal animosity and the discussion can take place without fear, favor or affection.

Mr. French differs with us upon the question of the first cause to a great extent of the social evil in Montreal. He does not know whether we base our opinion upon theory or fact. He declares that for a quarter of a century he has been endeavoring to get at the root of the matter. We admit that we have not investigated any cases in Montreal

or elsewhere personally. Any sane individual, however, who has studied history, science and human nature, and listened to the conversation of men, will know that we are right, and that Mr. French is wrong in his opinion.

In the first place, as to Mr. French's own investigation. A minister of God is handicapped in his investigations. A woman who has gone wrong will lie quicker to a minister than to anyone else. A minister, moreover, comes to the investigation of the question with preconceived notions and a biased mind. His theology will have warped his mind and he will interpret facts through a twisted brain. The very fact that Mr. French, as he himself admits, has tried to learn the moral history of the cases without trespassing on the family relations, or even sinful relations with others, shows that Mr. French is a poor authority on the question and an incompetent investigator. He has neglected the fundamental principle of investigation by not considering all the facts. His whole process of thought, therefore, as well as his final conclusions, are vitiated.

Our conclusions have been arrived at by a long study of the case, by conversation with others in their most unguarded hours and by looking into our own heart, because we can only arrive at the feeling and emotions of others by the study of ourselves.

Mr. French misunderstands our position. We consider, with Bernard Shaw, that the stage is untrue to life and the tearful, virtuous girl, as represented in the average mawkish melodrama, is the product of a diseased mind, whose condition of intellectual illhealth can be directly traced to the modern teachings of sentimental Christianity.

Mr. French declares that he has never met an instance of a fallen woman where necessity was primarily the true cause. Mr. French is judging from a churchman's point of view. He considers woman to be the creation of a Supreme Being and dowered with the will power and human endurance of a goddess. He believes that monogamy was ordained of God and that any girl who goes wrong does so of a perverted nature. We may be misjudging Mr. French's viewpoint, but this is what we conclude he must mean when he says that necessity does not drive women to a life of ill fame in Montreal.

Woman is not a strong goddess. She is a weak woman. Woman is not dowered with strong enduring powers. She is feeble. Women love the sunlight; they love good clothes. Down through the ages woman has turned to comfort and ease, music and emotional activity as the flower turns to the sunlight. Our twentieth century civilization forces women into factories on small wages and into departmental stores on still smaller. The men, who derive their large profits from the women's work, are cynical brutes. What wonder that women, moving among men, seeing their brutal natures, and weary with hard labor and little joys, should seek to escape the life of drudgery. Mr. French mistakes the incidents attendant upon the first actual wrong doing on the part of a woman with the first cause and principle reason that forced the girls to choose the path of shame.

Mr. French's remedy, when a woman has become hardened to crime, (if whatever you may call it) is to imprison the woman; and in spirit he thinks that she should be beaten with many stripes. In other words, Mr. French believes that woman should walk the hard road of modern economic life in poverty and misery, and should she look towards better garments and a brighter life along illegal ways, ways by which men, her masters, will allow her to live a brighter life. Mr. French believes that she should be sent to jail. In other words, woman should lead a life of poverty and drudgery or a life in the cold prison cell.

Mr. French thinks that Mr. Weir would resent the imputation that his judgments were directed by Mr. French. We were in the Recorder's Court when both Mr. Weir and Mr. French were present. Mr. Weir looked with harsh condemning eyes on the women in the prison box and then turned a benevolent gaze upon Mr. French. Words of

condemnation poured from Weir's lips upon the girls and almost in the same breath he throw verbal boquets upon Mr. French. We do not suggest that Mr. French dictated Mr. Weir's judgments, but what we do say is that Mr. French approves of Mr. Weir. They are of like mind in the matter and hunt together like leashed hounds.

Mr. French believes in punishment. The hardened criminal should be sent to jail. Mr. French, with his intellectual fame, should know that punishments can not change a hardened woman of ill fame. Kindness may, perhaps. London tolerates no houses of ill fame and yet who will say that London in this respect is more moral than Berlin. We do not advocate toleration. We advocate a complete revolution of the structure of economic society so that women may be allowed light and laughter and a normal life naturally and of right, a society where men may marry in their prime, a society where there will be no overblown millionaires, no brutal and tyrannical captains of industry, no immoral dukes and dissolute kings, who, by the power of wealth, can set up and enforce a false and immoral standard of life. You claim to be a socialist yourself, Mr. French. This we deny. Every time you, as an Anglican clergyman, pray fervently that God may save and bless King Edward at London, you are praying that God will put off the moral regeneration of the British Empire.

A word as to marriage. We would advise Mr. French to read Letourneau's "History of Marriage." Man is not naturally monogamous. There exists today only a conventional monogamy. From the primitive cave man, mankind has advanced from promiscuity, polygamy and polyandry, up to the present state of conventional monogamy. Man has not yet come in to a true monogamy owing to our anarchical economic condition.

Mr. French in his last paragraph declares that he does not want to defend himself; but wishes to state that the present writer does not know him. It is true that we do not know Mr. French personally. It is not necessary to do so. We know the type.

Mr. French is developing into a religious enthusiast of the persecuting type. If Mr. French knows anything of history, whether sacred or profane, Mr. French must know that great popular rulers are men of great passion. The great religious leader always trembles on the verge of failure in his chosen calling. Endowed with a strong nature, he strives to use his energy in glorifying God. Any moment his passion may become too strong for him and in strictly theological parlance, "There is the Devil to pay." This is the foundation of Hall Caine's "Christian," Peter, the Hermit, who aroused Europe by his religious fervor and flung the soldiers of the Cross against Asia, could not withstand the temptations of luxurious Syria.

We have heard of your discourses, Mr. French. We have heard how you draw tears to the eyes of your audience when you plead over the lot of the fallen women. Have you ever studied psychology. Have you ever analyzed your own sympathy for the fallen creatures? Sympathy means a fellow feeling. Sympathy means an entering into another man's mental condition, and suffering with him. Perfect purity can meet great impurity and will not be moved. Christ, and the woman condemned for her sin, is a case in point. His actions on that occasion did not bring tears to the eyes of His audience. You, when you preach, draw tears. This shows that the strong passion in you feels mightily for the girls of the fallen class. We would call this the man's nature in you sympathizing with the woman's nature in the fallen creatures. You would probably call it, if you were speaking in religious parlance, the yet ineradicable impurity in you sympathizing with the impurity in the fallen women.

You may not be able to see this, but it is nevertheless true. Purity does not sympathize with impurity. The priests and judges sneaked away from Christ like darkness before light. Absolute purity forgave impurity. To our way of thinking, Mr. French, your preaching is ineffective, even when you think

it the most effective. When you draw sentimental tears from your audience, you are a failure. If your preaching could so act that many members of your fashionable congregation should sneak away, or even get up in a huff and leave, your preaching would be more effective. We do not know where your church is; we do not know one member of your congregation; but we do know that if your preaching was really effective a lot of your congregation would leave you and you would probably be asked to hunt another church. It is to-day as it was in the day of Christ. The man who would follow in Christ's footsteps would be persecuted, reviled and cast out of church. As for yourself, we do not pretend to follow Him. We stand aside and cynically watch others like yourself trying to persuade themselves that they are following Him when, as Bunyan would say, they are walking with Mr. Legality in the Town of Morality.

We have seen you once Mr. French. It was, as above mentioned, in the Recorder's Court. We saw a tall, thin man with large nose and thin cold lips. We saw the embodiment of the harsh, cold, priestly type of all the ages. We saw the embodiment of the priest of morality. Change but the Anglican robes and it might have been the embodiment of a priest of Amen Ra, of Osiris, of Zarathustra, of Jupiter, of Vishnu, of Brahma, or of any other moral religion of the past. We saw the embodiment of the "Be thou converted, or be thou damned" type. A moment on this last phase.

When a priest believes in his religion, he will plead in gentle tones and passionate voice for the salvation of the sinner. Here we get the embodiment of love and gentleness. But suppose the sinner does not want to become converted. Then all the terrors of Hell both in this world and the next, will be launched at the head of the offending sinner. Here we get the embodiment of hate. When Mr. French wants to imprison fallen women in order to convert them to righteousness, as he declares in his letter, then he no longer comes as the priest of the God of Love. He comes as a demon of hate. No doubt the inquisitors, Torquemada included, plead piteously for the conversion of the heretics and the evil doers. But when these gentlemen and ladies refused to be converted, all the tortures that man's ingenuity could invent were wreaked upon the physical bodies of the victims.

When you draw tears, Mr. French, from the eyes of your sentimental audience, we have nothing to say. Your audience is as fully at liberty to get their delicate sensibilities ruffled by you in your pulpit as they are to get them ruffled by the sentimental play-acting in the theatre.

But when you hurl yourself into the courts of law and, clothed with the majesty of your priestly robes, demand the enforcement of he barous laws and even demand in addition the enactment of still more cruel ones, we say "Stop." That way lies persecution, superstition and a retrogression into the dark ages of ecclesiastical intolerance.

We are as far apart, you and the present writer, Mr. French, as are the poles. You are an old man and it is useless to plead with you. You want these women to go to jail for their sins. We say you are barbarous and unchristian in your demands. Conditions have produced these women. Change these conditions and the present degradation of the human race, both male and female will disappear.

In closing we will quote a verse from Burns, whom no doubt, you consider a sinful creature, who ought to have been jailed. The lines were written apropos of one of the creatures whom you condemn.

Then at the balance lets be mute;
We never can adjust it.
What's done, we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

As for Mr. Weir, if we criticized him he would shield himself behind his judicial robes. As for his personal opinions on the matter they are not worth noting.

HALDANE ALARMED

The Secretary of State for War, Mr. Haldane, has declared at Birmingham

that the greatest menace to Great Britain is the spread of Socialism. It will hurt credit he declares. He also wails over the idea that it is driving capital abroad.

His opinions are excruciatingly funny. How can anything drive capital abroad? What is British capital? British capital must mean shares in railways, mills, coal mines, landed estates and so on. If a promoter issued shares of stock in a milling company and the mill did not exist, the British investors would jail the promoter for fraud.

What makes the shares valuable is the fact that there are mills and railways back of them which pay dividends. The real value is therefore, not the shares, but the coal mines and railroads and mills. When Haldane says that Socialism is driving capital abroad does he mean that the capitalists are picking up the mills and railways and coal mines, putting them under their arms and carrying them to America? He cannot mean this for it is an impossibility. Does he mean that the British capitalists are selling out their securities? If he means this he simply means that all that is happening is that the securities are changing hands.

Or does he mean that the actual workers are sick of dividing up with a lot of titled drones who do nothing. If he means this all that he means is that the workers get more and the idlers get less. Surely Haldane cannot consider that that is a redistribution of income to be deplored.

PARLIAMENT MEETS

Parliament has met at Ottawa. The old mummies of pretending to govern the people in their own interests are being reenacted. The men who have been successful in the various constituencies of the country are going through the same old stunts.

We idly wonder whether the legislators at Ottawa will actually do anything in the real interests of the people. The wonder is purely idle as we are persuaded that they will do very little. If some railroad company wants a big charter, or if a few friends of the members want to make millions out of dealing in the public lands freely and for nothing Parliament will be only too glad to oblige them.

But for any real elevation of the people, for any real amelioration of conditions rapidly growing intolerable, Parliament will do nothing. The members will discuss questions of vital importance to Canada in a hopeless fashion. They will smoke expensive cigars in expensive hotels after expensive dinners and damn the mobs of unemployed workmen providing such creatures are thrust upon their attention.

We Canadians fondly imagine that our Canadian parliament are the representatives of the people. They represent the people only as the people are guided and shepherded by the great corporations, and the corporations take care that the people are shepherded in the interests of the corporations, not of the people.

PATRIOTISM

Patriotism is love of country. Men are supposed to be patriotic and fight for their country no matter what happens and no matter whether the patriot owns any of the country for which he fights or not.

It is a notorious fact that the more a man owns of his country the less he wants to fight for it. When a war breaks out in which England or America or France is interested, the financiers immediately begin to plunder the country. They sell rotten meat or rotten boots to the army. They lend money at usurious rates to their native land to carry on the war. They suck their country dry of funds and after the war is over drop off gorged and battered from the misery of the people.

The actual fighters are the dregs of the population. American courts are sentencing criminals to service in the United States army. The unemployed are drafted into the armies of England and America to fight for their native land.

Why should such unemployed turn out to be such good warriors? They have no stake in the country. They might as well be cowards as brave men. The answer simply is that, in spite of the sermons of minister, priest and prelate, the heart of man is good and not desperately wicked. If the poor unemployed die for a country which has kicked and cuffed them into the army they cannot be as bad as the overfed club man would have us believe.

THE ISSUE

A WORD TO THE NON-SOCIALIST

By Wm. Restelle Shier

Either you believe in Socialism or you don't. If you do not stand for Socialism, then you stand for its contrary, Capitalism.

If you stand for Capitalism, then you must know, my friend, that you stand for an industrial system based upon a colossal folly and a monstrous work.

In standing for Capitalism you are standing for an industrial system based upon piracy and war.

How do I make that out?

Simply enough. Capitalism is based upon two principles, namely, COMPETITION AND THE PRIVATE OWNERSHIP BY THE FEW OF THE MEANS WHEREBY THE MANY MUST LIVE.

Now, what is competition? Is it not the struggle of man against his fellow man? A fight of each against all and all against each? In short, is it not—WAR?

Yet you have the foolhardiness to defend this state of affairs.

Surely you will not continue doing so when you realize its absurdity. For, mark you, if you continue doing so, then you take the impossible position that competition is better than co-operation, that war is better than peace, that strife is better than concord, that anarchy is better than organization.

Now as to the piracy claim. Labor produces all wealth. To labor therefore all wealth should belong. Capital, which is simply stored-up labor, produces nothing. Without labor capital would be absolutely useless. Pile it all into a field and it would deteriorate rather than increase in value.

But under Capitalism labor receives only a fraction of what it produces. The proof of this lies in the following figures.

In 1904 the number of productive workers in the United States was 23,450,000, of whom 16,250,000 belonged to the wage-working class and 7,200,000 to the middle class.

The total wage value of their labor power was \$6,969,000,000. The total value of their product was \$31,450,000,000.

Therefore, the share of productive labor in its product was only 22 per cent. The other 78 per cent went into the coffers of the master class.

Is not this legalized robbery on a colossal scale?

It is!

Then what are you going to do about it?

Submit to it forever?

No, a thousand times, no!

Then what?

Simply quit defending Capitalism and work for its overthrow.

Socialism may not be all that your heart desires, but it is the only alternative to Capitalism.

You must stand for one or the other. The choice is between economic slavery and economic freedom.

Between monopoly under private control and monopoly under public control.

Between having the corporations own the people and having the people own the corporations.

Between industrial autocracy and industrial democracy.

Between the organization of industry for the benefit of the few and the organization of industry for the welfare of the many.

Between the continued exploitation of labor and the emancipation of labor.

Between the interests of the capitalist class and the interests of the working class.

How do you choose?

Hitherto the working class has been drained of its ablest members by their absorption into the middle and upper classes and their emigration into new lands. But this is no longer the case. Indeed, just the opposite is happening to-day. The capitalist class is diminishing instead of increasing in numbers, the middle class is being sunk into the ranks of the wage-earners and the door of opportunity is being closed against the shrewder and more ambitious proletarians. Hence, instead of the proletariat adding to the classes that stand above it, it is gathering strength from them, not only in numbers, but in ability.

SOCIALIST PROPAGANDA

Devoted to the Study and Discussion of Problems Incident to the Growth

OF THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST MOVEMENT

Get into the Movement

R. A. FILLMORE, ALBERT, N. B.

The statement made by Marx to the effect that capitalist society has "forged the weapons that bring death to itself," is surely being borne out. Discontent is stalking abroad. We hear of revolutions in Russia, Turkey; rumors of revolution in India, Germany, Serbia, etc. And what does it mean? Simply that the workers, our comrades, are slowly shaking themselves preparatory to the throwing off of the yoke of capitalism. The weapons are even now forged and the hands almost prepared to grasp them.

The financial and industrial depression of the past eighteen months has shown the workers as never before the absurdity and cruelty of a society in which millions are starved because too much food and clothing has been produced. Warehouses filled to overflowing and the producers starving are spectacles which should cause every intelligent man to think.

These periods of depression are inevitable. Capitalism proves no remedy so that the best we may hope for is a chance to accumulate a small bank account during periods of prosperity to be eaten up when the next financial crisis brings about the proverbial "rainy day". This ceaseless, monotonous grind does not satisfy the intelligent workingman and he begins to think and presently discovers that the trouble lies in the fact that, although his class is organized on the industrial field, yet the political field has been neglected. He has been striking against and at the same time voting for his boss. When he strikes he finds that his boss invariably used the power which he (the workman) has given him, through his vote, to defeat labor. He finds that the militia, police, etc., whose wages he pays, are against him. He now sees that in order to save himself from complete slavery he must control the means of government and use the powers of government in order to regain his birthright—free access to the tools of production.

In order to bring about this new Order he must learn that his only course is affiliation with the revolutionary labor movement, the International Socialist Party. In other words he must become class-conscious. He now has a bow of hope within sight at all times. He is working for a time when men may be free; when they have obtained economic freedom. Not the sort of liberty which allows men to cheat and plunder their fellows; to bribe legislators, and corrupt political parties, to defy the laws of the land and the will of the people, but the liberty which enables him to throw off these things and stand up in his manhood and prove himself the noblest work of the Creator.

My readers, get into this movement. At least learn its meaning and the causes of its rise and rapid growth. It is your duty as a citizen to investigate the economics of Socialism in order that you may work either for or against it as your conscience may dictate. But remember that your conscience is not a competent judge until you have thoroughly investigated and proven the truth or falsity of its claims.

In conclusion allow me to quote a few beautiful lines from Edwin Harbut. "My heart leaps forward to the coming day When battle flags forever shall be furled, When all mankind shall choose the better way, And Peace and Love be guardians of the world."

THE CLASS CONSCIOUS SOCIALIST

The members of the general public have a hazy idea of the fundamental principles of Socialism. They consider that the Socialists are a visionary lot who have some wild idea upon the question of the advancement of human happiness through force, confiscation and general turmoil.

As a matter of fact the Socialist is the most scientific and philosophic political party in the world. In Canada it is the only political party which sees the aim towards which it moves and which proceeds determinedly and un-

waveringly towards the desired goal. The other political parties are unstable in policy. The Conservative party has sought a platform to suit what it considered would win the public approval. The Liberal party adopted a platform and completely neglected it in practice. Nine-tenths of the Conservatives do not know what Conservatism means; nine-tenths of the Liberals are in the same box with regard to fundamental philosophical Liberal principles; but every class conscious Socialist in the Dominion of Canada understands Socialism, what it means, what it stands for, and what it will eventually accomplish. The nucleus of class conscious Socialists are the centre of the movement and will eventually succeed in bringing about the peaceful and logical revolution.

PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIALISM

Philosophical Socialism is a historic discovery. With the development of scientific knowledge new ideas have been discovered, and new philosophies, and among them have been discovered the scientific principles upon which modern Socialism is based.

The basic fact upon which the structure of scientific Socialism is reared is the fact that heredity and environment form character. The fact that we can change our environment is the motive force for Socialistic activity.

Figs do not grow from thistles, neither are black children born from white parents. Hereditary traits are seen in families running from generation to generation when the generations have been born in the same environment. Heredity in the past is beyond our powers to alter. We can only help to help change the heredity of the future.

We can influence our environment and by changing our environment we will change the characteristics of the race. Ministers of the gospel wonder why their preaching has so little effect on morals. The answer is plain. A community founded on injustice and riches, a community with a poor environment, which produces poisonous social conditions, cannot be made good by preaching any more than small pox can be cured by the prayer of one man. Conditions must change, a new environment for the race must be inaugurated.

Clear as Crystal

Socialism is like a clear, crystal spring, to which one may ever turn to quench one's thirst. Or like the mighty ocean, whose abyssal depths may never be sounded.

It is ever fresh, ever new, ever fascinating. Dealing, as it does, with every phase of human existence, it will mould and remould human nature, society and political and industrial institutions.

It has an answer for every Sphinx. It is the hope, and the only hope, for the future. Without its bow of promise, well might the people give up in despair. It is the "pillar of fire" by day and the "star" by night that will yet lead them out of the wilderness of Capitalism, into the promised land of brotherhood and industrial freedom.

Ignorant of History

If you would know how ignorant the average man is of the history of the race, ask the first twenty men whom you meet what work on history they have read, and you will be surprised to find how many never read a single volume. All the experience of the past is lost on these men, and they are as easy dupes of designing men as were their illiterate ancestors of a thousand years ago.

No wonder the workers are ignorant and in slavery, when the fountain of their knowledge—the old party press—is poisoned with lies, misrepresentation and misinformation.

If you would be wise happy and free, wage slaves of Canada read and support your own, the Socialist papers.

You are not obliged to take the other fellows word as authority for anything. Read, think, investigate and study for yourself.

GOOD BITS

From the Little Old "Appeal."

The wealth held by the rich makes the masses poor.

Ideals are good, but deals pay larger dividends these days.

Socialism has its face toward the dawn and never takes a backward step.

You may expect fishes to walk as soon as you can expect those who graft from the masses to make laws to protect the masses against that graft.

Just imagine a time when men lived without labor! You can't do it. "Labor was first," said Lincoln, and is therefore entitled to first consideration.

One thing: these rich guys who bewail that they can't be happy because wealthy, could easily get the old-time enjoyment they praise if they really wanted it.

Capitalism has so corrupted religion that it does not protest at the robbery of profits. Socialism will make environment so moral that real religion will have a chance.

Capitalism is such a failure that it cannot provide plenty for all. Socialism will make it so that any who will work can have work and live in both comfort and luxury.

Divide all the wealth produced by the people who work on the farms, among them, and they are a very poorly paid set of workers. The aggregate is great but the individual part is very small.

The plutocracy's only spectre is Socialism and turn which way it will it finds itself confronted by this menace and portent. Plutocracy triumphant sees its doom in the rise of this uncompromising revolutionary movement.

A new motor plow is turning the soil, so it is reported, at 50 cents an acre, and making money at it. It is only one more of the machines that the farmer will have to reckon with, which in the aggregate are making the farm a factory proposition.

Two years ago the Appeal predicted that Roosevelt would leave the white house the most generally detested man who ever filled it. Isn't it coming true? Watch the public print as soon as he leaves the chair. Many are afraid to say anything now, but when he becomes a private citizen you will see the fur fly.

Labor is in partnership with capital—but labor is a silent partner and has nothing whatever to say as to what he shall pay for the goods he makes—and mighty little to say about what his wages shall be. And this little makes no difference to him, so long as the other partner takes all that is produced and names the prices at which labor must buy.

Jay Gould once said that he could hire one-half the people to shoot the other half. Jay was right. In Russia we see the czar hiring half the people to kill the other half; we find the same thing in every country. We see Americans hired as soldiers to shoot the miners—the strikers for justice. But there is another thing: Rulers have not been able to hire Socialists to shoot the people. Only ignorant or degraded people will hire themselves out to kill other people.

The Russian minister to Rome, stopping at Paris, visited a harlot and was poisoned. The late president Faure of France died in the arms of a harlot. The rich rulers are opposed to Socialism and are great on the protection of the homes and family—like these two rakes. Socialism would do away with such libertines and debauches. The rich and mighty practice all the crimes that they charge against Socialism. They denounce Socialism to distract attention from their own characters.

If your boy visited a gambling house year after year and lost his money and he still persisted in trying to win, after

Socialist Literature

We are making arrangements regarding proper Socialist literature. In the meantime those wishing to get an insight into what Socialism is, and the basic principles thereof, should send to Charles H. Kerr & Co., 153 Kinzie Street, Chicago, for a copy of "Socialists, Who They Are and What They Stand For." In paper, 10 cents; in cloth 50 cents. This company publishes the right books at right prices through co-operation.

you warned him and plead with him, what kind of a fool would you not consider him? Haven't you been going to the polls year after year, voting the same tickets to get a better condition being promised protection from trusts and combines, and never getting it? Haven't you been doing the same as that supposed son of yours? Are you not the same kind of a chump as he?

Suppose some disaster, like the Italian earthquake, should depopulate the working class world and leave the earth in possession of the plutocrats—the men and woman who live on their incomes from stocks and bonds and rents! What would happen? Simply this: A new working class would come into existence—otherwise our erstwhile plutocracy would perish. And this working class could be recruited only from the ranks of the surviving capitalists. And then would begin all over again the class struggle between the workers on one side and the self-constituted masters on the other.

From every city comes reports of diseased milk and unsanitary dairies. This is the cry year in and year out. Not only that, but the farmers are forced to sell milk cheap that the distributing monopoly of capitalists may make big profits. And it could be so easily remedied! All that is necessary to get good, wholesome milk at a reasonable price is for the city to own and operate the dairy business. It can then have any kind of milk it desires, at cost, and no one will make a profit by supplying cheap, nasty, adulterated or infected milk. So long as more money can be made by those handling milk by adulteration, so long will it be adulterated. You would do it, and you must expect others are much like yourself. Only by collective ownership will the incentive to cheat be abolished. Will you never grasp a statement as simple as that?

A fellow observed the other day that when a man succeeds in making a little money without work he seldom goes back to useful industry; but, having caught onto the principle of living without work, he never leaves it. The secret of living without work is easy when you learn it. Thousands are learning it, and that is making the burden harder for those who have remained so stupid they do not see that their useful labor supports all the rest of society. A stupid, ignorant person, unless left richer, always works and has but little. When the many who produce get their minds focused on this subject they will refuse to work under conditions that make others rich while they remain poor. They will vote their masters out of their easy seats, and compel them to do their share of work if they live at all. No one has a moral right to live off other human beings. But ignorance has always been ridden and always will be, and that is the reason Socialists are always trying to teach the stupid so they will not remain ignorant and suffer extortion.

An article in a recent magazine told how railroad officials, during the panic last year, went to their employees and invited them to help cut down expenses by working harder, saving coal, oil and other ways; at the end of the year they had saved the company \$1,057,500! The net income to the road was practically what it had been before. Now this sounds very well, and is very well, so far as it goes, but there is another side to the picture. This vast sum was so much taken away from the men who had been discharged. Their means of living had been decreased by that amount. The rich man's panic had been transferred from the shoulders of the rich to the shoulders of those who work. And the injury still goes on for the article says that the condition of extra work and care which the men assumed is to be continued as a regular thing, so that the displaced laborers are to be permanently excluded from a chance to make a living.

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.

SOCIALIST LOCALS can be started with five members. For Charter application, and all necessary information write D. G. MCKENZIE, Secretary the Socialist Party of Canada, Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.

THE MARCH OF DESTINY

BY JOHN M. WORK

The thing which strikes terror and dismay to the hearts of the capitalists is the fact that the Socialist movement keeps marching steadily, constantly and persistently onward.

To them, this is a new and inexplicable phenomenon.

They have been accustomed to killing off radical political movements by shrewd political maneuvers. They have confidently expected to lay the Socialist movement in its grave in the same manner. But continuous events have rudely awakened them to the fact that the Socialist movement is a law unto itself.

The Socialist movement does not respond to the old tactics.

Capitalist weapons, hurled against it, rebound with the points turned. The Socialist movement is not a loose organization of half-baked reformers who do not know what they want.

The Socialist movement is a compact organization of class-conscious, definite, positive, aggressive men and women, who know just what they are after, and how to get it, and who keep right on following the direct path to their goal, utterly regardless of blandishments, flatteries, threats, invitations and insults.

These men and women understand the meaning of history. They understand the signs of the times. They are therefore able to forecast the future in its general outlines.

When they say that Socialism is the next step in industrial revolution, they are not merely guessing. Neither is the wish the father to the thought. They are simply giving voice to a conclusion to which the whole of human history points.

The capitalists are not only appalled by their inability to injure it by direct attack before the people. This is where we are invulnerable. You can kill a lie by vigorously attacking it and showing people that it is a lie.

BUT THE TRUTH THRIVES ON OPPOSITION.

Every attack upon the truth causes people to investigate it. And when they investigate it they make the discovery that it is the truth. So to attack Socialism is merely one means of propagating it.

This aggravating fact leaves the capitalists stranded. They do not know which way to turn. They will be condemned if they do and likewise if they don't. Small wonder they are perplexed.

It is beginning to dawn on them that Socialism is inevitable.

—CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST

CHEAP LIGHTNING

A message boy who does not believe in hurrying was one day sent to do a certain job, but as usual proceeded to take his own time about it.

His master, discovering that the work had not been done, sent for the boy, and after a severe scolding wound up by telling him he was not smart enough for him.

His master was some taken aback when the boy retorted: "Mighty me, did ye expect a flash of lightning for three bob a week?"

Will the secretaries of all Canadian Locals, and comrades in towns that have no local, see that a list of all Socialists, radicals and right-thinking people in their different localities are at once sent in to COTTON'S WEEKLY. Help along the propaganda work comrades. The time is ripe.

To be a Socialist means to be ever a persistent student of the economics of capitalism.

More for your money—



Ask your dealer for the new increased size.

The Temperance Movement

Editorial Views and Other News on the Great Prohibition Question

THE CONTRIBUTION OF SHORT ARTICLES INVITED

ENVIRONMENT

The argument is hurled at us that people will drink anyway. Give them their saloons in the open and all will be nice. The drunks will drink decently and in order and not to excess.

The saloon advocate has little brain power if he actually believes what he says. Why, if men will drink anyway, do the saloon keepers want their saloons on a prominent corner of the village or city. The average man won't drink if he has to go a quarter of a mile for his whisky. It the saloon is real handy, the average drinker will step in.

Let a man be tempted by whisky and put the whisky under his nose and the tempted man will probably drink.

The whisky seller wants to push his goods and to do that he must place them where they will be the easiest obtained and where they will be the most tempting. The whisky seller wants to place an environment of alcohol around the drinker. He is cute enough to know that environment moulds character and that an environment of whisky will in all likelihood make a whisky character.

Men will not drink to such an extent when whisky is difficult to get at as when whisky is easily obtained. Our economic and political civilization should make it easy to do right and hard to do wrong. The whisky advocate wants to make it easy to do wrong and then they want to lay the blame on the drunkards and maniac murderers upon the perverted nature of the tempted individual.

PROFITABLE WHISKEY

We can persuade ourselves that anything is right. If we will only shut up our minds, reason and mentally swallow, we can believe that right is wrong and wrong is right.

We have all got to live and we all want to live as easily as possible. Therefore the manufacture and sale of whiskey being profitable it is easy for men to persuade themselves it is all right to sell whiskey.

Men want to drink. They will get it. One man might just as well make money as another. The result is that the brewery owner or distillery owner saves his conscience with soothing words; goes deep into the business and blossoms out into a rich respectable individual, while his business leaves behind it a wake of ruined lives, desolated homes, and disease breeding bodies.

These men will cling to their wealth with desperate energy. They will so wrap themselves up in their own egoism that they will be imperious to human scorn. The gathered moral sense of the community will hurl itself against their placid minds in vain.

It is only when the voters awake, it is only when an indignant and aroused nation shall speak in awful tones, that these placid home-wrecking rich people shall be shaken out of their contentment. The nation must see to it that the wealth of these people shall crumble around them. When shall the nation speak?

THE DRUNKEN LABORER

The drunken laborer is pointed at with disgust; he is told that he will not make money if he drinks. The whole laboring class stand condemned because there are drunken workers in the world.

What do the people with money do to help the drunkard out of his degraded condition? Absolutely nothing in many cases. Nay, more, in many instances the moneyed man, while swelling out his chest in self righteousness, fastens like a leech upon the vices of the drunkard, in order to drain him of the little money he may earn.

How many of the so-called upper classes of Montreal have built up their fortunes out of breweries and distilleries? The dainty ladies, who sludder at the thought of drunken brutes lamming their embezzled wives, buy their rudding garments and lace handkerchiefs, in many instances, from the profits that arise from selling vile liquors that twist and blind what little intelligence may exist in the slum brutes.

The drunken laborer is pointed to with disgust, and the men and women, through whose votes and to whose profit the drunken laborer exists, go to their house of prayer and thank the Lord that they are not like the drunken

laborers, but that their lines have been cast unto them in a pleasant place.

Surely the fiends of Hell, if such creatures exist, must shake with laughter at the smug prying faces of the whisky owning, whisky voting men and women who worship God in the fullness of their own righteousness.

WHISKEY AND SOCIALISTS

The Socialists should avoid whiskey. The Socialist is fighting the battle against the domination of the rich men. They want to democratize industry. An uphill fight is before them. They should make themselves strong for the battle.

The Socialists believe that to labor should go all the produce of his toil. In the liquor traffic the laborer gets it in the neck both ways. The capitalists get the greatest returns from the liquor traffic of any capitalized industry and gives the least value. The laborer needs his money to build up his body and make him strong. The laborer when he spends money wants to know that the most of the money he spends go to pay other workingmen.

When a Socialist buys whiskey he is buying something that weakens his brain power and lightens his pocket book. When a socialist buys whiskey he is giving very little of his money to his fellow workers and much to the capitalists. The socialists therefore while not turning their energies from the main fight which is before them, should discourage the consumption of alcohol among the followers of the Socialist Party of Canada.

This may not be good Socialist doctrine but it is good practical advice which, if followed will help the Party forward in Canada with great strides.

THE BATTLE AGAINST DRINK IN EUROPE

100,000 Organized Total Abstainers in Germany

AUSTRIAN TEMPERANCE WORKERS IN AGGRESSIVE AGITATION

(Translated from L'Abstinence Especially for the American Associated Prohibition Press by A. E. Layman)

GERMANY

Statistics from all the various societies of total abstainers show that there are 100,000 organized total abstainers in the German Empire.

The Fourth International Congress which met at Berlin in October, decided to enter upon an active campaign against alcoholism and especially against the custom of paying part of the salary in liquor.

An international association for defence against the exaggerations of anti-alcoholism was founded in Berlin recently. After hearing reports on the grievances of the American brewers persecuted by the ferocious Yankee Prohibitionists, "The terrorism of the total abstainers," and the "Foul calumnies of the American anti-alcohol movement," it was resolved to create a laboratory for scientific research as to the nutritive and hygienic value of alcohol. If they would only tell the truth!

AUSTRIA

It is just ten years since Dr. Poch began his public campaign against alcohol. A fitting celebration of the anniversary comes in the first anti-alcohol congress of Austria, held at Vienna, October 12-14. Much enthusiasm was aroused by the encouraging reports of progress and important steps were taken for extending the field of operations. Notwithstanding the racial rivalries that, especially in politics have caused so much disturbance in this polyglot empire, very great unanimity prevailed, and there was formed a central association of all the societies in Austria. Much interest in the Congress was shown by military and educational officials. In the military schools, the teaching of the evils of alcohol has been taken up as a part of the school curriculum. The Congress demanded that this instruction should be introduced at

once into the normal and high schools and also the universities.

SWITZERLAND

The Swiss Women's League against alcoholism has prepared a calendar containing a valuable collection of hygienic historical facts with regard to alcohol.

In a thesis presented to the Faculty of Medicine of the University of Lausanne, Miss Elizabeth Garoumian proves quite conclusively that certain fatty tumors, called symmetrical xygomes, occur only in alcoholic subjects.

FRANCE

The commission of the Senate on the prohibition of absinthe is favorable to the law of M. de Lamarzelle.

The Slang Evangelist

Here is the story of David and Goliath, as told with appropriate gestures to eight thousand people by Billy Sunday, the evangelist, at a revival meeting in Spokane.

"And so David's pa comes up to him where he was working in the fields and says: 'Dave, better go up to the house, your ma's anxious about the other boys fighting in the army, hasn't heard from them by phone or anything and she'd like you should go look them up.' So Dave hops on a trolley and hikes to the front and stays there with his brothers over night.

"In the morning old Goliath comes out in front of the Philistines and dares the Israelites to fight him. 'Who's that big stiff making all the big talk out there?' asks Dave.

"'Why that's the head cheese, the big noise,' says his brothers.

"'Why don't someone soak him one?' asks Dave.

"'We've all got cold feet,' says the Israelites.

"'You fellows make me tired,' says Dave, and he pikes out to the brook, gets four pebbles in his shepherd's sack, slams one at Goliath and soaks him in the coco between the lamps. Goliath goes to the mat, takes the count, and Dave pokes him in the slats, chops off his block and the whole Philistine gang skidoed."

At Spokane Billy recently told an interviewer that he had been guaranteed \$250,000 to cover all expenses if he would hold a series of meetings in San Francisco, but he rejected the offer to keep his engagement in Spokane. As an evangelist he is the greatest drawing card ever.

A FAIRY STORY REVISED

Annette was born of poor but stupid parents. They had been in this country fifteen years and they could neither pay off the mortgage on their little farm nor speak English. Had they been clever people, the husband would have been a city official and his wife a leader in fine society. But we will not dwell upon what they were not, but relate their poor circumstances.

By dint of the hardest kind of work they managed to cultivate their land and let Annette go to school on rainy days. How she ever got through the district school Annette never knew. Annette was not brilliant. She was a plodder and came from generations of plodders.

Still it is possible for plodders to have ambition, and Annette was ambitious. She wanted to go through high school. She worked at a neighbor's one vacation, doing housework for summer boarders. The boarders became interested in Annette and her ambitious and offered to help her. The boarders were "church workers" and it was arranged that Annette should go to the city with them and find a place where she could work for her board and go to school.

There are lots of philanthropic ladies in the world who will let a girl come to their houses and work for their board, so a place for Annette was found without difficulty.

The philanthropic lady had a family of five and none of them was very considerate of a "hired girl." And Annette was not even a "hired girl." She only worked for her board.

It was arranged that Annette was to get the breakfast and the dinner and do the dishes for those two meals; this would about compensate the P. L. for the food she ate, she thought, and Annette agreed.

Every day after the second one the P. L. left the lunch dishes for Annette to do. "There were not many, and it won't take her any longer," the P. L. argued to herself. At the end of the first week Annette's duties had been arranged as follows: Get the breakfast, do the dishes and clean up her own room, the kitchen and the dining room and get to school at 8:40, reach home at 2 and clean up the rest of the house,

MADE-AT-HOME

RHEUMATIC TREATMENT

Some Simple Precautions Which Will Prevent a Recurrence of Attacks.

A prominent citizen, who had for years suffered from rheumatism and rheumatic gout, has been giving his friends the benefit of his experience, and incidentally a copy of the prescription which was of material assistance in effecting a cure.

In the first place, he found that every time he partook freely of acid fruits his old trouble returned; and, secondly, he learned that it was absolutely essential to keep the kidneys active. To do this it was necessary to drink plenty of water. Occasionally he would dissolve a lithia tablet in the water to assist its action on the kidneys.

The treatment is as follows: Procure from your druggist—
Fluid Extract Cascara..... ¼ oz.
Syrup Rhubarb..... 1 oz.
Carriana Compound..... 1 oz.
Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla 5 oz.
Take one teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.
This is valuable information. This can be mixed at home. Save the prescription.

make beds, sweep, prepare vegetables, get the dinner, wait on the table, do the dishes and see that things were in readiness for breakfast the next morning.

Some people have lots of gall, and the P. L. had her proportion.

"You can't get on in this world unless you have your nerve with you." So she remarked to one of her bosom friends. No one ever complained that she had left hers anywhere.

So it was 8 o'clock at night before Annette could get any time to study and she had only a half hour at school to do any lessons.

She struggled on, fighting doggedly all the difficulties that hindered her, but at the end of four weeks she had to give it up and look for another place.

The work was not so hard at the next place, but there were two active, quarrelsome children to look after, and they distracted her so it was impossible to study. At her next place her employer's husband was so insulting in his attentions to her that she saw it would be impossible to stay there. Then she was suddenly put in a quandary.

The miserable little stipend that the "church workers" had allowed her, and without which she could not possibly go to school, was suddenly stopped with a notice that there would be no more. No explanations or sympathy came with the note.

Annette was heartbroken and she had no money to go home on. She went into a factory, preferring that to the slavery of being in another woman's kitchen, and at last accounts was still there.

No great good fortune came to relieve her, for capitalism killed off all the fairy godmothers. No brave and valiant lover came to claim her as his own because brave and valiant lovers do not earn enough these days to afford to marry.

She lives her monotonous round as thousands of others live it, lightening her life by reading the cheap story books that the girls pass around from one to another.

Uninteresting? Nothing in it? Neither is there anything in the lives of the girls who strive and struggle and do not succeed.

AN ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM

Teacher of Arithmetic—"Now Tommy, if five and six is eleven, what is two and six?"
Tommy (after thinking) "Half-a-crown."

If a copy of this paper comes through the mail to your home, or if one is handed to you by somebody, it is an invitation to you to subscribe. You will get a dollar's worth in sound education and help make the existence of a paper fighting the battles of a plain people.

A Strength Giver

If you feel depressed and tired; if your appetite is not good and you sleep badly, Campbell's Quinine Wine will bring you back to strength and vigor. It is the best, the most pleasant and the most effective of all tonics. Recommended by the medical profession.

CAMPBELL'S Quinine Wine

K. CAMPBELL & CO., MTL. MONTREAL.

THE CAUSE OF POVERTY

JOHN M. WORK

Has it ever occurred to you there has never been a time since civilization began when everybody in the world had enough to eat and a place to lay his head?

It is true.

And much less has there been a time since the dawn of civilization when everybody had the comforts of life.

And still less has there been a time since the beginning of civilization when everybody had access to the mental, moral and spiritual advantages of the world.

At various times and in various places the primary reason for this has been that there was not enough in existence to supply everybody. It also used to be true that in some localities, on account of lack of machinery and modern appliances, scarcity of natural aids, skill and knowledge, all men did not have sufficient physical ability to produce enough for all.

But the main reason for the fact that not all men have had enough to eat, or possessed the comforts of life, or had the higher privileges of life, is that a few have possessed the good things and the many have not had enough to give in exchange for them. At the same time, the present social system has not only not guaranteed each citizen an opportunity to earn a living, but it has decreed that he must starve if he cannot pay his way, unless someone sees fit to give him degrading charity.

The many have produced the wealth.

The few have possession of it.

The many who produced the wealth are in want for nearly everything worth while.

The few who never do anything useful are surfeited with excessive luxury.

This condition is bad for both.

Socialism provides the golden mean between the two extremes.

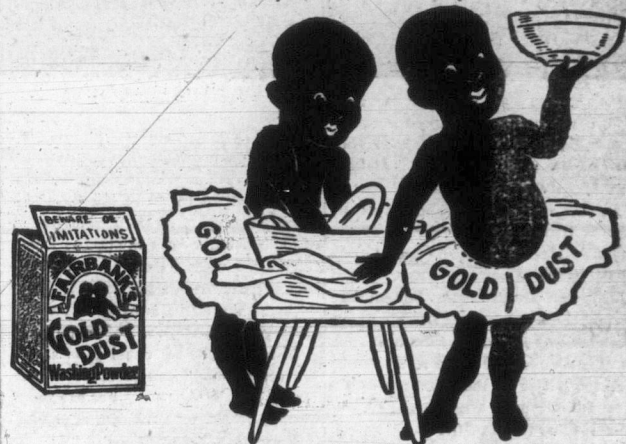
This condition is wholly due to the fact that a few are permitted to own the things which the many must use in order to make a living.

Socialism says that those things which must be used collectively shall be owned collectively.

Then, the people who do the necessary and useful mental and manual work will receive the full benefit of their labor.

And poverty will become a thing of the past.

"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"



Gold Dust Saves Time
"If time is money" GOLD DUST is surely a money-saver. What is the use of trying to wash dishes 1095 times a year without
Gold Dust Washing Powder
when it will cut your labors right in two?
The GOLD DUST way is the right way and should have the right-of-way over all other cleaners.
OTHER GENERAL USES FOR GOLD DUST: Scrubbing floors, washing clothes and dishes, cleaning wood-work, oil cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brass work, cleaning bath room, pipes, etc., and making the finest soft soap.
Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANKS COMPANY, Montreal, P. Q.—Makers of FAIRY SOAP.
GOLD DUST makes hard water soft

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"Yes," said the coster, "it was superstition as made me marry my missus. It was a toss up between her an' Mary, an' one day I was thinking which of 'em to have—Mary or Anna—when I saw a cigar on the ground. I picked it up, an' I'm blessed if it didn't say on it, 'Hav-aner,' so I took her."

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FORMERLY "THE OBSERVER"

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OUR PLATFORM—THIS PUBLICATION IS DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE PLAIN PEOPLE OF CANADA. WE BELIEVE IN AN INDUSTRIAL AND POLITICAL DEMOCRACY, BASED UPON A SOUND AND WIDE ELECTORATE.

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Guaranteed circulation, 2,000 This issue, 2,400

W.M. U. COTTON, EDITOR AND PROP. H. A. WEBB, BUSINESS MANAGER

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1909

BORN TIRED

The ignorance of supposedly intelligent men and women, even after they have been through McGill College, is humiliating to the human race. The above remark is made apropos of the remarks passed by intelligent persons about people who are too lazy to work.

How often do we hear men and women wax indignant over men who are too lazy to work. We hear that they should be forced to work and if they do not work they should be given the lash.

There are men who are born tired. There are men who have not the energy in them to earn a living at hard work. It is no fault of their own that they cannot work. Their very natures are defective from past heredity.

There have been men in the past who have become worked out. There have been men who have slaved all their days till their spirits have broken within them and become as water.

Humanity is the product of the past and is moulded by the present. Man inherits the characteristics of his parents or of his forefathers. The man born tired is the direct result of a broken-spirited, worked-out ancestor.

There are men today who, under the lash of hunger and the greed of the capitalist class for dividends, are driven like slaves to a worn out age. What will be the future of the human race when one set of men can live without work and at the same time overwork another set of men? The result can be seen illustrated by the living monstrosities around us. These are the rich fatheads and the born tired.

THE GROWTH OF HOSPITALS

The size of the hospitals are growing. Men of wealth, out of their abundance, are contributing to build up hospitals in order that the sick may be taken care of. The wealthy individual is praised and petted and pampered and lionized because he gives of his wealth to take care of the sick.

How are the sick produced? To a great extent diseases are produced from preventable causes. Tuberculous milk, overcrowded slums, overwork on insufficient nourishment, removable filth; these are causes of disease.

The wealthy individual, who gets a large income for doing nothing, is a dead weight on society. He takes great revenues from the toilers. Because of this the workers must work hard on little pay. Their bodies become run down and they become ill. And the man who has taken part of their pay as dividends gives to a hospital a little of what he has taken in order that a few of the wrecks he and his class have made may be taken care of temporarily.

The wealthy builder of hospitals is either a fool or a knave. If he gives to relieve suffering and out of compassion, he is more or less of a fool. He is giving money to take care of the wrecks of life rather than to stop the wrecking process of which his dividends are the prime cause. If he builds hospitals with a knowledge of a better way of doing things he is a knave. Under a sane system of economic organization the need for hospitals would be far less than today as the majority of the people would be healthy.

WHO WANTS SOCIALISM?

Who do you think wants Socialism? First of all it is not the men who con-

trol the economic destinies of Canada, for a consideration.

Lord Strathcona does not want Socialism. Of course he does not. If the editor of this paper had a first mortgage upon the C. P. R. and numerous other railways and was deriving hundreds of thousands of dollars revenue for doing absolutely nothing perhaps he would not want Socialism either.

Forget does not want Socialism. He has got too great a grip upon Montreal, and really, you know, you could hardly expect a man who is getting a share of the wages of the people who work, to want something that would prevent him from tolling the commerce of Montreal.

Those who want Socialism are the workers of the world. The farmers on the farms are working to make money for others. The toilers in the mills are toiling their life away for the wealth of others. The wealthy are nothing but parasites upon the workers and it is to the interests of the workers to get rid of all parasites.

When the workers of the world awake to their true interests they will be like men who have wakened from a nightmare. The economic revolution is at hand. It is coming in France and England. Will it come as quietly in Canada? Or will our workers continue to live in their nightmare of hard work and poor pay?

THE SOCIALIST

Oh! ye who scorch at blistering furnaces, hopeless widowed mothers, innocent youths, robbed of your boyhood pleasures and study hour, pale, sad, little child of the seething shop, forlorn young mother, unhappy laborer—hark you! I am one of you. Many times have I pondered upon your tears, and when I have seen your child die of disease my tears have mingled with yours. Your misery, your unhealthy child, your dejected youth—they have alarmed me.

I see the end of us all if this continues. Diligently have I searched the records of man that I might find a relief for you, and behold! that whole record I found was foul with misery. Years have I searched and have founded a science and a philosophy.

I have grown secure in my knowledge and I know that one day your tears shall cease to flow, the pale cheek of your child shall be a ruddy red, and where there were sighs there shall be laughter and joy. Magic knowledge! In your grip I am happy again. See how I work, I agitate, I persuade, I convince, and my knowledge becomes less distasteful to men; my science is eagerly studied. Many a glad hurrah of joy has burst from my lips as I have introduced myself into the world's famous parliaments, startled her kings with my strength, swayed a nation's destiny with the iron will of my purpose.

Listen, wretched ones! It is said I am come among you to breed discontent. This is not true. For are ye not discontent and sore at heart already? You are not content with your rag and morsel, O Labor! A dark frown of discontent I see stamped upon your countenance. Sickly children, small wages, cheap eatables, a hovel to rest thy weary head in—these are the rewards of toil and honesty. No wonder you frown in discontent.

You seek a means of salvation? Here hold out to you the Nirvana which you have sought so long. Here have I a beautiful home, a healthy wife, good meals, happy children, education, travel, art. These are all yours, O Labor, yours for the taking. Why stand ye there idle and pondering? Ye are but slow—so slow at the taking.

RALPH WALDO TILLOTSON

Wow! Listen to This

Toronto, Jan. 23rd. Dear Comrades:—At the business meeting of the English Local of Toronto on Jan. 20th, it was moved and adopted that this local, "Disapprove of the action of Montreal Local encouraging a privately owned paper, COTTON'S WEEKLY, as an official organ of the Socialist party and neglecting our own party paper 'The Western Clarion.'" It was also suggested that Montreal Local put its card in the Directory of the Western Clarion, so that Socialists travelling from one city to another will know where to locate the secretary.

Yours in revolt, ALEX. LYON, Cor-Sec. English Local. P. S.—Please convey to Montreal local.

Speaking of "woman's sphere," can anyone tell us why it should be considered the chief aim of a woman's training to make her a good wife to some man, any more than it is the chief aim of a man's training to make him a good husband to some woman?—New York Call.

A SUCCESSFUL ESCAPE

John Martin sat at a window, dreadingly looking at the driving rain and muddy street outside. The window through which he gazed so soberly was broken and admitted the rain, which ran down to the stool, where from a steadily augmented pool it dripped regularly to the uncarpeted floor. "Drip, drip, drip,"

Martin's thoughts kept time with the drip. "Dead, dead, dead—Gone, gone, gone," it said to him, over and over again his single thought accompanied the regular dripping. A week before he could have thought of something else, the rent bill overdue or the coal or groceries needed, the doctor's increasing lack of cordiality, the druggist's frown at the growing charge account, his wife facing the unknown so cheerfully.

But it was all over now. Jennie was dead, and her cold wasted form lay on the bed in the other room, awaiting the undertaker's care. A neighbor woman had performed the last formalities of washing and dressing the body in its miserable best clothing, but she had gone home. She had a sick member of her own family and was needed.

Martin had been wild with grief after Jennie's last convulsive struggle and the death sweat.

"Oh, why did she ever marry me?" he exclaimed to the sympathetic neighbor. "If she had married a man who could have furnished a decent house and food she would be alive today. She never had anything decent after she married. We've had nothing but the cheapest and the worst of everything. And just a week ago the landlord told me in her presence that if I didn't pay up today he'd put me out."

The neighbor woman said that she supposed he had done his best.

Martin's mood changed instantly. "Yes, I have, if working like a horse when I could and walking my feet sore when I couldn't is my best, I certainly have."

But now he was neither self reproachful nor defiant. His sense of feeling was numbed, it fitted the rain outside and the drip within. "Drip, drip, drip—Dead, dead, dead," one meant as much as the other, nothing made any difference now that Jennie was dead, the future loomed as dreary and hopeless as the mist and mud of the street.

A knock sounded at the door. "Come in," said Martin, without turning his head. "Come in, come in," repeated the drip monotonously.

A big man, in raincoat and rubbers, opened the door and walked into the room. He was accompanied by two roughly dressed laborers and their heavy steps sounded loudly on the bare floor.

Still Martin stared through the window. "Come in, come in, come in," he was saying to himself, not knowing what it meant.

The big man hesitated uncertainly. The chill of the room and Martin's attitude impressed him uncomfortably, but he had come with a purpose and was not to be put off by sentiment. "Have you got the rent money ready?" he asked roughly.

It would not be so bad for people to believe all they hear if they did not also believe a lot of stuff they dream.

A little knowledge may be a dangerous thing, but it is not to be compared in danger to a lot of ignorance.

VINOL

The Modern TONIC Reconstructor

Containing the curative principles of Fresh Cod Livers, and combining their oil with Peptonate of Iron.

Geo. W. Johnston, Druggist, Cowansville

The words "rent money" more than the question roused Martin. He turned his head toward the questioner.

"The rent money?" he queried. "What rent money?"

"Come, come, you know what I told you a week ago."

"Oh, yes," Martin remembered now. "You were going to put me out. Well, go ahead."

The landlord was nonplussed, but only for an instant. His tenant's defiant attitude irritated him. He would show him.

He turned to the men. "Start in, boys. Put everything out on the street. This room first." Shamefacedly the two men started on their task. It was not a large one, for there were only two chairs, a pine dresser, a framed motto of "God Bless Our Home," and a half dozen books on an empty soap box in it.

The task accomplished, the men returned, ready for the other room. Martin stood smiling, such a queer devilish smile, by the door opening to the other room. The landlord put his hand on the knob to open it, but, happening to catch that odd look in Martin's eye, paused in sudden, unexplained fright.

"What have you got in there?" he demanded. Martin's smile deepened. "Nothing to hurt you," he returned. "Go ahead, put everything out. You've got a right to."

"Come on boys," and the landlord opened the door and strode in, followed by the two men, and almost reached the bed before the workmen stopped in horror.

"My God, it's a dead woman!" exclaimed one.

The landlord fell back in consternation. "Why didn't you tell me this?" he asked. "I had no idea—"

Martin was not listening. He had approached the bed and was looking down on the silent form which lay there. He was thinking deeply, too. That devilish instinct which had enabled him to startle the landlord so was busy again. The future was not worth while. Jennie was dead, he was penniless, he would show them that they could no longer scare him by talking of overdue rent, ejection, grocery bills, doctor bills.

He turned to the waiting men, waiting for they knew not what. "You see we offer no resistance. Put us out if you want to."

Stepping over to a dresser, he took something from a drawer, then went back to the bedside. "The undertaker will be here soon," he continued, "and will help you to put us out. I'm going with Jennie."

Like a flash he drew something from the dresser across his throat and threw it at the landlord's feet, a blood-stained razor.

Tottering for an instant, with his crimson life blood spurting forth on the floor, he smiled, then fell lifeless onto the bed.

Outside the rain was slackening and the undertaker's wagon drawing up to the curb.

By LEWIS G. DE HART

The loss of the brewing companies in Britain through the decrease of drinking recalls the familiar English couplet:

"There is a little public house that any man may close. The public house is situated underneath his nose."

—Exchange

Advertisement for Vinol featuring an illustration of a man reading and the text: 'When Print Blurs... FRANK E. DRAPER Jeweler and Optician COWANSVILLE, QUE.'

MEN'S FINE Furnishings

THE LAST WEEK OF OUR DISCOUNT SALE

Such values as we are giving here, have been unknown hitherto. It has been our whole desire to reduce our stock to the lowest point before Stock-taking, and the final effort will produce values that are even greater than those we have given, only a few of which will find space below:

- Men's Fine Underwear
English Collars and Cuffs
White and Colored Shirts
English and French Braces
English Neckwear
Dent's and Perrin's Gloves
Pyjamas English Vests
Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs
Hats and Caps

Our China Department

Please remember you are not under the slightest obligation to buy because you come in and look. We will take it as a favor if you will do so. We find numbers of people who come in and examine goods and then go to the city only to return and purchase from us. This can only have one meaning and that is that we are giving better value than in Montreal.

Dinner Sets—We have a good range from \$6.50 to \$15. Toilet Sets—We are showing some beauties \$1.50 to \$5. Chocolate Sets of pretty shape and chaste ornamentation, per set \$2.00.

Tumblers—It would be in vain to try and describe these goods. Suffice it is to say we can show you values which you will find it difficult to match.

Groceries

TEAS AND COFFEES unsurpassed in Cup Quality. Will satisfy the most exacting connoisseur of fine Teas and Coffees, selected from the best importers.

TEAS—Lipton's, Salada, Red Rose, Ridgways, English Breakfast. COFFEES—Chase & Sanborn's, Lipton's, Wood's, Paterson's Camp Coffee. We would like you to pass judgment upon our Special Blend Mocha and Java, fresh ground, at 40 cents per pound.

ED. GOYETTE

The Store of Quality Cowansville

NOW is the Time to Save Money

By Rushing to

H. H. MINER'S

The January Sale is nearly over and has been very successful, but on January 30th our Discounts will stop. Remember, our Sales will continue, discounts will stop. What is your loss is our gain.

Now we have lots of New Dress Goods coming in, New Laces, New Ribbons, New Shoes, but before our New Shoes come in we want to clear away about Four or Five Hundred Pairs, so we have filled Tables with Shoes at two prices,

98c and \$1.39

RARE BARGAINS ON THESE TABLES

Tin and Granite Ware AS PREMIUMS

When you buy a pound of Green or Black Tea, a Bottle of Lemon or Vanilla Extract, you get a fine piece of Granite ware as a premium. Premium packages 50c.

We have been sorting our Ribbons and find many pieces we are going to offer at half price.

Remember, we have plenty of Boys and Men's New Clothing. Come at once and get a New Suit cheap.

H. H. MINER DUNHAM

E. T. NEWS

COWANSVILLE AND SWEETSBURG

The Ladies' Aid of the Emmanuel Congregational Church will give a pound party tomorrow, Friday evening, Jan. 29th. Admission, 10c.

Mr. John Parker, the Inspector of Superior Schools for this Province, visited the Academy here on Monday, and seemed well satisfied with the work being done.

Mr. E. A. Stringer, who has for a couple of years been ledger keeper at the E. T. Bank here left on the 22nd inst., for Huntingdon, Que., where he has been transferred. Mr. C. A. Sornborge, of the Bedford branch of the same institution has been transferred here.

Corner Stone Lodge No. 37 A. F. & A. M., gave an "At Home" to their friends in the Masons' Hall in McClatchie's block last Thursday evening. After some time had been spent with cards, a varied program was rendered and much enjoyed. Cornet solo by Mr. Webb. Trio, Messrs H. S. Hubbard, Landon Hall and H. A. Webb. Solo by Miss Bulman, reading by the Rev. W. Baker, and solo by J. W. Brill, with several songs by Mr. McDowell of Knowlton. After the program refreshments were served, and those present indulged in dancing until about 2 p. m. All enjoyed a delightful evening's entertainment. The music for the dancing was furnished by Messrs Hubbard, Hall and Webb, and refreshments were served by Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Dean.

The meeting of the Young People's Club on Tuesday evening last proved very successful and enjoyable. After business, a program was carried out. Miss Ella Lawrence giving a recitation; and enjoyable selections were rendered by a gramophone in charge of Fenton Douglass. A needle threading contest proved very amusing, the young men having to sit on a round log and thread a needle without touching their feet, which was harder than "cuffing a log," or the lumber drivers do. Mr. Ernest LaDuke won the first prize and Harold LaDuke the booby prize. A slide will be held next Tuesday night at the residence of E. E. Lawrence, Sweetsburg, weather permitting. President McClatchie is to be the host.

SWEETSBURG

News has been received here of the death of Sidney C. Cady. Sunday Jan. 24th, 1909, at Sutton, Vt. He was born in Cambridge, Vt., June 5, 1842. He was a veteran of the civil war, having served in the 13th Vermont Regiment. He had been in poor health for several years from ailments contracted in the army. The deceased is survived by a wife, two sons, Edson Cady of Boston, and Ernest Cady of Sutton, Vt., and a daughter, Mrs. W. N. Thayer of Lisbon, N. H., also by a brother, Edson B. Cady of Sweetsburg, Que., and a sister Mrs. Mary C. Morgan of Johnson, Vt. The funeral was held from the home in Sutton, Vt., Wednesday Jan. 6th. The burial was in the family lot in Brownington Cemetery.

DUNHAM

Mrs. Frank Gauthier has been sick for the past week but is now on the gain.

Mrs. Bolduc, of Mageg, returned home Saturday last after spending three weeks at her father's residence.

Mr. H. H. Lewis left very suddenly for Brattleboro, Vt., where his brother is very ill with brain fever.

Mr. Parker, Inspector of Superior Schools, was in the village on Friday last, and visited the Ladies College and Dunham Academy.

A forth lecture will be given at the Ladies College on Friday evening next Jan. 29th at 8 o'clock, by Rev. A. C. Ascot, rector of Ormstown. Mr. Ascot was formerly a missionary among the Cree Indians in the north, and will illustrate his lecture with lantern views.

FORDYCE CORNER

We sorry to report several suffering from colds, probably owing to so much unsettled weather.

An old resident of this place, passed peacefully away, on the 20th inst., in the person of Mrs. B. Hearn. She had been a sufferer for the past few years, and had been failing for the last two months, and although not unexpected by most, the end came suddenly to the daughter and two sons who were with her until the last, namely Mrs. A. Moore, Michael and Andrew Hearn. There are also her sons John and Patrick Hearn and Mrs. Frank Emmett left to mourn her loss.

MORE HOMES WANTED

TO THE EDITOR:

We hope to send out a party of boys and girls from Liverpool to the Knowlton Home, Province of Quebec, early next March. Those intending to apply for a child should do so at once by writing to the Distributing Home, Knowlton, P. Q., and an application form will be sent, which should be filled out and returned as quickly as possible. Applicants should send rail fare, and in case they do not receive the notification, which will be sent, in time to meet the child at the train personally, should arrange with the Station Agent or some friend living near the station to look after the child on its arrival. The fare will be returned if no child is allotted.

These children have been under training for a considerable time, and are intelligent, healthy, and well adapted for farm life in Canada; ages 8 to 15. It is hoped that another party of boys and girls will arrive at Knowlton next May.

Homes close together are desired for brothers and sisters as follows:

- William J., aged 10. Sturdy little fellow. Lizzie J., aged 13. Quiet, good scholar.
- Christopher E., aged 9. Evelyn E., aged 13. Seem fond of each other.
- Minnie T., aged 10. Quiet. Bessie T., aged 12. Bright and cheerful.
- Emily T., aged 13. Well grown, good scholar.
- Walter Y., aged 13. John Y., aged 10. Motherless, good scholars.
- Francis P., aged 12. Bright. Cassandra aged 14. Good size.
- Alice W., aged 10. Ethel W., aged 8. Nice children. Both recite well.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) LOUISA BIRT.

WITTICISMS FROM PIGEON HILL

Casual Events Interestingly Noted by a Keen Observer

The man lacks moral courage when he retreats, when he should retreat.

Don't take too much interest in the affairs of your neighbors six per cent will do.

The quickest way to make eye water is to run your nose against a telephone post.

Death loves a shining mark. Gentlemen, with braided noses will please take warning.

We have arrived at the conclusion that much of the prevalent sickness in our village is occasioned by bad health.

We have been asked when was the proper time to dine. The rich dine when they choose—we eat when we can get it.

We have a man in this village with so much real estate on his hands that nothing short of soap and water can relieve him.

We see that they are raising hemp in large quantities in Saskatchewan. A much better business than being raised by it.

Woman can't bear control. If Eve had been commanded to eat the apple probably she would not have touched it.

Farmers sit up and take notice. Don't pay at the rate of sixty dollars per bushel to seedmen for an old run out potato with a new name. We have on hand a small quantity of tubers, we raised from seed last year and any farmer desiring a few tubers can have them in the fall of 1909 or he can have the seed as he chooses.

J. W. LAVOCC, Pigeon Hill, Que.

CARD OF THANKS

To the parties or party that sent a box of De Wit's Balsam.

Dear Sir:—The land composing this farm has hitherto been so poor that a Scotchman could not get a living off it, and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes and plant them edgewise. But we put some of that balsam on the corner of a ten acre lot surrounded by a rail fence and in the morning we found that the rocks had entirely disappeared, a neat stone wall encircled the field and the rails were split into firewood and piled symmetrically in my back-yard. We put half an ounce in the middle of a cedar swamp and in two days it was cleared off, planted with corn and pumpkin with a hill of beans between each hill of corn and a row of peach trees in full bloom through the middle. As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would say that it drew a striking likeness of my eldest son out of the rain barrel, drew a blister all over his stomach, drew a load of potatoes five miles to market and eventually drew a prize of forty-seven dollars in the lottery.

SUGGESTED MEANS OF ABOLISHING POVERTY

By MANITA JOHNSON

The following article was written a number of years ago. We need not criticize it as the writer's own actions are its best criticism. During the closing month of the past year the writer formally allied herself with the Socialist party of Canada and is doing her utmost to bring about the economic revolution. She has come to see that mere palliative measures are insufficient.

The heading of this article might possibly suggest to the average reader that the writer was about to indicate a utopian idea of life which might be arrived at in some distant future. Far from that, his object is simply to make the present political state more natural, without any violent change in existing laws, and without introducing any new principles. It has been an accepted axiom from very early days, that there must always be a division of classes as regards possession of property. In every commercial nation is found a ladder of wealth, the topmost rung representing the richest class, and the ground on which the ladder stands representing the large body of people live in abject poverty. History shows that the more grinding the poverty of the lowest class in any nation, the slower is that nation's progress; and this is easily explained. A State advances only by the work of its individual citizens, and dire need results from absence of continual paid work. The greater the labor accomplished by each member the wealthier is the whole community. History also shows that there is a limit to the suffering of the poor; when the limit is reached revolution follows. The word "poor" throughout this article will be used to designate that immense mass of people who face starvation continually, and who are never sure from day to day of obtaining proper food and clothing. Many of these are highly educated. Scientists, men trained for professional and commercial life, artists, etc., form a not inconsiderable portion of this mass, and it is from them as a rule that leaders of a revolution come. It may seem absurd to this generation to fear any such result from our present form of government. We believe that our civilization and our laws are of so high an order that it is impossible to improve them in any material degree, but if we look carefully into the conditions of life of our various classes, (dividing society according to wealth) we will see that the tendency is for the poorest class to grow poorer and larger in number proportionately to the whole population. Why should we expect that history will not repeat itself?

The writer is no believer in equal distribution of wealth, nor does he wish to suggest that it is practically possible to erect any form of government that will enable every workman, (using the word in its widest sense) to earn the same wage. The object of this article is to point out that it is possible to have such a form of government, that no individual will exist in abject poverty, and that all people will be enabled to gain a living, without recourse to charity of any kind. In fact the purpose of this article is to abolish charitable institutions of every sort and description and to permit every human being to obtain a living by the mere right of his existence. The Divine Law imposes work on man as the first condition of life. It is also enjoined by the same law on those who make a living to support those who cannot. In other words, there are two divisions of humanity, the able and the helpless, and it devolves upon the former to support the latter as a duty and not as a charity. Our existing laws are the result of a thousand years experience, having been amended gradually changed from time to time to suit the changes that have arisen in our mode of living; and it is impossible to conceive that any sudden radical alteration could be made in a practical way. Yet in spite of all the improvements that have been adopted we are not perceptibly nearer the attainment of the conditions demanded by the Divine Law. Not a day passes but the news-papers chronicle deaths from starvation, exposure and suicide resulting from despair.

TO BE CONTINUED

A naval seaman has once every day to salute the quarter-deck of his ship, even if no officer is upon it. "Salada" is in such popular favor that many people feel like saluting a packet wherever seen.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

The man who tries to get even never gets ahead.

Notice is hereby given that COTTON'S WEEKLY is the registered business name of this paper. All business letters, copy, etc., should be so addressed, all money orders and cheques made payable to, and all drafts drawn on

COTTON'S WEEKLY,
Cowansville, P. Q.

If you find a copy of this paper comes through the mail to your home, or if one is handed to you by somebody it is an invitation for you to subscribe. You will get a dollar's worth in sound education and help make the existence of a paper fighting the battle of the plain people.

NORTH STANBRIDGE

Mr. A. V. Durocher lost a horse caused by a sharp stick penetrating the intestines. The team cost four hundred dollars.

Mr. E. M. Campbell, of Beebe Plain, was the guest of Mr. Ernest Russell last week.

The remains of the late Mrs. William Thompson, whose death occurred in Montreal of typhoid fever, was interred in the cemetery here on Friday. She was a sister of Miss Caroline Sawyer of this place and had many friends here.

EAST FARNHAM

A great many have been laid up with tonsillitis; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Carter, Mrs. C. F. Buck, Mr. Lin Shufelt and family. All are slowly recovering.

Mrs. Woodbury, we are sorry to report, is very ill with heart trouble. Dr. Roger is in attendance.

CORRESPONDENTS

Will notice that their items have been cut a little in some instances. This has been unavoidable owing to pressure on space.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Don't lay away the things you don't need. Sell them. Put an ad. in the columns of COTTON'S WEEKLY. Somebody else wants them.

BORN—At "Fairview" Farm, near Cowansville, on Jan. 23rd, 1909, a son to Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Mason.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."



The Only Way

Don't believe rheumatism can be cured by rubbing liniment or oil on the sore spot. The disease cannot be reached in that way. It must be driven out of the system. Only Celery King will do this quickly. 25 cents, at dealers or by mail. S. C. Wells & Co., Toronto

FOR SALE—A First-class Cream Separator, capacity 600 lbs. Price right. Apply THIS OFFICE

Make Money

DURING the winter months by selling our Premium Ornamental Trees in your district. We offer you a PROFITABLE and PERMANENT situation if you wish to make money. We guarantee to deliver large healthy trees. Established 29 years. Over 600 acres under cultivation. Write now for particulars.

PELHAM NURSERY CO., Toronto, Ont.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the claims and accounts heretofore owned by J. E. Lafont, of Frelshburg, and transferred against his debtors, have been duly transferred to the undersigned P. X. A. GIBOUX of the Village of Sweetsburg, and estate, by Laurence & Laurence, curators to the estate of said insolvent, by private deed, passed in Montreal, the 24th day of November last past, 1908, which deed has this day been deposited at the office of the Prothonotary of the Superior Court for the District of Bedford.

P. X. A. GIBOUX, Sweetsburg, January 19th, 1909—21-21

FOR

RELIABLE BOOT AND SHOE REPAIRS

GO TO A. H. WOODMAN Main Street, Cowansville

FOR

Upholstering Furniture Repairing Picture Framing, etc.

CALL ON

Neill & Miller Successors to B. C. McNab COWANSVILLE

Undertaking and Embalming a Specialty.

FOR SALE—A 6 to 8 h. p. Portable Gasoline Engine, in perfect working condition. Apply THIS OFFICE

BIG REMNANT SALE

Saturday, Jan. 30

Over 200 pieces of Dry Goods, consisting of Prints, Flannelettes, Ginghams, Tweeds, Lawn and Muslins, Laces, Embroideries, Cottons, Shirts, in fact, every piece of goods under 10 yards will be sold as Remnant, except Ladies and Gents Suit Patterns. Big sale of Men's Shirts on also.

COME EARLY AND GET THE PICK OF REMNANTS
REMNANT SALE CASH

ALL NEXT WEEK—Many lines closed out at Cost and under to make room for New Goods.

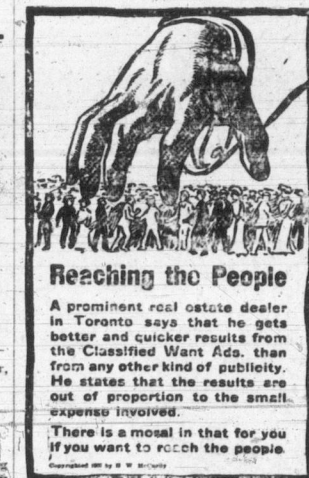
Fresh Groceries

Fruit, Confectionery, Salt Fish, Molasses Good Dairy Butter 26c. Fine Creamery Butter 28c Flour in all size bags and barrels, Coarse Salt, etc.

HULBURD & BELL

Successors to BELL & KERR

Main Street, Cowansville



Reach The Public Through Cotton's Weekly

Reaching the People

A prominent real estate dealer in Toronto says that he gets better and quicker results from the Classified Want Ads. than from any other kind of publicity. He states that the results are out of proportion to the small expense involved.

There is a moral in that for you if you want to reach the people

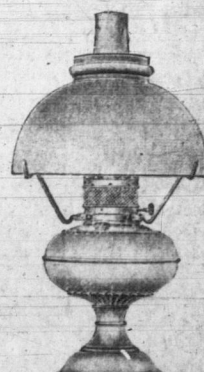
There's a LIGHT in the Window for You -- IF -- you Buy a

RAYO or a Radiant B & H LAMP

It's a good light to read by. It's a good light to sew by. It's a good light to have, and if you have no other light, you have plenty of light anyway.



They have No equal We stock these Lamps



Rayo

Try the PERFECTION Oil Heater We have them and will gladly show them to you.

McCLATCHIE BROS. Hardware Merchants, Cowansville

The Last Stroke.

BY LAWRENCE L. LYNCH,

Author of "A Woman's Crime," "John Arthur's Ward,"
"The Diamond Coterie," "Against Odds," Etc.

CONTINUED

"Miss Glidden, ladies," she began in evident agitation. "I have been terribly frightened. Someone has been in your room, and I fear, in that of this lady also. I sat, for an hour, on the back piazza with two of the house maids, and when I came up, only a few steps from this room, someone slipped out from Mrs. Jamieson's door and round the corner toward the south hall. I did not think about it until I had gone into your room to make all ready for the night, and when I saw the closet door open, and the things upon your table pulled about as if someone had hurried much, and had left, when they found it was not a sleeping room. Then I thought of the next room, of the person coming out so still and so sly—

Miss Glidden pushed past the maid, and opened her own door. "Look in your room, Mrs. Jamieson," she said, "and see if you have really been robbed before we alarm the house. Susan, go with her."

"Mrs. Jamieson found that her door was indeed unlocked, and her inner room showed plainly that a hasty hand had searched, here and there.

"It's lucky that I never leave money where it can be got at," she said to Ruth, when she had taken in the full extent of the mischief, and that I haven't taken my jewel box from the hotel safe for three days. Even my purse was in my chateleine with me. I find absolutely nothing gone. But my boxes, my frocks, my boots and wraps, even, have been pulled out. It's very strange. The thief must have been frightened away before anything was taken."

"Perhaps," suggested Miss Glidden, the person wanted clothing, and heard Susan coming down the hall. "It was very strange, but, although they called the landlord, and told him privately of the invasion, and though there was a quiet but strict investigation, nothing came of it, and no one was even suspected."

"It was certainly some one from outside, who slipped in through some open door in the dark, while every one was out on the piazzas, or in the grounds. These halls are not lighted until quite dark, sometimes, I find. I am thankful that you met with no loss, ladies," said mine host.

Next morning Mrs. Myers declared herself more than ready to leave Glenville. The thought of being in a house where an intruder found it so easy to make free with a lady's wardrobe, was not pleasant, and she hoped Ruth would not ask her to spend another week in the town. In fact she only stipulated for a fortnight's visit with her friend, Miss Grant, upon which Ruth promised that they would really go very soon, although she was enjoying herself.

"Now tell me about Miss Grant. Is she coming back to her school?"
"I don't quite know. Her cousin, who is a very successful man in business, goes abroad soon, and he would like to have her among her friends. Miss Glidden is anxious to keep her, for a time at least. I believe she, Miss Grant, had a few words with Doran. I fancy it will end in her resignation."

"Then how I wish she would come abroad, if not with her cousin, then with me. For I shall go soon. I quite think, in fact there are business matters, of my husband's, money matters, that require my presence. I must write to Miss Grant."

"Then address her at the Loreman House for the present. Miss Glidden has a suite of rooms there."

A week later Mrs. Jamieson, accompanied by her friend, Mrs. Arthur, looked in upon Doctor Barnes. "I have come to say good-bye, doctor," said the former. "I leave here in the morning. My brother-in-law, who is on his way eastward, after a second hurried western trip, will be in the city to-morrow. I meet him there, and we sail in three days. Mr. Grant has written me that the ladies are all out of the city, so I shall not see them, but he thinks they will all be in London before the end of summer."

"Thus of all the active dramatic personae of our story, but few were left in Glenville by mid-July."

"And so the pretty widow's gone," said Samuel Doran to the doctor, the day after this final fitting. "Looks like Glenville couldn't be a healthy place in July. Even my first cousin from out west slipped out sort of sudden yesterday, couldn't stay another minute."

"You don't look heart-broken," suggested the doctor.
"Oh, I can spare him. Anyhow, I guess I was time he went. Powerful eager, that first cousin of mine." And Doran grinned from ear to ear.

CHAPTER XIX.

From James Myers, Atty. to Wendell Haynes, solicitor, with offices in Middle Temple Lane, off Fleet street, which is London's legal heart and brain of life. Fleet street, with such a history past, present, and to come, as may never be written in full by all the story-telling pens combined in this greatest literary center, and working harmoniously together, not in the space of a lifetime, professed in the office of the American lawyer, two days before his setting sail from New York, bound for London, and it was received, owing to stress of weather, five days before a writer set foot on British ground, and read by its recipient with no little surprise.

This is what it contained: "Wendell Haynes, Esq., Middle Temple Lane, Etc., London.
"Dear Sir: After four years I find myself in the act of reminding you of my continued existence, and of your promise of promised help, should a day come when you, on that side, could aid me, on this, because of what you chose to consider your debt to me. To proceed in two days I set out for England, and it will take me, upon my arrival, many days, perhaps, to find out what you, with your knowledge of places and people, and your easy access to the records, can do in half a day, no doubt. I feel sure that I can rely upon you to do for me this personal favor, which is not in the direct line of your business routine, perhaps, but it is quite within your ability. I trust and hope, and without taxing too much your time and energy. And now to business."

"I have reason to think that a certain Paisley estate over there awaits an heir, and that one Hugo Paisley, or his heirs, have been advertised for. To know the exact status of the case, and something about the people with whom I may have to deal, at once, upon my arrival will help me much. And it is to ask for this information at your hands that I now address you, and, being sure of your will to aid me, as well as confident of your ability, I shall trust to hear that which I so much wish to know, upon my arrival in London; and from you."

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A sail by the Etruria, and shall stop at Brown's."

"Yours sincerely,
"Jas. Myers."

Wendell Haynes, solicitor, smiled as he read thismissive. He had a most vivid remembrance of his first and only visit to America, and of his meeting with James Myers, quite by accident and shortly after his arrival in Chicago, which city had seemed to the visitor, a more amazing thing than the howling wilderness which he had been in daily expectations of seeing, would have appeared to him. In his efforts to run down a friend from the suburbs, Myers had consulted a hotel register, and seeing the name of the English lawyer, written by its owner just under his eye, he had first looked at the man, and then at the name, and, upon learning that he was an utter stranger to the city, and to the ways of its legal fraternity he had presented his card.

Solicitor Haynes had visited America and the "states" to investigate what had appeared to be an effort, on the part of American agents, to cheat the widow of a certain English ranch owner out of her just rights and lawful income, and the assistance rendered by Mr. Myers had earned him the lasting and earnestly expressed gratitude of his brother attorney, who asked for nothing better than an opportunity to repay the favor in kind, and no time was lost in the doing of it; so that when James Myers arrived at Brown's, and put his name upon the big register, the following letter was promptly handed him across the clerk's desk:

"James Myers, Esq., Brown's Hotel, London.
Dear Sir: Your favor of — was very welcome, affording me, as it did, some small opportunity to return a very little of what I owe you for many past courtesies and most valuable service, and I have lost no time in looking up the information you desire.

"There is a large estate, that of the Paisleys of Ilchester, awaiting the next of kin, who should be, so far as is known, the descendants of one Hugo Paisley who left this country nearly 80 years ago and whose heirs, male or female, are entitled to inherit. There has been an effort made to hear from these heirs, and, strange to say, there has been no reply, nor has any other claimant appeared of lesser degree. If you will call upon me upon your arrival I will give you all details and addresses so far as known to me, and shall be very glad if I can be of yet further use. Yours sincerely,
"W. D. Haynes."

"You see," said Solicitor Haynes, at the close of an hour's talk with Lawyer Myers, "thus far all is quite clearly traced, and there is no doubt of the rights of the Hugo Paisley heirs — if such are to be found, and if they can prove their heirship."

"And the family, here in England, is quite extinct, then?"
"In the direct male line, yes. There may be cousins, or more distant relatives, but the father of Hugo Paisley had four children, the three eldest being boys, the youngest a girl. This girl married young and died childless. The elder son married, had one son, who did not live to become of age, and himself died before he had reached his forty-second year. Then the second son, Martin, inherited, and the last of his descendants died not quite two years ago, a widow and of middle age. I hear

"And there have been no claimants?"
"None, I am told. The case was advertised, both here and in the United States, but with no results as yet, unless —" The solicitor stopped short and looked keenly at his visitor. "Something," he said, "has surprised, and I could almost imagine, disappointed you."

"You are quite sure of this? The other urged, unheeding their last words. "There have been no claimants, near or remote?"
"Absolutely none." The solicitor looked again, questioning, into the face of his vis-a-vis, and then something like surprise came into his own. "Upon my soul, Mr. Myers, if I were to express an opinion upon your state of mind, I should say — yes, upon my word I should say that you were disappointed, absurd as that would seem."

"Disappointed — how?"
"Because, by Jove, there have not been any applicants or claimants for Hugo Paisley's money."
"Well, you wouldn't be far wrong. I am surprised, at any rate, and I shall have to admit that this fact disarranges my plans, stops my hand, as it were. I got up and took his hat from the table. I came here with the intention of telling you a rather long story, in the hope of enlisting your interest, perhaps your aid. Now, I find that I must do the story, and go at once and cable to friends at home."
He hesitated no more words, but, unwilling to dine with his friend over, hurried back to his hotel, where he found a cablegram awaiting him.

Previous to his departure from New York, Ferrars had given him a code by which to frame any needless messages, concerning the business of the journey, or the people whom it concerned. The device had warned all of the little group, now so closely bound together by mutual interest and in the same endeavor, to be constantly on guard against spies.

"Unless I am greatly mistaken," he said, "every effort will be made to keep in view all who are known to be connected with the Brierlys and their interests, and the fact that we are fighting an unknown quantity makes it the more necessary that we use double caution. We don't want another 'Boy in the Dark,' any of us; and, above all, we do not want to be followed across the water, and shadowed when there."

and they abetted Ferrars in all possible ways, no longer questioning and with growing confidence in his leadership, in spite of the seeming absence of results.

The cable message which Mr. Myers read was worded as follows: "Jas. Myers, Esq., Etc."

"I have seen brother, who is watching affairs, unable to sail at present; letter follows. These were the words, their meaning, according to the chart, was this: "Hilda has seen the western tourist. He is watching us, and we will not attempt to sail until he is off the scent."

Half an hour later this message went speeding back to New York, and from thence westward: "To F. Ferrars, Esq., Etc.
"Case all right; way clear; no claimants."
Which meant precisely what it said.

A few days later two letters passed each other in mid-ocean. The one westward-bound read thus: "My Dear Ferrars: It will not take me long to tell all that I have to tell concerning my mission. As I had anticipated, Mr. Wendell Haynes was more than ready to assist, and had the few facts I now give you already tabulated and awaiting me. Here they are in the order of your written queries:

"1st. The Paisley fortune is no hoax. There is a fine country seat, a factory, a town house, and various stocks, bonds and city investments amounting in all to above a million in American dollars.

"2d. The English Paisleys are quite extinct, and the claim to the whole estate can surely be established by our claimant. I am, I think, in possession of the property, and there is no clue to such a person if he, she or they exist. This talks us. How shall I proceed? Was ever a trial so completely hidden?"

"Mr. Haynes has placed himself, and his knowledge and resources — both being extensive — entirely at our disposal. If you still think well of the advertising plan, wire me. I am idle until I hear from you, and mean to employ myself doing London, which will render my part of the enforced waiting very pleasant."
"By the by, I omitted to say that there have been but two 'notices' published. No unseasonably haste, you observe. Awaiting your reply, I am
Yours sincerely,
"Jas. Myers."

The letter which passed this midway was from Ferrars, and contained some information.

"Dear Sir and Friend," it began. "This finds us all in the city, the ladies at the flats, and myself in the old quarters, with which you have lately grown familiar. I fancied that we were quite snugly placed and could pass our period of waiting your summons with some ease of mind. Your house, as looks as unattended and forbidden as possible, has been viewed your caretaker, says, by a 'party' who, from the description, I take to be the man whom we have termed the 'westerner,' and who was seen for a day or two in Glenville."

"But I have been rudely aroused from my comfortable sense of security. Yesterday Miss Grant and Miss Glidden were down town, and were driven out of the avenue by a long political parade. Driving down a cross street their coachman turned up Clark street, only to find that another contingent was moving into that street, at the upper corner of the block. It was man quickly reined his horses close to the curb to await the passage of the line. Directly opposite the carriage was the sign, so frequent upon that street, of three balls, and while Miss Hilda gazed with some idle curiosity at the, to her, strange sight, a man came out tucking something into his waistcoat as he stepped down upon the pavement, glanced about him, and, without seeming to observe the carriage, or its occupants, walked quickly away. She had seen him, twice at least, at the Glenville, and she knew him at once. She ordered the driver, home by a round-about road, but she is certain that the man was the same whom we thought a spy or worse. The most disagreeable feature of this is, that I have not yet seen the man, watch as I would, and if he is watching us he has the advantage. If the worst comes to the worst we shall have to spread out and go aboard our boat, when the time comes, singly and in disguise."

"Evening —
"Since writing the above I have visited the place of the three gilt balls and have found at last, 'a straight tip.'"
"The fellow had just redeemed a watch, pawned three days ago. It was a very pathetic story that we got out of the warm-hearted pawn broker. The young man was overjoyed to be able to claim his watch, so soon, for it was a keepsake given him by his dear father and he prized it beyond words. The watch was a fine foreign made affair, and on the inside was engraved Charles A. 'Briery' or 'Brierly'; he could not remember exactly. So, you see, the probability is that we have stumbled upon the watch stolen from Brierly's room in Glenville, which the fellow first, pawned, from necessity perhaps, and then hastened to redeem, having taken the alarm in some way. He may even have been made aware that a description of the stolen watch and jewels had been lodged with the police. But all this is guessing. I am still confident that we shall find the solution of our problem on the other side of the Atlantic. Miss Glidden is still bent upon crossing, and your wife is her willing abettor. As for the fifth member of our party, he is at present like wax in our hands. Mind I say

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PSALMS.

Psalm 21.

8 Thine hand shall find out all thine enemies; thy right hand shall find out those that hate thee.

9 Thou shalt make them as a fiery oven in the time of thine anger: the Lord shall swallow them up in his wrath, and the fire shall devour them.

10 Their fruit shalt thou destroy from the earth, and their seed from among the children of men.

11 For they intended evil against thee; they imagined a mischiefous device, which they are not able to perform:

12 Therefore shalt thou make them turn their back, when thou shalt make ready thine arrows upon thy strings against the face of them.

13 Be thou exalted, Lord, in thine own strength: so well we sing and praise thy power.

PROVERBS.

Chapter 11.

3 A man shall not be established by wickedness: but the root of the righteous shall not be moved.

4 A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband: but she that maketh ashamed is as rottenness in his bones.

5 The thoughts of the righteous are right: but the counsels of the wicked are deceit.

6 The words of the wicked are to lie in wait for blood: but the mouth of the upright shall deliver them.

7 The wicked are overthrown and are not: but the house of the righteous shall stand.

8 A man shall be commended according to his wisdom: but he that is of a perverse heart shall be despised.

9 He that is despised, and hath a servant, is better than he that honoureth himself, and lacketh bread.

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Woman's Page

Household Hints, Well-tried Recipes and Useful Helps to Homekeepers

EDITED BY MRS. MARY COTTON WISDOM, MONTREAL

Kinship

If the song I spun of my sadness
Has lightened another's pain,
Then the hours that I spent in grieving
Shall not have been wholly vain.

If the song I spun of my gladness
Has quickened another's mirth,
Then the hours that I spent in laughter
Shall have had their bit of worth.

If either my joy or my sorrow
Has nourished another's heart,
Then in life's clamorous workshop
Shall have done my little part.

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

the fact she laughingly replied that she was used to it.

This pretty young woman was fully aware of the power of beauty, and she cultivated hers vigilantly. From her I learned many hints about the toilet, which, to my Northern bred mind and my puritan upbringing, were indeed a revelation.

In my youth, I had been taught to use plenty of soap and water and to scrub my face and hands thoroughly. I was taught that cleanliness was the one thing needful; and tho' I was never told outright that beauty was a snare, I some way gained the idea that beauty led to vanity. I knew that vanity was a sin, and as sin was something to flee from, therefore I must not think of beauty. My maturer years have brought me very different views on the subject.

I am going to teach my little daughter that beauty is a gift from the Lord, that it is something to be thankful for, and to be as carefully cultivated as any other talent.

Why should we cultivate the beauty of the flowers in our gardens and the beauty of the trees on our lawns; why should we cultivate beauty in our thoroughbred animals, in our architecture, in our art, in everything which surrounds us, and yet look upon the cultivation of the beauty of our own faces as something akin to the frivolous?

But to resume my story of the beautiful little Southerner. One of the first mysteries concerning the care of the complexion which she told me was the fact that she very seldom washed her face with water. This remark made me stand aghast for a moment; but when she continued her information and told me that nevertheless she did wash her face, my ideas of personal cleanliness somewhat resumed their normal state.

Instead of using soap and water, she gently rubbed her face and neck with a good cold cream, using a soft linen cloth; then she massaged it with the tips of her fingers, thus working the cream into the pores of the face, always rubbing the lines upward. Every sagging muscle was gently massaged upward into firmness. If the skin was at all dry, as it is liable to be when one is tired, or has been exposed to the sun or the wind, the cream is all absorbed by the skin; if not, it is gently wiped off with a soft towel; then with a very slight application of antiseptic powder to remove any shine, my lady's face was as clean and refreshed and sweet, and far more restful looking after its tonic, than was my own after my ablutions of soap and water.

Many other things did this little Southern beauty tell me; but these I will reserve for another time.

TRINITY CHURCH

M. WISDOM

A good many years ago Trinity church was one of the leading churches in New York. That was before New York had become a great city.

The church is a fine specimen of colonial architecture. It has four large pillars in front, a high old-fashioned steeple. Its ancient grave yard, enclosed with a fence, its vaults, containing the remains of its illustrious dead, all combining to make it seem like a dream from the past dropped down in the centre of the tenement district of New York.

When I visited it, a couple of years ago, I was charmed with its quaintness, and I thought to myself what a noble work this old church must be doing among the poor whose homes surrounded it. I thought how much more Christ-like it was to keep the church where it was than to move it up to a more fashionable district as most of its sister churches had been.

Since that day two years ago many times has the picture come before my mind's eye of that house of God, with ivy on its walls and the birds building nests in its steeple, quiet and calm and peaceful amid the rush and turmoil of the street, a place of prayer, a retreat for those tenement dwellers.

As for the dreams of life. The illusions have perished. The things are not what they seem as regards old Trinity church of New York City. It appears that the congregations have become so small that to continue the services would not be economically advisable. So they have decided to demolish the church and to sell the ground.

The tombstones in the grave yard will have to be razed and the vaults filled up. But this is nothing when the authorities can turn into cash one of the most valuable unimproved pieces of ground in the whole world.

The proposed sale has raised a great outcry in New York. The Salvation Army has offered to fill the church if it is given the chance. But the democratic methods of the army do not appeal to the dignified Bishop Greer, nor to the Rector of Grace Church, William Huntington. They are determined to sell the chapel and move a mile or so up town.

Trinity is responsible in a measure for the conditions which surround it. For it sold its part of St. Johns Park to be converted into the site of a big freight shed. Trinity owns millions, in fact its property is estimated at \$20,000,000, and yet, because the actual services in St. Johns chapel, are not financially worth while, its bishops and clergy want to abandon this fighting ground for righteousness in the tenement district. They are content to let the world, the flesh and the devil reign supreme, while they retreat to a more aristocratic neighborhood, where they can pull their cloaks around them in a more holier than thou manner, and where the collections on Sunday will be more paying.

This action of Trinity Church has brought to light the fact that this Church owns a large number of houses, from which it draws rental, houses which are all a disgrace to New York, it is said that among the number are houses in which are saloons, houses which are hideous fire traps, houses in which the poor herd together like sheep, old houses unsanitary and a menace to health. The corporation of Trinity has fought valiantly against plumbing and other methods of sanitation.

The corporation of Trinity together with its Bishops and clergy considers it impudent for the people of New York to interest themselves in this affair, especially those who do not belong to the Protestant Episcopal faith.

Perhaps it is impudent. However, we do not in the least mind being called busy bodies in this matter; for we are standing shoulder to shoulder with the majority of those fighting for righteousness.

WELL TRIED RECIPES

Hot Cabbage Salad

Materials:—One quart of finely shaved or chopped cabbage, two tablespoonfuls of bacon or pork fat, two large slices of onion minced very fine, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper, a large cupful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of sugar.

Preparations:—Fry the onion in the fat until it becomes yellow, then add the other ingredients. Pour the hot mixture on the cabbage. Stir well and serve at once. Lettuce can also be served in this manner.

Salad Dressing, Made at the Table

Materials:—The yolk of a raw egg, one tablespoonful of mixed mustard, one quarter of a teaspoon of salt, six tablespoonfuls of olive oil.

Preparations:—Stir the yolk, and mustard and salt together till it begins to thicken. Add the oil gradually, stirring all the time. More or less oil can be used according to taste.

Stewed Ox Tails

Materials:—Two ox tails, three tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two large onions, one medium sized carrot, four slices of turnip, three stalks of celery, three cloves, 1 1/2 pint of stock (or water will do), salt and pepper to taste.

Preparations:—Divide the tails into

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All such persons in this vicinity are asked to try Vinol on our offer to refund their money if it fails to give satisfaction.

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pieces about four inches long. Cut the vegetables into large sized pieces. Let the butter get hot in the stew-pan; then add the vegetables, and when they begin to brown, add the flour. Stir for about three minutes. Put in the tails and add the seasoning and stock. Simmer gently three hours. Serve on a hot dish with gravy strained over them.

Cream of Celery Soup

Materials:—One teacupful of barley (well washed,) three pints of chicken stock (or any good stock will do as well,) 1 1/2 pints of milk, one good sized onion, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, a small piece each, of cinnamon and mace.

Preparations:—Cook slowly together for about five hours, then rub through a sieve, add one and one-half pints of boiling milk, and two tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste. The yolks of four eggs, beaten with four tablespoonfuls of milk, and cooked a minute in the boiling milk, makes the soup very rich.

Steam Pudding

One quart of bread crumbs, one quart of apples, cut fine, half a cupful of suet chopped very fine, one cupful of currants, (thoroughly washed and dried,) the rind and juice of two lemons, four eggs well beaten.

Preparations:—Mix thoroughly. Grease a pudding mould and put the mixture in it. Steam three hours and serve with a rich sauce.

Pickled Beets

Preparation:—Cut boiled beets in slices. Lay these in a large glass jar or earthen pot. For every beet, put in one slice of onion, one tablespoonful of grated horse radish, six cloves, and vinegar enough to cover. The beets will be ready for use in about ten or twelve hours. They will not keep more than a week.

A Trip to New York

A friend of mine, just returned from a week's shopping in New York, has been exhibiting her purchases for my benefit.

Such an array of beautiful things! I immediately fell into temptation and coveted my neighbor's goods. It was not so much the actual things I envied, but the opportunity to have been there myself and to have obtained some of the bargains. For my soul dearly loveth a bargain.

Among other things purchased was a handsome Battenburg lace waist, a perfect beauty. My friend paid only seven dollars for it; because as she informed me, separate waists have all gone out of style in New York. I am quite sure that same waist, were it in vogue, would have cost at least thirty dollars.

Let us hope that the poor woman who made it was paid before separate waists went out of style in New York.

Separate waists, let it be understood, are not out of style here in Montreal. Some of the largest stores have exhibitions of waists this week. I think the Canadian woman is too sensible to ever discard the shirt waist entirely. It is clean, so comfortable, so fresh looking, and it tubs so easily.

My friend lined her lace waist with blue silk and intends wearing it to the theatre and to afternoon teas this season.

She also bought a very handsome suit of chiffon broad-cloth in the new blue shade lined with a rich quality of satin of the same shade also. The coat has a very long back. The skirt is of coarse d'oretoire, with a high waist band, to which is attached a blouse of the same material with a low neck and no sleeves. With this is intended to be worn a gimp of any light material which milady desires. These gimps are taking the place of the shirt waists.

With this costume goes a pair of high heeled patent leather boots, having blue tops of the same shade as the suit.

Think of the Housewife

A deplorable lack on many farms in all parts of Canada is the absence of conveniences that help to lighten the burdens of the housewife and her daughters. Too many farmers, in their anxiety to improve the farm buildings by equipping the stables and pens with labor-saving appliances and devices, and by specially-arranged feed chutes and water systems, to say nothing of laries, fences and gateways, forget about the many repairs that could be made about the house or the conveniences that could be installed at little or no expense. While improvements in any line are commendable, particularly when the improvement means labor-saving, it should not be forgotten that man's first duty is to reduce the toil and

AT DEATH'S DOOR

Doctors had to give her Morphine to ease the pain

Five boxes of "Fruit-a-lives" Cured Her

ENTERPRISE, ONT., Oct. 1, 1908.



only when I had taken nearly two boxes that I commenced to experience relief. I kept up the treatment, however, and after taking five boxes I was cured, and when I appeared on the street my friends said, "The dead has come to life." And this seemed literally true because I certainly was at death's door. But now I can work almost as well as ever I could, and go camping and berry-picking with the girls.

I will be glad if you will publish this testimonial, if it will further the interests of "Fruit-a-lives." They should be in every household. Yours very truly,
Mrs. JAMES FENWICK.

For seven years I suffered with what physicians called a "Water Tumor". I would get so bad at times that I could hardly endure the pain. I could neither sit, stand, nor lie down. Hypodermics of Morphine had to be given me or I could never have borne the pain. Many physicians treated me, but my cure seemed hopeless, and my friends hourly expected my death. It was during one of these very bad spells that a family friend brought a box of "Fruit-a-lives" to the house. After much persuasion I commenced to take them, but I was so bad that it was

Through the whole country around Enterprise, Ont., people are talking about this wonderful cure. By their marvellous action on the kidneys, "Fruit-a-lives" cured Mrs. Fenwick when the doctors said she could not be operated on and was doomed to die. "Fruit-a-lives" cured Mrs. Fenwick when all else failed. Try them for your trouble. 25c. and 50c. a box, at dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

hardships of his wife and daughters to a minimum.

Perhaps in regard to water and wood is the neglect most objectionable. During the winter months, in particular, unsatisfactory arrangements for getting water and wood for the kitchen are dangerous. Women laboring in the house where everything is comparatively comfortable, as far as temperature is concerned at least, frequently become aware of the fact that a pail of water or an armful of wood is wanted. Most generally this fact is noticed when work is rushing and when exertion has resulted in perspiration. The water or the wood must be had at once, and unless the weather is most severe no thought is given of coat or other protection. The consequence is a serious cold, or perhaps worse is contracted. And there are many simple contrivances in pantry or cellar that would be appreciated by those who labor constantly in and around the house.

In travelling amongst agriculturists, many homes are seen where water is everywhere convenient in stables and pens, but not so in the house. Even cistern pumps sometimes are in the most disadvantageous location. Very little digging and the expenditure of some cash for pipes and fittings would place the same water in the kitchen, and the expense would be light.

In other words, Mr. Farmer, put the conveniences for the women of the household before that of the animals on the farm.—Exchange

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Grease Spots

Ordinary grease spots usually yield to thorough scrubbing with hot water and soap, but if of long standing, naphtha or turpentine will remove them; in the case of delicate colors, chloroform is better than any of these.

New Earthenware

Many housekeepers believe in the simple plan of boiling new earthenware before using it, in order to toughen it. Place the articles in cold water and bring to a boil; then, after allowing them to boil for ten minutes, remove them, and allow the water to cool before removing the earthenware.

Some Facts About Fingers

Ink stains may be removed from the fingers by rubbing with a sulphur match dipped in water, or lemon juice and salt may also be used. To remove the smell of onions or fish, rub dry mustard on the hands. For rough hands, put a little borax in the water; while for brittle nails, a little vaseline rubbed into them night and morning will prove beneficial.

Rule for Cake-Baking

Cut these out and paste them up in the kitchen:
Excellent ingredients.
A correct recipe.
Accuracy in measurements.
Mixing the ingredients in the correct order.
Having every thing ready before beginning to bake.
Beating much or little, but always in the same direction.
Whipping the yolks of eggs until

thick, and the whites to a moderately stiff froth.

Cake raised with cream of tartar and soda, or with eggs alone, is more tender and delicate than where baking powder is used. In the latter case, sift with the flour three or four times.

THE DIFFERENCE

Teacher—"Can you tell me the difference between caution and cowardice?"
Bright Boy—"Yes, ma'am. When you are afraid yourself, that's caution; when the other fellow's afraid, that's cowardice."

The Story of Progress

In the quality of printing is too long to tell you here. Suffice it is to say that printing has reached and must keep a high standard to please the demands of customers today. Those who want

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No 8066

DAME JOSEPHINE NORMANDIN, wife common law to property of Henri Dupont, farmer, both of the parish of Notre-Dame de Stanbridge, said district.

VS PLAINTIFF

The said HENRI DUPONT, DEFENDANT.

An action in separation as to property has been this day instituted in this Court.

E. N. A. GIROUX, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Sturtevant, 2nd of December, 1908.—31-41

P. C. DUBOYCE

NOTARY, COMMISSIONER, ETC.

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CHURCHIANITY

F. C. MEARS

Churchianity has supplanted Christianity. Obsession with formula and creed, with ritual and rosary, and with a host of things that count for nothing in the elevation of humanity has flooded the worshipping world and submerged those things that really do count for something in civilization. Worship and idolatry have supplanted service and sacrifice. In Western Europe, church architecture, imposing facades, mausoleums imperious to time and weather, magnificent chancels and surplined choirs monopolize the attention of the so-called righteous, and the filth and squalor and desolation of populous cities is partially or entirely neglected. In America, too, the church is usurping stupendous powers. With unashful readiness and arrogant presumption the church has assumed the role of dictator. To those who will pay their tithes promptly and contribute liberally to the pastor's salary she gives the passport to Heaven and life everlasting. To those who dare to think for themselves and who refuse to pay tribute to the propagator of prejudice, bigotry and superstition the Church refuses communion and, in some cases, baptism and decent obsequies. Those not of the fold she ostracizes. Those within her glorious and celestial precincts she blesses and magnifies. Election and elimination are the duties the twentieth century church has assumed. Conversion and regeneration are falling into desuetude.

The modern church is a gigantic system of indoor relief. The noble and supremely wise teaching of the founder of Christianity have become mollified and engulfed in despicable Latinity and in stereotyped and intricate services. Connexional funds are a matter of painful anxiety with preachers, priests and laity within the church. Funds to relieve the poor and alleviate their misery are sparsely contributed to, in comparison with the larger sums given to the Educational Fund, the Supernatural Fund, the Missionary Fund, the Emergency Fund and other funds too numerous to mention.

The social kiss has supplanted the charitable and sympathetic hand-shake with those who really deserve commiseration.

A theologian, in a remarkable tone of resignation, declared that the church's last stronghold was sociology. Metaphysics and Science had proved its victors and it was compelled to resort to its last and what might be considered small and untenable entrenchment. We deeply wish the theologian's assertion were true. If the church had at last recognized that metaphysical hair-splitting, controversial strife and hostility to science were of no avail in making men happier and life more delectable, and that attention to social conditions was a matter of supreme importance we would certainly be deeply grateful and more peaceably disposed toward the church. That the church prides itself on its sociological triumph we know, but whether or not that pride is based on a false and shifting foundation is a matter of debate.

The church has survived centuries of hostility. The church has come through sanguinary revolutions unscathed. The church has witnessed the crumbling of mighty empires and the dethronement of mighty monarchs. Why should it not prove its efficacy by setting to work to solve the perplexing problems modern society presents? Let it apply its missionary zeal to immediate surroundings, and let it bestow its wealth and sympathy upon the poor and destitute. Churchianity will then die.

WHAT'S BEFORE US

A road is none the less a road because it lies before us. The future is none the less certain or real because we have not yet experienced it. The past and the future are, in reality, much alike. In extent both are limitless; in nature both are real, if not actual. Society is not yet entirely devoid of superstition, which is the direct outgrowth of ignorance. People magnify the remoteness and uncertainty of the future and conjure up a curious and illogical horror of it. They tell us in remarkably confident tones that they can know absolutely nothing of what is before them and, furthermore, they tell

us that they don't want to know any thing about what is in store for them. It is interesting, in fact, startling to note how deeply rooted this particular brand of agnosticism and resignation has become in the mind of the modern world. A large majority of people regard Destiny as their ruthless and eternal enemy, and any attempt to modify their attitude is ever regarded by them as the irresponsible and, and therefore, incredible and dangerous ebullitions of a weak mind.

Whether or not she is unkind to humanity, Destiny is after all a quite controllable factor in the activities of men. Destiny is not an inaccessible autocrat, or an unthinking and tyrannical queen. She is amenable to earthly laws, and sensible to mundane influences. Destiny does not sit on a throne afar off wielding a merciless sceptre over men. On the other hand, she is surprisingly immanent. So democratic is this so-called autocrat that she lives amongst us everywhere and all the time.

Destiny is at the mercy of wise men eternally. Maurice Materlinck has said that at the approach of the sage Destiny flees. Men would never hold Destiny in fear if they knew how near she was and how easily controlled, if only a little wisdom be put into practice. Destiny is of Nature's family, and Nature never moves or acts by jumps, or fortuitously. All Nature's doings move along certain clearly defined and familiar lines. They never verge from the normal—Nature's normal. Luck is Nature misunderstood. Accidents are the result of a misunderstanding between Nature and man.

As soon as men rid themselves of the illusion that Nature is eccentric, that luck is a wizard, and that accidents are inevitable, and as soon as they let the truth that study and its resultant wisdom can overmaster the uncertainties of tomorrow percolate through their cranium, just so soon will they banish forever their silly fear of Fate. Men should not forget that they are the masters of their fate and the captains of their souls—if they are wise. The very act of thinking for yourself and prospecting for yourself undermines the plots of Destiny.

IN A NUTSHELL

Some Facts About New Zealand Interesting to Canadian Workers

We have received from the Department of Labor in connection with the New Zealand government, among other government publications, a booklet entitled "New Zealand in a Nutshell." We take pleasure in publishing some extracts from it. New Zealand is the foremost English colony in its treatment of the working class, and labor legislation, and Canadian workers can take some deep pointers from these items. It seems to be, as the late Premier Sedden always claimed it was, "God's Country."

New Zealand was the first British country to establish a Government Department of Public Health.

It was the first British country to provide State-owned dwellings for housing workmen in private employ.

It was the first British country to adopt preferential and reciprocal trade with Great Britain.

It was the first British country to establish State coal-mines.

It was the first British country to establish State life and accident insurance.

It was the first British country to accord women the parliamentary franchise.

It was the first country to establish State maternity homes, and to provide daily competent midwives and nurses assisting those unable to pay.

It was the first country to make a law authorizing the compulsory purchase by the State of large estates for purposes of closer settlement.

It was the first country to institute compulsory conciliation and arbitration for the purpose of preventing industrial strikes and lock-outs.

It was the first country to establish State Fire Insurance.

It was the first country to institute a scheme for advancing cheap money to settlers and workers.

It has 399 public domains, ranging from 5 acres to 500 acres, administered

by local bodies, and put to various public uses, such as gardens and recreation grounds.

It's Public Trustee may be appointed administrator or executor of a will or an estate.

It's Public Trust Office is guaranteed by the Government. It is therefore fool-proof and rogue-proof.

It's school-children to the number of 135,363 received instruction in drill, including physical and disciplinary exercises, in 1906.

It has 280 public-school cadet corps, with a strength of 14,848 boys, under the control of the Education Department.

It had in 1906 422 public libraries subsidized by the State.

It had at the close of last year 37 boys and 33 girls in residence in the State School for Deaf-mutes.

It's State maternity hospitals treated 534 patients during the year ended 31st March, 1907.

It has seven public mental hospitals, maintained out of public revenue, and there is one private mental hospital licensed by the Government.

It has 52 public hospitals, affording accommodation for 1,360 males and 826 female patients, a total of 2,186.

It has 1,847 State schools for primary education, and the average attendance at these schools in 1906 was 121,958, an increase of 1,693 over the previous year.

It's system of primary education is free, secular, and compulsory.

It's Government Railways Department own 398 locomotives, 966 passenger-cars, and 14,605 freight-cars and brake-vans.

Priestly Intolerance

If our information be correct, the strangest piece of religious intolerance which we have seen in Ontario for some time, has taken place in the town of Berlin. The Montreal Witness has been thrown out of the public library of that town on the complaint of a Roman Catholic priest. The thing is so strange so foolish, and so indefensible, that we would refuse to believe it for a moment, if it were not vouched for by very reliable authority. The little incident would seem to show that the Roman Church would gladly banish every Protestant paper from the territory wherein its people reside, and that its inability to do so is probably the sole reason why it does not do it. Yet we had hoped better things. We had hoped that religious intolerance had abated considerably in these latter days, and that greater liberality of spirit had begun to characterize most of our Roman Catholic friends. We cannot but think that in the case referred to above, the act was that of some belated brother who had missed his century and come into being five hundred years behind the times. It will surely be in order for some of the more liberal of the Roman hierarchy to disavow the act of this erring Berlin brother.—Christian Guardian

English journals are quoting the Toronto correspondent of The Morning Post as saying that, according to a carefully prepared register, the number of unemployed in this city is 800. The man who sent that statement to London must be a lineal descendant of Baron Munchausen. There are more than that many out of work in the ironworking trades alone. Toronto has to-day not less than 4,000 idle men who are eager to get work. The city bureau has registered over 3,000 who want work so badly that they are willing to take their turn at outdoor grading with pick and shovel. What is the use of sending to England such absurd stories as that of The Morning Post man?—Toronto Globe

Organization is necessary to success. Keep your dues paid up and assist as much as possible your party's propaganda.

The labour leader who succeeds is the fellow who makes the worker believe he is trying to get for him what he knows cannot be had.

The worker is hired to be a drudge for a tenth part of what he produces by his drudgery.

Socialism is both an aspiration and an inspiration, an ideal and a possible reality.

The man who wants a job, or anything else for that matter, is in want.

It remained for capitalism to produce the workless worker.

Capitalism is a great labour-saving machine—for the capitalists.

SHEAR WIT

Amusing Stories to While Away the Lighter Moments

CERTAINLY

A lecturer demonstrating to his class the elements of natural forces asked at the close of his lecture—

"What force moves us along the street?"

"The police force," dreamily answered a youth from the back bench.

A SHARP RETORT

He watched his wife doing up her hair, and his face grew stern.

"Why do you put the hair of another woman on your head?" he asked severely.

"Why do you?" she asked sweetly, looking at his feet, "put the skin of another calf on your feet?"

THE MORAL

A suburban minister during his discourse one Sabbath morning said: "In each blade of grass there is a sermon."

The following day one of his flock discovered the good man pushing a lawn-mower about his garden.

"Well, parson," he said, "I'm glad to see you engaged in cutting your sermons short."

WITTY CONTEST

Two men rather noted as wits, were very fond of having an argument. One day one of them said—

"I know a woman who turned into wood."

"How did she manage it?" inquired the other.

"Oh, she went on a steamer, and then she was aboard."

"That's nothing," said the second.

"I know a deaf and dumb man who has found his speech again."

"Explain," said the other.

"Well, this man, who had been deaf and dumb twenty years, went into a bicycle shop the other day, and picked up a wheel and spoke."

WHAT HE WAS CHARGED WITH

The man stammered painfully as he stood in the dock at the Police Court. His name was Sissons. It was very difficult for him to pronounce his own name. He had the misfortune to stay out late and make an uproar one night, and had to account for it before the Magistrate the next morning.

"What is your name?" asked the Magistrate.

Sissons began to reply: "Sss-sss-sss-sss-sss."

"Stop that noise and tell me your name," said the Magistrate, impatiently.

"Sss-sss-sss-sss."

"That will do," said the Magistrate severely. "Policeman, what is this man charged with?"

"I think, yer honour, he's charged with soda water."

REAL SCOTCH

Two Scotsmen were recently on a visit to Dublin, and on the morning after their arrival they discovered that the washstand in their bedroom was minus soap. After ringing the bell, an attendant appeared, and asked their wishes.

The spokesman, who is habitually a fast speaker, said, "Sen' up sape, lad—a wee bit sape, quick."

The attendant gazed open-mouthed at the two Scots, then slowly said—

"It's not Frinch, not yet German, an' it ain't Spanish. What can it mean?"

Becoming annoyed at the delay, the Scotsman then said—"Man can ye no understand plain Scotch?"

Grasping at the last word like a drowning man at a straw, the attendant fled, and promptly returned with a bottle and two glasses.

Cedar Shingles

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The best of Raw Material, combined with careful attention to details of manufacture and milling, ensure perfect satisfaction to our customers. Address

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THE HUB

The Bargain Centre of Missisquoi and Bromes

Great January Discount and Cut Price Sale

For this Last Week of the Sale, from Monday, 25th, to Saturday, Jan. 30th, we will allow 20 per cent off everything in

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods
CLOTHING
Boots and Shoes
RUBBERS
Gents Furnishings
Fur Coats

Twenty per cent. will be the smallest discount your money will earn you at this Sale, and in many cases up to 50 per cent. Remember, nothing excepted, except Spool Cotton, which we at all times sell at cost. Also remember that to secure the Discounts goods must be paid for at time of Sale. Discounts will not be allowed on small purchases under \$1. This is the strongest sale it is possible for us to put on. Remember, 6 days only. Monday, 25th—Tuesday, 26th—Wednesday, 27th—Thursday, 28th—Friday, 29th—Saturday, 30th.

CUT PRICE GROCERY LIST FOR WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, JAN. 25

- 22 lbs. Granulated Sugar this week, \$1.00.
- 35c Ceylon Tea, regular 3 lbs. for \$1.00, this week 4 lbs. for \$1
- 35c Black Tea, regular 3 lbs. for \$1. This week 4 lbs. for \$1
- 10c Selected Raisins, regular 3 lbs for 25c. This week 4 lbs. for 25c.
- 2 packages Gold Bar Raisins this week 25c
- 13c packages Wethy's Mince-meat this week 10c a package
- 7 bars Strachan's Gilt Edge Soap, regular 5c, this week for 25c
- Quaker Brand Peas, Corn, Pumpkins all this week 7c per tin
- Empress Brand Canned Salmon all this week 15c per tin
- 3 tins British Columbia Salmon, Harlock Brand, for 25c
- Large bottle Toilet and Household Ammonia this week 10c
- Laing's Anchor Brand Lard in 3, 5, 10 lb. Pails, this week 15c

SPECIAL NOTICE

Everybody should attend this very extraordinary Sale. It means a great saving to you. We are doing it simply to get the cash to meet our Bills.

The Hub, Cowansville

NOTICE—Produce and maple sugar taken at regular prices.

Furniture to Please All Always a Pleasing Price

ALL the folks in this neighborhood who want anything in the FURNITURE LINE will be wise to call at this store. Come, see our well assorted stock, and note our prices. We are sure that if you follow this procedure, you will not need to go to other towns or order by mail from Montreal or Toronto.

The experience of years is in this business, and we know how to buy right right in order to sell right. MARK THAT DOWN IN BIG LETTERS.

If you want Pictures Framed, Our Work will Open Your Eyes

J. HINGSTON

The Furniture Man Cowansville