

Cotton's Weekly

Total No. of Subs for Week Ending Nov. 6 **4,020**
Total Edition Last Week - 4,500

W. U. COTTON, B.A., B.C.L., EDITOR AND PROP.

CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

Watch THE COLORED ADDRESS LABEL No. 62
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This is No. 61

COWANSVILLE, P. Q., CANADA, NOV. 11, 1909

Sub Price 50c a Year 25c for 6 Months 10c for 3 mos. Trial

OUR COURTS

With the evolution of industry and with the changing conditions the institutions of the country became outworn. What were once supposed to be instruments of justice become instruments of injustice.

Canadian courts are getting to be political institutions swung in the interests of the master class. The courts are the instruments used by capitalists for the carrying out of capitalist ideas. Consequently the pretensions of our courts to be worthy of respect fall to the ground. They are becoming contemptible.

Out in British Columbia an election campaign is on. The Premier, Mr. McBride should have a chance to tour the country to expound his views. These views are capitalist and oppressive but still he should have a chance of expressing them. To keep him out of the campaign an old libel suit is raked up and he is summoned to a court as a witness. If he does not attend the capitalist court will hold him guilty of contempt and jail him till the campaign is over. Thus in the west the capitalist court is swung as a political club to keep McBride out of the campaign.

Down in Glace Bay the courts are trying a case of conspiracy on the part of the mineowners. In this case of conspiracy in restraint of trade the capitalists asked not to be forced to disclose information about their business as the United States companies might get hold of it and use it. The court held that they need not disclose such information for trade reasons. If the American companies wanted the information they would get it. They have the Pinkerton detectives who can get any information wanted. The decision of the court at Glace Bay simply shows that the courts of Canada are capitalist institutions.

Dan McDougall and Patterson are two strike leaders in Nova Scotia. The Coal Company has them arrested for libel and gets them hauled clear up to Montreal for their trial. They are not tried at once but are kept waiting in Montreal day after day. Here again the courts of Canada are shown up to be capitalist institutions. The very fact of the arrest of Dan McDougall for criminally libelling a group of labor thieves, the very fact that the courts throw their protecting powers around labor thieves, parasites, men who live by the sweat of others, shows conclusively that the courts of Canada are the instruments of capitalism and contemptible.

Bill Haywood knows about the U. S. courts. He has been plastered with injunctions and legal processes till he could not have moved had he obeyed them. He just laughed at the orders of the courts and today he is a free man.

In Canada the capitalist system is just beginning to work. Up till recently we were an agricultural and a pastoral people. Now we are becoming industrial. Just as soon as that system develops the courts prove themselves to be the special police of the labor thieves. Our Canadian courts will have to interpret the laws more in consonance with modern conditions or we will have in Canada the old fight for freedom against a lot of scoundrel bigwigs who are mis-called judges of justice.

THE WILL OF THE LORD

In the early days of the New England states there lived a Puritan who believed that God ruled the world and had ordained the day of the death of every man. One Sabbath morn., as he was leaving his dwelling, he said goodbye to his wife and shouldered his gun, for the Indians were liable to scalp him if they got a chance. The good wife on seeing the gun remonstrated with her spouse. "Why do you take thy gun, John? Hath not the good Lord ordained the day of thy death and canst thou put that day off by the use of weapons?" To her husband replied: "Thou says right. But who knows but that the Lord has ordained that this day an Indian should die at my hands, and who am I that I should stand in the way of the Lord's will?"

There are many people who are bolstering up the rotten capitalist system and are looking solemn and are quoting scripture to keep the thing alive. The Lord has appointed masters and the workers should be content to serve. "Servants be obedient to your masters." The Lord is a Lord of peace and the workers should not raise turmoil. These same people will pray that King Eddy be victorious over his enemies. They would gloat should England smash the Germans. "I'm glad to say, my dear Augusta. We've had another glorious bustle; Tenthousand German's sent below, Praise God from whom all blessings flow," is their attitude.

The same book to which the labor thieves are going to support their labor thieving has been the same source from which many revolutionists have drawn their authority for their revolts. "He hath put down the mighty from their seats," could be hurled against your Strathconas, your Booths, your foxys

Lauriers, your blustering Borden. Old Cromwell cut off the head of Charles the first with unctious righteousness and the same authority could be used to repeat the dose upon modern tyrants. I am not upholding assassination because history shows that from assassination new terrorisms arise. But I say that bible quoting is mighty dangerous to the throne of King Edward.

The old Puritan did not want to stand in the way of the will of what he called the Lord. In the same way the modern labor leader could quote scripture and say he is doing the will of the Lord and if he succeeded it would be proof absolute in the eyes of the ignorant that the Lord was with him.

When I hear the big ones of the Churches giving forth their ideas and talking about the rights of capital and the will of the Lord I feel like telling them: "You stop that foolish noise, take a back seat, and learn your A. B. C's over again."

Paid in Advance

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

THE CAPITALIST SHELL

Socialism is being prepared within the shell of capitalism. There are many men who cannot perceive the socialist philosophy. They have the ideological viewpoint. They believe that the ideas of great men have controlled the destiny of humanity. The socialist philosophy, on the other hand, holds that the evolution of humanity has been an organic process with which the great man has had but little to do. He was the product of his age raised to sight like the white foam on the top of a wave.

The socialist movement is an economic and social one. The capitalist organization is producing within itself the socialist organization. When conditions are ripe the child socialism will be born. The strikes and lockouts and soldiers and prostitution and the whole feverish condition of the decadent capitalist organism are but evidence of the approaching birthpangs of socialism.

The capitalist has to go. He tries to stay. The old and the new are struggling together and the new is bound to win out. Those who stand with decadent capitalism will be looked back upon as reactionary creatures who were the tools of tyrants who were trying to prevent the economic liberty of mankind. Laurier, Borden, Brodeur and all the capitalist politicians of Canada will be looked back upon by future ages as we look back upon James the Second or George the Third. They will be the sneered at of history.

Laurier is not to be blamed or praised for his stand. As he is a reactionary he must be shaken from political power, before the social revolution can arrive. That is why Cotton's opposes Laurier. If Laurier were a chimney sweep or a ditch digger, he would be with Cotton's in its fight for the freedom of the working classes. But as he draws his food and clothing, and shelter and automobile from the kindness of the master class in return for political favors rendered he sticks by the hands that feed him. Consequently his power must go with the power of his masters.

The shell of capitalism is getting pretty thin. It can be broken through. The industrial organization is now of a nature that can be handled by the workers for the workers. The political superstructure has become useless and is rotting to its fall. That is why Laurier is after a fleet to prop up his power. But the political henchmen of capitalism might just as well give up the fight now as later. Timothy grass must be pulled from a garden and made to grow elsewhere and the capitalist politicians must be eradicated from the political field and transplanted to the industrial organization.

The Montreal Y. M. C. A. Association is putting up a fine new building. The sons of the middle class need bath rooms and libraries and gymnasia and this organization is spending two hundred thousand dollars on a building. The capitalist press of the city have been complimenting the association on its work. In the meantime many girls in the departmental stores and shoe stores are being forced into prostitution because their wages lack two or three dollars a week from allowing them to live on what they get by the sale of their labor power. The ministers of the gospel will no doubt congregate to bless the new home of the Y. M. C. A. in the name of Christ.

The master class snarl at the socialists for what the master class call their doctrine of class hatred. The burglar no doubt also snarls at the men who teach that the burglar should not be allowed to plunder homes.

TO THE WORKERS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

MANIFESTO

Once again the citizens of British Columbia are called upon to elect representatives to make the laws of this Province. Each voter must come to the decision as to which Party will best serve his interests and cast his vote accordingly.

The policy of the Conservative government is to assist the great capitalist concerns that are seeking to fasten themselves on the Province.

The Liberal Party is seeking office and can be depended upon to do much the same thing as the government. The policy of either party in the different Provinces is the same; that is, to help the large business interests and to let the farmers and the wage earners take their chances.

This is good for the capitalists, but bad for the producing class. Therefore, the farmers and the wage earners have been compelled to join forces to fight for themselves. The small business men have also been left at the mercy of the great capitalist companies and they too are beginning to support the Party of the Workers, the Socialist Party of Canada.

The policy of the Socialist Party is to benefit the wage earners and the farmers and its members in the Legislature. The Socialist members have a splendid record in the way they have fought in our interests. The fight is whether the capitalists shall own the country or whether the people shall.

Jas. J. Johnson, of Enderby, B. C., is the candidate of the Socialist Party of the Okanagan. We are perfectly satisfied that he will fight our cause if the people elect him. If you are opposed to Socialism vote for either of the old parties. If you believe in the principles of the Socialist Party vote for our candidate—J. F. Johnson.

Wage Earners of the Okanagan Valley

In a few days you will again be called upon to exercise the glorious right of voting your masters, be they Liberals or Conservative into power.

In the Vernon News, leader of the capitalist lickspittle press, Price Ellison, your present representative in the House, has been publishing his capitalist countenance and has also been telling of the splendid work he has performed for you in the House. It was not his fault that he overlooked to tell you of the splendid work in which he turned all Labor Legislation down during the time he has represented you. You see his eyesight is getting affected on account of the fat he accumulates through his effective way of operating his wage labor. He has not told you of the determined way in which he has turned down every measure introduced to better the condition of the wage earning class, your class.

But then you see, it was natural for him to do so, just as it was natural for him to boost the interests of his class by railroading legislation through, benefiting the master class throughout this valley. You are getting so used to being robbed by that class that you lick the hand that whips you, and the masters knowing this, lose no time in again assuring you, through the lickspittle editors and further parasitical hangers-on, of the prosperity you are enjoying. And please don't faint if they pat you on the shoulder and tell you how it is, through their special efforts that your bank account is so large, and your family are having everything they want. True, you have no motor car, but then if you vote for them you may get a ride in one and some Scotch on election day.

Perhaps you wonder how it is that all these big and little masters get so big belled and rich, and when in the privacy of your little shack, which by the way is not as good as your master's horse stables, you fail to see this prosperity, bank account, etc., then perhaps you may do a little thinking on your own account. You may even go so far as to wish to get rid of this parasitical class, which feeds on you and sucks your very life-blood in the form of profits. You will read socialist literature, papers, etc., and wake up to the fact that it has not always been so, and that it will not always be so.

All the Montreal papers join the chorus of prosperity. The ministers of the gospel are feeling the good times. They are paid by the labor thieves and when the labor thieves prosper they feel the reflex benefit. In the meantime a mother and six children were found starving in a back lane of the city, one child was already dead.

The vast majority of so-called criminals would have been decent law abiding men had they been allowed to be such. But they did not have a niche in the present system and had to get their living by crime. The natural criminals are abnormal and mentally unsound beings who should be treated in an insane asylum. Our whole criminal law is a farce and a crying injustice.

You will not be fooled by the trash the paid agents of capitalism hand out to you at election time. As class conscious workers you will stand by your class and vote the socialist ticket. You will register your protest on election day against the way the capitalist parasites feed on you and rob you. You will vote for the socialist candidate whose platform is 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 workingclass 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.

H. GILDEMEESTER
VOTE FOR J. F. JOHNSON AND SOCIALISM

Appeal to Workers of Fernie Riding
Fernie, B. C., Oct. 29th, 09.

Fellow Workers:
The Fernie Electoral Riding has been for the past eight years a strenuously contested seat. At the last Provincial Election the workers lost the seat by some 60 votes through the Liberals deserting their own candidate at the eleventh hour and supporting the present member Mr. Ross. The Fernie Free Press, the organ of the Conservative Party is at present emitting frantic squeals of the most pitiful character for the Liberals to again come to the rescue of distressed Capital.

It is admitted that the seat must fall to workers. The Capitalists will combine forces to prevent a consummation so undesirable to them. They have money without end: we lack that essential weapon to success. We therefore ask all workers who can afford to do so to send their contributions however small to Oscar Erickson, Box 70, Fernie, B. C.

The combined forces of Capitalism are arrayed against us, let the workers show that they too are ready to obey the call of Class. Independent of defeating the tyrant Capital at its own game we can and will use your own Class the robbery perpetuated upon them by the present Industrial system.

As an example to Capital of the Political Power of the class-conscious workers. In an endeavor to send a toiler to fight the battles of the toilers in the Legislative Halls.

Signed, on behalf of the Campaign Committee
OSCAR ERICKSON
Secretary

Call to Okanagan Valley Socialists
Mara, B. C., Oct. 26, 1909.

Socialists in the Okanagan Valley are hereby called on to assist in the election of J. F. Johnson Socialist Candidate for the Provincial House. The election is called for November 25th. Funds are needed and should be sent to H. C. D. Gildemeester, at Mara, B. C., where he has moved. Every vote is needed. Socialist scrutineers will see that the count is square. Fight for the principles of Socialism and the triumphs of the farmers and wage earners.

GEO. W. PATTERSON
Secretary Local Vernon

The master class, by the appropriation of the machines at which men must labor force the workers to become the slaves of the machines. In return for that slavery the machine owners take four-fifths of the product allowing one-fifth to go as wages to the slaves. When the slaves rise and capture the political power the master class will be expropriated of their machines of production and the workers will get five-fifths of what they produce.

MacKenzie King, the Labor Minister and henchmen of the labor thieves, has been up in West Middlesex trying to get the voters to vote for a lawyer instead of a farmer. The lawyer is the capitalist's jackal. King wants the jackals to run parliament.

A by-election is being held in St. James Ward of Montreal for the Quebec house on November the 12th. N. K. Laflamme is the Nationalist candidate. He is hammering it into Gouin. He makes the charge that twelve Montreal aldermen had been bought by the public service monopoly of the city, and Gouin would not let the thing be investigated. Alderman Robillard is the Liberal candidate and Laflamme handles him without gloves. He accuses Robillard of sitting idly by while Montreal was being sold out to the trusts and the corporations. He accuses Gouin of throttling the Royal Commission and choking it off in order that grave scandals, which were on the point of being discovered might go unrevealed. The Gouin government had taken away the right of workmen to trial by jury in cases of damage claims against employees. Laflamme also rakes up the old scandal of the dock laborers' strike a few years ago when the men struck on just grounds and the city council called out the militia on insufficient grounds to terrorize the workers back to their jobs. Altogether Laflamme has shown up the capitalist bias of the Gouin government. It is with the labor thieves all right. Whether Laflamme will be any better should he get power is another question which can only be answered by the sequel of a successful election.

The Union Label

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

The workman is robbed by the capitalist. The capitalist cannot refute the charge. The socialists keep hammering away upon the fact that the capitalists are a set of robbers who are making the workers divide up with them. The capitalists do not like that kind of talk. They want to talk of philosophy, of religion, of the future life, of brotherly love in the spiritual realm, anything but of the fact that they have their hands in the pockets of the workers and are stealing four-fifths of what rightfully belongs to the laborers. The socialists are going to keep on hammering at the fact that the workers are robbed until the robbers are made to quit their robbery and go to work at something useful.

Dr. Laberge, city health officer of Montreal, declares that the cells in the basement of the city hall are not fit to keep chickens in. Why should they be? These cells are capitalist holes in which to confine workmen who can get no work and who have to beg and steal. Does Laberge think that the labor thieves are going to make decent places for prisoners to sleep in? Not a bit of. Such places would cost money and the labor thieves can't spare the money. They need all their stealings to keep up their palaces on Sherbrooke street and their automobiles and to furnish expensive gowns for their mistresses.

The labor thieves control the Canadian parliament. What is your honest opinion? Do you think the Allens and Manns and Van Hornes are such weaklings as to surrender their control of power without being made to? The Canadian army and navy is being prepared by as cunning a group of plunderers as ever enslaved a nation to shoot and slay such workers as will not obey the will of the plunderers.

If you could make an agreement with a chap that he would give you half of what he made during all the time he was able to work would you not make it? But what kind of a foolishness would inhabit the brain of the man who agreed to give you half of what he made? That is the kind of foolishness you workmen have committed by appointing a lot of labor thieves to make the laws for you. When are you going to wake up and get sense?

A forty-million dollar rubber merger is being formed in the States. The lucky individuals who are in on this deal will draw seven per cent on their stock holdings. While this deal is going on Mrs. Anna Worowich, of St. Louis, is pitiously begging the judges to send her to jail. She is hungry and can get nothing to eat. The Rubber Merger people will no doubt enjoy a champagne supper after their deal is completed.

In opposition Laurier promised "We will tax for revenue but not one cent for protection." In power Laurier has held up both hands for protection.

Laurier is now trying to force a navy on peaceful Canada. This is a fitting close to a life lived in trickery and evasion.

THE NAVY SCHEME

In Europe the plutocracy of one country persuade the workers to stand for a fleet. The plutocracy of the next country raises a howl and gets their workers to build a fleet "to protect their country." Thus the game is started and the race for armaments is begun.

The plutocracy of every nation howls for an army and a navy. The country must be protected. The nation must take its place in bearing the burdens of the world. A lot more rot of a similar kind is turned loose in the capitalist press and by the parasite wealthy.

The parasites make money out of the army and navy. They sell coal to the fleet. They sell armor plate. They sell ships of war and cannon. They sell bits of paper made by banks and get large interest in return. They live at ease and the workers sweat themselves to death with hard work. The workers bear all the burdens of building the fleet and going soldiering. The labor thieves enjoy the revenues. And when the workers complain of their burdens the arms they have made are turned against them. The army and navy of the various countries are simply a means of plunder and repression for the labor thieves. Should the workers get too numerous a war is engineered and thousands are killed by bullets and tens of thousands die of disease. The labor thieves stay at home and batten still further on the miseries of the working class.

On this side of the water Canada and the States have had peace. But the labor thieves are hungry for the profits that will come from building a navy and getting an army. So the same trick is being played by the labor thieves of Canada on the workers. The United States government is in on the game. Canada and the States are both rushing into naval expenditures. The capitalist class is trying to rub the ears of the workers to get them fighting mad the one against the other. Canadian political jackals are hinting war with a foreign country. The political jackals of the States are building ships of war on the Great Lakes. The old trick of setting nation against nation is being worked for the sake of private profit.

Can you see no connection between the building of a Canadian navy and the coal and steel merger? The big coal and steel properties are to be merged into a trust of over a hundred million dollars. This means watered stock upon which dividends are to be paid. These dividends cannot be paid unless the market for steel and coal is enlarged. That market is to be enlarged by a Canadian navy. That means coal wasted in the furnaces of the ships and steel wasted in guns and ships of war. But these guns and ships are to be paid for by taxes sweat out of workmen. The labor thieves will get their pay from the political jackals who control Ottawa.

The world over the socialist party stands for peace. When Germany and Great Britain are trying to be flung at each other's throat by the labor thieves, Kier Hardie and Bebel tell the plunderers that a general strike will be called if a war is declared. During the Algerias scare the French and German workers were exchanging fraternal greetings and declaring that the workmen of the two countries had nothing to fight for. The same thing occurred when Italy and Austria were being forced into war. The Canadian socialists and trade unionists are adopting the same principle of antimitarism.

The trades and labor council protested to Laurier against his military policy. Laurier declared that he was in favor of peace but the period of war was not over. The thief protesting his honesty, the prostitute protesting her virtue and Laurier protesting his love of peace are of a composition all compact. Laurier heads the party that is the tool of the capitalists of Canada. Laurier has given away the land to private companies. He has given the forests to capitalists. Even the fish of the western lakes have been given to capitalists. Laurier has given millions to the plunderers of labor who own the G. T. P. Now Laurier is completing his work of plundering the workers. At the bidding of the labor thieves in the coal and steel industries he is building ships of war that his darling plunderers may have profit. The trades and labor councils of Canada, the unionist organizations and the socialists should demand the impeachment of Laurier on the ground of treason to the liberties of Canadian workmen. Let Laurier hear from the indignant toilers of Canada. Let him learn that he cannot sell Canada into perpetual bondage to the parasites without a protest that will shake him from power into an accursed oblivion.

Our philanthropists and preachers of morality are cumberers of the ground. We do not want charity, nor do we want homilies on religion. We want justice and we want the laborer to get all he earns. What can we think of men who sweat millions from their employees and then try to make it all right by giving a few thousands to a hospital or two?

Toilers and Idlers

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SYNOPSIS

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

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

Soon the messenger was back with a sixteen-cent lunch in a pasteboard box. Resting his fatigued limbs on the sand, he enjoyed the sandwiches, thick slices of rye bread and beef, and the bottle of warm, weak coffee. A piece of apple pie sprinkled with sugar tasted very good, though the soggy undercrust had black spots on it. Everybody like himself was too busy eating to talk. Some of the men were topping their lunches with pails of beer. They wiped the froth from whiskered lips with their hands and often wiped hands on trousers. A few puffed at clay or corn-cob pipes.

A giggle drew attention to the lark that Peggy and Tom Locker were having. He tickled her under the arms as she sprawled on the sand heap. She slapped his face; he pretended to roar in pain and fell backward. She screamed with delight, blue eyes dancing, chubby cheeks aglow, and jumped on top of him like some Lilliputian triumphing over Gulliver. The braids of her hair flew about wildly, the worn button shoes beat a tattoo on the blue-shirted chest of the prostrate giant.

"Now get up," she commanded. "You're not really dead. I want you to twist some hooks."

The exhibition brought quite a circle of spectators. Tom rolled the sleeves back from his shapely forearms and picked up four iron hooks yellow with claywater. He gripped them in his great hands across his knees; the veins of the forearm swelled and the muscles tightened. The hooks bent almost at right angles. Someone asked him to lift the weights, and taking a long thick bar of iron he went through various contortions—said to be the methods of the Chinik athlete at the Bowery theatre—finally elevating the bar over his right shoulder. Evidently he felt a boyish pleasure in these feats. A strong man from the core room came to contest with Tom in twisting a rammer out of hands, and signally failed.

"Say, Mr. Locker," said the wizened-faced apprentice, Ohio Jimmy, in a respectful tone, "What d'ye think of de chanst between Frisco Joe an' de Black Terror next week?"

"The nigger has beef," replied Mr. Locker, impressively.

"Sure, that's right," agreed a spectator.

"Perhaps it's black beef—so long, Peggy! I see you tomorrow—but it's beef just the same. Only he ain't scientific."

"That's right, too," echoed another spectator.

"Why, 't would be like a match between me and—Mike here!"

Seeking an illustration, Tom had given the apprentice Mike a hearty slap on the back. The men roared laughter as the clumsy overgrown boy slunk away, muttering that he could stand as much punishment as anybody.

Rensen, interested in the debate, had come forward and lit a Memphis cigarette, a special importation, neatly monogrammed.

"That's a hell of a smell some-He took the cigarette from the owner's fingers and held it to his nose."

"I thought it was a boufouze afore."

The men turned with a shout of derision. Rensen for the first time forgot his orderly mild habits and acted on a primitive impulse. His right fist, driven with angry force, met Tom's chest resoundingly. Tom staggered more in surprise than else; then he put up his large arms.

"Give 'em room, boys! . . . I see the lad's finish. Maybe he knows how to handle his pins. . . . Beat him to a pulp, Tom!"

John Day stepped between the two men. "That's enough," he said quietly.

"He hit me first," cried Tom with

a peevish tremble in his voice. "The counter-jumpin' cigarette son of a dam dude!"

"Otis," said the old man, "it's against rules to smoke inside, though some do it. Tom, you can see he's no counter-jumper, since he had the nerve to hit a bigger man. Shake hands."

"He hit me first," said Tom, scowling.

"Let 'em fight it out," grumbled certain spectators.

"I want you boys to shake hands," insisted the peacemaker. "Never mind whose fault. You're both wrong. Now shake hands. If you don't I'll fight ye both myself!"

The combatants looked at each other and at length rather gingerly touched fingers.

Some of the spectators laughed, others expressed their disgust.

Again the whistle blew, the machinery started and the men resumed work. The heavier labor of ramming was mostly over and everywhere patterns were being lifted and molds finished. John Day sent his helper for a pail of black-wash, a thin black liquid to be applied with a brush.

It was painted on those parts of the mold where the rush of iron would be most violent; a wire basket of burning charcoal soon dried this facing. The other surfaces, angles and curves, being dusted with dry lead shaken from a stocking foot, were smoothed with the trowel until they glistened. The silver lustrous flats or delicate angles gave an effect of beauty and solidity as if the mold were the final achievement.

Incidentally, this beautifying powder filled the nose and lungs, making one cough and spit black.

Next the two men went to the oven—a brick structure ten feet high, with iron doors—to get the cores which would make parts of the cast hollow. The cores, well baked shapes of clay, sand and flour, were suspended in the bottom mold by end rods resting in the grooves. Vents had been provided for the cores. A ridge of flour was strewn around the edges of the lower mold.

"Sun about," cried Day to his helper, steadying the opposite handles of the cope as it was lowered by the crane. "Entered!"

The box was lifted to see that nothing had fallen and then finally let down. The two molds were now closed together, like a trunk and its lid. Three holes at equal distances across the top had been made at an early stage by ramming the sand around wooden pegs, later withdrawn. The largest hole, surrounded by a sloping embankment a foot deep, was the ingate to receive the iron.

"What is the object of these weights?" asked Rensen when the crane had swung two iron bars weighing a ton apiece on the cope. The boxes had already been fastened together with screw clamps.

"Think it over," said John Day, peering through the ingate with a lighted candle.

Because melted iron is like a woman; it might fuss and explode."

"That don't fit exactly," chuckled the other as he dropped a long tool into the cavity. "This is a hydraulic principle, son, that has little to do with women—unless tears and weeping."

"I see. The metal acts like water, pressing equally in every direction,"—with a remembrance of text books.

"Right. Maybe there's a thousand pounds of metal in the gate and down the channel, and it has leverage enough to lift the roof."

The old man busied himself with the spirit level. "I see you're anxious to learn. Now, what is the molder's judgment day?"

"I can't imagine."

"The cleaning room, son. Every secret fault done here comes to light there. A grain of sand or a damp spot shows on the cast like a cardinal sin on a man's soul."

"That's an old-fashioned idea," protested Rensen, heatedly.

"Well," deliberated the old man with a glance at his helper, "there's another school o' thought says the blackwash will do the rest. They slap it on thick. But they have a lot of scabs and blisters to account for in the end."

Rensen had reflections not unfamiliar. "By the way, is that why they call Zienski Blackwash?"

"No," said John Day cheerfully. "I guess it's the color of his whiskers."

His superior being called away to give advice on a different job, Rensen was left to himself. A moment later Tom Locker came up with an amiable look on his face.

"Any hard feelings, partner?" he inquired.

"Not in the least," said the other, very much pleased.

"Well, if you ain't busy I'd be much obliged if you'd hunt up the key of the cupola. Ask anybody."

"Certainly said Rensen and started on the quest."

Zienski, at mention of the cupola key, merely growled; but his neighbor eagerly directed the inquirer to the tall man at the end of the shop. The tall man said the key was mislaid, but the coremakers might have it. The coremakers indicated the bench molders. After running about in this manner for half an hour, Rensen began to have doubts, especially as he had heard behind him a waka of suppressed mirth; but he obeyed the last direction to ask the foreman.

"You lunkhead of a sucker," roared Mr. Hewitt, throwing out his chest. "Where do you come from? Where was you brought up? Think a cupola is an eight-day clock? Get to work!" A little profanity was added.

The men all over the shop guffawed, while Tom Locker, his face wreathed in smiles, accepted congratulations on his revenge.

(To be continued)

BUNDLE PRICES

10 copies per week for \$1.00

25 copies per week for \$2.50

Months not less than one hundred, at the rate per 100, of 50c

THE PEOPLE'S POEMS

COMPETITION

They tell us "competition" is the very life of trade,

And that by "competition" all our millionaires are made.

That "it" has built railroads and our telegraphs and mills

And with the good things of earth each home it always fills.

They do not tell us that the tramps, who tramp from place to place,

But represent the strangers in this "competition" race;

And that the folks who sweat and toil to make our nation's wealth,

Enjoy it not, but linger on, the victims of "its" stealth.

They tell us "competition" makes our food and clothing cheap,

And gives us homes with spacious rooms in which to live and sleep,

And that "it" cheapens furniture and all the things we need,

And stops the soulless landlord from showing wanton greed.

They do not tell us that "it" keeps the laborer's wages low,

And drives the tenant from his home, with not a place to go;

That it develops fraud and theft in everything we buy

While parsons preach that justice reigns high above the sky.

They tell us "competition" puts us in our proper place

Among the people where we live, and in the human race,

And that without "it" we should die, from sheer insanity,

And all our race become extinct from sheer wanton greed.

They do not tell us that "it" keeps the biggest rogues on top,

And that the millions who are down, can neither rise or drop,

Because, already, they are ground down to the lowest notch

And that our "competition" is a slick colossal botch.

Labor's Remedy

ANONYMOUS

A man was ill and loud for doctors

They rallied to his call on every side,

Not one of all the quacks to save him tried,

But argued over symptoms till he died.

So Labor, suffering from ancient wrong,

Absorbs each drug that fakirs fetch along,

Consults empirics in a countless throng,

But does not die, for Capital, his lord, His funeral expenses can't afford

And so imparts at times from out his wealth

Enough to bring him half way back to health,

But dares not give the treatment fuller length.

Because he knows too well his vassal's strength,

Enough that he may do his task aright,

But not enough to stir the slave to fight,

For Labor, armed and buckled for the fray,

Against "the world in arms" would make his way,

Rend from old Mammon his unrighteous way

And make this toilsome life one long, glad holiday.

This Mammon-Blinded Age

EDWIN WAUGH

Oh, ponder well, ye pompous men,

With mammon-blinded eyes;

What means this poverty and pain,

That moaning round you lies?

Go, plow the wastes of human mind,

Where weedy ignorance grows;

The baleful deserts of mankind

Would blossom like the rose.

But penny-wise, pound-foolish thrift

Deludes this venal age;

Blind self's all-engrossing dross,

And self, the sovereign rage.

E'en in the church the lamp grows dim

That ought to light to heaven,

And that which fed its holy flame

To low ambition's given.

"All Things in Common"

Primitive Christianity stood for hostility to wealth. Today the wealthy flock to the churches and hire preachers to declare that God loves the rich and wants them to hang on to their wealth.

Here is a few out of pagefuls of Scriptural texts and extracts from the writings of the Fathers of the Church and Catholic saints which might be quoted—

THE APOSTLES.

And all that believed were together, and had all things in common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted with them to all men, as every man had need. (Acts II, 41.)

And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul, neither said any of them that aught of the things he possessed was his own; but they had all things in common. (Acts IV, 32.)

ST. BARNABAS.

(The Companion of St. Paul.)

We ought not to consider anything as belonging to ourselves, but to share it with our neighbour: for if there is communion in spiritual and everlasting things, with how much greater right ought it to exist in these material things. (Chap. xix, p. 32.)

ST. AMBROSE.

(Bishop of Milan, A. D. 374.)

Nature creates everything for common use. If, then, there are men who are excluded from the enjoyment of the products of the earth, it is contrary to nature. The unequal

division of wealth is the result of egotism and violence.

Nature is the mother of common right, usurpation is the mother of private right. (De Off. Ministr., Book I, chap. xlviii., 132, vol. ii, p. 35.)

The Lord our God desired the earth to be the common heritage of all, but avarice has made a distribution of the titles of possession. Hence, if you claim private ownership of any of all that was given to the whole human race—nay, to all living things—in common, it is but just that you should give something therefrom to the poor and not deny sustenance to those with whom you ought to be a fellow-sharer. (In Psalm 118, No. 1,064, Migne.)

ST. JEROME.

(Bethlehem, A. D. 386.)

For all riches come from iniquity, and unless one were to lose another would not gain. Hence the common adage seems to me to be very true: "The rich man is unjust, or the heir of an unjust one." ("Epistolae," 120.)

Now, however, the rich abound not so much in wealth as in injustice; for all riches, being a spoliation of others, are born of injustice (Book II, Chap. vi., verse 3.)

One man does not accumulate money except through the loss and injury inflicted on another. (Book II, Chap. xxxiii., verse 13.)

Let us beware lest, in accepting the gifts of the earth from men who have gathered them through plunder and the tears of the wretched, we become not so much thieves ourselves as the companions of thieves. (Book I, Chap. i., verse 23.)

ST. BASIL.

(Bishop of Caesarea, A. D. 370.)

What things, tell me, are yours? Whence did you bring them into the world? You rich act like a man who, being the first to enter a theatre, would keep all the others out, regarding as his own that which was intended for the common use of all. For you appropriate to yourselves the common heritage simply because you were the first occupants; whereas if every man took only sufficient for his needs, leaving the rest to those in want, there would be no rich and poor.

Naked you come from the womb, naked you return to the earth.

Whence your present possessions? If you say "from fate" you are impious, and you do not recognize the Creator nor render thanks to the Giver. If you answer "from God" then tell me why you have received them? Is God so unjust as to distribute the necessities of life inequitably? Why are you rich and your neighbor poor? (Hom. in Luc., xii., 18.)

Many similar passages might be quoted to the same effect, from the apostolic St. Hermas and St. Clement, as well as from St. Justin Martyr, St. John Chrysostom, and other Fathers and teachers of the Church.

November 5th. was Gene Debs birthday. He was fifty-four years young.

Mexico City now has a socialist organization. The light is penetrating into dark places.

The socialists of Haverhill, Mass. have elected Charles H. Morrill, Socialist, to the Massachusetts Legislature.

The Socialist vote in Omaha, Neb., this fall is five thousand. Last fall Gene Debs polled seven hundred and ninety-eight votes.

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The socialist vote for mayor in New York City was a little under thirteen thousand. In the last presidential elections it was twenty-six thousand. The city vote slumps usually in city elections as compared with national.

It looks as though the mine-owners of America would become federated shortly. The Western Federation are thoroughly revolutionized and the United Mine Workers are rapidly adopting socialist principles. The federation will control a half a million miners.

The Industrial Workers recently fought out a free speech campaign in Missoula, Wash. Scores of speakers were arrested but all the cases were dismissed. The I. W. W. have carried the fight to Spokane where a hundred and fifty have been arrested and thrown into jail for speaking on the streets. Twenty-eight were locked in one small cell. The I. W. W. are determined to win the fight.

Alfonso is whining like a whipped cur over the attitude of Europe towards the murder of Ferrer.

The capitalist papers are exclaiming Alfonso because he is a mere boy. He is only a boy, it is true, but I have seen the criminal courts of Canada sentence mere boys to long terms in prison and the capitalist press pat the criminal judges of Canada on the back for "doing their duty" and "shutting up a dangerous character."

The capitalist system is getting so rotten that a government mule would blush to be seen supporting it.

The gambling war is still flourishing merrily in Chicago. The traction thieves made an alliance with certain Chicago gamblers to let them run wide open if they would help elect Mayor Busse and let the traction thefts go through. Busse was elected and the gamblers have protection. But the gamblers outside the agreement would not be put out of business quietly for the sake of

their rivals and so far have exploded thirty-three bombs in the protected gambling hells. The Chicago police have tried to lay the bombs to labor agitators but the bluff was too thin.

The Federal Courts of Appeals has upheld the decision against Gompers, Morrison, and Mitchell in the Bucks Stove case. This case is another blow at the liberty of the press in the States. Gompers published in the Federationist a list of "we don't patronize" firms. Among the boycotted firms was the Bucks Stove Co. The court ordered this name to be removed from the list and Gompers did not obey the order. He and his two assistants were ordered jailed for contempt. The case was appealed and the appeal court sustains the lower courts. It is pretty well agreed that the courts of the United States are as tyrannical and arbitrary as the star chamber of Great Britain. If Gompers is jailed it will be the best thing that can happen. It will show the old conservative unionists that new dangers must be met by new methods. A universal strike is threatened and the jail sentence will probably be the turning point in unionism in America. The sentence is bound to make the unions revolutionary.

The Two Bulls

Once there was a bull who broke into a china shop. He raised future punishment generally and impressed the tyrant man with the fact the spirit of rebellion had by no means died out in the bovine race. The next place where that bull figured was in the slaughterhouse. Him, his fellows culled an impossibility and his fate was often cited as an example to young radicals against taking measures that were too revolutionary.

His brother was an Opportunist. Because he lacked the spirit of rebellion he dehorned him, and made an ox of him and compelled him to drag the plow. Year after year he toiled, always expecting better things to come about some time and in some way. How, or by what means, he knew not, and he was too scientific to predict. After he had borne the yoke in summer's heat and in winter's cold, and was bleary-eyed,

he returned to the earth.

When your present possessions? If you say "from fate" you are impious, and you do not recognize the Creator nor render thanks to the Giver. If you answer "from God" then tell me why you have received them? Is God so unjust as to distribute the necessities of life inequitably? Why are you rich and your neighbor poor? (Hom. in Luc., xii., 18.)

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FIRING LINE

J. J. Perry, of Edmonton, Alta., becomes a six monther.

A. F. Cobb sends in two halves from Okotoks, Alta.

Wm. Robinson of Poplar, Ont., brings in two yearlies.

From E. Farmer, Montreal, comes a halfer and two trials.

Harry Sibbe is to hand with a halfer from Vancouver, B. C.

From Dane, New Ont., comes a halfer for economic treatment.

D. A. McLean of Calgary shoots in a yearly and two halves and wants them to be well looked after.

From Isaac Parkin, B. C., come two yearlies. Our B. C. list is gaining stature with every week.

Geo. Penfold drops in on his weekly visit and leaves two half yearlies and five trials from Guelph.

H. H. Stuart of Newcastle, N. B., is to hand with a sub. The New Brunswick list is looking up.

S. Rebrag of Montreal has captured two yearlies who will take their medicine like veteran socialists.

Wm. Mushkat of Moncton, N. B., sends in a yearly and a halfer for careful attention by the Medicine Man.

E. Simpson of Edmonton sends in a yearly and a trial. The west is taking Cotton's all right.

A. J. Gordon of Lachine takes another bunch of sub-cards. They make his work much easier in getting subscribers.

Wm. Taylor of Winnipeg saunters in and leaves five yearlies, one halfer and seven trials for the circulation man to look after.

R. Clayton of Amherst, N. S., sends in a trial sub. Comrade Clayton says he likes the paper and takes it as his Sunday literature.

Send for a bundle of Cotton's occasionally, distributed among the members of your union, thereby bringing them into line.

Robert Wilson, England, writes in to change his address. Wants to see Cotton's get that ten thousand circulation.

The place to get subs is at propaganda meetings. A large number of those who attend would subscribe, if asked.

E. Biddlestone of Preston, Ont., renews his bundle order of ten for ten weeks. By that time the McClary ad will have expired and will not be renewed.

A. Lindley, of Creston, B. C., becomes a subscriber. He has enjoyed the sample copies he has received and wishes all success to the paper in its fight for the cause.

Have you, comrade, asked your neighbor to subscribe for Cotton's? If not, suppose you do so this very evening. It is personal work of this kind that counts.

The Berlin, Ont., fighters are swinging into action. The local renews its bundle of twenty-five copies and some of the members are going to get out and hustle for subs.

See here, boys! Go out some evening and see how many subs you can take for Cotton's. Try the game for once anyway. You may be surprised.

A. Broad, of Oshawa, Ont., conducts five trials to the mourners bench and asks Cotton's to wrestle with them for their economic enlightenment.

Remember, remember, always remember, that all your talk will prove of little value, if you don't clinch it by taking a subscription to a Socialist paper. Always bear that in mind.

The Editor brings back with him from Montreal one trial, four halves and a yearly. The Montreal office of Cotton's Weekly is being opened at 222 St. Lawrence Main Street where the Editor will be on Mondays.

W. Allen of Sydney Mines, N. S., takes a bundle of ten for ten weeks and also plunks down a dollar as he wants to be in the Bull's Eye Bunch of agitation Leaguers.

F. J. McNeely plunks down a yearly and five trials for Big Valley and Gopher Head, Alta., they will be tended to and nursed in the socialist faith.

William Watts of Rapid City, Man., sends in a second bunch of ten trials this week. Also encloses an extra dollar to pay for the next lot he sends in.

H. K. McInnis of Phoenix, B. C., takes a bundle of Cotton's for three weeks. B. C. elections must be fought and the British Columbia boys are of the fighting kind.

From Hopewell, Albert County, N. B., comes a list of names to be fed on Cotton's. The boys like the dear little paper and hope it will continue

to grow to the ten thousand mark and way beyond.

You have argued with that friend of yours long enough. Now, try Cotton's upon him. Book him down for a trial subscription and you won't need to argue with him much more.

From W. G. Ewing, Happyland, Sask., come three yearlies, a halfer and a trial. The doom of capitalism is swinging in Happyland to the rhythmic cadence of the socialist philosophy.

"Enclosed please find one dollar for one yearly, one half yearly and two trials and five copies to myself to make up the dollar." is the way Comrade Kernick of Sydney Mines sends in his order for dope.

N. Deskin, Sec. of the St. John, N. B. Local, sends along his sub. Says there were seventeen who signed for a charter and that Comrade Gribble sure woke them up. Says there is going to be hot times in St. John before long.

It is the old story of David and Goliath. Two little Socialist papers against 1500 capitalist papers. But we are equal to the job providing our readers keep handing us stones in the form of subs to sling at the brutal giant capitalism.

H. Gildemeister of the Okanagan, B. C. takes six hundred copies of this week's issue. The fight there has precedence as the boys of British Columbia are in the election grapple with capitalism. May they win out.

Mrs. J. Lavenne is the first to contribute to the fighting fund of the agitation league. Mrs. Comrade Lavenne is ill with fever in the hospital at Springfield but still she cannot resist the opportunity of helping to down the brute of capitalism.

William Watts turns up in Rapid City, Man., and captures ten trials. Comrade Watts is striking a clip of five hundred trial subs a year. All our readers struck that gait the sheet would have a circulation of over one hundred thousand readers in a year.

Papers of small circulation, no matter how ably edited, are no great power in the land. Give Cotton's the circulation of the Toronto Globe, and it will be a force that will drive terror into the hearts of the enemies of the working class.

J. E. Parsons sends in two trials from Niagara Falls, N. Y. The trial offer does not apply to the States, the postal rates preventing. A separate paper going to a distinct address costs one cent. Postage therefore for thirteen weeks would be thirteen cents.

Comrades who look after their local printing are requested to advertise Cotton's Weekly on all manifestos, song-sheets, leaflets, doggers, throw-away cards they get out. One should take every opportunity to urge upon the people to subscribe for Socialist periodicals.

Here is what the Monthly Bulletin of a Montreal Mission church has to say of the Montreal Socialists.

"They are great readers of German and other literature which has great sympathy for them. They are especially fond of Cotton's Weekly, a once decorous Eastern Township paper, which has taken on a pernicious, ranting mood."

S. Margulis changes his address from New Brunswick to Alberta. He writes as follows: "I supposed I would have an easier life here but it is the same for the workingman east or west, south or north. He has to work for others in every place. Open their eyes to make them understand the reasons of their sufferings."

James Stapley of Lindsay, Ont., sends along five halves. Ben Wilson stirred up the town when he was there and that Comrade Gribble is also a good man. Comrade Stapley has been in the fight for nine years, and means to stick to it till the socialists win out.

"Hoping that your ten thousand sub mark will soon be reached as we of Brookville Local will not be satisfied until we have over one thousand copies of your paper coming into our polling constituency." is the message that comes from Comrade L. S. Gruel, Secretary of Brookville Local.

Chas. W. Watson of Toronto forwards two trials. Says a mistake has been made as his paper bears the red label. All the labels are red whether the subscriber subscribes for himself or someone else subscribes for him. The sub hustlers are indexed here at the office on special cards. It would entail too much extra labor to divide the mailing lists into two branches of subscribers and subscribers-for.

The Brookville bunch of revolutionists have been out scaping the capitalist system. As a result Comrades Stewart, Wing, Grew, Lafflor, Rogers, Morrison and Whitehill come whooping into the wigwam driving before them as prisoners to the socialist idea forty-seven trials, seven halves and six yearlies. They are hitting the trail again and want be satisfied till Cotton's gets that ten thousand.

Chas. H. Lowthian sends in four yearlies from Elk Lake Ont. Tells the Editor to keep Desmond on the stump as he needs to be made to use his talents for the revolution. Comrade Lowthian reports as follows: "We are getting along fine here. It is a good sign to come across miners in the different mines reading Karl Marx and beside them Webster's unabridged dictionary. When the time comes the workers in this part of the country will be ready."

H. G. Ross, of Glace Bay, N. S., pays for a bundle and incidentally rolls into the office eight yearlies, three halves and four trials. The way the Cape Breton boys are hustling promises well for the eventual confiscation for the benefit of the workers of properties of the steel company and the coal companies. Let the labor thieves amalgamate their swag if they like. The revolutionaries are preparing to put an end to their labor thieving.

"Perhaps some of the comrades do not know where to look for subs. Go to the workers in the mills and mines

and factories, and on the farms. Let the scallied upper classes alone. The lawyers are the jackals of the labor thieves. The parsons are the intellectual prostitutes of the rich. Let them alone. Go after the men who are doing the useful work of the world. Get them roused and revolutionized. I rely for support, not upon the labor thieves nor their henchmen, but upon the men whom the labor thieves and their satellites enslave.

From Alberta comes five yearlies. The sender muffs his face till he strikes the wigwam. He lies low as the prospect of being forced to wander from place to place in search of a living for self and family does not appeal to him particularly as he has been warned by the doctor that such a course in his present state of ill-health would probably mean his exit from this sphere of mundane activities. Says Cotton's has a hard row to hoe. Not so hard when the firing line are all on the hunt to exterminate capitalist weeds in preparation for the socialist garden.

The following letter of appreciation has been received from Miss Emma Villard, Rexton, N. B. "I am the happy recipient of a prepaid subscription of your valuable weekly and assure you that I have become interested in it and the principles you advocate. The subject is one with which I have been wholly unacquainted, but concerning which I have not been without curiosity. I am glad I have become acquainted with your paper as it opens a way for me to find answers to a great many questions which have arisen in my mind."

A lot of refusals are coming in from various post offices. The postmasters write in that the paper has been refused. Later on we get letters asking why the paper is not sent. This is a new feature which has to be studied and met. Hitherto we have just removed the names from our lists and let it go. But we will have to fight back. A Roman Catholic postman in Ottawa in delivering the paper for the first time told the wife of the subscriber that she had to pay for it and that she had to sign a couple of places in his book and the wife did not take the paper. The postman put the paper down as it opened and the husband since had the paper re-sent to him. It does not take much for a capitalist minded post official to mark the paper "Refused."

HERE'S A PEACH

New Castel Nov 3-

to the editor of Cottons Weekly--will you kindly keep this paper for your self you might be short of a paper some time and I am not afraid of being short the end of us I make of that and I keep your paper a little longer or you may be like the Bishop you may hit your self in the face or some one else might hit you you will soon bring up with free speech if to me I don't consider them my friends of mine that could read such literature so don't send it again and oblige yours.

JOHN P. RYAN

New Castel N. B.

HURRAH FOR THE AGITATION LEAGUE!

The Agitation League has caught on, and we are able to announce that a start has been made on this important aid to Cotton's in spreading the truths of Socialism. Here are the starters in order:

1. W. R. Shier and R. Stroud, Toronto \$1.00

2. Mrs. J. Lavenne, Springfield, N. S.25

3. William Allen, Sydney Mines, N. S. \$1.00

4. R. Reichling, Montreal .. \$2.00

Total \$4.25

All comrades who want to aid in Propaganda Work, in new territory, should join the League at once. Keep the ball rolling, and the socialist news travelling.

The Time Has Come

Theltime has come when some fixed method of betterment for the here and now shall call the attention of those who are all the while singing lullabies and figuring out their quarters in the next life. There is a better sermon in a full stomach and a well clothed body than there is in a homily on the geography of the Summerland. Men for the most part live here while they continue to inhabit mortal bodies, and reason suggests that the better way to fit themselves for the future is by improving the present. The next room in the Father's House will be very much like the one we leave here, and if we want a clean room hereafter for ourselves let us not overlook the dirt in the corners of the room we now occupy. This dirt is composed not only of our own failings but the reflections of the failings of others. The duty, then, is plain, and it consists of removing first the dirt of our own engendering, and then strive earnestly to remove the colossal filth of the body politic. A sweatshop is dirt. A poorhouse is dirt. A charity organization is dirt. War is hell and we are all the while in this hell. All modes of commerce and exchange are war-masures. Guns and bombs are not the worst implements of warfare. A dollar is a worse missile than a million bullets, and the dollar is dirt. We preach brotherhood. Who are our brothers? There can be no brotherhood so long as the almighty dollar plays between men and the Almighty God. When amity rules among men God has been found. There is plenty to do. Cease prating and get to work. The sheep and the goats must be divided. [Light o' Truth.]

50c PER 100

A new Bundle Rate is now in force. You can get a bundle of one hundred Cotton's for 50c, and as many hundred as you like at the same rate. Nothing less than one hundred copies at this rate. Every local can surely take a hundred copies per week. Dirt cheap.

"THE BEGGAR"

By FRANCISCO FERRAR

I am powerful; I have accumulated great wealth, I have deeply studied all manner of ways to increase my fortune, sometimes by the feeble light of an oil lamp, sometimes by gas-light and at others under a brilliant electric luminant. I have scorched my eyebrows while making my calculations, and when counting in nightly solitude, my golden coin. My money, coming and going, circulated over the wide world, and has returned to me ever with added interest. I am old but I can wait for death with tranquility.

I have honors heaped upon me; I am a senator, magistrate, a minister. Blessed be God who has so rewarded my efforts! Away from me, beggar, and let me pass!

I have fought a hundred battles, and have watered fields with blood. The noise of my arms have filled nations with terror. I have put thousands of adversaries to the sword and have obscured the light of day with the smoke of my cannons.

I am old, but I can quietly wait for death. My country in thankfulness has decorated me with crosses, and rewards me with riches; I am a general, a king, an emperor.

Blessed be God, who has so blessed my endeavors.

Away from me, beggar, and let me pass.

I have read sacred literature, and at all hours have dedicated to the Lord my prayers and supplications. My house is the House of the Lord.

I have lifted up my voice in chants to the solemn sounds of the sonorous organ, amid richly-carved images and embroidered vestments, and my voice has resounded under the high arches of great cathedrals. I am old, and calmly wait for death.

The faithful, grateful for my prayers have presented me with copes adorned with brilliants, with chalices, marble palaces, and endless treasures. I am a bishop, a cardinal, a pope.

Blessed be God, who has so rewarded me!

Away from me, beggar, and let me pass.

I have descended to the depths of the earth to bring thee treasures that thou hast drawn toward thee by thy calculations, and hast circulated round the world; I have crushed the olives in the press to give thee oil to light thy lamps, and have extracted coal from deep mines to make thy gas; with coal thou hast produced steam to drive great engines that have whirled thee on thy travels, and have propelled thy ships over wide seas, bringing thy treasures and carrying thy manufacturers; I have bored through great mountains; and have levelled hills to please thee, and I have built thy bridges, made thy docks and harbours; I have robbed waterfalls of their power, to accumulate thy brilliant electric light in great dynamos; I have moulded and cast thy cannons, and tempered thy swords, which have given thee the victory; I have made harness for thy cavalry horses; from sandy wastes I have taken diamonds that adorn thy chalice; from the heart of the sea the corals that adorn thy vestments; with my axe I have felled trees from whose wood thy carver hath made thy saints; from quarries have I taken stone to build thy cathedrals, and on my broad shoulders have I carried the last carving to adorn the highest pinnacle of thy Gothic temples.

Miner, woodcutter, quarryman, labourer, have I been.

Without me, what of thy endeavours? The bit of thy bridge, the shoe of thy charger, the spur thou urgest him with, them have I given to thee.

Without me thy wooden saints would sleep in the depths of virgin forests, the proud arches of thy cathedrals in the heart of mountains thy golden chalices in the bowels of the earth; even thy sacred books thou owest to me, the parchments of the past, the printing press of the present.

I have given all to thee, and I have nothing.

I am old and cannot work. Will my dead body find a grave? I owe nothing to your God. He has not rewarded me.

Away from me ye powerful and let the beggar pass!

THE BUNDLE SQUAD

The following are recent additions to the Bundle Squad. They take a bundle every week.

John McKiernan, Ont. 10

E. Smith, Ont. 7

J. Bollen, Ont. 10

E. Biddlestone, Ont. 10

C. H. Lake, B. C. 5

W. E. Haddon, B. C. 10

J. R. Huntbach, Alta. 25

C. V. Hoar, Maine, U. S. A. 20

W. Allen, N. S. 10

Get enrolled in the Squad at once. Broadcast the "Light of Reason."

To Manitoba Readers

Would the readers of "Cotton's" in Manitoba, who think chances good for a successful propaganda meeting being held in their neighborhood, or would like to hear further of the movement kindly write to

EDMUND FULCHER

Organizer, 304, 21st St., Brandon, Man.

Men at present frequently live well and do no work. They can live well because they receive rent, interest and profit. Abolish rent, interest and profit and men will not be able to live idle lives.



BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH

Look how much "Black Knight" Stove Polish you get for 10c. None of your stinky little tins of fine powder (that must be mixed with water) or a hard cake (that must be scraped)—but a big generous tin of coal black paste, that is easily applied, and bursts into a brilliant, lasting shine after a few rubs. You certainly do get 10c. worth of the best stove polish, in the big 10c. cans of "Black Knight."

Send us 10c. for a large can postpaid if your dealer does not handle "Black Knight."

THE F. DALLEY CO. LIMITED, Hamilton, Ont. Makers of the famous "2 to 1" Shoe Polish.

PARTY NOTES

W. D. Haywood will lecture in Brockville, Ont., about the middle of the month.

Notice was given last week of a meeting to be addressed in Montreal on Sunday, Nov. 14th, by J. Stitt Wilson, M. A. The date has been changed to Sunday, Nov. 28th.

On the 29th of October last a propaganda meeting was held in the Town Hall, Cowansville. The speakers were Comrades St. Martin and Geo. Edward of Montreal and Gerald Desmond of Elk Lake, Ont. The editor presided, no local dignitary volunteering to conduct a socialist meeting. The local labor thieves stayed away for which I am thankful. About fifty of the wage slaves of the village attended and listened intently to the addresses. It was the first socialist meeting ever held in the Eastern Townships and the workers were much interested. Since the meeting the men have been discussing the question and are anxious for another meeting to be held.

Big Bill Haywood has been in Montreal talking socialism and industrial unionism. He gave the history of the Idaho outrage and the events that led up to it. His simple recital of the outrages committed by the U. S. troops upon the men and their wives made the blood run cold. The capitalist papers of Montreal, true to the interests of the masters, gave garbled accounts of Haywood's utterances. Haywood is doing a great work for the Canadian movement. If Bill's advice is listened to the Canadian workingmen will have the industrial robbers beaten to a frazzle in short order. Haywood left on the 8th for McAdam Junction and the Maritimes provinces in general. When he strikes Glace Bay there should be things doing in the labor movement. Bill is a fighter from the word go and knows the strength and the weakness of the socialist movement and the socialist tactics.

NAMES WANTED

Can any of you comrades suggest a good name for the Agitation League? Some bright, snappy title that will go home and which will make the comrades feel like hustling under? Here's a chance to shine? Write in what you think would be a good title. There is also wanted a name for the Bundle Brigade. These organizations of the Weekly need a name that will appeal to the Canadian branch of the international movement. All suggestions welcomed. Put them on a post card and send in right away. NOW.

Every nation feels the rumbling of the coming change of power. If the master class recognize the inevitable the proletariat will rise by peaceful means. If the master class make up their minds to squat on the safety valve the impact of the rising social forces will blow them to smithereens.

The capitalist press is reporting a great revival of prosperity. Stocks are going up. Trade is good. In the mean time Norman Hubert of Toronto suicided in Pittsburgh. He was twenty-two years of age and out of work.

Prostitution is a byproduct of the capitalist system.

Father Morrissey's "No. 10" (Lung Tonic) Saved His Life

Mr. Jno. Aylward, of Campbellton, N.B., writes on Feb. 5th, 1907, telling of his narrow escape from death:

"During the winter of 1907, while travelling on the Caspe Coast, I contracted a severe cold which settled upon my lungs."

After I returned home I wrote to Father Morrissey explaining my case. I received a letter from him with a prescription for his medicine, which could not be filled at the time here. After one week's delay I received it just in the nick of time to save my life. After one month's use I felt like a new man."

Father Morrissey's remedies are now on sale throughout Eastern Canada so that you can get "No. 10" when you need it. But it is even better to keep a bottle in the house, ready for instant use the minute you or your children show signs of a cold of any kind.

Taken at once, "No. 10" breaks up the cold quickly, and saves many a severe illness.

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

At your dealer's.

FATHER MORRISSEY MEDICINE CO. LTD., Chatham, N.B.



REVEREND FATHER MORRISSEY

ORGANIZATION

There are two sides of the socialist movement. There is the destructive and there is the constructive. At the present time the socialists are engaged in a destructive criticism of the capitalist system. The class struggle is on and the capitalists have the political power. That power must be captured. In the struggle for power there is apt to be chaos. When the French people were winning their political liberties against king and nobles, the terrible period of the French revolution had to be undergone. When the Southern States were being forced to free their slaves there was the terrible Civil War. In the same way, in the fight of labor against capital, this Canada of ours may see enacted scenes of violence that will rival those of the Civil War. Laurier and Borden and the labor thieves see the light approaching and they want to entrench themselves against the industrial freedom of the working classes, while yet there is time. Hence, the navy and army schemes.

To the men and women whose minds are bound down by the little present, a temporary disturbance appears to be permanent. The storm period into which Canada is now entering will pass away. But men and women will shrink from it and will declare that socialists and unionists are attempting to tear down the structure of society and give nothing in its place. They cry that socialism is purely destructive in the same way that the Southern planters cried against the Northern abolitionists. But beyond the temporary disturbance will come the vaster, freer organization of the socialist commonwealth. The pernicious activities of the men who now run the industry of Canada, its finances and its political organizations, must be stopped.

What is good in those organizations will be continued. Van Horne and Brodeur, McGibbon and the other men who now bend their activities to the enslaving of the workers, and to the enrichment of the labor thieves, will be drafted into useful employment if they will be content to devote their energies to the welfare of the commonwealth at laborer's pay. If they object, they will be sent to the work-house as vagabonds along with the lazy and the unfit. Or a poor farm may be set apart where these gentlemen can labor to grow rich by skinning each other.

The above is the destructive side of socialism. Socialism has its constructive side. The constructive side is the organization of industry on the co-operative basis to produce the things needed by the individuals of the nation with the least possible expenditure of energy. There are many organizations under capitalism which are now developing for the benefit of the labor thieves. These organizations will be a most valuable asset. The statistics prepared by the office slaves for the plunderers will be very useful for the industrial commissions of the workers. Socialism does not aim at the destruction of the capitalist organizations, but their expropriation for the benefit of the workers. At one time, the idea of insurance against death was laughed at. It was thought impossible to so frame a policy as to be able to carry on insurance as a business. Slowly, and with labor the office slaves of the big insurance companies have compiled actuarial tables. These tables give the average duration of the life of a person in the various trades. These actuarial tables will be very useful in computing universal old age pensions under the socialist regime. The intellectual office slaves, driven by the hunger lash, have compiled much valuable information with regard to railways. This work has been done at the command of the labor thieves of the Canadian railway systems. This information will be of great value to the Socialist regime. Socialism does not aim at destroying this information, but it aims at using it for the benefit of the workers. Socialism will not smash the organizations of the C. P. R. system. It will expropriate that system from the labor thieves.

Sydney Webb, the English socialist, considers that we can only begin to build the foundation of the co-operative commonwealth after the smashing of the present system. This is undoubtedly true to a great extent. Yet every little while a new development of capitalism makes easier the road for the constructive statesmanship of the future socialist commissioners. I will just note one of these recent developments. Under socialism the standard of reward will be the labor hour. The average productivity of each hour's work in the various trades will have to be discovered and tabulated before the labor hour can be adopted. Capitalism is doing this work even now. On October 15th, 19th, and 20th, 1909, there was held in the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, the first International Printing Costs Congress. This Congress was called in order that the labor thieves in the printing industry might discover the average cost of printing per labor hour of the employees. This work would have to be done by socialist tabulators if it were not done in the interest of the capitalist before the capitalist system is smashed.

The following are the recommendations of the Congress. Capitalism, it is evident, is preparing the organization and the tabulated information for the future socialist state. I would advise socialists to study closely the following recommendations as they show how industry is being organized and the way prepared for the determining of the actual labor cost of production together with the necessary allowance for the replacement of the machinery of production.

1. For the purpose of arriving at the cost of production of printing, we recommend that the standard unit of product shall be the hour in the several departments.

2. That the standard hour cost shall be the gross cost, namely, la-

bor, plus all overhead expense, department and office.

3. That the standard method of caring for the overhead expenses shall be a charge direct to each department of all necessary items and to distribute office or general overhead expense on the basis of total department costs, including pay-roll.

4. "A" That stock handling, storage and shipping shall be kept as a separate department or departments and may be included as an item of the general overhead to the end that same be included in gross cost of mechanical department "B" That to cover cost of handling stock it is suggested that a minimum of 10 per cent. be added to the delivered price at the plant. Profit to be added to this amount.

5. That the standard rate of depreciation on standard machines to be charged to cost of production shall be 10 per cent. annually of original price.

6. That the standard rate of depreciation on type stands, chases, stones, etc. shall be 10 per cent. per annum of their original cost.

8. That the standard rate to be charged off for bad debts shall be 1 per cent. of volume of yearly sales.

9. That in the operation of a printing plant at its average capacity, a minimum profit be 25 per cent. added to the cost of production.

(Here is where the labor thieves get in their fine work.)

10. That the standard terms of sale of the printers' product shall be 30 days net, payable on the 10th day of the month following purchase.

11. That in cylinder presswork ink could be charged as a separate item and not included in the cost per hour of the press.

12. As a requisite for determining costs we endorse and deem necessary the use of an efficient loose leaf inventory system.

13. Experience has demonstrated that inventories for insurance adjustments by appraisal companies have proven most satisfactory.

14. We further recommend that the proceedings of this Congress be printed and distributed to the delegates in attendance at this meeting and such other printers as the Commission may deem wise.

15. We recommend that this body direct the permanent Commission to proceed at once to the preparation of an International Uniform Cost System.

As a means of assisting the Commission all those having cost systems are requested to forward them to the Secretary of the Commission, No. 1327 Monastnock Block, Chicago.

16. We recommend that this Commission be empowered to raise the necessary funds to defray expenses and that a voluntary subscription of ten dollars to be taken from all firms represented at this Congress.

The Dead Level

I have seen men trained to go through many maneuvers at the motion of one man or at the sound of a horn, like so many mechanical figures. They would kill friend or foe at the motion of the controlling mind. They dare not think or act of their own volition. All the noble impulses of nature, all the higher attributes of man had by training, been subdued. I had no idea that any other animal could be reduced to the small mental level, but I saw at a circus two tigers hitched to a chariot on which was mounted a lion with a crown on his head and a purple robe over his shoulders, followed by two dogs as footmen. It was so much like man. So like the world's history. The great audience cheered as it recognized its likeness. The laboring millions have created all the wealth of the world, all its houses, shops, machinery, food, clothing and amusements, which they lay at the feet of the capitalist class, and then famish in the sight of plenty. They build thrones, set up a drone in it, crown him, furnish him with servants, and then bow down to him in abject submission. Corporations have been enthroned in this country, and at their feet are laid the productions of all labor while many people moan in misery and woe of want. Trained animals. Poor deluded mechanisms. Hypnotized from childhood by seeing these things, it is so hard to break the spell that enslaves them. How sad to think that men have never been trained to know their rights, and do good and noble deeds, instead of bad and ignoble ones.

C. R. FREA

Some Interesting Quotation

Lord Roseberry—"The battle between the have's and the have not's is now on: What the result will be I do not care to predict."

Mark Hanna—"By 1912 the issue in the United States will be between Socialism on the one hand and Capitalism on the other. This fight between the privileged few and the disinherited many holds within its womb the greatest revolution that has ever yet convulsed civilized society."

Colonel Harvey (editor "North American Review")—"The time has now come when no man deserves to be called intelligent who neglects to inform himself regarding the Socialist movement."

Prof. J. H. Moore (p. 109 "The Universal Kinship")—"The only proper attitude to assume towards this growing Socialist movement is the attitude of perfect willingness to investigate its claims."

Archbishop Vaughan (London, England)—"The leaders of Socialism today are for the most part clever and honest men, who fight a severe and profitless battle against great odds, and for the sake of humanity and truth."

Professor Flint (University of Edinburgh)—"Socialism is undoubtedly spreading. It is therefore right and expedient that its teachings, its aims, its tendencies, its accusations and promises, should be honestly and seriously examined."

The multimillionaire has grown at the expense of the community.

THE PROPAGANDISTS' FORUM

Conducted by W. R. Shier

SOCIALIST DEBATING CLUBS

Comrades eager to acquire skill in public speaking and to carry on the propaganda at the same time might do as two law students have done in Toronto. These fellows got together one night, discussed ways and means of learning to speak in public, hit upon the idea of starting a debating club of their own, secured the addresses of various literary societies throughout the city, sent letters to them challenging them to debate, and in this way have won for themselves opportunities that would not otherwise have come their way. They usually arrange to debate at the rooms of the society that accept their challenge. Failing that, they use their own parlors. As there are only two of them in the club, they get their friends to turn out in force, thus concealing the size of their club with the high sounding name.

There is no reason why this same scheme could not be worked by Socialists everywhere.

A note to the secretary of this or that club, containing a formal challenge to debate, and specifying that you are prepared to defend the Socialist, Trade Union, peace and other progressive movements, is all that is required.

Following are a few subjects that would lend themselves readily to this purpose.

Resolved, that the nation should own the trusts.

Resolved, that the state should guarantee every adult steady and remunerative employment.

Resolved, that Socialism, even though feasible, is not desirable.

Resolved, that the competitive wage system is responsible for the great evils of child labor, unemployment, crime, intemperance, wars, etc.

Resolved, that the Socialist movement merits support.

Resolved, that the present industrial system is based on principles incompatible with the teachings of Christianity.

As the debating season is already opened, comrades should lose no time acting upon this suggestion.

THE PROPAGANDA PRESS

Large numbers of people who are not in the habit of reading books are fond of reading papers.

If books and pamphlets are loaned or given to such persons, they are often not lay them aside without perusal.

But if a socialist paper is placed in their hands, they will glance through it, read articles here and there and in all probability become interested in the movement.

Comrades would do well to order bundles of copies of Cotton's and place them in the hands of persons they meet here, there and everywhere.

Silent work like this counts.

WHAT COMRADES ARE DOING

A comrade in Toronto has frequently had short letters in the capitalist press correcting mistakes about socialism. He has also had articles published in magazines and papers relating to the socialist movement.

Another comrade makes a practise of writing clergymen asking them questions about socialism and requesting that they answer them from the pulpit.

One of our readers devotes one night a week securing subscribers to COTTON'S WEEKLY.

Another of our friends sends occasionally for a bundle and distributes some among the members of his union.

Let us know what you are doing.

PROMOTE DISCUSSION

Lay up a stock of postcards. Write to magazines and newspapers everywhere requesting information regarding the socialist movement. Tell them that your neighbors are discussing the subject and that you would like an article or two describing the growth of this movement, its meaning and its possibilities. Ask them to define the difference between Socialism and Anarchism. Ask them whether it is making much headway in Canada. Ask them all kinds of questions. Stimulate discussion. And watch for results.

Write a Postcard

Will each reader of COTTON'S WEEKLY write a postcard to the Canadian Magazine, Toronto, Canada asking the editor to secure an article or two on Socialism.

SUNDAY SERVICE

By the Rev. J. Drew Roberts

[The "Morning Post," on the Church Congress Socialist debate, says: "It would have been easier and more popular to denounce all Socialists as Atheists."]

It was the Sunday morning service at 11 a.m. at St. Philomena's, London, W., on May 11th. The church was fairly full. The majority of the men and women, by their looks, belonged evidently to that great support of the Church of England—the Upper Middle Class. There were about four women to every one man present. There were two clerics in their stalls. They had clean white surplices and Oxford University M.A. hoods. The older clergyman had finely cut features and white hair. His eyes were quite sad, as if he had no belief in what was going on. The paid choir sang with well-trained voices. "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the House of the Lord." An air of decency and of

quiet repression of all feeling possessed the well-dressed, healthy-looking and clean congregation.

There was a tall Englishman in the third row of the rented seats in the nave. His black frock coat fitted over his broad shoulders and straight back perfectly. His collar and cuffs were perfectly clean. His well cared for hand held a Prayer Book. But all the time he was thinking of a woman whom he kept. She was very expensive, and he was getting tired of her; and he wanted now to break the connection off without any further trouble or expense. He was going to supper with her that Sunday night; and now, with his eyes fixed on his Prayer Book and his brown, healthy, and good-looking features composed to a serious look, he was wondering what he should say to her. His wife was next to him in the same pew. She was tall and slight, and held herself with an air of distinction which she much valued. Her features were thin and her mouth was hard. Her eyes were cold. She knew quite well that the man to whom she was married by the Church of England service was unfaithful to her. The servants in the house and some of her friends knew that too. But her face was composed and proud as she followed the service, and no one would have guessed how much she suffered.

Near them was a young man in a tweed suit. He was short and strong. One hand dived deeply into his right hand trousers' pocket and the other held a Prayer Book. But he did not look at it. He was looking steadily at a girl in the side aisle, where no cent was paid for seats and where the poorer people were allowed to sit. She was quite conscious of his gaze, and bent her head lower over her book. Now and then she looked up sideways at him. She was not dressed like most of the women in the paid seats, and did not hold herself so straight. She worked in a large drapery shop in Fulham, and knew the young man in a tweed suit.

Half way down the rented seats in the nave, on the outside, stood a bald-headed man. His Prayer Book lay on the polished oaken shelf of the pew, and his fat white hands were folded so as to show a large golden signet ring upon one. His head was held well up, and the folds of his thick neck protruded over his collar. He was a churchwarden, but he was not thinking just then about the church. He was thinking of the company of which he was a director. The company, i.e., the workers, made a useful chemical substance, and the churchwarden's investment had been paid back nearly twice over in dividends during the last nine years. But the Government inspectors insisted on alterations in the works that would cost a good deal of money. The fact was that the death rate among his workers was very high. Now, he reflected, he is to sell out, or, in view of better times, hold on for a few more years? The alterations could not be put off any longer without a public scandal. So he reflected steadily what would be the most profitable course.

Two old ladies near, dressed in black, listened to the singing with mixed feelings of devotion and weariness. Many of the congregation felt a confused sensation of dullness and piety. But they all wore a steady expression of seriousness.

The choir sang, "Our soul is filled with the scornful reproof of the wealthy and with the despatchfulness of the proud;" and the rich, well-dressed, and healthy congregation joined in the singing in a subdued voice.

—THE NEW AGE

Some Sayings of Big Bill Haywood

Political action is not necessarily ballot box action.

The historical mission of the capitalist is to abolish himself.

Montreal is a city of churches. It would be better for the workers of Montreal were all the steeples sawn off and the churches turned into modern schools.

A detective is a creature so vile and low that when he dies and goes below he will have to get a ladder to climb into hell.

Times are prosperous. So say the plutocrats. There are more automobiles and there are more signs of ostentatious luxury among men and women who live off the work of others. In the mean time a homeless old man, Robert Irwin, sixty or seventy years of age, hung himself in Peterboro, Ont.

It will serve Laurier right if the French Canadians who backed him against the rest of Canada should turn on him and cast him into political oblivion. The French Canadians are lovers of peace. They will not follow Laurier along the gory road of militarism.

Times are good. The wealthy labor thieves are enjoying themselves and are looking forward to a joyous Christmas time. In the meantime the socialists of Montreal are laying their campaign to make the city authorities look after the starving unemployed who are commencing to suffer.

Throughout the ages the workers have been oppressed and abused and robbed. And religion has been used to enslave the minds of the workers and make them obedient to the desires of the master class.

The times are fine for the labor thieves. By so much are the times worse for the working classes.

SUB PRICE OF COTTON'S

One Year, 52 copies 50c
Six Months, 26 copies 25c
Three Months Trial, 13 copies 10c

WOMAN'S COLUMN

Motherhood and Socialism

MARY COTTON WISDOM

There is something wrong somewhere with our present method of dividing household work.

I have a theory all my own, I say all my own because I have heard no other woman advance the same theory.

But as it is a theory which believes in the honoring of motherhood, doubtless many a mother besides myself has held the same opinion about the matter. Be it as it may, of this I am sure, that we mothers have a pretty hard time of it as a general rule. To us is given the care of the house, the children, the marketing, the sewing and the thousand and one other duties which go to make up the sum-total of a home. As a result we grow wrinkled and worn with much serving. We lose our youth and beauty and grey hairs come long before their time.

This is not as it should be. Men are demanding an eight hour working-day. They consider it a great hardship if they are compelled to work ten or twelve hours each day. What about us women? Many a mother rises at six in the morning and works till nine or ten at night which makes a sixteen hour days work. In addition to this, she has the care of a teething baby during the night.

Does anyone rise and demand an eight hour day's work for the mothers of the land? Did they do so, I can truthfully say that many husbands would have to be content with a cold bite on the pantry shelf, wear undarned socks and unwashed linen.

An eight hour working-day for men is all very well, but (instead of spending so much time discussing their own woes) they should pitch in after their day's work and help their wives.

This I know will not be very interesting reading for the average man, but if he is honest with himself, he will know that he has worked no harder and no longer according to his strength than has his wife.

If, instead of going to his lodge, or his club or his union, or wherever it is that he goes, to berate his employers, he should help his wife finish the weeks wash or scrub the kitchen floor or put the children to bed, his time would be spent to far better use.

However, to return to my theory about which I began to write. I believe when socialism comes into force, and things in general are produced for use and not for profit as at present, a very pleasant time will be ushered in for us mothers.

We will have then the honor which is our just due. When the co-operative commonwealth arrives, and the vast armies of the unemployed are put to profitable work, when no work is done for private gain, but simply to provide food and clothing and homes for us all many willing hands will make light the labor of the world's work. Then will come to pass the time about which I have my theory, for we mothers will have an easy time of it.

Bearing children is in itself work enough for any woman; she should be exempt from all physical labor.

Each woman who gives her body a living sacrifice to bring forth children to make future citizens, should be pensioned to enable her to pay for any manual labor which may be needed in her home. Each child should be pensioned so that its care and education will not be an added burden to the mother.

Then indeed will motherhood be a joy to the mother, for she can have rest and care given her. Instead of, as she does to-day, drudging at unjust burdens, she will be strong and vigorous and able to bring forth children even in old age.

In truth as King David sang, "A joyful mother of children."

To The States

To the States or any one of them, or any city of the States:

Resist much, obey little.

Once unquestioning obedience, once fully enslaved.

Once fully enslaved, no nation, state, city of this earth, ever afterward resumes its liberty.

—WALT WHITMAN.

Pass It On

Pass this paper on to somebody else.

There is too much educational matter herein to allow of it being thrown away.

Socialist literature should never be burned. It should be kept circulating.

Make a practise of handing the Socialist papers you receive onto your most intelligent acquaintances.

The White Plague

Fifty days till Christmas! During that time about 500 people will die in Toronto of tuberculosis. If it were stated that 500 horses would die of glanders or 500 logs of cholera, the government would have an army of men at work. It is only people who are going to die of this preventable disease.—Toronto World.

In opposition Laurier declared: "It is robbery to take money from one man and give it to another." In power Laurier has done all in his power to have Canada throttled by the labor thieves.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

All subs received up to Monday night go in this week's issue. Those received after, will go on next week. This is unavoidable as subs must be entered and put in type in a systematic manner.

HER DEATH WAS HOURLY EXPECTED

Enterprise, Ont., Oct. 1st, 1908. "For seven years I suffered with what physicians called a 'Water Tumor.' I could neither sit, stand, nor lie down. Hypodermics of morphia had to be given me to ease the pain.



MRS. JAMES FENWICK

My cure seemed hopeless, and my friends hourly expected my death. It was so bad that I wanted to die, and it was during one of these very bad spells that a family friend brought a box of "Fruit-a-tives" to the house. After much persuasion I commenced to take them, but I was so bad that it was 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."

(Signed) MRS. JAMES FENWICK.

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box—6 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25c, or sent post-paid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Advantages of Civilization

Go to the monkey, thou voter! Consider his ways and be wise. Do the monkeys pay ground rent to descendants of the first old ape who discovered the valley where the monkeys live? Do they hire the trees from the chimpanzee who first found the forest? Do they buy the cocoanuts from the great-great-grandchildren of the gorilla who invented the way to crack them? Do they allow two or three monkeys to form a corporation and obtain control of all the paths that lead through the woods? Do they permit some smart young monkeys with superior business ability to claim all the springs of water in the forest as their own, because of some alleged bargain made by their ancestors five hundred years ago? Do they allow a small gang of monkey lawyers to so tangle up their conceptions of ownership that a few will obtain possession of everything?

Do they appoint a few monkeys to govern them, and then allow those appointed monkeys to rob the tribe and mismanage all its affairs? Do they build up a monkey city and then hand over the land, and the paths, and the trees, and the springs, and the fruits to a few monkeys who sat on a log and chattered while all the work was going on?

No my friend, monkeys have a wiser system of municipal government than that. Although Kipling speaks of them in his jungle books as "the people who have no law," yet they have laws enough to prevent the private ownership of public franchises. If Prof. Garner, who claims to have learned forty words of the monkey language, were to escort some reflective chimpanzee around one of our cities, the professor would find it difficult to explain some of the manners and customs of a civilized nation. The chimpanzee would be amazed to see a \$500,000 house, with forty rooms, contain only a millionaire and his wife and ten servants, while a \$10,000 tenement, with twenty rooms, contained forty people and no servants.

He would be still further astounded to see the warehouse district, where an abundance of everything was stored, close to the slum district, where the people lacked the bare necessities of life. He would be shocked to see an entire street system, with hundreds of miles of tracks, thousands of cars and employees, carrying millions of passengers every year, absolutely owned and controlled by three or four men who never built a car or drove a spike.

But when the professor would explain to him that nine-tenths of the people in the city were quite content to endure such evils, and, in fact, grew angry with any one who proposed to remove them, the chimpanzee would say: "Take me back to the forest and may the good spirit deliver us from civilization."

There are over eighty thousand prostitutes in the city of London. These women would have made good mothers if they had had half a chance. Socialism does not destroy the homes. It is capitalism that does the trick.

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