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EMPEROR WORSHIP

One of the noble lords of Great Britain, I believe Roseberry, declared that civilization was "rattling back into barbarism."

This is seen in the cult of emperor worship, which the master class of the British empire is so sedulously cultivating.

In the decadent days of the Roman Empire the old faiths were dying or dead. Nevertheless marvelous temples were maintained and sumptuous priests were paid to uphold the unbelieved pagan faiths as subsidiary to the great emperor worship which became the official religion of the Roman state.

He who sat upon the throne of the Caesars at Rome was worshipped as a God incarnate. Whether a conquering Hadrian, a mad Caligula or a degenerate Heliogabalus, the people of Spain, Egypt, Syria, were bound to erect altars to him. The Jews of Alexandria got themselves into serious trouble for refusing to erect an altar in their synagogue to Caligula.

Today emperor worship is again being put into practice. The publicity agents of the master class are attempting to make King George a god.

Have you not noticed how the qualities of the king are being exalted? The king does that, the king thinks that, the king feels that. The king feels that.

Says a press despatch, "The king has strong feelings on the suffrage question, and deprecates the wave of violence which has swept over the country at intervals for the past two years."

Another press despatch tells how the king and queen visited the pottery district of Staffordshire. This pottery district is a hell upon earth. Wages are low. The region is desolate. Vegetation is killed by the fumes. Says a press despatch, "The king and queen won the hearts of the simple pottery people, doing much to wipe out the discontent among their humblest subjects."

When the king visits a place like the potteries or a textile mill, the wage slaves are commanded to wear their best clothes—though the king would not consider them very good. The sweat pens are cleaned up. The king goes through. And after the glory passage, the old dirt and grime and sweat resume their sway.

In the days of the degenerate Roman empire, criticism of the ruler was first stifled, then a reputation as a superman was created for him, then he was raised into the ranks of the gods. Today criticism of the king is being stifled as much as possible, and a reputation is being created for him of superman. The next step will be to introduce emperor worship—pure and simple.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

How joyfully the reformer works for municipal ownership. How willingly he goes forth to battle for the city to take over the street railway service by borrowing millions of dollars for the purpose and paying interest on the same.

He tells you that municipalization is Socialism, and it grieves his little soul when the class conscious reds do not show enthusiasm.

Port Arthur, Ont., has been a shining example. Some simple Socialist papers of the U. S. have been pointing to Port Arthur as a worthy example to be followed.

Port Arthur is a terminal city. At the head of the great lakes, the transportation companies change from land to water. Grain pours through Port Arthur. The master class hire many slaves for a daily wage. Hence the city has taken over the street car system in order to have cheap fares for the slaves traveling to and from their work so that the slaves could live on a little less wages.

The street car system is run by wage slaves who also get a daily wage. Owing to the high cost of living, these workers demanded more pay. The city would not pay it. The men struck.

At once the workers found that under capitalism there was no difference between municipal ownership and private ownership. The city imported strike breakers to operate the cars, the police were called out to protect the scabs and arrest the strikers who resented the importation of scabs. A slave was shot by the police in their official capacity as protectors of unearned revenues. The professional strikebreakers insisted on collecting all the fares for themselves, saying this "as customary."

As long as capitalism controls the powers of the state, the workers will be in slavery. When the workers capture the public powers through political action, it will matter little whether the means of production and distribution are publicly or privately owned. For the workers will proceed to restate to their class the means of wealth production which their labor has created, and which the capitalists stole by means of the laws they had their political henchmen make in the law making bodies.

Conditions under capitalism compel the policeman to carry a gun and a billy. Under Socialism most of the police and all the guns and billys will not be needed. The co-operative commonwealth will supply no need for their existence. They will vanish with the host of other unnecessary evils.

THE BLUE SKY LAW

The "Blue Sky Law" is spreading rapidly in the U. S. It has been adopted in thirteen states. This law originated in Kansas, and requires that all stocks and bonds sold in the state must be approved by the state authorities. These investigate the company in question, examine its prospects and dividend-paying power, and if satisfied, they allow the company to market its securities. Such a law effectually stops the schemes of a get-rich-quick Wallingford.

The law is a purely capitalist reform. It but renders the workings of the capitalist system more perfect. It does not hinder in any way the fundamental injustice of modern society.

The workers produce all the wealth. The non-producing owners get in the form of rent, interest and profit, what the working class produce beyond the living expenses of the producers. This surplus wealth stolen from the workers goes largely now in the form of interest on bonds and dividends on stock.

All the Blue Sky law enacts is that companies to have the right of selling their stocks and bonds, must employ slaves, rob them of the surplus values they create, and honestly hand them over to the parasite holders of the stocks and bonds.

Socialism aims at the abolition of all such unearned revenues.

In the Montreal Witness of May 14th is an article headed, "What attracts Montreal men to Nova Scotia?" Maritime Province would like to know. The reason is plain. Nova Scotia is as yet largely agricultural. Of course in the mining and steel regions the exploitation of the wage workers is fierce. In other regions the exploitation is comparatively mild. Montreal gentlemen enjoy the revenues flowing from the poverty, long hours and hard toil of the Nova Scotia steel and coal areas. They want more. Hence they go to Nova Scotia and look over other regions where exploitation is mild. Their idea is to buy up such regions for a low figure, introduce harsh slavery, and make millions like they have made already in other areas of Nova Scotia from just such tactics. They are capitalists, and when they come the foolish people will rejoice because "capital will be invested" in their midst. Their rejoicing is like the rejoicing of slaves when a harsher taskmaster comes.

SOLOMON REVISED.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business; he shall soon be bust, for the trust will brook no effective competition.

Joy will come in the Socialist morning.

Thanks be to the agitator, and the rotten conditions, discontent is abroad in the land.

The capitalist class do not like the Socialists. Neither do the Southern slave holders like the abolitionists.

The victims of capitalism crowd the poorhouses, the cemeteries, the hospitals and the jails.

When you nail a liar in the midst of a lie he gets mad. This explains why capitalist henchmen get mad when you talk about Socialism.

"60,000 dyspeptics in Winnipeg," says a patent medicine ad. What can you expect when the food of the people is sold for profit and the worst stuff is palmed off on the people the more the sellers make.

Capitalism performs the dance of death on the platform of hell, while it laughs at the tears of the women, the pleadings of the men and the pitiful cries of children who are its unfortunate victims.—W. S. Morgan.

The plutes take about \$500 per year out of every wage worker in Canada. In four years they take \$2,000 out of him. Then they go and offer the worker a few dollars for his vote, and quite frequently get it. This is a paying proposition for the plutes.

"Brains have to be rewarded," is a common expression. A good system brings good brains to the top. A bad system brings slimy brains to the top. The present system is the process of the slimy brains get the rewards. Why not change the system?

Why do the workers vote for the two old political parties when they know that every important move these old parties make is directed by high financial interests? Do the workers imagine Borden or Laurier will ever bear them in mind when the draft out laws for Canadians to grand style. When the pesky Socialist shows him up, the respectable thief says that Socialism is immoral as it will break up the palatial homes of those who live by the labor of others.

The Fabian Society of England is endeavoring to take a census of the square men of the British Isles. The square men are those who cannot get a job and so are forced to stay at home doing women's work, while the wife goes out as a wage slave to earn the family bread. The square men are increasing rapidly in Britain. The employers want women help because they are cheaper, and the men in many lines are being thrown out of employment. This is the result of the present system of employment.

"Peace Sunday" was observed in Canada and the United States on May 18 in all the important churches, whatever that may mean. A whole raft of hypocrites who attended church and prayed for peace will vote for Borden and Laurier who are willing to spend enormous sums on battleships and war munitions to slaughter and maim inoffensive workers of other nations. "Peace Sunday" or "peace" any other day under the British flag is a joke.

It is a known fact that men can do as much work in eight hours as they can in ten. The man who works ten hours wastes two hours of that time. It would pay the employers to introduce the eight hour day. They would save on power, on the wear and tear of machinery, and in many other ways. They will not introduce the eight hour day unless they are compelled to. They know that if the slaves have the eight hour day, they will be reaching for the six hour day. So the employers keep the slaves fighting for the eight hour day, hoping thus to prolong the rule of the capitalist class.

Members of the Port Hope hospital board had a battle royal and mugged each other up considerably. The capitalist press says the occurrence is much to be regretted, and as usual in such instances, omits to give the name of the participants. But had it been Bill Sykes, the toiler, and some more of his class who indulged in a little skirmish, they would have all been landed in a lousy police station and brought before a ferocious magistrate, who would glare and frown and browbeat the unlucky workers till the cold shivers ran up their crowns. And the capitalist press would have advertised the affair under glaring headlines far and wide.

Crowned heads lie uneasy these days. Notice the worried look on the face of Kaiser Bill, of King George, and all the rest of the big fellows who draw enormous unearned revenues from the capitalist system for acting as their representatives. They worry for fear of losing these revenues and having to join the ranks of the useful producers. The growth of Socialism in Germany is said to cause Kaiser Bill many anxious moments, and he prophesies that his job will be abolished in fifty years. The Socialists are also in the prophetic game, and tell Bill that his name will be Dennis in less than ten years.

Everybody's doing it. Doing what?—Studying Socialism.

The masses are not content. They will not be content till capitalism is abolished.

Be just. Be just to yourself and your fellow workers of the world (not the empire).

The idler who lives on the efforts of others is a criminal, and should be treated as such.

Socialists are out to see that the worker gets the full social value of what he produces.

The workers are supposed to be happy and contented living under conditions which, were the idle capitalists compelled to undergo, they would probably commit suicide.

Do not say that you have not the time to devote to the study of Socialism. You may as well say that you have no time to eat good food, wear good clothes, or live in a good house.

The day when "anything is good enough for the working class" has passed. The workers want better living conditions, they want the full social value of what they produce, and they are going to have it.

If you think that your boss is entitled to four-fifths of what you produce, why don't you give it all to him? The reason that allows him that much of your labor as his share should certainly provide that he take it all.

When the rich man's idle son takes a trowel and learns how to lay a wall of brick, or performs some other useful piece of work, then, and not till then, will Socialists recognize him as anything else than a useless parasite.

The "big" lawyer cannot be a friend of the working class. He has no look to the moneyed class for his large revenues. He has no time for the wage slave. The combination of a capitalist lawyer and a capitalist judge has put many an honest worker behind the bars.

Why don't the workers ride in the Pullmans? They built them, and made the rails and laid the roadbed they ride over. The workers have been too generous in the past. They have given the greater share of their earnings to the masters. That is the reason the plute rides in the Pullman and the workers "bum the trucks."

In Patterson, N. J., forty-three strikers were sent to jail for five days for "loitering" near the big mills against which they were striking. That is what the judges call picketing. The laws are so made by capitalists that the slaves can be caught in a dozen different ways when their masters want them twined in the meshes of the law.

Trades unionism demands a fair share of the results of their efforts, and better working conditions. Socialists believe in all this—and then some. They want the full social value of everything they create. They will not stand for any man, anywhere, taking any kind of a rake-off from the jack-pot of labor.

Hon. Geo. E. Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce, has been in Australia trying to drum up trade for Canada. Speaking in Sydney, he declared, "You do not show yourselves and your land enough to the Old Country. People your land with strong, virile, robust men." This sounds eloquent coming from a henchman of the labor skinner. Foster did not add, as he readily could have, "For under the capitalist system the strong, virile, robust men will be good slaves producing more surplus values to support your slave owners. If they be honest in our sense, they will submit readily to robbery and think it justice and you can live at your ease while your slaves stay content."

Slaves, cast your eyes upward at the army of loafers living off the efforts of your toil and misery. Every city, town, village and hamlet has its quota of idlers who are of no definite use to the community. Soldiers, police, wholesalers, retailers, agents of all kinds, and the hundred and one other callings are filled with people who are grafting on the toiler, and who could not exist a week if the source from which they drew their incomes was taken away from them. If this motley crew of parasites were in the ranks of labor helping to perform some useful tasks the long day of the worker would be shortened, and the graft they now take from labor would come to its own.

Moving picture machines are lighting up the evil machinations of the capitalist system in fine style. The slave pens and slum dwelling shacks of the worker are shown in the same reels with the motor cars and mansions of the millionaires and idle rich. Thousands of pictures showing the extremes of poverty and riches are thrown upon the screens in almost every country on earth every night. These pictures are bringing home to the worker in no uncertain manner that he is being robbed. They impress his mind. He cannot forget them. The slave who would pass his master's mansion on the street with hardly a glance, will sit in a picture show and glare with hatred at the display of wealth and waste thrown on the canvass. The movies are doing a great work for the coming of the co-operative commonwealth. Vive the movie.

A CANADIAN INFERNO

Once in a while some unthinking slave rises and chants in the capitalist press about the freedom and justice enjoyed by the workers in the glorious British empire under the Union Jack.

Such slaves as these have a narrow and bedimmed vision. They can see no further than the boundaries of their own little town or village. The daily dope sheet is their encyclopaedia, their pay envelope is as the gold of Midas, the union jack is their world.

A visit to a town away up on the C.P.R. on the north shore of the Georgian Bay is sufficient to awaken the ideas of the average worker that at last he has struck the very place referred to by a writer a few years ago in a popular magazine which ran a series of illustrated articles entitled, "Hippah Hunt's Journey Through the Inferno."

This is the exact spot where the writer must have camped in order to get material for his story and illustrations. In no other place in Canada could any man get such a beautiful conception of hell and its tortures as is here to be seen by anyone who has the price of a ticket to this vale of misery and despair.

The name of the place is Copper Cliff. The Canadian Copper Company owns the whole place, lock, stock and barrel. Every foot of land in the whole town is owned by the company. Workers who slave in the company's mines and mills are compelled to undergo a serfdom which would hardly be tolerated in Russia. If the slave wants to build a house of his own, he must lease the land from the company on which to build it. He pays a nominal rent of 25 cents a year for the land, but the company can give him notice to vacate at any time. If the slave sells the house he has bought and paid for, the sale must be made to a person acceptable to the company. If the slave cannot find such a person, he will have to move, as he cannot carry his house away with him. Is this not capitalist brutality and oppression in its rankest form? Is there any semblance of fair play to the toiler?

Only the hardest class of workers can survive in Copper Cliff. Poisonous fumes from the copper smelters fill the air. The lungs are constantly filled with sulphuric vapors. Vegetation will not grow within the boundaries of the town. The scenery in the vicinity of Copper Cliff is bleak and barren. Life in any form has a hard struggle for existence.

Slaves come and go to this town. Some build houses on the company's land, which they are glad to sell at any price in order to escape from their misery.

Labor agitators and labor unions are hounded out of the town. Only those are wanted who will crawl on their bellies and lick the boots of masters. Preachers, schoolteachers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, all are his conscience, and his very soul, are in keeping of his officer.

No man can fall lower than a soldier—it is a depth beneath which we cannot go.

YOUNG MAN, DON'T BE A SOLDIER—BE A MAN.

Mrs. Bowman of Edmonton should let peace descend into her soul. The workers are getting tired of being stuck full of holes, and they are shortly going to occupy the high positions of government. Then the international working class will abolish the occupation of the soldier. The officer then instead of having to pay for eight natty uniforms, will be let off with the purchase of a nice tidy pair of overalls, or a butcher's apron.

Now, Mrs. Bowman, don't you think those officers you have so much sympathy for because of having to pay duty on eight uniforms, will be much more useful to society, wielding a butcher's cleaver on a nice, juicy pig, than swinging a useless sword in the air or sheathing it in the warm, quivering flesh of a workman?

The labor-skinning farmers of Elgin, Ont., need help. The Canadian slave is balky, and wants short hours and more money; also is liable to kick over the traces any minute. So the farmers applied to the Elgin Board of Trade and Publicity Association to help them out. This august body pondered the question over. Where would they be able to secure a number of hard-working, ignorant, but stupidly honest and servile slaves? Why to Ireland, of course. The capitalist papers have always teemed with alleged jokes pertaining to the simple-minded Irish people, who were represented as living in a state of heavenly bliss and contentment on potatoes and buttermilk as their daily fare. So to the land of peat bogs, and mud-thatched cottages did the Elgin of Trade and Publicity Association turn, and kindly advanced the passage money of \$45 each for a whole parcel of Irish slaves. The farmers expected to hire these slaves for \$200 a year. They came, and saw and immediately demanded \$35 a month the year round, and the labor-skinning reulens of the Niagara peninsula had to come across with it, or lose the passage money advanced. There were Socialists among these slaves; there are Socialists in each bunch of immigrants landing on the shores of America. The movement is world wide. England, Ireland and Scotland are hot beds of Socialism. The Canadian farmer will wake up some day and see that Socialism is his only hope.

A N CER JOB

"Whereas we, the undersigned Daughters of the Empire of the Dominion of Canada, have been informed that there is at present a duty of 20 per cent on all military accoutrements; and

Whereas, our soldiers are all volunteers in the service of our king whose uniform they wear;

"We hereby petition the government that said duty be removed."

This was the resolution adopted at the conclusion of the annual meeting of the National Chapter Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire held in Winnipeg on May 15th. Mrs. Bowman of Edmonton and Miss Constance Boulton of Toronto were the mover and seconder of this momentous resolution.

Don't you know, this is a terrible grievance. Mrs. Bowman explained it all out. The single item of bushes for a regiment is large. At \$9.50 each for the men the cost came to \$4,474 and 33 bushes for the officers cost \$1,000, and the duty on bushes alone for one regiment comes to \$1,000. Etiquette demanded eight uniforms for an officer, and dear me the London price with duty added is exceedingly grave.

Mrs. Bowman should not take the question so much to heart. The anti-militarist agitation is at work. The following is a copy of a sticker which the working class of Victoria, B. C., are posting everywhere.

THE MILITARY IDEAL

Young man: The lowest aim in your life is to be a good soldier. The "good soldier" never tries to distinguish right from wrong. He never thinks, never reasons; he only obeys. If he is ordered to fire on his fellow-citizens, on his friends, on his neighbors, on his relatives he obeys without hesitation. If he is ordered to fire down a crowded street when the poor are clamoring for bread, he obeys and sees the gray hairs of age stained with red and the life-time gushing from the breast of woman, feels neither remorse nor sympathy. If he is ordered off as one of a firing squad to execute a hero or benefactor he fires without hesitation. Though he knows the bullet will pierce the noblest heart that ever beat in human breast.

A good soldier is a blind, heartless, soulless, murderous machine. He is not a man, not even a brute, for brutes only kill in self-defence. All that is human in him, all that is divine in him, all that constitutes a man has been sworn away when he took the enlistment oath. His mind,

AN INTERESTING SUPPLEMENT

Cotton's Weekly has received two British papers containing a thirty-two page Canadian supplement. These two papers are the Birmingham Gazette, and the Sheffield Daily Independent. Both are of date April 26th, and both supplements are identical save the name of the paper on the headlines. Other British papers, no doubt, have published this supplement.

This is an interesting supplement. Canada is painted in glowing colors. On page one is the picture of Lord Strathcona. He naturally belongs on the front page, as he is the class Canadian example of the poor boy who rose to be multimillionaire. Of course nothing is said of the other poor boys who grew up, worked hard all their lives and died poor old men in order that Strathcona might receive millions of unearned revenues.

In the article it is said, "But after all it is his steadfastness that has been his chief contribution to Canada." There are two views about that. Perhaps no Canadian has been more steadfast in hunting government funds and grants and getting them. But that did not contribute to Canada, that contributed to his own wealth. The poor slave slaves down in the mud, heavy ballast, laying ties, felling forests, these are the ones whose steadfastness has contributed to Canadian development, and it is their steadfastness which has given Strathcona his untold millions.

Page two of the supplement deals with Canadian finance. It tells how much interest you can get from money invested in municipal securities and in stocks and bonds. The labor thieves of Britain are interested in this page. British parasites draw more than \$100,000,000 a year in rent, interest and profit out of the toil of the Canadians. Canada is a milk cow for them, and our Canadian House of Commons has just voted \$35,000,000 to help British capitalists milk Canada.

Page three is entitled "The World's Biggest Bread Basket." It tells of the immense wheat areas and huge elevators, but the struggles of the homesteaders are kept dark. Let the immigrants come and be bled, but hide the skin game for them. That is the purpose of the supplement.

Pages 4 and 5 deal with the western provinces. Page 6 deals with the banks. Cotton's has explained the banking graft in previous issues.

Page 9 carries a full page advertisement by the Dominion government. It shows two hands with the fingers playing among gold coins. The ad reads "The Canadian government guarantees work on the land and at domestic service every day in the year. On page 12 is pictured the magnificent hotels of Canada, hotels in which you pay from \$5 to \$50 per day for accommodation.

Deafness Positively Cured

Cure Yourself at Home.

Five Minute Treatment Will Convince the Most Skeptical. Head Noises Relieved from the First Trial.



The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic, and the use of this new and wonderful discovery. Dr. L. C. Grains Co. (Physicians and Scientists) will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises, full information how they can be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators are astonished and cured patients themselves marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today, or send the coupon to Dr. L. C. Grains Co., 900 Pulitzer Bldg., Chicago, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

FREE Information Coupon
DR. L. C. GRAINS COMPANY
900 PULITZER BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.
Please send me without cost or obligation on my part, complete information concerning the new method for the treatment and cure of deafness or head noises. If I wish you to make a diagnosis of my case after hearing from you, you are to do so FREE OF CHARGE.

Name _____ Address _____ Town _____ Prov. _____

Where do the sojourners at these hotels get their revenues to pay for the luxurious accommodation? Why from the slaves guaranteed work three hundred and sixty five days a year. They get it from the bowed backs of the country toiler, from the miners working in damp passages for a bare living wage, from the whole system of slavery prevalent throughout Canada.

Page 13 is headed, "Her greatest asset: The growth and character of the Canadian people." This is perfectly true from the plute point of view. The growth of the Canadian people is watched anxiously. The young, when they grow up will go to work for a living wage and furnish more slaves for the masters. The line slaves coming in will be an added asset to the plundering profit takers.

The character of the people, if they be industrious, sober and willing to be robbed, is a joy and an asset to the master class.

Page 29 carries a full page ad for the Grand Trunk. In the corner of page 1 is a little bit of poetry of which one verse runs,

The West is calling, calling;
Wake ye dreamers, hear her cry,
See her beauties all enthralled
Spread their wealth beneath the sky.

Naturally nothing is said about the vermin infested camps of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Such things are not poetic and might discourage slaves from engaging to work on the railway lines.

Page 26 carries a quarter page advertisement of British Columbia by that government. Such glowing phrases as "A most prosperous province," "The orchard of the empire," "Increasing prosperity," etc., are freely used. Nothing is said of the strike of 2,000 construction workers at Naramata. Nothing is said of the tieup of the coal mines on Vancouver island by the over weary slaves refusing to work. No hint is said of the lands being held by large speculators. Such little trifles are swept aside in the assertion, "Constant employment at high wages."

Canada is prosperous, never was a country more prosperous, for those who do no useful work. Canada is a slave country for those who perform the useful labor. This condition will continue until the slave class awakes to their slave status in modern society and unite to free themselves and consequently all humanity, from slavery.

CALM DETERMINATION

There is a calm determination about the Socialist movement which gets on the nerves of the exploiting capitalists.

When the intelligent working class seize the political power they will take the means of wealth production away from the present capitalist owners.

The capitalists will cry confiscation and injustice; the Socialists will calmly reply that they are instituting justice with restitution, for the working class produced all these means and to the collective working class they should belong.

When Socialists win the power they will but commence their work. For there will be the transformation of ownership to work out, and the readjustment of political institutions, of commerce, of industry to carry out owing to the fact that the revenues now flowing to the receivers of rent, interest and profit will be switched to the working class. This means that the purchasing power of the capitalist class will utterly cease and the purchasing power of the working class will be immensely augmented. Those now catering to the rich will henceforth have to cater to the working class, but a working class with thrice their present revenues to spend and so a more comfortable, a more fastidious working class.

To bring about this transformation will mean much for the working class. The best brains their ranks can produce will be needed. Hence the Socialists of today are not frothy individuals, but calm, serious, earnest people, who know what they want to do and know it will take energy and determination to do what they want.

When a political party, either Tory or Grit, wins at the polls, there are much fireworks. Festivities are engaged in, torch light processions are engineered, and frequently the successful candidate is carried around on the shoulders of his henchmen who handled the reptile funds. They know they are at the public trough and graft will come their way.

When Socialism triumphs, the scenes will be different. For the Socialists are pledged to abolish all graft upon the working class whether legal or illegal. They are not going to the hog trough to make large fortunes for themselves. They are going to restore to the workers what rightfully belongs to them.

The calm determination born of high purpose and noble resolve among Socialists is something so foreign to our capitalist class they know not what it is. They will learn what it means in a very few years.

The unrest of labor throughout the world is appalling to the capitalists. A few years ago they could keep this news from spreading by ordering their kept press to keep silent on the matter. But not so today. The labor and Socialist publications of the world number into the thousands, and they keep the workers informed of conditions at home and abroad. The capitalists fear the power of the press of the toilers.

The British Socialist party recently met at Blackpool, Eng., in annual convention. The press reports declare that the convention "broke up in riot," that there was a "general hubbub," etc. Strange how the little press kills off the Socialist movement every little while and the corpse continues to grow more and more robust and active.

A NEW MIDDLE CLASS

By KARL KAUTSKY

The rising standard of life of the upper classes oozes down through to those beneath and wakens in them new needs and demands to the satisfaction of which the slowly growing wage is by no means satisfactory. The bourgeois whine about the disappearance of modesty in the lower classes and about their increasing enviousness, and forget that the growing demands from below are only the reflex of the rising standard of life above, which furnishes the example and rouses the envy of the lower class.

That the capitalist standard of living grows faster than that of the proletariat is self-evident. The laborer's dwelling has not been greatly improved in the last 50 years. But the dwelling places of the bourgeois are gorgeous in comparison with the average capitalist house of 50 years ago. The third class railroad carriage of today and the one of fifty years ago differ but little in their interior equipment. But when we compare the first class railroad carriage of the middle of the nineteenth century with the palace car of the modern train I do not believe that the sailors in the transatlantic ships are much better cared for today than fifty years ago, while the luxuries to be found in the salon of the modern passenger steamer would have been unheard of fifty years ago even in a royal pleasure yacht.

So much for the increasing exploitation of the proletariat. But is not this economic factor counterbalanced by the increasing political approach of the classes? Do not the bourgeois more and more recognize the labor as their political and social equals?

There is no doubt that the proletariat is gaining rapidly in political and social respects.

If its rise in economic relations remains behind that of the bourgeois, this gives rise to a continually increasing enviousness and discontent. Perhaps the most striking phenomenon of the last fifty years is the unbroken rise of the proletariat in moral and intellectual relations.

Not many decades ago the proletariat was so low that there were even Socialists that expected the worst results for culture from the conquest of the proletariat. In 1850 Rodbertus wrote: "The most threatening danger at present is that we shall have a new barbarian invasion, this time coming from the interior of society itself to lay waste custom, civilization and wealth."

At the same time Heinrich Heine declared that the future belonged to the communist. "This confession, that the future belongs to the communist, I make in sorrow and greatest anxiety. This is in no way a delusion. In fact, it is only with fear and shuddering that I think of the epoch when these dark iconoclasts come to power; with their callous hands they will destroy all the marble statues of beauty, etc."

Undeniably it has now become wholly different. It is not by the proletariat that modern civilization is threatened. It is those very communists who today constitute the safe refuge of art and science, for which they stand in the most decisive manner.

So it is that the fear is rapidly disappearing, which after the Paris Commune dominated the whole capitalist class; the fear that the conquering proletariat would come into our culture like the vandals in their race migrations and on its ruins found a government of barbaric asets.

It is partially owing to the disappearance of this fear that sympathy with the proletariat and with Socialism is on the increase among the bourgeois intellectuals.

Like the proletariat, class intelligence is a peculiarity of the capitalist system of production. I have already shown that this system makes such demands upon the ruling class that they have neither the interest nor the leisure to care for the business of government, or to cultivate art and science, as did the aristocracy of Athens or the clergy of the best days of the Catholic church. The whole sphere of the higher intellectual activity, that was formerly a privilege of the ruling classes, is now left by these to paid laborers, and the number of these professional scholars, artists, engineers, and functionaries is increasing rapidly.

Taken as a whole these constitute the so-called "intellectuals," the "new middle class," but they are distinguished from the old middle class above all by the lack of any special class consciousness. Certain divisions of them have a peculiar caste consciousness, very often a blindness of caste, but the interests of each one of these divisions is too peculiar for any common class consciousness to develop. Its members unite with various classes and parties and furnish the intellectual fighters for each. One portion defends the interests of the ruling class for whom many of the intellectuals serve professionally. Others have championed the cause of the proletariat. The majority, however, have up to the present time remained entangled in the little bourgeois circles of thought. This is not alone because many of them sprung from this class, but also because their social position of "middle class" is like that of the small bourgeois, a midway position between the proletariat and the ruling class.

It is in these divisions of the intellectuals, as remarked above, that a continually increasing sympathy for the proletariat is evident. Because they have no special class interest, and are most accessible through their professional, scientific point of view, they are easiest won for our party through scientific considerations. The theoretical bankruptcy of bourgeois economic and the theoretical superiority of Socialism must become clear to them. Through this they must continually discover that the other

social classes continuously strive to still further debate art and science. Many others are finally impressed by the fact of the irresistible advance of the Social Democracy, especially when they compare this with the continuous deterioration of Liberalism. So it is that friendship for labor becomes popular among the cultured ones, until there is scarcely a parlor in which one does not stumble over one or more "Socialists."

If these circles of the cultured class were synonymous with the bourgeois, then to be sure we would have won the game, and a social revolution would be superfluous. With this class it is easy to discuss things and from them a quiet gradual development will meet no forcible hindrance.

Unfortunately, however, they are only a portion of the bourgeois, though, to be sure, just those who speak and write in the name of the bourgeois but not those who determine their acts. And men as well as classes must be judged, not by their words, but by their deeds.

It must also be remembered that it is the least effective fighters and least combative portion of the bourgeois in which sympathy for the proletariat is developing.

Heretofore, while Socialism was branded among all cultured classes as criminal or insane, capitalist elements could only be brought into the Socialist movement by a complete break with the whole capitalist world. Whoever came into the Socialist movement at that time from the capitalist elements had need of great energy, revolutionary passion, and the least proletarian connections. It was just this element which ordinarily constituted the most radical and revolutionary wing of the Socialist movement.

It is wholly different today, when Socialism has become a fad. It no longer demands any especial energy, and no break with capitalist society to assume the name of Socialist. It is no wonder then that more and more these new Socialists remain entangled in their previous manner of thought and feeling.

The fighting tactics of the intellectuals are at any rate wholly different from those of the proletariat. To wealth and power of arms the latter opposes its overwhelming numbers and its thorough organization. The intellectuals are an ever diminishing minority with no class organization whatever. Their only weapon is persuasion through speaking and writing, they battle with "intellectual weapons" and "moral superiority," and these "parlor Socialists" would settle the proletarian class struggle also with these weapons. They declare themselves ready to grant the proletariat their moral support, but only on condition that it renounces the idea of the application of force, and this not simply where force is hopeless—there the proletariat has already renounced it—but also in those places where it is still full of possibilities. Accordingly they seek to throw discredit on the idea of revolution, and to represent it as a useless means. They seek to separate a social reform wing from the revolutionary proletariat, and they thereby divide and weaken the proletariat.

"India verges on another mutiny. Mahomedans joining Hindu seditious in open campaign to overthrow the British raj." Thus reads the headlines in the capitalist press. Do the British thieves expect the Indians to forever submit to starvation so Britishers may get huge unearned revenues? The British rulers have played race against race and religion against religion in India in order that they might rule and rob a divided country. It frightens the rulers when the robbed refuse to fly at each other's throats in the name of religion.

THE TWO BUMS

By W. E. Jones.

One rides on the rods beneath the car
And one on a cushioned chair.
The one is clad in poverty's rags,
The other in the plush of a social leech.
One eats a back-door charity lunch,
For lack of the price to pay.
The other is served by a waiter skilled
In an up-to-date cafe.
The one sneaks into a concert
For an hour's cheap fun and laughter,
The other sits at the opera box,
With wine and women after.
One sleeps in the hay, as best one may,
Who has no place to dwell,
The other has a suite of rooms
In the city's best hotel.
The bum on the rods is hunted down
As an enemy of mankind,
The other is driven around to the club
And feted and winned and dined.
And those who curse the bum on the rods
As the essence of all that's bad,
Meet the bum on the plush with a sympathy smile,
And extend the hand so glad.
The bum on the rods is a Social flea
That gets an occasional bite,
The bum on the plush is a social leech,
Blood-sucking by day and night.
The bum on the rods is a load so light
That his weight we scarcely feel,
But it takes the labor of dozens of men
To furnish the other a meal.
So long as you sanction the bum on the plush,
The other will always be there;
But rid yourself of the bum on the plush
And the other will disappear.
Then make an intelligent, organized kick,
And throw off the weights that crush,
Don't let the bum on the rods,
Get rid of the bum on the plush.
—Coming Nation.

HOW PROFIT IS MADE

This is a new pamphlet just published by Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Company, Inc. It appeared in Cotton's Weekly, No. 26, issue of March 29th, under the heading: "Profit is Made by Selling a Commodity at its Value," says Marx. "He who understands this, knows the True Way to Freedom." The demand for this pamphlet has been extraordinary, so we have put it in pamphlet form, 32 pages, 10 cents. Price 10 cents per single copy; ten copies for \$1.00. This is a mighty educational little pamphlet. Every Socialist should have it for study and reference. It is extremely simple and understandable. Written by Cotton to enlighten Canadian wage workers on Marxian Economics, and enable them to grasp solidly just "How Profit is Made." We have printed several thousand copies. Now, Canadian Socialists, give us a run for our money.

Join the IRT Club and be in the swim.

The British authorities were going to put an end to the woman suffrage movement. McKenna, about six months ago, was billed to stamp it out in two weeks. The agitation still grew. Then Scotland Yard had the blamed thing tamed and it was going to eat out of their hands in a few days. Reports now declare that over 500 detectives are engaged from Scotland Yard around public buildings and the resources of the official "tecs" are about all in. The official organ of the women, "The Suffragette," was suppressed, and that ought to have put an end to the movement, don't ya know, bah jove. And the movement took fresh vigor. Now the military has been called in, and London is partially under martial law. John Bull is a stubborn old fellow, but he must remember that he is the son of his mother, and when the mother demands her rights, John Bull may just as well make up his mind now as later that he will have to grant them.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

The tricking of immigrants by employment agencies has been a serious evil in Canada. Unscrupulous agents take advantage of immigrants ignorant of Canadian conditions to charge them high fees for jobs, and ship them to a distant point under promise of work there, and the immigrant would find no job, or a job the conditions of which would be altogether different than represented.

To do away with the more glaring evils, the Dominion government has issued a set of regulations dealing with employment agencies and immigrants.

Under authority granted by section 66 of the Immigration Act, each employment agency dealing with immigrants must obtain a license from the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa. This license is issued without fee.

No agency is allowed to misrepresent by advertisement, letter or poster, or in any other manner to any immigrant, opportunities of labor or conditions of labor with any employer in Canada.

Each agency must keep books recording the names, etc., of immigrants they deal with, the address of the immigrant's next of kin, the employer for whom the immigrant is engaged, the nature of the work to be performed, the rate of wages and other terms of engagement.

No employment agency dealing with immigrants can charge more than \$1 and this is recoverable if the job is not forthcoming.

No employment agency can hire an immigrant for a job unless he has the employer's written and dated order for such employment. No such written order can be used which is over two months old.

All records must be kept open for inspection by agents of the Superintendent of Immigration.

Violation of the regulations carry with it penalty of \$100 fine or three months' imprisonment. Conviction, ipso facto, cancels the license and puts the agent out of business.

These regulations sound good, and they are good, compared with the reckless, money seeking unsupervised employment agencies. There is many a tragedy hidden behind the deception of immigrants.

But, admitting the improvement in individual cases, this reform is so compared with the great mass of misery to be done away with, that it is like a paul of water in hell.

These regulations do not touch the question of wage slavery. They do not relieve the unemployed. They do not stop robbery.

Labor is the only source of wealth. Labor produces the means of production and labor uses those means to create the wealth of the world.

Labor, when it is unemployed, starves. When it is employed, it gets but a living wage. All the rest of the wealth it creates goes to the master class.

Labor, to produce surplus values, must have strength to labor, must have a wage fit to live on. So an enlightened capitalist class will concede this much to the slaves held in daily bondage throughout Canada.

But all employers are not enlightened. Some are pressed hard to the wall. Others want to make profits regardless of the welfare of the workers. Hence they get lying agents to hire immigrants and do not give them living wages. They use these immigrants and throw them aside, broken, on the scrap heap.

Such used up workers are no more fit to produce surplus values. The masters cannot ride on their backs. Instead they fill the jails and almshouses and become a burden. The master class have to pay their keep, and this uses up part of the wealth stolen from labor.

So the Borden government, in order to protect the interests of the laboring class against the labor thieves who would destroy in hasty acquisition of wealth the very source of wealth, passes regulations forbidding the destruction of the members of the wage slave class.

Shall the slaves be thankful to Borden? Not at all. The slaves know Borden is hand and glove with their masters. They know Borden cares not for the welfare of the slaves save as a source of wealth for the master class.

No. The slaves are not thankful. They revolt. They are tired of being slaves. So they draw together in their Social-Democratic party, and they agitate among their fellow slaves.

Soon, soon shall the slaves triumph. Then Borden shall be hurled from his position of parasite into the ranks of the wealth producers. Then every member of the parasite rank, all the capitalists, landlords, bankers, dividend receiving parsons, corrupt politicians, will have to do socially necessary labor if they would feed their bodies.

King Edward VII. was called "The Peacemaker." Was that why he was so unpopular with the capitalists?

WATCHING THE CIRCULATION

I have met comrades of the Revolution.

They eagerly watch the circulation statement.

When it goes up, their countenances beam for joy.

When it goes down, their hearts are heavy laden.

And that is all there is to it. They do not hustle subs. They say Cotton's should do this and that. They blame the people for not taking it, and they do nothing to spread the gospel.

Haven't you met that kind of a comrade?

If there is anything the matter with Cotton's, write in and tell it to us. I am appointing myself a committee of one to boost the circulation at this end. You appoint yourself a committee of one to boost the circulation at your end. And Cotton's will bump the \$5,000 mark in no time.

If you have anything to say about Cotton's, say it, but send in a list of subs at the same time.

We have the record of your activity on file at Cotton's. Some of you send in long streams of criticism, and we look you up on our files and find maybe you've bought a ten cent book, and maybe you ain't there at all.

And your criticism quietly but firmly goes into the waste paper basket.

We have no time for the whinings of the dead ones. We have all the time there is for the just criticism of our active comrades.

Only Alberta and Manitoba show a gain. This is due to better work.

We hope the next list will be better.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Week of May 22nd.

	Off.	Onl.	Total.
Ontario	116	110	226
Saskatchewan	58	56	114
British Columbia	49	73	122
Alberta	17	37	54
Nova Scotia	12	9	21
Manitoba	16	43	59
Province of Quebec	28	1,120	1,148
Foreign	0	8	8
New Brunswick	15	4	19
Yukon Territory	4	1	5
Newfoundland	0	0	0
Prince Edward Island	0	0	0
Total	330	671	1,001

Gain for week—341.

Total issue last week—\$1,000.

THE RISE OF ROBERT LAIRD.

Little Robby Borden

Once ran a law den.

He proved to be smart.

The plutes took him to heart;

At Ottawa he now heads a jaw den.

Under Socialism the soldier will

lose his job—but he will get a better

and more useful and lucrative one to

replace it.

Russia and Great Britain have di-

vided Persia between them. The bear

and the lion, two beasts of prey,

have seized the spoil.

Dozens of babies are born every day

with the proverbial silver spoon in

their mouth, while thousands are

brought into the world to inherit a

life of poverty, slavery and misery.

Untold, unearned wealth for the few,

slavery and chains for the many.

'Tis but a short ride from the

sweat pens of modern industry to the

silence of the cemetery. Many work-

ers willingly await the trip. It is a

welcome release from the bondage

and serfdom they are compelled to

undergo.

SOCIALIST DIRECTORY

DOMINION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. Social Democratic Party of Canada, meets every first and third Sunday at 12 noon, 25 King St. East, H. Martin, secretary, 41 Weber St. East, Berlin, Ont.—52.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C. Local No. 4, S. D. P. of C. meets first and third Sunday at 8 p.m., in Labor Temple corner Royal Ave. and 7th St., and Sundays at Comrade Goodmurphy's, South Westminster, P. O. Box 556, A. V. Steadman, Sec.—52.

NANAIMO Local No. 11, S.D.P. of C. meets every second and fourth Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock, at 1230 Main St. East, H. Martin, secretary, 41 Weber St. East, Berlin, Ont.—52.

BRITISH COLUMBIA EXECUTIVE, S.D.P. of C. meets in Nanaimo, (Wharf Street) above Beattie & Hopkins. Regular meetings first Sunday in month at 12 noon. Routine business third Sunday in month at 8 o'clock. A. Jordan, Prov. Sec. Box 618, Nanaimo, B.C.—52.

LOCAL VANCOUVER No. 13, meets for business and propaganda every Tuesday 8 p.m., Dominion Hall, Pender St. Vancouver, B.C. meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m., in Miners' Union Hall, 300 North Fore Street, D. D. Curran, Sec. Box 521—52.

TORONTO Local No. 1, S.D.P. Business meeting first and third Tuesday in month, Labor Temple, 187 Church St. 8 p.m. Second Tuesday in month lectures at the Cosmopolitan Theatre, 266 Yonge St., corner Edward, Sundays at 12 noon, P. C. Young, Sec. 724 Page Ave.—57.

DR. W. J. CURRY
DENTIST
Suite 208, Dominion Trust Building
Telephone 3564
Open from

THE RISE OF A MAN

James A. Farrel is president of the United States Steel Corporation, the biggest company in the world, with a capitalization of over a billion dollars.

The rise of Mr. Farrel, as the capitalist papers would say, is one of the romances of modern industrialism.

Mr. Farrel entered a steel mill at fifteen years of age as a laborer. This was at New Haven, Conn. At nineteen he went to Pittsburgh and worked as a "wire drawer". At 21 he became foreman of the mill, and at 23 a salesman.

From this position Mr. Farrel was promoted to sales manager at the age of 25, and four years later he became general manager of the Pittsburgh Wire Company. This company was subsequently taken over by the American Steel and Wire Company, one of the present subsidiaries of the steel corporation.

Later Mr. Farrel became foreign sales agent. His next step upward was the presidency of the United States Steel Products Co., another subsidiary of the so-called Trust, to which he was elected in 1903. He became president and director of the parent corporation, his present position, in 1911. He is now fifty years of age.

No doubt the rise of Mr. Farrel to some unreasoning creatures will seem to justify the capitalist system and to deny the need of the co-operative commonwealth. Cannot you almost hear them saying, "Does not his rise show that ability and energy are rewarded now, and that Socialists are nothing but discontented agitators?"

The rise of Mr. Farrel does not justify capitalism, as an equal chance to rise and do big things will exist under Socialism.

Under the present system there are two classes of people, the owning non-producers who take all the producers create save enough to allow the producers to live, and the non-owning producers who create all the wealth and get but a bare living wage.

The non-owning producers desire to get as much revenue as they can, so they hire men with brains to amass and manage their properties, reduce competition, install labor saving devices, and make the workers produce as much as possible with the least possible effort. In this way the unearned revenues grow so large that the owners of the steel stocks and bonds get from \$125,000,000 to \$150,000,000 a year.

Mr. Farrel proved his ability as a manager, and he has been advanced by the owners so they may get large revenues.

Under Socialism, why should not a Farrel rise to be the manager of a big industrial department? He can just as easily as under capitalism.

Only the producers will get the benefit of the labor saving devices instead of the capitalists.

Under Socialism the producers will get the social equivalent of the wealth they create. It will be to the interest of the producers to install labor saving devices and to produce as much as possible with the least possible effort. For the more the producers produce the more they will get. Now the more the producers produce the more the non-producing capitalists get.

Under Socialism a man who shows ability as a manager, or any special aptitude to think out labor saving devices, will be pushed forward by the working class. He will be called to occupy the responsible position. The difference will be that he will be chosen by the wealth creators who will also be the wealth consumers. Now he is chosen by the wealth consumers who are not the wealth creators.

The capitalist system stands for robbery. Capitalism is not necessary for production. Today production is used as a means of robbery. Under Socialism production will be carried on for the use of humanity. Under Socialism those who show special ability along useful lines will have opportunities of advancement in the service of the people.

A few years ago an editor of a little country weekly in Ontario worked tooth and nail for the election of the Conservative candidate in his riding. The election came on and the candidate was elected. The editor was overjoyed, and howled himself hoarse at the election festivities.

Then he started to look around and gather in the fruits of his work and glory which had been promised by the party committee with the understanding that he keep it dark. Nothing doing. The editor raved and tore his hair, and threatened the whole Conservative party with an exposure of their vile methods. He stood up in a committee room and told the heeled that he "hoped his right hand would drop off if he ever voted Conservative again." The bunch saw he was in earnest, and came across with the bottle they were entrusted with, and which they hoped to keep to themselves. Today that same editor hopes that his right hand will stay securely on, and he is again one of the strongest supporters of the rotten and corrupt old party. Capitalists keep just such tools as these in command of the press of the country to do their dirty work, and oftentimes when the tool has not the backbone to stick out for the price of his prostitution, they flee him to a standstill.

It costs an enormous sum each year to grease the wheels of the capitalist press, and some of the little fellows get a very small grab out of the bag at that. The big hog crowds the little ones away from the trough.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

Ever take a trip through the Thousand Islands?

If not, you have missed some of the most beautiful scenery the eye of mortal ever gazed upon.

Not many wage plugs get a chance to take this trip. Canada is so broad, and her working population held so close to their jobs that few have the opportunity or the money in which to indulge in such extravagance as a trip through the Thousand Islands.

Starting in the mouth of the St. Lawrence and extending down about 100 miles, these islands flash one after another upon the vision in the most dazzling manner. They are bare of verdure in some cases, and in others are covered with foliage; no two are alike in shape or size, or in the buildings erected on them. The water is deep; the largest steamers can navigate almost anywhere through this enchanted place. A summer day, a good steamer or motor boat will surely make you think somebody has been polishing Aladdin's lamp for your benefit.

A traveller who has toured the world sightseeing, recently said: "I have travelled thousands upon thousands of miles in search of beautiful sights and scenery, and right at my own door lay some effects such as I have never witnessed abroad, and I had never viewed them until last summer."

The wealth and splendor lavished on beautifying the islands is incalculable. There is nothing cheap. Everything presents a solid, expensive appearance. Brown stone mansions top an island a hundred feet above the water; magnificent boat houses are everywhere, some built so tall that huge sailing yachts with towering spars may sail in clear under the roof; hundreds of the swiftest of the motor boat family dart in and out in never-ceasing play.

Each island is a kingdom in itself. Mostly of an acre or two in extent, they provide room for a mansion for the rich owner and his family or friends, and a few slaves. Here the wealthy American or Canadian politician may retreat with his body guard for a long-distance "house." Here comes each year the American manufacturer with his stolen wealth to "rest" while his slaves in their hellish sweat pens toil and grind out profits that he may enjoy life at its fullest. To this summer haven the luxurious Pullmans whirl the New York stock gambler and his concubines, to disport for one whole summer among the beauties of nature. Nobody to bother them. No one to say nay. The islands are private; no "rubbernecks" are allowed on any of them. Close always to the shore, where supplies can be easily secured, these islands are really as inaccessible as if they were in the Hudson Bay.

The curse of private property is exemplified in all its hideousness here as in probably no other place in Canada. Millions upon millions of unearned dollars are evident in the immense mansions, boats, bathhouses, flower gardens, and private parks which abound everywhere. No work-

er's shack may be seen; no black-faced mechanic or bent-backed shop girl greet the eye, no heaver of wood or drawer of water has any place in this phantasmagoria of grandeur provided for by Labor for the idle rich to enjoy. Everywhere may be seen the big-bellied moneyed aristocrat in white flannels, with his bediamonded female followers.

Nature formed these beauty spots, and Labor put the finishing touches on them. But Labor is not enjoying the fruits of her toil. Many a thousand employees in an American factory slave ten or more hours a day and live in the most miserable surroundings in order that their boss may have his summer vacation at these islands. Many a little child in the stifling atmosphere of a modern slave hell toils with trembling fingers and empty stomach long hours each day in order that its kind employer may take his children to this Eden on the St. Lawrence River. Many a friendless girl slaves in the department stores of this continent for meagre wage which will barely allow her to keep body and soul and virtue together in order that her boss, the merchant prince, may disport himself with his female friends in one of the thousand retreats in this kaleidoscope of splendor and magnificence.

When the summer is come and the Thousand Islands resorts are in full swing, it is a good bet that nowhere in the world can such a huge crowd of money grabbers be seen together. They come from all parts of Canada and the United States. They are all able to draw large cheques, or they would not be able to own an island in this place.

It is a short step from the rotten slums of Montreal and the workers' shacks of Brockville, Gananoque and Kingston to this beauty spot, but the worker will never be able to take that step under the capitalist system. They will toil and sweat and starve, and freeze, and die by the thousand in order that their masters may enjoy the beauties and luxuries which nature has placed at the disposal of all mankind, but which a horde of piratical thieves have stolen to themselves and their heirs.

When the workers arise and ask for restitution of that which they have been robbed of, they will have to ask for the Thousand Islands, for they are a paradise surely intended for the weary slave and his kind. If ever a place showed evidences of existing only through the efforts of the robbed class that place is on the St. Lawrence between Kingston and Brockville.

Some day Labor will arise in its might and say: "These are mine. These brown stone mansions and bathhouses, and boats, and parks and gardens did I design with mine own brain and with my own hands. They are mine. My toil-weary brother, my overworked, underpaid sister, and my little narrow-chested children who have slaved in the sweat pens and garnered in the fields of their masters, will enjoy the fruits of their toil henceforth. These islands and channels are mine."

Some Exploded Superstitions

By D. L. H. Ferguson.

Superstitions are being exploded every day. Conditions of the life of the people are constantly changing. And with the changing of the conditions of life, the ideas of the people are also always changing. Ideas that have been considered as firmly planted in the minds of the people as the Rock of Gibraltar, of insurance ill-fame, are constantly dissolving into thin air. And the strange thing about it all is that the men who first created new ideas and were denounced during their lives as dangerous agitators and demagogues are today honored by all men while their persecutors are either entirely forgotten or else looked upon with absolute scorn.

It has been so since the beginning of history. The Christ was crucified because he was opposed to the order of the day. And what is thought of the Christ today? A little later in history Galileo invented the telescope and as a result of his discovery the "Holy Inquisition" immediately got busy and to save his skin Galileo was forced to recant. A little later Giordano Bruno, the great Italian philosopher, was burned at the stake by the same "Holy" upholders of the system of that day. Today the names Galileo and Bruno are honored by the people of the world while the "Holy Inquisition" is only spoken of with horror and disgust.

Later on the American colonists and the French Revolutionists decided that the "con game" about the divine right of kings had gone far enough. During the mix-up in France quite a number of aristocratic men and women got the closest shave of their lives. Thomas Paine, Patrick Henry and Washington and the leaders of the French Revolution are honored in history while the blind and pig-headedness of their opponents are duly set forth.

Again, about fifty years ago another "divine" superstition exploded. It used to be perfectly just and right to hold chattel slaves. The preachers proved it by the bible and the law upheld the church. That was all there was to it. But unfortunately for the "standpatters" of fifty years ago, certain undesirable agitators went up and down the land preaching freedom for the black slaves. They didn't have a particularly pleasant time. Elijah P. Lovejoy out in Alton, Ill., had his printing plant destroyed four times and was finally shot to death by a respectable mob.

Lloyd Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope around him by a mob of the "eminently respectable" citizens of that burg. It is interesting to read the notice of his policy as announced

in the first number of the "Liberator" which appeared in 1831. Garrison was speaking on the wrongs of chattel slavery. I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think or speak or write with moderation. Garrison was denounced as a "wild enthusiast," a "fanatic" and a "public enemy." Yet the seeds that Lovejoy and Garrison sowed so carefully, in a few years bore fruit though that fruit was gathered at a terrible price of blood and money. The negro slaves were free, at least in name.

The world is now in the midst of a struggle greater a million times than any that has ever gone before. The struggle for the abolition of wage slavery is raging in every civilized corner of this globe. In fact, modern factory methods of production have been introduced there have also appeared the labor unions and the political organization of the workers, the Socialist party.

The same forces of conservatism that stood against the abolition of chattel slavery are again aligned against the working class. Yet it makes no difference what methods may be used against it, Socialism continues to grow and grow.

In the not very far distant future the power of the state will pass into the hands of the working class. When that change of control takes place the superstition of the divine right of private property in the means of life will go up in smoke. For the working class whose blood and toil has produced all the wealth of the world will take back that which belongs to it. Then and then only will it be possible for every man, woman and child to understand the full meaning of the words "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

It is reported that Premier Borden is about to introduce a bill striking at the cigarette habit. Cigarettes are an acknowledged injury to the working powers of the slave. They dull his mind and sap his energy.

The masters want the brightest minds and the most agile fingers possible to pile up their profits quickly; therefore they prevail upon Borden to make a law to stop the evil. This bill will in no wise pertain to the cigarette smoking of the so-called upper class. They will have their clubs and resorts in which to smoke to their elegant satisfaction. It is aimed at the worker who has no club to go to, and who will have to do his smoking in public. Laws made by the capitalists are intended only for the common mutts to observe. The plute laughs at Borden's laws and does as he pleases. The yellow-fingered boys and elbow-crookers of the idle rich are not expected to observe any law.

"The place for women is in the home." Have you ever heard some unctuous old geezer get that platitudinous old chestnut? The old Adam in you makes you want to rise and swear him. Your knowledge of economic determinism makes you know the old cuss is not to blame for his ideas, his wheezes or his hypocrisy. So you hold your hand. Under the present system the woman is forced out of the home. The master class want work done the cheapest. Women work cheaper than men. The men are sacked, and the women are forced to go out and earn the living for the family. How can women stay in the home when capitalism will not let them?

THE NEW RELIGION

(From the Progressive Woman)

Recently we attended a service in a certain Baptist church, in Chicago. Now the congregation of this church is not made up of millionaires, but of middle-class people, some moderately wealthy, some keeping their heads above water by some kind of genteel employment or profession, others decidedly poor, but striving to maintain the outward appearances of fashionable respectability.

Before the sermon proper, the preacher made a talk to his congregation, in which he told them that the running expenses of the church were \$15,000 a year, and that there was an indebtedness on it of \$30,000. Then he preached on "The Fullness of Blessing."

The "fulness of blessing" referred to the time of the early Christians, when their hearts were aglow with the ideal of Brotherhood, of a Great Hope, of definite purpose, of sacrifice! It was wonderful to be alive in those days, to be a Christian then! So ran the young minister's sermon, and his face glowed with the glory of the idea.

Then, in mournful tones and with dejected look, he deplored the absence of this "fulness of blessing" in present-day church members, spoke of their cold formalities, their "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals" . . .

Why had the change come about, and what could remedy it?

It was a striking sermon. Striking from the young minister's evident seriousness, and his equally evident ignorance of the cause of the situation.

Probably the most unreligious people in the world today are the church-goers, especially among the wealthy and well-to-do churches of the cities. As far away from the spirit and teachings of the Nazarene as anything can get, are they. Why? We, too, ask the question the minister asked. And the answer comes: Because the church has separated itself from the struggles of the common people in their efforts toward better things, in their reaching for the light and life of a full rounded human being.

Because the modern church is carried forward the plan of Constantine's, that the Christian religion should be prostituted to the needs of the rulers, instead of a Light for the guidance of the oppressed. Because it is today one of the staunchest supporters of the rule of Mammon. And it was the dictum of Jesus that "Ye cannot love God and Mammon." Jesus said also: "Verily, I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter the kingdom of heaven. And again I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

Yet here was a young minister eating his heart out over a congregation of people housed in a building whose running expenses are \$15,000 a year, a church of that denomination which has been the special recipient of donations from the Rockefeller billions. Wondering at their coldness, at their lack of enthusiasm, carrying them back to the days of Christ and the apostles, citing their poverty, their sacrifices, and their glory in them for the Cause.

And how evidently unconscious of the contradictions of the situation he was!

"Ye cannot love God and Mammon." But you can love God and the common people. God is the Life Force. And through the great mass of the working class flows this Life Force. Through their struggles upward from the depths, to the Great Light. Through their ideals, their hopes, their longings. It is the power which is welding them into one mass, to strive together, to go forward together against the crushing rule of the modern Caesars.

The old spirit of the Apostles is rehabilitated in the modern Socialist. And Socialism may well be termed the organized, conscious religion of the times. "Go and sell what thou hast, and give to the poor," was the practical side of the ancient religion. Let the people own the great industries, the mines, mills, factories, so that all may be clothed and fed, is the practical side of the modern religion. And in the earnestness and sacrifices of its apostles and teachers, in its hope and faith, in its spiritual longings, in its effort to attain to the "fulness of blessing," to attune and harmonize itself with the Great Force, the Central Power, which is Applied Love, lies the ideal, the mystic fascination, and power of the modern religion, which is Socialism.

Young minister, your place, and the place of all honest people, is with this Movement. Not in the Temples of Dead Forms!

Recently a large quantity of claret was laid down in the royal cellars at Buckingham palace. This wine will probably lay in the cellars for fifty or sixty years before it is taken out. It will then be in fine shape to soothe the palates of the royal parasites, who can guzzle to their fill, while two million people on the verge of starvation in England may bow the head and bend the knee (if their empty stomachs will allow their knees to bend without collapsing) to these royal joy-riding parasites over the backs of the masses.

The Dominion of Canada has a surplus of \$55,000,000. The wage workers will still plug along on their \$418 per year.

A "society" that demands soldiers, police, marines, armies and navies, judges, lawyers, jails, penitentiaries, prison farms, etc., to keep its head above water, must be in a pretty rotten and waterlogged condition.

Female slaves in the sweat pens of the large cities have their share of hellish conditions under the capitalist system. They are compelled to toil in a stifling atmosphere many hours each day and often into the night. Bestial foremen stand threateningly over the slaves, and insults are offered with impunity. The toiler who resents is threatened with dismissal and blacklist. Is it any wonder thousands of girls each year graduate from these dens of iniquity to the street? When human nature can endure no longer the sweat shop line of least resistance. Then "society," which demands the sweatshops which produce the girl of the street, calmly proceeds to bound her from pillar to post, from police court to prison "reformatory," where jackals in human form lie in wait for their release, so they may be exploited for the benefit of that "society."

On April 19th Lyle Hesson was sent to jail for six months by Magistrate Smith of Vancouver, B. C.

His crime was begging on the streets. "Don't look me up," pleaded the prisoner. "I've just had two years of it, and it's so good to be free again." Hesson had been unable to get work. He was one of the unemployed of Vancouver. Magistrate Smith sent him to jail. Smith knew what the master class wanted of the likes of him. He knew the kind of dirty work he was paid to do. The slaves have to work or starve. If they cannot get work let them offer themselves for less than the market rate of wages and turn some other devil out of a job. And the devil who turned out will have to underbid some other worker, and the last worker will starve, beg and get lost. Lookers like Magistrate Smith to shut them up in jails away from the free air. Who is to blame? All you workmen are to blame who voted for the capitalist politicians to be in power and have the choice of elevating such low crawling creatures as Magistrate Smith to the bench.

Never since the Fuzzy-wuzzies broke the British square at Tel-el-Kabir have the British government and its strong arm supporters been placed in such a humiliating position as the militant suffragists have them at present. England, with her squadrons of battleships cruising up and down the high seas, with her army depots and countless soldiers scattered all over the world, and with untold wealth stored away in the care of the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," is just about helpless as far as the militant suffragists are concerned. The government is in a quandary, and the whole empire is watching to see what move will be made next. Many people condemn the militant tactics of the suffragists. How are the women of England to blame for the present disturbances? For centuries they have been asked to bear and rear fighting stock, the glories of the army and navy have been constantly before their eyes, their husbands, sons and sweathearts have talked militarism unceasingly, their children have been taught in the schools; the curse of warfare has become a germ in their blood, to be transmitted to the female of their offspring. The natural law of evolution is being followed out. The powers of England are to blame. Let them reap the whirlwind.

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