

WAS EXPECTED

Oct. 1st, 1908. I suffered with what "Water Tumor." I stand, nor lie down. Morphine had to be pain.



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IES FENWICK. I was sold by all dealers \$2.50, or trial box, paid on receipt of Limited, Ottawa.

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Total No. of Subs  
for Issue of Nov. 11  
**4,020**  
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Last Week... **5,600**  
W. U. COTTON, Editor and Prop.

# Cotton's Weekly

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## STREET SPEAKING INJUNCTIONS AND JAILS THE ARTISAN SOCIALIZATION LABOR AND THE STEEL TRUST FIGHT FOR POSSESSION

The idea of the capitalists is that the streets should be reserved for traffic. In Montreal there is a by-law against blocking the streets. A capitalist council has legislated in the interests of capitalists traffic, and a capitalist legislature has appointed capitalist judges to enforce the capitalist laws. The streets are not only for traffic. They are for the convenience of the citizens of Montreal. No doubt the capitalists want the streets free on ordinary occasions in order that their traffic slaves may come and go quickly. But on occasions when a capitalist henchman is to be honored for his services to his capitalist masters, the streets are allowed to be blocked. Thus, when Laurier visits the city, processions are formed and the streets are blocked and the police are employed to turn traffic away from the blocked streets.

The socialists of Montreal have conquered the right of street speaking, but that right is as yet in a very precarious condition. The police seize the slightest excuse for scattering street gatherings which are not for the benefit of the capitalists. The master class know that the slaves will revolt if given half a show. The police are therefore instructed to break up street meetings under the sacred name of freedom of traffic. The streets of Montreal are for the citizens of Montreal. If two thousand citizens want to congregate and block a quiet street for a few minutes, it is an act of tyranny upon the part of the civic government to disperse that meeting, because perchance a slow moving coal cart might amble down that street in preference to some other street equally as convenient to reach its destination. The streets of Montreal should be for the citizens of Montreal. The socialists have done a noble work in fighting for the right of free speech on the public squares and street corners.

### THE ARREST OF FILLMORE

In Spokane, Washington, William Howard Taft spoke to forty thousand people on the streets of the city. William Jennings Bryan on another occasion addressed a street gathering of five thousand people. When some street speakers recently tried to address small crowds the speakers were immediately arrested for obstructing the streets. There is a by-law in Spokane forbidding street speaking which is put in force against those speakers alone who do not represent the dominant class. At the other side of the continent, in St. John, N. B., the Salvation Army is allowed to hold street meetings. Last Thursday, Roscoe A. Fillmore began to speak on the streets of that city immediately after the Salvation Army had finished their harangues. The police of the city listened for a few minutes, thinking that Fillmore was announcing a Salvation Army meeting. When they discovered by the address that he was propounding the theories of socialism he was at once told that he could not speak on the streets and had to move on. When he continued to speak he was arrested.

This shows the class character of our police system. Speech is free on the streets so long as the sentiments expressed are satisfactory to the present system of government. When sentiments of humanity and liberty and justice are propounded the speakers are arrested. It is a case of speech being free only so long as the idea is bound.

But police rule must give way before the rising tide of modern thought. The battle for free speech is being fought out in every state and province of the United States and Canada. Fillmore is one of the fighters.

In a recent advertisement of a paper-cutting device the following phrase, "This safety device (to prevent the cutting off of human fingers) is patented by us and can be found on no other cutting machine." Under capitalism the safety of a man's hand is turned into a profit making business. Under socialism when the element of profit is eliminated all the protection devices will be used for humanity and not for dividends.

It is not a man's fault if he is a drunkard or is poor; he either has not the moral courage or the inclination to acquire wealth and retain it.

In the United States the injunction is becoming antiquated and the master class is adopting the direct action of jailing working men and working women without shadow of excuse. The American constitution guarantees the right of assembly, the right of free speech, and the right of free press. It also guarantees the right of trial by jury. The Supreme Court has been given the right of interpreting the Constitution and under that right the Supreme Court has interpreted the Constitution out of existence. The injunction has been the great weapon. A court in time of strike would order the strikers not to assemble and not to utter the word scab in the presence of strike breakers. It would enjoin the labor press from publishing information. Such injunctions are unconstitutional. Nevertheless, the police and militia and federal army would be called out to enforce the injunctions and those who would not obey the injunctions would be sentenced without trial by jury for contempt of court.

The American labor leaders and workers, when they saw the courts were stealing their liberties, fought back. It has been the plutocracy and the illegal courts which have precipitated the civil labor wars in Colorado and elsewhere. The injunction has become so threadbare and so disreputable that it is no longer effective. Bill Haywood and Fred Warren and other socialists and unionists snap their fingers at the paper declares of the capitalist courts. The plutocracy has therefore been forced to adopt the tactics of direct jailing.

When Taft was down South, John Murray, a socialist, was kidnapped and flung into jail without warrant and without reason. He was released without explanation. DeLara, a Mexican refugee and educated socialist, has been flung into jail and is going to be sent back to Mexico to be shot by butcher Diaz, on the charge of being an alien anarchist. In Washington state, street corner orators are being arrested by the hundreds. In Spokane, Washington, the Industrial Workers of the World have been putting up a fight for free speech. As soon as a soap box mounted a box to speak, the police would nab him and hustle him to jail. Scores have been arrested and the fight is still on. Industrial unionists are hurrying to Spokane to speak and get arrested.

It is doubtful whether the jailing tactics will save the plutocracy. In the United States, the capitalist system is the most advanced of any country and therefore nearest its downfall. The revolutionized workers are on the verge of an outbreak that may make the conflagration of the Civil War pale into insignificance.

A great No-Tip hotel has been started in London. Tips are not allowed and it is proving a success. This is simply the organization of business on a business basis. The tipping system has to go because in it there is an element of uncertainty and that uncertainty is an eyecore to the business instincts of the capitalist.

The workers of Cumberland, N. S., the county in which Springhill is situated are putting up a labor candidate in the person of Adolph F. Landry for the Nova Scotia legislature. A labor candidate is a good thing as such candidates teach the workers their class interests. If the labor man is a socialist all the better.

Edward Ginn of Boston announced that he was going to leave a million dollars to education when he died and the tax collectors got after him to find out why he was not paying taxes on that million while alive. Capitalism is rotten. Even philanthropists are crooked. Capitalism makes them so.

The capitalists of Canada are "investing" their swag in the slave states of Mexico. The Canadian capitalist is just as hungry for the spoils of slave labor as the European or American.

Many very nice people attribute the poverty of the workingman to the liquor habit; still they vote to maintain the profit in the liquor business.

In former times the workman owned his own tools with which he produced the necessities of life. The shoe-maker owned his last and awl and other tools necessary to make shoes. The small printer owned primitive presses with which he turned out small papers. The transporter of goods owned his horse and wagon to transport the goods made. The weaver and spinner owned the loom and spinning wheel. The worker owned the tools with which he worked and got all there was to be got from the product of his labor.

But the giant machine came into being. The awl and last went. The primitive printing press went. The teamster was replaced by the railway and the engine. The hand loom disappeared before the power loom. The new machinery was no longer capable of individual ownership in the old sense. A modern printing establishment costs hundreds of thousands of dollars. A railway costs a hundred thousand dollars a mile to build and equip. The cotton mill is far beyond the pocket of the average man to acquire.

The huge machines replaced the small tools. The small tools were owned by the workers. The big machines were owned by the capitalists. The old worker owning his tools, got the full return of his toil in primitive society where there was not slavery. With the giant machines the worker no longer got the full reward of his labor. He had to surrender part of the product of his toil to the owners of the new machinery. With the evolution of industry the artisans were completely driven from their independent position and had to seek work from the machine owners. The machine owners therefore had the whip hand and drove a hard bargain. They took from the wage worker all the result of toil and gave in return a wage that would just keep the worker alive. At the present time the machine owners through their ownership of the machines are taking from the worker four-fifths of what they produce.

New occasions teach new duties. But these duties are learned slowly. The workers have endeavored to right themselves by organizing in craft unions and by raising wages. But with the raise in wages the machine owners raised the price of the products of the machines and the workers were no better off than before. The workers are now advancing by returning to an old idea. They are seeing that just as the old artisan owned the small tools and was independent, so the modern workers must own the giant machines in order to be free and to get the full return of their labor. They are crowding into the socialist ranks and are devising ways and means for the proletarian control of the machinery of production.

### 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 plutocracy of Canada has been telling how the civilian Italians cheered the Czar at Racconigi. This is false as official civilians were not allowed within a mile of the meeting place. Here is what the London Daily Chronicle has to say of the meeting:

"The immense precautions already taken for the Tsar's advent were further increased as the historic hour drew near. The authorities entered the Racconigi shops at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, summarily ordering all the customers to clear out and the iron shutterwork to be lowered. All the doors and windows were sealed. The townsfolk had to quit their dwellings, and were escorted to a field outside the town where they were edged behind a mighty phalanx of soldiery."

Doctor Salter, socialist candidate for Bermondsey, England, was defeated by the Tory Candidate. Three causes tended towards his defeat. He was an ardent vivisectionist. He was also given to quoting the bible. The Labor Party of Great Britain is in alliance with the Liberal party and has not become clearcut and revolutionary.

There are many persons who do not see how socialism is going to come about. Even when it has come they do not see how socialism will be workable. They consider that socialism is a scheme and that it is against human nature. They think that men will not submit to it.

Here is where history shows that socialism is possible and is bound to come about. The giant machine has made it necessary for men to work together. Mankind is acquiring a new habit, a habit forced upon it by changing modes of production.

In the country districts and where machinery is not used to any great extent the work is still individual. The farmer goes out with a hoe and hoes his corn in the spring. Or he hitches his horse in front of a weeder and he and his horse work together. The day laborer goes into the village and digs a ditch with a hand shovel. The work is individual and the villagers, judging the world to be but their village life only enlarged, gravely shake their heads and say that socialism is unworkable.

But in the cities and industrial centres, even out in the wilderness where the railway lines are being pushed forth, there is none of this individual labor. The workers move to the clang of machinery. Each moves as the machine moves. The machines have forced upon mankind social action, precise movement, the organization of industry.

In former ages communism was practicable and this communism no doubt is what Christ taught. But with the steel age communism is supplemented by socialism. The machine man is more productive and powerful than the individual man. Mankind therefore have to become machine men to survive in the struggle for existence. The machine man is necessarily the socialized man. It is the machine age that is producing the socialization of humanity.

### THE ELECTION OF LANGLOIS

Francois Langlois, Labor Candidate, has been elected to the Quebec Legislature from the St. Sauveur district, Quebec. The workingmen of Quebec have been a thorn in the side of the capitalists of the Province. They have always demanded that labor be well paid. So much so that the people of Quebec have complained that the dock laborers drove business away from Quebec to Montreal. Recently the shoe firms with factories in the Ancient Capital gave out the statement that the shops would be moved to Montreal owing to the exorbitant demands of the workers.

Now the workers have elected a laboring man to the Quebec Legislature. This is good news indeed. While it would be better did Langlois have a clear knowledge of socialist economics nevertheless, we must not forget the difference between the French and the English temperament. The French are more fiery and more revolutionary than are the English. Langlois will be revolutionary because it is the nature of the Gaul to be such.

The nationalists backed Langlois and this was used by the Liberals against him in the election. It was said that the race cry was being raised. But if socialism stands for freedom, the greatest possible freedom attainable under a well managed industrial organization, why should not the nationalists want French manners and customs and laws fitting the French temperament? The socialists support the Indians in their desire for home rule for India. They support the nationalist aspirations of the Egyptians. Why should the nationalists of the province of Quebec not have a right to their national foibles?

The election of Langlois marks an epoch in the politics of Quebec. The French of this province are forsaking their church. They are becoming modernized. They have their free thought clubs. These for the upper classes. But Langlois is the first symptom of labor coming to its own.

The American Federation of Labor has declared war on the U. S. Steel Corporation. In the battle to come labor will be forced to adopt many tactics, new on this continent, but which proved more or less successful in Europe.

The American Federation of Labor at Toronto has resolved to fight the steel trust. The U. S. Steel Corporation is one of the most bitter opponents of organized labor on the continent. It has steadily persisted in a policy of disrupting the unions. It is engaged now in a gigantic effort to break the unions on the great lakes. It has disrupted the unions in the steel mills. It is out to crush organized labor altogether.

The American Federation of Labor under Gompers, as conservative an organization as ever existed from a workingman's point of view, is going to fight back. The mere fact that it is going to fight will teach the Federation many lessons which it must learn before it can be considered to be in the same fighting class with the revolutionary unions of Europe.

In the first place it will have to learn that the old craft unionism cannot meet the modern battle. The steel trust is a vast corporation engaged in many trades. It mines coal and iron. It runs railways. It makes steel. It builds ships. It runs vessels on the great lakes. It builds cities like Gary, Indiana. It employs men of all trades. Men of all trades, therefore, must unite into one union to fight it. The miners and trainmen and lake workers and bricklayers and shipbuilders must unite in one organization to fight the one boss. The craft unions through which all the separate workers of the various trades try to fight for their interests separately from the mass of the workers cannot cope with the trust. Napoleon wanted only one army to smash two armies if he could get at the two armies at different times. So the steel trust can smash the various trades unions if it is allowed to deal with the individual trade unions one at a time.

In the second place the Federation of Labor will have to learn to go into politics. Gompers' plan of labor rewarding its friends and punishing its enemies must be abandoned. Labor must have no friends in politics upon which it has to rely. Labor must go into politics itself and be independent of friends and enemies. Labor must look to itself for its own legislation in the interests of labor. This is the lesson the European workers have long since learned. When the hosts of organized labor of the United States cease to be divided and are become united into one vast organization on the industrial field and when they case to vote for its bosses, and have learned to vote for labor representatives then the laborers will be on the road to industrial and political power. Until the American Federation learns these two things it will continue to fight with antiquated weapons and will continue to suffer the blows of adverse fortune. Its members will be subject to poverty in employment and starvation in unemployment. Let the laborers grasp the weapons which are proving effective in other countries.

### 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.

New Zealand is borrowing ten million dollars to pay for a Dreadnaught battleship. Laurier wants Canada to go into debt for the same purpose. Laurier is a great friend of the capitalists who want to lend money and sell ships to Canada. Under capitalism the capitalists find army and navy contracts exceedingly profitable. Therefore nations are urged to fight each other that the capitalists may have profit. Under socialism there will be no profit in building warships. Consequently they will not be built.

Judge Choquet in Montreal sentenced a store robber to five years in penitentiary. Under capitalism men are forced to steal in order to live. Capitalist laws then deprive the victim of capitalist economics of his liberty. Under socialism thieving will become rare as the means of life will be open to all.

The capitalists want to be charitable to the workers. The workers reply, "Curse your charity. We want justice."

The socialist movement aims at giving to the workers the machinery and means of production at which the worker must work in order to produce the necessities of life. The mines, mills, forests and lands must be put into the possession and under the control of the men and women who do the work. At present one set of men own the machinery of production and another set of men do the work. The parasite class, by the mere ownership of the machines of production can force the workers to divide up with the idle.

The parliaments of the world, the police, the army, the navy, the courts and the publicity agents are under the control and move at the command of the owners of the means of production, and not at the command of the workers. The result is that laws are made for the sake of profit and not for the sake of the welfare of the useful classes of society. The courts and judges are the personal possession of the master class. The judges order the payment of rent, interest and profit to the master class. The police and army are instruments for enforcing the orders of the capitalist class. Against this combination the workers have a hard time in their struggle for possession. The master class tell the workers that they can own the machinery of production if they will save their money and buy the capitalist class out. This method is impossible. The workers get in wages only enough to keep themselves alive. If the ordinary day laborer on the C. P. R. system were to save his wages to buy out his portion of the ownership of the C. P. R., he would have to work eighteen years and not spend a cent in order to acquire the necessary amount. The capitalist class are perfectly aware that the purchase scheme is an impossible one for the workers.

There remains the method of confiscation. The capitalist class control the machinery of parliament and have made that machinery so cumbersome and unwieldy as to give the workers little show for confiscating the machinery of production from the present owners. In the United States revolutionary unionism is coming rapidly to the front. The mass action of the workers on the industrial plane won out at McKee's Rocks. The Western Federation of Miners are industrial unionists. In Canada the labor movement is beginning to develop. It just depends upon the workers themselves how soon they will be prepared to declare a lock out against the bosses.

The German authorities have unearthed a lot of illegal graft in the navy. A million and a half dollars have been taken by these illegal grafters. The Canadian newspapers have been full of horror at the discovery. The Canadian newspapers have nothing but praise for the government grafters whose operations have been legalized, the financiers who lend on interest.

Lord Dundonald has a scheme in his head. He is going to have Great Britain dump her unemployed upon Canadian farm colonies where they can raise wheat. According to capitalist ideas this will relieve the congestion in Great Britain and will fill the void spaces of Canada. But this does not relieve the situation from the unemployed point of view. The labor markets of the world are glutted with men seeking work and to shift sections of the unemployed from one country to another simply changes the locality of the unemployed.

Revolution does not mean armed uprisings, assassinations, street riots, blowing up of buildings, though these often accompany reforms and reactionary measures. Revolution means the attainment of political power by an hitherto subject class and their use of the governmental machinery to advance its own interests.

Our courts are capitalist courts. They are institutions to enforce the robbery of the workers. Why should we reverence them?

Since the McKees Rocks strike the industrial union idea among socialists has received a great boost.

Salvation cannot be individual. It must be social.

## Capitalism is Slavery Socialism is Freedom

BY C. W. THOMAS.

As socialists we condemn capitalism. We say that the capitalist system means the enslavement of the workers and the moral ruin of the thinkers.

The average worker of to-day boasts of his freedom. Let us see how free he is, or whether he has any freedom at all. What is the life of the worker to-day surrounded by everything he or she has produced by his brain and physical energy? The workers are denied the right to use these things which they are in need of and must have in order to live. Why? Because of the master class who own the land and the tools necessary to production. They have obtained this power by the sanction of the slaves themselves. The socialist party say that he who owns our means of life owns us. Recognizing the fact that we are slaves we desire to free ourselves and break the bonds of slavery.

But to get back to the worker who considers he is not a slave. I ask him how free he is when he does not know where his next meal is coming from? Where is his freedom when he is dependent on another for a job and dependent on that job for a life? Again, where is his freedom when his much talked of sacred home life is in danger of being destroyed any day by unemployment? How free is he when he is denied the opportunity of developing himself physically and intellectually because his brain and muscle are spent every day under the directions and in the service of another?

Where is his freedom when after building fine houses, producing the best of food and clothes, he is forced to live in unsanitary hovels, in unhealthy towns, wear shoddy clothes and eat adulterated food? How free is he when he dare not express his thoughts aloud for fear of losing his job? Where is his freedom when he cannot give his children the same start in life as the children of his master?

Where is his freedom anyhow? The slavery which exists to-day is the cruelest ever known. Let us compare the chattel slave with the wage slave of to-day. Let us see how he fares with his master. Was he ever chasing jobs? No. Did he ever starve? No. Was he allowed to die if death could be prevented? No. Did not his master make it his business to see that nothing should be lacking which would prevent his slave from working? Why? Because this slave was bought at a price and his death would mean a monetary loss to his master.

Now take the life of the wage slave. He is for ever trying to find a master and that, seeing they are growing scarce, is no light work. He has to sell his labor power, his physical energy, which means his body (for he has to be there to deliver his labor power for nine to twelve and in many cases fourteen hours a day) after which he is allowed to return to his hovel in order to rest and eat sufficient hay and oats as a means of reproducing his power for the next day.

But the master does not buy the worker's labor power in order that he (the worker) might live. Not on your life. It is of no use to the master unless he can make a profit out of it. Does he care what he comes of the slave after he has no further use for him? No. It does not concern him if the worker and his wife are suffering for the lack of the necessities of life or die of disease through living in hovels little short of a pig sty.

"Hold on," says the worker who considers he is not a slave, "Your slave does not get whipped." He does not think of the pain of hunger which is worse than the lash. The slave of to-day gets a certain amount of elementary education because production and commerce could not be carried on without a little knowledge.

But will the wage slave always submit to this treatment? No. A thousand times no. We see to-day great signs of awakening in every country. The socialist party increases in numbers. This skin game is being seen through by the workers.

They are asking themselves who and what it is that stands between them and the means of life, why they just get sufficient to keep body and soul together when working; why they are forced to starve when not.

In England there are thirteen million of the populace on the verge of starvation according to the statement of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. In the city of London, England, so states Sir Edward Bradford, Commissioner of Police, there are eighty thousand prostitutes. The workhouses, hospitals,

infirmities and prisons are full to overflowing. What mockery to talk of civilization with this evidence of the suffering of humanity, the result of this hellish system before us. To-day millions are without the good things of life because too many good things have been produced.

But the end is in sight. The workers are going to stop this robbery. Such conditions cannot last but a few years, for the workers are realizing that they have the power to emancipate themselves from bondage. The way they will accomplish it will be by electing men to the Legislature, men who will legislate in the interest of the workers and stop the robbery of the wealth which they create; give each an opportunity to develop the best that is in them; to see to it that no one shall be denied anything that is essential to life; find work for all and overwork for none.

Wage slavery will be abolished; socialism established. We shall then have learnt the meaning of life, for we shall then be a race of free people.

## WOMAN'S COLUMN

### THE POOR CHILD'S LOT

By FANNY LEVY

We are not so fortunate in Montreal as to have many speakers, so we take advantage of the opportunity of hearing all that happen to come, no matter what the character of the address may be.

Yesterday a young lawyer from New York spoke at the opera house, he had been advertised extensively, and consequently had a full house. He gave a bible lecture entitled "Where are the dead?" which he said, was the question of deepest concern to every man woman and child. At first he spoke very reasonably, but he spoiled it all by telling us that we should give up the pleasures of the body, etc. He looked well fed and well dressed.

The question, "Where are the dead?" seemed so very important to him. There are thousands of people who would be better off dead; there at least they would not be able to hear their children cry for bread. What we want is some one to tell us how to free the living.

Saturday night a poor, tired, wasted looking woman and a little girl eight years old came into the store to purchase a pair of cheap rubbers, as she did not have boots to wear. The child looked wistfully at several things but was not able to get any, notwithstanding that the father and mother and little girl had worked hard all their lives. The husband was so extravagant as to buy his wife a fur collar for the enormous amount of fifty cents. Think of it! When so many people who never do a stitch of work wear furs that are worth thousands of dollars. The little girl seemed naturally bright, and I asked her if she went to school. The mother said "Oh no, it is impossible for me to send her to school, as I go out working every day and she must stay at home and do the work. To-day I did the Saturday's work for three women." Working so hard, is it any wonder that she looked ten years older than she was and that she had a complexion like a fried egg?

This little girl is compelled by such miserable conditions, to grow up to womanhood in ignorance. In this enlightened country of ours there are thousands of children for whom there are no school accommodations. They are of course the children of the proletarians. They talk about making it compulsory for reluctant children to go to school, that may be some good, but what about the poor children who would be happy to go, but cannot as they must go to the mines and factories to grind their young bodies into profit for the capitalists. After toiling so many hours a day, they are so haggard and dwarfish in appearance that one could easily recognize them. They often become stupefied.

The plumes knowing this are presumptuous enough to say that Socialism will destroy the home, they do not care to admit that the shanty workers are pleased to call a home could not be much worse as it would not be to their advantage, and then again honesty is not prevalent among them. Finding that people are beginning to get tired of their sermons regarding future punishment, and fearing that the wage slaves will wake up, they must send out new preachers telling them that there is no everlasting torment, but the good righteous people who are self-sacrificing will live for ever, while the others will be destroyed; telling us that the bible (which has been the cause of so much bloodshed) is the anchor of light and truth; and many other things that we have heard all our lives.

The question of civilization to be solved is the emancipation of the working class. You must learn to vote sensibly that capital shall be publicly owned and that every one that works shall positively eat.

### 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 Bundles 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.

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## Toilers and Idlers

Our Serial Story

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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 machinery seemed to go faster and the men worked more swiftly. Wedges were pounded; crane tackle rattled and clanked. Smoke rose to the rafters from the wood fires in the big and small ladles, thus having their clay lining dried. A thumping irregular roar came from the cupola as the blast was put on. The great furnace on stilts had the same cylinder look here as in the yard. A pipe two feet in diameter conveyed the air driven with force through the layers of iron, coke and other material, generating irresistible heat. The monster's digestion of air and fuel was shown at the small mica-screened port-holes where the red glow changed to orange, pale yellow and then effluent white.

"Is she ready?" shouted an impatient member of the group ranged around the ladles.

"Bide a wee," said the double-chinned tall cupola boss, after a glance in a port-hole. "Your pay goes on."

At length he advanced like a priest of mystery, a dab of clay on his cheek and a black streak on his brow. Holding in both hands a long rod overhead, as if it were a spear to be cast, he pierced the dam at the head of the clay-lined spout. A slow stream of red iron bubbled out and as it struck the ground a thousand brilliant stars flew in every direction. Vivacious and nimble, he leaped and sparkled, while a cloud of steam rose from the damp spout.

The moulders formed in line to receive the metal. The foremost carried hand ladles, clay-lined iron pots holding what one man might lift at the end of a four-foot bar. Each deftly thrust his pot under the stream, now a dazzling silver, and hurried away when it was filled. Larger ladles were borne by two men at opposite ends of long bars, cross-handled.

An unearthly glow lighted the foundry in irregular cadence with smoky gloom. The sweating, bareheaded men, soot marks on face and neck, seemed grotesque demons as they bore away the incandescent fluid. Zienski's deformed stoop, shaggy hair and lip-drawn teeth, contrasted with the jovial demerol of Tom Locker, leather belted and in a sleeveless shirt, his naked biceps playing as he lifted and twisted the handles of the largest ladles. The constant thick steam from the spout stopped a moment, then spurted forth with a shower of sparks. One of these grazed a man's arm; and he jumped with an oath.

Under the spout that at its head glared like the focus of a searchlight, a ladle waist deep was brought. As it filled with seething metal, increasing light was cast upward to the pure, shimmering, geyser-like fountains spreading about gave red flickering reflections to faces and hairy arms. The crane hook caught the bail handle and swung the ladle away, until it could be reached by the next crane and brought to John Day's engine bed mold. It swung high across the shop, a meteor of heat and light. Meanwhile the cupola boss, poised his spear tipped with a clay cone, had damped the flow.

The big ladle, lowered beside the ingate of the mold, was adjudged too hot. Day tossed into it pieces of scrap iron that softened and melted like wax in boiling water. Some white sand went on the surface. The apprentices were capering about with long rods used for skimming the slag. Rensen tried to skim the ladle, but his hands and face seemed to shrivel in the blinding heat and he fell back involuntarily. Another took his place, deftly raking aside from the ladle lip the slag and cinders.

Day and Locker, stooping down and away, sweat rising at every pore, tilted the handles. At the first turn the gate was filled to the brim. The black flasks began to smoke and glow at every opening. A capering demonic apprentice touched the red point of his skimmer to the single and serried vents, which burst into flame with little puffing explosions. The large bottom vents hummed with fiery pressure, long tongues of fire. Tongues flew along the joints between the molds. On top were rows of flickering yellow, violet-tipped flames following the cross vents.

"Up," shouted John Day, as the bright metal appeared at the two risers beyond the gate. The metal left at the ingate quivered and boiled away with shifting zigzags of silver bordered by fresh film. It was soon tapped so as to run into a little pit. Smoke and steam rose vehemently from the flasks; sand shoveled on charred blazing timbers quenched the flames. A pungent odor of burnt sand, wood and flour came to the nostrils. Rensen was confused with the din of the blast, the explosions, the shrill cries of the boys and men's shouts of "Gangway!" as they passed with gleaming ladles. Fire was overhead and underfoot. One stepped with difficulty to avoid the smouldering red places or a splash of metal from a passing ladle. Rays of dark heat sometimes gave warning that a mold was not empty. The

heat was like the dry room of a bath. As the smaller molds cooled, the cherry gates were knocked off with the sledge, the flasks lifted and the sand scraped from the floor cast. The sand next the iron was red. The foreman roared, the devils with skimmers danced about. The air became stifling. The half naked bodies of the workers flitted through smoke and lucent vapor.

Out in the cool, pure, quiet air of night, the senses were still overpowered as by a vision of cyclopean activity.

### CHAPTER V.

Because he had not felt so well in years, each day bringing fresh interests, each night deep, restful sleep, Rensen had decided to postpone indefinitely his traveler's report to the Belvedere Club. In fact, as experience grew there was less humor in the matter. Either his point of view was changing or he had lost the knack of anecdote. The most spirited mot at hand commended nine hours' toil, plain food and a hard bed. One might add as a minor witicism that it was less pleasant not to be your own master, to have your mind fixed on necessary tasks. Nor was it unprofitable to cultivate the friendship of simple uneducated people. However, anxious to avoid the extremes just implicated, he hoped later to get a right perspective.

"Otis, the family wants to meet you," said John Day in asking his helper to supper.

"It is very kind of them," guessing that the other thought a square meal not amiss in advance of pay day.

"No, son, they're curious, just curious. I have to bring home everybody so they can shake hands and ask questions."

"I'm afraid these clothes are rather—"

"They won't shake hands with your clothes. Just brush the overalls with a bit of hay and leave enough sand in your hair so you'll pass for an honest foundryman." Rensen smilingly obeyed, but washed the grime from face and hands in the cold water at the faucet. He could not help regretting the state of his nails. The blisters on one's palms were likewise beyond remedy. So was the smoke stench in his clothes.

They walked a few blocks north along the river street, after elbowing through the crowds of homegoers at the ferry. Tugs and ferryboats, hoarse-throated, plied the dark waters that reflected a thousand lights. Against the dusky southern sky shone the curve of white electric lamps marking the lower bridge. The gas lamps along the water front showed the cape outlines of this part of the island.

They climbed three flights of a tenement that began with a glass mosaic hall to end with bare plaster and wood. As they entered the dining-room, Peggy ran to kiss her father and bodily shook hands with the guest. Her braids were tied with blue ribbon; the red freckle cheeks looked as if they had been scoured. Two awkward sturdy boys of fifteen or sixteen were introduced as Peggy's brothers. A year-old baby blinked gravely in his high chair. Mrs. Day, calico-gowned, seemed pale and of a weakly voice.

John Day's mother was a vigorous personage despite white hair, many wrinkles, and the bend in her back; she had a firmer hand clasp than any.

"Yes, sorr, sixty-six years old and nothing the matter wid me," she said with pride.

"How do you keep so young?" asked the guest.

"Sure, I tak' an interest in all the world an' think of what's doing, not what's been did."

"Don't you find the same things happening?"

(To be continued)

### A START 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 P. C. Young, Toronto ..... \$1.00
2. Mrs. Jules Lavenne, Springhill, 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 ideas travelling.

### Ballots or Bullets

But the fact is, organization and education alone can help us. The ballot is a means. The strike is a means. The bullet is a means.

No one of them is in itself anything. They are of value to him who knows how to use them. To those without the intelligence and organization to use them effectively they are nothing.

To the man or the class that knows how to use the ballot, the strike and the bullet, victory is near.

To the man or the class that knows not how to use the ballot, the bullet is of no use.

Wherever the workers are weak in education and organization they rely on the bullet. It is the cry of despair, the sob of the beaten and the crushed. Wherever the workers have education and organization they rely on the ballot and the strike.

When in shop and ward, in factory and home, in mine and cabin, they have learned the spirit of brotherhood all will be well.

And despair not; our comrades of other lands have learned how to think right, strike right and vote right.

Should it be necessary, and peace-ful means fail, they will know how to shoot right.

—ROBERT HUNTER

## THE PEOPLE'S POEMS

### LABOR TRIUMPHANT

By EDMUND DEFREYNE

Hail! mighty thing of brain and brawn,  
Whose head and hands uphold the world,  
Hail, Conqueror! Awake! the dawn  
Of thy day comes apace, and hurled  
Into the limbo of the past  
Will be thy wrongs, if thy strong hands  
But pull together and hold fast  
Each right when gained. But thy demands  
Backed by thy manhood's might must be;

Thou canst not win with half thy power.  
Waken! Unite! Then, like the sea,  
Thou art resistless. Lo! the hour  
Is ripe. The hands of Time and Fate  
Point to the dawn; and from its sleep  
Of ages, heavy-eyed and late,  
But not too late its tryst to keep—  
Great Labor wakes, and, with wide eyes  
Of wonder, sees his giant form,  
Begins his force to realize:

And, looking on the pygmy swarm  
Which fattens on him, and with chains  
Of golden tissue binds his brawn  
And its colossal strength restrains,  
Laughs, half in rage and half in scorn;  
And, breaking, one by one the bands  
Of minted gold his own hand wrought  
Rises triumphant, proudly stands  
Upon the world his toil hath bought  
And paid for many times in coin.

### A PROPHECY.

For I dipt into the future, far as human  
eye could see,  
Saw the vision of the world, and all the  
wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce,  
argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping  
down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting,  
and there rain'd a ghastly dew  
From the nation's airy navies grappling  
in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of  
the south wind rushing warm,  
With the standard of the peoples plung-  
ing thro' the thunder storm;

Till the war drum throb'd no longer,  
and the battle flags were fur'd  
In the Parliament of man, the Feder-  
ation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall  
hold a fretful realm in awe,  
And the kindly earth shall slumber,  
rapt in universal law.

—Tennyson; from "Locksley Hall."

Under socialism homes shall be for  
the people, not for the landlords.

## CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Following is the circulation of Cotton's for the issue of last week, Nov. 11th.

Ontario.....	1170
British Columbia.....	786
Prov. of Quebec.....	755
Nova Scotia.....	403
New Brunswick.....	247
Alberta.....	250
Saskatchewan.....	165
Manitoba.....	171
Elsewhere.....	63
Prince Edward Island.....	4
Yukon Territory.....	6

Total.....4020

Total issue for last week, 5,600.

### The Sunrise of the Poor

ROBERT BURNS WILSON

A darkened hut, outlined against the sky,  
A forward-sloping field, some cedar trees,  
Gaunt grasses, stirred by the awaken-  
ing breeze,  
And nearer, where the grayer shadows lie,  
Within a small, paled square, one may descry  
The beds wherein the poor first taste of ease,  
Where dewy rose vines shed their spicy lees.  
Above the dreamless ashes, silently  
A lonely woman leans there, bent and gray,  
Outlined in part against the shadowed hill,  
In part against the sky, in which the day  
Begins to blaze—O earth, so sweet, so still!  
The woman sighs, and draws a long, deep breath;  
It is the call to labor, not to death.

### BLIND WORKERS

By WILLIAM DENTON

As the polyp, slowly toiling,  
Builds the wondrous coral hills,  
Never dreaming of the office  
It so dexterously fulfills;  
So the merchants and the doctors,  
Footmen, barmen, grubworms low,  
Lawyers, parsons, politicians,  
Toil and moil, but never know  
They are building, like the polyp,  
"Neath the dark, tumultuous sea,  
Mansions for a coming people—  
Noble race that is to be.

### 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.



**Direct Draft Damper**  
**at Front of Stove**  
**Where it is Easy to Turn**

No reaching across a hot stove and over steaming pots to turn direct-draft damper on Sask-Alta. It is placed right at front of stove (see illustration) where a child can readily operate it.

Sask-Alta Direct Damper insures your arms against scalding by steam, and fingers from being burned. But you cannot get this feature in any other range. It's patented—an exclusive Sask-Alta improvement.

**McClary's**  
**Sask-Alta**  
**Steel Range**

For Sale by McCLATCHIE BROS., Cowansville

## GREAT BOOKS

### Great Men

Origin of Species, Darwin; Age of Reason, Paine; Riddle of the Universe, Haeckel, 25c by mail. Merrie England; God and My Neighbor, Blatchford, 20c each by mail. Send for Catalog.

### The People's Book Store

142 Cordova St. W.  
VANCOUVER, B. C.

### MONTREAL LOCAL NO. 1

PROFESSOR PARTY OF CANADA. Holds Propaganda Meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2.30 in the Labor Temple, St. Dominique street. Socialist Headquarters at 222 St. Lawrence Main.

OTTO JAHN, SECRETARY,  
528 Chaussee St., Montreal

The capitalist wants to get all the profit he can, and the wage worker wants to get all the wages he can. Hence the class struggle.

The one reason why a few are able to appropriate to themselves the wealth produced by the many is their ownership of the land, the tools of production and the state. Those who own your jobs have the power to deprive you of what you produce.

## FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE

Patronize Cotton's Advertisers Insurance Placed Anywhere Write for Rates

HERMAN E. REICH

550 Chaussee St., MONTREAL

### READ

**The Western Clarion**

\$1.00 Per Year

PUBLISHED BY

THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA  
Box 886, Vancouver, B. C.

## Rheumatism Cured

In 3 Weeks

By Father Morrissey's "No. 7" Tablets.

Mr. James LeB. Johnstone, a prominent member of the Citizen's Band, of Chatham, N.B. writes:—  
"I contracted Rheumatism by exposure five years ago, and was ailing for two months and in great pain all the time. I got Father Morrissey's No. 7 Tablets, and took them for about three weeks, when the Rheumatism all left me, and I have had no return of the pains since."

"Father Morrissey's No. 7" Tablets have a remarkable record of cures of Rheumatism and Kidney Troubles. They act directly on the kidneys, which have become clogged with impurities and are therefore unable to free the blood of the poisons it is continually gathering from every part of the body. The tablets clear the kidneys and tone them up for their work so that they can properly purify the blood. Once the Uric Acid is taken out of the blood the agonizing pains stop, and the Rheumatism is cured. "No. 7" tablets cost 50c at your dealer's, or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 79

## FIRING LINE

R. E. King of DeCewville, Ont., becomes a subscriber.

Roy Addie, a slave to the system, sends in a trial from Pitoeux, Alta.

C. Freedman of Winnipeg sends in a trial.

P. A. Klassen, of Borden, Sask., sends in three trials.

E. E. Eastman, of Glen Sutton, P. Q., takes a six month sub.

R. Heilinger drops in with two half yearlies for Montreal.

Ed. B. Bailey, of Montreal, sends along a six monther.

Chas. Cunningham of Montreal forwards a halfer.

S. C. Anderson, of Swift Current, Alberta steps into the wigwam with two yearlies.

Are you aware of the fact that you get a bundle of 100 Cottons for 50 cents. No excuse now. Get busy.

Ben Moore of Byng Inlet, Ont., is going to let in a little socialism in his neighborhood. He forwards three trials.

Nothing succeeds like success. Boost Cottons for all you're worth. Six thousand copies go out this week. Rush it over ten.

P. O. Carr sends in six trials for St. Philippe d'Argenteuil, P. Q., the first trial subs for anywhere in that country.

H. Reome of Ottawa, the city of much talk and little work for the workers, comes forward with a six monther.

Arthur B. Howe of Fort William takes a pocket library of socialism. He is going to England and is going to distribute the sixty books among his fellow passengers on shipboard.

Comrade Watts of Oak River, Man., sends in his ten trials on schedule time. Is glad to see the agitation league started. Wants to see it grow to the thousand.

Geo. W. Mollison, of Govan, Sask., sends in a yearly and ten trials. Says he will hustle some more for Cottons. Signs himself, "An Old Socialist."

One yearly and five halfers come from Thos. Robertson of Ottawa. They need Cottons in Ottawa as an antidote to the capitalist dope of the Canadian Parliament.

From Echo Vale, P. Q., comes a trial for a neighbor sent in by D. McLean. The sender hopes that at the end of three months the neighbor will no longer be Conservative.

M. Wayman forwards two trials from Montreal. Says he and Desmond are having the time of their lives holding open air meetings under the noses of the police.

Get into the Bundle Squad. Look up the bundle prices in this issue. Easiest thing in the world to put into circulation ten to a hundred copies per week.

Wm. Davenport, of Brantford, Ont., brings a yearly up to the bar and has him plunk down the price of fifty-two of Cotton's well known capitalist bitters.

J. B. Irwin, of Meeting Creek, Alta., renews his sub and adds two yearlies. If all expiring subscribers would follow the same principle Cotton's would soon have ten thousand.

Fifty cents will now take a bundle of 100 Cottons. Nothing less than one hundred at this rate, as many more hundreds as you like at the same rate.

Can you suggest a taking name for the Agitation League or Bundle Squad. If so, put it on a postal card, and slam it right in now—at once.

H. K. Melnis, Secretary, sends along a bundle and one trial all for Phoenix, B. C. We'll do the best we can at this end to hand out the right dope.

A. F. Cobb, forwards two halfers from Okotoko. Writes as follows: "Re change, do anything that will keep her living. Canada needs a dozen socialist papers like Cotton's."

W. P. Farrell sends in five trials from North Bay, Ont., they are for workmen who are otherwise intelligent but are in need of economic training.

Jos. Upton renews his sub for Keremec, B. C. Toilers and Idlers is published in book form by the Wilshire Book Co., 200 William Street, New York and costs seventy-five cents.

"Cheer up; I will get more subs later," says Comrade C. J. Swenson as he shoves two trials under the tent flap and hits the trail for more. Raven, Alta., is the happy hunting ground for Comrade Swenson.

G. B. Taylor sends in a six months sub for a neighbor at Ravenswood.

## ALL CRIPPLED UP FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE

Cured by Gin Pills.

Mrs. John Pettigrew, of Central Economy, N.S., was practically helpless from Kidney Trouble.

She could not stoop, and her limbs ached so that it was torture for her to be up and around the house.

As Mrs. Pettigrew put it, "I was all crippled up. I saw Gin Pills advertised and sent for some, and after taking only two boxes am a different woman. Gin Pills are the only thing that helped me, and I cannot say too much for them."

If you have that dreadful pain in the back—if you are tortured with Rheumatism or Sciatica—if you have trouble with your Bladder and especially in passing water—if your Liver is torpid and you are Bilious—get Gin Pills at once.

Perhaps you do not care to buy a remedy which is unknown personally to you. Very well. Will you use Gin Pills if we send you a free sample? Simply write the National Drug & Chemical Co., Dept. Q., Toronto, Ont., and you will receive a free sample of Gin Pills by return mail. After you have seen for yourself that Gin Pills are all that we say, get the regular size boxes at your dealer's—50c. or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

## WITH COTTON'S

I receive many good articles for publication which cannot be published owing to lack of space. The articles are too long. Let the writers write short articles, say what they want to say in as few words as possible, and then stop. Brevity is the soul of wit, therefore be brief.

Another thing correspondents should remember, and that is that Cotton's is constantly going into the hands of persons who know little or nothing about socialism. That is the kind of people I want, to reach because they need reaching most. Let the correspondents remember the fact and write as though they were explaining socialism to a person who did not know the first thing about it. Or let them write as though they were trying to persuade people that socialists do not carry bombs in their coat pockets ready to fling at the first plute who passes. Tell them the story, simply that they may take it in. The ignorance of the average man about socialism is colossal and we must treat him more or less as a little child.

Cotton's does not want to be a paper for the exchange of fraternal greetings between socialists. Nor does it want to be a paper for theological dogmatizing on socialist doctrines. It wants to be a paper for the attraction of the nonsocialist and for the exposure of the corruption of capitalism. All letters therefore and articles in which socialists talk to each other will not be published.

The next four weeks the Montreal Comrades are taking a thousand copies a week. These copies will reach people who need socialism explained. The next four issues therefore will be propaganda issues, explaining socialism as simply as possible. To those comrades who want copies of the issues the rates are a cent a copy, or in bundles of not less than one hundred copies fifty cents a hundred.

The change of four pages has been received with favor by such comrades as have written in. The reduction gives a chance to reach far more people with less matter. We are running six thousand copies a week now. But the paper will not pay its way until it has ten thousand subscribers at the annual rate. The total income from subscriptions at present does not cover the wage bill. How- ever with Cotton's Weekly it is Pike's Peak or bust and the universal chorus of the sub gusters comes ringing into the wigwam, "It's Pike's Peak."

## Right to the Point

St. William, Nov. 11, 09.

Editor COTTON'S WEEKLY,

Dear Comrade.—On receiving my paper this week I thought the postman had delivered only half of it. But in looking over the paper I see there is a change in it, a reduction to one half. So I thought I would bob up and pop in a word of appreciation. We wage slaves are not used to getting too much nor of the best quality, but let us have quality first. You have promised to give us more brains and less pulp. Give us the brains without the pulp. And if there is too much blank space after the pulp is sifted out bob up and cut off another slice. Paper is common trash; we kick out of our way on the street. We want just enough paper to carry the matured brain product. One does not feel like booming a paper just because it's got eight pages, nor do we feel like hustling for subs if we know that every sub puts it that much near financial ruin. The paper is fighting our battles and we want it to pay. If you have the brain faculty to compound a remedy to keep the comrades from fighting each other you will be sure of success. And you will be able to crack the hardest nut in the basket.

## Think This Over

If one man owned all the land, all the mines, all the forests, all the factories, all the railways, all the stores, all the things that people depend upon to supply their wants, we would be his slaves, would we not? Even though we could change our occupation at will live here or live there as we liked? We would be his slaves, because he could bully us, make us work as long as he wished, under whatever conditions he desired, at any wages he chose to enforce. We would be his slaves because he could compel us to yield up to him a large portion of the wealth we produced.

Well, instead of one man owning Canada, one class, the capitalist class, own Canada, and the masses are in practically the condition indicated above.

What It Costs to Print Cotton's

Following are the expenditure and receipts for Cotton's from Jan. 1st, to Sept. 30th, 1909:

Ordinary Expenditure.....\$2,361.43

Capital.....755.93

Total.....3,117.36

Cash Received.....1,563.87

Deficit.....1,553.49

## 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. .... 25

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."

The machines have become so productive that production for profit is becoming more and more impossible. If all the workers were set to work and all the mills kept running the markets of the world would be overstocked with the necessities of life. The markets would be glutted and goods would become unsaleable. They would have to be given away. Decadent capitalism artificially restricts the production and artificially raises the price of commodities in order that profits may flow to the owners of machinery. Will it not be a wonderful release from worry when socialism will set the wheels of industry humming to their full capacity and all can have their wants satisfied without stint?

## World-Wide Socialism

The American Federation of Labor wants a system of old age pensions.

There are seventy daily socialist papers in the German empire.

Cincinnati socialists polled ten thousand votes.

In German Austria five hundred and fifty thousand workers vote the socialist ticket.

The socialist party of Ireland now has a commodious home of its own in Dublin.

"La Jeunesse Socialiste" is a new socialist paper for the young published at Paris, France.

The French socialists are fighting a winning battle for a genuine scheme of proportional representation.

The Saxony Socialist members now number twenty-five, three more having been elected since the last reports.

The U. S. Socialist party has contributed \$4,679.19 so far to assist the Swedish strikers.

The socialists of Buenos Aires are celebrating the fifth anniversary of their daily paper, La Vanguardia.

The Indian government has forbidden the importation of Justice, the organ of the British Social-Democrats, into Hindostan.

The Socialist Headquarters of the United States is sending out a study course in socialism to last twenty-six weeks.

The Spanish army in Morocco is hard hit by disease. The heavy heavy rains at Melilla have brought malaria, typhus and dysentery.

Henry Watterson, the anti-socialist editor of the Louisville, Ky., Courier Journal, writes from Paris to his paper that socialism is inevitable.

Thomas M. Todd has been elected Mayor of Grand Junction, Colo., on the socialist ticket. He received 1050 votes and was elected by a majority of 133.

The Trades and Labor Council of Canada at Toronto put itself on record as against war and in favor of universal strikes to prevent it.

In Scotland there is a new "Catholic Socialist Society" which counts among its members many priests who have subscribed to all the principles of the party.

The German Social Democratic Party has given two thousand four hundred dollars to the New York Call, the eastern American daily socialist paper.

Forty thousand Illinois workmen are suffering from lead poisoning. The occupational disease commission is powerless to act owing to jokers in the act appointing the commission.

Conductors and trainmen of the Eastern U. S. lines are demanding an increase of twelve per cent in their wages. If they do not get it it is likely that 125,000 men will strike.

At Altona, Germany, the socialists have elected two municipal councillors, the first ever elected in the city. Altona has a population of a hundred and fifty thousand.

The socialists of Berlin, Germany, have swept the city council, electing sixteen out of sixteen councillors. The vote rose from twenty-six thousand in the previous election to forty-four thousand.

At Flushing, Ohio, a railroad town with a population of twelve hundred, the socialists have elected all the officers against the efforts of the two old parties combined. The mayor is a railroad freight conductor.

At McKees Rocks, Pa., the I. W. W. organization has so interested the men that they are attending its meetings instead of going to church and loafing round the saloons. The saloonkeepers and the priests consequently are enraged at the I. W. W.

After King Edward met the bloody Czar the British financiers were given a string of eighty banks across Russia. After Taft grasped the paw of bloody Diaz it is announced that Mexico is to borrow a hundred million dollars from American capitalists.

In Milwaukee the trade schools were turning out half educated workers who were competing with the skilled trades unionists. The socialists on the school board have forced the board to agree to refund the boys the cost of materials used thus giving the boys an incentive to finish their course.

Since the cold weather began ten thousand poverty stricken wretches in Chicago have been living on refuse from the garbage cans. This could not be permitted so the health officials have been pouring carbolic acid over all refuse. The ten thousand will probably starve. Some of them have already been seriously affected by carbolic acid poisoning.

**BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH**

It used to be that the dirtiest and hardest work a woman had to do about the house was polishing the stoves.

"Black Knight" Stove Polish has made it so easy and so much less work.

"Black Knight" is a smooth paste, that is spread easily with a cloth or brush and shines like a black diamond after a few gentle rubs.

It cleans as it polishes—keeps the stoves fresh and bright, with almost as little trouble as polishing one's shoes.

See, buys a big can of "Black Knight,"—at your dealer's, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

THE F. V. DALLEY CO. LIMITED, HAMILTON, Ont. Makers of the famous "2 in 1" Shoe Polish.

Mayor Giannoni, the Socialist official who was driven from the city of Isola dei Liri, Italy, by a mob of religious fanatics because he tore down the cross at the gateway of the town upon learning of Francisco Ferrer's murder by the Spanish government, was arrested by the prefect when he returned to the city.

In the English municipal elections five seats were gained in London and three lost in the provinces, a net gain of two. Three seats were lost by narrow majorities. A seat at Northampton was lost by sixteen votes, a seat at Salford by two votes and one at Carlisle by one vote.

The miners of Northumberland county, England, are insisting that their M. P.'s join the Independent Labor Party. The Liberal press is indignant at this attempt of the miners to make their parliamentary representatives toe the mark.

The Appeal to Reason, published at Girard, Kansas, has begun an onslaught upon the corruption existing among the federal judges in Kansas. Its circulation in Kansas alone last week was over a million copies. The judges attacked are raving and threaten contempt proceedings. Wayland, proprietor of the paper, has engaged an entirely new editorial staff to take the place of the present one should it be sent to jail.

In the Maitland and Newcastle region, New South Wales, Australia, all the collieries are tied up owing to the strike of twelve thousand miners. The miners are thoroughly revolutionized as shown by the statement of the strike leaders that men should not starve but should take what is necessary to sustain life. Comrade Desmond, now in Montreal, was formerly in Newcastle and helped to revolutionize the workers of that region.

At Frankfurt-on-Main, Germany, on November 14th, after a huge Socialistic meeting in the Circus, Schumann in favor of universal suffrage, serious demonstrations in the street occurred. Immense crowds formed in procession and marched to the Bismarck Monument, where the Socialistic editor, Herr Quint, denounced Bismarck as an oppressor, the crowd shouting, "Down with Bismarck and the Prussian junkers." They cheered for election reform. The demonstrators next proceeded to the Schiller Monument, where speeches were delivered. Thence the line of march was to police headquarters, but mounted and foot police dispersed the marchers, arresting many. Further demonstrations are feared.

The class struggle can only end with the abolishing of classes.

"The White Man Came"

"Under the Whip," a book which Professor Bersot, of Geneva, has just published, presents a tragic picture of Belgian misrule on the Congo.

Professor Bersot spent a year in the Congo Free State, and embodied his experience in seven dramatic stories in which only the names of the principals are changed.

There are many pathetic incidents. One of the saddest is the death song of King Bombilo, as sung by the natives in their villages:—

We were happy.

The white man came.

I had twenty children, boys and girls; where are they?

The white man came.

We no longer have any bananas or fish or game.

The white man came.

Oh, Bombila, where are your children?

The white man came.

My white hairs incline toward the earth, but this profaned earth where my ancestors slept, will not have my body.

The cruel white man will not have my body. I shall sleep in the big river.

The white man came.

Another equally striking native lament is entitled "The Rubber, it is death."—Labor Leader.

## Montreal Notes

Comrade Stitt Wilson, who was to deliver addresses in Montreal on November 28th, has been delayed in England, owing to the serious illness of Mrs. Wilson. He expects to be in Montreal around Dec. 4th. Notice will be given later.

Gerald Desmond spoke last Sunday afternoon in the Labor Temple on "The Economics of Socialism." Our report says the lecture was very clear, instructive and interesting, and that the speaker showed a depth of thought and a grasp of the subject rarely displayed by socialist orators.

The British Labor Leader is now housed in the National Labor Press building in Manchester. The I. L. P. are rejoicing over the fact and it looks that now a British Daily socialist paper will soon be a reality.

Eight million voters are voting the socialist ticket. A few more years and the capitalist system will be overthrown.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor has obtained a divorce from her husband. Capitalism destroys the home all right.



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SAMPLE

## THE SIDE-DOOR PULLMAN

Roscoe A. Fillmore.  
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, and I rubbed my forehead and arose with a start, muttering "What the hell Bill." It was a gloriously clear moonlight night in December in "this year of our Lord" nineteen hundred and seven and the writer was in a "side door pullman" on the C. P. R. and was being jolted over the mountains between Field, B. C. and Banff Alberta. The scenery was glorious, splendid. But what in thunder did it amount to me. I couldn't eat it yet, I was hungry. I couldn't buy it for I was "stone broke," and the air was so cold that I couldn't stay at the door any length of time to enjoy it without freezing my face.

The night before I had slept, or tried to sleep, in a box car in the yards at Laggan among the summits of the Rockies. And all the day long we (there were five of us) had stayed in that car fearing to venture forth as there were several of the red-coated gentry of the R. N. W. M. P. force stationed there. One of the fellows in the course of the day went out and did not return. We concluded that he had been "pinched" and were more cautious than ever.

Being "blanket stiffs" we of course carried our beds with us and these we had spread in a corner of the car and lay there huddled together for warmth. Two of my mates were Yorkshiresmen and one fellow cried as he told us of the glorious times he had had in "old Doncaster" at the foot ball games, etc. As for the writer he spent most of the time in painting "vivid word pictures" as Gribble says. Towards night the Yorkshiresman who was so homesick ventured forth with twenty-six cents and returned in a short time with bread and cheese. We lit into it like a pack of famished wolves. If I remember right we didn't even bother to take the cloth off the outside of the cheese.

By dint of much "pumping" at one of the yardmen we learned that a freight could pull out bound for Calgary at about 8 p. m. and decided to "jump" it. When the freight pulled out we had "jumped" alright but through mismanagement and over-caution on my part I found myself alone in a car while my mates were devil knows where. And then the awful grind began. The jolting of the car gave me a terrific pain in my side and stomach. It was so cold that within a short time I was compelled to remove my lumberman's rubbers and run back and forth to prevent my feet freezing.

I saw visions of myself being found a week later frozen stiff as a poker. All the instances of this kind which I had ever read marched before my mind's eye in a steady procession. And I kept walking, counting the number of steps miles I had walked. Sometimes I went to sleep in the course of my rambles and brought up against the end of the car.

About two hours after the start the train stopped, to take water I presumed. While I was speculating as to how much longer I could stand it I heard a step at the side of the car. The door was pushed open and a lantern followed by the face of a "brake" thrust in. I could see my finish. But with a laconic "Hullo" he retreated closing the door with a bang. For a moment I felt terribly relieved. But it was only for a moment. As many of my readers probably know most if not all the C. P. R. box cars are fastened by a spring bolt when the door is shoved to the bolt springs into place and holds it securely. I found that I had been fastened into the car in this way and was a prisoner with the mercury away below zero. Again the dead man began to troop before me. The train started. I felt like shrieking and may have done so. I was nearly mad with fright.

After walking for probably an hour longer I became discouraged and unrolling my blankets I laid down in a corner. Suddenly a ray of light fell on the floor of the car and I discovered that the jolting of the car had caused the little door in the end to slide open. At the next stop I clambered out and opened the side door again. I was now free to freeze or starve if I had to but not like a rat in a trap at any rate.

At 2 p. m. or thereabouts we drew into the yards at Calgary, and gathering up my blankets I made a bee line for the waiting room. But I was doomed to be disappointed. One of the upholders of the "law and order," a big C. P. R. policeman quickly hustled me onto the street. Out I went and shivered myself warm the rest of the night. (In the East we read a lot about the "salubrious climate" of Alberta but if any of my readers want to really test it they should start to "bo" in December.) When the morning came I spotted a woodpile and earned my breakfast and

a fifty-cent piece by splitting some of it. The owner of the wood was a decent sort of fellow and was very sympathetic when I had poured out my tale of woe. But he didn't understand why a man able and willing to work should be in want. He considered that we "out of works" were a "problem." And although I tried hard yet I couldn't get him to see the real cause of unemployment.

The cause of unemployment! What is it? Why are thousands, even millions of able men walking the streets looking for a master and in want because they can't find one? Simply because the tools and raw materials that they must use are owned by somebody else. The owner will only allow us to use the tools when we create a profit for him. When the state of the markets prevents him from selling the products we have made at a profit he refuses to allow us to work.

And don't forget, you fellows who have jobs today, that you may be in the army of unemployed tomorrow or the next day. Don't you forget that it is this unemployed neighbor of yours who is constantly competing with you and cutting your wages. And also don't forget that unemployment is on the increase all the time.

I have told you the cause—private ownership of the means of production. Socialists have dinned it into your ears for years. And they have also told you the cure—working class ownership and management of all industry. This and this only will do away with unemployment and all its attendant miseries such as riding in a "side door pullman" in the dead of winter.

The time will undoubtedly come when you will have to accept it. In the meantime go on scolding, if you like. We won't coax you. But I hope that, if it is necessary in order to wake you up, every last man of you may find himself in a box car somewhere in the dead of winter—and "broke." There's nothing like an empty stomach and cold feet to make men think.

## THE TRUST

In the speech from the throne at Ottawa it was intimated that more stringent regulations would be adopted against trusts or combinations in restraint of trade. The group of office holders who drafted that speech must have laughed in their sleeves at the gullibility of the Canadian people.

If five little merchants get together and agree not to sell below a certain price, that is a conspiracy in restraint of trade. If those same little merchants should get together and organize a joint stock company and put up the price of goods in the name of the company and squeeze the people just as hard that would be a fine thing. The Canadian papers would hail them as brilliant financiers and their company's stock would be listed and the squeeze they had on the public would be put down as "earnings."

The departmental stores are reaching out to capture the retail trade. The railways are reaching out to reduce expenses and fix rates that are universal. The coal and steel companies are amalgamating into one giant corporation for the control of the steel business and the fixing of monopoly prices. Everywhere the trust is advancing under cover of company organizations.

Then the henchmen of the capitalists at Ottawa announce that the Dominion parliament is going to pass legislation against trusts. This is nothing but a play to the gallery. There are numerous little storekeepers who are hanging on the verge of failure owing to the operations of the department stores. There are many commercial travellers who are on the verge of losing their jobs owing to the mail order houses. There are many commission agents and jobbers who will see their jobs vanish before the advancing organizations of industry. These men have votes and need to be cajoled into supporting the party of the plutocracy, the Liberal Party at present. To these little chaps the Laurier government brings a message of cheer in a vague reference to curbing the trusts.

The Laurier government does not mean a word of what it says. It is the friend of the trusts. It backs the financiers in their interest stealings. It gives the country away to the G. T. P. It makes the laws so that giant organizations can crush the independent concerns. It is a friend of the big labor thieves.

I do not support the cry of the little men in business. They have got to go. They are cumberers of the ground. They are useless. The sooner they get squeezed out of their little jobs the better. Industry is being organized and the coming fight is not between the disappearing little labor thieves and the big labor thieves. The fight is between labor and capital. Giant labor organizations are opposing themselves against giant thefts of labor power on the part of the exploiters of Canada. This is the coming fight.

The Laurier government flings a promise to the little chaps in business and straightway forgets it. The Laurier government has no friendship for labor. The Laurier government is on the side of capital and against labor. The sooner the laborers realize this and get to work to elect socialists to Ottawa the sooner will they swing into line to oust the capitalists and get back for themselves the full product of their labor.

The political action and the industrial action both have a place in the socialist movement.

Socialism will establish the co-operative commonwealth in the place of competitive private poverty.

Necessity is the mother of crime. Capitalism produces the necessity and hypocritically lays the blame on the criminal.

Let the little business men not worry about socialism destroying his business. Capitalism is doing that right now.

The capitalist system evolved through revolution from the feudal. The social system will evolve through revolution from the capitalist.

The capitalist press is in favor of respect for the law. As the law is capitalist law the capitalist press naturally are in favor of its being respected.

Is it not a silly system to live under by which great wealth is given to the few idlers and great poverty is the lot of the many industrious workers?

Mankind need food, clothing and shelter in order to live. How foolish it is to hand over these necessities to be sold by private individuals for gain.

Under socialism the means of life will be at the command of everyone. At present the means of life are at the command of a few and the many have to work beyond their strength or starve.

Study! Study! Study! It is only by study that one can understand wherein his class interests lie, in what direction society is moving, the merits and demerits of reform, the cause and cure for hard times, the genesis and exodus of poverty.

By the ownership of the means of production the master class are in a position to enslave the working class. When the working classes are put into possession of the means of production by social ownership they will be free.

The New York Herald has begun to hector Canada on her naval policy. Says it is the beginning of naval rivalry. This shows that American and Canadian capitalists are trying to frighten the two countries into giving large naval contracts to the labor thieves.

Here is a good brain puzzler for the bourgeois socialist. It is said that ninety-five per cent of our productive energy is wasted. Let the bourgeois socialist work this out. He will find that most of the professions and businesses that the bourgeois person regards as necessary and honorable are in reality unnecessary and parasitic.

A Montreal by-law is proposed forbidding the use of alum and borax in making bread. Under capitalism it is profitable to poison the people and consequently by-laws are passed which will be left unobserved. Under socialism as there would be no profit in making adulterated bread it will not be made.

The unemployed in Great Britain now number over a million. Asquith and Lloyd-George cannot solve the problem of the unemployed. They are trying to bolster up the capitalist system and the capitalist system cannot give work to all who want it.

All Socialists stand for the same thing, namely, common ownership of those things on which the people in common depend for employment and the means of life. They differ only in their reasons for being socialists and in the way in which they expect the Socialist program to be carried out.

At a fire in a Montreal building the floor gave way because it had been overloaded and four firemen were killed. After the accident it was discovered that there was a city by-law ordering the inspection of all floors and the possession of an official card showing the weight the floor would stand. This by-law has never been enforced. Under capitalism laws are passed for appearances sake and are then left in oblivion because it is found more profitable to have them broken than to have them fulfilled. Under socialism when there will be no profit in building shoddy buildings, shoddy, dangerous buildings will not be built.

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## Socialism Defined

BY WILLIAM RESTELLE SHIER

Socialism is an interpretation of the past, a diagnosis of the present, a forecast of the future. It is at once a philosophy of history, a system of political economy, and a business proposition. It is all these, and more; it is a world-wide political movement with definite principles and definite demands.

The Socialist interpretation of history rests upon the theory of economic determinism, a term which almost explains itself, meaning that the economic forces at work in society determine the nature of its ethical, social and political institutions. In other words, to quote Frederick Engels, the distinguished promulgator of this doctrine, economic determinism lays down the proposition that "in every historical epoch the prevailing mode of production and exchange, and the social organization necessarily following from it, form the basis upon which is built up, and from which alone can be explained, the political and intellectual history of that epoch; that consequently the whole history of mankind (since the dissolution of primitive tribal society) has been a history of class struggles; that the history of these class struggles forms a series of evolution in which, now-a-days, a stage has been reached where the exploited and oppressed class—the proletariat—cannot attain its emancipation . . . with out emancipating society at large from all exploitation, oppression, class distinctions and class struggles." It is upon this conception of history that the social-democratic movement bases its faith in ultimate success.

As a system of political economy Socialism teaches that labor is the sole creator of value. From this definition of value is deduced the theory of surplus value, which means simply that profits are made, not by selling goods for more than they are worth, but by not paying labor the equivalent of what it produces. This unhappy position of the wage-worker arises from the commodity nature of his labor-power. Not being in possession of the means of wealth production, his only asset is his labor-power, which he must sell to the capitalist in order to earn a living. Now, the amount he receives in exchange for his services is not determined by what he produces, but by a combination of two other factors, namely, the standard of comfort and the law of supply and demand. The workingman, having sold the use of his labor-power to the capitalist, renounces all claim over the products thereof, and in this way allows himself to be deprived of the full value of what he produces. In the course of his day's work he first produces the equivalent of his wages, which takes, say, three hours, and all that he produces after that is profit for his employer. Surplus value profit is realized from unpaid labor time.

Add to these two doctrines of economic determinism and surplus value the ethical principle of the greatest happiness for the greatest number, and you have completed the philosophical tripod upon which modern Socialism stands or falls.

The fact that the existing social order has been a necessary product of evolution, and that without it the co-operative commonwealth would be an impossibility, does not make the Socialist any less bitter in his attack upon present-day institutions. In his estimation most of the evils which afflict the body politic to-day have their roots in competition and private ownership of capital. The former gives rise to all the mal-adjustments of our present industrial system, such as unemployment, hard times and the incalculable waste of wealth and effort; the latter, to the profit system and that in turn to the ruthless exploitation of labor. Trace the social problem to its source, he says, and you will find that men sell liquor for profit, connive at immorality and crime for profit, promote wars for profit, corrupt legislatures for profit, adulterate food for profit, enslave their fellow-citizens for profit, sell themselves, body and soul, to the devil, all for profit! Hence the revolutionary character of his remedy, amounting, as it does, to tearing up capitalism by its roots and reorganizing society upon an entirely different basis.

In the world of business Socialism proposes nothing less than the nationalization of all highly developed industries. Its platform distinctly calls for the collective ownership of the principal means of production, distribution and exchange. It is tantamount to having the nation own the trusts. Thus, under a Socialist regime, capital would be concentrated in the hands of the state, and the people, through the executive of government, would own and operate manufacturing establishments, mines, forests, railways, steamship lines, telegraphs, telephones, banking, and insurance systems, departmental stores—in short, all industries that can now be managed on a colossal scale.

Politically, Socialism is a working-class movement that is based upon the ideas set forth in the foregoing portion of this article. It is international in scope, has a voting strength of close on to eight millions, is represented by almost five hundred deputies in the various legislatures of the world, and is pushing its propaganda night and day by a host of daily, weekly and monthly papers, by an ever-increasing stream of books and pamphlets, by thousands of hall meetings, street corner speeches and the tireless tongues of its great army of devotees. It is frankly a party of revolution. Of its immediate demands a brief summary will suffice here. In politics the party stands for

universal adult suffrage, for the Initiative, the Referendum and the Right of Recall, for Proportional Representation and the abolition of the senate. In matters international it advocates arbitration between nations, the substitution of citizen armies for standing armies, and the right of each country to govern itself. But not so much stress is laid upon these reforms as upon the industrial part of its program, which calls for governmental employment of the unemployed, state insurance of the workers against old age, disease, accidents and death; abolition of child labor; the holding of employers responsible for injuries to their employees; more rigorous inspection of mines, shops and factories; and the shortening of the work-day.

—From the Twentieth Century Magazine, Boston U. S.

## THE DEATH OF FERRER

L. G. Power, an ignorant senator, has been writing a letter to the Halifax Chronicle on the death of Ferrer. This man is ignorant of the newer movements of life. He is ignorant of socialism. He does not know what an anarchist is, although freely using the term. For all these reasons he has become a senator. An intelligent man would not have been chosen for such a position.

This ignorant fellow writes a letter to the Halifax Chronicle upholding the assassination of Ferrer. He holds that Ferrer had a public trial. He did not. He asserts that the trial of Ferrer was judicial and that his guilt was proven. The evidence used was such as would not be admitted in a Canadian court of justice as yet. He holds that the trial of Ferrer was impartial. Ferrer's attorney was hung into jail for daring to defend Ferrer. Is that an impartial trial?

L. G. Power, this ignorant senator, finds that Ferrer uses the word "revolution," and the term "the social revolution," and shies like a skittish horse at a fire cracker. Cotton's Weekly, the Western Clarion, the forty socialist papers of the states, the seventy daily socialist papers of Germany and the thousand socialist papers of the world all talk about the revolution and yet the editors are not shot nor held guilty of murder. But this ignorant Canadian senator holds that Ferrer was worthy of death because he talked about the social revolution.

Of course if the senator wants to rely upon the clerical Jesuit organs of Spain for his authority as to the guiltiness of Ferrer then of course his point is proven at once. For when did the Catholic organs hesitate to lie when it was in the interests of their power and wealth?

A few quotations from the last writings of Ferrer will show the civilized world the kind of man he was. Here is a part of a letter to one of his friends, written on October first.

"From my letter of the 10th you know that I was absolutely ignorant of the plan for a general strike on April 26th, in protest against the Moroccan war. I therefore do not know how they could have spread the report that I was the promoter of same."

"Whatever it may be, I did not pay any attention to it, save in the knowledge that I in no way participated in that movement and thinking that I would soon be left in peace. But along comes a member of my family from Alella, frightened to death, saying that he had heard a young girl state that I was in Premia at the head of a band of incendiaries, about to burn a convent. That gave me food for thought. Note that no convent was burned at Premia and up to this moment I never was in that town."

"Because of that I made preparations to leave the following morning and spend several days with some friends until the excitement was over, with the intention of showing myself as soon as things calmed down."

"But on August 29 I read in the papers that the public prosecutor, who had gone to Barcelona to make his inquiry, had just said, on leaving the palace, where he had read his report to the King, that I was the organizer of the revolutionary movement in Barcelona and the neighborhood towns."

"Then I could no longer remain under cover, and despite the counsel of my friends, I decided to appear before the authorities to protest against such rumors and statements, no matter how high their source."

"I therefore left the house of my friends on the night of August 31 in order to arrive at Barcelona without accident and to be able to present myself freely."

"But I had counted without the 'somaten' (rural police agents) of my town, who arrested me and, despite my supplications, instead of leading me to the judge, conducted me to the Governor of Barcelona."

That shows that Ferrer was innocent of the crimes charged. A guilty man would shun the tribunals. The last night of his life Ferrer wrote for six hours. He wished to give his last thoughts to the world. The following are extracts from that document which is bound to become one of the famous documents of the world's advance to liberty. I would especially call the attention of this ignorant senator to the absolute unselfishness of the man Ferrer.

I protest before all, and with all possible energy, against the unmerited punishment that has been inflicted on me, declaring myself convinced that before very long my innocence will be publicly recognized. I desire

## Fifteen Years of Agony

"Fruit-a-tives" Promptly Cured Him After Doctors Had Failed To Give Relief.



CHARLES BARRETT, Esq.

Harbor au Ronche, Antigonish Co., N.S., March 24, 1909.  
"I wish to express my sincere appreciation of the great benefit I received from taking 'Fruit-a-tives.' I suffered from Biliousness and Dyspepsia for fifteen years and I consulted physicians and took many kinds of ordinary medicine, but got no relief. I was in miserable health all the time and nothing did me any good. I read the testimonial of Archibald McKechnie, of Ottawa, and I decided to try 'Fruit-a-tives.' I have taken a number of boxes of 'Fruit-a-tives,' but before I had taken one box I felt better and now am entirely well. 'I am thankful to be well after fifteen years suffering, and I am willing to have this statement published for the sake of other sufferers, and to them I strongly recommend 'Fruit-a-tives.'"

(Signed) CHARLES BARRETT.  
50c a box, 6 for \$2.50—or trial box, 25c. At all dealers or sent post-paid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

that on no occasion, either immediately or remote, or for any purpose whatever, may demonstrations, either of a political or of a religious character, be held over my remains. For I am of opinion that time spent in attending to the dead would be better employed in ameliorating the condition of the living, who so greatly need it.

"I desire that my friends should say little or nothing of me personally, seeing that idols are so easily made when men are exalted, and this to the great mischief of the future of humanity. Acts alone, by whomsoever performed, are to be observed, praised, or blamed. They are to be recommended for our imitation when they conduce to the common good, and condemned for our avoidance when they are inimical to the general well-being."

Are these the sentiments of a man who wants to assassinate his fellow creatures? Assuredly not.

But there is one thing that our Senator Power will not forgive Ferrer. Ferrer was against the modern form of government. He considered Senators and Kings and other political tricksters as useless rubbish. Now if these ideas should become general then Senator Power would no longer be a senator. Therefore Power considers that a man who preaches such a doctrine is worthy of death. It is but natural that a senator should froth over the teachings of Ferrer. Senator Power's wrath is perfectly explainable.

## The Acid Incident

A ridiculously overcharged outcry has been made over the incident which occurred during the Bermondsey election in the attempt of some adventurous members of the Woman's Freedom League whose new paper, "The Vote," is surely one of the worst journals ever published) to void the election by spoiling the ballot papers. The liquid employed for the purpose was a harmless hair dye, and we absolutely refuse to believe that the officer who got his eye splashed with it suffered anything more than a politically magnified shock. Despite all the apprehension of cabinet Ministers, who, we understand, go in fear of disfigurement, there is nothing to associate the members of either of the militant unions with deliberate attempts to hurt anybody but themselves. So far, at any rate, all the sufferings of the public and of Parliament together do not amount to the pain inflicted on a single imprisoned Suffragette performing the hunger-strike. All the wounds are on one side and all the belowlings on the other.—The New Age, London.

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