

The Lemieux Act Shows Its Teeth

ECONOMIC DETERMINISM

Men and women are moved by the

material interests.

Love and art and religion, the human sensibilities are tinged and twisted.

ed by the methods by which we g
our living.

The hunt for food, clothing and shelter reaches into the deep recesses

What others see dimly, Socialists

Because we tell the truth, we a

attacked as atheists, materialists
and loveless creatures. Two class

of people thus attack us—those who know we tell the truth and who

material interests cause them to lie
and those who know not the truth

being people who suffer from a lack of reasoning power, or from not ha-

Truth can never hurt in the long

run. To know the truth gives greater power for good. Knowi

BABYBOY

old formerly were to the young. No the old because they get a little -

the one, because they get a little pension every week, are welcomed. They are cared for, and the wish is that they may live long. It is to the interest of those with whom they live that their life should continue.

being seriously considered. This amendment is to the effect that where aged people are living with persons who would be beneficiaries upon the death and the aged people are

receiving proper care, it will be possible to obtain an order from the High Court naming either a charitable institution or another person as the beneficiary upon proof of the proper care. In this case the mat-

When we know these things, we can work for a form of social organization in which economic interests will harmonize and assist the development of art, of religion or morality.

Socialism comes, not to deny, but to fulfil the age-long quest for a higher, better, nobler civilization.

When men worked with cheap hands

tools which they themselves could make, the ownership of the work by the exploiter was necessary to get profits. Hence the institution of slavery was maintained for thousands of years. The master owned the

slave and fed and clothed him and owned all the wealth the slave created, because he owned the slave. But when the small tools were ousted by the big machines, the masters found it sufficient to own the machines. The

workers were then forced to come to the owners of the machines to be allowed to work at them. Thus the system of wages was created. The masters own the machines and hire the workers for a daily wage which is less than the value of the goods

Would it not be better for the workers to OWN the machines themselves? They can do this as soon as the majority of the producers want to have it so. They can elect representatives to study the question.

make laws taking the ownership of the machines away from the capitalist class and giving it to the working class. As a producer, would you not like to own collectively with your fellow producers the whole

A fire occurred in a toy shop
2259 St. Hubert St. Montreal on

The Fruits of Solidarity

By Charles Edward Russell in the Coming Nation.

Buffalo, New York, is the text this morning, brethren.

There is none better. It is a place dear to the heart of every proletarian that knows it. I find in my travels no other city where the working class movement is in better condition. The unions are well organized, alert, determined and united. The sense of class solidarity is strong in Buffalo. The goal of the working class and all for one is not there so much of a dream.

Lately there has been a strike of the overworked and underpaid street railroad employees.

In the fashion of bygone times the company brought out the militia to overawe the strikers and drive them back to their work. That is what we have militia for. Shall we maintain these costly organizations and pay for these great armies and not have the benefit of them when law, common working men revolt against their lot?

But this time the thing didn't work out just that way, and the reason is the most interesting and important development of these days.

It used to work with flawless perfection. I remember years ago when I was a reporter the railroad switchmen at Buffalo got tired of being forever walked upon, and had the hardihood to demand a slight increase of their wages, which at that time, if I remember right, were about \$1.15 a day.

Immediately the railroad companies brought out the gallant militia, and the gallant militia proceeded to shoot two or three unarmed men and wound some others; after which the mutinous workers lost heart and returned to their allotted task, which as we all know is to create wealth for their kind, indulgent employers.

I judge it was the pleasant thought of the street railroad gentlemen in the present emergency that the agreeable history of the switchmen's strike would now be repeated. There would be a few days of interrupted service while under the guns of the gallant ones the imported strike-breakers and college students were learning to operate the cars, and then the defeated strikers would come rushing back for their jobs and the delectable business could be resumed of getting those dividends on the watered stock, which is the greatest business in the world and the foundation of our best classes.

But it appeared that this time the dividend business would have to face and contend with not only the strikers, but the whole working class of Buffalo, united, determined, bitter and ready.

The dividend gentlemen have a fair idea of what that would mean in Buffalo. They know where the working class is united and where it is not, and when they found that in Buffalo all these polidified hosts would be aligned on the side of the street railroad workers, the idea of the gallant militia didn't look so alluring.

So they climbed down, and the gallant ones went home without firing a shot or killing a workman.

Pretty good lesson—what?

You see the only reason why a strike ever fails is because of the lack of the magnificent spirit that prevails at Buffalo. Nothing is surer than that. The workers are everywhere the vast majority of the population. Therefore, in every community they hold the real power. Militia and guns and police and mayors and all the customary symbols of government are nothing in the face of a united working class. All these things exist only by reason of the workers' tacit and unthinking consent. How ridiculous is all this show of authority! With one whiff of the vast weapon of united labor the whole pretentious exhibition of mock force would dry up and blow away.

In Buffalo they begin to perceive something of this tremendous truth. In Buffalo, accordingly, the Gentlemen of the Gougged Dividends make haste to climb down.

And this is the greatest object of the present hour, brethren, that we should take from the hands of the exploiting class the power of dividing labor against itself, now the strongest advantage the exploiters possess. And there can be absolutely

no question nor consideration nor plan of tactics nor idea of craft advantage that can be worth a moment's weighing compared with this.

No great cause can ever make headway without sacrifice, and there never was a cause so well worth sacrifice as ours. Before the literally boundless prospects of what can be accomplished in this country with united labor everything else sinks into insignificance. The cause above everything—above all personal ambitions, likes and dislikes, the chances of a temporary and fleeting eminence, places of evanescent power, individual jealousies, and every other small and unworthy thing; above all else in the world, for the sake of the emancipation of man. Is it not so?

Thousands of men have given their lives for this. With joyful heart any man ought to be willing to give up his personal preferences and count it as nothing.

FIRST AMONG EQUALS

The poet Shakespeare was no democrat; he had no love for the common people. This was partly due to his "gentle" ancestry, for, on the paternal side a forefather fought on the side of Richmond at Bosworth Field, receiving, as reward, from Henry VII. lands, in Warwickshire, whereon the poet himself was born. His mother also came of a landed, aristocratic family. In the personal, familiar patronage of Lord Southampton and other nobles, Queen Elizabeth and James I., which he received, economic determinism helped still more to foster this haughty spirit. Hence, it is not surprising to find him slandering the rebel leader of the peasants' revolt, Jack Cade, and throughout his other plays contemptuously speaking of the suffocating, "stinking breaths" of the "rabble" arising from their "gross diet"; and of their "greasy caps," etc.

On the other hand, he creates his nobles like gods. His King Claudius in "Hamlet," when in danger says: "Do not fear our person; there's such divinity doth hedge a king that treason can but peep to what it would." In the same play the king's servant, Rosencrantz, speaks of "That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest the lives of many. The cease of majesty dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw what nears in with it; it is a massy wheel, fixed on the summit of the highest mount, to whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls, each small attachment petty consequence, attends the boisterous ruin."

We have progressed far since the idea of the divine and absolute right of kings, in Shakespeare's day. Since then, kings have been executed, not by irresponsible, anarchistic free-lances, but by the deliberate, legal resolutions of nations. The word "king" means one who can, an able, a cunning, a knowing person; hence his former so-called "divinity." Now his place is taken by bourgeois, ten thousand lesser things are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls, each small attachment petty consequence, attends the boisterous ruin."

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THE LANDWORKER

Gerald J. Lively.

He's formed through all the work-worn lanes of Time;
The dumb toil-sodden legions of the past;
The changing years have passed him all unchanged,
The very first to labor—and the last.

Forgotten empires grew beneath his hand;
Slow-footed progress builds upon his pain.
Grey, silent, on the canvas of the years,
Save where his transient furies leave their stain.

But voiced at length by all his voiceless past,
Like rays of morning 'cross a sleeping sea,
The message to his sleeping soul is borne,
"Rise—you must free all others to be free."

HIGH COST OF LIVING.

The Department of Labor at Ottawa each year investigates the high cost of living as illustrated in the wholesale prices of 230 commodities. These commodities come under the head of: 1. grains and fodders; 2. meats; 3. dairy products; 4. fish; 5. other foods; 6. textiles; 7. hides, tallow, boots and shoes; 8. metals and implements; 9. fuel and lighting; 10. building materials; 11. house furnishings; 12. drugs and chemicals; 13. miscellaneous, such as furs, tobacco, etc.

To arrive at a conclusion the number 100 was used as the average of these commodities during the past twenty years. When the price and quantity used of the various commodities were taken into consideration the following variation in the wholesale price of commodities was arrived at:

What in 1900 cost \$100, in 1901 cost \$111.30. In 1902 cost \$104.90. In 1903 cost \$103.90. In 1904 cost \$97.20. In 1905 cost \$85.40. In 1906 cost \$89.40. In 1907 cost \$85.10. In 1908 cost \$85.10. In 1909 cost \$89. In 1910 cost \$105.40. In 1911 cost \$123.30. In 1912 cost \$125.10. In 1913 cost \$126.30. In 1914 cost \$128. In 1915 cost \$131.10; and in 1916 cost \$143.90. In 1917 \$203.90 would go as far as \$143.90 in 1912. Or it would take \$106.60 to buy what \$100 would buy in 1907. Between these years wholesale prices had advanced over 40 per cent.

VOTE IN LETHBRIDGE, ALTA.

The first reports from Lethbridge constituency indicate that Comrade J. Knight received 620 votes.

Send copies of Cotton's occasionally to friends. Mark the special articles.

THE OUTCAST'S REFUGE

"A GLIMMER FROM THE PAST"

By John Shlonsky.

The midnight hour had long struck. The last amorous couple had already departed for home. The deserted park lay wrapped in silence, a luxuriant oasis in the midst of the city of brick and stone.

From a bench beside one of the entrances a solitary figure, which for hours had sat immovable, arose, and leaning heavily upon his rough walking stick, turned his weary steps into the winding paths. Bedtime for him also had arrived.

Slowly, silently, painfully he dragged himself along on his nightly quest, his eyes roving from side to side with the fear born of constant persecution, his exhausted senses straining in their effort to catch any suspicious sound.

Deeper and deeper into the park he stealthily penetrated, still not finding a sufficiently sheltered nook. A cool breeze had sprung up, setting the tall trees swaying and rustling their gloomy heads, as if sorrowing for the millions cooped up in their pigeon-hole homes, unable to enjoy the refreshing night air under the starlit heavens. The parched, yellow grass, all day subjected to the merciless July sun, also felt the enlivening touch of the cooling air current and began to wave its drooping blades. Otherwise perfect quiet reigned throughout the park.

He stopped before a fountain and took a long drink. Ah, how sweet and strengthening is that unadulterated natural drink—water! What refreshment it brings, especially to a creature who for thirty-six hours has tasted not a morsel of food!

Wiping his sweating face with the back of his hand, he was just about to seat himself for a little rest when from almost in front of where he stood, partly screened by some intervening bushes, a shrill whistle pierced the unbroken slumber of the park.

With a speed which had long fled his worn-out body, but which sudden danger often created anew, he hobbled noiselessly away from the walk and plunged down in the uncut grass behind a rough hedge, his heart thumping with fear, his brain brimming over with wild premonitions.

He knew but to well what that whistle meant. Far too often had he seen the jeering countenances as they ordered him up and dragged him to the gray, stony cells where the unfortunates were herded together.

A step sounded on the walk. Nearer and nearer it approached. It was almost opposite the shivering wretch. Again the whistle rang ominously through the peaceful night, as if conveying a warning to each separate leaf and blade of a dreadful enemy lurking near.

He was possessed by an overmastering impulse to run, to escape, to save himself from that blind instrument that had so often dug his sharp claws into his body and soul, robbing, torturing and degrading him. But he was as if paralyzed. He could not raise himself. His head turned dizzy. Terrible pains shot through his body. With clenched teeth and bated breath, his bony fingers convulsively clinging to the withered grass, he lay and awaited his seizure.

Just then, floating from another part of the park, came an answering call, evidently a reassuring signal that all was well, for the step passed on, became fainter and fainter, until it melted into the surrounding hush of night.

The stiffened fingers loosened their crab-like hold. The pain-racked muscles relaxed. A sigh of relief escaped his breast. For a while he dared not stir. However, everything was quiet. He cautiously raised his head. No danger in sight. Weakly he struggled to his feet, but such a faintness was upon him that he sank back to the ground, his face turned to the sky above.

As he gazed at the vaulted void, all the resentment he felt toward man and fate: all the misery of his life; all his sad experiences, sprinkled with their few joys, began to fade in his brain like a candle flame held before the glowing sun. Earthly life with its petty strifes seemed so insignificant and not worth while.

How quiet, how calm were those twinkling, silvery balls which, in his childhood days, he had so delighted to watch! What soothing peace seemed to emanate from them, as they whirled on over their everlasting course through space!

He felt a strange power take hold of him. An overwhelming awe mastered him. He felt himself drawn away, away, far up into realms not related to his earthly associations. His consciousness slipped from him. A gentle slumber ushered him into that land of equal opportunity—that refuge from the present—the Kingdom of Dreams.

It was a July night in the same park. With firm step he was walking along, his figure straight and lithe, his smooth cheeks blooming with youth, his deep-set gray eyes bright with the "will to live and do." By his side was walking a Helen—unaware of the power she exerted over his heart and mind, unsuspecting of the yearning that had been born in the friend with whom she associated. In subdued voices, through which ran the ring of intimacy, they strolled along exchanging experiences, discussing friends and events of the time.

At last they seated themselves on the soft grass, a little apart from the other park occupants, who were strewn about in couples or groups—some sleeping, some still awake, but too tired to move about, while others tried to rouse sufficient energy to sing a few songs to call up moments from the outlived past, that sealed period of youth.

A red, hazy moon peeped above the horizon as if trying to see whether

she could not find a more temperate sphere over which to travel. Their conversation began to flag. A drowsy feeling began to spread itself over Helen's unconsciousness, until she lay down with her head under her head and fell into a sound sleep.

For a long time he gazed at her, trying in vain to resist the impulse which became stronger and more insistent with every moment; at last his hesitation was outweighed. Softly, gently, he slipped his arm beneath her head, around the neck.

"What is it?" she had muttered, sleepily.

"Oh, that's all right. 'Twill be more comfortable," he had answered, and drawn the precious head nearer to him, her silken chestnut hair brushing his glowing cheek; her face turned to his with a calm smile about the delicate mouth. And she fell asleep again. She had not resisted.

What a turmoil was in his brain! How wildly beat his heart! What a flood of emotions was let loose in his raging breast! A powerful intoxicating fragrance seemed to rush madly through his boiling blood, almost overwhelming him with a desire to press her close, close to his heart, to shower upon her sweet, childlike countenance a storm of kisses. He glanced at her, and with a superhuman effort he restrained himself.

She was lying there so innocent, so unsuspecting; her lips wreathed with that charming, disarming smile spoke a silent, irresistible entreaty. No; he would not disturb her rest. No; nothing that might cause her the least flutter of unhappiness or pain could come from him. He loved her too well; his affection was too sacred. Oh, if she only knew how dear she was to him! How joyfully he would undergo any sacrifice that might result in her unhappiness! Gradually his excited brain became calmer, and began to wander far away into those mystic regions of the unborn rosy future where fancy reared such delightful "castles in the air."

She stirred in her sleep, raising her arm and letting it fall unconsciously across his neck. With a thrill he glanced at her. She was still asleep, her breast rising and falling as evenly as the flow and ebb of the tide. His eyes swept the park. It was almost deserted. The red moon had changed to a mellow silver. The green trees were nodding their friendly heads, while a refreshing breeze floated over the reservoir where the little wavelets were mysteriously conversing under the cloudless heavens. From a distance came the dreamy notes of a mandolin.

Thus he lay, drinking in the sweet harmony of heaven and earth, a soothing joy lulling him into restfulness, when she suddenly raised her head and, lightly touching his arm, asked in her caressing voice, "Paul! Paul! What time is it?"

"Paul!" She shook him as he pretended to sleep. "Paulie!" With a startled movement he opened his eyes, as though just aroused from a deep slumber.

"Were you sleeping?" she smilingly inquired.

"Yes," he lied. "I was having such a lovely dream."

"I am so sorry to have disturbed it. My regret was not feigned. 'But it must be late, Paul. The park seems almost empty. Let us go home.'"

"Oh, stay here a while yet, Helen, dear." He threw his arms about her and drew her to him again. "What will we do at home on such a night? You know, dear, you wouldn't be able to sleep anyhow, in your stuffy little room. Here it is so free and good. There, now, close your eyes and try to sleep."

He leaned her head against his breast and gently passed his hand over her fair face.

What a tempest broke out afresh in his heart! With the beat of a sledge hammer it struck fiercely against his ribs. In vain he tried to control the rise and fall of his chest.

"Paul, Paulie dear," she pleaded, "come, now; let us go." She stroked his face with her small, smooth hand. "It's late; I have to work to-morrow."

Tenderly he took her hand in his, gently he drew her down toward him until she lay with her head against his breast, her clear enchanting face pressed against his burning cheek, her loosened hair spreading like a halo over his head.

Thus they lay under the sparkling canopy of heaven, clinging affectionately, two pure souls merging into one by the overpowering spirit of love.

The mandolin players had approached nearer and nearer until there could be distinctly recognized the alluring notes of Schubert's "Serenade."

"Come, make happy me, Come, make happy me, Come, make happy me."

The song was wafted softly through the moonlit silence as the players turned away. Fainter became the music's trill, farther removed, less distinct, until it died away in the concealing quiet of night, leaving the welded hearts of the happy couple wrapped in delight.

"Paul," her voice quavered, "let us go home now, dear. Come, Paulie."

She pulled him by the hand. He raised his head, his eyes meeting hers in the mild moonlight.

"Why, what's the matter, Helen? You are crying! Dearest, what is it? Helen!" His hand flew up to wipe the eyes that were welling over with anguish, the drops falling upon his own face as he pressed her cheek against his.

He awoke. The sky was veiled by thick gray clouds. A fine drizzle was falling over the withered grass covered with dead leaves from trees overhead. His face was wet, his clothes were soaked. He was chilled

to the bone, his limbs stiffened with the drenching. With the greatest effort he struggled to his feet, and, leaning heavily on his rough stick, he painfully dragged himself away. Another day had dawned that must be lived through, till once more his suffering spirit might seek refuge from the unmerciful present by getting a "glimmer from the past."

New York Call.

WHO BREAKS UP THE HOME?

By Arthur Rice.

The barter and sale of a woman for \$27,500 was arranged in New York courts by authority of a judge in a divorce suit brought by Marellus Raymond Morand, against his wife, Helena Woodley Morand, both actors.

"Captain J. A. Morrison, inheritor of the Morrison millions, was named as co-respondent.

"The suit was undefended, and counsel stated that it had been agreed that Morrison should pay Morand \$27,500 damages."

Justice Nargrave Doane, addressing the jury, said: "The parties have agreed as to damages. The co-respondent is prepared to pay the amount, and the petitioner is satisfied to receive the sum. If there were something behind the arrangement, I should tell you not to listen to it, but in this case as far as I can see, there is nothing objectionable. Captain Morrison has practically bought this woman for \$27,500."

NEVER MIND HOW HE DIED.

He died for his faith. That is fine. More than most of us do. But, say, can you add to that line That he lived for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last As a martyr for truth. Did his life do the same in the past From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die! Men have died For a wish or a whim— From bravado or passion or pride. Was it hard for him?

But to live—each day to live out All the truths that he dreamt While his friends met his conduct with doubt

And the world with contempt. Was it thus that he plodded ahead, Never turning aside? Then we'll speak of the life that he led.

Never mind how he died. —Ernest Crosby.

BRITISH SEAMEN THREATEN TO STRIKE

Tom Mann, who organized the transport strikes two years ago, has been engaged by the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union, and has begun a new campaign to enlist the support of all sections of the transport workers for a strike. The object is to get a National Conciliation Board to regulate the working conditions on board ship.

A circular, sent to all branches of the Seamen's Union, urges them to be ready for the signal "which will come like a thief in the night."

The sharp, unwarned strike is being adopted by the working class more and more as a weapon. No doubt the various lawmaking bodies will pass laws against such strikes. In Canada there is the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, which aims to prevent strikes without warning. In Great Britain a similar law is being seriously proposed.

But when a class is rising to power, such laws cannot prevent the rise. Such laws simply show the slaves who think the laws are made in their favor as well as for the capitalist class, that the laws are against them. The effort is to solidify the working class, and render their triumph no less certain.

IT IS ENOUGH

The president sits high in the state and does not hear me.

The general tearing about on horseback issuing noisy orders to his troops does not hear me.

The professor teaching dead arts to his live classes does not hear me.

The editor taking the lead in following public opinion does not hear me.

The merchant and the lawyer, who mix best with worst in larier and logic do not hear me.

And so for all the great and all the prosperous I would go unheard.

But the tramp dusty and tired in the road—he hears me.

But the workman wronged and browbeaten at his toil—he hears me.

But the poorly clothed people and the people underfed—they hear me.

But the dreaming boy and girl badly starting out in life—they hear me.

And all that seems to me to be quite enough.—Horace Traubel.

All those who have been keeping in touch with the current affairs of Montreal know that a tremendous real estate boom has been in full swing. Land and buildings have doubled and trebled in value. This means that more people have been crowded into the same space and the returns from this crowding have been a great deal larger than when people have had more room. There are Montreal reformers who want to abolish the slums. They have discovered that the tremendous prices of land and buildings are hindering their efforts. The price of abolishing slums is too great. This is the result of the profit system. Surely it would be better for the community to arrange things so that life will be considered of more worth than the profitable speculations of real estate dealers and landlord parasites.

COMRADES TRIED AND TRUE

The manager is leaving Cotton's on the twelfth of May. I want the tried and true comrades of the movement to help me over the break by gathering in as many subscriptions as they can.

The next month or two will be a hard one, but I have always been able to rely upon the men and women of the string line to help me over the difficulties.

I want you all during May and June to rather in all the subs you can. The revenues from subscriptions are our principal source of income.

Cotton's is our paper, the paper of the slaves. It is yours and mine, and belongs to every soul aspiring for freedom.

This week the list reports a gain. A little from you ALL will put us over the 25,000 mark.

You have done well in the past. I am depending on you all to do better from today on.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT.

Week of May 1st, 1913	On.	Total.
Ontario	115	137
Saskatchewan	47	51
British Columbia	47	51
Alberta	144	23
Nova Scotia	29	21
Manitoba	14	15
Province Quebec	34	15
Foreign	29	18
New Brunswick	6	6
Yukon Territory	6	6
Newfoundland	1	9
Prince Edward Island	0	4

Gain for week—471 569 25,397

Total issue last week—31,000.

MOVING TO ONTARIO

Owing to the manager's departure, plans for moving to Ontario will have to be postponed for a few months. We at Cotton's will find ourselves kept busy with our present manager gone. Moving to Ontario will be a considerable undertaking. In the meantime all comrades can press the fight against the difference in the rates of the hucksters are going to get a grip upon themselves and do better work for Socialism than they have ever done in Canada. You have undermined bourgeois opinion throughout Canada. It is for you now to drive the house home and use Canada as one of your great means in bringing to a realization a firm and united organization of producers for the overthrow of the exploiting class.

Have you heard of Cotton's Book Club?

HYPNOTISM

You May Learn It! Big Book FREE

By this mysterious power force of nature you may control others, create endless fun and wonder, reform the degraded, cure the nervous, afflicted, attain your ambition and make money easy. You may learn it all in our new book. Write today for your free copy. Address: W. D. BETTS, 25 St. John's, N.Y.

Stop making profits for others. Start a profitable business for yourself. My book will tell you right. Jas. Southart, Nile Street, Stratford, Ont.

PRINTING THAT ATTRACTS ATTENTION

If you think printing is printing, just as "pigs is pigs," you make a mighty big mistake.

We mix brains with our printers' ink. That accounts for the difference in results. But we don't charge "more" because we give "more." Quality work at economy prices. It means a good deal to you to be able to send out the right kind of printed matter without paying fancy prices for it.

It's worth investigating. Let's get together. Send a postal card with your name mentioning this matter, and we will have our special new 1913 representative sent you by return mail. Cotton's Cooperative Publishing Co., Inc., Cowansville, P.Q.

SOCIALIST DIRECTORY

DOMINION Executive Committee. Socialist Democratic Party of Canada, meets every first and third Monday at 8 P.M. St. East, H. Martin, secretary, 61 Weber Street East, Berlin, Ont.—25.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C. Local No. 4, S.D.P. of C. Meets first and third Sunday at 8 P.M. South Westminster, P.O. Box 140, E. Brown, Sec'y., 601 Royal Ave.—28.

NANAIMO Local No. 11, S.D.P. of C. English. Business meeting held on Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock, above Beattie & Hopkins. Primrose, Ward St. Propaganda meetings all time in open air. Temple, Rec. Sec., Box 66, Nanaimo, B. C.—26.

BRITISH COLUMBIA Executive S.D.P. of C. Meets in Nanaimo (see above) above Beattie & Hopkins. Regular meeting first Sunday in month at 8 P.M. Beattie & Hopkins. Propaganda meetings all time in open air. Temple, Rec. Sec., Box 66, Nanaimo, B. C.—26.

LOCAL VANCOUVER No. 12, meets for business and propaganda every Tuesday 8 P.M. Dominion Hall, Pender St. Public meetings, Dominion Theatre, Grandview St., Sunday evenings. Secretary, O. L. Charlton, City Market, Main St.—25.

THE SAMARITAN

A Letter from the Battlefield. Translated from the German by J. K. Merger.

Dear Louise:—I hope that you are by now in receipt of my last letter. Say, was he not very interesting? Have you been diligent in showing him around among our friends? What has Risa said? Her jealousy and envy over my romantic adventures must have surely driven her mad, especially over my love-affair with that Bulgarian officer. You well know how much Risa envies me for my conquests in cupid's domain. . . . the wretch. Please write me if the summer freckles have already made their appearance on her face? They usually come to her in March, when the sunshine is half effective. Apropos, complexion! I have once before expressed my fear to you that my skin would probably suffer out here, but thank God, my fair complexion, which you all the time admired, is as fair as ever. Most certain that but for your timely advice of taking my toilet cabinet along, I would have fared badly enough. My greatest worry now remains, that perhaps my stock of eau-de-cologne be exhausted before the war ends. I tremble whenever I think of this threatening misfortune. . . . But Great God, this is the necessary accompaniment of war, and whoever like myself ventures out on the staff of Mars must necessarily suffer in patience. Yes, dear heart, some are some of our hardships, but what can you understand of such things?

Yesterday I felt very hurt. One of the medical men reproached me for having been absent for five days from the hospital. In all seriousness reproached me. I assure you, the man acted almost vulgarly. You can understand how I took it. . . . Such affronts, that before a lady! I granted that war had a bestial influence on men, but there must exist a limit to immorality before ladies, even on the battlefield. You will guess what a freezing look I gave him as reply. I told Annie and Mary about this. They felt this undeserved abuse as strongly as I, and we decided to ignore this ungentlemanly boor in future. Yesterday he dared to order me to look after a feverish soldier; my work was to be changing the ice bags for him constantly. I made as if I did not hear at all. I would have him understand how deeply he had insulted me, the brute. Concluding from all this, you easily see what sacrifices one of us brings, my misery is yet heightened by the fact that one cannot dress properly out here. You remember the three bewitching hospital costumes I had made previous to my departure for the front. All the three, of the latest cut and colors to suit my complexion. I almost believe you were with me at the tailor's for my first try-on. You recollect the ravishing coat of lilac silk, you know the one, with the Brussels lace, and decollete, a sublime thing. The tailor claimed this to be his first and only chef-d'oeuvre. And, what a fit! Much did I enjoy the thought of wearing it here at my work.

But picture to yourself my disappointment, when I received the strict orders to wear an ordinary grey linen coat, one the common nurses wear. I almost lost my perseverance, and thoughts entered my mind sometimes of returning home. Yes, dear Louise, you notice how hard it is to be a good Samaritan, and work for your country's good.

Aside from all this, you must know something of the hard work one has to perform here. By mentioning hard work I beg of you, for heaven's sake not to think that I perform duties where blood is to be seen. Dear me, no. . . . One of our sort is too tender and too nervous for such things. To do this we have our sisters by profession. They are the truly fit ones. Nothing could touch these robust natures.

Those belonging to our circle must not forget their part as ladies, even on the battlefield. But our doctors are far too narrow-minded to perceive this. They labor under the false impression that to aid them in their bloody operations is most important. They are heartless, and cannot feel any sympathy for the poor convalescent officers, who are much more in need of ladies' company than all the medical recipes. You will admit, dear Louise, that I am right. . . . And that I do not forget. . . . here is one among the officers. . . . well, he is simply sweet! He was only slightly wounded. All the ladies verily fought for a chance to nurse him. All crazy in love with him, one by one. You may just imagine that I, too, became a target for his aim. What do you think of that military expression?

But all jokes aside, if you'd see him you'd be dazzled by his beauty as I. So interestingly pale. Charming, I assure you. . . . and a figure. At first, fat Ella seemed to be the lucky one. . . . The shameless flirt was all the time after him; but after all it was I who hooked him away to the rage of all. I must now bid my dear friend farewell. A quarter of an hour later I have a rendezvous. You will guess with whom. Oh, what green jealousy for Ella when she knows of it. . . . So you see, sometimes I find it pretty amusing out here, although we dispense with a great many of customary enjoyments. If we could only persuade the convalescent officers to arrange something odd. There is, for instance, enough space here for a tennis lawn. The ladies were enthusiastic when I proposed this, but the doctors, berr. Yes, and another misfortune to report. My favorite bonbons are all gone. You know how much I am waiting. I must go, dearie, he is waiting. Many kisses from your self-sacrificing Samaritan—Nelly.

Socialism is civilization.

Socialism is applied Christianity.

There is a divinity to Socialism which leads us on.

Why not study Socialism? You will have to some day.

Socialism has gripped the moral enthusiasms of its followers as no other modern movement has done.

Wholesale prices have advanced sixty per cent since 1895. Have your wages gone up that much in that time?

In Great Britain two millions of people are always on the hunger line. These people are not fed. But when a suffragette goes to jail for some crime and refuses to eat, she is forcibly fed to the great detriment of her health. Is not the present system an insane one?

How can love thrive under the competitive system? Because so much brotherly love does exist now, shows that we have to do away with the economic causes hindering the development of love to cause this most noble of passions to come to a glorious fruition.

A suspicion is growing that the London police have their quota of grafters just like New York and Chicago. In Chicago it is hotels, in New York it is street walkers, in London it is clubs. But it is the same kind of graft produced by the same old rotten system.

Ontario grocers have been scoring the garbage act, which leaves the worker with \$25 unseizable. The retail grocers want to be able to seize the pay of the slave for the grub that the slave has eaten. Oh, yes, this is a glorious system all right for the development of materialism.

The Vincent de Paul Conference of St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Montreal, dispensed 13,000 meal tickets to poor people last winter. This shows the charitable nature of the society, but why should we have poverty at all? Surely in this land of bursting barns and great wheatfields charity should be entirely unnecessary. It would be were we on a just economic basis.

Says James Russell Lowell: When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast runs a thrill of joy prophetic trembling on from east to west. This time the thrill is trembling the other way, and making the German plumes tremble in their boots. The Socialists of Prussia, where the electoral system is reactionary in the extreme, are likely to follow the example of their Belgian comrades and declare a general strike to enforce political rights.

P. H. Scollin has transferred his activities from Vancouver to Montreal. Scollin is trying to engineer an Industrial Peace Association in the worker and skinner capitalist shall forget all about their antagonistic conditions and become brothers just the same. Of course the skippers are for such an organization, but somehow, both in Vancouver and in Montreal, the skunk workers do not seem to take kindly to that kind of brotherhood.

An income tax is being imposed in the U. S. and the richer a man is the more he will contribute to the expense of government. Some producers are hailing this as a great and beneficial reform. But in Great Britain they have a heavy income tax, and there twelve millions of people are constantly on the poverty line. Mere juggling as to how the taxes of the capitalist state are to be arranged will bring little relief to the workers, whose wages are governed by the cost of living.

Lemieux and Pelletier have been nagging each other in Parliament over the deals that have been made in the postal department. Lemieux, when he was Postmaster General, purchased 110,000 rural mail boxes at a big figure. Pelletier has purchased 350,000 postal locks and keys at a big figure, and they have been flinging charges against each other. What does it matter to the slaves whether the postal boxes and keys were bought cheap or dear? It is a question that does not touch them; they only get a slave's pay. The workers are foolish to bother about how the surplus stolen from them is spent. What they should aim to do is to stop the stealing.

A couple of years ago people flocked to Toronto exhibition to view the Igerettes' village. A large number of this tribe was brought from South America. They were a great attraction. They lived on dog meat. People crowded into the village and held up their hands in horror at the manner in which roast doggie was disposed of. The capitalist press devoted columns to these dog eaters, and boomed the village for two whole weeks while the exhibition lasted. But they are mighty mum about the foreigners of New Waterford, N. S., who are compelled to eat dog in order to exist. The Igerettes eat dog because they liked it; the workers of Nova Scotia eat dog because they are forced to by the high cost of living and miserable wages under the capitalist system.

The net profits of the C. P. R. are \$43,000,000 a year. Over a hundred thousand wage workers have to work three hundred days a year to get a like amount. The net profits of the C. P. R. flow to the owners of the stocks and bonds each year and they do nothing in return for the more than kindly revenue. Common sense shows us that such a dividing up is radically unjust. Socialism, in proposing to abolish such anomalous conditions, simply is common sense applied.

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CAN A BUSINESS MAN BE A CHRISTIAN?

By Arthur Rice.

"Can business be run on Christian lines?"

Taking this question as his theme, the Rev. A. P. Shatford, rector of St. James the Apostle Church, Montreal, delivered an address on business men and Christian ethics. He stated that twenty-five business men had been written to, and twenty-three (presumably the twenty-three who control Canada) had replied. The general opinion was in the affirmative. A millionaire has this to say: "I consider business morality very high indeed. There is nothing of truth in the statement so often made that a business man cannot be a Christian."

The opinion of the man who does not believe after 25 years of business experience that business can be run on Christian principles is of interest: "I have yet to find a thorough Christian who has succeeded in business. Success in business today is judged by the dollar standard. Christianity and business principles will not mix."

Mr. Shatford disagreed with this view, and pointed out that a man may be successful without being wealthy.

A man cannot become a millionaire and be a Christian. Any man with a grain of sense can reason this out, unless robbing your fellow men of the fruits of their labors is Christianity.

It is almost an impossibility for a successful business man to be a Christian. The capitalist system, under which he is forced to do business, won't let him be a Christian. For instance, the capitalist who can force men to work for him at very low wages for long hours, can manufacture goods cheaper than the capitalist that pays his men good wages, with short hours. The man who can put goods on the market at the lowest price, gets the orders. Business cannot be run on Christian lines, as long as we have in operation the capitalist system. You have just got to change the system.

Bear in mind that all commodities are made from raw material, with the help of labor. The workers continue to toil on it until the commodity goes through all stages and is finally put on the market and sold. But the workers are robbed of the greater part of the social value they create at every turn under the capitalist system. Is there anything Christian about this? A man today goes into business for what he can make out of it for himself, not to help his fellow men, but for the surplus values he can skin out of them, and which makes war wealthier. With the coming in of the co-operative commonwealth, business then can be run on Christian lines, as the worker will then get the full social value of what he produces, and it would be an impossibility for any man to rob another. The anti-social unbrotherly spirit in commerce, business and industry will be abolished, and the golden rule, now smothered beneath the weight of robbery, which is the basis of our present system, will become operative.

AGRICULTURE.

Total occupiers of agricultural land in Canada in 1909 (1910 statistics not yet available) were 47,744. Of these 47,444 were owners, 47,744 were tenants, and 22,565 were part owners and part tenants.

Total number of acres occupied, 63,341,815. Occupiers of from five to ten acres, 9,118. From 11 to 25 acres, 8,263. From 26 to 100 acres, 15,772. From 101 to 200 acres, 159,826. Over 200 acres, 6,655.

1901 the northwest provinces had 55,520 occupiers of agricultural land. In 1906 these provinces had 122,328 occupiers. Total value of agricultural crops in 1909, \$32,922,109. Value of wheat was \$14,120,000. Value of oats, \$12,230,000; potatoes, \$5,359,000; barley, \$2,454,000; turnips and other roots, \$15,377,500; food crops, \$15,115,500; corn for husking, \$12,700,000; mixed grains, \$9,916,000. Flax, beans, buckwheat, peas and rye make up the balance.

Value of farm animals in 1909, \$552,789,000.

Value of dairy products about \$95,000,000.

Value of the 50,000,000 acres of land occupied at present, \$3,231,000,000. Total value, \$4,677,781,109.

Average agricultural wealth per individual farmer of the 700,000 Canadian farmers, \$6,382.54.

Say, Mr. Farmer, are you worth \$6,382.54 clear? If you are not, what kind have you coming against Socialism?

Champ Clark, Democratic leader of the U. S. Congress, is backing the state of California in her quarrel with Japan. California has passed legislation excluding the Japanese from holding land. Champ Clark says every state should have the right to legislate as to the ownership of private property within her borders. Champ Clark will not stand by his words. The workingmen own property which they sell. They sell their power to labor. Yet when labor withholds its labor power from the market, which they have a perfect right to do according to state laws, national troops are rushed into the strike area to browbeat the strikers and slug them back to their work—in other words force them to sell their power to labor at the terms the owners of capital see fit to pay. Champ Clark is with the master class, so is President Wilson. For that matter, so is Premier Borden and Opposition Leader Laurier. So is Premier Asquith and Chancellor Lloyd-George and King George of Great Britain. Labor's votes have gone to support their political enemies. We suggest that labor's votes go only for labor's own revolutionary candidates.

HOW TO KICK.

A new sixteen-page pamphlet by Robert Rives LaMonte, which is very interesting because it explains the necessity of the Kick Political as well as the Kick Economic. Everything that comes from this author is unquestionably good. Single copy, 5 cents; ten copies for 25 cents. Postpaid.

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THE TORCH, WHOEVER BEARS IT

(Elizabeth Furey in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

The God of the Great Endeavor gave me a torch to bear.

I lifted it high above me in the dark and murky air—

And straightway, with loud hosannas, the crowd acclaimed its light.

And followed me as I carried my torch thro' the starless night;

Till mad with the people's praises, and drunken with vanity,

I forgot 'twas the torch that drew them, and fancied they followed me.

But slowly my arm grew weary upholding the shining load,

And my tired feet went stumbling over the hilly road,

And I fell, with the torch beneath my arm.

In a moment the flame was out, Then, lo! from the throng a strippling sprung forth with a mighty shout,

Caught up the torch as it smoldered and lifted it high again,

Till, fanned by the winds of heaven, it fired the souls of men!

And as I lay in the darkness the feet of the trampling crowd

Passed over and far beyond me, Its paens proclaimed aloud—

While I learned, in the deepening shadow, the glorious verity—

"Tis the torch the people follow, whoever the bearer be!"

WORLD NOTES

Further reports of municipal elections in Great Britain show that the Socialists have been returned, a gain of 115.

The daily average number of persons employed in the factories of India in 1910 was 1,444,341. In 1909 the number was 994,132.

From all parts of Britain come reports of renewed activity of the Independent Labor Party, and a great Socialist onsway is heralded with confidence.

At the annual congress of the labor party in Belgium 253,912 members were represented as against 220,771 in the previous year and 194,725 in 1910.

The number of persons killed and injured in industry in Germany in 1908 was 10,540 injured and 2,716 killed. In 1909 the number had increased to 10,655 injured and 2,781 killed. In 1910 the number had increased to 13,726 injured and 3,141 killed.

The annual income of Great Britain is estimated at \$28,000,000, of which only \$3,500,000 goes to the producers. The Lords of Fat certainly do not want to see capitalism abolished. But the producing class is learning and will soon give it the grand bounce.

Victor Grayson, former Socialist M. P. for Colchester, England, in discussing the British situation in New York, declared, "I think in about five years we will see ourselves in the throes of a great strike. The remainder of five years is too expectant either. Lloyd George's schemes have been devised to frustrate labor. He is a great enemy. His measures are intended to smash the trades unions. Grayson also predicts a European war and the consequent control of the rapidly diminishing world markets."

The seventh conference of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance will be of special interest this year. For the first time in the history of the women's movement it is expected that Hindu, Buddhist, Confucian, Mohammedan, Jewish and Christian women will join together in congress, uniting their voices in common plea for the liberation of their sex from those artificial discriminations which every political and religious system has created against them. Delegates have been invited from Egypt, India, Burmah, China, Japan, and the Philippines. The allied associations of 23 countries are also each entitled to send 12 delegates. The conference will be held in Budapest from June 15 to five days.

The Kaiser of Germany is worried over the charges of corruption against the Krupp family, the best industrial strike the Socialists have made in years. It has shattered the position of General von Helldorf, Minister of War, and will probably add half a million votes to the Socialist party. Dr. Liebknecht declared that the Vickers and Armstrong concerns in England were endeavoring to bribe an article to the French paper Figaro to the effect that France was increasing her machine gun armament, and thus cause similar action in Germany.

Capitalism Breaks Up the Home

We in America have been venting our feelings in the last ten or fifteen years against a number of national evils, such as child labor, divorce, the social evil. We have discovered each of these as separate and distinct. As a matter of fact, they are all children of the same parents—unemployment and industrial maladjustment. This industrial maladjustment, with the resultant seasonal and cyclical periods of slack work, is now forcing upon the country an even graver issue. It is the "dream home"—the home that might have been. Marriage is becoming a luxury to thousands of workingmen in the United States. They cannot afford a decent heart. They cannot think of a home. Modern industry so decrees. . . . For every unmarried man who cannot afford to make a home there is a woman in a shop, in a factory, or in a department store, and sometimes—on the street.—Chicago Tribune.

Net profits of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company will be around \$1,300,000 this year. The average wage of the adult male wage worker in Canada is \$481 per year. The net profits of the N. S. Steel and Coal company are equal to the total annual wages of 2702 male wage workers. This is the income a small section of the capitalist class get for doing nothing. Through owning the places in which the wealth producers work the capitalists make the workers divide up what they produce. If you wish to stop the dividing up process, your place is with us.

The Sydney, N.S., Post of April 16th, published an article of how foreign immigrants at Waterford, N.S., were forced to eat dog meat to live. The same issue of the paper contained an editorial severely criticizing the business element and the immigration agencies for not advertising the great advantages Cape Breton has to offer immigrants, particularly of the laboring class. The antics of the capitalist press would be ridiculous were they not so tragic in their blindness or their hypocrisy.

It is good policy to carry an extra copy of Cotton's in a side pocket. By sending a dollar for a yearly bundle of four per week, this is always possible.

The capitalist system is the workmen's jinx, and is always present.

Socialists are throwing out the life line to save the workers from the capitalist sharks.

There is nothing in Socialism to degrade any individual. There is nothing in capitalism to uplift.

Mammon has got the present-day world so strongly in his grip that Christ is forgotten.—B. C. Sunset.

Capitalism cannot stand the spotlight of publicity. That is the reason it keeps a subsidized press to shield its iniquity from the public gaze.

Capital is the means used to exploit labor. Under Socialism we will not abolish the means of wealth production, but such means will no longer be used to exploit labor.

Do the capitalists eat dog? No, Clarence, the capitalists do not eat dog. They eat quail and pheasant, and mushrooms, and a whole lot of other nice things which the dog eating working class provide for them.

The working class are browbeaten, threatened, fined, jailed, and molested till they are the most miserable of all God's creatures. They are so benumbed in spirit that "Turkey in the Straw" sounds to them like the "Dead March in Saul."

Funny how a lot of politicians appear to be living so far up Easy Street after a few terms at Ottawa. They claim their indemnity barely covers their expenses and the time lost. Then where does the rest come from?

"A prison has become a temple of honor," declared Gladstone in one of his speeches. For Bill Haywood or Mother Jones to go to jail in the cause of the oppressed working class is no disgrace, but renders honor to the places of incarceration.

The international Socialist movement is surging steadily to the fore. Many money-grubbers in their blind lust for wealth take no heed of Socialism. These will sink with their beloved system when the time is ripe. Their puny efforts will be futile to stem the tide of progress.

Townsend Martin, a New York millionaire, declares, "The average employee in this country produces \$1280 of wealth each year. Of this amount he gets \$437. The remainder, \$843, goes into the hands of other men, the capitalist or the exploiter of labor."

"It will not come in our time." Men who say this about Socialism are blind. They have not been following events. In the last ten years the thoughts of the people have been completely changed. In the next ten years those changed thoughts will be written into our laws, and humanity will come largely to its own.

Workers, own the machines you attend. You have to mine the iron ore and transform it into steel to make them, you have to build them and you have to run them. Why should you not own them, and therefore own their product? This is one of the aims of Socialism. Looks fair, does it not?

You come across with good money for a capitalist paper which tells you nothing but lies, which dare not tell you the truth, and which is not by any means the friend of the worker. Why hesitate to expend a small sum on Socialist literature which aims to help you, and you alone? Socialism is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

How the capitalist papers hang on to the insane fantasies of the moneyed crowd! Methuselahistic jokes are spread broadcast and credited to some old moneybags, and everybody is supposed to set up a cackle. The real joke is the man who is silly enough to print such vapors. He is the Simple Simon. But Lor' bless you, he has to do it, or else lose his hold on the pap teat.

With the thousands of children getting a Socialist education from their parents and in the Socialist Sunday schools, will there not be a fine crop of young revolutionists in a few years? In a very few more years the man who would try to pull off a \$35,000,000 robbery of the working class such as is now being attempted at Ottawa, would get his good and plenty. The young blood will smash the capitalist system into oblivion.

Seven shipping companies on the Great Lakes have merged into one company called the Inter-Lake Steamship Company. The new company owns thirty-nine vessels, and is capitalized at \$9,500,000. Thirty-nine vessels with their accessories owned by one company is collective ownership for private profit. Under Socialism there would be collective ownership by the public powers for the public good.

Trainmen have a thick book of rules to study and go by. And they are practically forced to break these rules every day by the rush and scramble of the competitive system. The trainman who does not take chances is rarely on the list of promotions. If the travelling public knew of the risks taken by engineers and conductors in their attempts to please the trainmasters and those higher up, Shanks' mare would be the prevailing mode of transportation.

If the educationists of Canada arose in a body and asked for \$35,000,000 to advance their cause, they would get the merry ha ha. If all the medical men were to ask for \$35,000,000 to fight the white plague, no notice would be taken of them. If the workers asked for decent dwellings and the abolition of slums the Borden government would just plop ahead with their crazy scheme of giving \$35,000,000 of the nation's wealth for the enrichment of a few private individuals.

SOCIALISM AND CHRISTIANITY

By Arthur Rice.

James 5, 1-6, of the bible says:

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your rich are corrupted and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as were first. Ye have heaped treasure for the last days. Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which ye have refused to pay them, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of the Sabbath. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts, as in a day of slaughter. Ye have condemned and killed the just, and he doth not resist you."

The workers are being robbed of the fruits of their labors more today than they were in the days of James, when no machinery was used and by men who call themselves Christians. The Socialists are going to make it impossible for any man to pile up a big fortune. The workers produce all the wealth and today men get rich by robbing them. By doing away with rent, interest and profit you do away with a system that makes slaves and idlers. The capitalist takes the money he has robbed from the workers to further rob them by building houses to rent, factories for profit, and loaning it to others on interest. In this way the workers keep him in idleness.

The bible says: "If a man does not work, neither shall he eat." Workers, when you realize you are the only society that is necessary in the world, the capitalists will have to get off your backs.

The capitalist press declares that Socialists are against Christianity, when Socialism will abolish the evils against which St. James thundered.

Socialism will prevent the man who does not work from eating his bread and living in wanton luxury in the sweat of other men's brows. It will also take care of the maimed, the halt, the lame and the blind and will care for the widows and fatherless in their affliction. The statement that Socialism is against Christianity and anti-religious is a lie spawned in the depths of the hellish brains of capitalist liars.

FACTS ABOUT COTTON'S WEEKLY.

Cotton's Weekly was started in 1908, in the same volume as the Observer, a local weekly. It now occupies its own building, built specially for the purpose, is published in 3650 feet, two stories. The paper is printed on an up-to-date Whitlock press. It has a Monotype typesetting machine, two job printing presses, a folding machine, cutting machine, wire stitching machine, and well equipped plant generally. Power is supplied by a large gasoline engine. It uses three typewriters. Cotton's Weekly is the best plant in the Eastern Townships of Quebec for ventilation, short hours, rate of wages, etc. Employees work 40 hours per week. A staff of 12 people are constantly at work. Cotton's has over 25,000 subscribers, and their names occupy over 125 columns, 824 inches, and require several hundred pounds of metal to set them up. It uses about five tons of paper per month. Its greatest issue has been 100,000 copies. It is owned and published by Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Company, Inc., the stock of which is held by 1000 people in all provinces throughout Canada. Shares are \$10 each, payable all cash, or on a balance in three equal monthly payments.

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