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COWANSVILLE, P. Q., THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1909

CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

VOL. XXXVIII No. 48

THE BRITISH BUDGET

The British Budget is not such a wonderful thing. The measures advocated are more or less commonplace. Asquith has given the very least the people of Great Britain would accept. What provokes the nobles is the things for which the money is to be spent.

The British aristocracy originated in theft. In fact all title to land is due to discovery or organized robbery or theft. The nobles got their land by enclosing commons, or killing the inhabitants and owners centuries ago. This land has gone untaxed and is to be taxed very gently indeed.

There are many things for which the government needs money. It needs it for the old age pensions and state insurance for the unemployed and for feeding hungry school children and many other things. When Asquith introduced the old age pensions the landed aristocracy and the capitalists loudly protested. They said the money could not be found. Asquith said it would be found and the measure went through. It can never be repealed because the people want it.

Now Asquith touches up the capitalists for some of the money necessary. He also hits the workers by higher duties and excise exactions. But the capitalists and landowners are furious. They do not object to the taxes but they don't want the ordinary people to have any of the money. Hence they cry for a larger navy and for more soldiers. If Asquith would raise a huge army the lords and nobles would rejoice and pay willingly. Soldiers are useful to shoot striking workers. Navies are useful to force loans at high interest on half civilized countries. The money for soldiers could be looked upon as insurance and a huge navy would be a good business venture.

Asquith gives a little better army and a few more ships. But he actually takes some of the taxes wrung from multimillionaires and selfish and degenerate nobles and gives it to people who are too old to work, who have never sought relief and who have never committed a crime. Hence the lords and money kings are furious. "The people be damned!" is their motto.

The budget cannot be called a socialist one. But it is a gentle beginning. It is not the budget the lords fear. It is the revolutionized sentiments of the people of Great Britain. They feel they are over a quaking inferno. They know that their rapacity has caused misery untold and they fear the day of vengeance. Asquith is not a socialist. The Lords have vexed him and he is just snapping the whip of revolution near their creepy backs.

ASQUITH

For those who like nobility and heroics Asquith is not a pleasant personality to consider. Asquith is the professional politician. He has no views of his own but is willing to sacrifice anything to hold office. He is the typical capitalist with his ambitions turned to political honors. He has the capitalist and bourgeois outlook upon life. He will only give what the people are clamoring for and he has the cunning to distinguish between the clamor of a lordly gutter press and the voice of the British people.

Asquith knows the moral peculiarities of the British nonconformist mind. So he introduced the license reduction act. He did this because he wanted the nonconformist vote. Besides the beer-lords are hand and glove with the Anglican church and the Tories. It was a sort of Gomperesque, "Reward our friends and punish our enemies" measure. The Lords threw the measure out. Another Gomperesque feature.

Asquith has his ear to the ground and hears the rumbling of the social revolution. So he tries the movement with old age pensions and so on and tames the labor party branch of the revolutionists. Hence he is satisfied in that direction.

He turns a cold ear to the clamor of the suffragists. He knows that their voting power is nil and therefore lets them rave. Again the calculating politician.

The lords and capitalists do not like him. The socialists despise him. The

suffragists hate him. The lords like a man who will be Tory and Church and will be dignified and antipeople. The capitalists want protection. The socialists want revolution. The women want votes. He has no personal views and tries to give enough to maintain power.

Asquith is not a strong man. He is cunning and pliable. The conflicting elements however will become so strong that he will not be able to hold power. He is good enough at present while the revolution marks time.

A STRAIGHT TALK TO LABOR

By WILLIAM RESTELLE SHIER

All self-respecting workpeople want the best of food, the best of clothing, the best of housing.

They want security of employment, short hours of labor, healthy conditions in the shops and mines and factories.

They want education for their children, freedom from the fear of want and a voice in the management of industry.

They want the means and the leisure with which to enjoy life.

But of these things they are deprived under the reign of Capital.

Notwithstanding the fact that it is they who produce all the world's wealth, they must be content to eat cheap food, to wear shoddy clothing and to live in tenements or miserable-looking houses.

They work in dingy factories, have long hours of labor, wear the badge of inferiority, are denied a voice in the management of industry and must cringe before their masters in order to hang onto their jobs.

They never know when illness, accident, hard times or the caprice of their boss may throw them into abject poverty.

Their children are often snatched from the home at a tender age to help eke out the family existence.

Their daughters are frequently forced into a life of shame thru the pressure of economic want.

Their higher natures are stifled in the sordid struggle for bread and butter.

They are hounded from city to city, from country to country, in the effort to make a living.

They are sometimes forced to beg or steal in order to avoid starvation.

And it is their own fault.

Nobody else is to blame for their condition except themselves.

They are getting exactly what they have voted for these many years.

By voting their masters into power election after election they have voted for the perpetuation of wage-slavery.

By supporting the old political parties they have supported the industrial system for which those political parties stand.

It is this industrial system which is responsible for the ruthless exploitation of labor.

As long as the working people are content to submit to robbery, this industrial system will last.

As soon as the working people decide that they have been duped long enough, they will organize into a party of their own, vote themselves into power and use the government as a weapon in the fight for industrial emancipation.

This large numbers of them are already doing under the banner of Socialism.

Perhaps you do not know what Socialism is. If you do not, you had better lose no time in finding out.

It is in your interests to do so. Why? Because in Socialism lies the Salvation of the working class.

Do not take my word for it, nor anybody else's word against it. Investigate the subject for yourself.

Attend Socialist lectures. Subscribe for Socialist papers. Purchase Socialist literature and digest it thoroughly.

The Christians say that salvation lies through Christ. No man can save himself; he must depend on another. Buddhists declare that no man is saved by another and no man perishes by another. Each man is saved by himself and each man perishes by himself. Both Christians and Buddhists declare that they are enunciating the doctrines of the only true and revealed religion. Which is right?

THE COAL STRIKE SITUATION

There is a strike on in great Cape Breton, in the coal fields. This strike is against the Dominion Coal Company on the part of the United Mine Workers. The members of the Provincial Mine Workers have not struck.

In a time of strike and turmoil men's minds, especially the minds of the strikers, are apt to want denunciation and bitterness. But a strike is an economic battle, and being such, it is well to find out the position of the enemy.

The general who goes blindheaded at the enemy may win if he has enough men and is willing to lose them. But as Leonato says in Much Ado About Nothing, "A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers." Let us therefore examine the position of the company and of the men.

Money is the sinews of war. No nation can go to war without the sanction of the money kings of Europe. An economic war needs finances to back it as well as physical war. Last year the Coal Company received in profits from the carrying on of the coal mining industry, which industry was the result of the labor of the men, the sum of \$2,686,202.49. As the Coal company employs about seven thousand men it results that the company made a profit of over \$383.00 on the labor of every man employed. The men who work hardly get an existence wage. The money the company gets is clear profit.

As money is necessary for warfare and the company has the money, which side is likely to win out in the long run? The company relies upon its profit plundered from the workers to keep it going and it relies upon the belly-hunger of the strikers, the cries of their children and the suffering of the wives to drive the strikers back to their slavery out of which it can get \$383.00 or more on every wage slave employed.

The Company last year had a surplus on hand of \$4,253,471.03. But other things are good to have on hand in case of a strike, or economic battle.

The men live on food and the company lives on coal. The men eat the food and mine the coal. If the men do not have food and the company possesses mined coal then the company can sell the coal while the men starve. The company has seen to it that it has banked coal. This coal will continue to be sold while the men are idle. The company does not have to pay idle men.

Consequently the sale of this surplus coal will be pure profit. Undoubtedly, if the strike does not continue too long, the profits of the company will go up this year to four hundred and fifty dollars per man employed. Moreover, in the last annual statement of the company it is declared that the company has discontinued the long credit system at the company's stores. This means that the men pay cash. When their cash gives out they can go without.

Another thing that the company has seen to in order to keep its wage slaves tamed and non-rebellious. It has seen to it that it owns the houses in which its wage slaves live. The moment the wage slave uses the only weapon left him under our capitalist laws, the strike, the company's officials evict him from his home. Strike one day, eviction the next. This is done in Nova Scotia and the miners have to live in tents. In Alabama during a recent strike the men lived in tents on the common land. The militia came along and evicted them, cut the tent ropes and turned the workers with their wives and children out on the streets homeless. The men were driven back to their slavery like sheep to the shambles. Have the strikers land of their own upon which to erect their tents in Cape Breton? If not, is the militia under the control of the workers or under the thumb of the masters? Borden, the Minister of Militia, has publicly declared that the militia is useful in cowering strikers.

The Cape Breton county council have appointed six hundred special constables. These constables carry rifles and revolvers. The government of the county as well as of Canada is run for the benefit of the master class.

Now comes the Lemieux Act, that splendid example of class legislation hypocritically introduced for the alleged benefit of the working class. Strange,

is it not, that Canada should pass this law when New Zealand was relegating it to the waste

SUICIDE

W. R. HIBBERD

Suicide, we understand, is self-destruction and many working men and women who are driven into the abyss of poverty, misery and despair, seek a way out of their misery by self-destruction. But the men who resort to those means as a way out of their extreme poverty, perhaps have never heard or paid any attention to the Gospel laid out by Karl Marx, the man who laid the foundation of Socialism, which no power can destroy. And although its partisans share the poverty, due to the capitalist class, who swirl in costly wines, liquors and the best of everything that the slave class create, the socialist's hope is too strong for him to resort to self-destruction. All we desire to destroy is the wage slavery which is responsible for the worker's empty stomach, aching limbs and beast-like existence. The fire of hope burns brighter in the breast of the socialist. As each day passes bringing our object, the co-operative commonwealth, nearer ever nearer, the mission of the working class is about to be fulfilled and we the slave class of the brutal master class, are preparing for the abolition of this present economic system in which the great mass of humanity are dependent for life on the few tyrants whose power is the ownership of all the means of life. These means, mines and mills of production in the very near future will be wrested from the capitalist class and owned by the working class collectively. The end of slavery is already in view, for the workers of all countries, realizing their common class interests, are uniting for the overthrow of capitalist society. It now is the capitalist class who are committing suicide. They are helping to destroy themselves, although they do not know it. Just as fast as the workers' sight is being restored, the capitalist class is becoming blind. And with their blindness comes their doom. The workers' clear brain and vision will speed them on to freedom. Forces created by the capitalist class are at work to-day, which are a decided advantage towards bringing the change.

Some of the factors I will bring before you. The army of the unemployed, which are necessary to capitalist production for profit, the army of hungry men, are being added to every day through the increased productivity of the machine and is becoming larger every day and this factor is a constant danger to those men who are employed in mine, mill and factory, which urges them on to produce more and more surplus value and which makes their working day longer, and these workers realizing where and how they stand are coming to the conclusion that their only hope lies in socialism, for they know not how long it will be before they will be forced into the ranks of the ever increasing army of the unemployed.

The closing market is another factor making for socialism. You know the working class only get a part of what they produce and consequently there remains a surplus which was at one time shipped to foreign markets, such as India, China and Japan. But these markets are fast closing down as they produce for themselves. They too have a surplus which they ship to other markets as they can produce commodities at about one-fifth the cost that we can. It is readily seen that we must either go down to their standard of living or accept socialism and get the full equivalent of our toil, leaving no surplus to find markets for and no markets to keep an army and navy to fight for. You see how the capitalist class are destroying themselves. They are at each other's throats all the time. They kill each other like savage beasts, always snarling and fighting for the spoils and the least fitted is flung into the ranks of the slave class. The capitalist class sound their own death knell when they exported the machine to Asiatic countries because they can now export the machine as well as some of the surplus to us and the workers of America have no particular desire to live on rice. Get wise some of you who are backward, socialism points the way to a world of plenty, we shall soon hold an inquest on King Capital. Our verdict will be: "The people of the co-operative commonwealth found that capitalism committed suicide while permanently insane." The slaves got wise.

U. S. A. Poor

Protection means prosperity and work for all, but in the United States, says Mr. Robert Hunter, in "Poverty": "There are probably in fairly prosperous years no less than 10,000,000 per-

sons in poverty—that is to say, underfed, underclothed, and poorly housed. Of these, about 4,000,000 persons are public paupers. Over 2,000,000 working men are unemployed from four to six months of the year. About 500,000 male immigrants arrive yearly, and seek work in the very districts where unemployment is greatest. Nearly half of the families in the country are forced to become wage earners when they should still be in school. About 5,000,000 women find it necessary to work, and about 2,000,000 are employed in factories, mills, etc. Probably no less than 1,000,000 workers are injured or killed each year while doing their work, and about 10,000,000 of the persons now living will, if the present ratio is kept up, die of the preventable disease, tuberculosis." The United States "enjoy" Protection.

With the enormous natural resources at their command, the people of the United States could, if they organized production, and distributed the fruits of work fairly, provide a rich living for every one of her eighty millions, under healthy and decent conditions.

Protection does not succeed in doing this. Socialism would.

DESTROYING THE HOME

Scene in Hyde Park: Lady stops to admire child in bassinette attended by nurse.

Lady: What a beautiful child! Whose is it?

Nurse: Yours, my lady.

It is said that Socialists want to destroy the home, and to herd children in barracks. They do want to destroy the homes in which a mother does not know her own children. Well-to-do people to-day send their children to boarding schools and no one accuses them of "destroying home life." Socialism would for the first time make home life possible for all.

The workers are learning to think for themselves and to organize in their own interests. This is a natural consequence of their association in large industrial establishments, their education in the schools and their enfranchisement. From the first flows their ability to act in concert, from the second their intellectual training, from the third their consciousness of political power.

Make out a list of your most intelligent acquaintances, purchase some good propaganda books, read them yourself, then keep them circulating among persons worth while bringing into the movement. In this way you ought to make half a dozen well informed Socialists each year.

The capitalists corrupt the legislatures and then declare that the legislatures are not fit to run government enterprises. When the workers, the men who foot all the bills become socialized the capitalist system will go.

The capitalist press of New York are yelping against the Chinese because a white girl was found murdered in a Chinese den. The press of New York is silent over the white slaves forced into the brothels by corrupt politicians and police.

Nova Scotia now has a board of public utilities. The old theories of competition and laissez faire now live only in the brains of antiquated philosophers.

Socialism does not aim at the destruction of riches. Socialism will increase wealth by a sane system of production and exchange.

It is the environment that moulds character. Man must be given a healthy environment to develop in a healthy manner.

Canada needs her forests. Capitalism destroys them. Under socialism the forests would be kept for the people instead of being destroyed to enrich a few.

The white plague and the white slave traffic will flourish until socialism will have put down capitalism in the interests of humanity.

Socialism means economic freedom from the landlord, the manufacturer, the capitalist. It does not mean political freedom from the Senate or Commons.

Pauperizing the poor is what the rich want to avoid in their charities. They need not worry. They have already pauperized the poor by their riches.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

The Eternal Capitalist Press Frauds

(From English Justice.)

Was there ever in the whole history of journalism a more empty and ridiculous piece of humbug than this self-laudation of the capitalist advertisement press which has been tumbled out on the fifty-five millions of white men, who really constitute the British Empire, during the past week? We judge not. The whole thing is such a palpable fraud that we doubt if even the gullible English public is taken in by it. Who are these men who proclaim themselves to be somebodies, and are flattered from the highest places downwards as persons of weight? Notoriously the newspaper proprietors are merely money-getters of the lowest type, who will advocate or cause to be advocated any cause or any measure which they think will expand their circulation, bring in their profits. They kept penmen merely write in order to pad out the paying part of the paper. Principles they have none, either owners or writers.

Here in Great Britain the very same men own and run newspapers expressing every shade of opinion—Tory, Unionist, Whig, Liberal, Radical—and the staffs of each are conveniently interchangeable with every other. The sole and only object of them all is to get first money and then a peerage. In the Colonies it is exactly the same, so far as the money goes. Political influence supposed to belong to a newspaper is traded away habitually for place and pelf. No capitalist newspaper nowadays ever, under any circumstances, takes up a just but unpopular cause at the risk of loss of circulation and sacrifice of advertisement. The owner would not permit it for a moment. The whole thing is run to get money. A scurvier lot than the capitalist pressmen of to-day it would be hard to pick out anywhere in our decaying capitalist society. Happily their influence is decreasing daily.

So far from the profit-mongering press leading or controlling public opinion, it now indecently hurries after it. An editor who dared to have an opinion which cost his proprietor a loss of cash would speedily find himself on the retired list. This is now pretty generally understood.

The grand anonymity fetish is now worshipped by nobody. "We" may have been, and may be still, a set of men bound together by ties of principle, and working to a definite end regardless of the immediate result. But the "we" of the capitalist press is merely a set of intellectual proletaires paid to adulterate truth and poison the fountains of knowledge as far as they can for pay. A dirty business indeed. But if we look around we shall recognize speedily that these profit-mongering owners vastly overrate their own importance. Such facts as they may give are valuable: their views scarcely count. It is scarcely too much to say that the daily and weekly papers in London which have the largest circulation are precisely those which have the least serious political influence. This may seem strange, but it is absolutely true, as the instances of "Lloyd's Weekly News" and the "Daily Mail" clearly show. In Paris it is the same. Who on earth cares for the political opinions of the "Petit Journal" or the "Petit Parisien"? Things are no different in other English towns, or in New York and American provincial centres. So, too, in our Colonies. The cheap press, like cheap goods, is everywhere fraudulent and nasty. Yet it is for these people the nation has been made to pay in order to show them a vast fleet under show conditions. Probably the pressmen themselves laugh privately at the whole thing, as heartily as do the writers for "Justice." But they have to pretend to be serious in public. That is what they are paid for.

One Cause of Booze

In his "Confessions of a Physician" V. Versavaef, a Russian doctor, says, speaking of his struggle for existence in St. Petersburg in his post-graduate days: "I gave up all hope of obtaining a salaried position and entered myself as a supernumerary at one of the hospitals. I often fondled myself in greatest want in the evening I used to trim the 'fringes' off my trousers and mend the rents in my boots with black thread. I used to envy my patients when ordering the extras, because I myself subsisted mainly on bread and cheap sausage. During those hard times I experienced and came to understand a phenomenon which was formerly quite beyond my comprehension—how one could take to drink through hunger.

At that period, whenever I passed a public house, the latter had an irresistible attraction for me; at such moments I used to think it the height of bliss to step up to the brilliantly illuminated bar, covered with tempting "zakouskas," and to toss off a glass of vodka. Strange to say, half-starved as I was, the spirits attracted me more than the eatables, although I was never a dipsomaniac. When I had a rouble in my pocket, I could not resist the temptation, and got drunk. Never before or after, when I was properly nourished, did vodka have any fascinations for me."

WORK AND PRAY

Translated from the German of George Hedwegh.

Pray and work! proclaims the world; Briefly pray, for Time is gold, On the door there knocketh dread— Briefly pray, for Time is bread.

And ye plow and plant to grow, And ye rivet and ye sow, And ye hammer and ye spin— Say, my people, what ye win?

Weave at loom both day and night, Mine the coal to mountain high; Fill right full the harvest horn— Full to brim with wine and corn.

Yet where is thy meal prepared? Yet where is thy rest hour shared? Yet where is thy warm hearth-fire? Where is thy sharp sword of ire?

Everything's thy work—oh, see! All thy work—but not for thee Out of all thy hand hath wrought? Only shackles thou hast got.

Chains that tight the life to wring, Chains that break the spirits wing— Clatter upon the children's feet— Workers!—this the wage ye meet?

What ye bring to light of day Treasure is it for the gay; What ye weave—it is a curse— For yourselves; for others worse.

What ye build, beneath its roof Is no chamber for your proof: Whom ye clothe and whom ye shoe Tread with light contempt on you.

Human bees! in Nature's strife With only honey are ye rife? See the drones around you wing! Have ye, then, no more a sting?

Men of labor! wake from night! Wake, and recognize thy might! All the wheels are standing still Till thy sturdy arm shall will.

Thy oppressors will turn pale When thou, weary of thy bale, In the corner set'st the plow. Saying: "'Tis enough just now."

Break the double yoke in twain! Break the slavery of pain! Break the fetters of the dead; Bread of freedom—freedom bread!

Bishop McPaul of Trenton, says that at Harvard, Yale, Princeton and other universities "they teach rascality, immorality and disrespect for womankind." He wants all Catholics to send their children to church institutions. His charges sound a little—in fact, more than a little—reckless, to say the least. Does Harvard maintain a professor in immorality, or Yale a professor in rascality, or Princeton or Cornell a professor in disrespect to womankind? No power but his church can stem the evils he mentions, he said, and if this is true, then we wonder why it has not done so long ago, for the records of our jails and penitentiaries do not make a very good showing for his claim.—Soc. Dem. Herald.

Here's worse luck and more of it. Scientists have at last determined that whiskey not only does not cure snakebites, but that it actually makes the venom more fatal.

And the main interest Christendom shows in the development of aerial navigation its usefulness in the game between nations, called war!

If you cannot get time to dispose of a bundle of ten, send us a dollar bill and ten names. They will each get a copy for three months.

Crooks are produced under the capitalist system by the extreme difficulty of making an adequate living by honest toil.

Get the Old Favorite

STAG
BRIGHT PLUG
CHEWING TOBACCO

In the New Size

—a larger Plug.

Sunshine grates have maximum strength



Sunshine Furnace has four triangular grate bars, each having three distinct sides. In the single-piece and two-piece grate no such-like provision is made for expansion or contraction, and a waste of coal always follows a shaking.

On the left- and right-hand sides are cotter pins, which when loosened permit the grates to slide out. These four grate bars are made of heavy cast iron, and are finished up with bulldog teeth. The teeth will grind up the toughest clinker; and

SUNSHINE furnace

because the grates are made in sections, not only can nothing but dust and ashes pass through, but after each shaking a different side can be presented to the fire. Also, with the Sunshine grate there is no back-breaking movements attached to the shaking. By gently rocking the lever, first on the left and then on the right, the ashes are released on both sides, and fall through into the pan.

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LIVE PROPAGANDA PAPER

A REASON FOR UNREST

One reason for the present unrest and dissatisfaction in industrial circles was revealed by a conversation overheard in a public restaurant in a manufacturing city.

"That was a pretty deep cut in wages announced by the company last week."

"Yes, it will be impossible for us to make a living at the new rate, but I suppose the new automobiles must be paid for somehow."

It is a poor time for employers to flaunt their new automobiles in the faces of their employees who are struggling to make ends meet on the reduced wages.—Christian Endeavor World.

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

COTTON'S WEEKLY, Cowansville, P. Q.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

"I SEE YOUR FINISH"

By GERALD DESMOND

This article is addressed to the small trader, the little business man, the "tin pot" capitalist and all the rest of you fellows who go to make up what is called "the great middle class." I am speaking to all such in a friendly spirit. Some of you may not think me much of a friend because I am going to tell you things which will be to most of you no doubt rather unwelcome. But, if you only knew it, I am your friend just for that very reason. Things are happening in the world which most of you people know next to nothing about, or at most, realise the significance of very dimly.

Most of you people are great believers in competition. You have been taught that competition is "the life of trade," and you really believe this to be true. Now, I just want to tell you a truth that you must learn sooner or later, namely, that competition is not and never again will be the life of your trade. Competition is killing your trade right now and it will soon put most of you off the commercial map altogether. I refer to the competition of the trust, the corporation, the department store and all the rest. That is the kind of competition you must face today. And, as you ought to know by this time, you can't face it. Surely this should be plain enough? Can't you see that the big fellows will inevitably put you down and out eventually? Small business after small business goes "all in" before the combine and the corporation? Perhaps you are already feeling the competition of a department store which is underselling and cutting your price below the limit. And you other fellows who are in smaller towns; aren't you inclined to get pretty nervous every time you hear of a more powerful competitor locating in your burg? Are you sure that competition is such a good thing after all? I want to give you one little example of how competition worked out in one line of business in a certain city I know of.

A few years ago practically all the butcher shops in this place were independent. The owners competed with each other, and most of them did fairly well. "Competition was the life of trade." Then a certain big wholesale firm, which is to all intents and purposes, a Canadian beef trust, came in and established a couple of retail shops. These retail places started off to sell for a while at the same rates as the others, but before long they cut. Of course this drew the people's trade to them and the others, the independents, had to cut also. They didn't like it at all, but there was absolutely no alternative. The beef trust shops, however, were not contented, and very soon they cut again. Now, this second cut hit the rest of the butchers pretty hard. They protested. They said, "See here, we're not making much profit now. We can't afford this second cut." But the beef trust only smiled, so to speak. They said, "We're doing all right," and the other fellows, little as they agreed with them, had to reduce the price on meat again.

Now this second cut put some of the independents out of business altogether, and, naturally enough, their trade was divided up amongst the rest. So things went on a little while longer. Then the beef trust cut the third time. You can just imagine how the independent men howled at that. They said, "We are not making much now, and we can't possibly sell any cheaper." But, as before, the beef trust simply laughed and responded, "We're doing all right. This is a free country and we can cut the price all we like." Well, to run the story short, most of the independent men went out of business right there. Some of them just shut up shop. One or two sold out, at a mighty low price, to the trust people. Anyhow, within that month after the third cut, the trust controlled every shop in the town and they have continued in their control right to the present day.

Now, my middle class friends, I ask you if you haven't seen the same thing happen every day. Are not you small fellows being put on the bum right along? Of course, this is a young country and the worst has not come yet in this way. What we have seen of the elimination of the small traders, manufacturers, etc., by trustified, industrial and trading concerns is a mere nothing to what we shall see in the future. The big concerns are only just beginning to get in their work in Canada, but even in the present time you fellows are on your last legs. It's just as the title of this article says, "I see your finish," and your very swift and

your spirits.—Yours, Harry. P.S.—If you can't hold out, try the soldiers.

Penniless and homeless, the writer of the note—"a little starving boy"—and the recipient—Robert Blatchford—then a young man of twenty, had crawled into a court off Drury Lane and had fallen asleep in a doorway. They had shared their last penny and crust together, and then Harry, apparently fearing that he was becoming an incumbrance, stole away, and left the note pinned to his companion's coat.

What has become of that companion of early days? Mr. Blatchford will tell you that the question often occurs to his mind. And catch him in a reminiscent mood, and the famous editor of the English Clarion will sketch for you, in vivid wording a picture of poverty-stricken, struggling youth which makes the ultimate triumph of the man so amazing.

"Fate determined to give me a knockdown blow," he once said. "My parents were fearfully poor, and by profession traveling actors. It must have been heartbreaking work for my mother—my father died when I was two years of age, leaving my mother with two little boys and no money—traveling from town to town with her two children, sometimes getting an engagement, more often not. No wonder her temper was uncertain at times.

"Food we often lacked, but I think we suffered most from lack of warmth. We were always cold, and I remember, as a very young child, I used to get up early and grub in other people's dustbins for bottles, which I bartered for coals. And it is the remembrance of these terrible winter months of my boyhood days which often makes me feel depressed even now during the cold weather."

It is not a pleasant picture. Neither is that of the days when Mr. Blatchford forsook brushmaking, to which trade he had been apprenticed, and with very little money in his pocket tramped to London from Halifax, in which town his mother had settled down. He could find no employment in the metropolis, and he can hardly tell to-day how he managed to keep body and soul together. Sometimes he slept in doss houses, and when luck was against him he made his bed on the Embankment. It was at this period that he met "Harry the Starveling," and it was actually the note which the latter pinned to the coat of his companion which gave Mr. Blatchford the idea of joining the army.

The short service act enabled Robert Blatchford to leave the army at the end of six years and then he obtained an appointment with the Weaver Navigation Company at Norwich at thirty shillings a week. This was in 1877, and for five years he kept his job. Up to this time he had never thought of entering the journalistic world. He had scribbled, it is true, but never seriously devoted himself to writing. Suddenly however, he wrote a story. It was accepted and published. He wrote more stories, and also secured a commission to write a weekly contribution of notes for a serio-comic paper called the Leeds Toby.

It was not exactly a sinecure, for he had to supply something like 5,000 words for the remuneration of one guinea; but it paved the way to better things. In 1885 he was offered an appointment on Bell's Life, and there and then decided to become a professional journalist.

He did an ordinary reporter's work, writing articles on anything and everything. It was while on Bell's Life, by the way, that he made the acquaintance of Mr. E. F. Fay, better known as "The Bounder," who, with "Dangle," helped him to start the Clarion. "The Bounder" was a most amusing character and Mr. Blatchford gives this as a sample speech in the Fay language:

"Fate hath dealt the knock like Sullivan at twelve stone-six. Poor blooming gentleman has copped the auctioneer. Very snide the poor sportsman is. Haw! Like old Bill Barley, 'on the broad' of his back, bless your eyes.' The blooming gentleman! Is there no hand on high to shield the brave? Grassed, my friend—the poor old sportsman's grassed. And shall Trelawny die? Haw? You see how it is. I am indifferent honest. One must back his friends. What else shall fill the eruse and sponge his features frair? I will never desert Mr. Miewber. The poor gentleman, the poor old sportsman, how! Kismet, scrape thyself? I says 'He shall march, by heavens!'"

"Which," says Mr. Blatchford, "being rightly heard and shrewdly translated, meant, 'My brother is nearly dead of typhus fever and I must go home and attend to him.'"

Prior to starting the Clarion, however, Mr. Blatchford was invited to contribute to the Sunday Chronicle, and it was in connection with that paper that he wrote under the famous pseudonym of "Nunquam."

Although the post was worth \$5,000

A GRAND KIDNEY MEDICINE

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured Him When Everything Else Failed.

Ulverson, Que., March 17th, 1908. I wish to place on record, for the sake of others who may be suffering in the same way that I suffered, that no medicine I ever took did me as much real good as "Fruit-a-tives" did. I suffered for many years with Kidney Trouble, with bad pain in the back.

I took every known kidney remedy and kidney pill, but nothing gave me any relief, and I was getting discouraged.

I was advised to try "Fruit-a-tives" and did so—and this medicine cured me when everything else failed.



I used altogether fifteen boxes of "Fruit-a-tives," and from the outset they gave me relief and I am now practically well again; no pain, no distress, and all symptoms of kidney disease have entirely left me. I am very thankful to be once more well, and I freely make this statement for the sake of others who may suffer as I did. To them, I say try "Fruit-a-tives" as they are a grand kidney medicine as they are a grand kidney medicine as they are a grand kidney medicine.

CLARENCE J. PLACEY.

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size 25c.

At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

a year to him, he resigned it when objections were raised by the proprietors to his open advocacy of Socialism. It was his only means of livelihood at the time, but rather than sacrifice his principles to his interests he gave up the post. Then he founded the Clarion in 1891. The story of how he has fought for the cause of the people through the medium of that paper has often been told.

A keen observer chatting with Robert Blatchford would see at once that he was a big hearted, thoroughly honest, high minded and modest man. Like "Bobs," he does not advertise, and is as far removed from the blatant, loud voiced demagogue as anyone could be. He loves flowers and little children, but for the poor, the oppressed, and downtrodden he would die fighting. All who know him love him, and though some of books have sold in millions, there is not an ounce of side or deceit about him.

PRINCES OF PRIVILEGE

It is not enough to rid ourselves of a king in government and an autocrat in church, and a hierarchy in education, leaving untouched the kings of finance, the barons of industry, and the princes of privilege in general. To leave these privileged individuals alone is to give them the necessary economic power to take unto themselves the rule in government, church and school. The process is inevitable; we must go forward toward democracy in industry or backward toward autocracy in government, church and school. We simply cannot escape.—The Rev. George R. Lund in the Homiletic Review.

A negro wished to join a large, fashionable church on the boulevard under the alley in which he lived, because it was convenient and because he loved the superb music, the beautiful windows and the magnificent interior of the building. But the pastor knowing the poor fellow would not be welcomed by the aristocratic members, and would be grievously snubbed, advised him to wait and pray over the matter. Meeting the darkey soon after he asked: "Well, Rastus, what do you think by this time about joining our church?"

"Wall, suli," said Rastus, "Ah done zactly es yo' said. An prayed 'n Ah prayed, 'n at las' de Lawd he sayed to me: 'See hyer, Rastus, doan yo' be a-worryin' yo' haid no mo' 'bout joinin' dat 'ristocratic chu'ch. Ah'ye bin a-tryin' to git into dat chu'ch maself fur de las' twenty year, and Ah done hain't had no luck yit.'"

Don't be afraid to ask for the sub blanks and envelopes. Lots of 'em for the asking.

Socialism will abolish wage slavery.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. H. H. Plummer.

PLATFORM

Socialist Party of Canada

We, the Socialist Party of Canada, in convention assembled, affirm our allegiance to, and support of the principles and programme of the revolutionary working class.

Labor produces all wealth, and to the producers it should belong. The present economic system is based upon capitalist ownership of the means of production, consequently all the products of labor belong to the capitalist class. The capitalist is therefore master; the worker a slave.

So long as the capitalist class remains in possession of the reins of government all the powers of the State will be used to protect and defend their property rights in the means of wealth production and their control of the product of labor.

The capitalist system gives to the capitalist an ever-swelling stream of profits, and to the worker an ever increasing measure of misery and degradation.

The interest of the working class lies in the direction of setting itself free from capitalist exploitation by the abolition of the wage system, under which is cloaked the robbery of the working-class at the point of production. To accomplish this necessitates the transformation of capitalist property in the means of wealth production into collective or working-class property.

The irrepressible conflict of interests between the capitalist and the worker is rapidly culminating in a struggle for possession of the power of government—the capitalist to hold, the worker to secure it by political action. This is the class struggle.

Therefore, we call upon all workers to organize under the banner of the Socialist Party of Canada with the object of conquering the public powers for the purpose of setting up and enforcing the economic programme of the working class, as follows:

1. The transformation, as rapidly as possible, of capitalist property in the means of wealth production (natural resources, factories, mills, railroads etc.), into the collective property of the working class.
2. The democratic organization and management of industry by the workers.
3. The establishment, as speedily as possible, of production for use instead of production for profit.

The Socialist Party, when in office, shall always and everywhere until the present system is abolished, make the answer to this question its guiding rule of conduct: Will this legislation advance the interests of the working class and aid the workers in their class struggle against capitalism? If it will the Socialist Party is for it; if it will not, the Socialist Party is absolutely opposed to it.

In accordance with this principle the Socialist Party pledges itself to conduct all the public affairs placed in its hands in such a manner as to promote the interests of the working class alone.

How to Organize

FROM OFFICIAL CONSTITUTION OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

In order to affiliate with the Socialist Party of Canada, the first requisite is to become thoroughly informed as to the necessity of the political organization of the workers on strictly class lines. This calls for some study of Socialist literature in order to be able to grasp at least the fundamental principles of capitalist economics, and the reasons for increasing poverty among the workers alongside of increasing wealth and power in the hands of the capitalists. It is of the utmost importance to become familiar with the program and principles of the Socialist Party of Canada, by a careful reading of its platform, constitution and other literature, which may be obtained from Locals, Provincial or Dominion Executive Committees.

Having become convinced of the soundness of the party's position and the correctness of its program, write the Provincial Executive Committee or the Dominion Executive Committee where no provincial organization exists, for a copy of the regular charter application form used by the party.

Five or more persons may make application for a charter, by signing and forwarding such application to the Provincial Executive Committee, or where no provincial organization exists, to the Dominion Executive Committee, accompanied by 10 cents for each signer to cover the current month's dues, and \$5 to cover the expense of supplies, including charter, financial books, warrants, membership cards, etc.

Upon receipt of charter proceed to elect officers as laid down in Article II. of the party constitution. At each business meeting follow out the order of business as laid down in Article VI.

It would be well to devote the first business meetings of the Local to becoming thoroughly familiar with all of the provisions of the party constitution, platform, etc. When this is well in hand, the work of spreading the propaganda by holding public meetings, circulating literature and other means should be taken up.

A Local from its inception, should train itself to attend as closely as possible to such work as legitimately belongs to it. It should learn to be accurate and methodical in keeping its records, both financial and otherwise, in making reports to the party committees and in attending to correspondence. It should be strict in requiring its officers to give close attention to their duties; it should give close attention to all reports made by the Dominion or Provincial Executive Committees, thus keeping closely in touch with, and well informed in regard to all party work.

Locals should realize that a continually increasing volume of work is falling upon the Executive Committees of the party, a burden which they will make easier to carry if they refrain from fault finding, suspicion and distrust. A measure of confidence must of necessity be placed in officials, and it is but fair to presume that they will attend to their duties and carry out their instructions as closely and completely as possible under the circumstances surrounding them.

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon Locals and party members that energy expended in spreading party propaganda and building up the party in their respective localities will prove more productive of good than picking flaws with party officers, committees and representatives, or bothering them with unreasonable or ridiculous requests. The pernicious activity of a few who are qualified to find fault and pick flaws, can easily nullify the work of the many who are actuated solely by a desire to build up the organization by furthering its work.

The Socialist Party of Canada has to deal with a population scattered over a vast territory. It has a stupendous task to perform. If its members be guided in their actions by reason and good judgment, the task may be speedily accomplished, and the Canadian workingmen come into control of Canadian industry and resources, a position that properly belongs to them by virtue of both usefulness and numbers.

For Charter Application, etc., write to D. G. McKENZIE, Secretary of the Socialist Party of Canada, Box 886, Vancouver, B. C.

SPRINGHILL SITUATION

Terris' Reply to Standard and Prolo's Timely

ADVICE TO MINERS

Following are communications relative to the interests of the miners of Springhill, N. S. The comrades down there have not, as usual, received fair play or just presentation of their views from the capitalist papers, both news and so-called labor, so have turned to Cotton's to express the real truth about the situation from their standpoint. Next week other interesting letters will be published, and J. H. Prolo will exhibit the News-Sentinel in its proper setting, and also expose the twin evils of capitalism, "Poverty and Prostitution." Both articles will be found very interesting.

A REPLY TO THE STANDARD.

Springhill, N.S., June 28, 1909.
To Editor of Springhill Standard:

Dear Sir,—In your editorial columns of last issue, there appeared an article which I assure you was no surprise to me, as your attitude toward the employees' side, and your personal attack upon me, is in itself sufficient evidence that my work has been decidedly in favor of the men.

I challenge you, Mr. Editor, to point to a single instance with proof beyond your own statement (which is no proof for me) where I denounced lawyers as a profession?

I have said that when it comes to a question of representing the people I strongly object to lawyers or any other profession monopolizing a right which should be divided among all professions, whether it be lawyers, doctors, ministers or miners.

The summing up of your statements will prove to every intelligent miner, that you know nothing about the men's case, which I am pleased to learn has been kept a secret from such anti-laborites as your good self. As a matter of fact, both Bro. Moss and myself advised the Union to engage the services of a lawyer at the beginning of our trouble, to assist in arranging our case, and it seems strange that the birds of your feather did not inform you who voted for and against the question, so that you might publish it, and further show your respect for Local Union No. 469.

If I understand it correctly, the first principles of the industrial disputes act are intended to affect a settlement by conciliation, and aid in creating a better feeling between the contending parties, consequently my "Sitting on the table" and "talking to the judge" was not all ignorance, as you would like to have the public believe, but was done at the request of the chairman, to give a general verbal outline of the case, rather than first present sworn evidence and scientific facts, and by doing so I only showed our willingness to discuss the questions publicly before the officials of the Company, that the board might get all the information possible.

Instead of a conciliatory spirit the public as well as the Union has been treated with contempt, in as much as the Company declined to recognize the establishing of a board, and for this reason our Union decided to comply with the laws of our land, with as little expense as possible. But in warlike spirit instead of the original spirit of the conciliation act they were, with the aid of an expert lawyer, secretly making preparations to combat against the laboring man.

All this was disclosed at the opening of the board and I at once decided that it was to the interest of all concerned to meet them with a man of equal legal talent.

I hope for your own good, that you will in future treat matters with some degree of fairness.

I am yours truly,

SEAMON TERRIS.

PROLO SPEAKS PLAIN.

Springhill, N.S., June 28, 1909.
Editor Cotton's Weekly:

I was at Springhill a few weeks ago and saw things which do not look nice to me. Local No. 469 of the U.M.W., is a well organized body composed of about fifteen hundred members. But I can say that if the officers of this union do not watch out there will no union within six months from now. There are spies in the local. The editor of the Springhill local paper, the Standard, who is extremely unfavorable to the men, knows all about the business transacted in the U. M. W. Local 469. He

knows who speaks for and against all motions; he knows the matters and subjects discussed. I wish to say to the Comrades and Brothers of this local that their password has become useless, that the secrecy of their transactions is not kept, some of the members do not fulfil their obligations. A doorkeeper is no longer necessary since the local cannot keep this labor-hating editor from peering at all business.

Now, Comrades and Brothers of Springhill you may think what you like about me, but I must state that it is dangerous for your members to express their minds as to how you should deal with the Cumberland Railway Coal Co. Some of your members will get the sack before long for daring to express your mind in your local. You have two alternatives before you. You can first throw your doors open and relieve your doorkeeper of useless work. Or secondly, you can remove the snake from your ranks and then invite the editor of the Standard to your meetings so that he might find out all about why there is so much discontent among the miners of Springhill, but as long as you keep him out he will only pretend that he is in sympathy with the U. M. W. and other organized labor bodies by simply publishing labor news. Now, Brothers, you may think the Standard is a good laborite paper. But in an editorial of May 29th the editor declares that he would think that men who are managing a local would take care to have their public utterances reliable so that their lodge would not be brought into disrepute. He also declared that two of the committee have signed articles through misrepresentation of their contents on the part of other members. This all the members of the Committee deny.

The editor of the Standard, I am convinced, is endeavoring to bring discord into your ranks. So be careful. You have a big fight on your hands to better the hellish conditions in which some of you live. The persistence of the company in keeping you in such conditions becomes cruel and abominable.

Something has got to be done. First, through unionism. But first let me tell you that you will only get full satisfaction through legislation. You will remain slaves as long as you vote to be such. But I hear some of you say that you are not slaves, that it is an insult to the British flag to say that there is a slave under its colors. But this, dear Brother, is where I find lies one of the two things I find is the trouble with you. The first thing is that there is a lack of confidence among you. You are always cutting one another's throats. Of course President Lewis does not tell you this. We are living under a system of competition which compels us to savagely crush each other.

As to slavery, I am going to give you Old Sandy's way of looking at it. You said you are not a slave. Old Sandy says that without a job cannot live. Whoever owns your job owns you. Said Bill, "You are a lucky man if you have a good job. A good job means plenty to eat, plenty to wear and a good home." Now listen Bill, "If a job is a good one, do you think you ought to do everything to hold your job? You may do your work right and satisfy your Boss, Bill. But you know, and everyone else knows, that many a good man who does his work right and pleases his boss, gets laid off, loses his job. The boss says, "Hard times; no orders. We have run this m. a. at a loss." But then, the man who is out of a job says, "But I and my children have to eat and the grocers want cash." But the boss only answers, "I can't help it. Business is business."

If you can't get another job, you can do one of these three things, steal, beg, starve. And any one of the three is the way to hell and degradation. You don't want to do any of these things, do you? You want to do all you can to make your job safe, don't you? You want work all the time, and in exchange for that work you want a decent comfortable living? You are not a keg of fish nor a lump of coal to be juggled on the market. Now, Bill, you know that politics have a lot to do with your job. Your old friend Joe knew that our national government is a great strong power that can help the working class and he voted Grit because he thought they would do something for him as a worker. His friend Bill has just found out also that the worst time to think about politics is when he is out of a job. Now is the time to think it over. Don't wait till the works are shut down and you are tramping the streets. Let your brain work now. Think about politics on payday, and between paydays. Think it over now.

Now, Bill, Joe, Bud, John, there is one more point and then I will make my exit for a time. Pay particular attention, and in the words

of Marc Anthony, "Lend me your ears." This is important. The question is, "What have the old parties done for the workingman? Do the Grits and Tories have any real hearty interest in getting better living conditions for the working class? They said they wanted justice for labor. There are the facts, Bill. Neither the Grit nor Tory party has dared declare in its platform that it is opposed to monopoly and competition which bring low wages, poverty and starvation.

Do you remember, Tom, when you used to play football, that old cross play with which you used to fool the other team? They thought the ball was going one way when it was going the other. Well, that cross play has been used on the Canadian workers over and over again by the Grit and Tory parties. At election time each side generally puts up some nice man and both these nice men believe in the same nice things. So the voters have a guessing contest to find out which of the two is the nicer man. Get next to the fact, Bill and Tom, that the Conservative party is not the workingman's party, and you boys are big enough, I believe, to realize that the Grit party is not the workingman's party. The men who run the Government run it for the rich. They have got the working men divided. Joe is a Grit and Tom is a Tory, and neither of you can explain the difference, because there is no difference. You get jokes and speeches, free beer and torchlight processions before election day. But after election day when you ask for legislation that will help you are kicked away like beggars who don't know where they belong. The brass band and the hurrah business is only to get your vote.

Good night, Bill. Tell Joe and Tom I'll have another chat with them next week.

J. H. PROLO.

Maritime Provinces Organization Fund

Following are further contributors to the Maritime Provinces Organization Fund, per Com. Fillmore, Albert, N. B.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$33.80
Leeds.....	50
Com. A. Baker, Brantford.....	50
" F. Oddy, Brantford.....	50
" J. W. Fogal, Brantford.....	50
" Wm. Davenport, Brantford.....	50
Collected at open air meeting at Toronto per. A. Lyon.....	1.00
Total.....	\$37.30

Cigars Now Made by Farmers' Wives

According to Mr. A. Gariepy, secretary-treasurer of the Montreal Cigarmakers' Union the tariff as at present arranged is having the effect of throwing hundreds of cigarmakers out of employment all over the Dominion.

"There are very few big cigar cigars being manufactured in Montreal at present," said the labor man. "Ninety per cent. of the men are at work on cheap articles which are sold principally in the hotels. The wages per thousand cigars are so low that it is almost impossible to make a living at the trade. Cigars are now made, he said, by farmers' wives and children at their homes and peddled around the country hotels at a ridiculously low price.—Montreal Star.

"THE ANCIENT LOWLY."

Those who have read "The World's Revolution" by Untermyer, and wish to follow further the history of the organization of the workers from the earliest known period up to the period of the adoption of Christianity by Constantine, will do well to read and study "The Ancient Lowly" by C. Osborne Ward. In two volumes at \$2.00 per volume. Either volume for 25 yearly subs to Cotton's up to the end of this month.

Twenty-three members, either of the present Japanese Diet or of the preceding one, have been given sentences of varying lengths, following their conviction for complicity in the fraud revealed in the recent sugar scandal. Only one of the men brought to trial was acquitted.

Some people look upon tea as a mere drink. It all depends upon the tea. "Salada" Tea is a delicious and refreshing beverage. Sold only in sealed lead packets.

Oh, for a few more Pringles among the ministers of Canada.

NEW SOCIALIST GAME

"The Class Struggle" Good fun, good propaganda. The whole family can play it.

TALE OF A TOUR

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

Since last writing I have again been at Sydney and Sydney Mines, having good meetings at both places, especially at Sydney Mines, where I have had the largest crowds so far, with exception of the historic Sunday night meeting in Glace Bay. It is a treat to speak at Sydney Mines as they always provide an opening speaker and we all know what a great help that is.—The new Local there is fortunate in having a good proportion of old Socialists experienced in the movement in Germany and Belgium and other parts of Europe. At our Sunday night meeting in Sydney Mines we had a specially fine crowd. On questions being called for, one of the crowd, asking a question was explaining it at great length and was asked to take the box which after a little hesitation he did, and got off the old yaps about "free love," "anarchism," never attempting to demolish the economic arguments advanced. He tried to advance some historical arguments against Socialism and only exhibited his ignorance by doing so, getting the French revolution of the 18th century mixed up with the Paris Commune of '71 in which he said the Socialists made the streets of Paris run with blood. To demolish him was naturally like taking candy from a baby. It was a splendid help to the meeting to have a little opposition of this nature and I heartily wish it would happen everywhere, it is so refreshing to have something tangible to fight.

The Sydney Mines comrades are keen as mustard and are getting down to organization in fine style. Sydney has a small but also a keen crowd. Glace Bay is steadily keeping up the pace, holding regular Sunday night meetings, regular speakers' classes and has already turned out one new speaker who took the chair for me the last time I spoke in Glace Bay.

This young comrade's name is McDonald, (they are nearly all Mac's in Cape Breton, even the Indians are Mac-Macs) he has a fine voice and naturally good delivery, as he showed in a neat five-minute talk. He is studying the right literature and I have no doubt he will keep up the pace now he has started.

At their meeting to-night Glace Bay decided that it was necessary to have me about here for at least three weeks longer in view of the strike almost certain to occur.

In case it does it will certainly put the miners in a more rebellious mood and that's the time to catch them. I am sorry that I shall be delayed so long in getting around to other places and will ask comrades to remember it is all for the good of the movement. I would like to be back in Toronto for the annual International Picnic, but I can plainly see there is no hope of that. It will be the first one I shall have missed and I know I shall feel a bit bad on the first Monday in August at not being in Toronto. Makes one cock a chest to find oneself in demand so much though, especially after having at one time been tabooed to a certain extent. I feel it in my bones that this strike will be a golden opportunity for the Party here and I wish we had more reapers in the way of speakers, say half a dozen of the Toronto boys, well practiced in the open air, Green, Woodhouse, Lyons, Drury, Stuart, Hibbard or any of the others that have kept themselves in tune. We have not got the means to put all the men we want in the field just now, but the movement is growing and they will be all called upon in time, and I hope before long. I should like to see Comrade Fillmore of Alberta in the field as soon as possible he is just the sort of comrade that would "make good," he has great ability, is enthusiastic, an exceptionally clear thinker and a stayer. I want to bring him to the notice of the Maritime comrades especially and hope that if Fillmore can get away for the purpose they will put him in the field and keep him there. I want to reiterate that no part of Ontario, excepting possibly the silver mining district, is as ripe for propaganda as the coal mining districts of Nova Scotia, and they are extensive.

If the same amount of public propaganda that was put in Ontario had been put in Nova Scotia, the results would have been immeasurably more; this I have not the slightest hesitation in saying, but it is necessary to have a drill-sergeant going all the time and I hope and believe a way will be found in which this will be done.

The news has just reached me that the supplementary organization fund is over thirty-eight dollars. Keep it going.—WILFRID GRIBBLE.



The Favorite Resort of the Eastern Townships. Delightfully situated on the west bank of the St. Francis River, near its confluence with the majestic St. Lawrence at Lake St. Peter, 68 miles from Montreal.

AS A PLEASURE RESORT

It stands without a rival in Canada. The surrounding country affords opportunity for pleasant walks and delightful drives along the river banks and through groves of pine. Unsurpassed bathing, fishing, croquet, driving, tennis, large ball room. Use of boat free to guests.

AS A HEALTH RESORT

It ranks as the "Carlsbad of Canada." Thousands testify to the benefits derived from Abenakis Mineral Water. Many of our patrons claim their continued good health is due to an annual visit to Abenakis Springs, and a liberal use of the water and baths. Abenakis Mineral Water, in competition with the waters of the world, was awarded a silver medal by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904. Highest Award to a Canadian Mineral Water.

ABENAKIS MINERAL WATER AND BATHS

Especially valuable in cases of Croup, Rheumatism, Nervous Diseases, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, or various forms of Stomach, Liver and Kidney, also diseases peculiar to women. Ninety per cent of cases cured; 100 per cent benefited.

HOTEL OPEN FROM JUNE FIRST TO OCTOBER FIRST

Modern Hotel, lighted with gas, Long Distance Bell Phone, Telegraph and Post Office in Hotel. Rates \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day, \$12.00 to \$16.00 per week. Beautifully illustrated Booklet Free. Prompt attention to correspondence. Round Trip Ticket from Cowansville to Abenakis Springs, via C. P. R., \$6.35; Sweetsburg \$6.45, Sutton Junction \$6.55, Abercorn \$7.25, Knowlton \$6.55. Be sure to Buy a Round Trip Ticket.

R. G. KIMPTON, Manager

Abenakis Springs, P. Q.

BOOKS FOR Sub Hustlers

THIS OFFER CLOSES JULY 31st

We have decided to close out this Book Offer which has been running for some months on July 31st. We are giving for every

TWENTY-FIVE YEARLY SUBS

Sent into COTTON'S WEEKLY, Volume I. II. or III. of CAPITAL, by Marx, valued at \$2.00, or the same value in any other books or pamphlets, as found in our list.

For 15 Yearly Subs we Offer Books to the Value of \$1.00

All these Books are well printed and bound in a substantial manner. They are the New and Standard Works on International Socialism from the co-operative house of Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

Comrades wanting to get books immediately, can do so by ordering 15 or 25 Postal Sub Cards. Each card is worth 50c and good for a yearly sub.

Subs can be sent in as obtained, and we will keep check and issue books when due.

SEND IN FOR SUB BLANKS AND PRINTED ENVELOPES OR POSTAL SUB CARDS

POCKET LIBRARY OF SOCIALISM

1. Women and the Social Problem, May Wood Simons.
2. The Evolution of the Class Struggle, W. H. Jones.
3. Important Marriage, Robert Blackford.
4. Peckington, A. M. Simons.
5. Reason to Liberate and Art, Clarence S. Barron.
6. Single Tax vs. Socialism, A. H. Simons.
7. Wage Labor and Capital, Karl Marx.
8. The Man Under the Machine, A. H. Simons.
9. The Mission of the Working Class, Charles H. Vall.
10. Socialism and Socialism, Charles H. Kerr.
11. A Christian View of Socialism, G. H. Stoddard.
12. After Capitalism, What? Wm. Thurston Brown.
13. People of the Water Tank, Edward Bellamy.
14. Socialism and Farmers, A. M. Simons.
15. How I Acquired My Millions, W. A. Corey.
16. A Christian View of Socialism, G. H. Stoddard.
17. You Railroad Men, Eugene V. Debs.
18. Interdependence and Power, E. Twining.
19. The Real Religion of Today, Wm. Thurston Brown.
20. Why I Am a Socialist, George D. Herron.
21. The Social Problem, Charles H. Vall.
22. Science and Socialism, Robert Elton La Monte.
23. Intemperance and Power, E. Twining.
24. What the Socialists Would Do, A. M. Simons.
25. The Policy of Being "Good," Charles H. Kerr.
26. Socialism and the Bible, Ray Williams.
27. The Relation of Religion to Social Ethics, Brown.
28. Socialism and the Bible, Ray Williams.
29. Trusts and Imperialism, Gaylord Wilshire.
30. A Sketch of Social Evolution, H. W. Boyd Mackay.
31. Socialism vs. Anarchy, A. M. Simons.
32. You and Your Job, Charles Sandberg.
33. The Socialist Party of America, Platform, etc.
34. The Pride of Intellect, Franklin H. Westworth.
35. The Philosophy of Socialism, A. M. Simons.
36. An Appeal to the Young, Peter Koppenkin.
37. The Kingdom of God and Socialism, R. M. Webster.
38. Easy Lessons in Socialism, W. H. Leftwell.
39. Socialism and Organized Labor, May Wood Simons.
40. Industrial Unionism, William E. Trautmann.
41. A Socialist Catechism, Charles H. Kerr.
42. Olive Brins, or Money and Social Ethics, C. H. Kerr.
43. Our Bourgeois Literature, Upton Sinclair.
44. The Social Jack London.
45. Confessions of a Dream, Joseph Bell Patterson.
46. Women and Socialism, Ray Walden.
47. The Economic Foundations of Art, A. M. Simons.
48. From Revolution to Revolution, George D. Herron.
49. A Socialist View of Mr. Rockefeller, John Searge.
50. Marx on Chateaux, translated by R. E. LaMonte.
51. From Revolution to Revolution, George D. Herron.
52. Where We Stand, John Searge.
53. History and Economics, J. E. Sinclair.
54. Industry and Democracy, Lewis J. Duncan.
55. Socialism and Slavery, R. M. Webster.
56. Economic Evolution, Paul Lafargue.
57. What to Read on Socialism, Charles H. Kerr.
58. Show, Five and Freedom, Evelyn Gladys.
59. Why a Workingman Should be a Socialist, Wilshire.
60. From that Bunk for Socialism in America, Searge.

Price five cents each. The sixty books complete in a strong box or sixty books assorted as desired, sent postpaid for \$1.00.

From COTTON'S BOOK DEPARTMENT

The Firing Line

ARE YOU AFTER THAT
\$5.00
CASH PRIZE

There has been a little falling off in the number of subs received during the past week. We presume that the cause for this is the fact that many comrades are saving them up to make a big list for the \$5.00 prize. We hope this is the case. So far, only one order has been marked for "The \$5.00 Prize."

We have decided not to publish the standing every week as at first proposed. Watch the notes in this column and you will know very near who will be the winner. The name of the comrade landing the most subs will be announced in the issue of August 12th. Get in your subs as you land them and keep the firing line bristling with good features.

Many letters of praise for Cotton's are coming in from the United States as well as Canada. Remember if you want the good work to continue, the steady boosting of the circulation list is necessary. Cotton's should now be going to 10,000 readers. The circulation gives the editorial staff courage to say what should be said against the present worn-out system.

We have the machinery and equipment to do the work. Give us the circulation and you will get a paper that will warm you up with every issue. Go after the \$5.00 cash prize and put us over the 5,000 mark, and work for 10,000 for the first day of 1940. It can be done. It should be done. For the good of the cause, we hope it will be done.

Circulation is strength. Keep that in mind. Put Cotton's circulation statement in the class with the capitalist papers, and get the truth before the Canadian people.

GET AFTER THAT \$5.00 PRIZE.

Two trial subs are to hand from J. R. Green, Cornwall.

Two trials received from Bellfontain, Ont., per Mrs. N. Smith. They were welcome.

Two trial subs received from Cornwall. One signed M. C. M., and the other S. J. R.

Comrade J. Lawrence keeps Cotton's in mind. Sends in a yearly from Winnipeg.

Many orders are coming in for those little ten cent books. A full stock on hand. They are the genuine goods.

Very pleased to hear once more from Com. Collingwood. He sends in three yearlies from North Battleford, Sask.

Another new address for Cotton's is Dorris, Alta. A list of 6 trials has fallen into the right hands. They were sent by L. G. Dye.

Two subs for the Monoline Fund per Comrade Schachter, of Montreal. He has a keen eye out all the time for subs.

A copy of "Socialism Made Easy" goes to Com. Hadden, Ottawa. He also sent a yearly sub at the same time.

Cotton's is getting in the old city of Quebec. The latest from there is a sub per A. Casault. Cotton's is needed in that quarter.

Pleasing word from Ranfurly, Alta. Com. Gauthier took Cotton's for three months. Says it hits the nail on the head and renews his sub.

Try Cotton's for three months. Only ten cents. A one dollar bill will send a copy of Cotton's for three months to ten different families.

Comrade Ewald is heard from again from Camrose, Alta., for a yearly sub and copy of Spargo's "Socialists." We made out the sub address as Banff.

Here's a nice little bunch of three yearlies which came tripping in from Maidstone, Sask., a new place for Cotton's. We credit the order to R. Sewell.

Comrade Eldjarnson of Gimli, Man., is after books. Sends one yearly, two for 26 weeks and one for 13 weeks. Remember that book offers closes on July 31st.

Two splendid little cloth books go forward to Com. Wm. Allen, of Sydney Mines. The books with the light green covers will soon be fanned all over Canada. Educate and propagate.

Montreal comrades sending in subs should put on the address of subs either east or west. This is important.

Every reader of Cotton's will be glad to see again the excellent economic matter under the signature of Comrade Gerald Desmond, now in Cobalt.

The circulation statement is unavoidably omitted this week, owing to rearrangement of the mailing lists. Keep busy however, as Cotton's can stand all you can pile in. No Limit.

The book offer running in connection with Cotton's closes on July 31st. Get in the necessary subs to fill out your lists. And obtain value in the finest books published.

Com. Channing Sweet, of Denver, Col., has good words of appreciation for Cotton's. Sends in a list of eight trials for various parts of Canada and U. S. A.

Comrade Orchard was too busy to land subs at Kamloops, B. C., so he sent a healthy book order. Says that Cotton's is certainly getting to be a "Peach."

Berlin orders its bundle of 25 continued through Com. H. Martin. Every local in Canada should be taking a bundle of Cotton's. Finest thing on the continent for propaganda.

Here's No. 1 for the \$5.00 prize. And it comes from Preston, Ont., per Com. Biddlestone. Three full and one half subs, and also an order for a bundle of 25.

A good hearty talk via typewriter is to hand from Com. R. N. Price, St. Thomas, Ont. And he also gives weight to his opinion by sending along two yearlies. Says that the women folks look eagerly for Cotton's.

A mighty interesting book order turned up from Hamar, Sask., sent by Com. Samp Mann. It is good to see the comrades reading the splendid literature put forth by the Kerr Co. of Chicago, and handled by Cotton's.

A crisp Five Dollar Bill to the comrade landing the most subs during this month. Two 26-week subs or five trials count as a yearly. There are several ways of employing a fiver in the interest of the cause.

It's a good sign to see so many books going out. An order for five of the little red books rolls in from H. F. Smith, Roeliff, Sask. He says that Cotton's is an excellent paper, and enclosed a trial sub.

Education, Independence, and Organization is still to the fore at Greenwood, B. C. One yearly and five trial subs are added to the bunch travelling there, and were sent in by that infatigable worker, Com. Geo. Heatherton.

We have had a good many inquiries about the Union Label not being on Cotton's. We have tried to get the label, but there are not enough printers in our town to form a union. There is not a typographical union in the Eastern Townships. We would suggest that the types get busy and send an organizer down through here. Cotton's would if it could. It is unnecessary to say that union conditions prevail in this office.

"Cotton's is magnificent." Now wouldn't that flatter the most staid old socialist editor. And this is only the beginning of a lot more pleasant things which Comrade Gribble has to say about Cotton's. Says to keep it up, as Cotton's has no paper except The Clarion, our party paper, to compare with it on the continent. Enclosed was a generous list of subs from Glace Bay, N. S. More power to our persistent organizer.

U. S. A. NOTES.

From weekly Bulletin issued from National Headquarters of Socialist Party.

Nearly the entire editorial staff of the Chicago Daily Socialist was summoned before the Grand Jury of Cook County on July 1st, being called upon to give testimony concerning the graft expose as contained in the columns of the Daily Socialist and relating to the Chicago city officials. On another line the state officials have attacked the Daily in that they have tried to have withdrawn the second class mailing privileges.

As a result of the strike of the Japanese plantation laborers of Hawaii several of the strikers have been arrested, on the usual charges of conspiracy and

inciting to riot and murder. The plantation owners have announced confidence in the success of their immigration plans; and that their agent, A. J. Campbell, is visiting the Azores and will also go to Madeira for the purpose of securing laborers.

The comrades of Local Winnipeg, Manitoba, have recently claimed the undivided attention of the local authorities by insisting upon the right of the free speech and public assemblage, using the streets of that city. Ten comrades were arrested in a bunch on the evening of June 24th.

Comrade Fred D. Warren, managing editor of the Appeal to Reason, at a hearing on July 1st at Fort Scott, Kansas, before Judge John C. Pollock, was fined fifteen hundred dollars and sentenced to six months in jail. This is in connection with the reward offered for the apprehension of ex-Governor Goebel of Kentucky, at the time of the Haywood-Moyer-Pettibone kidnapping, Goebel at that time being a fugitive from justice on a charge of murder. Judge Pollock over-ruled motions for an arrest of judgement and a new trial; but granted the defendant seventy-five days to prepare papers for an appeal. The argument on a motion for a new trial will probably be argued in the Federal Circuit Court in St. Paul in November.

INVENTIONS

HOW THE WORKERS VIEW THEM

A. W. Baker.

I often wondered why it was that the capitalist class allowed the workers a day's rest occasionally, which is designated as a holiday. It seemed strange that, with their idol ever before them, namely profit, they would condescend to let the workers cease from creating as many values as possible. But giving the question our second consideration, we easily find the solution in the fact that with a rest the workers return to their benches with increased vigor and energy. The holiday seems to act on the workers like salve on a wound.

It also tends to make the workers believe that their bosses are doing their best they can for them by allowing them to go free for a day and see the sights, thereby giving them a little encouragement.

Nowadays, the majority of the working class look for a day's holiday with gloomy foreboding because they have a deep rooted knowledge that there wages are barely on a level with the cost of living, (I mean existence the working class do not live) and that means a lot to the workers in the fact that they cannot afford to lay off a day without having to go short of some of the necessities of life unless they sell their automobiles, of which there is a pretty ready sale for these days.

The writer took advantage of one of the capitalist pacifiers, namely, a holiday, and, having the opportunity to visit an exhibition, I went inside and it was an eye-opener to me to discuss the new inventions from my point of view, which is a socialist's, and then hear them discussed from a non-socialist's point of view.

I was at once struck with the abundance of labor displacing machinery, despite the fact that we are now in the midst of a great machine producing era. There is constantly being invented machines that will take the place of the workers and produce articles at an increased rate. Of course, it is to be understood that nobody has got anything to say against the machine in the fact that it displaces labor, but in the fact that with the more productive power of machinery the workers should receive the benefits. Instead of which we find that the toiling masses are having a greater struggle for existence now than they had before any machine was invented.

The workers seem at a loss to comprehend the significance of the machine. If they had been told ten years ago that airships would be built to fly through the air and submarines built to navigate under the water and that you would be able to speak with a wire for hundreds of miles, they would have said you were fit for an insane asylum. Nevertheless, these things are happening today, but the workers are in the same old rat. They will not recognise the importance the machine has, in regard to their own life, even when it forces them out to walk the streets in search of work and forces them to go hungry. Their superior education tells them it is their luck or God's Will and that therefore they have nothing in common with the machine

and when a socialist urges them to take over the ownership of the machines and run them for the benefit of all, instead of a few private individuals, they stand insulted, and are ready to protect their bosses' property from the encroachment of the socialists. "Protect the ownership of the property that is forcing them to slowly starve."

As I strolled through the exhibition, I noticed intelligent groups of workmen conversing about the new inventions, all agreeing that they were quite a novelty, which proved to me that though they were intelligent they were not class conscious.

The first machine that attracted my attention was a shoeshining machine by electricity. By placing a nickel in the slot and placing the shoe in position you receive a shine equal to what any professional shoe cleaner can give you. The workers around all agreed that it was better to have a machine like that than to have a lot of unsightly bootblacks at the corner of the streets. They did not seem to realize that by forcing the bootblacks from gaining their existence they would have those same bootblacks competing with them in the factory for jobs, thereby making it a more glorious fight for bread.

I then proceeded along further and came to a cement mixer. This will also displace labor because by a kind of a bridge like erection the cement can be carried around by this means and dumped wherever you want it by just pulling a lever. Whereas, before, we would see the wage slaves wheeling it around in wheelbarrows to its destination. Now the workers can show their independence by watching this same cement mixer do the work while they go hungry. We also find the machines entering into competition with the skilled worker just the same as with the unskilled. For instance, the man who gets his living by playing the piano will have to make his exit owing to the latest invention of self-playing pianos. All you have to do is to start it up, and then you will hear some of the sweetest music which would make even Paderewski jealous. All this goes to show that the working class will sooner or later have to realize that to save themselves from absolute extinction, they have got to stop this exploitation of the many by the few and take over all the machinery, railways, mines, etc., and run them for the benefit of all. And with that end in view, no easier way can be devised than to join the S. P. of C. and help towards your own emancipation.

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PARADISE.

The present system provides a paradise for loafers. Rich people may loaf comfortably through life without expanding any energy in getting a living. The poor loafer must exercise some wit and ingenuity, or he would starve. Loafing is today more profitable in many cases than "honest work." Honest work, remunerated at the rate of 5c. to 20c a week, is quite reasonably rejected by men and women with brains. Competition says, Get a living, get money, get rich, by competition, not by honest work and co-operation. Prey on your fellows. And the loafers obey the instruction. To scorn and punish him is hypocrisy, and does not reduce his numbers in the least.

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From Cotton's Book Dept

THE LADY OF LYNN

By SIR WALTER BESANT

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CONCLUDED

"Madam, I know not. You have done your best, not so much to repair a great wrong as to stop further wrong. If I understand matters aright, it will be impossible to recover anything that has been taken."

"You might as well hope to recover a sack of coals already burned."

"Therefore, what we have to do first is to stop further pillage. Next, I apprehend, we must make it clear that your signature in the register was false."

Lady Anastasia rose and put on her domino again.

"I am going back to London, sir. My house is in Hanover square, where I am to be heard of for the present. It was a bad day's work when I was married in that pink cloak. It may prove a worse day's work when I confessed."

"Nay, madam," I said quietly. "Can it be a bad day's work to stop a cruel and unfeeling robbery?"

"I have done my part, gentlemen. For good or for ill. In a few weeks or months the man would have begged himself as well as that poor girl. Now she is begged already. I know not what he will do nor whether he will turn."

So I led her back to the Crown, and that same day she took her departure, and I have never seen her since. One better, it is true, I had from her, of which I will tell you in due course.

Then I returned to Mr. Redman.

"Jack," he said, "I am going without further discussion to warn the manager not to send any more money to these attorneys and to disregard their orders. I shall write at once warning them that we have now in our hands clear proof that my client is not married to Lord Fylingdale and that we are now considering in what manner we should proceed with regard to the large sums that have been remitted by his orders. This, Jack, is the way of lawyers. We write such a letter, knowing that we shall not proceed further in this direction, for the scandal would be very great and the profit would be very small. Besides, there is the awkward fact that we made no protest, but submitted. Yet sure and certain I am that the other side will not dare to go into court, being conscious of guilt, yet not knowing how much we have learned."

My story is nearly finished. Molly recovered her freedom, with the loss of by far the greater part of her fortune. She had, indeed, nothing left except her feet and the trade carried on by the firm in which she was sole partner. Still she remained the richest woman in the town.

Here follows the letter from the Lady Anastasia. "My dear Jack," she said, "news reaches Lynn slowly, if it gets there at all; therefore I hasten to inform you that an end has come, perhaps the end that you would desire. My lord is no more. I am a widow. Yet I mourn not. My husband during the last 12 months had acted as one no longer in command of himself. I cannot think, indeed, that he had been in his right mind since he entered upon that great crime of which you know. He would have gone from bad to worse, and I should have suffered more and still more. He killed himself. He placed the muzzle of a pistol within his mouth and so killed himself."

"It was yesterday. I went to see him. I had to tell him what I had done. I expected he would kill me. Perhaps it would have been better had he done so."

"I found him with his attorney, a man named Bisie, whom I have seen with him frequently."

"Pray, madam, take a chair. I am your humble servant. You can go," said my lord. "You have my instructions, Mr. Bisie. Order the manager to proceed with the sale of the ships."

"With submission, my lord. We can send him orders, but we can only make him obey by proceeding according to law. He finds excuses. He makes delays. He talks of sacrificing the ships to a forced sale."

"You will not proceed according to law, my lord," I told him.

"Why, madam?"

"Because I have been to Lynn myself and have explained certain points in connection with the marriage service in St. Nicholas' church."

"My lord looked at me in his cold way as if neither surprised nor moved."

"Mr. Bisie," he said, "I will communicate again with you." So the attorney left us. Then he turned again to me.

"My lord," I repeated, "I have made a statement of all the facts."

"I thank you, madam; I thank you with all my heart. Let me not detain you."

"He said no more, and I rose. But the door was thrown open, and Mr. Purden walked in without being announced."

"Ha," he said, seeing me, "we are all three, then, together again! My lord, I will not waste your time. I have come to explain that since you have refused to perform your compact you cannot complain if I have broken up the whole business."

"I thought I had ordered you out of my presence, sir?"

"So you did; so you did, I have only

come to say that I have this day drawn up a full confession of the conspiracy into which I was drawn by your lordship, deceived against my better judgment by the promise of a large sum of money."

"Lord Fylingdale pointed to the door. 'You can go, sir,' he said. So the man Purden went away."

"Then he turned to me. 'Anastasia, we were friends once. I treated you shamefully in the matter of the jewels. Things have gone badly with me of late. I seem to have no luck. Perhaps I have somehow lost my judgment. That money has done me no good."

"Curse that scoundrel, Sam Semple! It is now all over. The game is played. Every game comes to an end in time. You had better leave me, Anastasia. You have had your revenge. Let that consideration console you."

"I said no more, but left him. It was in the afternoon. Two hours later they heard an explosion. They ran to find the cause. Lord Fylingdale was lying dead on the floor."

"So, Jack, we are all punished, and none of us can complain. For my part I am going into the country, where I have a small dower house. The solitude and the dullness will, I dare say, kill me, but I do not care about living any longer."

ANASTASIA

She did, however, pass into a better mind, for I heard some time after that she had married the dean of the neighboring cathedral, not under the name of Lady Fylingdale, which she never assumed, but that of her first husband.

As to the other confederates, the poet, the colonel and the parson, I never heard anything more about them, nor do I expect now that I ever shall.

The rest of Molly's history, dear reader, belongs to me and not to the world.

THE END.

Kicking A Goal

By LITTELL MCCLUNG.

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Though it was only an hour before the great football game between Clinton and Darnall, their conversation was not of the gridiron as they walked down Main street bound for Clinton oval.

"There's only one thing that keeps me from becoming engaged to you right now, Thornton," said the girl after a serious pause.

"You'll have to tell me, Letia; I can't guess it," answered the stalwart quarterback of the Clinton eleven.

"Just this," she said. "I am not altogether sure that you really need me in your life. You are a strong, self-reliant boy, capable of fighting your own way over the obstacles that will confront you."

"More than all else put together, I want to know that without my encouragement you would be accomplishing less—that I will always be an inspiration to you, no matter what your aims may be."

For a moment the young man did not reply. Then he looked at his companion, his gaze sincere.

"Letia, you're right," he agreed quietly. "That's the way I want you to feel about it. Deep down in my heart I know that you would always inspire me to strive for the best in life. But I must convince you of this, and I'll do it, too, dear girl, if I get the chance!"

"Maybe you will, Thornton," she replied, "and I hope that you will more than you can guess. Why—why not begin at the game today?"

"That's what I intend to do, Letia," was his prompt response. "I expect to play as I never played before, just because you are wearing Clinton's colors and wearing my pennant. It's a pretty one, isn't it?"

"The gold and brown stripes harmonize beautifully with that bright brown gown you are wearing. Your ticket calls for a seat back on the north goal, and I know I'll see you clearly despite the crowds."

"It certainly is fine," she declared, "that little me may be an inspiration to a Clinton boy to play at his best! But it seems almost a pity that you are not one of the halfbacks or in the line, though I know everything depends on the quarterback. He gives the signals and delivers the ball, doesn't he?"

"I know what you mean, Letia," he said. "You would like to see me in a position where I could run with the ball instead of handing it out to somebody else?"

The girl nodded.

"Well, that's because I weigh only 145 instead of 200 pounds," he continued. "After all, it takes sheer weight in the line, and that naturally slides me into the quarterback's place."

"But you mustn't forget that Clinton depends upon me to kick the goals, and a goal kicked or missed often wins or loses a big game like this."

They were now on the college

grounds amid shouting hundreds and fluttering flags and pennants. Thornton assisted Letia to her seat high up in that part of the semicircular grand stand that stretched around behind the north goal.

"I hope Clinton gets the south end of the field," he said as he started off toward the clubhouse.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because then I'll be able to see the orange and brown pennant that's drawing me north toward Darnall's goal," he said earnestly.

Soon the rival elevens trotted out on the field, and from the thousand-tongued grand stand rose a mighty shout, while pennants, ribbons, handkerchiefs and flags mingled in a waving, varicolored mass.

It was the great wind-up game of the year, and there was a chance for any player to win a glory crown by making the deciding touchdown. Both elevens, it was evident, were steered for the contest.

But, as fate would have it, Clinton got the north end of the field, and a savage quarterback waited for the umpire's signal with his back to the girl in orange who was waving a pennant for him.

But despite this disappointment he gathered his strength for the charge, and as the shrill whistle struck his ears he leaped forward straight for the ball that lay on the line twenty yards in front of him. But! The oval went whirling through the air in a sixty yard parabola, with the whole Clinton team in pursuit.

The ball landed in the arms of Darnall's fullback, and the big fellow came back up the field in a series of lunges. But before a dozen yards had split the air he was down, with every Clinton man piling over him.

Then the shoulder-to-shoulder battle began. In three days Darnall lost the ball. Then Thornton's opportunity came. To test Darnall's line he gave at the risk of having his own neck twisted a series of center rushes.

Three times the heavy backs charged over him, and he felt his breath going fast as Darnall's line took the plungers. End runs were tried with but little better success. Feeling that the rushes were hopeless, he gave the signal for a kick, and Clinton's fullback sent the ball far down the field.

But Darnall hurried it back with another kick. There were more close formation plays, followed by two more long distance kicks, while the air was filled with the cries of the spectators and the shrill, quick whistle of the umpire.

Time of the game

up when suddenly out of a scrimmage rolled the ball. For a second nobody excepting Clinton's quarterback knew what had become of it.

As it bounded carelessly along Thornton at one swoop seized it. Simultaneously he heard a shout on the side line, "Only forty seconds left!"

Directly in front of him, not twenty yards distant, was Darnall's goal. Even a halfway drop kick might win the game. Thornton dropped the ball to the ground and swung his right foot. A great cheer went up, which died away suddenly in a groan. The ball flew high, but it didn't go within fifty feet of either post.

"Time's up!" yelled the umpire. Thornton felt that all Clinton was disappointed beyond expression and deeply ashamed of the showing he had made after the college had boasted of his prowess as a drop kicker. He remained in dejected seclusion during the intermission.

But when the whistle sounded again he was like another man. Clinton had the south goal this time, and clearly the quarterback saw a girl in orange swinging a pennant in the grand stand. Already the throngs had forgotten his fluke in the hope of victory in the second half.

At the kick-off Thornton sent the pigskin seventy yards down the field and then plunged into the game with ferocious energy. He determined to redeem himself or perish in the attempt.

Back and forth over the field surged the teams, while thousands shouted encouragement.

Neither eleven seemed able to break down the defense of the other until toward the end of the half, when Clinton began to come up the field steadily.

Thornton, his head clear as a bell, was playing at frightful pace, giving Darnall no time to catch his breath after each attack. But thirty yards from the goal line! Darnall braced himself heroically and stood like a stone wall.

"Only one more minute to play!" called the umpire, and the crowds took up the shout.

Thornton realized that in so short a time line plunges would be futile. There was only one hope of victory, another drop kick for a goal. While only twenty yards away, the goal posts were off to the left at an oblique angle.

There was about one chance in a dozen of putting the ball between them, but Thornton took it. He stood back of the line ready to call the signal, and the Darnall eleven, seeing it was to be a kick, got ready to plunge through and break up the play.

Then suddenly the quarterback, looking directly between the goal posts, saw Letia in the grand stand in an attitude of breathless expectancy, and he knew more than the game depended upon his quickness and skill.

He stepped back a few yards, and with his eye riveted on the figure in orange he gave the signal in clear, sharp tones, "Three, double two, eleven!"

The ball struck his outstretched hands, and as he dropped it he shot out his right foot. The next second a big Darnall guard leaped over the line and struck Thornton head-on, sending

him reeling senseless twenty feet from the spot where he was hit.

But the big man was half a second too late, for Thornton's toe had caught the ball squarely, and it went flying straight as a bullet between the goal posts and up into the grand stand, falling almost at Letia's feet!

A wild, deafening yell of joy broke over the field, but the quarterback did not hear it. Ten minutes later, when he came to, a girl was bathing his forehead, and he caught the glow of her bright brown dress. The crowd fell back respectfully.

"Don't worry, Thornton, dear boy," she whispered. "I saw you looking at me when you made that wonderful kick, and I know now how much I mean to you!"

Some Odd Animals.

Many curious animals haunt the marshy parts of South America north of the pampas. Frogs, big and ferocious (the ceratophrys), given to making vicious springs when closely approached; the capybara, a cavy "contented with the bulk of a sheep," the huge capy rat and the swarthy, pig-like tapir are frequently seen.

Along the forest margins troops of peccaries are often met with, occasionally the jaguar, sometimes the puma, likewise that toothless curiosity, the great ant bear, long in claw, long nosed and remarkably long tongued. Very plentiful, too, are those "little knights in scaly armor," the quaint, waddling armadillos. Long toed jacanas pace about upon the floating leaves.

A familiar object is the great jabiru, a stork with a preference for the desolate lagoons, where it may often be observed statuesque on one leg and wrapped in prospection.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Strenuous Methods of Healing.

Papuan medicine men are regarded with great respect by the natives. Those I have met certainly seemed energetic and hardworking. They sit close to the patient, massaging the seat of pain with much vigor, and, while they are thus rubbing, make a noise with their lips rather like that which a groom makes when rubbing down a horse. The process is a tiring one, and the medicine man stops at intervals to drink hot water in which taro has been boiled. His object is to extract some mysterious foreign substance from the sick man's body, and if he succeeds in this he receives a fee; otherwise he gets nothing. "No cure, no pay," is apparently the Papuan sufferer's motto.—Wide World Magazine.

Canaries as Weather Prophets.

"I have heard of all sorts of barometers, or, rather, weather signs, but I know of no more reliable weather prophets than my birds," said a Baltimore lady who owns several canaries.

"I can almost always tell when it is going to rain by the distinctness with which I can hear the trains at night, but the birds are even more reliable than that. If I hear them singing in the morning early, before I take the coverings of their cages off, I know that the day will be a good one, no matter if it is raining at the moment, but if they do not sing I am sure there will be bad weather before the day is over. I have never known them to fail, and I never think of going shopping or calling unless the birds sing in early morning. That is why I never get caught in the rain, as many of my friends do. That poor weather bureau man, who makes so many mistakes in his prophecies, ought by all means to get himself some canaries."—Baltimore Sun.

A Strategist.

"I done got even wif de brown skinned gemman dat cut me out," said Mr. Erastus Pinkly.

"He ain' little 'nuff foh you to whip," said the friend.

"No; but he's mos' drefful superstitious. An I got a few friends to circulate de report in his neighborhood dat it's onlucky to eat chicken, an now he's dat nervous an misable he does' know what to do wif hisse'f."—Washington Star.

MORE LIFE.

Millions of our people never go into the country or to the sea coast. Millions of our people never see the sky, or the sea, or the beautiful pageant of the seasons. There are children who do not know what grass is. There are men and women who have never been in a wood, or bathed in a stream, or climbed a hill. Millions of our people never read a book, or see a beautiful picture, or enjoy the delights of good music and singing. Millions of our people are ignorant of science, and art, and literature, of all the higher interests of life.

Under Socialism all these doors would be opened. Every child would be free of the keys of knowledge, and beauty, and wisdom. The heritage left by our forefathers would be ours.

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The plute politicians have an easy time of it. The people are so easily fooled.

Men may be put in prison or murdered, but principle never.

The one great affliction of the poor is their poverty.

The class-selfish plute hates the class-conscious slave.

All times are hard for the people who do the world's work.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Woman's Page

Devoted to Ways and Means for Bettering Her Lot in the Various Walks of Life

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED FOR THIS PAGE

WOMAN

Give us that grand word "woman" once again, And let's have done with "lady;" one's a term Full of fine force, strong, beautiful and firm, Fit for the noblest use of tongue or pen; And one's a word for lackeys. One suggests The Mother, Wife and Sister; one the dame, Whose costly robe, mayhap, gives her the name. One word upon its own strength leans and rests; The other minces tiptoe. Who would be The perfect woman must grow brave of heart And broad of soul to play her troubled part Well in life's drama. While each day we see The "perfect lady" skilled in what to do And what to say, grace in each tone and act (Tis taught in schools, but needs some native tact). Yet narrow in her mind as in her shoe. Give the first place then to the nobler phrase, And leave the lesser word for lesser praise.

THE ART OF SINGING

MARY COTTON WISDOM (Continued)

A lady, after reading my last paper on singing, asked me what I meant by the foundation stones of vocal training. In the practice the question is as wide as the world and to each student the answer would mean a different thing, for each singer has weak points peculiar to her own voice. In general the foundation of a vocal training means to have a fair amount of breath control, a freedom from muscular strain, not only of the throat but also of all the attendant attributes (if I may use such a term) viz., tongue, soft palate, lips and jaw. The young singer who desires her voice to grow in beauty as the years go by must know that there are certain rules of singing which are fundamental and also that good teachers the world over insist upon them. If the young singer is not willing to acquire these foundation stones of her vocal training, she might as well give up the study of art immediately and turn her attention to some more humble work in life where, perhaps after all, she will be happier; for only those touched with the divine fire, find the hard road up Parnassus' heights a journey of delight.

The first and the most important step in the study of voice culture is the art of breath control. I say truly when I call proper breathing an art. Yes, and in many cases almost a lost art. There is so much to be said about this phase of voice training that to give even an outline of what it means I must devote at least two articles to the subject. To sing without unnecessary waste of breath, with a clear free musical tone, seems easy. But in reality it is the sum total of all good singing.

A Sunny Back Yard

Mary Cotton Wisdom.

This morning I looked into a sunny sandy back yard, with a white cat basking in a warm corner of the high board fence. A great throb came into my throat because I was grown up and must be dignified. All the afternoon the glimpse of that nice old yard with its sun and sand and sleepy cat has been before my mind's eye. I cannot get over the longing I had to throw dignity to the winds with my best bonnet, to discard my shoes and stockings and kid gloves, to just be a child again and to run barefooted in that warm sand. I could feel the joy it would be to make nice little fat mud pies to play with that nice old kittle and get dirty and tired and sleepy, feeling no more responsibility than I felt in those days when I wore pigtailed and pinafores. I suppose each one of us has her

days of rebellion against people and things and our own selves, when our heart urges us to fly from tables and chairs and our frying pans, when our homes seem like prisons and our neighbors' tongues worse than wasps. I wonder if it is the call of the wild sleeping in the heart of each one of us rebelling at the cramping of our modern life, or is it a bit of atavism from some old patriarchal ancestor who used to sit in his tent door with his toes digging the sand, in the cool of the evening, kingly and free? Who knows?

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Buy articles of the best quality. They are cheapest in the end. Cold water, a little ammonia, and soap will take out machine grease. When wanted to use as a disinfectant carbolic acid will mix readily with water, if the latter is boiled. Ground ginger used for plasters instead of mustard is just as good to "draw" and never blisters. Cream is an excellent substitute for cod liver oil; and can be taken by many who cannot digest the oil. To boil ham and cabbage without odor, throw red pepper pods or a few bits of charcoal into the pan they are cooking in. For seasoning soups always use the whole spices and peppers, putting them in after it has boiled up, and been skimmed. If you want to keep the coffee hot for some belated member of the family, pour it off the grounds, then return it to the fire. When cooking onions, set a tin cup of vinegar on the stove, and let it boil, and no disagreeable odor will be noticed in the room. Orange peel should be saved, as it makes a delicious flavoring for cakes and puddings. Dry it, and then pound and bottle it for use. In making omelet, or soufflé, where yolks and whites of eggs are beaten separately, it will be much lighter if the beaten yolks are stirred into the beaten whites. Stains and discolorations on tinware can be removed by dipping a damp cloth in common soda and rubbing briskly. Then wash thoroughly and wipe dry. Many people complain that drinking milk always upsets their digestion. The reason is not that milk itself is not wholesome, but that it has been taken too quickly.

WOMEN INVENTORS

Numbers of ingenious inventions will be on view at the forthcoming women's exhibition at Olympia, England, to prove that ladies have other aspirations besides to vote.

Women do not, as might be supposed, devote themselves chiefly to inventing domestic appliances and "aids in the home." They usually aim higher than that.

Improvements in airships, steam engines and boilers, and methods of protecting battleships and cruisers against gun fire are among the inventions of the clever sex.

"For some years past there has been an average of 500 applications for patents made by women," said Mr. A. Staines Manders, the organizing manager of the women's exhibition, to a reporter of the London Express recently.

"Last year there were nearly 600 The inventions included, among others, seven safety razors, nearly a dozen motor-car improvements, while there were half a dozen inventions in connection with airships.

"Several inventions deal with fire-escapes of various kinds, and the list includes applications for patents for life preservers and swimming machines.

"Electrically actuated pumps. "Hobbies for animals. "Haymaking and swath-turning machines.

"Repeating flashlight apparatus. "Washable furs.

"Stud-bolts for use in connection with sludge-hole covers. "Invisible war shields. "Harness for dogs and other domestic quadrupeds. "Tools for killing poultry and fishes. "Non-refillable bottle. "Self-lighting sealing wax. "Steam generators. "Bridle bits. "Targets. "Sand gear for electrical tramcars. "Five sisters applied for a patent for a novelty in ladies' and children's hats," continued Mr. Staines Manders; "and one lady has made a dozen applications in connection with garden and amusements. "Ink bottles and office accessories are also an important item, while the ingenuity of another lady has been responsible for a means of preventing punctures in pneumatic tires. "Many applications have been made for patents in connection with women's wear, and some with regard to household appliances. "At the women's exhibition in Olympia in September will be shown some of the best of these inventions.

RACE SUICIDE WITH A VENGEANCE.

There are in one city in America alone—New York—forty thousand babies and very young children tainted with tuberculosis and doomed to die of that disease early, or to drag out pitiful lives in suffering and sorrow.

The above from an editorial in a non-Socialist paper—the New York Journal—tells a horrible tale of man's inhumanity to the little folks who come to take up for a time their residence in this life. The editorial goes on to say, "out of 40,000 children, more than 39,000 could be saved by fresh air, sunlight, good, plain food."

Simple things enough, and yet denied the helpless infants by the strong men at the head of city affairs.

The report of the president of the Chicago Law and Order league recently sent to the public press gives some more frightful news about some more helpless infants of another great city. It says in part:

I have reliable information that in twenty-seven months 600 children have passed through the venereal disease ward of the Cook county hospital.

Of these 15 per cent were afflicted with syphilis, 85 per cent inherited the disease from their parents, 20 per cent of the girls (all under 12 years of age) were raped and 60 per cent contracted the disease from others in public schools, institutions, etc., etc.

In one instance a child 17 months old was diseased by her own father, another child three years old by her uncle.

If those who read these items will go carefully through the article in this issue on "Official Protection of Vice," they will come to the conclusion at once, if they be not too thick-headed, that there is a great crying need for a few "city mothers" in our cities and towns. They will leave behind forever the old saw that woman's "sphere" is the four walls of a home—often a mere shanty at that—and that her one sole duty is to bear children—for the sons of men to destroy.

There might also creep into the minds of self-satisfied folks that the profit system that starves little consumptive children, and generates vice that destroys thousands of others, ought some day to be abolished and a sane co-operative Commonwealth inaugurated in its place.

—Progressive Woman.

THE DAWN OF SOCIALISM.

By Harry H. Kemp.

It comes, it comes, the glorious day. It thrills and fills my sight; I triumph in each crimson ray Which storms retreating night.

Long have prophetic poets dreamed Of this same purple dawn, With sorrow eating at their hearts, And faces pale and wan.

And now, at last, the glad light streams In torrents down the air. Awake, ye sleepers! Night departs! The day is everywhere.

Arise, ye slaves, who dared not hope; The night is over-past! With golden streaks and fiery flakes Heaven is bright at last.

No more ye need be tools of Greed, As it did once begem, With all the world a dream and Life A nightmare in that dream—

For the Old Order crashes down In spite of Lie and Ban, And Love builds up, with song and joy The Brotherhood of Man.

—Wilshire's Magazine.

IT STAGGERS BELIEF

The old age pension law in Great Britain, which became operative on the first of the year, has revealed a startling condition of affairs. Statistical estimates made by British authorities show that more than 2,200,000 persons are now assisted by the government, national and local, either as paupers or pensioners. One person in every sixteen in England and Wales must be aided. In London the ratio is one person in fourteen, exclusive of pensioners. But the old age pension law has so many restrictions that it does not reveal the full extent of the national pauperism. A full pension of \$1.20 goes only to those over 70 years of age, and who have never accepted charity, and who have never been in prison. There are about a dozen minor disabilities. Yet London is the wealthiest city in the world. Its property is insured for \$5,200,280,230. There are nearly 30,000 factories, employing more than a half million men, women and children. And twenty persons out of every 100 die in a workhouse! Is it any wonder socialism is growing in England?—Cleveland Citizen.

SOME DEFINITIONS.

Statesman.—A politician who has money enough to dress well.

Legislator.—A ruler of the people who is skilled in the art of preventing the repeal of bad laws and the enactment of good ones.

Graft.—Unpunishable crime perpetrated by very rich men.

Crime.—Any violation of the penal code by a man who has not money enough to establish his innocence by corrupting the courts.

Finance.—A sleight-of-hand trick by which the products of labour accrue to the benefit of a few.

Financier.—One who collects what others produce. Not to be confused with producer, which see.

Producer.—One who produces wealth, but does not get it.

Office Holder.—One who is nominated by a political party and elected by the people.

Workingman.—A species of slave who in order to live must beg some man for a job. He is not absolutely a slave, for if he does not wish to beg for a job, he is welcome to starve.

Tramp.—A man who finds it more profitable and more pleasant to beg for food than to beg for a chance to work himself to death.

Individualism.—An imaginary school of economics opposed to Socialism.

Individualist.—One who is a member of a society or a community and doesn't know it.

Prosperity.—A condition of society in which the rich grow rapidly richer and the poor poorer. The more rapid the process the more prosperous the community.

Overproduction.—A condition of society where men starve because there is too much wealth.

Ellis O. Jones.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE STATE.

Society, like the individual, is an organism. The individual is an aggregation of cells, or groups of cells, by a regulating group of cells called the brain.

Society is an aggregation of individuals (or cells) whose activities are controlled (more or less) by laws enacted by the representatives of all the individual cells, acting through the State (or brain).

But just as an individual's brain has not always full control of the organs of the body, owing to the brain's incomplete development, so the activities of individuals are not always controlled by social laws, owing to the incomplete development of the State.

The ideal of the individual is complete control of his actions by his brains to the end that his whole life may be healthy and harmonious. The ideal of the Socialist is complete control of society through laws enacted by the State—that is, through the representatives of the whole people, to the end that the life of the whole people may be healthy and harmonious.

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THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

BACK 5,000 YEARS.

Prof. Wiley's effort to put the food preservative, benzoate of soda, out of business, has been blocked by the business patriot. And yet Chas. St. La Wall, chemist of Dairy and Food Commission of Pennsylvania, says: "The process of using benzoic acid in preparing meat is an indication that we are going back 5,000 years, for benzoic or its products has not been used in the preservation of flesh since the Egyptians stopped embalming their dead."

Health must take a back seat before profit-making under capitalism every time. And benzoate of soda is not the only dose capitalism is giving the people.—Soc. Dem. Herald.

PSALMS

PSALM 30

6 And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved.

7 Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountains to stand strong: thou didst hide my face, and I was troubled.

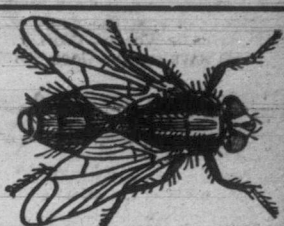
8 I cried to thee, O Lord; and, unto the Lord I make supplication.

9 What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the pit? Shall the dust praise thee? Shall it declare the truth?

10 Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me: Lord, be thou my helper.

11 Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness.

12 To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent. O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.



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PROVERBS

CHAPTER 16

3 Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established.

4 The Lord hath made all things for himself, yea, even the wicked for the day of evil.

5 Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord: though hand join in hand, he shall not be unpunished.

6 By mercy and truth the iniquity is purged; and by the fear of the Lord men depart from evil.

7 When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.

8 Better is a little with righteousness, than great revenues without right.

9 A man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps.

10 A divine sentence is in the lips of the king: his mouth transgresseth not in judgement.

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WM. U. COTTON, B.A., B.C.L., EDITOR AND PROP.
H. A. WEBB, BUSINESS MANAGER

44

WATCH the colored Address Label on your paper. If this number is on it your subscription expires next issue. You should renew at least two weeks before your sub expires so that you will not miss any numbers.

If the worker likes to be skinned that is the thing the worker likes.

Society makes criminals by its brutal organization and then hangs its own product.

C. E. Tanner has been appointed leader of the N. S. Conservatives. More frizzle opposition for the frizzle government.

A parasite has not much brains. It is the parasites who are opposing socialism. They have to hire the thinking and fighting done for them.

The southern niggerbaters do not like the negroes to think for themselves. Neither do our northern wageslave drivers like the workers who use their brains.

Taft is sounding a note of warning to the Republican leaders. The bogey of socialism is scaring Taft and he is beginning to see things at night.

There is many a pinhead who is looked up to because he controls the lives of others. Until economic liberty comes the fool will flourish in high places.

The only hope of the woman lies in the socialist movement. Throughout the ages she has been oppressed. Her freedom lies in the triumph of socialism.

The capitalists want it all. They talk about human rights and oppress. They talk about generosity and skin the workers. Let the workers awake and make laws that will abolish the hypocrisy of capitalism.

The judge on the bench who condemns a man to death and the hangman are both morally as guilty of murder as is the man who kills a man offhand.

Socialism does not aim at free love. Capitalism has looked to that. Look at the red light districts which rot our cities and which grow in size with the growth of capitalism.

Mayor McClellan of New York has sacked Commissioner Bingham. Now if the socialists were only strong enough to sack McClellan, New York might have good and clean administration.

Socialism has set the pace for the governments of the world. The socialist members are the only ones who want to oppose corruption and who can do it according to knowledge.

It is easy enough to talk morality while evil flourishes. We know many men who possess a great reputation for keeping the world steady just because they talk big and loud and long.

The meek shall inherit the earth. That was said eighteen hundred years ago and the strong men are still plundering the weak and worshipping outwardly the master who made the prophecy.

Reformers have reformed and reformed and reformed and reformed and are keeping on reforming. Man-kind keeps on backsliding and backsliding and backsliding. When will the reformers wake up to the fact that they are on the wrong track?

The present day rule of business is might against right—cunning against conscience.

Capitalism legislates for property. Socialism will legislate for humanity.

Capitalism is one huge gamble and sham and cannot satisfy human desires.

Everyone wants to do well in the world. Socialism tells you how this universal desire can be satisfied.

If the human nature cannot be changed all the moral reformers might as well go out of business right off.

Socialists do not want much. They only want the earth for the workers who do the work.

Ralph Smith is useless timber for Ottawa. Wait till Hawthornthwaite puts him out of business at the next election.

The churches of Montreal are like the old Jewish synagogue. They have developed into an institutionalized ritualism of moral dogmas.

The socialists will neither rest, nor let the politicians rest, nor let the sleeping Christians rest, until the revolution shall have triumphed.

Rent, interest and profits are the triple evils of civilization. The men who struggle to amass rent, interest and profits are evil doers.

Socialism as a philosophy sums up the whole spirit of modern discoveries and modern tendencies. A man cannot discuss modern philosophy without discussing socialism.

Religion is all right if you keep it in its place. The trouble is that religion comes into play not so much in daily life as in argument and denunciation.

New occasions teach new duties. It is only the dead heads and the members of the plunderbund with their satellites who want to live under a system that has broken down wherever it has been tried.

It is not work but worry that kills. Socialism will abolish worry. Work may kill when it is pressed to the point of exhaustion and continued. That kind of work socialism will also abolish.

Socialism is a world-wide movement for social revolution. The immediate demands are all right for timid reformers. But as for revolutionary socialists, as they are revolting they might as well revolute.

Those who can rightly distinguish cause and effect are the ones who laugh at many of the current theories that pass for religion, philosophy and business ethics.

Poverty and riches are two potent causes for divorce. The worries of life of the poor and the extravagances of the rich cause marital unhappiness. Equality, comfort and freedom are necessary for right living.

Socialism does not need to break up the home. Socialism has done that by establishing she towns in the East and stag towns in the West and by making millions of hoboos of men and millions of women victims of the red light graft.

North Sydney is reported to be the scene of unprecedented activity. Coal and iron are being produced at record rate. The wage slaves are piling up wealth for their masters. Therefore the masters are well pleased.

When anarchists and utopian socialists were looking for the coming of the revolution in a day or two, Karl Marx was sending his disciples up to the British Museum day after day to acquire knowledge. Education has been the foundation of the socialist success.

LITTLE LUMPS

GERALD DESMOND

The wonder is, not that there are so many anarchists, but that there are so few.

A hungry individual has little respect for the rights of property; an increasing percentage of the people are getting hungry right along.

During the past few weeks the writer has met over twenty socialists, and active and enthusiastic workers at that, all of whom have been convinced within the last couple of years. Its dying out all right.

The fact that under the system necessary articles are produced for profit and not for use is enough in itself to condemn it in the mind of any thoughtful individual.

One of the greatest endeavors of the plutes at the present time is to keep up the competition fiction in the minds of the slaves. You can just about bet your life that in reality many of the hostile concerns are owned by the same people who are working in union.

"Any chance of a job?" said the wage slave to the boss. "Well," said the boss, eyeing the slave's big frame and well developed muscles approvingly. "I think I could use you." This conversation, and it is a real one, about sums up the situation in the industrial world today.

The wage earner is a thing to be used by the plute for the extraction of profit. How do you like this view of yourself, Mr. Toiler? It's a true one isn't it?

RIGHT TO GRUMBLE

H. E. ENGLAND, HUTCHINSON, KANSAS

A minor charge against capitalism, probably the most cherished right amongst English speaking people, is the right to grumble.

No doubt but what capitalism supplies ample incentive for the exercise of that right; see the broken families, the human wrecks along life's shore, the misery and crime attributed to capitalism.

Again the waste in production, transportation and distribution of our natural, exhaustible resources. We ship coal to Newcastle and then ship it back again. We maintain a vast army of idlers, voluntary and involuntary. Furthermore we maintain a still larger army of workers whose efforts are useless; yes, in many cases worse than useless. Notice the advertising industry. One firm alone spending eight hundred thousand dollars a year in advertising not to enlighten the public, but to sell their stuff. Why, capitalism would advise a man to hang himself provided it could sell him the rope. Just think of the budding Shakespeares, Mozarts, Websters and Edisons smothered with the rank weed of capitalism. All these charges and many others have been enlarged upon by abler pens than mine.

Probably I am getting a little off the beaten track by calling attention to a minor offense by no means uncommon in the advertising business. There is a song entitled "The Beautiful Star." For beauty and simplicity it is unsurpassed in human language. Yet some sacrilegious profit monger has parodied these beautiful lines into an advertisement for shoe blacking. A system or rather a want of system, that is responsible for such an outrage, ought, on this charge alone, to be forever enjoined from doing any further business.

A BARGAIN IN PAMPHLETS

Nine exceptionally good propaganda pamphlets, all of them written by the ablest Socialist writers in America may be obtained from Will R. Shier, 314 Wellesly St., Toronto, for 25 one-cent stamps. Send for a set, read them yourself, then pass on to others.

"Merrie England"

We are having quite a demand for this excellent little book by Robt. Blatchford. Probably the best book to hand to anyone who knows nothing of socialism. Has had a sale of over a million copies. Up-to-date edition from Chas. H. Kerr Co. Ten cents per copy.

Another Salvation danger is looming, this time in the Province of Alberta, where "General" Booth is said to be negotiating with the Campac Company for the purchase of a large tract of land on which to settle all the dupes he encoices over to Canada.—London Justice.

We have social production now. That social production is becoming more and more perfect with the development of the trusts. What socialism aims at is social distribution. Economically socialism is a perfect doctrine.

Eight million voters the world over are voting the international socialist ticket. And there are yawps in Canada who think that Socialism is a sporadic and crank movement. Undoubtedly these Canadian yawps, these Canadian solons of the backwoods, have sources of inspiration unknown to thinkers.

The early Christian was a sort of communist socialist movement. The men were imbued with the fire of determination to carry their theory into practice. The priests gradually made the movement metaphysical and killed it. The ministers are many of them following in the footsteps of the priestly destroyers.

Canada wants more socialist organizers, more soapbox orators, more socialist literature, more socialist members of legislatures and parliament. The nation is white unto the socialist harvest. Discontent is seething everywhere. Even many of the capitalists are sick of the rottenness themselves have produced.

If no war should intervene the social revolution should triumph before another decade passes. With war the triumph may be deferred. This is the reason the capitalists are so anxious to start a war that will destroy property and lives and let them continue to batten on their stolen wealth.

The wealth of the world must be totally recreated every three years. There are families who live in affluence and wealth generation after generation. They live thus because they control the laws and make the workers divide up, if necessary at the point of the bayonets with the labor suckers.

An Indian student in England assassinated a high Anglo-Indian official. If Great Britain desires to rule India by terrorist methods she must expect that the oppressed will reply with the same methods. English rule in India is rapidly developing into despotism tempered by assassination.

The protectionist points to the poverty and misery of Great Britain to show the horrors of free trade. The free trader points to the poverty and misery in Germany and the United States to show up the horrors of protection. Both protectionist and free trader are exposing the horrors of capitalism.

There is no fairer country than this Canada of ours. But the workers do not own it. They have to hustle very often so fast for a job that they have no time to admire its beauties. The trail of the capitalist is over the scenery and will be till it is blotted out by the triumph of the principles of humanity.

There are a good many sentimental Christian women in Montreal who really cannot do anything but wear nice bonnets to church and collect old clothes to send to missionaries in foreign lands. If these women had any gumption or Christianity or any womanhood about them they would uncover the rottenness of the Montreal red light district.

Lord Avebury has started an anti-socialist league in Great Britain to stay the rapid strides of socialism. Belmont Ryan is attempting to form the same thing in America only in a more sneaking manner. Canada has a nucleus of anti-socialism in Prof. Adam Shortt. The beautiful thing is that the more the socialist philosophy gets knocked the more powerful a hold it gets on the people.

Capitalists and their flunkey supporters vehemently declare that the right to work must be maintained. This does not mean that a man shall be given a job whenever he needs it. This simply means that the boss shall have a right to sack a man and throw him out of a job if another wageslave is willing to work at the same job for less pay.

The competition for jobs among the workers and the combination for profits among the capitalists does not look as though the workingmen are getting what they want. But as long as they vote for the capitalist candidates the workers must expect to let the capitalists get what they want, even if the workers have to hunt for jobs and get run in as tramps.

Every man is a nine-tenths socialist.

CAPITALIST BAIT

ROSCOE A. FILLMORE

On June 23rd, the following notice was sent out from the head office of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company:

"I take pleasure in announcing to all employees belonging to the active militia that they will be given the time required for annual training in camp on full pay, at the expense of the Company, and a further holiday of two additional weeks, with salaries to continue, and for which I will make myself personally responsible."

(Signed) ROBERT MEIGHEN,
President and Managing Director of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co.

This notice, together with the statement of the Minister of Militia to the effect that the militia had more than paid for itself in preventing strikes settled me so far as the militia is concerned. I have been a non-commissioned officer in the militia, believing that the working class should have military training in order to assert their rights in the near future. I did not believe that the master class was able to look ahead and see so plainly just what is coming and I believed that we might be able to capture the militia e'er long. But I have changed my mind.

What do you think of it brother worker? Do you intend to stay in an organization whose avowed purpose is the prevention of strikes and the crushing of labor by the lickspittles of capital? I suppose you have been very enthusiastic over the patriotic action of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company. Well you fellows have heard of the wonderful patriotism displayed by the Chicago packers while the Hispano-American War was in progress. How, after howling for patriots to wipe pool Spain off the map, they sold thousands of pounds of rotten meat to the government, thus killing more patriots than did the Spanish guns. You have heard of the thousands of ex-patriots who, after the war, tramped the streets of New York, Philadelphia, and other large cities looking for a job. You have heard of a certain regiment in Philadelphia made up of scions of wealthy families, which disbanded rather than be sent to the front. In the face of all this you still have faith in the disinterested patriotism of the master class.

Let's look at the thing, brother workers, from the standpoint of the working class, our class. The militia is supposed to be supported for the protection of our country isn't it? All right. Now how much of our country do you own? You will probably eventually own about sixteen or eighteen square feet of it, but how much do you own to-day? Isn't it a fact that the working class hasn't any country? The capitalist knows no geographical boundaries. He squeezes the workingman of Canada just as hard as he does the Italian, the Galician or the Dane. He is determined to crush us all, irrespective of nationality. Then why should he howl over this patriotic action of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company? The country belongs to them. They are very anxious to use us to help them in protecting our country for the capitalist class, the class that is crushing us. Let them shoulder a rifle and protect their own country, we have no country to protect.

Then they try to entice us by sending howls about the dear old flag, the Union Jack, "the flag that's waved a thousand years," etc. What does this Union Jack mean to us of the working class? Every time I look at it I can see the pain-extorted features of men, women and children of my class looking out from its folds. I can see the face of my mother who died of the White Plague, because too poor to go to Arizona or California to be cured, looking out from it. And they cry out for vengeance. And I swear that they shall be avenged. I swear by the Power that made me, that keeps me alive to work for freedom that the Union Jack and all it represents shall be ground in the dust. We of the revolutionary working class swear this. And we mean it.

The Union Jack is the emblem of the master class. It is the emblem of tyranny. Then let the master class protect it. Let the master class look to its own protection. We of the working class are tired of being dupes for the benefit of our masters. We intend to

assert ourselves. We flaunt the red flag of freedom for our class in their faces. We taunt them. We say to them, "You own the country today. Protect it. You possess the power to hold us in subjection today. Look to that power. Hang on to it as long as you can. You have shown us no mercy. Expect none when our day of emancipation, our day of power comes. And come it surely will. Just as surely as the sun will rise tomorrow morning. Then will be meted out to you the same brand of justice as you have handed to us. Prepare to meet it for it is surely coming."

This is the only position for the working class. You know in your heart that it is true. Then drop this silly, hypocritical talk about patriotism and join the working class militia, the International Socialist Party. Hurl defiance at the Lake of the Woods Milling Company. Let them protect their own country. In the words of Comrade E. Nesbitt:

For our banner is raised and unfurled;
At your head our defiance is hurled:
Our cry is the cry of the Ages—
Our hope is the hope of the world.

The masters can see the Revolution that is coming and they are afraid. They want a strong militia. They want you to turn traitor to your class. You must choose between freedom under the red flag and shameful servitude under the Union Jack. Which shall it be?

THE WORN OUT SLAVE

GERALD DESMOND

Throw him aside—he is old, worn out—
Send another man along,
There are plenty of idle men about,
Active and husky and strong.
Men are cheap as dirt to-day,
So throw the used up-ones away.

The toil is hard and the pace is fast,
The wheels are never still;
A few short years a man may last,
In the factory, mine and mill
When the brain grows tired and the
limbs get slow
They give him his time and let him go.

Yes, they let him go when he's served
their ends—
What if he starves or die?
He has helped to swell the dividends
And raise the profits high,
What other use is the working breed
Than to satisfy the master's greed?

This is the tale, and so it'll be
To the toilers each and all,
Till the time when the slaves arise and
free

Themselves from the owner's thrall,
Till the power of the masters is over-
thrown,
Labor shall rise and claim it's own.

Condition of European Doctors

"In Western Europe the physicians plight is distressing. Everywhere we see a vast army of medical men without work and without money, ready to accept anything. Eight years ago the Hospital Fund of Budapest made known it would pay its doctors forty kreuzers (about 6d.) for each visit to a patient; notwithstanding the scantiness of the pay, shoals of applicants, eager to accept these terms, put in an appearance. More than half the doctors residing in Berlin barely earn 150 marks (circa \$35) a month; the doctors of Vienna do not turn their noses up at twenty kreuzers fees. Henri Beranger, in an article on "The Intellectual Proletariat of France," says that no less than half the Parisian doctors cannot even claim to be beyond the pinch of want; while the majority of them are in an abject condition of destitution, in the fullest sense of the word, many members of the profession frequently seeking the shelter of doss-houses at night. In the provinces barely five thousand out of ten earn a decent livelihood."

—Page 282, "The Confessions of a Physician," by M. Verasoeff (written in 1909).

If instead of arguing eternally with that friend of yours, you would send him three months trial to "Cotton's," you would save a lot of breath and get better results in a shorter time. The way to make socialists is to get people reading our literature.

It is easy to procure subs. to "Cotton's" at propaganda and business meetings. Get there early and as people come in, approach after they are seated and urge them to subscribe. You'll be surprised at the success you'll have.

The sub postal cards are the most convenient way of sending in subs. Fifty cents per card, each good for one yearly sub. Mail them as you land the subs.