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Cotton's Weekly

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What the capitalists call confiscation Socialists call restitution.

A vote for the Liberal or Conservative party is a vote for slavery.

We want to capture the political state in order to allow the producers to govern themselves.

The Social Democratic party of Canada and the Socialist party of Canada should become one organization.

The plate does not like Socialism for the same reason that the devil does not like a Christian—it kills his business.

When the culture of profit perches itself on the spine of the house of our Lord, is it any wonder the workers refuse to attend that house?

The capitalist reformer wants to give the female wage slave a living wage. The Socialist wants her to receive the equivalent of the social wealth her labor creates.

The Dominion Textile Company has net profits of \$1,350,000 for the past year. This is equal to the annual earnings of 3,220 Canadian wage workers. The capitalist system is nice for the idle profit getters.

If the hold of capitalism grows much stronger upon the Canadian farmer, he will soon have to beg for the bite he eats from his masters. He was once a king in the land is now a vassal slaving for the trusts of the country.

The farmer is gazing at his growing crops, wondering how much he will be able to pay off on the mortgage debt when the crops are threshed. Not much. By the time the machinery agent, loan shark and the rest of the piratical horde get through with Mr. Farmer, he will be about in the same place he is in the spring, with a chance to perform the same stunt once more.

The barons of old used to look with contempt on the underlings who contributed to his support. Some of the present breed of robbers have a tendency to do the same, but the custom is dying out. The big robbers are skimming the little robbers so fast that the little fellows are afraid to antagonize the working class, as they know not how soon they will be forced back to that class, and they would much rather be assured of a peaceful welcome.

The railroader says, "Well, I don't have to pay for my rides, anyway. I have the bulge on the rest of the working class in that respect." The railroader pays his rides all right, only he can't see it that way. When he makes a 300-mile trip in a day from Montreal to Toronto he pays for his rides, and for the rides of many a lazy capitalist in the Pullmans also. If railroaders would do little figuring they would soon see that the difference between what they get and what they earn pays for a lot of things which have nothing in common for them or their slave existence.

"If it wasn't for capital, railroads, industries, and all such would have to close up," asserted the non-Socialist. These men never seem to take labor into consideration in the least. The next time the Imperial Limited is ready to leave Montreal let Sir William Van Horne climb to the locomotive cab, and after all the big capitalists have filled the tender with the money they possess, start to shovel money into the fire box. Would the engine steam up on the money and silver coins? No. All the paper money in Canada would not generate enough steam in the locomotive to start the train.

A bill was introduced in the Canadian House of Parliament to prohibit the sale of firearms unless the purchaser is first provided with a proper certificate from the chief of police. The same old capitalist government tactics. Why do they not prohibit the manufacture of these murderous weapons? Why should anyone, anywhere, have in his possession a revolver? The only use they appear to have in these modern times is to protect the property stolen from the working class, which the big thieves are afraid will be taken from them by the workers. But the workers have a far better weapon than any firearm, and that weapon is the ballot. Properly used the ballot will make restitution of all that has been stolen from the toilers. The proper place for murderous firearms is at the bottom of a nice, deep, quiet lake.

An immense wave of common sense has struck the city of Buffalo. There is a strike of drivers from the express companies and department stores. The mayor of Buffalo has been working in the most frantic manner to uphold what he terms law and order, and defeat the cause of the strikers. Strikebreakers have come, and gone; policemen have been placed on the wagons, and have quit their jobs; the officials of the masters are at their wits' end. The other day seventy police threw up the sponge and refused to act as scabs any longer. One policeman appeared at headquarters with a "bum lamp." His wife and her brothers were Socialists, and he said he hit him in the eye when he told her he had gone to work as a policeman. He quit. Another young fellow said he had been expelled from a social club, and none of the girls would dance with him if he did not throw up his job. He quit, too. The masters' hold on the rope is slipping. We will soon have the rope, and all that goes with it.

Two Little Journeys to the Scriptures

A Visit to Joseph

Comrade S. Shonts, of Rocky Mountain House, Alta. sends us a leaf out of the "Sunda School Banner" of April 11th. This is the paper used to instruct teachers of the Methodist Sunday schools. It is published in Toronto.

The lesson of May 11th was on Joseph, and these were the instructions given to the Sunday School Superintendent when he talked to the united classes:

Call attention to the fact that as Pharaoh sought for an able viceroy, so others are seeking for able men to manage their affairs now. The truly capable men are always in demand. The youth who wants a good place can get it just as Joseph got his: by showing himself bright and intelligent and loyal. It will be a long time before there will be a glut in this market. The young men who fail are those who are indolent, careless, stupid, and indifferent to their employers' interests. Cigarettes and strong drink and loafing around saloons are the practical explanations of the numerous failures that are found on every hand. We hear of no youths falling in with the industrial and honorable and earnest. None of us may be Josephs, but we may have Joseph's principles, and we may trust in Joseph's God.

That sounds good, and poor little children going to the Sunday schools will get a false notion of life. Comrade Shonts points out just what Joseph did. If we examine his career we will find it is not one to be followed at all. A modern Joseph, doing the same thing, would probably be hung as an enemy of the people.

Joseph thought a famine was coming after seven years of plenty. So he and the king of the Egyptians planned to rob the nation wholesale through the tricks of trade backed up by the power of the state.

During seven years of plenty Joseph and the king of Egypt used the national revenues of the country to buy grain cheap. As there was an abundance the price was low. They got lots of it. When apples lie rotting on the ground now, the farmers will take anything to get rid of them. Then the tillers of the soil accepted a low price. And Joseph and the king bought and bought and bought. Then the famine came. The price of grain went up. Joseph and the king had cornered it. The first year Joseph took all the money of the Egyptians for food. Having cornered all the food supply he monopolized all the circulating medium.

The second year the Egyptians had no more money, and still had to have the grain which the king through Joseph had cornered. So Joseph made them barter to him all their horses and cattle and flocks and asses. He did this as the agent of the king. He now had got all the work animals of the Egyptians, save the human ones.

The 3rd year Joseph made the Egyptians sell their land and themselves for the grain with which to live. He made them bondsmen, slaves, serfs on the soil of the king. He transformed a free nation into a nation of slaves.

Now he had everything. The fourth year he gave them seed and set them to work working for the king. A fifth of all they raised was to belong to the king. This was in addition to the revenues which the king had formerly obtained through the ordinary means of taxation.

See what a dirty, lowdown trick Joseph played on the Egyptians. The Egyptians were not lazy. They produced all the grain which Joseph cornered. The royal parasite and parasite Joseph produced nothing. But they schemed, and in the end the do-nothing-useful schemers had every-

thing and the do-everything-useful producers had nothing.

Now see what a miserable, hypocritical, babe-deceiving lesson the Methodist church draws from this. Read the extract from the Banner again. The babes are taught that as Pharaoh sought for an able viceroy, others are seeking for able men to manage their affairs now. The youth who wants a good place can get it just as Joseph got his by being bright, intelligent and loyal. The men who fail are the shiftless, lazy ones, indifferent to their employers' interests. THERE WAS NEVER A GREATER LIE HATCHED IN THE BRAIN OF A METHODIST SCRIBBLER THAN THAT. The Egyptians were industrious, active, energetic, useful AND THEY LOST EVERYTHING.

Let us make Joseph modern and see how he looks. Let us call him Joe and add Leiter. Then he would be Joe Leiter who tried to corner wheat in Chicago. Suppose he came to Canada and connived with the Governor-General and Borden to corner all the wheat by using the surplus revenues and credit of the Dominion. Suppose Borden let in a few of the military officers on the deal, and engineered a stupendous piece of graft. Then let a famine come, and through owing the food supply power with a full stomach. Esau sold his birthright. While the minister was telling how Paul condemned Esau, and as the minister was condemning him too, I was saying to Esau, "If I had been in your place, old chap, I am mighty sure I'd have sold my birthright too. Wasn't Jacob a sneak?"

The minister went on then to the 27th chapter of Genesis, and read how Jacob had deceived Isaac. Isaac wanted a mess of venison from Esau. Evidently he still hankered after the hunting meat and did not care so much for the back door meat of Jacob. While Esau was away, Jacob put goat skins on his hands and neck and went in to his blind father and pretended to be Esau. Isaac was a little dubious and felt the hands and neck. He said, "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau." He then ate the kid meat thinking it was venison. This showed how his senses had failed. He was no longer fit to manage his business.

He blessed Jacob, thinking it was Esau. Esau came back and lamented and wanted to kill Jacob. The blessing, which was a "last will and testament," giving Jacob the greater part of Isaac's possessions, could not be revoked.

The minister spoke and spoke, and I was thinking of the question from the modern legal point. In the first place, Esau would have gone to a court and had Isaac interdicted as an incapable and a judge would have appointed a curator to manage the affairs of the estate while Isaac lived. In the second place, after the blessing had been given, Esau and Isaac would have taken it to court, and asked to have the contract giving Esau nearly all the property set aside on the ground of error. It is a well known principle of modern law that when you make a gift to one person thinking it to be another, the gift can be set aside.

What Paul said about Esau when writing to the Hebrews nearly two thousand years ago is a little archaic for modern needs. And how one son of a polygamist chieftain of a nomadic tribe aimed at and succeeded in supplanting another son of the infirm old man has mighty little bearing on this age of trains and telegraphs and parliaments and machine and capitalist exploitation.

Two men, a schemer and a strong foolish person, got upon an island. The wise man said, "This island belongs to me." The fool agreed. "Now," said the wise man, "you are on my island. You go pick coconuts and catch turtles and bring them to me and get other foodstuffs you can." The fool did so and then prepared them for food. Then the wise man ate and gave the scraps to the fool. The fool protested and thought he ought to have better treatment. "Fool," said the wise man, "I do not feed you and keep you? You are unjust and ungrateful after all I have done for you to complain." And the fool kept on his foolish way supporting the two of them and thinking he was being fed by the wise man. This lasted till the pair were taken back to civilization. Today in Canada the working class support themselves and the capitalist masters. Many foolish workers think the capitalists are supporting both the capitalists and the workers. The foolish system now in vogue in Canada will continue until the workers grow wise enough to refuse to create all the wealth and live on the scraps.

The plute press of Canada at last admits that the three year term is unpopular with the French soldiers. At Macdonald 100 soldiers assembled and sang the "International." At other places protests have been made. The "intense enthusiasm" for the three year term exists only among those who do not have to suffer.

A fool in revolt, says Kossuth, is infinitely wiser than the most learned philosopher making an apology for his chains. There are many who apologize for their chains by saying, "You must have masters and leaders." Such people like to be led.—International Socialist, Australia.

On Sunday, May 25th, I attended divine service in the Congregational church, Cowansville. I attended, not in the hope of receiving spiritual blessings therefrom (I have sadly given up hope of receiving such comfort in the temples of manna erected throughout Canada) but from a curious motive to see what foolish thing I could hear. My curiosity was satisfied sufficiently for three more months. After that length of time I must go again.

The text was the 16th and 17th chapter of Hebrews: "Lest there be any fornicator, or profane person, as Esau, who, for one morsel of bread, sold his birthright. For yet know how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected, for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

ship of the clan. But these were only slight references. He seemed to know little of the economic determinist theory.

First of all he painted the picture of Esau coming hungry from the chase and Jacob tempting him to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. While he was talking I was thinking of the evolution in the material basis of life, or the materialistic conception of history.

Esau was the hunter, Jacob was pastoral. Esau depended upon the running down of wild beasts for his living. Jacob raised his food supplies. Esau had to go far afield. Jacob had to go to his tent door for food.

Jacob had an easier method of living than Esau. Consequently he and his clan were bound to multiply more rapidly and grow more powerful than Esau and his clan.

Jacob lived fat and Esau lived lean. Jacob grew contented, and Esau discontented. This was nothing, but economic determinism. Jacob, growing in economic power, planned and connived to overthrow the political power of Esau. The culmination of his struggle came when Esau was faint unto death with hunger.

Jacob was felled. Now, an empty stomach is not a match in reasoning power with a full stomach. Esau sold his birthright. While the minister was telling how Paul condemned Esau, and as the minister was condemning him too, I was saying to Esau, "If I had been in your place, old chap, I am mighty sure I'd have sold my birthright too. Wasn't Jacob a sneak?"

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The other Sunday a minister made the remark that people would rather go fishing on Sunday than attend church. But he didn't mention anything about the freight trains and the whistles and shrieking all over Canada disturbing the Sabbath rest. Of course not; there might have been some good pillars of his church present who were large holders of railroad stocks, and who would not like anything said which might tend to injure their dividend getting. If freight trains were not allowed to run on Sunday, the companies would require more motive power and rolling stock, and the unearned revenues would not flow so fast to the shareholders. The worker must not have a little fishing excursion at the end of a week of toil and slavery, but the wealthy loafer may tear up and down the country in his joy wagon, howling and yelling and deserting the Sabbath, and the minister sees him not. At least he doesn't make it part of his business to try and put a stop to it. That does not seem to be part of his business. He is probably content to "let George do it." Anvil chorus for the worker: the soft pedal for the plute. Heck, what a bad man the worker is getting to be.

"Do what you like with me," said a boy who was dying of hunger to the police who found him in a freight car. He declared that he had been unable to find anything to eat for two days previous to his arrest. He was guilty of no offence whatever beyond that of being utterly destitute and starving. For this he was sent to jail for two days. When he gets out he will be a "jailbird," and can begin starving all over again. Isn't there something wrong about this, my lords and gentlemen?—Toronto Globe.

A United States farmer, when he ships eggs, slips a copy of the Christian Socialist into the crate, thus spreading Socialism. Canadian farmers can do the same with Cotton's Weekly.

A live Socialist movement makes the plute a Gloomy Gus.

Why Do They Do It?

Why do ministers preach from these archaic texts? Why do they delve into outworn incidents that have lost their message thousands of years ago? There is a reason. Economic determinism. The minister must not offend his congregation.

There is a story told of two preachers who were friends at college. One became a successful city preacher, and the other always got the backwoods charges. The poor preacher visited his prosperous confrere and out of generosity he was asked to preach. But the city preacher wanted to know the subject. The country preacher suggested he preach against cards or dancing, or wine, or stock gambling, and the city preacher demurred, because various members of his flock were interested in all these things. Finally the country preacher preached against the Jews who crucified Christ. It was a harmless topic.

Today they preach about Jacob, Isaac and Esau.

I looked over the congregation. There were eighty-seven present. I did not see one wage slave.

Occupying a prominent seat was the employer of eighty workmen. Across the church was his general manager. The minister could not preach against wage slavery, or they would withdraw their support.

Ahead of me was a gentleman who had cleaned up \$60,000 speculating in Crown Reserve. The minister dare not preach against the corrupting power of gold, as he depends upon that gold for a living. I thought how that very Sunday, the miners of Cobalt were balloting whether they would go on strike to help their striking comrades of Porcupine, of how they work for a bare living wage in darkness and damp that the gentleman who listened so reverently to the preacher mandering along about Isaac could clean up \$60,000.

There were landlords and landladies of the Cowansville shacks present, listening to the parson. I thought of the slaves living in those shacks, and stinging their families to pay the rent. "Feed my lambs," said Christ, and the false teachers of today preach Isaac to the parasites who take the bread out of the mouths of the children.

There were farmers present who had inherited money or who had grubbed their lives away saving a few hundred dollars. They listened, but had not the intellect to take in what the minister said. They had saved, and not learned.

When I got out I hustled over to a comrade's house and smoked a cigar and thought of the Christ who was the blasphemer of his day because he fought for the under dogs. I thought how his eyes would blaze and how that whip of his would get busy in the Cowansville Congregational church, the same as it got busy in the temple at Jerusalem.

They preach Christ and betray him with every word.

They have made of his worship a bulwark of robbery.

And the new spirit of Christ, the Socialist movement, sweeps on and is fought by the churches supported by mammon in the name of Christ.

So I stay away from the Cowansville Congregational church, and the other churches, and whenever I feel like resting on my oars and floating, go to church, get disgusted, and fighting mad.

AN EXPLOITED INTERNAL ORGAN

The finest pump in the world is the human heart. Inventors have tried to apply the principle of the human heart, pump into their creations, but with small success. It still remains the acme of perfection.

Every living person is in the possession of one of these valuable engines, and are supposed to run them. But do they?

Under the system we are struggling under most of the throbs of the worker of his heart throbs for the gods of profits. For ten hours each day does the heart send its life stream coursing through the body of the worker. In about three hours the toiler has produced enough to buy feed to keep the pump working for the remaining twenty-one hours, with shelter and clothing added. When these three hours pass, the pump still keeps on throbbing and working with never a stop, but not for its owner—oh no, for the master who can direct the owner of the pump to do this, or do that, and who can at a moment's notice take the means of life away from the toiler, when the pump will have to cease its labors, and its owner die.

The capitalists cannot devise anything to resemble the human heart pump, but they can take its owner and bind him into slavery, and rob the worker of his heart throbs for many hours each day.

A United States farmer, when he ships eggs, slips a copy of the Christian Socialist into the crate, thus spreading Socialism. Canadian farmers can do the same with Cotton's Weekly.

A live Socialist movement makes the plute a Gloomy Gus.

Socialism is freedom, with a capital "F".

Without the workers everything must stop.

Experience is a hard teacher. It is through experiencing capitalism that the working class learn to want Socialism.

Capitalism is driving toward destruction with a reckless pace which is soul-satisfying to the Socialist.

Reports from Scotland declare that pauperism increased greatly there in spite of the good trade. More and more under capitalism, prosperity is reversed for the master class.

Cumberland, B. C., workers are learning how well their masters "love" the working class. When the workers refuse to be profitable work-beasts the masters show their true nature.

The capitalists today let their greed of wealth and power run to selfishness in extreme, and often forget that the workers are human beings like themselves, and should be treated as such.

The workers send the henchmen of their masters to Ottawa, and they scrap and fight, and gabble and chatter like a flock of parrots, and fill whole pages of Hansard with a superfluity of nothingness. The stunts they pull off annually are for no other reason than to befuddle the brains of the working class, and cause them to back up any outlandish scheme the capitalists may suggest for them to carry through.

Not so many years ago the liquor interests did practically no advertising in the press of Canada. In these days the papers lashed the liquor traffic morning and evening. Today nearly every newspaper or magazine one may pick up fairly bristles with "hop" ads. The capitalist press are mum. The liquor interests with their blood money have placed a silence on the muzzles of the journalist sharpshooters. They keep mum!

How the little retailers howl about the way the large departmental stores are taking the trade of Canada from under their very noses. These same people used to cry aloud about free competition was the life of trade, etc., etc. But of late departmental stores are cropping up in all the large cities, and the little fellows are getting all the competition they want, and more. They are helpless when the giant powers of organized capital bunt up against their measly little bank account.

Customs appraisers assert that a total of \$16,000,000 worth of gems have passed through the New York customs house since the first of the year, and wonder what has become of them. Well, the workers didn't get them. They went to adorn the persons of the idle rich. The workers carry this idle class on their backs, and in order to make their burden heavier dive in the ocean and delve in the mines, and toil in the jewellery factories producing geegaws for the parasites to plaster on their lazy carcasses.

Masey is now premier of New Zealand. When he was after the job he declared that the Prime Minister of Tom Mackenzie would bring the country to unutterable ruin. After Masey got the job by ousting Mackenzie, he sent Mackenzie to England to represent New Zealand. If Mac, was such an incapable, why should he get a responsible job? The explanation is that the old political parties, whether in New Zealand, Canada or elsewhere, are one at heart and serve the capitalist class. Their fights are sham fights to deceive the slave class.

The soldier cleans guns, polishes harness, brushes uniforms, scrubs swords and bayonets and barrack room floors, drills and marches and counter-marches, and wears his hat at precisely the angle suitable to the whims of his bulldozer officer. Now, isn't this a noble vocation for a man who thinks he is any sort of a man at all? On top of all this he gets a wage which would not pay his board were it not supplied for him by the classes he is hired to suppress. The soldier is certainly a creature endowed with a Joblike patience and humility, else he would chuck the whole job.

Two friends met on a street in Montreal the other day who had not passed the time of day for quite a while. "Say," said one, "who do you think I met the other day up on St. Catherine street? You remember Katy?" "I Well, I was talking to her for a few minutes. The poor girl has been trying to live decent on the miserable wages she was getting in the factory, and you should see her. She is so thin you would hardly recognize her, and she honestly didn't have enough rags on her back to dust a fiddle. I made her take a loan, and gave her a wrong address, so she can't pay me back. I wonder how long she will be able to hold out against her hard luck? Not for long, I imagine. I've seen too many girls like her in this town go down and out. There is not much chance for a girl in Montreal when the cards are all stacked up against her from the start. It's too bad, isn't it? S'long."

Socialists and Radicals have made great gains in the Danish elections. The new political wine is fermenting in the old bottles, and there may be surprises in store for those who do not read the signs of the times.—Toronto Globe.

THE SPIES OF THE CAPITALISTS

Every nation in the world which counts itself anything at all maintains a system of espionage upon other nations. The "business" interests of the various countries appear to necessitate the keeping of thousands of spies, who make it their business to keep in touch with all that happens in the country they are assigned to. Shipyards have spies working in them, who report the laying of keels and the plans of every ship as soon as the work is started; forts and arsenals no sooner start on a new idea of construction, or a new invention being tried out than the news is sent to the country which claims the spy as a citizen.

There are spies and spies. From the making, skulking creature who watches the movements of his shopmate and reports to his master right on up the gamut of railway spotters, police, private detectives, near chiefs of the police force, to the chiefs of detectives, the spy system is a mass of rottenness devised to prey upon the working class, and report to their capitalist bosses.

But the real aristocrat of the sneaking fraternity, the Simon pure of the whole lousy tribe is the foreign spy. He draws a fat salary from his home government, dresses in the best clothes, and associates with the "best" people in the government of the land his country has designs upon. These spies are in battalions, no country is free from them. Canada has them by the hundreds, from nearly every part under the sun. The government money turned over for the upkeep of this useless class amounts each year to an enormous sum. For instance, the estimate of the amount required by Great Britain in the year ending March 31, 1913, to defray the charge of his majesty's foreign secret service is £50,000, at which figure it has stood since the year 1906-7. Germany's activity, however, is strikingly illustrated by the fact that the Imperial Parliament continues to vote every year the minimum sum of £600,000 a year as spy money, while the best method to preserve peace between the nations, then send spies to other countries to keep tab on the fighting preparations and strength of those nations.

How is it possible for there to be universal peace when countries are spending such amazing sums every year spying on one another?

There can be no peace so long as the capitalist system stands. There is no peace among the ranks of the capitalists. They are eternally trying to gouge each other. When the financial war between this class can no longer serve their purpose, they simply start a murderous war between nations, and the workers have to bear the brunt of the battle. The capitalist system stands for war, for strife, for hire agitators and spies and jingo editors to carry out their murderous wishes, and the working classes pay the shot.

Socialism is peace. Socialism will put an end forever to battleships, arsenals, and the manufacture of the munitions of war in any form whatever. When Socialism comes, so also comes peace, and not until then.

WHAT \$35,000,000 WILL DO

It will build 35,000 neat little cottages for workingmen.

It will give a decent education to 350,000 children who are now hauled out of school before they are out of the third reader and put in the mills and sweatshops of the capitalists.

It will stock up a library in every town, village and hamlet in Canada.

It will buy the land and pay for the labor to make 7,000 nice little parks and playgrounds for children.

It will buy 5,000,000 tons of coal for the poor and destitute who freeze and suffer each winter in our Arctic climate.

It will give every woman in Canada a sewing machine.

Have we a million boys? It will pay the labor cost on away over a million bicycles.

It will buy 170,000 market gardens.

It will build a railroad from coast to coast. (Nothing allowed for graft or contractors' profits.)

It will build 7,000 public schools to take the place of the unsanitary and disease breeding shacks which are termed schools throughout Canada.

It will buy 6,000 Pullman cars to take the place of the ramshackle old death traps called coaches which the poor are compelled to ride in whenever they are forced to travel.

It will buy 700 up-to-date steamers to take the place of the old leaky, wooden hulks now run by capitalist concerns as excursion boats on our lakes and rivers.

\$35,000,000 will dredge rivers, docks and bays, build canals, lakes, breakwaters, tunnel mountains, and a thousand and one things which the people of Canada are in need of, and which should be done for the benefit of the people.

But Borden—whom the people of Canada appointed to watch over their interests and conserve their resources—wants it for battleships.

HOW TO KICK.
A new sixteen-page pamphlet by Robert Rivers LaMonte, which is very interesting because it explains the necessity of the Kick Political as well as the Kick Economic. Everything that comes from this author is unquestionably good. Single copy, 5 cents; ten copies for 50 cents. Postpaid.

The dues-paying roll of members in the Socialist party in Holland increased 20 per cent in 1912. The party has representatives in the municipal governing bodies.

King George recently visited the Woolwich arsenal on a tour of inspection. A photograph of his majesty shows him passing in front of great gaping guns piled up in immense heaps waiting to be finished. The yards are full of them, and thousands of men are constantly employed in the manufacture of more. Each of these guns represents thousands of dollars, which the capitalists are willing to spend in order to enforce their demands upon weaker nations. These huge engines of destruction are kept in readiness for some nation which may suddenly discover gold or diamonds within its borders. Then they will be hauled out, manned by workers, and sent against the workers of that unlucky country, and they will mangle and slaughter countless inoffensive toilers in order that another little patch of red may appear on the map of an altogether miserable and bloodthirsty world.

PHONE WAR SCARES

Says a capitalist sheet: "If the powder manufacturers can sufficiently convince the people that war is imminent, the people, through the daily papers, can convince the government that it must prepare, all of which rebounds to the profit of the manufacturer."

The above writer is twisted. The manner in which the powder manufacturers or any other capitalist concern go about securing the ways and means of getting big contracts is entirely different to the above editor's notion. They go direct to the house-tails head—the government—put the pressure of their unlimited wealth on the tools they have placed there to cause them to get the jingo talk started, and work it for all it is worth night and day; they in turn hand a line of stuff to the daily newspapers of the country, who dish it up with frantic cries about loyalty, to the flag, and imaginary danger from another nation. The daily paper is the medium through which the capitalists prey on the feelings of the masses, and incite them to wave flags and be willing to stand for unlimited expenditure on the government's part in preparation for a war which existed only in the greedy imagination of a horde of piratical capitalists.

When the above-sheet says that the people, through the daily papers convince the government of anything, it is to laugh. Neither the dailies nor the government care what the masses think. They are both doing the will of their masters and a casual glance at the editorial policy of one and the perusal of some of the laws passed by the other will be enough to convince any working man or woman that they are Siamese twins in upholding the brutality and oppression practised by the exploiting class.

It matters not what shade of politics the government represents. Each of the two old parties have their miserable journals to befuddle the brains of the common people. These hired newspapermen's ideas and opinions are supposed to be politically as far apart as the poles, but let an election come on where a worker has a chance of being returned, then see them fuse together. Political strife is forgotten; shoulder to shoulder, tooth and nail do they work to defeat the choice of the workers. When the big political robberies are planned they take their orders from their masters, and work as one in their accomplishment.

War scares are the special stunts of the dailies, for do they not say about the profits rebound to the manufacturer? You can wager that they do, and the newspaper men are there at the rebound with their hat in hand.

But the working class are swarming together. Phoney war scare have not the same significance as of yore. The workers demand to be shown, and if the jingoes are forced to show their hand, the jig is up. The bluff that sounded like a royal flush will prove to be the "deuce."

WE COULD DO IT EASY

"What would be the use of sending a crowd of workmen to parliament?" said a politician in an argument with a Socialist recently. "They have had no training in parliamentary affairs, and not one in a hundred would ever be able to learn the rules of the house. It would be the rankest nonsense to let our country be ruled by workers. What do they know about conducting business? What could they do anyway?"

"Well," said the Socialist, calmly. "We ought to be able to give away \$100,000,000 to a railway company as easy as anybody else; we surely could give the choicest land in the Northwest to railway companies as easily as has been done; we could let out contracts for building sawdust wharves, and dredging for the same at triple prices; we could pass laws loaded against the workingman, such as the Lemieux Act, galore; we could appoint every other man in the whole country a J.P.; we could allow the money trust, the steamboat trust and every other huge money making machine a free hand; in robbing the country right and left; we could spend thousands upon thousands of dollars each year as pay for the country newspapers advertising for tenders which are let before the ads are printed; we could allow manufacturing concerns such as textile mills to work their slaves ten, eleven and twelve hours a day making profits for their masters; we could allow the members of parliament to ride the length and breadth of Canada in private cars at the country's expense; we could give the hard-earned wealth of the masses by the million to greedy old England for battleships; oh we could do almost anything which the reckless money wasting crowd at Ottawa are now doing, and have done. We could do it easy,—but we wouldn't."

The Danish National Socialist convention has adopted a law refusing membership in the party to adherents of syndicalist bodies.

I was visiting a farmer near Sudbury last year, and we got to talking about his children.

"Yes," he said, "They are all healthy enough, but the oldest one. At the time she was born we were living in a sod house in North Dakota. It was winter time, and we did not have proper ventilation. You know that sort of a house isn't fit to raise children in any."

Here is one child growing up sickly and irritable, a burden to itself and everyone else, owing to the fact that her parents were denied access to lumber already manufactured. They did not live in a sod house because there was no lumber, but simply because our laws permit a small clique of non-producers to corral all the wealth of the world. The lumber was piled up ready to be used. Here were people needing it, yet they could not get it.

Unnecessary Suffering

T. EDWIN SMITH, Yetwood, Alta.

Quite often, when we are telling some hard head about the suffering and poverty that actually exists today among the submerged nine-tenths, we will hear that old chestnut about:

"There is no need for any man, or woman either for that matter, to be cold or hungry in this country. Any man, if he will get out and hustle, can make a living, and save money, too."

That man was perfectly right in the first part of his sentence. There is really no need for any one to be hungry in this country, or in any other civilized country in the world. All the hunger and suffering that is found on the face of the globe is absolutely needless. This world contains a sufficient store of natural resources to supply every man with what he desires, and the working class needs the necessary energy to transform the raw material of this world into food, clothing and shelter for all.

One of the gravest charges that we can bring against the present system is that today under capitalism there are millions of really worthy people suffering from lack of the bare necessities of life, while there is enough food, clothing and shelter with means of enjoyment provided by all. Men die of death in sight of plenty. Children go to school hungry in the richest city in the world.

Bert Hoffman, of Langdon, Alta., tells of a hard working couple whose children were without shoes in December. I have seen farmers without enough to eat in their houses. Less than one-fourth the wage workers in the United States get a sum of money as great as the investigators of the Carnegie Institute decided was sufficient to live decently. Mr. Lee Walling Squier in his book, "Old Age Pensions and Annuities," shows that 65 per cent of the adult male workers receive less than a living wage. In London, death from starvation is a "natural cause" in the coroners' verdicts.

Such occurrences are in prosperous years, when business is brisk, and prosperity rides on the winds. If such is the condition of the worker in prosperous years, what must his condition be when times are bad? When business is dull, he gets laid off or gets his work and pay cut down. He works only at intervals, and at a reduced rate. Even at the best of times the worker's share of the good things of life is barely sufficient to maintain him in the physical condition of a healthy ox. When his rate is cut down and his tenure of a job becomes very slight indeed he and his family feel the pinch of poverty, and his physical conditions drop below that of an ordinary horse.

I am speaking now of WORKING MEN. Men who work whenever they get a chance and beg for another job as soon as they lose one.

THE HARD-UP MAN.

A man who is hard up on any part of the American continent and suffering for lack of the necessities of life, is not so because there is a dearth of the necessities. In the worst of times in this hemisphere at least there is always enough of the good things of life in existence to keep every man, woman and child in comfort if not in luxury. The supplies of commodities needed are actually in existence piled up in warehouses, shops and yards ready for use, but owing to the insane system in vogue those who made all these goods are denied the permission to use them.

During the past years of 1907-8 it was my good fortune to cover the greater part of the United States in the pursuit of several investigations which I made. Part of the time I was acting under orders from the U. S. Bureau of Labor, and part of the time for my own resources. During those two years I came in contact with two separate industries and several hundred plants.

In May 1907, I visited the mill of the Potlatch Lumber Co., at Potlatch, Idaho. This mill is one of the Weyerhaeuser plants, and is said to have the largest capacity of any mill in the world. At the time I first went to that mill I was told that 1500 men were working in the woods and nearly 300 in the mill and piling yards. I was taken through their yards, and was shown mile after mile of lumber stacked up nearly 30 feet high. I was also told that they had as much lumber then stacked up in the piling yards as they could sell in a year. Shortly after my visit most of the camps were closed down and perhaps 1500 men all told lost their jobs.

They lost their jobs, not because they were not able to work or willing to work, but simply because the masters—the owners of the mill and the timber limits, could not make a profit off their labor.

LUMBER.

The Potlatch Lumber Co. supplies about half of two thirds of the lumber used in North Dakota. In the winter of 1908 there were people in that state suffering from lack of shelter, food, and their stock was suffering, too. They could not buy the lumber they needed, owing to the prices they were paid for the products of their labor. The masters who controlled the lumber, controlled the elevators and railways, and used their power to force such conditions upon men, women and children.

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CLOTHING.

I visited Chicago in the winter of 1907-8, and there I found women and children without sufficient clothing. Women and children in rags in Chicago in January. Any one who knows Chicago knows that no one leaves off clothing there in January from choice. I do not believe these people were indolent or ignorant. I visited a number of clothing factories in that city at the same time, and every morning I saw women and girls crowded around the doors begging for a chance to work. This was during the panic years, when jobs were few. Because these people could not get the opportunity to sell their energy owing to the glut on the market they were not allowed to eat, wear clothes, or live in houses, even though there was food, clothing and houses in abundance for all.

Shortly after leaving Chicago I went south, and on the staff of the U. S. Bureau of Labor I took part in an investigation into the conditions of woman and child workers in the cotton textiles. In February, 1908, I visited one cotton mill in South Carolina, and remained there nearly two weeks. At that time the manager was unable to sell any of the product owing to the stagnation in trade, and consequently was piling the entire output in warehouses awaiting the return of favorable market conditions. The superintendent told me the output at that time was twenty thousand lbs. of cloth per day. This was about one hundred thousand yards of the sort of cloth they were working on at that time.

Ten yards of cotton cloth will make a house dress for the average woman, and there were thousands of women in Chicago at that time in need of them. Not seven hundred miles away a single cotton mill out of hundreds was turning out enough cloth every day to make dresses for ten thousand women, and stacking it up in warehouses out of reach of both the people who made it and the people who wanted to use it. Not only were they storing it up at that time but they had been storing it for weeks and months back.

It makes no difference what particular local reasons are assigned for this condition, the fact that it exists at all is sufficient condemnation of our present system. Any social scheme which permits the working class, the only really useful section of humanity to suffer from lack of the bare necessities while there is enough and more piled up for the use of idlers to waste is sure to fall sooner or later.

SHOES.

During the same period in which these other things occurred, a number of leather and shoe factories closed down in the Eastern States. The reason behind their close was the same as the others; there was a glut on the market, and they were unable to sell their products. The factory owners had put their entire resources into the materials and labor power they had bought, and as a result had a great stock of shoes piled up, which they could not sell. The workers of the country had spent their whole wages, but still could not buy back what they had made. This is a defect of our present system, and is a condition inherent in it. This is in itself a great enough condemnation of it.

To make the story short, here were thousands of workers who had made too many shoes, and as a result were denied the privilege of selling their labor power. Because they could not find a buyer for their energy they were denied the privilege of eating, wearing clothes and living in houses.

During the months of January, February and March I visited Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, and during my work there I saw hundreds of people going barefooted, and there were thousands more whom I did not see. These people did not leave off shoes from choice, but from necessity. They wanted shoes, but could not get them. They suffered actual hardship from lack of them. Some people may not think it a hardship to go barefoot in those states in winter, but it is safe to say they have never been there if they do.

I believe I was never so cold in my life as I was in Spartanburg, S. C., in February, 1908. The slush that covered the sidewalks was about four inches deep, and just frozen enough to make a nice, juicy, loblolly that froze to the bone. The air and everything else is so damp that the cold penetrates to the bone like a knife. I am not unused to cold weather either. I lived in North Dakota from 1889 to 1903, and saw considerable cold weather, but I believe I was as cold in the Southern States as I ever was in North Dakota.

Yet there were thousands of people going around those states without shoes in weather like that. They wanted shoes, but could not get them and all the time there were shoes enough for them all piled up in the warehouses and factories. Nothing but an insane system of industry and government prevented them from enjoying the product of their own labor.

Shoes in plenty, yet the people who made the shoes went barefoot in the snow.

But the harm this condition does is not limited to frozen toes and aching feet. The lack of shoes has a greater and farther reaching effect upon those people than they know themselves.

ONE CAUSE OF SHIFTLINESS.

We have all heard from time immemorial about the shiftness of the Southern "poor white." We have been told he was ignorant, lazy, and pretty nearly everything else. To a great extent this is true, but as Post says, "There's a reason." The lazy, anaemic, despairing conduct of these people is due to the hook worm. The ravages of this scourge are both preventable and curable, if our clumsy, inefficient system of society would but allow it.

The hook worm is a small, thread-like worm that hooks on to the lining of the stomachs and intestines by its head and saps the vitality out of the victim. Its effect upon a man is nearly the same as that of bots upon horses. Nearly every horse in the world has three or four bots attached to the lining of its stomach, and in such small numbers they do no noticeable damage; but when they increase in numbers the horse gets his food; he gets little good out of his food; he is thin; his coat is rough, and he becomes so lazy that a whip is worse than useless. His anaemic, lazy condition is caused by the bots sucking the substance out of the food he eats and interfering with his digestive functions.

The hook worm acts the same on man.

The point of our discussion here is that the hook worm is preventable by the use of shoes. The eggs of the hook worm enter the human body principally through the soles of the feet. They get into the blood vessels, are carried to the lungs and deposited there. The live worm crawls up the windpipe and falls over into the gullet, creeps into the stomach and hooks on, and begins to make life miserable for its victim. The principle breeding place of the parasite is warm, soft soil, such as is found in the fields of the southern states. When these men walk about in it barefoot, as they do as a rule, the eggs work their way into their systems. These eggs can not get through leather. A pair of shoes is an absolute preventative of the disease and fifteen cents worth of epsom salts is a cure.

Those shoes stacked up in the warehouses of the New England factories would prevent any further ravages of the hook worm, and would raise the standard of those millions of people immeasurably in two years.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR SUFFERING.

These are just three examples of a condition that is widespread all through the civilized world at a time when business was dull. The panic years of 1907 and 1908 were about the worst that the United States has seen for a long time. During that time there was more distress, poverty and suffering than ever before among the working class. And all that time, while really worthy people were suffering from lack of the bare necessities of life, there was enough and more in existence, only they were denied the right to enjoy it.

I have seen in a dozen or more cases the working out of the system as I have described in the three instances related here. I could go on and show other occurrences of the same sort. Of farmers suffering from lack of bread while the elevators are full of wheat, of men suffering from the cold, while the miners are compelled to stay out of the mines, and so on ad infinitum.

In the very worst times that this country has ever seen there is always enough for all. In good times there is a luxury for all if we could only get at it. During the famine in Ireland, the capitalists were exporting foodstuffs to England. During the famine in India the masters are shipping rice out. In China, while thousands are starving to death the masters are waxing rich.

Verily all suffering is needless. The responsibility for it rests upon the masters of this earth. Daily they pile up the debt against themselves of starving women, hungry men and stunted children. Some day that debt must be paid, and that day is coming soon. It cannot come too soon.

Is It Stupidity, or Worse?

If the mayors, police chiefs, sheriffs, and magistrates of numerous industrial centres, east and west, north and south, had deliberately planned to goad the laborers and factory operatives into riot and violence, to make them lose faith in peaceful methods and accept the anarchist doctrine of despair, they would have acted exactly as they have been acting during the last few months. Perhaps we should be charitable and attribute their conduct to Dogberry stupidity rather than to Machiavellian craft. Either way, the effect is the same.

The old saying that "It takes two to make a fight" is not more than half true. Sometimes it takes two to keep the peace. A long course of insult and outrage will exasperate the most patient of men. With few exceptions, the working people have the best will in the world to refrain from violence. Intelligent self-interest as well as a good feeling dictate self-control. But there are limits to their endurance.

If worse trouble comes, the responsibility will not be on the men who have been hounded and clubbed into madness, but on the "good citizens" who have permitted greedy employers and political plug-uglies to violate all law and decency.—Algernon Lee in the June Metropolitan.

Printing for Cotton's

Why not send your printing to Cotton's? There is profit in doing so. If you send it to the capitalist, he will take the profit and send it on their busy wagons. If you send it to Cotton's, the profit will be sent to the profit system. Samples of printing and prices will be sent on demand to those who want printing done.

COTTON'S JINX

Our mailing list man is having a decided snap the last few weeks. Assembling the names and addresses of five or six hundred subscribers per week and placing them in their proper position on the galleys is a real downy proposition.

Now, comrades, this mailing list man is a very peculiar individual. He thinks he can handle the names of one thousand subscribers each week in the same time he would take on five hundred. We very much doubt whether he can or no, but have no way of putting him to the test, as you do not send us the thousand names.

This man is our Jinx. Do all we can, we cannot possibly keep him busy. The office staff typewrites the slips of names, the operators cast the slugs, and the Jinx takes the few hundred names and places them in position with the case and sang from of a billiardist shooting the ball across the table.

It is up to you of the firing line to get this fellow's goat. Slam in the subs. Take away this geek's feather bed job. Send in a thousand names each week. Cause the wrinkles of worry and care to furrow his brow. One thousand subs per week will cause the sweat to roll down his map like the bead down the sides of a "bucket of suds."

The other members of the staff are just aching for the chance to handle one thousand new names each week. All but the Jinx—he is incurable—he is getting into the five hundred a week habit.

We do not ask you to do anything we would not do ourselves—up as hard as the chance to do it. We at Cotton's have to work just as hard for five hundred subs as if you sent a thousand—all but the Jinx.

Now, comrades, see what you can do to cause this fellow to stop dawdling around with a handful of names each week. You have done it before, and can do it again.

If not for the sake of your paper, if not for the sake of the great cause of Socialism, and the coming co-operative commonwealth which is drawing nearer day by day, we look to you of the firing line for the sake of the cause of Labor and justice to the rest of the staff, to keep this Jinx on the jump for the rest of 1913.

Come along now with your thousand. Get his goat.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT.

For week of May 25th.	Subs.	On.	Total.
Ontario	129	112	2,321
Saskatchewan	36	20	5,887
British Columbia	123	246	4,790
Alberta	44	68	4,187
Nova Scotia	31	15	1,077
Manitoba	52	58	1,420
Province Quebec	17	44	6,529
Foreign	4	19	49
New Brunswick	5	5	435
Yukon Territory	37	0	20
Newfoundland	4	0	200
Prince Edward Island	2	0	68

Gain for week—362. 456 697 28,595

Total issues this week—31,598.

CIRCULATION PUNGENTS.

Isabella, Willawalla, pee, boo, bah! B. C. leads this week; rah! rah! rah! Manitoba still clings to the steps of the handwagon. When will they climb up with the live ones?

Quebec, oh, sad, sad, ignorant old Quebec! Still, she will have 27 more Cotton's to sow the seeds of discontent.

Alberta makes a slight gain, but not enough to do much towards helping the Alberta farmers to realize their slave condition.

Nova Scotia has a population of half a million, and the country just teems with slaves, but only 1,577 Cotton's is their way to that province to spread the light.

Ontario has declined from over 10,000 to 1,222. This is too, too, too much of a fall for a province which should lead all Canada in the movement.

Some hustlers are working overtime to keep the Saskatchewan list at a respectable figure. Others are doing nothing at all.

Things in the Yukon Territory are in bad shape from a worker's standpoint. Slaves are leaving the country by the hundreds; at least those who can escape up the price. Cotton's loss there this week will be made up as slaves as the fitting slaves can secure another master.

New Brunswick, always behind like an old cow's tail, has another loss. New Brunswick slaves are very touchy. They organize into unions, get their wages raised, and imagine they are as solid as the rock of Gibraltar. And the plucky smile and raise the price of food, clothing and wages of the workers, and they are just in the same position as before they started.

Newfoundland has a great field for Socialism among the fishermen who risk their lives daily for the capitalists. Cotton's with 200 going to that island is doing a grand work. But Newfoundland should have a circulation of 5,000.

They are busy in Prince Edward Island raising silver and black foxes for furs to deck the persons of the wealthy class. They are trying to get in the plucky battalion. Cotton's hangs around the zero mark.

DR. W. J. CURRY

DENTIST
Suite 201, Dominion Trust Building
Telephone 2354
Open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 7 to 10 p.m.
VANCOUVER, B.C.

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In 48 to 72 Hours! (I have positively permanently banished almost before you know it.) Pleasant, easy to take. Results quick, sure, lasting. No nausea, no vomiting, no dizziness, no headache, no loss of appetite. Results guaranteed in every case. Tobacco habit banished in the only absolutely reliable and thoroughly dependable manner. Write for free booklet and positive proof. Newell Pharmaceutical Co., Dept. 53 St. Louis, Mo.

TAPE-WORM

Expel the Tape-Worm from your system. It is the most common and most dangerous of all parasites. It is the cause of many diseases. It is the cause of many deaths. It is the cause of many sufferings. It is the cause of many sorrows. It is the cause of many tears. It is the cause of many woes. It is the cause of many miseries. It is the cause of many pains. It is the cause of many agonies. It is the cause of many deaths. It is the cause of many sufferings. It is the cause of many sorrows. It is the cause of many tears. It is the cause of many woes. It is the cause of many miseries. It is the cause of many pains. It is the cause of many agonies. It is the cause of many deaths.

Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful Marvel Whiting Spray Douche

Sackville Molders Make a Protest

On May 8th Cotton's Weekly published the following article, which was sent us from Sackville, N. B., by a comrade in answer to a letter regarding the conditions of Socialism in that town.

ABOUT WEALTHY SLAVES
Dear Cotton:—Years ago I looked on Socialism as a mild sort of anarchism, but about two years ago I came across this paper, and became somewhat more interested in the cause by finding out what it really was, and I got some of my shopmates to subscribe, which I think they did more as a personal favor than anything else. I will likely send them renewals in again at the end of the year; that is about all you can expect from me. The slaves around here largely do not bother much about reading; the largest class are iron molders, who make from \$25 to \$35 a week, and as long as they can get all the drink they want (I am sorry to say it is not a small quantity), they do not care for anything so dry as Socialism. I am not a molder, and there is no money in it for me. I have been told that a Socialist orator came this way. Men who never look at a pig pen would go to see him. I have heard and I have no doubt they could be convinced strongly enough that we could start a local Socialism. I am not a religious party, you should have no objection to say so. I am not a religious party, you should have no objection to say so. I am not a religious party, you should have no objection to say so.

Last week we received the following communication from Harry W. Chapman, Secretary of the I. M. U. branch at Sackville, which we give in full.

W. U. Cotton, Cowansville, P. Q.
Dear Sir,—At a regular meeting of the above union held on May 14, '13, by a unanimous vote I was instructed to write you in reference to an article which appeared in Cotton's Weekly of May 8th, entitled, "About Wealthy Slaves," signed "Sackville, N. B."

The statements referring to iron molders of Sackville are false in every detail, and we request you to send us the name of the writer.

I hope you will send this name as soon as possible, and not make it necessary for us to take stronger measures to secure the same.—Yours truly, Harry W. Chapman, Sackville, N. B.

To answer this letter Cotton's mailed it to a molder of many years' experience and asked him what he thought about it, and if he thought the molders of Sackville were of any different clay to those of other towns. He was also asked to write a reply to the letter, which we publish herewith.

DEAR COMRADE:—

I would like to say just a little about molders in the United States and Canada, and have worked in some of the largest shops, as well as in the smallest, and have met molders in all stations of life. As in every other trade, there are the good and the bad mechanics, there are the careful and the careless, the thrifty and the spendthrift. It is not likely that Sackville molders are in any way different than those of the rest of the country. The molder has to work under the most trying conditions imaginable. In a sand pit where his feet are damp from hole and oftentimes steaming sand he labors till the "heat" whistle blows, when he has to grab a ladle and fight his way to furnace or cupola and lug molten, sizzling iron to his molds and pour them full. The "heat" run off, the molder is a reeking mass of perspiration. In not one shop in a thousand is there any place where he may hang dry clothes, or where he can get a decent washup. Into the tanks scattered through the shop he may wash some of the accumulated sand and sweat off his hands and face. He goes out into the winter night a mass of sweating humanity from head to foot. Statistics give the average life of a molder at 33 years; it is a wonder he can stand it that long, under the conditions which the capitalist system at present impose. He is tired, broken and weary; he stops at the saloon, he gets the habit, and he looks upon a glass or two of beer as something necessary, and which he must have whether or not. The natural consequence is the molder is exposed to the evils of too much liquor probably more than any other mechanic.

Gas from the large cores has a tendency to thin the blood, and doctors often advise molders to take beer and porter every day.

Mr. Chapman should travel a little. He should visit the large shops of Cleveland, Ohio; Buffalo, N. Y.; Del Ray, Mich.; or right in Canada he might take a trip to Oshawa, Ont., Brantford, Toronto or Montreal and study the life of the molding fraternity. In any of these places he can see molders filled up against a bar four deep guzzling slops from the time they quit work till they are put out at saloon closing time. How does it happen that in a town where a large number of molders are employed that that is always looked on as rougher than any other place?

Recently I visited a bar with a friend, and out of a hundred men lined up swilling booze we counted over eighty molders. How is it, I would ask Mr. Chapman, that hotel keepers desire to locate in towns where a large number of molders are employed? Why are the hotel properties so much more valuable in such a town than those in towns where other tradesmen are in the majority? Railroad men say that out of every ten hoboes bumming a ride, nine claim to be molders, and flash their union card in lieu of a ticket.

I have no desire to hammer the molders any more than any other class, but facts are facts, although they sometimes make one squirm. I am a molder and a union man, and want to see molding conditions made much better than they are at present, but I can't see that they are as long as the capitalist system lasts. The unions have accomplished a great work in making conditions better in the shops, as far as regards wages and safety of the workers, but the molder still labors along under a severe handicap compared to other workers. The work is hard; it saves the very life out of a man, and the

wages are in most cases no better than can be obtained by the common laborer. I say it myself, and with sorrow; that the hard life and temptations which the average molder has to contend with cause him in far too many cases to resort to liquor with the false hope that it will conserve his strength which has been sweated out for the benefit of his master, and which also helps to give the whole molding fraternity a hard name, which it probably does not altogether deserve.

If the Sackville molders do not "root out" from \$25 to \$35 per week as Mr. Chapman says they don't, it is because the masters of the foundries do not see fit to give it to them, and are robbing them of just that much more of the proceeds of their labor. When the Sackville molders get wise and demand the full social value of their productions, they will be getting what they are worth, and not till then.

If the Sackville sand artists are not addicted to the liquor habit to any extent, it is a good thing, and something which cannot be said of the molders of any other place in Canada that I have ever worked in. Yours truly,—A. Steele Stryke, Ottawa, Ont.

The molders' trade journals of all countries are devoting column after column to the rotten conditions under which members of the craft have to labor. Factory inspectors' reports contain many suggestions for the betterment of working conditions in the shops, but the masters keep right on compelling the molders to put up with unsanitary conditions and mean wages. And it will be so just so long as the wage slaves of Sackville and other places vote for the henchmen of the labor skinners. When the workers vote for their own class to represent them, then will they have better conditions; then will they be able to enjoy the fruits of their toil. They will live in better houses, they will have better food, they will have no inclination to resort to stimulants of any sort in order to counteract the effects of slavery, for slavery will be no more. They will have no epistles cast at them because they will not deserve them, and they will take their place in society as a unit of the co-operative commonwealth. But they first must get rid of the capitalist henchmen they at present send to Ottawa. They must fire them out, bag and baggage, and send men from the useful class to take their places. As long as the capitalist system stands the molders and all other mechanics will be slaves, and the masters will continue to treat them as such.

Women's Wages in England

By Arthur Rice.
Mrs. Snowden of London, England, says the average weekly wage in England for working women, including professional women, was seven shillings. This is what it is usually estimated to be. Miss Royden, an authority on this subject, says the average weekly wage for home-workers is four shillings and sixpence, or a dollar and ten cents, in our money. With regard to government pay the same authority says: "Government is the largest single employer in the country, and throughout its service women get lower pay than men, even when they do exactly the same work. There are women employed on making mail bags or army clothing under government contracts, who can do with the utmost toil earn more than five or six shillings a week." Sometimes such horrible cases come into the police courts, as for instance that of a woman charged with attempted suicide in London. This woman was a middle-aged widow and could not keep herself by the hardest labor. She worked for the Government making uniforms and trousers for policemen and by working for over ten hours a day could not earn more than a shilling. The rates maintained in court were (I shall put them in our money), seven cents for basting and finishing police trousers, half a cent for putting straps on cavalry trousers, half an hour for sixteen cents for making territorial riding breeches, and the poor creature could not make two a day. Is not this terrible?

Is it any wonder the women of England are rising against such conditions, and are bound to get the ballot even by force, after trying every peaceful way and having failed. The working women in England begin to realize fully the power of the ballot used intelligently. The capitalists in the old land also know the value of the ballot, and are doing everything in their power to prevent the 6,000,000 women from getting the vote. The labor vote in England is too large for the capitalists and enfranchising women would be adding largely to the labor and Socialist party. This is the main reason why the women don't get the vote. The capitalists want to exploit the workers so they can live without work by overworking the women of England at starvation wages.

The women of the entire world have as good a right to vote as the men. The women are the mothers of the nations and should have something to say about the conditions under which their husbands, their children and themselves produce the wealth of the world.

Mexico has borrowed \$100,000,000 from the international bankers. The loan is at six per cent and issued at 90. It is repayable in ten years. This brings the rate of interest over 8 per cent per annum. The money will be spent to purchase war munitions to put down the peasants who have been robbed of their land and who are fighting to get back their small holdings. The war lords will get large profits out of the hundred millions. Capitalism creates heavy interest charges, war, murder and destruction.

HONESTY

A comrade of Ontario writes: Since I last wrote you I lost a job here on account of upholding unionism and Socialism. I was told, when I was out here, to mind my own business. I did not then think, nor do I now, that it is a crime to be an honest man. How about our freedom and British fair play? How about the cowardly Judas who robs his fellowman of a living to gain a smile from his more depraved boss? I wish you would write a short article in your next issue, distinguishing the honest man from the slippery, deceptive counterfeiter.

This comrade has experienced the tyranny existing under our present system. He had been taken in by the lies of the master class about our freedom and British fair play. These two things do not exist. There is no freedom under the British flag, and there is no such thing as British fair play.

This comrade was put on a job and told to mind his own business. This comrade was a slave. He was set to work to produce profits for his master. He was robbed of all he produced beyond a living wage.

It was strictly his business to put an end to that robbery as soon as possible. Hence he talked unionism and Socialism. In so doing he was certainly minding his own business to the best of his ability and power.

But in so doing, he was undermining the power of those who robbed him. Hence a slippery, sneaking thief that had the sycophantic soul of a lippit slave crawled to the labor thieves and told them that one of their slaves was minding his own business instead of being knavishly thankful to the thieves for being given a chance to be robbed.

The labor thieves who were robbing him, at once sacked the slave, turned him out to starve. For the alternative under capitalism of the useful producers is either be robbed of all but a bare living wage, or get nothing at all.

The slave is indignant. He got a big jolt. The lies he was taught to live even in his boyhood days were revealed in their true light. This comrade finds his supposed truths prove false and he wants Cotton's to tell him where is the honest man.

There is no such thing under capitalism. The honest man cannot live, if we consider the honest man him who gives to each that which belongs to him, and takes what belongs to him for himself.

Under capitalism the legalized thieves are in control. Through rent, interest and profit they rob the working class.

Any man who takes rent, interest or profit is not an honest man. He is participating in the proceeds of robbery.

Any man who works for robbers is not an honest man in his actions. He is participating to robbery and not getting his own.

The capitalist class will allow no man to be honest in his actions. If we cannot be honest in our actions, we can be honest in our opinions. A thief can be honest in his opinions.

A capitalist robber can say, "Yes, I am a thief. I steal from the working class. As long as the system continues, I am going to take the benefit. It is unjust, and I have resolved to live by injustice with as little work as possible." Such a capitalist may either be a Socialist and endeavor to awaken the producers to their true condition, or he can be just an honest thief with no desire to abolish the system.

A workingman can be honest in his opinions. He can realize he is robbed and his class is robbed, and he can do his utmost to awaken his fellow producers to their true position in society so that they may become active in introducing a system which will allow all men to be honest.

Finally people may be honest in their intentions. This class includes the ignorant little parsons, and the ignorant backwoods farmers anxious to do right, and the working class members who honestly support the practised hustling liars who seek to believe in an action that is direct and industrial, the other, would render the movement in twain, with resulting impotence to the workers. And capitalist emissaries, in the guise of friends, are busily engaged in the effort to bring about this very division and disaster.

But the self-congratulation of the capitalist is premature. Little comfort will capitalism finally find in the present internal disputes of the Socialist movement. The expectation of disruption is based on a false and superficial view on the part of the mercenary onlooker. More apparent than real, the disputes within the Socialist movement will last but for a little season. The extremes that will not meet will prove of small proportions; they will go their ineffectual ways. So far as America is concerned, the most antagonistic extremes will likely merge in that deceptive program for a new despotism—the Progressive Party. On the part of the Socialist, political conquest will be discerned as the protector of the revolution itself. The sabotage of the Syndicalist will be abandoned, not because capitalist law and property are sacred or worthy of respect, but because the soul of the revolution is sacred, and not to be profaned by imitations of the anarchic methods of capitalist savagery. Socialism, led by its inner struggle to a nobler self-understanding, will thus purify itself and prevail upon the coming of the commonwealth.—George D. Herron in the June Metropolitan.

Women are becoming enlightened. They refuse to become mothers of a future generation of slaves. They no more have the desire to rear children and watch them swallowed up in the greedy maw of capitalism. If the capitalists want slaves, they will have to ask their own class of women to breed them, for the working class are about through with the game. Tools of capitalism such as Theodore Roosevelt and Father Vaughan may bluster away to their heart's content about race suicide, but the enlightened working woman knows her business, and she knows that that business is not rearing children to replace the worn out slaves in the sweat pens of the capitalists. And the Socialists rise as one man, and say that she is right.

WORK, MORE WORK

By J. K. Mergler.

His face showed up as yellow on that pillow, as some wax-figure we often see at museums. His eyes looked glassy, of a light greenish hue, wide open, immovable, staring up to nowhere.

His grown whiskers gave him a wild appearance. His fingers clutched feverishly at the bed spread, pulling, and tugging at it, as if to get relief for his fearful pain. To and fro a nurse swept by; at times a groan, a sigh from a neighboring cot reminded me that I dwelt among the living. At the head of his bed hung the following little sign: "John Cotzuc, Polish laborer, Roman Catholic, age 24, injured by mine explosion."

I remembered him vaguely from a few years ago, when he with others of his race just arrived. I remembered him a great strapping fellow with the expressionless, but good-natured face, commonly found among laborers of the Slavic race. With a big pack on his shoulders, he was then leaving for the mining district. Hopeful, childlike, contented. Nothing to stir him. I cannot forget the answer he gave me when I asked if he felt happy in this strange country. "Not master," he said. "Why should I not feel happy? I am sound. I have enough to eat. Not like peasants at home, but real white bread, and meat like the Jewish merchants of our country. I am no more looked upon as a swine; and besides, I feel strong, and I can work, and as long as God gives me work, I shall be happy."

The sick man stirred. He slowly turned his face towards me, and showed his eyes up, struggling them hard to recognize me. "John, do you know me? I have come to see you. You have sent for me. A fluttering smile like the last living effort of a candle in a draught, was to be seen on John's face. I assisted him in sitting up, placing his pillows behind him. "Thank you, master," he began. "You are kind and good with us Galicians. You have a heart of a true Christian, and Christ will reward you. The perspiration beads trickled down his cheeks. Weakness overpowered him. The words he uttered almost took his breath away. Death had placed his indelible notice on that man's face."

"Yes, you have been good to me. Long ago, when first I came . . . Now . . . His words became nothing but stammers. I bade him rest a little and then he went on to write a letter home he wanted me to write, or to see that he gets better care in the hospital? He shook his head. "No, no, master, not that. But something more important, and . . . I know you are kind, you will not refuse . . . Soon I come out of here, strong and healthy, but a man is as good as dead without a job, master. . . . You understand. . . . I called you . . . for you know them all, the men of the company. . . . You know them all. . . . It's easy for you . . . yes, help me get my old job back. . . . On the wall over the bed hung a clay form of Christ on the cross, his head lowered, his eyes looking down that is always to be seen on the faces of the numerous Christs, seemed more pitying in this one, more compassionate. The crucified Carpenter above, the diving laborer below, made one of the most tragic scenes.

I begged him not to fret, and promised him to get his job in the mine back for him at all costs, and happy like a child in mother's arms, he fell asleep. Yes, sound asleep, only to wake in the land where jobs were no more necessary . . . for the same night he succumbed to his injuries.

False Hopes of Socialist Disruption

Lately, the spokesmen of capitalism have been congratulating their masters upon an expected disruption of the Socialist movement. It seems as if the contention between believers in political action on the one side, and believers in an action that is direct and industrial, the other, would render the movement in twain, with resulting impotence to the workers. And capitalist emissaries, in the guise of friends, are busily engaged in the effort to bring about this very division and disaster.

But the self-congratulation of the capitalist is premature. Little comfort will capitalism finally find in the present internal disputes of the Socialist movement. The expectation of disruption is based on a false and superficial view on the part of the mercenary onlooker. More apparent than real, the disputes within the Socialist movement will last but for a little season. The extremes that will not meet will prove of small proportions; they will go their ineffectual ways. So far as America is concerned, the most antagonistic extremes will likely merge in that deceptive program for a new despotism—the Progressive Party. On the part of the Socialist, political conquest will be discerned as the protector of the revolution itself. The sabotage of the Syndicalist will be abandoned, not because capitalist law and property are sacred or worthy of respect, but because the soul of the revolution is sacred, and not to be profaned by imitations of the anarchic methods of capitalist savagery. Socialism, led by its inner struggle to a nobler self-understanding, will thus purify itself and prevail upon the coming of the commonwealth.—George D. Herron in the June Metropolitan.

GETTING INSTRUCTIONS

"You have to be careful what you write," said the managing editor, instructing the new editorial writer.

"The boss is interested in gas, street railways and all that sort of thing," "I suppose it is perfectly safe to jump on the Mormons?"

"No, indeed, he owns a sugar factory in Utah."

"What would you suggest as a safe topic?"

"Well, you might write about the hook worms and the weather."

Socialism and Atheism Not United

Comrade C. B. of Carmanagay, Alberta, writes, "Socialist speakers such as T. Edwin Smith, Baden, Knight and C. M. O'Brien claim that to be a good Socialist, it is necessary to be an atheist."

I think this Comrade has misunderstood the position of these Socialists. I do not think they are atheists. Even if any of them is an atheist, I do not think he would insist that atheism is bound up with Socialism. These speakers are too well versed in scientific Socialism to make any such foolish error as this. It is only a few ignorant persons who make such a mistake.

A witty Frenchman declared that God made man in his image, man fell and ever after man has been making his gods in the image of fallen man. That was said a long time ago before the theory of evolution came so much to the front.

Man's intellect is imperfect. It began as a very weak instrument. Man has been limited to the compass of his brain. He could only create a conception of God in proportion to the development of his powers of knowledge and his powers of imagination.

Ignorant races of the past have conceived of a God after their own heart and have said, "This is God, worship ye Him." Any one who dared attack their conception of God, or teach truths which showed the conception to be wrong, were regarded as atheists and immoral creatures. Frequently they were put to death as impious wretches.

When savages erect a stone and call it God, that man will be killed for offering indignity to the stone. When men considered that the thunder was God's presence and the lightning his visible wrath, any one who would have explained that it was electricity at work would have been regarded as an atheist.

When men considered that heaven was right over head and hell right beneath us he was an impious wretch who sought to show that the earth almost round on its axis and that the earth was not the centre of the universe.

When men believe that God made perfect man out of the dust and that man fell from perfection to sin, he was an impious wretch and an atheist who would dare try to show that man and the monkey had come from some common ancestor and that man instead of being created perfect had begun in imperfection and was steadily progressing upward and onward, the final goal of his development being unknown.

When men believe that morals depend upon free will, and that how you get your living and the social organization of society has little to do with your moral conduct, and that morality is purely a personal relation between you and God, the person who teaches economic determinism and the material basis of morals is regarded as an atheist.

ALFONSO AND THE ACTRESS

ROYAL GIFT SCORNE

In returning from his latest visit to Dr. Moore, the Bordeaux throat specialist, King Alfonso broke his motor journey for the night at Pau, South France, on his way to San Sebastian. In the evening he had a box with two friends at the opera to hear "Kreutzer Sonata."

Having been duly feted by management and audience, his majesty, as he is accustomed to do, sent his aide-de-camp with a bouquet for the leading lady. It was returned without explanation. The king and his friends anxiously scanned their programmes.

"Of course," broke in Alfonso, "she's singing under an assumed name. Go and find out her real name."

Presently the aide-de-camp returned, nervous. "What is it?" demanded the king impatiently. The aide-de-camp began a long preamble. "Tell me the lady's name, sir at once."

"Senora Paz Ferrer, your Majesty. 'Is that all?' queried the king, sarcastically.

It was Ferrer's daughter, who made such valiant efforts to save her father from execution in 1909, and afterwards went on the stage. Alfonso's cowardice and injustice contributed to Ferrer's death.

WHY IS AN ARMY?

The Kaiser also asserts that all other interests must give way to militarism. In addressing conscripts recently, he said: "Recruits before the altar and the servants of God.—You have given me the oath of allegiance. You are too young to know the full meaning of what has been said, but your first care must be to obey implicitly all orders and directions. You have sworn fidelity to me; you are the children of my guard, you are my soldiers, you have surrendered yourselves to me body and soul. Only one enemy can exist for you, my enemy. With the present socialistic machinations it may happen that I shall order you to shoot your own relatives, your brothers, or even your parents, and then you are bound in duty implicitly to obey my orders."

WAGES AND PROSTITUTION

The vast majority of unfortunate women are driven into the life they lead by economic conditions and the payment by great corporations of starvation wages.

"The wages are so small that the wonder in my mind is not why so many girls go wrong, but how so many remain good."—Dean Summer, of Chicago.

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regarded as an impious wretch and an atheist.

Because your finite brain does not look at an infinite God from the same angle as another peeve brain, then you cannot think an infinite God exists. That is the kind of illogical argument that has been used for thousands of years, and is still being used by many foolish little persons.

When men ceased to regard a stone as a God, religion did not die out. When the lightning was considered to be electricity, when the earth was thought to turn on its axis, when man was considered to be blood brother to the baboon, religion did not die out. Neither will it die out when the material basis of morality becomes a recognized fact.

There are Socialist atheists. It would be surprising if there were not. There are Liberal atheists and Conservative atheists.

When an ignorant savage finds his stone god to be only stone, he in his ignorance is apt to say that there is no god. When the ignorant barbarian finds that thunder is not the rolling of the chariot of his god, he is apt to say that there is no god at all. When a slave finds out that the churches have betrayed him, that the masters control the churches and pay them to preach slavery in the name of God, the slave is apt to say that God is a figment of the cunning labor thieves created to befuddle the workers.

When a worker wakes into a knowledge of his slave position in society, it does not free him from his slave position. He has still to work his eight or ten hours a day, or even more. He has little time to read. He reads Marx on economics, Haackel on biology and Dietzgen on philosophy. He gets a narrow one-sided view of life. His finite mind grasps a little finite knowledge. Sometimes he mistakes his finite ideas for the ultimate explanation of the universe.

Darwin found scope enough for his energies in enunciating and proving the evolutionary theory. Marx found scope enough for his tremendous energies in expounding the laws governing the development of society and in the analysis of the capitalist mode of production. Neither of them attempted to limit or limit the ultimate explanation of existence and matter.

The International Socialist movement finds scope enough for its energies in fighting the political battle of their class, in resisting the attacks of the owners of capital and in organizing the ranks of the workers to take over the means of production and distribution.

The question of the existence or non-existence of God is left for the Socialist party members to speculate over as they please outside the party propaganda.

No Socialist has a right to say that a good Socialist must be an atheist, and no Socialist has a right to say that a good Socialist must be a deist or believer in God.

Build Up Your Library

Every Socialist should have a library on Socialism. I am often asked what book I would recommend upon crime. I recommend Enrico Ferri's "Positive School of Criminology," price 50 cents. This book shows how foolish and barbarous our criminal law is. The criminal laws are based upon the idea of the moral responsibility of the criminals and the punishment is based upon the criminal's like you speak a child, the worse the moral offense the harder the spanking. Physical punishment has been largely banished from our schools. Yet our criminal laws are being made more savage. If you want to know the true causes of crime and what a pack of fools our judges and lawmakers are, read Ferri on crime.

There are many other good books in the list we publish below.

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(Three for \$1.50.)
The New Socialism (La Monte).
The Socialists, Who They Are, and What They Stand For (Sparto).
The Socialist Movement (Rev. C. Vall).
The Strength of the Strong (Jack London).
Shop Talks on Economics (Mary E. May).
Industrial Socialism (Haywood & Bohn).
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The Militant Proletariat (Austin Lewis).
The Evolution of Man (Boecklache).
The Positive School of Criminology (Enrico Ferri).
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The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State (Frederick Engels).

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Marian Economics, a popular introduction to the study of Marx (Untermann).
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A very complete and new stock. Shipment made by return mail. Postage paid on all books.

The Lord's Day Alliance are trying to close up the Montreal moving picture shows on Sundays. The movie men have a come back, and threaten to stop the paid singers in the service of the churches of our Lord from performing their work on Sundays. The capitalist system is certainly getting itself into a nice very

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