

CH the colored
Label on your
If this number
your subscrip-
xt issue. You
least two weeks
expires so that
any numbers.

historical epoch, the
of economic pro-
change, and the
on necessarily fol-
form the basis
ilt up, and from
be explained, the
ellectual histo-
Karl Marx.

Poster's FORUM

W. R. Shier
NTED

all over the coun-
this column.

everywhere to send
of a practical, help-

about the propagand-
tried out in various

how locals advertise
how they secure

ame, how they en-
sic, how they handle
etc., etc.

how comrades sell
y secure subscrip-
pers, how they get
our lines.

v what canvassing
ried, what results
from them, and
go about house-to-

how economic study
ed, how speakers'
ed, how choirs are

information about
a and organization
g tried, or that have
of Canada.

that party members
ch plans. I sug-
jot down the ideas
end them into this

inter whether you are
position. Send in
re. will see that they
er language.

sent methods will be
ant this problem of
threshold out in a
inner.

munications to W. R.
ey St., Toronto.

UTURE AGENTS

cient for literature
isplay their wares at
ecture hall. They
des canvass those in
before and after the
considerable literature
way. They should
r business either to
k themselves or have
de do so. It is best
one book or pamph-

ake thorough-giving
your acquaintances
terature.

where should start
allist library of their
s volumes to all who
es.

to numerous socialist
them on to others.
brings results.

ment his inability to
ity. The time and
academies is next to
niversity, and the
Carlyle says, books,
and you have a uni-
own home.

ing political economy
ether old age pen-
our day, the acquisi-
ey wages, free trade,
and remedied legis-
orker a larger share
luced.

Cotton's Weekly

Total No. of Subs for Week Ending Oct. 30 **3,917**
Total Edition Last Week - - 4,203

W. U. COTTON, B.A., B.C.L., EDITOR AND PROP.

CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

Watch THE COLORED ADDRESS LABEL No. 61
on your Paper. If it is 28...
Your subscription Expires Next Issue. You should renew at least two
weeks before your sub expires so that you will not miss any numbers.

This is No. 60

COWANSVILLE, P. Q., CANADA, NOV. 4, 1909

Sub Price 50c a Year 25c for 6 Months 10c for 3 mos. Trial

THE LITTLE MERCHANT

A little while ago a small retail merchant was laughing at the idea that the small retailer had to go. He had been discussing socialism and had remarked that the idea was very fine but you could not get people to join in and bring it about. The socialist replied that the self-interest of the people would cause them to combine. As long as the little merchant was doing business for himself he would sympathize with socialism in theory and fight it in practice. But when the little merchant had had his business taken away from him by the trust he would squeal hard for socialism and get up and hump for it. The answer of the little merchant was an incredulous laugh.

The process, however, of squeezing out the little merchant is rapidly coming to a head. Those who can read the signs of the times can see the finish of his littleness.

The A. E. Rea & Co., a retail department store company, has suddenly come into prominence. The capitalist press as usual have given garbled accounts of the company's formation. They have been praising A. E. Rea for his initiative and ability in getting hold of such a big business in so few years and have naturally encouraged our little merchant to think that can become big like Rea also.

As far as I have been able to reason the thing out and gather information from the rumors afloat this is what actually took place. The manufacturers of retail goods found that the big department stores were interfering with their business. The manufacturers had to have a market. The T. Eaton Company and the Simpson Company and other big department stores would not buy from the manufacturers. These concerns were manufacturing their own goods and getting the profits both of the manufacturer and retailer. They naturally were not going to allow the manufacturers to sell their goods and lose part of their own profits. The manufacturers, therefore, had to rely upon the small merchants for the purchase of their goods. Now these small merchants were being hard hit by the concerns which would not buy from the manufacturers. The mail order houses were taking the business away from the little people. The little people were failing all along the line, and the manufacturers were losing the profits on the goods they did sell through many of the purchasers going bankrupt.

The manufacturers had to find an outlet for their goods themselves. They therefore got together and organized the A. E. Rea company. The A. E. Rea company, therefore appears to be the retail end of the profits of the manufacturers of retail goods. Eaton and Simpson began as retailers and then as manufacturers. The real proprietors of the A. E. Rea Company began as manufacturers and are now retailers also.

Even with all this the small retailers do not see their finish. Let me explain a bit further.

Every man is in business for the profits he can get. As long as the manufacturers were manufacturers only, they expected the profits of manufacturers. Now that they are retailers they want the profits of the retailers also. They are now competing with the retailers in the sale of goods and every retail sale a retailer makes which the manufacturer does not make is that much profit lost to the manufacturers themselves. They will soon begin to devise schemes which will drive the small merchants out of business.

The manufacturers, let us say, will purchase a store in Cowansville. It will be purchased and run in a company name but the manufacturers will be the real owners of the company. Then the manufacturers through their store will sell goods to the people of Cowansville at the same price which the Cowansville merchants now charge. That is fair competition. But then the manufacturers will raise the wholesale price of their goods. The Cowansville merchants will have to pay dearer. They will lose money. The store run by the manufacturers will also pay more for the goods it sells but as it is owned by the manufacturers it will

simply mean that the manufacturers get no profits from its retail store and a lot more profits from the manufacturing end. The local merchants, not getting any profits from the manufacturing end will get squeezed out completely.

But still the local merchants will laugh incredulously and live in their fool's paradise until the Philistines be upon them.

PAID IN ADVANCE

Every copy of Cotton's Weekly is paid for before it leaves this office. If you get Cotton's through the mail with a little red address label on it, your subscription has been paid by some friend who wishes you to look into the socialist doctrines. You need not hesitate to take Cotton's from the post office as no bill will be rendered, and the paper will be promptly discontinued when the subscription expires.

LABOR CHECKS

Capitalists say that it is impossible to do away with our present system of money and to replace it by certificates of labor done. There is no reason why it should be impossible. In fact this is being done now to a great extent.

Gold represents abstract congealed labor. It takes just so much work to find gold and dig it up and coin it. That gold is exchanged for goods which cost labor to produce. When it takes less labor to get gold than two dollars in gold, having taken less labor than formerly, cannot be exchanged for so much of other goods as formerly. Prices rise. In the first nine years of the present century more gold has been produced than in the preceding century altogether. Consequently prices of everything have soared.

But gold is not used in commerce to any great extent. Banks and governments issue bits of paper which are said to be worth a dollar or five dollars as the case may be, and these bits of paper are used to represent the values of clothes and all things. These are nothing but bits of paper. These bits of paper are worth nothing in themselves because they take so little time to make. If everybody were allowed to make these bits of paper then they would not pass at all. But the government forbids the making of these bits of paper by anyone but itself and a few favored banks. If you make them you are shut up in the penitentiary for fourteen years as a counterfeiter.

These bits of paper are artificial things, but are used because the government only puts out enough to let business be done.

Now these artificial bits of paper which are said to be one dollar could easily be exchanged for other bits of paper which would be called ten hours. These could be declared the only bits of paper for which goods could be purchased. These could be made to be given to those men who worked. A ten hour check could be made non assignable and would have to be spent by the man who earned it.

A printers' congress has just been held in Chicago. This congress was called to discuss the question of the cost of printing so that a price might be determined at which printing could be profitably sold. The committee chosen to discuss this question brought in a set of recommendations. The first of these was the following:

"For the purpose of arriving at the cost of production of printing, we recommend that the standard unit of product shall be the hour in the several departments."

This was no socialist congress but a congress of labor thieves in the printing business. They recommended that the hour be the unit of charges. What more need be said in favor of the direct labor check system of exchange?

There can be no economic liberty as long as vested rights in public necessities are recognized for private owners.

The potato bug has no love for Paris green. Neither has the rich man any love for the socialist philosophy.

IMPERIALISM

It is really surprising how ignorant college professors are. Professor Alfred Baker of Toronto University has been delivering a lecture at Oshawa, Ontario, upon the brotherhood of man. He takes it that British imperialism is a prelude to the brotherhood. British imperialism, he declared, meant toleration of race, creed and language. He did not seem to seem to see that British imperialism was the one thing to be feared.

Rome sent her warriors throughout the then known world. Under the Roman eagles, religious beliefs of all kinds were tolerated. The Pax Romana ruled over the world. The Romans did not care for race, creed or language as long as they could tax the inhabitants and get a plentiful supply of slave labor. They tolerated race, creed and language, but took mighty good care to toll the subject races in taxes and in labor.

The people under Roman rule continually revolted. Her savage generals went forth, her Caesars, her Pompeys, her Scipios and ruthlessly subjugated the revolting peoples. As long as the nations were obedient and furnished cheap labor and high taxes to the patricians of Rome and the grafters of the Empire, the subject nations would have peace. But let the nations attempt self government and economic freedom and the citizens of those nations would be killed by the barbarian soldiers of the Empire.

Rome's imperialism was her downfall. She sent her soldiers under the command of ruthless generals to kill the citizens of foreign regions. The generals did their work well and then turned their arms against Rome and enslaved the people who had sent them abroad to enslave others.

In a like manner British imperialism means slavery to foreigners, and that imperialism is preparing savage generals who will turn and try to enslave the British people. The grafting noblemen of the British Isles do not care a hang for race, religion or language. These things are of secondary importance. The British peace rules over India and Egypt and South Africa, only so long as the people of these regions are content to be taxed heavily and to furnish slave labor to pile up ill-gotten wealth for the financiers and capitalists of Great Britain. Rothschild declared that his only interest in Egypt was that of a bond holder. Egypt had to be enslaved in order that Rothschild might get his blood money. India has to be enslaved in order that the foolish progeny of a degenerate nobility may get large incomes in India for breaking down the liberties of the people. India has to be enslaved in order that capitalists may get cheap Indian help in Indian cotton mills.

Let but the people try to express national ideas and to throw off the heavy yoke of the hated foreigners and the savage Kitcheners are turned loose to burn, pillage and kill. The native press is confiscated and editors are hanged or shot like Ferrer in Spain. Your Lord Roberts, as savage a little beast as ever trod God's green footstool, shuts native women up against their will and forces them into prostitution to serve the lust of the hated British soldiers.

These savage generals, these men whom the British plunderers send abroad to smash the liberties of vast communities of the human race, will be turned against what little liberties remain to the British people in their home islands. Roberts is mouthing and ranting about the necessity of a conscript army. Kitchener is a savage brute whom the Rothschilds and the King Edwards and the grafting nobility are grooming and preparing to turn loose on the workingmen of the British Isles.

These things can be readily seen and are patent to all men who think. Yet we have our Professor Bakers who deliver lectures upon the brotherhood of man based upon the imperialism of the official butchers of the land thieves and money thieves and labor thieves of Great Britain.

Socialism means the death of capital.

CANADIAN WORKINGMEN

You workingmen are getting too prosperous. Your bosses see that you have burdens that are not heavy enough. You join in your unions and you talk about the rights of the workingmen. You even discuss socialism. Your bosses have been planning how your backs may be bowed by heavier burdens. They have got Laurier and they have got Borden, and they have got Foster and they have got Brodeur and they have got all the associated mismanagers of this fair dominion of ours.

They think their course is smooth. They have got the Star and a whole host of publicity organs to betray you workingmen further into their hands. The scheme is well laid.

Listen, You toilers who are not doing enough work. You must be made to do more. So they are going to force you by the hunger lash into shipyards and gun factories to sweat yourselves in producing ships of war and guns to kill men with. You will toil to produce these instruments of destruction and your fellow workers will toil in the fields and factories to produce your food and clothing while you are sweating in the murder factories. Then you will be taken and put on these ships you have made and you will be given guns to shoot with and you will be made to stand up and shoot your fellow worker or be shot by him.

Are you going to stand for this vile outrage upon your class? Are you going to stand for the Lauriers and the Borden and the whole crew of traitors to the liberties of Canadian workingmen? Or are you going to rise in mighty protest against this further worship of the god of war?

They have silenced the majority of the papers of Canada. But they have not silenced COTTON'S WEEKLY. It is a paper that they cannot silence. It is always and ever against the creation of armies for the enslavement of Canadian liberties.

Let a mighty protest go up all over Canada. Let Laurier, that shifty fox who was for the people in opposition and for the labor thieves in power, hear the roar of protest of an awakened nation. He is only a politician and will fear and tremble.

I would appeal to Laurier personally if I thought I could get him to listen. But what can you do with an old man who is facing eternity and is willing to face his Catholic God of Love with the blood of future men and women red on his hands. No personal appeal will move him.

Therefore let him hear the voice of Canada and tremble. Therefore let him hear the voice of indignant workingmen. Perhaps when he hears the rambling of the Canadian nation under his feet he will fear and yield.

THE NAVAL POLIOY

What are you working men going to do about the navy? What are peaceful Christians going to do about the navy? What are you men who want to see murder and legalized brigandage done away with going to do about the navy? What are the great mass of the people of Canada going to do about the navy?

The labor thieves have worked their cards well. They have put up Lord Strathcona as a decoy duck. Strathcona, because he has given a little of the swag he sweats from the toilers of Canada to a hospital or two, has been set on to demand a navy. Laurier has ceased to represent the people of Canada and has come to represent the men who want to steal the liberties of Canada away from her. They are not worth much but the labor thieves find them inconvenient. Laurier listens to the counsels of the parasites of Canadian industry and does their bidding. R. L. Borden, the man who set himself up as a good and righteous statesman, has fallen in with the murder scheme of the financiers and labor thieves of Canada and Great Britain.

These politicians, the faithful henchmen of the men who want to enslave Canadian men and women and bow their necks beneath the weight of military burdens, have turned from even the least pretense of democracy and are

going to run the country with a high hand. They are not going to appeal to the people but are betraying their trust.

Shall you workingmen stand for a murder instrument being created for your enslavement? The navy comes first, then will come the standing army? You workingmen know what the plunders of Canadian workingmen want an army for? Have you not felt the point of the bayonet at Glace Bay? Have you not seen the C. P. R. hurl the soldiery at you in Fort William? You want no army and you want no navy.

Let a mighty protest go up from the workingmen of Canada. Let every union and nonunion man join in the protest. Pour in your protests till Laurier, anxious as he is to steal your liberties from you, will tremble. Organize meetings and protests, bombard your M. P.s. with telegrams and letters. Let the whole of the sober, industrious population of Canada put the fear of a nation's wrath into the hearts of their representatives who are about to meet in the parliament of the nation to betray that nation into military servitude.

You think you have representative institutions. You have within very narrow limits. But you have not representative institutions that amount to a tinker's curse. Just let the workingmen elect a socialist majority and begin to legislate to abolish rent, interest and profit and see how long it would be before the socialist government would be put out of business. The foreign bondholders would shout confiscation and the American and the English army would invade Canada and would probably hang a lot of your workingmen's duly elected representatives. Your chains are riveted upon you by the British fleet. And Lord Strathcona and Laurier and Borden are trying to get a home fleet and a home army to still further rivet your fetters upon you.

A couple of weeks ago an institute was opened in Montreal. The king pressed a button across the pond and the doors flew open in Montreal. Electricity did the trick. The plute lackeys were ordered up and a guard of honor was on duty because it was said that the king was present by electricity. Can capitalist sham go much farther than to say that the little chap was present in Canada in electric juice?

Should the slave love his master because the master drives him to work with the whip and feeds him on the poorest fare? Should the workingmen love the captains of industry who drive them to their grinding tasks by the hunger lash and give them in return wages sufficient only for a dog's life?

The little merchants do not want socialism very much. They may think it a good thing but they won't hustle for it. Just wait two or three years till the big departmental stores have put them completely out of business and then you will hear them squeal like stuck pigs.

The little thief is jailed and the capitalist press can turn him into an object of scorn and hatred. The big thief swings the Liberal government, becomes a millionaire and is hailed by the plute press as an noble example of energy and patriotism.

Capitalism is a lie and its governments are based on a lie. The pretence is that we have representative institutions, but the practice is to base the power of the government on soldiers and force.

The capitalists cannot stop the workingmen from getting all that they should have in the way of returns for labor. It is the workingmen who themselves keep themselves in slavery.

Just as the thief rejoices in a quick haul and an easy victim, so the capitalist rejoices in big dividends and obedient workingmen.

ONTARIO SCHOOL BOOKS

The Whitney Government has been raising a fuss about its ears on the part of the little printing establishments. The big printing establishments have joined the chorus and the little merchants are dragged into the fight. All because the Whitney government accepted the lowest tenderer for the furnishing of school text books.

It appears that the T. Eaton company tendered for the making of these books at a ridiculously low figure from a printer's standpoint. Primers are furnished at 3 1/5 cents, first readers at 4 4/5, second readers at 7 1/4 cents, and so on. The company will send a first primer anywhere in Ontario on the receipt of four cents. The cost of making the book is six cents and the postage is five cents so the company loses seven cents on every copy thus sent.

But the ad is worth a lot. On every book appears the name of the tenderer. It is a departmental store and wants to attract custom. Therefore the furnishing of school text books below cost to get the name of Eaton before the rising generation is good policy.

The printing trade is hammering away at the contract and the local merchants are angry because the big store is eating them up as it is and now the rising generation will imbibe the idea of trading with the department store from very infancy.

The Printer and Publisher, the organ of the printers, writes a wrathful editorial against the contract altho it has to admit that the books are dirt cheap and that they are well made. But it cannot get over the fact that the big store is crushing out the little merchant and indirectly the little printer.

The Whitney government is a wise and crafty one. It sees the tendencies of the time and falls in with them. The little merchant must go and the Whitney government does not care to save him.

It is useless to fight against the systematization of industry that is going on. The department store is expropriating the businesses of the little chaps. It is more economical and will therefore succeed. The only remedy for the little merchant is to join the socialist movement which aims at expropriating the big stores which have expropriated the little ones.

DIVIDING UP

The members of the master class frequently declare that the workers should be grateful when the master class give them a job. The master class would not employ a worker unless they could steal part of the results of his toil. The big corporations only employ men because they can make dividends out of their sweat. The C. P. R. employs about seventy thousand men and the net income of the company is about twenty-one million dollars. For every worker, therefore, employed by the C. P. R., there is paid out in dividends and interest or put down as profit the sum of three hundred dollars. The track hand who heaves ballast all day at a dollar and forty cents per day earns two dollars and forty cents. The company gives him one dollar and forty cents of what he earns and pockets one dollar. Then the company officials blow about how many men they give work to.

The mines, mills, forest, factories and industrial establishments of Canada are run on the same basis as the C. P. R. The men are hired and robbed of half of what they earn. The men stand for this sort of thing because they do not know any better. They know something is wrong somewhere but cannot point out just where. It is the private ownership of the means of production at which men must work to make a living and produce the necessities of life that gives the exploiters a chance to make the workingmen divide up with the loafers. Under socialism the workers will get the full product of their toil or its equivalent. The exploiters misrepresent the doctrine of socialism in order that the people may be deceived as to its true meaning and in order that they may continue to live on the toil of others.

Will Socialism Destroy Private Property?

This article is taken from the "Labor News", of Halifax, England, and is by J. Stitt Wilson, M. A., who will lecture in Montreal under the auspices of Local No. 1, Socialist Party of Canada, on Sunday, November 14th next.

THEY TELL YOU THAT SOCIALISM WOULD DESTROY PRIVATE PROPERTY. Now the very opposite of this is the truth. Those who attack Socialism know that next to the religion of the people the thing they think most sacred in the minds of the people is private property. It is not long ago since men were put to death for stealing very small amounts of private property. In that case private property seemed more sacred than human life. How a man will fight for what he calls "his own." How men cling to what they call theirs, even in the presence of human want and misery. For centuries the human race has had the "private property" idea rubbed into their very souls. And so the opponents of Socialism take this strong motive and work in it. These opponents shout in the ears of the people who have perhaps a few sticks of furniture, a few family heirlooms, a small bank account, enough for a decent burial, perhaps—these opponents shout: "If the Socialists have their way they will take away your private property, you will have nothing left. All things are to be in common. No one will have anything he can call his own. Away with Socialism!"

NOW THE VERY OPPOSITE OF THIS IS WHAT SOCIALISM STANDS FOR. The Socialists, as a party of 12,000,000 voters all over the world, never could come into existence if they had not seen the tens of thousands of the people, millions of people, in poverty—that is bereft of private property. The Socialists see that the present capitalist system leaves great masses of the people without homes, without employment, without money, without resources of any kind—leaves them propertyless. As Socialists we demand that every family ought to have guaranteed opportunity to labor so that each family would have as the natural result of that labor an abundance of private property to satisfy every necessity and comfort of a decent human existence.

The Socialist movement is the first movement in the history of the world that has stood up and demanded as a Right for every Worker—that he should have for himself and his family THE FULL PRODUCE OF HIS TOIL AS HIS OWN PRIVATE PROPERTY. No man should have less; no man has a right to more.

In all the history of the world the people who have done the work, and produced all the wealth have had the products of their labor, which should have been theirs, taken away from them, by Kings, priests, slave-owners, landlords, and other powerful classes. Never in human history yet have the workers received as private property for their own use the product of their toil.

And the same is true to-day. At this very moment two-thirds of all the wealth produced by the working people in the fields and factories, goes to the comparatively idle class who own the land and the machinery. The actual figures for the United Kingdom are as follows:—

There are 43,000,000 people—out of which there are 38,000,000 who are "poor"—and out of the 38,000,000 poor, there are 12,000,000 who are in the grip of perpetual poverty. The product of the labor of the whole people amounts to an average of £200 per family, or about £4 per week for private property, for each family for private use and enjoyment.

By hard work and long hours, often by the labor of father and mother and children, the working-classes are earning or producing this great wealth. But they do not get it. It goes to the already rich and powerful as private property. One—

SEVEREST INDIGESTION

CURED BY "No. 11"

Father Morrissey's Stomach Remedy

So many people with Stomach Trouble came or wrote to Father Morrissey that he gave the matter special attention, and devised his "No. 11" Tablets. Each of these tablets will digest 1½ pounds of food—a good meal—so that even if the stomach can scarcely act at all, the meal will be digested. Read how the treatment cured Mr. Gosline:—

Salmon Lake, Nov. 30, 1908. "I was troubled with indigestion, so severe that I really thought I had cancer of the stomach. I took much doctor's remedies till I was forced to seek another resource, and this was the Rev. Father Morrissey. His treatments worked miracles, until I have been entirely cured, so that now I do not look to the quality of the diet but to the quantity."

J. T. GOSLINE.

No matter what form of Indigestion or Dyspepsia you may have, "No. 11" Tablets will help, if not cure you. 50c. at your dealer's, or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

third of the entire income goes to less than one-thirtieth of the people. This wealth that is earned by the whole people is divided like this: Suppose you had 100 persons, and by their united labor they produced £100 of wealth. If then, £35 were given to three persons, and the other £65 were divided among the remaining 97 persons—that would show you how the private property is now divided. And the first three persons are those who own land and machinery, and the other 97 are those who do the labor.

NOW THE SOCIALISTS SAY THAT THIS IS UNJUST AND WRONG. They say that those who get so little private property ought to have an abundance. They earn it. They create it. We say the workers should get all the produce, less that required for the common upkeep. And because we demand this private property for the people who produce it, they say to you we come to destroy private property.

WE WANT EVERY MAN TO HAVE AS HIS PRIVATE PROPERTY ALL HE CAN EARN. BUT WE DON'T WANT A FEW PEOPLE TO CONTROL THE LAND AND MACHINERY, AND THUS TAKE GREAT AMOUNTS OF WHAT OTHER PEOPLE EARN.

Socialism is a defence of private property in the hands of the people that earn it. Socialism is an attack upon a system which takes away from the people what they earn and puts it in hands that never earned it. The Capitalist System is legalised robbery of the people who produce wealth by labor. The Capitalist System does this by virtue of the fact that a very few people own and control for private profit the land and the machinery by which all labor. Thus they hold the 38,000,000 at their mercy. These millions are landless, and without opportunities to labor, except at the mercy of those who control the manufacturing and selling of goods. Hence all the wealth that all the workers produce goes first to the few that control industry. It's their private property. They pay back in wages, whatever they are forced to by the condition of the labor market, and the power of labor unions. The rest—the surplus—is piled up in great fortunes, which they think they have made by their business efforts. BUT THEY HAVE MADE IT OUT OF THE HELPlessness AND THE HARD TOIL OF THE WORKING-CLASS. There is no wealth made in any other way. All wealth, except natural resources, is produced by human labor. It does not fall from the skies. Some human energy is put forth to create—all of it—bushes, or steamships, rivets or locomotives.

Perhaps an example may help us to see this. Mr. Rockefeller is the richest man in the world. He is so rich that if he had been born when Christ was born, 1900 years ago, had lived each hour of the working-day, had saved it all, never spending any of it for food, clothing, or doctor bills—he would not have as much money as he has got in the last 25 years as his private fortune.

Or to put it in another way. If all his property were coined into solid gold, and placed in bags weighing 14 stone each, it would take an army of 20,000 men to carry it, each with a sack on his back!

Did Mr. Rockefeller beg his money? No. DID HE STEAL IT? No. DID HE EARN IT? No. He could never earn it. Where did he get it? It is the surplus earnings of hundreds and thousands of working men, women, and children—earnings they never received. He is able to secure this huge fortune, and call it his private property, BECAUSE HE CONTROLS LAND AND MACHINERY WHICH OUGHT TO BELONG TO THE WHOLE PEOPLE.

The Socialists say this: NO MAN OR SET OF MEN SHOULD OWN AS PRIVATE PROPERTY THE LAND AND MACHINERY ON WHICH THE WHOLE PEOPLE ARE DEPENDENT FOR A LIVING.

We say: What the Whole People Socially Need to guarantee every man an opportunity to labor, the Whole People should Socially Own. What the People thus Socially Own would be called Social Property or Collective Property, or Public Property, the same as a Town Hall or a Public School.

The Whole People should own their own railroads, canals, and steamship lines. They should, therefore, own the coalmines, and all iron mines and iron works, and engineering works, as necessary equipment for the railroads and steamship lines. The Whole People should be the Landlord and rent out the land to the people for homes, for gardens, for small farms, for larger farms.

If this were done, every man could have a sweet, clean, happy home—place with grass, and garden plot, a place to breathe a decent place for his children. He could be secure in this home as long as he lived and used it. But no one would be permitted to own God's earth and charge other people for the chance to live on it. There would be no slums, no over-crowding, no wretched rooms of tenements, looking like prisons. The working-classes that build all homes now, would build beautiful homes in beautiful surroundings for the delight and satisfaction of themselves and their loved ones. PRIVATE LANDLORDISM IS A CRIME AGAINST THE HUMAN RACE. It is time it was abolished off the earth. May God speed the day!

The Whole People should own big, well-equipped shops and factories for the manufacture of all the necessities and comforts of life. This at

least. The manufacture of luxuries, and a multitude of nick-nacks, varieties, showy things, of every sort, novelties, toys, tricks, and all that might be left to private individuals. But no man or set of men should control the manufacture and supply of Bread, Clothing, Coal, Furniture, and all the necessities and comforts of life. The shops and machinery for making these should be Socially Owned, just as we own our Battleships and the Post Office.

BY DOING THIS EMPLOYMENT WOULD BE GIVEN TO EVERY MAN. The hours of labor might be greatly shortened. This would give to the worker leisure to study and improve his mind. Or he could develop some private fad or fancy or invention, or service in his spare time. He could cultivate a garden, or raise fancy birds, or invent tools, or roam the fields, or attend university courses of study, or do any one of a thousand things. He would have time and security.

IF THIS WERE DONE EVERY MAN MIGHT EXPECT TO SEE EVERY CHILD HE HAD EDUCATED IN BOOKS, MUSIC, MACHINERY, OR ART, each according to his or her taste and ability—after through ground-work in the general branches and manual training. There need never be any child-labor. If the father got as his private property what his labor creates, instead of losing two-thirds of it, as he does now to the Rockefeller and land-lords, he could provide an abundance for his family without requiring the labor of his wife and children in the factory and shop.

Old-age would never again be in terror of the workhouse, or the worse terrors of deep degrading poverty. Perhaps even old-age pensions would scarcely be needed. The people would be able to provide out of their own earnings all needed provisions. Or if they had old-age pensions, it would be no charity. But the same as Life Insurance—your right under certain conditions.

But I will not add more this time. These words may help you to see somewhat plainer what Socialists propose, and I shall add to them in another issue.

Don't let the "blind leaders of the blind" throw dust in what sight you have left. MODERN CAPITALISM HAS UTTERLY FAILED TO SATISFY THE SIMPLEST WANTS OF THE WORKING-CLASSES, and is a slavery and a bondage unspeakable. Capitalism has not fed the people. It has not housed them. It cannot clothe them. It cannot employ them. When it does employ the people it robs them of two-thirds of the product of their toil—and then when Socialism wants a stop put to that Great Gamble with human life, Capitalism arises to defend Private Property—not for the people who earn it, but for the people who get what other people have earned!

Working men, or working women, your place is in the Socialist ranks. Your place is in the great wrong and to bring in at last in the history of the world an age when the people who labor will have a guaranteed opportunity to labor, and when they will have the product of their toil as their private property, for the use and enjoyment of themselves and their children.

WHAT THE WHOLE PEOPLE SOCIALLY NEED, THE WHOLE PEOPLE SHOULD SOCIALLY OWN. Then,

WHAT EACH MAN EARN IN THE SOCIALLY OWNED PROPERTY WILL HAVE HIS PRIVATE PROPERTY FOR PERSONAL USE.

PRIVATE PROPERTY IN THE RESOURCES BY WHICH ALL LIVE IS ROBBERY OF PRIVATE PROPERTY FROM THOSE WHO LABOR AND EARN.

SOCIAL PROPERTY IN THE RESOURCES BY WHICH ALL LIVE MEANS PRIVATE PROPERTY TO EACH THAT HE MAY LIVE.

A Bunch of Good Books

I have read the following books and can heartily recommend them to comrades who desire to obtain a more thorough knowledge of the socialist philosophy.

"The Principles of Scientific Socialism." This is a book that cannot be too highly praised. It should occupy the place of honor among recent expositions of Socialism. Cloth \$1.00, paper 35 cents.

"Collectivism and Industrial Revolution" by Emile Vandervelde, is a book I would pay five dollars for, if necessary. Cloth 50 cents.

"Socialism, what it is and what it seeks to accomplish" by Liebknecht is a masterpiece. Paper, 10 cents.

"The Communist Manifesto" by Marx and Engels is an historical document of unsurpassed importance. 10 cents.

"Value, Price and Profit" by Marx is indispensable, for an understanding of Socialist economics. 10 cents a copy.

W. R. S.

You can get all these books from Cotton's Book Department.

When the King of Greece wanted to quit his Kingship the King of England ordered him to stick to his job. When Ferrer was about to be murdered Earl Grey, Foreign Minister of Great Britain, unctuously declared that Great Britain could not interfere in the internal affairs of another nation. It is such duplicity as the above that will get the temper of the British people aroused and sweep king and nobles and plutocratic government into oblivion.

The capitalist system turns friendly men into competitive brutes. The capitalist declares that this is good as it makes men hostile. The same declaration was made by Roman nobles when they set man against man to kill each other in the Roman amphitheatres.

TOILERS & IDLERS

Copyright, 1907 by John R. McMahon

SYNOPSIS

A rich young man, tired of a monotonous life, goes to work in a New York iron foundry, which he discovers to be his own property. He lives in the East Side, meets many surprising characters, and has a variety of adventures. His social studies are interwoven with his relations to three young women of diverse charm, a working-girl agitator, a girl who paints, and one who belongs to high society. Scenes of uptown life contrast vividly with the world of labor. A powerful romance of real people and things.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued)

He was thankful for a long rest when the upper box was lifted by the crane, turned on its back and laid alongside on a pair of trestles. It held a perfect impression of the top of the pattern, heights and hollows, curves, and even the lettering of the foundry name. Next the moulder turned to the lower box, withdrew certain pins, tapped gently with the mallet, and drew out the pattern in sections. The halved moulds, top and bottom, gave the precise shape of the vanished model.

Day on his knees began to smooth the delicate outlines with his trowel, leveling an imperceptible ridge, polishing the suave curves. A heart-and-spoon trowel delved into recesses to flick out grains of sand. But his best tool was a sensitive, stubby thumb that squared angles, rounded edges and twisted and turned with a sure deftness. Whitish hairs grew on the small, plump, active hands, coarse only in the blackened palms. The red creases in the neck, the prominent Adam's apple and the shrewd bluish eyes seemed appropriate to the hale worker who had time amid all activity to hum "The Girls of Killarney."

"Otis," said the old man, pausing to wipe a thumb on palm, "have you been educated much?" "Well I used to think so." "Who was the first moulder?" "Give it up."

"Aaron, my son, he made the golden calf. Here's another. What's the most precious metal?" "Not gold, I suppose?" "Iron, my son. Look it up and you'll find that's so. Iron's bread and water, gold's cake and champagne."

"Some people are bred to a corrupted taste," argued the helper, smiling. "For example, if I had a thumb like yours—"

"You're smart enough, you'll learn," said Day encouragingly. "Anyhow, son, it's easier to become a molder, yes, or anything, than to be and keep being a man."

Rensen was silent. The earlier process of venting the molds became a subject of discourse. A sharp-pointed wire had been thrust through the sands in several directions. These vents provided an escape for the gases made by fluid iron in contact with moisture and combustible elements. The most im-

portant of the tiny outlets connected with the cinder bed below all, a gas drainage system ending in large holes at each end.

"You new man," roared an abrupt barytone voice. "Did you come here to rape, you fat-cheeked son of a she-dog?"

Rensen turned in astonishment to the wiry, red-haired man who wore a short green coat and had a derby hat aslant over his eyes.

"Yes, you're it! Wake up," vociferated the foreman.

Rensen perceived that he was the object of address. At a loss of language, more interested than offended, he felt as on a previous occasion the inadequacy of drawing-room smoothness, innuendo and polished sarcasm.

"Why don't you answer me?" bawled the foreman.

"Mr. Hewitt," said John Day quietly, looking up from his work. "This man is my helper."

"He don't act like it," blustered the foreman in a milder tone. "I am well satisfied with him, Mr. Hewitt."

"All right, all right, Mr. Day—of course if you need him and he ain't loafing. But we're short-handed. Zienski wants a hand with his flasks. The foreman was almost apologetic.

The old molder at length conceded the loan of his helper, not until he had performed sundry deliberate operations with bellows and trowel. Zienski grunted when Rensen came to him, and indicated with a gesture, what was to be done.

At first view he seemed to be deformed, both shoulders and less. Thick, unkempt, black hair covered his large head; ragged black whiskers went from ear to ear and up to the high hollow cheek bones. He had small fiery eyes, a bulging forehead that wrinkled spasmodically in moments of excitement, thin lips that drew back over yellowish uneven teeth. It was noteworthy that while the men regarded John Day with a pleasant respect, they seemed to be almost afraid of this gnawing-like figure. If they came to borrow a trowel or the claywater pail, the deference was extreme. Only behind his back was he called Blackwash Zienski.

"May I ask," ventured Rensen in a full of proceedings, "whether you men work by the day or—er—the piece?"

"May I ask," mimicked the other. "Where you come from?" "I came from several places."

"All your friends wear varnished shoes?" "What difference does that make to you?"

"Nothing snarled Zienski, wrinkling his brows. "Perhaps you object to varnish?"

"No, but I tell you," was the ferocious reply, "if the foreman shout at me like he shout at you, instead I stand like a man brought up in varnish-leather, I crack his skull with a rammer!"

CHAPTER IV.

The whistle blew. On the instant tools were dropped, whether shovel in air or sieve full of sand. Some, as if it were a signal acrobatic for which they had been loitering, vaulted and leaped over boxes, seized coat and hat from the wall, and ran. They disappeared at the main entrance, shouting and laughing. The older men leisurely reached for their dinner pails and sought comfort under the windows. When the sudden hubbub died away and the flapping belt on the wheels that gave crane-power stopped, the foundry became almost painfully quiet.

John Day and Tom Locker were sitting on a heap of sand by the yard door that let in a little sunlight. The handsome young moulder had a pail between his knees; he took large bites of sandwiches and swallowed coffee direct from a whiskey flask. Being asked by Rensen, whose grimy hands were a concern, where one might get a wash, Tom jerked his thumb toward a faucet in the corner. Rensen saw no one washing there and guessed that the men had not time for such trifles. "Did you bring a lunch, son?" asked Day of the helpless novice. "No? Well, I'll send my Peggy to get one round the corner."

"Thanks, it is very kind of you."

At this moment a bright-eyed little girl, snub-nosed, of bricky hair in two braids, ran in panting. She had her father's lunch pail. She stooped to pull up a stocking, said hello to Tom Locker, and at the same time explained she had been kept late at school.

"Peggy, this is Mr. Otis," said her father. "Will you fetch him a lunch from the store?"

The little girl quickly looked him over. "Want a ten-cent or a sixteen-cent lunch?"

Rensen smiled. "Sixteen, by all means. I'm hungry."

But putting hand in pocket he found only large bills, hardly suitable to the role of laborer. He turned red.

"Haven't you got any money?" asked the little girl, sympathetically. "That's all right," said John Day, glancing at the embarrassed helper. "Pay day's next week." He gave Peggy a quarter and told her to hurry up.

Rensen sat down very much ashamed. The roll of bills amounted to several hundred dollars.

(To be continued)

To Manitoba Readers

Would the readers of "Cotton's" in Manitoba, who think chances good for a successful propaganda meeting being held in their neighborhood, or would like to hear further of the movement kindly write to EDMUND FULCHER, Organizer, 304, 21st St., Brandon, Man.

SHERIFF'S SALE

FERI FACIAS DE BONIS ET DE TERRIS

Superior Court—District of Bedford.

Province of Quebec, District of Bedford. No. 8206.

JOHN J. CHAFFEE, and FRANKLIN B. FROST, Plaintiffs; against the goods and lands of ANDREW GARLIN, Defendant.

That certain piece of land forming part of lot one, range two of the primitive survey, of the township of Dunham, county of Missisquoi and district of Bedford, and now known on the official plan and book of reference of the said township of Dunham as number one hundred and ninety-two (192)—with all improvements thereon, containing fifty four acres, more or less, and bounded south by public road.

To be sold at the church door of the parish of Saint-Francois d'Assise de Frelsburg, in the village of Frelsburg and district of Bedford, on the TWENTY SEVENTH day of NOVEMBER NEXT, at the hour of TEN of the clock in the forenoon.

CHAS. S. COTTON, Sheriff's office, Sherif. Sweetsburg, 11th October, 1909.



Sask-Alta Steel Range

Will Hold 325 lbs. Weight

Oven-door of an ordinary range has weak supports. You are afraid to lean on the door or place a heavy roast on it.

No danger of Sask-Alta oven-door ever breaking down. It has tremendously strong supports.

Under actual test Sask-Alta oven-door has held 325 lbs.—which is over ten times the weight it requires to sustain in ordinary use.

Sask-Alta is made extra strong everywhere. It is pounds heavier than ordinary steel ranges. It's built to last, is Sask-Alta. It's the range for you.

McClary's

For Sale by McCLATCHIE BROS., Cowansville

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE

Patronize Cotton's Advertisers Insurance Placed Anywhere Write for Rates

HERMAN E. REICH

580 Chaussee St., MONTREAL

MONTREAL LOCAL NO. 1

SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA, meets at Socialist Headquarters, No. 10 St. Charles Borromeo Street.

OTTO JAHN, SECRETARY, 528 Chaussee St., Montreal

NEW SOCIALIST GAME

"The Class Struggle" Good fun, 50c. 100c. 150c. 200c. 250c. 300c. 350c. 400c. 450c. 500c. 550c. 600c. 650c. 700c. 750c. 800c. 850c. 900c. 950c. 1000c.

READ

The Western Clarion

\$1.00 Per Year

PUBLISHED BY

THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.

THE GREAT SOCIALIST ORATOR

J. Stitt Wilson, M. A.

Fresh from his Successful Crusade in England, will deliver a

Lecture on SOCIALISM at the Labor Temple, St. Dominique St.

MONTREAL

Sunday, Nov. 14th, 2.30 p. m.

ADMISSION 10 CENTS

What to Read on Socialism

By Charles H. Kerr, Editor of the International Socialist Review. Eighty beautifully printed pages, with many portraits of socialist writers. Includes a simple, concise statement of the principles of socialism. One copy free on request. 10 mailed for 25c; 100 for \$1.00; 1,000 for \$10.00.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO. 153 Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ill.

CHANGE IN COTTON'S

Did you ever hear of Mark Twain's Mississippi boat that had a large whistle and a small boiler. The whistle took a lot of steam so that when the boat wanted to go it could not whistle and when it wanted to whistle it had to stop?

That is like Cotton's Weekly in the past. To publish eight pages took all the staff from week to week. There was no time to hustle for more subs nor to investigate Canadian affairs nor to do the thousand and one things necessary in a printing establishment besides the actual printing and mailing of the paper.

Moreover the paper was costing money and every new sub got seemed to add to the deficit. Something had to be done.

As you will notice Cotton's goes to four pages this week. I put out a four pages a couple of weeks ago and have received quite a few objections. To tell the truth the monoline broke down and tied us all up for a couple of days. Then the gasoline engine went back on us on publication day.

So the four page paper was an unavoidable necessity.

Now, however, the paper is being reduced to four pages. This is for two reasons. First the paper was costing too much money and second the staff need more time to devote to getting out a good paper. There will be more brains and less pulp.

As to economy, did you notice all the ads Cotton's was carrying? By cutting the paper down to four pages and throwing out all commercial advertising matter the Weekly will save in paper bills alone a hundred dollars a year above what the advertisements were bringing in. There will be moreover reduced postage and reduced printing charges.

The one thing this paper has to do is to pay its way. It is all very nice to have a socialist paper that is big but if it does not pay its way it is bound to fail sooner or later.

One Comrade writes in that he will stop his bundle. He was taking an eight page paper and does not want any monkey tricks played on him. He wants to know what I would think if the paper company made a contract to deliver so much paper for a certain price and then cut the amount delivered in two. The analogy is very imperfect. Cotton's Weekly is not run according to the capitalist scheme. If I were putting up a capitalist game I would close up the paper and go back to the practise of law and tell all you socialists to sweat yourselves to death and I would get my share of the plunder from the labor thieves.

The Weekly was not the kind of a paper that I wanted to run. It was too much propaganda and not enough agitation. Capitalism is rotten to the core and I want to expose that rotteness. I do not want to run a nice little weekly paper that the labor thieves will pat on the back. I want to run a sheet that they will grind their teeth at and try by all possible means, both legal and illegal, to put out of business. I want a Canadian Appeal to Reason, only with more fight in it if that be possible.

In the socialist movement of Canada, Montreal is the hard nut to crack. I want to crack it. Montreal is the city where labor thieves congregate and enjoy their gilded dens of iniquity and hire expensive priests to shrive their souls free of their misdeeds. I want to rip the capitalist rottenness of Montreal open to see. I have opened an office in Montreal and will try to spend two days a week there.

I have been asking you socialists to give me a subscription list of ten thousand. Do you think I want that sub list just to swell out my chest and proudly say, "I'm running a paper and it really has got a circulation of ten thousand?" Not a bit of it. I want that ten thousand to begin

the agitation. Do you think the Canadian postal authorities are any better than the American? The postoffice is a plute organization and will put Cotton's Weekly out of business unless the circulation scares the authorities. The Canadian postal authorities excluded the Appeal to Reason a few years ago and there rolled in such a tide of protest that the plute lacqueys running the postoffice got scared and crawled. Give me a circulation that will make the Canadian government henchmen of the plutocratic class grind their teeth in impotent rage when we begin to tackle the system in earnest.

I have been listening to the murmurs from the army of hustlers and they have the right ring. I'm going to get that ten thousand sub list in a hurry for all the hustlers are going to take off their coats and go after readers. I have felt the pulse of the boys and know that I can back Cotton's bullies against capitalism's bat-eyed bums every time.

Cape Breton Convention

On the 25th of October the Socialists of Cape Breton met in Glace Bay to hold a convention. Locals Glace Bay, Sydney Mines, and Dominion, N. S. were largely represented.

Convention was called to consider advisability of taking political action in the next Provincial election. The morning session was spent in hearing reports of the visiting comrades about the work carried on in their respective localities. A representative committee of five were appointed to draw up resolutions for the afternoon session.

During the afternoon the following resolutions were discussed and carried unanimously.

RE POLITICAL ACTION

"Whereas the present industrial system is based on the exploitation of the worker. The working class being under the necessity of selling its labor power for what maintains a bare existence; and

Whereas this condition can only be remedied by the abolition of the present wage system under which all production is carried on for the profit of the capitalist class; and

Whereas all other political parties, under whatever name known stand for the maintenance of the present system of exploitation;

"Therefore be it resolved that the Socialist Party of Cape Breton contest this constituency at the next provincial election on this issue; and

"Be it further resolved that an appeal be made to the working class of Cape Breton to rally to the support of the Socialist Party in an effort to secure its own Emancipation."

RE PROPOSED VISIT OF COM. W. D. HAYWOOD.

"That we recommend if at all feasible to have Com. Haywood in our midst and have a tour arranged amongst the locals of the party of Cape Breton and that the co-operation of every individual of the working class be urged to make it a success."

RESOLUTION RE ARTICLE IN "STANDARD."

"Whereas in a recent issue of the Glace Bay Standard, a paper published in the interests of the Liberal-Conservative Party in this town, there appeared a disparaging criticism of our Comrade W. D. Haywood of Denver, Colorado, who is at present touring the continent under the auspices of the International Socialist Party;

"Therefore be it resolved that we strongly resent this unwarranted attack on the character of our comrade by the paper referred to."

RESOLUTION RE FERRER.

"Whereas the Government of Spain has perpetrated a deed that has horrified the civilized world, in executing one Francisco Ferrer, the great Spanish Educator;

"Whereas his death is another evidence of the implacable hatred of the ruling classes towards all who labor for the enlightenment and advance of the interests of the common people;

"Be it therefore resolved that the Socialist Party of Cape Breton in convention assembled add its protest to that of the International Socialist Party of the world against this horrible deed and unite with it in passing condemnation on this greatest crime of modern times;

"Be it further resolved that we condemn the British Government for its laxity of action in taking steps to prevent this murder, and can only draw this conclusion that it too is opposed to the onward march of the working class towards liberty and freedom."

Committee—J. Clachrie, R. Baxter, J. Taylor, S. Haddow, A. McKinnon.

Yours in Revolt
ALFRED NASH, Rec. Sec.

PARTY NOTES.

J. F. Johnson, of Enderby, B. C., Socialist candidate for Okanagan Valley for the B. C. Legislature is a well-tried Socialist, and the type of man required by the citizens of that valley to go to Victoria. Jim is the most determined and aggressive man in the whole valley and will make a splendid addition to the Socialist representation in the Legislature.

CO-OPERATIVE FARMING.

There are several farmers in the neighborhood of Camrose, Alberta, who are in favor of starting a big co-operative farm and stock ranch. They would like to get ideas from our readers on this subject by correspondence. Those interested should write to Claude M. Nash, Camrose, Alberta.

FIRING LINE

Ed. Bailey, of Montreal forwards a yearly.

E. Grummitt of Toronto takes a half year of Cotton's dope.

E. H. Gurton of Dauphin, Man., becomes a reader for a year.

D. Smith of Edmonton, takes a five month's sub to Cotton's.

Bert Mabe of Cobalt, Ont., becomes a reader for a year.

A. M. Oliver, of Nelson, B. C. forwards two yearlies.

Chas. Cunningham of Montreal sends in two trials.

Wm. Watt, of Rapid City, Man., sends in his weekly list of ten trials.

Harry Sibble forwards the price of eight yearlies from Vancouver, B. C.

A. Abbott, of Wiggins, Sask., also steps up and takes a year's dope.

B. Brydson, of Toronto drops in seven trials. Says Cotton's is the most sensible paper he has read.

From Marble Mountains, N.S. comes an order for a bundle of ten. Comrade R. Mock, C. B. is the guilty party.

Geo. Heatherton steps up to the dope counter and lines up four readers for a year's dope from Greenwood, B. C.

Two yearlies drop in from I. A. Austin of Nelson, B. C. The railway men are feeling the pinch along with other wage slaves.

A. W. Moore, of West Toronto, lugs into the satchel wigwag a yearly, three halfers and two trials. Then he gumshoes out and moccasins for more.

Stephen Grainger bobs up from Fort William and takes a yearly. Trials and a bundle to catch other subs with. Signs himself, "Yours for the better day."

S. Rebag forwards three halves and six trials for Montreal. He hopes to see the paper prosper exceedingly till it shakes the capitalist system like a terrier does a rat.

From Geo. Penfold, Guelph, Ont., comes in one half and nine trials. A big bunch of subs are now going to Guelph through the sub hustling efforts of the comrades of that locality.

S. W. Welch of Bowden, Alta., sends along a yearly to be educated in the doctrines of socialism and to be a participator of the fight between socialism and capitalism.

John W. Lomas of Halifax wants a bundle of ten. Wants to know if Cotton's is going to four pages. It is going to four pages but the actual reading matter contained in it will be but little reduced.

J. Wesley Burns, of St. Thomas, Ont., sends along three yearlies and two halves. Cotton's is going to start the dog-fight in earnest with the capitalist system and it needs every sub that can possibly be got.

M. Libson, of Montreal, is again to hand with a yearly sub. These revolutionists who go around sniping at the capitalist system will get the whole bunch of labor thieves on the run if they just snipe enough.

From John McInnis, Phoenix, B. C., comes an order for seventy-six trials. The B. C. elections are on and the B. C. comrades are working hard to open the eyes of their blind neighbors.

H. A. Fogal of Brantford steps into the doorway with a yearly, a trial and three halves. Comrade Fogal must be getting where it is hard work hitting the trail for new scalps as he has pretty well worked the region wherein he abides.

Alex. Leekie of Ottawa takes a half yearly and a trial. Says that the paper makes him feel like of old when he used to get the Labor Leader in England. He considers the conditions worse in Canada than they are in the old country.

J. L. McLemant writes as follows, "Your sample copy of paper to hand with which I am very much pleased. I need hardly say a paper of this sort is badly needed in Canada." He forwards two yearlies to show that he appreciates the stuff. Comes all the way from Yukon Territory too.

"Ho, here I come at last!" comes from a west Ontario comrade as he comes into the tent with a muffled lead. The plute boss should see him visiting the forbidden socialist camp. He deposits four subs and hits the trail on a still hunt for more.

John Lang of Castlegar, B. C., sends along two yearlies. He reports that subs are hard to get there as the citizens are all hypnotized by the capitalist system. In a couple of years they will awake and grow wroth at their own past foolishness.

James Williamson, of Ayr, Ont., forwards a yearly sub for a neighbor. Says he has been feeding him with Cotton's for quite a while. He advises that we lessen bulk as much as possible and grow with positive need, and above all to make it brisk and lively with lots of vim.

Well, well, well. Here comes Comrade R. Addy of Everts, Alta., leading five of his neighbors by the hand who want to sample the dope for three months. They will be tended to and the barkeep will try to make a mixture that will hit the right spot.

Just received a two year's sub from L. D. McCall, of Keewatin, Ont. This was sent on Aug. 16th, and went to Conesville, Iowa. Then it was sent to the dead letter office and is just to hand. The address was perfectly plain. The only reason I can give of the delay is that some plute mail clerk wanted to hold up Cotton's Weekly from reaching its destination.

H. E. Hatch, of Kelowna, B. C., saw Cotton's at a neighbor's house to whom it had been sent by some friend. He hastens to subscribe. Comrade Hatch is not a member of the party but has voted for socialism and takes every opportunity to study the subject and talk it up. He wants the best he can get for his children to study.

Fred Larson of Union Bay, B. C., sends in his sub and takesive trials to people living in his locality. Says that we are surely getting up a great paper and hopes that five trials will subscribe for a life time. I hope they won't have to. I hope the social revolution will be here before many moons. As to getting up a great paper the past editions will not be in it when I start the dog fight with capitalism in earnest.

R. W. Northey, of Olalla, B. C., renews his sub and that of a neighbor. Wants to know if the editor knows anything about theosophy and if he does not why does he hit it so hard. He writes as follows "Every theosophist I know is a true socialist; could not be anything else. Why? Because the beautiful ideals and true brotherhood of theosophy cannot be actually realized until socialism is victorious, until the present damnable system of selfishness and greed aside and the real brotherhood of man inaugurated." I remember the particular paragraph which has raised the question of theosophy. However, I may say that as far as I am concerned my present task is to fight the capitalist system on the purely material plane of bread and butter and clothing and leisure. All socialists must find the questions of theosophy and allied subjects interesting. Idealism, monism, dualism, Brahminism, psychic phenomena, and many other things are interesting. The idea that man is but a manifestation of divine consciousness is an attractive one and personally I am rather curious to observe what manifestations of psychic power will appear when the individual consciousness of men are moved in one direction instead of in antagonistic directions as at present. But these things are for the future. I am engaged in the fight with the capitalist system and when you are in a fight you have your energies mostly absorbed with the struggle. On with the dog fight and after the fight is over we can fraternize in brotherhood.

What It Costs to Print Cotton's

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

Ordinary Expenditure.....	\$2,361.43
Capital.....	755.93
Total.....	3,117.36
Cash Received.....	1,563.87
Deficit.....	1,553.49

CALL TO OKANAGAN VALLEY SOCIALISTS.

Mara, B. C., Oct. 26, 1909. Socialists in the Okanagan Valley are hereby called to assist in the election of T. F. Johnson, Socialist Candidate for the Provincial House. The election is called for November 25th. Funds are needed and should be sent to H. C. D. Gildemester, at Mara, B. C., where he has moved. Every vote is needed. Socialist scrutineers will see that the count is square. Fight for the principles of Socialism and the triumphs of the farmers and wage earners.

GEO. W. PATTERSON
Secretary Local Vernon

Socialist Meeting

Socialism has invaded Newcastle. Indeed it has been a living reality for some time, but it made its debut on Thursday night when Mr. Wilfrid G. Gribble addressed a meeting in Park Hall on Thursday night. The attendance was small, beginning with a baker's dozen and ending with a score. An open air meeting at the bandstand was to have been the order for the following evening but the storm prevented it. We learned, however, that had the elements failed, an artificial storm was in preparation by some of the youths of the town. Nature prevented this breach of peace.

The above is a short editorial from the Newcastle, N. B., Union Advocate. This is one of the little papers that have been complaining bitterly against the inroads of the departmental stores. It has been begging its readers to support the little local merchants. Its editor does not see that the small store has got to go and that we cannot stop the process. When will the editor wake up and discover that socialism is the only remedy? Do not smash the big businesses which are cheap and economical but confiscate them for the good of the men who do the necessary and useful work.

Treading on Thin Ice

The Inter-Ocean sneeringly asks whether the man who killed Ito was a martyr or murderer, intimating that the opinions of many people on that question will be determined by his political opinions. It follows this up with a similar sneer and comparison with Ferrer.

Does the Inter Ocean know that it is treading on dangerous ground when it raises the question of murder guilt of those indirectly responsible for deaths? Before discussion the question of Ito and Ferrer it might be well for the Inter Ocean to write a few editorials discussing the question of whether it was murder when Armour slaughtered twenty men for profit in his ammonia plant; when the Illinois Steel company butchered men by wholesale in its plants, and when its particular pet, the Economy Light and Power company, profited by the killing of two men in the effort to prevent the sale of electric power by the Sanitary District.

The Socialist has no sympathy with violence in any form. He condemns assassination, war, capital, punishment, and even murder for profit.—Chicago Daily Socialist.



BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH

Don't use as much "Black Knight" as you have been using of other stove polishes. You don't need as much, to bring a brilliant, glittering, lasting polish to the iron-work. A little of "Black Knight" goes a long way. And you get a bigger box of "Black Knight" than of any other stove polish that sells for 10c.

If, for any reason, you can't get "Black Knight" Stove Polish at your dealer's, send 10c. for a large can postpaid.

THE F. F. VALLEY CO. LIMITED, - HAMILTON, Ont.
Makers of the famous "2 in 1" Shoe Polish. 20

World Wide Socialism

The Illinois State Federation of Labor are giving twenty-three hundred dollars to keep the Swedish strike going.

Dr. Stanton Coit, ex-member of parliament of Great Britain, is in Chicago on a lecture tour. He declares that Great Britain is on the verge of revolt against the Lords.

On October the 26th the Chicago Daily Socialist celebrated its third birthday. The Chicago Daily has a lot of capitalist scalps hanging on its belt and is still on the warpath.

According to a report issued by J. Mahlon Barnes, National Secretary of the U. S. Socialist Party, the socialist movement is growing rapidly in the factory states.

A sense of great disorder occurred in the Russian duma on October 26th, when the socialists endeavored to have declared unconstitutional the Imperial Ukase with regard to military matters. The Conservative members left the hall.

The American Federation of Labor will meet at Toronto on November 8th. The meeting will be a stormy one as many union men are revolutionized and want to put in revolutionary leaders in the place of the conservative ones who are now at the head of the organization.

In 1892 the great Chicago strike of railway men took place. The bosses created a riot and hired thugs to burn cars and damage property. The federal troops were called in and the strike was put down by force. Now seventeen years after, the state supreme court decides that the city of Chicago must pay seven hundred thousand dollars to the railroads for the property the bosses had destroyed.

In the recent Berlin elections for the Prussian diet out of the four Candidates to be elected three socialists won out and the fourth has still a chance of winning on the second ballot.

The American Sheet and Tin Plate Company are not satisfied with the brutality of the state Cossacks and are organizing a lot of sluggers into a private military police force. This company operates in western Pennsylvania.

As the American Federation of Labor is to meet in Toronto on the 8th of November such socialists who will attend should communicate with the Provincial executive of the socialist party. Address P. C. Young, 940 Pape Avenue, Toronto.

L. Gutierrez de Lara, the Mexican who accompanied Turner on his expedition through Mexico and gave

Turner the tip for his American Magazine articles on the hell hole of Mexico, has been arrested by American officials and is to be deported to Mexico as an alien anarchist. Diaz the butcher wants to get his bloody clutches on him and Taft the Fat is helping. The American Refugee Defense League is fighting to keep de Lara on American soil.

A teamster writing in the Chicago Daily Socialist asks the public not to blame the teamsters when they swear and beat overworked horses. The teamsters must carry five tons and make schedule time or they get hell from the express companies who employ them. Let the S. P. C. A. chew this statement over.

The Danish ministry has fallen and the Danish King called upon the socialists and radicals to form a cabinet jointly. The socialists refused and the authorities are up a stump.

There are eighteen thousand school children in Chicago for whom there is no school accommodations. But the child labor factories have doors which yawn for the youngsters.

State organizer F. T. Maxwell, back from a tour of Illinois, declares that socialism is winning the miners of the state.

The Appeal to Reason has put Pontius Pilate Pollock on the spit. This Kansas Federal judge and socialist baiter is shown to be a man who is not fit to be a lawyer much less a judge.

The Appeal digs into his record and shows that betraying clients to the opposite side was one of his least heinous sins.

At Eisleben, Germany, forty five men were sacked because they joined the socialist party. As a result ten thousand men have struck and the copper and lignite mines are tied up.

In Baden, Germany, the socialist vote has increased from fifty thousand to eighty thousand.

The Price of Cotton's is 50c a year.

Six Months 25c.

Three Months Trial 10c.

Ten copies 3 months \$1.00

Twenty-five 3 months \$2.50

To New Subscribers

All subs received up to Monday night go in this week's issue. Those received after, will go on next week. This is unavoidable, as subs must be entered and put in type in a systematic manner.

Capitalism allows a few men to squeeze the life and morality out of many men and women.



Rev. Father Morrissey

Father Morrissey's "No. 11" Cures Stomach Troubles.

When your stomach is working right you never know it is there. But when it feels as heavy as lead—when you have Heartburn, Belching of Wind, Sourness, a gnawing hunger, with distress after eating—when you feel irritable and depressed—then you may know that the digestive fluids in the stomach are not sufficient to digest what you eat.

Father Morrissey's "No. 11" Tablets supply these fluids in concentrated form. Each tablet, dissolved in the stomach, will digest 1 3/4 pounds of food, which is more than an average meal.

Read what Father Morrissey's treatment did for Mr. Gosline, of Salmon Lake. He writes Nov. 30, 1908:

"I was troubled with indigestion, so severe that I really thought I had cancer of the stomach. I took much doctors' remedies, till I was forced to seek another resource, and this was the Rev. Father Morrissey. His treatments worked miracles, until I have been entirely cured, so that now I do not look to the quality of the diet but to the quantity."

50c. at your dealer's.

Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

Locke were of sand by the in a little sun-young moulder his knees; he sandwiches and from a whisker by Rensen, a concern, a wash, Tom ward a faucet in saw no one pressed that the for such trifles, a lunch, son? helpless novice, and my Peggy to rner."

kind of you." bright-eyed little a brickly hair in panting. She lunch pail. She a stocking, said ker, and at the she had been

Otis," said her tech him a lunch cent or a six-

"Sixteen, by all in pocket he ills, hardly suit- laborer. He

any money? sympathetically. said John Day, harassed helper. eek." He gave and told her to

very much of bills amount- dollars.)

Readers

"Cotton's" ink chances good agenda meeting neighborhood, or further of the

to the

PULCHER

St., Brandon,

SALE

BONIS ET DE

IS

riect of Bedford.

ee, District of

66.

LAFFEE, and

OST, Plaintiffs,

and lands of AN-

defendant.

of land forming

ange two of the

the township of

Missiquoi and

now known

and book of refer-

enced and ninety-

l improvements

fifty four acres,

ounded south by

e church door of

Francis d'Assise

in the village of

riect of Bedford.

EVENTH day of

at the hour of the

forenoon.

S. COTTON,

Sheriff.

October, 1909.

Steel

Range

Weight

ck supports.

ce a heavy

er breaking

as held 325

requires to

here. It is

is built to

31

S

TOR

M. A.

de in

at the

que St.

THE FARMERS' LOT

ROSCOE A. FILLMORE
(A true Story)

They were young and in love. When they were together the birds seemed to sing sweeter, the sun to shine brighter and the flowers to be more beautiful than at other times. The whole world seemed to have been made for their especial benefit and they were content. They had been acquainted for several years and, being practically alone in the world, had decided to marry soon. John had a farm his father had willed to him and with Mary's help expected to become a typical "independent" farmer. True the farm was mortgaged, the buildings old and the land poor and stony but what mattered such trifles as this. Were they not young, healthy and capable of any amount of work? And they were very much in love and blind to such prosaic things as bread and butter.

They were married. All the neighbors turned out and wished them much joy and happiness. And those two stood before the altar and pledged themselves to "love cherish and protect" each other until death should part them. And they meant it. They believed they would live an ideal life unmarred by troubles of any kind. They went right to the farm, having decided not to take a trip as money was scarce, and so the life of labor began.

Everything went swimmingly for a time. There was plenty of hard work and interest day came around regularly but they were happy. Gradually however Mary found that she had not time to go to meet John when he returned from the field. There was bread to be made, dishes to be washed and a thousand and one little chores to do, and the hard work began to tell on her. She no longer sang as she hustled around the kitchen. The light began to fade from her eyes, the color from her cheeks and her step lost its elasticity. Then the baby came and it meant more work. It was a sickly little mite from its birth on account of the mother's hard work. Mary was ill for a long time and the doctor's bill scared John. When interest day came round he was compelled to let the interest lapse.

Five years have passed and there are four children. There is no romance for John and Mary now. Only hard unceasing drudgery with never a holiday and no time for endearments. Both are prematurely aged and soured by toil and poverty and the quarrels are many. Several times John has found it impossible to meet the payments on the mortgage and foreclosure is in sight.

Forty have passed since the boy and girl stood in the old church and became partners for life. We took for the old homestead but do not recognize it. There are no traces of the old farmhouse and barns. New and prosperous looking buildings have replaced them but when we ring the bell we are informed that the inmates do not know John Alden. Never heard of him. We enquire of several of the older residents and find that Mary has been resting in the churchyard for twenty years. "She died of consumption," we are told, "Poor thing, she worked herself to death," others say. John has for years been an inmate of the workhouse. The children are scattered far and wide with cares and worries of their own and haven't the time or money to look after the "old man." And some day a pauper will die and will be planted in the potters field and one more name will have been added to the long list of victims whose blood cries aloud to we who are young for vengeance.

Ask almost any one of the old men who are today in the workhouses and charitable institutions for his life history and you will hear a story very similar to this. You will be told of a man and woman starting out in life with nothing but love and hopes; of their disappointments and failures, of the awful grind of toil and poverty and finally "over the hill to the poor-house."

And why? Why have these men and women had all the joy and gladness of youth crushed out of them? Why have those who have worked hard all their lives no resort but the poorhouse when the sun of their lives draws near the horizon and they can labor no longer? The answer is simple, so simple, that he who runs may read. These people have been robbed. At least four-fifths of the product of their labor has been stolen from them. And this is not all. They have raised half a score of children who in their turn are

wealth producers but who are also robbed to such an extent that they cannot help their old fathers and mothers.

All their lives they have been paying immense profits to railways, elevators, money-lenders, etc. Those who live on the farms must pay huge profits to the railways and elevators for transporting the product of their labor to a market. In the process of transportation the idlers take the cream and leave the producer the whey. In the case of the wage-earner the robbery is even plainer. He owns nothing but his power to work and this he sells, just as the farmer sells his grain, to the fellows who own the tools and raw materials. He receives, just as the farmer, simply enough hay and oats (damn few of the latter) to keep him alive and insure a plentiful offspring who in turn must become slaves and so on just as long as capitalism lasts.

Let's look for a moment at the lives of the fellows who do the "hold-up act," those who own the tools which we must use.

Their lives are an endless round of pleasure and ease. Their hands have never been calloused and blistered by labor. They would consider a callous bump on their palm disgraceful. They have become so sated with ordinary pleasures and amusements that they are always studying to devise something new and startling in the line of entertainment. The newspapers are full of reports of their escapades, monkey-dinners, cat-weddings, divorce proceedings, etc. They spend their lives travelling between the beauty spots of the earth. Labor built and beautified these places but milord and milady the idlers, the parasites enjoy them. And even in death they have us beaten for the average length of life is much higher in the capitalist class than among the workers. Under present conditions this is not a misfortune for the laborer.

The Remedy? Well, it's a cinch. If labor is robbed because idlers own the tools which labor must use and are therefore enabled to appropriate the cream of the product it can easily be seen that the one way to stop the robbery is for labor to own the tools. And that is just what we "damn-fool Socialists" advocate. We say "Labor produces all wealth and to the worker should belong the full product of his labor." The one way to get the full product of our labor is for us to take the tools and use them for our own benefit. Therefore we are doing our best to dispose the idling class as owners of the earth and substitute for them the whole international working class as joint owners and enjoyers.

Yes, it means "dividing up" if you like, a dividing up of the necessary labor of the world. It you want to strike hard at the system that puts your father and mother in danger of spending their last days in the workhouse this is the proper time. If you want to strike a blow for economic freedom for yourself and your class the proper place for you is in the Socialist Party. If you want to abolish wage-slavery get busy in support of the socialist party and press. Its the only movement for the man who is sick of slavery and possesses enough intelligence to see the way out.

A Glimmer of Light

The following Editorial is from the *Magog*, P. Q. "Enterprise."

Mr. Will Crooke, M. P., of England, was recently at Quebec City and commented wonderingly at the cost of living in that city. He admitted that wages were fairly high. The *Toronto Globe* rises to remark that writers on economic questions are apt to forget that the real wage-earned is the net wage after the deduction of the cost of living. This expressed view of the *Globe* is not consistent with its attitude when boasting of the good times that have prevailed during the past twelve years, with, perhaps, a couple of years interval of hard times now happily ended. In common with other papers of the Grit party the *Globe* is blind to the fact that with the good times has come a much higher cost of living. Reasonable persons have placed that increased cost at 40 per cent above what it was 12 years ago. Persons who are willing to take a reasonable view of conditions as they are must admit that the increase in wages has not been compatible with the increased cost of living. Prices have gone up with amazing rapidity all along the line, and at the present time there are no signs of them diminishing. Taking the *Globe* at its own argument that the "real wages earned is the net wage after the deduction of the cost of living," we Canadians are not as well off at the present time as we were twelve years ago.

Laurier has been looked upon as a little tin god by the French of the Province of Quebec. Laurier has become war mad. The peace-loving French of the Province will no longer stand for him.

If a man who is able does not do useful work neither shall he eat. That is one of the idealisms of socialism.

There is no ethical nor moral principle wrapped up in the right of private property to what other men need.

Homes for all the people by leave of no moneyed plut. That is one of the idealisms of socialism.

Government ownership is of little benefit as long as the labor thieves get their rakeoff in the shape of rent, interest and profit.

The average man is a pretty decent person if given half a chance. But the capitalist system turns men into competitive brutes.

It is reported that the Liberal cabinet is splitting over the naval policy. The more the capitalist henchmen scrap among themselves the better.

Your idea that it is proper for you to pocket as much of other men's earnings as the law allows is an idea which fills the world with poverty, starvation, disease and death.—Ernest Crosby.

Government ownership which still allows interest on bonds and purchase price does not stop the robbery and is not socialism. Such government ownership transfers the collection of the graft from private to public officials.

Great Britain has bowed the necks of its wage slave to the military burden of three hundred million dollars a year. Laurier is trying to bow the necks of the Canadian workmen to a similar burden? Will you stand for it?

More and more the Christian ministers are dropping their dry squabbles and are calling themselves Christian socialists. In so far as they are socialists we welcome them to the fight against the apotheosis of money and the degradation of men and women.

Capitalism produces the saloon. It is now profitable to make men drunk and ruin their homes. Under socialism there being no profit in the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages, they will cease to be made and sold.

Is Anyone too Old to Work For Socialism

Written expressly for Cotton's by H. E. England, Hutchinson, Kansas. I am frequently asked the question, "Why do you take such an interest in Socialism. You are old. It will not come in your time. Better try for immediate benefits. A half loaf is better than no bread," and so on. In looking over the programs and knowing the history of all our other parties both great and small I fail to see the prospect of a single crumb. It is wise to go after something I want and not get it, than to go after something I do not want and get it. As every man ought to take an interest in public affairs. I am from necessity a socialist. I have long been tired of attempting to gather grapes from Republican thorns or figs from Democratic thistles. What does it matter to a wage slave like me whether Captain Obesity or Captain Verbosity commands the capital ship. I am skinned to a frazzle anyhow. I presume you like us have two great parties as Talmage said, each one worse than the other. The same roaring farce played. The same capitalist game to deride the toilers. Only a little different local coloring.

Too old eh? Why I think I have a ten years expectancy. Many things may happen in ten years of this fast age. One year of the Co-operative Commonwealth would be ample recompense for all my efforts to advance our glorious cause.

In sunny Kansas, where the festive steer, the bucking bronco and the sportive mule flourishes, it is a great source for a class-conscious socialist to kick, results or no results. That remark in Oct. 9th. 5th verse has no terrors for me. Now reader get out your Bible and sweep dust off it. It may help you somewhat. Furthermore I would bequeath to my children a life worth living, not the mere existence I have endured. Maybe in the coming years when I have gone over to the majority I may have a conscious existence and behold the onward march of an emancipated humanity. I may be honored as one of the pioneers of the glorious revolution. But the supreme argument is; socialism is right, eternally right. In the world wide conflict between humanity and the dollar is there any question which will win. Certainly not. Shall I ever be too old to work for socialism? Never. Is it any wonder I am a socialist. I for one have crossed the Rubicon. I have sunk my boats and destroyed my bridge; a retreat or a truce is out of the question.

The BOOSTERS' Forum

Conducted by W. R. Shier

Propaganda Hints

Never throw Socialist papers away. If they accumulate, get up early some Sunday morning and slip them in the letter-boxes of your neighbors.

Locals would do well to hire the 5 cent picture theatrons for their Sunday afternoon or Sunday evening lectures. They are usually situated on a main street.

In propaganda it is well to start from premises accepted by the listener, to proceed from the known to the unknown, to evolve from the commonplace to the unusual.

Locals that go in for house-to-house distribution of leaflets should advertise their lectures on them, also some socialist paper or other. The backs can be used for this purpose. Same with manifestos.

No one, unless he has had considerable experience as a speaker, can jump upon a soap-box and deliver an intelligible address without preparation. All propaganda talks need to be thoroughly thought out.

A Toronto comrade suggests that our propaganda meetings should be made very entertaining, a half-hour lecture on Socialism being slipped in between solos, recitations and illustrated songs. Some such means need to be devised to get the crowds.

Getting an audience to purchase literature is an art. Making them drop liberal contributions on the collection plate is also an art. This art, like all others, is mastered only by practice. Each local ought to appoint a comrade to prepare special "spells" along this line.

Here is a hint for propagandists, especially our public speakers. Collect all the pointed bits of humor and apt illustrations one comes across and, as occasion permits, work them into your talks. One concrete example or piece of satire sticks in the memory better than miles of abstractions.

Whenever a series of lectures is to be held, it is better to advertise them on blotters than on throw-away cards. The blotters are kept. A good plan is to place them in houses near the hall on Sunday mornings. People who live near are more likely to come than those who live far away.

Party Paragraphs

Too much thought cannot possibly be given to propaganda and organization methods.

The present writer is exceedingly dubious about the value of issuing election manifestos, especially if of the type and length of those we are acquainted with in Ontario. People are flooded with election literature during municipal, provincial and federal campaigns. The papers are full of political guff, and unless the manifestos are crisp, snappy and to the point, attractive in their mechanical make-up and besprinkled with head lines that arrest attention, they are not likely to be read. It would be much better if a series of leaflets were issued for weekly distribution preceding the heat of the electoral campaigns than the occasional publication of long-winded manifestos at a time when people are wearied with discussions of a political character.

Locals that hold a series of hall lectures during the winter months would find leaflets an effective way of advertising the meetings. The leaflets should be concise and to the point. They should be written with a view of arousing interest, breaking down prejudice and stimulating investigation. It is absurd to try to explain the whole socialist philosophy on a "dodger." Such leaflets ought to be considered as brain-joggers only.

Their concluding paragraphs should describe the hall lectures being held in such a manner that people will want to attend them. In large letters at the bottom should be pointed an advertisement of the meetings referred to, so that those who do not read the entire leaflet will at least be apprized of their existence.

Every local should appoint a propaganda committee to study out new ways of circulating the gospel of working class emancipation among unconverted. Hall lectures are the least effective means of so doing, because those who attend hall meetings are usually either socialists or near-socialists. In Toronto last winter we had the same crowd of people coming to the Labor Temple every Sunday afternoon. We did little else than talk to ourselves. Street-corner meetings are better in this respect, for large numbers of persons stop to listen to our soap-boxers just out of curiosity. But even through them we reach only a relatively small number of persons. Hence the need of house-to-house distribution of socialist literature, sending trial subscriptions of socialist papers to a selected list of names, getting socialist news into the capitalist press, insinuating our way into debating clubs, literary societies, bible classes, etc.

Bound to Grow Anyway

The capitalists are certainly in a quandary; if they persecute us we grow faster; if they leave us alone we grow faster; if they imprison us we grow faster; if they break up our meetings we grow faster; if they try to strangle our press we grow faster.

Yes, the time has really come when the Socialists can truthfully say to the capitalists, "Heads we win, tails you lose."—FREE PRESS, Pa.

The hope of unborn generations lies in the overturning of the capitalist system.

Labor produces all. Why then, should the labor thieves be allowed a look in on the product?

The unemployed walk the streets of our cities looking for work and there are none who will give unto them. The factories could be easily thrown open to these men to make the things they need. But the labor thieves will have none of them. Let us organize to take the factories, by legislative enactment, away from the plunderers for the sake of humanity.

There are thieves whose thieving have been legalized. Such thieves are all the rich men of Canada who live on the labor of others. Socialism will prevent that thieving and make it illegal. The thieves have worked hard to get their stealing legalized and will not give up their swag without a fight. Did you ever see a thief who did not want to hang on to his illgotten gains?

The unemployed becomes the unemployed. The labor thieves shut the factory doors and men are turned on the streets to hunt for work. Under the capitalist system if a man cannot get work he cannot get food and shelter. If he cannot get food and shelter and clothing he becomes ragged and frowsy and weak and unemployable. These creatures crawl through the city of Montreal and the labor thieves from their big office palaces sneer at them. The labor thief has got to go.

HUMAN NATURE

The statement is frequently hurled at Socialists that you cannot have socialism because it is against human nature.

Wild horses used to roam the western plains. These horses had never felt the control of man. They wandered free and no doubt thought that their mode of life was according to horse nature. Sometimes when a prairie schooner hove in sight and they saw their fellow horses pulling at the burden they looked down upon the working plugs as inferior creatures just as the plutes of Cowansville and elsewhere look down upon the working men who dig ditches and make plows and do the other useful work of the community.

But many of these wild horses who put up the horse laugh on their enslaved brethren later on changed their ideas. A cowboy would sneak up and send a bullet whizzing and nick the back of the wild horse's neck. The horse would keel over stunned and when he would recover from the shock he would find himself with a lariat round his neck and hobbles on his feet. Thereafter the wild horse would find it according to horse nature to dig his neck into the collar and pull like Sam Hill.

The individualist little store keeper and the individualist little artisan and the individualist little potato raiser no doubt consider that socialism is impossible, as it is against human nature. They thought at one time that the factory system was against human nature and put up the horse laugh that they never would live in a gloomy factory and sweat twelve hours a day. But the cunning capitalist system caught them and they were forced into the factory against their will. They did not like the life and did not like to become slaves of the machine any more than the wild horse liked to feel the spurs of the cowboy in his flanks or the collar galling his neck. But horse nature and human nature are both subject to the laws of environment and both got drilled into their accustomed tasks. The first generation no doubt longed for the old freedom; but the second generation of factory hands had never experienced the old freedom and did not miss it. They became slaves of the machine and the old time individuality of action was a lost characteristic. The old artisan when he wanted anything went ahead and got it himself. The factory hand cooped up in a factory during the day and a tenement at night could get nothing himself. He rubbed shoulders with his fellows till the gregarious instinct replaced the individualistic one. Mass action then replaced individual initiative.

The capitalist system has developed the spirit that will make socialism possible. The capitalist system made the workers move together and jump lively at the word of a boss. The laborers first learned the necessity to act together at the will of another. The mass action having been learned, the proletariat are using that characteristic voluntary for their own emancipation.

What Conscience Said

By HENRY D. LLOYD

Let us listen while a delegation from the money power remonstrates with the new conscience for its unreasonable sentiments and ideas. Here they come, one by one, and range themselves about. First speaks the Merchant prince:

I have a right to buy where I can buy cheapest.

Conscience—See these little stunted, hollow-eyed girls coming out of that factory!

Capitalist—Every man has a right to do what he will with his own.

Conscience—What is the price of a senatorship today?

Statistician—Never were food, fuel, clothing so cheap.

Conscience—Little Mary Mitchell works in the ropeworks five days a week, from 6 in the evening till 6 in the morning.

Railroad King—Every man makes his own career. I was a workman myself twenty years ago, and now I keep a carriage, a butler, and several judges and legislators, and—

Conscience—That tired looking man is a railroad conductor of a company owned by half a dozen men worth \$100,000,000, which is not enough for them, so they squeeze a few more dollars a month out of him by making him on every alternate trip do twenty-eight and a half hours' continuous work without sleep.

Bankers—Our wealth is increasing one billion dollars a year. We have boards of trade, the best railroads in the world, packing houses that can kill ten thousand hogs.

Conscience—The sickening stench, the blistered air, the foul sights of the tenements, and the motherhood and the childhood choking there!

Conservative—This is the best government in the world. Canada is good enough for me.

Conscience—Listen to that "tramp, tramp, tramp" of men out of work.

Philanthropist—The church is renewing its youth. We give thousands of dollars for hospitals and foreign work and domestic missions to carry the gospel to the poor of all nations.

Conscience—I hear a voice in the Alley that cries; We do not want charity; give us work.

Manufacturer—Without this system of industry the subjugation of North America to civilization would have been impossible; we could never have shown the world the magnificent spectacle of—

Conscience—There is a little boy standing ten hours a day up to his ankles in the water in a coal mine!

Coal Monopolist—I have a statistician who can prove—he can prove anything—that the workingman is a great deal better off than he ever was, that he makes more than I do, that small incomes are increasing and large ones decreasing, and there is no involuntary poverty, and that the workingmen could live on twenty-five cents a day, and buy up Canada with their savings—and—

Conscience—How long shall it be cheaper to run over workingmen and women at the railroad crossings in the cities than to put up gates?

Clergyman—The poor ye are to have with you always.

Conscience—That sewing woman you see pawing her shawl has lived this winter with her two children in a room without fire. Are you wearing one of the shirts she finished?

Statesman—The workingman has the ballot and the newspapers. He is a free citizen.

Conscience—As the nights grow colder see how the number of girls on the streets increases!

Now what can a man of affairs, a business man, one who understands political economy and the Constitution and all that, do with such a disputant as this? The more the pride of Canada points to its magnificence, and boasts of its freedom the more does the new conscience point to the wrongs and sufferings of these miserable men, women and children—and no few of them too!

All extreme cases, you say? Just so. It was the possibility of its extreme cases that destroyed slavery. The possibility of such extreme cases as these demands the abolition of the system and the philosophy which permits them.

Bigger and better
than ever—

STAG
BRIGHT PLUG
CHEWING TOBACCO

Note the increased size
of the plugs.