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CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

VOL. XXXVIII No. 55

THE WANDERLUST

GERALD DESMOND

All thro' the years that are past and gone,

Since I was a child,

The wanderlust has spurred me on,

I have heard the call of the wild.

Today I rest, but not for long,

Travel soon I must.

The distance sings its luring song;

I feel the wanderlust.

'Tis may be drop of gypsy blood

Somehow has come to me;

To beckon over fell and flood,

To call o'er land and sea.

May be from old Phoenecian sprung,

A reckless, roving strain

Of impulse, down the ages flung,

In me crops up again.

May be some Viking staunch and stout,

Rover of ancient days,

Through me still sends his spirit out

To tread life's devious ways.

I only know that, south or north,

After the sun's decline,

Whatever stirs my gliter forth,

I hail old friends of mine.

I've roved beneath the northern lights

In lands of ice and snow,

I've slept where tropic fireflies light

The jungle with their glow.

The white cliffs fade, I feel no grief,

What tho they fade away?

I'll see the peak of Teneriffe;

I've friends in Table Bay.

I know Australia's sunny shore,

I've tramped Canadian snow;

The iron coast of Labrador,

Rich plains of Mexico,

From Biscay thro' the narrow straits,

Where Gibraltar stands,

To where voluptuous Naples waits—

Smiling with outstretched hands.

And on and on. It's now Port Said;

Colombo springs in sight;

The twinkling lights of Adelaide

Are showing in the night.

And on and on, the swift miles glide,

The swift hours fade and die;

O'er Sydney harbor, Austral pride,

The southern cross swings high.

'Tis good and yet I cannot stay—

Fresh scenes, fresh faces wait.

A few short weeks and then away—

Hey for the Golden Gate,

Then all aboard; the clanging bells,

Swift wheels which grind away,

Chicago's good, but fare her well,

I'm off to old Broadway.

'Tis stale! 'Tis dull! What's there to

choose?

There's better things by far.

I'll see the girls in Vera Cruz,

The boys in Panama,

I'll rest a while, but not for long;

The wanderlust spurs still,

Hey for the rolling Amazon,

The forests of Brazil.

Heigho! Heigho! I've seen them all,

I've travelled far and wide,

Yet still to me the voices call,

I'm still unsatisfied.

I'm resting now, but not for long,

Travel soon I must,—

The distance sings its luring song.

I feel the wanderlust.

The official valuation of the real

estate of Montreal is \$330,600,201. As

the population is less than four

hundred thousand and the valuation of

the property is low it results that there is

one thousand dollars of real estate for

every man, woman and child of the

population. Taking the ordinary family

as being composed of five persons

there is five thousand dollars of real

estate for every family. Think on that

you working plugs, who sweat to pay

rent to men and women who do not do

one stroke of work to earn a living.

You men have built the houses and

others possess. Under socialism every

family will have the right of habitation

in a home without having to pay rent,

interest or profit to the labor thieves.

Now comes the rumor of an amalga-

mation of all the coal and iron compan-

ies of Canada with a capitalization of

a hundred and twenty-five millions. This

is all in line with the socialist doctrine.

The capitalists are consolidating and

organizing industry and the socialists

will expropriate.

The German International Metal Workers Association has decided to contribute \$125,000 to assist the Swedish strikers.

The Chicago juries have been packed and bribed for many years past. "Jury fixing" is a part of the necessary evils of capitalism.

In twelve months crude rubber has jumped from 87c to \$2 10. The Liverpool crowd have cornered the raw material. Everything that man needs getting cornered these days.

The British Tories are trying to be fog the people with tariff reform. The Tories are such back numbers that they think protection is a remedy for unemployment.

Samuel B. Lingle, a Chicago landlord, likes to have children in his flats. Most landlords do not. Under socialism it won't matter whether a landlord likes children or not as there will be no such things as landlords.

Barcelona is still in unrest, and causing great anxiety to the master class. The social revolution is about to break forth in Europe and the international capitalists are watching the danger spots in great fear.

The Fulton-Hudson celebration is on in New York and the police have been arresting all unemployed who are penniless and the judges have been jailing them for six months. Our capitalist civilization is hell for the poor.

The Jews have experienced another outbreak against them at Kiev, Russia. The Russian authorities at first denied that there had been any trouble. Later they admitted that there had been "slight disorder." What really occurred was a massacre.

Major Stevens of Montreal, in speaking for the Board of Control, declared that through their votes the workingmen are masters. If the workingmen will only wake up to this fact, and to their own interest, socialism will get a quick boost into actuality.

A long account appears in the capitalist press about Turkish brutality. The capitalist press is silent on American, Canadian and Mexican brutality. The master class gets dividends by such brutality and in the eyes of a flunkiey press, such brutality is good.

"The Socialist-Sea Scouts" are spreading the doctrine of socialism among the sailors of the world. James F. Davidson, able seaman aboard the Anchor Line S.S., is the leader of the movement. "The Red Flag" is now being sung in many a fore-castle.

Rosebery has deserted the Liberals and gone over to the Tories. The Budget was too much for his capitalist nerves. The Budget is a tame affair, but it is the thin edge of the entering wedge that will split the British political parties into socialist and anti-social groups.

A report comes from Port Arthur of a rich silver find with ore running twenty thousand ounces to the ton. With all these rich silver finds, silver will have to be trustified or else the market will be smashed. In either case, there is a hard time coming for the miners.

The Missouri-Kansas and Texas Railway Company are suing the American government for sixty-one million dollars. The Railroad claims that the government has agreed to give it every alternative section of land along its lines in the Indian territory and Kansas. The sixty-one million dollars is the value of the land they did not get. The more of such kind of suits the capitalists can bring against the government, the better. The more suits, the quicker the people will wake up to the fact that they are robbed.

A POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY

GERALD DESMOND.

(The writer wishes to make it clear to all the opinions as expressed in the latter half of this article are not intended to be taken as the expression of the socialist party or any section of its members. The socialist party, being a purely political party, has no views on death at all. The writer's monistic beliefs and teachings belong to himself personally.)

A few weeks ago a correspondent of Cotton's asked for some positive teaching in regard to life and death. He said, and I think wisely, that a purely negative teaching of philosophy is not sufficient. I myself am not satisfied with pure negation. On the other hand, I affirm, with confidence being sure of the weight of the evidence at my command, a very positive teaching and philosophy in regard to both these matters. My view point of life is always and ever that of the absolute ly convinced, class-conscious, socialist. My view-point of death that of the equally straight forward materialist monist.

What is the distinctive philosophy of life of the class-conscious socialist? Briefly, in its main points, it is this:— We regard society, not a fixed thing, but as subject, like all others, to the laws of evolution. We regard the present forms of production, government, etc., not as things that always were, but as having sprung from other forms preceding them. We regard all history since the dawn of civilization as being, in the last analysis, the history of class struggles. We divide society at present into two classes—the exploiters and the exploited—the proletariat and the bourgeoisie. We regard all members of the former class as comrades in misfortune and all members of the latter as enemies both on the political and industrial field. We regard all pleasant incidents of life as happening in spite of the present system and the bourgeoisie. We regard all unpleasant incidents, poverty, etc., as springing, not from the inherent depravity of human nature, but from the environment which the present system of production, the capitalist system, surrounds us with and for which its upholders are responsible. We hold that all, or nearly all, of these unpleasant incidents are preventable and should be met, not with resignation nor accepted peacefully as the Divine Will nor as the work of the devil, but should be rebelled against and the full and complete responsibility for their occurrence placed upon the present system and all who deliberately and with knowledge uphold that system.

Our philosophy is therefore, not one of passive endurance, but of active resistance. Our friends, the proletariat; our enemies the plutocracy. Our hope for the future lies in the overthrow of the present ruling class and the bringing about of proletarian supremacy. This we regard both as our individual life work and the work and historic mission of our class. So much for life and for the class-conscious, proletarian teaching in regard to it; a teaching and a philosophy in accord with which we consistent ones endeavor to regulate our every action and take our view-point on every question of life.

DEATH

An individual's attitude in regard to death is naturally determined by his answers to the following questions:— What is the nature and origin of matter? In what relation does man stand to all other existent things? What is the relation between life and death? Does present individual existence imply eternal individual existence, or in other words, individual immortality?

My teaching and belief in regard to those things is, as before said, that of the materialist monist. In regard to matter I accept the scientific law of substance, which declares it to be immortal, persistently recurring or indestructible. There could be no "creation" of matter. Neither could there be any annihilation. The sum of the matter which fills infinite space is unchangeable and cannot be destroyed (E. Haeckel's Riddle of the Universe). I believe in an individual God (the Mozaic Jehova or any other) who did, or could, or can create matter, nor as having the power to eliminate the minutest molecule of matter from space. Consequently, the Biblical and all other accounts of creation are false and opposed to all reason and present scientific knowledge.

As to the relation of man to all other things, having eliminated creation and the creator or creators, I naturally enough do not look at man as a distinct individual creation, but simply as the most highly developed form of the animal kingdom, namely:—the primates. I believe the said superior development to have been the result of slow evolutionary processes and changes. Man, therefore, is akin to all nature and a part of nature and is himself immortal because being a part of the great mass of existent matter he is subject to the law of substance and cannot be annihilated. Death, therefore, is a time to be regarded, or looked forward to not with fear or terror, but with calm assurance and confidence—a time when the individual life need neither fear a grisly hell nor buoy itself up with the vain hope of a heaven of problematic pleasurable, but can, it's appointed work done, drop back into the great sum total of existent matter and life (for all matter is life) from which it came.

FABIANS AND REVOLUTIONISTS

W. R. SHER

Between the Fabians and Revolutionists there is considerable difference over tactics. The Fabians seek to realize their ideal by a process of reform, that is, by appealing to the sentiment and enlightened self-interest of the class in power. Hence their propaganda is conducted chiefly among the well-to-do. Theirs is the policy of permeation. They expect, too, that the transition from Capitalism to Socialism will be very slow, that it will be accomplished piecemeal by carrying first one reform, then another. The Revolutionists, on the contrary, expect the great change to be more or less rapid in character. They insist, too, that it will be brought about, not by the upper or middle classes, but by these who, to quote their own words, "have nothing to lose but their chains, and a world to gain." Hence their propaganda is confined to the working class, to the wage-workers, the farmers, the independent artisans, the small shopkeepers, whom they seek to organize into a party of their own for the conquest of the governing powers and the socialization of the means of wealth production by the expropriation of the master class. They hope to carry out their program, not by winning the good-will of those in power, but by fighting them. The Barons of the middle ages had to fight the monarchy in order to preserve their privileges and curb the abuses of one-man rule. The mercantile and manufacturing classes had to fight the landed nobility in order to gain their "rights." The New England colonies had to fight in order to secure their freedom. And the emancipation of the southern slaves was effected only after a prolonged and determined fight with the slave-holders. Likewise, the emancipation of the proletariat will be accomplished only by fighting those who profit by the degradation of labor.

In 1906, the nine great nations of the world spent over a billion and a half dollars on their army and navy.

The total revenue of the twenty-seven dukes of Great Britain is less than ten million dollars a year. Andrew Carnegie has an income half as great again as the twenty-seven dukes. Astor beats them. Rockefeller could buy the lot out four times over. The parasites of commerce are greater than the parasites of land. As the people are rising against parasitism of all kinds the parasites of British industry have resolved to throw over the landlords to keep the people quiet. The Labor members eyes snap at the thought of the temporary feast but the socialist members do not forget that the biggest robbers are escaping.

CHIPS FROM A BLOCK-HEAD

It is the agitators who make the world more forward

Society can only be adequately reformed by revolutionizing it.

Darkness cannot be dispelled by denunciation. It can only be dispelled by light.

Parliamentary action is always political but political action is not always parliamentary.

Abusive language neither establishes an argument nor promotes harmony within our ranks.

If you are not active in the cause of Socialism, then you are passive in the cause of Capitalism.

There is only one "step" in the direction of Socialism, and that is the conquest of the governing powers by the working class.

The problem is not low wages, nor long hours, nor child labor, nor intemperance, nor militarism, nor free-trade, nor prostitution, but capitalism. W. R. SHER.

The love of money is the root of all evil. Capitalism raises the love of money into a cult.

Those who are socialists have the fire of a great cause burning in their hearts. They see the world in a new light.

Some of the big Cobalt silver mines are being amalgamated. This means reduced expenses and a more sustained market.

The big capitalist is crooked. The newspapers may declare he is straight but they lie. He cannot be straight and be a big capitalist.

The churches have been captured by capitalism. The decent people get out of the churches as a result. This is the reason why people do not go to church.

There is no sign of an agreement in the Sydney strike. The troops are asking for winter quarters and the struggle looks as though it would last all winter. Houses for the strikers are being built.

It is understood that the British Columbia elections will be pulled off this winter at the end of November. The Socialists of the province have been preparing for the fight for some time past.

The employer wants to make large profits off wageslaves. His wageslaves want to get big wages out of the employer. The wageslave will eventually stop the haggling over wages by kicking the employers out of the shops. They can do this whenever they get sense enough to vote themselves into the places where laws are made.

A capitalist goes to Ottawa or to the local legislators and makes lines to line his pockets. He can do this because his pals are with him in power. A socialist wageslave can go to Ottawa and empty the pockets of the labor thieves just as soon as his fellow wageslaves send enough socialists to represent them.

In the United States is an organization called the National Civic Federation. Its object is to bring labor and capital into harmony so that the thieves may continue to plunder labor with the consent and blessing of the laborers. Gompers is a member of this organization which shows that Gompers is either a fool or a traitor to labor. This organization is trying to stem the tide of socialism but its talk is hopeless. Socialism is a philosophy growing out of the economic conditions of capitalism which is bound to find more adherents daily as the conditions under capitalism grow more rotten.

THE SQUEEZING PROCESS

A drug trust has been formed in New York and the Standard Oil crowd are said to be back of the combine. Henry H. Flagler, John D. Rockefeller, and other big Standard Oil men are known to be heavily interested in the large drug corporation now doing business in New York. Recently representatives of the United Drug Consumers' Company have been visiting the retail druggists in Manhattan and the Bronx trying to buy out the little fellows. When one hundred retail stores have been acquired the United Drug Consumers Company will start business. The cigar stores have been combined and the drug stores are being combined and the general retail stores are being amalgamated. This is the beginning of the process to squeeze the retailers out of business. When the various trusts have captured the various retail stores the various retail trusts will merge into one trust. Then the smaller retail stores will be shut up. That will remove the cost of duplicate clerks and rent bills and insurance charges and taxes. Then the retail stores will be closed altogether and the goods will be sold by the sample. The process of trustification cannot be stopped. Competition is useless and has to go. There must result either socialism or industrial despotism.

THE BRITISH SITUATION

Elections are probably near in Great Britain. The budget has frightened the Lords. It is not what the budget contains but what it threatens that makes them frightened.

During the past century the fight has been between feudalism and capitalism, between the power of land and the power of commerce. In France the fight started in 1789 and ended with the complete triumph of the bourgeoisie. There was the restoration of the monarchy but the work of the revolutionists could never be undone. The power of the French nobles was completely broken. The land was divided into small lots and remains so till this day. This left the bourgeoisie in complete control and as a result the fight in France today is the most revolutionary. The proletariat is not confused with two enemies, the land and purse, but only the enemy of the purse faces them.

In Germany the feudal power was never broken. So we see today the German empire controlled by feudal landlords. The bankers and manufacturers did not succeed in throwing off the feudal tolls. The result is that the socialist movement in Germany is facing a feudal power on the political field rather than an industrial one.

In Great Britain the power of the Lords was curtailed but never broken. The Lords retained their land and the power of veto on all bills. When the Tories triumphed in the House of Commons the Lords showed their claws. The Lords were interested in land while the Liberals were interested in commerce. Consequently when the Tories were in power they had a knaek of passing factory acts which benefited the workers of the cities and hampered the profits of the bourgeoisie plunderers.

The Liberals are in power and are attacking the pocketbooks of the the Lords. This is the continuation of the fight of capitalism against feudalism. The Lords call the budget confiscatory. Yet they know they are doomed. The bourgeoisie are going to finish them off and this is the beginning.

But the peculiar thing is that the Laborites are backing the Liberals in the fight instead of looking after their own interests. The Liberals have inveighed the Laborites into being allies. The fight is not a labor fight but a fight between rival bands of plunderers. The socialists of Great Britain are doing all they can to point this out to the labor members but there are none so blind as those who will not see.

The class struggle is a fact, not a theory.

CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

THE WORKING CLASS AND THE EMPLOYING CLASS HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON. THERE CAN BE NO PEACE AS LONG AS HUNGER AND WANT ARE FOUND AMONG MILLIONS OF WORKING PEOPLE, AND THE FEW WHO MAKE UP THE EMPLOYING CLASS HAVE ALL THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE.

Cotton's Weekly

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS - Subscribers must give old as well as new address. If you do not get your paper promptly notify us. We will apply missing numbers free if requested to time.

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ERRORS - We make them sometimes. If you have cause for complaint try to write us patiently. We will do our part. Give us credit for the intention to deal fairly.

The publication of a signed article does not mean indorsement by Cotton's Weekly of opinions expressed therein.

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

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Cotton's reports a gain of 11 this week. Last week it was only 16. Mighty slow work this on the part of the sub-hustlers. Cotton's cannot exist without the united efforts of all the army in getting subs. Cotton's is printed to be circulated. Get busy and circulate it.

Table with 2 columns: Location and Circulation. Nova Scotia 404, Prince Edward Island 3, New Brunswick 152, Prov. of Quebec 788, Ontario 1029, Manitoba 177, Alberta 212, Saskatchewan 167, British Columbia 479, Yukon Territory 2, Elsewhere 67, Total 3480.

Gain for week 11. The total number of this issue is 4,000 copies.

All roads lead to socialism.

The incentive of evil deeds will pass away with capitalism.

Those who fight socialism most bitterly cannot escape its necessity.

Under capitalism the most ruthless loiter makes the greatest name.

People are good in spite of the capitalist system, not because of it.

The shadows of the dark night will flee away before the glorious dawn of the day of socialism.

Talk socialism to a capitalist and not call it socialism and he will agree with you. Talk socialism to a capitalist and call it socialism and he will get mad.

Man does not live by bread alone nor by money bags. Even those who have the most money are longing for the day when misery shall pass from the earth.

The capitalist system destroys individuality. How much individual initiative can a workingman have who steps around ten hours a day at the command of a petty boss?

The curse of man was that in the sweat of his brow he should eat bread. Today the capitalist class fill their bellies with all rich food and sweat the brows of others to do it.

The producers produce and the idlers and parasites consume. This is not right. Who is not looking for the day when no man can live in idleness while others overwork for his benefit?

It is hard for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven: nevertheless all the capitalist churches are down on their knees begging the rich men to come into their bosoms. The modern christian church and Heaven have been divorced by the paid preachers of the capitalist persuasion.

I heard a minister pray a little while ago that God would keep the sons and daughters of his congregation from the evil companions and wicked places of Montreal. I said to myself in the midst of his prayer, "Damn it, man, why don't you pray to your God to show a way of escape to the wicked people of Montreal that they may be given a chance to leave their sin?" Modern preachers make me tired.

Candy is being made by wholesale now by improved methods. Formerly the candy in the U. S. was made by small isolated plants. That is rapidly changing and there are many factories

that can turn out fifty tons a day by machinery and the consolidation is just beginning to take place. The consolidation of factories pays and therefore it is impossible to stop it. The only thing to do is to expropriate that benefit for those engaged in socially necessary labor and to give each a chance to work.

Senator Dandurand has been telling the working men of Montreal that all men are workers. This is true in the sense that all men are living animals and as such must expend human energy in some form. But all men are not useful workers. They do not work at those things which are socially necessary. The coupon cutter who goes to his strong box and cuts coupons and takes them to a bank and gets dividends for them certainly expends human energy. He works. If he is fat and the day is hot he may sweat. But his labor is socially unnecessary. Take Dandurand himself. He is a Canadian Senator. He goes to Ottawa and talks and talks. He draws his senatorial salary. He votes in the Senate. He thinks on subjects connected with plute legislation. He works. Nevertheless his labor is socially unnecessary. He is a parasite. The socialists are not the only ones who hold that Dandurand's labor power is uselessly expended. Many oldtime grits are today cussing Laurier and the Ottawa gang because they have not abolished the Senate and taken away Dandurand's opportunity of drawing government pay for performing useless labor. No, no, Dandurand. You have another guess coming as to what a workingman really is.

The American government has discarded khaki as the color for the uniforms of their soldiers. The new requirements provide a brown warp and a green filling, propucing thereby an olive tone, and conforming to certain chemical tests as proofs of the fastness of the shade. An army and navy are great institutions for graft. Into the army and navy of Great Britain are drafted the foolish sons of the nobility of England. From the army and navy the financiers draw great interests in the shape of the funded debt and its pickings. The capitalists draw revenue from the army and navy by furnishing rotten food for the navy. The landlords of the coal areas draw revenues from the fleet by drawing a shilling a ton royalty on all coal consumed. So much for Great Britain. A peculiar circumstance of the new color and its tests chosen by the American government is that they can be complied with by only one method and that method has been patented. Who is getting the rakeoff? In Canada we have had the experience of the Ross rifle and other stenches. Great is the graft of capitalism and many there be who worship at its shrine.

TALE OF A TOUR

SIXTEENTH INSTALLMENT

I am going to say little this week about the particular work I am engaged in. I will content myself by assuring comrades things are going satisfactorily, meetings with good crowds being held and that a Local with nine members has been formed in Halifax.

Only one complaint to make about Halifax, that being, no subs for Clarion yet, but one or two promised, we will see if promises are good—only one day more here, then Weymouth, Digby County.

I would like to ask a large member of comrades if they don't feel ashamed of themselves in regard to Cotton's Weekly.

Here is a paper practically a free gift to the Socialists of the Dominion. A number of Socialists in the East have been for years talking of a paper in the East, raising funds for the purpose of

starting one and so on. Now we have one, not only started, but will be established and proved. I admit I was a bit distrustful at first of Cotton's, but that distrust has long since past away.

I consider it a paper—conducted with marked ability and its honesty is beyond question.

Any minor defects are the fault of those who do not help to put it on a self supporting basis where it can afford to be nothing but Socialism from beginning to end.

Not a penny has it cost us proletarians for buildings plant and all the expensive paraphernalia necessary for starting a paper, nor have we any responsibility for its upkeep and now having got what we have been talking about for years, without expense to us, our efforts are mostly confined to "Yes, Cotton's a good paper," to talking or getting a ten cent sub, or something equally trifling.

How long are the bulk of the comrades going to let their papers struggle for existence? How long are they going to let the work be done by an active and devoted few? How long are quite a number (and I have the names of many of them) to tell us what good socialists they are yet do nothing to prove it? Why I have heard party members sing the last verse of the Red Flag with such heroic pathos as to bring tears to your eyes (if you were not aware of their blank record for work.)

"With heads uncovered swear we all To bear it onward till we fall, Come dungeon dark, or gallows grim This song shall be our parting hymn."

And after I have heard them, immediately after, I have tried to get a quarters sub for a paper, having previously failed to get one for a year, and have even after the exaltation of that song failed to get them to part with a measly quarter or even ten cents and yet, the puzzle of it, in many cases, these same individuals would stand you a ten cent drink or cigar and think nothing of it.

Now I am not accusing even such individuals of conscious humbug, but they are humbugs either conscious or unconscious and either way it comes to the same thing—they are not doing their duty.

If they could only realize what the real workers think, and say of them, it would make cold chills run up and down their spines. This individual has never been very backward in telling them to their faces and from now on is going to be a holy terror in that respect. Tell about offending people by telling them the truth, it is the truth, and if you do offend them, you can't get them to do less than nothing for that is what they are doing already, so you can't do any harm and you may sting them into action, I've known it happen.

I've got a list that I will pillory sooner or later if the Editor give his sanction.

I rather think if I had been well fixed, had become a Socialist and gone to great expense to found a Socialist paper as good as Cotton's and then after a reasonable interval did not get support for that paper from the class for whose sake it was established, I shall say, "Very well, let them stew in the juice of their own apathy a bit longer" and discontinue it.

Comrades if you will all do a little, if you will all be ready in earnest just a little bit, (nobody is asking you to kill yourselves,) if you will all peg away steadily, either at a fast, medium or slow pace, whichever you can stand, it will be easy to put both our papers, the two best weeklys on the North American continent, on a paying basis.

Stop talking about the beauties of Socialism, stop wasting your time about non-essentials such as "midgit demands" affiliation with the I. S. B. "Queer" Hardie et al, and get in some real work for a change. Our work is to strive to stir up the workers of Canada and we can do that by putting our papers to work in larger numbers.

It can be done. Look at what that grand worker Jules Lavenne is doing. I don't say you can all do as well as he. If you will all subscribe yourselves and all do a little bit besides, there will never be another appeal from either of our papers for it will not be necessary.

Talk about high ideals here's an ideal for you, it's a practical one, therefore a high one.—Make it your aim to do all in your power to put our press a self supporting basis. Do something.

You say you are a Socialist

How can we know its true

Unless you do something to prove it

So what are you going to do?

WILFRID GRIBBLE

The Food Trust

From the Detroit News.

It is said that four meat packing firms in this country sell \$2,000,000 worth of meat a day, every day in the year, Sundays excepted, and that four men control these packing firms as well as the price paid to the raisers of cattle and the price paid by the consumers of their meats. Let these four men reduce the price to producers but half a cent a pound below the normal and they are enabled to reap unearned fortunes in a short time. This is one of the problems facing the producing and consuming public—and who can furnish a solution?

Never mind arguing with mts, dubs, politicians, religious cranks or those who are by nature unreasonably conservative. Get after the fellows who are bright, intelligent, open-minded, radical in their views, active in this organization or that, full of energy and hope and the desire for knowledge. Tackle them for subs. to Cotton's. Or, if you like, send them each a trial subscription to Cotton's on the quiet. They'll be curious to know who did the trick.

An exceedingly easy place to secure subs. o socialist papers is at propaganda and business meetings.

If one-third the effort was put into pushing the sale of socialist literature as into holding public meetings, our propaganda would have been more encouraging results.

Comrades who have the gift of composition should submit short articles descriptive of the socialist movement to the capitalist press. Make them "newsy" in subject matter and "breezy" in style.

Do you belong to a society of any kind? If so, make it your business to nail its most active members to the mast of Socialism. Get on good terms with them. Invite them down to Socialist meetings. Lend them Socialist books. Get them to subscribe for Socialist papers. If necessary, have trial subscriptions of Cotton's sent them on the quiet. A dollar spent in this way upon bright, intelligent men and women will prove a great source of satisfaction to you.

Workmen's Municipal Homes

The municipality of Genoa, Italy, is constructing two immense buildings, each to contain 72 apartments, termed "popular houses" for the purpose of providing suitable living quarters for the workmen of the city. As it is an impossibility to expand the building area of Genoa, every available site being already occupied, there has been a constant increase of rentals on all classes of property.

The apartments in the new structures are to be from two to five rooms each, and the purpose is to rent each room at \$14 a year. The present plans contemplate the construction of from 200 to 400 apartments, to contain approximately from 8,000 to 10,000 rooms.

Only laborers or salaried employes, with families, whose annual earnings do not exceed \$500, or if without families, \$300, are to be admitted as tenants.

George E. Leith, superintendent of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, has been talking about thieves in Montreal. He declares that the fall will see an increase of bank robberies. Forgers and sneak thieves are also on the increase, thus necessitating more police and detective protection. He praises the Bankers' Association for their measures in discouraging bank cracking. Leith, of course, sees the situation only from the viewpoint of the professional detective. His remedy is more detectives.

He cannot see that it is the system that makes gold and silver the equivalent of all the necessities of life, and of luxuries also, which piles that gold and silver, or their representatives, bank notes, in one spot in a bank that makes the thief a possibility, and also a necessity through the operations of the capitalist system. Under socialism when everyone can earn an honest living, and when each gets the full return of his labor, it will be unnecessary, and impossible for any great thefts to take place.

King Leopold of Belgium is selling all his furniture and pictures much to the anger of his subjects. Leopold is a capitalist monarch purely and simply. He has no use for the old traditions of feudalism. He be-

lieves in money values and is going after the mighty dollar with a vengeance. What is the use of pictures when you can sell them and get interest bonds? Leopold is about played out, in Belgium and is mobilising all his possessions in case he has to get out of his Kingdom to save his neck.

Love Courtship Marriage and Divorce

One time some people were discussing this subject, so I've read, when a German who had listened a long time gave his opinions as follows: "Any man dat gets married de second time, don't deserve to haf lost his first wife." I am inclined to agree with him if he were living in a He town but the ladies would kick if he were in a She town. The Eastern part of Canada is composed of She towns while out West here He towns are the rule. I know lots of fellows out here who are putting up with all kinds of hardship trying to save enough to bring out "The Girl." And, Oh, God! Many of them will never make it go and that poor sweet lass will yearn in vain to share her life with the lad she loves so well. Then there are splendid, big hearted fellows who have made a little stake who have never enjoyed a good girl's friendship because the girls live back East and the unmarried ones are so few out West. Fine fellows, fine looking fellows; fellows who would worship a wife; they are condemned to live alone. And they listen to fellows from the Old Countries talking about home, talking about this nice girl and that nice girl who have never been married. I hope none of the girls will tackle me because its no use. I'm married and happy and am not kicking for myself. I had so many sweethearts back East that I couldn't count them. I only could find one in the West and had a hard time to get her.

But this is not all. Think a moment of the thousands of young Canadians who earn such poor wages that it is all they can do to support themselves. Opponents of Socialism in there efforts to prejudice people claim that Socialists advocate Free Love. They lie whether they know it or not. But Socialism will grant to humanity the Freedom to both men and women to marry the mate they choose because it will make everyone capable of earning a living sufficient to provide a well furnished home where no wolf will haunt the door and over which no man will hold the power to disturb the inmates. Turn the search light on our present way of living and you will find Free Love, hampered Courtship, Unhappy Marriage and Divorce by the thousands.

Should a rich young lady fall in love with a poor young man her parents do everything possible to part them. If she marries him she is disinherited and ostracized. If a rich young man marries a poor young lady his friends and relatives will never forgive him. When the two rich young people marry it is generally a case of two fortunes being joined together and ends in a Divorce and worse. Again a servant girl, store girl or factory girl will marry a man rather than submit to the toil, long hours, small wages and humble position that the capitalist class force upon the daughters of the workers and farmers. And worse.

The constant worry, changelessly commonplace life, the want and hardships of the married couple of the working class breeds strife in their homes. Some men manage to bear the wailing of children and the complaints of the wife but the burden of it all is too great. The wife goes for the husband when he's out of work. He gets angry and tells her if she don't like it to get out. Quarrels arise and swell all because the people are in want. And worse.

On the other hand the idle rich act like the Thaw outfit. They have nothing better to do. The system is to blame.

Socialism will abolish riches and poverty. Every man or woman will have the right to work and a share in all that the nation produces. Class distinctions will disappear and the man will be regarded for what he is and not for the wealth he has. A woman will depend on no man for a living and will not marry till she feels like it. She will have the right to ask a man to marry instead of fishing. Couples thirty years hence will have some good laughs at our silly manners of Love Courtship and Marriage. Divorce will be rare and all the causes that do make men ask "Is marriage a failure," will disappear with this evil Capitalist system. Settle the grub question and the other questions will be settled too. GEO. W. PATTERSON.

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In every historical epoch, the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange, and the social organization necessarily following from it, form the basis upon which is built up, and from which alone can be explained, the political and intellectual history of that epoch.—Karl Marx.

Up-to Date Definitions.

- Law.—A rule of inhuman action prescribed by the supreme selfishness of ruling class in a state, prescribing what is right and perpetuating what is wrong.
Civil Law.—A rule of un-civil conduct.
Ancient Common Law.—A law based on immemorial injustice and ignorance form a time whereof the befogged mind of man runneth not to the contrary.
Right of Inheritance.—A false title to real estate based on the ignorance and prejudice of the people and the selfishness or the landlords.
Right by immemorial usage.—A wrong based on immemorial injustice and ignorance at a time when "might made right."
Court.—A Place where Justice is judiciously administered.
Representative legislation.—A boomerang that knocks down one-half of the voters while its operators proceed to pick the pockets of the other half who have become intoxicated over the election of their man to office.
Public Officers.—A weak and sometimes a very corrupt human being whom the people worship as a demi-god.
Representative Democracy.—A form of government in which the people give away their rights in order to keep them.
Confidence.—A belief that banks never do or will close on their depositors, and that all bankers are saints.
Trust.—An organization of wealthy men who put their trust in the Almighty Dollar, worship the golden calf and trample on the Golden Rule.
Christian business man.—A christian who "does the other fellow up" to keep the other fellow from "doing him up."
Business.—The art of robbing without being prosecuted.
Gold Money.—A worthless commodity into which the governments of the world have legislated a fictitious value.
Financier.—One who understands and practices the art of robbing the people with out their finding it out.
Banking.—The art of getting something in exchange for nothing.
Banker.—One who lives on the interest of his debts.
Bank.—A place where people lose their money in trying to save it; or give it away in order to keep it.
Depositor.—A fool who gives his money away in order to save it.
Competition Going
It has become known that the American Telephone & Telegraph Company has acquired nearly \$16,000,000 worth of New York Telephone Company stock, owned by the Western Union Company.
The importance of the new move is that it insures in the near future the consolidation in a single huge telephone company of all the Bell subsidiaries operating in New York State. The companies involved include the New York Telephone, Hudson River Telephone, Empire state, New York & Pennsylvania, Central New York, Bell of Buffalo, New York & New Jersey, with the New York Telephone Company as the medium of merger.
Cause and Effect
Since 1887, the birth-rate in Manchester has declined from 33.9 in the 1,000 to 28.9, though last year it was 28.4. During the same period the cost of house coal has gone up 60 per cent, the price of course beef 50 per cent, and other foodstuffs, excepting bread, 25 per cent. Dr. James Niven, the Medical Officer of Health of Manchester, suggests that the declining birth-rate has some association with the increasing cost of the prime necessities of life. The average working parent would doubtless endorse the doctor's statement.

Cotton's Weekly

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COWANSVILLE, P. Q., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1909

CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

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THE WANDERLUST

GERALD DESMOND

All thro' the years that are past and gone,

Since I was a child,

The wanderlust has spurred me on,

I have heard the call of the wild.

Today I rest, but not for long,

Travel soon I must.

The distance sings its luring song:

I feel the wanderlust,

'Tis may be drop of gypsy blood

Somehow has come to me;

To beckon over fell and flood,

To call o'er land and sea,

May be from old Phoenician sprung,

A reckless, roving strain

Of impulse, down the ages flung,

In me crops up again.

May be some Viking staunch and stout,

Rover of ancient days,

Through me still sends his spirit out

To tread life's devious ways.

I only know that, south or north,

After the sun's decline,

Whatever stars may glitter forth,

I hail old friends of mine.

I've roved beneath the northern lights

In lands of ice and snow,

I've slept where tropic fireflies light

The jungle with their glow.

The white cliffs fade, I feel no grief,

What tho they fade away?

I'll see the peak of Teneriffe;

I've friends in Table Bay.

I know Australia's sunny shore,

I've tramped Canadian snow;

Their coast of Labrador,

Rich plains of Mexico,

From Biscay thro' the narrow straits,

Where Gibraltar stands,

To where voluptuous Naples waits—

Smiling with outstretched hands.

And on and on. It's now Port Said,

Colombo springs in sight;

The twinkling lights of Adelaide

Are showing in the night.

And on and on, the swift miles glide,

The swift hours fade and die;

O'er Sydney harbor, Austral pride,

The southern cross swings high.

'Tis good and yet I cannot stay—

Fresh scenes, fresh faces wait.

A few short weeks and then away—

Hey for the Golden Gate,

Then all aboard; the clanging bells,

Swift wheels which grind away,

Chicago's good, but fare her well,

I'm off to old Broadway.

'Tis stale! 'Tis dull! What's there to

choose?

There's better things by far.

I'll see the girls in Vera Cruz,

The boys in Panama,

I'll rest a while, but not for long;

The wanderlust spurs still,

The German International Metal Workers Association has decided to contribute \$125,000 to assist the Swedish strikers.

The Chicago juries have been packed and bribed for many years past. "Jury fixing" is a part of the necessary evils of capitalism.

In twelve months crude rubber has jumped from 87c to \$2 10. The Liverpool crowd have cornered the raw material. Everything that man needs getting cornered these days.

The British Tories are trying to beguile the people with tariff reform. The Tories are such back numbers that they think protection is a remedy for unemployment.

Samuel B. Lingle, a Chicago landlord, likes to have children in his flats. Most landlords do not. Under socialism it won't matter whether a landlord likes children or not as there will be no such things as landlords.

Barcelona is still in unrest, and causing great anxiety to the master class. The social revolution is about to break forth in Europe and the international capitalists are watching the danger spots in great fear.

The Fulton-Hudson celebration is on in New York and the police have been arresting all unemployed who are penniless and the judges have been jailing them for six months. Our capitalist civilization is hell for the poor.

The Jews have experienced another outbreak against them at Kiev, Russia. The Russian authorities at first denied that there had been any trouble. Later they admitted that there had been "slight disorder." What really occurred was a massacre.

Major Stevens of Montreal, in speaking for the Board of Control, declared that through their votes the workingmen are masters. If the workingmen will only wake up to this fact, and to their own interest, socialism will get a quick boost into actuality.

A long account appears in the capitalist press about Turkish brutality. The capitalist press is silent on American, Canadian and Mexican brutality. The master class gets dividends by such brutality and in the eyes of a flunkey press, such brutality is good.

"The Socialist Sea Scouts" are spreading the doctrine of socialism among the sailors of the world. James F. Davidson, able seaman aboard the Anchor Line S.S., is the leader of the movement. "The Red Flag" is now being sung in many a fore-castle.

Rosebery has deserted the Liberals and gone over to the Tories. The Budget was too much for his capitalist nerves. The Budget is a tame affair, but it is the thin edge of the entering wedge that will split the British political parties into socialist and anti-social groups.

A report comes from Port Arthur of a rich silver find with ore running twenty thousand ounces to the ton. With all these rich silver finds, silver will have to be trusted or else the market will be smashed. In either case, there is a hard time coming for the miners.

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway Company are suing the American government for sixty-one million dollars. The Railroad claims that the government has agreed to give it every alternative section of land along its lines in the Indian territory and Kansas. The sixty-one million dollars is the value of the land they did not get. The more of such kind of suits the capitalists can bring against the government, the better. The more suits, the quicker the people will wake up to the fact that they are robbed.

A POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY

GERALD DESMOND

(The writer wishes to make it clear to all the opinions as expressed in the latter half of this article are not intended to be taken as the expression of the socialist party or any section of its members. The socialist party, being a purely political party, has no views on death at all. The writer's monistic beliefs and teachings belong to himself personally.)

A few weeks ago a correspondent of Cotton's asked for some positive teaching in regard to life and death. He said, and I think wisely, that a purely negative teaching of philosophy is not sufficient. I myself am not satisfied with pure negation. On the other hand, I affirm, with confidence being sure of the weight of the evidence at my command, a very positive teaching and philosophy in regard to both these matters. My view point of life is always and ever that of the absolute ly convinced, class-conscious, socialist. My view point of death that of the equally straight forward materialist monist.

What is the distinctive philosophy of life of the class-conscious socialist? Briefly, in its main points, it is this:—We regard society, not a fixed thing, but as subject, like all others, to the laws of evolution. We regard the present forms of production, government, etc., not as things that always were, but as having sprung from other forms preceding them. We regard all history since the dawn of civilization as being, in the last analysis, the history of class struggles. We divide society at present into two classes—the exploiters and the exploited—the proletariat and the bourgeoisie. We regard all members of the former class as comrades in misfortune and all members of the latter as enemies both on the political and industrial field. We regard all pleasant incidents of life as happening in spite of the present system and the bourgeoisie. We regard all unpleasant incidents, poverty, etc., as springing, not from the inherent depravity of human nature, but from the environment which the present system of production, the capitalist system, surrounds us with and for which its upholders are responsible. We hold that all, or nearly all, of these unpleasant incidents are preventable and should be met, not with resignation nor accepted peacefully as the Divine Will nor as the work of the devil, but should be rebelled against and the full and complete responsibility for their occurrence placed upon the present system and all who deliberately and with knowledge uphold that system.

Our philosophy is therefore, not one of passive endurance, but of active resistance. Our friends, the proletariat; our enemies the plutocracy. Our hope for the future lies in the overthrow of the present ruling class and the bringing about of proletarian supremacy. This we regard both as our individual life work and the work and historic mission of our class. So much for life and for the class conscious, proletarian teaching in regard to it; a teaching and a philosophy in accord with which we consistent ones endeavor to regulate our every action and take our viewpoint on every question of life.

DEATH

An individual's attitude in regard to death is naturally determined by his answers to the following questions:—What is the nature and origin of matter? In what relation does man stand to all other existent things? What is the relation between life and death? Does present individual existence imply eternal individual existence, or in other words, individual immortality?

My teaching and belief in regard to those things is, as before said, that of the materialist monist. In regard to matter I accept the scientific law of substance, which declares it to be immortal, persistently recurring or indestructible. There could be no "creation" of matter. Neither could there be any annihilation. The sum of the matter which fills infinite space is unchangeable and cannot be destroyed (E. Haeckel's Riddle of the Universe). I do not, as a natural consequence, be-

lieve in an individual God (the Mozaic Jehova or any other) who did, or could, or can create matter, nor as having the power to eliminate the minutest molecule of matter from space. Consequently, the Biblical and all other accounts of creation are false and opposed to all reason and present scientific knowledge.

As to the relation of man to all other things, having eliminated creation and the creator or creators, I naturally enough do not look at man as a distinct individual creation, but simply as the most highly developed form of the most highly developed family of the animal kingdom, namely:—the primates. I believe the said superior development to have been the result of slow evolutionary processes and changes. Man, therefore, is akin to all nature and a part of nature and is himself immortal because being a part of the great mass of existent matter he is subject to the law of substance and cannot be annihilated. Death, therefore, is a time to be regarded, or looked forward to not with fear or terror, but with calm assurance and confidence—a time when the individual life need neither fear a grisly hell nor buoy itself up with the vain hope of a heaven of problematic pleasurable, but can, it's appointed work done, drop back into the great sum total of existent matter and life (for all matter is life) from which it came.

FABIANS AND REVOLUTIONISTS

W. R. SHIER

Between the Fabians and Revolutionists there is considerable difference over tactics. The Fabians seek to realize their ideal by a process of reform, that is, by appealing to the sentiment and enlightened self-interest of the class in power. Hence their propaganda is conducted chiefly among the well-to-do. Theirs is the policy of permeation. They expect, too, that the transition from Capitalism to Socialism will be very slow, that it will be accomplished piecemeal by carrying first one reform, then another. The Revolutionists, on the contrary, expect the great change to be more or less rapid in character. They insist, too, that it will be brought about, not by the upper or middle classes, but by these who, to quote their own words, "have nothing to lose but their chains, and a world to gain." Hence their propaganda is confined to the working class, to the wage-workers, the farmers, the independent artisans, the small shopkeepers, whom they seek to organize into a party of their own for the conquest of the governing powers and the socialization of the means of wealth production by the expropriation of the master class. They hope to carry out their program, not by winning the good-will of those in power, but by fighting them. The Barons of the middle ages had to fight the monarchy in order to preserve their privileges and curb the abuses of one-man rule. The mercantile and manufacturing classes had to fight the landed nobility in order to gain their "rights." The New England colonies had to fight in order to secure their freedom. And the emancipation of the southern slaves was effected only after a prolonged and determined fight with the slave-holders. Likewise, the emancipation of the proletariat will be accomplished only by fighting those who profit by the degradation of labor.

In 1906, the nine great nations of the world spent over a billion and a half dollars on their army and navy.

The total revenue of the twenty-seven dukes of Great Britain is less than ten million dollars a year. Andrew Carnegie has an income half as great again as the twenty-seven dukes. Astor beats them. Rockefeller could buy the lot out four times over. The parasites of commerce are greater than the parasites of land. As the people are rising against parasitism of all kinds the parasites of British industry have resolved to throw over the landlords to keep the people quiet. The Labor members eyes snap at the thought of the temporary feast but the socialist members do not forget that the biggest robbers are escaping.

CHIPS FROM A BLOOK-HEAD

It is the agitators who make the world more forward

Society can only be adequately reformed by revolutionizing it.

Darkness cannot be dispelled by denunciation. It can only be dispelled by light.

Parliamentary action is always political but political action is not always parliamentary.

Abusive language neither establishes an argument nor promotes harmony within our ranks.

If you are not active in the cause of Socialism, then you are passive in the cause of Capitalism.

There is only one "step" in the direction of Socialism, and that is the conquest of the governing powers by the working class.

The problem is not low wages, nor long hours, nor child labor, nor intemperance, nor militarism, nor free-trade, nor prostitution, but capitalism. W. R. SHIER.

The love of money is the root of all evil. Capitalism raises the love of money into a cult.

Those who are socialists have the fire of a great cause burning in their hearts. They see the world in a new light.

Some of the big Cobalt silver mines are being amalgamated. This means reduced expenses and a more sustained market.

The big capitalist is crooked. The newspapers may declare he is straight but they lie. He cannot be straight and be a big capitalist.

The churches have been captured by capitalism. The decent people get out of the churches as a result. This is the reason why people do not go to church.

There is no sign of an agreement in the Sydney strike. The troops are asking for winter quarters and the struggle looks as though it would last all winter. Houses for the strikers are being built.

It is understood that the British Columbia elections will be pulled off this winter at the end of November. The Socialists of the province have been preparing for the fight for some time past.

The employer wants to make large profits off wageslaves. His wageslaves want to get big wages out of the employer. The wageslave will eventually stop the haggling over wages by kicking the employers out of the shops. They can do this whenever they get sense enough to vote themselves into the places where laws are made.

A capitalist goes to Ottawa or to the local legislators and makes lines to line his pockets. He can do this because his pals are with him in power. A socialist wageslave can go to Ottawa and empty the pockets of the labor thieves just as soon as his fellow wageslaves send enough socialists to represent them.

In the United States is an organization called the National Civic Federation. Its object is to bring labor and capital into harmony so that the thieves may continue to plunder labor with the consent and blessing of the laborers. Gompers is a member of this organization which shows that Gompers is either a fool or a traitor to labor. This organization is trying to stem the tide of socialism but its talk is hopeless. Socialism is a philosophy growing out of the economic conditions of capitalism which is bound to find more adherents daily as the conditions under capitalism grow more rotten.

THE SQUEEZING PROCESS

A drug trust has been formed in New York and the Standard Oil crowd are said to be back of the combine. Henry H. Flagler, John D. Rockefeller, and other big Standard Oil men are known to be heavily interested in the large drug corporation now doing business in New York. Recently representatives of the United Drug Consumers' Company have been visiting the retail druggists in Manhattan and the Bronx trying to buy out the little fellows. When one hundred retail stores have been acquired the United Drug Consumers Company will start business. The cigar stores have been combined and the drug stores are being amalgamated and the general retail stores are being amalgamated. This is the beginning of the process to squeeze the retailers out of business. When the various trusts have captured the various retail stores the various retail trusts will merge into one trust. Then the smaller retail stores will be shut up. That will remove the cost of duplicate clerks and rent bills and insurance charges and taxes. Then the retail stores will be closed altogether and the goods will be sold by the sample. The process of trustification cannot be stopped. Competition is useless and has to go. There must result either socialism or industrial despotism.

THE BRITISH SITUATION

Elections are probably near in Great Britain. The budget has frightened the Lords. It is not what the budget contains but what it threatens that makes them frightened. During the past century the fight has been between feudalism and capitalism, between the power of land and the power of commerce. In France the fight started in 1789 and ended with the complete triumph of the bourgeoisie. There was the restoration of the monarchy but the work of the revolutionists could never be undone. The power of the French nobles was completely broken. The land was divided into small lots and remains so till this day. This left the bourgeoisie in complete control and as a result the fight in France today is the most revolutionary. The proletariat is not confused with two enemies, the land and purse, but only the enemy of the purse faces them. In Germany the feudal power was never broken. So we see today the German empire controlled by feudal landlords. The bankers and manufacturers did not succeed in throwing off the feudal tolls. The result is that the socialist movement in Germany is facing a feudal power on the political field rather than an industrial one. In Great Britain the power of the Lords was curtailed but never broken. The Lords retained their land and the power of veto on all bills. When the Tories triumphed in the House of Commons the Lords showed their claws. The Lords were interested in land while the Liberals were interested in commerce. Consequently when the Tories were in power they had a knack of passing factory acts which benefited the workers of the cities and hampered the profits of the bourgeoisie plunderers. The Liberals are in power and are attacking the pocketbooks of the the Lords. This is the continuation of the fight of capitalism against feudalism. The Lords call the budget confiscatory. Yet they know they are doomed. The bourgeoisie are going to finish them off and this is the beginning. But the peculiar thing is that the Laborites are backing the Liberals in the fight instead of looking after their own interests. The Liberals have inveigled the Laborites into being allies. The fight is not a labor fight but a fight between rival bands of plunderers. The socialists of Great Britain are doing all they can to point this out to the labor members but there are none so blind as those who will not see.

The class struggle is a fact, not a theory.

Aunt Lucy's Legacy.

By JANE LEE.

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People could talk all they liked about poverty bringing happiness, but Bayard Leighton kicked—literally—at the suggestion. He had just finished reading a letter from his maiden aunt, in which she had declared: "Money has not brought me happiness. I have lived alone all my life, and I sometimes envy you in your poverty, loved and adored by so sweet a girl as Virginia."

"Well, what do you know about that?" demanded Bayard of his pal, Jimmy Bookwalter.

"I know exactly what I think of her, old man," drawled Jimmy, "but a lady's a lady—even if she is your aunt—and I'd rather not put my opinion into parliamentary English."

"You're a moral coward, that's what



"SHE WILLS AND BEQUEATHS TO YOU THIS PORTRAIT OF YOURSELF."

"You are, Jimmy Bookwalter," declared Bayard as he flung the letter across the tiny hall room. "You've got a rich father who gives you more spending money in a month than you could earn in a year, besides which you're too lazy to fall in love. I hope you won't misunderstand me, Jimmy, when I tell you that the space you occupy in my luxurious apartment is much more valuable than your august presence at the present moment."

Jimmy rose from the uncomfortable straight backed chair, which was the only one in the room. Bayard had given it to him when he entered and had taken a corner of the bed for himself.

"Oh, I see," mused Jimmy. "Want to get dressed, eh? Well, so long till tomorrow night. Be sure you show up at the club and dine with me at 7 sharp."

When he was gone Bayard put the insupportable chair up on the bed to make more room and took a suit of clothes from under the cretonne curtain which covered his meager wardrobe.

It did not take long to select a tie, because he only had six or seven. Bayard seemed to be going through a mental reincarnation during this process of dressing. First he said disagreeable things—not whole sentences, but just pertinent ejaculations, such as "old fossil," "ought not to be out without a keeper," "envy me, indeed."

A little later he began to whistle snatches of popular songs, nervous little thrills. And finally, with stick in hand, he opened the door of his room, humming in a most contented manner. "Love Me Little, Love Me Long." After all, life was worth while!

Virginia Tracey and Bayard Leighton had been engaged some months. Bayard's father had lived like a rich man, and a mental picture of a sideboard plentifully stocked with reviving liquors. He announced that he was ready for the proof of Mr. Tracey's assertion, and together they went out of the room, leaving the lovers alone.

"That seemed all right until he suddenly realized that without Virginia nothing was right. Recklessly he asked her to marry him, and with all the impulsiveness of her love she gave herself to him. They were young, and they could wait. Aunt Lucy, Bayard's maiden aunt, had promised to make him her heir, and decidedly Aunt Lucy was no longer young.

When Bayard was blue, Virginia seemed to be doubly radiant, and tonight she was at her best as she entered her drawing room to greet him.

"Had a letter from Aunt Lucy, dear," Bayard announced as an important piece of news.

"Goody," cried Virginia, "and what did the dear old lady have to say for herself?"

"She told me how fortunate I was to have you care for me, for one thing," began Bayard as he watched the color mount to Virginia's cheeks at the compliment. "Then she said a lot of rot about—But let's talk about the pleasant things. You do care for me, don't you?" he added.

"Silly! Silly! Of course I do," she cried. "You're silly for a whole lot of reasons—silly to make me wait to be really yours until you can take me to a fine home, but if you are satisfied to

take a toothless old woman for a wife—well—
—And when Bayard went home that night he was still humming a happy air.

He took the chair off the bed, tucked it in one corner of the room and stretched himself out for the night.
In after years he talked much about that room. He always declared that he could open the door with his hand and the window with his foot at the same time; that if he bent over to lace up his boots he butted his head against the side wall, and when he thrust his arm through the sleeve of his shirt he invariably bruised the back of his hand on the ceiling.

The next night while dining with Jimmy a telegram was handed to Bayard.

"Your aunt died this morning—funeral Thursday," it read.

"Well, I hope the dear old lady will be happy in heaven," Bayard said, not without some feeling. "She had persuaded herself that she wasn't here."

"That telegram means a lot to you, doesn't it?" inquired Jimmy, with an air of finality.

"Yes, it does. It means that I'll have a goodly bit of the necessary long green and that Virginia and I can be married."

Some two weeks later Bayard was notified by the express company that there was a package there for him with \$40 due on it, shipped from Chicago. Bayard knew at once that it was some of Aunt Lucy's valuable silver sent on to him. Jimmy would lend him the money to pay for it.

The bill was paid, and the big packing case was ordered sent to Virginia's house and Jimmy duly invited around to participate in the unpacking. Hammer and chisels were put to use, and all three of them entered into the gay spirit of the party. Piles of packing were pulled from the box, and finally a heavy gilt frame came to view.

Conceals were taken off, and the combined strength of Jimmy and Bayard was put to the test. Finally the picture was taken out. It proved to be a life sized portrait of Bayard as a child.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" declared Bayard as he mopped his brow.

"Here's a letter," announced Jimmy as he pulled a long white envelope from the corner of the frame. Virginia opened it and read aloud:

"Your aunt, Miss Leighton, left her entire estate to charities. She wills and bequeaths to you this portrait of yourself. The portion of the will relating to you reads as follows: I leave no money to my dear nephew, Bayard Leighton, because I do not wish to shatter his ideal method of life. He is earning a good salary and has good health. As a slight token of my affection and as a remembrance I leave him the Gilbert portrait of himself which now hangs in my library."

"Isn't it a darling!" cried Virginia as she danced about the huge portrait.

"But you can't go to housekeeping with nothing but an old oil painting," demurred Bayard.

"Seems to me," broke in Jimmy, "that there's plenty of wood right here to build the house, and it won't take long to cover the walls. There's the oil painting to begin with. Then we can have that letter framed. I'm sure Bayard never wants to part with that. Then I'll give you a large photograph of myself, and—"

"What's all this nonsense about going to housekeeping?" interrupted Mr. Tracey, Virginia's father, as he came into the room. "When these young people get married—and I wish they'd hurry up about it—they must come and live with me. Virginia can change her name whenever she wants to, but not her residence. And as for this legacy business, I'd rather have a man for my son-in-law who can fight his own way than one who was made by an inheritance."

Mr. Tracey picked his way across the room over the pine boards, chisels and excelsior packing. He took his daughter in one arm as he extended his free hand to Bayard.

"Do you mean it?" sang out Bayard gleefully.

"Mean it?" echoed Mr. Tracey. "Well, I bet I do, and to prove it I'll take Jimmy Bookwalter into the dining room and keep him there until you two settle on a date for the wedding."

The words "dining room" seemed to awaken Jimmy from his stupor. He had a mental picture of a sideboard plentifully stocked with reviving liquors. He announced that he was ready for the proof of Mr. Tracey's assertion, and together they went out of the room, leaving the lovers alone.

"A Hypochondriac.

"Pa, what is a hypochondriac?"

"A hypochondriac, Wilfred?"

"But just a moment—'Pa' in this anecdote is not a good and kind father, yearning to impart useful information to his son, but one of those smart answer givers whose main object in life is to get into the back pages of the magazines. Such fathers look upon their little sons groping for knowledge as providers of openings for senseless domestic epigrams; hence—

but we'll go back.

"Pa" takes off his glasses and looks heavily at his son.

"What did you say, my boy?"

"Pa, what is a hypochondriac?"

"That gives 'pa' his chance.

"A hypochondriac, Wilfred"—names the Wilfred add humor to this sort of thing; John, for instance, would fall flat, and James would be indefinitely worse; but to resume—"a hypochondriac, Wilfred, is a man who has such a dread of catching cold that whenever he takes a bath he stops up all the holes in the sponge for fear of drafts."

And Wilfred not quite seven years old! Isn't it a shame?—New York Times.

Their Cause For Thanks.

By Charlotte Carruthers.

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When Dick Waring suddenly married pretty Linda Mills, to whom he had just become engaged, Uncle Henry Waring danced wrathfully on the hearth rug and uttered direful predictions.

"I don't blame you for wanting to marry Linda," he said angrily, "but you should have waited another year before taking a wife and setting up housekeeping. To my certain knowledge, Dick, you haven't got \$500 outside of your salary, and—"

"I have my two hands," interrupted Dick, with a dramatic gesture, "and I assure you, Uncle Henry, my wife shall not suffer."

"Foolish!" snorted Uncle Henry. "Your wife has two hands also, and I'll warrant she finds a use for them in a thousand ways you never thought of. Why, if you were to meet with an accident or have a long illness what would you do?"

"I would go to work then, Mr. Waring," said Linda, with spirit.

"We will manage very nicely, Uncle Henry," said Dick haughtily. "I am sorry you feel angry about it; but, as I have explained to you, after Linda's aunt died she was practically homeless, and I persuaded her to marry me at once. It's my fault."

"That doesn't better the matter, you young idiot!" retorted the choleric old gentleman. "Linda could support herself by her music for a year or two till you could earn enough to support a wife. As it is, you will suffer poverty and deprivation and be sick of each other before a year rolls round."

Having delivered himself of this sentiment, Mr. Waring glared angrily at his adopted son, and Dick, inheriting the same family characteristic to a degree, glared back at him.

Then, tucking his little wife's hand in his arm, he left the commodious

room. "So here you are," said Uncle Henry, blowing his nose violently. "Just been around to your place—nobody home."

Somehow—no one could explain afterward—Uncle Henry found himself sitting on the couch with an arm around each one.

"You were right about some things, Uncle Henry," said Dick humbly. "I can see that if I had waited a year Linda would not have had to work so hard. Most of the burden of economizing has fallen to her share. Show him your hands, Linda."

"Won't?" said Linda snucily. "But we managed to get along somehow, Uncle Henry. It took lots of love, but we were well provided with that commodity. And now we have brought our dinner. Shall we eat it together?"

"By all means," said Uncle Henry briskly. "The servants are all away, and we can have the place to ourselves."

"If you like, Uncle Henry, Linda and I will break up and come and live with you," said Dick slowly. "You are sure you won't mind having a woman in your bachelor paradise?"

Uncle Henry looked from Linda's sweet face to Dick's—stronger and more manly and with a deep content in his eyes.

"Folderol!" said Uncle Henry, with vehemence.

Makes Brave Men Cowards.

It has been proved that the comparatively harmless bombardment, so far as wounds are concerned, of a besieged town is terribly demoralizing to the bravest men. When a shell bursts near a group of twenty men it may kill one and wound two, while the remaining seventeen escape without a scratch. It will be found, however, that many of these are never the same men again. No matter how iron nerved they were before they are now irresolute and timid, and all their faculties are weakened. Very often they are jeered at by their comrades because of this change, but this is utterly unjust. In fact, their brain and spinal cord have been injured by being violently shaken against the walls of their bony cavities. The same thing occurs in railway collisions. People who were robust become quite feeble and nervous, though they may not have received a scratch. This curious state in the case of soldiers is well recognized by doctors under the name of the mental injuries of explosives. The injuries are really quite as physical as a shattered leg, for they consist of a kind of bruising of the very delicate tissue of the spinal cord and brain.

A Roman Fortune Teller.

A fortune teller of a lower order who lives in a dirty and obscure house is constantly applied to by jealous lovers. A girl who has a hated rival sends the latter under the veil of friendship to consult the fortune teller, who is prepared beforehand to frighten her from her pursuit of the man she loves. While the hag mixes the cards and the girl watches three knocks are heard at the door.

"That is a bad sign," says the witch. "It means that you are not beloved."

The fortune teller continues to lay the cards several times, but always with a bad result. The girl is told that the man she loves has no intention of marrying her and is advised to have recourse to all sorts of magic, for which she pays a considerable sum. The rival who has sent her also pays the witch, who thus earns a double fee. The objects sold by the witch as charms are many and various. One is a bit of rag, another is a purse containing salt, a bit of hay, some barley and some nails. These charms are said to lose their power after a month or two, when they must be replaced.

Neighbors' Journal.

"If that is the case," said Linda,

arising and bending over him. "I shall put on my things and run around and drag Uncle Henry here by main force. I have laid a plate for him and—"

"It is our place to go to him, Linda," said Dick soberly. "Let us go together."

"But my lovely dinner!" protested Linda, with a wistful glance toward the kitchen.

"Let us take it with us. I want Uncle Henry to taste your pumpkin pie," replied her husband, jumping to his feet.

In half an hour the toothsome dinner was snugly packed in two baskets, and the Waring turned their backs on 5 Clement street and boarded a trolley car.

When they reached the Waring mansion Dick ran up the steps like a boy and pressed the bell button.

After a long wait the door opened, and the displeased countenance of Mary Michens, the cook, was thrust forth.

"Good evening, Mrs. Michens," said Dick pleasantly. "Is my Uncle Henry at home?"

"He is not," replied Mrs. Michens sourly. "Queer doings I call it when a lady has cooked as fine a Thanksgiving dinner, as ever I see for him to set before it a minute and then jump up and order it all to be packed in baskets! And him and William has went away with it and me a promising my sister she should have a taste of that turkey and all!"

Dick hesitated. "Perhaps he has gone to see us," he said in a low tone to Linda. "In that case he will be back before long. Let us wait for him."

Within an hour Mr. Henry Waring entered his house, very dejected and slightly irritable. "Take the baskets away, William. You and Mary Michens can divide the contents between you. Take your evening off, both of you. I wish to be alone!"

Whereupon Uncle Henry flung open the library door and stumbled upon his nephew and Linda sitting before the cozy fire.

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Neighbors' Journal.

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A Christmas Restoration.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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It was a most disheartening trick of the brain—so John Loftus told himself—a trick of the memory, a way it had of dropping into that old rut and going over and over again the same awful road of misery and desolation.

What he saw was a rocky hillside pasture, with myriads of Canada thistles and a barefooted boy picking his way among them at the heels of a straggling little line of home going cows.

"O-u-u-o, but I can feel those thistles yet. How like sin they did punish my bare, brown feet! Mother was not feeling well when I went after the cows—my blessed, darling mamma. She had heart trouble, I heard one neighbor tell another, and would go suddenly some day when we least expected it. I had hardly let her out of my sight after that, although in the misery of my poor, bursting heart I could never tell her what I had heard. How I raced down the hill that night! And at the foot of the pasture, just at the end of the village street, I stopped to put up the bars.

"As I turned there stood that—vision. Blessed if I did not think it was a fairy. I had never seen the like before. For a moment I forgot even my anxiety about my dearest mamma. Oh, I can see her now—the folds of her filmy white dress, the little blue slippers with the straps over the ankles, the long golden curls and the pitying violet eyes. And the poor little devil of a kid in a faded shirt and blue jeans—how he winced and felt ashamed!

"And then the vision spoke. She came to me shyly and held out a rose. 'I wish you would take this,' she said, holding it out, far out, and I saw then that tears were running down her pink cheeks. I did not take the rose, but the birch switch dropped from my hand, and my heart turned to ice. Poor little kid! Poor kid!"

"My mamma sent me to meet you," she said and sobbed, brushing the palm of her hand across the track of her tears. "I wish you'd take the rose. I came to stay all day with you. Maybe I can stay all day tomorrow. I—I've got a white kitten. We brought it from our former charge. I'm the new minister's little girl, you see, and you may have my kitten, and— and I know how to string red berries into boofal strings of beads, and—"

"She pushed the rose into my hand and then turned away, and I saw her bare white shoulders toss up and down in a tumult of sobbing.

"What awful, horrible hurts there can be in this little life of ours! I knew, I knew."

"I threw the rose as far as I could dash it and flung myself into the sand by the roadway.

"I did not cry out. I beat the earth with my clinched fists and my bare face. The sand filled my mouth and blinded my wet eyes, and the blood oozed out and clotted across my throbbing temples.

"Then people came and wiped away the sand and the blood, and the shaking voice of a woman kept saying: 'Poor boy, poor little boy!'

"A team drove along the road and crept out into the grass in order to pass me. Then I heard a neighbor say: 'Let me take the little shaver into the waggin. Poor little feller! It is dreadful sudden for 'im, but still Miss' Loftus has had the heart disorder for a good spell back.'

"Oh, yes, I knew. I knew the awful truth as soon as I saw the tears in the eyes of the little strange girl. The dreadful blow had fallen.

"They carried me into the house, full now of sad faced, whispering women, that very room where I had kissed my mother a merry goodby not more than half an hour ago. Away in the darkened bedroom they had laid her and spread a white sheet over her face. Mother!

"But the great wheel of the years kept turning. The old life was a thing of the past. The boy was homeless, friendless. But the years did not stop, and as they turned I grew out of my blue jeans and no longer went barefoot. And now I was in love with the minister's daughter, just the same angel that stood that night at the bars, the beautiful vision with a woman's tender heart. And then came ambition, that great, swelling sea that swallows up all else of life."

He swept his hands out and in the gesture included all the magnificence that wealth could give, all that his surroundings implied.

"I'll give you my white kitten. Dear little heart, what was she not ready to sacrifice for me always? And I, brute, the beast of selfishness and ambition clothed over with the garments of a man, I—yes, it was the old story. In my selfish sorrow I threw her rose in the dust. At first I said: 'There is not enough for two. I can have just what I want at the club if I am alone.' I broke her heart and drifted away from her, waiting till I should have enough for two to live in the style I desired.

"Oh, never for an instant did I intend to lose her, only just to make her wait till we could begin life in the style that would give us just the social position I desired."

"I did not think she realized my selfishness. I did not myself. And then the unexpected happened. Her father died, and she took a position

as companion for a wealthy invalid, and they went to Europe.

"She may be married for all I know and have forgotten me, and I—well, I am perfectly happy, I am sure. Hanged if I know what has got into me that I can't think of anything else tonight. I don't want to think of her—of course I don't. I am perfectly content as I am. Yes, her 'white kitten' was as the apple of her eye. Beryl—a pretty name—Beryl Bayswinger. I wonder if she did marry. I saw Teddy bears and woolly dogs and cotton cats in the shop windows tonight, and I thought of the Christmas trees mother used to make for me—red apples and striped candy and popcorn, with tallow dips for candles. It's the old memories that have got into my brain tonight. Confound the holiday season anyway! But I believe I'll take a turn down by the shops and shake them off. I can make a lot of little duffers happy with a handful of Christmas pennies. It is not that I want a home—with Beryl in it—no—certainly not. I'll just go to—to—I am perfectly satisfied as I am. But I'll take a look around to—to—well, to pass the time away."

The stores were ablaze with light, and the windows twinkle with tinsel and toys, and the tired shopgirls were behind their counters until 10 o'clock at night. John had spent a pocketful of dimes, and there was but one left—that is, but one dime left of the ten dollar bill that he broke when he stood there to Christmas toys for the first ragamuffin he met—as he started out to do the Santa Claus act on a small personal scale.

As he turned to take the car he stumbled over a ragged little mite, who was pressing a bit of a blue face against the plate glass of a big window and cooing in broken English to a sprawling yellow Teddy bear in the toy window.

"Want a Teddy bear?" he asked. And the child gripped hungrily. "Well, come on in, then. I'll get you one."

The bear bore the price tag, "Seventy-five cents." John went in to change a bill. Crowds were thinning in the store, and he dragged the ragged mite after him through the long aisles, up the elevator and down among the rows of toys.

"Toy animals? Oh, yes. Down that aisle at post 10," so the floorwalker said, and John led the child hastily along.

"Have you toy?"—he began. The clerk was putting a box on the shelf. She turned a weary white face to attend to her late customer.

"Beryl!"

The cry rang across an ocean of cotton cats and paper elephants heaped on a dozen counters. A little rattling crash followed, and then the voice of a clerk crying, "Oh, Mr. Headman, Miss Bayswinger has fainted again!"

The manager hurried up. Miss Bayswinger lay very white and limp across the arms of the tall customer.

No one noticed the little German walf scudding away with two white cotton cats and a Teddy bear in her pinafore.

"Send for the ambulance, some of you! Miss Bayswinger will get her discharge in the morning. This fainting is getting altogether too frequent," the manager said sharply.

"Where does this lady live?" John Loftus asked. "I will take her home in a carriage."

"Oh, rooms somewhere. We'll send her to the hospital. Don't trouble yourself."

The marriage occurred on Christmas day, and now the fellows are all wondering who the mischief Miss Bayswinger was, whether she was some English girl or simply an American heiress.

Aesop Up to Date.

A Hare, meeting a Tortoise one day, remarked as he looked at the Tortoise's heavy shell and short feet, "I think I could beat you in a race."

"All right," answered the Tortoise. "It is not every race that is won by a hare."

At the hour appointed for the contest the Hare soon left the Tortoise out of sight and, feeling sure of winning, lay down by the roadside to take a nap. After a half-hour's sleep and rest he resumed the race. But the Tortoise had turned into a wayside garage and hired an automobile, and so he soon overtook the feet footed Hare.

The Hare was going at the limit of his speed, but the Tortoise was going at the speed limit and won the race by three miles and seven laps.

When the Hare, in the course of time, arrived at the post he said, with a sigh, "You'll never catch me in an endurance race again."

Moral—Foot racing is healthy, but motoring is swifter.—St. Nicholas.

Neighborly Advice.

I am not one of those who insist that everybody should mind his own business; that is too harsh a doctrine. One of the rights and privileges of a good neighbor is to give neighborly advice. But there is a corresponding right on the part of the advisee, and that is to take no more of the advice than he thinks is good for him. There is one thing that a man knows about his own business better than any outsider, and that is how hard it is for him to do it. The adviser is always telling him how to do it in the finest possible way, while he, poor fellow, knows that the paramount issue is whether he can do it at all. It requires some grace on the part of a person who is doing the best he can under extremely difficult circumstances to accept cheerfully the remarks of the intelligent critic.—S. M. Crothers in Atlantic.

Woman's Page

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

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED FOR THIS PAGE

BEAR TRACKS

MARY COTTON WISDOM

Yesterday morning the men found a fresh bear track a few yards behind our camp.

I had been enjoying the most refreshing sleep the whole night through, ever since I came, but after learning that a wild bear had been prowling around me while I slept, I felt a little nervous on retiring last night. My city bred mind did not relish the idea of having only the thin walls of a tent to protect my unconscious sleeping self from this wild prowling animal.

In the middle of the night I heard a scratching on the tent walls right at my head. I awoke instantly and there flashed into my mind visions of that big brown bear who had paid us a visit the night previous.

I awakened my husband, but man like he has no fear of midnight burglars. So in a sleepy voice he advised me to say my prayers over again to quiet my fears and with the remark that any way bears up in this country seldom ate people off he went to sleep again.

The scratching still continued. My heart thumped for I expected every moment to see the big brown nose of that bear poking under the tent. Suddenly there was a scramble, and the scratching continued further up, then to my great relief I saw the reflection of a squirrel in the moonlight. The little fellow evidently thought he had found a pleasant play ground, for he ran up and down, side ways and back again for quite a while. At last he scurried away leaving me thankful that we had not received a second call from the friendly bear.

One of our miners, who has been in this part of the country for two years says that he has seen about fifteen bears during that time. He told me about an adventure one of his friends had with a bear last week. He seemed to consider it a great joke, for he laughed heartily while telling me. It appears the men were all asleep for the night at this particular camp, when his friend heard a noise outside the tent. Thinking it might be some stranger seeking shelter, he went out to investigate.

It was dark, and getting no reply to his enquiries, he groped his way along the side of the tent to find the cause of all the noise. When suddenly, and without warning, he ran right into a great big bear. It gave him such a fright that he gave a yell of terror and fled with his hair straight on end. His calls brought the miners out of the tent, to have a good laugh at his expense.

The poor bear, I fancy, also received a fright for he hurried away through the forest.

MY VIEW OF SOCIALISM

MARY COTTON WISDOM

Let me say right here that I believe in socialism and am looking forward to the co-operative wealth. This old world will hardly recognize itself when that glorious time comes, for things in general will be wonderfully improved.

However, I want to say that I do not in the least agree with the opinions of a leading socialist with whom I was speaking not long since, that when socialism becomes the form of government under which we live (as it surely will) the perfect time foretold by the prophets of old will be here.

As men have grown in knowledge, they have tried to improve the conditions which surround them. No one doubts the assertion that we are better off today than were our savage forefathers when long ago they ate each other physically.

No one will doubt (who studied the question) that they will be better off when we cease to eat each other financially. But man is mortal, no form of government which he can devise will ever be perfect.

I believe that not until the Messiah Himself shall come and take the reins of government into his own hands, will the perfect day be ushered in and the long promised millennium arrive. Then the lamb and the lion will lie down together and a little child shall lead them. Every man shall then dwell under his own vine and his fig tree none daring to make him afraid. This

latter is just what socialists are looking for.

I believe the universal brotherhood of socialism which is encircling the globe is one of the signs of Our Lord's second coming. It is a preparation to make ready a people prepared for the Lord.

Socialism is nothing more nor less than a latter day application of the teachings of Christ.

Socialism, like everything that is good and true and noble, has spurious imitations. A good deal of what is called socialism is nothing of the sort.

Disgruntled men who rant against every thing that does not please themselves must not be considered as exponents of socialism, no more than do the ravings of a political stump speaker represent the true opinion of the nation's best men.

I would advise any woman who knows nothing about the question to do as I did get some literature on the subject and get a general idea of what the whole thing means—then let her form her own opinion.

OUR LEGISLATORS

MARY COTTON WISDOM

Yesterday I had an experience which made me grind my teeth and shake my fist (figuratively speaking) in the face of rum and every advocate of rum the world over.

There passed me a delicate looking elderly gentleman, the perspiration streaming from his face as he tried to hurry along the dusty road. He looked tired and old and the burden of his miner's knapsack seemed to be heavy for his poor bent shoulders. When he passed me he lifted his faded cap, and I saw that he had been drinking heavily. As he walked falteringly on a coarse looking man turned to his companion and remarked with a brutal laugh "He ain't over it yet."

WHAT WILL SOCIALISM DO ?

It will give to every worker the full value of the product of his labor.

It will reduce the hours of labor in proportion to the increased powers of production.

It will abolish child labor.

It will abolish the landlord, the landlord and the capitalist.

It will give employment to all who desire and will pension the old.

It will abolish charity and give the people justice.

It will abolish want, destitution and the poorhouse.

It will permit every member of society to develop the highest and the best.

It will abolish classes. It will abolish strikes and lockouts.

It will make possible a government of the people.

It will abolish the trusts by making them the property of all the people to be operated democratically for their benefit.

It will do away with private ownership of the means of life.

It will bring about collective ownership of the means of life.

It will make labor saving machinery a benefit instead of a curse.

It will abolish the poor tramp and the rich tramp.

It will abolish rent, interest, profit and every form of usury.

It will organize armies of construction. It will abolish armies of destruction.

It will abolish crime and criminals. It will abolish competition for bread.

It will encourage competition in study, science, exploration, invention and the art.

It will abolish prostitution. It will abolish "graft."

It will break up some of the shacks today called "homes."

It will make possible for every man a good home.

It will abolish "desertion" and cruelty. It will introduce love and harmony.

If you are in favor of this program you are with us.

If you desire this and want it right in our time you will join the Socialist party and work for Socialism.

The little old gentleman, for a gentleman he certainly was, passed along the road out to the forest. Evidently he had come up to this rich silver country hoping to get some money to save himself and wife from the poor house.

Alas, the hopes of his poor waiting wife will be blighted for that little delicate gentleman stands small chance of braving the hardships of this wild rough country.

The men who succeed are the husky, robust, young fellows who can tramp through the forest all day, then rolled in their blankets able to sleep out doors in rain or shine, heat or cold, laughing at rheumatism or pneumonia and all other ills caused by exposure.

Ever since seeing that helpless drunken old man I am more convinced than ever that we women must have a voice in the affairs of the nation. How long, think you, if woman had her way, would our government be able to make legal the selling of this stuff, which every year turns thousands upon thousands of our young men into criminals and paupers. This vile stuff which causes insanity, disease, vice, idiocy, sorrow, shame, sin and misery.

Our statesmen, our legislators, our judges and other highly paid officials, are supposed to make laws for the welfare of the people whom they represent, that is what we elect them for and the reason we give them such large salaries. Yet, they dare to sit in the Council Halls of the nation and make legal and right, in the eyes of the law, the breaking of mothers hearts, the filling of our jails, our penitentiaries, our reform schools, blasting mentally, morally and physically, our men women and children. Verily, it is enough to make the Devil in Hell grin in his hideousness.

I feel that heretofore, much as I have hated the works of the liquor seller, that I have been luke warm as regards fighting its evils, from now on as the Lord gives me opportunity, I am going to fight it tooth and nail, spurred on by the knowledge that I am only one of thousands of Canadian women in the same fight against the evil.

If a housekeeper should conduct her household along the lines of throwing mud on her floor in order to clean it, or breaking her china in order to mend it, or making holes in her husband's socks in order to darn them, she would be

considered of unsound mind. Yet this is exactly the mode of housekeeping on which our legislators conduct the larger home of the nation.

Through legalizing the selling of rum, they make criminals, then build penitentiaries and jails to shut them in. They make murderers, then build gallows to hang them on. They make lunatics, and idiots, then build asylums to house them in. They make more products along the same lines and yet they are not considered of unsound mind.

Strange is it not? But if one lone woman dared to conduct the management of her one little home in the same manner, causing grief to no one but herself, she would immediately be stamped on.

Our government can conduct parliaments along lines which bring grief and misery to millions and they have the chief places in the synagogue. Strange is it not?

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE

Comrades

We have never seen each other, you and I

Yet our hearts shake hands, my brother, you and I

Have a bond beneath the skies; By the light in Freedom's eyes; We are like steel like steel together, you and I.

We vowed to end her sorrow, you and I,

When hope she scarce could borrow. You and I

Have loved her all forlorn, And wh'er may be forsworn We have kept our truth like true men, you and I.

We have lived, and for her sorely, you and I,

'Mong the outcast and the lowly. You and I

In the depths without a name Have felt that blast and flame Of the soul-destroying furnace, you and I.

We have known the hungry craving, you and I, But scorned the servile slaving. You and I

Have trampled iron-shod On the one and only god Of the slave and money-getter, you and I.

Where Dives crows the loudest, you and I

Could climb—ay, 'mong the proudest, you and I; But nothing ever vies With the light in Freedom's eyes And the love we two have for her, you and I.

Though we've never seen each other, you and I.

We're children of one mother, you and I, And when wrought her high behest She will clasp us to her breast, For the deathless love we bore her, you and I.

Until it is Settled Right

However the battle is ended, Through proudly the victor comes With fluttering flags and prancing nags

And echoing roll of drums, Still truth proclaims this motto In letters of living light— No question is ever settled Until it is settled right.

Through the heel of the strong oppressor May grind the weak in the dust, And the voices of fame, with one acclaim,

May call him great and just, Let those who applaud take warning, And keep this motto in sight— No question is ever settled Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed take courage; Through the enemy seems to have won, Tho' his ranks are strong, if he be in the wrong,

The battle is not yet done, For, sure as the morning follows The darkest of the night, No question is ever settled Until it is settled right.

O man bowed down with labor! O woman young, yet old; O heart oppressed in the toilers' breast And crushed by the power of gold! Keep on with your weary battle Against triumph might; No question is ever settled Until it is settled right.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

ADVERTISEMENTS



Rev. Father Morrissey

A Combined Treatment That Really Cures Catarrh.

Canadian weather, with its extreme cold and sudden changes, gives almost every one Catarrh, and makes it hard to cure. Some recommend internal remedies—some external applications.

Father Morrissey used both—tablets to be taken three or four times a day to invigorate the system, purify the blood, and help it throw off the disease, and a soothing, healing, antiseptic salve to be applied inside the nostrils. This combined treatment known as

"Father Morrissey's No. 26"

attacking the disease from within and without, soon cures.

Mr. A. C. Thibodeau, General Merchant in Rogersville, N.B., writes on Jan. 22nd last:

"A few words as to the merits of your Catarrh Cure. For the last 10 years I have been troubled with Catarrh of the head and stomach and during that time have tried all kinds of other remedies with no results, until I tried your Catarrh Cure which I am glad to say has cured me. I highly recommend it to those who are suffering with this disease."

Don't trifle with Catarrh—cure it with Father Morrissey's No. 26. 50c for the combined treatment at your dealer's.

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

PSALMS

PSALM 37.

31 The law of God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide.

32 The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay him.

33 The Lord will not leave him in his hand, nor condemn him when he is judged.

34 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land: when the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.

35 I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree.

36 Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

37 Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.

38 But the transgressors shall be destroyed together: the end of the wicked shall be cut off.

39 But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord: he is their strength in the time of trouble.

40 And the Lord shall help them, and deliver them: he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him.

PSALM 38.

1 O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath: neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

2 For thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore.

3 There is no soundness in my flesh because of thine anger; neither is there any rest in my bones because of my sin.

4 For mine iniquities are gone over mine head; as an heavy burden they are too heavy for me.

5 My wounds stink and are corrupt, because of my foolishness.

6 I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly: I go mourning all the day long.

7 For my loins are filled with a loathsome disease; and there is no soundness in my flesh.

8 I am feeble and sore broken: I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart.

9 Lord, all my desire is before thee; and my groaning is not hid from thee.

10 My heart panteth, my strength faileth me: as for the light of mine eyes, it also is gone from me.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW

CHAPTER 2.

18 In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children; and would not be comforted, because they are not.

19 But when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt.

20 Saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead which sought the young child's life.

21 And he arose, and took the young child and his mother, and came into the land of Israel.

22 But when he heard that Archelaus did reign in Judea in the room of his father Herod, he was afraid to go thither: notwithstanding, being warned of God in a dream, he turned aside into the parts of Galilee:

23 And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of by

PROVERBS

CHAPTER 20.

17 Bread of deceit is sweet to a man; but afterwards his mouth shall be filled with gravel.

18 Every purpose is established by counsel; and with good advice make war.

19 He that goeth about as a tale-bearer revealeth secrets; therefore meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips.

20 Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness.

21 An inheritance may be gotten hastily at the beginning; but the end thereof shall not be blessed.

22 Say not thou, I will recompense evil; but wait on the Lord, and he shall save thee.

23 Divers weights are an abomination unto the Lord; and a false balance is not good.

24 Man's goings are of the Lord; how can a man then understand his own way?

25 It is a snare to the man who devoureth that which is holy, and after vows to make enquiry.

26 A wise king scattereth the wicked, and bringeth the wheel over them.

27 The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord, searching all the inward parts of the belly.

28 Mercy and truth preserve the king; and his throne is upholden by mercy.

29 The glory of young men is their strength; and the beauty of the old men is the grey head.

30 The blueness of a wound cleanseth away evil: so do stripes the inward parts of the belly.

CHAPTER 21.

1 The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water: he turneth it whithersoever he will.

2 Every way of a man is right in his own eyes; but the Lord pondereth the hearts.

3 To do justice and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice.

4 An high look, and a proud heart, and the plowing of the wicked is sin.

5 The thoughts of the diligent tend only to plenteousness; but of every one that is hasty, only want.

the prophets. He shall be called a Nazarene.

CHAPTER 3.

1 In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea.

2 And saying, Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

3 For that is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.

4 And the same John had his raiment made of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey.

5 Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the regions round about him.

6 And were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins.

7 But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generations of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?

8 Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance:

N. B. Socialists Prosecute Disturber

The case of Mr. A. N. Belyea charged with raising a disturbance on the street at a socialist meeting on Labor Day came up in the Moncton Police Court on Monday, Sept. 20th. Comrade Sophy Mushkat was the first witness. She affirmed that she was present at the meeting in question. Happening to mention Comrade Gribble she was asked—"Who is Gribble." Ans—"Organizer of the Socialist Party of Canada." Question—"Are you a member of that party?" Ans—"Yes and I am proud of it." The comrades who were in court applauded vigorously and received a rebuke from the Judge who was boiling over with "righteous indignation."

Cross-examined the comrade said she was not a member of a Socialist society in Russia but had been a socialist in sympathy for many years. She had joined the Socialist Party of Canada very lately. The Socialist Party was international and stood for the same principles throughout the world. She believed the public should be enlightened as to the doctrines of Socialism which stood for giving to the workers the full product of their labor. Here she delivered a sharp rebuke to the lawyer who questioned her. And again there was applause. Further cross-examined she said the workers could free themselves by using the ballot intelligently. The workers are not free because they are compelled to work for a master for a bare living. They are wage-slaves.

The lawyer here proceeded to question comrade Mushkat regarding her theological ideas and leanings. She said in answer to his questions that she did not believe in future punishment. If she told a falsehood she would expect to be punished by her conscience.

Comrade C. V. Hoar was the next witness. He did not believe in the Bible therefore an oath upon that book would not be binding upon him. In answer to the judge he said he did not believe the bible version of the creation neither did he believe that a whale ever swallowed a man to keep him from drowning. Said he was "fired" from the employ of the bank of New Brunswick because he was a Socialist. He belonged to the Albert branch of the S. P. of C. Its aims are working class ownership of the tools for the production of wealth. In answer to the judge he said he learned something every day. He had just learned that disbelief in the bible was a misdemeanor in the eyes of British law.

At the close of the examination of Comrade Hoar McQueen addressed the court. "I claim these people have been preaching a doctrine which we as Canadian citizens cannot recognize." Here the writer said "May I suggest that you first learn what those doctrines are?" And another call down from the justice was in order and forthwith delivered.

A. N. Belyea the defendant was put on in his defence. He heard the Socialist speakers on Labor Day. Prominent citizens asked him to answer their arguments. He heard Gribble say—"What right had Victoria to rule your father or her son to rule you." He (Gribble) spoke very disrespectfully of his Majesty. Belyea said he, in answering the socialists, said "I am a subject of Edward VII I was born under the British flag and I am proud to live under British institutions. I am proud to live in a country and under a government led by such an illustrious man as Sir Wilfrid Laurier. There is no comparison between Laurier and such Socialists as Smith, Puttee or Serville. Cross examined by Chief Rideout the defendant admitted that he had been arrested several times. Once he had been arrested for attempt to murder and quite a number of times for drunkenness and creating a disturbance. The case was adjourned until afternoon and then a further adjournment of a week was granted.

That evening Comrade Hoar and the writer opened up a meeting on the street but we were soft enough to back down when the Chief of Police interfered. However we expect to do better tonight. More later
ROSCOE A. FILLMORE.

THE ADVANCE OF COLLECTIVISM

In the course of an interesting survey of European politics in the "Contemporary Review" for September, Dr. Dillion writes as follows:—

"Seemingly correlate with the decay of monarchism is the spread of Socialism, collectivism, or, say, of that regime which transfers to the community continuous power over the individual, subordinating his interests to its own. And this new social force must be reckoned with in any forecast of the future, social or political. It is impossible, for instance, to blink the fact that in this country we have already accepted the principle of State Socialism, which it will be the duty of every succeeding Government to maintain and develop."

"In Germany we have for years had an opportunity of witnessing the same phenomenon. France, the most conservative nation in Europe, is governed to-day by a Cabinet presided over by the Socialist, Aristide Briand, and composed of Radicals and Socialists. In Sweden the population awoke a couple of weeks ago to the astonishing fact that the Socialists had silently and insensibly gained a firm hold of the most powerful elements of the nation, and the masterful way in which the 'general' strike has been organized and partially carried out is a revelation alike to Swedes and foreigners. But the new independent realm of Norway is ahead of all Scandinavia on the way to collectivism and all that principle involves."

PARTY NOTES

Comrade Fillmore held two well attended out door meetings at Havelock, Kings Co., on the evenings of Sept. 23rd and 24th. This is the first time a Socialist speaker has visited this village and much discussion has been aroused.

Montreal Local No. 2 reports progress. A large amount of propaganda work has been done by means of lectures. The local has enrolled a large number of new members and have more workers to carry on the work than ever before.

The Moncton Transcript of Sept 22nd quotes copiously from the 13th installment of Comrade Gribble's "Tale of a Tour" for the purpose of "showing up," as it says, the attitude of Socialists towards organized labor. The article is headed "Socialist Leader tells how he abused the king and Moncton labor organizations;" "Wilfrid Gribble in letter to Socialist paper admits the truth of A. W. Belyea's claim," "letter is abusive one." Lots of free advertising coming our way, Comrades.
R. A. FILLMORE

Montreal Local No. 1 has secured the Labor Temple for every Sunday afternoon for the winter when lectures will be delivered on the most important questions of the day.

Commencing with Oct. 3rd, the first lecture will be delivered by Comrade George Edward on the subject. "The credulity of the working class." The chairman will open the meeting at 2:30 p.m., meetings open to all. All these desiring to ask questions and state their views can do so.

From Cobalt comes the news of the death of Comrade Captain Johnson, a victim of capitalist greed. His death was due to typhoid an epidemic of which in Cobalt is due to the filthy state of the town. Comrade Johnson was born in Nova Scotia and had spent his life principally in the mining camps of the west, British Columbia and Arizona. His body has been sent to his mother's home in Nova Scotia to find a last resting place amid the scenes of his childhood.

There will be no peace for the working men and working woman until the Christian millionaires are flung off.

The constructive work of socialism is already beginning to be done. But to be well done the capitalist system must be swept away.

Under the present system as the worker becomes rich he would do as the rich do. Socialism will do away with the overburdensome rich and will prevent poverty.

The idea of the average Christian is to save himself out of the wreck of fortunes, morals and lives which flow from our anarchist methods of business life.

Socialism aims at extending the principle of co-operation. Co-operation is seen everywhere and is found to be good. Why not have more of the good thing?

Don't waste time arguing with your friend. Let Cotton's talk to him every week in his leisure moments. There is always something that will make him think hard.

THE PRICE OF GREATNESS

Socialists have been condemned wholeheartedly by Liberal and Tory apologists of the present system of society for the language they have used in denouncing the methods of modern industrialism. But the evidence we can call in support of our contention gains weight and magnitude from day to day. Mr. Asquith, forced to defend the Budget, proves that in the last eight years the rich have become enormously richer, and the poor have become poorer. When Socialists urged this, they were told they lied. When they have put forward the contention that the increasing stress of modern working conditions, the growing anxiety due to questions of unemployment and underemployment, were bringing about not only physical but mental deterioration, again, the extollers of rent, interest, and glorious profit told us we lied. Now comes the annual report of the Asylums Board of Lancashire. The El Dorado of the profit-monger, be he factory owner or jerry property owner, proving the Socialist statements up to the hilt.

The following passage from the report of Dr. Frank Percival, Superintendent of Prestwich Asylum, contains an awful indictment of the system supported to-day by the unholy trinity, Politicians, Press, and Pulpit:—

There are few things, he says, that are not named at one time or another as a cause of insanity, from changes in the moon down to perverted ideas of religion. The actual conditions at present existing, conducive to the production of weaklings subject to insanity, are not far to seek.

"This country and others," he continues, "have become dominated by a system of commercialism by which wealth and power are so unevenly distributed that for thousands of persons permission to live even on the borders of starvation, is only granted upon conditions of labour compared with which the lot of the old negro slave was princely. The greatness of a nation now is judged by the amount of its exports and imports rather than how he abused the king and Moncton labor organizations;" "Wilfrid Gribble in letter to Socialist paper admits the truth of A. W. Belyea's claim," "letter is abusive one." Lots of free advertising coming our way, Comrades.
R. A. FILLMORE

Dr. Percival adds that he should like to say with regard to drink, of which they heard and saw so much, that he feels convinced, and the conviction has been growing upon him for years, that poverty is the great cause of alcoholic intemperance. Permission to live, even on the borders of starvation, is only granted upon conditions of labor, compared with which the lot of the old negro slave was princely, says Dr. Percival. and this is the twentieth century, and man is almost completely master of the natural forces of air, earth, and sea. His power to produce wealth is beyond the highest that man has ever dared to dream. He has put an electric girdle around the earth, harnessed the waterfall, and rides upon the winds, and yet, in spite of all, Dr. Percival, damns society with the above bitter scathing words.

Three cheers for the glory of England and now, comrades, how about a few more Dreamthoughts to protect your priceless heritage? of wage slavery
British Labor Leader.

A Package of Quotations

"Shall capital or labor write the laws?"
— the laws of social development in general, and of existing society in particular.—A. M. Lewis.

"An indispensable qualification in business is to have few scruples and to be a first class liar. Honesty and suicide are synonymous terms."—A. M. Lewis.

"Co-operation is always and everywhere the law of life; competition is always and everywhere the law of death"—Ruskin.

"Go to work!"
"To earn money!"
"To buy the food!"
"To gain the strength!"
"To go to work."
— Carl Vroeman.

"Where there are no common interests, there can be no unity of purpose, much less of action."—Marx.

LOWER WAGES FOR EVERYBODY

WILLIAM RESTELLE SHIER
A man in falling from the roof of a New York skyscraper is said to have shouted as he shot past its fifth story "I am safe yet."

The story illustrates the attitude of the average workingman. As long as he has some kind of a job at some kind of a wage, he is "safe yet."

But an increasing number of men have to go without jobs, and no jobs means no wages. No wages means no food, no clothing, no shelter, except what can be obtained from charity organizations.

The army of the unemployed is increasing in size at an alarmingly rapid rate.

(1) Because the virgin wilderness of the west has been pretty nearly all brought under cultivation, thus closing up the outlet for surplus population;

(2) Because the employers of labor are stimulating the immigration of vast numbers of Europeans to compete with the white native labor.

(3) Because Japan, China and the countries of the far east are developing their own factory system, thus curtailing our foreign markets and putting a damper upon the expansion of western industry;

(4) Because the perfection of machinery and the organization of industry into trusts displaces labor.

Use Cotton's to propagate the doctrines of socialism. Nothing better or cheaper.

The nations of the world are striving for foreign markets. Huge navies are maintained and every nation looks at every other nation with jealous eye. This is because under capitalism the workers produce more than they are allowed to consume. Under socialism there would be no fight for foreign markets. All the goods a nation produced would be consumed at home or exchanged with other nations for an equal quantity of dissimilar goods. There would be no striving to sell the necessities of life abroad while the people starve at home.

The committee on congestion of population in New York fixes the economic waste from certain preventable diseases in New York City alone at \$37,000,000. The hunt for profits breeds fever traps and overworked men and women. Under socialism the people will have healthful work mingled with leisure. The fever traps will be abolished and labor will come into its own.

The workers cannot resist the might of the new idea. Get the idea to them through Cotton's.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The German party members have grown from 587,336 to 633,309. These all pay dues.

The millennial idea is the Christian form of utopism.

Feudalism has gone, capitalism is going.

Those who say that socialism is against human nature do not know socialism or do not know human nature.

If a man doth not work neither shall he eat, is an old saying. But decadent capitalism says that the less a man works the more he shall eat and the harder he works the less shall he have the opportunity of living well.

Capitalist courts of justice are courts of repression and outrage. The law makers realize this when they impose heavy punishment upon the man exhibiting his contempt for them. If they were not contemptible there would need to be no punishment for the man holding them in contempt.

LOSING FLESH in summer can be prevented by taking SCOTT'S EMULSION It's as beneficial in summer as in winter. If you are weak and run down it will give you strength and build you up. Take it in a little milk or water. Get a small bottle now. All Druggists. THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Brighten Up for the Winter Months

The next few months will be spent indoors. You should make your house look as attractive as possible inside. Floors should be repainted or revarnished, wainscoting cleaned and painted, stove pipes enameled, cupboards, shelving, furniture, walls, radiators and everything in and about the house "brightened up." Sherwin-Williams Brighten Up Finishes include a paint and varnish and stain and enamel for every purpose. You will find the operation of "brightening up" not laborious, but interesting, and the improved appearance of your house will delight you. Ask your dealer for

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS Brighten Up Finishes Made in Canada. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. Montreal Toronto Winnipeg



All Socialists may not agree that there is money in economy in all things, but they certainly must admit that there is Economy in using Cotton's as a means of propaganda.

For \$1.00, Cotton's will be sent to two addresses for a year; four addresses, for six months, or ten addresses for three months.

Fifty cents will pay for one yearly sub. two half yearly subs or five trial subs for three months.

A bundle of ten for three months costs only \$1.00.

A bundle of twenty-five for three months costs only \$2.50.

Surely COTTON'S is an economical propaganda paper. Get busy and spread it abroad, thereby helping in the world-wide agitation for Socialism.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

FIERI FACIAS DE BONIS U DE TERRIS.

Superior Court. — District of Bedford.

Province of Quebec } EUGENE
Bedford district of } A.
Bedford. No. } DYER.
8183.

Plaintiff against the goods and lands of THE HEIRS of the late Seymour W. Salls, in his lifetime of the township of Sutton, in the district of Bedford, farmer, Defendant.

That certain piece of land lying and being situate in the township of Sutton, county of Brome, and District of Bedford, actually known as the north half or moiety of lot number twelve hundred and eighteen (1218), of the official plan and book of reference of the said township of Sutton, containing fifty seven and one half acres, more or less—with all improvements thereon.

To be sold at the church door of the parish of Saint Andre de Sutton, in the township of Sutton and district of Bedford, on the SIXTEENTH day of OCTOBER next, at the hour of TEN of the clock in the forenoon.

CHAS. S. COTTON, Sheriff's Office. Sheriff. Sweetsburg, 4th. September, 1909.

Effective Propaganda at Low Cost

Cotton's can be sent for— Three months to one person for ten cents.

Three months to ten different persons for a dollar.

Three months to fifty different persons for five dollars.

Three months to one hundred different persons for ten dollars. Locals please note the effective propaganda that can be done at small cost.

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Eyestrain Drains Vitality Eyestrain uses up the nerves and drains vitality. It is dangerous to health and life. We save life and ensure health by removing eyestrain.



FRANK E. DRAPER Jeweler and Optician COWANSVILLE, QUE.

Province of Quebec In the Circuit Court District of Bedford

No 6820

ADNA S. JONES, of the Township of Pelton, in the District of Bedford, Hotel-Keeper. PLAINTIFF

VS W. KINNEY alias KINNON, of the same place. DEFENDANT.

The Defendant is ordered to appear within one month: LEONARD & NOYES, C. C. C. Sweetsburg, 7th of September, 1909.

MONTREAL LOCAL NO. 1

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

OTTO JAHN, SECRETARY, 828 Chausse St., Montreal

What to Read on Socialism

By Charles H. Kerr, Editor of the International Socialist Review. Eight 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 10c; 100 for \$1.00; 1,000 for \$10.00.

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COTTON'S NEEDS A CIRCULATION OF 10,000

FIRING LINE

Will R. Hibberd, of Toronto, sends alone two trials and two half yearlies. Not only does Comrade Hibberd write for Cotton's but he hustles for subs as well.

E. Anderson, from Ymir, B. C., is on the warpath. A yearly and five trials is the capitalist spoil captured in his latest hunt.

From Bobcaygeon comes a yearly. Geo. Penfold of Guelph gets in a second order this week. Six trials, a half and three yearlies is the result of his second hunt.

W. H. Vollans, from Calgary, Alberta, sends in his yearly sub "for your very good little paper."

J. Lawrence, Winnipeg, Man., captures five yearlies and two halves and signs himself, "Yours for the 10,000. The sub hustlers have been going after the plute scalps and it looks as if we might get there by and by."

John McKiernan, of Cobalt takes a bundle of ten for three months. He also is out to give Cotton's a circulation of ten thousand. The sub hustlers are rallying to the fight and are doing good work.

George Edward writes encouragingly from Montreal. Says now that the winter meetings have begun subs for Cotton's can be more easily got. I met a plut from Montreal this week. He told me that he had stopped and watched them sell Cotton's in Montreal at a street meeting and was surprised to see how quick they were sold.

C. E. Scharff of Millet, Alta., is responsible for two trials going to his town. The entering wedge which will split the capitalist ideas of the inhabitants of Millet into smithereens.

I. Morris has captured a trial for Ottawa. Another wageslave waking up.

Just when the Manager goes away the monoline breaks down. The manager is the only one of us with sufficient mechanical ability to start the thing going. So till he comes back the paper is being handset.

Jules Lavenne of Springhill, N. S., is to hand with a yearly sub for the Secretary-Treasurer of the Cumberland I. L. P. Comrade Lavenne has been travelling to waken the wageslaves. He has visited Southampton, Oxford, River Phillippe, Chignecto and Maccan. He writes that if we hear from these places we can know that Old Jules Lavenne the Revolutionary has been abroad in the land.

Comrade Rebray has sent us two yearlies one from Montreal and one from Ottawa. The arm of the socialist is long and can pick subs from cities wide apart.

H. H. Stuart of Newcastle, N. B., sends in two subs. One goes to the treasurer of Newcastle Local. The local is young and this is the Treasurer's first acquaintance with Cotton's.

Local No. One of Edmonton, Alta., takes a bundle of Cotton's. Twenty-five copies are to go regularly to the Secretary.

Comrade (Mrs.) Marion Palmer Paves, of Douglas Harbor, Queens Co., N. B. sends in her subscription to Cotton's. This comrade is on the outpost of the fight where socialism is considered an "evil" subject. If it is "evil" there are over seven million "evil" socialists voting for the great cause at the present time.

H. J. Lawrence, of Halifax, N. S., sends along a yearly. Gribble has been down in Halifax and the prospect of a local is bright.

R. N. Price, of St. Thomas, Ont., has captured two yearlies and sends them along to be looked after by us.

William McCallum of Kentville, N. S., sends along two yearlies. The plutes of Nova Scotia had better be on their guard. What between Comrade Gribble, the local socialists and Cotton's hustlers they will be up against a hard time soon. They will actually have to go to work.

Robert Walker, of Roseisle, Man., sends along a six months sub captured in his rambles.

Alex Lyons sends in two six months from Toronto. He is so busy hustling for socialism that he has only time to note down the names and enclose the money.

J. H. Wood of Point St Charles Montreal, has caught a new reader for Cotton's and hastens to send him along.

As the new reader is for a year he will be kept for good. Comrade Wood is of the opinion that this paper should be in every workingman's home and he is helping to put it there.

Two six months from one of the Montreal hustlers, Comrade A. Jeserick.

Total cash received by Cotton's Weekly for the first six months of 1909, \$1131.90. Total cash disbursements, \$2005.35. Total cash deficit for the first six months of 1909, \$973.45. The deficit is exclusive of any remuneration for the editor's services.

Cortland Mutch, of Camrose Alta, become a subscriber. Wants one year of a valuable socialist paper.

C. H. O'Brien sends in three yearlies from Alberta. Hillcrest Mines and Lille is the locality in which O'Brien has captured the three readers.

T. Muntz of Saskatoon, Alta., sends in two six months from his town and wants them tended to right away as they are anxious to start their economic education.

M. Muramchick sends in ten trials from the neighborhood of Port Cobalt, Ont. Declares that he is a retail storekeeper, sees the finish for his class and realizes that the sooner the people are converted to socialism the better. He adds, "As a Russian Jew I have suffered many a time from "Christian love." I can see no better relief for my brethren than to help the good cause."

Geo. Penfold, of Guelph, Ont., sends in a trial, a half and a yearly from his town.

Geo. Baskie, of Grove Park, Sask., writes, "Since I have subscribed for your paper I became interested and I wish to introduce Cotton's to some of my friends." Sends along the price of two subs to show he means business.

The Intelligence Department of the Ministry of Militia and Defence of Canada has subscribed to Cotton's for six months. The Intelligence Department evidently wants to get a little intelligence.

L. Rosenman, Recording Secretary of Local Brandon, Man., forwards two trials, four halves and two yearlies. This is the first sub hustling for Cotton's on the part of Comrade Rosenman. Cotton's is getting new sub hustlers all the time and some of them are mighty good ones.

John McLeod, of Amherst, N. S., sends along three trials as a start. He writes, "This is my first attempt at propaganda and I hope it will not be my last by far." When the socialist philosophy once grips a man he cannot let go and must keep the agitation going. Comrade McLeod will be heard from later.

Chas. Kernick, of Sydney Mines, N. S., sends in a yearly and four trials. George Heatherton of Greenwood B. C. sends in five yearlies. From the Atlantic and the Pacific the tide for socialism is rolling in that will smother capitalism and cause it to die.

A Manitoba Comrade sends in two trials. This comrade travels for an elevator company and wherever he goes leaves a trail of trial Cotton's behind him which, like the dragon's teeth of old, will spring up into socialists armed for the economic fray.

Total cash received last week, \$49.00. Total cash expenditure, \$71.55. Deficit \$22.55.

We are over the 3,500 mark. Harry Sibble sends in two subs from Vancouver.

According to McKim's Newspaper Directory for 1909 there are thirteen hundred and eighty-one newspapers in Canada. Of these a hundred and fifty-nine have a larger circulation than Cotton's. When are the hustlers going to give Cotton's the biggest circulation of any paper in Canada?

With regard to advertisements Cotton's is between hay and grass. To be considered a national organ for advertising purposes a paper must have ten thousand subscribers. Cotton's has less than four thousand. Cotton's is no good as a local advertising medium as its circulation in the Eastern Townships of the Province of Quebec is small. I have corresponded with the advertising agencies and they declare that Cotton's being a socialist sheet will not interfere with its advertising provided it has the circulation. Its up to the hustlers to put Cotton's where it can get advertising and become self-supporting.

"The cure for the evils of liberty is more liberty"—T. B. Macaulay.

LATER NEWS

My previous letter tells how we were beaten by the police on Monday evening, Sept. 20th. Tuesday I was informed by the Chief of Police that we could not hold a meeting on the vacant lot we had been using unless we got the written permission of the owner.

As the owner lived in St. John this was obviously impossible. So we informed the police that we proposed to hold the meeting anyhow. His answer was, "I will instruct the officers to arrest you if you attempt to hold a meeting."

At 8.30 Comrade C. V. Hoar, Miss Mushkat and the writer opened up a meeting at the same old stand and quickly got a crowd. Shortly after we started to speak a crowd of hoodlums arrived and proceeded to make things lively. This failing to drive us away several teams were trotted back and forth on the street. Each time they passed the crowd the young bloods raised a shout. But we persisted for over an hour and before closing the meeting gave the hoodlums some mighty plain talk.

The comical part of the whole performance lies in the fact that Tuesday's papers gloated the breaking up of our meeting by the police the night before, and one even predicted that "Moncton was to have no more Socialist street meetings in future."

Towards the close of Tuesday evening's meeting we had a larger crowd than at any previous meeting and not a single policeman showed up. So we have the Moncton police beaten. But we still feel a little sore over our cowardice in allowing them to move us on Monday evening. Comrade Miss Mushkat deserves special credit for her courage. She persisted in attending the meeting and speaking even when we were all sure that we would be "pulled in."

ROSCOE A. FILLMORE.

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.

Maritime Provinces Organization Fund

Following are further contributors to the Maritime Provinces Organization Fund:

Previously acknowledged.....\$95.30
Local Moncton 3.00

Total.....\$98.30

Yours in Revolt
ROSCOE A. FILLMORE,
Secy. Organization Com.,
Albert, Albert Co. N.

A Bargain in Pamphlets

Nine exceptionally good pamphlets written by the ablest Socialist writers in America, may be obtained from W. R. Shier, 314 Wellesley St., Toronto for 25 cent stamps. Send for a set, read them yourself, then sell to others at 5 cents each, thereby spreading the propaganda and making a little money on the side.

THE FELLOWS WE NEED

The Socialist movement cannot use mutts, dubs, ignoramuses, old fogies, conservative-minded people, religious cranks, idiots or frivolous persons. So don't waste your time with them. Concentrate your energy upon the most intelligent, the most radical, the most promising young men and women of your acquaintances. Take them to Socialist lectures. Lend them Socialist books. Introduce them to your Socialist friends. Get them to subscribe to Socialist papers. Hand them copies of Cotton's Weekly. Better still, have their names enrolled on our subscription list.

Hand that neighbor of yours a copy of Cotton's. Hand him if necessary, a second copy, and a third. Then ask him to subscribe. Eight pages of Socialist matter going weekly into his home should clinch him.

SUFFERED 15 YEARS CURED IN ONE MONTH

Gin Pills are wonderful.

If every woman, who has Kidney or Bladder Trouble, could go to Davisville, Ont., and talk with Mrs. A. Simpson, they would do just as she did—take Gin Pills and cure themselves.

Mrs. Simpson grows enthusiastic over Gin Pills. Quite naturally, for she would be dragging out a miserable existence, instead of being the picture of health, had she not taken these pills.

"For 14 or 15 years I had Kidney and Bladder Trouble, suffering at times in intense pain. I doctored continually and received sometimes temporary relief, but nothing gave me permanent relief until I was persuaded to try Gin Pills."

Within a couple of days I received great relief, and after taking one box I was completely cured and now would not be without them. I can highly recommend them to all who suffer from any form of Kidney Trouble."

Mrs. A. SIMPSON.
We let you try Gin Pills before you buy. Write National Drug & Chemical Co., Dept. Q., Toronto, and a free sample of Gin Pills will be sent you by return mail. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, at all dealers. 2

If municipal ownership does not corrupt the public officials in European cities, why would it in America? Are Americans less honest than Europeans?

Grant Allen, the eminent literature, claims that all the leading authors in Europe and America are socialists. Conundrum: Are they all deceived?

If millionaires are a good thing, why not have 70,000 of them and that would take all the property of the nation nobody else would have anything?

If it is right to make the property owners pay the cost of the local government, why should not property owners pay the cost of the general government?

If a community of one thousand starting with nothing, creates one million dollars in wealth in a given period, and one of them gets \$900,000, how much will the balance have?

If machines do the work of men, and the men are turned away without wages, to whom will the products of the machines be sold? Can men without work and wages buy anything?

If raising an army and paying wages will create good times, why not raise an army of five millions? Why not the greater army the greater the prosperity? Who will pay the expenses?

If it has taken one hundred years for the democratic party to evolve to a "redeemable" money, how many millenniums will it take to evolve into a declaration for the public ownership of industries?

If it cost the public more for direct than contract work, why not let out the contract of raising an army and navy to some of the millionaires to thrash the German? Couldn't the public save money by it and at the same time create few more avenues for private enterprise? If not, why not?

If the public ownership of railroads could furnish too many political jobs, inferring that appointive place are dangerous, how would it do to elect the two hundred thousand officers now appointive? If there were no appointive place how would the party machine hold its expectant parrots in line? If it is good to have the present number of appointive places why not good to have more?

"Truth for authority, not authority for truth."



Taking on the Pilot

Who will lead you safely into the harbor of Socialism, is what you accomplish when you send in your sub to Cotton's Weekly.

Cotton's will visit you fifty-two times for only 50 cents. Will keep you posted on the rapid advance of the movement through Canada, and show you the inconsistencies and foolishness of the present capitalist system, and put you wise to the robbery of the workers.

Take Cotton's on as a pilot to an understanding of the sane system which the socialists are working for. And urge your friends to get aboard also.

Fifty cents per year, twenty-five cents for six months; ten cents for three months trial.

For Sale by McCLATCHIE BROS., Cowansville

BOOKS TO READ ON SOCIALISM

To be obtained from

Cotton's Book Department

- 5 CENT BOOKS**
Paper
See Titles in advertisement of Pocket Library of Socialism at the bottom of the column.
- 10c BOOKS**
Paper.
Blatchford—Merrie England
Connolly—Socialism Made Easy
Deville—The State and Socialism;
Socialism, Revolution and Internationalism
Engels—Socialism, Utopian and Scientific
Liebknecht—Socialism, What It Is
Marx—Value, Price and Profit
Marx and Engels—The Communist Manifesto
Morris and Others—Socialist Songs with Music
Spargo—The Socialists
- 25c BOOKS**
Paper
Lewis—The Art of Lecturing
Spargo—The Common Sense of Socialism
Vail—Modern Socialism
Principals of Scientific Socialism, 35 cents
- 50c BOOKS**
Cloth
Boelsche—The Evolution of Man; The Triumph of Life
Engels—Origin of the Family; Socialism, Utopian and Scientific
Ferri—Positive School of Criminology
France—Germ of Mind in Plants
Kautsky—Ethics and the Materialist Conception; The Social Revolution
Lafargue—The right to be lazy; The Industrial Revolution
La Monte—Socialism, Positive and Negative
Lewis—Evolution, Social and Organic; Ten Blind Leaders of the Blind; Vital Problems in Social Evolution
Liebknecht—Memoirs of Karl Marx
- 50 CENT BOOKS**
Marx—Value, Price and Profit
Marx and Engels—The Communist Manifesto
Meyer—The End of the World, The Making of the World
Morris and Bax—Socialism, its Growth and Outcome
Spargo—The Socialists
Teichmann—Life and Death
Untermann—Science and Revolution, Blind; Vital Problems in Social Evolution
Vanderweide—Collectivism and Industrial Evolution
Work—What's so and What Isn't
- \$1.00 BOOKS**
Cloth
Blatchford—God and my Neighbor
Burrowes—Loves Coming of Age
Engels—Landmarks of Scientific Socialism
Ferri—Socialism and Modern Science
Fitch—Physical Basis of Mind and Materialism, Socialism and Philosophy
Labriola—Essays on Historical Materialism, Socialism and Philosophy
Lafargue—The Evolution of Property
Lewis—The Rise of the American Proletarian
Moore—Better World Philosophy, The Universal Kinship
Rappaport—Looking Forward
Spargo—The Common Sense of Socialism
Triggs—The Changing Order
Untermann—Marxian Economics
Vail—Principles of Scientific Socialism
- \$1.50 BOOKS**
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Franklin—The Socialization of Humanity
Marx—Capital, Volumes I, II, III
Ward—The Ancient Lowly Vol. I, The Ancient Lowly Vol. II.

From COTTON'S BOOK DEPARTMENT

POCKET LIBRARY OF SOCIALISM

- Woman and the Social Problem, May Wood Simons.
- The Evolution of the Class Struggle, W. H. Noyes.
- Imperfect Marriage, Robert Blatchford.
- Proletarianism, A. M. Simons.
- Evolution in Literature and Art, Clarence S. Darrow.
- Simple Tax vs. Socialism, A. M. Simons.
- Wages Labor and Capital, Karl Marx.
- The Man Under the Machine, A. M. Simons.
- The Mission of the Working Class, Charles H. Vail.
- North and Socialism, Charles H. Kerr.
- Socialist Songs, Compiled by Charles H. Kerr.
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- Why I Am a Socialist, George B. Herron.
- A Christian View of Socialism, G. H. Strudwell.
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- The Real Religion of Today, Wm. Thurston Brown.
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- The Prole of Industry, Franklin H. Wagoner.
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- What to Read on Socialism, Charles H. Kerr.
- Shoes, Feet and Problems, Evelyn Gladys.
- Why a Woman Should Be a Socialist, Wilder.
- Evils that Make for Socialism in America, Spargo.

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

Blow by Blow

The Congo is developing rapidly. The capitalists have been working the niggers to death for the sake of the surplus labor product. Their profits from the niggers' work in gathering rubber have been enormous and need to be invested in further labor thieving properties. Consequently copper smelting is being introduced. A smelting plant capable of treating one thousand tons of copper ore daily has been ordered from the United States. Africa instead of being a market for European goods will overproduce its goods on Europe. The capitalist system which won't let the people consume what they themselves have produced and throw the people out of work because the goods produced are not consumed, is about to fall of its own inherent viciousness.

And so it is with a great reform, though the work is plain when done. 'Tis step by step and blow by blow, that the roaring step is won; Through the strife be fierce, and the gains seem small, we must keep on striking home.

And to win the cause of the great reform we must build as they build Rome.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

you should make Floors should be painted, furniture, walls, use "brightened" finishes include a every purpose, not laborious, of your house

AD
Per Year

BASIS OF RIGHT

ROSCOE A. FILLMORE

Did you ever meet a farmer who, when the potato-bugs were eating his crops, stopped to debate whether it would be "right" for him to apply paris green? Did you ever know a fruit raiser who would hesitate and think of the "rights" of the aphid before using bordeaux mixture on his trees? Of course you never did, and you never will meet such a fellow. If you ever run across such an individual you should immediately have him haled before the lunacy commission and examined as to his sanity. I think most of you will agree with me so far.

But did it ever occur to you fellows who are outside of the Socialist movement, because you think it would be "wrong" for us to take that which we have produced, that you are making asses of yourselves in much the same way as that farmer or fruit-grower would did he hesitate. By what right does that farmer destroy the bugs and the orchard man the aphid? By what right do you go into the forests and shoot moose or deer? Upon what is your right based? Well, let's see. You know that there was a time, ages ago, when our ancestors got their living in the same manner and by the use of the same tools (claws, teeth, etc.) as do the wild animals of our day. They dug roots and overpowered weaker animals. Now by what right did they capture and eat the weaker creatures? What right had your ancestor in the long ago to hide behind a stone or tree, strike down a weaker animal and make a dinner off him? He had the right to do so because he possessed the strength and ability. In other words he had the power. Had he not possessed the power the other fellow would have eaten him.

In nature the big fish eats the little one because he has the power to do so. Right and wrong in their ethical sense have nothing at all to do with it. It's a question of power.

You have an idea that you and your fellows have a right to a decent living, a decent house to live in, etc. Do you get these things? If you don't get them you might just as well be without the right to them. For the right won't buy anything. You may starve in the possession of cords of "rights." If you haven't the power to assert your "rights" or the intelligence necessary to a use of that power you may starve in a world of plenty.

In the long ago age our ancestors often starved. But it was because there was a scarcity of food. They could not find food or had not the power to take it. Today we of the working class go hungry in a world where all the good things can be and are produced abundantly. We go hungry within a stones throw of warehouses full of food. We freeze within sight of stores full of shoes and clothing. You say you have the "right" to a decent living. Well, there it is before your very eyes. Why don't you take it?

Just what I expected. There you go again "Wouldn't be right!" You poor damn fool do you suppose your great, great, great, etc. grandfather asked any questions regarding his right to eat his weaker relative? He knew instinctively that if he didn't do so he would starve so he used his power and took the food he needed. And you today have the same right and the power to enforce it as soon as you get over your childish notions regarding right and wrong.

You see every day the members of an idle class enjoying themselves. You see them wasting the wealth you have created and are in need of. And you know that as compared with the strength of the working class they are but children. Knowing this you allow them to appropriate to their use the lion's share of your product while you talk childishly of your "rights." Forget all about your "rights." Remember only your misery in a world of abundance and your power to overthrow the cause.

Think of the fact that you can and do, when employed, produce enough to feed and clothe at least twenty people while you yourself starve intellectually and physically. And there are millions of your fellow slaves in the same position. Think of the night, the power that lies in the heavy hands and arms of these makes of yours. Think of the vast army of them, hundreds of millions strong.

These men could conquer the earth if they but realized their power. They could wipe wage-slavery off the globe if they knew it. Comrades and fellow-workers, its up to us show them this. And they must be educated from a working class standpoint before they can see it.

IT WAS REALLY DYSPEPSIA

Though They Thought She Had Heart and Lung Disease.

The case of Mrs. James Russell, of Armstrong's Brook, N.B., is typical of many really suffering from stomach trouble, who think the heart or some other organ is diseased.

She writes: "Five years ago I suffered with pain in my heart which would leave me so weak I could scarcely walk; at night I would have to sit up in bed to keep from smothering. I was treated by doctors for heart disease. Then the pain moved to the shoulder and my left arm would be numb at times. Then the doctors treated me for lung disease, but the pain kept getting worse. At last a friend advised me to write Father Morrissey. I did, and the answer I got was I was suffering from dyspepsia. I got medicine, which consisted of a box of tablets. The tablets I took twice, when I was completely cured and have never been troubled since—two years now." "Curing the stomach puts the whole system right, and there is no quicker way to cure Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Heartburn and the other forms of stomach trouble than by taking Father Morrissey's "No. 11" Tablets. 50c. at your dealer's, or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 48

Of course you non-socialist workingmen many suit yourselves today. You may take this or leave it just as you choose. But, and bear this in mind, the day is coming when you will have no choice. You know that you are getting a poorer living today than ever before. You know that the standard of living of the working class is continually being lowered. And it will continue to be so. Sooner or later the time will come when it will be impossible for you to make a living. Remember too that your productivity is increasing. You are able to turn out more food and clothing. Your misery is born of your very productivity. As the productivity of your labor power in conjunction with the machines you have invented and manufactured increases so increases your misery. The day will come is almost here, when the "last straw" will be added to your already unbearable burden and you will be compelled to kick. You will be compelled to use the power that you possess in your own interests. You will be forced to take the good things and the instruments for their manufacture from the idlers who now own and enjoy them and use them for your own benefit. It will not then be a question to be settled as a matter of "right" or "wrong." It will be a necessity. You will have to do it in order to preserve the lives of yourselves and your wives and children.

Don't you think it more manly to kick now? You can perhaps start somebody else on the kicker's road if you get into the Socialist movement now. Kick my fellow workers! Kick as soon as you can, as long as you can and as hard as ever you can. Kick like hell.

THE PREACHER

By C. P. Culliford.

(One day shalt thou labor and do all thy work, and on six consecutive days thou shalt have nothing to do.)

Oh, the preacher is a goodly man, a Godly man forsooth;

He does not care for worldly gains, he always speaks the truth.

What does he care for fame and wealth, and other worldly things?

He takes the Bible for his guide and sacred songs he sings.

He is the idol of his flock, his wants are all supplied.

For he must tell them of the Lord, who once was crucified,

That sinners might be freed from sin, salvation would be free,

So that all who on His name believe may reach eternity.

The people hear with bated breath, the words that sound so grand

How we must love each other well in this and every land.

The golden rule we must observe, commandments ten obey

And then they straightway leave the church, each one to go his way.

Some to lay up treasures, upon the earthly sphere,

And some to labor hard and long for those they love so dear.

Some to live in luxury, and do nothing day by day,

While others work to keep them for a very meagre pay.

Oh the preacher knows just what to say, so no one he offends,

He has the ruling class to please; he strives to serve their ends,

His words are, fitly chosen, they are pleasing to the ear.

Is that the way that Christ would preach, if he should come down here?

The preacher tells his hearers, one God only shall they serve,

That from the narrow beaten path, they must never swerve,

For six days they worship Mammon, and bow before his shrine, and on the seventh worship God? Now isn't that sublime?

Oh, it pays to be a preacher, from a worldly point of view.

For if you cannot stand the strain, they are very kind to you.

They'll pack you off to Cuba, to China or Chapeau.

And the common workman foats the bill, because he loves you so.

Then drink a health to the clergy, all honor to those who preach,

Even though they do not practise the doctrines which they teach.

And though they speak in gentle tones, of a future state so dear,

They look out for number one, on this terrestrial sphere.

SOCIALISTS OUTWIT POLICE

A couple of Sundays ago the Trades and Labor Council of Winnipeg planned to hold an open air meeting in St. John's Park of that city. The park's board forbade the meeting and stationed policemen to arrest any speakers. The Laborites got cold feet and quit. The socialists, however, took advantage of the splendid audience that had gathered. The policemen told the speaker to quit, which he did for a time. The Red River runs through the park and it struck some of the comrades that the Red river must be a proper and appropriate place for the red flag party to use as a base for propaganda. While a discussion was on as to whether the Dominion government or the civic authorities would feel equal to the occasion of sweeping the water of the Red clear of Free Speech rebels, and how long it would take, a craft dove in sight. Whether the occurrence was providential as some thought, or whether the appearance of the Socialist fleet at this juncture was all in the arrangements we know not, but sure it was that craft was manned by members of the Socialist party. The big guns were immediately taken aboard and right away a bombardment of oratory was turned on the delighted crowd along the river bank and even within the temple of capitalism, St. John's park.

Now, here was profanation most complete. Citizens standing on the sacred sward of the park were, listening to the gospel of economic salvation the prohibition of the parks board to the contrary notwithstanding. The police were agitated, also nonplussed—for a while. Then a dispatch runner was sent all haste to the nearest telephone, for instructions, reinforcements and a Dreadnought or a life belt. Then came back the fateful news: "The parks board have no Dreadnoughts."

And so the Socialist navy saved the situation for the rebels and the talking continued until the combatants got hungry. Up to the time of going to press none of the victors have been gathered into the guardhouse.

The American continent is still being gridironed with railroads. The G. T. P. and the Canadian Northern in Canada are being rushed. Fourteen million dollars have been secured in Europe to build a line from Edmonton to Fort McMurray. In Mexico a line is being built from the American border to the Panama Canal. In the United States Harri-man rebuilt the U. P. to a great extent and his successors are continuing the process. This railroad building keeps the workers busy to a certain extent. But railroads cannot always be in process of being built. And even at present there are hundreds of thousands who are out of work owing to the limitations of the capitalist system. The end is drawing near and socialism is about to dawn.

A suffragette campaign is about to be started in Vancouver under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. The wives of the labor thieves want to put the saloons out of business in order that their husbands may get more trade. We will be glad to see the saloons go as they are a hindrance to the Socialist movement but we cannot wax enthusiastic over the moral qualities exhibited in the hunt for business. The Vancouver suffragette movement in endeavoring to enlarge the scope of the woman's franchise is good for those who cannot see the deeper significance of the economic struggle. It keeps them busy and out of worse mischief.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

How to Organize

FROM OFFICIAL CONSTITUTION OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For Charter Application, etc., write to D. G. MCKENZIE, Secretary of the Socialist Party of Canada, Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.

PLATFORM

Socialist Party of Canada

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kidney Disease For Years

This Well Known Gentleman Strongly Recommends "Fruit-a-tives" to all Sufferers.



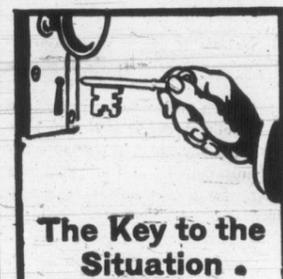
JAMES DINGWALL, Esq.

"I have much pleasure in testifying to the almost marvellous benefit I have derived from taking 'Fruit-a-tives.' I was a lifelong sufferer from Chronic Constipation, and the only medicine I ever secured to do me any real good was 'Fruit-a-tives.' This medicine cured me when everything else failed. Also, last spring I had a severe ATTACK OF BLADDER TROUBLE WITH KIDNEY TROUBLE, and 'Fruit-a-tives' cured these complaints for me, when the physician attending me had practically given me up.

I am now over eighty years of age and I can strongly recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' for chronic constipation and bladder and kidney trouble. This medicine is very mild like fruit, is easy to take, but most effective in action."

(Signed) JAMES DINGWALL, Williamstown, Ont., July 27th, 1908. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50—or trial box, 25c—at dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Capital must be brought under the control of labor. The great industries must be owned and controlled by those engaged in them. The workers must own the land on which they live, the tools with which they work, the fruit of their toil.



The Key to the Situation.

In regard to Socialism will be found in each one of these attractive little books. Read, learn and digest at leisure.

They are nicely printed, convenient for the pocket, and convincingly clear and to the point in regard to Scientific Socialism.

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THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO. By KARL MARX and FREDERICK ENGELS. This book, prepared in 1848, has for more than sixty years been the accepted text-book of all International Socialists. An indispensable book to the student.

SOCIALISM, UTOPIAN & SCIENTIFIC. By FREDERICK ENGELS, translated by Edward Aveling. A classic that should be read by every socialist intending to talk or write on Socialism.

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CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

THE WORKING CLASS AND THE EMPLOYING CLASS HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON. THERE CAN BE NO PEACE AS LONG AS HUNGER AND WANT ARE FOUND AMONG MILLIONS OF WORKING PEOPLE, AND THE FEW WHO MAKE UP THE EMPLOYING CLASS HAVE ALL THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE.

Cotton's Weekly

A CANADIAN SOCIALIST PAPER

Is published every THURSDAY at Cowansville, P.Q., for the broad field of Canada. CHANGES OF ADDRESS—Subscription and renewals by changing the date on the address label.

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

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Cotton's reports a gain of 41 this week. Last week it was only 11. Mighty slow work this on the part of the sub-hustlers. Cotton's cannot exist without the united efforts of all the army in getting subs.

Table with 2 columns: Location and Circulation. Nova Scotia: 450, Prince Edward Island: 3, New Brunswick: 158, Prov. of Quebec: 693, Ontario: 1063, Manitoba: 193, Alberta: 239, Saskatchewan: 164, British Columbia: 487, Yukon Territory: 2, Elsewhere: 67.

Total: 3521. Gain for week: 41. The total number of this issue is 4,000 copies.

In England and Wales there is one pauper to every thirty-seven of the population. At the beginning of the year the total number of the paupers was 960,894.

Siam has started on its career of capitalist development. During the past year gold coinage has been introduced, the railway system extended, a new telephone system installed.

Since the formation of the cement trust in Canada the price of cement has been going up in the west at the rate of ten cents a barrel a day. The cement trustifiers will drop off millionaires from the scheme.

A hotel without tips has been started in London, England. Tips or no tips, it is all the same to the waiters, because they only get a bare living in return for their services.

The Montreal Star in a recent editorial declared that nervous breakdown follows causes more suicides than all other troubles taken together. The editorial says that it is not the man who is down and out, who slept last night in a barrel and knows not where his next meal is coming from, who commits suicide.

The Intercolonial railway does not pay. When a government is controlled by the railway magnates and financiers it is easy to so fix things that government railways do not pay.

In Alabama the convicts are made to work. The state makes the profit from their labor and becomes a labor thief just like a private capitalist.

Strike rioting has been rampant in Omaha, Neb., where the street car strike is on. Strikers and strike breakers got mixed up and the sheriff and his deputy took the side of the strike breakers.

The Rev. Carl Penson, a Swedish pastor in the twenty-sixth ward of Chicago, has been making furious attacks against socialism and socialists in his sermons lately.

The English poor are drinking more tea. During the industrial depression the poor make tea take the place of more solid food.

At Macon, France, a French flag waving over the barracks, was torn down, cut in pieces and thrown into a receptacle for refuse.

British judges are sending suffragettes to jail with hard labor. When the sentences were announced in the Birmingham court, a number of suffragettes picked up whatever they could lay their hands on in the form of missiles and broke the windows of the court room.

The Canada Cement Company, to pay the interest and dividends it has agreed to pay must make a profit of twenty cents a barrel on 5,175,000 barrels of cement or 650,000 more barrels than the total capacity of the plants of the company.

The Montreal Witness asks why officers in the militia are not paid a living wage? It wants to know why only the rich men can afford to be officers. The answer is simple. It would never do to allow working plugs an opportunity to become officers in the capitalist army of repression.

TALE OF A TOUR

SIXTEENTH INSTALLMENT

After a successful series of meetings at Halifax I moved on to Weymouth, Digby County passing through the village of Grand Pre on the way. The train did not stop there, so I had no time to gloat over that poetic spot, though I heaved a galelike sigh over the woes of Evangeline, one or two over my own, trying to picture myself in the character of Gabriel.

Arriving at Weymouth, I lost no time in seeing Comrade Ashkins from whom I received the kindest treatment. There being small chance of doing anything here, I proceeded to North Range the next morning, where a great amount of propaganda has been done by Comrade and Mrs. Langdale.

Though North Range is an out of the way place, with but a house here and there, the prospects of having a Local here later seem bright to me, though I hardly think we shall get one this time.

It is purely a farming district and the farms are very poor. It was a pleasure to meet Comrade Langdale who is full of enthusiasm, quality and humour. "We'll get the school house for Friday night," he said; some doubts being expressed about the willingness of the trustees to grant its use, he settled the matter by saying decidedly, "We're going to get it."

So, after supper, the horse was hitched up and we drove a few miles to see the trustees.

The first one gave his sanction and we drove on to see the second and found the house all dark. "Ye Gods," said Langdale "they're gone to bed, well," with a chuckle, "it don't make any difference, Socialism never recognizes when a man's in bed," and banged on the door.

After a while there was a response and the sanction of the second trustee was obtained. Drove on to see the third and his house was dark, too, Socialism never sleeps," said Langdale and banged him up, getting his consent. Then we had a pleasant drive home; exhilarated by the cool night air, I treated Landale by singing one or two Socialist songs, which he greatly enjoyed or said he did.

The comrades Langdale are moving from here in a few weeks, but the results of their work will remain and they will be able to spread the news about their new home. There will be at least one well-ported comrade left when they they are gone.

"This" speaking of the meeting "is what I have been looking forward to for years," said Comrade Langdale, "and I'm to have it after all, before I leave the place."

North Range is the unlikely looking spot on earth for Socialism, it shows what can be done in any place if there is anyone there to do it.

The next place to be attended to is McAdam Junction, where there is likely to be a Local; after that probably a meeting or two at St John, Moncton, perhaps Amherst, Newcastle being the last place in the Maritime and then the west, taking in any place wanting me on the way.

I shall be sorry to leave the Maritime but the sorrow will be considerably tempered by gladness at seeing the Ontario comrades again, especially the boys in Toronto, whom I have missed very much the past few months.

Now a word to all comrades who are anxious to see the Party grow in the Maritime.

Do not think because I am nearly through, that there is no further need of funds. There is. I hope and believe the new Maritime Executive will put and keep and keep an organizer in the field on a no, or, next-to-no salary basis, two dollars a day will be ample to do this.

There is a competent man willing to put in the winter on these terms and he would be giving more, very much more, than the larger sum mentioned.

I do not suggest that you should be scrupulously exact in seeing that he gets no salary, but on the contrary, put it up to you to see that he does get some, as it makes a man feel comfortable when he has a few dollars in his pocket all his very own to do what he likes with. I have every confidence

that the good work in the Maritime will go on notwithstanding that this "magnet" is going west; fancy me a magnet.

The way the Sydney Mines comrades are loosening up looks full of promise. Full of remorse for the way I misjudged them. Take my tip—Sydney Mines will be the Nanaimo of the east. Now for the Cape Breton comrades to get their work in; about three months since the strike started and there are a lot of eyes opened, a good number will have been ripened for the harvest by now.

It is Thursday and I have not had last weeks Clarion yet, which makes me feel impatient. Please send it on promptly each week, that comrade that promised to.

I hear a visitor to Toronto who treated the crowd to some cream puff sort of stuff remarked that you can't talk Scientific Socialism in the streets. A straw shows the way of the wind and this single remark proves that this gentleman doesn't know what Scientific Socialism is himself. I hope to show shortly that Scientific Socialism can be talked in the streets of the city where this member comes from.

Are our papers on a paying basis yet? If not stop your nonsense about non-essentials, stop trying to reform the Platform or anything else and cease worrying about the fortunate fact that we are not affiliated with the I. S. B. Don't get mixed up with this until they have cleared out Kier Hardie and the rest of the bunch who have taken their thirty pieces of silver in one way or another; it will not be long before this is done, they are showing their hand too plainly to be tolerated long. Ye Gods! Kier Hardie Socialist? wearing the yellow favour of Liberalism at Mid-Derby election and supporting a Liberal candidate.

I discovered a few days ago that someone not unknown in Toronto, is using his connection, or his late connection, with the U. S. A. Socialist Party, and his late connection with the Chicago Daily to boom some Western land he is dealing in.

Don't be too ready to close on a deal like this. A nod is as good as a wink.

Some time ago we gave the Red Flag a good cleaning in Toronto, after it had been besmerched somewhat, chiefly owing to a smart guy from the outside. Clean her up again, if necessary, and if there is not enough at the wash-tub, your uncle will come along and help, having had some experience in that sort of job. If there is any one shooting off hot air and calling it socialism, he'll get his alright.

Yours for the spotless Red, WILFRID GRIBBLE.

A royal Commission on tuberculosis is called to meet on the 5th of October in Montreal. The Commission consists of one lawyer, and twelve medical men. Not a socialist among the bunch. They are going to deliberately deliberate. Their deliberations will result in weak resolutions. The socialists could sweep away tuberculosis in short order. Wholesome food, warm clothing, abolition of slums, and good fresh air with a chance for the people to get out doors would do the business. But to bring these things within reach of the people, would involve the abolition of rent interest and profit and the fall of the master class. This is the only solution of the tuberculosis question. As the master class will not vote for their abolition, we must wait until the workers become awakened to their own power and interests. Until that time comes we will have commissions that resolute much and accomplish little.

At Atlantic city, N. J., a score of hotels and boarding houses were recently fined for selling unlabeled oleomargarine. The hunt for profits make men crooked. Laws are passed to deal with crookedness and the laws are more broken than obeyed. Failing capitalism is producing some queer results.

At Evansville, Ind., a German Day festivity was arranged with the state militia in a prominent position. The unions objected, stating that, "the militia was organized to fight union labor, and union workmen should not be asked to march behind soldiers." The militia were therefore left out of the program.

The Swedish strikers have decided, not to pay any rent that may come due on October 1st. The landlords have met and after studying the situation have decided to grant a delay to the Swedish strikers in which to pay the rent. The landlords have found out it is useless to try and collect toll from a quarter of a million people who refuse to pay up. They therefore decide not to ask for it.

RESIGNATION OR (?)

Dedicated to the striking miners of Nova Scotia with apologies to Peter Pindar Jr.

Sons of New Scotland, 'tis in vain!

Indeed 'tis useless to complain— I know you'd like good beef or yeal to carve;

But greedy mineowners must first be fed;

Mentime, content yourselves with musty bread

Or, what is damned unpleasant, starve.

The royal Cowans builds his state on coals;

Drummond and James Ross, lofty souls,

With their fair dames must have the ball and rout;

Capitalists must millions have, 'twould not be fair;

Were they deprived of their "God given" share,

So potent wage slaves, none but children pout.

Do not complain, for lo, the jail and thong

Await the agitator who for long

Holds forth in accents raucous and hurts

Defiance at King Capital; 'tis for girls

To cry when hungry. Still, I hope to

God

The time may come when we the sons of men

May hurl black-faced oppression to his den

And lay him low with Justice's sharp rod.

You must not heed you baby's anguished cry;

(The little imp has' not the grace to die—)

But let him howl and raise a hellish rout,

He knows his father is a brainless lout

Too spiritless to demand his share of bread

Till Grandem's hungry dogs have first been fed.

Go back to work I beg of you, and eat

Your sour, mouldy bread and rotten meat;

Till Freedom comes—You'll wait for many a day

Unless you use a club that is more keen

Than empty stomachs, bound to grow more lean,

And do your share to help her on her way.

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

"In every historical epoch, the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange, and the social organization necessarily following from it, form the basis upon which is built up, and from which alone can be explained, the political and intellectual history of that epoch"—Karl Marx.

Your employers, like yourselves, oppression feel— The system 'tis, not they, would stint your meal.

Smash Capital, the power that stands behind! Its sins are many; be ye not so slow, Rise in your might and lay wage slavery low.

Thus and thus only may ye save mankind.

Workers of Canada, its up to you To overturn the whole blood-sucking crew

Not necessarily with rods of steel (Although 'twould serve them damn well right to feel

A little of the pressure you have born For countless ages) But just give them notice

That you have found at last the poulitic Which, when applied, will suck their profits dry.

Make dividends look lean and place mild

Upon the junk heap, spite his kicks and cries,

And leave the earth for Labor to enjoy.

You have the ballot, on election day Walk up like men and use your power

To sweep accursed capitalism's sway From off the earth; and in that glorious hour

"Labor, triumphant, shall have forged the bands

That knit humanity in Brotherhood."

ROSCOE A. FILLMORE

"Emancipation, not alleviation, is our common aim."—Victor Grayson.

THE UNEMPLOYED

I am the shifting sand beneath the walls Ye build and call the State. I am the Fear That haunts you in your boasting and your dreams Your dead youth's lost occasions! Yea, I am The corse beneath the fabric of your Dream!

I am the shifting sand beneath the State. Your laws, your customs, creeds, I undermine. I laugh at your conventions, meant to bind Your Creeds! To me they purvey only lies. So as ye build, I bury that ye build; The walls ye rear upon me do decay.

I am the dream of Evil ye have dreamed; The uncouth Hun, the Vandal, and the Goth; The savage come again to leer, and laugh Into forgetfulness the domes ye build. Your learning, culture, visions—these shall fade, And I shall pour your wisdom into pools To sink, and fail, and so be lost to man. I am the youngest anarchist of the world: I neither love nor hate, I only leer. A gibbering ghost of manhood, o'er your dreams.

I am your Brother, driven forth to die! These are your cities, empires, and demesnes— And these your doles—to toil!—and still to toil! To render unto Caesar, not the tithe, But all, that Caesar of his will bestow That in his wisdom 'recompense' is writ— The helot I, your brother equal born!

These are your cities; I will make them dust! These are your empires; they shall disappear! These your demesnes—Forgetfulness shall be Of all ye said, or did, or hoped, or sung!

Ye did inherit much, but did take all; So I shall ravish in its bloom your hope, Shall make your boast of culture all a lie, Shall make you know the emptiness of dreams!

Hear once again the word of him ye scorn! I am that Ishmael ye have doomed to die; I am the fair Occasions ye have flung Aside as void of value and of life. I am the Fear that haunts you in your halls. And senates, and the temples of your God. And as your systems crumble and decay Heed well that I did tell you and now tell— I am the shifting sand beneath the State!

—HUGH J. HUGHES.