

# Getton's Weekly

50c A YEAR IN CANADA—TWO FOR \$1.00

Devoted to the Propagation of the Principles of  
International Socialism

\$1.10 PER YEAR IN UNITED STATES

COWANSVILLE, P. Q., THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1909

CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

VOL. XXXVIII No. 40

## ON CONTEMPT OF COURT

Jules Fournier, editor of Le Nationaliste of Montreal, has been sentenced to three months in prison for contempt of court. The sentence was pronounced by Chief Justice Langelier of Quebec. Jules Fournier had written an article entitled, "Prostitution of Justice." In this article he criticized certain judgments rendered at Quebec.

Mr. Jules Fournier has the sympathy of all radicals. We do not agree with the policy of Le Nationaliste altogether. Yet we admire Mr. Fournier for his imprisonment.

When Gompers was adjudged guilty of contempt of court because he refused to obey an injunction of the court issued against him in a trades union matter, the socialist papers immediately declared the court inflicting the sentence most contemptible. There were no prosecutions. The court was sick of its job.

Whenever laws become unjust the instruments appointed to give effect to those laws have to rely less and less on public sentiment and more and more on ferocious judgements. The court pronouncing the judgement at Quebec imposed a sentence of three months. This is rather severe even in the opinion of that staid old paper the Montreal Gazette.

In past time the justice was wrapped up in the Emperors and any contempt against them was punishable with death. The Kings of England also exercised great powers of tyranny along the same lines.

When conditions change and laws which formerly were beneficial become, owing to changed conditions, tyrannical and unjust all right minded men look upon those laws with disgust and contempt.

Judges and courts are human creations appointed to carry out the laws of the country. When those laws become unjust and contemptible, it necessarily follows that the courts, being the instruments for the fulfilment of contemptible laws, must share the odium attaching to the laws themselves.

This is what Jules Fournier evidently felt. However he made the mistake, unless he desired to suffer for his principles, of directly attacking certain judgements of certain courts.

He declared: "Never have we assisted at such a cynical prostitution of justice."

We do not know the cases he was referring to, but probably he was right in an abstract way. If he meant that the court had deliberately twisted the laws so as to prevent their meaning and to unjustly administer unjust laws, then he is bringing serious charges against the judges which are very difficult of proof.

But he declared in court that he had every faith in the integrity of the judges personally and had never questioned their good faith. In this case his evident meaning was that the laws are unjust and the courts as such were contemptible.

There are eight million socialists now voting for socialism. Every one of these consider that capitalistic laws administered by capitalistic courts produce the degeneration of humanity that is seen on every hand. Fournier, while a Nationalist, holds the same opinion of the courts. He evidently considers that the courts fulfilling Canadian laws do not give justice to the French Canadians.

The question therefore for Fournier as well as for the socialists, is a deeper one than the judges consider it is.

It is a question of the fundamental laws of the land. It is a question of the organization of society. The courts are merely the administrators of the present laws and if those laws are unjust the courts cannot rightly condemn any man who objects to those laws and their present administration.

As to punishments, all through the ages men have been condemned for doing things which the law of the land forbade. These men have been considered heroes of a future age. Fournier may one day be looked upon in that light. No doubt his French Canadian compatriots will give him a warm welcome when he gets out of jail. Karl Liebknecht, the German Socialist, has just been liberated from a

two years' imprisonment for having published a work entitled, "Militarism and Anti-Militarism." His welcome has been warm and enthusiastic. The sentence has but served to endear him to his fellow countrymen.

Judge Langelier evidently considers that the honor of the court of the province of Quebec has been entrusted to him and that he may punish severely all those who besmirch it in any way.

The position of Judge Langelier has been the position of nearly all judges administering a decadent set of laws.

There have always been men who have thought it their duty to oppose these courts and stand the penalty. Fournier may be one of these.

## THE CIVIL SERVICE

There has been numerous changes affecting the civil service at Ottawa. Just before the last elections the Liberals, to hold the service vote, promised an increase of pay to the service.

They have fulfilled their pledge after a fashion. The government has given a flat increase in remuneration and added two hours a day to the length of work required. This has caused considerable indignation among the civil servants. The civil servants are accustomed to having more or less of an easy time. They do not like to put in ordinary office hours. As the civil servants can be classed as workers, the lengthening of their hours merely go to show that the speeding process is at work even in government employ.

Even though the Ottawa civil employees may be ranked as workers, the manual laborers of the country will have little sympathy for their soft hardships. The civil service examinations have been remodeled and have been put on a basis that will exclude the workingman. A person who is hired to keep accounts has now got to pass an examination in Latin and zoology and in many other ologies. This means that it is only the graduates of the high schools who can compete and get a job. This makes the civil service a preserve for the middle class offspring. Formerly the head of a department could promote an employee under him. Now, he has to take whatever idiot a foolish examination may thrust upon him.

The stratification is proceeding apace. The worker is finding out he is the lowest stratum.

## A STORE TRUST

The process of trustification is proceeding rapidly in the United States. This is due to the momentum of capital. Vast incomes have rolled in on the Standard Oil crowd and this gang is seeking ever newer fields for exploitation and control. The latest field is that of the retail trade.

The retail merchant and the farmer have been the last two persons to feel in a direct manner the invasion and conquest of the plutocracy. The retail merchant of the States is now going to be put out of business. The Standard Oil people have formed a company of large capitalization and are acquiring a chain of stores across the American continent. At the same time on onslaught has begun in the American senate against the express companies.

The senators are telling the people what fearful robbery goes on under the guise of charges on express parcels. The American public has long objected to these charges. The senate did not give a hoot. But now the trust leaders want cheap express rates and the senators are obedient to the wish of their masters.

The same elimination of small oil producers and the formation of a gigantic trust in the oil business will be repeated in the retail trade business. The big stores will get Standard Oil goods over Standard Oil railroads. Under such conditions it will be only the Standard Oil stores that will stand the charges. With the Express Companies smashed, the small towns will be flooded with Standard Oil goods through Standard Oil goods mail-order houses. The small country merchants will be crushed.

Under capitalism it is impossible to be honest.

## SUFFRAGE AGITATION

In Great Britain the suffragettes are active. They are striving in every possible way to make their agitation lively and to the point. They are abused and maltreated. They are imprisoned and scorned. As the oppression put upon them becomes more severe, their agitation becomes fiercer. What the women lack in physical strength, they make up in endurance. They chain themselves to railings and shout "votes for women." Excluded from public meetings, they hide themselves in organ lofts. Recently a painting of Asquith on exhibition at London was spoilt by having pasted across it a placard bearing the motto, "Votes for women."

Our Canadian writers and newspapers like Goldwin Smith and the Montreal Star gravely speak of the grotesque and unseemingly agitation on the part of the suffragettes and draw from such agitation the conclusion that women are not fit for voting.

Goldwin Smith and writers like him cannot have read history. Smith is evidently an overrated thinker. The right to vote is not acquired by peaceful means. Even in this Canada of ours under the freedom of the British flag it needed the rebellion of Papineau to give us the right of self-government. The French acquired it by means of the red terror of the revolution. In India today, a reactionary British bureaucracy is exiling the editors of Indian papers because these editors advocate home rule for India. The right to vote in England had to be won by a rebellion.

Perhaps Smith et al have a mental picture of Laurier or Borden or Asquith or Balfour calling a delegation of women before them and graciously handing them the right to vote on a silver platter. If they have they are subject to pipe dreams.

When women remain quiescent the political leaders declare that the ladies do not want the franchise. When they agitate politically and socially and in every way possible the politicians and their henchmen writers declare that their conduct shows the ladies to be unfit for the franchise. The suffragettes are wise and are agitating. They know that no government under a capitalistic regime will grant any right or liberty unless compelled thereto by fear.

## THE RISEN DESPOTISM

Despotism has risen in the United States and the people are seeing it. When a dozen men can stop the wheels of commerce of eighty millions of people, when one group of capitalists control the jobs of hundreds of thousands of men and can sack them and can deprive them of the means of life, then there is despotism pure and simple.

Socialism means democracy. Socialism means the government of the people by the people for the people. At present all democracy means in actual government is for the people to say once in four years which set of professional politicians the most corrupt element of the country desires to have mismanage the country for the next four years.

As long as politics and government are limited to a very few questions, as they are at present, the vast mass of men will not be interested in politics. But when government becomes the free expression of the working people as to the conditions which will prevail in their work, then government will become dignified and honourable.

One group of capitalists now control the majority of industries across the line. They control oil and railways and steel mills and retail stores and city electric lines and gas companies and real estate. They are absolutely master of these industries and the workers must accept the conditions of labor imposed by these capitalists or starve.

These capitalists, in the management of their industries, have free hand. They have successfully fought laws against child and female labor. They have successfully fought laws limiting the hours of labor. They have successfully fought union legislation of all kinds.

The despotism has arisen. What are the Americans going to do about it.

## ABSENTEE SHAREHOLDERS

In the breakup of feudalism in France the nobles who formerly fought to protect their estates found they had nothing to do. The individual wars between barons had ceased and the barons had nothing to do save to follow their own sweet will. Thereupon the nobles left their estates for Versailles where they lived useless lives of extravagance. Their estates were left to the tender mercies of the rent gatherers. If the nobles did not get enough rent to satisfy them they sacked the rent collector and got another. As a result oppression grew apace over all France. The people cried for bread and got none.

In Ireland absentee landlordism has been the curse of the country. The landlords lived in England and the people were oppressed. The lords did not feel the oppression because they did not come into personal contact with it. The rent collectors may have felt the oppression but they had to collect the rent or lose their jobs.

Wherever history shows absentee proprietorship there is exhibited more or less the curse of poverty and oppression.

Today we have the absentee proprietorship there is exhibited more or less the curse of poverty and oppression.

Today we have the absentee proprietorship of mines, mills, factories, railroads and industries in general. Those who manage do not own. These things are owned collectively by a large number of capitalists who never visit their properties. They draw their dividends and are pleased when the dividends go up and are provoked when the dividends go down. If a manager does not make dividends for the shareholders of a concern it is declared that the manager is a poor business man and he is sacked. A huster is put onto the job and the investors wait eagerly for the dividends.

The manager knows he has to make good. He begins by speeding up the workers and cutting down the pay. The pay may not be cut down directly but schemes are introduced such as the infamous mail and medical system in force in many places. The employees may be forced into signing away all their rights against the company in case of accident, such as was done on the G. T. R. The employees may be forced to buy at high prices from the company stores as is the case on the construction gangs on the G. T. P. Here the ignorant foreigners are kept in debt to the contractors. The reduced pay or increased charges may take many forms.

Under this speeding up process women are employed in the place of men and children in the place of women. Men must go unmarried and women are forced into prostitution. Slums spring up and children die and the whole life of the workers becomes sordid and unwholesome. Nevertheless dividends are increased; the absentee shareholders rejoice and the financial columns of a capitalist press heap praise upon the manager whose job is to squeeze bloodmoney from the poor.

## THE PROHIBITIONISTS

The prohibitionists are fighting the liquor traffic. They are showing up the corruption existing in the carrying on of the liquor traffic. They are proving their case and as a result they are ousting the money seeking saloon from town after town. There are many persons both socialist and nonsocialist who do not fall in with the ideas of the prohibitionists. Yet the prohibitionists, as far as socialism is concerned, is doing good work. They make the mistake of limiting the fight to one particular trade.

Wherever the big trust goes corruption follows in its wake. The beef trust, the steel trust, the oil trust, and many others have abused their powers. These trusts including the whisky trust, are the result of economic pressure and themselves result in corruption. The whisky trust was the first to develop. There monopoly was first established and profits first grew enormous. The result was corruption in politics, corruption in business, corruption among the rich exploiters of the traffic and immorality and misery in the homes of

those caught in the meshes of the business.

The prohibitionists have laid bare the evils of the liquor business. As long as they harped on the moral ills alone they were voices crying in the wilderness. When they adopted the socialist attitude and expounded the loss of business and showed where the liquor traffic was hurting men in their pockets then they began to be successful.

When the prohibitionists begin to think a little deeper they will find that the same objections which exist to the liquor traffic from a business point of view also exist in the other traffics in the necessary things of life also from a business point of view. The profits of one trade hurt all the other trades. The corruptions in one large industry react deleteriously on all the other industries. To avoid the profits which mutually hurt all the businesses and to rid the people of the corruption existing in the large industries, the present form of doing business and the present method of conducting the large industries must be abolished. The only way to abolish the profits and the corruption is by the practical establishment of socialism.

## THE POOR FARMER

The farmer has an idea that he knows all there is to be known about farming. The people who make money out of him keep him primed to this idea. It is so much easier for them to carry on their little schemes if the farmer is under the impression that he has nothing to learn.

The farmer may be a good farmer and may know about all there is to be known on the subject of raising crops and taking care of cattle. If he thinks this is enough, he can be plucked as easily as a spring chicken.

The farmer must not only know how to raise good crops but also how to get the benefit of those good crops. At present he works like a slave and gets little for his work. If he has a bumper crop he cannot sell his produce and it rots on the ground. If his crops are a failure he has little to sell and his labor goes for nothing.

The farmer will have to study out the problem of how to make a good living on less work. The problem is easy of solution but the farmer must get rid of his hidebound Liberal or Conservative notions; he must not listen in blind faith to the men who get rich from robbing him as he has listened in the past. He must begin to think for himself.

It is admitted that the present system is a failure so far as comfort and wealth for the farmers and workers are concerned. It is also admitted that the farmers and workers have the right to vote and are in the majority. And it is also bluntly stated in many quarters that the farmers and workers should not whine at what they are getting as they voted for it.

As long as the farmers will listen to protectionists talking about the woes of the manufacturers; as long as the farmers will listen to professional politicians who expatiate on the benefit of letting all the services upon which the farmers depend for the marketing of their goods be run by a few multimillionaires in their own interests, just so long will the farmer deserve to work hard and have someone else get the reward.

The Dreadnought scare of Great Britain was deliberately planned by the Tories to divert public attention from their own schemes and to harass the Liberals. This provoked the Liberal government and they are answering by putting forth a budget that taxes the Tory beggars. The only thing that can really get the aristocracy of Great Britain mad is to tap their pocket books.

Federal officers have been seizing hogs at the Union Abattoir in Montreal claiming that the hogs were affected with tuberculosis. The farmers suffer the loss. But the Eastern Township farmer is just that kind of an individual that don't want collective effort to protect him from the losses incurred in agriculture. He wants to be independent even if he busts at it.

## THE FAILURE OF CAPITALISM

Capitalism is failing because the means and methods of production are becoming so abundant that it is almost impossible to produce for profit. Shoe factories can turn out more shoes than the people need. Clothing establishments could produce clothing more abundantly than the people require. The farms of the Dominion can raise more foodstuffs than the people eat. The railways can build more cars and lines than the community can use. Builders can build more houses than the people can inhabit.

Before a thing can be sold under capitalism regularly there must be a market for the thing at more than the labor cost price. If the market becomes glutted beyond this profitable basis then the goods are no longer made even though many people are in need of them. Men are thrown out of employment and commerce halts. The nation suffers from what is known as a plethoric panic.

Men have toiled through long ages to arrive at this productive period. Arriving at it the majority are not aware of their arrival and still continue under the old system of individual appropriation for profit although such a system is profitless to the majority.

Capitalistic production for profit was beneficial and necessary at one time. It stimulated production. Now the system has run its course and must give way. Even now it is failing. Trusts are limiting the output while the people starve for the necessities of life. Under a sane system each man, woman and child would have all the necessities and to spare. The failing of capitalism is bringing misery. The introduction of socialism will bring abundance and leisure and brotherhood.

## REOURENCE OF LEPROSY

A number of cases of leprosy are being discovered in the United States. Leprosy was practically unknown in America until recently. Its discovery is an ironical comment upon the benefits of capitalism.

Leprosy is a skin disease. It originates in filth. Where people lead clean open lives leprosy does not exist.

But American people are no longer leading clean health giving lives. The rich are becoming reckless and corrupt while the poor are forced into all manner of uncleanly lives. The best families of the States found their fortunes on unsanitary slums where water is at a premium and where filth is unavoidable. The capitalistic food producers are selling all manner of vile compounds for the consumption of the people. The Chicago beef canners are still putting rotten stuff on the market. The pure food law is a dead letter.

Private water companies give the people diseased water to drink. Tuberculous milk is given to infants to make them strong. Streams are polluted and the people grow diseased.

Leprosy walks in the wake of decadent capitalism. Free and glorious America, under the financial leadership of the Rockfellers and the Harrimans and the Morgans, is being afflicted with the dread diseases of the filthy and corrupt East. When will the awakening come?

The Trades and Labor Council of Nova Scotia wants to form a labor representation committee and send labor men to parliament. Good. But what will the laboring men do when they get there? If they are not imbued with the socialist spirit they will order the troops out to shoot down striking workmen as quick as would a capitalist. This has been shown in the Broken Hill strike in Australia.

The Imperial Press Conference were entertained at the White City, a sort of London Coney Island. This concern is run on sweated principles. But, pshaw, what do our colonial journalists and paper proprietors, who were picked because of their reactionary views, care for such a small item as that as long as they are fed well?

Machinery is becoming so productive that it is getting harder and harder to produce for profit.



## A QUERY ANSWERED

## Shall we Break up the Home

W. R. HIBERD

You often hear the old party politicians crying about the socialists breaking up the home. But is this assertion true? It may be that we propose to break up the so-called homes of a certain kind. I will describe the kind of home I allude to later.

I maintain that the present unjust, unequal, economic system is responsible for the shattered homes of the working class. The last remnants of the middle class are being fast forced into the ranks of the proletariat (the workers) by the fierce competitive system of production through the capitalists combining with each other in the form of trusts and combines. The consequence is that the small man cannot produce as cheaply as the trust, hence these men are being forced into the ranks of the workers to seek work with us, to swell the ever growing ranks of the industrial reserve army of unemployed and making the lot of the worker worse.

These members of the middle class possessed nice homes at one time, when they were dreaming of becoming a John D. or an Andrew Carnegie. They were poor-fools. They did not understand the system they were living under, and it is not until you view this system with a workers eye that you can understand the system. These members of the middle class were of the opinion that drink was responsible for the poverty of the workers. But how now?

Perhaps you understand the iron law of wages. This law effects you. Did we break up that home of yours where you had all the conveniences that should be in a home, from a piano to a bathroom? No, it was not the socialists, but the capitalists, who caused you to go bankrupt and lose your all, which made you seek shelter in a shack and go in quest of work with the same chance of success as the proletariat. Perhaps you feel the dignity of labor like us. Now that you think with a worker's brain and stomach, how about the home of the working man that the socialists are accused of breaking up? What home do these lying capitalists mean? Have the workers get a home. Why the biggest majority of working-men have no home, they are generally going from country, to country, town town to town, city to city, north, east, south and west, looking for a job. There is a very small percentage of working men who possess a shack, and even these shacks are mortgaged to a large extent. But suppose you do possess a shack, is that what they call your home? Are you contented with a home of that description? Why horses and even pigs have a better home than you fellows. Why I saw a family living in a stable that the horse had vacated.

Yes, fellow workers, it is because the socialists propose to abolish the slums that the ruling class predetermined you should live in, that they tell you we are going to break up the homes of the working men. We never had a home to boast of, but the system which is to come will give you a home that you will be justly proud of. No rent to pay and no mortgage to worry you. When we abolish the slums you will have a house in proportion to your needs and requirements of your family. Your wife will no longer have to leave the baby at the creche on her way to the factory. You will not need to burn coal oil in your lamp. We will quit making Rockefeller's fortunes. Neither will you have to bathe in a tub. Perhaps you think all this is an idle dream, but it is not so. There are plenty and to share of raw materials. How is it we have no home? All these things are owned by a few individuals. If we, as workers, gain access to the means of life, we will then cease to erect palaces on the one hand, and shacks on the other. It will be the duty of the state to see that the people are properly housed, fed and clothed. So if you require a home and a job, with all you can produce thrown in, get wise. Take what you want by a vote in the right direction. Socialism will do this.

A Springfield, Ill., printer has perfected a web printing press which will vastly increase the speed of the printing process. The governments could down the capitalists simply by acquiring the new inventions. But of course the governments are run by the capitalists for the benefit of the capitalists.

The people are very easy. Other-wise things would be different.

There is no time like the present to hustle for socialism.

Socialism will benefit all those who want to see misery and suffering disappear.

Government ownership can develop into as great a wage slave tyranny as private ownership.

The class struggle is no pipe dream. The quicker the workers awake to this fact the better.

The pace of capitalism is getting fiercer. It is all the socialists can do to keep pace with it and prepare the people for the revolution.

"But you can't make socialism work," is the cry of the doubtful. It is not a question of can or can't. We've got to.

It is time to organize for the next Dominion elections. How many members can we send to the Dominion Parliament?

The poor deluded farmers of the East still pin their faith to the Conservative or Liberal party. They will get their eyes opened before the next elections come.

Many a plutocrat is a gentleman in his home and to his friends. He may be a good Christian gentleman in his personal life. But in the getting of his dividends he is a devil incarnate.

The London Times declares that the way to help the poor is to make the rich richer. The Times has sadly degenerated since Lord Northcliffe got control.

Who believes the lies palmed off by the daily press? Men read the daily newspapers now for the same reason that formerly they read longwinded yarns.

Bishop Mills of Ontario is pessimistic. Finds no evidence that the world is getting better. Even Bishops sometimes get a glimmering of the truth that decadent capitalism is bad for morals.

The German Catholics are becoming frightened at the spread of socialism within their ranks. Catholic authorities make the great mistake of thinking that they can fool their followers all the time.

There are many socialists who want immediate demands. These socialists are fighting the air. The revolution is approaching with such rapid strides that immediate demands will be old even before they are formulated.

Capitalism is its own grave digger. But during the operation it takes the time to act as grave digger for hundreds of thousands of workers who die from accidents, starvation, malnutrition, overwork and occupational diseases.

The curses of the Bible are on the head of the rich. The rich rely for justification upon the fact that the poor we have always with us. When the poor get numerous enough there will be high old times in Canada. That time is not very far off.

New York police have been putting the photographs of all arrests in the rogues gallery, whether the arrested persons were guilty or innocent. Then the only way the innocent could get their mugs removed was by paying graft to the police.

The Nationalists of the province of Quebec are still harping on the race cry. The Nationalist party is made up to a great extent of the exploiters of labor and they want to divide the laborers by national barriers and animosities that they may rule in peace. "Divide et Impera."

The Methodists in Conference have been trying to face the slum problems of the Ontario cities. Some of them actually declared it was foolish to send missionaries abroad while the conditions at home were so frightful. These Methodists have glimmerings of intelligence.

The shoe trust is frightened of the beef trust and wants to get hides put on the free list. The beef trust is after the retail shoe trade. The fight of the trusts between themselves is of little interest to the workers. They will be wage slaves until they themselves achieve their own economic emancipation.

## SOME THINGS SOCIALISM WILL DO

When a manufacturer has a factory built, you will notice how he looks after his comforts and conveniences in building and arranging the office or the place where he expects to spend his working hours. He has something to say as to how his factory is to be built, so he looks to it that his own working conditions should be as healthful and comfortable as possible.

When the people as a whole will own and control the natural resources and means of production, they, too, will have something to say as to how the factories in which they are to work are to be built. They, too, will look after their health and comfort the same as the owner of the factory looks after his own.

You don't suppose for a minute that under Socialism people will be compelled to work as many hours per day at the disagreeable kinds of work and receive in return less than is paid for other kinds of work as they do under the present system. You don't suppose for a minute that under Socialism, when most of the waste labor will be done away with, when every advantage will be taken of improved machinery, that it will be necessary to work as long as now. Going to work in the publicly owned industries under Socialism will be like going to work for yourself, in factories that will probably be called "palace of industry," which will be light, airy, comfortable and artistic. The good fellowship and friendship among the workers will be far greater than at the present time. Taking those things into consideration, I am justified in predicting, with every confidence, that under the working conditions Socialism will make possible, that instead of shirking work, people will actually look forward with pleasure toward the day's work.

Can you really blame people for trying to shirk certain kinds of work, for instance—the kind of work which requires standing all day long before a machine and doing the same thing over and over again every few seconds? Nowadays very few workers are permitted to make an entire article themselves; each worker makes only a small part of the article, and then passes it on to the next operator. All such work as standing before a stamping machine, feeding a printing press, all kinds of brass turning, the standing all day before a polishing wheel, feeding strips of steel to screw, bolt and nut machines, as well as the hundreds of occupations which require some simple quick movement over and over again every few seconds.

It is not that the work is so hard, but, oh, the monotony of doing the same thing over and over again for eight or ten hours, day after day, week after week, month after month and year after year, amidst the rush and whirr of machinery, hardly daring to take the eyes away from the machine. That class of work will have to be done under Socialism, but the hours will be much shorter and the workers may vote that they should take turns at the different machines for a change, or for each worker to make the entire article.—Ex.

## MERRIE ENGLAND

We have had several requests for copies of "Merrie England" by Robert Blatchford, and have therefore put it in stock. This is the Chas. H. Kerr edition and is put up with this firm's well known thoroughness. "Merrie England" has had a sale of over a million copies, and many comrades still think it is the best book for a beginner. Ten cents per copy from Cotton's book department.

The preacher, christian or other citizen who knows about the child-slaves, the ruined women, the unemployed men, the impoverished old people and the many millions of enslaved and needy people of America and does not "cry aloud and spare not" against these measureless monstrosities is unworthy the name of a human being, and there is no longer any excuse for ignorance.—Christian Socialist.

"The workingman who is not a rebel at heart under present conditions has little gumption in him."

Good News for Men!

**STAG**  
BRIGHT PLUG  
CHEWING TOBACCO

is now being sold in  
bigger plugs.

Political action is necessary to control the means of life for the benefit of the workers.

The right to be lazy belongs to the rich. By this very fact our present system is condemned.

The Western Liberals are to reorganize. After the reorganization the same old capitalists will work the same old gags.

If war can be averted during the next ten years socialism will have arrived as a practical government.

The great corporations work frauds on the people and then declare that their contracts should be respected.

It is as impossible to prevent the great combinations of industry as it is to prevent the crystallizing of inorganic matter.

The Catholic authorities of the Province of Quebec have started in to fight the liquor barons. The Catholic authorities are wise men. They know drunkards are useless and cannot be taxed through titlings.

The Imperial Press Conference wants cheaper cable rates between the colonies and Great Britain. This is a good idea. The more news Canadian papers can give of British affairs the more we will learn of the prodding the socialists are giving the capitalists.

The Montreal Y. M. C. A. have started out to raise three hundred thousand dollars for a new building. Old Rome used to build splendid temples to the worship of the gods on the plundered labor of slaves. Modern Christianity is doing the same thing.

The United States Steel Corporation has tackled the booze question by preventing the men from leaving the mill premises during work hours. See the point? The corporation is making their wage slavery more binding under the guise of moral reform.

Why should a few political crooks have all the good government jobs. We can all have profitable government jobs under Socialism. Isn't it time the people should run things for themselves? But that would be Socialism.—The Christian Socialist.

George E. Foster has announced that the Conservatives are elaborating a broad platform of social reform that will appeal to all Canadians. Here is just where George E. makes a huge mistake. His broad platform will be considered confiscatory by the plutocrats and weak and paltry by the revolutionary socialists.

Judge Orrin Carter of the Illinois Supreme Court views with alarm the industrial and social forces which are clashing and the struggle of the classes. Shake. Judge. We're with you. Now if you will come over and join us you can help put an end to the class struggle by pulverizing the upper capitalist class out of existence.



Vessels Large May  
Venture More, but  
Little Ships Must Stay  
Near Shore.

## THIS APPLIES

Aptly to Socialist Papers. Put Cotton's in a position to sail all round the big Canadian questions and show the seamy side. It can talk with authority and command attention with a respectable circulation behind it.

Steady, Persistent Canvassing for subs will do it.

Make Cotton's "The Appeal" of Canada, to do and to dare for Socialism.

50 CENTS PER YEAR 25 CENTS FOR SIX MONTHS

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER, THREE MONTHS FOR 10 CENTS.

\$1.00 pays for Two Yearly Subs, Four Half-yearly Subs, or Ten Trials for three months.

## Another "Sunshine" Feature

This is an entirely new idea, and will especially interest people who reside in natural gas districts. The gas ring takes the place of the lower Sunshine fire-pot, thus making it possible to burn gas in your furnace without inconvenience. Such is not possible in a furnace where the ordinary gas log is inserted; for, should the gas give out, a coal or wood fire could not be started until the gas pipes were disconnected.

To provide against sweating in the summer time, Sunshine Furnace is equipped with a nickel-plated radiator and dome. All bolts and rivets are nickel-plated, all rods copper-plated. This special treatment, besides meaning quicker and greater radiation from the radiator and dome than cold iron could possibly give, acts as protection for the bolts, rivets and rods from inroads of gas. When cast iron comes in contact with our nickel-plated steel it is coated with our special Anti-Rust treatment, which prevents the slightest possibility of rust commencing anywhere in Sunshine Furnace.

## The Gas Ring



**McClary's**

For Sale by McCLATCHIE BROS., Cowansville

## Cotton's Weekly

FOR ALL CANADA

A PAPER FOR CANADIANS  
WHO WANT THE  
TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR  
OR FAVOR

Sub Price

50 CENTS

TWO FOR \$1.00

SIX MONTHS 25c

U. S. Subs \$1.10

Bundles at the rate of 1 cent  
per copy.

## SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Three Months for 10c

Send 10c in 10 Stamps for Single Subs

A Paper that Every Wide-  
awake Canadian should Sub-  
scribe for and read closely.

Remittances to be sent by  
Postal Note, addressed to Cot-  
ton's Weekly, Cowansville, P.Q.

## LIVE PROPAGANDA PAPER

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

COTTON'S WEEKLY,  
Cowansville, P. Q.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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

## CAMPBELL'S

## Quinine Wine

is known to the medical profession as one of the natural tonics always to be relied upon. As a restorer of lost health it is unsurpassed. It cures sleeplessness and increases the appetite; makes new blood and strengthens the body.

E. CAMPBELL & CO., MRS. - MONTREAL



## THE VOICE OF JUSTICE

By F. F. ROCKWELL

Have ye ears and have ye heard not  
what the winged winds repeat?  
Have ye eyes, and have ye seen not  
that our freedom grows complete?  
Have ye living souls that leap not  
forth in gladness now to meet  
Justice marching on?

Chorus:

Hark! through ours the voice of Jus-  
tice crying!  
O'er our columns Freedom's flag is  
flying,  
Come, and join the fight for Right un-  
dying.

Where the Race goes marching on!

We have heard the voice of Freedom  
calling through subjected lands  
We have answered with our ever; we  
have helped you with our hands  
From the East's eternal mountains to  
the wide West's shifting sands  
Where you went marching on.

And our ears have heard the Hope that  
beats within the wide world's heart.  
Have caught it on the sighing wind,  
and we would do our part,  
But ye press us ever backward, as ye  
chained us at the start  
Of Humanity's march on.

We are asking but for Justice, and ye  
make the asking hard;  
We have fought with you for Freedom  
—from its fruits are we debarred:  
We would toil for further progress, and  
ye foil us and retard,  
Who should be marching on.

We have asked ye now for ages, and  
our voice has not been heard—  
'Twas the whispering in the tree-tops  
where the silver leaves are stirred,  
And since ye would not hear it, comes  
the storm's stern over-word,  
"We demand!"—and ye must heed.

## THE MEDICINAL USES OF LEMONS

There are a great many people in  
this world who fancy that when lemon-  
ade and lemon extract and lemon drops  
are catalogued, there isn't very much  
left for this familiar fruit. But when  
these uses are met, the value of a  
lemon is scarcely comprehended.

As a remedy for a cold, few things  
are better than lemon juice and sugar.  
Very few of the disease germs that  
cause us the most annoyance are able  
to survive contact with the juice of a  
lemon.

If, after coming in from a dusty  
street, or after mingling with the un-  
washed and unkempt crowds in which  
we sometimes find ourselves we would  
cut off a slice of lemon, rub the face  
with it, and rinse the mouth and throat  
with the clear juice, many diseases that  
now afflict us would be kept at a  
proper distance.

After having the hands in hot water,  
or after using many mal-odorous sub-  
stances, a thorough rubbing with  
lemon will restore the delicacy of the  
skin, and remove any objectionable  
smell.

The finger nails are greatly improved  
by applications of lemon juice.

Pimples and blackheads may be re-  
moved or kept away by the same means.

An occasional brushing of the teeth  
with lemon juice is a most excellent  
thing, provided the acid is carefully  
washed away afterwards.

It is said that corns and bunions may  
be removed by binding on a piece of  
lemon night after night.

Certainly when the feet are tired and  
swollen, there is nothing better as an  
application, after a good bathing, than  
lemon juice and alcohol in equal parts.  
A tablespoonful is quite enough, and  
the preparation ought to be found on  
every toilet table.

After lemons are used for table pur-  
poses the pieces may be put on a shelf  
over the kitchen sink where they will  
be handy to rub the hands with, to re-  
move stains to take spots out of linen,  
or to mix with salt and polish brasses.

There is probably no fruit in ordinary  
use that has so many excellent qualities  
and is so comprehensively valuable as  
the lemon.

## THE DEBS CROW

The following is a capitalist yarn  
clipped from the Chicago Ledger. We  
have only three comments to make by  
way of correction. Crows with split  
tongues do not talk. Socialists are not  
that kind of people. The last U. S.  
campaign was known by every socialist  
to be fought on principle without hope  
of successful election.

Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, the brilliant  
leader of the antinoise crusade, has  
canned noises, as she quaintly calls  
them, wherewith to illustrate her  
eloquent addresses. Mrs. Rice, that is  
to say, demonstrates with actual pho-

nographic records the hideous street  
din of New York.

Discussing the other day animal  
noises—the night noise of the prowling  
cats, the sunrise noise of roosters kept  
in alleys—Mrs. Rice said:  
"An antinoise man got the better of  
an inconsiderate socialist last fall. It  
is a queer story."

"The antinoise man, a nervous  
journalist, lives in a Brooklyn flat, and  
the socialist, his landlord, lives below  
him. The socialist kept a talking crow  
—you know crows talk if their tongues  
are split, and this bird, from its cage  
on the balcony, roared all day long:  
'Hurrah for Debs! Hurrah for Debs!'  
"All through the Presidential cam-  
paign the journalist got no sleep on ac-  
count of the crow's socialistic cheers.  
Though no great foe to socialism, he  
came to loathe the very thought of  
Debs."

"He tried to buy the crow, offering  
as much as \$25 for it. He besought  
its owner to keep it indoors. In vain.  
This unsocialist socialist was too proud of  
his crow to curtail a moment of its  
noisy Debs enthusiasm."

"The journalist was afraid to kill or  
steal the crow lest its owner, dis-  
covering his guilt, turn him out of the  
flat house. He did, instead, a wily  
thing."

"He went to a pet stock dealer,  
bought a crow that couldn't say a word,  
and the next day, watching his chance,  
substituted the dumb bird for the loqua-  
cious one."

"The journalist met the socialist in a  
cigar store the other day."

"Don't you ever regret," he said,  
"that you refused my liberal offer for  
your talking crow?"

"No, sirree!" exclaimed the socialist  
warmly. "I value that bird more than  
ever now. Why, man would you be-  
lieve it? Ever since the defeat of Eug-  
ene V. Debs the crow hasn't opened  
his lips!"

From a detailed account furnished  
by the Burgomaster of Budapest to  
Mr. W. H. Shrubsole respecting a  
municipal bakery in that city, it  
appears that in order to supply good  
and wholesome bread to the public at  
a cheap rate, the municipal authorities  
have built a factory which will  
commence working in July next with  
a minimum daily output of 50,000  
loaves of bread. The principal object  
is to force bakers to produce bread of  
the same good quality and to sell it at  
a reasonable price. It is intended that  
this municipal bakery shall serve as a  
model for imitation, and it desired also  
to lift bread-making out of the sphere  
of small industries, so that by working  
on a large scale the cost of production  
may be lessened. The bakery, fitted  
with the most modern machinery, will  
cost £25,000 exclusive of the value of  
the land on which it stands. Budapest,  
like all other Hungarian cities, owns a  
large area of suburban land. The  
bread will be sold in special shops be-  
longing to the municipality, and also  
in market halls and private shops, but  
the price at which it will be retailed  
will always be fixed by the municipal  
authorities.—Ex.

The analogy between birth and revol-  
ution, does not rest alone upon the  
suddenness of the act. If we look closer  
we shall find that this sudden trans-  
formation at birth is confined wholly to  
functions. The organs develop slowly,  
and must reach a certain stage of de-  
velopment before that leap is possible,  
which suddenly gives them their new  
functions. If the leap takes place be-  
fore this stage of development is attained,  
the result is not the beginning of  
the new functions for the organs, but  
the cessation of all functions—the death  
of the new creature. On the other  
hand, the slow development of the  
organs in the body of the mother can  
only proceed to a certain point, they  
cannot begin their new functions with-  
out the revolutionary act of birth. This  
becomes inevitable when the develop-  
ment of the organs has attained a cer-  
tain height.—KARL KAUTSKY.

"In every historical epoch, the pre-  
vailing mode of economic production  
and exchange, and the social organiza-  
tion 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."—ROBERT RIVES LA MONTE.

Karl Marx says: "The mode of pro-  
duction obtaining in material life deter-  
mines, generally speaking, the social,  
political and intellectual processes of  
life."

## CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Beware the Signature of  
*Charles H. Little*

## A TEMPERANCE ARGUMENT

## The Oppressing of the Rich

Makes me tired," exclaimed the  
Bookkeeper to no one in particular, as  
he came in with an air of disgust.

"What makes you tired?" asked the  
Station Agent, looking up from the  
paper he was reading.

"Oh, these laboring men who are  
always groaning about being oppressed  
by the rich. They loaf around the  
saloons and spend all their money and  
then curse the capitalists."

"Why this sudden outburst?" asked  
the S. A., laughing.

"I just saw Jim White coming out  
of Jack's Place and he had just about  
all he could wiggle along with. Only  
the other day Jim was giving me a  
great tale of woe about being unable  
to get a job. If workingmen would  
quit patronizing saloons and stay sober  
they would get along better."

"So you think the hard conditions of  
the working people are due to the drink  
habit?"

"Yes, principally."

"Well," replied the S. A., "I'm not  
so sure about that. I am no drinking  
man. I never patronize the saloons  
and I always urge others not to do so.  
But say, you know Tom Jones and  
Jack Brown?"

"Yes."

"Well, about a month ago old Skin-  
ner advertised for a 'hand' to work in  
his shop. Both Tom and Jack applied  
for the job. You know old Skinner is  
a great crank about drinking, and of  
course he gave Jack the job—paid him  
\$2 a day—and took Tom to task and  
gave him a great lecture about drink-  
ing."

"Don't suppose it did him any  
good?"

"Yes, it made quite an impression  
on him and he went right away and  
signed the pledge. I met him the other  
day and he said he had a job with old  
Skinner at \$1.50 a day."

"Well, that proves my argument,"  
broke in the B. K., with a smile like a  
cat going to a party.

"I don't know whether it does or not.  
I met Jack the same day and he told  
me he wasn't working—old Skinner  
laid him off. Far as I can see the only  
difference is that formerly there was one  
sober man with a job at \$2 and one  
drinking man looking for a job; now  
there is one sober man with a job at  
\$1.50 a day and one sober man looking  
for a job. Did it ever occur to you that  
there are only about so many jobs in  
this country, and whether the workers  
stay sober or get drunk it never makes  
any difference in the number of jobs."

"Oh, fudge!" said the B. K., as he  
walked over to the counter and laid  
down a nickel and pointed to the box  
of perfectos.

## ECONOMIC INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY

The events described on the pages of  
history from the very beginning of it  
(the legendary period, with its narra-  
tions so dimly lighted by the torch of  
truth) until the perfectly verified ac-  
counts of the modern times, present to  
us the deeds of men from an ideal  
point of view. The causes, the motives  
of human actions, individual or col-  
lective, are pointed out as being due  
to a desire or determination to do  
good or bad; the heroes, the actors on  
the historic stage are shown to us as  
examples of social and private morality  
or immorality. Nowhere do economic  
interests appear as having a dominant  
influence on the social and political life  
of the nations.

The explanation of Marx and Engels  
that the most important facts in the  
world's history have as underlying  
causes certain economic necessities of  
society produced, therefore, a positive  
revolution in historic thought gave rise  
to a quite different understanding and  
appreciation of social phenomena of  
the past and the present.

This new viewpoint as apposed to the  
previous idealism of the historians is  
called "The Economic Interpretation or  
Materialistic Conception of History."

The patriotic songs in honor of the  
united fatherland after the Franco-  
Prussian war of 1870, claiming that  
this war had for its aim the union, the  
increased strength of the dear father-  
land, dictated by pure patriotism, are  
given the lie under the searchlight  
thrown on the resulting capitalistic  
military despotism of Germany that  
crushes relentlessly her working class  
at home and cruelly exploits and op-  
presses her colonial possessions abroad.

How worthless appear the high  
sounding phrases of the quasi-liberal  
middle class parties of Russia: viewed  
in the light of their present tactics in  
the duma, bent on securing more mili-

## SCRAPING THE STOMACH

Dangerous and Painful Operation  
Avoided by Taking "Fruit-a-tives."

Guelph, Ont., Aug. 6, 1908.

I suffered for many months with  
dreadful Stomach Trouble, with vomit-  
ing and constant pain, and I could  
retain practically nothing.

My doctor stated that I must go to  
the hospital and undergo an operation  
of scraping the stomach and be fed by  
the bowels for weeks. All the medicine  
the doctor gave me I vomited at once.  
I was dreadfully alarmed, but I dreaded  
an operation and had refused.



I had heard of "Fruit-a-tives" and  
the great success they were having in  
all Stomach Troubles, and I decided  
to try them. To my surprise, the  
"Fruit-a-tives" not only remained on  
the stomach, but they also checked the  
vomiting. I immediately began to im-  
prove, and in three days the pain was  
easier and I was decidedly better. I  
continued to take "Fruit-a-tives" and  
they completely cured me.

Mrs. Austin Hainstock.

"Fruit-a-tives" are 50c a box, 6 boxes  
for \$2.50, trial box 25c. At dealers or  
from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

tary power to the government for the  
purpose of keeping down the economic  
demands of the proletariat and the  
peasantry.

The great ideal of the freedom of the  
slave of the Republican party in its  
earlier period is beautifully illustrated  
by the political and economic oppres-  
sion of the free southern workers for  
the benefit of the liberty loving north-  
ern capitalists.

As an example of the prevailing in-  
fluence of economic interests over  
idealism can be taken also the attitude  
of the ruling class of both Europe and  
the United States toward the Russian  
revolution.

I think we may safely say that the  
majority of the capitalist class of the  
civilized countries disapprove of the  
brutal practices, the barbarous methods  
employed by the treacherous and bloody  
government of the czar in suppressing  
the aspirations of the people to free-  
dom; there may be an even number of  
individual sympathizers among them  
who cannot help but admire the cour-  
age and self-sacrifices of the revolu-  
tionists. Nevertheless it is the power  
of this very class, their control of the  
parliaments and congress, that forces  
the so-called free governments to take  
a stand against the party of progress  
in Russia.

The capitalists of all countries de-  
mand the persecution and extradition  
of the political refugees of Russia, they  
support her government and help to  
prolong the rule of the bureaucracy in  
order to be safe with their investments  
and the interest on the bonds and se-  
curities they hold in the land of the  
czar.

—R. V. L.

## Signs of the Times

The notice given by the American  
Tin Plate Co. that the wages are to be  
cut and the mills operated on the open  
shop plan is only an incident in the in-  
dustrial and economic development,  
and it comes as a fitting climax to the  
fun poked at the workers about the  
identity of interests and the unbounded  
prosperity that was sure to follow upon  
a republican victory. This is a death  
blow aimed at the A. A., but it is ex-  
pected that an onslaught is to be made  
all along the line, and it will be of  
the greatest interest to see how it will  
be met by the unions.—Free Press.

"As soon as one part of society has  
monopolized the means of production  
the other part, upon whom the burden  
of labor falls, is obliged to add to the  
labor-time necessary for its own sup-  
port, a certain surplus-labor-time, for  
which it receives no equivalent—time  
that is devoted to supporting and en-  
riching the possessors of the means of  
production. As an extorator of unpaid  
labor, which, by means of the increas-  
ing surplus-value whose source it is,  
accumulated every day, more and more  
in the hands of the proprietary class the  
instruments of its dominion, the capital-  
ist regime surpasses in power all the  
antecedents regime founded on com-  
pulsory labor."—GABRIEL DEVILLE.

## 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 cap-  
italist property in the means of wealth production into collective or work-  
ing-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 pro-  
gramme of the working class, as follows:

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

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

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

## How to Organize

## FROM OFFICIAL CONSTITUTION OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

In order to affiliate with the Socialist Party of Canada, the first requisite  
is to become thoroughly informed as to the necessity of the political orga-  
nization 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 pro-  
gram 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, ac-  
companied by 10 cents for each signer to cover the current month's dues, and  
\$5 to cover the expense of supplies, including charters, financial books, war-  
rants, 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 be-  
coming thoroughly familiar with all of the provisions of the party constitution,  
platform, etc. When this is well in hand, the work of spreading the propa-  
ganda 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 fall-  
ing 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, Secre-  
tary of the Socialist Party of Canada, Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.



# MOTHER JONES DEPORTED

By BEN HANFORD

In May, 1904, I was in Trinidad, Colo., center of the lignite coal region. For a long time the miners had been on strike. Their demands were for the enforcement of the eight-hour clause of the Colorado State Constitution, more air and better ventilation of the mines, abolition of the pluck-me company stores, payment of wages in money instead of checks, and the amelioration of other wrongs which have followed the miners in all the coal camps of the United States.

Inasmuch as the miners demanded that the eight-hour mandates of the constitution be enforced for their benefit, they were at once declared to be in rebellion, the militia were ordered out, and Trinidad was placed under martial law. Of the strikers, some were beaten, killed, jailed, bull-penned or deported. There was no outrage known to savage or civilized man that was not visited on the defenseless miners of Trinidad by the mine owners' detectives, deputy sheriffs or militia. In these outrages the mine owners were at all times aided, abetted and protected by Governor Peabody—good friend of Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft. Do not forget the latter, Mr. Workingman. You have a right and a duty to hold him responsible for his friends.

It was a sufficient vindication of the "majesty of the law" and the power of the "good people" of Trinidad to deport men strikers and sympathizers.

One day—late one night, rather—old, white-haired Mother Jones was taken from her bedroom in the hotel, placed in front of fixed bayonets, marched to a train, and taken to the Territory of Arizona.

During my stay in Trinidad I met one of its leading citizens, a lawyer. Discussing the strike, I asked him if he did not think the mine owners might have limited their war to a fight on the men, and inquired if he did not regard it as pretty low down to use the militia to attack and deport a white-haired old woman like Mother Jones. At mention of the name of Mother Jones the fellow's face turned red with excitement, and he swelled up like a poisoned pup.

"Mother Jones" said he "Mother Jones! We ought to have deported her long before we did."

"Well, what did Mother Jones do?" I inquired as gently as I could.

"What did she do?" howled the lawyer. "What didn't she do?"

"Well, just mention what she did," said I.

"What did she do? She—she talked!" he answered, and he was livid with anger.

"Do you mean to say that you would take an old woman in the 60's and run her out of the state because she talked?"

"By G—d, you ought to have heard what she said!" he replied. "And those d—d miners believed her, every word."

"What did she say?" I questioned. "She said everything. She deserved to be deported."

"Well, now, what was the very worst thing that she said? What did she say that was not true?"

"She—she said that 'Labor produces all wealth.' I heard her myself—right out in the street there, in front of this very hotel—and a whole army of these d—d strikers heard her, and believed her."

"Is that the worst she said? Did you deport Mother Jones because she said that 'Labor produces all wealth'?"

"No—not entirely," said Mr. Lawyer. "She said other things—and worse. She said 'Labor should have all it produces.'"

"Do you deny that 'Labor produces all wealth'?" and that 'Labor should have all it produces'?"

"Deny it? Certainly I deny it. Everybody knows it isn't so."

"And you deported Mother Jones for saying what everybody knows isn't so?"

"Well, d—n her, it isn't so, but she made them think it was so!"

"It seems to me," said I, "that you might have found a way to lessen Mother Jones' influence over the miners much more effectual than that of running her out of the state."

"How?" he asked, anxiously. "How? What else could we do? We had to get rid of her somehow."

"You are a lawyer?" I questioned.

"Yes."

"A college graduate?"

"Yes."

"Accustomed to addressing judges,

juries—able to make a public speech before your fellow citizens in a creditable way, doubtless?"

"Well, my friends say so," he admitted, most genially.

"Then," said I, "let us look at it this way: We'll just suppose that old Mother Jones is out on that street corner now, and that she is telling a lot of miners that 'Labor produces all wealth.' Now, you know that that is not true. You know that labor does not produce all wealth. You are a man of learning. More—you are a man of trained mine. Better still—you are familiar with the forum; it is a habit with you to reach the reason of a judge, to rouse the emotions of a jury. Now, then, if Mother Jones was out in the street tonight, telling people that 'Labor produces all wealth,' it would be absolutely foolish for you to deport her. There is a much better way than that—a way in which you can destroy her influence absolutely. Besides, it's legal—and as a leader of the bar, of course you know that deporting women for talking out loud isn't legal—that is, not strictly."

"Well? Well? What is that way?"

"Simplest thing in the world. Can't see how you overlooked it. Here you are: Mother Jones out on an old soap box tonight. She's a stranger in Trinidad—you are well known. She has no education—while you, you belong to a learned profession. She has no standing here—you are a leading, a distinguished citizen. Mother Jones goes on with her speech. She says 'Labor produces all wealth.' With your own ears you hear her say so. You know it's false. But you don't need to deport her for that. I can tell you a way by which you can beat her game to a frazzle. Just you—"

"What? What is that way?" said Mr. Lawyer in breathless interest.

"Easiest thing ever was. Tonight Mother Jones says 'Labor produces all wealth.' You know better. So tomorrow night, on that same corner, you speak to the people. You tell them that the statement by Mother Jones that 'Labor produces all wealth' is not so. It is a lie. You not only tell the people it is not so. You prove it. You explain to them just how wealth is produced. You show them just what it is that does produce wealth, and how it is not labor. See? There you are. No soldiers, no deputy sheriffs. No need to deport Mother Jones. She'd just have to leave town her own self."

"Oh, what's the use? If I was to make a speech out on that street corner no one would come to hear me. Besides, it wouldn't make any difference if they did. Everybody knows me around here. Nobody'd believe anything I said."

Why should he not appeal to the police, the bad men, the thieves, thugs and militia? How else can his side win? Can they win that way?

That is another story.

—BEN HANFORD in "Fight for Your Life."

## SOCIALISM AND PRIVATE PROPERTY

GERALD DESMOND

Socialists do not stand for the abolition of private property. Just the opposite. We want to establish private property on a firm basis for the first time in the world's history, and allow every individual all the private property he or she can possibly use. We have not the slightest desire or intention to touch anything which should be private property at all. What we advocate is the naturalization of the means of production and the natural resources of the earth. These things ought never to have become private property in the first place. They are the things upon which all humanity depends. They are the things which are operated collectively. Therefore they should be owned collectively. It is because at the present time these things are owned by a few that the great mass of the people at the present time have practically no private property to speak of. These things we must and will nationalize. But so far as anything which is necessary to the individual particularly and can be used individually without detriment to the people as a whole, we have not the slightest desire to nationalize it.

Under socialism you would get all you produce (that is of course in value). Your wages would be about five times what they are now. Therefore it is easily seen that you would be able to produce about five times as much of every-

thing as you do at present. Just think of it! Five times as much to spend for clothing. Five times as much for food. Five times as much for house and furniture. Five times as much for books and travel and amusement. How could giving you all these things tend to abolish private property? It is all nonsense. Most of the talk about the abolition of private property comes from the bunch who are stealing from you, in the shape of profit, the money you should have now to buy private property with. Abolish private property? Not much. We want, as I said before, to establish property.

## MARITIME ORGANIZATION TOUR

As to Expenses

Inquiries have been received from various points as to expenses to be guaranteed for visit of organizers.

The answer is, no guarantee—do what you can. The first essential is that there should be some comrade or comrades in each place visited to follow up the work of the organizer with earnest, steadfast work of their own.

Assure us of this and as long as money hangs out for railway fare, the organizer will attend to such places.

Comrades in the various places should get ready to form a local; five members is the lowest number. If there are as many in any place who are really in earnest, they should organize without fail. Failure to do so will be failure to do their duty. The Inter-provincial Executive which will soon be formed must have these little outposts to deal with officially in order to carry on efficient work. Give us earnest men and women, and there will be no fear about the cash.

"Act, act in the living present."

ROScoe A. FILMORE  
Sec. of Temporary Organization Committee.

Albert N. B.

## What Is Socialism?

In view of its tremendous growth, many are asking "What is Socialism?" A brief definition will not give it to you, you must read and study and think. Here are two definitions:

"Socialism is a system of social organization which would abolish entirely or in great part the competition on which modern society rests, and substitute for it co-operative action; would introduce a more perfect and equal distribution of the products of labor, and would make land and capital, as the instruments and means of production, the joint possession of the members of the community."

"Socialism does not wish to abolish private property or accumulation of wealth, but it aims to displace the present system of private capital by a system of collective capital, which would introduce a unified organization of national labor. Its alpha and omega is the transformation of private and competing capitals into a united collective capital.—Prof. Schaeffle.

"Socialism, as taught in America, is the substitution of co-operation in place of competition. It advocates the gradual absorption of industries by the government. We propose to make the government the sole capitalist, the agent of the people, to manage the industrial system for the benefit of all. Socialism does not propose to interfere with the home, family or religion. It does not propose to interfere with private property or to make a new distribution of national wealth."—Father T. McGrady.

## AFTER BERNARD SHAW

J. Eads How, national chairman of the unemployed, has sailed for Europe to invite sundry notable persons across the Atlantic to come to America next January to attend a great convention for the discussion of ways and means to aid the unemployed. Mr. How will work his way across the ocean in disguise.

"My main object is to get George Bernard Shaw to accept an invitation to attend," said Mr. How. I shall also invite other famous men to attend the convention, plans for which are being formulated. Among these are Lloyd George, M. P., and Victor Grayson, M. P.

## GERMAN ACTIVITY

Socialist activity is on the increase, and students are spreading revolutionary literature here. Five young men were sentenced at Dresden, Germany recently to imprisonment from one to eight weeks on the charge of having spread revolutionary propaganda among the pupils of the technical schools at Charlottenburg, Darmstadt, Mittweida and Dresden.

## NOTHING BUT SOCIALISM

An inquiry has been made of the Maritime Organization Committee if I would be willing to speak in the interests of Socialism and United Labour. And is rich.

The reason given is that the Unions are badly prejudiced against Socialism. The worse for them.

My answer is this: That I always speak in the interest of United Labour, as a socialist I have no alternative and furthermore, none but a Socialist can speak in the interests of United Labour.

As for the Unions who are prejudiced against Socialism, let them be until they get enough of Capitalism to prejudice them against that, and then they will lose their prejudice against the movement which is the only hope of the working class.

From the same source comes the inquiry if I would speak under the auspices of a church. Sure! I would, only it must be distinctly understood that I take the platform entirely unmuzzled.

Say, don't you know the battle cry of the Socialist party is, "Workers of the World Unite?" What's that but United Labour? Get clear!

There are too many workers in this part of Canada who have no prejudice against Socialism for us to trouble about those who have. While we have good soil to cultivate, we will do so and leave the rest to be fertilized by Capitalist oppression.

Yours in Revolt,

WILFRID GRIBBLE

## CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Nova Scotia.....	352
Prince Edward Island.....	2
New Brunswick.....	42
Prov. of Quebec.....	771
Ontario.....	1127
Manitoba.....	120
Alberta.....	167
Saskatchewan.....	224
British Columbia.....	219
Yukon Territory.....	4
Elsewhere.....	53

Total.....3081

The total number of this issue is 3,200 copies.

## OUR ADVERTISEMENTS

We wish to call the attention of our readers to our advertisements and to bespeak their patronage, not only for our own literature but for our advertisers generally.

The capitalist press lives by its advertisements, but many traders are chary of advertising in a Socialist paper for the very reason that it is a Socialist paper.

However, Socialists require food, clothes, housing and furniture, just as much as other people. Socialists also are much greater readers than other people.

The reason, therefore, that a Socialist paper should not be a good advertising medium for honest wares. That is what Cotton's aims at being in this connection.

We want advertisements for precisely the same reason that capitalist papers want them, and we ask our readers to patronize those who advertise with us for exactly the same reason.

There can be no reason why our readers should not buy what they want from those who advertise in Cotton's, and there is this reason why they should, that in so doing they are, more or less directly, helping Cotton's and the Movement.

On the other hand, we endeavour to ensure the genuineness of our advertisements. We cannot, of course, give any guarantee, but we absolutely refuse to insert any advertisement which is of the nature of quackery, or of any goods which are in any particular other than they profess to be.

## SOCIALISTS TO FIGHT

There is great excitement among the Socialists in Rome, because of the action of the Chamber of Deputies in declaring that Andrea Costa was not legally elected to that body and giving his seat to his government opponent. The Socialists declare they will fight the case to a finish and all Italy is awaiting their next move.

Charlie O'Brien, M. P. P., is expected to be in Winnipeg about the end of the month to deliver a series of lectures.

## What to Read on Socialism

By Charles H. Kerr, Editor of the International Socialist Review. Eighty beautifully printed pages, with many portraits of socialist writers. Includes a simple, concise statement of the principles of socialism. One copy free on request. 10 mailed for 10c; 100 for \$1.00; 1,000 for \$10.00. CHARLES H. KERR & CO. 183 Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ill.

They also serve who only stand and wait," said the poet, and he was not conscious of it, but that describes the army of the unemployed. They are as useful as the actual workers to the masters.

Nothing is socialistic unless it tends for the overthrow of the present system of robbery and exploitation of the working class.

We can not lay too much stress upon the difference between a Socialist and a member of the S. P. of C.

A young girl was working her way through Syracuse University. She desired to be a missionary and expected to go to Africa. She attended the university in the morning, worked in a department store in the afternoon, and attended mission services three nights a week. A breakdown followed, and a few days ago she committed suicide. Even honest religious enthusiasm is not a substitute for rational methods of toil.—Christian Guardian.

Every time you praise a rich robber you throw a stone at Socialism.



## ABENAKIS SPRINGS HOTEL

The Queen of Canadian Summer and Health Resorts. Delightfully situated on the west bank of the St. Francis river near its confluence with the majestic St. Lawrence at Lake St. Peter, 68 miles from Montreal via G. T. R.

Boating Bathing Fishing Tennis

BALL ROOM—MUSIC—EVERYTHING FOR YOUR COMFORT AND AMUSEMENT

Abenakis Springs Mineral Water and Baths—Positive cure for Rheumatism, Gout, Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles.

HOTEL OPEN FROM JUNE FIRST TO OCTOBER FIRST

Modern Hotel, lighted with gas, Long Distance Bell Phone, Telegraph and Post Office in Hotel. Rates \$2.00 to \$25.00 per day, \$12.00 to \$16.00 per week. Beautifully Illustrated Booklet Free. Prompt attention to correspondence.

Round Trip Ticket from Cowansville to Abenakis Springs, via C. P. R., \$6.35; Sweetsburg \$6.45; Sutton Junction \$6.85; Abercorn \$7.25; Knowlton \$6.85. Be sure to Buy a Round Trip Ticket.

R. G. KIMPTON, Manager Abenakis Springs, P. Q.

## The Socialist Vote Increases Only Through Education

Set aside certain evenings every week for serious study that others may be enlightened by our propaganda.

Leading Socialists all over the continent recommend a careful reading of the following books on Socialism.

The Socialists—Who they are and What They Stand For, by John Spargo. Paper, 10c; cloth, 50c.

We know of no other book in the whole literature of Socialism that will make so good a FIRST IMPRESSION on the average Canadian reader. The style is clear and simple, and the arrangement of the subject is such as to make easy reading. Altogether this is just the book to arrest the attention of the half indifferent reader, and interest him so he will read books that require more study. The paper bound copy is small and compact, nice to carry in the pocket for reading at spare moments.

The Common Sense of Socialism, by John Spargo. Paper covers, 25c; cloth \$1.00.

An appeal to the average American common sense. He selects a typical workingman, and addresses him in a series of familiar letters, uniting a good literary style with a clear grasp of the subject.

Manifesto of the Communist Party, by Marx and Engels. Paper covers, 10c; cloth 50c.

This manifesto, first published in 1848, is still recognized the world over as the clearest statement of the principles of the International Socialist party.

Socialism, Utopian and Scientific, by F. Engels. Paper, 10c; cloth 50c.

This little book has a wider circulation and has been more often translated than any other exposition of socialist principles.

Collectivism and Industrial Evolution, by Emile Vandervelt. Cloth 50c.

To those who wish to study socialism in a single book, this work is recommended.

Principles of Scientific Socialism, by Chas. H. Vail. In paper 35c; cloth \$1.00.

This is one of the most successful summaries of Marxian socialism ever written by an American author. It shows how a co-operative organization of industry would hasten production and improve distribution, would abolish waste, give woman her proper place in society, while at the same time simplifying government.

Karl Marx, Biographical Memoirs, by Wilhelm Liebknecht, translated by Ernest Untermann. Cloth 50c.

This personal biography of Marx, by an intimate friend, gives a new insight into the beginnings of Socialism.

Value, Price and Profit, by Karl Marx, edited by his daughter, Eleanor Marx Aveling. Paper 10c; cloth 50c.

No subject is of more vital interest to wage-workers than the industrial system by which a large share of what they produce is taken from them, and in no book is this explained so clearly, forcibly and convincingly.

Marxian Economics, by Ernest Untermann. In cloth, \$1.

A popular introduction to the Three Volumes of "Capital."

Capital, by Karl Marx, in two volumes. Cloth, \$2 each.

## Stock your Library Now

The Socialists, by Spargo, is fine for new Socialists. Try a copy. Only 10c.

## ORDER FROM

Book Department  
Cotton's Weekly  
COWANSVILLE, P. Q.



# The Firing Line

## BOOK OFFER To Be Closed

The book offer which has been running for some time in connection with Cotton's Weekly will be closed on Saturday, July 31st. We urge all comrades who have been working for subs with the books in view to round out their lists of 25 yearlies and secure the books.

We offered Volume I. or II. of Capital by Karl Marx, or \$2.00 value in other books from the list of Chas. H. Kerr & Co. of Chicago, for 25 yearlies, or \$1.00 in books for 15 yearlies.

We need all the subs it is possible to land this next month. We have installed the Monoline, and are giving you an excellent paper, but at a largely increased cost. Show your appreciation of our efforts by keeping up the volume of new subs.

Watch the paper closely from now on. Improvement is the order of the day. Don't forget the bundle brigade. Become a member and do good work for the cause. Keep busy all the time saying a good word for Cotton's and you will have a paper that will be unsurpassed anywhere and do the needed work in making Socialism supreme from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Fifty cents per year. Twenty-five cents for six months. Trial for three months only 10 cents.

Ten copies 3 months \$1.00  
Twenty-five 3 months \$2.50

A sub from Cobalt per A. N. Gauthier, local secretary.

Another sub for Ottawa per J. Cameron.

Two trials to hand from Com. Carter at Killam, Alberta.

Another reminder from Com. Townsend of Dundas. Two trials.

The cheery word from Com. McLennan of Kelowna, B. C. Two yearlies.

A new spot for Cotton's. Sub received from Bobcaygeon, Ont., per J. A. Junkin.

The book offer closes on Saturday, July 31st. Round out your list of 25 yearlies.

Vancouver heard from per Com. D. P. Mills. Two yearlies. Cotton's reaches from Atlantic to Pacific.

A reminder comes in from Com. Alex. Lyon of Toronto Local. A tally of two half yearlies. Success for Cotton's.

The familiar order of Com. Penfold, of Guelph is again in evidence this week. Three trials.

If you write any of our advertisers mention the fact that you saw it in Cotton's. It helps your paper.

Cotton's will shortly adopt the numbering sub system. Subs will be removed promptly on expiration of time.

Trials are in from G. Baskie, Grove Park, Sask.; Fred. Tillapaugh, Vegreville, Alta.; and Com. Martin, Berlin.

Brantford to the fore again. Two yearlies and two trials. All due to the tireless energy of Comrade Fogal.

Two yearlies and a trial from Com. F. Reynolds, Beaver Point, B. C. Good work for a busy time of year.

The heaven is working in Ravenswood, Ont. It is a pleasure to hear from Comrade Taylor. A list of seven trials. Spread the light.

Another welcome spot for Cotton's. Rev. R. H. MacPherson has a good word of appreciation and sends in his sub from Marble Mountains, N. S.

'Tis good to hear again from Com. Root, Dinsmore, Sask. Six trials and one half-yearly testify to his continued interest in the cause.

The good word from Lachine. An order for three subs and a good list of books from A. J. G., Lachine. A ripe spot.

Pleased to get a tip from Comrade Watson of Winnipeg. It was accompanied by one 26 week sub and one for 13 weeks.

Just watch the improvement in Cotton's from now on. Keep up the activities for subs despite the hot weather. Socialism spreads by continuous effort.

The first trial subs are beginning to run out. Watch the date on the little red address label and renew your sub for the best paper published in Canada. Only 50 cents per year and improving every issue.

A line of encouragement from Appleton, Ont., a new location for Cotton's. Com. Burrows got wise through The Clarion, our official party paper.

Comrade Muntz, located at Saskatoon, is keeping posted through The Western Clarion and Cotton's, the right thing to do. Sends some good information and a sub for 26 weeks.

Greenwood, B. C. again to the fore. Comrade Geo. Heatherton sends two yearlies towards the 500 and the Monoline. Every comrade should be proud of Cotton's says he.

Halifax, N. S. is getting woke up to the truths of socialism. Cotton's is finding appreciation there, as can be judged by the action of Com. Lawrence in sending in a healthy list of ten yearlies. Very encouraging.

Com. A. Soper says he has been watching the drift of things closely for twenty years and thus Cotton's is a welcome visitor. Encloses two yearlies from Aylmer West.

The following have sent in one yearlies each: Com. Turner, Estevan, Sask. Nels. Sorlie, Mildred, Sask. Com. Anderson, Nelson, B. C. F. J. McNey, Gopher Head, Alberta, and David White, Aylmer West, Ont.

Com. Grainger keeps up the good work at Fort William, Ont. A list of five trials is the latest and more to follow. Glad to help in spreading the light.

Comrade Gribble is making good all right down in Glace Bay. A list of three yearlies, one for half a year and ten trials, which with due modesty he credited to the help of Com. Ross well known to us as an industrious manipulator of economic literature. Shake on it.

We have great pleasure in awarding the palm for the largest number of yearlies sent in at one time to Comrade Jno. Lamont of Nelson, B. C., on behalf of the boys of Nelson Lodge No. 663 T. A. of M. The list was for 38 full yearlies. Things fairly flew around the office when this order got out and the staff vowed eternal vigilance in making good.

### Maritime Province Organization Fund

I have received the following contributions to the Maritime Organization Fund, all from Toronto.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$10.00
Com. Wrigley, Toronto.....	1.00
" F. Stroud.....	50
" Stroud.....	50
" Young.....	50
" Watkinson.....	50
" Nash.....	50
" Stewart.....	25
" Peel.....	25
" Sprangle.....	25
" Latuga.....	5
	14.30

Comrade Lyons of Toronto who sent the Toronto contributions writes that Comrade Latuga, who is out of work, insisted upon his last five cents being taken to help out the work of organization in the East.

Now Comrades of the S. P. of C., you who are comparatively well fixed, think of this. Can't you spare a few cents or dollars out of a comparative abundance when this Comrade is willing and even anxious that his last cent should go into the good work? For shame comrades!

Don't let this comrade who is out of work and "broke" beat you? Keep up the fight! Help us to dot the Maritime Provinces with locals. Send all contributions to me and they will be acknowledged in Cotton's and the Clarion.

Yours in the Revolution.  
ROSCOE A. FILLMORE,  
Sec'y Albert Local. Albert, N. B.

### CRIMES AND CRIMINALS

The conference on criminology and criminal law which has just closed in Chicago is but one of the many things showing how Socialist philosophy penetrates into corners where even those who use it are unconscious of the source of their ideas.

Today almost everyone but judges, lawyers, policemen and jailers recognize that crime is a social product, and that each society has about as much crime as its institutions produce.

Almost everyone except the few classes previously mentioned have learned that laws, courts and prisons have very little to do with the amount of crime in any locality, and that they have still less to do with reforming the criminal.

The conference held in Chicago, which was largely attended by lawyers, would seem to indicate that these facts were at last penetrating into the hitherto impervious classes. Yet there is little hope for any effective action from these people. They are all too closely connected with the class whose interests are bound up with the system that produces crimes and criminals. One can hardly expect lawyers who live by settling disputes over private property, or policemen whose living depends upon the defence of that property, or judges who are trained only to interpret laws on private property, to realize that a long step toward the abolition of crime would be taken with the abolition of private property in some things.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

### COMMITTEE INSPECTS SHOES

The members of the Women's Trade Union League in New York, a committee of which recently made an inspection of the bake shops, made their report to the organization recently at their head quarters, at 43 East 22d street. The report says in part:

"Much of the bread sold in New York is made in cellars. These cellars often have no windows. The walls and ceilings may be covered with cobwebs and grime and the floors full of holes, from which rats scurry out when the exhausted workmen fling themselves for a half hour's sleep on the benches where your bread will presently be kneaded. Cockroaches and other vermin swarm over the walls and shelves. In some bake shops whole families work and eat and cook their meals. In other beds have been found. In still another a man was sleeping wrapped in the sacks used for covering the dough.

"You may think that because you buy your bread from a high priced bakery you are insured against such conditions. But many of the so-called 'best' bakeries in the New York are just as unsanitary and dirty.

"The present law has some good provisions if they could be enforced. But occasional visits of inspectors cannot keep tired men from sleeping on benches where dough is kneaded, nor the floors free from ashes and dirt."

The advent of the automobile brings out acutely what should have been observed long ago—the necessity of playgrounds for children in large cities. Heretofore the greed for every inch of ground, on the part of business, has left no open spaces for the little ones, and they have had to use the streets, dodging horses and street cars as best they could. But devil waggons and joy riders are too much for them and capitalism which never gave them a thought finds it rather expensive and annoying, you know, to run them down. Hence, the playground movement, and also the idea of setting aside certain streets during certain hours for children to play in. And why not, when we rope off part of Broad street, during gambling hours, for the curb gamblers? By all means do what you can for the little ones until Socialism comes to their relief.—The Call.

### ANOTHER ORGANIZER NEEDED

Just as we go to press word comes from Organizer Gribble that a new local has been formed at Dominion No. 6 (Mine) C. B., and there are two more locals in sight. Things getting brighter all the time. Asks the comrades to make a special effort to put additional organizer in the field. Limitless work.

### TALE OF A TOUR

#### FOURTH INSTALLMENT

Hearing that a local pulpiteer was going to preach on "Socialism and the church" last Sunday night I went to hear him. Giving out his text which was something like "Our enemies have lifted up their voices against us," with the air of a martyr, he paused impressively and then proceeded to inform the congregation that the previous Wednesday an imported socialist speaker had made an attack on Christianity on the lot opposite the church. This was a lie manufactured out of whole cloth either by him or by his informant, as during this tour I have not even attacked the church, let alone religion of any kind. Among other nice things he said of me was that if I had spoken in Russia as I had in Glace Bay I would have been shot, (he said this with evident relish.)

After saying a few charitable things about social comrades, he compared the speech of Lewis, President of W. M. W. who was here a few days ago with that of the Socialist "ranter."

He said Lewis' address was "sane." You bet. Lewis talked "Brother Capital and Brother Labour" "fair profits," "rightful division of the products," "conciliation" and a lot of other rot. As a matter of fact Lewis is not even a good word slinger; with auxiliary speakers, and with an immense audience to inspire him. He had as much as he could do to keep his end up for an hour, getting "Groggy" after he had spoken about half that time, being cheered rapturously before he began, but very heartlessly at the close.

But let us get back to his Holiness. As soon as church was over, I rushed out and took my stand on a wagon on an opposite lot and proceeded to give tongue. Of course I was highly indignant (?) at the personal attack upon me, but really delighted at the way in which his reverence had played into our hands; surely no one could find fault with the socialists for talking on socialism on Sunday in Sabbatarian Glace Bay, when a minister had done so. Somebody rushed in and fetched him out and he hurried across the road, as if to take the opposition, but he wasn't man enough when he got there and after hearing some straight talk he evaporated.

Some capitalist henchmen (we have their names) now set their police puppets going and I was ordered to stop. What took place is in the clipped account. The comrades pulled the wagon a bit deeper into the lot and I went on speaking. Police interference caused trouble as usual, and while perfect order had prevailed before, now come hoodlums, chiefly members of Gillies church, started interrupting.

However I spoke on till it was again quiet and here the police interfered and arrested me. On arriving at the station the sergeant refused to complete the arrest.

It was a splendid advertisement, we had an immense crowd, and popular sympathy is with us. Gillies is known as a cowardly bully, and a number of citizens have expressed their delight at my serving him his medicine.

Members of his own church have expressed their indignation at the personal attack he made on me, thus making a coward's castle of his pulpit, and another Presbyterian minister hastened to inform me that Gillies did not speak for the Presbyterian church and that I mustn't judge of the other ministers in the vicinity by him, and of course I do not; but passing over his motives, I thank Gillies for the help he has unwittingly given the Socialist movement. Since then we have had another big meeting on the same spot, with perfect order. We are having good meetings all round this quarter. We could do with several organizers, but we will have to make do for the present I suppose; but the movement is growing, the local comrades have made up their minds to have one permanently in this vicinity in the near future. The harvest is very ripe here, but the reapers are few as regards speakers. A class is already formed however and things will be doing in that way before long. By the look of things I shall be around here for some time yet, and I will ask comrades in other parts not to be impatient, as it is all for the good of the movement.

WILFRID GRIBBLE.

### ORATOR HAD TO MOVE ON

Socialist Organizer's Speech Was Causing Traffic to be Obstructed.

Considerable excitement was caused on Commercial street last evening, shortly after eight o'clock, when Mr. Wilfrid Gribble, socialist organizer of Toronto, attempted to ad-

dress a meeting of the citizens on Socialism.

Mr. Gribble had been attending Divine service at St. Paul's Church, where the Pastor, Rev. D. M. Gillies preached a strong sermon against the Socialists. Mr. Gribble alleges that Mr. Gillies during the course of his sermon, attacked him personally and in order to square himself with the citizens he proceeded to address the church goers immediately after the sermon.

Mr. Gribble in opening his address referred to the sermon which he had just heard preached, and he said he would challenge the Rev. Mr. Gillies or any other clergyman in town to a debate on any public platform on the above subject. Mr. Gribble continued for a short time and the crowd became so large that traffic was interrupted to some extent.

Sergeant Dan. R. McDonald arrived on the scene at this juncture, and requested the speaker to discontinue his speech as he was interfering with traffic. Mr. Gribble objected to being interrupted by the police, stating he had perfect right to speak on a private lot. Some of the crowd began to jeer, and cries of "give him the hook" put him out" were heard. Others were in favor of having the speaker continue.

The officer insisted upon Mr. Gribble stopping, and declared that unless he did so he would be compelled to arrest him. Mr. Gribble refused to stop and told the officer he considered himself under arrest. Mr. Gribble, the officer and several others went to the police station where the point was argued out. Mr. Gribble and his comrades decided in order not to cause any more disturbance they would not speak any more during the evening.

The incident caused considerable excitement and comment, and had not the affair ended the way it did, serious results might have taken place.—Glace Bay Gazette.

"I attribute the falling off of marriages to the general depression and to the good sense of the young men," said the Rev. F. Ogden, of West Seaton, Eng. "They are wise enough to see that although the church tells they are to be made one in marriage, two appetites cannot be satisfied at the cost of one."

"Salada" Tea remains in favor year after year with enormously increasing sales, simply because it is always true to its high standard of quality.

Having received the light, what is our duty? Comrades, how much missionary work are you doing?

### NEW SOCIALIST GAME

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

Charles H. Kerr & Co., 155 Kansas Street, Chicago, Ill.

### Socialist Directory

Cards Inserted Under This Head 75c per Month

#### MONTREAL LOCAL NO. 1

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

OTTO JAHN, SECRETARY, 328 Chaussee St., Montreal

#### READ

### The Western Clarion

\$1.00 Per Year

PUBLISHED BY

THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.

EASTERN TOWNSHIPS BANK

Quarterly Dividend No. 106

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of eight per cent. per annum upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank for the current quarter will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after the second day of July next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th June, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

J. MACKINNON, General Manager

Sherbrooke, May 31st, 1909.



Is the main thing in talking Socialism, whether on the platform, through the press, or in propaganda literature.

The little books mentioned below, are nicely printed, convenient for the pocket, and convincingly clear and to the point in regard to Scientific Socialism.

### SOCIALISM MADE EASY.

By JAMES CONNOLLY. The latest and best book to put into the hands of workingmen who have as yet read nothing on Socialism. Straight-from-the-shoulder talks, simple and scientific.

### THE SOCIALISTS: Who

They Are and What They Stand for. By JOHN SPARGO. Admirably concise and clear. States the principles in brief, crisp chapters, and is a good introduction to the heavier books.

### 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.

### VALUE, PRICE AND PROFIT.

By KARL MARX. A book addressed to workingmen, clear and direct in style, which explains surplus value, especially as it affects the wage-worker.

### SOCIALISM, REVOLUTION AND INTERNATIONALISM.

By GABRIEL DEVILLE. One of the very best statements of the principles of international socialism. Translated into clear strong English by Robert Rives La Monte.

### ALL THESE BOOKS

10c PER COPY

From Cotton's Book Dept

**Our Headache Curing Record**

Hundreds have been freed from persistent headaches by our scientifically fitted glasses.

When we undertake to cure headaches we go it or refund the money.

**FRANK E. DRAPER**

Jeweler and Optician

COWANSVILLE, QUE.

### POCKET LIBRARY of SOCIALISM

1. Woman and the Social Problem, May Wood Simons.
2. The Evolution of the Class Struggle, W. H. Myers.
3. Inadequate Marriage, Robert Blatchford.
4. The Philosophy of Socialism, M. Simons.
5. Socialism in Literature and Art, Clarence S. Dawson.
6. Single Tax vs. Socialism, A. M. Simons.
7. Wage Labor and Capital, Karl Marx.
8. The Man Under the Machine, A. M. Simons.
9. The History of the Working Class, Charles H. Kerr.
10. Morals and Socialism, Charles H. Kerr.
11. Socialism Songs, Compiled by Charles H. Kerr.
12. Science and Socialism, Robert Rives La Monte.
13. The Social Question, Charles H. Kerr.
14. Socialism and Progress, A. M. Simons.
15. How I Acquired My Socialism, W. A. Coey.
16. A Christian View of Socialism, O. H. Stobell.
17. Ten Railroad Men, Eugene V. Debs.
18. Parable of the Water Tank, Edward Bellamy.
19. The First Edition of Today, Wm. Thurston Brown.
20. Why I Am a Socialist, George D. Herron.
21. The Trust Question, Charles H. Kerr.
22. Science and Socialism, Robert Rives La Monte.
23. The Age at the Root, William Thurston Brown.
24. What the Socialists Would Do, A. M. Simons.
25. The Folly of Being "Good," Charles H. Kerr.
26. Intemperance and Poverty, T. Twining.
27. The Religion of Religion to Social Ethics, Brown.
28. Socialism and the Home, May Walden.
29. Trade and Imperialism, Guyton Williams.
30. A Sketch of Social Evolution, H. W. Boyd Mackay.
31. Socialism vs. Anarchy, A. M. Simons.
32. You and Your Job, Clara L. Sanborn.
33. The Socialist Party of America, Platform, etc.
34. The Prison of Isolation, Franklin H. Westworth.
35. The Philosophy of Socialism, M. Simons.
36. An Appeal to the Young, Peter Kropotkin.
37. The Kingdom of God and Socialism, R. M. Webster.
38. Easy Lessons in Socialism, W. H. Leflingwell.
39. Socialism and Organized Labor, May Wood Simons.
40. Industrial Unionism, William F. Postmaster.
41. A Socialist Catechism, Charles H. Kerr.
42. Olive Girls, or Money and Social Ethics, C. H. Reed.
43. Our Bourgeois Literature, Upton Sinclair.
44. The Book, Jack London.
45. Confessions of a Drunk, Joseph Medill Patterson.
46. Woman and Socialism, May Walden.
47. The Economic Foundations of Socialism, A. M. Simons.
48. Useful Work vs. Unuseful Toil, William Morris.
49. A Socialist View of Mr. Rockefeller, John Spargo.
50. Marx on Chateaux, translated by R. L. LaMonte.
51. From Revolution to Revolution, George D. Herron.
52. Where We Stand, John Spargo.
53. History and Economics, J. E. Sinclair.
54. Industry and Democracy, Lewis J. Duncan.
55. Socialism and Slavery, H. H. Bradshaw.
56. Economic Evolution, Paul Lafargue.
57. What to Read on Socialism, Charles H. Kerr.
58. Rhos, Figs and Problems, Evelyn Gladys.
59. Why a Workingman Should be a Socialist, William.
60. Forces 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.

From COTTON'S BOOK DEPARTMENT



# MOTHER JONES DEPORTED

By BEN HANFORD

In May, 1904, I was in Trinidad, Colo., center of the lignite coal region. For a long time the miners had been on strike. Their demands were for the enforcement of the eight-hour clause of the Colorado State Constitution, more air and better ventilation of the mines, abolition of the pluck-me company stores, payment of wages in money, instead of checks, and the amelioration of other wrongs which have followed the miners in all the coal camps of the United States.

Inasmuch as the miners demanded that the eight-hour mandates of the constitution be enforced for their benefit, they were at once declared to be in rebellion, the militia were ordered out, and Trinidad was placed under martial law. Of the strikers, some were beaten, killed, jailed, bull-penned or deported. There was no outrage known to savage or civilized man that was not visited on the defenseless miners of Trinidad by the mine owners' detectives, deputy sheriffs or militia. In these outrages the mine owners were at all times aided, abetted and protected by Governor Peabody—good friend of Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft. Do not forget the latter, Mr. Workingman. You have a right and a duty to hold him responsible for his friends.

It was a sufficient vindication of the "majesty of the law" and the power of the "good people" of Trinidad to deport men strikers and sympathizers.

One day—late one night, rather—old, white-haired Mother Jones was taken from her bedroom in the hotel, placed in front of fixed bayonets, marched to a train, and taken to the Territory of Arizona.

During my stay in Trinidad I met one of its leading citizens, a lawyer. Discussing the strike, I asked him if he did not think the mine owners might have limited their war to a fight on the men, and inquired if he did not regard it as pretty low down to use the militia to attack and deport a white-haired old woman like Mother Jones. At mention of the name of Mother Jones the fellow's face turned red with excitement, and he swelled up like a poisoned pup.

"Mother Jones" said he "Mother Jones! We ought to have deported her long before we did."

"Well, what did Mother Jones do?" I inquired as gently as I could.

"What did she do?" howled the lawyer. "What did she do?"

"Well, just mention what she did," said I.

"What did she do? She—she talked!" he answered, and he was livid with anger.

"Do you mean to say that you would take an old woman in the 60's and run her out of the state because she talked?"

"By G—d, you ought to have heard what she said!" he replied. "And those d—d miners believed her, every word."

"What did she say?" I questioned.

"She said everything. She deserved to be deported."

"Well, now, what was the very worst thing that she said? What did she say that was not true?"

"She—she said that 'Labor produces all wealth.' I heard her myself—right out in the street there, in front of this very hotel—and a whole army of these d—d strikers heard her, and believed her."

"Is that the worst she said? Did you deport Mother Jones because she said that 'Labor produces all wealth'?"

"No—not entirely," said Mr. Lawyer. "She said other things—and worse. She said 'Labor should have all it produces.'"

"Do you deny that 'Labor produces all wealth'?" and that 'Labor should have all it produces'?"

"Deny it? Certainly I deny it. Everybody knows it isn't so."

"And you deported Mother Jones for saying what everybody knows isn't so?"

"Well, d—n her, it isn't so, but she made them think it was so!"

"It seems to me," said I, "that you might have found a way to lessen Mother Jones' influence over the miners much more effectual than that of running her out of the state."

"How?" he asked, anxiously.

"How? What else could we do? We had to get rid of her somehow."

"You are a lawyer?" I questioned.

"Yes."

"A college graduate?"

"Yes."

"Accustomed to addressing judges,

juries—able to make a public speech before your fellow citizens in a creditable way, doubtless?"

"Well, my friends say so," he admitted, most genially.

"Then," said I, "let us look at it this way: We'll just suppose that old Mother Jones is out on that street corner now, and that she is telling a lot of miners that 'Labor produces all wealth.' Now, you know that is not true. You know that labor does not produce all wealth. You are a man of learning. More—you are a man of trained mine. Better still—you are familiar with the forum; it is a habit with you to reach the reason of a judge, to rouse the emotions of a jury. Now, then, if Mother Jones was out in the street tonight, telling people that 'Labor produces all wealth,' it would be absolutely foolish for you to deport her. There is a much better way than that—a way in which you can destroy her influence absolutely. Besides, it's legal—and as a leader of the bar, of course you know that deporting women for talking out loud isn't legal—that is, not strictly."

"Well? Well? What is that way?"

"Simplest thing in the world. Can't see how you overlooked it. Here you are: Mother Jones out on an old soap box tonight. She's a stranger in Trinidad—you are well known. She has no education—while you, you belong to a learned profession. She has no standing here—you are a leading, a distinguished citizen. Mother Jones goes on with her speech. She says 'Labor produces all wealth.' With your own ears you hear her say so. You know it's false. But you don't need to deport her for that. I can tell you a way by which you can beat her game to a frazzle. Just you—"

"What? What is that way?" said Mr. Lawyer in breathless interest.

"Easiest thing ever was. Tonight Mother Jones says 'Labor produces all wealth.' You know better. So tomorrow night, on that same corner, you speak to the people. You tell them that the statement by Mother Jones that 'Labor produces all wealth' is not so. It is a lie. You not only tell the people it is not so. You prove it. You explain to them just how wealth is produced. You show them just what it is that does produce wealth, and how it is not labor. See? There you are. No soldiers, no deputy sheriffs. No need to deport Mother Jones. She'd just have to leave town her own self."

"Oh, what's the use? If I was to make a speech out on that street corner no one would come to hear me. Besides, it wouldn't make any difference if they did. Everybody knows me around here. Nobody'd believe anything I said."

Why should he not appeal to the police, the bad men, the thieves, thugs and militia? How else can his side win? Can they win that way?

That is another story.

—BEN HANFORD in "Fight for Your Life."

## SOCIALISM AND PRIVATE PROPERTY

GERALD DESMOND

Socialists do not stand for the abolition of private property. Just the opposite. We want to establish private property on a firm basis for the first time in the world's history, and allow every individual all the private property he or she can possibly use. We have not the slightest desire or intention to touch anything which should be private property at all. What we advocate is the naturalization of the means of production and the natural resources of the earth. These things ought never to have become private property in the first place. They are the things upon which all humanity depends. They are the things which are operated collectively. Therefore they should be owned collectively. It is because at the present time these things are owned by a few that the great mass of the people at the present time have practically no private property to speak of. These things we must and will nationalize. But so far as anything which is necessary to the individual particularly and can be used individually without detriment to the people as a whole, we have not the slightest desire to nationalize it.

Under socialism you would get all you produce (that is of course in value). Your wages would be about five times what they are now. Therefore it is easily seen that you would be able to produce about five times as much of every-

thing as you do at present. Just think of it! Five times as much to spend for clothing. Five times as much for food. Five times as much for house and furniture. Five times as much for books and travel and amusement. How could giving you all these things tend to abolish private property? It is all nonsense. Most of the talk about the abolition of private property comes from the bunch who are stealing from you, in the shape of profit, the money you should have now to buy private property with. Abolish private property? Not much. We want, as I said before, to establish property.

## MARITIME ORGANIZATION TOUR

As to Expenses

Inquiries have been received from various points as to expenses to be guaranteed for visit of organizers.

The answer is, no guarantee—do what you can. The first essential is that there should be some comrade or comrades in each place visited to follow up the work of the organizer with earnest, steadfast work of their own.

Assure us of this and as long as money hangs out for railway fare, the organizer will attend to such places.

Comrades in the various places should get ready to form a local; five members is the lowest number. If there are as many in any place who are really in earnest, they should organize without fail. Failure to do so will be failure to do their duty. The Inter-provincial Executive which will soon be formed must have these little outposts to deal with officially in order to carry on efficient work. Give us earnest men and women, and there will be no fear about the cash.

"Act, act in the living present."

ROSCOE A. FILLMORE  
Sec. of Temporary Organization Committee.

Albert N. B.

## What Is Socialism?

In view of its tremendous growth, many are asking "What is Socialism?"

A brief definition will not give it to you, you must read and study and think. Here are two definitions:

"Socialism is a system of social organization which would abolish entirely or in great part the competition on which modern society rests, and substitute for it co-operative action; would introduce a more perfect and equal distribution of the products of labor, and would make land and capital, as the instruments and means of production, the joint possession of the members of the community."

—O—

"Socialism does not wish to abolish private property or accumulation of wealth, but it aims to displace the present system of private capital by a system of collective capital, which would introduce a unified organization of national labor. Its alpha and omega is the transformation of private and competing capitals into a united collective capital.—Prof. Schaeffle.

—O—

"Socialism, as taught in America, is the substitution of co-operation in place of competition. It advocates the gradual absorption of industries by the government. We propose to make the government the sole capitalist, the agent of the people, to manage the industrial system for the benefit of all. Socialism does not propose to interfere with the home, family or religion. It does not propose to interfere with private property or to make a new distribution of national wealth."—Father T. McGrady.

## AFTER BERNARD SHAW

J. Eads How, national chairman of the unemployed, has sailed for Europe to invite sundry notable persons across the Atlantic to come to America next January to attend a great convention for the discussion of ways and means to aid the unemployed. Mr. How will work his way across the ocean in disguise.

"My main object is to get George Bernard Shaw to accept an invitation to attend," said Mr. How. "I shall also invite other famous men to attend the convention, plans for which are being formulated. Among these are Lloyd George, M. P., and Victor Grayson, M. P."

## GERMAN ACTIVITY

Socialist activity is on the increase, and students are spreading revolutionary literature here. Five young men were sentenced at Dresden, Germany recently to imprisonment from one to eight weeks on the charge of having spread revolutionary propaganda among the pupils of the technical schools at Charlottenburg, Darmstadt, Mittweida and Dresden.

## NOTHING BUT SOCIALISM

An inquiry has been made of the Maritime Organization Committee if I would be willing to speak in the interests of Socialism and United Labour. And is rich.

The reason given is that the Unions are badly prejudiced against Socialism. The worse for them.

My answer is this: That I always speak in the interest of United Labour, as a socialist I have no alternative and furthermore, none but a Socialist can speak in the interests of United Labour.

As for the Unions who are prejudiced against Socialism, let them be until they get enough of Capitalism to prejudice them against that, and then they will lose their prejudice against the movement which is the only hope of the working class.

From the same source comes the inquiry if I would speak under the auspices of a church. Sure! I would, only it must be distinctly understood that I take the platform entirely unmuzzled.

Say, don't you know the battle cry of the Socialist party is, "Workers of the World Unite?" What's that but United Labour? Get clear!

There are too many workers in this part of Canada who have no prejudice against Socialism for us to trouble about those who have. While we have good soil to cultivate, we will do so and leave the rest to be fertilized by Capitalist oppression.

Yours in Revolt,  
WILFRED GRIBBLE

## CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Nova Scotia.....	352
Prince Edward Island.....	2
New Brunswick.....	42
Prov. of Quebec.....	771
Ontario.....	1127
Manitoba.....	120
Alberta.....	167
Saskatchewan.....	224
British Columbia.....	219
Yukon Territory.....	4
Elsewhere.....	53
Total.....	3081

The total number of this issue is 3,200 copies.

## OUR ADVERTISEMENTS

We wish to call the attention of our readers to our advertisements and to bespeak their patronage, not only for our own literature but for our advertisers generally.

The capitalist press lives by its advertisements, but many traders are chary of advertising in a Socialist paper for the very reason that it is a Socialist paper.

However, Socialists require food, clothes, housing and furniture, just as much as other people. Socialists also are much greater readers than other people.

The reason, therefore, that a Socialist paper should not be a good advertising medium for honest wares. That is what Cotton's aims at being in this connection.

We want advertisements for precisely the same reason that capitalist papers want them, and we ask our readers to patronize those who advertise with us for exactly the same reason.

There can be no reason why our readers should not buy what they want from those who advertise in Cotton's, and there is this reason why they should, that in so doing they are, more or less directly, helping Cotton's and the Movement.

On the other hand, we endeavour to ensure the genuineness of our advertisements. We cannot, of course, give any guarantee, but we absolutely refuse to insert any advertisement which is of the nature of quackery, or of any goods which are in any particular other than they profess to be.

## SOCIALISTS TO FIGHT

There is great excitement among the Socialists in Rome, because of the action of the Chamber of Deputies in declaring that Andrea Costa was not legally elected to that body and giving his seat to his government opponent. The Socialists declare they will fight the case to a finish and all Italy is awaiting their next move.

Charlie O'Brien, M. P., is expected to be in Winnipeg about the end of the month to deliver a series of lectures.

## What to Read on Socialism

By Charles H. Kerr, Editor of the International Socialist Review. Eighty beautifully printed pages, with many portraits of socialist writers. Includes a simple, concise statement of the principles of socialism. One copy free on request. 10 mailed for 30c; 100 for \$1.00; 1,000 for \$10.00. CHARLES H. KERR & CO. 153 Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ill.

They also serve who only stand and wait," said the poet, and he was not conscious of it, but that describes the army of the unemployed. They are as useful as the actual workers to the masters.

Nothing is socialistic unless it tends for the overthrow of the present system of robbery and exploitation of the working class.

We can not lay too much stress upon the difference between a Socialist and a member of the S. P. of C.

A young girl was working her way through Syracuse University. She desired to be a missionary and expected to go to Africa. She attended the university in the morning, worked in a department store in the afternoon, and attended mission services three nights a week. A breakdown followed, and a few days ago she committed suicide. Even honest religious enthusiasm is not a substitute for rational methods of toil.—Christian Guardian.

Every time you praise a rich robber you throw a stone at Socialism.



## ABENAKIS SPRINGS HOTEL

The Queen of Canadian Summer and Health Resorts. Delightfully situated on the west bank of the St. Francis river near its confluence with the majestic St. Lawrence at Lake St. Peter, 85 miles from Montreal via G. T. R.

Boating Bathing Fishing Tennis

BALL ROOM—MUSIC—EVERYTHING FOR YOUR COMFORT AND AMUSEMENT. Abenakis Springs Mineral Water and Baths—Positive cure for Rheumatism, Gout, Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles.

HOTEL OPEN FROM JUNE FIRST TO OCTOBER FIRST. Modern Hotel, lighted with gas, Long Distance Bell Phone, Telegraph and Post Office in Hotel. Rates \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day, \$12.00 to \$16.00 per week. Beautifully illustrated Booklet Free. Prompt attention to correspondence.

Round Trip Ticket from Cowansville to Abenakis Springs, via C. P. R., \$6.35; Sweetburg \$6.45, Sutton Junction \$6.85, Abercorn \$7.25, Knowlton \$6.85. Be sure to buy a Round Trip Ticket.

R. G. KIMPTON, Manager Abenakis Springs, P. Q.

## The Socialist Vote Increases Only Through Education

Set aside certain evenings every week for serious study that others may be enlightened by our propaganda.

Leading Socialists all over the continent recommend a careful reading of the following books on Socialism.

The Socialists—Who they are and What They Stand For, by John Spargo. Paper, 10c; cloth, 50c.

We know of no other book in the whole literature of Socialism that will make so good a FIRST IMPRESSION on the average Canadian reader. The style is clear and simple, and the arrangement of the subject is such as to make easy reading. Altogether this is just the book to arrest the attention of the half indifferent reader, and interest him so he will read books that require more study.

The paper bound copy is small and compact, nice to carry in the pocket for reading at spare moments

The Common Sense of Socialism, by John Spargo. Paper covers, 25c; cloth \$1.00.

An appeal to the average American common sense. He selects a typical workingman, and addresses him in a series of familiar letters, uniting a good literary style with a clear grasp of the subject.

Manifesto of the Communist Party, by Marx and Engels. Paper covers, 10c; cloth 50c.

This manifesto, first published in 1848, is still recognized the world over as the clearest statement of the principles of the International Socialist party.

Socialism, Utopian and Scientific, by F. Engels. Paper, 10c; cloth 50c.

This little book has a wider circulation and has been more often translated than any other exposition of socialist principles.

Collectivism and Industrial Evolution, by Emile Vandervelt. Cloth 50c.

To those who wish to study socialism in a single book, this work is recommended.

Principles of Scientific Socialism, by Chas. H. Vail. In paper 35c; cloth \$1.00.

This is one of the most successful summaries of Marxian socialism ever written by an American author. It shows how a co-operative organization of industry would hasten production and improve distribution, would abolish waste, give woman her proper place in society, while at the same time simplifying government.

Karl Marx, Biographical Memoirs. By Wilhelm Liebknecht, translated by Ernest Untermann. Cloth 50c.

This personal biography of Marx, by an intimate friend, gives a new insight into the beginnings of Socialism.

Value, Price and Profit, by Karl Marx, edited by his daughter, Eleanor Marx Aveling. Paper 10c; cloth 50c.

No subject is of more vital interest to wage-workers than the industrial system by which a large share of what they produce is taken from them, and in no book is this explained so clearly, forcibly and convincingly.

Marxian Economics, by Ernest Untermann. In cloth, \$1.

A popular introduction to the Three Volumes of "Capital."

Capital, by Karl Marx, in two volumes. Cloth, \$2 each.

## Stock your Library Now

The Socialists, by Spargo, is fine for new Socialists. Try a copy. Only 10c.

## ORDER FROM

Book Department  
Cotton's Weekly  
COWANSVILLE, P. Q.



# The Firing Line

## BOOK OFFER To Be Closed

The book offer which has been running for some time in connection with Cotton's Weekly will be closed on Saturday, July 31st. We urge all comrades who have been working for subs with the books in view to round out their lists of 25 yearlies and secure the books.

We offered Volume I. or II. of Capital by Karl Marx, or \$2.00 value in other books from the list of Chas. H. Kerr & Co. of Chicago, for 25 yearlies, or \$1.00 in books for 15 yearlies.

We need all the subs it is possible to land this next month. We have installed the Monoline, and are giving you an excellent paper, but at a largely increased cost. Show your appreciation of our efforts by keeping up the volume of new subs.

Watch the paper closely from now on. Improvement is the order of the day. Don't forget the bundle brigade. Become a member and do good work for the cause. Keep busy all the time saying a good word for Cotton's and you will have a paper that will be unsurpassed anywhere and do the needed work in making Socialism supreme from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Fifty cents per year. Twenty-five cents for six months. Trial for three months only 10 cents.

Ten copies 3 months \$1.00  
Twenty-five 3 months \$2.50

A sub from Cobalt per A. N. Gauthier, local secretary.

Another sub for Ottawa per J. Cameron.

Two trials to hand from Com. Carter at Killam, Alberta.

Another reminder from Com. Townsend of Dundas. Two trials.

The cheery word from Com. McLennan of Kelowna, B. C. Two yearlies.

A new spot for Cotton's. Sub received from Bobcaygeon, Ont., per J. A. Junkin.

The book offer closes on Saturday, July 31st. Round out your list of 25 yearlies.

Vancouver heard from per Com. D. P. Mills. Two yearlies. Cotton's reaches from Atlantic to Pacific.

A reminder comes in from Com. Alex. Lyon of Toronto Local. A tally of two half yearlies. Success for Cotton's.

The familiar order of Com. Penfold, of Guelph is again in evidence this week. Three trials.

If you write any of our advertisers mention the fact that you saw it in Cotton's. It helps your paper.

Cotton's will shortly adopt the numbering sub system. Subs will be removed promptly on expiration of time.

Trials are in from G. Baskie, Grove Park, Sask.; Fred Tillapaugh, Vegreville, Alta.; and Com. Martin, Berlin.

Brantford to the fore again. Two yearlies and two trials. All due to the tireless energy of Comrade Fogal.

Two yearlies and a trial from Com. F. Reynolds, Beaver Point, B. C. Good work for a busy time of year.

The heaven is working in Ravenswood, Ont. It is a pleasure to hear from Comrade Taylor. A list of seven trials. Spread the light.

Another welcome spot for Cotton's. Rev. R. H. MacPherson has a good word of appreciation and sends in his sub from Marble Mountains, N. S.

'Tis good to hear again from Com. Root, Dinsmore, Sask. Six trials and one half-yearly testify to his continued interest in the cause.

The good word from Lachine. An order for three subs and a good list of books from A. J. G., Lachine. A ripe spot.

Pleased to get a tip from Comrade Watson of Winnipeg. It was accompanied by one 26 week sub and one for 13 weeks.

Just watch the improvement in Cotton's from now on. Keep up the activities for subs despite the hot weather. Socialism spreads by continuous effort.

The first trial subs are beginning to run out. Watch the date on the little red address label and renew your sub for the best paper published in Canada. Only 50 cents per year and improving every issue.

A line of encouragement from Appleton, Ont., a new location for Cotton's. Com. Burrows got wise through The Clarion, our official party paper.

Comrade Muntz, located at Saskatoon, is keeping posted through The Western Clarion and Cotton's, the right thing to do. Sends some good information and a sub for 26 weeks.

Greenwood, B. C. again to the fore. Comrade Geo. Heatherton sends two yearlies towards the 500 and the Monoline. Every comrade should be proud of Cotton's says he.

Halifax, N. S. is getting woke up to the truths of socialism. Cotton's is finding appreciation there, as can be judged by the action of Com. Lawrence in sending in a healthy list of ten yearlies. Very encouraging.

Com. A. Soper says he has been watching the drift of things closely for twenty years and thus Cotton's is a welcome visitor. Encloses two yearlies from Aylmer West.

The following have sent in one yearlies each: Com. Turner, Estevan, Sask. Nels Sorlie, Mildred, Sask. Com. Anderson, Nelson, B. C. F. J. McNey, Gopher Head, Alberta, and David White, Aylmer West, Ont.

Com. Grainger keeps up the good work at Fort William, Ont. A list of five trials is the latest and more to follow. Glad to help in spreading the light.

Comrade Gribble is making good all right down in Glace Bay. A list of three yearlies, one for half a year and ten trials, which with due modesty he credited to the help of Com. Ross well known to us as an industrious manipulator of economic literature. Shake on it.

We have great pleasure in awarding the palm for the largest number of yearly subs sent in at one time to Comrade Jno. Lamont of Nelson, B. C., on behalf of the boys of Nelson Lodge No. 663 T. A. of M. The list was for 38 full yearlies. Things fairly flew around the office when this order got out and the staff vowed eternal vigilance in making good.

### Maritime Province Organization Fund

I have received the following contributions to the Maritime Organization Fund, all from Toronto.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$10.00
Com. Wrigley, Toronto.....	1.00
" F. Stroud.....	50
" Stroud.....	50
" Young.....	50
" Watkinson.....	50
" Nash.....	50
" Stewart.....	25
" Peel.....	25
" Sprangle.....	25
" Latuga.....	5

Comrade Lyons of Toronto who sent the Toronto contributions writes that Comrade Latuga, who is out of work, insisted upon his last five cents being taken to help out the work of organization in the East.

Now Comrades of the S. P. of C., you who are comparatively well fixed, think of this. Can't you spare a few cents or dollars out of a comparative abundance when this Comrade is willing and even anxious that his last cent should go into the good work? For shame comrades!

Don't let this comrade who is out of work and "broke" beat you? Keep up the fight! Help us dot the Maritime Provinces with locals. Send all contributions to me and they will be acknowledged in Cotton's and the Clarion.

Yours in the Revolution.  
ROSCOE A. FILLMORE,  
Sec'y Albert Local. Albert, N. B.

### CRIMES AND CRIMINALS

The conference on criminology and criminal law which has just closed in Chicago is but one of the many things showing how Socialist philosophy penetrates into corners where even those who use it are unconscious of the source of their ideas.

Today almost everyone but judges, lawyers, policemen and jailers recognize that crime is a social product, and that each society has about as much crime as its institutions produce.

Almost everyone except the few classes previously mentioned have learned that laws, courts and prisons have very little to do with the amount of crime in any locality, and that they have still less to do with reforming the criminal.

The conference held in Chicago, which was largely attended by lawyers, would seem to indicate that these facts were at last penetrating into the hitherto impervious classes. Yet there is little hope for any effective action from these people. They are all too closely connected with the class whose interests are bound up with the system that produces crimes and criminals. One can hardly expect lawyers who live by settling disputes over private property, or policemen whose living depends upon the defence of that property, or judges who are trained only to interpret laws on private property, to realize that a long step toward the abolition of crime would be taken with the abolition of private property in some things.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

### COMMITTEE INSPECTS SHOPS

The members of the Women's Trade Union League in New York, a committee of which recently made an inspection of the bake shops, made their report to the organization recently at their head quarters, at 43 East 22d street. The report says in part:

"Much of the bread sold in New York is made in cellars. These cellars often have no windows. The walls and ceilings may be covered with cobwebs and grime and the floors full of holes, from which rats scurry out when the exhausted workmen fling themselves for a half hour's sleep on the benches where your bread will presently be kneaded. Cockroaches and other vermin swarm over the walls and shelves. In some bake shops whole families work and eat and cook their meals. In other beds have been found. In still another a man was sleeping wrapped in the sacks used for covering the dough.

"You may think that because you buy your bread from a high priced bakery you are insured against such conditions. But many of the so-called 'best' bakeries in the New York are just as unsanitary and dirty.

"The present law has some good provisions if they could be enforced. But occasional visits of inspectors cannot keep tired men from sleeping on benches where dough is kneaded, nor the floors free from ashes and dirt."

The advent of the automobile brings out acutely what should have been observed long ago—the necessity of playgrounds for children in large cities. Heretofore the greed for every inch of ground, on the part of business, has left no open spaces for the little ones, and they have had to use the streets, dodging horses and street cars as best they could. But devil wagons and joy riders are too much for them and capitalism which never gave them a thought finds it rather expensive and annoying, you know, to run them down. Hence, the playground movement, and also the idea of setting aside certain streets during certain hours for children to play in. And why not, when we rope off part of Broad street, during gambling hours, for the curb gamblers? By all means do what you can for the little ones until Socialism comes to their relief.—The Call.

### ANOTHER ORGANIZER NEEDED

Just as we go to press word comes from Organizer Gribble that a new local has been formed at Dominion No. 6 (Mine) C. B., and there are two more locals in sight. Things getting brighter all the time. Asks the comrades to make a special effort to put additional organizer in the field. Limitless work.

### TALE OF A TOUR

#### FOURTH INSTALLMENT

Hearing that a local pulpit was going to preach on "Socialism and the church" last Sunday night I went to hear him. Giving out his text which was something like "Our enemies have lifted up their voices against us," with the air of a martyr, he paused impressively and then proceeded to inform the congregation that the previous Wednesday an imported socialist speaker had made an attack on Christianity on the lot opposite the church. This was a lie manufactured out of whole cloth either by him or by his informant, as during this tour I have not even attacked the church, let alone religion of any kind. Among other nice things he said of me was that if I had spoken in Russia as I had in Glace Bay I would have been shot, (he said this with evident relish.)

After saying a few charitable things about social comrades, he compared the speech of Lewis, President of W. M. W. who was here a few days ago with that of the Socialist "ranger."

He said Lewis' address was "sane." You bet, Lewis talked "Brother Capital and Brother Labour" "fair profits," "rightful division of the products," "conciliation" and a lot of other rot. As a matter of fact Lewis is not even a good word slinger; with auxiliary speakers, and with an immense audience to inspire him. He had as much as he could do to keep his end up for an hour, getting "Groggy" after he had spoken about half that time, being cheered rapturously before he began, but very heartlessly at the close.

But let us get back to his Holiness. As soon as church was over, I rushed out and took my stand on a wagon on an opposite lot and proceeded to give tongue. Of course I was highly indignant (?) at the personal attack upon me, but really delighted at the way in which his reverence had played into our hands; surely no one could find fault with the socialists for talking on socialism on Sunday in Sabbatarian Glace Bay, when a minister had done so. Somebody rushed in and fetched him out and he hurried across the road, as if to take the opposition, but he wasn't man enough when he got there and after hearing some straight talk he evaporated.

Some capitalist henchmen (we have their names) now set their police puppets going and I was ordered to stop. What took place is in the clipped account. The comrades pulled the wagon a bit deeper into the lot and I went on speaking. Police interference caused trouble as usual, and while perfect order had prevailed before, now come hoodlums, chiefly members of Gillies church, started interrupting.

However I spoke on till it was again quiet and here the police interfered and arrested me. On arriving at the station the sergeant refused to complete the arrest.

It was a splendid advertisement, we had an immense crowd, and popular sympathy is with us. Gillies is known as a cowardly bully, and a number of citizens have expressed their delight at my serving him his medicine.

Members of his own church have expressed their indignation at the personal attack he made on me, thus making a coward's castle of his pulpit, and another Presbyterian minister hastened to inform me that Gillies did not speak for the Presbyterian church and that I mustn't judge of the other ministers in the vicinity by him; and of course I do not; but passing over his motives, I thank Gillies for the help he has unwittingly given the Socialist movement. Since then we have had another big meeting on the same spot, with perfect order. We are having good meetings all round this quarter. We could do with several organizers, but we will have to make do for the present I suppose; but the movement is growing, the local comrades have made up their minds to have one permanently in this vicinity in the near future. The harvest is very ripe here, but the reapers are few as regards speakers. A class is already formed however and things will be doing in that way before long. By the look of things I shall be around here for some time yet, and I will ask comrades in other parts not to be impatient, as it is all for the good of the movement.

WILFRID GRIBBLE.

### ORATOR HAD TO MOVE ON

Socialist Organizer's Speech Was Causing Traffic to be Obstructed.

Considerable excitement was caused on Commercial street last evening, shortly after eight o'clock, when Mr. Wilfrid Gribble, socialist organizer of Toronto, attempted to ad-

dress a meeting of the citizens on Socialism.

Mr. Gribble had been attending Divine service at St. Paul's Church, where the Pastor, Rev. D. M. Gillies preached a strong sermon against the Socialists. Mr. Gribble alleges that Mr. Gillies during the course of his sermon, attacked him personally and in order to square himself with the citizens, he proceeded to address the church goers immediately after the sermon.

Mr. Gribble in opening his address referred to the sermon which he had just heard preached, and he said he would challenge the Rev. Mr. Gillies or any other clergyman in town to a debate on any public platform on the above subject. Mr. Gribble continued for a short time and the crowd became so large that traffic was interrupted to some extent.

Sergeant Dan. R. McDonald arrived on the scene at this juncture, and requested the speaker to discontinue his speech as he was interfering with traffic. Mr. Gribble objected to being interrupted by the police, stating he had perfect right to speak on a private lot. Some of the crowd began to jeer, and cries of "give him the hook" put him out were heard. Others were in favor of having the speaker continue.

The officer insisted upon Mr. Gribble stopping, and declared that unless he did so he would be compelled to arrest him. Mr. Gribble refused to stop and told the officer he considered himself under arrest. Mr. Gribble, the officer and several others went to the police station where the point was argued out. Mr. Gribble and his comrades decided in order not to cause any more disturbance they would not speak any more during the evening.

The incident caused considerable excitement and comment, and had not the affair ended the way it did, serious results might have taken place.—Glace Bay Gazette.

"I attribute the falling off of marriages to the general depression and to the good sense of the young men," said the Rev. F. Ogden, of West Seaton, Eng. "They are wise enough to see that although the church tells they are to be made one in marriage, two appetites cannot be satisfied at the cost of one."

"Salada" Tea remains in favor year after year with enormously increasing sales, simply because it is always true to its high standard of quality.

Having received the light, what is our duty? Comrades, how much missionary work are you doing?

### NEW SOCIALIST GAME

"The Class Struggle" (good fun, good propaganda. The whole family can play it. Mailed for 50c in stamps, agents wanted. CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 155 Klatske Street, Chicago, Ill.

### Socialist Directory

Cards inserted Under This Head 75c per Month

#### MONTREAL LOCAL NO. 1

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

OTTO JAHN, SECRETARY, 525 Chausse St., Montreal

#### READ

The Western Clarion  
\$1.00 Per Year

PUBLISHED BY

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

#### EASTERN TOWNSHIPS BANK

Quarterly Dividend No. 106

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of eight per cent. per annum upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank for the current quarter will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after the second day of July next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 20th June, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

J. MACKINNON, General Manager

Sherbrooke, May 31st, 1909.

### POCKET LIBRARY of SOCIALISM

1. Woman and the Social Problem, May Wood Simons.
2. The Evolution of the Class Struggle, W. H. Hoynes.
3. Impoverished Marriage, Robert Macfie.
4. Packings, A. N. Simons.
5. Realism in Literature and Art, Charles D. Barrow.
6. Single Tax vs. Socialism, A. N. Simons.
7. Wage Labor and Capital, Karl Marx.
8. The Man Under the Machine, A. N. Simons.
9. The Reason of the Working Class, Charles H. Vail.
10. Heredity and Socialism, George D. Heron.
11. The Trust Question, Charles H. Vail.
12. Science and Socialism, Robert Rivers La Monte.
13. Rational Prohibition, Walter L. Young.
14. Socialism and Farmers, A. N. Simons.
15. How I Acquired My Religion, W. A. Corey.
16. A Christian View of Socialism, G. H. Strobel.
17. The Railroad Men, Eugene V. Debs.
18. Parable of the Water Tank, Edward Bellamy.
19. The Real Religion of Today, Wm. Thornton Brown.
20. Why I Am a Socialist, George D. Heron.
21. The Trust Question, Charles H. Vail.
22. Science and Socialism, Robert Rivers La Monte.
23. The Ape at the Rock, William Thornton Brown.
24. What the Socialists Would Do, A. N. Simons.
25. The Policy of Being "Good," Charles H. Kerr.
26. Intemperance and Poverty, E. Twining.
27. The Relation of Religion to Social Ethics, Brown.
28. Socialism and the House, May Walden.
29. Trusts and Imperialism, Gaylord Wilshire.
30. A Sketch of Social Evolution, H. W. Bord Mackay.
31. Socialism vs. Anarchy, A. N. Simons.
32. You and Your Job, Charles Sandberg.
33. The Socialist Party of America, Platform, etc.
34. The Pride of Intellect, Franklin H. Westworth.
35. The Philosophy of Socialism, A. N. Simons.
36. An Appeal to the Young, Peter Kropotkin.
37. The Kingdom of God and Socialism, R. H. Webster.
38. Easy Lessons in Socialism, W. H. Lefkowitz.
39. Socialism and Organized Labor, May Wood Simons.
40. Industrial Unionism, W. G. E. Trautman.
41. A Socialist Catechism, Charles H. Vail.
42. Olive Brix, or Money and Social Ethics, C. H. Reed.
43. Our Bourgeois Literature, Upton Sinclair.
44. The Book, Jack London.
45. Confessions of a Drunk, Joseph Redell Patterson.
46. Woman and Socialism, May Walden.
47. The Economic Foundations of Art, A. N. Simons.
48. Useful Work vs. Unpleasant Toil, William Morris.
49. A Socialist View of Mr. Rockefeller, John Spargo.
50. Marx on Chapsus, translated by R. L. LeMonte.
51. From Revolution to Revolution, George D. Barrow.
52. Where We Stand, John Spargo.
53. History and Economics, J. E. Sinclair.
54. Industry and Democracy, Lewis J. Dancan.
55. The Economic Foundations of Art, A. N. Simons.
56. Socialism and Slavery, H. H. Woodman.
57. What to Read on Socialism, Charles H. Kerr.
58. Socialism and Slavery, H. H. Woodman.
59. Socialism and Slavery, H. H. Woodman.
60. Why a Workingman Should be a Socialist, Wilshire.

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

From COTTON'S BOOK DEPARTMENT



Is the main thing in talking Socialism, whether on the platform, through the press, or in propaganda literature.

The little books mentioned below, are nicely printed, convenient for the pocket, and convincingly clear and to the point in regard to Scientific Socialism.

### SOCIALISM MADE EASY.

By JAMES CONNOLLY. The latest and best book to put into the hands of workingmen who have as yet read nothing on Socialism. Straight-from-the-shoulder talks, simple and scientific.

THE SOCIALISTS: Who They Are and What They Stand for. By JOHN SPARGO. Admirably concise and clear. States the principles in brief, crisp chapters, and is a good introduction to the heavier books.

### 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.

VALUE, PRICE AND PROFIT. By KARL MARX. A book addressed to workingmen, clear and direct in style, which explains surplus value, especially as it affects the wage-worker.

### SOCIALISM, REVOLUTION AND INTERNATIONALISM.

By GABRIEL DEVILLE. One of the very best statements of the principles of international socialism. Translated into clear strong English by Robert Rives La Monte.

ALL THESE BOOKS  
10c PER COPY

From Cotton's Book Dept

**Our Headache Curing Record**

Hundreds of headaches have been freed from persistent headaches by our scientifically fitted glasses.

When we undertake to cure headache we do it or refund the money.

**FRANK E. DRAPER**

Jeweler and Optician

COWANSVILLE, QUE.



# THE LADY OF LYNN

By SIR WALTER BESANT

Copyright, 1900, by Sir Walter Besant

CONTINUED

"And your hand was in Lord Fylingdale's, and Mr. Purden was pronouncing the words which made you his wife, 'Whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder.'"

She stared at me with blank amazement.

"In my pink silk cloak? Jack, are you in your right mind, or is it I myself who am gone distraught?"

"Indeed I know not which."

"Did you speak to me? Did you congratulate the bride, Jack?"

"No, I was sick and sorry, Molly. I went out of the church. I had seen enough. The clerk, however, has been telling the story of this private marriage all over the town. Everybody knows it. The marriage is duly entered in the registers. It was a marriage by the archbishop's license. The man Purden may be all that the vicar's letter exposed, but the marriage was in order."

Molly said nothing for awhile; then she said gently: "The letter from the bookseller, your cousin, spoke of Lord Fylingdale as ruined. If he were to marry a woman with money, it would be his."

"I believe that there are sometimes letters—bills of lading or whatever they are called—which give the wife the control of her own property; otherwise everything becomes her husband's."

"Why did he wish to marry me? There was never a gleam of love in his eye nor a note of love in his voice. Why, except that he might get my money?"

"That is, I am convinced, the reason."

"Villainy, villainy, villainy! Jack, this is a conspiracy. Some woman has been made to play my part. Then he will claim me as his wife and lay hands upon all that I have."

"No, Molly; he shall not while you have friends."

"Friends cannot help where the law orders otherwise. So much I know, Jack. Yet you can do one thing for me. You can protect me from the man. He must not take me away."

"All Lynn will fight for you."

"Jack, I want more. I want all Lynn to believe me. You have known me all my life. Am I capable of such a change of mind? Am I capable of so monstrous a falsehood as to steal out to marry the man and then to declare that I have never left the house? Oh, the villain, the villain!" Her cheek was aflame; her eyes flashed.

I seized her hand. "Molly," I cried, "they shall all believe you. I will tell the truth everywhere."

Just then the garden door was thrown open, and Sam Semple appeared. With a smiling face and a bending knee he advanced, bowing low.

"Permit me to offer congratulations to the Countess of Fylingdale."

"I am not a countess. I am plain Molly Miller."

Sam looked disconcerted and puzzled. I perceived that, plot or no plot, he had no hand in it.

"I am come," he said, "from his lordship."

"I have nothing to do with his lordship."

"Surely, madam; surely, my lady, there is some misunderstanding. I am sent by his lordship with his compliments to ask when it will be convenient for the countess to receive him."

"You have been informed, I suppose, that I was married to him this morning."

"Certainly, my lady."

"Then go back to Lord Fylingdale and tell him that he is a villain and a liar, that I have learned his true character, that I am not married to him, and that if he ventures to molest me my friends will protect me. Give him that message, sir, word for word."

"I believe, Sam," I said, "by his discomfiture and bewilderment made him reel and stagger, 'that you have no hand in this new villainy. It was you, however, who brought that man to Lynn, knowing his true character and his antecedents. Let us never see your face here again. Go. If I thought you were in the plot, I would serve you again as the captain served you three years ago.'"

He went away without another word. Then the captain came home, his face troubled.

"I know not," he said, "what has happened in this place. I have seen Lord Fylingdale. I told him of the charges and accusations."

"Well, did he deny them?"

"He denied nothing, and he admitted nothing. He says that you married him this morning, Molly."

"I know. He has sent Sam Semple here with the same story. Captain, you believe me, do you not?"

"Believe you, Molly? Why, if I am not to believe you, I should believe nothing. Believe you? My dear, I would as soon doubt the prayer book."

He laid his hand upon her arm, and the tears came into his eyes. "My dear, I have been an old fool. But I did it for the best. He says that you are his wife. Let him come and take you—if he can!"

"It is not Molly that he would take; it is Molly's fortune."

"Why, sir," she said, "if he takes the whole and wastes and dissipates it, so

long as he does not take me, what does it matter?"

Then the vicar came again, and the whole of the business had to be discussed again. At first he adhered to his theory of unconscious action, because a scholar always likes to explain every theory by examples chosen from Latin and Greek authors. He had looked up several more stories of the kind from I know not what folio volumes in his library and came prepared to defend his opinion. But the absolute certainty of Molly's assertion, the evidence of her mother, who declared that Molly had been working with her since half past 5, the firm belief of the captain and my own change of opinion and the possibility of deception shook him.

Finally he abandoned his learned view and adopted our more modern explanations of the case—viz, that the marriage was a sham and that the woman was some creature suborned to personate Molly.

"But what woman can she be?" asked the vicar. "She can write. I have seen the registers. She has signed in a



full, round hand without bad spelling. The woman, therefore, is educated. My dear, we may perhaps find the woman. My worthy and pious brother in orders is most certainly in the conspiracy. When there are three, one is generally a traitor. To begin with, the scheme is both bold and dangerous. It is the first step toward obtaining a large sum of money under false pretences. Their necks are in danger, even the neck of a noble earl.

"It is inconceivable," he went on after a little reflection, "how a woman could be found to play such a part. She must be the mistress of the earl. No other could be trusted."

"What should be done meantime?"

"We must meet the enemy on his own ground. He spreads abroad the report that he married Molly this morning. We must publicly and openly deny the fact. Captain, there will be a large company at the assembly this evening. You will take Molly there. I will go with you. Jack shall put on his Sunday best and shall also go with us. We must be prepared for an impudent claim, and we must be ready with a prompt denial. Let us court publicity."

This was clearly the best advice possible. We were left unmolested all the afternoon, though the captain made me stay as a kind of garrison in case of any attempt at abduction being made.

In the evening Molly in her chair and dressed in her finery was carried to the garden, while the captain, the vicar and myself formed a bodyguard.

We arrived after the dancing had begun. Lady Anastasia was looking on, but her court of ladies and young men for some reason seemed to have melted away. She stood almost alone, save for the support of the old beau Sir Harry. The colonel was also with her, and the Rev. Benjamin Purden stood behind her.

The music was in the gallery at the end of the long room. The dancing was carried on in the middle. Lady Anastasia was standing on the right of the gallery, most of the company on the left. Molly, with the captain and followed by the vicar and myself, turned to the left.

We arrived after the dancing had begun. Lady Anastasia was looking on, but her court of ladies and young men for some reason seemed to have melted away. She stood almost alone, save for the support of the old beau Sir Harry. The colonel was also with her, and the Rev. Benjamin Purden stood behind her.

The music was in the gallery at the end of the long room. The dancing was carried on in the middle. Lady Anastasia was standing on the right of the gallery, most of the company on the left. Molly, with the captain and followed by the vicar and myself, turned to the left.

We arrived after the dancing had begun. Lady Anastasia was looking on, but her court of ladies and young men for some reason seemed to have melted away. She stood almost alone, save for the support of the old beau Sir Harry. The colonel was also with her, and the Rev. Benjamin Purden stood behind her.

The music was in the gallery at the end of the long room. The dancing was carried on in the middle. Lady Anastasia was standing on the right of the gallery, most of the company on the left. Molly, with the captain and followed by the vicar and myself, turned to the left.

We arrived after the dancing had begun. Lady Anastasia was looking on, but her court of ladies and young men for some reason seemed to have melted away. She stood almost alone, save for the support of the old beau Sir Harry. The colonel was also with her, and the Rev. Benjamin Purden stood behind her.

The music was in the gallery at the end of the long room. The dancing was carried on in the middle. Lady Anastasia was standing on the right of the gallery, most of the company on the left. Molly, with the captain and followed by the vicar and myself, turned to the left.

We arrived after the dancing had begun. Lady Anastasia was looking on, but her court of ladies and young men for some reason seemed to have melted away. She stood almost alone, save for the support of the old beau Sir Harry. The colonel was also with her, and the Rev. Benjamin Purden stood behind her.

The music was in the gallery at the end of the long room. The dancing was carried on in the middle. Lady Anastasia was standing on the right of the gallery, most of the company on the left. Molly, with the captain and followed by the vicar and myself, turned to the left.

We arrived after the dancing had begun. Lady Anastasia was looking on, but her court of ladies and young men for some reason seemed to have melted away. She stood almost alone, save for the support of the old beau Sir Harry. The colonel was also with her, and the Rev. Benjamin Purden stood behind her.

The music was in the gallery at the end of the long room. The dancing was carried on in the middle. Lady Anastasia was standing on the right of the gallery, most of the company on the left. Molly, with the captain and followed by the vicar and myself, turned to the left.

We arrived after the dancing had begun. Lady Anastasia was looking on, but her court of ladies and young men for some reason seemed to have melted away. She stood almost alone, save for the support of the old beau Sir Harry. The colonel was also with her, and the Rev. Benjamin Purden stood behind her.

The music was in the gallery at the end of the long room. The dancing was carried on in the middle. Lady Anastasia was standing on the right of the gallery, most of the company on the left. Molly, with the captain and followed by the vicar and myself, turned to the left.

We arrived after the dancing had begun. Lady Anastasia was looking on, but her court of ladies and young men for some reason seemed to have melted away. She stood almost alone, save for the support of the old beau Sir Harry. The colonel was also with her, and the Rev. Benjamin Purden stood behind her.

The music was in the gallery at the end of the long room. The dancing was carried on in the middle. Lady Anastasia was standing on the right of the gallery, most of the company on the left. Molly, with the captain and followed by the vicar and myself, turned to the left.

We arrived after the dancing had begun. Lady Anastasia was looking on, but her court of ladies and young men for some reason seemed to have melted away. She stood almost alone, save for the support of the old beau Sir Harry. The colonel was also with her, and the Rev. Benjamin Purden stood behind her.

The music was in the gallery at the end of the long room. The dancing was carried on in the middle. Lady Anastasia was standing on the right of the gallery, most of the company on the left. Molly, with the captain and followed by the vicar and myself, turned to the left.

We arrived after the dancing had begun. Lady Anastasia was looking on, but her court of ladies and young men for some reason seemed to have melted away. She stood almost alone, save for the support of the old beau Sir Harry. The colonel was also with her, and the Rev. Benjamin Purden stood behind her.

The music was in the gallery at the end of the long room. The dancing was carried on in the middle. Lady Anastasia was standing on the right of the gallery, most of the company on the left. Molly, with the captain and followed by the vicar and myself, turned to the left.

We arrived after the dancing had begun. Lady Anastasia was looking on, but her court of ladies and young men for some reason seemed to have melted away. She stood almost alone, save for the support of the old beau Sir Harry. The colonel was also with her, and the Rev. Benjamin Purden stood behind her.

The music was in the gallery at the end of the long room. The dancing was carried on in the middle. Lady Anastasia was standing on the right of the gallery, most of the company on the left. Molly, with the captain and followed by the vicar and myself, turned to the left.

We arrived after the dancing had begun. Lady Anastasia was looking on, but her court of ladies and young men for some reason seemed to have melted away. She stood almost alone, save for the support of the old beau Sir Harry. The colonel was also with her, and the Rev. Benjamin Purden stood behind her.

The music was in the gallery at the end of the long room. The dancing was carried on in the middle. Lady Anastasia was standing on the right of the gallery, most of the company on the left. Molly, with the captain and followed by the vicar and myself, turned to the left.

We arrived after the dancing had begun. Lady Anastasia was looking on, but her court of ladies and young men for some reason seemed to have melted away. She stood almost alone, save for the support of the old beau Sir Harry. The colonel was also with her, and the Rev. Benjamin Purden stood behind her.

The music was in the gallery at the end of the long room. The dancing was carried on in the middle. Lady Anastasia was standing on the right of the gallery, most of the company on the left. Molly, with the captain and followed by the vicar and myself, turned to the left.

We arrived after the dancing had begun. Lady Anastasia was looking on, but her court of ladies and young men for some reason seemed to have melted away. She stood almost alone, save for the support of the old beau Sir Harry. The colonel was also with her, and the Rev. Benjamin Purden stood behind her.

On her entrance all eyes were fixed upon the newly made countess. She had come without her lord: Was this part of the secret—a secret known to all the world—or was his lordship, before the whole company, about to lead his bride to the first place, as became her newly acquired rank? Some of the ladies regarded her with looks of hatred, the successors of the looks of scorn with which they had first welcomed her. Most of them, however, were kindly. A tale of love always meets with a friendly reception. Not a woman in the place but would have taken her place with joy unmeasured. As no other woman could, they were ready to accept their fate and to make friends with the successful and the fortunate winner of so great a prize.

It was a great prize, indeed, if they only knew.

The minutes were over and the country dance was about to begin when Lord Fylingdale arrived, followed, as usual, by his secretary. He stood at the door, he looked around. Then, with the cold pride which never failed him, he stepped across the room and bowed low to Molly. "Madam," he said, "with your permission, we will dance this country dance together before I take you away with me."

"My lord," replied Molly aloud, so that the whole company heard and trembled. "I shall not dance with you this evening nor on any other evening."

"She will never again dance with you, my lord. Nor will she hold any discourse with you. Nor will she willingly admit you to her presence." It was the vicar who spoke, because the man and the occasion proved too much for the good old captain, who could only roll thunderously between his teeth things more fitted for the quelling of a mutiny than for dealing with such a man as his lordship.

"Pray, sir," said Lord Fylingdale, stepping back, "what is the meaning of this? Pray, madam"—he turned to Molly—"what is the meaning of this sudden change? Captain Crowle, have I or have I not the right to claim my wife?"

The vicar stepped forward and confronted him. His tall, thin figure, his long cassock, his thin and ascetic face, contrasted with the overhaughtiness of his adversary.

"My lord," he asked, "how long has this lady been your wife?"

"We were married," he said, "at 6 o'clock this morning by the Rev. Mr. Benjamin Purden, who is here to bear witness to the fact. The wedding was private at my request, because, as you may perhaps believe, I was not anxious to join in the wedding feast with a company of bores, bumpkins and sailors."

"Ladies and gentlemen"—the vicar raised his voice and by a gesture silenced the orchestra—"I have to lay before you a conspiracy which I believe is unparalleled in any history. You are aware that Lord Fylingdale, who stands before you, came to the spa a few weeks ago for purposes best known to himself. You will also doubtless remember that certain persons who arrived before him were loud in his praises. He was said by them to be a model of all the virtues. I will not repeat the things that were said."

"All this," said Lord Fylingdale, "is beside the mark. I come to claim my wife."

"Among those who accepted these statements for gospel was Captain Crowle, the guardian of the young lady beside me. It was to him a great honor to be admitted to converse with so distinguished a nobleman and to be permitted to consult with him as to the affairs of his ward. He even informed his lordship of the extent of the lady's fortune, which is far greater than was generally understood. Thereupon his lordship began to pay attention of a marked character. You have all, I believe, remarked these attentions. Then came the attempted abduction and the lady's rescue by Lord Fylingdale. After this he formally offered his hand and his rank to the lady. The honor seemed very great. He was accepted. He then engaged the lady to undertake a private marriage without festivities, to which she consented. She promised, in fact, to be married at St. Nicholas' church this very morning at 6 o'clock."

"All this," said Lord Fylingdale coldly, "is quite true, yet why you detain the company to the narrative I do not understand. The lady kept her promise. I met her at the place and time appointed. We were married. Once more, Captain Crowle, I claim my wife."

"Ladies and gentlemen," the vicar continued, "there is but one reply to the last statement, for the lady did not keep her engagement."

"Sir"—his lordship advanced a step—"are you aware of the meaning of words? Do you assert that I was not married at that time and in that place?"

The Rev. Benjamin Purden advanced. "Sir," he addressed the vicar, "like his lordship, I am amazed at these words. Why, sir, I myself—I myself at 6 o'clock this morning performed the marriage service as prescribed by the church for the right honorable the Earl of Fylingdale and Miss Mary Miller."

CHAPTER XVII.  
"AT YOUR PERIL."

Y this time the company were crowding round, eagerly listening. No one could understand what had happened. The bridegroom claimed his bride. The bride's friends denied that she was married.

"Yesterday," the vicar went on, "there arrived simultaneously three letters. One of them, an anonymous letter, was addressed to Captain Crowle; one, from a respectable bookseller in London, was addressed to Mr. Pente-

crosse, master of the grammar school, and one, from a certain fellow of his college at Cambridge, was addressed to me. All these letters together contained charges which show how deeply we have been deceived."

"Have a care! Have a care!" said Lord Fylingdale.

"By these letters and other sources," the vicar continued, "I learn first as to the noble lord's friends the following particulars:

"I find that the Lady Anastasia Langston hath been lately presented by the grand jury of Middlesex for keeping a house riotous, of great extravagance, luxury, idleness and ill fame."

"I am informed that Lady Anastasia hath held a bank every night in this place, to the hurt and loss of many."

"I turn next to the case of the Rev. Benjamin Purden, who stands before you. He was the tutor of Lord Fylingdale. He is described as the companion of his vices. He was the cause last year of a grievous scandal at Bath. He is the author of a ribald piece of verse, by which he has corrupted many. No bishop would sanction his acceptance of the smallest preferment."

"This is very surprising," said Mr. Purden, shaking his big head, "but we shall see, we shall see—immediately."

"There are next the two gentlemen known as Sir Harry Malyns and Colonel Lanyon. Their occupation is to act as decoy ducks, to lure young men to the gaming table and to plunder them when they are caught."

Both these gentlemen started, but neither replied.

"I now come to the noble lord before me. He is a most notorious profligate. He shares in Lady Anastasia's gaming house. He has long since been refused admittance into the houses of persons of honor. He is an inveterate gambler. He has ruined his own estate, sold the family plate and pictures, library, everything. He is at this moment unable to borrow or to raise the smallest sum of money. The Fleet and the King's Bench prisons are full of the unfortunate tradesmen who trusted him and the young rakes whom he has ruined."

"Ladies and gentlemen, this was the story which reached us yesterday, fortunately in time. Miss Molly broke off her promise and wrote to his lordship for explanations. Captain Crowle called upon his lordship this morning for explanations. He was met with derision. He was told that he was too late—the young lady was already married; there was no necessity for any explanations."

The company murmured. Voices were raised demanding explanations.

"My friends," said his lordship coldly, "these inventions need no reply. I claim my wife."

"She is not your wife," said the vicar. "We are ready to prove that at 6 o'clock the young lady was already engaged with her mother in the still-room or some other occupation. Of that there is no doubt possible. But—and here he lifted a warning finger, but his lordship paid no attention—"there was a wedding early this morning. His reverence, Mr. Purden, performed the service. The wedding was in the name of Mary Miller as bride. The registers are signed 'Mary Miller.' This is therefore a conspiracy."

"You talk nonsense," said his lordship, who certainly carried it off with an amazing assurance. "I claim my wife. Once more, madam, will you come with me?"

"I am not your wife," said the vicar. "We must endeavor," said the vicar, "to find the woman who personated Miss Molly. The clerk of the parish testifies to the wedding, but he does not appear to have seen the face of the bride. Whoever she was she wore a domino and had thrown her hood over her face."

The Lady Anastasia stepped forward, agitating her fan. "Reverend sir," she said to the vicar, "in matters of society you are a very ignorant and a very simple person. It is quite true that I have been presented by a Middlesex jury for gambling. It is also true that half London might also be presented. As for the rest of your statements—that, for instance, Lord Fylingdale shares in the profits of my bank—let me assure you that your innocence has been abused. These things are not true. However, it is not for me to answer public insults in a public place. Sir Harry, my old friend, they call you a decoy, even you, with your name and your reputation. A decoy! Sir, your cloth should shame you. Sir Harry, take me to my chair. If tomorrow morning the company thinks proper to dissociate itself from this public insult, I will remain in this place, where, I own, I have never found many friends. If not, I shall return to London and to the house presented by the grand jury of Middlesex."

So saying, she retired smiling and, as they say of soldiers, in good order; with her, also in good order, the ancient bean, with no other signs of agitation than a trembling of the knees, and this might very well be laid to the account of his threescore years and fifteen or perhaps fourscore.

Lord Fylingdale once more turned to Molly.

CONTINUED

If a copy of this paper comes through the mail to your home, or if one is handed to you by somebody, it is an invitation to you to subscribe. You will get worth in sound education many times the subscription price and you help make possible the existence of a paper fighting the battles of the working class.

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 N. MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

## THE Eastern Townships Bank

Employs a System which makes it easy for its out of town depositors to open accounts and transact business by mail with any of its

81 - EIGHTY-ONE - 81  
BRANCH OFFICES

DETAILED INFORMATION FURNISHED ON REQUEST

"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"



## Gold Dust Saves Time

"If time is money" GOLD DUST is surely a money-saver. What is the use of trying to wash dishes 1095 times a year without

Gold Dust Washing Powder

when it will cut your labors right in two? The GOLD DUST way is the right way and should have the right-of-way over all other cleaners.

OTHER GENERAL USES FOR GOLD DUST: Scrubbing floors, washing clothes and dishes, cleaning wood-work, oil cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brass work, cleaning bath room, pipes, tubs and making a great soft soap. Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Montreal, P. Q.—Makers of FAIRY SOAP.

GOLD DUST makes hard water soft.

## PATENTS

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS

CORRESPONDENTS & AGENTS

Anyone sending a sketch and description will quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Our service is strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Adams & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly, Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms: 30 Cents per copy, a year postage prepaid. Sold by all news-dealers.

MUNN & Co. 35 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 45 P. St., Washington, D. C.

Weir, Macallister & Cotton

ADVOCATES

ROYAL INSURANCE BUILDING

MONTREAL, P. Q.

JOHN LAUDER

SURGEON-DENTIST

Office on the ground floor of the

Ruiter Block, Cowansville.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*



# Woman's Page

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

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED FOR THIS PAGE

## My Papa is a Socialist

H. MARTIN

With apology to H. P. Moyer.

My papa is a Socialist, my mamma, too, and I, And if you'll wait a minute now, I'll tell the reason why, I'm sure that when you understand, you certainly will see; You'd better all be Socialists, and vote with pa and me.

You see this earth is long and wide, good things above, below, And there are lot of people, too, who want to make things go; Besides we're all just quite alike, need food and clothes and rest, And if we all were Socialists, we, all would share earth's best.

But now John D. owns all the oil, most banks and railroads, too, And then a few own all the land, so what can poor folks do But tramp and starve and beg for jobs, and work and work and work? And all the wealth we make, but scraps, we give the wealthy shirk.

Now isn't every papa, most, the very biggest goose. To give away most all he makes to men who don't produce? So that a few rich families may have a happy time, While all we weary working folks must suffer, work, and pine.

And then they do such foolish things, I often wonder why They "strike" and lose their jobs, and let us freeze and starve and cry When all joined the Socialists, in four years more or five We'd all be wealthy partners in the world's great working hive.

For, if they'd stop to think, they'd see how easy 'twas to make, Together, all we want to have, and what we'd make, we'd take; So that the children fall alike, our papas mammas, too, Would all enjoy earth's happiness, as Socialists want all to.

So papa is a Socialist, mamma, we children, too, We want to make all children rich and happy too, don't you? Good food and homes, nice shoes and clothes, we children want, don't you?

So all of us are Socialists; please, won't you be one too?

## THE ART OF SINGING

MARY COTTON WISDOM

The average person has a very misty sort of idea as to what really constitutes the study of singing. Happy is that student who is setting out to learn what it means and does not become lost among the labyrinth of teachers and methods, so many and various as the stars in the firmament.

I know whereof I speak, for I lost nearly five years out of the best part of my girlhood in a vain and frantic search after the cultivating of my voice, to say nothing of the good fat dollars lost by dear father in paying the bills.

The first three years I studied under three different teachers. This is what I recall as the fish, flesh and bone food of my training as the musical diet. What each administered to me in the name of singing, was as far removed as the poles. Each teacher told me my past studies had been useless, whereupon we started to relay the foundation of my vocal training. The fourth teacher did the same, but under this training I stayed seven years, two of which were spent in unlearning all I had previously acquired. I am not giving this little bit of my own experience to discourage any vocal student, but to advise her very strongly to try and understand something about what the cultivation of her voice really means before she flies heedlessly to the first teacher recommended to her. The serious study of the art of singing, like the study of any other art, means a life work.

Unless any study is undertaken seriously and with an understanding heart, it is far wiser to leave it alone. By this I do not mean that a few lessons are no good, they are certainly far

better than none at all, but they are very unsatisfying. Much the same as a few mouthfuls of bread all good to a hungry man, but far from filling.

Commonsense will show that the same line of teaching cannot be applied to all voices.

A girl with a narrow stooping shoulders and a thin nasal voice, would require a different system of cultivation to develop her into a deep-chested, full throated singer, than would a robust girl possessing a well placed voice to begin with.

The latter has a good foundation upon which to build, while the former case, the foundation itself must be laid. I believe that the cultivation of the voice depends more upon the cultivation of the general physique and the mind that it does upon the cultivation of the throat, though this also is of much importance.

(To be continued.)

## AN AGE OF RUSH

MARY COTTON WISDOM

This is an age of rush. We rush and hurry through our work in order to gain a little leisure. Then in turn we hurry and rush through our leisure in order to cram as much into it as possible. Time seems to fly past us on hurried wings, while we strive to keep up to it, ever and always trying to catch up with our work, and never do we retire to bed knowing that all our work is done, that all our acknowledge is gained or that all we desire is accomplished. We might as well make up our minds that we never will strive at that goal, so why not set down and rest a while? Let us take a deep breath and readjust our mental outlook.

Those faraway days of our grandmother's girlhood, before telephones and express trains, before steam boats and telegraphs, before electric cars and automobiles, have gone forever. Never will we, like them of olden times, sit calmly through long peaceful days weaving and spinning.

Neither will we ride our palfrey through drowsy village and sleepy hollow to the meeting-house, carrying in our saddle a footwarmer and our lunch prepared to spend the entire Sabbath in the worship of Our Lord.

Gone are the days and gone are the people, passed as a forgotten dream. Shortly we will also be vanished as are the roses which bloomed in those old time gardens.

The memory of our names will have faded as completely as have the lavender scented breezes which rustled the love locks of our old time maidens.

It is hard to realize: We seem so much a part of the established order of things, we seem so necessary to ourselves and our friends. But the order changeth.

When the birds of a thousand generations have flown past our long unawaking sleep, it will matter little then whether in our short span of life we joined the fevered rush or pursued peace.

## MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHS

MARY COTTON WISDOM

In my travels through this world when I come to anything that takes my fancy, I always take a mental photograph of it.

I have a whole photograph album stored away like that. Then when I can't sleep at night, or when I have a few minutes of waiting while shopping, or to have a dress fitted, or at any of the various other times one is forced to spend some idle moments, I just dive into my mental photograph album and bring up the picture I think I would enjoy most at that particular moment, and its contemplation gives me pleasure.

To see these pictures clearly I have to close my eyes, which looks rather unusual at times and makes the vulgar stare, but that does not ruffle me in the least. The stare of the gaping crowd affects me about as much as does the blinking of the sparrows on the house-tops and is about as equally intelligent. Any woman who tries to conform her conduct to the whim of the mob will amount to nothing in life.

I wonder how many women take these mental photos?

I used to fret and be uneasy all

through unavoidable minutes of waiting. Now, I just think of the pleasantest spots it has been my good fortune to visit and enjoy it again through my mind's eye.

One little scene of memory I love. One of the utmost points of Cape Breton, the rocks rising high, the surf breaking at my feet, while faraway the sea stretches to the limits of the view. The blue of the sky, the green of the sea, the lazy gulls skimming the waters or riding on the waves and the lighthouse not far away. When I shut my eyes I can almost smell that scent so fresh, and free and invigorating. I've a dozen other little scene I love, sea scenes, mountain and valley scenes, snow scenes and scenes of beds of roses and of glorious sunsets.

Let any woman who hates waiting (try this habit of recalling to her mental vision a picture of the loveliest spot she knows. I am sure she will find that habit a pleasure and a help.

## WELL TRIED RECIPES

### STEAMED GINGER PUDDING

Take two eggs, and their weight in butter, sugar and flour; cream the butter and sugar well together, add the yolks of the eggs separately, then the flour, then three ounces of preserved ginger, which has been cut into small dice. Whip the whites of the eggs into a stiff froth, quickly stir a teaspoon of baking powder into the mixture and lastly add the beaten whites. Pour into a well buttered mold and steam for an hour and a half, turn out to serve and pour around it a creamy pudding sauce.

—O—

### BATTER PUDDING

The following is a delicious batter pudding. Light, wholesome and cheap. It's only drawback being that it takes a little time to prepare:

Materials:—1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, ¼ cup of milk, 1 or ½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon cream tartar.

Preparations:—Stir the sugar into the melted butter, then break the egg into this, and stir well together, add the milk and stir again. Then add enough flour to drop easily from a spoon, slightly thicker than for layer cake.

Place any kind of fresh or preserved fruit in a deep, good sized pudding dish, fill about half full (sugar, fresh fruit to taste) then spread the batter on top.

Bake in a moderate oven and serve hot with cream.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

It is a good thing to buy soap months in advance for it will harden and go almost twice as far.

It is said that silverware can be cleaned brighter and will keep bright longer when cleaned with lemon than with any other preparation.

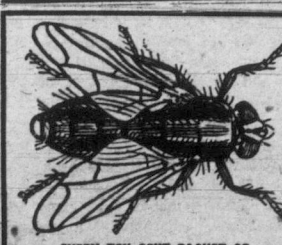
A few drops of vinegar added to the water for poaching eggs will make them set properly and keeps the whites from spreading.

Salt and water is good for the alleviation of pimples. Put two tablespoons of salt into half a pint of water and bathe the face with this.

## The World's Revolutions

We are having quite a demand for this charming book by Ernest Untermyer. It is a series of historical studies; that on the Christian Proletariat and its Mission will be of special interest to those who care to look into the economic conditions underlying the rapid spread of Christianity in the first centuries of the Christian era. The concluding chapter on "The Proletarian World Movement," is an admirable statement of the aims and spirit of modern socialism. In cloth, 50 cents from COTTON'S Book Department Good stock on hand.

The Catholic authorities of the province of Quebec have started a great temperance agitation. The church is simply falling in line with other capitalistic institutions.



EVERY TEN CENT PACKET OF  
**WILSON'S FLY PADS**  
Will kill more flies than three hundred sheets of sticky paper

## BILLY AND "E 112."

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

Copyrighted, 1908, by the Associated Literary Press.

To Billy Baxter every moment he spent in the theater was to his liking, but the best of all was when the band filed in and the house lights went up. Then the music and the rush of arrivals made a delightful stir.

These were busy moments for the ushers, because in the ten minutes preceding the rise of the curtain half the house had to be seated, and it was hard for Billy to bear in mind the managerial caution that the right hand aisle was not a cinder track laid for his amusement.

It is hard to walk when the music plays a lively air, and there were times when Billy would sprint up the aisle as though bent upon breaking all records for the hundred yards.

These ten minutes twice a day repaid the boy for the rest of the work, and it was work for all who were employed about the Century theater.

Calkins, the manager, had spent his days devising a system that was al-



HE WOULD STAND IN RAPT ADMIRATION. most perfect in its schedules. Everybody cleaned house in the morning, with just time for a hurried lunch before squeezing into the uniforms for the matinee, and as soon as the rush was over all but two of the boys were taken off to perform other duties.

Those who remained were water boys, parading the aisles with trays of glasses, which they offered to the patrons. Now and then a penny or even a nickel or a dime fell to the water carrier, but Billy was content if the ladies smiled their thanks.

All this was before "E 112" came. After that there was but one woman in the world for William, just as there is but one woman for each of us at some stage of boyhood.

"E 112" was worthy of his worship. Even the box office boy had confided to Calkins, the manager, that it was "a dead swell dame who took up the seat for Tuesday mats," and the manager had condescended to approve the statement, though Calkins' own preference was for blonds. "E 112" had dark hair of the soft, wavy kind that makes a fellow long to stroke softly, admiringly.

But Billy remembered nothing but her eyes after he had received one direct glance. He could look into those liquid depths clear down into the troubled soul beyond.

Every Tuesday afternoon the girl occupied the same seat. The Century reserved seats for its regular patrons by the season, and once when the head usher sought to shift Billy to the balcony, where there was a better chance of making tips, Billy promptly forgot the fact that it was supposed to be a favor and pummeled his benefactor until the latter promised to put him back on his old aisle.

To such an extent had Billy become enslaved that he even rejoiced in the water job. He would work the front rows very slowly, waiting with patience for each patron to finish with a glass, and when "E 112" asked for a drink he would stand in rapt admiration, ignoring the request of others for glasses from the tray until she had returned hers and there was no longer any excuse for standing at her side.

Long before the middle of the season Eleanor Golden, otherwise "E 112," had come to know the earnest, freckled little face, and the day that she passed him in the street and gave him a nod and a bright smile was a golden one in the Baxter calendar.

Then came the day which even now Calkins hates to recall because of its one moment of nightmare. There was an act at the house that opened with the supposed explosion of an automobile off the stage, the comedian entering with a fire and part of the rim of a wheel hung about his neck.

The effect was obtained in the time honored fashion of firing into the air a shotgun loaded with salt instead of shot. The salt scattered harmlessly, and yet the report was louder than when powder alone was used.

On this day a tiny bit of the wadding was carried into the air and flut-

ter me that it was noble and courageous of you to declare you'd marry a girl you knew you could love, no matter what she looked like. I told her it was idiotic foolishness."

At this Grantham chuckled and settled himself still more comfortably in the big easy chair. "She would be perfectly stunning," he mused, sotto voce, "in an evening frock."

Cunningham sighed. "Let's go to the theater," he urged. "You ought to keep in the public eye, you know, if you're going to bring this will-o'-the-wisp chase to a finish."

The play was fairly amusing, but Grantham found time to study the backs of the different women.

Suddenly toward the end of the second act he grasped Cunningham's arm tightly.

"She's here," he whispered. "Look in the second lower box at the left."

Cunningham looked. In fact, he had scarcely looked anywhere else since the play began.

"Isn't she beautiful?" Grantham breathed.

Cunningham nodded sullenly. "Come on out," he almost commanded as the curtain fell on an unheeded climax. In a corner of the lobby, apart from the crowd, the two men halted. Cunningham cleared his throat.

"Grantham," he began impressively, "I have to shatter your dream. But you can't have her. I've chosen her myself."

"Has she chosen you?" he asked quietly.

"Why, no; I can't say that she has," Cunningham admitted reluctantly.

"But I'm hoping she will. I'm playing a very discreet game. I'm not boring her to death the way all the others are."

"You'll introduce me?" Grantham asked quietly.

Cunningham hesitated, but only for the fraction of a minute. "Certainly," he answered courteously.

The two men entered the box just as the curtain was going up for the third act. The introductions were necessarily hurried.

"Miss Curtiss," Cunningham said briefly and formally, "Mr. Grantham." Then, turning, with a familiar nod, to the other young woman in the box, he added: "Neil, this is Mr. Grantham. You've heard me speak of him. Grant, my sister."

After the first scene conversation began again.

"He's a great admirer of yours, Miss Curtiss," Cunningham said, indicating Grantham, "or, rather, I should say, another great admirer of yours."

"Nonsense," laughed Miss Curtiss. "It's your sister he admires. He hasn't taken his eyes off her since he came into the box."

Cunningham's astonishment was exceeded only by his relief. He felt like clapping Grantham on the shoulder and wishing him good luck. But Grantham was getting on very well without any such encouragement.

"Of course," he was telling Neil, with an unembarrassed frankness that

she found most embarrassing. "I'm glad you are so wonderfully beautiful, but I should have loved you just the same if your eyes had not been so blue and if your chin hadn't had a dimple in it."

"Oh, please, Mr. Grantham!" protested Neil blushing. "You mustn't." "But I thought you'd understand," pleaded Grantham wistfully. "Your brother said—"

"Yes, yes; I know," admitted Neil quickly, "but you see I didn't know it was my romance then. I thought it was some other girl's."

"But didn't you say you'd be in the seventh heaven of delight if anything so romantic ever happened to you?" Grantham cross questioned her gently. "I had banked all my hopes on that. I told myself that was the way the other girl would feel."

"Yes," Neil answered dreamily. Then, after a moment's pause, "But it's all so very sudden."

"Not for me," pleaded Grantham. "I've loved you ever since I first saw you, and you've really loved me ever since your brother told you about me, so—"

"Indeed I haven't," contradicted Neil warmly. "I've only envied the other girl."

At this Grantham laughed softly. "But since there isn't any other girl you aren't really going to turn your back on me for good, dear, are you?"

At this Neil turned a face of such radiant happiness upon him that Grantham knew he need have no fear. Still her answer wasn't just what he expected.

"If only I were that other girl and as homely as a mud fence," she told him mischievously. "I'd know exactly what to answer."

The Duchess of Marlborough, nee Vanderbilt has given two hundred thousand dollars to help buy a Holbein painting for the National Gallery of London. The original Marlborough made his money by fraudulent army contracts and the original Vanderbilt made his money by corrupt railroad work. Now the two fortunes are united and a couple of hundred thousand dollars means nothing.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

stops loss of flesh in babies and children and in adults in summer as well as winter. Some people have gained a pound a day while taking it.

Take it in a little cold water or milk. Get a small bottle now. All Druggists

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

## BOOKS FOR Sub Hustlers

WE have decided to offer for a Limited time, for every

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARLY SUBS

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

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

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

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

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

## SUB BLANKS AND POSTAL CARDS NOW READY



# THE LADY OF LYNN

By SIR WALTER BESANT

Copyright, 1900, by Sir Walter Besant

CONTINUED

"And your hand was in Lord Fyldale's, and Mr. Purden was pronouncing the words which made you his wife. Whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

She stared at me with blank amazement.

"In my pink silk cloak? Jack, are you in your right mind, or is it I myself who am gone distraught?"

"Indeed I know not which."

"Did you speak to me? Did you congratulate the bride, Jack?"

"No! I was sick and sorry, Molly. I went out of the church. I had seen enough. The clerk, however, has been telling the story of this private marriage all over the town. Everybody knows it. The marriage is duly entered in the registers. It was a marriage by the archbishop's license. The man Purden may be all that the vicar's letter exposed, but the marriage was in order."

Molly said nothing for awhile; then she said gently: "The letter from the bookseller, your cousin, spoke of Lord Fyldale as ruined. If he were to marry a woman with money, it would be his."

"I believe that there are sometimes letters—bills of lading or whatever they are called—which give the wife the control of her own property; otherwise everything becomes her husband's."

"Why did he wish to marry me? There was never a gleam of love in his eye nor a note of love in his voice. Why, except that he might get my money?"

"That is, I am convinced, the reason."

"Villainy, villainy, villainy! Jack, this is a conspiracy. Some woman has been made to play my part. Then he will claim me as his wife and lay hands upon all that I have."

"No, Molly; he shall not while you have friends."

"Friends cannot help where the law orders otherwise. So much I know, Jack. Yet you can do one thing for me. You can protect me from the man. He must not take me away."

"All Lynn will fight for you."

"Jack, I want more. I want all Lynn to believe me. You have known me all my life. Am I capable of such a change of mind? Am I capable of so monstrous a falsehood as to steal out to marry the man and then to declare that I have never left the house? Oh, the villain, the villain!" Her cheek was aflame; her eyes flashed.

I seized her hand. "Molly," I cried, "they shall all believe you. I will tell the truth everywhere."

Just then the garden door was thrown open, and Sam Semple appeared. With a smiling face and a bending knee he advanced, bowing low.

"Permit me to offer congratulations to the Countess of Fyldale."

"I am not a countess. I am plain Molly Miller."

Sam looked disconcerted and puzzled. I perceived that, plot or no plot, he had no hand in it.

"I am come," he said, "from his lordship."

"I have nothing to do with his lordship."

"Surely, madam; surely, my lady, there is some misunderstanding. I am sent by his lordship with his compliments to ask when it will be convenient for the countess to receive him."

"You have been informed, I suppose, that I was married to him this morning."

"Certainly, my lady."

"Then go back to Lord Fyldale and tell him that he is a villain and a liar, that I have learned his true character, that I am not married to him and that if he ventures to molest me my friends will protect me. Give him that message, sir, word for word."

"I believe, Sam," I said, for his discomfiture and bewilderment made him reel and stagger, "that you have no hand in this new villainy. It was you, however, who brought that man to Lynn, knowing his true character and his antecedents. Let us never see your face here again. Go. If I thought you were in the plot, I would serve you again as the captain served you three years ago."

He went away without another word. Then the captain came home, his face troubled.

"I know not," he said, "what has happened in this place. I have seen Lord Fyldale. I told him of the charges and accusations."

"Well, did he deny them?"

"He denied nothing, and he admitted nothing. He says that you married him this morning, Molly."

"I know. He has sent Sam Semple here with the same story. Captain, you believe me, do you not?"

"Believe you, Molly? Why, if I do not believe you, I should believe nothing. Believe you? My dear, I would as soon doubt the prayer book." He laid his hand upon her arm, and the tears came into his eyes. "My dear, I have been an old fool. But I did it for the best. He says that you are his wife. Let him come and take you—if he can!"

"It is not Molly that he would take; it is Molly's fortune."

"Why, sir," she said, "if he takes the whole and wastes and dissipates it, so

long as he does not take me, what does it matter?"

Then the vicar came again, and the whole of the business had to be discussed again. At first he adhered to his theory of unconscious action, because a scholar always likes to explain every theory by examples chosen from Latin and Greek authors. He had looked up several more stories of the kind from his library and came prepared to defend his opinion. But the absolute certainty of Molly's assertion, the evidence of her mother, who declared that Molly had been working with her since half past five, the firm belief of the captain and my own change of opinion and the possibility of deception shook him.

Finally he abandoned his learned view and adopted our more modern explanations of the case—viz, that the marriage was a sham and that the woman was some creature suborned to personate Molly.

"But what woman can she be?" asked the vicar. "She can write. I have seen the registers. She has signed in a



full, round hand without bad spelling. The woman, therefore, is educated. My dear, we may perhaps find the woman. My worthy and pious brother in orders is most certainly in the conspiracy. When there are three, one is generally a traitor. To begin with, the scheme is both bold and dangerous. It is the first step toward obtaining a large sum of money under false pretenses. Their necks are in danger, even the neck of a noble earl.

"It is inconceivable," he went on after a little reflection, "how a woman could be found to play such a part. She must be the mistress of the earl. No other could be trusted."

"What should be done meantime?"

"We must meet the enemy on his own ground. He spreads abroad the report that he married Molly this morning. We must publicly and openly deny the fact. Captain, there will be a large company at the assembly this evening. You will take Molly there. I will go with you. Jack shall put on his Sunday best and shall also go with us. We must be prepared for an impudent claim, and we must be ready with a prompt denial. Let us court publicity."

This was clearly the best advice possible. We were left unmolested all the afternoon, though the captain made me stay as a kind of garrison in case of any attempt at abduction being made.

In the evening Molly in her chair and dressed in her finery was carried to the garden, while the captain, the vicar and myself formed a bodyguard.

We arrived after the dancing had begun. Lady Anastasia was looking on, but her court of ladies and young men for some reason seemed to have melted away. She stood almost alone, save for the support of the old beau Sir Harry. The colonel was also with her, and the Rev. Benjamin Purden stood behind her.

The music was in the gallery at the end of the long room. The dancing was carried on in the middle. Lady Anastasia was standing on the right of the gallery, most of the company on the left. Molly, with the captain and followed by the vicar and myself, turned to the left.

"Sir"—his lordship advanced a step—"are you aware of the meaning of words? Do you assert that I was not married at that time and in that place?"

The Rev. Benjamin Purden advanced.

"Sir," he addressed the vicar, "like his lordship, I am amazed at these words. Why, sir, I myself—I myself at six o'clock this morning performed the marriage service as prescribed by the church for the right honorable the Earl of Fyldale and Miss Mary Miller."

"Yesterday," the vicar went on, "there arrived simultaneously three letters. One of them, an anonymous letter, was addressed to Captain Crowle; one, from a respectable bookseller in London, was addressed to Mr. Pen-

On her entrance all eyes were fixed upon the newly made countess. She had come without her lord. Was this part of the secret—a secret known to all the world—or was his lordship, before the whole company, about to lead his bride to the first place, as became her newly acquired rank? Some of the ladies regarded her with looks of hatred, the successors of the looks of scorn with which they had first welcomed her. Most of them, however, were kindly. A tale of love always meets with a friendly reception. Not a woman in the place but would have taken her place with joy unmeasured. As no other woman could, they were ready to accept their fate and to make friends with the successful and the fortunate winner of so great a prize.

It was a great prize, indeed, if they only knew.

The minutes were over and the country dance was about to begin when Lord Fyldale arrived, followed, as usual, by his secretary. He stood at the door; he looked around. Then, with the cold pride which never failed him, he stepped across the room and bowed low to Molly. "Madam," he said, "with your permission we will dance this country dance together before I take you away with me."

"My lord," replied Molly aloud, so that the whole company heard and remembered, "I shall not dance with you this evening nor on any other evening."

"She will never again dance with you, my lord. Nor will she hold any discourse with you. Nor will she willingly admit you to her presence." It was the vicar who spoke, because the man and the occasion proved too much for the good old captain, who could only roll thunderously between his teeth things more fitted for the quelling of a mutiny than for dealing with such a man as his lordship.

"Pray, sir," said Lord Fyldale, stepping back, "what is the meaning of this? Pray, madam," he turned to Molly—"what is the meaning of this sudden change? Captain Crowle, have I or have I not the right to claim my wife?"

The vicar stepped forward and confronted him. His tall, thin figure, his long cassock, his thin and ascetic face, contrasted with the overhaughtiness of his adversary.

"My lord," he asked, "how long has this lady been your wife?"

"We were married," he said, "at six o'clock this morning by the Rev. Mr. Benjamin Purden, who is here to bear witness to the fact. The wedding was private at my request, because, as you may perhaps believe, I was not anxious to join in the wedding feast with a company of bores, bumpkins and sailors."

"Ladies and gentlemen"—the vicar raised his voice and by a gesture silenced the orchestra—"I have to lay before you a conspiracy which I believe is unparalleled in any history. You are aware that Lord Fyldale, who stands before you, came to the spa a few weeks ago for purposes best known to himself. You will also doubtless remember that certain persons who arrived before him were loud in his praises. He was said by them to be a model of all the virtues. I will not repeat the things that were said."

"All this," said Lord Fyldale, "is beside the mark. I come to claim my wife."

"Among those who accepted these statements for gospel was Captain Crowle, the guardian of the young lady beside me. It was to him a great honor to be admitted to converse with so distinguished a nobleman and to be permitted to consult with him as to the affairs of his ward. He even informed his lordship of the extent of the lady's fortune, which is far greater than was generally understood. Thereupon his lordship began to pay attention of a marked character. You have all, I believe, remarked these attentions. Then came the attempted abduction and the lady's rescue by Lord Fyldale. After this he formally offered his hand and his rank to the lady. The honor seemed very great. He was accepted. He then engaged the lady to undertake a private marriage without festivities, to which she consented. She promised, in fact, to be married at St. Nicholas' church this very morning at six o'clock."

"All this," said Lord Fyldale coldly, "is quite true, yet why you detain the company to the narrative I do not understand. The lady kept her promise. I met her at the place and time appointed. We were married. Once more, Captain Crowle, I claim my wife."

"Ladies and gentlemen," the vicar continued, "there is but one reply to the last statement, for the lady did not keep her engagement."

"Sir"—his lordship advanced a step—"are you aware of the meaning of words? Do you assert that I was not married at that time and in that place?"

The Rev. Benjamin Purden advanced.

"Sir," he addressed the vicar, "like his lordship, I am amazed at these words. Why, sir, I myself—I myself at six o'clock this morning performed the marriage service as prescribed by the church for the right honorable the Earl of Fyldale and Miss Mary Miller."

"Yesterday," the vicar went on, "there arrived simultaneously three letters. One of them, an anonymous letter, was addressed to Captain Crowle; one, from a respectable bookseller in London, was addressed to Mr. Pen-

crosse, master of the grammar school, and one, from a certain fellow of his college at Cambridge, was addressed to me. All these letters together contained charges which show how deeply we have been deceived."

"Have a care! Have a care!" said Lord Fyldale.

"By these letters and other sources," the vicar continued, "I learn first as to the noble lord's friends the following particulars:

"I find that the Lady Anastasia Langston hath been lately presented by the grand jury of Middlesex for keeping a house riotous, of great extravagance, luxury, idleness and ill fame."

"I am informed that Lady Anastasia hath held a bank every night in this place, to the hurt and loss of many."

"I turn next to the case of the Rev. Benjamin Purden, who stands before you. He was the tutor of Lord Fyldale. He is described as the companion of his vices. He was the cause last year of a grievous scandal at Bath. He is the author of a ribald piece of verse, by which he has corrupted many. No bishop would sanction his acceptance of the smallest preferment."

"This is very surprising," said Mr. Purden, shaking his big head, "but we shall see, we shall see—immediately."

There were next the two gentlemen known as Sir Harry Malynes and Colonel Lanyon. Their occupation is to act as decoy ducks, to lure young men to the gaming table and to plunder them when they are caught."

Both these gentlemen started, but neither replied.

"I now come to the noble lord before me. He is a most notorious profligate. He shares in Lady Anastasia's gaming house. He has long since been refused admittance into the houses of persons of honor. He is an inveterate gambler. He has ruined his own estate, sold the family plate and pictures, library, everything. He is at this moment unable to borrow or to raise the smallest sum of money. The Fleet and the King's Bench prisons are full of the unfortunate tradesmen who trusted him and the young rakes whom he has ruined."

"Ladies and gentlemen, this was the story which reached us yesterday, fortunately in time. Miss Molly broke off her promise and wrote to his lordship for explanations. Captain Crowle called upon his lordship this morning for explanations. He was met with derision. He was told that he was too late—the young lady was already married; there was no necessity for any explanations."

The company murmured. Voices were raised demanding explanations. "My friends," said his lordship coldly, "these inventions need no reply. I claim my wife."

"She is not your wife," said the vicar. "We are ready to prove that at six o'clock the young lady was already engaged with her mother in the still-room or some other occupation. Or that there is no doubt possible. But—"

and here he lifted a warning finger, but his lordship paid no attention.

"There was a wedding early this morning. His reverence, Mr. Purden, performed the service. The wedding was in the name of Mary Miller as bride. The registers are signed 'Mary Miller.' This is therefore a conspiracy."

"You talk nonsense," said his lordship, who certainly carried it off with an amazing assurance. "I claim my wife. Once more, madam, will you come with me?"

"I am not your wife,"

"We must endeavor," said the vicar, "to find the woman who personated Miss Molly. The clerk of the parish testifies to the wedding, but he does not appear to have seen the face of the bride. Whoever she was she wore a domino and had thrown her hood over her face."

The Lady Anastasia stepped forward, agitating her fan. "Reverend sir," she said to the vicar, "in matters of society you are a very ignorant and a very simple person. It is quite true that I have been presented by a Middlesex jury for gambling. It is also true that half London might also be presented. As for the rest of your statements—that, for instance, Lord Fyldale shares in the profits of my bank—let me assure you that your innocence has been abused. These things are not true. However, it is not for me to answer public insults in a public place. Sir Harry, my old friend, they call you a decoy, even you, with your name and your reputation. A decoy! Sir, your cloth should shame you. Sir Harry, take me to my chair. If tomorrow morning the company thinks proper to dissociate itself from this public insult, I will remain in this place, where, I own, I have never found many friends. If not, I shall return to London and to the house presented by the grand jury of Middlesex."

So saying, she retired smiling and, as they say of soldiers, in good order; with her, also in good order, the ancient beau, with no other signs of agitation than a trembling of the knees, and this might very well be laid to the account of his threescore years and fifteen or perhaps fourscore.

Lord Fyldale once more turned to Molly.

CONTINUED

If a copy of this paper comes through the mail to your home, or if one is handed to you by somebody, it is an invitation to you to subscribe. You will get worth in sound education many times the subscription price and you help make possible the existence of a paper fighting the battles of the working class.

## CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

### What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

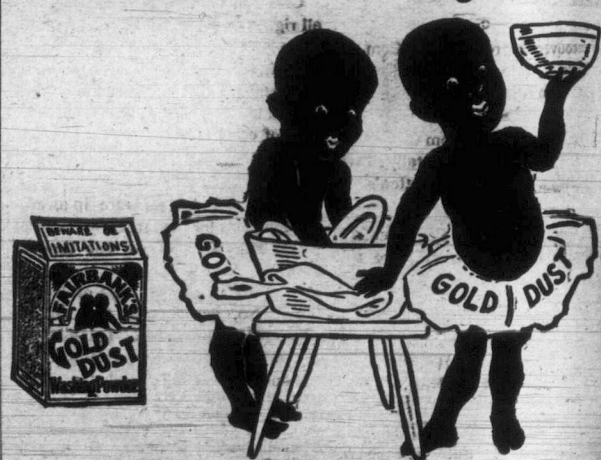
## THE Eastern Townships Bank

Employs a System which makes it easy for its out of town depositors to open accounts and transact business by mail with any of its

81 - EIGHTY-ONE - 81  
BRANCH OFFICES

DETAILED INFORMATION FURNISHED ON REQUEST

"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"



### Gold Dust Saves Time

"If time is money" GOLD DUST is surely a money-saver. What is the use of trying to wash dishes 1095 times a year without

### Gold Dust Washing Powder

when it will cut your labors right in two?

The GOLD DUST way is the right way and should have the right of way over all other cleaners.

OTHER GENERAL USES FOR GOLD DUST: Scrubbing floors, washing clothes and dishes, cleaning wood-work, oil cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brass work, cleaning bath room, pipes, etc., and making the finest soft soap.

Made by THE N. E. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Montreal, P. Q.—Makers of FAIRY SOAP.

GOLD DUST makes hard water soft.

30 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

## PATENTS

TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Our service is strictly confidential. We have secured over 1000 patents for our clients. Patents taken through Mann & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms for Canada, with a year postage prepaid, \$5.00 in advance.

MANN & CO. 301 Broadway, New York

Weir, Macallister & Cotton

ADVOCATES

ROYAL INSURANCE BUILDING  
MONTREAL, P. Q.

JOHN LAUDER

SURGEON-DENTIST

Office on the ground floor of the  
Ruiter Block, Cowansville.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*



# Woman's Page

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

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED FOR THIS PAGE

## My Papa is a Socialist

H. MARTIN

With apology to H. P. Moyer.

My papa is a Socialist, my mamma, too, and I. And if you'll wait a minute now, I'll tell the reason why. I'm sure that when you understand, you certainly will see. You'd better all be Socialists, and vote with pa and me.

You see this earth is long and wide, good things above, below. And there are lot of people, too, who want to make things go. Besides we're all just quite alike, need food and clothes and rest, And if we all were Socialists, we all would share earth's best.

But now John D. owns all the oil, most banks and railroads, too, And then a few own all the land, so what can poor folks do. But tramp and starve and beg for jobs, and work and work and work? And all the wealth we make, but scraps, we give the wealthy shirk.

Now isn't every papa, most, the very biggest goose. To give away most all he makes to men who don't produce? So that a few rich families may have a happy time, While all we weary working folks must suffer, work, and pine.

And then they do such foolish things, I often wonder why. They "strike" and lose their jobs, and let us freeze and starve and cry. When if all joined the Socialists, in four years more or five We'd all be wealthy partners 'in the world's great working hive.

For, if they'd stop to think, they'd see how easy 'twas to make, Together, all we want to have, and what we'd make, we'd take; So that the children all alike, our papas mammas, too, Would all enjoy earth's happiness, as Socialists want all to.

So papa is a Socialist, mamma, we children, too, We want to make all children rich and happy too, don't you? Good food and homes, nice shoes and clothes, we children want, don't you? So all of us are Socialists; please, won't you be one too?

## THE ART OF SINGING

MARY COTTON WISDOM

The average person has a very misty sort of idea as to what really constitutes the study of singing. Happy is that student who is setting out to learn what it means and does not become lost among the labyrinth of teachers and methods, so many and various as the stars in the firmament.

I know whereof I speak, for I lost nearly five years out of the best part of my girlhood in a vain and frantic search after the cultivating of my voice, to say nothing of the good fat dollars lost by dear father in paying the bills.

The first three years I studied under three different teachers. This is what I recall as the fish, flesh and bone food of my training as the musical diet. What each administered to me in the name of singing, was as far removed as the poles. Each teacher told me my past studies had been useless, whereupon we started to relay the foundation of my vocal training. The fourth teacher did the same, but under this training I stayed seven years, two of which were spent in unlearning all I had previously acquired. I am not giving this little bit of my own experience to discourage any vocal student, but to advise her very strongly to try and understand something about what the cultivation of her voice really means before she flies heedlessly to the first teacher recommended to her. The serious study of the art of singing, like the study of any other art, means a life work.

Unless any study is undertaken seriously and with an understanding heart, it is far wiser to leave it alone. By this I do not mean that a few lessons are no good, they are certainly far

better than none at all, but they are very unsatisfying. Much the same as a few mouthfuls of bread all good to a hungry man, but far from filling. Commonsense will show that the same line of teaching cannot be applied to all voices.

A girl with a narrow stooping shoulders and a thin nasal voice, would require a different system of cultivation to develop her into a deep-chested, full throated singer, than would a robust girl possessing a well placed voice to begin with.

The latter has a good foundation upon which to build, while the former case, the foundation itself must be laid. I believe that the cultivation of the voice depends more upon the cultivation of the general physique and the mind than it does upon the cultivation of the throat, though this also is of much importance.

(To be continued.)

## AN AGE OF RUSH

MARY COTTON WISDOM

This is an age of rush. We rush and hurry through our work in order to gain a little leisure. Then in turn we hurry and rush through our leisure in order to cram as much into it as possible. Time seems to fly past us on hurried wings, while we strive to keep up to it, ever and always trying to catch up with our work, and never do we retire to bed knowing that all our work is done, that all our acknowledge is gained or that all we desire is accomplished. We might as well make up our minds that we never will strive at that goal, so why not set down and rest us a while? Let us take a deep breath and readjust our mental outlook.

Those faraway days of our grandmother's girlhood, before telephones and express trains, before steam boats and telegraphs, before electric cars and automobiles, have gone forever. Never will we, like them of olden times, sit calmly through long peaceful days weaving and spinning.

Neither will we ride our palfrey through drowsy village and sleepy hollow to the meeting-house, carrying in our saddle a footwarmer and our lunch prepared to spend the entire Sabbath in the worship of Our Lord.

Gone are the days and gone are the people, passed as a forgotten dream. Shortly we will also be vanished as are the roses which bloomed in those old time gardens.

The memory of our names will have faded as completely as have the lavender scented breezes which ruffled the love locks of our old time maidens.

It is hard to realize: We seem so much a part of the established order of things, we seem so necessary to ourselves and our friends. But the order changeth.

When the birds of a thousand generations have flown past our long unawaking sleep, it will matter little then whether in our short span of life we joined the fevered rush or pursued peace.

## MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHS

MARY COTTON WISDOM

In my travels through this world when I come to anything that takes my fancy, I always take a mental photograph of it.

I have a whole photograph album stored away like that. Then when I can't sleep at night, or when I have a few minutes of waiting while shopping, or to have a dress fitted, or at any of the various other times one is forced to spend some idle moments, I just dive into my mental photograph album and bring up the picture I think I would enjoy most at that particular moment, and its contemplation gives me pleasure.

To see these pictures clearly I have to close my eyes, which looks rather unusual at times and makes the vulgar stare, but that does not ruffle me in the least. The stare of the gaping crowd affects me about as much as does the blinking of the sparrows on the rooftops and is about as equally intelligent. Any woman who tries to conform her conduct to the whim of the mob will amount to nothing in life.

I wonder how many women take these mental photos? I used to fret and be uneasy all

through unavoidable minutes of waiting. Now, I just think of the pleasantest spots it has been my good fortune to visit and enjoy it again through my mind's eye.

One little scene of memory I love. One of the utmost points of Cape Breton, the rocks rising high, the surf breaking at my feet, while faraway the sea stretches to the limits of the view. The blue of the sky, the green of the sea, the lazy gulls skimming the waters or riding on the waves and the lighthouse not far away. When I shut my eyes I can almost smell that scent so fresh, and free and invigorating. I've a dozen other little scene I love, sea scenes, mountain and valley scenes, snow scenes and scenes of beds of roses and of glorious sunsets.

Let any woman who hates waiting try this habit of recalling to her mental vision a picture of the loveliest spot she knows. I am sure she will find that habit a pleasure and a help.

## WELL TRIED RECIPES

### STEAMED GINGER PUDDING

Take two eggs, and their weight in butter, sugar and flour; cream the butter and sugar well together, add the yolks of the eggs separately, then the flour, then three ounces of preserved ginger, which has been cut into small dice. Whip the whites of the eggs into a stiff froth, quickly stir a teaspoon of baking powder into the mixture and lastly add the beaten whites. Pour into a well buttered mold and steam for an hour and a half, turn out to serve and pour around it a creamy pudding sauce.

### BATTER PUDDING

The following is a delicious batter pudding. Light, wholesome and cheap. Its only drawback being that it takes a little time to prepare:

Materials:—1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, ¼ cup of milk, 1 or ½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon cream tartar.

Preparations:—Stir the sugar into the melted butter, then break the egg into this, and stir well together, add the milk and stir again. Then add enough flour to drop easily from a spoon, slightly thicker than for layer cake.

Place any kind of fresh or preserved fruit in a deep, good sized pudding dish, fill about half full (sugar, fresh fruit to taste) then spread the batter on top.

Bake in a moderate oven and serve hot with cream.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

It is a good thing to buy soap months in advance for it will harden and go almost twice as far.

It is said that silverware can be cleaned brighter and will keep bright longer when cleaned with lemon than with any other preparation.

A few drops of vinegar added to the water for poaching eggs will make them set properly and keeps the whites from spreading.

Salt and water is good for the alleviation of pimples. Put two tablespoons of salt into half a pint of water and bathe the face with this.

## The World's Revolutions

We are having quite a demand for this charming book by Ernest Untermyann. It is a series of historical studies; that on the Christian Proletariat and its Mission will be of special interest to those who care to look into the economic conditions underlying the rapid spread of Christianity in the first centuries of the Christian era. The concluding chapter on "The Proletarian World Movement," is an admirable statement of the aims and spirit of modern socialism. In cloth, 50 cents from Cotton's Book Department Good stock on hand.

The Catholic authorities of the province of Quebec have started a great temperance agitation. The church is simply falling in line with other capitalistic institutions.



EVERY TEN CENT PACKET OF  
**WILSON'S FLY PADS**  
Will kill more flies than three hundred sheets of sticky paper

## BILLY AND "E 112."

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

Copyrighted, 1908, by the Associated Literary Press.

To Billy Baxter every moment he spent in the theater was to his liking, but the best of all was when the band filed in and the house lights went up. Then the music and the rush of arrivals made a delightful stir.

These were busy moments for the ushers, because in the ten minutes preceding the rise of the curtain half the house had to be seated, and it was hard for Billy to bear in mind the managerial caution that the right hand aisle was not a cinder track laid for his amusement.

It is hard to walk when the music plays a lively air, and there were times when Billy would sprint up the aisle as though bent upon breaking all records for the hundred yards.

These ten minutes twice a day repaid the boy for the rest of the work, and it was work for all who were employed about the Century theater.

Calkins, the manager, had spent his days devising a system that was al-



HE WOULD STAND IN RAPT ADMIRATION. most perfect in its schedules. Everybody cleaned house in the morning, with just time for a hurried lunch before squeezing into the uniforms for the matinee, and as soon as the rush was over all but two of the boys were taken off to perform other duties.

Those who remained were water boys, parading the aisles with trays of glasses, which they offered to the patrons. Now and then a penny or even a nickel or a dime fell to the water carrier, but Billy was content if the ladies smiled their thanks.

All this was before "E 112" came. After that there was but one woman in the world for William, just as there is but one woman for each of us at some stage of boyhood.

"E 112" was worthy of his worship. Even the box office boy had confided to Calkins, the manager, that it was "a dead swell dame who took up the seat for Tuesday mats," and the manager had condescended to approve the statement, though Calkins' own preference was for blonds. "E 112" had dark hair of the soft, wavy kind that makes a fellow long to stroke softly, admiringly.

But Billy remembered nothing but her eyes after he had received one direct glance. He could look into those liquid depths clear down into the untroubled soul beyond.

Every Tuesday afternoon the girl occupied the same seat. The Century reserved seats for its regular patrons by the season, and once when the head usher sought to shift Billy to the balcony, where there was a better chance of making tips, Billy promptly forgot the fact that it was supposed to be a favor and pummeled his benefactor until the latter promised to put him back on his old aisle.

To such an extent had Billy become enslaved that he even rejoiced in the water job. He would work the front rows very slowly, waiting with patience for each patron to finish with a glass, and when "E 112" asked for a drink he would stand in rapt admiration, ignoring the request of others for glasses from the tray until she had returned hers and there was no longer any excuse for standing at her side.

Long before the middle of the season Eleanor Golden, otherwise "E 112," had come to know the earnest, freckled little face, and the day that she passed him in the street and gave him a nod and a bright smile was a golden one in the Baxter calendar.

Then came the day when even now Calkins hates to recall because of its one moment of nightmare. There was an act at the house that opened with the supposed explosion of an automobile off the stage, the comedian entering with a fire and part of the rim of a wheel hung about his neck.

The effect was obtained in the time honored fashion of firing into the air a shotgun loaded with salt instead of shot. The salt scattered harmlessly, and yet the report was louder than when powder alone was used.

On this day a tiny bit of the wadding was carried into the air and sub-

convince me that it was noble and courageous of you to declare you'd marry a girl you knew you could love, no matter what she looked like. I told her it was idiotic foolishness."

At this Grantham chuckled and settled himself still more comfortably in the big easy chair. "She would be perfectly stunning," he mused, sotto voce, "in an evening frock."

Cunningham sighed. "Let's go to the theater," he urged. "You ought to keep in the public eye, you know, if you're going to bring this will-o'-the-wisp chase to a finish."

The play was fairly amusing, but Grantham found time to study the backs of the different women.

Suddenly toward the end of the second act he grasped Cunningham's arm tightly.

"She's here," he whispered. "Look in the second lower box at the left."

Cunningham looked. In fact, he had scarcely looked anywhere else since the play began.

"Isn't she beautiful?" Grantham breathed.

Cunningham nodded sullenly. "Come on out," he almost commanded as the curtain fell on an unheeded climax. In a corner of the lobby, apart from the crowd, the two men halted. Cunningham cleared his throat.

"Grantham," he began impressively, "I have to shatter your dream. But you can't have her. I've chosen her myself."

"Has she chosen you?" he asked quietly.

"Why, no; I can't say that she has," Cunningham admitted reluctantly. "But I'm hoping she will. I'm playing a very discreet game. I'm not boring her to death the way all the others are."

"You'll introduce me?" Grantham asked quietly.

Cunningham hesitated, but only for the fraction of a minute. "Certainly," he answered courteously.

The two men entered the box just as the curtain was going up for the third act. The introductions were necessarily hurried.

"Miss Curtiss," Cunningham said briefly and formally, "Mr. Grantham." Then, turning, with a familiar nod, to the other young woman in the box, he added: "Well, this is Mr. Grantham. You've heard me speak of him. Grant, my sister."

After the first scene conversation began again.

"He's a great admirer of yours, Miss Curtiss," Cunningham said, indicating Grantham, "or, rather, I should say, another great admirer of yours."

"Nonsense," laughed Miss Curtiss. "It's your sister he admires. He hasn't taken his eyes off her since he came into the box."

Cunningham's astonishment was exceeded only by his relief. He felt like clapping Grantham on the shoulder and wishing him good luck. But Grantham was getting on very well without any such encouragement.

"Of course," he was telling Nell, with an unembarrassed frankness that

she found most embarrassing. "I'm glad you are so wonderfully beautiful, but I should have loved you just the same if your eyes had not been so blue and if your chin hadn't had a dimple in it."

"Oh, please, Mr. Grantham!" protested Nell blushing. "You mustn't."

"But I thought you'd understand," pleaded Grantham wistfully. "Your brother said—"

"Yes, yes; I know," admitted Nell quickly, "but you see I didn't know it was my romance then. I thought it was some other girl's."

"But didn't you say you'd be in the seventh heaven of delight if anything so romantic ever happened to you?" Grantham cross questioned her gently. "I had banked all my hopes on that. I told myself that was the way the other girl would feel."

"Yes," Nell answered dreamily. Then, after a moment's pause, "But it's all so very sudden."

"Not for me," pleaded Grantham. "I've loved you ever since I first saw you, and you've really loved me ever since your brother told you about me, so—"

"Indeed I haven't," contradicted Nell warmly. "I've only envied the other girl."

"At this Grantham laughed softly. "But since there isn't any other girl you aren't really going to turn your back on me for good, dear, are you?"

At this Nell turned a face of such radiant happiness upon him that Grantham knew he need have no fear. Still her answer wasn't just what he expected.

"If only I were that other girl and as homely as a mud fence," she told him mischievously, "I'd know exactly what to answer."

The Duchess of Marlborough, nee Vanderbilt has given two hundred thousand dollars to help buy a Holbein painting for the National Gallery of London. The original Marlborough made his money by fraudulent army contracts and the original Vanderbilt made his money by corrupt railroad work. Now the two fortunes are united and a couple of hundred thousand dollars means nothing.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

stops loss of flesh in babies and children and in adults in summer as well as winter. Some people have gained a pound a day while taking it.

Take it in a little cold water or milk. Get a small bottle now. All Druggists

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

## BOOKS FOR Sub Hustlers

WE have decided to offer for a Limited time, for every

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARLY SUBS

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

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

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

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

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

## SUB BLANKS AND POSTAL CARDS NOW READY



## 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

**DISCONTINUANCES**—If you wish Cotton's Weekly stopped, an explicit notice must be sent us, otherwise it will be continued. All arrears must be paid.

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

**RENEWALS**—When renewing always say that your subscription is a renewal. We reprint new subscriptions by starting the paper and renewals by changing the date on the address label.

**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., R.C.L., EDITOR AND PROP.  
H. A. WEBB, BUSINESS MANAGER

The earth for the workers is what the workers should vote for.

The lowly are the salt of the earth. The mighty the corrupters.

The useless classes live the best. The workers vote for such a system. No wonder there are pessimists.

As soon as those who work wake up and think many a fine gentleman and lady will not be able to live high on the work of others.

When socialism shall have triumphed men will wonder why they suffered for so long the useless miseries of capitalism.

Farmers are worrying over tuberculosis in their herds. But as they are victims of capitalism the farmers have got to sell rotten milk or starve.

Taft and Roosevelt will be sorry they ever tackled the Appeal to Reason. The unjustifiable persecution of the paper is making thousands of socialists.

The Quebec nationalists want to go back about a thousand years and live in a dead age. They can go themselves but the cannot carry Quebec with them.

Dr. Chown declares that Methodist missionary money is being wasted in competition with that of the Presbyterian church. Even religious leaders are coming to see that competition is folly.

The unemployed could get employment if they would only work for less than the employed are getting. But then the employed would become the unemployed. This is the position Ben Hanford takes on the question.

Socialist Thorne in the London House of Commons referred to the Czar as an inhuman brute. He was shouted down. The British M. P.s evidently do not like the truth told about a political upholder of a rotten system.

There is a street railway strike on in St. Petersburg. It was called by the Social Democrats to test their organization and the stamina of the men. The men want higher pay and different shifts.

The Imperial Press Conference is a cooked arrangement. All true pressmen with radical tendencies were excluded. The Press Conference with its militaristic chauvinism and reactionary utterances is a living disgrace to Canadian journalism.

The churches are making great efforts to revivify their petrified bodies. Church Christianity is dying. Real Christianity is coming. But the churches will not be the medium through which it comes.

Rev. Dr. Pringle is again exposing the corruption existing in the political life of the Dominion. Dr. Pringle is doing good work by showing what a sincere man thinks of the present state of society.

Drs. Chown and Pringle of the Methodist and Presbyterian churches are the stormy petrels of those sleepy bodies. They are about the only ones that amount to anything in the two bodies. The rest are more or less pursuing the peaceful life.

This is a topsy turvy world. Many workers actually look up to and think well of the men who rob them.

The only advice the Minister or Agriculture can give the farmers is to become more efficient wage slaves. Around here the farmers swallow that kind of guff and think it tastes nice.

There are many workers who hurrah and vote to send their bosses to Ottawa and Quebec. Workingmen are often as great suckers and as easily fooled as the hayseed farmer who buys gold bricks.

The ex-Premier of Australia, a labor premier, declared that his enemies tried to injure him by calling him a socialist. Of course if he feels like that about it he won't feel vexed when the socialists fight him for his reactionary ideas.

In New York it has been discovered that the policemen have been furnishing themselves with papier maché clubs in order to save on the cost. When capitalism gets a little more rotten the heads of the workers may be safer from being broken.

The blood stained Czar is to visit King Edward. Grey explains that the visit is not an official one but a private personal one, one neighbor dropping in on another as it were. This shows that Edward is not a bit particular as to who his friends are.

The Irish members are opposing Asquith's budget because the taxes imposed will injure Ireland's national industry, the production of whiskey. So Redmond says. Redmond knows as much about what is good for Ireland as a calf does about sour buttermilk.

The bourgeoisie revolution is taking place in Turkey, China, Japan, Persia, India and Egypt. The Socialists wish these revolutions all success. Most nations have to go through the horrors of capitalism before they will arrive at the sanity of socialism.

In the bakers' strike in New York city some police plug uglies began to beat up some of the strikers. Scabs who were working in a nearby bakery jumped to the rescue and hammered the police and then joined the union of strikers. The solidarity of labor is growing.

The representative of La Presse of Montreal has been refused admittance at the Imperial Conference because of the attitude of La Presse with regard to imperial matters. This proves that the Conference is a faked affair.

The Anglicans have been holding a pageant at Fulham Palace. The robes worn were rich and the expenses heavy. The clergymen impersonated kings and bishops of past ages. We were always under the impression that there was a good deal of the playacting spirit in the average clergyman.

## ANTI-MILITARISM IN FRANCE

By Robert Hunter.

The people of this country should know something of the ideas now agitating the people of France.

A spirit of unrest is now pervading that country, and our daily papers comment from day to day upon the symptoms of unrest.

We spoke recently of the syndicalist movement. Let us consider now for a moment the anti-militarist movement.

The French are weary of bloodshed. For several hundred years great international wars have been fought across her territory. Millions of lives have been lost. Again and

again her people have lain exhausted, with fury spent, and all resources impoverished.

These outbreaks of militarism have left the French with little heart for mass murder.

In select circles humanists have softly declared their abhorrence of bloodshed, but only within the present generation has anti-militarism become a determined and revolutionary force.

Today it has spread to the mass, and the working class—peasants and industrialists—discuss anti-militarism with religious intensity.

It is due to the work of Gustav Herve that anti-militarism has become almost a mania.

Herve is, perhaps, the most despised and feared leader in France. He is released from prison only to be sent there again after some new assault upon his country.

He is a Breton, stubborn, obstinate, and fanatical. He is gifted beyond measure. Powerful intellectually, he is an orator of surpassing qualities. His devotion, probity, personal self-abnegation, draws to him a multitude of disciples. In his oratorical quiver he has all the known shafts, piercing with ease and accuracy the armor of all opponents. Ridicule, satire, emotion, irony, contempt, invincible logic, are used with the skill and perfection of a master.

He signs himself "the man without a country."

He has no nation—except the working class. It is his church, his family, his country.

He will not admit of no kinship with the exploiting class. He loathes it with the power of his whole being. He has declared against it war to the knife. He means to fight it to the end.

Capitalism is to him an international thing, using the mask of patriotism to disguise itself and ward off assault.

Its tentacles are intertwined around the world, and they are the same whether disguised as German, French, or American.

To him the only foe of man is capitalism, and its hold can never be loosened so long as the workers of the various countries continue to cut each others' throats in the interests of capitalistic domination.

To Herve the problem of life is simplified. The world is divided into two antagonistic groups—the exploiter and the exploited. There is nothing else, and he refuses to limit his concept by religious, patriotic, nationalistic, racial or other considerations whatsoever.

He will not admit into his mind such a thing as a country. He will admit of no such thing as a boundary that may be used to separate the brothers of all lands. He would as soon be robbed and oppressed by German capitalists as by French capitalists.

He has no interest in the quarrels between capitalists as to which should control the markets of the world, or the power of exploiting certain peoples and territories of the world.

He would rather be hanged and quartered, burned at the stake, or torn to pieces on the rack, than to go to war against the workers of another nation.

It is said that he once told some French soldiers at the time of a strike, "If your officers order you to shoot down your fellow workmen, turn about and shoot your officers."

Herve openly violates every ethic and law of patriotism. As soon as he is released from prison he goes into the streets to preach desertion from the army, insurrection and treason. He makes no attempt to conceal his views, or to cover his acts.

He loathes the present order to such an extent that if it permitted him freedom, gave him one word of praise he would consider himself a criminal.

In quiet, sluggish America, these acts to Herve seem very unreal, very melodramatic.

It is with the greatest difficulty that the ordinary Britisher or American understands the uncompromising devotion to an ideal which actuates now, and has ever actuated, the choicest spirits of France.

But certain great modern ideas—syndicalism, anti-militarism and Socialism—are being taken up by the French with devotion no less wonderful than that which they showed in all earlier revolutions.

The student of France cannot doubt that that nation is on the eve of new developments.

The battle of Valmy, small and unimportant as it seemed at that time was not more significant than many apparently trifling struggles now taking place in France.

It may well be that a far-seeing observer watching the manifold phases of the present unrest in France, might say now as Goethe said after the battle of Valmy, "From this place and from this day forth, commences a new era of the world's history."

## SHOW YOUR COLORS

Rosecoe A. Fillmore.

Since I became a Socialist, almost six years ago, I have met and talked with a great many people about Socialism. I think I am safe in saying that the worst pests in the bunch were those fellows who would say when alone with me that they "believed in Socialism, believed it would come eventually, but—" something was radically wrong with the party leaders or the papers, etc. I usually these fellows are afraid to say anything at all in public. In short they are afraid to let their bosses know that they dare think for themselves.

I would sooner see a man get mad and fight on Socialism (or the bogey which he has labeled "Socialism") like a thousand of brick, than have him talk in this way. This little talk is directed at those of Cotton's readers who are "Socialists to a certain extent but—" Now, Gentlemen, (as this is a strictly capitalistic title I never use it in addressing genuine Socialists) don't you realize that you are hindering us in our work? Can't you see that you are stumbling-blocks? Why don't you either "put up" or "shut up"? If you are afraid to come out and show your colors why not keep your mouth shut and quit trying to undo our work?

You fellows are cowards. You lie back and take it easy while others are bearing the burdens but you are always among the first to scramble after the advantages gained from time to time.

You are not only cowards, you are traitors to your wives and children, to your class. The masses, rotting and stewing in ignorance and misery, have some excuse for turning deaf ears to our call but you have none. You profess to have dropped the capitalist superstitions which are so common today but you prefer acting the part of cowards and traitors rather than coming out and helping us in the fight.

"But," you say, "you have no immediate demands, no program. How are we to know what you will do if we come in and elect you to office? Tell us what will happen in such an event." My friends, can you tell me what will happen tomorrow, next week or month? On the 25th day of October, 1908, could you have told me what was to happen on the 26th when you went to the polls and cast your votes for a band of robbers and cut-throat politicians? If you were in possession of ordinary horse-sense you could have told me that you and the whole working class of Canada would go right on getting skinned in the same old way. Further than this you could not have said.

No, we haven't yards of immediate demands tacked onto our platform and we don't propose to tack any on. We are not catering to cowards nor to long-eared ancestors of Balaam's ass nor do we intend to. Our aim is to make economists of the workingmen. When we have straightened up their ideas on economics then we will get the votes or rifles if they are needed. Until we have driven all the capitalist economic ideas out of them their votes are of absolutely no use to us. And your votes are of no use to us unless you are prepared to come with us and help to bear the brunt. We want men, men who are willing to go to jail if need be for the movement, men who are ready to fight if need be in order to uphold their rights as producers. Millions of our comrades are doing this in Russia today.

Yet we find you in Canada, democratic Canada, "free" Canada afraid to assert your rights as wealth producers. You work for a mere pittance, you see your sons and daughters and the children of your neighbors forced into sweatshop hells and into lives of prostitution and crime in order that your masters may live in idleness. And in the face of these conditions you ask us, not to clear up the whole dirty mess, but to tack a "minimum living wage" clause upon our platform. You tell us that you will support our candidates provided we will promise you a little more hash. You say "I'm a Socialist to a certain extent, but—"

You are cowards, you are spineless, you are useless to the Socialist movement until you quit cringing and fawning at the feet of the masters and stand erect saying "to blazes with capitalism, root and branch."

Furthermore, my friends bear this in mind—It may be that you can suit yourselves about taking my advice today or perhaps for several years yet. But a time is fast approaching when you will not be able to sit on the fence. The time is coming when you must either allow the masters to weld rings in your noses or assert your rights as members of the only useful class in hu-

man society by revolting against the present system and wiping it out of existence. I know that such a time is coming very fast. And you might help to pave the way for it if you would get down and study in the interests of your class instead of wasting your time over eight hour day men's compensation bills.

I repeat, the time will come when you must choose between servitude on the one hand and complete economic liberty on the other. And bear in mind the fact that economic liberty is the Keystone, the "open sesame" to all freedom. This is the time to do the spade work. This is the time for us to lay our foundations so broad and deep that our ultimate triumph cannot be doubted. Yes, it is hard work, friends and comrades, but as Debs says we are to "win a world." Let's "dig in," comrades, and make the wool fly!

## SHARP POINTERS

From New York Call

"The social question of to-day," said Disraeli, is only a zephyr which rustles the leaves, but will soon become a hurricane." Dizzy was not only a great Prime Minister, but a mighty good weather prophet.

Under the capitalistic system you must rob and cheat your neighbor. It is only a question of how far you will go; the further the more successful. At the same time you must love your neighbor. Funny thing this capitalism!

"All men are alike; we can never hope for any better government," says the pessimist. All men may be alike, but all systems are not alike. Under an honest system men would be just as honest as they are now forced to be dishonest. The capitalist system is the cause. Remove the cause and there is hope for every virtue under heaven.

"Little girls wanted in factory; must work Sundays," is an advertisement to be found in the want columns of our highly moral capitalistic dailies. Moloch must have victims, and young and tender ones. Let us just imagine that the father or brothers of these little girls received the full product of their daily toil; would such disgraceful advertisements then pollute the columns of the press?

## 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 arts.

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.

To the Captains of industry: You not this flattering unctious to your souls that because you robbed no one directly and never soiled your spick-and-span Sunday go-to-meeting clothes, you are not robbers. All those who employ the robber system of capitalism are robbers. Aye, the blood of its victims is on your hands.

H. S. Howard writes to the world that he shares another correspondent's mistrust of Socialism, because "Socialism is fallacious, un-American, as shown in Funk & Wagnall's Encyclopedia of Social Reform." This is letting us off easy. Now just suppose Mr. Howard had added to his extensive researches on Socialism a perusal of the utterances of Bwana Tumbo! It makes one tremble.

The bureau of Municipal Research has investigated and finds fifty-five "evils" which ought to be remedied in the city of New York. What, under capitalism, that most perfect form of civilization? Fifty-five evils and the bureau with its eyes more than half shut and Diogenes going about with only one poor lantern! Could Socialism or any other ism make a worse showing if it deliberately tried?

The capitalistic press is denouncing the English budget as socialistic and designed to "rob Peter to feed Paul"—Peter meaning the wealthy classes with incomes, and Paul the poor people, whose labor, as long as they can work, provides those incomes. One of the "bards" of the opposition sees the time coming when "you" need not strive or hustle, you may loaf and take your ease; the state will take you in her arms and nurse you on her knees." This to the workers, is derision, for only the present possessions of stolen fortunes have the natural right to loaf and take their ease. As for the workers, when they are old and worn out, it is much more prettier to let them starve or jump into the river, or take gas, as in this country where Socialism is as yet unable to pass budgets for their relief.

It has been alleged that the meat inspection in Chicago is a fraud. Secretary Wilson promises a rigid investigation.

Oh, workers, how long will you bow to those taskmasters and continue to make bricks without straw?

50

COWANS

TH

The capitalistic system is a system of robbery and poverty and the law of gravity and the lesser system is doing just as did the order of change new.

When, however, they themselves their wealth laugh. The operation of the psychic law conquered should not parents who the first place over have a force of circles.

The question of capitalists' prospects for the triumph of the community and it depends on how workers work for them to see them in office at work. The laborer's presence joys of autonomy. The worker's wakened of the do awake be there to

CAP

There capitalistic pathy with capitalism.

sign for away pen. But wh incomes discussion dealing amount of the po in sympathy wickian is worth moments the capit ism goes their ran dangerou Abstractly and is pernicious. Thus tical trium ingmen. the part are some by the fi they eitl disconten Marx Church with m articles one-thir the org lowly plunder We a ministe tocratic the rev rich bu laborer the Isra because desper The perme theorie cialism their h or han those v ing an ful sho barren comm Canad comin