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LET US CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE SOCIALIST STATE

VOL. XXXVIII No. 23

OUR \$10,000 MAYOR

No man can be mayor of Montreal unless he owns ten thousand dollars' worth of real estate free and clear from all encumbrances and within the city limits.

Does the possession of property give a man brains? Does the fact that a man has attached to his legal person a lot of bricks and mortar and dirt, imply that the brains in his head are any more active than a man who is not so encumbered with real estate?

We know of individuals in Montreal who do not possess one dollar in real estate. Yet these individuals can give Mayor Payette pointers on the simplest questions of economics and of city government.

Rents are going up in Montreal. The ordinary people are being squeezed harder and harder by landlords and their parasites. The greater the squeeze, the more real estate is worth. The more real estate is worth, the richer Mayor Payette becomes. The richer Mayor Payette becomes, the more pleased he must be with himself.

The Legislature should abolish property qualifications for mayor and aldermen. The idea that property means brains shows that Montreal is indeed dark. The whole council, Mayor and all, show that a city is foolish to trust its affairs to a bunch of real estate proprietors.

BLESSING THE COPPERS

Last week we published a letter from a layman taking us to task for our article on "Blessing the Coppers." We were in error it appears. The coppers were not blessed. The clergymen offers the coppers to God. The priest asks God's acceptance of the offertory while these words are sung.

"All things come of Thee, O God, and of thine own have we given Thee." It makes not the slightest difference whether the coppers are blessed or offered to God. Our criticism holds good.

Is the money tainted or is not tainted? Is there such a thing as tainted money? Is the church justified in taking money that comes from the brothel, the saloon, the sweated industry, the makers of nickel plated goods in which hundreds die of poison, and other like industries? If the church is justified in taking such money, our whole criticism falls to the ground. We get back to the principle of the feudal barons who robbed, murdered and pillaged and then gave to the church part of the plunder, the church accepting of course on behalf of God.

Let us take the expression above given, "All things come of Thee, O God." This is one of the arguments put forth by Blatchford the Socialist. It is the idea that has given him the reputation of being an atheist. If all things come from God then God is responsible for all things. There is no free will, no devil, no evil, no sin, all things coming from God and therefore all things being good. If this be true, the church is justified in getting all the money it can from any source possible. Our idea was that the church should stand out uncompromisingly for righteousness and not accept money from the oppressors of humanity.

We admit that this is impossible for the church to do and to remain prosperous and full fed. It has got to accept money to keep it going under its present institutionalized, ritualistic and non-revolutionary form.

That being the case, and the money being tainted, why should the church bring this money to God and ask him to accept it?

The whole process is more or less hypocritical. The church shuts its eyes and takes money from all sources. It then takes the money and asks God to accept it. Whether God accepts the money or not, remains an unknown question as far as we have been able to learn. We know of no Anglican Clergyman who has been personally informed by Divine Omnipotence that any individual collection has been accepted.

God does not take the money himself but the priest goes on the assumption

that the money has been accepted and it is thereupon dispensed to coal companies, carpet manufacturers, light heat and power companies and other like worldly organizations to keep the church going.

The money comes from worldly sources and goes back to worldly individuals. The priest does not know whether God accepts it or not. The whole form is merely a ritual which is more or less useless and in the case of ill-gotten gains, absolutely hypocritical.

THE INDEPENDENT LABOR PARTY

The Independent Labor Party of Great Britain has recently declared for the nationalization of the means of production and distribution. This practically means that the Independent Labor Party has endorsed Socialism.

The I. L. P. originated as a protest against the two old parties. The workers, realizing that they were powerless to secure class legislation from the capitalists, resolved to form an Independent organization. This they have done and as a result of their activity, and the activities of the Social Democratic Federation, there are about fifty representatives of labor at Westminster.

The labor representatives had no policy. All they could do was to sit in opposition. Realizing this, a few years ago they laid down a certain programme. This programme contained some main reforms, old age pensions, workmen's competition act for injuries received during employment, the feeding of hungry school children and the legalization of picketing during strikes.

All these reforms have passed into law. The I. L. P. got what they wanted in a modified form and again found themselves without a programme. Hence, a new programme had to be laid out and that programme had to be along socialist lines. There are stirring times ahead of Great Britain. The next five years will witness great changes in government functions.

America is producing surplus goods which she wants to sell to China. China is becoming industrial and intends soon to produce surplus goods of the same kind that America does to sell to America. The capitalists pretend that China and America will grow rich by selling their surpluses to one another. This is like saying that two grocers can get rich by selling the same kind of canned goods to each other. On the Stock Exchange such an operation is known as a wash sale and is punishable by law.

In New Haven, Conn., a prominent politician made eighteen thousand dollars by selling a building site to the city. The deal is being investigated. According to our plute friends, it is a shame the way investigation committees are attempting to cut off profits arising from private initiative.

The coming fight will be between the oppressors and the oppressed, between the haves and the have-nots. The Churches draw their revenues from the haves. How can they turn traitor and fight for the have-nots? The churches will pretend to carry out social reforms; but their pretensions will always remain nothing but words and good intentions.

The Anglican Church of Montreal is beginning to study the housing problem of the poor. They will do as the Church has done in Great Britain. They will make some of the present Montreal slum areas respectable. They will, by so doing, force the slum people to go and settle in some other area which is at present respectable.

The Revd. Mr. French in the Synod denounced certain notorious saloons. Mr. French is great on tackling notorious evils which are unpopular. Will Mr. French attack the evils of capitalism? Not on your life! It would not be policy. The capitalists contribute to the support of his big church

ALDERMAN L. A. LAPOINTE

We have had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with one of the City Fathers of Montreal, namely, Alderman Lapointe.

Comrade St. Martin and the present writer called at the City Clerk's office with regard to the problem of the unemployed of Montreal. Mr. Lapointe was present and, finding that we were socialists, immediately began a tirade of ridicule against socialists and socialism. We were going to add that he ridiculed the socialist philosophy. Alderman Lapointe, however, did not ridicule the socialist philosophy, because he was absolutely ignorant of the subject.

We studied Alderman Lapointe and regarded him keenly. Mr. Lapointe is a tall and portly gentleman with a florid complexion and fierce moustaches. He radiates an atmosphere of energy and prosperity as a flower radiates beauty.

Alderman Lapointe is the typical product of the Montreal capitalistic civic government. He can talk fiercely; he can laugh uproariously at his own jokes. He can give an impression to an ignorant voter that he is very learned and well-acquainted with subjects about which he knows very little.

Mr. Lapointe attacked socialism vigorously. He uttered much ridicule at which he himself laughed and at which the civic employees around him smiled faintly. Alderman Lapointe is a power in the council and it is policy on the part of the employees to smile at the big man's jokes.

From what he could gather from Mr. Lapointe's conversation, he holds that it is not the duty of a city to take care of its destitute. He holds the opinion that a man out of work and starving is a proper object for scorn and ridicule on the part of a City Father.

It does not matter to Alderman Lapointe that city after city is voting relief funds for the care of the unemployed. Mr. Lapointe is well fed and prosperous. Mr. Lapointe is enjoying life and what it can give. Therefore, any question, any individual, any suffering which impinges on his consciousness, should be beaten out of his ken by brute force, a torrent of words and the shafts of ridicule.

The sooner such men as Lapointe are ousted from the Council and retired to private life, the better. We want no self-satisfied, florid and incompetent men in the City Council whose ears are deaf to the cry of suffering. We want no men there who consider it one of their functions to ridicule the cry of starving women and children. The city needs men of brains, men of sympathy, men of humility, as our City Fathers, who will heed the cry of distress and will give aid.

NATIONALIZATION OF RAILROADS

The government of Great Britain will shortly nationalize the railways. The change from private to government ownership will come about partly because labor demands it and partly because the owners of the railways want to unload on the government.

The railways of Great Britain are over capitalized. The railways have had to pay immense sums for the right of way over dual properties. The directors have also followed the pernicious principle of charging up all new rolling stock to capital account. They have paid enormous sums in salaries to titled directors who did nothing. The result has been that British railways only yield a dividend of between two and three per cent.

British Consols yield the same return as railway stock and are a far safer investment. The stock holders therefore are willing and anxious to hand over the railway systems to the nation and to exchange their railway shares for Consols.

The Irish landlords were perfectly content to unload their lands on the British public. The railroad owners are perfectly willing to unload their railroad shares. The national debt of Great Britain will be augmented and

the government will own the railroads. The socialists do not object; but will devise some scheme that will eventually wipe out the debt to the profit of the laborer.

TARIFF REFORM

It looks as though tariff reform will carry in Great Britain. The unemployed have become so numerous that something must be done to give them work. The capitalistic government will force through tariff reform as a stopgap to social discontent. Foreign goods will be excluded and new factories will have to be erected to supply the home market with goods.

Protection brings about a passing boom. While the manufacturers are getting ready to supply the home market, many laborers are engaged. When, however, the factories have been built, many men will be thrown out of employment and the conditions will rapidly return to their present state. They may be worse as high prices will prevent the goods from being sold and there will be stagnation and even greater suffering than at present.

The socialist movement will not stop. The agitators will continue to awaken the workers to their economic position. When the depression comes, as it must come within a year of the establishment of protection, the unemployed and the starving will be fully revolutionized and the master class will have to do something to stave off the surrendering of their privileges. The master class will probably give free bread to the nations.

FREE BREAD

Russell Wallace, the eminent British scientist and collaborator of Darwin in the theory of evolution, worked out some twenty years ago a scheme for giving free bread to all the people of England at government expense. Two or three years ago he brought out another book in which his scheme was brought up to date.

Wallace is the foremost scientist of Great Britain. He has gone into the scheme in a most painstaking manner. He shows that nearly all the evils come from the struggle for bread. Drunkenness, squalor, misery, prostitution all arise from the struggle of people to get a living. England could provide free bread of the best quality for all the people at the same cost as her poor relief. Give the people free bread and the necessity for poor relief would largely disappear. Great Britain, moreover, could lay in a three years' supply of wheat and prepare herself to feed the nation during a time of war.

As the socialist movement progresses, the capitalists will, probably put Wallace's scheme into operation to stave off socialism. This action will nonplus the socialists for a while. It will not, however, prevent the ultimate triumph of socialism in Great Britain.

Bernard Shaw in one of his satires declares that the British people are raising the old Roman cry of "Panis et circenses," bread and the circus. When the hungry mob of Rome rose the senators or emperors would silence them by giving them free corn, brought from Egypt, and gladiatorial shows. They kept the hungry bodies fed and distracted the idle minds with exhibitions. The ruling class in England will try to keep the hungry bodies fed and the mind occupied with theatrical shows. Even at the present time Archbishops and ministers are raising futile protests against the indecent shows now given in theatres.

Rome went to her decay; but Great Britain is not Rome. The British people are reared under a northern sky and will not be content nor fooled with such empty shows. The socialists will continue their agitation and the free bread will start the ball rolling. If free bread is good then free garments will be good. If free garments are good free shelter will also be excellent. The result will be that the master class in giving free bread will but show the working class how foolish it is to give rent to men who do nothing useful.

Socialism will come in Great Britain. It is inevitable. It is according to the genius of the British race to evolve into socialism.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE FARMERS

The activity of the Canadian government with regard to farmers has been prodigious. Pamphlets have been put out on all conceivable agricultural subjects. Tons of advice have been given to the farmers and the whole sum and substance can be summed up in the little word "work."

Has any advice come to the farmers from the Department of Agriculture about how to buy automobiles? Has any advice come to the farmer's wives about the different qualities of silk? Does the Department of Agriculture give any information as to the best methods to adopt and the most comfortable routes to select when the farmer's wives want to take a trip to Europe? No, the Agriculture Department puts out no advice like that for the farmers.

What do the farmers want with automobiles or silk dresses or European trips? Everybody knows that it is up to the farmer to work and work hard.

What he wants to know is how to produce the richest cream. Mind, after the cream is produced, the farmer and the farmer's wives and children must not use any of it on their porridge for breakfast. That cream must be shipped to Montreal where it will go to the rich man's table in luscious fatness, or where it will go to the poor man's table with all the water that it can hold according to law or with more water than the law allows in it if the milk inspector is not on to his job.

The farmer produces and does not consume and all the activities of the Department of Agriculture are bent to make him a better producer so that others may consume more. The theory is that the more the farmer produces the more he will be able to buy. As a matter of practice the more the farmers produce, the less he gets for his product.

Our whole system is against the farmers becoming rich. A few farmers may get to be worth ten thousand dollars; but this is all they can get. To get it the farmer must work like a slave all his life. He will wake up as an old man with his life gone and no pleasures. The city man with a few twists of the pen and with a capitalistic government to grant him favors can make millions overnight. The farmers can get lots of work for little pay on the farm.

Did we hear some farmer say that he knows of farmers who have made twenty thousand dollars? This may be true, but the farmer did not make it in farming. He must have made it in shaving notes.

We heard Patterson-Smyth in St. George's church bewail the fact that young men do not patronize St. George's Church nor assist in parish work. Of course they do not. Any young man with gumption and with a desire to do good and relieve poverty will not direct his actions through the red tape of the Anglican Church. The method is too slow and the results are infinitesimal compared with the money and time expended.

The Republicans of the U. S., are giving grand banquets in honor of Lincoln, the great President who freed the niggers. At these banquets no niggers are allowed, save those who slip the soup.

Charles W. Eliot, formerly president of Harvard University is just coming to see that capitalism creates wage slavery; but, poor man, he cannot see the remedy any more than can the bunch who run Old McGill.

The old idea in religion was that a man should be content to stay in the position in which God has placed him. The new idea is that God has placed many in positions in order that they may get out of them as fast as they can.

Three thousand unemployed working men fought each other for jobs in Chicago last week at the gates of the Illinois Steel Plant. City Father Lapointe might study this fact and spend a quarter of an hour quietly thinking.

DARKEST MONTREAL

Just before the last Dominion elections a small socialist sheet was put out in Montreal. Only two copies appeared, yet the fact was heralded throughout the socialist press of the world that a new organ had started. British, German, Austrian, Italian, Russian and other socialist papers spread the news that a socialist paper had been started in darkest Montreal.

To radicals and socialists Montreal is looked upon as a dark and forbidding city of ignorance. In Montreal the capitalistic theory runs riot. The city is priest ridden and immoral. The people have not yet begun to think. They let their priests whether Protestant or Catholic and their big capitalists, who are nothing but legalized robbers, do their thinking for them.

Montreal and Quebec rule Canada politically. The priests and the capitalists rule Montreal and Quebec and consequently Canada is ruled by ignorance, superstition and robbery. When Quebec awakes, Canada will be free.

There is a glorious work of enlightenment to be done in darkest Montreal. Prejudice runs high and blind bigotry walks honored and revered in high places. But there are men in Montreal who are awakening the premier of the Dominion to her own backwardness. We prophesy great things for the socialist cause in Montreal. The movement is neither dead nor sleeping. It is wide awake and organized for victory.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

The French Chamber of Deputies has voted a million francs to assist the unemployed. Montreal has a council which thinks such votes to be folly.

Five thousand and two hundred married women in Berlin, Germany, are hunting work and are on the verge of starvation. The capitalistic system of production whether in Germany or elsewhere is rotten.

The plute organs gravely inform an awe struck audience that socialism will break up the home. In the States there are seven million unmarried men under the present system. Socialism will give these men an opportunity to live the home life.

Dr. Matthias Nicol states that one-fourth of the school children of New York City are in a starving condition and unfit to study. The socialists want the city to feed the children. Socialists are often more Christian than the churches.

The laws of France compel every writer in the newspaper to sign his name to his articles. This law should be introduced into Canada. We would like to know the names of the writers who are turning out the drivel in some of our daily papers.

Mr. Dooley says that he sees great changes in three years; but few changes in fifty years. Mr. Dooley might have gone farther and declared that there is little difference between Christian capitalism and Roman Paganism.

Well, well, well! Here's Patterson-Smyth of St. George's Church, Montreal, declaring that the age is to humanitarian. Go through the sweated industries of Montreal, Smyth, my boy, and you will begin to think that the age is too brutal.

The Anglican Church of Montreal, is going to take up social reform. We are glad to see this as the activities of the Church will relieve a little of the oppression. But while the Church is busy fussing away at reforms that will not hurt dividends, we will keep right on fighting for the abolition of the privileged classes which support the Anglican Church.

SOCIALIST PROPAGANDA

Devoted to the Study and Discussion
of Problems Incident to the Growth

OF THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST MOVEMENT

SOME INTERESTING QUOTATIONS

Encyclopedia Britannica—"The ethics of Socialism are identical with the ethics of Christianity."

Professor Francesco Nitti, University of Naples—"The morality Socialism teaches is by far superior to that of its adversaries."

Von Schierbrand, author of "Germany" p.96—"Socialism, alone of the score of political parties in the empire, has great ideals and aims, and it, alone, is a living and growing force, throbbing with power, with hope, and with faith in its own destiny."

Professor Richard T. Ely University of Wisconsin—"It may be said, indeed, that nothing in the present day is so likely to awaken the conscience of the ordinary man or woman, or to increase the sense of responsibility, as a thorough course in Socialism. The study of Socialism has proved the turning point in thousands of lives, and converted self-seeking men and women into self-sacrificing toilers for the masses."

Von Schierbrand, page 95 of "Germany"—"Socialism has quickened the intellect of the worker, and has first enabled him to think, however faultily, on political and economic topics. It has, by organizing thousands of social clubs, given these whilom, dull and torpid masses a genuine taste for and appreciation of purely esthetic pleasures. The Socialists in Germany have done what the government had left undone, viz., founded thousands of workingmen's libraries. In this respect the socialist press has done wonders."

Professor Flint, University of Edinburgh—"Socialism is undoubtedly spreading. It is, therefore, right and expedient that its teachings, its aims, its tendencies, its accusations and promises, should be honestly and seriously examined."

SOME STRAIGHT STABS

With the Pen

GEO. W. PATTERSON

The man without money is the man without honor to-day. The meaning of success is simply to get rich any old way in double quick time; this is the highest honor modern society has to offer you, young man. When a man does become very rich, oh, he is so good and great; a kind of little God with wonderful brains; he must be looked up to you know. But when you come down to hard thinking it is the money that is worshipped and not the man. Bah! what a lovely civilization!

Now look here, George and Teddy and Bill and all the young ladies too: don't you want something better than the worship of Mammon? Why certainly you do. Well, then, on you rests the task and you have the privilege to abolish this rotten Capitalist System and to establish in its place the Co-operative Commonwealth. This matter of being rich or poor in worldly goods will be a back number then. Everyone will have all the material things they require if they do their share in the world's work. Making a living will be a pleasure. There will be leisure for cultivating the spiritual and moral side of the being instead of scratching for a miserable existence.

At last after centuries of the struggle for existence we have arrived at a system of living, or economy, where we can command mother earth to give us all the necessities and luxuries of life. It only remains to make it possible for every man, woman and child to enjoy this blessing. It can be done, it must be done and it will be done. Ten million men demand it. Millions would like to see it. A few thousand of Capitalists form the real opposition. We must own the things required to produce and reproduce life instead of allowing the Capitalists to own them. We must send men of our own class and ideas to Parliament. They must be Socialists because they will not try to patch up this old system but will abolish these laws that keep us down. Obey the laws, but make laws that are worth obeying.

Therefore I say to you To and Fred

and Harry, join in this world wide movement, read its literature and support its newspapers. Your life will not have been in vain if you do your best to ring in the great new period of civilization. You are wanted by Truth, Justice and Freedom. The twentieth century is yours boys! Join our ranks! March on!

COMPETITION

ROSCOE A. FILLMORE

No doubt you have many times been told that competition is the life of trade and you have settled it in your own mind that competition is a good thing. Let us consider the matter.

Ruskin said "Competition is war." John Bright in speaking before the Peace Society in Edinburgh said "In a short sentence it (war) may be summed up to be the combination and concentration of all the horrors, atrocities, crimes and sufferings of which human nature on this globe is capable." This is the competition system in industry. A truer definition could not be written.

And, my readers, you are voting for this system, which crushes virtue and crowns robbery, every time you vote the ticket of one of the old parties. You are upholding a system which places yourself and your children at the mercy of the worst bunch of cutthroats, thieves and adulterers that ever encumbered the earth.

You are condoning the use of militia to shoot your comrades when they endeavor to improve their conditions; the cutting of wages in department stores, factories, etc., which drives your wives, daughters, and sisters into the brothel; the murder of countless millions of little children by adulterated foods, labor in factories, and by overworking the mothers before the children are born.

You are voting for economic conditions which drive strong men to desert their wives and children and take to the road; which drive 2000 men into the bread line at the Bowery Mission in New York City and 5000 school children to school breakfastless in the same city; which are responsible for countless murders, burglaries, suicides and crimes too numerous to mention.

This is one side of the picture my readers. Now let us glance at the other side. By your votes you have allowed a small clique to gain control of the earth, nay, more, you have given them the earth and thus sold yourself and children into perpetual bondage. You have given them the right to appropriate four-fifths of the product of your toil; employ you in dangerous occupations without properly safeguarding your lives and if you are injured through the wilful negligence of these owners you may henceforth beg for bread.

By voting for the private ownership of the earth you have made possible of the existence such lecherous, lascivious beasts as have figured in the Thaw murder trial, the Gould and Hotte divorce trials, etc. You have allowed these human serpents to debauch the daughters of your class. You have allowed them to sport around in automobiles and steam yachts, which you built, while the blood of your children stained the very clothes which they wear. All this and much more you have done by your votes.

Now my brothers what are you going to do about it? Are you determined to continue supporting this regime of bloodshed, robbery, prostitution and crime or are you sick of it?

We of the Socialist party can offer you a chance to do away with all this. We can offer you clean, noble, live ideals and the education necessary to realize them. We offer you a chance to become a partner with the working-class in the ownership of the earth and in its exploitation for the benefit of all.

We offer you an equal share with all others in the tools which you must use in order to produce your daily bread. In short my friend we offer co-operation to take the place of competition; industrial peace against strikes, lockouts and the class struggle; beautiful homes instead of rented tenements; healthy, happy children and an education for them instead of stunted, deformed little creatures in sweatshops. All this we offer you and more.

Is not this worth sacrificing and fight-

ing for. Isn't it worth while to know that you are marching side by side with the greatest and best men and women that this old earth has ever borne upon her bosom, and in the greatest cause that ever inspired man? Are you with us readers? Competition or Cooperation—which shall it be?

CAUSE OF WAR

By WILLIAM RESTELLE

Someone, an Anglican divine, if we mistake not, once said that men have preached religion, argued about religion, fought and died for religion, but never lived religion. With commerce it is somewhat different. Men have never preached it, argued about it, or put it into thirty-nine articles, but they have lived, fought and died for it as ardently as they have burned heretics at the stake.

The love of riches, wrote the Apostle Paul, is the root of all evil. It is certainly the root of most wars, notwithstanding the many plausible reasons given for them by their promulgators. Of course, men are naturally loath to admit that they split each other skulls with the intent to pillage each other's possessions. Higher motives, they insist, impel them to take up the sword against their fellow men. Such is human nature. The reason can usually justify any misdemeanor committed under the frown of a protesting conscience. So it is with nations. When they attack a rival nation or invade another's country, they always do so in the interests of liberty, civilization and religion. The individually we be selfish, collectively we are altruistic, for we are never snared into a war by the spirit of our own covetousness.

It is now admitted by historians that war is at bottom an economic institution. Behind all the grievances, real and imagined, with which races justify themselves in the eyes of the world for attacking other races, are usually to be found the symptoms of land-hunger, the craving for more customers, more markets, more wealth. The flag is pushed into foreign lands that trade may follow it.

CRIME AND EMPLOYMENT

Periods of depression always produce an increase in crime. If men commit less crime during periods of abundant employment, then it follows that the lack of employment causes crime. And if lack of employment causes crime, the men who commit crime are not to blame for the lack of employment is the cause. And you who vote for a system that permits a willing man to be unemployed are really guilty of the crimes. Crime will disappear when the causes of it are removed. Very few who have good jobs and comfortable homes commit crimes. But these same men commit crimes when they are thrown out of employment and begin to see their families suffer. Then, it follows that if all men were assured steady employment at decent wages, crime would disappear—at least all crimes against property, and such against persons as had for their object the obtaining of property. Socialism will assure every man and woman employment and hence will do away with crimes connected with the accumulation of property.

BRAIN JOGGERS

"Pour thy purse into thy head" said Shakespeare. That is good advice. You should spend money on books, especially on Socialist books, for they deal with interesting problems in an interesting way. The following pamphlets are brain-joggers—all of them being written by the ablest Socialist writers in America. "The man under the machine," "Easy lessons in Socialism," "Forces that make for Socialism in America," "Where we stand," "Packington," "Socialism and the organized Labor Movement." Any or all of these may be obtained from Will R. Shier, 314 Wellesley St., Toronto. Price five cents each or the six for twelve two cent stamps.

PROGRESS

But men march ever on to better things. The race inherits what the future brings. The flaming torch of Progress lights the way. And leads men thru the dark to meet the day. Earth holds the joys of life in store for all. And his just share to every man shall fall. Where'er the new enlightened day shall break, And all the world in Brotherhood awake.

LITTLE LUMPS

By GERALD O'CONNEL DESMOND

Under socialism we will all be stockholders in the Bank of Freedom.

All the world is to be free and it is a mighty big job. But the reward is as big as the task.

Don't call your fellow workers "ladies or gentlemen." It is more in the nature of an insult than a compliment, as things are now.

Don't try to raise yourself out of your class. That is the act of a traitor. Stay right with your class and help it in the struggle for emancipation.

Socialism does not mean a change from one kind of economic slavery to another. It means a full and complete abolition of all economic slavery.

There are three separate degrees of the Order of Comradeship. We all take the first degree. That is the degree of comradeship in misfortune—in economic slavery. We workers are initiated with that at birth.

The second degree in Comradeship is Revolt. We take that degree when we become "class-conscious" and join in the Socialist movement in the fight for Freedom. Have you taken the second degree yet? Any old socialist can put you through the initiation ceremony.

The third and last degree of the Order of Comradeship has never been administered yet. It is the comradeship of humanity in the co-operative commonwealth. Say, how I am longing to take that third degree!

The capitalist who tells you he will pay "what you are worth" is a liar. No capitalist ever, knowingly, pays you what you are worth. The essence of capitalism is to pay less than you are worth. That is how profit is made.

Our comrades in Russia and elsewhere must face death daily for the cause. Wont that thought spur us on to give a few cents, a little time, or an effort of hand or brain for it?

Capitalism tends to reduce the worker to a diet of liver—with bologna once a week for a change. Under socialism the worker would be able to stab his fork into the porterhouse steak and pass the liver on to Fido.

Every prospector knows that the gold will sink to the bottom of the pan and the rubbish come to the top. It is the same right through the world to-day. The real "gold" of humanity is at the bottom of the social system. The so-called "upper crust" is mostly scum and rubbish.

The grocer who puts sand in his sugar should be encouraged by all good socialists. The workers want "sand". As soon as they muster the requisite "sand" to demand the full value of their produce, they will never be that without the "sugar" of life.

It takes a combination of brains (to understand) pluck (to act fearlessly) and feelingly (for humanity) to make good socialists. The fool, the coward and the brute have no place in the mighty movement to strike the chains from the enslaved producers.

If you find 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 for you to subscribe. You will get your money's worth in sound education and help make the existence of a paper fighting the battle of the plain people.

The capitalists let the farmers own their own farms. It pays them better to make the farmers think they are getting rich while they are being kept poor and the capitalists get rich.

There were no unemployed people until capitalism came to hire them.

Every really hard-worked man or woman is working for somebody else.

For Quality and Quantity



STAG
BRIGHT PLUG
CHEWING TOBACCO
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PLATFORM

Socialist Party of Canada

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

How to Organize

FROM OFFICIAL CONSTITUTION OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For Charter application, etc., write D. G. McKENZIE, Secretary the Socialist Party of Canada, Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.

TEMPERANCE QUESTION

SEPARATE ACCOUNTS

Section 110 of the Quebec license law provides that: "Every grocer, in the account which he delivers to his customers for sales (of liquor) made by him, shall enter his sales of intoxicating liquor separately from his other sales."

This is a beautiful provision of the law. We have been endeavoring to find out the reason why it has been enacted and several reasons have suggested themselves to our mind. We wonder if our readers can guess the real reason for its enactment?

The reason is the following. In our large cities there are many fashionable ladies who like their alcoholic beverages. Their husbands while content to booze themselves, do not like their wives to fall into the same habit. They will not give their wives money but will let them run accounts which they are careful to respect on presentation.

Now the ladies formerly would go to their grocer and order their favorite brand and they would persuade the grocer to enter up the beverages bought, under the heading of butter or eggs, tea or coffee.

This was deceitful and the husbands ran to the legislature for protection. Now the grocer can be fined if he does not charge up alcoholic goods purchased under their proper names and in a separate account.

The law is not half bad, but it needs to be completed. The Quebec legislature should, enact that, as husbands want to inspect their wives' whiskey bills, the whiskey bills of husbands should be presented to wives for careful inspection and comment.

THE DEMOCRATIC BAR

Section 116 of the Quebec license law provides, "Not more than one drinking bar shall be kept therein, under the penalties mentioned in article 137."

An hotel can have only one bar. Let us salute it as being in theory the most democratic institution in the country. There the tall silk hat will have to rub against the slouch cap of the worker. There the gentleman and loafer are on an equality as they sip their alcoholic beverages or guzzle their whisky according to the degree of their thirst.

The intention of the law, no doubt, was to make all the thirsty men drink in the one place. Liquor is an evil to be confined to as small an area as possible; hence the enactment of the one bar clause.

But somehow or other the one drinking bar idea does not pan out in practice. There are disgusting sights to be seen in a bar room and the swell guzzlers want to guzzle as gentlemen should with no unseemly sights of red noses but their own.

Thus the private room is called into being and the minions of the bar keeper hustle with the fiery fluids all over the building.

While there may be only one drinking bar in a hotel it is a safe bet that the hotel keeper will allow his guests to quench their thirst anywhere in the building they like as long as they pay the price.

NO LIQUOR FOR DRINKS

The first half of section 117 of the Quebec license law declares that, "Intoxicating liquors shall not at any time be knowingly sold therein to drunken persons."

This is one of those clauses which the license law worshippers admire so profoundly. These people think that it is the height of wisdom to forbid the sale of alcoholic poison to a drunken man.

It is a good idea not to let a hotel keeper sell liquor to a drunken person. But the law nowhere defines what a drunk is.

There are two views of what a drunken man is. To the refined church-going lady a drunken man is one whose breath smells of beer. To the profit-hunting barkeep a man is not drunk until he has to lie down on the grass and hold on with his hands to keep himself from rolling off the earth into space.

The whole trouble with the license law is that it is fundamentally wrong. The law hands a destructive but profitable trade over into the hands of a bunch of selfish wretches who are in the business to make money. The law then tells these wretches to make all the money they can but they must not do certain things which, if done, would be very profitable. Can people wonder that whisky sellers break the law as often as they can? It is to their interest to break the law and they proceed

to do it on every possible occasion. No wonder the people are sick of whisky sellers and want to send the whole bunch of them hunting some other job.

FROM THE SAGE OF PIGEON HILL

Casual Events Interestingly Noted by a Keen Observer

The hen never jokes when she lays her egg. She is always in her nest (in earnest.)

Why is a bigoted ecclesiastic like a puppy? Because he cleaves pertinaciously to his dog-ma.

We have found a man so stingy that he wears a wart on the back of his neck to save the price of a collar button.

One of our village bakers has invented a new kind of yeast, which makes bread so light that a pound loaf only weighs eight ounces.

A young lady of delicate variety fainted the other day when told that gun barrels were often exhibited without breeches.

According to Judge Cassel's idea, a man who only gets two thousands per annum salary, ought to have sympathy handed out to him if he gets caught grafting. What about the poor laboring man who works for a dollar a day? Should he get caught grafting a loaf of bread to feed his little ones, he would get the full rigor of the law. O, ye people how long will ye suffer it thus.

THE MODEL MINISTER

He never exchanges. Is not particular whether he occupies a four-storey house or a ten footer for a parsonage. Considers donation parties an invention of the adversary. Preaches round the commandments in such a circular manner so as not to hit any one or the peculiarities of his parishioners. Selects the hymns to suit the singing choir, instead of himself. Never forgets when excited in a debate that the pulpit cushions are expensive articles. Visits all his people once a year, and receives their visits whenever they choose to inflict them upon him. Brings forth things new and old every Sunday; more particularly old. Knows by intuition at a funeral the state of every distant relative of the deceased. Always hits the right nail on the head when he baptizes a girl. Never afflicts the anxious mother by pronouncing Louisa "Louizy." Frowns upon all attempts to get him a new overcoat. Looks upon bronchitis, throat complaints and trips to Europe as modern humbugs. Never wears a better coat than any of his parishioners for the simple reason that he cannot get it. Submits his personal expenses to a committee of the greatest dunderheads in his congregation. Has the eloquence of Paul; the wisdom of Solomon; the patience of Job; the meekness of Moses; the constitution of an elephant; and lives on what he can get.

AN OPIUM SALOON

One of the places I had the curiosity to visit at Singapore was the opium smoker in his heaven; and certainly it was a most fearful sight. Although perhaps not so degrading to the eyes as the drunkard from spirits, the idiotic smile and deathlike stupor of the opium debauchee, have something far more awful to the gaze than the beastliness of the latter.

The rooms where the Chinese sit and smoke are surrounded by wooden couches with places for the head to rest upon and generally a side room is devoted to gambling. The pipe is a reed about an inch in diameter and the aperture in the bowl for the admission of the opium is not larger than a pea. On a beginner, one or two pipes will have an effect; but an old stager will continue smoking for hours. A few days of this fearful luxury when taken to excess, will impart a pallid and haggard look to the features, and a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong man into a little better than an idiotic skeleton.

About nine o'clock in the evening, these infatuated people may be seen in all different stages of their intoxication. Some enter half distracted to feed their craving appetite. Others laugh and talk under the effects of the pipe.

While the couches around are filled with their different occupants who lie languidly with an idiotic smile upon their countenance, so completely under the influence of the drug as to regard passing events and fast merging to the wished-for consumption.

The last scene in this tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building, a species of a morgue, where lie sheltered those who have passed in-

A LONDON DOCTOR

Tells How to Cure Stomach and Liver Troubles.

A distinguished London physician during the course of a recent lecture on stomach and liver troubles, gives the following advice:—

"Be moderate in the use of heavy, rich foods. Do not eat hurriedly, and thoroughly masticate the food. If your habits are sedentary, take a moderate amount of exercise before retiring and immediately upon arising. Do not use strong cathartic pills, many of which are advertised as sure cures, but in reality do injury by weakening the system. If you find it necessary to use any laxative, stick to the old-fashioned vegetable mixture, viz:—

Fluid Extract Cascara..... ½ oz.
Syrup Rhubarb..... 1 oz.
Carrianna Compound..... 1 oz.
Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla 5 oz.

Take one teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime.

This acts in a gentle, natural way, and is free from the weakening effects of strong purgatives.

The ingredients can be bought separately, and anyone can mix them at home. This information will be of benefit to our readers and is worth keeping.

to the state of bliss which the opium eater seeks. An emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying.

A GOOD CUSTOM

When a Spaniard eats a peach or pear by the road side wherever he is he digs a hole in the ground with his feet and covers the seed. Consequently all over Spain by the road side and elsewhere fruit in abundance tempts the taste and is ever-free. Let this practice be imitated in our country, and the weary wanderer will be blest and will bless the hand that ministered to his comfort and joy. We are bound to leave the world as good or better than we found it and he is a selfish churl who basks under the shadow and eats the fruit of trees which other hands have planted, if he will not also plant trees which shall yield fruit to coming generations.

SHEAR WIT

Amusing Stories to While Away the Lighter Moments

FAR CHEAPER

Patient—"How much is it to get this tooth out?"

Dentist—"Five shillings with gas, sir."

Patient—"That's all right. I'll come back in the morning and get it took out in daylight."

A WORD IN SEASON

Mother (in a low voice)—"Tommy, your grandfather is very ill. Can't you say something nice to cheer him up a bit?"

Tommy (earnestly)—"Grandfather, wouldn't you like to have soldiers at your funeral?"

OF COURSE

An Irishman landing at Greenock from the Derry boat, a few weeks ago, made his way to the General Post Office to see if there was a letter for him.

"Is there a letter here for me?" he asked. "What is your name?" asked the clerk. "Bad luck to your sowl. Isn't my name on the envelope?"

ENDANGERING THE ENTENTE CORDIALE

There is a small boy in Glasgow whose father is a Frenchman, but he himself, having been born on this side of the English Channel, considers himself a Britisher. Judge of the father's surprise the other evening when the youngster, looking up from his history book, said—"Papa, we gave you a fearful licking at the Battle of Waterloo, didn't we?"

HE KNEW

Scene—Public school in small village in Fifehire.

Teacher, giving geography lesson—"Johnny, what is the name of the principal river in Egypt?"

Johnny—"The Nile."

Teacher—"That's right. Now, Tommy, you may name the Nile's smaller tributaries."

Tommy—"Juveniles."

Collapse of teacher.

THE FIRST HELLO GIRL

They were seated around a table in a well-known cafe, and the conversation had turned upon the development of the flying machine and other fruits of the inventive genius of the day.

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed a solemn faced, lantern-jawed member of the party. "What of it? The old folks were not so slow. Look at the telephone claimed as a modern invention. Why say, it's the oldest on record."

"You better see your doctor."

What's the matter with you?" asked

another. "Oh I mean it," said the solemn faced man. "Telephone service date's back to the garden of Eden—that's where it originated. The garden's call was 2-8-1 Apple."

Then he dodged the remnant of a sandwich, reached for his hat and was gone.

KNOWN BY HIS FRIENDS

A forlorn looking man was brought before a magistrate for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. When asked what he had to say for himself, he gazed pensively at the judge, smoothed down a remnant of gray hair, and said "Your honor, 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn. I'm not as debased as Swift, as profigate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, or as debauched as—"

"That will do," thundred the magistrate. "Thirty days! And, officer, take a list of those names and run 'em in. They're as bad a lot as he is."

WAS A CALCULATOR

The long-haired man in the frock-coat saw the red-faced man with his hair rumpled up lying on a seat on the "sub" platform, and he bore down upon him at once.

"My friend," he said, gently, "did you ever reckon up that if you had placed the price of one drink out at compound interest at the time of the building of Solomon's temple you would now have £3,460,284?"

The red-faced man raised himself up on one elbow, and said:

"No; I hadn't figured it out, but I'm something of a calculator—all the same, and if you don't get away about 137 yards in nine and a half seconds, I'll hit you seventeen times and make you see 42,000 stars. I've just had four teeth pulled for one pound five, and you'd better get away before the arithmetic class gets over the ropes and calls time."

BY RIGHT

"I understand you thrashed my boy this morning," the angry parent said, striding into the schoolroom after the children had been dismissed.

"Yes, I did," the master answered; "but I did not thrash him severely."

"That's what I am angry about," rejoined the parent; "you didn't hurt him at all. Now, look here, sir; I'm one of the largest ratepayers in my street, and my boy is entitled to as good a thrashing as you give any other boy. Understand that! If you slight him again you'll hear from me in a way you won't like. Good afternoon, sir."

THE LATE STRANGER

A certain lawyer tells an amusing story of the trouble he experienced with an Irish witness in a case concerned with an accident on the railway. This witness had evidently been carefully coached by counsel for the Company, for when the question was put to him—"Was the man found on the track a total stranger?" the wary Celt replied—"I should say not, sir. Seen't that his left leg was gone I should say, sir, that he was a partial stranger."

DIFFICULTIES

"What does it mean when it says, 'Mr Jones will be run in the Liberal interest?'" asked the foreigner.

"That's only another way of saying he will stand."

"But stand? Stand for what?"

"Why, for the seat, of course," replied the instructor as if it were all as clear as noonday.

An hour labor the puzzled Frenchman might have been heard saying softly to himself, "When you run, you stand; when you stand, it is for a seat. Oh! you wonderful English."

THE MAN WITH THE REFERENCES

A Scotchman and an Irishman one day applied for a job on board a ship. The Scotchman had a large number of references, etc.; the Irishman had none; but the captain gave them both a job. He gave them each a pail with a rope attached to draw water from, over the side of the vessel.

"After a short time the Scotchman overbalanced himself, and fell into the sea. The Irishman then ran to the captain, and said, 'Hey, dae ye ken thon man ye gin the job tae tae draw water, wi' a' thon bundle o' papers?' The captain said—"Yes. What about him?" The Irishman said, "Well, he's ran awa' wi' yer pail."

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Bears the

Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

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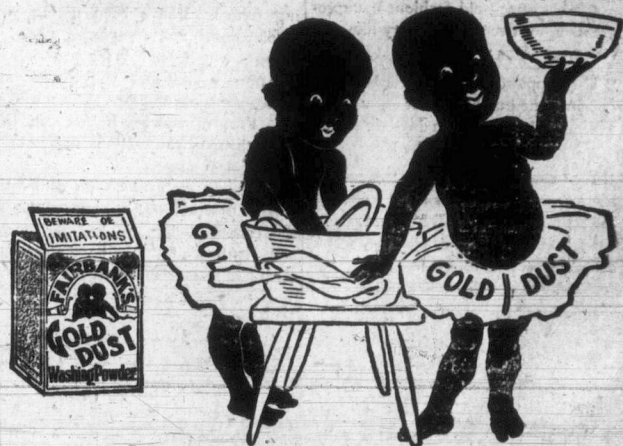
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The GOLD DUST way is the right way and should have the right-of-way over all other cleaners.

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Letters to the Editor

The Estimate of Life

EDITOR COTTON'S WEEKLY:

Dear Sir:—I would like to say a few words in regard to a short article entitled, "Your Estimate of Life," taken from "Appeal" and published in your last issue.

"What do you want in this old world, anyway? Is it work, work, work, and a little to eat and wear, and to see others who work not, live in the palaces, dress in the finest work skill has woven, and slide around the earth in palace cars, yachts and automobiles?" etc.

Mr. Editor of COTTON'S WEEKLY, this is a seed of discontent and trouble that I do not like to see sown.

No, I am not a Capitalist, and I do not understand Socialism—I am of the "Common People," a lover of them, and a humble, kindergarten student of human nature.

As such I have learnt that it is true that a man's personal happiness and his social power are caused by what he is, not by what he has. I would not suggest to these People, whom you have taken under your somewhat turbulent wing, that if they are dissatisfied with their conditions the remedy is money taken from men who by greater strength of intellect, will, talent, or knavery have got the lion's share.

Just tell them, instead, to first find out whether they are exhausting to the utmost the opportunities that are already their own. Tell them that in the everlasting order of things as they utilize one opportunity another will come to them—onlookers can seldom see why, how or where from, but inexorably they come.

Ask them if they are doing their best to keep mind and body clean and under control.

It is a trait of human nature to think that one's own unhappiness is the other fellow's fault. When we get to the bottom of things, if we are honest enough to do so, we find that it is our own. Though sometimes the cause dates back to other generations, in which case it is well to counteract it in this one.

What do we want?

The manhood of true men, the womanhood of true women!

Such can never be either oppressed or oppressor.

Yachts, automobiles, palaces, etc. are desirable as are all beautiful things, but infinitely to be preferred is the contentment that comes with the cheerful doing of one's best; the nobility of a clean life; the strength that comes with the mastering of inner impulses that would work for evil of outer circumstances that are adverse to us; and the happiness of a kindly spirit that wishes good to all men and ill to none.

A little verse—old fashioned, unprogressive, un-twentieth-century-like, but very true—says:

"The happiest heart that ever beat was in some humble breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
and left to Heaven the rest."

We seem to have no "Heaven" these days. We needs must know all the strings of the Universe and see to the working of them or else they would certainly become tangled.

Your sincere well wisher,
"STUDENT."

"Student" says that he does not understand Socialism. Socialism, politically and industrially, means all the earth for all the people. Philosophically it means that the goodness in humanity if given half a chance, will overshadow the evil. If Student will study the inequality of riches in old Rome and the resultant corruption and if he will study the modern inequality of riches in the twentieth century of Christ and the resultant corruption, he will have abundant food for thought.—Ed.

WORK

We were discussing the question of the unemployed recently with a prominent farmer of the Eastern Townships. We disagreed entirely upon the subject or rather we disagreed as to what the unemployed needed.

This farmer declared that there was no necessity for anybody being out of work. Any man that wanted to work could find it. This reminds us of a little anecdote about a prominent Eastern Townships advocate.

This advocate, in his younger days, was not too overburdened with the cares of his legal practice. In fact he had very little to do. Into his office one day, as the advocate sat listless, bustling a prospective client with a great bunch of uncollected and uncollectable bills. The bustling waved the bunch of claims under the eyes of the advocate and exclaimed, "Young man, do you

want business? If you want to do business I can give it to you."

The young lawyer looked at the bustling and at the bunch of claims and said, "No, I don't want business. I want money." The bustling picked up his bunch of uncollectable claims and departed from the office leaving no money behind him.

Work. There is any amount of work to be done in the world. Work is piled up around everyone. Anybody can find all the work they want but the question arises, "What will the worker get?" Will the worker get enough money out of his work to pay his rent, to feed his wife and children, to clothe himself and family and protect the children from the winter's cold? If his labor does not bring him enough money to do this the laborer is but working hard in order that he and his family may live a lingering death.

Undoubtedly there is a lot of work on farms in the Eastern Townships for strong strapping men, if the men will only be content to work for their board and four dollars a month.

Let the Eastern Township farmers remember that the unemployed are not looking for work alone. They are looking for work that will pay enough to keep their wives and children from starving.

ECONOMY

Once there was a poor, but conscious man. While seeking a job in a well regulated and luxuriously appointed establishment he saw, hanging on the wall, a motto which said, "Economy is Wealth." It seemed very sensible to him and he pondered upon it.

To be sure, he had never been extravagant, as he owned no automobiles, kept no servants, had never been to Florida or Europe for his health, and was unacquainted with champagne and brandy and soda.

However, he was not a total abstainer. He had been known to spend nickles for beer and once he spent a whole day's wages at a single labor picnic. As he reflected upon these petty vices he realized the force of the motto and resolved to economize.

By dint of scrupulous retrenchment he found that he could reduce his cost of living from a dollar and ninety-eight cents a day to a dollar and eighty-seven and a half cents.

He was highly pleased with himself, and one day, in a burst of enthusiasm over his success at economy, he told the tale to his boss.

At first the boss congratulated him, but when he found that the man had been economizing for a whole year he became very angry because he had not been told of it sooner. "You are an enemy to society," said the boss. "Here I am struggling day by day to send my daughters to a French finishing school. I have been giving you employment and paying what I thought was necessary for you to live, and now I find that you cheated me by economizing and not telling me of it. For, of course, if you can live more cheaply, you will not object to a reduction in wages."

The poor man made no complaint least he lose his job, but one night, at the risk of being arrested for burglary, he broke into his boss' office and corrected the motto to read: "Economy for the employee is wealth for the employer."

FROM THE SAGE OF PIGEON HILL

Casual Events Interestingly Noted by a Keen Observer

FRENCH AND OTHERWISE

We have read Mr. French's letter to "COTTON'S WEEKLY," and we note that he says that it has been within his line to duty to study the cases of women who have gone astray in many definite instances for over a quarter of a century.

Now, we think that if Mr. French had studied the true Gospel in its many definite forms, he would not now be thanking God for the drastic measures meted out to the poor and ever-to-be-pitied fallen women of Montreal, for we believe that true religion makes all mankind equal in tenderness, compassion, love and

"While the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return."

But some men, even among the so-called Ministers of God, are so narrow-minded that they have not a thought beyond the little sphere of their own vision, and are like into the Hindoo saying:

"The snail sees nothing but his own shell and thinks it the grandest in the universe."

Anything short of a complete abrogation of the profit system is immoral and is not enough.

SUGGESTED MEANS

OF ABOLISHING POVERTY

By MANITA JOHNSON

The following article was written a number of years ago. We need not criticize it as the writer's own actions are its best criticism. During the closing month of the past year the writer formally allied herself with the Socialist party of Canada and is doing her utmost to bring about the economic revolution. She has come to see that mere palliative measures are insufficient.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

RESOURCES

After reading the first part of this article, the natural question will occur to every mind. "Where will the Government obtain the necessary funds to meet these charges?" No person can expect to receive support in early youth, late age, and in time of illness; as well as assured employment always; without having to pay something towards it. It is true that by his labour he does contribute to enrich the State indirectly, but he must do more than that; he must pay a certain amount of money in direct tax at the time of his strength, as the government assures him of his livelihood. Between the ages of 25 and 50 a man is at his best, and between 25 and 45 a woman is strongest. During this period a monthly tax should be paid by every capable person. As the benefit to all is the same, the amount of the tax collected should be the same.

But the main source of the government supply, should be in the succession tax. The writer does not believe that any limit should be placed upon ambition. The greater a man's ability to earn money, the better for him. The State should protect him in every way, but the moment he dies the State should reap the benefit for the guardianship of his rights that it has exercised. The State is really a large family, and every member of that family should inherit a portion of the wealth of one of its deceased members. Moreover we have learned by experience during the last few years, that a man can earn a great deal more money than he can use for his own needs, and some have used their accumulated wealth to oppress the mass. It is impossible to make perfect laws, but it is possible to prevent this oppression to continue. A limit should be placed upon the amount that a man can leave to his heirs. The balance should go without reserve to the Government. Were these two systems of taxation adopted, the Government would dispose of ample funds for the purpose.

As the object of these taxes is to abolish absolute poverty, it follows that if the result aimed at can be achieved, charitable organization will not only be superfluous, but would be degrading. The State, therefore, should take over the assets of all these organizations, whether religious or civil.

GENERAL REMARKS

It will be observed that this scheme is nothing less than government insurance on a large scale. To-day we have life insurance companies issuing all kinds of policies, some payable at death (the object of these being to furnish support to those depending on the insured) some payable after a fixed term of years; the object being to secure the insured's own future. There are policies against sickness and accident. That the public, year by year, has come to regard insurance as a necessity is proved by the statistics of the important insurance companies showing the immense increase of the number of policies issued annually. Yet the insurance scandals now being exposed indicate that the subscribers are not receiving the protection for which they are paying. On the contrary, it has been shown that the enormous funds paid in by the masses have been used by the directors of the Companies to float dishonest schemes for extracting more money from the same people. The present project, would do away with all necessity for a man to fear for the future of himself and dependants. And the money at present paid willingly to the insurance companies in the form of premiums, will be gladly paid to the government for the same purpose. Every soul in the country becomes a member of a mutual insurance company in which all reap benefits, the premiums however, being paid only by capable people. This meets the requirements of the Divine Law, that those able to work must support those who cannot. Any man neglecting to pay his premium to the government, should be compelled to do a certain number of days work for the State at the same rate of wages as those who ask for work, until his liability to his country is discharged.

What would be the effect on the coun-

try at large if such a policy as outlined above were adopted? In the first place poverty as defined in the early part of this article will be abolished. Child Labor will disappear. The birth rates will be increased. Home life will be secured. Young girls and women, who are to-day driven on the street through starvation, will be protected. Crimes would be greatly diminished, for a percentage of criminals become so through absolute want. Talent among poor children will be given every chance to assert itself. The public works of the country will be so improved as to give every facility to private enterprise to develop the country's natural resources. Perhaps one of the important effects will be to make every man independent in so far as independence is possible. He will take a more personal interest in governmental affairs, in the same way as any shareholder takes interest in an insurance company. He will be careful, in voting, to select a candidate in whom he has implicit confidence, both as to honesty and financial ability. He will know that the more ably the finances of the country are administered, the smaller will be the direct tax, and greater the income paid.

As a limit is placed on the amount of any individual succession, trusts will become a thing of the past. For trusts can only exist where the control of any branch of commerce remains in a few hands.

TO BE CONTINUED

CORRESPONDENCE

EDITOR COTTON'S WEEKLY

The question, "What is taxation?" should be the uppermost question in the minds of all who desire to promote the economic betterment of themselves and their fellowmen. All of us are paying out taxes, every day of the year, every moment of our lives and yet, how few people there are will ever stop to think of what to tax means. "Taxation" is derived from the Latin verb 'tango,' meaning to touch. And 'to tax' a person is 'to touch' him. And, the fact, that we are 'touched' continually means that most of us complain of empty pockets among an industrious people living in a country of resources simply inexhaustible. The most powerful of forces are the 'unseen forces.' Both steam and electricity are unseen forces, but yet, how powerful! And what steam and electricity are in the industrial world, so is the 'unseen force' of taxation in the economic world. The force of all these is irresistible. The force of 'taxation' is among people, getting in its terrible work, 'slaughtering the innocents' far more effectively than ever the edicts of Herod did. Death and Taxes are often spoken of as certainties that all must experience. And yet, they are not only certainties, but they are really related to each other. Death and Taxes what terrible words. How all prevailing! How powerful! How mysterious! How little understood! Darkening shadows that chase us through the years. The slums and poverty of our cities and towns, the crowded tenements, the ravages of the white plague, the famines of India, the unemployed thousands in Britain—how like death these conditions are—and yet they can all be traced to the one cause, crooked taxation.

Pitt, the noted British statesman, was not dreaming when he said, 'We can tax the people in such a way as to take the last rag off their backs, and the last crust from their mouths, and they will never suspect what is robbing them.' Think of the multi-million dollars in taxes the federal government will take out of people this year. Twice as much as the Great West will export of wheat.

Think of the countless millions our municipal and provincial government will take out of people?

Then there are corporations, licensed by the governments, to tax the people. In view of these facts is it any wonder that people, everywhere, find it harder, harder, harder, year by year, to get a living? Is not an honest living due to one's own industry, getting out of reach of millions? And, yet, our public men seem blind to the gathering storm?

Is it not up to the masses to look into this subject of taxation?

W. D. LAMB,
Plumas, Man.

P. S.—All readers who are interested in knowing the effects of various kinds of taxes such as 'direct,' 'indirect,' 'customs,' 'excise,' 'income,' 'inheritance,' etc., should write to me for a free copy of the Single Tax Catechism, a book of fifty questions and answers—enclosing six cents in stamps for postage.

W. D. L.

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PENNIE'S XXX PINK SKIN TOMATO—The most productive, finest and largest of Pink Skin varieties. The plant roots strongly, producing a vigorous stock which bears enormous cluster of fine, large, solid and smooth fruits; the flesh, containing very few seeds, is of the finest flavor, free from acidity. Packet 15c.

PENNIE'S XXX EARLIEST ROUND SCARLET TOMATO—This splendid new sort will yield the first picking of ripe fruit of all the early varieties. The flesh is remarkably solid, with very few seeds and quality, juicy and tasty. It ripens evenly and is of an agreeable color. Packet 15c. One packet of each of the above sorts for 25c. postpaid.

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Now Ready. Contains many attractive novelties offered for the first time. An order for any of the above will procure one free.

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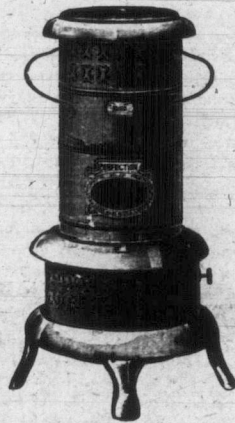
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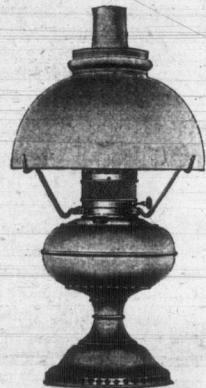
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It's a good light to read by. It's a good light to sew by. It's a good light to have, and if you have no other light, you have plenty of light anyway.



They have No equal

We stock these Lamps



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PERFECTION Oil Heater

We have them and will gladly show them to you.

McCLATCHIE BROS.
Hardware Merchants, Cowansville

Cream of Violets

CURES CHAPPED HANDS IN ONE NIGHT...

NOT GREASY—RUBS IN PERFECTLY...

PERFUMED WITH VIOLET PETALS

25c a Bottle

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Druggist, Cowansville

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Undertaking and Embalming Specialty.

Cedar Shingles

High Grade 16 Inch N. B. Cedar Shingles

We have the largest and best equipped Shingle Mill in the Province, with a yearly capacity of ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS, and are always in a position to ship promptly all orders entrusted to us.

We also make a specialty of Planed and Matched SPRUCE LUMBER.

The best of Raw Material, combined with careful attention to details of manufacture and milling, ensure perfect satisfaction to our customers. Address

The Metis Lumber Co.
PRICE, RIMOUSKI Co., P. Q.

Make Money

DURING the winter months by selling our Fruit and Ornamental Trees in your district. We offer you a PROFITABLE and PERMANENT situation if you wish to make money. We guarantee to deliver large, healthy trees. Established 30 years. Over 600 acres under cultivation. Write now for particulars.

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TWO Tested Grade Jersey Cows, three years old. Price \$85 each. Apply to

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THE HUB

The Bargain Centre of Missisquoi and Brome.

New Spring Goods

1200 Yards best English Prints, 32 inch newest patterns, our price 12 1-2 cents
800 yards best Canadian Prints, newest patterns, our price only 10c per yard
950 yards other qualities in Canadian Prints at from 6c to 8c per yard
New White Victoria Lawns, at 10c, 12c, 14c, 16c, 18c, 20c, 22c, 24c, 30c
New White Organdie Muslins, 15c, 18c, 20c, 22c, 25c, 28c, 30c, 35c, 37c
New White Persian Lawns at 17c, 25c, 32c, 37c per yard
New Flannellettes, in plain Fancies, Whites at all prices.
New Laces of all kinds
New All Overs in extra choice patterns
NEW EMBROIDERIES and INSERTION
New Embroideries for Corset Covers
16-4 Linoleum—2 pieces just received, 4 yards wide at 55c and 60c
New Spring Goods of all kinds coming to hand daily now
New Spring White Blouses, extra choice, 50c to \$3.00 each.

Special Sale

\$100.00 Worth of Whitewear
at 10 and 20 per cent Discount

The lot comprises Underskirts, Night Gowns, Chemises, Drawers, Corset Covers. All up-to-date goods slightly soiled. Get supplied and save money now. Also about 60 Woman's White Blouses to clear at the same time at 20 to 50 per cent. discount.

Remnant Sale Just a few more Remnants left going at discounts of from 20 to 50 per cent.

FURS

Furs are selling freely, almost better than before the Holidays, which goes to show that people have money when they can get a genuine bargain. Of course, what we sell now does not pay us, but rather than carry them over we are letting them go, and this year we are making extra sacrifices to clear them all out. There is still a very nice assortment of Astrachan Jackets in sizes up to 46, and some nice Coon Jackets in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40. If you want a Jacket no harm to see what we can do before the season is over.

One German Otter Jacket, 36; Three Electric Seal, 34 and 36; Two Astrachan Jackets with Sable Collars and Revers. We also have two Men's good Coon Coats left and also some Australian Coats for men. You can get bargains in anything we have left in Furs.

WANTED IN EXCHANGE

Maple Sugar in cakes of any size for which we allow 7c per lb.
Potatoes—Will take any quantity at 75c per 60 lbs.
Beans—Will allow \$2.00 per 60 lbs.
Green Block Wood and Dry Block Wood for which we allow \$1.75 and \$2
Eggs—Highest market prices, 30c today.
Butter—Will take good fresh made, allowing now 24c.
Wool—We allow for washed 15c; unwashed 1-3 less.

The Hub, Cowansville

At Any Time and ALL THE TIME

YOU can get the Best Values in Furniture to be had anywhere, at this Store
If you have the slightest idea of purchasing anything in the line of Beds, Bedroom Suites, Springs, Mattresses, Parlor Suites, Sideboards, Desks, Rattan Rockers, Chairs, etc., come here first. You won't want to go elsewhere after you have seen our goods and prices.

If you want Pictures Framed, Our Work will Open Your Eyes

J. HINGSTON

The Furniture Man Cowansville

COWANSVILLE NEWS

Miss Mabel Urquhart, of Montreal, was the guest of Mrs. H. A. Webb last week.

The Cowansville boys were again victorious over Knowlton at hockey last Friday night on the river rink.

Mrs. E. J. Carpenter, Sweetsburg, left on Monday for Montreal, where she will spend a couple of weeks visiting friends.

Mr. Roberts, the noted English temperance lecturer, is according to the Witness to be in Cowansville next Saturday and Sunday. We have received no notification and have been unable to verify it.

Among those from Cowansville who have visited Montreal during the carnival are: Mrs. T. H. Harper and son, Rev. W. E. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Webb and Master Theo, Mr. Donald Hawk, Miss Ethel Bell, Miss C. Hart, Miss Gladys Brown.

The sub price of the All Canada Edition of COTTON'S WEEKLY is 50 cents per year. This is printed on common news paper, but has many of the excellent features of our local edition. COTTON'S WEEKLY is taking well in Montreal and an average of fifteen subs a week are coming in.

The Young People's Club had good entertainment at their meeting on Tuesday evening last, and Pres. McClatchie was on hand to fill the chair.

A dialogue which took the form of a debate on woman suffrage, was given by the Misses Scott and Segee, and Messrs. Ernest Laduke, James Laduke, A. McClatchie, Reg. Dean and Calvin Church, was well rendered and made much amusement. Mrs. J. O. Dean gave an enjoyable reading, and a guessing contest was held in which the prize winners were Miss Clara McClatchie and Master Charles Hawk, the booby prizes being taken by Miss Bessie McClatchie and Ernest Laduke. A debate is promised for the week after next on whether man or woman can accomplish the most good in the world. Sides to be led by Mrs. Dean and P. C. Duboyce.

Some caustic local comments have been made on our inability last week to get in the usual supply of local news. We have made good the deficiency somewhat this week. Local subscribers may not know that we are putting out two editions now, the second edition being known as the All Canada Edition. This is taking well, and we have subscribers all over Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Last week we issued about three thousand papers, and we could have placed two thousand more easily, had we the facilities. We can show more than a score of enthusiastic letters of praise for our stand in the interests of humanity, and it is very encouraging, when you take into consideration that our previous experience has been rather the reverse. This extra edition will be a good advertisement for Cowansville, and will draw attention to the Eastern Townships. We hope the good people of this district will keep in mind the fact that what is commended in all other parts of Canada, should surely be good enough to be commended at home.

DUNHAM

The new Century Lodge building, I.O.O.F., forms quite an imposing block on the west side of the Main street. It has an illuminated sign to be taken to its whereabouts by night. The upstairs floor is the part to be used for regular meetings and the ground floor may be used as a store or other place of business. An entertainment is advertised for Thursday of this week in aid of the cause of the society.

Several residents of Dunham visited Montreal last week. The Lady Principal and another member of the staff, as well as several pupils from the College went in, some to visit their homes, and all no doubt to see the wonderful edifice of the Fletcher's Field.

The Rector and Lay Delegates of All Saints' Church Messrs. J. S. Baker and J. Selby, attended the annual Synod at which among other things, the new Bishop, Rt. Rev. D. Farthing, delivered his first "Charge" to the clergy and lay members of the Synod. All agree in expressing the highest satisfaction with the person and influence of the Head of the Diocese, and an increased degree of hopefulness and energy in consequence prevail. The prevailing note of the Synod's proceedings as a whole was not so much one of doctrine or discipline as of the improvement of social conditions, desiring clergy and laity to look into the pressing questions of labor and capital, the liquor traffic, the housing of the poor, and very prominent was the Laymen's Missionary Movement which has for object the

bringing to the minds of all who have not yet had it, that knowledge and realization of Divinity Incarnate, the true remedy when rightly understood and applied for to the ills of humanity.

WEST BROME

Mr. Perley Turner, of Farnham's Corner, passed away Feb. 8th on his son's farm at the age of 94 years, and up to within a couple of weeks was able to be out and assist Mr. F. King with light chores. His three sons, H. Turner, of Knowlton; James and Lyman of Cowansville, and others accompanied the remains to Bolton, where interment took place at the Duboyce cemetery.

A social was held in the Methodist hall on the 11th, and although it was very bad weather, there was a large gathering and good time.

There is considerable sickness here at present.

EAST FARNHAM

Miss Kathleen Hall is ill with diphtheria.

A very delightful party was held at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. J. McClay last Wednesday evening, about twenty being present. After a bountiful supper had been served, music and singing occupied the evening.

Councillor and Mrs. Hall very delightfully entertained a large company in the hall last Thursday evening. Cards were played at eight tables.

The Central Canada Citizen, Ottawa, Ont., published Tuesdays and Fridays, is one of the best independent newspapers on practical farming, home-making and world-wide news. One dollar per year. Write for a catalogue of premiums of valuable and useful articles which are absolutely necessary in every household. This will be mailed with sample copy to any address in Canada. An agent wanted in each district. Write to-day to Central Canada Citizen, Ottawa, Ont.—Adv.

Some of our subscribers who want to stop their papers, send them back without the slightest indication of their post office address. This puts us to a lot of trouble, and it is impossible sometimes to locate it. People who don't like plain talk from an honest paper fighting the battles of the downtrodden, might at least be courteous enough to show their "resentment" in the regular manner demanded by all publishers.

The Nuwara Eliya plateau in Ceylon (6,200 feet above the sea level) possesses the finest tea estates in the world. The "Salada" Tea Co. import their tea direct from this district. The delightful flavor and absolute purity of "Salada" will please you. Your grocer sells it.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will all ways cure my coughs and colds."

Socialism will take from the world fear and give it certainty instead; it will take poverty and give abundance to all.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will all ways cure my coughs and colds."

Socialism will make conditions such that every man may have a home of his own.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will all ways cure my coughs and colds."

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.

Guard Your Child's Sight.
In modern competition every disadvantage tells and none more seriously than poor sight. Parents who hope for their children's success, should know their sight is the best possible.



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Jeweler and Optician
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Main Street, Cowansville

New Crum's Prints
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New Cottons, Cretons, Ticking
New Laces, Embroideries
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See Us For
New Dress Goods

MEN'S SUITS

We are still the sole Agents for the famous
Campbell's Clothing
Let Us Take Your Measure This Spring

BOOTS AND SHOES A SPECIALTY
PRICES LOWER THAN USUAL

Fresh Groceries as follows

1 bag Sugar, 20 lbs. for \$1	Fresh Biscuits
3 lbs Prunes 25c	Quaker Canned Goods
3 lbs selected Raisins 25c	Everything guaranteed
6 lbs best Rice 25c	Best of Flour in all sized bags and barrels.
1 lb English Breakfast Tea, regular 50c, for 40c	Highest price paid for Eggs, Maple Sugar, etc.
Evaporated Peaches, Apricots	

HULBURD & BELL, Cowansville

Are You Trading

AT

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IN DUNHAM

WELL, if you are not you ought to, for that is the spot you can get good value for your Money . . .

New Dry Goods . . .

We have lots of New Dry Goods arriving weekly and we are marking them all at a small profit and wish to turn them all into money quickly as possible. We are doing it too.

New Dress Goods . . .

If you have not yet seen our new dress goods, it will pay you to drive 20 miles to see them as well as our

Clothing for Men and Boys

This line we are not ashamed of either. If you want a nice Suit come and see us, but if you only want a trashy \$5.00 Suit don't come for there is none in stock. We have only the better grades that will wear like iron.

See our Job Lot of Shoes at 95c, also another table at \$1.39. Some very rare bargains.

We have still a large stock of Lumberman's Rubbers which we wish to dispose of from \$1.50 to \$3.00 a pair.

Misses Skirts at \$1.00 . . .

Just have a look at the Misses' Skirt we are selling at \$1.00 and a Woman's heavy Frieze Skirt, one you cannot wear out, at \$1.25. A few more Ladies' Jackets at half price. Don't forget the place.

H. H. MINER
DUNHAM

The Last Stroke.

BY LAWRENCE L. LYNCH,

Author of "A Woman's Crime," "John Arthur's Ward,"
"The Diamond Coterie," "Against Odds," Etc.

CONTINUED

"Do you mean," broke in the solicitor, "that you do not intend to arrest him, as soon as found?"

"He must be kept under close espionage, when traced, but so long as he does not leave London, he must be left quite free to come and go at will. There is much that is still hazy, concerning his appearance in Glenville, and I look to him to lead me to another—the other, in fact."

"And," urged the solicitor, "do you feel safe in venturing this? May he not shun these places?"

"Listen! The man's name I do not know, but I know what he is. There are plotting villains in this world, who might scheme forever and still be open penitents. This man is a gambler. In Chicago he pawned the watch stolen from Charles Briery's room, knowing that there was risk in so doing, but desperate for the money it would bring. He won soon after, and aware of danger ahead, for he had good reason to think himself followed over there, he at once redeemed his pledge. He does not dream that we are here, and the finances at headquarters, I have reason to think, are running low. To play he must have money, and when he has lost he will either pledge or sell the remainder of the jewels stolen from the writing desk. They were of considerable value, as I have discovered."

"May I ask why you presume that all the stolen jewels are in this man's possession?" asked the solicitor.

"Because they were stolen, in the first place, not for plunder's sake, but to mislead; and the party who took them lost no time, I am sure, in passing them on, and out of the town. It is hardly likely they would have divided them."

"Then you look upon this man as in truth little more than a cat's paw?"

"In some respects, yes. He does not take this view, however, and now I want to hear all about your interview with this lady, Mrs. Gaston Latham."

"According to your instructions," said Mr. Myers, "I remained in the background. Mr. Haynes was the spokesman."

Ferrars turned toward the solicitor, who began at once.

"There is really very little to tell. Of course I quite understand that the claimant was to be held off, and the next interview to take place in your presence."

Ferrars shook his head. "I fear we must change our plans somewhat. The fact is," here he glanced up and met the eye of Mr. Haynes, a queer smile lighting his own, "I have found just now, that I knew a lady who seems to be a friend of this Mrs. Gaston Latham, and an inmate of her house in Bloomsbury. Now it might be a little awkward for me to appear before my—the lady in question, as the opponent of her friend. In fact, I must not appear in the matter—not yet, at any rate. And, upon my word, Mr. Myers, since our friend has taken up the role of spokesman-in-chief, you and I will both stand aside, just at first. May we count upon you?"

"I shall need some coaching, of course," suggested the solicitor.

"Of course; and that you shall have at once. But first, when is she to call again?"

"When I give the word."

"Give it at once, then; to-morrow at two p.m. Tell her to come alone. You can arrange for us to hear the interview, I dare say?"

The solicitor swung about in his big chair. "You see those two doors?" he asked, quite needlessly pointing at the two doors at opposite corners of the inner wall. "They open upon my private chamber of horrors. Formerly there was a partition, and two smaller rooms. The partition has been removed. In the morning I will have my man move that tall bookcase across the door at the right. The door, behind it, can then stand open, and you can hear very well. I will have my desk and the chairs moved nearer that corner. Will that do?"

"Excellent; only I must see the lady in some way."

"Then, if you will come in some slight disguise, you can sit at my clerk's desk, over by that window, with your back to the light. I will dismiss you, and you can go out to join Mr. Myers, through the left-hand door."

That evening when Ferrars strolled into his room after an early dinner, he found a note from a certain police inspector, in whose charge he had left the hunt, or rather, the watch for the suspected stranger. The note contained a summons, brief and peremptory, and he hastened to present himself before Inspector Hirsch.

"We have found your man," were the inspector's first words, when the detective was left alone with him. "And it was an easy trick, too, for all your fears to the contrary. I tell you, Ferrars, when a sport who lives only to gamble and bet on horses, comes back to London after any long absence, he's sure to go to one of a dozen flush places I can name, as soon as he can get there. And, if he's headed he'll go to them all. Just give him time. I didn't neglect the houses of mine uncle, but I also sent a squad around to these other places."

"And you found him?"

"He goes by the name of Quarrelsome Harry, among his kind. Harry Levy is the way he writes it."

Ferrars pondered a moment. "M—m—I'm not surprised," he said, finally. "I was sure he was that kind. What's his specialty besides being quarrelsome?"

"Cards, and crooked bookmaking, I fancy. But Smithson, who seems to have known him of old, says he's up to most sorts of shady business, when his luck's down."

And the inspector went on describing the search for Quarrelsome Harry, who had been "spotted" at a time when he was in a fair way to prove his right to his sobriquet. For he had been losing money all the previous night, and had sought his room in a dingy house in Soho, in a very black mood.

Here, so the shadow had reported, Quarrelsome Harry had remained until late noonday, emerging then to lunch at a coffee house, and to take his way, for what purpose the watcher could only guess, to Houndsditch, where he seemed quite at home among the Jews in several cafes, and "club-rooms," where he tarried for a greater or shorter time, and seemed to be looking for someone; someone, whom he did not find, it would seem, for he left the neighborhood, as he came, alone and with a lowering face.

"Looking for a loan, I'd wager," declared Ferrars. By to-morrow he'll be visiting my uncle. I'll have to leave him to your men to-night, I suppose, Hirsch, but to-morrow I will go on guard, myself."

He made a note of the Soho street and number, where Harry Levy had lodged, and then he took out his cigar case and the two men sat down together to talk about London, and compare notes. For they were old acquaintances, and could find much to say, one to the other.

An hour later, when Ferrars arose to go, the inspector looked at his watch.

"By jove, Frank, you don't mind my calling you that, eh? It seems like old times, half a dozen years ago. Say, it's almost the hour for the Swiss to report. He's on duty now looking after you man; wait till he comes in. Hobson must already have gone to relieve him, if he can find him. Harry was airing himself along the embankment when last heard from."

At half past ten the "Swiss," as rank an Englishman as ever ignored his h's, came in beaming.

He had left "Arty," as he familiarly called the man he had been set to guard, in a front seat in the gallery of the Vaudeville theatre, in the Strand, and Hobson was sitting just three seats away and nearest the "balley."

"It's got a sort of green lookin' young duffer with 'im," went on the Swiss, "and they seem to be goin' to 'ave a night of it."

Ferrars got up quickly. "Come out with me, inspector," he said. "I may want you to call off your man. And, say, let me have one of your badges. It may come handy."

CHAPTER XXII.

As the inspector and Ferrars approached the theatre they were obliged to slacken their pace for, although the performance must have been well on its way, there was a crowd about the entrance.

"It's a first night for some new 'stars,' now that I think of it, and you'll find a lot of the sporting gentry here, whenever a new and pretty face, that has had the right kind of advertising, is billed. That accounts for our friend's presence here, of course," said the inspector.

They made slowly, their way toward the entrance, and as they reached it, and were about to pass within the brilliantly lighted vestibule, Inspector Hirsch grasped his companion's arm and pulled him back within the shadow of a friendly bill board.

"Hush!" he whispered. "Here's Hobson!" He drew Ferrars still further out of the crowd. "He must have lost his man, or else—hold on, Ferrars; I'll speak to him." And he glided into the crowd and Ferrars saw him pause by the side of a flashily dressed young fellow who seemed utterly absorbed in trying to re-

vive a smoldering cigar stump. He gave no sign of recognition, as the inspector paused beside him, and seemed engrossed with his cigar and his own thoughts, but Inspector Hirsch was back in a moment with a grin upon his face.

"Your man has tired of the Vaudeville," he said, "and Hobson got close behind them—the other chap's still with him, too—to hear them planning to go on to the Savoy for a short time. Harry's evidently doing the theatres with his 'young duffer,' as the Swiss calls the fellow, and will probably pluck him, if nothing intervenes." He looked hard at Ferrars. "My man won't lose sight of them. Want to go on to the Savoy?"

"By all means," replied Ferrars, and they set out, noting, as they skirted the crowd, that Hobson was no longer visible.

Crossing the street, they hastened their steps, and upon arriving at the Savoy, took up their station near the entrance once more. The crowd, here was not dense, and they had not long to wait before two men approached from the direction of the Vaudeville, walking slowly, and entered the vestibule of the Savoy.

The taller of the two was broad-shouldered, dark and handsome, after a coarse fashion; while the other was smaller, with a weak face and uncertain manner. Both were in evening dress, and when they entered the theatre, Ferrars and the inspector followed.

"I can stay with you an hour longer," said the latter. "Then I must go about my own affairs."

Ferrars nodded. He was watching "Quarrelsome Harry" closely, and after a time, as that personage began to look about as if in search of some expected face, he procured an opera glass and with its aid, began to sweep the house.

Then, suddenly, he started, and after a long look at a certain point in the dress circle, he turned quickly toward the inspector.

"Do you know anyone in authority here?" he asked.

"I know the head usher over there; or rather, he knows me."

"That will do. Just call him, won't you? Introduce me. Tell him I'm after a crook who is up to mischief here, and ask him to help me."

After a time this was accomplished, and soon after the inspector took his leave.

And now came the entre-act, and a number of ladies left their places and went, some to the cloak room, some to the foyer. The two men in whom Ferrars was interested went out among many others, and Ferrars followed. In the refreshment room they took places at the side, and the detective, contrary to his usual plan, passed them, and took a place midway between that occupied by the two men and a certain table, further down, where a party of six were seated.

To the waiter, who came to serve him, Ferrars said: "Send me your chief waiter," and slipped a coin into his willing hand.

When the chief waiter came, the two exchanged some whispered sentences, and then, as the man withdrew, our detective addressed himself to his light repast. He had been careful to keep himself unseen, so far as Harry Levy was concerned; and he had now chosen his seat behind a pillar, which hid him from view, while he still could, by moving slightly, look around it.

It was while taking one of his frequent peeps around this pillar that Ferrars saw "Quarrelsome Harry" tear a leaf from a small pocketbook and write a few words upon it, doing this in the most unobtrusive manner possible, with the bit of paper upon his knee.

Since they had exchanged those few whispered words together, Ferrars and the head waiter had not lost sight of each other, and now a slight movement of the brows brought the man to Ferrars' table.

"Now," whispered the detective, "and be sure you are not observed."

The man nodded and passed on, seeming to scan, with equal interest each table as he passed it. Nevertheless he saw a note slipped into the hand of a vacant faced young waiter, and a few words of instruction given. Then the young man turned away, and began to move slowly toward the opposite side of the room.

A little beyond Ferrars' table he encountered the head waiter, present arbiter of his destiny.

"Kit," said this personage, in a low tone, "slip that note you carry into my hand and wait behind the screen yonder until I give it back to you. Quick! No nonsense, man, and snuff the words!"

As between a stranger with a liberal tip, and the august commander of the dining-room corps, Kit did not hesitate, and a moment later the head waiter dropped the note into Ferrars' palm with one hand, while he placed a bottle of wine beside his plate with the other.

Putting the bit of paper between the two leaves of the menu card, Ferrars boldly read its pencilled message.

"Drive to The Cafe Royal. Ask to be shown to No. 9. I will join you there soon."

A moment later this note was placed by Kit, beside the plate of the one for whom it was intended. The next, Ferrars, having tossed off his glass of light wine, arose and sauntered out of the refreshment room.

But he did not return to the theatre. Instead he took a cab and was driven to the Cafe Royal.

Here again he sought out a person in authority, to whom he exhibited his star, and a card from Inspector Hirsch, and was at once shown to No. 8.

"If questions are asked," he said, as he slipped a goodly fee into the hand of authority, "remember that No. 8 is vacant, but is engaged for an hour later."

Left to himself, Ferrars moved a chair close to the wall between himself and number nine. It was but a flimsy barrier of wood and he nodded his approval, turned down the jet of gas, until it was the merest sizzle, and sat himself down to wait.

"I purchased a bottle of Scott's Emulsion and immediately commenced to improve. In all, I think I took 14 bottles, and my weight increased from 133 pounds to 184 pounds in less than six months. I know from personal results the efficacy of Scott's Emulsion."—FRED. R. STRONGMAN, 417 Bathurst St., London, Ont.

Let us send you a copy of Mr. Strongman's letter. He had a trying experience, had got run down

Scott's Emulsion

built him up, as it has thousands of others. The strengthening and flesh-producing properties of Scott's Emulsion, are unequalled by any other preparation, and it's just as good for the thin, delicate child as for the adult. Be sure to get Scott's. It's been the standard of the world for 35 years, and is worth many times the cost of the numerous imitations and substitutes.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you a full copy of Mr. Strongman's letter and some other literature on the subject. Just mention this paper.

SCOTT & BOWNE

126 Wellington St., W. Toronto

But not for long, soon he heard the next door open, a sweeping rustling sound, and the scraping of a chair. Then a bright light flashed up, the door closed, and all was still for a short time.

Then, again the door opened, there was a heavy step, low voices, and Ferrars knew that he might, if he would, lay his hand upon those whom he had sought so long, and for a time, it had seemed so hopelessly.

"Are we quite alone here, do you suppose?" It was a man's voice, strong and gruff. "Let us see." And he rang the bell. The man who had admitted Ferrars, and who had no mind to fall out with the police, responded, and at once showed conclusively that the adjoining rooms, Nos. 8 and 10, were quite deserted, although, he admitted, he had locked number eight in order to secure it for a party at midnight; whereupon wine was ordered and he was at once dismissed.

"Well," began the heavier voice again, "why in the name of goodness haven't you pushed things more?" I told you, from the first, that all was safe. There will be no crossing the big pond now. How long do you mean to dally?"

"We can't dally now," replied the lighter voice. "Didn't you see the notice in the papers? They are calling for the heirs. I don't understand it, but they tell me that unless we come forward now, the matter will be referred to some other court, and then there must be along delay. No, I must produce these papers now and if there should be any question, any flaw—"

"Pshaw!"

"Or if they should call for further proof of identity, you know. Suppose someone should be found, at the last moment, acquainted with her!"

"Bosh! How foolish!"

"Or who remembered me?"

"I tell you this is folly! Latham's first wife died so long ago, and at a Swedish spa. And she never had many friends. As for relatives, well, we know there are none now."

"Sometimes I fear the children will remember that it will all come back to them, some day."

"I tell you this is simply idiotic; the time has come and everything is in train. You see all the papers, certificates of marriage, copy of will, and who is to prove that the first Mrs. Latham died, and that she was the last of the Paisley line, on this side, or the other? You were married abroad, you have all her family papers and her jewels. Her children call you mother."

"Hush! You are not my brother, remember that; only my brother-in-law."

"All right. How lucky that Latham's brother never came back. Now what did you want especially to say to-night?"

"I must meet those lawyers to-morrow."

"Oh! And I as nearest male kin, must be your oyster and support you through the trying ordeal."

"Not at all. I am especially requested to come alone."

"The d—!"

"But they will want corroborative testimony, and I want to beg of you not to take anything to-morrow, and not to stay out the rest of the night. Much depends on the impression we make. And if we should fail—"

"We can't fail, or you can't. Aren't you next of kin?"

Ferrars got up, and crept noiselessly to the door. He had heard enough, and he had much to do. A new enquiry to open up. He knew that he should find Hobson, who had not been dismissed, outside, and near, and he meant to leave "Quarrelsome Harry" to him once more.

CONTINUED

Socialism smiles its promise over all the world.

Down the River.

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS.

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Ralph Curtis, sitting at the telephone, smiled as he listened to the words coming to him through the receiver.

"I'm angry—very, very angry," said a voice—a sweet, womanly, young voice. "You never should have allowed your cattle to trespass on my grounds. I don't think I shall ever speak to you again."

"But it really wasn't my fault, Clare," cried Ralph. "How was I to know that my cattle were trespassing? All my men have been busy during the day trying to save things from this high water. I'm sure, dear, that if I'd known what the beasts were doing I'd have shot them."

"Too late," came the answer in rather cold tones. "My garden is utterly ruined and guests coming to-morrow."



GRADUALLY THEY CAME INTO SHALLOWER WATER.

Don't call me 'dear' any more. After this please call me Miss Wellman. I shall never speak to you again. Good-by."

Ralph started to speak, but the party at the other end of the line had rung off.

"Hum," he mused, scratching his head in perplexity. "She'll never speak to me again, but I'm to call her Miss Wellman hereafter. Rather inconsistent, to say the least. I wonder who her guests are. I wonder if the other fellow—Well, well, maybe he is coming, but he'll have to hurry if he expects to reach the Wellman home without getting his feet wet."

Ralph thrust his hands deep into his pockets and strolled to the window overlooking the river which flowed between his home and Miss Wellman's. Through the gusty rain he could make out the surging stream, swollen till it nearly reached the top of the banks.

Dark, discolored, filled with branches of trees and other light material caught in its flood, the river raced sullenly onward like an unclean thing.

"It's going to rise a lot more before it goes down," he muttered.

From the river his glance sought the distant shore. Dimly he could discern pale lights through the gloom.

"Geet!" Ralph cried suddenly as he realized how much the river had risen in the past hour. "If it comes up much farther it will go hard with Clare over there."

He strode to the telephone. As he placed the receiver to his ear he caught a sharp crack and rending sound; then the wire went dead. He was cut off from communication with the outside world and with Clare.

Again Ralph strode to the window. As he looked down at the angry water it seemed to him that the river had risen materially in the moment that he had been at the phone.

The thought galvanized him into sudden action. He jumped from the window and tore out of the room into the pelting rain toward his automobile shed.

Here he quickly stripped his huge car of its gigantic searchlight and gas tank and with the apparatus rushed back to the room. In a moment he had the gas turned on, and a flood of light poured through the lens.

With care he raised the window and projected the light through the opening toward the opposite shore. The powerful light cleaved a way through the dark and rain, showing in outlines clear enough for his vision the opposite shore.

Ralph gasped at what he saw. The water was at the second story of the Wellman home. He had not before realized how much lower the Wellman home was than his. Some one came to the window directly opposite the Curtis home.

Ralph strained his eyes. Surely it was Clare and alone. Where were the others? Then he remembered that Clare's father and mother had left that morning for town and had undoubtedly been prevented from returning by the flood.

Ralph advanced to the window and waved his arms reassuringly to the girl. She responded. Quickly he turned off the light. Gathering up the apparatus in his arms, he hurried from

the room out into the rain again and to the boathouse.

The frail little launch had been taken from the house when the river began to rise and moored alongside it. Now the house was wholly under water, and Ralph was forced to swim to the boat, holding the searchlight as well as he could.

In the boat he started first the light and then the engine and put out into the swollen stream. The little craft was sadly buffeted by the sticks and the waves and time and again shipped water as Ralph steadily headed for the opposite shore.

The searchlight disclosed the Wellman home with the water now a little above the second story. In the window stood the girl, waving her hands encouragingly.

At length Ralph managed to catch hold of the window. Inside the room the girl stood nearly waist deep in the water.

"Quick!" cried Ralph. "Get into the boat!"

Silently the girl obeyed. Just as she was safely seated Ralph's grasp was broken. The water dashed them furiously away and then against the house. Something snapped. With a muttered ejaculation Ralph looked to his engine. Nothing seemed to be amiss, and he threw the throttle forward. The engine raced terrifically, and he quickly jerked the throttle back.

"The propeller shaft is broken," he announced in a voice that strove to be calm. "We'll have to float down with the current and try to land somewhere."

The girl was startled, but also tried to appear unconcerned.

"That's too bad," she said, with a little catch in her voice. "I was never, never going to talk to you again, but I suppose I'll have to now."

"Oh, I'll not force you to!" growled Ralph as he pattered over the machine.

"Do you know," went on the girl, "I think your horrid old cows are the cause of all this? It was only after they trampled over my garden that the river came up. I know I can never forgive them."

"And incidentally never forgive me, I suppose," mumbled the man.

The girl said nothing. Then suddenly she lifted up her feet with an expression of dismay.

"Gracious, the boat's full of water!" she cried. "I'm so wet, anyway, that I didn't notice it before."

"Yep," replied the man shortly. "She's sprung a leak. We've got to make a landing, sure."

With the powerful searchlight, which still burned undimmed, he swept the waters.

"Look!" he cried. "If those aren't cattle I'll eat my hat!"

Ahead of them the light revealed some three or four heads rising out of the water and steadily moving from the center of the stream.

"They're walking!" cried Ralph. "They can take us ashore!"

He sprang to the steering wheel and skillfully maneuvered the boat so that it passed near the beasts. The girl saw his intention, and as they passed both jumped, landing safe on the sturdy animals.

Almost undisturbed and unswayed by the rushing waters, the cattle plowed steadily onward. Gradually they came into shallower water, and thankfully Ralph and the girl slid from the beasts' backs. Hand in hand they struggled along now, faster than the cattle. Ralph cast one last look back at the beasts and gasped.

"Why, they're mine!" he cried. That's Bess, and there's Doll! Why, Clare, dear, do you realize that the cattle you thought had caused it all have saved us?"

"Oh!" cried the girl and turned to him.

"And look there!" cried Ralph, pointing ahead. "See what they've brought us to. See; that's the Rev. Sturges' home on the road to your house, and look there—he's opening the door. Look, look, dear, your father and mother are with him!"

The girl looked, and then, sobbing piteously, she threw her arms around Ralph's neck.

"Oh, dear, dear!" she cried. "I forgive your cows, I forgive you, and," she added ungrammatically, but soulfully, as she clung to Ralph and he held her close, "I'm never not going to speak to you again!"

What the Bridegroom Resents.

"Even the English language emphasizes the insignificance of a man at his own wedding," said the prospective bridegroom disconsolately. "There isn't an independent word to designate him. He is merely called the groom of the bride, as if he were just about on a level with the bridesmaids and a little below the maid of honor. Best man, of course, means the bridegroom's best man, but the phrase itself tends to exalt this individual at the expense of his superior."

"Then there's no adjective to describe what pertains to the male half of the affair. You can't speak of the 'bridegroomal' trousers or necktie. On the other hand, 'bridal' applies not only to the possessions of the girl, but to what relates to both of them equally. Like the trip and the bridal chamber. The very words 'matrimony' and 'matrimonial' are from the feminine side only. 'Paternity' has nothing to do with the nuptials. It applies only to wealth and signifies that a man's part in the affair is to get out and hustle for the cash."—New York Times.

Merely Tentative.

"What is the lady's name?"

"It's Mary now, but I suppose it'll be Mayne or Mac or Maris as soon as she gets old enough to notice it."—Chicago Tribune.

Woman's Page

Devoted to Ways and Means for Bettering Woman's Lot in Life—Good Recipes

EDITED BY MRS. MARY COTTON WISDOM, MONTREAL

"WE, AS WOMEN"

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

There's a cry in the air about us
We hear it before, behind—
Of the way in which "We, as women,
Are going to lift mankind!

With our white frocks starched and
ruffled,
And our soft hair brushed and curled
Hats off! for "we, as women,"
Are coming to help the world!

Fair sisters, listen one moment—
And perhaps you'll pause for ten:
The business of women as women
Is only with men as men!

What we do, "we, as women,"
We have done all through our life;
The work that is ours as women
Is the work of mother and wife!

But to elevate public opinion,
And to lift up erring man,
Is the work of the human being:
Let us do it—if we can.

But wait, warm-hearted sisters—
Not quite so fast, so far,
Tell me how we are going to lift a thing
Any higher than we are!

We are going to "purify politics"
And to "elevate the press"

We enter the foul paths of the world
To sweeten and cleanse and bless,

To hear the high things we are going
to do,
And the horrors of man we tell,
One would think "we, as women,"
were angels,

And our brothers were fiends of hell.
We, that were born of one mother,
And reared in the selfsame place,
In the school and the church together,
We, of one blood, one race!

Now then, all forward together!
But remember every one,
That it is not by feminine innocence
The work of the world is done.

The world needs strength and courage,
And wisdom to help and feed—
When "we, as women," bring these to
man,
We shall lift the world indeed!

THE LITTLE SOUTHERN WOMAN

I will continue my story about the
little Southern beauty, which it was my
good fortune to meet not long ago, and
about the ideas she gave me for preserv-
ing one's complexion.

Next to her belief that cold cream
was a far better cleanser for the face
than soap and water, she had firm faith
in the massage.

It was a subject that I had never
thought much about, till one day this
little lady told me plainly that the skin
of my face looked tired, then I sat up
and began to take notice of this thing.

I had a good object lesson before me,
with this pretty, young Virginian ma-
tron, sitting before me, dainty, sweet
and restful, with never a sign of a
wrinkle or a crow's foot on her smooth
face. While I, who was very little older
in actual birthdays, certainly looked
years older, if my mirror was to be be-
lieved.

A woman may be perfectly well aware
of her facial defects, but she does not
enjoy being told about them. No, not
by her best friend.

I spent about six weeks under the
same roof with this little Southern lady
and in that time learned many things
concerning the mysteries of the toilet
which proved not to be mysterious at
all, but just plain everyday common-
sense. Every week and sometimes of-
tenser did this pretty woman treat her
face to a good massage. This, she
assured me, was one of the chief pre-
ventives of wrinkles.

She also treated my face to several
until I became expert enough under
her guidance to do it myself.
She usually took an afternoon when
she expected no callers or an afternoon
when she was resting previous to an
evening's engagement at which she
wanted to look her prettiest.

Her usual custom was to don a ki-
mona, as nearly after lunch as con-
venient. Then seating herself before a
mirror she dipped a towel in hot water
and laid it over her face, as hot as she
could stand, covering as much of her
face and neck as possible.

This process she repeated several

time until her face and neck were red
and all the pores well opened. Then she
gently massaged a cold cream over
every inch that had been treated. Mas-
saging all the lines upwards from the
chin, from the nose towards the ear
and gently pinching the forehead. It
is surprising how much cream one's
face will absorb in this manner. Lastly
she repeated the same process with the
towel, only using cold water this time
to close the pores. She applied the
towel dipped in cold water six or eight
times till the skin was firm and cool.
If there was any suspicion of shine, she
applied a slight touch of antiseptic pow-
der. After this my lady laid her dainty
self down to sleep for an hour or more.

I wish you could have seen her as she
appeared at dinner on the evening after
this massage. It was indeed a pleas-
ure to look at her. Young and rosy,
and rested and pretty in the extreme.
I, who had been in my lady's boudoir,
knew that beauty had been as diligently
cultivated as, was the beauty of a rare
hot house plant, and repaid as fully the
work spent upon it.

WOMEN AND THE SOCIALIST PARTY

The Socialist party is the only party
which has a right to demand the sup-
port of women; and it is the only party
which a woman, conscious of her rights
and knowing the history of her sex, can
consistently support.

• Socialism would not make men and
women equal; it recognizes that they
are already equal. Socialists, when
they control the government, will not
benevolently "protect" women, for
protection implies weakness and de-
pendence in the protected. Capitalism
has degraded woman to the position of
a slave of the other, the victims of ex-
ploitation at home and abroad. It has
surrounded women with the social and
economic conditions of the middle ages,
while men have advanced into the
twentieth century.

Socialism would give to every man
and woman civil and economic freedom.
It would give every human being a
chance to develop along the lines for
which he or she is best fitted; and,
given that chance, it expects every per-
son to contribute his or her portion to
the general progress and welfare of so-
ciety.

Socialism has more meaning, and
more promise for women than for men,
for our capitalistic civilization has re-
duced women to a lower social and eco-
nomic level than that of men. Those
who suffer most under present systems
can best appreciate the dawn of the
New Age.

The Socialist party wants and needs
women workers. It needs to have in-
telligent women who know their rights
and dare to defend them, pioneers who
can blaze the way for other women to
follow. Earnest, organized, well-direct-
ed effort on the part of Socialist women
will arouse other women as nothing
else can.

The Socialist party looks beyond the
elections and the increase of its voting
strength. It is shaping its policy for
the generations yet to come. There-
fore it is drawing women into the
party, even though they cannot sup-

AFTER THE GRIPPE

Vinol Restored This Man's Strength

"Several years ago I was attacked by
a severe case of grippe, which left me
with a hacking cough, soreness in my
chest, and bronchitis. I took nearly
every kind of cough syrup sold on the
market, besides medicine given me by
physicians.

I received no permanent relief until
my druggist asked me to try Vinol,
and after taking three bottles I was
entirely cured.

I believe Vinol to be the greatest
blessing ever offered to the public, as
it does what is claimed for it." R. E. R.
Hicks, Maplesville, Ala.

The reason Vinol cures chronic
coughs, colds and pulmonary troubles
is because it contains tincture iron and
all the healing and body building ele-
ments of cod liver oil but no oil.

Vinol is also unexcelled as a strength
builder for old people, delicate children,
weak and run-down persons, and after
sickness.

VINOL IS SOLD IN COWANSVILLE BY
Geo. W. Johnston, Druggist

port it at the polls, and teaching the
principles of Socialism to the children.
It is building its foundations solidly,
with a view of final results rather than
present gain.

Socialism invites investigation by all
who suffer under present conditions,
regardless of race, sex, or creed. So-
cialists know that the searchlight can-
not injure their cause. They do not
want anyone to join the party under
false impressions. They want to in-
crease their membership, but they will
not sacrifice quality to numbers.

The Socialist party wants members
who are Socialists by conviction and
not from policy or the hope of personal
profit.

It wants members, both men and
women, who come into the party to
stay, workers who will put forth their
best efforts for the cause, who come in-
to the party to strengthen it, to make
themselves useful, to stay with it till
the end, whatever and whenever that
end may be.

WOMAN'S HONOUR

"So long as men hold the bulk of
wealth; so long will woman's honour
be a saleable article"

CHARLOTTE MANSFIELD

Is woman's honour saleable? This
is a question I am asking myself, and
am still undecided as to yes or no.
There is so much for, and so much
against, weighing as it were, our
sisters in the balance. It is such a wide
subject that it is impossible to thrash
it out in a small space. There are so
many tendencies, so many emotions, so
many desires, and so many temptations.
Only those who have worked among
that class which we call "The Fallen
Sisterhood" know this, and who are
willing to judge them.

Tolstoi, in his "Resurrection" gives
us a fine illustration of the innocent
girl, who was betrayed, and unable to
retrace her misfortune, owing to the
stern conventional system of society,
which forbids that a woman who has
made one false step (though innocently
betrayed) shall have a chance to regain
an honest footing, is hounded down,
step by step to starvation and despair,
the only gate left open to her, is the
streets, and we know the rest. Here
we have displayed, not fiction, but fact.
Girls in this position must arouse our
sympathy.

Then we have the other woman. The
woman who is fond of fine clothes and
the pleasures of life. The drudgery of
the factory and the workshop pall on
her; her wages are insufficient to pro-
cure food and clothing even of the
plainest. She is not strong enough to
overcome her desires and needs, and
toil on. So much we would say in jus-
tice and defence of these unfortunate
sisters. We do not uphold the sin. It
is loathsome, and those of us who are
strong know that, although we love the
sunshine, luxury and comforts of life,
we would rather spend our days at the
wash tub or die in a garret, chaste—
but we are not all strong.

What we want is better conditions
for our working women; justice and
equality in our law courts. So long as
we remain passive victims and man rules
the roost, so long will we have the class
which we are pleased to term "The
Fallen Women." There is only one
way by which we can obtain equality
and justice, and that is by obtaining
VOTES FOR WOMEN.

ROSA GABRIEL

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

Anent the discussion of woman suf-
frage it seems rather strange that few
take cognizance of the crux of the whole
question, viz.: the changes in our in-
dustrial life and as an inevitable con-
sequence, the change of woman's in-
dustrial and political status in modern
society. In primitive society there was
no agitation for woman suffrage. Un-
der feudalism or chattel slavery there
was no "demand" for equal suffrage.
It is only in modern society that the
demand for political equality between
the sexes is agitated. The reason for
this is the fact that within the last fifty
years woman's work, such as spinning,
weaving, sewing of wearing apparel,
etc., has been taken away from the
home and is now being done in gigan-
tic factories by marvelously improved
machinery.

As an inevitable result, woman,
through no fault of her own, has been
forced to go out into the world and
compete for a livelihood, so that today
practically every vocation and profes-
sion in the business world is invaded
by women. As women must be edu-
cated and trained in order to qualify
for good positions, it follows that the
woman of today is more intelligent; and
as the women are affected by condi-
tions which obtain in the industrial
world, it is quite natural that they de-

sire to have a voice in determining
these conditions.

Aside from the interest in industrial
conditions, women are especially inter-
ested in the education of children, san-
itary conditions in factories, child labor,
tenements, and the laws affecting
marriage.

The only way in which women can
influence legislation directly is by the
use of the ballot; hence the demand for
suffrage and political equality. The
opponents of woman suffrage must take
these facts into account when combat-
ing the agitation for the elective fran-
chise.

THE YAK

From the last "Literary Digest" we
learn that a very interesting experiment
is to be tried at the Experimental Farm
at Ottawa, the influence of which, if it
proves a success, will be felt from one
end of this broad Dominion to the
other, from the Atlantic to the Pacific;
from Maine to Alaska.

I believe the idea first came from the
brain of that clever man, Mr. Ernest
Thompson Seton, whom we all know
so well, through his delightful books
about animals.

Mr. Seton's name is one to conjure
with when information is wanted along
these lines. His knowledge is un-
questioned. So it follows as a natural
sequence that the officials at our Experi-
mental Farm at Ottawa, who are very
much alive, and up-to-date and ever on
the outlook for ideas that will be of help
to the farmers of Canada, have prom-
ised to give Mr. Seton's suggestion a
trial.

A vast amount of Canada is so cold
during part of the year that ordinary
cattle cannot live without shelter. This
area is so large that it includes two
million square miles.

Mr. Seton thinks that this might be
a valuable cattle raising country by the
importation of the yak. This animal
is closely related to the ordinary cow.
It can thrive on rocky hill side pastures,
in the coldest weather on the poorest
feed. It differs a little from the ordi-
nary cow in size and shape, with the
exception of a hump like the bison. Its
coat is so long that it reaches nearly
to the ground, and is so thick as to
give ample protection from the frost in
winter, the flies in summer and the
wolves at all times.

It can readily be seen that the gen-
eral cultivation of such a hardy, tough,
prolific, gentle tempered, easy to feed,
cheap to keep, tractable animal, (if all
these attributes prove true) would prove
a great source of wealth, and open up
to profitable use large stretches of
hitherto unprofitable lands.

We believe the Ottawa Farm has al-
ready a herd of six as a nucleus for
breeding. If they prove a success,
breeding stock will be sent to each of
the other experimental stations both
north and west.

Who can tell but that in a few years,
the vast stock ranges of hitherto almost
unexplored Canada, may be the centre
of a cattle raising country, the mag-
nitude of which is undreamed of at pres-
ent.

A Delightful Bathroom Mixture

An excellent provision for every
washing stand is a perfumed flannel
soap bag, which can be hung up on a
nail or in a string sponge bag over the
washing apparatus, and can be used
for cleansing the hands. The bag should
be filled with a mixture of a pint of
bran, half an ounce of almond meal,
half an ounce of orris root, and a little
pure white soap shredded down finely
and sifted well through the powdered
ingredients. This makes a delightful
mixture, deliciously perfumed and won-
derfully soft for the hands after expo-
sure to the sun in hot weather, the bag
being tied with a piece of tape when
filled, and dipped in warm water in
which the hands are washed, and rub-
bed over the backs and palms till a
soft glow is experienced.

Her First Cake

She measured out the butter with a
very solemn air.
The milk and sugar also, and she took
the greatest care.

To count the eggs correctly, and to add
a little bit

Of baking powder, which, you know,
beginners oft omit;
Then she stirred it all together
And she baked it for an hour;

But she never quite forgave herself
For leaving out the flour!

Don't lay away the things you don't
need. Sell them. Put an ad. in the
columns of COTTON'S WEEKLY. Some-
body else wants them.

AT DEATH'S DOOR

Doctors had to give her Morphine
to ease the pain

Five boxes of "Fruit-a-tives" Cured Her

ENTERPRISE, ONT.,
Oct. 1, 1908.

For seven years I
suffered with what phy-
sicians called a "Water
Tumor". I would get
so bad at times that
I could hardly
endure the pain. I
could neither sit,
stand, nor lie
down. Hypoderm-
ics of Morphine
had to be given
me or I could
never have borne
the pain. Many
physicians treat-
ed me, but my
cure seemed
hopeless, and my
friends hourly ex-
pected my death. It
was during one of these
very bad spells that a
family friend brought a
box of "Fruit-a-tives"
to the house. After much
persuasion I commenced to take
them, but I was so bad that it was



only when I had taken
nearly two boxes that I
commenced to experience
relief. I kept up the treat-
ment, however, and
after taking five boxes
I was cured, and
when I appeared on
the street my
friends said, "The
dead has come to
life." And this
seemed literally
true because I
certainly was at
death's door. But
now I can work
almost as well as
ever I could, and
go camping and
berry-picking with
the girls.
I will be glad if you
will publish this
testimonial, if it will
further the interests
of "Fruit-a-tives." They
should be in every home-
hold. Yours very truly,
Mrs. JAMES FENWICK.

Through the whole country around Enterprise, Ont., people are
talking about this wonderful cure. By their unswerving action on the
Kidneys, "Fruit-a-tives" cured Mrs. Fenwick when the doctors said she
could not be operated on and was doomed to die.
"Fruit-a-tives" cured Mrs. Fenwick when all else failed. Try them
for your trouble. 25c. and 50c. a box, at dealers or sent postpaid on
receipt of price. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

To the Capitalist Class

We have fed you all for a thousand
years,
And you hail us still unfed,
Though there's never a dollar of all
your wealth
But marks the workers' head,
We have yielded our best to give you
rest,
And you lie on crimson wool,
For, if blood be the price of all your
wealth,
Good God, we ha' paid in full.

There's never a mine blown skyward
now
But we're buried alive for you;
There's never a wreck drifts shore-
ward now
But we are its ghastly crew.
Go reckon our dead by the forges red,
And the factories where we spin;
If blood be the price of your accursed
wealth,
Good God, we ha' paid it in full.

We have fed you all for a thousand
years,
For that was our doom, you know,
From the day that you chained us in
your fields,
To the strike of a week ago.
You ha' eaten our lives and our babes
and our wives,
And we're told its your legal share,
But if blood be the price of your lawful
wealth,
Good God, we ha' bought it fair.

ANONYMOUS (after Rudyard Kipling)

Socialism will not dictate what a
man shall eat, wear or how he shall
live, but capitalism does. It prescribes
what is in "vogue" in wearing apparel,
it makes it so the laborer can afford
only the leavings at his table, and it
compels a majority of people to live
in rented houses and pay others for the
privilege.

Under Socialism there would be no
tramps or beggars, no millionaires or
idle rich.

Capitalism will not work. It makes
others do that.

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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
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tion and help make the existence
of a paper fighting the battles of
a plain people.

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strength giver. It never
fails to restore the appetite
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vitality and power both of
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OUR PLATFORM—THIS PUBLICATION IS DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE PLAIN PEOPLE OF CANADA. WE BELIEVE IN AN INDUSTRIAL AND POLITICAL DEMOCRACY, BASED UPON A SOUND AND WIDE ELECTORATE.

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

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1909

ANCIENT FEUDALISM

In the Middle Ages the barbarian hordes broke over Europe. The Mohammedans invaded Europe from the East and through Spain. Marauding hands and hands of plunderers overran the country and no man's property was safe. Things were in chaos.

Out of this chaos order was slowly established under the Feudal System. The biggest robber would get power and he would protect his friends and fight his enemies. If a peasant proprietor wanted to get protection he had to put himself under the control of a big robber. The peasant would give his land to the robber who generally styled himself a duke or count. The robber would then give back the land to the peasant under certain conditions. The robber agreed that the peasant should hold his land and till it undisturbed. The peasant agreed to help the robber fight the battles and to pay the robber a certain proportion of the produce raised on the land.

The dukes and counts were continually fighting and eating each other up. The power of a few dukes became greater. Competition eliminated the little fellows till finally the count of the Isle of France swallowed up all the others and became the King of France. Competition had run to seed and had produced absolute monarchy in the person of an absolute monarch.

After absolutism had become unbearable, the people of France arose and established co-operation in government under the title of a republic.

MODERN INDUSTRIALISM

To-day organized society has become industrial. We are going through the same processes in industry that were formerly experienced under feudalism.

A few years ago we had competition and individual production. The individual, however, who owns his own business, cannot succeed. The robber trusts are abroad and are plundering the country. They protect their friends and fight their enemies. The little man, to protect himself, has to do the same as did the peasant proprietors. He must surrender his business to the trust and get back in return stock certificates from the trust organization. The trusts are fighting each other and the big trusts are getting bigger. Competition, even among the trusts, is running to seed and we are getting monopoly. Rockefeller is becoming the head of the biggest trusts of the States. He is reaching out now to control the retail business of the large cities.

When the present trusts have become solidified into one large trust, we will get an industrial despotism, equal to the political despotism of France under the old regime.

That despotism will have to be done away with in order that liberty may live. The people must take over the trusts and run them for the benefit of all the people. They must be run on the principle of an industrial democracy. The coming change from the capitalist despotism to the co-operative commonwealth may be either a peaceful evolution or a blood stained revolution according to the temper of the workers and the oppression of the masters.

Anything that proposes only to limit what is robbery and murder of the worker is wrong and despicable.

BURGLARIES AND THIEVING

The daily papers are full of reports of crimes committed against property. Stores are being continually broken open, houses are being burglarized, and purse-snatching is becoming common.

The daily papers are waxing indignant. Long homilies are written about the increasing lawlessness on the part of the people. The country is going to the dogs is the cry, and the daily press is imploring the government to do something in the way of preventing future crimes and of punishing more severely those crimes already committed.

Hardly a paper, apart from the socialist journals, is advocating the removal of the cause. With thousands of persons out of work in every large city, with women and children starving and men hungry without homes or shelter from the pitiless winter nights; what wonder that crimes against property should be increased.

Hunger knows no law. A law that punishes starving men for committing crimes is a useless law. The only possible remedy that will prevent crimes against property, is the inauguration of a social system under which no man who will work, need starve.

A PROBLEM IN ARITHMETIC

We would like to propose a little problem in arithmetic to our gentle readers. It is also a problem in economics. The problem is this: "How can six billion dollars buy thirty-one billion dollars worth of goods?" If the gentle reader can tell us how this can be done, he or she can solve the problem of how to make the modern capitalist system of industry a success.

In 1904 the wage workers of the United States got six billion dollars in wages. They produced thirty-one billion dollars worth of goods. These goods were placed in stores and in wholesale houses to be bought by the workers. The workers spent their six billion dollars in buying goods. They needed many more things which were in the stores to be bought. The workers wanted these things; but said they had no money to buy them with. The store keepers, urged on by the manufacturers, told the workers that they had to have money or they could not buy the goods. The workers not having the money did not buy. The merchants therefore, not selling goods, did not buy from the manufacturers. The manufacturers not being able to sell their goods already made, stopped making more goods. When they stopped making goods, they stopped paying the workers any money at all. The workers were thrown out of employment and we had industrial stagnation. The workers went hungry and became ragged. The well fed master class got the papers that are controlled by the master class to write editorials about horrible men and women who are infesting the cities in rags and misery and who were so lost to shame that they would actually walk the streets at night and who would actually try to get something to eat when they were starving by ways that the laws made by the master class did not permit.

If our gentle readers will tell us how six billion dollars worth of wages can buy thirty-one billion dollars worth of goods so that nothing will be left over to form a surplus, we will be very glad. If the reader solves this problem in arithmetic and economics, we will give it to the master class in order that they may apply it to practical life and thus avoid the menace of socialism.

FACTS

The per centage of people who actually own their own homes decreased from 34.4 in 1890 to 31.8 in 1900. The per centage of mortgaged homes increased from 13.4 in 1890 to 14.7 in 1900, and the per centage of rented homes increased from 52.2 in 1890 to 53.5 in 1900. (U. S. Census Reports).

In 1880 the American farmer owned 74.5 per cent of the land he tilled; in 1890 he owned but 71.6 per cent of it, and in 1900 only 64.7 per cent. (U. S. Census Reports).

On page 42 of the Eighteenth Annual Labor Report it is shown that in 1890 only 15 per cent of the workers were out of employment part of the time, while in 1900 22 per cent were unsteady employed and in 1903 as high as 49.8 per cent.

All new readers of this paper will notice that although Cotton's Weekly is published in Cowansville, it is edited from Montreal. This is for information only. All correspondence should be sent to Cowansville, P. Q.

Workers of the World Unite

GERALD O'CONNEL DESMOND

"Workers of the world unite"
Need was never greater,
See ye Freedom's morning light,
Freedom's banner, ruddy bright,
Rushes forward to the fight,
Who would be a traitor?

Never task so great as ours;
There's a world to free.
Tyranny it's strength outpours,
Outlaws us with class-made laws.
Comrades, forward for the cause—
Death or liberty.

What is present life to hold,
Unto thee and unto me?
'Tis today and 'twas of old,
Men and women bought and sold,
Flesh and blood counts less than gold;
Shall this always be?

We are like Prometheus bound,
Pierced by darts of tyranny,
Drugged, and fastened to the ground,
While the feasting eagles round
Tear anew each gaping wound,
And we writhe in agony.

But, deliverance is at hand,
Rebel armies gather fast;
Workers, rising, break each band,
Sound the tocsin thro' each land,
Neath the red flag take their stand,
Revolution comes at last.

We'll heed no more the lying tongue—
Cease to prate and pray;
Wily priests, who serve the strong
Ye have led us all too long.
Men, not gods, must right earth's wrongs,
Bring earth's better day.

Haste, then rich man, make your sport,
Reign of wealth will soon be done;
Hasten, tyrant, keep your court,
Freedom's lesson now is taught,
Freedom's fight will soon be fought—
Soon be fought and won.

"Workers of the world unite"
Need was never greater,
See ye Freedom's morning light,
Freedom's banner, ruddy bright,
Rushes forward to the fight—
Who would be a traitor?

CAPITALISM'S GRAVE-DIGGERS

By WM. RESTELLE SHIER

It is an oft quoted saying of Karl Marx that Capitalism is creating its own grave-diggers. And such would appear to be the case. Not only is economic development moulding the forms and fostering the conditions which begot revolutions, but it is giving birth to the active agents of discontent.

Until quite recently the proletariat was drained of its ablest members by their absorption into the so-called upper classes and by emigration into new lands. These have been the safety valves of Europe and America for the last hundred years or so. As long as the more energetic elements among the workers could satisfy their ambition to better themselves by setting up a business of their own or by making a bid for fortune in hitherto unexploited territory, they remained, as John R. Commons says in *The American Journal of Sociology*, self-conscious. But as soon as these opportunities are taken away from them, they become class-conscious. Now, the trustification of industry on the one hand and the conquest of the West on the other are producing just this effect. Not only that, but they are sinking a large section of the middle class into the ranks of the wage-earners. The professions, too, are becoming overcrowded, the high schools and colleges are turning out an ever larger number of bright young men and women unable to find "respectable" positions. Small investors find it increasingly difficult to live upon their incomes owing to the fall in the rate of interest, while the personal ties which once bound employer and employee together have disappeared.

Read sound literature, train your mind to think clearly and you will arrive at correct conclusions.

WASTED ENERGY

There is ninety per cent. of wasted energy in the modern methods of producing goods. This occurs through the simple fact of having one set of men do the work while another set of men own the machines and the finished product.

The workers do the work while the capitalists own the machines, the mills, the raw product and the finished articles.

The capitalists hire preachers and economists to teach that the master's interests are the worker's interests. Any man with half an eye can see that this is not so. The workers get their wage and that is all they are interested in. The capitalists own the finished product and the workers do not give a hang about something which does not belong to them.

This being so the mill owners must make the workers produce good articles. They must see to it that the workers do a good day's work. Hence the mill owners must employ overseers and bosses, policemen and detectives, to see that the workers work hard and steal nothing.

After the product is finished it belongs to the masters, and the workers do not give a hang, neither do the general public, whether the masters sell their product or not. The masters must sell their product and it is up to them to get the public to buy. Hence there is a great waste of energy in getting the products sold. There are commission agents, wholesale wasted energy houses and retail merchants and a host of individuals who are endeavoring to get the public to buy the goods which the master class have produced.

All this waste of energy arises from the fact that once set of men do the work and another set of men get the product. If the workers of the world owned the mills and owned the finished product, if the workers of the world produced goods for public use and not for private gain, this tremendous waste of energy would be eliminated. It is to the interest of the workers of the world to do away with this waste of effort. It is to the interest of the master class to keep the present system going.

SAVING THE COPPERS.

In order to reduce expenses a careful couple accustomed to drinking ale at supper-time, hearing that a saving of twopence a quart might be effected by having a barrel in, decided to do so. The first night after drinking their usual quart, and sitting by the fire, the old lady thoughtfully said—

"Billy, we've saved twopence to-night."

"We have," answered Billy, "and twopence saved is twopence earned."

"It is." Then after a few minutes' silence, the old lady said—

"Billy, shall we have another quart and save another twopence?"

ABE LINCOLN'S IDEA OF DEMOCRACY

"As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference, is no democracy."

Speaking on the unemployed question at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon street, E. C., Mr. Will Crooks, Labor party M. P., said what was the use of talking about an awful hell to these people? Did they think an awful hell had any terror for them? Not a bit of it. It was the awful earth which was a terror to them. He advocated the creation of a Minister of Labor and a department which should and must be of the greatest possible importance.

Mr. Victor Grayson, Socialist M. P., speaking on the unemployed at Leeds, England, told his audience that he had seen women sitting on the Thames embankment shivering in the cold, and when he had gone back to the House of Commons he found members in tremulous action discussing whether a man should marry his deceased wife's sister.

We like the Montreal Daily Gazette. There is no hypocrisy about it. It is frankly and staunchly capitalistic. It does not pretend to help the poor while it is swinging all its power to help boost rents.

Will the secretaries of all Canadian Locals, and comrades in towns that have no local, see that a list of all Socialists, radicals and right-thinking people in their different localities are at once sent in to Cotton's WEEKLY. Help along the propaganda work comrades. The time is ripe.

A Lesson From the French Revolution

Thomas Carlyle, in his history of the French Revolution, speaks of the throne of Louis XVI and the monarchical system of France, as being "set up upon its vortex," and as destined "to stand while it be held." To all students of history and thinkers the analogy between the situation of the French throne and the French monarchical system, of which the historian speaks, and the throne of our present industrial tyrant King Capital, and his system of production for profits, will need no demonstration. Students of history know how futile were the efforts of the church and aristocracy, how inadequate the props of ancient custom and "divine right" and precedent and king-made law to uphold upon its vortex the throne of Louis, and all the world has read how, within a few short weeks, that throne came crashing down to earth, hurling its kingly occupants to destruction and burying its supporters beneath its ruins.

To the economically educated thinker and observer of industrial and social history, the fall of the throne of King Capital and the destruction of the whole capitalist system is equally certain in the very near future.

This blood-stained system of economic and industrial anarchy, oppression and tyranny even now requires the united and desperate efforts of a Christ-denying church, a degenerate aristocracy and an absolutely unscrupulous plutocracy to uphold it—it requires the props of false science and morality, of unjust precedent and class made and administered law, to keep it erect.

And its supporters are growing weaker. The church is losing its power to bind with the chains of superstition or mislead by promises of reward hereafter. The aristocracy is fast sinking into a nothingness of mediocrity. The plutocracy is having its mask of philanthropy and necessity torn aside and is being exposed in the shame of its brutality and the nakedness of its selfishness to all beholders. As for the props of false science and morality and unjust precedent, class made and class administered law; the acts of socialist science and reason and justice is fast clearing them away.

Low the throne of the capitalistic tyrant will come down and once down it can never be raised.

Whether the fall of capitalism will be accompanied by bloodshed and armed and forcible revolt and revolution depends wholly and solely upon capital itself.

So far as the social revolutionists are concerned, we have no wish to shed blood nor resort to armed force. We will overthrow the system peacefully and by political means if possible.

But we will stand no nonsense. There must be no further tinkering with the franchise, nor denying of the right of free speech and assembly, nor suppression of our press.

The throne of capital must not be upheld by armed force supported by cannon or bayonets, nor propped by the gallows or the torture chambers. Let the capitalists try these tactics and they will perish as the monarchy and aristocracy of France perished in the days of the French Revolution.

GERALD DESMOND.

Port Arthur, Ont.

SYMPTOMS OF REVOLUTION

By WM. RESTELLE SHIER

As the unemployed army grows in size, the condition of the active workers becomes correspondingly worse. The price of labor-power (wages) is regulated like the price of any other commodity by the law of supply and demand. When these two factors are perfectly adjusted to each other, commodities, including human labor-power, are sold at their real value, namely, their cost of production. But when supply exceeds demand, prices fall, and this is as true of wages as it is of wheat or cotton or automobiles. During the nineteenth century the laboring classes were able to raise their standard of living, not because of the marvellous advances made in the arts of production, though this, of course, was a necessary condition, but because of the great scarcity of labor occasioned by the settlement of the west and the expansion of industry, also; it may be said, by their organization into trade unions. But all that has been reversed. The "frontier" has disappeared into the Pacific ocean, the period of expansion has been superseded by the period of consolidation, organized labor has now organized capital with which to cope, and an ever

increasing host of jobless men and women make it possible for employers to enforce a reduction of wages. The outlook for the workers is dark indeed.

Neither accumulating riches on the one hand nor deepening misery on the other, however, would endanger the existing social order if the masses lacked leadership or continued to believe that poverty is ordained by God or that it is both inevitable and just. But these two bulwarks of conservatism are being swept away as surely as have other superstitions. For many decades now the workers have been learning to think for themselves and to organize in their own interests. This is a natural consequence of their association in large industrial establishments, their education in the schools and their enfranchisement. From the first flows their ability to act in concert, from the second their intellectual training, from the third their consciousness of political power.

Once upon a time people believed in the divine right of kings. To-day they believe in the divine right of capital. But this latter belief is passing away as surely as did the former. So also is the belief that poverty is a blessing in disguise. The church is losing its influence over large sections of the community. Among working men and women a feeling seems to be prevalent that the church is a class institution, that it is maintained by the capitalist class in the interest of the capitalist class, and that they have no place in it. At any rate, the old teachings no longer suffice to allay their discontent. An anti-religiousness akin to that which characterized the French Revolution is developing among the proletariat of both Europe and America.

In the domain of political economy a like unorthodoxy is manifesting itself. A large and increasing number of working people are studying economics, not, however, the economics of the schools and colleges. The economics which they are studying are the economics of Karl Marx, economics which have a revolutionary import and which, though meriting the title of the "dismal science" because of the unpleasant truths they contain, nevertheless bear a message of hope to the oppressed and disinherited of all lands under corporatist rule. And with what result? Simply that there is arising a body of intellectual proletarians who, realizing that their economic salvation lies in rising with instead of trying to rise above the class into which they have either fallen or been born, ally themselves with the forces of revolution and become the writers, teachers, organizers and parliamentary representatives of the international social-democracy.

TOO SMART

A draper's assistant was showing a lady some parasols. He had a good command of language, and knew how to expatiate on the good qualities and show the best points of the goods. He picked up a parasol from the lot on the counter, and opened it, he struck an attitude of admiration, and, holding it up to the best light could be had, said— "Now, there, isn't it lovely? Look at that silk. Particularly observe the quality, the finish, the general effect. Feel it. Pass your hand over it. No nonsense about that parasol, is there?" he said as he handed it over to the lady. Isn't it a beauty?" "Yes," said the lady: "That's my old one. I just laid it down here."

The Saturday Evening Post has a circulation of more than a million a week. This is explained by the fact that it gives the people what they want. Its editorials and many of its articles are nothing but thinly veiled socialism. Socialism is what the people want nowadays.

According to governmental statistics, nearly twenty per cent of the women of Germany are working in factories, while nearly ten per cent of the children from twelve to fifteen years of age are also working on ten hour factory shifts.

Christ was long on practical maxims of life and short on theological dogmas. The churches are short on practical maxims of life and mighty long on dogmas.

Every new movement for the betterment of man has been bitterly fought by reactionary theologians. Socialism is being fought to-day.

READ

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