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Let the Masters Celebrate Their Own Victories. The Class-conscious Working People the World Over Celebrate the First of May—Untermann

THE HISTORY OF MAY DAY

GEO. EDWARD

May Day came into existence through a resolution which was adopted at the International Workingman's Congress, held in Paris in the year 1889 and afterwards at the Brussels congress 1891, Zurich 1893, London 1896, Paris 1900 and Amsterdam 1904.

The resolution calls upon the workers of the world to unite in celebrating the 1st day of May as a holiday and further that henceforth they shall do their utmost to establish a universal eight hour work day.

May Day is typical in most countries, as being the dawn of brighter and better times or in other words of the glorious summer about to arrive and the end of the cold winter just finished.

The day was well chosen by our Comrades in Paris on which the proletariat of the world should express their joy at the signs of decay, already so pronounced in the present abominable wage slave system and the ushering in of a new era when all shall be free from exploitation and the evils that are now so prevalent in our body politic. This holiday is not generally understood by the proletariat of Canada, England and the United States, on account of the backwardness of the class-conscious socialist movement in these countries, but wherever the workers do comprehend its meaning their enthusiasm for it knows no bounds.

May Day is celebrated differently according to place and conditions. For instance, should there be serious labor troubles, great strikes are often commenced, but should there be no labor trouble our German comrades usually spend the day at a picnic or in one of their favorite concert gardens. In France where most of the workers celebrate this holiday; some take advantage of it to have a day's rest; others to visit some favorite place, theatre or lecture hall.

Austria, Belgium, Switzerland, Russia and other European countries celebrate May Day in a like manner.

This holiday is very different to other holidays in as much as it is the only one which has been named by the workers for themselves. They have declared that May Day shall be their own, that on that day they will recognize no master. Hence the antagonism displayed by the capitalist class against all celebrations, parades, socialist meetings, etc., held upon the 1st of May.

May Day is usually celebrated in a very different manner to other holidays, because you will find that those who take part in it are imbued with a spirit of fraternity and their chief desire is to learn something about the great hope of the workers, the socialist movement, or else to impart knowledge to their less informed brothers. New hopes are kindled on this day of a better system of society, when they gather together to sing their revolutionary songs or to listen to one of their favorite orators.

The drunkenness and rowdiness so common on other holidays is conspicuous by its absence among those who celebrate May Day. The reason is two-fold, because the class-conscious worker is more intelligent than the average, and also because he looks upon May Day as his most sacred holiday.

THE SWEEP OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

GERALD DESMOND

All hail the first of May! All hail the jubilee of Labor! The hour is inspiring. On other days and amidst other surroundings we may be prosaic, ordinary, commonplace. At other times we may falter distrustful of our own strength; we may hesitate dreading the power of our enemies. But to-day is not as other days. To-day we rise above the sordid degrading environment of capitalism. To-day a vision of the new civilization comes to us. To-day it is for a little while as though the sun of freedom springs above the horizon dispelling the mists of our ignorance and illuminating the darkness of our slavery. To-day in the world wide celebration of labor and the myriads which march beneath the red flag of humanity, we realize and rejoice in the strength, the grandeur, the irresistible,

all conquering power which makes itself felt and known in the sweep of the Social Revolution.

The sweep of the Social Revolution. Grand, awe-inspiring, glorious. Old earth has seen aforetimes no such thing. History finds no fitting precedent. Tradition and legend can afford no parallel. The impossible has been achieved. From the humblest of beginnings comes the mightiest of movements, leading to the grandest of consummations. From a people enslaved has risen the most wonderful of all thoughts, the most transcendently, gloriously, beautiful of all ideals—the thought, the ideal of complete and absolute Freedom. Many slaves have struck for their own liberty; many peoples have fought for national or racial ideals. All honor to such. But for us has been reserved the greatest of all tasks, the grandest and noblest of all conflicts—the freeing of humanity. We conquer to liberate, not to bind, to free, not to enslave. We win the battle for all peoples; not for ourselves alone. We save the master from himself and the consequence of his own acts as well as the slave from the master. Truly we are the Proletariat in the infinite magnanimity of our purpose and the grandeur of our cause are become akin to Gods! What powers can withstand us, what obstacles stay our progress? None! Such a cause is irresistible; such an ideal all conquering. We draw all people to us. Our humanity conquers all hearts even as our science conquers all minds. Even our enemies, deserting their own ranks, spring to us.

Enemies? We have none. Who will dare, when the day comes, to call the Liberators of all Humanity enemies, or bear arms against the Saviors of the World? Who will attempt to dam back the majestically onrushing waters of progress or stay, even for a moment, the sweep of the Social Revolution?

THE BRITISH WARSCARE

Vickers, Sons and Maxim, makers of guns and war-materials, is a company capitalized at twenty-six million dollars. This company, if it does not make guns and other things for the destruction of men, cannot pay dividends. If dividends are not paid the owners of the shares will find their stock certificates valueless. Consequently the shareholders have a direct interest in seeing that this company obtains large army contracts for the making of destructive material.

When peace reigns over the world, then the nations have little need for war material. When, however, nation becomes suspicious of nation then there will be great activity in the giving forth of contracts for guns and the other things which companies like Vickers, Sons and Maxim make. Consequently the owners of the shares of Vickers, Sons and Maxim have a direct interest in making Great Britain suspicious of other nations.

Recently in Great Britain a systematic campaign has been undertaken to arouse the British nation against Germany. M. P.'s have gravely announced that Great Britain must arm herself more thoroughly, and the aristocracy have been engaged in arousing the English martial ardor.

Among the shareholders of Vickers, Sons and Maxim are forty-one titled gentlemen and seventeen M. P.'s. The speaker possesses a hundred thousand dollars worth of shares. These gentlemen cannot be altogether disinterested in seeing large army contracts go to the company in which they are interested.

There are other companies, coal companies, shipbuilding companies, steel companies and many others in which British members of Parliament and Lords are interested. Surely these gentlemen have one eye out on their interests when they make such frantic efforts to increase the war appropriations of the budget which will eventually be paid over to themselves in dividends.

There is a big boss down in one of the American cities who says that he can buy all the brains he wants for twenty dollars a week. Capital can command brains, brains cannot command capital. Think this over and you will see that it is true.

THE ORIGIN OF MAY DAY

JULES LAVENNE

It was in 1888 after the general election at which our old Comrades, Barley and Lamandin were elected to the French Chamber of Deputies by the French Federation of the Arrondissement De Bethune, Pas-de-Calais, that the Syndicat des mineurs du Nord et du Pas-de-Calais, composed of some seventy-three thousand miners, held their convention at Lens, P. de C. At this convention it was moved that the Socialist Deputies be requested to present the 8 hours day bill before the French Chamber. It was also resolved to keep the first of May as labor day.

The following year the capitalists did all they could to make the miners work the first of May. They succeeded in keeping about half of the men at their tasks. But the same year the International Socialist Party endorsed the Lens resolution. Since then the first of May has been recognized as the international Labor day.

Now all the workers of France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, a big portion of England and of the United States keep the first of May as Labor Day and carry a red ribbon in their buttonhole. This year is the twentieth anniversary of the celebration of Labor Day.

THE CANADIAN LABOR DAY

W. U. COTTON

Our wise Dominion Parliament has fixed Labor day for Canada as a public holiday. Did the Dominion Parliament set his holiday in the fresh spring-time when nature is renewing herself and the blood runs gladly in the veins at the thought of the coming of summer? Not at all. This would have been too much honor for labor. Labor Day for Canada has been fixed for the first Monday in September.

The United States Congress has also fixed the American Labor in the autumn. In both countries this was done for the direct purpose of breaking the international solidarity of the labor movement. Happily, labor on this continent has refused to be blinded and the workers are celebrating May Day on their own account.

The capitalists may as well recognize the solidarity of labor, and grant them May Day as their day of rejoicing. Laws are made to curb and thwart the rising proletariat. The workers, however, will soon be too strong to be bound by any purely vexatious laws that a servile Parliament may enact. Labor claims the right to its own holiday and it claims that right for the first day of May.

to repress the great mass of humanity for its own aggrandizement, no matter on what pretext, is hindering the onward march of civilization.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SPRING

W. U. COTTON

Poets and novelists have long recognized the influence of nature's moods upon the spirit of man. It is a cheap trick of a novelist to make the moods of nature agree with the moods of his heroine. Weddings take place in the sunshine and dark deeds are done when nature is morose.

The beneficent influence of the sun works on the human frame. Nature revivifies all life with recurring spring-time. The myths and religions of man have been influenced by the seasons and even the politicians take advantage of nature's changes. The gods have been said to have been born on the twenty-fifth day of December. This is the day on which the sun is first perceived to have turned northward again and to have risen higher in the Southern skies. Bacchus, Apollo and Christ are all said to have been born on this day.

Easter is the time when Christ is said to have risen from the dead. Easter is fixed at the time of the spring equinox when the sun crosses the equator. The Christian festival of Easter derives its name from the Norse Goddess Eastre, whose worship was celebrated at the same time.

In Greek mythology Proserpine, daughter of the goddess of harvests, Demeter, is said to be stolen in the fall by Pluto, King of the Nether World, and to be returned to her mother in the spring. Demeter mourns all winter until her daughter returns. Hence, the Greeks fixed their Eleusinian festivals in the springtime.

In ancient Egypt the people worshipped the bull. The spring equinox, over three thousand years ago, coincided with the zodiacal sign of the bull. With the precession of the equinoxes the equinox later coincided with the constellation of the ram. The Egyptians thereupon began to worship the ram or the he-lamb. This is illustrated by the worship of the paschal lamb given to the Jews by Moses.

In Brittany, as late as the fourteenth century, the peasants sacrificed a virgin and buried her in the ground to appease the powers of nature and to render their fields fruitful.

All through the ages, in myth, religion and politics, the springtime and its influence upon man's nature has been exhibited and been taken advantage of. Queen Victoria's birthday fell on the 24th of May. The 24th of May was made a holiday for the worship of royalty. The patriotic enthusiasm raised in the British Empire on behalf of the reigning house has been more the natural ebullition of springtime vigor than real love for the sovereign. After Queen Victoria's death Edward ascended the throne. He was crafty enough to continue the 24th of May as a holiday. He, or his advisers, had sufficiently studied history to know that a national celebration fixed for his own birthday, which falls on the ninth day of November, would be a dismal failure. Nature is bleak and bare. Spirits of men are low. Man does not celebrate under such conditions.

In Canada Labor Day is in September. The cunning rulers will not give labor a holiday in the spring when men feel glad and joyous. Like the royal purple, which was kept sacred in ancient days for use of royal persons, so the glad May time has been kept sacred for the celebration, and with the Tories actual worship, of British royalty.

Royalty must have the best. Labor can have celebration on a day when the powers of nature have failed. Is it any wonder that triumphant labor revolts and, in the might of its own strength, forestalls puny royalty and snatches, even under the glaring eyes of capitalism and the hostile manoeuvrings of aristocracy, the first glad day of May and takes it for its own?

The interest of the boss is not the interest of the worker. The boss wants to skin the worker and the worker does not want to be skinned. Where is the community of interest?

MAKE A START THIS MAY DAY

ROSCOE A. FILMORE

What is your idea of life? Do you never wonder whether you were created to become a machine or not? Don't you know that the never-ending grind of which you are the victim is making a machine of you? You rise at 5 a.m. eat something, (always the very cheapest that can be bought) go to work at 7 a.m. eat something at 12 a.m., go to work at 1 p.m., quit at 6 p.m., eat some more, go to bed at 9 p.m. to rise at 5 and resume the same routine.

I ask you, brother worker, is this your idea of life? Are you satisfied? Do you believe that such a mechanical existence should satisfy a rational being? Your wife or mother finds life even more monotonous than do you. It is always speculate and calculate over the food she must buy, the manner in which it should be cooked, etc., in order that it may last as long as possible. When a special season comes around such as Christmas or Thanksgiving you put your hands together, count the pennies in the purse, and choose, not the food which you would like, but the miserable odds and ends which can be bought cheaply because milady or milord will not take them at any price.

These are the conditions when you are steadily employed. If you chance to lose your job you must starve or, if you have any credit, mortgage your future by buying your groceries on "tick." Do you call this living? I don't. I call it simply a miserable brute existence and I intend to do all in my power to change these conditions.

We are approaching a day which has been set apart by men who are not satisfied with this miserable condition of things. We call it May Day and we use it for the purpose of spreading our doctrine of working class unity among our brother workers. On this day we march, millions strong, and we make the idlers in their palaces turn pale. Their cheeks blanch as they realize that our ranks are filling up, that every May Day sees millions added to our army. They know that when we get crowd enough we intend to change the conditions which force you and I to work that they may loaf and it makes them unhappy. They are alive to their own interests. They are class-conscious.

But you, my brother, have not yet discovered wherein lies your interests. If you had you would be marching with us. You too would be dreaming of and working for the glorious future. You would be working for the time when men shall be free. You would be carrying a pocketful of socialist literature to give your friends; you would be hustling for subs for socialist papers. You would be doing all these things if you were true to your class and to yourself.

You'd better make a start this May Day. Fall in! You will easily catch the swing. You will feel happier when working for a time when your children need not go to work when still babies. You will find yourself in line with progress. You will find yourself in line with economic evolution, the power which has brought industry where it can very easily be made cooperative, in place of private property. And if you join us this May Day you will be able to bring along some of your friends by next year and thus we add to our army. Come on, brother, we are marching in millions today! Come with us and we will show you how to win a world.

Everybody's Magazine declares that stock exchange gambling in the United States costs the investors a hundred and eighty-four million dollars a year. Everybody's Magazine wants the investors to free themselves from such a parasitic drain. This is not the workingman's battle. Workingmen don't invest. Their fight is to free themselves from the parasite investors.

It is reported that the German Emperor is extremely worried over the spread of the socialist propaganda among German recruits. The German army may not be such a ferocious instrument of war as the capitalists of Great Britain would like us to believe.

A big salary, under modern conditions is an almost inevitable sign that the man who is getting it is crooked.

LABOR'S HOLIDAY

GERALD O'CONNEL DESMOND

Rise from your sleep, my comrade toilers,
Casting your fears away;
Showing your strength to the quaking spoilers,
Is this not Labor's day?
Hang out the flags so the world may see them;
Emblems of brotherhood,
Workers enslaved, we have sworn to free them;
We be of common blood.

Workers of every race and nation,
Hark to our marching feet.
Circling the world with our celebration,
Gathering on square and street.
Not as of old when, with wistful longing,
We bowed around the despot's throne;
Now in the might of our numbers thronging,
Boldly we claim our own.

Surely today is a promise glorious
Showing the time is near
When, in the last hard fight victorious,
Labor's day shall be all the year!
When from the depths of the gloomy prison
Claiming the world in fee,
Labor shall spring like a God new risen,
Spite of their tyranny.

Blind we have been but the spell is ending.
See how we break each chain,
Myriad voices in the war cry blending—
"Nought to lose and a world to gain."
Onward the ranks, then, firm, unflinching,
Banish each doubt and fear;
Onward the ranks then, the foes are faltering,
Victory hovereth near!

THE TORCH OF LEARNING

The argument has been frequently advanced that a certain class must be raised above the necessities of want in order that it may give its undivided attention to carrying forward the higher things of civilization. Thus in Roman days the patricians had their slaves to do the menial work while they themselves cultivated the arts of oratory, of politics, of state-craft and sometimes of literature and poetry. In Palestine the Levites were set apart and were supported in order that they might carry forward and elaborate the worship of Jehovah. In England the aristocracy and the state priests were under the impression that they should be given the material cream of life in order that they might be fitted to guide the state and the spiritual affairs of the nation.

These privileged classes based their theory of supremacy upon the assumption that civilization was a very tender plant which needed very careful nourishing or it would die, and they gave themselves as the embodiment of the spirit of civilization, that careful nourishing on the purely material plane. History is filled with the refutation of their theory. Corrupt priests and dissolute noblemen have been the rule, not the exception. The higher the priest, the more corrupt he has been; and the more aristocratic the noble, the more dissolute. Civilization is something that will take care of itself. The only thing that humanity can do is to assist in giving the individual the freest opportunity to express the powers that is within him. There is the great power of life back of humanity, urging it forward to some unknown height. Any class, whether noble, priest, or capitalist, which strives

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DIVIDED THEY VOTE

By ELLIS O. JONES

The whistle has blown and each man takes his place
To toil for the world at a death dealing pace.
Each movement is skillful, each brain is alert,
While they patiently work in the factory dirt.
Just look at that picture and then make a note,
That united they sweat, but divided they vote.
The machines and the belts and the shafting are still,
And not a wheel turns—there's a strike at the mill.
A strike! Every workman has solemnly vowed
To stand by his mates till their claims are allowed.
'Tis a brave thing to do, but don't fail to note
That united they strike, but divided they vote.
The sun brightly shines as there passes along,
In holiday raiment, the Labor Day through.
Each man is decked out in his Labor Day best—
"Labor omnia vincit," the banners attest.
Yes, labor may conquer, but never, please note,
While united they march, but divided they vote.

IS THIS CIVILIZATION

Did you ever stop to think of this civilization of ours? This grand, glorious, twentieth century civilization, some of us are so proud of. Let us see what the meaning of civilization means. We find it means to reclaim from a savage, to instruct in the arts and refinement, to be cultured, etc. So then this is what we call civilization. Let us take a glimpse, to see if it is at all faulty. Our eyes have been closed long enough.

We find that we have evolved from various systems. From savagery, barbarism, serfdom, feudalism to wage-slavery. Here we find that we have come out of a state of liberty and freedom to various forms of slavery and wage-slavery, which suits the present form of capitalism best.

We are told often by some that slavery has been abolished quite a while now; but that is not true. They may say "Britons never shall be slaves," but it cuts no ice. We are slaves, and we shall remain slaves just as long as private ownership in the means of production exists. Let us go back to the days of the primitive man and compare him with the wage slave of these days to ascertain if this really is civilization. We find these primitive men were free as the air. They enjoyed perfect liberty. The primitive man had to find his own food. Unlike we wage slaves, he did not ask another's permission for the right to produce his food. He was not as foolish as some imagine. He knew a great deal more than the average worker of these days and when he wanted food, he merely helped himself from natural resources, such as fruit, animals and fish. Suppose a tree was laden with fruit that suited his taste. He did not climb to the top of the tree to get his meal while fruit was in abundance at the bottom. He knew enough to get his living with the least possible and necessary effort, and exactly the same applies if his meal were to be of the same animal, he would not climb to the top of a mountain to trap his food, while he could trap the animal just as well at the bottom of the mountain. What these people produced in the way of food, covering and shelter, the same belonged to them. But what we civilized wage workers produce in the way of food, clothing and shelter, and all other commodities, are confiscated by an idle class of individuals who serve no useful purpose in society, but who own the means of production by which we must gain access in order to exist. Comparing this civilization with those days of what they pleased to call savagery, I say "give me back those days of yore, if this is all civilization has to offer."

But I know that we can have a better, grander civilization than this and it is fairly easy to get. We are now in the course of evolution, aspiring from wage slavery to freedom. A new system will evolve out of this capitalist society, namely a world wide co-operative commonwealth, the natural, legitimate child of the capitalist system. Should we not embrace this new order with joy and anticipation? Have we workers anything to lose? Have we anything to hang back for or hang on to? Is

there any reason why we should not cut the last remaining strand and let this system slip into the past taking all its horrors with it? Have we anything to lose?

No, we have everything to gain. The results of the present system are enough to convince you that we can get nothing worse. Jails are filled with men, women and even children who are to be pitied not scorned. Society has made them what they are. We are to blame for maintaining this system by votes. Asylums are filled with the insane which this civilization of capitalist production; for profit gives us men and women, mostly of the work-class, driven crazy through worry owing to unfair, unjust, economic conditions. Hospitals are crowded to the utmost with the maimed, injured and dying. The shrieks of the dying and injured are calling to you, working men and women, for justice. Will you respond? You will, you must wipe out this foul stain on civilization which throws our sisters on the streets to sell their bodies for bread. How long shall we allow this thing to continue? We must either sanction this brutal system or seek to overthrow it. We cannot be neutral for that is cowardly. The road to evolution is narrow, but it is straight, while the road to reform is broad and paved with good intentions which come to naught.

You cannot reform this system which is based on robbery. Do not be fooled by those men who tell you drink is the cause of all social evils, because that is not so. While it may be a curse, and is the cause of quite a lot of poverty, there must be, and is a cause for drink. My advice to you is to buy more books and less beer. Then you will begin to think deeply and when a working man begins to think for himself and in the right direction, there's something doing. Yes, reformers are always busy patching up the present system. They have put so many patches on that they are at a loss to know where to fit the next. It is like Johnny's pants, all patches, requiring a new pair. A new social fabric is required.

So it is readily seen that there is nothing for it but revolution (meaning a complete change); and not until the revolution comes will we enjoy the new order of society, namely, the co-operative commonwealth. I venture to say its coming will obliterate almost entirely all the now existing social evils. It will afford us co-operation in the place of competition. It will give us a brother and sisterhood. Race hatred will be a thing of the past. Is not socialism then, worth your consideration free from prejudice? Why sure. Get in line. Read social philosophy and literature. Unite with the socialist party. Help us to remove this hideous, vicious capitalist system. Let us have a working class civilization of which we can be justly proud. Karl Marx gave his message to you when he said "workers of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains and there's a world of plenty to gain."

WILL R. HIBBERD

WHEN TRADE UNIONS TOOK FORM

The application of machinery to productive industry was followed by tremendous and far-reaching changes in the whole structure of society. First among these was the change in the status of the worker, who, from an independent mechanic or small producer, was reduced to the level of a dependent wage worker. The machine had leaped, as it were, into the area of industrial activity, and had left little or no room for the application of the worker's skill or the use of his individual tools.

The economic dependence of the working class became more and more rigidly fixed—and at the same time a new era dawned for the human race.

The more or less isolated individual artisans were converted into groups of associated workers and marshalled for the impending social revolution.

It was at this time that the trades union movement began to take definite form—Eugene V. Debs.

Capitalism wants the poor to remain contented while it picks their pennies from their pockets.

Bigger and better than ever—
STAG
BRIGHT PLUG
CHEWING TOBACCO
Note the increased size of the plugs.

Is It Human Nature

By W. H. G.

A common objection to socialism often put up by the defenders of the present disorderly system is, "Socialism won't work; it is against human nature."

Socialism will work because it gives human nature a chance to develop.

Is it against human nature that a man should expect the full benefit of what his labor creates? Socialism will give him this.

Is it human nature for a man to go into business which, if it means profits to him, means poverty, degradation, ruined homes and untold misery for thousands?

Is it human nature that causes a man to enter the saloon business? Does he rejoice in the ruin caused by drink? If he could gain a good living as easily at something which would benefit society would he not choose that rather? If you doubt it, ask him?

Is it human nature for the owner of a factory, workshop or mine, to grind profits out of the blood and bones of little children and careworn mothers? Is it not rather inhuman nature?

Is it human nature that three-fourths of the population of the eastern states are females, while three-fourths of the population of the west are males? That is the result of the present competitive system.

Is it human nature for a woman to sell her virtue for bread if she could have a husband and a good home?

It is human nature to be happy and to promote happiness. Only when human nature is outraged is it otherwise. There can be no universal happiness until the bread and butter question is settled.

Have you ever tried to live the sermon on the Mount? If you claim to be a Christian, you are expected to. If you can't, what is it then that needs remedying?

Just imagine an undertaker thanking God for prosperity in his business. Yet this is what some so-called Christians would have him do.

Should a doctor rejoice when an epidemic strikes a community or when a railway smash or mine explosion occurs? If, during a time of good health just previous his income has been very meagre, how can he help it.

Is there no way of remedying these things in this age of progress?

Socialism says "Yes."

Many of those who pray the Lord's Prayer would be scared out of their wits at the first sign of their petition being fulfilled.

If there isn't socialism in Heaven there will be a very dull chance of some of us ever getting a foothold there considering how many good people have gone before us believing in the Divine right of private property. Wonder if the rents are high there?

Is there any sin in pushing your brother into the ditch six days out of the week if you derive pleasure in pulling him out on Sunday?

Many people seem to thank God for the poor, so they may have a chance to exercise their philanthropy.

Must Stand Up For Their Rights:

I cannot forget that the laboring class must, like any other, stand up for its own rights, or be content to see them trampled under foot; and that the strength given it by organization, superinduced upon numbers, is its only effectual defense against the unchecked tyranny of capital, eager for profit and reckless of other's rights. The power developed by combination may be abused, like any other power, but labor is helpless and a prey without it.—Horace Greeley.

What War Really Is.

Wars is a damnable profession.—Wellington.

War is the trade of barbarism.—Napoleon.

War is hell.—Sherman.

There never has been, nor ever will be a good war or a bad peace.—Franklin.

War is an instrument entirely inefficient toward reducing wrong, and multiplies instead of indemnifying losses.—Jefferson.

Some of the locals are taking advantage of our three-month trial offer to put good socialist reading matter in the barber shops. Brantford is leading the van in this work. Others should follow.

The wage slave woman is the prey of the white slave traffic.

A good many comrades have found out that Cotton's is a prejudice-breaker. People like to read it, no matter in what walk of life. It appeals to all in the home. Has a message for everybody. And the price is so low that everybody can afford it. Come now; let's have that sub.

Child labor on the farm is not bad. The healthy little animal gets next to mother earth and grows strong. Child labor in the factory, however, where the puny little animal is tied down to a great throbbing machine, works for the deterioration of the human race.

Cotton's talks to the toilers, mechanics, farmers, storekeepers, professional men, politicians, ministers, and men in the varied occupations under the present worn-out system. Has a thought-compelling sentence for everyone of them in each issue, put in plain simple English. And you get 52 copies for only fifty cents.

Socialism deals with conditions not men. But when the capitalists get busy in the support of antiquated conditions, socialism will have to crush them unless they experience a change of heart.

We want the sub of every old Socialist in Canada, or if he is surfeited with reading, we want the same amount invested so that others may be shown the light. Every Canadian socialist should feel it his duty to see that his own papers are kept in good spirits.

In the early centuries of the Christian era the moral German tribes would move down into the warm places of Italy and become corrupt. A changed environment produced a different creature.

The free trader is a man who believes that countries can become rich by having two national parasitic classes exchange goods with each other which neither of them can use.

Socialism is the only hope of the people. The people must own, control and manage the trusts or be owned, controlled and managed by them.

Volumes I. or II. of Capital by Carl Marx for twenty-five yearly subs for Cotton's. Good way to add to your library comrades.

There is no true freedom in a nation when one man is rendered free to do as he likes by the economic bondage of his brother.

Don't forget the barbers and reading rooms in your propaganda outlay. One dollar will carry ten copies of Cotton's to ten different addresses for three months.

The rich who do nothing are not to be blamed altogether. They are the result of conditions. The workers must see to it that such persons shall work or starve.

Socialism will triumph through economic education. It is capitalism that needs police and navies and soldiery to maintain itself to the detriment of mankind.

That little book, "The Socialist" is a good one to hand to a friend who wants to know what socialism really is. We will supply you for ten cents per copy.

The capitalists might just as well give up the fight now as later. The socialists are out to win and won't rest satisfied till they do.

The capitalist system produces the rich arrogant woman and the prostitute. Both types will disappear when socialism shall have triumphed.

British consols are still dropping. The Socialists must be making great progress over there with their idea of repudiating the national debt.

The poor murderer is hung. The rich murderers who kill men, women and children through their greed are pillars of the church.

Laws are made against petty gambling while the stock exchange gamble is carefully cherished and protected by servile legislators.

One socialist member at Ottawa would make the cold shivers run up the spines of two hundred and thirteen capitalist members.

When socialism triumphs even the plutes themselves will be glad of the change.

LABOR POINTERS

Machinery is to civilize the world in spite of itself.

Political progress is to be a terrific pace from now on.

The new order will give the superior man greater opportunities than he has today.

There never was a movement for reform that did not have its beginning among the lower classes, among the oppressed.

All great movements have in their inception been marked by abuse of those taking part in them, because they have their start among the undesirables.

Socialism is not a dream but a certainty of the immediate future. It is not half so dreamy as talking across the seas without wires, or even talking across the sea with wires.

In the past fifty years man has invented machinery which wrests from nature a great deal more than can be consumed, even if all who work live so that they want for no material thing.

There will be no trouble about the necessities of life when the working class takes over the machinery. They will have all the best food they need, the best homes that can be built, the best schools—no child labor, no grinding toil—and all the beautiful things will be for every one.—Eugene Debs.

That constituency will be famed in the future history of Canada which first sends a socialist to the Dominion house at Ottawa.

The capitalists do not like the socialists because the socialists want to make the capitalists do something useful for society.

Misery, degradation and death come to human atoms when a system of industrial production has become decadent.

"The physician attending me prescribed, on my rallying from an attack of rheumatism, your Scott's Emulsion, which I have been taking every winter since. I find it most valuable in strengthening and building up one after a severe illness. I have not had rheumatism since the time mentioned above and I owe it to your most valuable Emulsion. It is my life now, and makes me strong and healthy."—R. PICARD, Grand Ligne, Quebec.

For two hundred years before Scott's Emulsion came Cod Liver Oil was used for rheumatism.

Scott's Emulsion

is modernized Cod Liver Oil; the purest and best oil partly predigested, made palatable and suitable for the most delicate child or invalid. It enriches the blood, tones up the entire system, and drives out rheumatism.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you a copy of Mr. Picard's letter and other literature on the subject. A Post Card, mentioning this paper, is sufficient.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto

The socialists are not against state socialism. They are against state socialism that but benefits the few.

Cotton's Weekly

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LIVE PROPAGANDA PAPER

FROM A CANADIAN FARMER

WHY HE IS A SOCIALIST

I am a socialist because I believe in equal opportunity for all men and also for women. Because I believe that all wealth is the product of labor and should be the property of labor.

I am a socialist because I know what it is to be a wage laborer, and I do not believe in the right of any man to own a mine, mill or railroad and claim a part of my product as the price of my right to enter that mine, mill or railroad and make an honest living for myself.

I am a socialist because I am a farmer and do not believe that these mills, mines, railroads, factories, banks and elevators should be owned by a few and operated in such a way as to draw a large profit out of the useful toiler in order that the few owners may enrich themselves and enslave their less prosperous, less fortunate or less intelligent brothers.

I am a socialist because I believe the mills, mines, lands, railroads and banks should be owned by the public and operated in the interest of the public just the same as our post-offices, public roads and public schools are to a certain extent now owned by and operated in the interests of the public.

I am a socialist because I find the socialist party to be the only party striving to wipe out the profit grabbing system and give to each and every toiler the full product of his toil.

I am a socialist because I believe socialism will abolish political corruption. It will abolish political corruption by abolishing the cause. What is the cause? Private ownership of the industries.

If I had \$1,000,000 invested in a city railway it would very likely cause me to spend \$25,000 in influencing the city authorities to take certain action in the interest of my business. This would be political corruption.

But suppose every resident of the city held a like interest in the said railway? Which one would want to corrupt and influence the city representatives to act in the interest of the railway business and against the interest of the people?

Such action would be impossible if the people owned the railway business. Surely that is perfectly plain.

Now suppose I owned the C. P. R., or the G. T. R., or any other kind of property worth the same amount. Why shouldn't I go and corrupt the courts, parliaments and legislatures all over the land?

It would be to my economic interest to do so. But suppose every citizen in the land held an interest in these things just the same as we do now in the postal business or public schools, where would you look to find a bribe giver?

Did you ever hear of the postal department trying to corrupt a court or legislature?

Did you ever hear of the public school magnates trying to swing an election?

Did you ever hear of the man who owns a hundred thousand miles of wagon road, making twenty or a hundred million dollars in clear dividends in a few months or a year?

Did you ever read of the owners of public property trying to corrupt the public officials?

Did you ever read of the owners of public property charging two or three prices and trying to rob, cheat or make profits out of the public? Truly private ownership is the cause of political corruption.

Let us abolish political corruption by abolishing private ownership of public institutions.

Give me public ownership of the means of production and distribution which is, in effect, socialism.

I am not a socialist because my father or my grandfather was. They were not. I am not a socialist because Karl Marx was. I am not a socialist because the preacher or priest told me to be. I am a socialist because I have read and studied socialism, and because I find that it stands the test of reason.

If you want to study socialism I would suggest that you read a small book entitled "What's so and what isn't," by John M. Work. Ask Cotton's for it.

And by the way, don't be afraid to subscribe for Cotton's, the best socialist paper in Canada. Socialist papers are getting popular. I took over fifty subs for socialist papers in the month of March.

Yours for co-operation,
EDGAR N. CRANDELL
Weyburn, Sask.

NEW FARM MACHINERY

A press dispatch states that in all probability the motor combination of plow and other farming implements will very soon take the place of the old type of machinery and of the farm horse on the plains of the western states. Through the use of it, it is being found that the work can be done "in a third of the time at a fourth of the expense, and better." Land can be plowed with this farm motor for "thirty cents an acre." Thirty acres can be plowed in a day with one machine, and 600 bushels of wheat hauled to market at one trip.

Already the farm machinery of the United States is nearly as expensive as the manufacturing machinery, yet, despite the fact that it has put out of business the cradle and flail and such tools, it is far less complete than manufacturing machinery is. Manufacturing is all done by power—steam, electricity, etc.—but farm machinery is still operated, for the most part, by animals.

Such machinery as has come to the farm has worked wonders. It has revolutionized things. Lincoln said it enabled the women to do the work while the men battled and won in the war. But if the imperfect machinery of the farm worked such results, what will be the result when the more perfect machinery comes? In manufacturing the factory system came with the coming of perfected machinery. As it increased and grew bigger the trust system took its place. There is already evidence that the same process will be followed on the farm. In the early days each farmer was "independent," he and his family did all the work. As machinery has increased the farm hand has come into existence. As machinery becomes more perfect the factory system, now in force on the farm, will give place to the trust system. Syndicate farming has already come. It is as possible to corner production on the farm as it was to corner the weaving of cloth, the curing of meat, the drying and canning of fruit, which once were done on the farm. The farmer is not threatened with Socialism taking his farm. The threat is of syndicates, using great machinery, driving him out of business, just as they drove the small rolling mill out of business. The day of big farm machinery is dawning, and with it the day of syndicate farming and an end to the little farmer.—The Appeal.

Tooth Brushes for Cows

A Los Angeles physician named Tanner has been spending a lot of time lately looking into the mouths of cows, and he finds that they are full of germs. These germs, he says, contaminate the cows' milk, and are a contributing cause of illness in children. In an article in a London paper he recommends that the teeth of cows be cleaned twice a day, and that a law be passed making it compulsory. Whether the cows should have a vote on the proposed law, or whether they should be subjected to purification without representation, Dr. Tanner does not say.

No doubt it would be a fine thing if cows could be made to pay more attention to their personal habits. They should be taught in early calthood that cleanliness is next to Godliness. We wonder, however, whether compelling the farmer to brush his cows' teeth twice a day will not have a bad effect upon the bovine character. Will not the cow become pampered, demanding finer tooth brushes and tastier powders as time goes on? Will she stop at the

brushing of teeth, or go further and insist upon shampooing and manicuring? We are opposed to any law that will change the liberty-loving, independent farmer into a private secretary to a cow.—Success Magazine.

NOBODY TOUCHING IT.

The skipper of a tramp steamer was anxious to get away while the tide served and as he was a hand short he engaged a rough-looking fellow on the spot without asking too many questions. Soon the steamer began to leave the dock, and the new hand was sent forward to await instructions.

"Let go that forward rope there," roared the captain.

But the new hand made no sign. "Why don't you let go that forward rope?" again yelled the captain from the bridge, dancing with rage.

"Who's touching yer rope?" replied the new hand. "I'm not."

Then the captain fainted.

GOOD ADVICE.

A London cabby was one morning looking through his cab when he found a parcel which contained a dead cat. He was disgusted, and was about to throw it away when a policeman came on the scene.

"Look here," said the cabby, "this is how I am insulted. What must I do with it?"

The constable replied in a stern voice—"I am surprised at your ignorance. Take it to Scotland Yard, and if not claimed within three months it becomes your property!"

A CHEERFUL GIVER.

Bobby's father had given him a penny and a shilling, telling him that he might put one or the other in the church plate.

"Which did you give, Bobby?" his father asked, when the boy came home from church. "Well, father, I thought at first I ought to put in the shilling," said Bobby, "but then just in time I remembered, 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' and I knew I could give the penny a great deal more cheerfully, and so I put that in."

COMING NOW.

A traveller waited at a certain English provincial town in vain for the much overdue "express" on the branch line. Again he approached the solitary, sleepy-looking porter, and inquired for the twentieth time—"Isn't that train coming soon?" At that moment a dog came trotting up the line, and a glad smile illuminated the official's face.

"Ah, yes, sir," replied the porter, "it'll be getting near now. Here comes the engine-driver's dog."

It is estimated that three and a half million wooden poles used by electric companies in this country require renewal each year. These poles are perfectly sound except at the ground line; and as it costs more to renew a pole than to set a pole, a scheme of reinforcing the poles with concrete has recently been devised. It consists in bridging the weakened part with reinforcing rods driven into the pole above and below the decayed portion. Concrete is then molded around the pole over the reinforcing rods. In this way the pole can be rendered even stronger than it was originally and at very little expense.

A plan for a tunnel below the St. Lawrence River at Quebec was recently submitted to the Montreal Board of Trade. It is claimed that it would cost no more than the proposed Quebec bridge, and that it would have the advantage of presenting no obstruction to navigation. Provision would be made for four lines of railroad track and for vehicular traffic. The location would be at Quebec, and connection would be made directly to Levis at the opposite side of the river.

It is stated that the greater part of the survey of the route of the Hudson Bay Railway has been completed, about 400 out of a total distance of 495 miles having been covered by the locating parties. The new road will provide a superior route for the shipment of the large and ever-increasing grain supply of the Canadian Northwest to European points.

The total number of boiler explosions in the United States, in 1908 as reported by the Hartford Steam Boiler Insurance and Inspection Company, was 470 as against 471 in 1907, 431 in 1906, and 450 in 1905. The record shows that since October 1st, 1867, there have been 10,051 boiler explosions recorded by this company, in which 15,634 people were injured and 10,884 killed.

This rotten old system must go.

BROTHER TOLD BROTHER

One Suffered for Fifteen Years, the Other for Thirteen.

The convincing powers of a testimonial were never more clearly shown than in the case of Mr. Hugh Brown, a brother, Lemuel Brown, of Avondale, N.B., read in the paper about Hon. John Costigan being cured by "Fruit-a-tives." Knowing the Senator would only endorse a medicine which had cured him, Mr. Lemuel Brown tried "Fruit-a-tives." They cured him of Chronic Indigestion and Constipation, so he urged his brother to try them.



Hartland, N.B., Oct. 28th, 1907. "Three doctors told me that I had Liver Disease and serious Stomach Trouble. My stomach was very weak. I took their medicines for thirteen years and grew worse. My brother (who was cured of terrible indigestion by 'Fruit-a-tives' after suffering for 15 years), recommended me to try these wonderful tablets. I bought half a dozen boxes and have just finished the sixth. I eat all kinds of hearty foods without distress and am greatly improved in every way. 'Fruit-a-tives' also cured the Chronic Constipation which was so distressing in my case." (Signed) HUGH BROWN. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50; a trial box, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

SOCIALISM NOT GOVT BY OFFICIALS

GERALD DESMOND

One of the principal objections of our opponents is that we are endeavoring to bring about a system of government by officials or Paternalism. This is not true. Socialists are not trying to bring about any Bureaucratic Paternalism. What we are after is just the reverse. We want Democratic Fraternity.

The system under which we live at present is one of Bureaucratic Paternalism. Under the present system we elect representatives to legislate for us. These persons are elected for a certain stated period of time. Once elected we have no control over them whatever. They are irresponsible. They may break every pledge, most of them do, and yet we cannot remove them. They may prove grafters, thieves and robbers yet we cannot recall them. They may pass oppressive and reactionary laws yet we cannot veto them. Paternalism and Bureaucracy are indeed the very essence of our present system. These so-called representatives of ours are in fact mere petty czars and emperors. They are, once elected, our masters, not our servants. They sell us to the railroads. They peddle the timber limits among themselves. They divide the public domain amongst others with cheerful equanimity. They appoint officials with practically unlimited powers to assist them in the work of misgovernment. These officials once appointed are also our masters. They cannot be turned out of office by popular vote.

But socialism is different to this. We believe in the initiative, the referendum and the right of recall. We want men elected not for an arbitrary fixed time, but for just as long as the electors desire. A socialist member of Parliament could, if he sold the people, be kicked out of office in twenty-four hours. That is true democracy. As for government by officials, we are against it. We want just as few officials as there may have to be, elected by popular vote, not appointed by a clique or class. We want the duties and powers of all public officials defined to the last detail. We want the power of recall applied to all officials.

As I said before we want Democratic Fraternity not Bureaucratic Paternalism. The latter is what we are getting now.

Forty-seven years ago Abraham Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation setting "all" slaves forever free, and yet the wage-slave is still in bondage. When every man is a Lincoln to himself and to his fellow-workers then will the slaves of the working class be also free.—Victor Benedict.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

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 the provisions of the party constitution, platform, etc. When this is well in hand, the work of spreading the propaganda by holding public meetings, circulating literature and other means should be taken up.

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

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

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

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

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

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There are many baking powders but

FIGHT FOR YOUR LIFE

By BEN HANFORD

You wage-workers. You who must be wage-workers. You who cannot live except as wage-workers.

Have you learned why you are wage-workers? And why you must continue to be wage-workers?

To live you must have food, clothing, shelter.

You wage-workers differ from wage-payers chiefly in this—you have no property. You wage-workers have just enough of the necessities of life to last from hour to hour, day to day—from pay day to pay day.

You wage-workers can only get food, clothing and shelter by paying money for them. And you can only get money by getting wages. In order to get wages you must get a job.

So, you see, it stands this way with you:

- Job means wages;
- Wages means money;
- Money means food, clothing, and shelter;
- Food, clothing, and shelter means life.

So, you see, your

JOB IS YOUR LIFE.

Not always do you have a job. Then you have unfit food, unsanitary shelter, insufficient clothing—or none. Sometimes when you have a job it is at such low wages that you are unable to supply yourself and family with proper food, clothing and shelter. Of course, you know some wage-workers who get good wages—sufficient to supply themselves with everything needful. But, if you will look around carefully, you will find that for every wage-worker who gets what you call good wages there are many who get poor wages, and some who are getting no wages—the pitiful starving army of the unemployed.

Be it good or bad, a job of some kind you must have, for your job is your life.

How do you get that job, my fellow wage-worker?

You get it from the capitalists.

You get it from men who own the means of production.

You get it from the men who own the mines, mills, railways, stores, factories, lands, buildings, tools, machinery and workshops.

Your job is your life, my fellow wage-worker, and your job is owned by the capitalist.

That means that your life is owned by the capitalist.

The man who owns your means of life owns you.

You wage-workers cannot live without a job. The capitalist owns your job. Your job is your life, and in owning your job the capitalist owns you, fellow wage-worker.

Wage-workers! Would you fight for your life?

Would you?

Fight the capitalists to make yourselves owners of your jobs.

Fight the capitalists to make yourselves owners of the means of life.

Fight the capitalists to make yourselves owners of the means necessary to supply yourselves and families with food, clothing and shelter.

Wage workers! You must fight the capitalist class and lick them.

Your life depends on the outcome of the battle.

Fight for your life!

When I say you wage-workers must fight the capitalist I do not mean that you are to gouge his eye out. Or that you are to knock his block off. Nor do I mean that you are to organize a dynamite club. Nor shoulder a musket. Nor join the militia.

No. All these are capitalist methods of battle.

I want you wage-workers to fight the capitalist by more intelligent—and more powerful—methods.

The capitalist has his power over you, the capitalist owns you, the capitalist owns your life because he owns the things necessary to your life.

The capitalist owns the things necessary to your life, wage-workers, because the laws of property allow him to do so. In Canada, you wage-workers with the ballot can change the laws.

You wage-workers can so change the laws of Canada that a capitalist can no more have private property in a street railway than he can in a street.

You wage-workers can so change the laws in Canada that a capitalist can no more have private property in

land than he can have private property in the air.

You wage-workers can change the laws of Canada that a capitalist can no more have private property in a mill, mine, store or factory than he can have private property in a public school or the post office or the fire department.

Fight for your life!

Wage-workers!

You are not to take mine, mill, railway and factory from the capitalist as his private property and make them your private property. You are to take them from the capitalist and make them the common property of all the people—that includes you, and that includes the capitalist. But neither you nor the capitalist will be private owners of those things.

Fight for your life!

Wage-workers! You must make this fight, and you must win this fight, or you will live and die a slave. Not only your freedom, but your very life, depend on the outcome of this battle.

Fight for your life!

How?

What is the most effective method by which you can make this fight for your life?

Wage-workers! Join the Socialist Party. Read socialist books and papers to inform yourself. Then instruct your fellow wage-workers, and get them to read socialist books and papers and to join the Socialist Party. It is the only way.

Fight for your life!

Not only join the Socialist Party. Join the trade or labor union of your craft. If you already belong to a union get all your fellow workers to join your union; help in the fight for better pay and shorter hours. The Socialist Party carries on the fight to abolish the wage system, to overthrow the slave system, and make the workers the owners of the things with which they work.

Join the Socialist Party, and work for a world of free men and free women among free men and free women.

Fight for your life!

Slow work, think you?

In 1892 the Socialists of the United States nominated a Presidential ticket and entered the field of national politics for the first time. Their candidate received 20,512 votes. Sixteen years later, in 1908, the Socialist Party candidate for President received 420,464 votes.

And have you noted the progress the Canadian party is making?

Slow work? What would you call fast work?

Fight for your life!

Wage-workers, join this great movement for the emancipation of you and I and every human being on the face of this earth.

Join now. Share the burdens of the battle and share the glory of the victory.

Fight for your life!

HOW FREE ARE YOU?

How free are you when you don't know where your next meal is coming from?

How free are you when you cannot have a home without paying some one for the use of his house?

How free are you when you are dependent upon another for a job and dependent on the job for your life?

How free are you when you cannot get a chance to farm without paying some one else a rental for the privilege?

How free are you when you may be enjoined and jailed for expressing an opinion not in accord with the ruling class interest?

How free are you when you have to be careful what you say in the interest of your position? This may apply even to professional and business men.—Appeal.

Capitalists do not like revolutionary socialism. Capitalists like the so-called socialism which occupies itself with modified reforms but which does not attack the robber fortunes of the exploiters.

Parasitism is fine for the parasite if it is allowed to have an easy time of it. And capitalism is parasitism.

Cut out the capitalist papers. Take the socialist papers. You get the truth.

The workers build the business palaces for the banks and live in hovels.

Socialism comes to free the workers from wage slavery.

How hard are you working for the coming of the revolution?

Socialism will build up the places made desolate by capitalism.

Ten millions of the world's citizens are voting the socialist ticket. Socialism is bound to win. It is simply a question of years.

Many a priest has said "Thus saith the Lord" when he was talking through his hat.

The workers must free themselves. That freedom must be achieved in the political arena.

Plants will not grow in the dark. Neither will human creatures grow strong in slums.

Socialism is inevitable but it will come the quicker the more we get up and hustle for it.

The geocentric idea of the universe has gone. The anthropocentric idea of philosophy is going.

Socialist locals are spreading in Canada. A local is needed in every hamlet of every province.

The Social revolution means that the workers will share in the social life of the community.

How can the worker be free when he must get himself a boss before he can get the means to live.

When will the Canadians rise in anger and disgust and stop the vapid mouthings of the Ottawa gang?

The rich church man draws his revenues from wage slaves so that he may send missionaries to the heathen.

The financial pages and dividend statements in the daily press are the best indications of the robbery of the workers.

The socialist philosophy is founded on the natural sciences. The socialist leaders have not been Utopian dreamers. They have been scientific discoverers.

How can there be an honest profit? How can one receive a full equivalent for service rendered so long as he does not get his full product and so long as he makes idlers rich?

"You can't change human nature," say the critics of socialism. Socialism does not aim at changing human nature. It simply wants to produce conditions in which human nature can develop normally.

THE "HOBO"

Some fifty years ago there was not a "hobo" in America. Now they tell us that there are fifty thousand. Yes, fifty thousand men—who would rather beg or steal a living than enter the ranks of the wage-earners.

I am not including the rich parasites, but just the plain ordinary "hobo," who comes begging a hand-out at the back door, year after year. As the unemployed question becomes more acute, as the competition for jobs increases, hundreds are added to the ranks of this vast army.

And what is going to be done about it? Some people say that they are a lazy, lot of worthless cads, who would not work if given an opportunity.

I admit that a great many of them are of this stamp, but the question is, what made them "hobos"? There must be some cause for these men taking to this roaming life which is filled with many hardships and dangers. It is because they were not given an opportunity to earn a decent living; because they were tired of uncertain unemployment, which at the best only meant starvation wages. No, these men are not a worthless lot. The day is coming when these soldiers of fortune are going to rise, and be reckoned with and that day is coming soon; when they are going to join hands with their own class. For we are comrades. Don't judge them to hard; for next year, next month, perhaps to-morrow, you may be a "hobo."

KRUPP

LITTLE LUMPS

GERALD DESMOND

Christ was a great labor leader. But many of his avowed followers today are great labor misleaders instead of leaders.

Adulteration pays. Usury pays. Bribery pays. Corruption pays. Everything pays except honesty and humanity. These are unprofitable.

Marx says that "the business of freeing the workers is their own business." How much longer before the workers become specialists in the art of minding their own business?

A farmer complained to me the other day that "this new fangled machinery looks mighty fine, but it doesn't last long." You bet it doesn't old settler. The machinery trust is looking after that.

The two biggest grafting schemes the world has ever seen are being pulled off now. One is in Central America, the Panama Canal; the other is in Canada, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

If the toiler thinks that all he has to do is to stand under the tree of capitalism and wait for the fruit to drop into his hands, he is making a mighty mistake. The worker must pluck the fruit himself if he is ever to have it.

When a multi-millionaire has indigestion all the world knows it. Thousands of toilers may live in semi-starvation but the papers make no mention of the fact. How long will it be before you "yaps" "get on" to the capitalist press.

THE EIGHT HOUR DAY

WILLIAM RESTELLE SHIER

The introduction of the eight hour day will not sharpen the demand for labor, nor raise wages. The price of labor-power is regulated like the price of every other commodity, namely, by the law of supply and demand. If the demand is not increased, and the supply remains constant, things will remain pretty much as they are.

Assuming, however, that the eight-hour day will diminish unemployment and thereby advance wages, unless the system were introduced upon a national even an international scale, the gain to the workers in the community in which it was applied could not be more than temporary. As water always tends to run down hill, so people always tend to flock to those localities where the conditions of life are most favorable. Immigration would soon overstock that particular labor market once again and to depress its standard of living. A like effect would be produced, an increased birth-rate following the improved circumstances of its workpeople.

Others factors might be mentioned, such as the tendency of capital to keep away from communities in which labor is dear and the fact that employers would be stimulated to intensify their resistance to labor's demands when their profits are being encroached upon, but enough has been said to prove that the economic claims of the exponents of the eight-hour day are not much more than agreeable illusions. However, morally, intellectually and physically, the workers do profit by a shortening of the working day, for, they work more intensely and consume more vitality per hour, they have more leisure in which to recuperate and spend less time in the poisonous air of the factory, mine or shop. As professor Rae says—"The increased exertion during work-hours has always been balanced, and more than balanced, by the restorative effects of the longer period of repose and recreation in good air." For these reasons the eight-hour day is a desirable institution, but let us not delude ourselves that it would solve the unemployed problem or give the workers a larger share of the wealth which they produce.

CONTENTMENT

"No more damnable error can be conceived than that of teaching the poor to be content with their lot; to be satisfied with the coarsest food, with cheap furniture and bare walls; to forego the pleasure of books and paintings and music in their homes; to be content with unhealthy tenements, with shabby clothes, with cowhide boots; to stifle the legitimate aspirations of talent, never to penetrate beyond the smoke of factories into God's pure air, nor listen to the wondrous melodies of feathered songsters in the woods, nor watch the changing colours of His brush on the

floral canvas of the fields, or azure evening skies; but always to go on, from morn till night, starving, with no prospect of comfort for the evening of life—to stand pat."

"Surely it is the veriest mockery to preach contentment to the aged, poverty-stricken worker who finds young men crowding him out as the years steal his strength away. A time comes to him when he is thrown away like an outworn tool or garment. The future looks dark and forbidding, and he goes tremulous with despair. His children are scattered far and wide, perhaps dead, and he is left sad and alone, and finally enters the poorhouse to end what should have been a useful life."

—From "Economic Discontent and the Remedy—Socialism," by Father T. J. Hagerty.

This is the picture that stares millions of people in the face who have spent their lives in producing the wealth that others enjoy. Think of all these people who have worked a lifetime only to suffer from the horrors of want for the common necessities of sustenance, simply because they have been robbed of their earnings, through the profit system to enrich their capitalistic masters.

The people still suffer, though surrounded by machinery capable of producing more than the entire human family can consume. Why? Because a few own these machines, and the many can only use them by giving the few idle owners all they create, except a bare living.—W. F. RIES.

ECONOMIC FREEDOM

H. MARTIN

Fellow workers:—The most important issue of your class today, is that of your economic freedom. We hear a great deal about "freedom" today. Our politicians, clergy, college professors and editors never tire telling us of the most remarkable heritage we are privileged to enjoy. This vaunted freedom is made the theme of thousands of songs, stories, essays and editorials of every description.

Freedom, means to be free; liberty; ease in performance. Does this fit your case, fellow worker? Are you at liberty to work at ease? Have you any voice in regulating your wages? You may think you have; the capitalist class (your masters) are willing that you continue to think so; but as a matter of fact you have no choice but to accept the market rate of wage.

If you were free, it would not be necessary for you to rap at the factory door and beg a master to buy your power to toil.

This vaunted freedom is a delusion. The man who owns the jobs, owns the people who must have them. The few who own the jobs can only give them out when the workers return a profit in exchange for the privilege of working.

Today such a profit is impossible in millions of instances, so the jobs are not given out. Never in the history of the world have there been so many willing hands denied an opportunity to produce a livelihood.

Mr. Workingman, has this not been your experience? I know it has. Experience is all you have had; you have never lived. Just experience in trying to make a living.

Your class are the most generous people on earth. You do all the work, you pay all the bills, you give away all you produce. You suffer from enforced idleness; you see your wives and children in rags and poverty; you live in hovels and shacks, all this so that a few may riot in idleness and luxury.

The men who own the jobs in any society rules that society. We may have constitutions and legislatures, free schools, universal suffrage and rights and privileges without number; but while jobs are privately owned those who do not own them are practically slaves to the job owners.

We may sing "My country tis of thee, sweet land of liberty," but as long as some one else owns all the jobs there is no liberty.

I appeal to your intelligence, fellow workers, to free yourselves from this economic slavery. You were men before you were workers. Exert your manhood and become economically free. Strike for freedom, join the Socialist ranks; become a worker for your own emancipation. You have nothing to lose, you have everything to gain.

When you go shopping don't simply say "A pound of tea," because you can secure better tea, more delicious tea, if you only ask for "Salada."

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

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*

WHEN LABOR'S FOES AGREE

The enemies of unionism, while differing in method, are united solidly upon one point, and that is the effort to misrepresent and discredit the men who scorning and defying the capitalist exploiters and their minions, point steadily the straight and uncompromising course the movement must take if it is to accomplish its allotted task and safely reach its destined port.—Eugene V. Debs.

Wage Workers OF MONTREAL

Go to the Socialist Meeting in the Labor Temple, St. Dominique Street, just opposite the St. Lawrence Market, on

SUNDAY, MAY 2 at 2 30 o'clock

Wilfrid Gible, of Toronto, Dominion organizer S. P. of C., a splendid speaker and an able exponent of Socialism, will occupy the platform.

Go and Have Your EYES OPENED



COSTS LITTLE Accomplishes Much

A mine of information for Canadians can be sent in to Cotton's under a two cent or a one cent stamp. We want a correspondent in every town where socialists are doing things, to send regularly a few short items of what is going on. We want a column per week of party notes. Keep the comrades all over Canada posted and keyed up for victory. Good propaganda matter; show the wavering ones your strength. We will supply printed envelopes to volunteers. Get down to business.

CAMPBELL'S Quinine Wine

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

S. CAMPBELL & Co., MONTREAL

MAY DAY MONSTER

Labor Meeting

Saturday, May 1st, at 7 p. m., by

MONTREAL SOCIALISTS

ON DUFFERIN SQUARE

Every wage worker should go to hear the fallacies of the present system exposed, and learn the way to work and vote for his own emancipation.

The Firing Line



Keep Throwing Subs at this Fellow—Puts Life in Him

Comrade Culliford, of Beachville, orders a bunch of ten for May Day.

Comrade Wayman, of Cornwall, orders a bunch of COTTON's for May Day.

A Guelph comrade sends in a list of ten trials, but as he is bashful, we hide his name.

Two yearlies steal in very quietly from Com. Watson of Calgary. They have been looked after very carefully.

Here's one from a new quarter for COTTON's, though not for socialism. Com. Walker sends his sub from Shelburne, N. S.

Here we are from Wetaskiwin, Alta. Com. McDonald has been keeping his weather eye open. Result, one yearly and one half.

The old guard are being heard from. Comrade Symonds, of Lethbridge, Alta., is one of the latest arrivals. Sends two yearlies.

Clear across the continent comes the welcome order for two yearlies from Com. Austin, of Nelson, B. C. Steady work is what tells.

We have again heard from Olalla, B. C. Com. Northey keeps up the struggle. This time he lands one yearly and two halves.

We like to see these little bunches of yearlies come in. Among the latest arrivals is a bunch of three from Com. Cawthorne, of Bellevue, Alta.

Com. Roy, of North Battleford, sends in a yearly. Com. Sjostrom, of Kinley, Sask., does likewise. Com. Spence, of New Liskeard, drops in a trial enclosed in birch bark.

Com. Oliver, of Kaslo, B. C., has been heard from. To show his appreciation, he sends in two yearly and five trial subs, and orders a copy of "Marxian Economics."

Com. McQueen, of Galt, sends in a few lines in regard to COTTON's, and accompanying them was an order for three yearlies. These yearlies represent good solid work.

Keeping up with the procession in Woodstock, Ont. Com. Wilson finds time to land a sub for COTTON's occasionally. A list of one yearly, one half, and four trials looks encouraging.

The youngest Canadian socialist yet reporting to COTTON's. Com. Nick Stevens, of Ladner, B. C., says he is just seventeen, and has a grudge against the system. He sends in two trials as a starter.

The indefatigable Davenport, of Brantford, returns thanks for favors received. Sends in an order for one hundred copies of this issue for Brantford local. The Brantford boys are on to their job.

As he sends in a list of twelve trials, Com. Savage of Steelton, says: "I shall hit them for a years sub before the time is out. Have more in my eye, so expect to hear from me soon."

Comrade Biddlestone, of Preston, arrives with two yearlies, and promises more when he gets a bunch of papers he ordered. Be explicit in ordering comrades. If you want next issue, say so.

"Kindly send to these names some of that honest brain food known as COTTON's WEEKLY." So writes our hustling comrade Legge, of Brandon, Man. He enclosed an order for two yearlies and three trials.

It looks good the way that Alberta list is growing. Here's another list of ten trials from Com. Buckell of Con-

jurging Creek. Don't forget to keep your trials under your eye comrades. Convert them into yearlies.

We have again heard from Com. Reynolds, of Beaver Point, B. C. He wants a bundle with something of interest to the farmers. As this issue has a good talk from Crandell, of Weyburn, we will send one hundred.

The province of Quebec is tumbling into line. Com. Workman, of Charlevoix, gets in with his sub, and a live communication. And Com. Cushing has sent in the necessary from Coaticook. Both old stagers and know the ropes.

We have received several complaints from various parts of Canada, that comrades have missed copies of their papers. In every case the names have been found in type in good condition on the lists, and have gone out regularly.

We have received the names of ten sick people needing stimulants. Complaints vary from "suffering from over-production, under consumption, to don't want to divide up, etc." Comrade Boerma is the physician in charge.

The socialists in Kamloops, B. C., are firm supporters of COTTON's. Comrade Orchard has dropped in an order for two yearlies, one hundred copies of this number and an ad. for their local, all of which have had due attention.

"I have received a sample copy of your paper and I like it real well. It seems to have the right ring of pure gold." So says Com. Honens of High River, Alta., as he encloses his sub. He takes them all and ought to know the right ring.

"I received a sample copy of your paper two weeks ago. I do not know who sent in my address, but he did me the biggest favor of anyone since I came to Canada." So writes Comrade Asper, of Merna, Alta., and to give weight to his opinions, he makes a start with ten trials.

Some Comrade sent in a list of twelve trials from Hespeler, Ont., but we cannot give him credit, as he neglected to sign outside of the list. Sign your name plainly comrades, as we have a system to keep track of you, and it is very necessary in working for the cause. If you want your name kept out of this column, just say so.

SUB HUSTLING

Comrade Lavenne, of Springhill, N. S., is our premier sub-hustler, and what he says on this subject, is worth while sitting down and taking into serious consideration. He expends ten cents for a trial to a friend. Then after a little asks him if he likes the paper. If yes, he gets the sub and remits the balance to us to complete the full year, and again invests the ten cents on another likely.

Comrade Lavenne also has other ideas. He has sent for one hundred sub cards, and will put them out among the comrades in his town to dispose of in return for books. He says: "I see that I have got to get to work for the propagation of our paper, in spite of the fact that I have no time. The boys do not work to get new subscribers as I would like to see them. They talk socialism all right, but that is not altogether the way. If they want to make Socialists they must get the people to read socialist papers, therefore send along sub cards and I will see that they are filled. Yours without rest or truce for the red flag."

P. S.—"Rest is lax and vile when the work must and can be done."

STAMPS, COMRADES

There is a poor fellow comrade in Montreal who has lost both his legs. He wants Canadian comrades to save all kinds of used postage stamps for him. Send to COTTON's WEEKLY, and we will forward to our unfortunate comrade. Now comrades, swamp him with stamps.

There is a touch of refinement about many of our town houses. Every house could be the same. They only require one of these exquisite coats of Ramsay's Paints, and it takes so little to go so far. Ask Soule & Christie to show you the beautiful combinations of Ramsay's Paints.

PARTY NOTES

The meeting in Ottawa last Sunday afternoon was well attended. George Edward was the speaker and he received a good hearing. The capitalist papers in reporting the meeting took the usual method of quoting a few words from a sentence so as to distort its meaning.

Brandon, Man., socialists are keeping before the public. They are holding regular propaganda meetings, using an unrented store for the purpose. On Friday evening, April 16th, Com. Coyne spoke to an audience of one hundred. They have the window of the store decorated with cartoons and other matter, and it attracts considerable attention. The Brandon boys evidently believe in keeping socialism before the public.

Montreal local will stir things on May Day and day following. On the evening of Saturday, May 1st, a big open air meeting will be held on Dufferin Square, to be addressed by able socialist speakers. On Sunday the meeting in the labor temple at 2:30 will be addressed by Wilfrid Gribble, of Toronto, dominion organizer for the S. P. of C., and as he is an able speaker, a large audience is assured.

Winnipeg socialists are celebrating May Day in true style. A great international parade, headed by a band of twenty pieces, and made up of workingmen, will form at the corner of Stella and Main streets and St. John's Park at 6 p.m., proceed along Main street to Graham avenue, thence to Garry, to Portage, back to Main and finally to Selkirk hall where a great mass meeting will be held. Addresses will be given by speakers who will present the Truth about labor and wibse remarks will bear a refreshing freedom from the subsidizing influence of the capitalist class.

A PROBLEM FOR OLEMENCEAU

Recently in France the postal and telegraph officials employed by the government struck for the dismissal of a government official. They won out. Now the government employees have joined the General Confederation of Labor and are making new demands on the government. M. de Marial, president of the Comite d'Etude, is insisting upon the right of the civil servants to be not merely the employees of the government, but actual partners in the control and management of the respective departments. This would make the ministers of the crown not only responsible to Parliament, but also to the association of employees.

This is a new idea in government practice and yet one that is bound to grow. Why should not a minister of post-offices collaborate with his subordinates? Men who are employed by the state will no doubt have many grievances to set forth and also many improvements in the service to suggest.

If the state through its ministers becomes the employer of labor then the employed workmen will have the right to combine and to strike for higher pay just as any other laborers. When there are many state employees and as these state employees find their power like any other labor body they will demand better conditions. They will demand more pay for the rank and file and less pay for the men at the top.

No doubt Clemenceau would like to stamp out all labor agitation among the employees. He would like to keep them on starvation wages. But fortunately the workmen of France are standing by the state workers. Clemenceau has a problem on his hands which will not be easily solved by any of the old political maxims. France leads the world today as she led it in the past. The state workers' demands for joint management in the departments is the beginning of the practical demand for a change from a political to an industrial and labor state.

MONTREAL LOCAL NOTICE

The co-operative committee of Montreal local for May Day, will meet at the corner of Bleury and Lagachetiere streets, in the Montreal Bill Posters office, to distribute the May Day number of COTTON's from that point all over the city.

Business is business, and so is Hell, Hell.

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

Reform benefits the capitalists, social revolution will benefit the workers.

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

CULLINGS

"The leaders of Socialism today are for the most part clever and honest men, who fight a severe and profitless battle against great odds, and for the sake of humanity and truth."—Robt. Blatchford.

"All the ethical, political and economic tendencies of the age are rapidly converging toward Socialism. Society will soon be in the throes of a revolution, peaceful, let us hope, such as it has never passed through before."—Kestelle.

"Paine's ambition was not so much to enjoy the fruits of liberty as to toil for its achievement. Benjamin Franklin said: "Where liberty is, there is my country," to which Paine made a magnificent and characteristic reply: "Where liberty is not, there is my country."

"Contrary to the opinion current in bourgeois circles, Socialism would increase individual initiative, would powerfully favor, the expansion of human liberty, and would give a prodigious impulse to all production, in the triple domain of industry, science and art."—Emile Vandervelde.

"The only proper attitude to assume toward the various doctrines existing among men is the attitude of perfect willingness to investigate. The great majority of men, however, are intellectual solids—unable to move and unwilling to think."—Prof. W. H. Moore (P 109 "The Universal Kinship.")

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

C. P. CULLIFORD
How to be happy though poor—
Work for Socialism.

COTTON's may be classed as light literature, because it throws light on dark phases of life.

Little lumps of COTTON's, little grains of sense, makes the common workman of some consequence.

COTTON's is not all wool and a yard wide, yet it makes the plutocrats shrink like a flannel shirt in a snow storm.

Why is a bird in the hand worth two in the bush? Because the capitalists own your hand and the bush, but not the birds.

Why does a rolling stone gather no moss? Because a stone doesn't need any moss, any more than a working man needs leisure, luxury, and intellectual enjoyment (?)

'Tis better to be lowly born, and range with humble livers in content, than to be perked up in a glistering grief and wear a golden sorrow. (Shakespeare.)

There is a great agitation among so-called philanthropists for homes where in curable consumptives may die. There is no suggestion from these philanthropists that the slums and consumption breeding occupations should be done away with. That would interfere with rents and dividends.

A national Socialist press-bureau has been established at Washington by the American Socialists. The news it gives out is different from the tariff stuff put forth by the henchmen of the vested interests.

The capitalist should remember that Canada really belongs to the Indians. The white man stole it from the Indian. The capitalist stole it from the white man; the workman is going to take it from the capitalist.

If socialism is a disease, it is very catching.

Kamloops Local No. 50
S. P. of C.

Meetings held every Tuesday night at 8 o'clock, in rear of D. D. Robinson's Furniture Store, Main Street.
C. F. ORCHARD,
Sec'y, P. O. Box 321, Kamloops, B. C.

MONTREAL LOCAL NO. 1

SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA, meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in the Labor Temple, St. Dominique street. Sunday school session at 2:30.

M. WAYMAN, SECRETARY,
715 Wellington St., Montreal

The effectiveness of housecleaning can be materially increased by the use of paints and varnishes. Your work will show results, the house will not only be cleaner but look cleaner.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS BRIGHTEN UP FINISHES

Perhaps there is a chair or two that should be varnished, some shoving to be painted, or a floor with worn spots that needs refinishing. It's the small things like these that in the aggregate make a house "spick and span and honey."

S-W. Brighten Up Finishes include a paint, varnish, stain and enamel finish for everything inside the house. Tell the Sherwin-Williams dealer what you want to finish and he will give you the Brighten Up Finish particularly adapted for your purpose. Write for booklet, B-60.



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Brighten Up

Study Marx and Engels For Yourself

A Socialist who has read their books over and over till he has mastered them, is likely to be an active force in the movement. His work counts double, because he has learned enough about the make-up of capitalist society to give him clear ideas as to what is worth doing.

A wage-worker who knows something about modern machinery from his own daily experience will find Marx easy reading. Others will find him harder, but they will need him all the more if they want to become efficient workers for socialism. Engels' books are easier than those by Marx; better read them first.

These are the principal books of these two great writers:

- The Communist Manifesto. By Marx and Engels. Cloth 50c; paper, 10c.
- Wage Labor and Capital. Marx, paper, 5c.
- Socialism, Utopian and Scientific. Engels. Cloth, 50c; paper, 10c.
- Value, Price and Profit. Marx. Cloth, 50c; paper, 10c.
- The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte. Marx. Paper, 25c.
- Revolution and Counter-Revolution. Marx. Cloth, 50c.
- The Origins of the Family, Private Property and the State. Engels. Cloth, 50c.
- Fearbach: The Roots of the Socialist Philosophy. Engels. Cloth, 50c.
- Landmarks of Scientific Socialism (Anti-Duehring). Engels. Cloth, \$1.00.
- Capital, a Critique of Political Economy. Marx. Complete in three volumes, two now ready, the third nearly ready.
- Vol. I. The Process of Capitalist Production. Cloth, \$2.00.
- Vol. II. The Process of Circulation of Capital. Cloth, \$2.00.
- Vol. III. The Process of Capitalist Production as a Whole. Cloth, \$2.00.

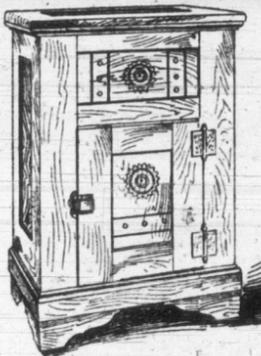
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Send \$2.00 for the REVIEW one year to two NEW names, and we will send you by express prepaid any one of the \$2.00 volumes or any four of the 50c volumes named above. You can get a large socialist library on the same terms if you keep on sending in subscriptions.

If you have not \$2.00 to spare, send ten cents to pay for three sample copies of the REVIEW (no two alike), and we will if requested send you on credit two Review Post Cards, each good for the Review one year to a new name. Sell these, send us the \$2.00 and we will send you prepaid the book or books selected.

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Movable Ice Chamber Galvanized Iron Lining

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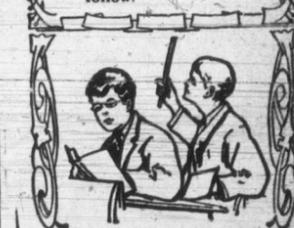
Everything that the heart craves to make the home bright, cheerful and comfortable, can be found here. Prices most reasonable and as low as anywhere in Canada.

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READ The Western Clarion \$1.00 Per Year PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.

When a child dislikes study. When children dislike study, nerve energy is used in other directions, most likely to overcome eye-strain. We can remove this strain. Their diligence will follow.



FRANK E. DRAPER Jeweler and Optician COWANSVILLE, QUE.

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

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of

THE LADY OF LYNN

By SIR WALTER BESANT

Copyright, 1900, by Sir Walter Besant

CONTINUED

"Where are they? Where are they?" The captain sprang up.

"They are on their way. They cannot be there yet."

"But where? Where?"

"Mr. Rising ordered a post chaise to wait for him at 10 o'clock."

"He left the gardens," said his lordship, "about that time. Go on."

"He ordered it at the Duke's Head. The postboy told the hostler his orders. He was to wait for Mr. Rising at the Traveler's Rest on the way to Wootton."

"The Traveler's Rest? What kind of place is that?"

"It is a bad place, my lord—a villainous place on a lonely road up and down which there is little traveling. It is a resort of peddlers, tinkers and the like, gypsies, vagabonds, footpads and rogues. It is no place for a young lady."

"It is not, indeed," said one of the gentlemen.

"Gentlemen," the landlady repeated, "ride after him! Ride after them! Oh, the sweet Miss Molly!"

"Are the horses ready?"

"They will be ready in a minute."

"Gentlemen, there are, you hear, eight horses. Captain Crowle will take one. I will take another. The remaining six are at your disposal. I shall feel honored if you will accompany me, but on one condition, if you will allow me to make a condition. The man will fight, I suppose?"

"Tom Rising," one of them replied, "would fight the devil."

"One could desire nothing better. The condition is that when we overtake Mr. Rising you will leave him to me. That is understood?"

"My lord, we cannot, by your leave, allow your valuable life to be at the hazard of a duel with a man both desperate and reckless."

"I shall take care of myself. I assure you. Meantime, if I fall, I name Colonel Lanyon to succeed me, and after him, should he, too, unhappily fall, you will yourselves name his successor. Gentlemen, we must rescue the lady, and we must punish the abductor. I hear the horses. Come."

CHAPTER VIII

THE DUEL

THE postboy, foreseeing events which might require a clear stage, warily drew his chaise off the road, which here widened into a small area trodden flat by many feet, into a grassy field at the side, and stood at the horses' heads in readiness.

The men on the ladder, who were pulling away at the thatch with zeal, stopped their work. "What's that, George?" asked one. "Seems like horses. They're coming after the young lady likely." So he slid down the ladder, followed by the other, and they ran round to the front, seizing their poles in case of need. At elections and on the occasion of a street fight the chairman's pole has often proved a very efficient weapon. Handled with dexterity, it is like a quarter staff, but heavier, and will not only stop a man, but will brain him or break arm, leg or ribs for him.

"For my part," Molly told me, "I saw them suddenly desert from their work, though in a few minutes the hole in the thatch would have been large enough to admit of a man's passing through. I was waiting within, knife in hand. Do you think I would have suffered one of those fellows to lay hand upon me? Well, in the midst of their work they stopped, they listened, and they stepped down the ladder. What did this mean? There was no window to the loft except a single frame of glass with half a dozen small diamond shaped panes, too high up to serve any purpose except to admit a little light. I put my head through the hole in the thatch, and I heard—imagine my joy—the clatter of horses' hoofs and the voices of the horsemen. And then I knew and was quite certain that my rescue had arrived. Jack, I said to myself, 'has found out the way taken by this villain and is riding after him.'"

going to give me up without a fight. The postboy had drawn the chaise into the field, and the sedan chair was standing beside it. And down the road, only a little way off, I saw in the growing light of daybreak Lord Fylingdale leading, the captain beside him and half a dozen gentlemen following, all on horseback.

"There she is! There is Molly!" cried the captain. "What cheer, lass? What cheer?"

"Lord Fylingdale held up his hand. The whole party drew rein and halted. Then their leader dismounted. They were now about 20 yards from the men. He threw his reins to the nearest of the little troop. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'we must proceed with this business without hurry or bluster or threats. Mr. Rising will perhaps threaten and bluster. We are here to rescue a lady and to punish a villain. Let both be done without appearance of wrath or revenge. Captain Crowle, do not dismount, I entreat you, until the conclusion of the next act. Molly is, as you see, apparently safe and unhurt.'

"They obeyed."

"I shall now measure swords with the young gentleman who thinks that he can carry off heiresses with impunity. I would advise you to advance a little closer to the house. He must understand that punishment awaits him, if not from me, then from some other of this company."

"Look at Tom," said one of them. "His blood is up. He is now all for fighting. He means mischief, if ever he has meant mischief. I remember at Swaffham when he fought the young squire of Headingley. That was about a girl, too—a mere, worthless drab of a tavern servant. Tom broke down his man's guard and ran him through in half a minute. I wish we were well out of this job."

"Tom stood in the road, as I have said, his sword in hand, his hat lying on the ground before him. If flaming cheeks and eyes as fiery as those of a bull brought to bay mean mischief, then Tom's intention was murderous."

"To thwart Tom in anything," the gentleman went on, "is dangerous; but to take away his girl—and such a girl—to rob him of that great fortune just at the moment of success, would madden the mildest of men. He looks like a madman. Should one warn his lordship? And he has got two chairmen with their poles in readiness. We should ride in upon them before they can do any mischief." So they whispered.

"Said Captain Crowle: 'Kill him, my lord. Kill the villain. Kill him.'"

"Let me warn your lordship," said the gentleman who had last spoken. "His method will be a fierce attack. He will try to break down your guard."

"I know that method," Lord Fylingdale replied coldly. Then he stepped forward and took off his hat. "Mr. Rising," he said, "this affair might very well be settled by two or three sailors or common porters. We are willing, however, to treat you as a gentleman, which, sir, you no longer deserve."

"Go on, go on," said Tom. "I'll be all the same in five minutes."

"I am therefore going to do you the honor of fighting you."

"I shall show you how I appreciate that honor. Stop talking, man, and begin."

"I must, however, warn you that if you are to fight as a gentleman you must try to behave as one for this occasion only. Should you attempt any kind of treachery my friends will interfere. In that case you will certainly not leave the field alive."

"What do you want, then?"

"You must send away those two hulking fellows behind you. I am willing to fight you with swords, but I am not going to fight your lackeys with clubs."

"Tom turned round. 'Here, you fellows: get off. Go and stand beside the'

A BAPTIST ELDER

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"I was run down and weak from indigestion and general debility, also suffered from vertigo. I saw a cod liver preparation called Vinol advertised and decided to give it a trial, and the results were most gratifying. After taking two bottles I regained my strength and am now feeling unusually well." Henry Cunningham, Elder Baptist Church, Kingston, N. C.

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All such persons in this vicinity are asked to try Vinol on our offer to refund their money if it fails to give satisfaction.

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COWANSVILLE

chair. Whatever happens, don't interfere. Well, my lord, the sooner this event comes off the better."

He laid down his sword and took off coat and waistcoat, turning up the sleeve of his right arm. Then he turned to Molly and saluted her. "Mistress Molly," he said, with a grin, "you are going to have a very fine sight. Perhaps when it is over you will be sorry for your shilly shally—stand off—no, I won't fuss. You're not worth carrying off. If I'd known— Now, my lord."

Lord Fylingdale had also removed his coat and waistcoat and now stood in his shirt, with the sleeves rolled up, hatless.

Just at that moment the sun rose swiftly, as is his manner in this flat country. It was as if the earth had leaped into light in order to give these swordsmen a clearer view of each other. They were a strange contrast—Molly's champion erect, pale and calm, his adversary bent as if with passion, grasping his sword with eager hand.

"He means mischief," repeated the gentleman of the troop. "I would this business was ended. I wonder if the noble lord can fight. He does not look afraid anyhow."

"He looks as if he could feel neither fear nor anger nor love nor any passion at all. He is an iceberg—Ha, they are beginning!"

They faced each other.

"The swords crossed. 'Look to yourself,' cried Tom. 'I will spit you like a pigeon.'"

He stamped and banged. The thrust was parried easily and lightly. Tom lunged again, and again with a slight turn of the wrist the thrust was parried, but as yet Lord Fylingdale seemed to stand on the defensive.

"He knows how to fence," they whispered. "See! He means to tire his adversary. He parries everything Tom thrusts like a madman. Why, he exposes himself at every lunge. See! He has lost his head. One would think he was fighting with an automaton who could only parry."

At the door stood the object and cause of the encounter—namely, the girl—who had brought all this trouble upon Tom Rising's head. She stood motionless, hardly breathing, watching the duel as they say the Roman women used to watch the fight of the gladiators in the amphitheater and as I have seen the Spanish women watch the men who fought the bulls in their circus. I believe that women, in spite



HE FELL UPON THE GRASSY PART OF A SMALL POOL OF BLOOD.

of their tender hearts, are carried away, out of themselves, by the sight of mere fighting. It is a spectacle which they cannot choose but gaze upon. It shows the true nature of man as opposed to that of woman. He stands up and risks his life, trusting sometimes to his skill, as in a duel with swords, and sometimes to chance, as on a battlefield where the bullets are flying. Molly therefore watched the fight with gleaming eyes and parted lips. She was almost ready to forgive the man who had attempted this injury for the sake of his courage, and she could not sufficiently admire his adversary for the cold and impassive way in which he met every furious attack, just with a simple turn of the wrist, as it seemed to her.

Tom was a strong and lusty fellow, and he could fight after his fashion, which was with thrust upon thrust, fast and furious, as if reckless of himself so that he could engage his adversary wholly in defense until he found a moment of weakness.

He had fought many times and hitherto always without a scratch or a wound, the fight always ending with his adversary prostrate. On this occasion, however, he found that every thrust was parried, that his adversary yielded not so much as an inch of ground and that he had to do with a wrist of iron and the eye of a hawk.

"Jack," said Molly, "I hope that I desired not the death of the young man, but I did desire his defeat. It was splendid to see him stamping on the ground and attacking like lightning. But it was more splendid to see his adversary immovable. He stood like a rock. He showed neither passion nor excitement. He parried every thrust with just a turn of his wrist."

The gentlemen on horseback closed in and looked on, holding their breath. There was no longer any fear on account of their champion. For the first time in their lives they saw as fine a master of fence as ever came out of the schools of Paris. Meantime the other man was as one maddened. He drew back; he roared like a bull; he rushed upon his enemy; he panted and gasped, but he continued the fight undaunted.

Suddenly his sword flew out of his hand and fell in the field beside the chaise.

"Pick up your master's sword," Lord Fylingdale ordered the chairmen.

FOR THE HANDY WOMAN

The leather upholstery of chairs and binding of books can be brightened by rubbing with the white of an egg.

If beans are soaked over night before being looked over very few poor ones will be found and a great deal of time will be saved.

Stove polish when mixed with turpentine is blacker, more glossy and more durable than when mixed with any other liquid. The turpentine also prevents rust.

If you have just a few potatoes or meat left but not enough for a meal mix bread crumbs with it, make into cakes and fry in hot fat. Chop the meat in a food chopper.

A good spring medicine is made of 1 cup molasses, 1 heaping teaspoon sulphur, 1 teaspoon cream tartar. Mix well, and take a teaspoonful every morning before breakfast.

HER CORRECTION

"Father, I wish I knew why they laughed at my corrected sentence in English class today?" exclaimed a high-school girl, recently. Her father looked up from his evening paper and asked what the sentence was.

"Well, Miss West gave us each a sentence to correct, and mine was, 'I went to the tonsorial parlors to get a hair cut.'"

"And how did you correct it?" asked the father.

"Why, I corrected it the only way you could correct it, of course, and Miss West just doubled up laughing when she read it, and then she she read it aloud, and every one in the class shouted. They didn't know it was my sentence, but I did."

"But what did you write?"

"Why father! What would any one write? I wrote, 'I went to the tonsorial parlors to get my tonsils cut,' of course!"

WORST ABOUT TRADE UNIONS.

It is true that the trades union movement has in some essential respects proved a disappointment but it may not on this account be repudiated as a failure. The worst that can in truth be said of it is that it has not kept up with the procession of events, that it lacks the progressive spirit so necessary to its higher development and larger usefulness, but there are reasons for this and they suggest themselves to the most careful student of the movement.—Eugene V. Debs.

The Marriage Age Abroad

The marriage age in Austria is 14 years for both sexes; Germany, the man at 18, the woman at 14; Belgium, the man at 18, the woman at 15; Spain, the man at 14, the woman at 12; Mexico with parental consent, 16 and 18, otherwise 21 for both; France, the man at 18, the woman at 15; Greece, the man at 14, the woman at 12; Hungary, Catholics, the man at 14, the woman at 12; Protestant, the man at 18, the woman at 12; Russia, the man at 18, the woman at 16; Switzerland, the man at 14, the woman at 12.

The first electric smelting plant in the world in which pig iron will be produced on a commercial scale is about to be installed in Norway. The plant will be fitted with an initial installation of two 2,500 horse power reducing furnaces for iron ore and two 600-horsepower steel furnaces. Later it is expected to triple this equipment.

The altruistic rebel is the hero of the ages.

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District of Bedford

PUBLIC NOTICE is by these presents given that on the Eighth day of June, one thousand nine hundred and nine, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, in the Court House, in the Village of Sweetsburg, in said District, James McIntosh, Senior, of the Township of Dunham, in said District, agricultural implement maker, will apply by petition to one of the Hon. Justices of the Superior Court, sitting in and for the District of Bedford, to obtain letters of Verification to establish who are the heirs and for the District of Bedford, in his lifetime of said Township of Dunham, from moulder.

BAKER & BAKER
Attorneys for Petitioner

Sweetsburg, April 13th, 1909.

JOHN LAUDER
SURGEON-DENTIST

Office on the ground floor of the Reiter Block, Cowansville.

Woman's Page

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

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED FOR THIS PAGE

WAIFS

By GERTRUDE BARNUM

Little shivering son of Israel;
 Hat so ragged, shoes so queer,
 Little brother of the people,
 Cheeks so drawn and eyes so drear.

You and I and most are paupers,
 Dream the feast and get the crust,
 Know the gnawing and the freezing,
 Rudely from the shelter thrust.

Through the cold and dark we stumble,
 Hungry-hearted, frozen-souled,
 Little fellow, press against me,
 Your wan face so wan and old.

Comfort comes when altogether
 Lost sheep gather warm and safe,
 Huddling close against the weather,
 Come, my tired little waif.

Woman and Socialism

BERTHA M. BURNS

There are three classes of women whose lives may be revolutionized by the application of Socialism to the economic affairs of the nation, women of the leisure class, women-wage workers, and women home makers.

To dispose of the least important first—the women of the leisure class. I will show you a type, a woman in Vancouver—perhaps I ought to call her a lady, since she lives in the west end, but she once earned her bread by honest work, so I will allow her to be dignified by the name of woman. Her husband is a slave-owner—oh, yes, there are slaves in Vancouver, men who have to find a master each day before they can earn bread for themselves or their wives and little ones. The husband of this typical woman is a master with absolute power over, but no responsibility towards, his wage-slave. He may turn him away to shift for himself tomorrow, and what is more pitiful than a slave without a master, and no corn-cake or bacon until he can find one?

This master has overseers to look after the slaves and see that they do not shirk the work he wants them to do, so he need not rise in the morning, but lies in bed until noon, and she, this typical woman of the leisure class, lies also in bed until the day has reached its meridian, notwithstanding the fact that two infant children owe their being to her and should have her care. The maid-of-all-work performs as well as she can the maternal duties.

She rises at five in the morning, and hangs out a wash of baby linen before the average working man with his eight or nine-hour day, has risen from his bed. At seven she bathes, dresses and feeds the two infants, after which she is at liberty to sweep, dust, polish grates, etc., until it is time to prepare breakfast for her mistress, her mistress' husband and his brother, who is also an inhabitant of the house. At nine o'clock she carries three well-laden trays to the bedrooms of these perfectly healthy, presumably competent members of society. I have not yet learned that she spoon-feeds them, but this will follow in due course if the working class electorate much longer permit these people to suspend all useful activities.

When our lady of leisure arises at noon she performs no useful labor, but spends the hours in eating and dressing and visiting and reading the society items in the daily papers, where her name sometimes appears. She is particularly "nasty" in treatment of the maid when she has just read that "Mrs. ——— entertained the whist club at supper last evening." It makes her feel so superior, and so remote from the time when she sold bargains over the counter of a department store. Her children—unpleasant incidents in her career that would have been avoided had she been as wise as many of her associates—serve to amuse her when she is in a good temper and when they are not cross. When they are they are sent to the kitchen to the maid, who also takes them for an airing each pleasant afternoon.

What would Socialism do for this woman? It would put her in a position where she could not shirk the useful work that should naturally fall to her to perform. It would cause her to cultivate a spirit of fraternity and equality, for, under a system where kindness and

co-operation form the only basis of exchange, the individual who would be served in one capacity must be willing to serve in another and service that no longer can be bought or commanded must be obtained by mutual-fellowship and goodwill.

To convert this useless, ill-bred and supercilious creature, living in luxury and idleness off the toil of her fellows, into a real woman, joyfully sharing in the productive labor of the world is one of the things that socialism may do if you so desire.

The second type of woman who may be benefited by socialism is the wage-worker. We find her in the kitchen of my lady of leisure, as well as in the store, the factory, the office, the laundry, the tailor-shop, the millinery-room, the restaurant, the sweat-shop and the mill. Driven out of what is her acknowledged sphere of activity—the home these women are rapidly learning to consider themselves factors in the world's industrial problem, and to question why they who do the world's work should be barren of the things their labor produces while the other woman who does nothing has more than is good for her.

These women are not the ones whom capitalism befools with its hypocritical cry: "Socialism will destroy the home." They know, and so do the men who lead an existence that vibrates between a cheap boarding house and a hand-out on the road—that the home for seven-tenths of our people is already destroyed. The male wage-worker, reduced to an uncertain, precarious subsistence, where even his union cannot guarantee him anything better than a perennial hunt for a job, will not, if he is self-respecting, take upon himself the responsibilities of a home. Therefore marriage, as an institution for the support of woman, is proven a failure. Love may arise between the sexes that should naturally lead to a union, but thwarted by economic uncertainty, ends either in disappointment and despair or in illicit intercourse that debases woman and gives to society its "social evil," over which municipal governments are so concerned—when the property interests of the community demand such concern.

The women wage-earners are only just beginning to think on these things. When they see women of fifty, sixty and even seventy years of age, still in the wage market, still forced to sell their too-feeble labor power for a scanty living; the expectation with which they entered the industrial field, of eventually leaving it for a home, grows very dim, and when this natural expectation is proven to be without hope of realization, the woman worker too becomes a rebel with her brother man against the existing order of things. She is, in the industrial life, finding out that she has a problem too, and that its solution is the same as that of the working man. Socialism will give her a womanhood, freedom to love unashamed, to work honorably and to become a co-partner in the building of a true home.

Now, I come to the third type of woman: the home-mother, the wife of the average wage-slave. She, I consider most important of all, most in need of what socialism will do for her, most needed to do what she can for socialism, for her domestic influence is far more potent than that wielded by her sister in industry. She thwarts or encourages her husband's aspirations towards emancipation and she moulds the minds of the generations yet to come.

It would be comparatively easy to sum it all up in the sentence:—Socialism would do all for these women that they would do for themselves if they had the power, but such a broad summary is not satisfactory to the feminine mind. Women are by nature "immediate demanders." They want something now, or at least, very definite plans and specifications of the new social structure that is to be built in the future. So we must specify.

The drudgery of housework is almost totally unnecessary. As Mrs. Simons has said: "Domestic service is still in the dark ages, and all the inventions of science have done very little for the work of the home." This is because woman has been asleep, and it may remain so for ages, even under Socialism, unless she awakens from her slumber

and seizes her rightful share in the progress that is being made.

Washing and cooking and sewing may all be done far better in co-operative establishments, where skill and art and science are applied for the purpose of doing the best possible work, and where cheap labor and shoddy appliances are not used in order to pile up profits. Woman will work in these co-operative establishments, and as there will be no idlers to live off her labor, she will have the full value of what she produces. A few hours' labor each day will provide an ample income for all her living. If she wants more than a living, with all the fulness implied by the term, she may work a little longer, even to the extent of supporting a luxury like a lazy husband, if she chooses to do so, and if the new commonwealth has any such within its bounds. Her work in these institutions would be educative and social; it would develop her both mentally and physically and make her fit for the exercise of the maternal function when prompted by nature thereto.

In food laboratories, where chemical and hygienic knowledge is applied to the preparation of wholesome, nutritive and attractive food; in scientific laundries, where clothes may be instantly cleansed by the application of electrified water; in departments of drapery and clothing, where the principles of art and utility are brought to bear upon the problem of clothing the people, women may so learn the beauties and advantages of co-operative, social-labor, that the woman who makes her own bread or does her own sewing or washing at home alone, will soon be as rare as the man who makes his own shoes, or the pick with which he digs up Mother Earth.

Kindergartens, those beautiful gardens where now only the children of the rich or well-to-do are permitted to blossom and grow, and creches for the care of babies may be established on every street. There the little ones may be left each day while the mother performs her share of the public service. Other women, presumably the child-lovers by nature will serve in these child-gardens. Opportunity will be given for each individually to find its proper bent, and to do the work that will give most joy in the doing.

After they were there some little time they became suspicious, then alarmed, and left suddenly, to discover that plans were under way for locking them up and forcing them into the vile slavery of the traffic.

The runaway marriage is one of the favorite devices of the White Slave. Here is a case in point. Two sisters went from an Ontario village to the city of Winnipeg. A young man began to pay attention to one of the sisters, taking her out driving and attending public gatherings frequently. The other sister, disliking the man, objected; but, in spite of this, the friendship continued. One evening the sister went out with the young man and did not return. A business man, possessed of means, who was a friend of the young woman, declared he would find her, and going to the city of Chicago, he went from house to house in the red light district until he found the unfortunate girl. When she came into his presence she dropped fainting to the floor.

A young foreigner professed to fall in love with an Ontario farmer's daughter. He sought and won her hand in marriage, then took her at once to one of the cities of the United States, but held on to her for some time, endeavoring to secure \$500 from the father. Becoming suspicious, the father went at once to the city and succeeded in getting possession of his daughter before she had been handed finally into the infamous traffic.

A young woman in Ontario replied to an advertisement for a nursery governess for an English family in the North-West. A good salary was offered, because it was said the place was isolated and the family large, and it was also desired that the young woman should remain and become one of the family. The arrangements were completed, and the young woman went as directed to the nearest railway station, where the father of the family, it was promised, would meet her. Arriving at the station, she was met by a young man, who explained that his father had dislocated his ankle. After a drive of several hours in the darkness she found herself in a lonely shack occupied only by men, where she was kept prisoner for several months.

We are convinced that our people in rural districts particularly require to be warned against this traffic, because the fact that they are so unsuspecting makes them all the more ready victims. Young women are taken from even the heart of old Ontario right into the toils of this dark and deadly traffic.

"Papa, what would you take for me?"

By EUGENE FIELD

She was ready to sleep, and she lay on my arm,
 In her little frilled cap so fine,
 With her golden hair falling out at the edge,
 Like a circle of noon sunshine;
 And I hummed the old tune of "Banbury Cross,"
 And "Three Men Who Put Out to Sea."

When she sleepily said, as she closed her blue eyes,
 "Papa, what would you take for me?"
 And I answered, "A dollar, dear little heart,"
 And she slept baby weary with play;
 But I held her warm in my love-strong arms
 And I rocked her and rocked away.
 Oh, the dollar meant all the world to me,
 The land, and the sea and the sky,
 The lowest depths of the lowest place,
 The highest of all that's high.

All the cities, with streets and palaces,
 With their people and stores of art,
 I would not take for one low, soft throbb
 Of my little one's heart;
 Nor all the gold that was ever found
 In the busy wealth-finding past,
 Would I take for one smile of my darling's face.

So I rocked my baby and rocked away,
 And I felt such a sweet content,
 For the words of the song expressed more to me
 Than they ever before had meant.
 And the night crept on, and I slept and dreamed
 Of things far too glad some to be,
 And I wakened with lips saying close to my ear,
 "Papa, what would you take for me?"

The White Slave Traffic

The following article is taken from a recent number of the Methodist Christian Guardian:

In our last insert we called attention to this hideous wrong. We also sent to all our pastors a copy of a leaflet on the subject, suggesting a plan whereby each might circulate the leaflet in his congregation, that our people might be warned against this awful menace.

We have been surprised that so few seem to have taken this matter seriously. It may be that many do not realize how gigantic are the proportions of this shocking system of crime nor the dangers to which our daughters are exposed. As we have investigated the matter we have become convinced that in this damning sin of our civilization lies one of the worst phases of evil which we are called upon to attack.

There can be no excuse for exploiting this dark crime in the press and on the platform save a sincere desire and purpose to protect womanhood against it. With that object alone in view, we relate the following instances that have come to us first-hand.

An attractive woman agent spent some time at a leading hotel in a Canadian city. She professed to fall in love with Canadian girls, and advertised for a number to fill positions in one of the cities of the United States. She succeeded in inducing four young women to go with her. Three of the four have not been heard from since. The other was found in a den of iniquity and returned home broken in health.

A graduate of Toronto University replied to an advertisement for a travelling companion. By correspondence an attractive offer was made. She came to Toronto under arrangement to meet her employer. Her friends, not hearing from her, followed her to the city to find the address given in the letters was a vacant lot. The young woman has never been heard from since.

A young Canadian woman went to the city of Boston to visit a friend, who was to meet her at the railway station. The friend, a young woman of long acquaintance, did not appear. A well-dressed woman offered to direct the visitor to a good boarding-house. The young woman accepted the offer, only to discover before midnight she was in one of the worst places in that city. Because one man had not lost all sense of chivalry she was spared from degradation, and on the following day, he with great difficulty, rescued her.

A Toronto young woman was on her way to New York. A fashionably dressed woman on the train paid her attention, and learning where she was going, professed to be an intimate friend of her relative in New York. The woman offered to drive the young

lady to the home of her relative. They left the railway station in New York in a handsome carriage, which was driven directly to a fine house. She was immediately locked up. In this case again, pity prevailed in the heart of a man, and she was by a cunning subterfuge rescued. We would remind our people, however, that where one such is thus rescued there are thousands who find it impossible to escape.

A young woman from an Ontario town came to Toronto to visit her aunt. Having been in the city before, she did not notify her aunt that she was coming. Arriving at the house, she found her relatives absent. An attractive-looking woman a few doors away made inquiry, and learning of the young woman's disappointment, invited her into her house to wait until her aunt returned. She pressed her to remain for tea and to stay all night. In this case again the young woman discovered to her horror that she was the unsuspecting victim of the White Slave Traffic.

After speaking on the subject of the White Slave Traffic in an Ontario town a few weeks ago, a business man came to us and said: "That is a matter with which you should deal by every means in your power. Two sisters of mine, who have lived in Toronto for years, went to a new boarding-house. Already in France the Socialist municipal councils have introduced a number of measures of relief into workingmen's homes with great success. School books are free; meals are provided for school children; sanitary homes are attainable at a nominal rent, and a fund has been established for the at least partial support of mothers during childbirth, demonstrating the Socialist theory that she who bears and rears citizens performs quite as important service for society as he or she who does the work of the world or produces the art and beauty of the world, and should in all justice be honorably supported in the performance of that duty to society.

Another important measure of relief to women might be brought about by the municipalization of the medical service. The women of the working class of Vancouver, live in a state of protest over the fee charged for medical service. When the doctor brings a baby he charges twenty-five dollars, and the nurse who waits on the new arrival gets fifteen dollars a week for her services. I am not saying the baby is not worth the money, but to the average workingman's income that sum represents a percentage that makes babies a luxury not to be lightly indulged in.

A little boy in Vancouver, suffering from a disease of the eyes was experimented on for six months by one reputable physician, who charged the parents fifty dollars for proving what he didn't know about the case. They took him to another equally reputable physician, who stated that he could cure the child, but demanded a fee of twenty-five dollars laid down in advance before undertaking to do so. If the little boy becomes permanently blind it will be because the love of gain and not the love of science or humanity prompted those men to the study of medicine. Under a decent system of society, in which intelligent women were active factors, the object of the study of medicine would be to benefit the human race—not to make fortunes for speculators in human misery!

With mothers as well as fathers sitting in municipal councils, it might not be considered beneath the dignity of the common parent to consider the claims of those who thrive by greed

and graft. The care of orphan children and sick unfortunates would not be left to the whim of an idle rich, to beneficently mismanage concerns that properly belong to the whole people.

Motherhood means more than fatherhood and costs more to achieve. Socialism recognizes that fact and must provide opportunity for the mother wit to express itself in the affairs of the state. Unless the mothers are ready and equal to the opportunity in intelligence and foresight, of what avail is it to their interest that doors once closed are open to them at last?

Only a mother can properly sympathize with the "growing pains" of developing youth, and women should have an equal voice with men in the management of all our educational institutions.

Socialism will restore to labor the dignity it has been said to possess, and remove the necessity for an ornamental Chinaman in many a home where he is now kept solely that it may not be suspected the mistress "does her own work." Honest toil is not a disgrace, although the world treats its toilers as though it were. A great many women today, even women of the working class, have a conviction that it is nobler—and nicer—to get a living by fastening like a leech to the back of some other individual than it is to share in the productive labor necessary for the maintenance of mankind. This conviction arose in the first place, I believe, from the fact that woman's first, and for many years her only means of earning, was by doing for some woman what that woman was too lazy or too fastidious to do for herself. Such service had in it the elements of disgrace. Useless toil, or service that debases another is dishonorable, but to do useful work for the whole people, or reciprocal service for one another, or to produce things that may make the social life more wholesome, pleasant and beautiful, is and must be the highest honor to any human creature. Women will only learn this truth by becoming a factor in the national life as well as in the home life.

Women, come into the socialist movement, and work for socialism, which will put you in your proper place on this old earth.

BEAUTY NOT THE WHOLE THING

Beauty is not the sole feminine asset. It has its value, of course, but many other feminine qualities press it close, and some have long since passed it in the race. Intelligence, charm of manner, sweetness of nature, tact, adaptability, piquancy, versatility are traits which make mere inanimate physical beauty take to the tall grass in tears. Woman no longer trades so much on her sex since civilization has given her individuality. It is her personal charm, not the stenciled curves of all womankind, which makes her attractive. Wisdom, which has enfranchised her, has also released man in some degree from the thrall of the eye. He now gives a good share of his admiration to the lasting and comforting virtues; to those that will stand the wear and tear of everyday life. He seeks a companion rather than a chromo. His desires are domestic rather than decorative.

Man was made to mourn, said Burns, and capitalism does its best to show that Burns spoke the truth.

Many poodle dogs have a better time in life than slum children.

Capitalism rears the houses of the rich out of the misery of the workers.

PSALMS

PSALM 25.

20 O keep my soul, and deliver me: let me not be ashamed; for I put my trust in thee.

21 Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee.

22 Redeem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.

PSALM 26.

1 Judge me, O Lord; for I have walked in mine integrity: I have trusted also in the Lord; therefore I shall not slide.

2 Examine me, O Lord, and prove me; try my reins and my heart.

3 For thy loving-kindness is before mine eyes; and I have walked in thy truth.

4 I have not sat with vain persons, neither will I go in with dissemblers.

5 I have hated the congregation of evil-doers; and will not sit with the wicked.

6 I will wash mine hands in innocency: so will I compass thine altar, O Lord.

PROVERBS

CHAPTER 14.

27 The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death.

28 In the multitude of people is the king's honour: but in the want of people is the destruction of the prince.

29 He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding: but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly.

30 A sound heart is the life of the flesh: but envy the rottenness of the bones.

31 He that oppreseth the poor reproacheth his Maker: but he that honoureth him hath mercy on the poor.

32 The wicked is driven away in his wickedness: but the righteous hath hope in his death.

33 Wisdom resteth in the heart of him that hath understanding: but that which is in the midst of fools is made known.

34 Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people.

May Day the Holiday of International Labor

THIS ISSUE 6,000 COPIES

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

Human nature is just human nature. It is neither good nor bad.

Don't be too hard on the poor capitalist. He is a human being.

Justice is blind. Shall we reverence something that cannot see?

Life is a gamble for the rich and a scramble for the poor.

The capitalistic system will go just as soon as the workers decide that it shall go.

How much of the heart can we rip out of the capitalist system before next May day?

David, the King, was a rebel in the sight of Saul. So are the socialists in the estimation of the plundering, industrial barons.

A two cent postage stamp has not corrupted the people. Neither will socialistic measures along other lines.

Machinery is becoming so productive that it is impossible to compete freely for profit. Hence the trusts limit the output and humanity suffers

The nineteenth century was the century of the bourgeoisie. The twentieth century is the century of the proletariat.

A plute cannot see anything more democratic than republicanism. Would it not be more democratic for every worker to control his own job?

Almost every individual is a ninth-tenth socialist. It is the one-tenth individualist party of him that is hard to overcome.

The capitalist system was a necessary evolution in the world's history. It is not a permanent system, however, and must give way to a more up-to-date social organism.

State socialism based on absolutism is worth little. State socialism combined with industrial democracy will be worth a great deal.

Religious teachers like to make people believe that mankind is inherently bad. If mankind shows any good qualities the religious teacher can claim them as due to his efforts.

Labor, intelligently directed, will produce wonders. Labor, unintelligently and selfishly directed, results in the capitalistic system.

Patterson-Smyth, a paid preacher of Montreal, has suggested that the unemployed should be given state work at a third of a day's pay. Smyth evidently wants to reintroduce state slavery.

There are more great criminals out of the penitentiary than in. These criminals are looked upon as pillars of society, the financial magnates of our land.

Rome was not built in a day and was not destroyed in a century. Socialist parties of the world have been fifty years in building and cannot be overturned by the vapid puffs of a bought capitalist press.

Even capitalists want a certain kind of socialism. The kind they want is when numerous wage slaves work harmoniously together for the benefit of the plutes.

Repressive laws and harsh punishments executed on criminals have never stopped crime. Punishments simply suppress the symptoms while the diseases afflicting the body politic run their course unchecked.

Shall the workingmen influence their own destinies under the aegis of the Socialist Party, or will they continue to be the sport of chance, dependent upon the whim of the boss?

There were many kind hearted lords under the Feudal system. The system became oppressive and had to go. Under capitalism there are many kind hearted bosses. The system, however, is bad and must go too.

Every day is a feast day for the capitalist and yet the capitalist desires to deprive the workingman of his one little holiday of May Day.

The Social Democratic Federation of Great Britain want to repudiate the national debt. The Irish landlords and the railway shareholders are taking national debt certificates for their properties. This is just what the socialists want.

The capitalists are beating down the American proletariat for all they are worth. The American capitalists are likely to get their fingers caught in the steel trap of socialism.

A Canadian is not supposed to be good unless he cries "God save the King." But why should God be asked to save King Edward any more than He should be asked to save the meanest and humblest Canadian that breathes.

May Day is the workingman's holiday. Let him resolve on this day to break through the chains of capitalism, so that he may walk free, not only on one day, but on many days.

Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne," has been the history of human endeavor. Yet the modern capitalist tries to make us believe that his career has been good and not bad.

Greed knows no bonds. Capitalism is admittedly based on human selfishness. No wonder there are sore trials. The weak go to the wall while the capitalist coins their blood into dividends.

The mutterings of the coming revolution are heard on every hand. The reign of the capitalists has corrupted the legislatures, the law courts and the home life. The capitalists have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. They will be swept into oblivion along with the system under which they were able to batten on their pernicious activities.

Some of our plute friends are becoming really angry at this little sheet. The more angry they get, the better we are pleased. We know that we are hitting them in their business interests.

When the socialists arrive in power they will accord to the capitalist class what the capitalists have denied to the wage-slaves, namely, the right to work at something useful.

The great Master of Life declared that love should rule the world. Our whole civilization is based on the law of individual covetousness. Legislatures enact measures to extend its sway; courts uphold its authority; business men preach it. Nevertheless this is presumed to be a Christian country. Is it any wonder there are cynics?



MRS. CANADA—"Don't you think the baby grows, Doctor?"
DR. GRAFT—"Yes, but look at the Cat!"

Redrawn from sketch by Geo. Toseland, Dauphin, Man.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF MAY DAY

BY CHARLES LESTOR

This year the First of May will be celebrated as Labor Day by thousands of workers who have hitherto not taken any part in these gatherings; and I sincerely hope a short statement of the real significance of these May Day celebrations will not be out of place.

In the Middle Ages the First of May was universally kept as a day of holiday and pleasure. But May Day was also celebrated at a much earlier period. It is in fact very difficult to ascertain how great is the antiquity of the May Day Festival. The revival of vegetation which marks nature at May time so far at any rate as the North temperate zone is concerned has been the occasion for various ceremonies from even primitive times. The "Floralia" of the Romans, which in its turn is believed to be derived from India, was no doubt the forerunner of the May Day festivities, which in England were popular for centuries.

The "Floralia," or floral games, were held in honor of Flora, the goddess of spring, and lasted four or five days. Among the old Celtic nations of Europe, too, the Beltein festivals were akin to the Maypole dances. Gigantic fires, were kindled on the hilltops to joyously proclaim the approach of summer. As the floral games of the Romans celebrated the awakening of floral life in warmer climates, so did the Beltein fires of the Celts in colder latitudes hail the appearance of the sun, which, entering into its highest altitudes, meant giving fresh life and warmth to the earth after the frosts and snows of winter. Amongst the peasantry of Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the Scottish Highlands the Beltein celebrations were in vogue, to a slight extent, even up to last century.

There can be no doubt that the beauty of flower and leaf which nature brings forth at the end of April and the beginning of May reflected itself in the minds of men and women accustomed to a healthy life in the open air. The divorce of the vast majority of our working population of to day from open air life has largely killed that happy enjoyment of spring-time. The development of the factory system steadily crushed out that joyous spirit which found its expression in the love of that profusion of flower and blossom which called it forth. It is a fact that most of our class have lost the power to receive those pleasurable impressions of nature which gave our ancestors such keen enjoyment. Happiness came more spontaneously to them than it does to us, creatures of steam and electricity, whose brains and sinews are the property of the employing classes.

The central feature of the May Day observance was the Maypole Dance. Let us see what it was.

The parish of St. Andrew Undershaft and its Maypole is celebrated by the great English poet Chaucer, who speaks of an empty braggart:

"Right well aloft and high ye beare your head,
As ye would beare the great shaft of Cornhill."

Stow, who is buried in this church,

says that in his time the shaft was set up "Every year on May Day in the morning in the midst of the street before the south door of the said church, which shaft when it was set on end, and fixed in the ground, was higher than the church steeple." The people used to dress themselves with flowers on May first and the Maypole was the centre of a ring of merry dancers.

In connection with the May Day festivities was a distinct set of sports. In England they represented the adventures of Robin Hood and his merry men. Every parish in the county had its May Pole and its May celebrations. All this has vanished. The factories claim their human machines and will not be gainsaid.

Popular history of that period known as the Middle Ages, lays bare the tyranny of the kings and the rapacity of the nobles; but a deeper inquiry tells us that at the period when May Day festivities were universally celebrated throughout England the economic condition of the wage-earners was relatively to the general conditions of the times, far and away better and higher than it has even been since. The production of goods was carried on upon a scale which rendered the individual worker master of his own implements of labor, and the products thus manufactured were made primarily for use, only the surplus over and above that needed to satisfy local wants being brought into exchange. Such people owning their own land and instruments of production were of necessity free, economically and socially, whatever political disabilities there may have been. Men and women then enjoyed themselves, in a rough and rude fashion perhaps, but nevertheless enjoyed themselves, because the future held few terrors for them in the way of starvation and want of employment.

The Artisans and Craftsmen of the Middle Ages had their economic freedom secured by their individual control of their tools of labor; so the workers of to-day must possess collectively the great means of production. This in short is the great economic truth which underlies the Labor Celebrations throughout the world. With the development of the industrial forces and the rise of the commercial and trading classes which commenced about the Tudor period, the great and terrible changes for the workers began.

Into the various stages through which the artisans and laborers passed from free craftsmen to modern wage slaves it is impossible to enter in an article of this description. Time began to be much too precious to be wasted on enjoyment; and moreover, when time for holiday making means poverty, enjoyment is necessarily absent. The Puritans rigorously suppressed all May Day revels, on the ground of their being ungodly things; but in reality their suppression succeeded because the necessities of the growing capitalist form of production for the ever expanding markets rendered it imperative that there should be as few as possible of those stoppages in the manufacture of goods which the numerous holidays of older times would have caused. The celebrated Maypole, to which I have referred, was destroyed in a fit of Puritanism in the third year of Edward VI's reign, after a sermon preached at the St. Paul's Cross against May games.

TO UNION MEN—This Paper has always been issued under Union conditions, closing at 12 on Saturdays, and as far as we know, is the only office so closing in this province, outside of the cities of Montreal and Quebec. Our plant is being unionized, and we hope to shortly carry the Union Label. Heretofore there has not been journeyman enough in this district, and there is no printers union in the Eastern Townships.

The inhabitants of the parish "sawed it to pieces, everie man taking for his share as much as had layne over his door and stall, the length of his house and they of the alley divided amongst them so much as had layne over their alley gate."

Of the evils of capitalism during the nineteenth century it is unnecessary for me to write. The inhuman brutality of the capitalist class during their mad rush for wealth is disclosed in the reports of the times. Men, women and children were literally used up to make fortunes for the factory lords—eaten as though they were bread.

May Day and other holidays disappeared. Even Sunday was thought a fitting time for children to clean the machinery. The brutal and unrestricted exploitation of the workers threatened to ruin the whole population of Britain. Fortunately the noblest spirits in the kingdom began to revolt against the horrible conditions which existed, and factory legislation together with the organization of the workers did some little in the direction of raising the standard of life for the workers. The master-class also wanted educated wage slaves.

We have now seen the significance of the old May Day revels. What is the meaning of its revival?

May Day in its modern sense, or Labor Day as it is now universally called, dates from 1889. At one of the two great International Socialist and Workers Congresses, held in Paris in that year—the year of the French Exhibition—the following resolution was passed: "A great international demonstration shall be organized on fixed date in order that in all countries and in every town on the same day the workers shall demand the legal reduction of the working day to eight hours, and the application of other resolutions passed by the International Congress. Further, seeing that a similar demonstration has already been decided upon for the First of May by the American Federation of Labor, at its Congress of 1888 at St. Louis, this date shall be adopted for the international demonstration. The workers of the various nations shall carry out these demonstrations under whatever conditions may be imposed by the special situation of their respective countries."

On next May Day, that of 1890, the effects of the decision of the International Congress began to be felt. In Belgium the demand for a legal eight hour day was vigorously taken up by the miners. May Day celebrations were held in the principal large towns, such as Brussels, Liege, Charleroi, Antwerp and Namur. In Denmark the workers began to organize for the first of May celebrations, but open air processions were prohibited by the Danish government before the day arrived. In Austria great military preparations were made to meet all emergencies. In Germany many meetings were suppressed and the military were confined to barracks.

But it was in France that the most vigorous measures were taken for pulling down manifestations. On May 1st M. Constans, then Minister of the Interior, suppressed everything except meetings in private halls. In short, the terror stricken manner in which the governing class through Europe treated these perfectly legitimate demonstrations on the part of the workers was nothing less than a pitiful exhibition of fear at the sentiment of the international fraternity of the people which lay at the back of the May Day celebrations.

In London there was a great demonstration held in Hyde Park on the first Sunday in May. In the following year 1891, the London Trades Council and the Legal Eight Hours League held a conjoint demonstration on the first Sunday in May.

In the August of the same year the Brussels International Congress, interesting reports were given in on the Socialist and Labor movements in the various countries. In these reports mention was made of the success of the First of May demonstrations. In addition to the countries we have already given, the reports showed that International gatherings had taken place in Portland, Norway, Roumania, Hungary and even in the Argentine Republic, were meetings had been held at Buenos Ayres, La Plata, Santa Fe, and other of the larger towns.

The 1892 demonstrations reached an importance far beyond that of 1890 or 1891. The First of May fell on a Sunday and consequently the gatherings were immense. The day was looked forward to with anxiety throughout Europe. In most of the continental capitals the military were held in readiness to shoot or bayonet the people at a moments notice. The authorities were everywhere pretty well scared out of their wits. It was in fact—the nearest approach to 1848 that had occurred since that memorable year.

In France, Germany, Belgium, Austria, Holland, Italy, Roumania, Spain, Switzerland, the United States and the old county in fact, in every capitalist nation on the planet, the workers assembled on May 1st, to declare fraternity with their fellows throughout the world.

These Demonstrations have been growing yearly in popularity and are an indication that the end of capitalism is near at hand. May Day is the rallying day of the workers of the world. They are slowly being welded together by one common interest. May Day is a sure indication that the solidarity of the toiling and enduring millions is becoming a fact. When once united their chains disappear for ever! Let these International May Day celebrations rouse the workers of the Dominion to class consciousness. Let them understand that the class interests of the workers of every nation are identical, and that those class interests are and must necessarily be antagonistic to those of the capitalist class. Labor day shows that our class is perceiving this more and more every year.

Cheer, comrades cheer! Our victory is nigh. We can hear the steady march of millions and the growing tramping of their feet is music in our ears. We feel, after toiling and waiting so long, on May Day that we are really and truly part of the world's proletariat. We stretch our hands to our fellows abroad in international amity and concord, confident in the future, determined to devote our lives to the work of the emancipation of our class the world over and resolved to hand on to the generations who come after, a brighter and happier social state than that under which we now toil and suffer.

Notable Discovery

One of the most notable discoveries regarding the early history of Peru has recently been made by Hewitt Myring, an English antiquarian. He collected 2,000 specimens of pottery and weapons of the ancient Peruvians. Remains of and relics of the early inhabitants of Peru, which are said by archaeologists to date from 4000 to 7000 B. C. were found by Mr. Myring under an old Inca's burying ground when he was exploring in the mountains about 200 miles inland from Lima. Each grave contained the remains of food and glazed clay jugs. The most valuable portion of this discovery of antiquities consists of the great urns, some of them six feet long and so heavy that it required three men to carry them. They were found buried beside mummies, and the majority of them had the features of the dead man or woman delicately carved either on the upper part of the urn or on a solid stand beneath.

Socialists do not believe in dividing up. That is why they oppose the system which makes the workers divide up what they earn with a lot of idle dividend receivers.