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CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

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MONTREAL BY COMMISSION

The business men of Montreal have been shocked by the revolutions of the Royal Commission with regard to the business corruption existing in the Council. A lot of these same business men have taken part in that corruption to get contracts from the city. Nevertheless the business men were shocked.

From the examinations before the Royal Commission now sitting in Montreal it appears that Aldermen were in the habit of getting a large rakeoff on all contracts given. The contracts did not go to the lowest tender but sometimes to the highest, the Aldermen getting their commission. It appears also that the men employed in the fire department and other departments of the city had to pay to get their jobs. Those higher up got the pay. Out of the pay coming to them the employees had to give fifty or a hundred dollars. This to the plute papers and plute business men is considered to be perfectly horrible. The business men are squealing for a business administration. The big men of Montreal are holding street corner meetings for the purpose of inveigling the workmen of Montreal into voting for a business administration of the city. These big men when they talk and block the streets are not run in like the wicked socialists by the police. They are given all the rope they want. The police are there to stop all rows that would prevent the words of the business men from being heard. At socialist meetings the police are used to create disturbances. The business men want their fallacies to get before the workers and do not want socialist truths to reach the ears of the people, and the police are ever the instruments for the execution of the desires of the ruling class. The goody-goody paper of Montreal, the Witness, has declared that Cotton's Weekly is wickedly pernicious in declaring that the workers are not interested in the question of a business administration.

The Aldermen have been getting their rakeoffs from city contracts. This is a matter of indifference to the workers. The workers get their day's pay which is about one-fifth of what they produce. The other four-fifths is stolen from them by the labor thieves who are the business men of Montreal, and their parasites, the Forgets, the Drummonds, the Van Hornes, the Carsleys, the banking magnates, the lawyers, the stock brokers, the Aldermen, Archbishop Bruchesi and the Catholic clergy, Bishop Farley and the Protestant ministers who minister to the spiritual needs of the labor thieves and get in return some of the wealth stolen from the laborers.

The vital question to the workers is to get back the four-fifths of their product now stolen from them. It is a matter of utter indifference to the workingmen of Montreal who gets the the swag. It does not matter to the workers whether that swag finds its way into the pockets of an Alderman through a bribe or whether it finds its way into the ecclesiastical pocket of Bruchesi in return for prayers for some dead labor thief.

Now the Montreal business men who are plundering the laborers of four-fifths of what they earn have elected to the City Hall certain parasites to do their bidding. The business men want to get all the swag in the shape of stolen labor that they can. So they put these men in the City Hall and give them a small salary. Then the business men make these Aldermen swear that they will take no more of the swag than their small salaries. The Aldermen swear. Then the business men go about their business of plundering the laborers. They talk to the Aldermen about the honor of their position as City Fathers. They tell them to be moral and honest and upright, which being interpreted means that the business men do not want the Aldermen to take more of the swag than the business men have fixed as the Aldermanic reward.

But the Aldermen, seeing all the plunder going, perceive that the business labor thief is a hypocrite and begin to steal on their own account. The Aldermen do not steal from the laborers.

The laborer by the capitalist system has already been robbed of all beyond a bare living. The Aldermen therefore, when they steal, must steal from the labor thieves their masters.

The business men in robbing the workers feel happy. They talk about the rights of capital and that labor must be submissive. Here is where the clergy, both Catholic and Protestant, find themselves useful to the labor thieves. They can talk about heaven and keep the workers quiet. But when these same labor thieves find that their henchmen, the Aldermen, have been surreptitiously taking unto themselves part of the stolen labor plunder, the business men get mad. Like all thieves the business man cannot stand being deprived of what he has stolen. Therefore he begins to howl about corruption and dishonesty. Therefore he waxes indignant and rails again his henchmen. These henchmen must be sacked and a new method of choosing these henchmen must be devised. The business men have come to the conclusion that a government by commission is the thing necessary. So the business men who need the votes of the workers for this change come to the workers and tell them to vote for a change. If the workers are wise they will go about their business laughing in their sleeves at the blue funk of the labor thieves since the thieves have discovered that a part of their swag has not been reaching their own pockets.

But, say the labor thieves, look how the poor workers have been plundered. Why, to get a job with the fire department they have had to pay one hundred dollars. Is not that robbery of the workers?

The laborer will smile. When he knows that the man who is talking to him has a part of the four-fifths of the workingmen's labor and is living off of new labor continually being stolen from them he will tell the labor thief that he is straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. The workingman will know what it means when the business man talks of a business administration. He knows that business buys men's time like it buys hogs. Business asks, "Where can I get workingmen for the least money?" It takes pains to find out and then hires the cheapest men who can do the work. The workingmen know that at present a fireman can afford to pay a hundred dollars to get a job on the fire department. He knows that when the business men of Montreal get to running things the men on the fire department will not be able to keep a wife and perhaps their own sisters, to get a living, will have to submit their bodies to the embraces of the respectable labor thieves.

The commission plan will be a good thing for the labor thieves. It brings about a system of checks where nobody can do anything unless all are agreed. It brings into play a big and unwieldy constituency in which the true will of the people will be stifled. Even as it is the council of Montreal is a better representative body than will be the business commission which will represent the labor thiefing interests alone.

Imagine the Commission controlling things. The city instead of paying a dollar and a half a day for its labor will pay a dollar and thirty-five cents like the Street Railway. That is good business. All the leaks will be stopped and Montreal will have low taxes and good services. Will this benefit the workingmen? Not at all. It will benefit those who still plunder him. The Aldermen will not get so much but the labor thieves will get more. Houses will become more valuable because the landlords will not have to pay so much taxes. Gas may become cheaper and water and therefore it will not cost the workers so much to live. This will not benefit the workers but will benefit the labor thieves as the labor thieves will not get so much wages. The lower the cost of living the lower the wages. Cornwall, Ont., is an example of this law of wages. In Cornwall the workers mostly own their own homes. Consequently having to pay no rent they can work for beggarly wages. You see, the labor thieves of

Montreal and elsewhere see to it that all but the barest living wage is taken away from the wageslave.

Will the Commission plan of government raise wages in the Montreal Cotton Mills? Will Morgan or Simpson or Carsley or the street railway or the other instruments of separating the worker from four-fifths of his product raise the rate of wages because of a changed political form? Will the landlord reduce his rent? Will the policeman be less brutal when he knows that big business is backing him instead of an Alderman who must look well after the interests of his ward? Will fewer of the girls of the working class be forced into prostitution because the value of her work has been stolen from her by a department store or a shirtwaist factory and the plunder is not divided up with an Alderman? Be not deceived. The Commission plan of government will not benefit the workers at all. It will hurt them inasmuch as the city hall government being controlled by business interests, will be less responsive to the will of the people. Of course the capitalist papers and the big labor thieves are hot for the civic commission scheme. This proves conclusively that labor is likely to get it in the neck under the new regime.

The only hope of the workers is to expropriate the mills and dwellings and railways, street and otherwise, and departmental stores and all the other means whereby the workers are made to divide up with the labor thieves. Under the commission plan the city will be less responsive to the will of the workers and more subservient to the interests of the labor thieves. If the socialist revolution is going to come about by means of political action this commission plan is bad for labor. If the revolution is to come about by the political general strike tolerated and protected by sympathetic soldiers, who refuse to obey the dictates of the cynical bloody-hearted business men, then the commission plan will be a matter of indifference. The workers had better be on the safe side and oppose the commission scheme.

THE BATTLE FOR BREAD

W. R. Shier.

All self-respecting workpeople want the best of food, the best of clothing, the best of housing.

They want security of employment, short hours of labor, healthy conditions in the mines and shops and factories.

They want education for their children, freedom from the fear of want and a voice in the management of industry.

They want the means and the leisure with which to enjoy life. In short, they want the good things of life, and they want them in abundance.

Are they getting them under the present industrial system? No. Notwithstanding the fact that all is produced by labor, the workers must be content to eat cheap food, wear shoddy clothing and live in tenements or miserable-looking houses.

New York bankers have borrowed four hundred million dollars this summer from Europe. It is reported that this debt will be liquidated to Europe partially by the sale of new securities. Europe will take the securities, the American capitalists will fling the concerns into bankruptcy and reorganize them freezing out the European lender. That is the way the American plute gets his plunder. But as the fight is only over the spoils plundered from the workers it is a matter of indifference to them who gets the swag. The workers know they don't get it themselves. All they get is given to them in the neck.

At Battle Creek, Mich., a monster Socialist picnic was held last Sunday. Battle Creek is noted for being the home place of C. W. Post, a hater of Socialism. Charlie has the thing right in his home town. Cheer up, Charlie. You will soon be beaten to a standstill by the advance of what you think is your enemy.

The Swedish unionists are scoring a victory. Organized labor is there with the goods when it sets itself to work along right lines.

THE CLASS STRUGGLE

Edison, the inventor, has recently been prophesying a glorious future for the air-ship. He gives, however, a note of warning. He declares that in his opinion the inventors are working on a wrong principle. He says that the success of the aviators has been so immediate that they must be working on a wrong basis. His own experience has been that the easy, simple way of doing a thing was not the right way. Nature shuts herself in mystery and is not easily elucidated.

In the same way there are many reformers who are trying to reform on astoundingly simple lines. These reformers declare that man could be good if he would only try to be good. Working along these lines, they go about telling men and women to be good. They draw illustrations from the aspirations of man and exhort the men to turn these aspirations into deeds. They declare that the way to goodness lies open to humanity in general. It does not matter whether a man be rich or poor. Let him try to be good and he will become good.

Occasionally circumstances so work together as to produce a man whom these reformers and teachers consider good. Finding a few of these good men, the reformers conclude that they have the right way and keep on hammering at their dogmas of reform.

The way to regenerate humanity is not so easy or simple as these reformers believe. Man's nature is founded on a material basis with material needs. Those material needs must be satisfied else the body dies. The law of self preservation is the first law of nature and man is a natural animal. Until the system is evolved under which self preservation coincides with race preservation, the struggle for existence will rule. The law of the beak and claw will hold good for humanity. Reformers may try experiments and may get passing results due to the chemism of emotion, but these results will be transient in the vast majority of cases. They will be permanent only in a few cases where the necessity for the coming into action of a law of self preservation does not exist.

To get permanent results in race morality, the manner in which the various groups of individuals come into contact with the necessities of life must be studied. When these are unravelled, it will be found that there are useful producers and useless non-producers. It will be found that a struggle is taking place under which the useful producers are trying to prevent their products being consumed by the non-producers. It will be found that the non-producers are endeavoring to keep the producers in subjection. With the evolution of industry the bondage in which the producers are held is becoming more and more apparent. The lines of the class struggle are becoming more clearly defined.

Until this struggle ceases by the triumph of the productive workers and their organization in the industrial democracy of the socialist state, the law of the self-preservation of the individual will not coincide with race preservation. Consequently, humanity will not be able to rise into the intellectual, moral and spiritual realms, and the preaching to men to be good will be more or less wasted effort.

PARASITE LABOR

There are many men who work hard and earn grey in the harness. These men grow a livlihood by their labor, sometimes good and sometimes precarious. These men perform services which are socially unnecessary but which, under the legislative enactments of a capitalist system, bring their reward to the individual performing them.

The advocate, the stock broker, the commercial traveller, the retail trader these men perform more or less socially unnecessary tasks. Nevertheless they work hard and frequently get little return for their labor. These men will talk indignantly should you tell them that they are good for nothing. The lawyer will point to his rows of antique law books and to his docket and will

tell you that he has studied far into the night and has worked hard for every cent he got. The retail trader will tell you of how he gets up early and stays up late, of worries about meeting his obligations, about his stock-taking and patient waiting upon the whims of disgruntled customers. He will tell you that every cent he got, he got by hard work.

The fact that many men work hard does not prove that their labor benefits the community. With the evolution of industry those classes performing socially unnecessary labor will find that they have to work hard to get less money and that their professions or occupations will finally disappear altogether. The catcher of runaway slaves had to work hard to get his money. In slave days he had to go into bogs and all sorts of nasty places in order to follow up his occupation. With the freeing of the slaves his occupation was gone. The buyer and seller of slaves had to take long journeys to exercise his trade. He worked hard but his work is now looked down upon with contempt. In the same way there are many men whose occupations will disappear in the coming of the socialist state.

TIMID CAPITAL

Capitalist newspapers never tire of sounding the modesty and timidity of capital. Capital is declared to be so timid that the faintest breath of criticism will drive it out of a city. A least little law will turn capital away from a place and send it somewhere else.

As a matter of fact, capital in the ordinary acceptance of the word is one of the boldest, most impudent and most corrupt things. Capital will pour itself into a hole in the ground called a mine. Capital will stick its nose into primitive communities of savage Africans, much to the disgust of the swarthy inhabitants. Capital will send armies to China to force itself into the unwilling villages and cities of the Chinese. Capital will push its way into the Arctic snows and the swamps of the Equator. Capital will take up the most foolhardy ventures. It will enslave white, brown and yellow races to make them do its bidding. It will corrupt legislatures and municipal governments. It will crowd men and women together into one-roomed hovels. It will take little children and bind them to giant machines to grind their little lives into more capital. Capital, which might be a glorious benefit to the human race, is a hideous, slimy monster which devours the bodies and bones of wage slaves.

When a flunkey press declares that capital is timid it means that the capitalist is timid. The capitalist is a fear filled creature who is timid about his fortune. The capitalist is all the time wondering whether his ventures are going to fail him. He trembles at the thought of a rival. He jumps at the thought of a strike. He is fearful about adverse legislation in the interests of humanity and keenly watches all bills before the Legislatures. His fearfulness and timidity imparts itself to the flunkey press.

The capitalist is only satisfied and at rest when he is screwing the last cent out of his wage workers and has a big army to shoot the workers down in the case of a slave revolt. When the capitalist feels secure his timidity vanishes. Then he purrs like a contented cat who is gorged on little birds. The capitalist then talks about vested interests and stable government and peace and prosperity.

When the papers are solemnly declaring that capital is timid the expropriated proletariat can rest assured that some capitalists at least are in a blue flunk. When the goody-goody papers and the capitalist press in general are protesting against attack on capital and decrying the social unrest and talking about the ungrateful laborer, the expropriated proletariat may take courage because his condition is likely to be bettered. But when the capitalist press purrs let the laborers watch out.

Have Cotton's sent weekly to your local editor. It will bring him out of his shell.

THE CONCILIATION ACT

The capitalist press has nothing but praise for the Conciliation Act. The Conciliation Act is a fine thing for the bosses. The Conciliation Act provides for arbitration in case of industrial disputes. These arbitration boards decide what is fair for the bosses and what is fair for the wage slaves. In all these arbitrations the rights of the men are based upon the bare cost of living. The working plugs are supposed to get merely what will give them a chance to live and not die. All the rest goes to the bosses. No wonder the plute papers rejoice. No wonder that a sycophant journalism exalts the wisdom of the Ottawa politicians. A machinery is provided under which the laborers can be skinned with an appearance of fairness and morality.

The workings of the arbitration boards have been successful in avoiding strikes. The capitalist press hails this as a mark of its utility, and its justice and applicability for the solving of labor problems. There are two reasons why the act appears to be successful. In the first place, Canada is in the full flood of capitalist development. Mines are being opened up, railroads built, mills constructed and houses built in the West. Farm machinery is in great demand and the peoples of other countries are pouring in, thus causing great activity. The bright minds and active hands are trying to get hold of the natural resources of Canada in order that the owners thereof can become little plutes and tax the coming hordes of the expropriated proletarians of Europe. Consequently, times are good and the way of escape from wage slavery to a certain extent lies open. The workers who are expropriated can as yet find employment at any rate during the summer months. Canada is busy producing the means of production. The great crisis will come when her machinery of production has been prepared and production for consumption alone remains.

Another reason why the act appears to work so well is that it applies only to certain trades. The act does not apply to ordinary workers nor to ordinary disputes. It applies to those industries alone which are public utilities. Coal, iron, railroad, these are the principal disputes to which the act applies. In these occupations men alone are employed. The wages are fairly high as the work requires skilled men and the cost of living to which their wages are assimilated is that of the cost of the living of a family man. As the wage worker would rather bear the ills he knows than to fly to other that he knows not of, as long as the known ills are bearable, it results that the Conciliation Act has been fairly successful in the cases in which it has operated. Moreover, as the act prevents a strike without notice given to the bosses, the bosses can make arrangements to get strike breakers and to take means to defeat the strike even before it begins, the act has had the result of handicapping the men in the case of economic warfare.

In the Protestant schools of the province of Quebec there are certain teachers who make their schools stand fairly well in the competitive examinations between the pupils of the various schools. This result is achieved by so acting towards the dull scholars that the dull and stupid pupils who are most in need of education leave the school in despair. The bright pupils alone are left at examination time and the school stands high. In the same way, the Lemieux Act only deals with those trades where the wages are the best. It does not examine the wages of retail stores nor of the sweated industries. Consequently, the Lemieux Act seems to show that everybody is getting good wages and that it is a beautiful instrument for giving the wageslaves what is coming to them. This results first, from the temporary industrial condition of Canada and second, from the trades which the Lemieux Act refuses to deal with.

Diaz is at his old work of confiscating opposition papers and jailing the editors. Teddy would like to have been in Mexico with the Appeal to Reason where he could jab it good and plenty.

AN EASY LESSON

IN SOCIALISM

By W. H. LEFFINGWELL

Proposition (a): Since the beginning of civilization the history of all society has been a history of class struggles.

You very often hear a man say, when you talk socialism to him: "You can never do it; this system, has always been and it always will be." Nothing could be further from the truth. This system has only been in existence for four or five hundred years, and in some parts of the world this capitalist system has not yet appeared. But there is one thing that "always has been" since the beginning of civilization, and that is the class struggle. When people began to emerge from barbarism into civilization the class struggles began. Then the workers were chattel slaves. They belonged, body and soul, to their masters, who did whatever they saw fit with them. The next stage was feudalism. Under this stage the worker belonged to the land and the land belonged to the lord. The next stage of society was capitalism, under which we are living at the present time. Under this system the worker works for a wage and the tools belong to his master, the capitalist.

How all these came about would make a long and intricate story. Suffice it is to say that every advance was made by a struggle between classes. It would be well to look into this further. There are lots of books written on the subject which are very interesting.

Proposition (b): The present struggle is between the employing class, or the capitalists, and the employed class, or the workingmen.

How hard it is to make some people believe this. Especially workers in America. In this glorious land of freedom there are no classes, yet the very people who tell us this are continually talking about the "capitalist class" and the "working class."

Were you ever awakened from a nice comfortable sleep, about 5:30 in the morning by an infernal machine, known as an alarm clock? This infernal device says: "Get up, you slave, get up. Go to work. If you are late you will have to hunt another master or starve." Doesn't this convince you that the other class holds you in bondage?

If not, how about strikes and lock-outs? What do they mean? They mean just what is stated above—there is a struggle continually waging between the worker and his masters, the capitalists.

"But," you say, "I'll admit some bosses are mean, but that is no reason to condemn the good ones; they are not fighting the working class."

Well, if you are not yet convinced, what you need is a taste of the black-list. This will show you whether or not the capitalists stick together when it comes to a struggle between their brothers' slaves and their masters. There is no capitalist good enough to employ a blacklisted man,—or at least he has not yet been found.

We will take it for granted, that after you have digested this thoroughly we can give it to you a little stronger—let us take

Proposition (c): The interests of the working class and the interests of the capitalist class are diametrically opposed.

This is so simple that any one ought to understand it. But every one doesn't.

The most important thing to a working man is what? A good living, is it not? To get this he must have good wages and he is continually trying to "better himself" along these lines. This is natural.

What is the most important consideration to a capitalist? Big profits. You will certainly admit that he isn't in business for his health or yours. He wants profit and he wants it badly, and in order to get as much profit as possible he hires men as cheaply as he can.

Did you ever have a boss say to you: "Now really, my dear fellow, you can't live on \$6 a week, I think I had better pay you \$25 a week." Well I guess you didn't. He usually says, when you plead for \$9 dollars a week and tell him you can't possibly support your family on less: Well, good bye, I can hire barrels of men at \$7." And then you say that your interests and his are mutual and identical. Go 'way, you're only fooling.

Just put this down in your note book; you want as much wages as possible and the boss wants to pay you as little as possible. Don't let any one tell you differently, for it cannot be proved.

THE MINER

"Get up!" the caller calls, "Get up!" And in the dead of night, To win the bairns their bite and sup, I rise, a weary wight.

My flannel dudden donn'd, thrice o'er My birds are kissed, and then I with a whistle shut the door I may not ope again.

—JOSEPH SKIPSEY.

Sometime ago a comrade in Toronto wrote a postcard to an American magazine complaining that altho it had devoted considerable space to the Republican and Democratic parties, it had ignored the Socialist party. His postcard was published, with an editorial in reply. That magazine has 60,000 subscribers. In this way its readers were apprized of the fact that Socialism was a growing force. A postal its often very effective.

The G. T. P. officials are clamoring for Chinese cheap labor to build the transcontinental. Their contract with the government forces them to employ white men. There are more profits in Chinamen than in white men and the capitalist builders do not give a hoot what they do who they hurt or what race problems they create in Canada, as long as they can make big money.

The Cities of Portland and Seattle have appointed women on the police force to protect women from the annoyance of men. The suffrage movement is strong in the State of Washington and the women are showing that they know how to tackle problems. Under socialism these problems will mostly disappear because the problems are founded on economic inequality.

In Brockville the Socialists have the use of the Orange Hall for a fee that is purely nominal. A comrade who belonged to the Orange order carried on an effective propaganda among its influential members, with the result that a majority, being socialistic, voted the use of their hall to the Social Democrats for almost a song.

Moral: take the hint. Dr. Timmons, superintendent of the London Council schools, is surprised to find that education is not the birthright of every Canadian child. The Doctor must remember that capitalism has dug its claws into the little children of Canada as well as it has into the children of Great Britain.

The clearest, shortest, most readable most understandable most masterly exposition of the economics of modern Socialism is from the pen of Marx himself. It is entitled "Value, Price and Profit." The pamphlet should be in every Socialist's library. Cloth 50 cents, paper 10 cents.

The New York Call prints a cartoon of Rockefeller behind the curtain pulling the strings of a Punch in a Punch and Judy show while outside the public dances and yells about what a great man the little puppet is. The puppet being worked by Rockefeller is Harriman.

Lord Northcliffe's newspapers are recommending Englishmen to invest large sums of money in Canada. The more money invested in Canada the quicker will capitalism in Canada run its course and the sooner the socialist state will arrive.

The Deputy Minister of Labor, F. A. Acland has been sent to Nova Scotia to report on the strike situation. Are the masters frightened that their slaves are waking up to their condition of bondage and measures must be taken to pacify them?

Two lone Socialist paper fighting 1500 capitalist papers in Canada. We are equal to it, providing you comrades build up our circulation.

PRODUCTION FOR USE

AN EDITORIAL UTOPIAN

It is always dangerous to draw pictures of the future. Prophets are always liable to err. The unfolding of the future may be seen in a general way, but the details of that future are difficult to foresee.

To those with the capitalist outlook it is hard to perceive what state of society the socialists are aiming at. To them production for profit is the only possible method. Production for use is impossible according to their way of looking at things. Let us, therefore, imagine a condition of affairs in which production for use shall have been established.

The governments, in their present form at Ottawa, and at Quebec, Toronto, Halifax, and other centres, have been swept away. The government of persons has gone and the government of things has come. Land has been nationalized and all the property of the workers and the titles thereof are vested in the commonwealth of the people. A commission of five hundred, elected by the votes of the workers, not according to territory, but according to trades, sits at Port Arthur. The duty of this commission is not to pass laws to prevent stealing, but to discover what necessities of life will be needed for the coming year. There are twenty million men, women and children in Canada who need food, clothing, shelter, instruction and amusement. It is the duty of this commission to gather reports of how much wheat and cereals, how much animal food and fruit, will be needed to supply every person in the Dominion with all he needs. It will be the duty of this commission to find out how much cloth of the various kinds will be needed to adequately clothe in a proper manner the people of Canada. The commission will then direct that so much grain be raised in the most suitable grain areas. It will order that so much cloth of such kinds as are necessary will be produced in the various cloth mills. The same will be done with regard to the other necessities of life.

All the inhabitants will work at something useful. The bankers will have gone out of existence as banking in its present sense will have disappeared. The stock brokers and commission merchants and rent collectors and bill collectors and insurance men and commercial agencies and company promoters and land sellers and advocates and notaries and soldiers will no longer exist as such. Those now engaged in these parasitic occupations will be drafted into useful production. The unemployed will be given their share of the work of the world. The production and distribution of the necessities of life will be organized with the same regard for public convenience and with the same regard to economy of effort as is the post-office at present. With the hosts of workers who will be engaged in productive effort, the laboring day will be cut down to three or four hours. Every invention will reduce this time. The rest of the day will belong to the workers to spend as they see fit. With the organizing of industry on a national scale with every person working and with perfect organization, a four hour day can produce abundance for all.

As goods will be produced for use and not for profit, they will be distributed to the people who want them without question of price. The bread cart will come to the door in the morning or the evening and deliver as many loaves of bread as are required. They will be given free. When a man or woman wants a pair of shoes he or she will go to the national shoe depository and get them. They will not be paid for, but will be given free. The same will happen with coal, and meat and clothes. All will work three or four hours a day and can go and get what he needs. There will be no payment for services rendered and there will be no charge for goods received. All will then have good food, good homes, good clothing, good education and good amusements. Each will contribute his share of labor according to his power and each will receive from the national store houses the necessities of life according to his needs. The man with many children will not be handicapped because of his family, nor will the grouchy old bachelor be benefited because he has remained single through selfishness.

Forecasts are always dangerous, but the above is a crude outline of what could happen when the system of production for use has supplanted the present failing system of production for profit. The above scheme is going to come true in some form or other. When it does arrive poverty will be abolished and a rich fool cannot make other persons commit evil deeds for the satisfaction of his appetites and passions. Men and women will not be forced into lives of vice and crime in order to get the necessities of life. Each man will walk forth free and clear-eyed and can look the whole world in the face. He will not cringe before a slave driver who can take his job away from him. No man will then worry about the rent coming due nor about saving up for old age. Each man, woman and child will be assured of the necessities of life.

Impossible, will say the critics. But the same critics declared that the steamship was impossible, that the telegraph was impossible, that the telephone and airship were impossible, that the C. P. R. system was impossible, that democracy was impossible. These things came and the socialist state is on its way. Free text-books, free education, free meals for school children, free old age pensions, free passes on the railroads for our judges and our members of parliaments. Behold some of the things which cost labor and are given free. Why not the rest?

The Chinese are boycotting British goods and the viceroy of China are endeavoring to stamp out the boycott. The British plunderbund headed by the Lords and financiers would like nothing better than a war with some other country, no matter what the pretext. A foreign war would kill off quite a few soldiers and open jobs for a number of unemployed. A lot of property could be destroyed and the workmen could be set to work rebuilding. With these results the labor thieves could still maintain their position of affluence. They are about clogged up with their stolen goods. Their robber dens are filled. They cannot go out and burn their stored up boots and other things in common meeting places in the sight of the hungry and naked citizens of Great Britain. But they can start a war which will wipe out a lot of the stored up labor products and they can do it while solemnly declaring they are British patriots because they send British citizens to a place where they will get killed.

The Turks are starting schools and are adopting European textbooks translated. The Turks are suppressing socialist periodicals. The Turks have the capitalist itch and do not know that the only thing that will cure it is a good dose of socialism.

Out in Minneapolis a clergyman has been preaching in a baseball park preliminary to the opening of the Sunday game. After Constantine took and twisted the christian movement to suit himself it has been twisting itself to suit the world, the flesh and the devil.

The French government is tackling the gambling question. France is going to make all gambling a state monopoly. She is going to make every gambler take out a personal license of ten dollars which he must exhibit before he can gamble. Over here we make laws forbidding gambling. Then we appoint police and officials who grow rich by accepting bribes to let the gamblers shin the victims. Then we erect churches and appoint ministers to pray for the souls of the bribers and bribed gamblers. Truly our lawmakers are wise and wisdom will die with them. The sooner their brand of wisdom dies the better.

The U. S. postal deficit is over \$20,000,000. The railroads have been making five thousand percent profits on their mailcars rented to the government. The U. S. officials are going to economize in the postal service by cutting down help, reducing wages and speeding up the employees. Taft could not think of stopping the tremendous profits now going to the railroads. That would be interfering with the operations of the plunderbund and Taft is a big business man.

Canada is in the full swing of the capitalist development. Hence the slaves are fairly busy and can sell their labor power if they will work cheap enough. This is the reason why the Lemieux Act appears to work well. But in the coming titanic struggle after the machinery of production has been created and the workers are thrown out of work, the Lemieux Act will be a halter round the neck of labor.

Thomas W. Lawson is prophesying a terrible scandal in the U. S. steel. The scandal has been smelling bad for some time now, Tom.

what could happen when the system of production for use has supplanted the present failing system of production for profit. The above scheme is going to come true in some form or other. When it does arrive poverty will be abolished and a rich fool cannot make other persons commit evil deeds for the satisfaction of his appetites and passions. Men and women will not be forced into lives of vice and crime in order to get the necessities of life. Each man will walk forth free and clear-eyed and can look the whole world in the face. He will not cringe before a slave driver who can take his job away from him. No man will then worry about the rent coming due nor about saving up for old age. Each man, woman and child will be assured of the necessities of life.

Impossible, will say the critics. But the same critics declared that the steamship was impossible, that the telegraph was impossible, that the telephone and airship were impossible, that the C. P. R. system was impossible, that democracy was impossible. These things came and the socialist state is on its way. Free text-books, free education, free meals for school children, free old age pensions, free passes on the railroads for our judges and our members of parliaments. Behold some of the things which cost labor and are given free. Why not the rest?

The Chinese are boycotting British goods and the viceroy of China are endeavoring to stamp out the boycott. The British plunderbund headed by the Lords and financiers would like nothing better than a war with some other country, no matter what the pretext. A foreign war would kill off quite a few soldiers and open jobs for a number of unemployed. A lot of property could be destroyed and the workmen could be set to work rebuilding. With these results the labor thieves could still maintain their position of affluence. They are about clogged up with their stolen goods. Their robber dens are filled. They cannot go out and burn their stored up boots and other things in common meeting places in the sight of the hungry and naked citizens of Great Britain. But they can start a war which will wipe out a lot of the stored up labor products and they can do it while solemnly declaring they are British patriots because they send British citizens to a place where they will get killed.

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Children Ory
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

WEALTH

Exploiters
uries W
ploits

Society people not knowing w time. It mi many of the do with the the thousand fancies, says L Ten thousand necklace, \$4.5 strawberries, \$5,000 for a \$5,000, \$2,500 ple on, \$500 m learing—the get rid of their

SPECIAL F

One well-know apart the who her London bo have luxurious jons, eat the many changes elaborate "to especially for dears" are gro tal for animals dowed for \$500 in the East er born babe on Milk she canno This is but shown by Mr. book. "Wealt draws such a what society the poor live. A short tin hibited in a s Street a costl down quilt, en and broadc e it was thoug baby. As a m ly cot was for ed pets of the on a par with \$50,000

Some remar given to the ladies in the woman who ciety recent \$50,000 for a pearls, which Little commen tures spend \$ dress. For a they will ch while the ma Court dress fo will cost \$125 Northrop poi away thousan wearing out th trousers at 10 nightdresses a At a recent Temple there worth of ore these orchids each. One ma 900. Just ou which separa from the Tha night a differ —a pitiful ex marity. The breaking or pend in 8-ee 76,230 starvin

SPENT "Sumptuous polis have be \$250 to \$500 mas dinner g guests, \$500 of the rooms; bouquets, \$ \$260; entertain tras brought the dinner up played workm shelter all n earnest of breac or beg a tick The "curle have splendi end, with p ishly furnishe 763 families single rooms; themselves cents to sleep by a piece of

The rich town residence lord has ope Lane. The ro and third flo the fourth flo fifth floor, \$ can—at a pri of our reader for "high" \$6,250 per an EAS

The wealth \$50 per nigh ents at the while destitu are supposed in London s

Get the Old Favorite

STAG
BRIGHT PLUG
CHEWING TOBACCO

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—a larger Plug.

WEALTH AND WANT

Exploiters Enjoy the Luxuries While the Exploited Starve

Society people are often accused of not knowing what to do with their time. It might also be said that many of them do not know what to do with their money, when one sees the thousand spent on fads and fancies, says London Tit-Bits.

Ten thousand dollars for a dog's necklace, \$4.50 for a pound of strawberries, \$1,000 for four fish, \$5,000 for a dress, beds that cost \$5,000, \$2,500 for a brand-new complete on, \$500 on facial massage and "tearing" thus do the "upper ten" get rid of their spare thousands.

SPECIAL FLATS FOR DOGS.

One well-known society woman sets apart the whole of the top floor of her London house for her pets. They have luxurious carpets, sofas, cushions, eat the best meat, and have many changes of raiment. There are elaborate "toilet establishments" especially for dogs, where the "little dears" are groomed, and at a hospital for animals beds for dogs are endowed for \$500 each, while a mother in the East end is feeding her newborn babe on hot water and biscuit. Milk she cannot afford.

This is but one of the contrasts shown by Mr. W. B. Northrop in his book, "Wealth and Want," which draws such a powerful picture of what society people spend and how the poor live.

A short time ago there was exhibited in a shop window in Oxford Street a costly brass bedstead, with down quilt, embroidered counterpane, and brocade canopy. At first sight it was thought to be for a Royal baby. As a matter of fact, the costly cot was for a dog. These pampered pets of the rich are often treated on a par with their own children.

\$50,000 FOR A DRESS.

Some remarkable illustrations are given to the extravagance of society ladies in the matter of dress. One woman who moves in the best society recently spent no less than \$50,000 for a dress embroidered with pearls, which she wore once only. Little comment is now aroused when ladies spend \$2,500 to \$5,000 for a dress. For a mantle of silver fox they will cheerfully pay \$3,000, while the material for a \$25,000 Court dress for one evening's wear will cost \$125 per yard. Yet, as Mr. Northrop points out, not two miles away thousands of young girls are wearing out their lives making men's trousers at 10 cents each and ladies nightdresses at 50 cents per dozen.

At a recent flower show in the Temple there was exhibited \$500,000 worth of orchids alone. Some of these orchids were valued at \$2,500 each. One man bought six for \$17,900. Just outside the iron railings which separate the Temple Gardens from the Thames Embankment every night a different "show" takes place—a pitiful exhibition of outcast humanity. The price of the record-breaking orchids—\$6,352.50 if expended in 8-cent meals would provide 76,230 starving people with a dinner.

SPENT ON BANQUETS.

Sumptuous repasts in the Metropolitan have been known to cost from \$250 to \$500 per plate. At a Christmas dinner given in London to fifty guests, \$500 was spent in decoration of the rooms; flowers, \$2,000; electric bouquets, \$394; dinner including wines, \$1,837; hand-painted menus, \$260; entertainment, \$6,250; and extras brought the total cost of the dinner up to \$12,500. But unemployed workmen will wait outside a shelter all night in order to get a crust of bread and a mug of cocoa, or beg a ticket for a bowl of soup.

The "curled darlings" of society have splendid houses in the West end, with palatial apartments lavishly furnished, while there are 507,763 families with children occupying single rooms; and homeless men think themselves "in luck" if they get 4 cents to sleep in a "cotton" covered by a piece of American cloth.

The rich pay enormous rents for town residences. A well-known landlord has opened some flats in Park Lane. The rents of the first, second, and third floors are \$15,000 each; for the fourth floor, \$12,000; and for the fifth floor, \$7,500. The sixth floor can at a price be secured by many of our readers who want to go in for "high" thinking, it only costs \$6,250 per annum.

EAST AND WEST.

The wealthy do not hesitate to pay \$50 per night for comfortable apartments at the great London hotels, while destitute women and children are supposed to "enjoy" floor bunks in London shelters, which are unfit

for human beings. Boxes of cigars are sold which cost \$250 for fifty, or \$5 each, while hundreds of tailors in Soho slave every day of the year for \$125.

Where does all this wealth come from? The robbery of the workers.

Socialist Marching Song

By JOHN SPARGO

Onward ye hosts! Sound loud the battle cry.

March bravely on with banners gleaming red!

See, the foe weakens. Victory is nigh!

The world is trembling "neath your mighty tread!"

On, Comrades, on! Let this the slogan be,

"We will not rest until the world is free!"

March, Comrades, march! There gleams against the sky

The promise true; Our chains shall broken be!

Sound loud the anthem! Raise the standard high!

Hark! Hark! Our comrades cheer across the sea!

On, Comrades, on! The cause of freedom gains,

The nations rise at last to break their chains!

Onward with song! Rejoice, the night is past!

The day is here! Its glory fills the sky!

Labor is waking from its sleep at last

Our scarlet standard proudly floats on high!

On, Comrades, on! The living and the dead

Join in the triumph of our banner red!

Onward with faith! Hark! From their restless graves

The heroes call to cheer you in the fight!

In their dark hovels, want's uncouth slaves

Wait for their freedom on your sacred might!

On, Comrades, on! Nor rest nor halt must be

Till the last slave of all the earth is free!

The Reward of Virtue

In the Labour Leader for August 6, under the title "Encouraging Honesty," we dealt with the case of a working-class lad who, finding a £5 note, was rewarded by the owner with the magnificent gift of 1d.

Yet another case of unwonted generosity has since come to light. It seems that a brewer's drayman found near Harlow a bag containing bank-notes and cheques to the value of several hundred pounds. He telegraphed to the owner, whose name and address he discovered, and, after his day's work, hired a bicycle and rode a distance of twenty miles to restore the valuable find. The finder was surprised to receive the handsome sum of 7s. as his reward, out of which he had to pay the cost of the telegram and the hire of the bicycle.

The name of the great-hearted gentleman whose generosity was thus signally manifested has not transpired. Probably he prefers to blush unseen in modest retirement. At all events, it is to be hoped that he will blush somewhere or other.

LABOUR LEADER

Paid in Advance

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

"Merrie England"

We are having quite a demand for this excellent little book by Robt. Blatchford. Probably the best book to hand to anyone who knows nothing of socialism. Has had a sale of over a million copies. Up-to-date edition from Chas. H. Kerr Co. Ten cents per copy.

JOIN THE ARMY.

It costs tremendously to advertise a newspaper, and we aren't doing it. We have preferred to make Cotton's a handsome eight page weekly at a low price in order to please our subscribers and induce them to have other names inscribed on our lists. If you like our sentiments and our style, show your appreciation by joining our little army of sub hustlers.

Socialism's Attempt to Claim Christianity

From the Literary Digest.

That primitive Christianity was a movement largely confined to the proletariat is a widely accepted view of Christian origins. But something more is made of this view in these days. It is now being adapted to give weight and currency to the claim that Christianity was originally a class movement of the poor against the rich. Not long ago Professor Deismann, of the University of Berlin, exploited this theory in a book on "Primitive Christianity and the Lower Classes of Society." This position of Deismann and others is now being used by the learned protagonists of Social Democracy to show that in its beginnings Christianity was really a Social Democratic agitation; that it was a bread-and-butter question of the masses, and really not a religious movement at all. The ablest and most scholarly exponent of this rather startling explanation of the beginnings of the Christian religion is the literary leader of the theory of Social Democracy, Karl Kautsky, who has lately published a book, entitled "The Origins of Christianity." In it we find the following radical views:

"The proper method for the judgment of great movements in history is the 'materialistic,' which should be substituted for the 'idealistic' current among theologians and historians. Not the ideas and the deeds of individual men are the active factors in the development of historical movements, but solely the movements of the masses that operate in accordance with certain laws. Christianity in its beginnings and early development too must be judged from this viewpoint. Not the personalities that are reported as prominently active in primitive Christianity, such as Jesus and Paul, were really the powers that produced and developed this new religion agitation. This grew rather out of the social conditions and problems of the times that produced it. The social conditions that prevailed among the Jews at that time would readily produce a movement such as Christianity originally was."

"The real milieu out of which the Christian agitation grew was the party of zealots, the most radical protagonists of the Messianic idea and expectations. According to the testimony of Josephus, the historian, this party produced in the age before and after Jesus of Nazareth a large number of Messianic leaders, with larger or smaller bands of followers, all of whom 'died violent deaths.' Jesus, too, can be historically understood only if looked upon in this light. Not much that we know of him is historically reliable; but from Luke xii. 36, sqq., we can learn with considerable certainty that on the occasion of a great religious festival in Jerusalem, Jesus of Nazareth started an agitation which ended in a fiasco, because he was betrayed, and Jesus then died the death as an ordinary rebel."

"The movement which he intended to inaugurate has really very little in common with what was later or is now known as Christianity. The Christian movement of history is almost entirely independent of the person of Jesus. The real root of this movement is to be found in the communistic organizations at that time being established among the oppressed masses. It was a social and not religious movement, and was not in its kind and character absolutely new. The Essenes and the Therapeutae had already tried to realize such ideals of the emancipation and elevation of the proletariat masses, but primitive Christianity was the first to do this with any success. It was through the agitation of Jesus and his immediate followers that the oppressed proletariat tried to rid itself of its hard lot. All its ideals Christianity afterward transferred to its martyr hero Jesus, until finally it was changed into the unhistorical Jesus of the New Testament. The fact that Christianity was originally such a communistic and social democratic agitation is proved by the opening chapters of Luke and a number of passages in Acts."

"But the radical communism of the first century of primitive Christianity did not attain to victory. Through the fact that the classes and the higher ranks of society forced their way into the Church, and especially through the establishment of an official bureaucracy in the shape of an episcopacy, a reactionary element found its way into Christianity, and in the third and fourth centuries this led to an extensive revisionism. In this way the originally democratic primitive Christianity became in the course of time an Episcopal bureaucracy. It was not until Christianity had assumed this form that it became satisfactorily for the uses of imperial despotism and in a shape to be made the religion of the State. An effort to re-introduce the communistic and proletarian spirit of Christianity found its expression in the monastic system, but only with partial success. It was readily subdued by the greed of the clergy, and Christianity became more than ever divorced from its original purposes."

Why I Believe in the Socialist Party

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer.

1. It is the only intelligently, scientifically organized party.

Civilization means the transformation of the human race from the brute struggle of the jungle to an organization of human society on a sane and rational basis. It is obvious that the next step in the evolution is the organization of the industry of the world. The Socialist party faces this. Every other party is either stupid and indifferent and does not see this, or else is reactionary and would stop the evolution at the present stage.

2. It is the only party actuated by high ideals.

By common consent of thoughtful men, the highest idealism the world has ever seen is that Jesus of Nazareth. Every other political party says that the golden rule of Jesus is impracticable. The Socialist party alone proposes a social order in which the golden rule can replace the rule of gold.

3. It is the only aggressive champion of the weak and poor.

The world is full of men and women who have been crowded down and who need help. Every other political party in the world is of and for the stronger class, that does not need help. The Socialist party alone collects the facts and figures and publishes to the world the awful conditions of the weak and poor, and wages an aggressive campaign for their relief.

4. It is the only party that promises success.

Every other political organization is devoid of any settled principle of policy. All other parties have degenerated into a mere squabble for the plunder.

The Socialist party faces the grave problems that confront human society, and offers an adequate remedy. It is the only party that promises that reign of justice on earth that the soul of man has ever longed for. It is the only party which shows a fixed, definite growth as a political force in the world.

5. Its membership inspires confidence and support.

In other political parties I find a manifest lack of conviction, a lack of purpose, a living death. Respiration is artificial; they are kept alive by paid politicians, a paid press and other means of education and leading public sentiment. The Socialist party, on the other hand, has a membership fired by enthusiasm, conviction and unity of purpose, not seen in any movement in the history of the world since the movement of primitive Christianity. Their faith in their cause is moving them to build up a press and establish other means of political propaganda; at a cost in labor, sacrifice and heroism, which impels one to the same faith and effort. Every man willing to face the way society is going rather than be contented to face the way it has come will find in the Socialist party the fellowship of kindred spirits and a place for work where his efforts can best tell for the advance of the race. Every man willing to throw himself into the cause of humanity will find in the Socialist party a high idealism on the part of its leaders, a sacrificing loyalty on the part of the rank-and-file that will inspire and elevate his whole life.

Progress come from below, not from above. It is hastened by members of the slave class actually engaging in propaganda work especially in America, by circulating Socialist literature.

Only a small number of people can be reached through hall lectures and street meetings. If locals confine themselves to this kind of propaganda, they will not make much headway.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

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

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

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

PLATFORM

Socialist Party of Canada

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1. The transformation, as rapidly as possible, of capitalist property in the means of wealth production (natural resources, factories, mills, railroads etc.) into the collective property of the working class.

2. The democratic organization and management of industry by the workers.

3. The establishment, as speedily as possible, of production for use instead of production for profit.

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

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

How to Organize

FROM OFFICIAL CONSTITUTION OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

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

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

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

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

It would be well to devote the first business meetings of the Local to becoming thoroughly familiar with all of the provisions of the party constitution, platform, etc. When this 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 886, Vancouver, B. C.

IN FREE TRADE ENGLAND

A Typical Capitalist Utterance and a Socialist Reply

Mr. J. A. Macdonald, of the Globe, who was one of the delegates to the Imperial Press Conference, makes a gloomy and distressing report on social conditions in England. "The thing," he says, "that impressed me most, the thing that stands out as the background of every reminiscence, was the bloodless, mirthless, hopeless face of the common crowd." He declares that "the pale, sunken faces of the nameless city crowd haunt one like a weird." He says: "We could not shut our eyes or steel our hearts to that Britain which is out of work, which may not even want to work, and which has long forgotten how to play."

DISEASE AND DEGENERACY

He goes on: "The social problem everywhere is appalling almost to the point of despair. Wherever we went it forced itself upon us. The least dangerous aspect of it was that hollow-eyed procession of the homeless of London kept moving along the pavements by the police in the early dawn, waiting for the opening of the soup-kitchens. London, Sheffield, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh—each had its distinctive features, but everywhere the marks were deep of disease and degeneracy in body and mind and morals."

BLOOD POISONED WORKERS.

He continues: "In some of the smaller places where the industrial percentage is large, or the occupation unhealthy—as in the Black Country or the pottery-making communities—the blood poisoned workers present an appearance that to unaccustomed eyes is simply ghastly. In places like Portsmouth, where we drove through the streets after viewing the greatest array of warships ever presented in the whole world's history, the human sediment that littered the doorways and lanes crowded out of mind all thought of Britain's glory. It was hard to exult over the spectacular realism of the sham-fight on the shore with those haggard skeletons of life's real conflict shuffling before our eyes uncheered and uncheering on the street."

CONDITIONS AT SHEFFIELD

Mr. Macdonald adds: "Sheffield staggered all the delegates. Its residential districts and its neighboring hills are good to see. It is a hive of industry. Its name the world over is a warrant for good steel. But its human specimens! The conditions of the poor may, perhaps, be worse in other industrial centres in England, but certainly no delegate to the Imperial Press Conference had ever seen the like in any white country overseas or even imagined it possible within the limits of human nature."

THE MARKS ON THEM ALL

He says again: "What struck every observant delegate was the utter blankness of the faces that looked up at us from the pavement, or down on us from the windows, with scarcely enough capacity for human interest to wonder who we were or what we wanted. Block after block it was the same. Never a sign of humor. Never even a flash of human envy. Stopped shoulders, hollow chests, ash-colored faces, lightless eyes, and ghastliest of all, loose-set mouths with bloodless gums, and only here and there a useful tooth. Literally hundreds of women between seventeen and seventy crowded close to our motor cars that day, and the marks were on them all. Those toothless mouths of men and women and children told the story. One touch of disease made that whole crowd kin. "What do you think of it?" asked a London reporter of a Canadian editor. "It's hell," said the Canadian. And his companion from Australia could not suggest any other fitting word." Finally Mr. Macdonald says: "How long will a great nation go on breeding weaklings? How long will such a nation remain great? And how long will it be counted safe for Canada to admit the human output of Britain's drink-cursed slums?"

A DISTRESSING PICTURE

This is an awful picture. It is seldom that any hand has struck such a blow at the British people. No doubt it is struck in all good faith. Probably there is only too much truth in the picture that Mr. Macdonald paints. We should like it less, however, if it was drawn by a foreigner. These conditions, remem-

ber have developed under the free trade system which Mr. Macdonald and his political allies glorify for the Mother Country, but resolutely refuse to establish in Canada. The industries of great Britain were reared under protection. But it was the manufacturers of Britain who ultimately destroyed the protectionist system. They believed that they were able to manufacture for the rest of the world, that cheaper food supplies would improve their position, and that free trade would relieve them of certain taxation. They believed, also, that all nations would follow the British example, that free trade would prevail in every country, and that the whole world would be open to British manufactures.

RESULTS OF FREE TRADE

As a matter of fact, the result has been the exact reverse of what was expected. Every other country adheres to protection. Protection is the policy even of Great Britain's colonies. The United States and Germany manufacture as cheaply as the Mother Country, and have developed their industries to a degree which enables them to compete with Great Britain in the world's markets, and even to invade her own markets. More and more the Mother Country loses her relative proportion of the world's trade, and more and more her own people are deprived of employment, forced into the cities as they were forced off the land, and the conditions which Mr. Macdonald so cruelly paints and so graphically deplores almost inevitably result. No one believes that all the social evils which now prevail in the Mother Country would be healed by a return to protection. But at least agriculture would be stimulated. There would be a movement of people back to the land. British manufacturers would control their own markets without losing other markets, and hence more workmen would secure employment. Armed with moderate duties, the Mother Country could bargain with other nations, force gradually a reduction of duties all over the world, and thus improve the condition of all classes of her people. We know in Canada, as they know in the United States, in Germany and elsewhere, that most of the evils ascribed to protection are never realized, and it should be apparent even to a stupid intellect that Great Britain cannot single-handed fight all the rest of the world, a great part of which is now armed with industrial weapons equal to her own.—Toronto News.

A REPLY

The above article by a capitalist henchman, only too truly pictures the conditions of the working class. Being a Britisher, I have seen the poverty myself and no matter how bad one pictures conditions they cannot exaggerate. The above article goes to boost Protection, and one would think Britain was the only poverty-stricken country in the world with her Free Trade. Look at Canada with her six millions of a population and protection and see the thousands of gaunt-eyed, starved working men, women and children. Look at the United States with her millions of broken down, gaunt-eyed specimens of humanity with her protection. Look at the thousands of children who go to school hungry. Look at the bread lines in New York and elsewhere. Look at the thousands of girls driven to prostitution because they can't make a living. Look at the filthy hovels and streets the working class live in. Look at the millions of workers who are slaving their life's blood away and eking out hellish existences and ask yourself why. Is there a famine prevailing throughout the world? Take Canada alone and there is wealth in abundance in her grain fields, fisheries, mines, forests, etc., to feed, clothe, and house every individual. If there is a scarcity of one article in one country there is enough and to spare elsewhere and yet the working class in every country are in the same plight. The above article says nothing about the rich. Look at the multi-millionaires in this Continent who don't know what to do with their wealth. Look at their overstocked warehouses. Look at the useless parasitic Royal family and capitalist class of Britain who live and fatten off those same gaunt-eyed specimens of humanity. Who live off the labor of women and children. Children toiling their lives blood away to keep these beasts of burden when they ought to be romping in the green fields. And this same aristocracy are responsible for the broken downs. These, who, sooner than get off the backs of the working class will slowly starve them to death. When a worker murders a capitalist his photo is put in the

capitalist press with the face of a demon, but these capitalists, our masters, who bruteless, maim and slowly murder the workers are called "leading citizens" and many of them get a handle to their name.

At one end of the social ladder is luxury in abundance, at the other is poverty. The working class who produce the wealth of the world, are down in the coal mine, in the factory, on the buildings etc., while the aristocracy are passing their time away shooting deer, while such as Roosevelt are shooting playful monkeys. Yet, though the workers produce the wealth of the world they don't enjoy it and why? Because, between them and the world of plenty is the master class, who by virtue of owning the mills, mines, factories etc., own the means by which you workers must live, therefore they will look at the Government statisticians you will see the workers in Canada produced five times more than they get back in wages. In Great Britain four times and it stands to reason they can't buy back what they have produced. Your bosses live off the surplus, build new factories, yachts, motor cars etc. Many of them live riotous lives and yet they cannot get rid of it, and they find their factories are still full of what the workers have produced. The capitalist looks for foreign markets to sell it and nowadays he finds all countries in much the same plight, and as he is not in the business for his health, he starts laying his slaves off and that means starvation for the working class. But the masters do not starve, you see. They own the commodities you have produced, and they have a table of plenty all the time. Truly, the working class are a lot of fools. When the future generation read the history of the present generation, they will think the workers were the basest lot of slaves that ever lived and they will think right. Working men and women arouse your manhood and fight the class who is oppressing and starving you in a smiling world of plenty. This world is a Paradise, whenever we use our common sense. We Socialists tell you that as the working class produce the wealth of the world, to the workers it should belong and that nothing is too good for them to enjoy. If you want to be masters of your own destiny you must wrest the political machine, the Government from the class who control it, the master class, who stand in the interests of their own class to protect themselves and to make laws to filch the surplus goods you produce over and above what it takes to keep you on the average.

We intend to place our own class in power to dispossess the capitalist class of the earth and all upon and under it and make it collective property, the earth to belong to the human race and give the working class all they produce and such a thing as unemployment and starvation would be impossible for the workers would be in a position to buy back what they had produced and if they produced more than enough to keep them, they would stop moving things and enjoy it. Not starve like a lot of idiots as they do today. As regards compensating the capitalist class, if all Socialists are like me, we will compensate them by giving them a pick and shovel or such as they are "useful" at and make them earn their own living and if they won't, then throw them in the river, for he that shall not work shall not eat.

This class war is to a finish. The master class will no doubt slaughter many of us, or at least employ hirelings to do it, as they are too cowardly to do it themselves, so you workers who vote the Socialist ticket want to be in a position to enforce your vote on the day of reckoning if necessary; which, by the signs of the times, must be very near at hand. We don't want sympathy. We've had it too long. One ounce of help is worth a ton of sympathy; actions speak louder than words, so you workers who are not in the fight, in your fight under the Socialist banner get into it and tell your fellow-workers what's the matter, tell them all the time, keep everlastingly at it for the more class-conscious the less pain at the birth of the new social order and the more the master class see the workers are determined the more they will submit, for remember this class war is to be a finish.

Yours for the Revolution
ALEX. LYON.

Never mind arguing, circulate literature instead. It is more effective. Let the most skilled propagandists do your work.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

LABOR

By FRANCIS M. L. RADICH

What a plaything for the demagogue!
What a morsel for the politician!
What a menace to church and synagogue!

What a headbreak for the statistician!

They extol his growth, his splendid youth,
All hasten to pay labor homage;
All liars!—none dare to tell the truth,
None cares to free him from his bondage!

On Labor Day a fine oration
Alike on pulpit as on platform;
Would not to labor bring salvation;
'Tis but a narcotic in new form!

The "dignity-of-labor" prattle
Is sheer nonsense, rank hypocrisy;
The "dignity" of enslaved chattel!
What an affront! What a mockery!

Neither marching behind a brass band,
Nor playing clown on the world's stage,
But courage with knowledge hand in hand
Will gain for Labor his due heritage.

Of your might be aware, co-workers!
Defy capitalist, priest, politician;
Solidarity will free Labor!
Through yourselves you will gain salvation!

U. S. A. NOTES

From Weekly Bulletin issued from National Headquarters of Socialist Party.

The ranks of the workers engaged in the general strike in Sweden stand firm. No credence should be given to the conflicting and contrary reports in the capitalist press. The number of meetings being held in this country in sympathy with the strikers and for the purpose of rendering financial aid is constantly on the increase. The Scandinavian Socialists and Trade Unionists of Chicago have already collected and forwarded \$1370.00. A central committee composed of delegates from sympathetic organizations has been formed to carry on the work more effectively.

Freeman Knowles of Deadwood, S. Dak., member of the National Committee and the editor of "The Lantern," is now confined in the Pennington County jail, having been convicted in the United States Court upon a trumped charge of sending scurrilous matter through the mail, the charge being based upon an article which appeared in his paper more than a year ago. He would have been let off with a fine, but as a matter of principle he refused to pay the fine or permit his friends to shoulder the burden for him.

The National Convention of the Finnish Socialist Organization of the United States, held in Hancock, Mich., August 22nd to 31st, was very successful. Delegates from as far west as Arizona, California and Washington, and east from New York, Massachusetts and Maine, represented the Finnish Socialist movement. National Secretary J. Mahlon Barnes and Victor Watia, National Secretary of the Finnish organization, were present at the convention. A new constitution was adopted in which the Executive Committee was enlarged from five to seven; the Agitation and Organization Districts were given control over affairs in their respective districts. The next convention will be held in 1912. Conventions thereafter will be held every four years. Every party organ and the Workers' College is entitled to one delegate to national conventions.

The people of the Mexican border states, knowing the atrocities of the Mexican government, are greatly agitated over the proposed love feast of Taft and Diaz at El Paso, and the cause of the Mexican refugees is strengthened daily. Mother Jones has recently been holding immense tent meetings in San Antonio. John Murray of Chicago, secretary of the Political Refugee Defense League, is on the scene. Resolutions of sympathy with the Mexican revolutionists are being passed by many labor organizations.

The latest move of the authorities in Boston, Mass., is to arrest Socialist speakers for taking a collection at street meetings.

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FIRING LINE

Local Berlin remits for bundle account per Com. H. Martin.

Com. Schobinger of Montreal gets enrolled on Cotton's sub list for two years.

Three trials and a book order are the latest from Comrade S. Grainger of Fort William.

The necessary amount for two subs has arrived from Com. McMillan, La Calmette, Alta.

Yearly subs are to hand from J. M. Thomas, Victoria, B. C., and T. G. Davis, Calgary, Alta.

Read what Comrade Gribble has to say about subscribing to your papers in his article on this page.

A comrade in the Maritime Provinces writes: "Cotton's is doing great work. We are proud of it."

A further list of 20 trials is on file from Vernon Local, per Com. H. Gildemeester, the energetic secretary.

An interested reader for Cotton's has been found at Estevan, Sask., by Com. Arbuckle, for the full 52 issues.

Comrade Dinmore, of Hespeler, does his bit towards extending the circulation of Cotton's. Three trials and a yearly.

Two more subs are landed and placed where they will do effective work through the efforts of W. R. Hibberd, Toronto.

The boys in British Columbia know how to rustle subs. Here's Com. Austin in again from Nelson with 4 more yearly subs.

Comrade Esterbrook has been busy in his new quarters at Midgie Station, N. B. A list of ten trials should bring results.

Comrade Tribbeck has swung into line from Hamilton, Ont., with two yearly subs. Other comrades in that quarter get busy.

Comrade French, of Fort Bragg, Cal., calls Cotton's "A little great paper." Got a copy some time ago, and now subscribes.

Glad to know that Comrade Wright is still on the agitation force at Brussels. He sends a sub, and is given credit for another.

Com. Spence of Cherry Grove, Ont., sends along his renewal, accompanied by a new sub. Needs Cotton's to keep in proper tune.

Three more copies of Cotton's will travel regularly to Nanaimo, B. C., owing to the hustling done by Comrade Bob out there.

Socialism is the vital question of the hour. All others are insignificant in comparison. Boost the circulation of your paper.

Another new hustler reports from Salmo, B. C., Com. H. Isnor is on the firing line and his first despatch is good for four yearlies.

Com. Watts continues his good work through Manitoba. Another list of ten farmers will read of Socialism through Cotton's for three months.

Subs for six months have been received from: W. H. Taylor, Calgary, Alta., C. Rosoman, Mara, B. C.; Alex. Lyon, Oakville, Ont., and C. O. Erickson, Kabeyum, Sask.

New Brunswick is falling into line, and will be gradually educated up to the proper socialist standard. Com. Fillmore sends in a bunch of ten subs to help along, and there are more to follow.

Com. Wm. Atkinson sends along his sub from Parry Sound, Ont. Anyone knowing of comrades in that locality will confer a favor by dropping a card as above.

It will be good news to our little army of hustlers to know that a new recruit has joined at Mound, Alta. Com. Gleason fires in six yearlies from that locality. A good start.

Com. Baird of Fitzroy Harbor, Ont., while in Ottawa last week, picked up a copy of Cotton's in a barber shop, and learned that eastern Canada is now up-to-date. His sub has arrived safely.

If you send in a dollar bill to Cotton's, enclose it between thick, dark paper. Otherwise somebody may take a liking to it before it reaches its destination.

A new hustler is getting busy in St. Thomas, Ont. Comrade Burns locates three new subs and orders several of those excellent little books at a dime per copy.

Answers Co-operator

Editor Cotton's Weekly:

Comrade—Mr. "Co-operator" in the current issue of Cotton's advocates co-operation under capitalism. We can not see that he gives any reason except that the working class needs the experience.

The reason and the only reason why Cotton's Weekly and other So-

cialist papers do not "hammer continuously at the co-operative legislation demand" is because such legislation will not advance the interests of the working class and aid the workers in their class struggle against capitalism.

If any capitalist, (or group of capitalists) wishes to admit his employees as co-partners (in order to avoid strikes etc., and to aid in advertising his business) he may instruct Senators and M. P.'s who represent his particular interests, to support the legislation referred to; but the S. P. of C. as the representative of the working class, must not interest itself in the advertising scheme of any corporation.

As to the experience which is necessary, the working class, can plough fields, dig coal, and handle rifles for the benefit of the capitalists, why can they not plough fields, dig coal, and handle rifles for themselves?

C. V. HOAR
Albert, N. B.

The Religion of Love

Conversation between Buddha and Confucius, at the time of the Boxer troubles in China.

Scene Confucius discovered sleeping. Bud.—Confucius, sleep not in such a time as this.

Con.—Who calls me? O, Buddha, what happens?

Bud.—Hearst thou not the great noise, as of thunder.

Con.—Yes, what doth the noise portend.

Bud.—Behold the Christians from Europe are here.

Con.—Who are the Christians

Bud.—The Christians are Preachers of the Religion of Love.

Con.—And who leads these people who teach a religion?

Bud.—Jesus Christ, the only Son of the great Lord of Heaven is called the leader.

Con.—And has this Christ come here to teach our children?

Bud.—Yes.

Con.—I am glad for our children.

This sounds so good. And what sample of the religion of love have they brought to our children?

Bud.—Behold the cannons of the British, the great lances of the French, the powerful and bloody bayonets of the Germans, and the cruelty of the Russians. They have proved themselves experts and have killed many thousands of our children.

Con.—O, Buddha, if this is the sample of their religion, call it not a religion of love but a religion of cruel murder. I will return to my sleep. Awake me when the true religion of love appears.

JACOB RESNICK

Springhill, N. S.

Alaska Speaks

The New York custom-house has seized a dozen monkeys and if the duty is not paid at once they will be sold, says an exchange. Congress probably put a tariff on monkeys as a matter of self-protection. These pauper simian legislators are a menace to the well-paid full-dinner-pail brigade now chattering in the halls of Congress. The infant monkey industry of this land of the free must be protected or our factories will stand idle and soup kitchens be established in the nation's capital. Shall a chimpanzee ever hold the gavel and stifle legislation in our beloved House of Representatives, as long as we are able to build a tariff wall too high for them to climb over? Never. Shall an ape, a gibbon and a baboon revise our tariff in secret committee while our Senators, just as capable in every way, remain idle and become a charge upon the public? Again we say no. What this country needs is protection to American statesmen. Let in the Japs, the Hindus, the Dagoes, and Chinks to compete with labor, but tax the gorillas and gigos. It a marmoset or a sapajou should frame our laws some of them might be declared constitutional and then the present system would be overthrown and chaos would reign. Congress, you did well when you excluded the monk. Self-preservation is the first law of nature.—Ketchikan, Alaska, Daily Miner.

PAID IN ADVANCE

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

EAST AND WEST

Were Nip and Tuck for the August Prize

The subs sent in during August have been tallied up; and the prize of \$10.00 in books goes down east, to that unceasing hustler, Comrade Jules Lavenne, of Springhill, N. S., whose total counts up to 35 yearlies. The boys of Vernon, B. C., per Comrade Ed. Smith, ran a very close second, sending in a count of 32 yearly subs. This is going some in sub hustling, and it should be encouraging to our little army of hustlers all over Canada, to see the way comrades situated down on the Atlantic coast vie with those on the Pacific coast to spread the grand truths of Socialism. 'Keep up the good work comrades. Let Cotton's hear from you for September, with no uncertain sound.

The following is a list of those sending in subs, arranged by Provinces:

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

R. S. Bownes, Summerside, 1 yearly.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Jules Lavenne, Springhill, 31 yearlies, 1 half, 17 trials.

C. V. Hoar, Joggins Mines, 4 yearlies, 15 trials.

H. G. Ross, Glace Bay, 3 yearlies, 4 half, 6 trials.

Chas. Kernick, Sydney Mines, 2 yearlies, 1 half, 4 trials.

H. J. Lawrence, Halifax, 3 yearlies.

R. H. McPherson, Marble Mountains, 1 half, 5 trials.

Daniel McLeod, Dominion, C. B. 1 yearly.

T. J. Eagleson, Bridgewater, 1 half.

John Lestage, 1 trial.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Wilfrid Gribble, Organizer, 5 yearlies, 3 half, 8 trials.

Roscoe A. Fillmore, 1 half, 10 trials.

J. B. Johnston, McAdam Junction, 2 trials.

G. Ernest Palmer, Douglas Haven, 1 trial.

QUEBEC.

R. Heilinger, Montreal, 1 yearly, 3 half, 10 trials.

Alf Gordon, Lachine, 4 yearlies, 1 half.

A. Schacter, Montreal, 3 yearlies, 2 half, 1 trial.

S. Garber, Montreal, 1 yearly, 2 half, 1 trial.

Geo. Edward, Montreal, 1 yearly, 1 half, 1 trial.

L. A. Cusson, Montreal, 2 yearlies.

A. Jeserick, Montreal, 3 half.

M. Rebrag, Montreal, 1 yearly.

John McNeish, Montreal, 1 yearly.

Hiram Hulburd, Farnham, 1 yearly.

Otto Jahn, 1 trial.

ONTARIO.

John McKiernan, Cobalt, 7 yearlies.

W. R. Hibberd, Toronto, 2 yearlies, 5 half, 5 trials.

Isaac E. Ashton, Fort William, 2 yearlies.

F. J. Caldwell, Cobalt, 1 yearly, 5 trials.

C. A. Kinder, West Toronto, 2 yearlies.

Wm. G. Ogilbee, Hamilton, 2 yearlies.

S. Shayer, Ottawa, 10 trials.

Jas. Simpson, Toronto, 2 yearlies.

Bert Savage, Steelton, 2 half, 3 trials.

Wm. Joyce, Cobalt, 9 trials.

Alex. Lyon, Toronto, 2 half, 3 trials.

J. Booth, Painswick, 8 trials.

C. H. Robinson, Gowanda, 2 half, 3 trials.

Steve Grainger, Fort William, 7 trials.

H. H. Holland, Copper Cliff, 1 yearly, 1 trial.

John Wright, Brussels, 1 yearly, 1 trial.

W. G. Glenn, Bradford, 1 yearly.

Gustave Prager, Berlin, 1 yearly.

J. F. Malcolm, Galt, 1 yearly.

J. H. Chapman, Hespeler, 1 yearly.

C. A. Arthur, Ottawa, 1 yearly.

Geo. Taylor, Ravenswood, 1 yearly.

E. Biddlestone, Preston, 3 trials.

W. E. French, Brockville, 1 half.

L. Stewart, Toronto, 2 trials.

Harry Peters, Galt, 2 trials.

E. S. Oldham, Ottawa, 2 trials.

H. H. Martin, Berlin, 1 trial.

W. Chapman, Bolton, 1 trial.

MANITOBA.

S. Eldjarnson, Gimli, 3 yearlies, 1 half, 2 trials.

William Watts, Russell, 10 trials.
W. Weatherburn, Winnipeg, 1 yearly, 1 half, 1 trial.
Geo. Toseland, Dauphin, 1 yearly.

SASKATCHEWAN.

Wm. M. McCall, Kronon, 1 yearly.
John Henderson, Belanger, 1 yearly.

R. T. Piercy, Oxbow, 1 yearly.
John W. Peterson, Unity, 1 yearly.

A. S. Root, Haddington, 1 half.
Thos. Karppinen, New Finland, 1 trial.

ALBERTA.

Geo. McMillan, LaCalmette, 5 yearlies.

C. Bradford, Entwistle, 1 yearly, 3 half.

F. McDonald, Calgary, 2 yearlies.

A. J. Browning, Calgary, 2 yearlies.

C. Brooke, Lethbridge, 2 yearlies.

Wm. McQuoid, Edmonton, 1 yearly, 1 trial.

M. S. Bernon, Burdette, 1 yearly.

A. F. Cobb, Okotoks, 5 trials.

F. J. McNeely, Gopher Head, 1 yearly.

J. P. Sykes, Staveland, 1 yearly.

G. Robson, Calgary, 1 trial.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Edgar Smith, Vernon, 7 yearlies, 2 half, 121 trials.

Robert Naylor, Nanaimo, 11 yearlies.

I. A. Austin, 10 yearlies, 1 half, 1 trial.

A. M. Oliver, Poplar Creek, 4 yearlies.

E. Anderson, Ymir, 19 trials.

Fred Godwin, Vernon, 1 yearly.

J. W. Graham, Grand Forks, 1 yearly.

M. Lazzaris, South Wellington, 1 yearly.

Harry Sibble, Vancouver, 1 yearly.

M. W. Smith, Beaver Point, 1 half, 1 trial.

Jos. Godwin, Cranbrook, 1 half.

Jos. Nathanson, Sydney, 1 half.

YUKON TERRITORY.

Robert Alcorn, Bonanza, 1 two yearly.

The total number of subs for August is about 510, considerably below that of July. The subs were divided by provinces as follows:

Nova Scotia..... 100
Prince Edward Island..... 1
New Brunswick..... 30
Quebec..... 41
Ontario..... 100
Manitoba..... 20
Saskatchewan..... 6
Alberta..... 26
British Columbia..... 185
Yukon..... 1

Total..... 510

We are trusting to your patriotism during September, and offer no incentive. We are after a circulation of 10,000 for Cotton's. Will you work with that figure in view? Steady work will do it.

RESOLUTION BY LOCAL ALBERT

The following resolutions were passed by Local Albert of the S. P. of C.

Whereas, a proposal has recently been submitted to the Dominion Executive Committee of the S. P. of C. asking that negotiations be set on foot with a view to affiliation with the International Socialist Bureau, and

Whereas, said I. S. B. has departed from the strictly revolutionary basis upon which it was founded by the admission of the British and Australian Labor (?) Parties and other non-socialist bodies, and

Whereas, the S. P. of C. has been and is today opposed to compromise, political trading, etc., and

Whereas, the Dominion Executive Committee has refused to consider such affiliation with the International body, therefore

Be it resolved, that Local Albert, No. 3 of N. B. S. P. of C., unanimously endorses and commends the action of said Executive Committee, and further

Be it resolved that copies of these resolutions be forwarded to Cotton's Weekly and the Western Clarion for publication.

(Signed) Clarence V. Hoar, Chairman

ROScoe A. FILLMORE, Sec'y.

Talk! Talk! Endless Talk!

If it were only as effective as literature, the Co-operative Commonwealth would now be here. The way to clinch a person for socialism is not to argue with him or her. The way to clinch people is to get them reading socialist books, pamphlets, papers and leaflets.

Let the brainiest men in the socialist movement convince that friend of yours through the printed word. He'll not talk back to a book or paper.

TALE OF A TOUR

FOURTEENTH INSTALLMENT

From information received I find I owe a sincere apology to Sydney Mines Local. In my last contribution I "got on" to Sydney Mines for not acting but have since been informed they have.

I don't know how I failed to see the report of the issuing of their charter, but no one is gladder than I to find out I was in error in the matter.

Sydney Mines, I grovel before you! Don't know who has been spinning the yarn that Gribble is thinking of staying in the Maritime. It was new to me and no one is authorized to give such information but the one most concerned. However, it is harmless—though incorrect. The probability is that I shall be shortly coming west, meeting O'Brien at some point, and I shall be glad to shake his hand again, and that he will come on to the Maritime for a tour. I am giving you Maritime comrades lots of notice, letting you know as soon as I know myself, so you will have lots of time to work up good meetings. By the time O'Brien reaches you it will be too late in the season for open air meeting, so you must start right away advertising by word of mouth.

Charlie is a real live M. P. P. (Glory be!) and that fact will keep. You have but to do your duty by getting the crowds and you can trust O'Brien to do his.

Since last writing I have held two meetings at Fredericton, where we obtained five new recruits, returning to St. John and holding two meetings there and landed yesterday in Moncton again, already for Labor Day.

We held a fine meeting on the street last evening, Comrade Clarence Hoar winning his spurs by making his first speech.

Hoar is but eighteen and is the youngest soapboxer I have seen, but he has a sound conception of Socialism, and a good cool style in speaking. Another colt shod.

You'll hear more of Clarence V. Hoar. Besides the writer, Comrade Fillmore and Miss Mushkat also spoke.

The last time I wrote of Moncton crowds, I spoke of them being attentive but irresponsible. This one was responsive in a high degree. Miss Mushkat receiving especially generous applause. Miss Mushkat was not able to get me on the list of speakers for Labor Day, but if the local "Labor Leaders" think they are going to prevent us getting at the workers they will be undecieved tomorrow.

The "Leaders" were smitten hip and thigh last night for a start, but it's nothing to what will happen tomorrow. On Wednesday I go on to Halifax and am hoping the comrades have been advertising well in order to get the crowds.

My impressions are there is a good bunch there and I hope they will be very prompt in sending in their application. Promptitude is a great virtue in anything, and is lacking in the case of many Socialists.

It is better to get the ones you are sure of signed up, dig down for the small sum necessary and send in your application right away than to wait and wait and wait and wait for more names, and perhaps get sick of it and not send at all. Send for your charter, get your supplies and start business. Act with decision, do the thing as if you meant it. Let the comrades all over the Dominion know as soon as you can there is another squad in training. It helps.

And don't forget that the first duty of a local is to train its own members. How much more have I got to harp on this string?

Start your meetings promptly, be men and women, not babies, don't stroll into the business meetings at half-past eight or a quarter to nine and slump down into the back seats even then. If you go to the opera you always manage to be prompt then, yet many of you seem to always have something to keep late for the Socialist meetings. It's very, very strange! Another thing when you know a speaker is going to speak at a street corner at 8 o'clock and you mean to be there at 8 o'clock. Why must so many of you be always a half an hour late?

It seems congenital. If the hour was fixed later, I suppose you would be late then. You know who I mean. I mean you whom the cap fits. Then when you turn out to hear the speaker the first nights he is in your vicinity, see if you can't keep it up or else he is inclined to think—and Socialist speakers do think mind you—that you have just turned up for the novelty of the thing and he is likely to be correct.

ABOUT SUBS.

And don't be so afraid of digging down for that dollar, fifty cents or a

quarter for the Clarion or Cotton's, you don't know what cheap guys you appear, when it is evident from the clothes you wear, your comfortable appearance, the ring on your finger and other signs that the eagle-eyed agitator takes in at a glance, that you are not the worse paid wage slaves. I tell you it makes me feel like cutting loose and raising Paradise sometimes when I get such petty and palpably untrue excuses for not subscribing. There is not five per cent, I will venture to say of the Party membership but who can afford to subscribe to both the Clarion and Cotton's. And don't for my sake, don't anyone ever tell me again that they have so much to read already; I've heard that till I'm jolly well sick of it, and it's no excuse, after all, for not taking the papers you claim as yours—Socialist Papers. There now, that advice about subscriptions to papers will catch you who are handed a sample and when I get after you for a sub and you refuse the small price, you'll know what I'm thinking, without me taking the trouble to tell you.

Don't be a cheap guy!

WILFRID GRIBBLE

CAPITALIST MINDS

The masses vote for the perpetuation of capitalism because they have capitalist ideas. They have capitalist ideas because they read capitalist books, capitalist sermons, capitalist newspapers. They feed on capitalist literature because that is the only literature they know anything about. They know nothing of anti-capitalist literature because no one has persistently brought the literature of Socialism to their attention. Now, if you, gentle reader, would only tackle someone every week for a sub to Cotton's, you would break down the strongest bulwark of the existing social order, namely, popular ignorance.

Commercial Travellers

Get after the commercial travellers. They are an intelligent bunch of fellows, and once they are imbued with the revolutionary spirit they can sow the seed over an extensive territory. In the railway coaches and in the smoking rooms of hotels they can start discussions upon Socialism very easily and distribute literature to advantage. And they know how to handle people, how to interest them, how to win them over, how to break down prejudice. If you have any friends in this business, see to it that they are provided with the right kind of papers and literature to read.

The Little Old Appeal has been hammering the Mexican Butcher President. It has exposed his monstrosities and the tyrannies of his government. All the capitalist papers held up their hands in horror and called the Appeal a liar. But the Appeal kept hammering away and now the middle class

THE LOST GENIUS

Geo. Toseland, Dauphin, Man.

No one seemed to know a thing about him, he came like a mirage, stayed the winter, then disappeared. They called him Silent Tenderfoot. At first the lumber jacks thought him crazy, but he proved himself a genius.

They cursed his ignorance for not knowing a jack from a king. A pack of cards was a Chinese puzzle to him. After a time they left him alone, like a dog neither to be petted nor kicked.

At night and Sundays he sat alone whittling a stick or drawing on a shingle with a stub pencil. He won their respect when Bud Hodskin was laid up with fever and the boss was going to ship him down the trail to Skunk Siding and then to Beaver Hospital by rail a distance of two hundred miles. The string of language Silent Tenderfoot flung at the boss is not fit to be repeated. The fire of indignation flared in his eye, he positively refused to allow Bud to be moved in his serious condition. Joe Barnes the Skunk Camp bully rounded up the whole bunch at night in the sleeping camp and issued his initial speech on the rights of labor. A petition was drawn up and signed by every worker that a doctor be sent for at once and paid out of the money that was stopped out of their wages each month for medical attendance.

The boss cursed till he was red in the face and said something about agitators in a lumber camp, but he sent for a doctor at once.

All that night and through the next day Silent Tenderfoot sat by the bunk of Bud Hodskin. Right on until the doctor came he administered to his every want. It was six days before the doctor arrived, and even then he would not leave until Bud was well on the road to recovery.

Three weeks later when Bud was better, Tenderfoot looked for work again, but was handed his time check. The boss said that he did not want any damned labor agitators in his camp.

So silent Tenderfoot packed his bag just before the snow went, and made tracks down Skunk Trail, and this was the last seen of him in that district. But he will pop up again somewhere on the globe just as mysterious and disappear again.

PART TWO.

Some twenty years ago there lived in an overgrown village somewhere in the midlands of England a blacksmith by the name of Jones. He possessed little worldly goods, but was blessed with a large family, mostly girls. James and Richard were the only boys in the family. James was a striker in his father's employ. Richard, or plainer speaking Dick, being the younger, was jack for the whole family. Out of school hours he had little spare time. Being brought up under these conditions it had a tendency to influence his future life in a different strain to any other of the family.

At an early age his love for books was noticeable. Often he would steal time when he should have been helping his sisters and sneak away to some obscure corner to read. Many times he was punished for this act. Not one of the family understood him, but worked him harder to keep him from reading. Worn out by work, he lacked energy at school. Never taking part in sports like other boys, during recess he sat alone and dreamed.

At the age of twelve he left school and went to work in a grocery. But the perpetual routine of this life did not agree with his nature. The family hearing discouraging reports of his progress, pronounced him useless and the laggard of the household.

He was taken away from the grocery and placed under the watchful eye of his father in the blacksmith shop. Here he proved himself a worker, but his dreamy nature increased.

A few years later he was put to an apprenticeship in a large machine shop in a neighboring town. It was there he proved his ability as an inventor. He won the friendship of the foreman by his suggestions of improvement in certain machinery.

At the house of the foreman he met a girl by the name of Mary Thorp. Until then he had been backward and bashful in a girl's company. But something about this girl was different to any other of his acquaintances. Perhaps it was her sympathy with his inventive nature. Dick spent many happy hours with Mary. He enjoyed these hours more being with her first, real happiness in life.

He would dream of the time when they would be comrades for life. He

worked harder to finish the machine of his invention, which would revolutionize the boot manufacturing of the world. He dreamed of the little home they would have when he placed his machine on the market. He worked in the shop back of the foreman's home, which had been kindly lent to him for that purpose.

Up till now he had been looking through a glass darkly, as it were, and saw the world as one large family. The word deceit was unknown to him. His trust in man had allowed him to let the foreman and his family watch his progress on the new machine and until the foreman left for a month's holiday with his family. The foreman did not return. Even then Dick did not realize his loss until he journeyed to the patent office to secure protection on the machine and was told that a patent had already been issued for the same machine to a patent solicitor in the United States. When he was told the name of the inventor, he was like one stricken dumb. He left the office a different man in body and soul. The colored glass had been snatched from his eyes. He looked at the world as it really was, a black mass of deception-lousy with the vermin of hypocrisy.

Grief stricken he boarded a train for Cambridge. He must see Mary, his only true friend. She would sympathize with him and make it easy. They would postpone the wedding. He would work harder and make up for the loss. So he braced up his nerves and rang the bell trying to forget his sorrow. The only occupant of the house was a servant girl who informed him that Miss Thorp had married young Mr. Bradford and gone to America with his father's family.

So he left and that was the last seen of him in that district. He will pop up again somewhere on the globe and disappear again.

Down With Foreign Agitators

That universal mischief-maker, the "foreign agitator," is again in the lime-light, or, more correctly perhaps, the torch-light. This time he is reported from Barcelona, where he has been plying his malevolent trade to such a purpose that the city has been reduced to a cinder-heap, despite the strenuous efforts of the adherents of law and order to extinguish the conflagration by directing a stream of bombshells against it.

Nothing of the sort of course could have happened without his vile presence. The mass of the Spanish people, as is well known, were perfectly satisfied to go to Africa and let the Moors shoot them, until this second deed came along and apparently succeeded in convincing them that the dulce et decorum pro patria mori might be all right in the old days when the people really had a country, but that nowadays it was neither sweet nor proper to die for the interests of a mining syndicate. If he had not told them so they would never have discovered it.

It is the same everywhere. In the country of his birth nobody ever listen to the foreign agitators. He has to go elsewhere to get a hearing and thus secures his distinguishing appellation of "foreign."

It was this villain who brought Socialism from Germany to the United States, as everybody knows that Socialism is a German importation. Conversely it was "foreign agitators" from America who brought Socialism into Germany, as Kaiser Wilhelm recently asserted. Japan, England and Russia also declare Socialism to be a foreign importation. The thing never grew anywhere—never was indigenous to any country. It was "brought" instead, and in every case the foreign agitator brought it.

This explanation is not unlike that put forward in the Middle Ages to account for the existence of syphilis. That also never grew anywhere. It was always "brought," and by "the foreigner," of course. The French called it the "Italian malady," and the Italians and English named it the "French sickness." All the others disavowed it by similar methods of explanation. It was always and in every case "a foreign disease."

There seems to be just one remedy for the "foreign agitator." He should be kept at home where he can't agitate anybody because he isn't foreign. As no one but foreigners ever agitate, it follows logically that if there are no foreigners in a country there will be no agitators either.

As long as it isn't possible to drive everybody out of everywhere, it would seem proper policy to pursue in order to get rid of this universal pest would be to allow nobody to go anywhere. Anyhow, the suggestion is herewith offered to anti-Socialist orators and editors gratis, and put in such shape as not to be beyond the usual level of intelligence among them.—Wilshire's

Given Up To Die

No. 100 George St., Sorel, Quebec.
"I suffered from womb disease for seven years, with dreadful pains over the front of the body, over the back and down the legs. I had indigestion and chronic constipation and the constipation was so bad that I went sometimes for ten to fifteen days without any action of the bowels. I was ill in bed for one whole year. At one time I was so low that everyone thought I was going to die, and the last Rites of the Church were administered to me. I was treated by six different doctors without any benefit."



MADAME JOSEPH LIRETTE

"Then I got a sample of 'Fruit-a-tives,' but I had no faith in them at all, and I would not have taken them only my husband begged so hard for me to try them. As soon as I began to take 'Fruit-a-tives' I grew better, the bloating was relieved, the sleeplessness was cured, my stomach acted, and the bowels were moved, but above all the fearful womb pains were made easier. I have taken eighteen boxes in all and I am now perfectly well again." (Signed) MADAME JOSEPH LIRETTE, 50c. box—6 for \$2.50—or trial box 25c.—at dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Kick Taken Out

"I heard a very pathetic story told the other day about a poor woman, a simple, uneducated woman, in one of our cities, who had by accident got hold of one of Darwin's books—I don't know whether it was the 'Origin of Species' or not—and who had found, even to her unlettered mind, a great revelation in the book, a revelation of the processes of physical life and of the plan of physical existence. She told a friend that it had taken out of her—in her expression—'all the kick there was in her.' She said: 'I don't find anything in the preaching that I hear. It listens good, but it is so soft. It doesn't seem to give me anything to chew on. It doesn't enable me to understand what happens to me any more than I understood before. It doesn't even put bread in my mouth or in my children's mouths. But I read that book and I saw that there was something going on which I was a little part, and it has taken all the kick out of me.'"

"I believe that her experience is typical of the modern intellectual situation. We are infinitely restless because we are not aware of the plan. Just as soon as we are aware of the plan and see that there is 'something doing,' something definite, something to which we are related, even if by mere inexorable necessity, we at least know that it is futile to 'kick,' that it is inevitable that the processes of the gods should be ground out, and that, therefore, the whole operation of life is something to which we may properly relate ourselves if we choose, but must relate ourselves in some fashion whether we will or not. President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University.

Ignorance and Slavery.

It is very extraordinary how desperately ignorant Englishmen of the working class are, even when we take into the fullest consideration that the governing minority have deliberately kept them without knowledge in order that they might be the more easily and comfortably kept in slavery. Englishmen of the Chartist period were short of book-learning, too. But they did understand, from the plain teachings of experience that the capitalists are by far the worst enemies of the workers; that so long will the working class be slaves of the most unfortunate type, with no security even for subsistence from day to day; that Free Trade is, by itself, a fraud upon the producers; that the mere expropriation of rent could not benefit the mass of the people; and that the Liberals were even worse enemies of liberty than the Tories. Two full generations have passed, and the majority of our countrymen seem to have forgotten all this. Nay, even the leaders of the Labour Party, and most of the members of the I. L. P., appear to be quite as destitute as the slum-dwellers of common sense on these points. So long as competition for wages goes on,

so long are the workers chained down to economic and social slavery. So long as their leaders and they are fools enough to intrigue with Liberal capitalists, so long will they remain at the mercy of the worst class of slave-drivers the world has ever known.—JUSTICE

The Class Struggle

"The great class struggle," the how and why we are made envoys of our surroundings in this world, both spiritually and materially, is a thought for much study and consideration.

This struggle for existence is a force nature uses to stimulate the great purposes in life.

These natural forces will also destroy as well as build up. They are against us, as well as with us and when the brain of man develops to the extent that he can control the shaping of his own destiny (which in the end is happiness) the forces will then be to his benefit. But when he is forced to struggle for his existence, much of the good and beautiful of his life is unbuild.

This class struggle is in other words, a necessity which naturally will invent some way to a safer haven in the great struggling sea of human progress.

Mankind has always had plenty to exist on. His hopes have been of the highest while the realization of them has been of the lowest.

He has dreamed of the beautiful, but thought he could obtain it by subservience to his masters. And now, that he has awakened, he finds it difficult to free himself from these chains of servitude.

He sees all about him plenty to feed, cloth and shelter all, with everything to promote health and happiness, yet what conditions he really finds are millions toiling yet receiving little to eat, poor clothes and shelter, and very little happiness.

And so it has been with this great question—"The Economic Question"—this question of whether the relation of the millions that produce everything yet have nothing and the masters of finance who produce nothing yet own everything, shall continue as it has in the past or be scientifically solved for the future.

And so we have now a problem so grave in its mighty sweep.

Men of the nations guard well the ground upon which your beloved cause now rests. It is sacred to us in remembrance of those who have struggled before us, and for the brave, loyal hearts that today are in the great "class struggle."—S. T. C.

Teachers

Men write journalistic or literary "pot-boilers" to get money; they write pretty verse or crackling epigram to win admiration or to give vent to their vanity. But "teaching" is wrung from a man, with sweat and pain and seldom falls any profit or glory to him from the process, but, more often, calumny and persecution. The teacher teaches because he is "inspired"—because the heavy burden of a new truth has been entrusted to him—because he is constrained to utter it by a Power stronger than the desires of his flesh. That which has been revealed to him he must speak, though hell itself gape to swallow him for his boldness.

There never was in all the world a true teacher who embarked upon his teaching with a light heart, nor many who did not shrink from it with fear and trembling. The Socrates and the Galileo know well enough what bitterness and malignancy await them; all the crawling snakes which have thrived and fattened on the falsehoods the teacher has come to expose will hiss at him and sting him with their venomous fangs if they can. He knows all this—the true, reluctant teacher; he knows that it is a career of hard fighting, not a path of dalliance, that he enters when he starts.

Yet he starts. Why? Because he cannot help himself. The message has been imposed upon him, and—hapless man of sorrows!—he must deliver it or die.—A. M. THOMPSON in The Clarion.

Jack London, Musician

Jack London, the Socialist novelist, was recently introduced to a musician in a New York café. "I, too, am a musician in a small way," said London. "My musical talent was once the means of saving my life. There was a great flood in our town in my boyhood. When the water struck our house, my father got on the bed and floated with the stream until he was rescued." "And you?" asked the musician. "I," said London, "accompanied him on the piano."

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A FIGURE UNIQUE IN ECCLESIASTICAL CIRCLES

A Country Parish Priest Who Was Also a Famous Physician

Rev. Father Morrissey, for over thirty years Parish Priest of Bartibogue, N. B., died a year ago last March, and in his death thousands lost a friend.

By the Catholics of his own Parish of Bartibogue he was revered as a priest, welcomed in sickness as a wonderful physician, and loved as a warm-hearted friend. Everyone in Northern New Brunswick, Catholics and Protestants alike, has seen or heard of his cures, and throughout the whole continent, even to Vancouver and the Western States, his name has spread.

Nearly fifty years ago young William Morrissey, following his natural bent, began the study of medicine. After two years, however, he felt that he was called to the Priesthood, but though for the next few years he gave his attention to theology, he continued in his spare time the study of medicine. After graduating at Rome he began his priestly duties in North Eastern New Brunswick. Here his talents as a physician enabled him to do a magnificent work for the bodies as well as the souls of his parishioners. Soon his fame spread, and patients came hundreds of miles to get the benefits of his mastery skill. None were turned away. No matter what their creed, everyone found in Father Morrissey a kindly friend and wonderful physician; no matter how great the personal sacrifice, he was always at the service of those who needed him.

To offer Father Morrissey money was to meet with refusal. To insist on his accepting it was to wound him deeply. The story is told of a prominent gentleman who was so delighted with the benefit he had received that, not knowing the priest's sensitiveness on the subject, he insisted on giving a generous sum in payment. Father Morrissey replied that there was no charge, but after the gentleman had departed found that he had left a twenty dollar gold piece in a conspicuous place on the parlor table. The priest's horse was hastily harnessed, the gentleman was soon overtaken, and the money returned to him.

The remedies used by Father Morrissey with such signal success were, for the most part, compounded of herbs and balsams—Nature's own remedies. But so scientifically were the ingredients proportioned that they wrought cures by many considered simply marvellous.

Since Father Morrissey's death a number of his friends have formed a company to continue the preparation of these remedies, and perpetuate the work of the beloved priest-physician.

A \$1.00 bill goes a long ways when invested in Cotton's.

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Woman's Page

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

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED FOR THIS PAGE

THE TRAILS OF TEMAGAMI

By VICTOR SHAW

The trails of the Northland lure me,
For the Wanderlust is strong;
And the swaying pine
To this heart of mine
Croons the sweetest sort of song.
The lust of the hunt is on me,
And my heart and hands are free,
So I turn once more
To the fir-rimmed shore
Of my Lake Temagami.
—ROD AND GUN

Gow Ganda Incidents

MARY COTTON WISDOM

Sometimes in the evening, when all is still save for the cry of some lonely night bird, and the shadows are growing deeper, I look out between the closed doors of my tent and gaze into the forest ahead of me. Its dark silence has a strange attraction when I realize that beyond me it stretches its unbroken bounds up through vast areas to Hudson Bay, before reaching the home of another white woman.

Never in my life before have I been beyond the sound of the whistle of a locomotive, or out of any reach of a telephone or telegraph or a doctor.

The nearest settlement to us, excepting a few prospectors' camps, is the town of Gow Ganda, eight miles to the south of us, reached by a canoe route, intercepted by rough portages.

Our camp is pitched on a high bluff of rock on the shores of Lake Obuskoong. They chose this particular bluff for our summer camping ground on account of its scarcity of trees.

As a rule the shores are rimmed close to the water's edge with fir trees, which look beautiful. But alas, true it is that things are not what they seem, for these cool, inviting lovely looking glens are not nearly as nice when you reach them.

They are filled with swarms of black flies and mosquitoes, of moose flies and mingets, and various other insects that bite and sting and devour one in a most annoying manner.

One gentleman, who went prospecting in fly time this summer, told me that his eyes were so swollen most of the time that he could hardly see out of them and this in spite of a liberal application of fly oil. In camp we have been troubled very little with either black flies or mosquitoes; the breeze from the lake blows over our camp and drives them away.

Our camp is comprised of two sleeping tents for the men, furnished only with spruce boughs on which they spread their blankets. Also a cook tent, which is really our dining room and kitchen combined. Jack, our good natured cook, reigns supreme here, over his portable stove and his long shelves of canned goods, dried fruits, flour and bacon. We dine on an upturned toboggan set on four posts. For chairs we have two benches made of poles along two sides of our dining table. Our nearest approach to the conventionalities of outside life is a white oil cloth for a table spread. We have tin cups and plates and bowls. We make our soup in a tin pail. This soup Jack serves from the side-board (of poles) with a great flourish.

Jack is a baker by trade so we have delicious home made bread and buns. We also have fresh fish for the trouble of catching them, for there are plenty of fish in the waters up in this new country.

The only other tent in camp is that of the mine manager, over which I

preside with what grace I can. Our tent is slightly more pretentious than the others, in that it has log walls and a frame work of poles which keeps the canvas drawn tight. This is a luxury indeed, for when the wind howls and the rain falls it keeps things snug.

We have a little portable stove in one corner, a table in another, and our bed in one end. We have three shelves, one of which holds our toilet articles, soap, tooth brushes, etc. One holds our books and writing materials and the other is the medical chest for the camp. These things might as well be reposing in the drug store from whence they came for all the need we have of them. This is a too healthy a place for one to need medicine. We all have the best of appetites and our sleep is sweet. One of the miners told me that he had been camping out for fourteen years, rain and shine, winter and summer, and never knew what it was to have a cold.

This is our summer camp. When snow flies we will move back into a warm little valley full of trees, and live in log cabins.

We are well on up towards the north and the winds blow cold in winter.

The custom of the country is to move to the sheltered places when cold weather sets in. So we follow the custom of the country. Those who have passed through the bleak cold winters know best.

Thus far I have enjoyed my stay immensely. The most delightful thing perhaps of all is the water and the lovely long canoe trips one has to take to get anywhere. With plenty of cushions in the canoe, I am lulled and sometimes go to sleep, as they paddle along the shore in the shade of the overhanging trees.

Odd Thoughts of an Odd Fellow

One hears a great deal these days of the "Servant Problem." Poor dames of the bourgeoisie have their cares, cannot as easily as yore, hire docile serving slaves! Says Ruth Cameron in the London Free Press:

Trust begets honesty and openness. Distrust is a natural breeding ground for deceit and dishonesty. When I hear a woman complaining of her servant, I always wonder if part of it is not caused by what she lets herself expect and if the same servants would be dishonest with some one, who expected honesty of them.

Believe the world is good and you will do much to make it so.

It is strange that the daughters of the working class shirk going into service, when a degenerate middle and ruling class not only treats them as inferiors, but when idlers expect them to be industrious, liars exact from them truth, when their employers in everything bid them: "Do as I tell you, not as I do."

An English wail, a "Barnado" charge, on reaching Canada was placed in a Christian minister's home. She was worked to the limit of her capacity, was treated distinctly as an inferior, had to eat her meals at odd times in the kitchen, shed many a tear from loneliness. Her sister was at the age of eleven entrusted to the care of so-called good Christians. These people were childless and adopted her. Made her the servant, you may guess. At the tender age of thirteen she became a mother, outraged by the scoundrel who had promised to protect her, and the good woman discarded her, and thrust her out into the world, and spoke of her as a depraved sinful creature.

The wife of an eminent divine has no scruples to have her servant girl attend the furnace, early on Sunday morning.

An instance came under my observation very recently, of a mistress training the maid to lie, though very likely expecting the girl to be truthful in relation to her. I called at the splendid home of a man, known quite widely in Canada as the teacher of high ideals. I asked the maid, if her mistress was at home, as I wished to see her on a matter of business. Instead of truthfully answering me: "Madam is at home, but may not wish to be disturbed at present; but I'll see." I received the stereotyped answer of the well drilled servant girl: "I don't know, but will find out." She went up stairs, and

in subdued, but to me audible tone of voice, speaking in German which I happened to understand, told her mistress that some one had called to see her. I could not hear the response, but down came the girl, calmly lying: "Madam is not at home. Will you leave your message?" I left no message there. But my message to my kind readers is to rouse themselves, to think, to see things as they are, to work for the time when class lines will disappear and wage slavery cease!

Help hasten the day, so that the daughters of the working class will not be forced to slave at measly pay, for long hours, obeying a class that prattles of high ideals, of grand ethical laws, forces their helpers to act as lie and tells them to be "good."

GUSTAVE PRAGER

THE WOMAN'S CRUSADE

By S. GERTRUDE FORD

No care have we for flouting or for scorning:

We know the day breaks round us where we throng.

About our brows the light that makes the morning

Trembles, and on our lips a morning song.

And still new voices come to join our chorus,

And still into our goal new feet are drawn.

Behind us wanes the ignorant night; before us

Sings ever a wind of dawn.

From lip to lip we pass the cry of Justice.

The woman's claim to share the free-man's right,

In Freedom's name, in Freedom's strength our trust is:

Her battle, even hers, we go to fight.

What though the darkness leaves its lingering traces

In clouds yet dwindling, kindling one by one?

Steadily as a flint we set our faces,

Still, to salute the sun.

From all the crafts that grow by woman's labor,

From all the arts she serves with toil, or thought,

We meet, we mix as sisters and as neighbor,

Proud of the various work our hands have wrought.

And round us, lo! the flouting and the scorning

Die, and in broadening light our banners flame,

With us and for us are the stars of morning—

On, on! in Freedom's name.

—AMERICAN SUFFRAGETTE.

WELL TRIED RECIPES

Eggs and Tomatoes

Materials:—Six medium sized tomatoes, six fresh eggs, buttered toast, pepper and salt.

Preparations:—Scoop out the centre of each tomato and with this pulp make a well seasoned sauce.

In each of the cavities of the tomatoes, break an egg carefully, and season with pepper and salt. Put the tomatoes in a well buttered tin in the oven and bake till done. Have ready some buttered toast, on which place the tomatoes, pouring the sauce around them. This makes a tempting dish for supper.

Fish Pie

Materials:—The remains of any cold fish, some mashed potatoes, anchovy sauce, butter, bread crumbs, cayenne.

Preparations:—Butter a shallow pie dish and strew over it a few bread crumbs. Flake the fish and season it with cayenne (or black pepper if preferred) and anchovy. Lay it in the pie dish, fill up with mashed potatoes and over them put a few bread crumbs and lastly some small pieces of butter. Bake one half hour.

Ham Toast

Materials:—A few slices of cold ham, one of butter, a little parsley, cayenne, buttered toast.

Preparations:—Melt the butter in a small sauce pan; add the ham very finely chopped. Season with a little parsley and cayenne. Make the mixture thoroughly hot and spread over slices of buttered toast. This dish, which is nice either for lunch or supper, takes only about five minutes to prepare.

Order a bundle of Cotton's for distribution among your fellow trade unionists. It will wake them up.

ABOUT WOMEN

WILL R. SHIER

Woman should be regarded as a companion of, not as a menial or a plaything for, man.

A woman's sphere, like a man's sphere, should be determined, not by the accident of sex, but by her capabilities and inclinations.

There should be equal opportunity for the sexes in all departments of life, and equal remuneration for equal services performed.

Our double standard of morality is pernicious, in that it is an injustice to woman and a license for men.

Woman's greatest protection lies in freedom, education and economic independence.

The doctrine of man and wife being one is also pernicious, for it means the elimination of the individuality of one or the other, usually that of the woman. Marriage is a union, not an amalgamation of two personalities.

There is no office that requires such rare and diverse qualifications as that of motherhood. A clerk's knowledge need not extend beyond the goods he sells, a book-keeper need know little more than the rules of arithmetic, but a mother must be a teacher, a physician, a nurse, a moralist, a business manager, an artist, a legislator, a judge and a lover all rolled into one.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Cleanliness is the most essential ingredient in the art of cooking; a dirty kitchen is a disgrace.

Every morning visit your larder, change dishes and plates when necessary, and empty and wipe out the bread box. The shelves should be scrubbed twice a week.

In hot weather, a large porous flower pot wrapped in a wet cloth, or with some fresh cabbage leaves wrapped around it, turned over butter will keep the butter firm.

Much time is saved by putting all pots and pans away clean and ready for further use, and all meats and other food should be placed on clean dishes or plates before they are consigned to the larder.

Thrusting the knife that has been used for peeling onions, once or twice into the earth, will take away the onion smell.

Do not scrub the inside of your frying pans, unless they are of enamelled iron, as, after this operation, any preparation fried, is liable to catch or burn to the pan. If the pan has become black inside, rub it with a hard crust of bread, and wash it in hot water mixed with a little soda. It is a good plan to have one regular day in the week upon which every culinary utensil should have a thorough cleaning.

The more quickly colored things are washed and dried the less likely are the colors to run. Prints should always be hung in the shade to dry.

Blankets and white flannels should not be wrung much, but allowed to drip, and they should not hang in a strong sun as this makes them yellow.

THE CALL OF THE WEEK

By A. HENRY SCHNEER

Far above the clang and clamor

Of the hustling, bustling street;

Far above the dray and hammer

With its burning, yearning beat,

Calls the tempting, whispering hill-top

With the breath of mountain peak—

How the trees call, and the seas call,

But, oh, for the call of the weak!

Sing the praises of your river,

Of its urging, surging waves—

How they dance and how they quiver

That your heart so frantic raves:

Sing the praises of your landscape,

Of the sun-lit crimson streak—

Silent! Hush! The echoes murmur

A dirge for the death of the weak.

The way to nail men and women to the Socialist platform is to get them to subscribe to Socialist papers. More people are made Socialists in this way than in any other.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

ADVERTISEMENTS

PSALMS

PSALM 35.

20 For they speak not peace; but they devise deceitful matters against them that are quiet in the land.

21 Yea, they open their mouth wide against me, and said, Aha, aha! our eye hath seen it.

22 This thou hast seen, O Lord: keep not silence: O Lord, be not far from me.

23 Stir up thyself, and wake to my judgement, even unto my cause, my God and my Lord.

24 Judge me O my God, according to thy righteousness; and let them not rejoice over me.

25 Let them not say in their hearts, Ah! so would we have it let them not say, We have swallowed them up.

26 Let them be ashamed and brought to confusion together that rejoice at mine hurt: let them be clothed with shame and dishonour that magnify themselves against me.

27 Let them shout for joy, and be glad, that favour my righteous cause; yea, let them say continually, Let the Lord be magnified, which hath pleasure in the prosperity of his servant.

28 And my tongue shall speak of thy righteousness and of thy praise all the day long.

PSALM 36.

1 The transgression of the wicked saith within my heart, that there is no fear of God before his eyes.

2 For he that flattereth himself in his own eyes, until his iniquity be found to be hateful.

3 The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit: he hath left off to be wise, and to do good.

4 He deviseth mischief upon his bed; he setteth himself in a way that is not good; he abhorreth not evil.

5 Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens; and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.

6 Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; thy judgments are a great deep: O Lord, thou preservest man and beast.

7 How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

8 They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasure.

9 For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.

10 O continue thy loving-kindness unto them that know thee; and thy righteousness to the upright in heart.

11 Let not the foot of pride come against me, and let not the hand of the wicked remove me.

12 There are the workers of iniquity fallen: they are cast down, and shall not be able to rise.

PSALM 37.

1 Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity:

2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

3 Trust in the Lord, and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

4 Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

5 Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day.

7 Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

8 Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

9 For evil-doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

10 For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be: yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.

11 But the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in abundance of peace.

12 The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnashed upon him with his teeth.

13 The Lord shall laugh at him; for he seeth that his day is coming.

14 The wicked have drawn out the sword, and have bent their bow, to cast down the poor and needy, and to slay such as be of upright conversation.

15 The sword shall enter into their own heart, and their bows shall be broken.

16 A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.

17 For the arms of the wicked shall be broken: but the Lord upholdeth the righteous.

18 The Lord knoweth the days of the upright; and their inheritance shall be for ever.

PROVERBS

CHAPTER 19.

18 Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying.

19 A man of great wrath shall suffer punishment: for if thou deliver him, yet thou must do it again.

20 Hear counsel, and receive instruction, that thou mayest be wise in thy latter end.

21 There are many devices in a man's heart; nevertheless the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand.

22 The desire of a man is his kindness: and a poor man is better than a liar.

23 The fear of the Lord tendeth to life; and he that hath it shall abide satisfied; he shall not be visited with evil.

24 A slothful man hideth his hand in his bosom, and will not so much as bring it to his mouth again.

25 Smite a scorner, and the simple will beware; and reprove one that hath understanding, and he will understand knowledge.

26 He that wasteth his father, and chaseth away his mother, is a son that causeth shame, and bringeth reproach.

27 Cease, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge.

28 An ungodly witness scorneth judgment; and the mouth of the wicked devoureth iniquity.

29 Judgements are prepared for scorpions, and stripes for the backs of fools.

CHAPTER 20.

1 Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

2 The fear of a king is as the roaring of a lion: whoso provoketh him sinneth against his own soul.

3 It is an honour for a man to cease from strife: but every fool will be meddling.

4 The sluggard will not plow by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest, and have nothing.

5 Counsel in the heart of man is like deep water: but a man of understanding will draw it out.

6 Most men will proclaim every one his own goodness: but a faithful man who can find?

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW

CHAPTER 1.

16 And Jacob begat Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus who is called Christ.

17 So all the generations from Abraham to David are fourteen generations; and from David until the carrying away into Babylon are fourteen generations; and from the carrying away into Babylon unto Christ are fourteen generations.

18 Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost.

19 Then Joseph her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily.

20 But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife; for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost.

21 And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.

22 Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying,

23 Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is, God with us.

24 Then Joseph, being raised from sleep, did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him, and took unto him his wife;

25 And knew her not till she had brought forth her first-born son; and he called his name JESUS.

CHAPTER 2.

1 Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

2 Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

4 And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

5 And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judaea: for thus it was written by the prophet,



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CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

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

Cotton's Weekly

A CANADIAN SOCIALIST PAPER

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

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Nova Scotia.....	418
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Manitoba.....	161
Alberta.....	169
Saskatchewan.....	212
British Columbia.....	463
Yukon Territory.....	2
Elsewhere.....	63

Total.....3453

Gain for week.....12

The total number of this issue is 4,000 copies.

PARASITE MORALITY

There is a certain kind of morality which might be termed parasite morality. This kind of morality is much esteemed by the bourgeoisie. Whenever this morality is exhibited it wins great praise. Sermons are preached over the necessity of this morality. It is well illustrated in the example of the honest lawyer.

It is said that a man must be true to those with whom he deals. Thus the advocate who looks after his client's interests with faithful care is held up as an example to be followed. If he keeps his word with those who employ him and does not try by pettifogging tricks to beat his own clients by getting more fees for himself nor to betray his clients to those who oppose them, the lawyer is looked upon in many quarters as an honorable and upright man.

This simply means that the advocate must have the morality which benefits his parasite clients. A landlord to whom the labor thieving laws have given the homes of many men employs the lawyer to collect the rent by legal means. The lawyer, if he faithfully helps the landlord to plunder the working plugs, is an honorable man.

A labor thief, who derives dividends from the possession of a cotton mill in which little children work long hours or where women work at wages below what it costs them to live, has a squabble with another labor thief over the capture of the spoils in the shape of dividends. The labor thief employs the lawyer to help him get his share of the swag from plundered labor. If the advocate faithfully assists the labor thief who employs him and helps him to beat the other labor thief in the capitalist courts, the lawyer is highly respected by priest and plunderbund.

No question is raised as to the morality of the whole transaction.

No investigation is made as to the justice of the parasite labor thief stealing the results of the toil of others. All that is asked of the advocate is that he be true to the client thief who employs him.

The whole idea of parasite morality shows how the capitalist interest dominates even in the sermons preached by the exponents of the doctrines of the expropriated Nazarene. The capitalist interests dominate. If the advocate should question the right of the labor thief to his spoils, if the advocate did not keep true to his promises to assist the labor thief in his attempts to capture the congealed labor results, then the capitalist system would be endangered. So priest and press and legislature instill into the minds of the advocates and other parasite helpers of the parasite labor thieves the necessity of being true to the interests of the labor thief who may want his services.

The McKees Rocks strikers have won all their points. Baby Hoffstott will no longer rejoice in large dividends and kill one workman a day. The workers will no longer be paid two dollars for six days work. Hoffstott represents capitalist exploitation and is a good example of the system.

SOCIALISM A GROWTH

Out of Past and Existing Conditions

Wilfred Gribble in St. John Sun. Of all subjects under discussion today, there are none about which there are as many false conceptions as that of Socialism; yet it is very easy to understand the objects when one gives the subject a little serious study. This is not saying that a thorough knowledge of the science of Socialism is easily attained, for that requires years of study. Socialism is not a scheme emanating from one or any number of men's brains, but a growth out of the past and existing conditions.

The Utopian dreams and communitist experiments of the past have nothing to do with scientific Socialism, other than that of forerunners, in the same sense as alchemy preceded chemistry and astrology preceded astronomy. In all ages men have been dreaming of a better order, individuals have risen from time to time—advocating some schemes of social regeneration, which to their own minds was perfect and only wanted proper presentation to be accepted of all men, but in every case such projects came to naught.

It never lay within the brain of one man to point to all society a way in which all social ills could be swept away. Man has had to travel a long road of pain, has had to learn in the hard school of experience and is still travelling on and learning in that same road and school, and the signs are he will continue to do so.

Over two thousand years ago Plato wrote his Republic in which he pictured a country, in which there were masters and slaves it is true, but kind masters and happy slaves.

Between three and four hundred years ago Sir Thomas More wrote his Utopia, a book of a similar nature to Plato's.

Campanella, an Italian monk, under the ban of the church, while in his private cell, wrote a book of the same type, entitled, "The City of the Sun," and in our own time, Bellamy "Equality," in which he had worked wrote his "Looking Backward" and out the last detail. None of these or any other similar books have any relation to modern Socialism, which is the child of Capitalism, and Capitalism in its turn was the child of Feudalism.

In later times (1800 to 1809)—Robert Owen, a British manufacturer, the most practical of all Utopians, carried out a philanthropic scheme in New Lanark, Scotland. A manager of a large cotton works, employing two thousand five hundred hands, instead of working his hands fourteen to sixteen hours a day as did his competitors, he only worked them ten, and in addition paid higher wages. His employees were housed in a model village in which there were no grog-shops, no policemen and no magistrates. He instituted schools for the children to which they were sent at the age of two and were made so happy they used to cry at being taken home. At one time the works had to remain idle for a period of four months owing to a shortage in cotton, yet he paid all hands full wages during that time, and in spite of all this the firm made huge profits.

Robert Owen was honored by all the crowned heads and 'great men' of Europe so long as he remained merely a philanthropist, but big-hearted, keen-brained man as he was, he saw that well treated as the work people of New Lanark were, they were only so at his pleasure.

"After all they were slaves at my mercy," he said, and he came to the conclusion that the only security for the workers was for them to own the instruments and raw material of production collectively, and promptly advocated that measure, thinking it

only wanted to be presented in the right light to be accepted by all the society.

But there was one thing yet for Robert Owen to learn, and that was that as long as the majority of the people permitted a few to live in luxury upon their labor the few would be content to do so and would resist any change likely to oust them from the position they held as a non-producing class. Robert Owen did not realize the class struggle.

Turned down by his erstwhile admirers, with a conspiracy of silence against him, Robert Owen turned to the working class and worked with and for them to the day of his death. Robert Owen did the best he knew, and his name is one of the most honored among socialists, but he did not realize fully the fact of social evolution which no man could stay or hasten in any primary sense since he was himself a part of it. This was left for a German Jew by the name of Karl Marx with his contemporary, Frederick Engels.

One Thing and Another

By C. V. HOAR

Bruce McDougall started to work at the wrong end. His intentions were good, but it is useless to try and reform capitalism by "showing up" its leaders. The only way to do it Bruce, is to forsake the old "liberal" party and come into the party of the working class. If the St. John politicians succeed, and the Free Speech editor is sent to gaol possibly some kind friend will make him a present of a copy of the Communist Manifesto and a subscription to Cotton's or the Clarion. "While a gaol may not be a desirable residence, it affords valuable educational opportunities."

Lawyer Baxter, in St. John last week, suggested giving a coat of tar and feathers to a man who has not yet been tried. British law says "Every man is innocent till proved guilty." But Mr. Baxter is not an anarchist. Oh, no. Only a conservative.

Roosevelt, the monkey killer, has "Bottled up" the Appeal to Reason. As a result the Appeal's subscription list increased 35,000 in two weeks. Lets send to Africa for Roosevelt to come and "bottle up" Cotton's Weekly.

Strikers please notice how the Capitalist press regards you. The "Mourning" Chronicle and other liberal news papers, with brutal frankness, support the Coal Co. (American shareholders and all) in its fight for blood and dividends. The Halifax Herald and other Conservative writers, with illuminating inconsistency, pretend to be on all sides, condemn the U. M. U. officers, and end by speaking a good word for that uncertain quantity "The public." The Socialist papers (and Socialist reporters for capitalist papers) are for the workingmen now as always. Both the Clarion and Cotton's Weekly are in need of subscriptions, but don't send them any. Support the organs of the Coal Co., which graciously allows you to live.

No, why should America war with Japan? Uncle Sam's soldiers must remain at home to shoot down Uncle Sam's sons and daughters at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

After our Springhill Comrades have demolished the offending Mr. Sanford a few more times, it might be in order to suggest that it is not Sanford but Capitalism that the Socialist party objects to.

Did you see the letter of Mr. Patterson, Secretary of the Cumberland I. L. P. in the Halifax Herald. He says "A false report that we were Socialists was circulated." No they are not socialists, for which we are duly thankful (their "public ownership" plank to the contrary). Socialist Party members sympathizers will please remember on election day.

Mr. Judge Forbes, what is a jury good for? You tell them they are a disgrace to the city, because they do not find a man guilty at your command. Let us repeal the law which allow an accused man the right to be tried by a jury of his peers, and call on "His Honor" to sentence the prisoners without trial.

Clergymen are like other people. They talk about things constantly brought to their attention. If you want them to discuss Socialism in public, lend them Socialist books, provide them with Socialist papers, ask them Socialist questions.

THE SOCIAL EVIL

Roscoe A. Fillmore.

We hear much of the "red-light" evil. Our social and moral reformers shout themselves hoarse over it. The goody-goody religious press takes periodic spasms and sheds crocodile tears over the innate depravity of humanity. The Congress of Women which recently met in Toronto spent hours in discussing the problem. Result! While they were moralizing thousands of young girls were being ground into the mire.

The trouble is that these moralists are not prepared to go to the root of the matter. They are trying to suppress the effect without touching the cause. They know that to really abolish the cause would be to knock the props from under capitalist society. And this is the one thing they are unprepared to do. So they skim at the surface, they hale defenceless girls before the courts, they hold up their hands in hypocritical horror because the social evil still persists in cropping out.

Now who are the sufferers from this social evil? Who bears the burdens? Do the wealthy parasites, the black frocked parsons, the priestly hypocrites who wax so eloquent over it really suffer any? Does the misery and degradation of millions of women injure them in any way? Not at all. If it did they would abolish the system which is responsible. Then who are the sufferers? From what class are the fallen women recruited? From the working class almost invariably.

These fallen women, our sisters, were at one time young, beautiful and good. But the system got hold of them. Now they are hideous to look upon. They are parodies upon womanhood. And all this exists because we still believe that society could not stand but for the Rockefeller, Harrimans, etc.

These sisters of ours worked in stores, factories and shops for the smug, self-satisfied hypocrites who pass the contribution plates in the churches. They worked from twelve to sixteen hours for \$2.50 to \$4.50 per week. As James Russell Lowell says—

"See ye not that woman pale?
There are bloodhounds on her trail!
Bloodhounds two, all gaunt and lean,
For the soul their scent is keen,
Want and sin, and sin is last—
They have followed far and fast;
Want gave tongue, and, at her howl,
Sin awakened with a growl."

There is the whole story, my readers, expressed in far better language than I can command. Want, damning poverty lies at the bottom of the social evil. And let me tell you, fellow workers, that you are responsible for the poverty which has ground these women into the mire and until you wake up it will continue to go from bad to worse. While you continue to lick the hand of the capitalists, thus signifying your satisfaction with conditions, your daughters and sisters will be sacrificed to the hell-hound lust. Think of it! Let it sink into your soul if you have any. If you were live men and women these things should make fighters of you.

Your lethargy, your don't-care-a-damn attitude is responsible. For you could abolish this within a year if you would rouse yourselves. You could wipe capitalism off the earth if you but knew it. Yet you sleep and dream of "beautiful mansions in the skies, pearly gates, golden harps" and all the rest of it while this is going on. If you should trample upon the tail of a rat or even an earthworm, it would strike at you. It would harm you if possible. Yet you allow the capitalist class to trample upon you, to make animals of you and say nothing.

The capitalist class derives its power from your lethargy and ignorance. They are coining your lives and the virtue of the women of your class into steam yachts, and palace cars. And while they are making millions from such sources and living lives of ease you cannot expect them to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. They won't at any rate whether you expect it or not.

If these conditions are to be abolished you must do it. And the sooner you awaken to this fact the sooner capitalism will be smashed. Use your ballots intelligently. Capture the reins of government. Get control of the law factory. If ballots won't do the work prepare to use stronger means.

Of course you will find it hard, discouraging work at first. But keep at it. You have been content to work all your lives for your masters. Now put in a little overtime for yourselves. Study Socialism, talk it, write it to your friends. Keep at them until they wake up. And when they awake they, in turn, will be-

come missionaries. Thus the revolution grows and some fine morning we will step into our own. We will take the things we have produced and use them for our own benefit.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

Progress of the Movement in the Various Parts of the World

(From London Justice.)

AUSTRALIA

The Sydney unemployed continue to demonstrate before Parliament House.

Sydney Trades Hall is about to be enlarged at a cost of £4,500. This says something for the increasing strength of working-class organizations there.

NEW ZEALAND.

At the beginning of July trade was so bad at Lyttelton that the local Unemployed Committee (including our comrades Cooke and Eeroyd) met the local members of Parliament, all supporters of the Government and one of them the party whip, and induced them to agree to see the Minister of Railways with the object of pushing forward important works. The M. P. also sent a telegram to the Minister of Public Works urging a similar course for the department.

The New Zealand Government is subsidizing the unemployment fund in Wellington pound for pound up to £2,600. A deputation waited on the New Zealand Minister of Labor at Wellington recently, and pointed out that there were no less than 1,500 unemployed in that city. The Minister said the Government was doing its utmost to meet the crisis, and subsequently informed an interviewer that he was preparing a plan for insurance against unemployment for submission to Parliament.

RUSSIA.

The Paris "Journal" on Sunday published a telegram from St. Petersburg announcing that the police had made a close search of Tolstoy's house and had arrested his secretary on a charge of having circulated some of his books which had been prohibited by the Censor. Tolstoy himself is evidently regarded as immune. This action of the Russian Government is very similar to that of Home Secretary Gladstone in our own case.

In the transport prison at Krassnojarsk, through which all those prisoners have to pass who are condemned in political trials to the loss of all rights and to the deportation to Siberia, an inquiry has been held which has thrown an interesting light on the character of political exiles.

Out of the 218 exiles with whom the inquiry dealt, 110 were Russians, 40 Jews, 24 Poles, 24 Letts, 13 Caucasians, etc.

Fifty-three per cent of the exiles were under 25 years of age, 16 per cent under 21. The number of women was 24 to 194 men; 55 per cent were of the laboring class, 11 per cent shop assistants, 28 per cent professional men. Only one of the latter was of noble descent, the rest being the sons of workmen, peasants, artisans, etc.

Out of the 218 only 14 had been educated at high schools and 38 at other superior schools, the rest at natural schools, church schools, etc.; two could neither read or write.

Considered according to party membership the exiles were grouped as follows: 104 Social-Democrats, 74 Social Revolutionaries, 6 Anarchists, etc. Sixty-five per cent of all those accused in these trials were charged with belonging to seditious societies, 12 per cent with propaganda in the army, 20 with printing and distributing illegal literature. Altogether 912 persons were tried, 197 (22 per cent.) of whom were condemned to hard labor, 272 (30 per cent.) to deportation, 36 (4 per cent.) to serve in penal-regiments, 55 (6 per cent.) to imprisonment in a fortress. Besides this, four persons were killed in being arrested, four committed suicide, and one became insane.

The average length of imprisonment before trial had been 13 months; 83 persons, however, had passed 1½ to 3½ years in prison before they were tried. Altogether the 214 persons had already served 2,682 years imprisonment.

In the middle of June, Comrade N. Charlakow, editor of the Bulgarian Socialist weekly, "Natschal," went to Tschernigow to take the family of a doctor, who had died in Bulgaria, back to their home. He intended returning to Bulgaria in a few days, but was suddenly arrested and taken to the Tschernigow prison, where he was kept six weeks without being examined. On August 9, he was released and ordered to leave Russia immediately. Before going to Russia, Charlakow had asked the

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

Russian Consul in Sofia whether there was likely to be any difficulty about his journey on account of his being an active member of the Social-Democratic Party. The Consul gave a favorable answer, but there is no doubt that Charlakow's arrest was due to the Consul's having sent word that a Bulgarian Social-Democrat had gone to Russia. Comrade Charlakow intends to find out the reason of arrest by recourse to diplomacy.

The former chief of police in Pablanitz, Jonin, who was condemned by the Warsaw Court of Appeal to 12 years' hard labor for the murder of the political prisoner Grisel, and was afterwards acquitted by the Senate, thanks to the agitation of his friends in the League of the Russian People, is now in possession of the post assistant to the director of the Petersburg prison Kretsky, which only contains political prisoners. It is not difficult to imagine in what manner he will exercise his function.

The "Kölnische Zeitung," in criticising the Kiel demonstration against the Czar's visit, remarks that it "is tactless to use abusive language about anybody, be he the Czar or laborer, who goes to Germany trusting to her hospitality." The official paper has evidently forgotten the treatment meted out to Russian refugees by the German Government, as well as the insults hurled by Prince Bulow, and Messrs. Sohonestdt, V. Riechthofen and Hammerstein at the Russian "conspirators" and especially at the female Russian students.

During the last 13 weeks (May 2 to August 13) there were 3,930 cases of cholera in St. Petersburg alone, of which 1,510 ended fatally. The epidemic has now diminished. Though it has been less severe than that of last autumn, it has been much worse than the epidemics of 1892 and 1893. All the causes which go to produce cholera have increased since then—the bad economic condition of the working class, the influx of masses of starving peasants into the towns, the absence of the most elementary sanitary arrangements, the corruption of public bodies, etc. The people have, in consequence of their increasing misery, less strength to withstand the disease.

Already in 1905, Dr. Dworetzky, of Moscow, wrote in the Munich "Medizinische Wochenschrift": "It might, perhaps, be too much to say that Germany would have remained free from cholera if Russia had better conditions and a different Government; but it is quite certain that under this regime, Russia, when any pestilence arises within her boundaries, puts all the rest of Europe into great danger." These words are still more applicable now.—"Russische Bulletin."

SWEDEN.

At the time of writing the great strike and lock-out still continue. Bourgeois women and politicians are beginning to appeal to the Government to attempt mediation, but the authorities decline to intervene except at the request of both parties. The "Yellow" unions, true to their traditions, played their class false as usual, and announced their intention of returning to work on Monday last on the pretext that workers had broken their contracts to come out and join the strike! The newspaper proprietors have threatened legal vengeance on the printing trade unions for their losses, moral and financial, but on taking action have found that the funds have been transferred beyond their reach. Herr Branting, the Socialist leader, has written to friends in this country to say that the strike is being well maintained, and the official figure certainly show no appreciable diminution in the numbers on strike—well over a quarter of a million. The military are being used on every possible opportunity so as to invite disorder.



