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CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

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PUNISHMENT AND CRIME

There was once upon a time an African King who was ill. An European physician prescribed certain pills to be taken at stated intervals. The African King reasoned that if one pill was good a whole lot of pills would be better and ate the whole box at once.

Our criminologists and legislators and judges reason after the fashion of the African King. If a certain punishment will stop a certain crime, a heavier punishment will stop a more heinous crime. If a certain crime is frequently committed the trouble is that the punishment is not heavy enough. Make the punishment heavy enough and the crime will not be committed.

Our criminologists and legislators and judges are very foolish people. Punishment does not stop crime except within very narrow limits.

In England there were once upon a time two hundred crimes, the punishment of which was death. Thousands of criminals were hung every year and the crimes were continually being repeated. Italy has a more savage criminal code than has Great Britain. Nevertheless three thousand murders a year are committed in Italy while only three hundred murders a year are committed in Great Britain.

Formerly in Great Britain it was conspiracy and heavily punished for three working men to get together and discuss the question of their wages. All over England outrages were committed. Factories were blown up and employers dynamited. The cry was raised for more savage laws. The laboring brutes should be made to suffer. Instead of severer penalties being enacted the conspiracy laws were repealed. The outrages ceased as if by magic.

In Spain the people are kept down by despotism. The laws are savage and the people are bound to work hard and enjoy little. They are forced to support a corrupt nobility. The people revolt and thousands go to their death. The workers are not pacified nor rendered more docile by the savage laws and the legalized butchery.

The body politic of a nation is like a human being. It can be sturdy, well and healthy or it can become sick unto death. Epidemics of crime, tramps and thugs, thieves and burglars, violent anarchists and predatory millionaires, are all symptoms that the body politic of a nation is diseased. The judge who condemns criminals to severe punishment is like a doctor who tries to cure a small-pox case by applying burning caustic to the small-pox sores.

When our foolish legislators are dismissed and we have wise socialists directing the affairs of Canada, the national body politic will be treated in such a manner that the nation will be cured of its diseases. When the nation is cured of its ills, the thugs and thieves and millionaires and ignorant judges will all disappear as if by magic and the nation will become healthy like a person cured of a violent fever.

DEBTS

The capitalist reckons wealth by debts. If a man owns his own house and lot it may be considered wealth in some abstract manner. But the capitalist does not consider that wealth. If the capitalist owns a whole street of houses and can get high rents for them the capitalist is happy. He considers that the row of houses is tangible wealth.

If a nation is out of debt, then, there being no national bonds on the market, the capitalist has no way of getting the nation in debt to him and cannot get wealthy on government loans. But if the nation goes into debt to the capitalist to the tune of millions of dollars then the capitalist can add up his wealth and find it of great value. The impoverishment of the nation is the wealth of the capitalist.

If a railroad is capitalized at a small amount, if the rates are low and wages high over the railway system, if there are no bonds out against the road and the road is paying small dividends, then the capitalist is not in evidence to any great extent. The people are happy but there is little apparent wealth.

Now let the road be heavily bonded by a firm flam game. Let wages be cut and rates increased. The people will be begin to suffer but the railroad will be set down as a valuable asset by the financial quidnuncs.

In fact the capitalist cannot understand true wealth. He can only grasp the meaning of riches in the form of dividend plunder. The capitalist is an unseemly creature with thieving instincts which he exercises both legally and illegally to the detriment of his native country.

OFFICE SLAVES

The wage slave who works in the mill, mine or shop is ripe for revolt. The wage slave who works in the office along with the plute boss is content to go along under capitalism. History is but repeating itself.

During the American Civil War, which was caused by the struggle for and against slavery, there was a marked difference in the attitude towards the Northern soldiers on the part of field slave and on the part of the house slave. On the Southern plantations the field slaves were abused. They lived in wretched cabins, and were fed like dogs. They were driven to work and retired late. The slave drivers stood over them in the cotton fields and lashed them on their bare backs if they showed the least sign of slackening their work under the influence of fatigue. The household slaves, on the other hand, had a fairly easy time of it. They lived in the same house as the planter and were often the personal attendants of the master or his wife and children. Human sympathy existed between the master and mistress and their household slaves. They fared better in the way of food and clothing and shelter than did field hands. It was to feed them, as well as the master, and his family, that the field slaves were lashed to their work.

The field slaves, therefore, did all they could to help the soldiers of the North while the house slaves stood by the Southern planters. A Northern spy, or a Northern soldier escaping from a Southern prison, did not hesitate to seek shelter in the cabins of the field slaves. Many a spy owed his life to the protecting care in the cabins of the field slaves who longed eagerly for the freedom which would come through the triumph of the Northern army.

In the same way today, the office slaves sneer at and oppose socialism. They work with the boss. They have good quarters. There is a comradeship established between the boss and his office slaves. He gives them summer holidays. Very frequently he looks after them in times of sickness. The plunder he has gathered from the toil of his slaves in factory and mine is shared to some slight extent with the office slaves. Like the house slave, therefore, of the war days, the office slave sneers at the mill slave and helps the boss keep him in subjection.

The mill slave does not have that consideration from the boss and the labor plunderers which the office slave has. The mill slave is under the eye of the foreman. Attempts are continually made to speed him up or cut down his pay. The factories are dull and dreary. He works in stuffy holes where lint fills his lungs or steel particles from the emery wheel. No consideration is shown to him. The lash of hunger is held over his back and at the least sign of slackening work due to fatigue, he is belittled at by the foreman and threatened with dismissal.

The working classes are taking up the fight for socialism. The office classes oppose socialism and are as useless to the carrying on of industry as were the house slaves of the days of the planter.

Six hundred and eighty-eight million dollars in the bank show the prosperity of the plutes. No wonder the plutes want the workers to work harder and be frugal. If the workers should be extravagant and buy their children good clothes and good food and insist upon living in good homes instead of the back streets of the city, how in thunder could the plutes pile up deposits of six hundred and eighty-eight million dollars?

ENCOURAGING THRIFT

The rich man considers that he has a duty to perform to society by encouraging activity and thrift on the part of the men who work. The rich man has the idea firmly imbedded in his mind that the working man, if left to himself, would not work. Consequently, he sees to it that the wage-slave is kept on the jump.

A worker must have food to eat, clothes to wear, and a house to shelter him. He should also have education and amusement. If these five things were within easy reach of the man who toils the life of the toiler would be rendered more pleasant. But the worker, according to plute philosophy, was not put into the world to enjoy himself. He was put into the world to hustle like sin and be thrifty. The plute was ordained of God to see that the worker hustled and was economical.

The plute fulfils his functions. He has cunningly devised a system of paper currency. He has devised banks and vaults in which to keep this paper money. He has passed stringent laws and erected jails and penitentiaries to deprive of their liberty wage slaves who go and take these little bits of paper values without the consent of the plutes.

Now, the plutes who hold this paper money will not give any of it to the working plugs except upon such terms and conditions as will make the wage slave active and thrifty. He will give the working plug one or two dollars worth of paper money if the worker will go into a factory or workshop owned by the plute and work like a horse for ten, twelve or fourteen hours per day.

The plute, having made the wage slave a very active and hustling creature, considers he has performed half of his God-ordained task. The plute has still to make the wage slave economical and thrifty. He has therefore devised a cunning scheme by which the worker can be kept in frugal poverty all the days of his life. He makes laws whereby he can own the home of the worker. The slave to live in this home must surrender part of the cunningly devised paper money which the plute has given him for his labor.

The plute owns the flour mills and to get bread for himself and family the worker must surrender to the plute some more of the cunningly devised paper money which the plute has allowed him to play with for a little while in return for his labor power. In the same way the laborer must give back to the plute some more of the plute's money for clothing.

Thus the plute encourages activity and thrift on the part of the worker. As for the plute himself, he can spend his days at Murray Bay or up at Muskoka. He can take a trip on his yacht or in his private car. He can be as lazy as he likes and he can spend much money on luxuries.

The workers are becoming tired of being thrifty and active for the benefit of others. They do not mind working, but they object to hustling for a job and not finding it. They do not object to hustling themselves, but they do object to making their little children hustle like blazes that the plute may be lazy and extravagant.

The days of the plute are about over. The workers are turning to socialism with a great longing in their hearts. They are willing to work, but they are weary of task masters. They are weary of building fine houses for others to live in. They are weary of seeing their daughters make dainty raiment for the wives and daughters of the rich while the daughters themselves go in shabby clothing.

Let the plutocracy of Montreal, or Toronto, or of Canada beware. The oppression of the workers leads to revolt. The plutocracy must surrender their power and their wealth. That surrender can be brought about by peaceful means. Otherwise, the plutocracy will go out in a sea of blood in the terror of another French Revolution.

Mexico is showing signs of unrest. Even Mexicans and half-breed Indians get tired of living in peonage, and revolt.

DEMOCRACY OF OWNERS

We have at present, to a limited extent, democratic management of industries. This industrial democracy, is on the part of the owners, not on the part of the workers. Let us take the C. P. R. as an example.

The C. P. R. is owned by thousands of shareholders. These shareholders in theory manage the railroad. The shareholders gather in annual meeting to appoint the directors and president and to lay down the policy of governing the road. Each shareholder has a voice in the management of the road and a right to vote in the election of the officers. Every year at the annual meeting the president and the directors lay before the shareholders an account of how they have run the railroad. The elected representatives report to their electors.

The present industrial democracy has two grave faults. The first fault is that the principle of one man, one vote, does not hold true and the second fault is that the elective principle is based on a wrong franchise.

The principle of one man one vote does not help in industry under our present laws. The physical properties possessed by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is represented by paper certificates called shares. The common shares of the railway company now amount to about one million five hundred thousand. Each share constitutes a vote. If a man owns one hundred shares he has one hundred votes. If a man owns eight hundred thousand shares he has eight hundred thousand votes. Thus, if a man owns a majority of the shares of the C. P. R. he can elect what officers he pleases and carry out what policy he likes. He can freeze the little shareholders out of all control.

What is needed is a change in the company laws. Any man who votes should have an equal say in the management of the company with every other man. In this way the power of the big financiers would be completely eliminated. Industry would be democratically managed.

The second change should be a change in the basis of the franchise. The franchise in the democratic control of the C. P. R. should be changed. It should be shifted from the owners thereof to the workers. At present there are two classes of persons interested in the C. P. R. The owners who possess, and the workers who do the work. The men who run the engines, who keep the track in repair, who operate the telephones, who work in the repair shops, who keep the books, who handle the freight, have not a word to say as to the management of the road. On the other hand, the owners who live in New York, in Paris, in Amsterdam, in Montreal, and who do not do one stroke of work for the carrying on of the C. P. R., have the complete control of the road. These non-workers say who shall be president and directors. They say who shall be the general manager. They through their representative officers, establish the conditions under which the men who do the work shall work. They fix the rate of pay and the length of hours. They decide whether the men shall be put in control of safe engines or be forced to guide wheezy, broken-down engines that are a danger to all who come in contract with them. The owners care little for anything save dividends.

Let the franchise for the controlling of the C. P. R. be shifted to the workers. Let each worker have but one vote. Let the track layers appoint their foreman. Let the conductors have a vote and decide the length of hours they shall work. Let the station agents have a say in the management of the stations. Let them all, station agent, car man, track man, operator, engineer, conductor, brakeman, join together to elect the general manager. Let the Lord Strathcona and the Van Hornes receive no revenues from the operation of the railroad. Let all the funds go either into common fund of an industrial democracy, in whole or in part, or let them go entirely to rewarding the men who do the work. Let the pay of the men vary directly with the earnings. The men would then be anxious to work. The railroad would be run

as economically as possible. Hours of labor would be shortened on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Employees, instead of being wage slaves driven to their tasks by hunger, would become free, democratic, industrial electors.

Is this a dream unreasonable? It is as long as the nightmare of capitalism exists, as long as the millionaires control parliament and make laws to keep the workers in slavery. When the workers send their own representatives to Ottawa, when the workers shall have a majority at Ottawa pledged to socialism, the dream will be a reality.

LAW AND ORDER

Law and order are great things. The powers that be never tire of sounding the necessity of having law and keeping order. So important do they consider the necessity of maintaining order that they will shoot down thousands of men in order to preserve it.

Law is a terrible engine. It can make or break a man. It can make society or dissolve it. It can turn a man out a millionaire and make paupers by the hundreds.

Let us have law and order. But let that law and order be socialist law and socialist order. Let the socialists capture the law making machinery and make law according to socialist principles.

Under socialism the laws will not be made in favor of the capitalists and against the workers. Laws will not be made nor administered to send a workless man to jail for stealing a loaf of bread and another workless man to Parliament for stealing a million. Laws will not be made by which large areas of land can be enclosed for the benefit and pleasure of one man and his friends and small areas can be packed with thousands of wretched men and women in dirty tenements.

Laws are the expression of the will of the social organization. As such they must be obeyed. Shall the expression of the will of the social organization be through the henchmen of the feudalists of wealth, or shall that expression be formulated by open representative of the desires of labor? At present, our laws are made for the benefit of the few. The expression of the will of the many is slow and uncertain at first. The voice of the few prevails. The man therefore are bound to do the bidding of the few and the few see to it that the bidding is sharp and the tasks imposed are heavy.

The voice of the laboring many is beginning to be heard. Trade unionism is strong and the Trades and Labor Council is coming to be the recognized voice of labor.

The socialists moreover are abroad in the land. Socialism represents the quintessence of the desires of the laboring men and the laboring women. It is the certain voice of labor. It is the hope of those who toil. Trade unionism prepares the way for socialism. Trade unionism is a method by which labor can find its voice. Socialism is the voice itself.

When labor has found its voice then law and order will become law and order according to the will of labor. Law and order are now law and order according to the will of those who live by the labor of others. When socialism shall have triumphed the laws will become as repressive against capitalists as they now are against those who labor.

The Montreal newspapers give two pages to finances. The labor organizations get a corner tucked away on a Saturday afternoon when the market report and financial news are short because the plutes are enjoying a holiday. Why do not the workmen of Montreal put it up to Montreal papers to give the workers as much daily space as they give to the labor thieves.

Six hundred and eighty-eight million dollars of actual cash in the banks besides the title deeds to houses and mines and forests and mills and railways make the plutes feel happy. The sufferings of the workers don't bother them. If the impudent pups kick against their sufferings they can rely upon the Colonel Steels to shoot the beggars down.

PROSPERITY

Prosperity is with us. The capitalist papers hailed the advent of the revival of trade with delight. The importation of diamonds is increasing and this to the plute organs is a sure sign of good times. Moreover there are on deposit in our banks the enormous total of six hundred and eighty-eight million dollars. What more evidence could one need of the prosperous condition of Canada?

Nevertheless, men and women who are hungry cannot eat diamonds nor get food out of the deposits in the banks which they do not own. The revival of prosperity is a revival of prosperity for the idle classes.

After a war in old Roman days thousands of slaves would be thrown on the market for sale. It was woe to the conquered and citizens of the beaten nation were sold in the slave markets of Rome and could be picked up cheap. The patricians bought these slaves and lived in extravagance on the labor and misery of the wretches.

In Canada, to-day, we have just emerged from a period of economic war. The big interests across the line have been fighting the people and the war has had its echo in the depression of Canadian trade. The wretched wage slaves, moreover, of Canada have been beaten down by the laws passed for the special interests at Ottawa. They have been expropriated of all their possessions and they can consequently be picked up cheap in the various slave markets of our industrial centres. The millionaires of Canada and the lesser nobility of capital have seen their chance and have set these homeless wage slaves at work producing luxuries for the extravagances of the rich. The poor slaves themselves have little of the enjoyments of life and can barely keep from starving.

But out of the toil of the slaves the Canadian rich luxuriate. Therefore, the plute journals rejoice. Therefore a stunk press sycophants the praise of its masters. And when come rumors of socialism, the harbinger of an organized slave revolt, the capitalists papers snarl with rage.

True prosperity will not come until socialism will have ushered in prosperity and leisure as well as work for those who toil. Under capitalism the prosperity of the worker will never exist.

PUBLICITY

By Act of Parliament the shareholders of the various banks of the Dominion must be made public. There is an annual report published in which is set forth the name and residence and number of shares of every shareholder.

It would be a good thing did parliament compel every company to make returns of all its shareholders together with the number of shares owned. If this were done, it would be possible to a certain extent to find out just who were the labor thieves and how much they were stealing. It would then be possible to discover in every case how the private interests of our various members of Parliament were conflicting with their duties as members and representatives of the people. It would then be possible to discover many of the reasons why members of Parliament jam through legislation in the interests of various private companies.

We have little faith in the integrity of our members of Parliament. Bribery is rampant in Canada and many members get in by the bribed votes of the riff raff of capitalism. Moreover, they have all the capitalist viewpoint and everyone with a capitalist outlook is a potential rogue.

It would be a good thing did Parliament compel the publicity of shareholders. The capitalists, however, do not want this publicity. Our capitalist members of Parliament, therefore, take care that this publicity be not compelled. A law compelling the publication of the lists of shareholders could only be passed by a Parliament in which socialists were in majority. And then such a law would be unnecessary as the socialist majority would see to it that the genues shareholder should become extinct.

THE FREE FORUM

Robbed as a Producer

To the Editor of COTTON'S WEEKLY:
Dear Comrade—

In your issue of the 5th inst., a letter appears from A. J. Gordon, in reply to Mr. Crews. In this letter Comrade Gordon says that "we all know that the worker is robbed both as a producer and as a consumer." Of course the comrade has a perfect right to his own opinions, but he has no right to put such opinions through a paper, as socialism. A worker being robbed as a consumer is not very easy to find, for several reasons.

Firstly.—After the capitalists are through with him as a producer there is nothing to rob from him. Secondly.—Workers sell their only commodity, labor power, in the open market, the buyer pays the market price for it which happens to be, owing to the fact that there are more workers than jobs, the cost of his existence. When a man is just getting sufficient to keep alive and strong enough to go to work the next day, it is impossible to rob him of anything without taking away his life. Thirdly.—If the worker is robbed as a consumer, then all consumers are robbed, the cat is robbed consuming milk, the parasite capitalist class is also robbed; but anyone with average intelligence will know that those who do not produce are not robbed, and as one consumer is not robbed, then none are robbed as consumers. Fourthly.—Goods are not produced for use till they are where they are wanted and when they are wanted. And as transportation, handling and storing goods are all parts of production, the producer, and not the consumer, is robbed of the surplus values created. Fifthly.—The law governing the exchange of commodities is that they shall exchange, on the average at their cost of production. As I have already pointed out, labor power is a commodity. And the worker merely exchanges his commodity, labor power, for the commodities that he needs, all commodities exchanging at their cost of production based on the socially necessary labor time contained in their production. It is hard to see how any robbery can take place in the exchange business. No, Comrade Gordon, the worker is not robbed as a consumer. Profit is something for nothing, and the only place it comes in is right in the factory, when the worker works for two hours producing enough to live on and reproduce the energy sufficient for next day's work, and then forgetting to quit, but working right on for another eight hours creating surplus values for nothing. This is where the worker is robbed, and nowhere else.

Again, the Comrade goes on to say that what is now known as socialism was practised in Rome long before Christ came. Now socialism, was never in existence and has been impossible until now. There being no social production, how could there be socialism? The nearest approach to socialism was in the primitive times when all the natural resources were common to all, and there being individual production the few rude tools were owned by the people that operated them. When Rome was built, society had advanced to chattel slavery and Rome was built upon slavery. There was a dominate, wealthy, fine living, ruling class, and a slave class, then, as now, and there was no vestige of socialism. While we have the dawn of socialism already lightening the sky.

There are several other little points I would like to have taken up, but this is getting long, and no doubt some other comrade will write on the subject. Now, I do not wish to knock the comrade, but still if he is going to write about socialism, he must know what it is, and he will find that, even if such hazy dope passes with other branches of the socialist party, the socialist party of Canada, will not pass it up as the genuine article. Now, comrade, please study this matter up and if I am wrong I wish to be put right. Wishing you success in your studies, I am, yours for the revolution.

EDMUND FULCHER,
Org. Local Brandon.

A Rational Solution to the Labor Question

That the twin vultures, capitalism and priestcraft, have fattened on the earnings of ignorant humanity during all times past, goes without saying. The first of these by the exercise of brute strength, the other by hypocritically trading on the superstitious mental deficiencies of the

lower orders of humanity. The victims have in a measure turned against the foe but have as yet scarcely recognized the other as an enemy to be vanquished. Having no conceptions of the natural laws of the universe the masses console themselves with the priestly assurance that, "In that bourne from whence no traveller returns" (in the physical sense) all will be made fair. Strikes and anarchistic methods will not bring about the cure desired because the class responsible for the conditions suffers less than do the wagers of the contests, and less than do the non-combatant consumers of the products of labor. Power given to the anarchistic would only result in chaos, note the results from "The reign of terror," in Paris. Up to the present time governments have been, and are wholly under capitalist control, notwithstanding that the ballot box has long offered the remedy. Party politics have been the bane of good government and as long as the bulk of the voters will cling to party as to some religious cult of their fathers, there is no hope. "My father was a Tory and I am a Tory," says common John Smith, of the undeveloped cranium; as well might he say, "My father was an ass and I am content to be an ass too."

The need of the hour is one national organization. The Wage-Earner's Association, under whose banner will all wage-earners march to victory. To bring this about it is necessary to organize in every electoral district, the members of this organization must renounce all party allegiance, and at the proper time candidates to Parliament must be chosen for their special fitness, men of undoubted conscientious fitness. That great organization the Roman Catholic Church teaches us the lesson how a consolidated minority even, can obtain its legislative desires.

It is consoling to note that the industrial classes are awakening, and that their disposition is to no longer be content with priestly promises of Mansions In The Skies in lieu of their rightful, comfortable homes on this mundane sphere wherein they can develop their best mental and physical possibilities. A judicious use of the ballot will eventually cure the industrial ills, for there is no other remedy. Now is the time for some man physically and mentally strong, and one possessing a love of humanity to take up this work of organization and bring about a better civilization in a few years, than Christianity has accomplished in twenty centuries. And, all on the scroll of honor, some day to be written, this man will see his name.

T. H. PRESCOTT.

Sackville, N. B., Aug. 16, 1909.

A Jap Speaks Out

Editor Cotton's Weekly:

Dear Comrade—Your very great paper I like. I inherit no caution in writing to you because I be a Buddhist. Please excuse me, I also be a socialist. I be a Buddhist for the next life but I want socialism for this life indeed.

Now I complain to you that socialism be not one piece grander for the Christians than for the Hindoos, Buddhists or Hottentots. None of these religions are whatsoever to do with socialism at all. Did any white man artist ever paint a Negro angel? No. Why? Did Japanese sculptor ever make a white man god? No. Why? Same reason. But Socialism same for all nations.

I therefore, Comrades, you please explain for all Christian ladies and gentlemen for me that all the nations and denominations can have a different religion but that the whole World can have but one International Socialism. If Buddha and Jesus were alive like us now they would join the Socialist Party I be sure but each could teach his religion. All nations disagree on religion; same; all agree on socialism.

Christians do not own socialism more than all other religions. Please take example from your Buddhist socialist and restrain from confusing religion and politics.

Your Comrade

MIKUNO IKEDA.

British Columbia

A new reader to Cotton's means a new vote for socialism.

For Quality and Quantity
STAG
BRIGHT FLUO
CHEWING TOBACCO
In new big plugs.

Answers to Correspondence

By the EDITOR

POSITIVE TEACHING

We have received a communication from a Christian socialist congratulating us on the stand we take against the present methods of practising Christianity. The writer admits that the church is the home of capital and anything done or said to better that condition is undoubtedly a good work. But this is the result of our weakness, not of the shortcoming of the truth of the message of Christ. The writer compliments us on our way of putting things. Blunt truth will do good. The writer then goes on to say "At the same time might I suggest that the paper, while attacking the evils, should also provide some positive form of teaching—on goodness. I mean in the extreme moments of life, in death, sickness, trouble, poverty. Purely negative system is useless. As I have suffered for my opinions, I hope that you will take my suggestions in the spirit of friendship in which they are made."

We take all suggestions with gratitude. When a person writes us he is either seeking the truth or else he thinks he has the truth and wants to impart that truth to us. In either case, only good can come because it is only by mutual interchange of ideas that we can discover the right viewpoint.

The writer evidently sees the defects of the churches. He sees them as clearly as we do. He lays these faults to human weakness, thereby admitting that we are not powerful to fight against the barriers which surround us and which force us to go in ways we do not like.

Over against these weaknesses he places the truth of the messages of Christ. We have diligently sought for the particular message of Christ. We have not been able to find it. There are many lessons to be learned from His life. But to sum them all up into one creed, and one message, is a task beyond our powers. Christ asked Pilate "what is truth?" And Pilate could not answer. Christ's answer was "I am the truth." When Christ uttered these words, He did not solve the problem of truth, but threw it back upon another proposition. When He said He was the truth, He made the question as broad as life. Christ was a living, breathing, intelligent personality. And until we can solve the problem of life, of breath, of thought, then Christ's declaration that He was the truth, still leaves the question of truth a complex, unsolved enigma.

What was the message of Christ? Opinion has been divided almost from the date of His death. Orthodoxies innumerable and heterodoxies unnumbered have been fought over by believers as well as by non-believers. We do not sneer at Christ, but hold that He came in the fullness of time, just as Isaiah came and Caesar and Mohammed came and Napoleon came and John D. Rockefeller and all the countless hosts of kings and beggars and prophets and martyrs and good and evil persons in whom was, or is, the breath of life and the power to think, have come upon the earth.

What was the message of Christ? In reading the accounts of His life, we find that He had little to say about the future life and less to say about dogma. He went about doing good. He had great faith in the powers of life.

The writer suggests that we should provide some positive form of teaching on goodness. We know that there are many maxims about loving your enemy, feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. We know that we should not be overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. It is because we know that the hungry shall be fed and the naked clothed and the evil will be overcome with good and that enmity between man and man will disappear when the fight for wealth and the fierce business struggle is gone, that we want to see socialism come with the triumph of the working-class.

"I mean in the extreme moments of life, in death, sickness, trouble, poverty." The writer desires us to give some positive doctrines which will bear men and women up when they pass through periods of suffering. This is the age of the division of labor. Each worker is given his work to do and he makes a specialty of that branch. Now there many men who are bending their energies to providing consolation to mortals in their hours of affliction. Every little village in Canada has its one, two or three ministers who are particularly employed in this work. The country is overrun with ministers. Religious journals, which provide consolation, are numerous. Even if it were advisable that this consolation and positive teaching of goodness should be furnished the

people, we would consider that there was a sufficient number of the able bodied workers of Canada engaged in this occupation.

Yet there is another viewpoint than the mere providing of consolation. Death, sickness, trouble, poverty, afflict humanity. What is the remedy? To allow people to suffer sickness, trouble and poverty and furnish them a philosophy that will leave them sick, miserable and poor and consoled to remain in their unhappy condition? Or would it not be better to remove the causes which cause sickness, trouble and poverty? Socialism will remove poverty and no one will need to be consoled because of this affliction. If you have an ox fallen in a pit, will you not pull it out? If you see great masses of poor will you console with them over their poverty or will you show them a way of escape and goad them by word and deed to escape their abject condition? Sickness is caused by overwork, poor food, insanitary surroundings, or defective constitutions which have been inherited. Shall we spend our time consoling the sick, while the whole of humanity is becoming infected with diseases, bred in our slums and our workshops or will we arise in our might and abolish the slums and unhealthy workshops so that men and women may escape the conditions which produce the diseases?

Troubles come to us all. But most of that trouble could be avoided. The fierce striving for business. The rasped tempers produced by worry. The uncomfortable conditions of life which produce heart break and divorces. The preventable deaths of children which cause the tears of mothers to flow. These things can be stopped. Is it not better to set our faces to the task of abolishing these sources of trouble and misery than to waste our energies in consoling with the troubled while the conditions ever produce new occasions for consolation?

We come to the question of death. Here the consolation is supposed to be necessary. But did the ministers ever reflect that man very often does not worry over the future and that the minister must prepare a state of mind in which consolation is needed. The saloon keeper creates an appetite in young men for liquor. After the appetite is created, the liquor seller proceeds to make a living by purveying alcoholic beverages to the ones who have acquired the appetite. In the same way religious exhorters will come to a crowd and will proceed to get the individuals into a mood to receive religious instructions. How often have we seen and heard ministers warn young people of their happy-care-free state. For a long time this happy state of mind was characterized as "Being lost in sin."

Just as a liquor dealer creates an appetite for drink, so religious instructors create an appetite for being religiously consoled. Young children are taken at a tender age and put into solemn Sunday Schools. In former years, hell and damnation was preached in order that fear of the future might induce a better appetite for consolation of a religious kind.

One little child once remarked to another that he didn't see why people should be sorry for old people. The older they got, the nearer they were to Heaven. When Daubigny, the painter, was dying, he said, "I am going up above to see if Corot has any new subjects to paint." Byron declared

Here's a sigh to those who love me
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Browning, in speaking of death, said that he did not want to go peacefully, but wanted to experience the agony of extinction, "Every last gasp of it." Socrates, when condemned to drink the cup of hemlock, gathered his followers around him and taught them many things. He said that he was glad to die because he wanted to go and talk with Homer and Heracles and other old Greeks who had died before him, because he had many questions to ask them.

We knew a young man who died of consumption. He was happy and joyous and told his mother that when she came to Heaven he would be ready to meet her and he would have a big feast of roast beef and desert to welcome her with.

Life is joyous and the heart of man is good. But Christianity has cast a gloom over the world. Christ died in agony on the cross. Christianity has made that scene of misery the centre of its theology. Men and women cannot think of mournful things without being gloomy. The tales of saints and their terrible soul agonies have shown how this story has influenced mankind to mournfulness.

If we were to give a positive doctrine for the extreme moments of life we would divide our attitude and make a distinction between our attitude toward death, and our attitude

towards sickness, trouble and poverty. Our attitude toward sickness, trouble and poverty is to abolish the causes which produce these miseries. Let us not bend our energies to picking up the wrecks that decadent capitalism has produced. These are the dead and the wounded on the battlefield. The fight is still on. The soldiers cannot attend the wounded, but must march in embattled host or thin skirmish line forward to the line of battle. The priests and ministers may act as red cross nurses, if they like; but many of them with their strength and brain could do more good in the thick of the fight than as nurses, particularly when most of the priests and ministers are not on the battlefield proper. They skulk in their comfortable studies with their libraries and pleasant thoughts. They are not down in the slums or the sweat-shops. They skulk in the rear with the camp followers, hunting for plunder.

As for death it is something that happens to all of us. We would not fix the thought of men on the agonies of the cross. We would have them fixed on the master poets and the calm philosophers. The fate of one is the fate of all and surely, when death is the fate of millions, the individual can go calmly to his doom confident that the creator of a life is the lord of life as well as the lord of death.

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FANTASIES

By DOGBERRY THE DREAMER

Fantasy the Second

FLUCTUAL

WRITTEN FOR COTTON'S WEEKLY

I have watched in quiet meditation the antics of the members of the funny tribes of our rivers. I have watched the fish lying quiet in the cool shades of a sequestered pool of darting rapidly with eager motion after an incautious fly. I have meditated upon the sensations of the fish as he lay surrounded by the envying waters. I have seen him move with lazy fin or eager motion, but never could he escape from the flowing waters of the river. And thinking on his plight, I thought of my own and found that it was no whit different.

I was in an environment from which escape, save by the dark way of death, was impossible. The circumambient air was necessary for the sustaining of life and escape from the envying atmosphere, with its tale to my senses of the things around me, was impossible. The air bore to me the sounds of disturbed nature. The encircling ether brought to my eye the tale of the appearance of things. The blowing breeze brought to my nostrils the sweet perfume of the summer flower. All nature was a message to my senses bringing to me, whether I would or not, sights and sounds and sensations. I was bound in by my environment as the fish was by the encircling waters. I could seek the tall mountain and have nature bring to my eye the pleasant prospect of cultivated meadow, wild woodland, sheen of lake, and distant mountain. I could seek the dim cathedral and have brought to my eye the streaming light from the colored pane and to my ear the soothing sound of the organ note. I could vary the envying medium and thus ring the changes on the sensations within, like as the fish could seek the cool waters of the quiet pool or the swirling eddies of the rapids.

With Buddhist calm and with the hope of solving the mystery of sensation I have lain quiet, while the wind fanned my cheek and the stars trembled their light into my eyes. What is this mystery of sensation to which we are all bound by inescapable ties? What is this mystery of life and movement and sound and fury and calm contemplation?

The answer came not, but in the quiet of the night time, with the rustling of leaves flowing into my ears and the light of the stars flowing into my eyes and the cool breeze of the evening time flowing over my brow I was conscious of the ebb and flow of nature. I was a being through whom the tides of nature were surging like the waters of the Euphrates through the river gates of ancient Babylon.

But whether were the tides of nature flowing? The sounds were flowing into my ears, the breeze was fanning my cheek, my nostrils were scenting the perfume of the flowers. Were these sensations flowing over me or through my soul?

Then it seemed to me that I was a vast whirlpool of sensations into which nature was pouring herself. Earth and air, and flower and ether, star and moon, were pouring themselves into my sentient being like some vast river pouring itself into a dark cavern. I was absorbing nature, swallowing it, engulfing it like the ocean engulfs a river.

Then came to me the concept of all the other sentient beings, man, woman, dog, ape, wasp, lion, adder, taking nature in the raw and turning it into sensation, emotion, thought. Where were vanishing all these concepts, emotions, ideas? They could not vanish into nothingness.

I thought of the past conscious activities and pondered the subliminal theory with which the modern psychologists delight to play. Could it be that all the sensations and thought which nature has poured into each one

of us sink into a stagnant underground pool which ever increases in size and only is troubled in sleep time when the surface is stirred by strange eddies of antic concept or wild whirlpool of terrible dream or in waking life under stress of elemental struggle? This could hardly be. Else would there be millions of stagnant pools of subliminal thought into which the activity of nature had been poured. Rather must all these diverse subliminalities be bound together in some invisible union, an underground ocean, a conscious, receptive being.

The words of R. J. Cambell floated through my brain. "This universe of ours is one means to the self-realization of the infinite." I, therefore, who lay swallowing nature's impressions, engulfing the influences around me, was but one channel for the gathering of residual impressions. I was but one avenue through which flowed the impressions of nature for some ultimate purpose. I, together with millions of similar creatures, was storing up sensations for the common use of some unknown higher being. I was, as it were, one of the million nerve cells on the fingertip of God.

TEN YEARS

Of Social Democracy in Finland

Already before the Social-Democratic Party of Finland was constituted, the Finnish workers had a certain organization. They were members of the so-called "Arbeitervereine," which were under the leadership of the bourgeois apostles of harmony. But in time the workers advanced over the heads of their leaders. The congress of delegates at Abo, where, on July 20, 1899, the principles of Social Democracy were accepted by the Labor Party of Finland, was the third congress of these "Arbeitervereine." Eighty-two delegates took part in the vote, of whom 55 were for and three against the adoption of Socialist principles, the rest remaining neutral. Soon afterwards 30 new societies joined the Party, bringing the number of members at the end of the first year up to 9,400, including 1,000 women.

Under the oppression which was then weighing upon Finland, the numbers of members sank in 1900 to 9,165, and in 1901 even under 8,000. But in 1902 the number began to increase again, and has kept the tendency to rise ever since. The figures are as follows: In 1902, 8,151; 1903, 13,513; 1904, 16,610; 1905, 45,238; 1906, 85,027. The last available report, that of 1907, gives no complete figures, as 197 societies had not sent in their returns. But, as the number of societies belonging to the party had increased in that year from 937 to 1,156, and the funds from 1,089,875 marks to 2,468,966 marks, it is safe to assume that the number of members had risen proportionately. At the end of 1906 there were 18,980 women members.

One could hardly have foreseen, when the party was constituted, that it would be in position to take such deep and lasting root in the political life of the country as has really been the case. Bobrikov's police regime at that time threatened to choke the whole life of Finland. All agitation and propaganda were suppressed, and the Russian police, in its public and secret forms, weighed like a millstone upon the whole civilization of the people. But the unbearable pressure at last created its own counter-pressure. Discontent rose to the highest pitch; the excitement was almost unlimited; the people were forcibly urged forward to act as guide to the enraged people. The policy of Bobrikov as well as that of the Constitutionalists and the Suometarians (old Finns) had to be shown up as regards their aims. Bobrikov sought to entice the country proletarians with lying promises, and then play them off against the Constitutionalists, who, on their side, tried to win over the masses by the battle cry of "For Constitutionalism" to attempt to revive the former Constitution (which, by the way, only offered advantages to the upper classes, while it left the masses without rights). The Suometarians looked for the salvation of the Finnish people in knocking under and giving in to the Russian tyranny. In this connection

Social-Democracy had to bring enlightenment. In spite of the most violent reaction it succeeded brilliantly in so doing.

The Finnish struggles for the Constitution which found a temporary ending in 1906 in the attainment of universal suffrage for both sexes, and the conversion of the class-Parliament, had begun long before. The Social-Democracy took up its stand not only upon the reintroduction of the Constitution, but upon the fact of the people being entitled to demand one which substituted for class rule equal rights for all.

When the Russian revolution made the absolutism of the Czar tremble, the Finnish people, led by the organized workers, overthrew that force in Finland by means of the general strike of October, 1905, and forced important concessions from the Government. Of course, the Finnish proletariat could only do this in conjunction with the revolutionary movement in Russia. The Finnish Social-Democracy, by attentively watching the course of the revolution in Russia, understood how to choose the right moment and then to act energetically. But when the reaction in Russia began, the Finnish Socialists found it, to their sorrow, impossible to hinder it. All they could do was to assist escaped revolutionists. In this respect they stood by their Russian comrades with true fraternity.

The General Strike, with the struggles for the Constitution which followed, and the election agitation, gave the party plenty of opportunity to make propaganda for all the aims of Social-Democracy. The gradually introduced reaction became more and more oppressive. Constitutionalism, which already in the day of victory had thrown itself into the arms of that reaction, now entered into a regular alliance with the latter against the revolution. It gave up those Russian revolutionists who had fled to Finland to the Russian gallows: it began to forge weapons against the "internal enemy," and soon showed itself as meek as the Suometarians towards the Russian oppression. The constant election campaigns, after the short session of the representatives of the people, gave Social-Democracy the welcome opportunity of reckoning with the bourgeois parties and showing up their true nature. This constant, wearing struggle led to brilliant results. In the last Landtag elections (May, 1909), 336,891 electors, 40 per cent. of the total electorate, polled in favor of Social-Democracy, which, with its 84 deputies, faces 116 bourgeois deputies of all shades. Further, the Party possesses 40 newspapers. All the larger districts have their own organs, which are owned by publishing societies founded by the workers. Besides 1,156 societies of a political character, 131 affiliated societies belonged to the Party in 1907, also 79 societies of farmers, women's societies and 507 trade unions. 226 of these societies own their own premises. In the reading rooms and libraries there were in 1907 about 2,000 newspapers and more than 30,000 books. The internal affairs of the party were settled in 26,506 different meetings and committees, in which also the party took up its stand towards political events; 133 theatrical clubs worked on the field of dramatic art; 54 musical societies and choirs contributed to the artistic education of the members of the party. The many-sided activity of the Finnish Social-Democracy in the communes and in the Landtag is too large to be entered into in a short statement such as this. But even this short outline of its history with the dates, will suffice to show that on the tenth anniversary of its foundation it is still blossoming out. It has become a power in the "land of a thousand lakes" not only because of the number of its adherents which makes it the largest political party, but also because it is an engine of civilization. It is very important that this flourishing portion of the Red International should stand as a sentry on the frontier of Russian absolutism, enlightening with the torch of revolutionary Social-Democracy that great Russia which groans under the pressure of the Red Czar.—Justice.

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STRIKE SITUATION

In Nova Scotia

By James Simpson.

When the smoke of the industrial battle has cleared away from the colliery districts of Cape Breton and the sound of the miner's pick and the reflection of his light are again the evidences of peace, the cherished memories of the strike meeting as a part of the existing conflict will remain to recall the stirring scenes that are being daily enacted in the halls at the various collieries.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

The strike meeting is one of the most interesting features of the big fight. It affords tremendous scope for character study and demonstrates the power of personality.

In the mass of faces that turn toward the speaker there is in each countenance an exposure of doubt and fear or hope and cheer, optimism or pessimism, courage or cowardice, independence or slavish submissiveness.

"Order 1" is a word now frequently heard in the halls where the strikers gather. A tall, slender young fellow steps forward, with gavel in hand, and gives the word for the commencing of the meeting.

Hands dirty with coal dust rise to hundreds of heads and hats are carefully thrown on the floor or stuffed unceremoniously in coat pockets.

To the front of the hall every available seat is taken, while from the rear men press forward, crowding the aisles and every inch of standing room in the building.

Women, unfamiliar with the procedure at such gatherings, look expectantly at the chairman, then at the gathered miners, and settle themselves for a good night's entertainment. Children, caught by the strike fever, crowd around the platform, eagerly waiting to see the fun commence.

On the platform are seated men from different parts of a big continent. They are all advertised to speak, and associated with their names are other industrial struggles, which, from the standpoint of importance, completely overshadow the present battle.

The chairman, not quite himself in the presence of such distinguished labor leaders, pauses before he speaks. Not only does he wish to impress his audience with the importance of the gathering, but he is anxious to leave a good impression on the minds of the men who direct the destiny of the great organization of which he is a member.

A RESPONSIVE AUDIENCE.

With a few well chosen remarks he explains the object of the meeting, introduces the first speaker, and sits down as the audience gives a miners' welcome to a stranger.

There is something inspiring in the handclap of a collier, and the speaker gets off with a good start. His words fall upon the ears of his audience like the silver dewdrops on a dry and thirsty soil. Each sentence strikes a responsive chord in appreciative hearts.

A mere reference to the failure of the Provincial Workingmen's Association to meet the demands of the miners of Nova Scotia is greeted with a spontaneous outburst of applause, and as the speaker dilates upon the resources of the United Mine Workers to cope with the requirements of the present struggle, a renewed manifestation of pleasure is expressed in continual handclapping and stamping of feet.

Realizing that he has struck oil in his borings, the speaker dwells at some length upon that phase of the situation. He appeals to the love they have for their homes, their wives and their children, to stand firm in their present struggle, and in a supreme effort to impress his hearers with the importance of solidarity, he allows his imagination to race back into the distant past, and picks from the events of history the battle of Tel-el-Keber.

He tells of the one hundred British soldiers quietly resting in the valley, when suddenly they notice on the hill-side an army of Arabs sweeping down upon them.

At the command of the officer they form themselves into a square to resist the attack of the overwhelming odds arrayed against them. For a time the battle wages furiously, but before the unbroken British square the dark-skinned natives fall back, and in wild disorder retreat to the distant hills from which they came.

The point of the story is not difficult to grasp. The miners understand what the speaker means, and with one accord let loose their pent-up enthusiasm. Even the women and children catch the spirit of the meeting and join in the demonstration of approval.

TEARS AND BITTERNESS.

The next speaker was a local officer of the U. M. W., but unlike the prophets of other countries, he found among his own people a warm and cordial greeting. He knew the conditions around the collieries from the standpoint of experience.

As a member of the U. M. W. he had felt the sting of discrimination. He had been among those dismissed for daring to join the new organization. He had seen his children hungry because he is denied the opportunity to work and his impotency had been the opportunity for the U. M. W. to demonstrate their benevolence.

He told how 650, like himself, had been thrown out of employment, not because there was no work to do, but because they would not bow the knee to Baal.

All this was familiar story to the coal diggers that sat before him, but it was told in such a heart reaching manner that mothers who had suffered and fathers who had gone through the same experience tried in vain to hide their tear stained cheeks.

In different parts of the hall the feeling of resentment was stronger than emotion, and the words full of bitterness in their meaning escaped unchecked from many a tongue.

The last speaker was a international officer, a scarred veteran, who had been in the thickest of many fights and had seen the smoke clear after many conflicts.

A VICTORIOUS STRUGGLE.

His reception was an invitation to do even better than the previous speakers. In a graphic description of other big industrial upheavals in which the U. M. W. had been involved, he carried his hearers away from their home environments, away from the hall in which they were assembled, and made them spectators at the big strike of anthracite coal miners in Alabama some years later. He told of 175,000 men idle, how they were eventually successful, and how one million dollars had been left in the treasury of the U. M. W. at the close of the struggle.

To most of the audience the information was a revelation. They had been led to believe that there was only one miners' organization that could fight their battles and bring to them a little more of the sunshine of life.

There was no time to applaud. In rapidly spoken sentences the speaker told how the big strike in Alabama had been almost won when the governor of the state declared martial law in force, commanded the soldiers to pull down the tents that had been erected by the union to shelter the miners evicted from the houses of the coal company on the ground that they were insanitary, repealed the vagrancy act, and ordered the arrest of every miner who was out of employment, and at the point of the bayonet, denied the union the right to provide accommodations for the striking members.

The speaker paused, the audience heaved a sigh and bent further forward to catch the balance of the message.

ONLY HAVE TO STAND FIRM

Wiping the sweat drops from his face the speaker continued. He compared the magnitude of the fights he had described with the one in which the Nova Scotia miners were engaged, with only five thousand men to provide for.

He showed how the struggle could be kept up indefinitely if the men would continue to stand together.

He appealed to the wives and mothers of the miners to stand loyally by their sons and husbands, and in a peroration that word pictured the possibilities of the big miners' organization, he sat down.

A current of enthusiasm passed through the crowded hall, men, women and children clapped their hands and stamped their feet and when the meeting adjourned gray haired women pressed eagerly forward to shake the hands of their deliverers.

"God bless you," said one old woman, as she grasped the hand of the speaker.

"You have made me feel ten years younger," said another, and it was some time before the orators for the occasion could pass out into the outside night.

Such are the scenes at the big coal strike meetings in Nova Scotia. Glace Bay, Nova Scotia.

Divorces and unhappiness of marriage are caused by worry and fever and fret and small incomes and the mutual unhappiness which results to overworked people living together. Under socialism divorces will disappear because the rich will not have the revenues to squander in vice and unhappiness in marriage will disappear because every husband and wife will live in a comfortable home with no worries no vexations due to over work and small income.

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

Socialism is inevitable. Competition is dying. Commerce is becoming organized and all useless work is being eliminated. The only question to decide is whether the result of modern organization shall benefit humanity or whether the organization of commerce will result in rolling in enormous wealth upon a few favored individuals while many work in misery and many more seek work in vain.



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THE FREE FORUM

Robbed as a Producer

To the Editor of COTTON'S WEEKLY:
Dear Comrade—

In your issue of the 5th inst., a letter appears from A. J. Gordon, in reply to Mr. Crews. In this letter Com. Gordon says that "we all know that the worker is robbed both as a producer and as a consumer." Of course the comrade has a perfect right to his own opinions, but he has no right to put such opinions through a paper, as socialism. A worker being robbed as a consumer is not very easy to find, for several reasons.

Firstly.—After the capitalists are through with him as a producer there is nothing to rob from him. Secondly.—Workers sell their only commodity, labor power, in the open market, the buyer pays the market price for it which happens to be, owing to the fact that there are more workers than jobs, the cost of his existence. When a man is just getting sufficient to keep alive and strong enough to go to work the next day, it is impossible to rob him of anything without taking away his life. Thirdly.—If the worker is robbed as a consumer, then all consumers are robbed, the cat is robbed consuming milk, the parasite capitalist class is also robbed; but anyone with average intelligence will know that those who do not produce are not robbed, and as one consumer is not robbed, then none are robbed as consumers. Fourthly.—Goods are not produced for use till they are where they are wanted and when they are wanted. And as transportation, handling and storing goods are all parts of production, the producer, and not the consumer, is robbed of the surplus values created. Fifthly.—The law governing the exchange of commodities is that they shall exchange, on the average at their cost of production. As I have already pointed out, labor power is a commodity. And the worker merely exchanges his commodity, labor power, for the commodities that he needs, all commodities exchanging at their cost of production based on the socially necessary labor time contained in their production. It is hard to see how any robbery can take place in the exchange business. No, Comrade Gordon, the worker is not robbed as a consumer. Profit is something for nothing, and the only place it comes in is right in the factory, when the worker works for two hours producing enough to live on and reproduce the energy sufficient for next day's work, and then forgetting to quit, but working right on for another eight hours creating surplus values for nothing. This is where the worker is robbed, and nowhere else.

Again, the Comrade goes on to say that what is now known as socialism was practised in Rome long before Christ came. Now socialism, was never in existence and has been impossible until now. There being no social production, how could there be socialism? The nearest approach to socialism was in the primitive times when all the natural resources were common to all, and there being individual production the few rude tools were owned by the people that operated them. When Rome was built, society had advanced to chattel slavery and Rome was built upon slavery. There was a dominate, wealthy, fine living, ruling class, and a slave class, then, as now, and there was no vestige of socialism. While we have the dawn of socialism already lightening the sky.

There are several other little points I would like to have taken up, but this is getting long, and no doubt some other comrade will write on the subject. Now, I do not wish to knock the comrade, but still if he is going to write about socialism, he must know what it is, and he will find that, even if such hazy hope passes with other branches of the socialist party, the socialist party of Canada, will not pass it up as the genuine article. Now, comrade, please study this matter up and if I am wrong I wish to be put right. Wishing you success in your studies, I am, yours for the revolution.

EDMUND FULCHER,
Org. Local Brandon.

A Rational Solution to the Labor Question

That the twin vultures, capitalism and priestcraft, have fattened on the earnings of ignorant humanity during all times past, goes without saying. The first of these by the exercise of brute strength, the other by hypocritically trading on the superstitious mental deficiencies of the

lower orders of humanity. The victims have in a measure turned against the foe but have as yet scarcely recognized the other as an enemy to be vanquished. Having no conceptions of the natural laws of the universe the masses console themselves with the priestly assurance that, "In that bourne from whence no traveller returns" (in the physical sense) all will be made fair. Strikes and anarchistic methods will not bring about the cure desired because the class responsible for the conditions suffers less than do the wagers of the contests, and less than do the non-combatant consumers of the products of labor. Power given to the anarchistic would only result in chaos, note the results from "The reign of terror," in Paris. Up to the present time governments have been, and are wholly under capitalist control, notwithstanding that the ballot box has long offered the remedy. Party politics have been the bane of good government and as long as the bulk of the voters will cling to party as to some religious cult of their fathers, there is no hope. "My father was a Tory and I am a Tory," says common John Smith, of the undeveloped cranium; as well might he say, "My father was an ass and I am content to be an ass too."

The need of the hour is one national organization, The Wage-Earner's Association; under whose banner will all wage-earners march to victory. To bring this about it is necessary to organize in every electoral district, the members of this organization must renounce all party allegiance, and at the proper time candidates to Parliament must be chosen for their special fitness, men of undoubted conscientious fitness. That great organization the Roman Catholic Church teaches us the lesson how a consolidated minority even, can obtain its legislative desires.

It is consoling to note that the industrial classes are awakening, and that their disposition is to no longer be content with priestly promises of Mansions In The Skies in lieu of their rightful, comfortable homes on this mundane sphere wherein they can develop their best mental and physical possibilities. A judicious use of the ballot will eventually cure the industrial ills, for there is no other remedy. Now is the time for some man physically and mentally strong, and one possessing a love of humanity to take up this work of organization and bring about a better civilization in a few years, than Christianity has accomplished in twenty centuries. And all on the scroll of honor, some day to be written, this man will see his name.

T. H. PRESCOTT.
Saskville, N. B., Aug. 16, 1909.

A Jap Speaks Out

Editor Cotton's Weekly:

Dear Comrade—Your very great paper I like. I inherit no caution in writing to you because I be a Buddhist. Please excuse me, I also be a socialist. I be a Buddhist for the next life but I want socialism for this life indeed.

Now I complain to you that socialism be not one piece grander for the Christians than for the Hindoos, Buddhists or Hottentots. None of these religions are whatsoever to do with socialism at all. Did any white man artist ever paint a Negro angel? No. Why? Did Japanese sculptor ever make a white man god? No. Why? Same reason. But Socialism same for all nations.

I therefore, Comrades, you please explain for all Christian ladies and gentlemen for me that all the nations and denominations can have a different religion but that the whole World can have but one International Socialism. If Buddha and Jesus were alive like us now they would join the Socialist Party I be sure but each could teach his religion. All nations disagree on religion; same, all agree on socialism.

Christians do not own socialism more than all other religions. Please take example from your Buddhist socialist and restrain from confusing religion and politics.

Your Comrade

MIKUNO IKEDA.

British Columbia

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For Quality and Quantity

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Answers to Correspondence

By the EDITOR

POSITIVE TEACHING

We have received a communication from a Christian socialist congratulating us on the stand we take against the present methods of practising Christianity. The writer admits that the church is the home of capital and anything done or said to better that condition is undoubtedly a good work. But this is the result of our weakness, not of the shortcoming of the truth of the message of Christ. The writer compliments us on our way of putting things. Blunt truth will do good. The writer then goes on to say "At the same time might I suggest that the paper, while attacking the evils, should also provide some positive form of teaching on goodness. I mean in the extreme moments of life, in death, sickness, trouble, poverty. Purely negative system is useless. As I have suffered for my opinions, I hope that you will take my suggestions in the spirit of friendship in which they are made."

We take all suggestions with gratitude. When a person writes us he is either seeking the truth or else he thinks he has the truth and wants to impart that truth to us. In either case, only good can come because it is only by mutual interchange of ideas that we can discover the right viewpoint.

The writer evidently sees the defects of the churches. He sees them as clearly as we do. He lays these faults to human weakness, thereby admitting that we are not powerful to fight against the barriers which surround us and which force us to go in ways we do not like.

Over against these weaknesses he places the truth of the messages of Christ. We have diligently sought for the particular message of Christ. We have not been able to find it. There are many lessons to be learned from His life. But to sum them all up into one creed, and one message, is a task beyond our powers. Christ asked Pilate "what is truth?" And Pilate could not answer. Christ's answer was "I am the truth." When Christ uttered these words, He did not solve the problem of truth, but threw it back upon another proposition. When He said He was the truth, He made the question as broad as life. Christ was a living, breathing, intelligent personality. And until we can solve the problem of life, of breath, of thought, then Christ's declaration that He was the truth, still leaves the question of truth a complex, unsolved enigma.

What was the message of Christ? Opinion has been divided almost from the date of His death. Orthodoxies innumerable and heterodoxies unnumbered have been fought over by believers as well as by non-believers. We do not sneer at Christ, but hold that He came in the fullness of time, just as Isaiah came and Caesar and Mohammed came and Napoleon came and John D. Rockefeller and all the countless hosts of kings and beggars and prophets and martyrs and good and evil persons in whom was, or is, the breath of life and the power to think, have come upon the earth.

What was the message of Christ? In reading the accounts of His life, we find that He had little to say about the future life and less to say about dogma. He went about doing good. He had great faith in the powers of life.

The writer suggests that we should provide some positive form of teaching on goodness. We know that there are many maxims about loving your enemy, feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. We know that we should not be overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. It is because we know that the hungry shall be fed and the naked clothed and the evil will be overcome with good and that enmity between man and man will disappear when the fight for wealth and the fierce business struggle is gone, that we want to see socialism come with the triumph of the working class.

"I mean in the extreme moments of life, in death, sickness, trouble, poverty." The writer desires us to give some positive doctrines which will bear men and women up when they pass through periods of suffering. This is the age of the division of labor. Each worker is given his work to do and he makes a specialty of that branch. Now there many men who are bending their energies to providing consolation to mortals in their hours of affliction. Every little village in Canada has its one, two or three ministers who are particularly employed in this work. The country is overrun with ministers. Religious journals, which provide consolation, are numerous. Even if it were advisable that this consolation and positive teaching of goodness should be furnished the

people, we would consider that there was a sufficient number of the able bodied workers of Canada engaged in this occupation.

Yet there is another viewpoint than the mere providing of consolation. Death, sickness, trouble, poverty, afflict humanity. What is the remedy? To allow people to suffer sickness, trouble and poverty and furnish them a philosophy that will leave them sick, miserable and poor and consoled to remain in their unhappy condition? Or would it not be better to remove the causes which cause sickness, trouble and poverty? Socialism will remove poverty and no one will need to be consoled because of this affliction. If you have an ox fallen in a pit, will you not pull it out? If you see great masses of poor will you console with them over their poverty or will you show them a way of escape and goad them by word and deed to escape their abject condition? Sickness is caused by overwork, poor food, insanitary surroundings, or defective constitutions which have been inherited. Shall we spend out-time consoling the sick, while the whole of humanity is becoming infected with diseases, bred in our slums and our workshops or will we arise in our might and abolish the slums and unhealthy workshops so that men and women may escape the conditions which produce the diseases?

Troubles come to us all. But most of that trouble could be avoided. The fierce striving for business. The rasped tempers produced by worry. The uncomfortable conditions of life which produce heart break and divorces. The preventable deaths of children which cause the tears of mothers to flow. These things can be stopped. Is it not better to set our faces to the task of abolishing these sources of trouble and misery than to waste our energies in consoling with the troubled while the conditions ever produce new occasions for consolation?

We come to the question of death. Here the consolation is supposed to be necessary. But did the ministers ever reflect that man very often does not worry over the future and that the minister must prepare a state of mind in which consolation is needed. The saloon keeper creates an appetite in young men for liquor. After the appetite is created, the liquor seller proceeds to make a living by purveying alcoholic beverages to the ones who have acquired the appetite. In the same way religious exhorters will come to a crowd and will proceed to get the individuals into a mood to receive religious instructions. How often have we seen and heard ministers warn young people of their happy care-free state. For a long time this happy state of mind was characterized as "Being lost in sin."

Just as a liquor dealer creates an appetite for drink, so religious instructors create an appetite in the members of their flock for being religiously consoled. Young children are taken at a tender age and put into solemn Sunday Schools. In former years, hell and damnation was preached in order that fear of the future might induce a better appetite for consolation of a religious kind.

One little child once remarked to another that he didn't see why people should be sorry for old people. The older they got, the nearer they were to Heaven. When Daubigny, the painter, was dying, he said, "I am going up above to see if Corot has any new subjects to paint." Byron declared

Here's a sigh to those who love me
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Browning, in speaking of death, said that he did not want to go peacefully, but wanted to experience the agony of extinction, "Every last gasp of it." Socrates, when condemned to drink the cup of hemlock, gathered his followers around him and taught them many things. He said that he was glad to die because he wanted to go and talk with Homer and Heracles and other old Greeks who had died before him, because he had many questions to ask them.

We knew a young man who died of consumption. He was happy and joyous and told his mother that when she came to Heaven he would be ready to meet her and he would have a big feast of roast beef and desert to welcome her with.

Life is joyous and the heart of man is good. But Christianity has cast a gloom over the world. Christ died in agony on the cross. Christianity has made that scene of misery the centre of its theology. Men and women cannot think of mournful things without being gloomy. The tales of saints and their terrible soul agonies have shown how this story has influenced mankind to mournfulness.

If we were to give a positive doctrine for the extreme moments of life we would divide our attitude and make a distinction between our attitude toward death, and our attitude

towards sickness, trouble and poverty. Our attitude toward sickness, trouble and poverty is to abolish the causes which produce these miseries. Let us not bend our energies to picking up the wrecks that decadent capitalism has produced. These are the dead and the wounded on the battlefield. The fight is still on. The soldiers cannot attend the wounded, but must march in embattled host or thin skirmish line forward to the line of battle. The priests and ministers may act as red cross nurses, if they like; but many of them with their strength and brain could do more good in the thick of the fight than as nurses, particularly when most of the priests and ministers are not on the battlefield proper. They skulk in their comfortable studies with their libraries and pleasant thoughts. They are not down in the slums or the sweat-shops. They skulk in the rear with the camp followers, hunting for plunder.

As for death it is something that happens to all of us. We would not fix the thought of men on the agonies of the cross. We would have them fixed on the master poets and the calm philosophers. The fate of one is the fate of all and surely, when death is the fate of millions, the individual can go calmly to his doom confident that the creator of a life is the lord of life as well as the lord of death.

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FANTASIES

By DOGBERRY THE DREAMER

Fantasy the Second

FLUCTUAL

WRITTEN FOR COTTON'S WEEKLY

I have watched in quiet meditation the antics of the members of the funny tribes of our rivers. I have watched the fish lying quiet in the cool shades of a sequestered pool of darting rapidly with eager motion after an incautious fly. I have meditated upon the sensations of the fish as he lay surrounded by the envying waters. I have seen him move with lazy fin or eager motion, but, never could he escape from the flowing waters of the river. And thinking on his plight, I thought of my own and found that it was no whit different.

I was in an environment from which escape, save by the dark way of death, was impossible. The circumambient air was necessary for the sustaining of life and escape from the envying atmosphere, with its tale to my senses of the things around me, was impossible. The air bore to me the sounds of disturbed nature. The encircling ether brought to my eye the tale of the appearance of things. The blowing breeze brought to my nostrils the sweet perfume of the summer flower. All nature was a message to my senses bringing to me, whether I would or not, sights and sounds and sensations. I was bound in by my environment as the fish was by the encircling waters. I could seek the tall mountain and have nature bring to my eye the pleasant prospect of cultivated meadow, wild woodland, sheen of lake, and distant mountain. I could seek the dim cathedral and have brought to my eye the streaming light from the colored pane and to my ear the soothing sound of the organ note. I could vary the envying medium and thus ring the changes on the sensations within, like as the fish could seek the cool waters of the quiet pool or the swirling eddies of the rapids.

With Buddhist calm and with the hope of solving the mystery of sensation I have lain quiet, while the wind fanned my cheek and the stars trembled their light into my eyes. What is this mystery of sensation to which we are all bound by inescapable ties? What is this mystery of life and movement and sound and fury and calm contemplation?

The answer came not, but in the quiet of the night time, with the rustling of leaves flowing into my ears and the light of the stars flowing into my eyes and the cool breeze of the evening time flowing over my brow I was conscious of the ebb and flow of nature. I was a being through whom the tides of nature were surging like the waters of the Euphrates through the river gates of ancient Babylon.

But whither were the tides of nature flowing? The sounds were flowing into my ears, the breeze was fanning my cheek, my nostrils were scenting the perfume of the flowers. Were these sensations flowing over me or through my soul?

Then it seemed to me that I was a vast whirlpool of sensations into which nature was pouring herself. Earth and air, and flower and ether, star and moon, were pouring themselves into my sentient being like some vast river pouring itself into a dark cavern. I was absorbing nature, swallowing it, engulfing it like the ocean engulfs a river.

Then came to me the concept of all the other sentient beings, man, woman, dog, ape, wasp, lion, adder, taking nature in the raw and turning it into sensation, emotion, thought. Where were vanishing all these concepts, emotions, ideas? They could not vanish into nothingness.

I thought of the past conscious activities and pondered the sublime theory with which the modern psychologists delight to play. Could it be that all the sensations and thought which nature has poured into each one

of us sink into a stagnant underground pool which ever increases in size and only is troubled in sleep time when the surface is stirred by strange eddies of antic concept or wild whirlpool of terrible dream or in waking life under stress of elemental struggle? This could hardly be. Else would there be millions of stagnant pools of subliminal thought into which the activity of nature had been poured. Rather must all these diverse subliminalities be bound together in some invisible union, an underground ocean, a conscious, receptive being.

The words of R. J. Cambell floated through my brain. "This universe of ours is one means to the self-realization of the infinite." I, therefore, who lay swallowing nature's impressions, engulfing the influences around me, was but one channel for the gathering of residual impressions. I was but one avenue through which flowed the impressions of nature for some ultimate purpose. I, together with millions of similar creatures, was storing up sensations for the common use of some unknown higher being. I was, as it were, one of the million nerve cells on the fingertip of God.

TEN YEARS

Of Social Democracy in Finland

Already before the Social-Democratic Party of Finland was constituted, the Finnish workers had a certain organization. They were members of the so-called "Arbeitervereine," which were under the leadership of the bourgeois apostles of harmony. But in time the workers advanced over the heads of their leaders. The congress of delegates at Abo, where, on July 20, 1899, the principles of Social Democracy were accepted by the Labor Party of Finland, was the third congress of these "Arbeitervereine." Eighty-two delegates took part in the vote, of whom 55 were for and three against the adoption of Socialist principles, the rest remaining neutral. Soon afterwards 30 new societies joined the Party, bringing the number of members at the end of the first year up to 9,400, including 1,000 women.

Under the oppression which was then weighing upon Finland, the numbers of members sank in 1900 to 9,165, and in 1901 even under 8,000. But in 1902 the number began to increase again, and has kept the tendency to rise ever since. The figures are as follows: In 1902, 8,151; 1903, 13,513; 1904, 16,610; 1905, 45,298; 1906, 85,027. The last available report, that of 1907, gives no complete figures, as 197 societies had not sent in their returns. But, as the number of societies belonging to the party had increased in that year from 937 to 1,156, and the funds from 1,059,875 marks to 2,468,966 marks, it is safe to assume that the number of members had risen proportionately. At the end of 906 there were 18,986 women members.

One could hardly have foreseen, when the party was constituted, that it would be in position to take such deep and lasting root in the political life of the country as has really been the case. Bobrikov's police regime at that time threatened to choke the whole life of Finland. All agitation and propaganda were suppressed, and the Russian police, in its public and secret forms, weighed like a millstone upon the whole civilization of the people. But the unbearable pressure at last created its own counter-pressure. Discontent rose to the highest pitch; the excitement was almost unlimited; the people were forcibly urged forward to act as guide to the enraged people. The policy of Bobrikov as well as that of the Constitutionalists and the Suometarians (old Finns) had to be shown up as regards their aims. Bobrikov sought to entice the country proletarians with lying promises, and then play them off against the Constitutionalists, who, on their side, tried to win over the masses by the battle cry of "For Constitutionalism" to attempt to revive the former Constitution (which, by the way, only offered advantages to the upper classes, while it left the masses without rights.) The Suometarians looked for the salvation of the Finnish people in knocking under and giving in to the Russian tyranny. In this connection

Social-Democracy had to bring enlightenment. In spite of the most violent reaction it succeeded brilliantly in so doing.

The Finnish struggles for the Constitution which found a temporary ending in 1906 in the attainment of universal suffrage for both sexes, and the conversion of the class-Parliament, had begun long before. The Social-Democracy took up its stand not only upon the reintroduction of the Constitution, but upon the fact of the people being entitled to demand one which substituted for class rule equal rights for all.

When the Russian revolution made the absolutism of the Czar tremble, the Finnish people, led by the organized workers, overthrew that force in Finland by means of the general strike of October, 1905, and forced important concessions from the Government. Of course, the Finnish proletariat could only do this in conjunction with the revolutionary movement in Russia. The Finnish Social-Democracy, by attentively watching the course of the revolution in Russia, understood how to choose the right moment and then to act energetically. But when the reaction in Russia began, the Finnish Socialists found it, to their sorrow, impossible to hinder it. All they could do was to assist escaped revolutionists. In this respect they stood by their Russian comrades with true fraternity.

The General Strike, with the struggles for the Constitution which followed, and the election agitation, gave the party plenty of opportunity to make propaganda for all the aims of Social-Democracy. The gradually introduced reaction became more and more oppressive. Constitutionalism, which already in the day of victory had thrown itself into the arms of that reaction, now entered into a regular alliance with the latter against the revolution. It gave up those Russian revolutionists who had fled to Finland to the Russian galleys; it began to forge weapons against the "internal enemy," and soon showed itself as meek as the Suometarians towards the Russian oppression. The constant election campaigns, after the short session of the representatives of the people, gave Social-Democracy the welcome opportunity of reckoning with the bourgeois parties and showing up their true nature. This constant, wearing struggle led to brilliant results. In the last Landtag elections (May, 1909,) 336,891 electors, 40 per cent. of the total electorate, polled in favor of Social-Democracy, which, with its 84 deputies, faces 116 bourgeois-deputies of all shades. Further, the Party possesses 40 newspapers. All the larger districts have their own organs, which are owned by publishing societies founded by the workers. Besides 1,156 societies of a political character, 131 affiliated societies belonged to the Party in 1907, also 79 societies of farmers, women's societies and 507 trade unions. 226 of these societies own their own premises. In the reading rooms and libraries there were in 1907 about 2,000 newspapers and more than 30,000 books. The internal affairs of the party were settled in 26,566 different meetings and committees, in which also the party took up its stand towards political events; 153 theatrical clubs worked on the field of dramatic art; 54 musical societies and choirs contributed to the artistic education of the members of the party. The many-sided activity of the Finnish Social-Democracy in the communes and in the Landtag is too large to be entered into in a short statement such as this. But even this short outline of its history, with the dates, will suffice to show that on the tenth anniversary of its foundation it is still blossoming out. It has become a power in the "land of a thousand lakes" not only because of the number of its adherents, which makes it the largest political party, but also because it is an engine of civilization. It is very important that this flourishing portion of the Red International should stand as a sentry on the frontier of Russian absolutism, enlightening with the torch of revolutionary Social-Democracy that great Russia which groans under the pressure of the Red Czar.—Justice.

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Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

STRIKE SITUATION

In Nova Scotia

By James Simpson.

When the smoke of the industrial battle has cleared away from the colliery districts of Cape Breton and the sound of the miner's pick and the reflection of his light are again the evidences of peace, the cherished memories of the strike meeting as a part of the existing conflict will remain to recall the stirring scenes that are being daily enacted in the halls at the various collieries.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

The strike meeting is one of the most interesting features of the big fight. It affords tremendous scope for character study and demonstrates the power of personality.

In the mass of faces that turn toward the speaker there is in each countenance an exposure of doubt and fear or hope and cheer, optimism or pessimism, courage or cowardice, independence or slavish submissiveness. "Order 1" is a word now frequently heard in the halls where the strikers gather. A tall, slender young fellow, steps forward, with gavel in hand, and gives the word for the commencing of the meeting.

Hands dirty with coal dust rise to hundreds of heads and hats are carefully thrown on the floor or stuffed unceremoniously in coat pockets.

To the front of the hall every available seat is taken, while from the rear men press forward, crowding the aisles and every inch of standing room in the building.

Women, unfamiliar with the procedure at such gatherings, look expectantly at the chairman, then at the gathered miners, and settle themselves for a good night's entertainment. Children, caught by the strike fever, crowd around the platform, eagerly waiting to see the fun commence.

On the platform are seated men from different parts of a big continent. They are all advertised to speak, and associated with their names are other industrial struggles, which, from the standpoint of importance, completely overshadow the present battle. The chairman, not quite himself in the presence of such distinguished labor leaders, pauses before he speaks. Not only does he wish to impress his audience with the importance of the gathering, but he is anxious to leave a good impression on the minds of the men who direct the destiny of the great organization of which he is a member.

A RESPONSIVE AUDIENCE.

With a few well-chosen remarks he explains the object of the meeting, introduces the first speaker, and sits down as the audience gives a miners' welcome to a stranger.

There is something inspiring in the handclap of a collier, and the speaker gets off with a good start. His words fall upon the ears of his audience like the silver dewdrops on a dry and thirsty soil. Each sentence strikes a responsive chord in appreciative hearts.

A mere reference to the failure of the Provincial Workingmen's Association to meet the demands of the miners of Nova Scotia is greeted with a spontaneous outburst of applause, and as the speaker dilates upon the resources of the United Mine Workers to cope with the requirements of the present struggle, a renewed manifestation of pleasure is expressed in continual handclapping and stamping of feet.

Realizing that he has struck oil in his borings, the speaker dwells at some length upon that phase of the situation. He appeals to the love they have for their homes, their wives and their children, to stand firm in their present struggle, and in a supreme effort to impress his hearers with the importance of solidarity, he allows his imagination to race back into the distant past, and picks from the events of history the battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

He tells of the one hundred British soldiers quietly resting in the valley, when suddenly they notice on the hillside an army of Arabs sweeping down upon them.

At the command of the officer they form themselves into a square to resist the attack of the overwhelming odds arrayed against them. For a time the battle wages furiously, but before the unbroken British square the dark skinned natives fall back, and in wild disorder retreat to the distant hills from which they came.

The point of the story is not difficult to grasp. The miners understand what the speaker means, and with one accord let loose their pent-up enthusiasm. Even the women and children catch the spirit of the meeting and join in the demonstration of approval.

TEARS AND BITTERNESS.

The next speaker was a local officer of the U. M. W., but unlike the prophets of other countries, he found among his own people a warm and cordial greeting. He knew the conditions around the collieries from the standpoint of experience.

As a member of the U. M. W. he had felt the sting of discrimination. He had been among those dismissed for daring to join the new organization. He had seen his children hungry because he is denied the opportunity to work and his impotency had been the opportunity for the U. M. W. to demonstrate their benevolence.

He told how 650, like himself, had been thrown out of employment, not because there was no work to do, but because they would not bow the knee to Baal.

All this was familiar story to the coal diggers that sat before him, but it was told in such a heart reaching manner that mothers who had suffered and fathers who had gone through the same experience tried in vain to hide their tear stained cheeks.

In different parts of the hall the feeling of resentment was stronger than emotion, and the words full of bitterness in their meaning escaped unchecked from many a tongue.

The last speaker was a international officer, a scarred veteran, who had been in the thickest of many fights and had seen the smoke clear after many conflicts.

A VICTORIOUS STRUGGLE.

His reception was an invitation to do even better than the previous speakers. In a graphic description of other big industrial upheavals in which the U. M. W. had been involved, he carried his hearers away from their home environments, away from the hall in which they were assembled, and made them spectators at the big strike of anthracite coal miners in Alabama some years later.

He told of 175,000 men idle, how they were eventually successful, and how one million dollars had been left in the treasury of the U. M. W. at the close of the struggle.

To most of the audience the information was a revelation. They had been led to believe that there was only one miners' organization that could fight their battles and bring to them a little more of the sunshine of life.

There was no time to applaud. In rapidly spoken sentences the speaker told how the big strike in Alabama had been almost won when the governor of the state declared martial law in force, commanded the soldiers to pull down the tents that had been erected by the union to shelter the miners evicted from the houses of the coal company on the ground that they were insanitary, repealed the vagrancy act, and ordered the arrest of every miner who was out of employment and at the point of the bayonet denied the union the right to provide accommodations for the striking members.

The speaker paused, the audience heaved a sigh and bent further forward to catch the balance of the message.

ONLY HAVE TO STAND FIRM

Wiping the sweat drops from his face the speaker continued. He compared the magnitude of the fights he had described with the one in which the Nova Scotia miners were engaged, with only five thousand men to provide for.

He showed how the struggle could be kept up indefinitely if the men would continue to stand together.

He appealed to the wives and mothers of the miners to stand loyally by their sons and husbands, and in a peroration that word pictured the possibilities of the big miners' organization, he sat down.

A current of enthusiasm passed through the crowded hall, men, women and children clapped their hands and stamped their feet and when the meeting adjourned gray haired women pressed eagerly forward to shake the hands of their deliverers.

"God bless you," said one old woman, as she grasped the hand of the speaker.

"You have made me feel ten years younger," said another, and it was some time before the orators for the occasion could pass out into the outside night.

Such are the scenes at the big coal strike meetings in Nova Scotia. Glace Bay, Nova Scotia.

Divorces and unhappiness of marriage are caused by worry and fever and fret and small incomes and the mutual unhappiness which results to overworked people living together. Under socialism divorces will disappear because the rich will not have the revenues to squander in vice and unhappiness in marriage will disappear because every husband and wife will live in a comfortable home with no worries no vexations due to over work and small income.

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

Socialism is inevitable. Competition is dying. Commerce is becoming organized and all useless work is being eliminated. The only question to decide is whether the result of modern organization shall benefit humanity or whether the organization of commerce will result in rolling in enormous wealth upon a few favored individuals while many work in misery and many more seek work in vain.



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THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

CHANGE THE SYSTEM

ROSCOE A. FILLMORE

A few days ago while standing in the doorway of a moment. She looked timid and worn and hurt and it needed no second glance to assure me that she was of the working class. She was about forty years old I judge, yet she looked sixty. A comrade standing near said "It makes my blood boil to see a woman look like that."

Did you, my readers, ever feel that way about it? Did you ever stop and consider the life of the average woman (your wife, your sister or mother) under capitalism? For if the capitalist system is hard on men it is hell for women.

Let us briefly outline the probable history of this woman of the working-class. Born on the farm perhaps she came to the city when fifteen or sixteen years old full of joyous hopes for the future. She had been taught that woman's mission is in the kitchen (Note that isn't intended for poetry.) So she set to work angling for a man. In the course of time she caught one. For twenty years or more she had been a workingman's wife or perhaps slavey is the better term. She has borne and reared several sons and daughters who are in their turn wage-slaves or slaveys. And today at the age of forty she is worn out.

For years she has borne the drudgery of the kitchen. She has walked the floor at night with the sick baby and then when morning dawned bent over the wash-tub all day. She has received the kicks and brutal language which her tired husband should have lavished upon his boss. And now at the age of forty, she is the worn-out slavey of a broken-down wage-slave. Isn't it pleasant to think of? Isn't it a great system that crushes the mothers of the race and makes beasts of burden of them? You should certainly feel proud of the part you have taken in keeping them in degradation.

But to return—Perhaps the women whom I am describing is your mother or sister, your daughter or wife. If not perhaps someone else near and dear to you. Or even though she is none of these the chances are that some of your people may one day be in such a position. Should anything happen to the bread winner of the family your mother or wife might come to just this condition. There is no security under capitalism. Any of us at any time are liable to see our mothers or sisters become beasts of burden if they are not so already. And what do you think of it? Are you satisfied?

Are you satisfied to know that in the event of your death those near and dear to you may be forced into the brothel or the workhouse? I want to talk to the young men, to the fellows who have mothers whom they love. For we must depend upon the young men, to change conditions. You fellows love your mothers. Perchance you also have sweethearts, dainty little maids whom you worship. Do you want to see them become slaveys? Do you want to see them become old and bent and wrinkled prematurely by heavy drudgery? I don't think that you do. Yet that is the almost certain end if you don't wake up and assert yourselves.

Perhaps you are just waiting for a "raise" in order to "pop the question" to the little maid whose hand you squeeze at the gate every night. Well my fellow worker, the "raise" may come in the shape of a "bounce." I repeat there is no security under Capitalism. Thousands and even millions of clean, decent young men are waiting for that raise in salary in order that they may marry the girl of their choice. But the "raise" doesn't come. Part of them marry anyway while many more who do not care to run the risk live the life of bachelors. But the fact that they remain single does not prove them celibates. They furnish the business for the red light district while the girls who would have become ideal partners and comrades for them are selling their virtue and beauty for bread and butter. How do you like it? What do think of it? Aren't you proud of the part you are playing?

If my mother was alive and had been crushed like the working women whom I saw that day I would not remain acquiescent. I would smash the fellows who are responsible in every possible way. I would raise hell before I would see my mother suffer like that. And I said to myself that day "I am glad my mother died years ago. I am glad she is not alive to be crushed into a beast of burden." And if you fellows whose mothers have been so used possessed as much spirit as a rat you would turn

upon your oppressors. You would grind them into dust and scatter them to the winds of the earth.

Don't you hate these conditions? Don't you hate the class and system which is responsible? If you do why not use your hatred intelligently? Instead of standing on the street corner, squirting tobacco juice and talking like an anarchist you should be at work undermining present society. If you hate capitalism and everything pertaining to it there is only one movement for you, the International Socialist Party. It is made up of men and women of all colors, races and creeds who hate capitalism and the more undying your hatred the warmer welcome you will receive when you come in. We aim to capture the powers of government, peacefully if possible, but we will take them anyway. And when enough of you have enlisted under the red flag of freedom for all we will start the music. Even now in certain parts of the world the tuning is being done and ere long the masters and their torture chambers will crumble into dust.

Arouse yourselves and your manhood
Shall cause all men to sing
A song at once both glad and good,
That universal brotherhood,
Which never yet was understood
By despot, priest or king.

(HERBERT BURROWS)

The Heart of Socialism

Do you believe the worker should control his work and enjoy his product? If you do you are a Socialist. You may know nothing about the materialistic interpretation of history. It would be better for you if you did, but you are still a Socialist.

You may not be able to explain how surplus value is taken from the worker. If you could, you could do much better work for Socialism. But you can be a Socialist without knowing this theory.

You may not know that you are waging the class-struggle, and therefore you may work against the very thing you desire. If so, then your Socialism is still unconscious and not very effective.

But the heart of Socialism, the central idea which lies at its base, is that the worker shall control his work and enjoy his product.

Do you believe in that?

Can you prove that it is not right and socially desirable?

Can you show any way by which the worker can control his work and get his product while someone else owns the things—the mills, mines, factories and tools—with which the work is done?

Can you suggest any way in which all the workers—mental and manual—can own these things individually?

If they cannot own them individually, must they not own them collectively, if they are to control their own work and have their own product?

You agree to all this, do you? Then will you please explain any better way of getting this collective ownership, and giving the workers power to control their work and enjoy their product than for the laborers to use their ballots.

If you agree with this conclusion, then you are a Socialist, who should be in the Socialist party. That is all you need to believe. That is the apostles' creed.

No one will ask you about your religion. You may be Jew or gentile, Catholic, Lutheran, Baptist, Spiritualist, theosophist, Dowieite or atheist. If you want the workers to manage work and enjoy the product, no questions will be asked as to your religion. If you have a religion that maintains that someone who toils should control labor and enjoy the products, then your religion will interfere with your Socialism. Not otherwise.

This is the heart of Socialism. Yet this is the thing its enemies never discuss.

There is much more to Socialism. Giving the laborer the control of his labor and his product would revolutionize every social institution. All those institutions that depend upon social parasitism would disappear.

That is why the most powerful forces in present society fight Socialism and lie about it. That is why all its enemies seek to draw attention from this central thought of Socialism. They are not deceived. They are opposed to just this basic principle. They do not want labor to rule production and keep the product. They want parasites to boss the workers and take the lion's share of the product. But they do not dare to say this. Therefore they lie about Socialism and say it means all sorts of things that never were advocated by any Socialist organization in the world.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

The rich very often work hard but their hard work consists of laying schemes for further robbing the people.

LITTLE LUMPS

G. Desmond.

The elimination of the middle class and the complete industrial and political supremacy of the plutocracy marks the closing of the capitalist regime.

The toiler out of a job, is starved in a physical sense because he cannot sell his labor power. The toiler in a job is generally kept so hard as it is he is starving mentally because he has no leisure to cultivate his mind.

A union between metaphysical religion, such as christianity, and the socialist movement will be disastrous to the latter. The only philosophy with which the proletariat can have the slightest affinity today is that of materialist monism.

The real era of progress can only come with the revolution and the abolition of all industrial class lines and the elimination of the struggle of man against man for supremacy. Then, and only then, will humanity be able to turn its full and complete attention to the conquest of nature.

The S. P. of C. pins its faith at the present time to political action. This does not of necessity mean that all the members of the S. P. of C. believe that political action, as the term is generally understood, will be sufficient to win the day. The writer of these notes, for one, does not so think. It will probably be found, on the contrary, that the socialist representatives in the various parliaments will find themselves compelled to appeal back to the electors for active support, and thus a direct conflict between the proletariat and the plutocracy will be precipitated.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

Progress of the Movement in the Various Parts of the World

(From London Justice.)

SPAIN,

Now that the affair is over the Barcelona rising does not seem to have been quite so terrible an affair as was first reported. Certainly, if Mr. Nevinson, the "Daily News" correspondent, is right in his conclusions, based on the after-evidence of the struggle, the trouble was very much exaggerated. The principal mischief done by the insurgents was inflicted on convents and churches, some 30 or 40 of which are said to have suffered severely. The Anti-Clericalism was in fact the chief characteristic of the rising, though it is stated that the convents were an economic grievance, the inmates competing on unfair terms in lace work and other products of women's labor. That was the grievance over which they brooded, but the immediate occasion of the rising was the despatching of reservists to the coasts of Morocco to fight in the interests of international capitalists.

The insurrection is suppressed we are told; but the authorities in Barcelona are very nervous about it, and have threatened summary execution on anybody who moves at all in the way of general strike or to disturb their precious "law and order."

FRANCE.

The Conseil d'Etat on Saturday gave on appeal a decision which means that a strike of civil servants is an illegal act.

Millerand has now decided however, while approving the suspension by their respective chiefs, that 30 officials of both sexes, five subaltern officials and Ten Post Office workmen who had been dismissed were to resume work on Wednesday.

GERMANY.

It seems likely that Revisionism will again cause trouble this year at the party's annual conference to be held in Leipzig. All the Berlin branches have been holding large members' meetings to discuss resolutions for the coming conference, and at all of them subjects of a more or less contentious nature were raised.

Several speakers blamed the Revisionists for again causing disharmony just before the conference. In allusion to the finance reform they condemned the Socialist members of the Reichstag for not adopting a much sharper attitude on this subject, accusing them of turning towards the Right and of wishing to make a compact with the Liberals instead of opposing an obstinate obstruction to the Finance Bill. The party might also have instigated a mass-strike for a few days on account of this Bill. Revisionism was getting altogether out of bounds, and it was imperative to clear the air. Not only

Kautsky's pamphlet, "The Road to Power," but the whole Marxism was stated by the Revisionists to be a "private opinion." Then there was another thing. Socialist members of the Wurttemberg Landtag had gone with the other fractions to view the Zeppelin air-ship, and on that occasion had breakfasted with the King, the meal ending with a "Hoch" for the King, in which they were then obliged to take part. Such a state of things in a revolutionary party is impossible and unthinkable, and steps must at once be taken to deal with it. It is high time that the rank and file should begin to occupy itself more with the internal affairs of the party. Such was the drift of most of the speeches. Woldt, however, pointed out that the foregoing remarks were tantamount to a censure on the Parliamentary fractions, that it was, however, usual to reserve judgment until the latter had given their official report, and that this custom ought to be adhered to. Ledebour pointed out the extreme difficulty of making any sort of obstruction in the Reichstag since the alterations of the standing orders which had been forced through in 1902, and denied that the fraction had become Revisionist. It was true that there was relatively more Revisionism among them than among the rank and file, but still even among the former it by no means had a majority. He would urge upon the organization all over Germany the necessity of sending only thoroughly reliable comrades to the Reichstag.

The Third Division sends a resolution condemning the action of the Wurttemberg deputies and calling upon the Conference to resolve that such conduct be rendered impossible in future.

A great deal of discussion was also devoted to the May-Day festival, which is surrounded by very great difficulties, and ways and means were considered for the building up of a fund, now in its infancy, to assist those who are locked-out or discharged altogether for staying away from work on May 1. To refrain from work, it was pointed out, is certainly the best way to keep that day, and to give up the May festival (as a few speakers thought necessary) would be to declare ourselves bankrupt. The party has, however, been conferring with the General Commission of Trade Unions on this subject and it is to be hoped that some satisfactory conclusion may soon be arrived at.

Pfannkuch gave a short account of the work of the party during the last few years, in which he had said that the assertions of our enemies as to the party having come to a standstill were false; on the contrary, in spite of the crisis it has increased by 45,000 members, and has not only paid its debts but has a considerable fighting fund of nearly a million marks in hand. The press bureau has been established a year and has had, since April 1, also its trade union news editor; the organization and education of the young is being attended to, and a country workers' organization has been called into life. The school for the education of agitators is also doing good service. The party in Germany must not relax its efforts to oppose a solid front to its enemies.

On the question of May-Day the following resolution will be sent to the Conference by the Fourth Division:

"1. The decision of the International Congress of Paris, 1889, is under all circumstances to be adhered to. For this object public meetings are to be held at least four weeks before May 1 to make intense propaganda for the cessation of work on that day.

"2. In opposition to the open attempts in trade union circles to abolish the May festival or relegate it to a Sunday this Conference declares that we still, as before, regard abstention from work as the most worthy celebration of the day. In order to extend this festival as far as possible the Conference shall enter again into negotiations with the General Commission with a view to raising funds for the victims of the May-Day festival."

THE TRANSVAAL.

The accidents notified to the Mines Department over a short period show that a large number of natives have been injured or killed in trying to get gold for others.

The "Rand Daily Mail" says:

"It is doubtful if there be one mine along the Reef in which daily every employee adheres strictly to the letter of the law. Nowadays the rush, keenness and haste to get the stuff out, coupled with the desire for low working costs, are indirectly responsible for this carelessness. Supervision is lax. Working costs must be kept down, and every extra shift boss employed means a diminution in the profits. Inspectors cannot be down every mine every day, and shift bosses and others in authority cannot be in two places at once. Miners, indeed, have often themselves to blame for many of the accidents and fatalities which do occur. At the same time, in extenuation, it must be said that they have no alternative, in many instances, but to do the best they can to evade the law and yet conform to the instructions of their superior officers. To those unacquainted with the working of a mine this may seem a paradoxical statement; nevertheless it is a fact, and if one miner does not care to 'chance his arm,' then he very often will soon find out that those responsible will very soon find someone else who will."

SWEDEN.

The prolonged crisis and bad trade which has prevailed in all industries in Sweden for the last two years are the causes of the precipitation of the present struggle. The depression weakened the trade unions, their membership having been reduced in 1908 from 186,226 to 169,776, and the employers taking advantage of this have forced reduction after reduction upon many of them. The lock-outs to enforce these reductions caused a loss last year of 818,653 working days, whereas only 185,099 days were lost by strikes.

Early in July about 9,000 men employed in the wood-pulp factories were locked out on account of a strike in a single factory. A few days later 3,000 navvies and lumbermen were locked out. Then there was the extended lock-out in the ready-made clothing trade, and later the brewery and mineral water employees were also locked out. Then the complications in the textile industry brought matters to a head.

The lock-out became bigger and bigger, when the workers, as a last stand, responded with the general strike, which began on Wednesday week. The workers in the trades mentioned were joined by the great bulk of the others. At Stockholm, the capital, the sailors and firemen struck work, as also did the slaughterhouse men and the gasworkers and electric light employees. On Monday the papers bade a temporary farewell to their readers, as the printers had decided to join the strike, despite their sectional agreement with their employers which had only very recently been concluded. Great indignation is expressed at this terrible step by the capitalist press. The "Social-Democrat," however, not only cheerfully accepts the order for the action of the compositors and printers. The only sheet which is allowed to appear is the special organ of the strike committee "Svaret" (The Answer.)

Meanwhile the bourgeoisie have not been idle. They have laid in provisions and arms. Notwithstanding the King's affected impartiality—shown to the extent of seeing both sides—the armed forces of the kingdom are placed at the disposal of the employers. Troops actually accompany the milkmen on their rounds, and also the market gardeners. Voluntary "workers," many of whom have never soiled their hands before, have been enrolled, and, either armed themselves or under armed protection, seek to supply the absolutely necessary public services of light, water, etc. If the railwaymen come out with others the workers' position will be greatly strengthened.

As usual of late years in Continental labor disputes this country appears on the scene with its organized blacklegs. We congratulate the Board of Trade on its warning to all such persons of the danger involved in going to Sweden as strike breakers.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Nova Scotia.....	431
Prince Edward Island.....	3
New Brunswick.....	112
Prov. of Quebec.....	811
Ontario.....	1021
Manitoba.....	149
Alberta.....	197
Saskatchewan.....	183
British Columbia.....	312
Yukon Territory.....	3
Elsewhere.....	72
Total.....	3294

Gain for week 57

The total number of this issue is 3,800 copies.

EMPTIES.

Prof. John Graham Brooks, the well-known sociological worker, says: "An economist who has done some lively tilting against the Socialists has said that if he were to dine six successive nights with judges, business men, bankers and clever women of his city and listen to the conventional arguments meant to annihilate Socialism, it would drive from sheer weariness into the ranks of Socialists."—Ex.

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Marx and Engels—The Communist Manifesto
Meyer—The End of the World, The Making of the World
Morris and Bax—Socialism, its Growth and Outcome
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Vanderwilde—Collectivism and Industrial Evolution
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Lafargue—The Evolution of Property
Lewis—The Rise of the American Proletarian
Moore—Better World Philosophy, The Universal Kinship
Rappaport—Looking Forward
Spargo—The Common Sense of Socialism
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FIRING LINE

ROLL IN THE SUBS

The Chicago Daily Socialist is making the grafters of Chicago hump. Mayor Busse and District Attorney Wayman of that City are kept busy explaining things. The White Slaves are frightened. Wayman is doing the best he can to protect the criminals but the Socialist is rousing the citizens to action. The New York Call is uniting the workers of that city and its exposures have been instrumental in prying Bingham out of the rule of the police department. The Appeal to Reason is fighting the whole American government and proving that it is corrupt, despotic, and traitorous to the American Constitution. In Great Britain the London Justice has been showing up the murders of the torturing Czar and showing Edward Rex and his government to be but peanut politicians. The British Clarion has been exposing the unadulterated selfishness and the cruelty, hypocrisy and antisocial venom of the ignoble aristocracy. In France La Guerre Sociale has been fighting the spirit of militarism that the financiers have been cultivating. The editors go to jail but the French army is permeated with socialism and cannot be relied upon to kill French citizens. In Spain and Turkey the socialist press is so feared that it is suppressed whenever it gets beyond a few comments about the weather.

The world over the socialist press is the means of keeping the people informed of the advance of tyranny and the treason of the rulers of state. The rulers foam against it and fight it and do all in their power to keep this great vehicle of protest against their actions suppressed.

In Canada there are two socialist papers. These papers can only have the power to make the politicians and the plunderers of labor tremble when they have the circulation. Little hole-in-the-corner papers are sneered at. The authorities of Canada do not bother about Cotton's or the Western Clarion simply because our circulations are too small. But give the Western Clarion or Cotton's a circulation of twenty thousand or better still fifty thousand, let Lord Strathcona and Senator Drummond and Senator Forget and Edmund B. Osler, M. P. feel that the slaves of Canada are about to revolt politically and sweep away all the banded labor thieves who draw blood money from the workers on the C. P. R. or in the coal mines or cement works and they will become wrathful and make laws to gag such papers as Cotton's and the Western Clarion.

We are gathering statistics and are getting a line on exposures. When the time is ripe we will begin some agitations that will be worth while.

In the meantime the socialist press needs subs. We have been giving three months for ten cents. Most of these trial subs. drop off but when once a workingman or a man with the spirit of true liberty in his heart has studied socialist literature for three months, his mental outlook will be changed. Whether he continues subscribing or not he will not have the same view of things.

Give the socialist press of the Dominion a boost in circulation. While the plute leaders may sneer, they have their eye on us. Roll in the subscriptions, and when the plutes begin to see the list of subscribers climbing out of sight they will tremble and be sore afraid for their ill-gotten plunder.

A trial sub is on duty from Com. Chapman of Bolton, Ont.

Four more yearlies are added to the B. C. list by the efforts of Com. Oliver at Poplar Creek.

Local Brockville sends in an order for 1,000 platforms of the S. P. of C. per. Comrade Grue.

Local Berlin orders its bundle kept going. All Canadian locals should be doing likewise.

A yearly and a trial have found the right way in from Edmonton, Alta. Com. McQuoid was the sender.

Only a few more days till the end of the month. Get in your lists for the August prize. No such chance again.

Two yearlies look good from Lethbridge, Alta. They were landed by C. Brooke.

Two yearly subs have been landed by Com. Kinder at West Toronto, the scene of his activities.

In renewing his trial sub, J. F. Malcolm has words of praise for Cotton's. From Galt, Ont.

A half-yearly and a trial sub have been handed in by Com. Rebrag, Montreal.

Two subs posted in Montreal, have reached their destination. Order per L. A. Cusson.

Two more trials have been secured by Com. W. R. Hibberd while scouting around Toronto.

Having seen several copies of Cotton's, and liking it, Com. Graham of Grand Forks, B. C., found it necessary to send in his sub.

In his travels around Fort William, Com. Ashton found two subs, which he duly sends in for correct treatment.

A money order for \$3.85, has been received from Com. Geo. Edward, Montreal, on account of Montreal local, subs, and for Com. Schachter.

Com. W. Weatherburn is a new hustler whom we welcome from Winnipeg. He tallies a yearly, two half, and two trial subs.

Com. Jules Lavenne is hot foot after that \$10.00 prize for August. Fifteen yearlies have arrived to his credit. He will certainly deserve the prize.

Here are those sending in half yearly subs: Jos. Godin, Cranbrook, B. C.; T. J. Eagleson, Bridgetown, N. S.

Com. J. H. McKiernan, in spite of disabilities, keeps up the good work at Cobalt. During a recent canvas of the boys he obtained a bunch of seven yearly subs.

The agitation for the better day is being kept up at Fort William by Com. S. Grainger, who is still finding readers for Cotton's. Five trials in the newest order.

The work of the red cross goes on unceasingly at Vernon, B. C. The newest bunch sent in by Comrade Smith contains 1 yearly, 2 half and 1 trial sub.

Two new subs, with a postal note for the amount arrived safely from Com. A. J. Browning of Calgary, Alta. A dollar bill previously sent went astray.

Com. Hoar, during his travels, finds time to do a little for the spread of the gospel. Four trials from N. B., where the light is badly needed.

Activity along the lines of propaganda is still rampant at Nelson, B. C. Com. I. A. Austin sends in another list of 3 yearlies, 1 half and 1 trial sub.

Brace up now, Comrades, and make the firing line sparkle. September is upon us. Get ready for the fall and winter campaign. Start the ball rolling in good shape.

A strict lookout is being kept at Glace Bay for all who favor socialism. Com. H. G. Ross is on the job, and his latest order contains 3 yearly, 4 half and 3 trial subs, several of them renewals.

The following have sent in yearly subs since last issue: C. A. Arthur, Ottawa; W. A. Rook, Galt; M. Lazzari, South Wellington, B. C.; J. E. Peterson, Unity Sask.; P. F. Piercy, Oxbow, Sask.

"Keep it up, you're doing grand," is Gribble's last word from St. John, N. B., as he sends in a bunch of subs for an untouched field. One half and five yearly subs is going some.

Maritime Provinces Organization Fund

Following are further contributors to the Maritime Provinces Organization Fund:

Previously acknowledged.....\$92.80
Com. Cheesman, Toronto..... 1.00
Com. Alex. Lyon, Toronto..... 50

Total.....\$94.30

The fund has been stationary for some time. Keep it moving, Comrades!

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

PARTY NOTES

Com. Jules Lavenne of Springhill, N. S., has visited Chignecto, Joggins and Maccan recently distributing socialist literature.

Com. Roscoe Fillmore of Albert visited Hillsboro on August 20th, and held an open-air meeting. A good crowd turned out and much interest was manifested. After the meeting many questions were fired at the speaker. The workers will be ripe for the message when Gribble gets around to Hillsboro.

SOCIALISTS OF MONTREAL

A general meeting of all the Montreal Locals, S. P. of C., is called for Saturday, August 28th, at 8 p. m., at headquarters, 10 St. Charles Borromeo street. Every comrade is urged to attend, as arrangements are to be made for the fall and winter campaign.

TALE OF A TOUR

TWELFTH INSTALLMENT

I was feeling a bit off color the last time I wrote but am feeling glorious just now, I shouldn't wonder, the way I feel, if I get a severe attack of verse presently.

It's this way, I have been unable to find (up to last night) any Anglo-Saxon Socialists in St. John, but owing to the efforts of Miss Mushkat have got in touch with a good crowd of Jewish comrades.

I was given the opportunity of addressing a meeting of the Jewish Educational Club on Wednesday night and can assure comrades that a local in St. John is certain.

Last night we had a fine open-air meeting, a big crowd and they stayed right there, there was some interruption but the crowd as a whole showed its disapproval and the interruption was discontinued. Tomorrow and Monday we hold meetings from the same spot and I think the formation of the local will take place after the Monday's meeting and the local will make arrangements for meetings on my return from Fredericton which is my next stopping place. Comrades Kaplan and Ashkins I may mention specially as having helped me here in St. John, they were the first I got in touch with. I want right here to acknowledge the kindly treatment I am receiving in St. John as I have all through the tour. I shall always treasure the memory of this tour when I think of all the warm hearted comrades I have met and should like to write to them all once a week, but their name is Legion, and though described in a Saint John paper as a Socialist "Leader," I am only human, and so this correspondence can't be carried out.

I have now been in the field since the 23rd April and have received \$154.15 towards the fund. Out of this I have expended just over \$96.00 in railway fare, hotel and boarding house, casual rations, postage, etc. At most places I have boarded at comrades' houses, or the fund would have been exhausted long ago. In addition to this I have drawn on the fund for \$50.00 because I need the money. I have not yet drawn on the fund in the hands of Comrade Fillmore, but shall have to shortly. I hope it will continue to grow, as I want to see some left as a nucleus when I have finished in the Maritime, for a tour during the winter for, I hope Comrade Fillmore, who I pin my faith to as being the comrade who will carry the fiery cross of revolt in the Maritime provinces in the future. I am glad to see our young speakers in Ontario are developing, and fully expect to have to take a back seat when I come back and soon to be put on the shelf and taken off only occasionally for a dusting, but I want to tell them this, I am sorry to see there are no new speakers being produced, at least, I don't read of them in our papers. What's the matter? Surely there are some more pebbles on the beach which can be polished up a bit, especially as Comrade Green tells me the class is going strong. Grow your whiskers, Green, you'll look older and fiercer, and will have more "influence" over the class.

At least you told me that's how it worked in my case and why not in yours?

Is there any reason for you wanting to look particularly youthful? At any rate tell the boys to keep it up, we are going to see the end of capitalism and it will be a fine thing to be able to attend picnics and talk, not of the present system, but of the past, and to realize that we did our part like true men and women in the bad old days of class rule, and the few of us who do not live to see the realization of our hope, why, their memories will be treasured. Though their names may not live, their memories will.

I don't speak to the Ontario comrades alone, but to all comrades, and tell them to keep up the good fight, for though Socialists do not create the class struggle, yet, having it with us, we make it as hot as we can, for the hotter war the sooner peace.

WILFRID GRIBBLE

Trades and Labor Congress

The coming Quebec convention of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada is expected to be the most interesting since the formation of the body. Mr. Alphonse Verville, M. P. who has occupied the position of president for the past six years, will tender his resignation. Three candidates for the office are already in the field, viz., James Simpson, vice-president, Toronto; S. L. Landers, of the Garment Workers, Hamilton, and a "dark horse" from Winnipeg. The British Columbia mining organizations will be strongly represented, and for the first time the mining organizations of Nova Scotia will be represented. The mining unions of

the country have made a deadset against the Lemieux Trades and Disputes Act, and an effort will be made to have the Congress go on record as being opposed to it. The railway organizations west of Winnipeg are also opposed to the measure, and they will help the miners with the view of having resolutions adopted asking for the repeal of the measure. The report of Mr. W. R. Trotter, who has been representing the Canadian workingmen in England, will be presented. It is said that direct charges of fraud will be made against certain individuals who have been operating among the working classes of Great Britain.

Secretary Draper has been notified that members of the British Trades Union Congress, who are also members of the British House of Commons will be in attendance.

A battle between the Socialists and the old-line trade unionists is expected for the control of the Congress. Quebec city is said to be the stronghold of the National labor movement, but it is thought that some of the independent unions will be represented at the meeting.—Montreal Star.

Resolution by Winnipeg Jewish Local

The following resolution was passed by the Jewish Branch S. P. of C., Winnipeg, Manitoba:

RESOLUTION

Whereas, Local Toronto called upon Dominion Ex. Com. to establish proper relations with the I. S. B. (Art IV. Sec. (c.) constitution of the Socialist Party of Canada) which is the organized expression of the historical call, "Workers of the World Unite" and which is the recognized world power of the political and class struggle Socialist movement and which also has in its midst world known and recognized authorities on Socialism.

Whereas, a question of such great importance must be decided by a general vote of the party membership.

Whereas, the Dominion Ex. Com. tending the unjust decision against the International Socialist Bureau without asking the consent of the majority of the party members is a breach against the international and democratic nature of our party and Constitution (Art IV., Sec. 1. (a. c. and d.))

Be it resolved that we the members of the Jewish Branch of Local No. 1 of Winnipeg, Man., at its regular meeting unanimously regret the action of our Dom. Ex. Com.

Be it also resolved to ask the Dominion Ex. Com. to recall this resolution regarding the International Socialist Bureau and submit same to a general vote of the members of the Socialist Party of Canada.

Be it also resolved that our resolution be published in the "Western Clarion," "Cotton's Weekly," "The Voice," and other Socialist publication.

Yours for the Socialist revolution

A. SUSMAN
H. SALTZMAN
M. WAISMAN, SEC. TREAS.
Resolution Committee.

U. S. A. NOTES

From Weekly Bulletin issued from National Headquarters of Socialist Party.

The State Committee of Maine has appropriated \$3.00 for the Minnesota primary law contest.

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

A very successful state convention was held by the Rhode Island comrades August 11th at Providence. A state platform was adopted and a full state ticket, headed by Fred Hurst for Governor, was nominated.

A formal state convention of the Socialists of Nebraska was held at Lincoln, July 27th. A state platform was adopted, a State Chairman and a State Central Committee were elected to comply with the primary laws.

Comrade Solomon, State Secretary of New York, reports: "That Local Rochester expelled from its ranks William McNamara and William Petz, the former for expressing a desire to pose for a Republican candidate and the latter for being active in Democratic party."

The annual conference of Socialist Party Clubs of Massachusetts will be held in Paine Memorial Hall, Appleton Street, Boston, on September 26th. This is the legal convention. The regular party convention will be held on the following day at same place.

ABENAKIS SPRINGS

The Favorite Resort of the Eastern Townships. Delightfully situated on the west bank of the St. Francis River, near its confluence with the majestic St. Lawrence at Lake St. Peter, 68 miles from Montreal.

AS A PLEASURE RESORT

It stands without a rival in Canada. The surrounding country affords opportunity for pleasant walks and delightful drives along the river banks and through groves of pine. Unsurpassed boating, bathing, fishing, croquet, driving, tennis, large ball room. Use of boat free to guests.

AS A HEALTH RESORT

It ranks as the "Carlsbad of Canada." Thousands testify to the benefits derived from Abenakis Mineral Water. Many of our patrons claim their continued good health is due to an annual visit to Abenakis Springs, and a liberal use of the water and baths. Abenakis Mineral Water, in competition with the waters of the world, was awarded a silver medal by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904. Highest Award to a Canadian Mineral Water.

ABENAKIS MINERAL WATER AND BATHS

Specially valuable in cases of Gout, Rheumatism, Nervous Diseases, Sciatica, Dyspepsia of various forms, Diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Kidney, also diseases peculiar to women. Ninety per cent of cases cured, 100 per cent benefited.

HOTEL OPEN FROM JUNE FIRST TO OCTOBER FIRST

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

Round Trip Ticket from Cowansville to Abenakis Springs, via C. P. R., \$6.35; Sweet'sburg \$6.45; Sutton Junction \$6.55; Abercorn \$7.25; Knowlton \$8.55. Be sure to Buy a Round Trip Ticket.

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

State Secretary Otto Pauls of Missouri, reports: "The Last session of the legislature of Mo. put one over us. It appears that the primary law has been amended so that a state ticket (10 candidates) will cost \$1000.00, each candidate must put up \$100.00 with the party committee. Candidates for congress must pay \$50; state senator, \$25; representative, \$5."

The National Committee is now voting on the following recommendations of the National Executive Committee: "That the compensation of organizers be fixed at \$4.00 a day and expenses," and upon an interpretation of Section 2 of Article 10 of the National Constitution, which provides that Party Congresses have equal rights and powers of a convention, except in the matter of nominating candidates for public offices. Vote will close August 30th.

At the Commerce, Texas, Socialist encampment a crowd of rowdies put out the lights at an evening meeting and pelted the speakers with eggs. Comrades Lena Morrow Lewis, National Organizer, and Thomas A. Hickey were the speakers. Much confusion prevailed in the large audience and Mrs. Hendricks was rather seriously hurt. The Texas papers are almost unanimous in their denunciation of the outrage.

The national convention of the Finnish Socialist Organization of the United States, will meet at Scott's Hall, Hancock, Mich., 10 a. m., Monday, August 23rd. Headquarters at Mac Hotel on Quincy Street opposite the convention hall. A reception will be tendered the delegates by the comrades of Hancock Sunday, Aug. 22nd, at 9 p. m. in Germanda Hall. By direction of the National Executive Committee the National Secretary will attend the convention.

THE FELLOWS WE NEED

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

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

\$10.00 PER WEEK GIRLS WANTED

We have many girls in our factories making more than the above amount. Some of these girls have been with us for years and have made big wages for a long time.

We want more girls and we are willing to help beginners for the first four weeks until familiar with the work and in a position to make good wages for themselves on piece work.

We will find comfortable and respectable boarding places for those who apply and will also explain our system of helping beginners to become experienced and highly paid operators.

Our factory is the largest and best equipped in Canada and every convenience is provided for the thousands of girls in our employ.

Write us for particulars or better still call bringing this advertisement to THE STANDARD SHIRT MFG. CO. LTD. 213 DELORMIER AVENUE, MONTREAL.



Reaching the People

The problem is how to reach the most people with the message of Socialism at the least cost.

Well, one solution of the problem is for locals to have Cotton's placed in all reading rooms and libraries in their town.

Another is to have trial subscriptions sent to all barber shops and all places where men gather to look over papers while waiting to be served.

The best plan is to make such persons pay for their subscriptions. Failing that, donations are in order, your money cannot be spent better than in circulating the Socialist papers.

When Print Blurs
When print blurs, irritable temper and general discomfort result. We positively cure this condition with glasses.

FRANK E. DRAPER
Jeweler and Optician
COWANSVILLE, QUE.

READ

The Western Clarion

\$1.00 Per Year

PUBLISHED BY

THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

Box 836, Vancouver, B. C.

RUTLAND AND NOYAN RAILWAY CO.

St. Thomas, P. Q., August 5th, 1909
NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Rutland and Noyan Railway Company will be held at the head office of the company at Noyan Junction, in the Parish of St. Thomas, County of St. John, in the Province of Quebec, on the 1st day of September, 1909, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

DWIGHT W. PARDEE, Secretary.

MONTREAL LOCAL NO. 1

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

OTTO JAHN, SECRETARY,
528 CHAUSSE ST., MONTREAL

1500 Iron & Wood Pulleys, for sale.

All sizes, half price. Also Shafting, Hangers, Iron Pipes, Belt- ing good as new. Cheap.

IMPERIAL WASTE & METAL CO.

5-13 QUEEN ST., MONTREAL.

What to Read on Socialism

By Charles H. Kerr, Editor of the International Socialist Review. Eighty beautifully printed pages, with many portraits of socialist writers. Includes a simple, concise statement of the principles of socialism. One copy free on request, 10 mailed for 10c; 50 for \$1.00; 100 for \$2.00.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO.
153 Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Bird and The Human

By WM. C. ANDERSON

(1) THE BIRD

He was a fine, fat, full-chested pigeon. In the spring there came upon him the "livelier iris," pictured by poet, and his burnished breast shone like the shield of a crusading knight. He had found a home for himself near the belfry of a village church with ivy-covered walls. Feeling it was not good to be alone, he wooed and won a milk-white mate, with soft eyes and silver pinions, and took her to share his humble cot.

For hours together he would sit on the roof and contentedly "buckaroo." His conversational powers did not seem wide, and yet his tone was sufficiently varied to express his changing moods. On wet days there was a note of melancholy in his murmuring, as if that were the time put aside for remembering past sins. On warm sunny afternoons he cooed in language that spoke of the pure joy of living. At times a stranger bird would light near his abode, and his words became loud and menacing so that the new comer, realizing he had no equally forceful arguments in reply, substituted discretion for valor. On other mornings his tones were billing and amorous, and were manifestly intended to favorably impress the lady of his heart.

Presently the pair were seen to be building a rudely fashioned nest of twigs and straw. These were merry days. And his pride hardly knew bounds when two lovely eggs appeared. He would keep his patient mate company as she sat hatching their young, or he would take her place whilst she went dining in the neighboring fields.

His personal wants were few and easily supplied. Sometimes he needed exercise, and it was a sight to him circling swiftly round, his blue wings glinting in the sun. Nature provided him every year with a warm suit of clothing. When it got dusty he splashed about in the stream till all was bright and clean.

Food did not give him much trouble either. In the farm-lands near at hand, there was always something to be picked up. He was particularly fortunate in mellow autumn, and grew quite plump and lazy. True, there was a greater dearth in winter, but, even then, hen-yards could be raided with success. House-room he had, and no landlord's agent called on Monday morning.

Not that he was entirely free from trials. Once a gun was fired at him and he had to fly for dear life, leaving a few feathers behind. Once a hawk swooped down on him and he only escaped, bruised and bleeding, after the severest tussle.

For the rest, he was content to live the simple life. He had no employment from which to be dismissed at a minutes notice. He never worried himself about airships or wireless telegraphy or X rays or the New Theology. He was, indeed, shamefully ignorant. He had never read a novel by Marie Corelli, nor recited a poem by Mrs. Hemans, nor seen a play by Bernard Shaw.

He did not know what a lunatic asylum was, nor a prison, nor a divorce court, nor a bar-room, nor a pawnshop, nor a Parliament—nor any of the blessings of civilization. He never had any letters to answer, never any trains to catch, never any bridge parties to attend, and his wife never bothered him with milliners or dressmakers bills, though she was prone to inflict upon him the tribulations of spring-cleaning.

In so far as they were known, his views were distinctly reactionary. He had been heard to make scathing observations about the votes-for-women movement and to express absurdly exaggerated opinions of the importance of his own sex. But the movement which most aroused his ire and contempt was that for an eight-hour working day.

Between ourselves, he was something of a won't work. He took without question, the gifts that nature scattered with bounteous hand. He found food and warmth and shelter, and yet remained in ignorance of the law of rent, and interest. And when the weather was warm he simply sat round and was glad.

(2) THE WOMAN

She had been a widow seven years. Her husband, working at the docks, was struck by a falling crane and killed on the spot. She was left with three young children.

Their one-roomed apartment was bare and dingy. It contained little more than one or two chairs, a three-legged table, a cheap American clock which in slipshod way marked the flight of time, and some mat-

ting which served as a bed. On the walls hung several scriptural texts which the children had brought from a mission school. One of the texts read: "The Lord Will Provide."

The woman made shirts, for which she was paid at a shilling a dozen, (with deductions for needles and thread). By working very hard she could sometimes earn seven shillings a week, and her lad, now nine years old, ran errands.

The woman was a slave to her sewing machine, which a generous firm loaned her at ninepence a week. Often as the first streaks of a cold, grey dawn crept up the eastern sky, she hastened from her comfortable couch, and without fire or food, sat down to her daily grind. Often at night, when the children had flung themselves to rest, she would keep feverish fingers at her task by candle light. For another hour's work was one more penny—and that was much to be thankful for.

Perhaps her happiest moments were those she spent in the borderland between sleeping and waking, when she recalled her early years in the Warwickshire village, ere she yet had married the agricultural laborer who, in hopes to improve their position, set his face towards London. Memories of these hard but pleasant days haunted her like the haunting echo of an unseen cuckoo heard among the hills.

Once a charitable organization took her for a day trip to the seaside. Coming back a kind-hearted clergyman asked her how she had enjoyed the outing. "It's been very nice," she answered meekly, "and you've all been so kind. But—but do you know sir, I rather be at home working."

That was her one holiday in eight years. She never saw the country places when Spring walks, like an angel of life, waking all to melody and mirth. She rarely breathed the outside air, except when carrying shirts and material to and from the man who employed her. And then it was the breath of crowded London streets, heavy with dust and grime and the smell of petrol.

She never bought a newspaper, and knew nothing of political history, ancient or modern. You would have questioned her in vain about Edmund Burke, or the younger Pitt, or Benjamin Disraeli, or even Victor Geayson. She had never heard of the fiscal controversy, nor the vindictive Budget, though a neighbor woman had frightened her with the terrors of the German invasion.

In this neighbor's house she also saw one day a cheap and shabby print representing the parable of the good Samaritan. "What does the picture mean?" she asked. "Why, that's the good Samaritan," answered the other briskly. "You know the story of the good Samaritan?" "No, I haven't heard it. You see, we haven't taken in 'Tit-Bits' since John died."

She never visited a library, or art-gallery, or theatre, or music-hall. She just sat all day beside the sewing-machine, oftentimes for fourteen hours at a stretch, and made shirts at a shilling a dozen.

Her wants were few, pathetically few. She asked for little, and got even less than she asked for. Only a bare supply of coarse food for herself and her children, some nasty second-hand clothing, the shelter of a single room, some low-grade coals that hardly gave heat or light—in the main these would have satisfied her needs.

And too often these were not obtainable. For there were periods when work was slack. Supply exceeded demand, and the middleman who bought the shirts talked learnedly to her about the law of over-production. But she was not an apt pupil, and knew little about over-production, except that when it came she and her little ones had less to eat.

Apart from scarcity of work, was there not the landlord to be paid? And how could she expect to be permitted to make shirts, unless the middleman and the wholesale dealer and the retailer could each make a little profit out of them? But when each of the bundles had been successively cleared, there was little left for her of strength or energy or reward. The toil was so great, and the gain so small.

Not that she complained. Why kick against destiny? As well expect the icy blasts of winter to be warm, and genial, and kindly.

And so the jocular world jogged on. Wise statesmen made laws that governed millions of people; pale-visaged scientists made discoveries that shook the world; preachers made sermons that brought sinners to repentance; doctors made experiments that helped to conquer pain; War Ministers made army schemes that ensured the safety of the land; orators made speeches that swayed the hearts of men; shareholders made dividends that brought luxury and ease, and the woman made shirts at a shilling a dozen.—British Labor Leader.

MIRTH PROVOKERS

"A SUMMER CONFESSION."

"I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls,"
What joy awakening meant,
I'd rather wear my overalls,
And dwell out in a tent.

CORRECT EXAMPLE.

Jack, I'm grieved to hear that you have lately told your mother several falsehoods. This cuts me to the heart, my boy," said a father, with stern pathos. "Always tell the truth, even though it may bring suffering to yourself. Will you promise me?"

"Yes, father."
"Very well. Now, go and see who is knocking at the door. If its about the dog license, say I'm not at home. That's a good boy."

THE NEW TROUSERS.

Tommy's mother had made him a pair of trousers from an old pair of his father's, and he was very proud of himself when he went to school with his new "trousers" on. But he came home with tears running down his face. "What's wrong wi' ye?" asked his mother. "It's they trousers," said the sorrowful Tommy, "the ladies say they dinna ken when A'm comin' and when A'm gan."

HIS PARTY.

A matron of the most determined character was encountered by a young woman reporter on a country paper, who was sent out to interview leading citizens as to their politics. "May I see Mr.—?" she asked of a stern-looking woman who opened the door at one house. "No, you can't," answered the matron, decisively. "But I want to know what party he belongs to," pleaded the girl. The woman drew up her tall figure. "Well, take a good look at me," she said, "I'm the party he belongs to!"

WANTED INFORMATION.

"Pa," said little Bobby, who had been allowed to sit up a little while after supper, with the understanding that he was to ask no questions, "can God do everything?" "Yes," answered his father. "Can he make a two-foot rule with only one end to it?" "One more question like that," said his father, and you'll be packed off to bed." "Bobby was silent for a few minutes, then asked, "Pa, can a camel go ten days without water?" "Yes my son," answered his father. "Well, how many days can he go if he had water?" The next thing Bobby knew he was in bed.

THRIFT.

Little girl (to Scottish housewife) — "Please, mem, ma mither has sent me to see if ye would lend her your beef-bone to make broth wi'."

Scottish wife— "Weel, ma lassie, I canna jist do that. Ye see, we made broth with it oursel's on Monday, and we lent it to Mrs. McVicar to flavor some hare soup on Tuesday, and we be using it the day for cockle-leekie oursel's; but ye may get a boiling o't on Friday, for Mrs. Tamson has the promise o't the morn for some nice strengthening soup, for her man's an invalid."

A COUNTRY IDYL.

A farmhouse set among the trees;
The song of birds, the drone of bees.

An apple orchard, bending low,
Green apples swaying to and fro.

A doctor's gig outside the gate;
Within are faces, sad, sedate.

Upon the sofa Johnnie lies,
Beneath his belt great dragons rise.

Green apples still upon the tree,
But ten where they ought not to be.

EXPLOITING HIS DEAD WIFE

The possibilities of advertising are not as yet fully realized in this country.

Our English cousins can still give us pointers. This is not a jest; on fact, it is a very grave matter. A tombstone in the churchyard at Greenwich bears the following inscription;

Here lies
Clarinda,
wife of Joseph Grant,
Who Keeps a Chemist Shop at
No. 21 Berkeley Road,
And Deals Only in the
Purest Drugs.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Under socialism there will be no unemployment problem. No man will be forced to hunt a job while another man is forced to work long hours under fatigue and strain. The work of the world will be simplified and all will join in accomplishing the useful tasks that have to be done. Socialism will distribute the burdens of life and place them on the shoulders of all according as they have the power to work.

Socialism is not a scheme of dividing up. Socialism is a theory of the evolution of industrial progress. Socialism traces the history of production and points out the future phases of industry. All that socialism can do is to instruct mankind and to point out to him the earliest method by which the coming transformation can be effected.

There is morality in business. It is simply a question of who can become wealthy while others become beggars. The revolt of the wage slave is the desire of the worker to throw off all the deceptions and trickeries of commerce for profit and to introduce a system under which there shall be peace and plenty and a chance of harmonious labor for all.

Socialism does not aim at killing the capitalist. Socialism aims at preventing the capitalist from deriving unjust revenues from the work of others. Socialism aims at turning the capitalist into a useful worker, getting his fair reward with other useful laborers.

Under socialism there will be no tramps and no vagabonds. There will be no economic wrecks. All will have good food, good clothing and good shelter. All will be rendered strong and healthy and able to fulfill the tasks of life and enjoy its pleasures.

There is no dividing up in the post-office. When the toll gates on highways are abolished and the people take care of their own roads there is no dividing up of wealth. When private schools are abolished and the people have public schools managed by the vote of the community, there

Socialism will bring about the greatest individualism the world has ever known. Socialism, by allowing all men to work a few hours a day, will give all men an opportunity to develop within themselves those faculties which each feels need cultivating.

There is no dividing up of wealth. In the same way under socialism when the industries are publicly controlled and democratically managed there will be no dividing up of dividends. Socialism does not aim at making the rich hide their revenues with the poor. Socialism aims at abolishing the rich and giving to the laborer all he earns.

Under socialism there will be no dread of being evicted for rent. Socialism will give a home to each man and each woman according to his or her need. No fortunes will be piled up because one man owns many homes and can make labor pay heavily to have a roof over its head.

Socialism will provide slumless cities, sanitary streets and large healthy living rooms. Socialism will provide good food, and pure milk. Under socialism the need for doctors will largely disappear because of the healthy, natural life the people will live.

Get your friends to subscribe to Cotton's. If you are working for the social revolution among your friends, Cotton's will do the work for you while you sleep.

Under capitalism homes are broken up and men must go to the ends of the world for a chance to earn their living. Under socialism each man will have sufficient to establish himself and to maintain his family in comfort.

Cotton's will revolutionize the thoughts of a non-revolutionized wage slave. When his thoughts have become revolutionized his vote and actions will follow.

The brutal Roman noble has disappeared. The arrogant feudal lord is gone. The cynical capitalist must join his predecessors. It is written in the book of the evolution of industry that the capitalist is doomed.

The man who is satisfied with the tame piffle of the daily press has never put his brain to thinking. Get him reading Cotton's and his think-tank will get into the habit of doing

Socialism is the hope of the world. Capitalism is a morning nightmare which the sun of socialism will chase away with the shadows of night.

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Awake Ye Slaves!

Of visions of glory, oh why do you dream?
For the sun of deliverance now shines on the screen.
A woe stricken picture, millions stricken to death
By the hand of oppression, of their freedom bereft.
Yes dying by inches without food to sustain
The strength of their manhood, for a few to get gain;
"Get wisdom, get knowledge," King Solomon said,
Come trade off your ignorance, get understanding instead.

Learn world wide Economy, 'tis simple, you'll see
When the People know this, all will then Brothers be;
One vast nation of comrades whose burdens they have left,
That bound them to slavery, misery, starvation and death.
Just study our platform, understand and then vote,
'Twill stagger oppression like a but from a goat;
Stand up for your freedom and the world will soon give,
To the poor starving millions, a real chance to live.

LEWIS S. GRUE.

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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

SOWER AND SEED

A kindly word and a kindly deed
A helpful hand in time of need,
With a strong true heart
To do his part,—
Thus went the sower out with the seed.
Nor stayed in his toil to name his creed.
No coat-of-arms, no silken crest,
No purple or linen about his breast,
But royally true
To the purpose in view,
Was his ceaseless search and his constant quest,
For suffering souls in need of rest.
Feeling for others, bearing their pain,
Freeing the letters, undoing the chain,
From sorrow and tears,
He wrought the bright years,—
Still unknown to rank, and unknown to fame,
In letters of light God writeth his name.
—ELLA DARE.

A TRIP TO GOW GANDA

MARY COTTON WISDOM

Before leaving Montreal I was asked to give an account of my trip up to this new northern mining camp of Gow Ganda.

I have been here only two weeks but that is ample time for a woman to form an opinion on any subject ranging all the way from a mining camp up to high art.

Equipped with a stout pair of boots, a short shirt and a good supply of the plainest underwear, I left Montreal with brave heart.

I arrived in Latchford after eighteen hours travel, and glad I was to leave the stuffy sleeping car.

I liked nothing about Latchford except its delightfully fresh air. Most of the residences are either shacks or tents. As the boat did not leave for Elk Lake till next morning I, like the rest who were waiting for the boat, had to stay over night and content myself with such hospitality as the big, bare looking, only hotel provided. However, it was not so bad as at first I feared, for after much ringing I succeeded in getting clean linen and fresh water.

After leaving Latchford we steamed up the beautiful Montreal River, till we arrived, about noon, at Pork Rapids Portage. Here we had our dinner at the restaurant, under a great tent. I enjoyed that dinner to the full, served and all as it was in a wholesaled, slapbang, mining camp sort of way. The roast was cut into hunks and passed up and down the long tables, each helping himself with his own fork. Everything was put on the tables, helter skelter. You just helped yourself to the thing nearest you and began eating.

Before reaching Elk Lake we rode on four consecutive boats, after walking over five portages.

We reached Elk Lake in a pouring rain. Despite this a crowd waited our arrival; for the daily boat from the outside world is quite an event in this little boom town.

I like Elk Lake. It smells of the woods. At the first whiff there floated across my mind the memory of the spicy delicious smells of those lovely Christmas trees of my childhood. The whole air is filled with the fragrance of Balsam and Jack Pine. Well it may, for in the roads and sidewalks are still standing the fresh stumps of the trees out of which the little, mushroom like homes are made.

At Elk Lake every one seems glad to welcome you. If they see you are a stranger they will ask your destination and offer advice and help you with the greatest good nature.

Bright and early the next morning

we left Elk Lake and puffed in a gasoline launch up the beautiful Montreal River once more. The clear, fresh air, the placid little river, the line of forest along each bank, unbroken save for an occasional prospector's tent, were all delightful and made a pleasant beginning to an eventful day.

Arriving at Indian Shutes we left the launch behind. Our man shouldered our canoe; we each took a grip and started over the first long portage of our journey.

Well it was that I had big boots and a short skirt, for truly that portage is over the worst road in the Dominion.

Bogs and logs and mud and stumps and hollows and hills and rocks and underbrush, formed the road, while flies, midgits and mosquitoes swarmed around us all the way.

Glad indeed were to reach the water and start off in our canoe.

There are, I am told, seventeen portages between Elk Lake and Gow Ganda. I believe it, tho I did not count them, for I was so tired before the journey's end that an old log would have seemed a bed of down, had I been allowed to stay and take my rest.

Those portages on the trip up were dreadful. But the canoe rides between were bits of Elysium. On leaving Montreal River, we entered one lake after another. Some of these lake were six and eight miles long. The whole way the forest primeval lined the banks.

Everything up here is big and fresh and free and lovely. I am in love with it all.

Our camp is pitched on the shores of Davidson lake which abounds with fish. Some of these we catch and have fresh for breakfast every morning.

I am told that I am the only lady resident between here and Gow Ganda which is eight miles to the south of us. It is evident that the wives of the other mining engineers or prospectors, have either home ties which keep them away, or are afraid to brave the hardships of tent life on the frontier. As for myself I glory in it, living in a tent, being able to have a morning dip in the cool lake not twenty yards from my door, breathing this wonderfully exhilarating air, so full of ozone and perfumed with the aroma of the pines with which we are surrounded.

This morning I was awakened by the cry of a loon flying across the water in front of my tent. It was so near I could hear the swish of its wings.

I have paddled within a few yards of a wild moose. A splendid specimen he was, with his wide branching antlers. A little deer comes often to our spring to drink. The animals seem devoid of fear and seem to know that this is the forest reserve.

I sometimes laugh and wish some of my city friends could see me dressed ready for a prospecting tramp.

I always wear a pair of my husband's big boots, a short skirt that has been torn in a dozen places by the underbrush, a soft felt hat turned down all the way round. My hair I brush back as tightly as possible into one coil. I wear an old loose shirt waist turned in at the throat for comfort. A stout walking stick completes my outfit, while the finishing touches to my toilet are added in the form of a liberal quantity of fly oil with which all of us smear our faces and hands to ward off the ravages of the flies and mosquitoes. This oil has a yellow tinge, so it does not add to one's beauty, but it certainly adds to one's comfort.

One learns up here to walk with a swinging stride. When I first came I would clamber timorously over a fallen log in my path. Now such an obstacle seems small. I just stride over it, never changing the rhythm of my gait.

This country breeds a race of deep chested long-lived men. I am trying to gain some of their rugged strength myself by living my life as they do.

I wish every delicate woman in Canada could come and live this wild, simple life and could gain strength like I have done. I am sure they would say with me that it is glorious.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

To polish dull linoleum shread into a pint of turpentine 2 oz. of beeswax, and when melted apply a little to your

floor cloth—as you would furniture polish. Polish with a soft cloth

When ironing it is a great protection to wear on the right hand an old thick leather glove. This prevents the heat from burning the back of the hand and making the nails brittle.

For a rough boil an ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce rock candy, and the juice of three lemons. Mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.

A sure cure for sea sickness is said to consist in taking a thirty-grain dose of bromide of sodium three times a day for two or three days, before sailing, continuing the dosing for several days.

Mirrors should never be hung on damp walls, as the moisture affects the quicksilver and produces spots or dulls the whole surface, in such a way that the injury can never be set right unless the glass is re-silvered.

If room plants are to keep healthy great care must be taken to remove just from the leaves. To keep the latter glossy, it is a good plan to add a few drops of coal oil to tepid water and sponge the leaves with the mixture.

THE ART OF SINGING

MARY COTTON WISDOM

(Continued)

It was my good fortune to study for a time under that famous teacher of singing, Mr. Wm. Shakespear, of London, England. I had studied with clever teachers before that time and since; and yet the ideas I gained in those lessons with that master have colored my whole vocal outlook.

His knowledge of the vocal art is so deep and broad, that the influence of his teaching seems to inspire his pupils.

One day during my lesson, hour, I was much worried because I could not sing a certain tone with the quality of voice I required. Turning to him for instruction, great was my surprise to have him tell me that it was none of my business to try and direct that tone into its right channel. All I had to do was to take care of my breath, and my tone would take care of itself, I did not agree with him at that time, but I wasted no time in arguments. I simply grasped any idea that he gave me with eagerness, for like most musical students, I was not overburdened with riches, and wished to gain as much knowledge as possible in return for my tuition.

This was the case of the mountain coming to Mohammed, and as the famous master only spent a few months on this side of the Atlantic and his time was filled to the limit, he naturally doubled the prices he asked in the old country. The rate of twenty dollars an hour for vocal lessons may seem exorbitant to those who do not understand vocal art. But I can truthfully say that they were worth twice that to me, and could I have afforded it, I would willingly have paid quadruple the price. For a student who went to gain his first knowledge of the vocal art, I think it would have been money wasted in a certain sense; for the rudiments could not be gained from some less famous teacher, teaching the right lines. But for a student who had the foundation of his voice building well laid, lessons like those, were of the greatest possible value. They opened up realms of which the height and depth had not been dreamed before, visions of glories that were apart from and beyond the concrete materialistic muscle building side of singing.

The glint one gets from the sheen of a butterfly's wing in the sun, fills one with a very different feeling, than does the matter-of-fact study about the length of that same butterfly's legs, or the physical construction of its anatomy. So it is with the study of any art, there are glints and gleams which fill the soul of the elect, which never enter the mind of a mere teacher of technique alone.

Some young voice student may say to all of this, that I generalize too much. Perhaps I do; but I wish, in these papers on the art of singing, to give just the information that I wish I could have had as a young

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Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

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I was a martyr for many years to that distressing complaint, chronic Constipation. I tried many kinds of pills and medicines without benefit and consulted physicians, but nothing did me any real good. Then I began to take "Fruit-a-tives," and these wonderful little fruit tablets entirely cured me.

At first, I took five tablets a day, but now I take only one tablet every two days. I am now entirely well, and thanks to "Fruit-a-tives," I give you permission to publish this testimonial. (Madame) Zenophile Bonnevillie.

This is only one more link in the chain of proof that "Fruit-a-tives" never fail to cure Constipation or non-action of the bowels. 50c a box, or 6 for \$2.50, or trial box 25c. At dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

girl when I first began the study of singing.

Well I remember the discouragement of those early lessons; how for months I would practise on two or three notes, not knowing why I had to get a certain quality of tone, but just taking my teacher's word for it. Between those lessons I would practise those tones as carefully as possible, trying always to follow my teacher's instructions, only to go the next lesson and perhaps find much of my study had been of no help.

I want to give in these talks about singing a general idea of what is right and what is wrong so that the young student (or the older one, for as long as we speak we should be able to sing) may study understandingly.

I know the student is anxious to be given his study of singing and wants some thing practical and tangible to begin on. So I will now give a simple exercise which the young singer can practise a hundred times a day, if he so desires, for it is the foundation of breath and will be increased and elaborated upon with future breathing exercises.

Stand erect, with the weight of the body thrown well forward. A good way to test if the poise be correct is to balance up and down on the balls of the feet. If this can be done easily and the body poised forward as if about to take a step, the position is correct. The head should be thrown well back upon the shoulders, the chin slightly drawn in, the chest raised and the voluntary muscles (with which we fill and empty our lungs at will) used.

The breath should be taken through the nostrils. The inhalation should be slow and steady. All idea of effort should be banished. The breathing must be simple and easy. The breath should start at the bottom of the lungs gradually filling upward, till a comfortably full breath is taken. The breath should be retained a few seconds without effort; then inhaled quite slowly. If the chest is kept in a firm position as the air leaves the lungs the abdomen will draw slightly in and upward. There should be little conscious effort during this breathing exercise.

Perhaps I can best express my idea in the words of a clever actress, who is a friend of mine. She had studied physical culture a great deal, and breath control as a help to her speaking voice was her particular hobby. She said after all her study that the idea which helped her most was just to feel that her body was hollow and that she drank the breath in through her legs and arms till she was full of breath. She said she held her breath by simply feeling that the air in her lungs and the air in the room were one and the same, held in perfect stillness. Her idea is original, but it is also good.

(to be continued)

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

ADVERTISEMENTS

PSALMS

PSALM 34.

1 I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.
2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.
3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name altogether.
4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.
5 They looked unto him, and were lightened; and their faces were not ashamed.
6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.
7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.
8 O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.
9 O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.
10 The young lions do lack and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.
11 Come, ye children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord.
12 What is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?
13 Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.
14 Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace and pursue it.
15 The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.
16 The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.
17 The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.
18 The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of contrite spirit.
19 Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.
20 He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.
21 Evil shall slay the wicked; and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.
22 The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants; and none of them shall trust in him shall be desolate.

PSALM 35.

1 Plead my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me: fight against them that fight against me.
2 Take hold of shield and buckler, and stand up for mine help.
3 Draw out also the spear, and stop the way against them that persecute me: say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.
4 Let them be confounded and put to shame that seek after my soul: let them be turned back and brought to confusion that devise my hurt.
5 Let them be as chaff before the wind; and let the angel of the Lord chase them.
6 Let their way be dark and slippery; and let the angel of the Lord persecute them.
7 For without cause have they hid for me their net in a pit, which without cause they have digged for my soul.
8 Let destruction come upon him at unawares; and let his net catch himself: into that very destruction let him fall.
9 And my soul shall be joyful in the Lord: it shall rejoice in his salvation.
10 All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee, which deliverest the poor from him that is too strong for him, yea, the poor and the needy from him that spoileth him?
11 False witnesses did rise up; they laid to my charge things that I knew not.
12 They rewardeth me evil for good, to the spoiling of my soul.
13 But as for me, when they were sick, my clothing was sackcloth: I humbled my soul with fasting; and my prayer returned into mine own bosom.
14 I behaved myself as though he had been my friend or brother: I bowed down heavily, as one that mourneth for his mother.
15 But in my adversity they rejoiced, and gathered themselves together against me, and I knew it not; they did tear me, and ceased not.
16 With hypocritical mockers in feasts, they gnashed upon me with their teeth.
17 Lord how long will thou look on? rescue my soul from their destruction, my darling from the lions.
18 I will give thee thanks in the great congregation: I will praise thee among much people.
19 Let them that are mine enemies wrongfully rejoice over me; neither let them wink with the eye that hate me with a cause.

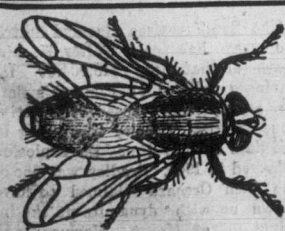
PROVERBS

CHAPTER 18.

1 Through desire a man, having separated himself, seeketh and intermeddleth with all wisdom.
2 A fool hath no delight in understanding, but that his heart may discover itself.
3 When the wicked cometh, then cometh also contempt, and with ignominy reproach.
4 The words of a man's mouth are as deep waters, and the well-spring of wisdom as a flowing brook.
5 It is not good to accept the person of the wicked, to overthrow the righteous in judgement.
6 A fool's lips enter into contention, and his mouth calleth for strokes.
7 A fool's mouth is his destruction, and his lips are the snare of his soul.
8 The words of a talebearer are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly.
9 He also that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster.
10 The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.
11 The rich man's wealth is his strong city, and as an high wall in his own conceit.
12 Before destruction the heart of a man is haughty, and before honour is humility.
13 He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him.
14 The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity: but a wounded spirit who can bear?
15 The heart of the prudent getteth knowledge; and the ear of the wise seeketh knowledge.
16 A man's gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men.
17 He that is first in his own cause seemeth just; but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him.
18 The lot causeth contentions to cease, and parteth between the mighty.
19 A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city; and their contentions are like the bars of a castle.
20 A man's belly shall be satisfied with the fruit of his mouth; and with the increase of his lips shall he be filled.
21 Death and life are in the power of the tongue: and they that love it shall eat the fruit thereof.
22 Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord.
23 The poor useth entreaties; but the rich answereth roughly.
24 A man that hath friends shall show himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

CHAPTER 19.

1 Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity, than he that is perverse in his lips, and is a fool.
2 Also that the soul be without knowledge, it is not good; and he that hasteth with his feet sinneth.
3 The foolishness of man perverteth his way; and his heart fretteth against the Lord.
4 Wealth maketh many friends; but the poor is separated from his neighbour.
5 A false witness shall not be unpunished, and he that speaketh lies shall not escape.
6 Many will entreat the favour of the prince: and every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts.
7 All the brethren of the poor do hate him; how much more do his friends go far from him? he pursueth them with words, yet they are wanting him.
8 He that getteth wisdom loveth his own soul: he that keepeth understanding shall find good.
9 A false witness shall not be unpunished, and he that speaketh lies shall perish.
10 Delight is not seemly for a fool; much less for a servant to have rule over princes.
11 The discretion of a man deferreth his anger; and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.
12 The king's wealth is as the roaring of a lion; but his favour is as dew upon the grass.
13 A foolish son is the calamity of his father: and the contentions of a wife are a continual dropping.
14 House and riches are the inheritance of fathers: and a prudent wife is from the Lord.
15 Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger.
16 He that keepeth the commandment keepeth his own soul; but he that despiseth his way shall die.
17 He that knoweth pity unto the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath giveth will he pay him again.



One Packet of
WILSON'S FLY PADS
Has actually killed a Bushel of Flies
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

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

Cotton's Weekly

A CANADIAN SOCIALIST PAPER

Is published every THURSDAY at Cowansville, P.Q., for the broad field of Canada.

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

OUR NOBLE LEGISLATORS

Our noble legislators are honorable men. They would not make money dishonestly out of the people. So careful are our noble legislators of their honor and the honor of that august body, the House of Commons, that they have passed a law forbidding any member of Parliament taking contracts from the government. As representatives of the people these honest members have passed a law by which none of their members can occupy the invidious distinction of giving himself a contract and making money out of the people whose interests he has sworn to watch.

But the noble members of Parliament have left themselves a loop hole. Why should not a member of Parliament turn a dishonest capitalist's penny if he wants to? It is distinctly provided in the law that no company shall be prevented from tendering for and obtaining government contracts because members of Parliament happen to be shareholders.

This distinctly gives our august legislators a chance to make money. A Minister of the Crown cannot take a contract to erect government buildings. But a Minister of the Crown can organize a company, hold the majority of the stock and practically be the company itself. That company can take contracts for the building of public buildings. The Minister will not receive the government monies directly. The company will receive the government money which will eventually trickle into the pocket of the Minister in the shape of good fat dividends. A Minister of the Crown cannot take contracts from the government for job printing. He can, however, control a company, which can take government contracts and will eventually get the money just the same.

Great are the wiles of capitalism and great are the chances for legal craft within the grasp of our honourable members of parliament.

The Montreal Star publishes a cartoon of two working men smoking their pipes in front of a saloon. One working man is saying to the other, "Times is too unsettled. When they get this woman suffrage question settled I'll go to work." This is a sneer at labor. The Montreal Star knows that during the past winter thousands of laboring men looked in vain for work. But then what is a capitalist press for but to sneer at the men who carry on the work of the nation.

On Labor Day in Montreal it is expected that fifty thousand laboring men and women will march in parade. The plutes of Montreal will watch these wage slaves with joy. They will think of their six hundred millions in the bank and will know that these fifty thousand working people can be plucked of fifty million dollars before Labor Day comes around again.

The little Kingdom of Denmark, with a population of two and a half millions, possesses twenty-six weekly socialist members of parliament. They can stop the plutes from increasing their butcher force against the workers. Here in Canada the day will come when there will be a string of socialist dailies across the continent. When that time comes the Lord Strathearns will not be held up as heroes because of advocating a big butcher army.

The New York Call has started a fund to put it on a self sustaining basis. The workers of New York are responding and are giving a day's pay to keep their paper going. Socialism is getting such a strong hold in the United States that the millionaires are squealing for funds to fight the movement that is going to free labor from its thralldom.

Socialism will give each laboring man and laboring woman five times the wages he or she is getting.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

By WILL R. SHIER

During the last three hundred years the economic foundations of society have been revolutionized in a most striking manner.

The agricultural states of Europe and America have become great industrial nations.

One industry after another has been transferred from the home into large manufacturing establishments.

Population has been steadily flowing from the country into the cities.

A large proportion of the peasants have been converted into factory operatives.

The independent artisans of the Middle Ages have been organized into huge industrial armies in which there is minute division of labor.

Large-scale production has supplanted small scale production.

Machinery driven by steam and electricity has displaced hand-labor.

The railway, the steamship and the telegraph have extended commerce into the uttermost corners of the earth.

The great industry has crushed or absorbed the small industry.

The big capitalists have swallowed the little capitalists.

Trusts and combines have sounded the death-knell of competition.

The workers have been divorced from the ownership of the tools with which they work.

The personal ties which once existed between employer and employees have disappeared under corporation rule.

Production for profit has superseded production for use.

A large army of unemployed (and unemployables) has been created on capitalist development.

The virgin West has been conquered and there is now no new land on which surplus population can overflow.

Female labor has come to compete with male labor, while child labor undermines them both.

Wealth has been accumulating into the hands of the few.

The middle class is being rapidly sunk into the ranks of the proletariat.

Class antagonism have been accentuated, as witness the frequent conflict between the powerful organizations of capital and the colossal organizations of labor.

A great industrial revolution has overtaken Europe and America, a revolution which is being rapidly followed by a corresponding revolution in thought, in politics, in religion, in marriage.

Three thousand saloon keepers in Texas are going to have their licenses taken away from them. In Alabama a law has been passed preventing the saloon keepers doing business. The prohibitionists are showing the socialists how to do things. When the time comes we'll just pass a law preventing capitalists from doing capitalist business, and the capitalists will have to take their coats off and go to work.

A thirty-four million dollar cement merger is under way. The promoters expect to get much plunder out of owning the cement making concerns. Let these gentlemen not forget that socialism is on its way, and that the days of plundering the workers are pretty nearly finished. The day is coming when no man can live at ease in idle luxury because by the laws made for plundering he can take toll of the needs of the people.

The workingmen build the railroads and the capitalists own them. The capitalists own the mines, the homes, the theatres, the mills, the railroads will be owned and controlled by the men who do the work.

Rockefeller will soon be a billionaire. By the time he gets there the cruel socialists will come along and separate him from his wad.

The Montreal Grocer's Association want to put a stop to the peddling of beer from door to door by the brewers. The hunt for profits keep the little plutes on the jump.

Every little while Montreal milkmen are being fined for selling watered milk. Every little while the financiers of Montreal rake in a million or two by selling watered stock.

Under socialism the financial page will disappear. There will be no daily reports as to the value of railroad shares any more than there is at present with regard to the value of the Interecolonial or the post-office.

Thos. W. Lawson is putting out some dope about stocks being too high. Tom is right. When the socialists come into power the value of stocks and bonds will vanish out of sight and become worthless.

The deposits in our banks are now six hundred and eighty-eight million dollars. The capitalists papers are jubilant. The plutes have skinned the laborers for fair and a lick spittle press rejoices.

The Supreme Court of Missouri has declared that it will not recognize any law which dares to prescribe a maximum punishment for contempt of Court. The plutes will fall on the neck of the Missourian judges and weep for joy.

The labor thieves of Great Britain want Canada to chip in for a big navy and the Canadian labor thieves are working to the same end. Conditions in the British Navy can be easily guessed when twenty per cent of the navy force desert annually.

The American inrush to the Canadian Northwest continues. The Americans are buying up the land. The chances to make money out of other people's labor are great and the American can see an unearned dollar as far away as the Canadian.

The Montreal Gazette asks if there can be peace between labor and capital? Of course there can be when the laborers become capitalists and the capitalists become laborers. When one set of men own the capital and another set of men do the work there can be no peace.

French has gone to Australia and Kitchener is coming to Canada to whip it up for an Imperial Army. In the meantime, the British soldiers in the present Imperial Army are killing themselves by the hundred because under the fool rule of the average British officer death is preferable to life.

The C. P. R. plutes have been having their private detectives at work shooting striking workers at Fort William. The first thing the C. P. R. plutes will know is that the workers of Canada have captured the government and have taken the little plaything of a road away from the plutes.

Deposits in our banks are now six hundred and eighty-eight million dollars. This means a hundred dollars for every man, woman and child in Canada. This means five hundred for every workingman with a family. How much have you working plutes got deposited?

What do the plutes care if the working plutes slave their lives away at twenty cents an hour at Fort William? What do they care if the miners of Springhill and Glace Bay starve to death? They have got a wad of six hundred and eighty-eight millions in the banks.

The London Daily Mail has discovered that the savage attacks on the convents in Barcelona were economic rather than anti-religious in their origin. The materialistic conception of history is finding a lodging place in the most unexpected quarters.

John Kirby Jr., President of the U. S. National Association of Manufacturers has been declaring that Gompers and Mitchell are enemies of the nation. The Association of Manufacturers will shortly be put out of business altogether by triumphant labor. This is what Kirby means when he squeals like a stuck pig.

Pick out five of the brainiest men in your union, find out their addresses, put same on a piece of paper, drop into envelope with a postal note for a dollar, sent to Cotton's and this paper will talk to each of them weekly for three months. It will clinch them better than you can in conversation.

The Farmer And Socialism

Kautsky has declared that he knows no socialist platform nor socialist organization which advocates the confiscation of land held by the farmers. Socialism does not aim at taking away that which is necessary for a man to carry on his occupation.

There was a time when the shoemaker owned his own tools. Today, the shoemaker no longer controls the instruments with which he works. He is no longer an independent artisan making shoes for his customers, he is forced to work in a factory at a daily wage. The shoemaker has become a slave to the owners of the machines, which make the shoes. Socialism aims at giving back to the shoemaker the control over the machinery which is necessary to carry on his trade.

The farmer who owns his own farm and works it himself is in the position of the old time shoemaker. The farmer milks his own cows and raises his own grain from his own land. He is a workman having access to the tools with which he must work to carry on his business. Socialism may aim at organizing the farming industries in such a manner that the farmer may get more returns for less work. Socialism certainly does not aim at expropriating the farm from the farmer.

The aim of socialism is to give each man the full return of his labor. Socialism will do away with all dividends and interest. No group of men will be able to control industry and get money simply because they own a factory in which farming implements are made. A group of men will not receive millions of dollars simply because they own the railroad which carries the farmer's milk and the farmer's produce to a city where it is needed. The farmers have fought against high railroad rates and the high railroad rates still continue. Socialism aims at the abolition of high railroad rates due to the necessity of paying dividends on watered stock. Socialism aims at the production of farming implements without the necessity of paying toll to those who do no work. Let the farmer ponder upon how much better off he would be if he could buy his farm implements without having to pay toll to the iron mine owner, the coal mine owner, the steel mill owner, the implement mill owner and the railroad owner. If the farmer will but figure up how much toll he has to pay to these useless people before he can get his plow or his harrow or his reaping machine, he will be terribly surprised and it will not be long before he is in the ranks of the socialist party fighting to throw off the men who are enjoying great revenues from the toil of the workers.

Socialism aims at giving labor the full return. The landlord who draws revenues without doing any useful work will have to be expropriated. The farmer who does his own work has all to gain and nothing to fear from socialism. But the man who owns mortgages on numerous farms, the man who owns a dozen farms and will only allow a real farmer upon the land for an exorbitant price will have to loosen his grip; he will have to give way to the farmers who do the work. The motto of socialism being: "The world for the worker," under a socialist regime there could be no toleration for the landowner who wants to rob the farmer of half his produce.

Under socialism there will be state support for the aged. Consequently, the farmer, who has toiled all his life in order that he might have comfort in his old age from the revenue derived from an up-to-date farm which rents to a tenant, has nothing to fear from the coming of socialism. The tenant on a single farm will not have to bear alone the support of a farmer who has got beyond the years of work. All persons beyond the age of work will be provided for amply from the state funds.

Italy Takes Back Strikers

Basing its action upon a statement made by Minister of Public Works Bertolini at Rome, the Board of Management of the National Railways of Italy has announced that all those railroad employees who were discharged because of their activity in the general strike of two years ago are to be taken back into the service, and those who had been penalized by having their normal increase in pay withheld shall have this handicap removed.

A PROPAGANDA STUNT.

A comrade in Toronto is in the habit of rising early on Sunday mornings, filling his pockets with Socialist papers, going to some park and quietly dropping one here and there on the benches. As people come to the park, they pick up the papers, glance over them, perhaps discuss their contents with others, if interested, take it home with them, if not interested, leaving it on the bench for somebody else to read. In this way quite a number of people are reached with perhaps the same paper. Comrades everywhere might order bundles of Cotton's and do likewise.

Get busy and build up a good library of your own. Stock it with a number of propaganda books that you can keep lending to your friends. It is by getting people to read that you make them Socialists. The circulation of our literature is more effective than trying to "talk" people into the movement.

Locals with a surplus in the treasury could spend some wisely by having trial subscriptions to this paper sent to barbers, trade unionists or other people worth while influencing in our direction. Money spent in this way will bring greater results than any other known method.

Socialism will make the farmer's

life worth living. He will not worry over notes in the bank, nor will he worry about payments on the mortgage coming due, nor will he work hard for little gain. There will be no capitalists to pass legislation whereby the products the farmer produces can be filched from him through the triple evils of rent, interest and profit.

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.

The Movement in Bulgaria

According to an official report submitted recently to the Sixteenth Congress of the party there are now in Bulgaria fifty-four regular party organizations, with 2,427 members, among them eighty-six women. As to occupation there are 876 craftsmen, 157 agricultural laborers, 285 commercial employees, 774 teachers and officials, and 196 members of the liberal professions. At the election 4,410 votes were cast in six different towns. In the press the party controls two periodicals, one of them a monthly, and an annual almanac with an edition of 15,000. In the national diet the party has already secured the beginning of a representation, though still in a very small minority. The receipts and expenditures for the last year amounted to about \$5,000. Of public meetings arranged by the party there were 615, of meetings for purposes of organization and agitation, 1,290. The general condition is one of healthy and steady growth.

ILLUSTRATION

If on an island containing 1000 people, ten men owned all the land, all the mines, all the forests, all the waterfalls, all the factories, all the stores, all the things upon which its people depend for food and clothing and shelter, and in addition controlled its legislatures, its courts, its armies, its police, those men would be able to exact a mighty heavy toll from the people for the right to work and live.

Well, America is simply a huge island with a few thousand people owning the things upon which its eighty millions inhabitants depend for a living. That is why a few are able to roll in superfluous wealth and the many rot in dire poverty.

W. R. S.

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

Confiscations from the capitalists will be the life of the workers.

The Royal Commission is uncovering an unsavory mess in Montreal. The newspapers pretend to be shocked, but what else can there be under capitalism than unsavory messes.

The plutes find it a profitable game to skin the workers. Five hundred dollars in cold cash from every working father of the Dominion is a pretty good steal.

The socialist speakers arrested in Chicago have been freed. The Chicago judges are taking a lesson from the Warren case and don't want to monkey with the buzz saw.

The State of Arkansas is suing sixty-five insurance companies for penalties amounting to sixty-five million dollars for violations of the State Anti-trust law. When plute fights plute it's time for the socialist to get busy—that the people may come to their own.

An asbestos merger is being engineered. When the financiers have shaken out the little fellows and think they have a cinch along will come the representatives of the people and take the property of the plunderers away from them by the right of eminent domain.

Ralph E. Easley of the American National Civic Federation, has gone to Europe to persuade the European workmen to become the dupes of the exploiting capitalists. The Gompers-Easley combination won't go in Europe and is about dead in America.

Recorder Weir declares that Montreal is a wicked city. If Recorder Weir wants to help stop the wickedness of Montreal, let him resign his Recordership, become a socialist, mount the soap box on a street corner and harangue a socialist gathering and get yanked before Recorder Dupuis for fighting for liberty.

The Winnipeg plumbers have been fined four thousand dollars for striking. The amount is to go in damages to the master plumbers. Union on the industrial field is necessary. A few judgements like the above, however, will teach the plumbers to capture the law making machinery also through socialism.

The financiers of Canada are frantically shouting to the labor plunderers of Europe to come and share in the spoils-plucked from the Canadian laborers. The Canadian financiers want foreigners to invest in Canada in order that they may have the support of foreign warships in case of a wide spread revolt on the part of Canadian wage slaves.

A movement is on foot to hand over to various provinces the granting and control of charters for private companies except in the case of railroads and other general utility companies. The company form of doing business will in future be under the more easily swung Provincial Legislatures. This can cut both ways. If the socialists are strong in any province, they can more easily beat the capitalists.

G. H. Murray, Premier of Nova Scotia, is disclaiming making any proposals for the settlement of the Dominion Coal Company's strike. His conference with the United Mine Workers' leaders was not of his seeking. When socialism gets strong enough in the hearts of the people such politicians as Murray, if the breed still exists, will come fawning at the feet of the workers instead of holding their nose haughtily in the air.

The San Francisco Gas and electric Company has paid Walter H. Linforth of that city, \$13,904.00 for damages inflicted on Linforth's flats by an explosion caused by defective gas fixtures. Bradley was living in the flats at the time the explosion occurred in 1904. Bradley was one of the men Orchard claimed to have blown up with dynamite at the instigation of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone. The explosion was not caused by dynamite nor by Orchard. It was upon such perjured testimony that the Western Mine owners tried to hang Moyer and his comrades while Roosevelt shouted, "Sie 'em, boys."