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CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

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THE CASE OF MRS. WHITE

Mrs. White has been arrested in Montreal for creating a disturbance in the streets. She was arrested at a socialist propaganda meeting. The authorities do not know what to do with her. They have arrested her.

Mrs. White has no work. Mrs. White cannot work. Mrs. White has no home. Mrs. White does not intend to starve quietly and with Christian resignation.

Mrs. White, were she wealthy, would have expensive doctors and trained nurses would keep people away and would declare that she was a loveable patient.

But Mrs. White has no home and no money. She was in a hospital for a long time. She was picked up in the streets in a starving condition. Now the hospitals will only take a person when they are just ready to die.

Mrs. White has been endeavoring to find out what the rights of a person are who cannot work, who has no money, and yet who does not want to starve to death. She finds that all the authorities are helpless and flee such a person as they would one stricken with a plague.

Mrs. White went to the Mayor and demanded that she be supported in some way. But Mayor Payette did not think the city should take care of ladies who cannot work and who have nothing. Mrs. White then smashed an inkstand on the Mayor's desk copiously splashing his capitalistic highness with ink. She demanded that she be arrested. Instead of that she was hustled out of the office by policemen. Policemen are not to arrest persons who commit an assault on the Mayor, unless the Mayor wants them arrested and the Mayor did not want to arrest a woman who could not work and who was starving. His capitalistic mightiness probably thinks such persons should starve in the streets.

Then Mrs. White had herself arrested on the streets for creating a disturbance. She was brought before the Recorder's court and the Recorder had the case remanded to inquire into Mrs. White's sanity. Any woman who is nervous, and who has no home nor money, and who is too lame to work and who does not want to starve in a genteel Christian way and go to Heaven with the angels is insane. At least this is evidently what the Recorder thinks.

The case was remanded for eight days. Those eight days were up last Friday. We have not heard anything since. Can it be that the case has been quietly disposed of? Can it be that the city authorities want to keep this case quiet and hold to their idea that a woman who has no home and no money must starve and cannot even get the food of an ordinary criminal?

Mrs. White is a Roman Catholic who declares that the church hierarchy are corrupt to the core. She has no use for the Anglican authorities, particularly of the high variety. Can it be that these persons do not want to let Mrs. White talk or let her be kept at the public expense?

If Mrs. White showed the whining disposition of a beggar and would look up to the Van Hornes and the Drummonds and the Mackays and the other labor thieves who take toll of the workers by the legalized method of dividends no doubt the charity organizations and other crumb givers of the labor thieves would gather round her and help her and then swell out their chests and thank the Lord that he had allowed them an opportunity to help one of the little tender bleeding lambs which happened to be hungry.

But Mrs. White does not cringe and whine. Mrs. White recognizes labor thieves as labor thieves. Therefore the Charity organizations won't help her to any extent. The Catholic Church and the Anglican church bodies do not give their alms to such creatures. These bodies give their alms only to those who want alms not to those who want justice.

So Mrs. White has hard work to get herself arrested. She is then investigated as to her sanity. The case is dropped by the local press.

Of course such people are very tire-

some to officials like Mayor Payette. He is too busy calling aldermen puff-balls and enjoying his fine house to investigate the cases of starving women. He won't even give them the satisfaction of arresting them. The problem is too big for his little peanut philosophy and the only thing he can think to do is to stick his head into the sands of inaction and let such persons starve.

DETERMINISM

A determinist is a sort of scientific Calvinist. He holds that men are not free to choose the right and avoid the wrong. Consequently, no man should be praised for his virtue nor blamed for the ill that he does. Many religious people are shocked at such a philosophy or scientific hypothesis, but then religious people have always been shocked at scientific hypotheses.

When man, in the dim dawn of his history, first awoke to consciousness he began to reflect upon his surroundings. He saw the clouds moving and wondered what made them move. He saw rocks and trees falling from their places and wondered at the power that made them do so. He knew that he himself could make things move and he reasoned that an unseen hand had hurled the rock or crashed down the tree or pushed the cloud across the sky. Hence, the belief in unseen powerful men arose. These men were the gods.

As man began to find out the further powers of nature, the gods became in his mind creatures more mighty and more powerful. To him the earthquake and the lightning flash were the result of the blind anger of irresponsible divine beings. Finally, as it came to be seen that there was order and apparent harmony in spite of appearances to the contrary, the gods became one god, who moved in ways incomprehensible to man. But this god was free and frequently in wrath or love broke the harmonious movements of the universe to punish or reward particular nations or individuals. The conception of man had thus advanced from the idea of numerous gods each working his own sweet will in blind anger to the conception of one god who moved harmoniously with himself, but at his own sweet will. Everything depended upon the conscious activity of this one god, who never forgot to take care of all the innumerable and separate details of vital and cosmic activity.

With the rise of scientific investigation the natural laws were discovered. The law of gravitation explained how the planets, stars and sun whirled through space according to definite movements. This theory of the law of gravitation was blindly fought by the religious people of the age of its discovery. To them it seemed that this theory was atheistic, inasmuch as it eliminated the direct guiding hand of God. The people who believed that the Divine Being would probably bump a comet against us for our wickedness were shocked to think that they had to give up this peculiar and favorite idea of theirs.

When the science of geology arose the religious people were shocked. The idea that the Divine Being some six thousand years ago had not suddenly created the world out of nothing was a distressing idea to many people. The discovery of fossils in the earth was explained as being smoke wreaths produced by the peculiar action of smoke bubbling up from the interior of the earth. When this explanation failed recourse was had to the Devil. It was explained that a crafty and malignant evil spirit had placed these stone things in the earth to lead people away from the truth as revealed in the early chapters of Genesis. Geology is now a settled science and the Devil theory has gone.

Biology has recently been a storm centre of religious discussion. Religious people wanted to think that the Divine Being, although he ruled the solar system by law, nevertheless made life by direct interference. The laws of biology are being worked out and are found to be as settled as the law of gravitation. It is no longer considered that a diseased person has been directly afflicted by God. It is now considered that a diseased person has run counter

to the laws of life and is paying the penalty.

There remains the intellect of man. It is considered by religious people that man can guide his actions, that he has free will. It is thought that man can choose the right and avoid the wrong, that he is a moral and responsible being, who should be punished for his crimes and sins and rewarded for his virtues. The determinist declares that the laws governing the mind of man are as fixed and immutable as are the laws governing the movement of the planets. If this be so then man cannot think a thought, nor hope a hope, nor wish a wish save as the laws of intellect and life direct.

More and more the determinist is triumphing. The majority of men admit that men are not free to think the thoughts they like. Schopenhauer held that men were responsible for the formation of their characters, but after their characters were formed they could not be held for their individual thoughts and individual acts. Another school of philosophers hold that men are responsible for putting themselves into certain environments. Thus a man can go to the theatre or to a prayer meeting. Once having chosen his environment, his environment will force thoughts upon him and mental states which he cannot resist.

Schopenhauer should have remembered that character is formed in the early years when children are not responsible for the environment in which they are placed. The adherents of the other school of philosophy should remember Schopenhauer's philosophy that the character of a man will irresistibly guide his conduct.

If the solar system is ruled by law, if geology and biology have laid down and proven the absolute laws that guide organic life, why should there not be absolute and immutable laws which govern the thoughts men think? The determinist philosophy cannot be rejected by a mere negation on the part of the ignorant.

"PANTA REI"

The old Greek philosophers had a maxim, "Panta Rei," which being interpreted means "All things flow." Modern philosophers express the same idea in turgid language, "the instability of the homogeneous."

All things flow. Our institutions, laws, customs, habits and modes of mind are in a continual state of flux. Vast impulses are at work in the world driving the whole of creation along lines that are just becoming known to man. The tendency is "From an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity." The tendencies are within the control of man, only in so far as he discovers the laws of nature and puts himself in the way of fulfilling them.

All things flow. Life is not static, but fluid. We have advanced through many stages. Savagery was replaced by barbarism. Feudalism has been replaced by industrialism. Industrialism will be replaced by something else.

As the economic basis of civilization has changed so the superstructure of laws has crumbled and been replaced by another superstructure. The laws become outworn and must be replaced by new laws.

Those persons who consider that customs and laws are eternal and unchangeable, are mistaken. Those who consider that the ideas of humanity remain unchanged and last forever and a day cannot have read history.

It is only when men come to realize that the old order changes yielding place to new that they can keep up with the times. Law and order leagues and cramping capitalism which desires to make men live in a static condition are ever behind the times and doomed to fail in their aims.

The members of the Montreal Retail Clerks Association are rejoicing over the enforcement of the early closing bylaw. The proprietors howl and talk of appeal. The only proprietor who was in favor of the early closing law at the meeting of proprietors summoned to discuss the question was A. Blumenthal.

THE EARLY CLOSING LAW

Montreal has at last passed an early closing bylaw. It is enacted that the stores of the city, except in the case of numerous exceptions, shall be closed for two evenings a week. The female wage slaves who are accustomed to work twelve and fourteen hours a day six days a week for a wage of from two to five dollars a week are not to be forced to work two evenings a week.

The business men do not like this law. They have met in indignant assembly. They have declared that the bylaw interferes with the freedom of the citizen. The citizen should have the right of working his clerks sixteen hours a day if he wants to. It is also declared that the bylaw is in restraint of trade and holy trade must not be interfered with. It is declared that the bylaw is bad for business.

Even a little restriction like the above is fought bitterly by the business men. Labor can go hang itself if it does not want to work on the terms of the business men. The council should be done away with if it is going to act so foolishly as to stop the exploiting of human flesh and blood. Can the working of Montreal see the point of the agitation of a business government for Montreal? The business men do not like democracy, and votes for aldermen. They want to run the city themselves. Then it will be seen that no bylaws for the benefit of labor shall be passed. Then the wage slaves will be made to hustle because a business government wants business to flourish even though the workers are worked out and flung on the scrap heap at an early age.

The retail stores of Montreal are great recruiting places for the protected houses of prostitution of the city. The female clerks have to dress well and their pay does not amount to enough to pay their board. The long hours and poor pay and the demands of the store proprietors that the female clerks go well dressed all combine to weaken the powers of resistance of the female clerks. They drift into the houses of ill fame.

The business men of Montreal do not want their female clerks to have two evenings a week off so that they can rest and renew their strength. They are putting up money to take the bylaw to the Privy Council. Thousands of dollars can be spent in fighting bylaws for the improvement of the hours of the clerks. Not a cent is to be spent in raising wages.

The business men of Montreal are out for the coin. They want the coin no matter what happens. When will Montreal labor wake up and become revolutionary?

THE SALVATION ARMY

The Salvation Army is held in great repute among the capitalist plunderers of Great Britain. The Imperial gutter press cannot say too much in its favor. Lords and other parasites gather to do it honor. Time was when the Salvation Army was despised. Its members were hissed and rotten egged. The Lords and parasites were opposed to the Army. Why the change?

It is because the Salvation Army has become a capitalist institution and is ready to join hands with the plunderers. It has gathered property. It possesses the faculty of making scabs to replace disgruntled workers. It deals with the unemployed and tries to keep them quiet by shipping them to other countries.

Any institution which has millions behind it is respectable. The Salvation Army, like the Roman Catholic Church, has a great liking for worldly gear, particularly land. It is planting its barracks and homes and possessions in every city. It has become international like the big banks. True it declares that it is using its property for good but no chartered accountant is allowed to examine its books. Like the Catholic Church it keeps mum as to the total of its revenues.

Besides being a capitalist possessor it performs a function which renders it worthy in the eyes of the plunderers. It scabs. Its carpenter and joining works in London is the greatest scab concern in London. It begs clothes

and money for the poor, then feeds and clothes the workmen in its shop out of the stuff given to it and allows the workers a little pocket money a week. It picks these men out of the gutter it is true. But having done that it keeps them in slavery and by cheap scab work it underbids other traders and forces its competitors into the gutter. Thus it can keep on indefinitely forcing workers into the gutter and then rescuing them with a great flourish of worldly trumpets and keep them in a sort of illegal truck slavery.

Moreover this Army works on the emotions. It makes discontented workers more amenable. It fixes the eyes of possible revolting wage slaves upon the future life. It makes them want to be peaceful and quiet in this order that they may inherit the blessings of the next. The plunderers of this life are very much pleased with this phase of the activity of the Army. It makes the plundered quiet and peaceful under robbery.

The Salvation Army is organizing emigration schemes. The latest of these is the one wherein it is going to settle hundreds of families upon the land in Western Alberta. It is working with that great exploiter of labor, the C. P. R., to fill up the C. P. R. land with British wage slaves. This has a twofold benefit to the British and Canadian capitalists. It relieves the unemployed pressure in Great Britain and thus puts off the day of the revolution when the plunderers will have to go to work. It also furnishes more people to Canada and thus gives the British capitalists a wider field for the investment of their dividends. It takes useless workers from Great Britain and puts them where they can grind out dividends for their British masters.

For all these reasons the Salvation Army is much beloved by the exploiters and labor thieves of Great Britain. As an institution to keep the workers at work scabbing for the bosses and to keep the minds of the workers quiet and nonrebellious it can't be beaten, except by the Roman Catholic Church. And that institution is sore on Great Britain and won't help it keep its wage slaves in a timid mood.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

The Utopian Socialists, and before them the leaders of the French Revolution, preached the brotherhood of man. All men were born free and equal and the brotherhood of man could come if the people were only converted to see that it was good. These men dwelt in a belief of the power of intellect to guide men's actions. These men still dwelt in the belief that man was more or less of a moral animal who would follow the dictates of what they considered his conscience or sense of right. The Utopians failed.

Marx came along and preached the brotherhood of man. But he preached it scientifically and by the apparent paradox of the class war. He showed that the economic interests of men were divided now. There were the possessors and there were the dispossessed. There were the laborers and the labor plunderers. As long as these two classes existed then there could be no universal brotherhood spirit.

He showed how the trust would develop. He showed that the greater labor thieves would down the lesser labor thieves and force the latter into the ranks of the workers. He showed how finally the labor thieves would become reduced in number and finally how the workers would throw off these gentlemen and run the world themselves.

The foundation principle of socialism is the brotherhood of man based on cooperative effort. Men must have the same economic interest or they will not have a feeling of brotherly love towards each other. The boss and the worker cannot pull together for any length of time under modern industrial conditions if each side recognizes its own interest.

The brotherhood of man will not come by ministers preaching Christ and brotherly love. It will only come when this decadent system of economic warfare is done away with and cooperation is substituted.

THE SYDNEY EXPLOSION

An attempt was made at two o'clock in the morning of last Tuesday to blow up the house of Manager Simpson of the Dominion No. Ten. The explosive was placed under the verandah. That part of the house was completely wrecked and the windows were blown out. No one was hurt. Had the explosive been put under the house itself then the result would have been fatal.

No news has come as yet as to what the authorities think on the subject, but undoubtedly they will lay the blame on the United Mine Workers' organizations. The impression will be spread abroad that the workers are adopting terrorist methods. By this means it will be hoped that the public sympathy will be turned against the strikers and in favor of the Company.

The public should be on its guard against such reports. It is more probable that the explosion was caused by some one in the employ of the Company than by some striker or at the instigation of the United Mine Workers. Labor organizations have constantly to be on their guard against fake outrages perpetrated by the bosses in order to discredit union organizations.

The agent provocateur is well known in Europe. The agent is a paid employer of the government who gets into peaceful assemblies of socialists, anarchists, or unions and provokes a row. He will denounce the government and preach violence. He may strike a policeman. He will try to get the crowd to become rowdy. If he can do this the soldiers will see to it that the real leaders of the assembly get shot or jailed and a flunky press will declare that a firm government must be maintained against disorder.

In Chicago the Haymarket riots were provoked by the police and peaceable innocent men were hung. The excuse was that they had instigated murder. They had done nothing of the kind. After this government outrage the multimillionaires were frightened and hired policemen to protect them. While the job lasted the police discovered bombs with a marvelous regularity. When the jobs stopped no more bombs were discovered.

Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, of the Western Federation of Mines, were charged with inciting bomb outrages on the part of the union men. They nearly swung on the perjured testimony of Orchard and the efforts of Roosevelt leagued with the mineowners. They were innocent. It is almost certain that bomb outrages had been investigated by the mine owners in order that the blame might rest upon the union officials and the union officials be hung. Thus far will capitalists go in their war against labor.

Is the same kind of a game going to be worked in Canada against the United Mine Workers? There was a discovery of a bomb in a mine which turned out to powder left in the mine. The outcry raised over this was turned into a laugh. Now comes a more carefully planned outrage. An explosion takes place at a mine manager's house. The explosive is carefully planted under the verandah where it will only wreck a little of the house. This shows the intention of the perpetrator not to hurt anyone.

Who committed the deed no one knows as yet. But let the public suspend judgement at least. It is more likely that some company official has planned a fake outrage to throw suspicion on the strikers that the explosion was a real outrage perpetrated by the strikers.

August Belmont the looter of the New York traction system has donated fifty thousand dollars to help fight socialism and calls upon his fellow plutocrats to help him. The shadow of socialism is scaring the American plunderers. Can Canadian socialists start the same panic among the highfinancing labor plundering Canuck species?

The Mexicans are growing tired of Diaz and are becoming unruly. Is this the beginning of the revolution or is it a carefully laid plot on the part of Diaz to draw out his political opponents so that he can assassinate them?

THE PROLETARIAT

Editor Told What it Means

To the Editor of Cotton's Weekly:
Dear Comrade;

Kindly let me address these few words to the Pre-eminent editor of The Standard, Mr. Sanford.

Sir, you seem to have a great deal of idiosyncrasy since you have eminently and conspicuously given your imaginary definition of the word proletariat, as follows, from the Century Dictionary: "The lowest and poorest class in the community."

Your enthusiastic hallucination made you lead your readers to believe that the proletariat are the lowest class morally by saying that if our good friend makes a choice of this kind he cannot blame others if they sometimes question the quality of his taste, and you assert that a man may under certain circumstances be forced to drink swill, but there is no reason why he should be proud of calling himself a pig. If you want to find anything sloppy and splashy you don't need to go out of your office, just put your hand over your own head and there will be one under your hand instantly. You can favour and endure all the wrongs of the present capitalism system, but you cannot stand socialism of any kind. You are under the impression that socialists are crazy, your paper said so during the last civic election campaign. You hate to see the socialists propagate their opinions, you stick to the Conservative party, and consequently don't like to see the working man vote the socialist ticket. It seems that you ignore the fact that your party has been accused, not only of a perversion and waste of good brain, but of wasting the time of those like yourself, who have no brain and who instead of splashing some of our good union men and fair minded citizens could be profitably employed in some honest calling like sweeping the streets, feeding hogs, or driving jack-asses. Poor creature, spoiling so much time fiddle-faddling irrational schemes to gather the Conservative party's "dissecta membra." Great shall be your reward when this party comes into power again. You have established a claim to aspire to the dignity of brushing the boots of the capitalist.

Mr. Editor, did you ever try to find anything particular about reforms in favour of the working classes in the platforms of either of the Capitalistic parties. Having searched it, did you find it? If so you need not despair of finding the proverbial needle in a haystack. Anything like arrangement or method you must not for a moment expect from those parties.

You, Mr. Editor, are to bluff and deceive the working class that you may obtain your reward (who wants it) and if you persist in trying to deceive the "proletariat" for reward or anything else you have your work before you.

Long before you get your reward, if you devote yourself with actual zeal, forsaking the way in which the world's bread is won, you will die of hunger. Poor buffoon you are in the performance of a break-mind race. You make your life a pantomime and a burlesque because you have not got brain enough to realize that life is a tragedy, solemn and earnest. You can say that I am a noisy Socialist but don't forget that you are a noisy fool, and instead of managing a paper you should busy yourself with a more harmless job of blowing soap-bubbles, or counting straw. It is not because I take a lower view than you do of the past, the present, and the future, but I reject the juggling imbecility that you print in your rag, called The Standard, subsidised by a capitalist party.

I take a much higher view than you do and therefore I reject your puerile fulminations which have done much to make ignorance chronic and imposture a profession.

Now Mr. Editor that you have given the people of Springhill a false definition as to what proletariat means I will finish this letter by giving you a clear and true definition. If you don't understand it you must have your mental faculties very badly shattered. With your false and imaginary definition you have grossly insulted the working classes. I want you to keep this in your mind that is if you are not like a rabbit that loses its mind while running.

Mr. Lucien Sanial, a competent authority, has published some interesting calculations of this nature. He divides society into two great economic classes, the capitalist class, consisting of "all the persons who own in some form any portion whatever of the natural and mechanical agencies required by human labour

for the production of wealth," and the proletarian class, consisting of those who own their labour-power." The capitalist class Mr. Sanial divides into two classes, "mutually antagonistic, yet equally determined to maintain at all hazards the capitalist system"—the system of private property in the means of production, and wage-pay labour.

So that according to Mr. Sanial's division, we have three classes, made up as follows: (1) The plutocracy, composed of wealthy bankers, railway magnates, and corporation directors, trust magnates, and the like; (2) The middle class, composed of farmers, small manufacturers, merchants, professional men, and so on; (3) The proletariat, composed chiefly of wage-workers and a small proportion of the professional class.

This, Mr. Editor is the definition of a proletariat by an authority who understands what he is talking about.

Yours for the truth in all things,
JULES LAVENNE.
Springhill, July 19th 1909.

THE VARIOUS SCHOOLS OF SOCIALIST THOUGHT

By WILLIAM RESTELLE SHIER

Socialists, all kind of socialists, utopian socialists, scientific socialists, christian socialists, state socialists, fabian socialists and revolutionary socialists, such a variety is certainly confusing to those who have only a superficial knowledge of the movement. But a little enquiry into the subject reveals the fact that all socialists stand for the same thing, namely, the collective ownership and democratic control of the principal means of production, distribution and exchange, but that they differ in their methods of approaching the question and in the manner of carrying out their program. What the nature of these differences are I shall try to make clear in this article.

The utopian socialist is an inventor pure and simple. He has a scheme which he wants society to adopt. Looking abroad upon the world he finds that it is all out of joint and forthwith draws up a plan, cut and dried and arranged in all its details, of a new social order which he calls upon mankind to put into practice at the earliest opportunity. And, being a sentimentalist, he appeals to the goodness of humanity, to its sense of justice, to its appreciation of the beautiful, to its reason, believing that people only need to be convinced that his project is both desirable and feasible in order to fall in with it. Without understanding the phenomena of modern civilization or attempting to explain them, he rejects the present industrial system as bad and tries to substitute therefore one based upon more rational principles.

The scientific socialist, on the contrary, studies the laws which govern the production and distribution of wealth, traces the course of industrial development, points to the concentration of capital and the disintegration of bourgeois society owing to the curtailment of markets and the narrowing of new fields of exploitation, and maintains that socialism must be the outcome of social evolution. For him socialism is a growth, not a scheme. It strikes its roots, not in the brain of man, but in the material facts of his existence.

The christian socialist approaches the subject from an ethical standpoint. He is a socialist because he believes that socialism is christianity applied to our industrial institutions, because he believes that one cannot be a christian and stand for a social order based upon piracy and war, based upon the exploitation of labor and the principle of each against all and all against each. He is a socialist because he believes capitalism to be morally wrong and socialism to be morally right.

State socialism is another name for state capitalism. It is public ownership without the ownership of the government by the working class. It is not democratic in its administration. Its methods are those that obtain in any large industrial establishment and the proceeds of the industries which are brought under its sway go to enrich not the creators of wealth, but the master class by reducing taxes on their property.

The fabian, evolutionary or constructive socialists look to the spread of socialist ideas for the realization of their program and expect that the transition from capitalism to socialism will be very gradual. The revolutionary socialists appeal to the material interests of the working class and look to social conditions becoming worse to force the proletariat into revolt. They expect that the great change will be more or less rapid in character.

AWAKE YE SLAVES

W. R. HIBBERD

Some working plugs get very indignant and excitable when the socialist tells them and explains to them that they are slaves, and the working mule always denies the fact. While it is nice to think you are free, your thinking does not alter that you are slaves, both mentally and physically, a slave in body and mind. Your lives are one of miserable slavery from morning till night; from the cradle to the grave. You die never knowing what it is to have lived. You set that alarm to waken you in the morning, you get up and don your shoddy clothes. You get some adulterated food in your stomach, race down to your workshop (I mean his factory) with the fear of being late and getting fired haunting you. There you toil in conditions that are not fit for pigs. You keep at it for ten or twelve hours wasting your very life, wearing out your bones, giving your blood away for another man to live in splendor, and all you get for your wear and tear of your body and mind is a miserable pittance of a wage, enough to keep you alive and bring you back next morning to toil on once more; to create more profits for your boss.

How in the name of commonsense can you be free when you have to go cap in hand saying "please give me a job?" How is it that you cannot work when you are anxious, and willing to work? How is it that the boss fires you when you want to keep your job? The reason is you don't own a job. The boss owns the job, and the boss owns you, but your boss is very wise. When he finds he cannot make profit out of your hide, he throws you on the scrap heap. You see the only difference between a wage-slave and a mule is, the mule is well housed and well fed and well cared for. If the mule is not well cared for, he begins to kick, but the wage slaves are different. The more you ill-use them the more submissive they become. They are all ill-treated, abused and threatened with unemployment and starvation and yet there are only a few who have the audacity and impudence to kick. They are the discontented wage slaves, the socialists, men who are free in mind, if slaves in body. The socialist realizes he is a slave and so is the class in which he belongs. We know every article we make in the workshop is for the benefit of an idler, who will suck our blood until we workers unite politically and say, "The means of production are ours. The world now belongs to us and you Mr. Capitalist if you want to eat, you must work." The socialist party is organized to put an end to wage slavery forever. Our means to the end is at present the ballot, but if they, the ruling class, take from us the ballot other methods will be employed. If the ruling class uses any methods of suppression, we shall use equally effective methods of retaliation. Although the socialists are out fighting the fight of the workers, it is not only our fight, but your fight, and strange to relate, we socialists, get all kind of abuse from the workers themselves, who have not the moral courage to get in line and fight with us for us; but we do not need that kind of a man in the ranks of the socialists. We do need men, but they must be men worthy of the title. You must realize that you are slaves, you are bought on the market like any other commodity. The only difference is that you are measured by the clock instead of the scales. If you would like to be free and if you are anxious to be free, why the way is easy and simple. If you workers unite yourselves together in one solid body on the political field with the socialist party, you can get freedom. You will own your job; you will own your lives and own collectively the whole earth and its fullness. People will cease to starve in the midst of plenty, for they will have access to the plenty. They will own the machinery of production, which will prove a blessing instead of as it now is a curse. We are slaves to the machine, but the time is not far ahead when the machine shall be our slave. You cannot brutalize a machine, like the slaves of the machine.

A Great Chew!

STAG
BRIGHT FLUG
CHEWING TOBACCO

has just been increased
in size.

The machine is all right. There is only one thing wrong with it, that is, the ownership of the machine. While there is private ownership of the machine, there must and always will be, private ownership of the workers of the machinery of production. Now what do you intend to do about it? Are you always going to boast of your imaginary freedom? Or will you throw your lot with the socialists, who are organized to emancipate the working class from wage slavery and establish freedom, liberty and democracy?

The Mission of the Machine

Rosecoe A. Fillmore.

I had a talk with a man the other day. He was a fellow who claims to be well posted. He calls himself an economist. Yet he made the statement that in the long run machinery does not displace labor. He says that when machinery puts men out of work when introduced in a given industry those men are all needed in the factories where the machines are made. This fellow does not stand alone in propounding this absurd doctrine. Millions believe as he does.

Let's analyze the thing. I don't suppose this is original. It has, no doubt, been explained scores of times by abler men than the present writer. The capitalist owner of a factory

installs a new machine because it will enable him to carry on his business more cheaply than formerly. It will yield him a larger profit. The machine exchanges at its cost of production and its cost of production is determined by the amount of socially necessary labor power expended in producing it. Then in order that the new machine be cheaper than the old method it must be that the cost of production of the machine plus the amount necessary to keep it in running order is less than the amount necessary to hire the labor power under the old hand method. Labor power being a commodity it also exchanges at its cost of production. Then the whole thing stands thus. The cost of production of the new machinery plus wear and tear must be less than the cost of production of the labor power necessary under the old method. To be plainer, the socially necessary labor expended in the producing and running the machine is less than required in turning out the commodities in the old way. This must be so. Otherwise the advantage to be gained by the installation of the machine would not amount to much. This proves at once that labor is displaced by machinery. But this is not all.

The cost of production of an expert machinist is greater than that of an ordinary machine worker. Thus we find the wages of the machinist ranging from \$2.50 to \$4.00 per day while that of the machine worker runs from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per day. Then let us suppose that a machine costing \$10,000 is installed in a factory. That machine represents the cost of production of labor power of 4000 machinists for one day (figuring at \$2.50 per day.) But the \$10,000 would buy the labor power of 6666 2-3 machine workers for one day at \$1.50 per day. This is a very conservative estimate. One would be nearer the facts if he said that the 4000 machinists by producing new machines will displace 40000 to 50000 laborers in a short time.

Perhaps this is not very plain. It is hard for me to make it real plain. But you, my readers, can surely see the point.

Now let us suppose that instead of laying off the men whom the machine displaces the capitalist installs enough of the machines to employ his full force. His output will immediately be greatly increased. This increased output will in a short time glut the market as it can only absorb about so much of any commodity.

When the market is glutted the factory must be closed as profits cease and all hands are out of work and will be so until the market absorbs the surplus products. Machinery by increasing the productivity of labor has displaced labor.

Or let us say that the particular capitalist of whom we are speaking is so lucky as to find a market for his increased output through advertising, etc. In this event the business of his competitors must decrease to about the same extent as his increases, and labor has been displaced again.

So whichever way you turn and figure you will find that machinery invariably displaces labor. Such is the mission of the machine. And it is the mission of our class, the working class, to take the machine and reap the benefit of this displacement, this saving of labor for all mankind. Let's buck into the work, Comrades. The end is even now in sight.

HIGH LIFE

By Robert Hunter.

The papers have been full recently of many pleasant details of high life.

A suit is on to force Howard Gould to properly support his divorced wife.

Guggenheim of the smelter trust, illegally divorced from one woman, has married again and finds himself a bigamist.

An unfortunate woman has committed suicide because of love for young Vanderbilt.

Young Spreckles, who will inherit millions of sugar trust money, wants to marry an actress.

These stories are like unto others such as we have read from time to time concerning the Castellanes, the Marlboroughs, the Thaws, and other multi-millionaires. We are constructing our "aristocracy" of just such people as other and older "aristocracies" were made.

One day, if we continue our present order, a historian will record many of the details now printed in the newspapers to illustrate the kind of people from whom the rulers of the future have sprung.

Historians have tried to give us some picture of the character of the men who founded the British aristocracy.

One book of this sort I have in my hand. It contains sentences such as the following: The Fitzroys are descended from one of the vilest of women, Barbara Palmer, mistress of Charles II. The Churchills are descended from a needy hanger-on at the royal court. John Churchill, the first duke, had a sister Arabella who became mistress of the Duke of York. As a reward John was rapidly promoted and finally became a duke. The noble Howard, Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Arundel, an immensely wealthy land owner, has an ancestor one who never washed himself, but as he occasionally got helplessly drunk his servants took advantage of the time to wash the filth from his body. Nelly, a poor Hereford girl who, from selling oranges at the theater, rose to be the favorite actress of the time and finally the mother of a duke and the ancestress of a bishop.

The Duke of Marlborough, who married Consuelo Vanderbilt, is the descendant of a man whose sister was given as mistress to one of the royal family, and the original duke laid the foundation of his wealth by being the paid lover of one of the fair and frail favorites of Charles II. Of such excellent stock are many of the present rulers of Great Britain. They sit today in all the seats of honor, ruling the destinies of the greatest empire of modern times.

As one reads the scandals of today one wonders if they, too, will not be repeated centuries hence to depict the ancestors of the rulers of that day.

The story of an immensely wealthy young man slipping into, a dumb waiter in order to escape unseen from the apartments of a married woman who afterwards commits suicide;

The story of a young girl married to a foul young duke and finally divorced;

The story of another American girl married to a foul French Count and finally divorced and married again;

The story of another of the same family marrying a woman whom he afterward tries to prove foul-mouthed and drunken and being ordered from her room in such words as "You dirty little hound you, get out o' here."

What think you? Have you else than pity for these unfortunate weaklings? And how much more pity and what contempt must one have, for a nation so depraved, so lacking in manhood, pride and dignity as to set up wastrels of this type for its rulers and masters?

How to Read Solid Literature

One cannot read scientific and philosophical books like novels or newspapers. If he does, he won't get much out of them. A good plan is to pause at the end of each paragraph and mentally note its contents. Then do the same at the end of each chapter. In this way one will fix in his own mind the chief points brought out by the author. Some people read a whole lot and understand very little. The way to understand is to read critically and to review the various facts and argument advanced by your author.

W. R. S.

The sub postal cards are the the most convenient way of sending in subs. Fifty cents per card, each good for one yearly sub. Mail them as you land the subs.

Socialism will legislate for humanity instead of for poverty.

THE STRIKERS

"Out on the road they have gathered, a hundred thousand men,
To ask for a hold on life as sure as the wolf's hold in his den.

Their needs lie close to the quick of life, as the earth lies close to the stone. It is as meat to the slender rib, as marrow to the bone.

"They ask but the leave to labor, to toil in the endless night,
For a little salt to savor their bread, for houses water-tight.

They ask but the right to labor and to live by the strength of their hands—

They who have bodies like knotted oaks, and patience like sea sands.

"And the right of a man to labor, and the right to labor in joy,
Not all your laws can strangle that right, nor the gates of hell destroy.

For it came with the making of man and was kneaded into his bones,
And it will stand at the last of things on the dust of crumbled thrones."

—MARKHAM.

"Morrie England"

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



Can easily be wasted in Talk. Give or sell your friend one of these little Books, any one of which explains Socialism in its true light. Read, learn and digest at leisure. If you have not read them yourself, you need to

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

SOCIALISM MADE EASY.

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

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

THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO. By KARL MARX and FREDERICK ENGELS. This book, prepared in 1848, has for more than sixty years been the accepted text-book of all International Socialists. An indispensable book to the student.

SOCIALISM, UTOPIAN & SCIENTIFIC. By FREDERICK ENGELS, translated by Edward Aveling. A classic that should be read by every socialist intending to talk or write on Socialism.

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

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

ALL THESE BOOKS
10c PER COPY
From Cotton's Book Dept

A Word With Mr. Farmer

You, brother average farmer, are the worst paid workingman in the country today. Government statistics show that you get less out of your work in the long run than your own hired man. At the same time, nobody works harder than you do. From one year's end to another, you toil in the sweat of your brow to feed the world, and about all you get out of it is a bare living and a chance to pay taxes.

Now, nobody is more to blame for this state of affairs than just yourself. The profits arising from your productive toil pass into the hands of others, who do not produce.

And why is this? Well, one reason is that when you buy the necessities of life you find the prices set for you by the trusts.

You can't buy a nail today, or a hammer to drive it with, or a pair of shoes or a bag of fertilizer, grain or flour, a can of oil or a pound of sugar without paying taxes to the trusts. You must have farm machinery, and yet when you buy it you have to pay three or four times what it is worth. The last census tells us that the cost of making a two-horse wagon is \$7.60.

Just get that fact, you practical farmers! What the trust gains you lose! In the same way, all along the line, you are being robbed.

Perhaps it tickles your fancy, you hard-working farmer, to know that the big capitalist's income runs up into the thousands per day and that their holdings are enormously increased in hard times.

At the same time that the wealth of the country is pouring into the pockets of a few tremendously rich men, census statistics show that the number of mortgaged and repled farms is constantly increasing. Why?

The answer is so plain that you can see it yourself. Almost everything you have got to have, in order to live, is away up in price. The trusts gain because you lose.

The Liberal and Conservative newspapers all tell you, toiling farmers, that you belong to the capitalist class, because maybe you have a few acres of land and a hired man.

Yes, indeed, you belong to the capitalist class body, soul and breeches. What your work really amounts to is a somewhat permanent job with exhausting, hard work and low wages.

But it is through politics alone that the money powers have been able to make laws permitting them "legally" to rob you.

Why not quit playing the game in the interest of the trusts and begin playing it in your own interest?

Neither of the old parties is doing a thing to help you, because the old parties are both influenced by the capitalist class. The great capitalists furnish the slush funds which land their men in office.

But a new party is today growing up all over the world with astonishing rapidity, looking solely to the interests of the farmers and the wage workers.

The Socialists maintain that you farmers are under no obligation to feed the rest of the people at a loss, and demands that you receive the full value of your labor.

The Socialists demand, among other measures for the benefit of the working class, the public ownership of the trusts, railroads, mills, mines and factories which produce the necessities of life.

Social ownership has already been proved a success in many directions. Our roads, bridges, schools, parks, courthouses, water works, hospitals and asylums, libraries and universities, the post office, the light-house service, and many other useful works, at one time privately owned and operated, are now publicly or socially owned and operated.

To this extent we already have socialist ideas in actual service.

If the government has authority to inspect fertilizers, foods and drugs, why has it not the authority to make them?

If the government can build a canal, why not a railroad?

ALCOHOLISM AS A FACTOR IN MORTALITY

Every student of statistics, says the English Medical Press and Circular (1908), recognizes that there are serious fallacies surrounding the registration of deaths. "It is doubtful," says the writer, "whether any scheme of national registration of deaths, however well conceived, would ever be wholly successful in obtaining an adequate record of causes.

Such conditions as syphilis and insanity always present insurmountable obstacles in the path of conscientious medical testimony, that is, while the practitioner is dependent on his popularity and tact for the retention of the practice which supplies him with bread and cheese. What can be easier than to certify that death is due, let us say, to cirrhosis of the liver and to leave unnoted the primary cause, alcohol or syphilis?"

"There are a few diseases that have not contributory factors to their mortality," says the Journal of the American Medical Association (June 12, 1909), "and even moderate drinking habits affect the prognosis of disorders from which a total abstainer is comparatively safe."

According to the last United States Census the death rate from alcoholism in that country was 6.2 per 100,000 of the population. How far the ratio is from showing the real relation between alcoholism and mortality is indicated by the Swiss statistics which are recognized as especially trustworthy, and which show the ratio in that country to be 103.5 deaths per 100,000 of the population. The reliability of the Swiss statistics is due to the fact that the official blanks sent physicians for reporting deaths call for a statement of contributory as well as immediate causes. Making all due allowance for differences in social customs between the two countries, it is evident that deaths in the United States for which alcohol is wholly or partially responsible far exceed the number now recorded.

A large work on the condition of medicine and hygiene in Prussia from 1883-1908, published last year, contains an article by Dr. R. Abel, and councillor and lecturer in the National Education Department, in which he says that in Prussia alone 1,000 men die of alcoholism every year, and to this he adds: "With how many alcoholism hastens death, how much moral damage and economic loss and what destruction of happiness and of bright promises for the future it causes, no statistics can show. It will long be an important part of the physician's task to labor to diminish and relieve the wounds which alcoholism causes to the health and welfare of the people."

—Se. Tem. Fed.

FRANCE.

The Chamber of Deputies proceeded, on July 2, with the interpellations about the general situation. Jaures spoke of the Czar's approaching visit, and said he admitted that the visits of the heads of States to each other, whoever they be, might contribute to the preservation of peace. But how would Abdul Hamid have been received if he had undertaken a journey through Europe just when the blood of the Armenians was flowing? Jaures pointed to the protest in England against the Czar's visit, and said the ship of the murderous Czarism would be compelled to cruise round about Coves for the Czar would not be likely to land on British soil. The Minister of the Exterior, Pichon, said he could not let the words pass without an energetic protest, and said that, as Jaures had brought up England, he could not do better than to quote the words of the English Under-Secretary of State in answering a Socialist on the same subject in the House of Commons: "The Russian Emperor will be received in our country as an ally, who is a friend of France, as well as a ruler who has effectively contributed to the preservation of international peace." (Lively applause on all sides except the Extreme Left, where violent expressions against the Czar were made themselves heard.) Jaures thereupon declared that he had desired that the Russians who had sacrificed themselves in the cause of liberty should know that their heroism was appreciated.

Jaures then turned to internal politics and said the Socialists were willing to work for every true reform which the Radicals might propose. Dejeante (Socialist) blamed the Government for the acts of violence perpetrated by the police on May 24. Ferdinand Buisson (Socialist Radical) complained that the Government had punished officials on account of their opinions, and he begged them not to refuse an amnesty to these officials.

Capitalism produces paupers and millionaires. Both are degenerate specimens of a decadent epoch.

NEW SOCIALIST GAME

"The Class Struggle" by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 152 Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE FREE FORUM

Some Suggestions

To the Editor of COTTON'S WEEKLY.

Dear Sir:—There is no doubt of the fact that there is a tendency among adherents of a doctrine such as socialism to become unduly imbued with the idea that theirs is the only true faith and that all other beliefs are heretical, false and misleading.

This state of mind is on the whole commendable enough generally, but occasionally however it is unfavorable for the cause inasmuch as it renders the confirmed Socialist incapable sometimes of seeing things from the viewpoint of an outsider. Thus while the socialist theory, in itself, may be founded upon true principles, yet its exponents often fail to convince the unbeliever because of not understanding the unbeliever's point of view; they do not present the proper arguments.

The whole difficulty lies in the fact that the socialist's aim is to incorporate several classes into one class, and that he has not entirely realized the significance of this task.

So far the tendency has been for socialist speakers to devote too much of their attention to one faction, i. e. that class which lives always upon the edge of poverty, and which consequently suffers most when "times are bad."

This seems to be a mistake. It is true that socialism appeals more readily to a man who knows what it is to be out of work and hungry, than it does to one who has never felt the pinch of poverty; it is natural that those most in need of socialism should be appealed to first; yet the other classes should not be forgotten, and there are other classes.

The professional or business man who sometimes perhaps attends a socialist meeting, is not going to be won over by the promise that under the new regime he will never need to be out of work and hungry; he has sufficient work and plenty of food as things are now.

Such brilliant truths as those contained in socialism deserve suitable settings; and what more suitable than to demonstrate to the professional man that a wider sphere of usefulness awaits his activities; to convince the business man that true industry need no longer fear bankruptcy; to prove to the student that higher education will be within the reach of all; to assure the artist that genius shall no longer starve unrecognized in a garret—when all the world is socialist.

Explain to the people what the socialists will do for them in the way of parks and playgrounds, municipal improvements, technical schools and educational facilities generally. In a word, find out where public interest lies and act accordingly.

ROBERT SPENDLOVE
Ayers Cliff, Que.

A Line of Action

There is so much being said today regarding the upliftment of the poor, downtrodden worker, that it is rather puzzling to settle down to some direct line of action. Of course it is a fact, plainly defined, that the capitalist system arouses the workingman to the point of anarchy, and it cannot be ignored. Still, that is only a brutal way of overcoming brutal usages; and must be forever dismissed from the mind. The problem can only be solved by strict measures being adopted for the education of the masses along these lines. They are too much given to talk, and not mindful enough that steady work with regard to organization is the first requisite. Next, the party system now in vogue must be fought against with every reasonable weapon at command. The principle power wielded will be by inculcating in the minds of all the necessity of placing a candidate in the field, for election to parliament, in every county where a nucleus of organized laborers exists. This will start the workers to think, and will eventually replace, in their minds, the old party allegiance, by the new progressive party, having for its aim the elevation of every man, woman and child of the race.

This will be a plant of slow growth, and one which must be watered and cultivated tenderly for many years, before it attains to maturity and consequent bud, flower and fruit. I might say that this is nature's only known way of producing the highest forms of life. All other methods must prove abortive, in that they seem not to have

the sanction of the All-wise, whose handiwork is displayed in myriads of stars moving in majesty in the immensity of space, also in the infinitesimal forms of life, of which the human eye, unaided by the magnifying process, is utterly oblivious.

To follow the lines just laid down must produce good results, and much needed mental growth will come to the masses while this process is being carried out. Discipline is absolutely necessary to secure permanent good in this regard. We have enough and to spare of quick result schemes; but they must all be dismissed—they will prove futile.

Industry in this matter is as necessary as in all other human affairs. And it will be especially needful in this instance, if we are to outwit and forever destroy one of the most gigantic forces that exists on earth today—superstition, coupled with organized hypocrisy, and a determination on the part of a few to live at ease on the labor and privations of the many.

It is not necessary for me to speak further of the impossibility of carrying this matter to a successful issue by any other method than laid down in the foregoing. And I see no hope of this much desired consummation, for a number of years yet. But the ultimate reign of reason is as assured as is the rising and setting of the sun.

Now just a word more and I shall leave the matter to the intelligence of the honest workers, scattered all over this beautiful world. The free, untrammelled and harmonious working of any system must always depend upon the choice of good leaders—men who have the best interests of the race at heart, and who cannot be tempted by the lure of gold. Men who are above the thirst for earthly glory, and men who will not lie.

F. C. HARRIS.

WOMAN'S LOW WAGES.

The number of women who earn their own living in the United States has now reached the surprising total of nearly 5,000,000. This means also that many of these women work not only for themselves, but for the support of others. And these figures are exclusive of the great unnumbered portion of womankind which bears the name of housewife and labors in the home to keep the household together. In fact, the custom has become so fixed that the withdrawal of woman from the ranks of business would ve the business world well nigh stranded. The change in the public attitude toward women in business has taken place within the last half century.

Woman's admission into the ranks of teachers dates back several centuries, and at the present time she has so far outstripped men in the successful handling of young scholars that the field is left almost entirely to her.

It is a strange fact, however, that, for all woman is more capable than man in teaching the young, she is paid on an average much less than the comparatively few men who have entered their chosen field. At the same time women teachers are generally better trained for this work. This is the situation as noted by Professor Thorndike of Cleveland University, who has recently issued a book on the subject.

"THE ANCIENT LOWLY."

Those who have read "The World Revolution" by Untermann, and wish to follow further the history of the organization of the workers from the earliest known period up to the period of the adoption of Christianity by Constantine, will do well to read and study "The Ancient Lowly" by C. Osborne Ward. In two volumes at \$2.00 per volume. Either volume for 25 yearly subs to Cotton's up to the end of this month.

THE WORLD OVER

And still the wise ones argue, still they rant
Of Hume and Huxley, and the creeds of Kant;
And still men suffer, women cower
And starving children seek an empty breast.

—FISHER, IN MOODS.

Don't waste time arguing with your friend. Let Cotton's talk to him every week in his leisure moments. There is always something that will make him think hard.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

MIRTH PROVOKERS

"This," remarked Mr. Cane, "is my photograph with my two French poodles. You recognize me, eh?"
"I think so," said Miss Softe. "You are the one with the hat on, are you not?"

Medical student: What did you operate on that man for?
Eminent Surgeon: Two hundred dollars.
I mean what did he have?
Two hundred dollars.

A father who is fond of putting his boys through natural-history examinations is often surprised by their mental agility. He recently asked them to tell him "what animal is satisfied with the least nourishment." "The moth!" one of them shouted confidently. "It eats nothing but holes."

Ruth was entertaining a couple of small playmates one afternoon when her mother entered the room and asked:

"Why don't you play something, instead of setting still and looking miserable?"

"Why, we are playing, mamma," said Ruth. "We're playing at grown-ups making a call."

Marjorie, aged three, was to be the "doctor," and he came to make a call on her sister.

"Do you want to know what you've got?" the doctor asked after a critical examination.
"Yes," faintly assented the patient.
"You've got dirty hands!" said Marjorie.

A southern Congressman tells of a darkey in a Georgia town whose best quality is his devotion to his aged parent.

Once the Congressman asked Pete why he had never married.

"Why, boss," explained Pete, "I've got an ole mudder, I had t' do for her, suh. Ef I doan' buy her shoes an' stockin's she doan' git none. Now, boss, you see ef I was t' git married I'd have t' buy 'em t' mah wife, an' dat'd be takin' he shoes an' stockin's right outter my ole mudder's mouf."

"S-s-s-sus-say, ma," stammered Bobby through the suds as his mother scrubbed and scrubbed him. "I guess you want to get rid o' me, don't you?"

"Why, no, Bobby dear," replied his mother. "Whatever put such an idea as that into your mind?"

"Oh, nothin'," said Bobby. "Only it seems to me you're tryin' to rub me out."

The class war is on. The man who denies it is a man crying peace, peace, when there is no peace.

Put a little
"Sunshine"
in your
home

An old-fashioned,
ill-working furnace is a non-
producer.

It consumes the coal, but through leaks and cracks wastes the heat.

It is not economy to have such a furnace in your own home, or in your tenant's home.

If you are thinking of building you should be interested in Sunshine Furnace. It adds 100 per cent. to home comforts.

As soon as you let the contract for your house decide on your furnace. The "Sunshine" man will be pleased to tell you just how the rooms ought to be laid out with an eye to securing greatest heat from the smallest consumption of coal.

If you want to experiment with the question don't specify "Sunshine."

If you want to settle the question specify "Sunshine."

McClary's

For Sale by McCLATCHIE BROS., Cowansville

PLATFORM

Socialist Party of Canada

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PROPAGANDA

Dear Comrade Editor:

In the July 15th issue of Cotton's, there appeared a short article by Comrade Shier, entitled "II."

I have had considerable experience as a Socialist propagandist, having been working for the cause for the past thirteen years, and I wish to emphatically endorse Comrade Shier's advice as being sound, and, if we can get our comrades to take his advice to heart, the socialist cause will make a tremendous stride forward.

Comrade Shier said "that to get the people reading Socialist papers, books and pamphlets is of the utmost importance, and that whenever a socialist speaker addresses an audience, he should always finish up by an appeal to his audience to read our literature. The comrades who attend the meeting, should instead of standing around enjoying themselves, get to work, and help the cause by selling pamphlets, papers and books, and taking subscriptions." This, is indeed valuable and very much needed advice. I am glad to say that the Montreal comrades have, during the past six months, been doing just what Comrade Shier advises. At every one of our meetings, the speakers urge the people to read our literature, and the results have been excellent. We have sold on an average sixty copies of Cotton's Weekly at every meeting, since adopting this plan. This is a source of profit to us, and the cheapest possible method of spreading the philosophy of Socialism.

Those in our audience, who hear Socialism preached for the first time, may go away and think very little of it, and, after a few weeks, the good effect, if any, made by the socialist orator upon his mind, will be obliterated by other thoughts, but let the listeners buy a Socialist paper; he will take it home, read in it the Party Programme, articles by various writers on political economy, the speech he listened to by the Socialist orator, will be further emphasized. If he keeps the paper, it will repeatedly remind him of the existence of the socialist movement. He may lend the paper to some of his friends, and will probably discuss some of the articles contained therein. He then becomes a means for propagating Socialism. The economy of this method is apparent.

We here have one of our comrades on the stump, who is there because he feels that he must fight against the present outrageous system. Then we have an army of enthusiasts who sell the papers and pamphlets, because they want to do their share in bringing into existence the Co-Operative Commonwealth, and then after planting the seed in the brain of our listeners, they go into the world, and tell others of the great tidings that they heard.

COMRADES:—If every socialist would throw his efforts into this method, there is no reason why we should not have the whole population of the world intelligently discussing Socialism within a few years from now. To do it, we don't need a big fund, we don't need wonderful orators, or extraordinary writers, but we do need a number of intelligent, clear speakers, and an army of workers who are willing to do their share in emancipating the workers from wage-slavery.

The comrade who makes an intelligent speech, advocating Socialism, or selling Socialist literature is worth a thousand of those who spend their time fault-finding, and causing dissension in the ranks of those already enrolled in the Socialist Party.

COMRADES:—Let us take Comrade Shier's advice, and adopt the easiest, least expensive and most scientific method of making our noble movement known. Let every shot be a blow at Capitalism. Don't waste our ammunition by turning our guns on those who believe in socialism, but whose methods differ from our own. Let us fight intelligently, and with determination, then victory will be ours, but let us waver, use loose unscientific methods, and the coming of the dawn of Socialism will be delayed indefinitely.

GEORGE EDWARD.

U. S. A. NOTES

From Weekly Bulletin issued from National Headquarters of Socialist Party.

It is reported that the Bethlehem Steel Company will only permit Republicans and Democrats to work for them and that they have discharged several scores of persons upon the suspicion that they are Socialists. The works of the company are located at South Bethlehem, and

it is reported that the move of the company is supported by the Rev. A. Varlasky, who expelled thirty-two members of his congregation upon the same suspicion, that is, that they were Socialists.

The Croation Socialist Organization of Chicago has been granted a charter by Local Cook County. These comrades are trying to induce all independent Croation organizations to follow their course. They report that a branch of fifty members in Milwaukee, Wis., and one of eighty members in Allegheny, Pa., have also affiliated with the Socialist Party. The Croation paper entitled "Radnicka Straza" is published at 606 South Center Avenue, Chicago.

OPEN LETTER TO SOCIALISTS BY WOMAN'S NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

"Dear Comrades—It gives us great pleasure to write to you, for we women of the Socialist Party should become more closely affiliated, as we will need co-operation and mutual assistance in the battle to come.

It is up to us to start a new and lasting suffrage movement in this country. By saying a suffrage movement we do not mean a pure and simple feminine affair to wrangle for the privilege of the ballot alone, but a clear class-conscious movement where the ballot will be demanded as one of the means to the goal.

If you follow the Party Bulletin you have probably noticed the decision of the Woman's National Committee to issue a suffrage almanac explaining the rights granted to women in the United States in general and in the different states in particular. This to give the women throughout the country an opportunity to take advantage of the few rights granted to them, of which the 'Απορροησις: η: Απορροησις' You will realize at once the immensity of the task undertaken and will understand, of course, that the Woman's National Committee could not possibly carry out its decision unless it secures the help of the active Socialist women throughout the land.

We appeal to you, therefore, to get to work and find out all about the rights granted to women in your respective State and County. If the work proves too much for you, enlist some other women better known to you than to us. Hoping to know soon whether you are ready to take up the work, we are

THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The circulation shows a decided slump this week. Subs expiring were 195. New subs 76. A loss of 119. Jump into the breach at once and stop this downward slump.

Nova Scotia.....	380
Prince Edward Island.....	2
New Brunswick.....	103
Prov. of Quebec.....	884
Ontario.....	1067
Manitoba.....	133
Alberta.....	178
Saskatchewan.....	207
British Columbia.....	238
Yukon Territory.....	2
Elsewhere.....	67
Total.....	3261

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

How to Make a Living

Comrades who are out of work and possess the qualities required by a book agent should follow the example of one of the boys in Toronto who is having considerable success disposing of socialist literature to professional people. This comrade had no idea he could sell goods until he tried it. A great deal depends on the "spiel" and the way you approach prospective customers. It needs to be well thought out. This kind of work is congenial and remunerative, if handled properly. It nets you money, spreads the propaganda and is lots of fun.

W. R. S.

Springhill, N. S. Advertisers

Comrades in Springhill, N. S., are requested to take notice of advertisers from their town in Cotton's. The ball starts rolling this week with the ad. of The St. John Clothing Co. Back up Com. Lavenne in his agitation. Read his article on the Proletariat on page two. No. 2 from Prolo next week.

An Omission

We published an article from G. W. Wrigley of Toronto last week, entitled "Elbert Hubbard and Roycroftism," but inadvertently omitted to attach his name to the article.

Socialism and The Home

One of the most vicious of falsehoods that the master class imports to its slaves is that socialism will destroy the home. This, like all ideas handed down from master to slave, is in the interest of the master class. The master class tells the slave that socialism will destroy the home. Whose home? the master's? Oh, dear no, the master is not worrying about his own home; he is in a great worry because socialism will destroy his slave's home. How very thoughtful. What a kind, considerate master to think so much about his slave's comfort. He has always given you such beautiful homes in the past, in fact, that has been his chief hobby. Profits and luxuries for himself were always a mere secondary consideration. His chief thought, it was always running through his mind, "give the worker a good home." In fact the homes of the working class have been so good on this earth (through the efforts of the master) that they do not wish to go to Heaven, they have no longing for that place of mansions in the sky. They have had such a good time here and so many comforts that they are satisfied and do not wish for more. The master class has had control of the powers that be for generations and have used that power to give the worker good homes. They have given you magnificent homes in the shape of a single room for a family and they even loved you so much that they allowed you to rent part of the one room you had, (that was to make sure that you paid them the rent.)

They also built those gigantic doss houses for those of single blessedness (too poor to marry) so that you could have the privilege of sleeping in a different bed each night. These places have been likened to the holds of the slave ships, but I would not like to say anything against the slave ships, so I don't often make the comparison. And the tenement buildings of London, New York, Chicago, etc. How it would wring the heart of the master to part with them. It would be almost as hard for the master to part with the tenement as it is for the poor sucker that rents them to find the rent (in advance, mind you.) But of course that is only in the big cities. The homes of the workers are so much nicer on our broad Western prairies. Why we even have sunlight in our rooms (it doesn't cost the master anything here.) We have nice shades to live in here. Beautiful places they are in summer, hot and full of flies. But we have no flies in the winter, and not much heat either (we buy coal at \$12.00 per ton from the master; another one of his kind acts.) But of course we have the privilege of owning our own house so much better than renting rooms in a tenement. We can live much cheaper, and of course work for less wages (another kind act on the part of the master to the slave.) Also, we have the privilege of knowing that we are tied here and keep our tongues quiet and don't sass back at the man who owns the job we happen to be working at.

All these things prove that the master has always done his best for the worker in the shape of a home, and the worker should at least be grateful to his master and keep him in power so that he can preserve his home for him.

A strange animal is the working plug, born into this world without his own consent, allowed to live in the interests of his master, allowed just enough rations to keep him strong enough to work next day. He is hounded around the world to look for all elusive jobs, first from Western Asia to Eastern Europe, from Eastern Europe to Western Europe, through the British Isles to Eastern America from there on to Middle States and from there to the Pacific Coast, running from his master, with him still on his back sucking like a leech, running for generations. Till at last at the Pacific Coast where west meets east, he has like a coyote at bay to turn around and fight his master, who after his own indifference, is his greatest enemy. This animal with a mirror for a brain that just reflects the ideas that the masters wish him to believe, this is the animal that is searing himself about socialism destroying the home. You have no home, my friend, you are just a roomer. You have no country, you are just a part of the capitalist class; a very valuable part, but you don't know it. One in fourteen a pauper in London, one in ten buried in paupers graves in New York. A noble existence, to live wretched and die a pauper. Wake up, you wage plugs, you are worse off than the Indians or any savages ever were. If Socialists were friends incarnate, they couldn't make your

conditions any worse, so start to think, gird your power and then swat the master and be a slave no more.

EDMUND FULCHER.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

Progress of the Movement in the Various Parts of the World

GERMANY.

In order to illustrate the mad folly and waste to which capitalist industry often leads, "Vorwarts" publishes examples from herring fisheries in the North Sea and in the Baltic. The produce of the fisheries has trebled during the last few years, as a result of being undertaken on a large scale. One would, therefore, suppose that the poor people there would be able to get cheap fish. Far from it. Rather than let the price go down, the fisheries refused to put more than a certain amount of their goods on the market, the rest was allowed to rot and was then sold at a nominal price, as manure. Indeed a divine order of society!

ITALY.

The Italian members of Parliament have decided, after a correspondence with the Austrian members, to suggest September 19, 20 and 21, for a meeting between the Socialist deputies of both countries. The meeting, which will be held in Bologna, has for its object to create an understanding between the Socialist parties of both lands regarding the opposition to new armaments, and to oppose the solidarity of the workers of Austria and Italy to the jingoism of the ruling classes. The Italian Parliamentary faction suggests that the Executive of the Party, in the countries in question, be invited as well as the deputies, as otherwise the Hungarian Party, which has no representatives in Parliament, would be excluded. It was further suggested to invite representatives of the General Commissions of Trade Unions in Austria, Hungary and Italy, and to ask that the International Socialist Bureau should also take part.

RUSSIA.

The French Premier has admitted that Harting, lately the Chief of the Russian Secret Police of Paris, is identical with Landseer, who at Paris, in 1890, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in default for being concerned in the illicit manufacture of explosives. Of course, the Russian Government repudiate him now.

A short time ago a conference of the Lettish Social Democratic Party was held, where almost all the towns in the Lettish portion of the Baltic Provinces were represented. From the reports of the local organizations it is clear that the movement is becoming firmly rooted and increasing everywhere. In the towns there are about 3,000 organized workers, and in the country districts about 1,600, making a total of nearly 5,000.

The organization in Riga is doing particularly well, the members there numbering 2,300. In spite of the incredibly hampering police regulations the movement has assumed a far more democratic character than was possible before 1905. The management is conducted by the town conference which meets every six weeks. Every 150 members of the party are entitled to one representative on this body. This conference elects the town committee which directs the practical business, and carries out the decision of the conference. The propaganda is carried on by a special institution. In the outlying districts it is for the most part carried on by the workers alone. The funds of the party (300 to 400 roubles a month) consist exclusively of the workers' membership subscriptions. Besides a great many circles for studying the theory of Socialism, in which propaganda is also carried on, there are every week four or five larger meetings of organized workers, which altogether are visited by 300 to 400 workers. The central organ of the Lettish Social Democracy is "Der Kampf" ("The Struggle") which has a circulation of 2,500 in Riga. There were further distributed, during the time covered by the report, about 30,000 leaflets in the Lettish and 15,000 in the Russian languages.

From the reports at the conference the fact deserves special mention that the Central Committee of the Social Democracy of Lithuania printed 230,000 copies of different publications in its secret printing office between January 1 and May 1, all of which were successfully distributed. The confiscation of one printing establishment by the police was unable to hinder the further publication.

The death of the Governor of Ekaterinoslav, Klingenberg, of typh-

us, caught while visiting the prison, has caused great excitement in Government circles. It is quite in order that typhus should rage in Russian prisons and claim hundreds of victims, but the death of such a pillar of support to the reaction as Governor Klingenberg has at least caused an inquiry to be made, and the management of prisons is doing all it can to clear itself of the reproach of being guilty of the typhus epidemic. They point out that circulars were sent out to all the local bodies, urging them to take measures against the epidemic and that officials were sent to inspect the prisons, but that all their efforts were unavailing, owing to the enormous increase in the number of prisoners. On February 1, 1909, there were in all the prisons 181,137, double the number that were on January 1, 1906. The number increased especially at the beginning of 1907, and the typhus epidemic increased with these numbers. Its maximum was reached in July, 1908, when the cases numbered 1,284, among which 424 were suffering from spotted typhus. In the autumn the epidemic died down somewhat, but increased again in the winter; thus in January, 1909, there were 923 cases, in February 2,124, in March 2,958, at the end of April 2,334 persons were still with typhus, in the middle of May 2,108, and at the end of May about 2,000.

The radicalism of today will be the conservatism of tomorrow.

Let the workers unite industrially themselves into ownership of the factories, mills and mines. When they will do this they will become wise. Until they do this they will remain slaves.

The flimflam game of capitalism means millions to the parasites and misery to the workers. The parasites want it kept up. The workers should see that it is stopped.



Yes! Cotton's is gradually growing. But there is little danger of it growing too big. There are 1,500 capitalist papers published in Canada, and only 2 English Socialist papers. So it is up to you Canadian socialists to keep it growing. You can never get your views before the public with a weak puny press.

Back up your papers by persistent sub hustling.

REMEMBER THAT COTTON'S IS A MINE OF INFORMATION AT THE PRICE.

Cotton's Weekly

Published for the Propagation of Socialism

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

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SIX MONTHS 25c

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2. The Evolution of the Class Struggle, W. H. Joyce.
3. Incomplete Marriage, Robert Bitchford.
4. Franchising, A. M. Simons.
5. Ballism in Laboratory and Art, Charles H. Darrow.
6. Single Tax vs. Socialism, A. M. Simons.
7. Wage Labor and Capital, Karl Marx.
8. The Man Under the Machine, A. M. Simons.
9. The Mission of the Working Class, Charles H. Vail.
10. Moralism and Socialism, Charles H. Kerr.
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26. Intemperance and Poverty, T. Forster.
27. The Relation of Religion to Social Ethics, Devo.
28. Socialism and the Home, Ray Walder.
29. Trusts and Imperialism, Gustav Winkler.
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31. Socialism vs. Anarchy, A. M. Simons.
32. You and Your Job, Charles Sandberg.
33. The Socialist Party of America, Platform, etc.
34. The Pride of Intellect, Franklin H. Westworth.
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37. The Kingdom of God and Socialism, R. M. Webster.
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40. History and Economics, J. E. Blackie.
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49. A Socialist View of Mr. Rockefeller, John Sparr.
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52. Where We Stand, John Sparr.
53. Socialism and Democracy, Lewis J. Duncan.
54. Industry and Democracy, Lewis J. Duncan.
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56. What to Read on Socialism, Charles H. Kerr.
57. Socialism and the Future, George D. Herron.
58. Why a Workingman Should be a Socialist, William Morris.
59. From the State for Socialism in America, Special.

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

From COTTON'S BOOK DEPARTMENT

NOW FOR AUGUST

There seems to be a large demand for literature among the comrades and by the locals all over Canada, and as an incentive to continued sub hustling for Cotton's, we have decided to make a prize literature offer for the month of August. This time it will be \$10.00 worth of books or pamphlets to be selected from the catalog of Chas. H. Kerr & Co.

The same rules will hold good as in the July prize offer. The prize to go to the comrade or local sending in the most subs on a yearly basis. Two half-yearly or five trial subs to count as one yearly. The only condition is that the winner must send a total of 15 yearlies. And this is very reasonable when you consider that you can get the pick of the finest books published. Certainly a grand chance for some local or comrade to start a library or lay in a supply of pamphlets for propaganda work. Locals after the prize must send all subs by some comrade.

The prize winner for July will be announced in the issue of August 11th. There is still a few days to complete your lists. July has produced only enough subs to enable us to hold our own. The past week has been the worst for a long time. We hope to see activity rampant again in August, so that we can report a substantial increase in the circulation.

Remember the book offer is closing July 31st. If your lists are complete, send in titles of books or pamphlets. If you have landed 15 yearlies you are entitled to \$1.00 value in literature, and the Pocket Library, containing sixty pamphlets is a splendid choice. If 25 yearlies, \$2.00 value will be sent you.

We hope that the comrades will put on new energy and cast into the shades of oblivion the slump of the past week.

STEADY WORK ON THE FIRING LINE IS THE ONLY WAY WE CAN KEEP THINGS MOVING IN A SPIRITED MANNER.

FIRING LINE

Com. Jno. McDonald renews his sub from Old Bridgeport, N. S.

A trial sub on deck from J. Atkinson, Springhill, N. S.

A trial sub and book order lands from Com. McCubbin, Montreal.

Three subs have reached the copy hook from Montreal, per Com. A. Schachter.

Comrade Kerr (Mrs.) sends greetings from Kelowna, B. C., in the shape of a full term sub.

Two trial subs, located by Com. Wm. Walker, of Dresden, Ont., find their way into the proper channels.

Rev. W. Nicholls has a bundle of No. 44 sent to Newcastle to be used for missionary purposes.

Com. Ed. Workman sends in a reminder from Charteris, P. Q. Two trials have been taken care of.

Post card received with order for two trials from Com. John Wright, of Brussels, Ont.

Five trials have reached their destination. They hail from Painswick, Ont.

Two trial subs received a cordial welcome. They were from D. McLellan, Trout Mills, Ont.

Take a flyer in socialist stock. \$1.00 will send Cotton's to ten different addresses for three months.

Two subs and a copy of Spargo's "Socialists" is the latest from Com. R. Heilinger, Montreal.

Com. Lavenne keeps things moving in Springhill, N. S. Besides landing several subs, the bundle order has been increased.

Com. A. Gordon finds time to land two half-yearly and one trial sub during his wanderings at Lachine.

"The best propaganda paper I have read up to date," is the way Com. Ryan of Winnipeg puts it, as he sends in his sub for the full term.

Join the bundle brigade and become a propagandist. Ten copies for three months for \$1.00. Twenty-five copies for three months \$2.50.

A pleasant personal call was made by W. Lemay, of Sutton, P. Q., last week, during which a sub was forthcoming.

Remember that the barber shops are a good resting place for socialist literature. Ten of them can be supplied for three months for only \$1.00.

\$10.00 worth of books for whoever lands the most subs for Cotton's during August. This gives you the pick of the finest books in Kerr's catalog. Two half yearlies or five trials count as one yearly. Everybody has a chance.

Somebody has been doing some hustling around Okotoks, Alta., as a bunch of ten trials have reached us from that locality.

The indefatigable Collins at Amherst, N. S., has landed one more yearly for Cotton's. Two copies of "Merrie England" have also gone forth to his order.

"As good a propaganda sheet as I have read," says Com. Upton of Simlakameen, B. C., as he sent his sub on its long journey across the continent.

Com. Wm. Watts, travelling through the west, is last heard from at Oakburn, Man. A list of ten farmers will look for diversion via Cotton's.

Cotton's is easily worth double the price asked, as everybody admits. A steady volume of new subs is the only thing that will make a fifty cent propaganda paper possible.

Three yearlies look very big this week in the middle of a slump. They were the product of that cheerful hustler, Com. E. Anderson, at Ymir, B. C.

A provincial election is in sight in B. C., presaging activity among the comrades out there. Com. W. E. Hadden of Grand Forks orders ten copies to his address for three months.

Every time he writes in Comrade Hibberd has something to contribute in the way of a sub. He has landed twice in a week with two half and two trial subs, all located in Toronto.

We have all heard this statement: "Learn the truth and the truth shall make ye free." See of many of your fellow men as possible learn the truth from Cotton's and thereby become free to work for socialism.

Com. A. W. Moore succeeded in landing a bunch of seven in the West Toronto with one copy of Cotton's, which is good hearing in these dull times. Sends along a very favorable opinion of this propaganda sheet.

We go \$5.00 better for the month of August. Ten dollars worth of books from Kerr's Catalog for the comrade or local sending in the most subs during August. Only one limit—the winner must have a total of at least fifteen yearlies.

Moncton in Line

On July 19th, taking advantage of a cheap excursion, I visited Moncton, N. B. I looked up the comrades and we arranged for a street meeting. At 8.45 p. m. we opened the meeting (with prayer of course) and in a short probably 300 people had congregated. It was a good meeting, the crowd being very tame. No police or other disturbance.

Comrade (Miss) Mushkat gave a fine twenty minute talk. She is a Russian Revolutionist and true blue. While the writer was speaking she and Comrade (Miss) Fanny Levy distributed a large amount of literature to the crowd. After a two hour meeting the crowd hung around as though wanting more.

Moncton will be a ripe place for Comrade Gribble when he gets around to it. The three comrades who are here Miss Levy, Miss Mushkat and William Mushkat are very active and are fighters clear through. They are booming Cotton's.

I would like to say for the benefit of our lady comrades of the S. P. of C. that I never have met two young ladies who were so well posted as these two lady comrades of Moncton. They can talk plain, straight socialism without ever once mentioning ice cream, peach-basket hats or director's gowns. I have begun to suffer just a little from an excess of conceit in my own knowledge but I found myself beaten to a frazzle. Watch Moncton, comrades, we have three fighters there.

ROSCOE A. FILLMORE

Secy temp. organization committee, Albert, N. B.

PARTY NOTES

A new local has been formed at Westville, N. S.

Will comrades all over Canada send in short notes under this heading. Let us know how the cause is progressing.

Organizer Gribble was due in Amherst on Monday last. The comrades there have been waiting patiently for his services.

Good street meetings are being held in Montreal every Friday night, and crowd listens eagerly till long after midnight.

The comrades of Aylmer West, Ont., are ready for organization, and a local will be started as soon as an organizer can be secured.

A suicide club is said to exist among the unemployed of Cleveland. Capitalism is so decadent that the workers hand themselves together to get off the earth.

TALE OF A TOUR

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

I had the pleasure of meeting Com. Simpson of Toronto in Glace Bay, he being there to report the strike for his paper. We had a fine meeting the last night I was there, the hall was packed, aisles filled up, the platform and all around was crowded and a lot had to go away.

It was a splendid crowd in every sense and enthusiastic to a degree; it was a treat to talk to them.

After I had finished, Simpson tackled me with some questions, and kept me busy for a time, it looked like a duel between him and me. They were answered apparently to the satisfaction of the audience. (Jimmy had played into my hands in fine style,) and then on invitation from the platform Simpson came forward and delivered the dope in good shape. It was evidently a surprise to a number who had taken him for an opponent. I never saw him in better form and that is saying a good deal. Here's hoping he is still in Glace Bay, so he may be available for giving more.

That last night in Glace Bay was glorious, I was sorry to leave it and some of the comrades asked me, "Can't you stay a bit longer?" but I couldn't as I had to leave that night direct from the meeting in order to keep arrangement to be at Stellarton the next night. I was escorted to the car by a big bunch singing "For he's a jolly good fellow."

I never felt so much like a hero since I made my first try at Rugby football and never felt so proud except when the girls started to call me "Mr." They are a fine bunch of warm-hearted bunch at Glace Bay and they did do things.

Now I am at Stellarton where there is a sturdy bunch who will probably join the New Glasgow local, which is weak, and bring it up to strength.

It was a pleasure to meet Comrade Grant again and find that he and others had been making preparations for my return from the East.

I have had five meetings here, and at Westville already, with first class crowds every time. A new local was formed at Westville last night. Still they come. I want to say again and again that Nova Scotia is the best stamping ground for the agitator that I know of. It stands to reason it must be. Consider the results, and compare them with results in Ontario for the same amount of work by the same agitator. Realize that the writer is the first propagandist to make a regular tour of the Maritime and then think what the future holds in store. The results are due to conditions primarily and to the quiet work of comrades for years past. I want to tell the new Maritime Executive wherever it is situated, that the new locals must be looked after for a bit. Most locals are composed of inexperienced comrades and will be necessary to encourage from time to time by sending them a speaker, by frequent communications and in other ways that will occur to them. I have no doubt this will be done. An organizer should be kept going most or all of the time if possible and I think it is possible. Comrade Shier, notwithstanding. Speakers have their uses, that is revolutionary speakers, and \$3.00 a day is not a huge sum after all especially considering the employment is intermittent.

I have known a Socialist speaker get \$35.00 a meeting for a series and none raised a howl. Of course he paid his own railway and hotel expenses, but he didn't do bad at that. Of course he was "prominent." Montreal local sometime ago asked a "prominent" New York speaker his terms to come to Montreal to address a meeting. He wanted a hundred dollars.

Montreal did without "His prominence." Don't worry, there is no such exorbitant sum as three a day about this job. I have to thank the Glace Bay comrades for a handsome present in the shape of a new suit, good enough to get married in. More graft! Well here's looking forward to see the comrades I have not yet seen, and to see those I have already seen once more.

WILFRID GRIBBLE.

SOCIALISM IN OUR TIME

By WILLIAM RESTELLE SHIER

Yes, Socialism will be in our time. Contrary to the opinion of many persons inside as well as outside the party, great strides in the direction of Socialism will be made in the next decade or two.

Those who look upon the Co-operative Commonwealth as an ideal that will not be realized for generations yet to come are simply ignorant of economic and the tendencies of capitalist development.

Society is tobogganing into Social-

ism at a rate that almost takes the breath away from those who are alive to the speed with which we are moving in that direction.

Events are moving very, very fast in this century. In the rapidity with which changes are introduced this twentieth century will even excel the nineteenth.

It is not the socialists who are in advance of the times, but the non-socialists who are behind them.

If Socialism continues to make the same progress in the future as it has in the past, and there is reason to believe it will make greater progress, the Social-Democracy will triumph in the next twelve, fifteen or eighteen years.

There is reason to believe that Socialism will make greater progress in the future than in the past because the army of the unemployed is increasing in size, foreign markets are being curtailed, the opportunities for self-employment are disappearing, the money-power is becoming more insolent, the trustification of industry is nearing fruition, class antagonism are becoming accentuated and the proletariat of all lands awakening to a sense of solidarity and power.

The doom of capitalism is about to be sounded.

Stelzle the Fox

Rev. Charles Stelzle, "labor commissioner" of the Presbyterian church, gallivanted around Europe for a few weeks and now knows all about the labor movements across the pond—much better, in fact, than most men who have lived in the old countries all their lives. He is sending a lot of stuff to the labor press for publication, which for unreliability and misrepresentation of the fact is seldom surpassed. One would be led to believe that all the English union officials who amount to anything, are church members and teetotalers; and that Socialism in Great Britain spells anything opposed to the Tory party. In France the "revolutionaries" (the term is used to cover Socialists and anarchists, who, as a matter of fact are at war) "prefer to keep the bona fide trades union membership comfortably small," so that they will not be outnumbered and then overpowered, and that's probably the reason the "revolutionaries" have been fighting the combined powers of government and the capitalists "to keep the bona fide trades union membership small," etc.

"Just now," says the lynx-eyed Rev. Stelzle, "Socialism appears to be having rather a hard time of it on the other side. There is a note of pessimism in the Socialist press which is unusual." In Germany, says he, the Socialist members in the Reichstag were reduced from eighty-three to forty at the last election, "although there was something of an increase in the total number of votes cast." Nothing is said about the unjust gerrymandering of districts and that all parties in the empire combined against the Socialists, despite which fact the latter increased their vote from 3,000,000 to 3,125,000, in round numbers. In London there was a setback and also in Edinburgh, says Mr. Stelzle because of local conditions which he does not mention. Not a word about the tremendous Socialist gains in Austria, Italy, Finland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, France, England, Switzerland, Belgium and other countries, in national and local contests, since the general election was held in Germany, when Socialism was "smashed" by polling a quarter of a million increase. Wherever Stelzle finds his "pessimism," outside of the London Times, we are unaware, and we doubt whether he reads any foreign papers. His knowledge of the foreign political movement of labor sets him down as the merest tyro, and although he made an ocean trip and dodged in and out of a few countries, he is a mighty long way from becoming an authority at his present pace. It takes some years of study to know something about the Socialist movement, its progress as well as its philosophy.—Cleveland Citizen.

The Coal Strike

In a private communication received in Moncton this week from an official of the Mine Workers in Cape Breton, the strike situation is briefly summed up as follows: "The men are keeping splendid order, and the mines are practically tied up. The Dominion Coal Company is in desperate straits and is using every means within the law to foment trouble."

From the Eastern Labor News, July 24th.

When overheated take a glass of iced "Salada" Tea. It will prove most refreshing. As delightful as a dip in the sea.

ABENAKIS SPRINGS, QUE.

OPEN

June 1st to Oct. 1st.

ABENAKIS SPRINGS HOTEL

Delightfully situated on the St. Francis River, near Lake St. Peter, 63 miles from Montreal.

Come! You will go back with double energy, double capacity for work, all health and tingle.

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MINERAL WATER AND BATHS

Recommended by the highest medical authorities as a cure for rheumatism, diseases of the kidneys, liver, stomach.

A Delightful Place to Rest and Recuperate.

Grand old trees and wide porches for those who care more for rest than recreation. Boating, fishing, tennis, ball room. Rates \$12 to \$16 per week. Beautiful illustrated booklet free on request.

R. G. KIMPTON, Mgr.

ABENAKIS SPRINGS, QUE.

THE MOST DELIGHTFUL RESORT IN CANADA

EDITOR STUNG

Finds Cotton's Very Diverting Indeed

The following is clipped from the columns of the Standard, published at Springhill, N. S. It is a little 2x4 sheet, Conservative in politics, publishing a few columns of so-called labor news, and enjoys a circulation of a few hundred. The comrades of Springhill have piled up a large list for Cotton's in that town, and are still at it. In fact, before they are through there will be more Cotton's go into that locality than is issued by this friend of the laboring man. Hence his kind remarks. The clipping is the introduction to over a column of amusing reading for workers who are thinkers and socialists.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The editor is indebted to some good friend for furnishing us with a copy of Cotton's Weekly. Anything that will afford a diversion in these hot summer days is certainly welcome, and Cotton's Weekly is certainly one of the most amusing things that has come into our hands for a long time. For those who do not know this publication it will be as well to say at once that it is not some bulletin sheet giving the weekly quotations for cotton, but is a Socialist sheet, published in Cowansville, Quebec, and weekly furnishes forth Socialist hash and slop for the ignorant and discontented, and naturally has quite a few enthusiastic feeders in Springhill.

The Coal Strike

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SPRINGHILL, N. S. ADS.

GET WISE

To the Fact that a Dollar Saved is Two Earned.

If You Value Your Hard-earned Dollar, Pay a Visit to

The St. John Clothing Co.

Where You are Guaranteed Honest Value for Your Money

WE don't pretend to give you goods for NOTHING, for you ought to be wise to the fact that all you can get for nothing, is nothing. But we intend and guarantee to give you satisfaction or your money refunded. We have on hand

36 LADIES SUITS Made of the finest quality goods, in different shades and colors, made in the latest and most up-to-date styles by one of the best manufacturers in Canada.

Also a lot of MEN and BOYS SUITS, which we will sell cheaper than the cheapest. We defy competition, as we always take advantage of every opportunity to buy at the lowest possible figures, and therefore save you the middleman's profit. Call and be convinced.

THE ST. JOHN CLOTHING COMPANY

Dealers in Ladies and Gents Clothing Cash or Easy Terms

J. CARTER & ELDERMAN

Main St., SPRINGHILL, N. S.

MONTREAL LOCAL NO. 1

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

OTTO JAHN, SECRETARY, 525 Chausse St., Montreal

W. R. S.

We Perfect Sight

Perfect sight is a question of perfect adjustment, a mechanical process which we accomplish with glasses. We are experts in perfecting sight.



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Jeweler and Optician

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REGISTERED JERSEY CATTLE For Sale

Tuberculin Tested

Five Cows from 6 to 10 years old, price, \$50 to \$150 each.

Two Yearling Heifers, \$100 each.

Two Heifer Calves 6 months old, \$60 each.

One Bull Calf 7 months old, \$40.

One Heavy Pair Work Horses, 7 and 8 years old. Good working condition, about 2300 lbs. \$350

Registered (Canadian and American register) Percheron Stallion, Transvaal Second, for service on the farm.

Chester White Boar for service on the farm.

Grade Jersey Cows and Heifers for sale.

GEO. E. FORD

Elm Cottage Stock Farm.

Cowansville, Que., July 10th. 1909.

ACCORDION FREE

A sweet toned and deep voiced instrument with which you can play beautiful music for home amusement. Good size has eight keys. GIVEN for selling only \$2.70 worth of loveliest picture post cards ever seen in Canada. Send us your name and address and we'll mail you the cards to sell at only 6 for 10 cents. Write today. A postcard will do.

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READ

The Western Clarion \$1.00 Per Year

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1500 Iron & Wood Pulleys, for sale.

All sizes, half price. Also Shafting, Hangers, Iron Pipes, Belting good as new. Cheap.

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What to Read on Socialism

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

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

A Girl and A Garden.

By Frank H. Williams.
Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"I could love you," said the pretty neighbor, and then as the man impudently reached for her she added quickly, "for your garden!"

The man's face fell.

"Now, I call that downright mean," declared the man vigorously. "You're a nice, pretty neighbor. Here I've been courting you and making love to you for months, and now I find that it's not me, but my garden, that's made an impression. I'll sell the garden," he added roughly.

The pretty neighbor clasped her hands in real distress.

"Oh, don't!" she cried. "You don't really mean that! Think how long it's been in your family! Think how much care your mother and your grandmother and your great-grandmother spent on all these dear flowers!"

"Time I was selling it!" growled the man. "I'll get an old factory, a bakery or something of that sort here!"

"Oh, oh!" cried the pretty neighbor. "I mean it!" cried the man. "I'll start right away."

Wholly distressed, the pretty neighbor, her hands tightly clinched, watched the man as he went down one of the paths toward a gay little summer house.

She was standing near a wall, beside a little fountain, and all about her the garden was a bower of beauty. Vistas between the trees radiated from the spot where she stood. Birds sang in the trees. She could hardly realize that



"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?" THE GIRL ASKED.

the big, hurrying city was just on the other side of the wall.

From the summer house she saw the man come out. In one hand he carried a big white board, in the other a bucket of paint and a brush. When he reached the pretty neighbor he placed the board against the wall and without a word took up the brush.

"What are you going to do?" the girl asked somewhat tremulously.

"Paint," answered the man laconically.

With fascinated eyes the girl watched him as the letters grew under his brush. Across the top of the board he painted in big brutal letters the words, "For Sale."

The pretty neighbor caught her breath as the cruel sentence, glaring red, stared at her from the board. Underneath these words the man worked industriously for a little time.

While he worked the girl gazed back at the garden with tear dimmed eyes. When he had finished the man gave a little sigh of satisfaction. The girl looked at the sign again and gasped. "For Sale," it read. "This Garden, Suitable For a Factory. Apply Within to Martin Connor."

"You aren't going to nail that sign up, are you?" questioned the girl, seriously close to tears.

"Sure!" ejaculated the man.

The man picked up the sign, holding it awkwardly to save his clothes from paint, and, with the bucket and brush in the other hand, again went toward the gay little summer house. He whistled as he went, but the girl, who followed, with difficulty stifled her sobs.

At the summer house the man deposited his painting utensils and secured hammer and nails. Still whistling, he led the way through a secluded little iron gate to the street.

Once outside, the man carefully nailed the sign to the wall. When the work was finished he stepped back a bit to admire it. The girl, who had watched the proceedings, cried out at this.

"You're perfectly horrid!" she cried. "I hate you!"

Then the pretty neighbor, frantically dabbing at her eyes with an absurd little handkerchief, ran across the street to her own home.

When the pretty neighbor awoke the next morning she could not think at first what sorrow was near her. Then it came to her in a jump. The garden was to be sold! She shuddered as she thought of the heartless sign and decided that she would never, never look at it again.

A moment later she was at the win-

dow, peering out at the garden wall opposite. Her heart gave a little bound as the blank face of the wall met her gaze. The sign was gone.

It was a very merry pretty neighbor that hailed Martin shortly after.

"Ho," cried the pretty neighbor, boldly walking through the little iron gate into the garden—"ho, I knew you didn't mean to sell your garden! You thought you'd scare me into loving you!"

The man, who had been weeding, looked up at her. He wore an old broad brimmed straw hat that in some undefinable way made him seem even more strikingly handsome than ever.

"You're wrong," he declared slowly. "It's sold!"

"What?" cried the pretty neighbor in consternation.

"Yes," replied the man.

"And some one's going to put up a horrid, grimy factory here?" wailed the pretty neighbor.

"Perhaps," said the man listlessly. "I'm glad you came over," he went on. "I was afraid I'd have to go without saying goodbye to you."

"Goodbye?" asked the girl, her face a picture of surprise and dismay.

"Yes," the man went on, "I'm going away. My train leaves at noon. You may never see me again."

"Why—why are you going?" stammered the pretty neighbor very woefully.

The man looked up at her quickly.

"There's nothing for me to stay here for," he replied without animation, evidently not finding what he hoped in the girl's face.

"I'm sorry," said the girl finally.

She extended her hand. In silence he shook it. Slowly she went toward the gate. When she was almost there the man called to her.

"I'm a brute," he declared contritely, "for letting you think for a minute that I'd ever really let a factory be erected here. Since you love the garden so you've a right to know that the man who has bought it is your father. He will not disturb it for some time—not for the present at least."

"Oh!" cried the girl. For a moment her face was radiant, then suddenly it went sad again.

"Wouldn't you—won't you come back some time and visit my father's garden?" she asked.

"No, I'll not come back," the man replied. "It—it would hurt too much. Goodbye."

"Goodbye," repeated the girl and slowly went through the little iron gate, across the street to her home.

Several times during the next hour she looked at the clock and involuntarily sighed. The morning was going very fast, it seemed. Faster and faster the time flew on toward noon. Presently it was 10:30, then 10:45 and then 11 o'clock.

When the morning reached this point the pretty neighbor was suddenly galvanized into action.

"Good gracious!" she cried, jumping from the chair where she had been endeavoring to read a book. "Good gracious, he may be gone, and I haven't found out where he is going!"

Without more ado the pretty neighbor raced out of the house and across the street to the little iron gate. The gate was locked! Wildly she tore around the wall to the great front gate. Through this she ran up the shady, curving path to the big house.

Suddenly, as at high speed she bore around a particularly sharp curve, she plumped right into the arms of the man. The latter, when he saw that it was the pretty neighbor, dropped the suit case he had been carrying and drew her closely to him.

"Dear, dear sweetheart," he cried, "I simply can't leave you! I can't do it!"

He hugged her so tightly that she fairly gasped for breath. However, the pretty neighbor had enough breath left to gasp a reply—a very faint reply.

"Don't go," she said, burrowing her head into his coat. "Don't go. It's not your garden I want. It's not your garden I'm in love with. It's you!"

SOCIALISM IN CHILI.

In spite of the frauds used in the elections for the Congress and municipal officials the Social Democratic party of Chili has succeeded in electing seven out of its fifteen candidates.

The "repeating system" has been used openly, even in presence of Socialist voters, who were powerless to right the wrong, as the police, corrupted and shameless, were bought by the Conservatives.

In Valparaiso the Socialist candidate for Senator, Guarello, got 10,676 votes against 13,920 votes for the governmental candidate, Rivera.

The result of the Socialist vote shows a great increase over the previous election. In Tocopilla, province of Antofagasta, alone the vote was 114 in 1903, while it now amounts to 800. In Concepcion the vote was 16,646 as against 10,527 in 1906.

THE WORKERS DO THE WORLD'S WORK.

The working class alone does the world's work, has created its capital, produced its wealth, constructed its mills and factories, dug its canals, made its roadbeds, laid its rails and operates its trains, spanned the rivers with bridges and tunneled the mountains, delved for the precious stones that glitter upon the bosom of vulgar idleness, and reared the majestic palaces that shelter insensate parasites.—Eugene V. Debs.

SCRAPING THE STOMACH

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

Guelph, Ont., Aug. 6, 1908. I suffered for many months with dreadful Stomach Trouble, with vomiting and constant pain, and I could retain practically nothing.

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



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

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

Blindness Said to be Preventable

At the International Conference of Workers for the Blind recently held at Columbus, Ohio, much attention was given to the subject of "Prevention of Blindness."

A paper referring to the above was given by Dr. Louis Strickler, in which it was stated that nearly a half of those who are blind never would have been so had proper measures been taken at the right time to prevent this affliction. Ophthalmia, or inflammation of the eyes of new-born babies, is one of the commonest and most dangerous maladies of the eyes to which the child is subject. It is due to the introduction in the child's eyes at birth of germ-infected secretion from the mother—if the smallest portion is allowed to get inside the infant's eyelids, it rapidly develops a most violent inflammation and rupture of the eyeball.

The medical faculty have discovered that by allowing a small portion of a one per cent solution of nitrate of silver to drop from the end of a tiny glass rod, upon the eyeball of a new born child, the microbes would be destroyed and the eye itself uninjured. This is a condition thoroughly understood by all trained obstetricians.

But among the poor, ignorance is still rife, and many mothers receive the ministrations of half-trained midwives and the eyes are not protected. A large percentage of the children in all of the schools for the blind have lost their sight from this cause.

Blindness in school children might be largely prevented if greater care by parents was exercised in not permitting children to play with pointed instruments, knives, scissors, button hooks, toy firearms and matches.

Patriotic celebrations with explosions of fireworks, etc., invariably leave their trail of blind children. Much blindness would be stopped by the better treatment of the eyes of those suffering from scarlet fever and measles.

All eyes of school children should be regularly examined by an expert and no child should be admitted to a school until it has been satisfactorily proved that it is in a proper condition to support the strain to its eyes.

Preventable blindness occurs in industries such as quarrying and mining, where regulations for the isolation of dynamite are not enforced, also the works where glass, steel filings and quicklime are used. The employer should provide safety devices on machinery where the eyes of the workmen are imperilled. Burns from molten metals and damage from flying chips may often be prevented by the use of glasses, similar to those worn by motorists. Improper treatment of a small injury to the eye will lead to its total loss and the sympathetic loss of the other eye.

Persons suffering from accident should go for treatment at once to a proper doctor, thus saving sight.

The unconscious and the conscious drinking of wood alcohol often results in blindness. Overtaxing the eyes, dissipation in youth or old age, drink, drug habits, or excessive nervous strain may lead to these results.

Education, the betterment of social conditions, improved convalescent homes and hospitals will do much to diminish blindness in old age.

Miss Helen Keller, who is a member of the Associated Workers for the Blind, was unable to be present at Columbus, but in a letter of greeting, said in part:—

"Our ultimate problem is to prevent blindness, to bring nearer the time when instead of one blind person in every thousand, there will be only one in every ten thousand. The reluctance of the Press, school and church to teach essential facts does not matter; cowardice on the part of some of the medical profession does not matter, but blindness, unnecessary blindness, matters unspeakably."

Socialism is working for conditions which will prevent blindness and the many other evils due to ignorance, greed, etc., under the present system.

Christianized Civilization

The century now opening is luminous with the great achievements. In every department of human endeavor marvelous progress has been made. By the magic of the machine which sprang from the inventive genius of man, wealth has been created in fabulous abundance. But, alas, this wealth instead of blessing the race, has been the means of enslaving it. The few have gained possession of all, and the many have been reduced to the extremity of living by permission.

This is called Christianized Civilization. This civilization is chaos, surcharged with the spirit of hell. Beneath the surface we see a world wide fight, an universal struggle, unnatural conflict, never ceasing, merciless and pitiless; a seething multitude desperately fighting each other with hearts black with deadly cunning, ferocity, distrust, envy, jealousy and hatred; while despair and poverty are the dread of all.

On every hand we behold the massive doors of factories, where millions of my brothers and sisters are toiling with bent backs, bathing in their own sweat, and by their actions showing that,

"They are neither man nor woman— They are neither brute nor human— They are ghoul."

Nerveless, brainless, spiritless, with neither body nor soul—bending, twisting, first here, then there, using up what little vital force they possess in toiling for the little bread they must eat.

We see millions of small, innocent children, weak, pale, physically, mentally and morally undeveloped, creeping along early in the morning to their daily toil.

Those among them who will survive the struggle will become the progenitors of future generations of weaklings. They will give birth to degenerates and criminals. This is the work of our boasted Christianized Civilization.

Socialism will forever blot out this nightmare of so-called civilization and usher in a nation of happy people freed from the haunting fear-some thought of the morrow, with its frightful struggle for mere animal existence; a nation whose mothers and daughters know not the toil of the sweat-shops and the factories; a nation whose childhood and youth is spent in wholesome, body-strengthening, soul-expanding frolic; whose young manhood and womanhood is spent in the great universities of learning; whose men labor in the nation's workshop for very joy; a nation whose grandfathers and grandmothers, after a career of usefulness will approach the evening of life without fear of poverty and want—knowing from the abundant surplus which they themselves have helped to create, their simple wants will be supplied.

When you fully realize how easily this new state of society can be attained you will instantly wish to join this greatest crusade of all the ages now organizing for its world

SCOTT'S EMULSION

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

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

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

CASTORIA

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

What is CASTORIA

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

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

42 CENTAUR COMPANY, 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

mission. Its name is Socialism; a beautiful word, a noble expression, a divine ideal.

For the first time in human history, a great fraternal movement is sweeping across the face of the earth and its millions of loyal adherents, social crusaders in the true sense of that term, are clashing hands across the border line of all nations, and in joyous acclamation, voicing the inspiring sentiments: "We are brothers all," and "War shall cease and stain fair earth no more."—W. F. Ries.

DIRTY WORK.

All work necessary for the moral and physical health of society is dignified and elevating. However "dirty," it is not degrading. All work not contributing to the moral and physical health of society is undignified and degrading, however "clean." Filthy and repulsive occupations, which are so merely because competitive employers cannot or will not provide clean and healthy substitutes, are not necessary, and would, under Socialism, be abolished. What dirty work was necessary would be done by those best fitted to do it. The objection to naturally dirty work is not its dirtiness, but the dirtiness of the superior persons who compel people to work at these wages, and contempt.

Under Socialism children would be taught that all necessary work is noble and dignified, and there would be no superior persons to oppress upon the backs of the poor to do dirty and degrading work.

THE DESIRE OF GAIN.

It is said that men will do anything for money, and nothing except for money. Did Jesus die for money? Or Socrates? Or Bruno? Or Ridley? Or Nelson? Or Gordon? Or the Balgelaya heroes? Did Darwin work for money? Or Shakespeare? Or Gladstone? Or Lord Shaftesbury? Or Florence Nightingale? Do the common people work for money? Nearly all the money is taken by a handful of people who do not work for it? How, then, can it be true that the desire of gain is the only stimulus to work?

The desire to work is an instinct which cries aloud for satisfaction. The genius must invent, or write, or compose music, or perish, money or no money. Every healthy person wants occupation, and the best work of the world is done for little or no money reward. Under Socialism every person would have the opportunity of working and developing his capacities to the fullest. Given security for a decent existence, most men and women would scorn to work for the mere purpose of gain. It is only the competitive scramble for a living which makes people seemingly avaricious. Socialism would make life secure, and so set free the higher instinct of helpfulness.

Use Cotton's to propagate the doctrines of socialism. Nothing better or cheaper.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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

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A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms for Canada, King's year postage prepaid. Sold by all news-vendors.
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If a copy of this paper comes through the mail to your home, or if one is handed to you by somebody, it is an invitation to you to subscribe. You will get worth in sound education many times the subscription price and you help make possible the existence of a paper fighting the battles of the working class.

A Bargain in Pamphlets

Nine exceptionally good pamphlets written by the ablest Socialist writers in America, may be obtained from W. R. Shier, 314 Wellesley St., Toronto for 25 one cent stamps. Send for a set, read them yourself, then sell to others at 5 cents each, thereby spreading the propaganda and making a little money on the side.

The way to spread Socialism is to disseminate Socialist literature. The best introduction to Socialist literature is the Socialist Press. If locals would have Cotton's Weekly sent to each barber shop in their town for a period of three or six months, very gratifying results would be obtained.

The present capitalism system grants the agricultural worker just about as much protection as it does the city worker. And that isn't saying much.

Make out a list of ten barbers in your town, enclose in an envelope with a dollar bill, address to us and Cotton's Weekly will do the rest.

The book offer running in connection with Cotton's closes on July 31st. Get in the necessary subs to fill out your lists. And obtain value in the finest books published.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

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Woman's Page

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

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED FOR THIS PAGE

THE TOILER

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

Nay, let me play a while ere day grows late.
So brief the sunlight and this task so great,
What wonder that I yearn to drop the strand
And mar the pattern with a ruthless hand
Of this I weave, and in the weaving hate!
What profits it if, long compelled to wait,
At twilight by the finished work I stand
Too weary for that gipsying I planned?
Nay, let me play a while ere day grows late.

My truant comrades call without the gate,
"Ah, little sister, throw a jest at fate,
And laugh, and join us." All the spring-thrilled land
Lures me with sweet insistence and command,
Taskmistress Life, be one compassionate,
Nay, let me play a while ere day grows late.

—Cosmopolitan Magazine.

THE ART OF SINGING

MARY COTTON WISDOM

(Continued)

Tons of literature, I am quite sure, have been written about the subject of deep breathing.

It is a question which concerns each of us, whether we pretend to sing or not. Every vocal teacher has done his or her little best to help swell the ocean of the knowledge along these lines. Doctors, physical culturists, gymnasts, pugilists, elocutionists have all added their quota.

The votaries of every art or profession which depends upon the development of the physique for its best results have all combined to say that deep breathing is of great importance. Ever since God breathed into our first father Adam, the breath of life, we, his children, have lived by breathing. When our spirit of breath departs, we are no more. Every minute of every hour of every day of our lives we must have this thing of vital importance to each of us from the cradle to the grave. We can, to a greater or less degree, live without food or water, but air we must have.

The scientific study of deep breathing is no new thing. The Oriental, perhaps more than the Occidental, has exalted the science of breathing into some thing more than a mere physical exercise.

The most ancient Hindu records show us that in those far away times deep breathing formed the basis of some of their religions. They proved that by a systematic study of deep breathing man could be helped to a higher plane mentally, morally, physically and spiritually.

What the ancient Hindu did ages ago is of very little interest to the young vocal student of this twentieth century, only in so far as it impresses upon him the fact that the study of deep breathing is no new thing hatched in the brain of modern voice teachers to make harder than necessary the path of study along which he must pass if he hopes to arrive anywhere near the goal of becoming a beautiful singer.

I suppose nearly every professor of singing has his own particular ideas about the study of breath control; also, his own pet exercises. But roughly speaking there are four schools of breathing viz: the clavicular, the lateral, the abdominal and the diaphragmatic. The clavicular, might be called upper chest or lower neck breathing. It brings into play the muscles surrounding the clavicle. This form of breathing is very apt to make the pupil raise his shoulders while inhaling. Common sense, itself, would tell the greatest dunce that this was a habit to be avoided. Tradition says that Jenny Lind used this mode of breathing. However that may be, very few teachers at the present day advocate it.

The strain of holding the breath with

the muscles of the upper chest causes many throat troubles of which hoarseness and vocal fatigue are among the least. Clergyman's sore throat, so common among the public speakers, is very often caused by this harmful way of breathing.

Singers and speakers should control the breath, with muscles that are entirely independent of the vocal chords. The throat and upper chest must be free and unconstrained so that the vocal cords will respond to the breath which plays through them as easily and readily and musically as does an aeolian harp respond to the wind which plays over it.

I will describe the other three modes of breathing in my next paper.

The Little Southern Beauty

MARY COTTON WISDOM

A lady has just asked me why I do not continue my talks about that little Southern lady who gave me so many beauty hints.

To tell the truth I learned more about the care and preservation of one's complexion during the six weeks it was my pleasure to live under the same roof with this Southern girl, than I've ever dreamed or heard tell of, in all the years of my past life put together.

My puritan conscience trained along the rugged path of stern duty, counted beauty as a snare, and the time used in caring for one's complexion as wasted hours, which should have been devoted to higher and nobler things. However, under the basking rays of this delightfully charming little southern woman, I changed my point of view. I came to the conclusion that I had been looking at life from a wrong angle, so I veered around and this part of my life, that had hitherto been starved, devoured with avidity every scrap of information I could get along the lines of beauty cult. I had an able teacher, for this young Virginian matron had as it were, been born to the purple of beauty. Her grandmother had been a beautiful woman; her father and mother had been the handsomest couple ever married in the leading church of their home city; their children (of whom my little friend was one) were noted far beyond the limits of their native town for their good looks. They had beauty inherited and beauty acquired.

Coming from the State of Old Virginia, where the men are supposed to be chivalrous and the women beautiful they had a very different idea as to the value of a beautiful complexion, than would three girls brought up under our Northern skies, where the men are all supposed to be honest and the women industrious.

I've never been to Virginia, so I only gather my information from my little friend's idea of it. But from all accounts, a Virginian gentleman counts personal beauty in his wife a thing greatly to be desired, while as far as I can gather from observation the average Canadian seems to feel if his wife is a good worker and can minister to his personal wants that her price is far above rubies. I suppose it is all a matter of taste.

All the same, our Canadian girls are pretty and sweet 'and nice, as the girls of Old Virginia, or any other State; but what they need to learn is that work isn't the whole law and the Gospel; that the care of their own dainty selves is equally as important.

A woman, beautiful with the glow of health, possessing glossy hair, a clear complexion, well kept hands, a gracious carriage and charming manners (all of which things bloom under cultivation) will have more influence than the woman who sinks her own self beneath her mop pail, her scrubbing brush and her soup kettle.

Granted they both have the same household duties. It is possible to simplify things, if they only will, so that each can have some time every day for rest and relaxation.

Half an hour's nap in the middle of the day with a sponge bath or a facial massage, will refresh a tired woman as does water refresh a thirsty land. My Southern beauty knew this, so each afternoon, before changing her dress, she had her sponge and short nap. I

am quite sure nothing short of battle, murder or sudden death would prevent her doing this.

I may add that this Southern lady was a busy woman, but she was a Spartan at heart, so she kept to her determination to preserve and cultivate her God-given beauty. She succeeded so well, that as she walked down the street, both men and women turned to gaze at her in admiration. Verily a radiant, beautiful, living picture.

PUT ON SAND

Apologies to Rev. W. D. WATTLES

There's an engine on the railroad
With a heavy train to pull,
There's a hot fire in the fire box
And the water gauge is full;
But the wheels are slipping, slipping
And the train is at a stand,
For the track is smooth and icy,
And they don't put on the sand.

CHORUS

Ding Dong! Ding Dong!
I need sand and so do you,
For the Socialist engine
Will get started, understand,
When all you Christian people
Get to work and put on sand.

There's a merchant on the corner
And he sees the coming crash
Knows the system is all rotten,
Going to eternal smash;
He would join the people
And for Socialism stand,
Vote for truth and right and justice
But he hasn't got the sand.

CHORUS

There's a preacher in the pulpit
And he knows what's in the air,
He would like to blaze and thunder
At the system if he dare;
But the bread and butter question
Puts the gospel at a stand,
And the church's wheels are slipping,
Cause the preacher's got no sand.

CHORUS

There's a labor union yonder
Tavelling in the same old rut,
When they ask for better wages
Always get their wages cut.
But they vote the boss's ticket
And they follow his command;
They would like to throw him over
But they haven't got the sand.

CHORUS

There's a very smart reformer,
And he thinks he knows it all,
But he's standing back awaiting
Just to see the system fall!
When you bid him come out boldly,
He'll refuse to lend a hand
He's a dead one in the movement,
Cause he hasn't got the sand.

CHORUS

Sent by Mrs. S. J. R.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Bacon fat may be saved and used to fry fish in. It gives the fish a good flavor and keeps it from falling apart.

Remove flower-pot stains from window sills by rubbing them with fine wood ashes, and rinse with clean water.

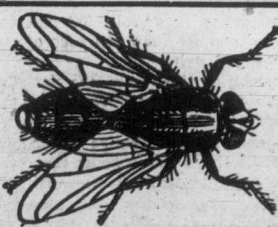
A teaspoonful of powdered alum to a teacupful of lukewarm water sniffed into the nostrils will stop bleeding from the nose.

Ham soaked in milk overnight will be found exceedingly tender and sweet when used for breakfast the next morning.

Cold foods are enemies to the stomach. They reduce the temperature before the point necessary for good digestion.

Boiled or roasted meat which is to be used cold may be wrapped in a wet cloth before putting away, and it will be moist and tender.

Lemons can be kept a long time perfectly dry in silversand. Place the stem end of the lemons down, and set them three inches apart.



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

A Saint of the Russian Revolution

On Wednesday, June 23, a crowded and eager audience assembled at the South Place Institute in London, England to greet the famous leader of the Narodnaya Volya (People's Will Party.) Mme. Vera Figner, who, after being confined for twenty-two years in the Schlusselburg Fortress, the Russian Bastille, came out shortly before the Revolution, and, after travelling on the Continent, arrived on a short visit to this country. None of the members of that wonderful party enjoyed a greater popularity in its midst than Vera Figner. Of aristocratic birth, with a brilliant future before her, she, like her friend, Sophie Perovskaya, abandoned everything in order to devote herself to the service of the people, and was the soul of that dramatic duel between the handful of terrorists and the Russian autocracy which for two years kept riveted the attention of the entire world. Without disparaging either the abilities or the services of the other leaders of the Narodnaya Volya, either living or dead, it is no exaggeration to say that Vera Figner excelled them all in her genius for organization, and in the influence she wielded on the personnel of the party. It was a happy thought on the part of the Russian "Herzen" Circle in London to arrange for her a meeting in order that Socialists and all lovers of freedom might have an opportunity of welcoming her, and the endless rounds of cheers which greeted her appearance on the platform showed that the idea was approved of by the numerous people present.

Felix Volkovsky introduced her, clad in a white robe and still youthful and beautiful as of yore, in a few well-chosen words, contrasting her visit with the one impending from the Czar, and then

Peter Kropotkin delivered a brief and eloquent speech on the history of the revolutionary movement in Russia.

Vera Figner then addressed the audience in Russian, speaking with deep emotion, though in measured tones. If twenty years ago, she said, while immured in the Fortress, she had been told that one day she would speak to an English public in London she would have regarded this as a piece of derision. Yet there she stood, face to face with her audience, exchanging with it greetings and reminiscences. She would only touch on the most salient moments of her life. Just 30 years ago the Narodnaya Volya commenced its struggle with the Czarism. They were a mere handful. The masses did not know them, and the educated classes merely whispered its sympathy. Two years the struggle lasted, the revolutionists thinking all the while that when the supreme moment arrived the remainder of the educated classes would rise and join them in revolt. That moment came with the assassination of the Czar Alexander II., but it brought with it a profound disappointment. No one rose to support them, and the nation kept silent, and the revolutionaries felt themselves isolated. Ah, what a bitter moment that was! And in addition, a spy and agent provocateur, Degayeff, the precursor of Azef, turned up in their midst and betrayed them all, herself, the speaker, included. With what a sense of humiliation and disappointment they all stood before their judges! They were sentenced to death, but at that time Victor Hugo, Rochfort and others in France had commenced an agitation against the further execution of political offenders in Russia, and the condemned had their sentences commuted to one of confinement to the Schlusselburg Fortress for life. The prison in the fortress was especially constructed for them. It was a horrible prison—a replica of the ancient Bastille and the Austrian Spielberg where the Italian patriots used to be immured. The cells were painted black, and the small windows were so situated that never through these long years could she see for once the passing clouds or the starry skies. It was one long dark winter to them. The stillness of the grave reigned all round. The gendarmes never spoke a word, and when they were asked a question, one could see by their stony faces, that they had been forbidden not only to speak, but also to hear. Silence was the weapon with which they thought to break their valiant spirits. Many died during the first year at the rate of one per month, and others went mad. The harrowing screams of the latter were the only sounds that pierced the air, and frequently they would hear the doors of some cell being opened, and the unhappy prisoner dragged out in order to be placed in the disciplinary cell and put into a strait-jacket. The Governor of the prison was one of the most inhuman brutes she ever

knew, with an iron will and an iron heart. His ignorance was so profound that even his Russian speech was full of grammatical errors, and on seeing once on a prisoner's cell a triangle drawn there by a nail he exclaimed: "None of these clever things for me!" His subservience to his superiors was such that he would often say: "If I were told to call you 'Your Serene Highness' I would do so, and if I were told to strangle you I would do so also!" The prisoners were in continual revolt against him, and two—Minakoff and Myshkin—were shot for attempting to obtain his removal by deliberately insulting him. Ultimately he was removed, but after a third and most horrible sacrifice of all. Dratchevsky, another of their fellow prisoners, poured kerosene oil all over his body and set himself on fire. He was burnt to ashes, but the Governor was removed. Such was the state of things in the prison in which she passed 22 years of her life! For 13 years they had not exchanged a single word, either spoken or written, with the outside world, and even their nearest relations did not know where they had disappeared. Subsequently they received permission to write to their relations—twice a year, but so hunted had become their feelings, so loose their attachments to the world outside the prison walls, that many of them did not avail themselves of the new privilege. They just continued to exist, and then died.

After a lapse of 17 years their dead life was unexpectedly broken by the arrival of Karpovitch, the young student who had killed the Minister of Public Instruction, Bogolipoff, for sending revolting students to disciplinary regiments. The appearance of Karpovitch was like the sudden descent of a bright meteor. The new prisoner brought them strange and joyous tidings. He had been sentenced, he declared, for 20 years, but he would not stay longer than five. The revolution was bound to break out soon, and set them all free. They would not believe him, they could not believe him; and many a time the young Karpovitch would feel offended at their treatment of him and would sulk in his cell. But Karpovitch was right, and one day in 1904 they came out to find a new world and a new nation. What a difference from the state of things she had left in 1882! The working class had risen and gathered under the banner, "Proletarians of all countries, unite!" The peasants, too, had risen in revolt for a better life and for political freedom. When she came to the village in the province of Archangel, where she had been ordered to reside after leaving the fortress, the other political of that place presented her with an address of welcome, and the first signature on that address was that of a peasant of the district where she had once carried on a propaganda, and where she, as an assistant doctor, treated his father. Subsequently she went to her native place in the province of Kazan, and there a young peasant came to her one day, showing her a photographic group he had secretly bought for one penny, and said: "Here is Sophie Perovskaya, here is Zhelyaboff, and here are you!" She was deeply touched not only by the fact that she was still living in the memory of the people, but also by the enormous progress that the mind of the masses had made in the interval.

And now—Vera Figner concluded—our hopes are once more blighted. But what has once passed through the people's mind will not be eradicated, and if the seed sown by the small group of the Narodnaya Volya brought such an abundant harvest, the toil of the millions during the ever memorable year of 1905 is bound

to bring in due time its fruit in the shape of complete freedom for the Russian nation. No folding of the arms, then, but forward to work and battle.

The audience rose and made an ovation to the speaker when her words had been translated by Kropotkin. The concluding speeches were made by Soskice, Tcherkesoff and Aladdin, and it was past eleven o'clock when the audience began to disperse. The memory of that evening and of that figure in white will long linger in the minds of those who were present. It was a sort of brief communion with a saint and the genius of the Russian revolution.—Justice.

THE TRYST

By M. E. RYLE

He waited by the dim lake where the canoes were drawn up high amongst the rocks, and the pine trees above him murmured like the sea.

In those northern lands the night-sky was twilight from sunset till dawn, transparent green above the forests where single stars shone, reflected in the lake.

The night was a wonder mystery for him, as he thrilled with pride and strength; for he loved and was loved. He waited, and his heart laughed, though the trees hushed the sound upon his lips.

Softly, slowly, the great golden moon, that is only seen in Russia, climbed above the woods, and the ripples on the lake were touched with trembling light.

He strained his ears to catch the sound of her footsteps, till the silence seemed to sing. The pebbles of the lake-path would tinkle beneath her feet, and patter into the water below widening rings of gold, as she hastened to him. She would laugh for the burden of her joy as she leaned against him, raising her face to his, with a strange light in her eyes.

But the hours slipped by, and a small wind shivered in the sedges. His heart grew heavy and stifled, the laughter driven out by fear.

His faith in her never wavered; but with cold hands he fought down the pictures that rose before his eyes—pictures of a cruel, dark Fate, who might crush the loveliness of life at a blow, and break their golden thread asunder.

As the grey dawn bared itself above the pine trees he turned towards the village.

Between the slender larches and young silver birches a man was staggering as though dazed. They, her father and her lover, met face to face in the pathway, white and terror-stricken. "They have taken her," moaned the elder, pressing thin hands upon his temples.

"She went to the Revolutionaries, though I prayed upon my knees . . . and at night they came—the Emperor's hell-hounds. It means death for them all—twelve young men and girls from our village. . . . She was quiet as the moon, and she wept not at all. This she sends you, my son."

Blinded with tears, the father held out a tiny cross, hung upon a thin gold chain.

After many weeks they met. The lovers kept tryst within the old prison walls that have long ago become hardened to tears of sorrow as to shrieks of slow-creeping madness.

In his agony he had sought an answer to the one question that burned within his soul—"Why, of her own free will, did she give up life and its gladness?" And, finding the answer, he did likewise. Thus they met, not by the whispering lake beneath the Russian summer moon, but at the Gates of Death, where martyrs and lovers join hands and there is an end of weeping.—British Labor Leader.

PSALMS

Psalm 31.

14 But I trusted in thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my God.

15 My times are in thy hands: deliver me from the hands of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me.

16 Make thy face to shine upon thy servant: save me for thy mercies' sake.

17 Let botme be ashamed, O Lord; for I have called upon thee: let the wicked be ashamed, and let them be silent in the grave.

17 Let me not be ashamed, O Lord; hence; which speak grievous things proudly and contemptuously against the righteous.

19 Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for glory that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!

20 Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man; thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.

PROVERBS

Chapter 16.

25 There is a way that seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death.

26 He that laboureth, laboureth for himself; for his mouth craveth it of him.

27 An ungodly man diggeth up evil; and in his lips there is as a burning fire.

28 A forward man soweth strife; and a whisperer separateth chief friends.

29 A violent man enticeth his neighbour, and leadeth him into the way that is not good.

30 He shutteth his eyes to devise froward things; moving his lips he bringeth evil to pass.

31 The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.

32 He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

33 The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.

A Girl and A Garden.

By Frank H. Williams.
Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"I could love you," said the pretty neighbor, and then as the man impetuously reached for her she added quickly, "for your garden!"

The man's face fell.

"Now, I call that downright mean," declared the man vigorously. "You're a nice, pretty neighbor. Here I've been courting you and making love to you for months, and now I find that it's not me, but my garden, that's made an impression. I'll sell the garden," he added roughly.

The pretty neighbor clasped her hands in real distress.

"Oh, don't!" she cried. "You don't really mean that! Think how long it's been in your family! Think how much care your mother and your grandmother and your great-grandmother spent on all these dear flowers!"

"Time I was selling it!" growled the man. "I'll get an old factory, a bakery or something of that sort here!"

"Oh, oh!" cried the pretty neighbor. "I mean it!" cried the man. "I'll start right away."

Wholly distressed, the pretty neighbor, her hands tightly clinched, watched the man as he went down one of the paths toward a gay little summer house.

She was standing near a wall, beside a little fountain, and all about her the garden was a tower of beauty. Vistas between the trees radiated from the spot where she stood. Birds sang in the trees. She could hardly realize that



"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?" THE GIRL ASKED.

the big, hurrying city was just on the other side of the wall.

From the summer house she saw the man come out. In one hand he carried a big white board, in the other a bucket of paint and a brush. When he reached the pretty neighbor he placed the board against the wall and without a word took up the brush.

"What are you going to do?" the girl asked somewhat tremulously.

"Paint," answered the man laconically.

With fascinated eyes the girl watched him as the letters grew under his brush. Across the top of the board he painted in big brutal letters the words, "For Sale."

The pretty neighbor caught her breath as the cruel sentence, glaring red, stared at her from the board. Underneath these words the man worked industriously for a little time.

While he worked the girl gazed back at the garden with tear dimmed eyes. When he had finished the man gave a little sigh of satisfaction. The girl looked at the sign again and gasped. "For Sale," it read. "This Garden, Suitable For a Factory. Apply Within to Martin Connor."

"You-you aren't going to nail that sign up, are you?" questioned the girl, perilously close to tears.

"Sure!" ejaculated the man.

The man picked up the sign, holding it awkwardly to save his clothes from paint, and, with the bucket and brush in the other hand, again went toward the gay little summer house. He whistled as he went, but the girl, who followed, with difficulty stifled her sobs.

At the summer house the man deposited his painting utensils and secured hammer and nails. Still whistling, he led the way through a secluded little iron gate to the street.

Once outside, the man carefully nailed the sign to the wall. When the work was finished he stepped back a bit to admire it. The girl, who had watched the proceedings, cried out at this.

"You're perfectly horrid!" she cried. "I hate you!"

Then the pretty neighbor, frantically dabbing at her eyes with an absurd little handkerchief, ran across the street to her own home.

When the pretty neighbor awoke the next morning she could not think at first what sorrow was near her. Then it came to her in a jump. The garden was to be sold! She shuddered as she thought of the heartless sign and decided that she would never, never look at it again.

A moment later she was at the win-

dow, peering out at the garden wall opposite. Her heart gave a little bound as the blank face of the wall met her gaze. The sign was gone.

It was a very merry pretty neighbor that hailed Martin shortly after. "Ho," cried the pretty neighbor, boldly walking through the little iron gate into the garden—"ho, I knew you didn't mean to sell your garden! You thought you'd scare me into loving you!"

The man, who had been weeding, looked up at her. He wore an old broad brimmed straw hat that in some undefinable way made him seem even more strikingly handsome than ever.

"You're wrong," he declared slowly. "It's sold!"

"What?" cried the pretty neighbor in consternation.

"Yes," replied the man.

"And some one's going to put up a horrid, grimy factory here?" wailed the pretty neighbor.

"Perhaps," said the man listlessly. "I'm glad you came over," he went on. "I was afraid I'd have to go without saying goodbye to you."

"Goodbye?" asked the girl, her face a picture of surprise and dismay.

"Yes," the man went on, "I'm going away. My train leaves at noon. You may never see me again."

"Why—why are you going?" stammered the pretty neighbor very woefully.

The man looked up at her quickly. "There's nothing for me to stay here for," he replied without animation, evidently not finding what he hoped in the girl's face.

"I'm sorry," said the girl finally.

She extended her hand. In silence he shook it. Slowly she went toward the gate. When she was almost there the man called to her.

"I'm a brute," he declared contritely, "for letting you think for a minute that I'd ever really let a factory be erected here. Since you love the garden so you've a right to know that the man who has bought it is your father. He will not disturb it for some time—not for the present at least."

"Oh!" cried the girl. For a moment her face was radiant, then suddenly it went sad again.

"Wouldn't you—won't you come back some time and visit my father's garden?" she asked.

"No, I'll not come back," the man replied. "It—it would hurt too much. Goodbye."

"Goodbye," repeated the girl and slowly went through the little iron gate, across the street to her home.

Several times during the next hour she looked at the clock and involuntarily sighed. The morning was going very fast, it seemed. Faster and faster the time flew on toward noon. Presently it was 10:30, then 10:45 and then 11 o'clock.

When the morning reached this point the pretty neighbor was suddenly galvanized into action.

"Good gracious!" she cried, jumping from the chair where she had been endeavoring to read a book. "Good gracious, he may be gone, and I haven't found out where he is going!"

Without more ado the pretty neighbor raced out of the house and across the street to the little iron gate. The gate was locked! Wildly she tore around the wall to the great front gate. Through this she ran up the shady, curving path to the big house.

Suddenly, as at high speed she bore around a particularly sharp curve, she plumped right into the arms of the man. The latter, when he saw that it was the pretty neighbor, dropped the suit case he had been carrying and drew her closely to him.

"Dear, dear sweetheart," he cried, "I simply can't leave you! I can't do it!"

He hugged her so tightly that she fairly gasped for breath. However, the pretty neighbor had enough breath left to gasp a reply—a very faint reply.

"Don't go," she said, burrowing her head into his coat. "Don't go. It's not your garden I want. It's not your garden I'm in love with—it's you!"

SOCIALISM IN CHILI.

In spite of the frauds used in the elections for the Congress and municipal officials the Social Democratic party of Chili has succeeded in electing seven out of its fifteen candidates.

The "repeating system" has been used openly, even in presence of Socialist voters, who were powerless to right the wrong, as the police, corrupted and shameless, were bought by the Conservatives.

In Valparaiso the Socialist candidate for Senator, Guarello, got 10,676 votes against 13,920 votes for the governmental candidate, Rivera.

The result of the Socialist vote shows a great increase over the previous election. In Tocopilla, province of Antofagasta, alone the vote was 114 in 1903, while it now amounts to 800. In Concepcion the vote was 16,646 as against 10,527 in 1906.

THE WORKERS DO THE WORLD'S WORK.

The working class alone does the world's work, has created its capital, produced its wealth, constructed its mills and factories, dug its canals, made its roadbeds, laid its rails and operates its trains, spanned the rivers with bridges and tunneled the mountains, delved for the precious stones that glitter upon the bosom of vulgar idleness, and reared the majestic palaces that shelter insolent parasites.—Eugene V. Debs.

SCRAPING THE STOMACH

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

Guelph, Ont., Aug. 6, 1908. I suffered for many months with dreadful Stomach Trouble, with vomiting and constant pain, and I could retain practically nothing.

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



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

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

Blindness Said to be Preventable

At the International Conference of Workers for the Blind recently held at Columbus, Ohio, much attention was given to the subject of "Prevention of Blindness."

A paper referring to the above was given by Dr. Louis Strickler, in which it was stated that nearly a half of those who are blind never would have been so had proper measures been taken at the right time to prevent this affliction. Ophthalmia, or inflammation of the eyes of new-born babies, is one of the commonest and most dangerous maladies of the eyes to which the child is subject. It is due to the introduction in the child's eyes at birth of germ-infected secretion from the mother—if the smallest portion is allowed to get inside the infant's eyelids, it rapidly develops a most violent inflammation and rupture of the eyeball.

The medical faculty have discovered that by allowing a small portion of a one per cent solution of nitrate of silver to drop from the end of a tiny glass rod, upon the eyeball of a new born child, the microbes would be destroyed and the eye itself uninjured. This is a condition thoroughly understood by all trained obstetricians.

But among the poor ignorance is still ripe, and many mothers receive the ministrations of half-trained midwives and the eyes are not protected. A large percentage of the children in all of the schools for the blind have lost their sight from this cause.

Blindness in school children might be largely prevented if greater care by parents was exercised in not permitting children to play with pointed instruments, knives, scissors, button hooks, toy firearms and matches.

Patriotic celebrations with explosions of fireworks, etc., invariably leave their trail of blind children. Much blindness would be stopped by the better treatment of the eyes of those suffering from scarlet fever and measles.

All eyes of school children should be regularly examined by an expert and no child should be admitted to a school until it has been satisfactorily proved that it is in a proper condition to support the strain to its eyes.

Preventable blindness occurs in industries such as quarrying and mining, where regulations for the isolation of dynamite are not enforced, also the works where glass, steel filings and quicklime are used. The employer should provide safety devices on machinery where the eyes of the workmen are imperilled. Burns from molten metals and damage from flying chips may often be prevented by the use of glasses, similar to those worn by motorists. Improper treatment of a small injury to the eye will lead to its total loss and the sympathetic loss of the other eye.

Persons suffering from accident should go for treatment at once to a proper doctor, thus saving sight.

The unconscious and the conscious drinking of wood alcohol often results in blindness. Overtaxing the eyes, dissipation in youth or old age, drink, drug habits, or excessive nervous strain may lead to these results. Education the betterment of social conditions, improved convalescent homes and hospitals will do much to diminish blindness in old age.

Miss Helen Keller, who is a member of the Associated Workers for the Blind, was unable to be present at Columbus, but in a letter of greeting, said in part—

"Our ultimate problem is to prevent blindness, to bring nearer the time when instead of one blind person in every thousand, there will be only one in every ten thousand. The reluctance of the Press, school and church to teach essential facts does not matter; cowardice on the part of some of the medical profession does not matter, but blindness, unnecessary blindness, matters unspeakably."

Socialism is working for conditions which will prevent blindness and the many other evils due to ignorance, greed, etc., under the present system.

Christianized Civilization

The century now opening is luminous with the great achievements. In every department of human endeavor marvelous progress has been made. By the magic of the machine which sprang from the inventive genius of man, wealth has been created in fabulous abundance. But, alas, this wealth instead of blessing the race, has been the means of enslaving it. The few have gained possession of all, and the many have been reduced to the extremity of living by permission.

This is called Christianized Civilization. This civilization is chaos, surcharged with the spirit of hell. Beneath the surface we see a world wide fight, an universal struggle, unnatural conflict, never ceasing, merciless and pitiless; a seething multitude desperately fighting each other with hearts black with deadly cunning, ferocity, distrust, envy, jealousy and hatred; while despair and poverty are the dread of all.

On every hand we behold the massive doors of factories, where millions of my brothers and sisters are toiling with bent backs, bathing in their own sweat, and by their actions showing that,

"They are neither man nor woman—

They are neither brute nor human—

They are abominations."

Nerveless, brainless, spiritless, with neither body nor soul-bending, twisting, first here, then there, using up what little vital force they possess in toiling for the little bread they must eat.

We see millions of small, innocent children, weak, pale, physically, mentally and morally undeveloped, creeping along early in the morning to their daily toil.

Those among them who will survive the struggle will become the progenitors of future generations of weaklings. They will give birth to degenerates and criminals. This is the work of our boasted Christianized Civilization.

Socialism will forever blot out this nightmare of so-called civilization and usher in a nation of happy people freed from the haunting fear-some thought of the morrow, with its frightful struggle for mere animal existence; a nation whose mothers and daughters know not the toil of the sweat-shops and the factories; a nation whose childhood and youth is spent in wholesome, body-strengthening, soul-expanding frolics; whose young manhood and womanhood is spent in the great universities of learning; whose men labor in the nation's workshop for very joy; a nation whose grandfathers and grandmothers, after a career of usefulness will approach the evening of life without fear of poverty and want—knowing from the abundant surplus which they themselves have helped to create, their simple wants will be supplied.

When you fully realize how easily this new state of society can be attained you will instantly wish to join this greatest crusade of all the ages now organizing for its world

THE DESIRE OF GAIN.

It is said that men will do anything for money, and nothing except for money. Did Jesus die for money? Or Socrates? Or Bruno? Or Ridley? Or Nelson? Or Gordon? Or the Balalava heroes? Did Darwin work for money? Or Shakespeare? Or Gladstone? Or Lord Shaftesbury? Or Florence Nightingale? Do the common people work for money? Nearly all the money is taken by a handful of people who do not work for it? How, then, can it be true that the desire of gain is the only stimulus to work?

The desire to work is an instinct which cries aloud for satisfaction. The genius must invent, or write, or compose music, or perish, money or no money. Every healthy person wants occupation, and the best work of the world is done for little or no money reward. Under Socialism every person would have the opportunity of working and developing his capacities to the fullest. Given security for a decent existence, most men and women would scorn to work for the mere purpose of gain. It is only the competitive scramble for a living which makes people seemingly avaricious. Socialism would make life secure, and so set free the higher instinct of helpfulness.

Use Cotton's to propagate the doctrines of socialism. Nothing better or cheaper.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

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

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

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

CASTORIA

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

What is CASTORIA?

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

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

—THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 31 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

mission. Its name is Socialism; a beautiful word, a noble expression, a divine ideal.

For the first time in human history, a great fraternal movement is sweeping across the face of the earth and its millions of loyal adherents, social crusaders in the true sense of that term, are clasping hands across the border line of all nations, and in joyous acclamation, voicing the inspiring sentiments: "We are brothers all," and "War shall curse and stain fair earth no more."—W. F. Ries.

DIRTY WORK.

All work necessary for the moral and physical health of society is dignified and elevating. However "dirty," it is not degrading. All work not contributing to the moral and physical health of society is undignified and degrading, however "clean."

Filthy and repulsive occupations, which are so merely because competitive employers cannot or will not provide clean and healthy substitutes, are not necessary, and would, under Socialism, be abolished. What dirty work was necessary would be done by those best fitted to do it. The objection to naturally dirty work is not its dirtiness, but the dirtiness of the superior persons who compel people to work at these wages, and contempt.

Under Socialism children would be taught that all necessary work is noble and dignified, and there would be no superior persons to oppress upon upon upon upon upon upon upon to do dirty and degrading work.

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Nine exceptionally good pamphlets written by the ablest Socialist writers in America, may be obtained from W. R. Shier, 314 Wellesley St., Toronto for 25 one cent stamps. Send for a set, read them yourself, then sell to others at 5 cents each; thereby spreading the propaganda and making a little money on the side.

The way to spread Socialism is to disseminate Socialist literature. The best introduction to Socialist literature is the Socialist Press. If locals would have Cotton's Weekly sent to each barber shop in their town for a period of three or six months, very gratifying results would be obtained.

The present capitalism system grants the agricultural worker just about as much protection as it does the city worker. And that isn't saying much.

Make out a list of ten barbers in your town, enclose in an envelope with a dollar bill, address to us and Cotton's Weekly will do the rest.

The book offer running in connection with Cotton's closes on July 31st. Get in the necessary subs to fill out your lists. And obtain value in the finest books published.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

Woman's Page

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

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED FOR THIS PAGE

THE TOILER

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

Nay, let me play a while ere day grows late,
So brief the sunlight and this task so great.

What wonder that I yearn to drop the strand
And mar the pattern with a ruthless hand
Of this I weave, and in the weaving hate!

What profits it if, long compelled to wait,
At twilight by the finished work I stand
Too weary for that gipsying I planned?

Nay, let me play a while ere day grows late.

My truant comrades call without the gate,
"Ah, little sister, throw a jest at fate,
And laugh, and join us." All the spring-thrilled land

Lures me with sweet insistence and command,
Taskmistress Life, be one compassionate.

Nay, let me play a while ere day grows late.

—Cosmopolitan Magazine.

THE ART OF SINGING

MARY COTTON WISDOM

(Continued)

Tons of literature, I am quite sure, have been written about the subject of deep breathing.

It is a question which concerns each of us, whether we pretend to sing or not. Every vocal teacher has done his or her little best to help swell the ocean of the knowledge along these lines. Doctors, physical culturists, gymnasts, pugilists, elocutionists have all added their quota.

The votaries of every art or profession which depends upon the development of the physique for its best results have all combined to say that deep breathing is of great importance. Ever since God breathed into our first father Adam, the breath of life, we, his children, have lived by breathing. When our spirit of breath departs, we are no more. Every minute of every hour of every day of our lives we must have this thing of vital importance to each of us from the cradle to the grave. We can, to a greater or less degree, live without food or water, but air we must have.

The scientific study of deep breathing is no new thing. The Oriental, perhaps more than the Occidental, has exalted the science of breathing into something more than a mere physical exercise.

The most ancient Hindu records show us that in those far away times deep breathing formed the basis of some of their religions. They proved that by a systematic study of deep breathing man could be helped to a higher plane mentally, morally, physically and spiritually.

What the ancient Hindu did ages ago is of very little interest to the young vocal student of this twentieth century, only in so far as it impresses upon him the fact that the study of deep breathing is no new thing hatched in the brain of modern voice teachers to make harder than necessary the path of study along which he must pass if he hopes to arrive anywhere near the goal of becoming a beautiful singer.

I suppose nearly every professor of singing has his own particular ideas about the study of breath control; also, his own pet exercises. But roughly speaking there are four schools of breathing viz: the clavicular, the lateral, the abdominal and the diaphragmatic. The clavicular, might be called upper chest or lower neck breathing. It brings into play the muscles surrounding the clavicle. This form of breathing is very apt to make the pupil raise his shoulders while inhaling. Common sense, itself, would tell the greatest dunce that this was a habit to be avoided. Tradition says that Jenny Lind used this mode of breathing. However that may be, very few teachers at the present day advocate it.

The strain of holding the breath with

the muscles of the upper chest causes many throat troubles of which hoarseness and vocal fatigue are among the least. Clergyman's sore throat, so common among the public speakers, is very often caused by this harmful way of breathing.

Singers and speakers should control the breath, with muscles that are entirely independent of the vocal chords. The throat and upper chest must be free and unconstrained so that the vocal cords will respond to the breath which plays through them as easily and readily and musically as does an aeolian harp respond to the wind which plays over it.

I will describe the other three modes of breathing in my next paper.

The Little Southern Beauty

MARY COTTON WISDOM

A lady has just asked me why I do not continue my talks about that little Southern lady who gave me so many beauty hints.

To tell the truth I learned more about the care and preservation of one's complexion during the six weeks it was my pleasure to live under the same roof with this Southern girl, than I've ever dreamed or heard tell of, in all the years of my past life put together.

My puritan conscience trained along the rugged path of stern duty, counted beauty as a snare, and the time used in caring for one's complexion as wasted hours, which should have been devoted to higher and nobler things. However, under the basking rays of this delightfully charming little southern woman, I changed my point of view. I came to the conclusion that I had been looking at life from a wrong angle, so I veered around and this part of my life, that had hitherto been starved, devoured with avidity every scrap of information I could get along the lines of beauty cult. I had an able teacher, for this young Virginian matron had as it were, been born to the purple of beauty. Her grandmother had been a beautiful woman; her father and mother had been the handsomest couple ever married in the leading church of their home city; their children (of whom my little friend was one) were noted far beyond the limits of their native town for their good looks. They had beauty inherited and beauty acquired.

Coming from the State of Old Virginia, where the men are supposed to be chivalrous and the women beautiful they had a very different idea as to the value of a beautiful complexion, than would three girls brought up under our Northern skies, where the men are all supposed to be honest and the women industrious.

I've never been to Virginia, so I only gather my information from my little friend's idea of it. But from all accounts, a Virginian gentleman counts personal beauty in his wife a thing greatly to be desired, while as far as I can gather from observation the average Canadian seems to feel if his wife is a good worker and can minister to his personal wants that her price is far above rubies. I suppose it is all a matter of taste.

All the same, our Canadian girls are pretty and sweet and nice, as the girls of Old Virginia, or any other State; but what they need to learn is that work is not the whole law and the Gospel; that the care of their own dainty selves is equally as important.

A woman, beautiful with the glow of health, possessing glossy hair, a clear complexion, well kept hands, a gracious carriage and charming manners (all of which things bloom under cultivation) will have more influence than the woman who sinks her own self beneath her mop pail, her scrubbing brush and her soap kettle.

Granted they both have the same household duties. It is possible to simplify things, if they only will, so that each can have some time every day for rest and relaxation.

Half an hour's nap in the middle of the day with a sponge bath or a facial massage, will refresh a tired woman as does water refresh a thirsty land. My Southern beauty knew this, so each afternoon, before changing her dress, she had her sponge and short nap. I

am quite sure nothing short of battle, murder or sudden death would prevent her doing this.

I may add that this Southern lady was a busy woman, but she was a Spartan at heart, so she kept to her determination to preserve and cultivate her God-given beauty. She succeeded so well, that as she walked down the street, both men and women turned to gaze at her in admiration. Verily a radiant, beautiful, living picture.

PUT ON SAND

APOLOGUES TO REV. W. D. WATTLES

There's an engine on the railroad
With a heavy train to pull,
There's a hot fire in the fire box
And the water gauge is full;
But the wheels are slipping, slipping
And the train is at a stand,
For the track is smooth and icy,
And they don't put on the sand.

CHORUS

Ding Dong! Ding Dong!
I need sand and so do you,
For the Socialist engine
Will get started, understand,
When all you Christian people
Get to work and put on sand.

There's a merchant on the corner
And he sees the coming crash
Knows the system is all rotten,
Going to eternal smash;
He would join the people
And for Socialism stand,
Vote for truth and right and justice
But he hasn't got the sand.

CHORUS

There's a preacher in the pulpit
And he knows what's in the air,
He would like to blaze and thunder
At the system if he dare;
But the bread and butter question
Puts the gospel at a stand,
And the church's wheels are slipping,
Cause the preacher's got no sand.

CHORUS

There's a labor union yonder
Travelling in the same old rut,
When they ask for better wages
Always get their wages cut.
But they vote the boss's ticket
And they follow his command;
They would like to throw him over
But they haven't got the sand.

CHORUS

There's a very smart reformer,
And he thinks he knows it all,
But he's standing back awaiting
Just to see the system fall!
When you bid him come out boldly,
He'll refuse to lend a hand
He's a dead one in the movement,
Cause he hasn't got the sand.

CHORUS

Sent by Mrs. S. J. R.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Bacon fat may be saved and used to fry fish in. It gives the fish a good flavor and keeps it from falling apart.

Remove flower-pot stains from window sills by rubbing them with fine wood ashes, and rinse with clean water.

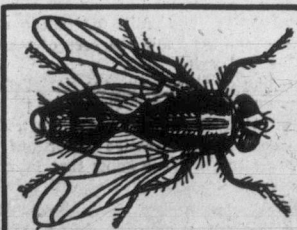
A teaspoonful of powdered alum to a teacupful of lukewarm water, sniffed into the nostrils will stop bleeding from the nose.

Ham soaked in milk overnight will be found exceedingly tender and sweet when used for breakfast the next morning.

Cold foods are enemies to the stomach. They reduce the temperature before the point necessary for good digestion.

Boiled or roasted meat which is to be used cold may be wrapped in a wet cloth before putting away, and it will be moist and tender.

Lemons can be kept a long time perfectly dry in silversand. Place the stem end of the lemons down, and set them three inches apart.



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

A Saint of the Russian Revolution

On Wednesday, June 23, a crowded and eager audience assembled at the South Place Institute in London, England to greet the famous leader of the Narodnaya Volya (People's Will Party) Mme. Vera Figner, who, after being confined for twenty-two years in the Slesseburg Fortress, the Russian Bastille, came out shortly before the Revolution, and, after travelling on the Continent, arrived on a short visit to this country. None of the members of that wonderful party enjoyed a greater popularity in its midst than Vera Figner. Of aristocratic birth, with a brilliant future before her, she, like her friend, Sophie Perovskaya, abandoned everything in order to devote herself to the service of the people, and was the soul of that dramatic duel between the handful of terrorists and the Russian autocracy which for two years kept riveted the attention of the entire world. Without disparaging either the abilities or the services of the other leaders of the Narodnaya Volya, either living or dead, it is no exaggeration to say that Vera Figner excelled them all in her genius for organization, and in the influence she wielded on the personnel of the party. It was a happy thought on the part of the Russian "Herzen" Circle in London to arrange for her a meeting in order that Socialists and all lovers of freedom might have an opportunity of welcoming her, and the endless rounds of cheers which greeted her appearance on the platform showed that the idea was approved of by the numerous people present.

Felix Volkovsky introduced her, clad in a white robe and still youthful and beautiful as of yore, in a few well-chosen words, contrasting her visit with the one impending from the Czar, and then

Peter Kropotkin delivered a brief and eloquent speech on the history of the revolutionary movement in Russia.

Vera Figner then addressed the audience in Russian, speaking with deep emotion, though in measured tones. If twenty years ago, she said, while immured in the Fortress, she had been told that one day she would speak to an English public in London she would have regarded this as a piece of derision. Yet there she stood, face to face with her audience, exchanging with it greetings and reminiscences. She would only touch on the most salient moments of her life. Just 30 years ago the Narodnaya Volya commenced its struggle with the Czarism. They were a mere handful. The masses did not know them, and the educated classes merely whispered its sympathy.

Two years the struggle lasted, the revolutionists thinking all the while that when the supreme moment arrived the remainder of the educated classes would rise and join them in revolt. That moment came with the assassination of the Czar Alexander II., but it brought with it a profound disappointment. No one rose to support them, and the nation kept silent, and the revolutionaries felt themselves isolated. Ah, what a bitter moment that was! And in addition, a spy and agent provocateur, Degayeff, the precursor of Azef, turned up in their midst and betrayed them all, herself, the speaker, included. With what a sense of humiliation and disappointment they all stood before their judges! They were sentenced to death, but at that time Victor Hugo, Rochfort, and others in France had commenced an agitation against the further execution of political offenders in Russia, and the condemned had their sentences commuted to one of confinement to the Slesseburg Fortress for life. The prison in the fortress was especially constructed for them. It was a horrible prison—a replica of the ancient Bastille and the Austrian Spielberg where the Italian patriots used to be immured. The cells were painted black, and the small windows were so situated that never through these long years could she see for once the passing clouds or the starry skies. It was one long dark winter to them. The stillness of the grave reigned all round. The gendarmes never spoke a word, and when they were asked a question, one could see by their stony faces, that they had been forbidden not only to speak, but also to hear. Silence was the weapon with which they thought to break their valiant spirits. Many died during the first year at the rate of one per month, and others went mad. The harrowing screams of the latter were the only sounds that pierced the air, and frequently they would hear the doors of some cell being opened, and the unhappy prisoner dragged out in order to be placed in a strait-jacket. The Governor of the prison was one of the most inhuman brutes she ever

knew, with an iron will and an iron heart. His ignorance was so profound that even his Russian speech was full of grammatical errors, and on seeing once on a prisoner's cell a triangle drawn there by a nail he exclaimed: "None of these clever things for me!" His subservience to his superiors was such that he would often say: "If I were told to call you 'Your Serene Highness' I would do so, and if I were told to strangle you I would do so also!" The prisoners were in continual revolt against him, and two—Minakoff and Myshkin—were shot for attempting to obtain his removal by deliberately insulting him. Ultimately he was removed, but after a third and most horrible sacrifice of all. Dratchevsky, another of their fellow prisoners, poured kerosene oil all over his body and set himself on fire. He was burnt to ashes, but the Governor was removed. Such was the state of things in the prison in which she passed 22 years of her life! For 13 years they had not exchanged a single word, either spoken or written, with the outside world, and even their nearest relations did not know where they had disappeared. Subsequently they received permission to write to their relations twice a year, but so blunted had become their feelings, so loose their attachments to the world outside the prison walls, that many of them did not avail themselves of the new privilege. They just continued to exist, and then died.

After a lapse of 17 years their dead life was unexpectedly broken by the arrival of Karpovitch, the young student who had killed the Minister of Public Instruction, Bogolipoff, for sending revolting students to disciplinary regiments. The appearance of Karpovitch was like the sudden descent of a bright meteor. The new prisoner brought them strange and joyous tidings. He had been sentenced, he declared, for 20 years, but he would not stay longer than five. The revolution was bound to break out soon, and set them all free. They would not believe him, they could not believe him; and many a time the young Karpovitch would feel offended at their treatment of him and would sulk in his cell. But Karpovitch was right, and one day in 1904 they came out to find a new world and a new nation. What a difference from the state of things she had left in 1882! The working class had risen and gathered under the banner, "Proletarians of all countries, unite!" The peasants, too, had risen in revolt for a better life and for political freedom. When she came to the village in the province of Archangel, where she had been ordered to reside after leaving the fortress, the other political of that place presented her with an address of welcome, and the first signature on that address was that of a peasant of the district where she had once carried on a propaganda, and where she, as an assistant doctor, treated his father. Subsequently she went to her native place in the province of Kazan, and there a young peasant came to her one day, showing her a photograph of a man he had secretly bought for one penny, and said: "Here is Sophie Perovskaya, here is Zhelyaboff, and here are you!" She was deeply touched not only by the fact that she was still living in the memory of the people, but also by the enormous progress that the mind of the masses had made in the interval.

And now—Vera Figner concluded—our hopes are once more blighted. But what has once passed through the people's mind will not be eradicated, and if the seed sown by the small group of the Narodnaya Volya brought such an abundant harvest, the toil of the millions during the ever-memorable year of 1905 is bound

to bring in due time its fruit in the shape of complete freedom for the Russian nation. No folding of the arms, then, but forward to work and battle.

The audience rose and made an ovation to the speaker when her words had been translated by Kropotkin. The concluding speeches were made by Soskice, Teherkesoff and Aladdin, and it was past eleven o'clock when the audience began to disperse. The memory of that evening and of that figure in white will long linger in the minds of those who were present. It was a sort of brief communion with a saint and the genius of the Russian revolution.—Justice.

THE TRYST

By M. E. RYLE

He waited by the dim lake where the canoes were drawn up high amongst the rocks, and the pine trees above him murmured like the sea.

In those northern lands the night-sky was twilight from sunset till dawn, transparent green above the forests where single stars shone, reflected in the lake.

The night was a wonder mystery for him, as he thrilled with pride and strength; for he loved and was loved. He waited, and his heart laughed, though the trees hushed the sound upon his lips.

Softly, slowly, the great golden moon, that is only seen in Russia, climbed above the woods, and the ripples on the lake were touched with trembling light.

He strained his ears to catch the sound of her footsteps, till the silence seemed to sing. The pebbles of the lake-path would tinkle beneath her feet, and patter into the water below widening rings of gold, as she hastened to him. She would laugh for the burden of her joy as she leaned against him, raising her face to his, with a strange light in her eyes.

But the hours slipped by, and a small wind shivered in the sedges. His heart grew heavy and stifled, the laughter driven out by fear.

His faith in her never wavered; but with cold hands he fought down the pictures that rose before his eyes—pictures of a cruel, dark Fate, who might crush the loveliness of life at a blow, and break their golden thread asunder.

As the grey dawn bared itself above the pine trees he turned towards the village.

Between the slender larches and young silver birches a man was staggering as though dazed. They, her father and her lover, met face to face in the pathway, white and terror-stricken. "They have taken her," moaned the elder, pressing thin hands upon his temples.

"She went to the Revolutionaries, though I prayed upon my knees . . . and at night they came—the Emperor's hell-hounds. It means death for them all—twelve young men and girls from our village. . . . She was quiet as the moon, and she wept not at all. This she sends you, my son."

Blinded with tears, the father held out a tiny cross, hung upon a thin gold chain.

After many weeks they met. The lovers kept tryst within the old prison walls that have long ago become hardened to tears of sorrow as to shrieks of slow-creeping madness.

In his agony he had sought an answer to the one question that burned within his soul—"Why, of her own free will, did she give up life and its gladness?" And, finding the answer, he did likewise. Thus they met, not by the whispering lake beneath the Russian summer moon, but at the Gates of Death, where martyrs and lovers join hands and there is an end of weeping.—British Labor Leader.

PSALMS

Psalm 31.

14 But I trusted in thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my God.

15 My times are in thy hands: deliver me from the hands of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me.

16 Make thy face to shine upon thy servant: save me for thy mercies' sake.

17 Let botme be ashamed, O Lord; for I have called upon thee: let the wicked be ashamed, and let them be silent in the grave.

18 Let me not be ashamed, O Lord: hence, which speak grievous things proudly and contemptuously against the righteous.

19 Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!

20 Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man; thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.

PROVERBS

Chapter-16.

25 There is a way that seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death.

26 He that laboureth, laboureth for himself; for his mouth craveth it of him.

27 An ungodly man diggeth up evil; and in his lips there is as a burning fire.

28 A forward man soweth strife; and a whisperer separateth chief friends.

29 A violent man enticeth his neighbour, and leadeth him into the way that is not good.

30 He shutteth his eyes to devise froward things; moving his lips he bringeth evil to pass.

31 The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.

32 He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

33 The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.

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

A SLUMP IN SUBS

A squeal for subs has gone up in universal chorus from the socialist publications. A slump has struck the sub lists. The Appeal to Reason is feeling the strain. The Chicago Daily Socialist has been sadly crippled by the falling off in the flow of new subscribers. The British Clarion's circulation has fallen from eighty-two thousand to seventy-six thousand. The Western Clarion, our own party paper, is feeling the strain.

The world over the socialist movement is gripping the hearts of men. Clemenceau, The Red Beast, has fallen and Briand, a Socialist, has been given the task of forming a new cabinet and he swears that under him capital shall slave while labor enjoys. In Great Britain the Lords are scared blue over the budget. The hammerings of Kier Hardie, Will Thorn, Harry Quelch, H. M. Hyndman, Robert Blatchford and Victor Grayson have revolutionized the thoughts of the workers. In Germany the government is hard put to raise money to keep their army of repression in the field and the rulers are afraid of an election for the red terror of the Brotherhood of Man on an economic basis is before their eyes. In America, Labor and Capital are facing each other like beasts of war. At McKee's Rocks even the ignorant foreigners have struck and the Sheriff, an elective officer, sees the trend. He will not protect the strike breakers the Pressed Steel Car Company's officials are clamoring to import. At Kenosha where the foreigners have struck some of the leather trust officials have been deliberately shooting down the workers and are surprised that the Mayor of the Town won't stand for such high-handed murder. He also sees the trend of the times. While Sam Gompers junkets in Europe and acts the traitor by telling the toilers over there to keep out of politics and agree with the Bosses, the Western Federation of Miners in annual national convention at Denver comes out for socialism and sends fraternal greetings to the United Mine Workers of America who declared for socialism last year. In Canada strikes are rampant. In the East and in the West the men will not stand for thuggery and robbery. A noted divine from England, Henson by name, is in Montreal and startles the financial plunderers of that corrupted city by declaring that the social revolution is about to burst upon the respectable thieves. The air of the world is ozoned with the spirit of the revolution. Men have their eyes fixed on the future and are watching, the downtrodden with hope and the financiers in fear.

Meanwhile the press of the revolution is suffering a slump in subs. The people are so busy watching for the revolution that they have no time or energy to hustle for it. The revolutionists of the ordinary type are doing what the revolutionists of 1848 were doing. They are declaring that "Tomorrow the revolution will be here."

Nineteen hundred years ago Christ told his disciples that those alive then would live to see the social revolution. It has not come yet. In 1848 the revolutionists were looking for the establishment of the Brotherhood of Man. We are still fighting each other like wild beasts. The most successful wild beasts become the biggest financiers. Look at the faces of our Montreal successful financiers and judge for yourself. Twenty years ago Vera Figner thought the Revolution about to burst in Russia. Russia is still a land of outrage, murder and torture and our degenerate King consents to grasp the bloody hand of the torturing Czar.

Are you letting the subs of the socialist papers lapse because you believe that socialism is here. Make no mistake. There are many fierce battles to be fought before the plunderbund with its spider's threads running from London to Montreal and from Montreal to the last least

ERRORS—We make them sometimes. If you have cause for complaint try to write us patiently. We will do our part. Give us credit for the intention to deal fairly.

A reformer is a man who wants to cut a dog's tail off bit by bit so as not to hurt the dog.

Law and order leagues are founded for the purpose of keeping the workers in subjection.

The class struggle is revealed in every strike, lockout and arbitration tribunal. Simply denying the class struggle does not remove it.

The capitalists will have to go the way of the feudal baron. It may take a revolution accompanied by violence to throw him off, but go he must.

The socialist is the last person to want war. The capitalists want war. By war workers are killed off and the troublesome brutes are thus got rid of.

Canada is not free when capitalists by crooking their little finger can have armed men at their beck and call to shoot down the men who work.

The watered stock of the Dominion Coal Co. must have dividends. Therefore the men live in shacks while the soldiers' guns are pointed at their breasts.

Every day conditions in the United States are becoming more ripe for revolution. The plunderings of the Rockefellers and the Harrimans and the Ryans are the causes that will lead to an explosion.

What will be the incentive under socialism? The incentive will be the reward of labor. A man will get the full value of what he does. Now the capitalist makes a profit out of the labor and the parasites live on him.

Some of our financial papers are warning the people that Whitney's power scheme is hurting the credit of Canada in the European borrowing markets. Let these financial papers not worry. When the revolution strikes Europe the financiers of that territory will not be able to loan us a toothpick.

It is strange with what monotonous regularity the arbitration boards appointed under the Lemieux act bring in a majority and a minority report. The boards are composed of two capitalists and one laborite. The decisions favor the capitalists and the laborites bring in a minority report. Strange is it not?

Our government at Ottawa is a government for the capitalists. The laws are made in favor of those who live by the toil of others. That government must be captured by the workers in order that the laws may be made in the interests of those who work.

A rich man is very often said to be charitable and philanthropic. The mere giving of money by a rich person to something he considers good is neither charity nor philanthropy. It is simply returning to humanity in general what the rich man has stolen from particular individuals.

Dr. Myers, Baptist Minister, has declared that if a bomb was placed under the University of Chicago and that educational institution blown up, humanity would be better off. These anarchistic utterances of capitalist flunkies are not objected to. But let a socialist say such a thing and the plutes would run to the courts for protection.

Many Canadians are preening themselves because Canada has so few industrial disturbances. Canada has as great bloodsuckers as any country. It is only because Canada had a back country into which the oppressed could escape that the troubles have been more or less warded off. The Nova Scotia coal strike is the beginning of the new order of things.

What is the Union Jack to a worker? Absolutely nothing. The Union Jack may be cheered by those who get the graft from Ross Rifles, army stores and soldiers clothing. It may be cheered by those who own Canada. But the workers may remain silent while its folds are spread abroad. To them it is the flag of their bosses. It is the flag of tyranny.

The socialists are blamed because it is said they would bring in a system of industry which would crush individualism. What system more crushing to individualism could be introduced than the present one? One thousand men who work in one mill for ten hours, each the slave of a machine and all under the driving eyes of a boss, do not have a chance to exercise any individuality. And that is our present system.

W. U. COTTON.

Concerning Religious Opinions

Why, oh, why, in the name of all that's good, is the constant shriek emanating from the mouths of the God-fearing people that socialism will destroy religion.

I have observed during the last fifteen years a constant shattering of religious opinions. The last decade has been more of an iconoclastic one than any in Church history. Different creeds and sects are formed as frequently as mining companies. Ministers are changing their ideas as regards man's relations to God as often as the financiers are changing their stocks and for very much the same reasons.

A few years ago the devil in all his awful glory was stalking around seeking whom he could devour. Who preaches the devil now? I have never heard a single sermon for the last five years in which he figured. He has followed the clown of the pantomime or Santa Claus. Who cares now whether the immersion or the sprinkling of water is the correct thing in baptism? The higher criticism and the new theology have subsided into commonplace. Faith healing and even the doctrine of salvation by faith are no longer subjects for discussion.

These things came, upsetting all sorts and conditions of creeds; and in fact scarcely one of the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England or the teachings of the various sects but has been assailed, reformed or abandoned and not a word was uttered about the destruction of religion. And the socialists have not done this thing. They have at all times been kind, tolerant, brotherly, sympathetic to any man's opinion with regard to his God.

I ask you, critic, or reader, or comrade, why then are we charged with this thing. Answer me?

Is it because we have declared that under socialism a man must work before he may eat?

Is it because we have declared that it is wrong to feed, clothe and give fine houses to useless persons while children are starving?

Is it because we have torn the white cloak from orthodox charity or have pulled the sheep skin from the back of the philanthropist wolf?

Is it because we have dared to cry out for justice? Or is it because the parson fears his purse might lose its bulk? Or is it because we preach Christ?

M. WAYMAN.

War to the Knife

The appeal for funds with which to fight Socialism which has just been sent out by August Belmont of the Civic Federation, of the New York subway steal and the head of the gambling trust of New York state is but one of the large number of signs that the profit-eating class of the United States is launching upon a bitter war against Socialism.

This is the meaning of the persecution of the Appeal to Reason, of Roosevelt's article in the Outlook, of the speech of President Taft at the Lake Champlain celebration, and of Nicholas Murray Butler before the National Education Association.

The powers of plunder have made up their minds to force the fight at this time. They are wise in so doing. The weapons which they are using are more effective now than they will ever be again. Misrepresentation and falsification depend upon ignorance and that ignorance is rapidly disappearing before the active Socialist propaganda. Such an article as Roosevelt's or such a speech as Butler's already awaken more contempt than anger and rebounds to the injury of the cause it defends rather than the one it attacks.

The policy of repression and persecution depends upon the weakness of those persecuted, and already the Socialist movement is too strong for such persecution to have any effect other than to rally and increase its forces.

We know something of the sort of writers that the Civic Federation will hire to prepare its anti-Socialist material. We know the true history of the Gordons and the Averys and the Goldsteins who are on the Civic Federation pay rolls for that purpose, and we know the sort of stuff they will write.

Knowing these facts, the Socialists welcome the attack. They know that every idle lie will arouse a hundred persons to more active propaganda of the truth. They know that every attempt at persecution will drive new courage into those who have hitherto been timid.

We know that truth is upon our side. We have a long record of similar battles with victories following them in other lands, and we know the result will be the same here.—Chicago Socialist.

Without a war the social revolution should be here within ten years.

A period of strikes is on in the United States. These are the forerunners of what is coming.

If the laborers like to work and let the dividend holders who do nothing take all the cream, let them keep away from the socialist philosophy.

Utopians and Christians preach the brotherhood of man no matter what. Scientific socialists preach a brotherhood of man based on a common economic interest.

One of the reports has declared that Briand is going to follow the maxim, "Capital must work and labor possess." Hitherto labor has worked and capital possessed.

The Duke of Pedford is selling some of his estates at two hundred dollars an acre. The Lords want to get enough little peasant proprietors to vote Tory so that the big estates may be protected.

"New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth." Is a lesson the financial magnates are learning much to their discomfort and the shattering of their self conceit.

When those who do the world's work want to get the full return of their labor they can. Vote the socialist ticket and then take the machines of production.

The Czar of Russia is to review the British fleet. The chief assassin of Europe will pass his opinion upon the legalized murderers of British plutocracy.

The independent Bell Telephone Companies in the U. S. are amalgamating into one big company. The new trust is organizing itself so that it will be an easy thing to confiscate under socialism.

August Belmont looted the New York traction system and flung it into bankruptcy. He built a Catholic church in the South with the spoils and the Pope for his deeds of righteousness has made him a Prince.

The idea of confiscating the means of production seems to shock a lot of people. What will the helpless people do who have invested their money in these things? The answer is easy, work, or if incapable of work get a pension.

Mrs. Pankhurst is coming to America. We hope she will inspire Canadian women to wake up the Ottawa gang and give them something to think about besides how they can plunder the workers of Canada to the best satisfaction of the labor thieves.

Edison has invented a cement house which can be built very cheaply and will do away with carpenters, masons, and bricklayers in the building of it. A few more inventions like that and even the capitalists will have to give in and allow the revolution to come at once.

The exposures of graft by the Chicago Daily Socialist has forced the District Attorney to get to work on the little fellows. The Daily taunts the Attorney and declares that he will not dare go higher up for the big franchise grabbers. And the District Attorney says him never a word in reply.

Samuel Gompers is over in France telling the Frenchmen how much better they do things in America. Sam has a long record of failures behind him and the French shrug their shoulders and let him talk. Sam has got to learn the political weapon. He will have to teach labor to enter the political arena in an independent way or give way to some leader who will.

Magistrate Daly of Winnipeg is considering the advisability of letting out short term prisoners to help the farmers get in their crops. Make way for the wage slave even though justice falls. This goes to show that the plutes do not believe in their own system of rewards and punishments.

The Dominion Coal Company discriminated against the members of the U. M. W. and now has a strike on its hands. The Dominion Coal Co. wanted its vest pocket P. W. A. to crawl at its heels and be a nice little dog. The troops are at Glace Bay to see that the workers crawl. When will the workers wake up and control the government?

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WHAT REVOLUTION REALLY MEANS

By W. R. SHIER

Some words in the vocabulary of socialism are in need of definition, not because they change their meaning from year to year, but because those who most frequently use them do not always understand their import. Revolution is one of these words.

In the preface to his "Critique of Political Economy" Marx tells us that "revolution is a more or less rapid transformation of the juridical and political superstructure of society arising from a change in its economic foundations." In other words, the term revolution, as used by socialists, simply means complete change.

But the foregoing definition is not yet complete. It tells us what revolution is, but supplies us with no clue as to what methods are revolutionary and what are not. Kautsky supplies the deficiency in his masterly work entitled "The Social Revolution." He says that those changes which are brought about by a new or hitherto oppressed class gaining control of the governing powers and using them for its own ends are attained by revolutionary methods, whereas, if the changes are introduced by the ruling class without pressure from below, then they are attained by reform methods. It is desirable that this distinction be born in mind.

Now, in the popular mind revolution means violence, bloodshed, civil war, street riots, assassinations, wholesale destruction of life and property, the reckless overturning of cherished institutions and other terrible things, but this view is not sanctioned by the standard dictionaries and encyclopedias. It is often the case that revolutions are accompanied by such excesses, but they are incidental, not essential, to them. Indeed, pretty reform and re-actionary measures are as often accompanied by such excesses as are genuine revolutions.

CHINESE SOCIALIST JOURNAL SUPPRESSED.

During the last three years the Chinese revolutionists have been publishing, from their headquarters in Tokyo, a magazine entitled Minpoa. It has advocated nationalism and Socialism, and has obtained a big circulation in China, despite the efforts of the authorities to suppress it. Despairing of defeating its propaganda themselves, the Chinese government approached the Japanese government, and, it is alleged, offered to grant the latter certain desired concessions on condition that Minpoa was suppressed. As a result, the twenty-seventh issue of the magazine was stopped by the Mikado's orders, and further issues are threatened with confiscation, should they contain revolutionary essays.

Mr. B. L. Chang, the indomitable editor, is determined to continue the fight for Chinese liberty, however. In a manifesto which he has issued he denounces both the Chinese and the Japanese governments for their tyranny and oppression.—E.K.



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