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May 1

Friday, May 1, was a day of celebration for the local Trades and Labor Union. The celebration was a social event held at Dundas street. A few appropriate remarks were made by the S.D.P. of C. and all present, including the workers and lockouts, were with general approval. It was also pointed out that we were the same day as the day of the strike for us, which the cause was by throwing us, but above

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Judge Meredith Again

By Gumbo.
The children of Israel when smarting in Egypt under the lash of Pharaoh had good reason to look around them for some way of deliverance. Moses, when he saw the atrocities that were being perpetrated upon the Jews by the Egyptians, had good cause to feel indignant and resolved to do all in his power to lead the people into a glorious liberty. Pharaoh and his taskmasters by their inhumanity wrought their own destruction.

The picture is very applicable to Canada to-day. Capital has put its greedy hand into the narrow-necked jar and grasped more than it can draw out; but rather than let go what it holds, it breaks the jar. The old tale of the man killing the goose which laid the golden egg is being exemplified daily in the actions of the big interests. But to business. Judge Meredith says "Everyone who has the capacity of head and hands coupled with willingness, is assured of success in Canada." The Salvation Army shelters in cities, and the sod shacks the prairie must contain some very stupid material, else why the use of watery soup and boiled gopher, luxuries that are daily being partaken of by men equal to Judge Meredith. No, Mr. Meredith, we are tired of wasting our mental and physical energies for the sake of a mere meal-ticket. "Mass shall not live by bread alone," is the real slogan of real true revolution. We want more than mere bread; if all our striving, straining and scraping leads us only to as much bread as will sustain us while we work for more, our existence is of less importance than that of gophers. We want to invent, want to discover, want to learn, want to use the great store of resources nature has provided. We want time to enjoy the great facilities for enjoyment which with hand and brain we have helped to provide. Does the so-called "Success" which Judge Meredith speaks of help the honest, quiet, conscientious worker of Canada to a realization of the above ideal? No chance. There is a vile counterfeit of true success for the man who prostitutes his better self to the service of such ends as Judge Meredith seeks to accomplish. A man who becomes a sneaking, lying, bullying henchman of the master class of Canada is sure of a certain kind of success similar to that of the crooked lawyer who argues his client out of justly deserved punishment.

Through how many gophers will the honest, intelligent, willing but workless and penniless-homesucker have to eat his way to success, in preference to stealing and becoming a jail bird and losing his chance of proving up?

Through how many bowls of watery charity soup will the honest city unemployed worker have to drink his way to success? What success, oh wise and generous Meredith, lies at the end of all this eating of Gophers and drinking of charity soup? If Israel had continued to do as Pharaoh wanted and kept their heads bowed in quiet submission would they have achieved any success? No, Mr. Meredith, what men of Canada are pleased to designate success is achieved by trampling over the top of your weaker brother and monopolizing everything for oneself, heedless of the cry of those that suffer. The man who expects to work his way to success is the glory and delight of the labor skinner. They'll soon show him what success means when his poor frame has been robbed of all its powers of working.

Then another of Judge Meredith's statements. "The recent completion of many transcontinental roads has thrown idle a lot of men capable of taking the places of these maintenance of way employees." So Judge Meredith admits that there is unemployment in Canada. He admits that the railroads after working their construction outfit to their fullest capacity, threw them into the dismal swamp of unemployment. He admits that the railroads starve good useful men into such a state as to make them ready to scab on their fellows. He admits that all the hard work and useful service given by these men has been recognized by the company in effect telling them, "Now you go out there on the human scrap heap and starve or die for all we care. Of course if we can bully the men we still have to do some things wrong, we will get you to take their places." Glorious success! Glorious prospect for the underpaid, overworked section of the track employees to be told, "Now if you dare to say a word we have thousands of men ready to take your place. Yes, we have our starving army of unemployed ready to change places with you if you don't care to do this year yourself, the work we last year had 10 men doing."

Judge Meredith in one breath says, "Will- ingness and capacity lead to success in Canada." In the next breath he says, "Thousands of capable men are starving in the cities, and ready to take any job that will bring them a meal."

Judge Meredith is unconsciously, yet surely helping on the cause of Socialism. It is only when we feel sick that we seek the doctor, and they that be whole need not a physician."

So, when the workers of the world get fully awakened by the lash of the capitalists, they will come forth as men filled with power from on high to break the fetters of slavery and fight those who oppress them.

May Day in London, Ont.

Friday, May the first, was a red letter day to the local "Reds." On that date the local Trades and Labor Council accepted our invitation to be present with their friends for a sociable evening together, in the Duffield Hall Dundas street. The meeting was opened with a few appropriate and well chosen words by a comrade saying that the local No. 44 of the S.D.P. of C. extended a hearty welcome to all present, that we were always on the side of the workers in troublesome times, strikes, and lockouts. It was a day looked forward to with general acclamation in most European cities to be an essentially workmen's day, and that we had taken the liberty of taking the same day in preference to the day set aside for us in September by the masters, which the capitalistic press would follow up by throwing large lumps of journalistic fat at us, but above all it was the day when we hope by getting parliamentary control to be able to set industrial machinery into motion to be used by workers themselves and the Holy Trinity of Rent, Interest and Profit disposed of altogether. Songs were rendered, revolutionary, sentimental and humorous. Refreshments were taken, and let it be said that if we are catered for as well under Socialism as we are on the night in question, we never need fear hunger. The meeting was concluded with singing the "Red Flag" and three cheers for the coming revolution.

There are thousands of young men and women in Canada who would like to marry, but they are afraid to take the risk under capitalism. Yet the men vote for capitalism and the conditions which forces them to live an unnatural life.

Pioneer Socialist Meet

Dear Comrade Editor:—Under the auspices of above local, a meeting was held in the Millers Town Hall on Thursday evening last, April 30th. In spite of the terrible roads, the hall was well filled with settlers from all corners of the district. Ryan Walker, the cartoonist, had been booked for the meeting but at the last minute had to cancel his engagement, and hurry back to New York to his sick wife. Joseph D. Cannon, general organizer of the Western Federation of Miners, kindly assented to fill Ryan Walker's place, and gave a most instructive address to those present. He not only pointed out the manner in which the farmer is fleeced in transportation, the general market, etc., but he also led his audience into a wider and more comprehensive view of industrial problems in general. If the brotherhood of men stands for anything, it should at least stand for an intelligent view of what is happening to our brothers. One of the favorite amusements of the state representatives of law and order, was to the miners of Colorado, and told of the manner in which they, and their wives and children, were shot down in cold blood, not only by the hired gunmen of the mine-owners, but also by the state militia. He proved conclusively to his audience that the state (the military and judiciary) is chiefly maintained for the repression of the workers when they unite and seek to improve their conditions and break their fetters.

When the miners went on strike (demanding that the laws of the state relative to mining be conformed to) they were naturally evicted from the company-owned "houses" in which they had been "living." They rented a piece of land from a nearby farmer, and erected tents for sheltering their families and scanty property. One of the favorite amusements of the state representatives of law and order, was to fire on these same tents, and take pot luck on who got hurt. The miners, to protect their families, dug holes in the floor of the tents, and when the firing would commence, the women and children would get into these holes. When the humane militia got wise to this, they used explosive bullets, which set the tents on fire and suffocated the women and children. After the conflagration was over, the soldiers gathered up the bodies in heaps and after saturating them with standard oil, set fire to them. The Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal of the 29th April, mentions a "battle" between state troops and striking miners(?) in which there are forty-five killed, more than two-thirds of them being women and children!!! We here, have had enough evidence from the Vancouver Island strike, to know that the "government of this country is just as ready as the American "government," to send its uniformed murderers to shoot down the workers and their women and children, should those workers dare to raise their protest against the hellish conditions under which the mass of them are compelled to toil for their scanty wage. And while the useful workers are plundered and murdered, the useless mine-owners (who perform no labor around the mines, except pocket the profits and dividends wrung from the toilers), are sunning themselves in Florida and the South of France. Well might Editor Tichenor of St. Louis remark that "Siberia, Hell and America ought to consolidate." "Workers of the World Unite." Join the Social Democratic Party, the party of workers and strike at the ballot for freedom that is freedom, and not a damnable mockery. Yours in the Revolution, Charles M. Thompson, Secretary, Thornloe, Ont.

Hamilton Local Reports Progress

Hamilton local continues to progress in numbers and efficiency. For some months past we have been having a most gratifying influx of new members, some of whom give much promise of becoming active workers, and some we believe are of the material that orators are made. At the same time we regret to report the loss of a few good comrades through their necessity to find the means of subsistence elsewhere. Comrade Controller Simpson's lecture was a pronounced success, particularly in that it brought many to hear him who had never heard our gospel before. It was before a large audience, and it was indeed a great asset to our Canadian movement. Another good meeting we have had was one addressed by the Rev. Mr. Gilroy, a popular local clergyman with socialist tendencies. He was supposed to explain his objections to the Marxian philosophy, but whether his objections were unconvincing or whether in our after-discussion we demolished them, the satisfactory fact remains that we added several new members. A good feature of the meeting was the presence of strangers present, attracted no doubt by the prominence of the speaker, who, I should imagine, would be eligible for membership in a Christian Socialist Fellowship. We are now entering on our Sunday morning leaflet distribution, which we intend to follow up with a house to house sale of Cotton's Weekly. The band of volunteers for leaflet distribution being larger and the industrial conditions much more favorable we confidently look forward to much greater results. The hall prior, after much prodding, thinks he has at last cinched the hall for us for every Friday night. That being so we will be able to do more effective work in building up our local and extending our influence for the great cause of emancipation from poverty and despotism.—J. A.

Trouble Ahead for Don

We hear rumors of an election being sprung on this province in the near future, and we want to give our local member, Mr. Don. Hogarth, real estate agent, Fort Arthur, a good shining up when the time comes. This is his first term in office, he having been elected unopposed. He is an honest mortal—the Hon. Don. He told a meeting of railroad workers, near here, that he was afraid he could not do much for them, but he would do what he could. It must be near to the railroad men by this statement that he is no advocate of theirs. Some time ago he voted against a measure having for its object the curtailment of child labor in the mills and factories. Yes, our Don, is all right and solid for the interests of his masters. He would not curtail the exquisite pleasure of the dear little working children, as they pursue their sweet-scented jobs in the beautiful buildings built for their especial benefit. No, a thousand times no. Don knows how to vote, all right, all right.

The railroads of Canada have net earnings of eighty millions of dollars a year. Last year the government gave the railways a couple of millions of dollars more for carrying the parcels post packages, and now the railways are demanding a bigger annual amount for carrying the mails. The government will come across. Of course it will. Does it not belong to the railways and the big labor skinner?

The Onward March of Evolution

By R. W. Northey, B.C.
We are living in stirring times. Something brewing sure. The spirit of unrest is distilling the whole of the humanity, civilized (so-called) and uncivilized; while old mother Earth is adding to the general uneasiness by upheavals in various widely divergent portions of both hemispheres. The workers of all nations are at last beginning to throw off the cruel burdens they have been compelled to carry for centuries, while the high and mighty ones of the earth, who by reason of their wealth and power have lorded it over the common people, seem to be smitten with an undefined fear of approaching disaster. The handwriting on the wall is becoming luminous!

"Coming events cast their shadows before," and viewing the happenings of today and the recent past, the intelligent student can easily foretell that a great upheaval is not far distant. The wealthy and powerful in every nation do not desire any change in the existing state of things; many of them have even proclaimed that God is His infinite wisdom gave them this wealth and power to use as they see fit. They seem to believe that the aims of human civilization have been reached, that the present system cannot be improved on. From this point of view everything is perfectly satisfactory, and their cry of "Let well alone" is heard all over the land.

But the Nemesis, the fabled goddess of Retribution is about to awaken from her long sleep, and the foreshadowing of a new dispensation—the brotherhood of man—is causing great tremors to convulse the face of Nature as well as the hearts of those ego who have monopolized the whole of Nature's bountiful supplies intended for all her children. The selfishness of the present system is to be inaugurated. Capitalism is to be retrieved. It has had its day, acted its part, finished its work, and is now of no further use to the race. Know, then, that the system called Capitalism is (or was) only a step—a necessary step—in the progressive pilgrimage (evolution) of each individual ego of the race from an atom to a god!

The next step in the upward march will be the Co-operative Commonwealth, the forerunner of which is Socialism. In Savagery, or Barbarism, the physically strong and the cunning were the masters; under Feudalism, also, the strong and powerful made the common people do the work. But under Capitalism certain laws were enacted which gave the common people fights they had never before known. The wealth of the nations became concentrated in the hands of an industrial oligarchy these rights were to a limited extent respected. But gradually this industrial oligarchy has been strengthening its position by the creation of corporations and monopolies of stupendous power—such power as has made it easy to control legislatures and the judiciary—and let the common people have no rights that "corporation judges, corporation legislators or corporation officials of any kind need respect. Once more in history the rights of the common people have been filched away! The best example of the peoples' rights being stolen from them by predatory wealth at the present time is to be found in the United States, where every powerful legal weapon, from the blacklist to National Guard and Gatling gun is used in the support of the oligarchy against the common people. In some countries, such as Russia and Japan, the common people never had any rights. The common people of the United States throw off the stranglehold of the corporation and the peaceful method of the ballot or the bloody method of the bullet!

And then, after the fall of the oligarchy, what? It is plainly evident to the intelligent student of history that Capitalism carries in itself the seeds of its own dissolution just the same as did Barbarism and Feudalism. The system of Capitalism was succeeded by Feudalism and Feudalism by Capitalism, so will Capitalism be succeeded by Co-operation—its child, or progressive outcome. This is Evolution! The next step up! Nothing can stop it! It is the economic outcome of all the past systems since the beginning of the race. But the system of Co-operation will not be finally, there is endless evolution yet ahead of us! Emperors, kings, armies, cardinals; bishops, priests, captains of industry and high potentates of every degree have been trying to stay its progress for, lo, these many years! But all such attempts will be futile! Evolution goes steadily marching on! Socialism is stronger today than it ever was before!

Those who have studied and understand the economic determinism of history know that there is only one real remedy for the present chaotic conditions of things in civilized society: these are the Socialists. Others, who believe their economic interests to be bound up in the continuation of the present anarchical system, will fight that remedy to the death; while a huge majority of the people of all nations, through dense ignorance and blind prejudice, fear the innovation of a new system that will make them really free. Why? Simply because of their ignorance, nothing else stands in the way of the proletarian throwing off the shackles that have bound them to the wheel since the dawn of civilization. Most ignorant people are afraid of what they do not understand.

Like a dog returning to its vomit, the people—the common people—have, again, and again voted into power the fenish vampire system that exists only by sucking their very life blood, the great Moloch that devours little children and destroys the virtue of young girls for profit! Truly, ignorance is the root of all evil!

Don't be counted among the ignorant. Get in touch with Socialist papers and books. Learn how to work and vote in your own interest. The Social Democratic Party is the coming party. Join it.

Those Who Want Blood

If the masters want blood let them cut their own throats. We don't want other people's blood; and we refuse to waste our own. Let those who want great victories go to the firing line and get them. If war is good enough to vote for or pray for, it is good enough to go to—up close where bayonets gleam, swords flash, cannon roar, rifles flash, flesh rips, blood spurts, bones snap, brains are dashed up where men toil, sweat, freeze, starve, kill, groan, scream, pray, laugh, howl, curse, go mad, and die; up close where the flesh and blood of betrayed men and boys are ground and round ed into a red mush of mud by shrieking cannon balls, by the mad hoofs of galloping horses and the steel-bound wheels of rushing gun trucks. They say "War is hell." Then let those who want hell, go to hell.—G. R. Kirkpatrick

"Nobody Wanted Me"

An example of the problem of the unemployed which has been the cause of much strife in many western cities during the past winter was shown in the police court of Port William, when George Van Dyke, a young man about twenty-two years old, well dressed, and who looked to be a clean living, honest, trust-worthy sort, was sentenced to serve thirty days on a charge of vagrancy. He was arrested while in the home of W. Martin, Dease street shortly after midnight. He was an unbidden guest. "What were you there for?" asked the magistrate. The boy answered straight from the shoulder: "I was hungry, I wanted something to eat or money with which to buy it." "I was hungry enough to do anything. I was starving. I asked many people on the streets—I asked all day—they turned me down. I guess they thought I was just a bum and they didn't want to have anything to do with me, I had to get something to eat or some money somewhere." The magistrate understanding the boy's condition told him he was going to sentence him to thirty days and by the end of that time, work in the city would have started up and he would soon be able to get work. To a reporter after his trial he said that he was never in jail before. "I just came to Port William a couple of days ago," he said. "I have been in the west for some time. My home is in Toronto and I was on my way, there. I am not a bum. I have always been decent before, and my people at home are respectable too. I tried to get a job on nearly every steamer in the harbor but they didn't want me. Nobody wanted men, I tried all over the city."—Daily Times Journal.

Figg at Pembroke

Dear Comrade:—Comrade Figg of Montreal delivered a rousing lecture in the Town Hall of Pembroke, April 27th on "The Cause and Cure of Unemployment," illustrating his talk with lantern views. Com. Ryan Walker was billed for the evening, but owing to sickness was obliged to return to New York. Comrade Figg being sent as substitute. Although this was the first Socialist lecture to be pulled off in Pembroke, the hall was filled, over 400 being in attendance, some having to stand. The speaker was well applauded and fine oratory prevailed the entire meeting. Comrade Figg exploded the bogey that Socialists wanted to divide up, pointing out that the working class produced all wealth and handed four fifths of it to the Capitalist class, dividing up on the ratio of five to one. He showed views of the Waldorf Astoria, Château Laurier, and the great ocean liners with their luxurious interiors, exclusively aristocratic, built by skilled workers who are only allowed in them when they need repairs and cleaning. He showed views of the hordes of unemployed, the wretchedness of working class tenements in the cities and the misery of the bread lines. He pictured the great natural resources of Canada, full warehouses, bursting elevators, and over-stocked lumber yards, produced by the brain and muscle of the laboring class, who starve in the face of over-production. "Not famine," Comrade Figg's talk was a splendid prelude to Socialist activity in Pembroke and the early possibility of a local. A collection was taken up amounting to \$10 and the reds of this town, are delighted with the success of the meeting. Yours for Co-operation,—A Pembroke Red

What the Church Needs

John Elfreth Watkins, a prominent newspaper man of the United States, recently sought to interview a number of distinguished persons who have taken deep interest in philanthropy and social reform. He asked them the question: "What does the church most need to strengthen its appeal?" Several answers were received. Most of them were vague, undecided, as if their authors were not sure of themselves or the church either. Below are the answers, however, which seem to tell the church exactly what is needed. The answers are very much alike, namely, those of Eugene V. Debs, the recognized chief of the Socialists in the United States, and Rose Pastor Stokes, the former cigar maker, who becomes famous as a social propagandist, and is the wife of a millionaire. Mr. Debs said: "The Church must first of all free itself from the domination of the moneyed class and get squarely over on the side of the exploited masses and fight the power that is crushing and degrading them. There is no midway ground, and the Church is finding it less and less possible to serve both God and Mammon. The Church to-day is spiritually dying because it is in control of the blighting power that makes long prayers and devouring widows' houses and laying burdens on the backs of the poor grievous to be borne. Jesus took his side with the suffering poor and against their oppressors without equivocation or reservation, and the holy hypocrites of His day had Him nailed between two thieves. The Church can only stand for religion undivided when it stands fearlessly for social righteousness, and this will so strengthen its appeal as to give it the ear and heart of the masses of mankind." Here is the view of Mrs. Phelps:—

"To strengthen its appeal the Church needs a clergy brave enough to throw off the yoke placed upon them by their rich men—the yoke of support for a silent acquiescence in a social economic order that has become intolerable to the great masses of the people. It needs a clergy who will preach the poor man's gospel—the gospel of the kingdom here on earth. The people are struggling in a nightmare of poverty, insecurity, periodic unemployment, and the agony of soul-ravaging miserable existence with a more miserable wage. They want decent work and bread and security, not the promise of golden harps they are going to play doesn't bring cheer to those in whose lives only a few miserable, inadequate copper coins circulated to-day. It is told of Christ that He whipped the money changers out of the temple. Is it true that now the money changers are whipping Christ out of the temple? Is so, are the clergy standing idly by? If they are, they may soon find themselves preaching to none save the money changers; the people will have refused to be party to such a cowardly surrender."

Forty-five million dollars to MacKenzie and Mann, the dear little labor skinner. That's what the Borden government is doing. When the workers want a few more cents a day pay, the same government can't put out a troop to pink the workers full of holes. Is that what YOU voted for, last election, Mr. Worker?

How long do you think it will be, under the present system, before you will feel certain that you will always be from disaster and want? If Socialism prevailed, these two bogaboos would be banished forever.

Breaking up the Family

Bird and beast and fish and reptile, as well as man, need some fixed and sheltered place in which to rear the young. This primal necessity of race evolution has struck the idea of home deep into the mind of the race. So it is that, when capitalism raises the cry "The Socialists propose to destroy the home," it touches chords that run back and through all of human history and through all of life.

Capitalism, however, is only the pickpocket crying, "Stop thief!" to divert attention from its own criminal action. It is capitalism that is to-day destroying the home. To the profit-seeking, ruling class of to-day the propertyless wage workers are but so many productive units, like the wheels, cogs, belts and pulleys of the machine, to be moved hither and thither, and used where all profit will be greatest.

Hundreds of thousands of men are torn from their families to work in great gangs in mines, railroads, harvest fields and lumber camps. They must leave behind whole cities of women and children. Such an unnatural condition is absolutely impossible even among the lower animals or savages.

The idea of home implies permanence. It is the "old home" of which we are told in song and story. About sixty per cent of the population of the great cities of the United States change their places of residence every year. They move from flat to flat from tenement to tenement, as paper titles to wealth are moved from pigeon hole to pigeon hole in the desks of their capitalist owners.

A mighty army has been ever moving across this country from east to west, seeking access to the land, which no man created and which should be the common heritage of all men.

Another multitude moves each year from the farm to the city. For all of these the idea of home as a permanent resting place is lost. The workers are crowded together in holes in great brick-and-mortar cities along with on-like streets of our large cities. Here they must be born, live, eat, sleep and die, sometimes in the confines of a single room.

In a report on "Tenement Conditions in Chicago," by the City Homes Association, the statement is made that "it is a fact that the mass of people in tenements have not what people commonly call a home. It is a place of shelter for the sleeping hours of the night and in hot weather is often abandoned even for that purpose."

Clerks, office employees, public school teachers, the "hired girl" of the city and "hired man" of the farm, are all forbidden even to dare to think of marriage and a home.

But the blackest and most ghastly of all travesties of home in present society is furnished by the ever-growing army of miserable helpless girls, who walk the streets of our great cities, to ply beneath the lash of starvation, their horrible trade in their own bodies.

Nor must we forget that mighty army of outcasts, registered upon the books of police stations, charity organizations, wood yards and municipal workhouses as "homeless men." Capitalism has already well-nigh abolished the home.

Permanence, ownership, family relations, already are going or gone for great sections of the population.

From the sweatshop, mill, mine and factory arises anew the old cry of the Carpenter of Nazareth, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head." Such "homes" as these Socialism will destroy. Socialism will return the father and the mother of the family circle, permit the selection and maintenance of a permanent place of residence, shut the child from the factory and the factory from the home.

It will do away with the army of the underpaid. It will abolish at once the prostitute, the tramp and the parasite. It will secure the entire product to those who produce it.

It will thus restore all that humanity has learned to love in the name of "home."

The harbor commissioners of Montreal will not allow sight-seers to look at the harbor, and its shipping activities. The workers will be cooped up in their slum tenements all summer and on their Sunday will not be allowed on the docks for a breath of fresh air. In the meantime Mr. Fatgut Plute and his family will be basking in the breezes of the summer resorts of the working country. Oh, you Henry Dubb! Oh, you working mutt with the ingrown brain!

The House of Assembly of Nova Scotia has condemned W. R. McCurdy to forty-eight hours imprisonment for contempt of the aggregation of political benches of the worst work plute. If they knew the contempt the Socialists have for their liekspittle, plute-aiding, labor swatting bunch, we would all be condemned to a million years each.

How long would your home remain unbroken if you did not come across with the rent? You are not master of your home. The capitalists are master of it. Even if you own a shack which you call home, your masters, by forcing you to work somewhere else, can break up your home. Why not put this homebreaking system out of business?

To the well read Socialist the fact that workers would have a rather work for \$2 or \$3 a day and have a master who would make a day's work under Socialism for \$8 or \$10 a day is utterly inconceivable.

If you let Cotton's Weekly bust, the plute will chortle with joy. Whereof slaves approach your fellow slaves in misery and persuade them to part with two bits for the paper.

One hundred thousand men, women and children in Montreal on May first moved from one rented place to another. All these homes were broken up. Capitalism did it.

It is dangerous for any man to have power over others. The capitalists who own your job has the power of life and death over you and your family.

When the Socialists win power, the means of production will be restored to the producing class. The thieving plutes, with their warped vision, call this confiscation.

Capitalism is the thing that has overcrowded the cities and made the farm lonesome. Socialism would open a broader and better life to all.

Up from slavery is a toilsome road. But the goal is in sight and the masters are becoming panic stricken.

Queer how many Henry Dubbs vote to allow their employers to make the laws governing the working class.

Rent, interest and profit are the joys of the plute and the woe of the worker.

