

Criminal Statistics
Of Canada Analysed from the Social-
ist standpoint. The first time it has
been done. Watch for the issue of
February 6th. It will be a powerful
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This is No. 227
Cotton's Weekly
W. U. COTTON, B.A., B.C.L., Editor
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HIGHER NEWSPAPER RATES

The postoffice department is at its old tricks again. As the political instrument of the big capitalists, the government is going to hand the railways another nice melon.

Pelletier, the Postmaster General, is going to introduce a measure increasing the postal rates upon newspapers.

The present rate charged is a matter of a cent a pound. It is proposed to increase this rate to a cent a pound.

This will add an annual charge to Cotton's Weekly of something like \$600. To the bigger papers the increase will run into the tens of thousands of dollars.

Why is this added charge necessary? Is it because the postal department needs more revenues?

No. According to the last report, the surplus of the postal department was \$3,000,000 over operating expenses.

The reason is, the railroads are crying for more money for carrying the mails, and Pelletier is going to give it to them.

The railways of Canada have had \$135,000,000 of public money besides immense tracts of land.

The C.P.R. still has 7,000,000 acres of land which was given it, and it has sold land to the tune of \$102,000,000.

The net profits of the railways are around \$70,000,000 a year.

But they want more money from the government, and Pelletier is going to oblige them.

Being a henchman of the labor skinner, he has got to jump when his masters speak. They want more money. Pelletier is going to give it to them. Where will he get the money? Out of the newspapers, of course.

The newspapers are fighting the measure, but they dare not come out in the open. They are interviewing Pelletier quietly, and Pelletier tells them the railways want more money and something MUST be done.

The capitalist press is fed by the advertisements of the master class. The Tory press keeps mum because of the political graft they expect to get from the government, and the Liberal press keeps mum because it hopes to get the graft shortly when Laurier returns to power.

And both Liberal and Tory press dare not object to the graft system, for fear of the chastisement the dollar lords will hand out to them.

The newspapers will pay, and pass the charge on to their readers in a higher subscription rate. And the price of railway stocks will go up another notch.

This is but one of the little deals whereby the politicians serve their masters.

The working class will pay more for their newspapers, and why shouldn't they? Are they not the source of the wealth of their masters? Do they not hurrah and cheer for their own slavery? Are they not willing to vote for the politicians selected by their masters?

Sure. They take all the lemons their masters and their politicians hand them and don't know enough to know its lemons they are getting.

"Where is my wandering boy tonight?" sings many a mother. Well, he is probably beating his way back from Percupine on a brakebeam from that nice job the agent said he had for him up there. Oh, yes, his baggage is safe, for the nice, kind mine owners are keeping it locked in a room so no one can get it. The agent was a little inconsiderate in not telling your wandering boy that he was to be a scab in a mining camp. But don't grieve; if the railway detectives don't get him, and the brakebeam holds out, he will soon be kicking shins under the old pine table and gazing into your fond eyes.

If capitalists have all the brains they are credited with, why will they not meet Socialists on the public platform in an endeavor to prove the superiority of their gray matter over that of the worker? Hundreds of Socialists in Canada have laid traps for these brainy gentlemen to get them before the masses in a debate. But nix on any publicity business for the plute. The average little hard-working Socialist can take these big fellows with their time-worn, spindle-shanked arguments, and make them look like an old buggy with only one wheel.

The ammunition factories are turning out bullets for the worker by the thousands. Cotton's staff is also busy making bullets for the workers at the rate of 30,000 a week. Cotton's bullets are intended to release you from slavery, and enrich your brain, while the bullets from the ammunition factories are for the purpose of keeping you in subjection, or scattering out your brains. Of the two classes of bullets, which will do you the most good?

The athlete today no sooner exhibits any exceptional ability in a given line of sport than he is seized by the exploiters and worked for every single cent that can be squeezed out of his body. Canada has produced plenty of A1 hockeyists, and the exploiters are fighting like a pack of wolves over them.

They stick to the player till he is sucked dry and can not command such a large "gate" as he formerly did, then away he goes to the has-beens. Witness Tom Longboat, the untutored redskin. How the parasite sharks fattened on the deeds of this greatest runner the world probably ever saw. Now he can go back to the reserve for all they care.

Borden and Graham Both Talk Rot

Borden Talks Rot

The great farce of the twentieth century is staged at Ottawa. This is the navy farce. This is the gift of \$35,000,000 (just as a first instalment of continuous giving) to the makers of warships and war material.

On December 5th, 1912, Borden introduced his bill in the House of Commons to grant \$35,000,000 of the public monies of Canada to the capitalists of Great Britain for them to set slaves at work building three dreadnaughts for the British fleet.

This is a raw deal, and Borden knows it is a raw deal. To cover up the rawness of the handout, Borden waves the flag and talks patriotism, that patriotism which is said to be the last refuge of a scoundrel.

On page 713 of Hansard is reported this sweet morsel of the kind of stuff Borden is endeavoring to palm off upon the votes, the workers of Canada.

Has the protection of the flag and the prestige of the empire meant anything for us during all that period? Hundreds of illustrations are at hand, but let me give just two. During a period of disorder in a distant country, a Canadian citizen was unjustly arrested and fifty lashes were laid on his back. Appeal was made to Great Britain, and with what result? A public apology was made to him, and fifty pounds were paid for every lash in time of danger.

On a riot and wild terror in a foreign city a Canadian religious community remained unafraid. Why did you not fear? They were asked, and unhesitatingly came the answer, "The Union Jack floated above us."

Those missionaries had gone to China to meddle with the religious beliefs of China and act as the advance agents of the capitalist exploiters. Riots broke out in consequence of the work the missionaries and traders had done together, and the British flag of course protected the agents of rent, interest and profit whose activity would lead to "a wider foreign market" for the skinners of British labor.

Borden spouts and pounds his hands over the glories of the protection of the British flag. The following is an extract from a Toronto paper.

A few minutes after being taken to St. Michael's Hospital, Matthew Sharp, a waiter, died as the result of drinking carbolic acid at his room at 161 Jarvis street on Saturday night.

It is thought that he became despondent because he could get no employment. He came to Toronto a couple of weeks ago from Hamilton and is thought to have a wife in that city.

The body was removed to the morgue but an inquest is not likely to be held.

O the glories of the British flag. Here is a husband kills himself for want of work. Glorious flag. Borden will spend \$35,000,000 to protect the "British citizen" abroad, but lets him starve at home.

The "Canadian citizen," who is a worker, does not travel save steerage. He is nothing but a beast of

The average working life of a moulder is 33 years. The extremes of heat and cold combined with inhaling the deadly gases from hot cores soon put this useful worker out of business. The measly wages that he is paid will barely keep him in the necessities of life. Once in a while one of these men manages to pull out what looks to the average mechanic as an enormous wage. Then the ever ready advice squad hand it out that the moulder should have saved enough to keep him when he is side-tracked with the numerous afflictions co-existent with his occupation. An instance: A moulder in a certain factory in Ontario which we can name makes \$4.90 each day he works. He has to work harder to get that \$4.90 than any slave ever did under the Southerner's lash. There is a "heat" each night, and when this man leaves the shop he is as limy as a rag, and can hardly drag his feet after him. He must do this amount of work each day, for there is a man waiting for his job all the time. He goes into a saloon on his way home and spends about fifty cents before he has a bite to eat in an endeavor to get rid of that disrag feeling. This man was never known to be intoxicated, but the very life is sweated out of his body every day, and he envies his fellow man whose spirits seem buoyant; therefore he rubs the mahogany with the rest. If he survives the workshop, will he survive the barroom? One or the other is surely claiming him.

As yet the brainy capitalists have not devised a plan to stem the tide of industrial unrest which is sweeping closer to them and their cherished traditions each day. They have tried all the low down sneaking tricks that were used by the task-masters of the past, coupled with some brand new stunts that our former masters never dreamed of. But to no avail. Onward sweeps the revolution. By the millions they come, all imbued with the universal spirit clamoring for freedom which has been denied them for ages. The ape-like antics of the frantic masters are pitiable to behold. They might as well build a brakeway at Sydney to stop the tide of the whole Atlantic Ocean. From the east they come: from the north and south the red banner of liberty is bringing cheerful news to the slaves and dire calamity to the plundering capitalist system.

The life of a worker used to be counted as dollars and cents by the masters. Now it seems as if he is not in the dollar column any more. Judging by the way they are shooting and jailing the toiler, he is barely worth a Straits Settlement dime.

burden, to be kicked and cuffed and starved when his masters do not want him. He has no protection. He travels only when his masters want him to, or on brakebeams hunting for a job, or as cannonfodder on board the British ships. Foreigners can stick him full of holes and there is no money for him. If any indemnity is paid after the ruction is over neither he nor his heirs get it. It goes to the capitalist class, to whom Borden belongs.

Borden wants warships and murder and a plundered working class. Wherefore he howls for millions for warships while the millions starve to death in Canada or take the carbolic acid route.

Borden is an enemy to the producing class of Canada. He is not a traitor to the workers. No. He never was a worker. He has been a smooth-handed gentleman, acting as a flunkie to the big capitalists.

He is the enemy of the workers of Canada. Comrades, workmen and women in the shops, on the railways, in the mines, in all the places where wealth is created or distributed, beware of Borden and all the politicians who support him.

Borden is prepared to let you starve or murder you. He is bound to have you robbed. The workingman who votes for Borden or any of his followers is a traitor to the working class, is an enemy of civilization, is a foe to humanity.

Graham Talks Rot

Graham, who is next to the leader of the Liberal opposition, ex-Minister of Railways, spoke in favor of the Laurier resolution to give \$35,000,000 on a first instalment of a Canadian navy. Rising to speak in the House of Commons on December 12th, he declared:

In rising to contribute a few remarks on the question now before the House I cannot but be impressed with the grandeur and magnificence embodied in the words "British citizenship." When there is added to that the robust Canadianism exemplified in the people of the northern half of this American continent, we are still prouder.

Thus he opened his speech in favor of having a Canadian navy, with our own Canadian slaves as cannonfodder on board Canadian battleships. His speech reeked with patriotism.

He talked rot. There is nothing the Canadian workmen have to be patriotic about. They do not own Canada. They are propertyless slaves.

Graham spoke about the robust manhood of this northern half of the continent and how proud he was to be a Canadian citizen. If he talked such rot believably he is a fool. Graham is too smart a henchman of the labor skinner to be a fool.

The robust citizenship of Canada, how is it treated? How are the

It is said there is many a slip between the Socialist ballot and the ballot box. Keep your eyes peeled.

Labor feeds at the common trough. Capitalism sits at a mahogany table and has hired flunkies to carry the best food and wines to him.

Captain Kidd was a pirate; He made his own good law; But this bold, brave man was an "also ran" With the thieves at Ottawa.

The efforts of the capitalists to stop the spread of Socialism, have about as much effect as the pecking of a woodpecker has on the glass insulator of a telephone pole.

The farmer finds a nest in a fence corner that a hen has stolen away. He picks up an egg and breaks it. Phew! The Socialists are going to break the shell of the capitalist egg. Then you may all hold your noses.

The only check the average worker ever sees is the little brass one he has to drop into the slot before he can enter the pen with the barred windows, bent on a day's work which will net his master the best part of a \$10 William.

While you were toiling through the long day, sweating to keep pace with the speeding-up system, your boss' big strong son was playing billiards with his friends in the private billiard room in the mansion of his father.

You can't make very much headway paddling your own canoe against the current of capitalism. Jump in the Socialist boat. There is room for all and the mighty propelling force of the masses thrusts the waves to each side with scarcely any noticeable effort.

Pictures of a soldier seem to be a very popular trade mark for goods sold in Canada of late. A good plan for the Socialist is not to buy, and to ask his family and friends not to buy anything displayed in stores with a soldier's picture on it. Turn them down, and tell the storekeeper why you do so. This is the cure.

"The All Red Route is the Best," says an ad. Yes, it is all red all right. Every mile of land on this route is smeared with the blood and brains of the workers, and from every wave of its water travel peers the ghostly face of a toiler who has given his life to the all red route and the plunderers who control it. For a thinking man this would be a good route to avoid if he is looking for a pleasurable trip.

herded workers in the coal mines of Cape Breton, spied upon by private police, treated? Have they anything to be proud of in being citizens of Canada? What have the herded workers of Cumberland, B.C., to be proud of? They are evicted from their homes. They are even locked out of their jobs. Two hundred special police parade their ugly faces about the town.

What have the driven slaves of the silver and gold mines of Ontario to be thankful for? For every dollar they get in wages their masters get three dollars. If they refuse to sell their labor power, they are shot down by private police.

What have the women workers of our department stores to be thankful for? What have the whole wealth producing class to be thankful for? They have no share in the British flag any more than the slaves of Rome had share in the wealth and glory and riches of the Roman Empire. They were in it, but robbed, abused, murdered.

Workers of Canada, Graham and the followers of Laurier are your enemies. They talk rot, hoping you will believe them.

Any worker who votes for Laurier, Graham, or any other Liberal politician, is a traitor to the producing class of Canada. You are your own enemy in so doing.

Come, join your own party, the Social-Democratic party. Get into politics for your own class.

Be a comrade of the revolution, not a fooled follower of the flannel-mouthed politicians who want your vote so their capitalist masters may continue to hold you in degrading slavery.

Steel

Let us pursue this question of the slaves and the navy a little further.

Graham, (Hansard page 1113) declared, "Australia has advanced and has taken up the policy that we advocated, and still advocate."

Australian workers are in the grip of capitalism the same as are Canadian workers.

The steel trust of the U. S. has a grip upon Australia. Those who have followed the industrial history of the steel trust know of the Homestead riots and the shooting of workers. They know of men working twelve hours a day seven days a week in the most exacting kind of work and receiving \$1.12 per day.

They know of slums, of poverty, of weariness, of private thugs used by the trust, of broken strikes, of industrial hell.

A press despatch from Australia dated the 25th of December, declares that the steel trust is to have a rival in Australia. A steel making

plant is to be established near Newcastle, New South Wales. The American consul at Sydney declares "The amount of money to be expended will be unlimited." The Broken Hill Proprietary Company is behind the project and is expected to eventually control the Australian market absolutely.

Those who know the industrial history of the Broken Hill Mines, know that the name Broken Hill in Australia ranks in horror to labor with the name Homestead in America. At Broken Hill the miners were brutally illused. Their strike was broken. A soulless capitalist class strode roughshod to wealth over the broken bodies of the working class.

A hellish U. S. company and a hellish Australian company are fighting for the control of the steel market, and the slaves in their sunless pens produce the wealth in warriely and tears which the capitalist ghouls fight over.

"Australia," says Graham, "has advanced, and has taken up the policy that we advocated and still advocate." What does this mean? but that the Australian labor skinner want to unload their slave made steel at enormous profits by selling it to the Australian government?

A press despatch dated New York, December 31st, declares that the United States Steel Corporation is to establish a plant at Sandwich, Ont., costing \$20,000,000. Judge Gary, President of the Corporation, declares, "We shall probably build a wire mill, rail mill, structural mill, bar mill, and perhaps some other mills." These are in addition to the blast furnaces.

The officials of the Dominion Steel Corporation, whose slaves are exploited in Cape Breton, N.S., declare they have no fear of the competition of the U. S. Steel Corporation.

This means that the Dominion Steel Corporation skins its Canadian slaves so profitably in Cape Breton that it has no fear of the competition of the foreign U. S. Steel Corporation which proposes to skin Canadian slaves in Sandwich.

Just as the Australian steel capitalists wish to sell steel for battleships at a huge profit to the Australian government, so the Nova Scotia steel capitalists wish to sell steel for battleships to the Canadian government at an enormous profit.

"Australia," says Graham, "has advanced, and has taken up the policy that we advocated, and still advocate." Which being interpreted, means, "If the workers of Canada can be fooled into voting for Laurier, we, the grand old Liberal party, will feed the capitalist hogs of Canada some mighty rich government hogwash."

Joshua commanded the sun to stand still. It did. Now where is the real Joshua of the capitalists? Many have arisen and tried to stop the march of Socialism. The capitalist Joshuas lacked faith. Their hearts were weak. Their spines felt as though made of sausages. Their knees wobbled, and they were also afraid. In their inmost hearts they knew their pleadings and threats were useless, for the Socialist sun will not set until it goes down on a world in which there is no vestige left of the system which has for ages branded and bruised the lives of the nations of the best little old world in the whole bunch—as far as we know.

Papers say we are prosperous. Oh, are we? Who is? Oh, we know what they mean. When they say "we are prosperous," they mean the big trusts, the railroad companies, the coal barons, the banks, and all the divinely placed individuals who are in the great plunderband far above the toilers. As for the worker, he is in just the same position as he was and will be as long as he continues to plod along with a useless lot of parasites clinging to him and his class.

Salvation Army officers attend police courts daily and pluck brands from the burning. The judges hand many convicted prisoners over to the care of the S. A. people, who endeavor to change the morals of the unfortunates, but with varying success. The supply from the police court never runs short, for the S. A. people vote for the system that produces the grist for their mills. Sort of an endless chain performance.

The big plunderers hire auditors to be assured that they are not robbed by their servants. They put spotters on their railways to watch their minions, and report robberies, and investigate each and every case, and woe to the robber. The Socialist press is your auditor. It is telling you how you are robbed and who is the thief. If you watched your business as close as the capitalist does his there would be a hellafarow.

The big capitalists do not always agree, and have their disputes with each other. But there is one thing they are agreed on, and in which their hearts beat in unison, and that is the exploitation of the workers. In this they are as one.

IT'S PAID FOR.
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Oh soap-boxer, the iron is hot. Keep pelting it into shape.

JANUARY SALES

This is the time that the thrifty housewife hunts bargains.

She goes forth with the few bones her husband has been able to wring out of his employer, and she hunts the elusive bargain.

She eagerly reads the daily dope sheets in which the sellers of things tell what wonderful bargains they have for sale.

She goes forth and travels many weary miles, for the bucks she has to spend are few, and the needs of herself, her slave husband and the little slaves she is rearing with mother love, alas to be soon seized and ground into profits for the profit snatching ghouls—our eminent citizens—are many.

She travels the weary miles and finds the good things are high in price and the things she can afford are worth little.

She has been deceived by the flamboyant advertisements for these advertisements are mostly a fake.

A man in the game explained the modus operandi of the cheap sales. For the month of December, the seller marks everything up twenty or thirty per cent.

In January he puts the price back to the ordinary price of the year, and announces in the daily dope sheets the terrible slaughter sales which he is conducting with everything sold at a discount of twenty or thirty per cent.

Behold the inward workings of the January cheap sales!

"Socialists are unbelievers," they tell us. No, no. We believe a lot of things—a whole raft of them. Here are a few: We believe that the capitalist system is responsible for most of the poverty, crime, vice, prostitution and crookedness rampant in the world today; that the capitalist system robs the poor and their children from any possible chance of sharing in the good things of life; that it sears the souls of men and pollutes the souls of women and children; that it creates and maintains slums; that it makes the rich richer and the poor poorer; that the masses can never rise to the position in the world that the Creator destined for them with the capitalist system continually pushing them back; that it has never done anything but harm, and never can do anything good for humanity; that it is an always has been the sole cause of the murderous wars of which the books of history are stained; that it is a wholly unnecessary evil, and the world will be much better off without it. This, and a lot more, the Socialists believe, and many men have given their lives in teaching the masses that their only salvation lies in the abolishing of capitalism. Unbelievers? We should say not. We spurn the accusation.

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GOOD AND BAD CAPITALISTS

There are capitalists who are morally as rotten as any imp ever spawned in the depths of hell.

And there are capitalists who are morally so good that their feet will gladly take them to church on Sundays, and their trousers knees grow baggy with much saintly praying.

And both the good and the bad capitalists are nothing but just common legalized thieves.

In Cowansville there is a good capitalist. He goes to church. He is down on the saloon. He circulates anti-liquor petitions and the like.

"But Mr. —" said a young fellow, "you own C.P.R. shares, and the C.P.R. owns hotels and sells liquor and pays you dividends out of profit got from the sale of alcoholic beverages."

Whereupon the saintly capitalist knew not what to say.

The working class get but a living wage. The worker is ever having to resist the pressure of his masters to reduce his standard of living.

He is shoved down into degradation. The slums grow. Hideous poverty walks abroad. The workers clamor for jobs and the one competes against the other. This competition means miserable living for the workers and more profits for the master class.

The wicked capitalist and the saintly capitalist hustle like ghouls to the profit feast; the one damns his Maker while he sucks the life blood of the working class, while the other praises God as he sucks.

To the working class, all capitalists are parasites, ghastly ghouls who live off the sweat of others, who rob the lives of little children of light and laughter, who crush the spirits of unborn children by denying the mothers of the necessary cheerfulness of surroundings, by bowing the fathers with overwork and worry. The bad capitalist damns his Maker while he does this, and the saintly capitalist lifts his eyes and praises God as the sweated and accursed revenue rolls in upon him.

The working class do not go to church. Can you blame them? This does not mean that the workers have not deep religious feelings. They can get spiritual food where the saintly capitalist ghouls is whining his praises to God that he is where he can suck the life blood of labor.

The capitalist saint and the capitalist sinner are alike an abomination in the eyes of a man who loves his fellow men. They are both an abomination to the revolutionary working class.

Both must be hurled from the backs of labor before truth, righteousness, mercy and love can dwell among all mankind.

The task of the revolutionary working class is to do the hurling.

They want money for a memorial to the late General Booth, and all they ask the poor people of Canada for is \$250,000. This man was the cause of many a Canadian worker's wages being pruned to the limit, and now said worker is asked to dig down and come across with \$250,000 to erect a training school for officers of the Army in Canada. It was said of this parasite when alive: "The poor thy clients, and Heaven's smile thy fee." General Booth appears to have taken more than Heaven's smile for his fee from the poor, as he and his family have lived in the lap of luxury for many, many years, and the wolf don't stop at his door in its wanderings through old London.

Capitalism to the world is as a job to a watch.

WILL GIVE \$500 TO SICK READERS OF COTTON'S WEEKLY

Famous Scientist Who Originated the Now Wonderful "Home Treatment" Offers \$1.00 Package Free to Sick and Ailing

In order that every reader of Cotton's Weekly who may not have heard of this wonderful "Home Treatment" may have an opportunity to test this celebrated medicine, the now famous scientist, Dr. James W. Kidd, offers to give absolutely free a full size \$1.00 package to five hundred readers of this paper, to prove the wonderful claims which have been made for it. In making this offer the scientist said: "I know that there are many people who have been suffering for years with some chronic disease, and many of them have spent large sums of money seeking a cure. I know that these people hesitate about investing money in medicine because they have despaired of ever getting well. Thousands have told me that story and many thousands of the same people have told me afterwards that my treatment had cured them after doctors and everything else had failed. I want to prove to a limited number—no matter what the disease, no matter how long they may have suffered, no matter how blue and discouraged—that my treatment really and actually does accomplish the wonderful results that have been reported."

Coupon CB-237 For Free Dollar Treatment

DR. JAS. W. KIDD, TORONTO, CANADA. Please send me a Full \$1.00 Course of Treatment for my case, FREE AND POSTAGE PAID, just as you promise.

NAME _____ POST OFFICE _____ PROVINCE _____ STREET AND NO. _____

AGE _____ HOW LONG AFFLICTED? _____

Make a cross (X) before diseases you have. Two crosses (XX) before the one from which you suffer most.

Rheumatism	Kidney Trouble	Impure Blood	Female Weakness
Lumbago	Bladder Trouble	Anaemia	Womb Trouble
Catarrh	Weak Lungs	Eczema	Ovarian Trouble
Constipation	Chronic Cough	Nervousness	Hot Flashes
Piles	Malaria	Headache	Bearing Down
Diarrhoea	Hay Fever	Stomach Trouble	Painful Periods
Torpid Liver	Heart Trouble	Obesity	Leucorrhoea
Indigestion	Poor Circulation		

Give the other symptoms on a separate sheet. Correspondence in all languages.

A faint heart never cast a Socialist ballot.

Workers are uniting. This augurs ill for the parasite.

If this social unrest of the masses continues, something will "go bust" pretty soon.

Another election coming. And the worker will again stroke the hair of the dog that bit him.

Some workers actually think there is a monopoly in brains, and the capitalists have the supply cornered.

Twelve o'clock is dinner time for the majority, but it will be one o'clock for a great number this winter.

Some toilers are so servile before their masters that one would imagine their masters had cut their tongues out.

The capitalists of the world are uniting, although they have nothing to lose but the money they stole from Labor.

Labor power is the heart and brain of the world, and it is held in less esteem than almost any useful thing in the world today.

The masters will never carry your freedom to you on a silver platter. You must go after it yourself, and fight for it when you do go.

The worker is conscripted. His labor power is confiscated by the masters. They take it or leave it.

Joy unspeakable will be that of the masses when they wake up some morning and see the hide of the capitalist beast hanging on a barbed-wire fence.

The capitalists have fixed the prices of the necessities of life so high that worker's weekly pay lasts about as long as would an ostrich plume in the south-east corner of the Inferno.

Socialists, union men, I.W.O.'s and workers in general have ceased fighting at each other's methods of fighting their common enemy, the capitalist beast. The masters don't like this. It is an ill omen for them.

Why do you smile when you receive your pay envelope? Capitalism has a toll gate on every highway or byway you may turn into, and will garner your pitiful little dole before the shades of another evening fall over you.

The masters have taken the worker's muscle power, his brain, his eyes, and most of his senses. They have taken his home, his family, and now they are trying to take the right of speech. Not much left for the workers when their masters get that in their power.

"Get off my back," said the old worker. "All right," said Capital, as he jumped off and pushed the old man into the ditch. "Here comes a strong young man with a fine broad back. I think I will ride on him for a while. You were getting too old anyway. S'long."

The masters make a charge for depreciation on their plant and the tools and machinery they loan the worker. But when the worker crawls home after a strenuous day's work does he ever think of the depreciation of his own bodily powers? No. That is taken as a matter of course. His interests are so bound up with those of his master that he willingly gives his whole life to the fattening of his master's bank account.

The Young Socialist Federation of Canada

By G. Hayes, Organizer Y.S.F., 233 Queen's Street, Montreal.

THE THINGS TO BE TAUGHT.

The Young Socialist movement is a very important part of Socialist activity, and could be made more important still if only the adult section were more alive to its possibilities. The main object of any Young Socialist movement is obviously to make Socialists of the children of the working class, or at least prepare their minds for the reception of Socialist truths.

As Socialists, we recognize that the evils of our present state of society are due, not as much to the inherent depravity of the individual, as to the misapplication of social forces in consequence of the disorganization of the social system. The problem therefore being social in character, with social causes, must have a social remedy. We do not preach individual virtue, but on the contrary familiarize ourselves with the historical sequence of events which has culminated in our complex modern civilization. As our ideal is the removal of the social barriers to happy contentment by the institution of a Socialist state, of necessity we must make a study of all preceding states of society. This necessarily follows, as we recognize that all previous states of society are but the evolutionary outcome of previous developments.

We do not spend time teaching good, good stories with copy book morals; but give our attention to the systematic formulation of ethical concepts arising from a contemplation of the facts of nature as presented to us by modern science.

The morality of humanity, we believe, has its foundation in the unconscious efforts of our animal ancestors to ensure progressive survival. To escape extinction, combination is found inevitable and essential; therefore the idea of communal interdependence is generated, probably for selfish ends. The half-conscious co-operation, so well demonstrated in the sub-human world by Kropotkin's writings, is accepted as the germ of that social idealism which stimulates the loftiest minds. But adaptation is a law which all living things obey; so the altruistic impulse of the noblest mind of man is twisted by the facts of his existence just as the brutal instincts of the most depraved beasts. Our duty, then, is to point out to the children of the working class those obstacles which, through ages, have prevented fuller manifestation of the communal principle which lies in the heart of every one of us.

Mere homilies upon obedience, truthfulness, kindness to animals, etc., however inspiring they may have been found in orthodox circles, can have no place in the business of a Young Socialist Federation, for they lead us nowhere. We are sociological schools of necessity, if our teaching is to be of any permanent value. The keynote of sociological progress is evolution, with special reference to the theory of natural selection. Darwin demonstrated how in the continual struggle for existence, all forms of life must adapt themselves to environmental conditions, or perish.

Natural selection depends upon the harmony of a unit with its surroundings. The lion's tawny skin harmonizes with the desert sand, and the polar bear's skin with the snow and ice of the antarctic regions. "Adapt thyself or die," is nature's remorseless creed. Organisms have changed, will change, must change. The theory of Natural Selection is an essential study if we would have a rational conception of the universe. As plants, insects, birds and animals are subject to this law, so also is man; this Darwinism unmistakably points out.

But society today must obey the law; therefore we find institutions called into being in response to sociological changes. Society, broadly speaking, reflects in its main ideas the manner in which its material things are produced, and customs and ideas arise which will create a social atmosphere to which we must all more or less conform. Material needs we all have—to gratify them we have had to evolve special means.

These means have generated opinions and institutions, adaptation to which spells success; lack of adaptation, failure. Thus we have instead of direct natural selection, as in the case of animals, indirect social selection none the less insistent. Fitter to society has not selected men and women imbued with the noblest impulses. To them instead it offers crucifixion. It has crushed these altruistic principles and has too often offered the palm to men of baser fibre. Socialism, then, presupposes an examination of the past in order to discover the facts which produce our present social contradictions, so that we can consciously strive for conditions that will allow the best MORALLY to be the FITTEST socially.

CAN YOUNG PEOPLE UNDERSTAND SCIENCE?

"How on earth can this be taught to children?" will at once be asked. We recognize that baseness, lying at all can be taught; the child must be interested. All knowledge proceeds from the known to the unknown; therefore our first duty is to ascertain what they are already conversant with in order that the new matter may be presented in the most suitable form. And let it be noted right here that education does not consist in the cramming of the mind with hard and dry facts. Our idea is to develop the child's reflective capacity in order that his own reasoning faculty may enable him to fathom the phenomena of life for himself. But a youngster cannot deduce accurately, so we must try to present ascertained truths in simple form so that his mind may be stored with matter for subsequent contemplation. We must always keep before us the law of the association of ideas, which simply means that no idea can

find judgment in the brain unless it is more or less connected with ideas already assimilated. We should not, for example, in order to arouse an interest in astronomy, commence to recite the names of Cepheus, Cassiopeia and Borealis. We must commence by a reference to a soldier in the sky who wears a belt and sword. The familiar words belt and sword impress themselves upon the mind and make the child prick up his ears at once. The constellation of Orion will therefore possess an interest in itself.

Children love to read adventurous stories, deeds of valor, hairbreadth escapes, etc. We utilize this perfectly natural love of excitement which is ministered to by the 5 cent dreadful under ordinary circumstances, in order to get home our historical facts. But instead of the 5 cent dreadful books, real literature should be read, and our sociological faith woven in the thread of their exciting narratives. Appropriately graduated lessons should be given which means that the pill of knowledge is introduced in the jam of adventure. Each class should act as bricks which are again built upon until the finished structure is completed in the adult class. This class receives direct economic and scientific presentation.

To those who fear that the facts of history or science are dry, I would reply that facts are stanger than fiction. If fanciful and imaginative stories are required to hold the attention, then nature holds an inexhaustible store in comparison with the average myth becomes commonplace. Every nation is giving up its secrets; and we, standing upon the mistakes of the past, can, if we so will, consciously direct the future. In the Young Socialist movement in Montreal, for example, a small band of workers is engaged in utilizing the accessible knowledge to shape the childish conception of those in its charge, so that a brighter future shall grow out of the blackened past. The adult movement can assist the movement by considering their ideals and examining their methods. Will you become to try? Will you begin to work of guiding the minds of the children in your town or city?

SOCIALIST MOVEMENT AMONG THE YOUTH OF GERMANY

By Rev. Paul Burgess of Berlin, in the Christian Socialist.

"Who has the youth of the future." In the realization of this fact the comrades of all lands have of late years been starting movements to win the youth for the principles and ideals of Socialism. The work has risen to such dimensions that in the offices of the international movement in Brussels a special department for the youth has been created. In Germany this work for the youth has probably progressed further than in any other land. It is less than ten years since Max Peters, then only an apprentice, founded the first Socialist club for youth, but already the movement has progressed so far that it is today the center of a great so-called "Struggle for the Youth." In North Germany the clubs were first founded as mere societies for the purpose of recreation and education. In South Germany, on the other hand, their purpose was avowedly political. This gave rise in a short time to a law forbidding all political organizations and agitations among the youth, i.e., 14 to 18 years of age. South German clubs were thus forced to disband. They were, however, organized again according to the plan of the North German clubs, as societies with the purpose of recreation and education, and the German Socialist movement for the youth became unitary.

But the police have kept up a constant persecution of the movement. For example: A young man ventured to lead one of the clubs here in Berlin while he was in his senior year in the high school. The police caught the club singing some funny songs about how, if you sneezed once you were warned, if twice you went to prison, etc., and a few more such which reflected upon the dignity and integrity of the upholders of the present order of society. So he as leader was arrested, tried and convicted of political agitation among the youth. The sentence was not heavy. (Germany is not Russia). But because he had been in jail and convicted before a court of justice, he was refused his high school diploma. This necessitated his serving three years in the army instead of one, and prevents him from ever going to a German university, as he had planned to do. The police have forbidden the clubs absolutely in many places, Berlin among them.

But in spite of the police the movement spreads. "Die Arbeiter Jugend," the official organ of the movement, has already over 70,000 subscribers (over 12,000 in Berlin alone). There are no less than 454 clubs in 360 different towns and cities. One hundred and forty-seven of these have their own club rooms.

When one drops into such club rooms he might imagine he was in a Y.M.C.A. or similar institution. There is, of course, always an older person in attendance. The young people play games or the piano, talk together, etc., etc. Boys and girls are together, but the order is good. All smoking is forbidden, and of course all drinking.

A Y.M.C.A. secretary remarked in my hearing recently that some young fellows, members of the Socialist clubs, were shocked upon visiting the Y.M.C.A. to find that they were allowed to smoke there!

The Socialist clubs are strong against trashy literature. Special lectures deal with the sex relationship and do much to promote morality. Then, of course, there are lectures on literature and science, with trips in the woods, visits to museums and art galleries, etc.

The value of such a movement is evident. Of course, first of all it is valuable to the young people them-

selves. A minister, leader of a boys' club, tells me that several young fellows whom he could not hold in his club, went from bad to worse until they got into a Socialist club. The latter, however, won them back to steady, moral lives. I have only heard of one case where the working of the club was said to have had a harmful effect on a boy, and that case is by no means authentic.

The only evil thing most of the opponents of the movement, have to say against it is that it trains the youth to a democratic anti-militaristic spirit, and preaches the class conflict. The Socialist does not, of course, consider this a very vital objection—in fact he regards this as a distinct advantage.

This great German movement has grown out of German conditions. It has many difficulties to overcome. It seems that the German state would rather see its youth run wild on the streets than be trained to sane, sober men and women in Socialist clubs. So it has the opposition of the state.

Then, like all youth, the Socialist youth of Germany is volatile and impatient of discipline. Their consciousness must be socialized—and the training of real men and women is never easy. All honor to our German comrades who are giving their time and strength, year after year, and suffering persecution for the sake of the youth of their land! What they have accomplished against overwhelming odds is simply wonderful.

PORCUPINE

Appeal to Social Democrats

To the Dominion Executive Committee, Provincial Executive Committees, Local Committees, and the General Members of the Social Democratic Party of Canada. AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL.

The dawn of a higher civilization is at hand. The capitalist system of production is rotten from top to bottom. By its exploitation of the only useful class of society, viz., the working class, Capitalism is digging its own grave. While on the other hand the wage slaves, trying to better their condition, rebel in masses in order to hasten the day of their emancipation from social, political and economic misery and degradation.

There is a struggle in society between these two classes. The first aims to maintain the exploiting system eternally; the second to get rid of the yoke—to throw off the chains and burdens which they have had to bear and to suffer for thousands of years.

Awakened by the dawn of the rising sun of justice, love and freedom, workers put new life into their hearts, brains and bodies to watch their own interests, they are coming out of the hypnotic spell cast by the masters. They have tried to make them believe that their yoke is sweet, and that they should make efforts to ease their own burden. But widely awakened, they are marching in compact body in procession, at the front of which they have raised the "torch of reason," following such symbol as an international call on which none may see never-fading truth, and full hope of victory.

"Workers of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains, and a world to gain."

A great many battles have been fought, and no doubt will be fought in the future on behalf of the downtrodden and oppressed.

As the flowers that bloom in the early spring are killed by the frost, so it happened to those who cared to lift their voice in the great cause of human emancipation, their bodies passed away, but their deeds never die, but inspire others to continue and fulfil the mission of their predecessors.

And as the secret of all the miseries of the human family lies in the sacredness of the means of production by a few while the vast majority is left subject to exploitation, the workers mean to maintain their existence but to sell their brain and muscle to those who own the tools by which they create the means of life, and who far too privilege are rewarded with about one-tenth of the wealth they have created, leaving the rest for the owners of the tools.

The men and women on the side of the workers use their best abilities to help the exploited class put the capitalist profit system out of existence, and substitute production for use, which means collective ownership, where all will have equal opportunity to enjoy the fruits of their labor.

On the side of the exploiters are the victims of the present system, who cannot rise above their environment, and are forced by economic conditions to fight the battles of the capitalist class against their own class interests.

Porcupine Local No. 32 Social Democratic Party of Canada happens to be in the midst of a great industrial struggle in taking place between the master class and the working class since December 15th, 1912, and which struggle is that of the world struggle of the workers to emancipate themselves from the chains of wage slavery.

The abolition of the wage system, and the recognition of the necessity of action on the political and industrial level, to accomplish the ultimate aim of the revolutionary working class, which is expressed in the theory of Socialism.

The Dominion Executive Committee, Provincial Executive Committee, and the general membership of the Social Democratic Party of Canada are deeply and urgently asked by Porcupine Local No. 32, S.D.P., to take it as their solemn duty to assist the workers of Porcupine in this strike, both morally and financially by all means in their power.

To warn all workers to stay away from the Porcupine mining camp. To call mass meetings and inform the workers of the conditions existing in the Porcupine district; how the workers are being treated by the master class, all departments of government being at the disposal of the mine owners in their attempts to crush the workers in their submission and break the strike in which over 1000 men are involved, with the firm determination to fight the battle until victory is achieved. To give entertainment, dances, concerts, etc., for the purpose of raising funds to assist the striking miners.

Without this assistance many men, women and little ones who are determined to stand firmly as the "Promethian Rock," may suffer from cold and hunger in this Arctic climate where the thermometer often reaches 50 degrees below zero.

Remember that almighty King Hunger always has an influence over mortal human beings.

Let our motto be: Let all do their duty: one for all and all for one. Sign: F. Conway, Special Committee.

Send all contributions to H. Martin, Secretary, Dominion Executive Committee, 61 Weber St., East, Berlin, Ontario.

Special Pamphlet Bargains

We have 35 copies of Mental Dynamite, by George R. Kirkpatrick to clear out 5 cents per single copy, or 2 cents per copy postpaid, when ordered in quantities of five or more. Its splendid propaganda.

Real warm-hearted capitalists are as rare as a worker with a cheque book.

The Plutes Don't Like This List

The editor departed in gloom for Montreal on Sunday December 8th. The previous circulation statement had shown a loss. There did not seem to be any likelihood of a change for the better.

On his return a few days later he found the circulation statement below, showing an on list of over eleven hundred, and a gain for week of over six hundred.

This is the first actual week in 1913, and the Comrades have started the year with the right swing.

A pace like that would put Cotton's to the \$5,000 mark within forty weeks. New readers may wonder why workmen will spend their time and money in giving Cotton's a big circulation.

The answer is simple. It is nothing. As an instrument to be used in wakening the people of Canada to the necessity for abolishing the hellish profit system which robs the producing class, it is worth spending time and money for.

To you who desire the Revolution, and have not yet helped make the influence of Cotton's wider, will you not begin today?

There are many of you, I know. You take great interest in the circulation statement, and yet do little to make the statement one to rejoice the hearts of all comrades.

Will you not get into the fight, and see how many you can persuade to take the paper? We must win the brains of the producing class before we can have them unite to overthrow the profit system from which you suffer.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT.

Week ending January 25th, 1913.

	On	Total
Ontario	250	260
British Columbia	25	45
Saskatchewan	44	55
Alberta	48	84
Manitoba	25	18
Southern Ontario	45	100
Province Quebec	46	24
Foreign	5	16
New Brunswick	1	2
Yukon Territory	0	0
Newfoundland	2	2
Prince Ed. Island	0	0

Gain for week—622. 619 1142 2000

CIRCULATION PUNGENTS

We are all eagerly watching Prince Edward Island to see it pass the hundred mark.

Skatchewan is the surprise of the list. It increases by over five hundred and jumps into the four thousand class. Ontario exhibits a most interesting successive weeks. Has Whitney's Caravan won the admiration of the reds, or are you boys running the Caravan's weak imitation of Lloyd-Geismar?

Quebec is in a sad case. It keeps weak. The Caravan writes to me, "er many of them. The province is overwhelmingly French, and hundreds of thousands of the people cannot read English. The few who can read English, who formerly helped, and who largely help now, have been bearing the burden of their own province for non-success weeks, called the Volkszeitung. Some of the Jewish comrades have spent individually as much as \$100.00, besides giving largely of their time. Moreover the Socialist party comrades have some hesitations to write to the Caravan. They think they should go to their own party. These are explanations, but explanation is not a remedy. We are not making Socialism hump in our province. We are losing the Caravan of Quebec, and hope to find a remedy soon.

New Brunswick list needs a big boost.

ABOUT NEW LOCALS.

Comrades who want to organize new Socialist locals write to J. A. Martin, 61 Weber St., East, Berlin, Ont. All information and necessary assistance will be cheerfully given.

WOMAN ORGANIZER WANTED

Wanted, a Woman Organizer to organize the female workers of the Ladies' Garment Industry in Toronto. Write to 122 Agnes Street, Toronto, Ont.—122

DR. W. J. CURRY

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VANCOUVER, B.C. 216

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SOCIALIST DIRECTORY

DOMINION Executive Committee, Social Democratic Party of Canada, meets every first and third Sunday, 10 a.m., at 61 Weber St., East, H. Martin, secretary, 61 Weber St., East, Berlin, Ont.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C., Local No. 1, S.D.P. of C. Meets first and third Sunday, 10 a.m., at 61 Weber St., East, H. Martin, secretary, 61 Weber St., East, Berlin, Ont.

NANAIMO Local No. 11, S.D.P. of C. English. Business meeting held on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, above Beattie & Hopkins, Printers. When the agenda meetings all time in open air. A. Jordan, Sec. Box 409, Nanaimo, B.C.

BRITISH COLUMBIA Executive S.D.P. of C. Meets in Nanaimo, (Wharf Street) above Beattie & Hopkins. Regular meeting first Sunday in month at 12:30 noon. Routine business third Sunday in month at 1 o'clock. A. Jordan, Sec. Box 409, Nanaimo, B.C.

LOCAL VANCOUVER No. 12, S.D.P. of C. Meets Sunday evenings in Labor Hall, corner Homer & Dunsmuir Sts., at 8 p.m. for propaganda and business. O. L. Charlton, Sec. City Market, Main St., Vancouver, B.C.

VICTORIA Local No. 9, S.D.P. of C. Meets last Thursday in each month in the Political Equality Building, 5 King St. East, 6th Floor, John L. Martin, Sec. 518 Bannockburn St., Victoria, B.C.

BERLIN Local No. 4, S.D.P. of C. Meets every second and fourth Wednesday, 5 King St. East, Chas. Nicholson, Sec. 115 Benton St., Berlin, Ont.—25.

BROCKVILLE, Ont., Local No. 18, S.D.P. of C. Business meetings 1st and 3rd Fridays at 8 p.m. Propaganda meetings every Wednesday, 2nd and 4th Fridays at 8 p.m., and Sundays at 2:30 p.m. J. A. Martin, Sec. 61 Weber St., East, Berlin, Ont.

PORT ARTHUR Local meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in the Labor Temple, Bay St. Workers unite P. of C. Rupert Lockhead, Sec. 61 Weber St., East, Berlin, Ont.

SOUTH PORCUPINE Local No. 32, S.D.P. of C. Meets every Sunday at 8 p.m. in Miners' Union Hall, South Porcupine. J. A. Walker, Sec. Box 521.

TORONTO Local No. 1, S.D.P. of C. Meets first and third Tuesday at 8 p.m. Labor Temple, 187 Church St.,

A Few Remarks on Efficiency

By Theresa H. Russell.

Mr. Louis Brandeis, a benevolent and public spirited citizen of Boston, has made a special study of the subject of Efficiency. He regrets that there is so little of it used in present day life and industry. We waste our lives, he says, in senseless elaboration and in the following of foolish changing fashions. Our industries are conducted in a slack and wasteful manner. Men do not put their best effort into their work.

Mr. Brandeis is right in all these charges. They are all true. But Mr. Brandeis does not know why they are true, and that is something any Socialist could tell him.

Men do not put their best effort into their work today. They know that no matter how efficient they become, but a small part of their increased efficiency will benefit themselves. The greater part will go to the capitalist that employs them. Moreover, the workers realize that under the present competitive form of industry increased efficiency on the part of a man or a machine results merely in throwing greater numbers of their fellow workers out of a job. Under a co-operative or Socialist form of industry increased efficiency would result in shorter hours of labor and greater benefits to all. But we have not Socialism as yet.

In other words, under the present competitive system there is no incentive for efficiency. Lack of incentive is an overworked phrase which critics like to apply to Socialism. It applies more justly to the present capitalist system.

Under the present capitalist form of industry let us say that a worker daily makes the equivalent of five pairs of shoes. He gets paid in wages \$2—if he is lucky. But the shoes are worth \$10 in the factory. The consumer who finally wears the shoes will probably have to pay \$4 or \$5 for them, but we will not go that far.

The worker with his \$2 in wages can buy back and consume only \$2 worth of commodities. That is all that his wages will pay for. This leaves \$8 worth of wealth, in the form of shoes or whatever the product may be, for the capitalist. But the capitalist has only a pair of feet, and in numbers he is moreover comparatively few. He has only one body to clothe, one stomach to feed. The latter, it is true, often appears to be inordinately large. But even with his best efforts the capitalist as a class can not consume all the wealth that is created for him by labor. Labor could consume its own product, but is not allowed to, because the wages of labor permit it to buy back only a fraction of its own product.

So we have what is known to economists as the Unconsumed Surplus. Every year all the countries of the world that are, by some perversion of speech, called "civilized," produce in various forms of wealth more than they consume.

And it is to get rid of this unconsumed surplus that we waste our lives in the foolish elaboration that Mr. Brandeis deplores. It is for this worthy object that the "leaders" at Newport must have gold-studded cocktail glasses one season and jewel studded ones the next. This is the reason for the enormous expenditures of "salesmanship," for the insane devices of advertising. For this reason continually changing styles are forced on the market and the pitifully underpaid shop girl is forced to wear tight sleeves one year and full sleeves the next or run the risk of looking "queer" and losing perhaps

her chance of marriage and her job. For the high object of finding a foreign market for this unconsumed surplus capitalists force wars. Then under the guise of "patriotism" the workers of one country murder the workers of another in battle and help to destroy by the aid of these wars some of the wealth that they have produced and for lack of which their families are starving at home.

A favorite defence of capitalists was formerly that "they gave employment to labor." Mrs. Astor-bill's \$75,000 dinner was justified because "so many people were given employment in its preparation." In other words capitalists perform the same benevolent function as fires and tornadoes.

They destroy what they cannot consume.

And in every large city in this civilized country human beings are starving and freezing to death for lack of their own product, which the insane system called capitalism does not permit them to consume.

Fleas, says some philosopher, give employment to a dog. But no one ever called them a benefit to the dog. Neither is capital a benefit to labor. It is not alone employment that labor wants, but a chance to gather for himself the fruits of his work.

And all the "Efficiency" in the world is not going to help him to attain this end—until he gets rid of the fleas.

Comrade Miss Brennan at Vancouver

Miss Mary Brennan, A.B. of Brown University, delivered an address at the Dominion Theatre, Granville St., Vancouver, B.C., last month under the auspices of the Social-Democratic Society. Miss Brennan took an active part in the late successful campaign for Women's Suffrage in the State of Washington. Some years ago she was chief organizer in the playground and settlement work of Providence, Rhode Island. The Social Democrats of Vancouver were congratulated on securing the co-operation of a comrade so able and willingly.

The following are a few points made by Miss Brennan in her address on Women's Socialism.

"Of all the present day movements in Reform, none should appeal to women as much as Socialism. For Socialism means the economic independence, without which they have no independence. Of course the vote will give them political recognition, which is the beginning of the end of her servitude, but unless the end means complete independence, it is in itself useless. Socialism means not only political equality, but also financial equality, and equal opportunities for all."

"It is strange how we cling to the old-fashioned ideas of considering that the kitchen is the kitchen, a sacred and holy institution, but so it is; now we do not claim any more, that a home-made suit is the equal of a scientist's suit. Why not then, see equally well, that scientific cooking, done by people trained for that trade with the least amount of energy and the greatest economy will be equally successful."

"I am sure that someone will remind us that cloth as it is woven in our factories is not equal in strength and durability to that which our grandmothers wove by hand. Simply because cloth made in our capitalist factories under this good old middle-headed system is made to wear, and to wear out as soon as possible, so that some more may be sold. Our grandmothers wove cloth to wear, and it did wear; but they did not disprove the theory that work systematically and scientifically performed can be more efficiently done than the work of ignorant and unsystematized."

"Now, my reason for believing in Socialism is that in a Socialist state, women can work at something other than housework; we can do that which we are best fitted for, and because we will bring this about, it will give back to women their share of the world's work, that share which the industrial machinery has taken away from them. The greater part of their work has already been transferred to the factories, the laundry, the laundry work, weaving and tailoring."

"Socialism is the only thing which will abolish sex parasitism, which is the great curse of women today. 'All down the ages from Babylon to New York via Rome and Egypt the upper classes (speaking of course of the government in the bargain) The lifeblood of the race, that of the workers and middle classes, ran on down the ages to us. Blueblood and decay, or at least, as O'Reilly has said, 'Blueblood is putrid blood, the people's blood is red.' 'So the first time all women are facing this same sex parasitism; three-fourths of her work has been taken from her by machinery, the other fourth, bearing, is going in spite of such servers of the nation's good as Mr. Roosevelt."

"In savage times, many strong men were needed for warfare and women had to bear great numbers of children. Now, it is almost impossible for the average working men and women to bring up children on account of the financial consideration. Children are now being classed with war, they are too expensive under present conditions."

The Social-Democrats of Vancouver held meetings in the Dominion Theatre, Granville Street, every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. All are welcome.

Father Ross and Romans

In the November 14th, 1912, issue of Cotton's Weekly, we published extracts of a sermon delivered by the Rev. Father Ross in St. Alban's church, Superior, Wis. The "Common Cause," the "Live Issue," and other Roman Catholic, anti-Socialist publications, deny that there is any Father Ross and any St. Alban's church in Superior. They do this in order to make out that Socialists lied when they published this sermon. A Canadian comrade wrote a letter to Father Ross asking him about the matter. He received the following reply:

Church of St. Alban the Martyr Superior, Wis.
Dear Sir.—The statements published throughout the country by the Socialists are completely a fair and accurate account of a sermon preached by me on October 21st.

In order to avoid misunderstanding, I wish to state, however, that I am an Anglo-Catholic priest, not a Roman priest.

Very truly yours,
(signed) Merton Winifred Ross.

The Roman Catholic priests consider themselves to be the only possible Catholics. Hence their papers deny that "Catholic" priest by the name of Father Ross exists in Superior.

They will go to any lengths of equivocation and even lying in their campaign against Socialism. But Socialism increases all the same.

Special Bargains in Printing

Here are a few specials that are open while they last. The stock is very good for the money, and prices include press or postage prepaid.

SPECIAL RULED NOTE HEADS, 5x8 in., white wove stock per 1000, \$1.50
SPECIAL R.G. & E. ENVELOPES, white wove stock, per 1000, \$1.50

SPECIAL LETTERHEADS, plain bond, 5x8 in., per 1000, \$2.50
Send your order with cash in advance to Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Co., Inc., Cowanville, P.Q.

"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men"

Comrade H. Martin, Secretary Dominion Executive Committee, in Berlin, Ont., Daily Telegraph.

For almost two thousand years this message has been preached among a large portion of the human race. It has been repeated each recurring December from an almost countless multitude of pulpits. It has been made the theme of millions of songs and editorials of every description.

This year it has been sounded once more from millions of platforms and choir lofts, yet this message will go forth into a world with more instruments for the killing of men than that world has ever seen before.

The greatest crime of this age is war, its bloodshed, its frightful expenditures, and the work that it does in keeping alive hatred and brutality.

The great achievement of this century, still young, should be the ending for all time of war upon this planet. For hundreds of thousands of years man has been here, and during all that time he has been the worst, the most vicious, the vilest among the fighting animals.

He has seen among the animals many tribes living at peace, protecting each other with mutual aid. He has bowed his head hypocritically to teachings that denounced war and bloodshed and cruelty. And all the time he has been a fighting animal, murdering, oppressing, taking advantage of the weak, spending in the horrors of war, of warlike preparations, money, intelligence, and time that might long ere this have given real civilization to the earth.

The cost of war alone, far less important and harmful to humanity than the brutality of war, is appalling. Hundreds of millions of dollars are spent for war every year in nations that call themselves civilized. Poverty is endured, heavy taxes are borne, the prime of youth is wasted, and old age made miserable by this horrible drain of brutality upon the resources of mankind.

The nations that thus squander their millions upon millions every year are, every one of them, in dire need of that very wealth and strength and intelligence which they lavish without stint upon the brutal preparation for murder.

Every year with the money the British Empire wastes in this direction, we could supply new homes, wealth and comfort for tens of thousands of citizens. Great public works could be undertaken, and improvements, such as now are hardly dreamed of, could be disposed of with ease.

Can you imagine, for instance, what the expenditure of four hundred millions of dollars, the annual expenditure of England alone, could accomplish in sweeping out of existence the slums of our cities? Slums by the way can be moved, but not totally blotted out while the present system lasts. Only when the cause of poverty has been removed (the profit system) will the effects, (the slum and poverty) be wiped out.

And now comes Mr. Borden with a bill to spend thirty-five millions for the construction of three Dreadnaughts, which will be obsolete in seven years. The people of Canada will pay these millions for the privilege of having these useless monsters steam the high seas. Useless to the great masses, for the mechanic, the farmer, the unskilled, the useful of whatever profession, have no need of them. Thirty-five millions means five dollars for every man, woman and child throughout this Dominion, to be given to England to construct more monsters, for the express purpose of slaughtering your fellow men.

What a world! Ideal?—and perfect? Certainly—to tigers, and highwaymen, and people who are sound asleep; but to everybody else it is simply monstrous.

People who can look without weeping on the heart-rending facts, the slaughter of thousands of lives in the Balkans, the heartache of widows and poor orphans, without a protest, have the psychology granite enough to gaze unmoved on a hell of roasting souls.

Oh! men of Canada, be free! Is this not your world as much as anybody's? Be men, not doormats! For what is life if it is but the acquired privilege of wearing yourselves out in the service of cannibals, for the slaughter of the innocent, of mothers who eat you up alive, you and your wives and children?

It is the duty of every citizen, and every newspaper, especially those who have the interest of humanity at heart and are prepared to work for the abolition of war, to spread the doctrine of peace, peace between the great masses, the wealth producers, the mechanic, the farmer, the unskilled of whatever profession, and make clear the horror and stupidity of it—for the savage peoples whom reason could not reach are no longer a menace to the educated races.

It was otherwise when men that could think were a small minority, always in danger of being overrun by devastating hordes of barbarians, and compelled to lead in war as in thought. Today war is made necessary only by commercialism, the search of markets; for the disposing of surplus commodities is the underlying cause of all modern warfare.

Our schools should do less to encourage blind worship of military heroes and more to make children decent war. Every child from the beginning should be taught to detest brutality, made to understand that war is as brutal and needless as the old instruments of torture, as out of date as chattel slavery, and no better than murder.

The end of war would release for useful work the millions of men and millions of money now wasted in preparation for international slaughter that no nation wants and that every nation fears. The world is destined soon to see the end of war—and with it the dawn of real civilization.

It is the duty of those who have faith in mankind and the future of

our race to work for this great forward step.

The ending of war is the mission of the common people, the wealth producers. This producing class not only feed, clothe and house the common people, but they are obliged to maintain a class of owners, who in turn make use and keep in readiness this vast army of non-producers, who stand ready armed to the teeth to destroy millions of wealth and tens of thousands of human lives.

The common people must achieve their own emancipation, they have no subject class, like earlier struggles to use as a weapon to fight their battles. We rejoice that the common people are coming to see that they have fought everybody's battles but their own, are beginning to realize their mission and are uniting into class-conscious organizations with the definite purpose of ending war, and of nations for all time. This organization is the International Socialist Party.

The Social Democratic Party of Canada, affiliated with the International Socialist Bureau, Brussels, Belgium, the international office of the Socialist party all over the world, stands for international peace. We call upon the common people of this country, to unite against this bill of Mr. Borden. The function of government is to do good, to add to the sum total of happiness. The government which does not do this is not justified, not in the light of reason, not in the best interests of the people. Of course we admit, that the function of class governments is to keep the common people in subjection. This is so, however, simply because the common people are simple enough to permit these conditions to obtain.

As seasons come and go, so systems come and go. The expenditure of millions for war and preparation for war, simply prolongs the system, it bolsters up, plays into the hands of the powers that be. To change this, you must protest against it, you must vote against it, you must do everything in your power legitimate, to prevent this latest crime. Borden's bill means imperialism. The spirit of the age is toward international peace. That peace shall reign on earth and good will exist between men, not once a year for a few hours but all the year, is the wish of the Socialist party. Therefore we are opposed to war and these large expenditures in warlike preparation.

When the common people have determined to end war by refusing to go to war, they will have taken a long step forward from barbarism to civilization.

Strike at the Soo Still On

(Special to Cotton's Weekly)

The affairs at Sault Ste. Marie remain practically as they were two months ago, when the men were locked out, except that the men are more determined than ever to win. Manager Duncan has shown his hand, and has justified "our idea that it was organized labor he wished to kill. He says he does not like union men, and we can certainly believe him. He has secured a new company, are housing the "scabs," next door to Duncan's house. Misery likes company. The pickets got into communication with some of the scabs, who were being escorted from their night prison to their day prison by a couple of company policemen, and asked them to be men and come out. They promised to do so, but Duncan persuaded them to a miserable character, and often has to be by giving them a few cents per day extra.

The machine shop is being operated by a few laborers who are posing as mechanics, in order to try and fill the shops, and the work that is being done is of a miserable character, and often has to be scrapped. Foreman Holmes says there is no lockout, and it cannot be a strike, for the company has not sanctioned one, therefore the men who are working are not "scabs." We would like to know where the Loyalists are. This coming from a being who professed the tire sympathy with the men until the lock-out is strange. He proved to be a company puppet and lickspittle as soon as the men were outside the shop, for he turned in to work on a lathe and took upon himself to create machinists out of helpers and scabs.

The moulders and blacksmiths are also out, for the principle is the same, and the result must be a win to the men. One point worthy of mention is the entire change in the political ideas of the men. They are all clamoring for clean politics and are wondering why they are represented in the Dominion and Provincial Houses of Parliament by a couple of lawyers instead of by someone who would work for a living. This is a nothing new, it is trouble because the scabs have to think, and as the devil has no worse enemy than a thinking man, we are hoping to make a clean place of the "Soo."

Where They Expected It

During the strike of the Timber Workers at Merriville, La., the colored workers with the white. On the morning of November 11th, after the white and black workers had walked out, ten colored workers and one white worker were in front of the company's office. One of the company's stool pigeons came out of the office and the following conversation took place:

Stool Pigeon: "You niggers are not working?"

Colored Worker: "No, sah."

Stool Pigeon: "Have you niggers struck?"

Colored Worker: "Yes, sah."

Stool Pigeon: "Do you niggers belong to the union?"

Colored Worker: "Yes, sah."

Stool Pigeon: "What in hell do you niggers ever expect to get out of this dam union?"

Colored Worker: "We ain't 'spectin' nothin' outen de union, sah, we am 'spectin' it outen you bosses!"—Industrial Worker.

How I Became a Socialist

Dear Comrade—I wish to give my experience how I became a member of the B.P.C. I came to Berlin just before Mr. Wayman's tour. I saw the bills and went to his first meeting. I wondered what I was going to hear, having been told that Socialists were terrible fellows. I felt kind of nervous for my own and his safety. I found that Socialism was all a good man could want. I thereupon became one.

I happened to have got in with some Conservative friends, and my boarding house landlord and wife were Irish and hot tempered. Being a Socialist, things got too hot for me and I had to get out. Since then these things go to make life worth living.

Socialism has got me and others into complications. It has got me fired out of a bad job into a better one, and also into a better boarding house. I am advised on one Socialism, and remind what books I have time for. Yours ever for the Socialist cause, A. E. Deer, Berlin, Ont.

Plutes go to grand opera. Workers go to the movies.

King Capital is having his last joy ride over the backs of the workers.

Capitalists are worse than savages. No savage lives off the labor of his little ones.

The working class may sometimes be wrong, but the capitalist system is always wrong.

We have as much use for the capitalist system as a male quartette has for a soprano singer.

If the workers spent more time seeking knowledge, they would spend less time seeking for work.

Children of the poor die with the intense heat of the summer by the thousand, and Jack Frost takes a heavy toll in the winter.

Man invents machinery to lessen his labors. Capitalism grabs the invention, and makes man work harder than ever. Hooray!

The capitalist system has no high ideals—nothing to strive for but the gathering of wealth and the consequent sinking of Labor further in the mire.

When Socialism triumphs, a few miserly heartstrings may be broken, but millions of oppressed souls will be made happy and free, and a world full of misery will have vanished at one stroke.

The more ignorant of the vital principles of Socialism a worker is, the harder it will be to put him right. But keep a-plugging, Mr. Agitator; the capitalist system is helping you a whole lot this winter.

The Salvation Army lifts fallen men and women from the gutters, and the gutters will be full of these unfortunates just so long as the Army upholds the system that causes their downfall.

If the religious people of the world gave as much thought to the cross on their ballot as they do to the cross of our Saviour, we would all be free, and have a better opportunity to follow the precepts of the Great Teacher.

"Save your pennies," says John D. Rockefeller. Sure. We'll all save one each week for ten weeks, and then we will be able to buy a gallon of kerosene oil each. We'll get there yet, John. We are all breathlessly waiting for the next savory morsel of advice which may emanate from your philanthropic mind.

The capitalists hand out some mean jobs to the slaves, and in consequence have some of the most miserable creeps in their employ that God has ever let live. But the job that calls for the least brains and manliness and the most brutal instincts and depraved morals is that of official hangerman for the Dominion of Canada. This job stinks.

A good wedge for the propagandist is to state the number of Socialists estimated to be in the movement throughout the world. There are always those who want to be on the side with the numerical strength. Socialists of the world total in round numbers fifty millions.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Well it might, for behind the head stands the demon of the capitalist system, prompting its every thought and deed, and laying out plans and supplying the money for the suppression of the working class, which the crowned head and its toadying politicians must carry out.

When the capitalist reads about the wonderful growth of Socialism in the last decade, his Adam's apple starts working like an automatic pump, and he looks as if he is going to throw a fit. Don't be frightened, old boss. The Socialists won't hurt you. They may set you not hurt you. They always maintained that good honest toil was a great boon to the worker, so conducive to good health, y'know. Socialism will really be to your interest.

WILLIAM ULRIC COTTON, President.

Cowanville, December 28th, 1912.

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WILLS OF GREAT MEN

By H. G. Cupples.

As wills give a peculiar insight into the character of those making them, the wills of our great American patriots may help us to better understand why they are considered great. Virgil M. Harris says: "Out of every 100 people, 65 leave no estate at all, and less than 10 per cent of all the people leave amounts exceeding \$5,000."

Among the many items in the large estates of Patrick Henry were his slaves. He willed twenty of his slaves to his wife, "except Harvey, Milton, Henry and Bob." He must have gotten liberty even though he did not fight for it himself. (A case of "let George do it.")

Henry Clay, who would "rather be right than be President," willed all his slaves to his wife, "except Harvey, Milton, Henry and Bob."

Andrew Jackson, the boasted friend of the common people, willed all his slaves to his adopted son.

And now comes George Washington, the hatchet man, who willed all his slaves to his wife. "Except I give immediate freedom to William Lee, a mulatto, who is crippled and unable to walk." (Quoting the words of Washington himself in his will.)

What kind of liberty does a slave owning class ever fight for? Liberty for their slaves, or liberty for themselves to get more slaves?

Neither Jesus Christ nor Karl Marx seem to have left a will.—New York Call.

SOUNDED LIKE MARK.

They tell a story about a Kansas who in the days when Mark Hanna was prominent went to church, took his seat in a rear pew and went to sleep. He awoke with a start, and he must have thought himself at a political meeting.

The minister had just thundered: "To him that hath shall be given, and to him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

"Who said that?" asked the bewildered politician, who had just awakened. The minister stopped, looked at the sleepy interrupter, and then said laconically, "Mark."

Well, said the politician, "it sounds like Hanna"—Judge.

When a worker is blacklisted by the bosses it is not for just the present moment—it is for all time. The only way he can get his name off the blacklist is to perform some scavenger work for the masters, and the man who will do this is rarely on their list. The masters do not blacklist their good and faithful servants.

STOPS TOBACCO HABIT IN ONE DAY

Sanatorium Publishes Free Book Showing How Tobacco Habit Can Be Banished in From One to Five Days at Home.

The Elders Sanatorium located at 331 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a free book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be banished in from one to five days at home.

Men who have used tobacco for more than fifty years have tried this method and say it is entirely successful, and in addition to banishing the desire for tobacco has improved their health wonderfully. This method banishes the desire for tobacco, no matter whether it is smoking, chewing, cigarettes or snuff dipping.

As this book is being distributed free, anyone wanting a copy should send their name and address at once.

MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Public notice is hereby given to the shareholders of Cotton's Co-operative Publishing Company, Incorporated, a body politic and corporate, and other persons interested in the affairs of the company, that the annual general meeting of the shareholders of the said body politic will be held at Cowanville, at the head office of said company, on Monday, the third day of February, 1913, at one o'clock in the afternoon, for the following purposes, to wit: To receive and consider the annual statement of the business transacted by the company; to elect the directors for the coming year; to transact all other the various business which may arise and which are within the powers of the general annual meeting to deal with.

WILLIAM ULRIC COTTON, President.

Cowanville, December 28th, 1912.

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