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Political Socialism

Political Socialism aims at the capture of the administrative and legislative bodies of Canada so that laws may be made by revolutionary Socialists replacing private ownership with public ownership, abolishing rent, interest and profit, and establishing the co-operative commonwealth.

To do this we must be able to elect the majority of the members of Parliament and of the provincial assemblies.

How far are we on our way to this end? The best test, I think, is the number of Cotton's Weekly going into each constituency.

Cotton's Weekly is more than a newspaper. It is first and foremost a political organ. Its subscriptions and circulation is the result of the voluntary, unpaid work of many men and women in their respective localities who work for the overthrow of the present system. Consequently a fair test of the strength of the revolutionary sentiment can be gained by the number of Cotton's Weekly going into each electoral district.

The following list gives the names of each constituency sending members to parliament with the number of Cotton's subs going into each district and the total number of voters therein. Prince Edward Island has no electoral lists. In the other districts where the total number of voters is not given, the member was returned by acclamation in the last Dominion elections.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

(Four Members)

Constituency	Subs.	Voters
Kings	9	9,629
Prince	7	9,415
Queens (2 seats)	7	9,415

NOVA SCOTIA.

Constituency	Subs.	Voters
Antigonish	19	5,338
Breton	19	5,338
Cape Breton	43	15,444
Colchester	43	15,444
Cumberland	43	15,444
Dieby	6	6,541
Guyborough	6	6,541
Halifax (2 seats)	24	19,826
Hants	24	19,826
Inverness	24	19,826
Kings	24	19,826
Lebanon	24	19,826
Pictou	24	19,826
Richmond	24	19,826
Shelburne	24	19,826
Yarmouth	24	19,826

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Constituency	Subs.	Voters
Charlotte	7	6,309
Gloucester	7	6,309
Kent	7	6,309
Kings	7	6,309
Northumberland	7	6,309
Restigouche	7	6,309
St. John City and County	208	15,841
St. John City and County	12	4,769
Sunbury, Queen's	12	4,769
Victoria	12	11,229
Westmorland	12	11,229
York	12	8,167

QUEBEC.

Constituency	Subs.	Voters
Argenteuil	3	4,212
Bagot	3	4,212
Beauce	3	10,223
Beauharnois	3	4,568
Bellechasse	3	4,568
Berthier	3	4,568
Bonaventure	3	5,979
Brome	3	5,979
Champlain	3	6,944
Charlevoix	3	9,193
Chateauguay	3	4,263
Chicoutimi - Saguenay	3	14,043
Compton	3	7,673
Dorchester	3	9,517
Dumfries	3	5,974
Gaspe	3	19,413
Hochelaga	3	3,780
Huntingdon	3	15,498
Jacques-Cartier	3	5,216
Joliette	3	6,499
Kamouraska	3	8,963
Lac Beauport	3	4,214
L'Assomption	3	3,323
Laval	3	6,629
L'Islet	3	3,669
Lotbiniere	3	4,212
Maisonville	3	3,783
Maskinonge	3	7,496
Megantic	3	4,568
Missisquoi	3	3,787
Montcalm	3	3,018
Montmagny	3	6,999
Montreal (6 seats)	6	2,015
Nicolet	3	6,999
Pontiac	3	6,999
Portneuf	3	6,999
Quebec (2 seats)	2	6,730
Quebec County	1	5,213
Richelieu	1	9,254
Richmond	1	9,663
Rouville	1	3,599
St. Hyacinthe	1	5,569
St. John's-Berthier	1	6,543
Shefford	1	6,210
Sherbrooke	1	5,277
Soulanges	1	3,231
Stanstead	1	5,869
Temiscamata	1	7,063
Terrebonne	1	6,450
Three Rivers	1	8,974
Two Mountains	1	2,155
Vaudreuil	1	10,223
Wright	1	4,660
Yamaska	1	4,660

ONTARIO.

Constituency	Subs.	Voters
Algoma East	120	15,229
Algoma West	120	15,229
Brant	120	9,483
Brantford	120	7,076
Brookville	120	5,796
Bruce North	120	6,539
Bruce South	120	7,547
Carleton	120	6,654
Dufferin	120	5,444
Dundas	120	5,163
Elgin	120	7,720
Essex East	120	5,204
Essex North	120	5,204
Essex South	120	15,716
Frontenac	120	7,773
Glengarry	120	5,487
Greenville	120	5,444
Grey East	120	5,253
Grey South	120	5,253
Haldimand	120	5,339
Halton	120	6,213
Hamilton (2 seats)	120	20,143
Hastings East	120	6,996
Hastings West	120	5,253
Huron	120	5,443
Huron South	120	5,497
Huron West	120	5,497
Kent East	120	5,923
Kent West	120	5,923
Kingston	120	5,971
Lambton East	120	4,653
Lambton West	120	4,653
Lennox and Addington	120	3,597
Leeds	120	5,561
Lincoln	120	5,561
London	120	19,810

Constituency	Subs.	Voters
Middlesex East	19	5,862
Middlesex North	19	4,529
Middlesex West	19	4,529
Muskoka	19	5,439
Nipissing	19	21,754
Norfolk	19	7,586
Northumberland	19	5,481
Northumberland West	19	3,543
Ontario North	19	4,799
Ontario South	19	6,735
Ottawa (2 seats)	19	20,388
Oxford	19	7,076
Oxford South	19	4,548
Perry Sound	19	7,613
Peel	19	6,821
Perth North	19	5,587
Perth South	19	5,587
Peterborough East	19	4,442
Peterborough West	19	4,442
Prescott	19	6,186
Prince Edward	19	6,456
Renfrew North	19	5,536
Renfrew South	19	5,536
Russell	19	6,996
Simcoe East	19	9,412
Simcoe North	19	8,279
Simcoe South	19	8,279
Stornoway	19	7,625
Thunder Bay	19	5,561
Thunder Bay and Rainy	19	5,561
Toronto (2 seats)	19	77,134
Toronto	19	10,342
Waterloo North	19	9,193
Waterloo South	19	9,193
Welland	19	5,565
Wellington North	19	6,824
Wellington South	19	8,970
Weston	19	4,548
York Centre	19	7,012
York North	19	6,808
York South	19	14,553

MANITOBA.

Constituency	Subs.	Voters
Brandon	97	9,629
Dauphin	97	9,415
Lisgar	97	4,554
Macdonald	97	5,127
Marquette	97	8,176
Portage La Prairie	97	7,044
Provencher	97	7,044
Selkirk	97	9,159
Souris	97	7,741
Winnipeg	97	27,464

SASKATCHEWAN.

Constituency	Subs.	Voters
Assiniboia	208	11,786
Battleford	208	17,062
Regina	208	17,062
Saskatoon	208	17,062

ALBERTA.

Constituency	Subs.	Voters
Calgary	106	17,486
Edmonton	106	19,637
Macleod	106	19,637
Medicine Hat	106	19,637
Red Deer	106	17,261
Saskatoon	106	17,261
Victoria	106	19,152

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Constituency	Subs.	Voters
Comox-Atlin	562	9,917
Kootenay	562	12,659
Nanaimo	562	314
New Westminster	562	12,465
Victoria City	562	8,246
Yale-Charbo	562	10,914
Vancouver City	562	22,914

YUKON TERRITORY.

Constituency	Subs.	Voters
Yukon	290	2,552

It will be noticed that there are two constituencies in New Brunswick and no less than twenty-three in Quebec in which no Cotton's are circulated. If you have radical friends in these localities, why not send them Cotton's Weekly?

Of those counties in which only ten or less Cotton's go, Prince Edward Island has 3, Nova Scotia 2, New Brunswick 3, Quebec 19, and Ontario 10. Next year there should not be a constituency in Canada into which at least 50 copies do not go.

Cotton's wants to get after the political agents of Capitalism where it hurts them, among their own constituents. W. B. Nantel is the cabinet minister elected on an anti-naval platform. He keeps his seat placidly while Borden goes in for a great naval contribution. He does not give up his cabinet office. He is elected from Terrebonne, P.Q., into which only 9 Cotton's go.

We must overthrow the capitalist system. Cotton's is one of the most powerful weapons you have. Use it to the full.

F. D. Monk has resigned from the Department of Public Works. It is the general impression that Robert Rogers will take Monk's place when the office is filled. This shift will not be made until after the present session, so the rumor goes. If this is correct, then there will be two sessions before the general elections are again held. The Department of Public Works is the great spending department. Here is where the graft comes in. Contracts are let at high figures and the party in power gets a big rakeoff which it uses for corruptionist purposes to maintain itself in power. Up to the present, this department has not been blessed. Monk has run it honestly. Bob Rogers is the campaign manager. Why he is shifted to the public graft department is clear. It takes time, however, for a big wad of graft to collect. Hence the Conservatives will not pull off an election until the corruption fund is of some considerable size. Is it not a peculiar thing that our so-called responsible statesmen feel they have to maintain themselves in office by bribing the people with graft stolen from the people?

Yet this is the logical outcome of the system of private ownership under which our most respected and richest citizens are the very ones who have stolen the most from those who produce the wealth of the country.

The trades unionist and the Socialist are not two distinct persons. They are quite frequently one and the same person. The trade unionist works for better conditions, higher pay, and shorter hours from the masters who own the job. The Socialist works for working-class supremacy in politics so that the workers can own their own jobs. Both are necessary as long as capitalism lasts.

In Moose Jaw, Sask., the Socialists now go to the biggest theatre in town to hold their meetings.

WASTE

By F. J. FLATMAN
Hamilton, Ontario

A warden of the New Westminster, B.C., penitentiary has been killed by an escaping prisoner. This news causes the blood of our masters to run cold. They exclaim that society must be protected. One of them takes particular pains to tell me we are living in the present and persists in asking, "What would you Socialists do with the wretch?" The problem is not for us to solve. We will solve it when we get into power. The capitalists have made a mighty rough bed and they are lying uneasy in it. It is true their beds are soft, but they know not when the knife of a desperate worker may not slip down from above and slit them open. Hence they fear exceedingly. This prisoner was the product of the system. Trace him back and we would probably find that capitalism has produced his criminal record. Vancouver last winter was overrun with slaves without a master. Burglaries, robberies, holdups were common. The masters lived without work and, by refusing the workers the chance to work, forced them to live without work. Once learning how easy it is to do this, the criminal is made, and the legalized criminals, the men who live without work on unearned revenues, have to have jails built, penitentiaries, judges, policemen. When we get into power, the majority of the prisoners will go free, for an opportunity to get a fine living by useful work being open to all, the criminal, unless he is insane, will forsake his criminal ways and be a brother producer.

FATHER OF WATERS

Silent Saskatchewan, softly art stealing,
Placid and peaceful, smoothly and slow;
Noiseless and swift on thy bosom of water,
Fain would I sail away! Where would I go?
Onward thro' prairies and golden glad
wheatfields,
Where the sweet kernels hang ripe in
the sun;
Traverse the valleys and circle the
mountains,
Follow thy windings with rod and with
spear,
Lo! daybreak hath dawned on thy
shimmering waters,
The wavelets rise gaily to welcome the
morn.
To catch the first kisses that gleam
from the sunbeams,
To laugh and rejoice in the day newly
born,
Onward thro' forests and shadow and
sunshine,
The green leaves droop lowly to catch
thy shadows fall;
The birch-bark canoe and the tall, silent
Red Man
Adrift on thy waters, O, Pride of the
West,
Award past homesteads, where all solitary;
On the vast prairies the pioneers dwell,
Here no steam whistle hath broken the
silence,
Nor sounded at even the silver-toned
bell,
A surging of glass in the glimmering
moonlight,
The stars twinkle brightly when night
falls,
Now lovingly hovers a mist o'er the
waters,
Afar in the distance the prairie wolves
howl,
Silent Saskatchewan, wandering breezes
Ripple thy surface and dance on thy
breast,
Whisper and tell me, O "Father of Waters,"
Tell me the meaning of strife and unrest,
Far from the cities where greed rules
triumphant,
Fathers are toiling, babes sicken and
die,
Mothers groan gray in the soul-weary
struggle,
Whisper a prayer to a God up on high,
Masters are watching the sign, grim and
potent,
Slaves are awaking and rattle their
chains,
Crying in agony, "Born but to Labor!
To labor for others who pocket our
gains!"
Far sounds the cry till the leaders of
nations
Shall cower and tremble, for MEN WILL
BE HEARD,
It ascends to the throne of the mighty
Deity,
From men, in His image, tho' broken
and blurred,
Broken by ages of labor and sorrow,
Blurred by the hand of his brother, you
member,
Poverty, avarice, greed and oppression
Have brought him no lower than angels
may go,
Silent Saskatchewan, hast thou not
heard it?
Rising and falling and sounding afar:
The wailing of souls who are sighing for
freedom,
Over the prairies the summons to war,
Through the white mist hanging over
ears:
"Evil must cease and mankind must re-
member
That harvest must come, tho' of blood
and of tears,
When each one hath learned that 'all
men are brothers,
And each set his standard for others to
see,
When sons of humanity love one another,
Shall Peace reign with Justice, and
Men will be Free."
Saskatoon, Oct. 19, '12. —"MARY."

THE DOCTRINE OF THRIFT IS THE REFUGE OF A THIEF WHO, HAVING STOLEN FOUR-FIFTHS OF A PERSON'S PROPERTY, ENJOINS HIS VICTIM IN A GLORIOUS SERMON TO BE FRUGAL WITH THE FIFTH WHICH REMAINS.

It is, however, the easiest thing in the world to be led astray with this most plausible pretext. Take the case of Mr. Chiozza Money, an English M.P., who, first of all in an alarming array of figures, records the enormous toll demanded and extorted by the TOOL OWNERS from the TOOL-USER, and then proceeds to justify this extortion; his only complaint against the extorting tool-owners being that they waste their ill-gotten gains in ridiculous luxuries. Instead of spending it wisely upon commodities of a beneficial and useful character. In relation to this my concern is not what steps can be taken to compel the tool-owners to have expended from the tool-users, but rather what steps can be taken to prevent the tool-owner taking anything at all from the tool-user. This consummation I know can only be achieved by the tool-users becoming the tool-owners, and when this revolution has been accomplished, then I frankly admit that for the owners and the users of the tools to wantonly waste any of the wealth they have created will be foolishness of a very profound order. But this state of things would not be capitalist, and I am dealing with waste under capitalism, and do not wish to be misunderstood or charged with inconsistency. My position is briefly this:

WASTE UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES AND ALL CONDITIONS, IS BAD FOR THE COMMUNITY.

Waste is a good thing for capitalism, therefore capitalism is bad for the community.

Let us first see why waste is a good thing for capitalism, and then let us enumerate a few of the countless methods whereby wealth is wasted under the present competitive system of wealth production.

Capitalism thrives upon waste, because as things are now arranged, or deranged, wealth cannot be consumed as rapidly as it can be produced, and this in spite of the fact that there are a large number of consumers who are non-producers. Waste, therefore, very conveniently functions in lubricating the wheels of commerce by relieving congested markets.

When the little boy who has just learned to toddle attempts to perform an acrobatic feat on the corner of the table-cloth in imitation of the clown he may have seen at Ringling's, and in doing so brings to the floor with a terrible crash mother's best tea-set, the father does more than attempt to shield the boy when he says in exasperation: "Never mind, mother, it's good for trade"; he states an economic fact. It is good for trade, for, as has been pointed out, a financial crisis was arrested in the United States by the wholesale destruction caused by the earthquake at San Francisco.

The South African war gave a flip to British industry just as other wars have proved a happy hunting ground for

contractors and speculators. Waste, wilful, wanton, wasteful waste serves as a perpetual tonic to palsied capitalism.

We reach what is known as a trade crisis. We are then unwilling observers of this interesting social phenomena, this artificial, man-created plague. "Where wealth accumulates, and men decay." We are the reluctant witnesses of commercial congestion, and we see piled up high and wide, wealth, the PROOF and the PRODUCT of the workers' diligent holding from the workers the goods which he needs, the goods which his energies alone created under capitalism. While this accumulation of wealth remains, until this has been destroyed by fire, war or earthquake, or dissipated, and our stores and warehouses are empty again, the would-be worker is condemned to a period of enforced idleness. He is unemployed, mark you, not because there is a scarcity of the things which he has produced, but because there is more of them than those who have produced them can buy.

Now let us imagine the lot of the worker. Let us suppose that it was possible to conserve high and dry, safe and wholesome, without resorting to any destruction or dissipation, the wealth freed from the worker. Suppose, too, that all waste, unnecessary expenses, etc., has been eliminated from all departments of industry and that the enormous store of wealth which betokens a trade crisis could only be absorbed by the consumption of the daily requirement of the non-producing tool-owners. In this case it is not very difficult to see that trade crises would appear at more frequent intervals and would be of longer duration, and that the workers' condition would be one of perpetual siege in the midst of plenty.

Waste, then, the frustrating away into the modern system of bookkeeping, for the lack of which countless thousands of lives are lost each day is the surging stream which helps the economic mill-wheel in motion.

Let me now cite a few instances of ridiculous waste, the number of which can be enlarged upon by the reader at his own good time and pleasure. I think it is readily admitted that of all waste that is deplorable, there is none more so than the waste of HUMAN LIFE. Yet in mercantile circles this is a loss that does not occasion much alarm, as may be seen from the fact (the shedding of crocodile tears notwithstanding) that loss of human life has not become of sufficient importance as to intrude itself into the modern system of bookkeeping. A factory may be destroyed by fire. A ship may go down at sea, and while an entry will be made in the profit and loss account of the loss of the ship or factory, no entry will be made of the loss of human life. Of course no one wonders at this, for a ship or a factory represents so much capital. A human being does not. (Not now — he did once before he was FREE to compete). Therefore, he is of no account. But we who are Socialists place in importance before all other things the loss of human life, consequently we deplore and denounce a social system which uses up human beings in unnecessary and wasteful pursuits, while it kills off three generations in one by harrying the slaves for long weary hours at arduous and unnecessary toil, whilst at the same time other workless slaves are being worked off at the same rapid rate by being denied the right to earn the common means of life.

At a very moderate estimate, only one-half of the work that is done today is necessary. All the unnecessary advertising of unnecessary wares, all the unnecessary machinery used for the production of the same, all the unnecessary means of transit and distribution involved, and all the thousand and one contrivances for providing the slave with his most cherished (f) desire—WORK, would be done away with under a sane system. What a unique 20th century achievement this passion for finding or making work! At this moment ships are leaving foreign shores for this land laden with the self-made manufactured articles that are stored in ships that are leaving our shores for foreign climes. Germany, France and America send earthenware and china to England, and then England sends earthenware and china to Germany, France and America. Birmingham, Eng., sends jewelry to New York, and New York returns the compliment. Sweden sends iron ore to England; England sends it to Sweden, and so on ad lib. All the multifarious products of every clime pour themselves into New York or London, from there to be distributed to all parts of the globe. All of this is a proof of the presence and the order of the glorious and wonderful age of capitalism.

These remarks, I know, will tend to ruffle the serenity of those who pin their faith to the glorification of trade and business relations, but they may open up a train of thought, as I hope they will, on nature reflection, will convince the reader that we as a nation boast of order where there is chaos, and that we chatter about enterprise, which is but another name for saying that we are engaged in a conspiracy to squander in a wholesale manner untold life and wealth.

Let us come nearer home. Whilst

Wimmin Ain't Got No Kick

By Kate Richards O'Hare, Associate Editor of the Rip Saw.

I spoke one night not long ago in a typical country town of two thousand, a town just like thousands of other towns, and after I had finished a man came up and spoke to me, a typical man, just like millions of other men. He said he liked my speech and thought most of it was true, but that his husband was evidently a poor specimen to allow me to gad about the country, and that I would better be home caring for the babies and, as a last crushing blow to my presumption, he declared: "Well, no matter how bad things are, wimmin ain't got no kick."

As I looked at the man's rugged, honest face, saw the frankness with which his frank eyes looked into mine, my mind went back over all the days I had been studying the problems of the working woman, and her sister, the fallen woman, and I thought, "How long, O Lord, how long will men insist on being so abjectly ignorant?"

"Wimmin ain't got no kick." No, we women should not object that capitalism, the machine age, makes machines of us all. Three-fold machines; first, machines for child-bearing, machines to keep always the supply of child workers for the factory replenished. We should bow our heads in submission when Teddy the Terrible, he of the big stick and the big teeth, charges up and down the earth attending to everyone's business but his own, reviled us and called us all manner of vile names because we did not produce babies fast enough to suit his masters.

We should have been duly grateful when priest and minister, college professor and eyephone of every kind, parrot-like mouthed his cane phrases. What did God make women for but to bear children when the sateless maw of the factory yawns and the machines cry out for cheap workers to make wealth for its masters?

Capitalism honors us most highly; not only are we to be the child-bearing machines of the race, but wealth-making machines as well. Here in the United States there are six million women who have been forced out of the home, denied the God-given right to wife and motherhood, and forced to be wealth-making machines in the industries of our nation.

Capitalism and its upholders are chivalrous also; they freely admit it themselves, good democrats and republicans place woman on a pedestal, exalt motherhood and praise virtue; but, nevertheless, they demand woman to become the machine to gratify their beastly passions and provide the machine of prostitution.

In the United States we have seven hundred and twenty thousand known prostitutes to fill our brothels and add the crowning glory to our civilization. Not that alone, but the life of a prostitute is so terrible, so unnatural, that the average life is less than five years. Every year out from the brothels and dives of our nation are carried one hundred and thirty thousand women to fill unknown graves in the potter's field and one hundred and thirty-five thousand young girls walk that slippery, rock-strewn, beggar-encompassed path that leads to the brothel. Walk always down the path of destruction, pushed onward by the hand of shame or snared by the white slave.

Nor is this all: the most pitiful, most revolting and soul-sickening feature of the debasement of womanhood by capitalism is never discussed, never understood, and always kept in the background.

The pulpit, the press, and the platform have for the last year been full of discussions of "the fallen woman"; we have ranted and raved and canted over her abject, crocodile tears and wept in maudlin sympathy—but we have overlooked one fact. There are seven hundred and twenty thousand prostitutes, but they are prostitutes simply because they have been forced to work at wages that will not support them, and they must either sell their bodies or starve. Adding insult to injury in our attitude on this question, we have overlooked the fact that it takes twenty men to support one fallen woman and the parasites who prey on her, and there are just about twenty times as many fallen men as fallen women.

Who are the twenty times seven hundred and twenty thousand men? Your sons, your nephews, your neighbor's sons, for the most part. Our

SOCIALIST PENNANTS, 11 x 16, with international emblem embossed in center and the word "Socialism" in big, white letters, on red felt—a swell flag. Sent postage prepaid for 50 cents each. Three for \$1.35.

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Have you started on the study of Socialism yet? Good propaganda is made only by study. The Banner Collection of Books are the very best obtainable for the beginner in the study of Socialism.

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- 8.—Revolution (Jack London) 50c
- 9.—Postal Note for 50 cents will take them all by return mail. Books sold singly at prices opposite the title.

ignorant boys, through whose veins the blood of youth flows warm, who know and harken to the age-long call of race preservation, but who know little or nothing of the black plague of the brothel.

Our sons go down to the brothel, and there in their warm, fresh youth contract the germs of the vilest disease known to medical science, the one incurable disease. The disease that strikes down not alone its own generation but lies in wait for generations yet unborn. That loathsome, nameless horror that has killed more men than war, ruined more women's lives and blasted more babies than all other diseases combined.

Back to the palace, the cottage and the hovel comes this nameless horror, the fruit of prostitution; back to our innocent daughters, back to our unborn, back to curse and maim and slay, and we women it is who suffer most, must fill the brothel and feel the curse at home.

As a result of these things, medical statistics tell us that one child in twenty is born into the world cursed before ever it sees the light of day, that one wife in fifteen must go on the surgeon's table or under the doctor's care, paying the penalty of the husband's transgression.

If all the voters had one pair of eyes and one pair of ears and I could force them to go with me as I have gone to the blind schools, where blind eyes will never see and hands grope in everlasting darkness; to the deaf and dumb institute, where deaf ears will never hear, and dumb tongues never speak; the imbecile asylum, where the idiot and the imbecile mutter and mumble in their degradation; to the insane ward, where the insane shriek and tear their hair or sit gazing out of vacant eyes into a vacant world.

"Wimmin ain't got no kick!" No, not if we are dolls, stuffed with sawdust, satisfied with fine phrases, content with false chivalry, willing to be fed on flattery, we have not. We women who happen to have been lucky enough to have annexed a supply without feathers who can buy a meal ticket and a certain amount of hobble skirts and jute puffs, "we ain't got no kick."

But we happen to be women with brains and hearts and souls, women who have developed enough backbone not to be compelled to do the clinging vine act, women who are womanly enough to feel for all womankind, motherly enough to mother all childhood, we certainly feel that we have a right to protest against the abhorrent demands of capitalism.

Not to protest, alone, but to use all the brains with which we are endowed, all the power of our womanhood and the compelling force of our motherhood to regulate capitalism to the dim limbo of the past and make sure and safe the birth of the new social order.

One Side of the Question

G. R. Bennett, Riddellville, Alberta.

There are some people who say that we Socialists look at one side of the question only, and don't give capitalism any side at all. Well, we certainly do, and why shouldn't we? Here is a farmer; he goes out into his fields and he sees the gophers and mice eating his grain, and he says: "Confound these things, shoot them." Does he ever stop to look at the gopher or mouse side of the question? No. Why doesn't he? Because, if he has any sense, he knows that the gopher and mouse are only parasites, and of no good whatever.

We Socialists look at capitalism in the very same way as the farmer looks at the mice. The capitalists are only parasites, and of no more use to the working class than the mice are to a farmer.

No doubt you hear some doubting Thomas get up and say, "What in the world would so poor working people do without the capitalist to give us work?" If all the capitalists fell into the sea today and got drowned the workers would not be a bit worse off for it tomorrow.

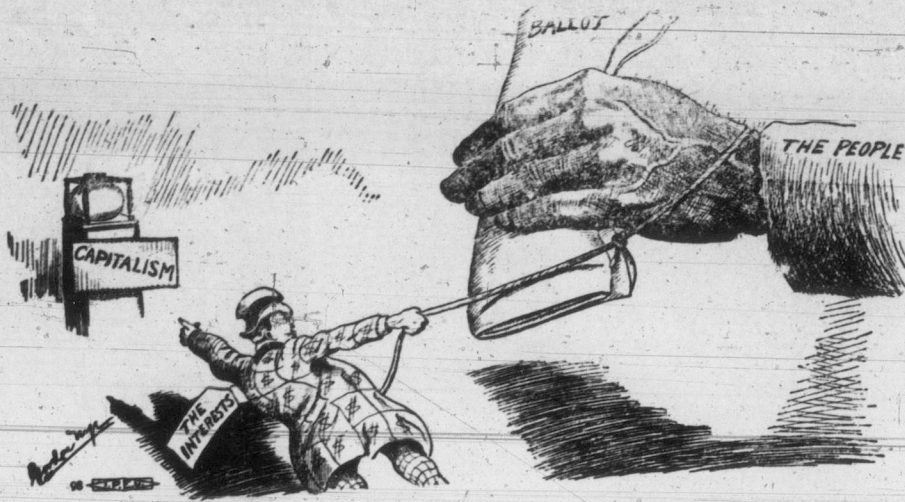
In some of our large industries and corporations the operating personnel from the manager down to the cheapest day-worker are all hired hands. It is they who run the machinery and not the shareholder, who only takes a rake-off when the melons are ripe and only gives the workers enough to keep strength together to keep on running the machinery.

When we get a majority of Socialists in parliament we will take over the industries and run them on the collective ownership plan, and instead of the managers being responsible to the shareholders, they will be responsible to the people. The profits, instead of being divided among the shareholders, as they now are, will go to the workers in the way of larger pay, and among the consumers in the form of cheaper goods. So there we see that the capitalist and shareholders can be dispensed with.

Our school system, post department, and road system can be built and operated by the government, and it does not require the capitalist to take a rake-off. Of course we Socialists don't blame the capitalists for having their views any more than we blame ourselves for having our views. Capitalism wants to live and enjoy the wealth created by the working class, just the same as the gopher and mouse want to live on the grain the farmer produces. But I think that any person with common sense who takes capitalism and analyzes it will come to the conclusion that it is nothing but a system of parasitism, and of no more use to mankind than the mice to a farmer. In conclusion, I want to say that any person who can convince us that capitalism is necessary, and give the reason, we Socialists will be glad to give capitalism the other side of the question.

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THE POWERFUL, BUT BLIND HAND



How About the Lazy Man?

By Morris Kaplan.

Oftentimes men and women, who seem to otherwise find a great deal of merit in the Socialist theory seem to run up against a snag when it comes to the question as to the "Shirker" and the "Lazy Man." On more than one occasion has the writer been compelled to go into detailed reply when the query was made, sometimes by a scoffer and at other times by sincere well meaning people, who would ask "What are you going to do with the lazy man under Socialism?" It is not enough for us to say that all such problems will be solved by society under the new regime. There are some things that can be answered and answered scientifically and to the satisfaction of every fair minded person. Particularly does that statement apply to the question of Laziness.

Every person who has at all given any slight study to the subject of Anthropology knows that in man as in all animal life there is a constant involuntary tendency to move "along the line of least resistance." Instances may be cited of parasites existing among other animals than man, but hardly any instance can be cited where such parasites exist except through their own physical powers for the procurement of their foods. The snake may sleep most of the time, but when hungry it is very much awake and very strenuously works for its food. The bee and the ant may at times set up a ruler, and we are informed that this proves the existence of a tendency to shirk among animal life because the queen of the species may be fed, but we must not overlook the fact that the queen performs a useful function in giving forth offspring and once the offspring have matured the queen is stung to death. It is scientific knowledge that every species and every individual of the species aim to expend its energies productively. Waste is not a natural but an artificial ailment. That life destroys life, does not prove the fact that the purpose of destruction is to preserve the destroyer.

It is therefore contrary to all knowledge of the laws of nature to say that "it is natural to shirk" or that "it is natural to be lazy." Laziness is a disease brought on by extreme stress in the economic conditions among the human family.

Take an overworked man who has worked long hours in the shop or other place of employment, or has been compelled through working shorter hours, to keep pace with the machine; apply the same principle to the woman; let that man and that woman mate and have progeny. It becomes self-evident that the children brought up under such environments will naturally be born "tired." These children are born diseased. They are "lazy" because they are born tired. Abnormal conditions breed abnormal types.

Not the children, nor the parents, are to blame for the laziness bred within the children. It is the system that is the cause of it all. Society, properly speaking, is the arch criminal responsible for this disease. Laziness is a trait transmitted from parent to child. It is not natural, and therefore can be outlived by a change of environment.

'Demandments' of an Employer
Rule 1.—Don't lie—it wastes my time and yours. I'm sure to catch you in the end, and that's the wrong end.

Rule 2.—Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short, and a day's short work makes my face long.

Rule 3.—Give me more than I expect and I'll pay you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you increase my profits.

Rule 4.—You owe so much to yourself that you can't afford to owe anybody else. Keep out of debt.

Rule 5.—Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men, like good women, can't see temptation when they meet it.

Rule 6.—Mind your own business, and in time you'll have a business of your own to mind.

Rule 7.—Don't do anything here which hurts your self-respect. The employee who is willing to steal for me is capable of stealing from me.

Rule 8.—It's none of my business what you do at night, but if dissipation affects what you do next day, and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped.

Rule 9.—Don't tell me what I'd like to hear, but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet to my vanity, but I need one for my dollars.

Rule 10.—Don't kick if I kick; if you're worth while correcting, you're worth keeping. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples.

The above rules are taken from the "Retail Lumberman," a trade journal published in Winnipeg. They can all be summed up in a few words as follows: "I, your exploiter, want to exploit you to the greatest possible extent. Get busy and help me do it." The promises held out are lies. The rewards will not materialize. The slavery you, as an employee have to endure will continue to oppress and afflict you until you capture the political power, seize the means of production and distribution for yourselves and get all you produce. Why do you not become an organized member of your fellow slaves who are working for your freedom when they work for the freedom of your class?

The End of the Strike
(From the Italian of Ada Negri)
They gazed upon each other, thin and pale
From sleeplessness, from hunger,
And from pain.
Tired of fighting, said one angrily
"One dies. . . . What's there to gain?"

Another said, "Of want my babies languish."
And thus another, "Sick my woman lies
Within a hospital." And cold, deep anger
Shone wildly in their eyes.
With blazing eyes, burst out a Hercules
Of twenty years, "No, never back again!"

We must withstand them to the bitter end!
We are not brutes, but men! . . .
They gazed upon each other, thin and pale
From sleeplessness, from hunger
And from pain,
Within the silence trembled the dark thought,
"One dies. . . . What's there to gain?"

Then, majestic in their ragged clothes,
Their sobs of shame suppressing
Went the men,
Austere and desolate shadows, to their work
Once more . . . But until when?"
—G. M. Lapolla.

WHAT ONE COMRADE DOES.
Comrade—I may interest you to know what I do with my Socialist papers when I am through with them.

I get four—Cotton's, the Weekly Call, the little old Appeal, and the Review.

Last week's Cotton's went to a young farmer in Streetsville, who is half a Socialist. This week's (of which I got two), went to a man in West Toronto, and one to the O. C. Victoria Rifles, Toronto. This week's Call goes to Stouffville, Ont. Last week's to Montreal—both to non-Socialists (as yet).

The Review goes generally to Dublin, Ireland. I found out some Americans at two or three addresses in the city, who get the Appeals.

If I have not the stamps to send them away, I leave them on a chair where I eat my meals, or go into the Free Library and leave them on the tables.

What's Your Chance?
Fellow workers in the east, seeing that your life is a struggle for existence from the cradle to the grave, I would advise you to come out west.

But say, before you come, don't forget to build another railway and give it to your masters. You may get the privilege to walk the ties.

What is your chance? If you can buck cordwood, you may get 50c per day and a good sleep (if not disturbed by the police) at highwater mark by the foot of the docks.

If you are a farmer or a milkman, competition is keen.

If you are a fisherman, you are up against a hard proposition.

If you are a carpenter—oh say, the woods are full of these fellows.

If you are a machinist, you have read that when they come out on strike to better their conditions out here, they were like all old junk—out to stay.

If you are a logger, you know what it is to live on mountain scenery and rabbit tracks.

Hurry for the west, boys. We have no fear of hell before our eyes out here. We are living in it already.

H. Stead, New Westminster, B.C.

Sub Cards are printed government post cards, each good for a year's subscription to Cotton's Weekly. They are very convenient to use; simply fill in the subscriber's name and address, and drop in the nearest mail box. We sell them at the rate of four for \$1.00.

What Socialists Want

By Tom Jones.

We Socialists are very greedy people. Give us an inch and we take a yard. Give us a city and we grab a nation—we can. In fact, we want the whole earth—for the people who do the work.

That is why you, Working Man and Working Woman, ought to be Socialists. There are already over ten millions of us scattered over the globe. And we are all working every day to make you see how the wage workers can join together to take possession of the machinery of production—the factories, the mills and the mines and the railroads—to own them in common, so that we shall have the fruits of our labor, so that we shall be free from bosses and the fear of "no jobs."

When the Pilgrim Fathers came to America they established a good rule. They said, "Unless a man work, he shall not eat." But times have greatly changed for the worse.

Today the Socialists want to have the wealth produced by the workers OWNED BY the workers instead of by capitalists who never built a house or made clothes or planted harvests.

If every worker employed by J. P. Morgan owned the values he made there would be no profits left for Morgan, and each workman would be independent and wealthy. He would never need to ask help from any one. Socialism will make such a state of things possible.

When the working people own the factories and the mines; when they own the mills and the land and the railroads, they will be their own bosses. They will be free from want, free from anxiety, and forever free from the fear of becoming jobless men and women.

No matter in what city you may happen to live, go down the streets until you come to the tenements or cottages. There you may know dwell the people who produce silk and satins, who build houses and palaces, who feed the world and have nothing but meagre wages to show for it.

But as you walk up the boulevards where are the palaces of the rich, you find the homes of those who DO NOT WORK, but who own everything.

It is Government that permits these rich men and women to own the factories and mines and allows them to appropriate EVERYTHING made by the people who work.

If you work in an automobile factory or your fellow-workers—your BOSS takes every automobile you make for his very own. He pays you barely enough to live on. Socialism proposes that the men who make automobiles shall OWN them. We propose to eliminate the rich man who does nothing but OWN factories, mills and mines, but who takes everything made by the working class.

Do you want to be independent? Do you want to be your own boss? Do you want to own your own home with leisure to study, read, travel, or loaf, as suits you best? Do you want to enjoy all the good things of life? Then join the Socialist Party and STUDY SOCIALISM. Join the organization that proposes that the workers shall be the kings upon earth; that proposes that men and women shall have unlimited opportunity to produce beautiful things and to own and enjoy them.

Socialists are greedy people. Give us an inch and we take a yard. Give us a city and we grab a nation. In fact, as I said before, we want the world for the workers. If you are a worker, you need us. Get in the game and help yourself to gain independence, leisure and every good thing in the world.

STRENUOUS OPPOSITION.
"I am opposed to Socialism," said Weary Willie, as he climbed into his mansion at 23023 Railroad avenue. "It would break up the home."

"I am opposed to Socialism," said French Annie, as she went upstairs. "It is against the marriage relation."

"I am opposed to Socialism," said Harry Lehr, as he fondly kissed his pet monkey. "It denies a man the right to work."

"I also oppose Socialism," said the lean and hungry working man as he looked longingly into his dinner bucket. "It might get me a square meal and I'm sure my system couldn't stand the shock"—From Industrial Worker.

NEW SONG BOOK.
This collection at 10 cents is the best in print today. No trashy songs or music; clear large type and music on good paper and nice enamelled white cover. It is far ahead of other song books widely boasted at 25 cents. We sell three copies for a quarter postpaid. A copy or copies should be in every Socialist home or meeting place. Made in U.S.A.

A GOOD LIST

Love begets love and hate begets hate. A system founded on the principle of hatred and competition, upon the basis of tooth and claw, begets human tigers. In Russia the little heir to the throne has been severely wounded by those whose hate has been roused by the cruel wrongs their country has suffered at the hands of the tyrants.

Jean Paul Marat, in the Reign of Terror in France, was killed by a prisoner on October 24th was caused by a prisoner in revenge for the brutal flogging which had been inflicted upon him.

Throughout Canada the criminal element is becoming more savage and brutal. The hate society has shown them, society is reaping in return.

The brutality and selfishness of the master class will be repaid by the master class of Canada from rebellious slaves. The blind fury can only be avoided by a campaign of education. The working class must learn their class position in society. They must learn the way to overthrow the rule of their masters, by consciously taking over the political functions to their own class, abolishing the class rule of society.

For this purpose Cotton's Weekly published. It is supported by slaves of their slave's pay. It is kept in the field as an educational factor by the sacrifice of many men and women.

When the circulation goes up, the slaves rejoice. This week's report shows a particularly favorable condition.

When the final storm has burst, when the triumphant working class shall have stormed the political fortresses of capitalism and levelled them to the ground so that no more class rule shall curse the earth, each of you will recount with pride your early struggles in the cause of your class.

"You can see the result of your work in the statement of the number of Cotton's going into your constituency. We all want to see our constituency to have a thousand more copies of Cotton's going into it. We each and all are depending on each and all to spread the light."

I repeat assured that all the comrades readers are doing their utmost to spread the paper. If your district does not increase in revolutionary fervor, I am sure that it is not your fault.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT.
Week of October 24th, 1912.

Gains for week—124 949 20874
Total issue for week—25,000.

Tobacco Habit Banished

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Parliament Announced

to meet on Thursday, November 1st, and date set for the issue of the Special Blue Banking Issues. Congress is getting to be some political game, when the government sends a hurry call to parliament to gather on the very day that the bill has announced our Special. You know the Bank Act up for attention this session, and this will open the eyes of the people. Now, if this is not enough interest plute members of parliament are of interest to every Canadian. So the order of the day is to spread the word. The same old popular price of 50¢ and cheap, 50 cents per 100 copies, \$1.00 bill gets 20¢; \$5.00 gets 1.00. On coupon on Page 2.

The Modern Sampson

There's a serf whose chains are of paper;
there's a king with a parchment crown;
there are robber knights and bri-

lands in factory, field and town
the vassal pays his tribute.

lord of wage and rent; the Baron's toll is Shylock's with a flesh and blood per cent. The seamstress bends to her labor all night in a narrow room; the child, defrauded of childhood, tiptoes all day at the loom; the soul must starve, for the body can barely on husks be fed, and the loaded dice of a gambler settle the price of bread. I have shorn and bound the Sampson, and robbed him of learning's light; but his sluggish brain is moving, his sinews have all their might. I look well to your gates of Gaza, your privilege, pride and caste! The Giant is blind but thinking, and his locks are growing fast.

—James J. Rouhe.

As long as the master class own the jobs, the workers will be in slavery.

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I will cure you of it. I am Dr. J. W.
U. R. E. D., and not merely patched up for
while, to return worse than before. Remember
I make this broad statement after putting
years of my time on this one disease and
suffering of thousands of people, and saving
a million dollars of this dreadful disease. Now,
do not care what all you have used, nor how
long you have used it. I will cure you. It
will be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show
you that I know what I am talking about.
I will write to you to D.A. I will send
you a **FREE TRIAL** of my mild, soothing,
parented cure that will convince you more
than twice as I, or any other, could do in
a month's time. If you are disgusted and
disheartened by this disease, I will give you
new my claims. By writing me to day you
will enjoy more real comfort than you have
in years. This is the only cure for you. Just
write to me and you will see I am telling you the
truth.

J. E. Cannaday, 781 Park St.
SEDALIA, MO.
Agency: Third National Bank, Sedalia

could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

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Send a sample lamp on
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necessary. Every
agent sold over 1000 on
return. Another sold \$600 worth in
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12 Aladdin Bldg. Montreal and Winnipeg, Can.

The Children of the Poor

Eugene V. Debs.

No fledgling feeds the father bird!
No chicken feeds the hen!
No kitten mouses for the cat—
This glory is for men.
We are the Wisest, Strongest Race—
Loud may our praise be sung!
The only animal alive
That lives upon its young.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

The wages of vast numbers of workmen are so small that they and their families are reduced to the barest existence. Life means nothing to them but a hopeless struggle which ends only with death. Poverty is their lot and misery their heritage. Their sad condition is irrevocably fixed. They toil, skimp, worry, suffer, despair and die. There is not much else in the "simple annals" of the poor.

The children of these workmen, who are poverty-stricken only because they are exploited of what they produce, come into life in an environment and under conditions that almost inevitably predetermine their wretched fate. Poverty is their sole inheritance. The cottage in which they are born, unless it chances to be a tenement or a hovel, is limited to the necessities of existence. The walls are bare, the bedding scant, the furniture cheap, the food coarse, and the clothing shoddy. The most rigid economy is self-enforced. Life is hard and hopeless here in poverty's breeding pen.

The father returns after his day's exhausting toil to revitalize himself for the next day's slavish task—that is all that home means to him. The mother—prisoner of poverty that she is—knows nothing of the joys of home, the ecstasies of motherhood. She is not a mother at all in the sense in which that term is breathed in reverence, but only "a female that gives birth to young."

Love is not apt to dwell long in such a lair, if it enter here at all. And this is the unhappy lot of millions of laboring people who are foredoomed to such a bleak and barren existence, and from which there is no escape this side of the grave.

This condition of penury, want and social debasement is fixed and permanent in the existing industrial system, and no amount of maudlin sympathy or patronizing philanthropy can materially alleviate its horrors, a fact our dilettante charity-ball reformers unwittingly confess in their favorite and oft-repeated scriptural injunction, "The poor ye have always with you."

It is under these harsh and gloomy conditions that the children of the poor come into life and are joined to misery at its very threshold. Denied all that makes home the haven of love and the abode of joy, deprived of all the sweet influences that fill childhood with rapture, and which the memory treasures in after years like a vanished dream, these children of the poor are at their very birth fated to struggle and perish among "Les Miserables," the world's disinherited millions who, robbed of their birthright, are despised for their infirmities and scourged as wretches to dishonored graves.

From the wretched habitations of the poor the children early seek escape instead of clinging fondly to their birthplace like fledglings to the parental nest. Under the cruel lash of poverty they are driven out into the world in their childhood. There is no time for health-giving and body-building recreation and no means for education, for culture, for mental training and moral enlightenment. They are but the children of the poor, fit only for menial service, which awaits them at the cradle and drags them in its relentless fetters to their graves.

What words can fitly describe the life tragedy of the children of the poor? Born to poverty, they walk in the darkness of ignorance, and it is strange that some go astray? Is it not a miracle that all do not become vicious and depraved?

Society's doors are all closed against them. They are but outcasts when they are "respectable." What a melancholy paradox! Those who rob the poor despise them. The pampered parasites hold in loathing and horror the deflowered victims whose ruddy life-drops glisten in their gaudy plumage.

These children of the poor find their way in increasing numbers to the haunts of vice and shame. The darkness of the hovel and the sweat-shop is relieved by the red light of the slums. The children of the poor are food for misery and crime. The vile groggery for the boys and the house of horror for the girls. So do millions of the children of the poor pass through this "Vale of Tears."

And so it will ever be while capitalism is suffered to rob the children of the poor of their inheritance. Deplore it as you may, these are the conditions as they are, and only a new social system can change them. Child labor laws, factory inspection laws and other remedial legislation may ameliorate in some degree the wrongs suffered by the children of the poor, but all such palliatives are powerless to end them. As long as labor is merchandise and production is carried on for profit, child labor will have preference and the children of the poor will be ground into lux-

uries for the children of the rich. Socialism offers absolutely the only means for rescuing the children of the poor, and slowly but surely society is being pushed, by the underlying forces that move it, into the acceptance of its philosophy. The abolition of poverty is Socialism's insistent demand, and this demand proclaims the end of private property in the means of life.

The earth spreads out before us, rich in its resources beyond the power of the imagination. The inventive genius of man has captured the lightning, snatched the thunderbolts from the hand of Jove, and grasped all the forces of nature and converted them into titanic toilers for the children of men. The earth and its riotous abundance, and man with his miraculous productive power, scout the idea that poverty is to forever scourge the human race. The past, in the density of its ignorance, and the night of its superstition, may be excused. But the living present with all its myriad available agencies for producing food, clothing, shelter, and for the education of the children and the diffusion of light and intelligence among the masses, can make no such plea.

There is absolutely no excuse for the widespread poverty that now scourges mankind. It is an affront to human intelligence and an impeachement of civilization. Child labor is not only unnecessary in this age, but a crime against both the children and society. Every child ought to have, and in the triumph of Socialism will have, time enough for physical growth, for the joy of healthy childhood, for education, and for everything else required in a truly enlightened age for the scientific rearing of the children, the progenitors of succeeding generations.

It is for this very reason that the poor and the children of the poor are turning toward Socialism in increasing numbers all over the world. It is their movement, born of their travail and consecrated to their emancipation. Millions of them are already marching beneath its international banner and swelling with joyous strains the anthem of their coming deliverance. To them Socialism is as a beacon lighting the shipwrecked mariner to his destined port. It is their sunshine and shower, their meat and drink, their life and hope. It sheds a radiance in their dingy hovels and eases the ache in their numb and weary flesh.

The disinherited of every race and clime are here at home. They are in truth the people and to them of right belongs the earth.

Socialism is their gospel of economic freedom and social salvation. In the name of its commanding genius they unite in greater and greater numbers, thousands, tens of thousands, millions of them, keeping step to the same proletarian heart-beat of the international revolution, animated by the same social spirit, held steadfast by the same social conscience, their radiant faces turned forever toward the sunrise.

These are the children of the poor who have made the earth rich and are now moving toward their eternal inheritance.

The love of comrades is in their hearts, the passion for freedom in their souls, and the light of victory in their eyes. The trials that beset their struggle but fit them for their higher life that lies beyond and holds out to them its eager, outstretched hands. They move steadily as gravitation in one direction—toward the light, the fulfillment of their historic destiny. The storms may beat upon them and the lightning smite them to the earth, but they will rise again undismayed, pressing on and on, with all the patience of fate and all the persistence of truth and justice.

No disappointment, however bitter, no defeat, however crushing, can dampen the ardor of their spirit, or quench the fire of their enthusiasm. All the forces of evil must yield to their unconquerable will. All the governments and all the armed forces of the world must recede and finally disappear before the march of these silent battalions—these intrepid soldiers of international peace, who bear not the arms of sanguinary conflict, but who, armored in the righteousness of their cause, proclaim to all the children of the poor the glad tidings of the coming Kingdom of Peace and Plenty all over the Earth.

Wm. McDougall, employed as night clerk at the King Edward Hotel, Kenora, Ont., absconded with \$25, was caught and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary at Stony Mountain. Our best citizens get away with hundreds of thousands of dollars of the wealth produced by the working-class. They do not abscond, but are looked up to and regarded as desirable residents. Come to think of it, are not our laws pretty queer?

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A Child and the Church of the Wealthy

By Sarah Kingsbury.

It was not the holy Sabbath day, and the doors of the church of the wealthy were closed and securely barred. A little child lay sleeping on the threshold. It was a dirty, neglected creature, and the summer sun poured its merciless rays upon its bare head. It wore a single garment, and this, as the child tossed in its restless sleep, had gathered about its arms, and the child lay with its naked body exposed to the dust and intense heat.

A woman came to the church and saw the sleeping child. She approached with soft step, and reverently covered its nude form with its ragged garment and gently moved it into the shadow of one of the pillars. The child slept more peacefully, and the church's sleep had not been disturbed.

The woman's soul was bowed in worship before the child, and the place seemed permeated with a new, strange holiness. Involuntarily she knelt over the child, and a half-articulate cry of adoration burst from her lips. This ragged, neglected child was holy to her, holy as was the Christ-child to the magi who came to worship him. And she poured upon it all her woman's gifts of love and pity and tender reverence, the frankness and myrrh of her mother's heart. This outcast was as the Christ-child to her—the symbol of all the children of the earth, a holy child by right of birth, a possible son of God.

There arose in her the memory of the cruel slaughter of the children throughout the whole Christian land, and she knelt down beside the child, holding bitter converse with herself.

"To-morrow the church doors will be open wide, for it is another Sabbath, and little children of the wealthy will troop through, happy in their gay summer dress. This child will not be of their number. He has no part in a child's rightful heritage of gentle care and love and pretty raiment. He is the son of a toiler, and the children of his class are bound by unbreakable fetters to the loom to weave bright colored garments for these dainty boys and girls of the wealthy."

"In thousands of churches countless children will gather to learn of the Christ-child to-morrow. To-day thousands of children are toiling in the mills, toiling until their bodies and brains are worn and numb. There is no play for them, no pretty clothing, no training for mind and heart. They toil that the children of the wealthy may have food and fine clothing and much pleasure, that their parents may have beautiful houses and automobiles and huge bank accounts."

The working children do not understand the legends of the Christ-child. They know that the factory whistle blows at seven and that if a minute late there will be less pay in the meagre envelope on Saturday night. They do not know the notes of birds. The robin, the thrush do not sing for them. The shrill voice of the whistle startles them from weary sleep in the early morning hour, and all day the maddening whirr of the machine buzzes in their ears.

No, little child of the wealthy, the sound of the machine is not like the lazy drone of bees as they poised above the garden flowers on a sultry summer afternoon. The factory child has no idle holiday time. The flowers and the birds and the long holiday are for you, and for the child toilers there is nothing but tired, worn bodies and stunted minds, miserable food, and cheap, ugly clothing. They live in wretched, poky houses, for that is the world's way of paying those who feed and clothe its inhabitants.

"The church consists of the owners of the factories, and stores, and mills. The men and women and children who toil do not draw near the temple, for between the toilers and the worshippers there is a great gulf fixed, and the toilers cannot cross, and the worshippers do not so much as reach out a hand to aid them."

"Because you are yet a child, little one, you are not a parasite. You will not understand why the school, the playground, the summer holiday are so necessary for you, while the factory or mill, with its long day, is the place for the children of the poor. Should they tell you, as they tell each other, that these things are the 'will of the Lord,' you would not understand. You will wonder, too, why they never pray for these little wage-slaves. Your clergyman prays for the heathen. He prays for the teachers, the deacons, and almost everything in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, but you do not hear him pray that child slavery may cease. They have pictured the sorrows of the little Chinese girl and of the child widows of India so graphically that you have wept in pity, and have been very thankful that you lived in a Christian land. They do not tell you of the horrible lives of the working children in this same Christian land—the children who help to furnish you with clothing and all the other things that make life pleasant for you."

"No, they do not tell you these things. And some day, if you learn of them before you have become a parasite, you will grow bitter, and think that the teachers and pastors whom you loved and revered were only hypocrites. But they are not that exactly. The men who have enslaved the little children in mill and factory have enslaved your teacher and pastor, too, only theirs is unconscious slavery—not an unpleasant but a deadly form of slavery."

"The mill and factory owners are those whom the church of the wealthy delights to honor. It is they who hold the chief places. They serve the bread and wine at the Holy Supper in memory of Him whose kingdom has for its symbol the little child. The symbol of the industrial

kingdom is the little child also. Perhaps it is by reason of this analogy that the church so loves to honor the leaders of industry."

"Much gold comes to them from the labor of children. Some—a very little, passes into the hands of your pastors and teachers, and they, as well as the great industrial masters, are affected by the taint. For this gold colored the souls of little children is a deadly thing, and poisons all who touch it. They are all suffering from metallic poisoning, the kind that brings mental blindness and paralysis of the social conscience, and finally ends in hopeless phariseism."

"Little children, who will gather in the church of the wealthy to-morrow, would that there were some god somewhere in the great universe who would save you from this deadly phariseism. Would that there were some mighty god in the vast heavens who would rain down his wrath upon those who 'grind beneath their heels' the beautiful faces of little children in the industrial arena."

The woman aroused herself from her bitter reverie. The child still slept, and the church lay in its hopeless coma.

"Sleep on, little one," she said, softly. "Not today nor tomorrow, but on some near day they who worship here will capture you and chain you to the loom, and a tenth of all the gold that is coined from your soft flesh will be poured into the coffers of the church, and for this the masters of the church will bless them.—The Labor Leader."

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

Of the key of success you have often been told:
From pulpit and forum, and press;
But before you attempt, it's a secret to hold.

Just ask yourself, "What is success?"
Is it piling up wealth with inordinate haste?
Until you're a millionaire or so?

Blinding your eyes to others in need,
Who, direct of poverty know?
Stealing from labor the wealth it produces?

To be classed as a smart business man;
Searing your conscience with puny excuses.
In support of King Capital's plan?

Is success to be found in achieving great fame,
In special life work or career?
Will it answer the question of "What's in a name?"

The shade of the shroud and the bier;
Evanescence is fame, like a bubble 'twill burst.
And bright dreams for the future are scattered;

Till we look upon life like a thing that is cursed,
Ideals are so ruthlessly shattered.
Is knowledge success? Let those who desire, know.

Go drink at it's fountain of life;
It is lifting humanity out of the mire
Of oppression and tyranny rife.

For knowledge is power; a sceptre to wield,
If only 'tis used aright;
But of do we find it will readily yield

To the greed of avarice and might.
Then what is success? I asked a saint.
"It's a secret should be unfurled."

"Success," he replied, without any cant,
"Is the greatest thing in the world."
"The greatest thing in the world," he said.

"Over all things tower'ing above;
There is no secret, my thoughts be read.
For this great thing is Love."

—C. P. Calliford, Beachville, Ont.

In the Court of Sessions, Montreal, on October 24th, two men were sentenced to the penitentiary. Edward Good and William Weir, employed as special constables by the Canadian Pacific Railway at Place Viger station, were condemned to St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary for three years and two years respectively. They had stolen goods amounting to their care. Mrs. Good and Mrs. Weir with their little children hanging to their skirts were present when their sentences were pronounced and both women went into hysterics. The children commenced to scream and cry. Judge Choquet, who pronounced the sentences, gave the men a tongue lashing. He said burglars of this kind were not wanted in Montreal. The women are left without support. The children are left fatherless for years. The parting was a pitiable sight. The cost of living has gone up in Montreal. These men felt the pressure. They yielded. Their employer, the C. P. R., is the richest corporation in the world. It is cutting a melon in stock issue and giving \$60,000,000 to its owners. It skins \$500 a year profits out of every slave it employs.

It steals millions of dollars a year in profits. Its directors and millionaire shareholders live in palaces. Two little thieves steal from it a small fraction of what it steals from its employees, a lickspittle judge sends the little thieves to jail, breaks up families and leaves weak women to face the capitalist wolves of Montreal without protectors. Judge Choquet does his dirty work because a dirty system compels him to do it. He is not to blame. But why force our judges to do such low down work? Why not change the system? Why not abolish the big thieves and give workers the full social value of their labor-created wealth? Then there will not be the pressure upon workers to steal. Then the necessity for breaking up homes and for penitentiaries will cease. The humanitarian cries out in holy anger against our present system and unites with other revolutionaries to sweep accursed capitalism into oblivion.

Truro, N.S., has its first taste of what the police are for. The citizens have thought the police were for the protection of people. They have found the police are to protect the interests of the capitalist class. The workers of the Eastern Hat and Cap Company went on strike. On Sunday, October 13th, the strikers who were holding a meeting in the Truro park were interfered with by the police and the meeting broken up. Two pickets were arrested and thrust into jail. Perhaps the workers of Truro will now wake up and find that their interests are not the interests of their masters, and that policemen are the agents of the master class. A policeman's billy on the head of a striking worker lets a lot of Socialist light into the said head.

The working class are slaves under the present system.

There is not a capitalist in Canada who is not a legalized thief.

What the workers should have is freedom, not hand-me-down reforms.

The capitalists do not want the workers to go into politics on their own account. That is all the more reason why the workers should go into politics.

The great crime of the twentieth century is that human labor power should be sold on the market like meal or iron or coal or other lifeless unfeeling things.

Laurier and Borden are two paid agitators of your masters. They agitate your minds for the sole purpose of keeping you from thinking for yourself.

The high cost of living is lowering the standard of living of the Canadian slaves. If the slaves can be kept worrying over the high or low cost of living, instead of thinking about their own liberty, the masters will be the better pleased.

The capitalist class are great admirers of the Salvation Army. This Army, under the guise of religion, runs the greatest of scab agencies. It is shipping into Canada tens of thousands of jobless slaves to hunt a master with the other jobless slaves of Canada.

Reformers are springing up who tell us that the remedy for the problems of today is to get men back on the land. The men on the land are being hoisted off the land by the mortgage shark or by the giant machine. The remedy suggested is about as intelligent as the usual remedies of the reformers.

The American press despatches declare Schrank who shot Roosevelt is a Socialist. As a matter of fact, Schrank is a Roman Catholic, Democratic saloon keeper of New York. Here is another would-be assassin graduated from the ranks of the supporters of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. We can now expect another big blast against Socialism from Archbishop Ireland or Bruchesi of Montreal.

"If you want to get into the capitalist papers as a great man, just resign from some Socialist position and give your biography to the plutocrats." Ben S. Henry is proving the truth of this dictum. He resigned from being business manager of the Citizen, the Schenectady, N.Y., Socialist paper, and issued a statement to the press. His conduct and words have been given wide publicity. Even the Watchman, of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, gave nearly a column space to the remarks of this gentleman.

In Canada, where Socialism is weak, the cost of living has grown tremendously. In Germany, where the organized Socialist movement is strong, the cost of living has grown tremendously. In both countries the capitalist class are in control. Socialists can do very little to raise the condition of the workers so long as the capitalist class make the laws and own the industry. The remedy for the high cost of living is for the working class to capture the supreme political power and abolish rent, interest and profit. Then there will be no more high cost of living, for the producers will get the full social value of the wealth they create.

The first year of cityhood of Berlin, Ont., was celebrated recently. The population has increased in one year from 15,338 to 16,917. The Assessment Department has drawn the attention of the council to the fact that there is danger of overcrowding unless immediate steps are taken to provide more homes for workmen. It is doubtful whether such homes will be provided. There is more profit in crowding workers together. The masters will talk and plan and let the workers live in slums. This is the universal experience. Homes will not be provided for the workers until the workers seize the political power and legislate for themselves.

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We are told of the prosperous farmers of the west. Statistics belie this prosperity. The Winnipeg Free Press of October 17th declares: "There has been a very substantial increase in the amount of money loaned on mortgage security in Alberta during 1911." In 1910 the life insurance, fire insurance, accident, guarantee insurance, trust and loan companies, had \$24,711,594 loaned on mortgage security in Alberta. In 1911 these companies had \$33,518,667 loaned on such security. This is an increase of over 33 per cent in one year. The Free Press continues, "Towns and cities in Alberta are increasing very rapidly. From each there comes a keen demand for money. But the more popular demand comes from the farmers. Most of the companies prefer farm mortgages and discourage applications from the cities." The western farmer is having a hard time of it. Despite the wonderful prosperity he is obliged to add greatly to his indebtedness. Where will he be when the hard times come? Our prosperity is not for the farmers (save the biggest ones who hire many wage slaves and are on a capitalist basis) nor for the workers. It is prosperity for the capitalist class alone. The farmers and workers have allowed the exploiters to write the laws. Consequently the laws as written are against the producing class. The Socialists would have the laws written in the interests of the producers.

"Toronto interests in Dominion Steel are indulging in pleasant dreams about the visit of Lord Milner to the Sydney plant with Mr. Plummer," is a statement which appears in the financial columns of a capitalist daily. Lord Milner is interested in ship building and Plummer is general manager of the Steel Company's plant. At the Guelph Labor Congress it was stated that the condition of the Nova Scotia Steel Workers was such as to call for immediate attention. If the Milner deal goes through, the condition of the men who do the work will not be improved. The Toronto capitalists and other parasites who do no useful work will have bigger revenues. Surely this proves that our present system of industry places an idle parasite class upon the backs of the working class. Those Toronto gentlemen do nothing to produce the steel made in Cape Breton. They merely rob the makers of the steel. If more steel is made, the non-producers benefit. Socialism will do away with such a nonsensical system.

Many a small merchant does not want Socialism now. But the "middlemen" are being put out of business, and the small merchant is losing his job. Forced into the ranks of the wage slaves; he will then desire to overthrow the system which exploits him. The wise little merchant will do all he can to bring about Socialism, as it is his only hope against the big trusts.

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