

## THE SHAME OF GODERICH

Jardine, a degenerate of Goderich, Ontario, outraged and murdered a girl at a local county fair in Western Ontario. This degenerate was tried by a "jury of his peers" declared guilty of murder, and a seven thousand dollar a year judge sentenced him to be hanged by the neck till he was dead. The sentence was recently carried out.

No man should be hung for murder. Crimes are not individual. They are social. We are beginning to see that society is responsible for the criminals it produces, and that the judge on the bench who orders a man to be hung is himself a criminal unhung. But just as the criminal should not be punished for his crime, so should the judge not be punished. For the judge is as much a criminal production of society as is the criminal he usurps the right to try.

The following verses by Frederick Maclean on the "Shame of Goderich" are somewhat to the point.

Goderich Town wakes Huron's shores  
With many a gentle call.  
A fairer town did ne'er look down  
Where billows rise and fall:  
A thousand chafing white steeds fret  
Against her singing wall.

Goderich Town to-day is held  
In the blossomed arms of June;  
Her children run, in the gold of sun;  
And her leafy lyres atone  
Make soft reply to the water's cry;  
Rhythm to rhyme and rune.

Goderich town looks fair today:  
Her curtsied knee now dips,  
As her guests alight, when wings of white  
Fan hither their solemn ships  
But guests beware, for her beauty fair  
Soon kisses a Borgia's lips.

Betwixt cold bars, in Goderich town  
Sad sight—a pervert—leers,  
And tho' without, the builders shout  
He neither cares nor fears.  
An organ wailing at his lips,  
Is all his spirit hears.

Lo, seven churches in the town  
That sits on Huron's banks!  
And seven goodly ministers,  
Who, daily, render thanks  
That such as this Jardine came not  
From out their holy ranks.

Yea; seven goodly ministers,  
Nursed well on love, and soap,  
Who, wrap their Christianity  
Within a hangman's rope;  
Who vote one day to kill, and preach  
The next on love and hope.

O, Goderich Town, you nursed a child  
Who tugged at a barren breast:  
Is it strange he came with a brain  
Defiled,  
And wakened your night of rest?  
Go look at his face and see the place  
Where kisses might have pressed.

O Frankenstein, you made a man:  
Goderich, you made one too.  
And now your hate would lift a gate,  
And force a pilgrim thru;  
Would dip the flag of Christ, to wait  
On edict of the Jew.

Who killed the girl in Goderich?  
Speak.  
"Jardine," cry one and all:  
"He had a brain diseased and weak,  
And answered but its call."  
Ah! strange I trow, such brain  
Should grow  
In such a lovely hall.

You need not slay Jardine this day,  
O men of Goderich blest;  
You killed him long ago, and laid  
His better self to rest;  
What lives hath no more reason than  
A babe upon the breast.

A whisper in a boy's soft ear,  
Uttered the long ago,  
Had kept his manhood from arrest  
That brought these hours of woe—  
A gentle word, and we had heard  
This day no hammer's blow.

Goderich town wakes Huron's shores  
With many a gentle call:  
A fairer town did ne'er look down  
Where billows rise and fall:  
A thousand chafing white steeds fret  
Against her singing wall.

A thousand chafing white steeds fret  
Where the ragged sand wounds heal.  
But up on her hill, she is planning to  
kill  
The brain of an imbecile  
And her ships will linger a day to  
bear  
The tale of a broken seal.

The tale of a broken seal, which God  
Alone should be called to break  
"Tis His to keep the avenging rod,  
And the thirst of justice shake.  
"Tis His to open the waiting sod;  
Who gave, alone should take.

Goderich Town wakes Huron's wave  
With a staid morning cry,  
And to-night her foot will press a  
grave

Where a brain-sapped wretch doth lie,  
But a crimson flush will cast its blush  
On the shamed cheeks of her sky.

Socialism is opposed to war, white  
slavery and the slum in the only way  
to make the opposition effective. It  
would end them by ending the desire  
for profits and spoils which produces  
them.

Whenever you hear of a "friend of  
labor" you may be sure he wants to  
cash out on the friendship.

Red tape is a more effective bond  
than shackles are.

An easy chance to win \$100.00 is  
offered by Cotton's. All you have to  
do is to enter the Century Contest.  
Date of start will be announced short-  
ly.

## THE IDEA FOLLOWS

We have preachers preaching ideals.  
We have men engaged in intellectual  
pursuits. We see the minds of men  
gradually being won by new ideals,  
new hopes, new aspirations.

We see the phenomenon of thought  
and it puzzles us. We think that  
thought is some great strange power  
independent of the other powers of  
nature. This idea brings all sorts of  
strange doctrines. There are those  
who hold that thought rules. Hence  
come the men who work on personal-  
ity. They hold that you have only  
to will a thing strongly enough to be  
able to do it. When you try and fail  
these people say that you have not  
sufficient faith, or have not concentrated  
your will sufficiently.

These people make thought supreme  
over matter. They think that the  
idea originated first and that men  
shape their policies from the ideas  
that they have formed in their heads.

This is true to a certain extent.  
But whence come the ideas? They do  
not come from the will. They do not  
originate out of thin air. They have  
a basis.

New ideas of government do not  
precede the foundation of that new  
form of government to be. The founda-  
tions of the new mode of living  
will have already been shaped by a  
changed economic basis of society be-  
fore the idea of that new form of so-  
cial organization will be originated.

Ideas do not originate new social-  
ties. A new basis of society will origi-  
nate the ideas about that society. New  
ideals will be formed; men will fight  
and agitate for those new ideals, go  
for their deaths maybe for them, and  
a new social order will arise from  
the blood and agony of great hearted  
men.

But the blood and agony of the  
great hearted men will not be the  
true cause of the new society—they  
will be only the indirect cause. The  
real cause will be the changed econ-  
omic basis. Much blood and agony  
of great hearted men go to support  
causes that are lost even before the  
great men engage in them. For in  
such lost causes the economic founda-  
tion is lacking.

A revolution in industry must oc-  
cur before a new basis of society can  
originate. In modern times that revo-  
lution has already taken place. The  
great machine has done away with  
hand labor in the great majority of  
cases. The machine is no longer  
small and insignificant. It is great  
and powerful. The worker no longer  
sets the pace for the machine. The  
machine sets the pace for the worker.  
It holds him in its thrall. The ma-  
chine has done away with individual  
labor. It has made labor social. It  
has broken down individualist philo-  
sophy. It has created the socialist  
philosophy.

Before the machine came the ideal  
was for individual liberty. That lib-  
erty was achieved but men were not  
freed. For the machine came and  
men were made slaves to the ma-  
chine. The machine was the unintel-  
ligent slave of the owner of the ma-  
chine. So the men became slaves to  
the owners of the machines. Instead  
of chattel slavery we have wage slav-  
ery.

The machines, the new order of pro-  
duction, has produced a new battle  
for liberty. Before men can be free  
they must collectively own the ma-  
chinery that has enslaved them. So  
the Socialist philosophy was originat-  
ed. So the Socialist ideals grew  
and are growing more and more  
potent.

We Socialists do not fight for mere  
ideas. We fight for ideas that are the  
reflex in the mental world of the revo-  
lution that had been produced by  
the machine age.  
Our ideas, being based on the solid  
basis of economic needs and the hopes  
and ambitions of the great mass of  
mankind, are bound to triumph.  
Wherefore we press forward in the  
great fight for the liberty and  
emancipation of humanity, conscious  
that we will win, for the whole of  
the modern evolution of machinery,  
industry, and basic society are fight-  
ing for us.

We are often told about the won-  
derful conditions under which the  
German workers work. But these con-  
ditions are produced by the capitalist  
class and they are none too good.  
The capitalists tell a lot about what  
they are going to do and do very lit-  
tle. Between 1899 and 1909 the num-  
ber of deaths and accidents in the  
chemical industries amounted to 113,  
379. Of these only 16,310 victims, or  
less than 16 per cent, received dam-  
ages. That is what capitalist "be-  
nevolence" does.

The scab is highly praised by the  
capitalists and is roughly treated.  
When a strike is on the masters ad-  
vertise for scabs. When the strike is  
over the scab gets the sack. He is no  
longer wanted. He wins the hatred  
of his fellow workers. As for the  
master class, they care for no one but  
themselves.

## BUNCOME &amp; SCRAPP'S

By R. W. NORTHEY

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "COTTON'S WEEKLY"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Billy Gay Discovers the Reason for  
Sweeney's Enmity.

(Continued.)

Maynard seated himself at the or-  
gan and after Lyon had tuned up his  
violin they played some popular  
marches and ballads, which made  
Dinny call for some Irish tunes. Af-  
ter one or two of these he demanded  
"Kathleen Mavourneen."

"Sing it, Billy," he cried. "Do  
now, there's a good boy. If ye can't  
play ye can sing, begorra."

This request was backed up by  
everyone present, and then, accom-  
panied by the sweet-toned music of  
the organ, Billy's clear tenor voice  
began—

Kathleen, mavourneen, the grey dawn  
is breaking.

The horn of the hunter is heard on  
the hill;

The lark from its light wing the  
bright dew is shaking;

Kathleen, mavourneen, what slum-  
bering still?

Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we  
must sever?

Oh, hast thou forgotten this day  
we must part?

It may be for years and it may be for  
ever.

The why art thou silent, thou voice  
of my heart?

It may be for years and it may be  
for ever.

Then why art thou silent, Kathleen,  
mavourneen?

Kathleen, mavourneen, awake from  
thy slumbers.

The blue mountains glow in the  
sun's golden light.

Oh, where is the spell that once hung  
on my numbers?

Arise in thy beauty, thou star of  
my night.

Mavourneen, mavourneen, the sad  
tears are falling.

To think that from Erin and thee I  
must part;

It may be for years and it may be  
for ever.

Then why art thou silent, thou voice  
of my heart?

It may be for years and it may be  
for ever.

Then why art thou silent, Kathleen,  
mavourneen?

To the Irish away from home there  
is something in this song which stirs  
their emotional nature to its depths,  
and Father O'Connor and Dinny were  
actually dropping tears when Billy  
concluded, while Mrs. Malone and  
Mrs. Kelly were not ashamed to mop  
their eyes with their handkerchiefs.

The young people were not affected,  
at least not to the extent of shedding  
tears; they had never known the  
homeland. The patriotic machine  
having been awakened, McNair be-  
came insistent that Billy should  
oblige with "Annie Laurie." So once  
more the clear voice rang out—

Maxwell's braes are bonny where  
early fa's the dew,

'Twas there that Annie Laurie gied  
me her promise true,

Gied me her promise true, and ne'er  
forgot will be,

And for Bonnie Annie Laurie I wad  
lay me doon and dee.

At the conclusion of the song the  
big Scotchman was deeply affected  
and the tear drops were trickling off  
the end of his nose, while he strove  
to cover up his emotion by vigorous-  
ly clapping his hands. Ah, this love  
of country! It is one of the strong-  
est emotions human nature can feel.

In the words of Sir Walter Scott:  
Breathes there a man with soul so  
dead?

Who never to himself has said  
"This is my own, my native land?"

There are various brands of patri-  
otism. There's the necessitous or  
bread and butter brand, used chiefly  
by Tommy Atkins and Jack Tar,  
whose young and vigorous manhood  
is spent solely in acquiring skill and  
dexterity in popping off their fellow  
men as well as standing up to be  
popped off by their fellow men. Tom-  
my's patriotism is a cheap brand,  
though; he costs his country only  
about two bits a day. He doesn't  
own a foot of the land he's so will-  
ing to die for, so he is a real dyed-  
in-the-wool patriot, or else he's a  
chump. But the real factor in Tom-  
my's case is that same old Econ-  
omic Determinism we hear so much  
about now-a-days. It is not the de-  
sire to kill or be killed that impels  
him to enlist. It is the fact that the  
army offers him a steady job. There's  
nothing else to it.

Then there's the dampfool brand,  
not very common, but met with now  
and then in out-of-the-way places.  
Over in West Kootenay, B. C., some  
years ago one of these dampfool pa-  
triotists drew his gun and shot holes  
in the Union Jack which was flying in  
a certain mining town in the Slovan  
district on Dominion day.

The night individual, who was proba-  
bly carrying a considerable quantity  
of carrying a considerable quantity of  
rag to be taken down and Old Glory  
hoisted in its stead. This dampfool  
patriotism is a most dangerous com-  
plaint to have in some parts of the  
wooly West, and had the incident  
occurred south of the international  
boundary line, and the Stars and  
Stripes been the target instead of the  
Union Jack, the shooter, drunk or  
sober, would have been riddled like a  
sieve by the bullets of other damp-  
fool patriots, but the Slovan boys  
merely laughed at the jag he was  
carrying and let the offender go un-  
scathed.

Then there's the impudent brand.  
A good example of this kind of patri-  
otism was given in the early days  
of Roseland, B. C. In 1895, when the  
mining boom was beginning to make  
Roseland the Mecca of a swarm of  
adventurers, mining and real estate  
boosters, ninety per cent. of the popu-  
lation came from the States, and  
one of these wide-awake gentlemen

got appointed temporary postmaster.  
Now, personally, Dave was not a bad  
sort and was hail fellow well met  
with everybody who entered his dinky  
little store, but he displayed a con-  
siderable amount of patriotic gall  
when he kept the post-office open for  
business on the First of July (Dom-  
inion Day) and closed it on the  
Fourth of July with the Stars and  
Stripes floating over the door.

Then there's the Capitalist brand  
of patriotism. This is the brand that  
sticks at nothing in the making of  
profits. It uses lies and perjury to  
escape lawful taxation; it smuggles  
and gives false statements of valua-  
tion to avoid paying custom duties;  
it invests its surplus under any flag  
that guarantees profits; it has been  
known to supply its own government  
with rotten provisions, worthless am-  
munition and defective armor plate.  
But no one is surprised, because  
everybody knows that Capitalism  
knows no flag.

An eminent writer has said that  
patriotism is the last refuge of a  
scoundrel. So when we hear these  
multi-millionaires who have made  
their pile by government contracts  
and foreign investments bleating  
about the duty the working man  
owes his country we know pretty  
well where to place them. It is as-  
tonishing, however, how easy it is to  
gull the working class into believing  
that they have something to protect.

It is only necessary for the bought-  
and-paid-for editors of the big pluto-  
cratic dailies to wave the old flag  
and shout "Up boys, at them!" and  
the deluded young workers, with  
nary a thing of their own to protect,  
will rush to the fray and get in the  
way of flying lead and sharpened steel  
in their frenzied eagerness to kill or  
cripple some other deluded young  
workers who have absolutely nothing  
at stake. The vast majority of the  
workers, own nothing. They have  
neither land, property nor money in  
the bank, and never will have as long  
as the present system continues; but  
if you notice it you will see that it  
is always the workers who go to the  
front and get shot up and crippled  
for life in defence of property and  
wealth and land owned by the mas-  
ter class. Which is patriotism and  
which isn't?

But I was not intending any moral-  
izing in this chapter. I was only go-  
ing to remark that if the love of  
country is such an undying emotion  
that it survives so strongly amongst  
even the dispossessed to whom their  
native land has denied a living, what  
will it be in the glorious future when  
every man and every woman shall  
have not only a decent living but  
every luxury and pleasure that their  
country can afford? We shall all  
have something worth being patriotic  
about then.

Maynard and Lyon played some  
lovely operatic airs and vases, and  
followed on with a lively two-step.  
Billy, who was something of a dancer,  
caught hold of Kathleen and the two  
went gliding around the room. But  
the large rug in the centre of the  
floor was full of obstructionist tactics  
and as a consequence it was grabbed  
up by the girls and bundled out into  
the kitchen. Then, while Maynard  
went on playing, Lyon placed his fiddle  
on the top of the organ and re-  
quested the favor of a dance with  
Nora. As mentioned in a previous  
chapter the house was roomy and the  
rooms were large. Every chair in the  
house had been brought into the  
front room and placed along the  
walls. Every seat was occupied and  
several of the neighbors stood at the  
door looking in. Either the music or  
the dancing, or both, must have  
been very alluring, as Dinny, despite  
his limp, stood up with Mrs. Kelly,  
and even McNair could not resist  
joining in with Aileen as partner.

Then a lot of the spectators could  
remain spectators no longer. They  
must become participants. So in  
they went and did the best they  
could; some of them could dance the  
two-step and some couldn't; but that  
made no difference, they all danced,  
anyhow, and it was great fun for the  
onlookers as well as for the dancers.  
It was "on with the dance," and  
everybody was helping.

Then Maynard changed to an old  
English country dance, up right and  
down the middle, and oh, my, how  
the floor did creak and how the  
foundations of the old house must  
have groaned and trembled as the  
numerous feet beat time in the tramp  
around the ring. But the older ones  
couldn't keep up the pace and began  
to drop out, most of them perspiring  
as though they had been working in  
a bakehouse. Then to the tune of the  
"Merry Widow" waltz Billy and Lyon  
with their partners remained in pos-  
session of the field, or rather the  
floor, till they, too, had to quit  
from sheer fatigue.

But the fun was not over yet. Oh,  
no, the best was to come. McNair  
was going to dance a Highland fling  
and Lyon, who was proficient in  
Scottish dance tunes, played for him.  
The burly Scot's antics brought down  
the house. He was not very limber,  
but he had not forgotten the move-  
ments, which seemed so grotesque to  
the youngsters that they were  
screaming with laughter during the  
whole performance. Then Lyon played  
an Irish jig, which brought out  
young Terry Malone and Jimmy  
Kelly in a creditable display of heel  
and toe work.

It was hot work, sure, and all the  
windows and doors had to be kept  
open, but everybody enjoyed it and  
Dinny said it was "nearly as good as  
a rare old Irish shindy at home."  
Then the three daughters of the house  
handed around refreshments in the  
shape of ice cream, cake and lemon-  
ade, of which Mrs. Malone and Aileen  
had prepared a good supply during  
the day. Thanks be, the ice cream  
was sufficient for everybody to have  
at least one helping, and some of the

littler ones had two, while the  
lemonade was holding out well. When  
everybody had been served and the  
ice cream exhausted the girls sat  
down where they could find seats and  
Billy made room for Kathleen on the  
box he was utilizing.

"What's become of Mr. Sweeney,  
Kathleen?" asked Annie Kelly, who  
was sitting near by. "I haven't seen  
him out this way for a long time,  
and he used to be such a regular  
caller, didn't he?"

"Oh, I don't know," she replied.  
"I'm not Mr. Sweeney's keeper."

"Oh, Kathleen turned him down  
hard," exclaimed Millie Hayward,  
who was Kathleen's chum at the box  
factory, at which that young lady  
giggled and Kathleen blushed.

"Sweeney?" said Billy. "What, Jud-  
son Sweeney? Do you know him?"

"Yes, he used to call here some-  
times to see father," returned Kath-  
leen.

"Ha, ha," laughed Miss Kelly;  
"you're not simple enough, Mr. Gay,  
to believe that he came out here  
twice a week to see Mr. Malone.  
That's too thin, Kathleen. Fess up,  
now, like a good girl."

Poor Kathleen was terribly embar-  
rassed, but just then her father, who  
had heard Billy mention Judson  
Sweeney's name, broke into the con-  
versation from the other side of the  
room.

(To be continued.)

## An Appeal

By the National Executive Committee  
of the Socialist Labor Party  
of Canada.

London, Ont., June 12, 1911.  
To all Socialists and sympathizers,  
organized or unorganized, all educa-  
tional, economic or political organi-  
zations who recognize the class struggle,  
now residing in Canada. Greet-  
ings.

Comrades—The Socialist Labor  
Party considers that the continued  
sight of two parties representing So-  
cialism taking the field in the politi-  
cal arena with two separate sets of  
candidates in opposition to one an-  
other and necessarily combating each  
other before the public, could not but  
demoralize the ranks of Labor and  
fill with distrust pessimism and dis-  
gust large contingents of the working  
class. Guided by this supreme consid-  
eration of the movement, of its obli-  
gation towards the working class of  
Canada and towards the International  
Proletariat, the Socialist Labor  
Party of Canada decided to suppress  
its own private feelings in the pre-  
mises and to take the initiative in  
the effort to unite the Socialist forces  
of Canada. In order that we would be  
able to present to the capitalist class  
and all other classes an unbroken  
front. Also that we would be so do-  
ing by carrying out the mandate of  
the International Congress which de-  
plores division among Socialists.

Take action along this line at your  
earliest opportunity by corresponding  
with our National Secretary with a  
view to calling an early convention  
for the purpose of forming one and  
only one party of Socialism in Cana-  
da.

This appeal ordered sent for publi-  
cation to the following newspapers  
with a request that same be given as  
much prominence as the cause re-  
quires. The Weekly People, The West-  
ern Clarion, Cotton's Weekly, Winni-  
peg Voice and the Appeal to Reason.  
Committee—F. Haselgrove, Thos.  
Maxwell, Jas. Withers, I. P. Courte-  
nay, 144 Duchess Ave., London, Ont.,  
Sec.

No Candidate in Cumberland  
County

To the Comrades of Canada, especi-  
ally to the ones who have contribut-  
ed to the Cumberland County elec-  
tion fund. I feel it my duty to give  
you a word of explanation why we  
did not run a candidate in the Nova  
Scotia elections which recently took  
place.

As you are aware, we were on  
strike and could not ourselves raise  
two hundred dollars for the election  
deposit. We appealed to the Com-  
rades all over the country to help us  
financially but we did not get enough  
to run a candidate. The amount got  
was about a hundred dollars. The fol-  
lowing have contributed since last  
report.

Comrade Richardson, Halifax	\$1.00
" Morson "	1.00
" Bynlin "	.50
" Gaffen "	.75
" Aronoff "	.50
" L. Brock "	1.00
" Robert "	.50
" Raimie "	.50
" Whitehill "	1.00
" Wainbold "	.50
" Forsyth "	1.00
" Vineberg "	1.00
A Comrade	2.00
Com. A. McDonald, Wetaskiwin	2.00

\$13.25  
This money is in the bank and will  
be used for propaganda purposes.  
The Dominion elections are likely to  
take place this fall and this money  
can be used for the Dominion fight  
instead of the provincial one.

Yours no truce nor rest,  
Jules Lavenne.

Andrew Carnegie has been denou-  
ncing the coronation. He declares it  
is "all a gigantic farce and a sinful  
waste of money." He adds "This is  
not a criticism of the royal family."

Kier Hardie declares "The workers  
ought to have sufficient self-respect  
to spit at the coronation procession  
and all its hollow mockeries." Car-  
negie attacks the waste of money.  
Hardie attacks the procession and he  
has attacked the monarchy itself.  
Carnegie stands with the capitalists  
who mourn for all money they can-  
not spend themselves. Hardie stands  
with the working class in its protest  
against being kept in slavery.

The soldier's grave is a souvenir of  
capitalism.

## BACK TO THE SWING

The sub list goes over the ten thou-  
sand again.

I sigh a sigh of relief and feel good  
inside.  
But I am not going to praise the  
sub husters. Not one bit. It is bad  
policy.

For whenever I have praised you  
you get pleased with yourself and you  
go away and sit down and rest on  
your laurels and the sub list starts  
bumping the bumps on the way down.

This time I hope the sub husters  
will keep right after the enemy. I  
hope they will seize the occasion to  
make yet bigger gains.

The sub list is over ten thousand  
this week. Where will it be next?  
And where will it be the week after?  
It all depends on the activity of the  
sub husters.

Let us hope, dearly beloved and  
discontented brethren, that the sub  
husters will keep quietly, peaceably  
and everlastingly on the job of gol-  
d-wollaping capitalism.

## Circulation Statement

Following is the statement of circu-  
lation for the issue of June 22nd.

	OFF	ON	TOTAL
Ontario	92	228	322
Alberta	40	127	167
British Columbia	36	72	134
Prov. of Quebec	46	29	112
Nova Scotia	22	18	96
Manitoba	7	2	73
Saskatchewan	30	13	61
New Brunswick	1	66	21
Foreign	4	3	150
Yukon Territory	0	0	62
Newfoundland	0	0	18
Prince Ed. Island	0	0	9
Total	278	558	10,046