Lt. W. S. Fry Killed In Battle of Hong Kong



LT. W. S. FRY

More than a year after the fall of Hong Kong to the Japs, the family of Lt. William S. Fry of the Royal Rifles of Canada was notified yesterday that he had been killed in action. He fell in the battle that preceded capitulation of the British outpost in China.

Lt. Fry was one of the three Montreal officers with the Quebec regiment when it went to Hong Kong. The other two have previously been reported prisoners.

Born in Montreal 35 years ago, Lt. Fry was the son of Mrs. Henry Fry of 16 Thornhill avenue, Westmount, and the late Henry Fry, N.P. He also leaves two brothers, J. Stevenson Fry and John D. Fry, both of Montreal.

Lt. Fry was a graduate of the Montreal High School and of McGill University, where he obtained his B.A. degree in 1928. He subsequently became an accountant on the staff of McDonald, Currie and Co. and later was assistant treasurer of the Canada Starch Co.

On the outbreak of war, he joined the McGill University contingent of the C.O.T.C. On completing his training with this unit, he was so impatient to get into active service that he did not wait to be mustered into a Montreal regiment but went to Quebec to join the Royal Rifles as a subaltern, in August, 1940.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM S. FRY.

News that Lieutenant William S. Fry had been killed in action at Hong Kong ended, yesterday, a year of silence which was agony for his widowed mother and pain to his many friends. There were only three Montrealers among the officers of the Royal Rifles of Canada, and two were reported months ago as prisoners of war. Of Lieutenant Fry there was no word. Now at last, more than a year after the "cease fire" order, has come an end to waiting, and to the suffering which rejects even sympathy as an enemy of hope.

William Fry was older than the average volunteer, and established in his profession as an accountant, when war broke out. However, as soon as he had finished his training course with the McGill C.O.T.C., he sought active service at once —not waiting, like many of his colleagues, for an opening in a Montreal regiment, but going to Quebec City for an immediate commission with the Royal Rifles. When, some fifteen months later, the regiment left on the ill-fated Hong Kong expedition, Lieutenant Fry had established a fine record as an officer.

Of the manner of his death we know nothing, except that he was playing his part in a heroic defence which is bright among the battle honors of Canada. To his family, for a bereavement more than usually bitter, we offer sincere condolence.

Scots at Binscarth

To the Editor,—A few days ago I saw the picture of "Binscarth From the Air" in your very enjoyable paper, also your remarks on the town, which delighted me. We are all very proud of our little town. But, please pardon me, your account of the derivation of the name is quite wrong. May I give you the real story of the name?

Binscarth is the name of an estate and house in the largest island of the Orkney group of islands. The name is from the Norse, and means "The Valley of the Glades." The house is built half-way up a hill looking to another hill, and between is a very pretty little valley with a winding burn (Scotch for creek) running through a very lovely wood, hence the name.

In the early eighties, Mr. G. L. Smellie was sent by the Scottish Ontario Land Company to inspect and report on this part of Manitoba and to select land on which to found a Scottish colony, with the idea of raising stock.

When Mr. Smellie got the Colony farm going he applied to Ottawa for a post-office. His request was granted, and he was asked to give a name for it. He thought, being a Scotch colony, it should have a Scotch name. Probably because his parents were both Orcadians and his mother a close relative of the owner of the Orkney Binscarth, he gave it this name. Later on, when the C.P.R. came, the line went through about five miles from the colony farm, and the post-office and name were transferred to the railway point.

There is a tie between Orkney and the north-west which makes an Orkney name fit in here. In the old days the Hudson's Bay company drew their supply of men very largely from the Orkneys, and the town of Stromness in Orkney was the last point of call for the Hudson's Bay company's ships when they made their yearly voyage out to the north-west.

CECILIA TURNBULL.

Binscarth, Man., Nov. 11.

WHISPERING WHEAT

MILE on mile they sway together
In the pleasant summer weather,
Glowing in the sunshine tender
With a changing green-gold splendor;
Head to head as lovers dance
Then apart with teasing glance,
Back again they softly meet—
Happy fields of whispering wheat!

And I watch, and watching, wonder
What bright spell they whisper under.
Is it of the storied past
Legends of a kingdom vast?
Tales of romance, love and youth,
Old Naomi, faithful Ruth;
Reapers, gleaners, merry throngs,
Harvest-moon and harvest songs?

Do they whisper as they sway
Of a certain Sabbath day,
When the Lord with weary feet
Led His twelve across the wheat;
Plucked the ripe ears by the path
Moved the Pharisees to wrath?
But they, speechless, heard the plan:
"Sabbath day was made for man!"

Do they whisper as they nod
Of this land which once was trod,
By the countless buffalo,
By the Redmen—friend and foe?
With their pulses richly fed
By the blood of warriors shed,
Smiling, dancing, whispering wheat!
Do they catch the far-off sounds
Borne from happy hunting-grounds?

Summer southward turns her face,
Autumn comes with golden grace,
Breathes into each bending ear
That the reaping time is near.
Still like happy children they
Gaily pass the hours away
Till the reaper comes to greet
Smiling, dancing, whispering wheat!

Winnipeg, Man. *S. VARCOE.*

LIFE'S Gleanings

By Helen T. Carrington

DO NOT DELAY

DON'T hesitate to do a kindly action.
E'en tho' its good may ne'er be known to you—
Don't ever wait for someone to forestall you,
Thro' diffidence spontaneous acts seem few.
Don't wait because you fear to be officious—
Your words are just the help that someone needs—
And slights should ne'er affect your good intentions
The while you try to scatter friendly deeds.

Don't think that your benevolence may be worthless.
When hearts are breaking for one tender word;—
Far better rebuff yourself than ever
Withhold the cheer which in your heart has stirred.
Kindness looks not for fame or recognition
Nor spurious reward of withering pelf,
The thing you do from every highest motive
Is honor and reward enough itself.

Oats and Peas for Forage

Pea and oat mixtures are commonly grown and considered desirable forage in the older parts of Canada. In the West, however, they are grown very little, partly because less stock is raised and partly because many attempts to grow a mixture have proved failures. Various mixtures and methods of sowing have been tried out at Rosthern Experimental Station, and this article embodies results derived from these tests during the last five years.

Three varieties of peas and two of oats have been used in mixtures, and the most desirable combination we have found to be Victory oats and Mackay peas. Both are strong, tall-growing, and mature at about the same time. This allows for harvesting at the best stage for forage, which is when the oats are turning color and the pods are well filled with peas.

Mixtures and methods of sowing used were: 25, 50 and 75 per cent peas mixed with oats and sown together. Peas and oats were also sown in equal amounts separately, the peas being seeded one week and two weeks before the oats. Where mixtures were sown the drill was set at four bushels of oats per acre. MacKay peas and Victory oats were also sown alone for purposes of comparison.

Peas sown one week and two weeks before the oats and the 75 per cent mixture of peas yielded more cured hay than either oats or peas alone. Where 75 per cent of peas were sown with the oats the percentage of pea vine at harvest was about 40, where peas were sown one week earlier than the oats the percentage of pea vine was 60, and where two weeks earlier, 70 per cent. The other mixtures yielded less than peas or oats alone and contained a small percentage of pea vine at harvest time. Sowing peas one week before the oats is possibly the best method of ensuring a crop with a fair amount of pea vine each year. If the peas are sown two weeks previous to the oats, they get too strong a start and are likely to lodge before harvest, making cutting difficult; and where sown together the oats will overcome the peas and a small percentage of pea vine will be the result.

Where a pea and oat mixture is desired, we would recommend using Mackay peas and Victory oats. Sow the peas about one week before the oats and set the drill for each at two bushels of oats. Cut when the oats are commencing to turn in color to get the best quality of feed.—F. V. Hutton, Experimental Station, Rosthern.



This new House is a good place to test the ear for accents. About two-thirds of the members hold forth in plain Canadian. The others are all exotic. Accents from Iceland, the Ukraine and Holland are present. There is one authentic specimen of military Anglo-Indian. Oxford and Cambridge are represented, and so are Wales, Yorkshire, Somerset, Jersey, Staffordshire, the Isle of Wight and Toronto.

Spotting these by ear alone is beyond our powers, but we can cope with Scotch. There are four Scotch accents in the new House, including two from Glasgow and one (in fine state of repair) from Edinburgh. The fourth was heard yesterday. We had placed Mr. Aiken, new C.C.F. member for Assiniboia, as Aberdeen or thereabouts a minute before he admitted it and told an Aberdeen story. Mr. Aiken is a Scotch Socialist with a good speaking style and what is known as dry humor.

His story was to show what can be done by co-operation. The 900 employees of an Aberdeen firm decided to give a present to the retiring manager and found out he wanted a radio. They subscribed a shilling each. The committee then bought 900 shilling packs of cigarettes and got a radio with the coupons. At the presentation the manager got the radio, each man got cigarettes, and refreshments were provided with the dividend from the co-operative store where the money was spent.

Mr. Aiken wants a labor code for Manitoba. He sees no reason why the Minimum Wage Act should apply only to specified kinds of work. He quoted Mr. Bracken's remark that the Scandinavian countries are the most advanced, added New Zealand to the list, and pointed out proudly that these are all (more or less) Socialist states. Socialism, says Mr. Aiken, is the hope of the world.

The next speaker was Mr. Barry. For years a Winnipeg alderman and now a Tory statesman to boot, Mr. Barry is a political war-horse still running a strong race in spite of a slight touch of heaves. He spoke too long and so loud at times that the words could not be heard. Mr. Barry's rhetoric is in a class by itself. The winds are blowing on the ship of state and Manitoba is fast sinking into decay. Furthermore, anybody who thinks different is laboring under a disillusion.

Mr. Barry started with a rehash of the election campaign. He is not happy about the results. Manitoba, says Mr. Barry, needs stable government. (This must *mean government* by political war-horses.) Given a little longer to campaign, Mr. Barry thinks, the Tories could have carried the day. As it was, the Government took a snap verdict and Tory speakers had to learn the issues on short notice. After all, they had only had 15 years to observe Mr. Bracken performing.

Mr. Barry wants the wage tax abolished, says truly that a majority of members were elected on that platform and expects the majority to keep its word. As a railway man, Mr. Barry is disturbed by bus competition and thinks buses should be heavily taxed. "We can do without buses but not without railways," says Mr. Barry. He also wants government expenses cut and a square deal for Winnipeg from the treasury. Winnipeg, says Mr. Barry, supplies 80 per cent of the revenue and gets very little back.

The most passionate part of Mr. Barry's oration was a blast against Mr. Stubbs for his "exhibition of atheism" in opposing daily prayer. Mr. Barry thinks the public would be shocked to know the House "tolerated" speeches like Mr. Stubbs's. It is hard to follow Mr. Barry here. Mr. Stubbs has a right to say what he thinks on all motions made in the House. He probably lost some of his 24,000 votes, but that is his affair. Mr. Stubbs's religion, by the way, is given as "Rationalist" in the Parliamentary Guide, not atheist. Speaking of that, the same book gives Mr. Campbell's religion as U.F.M., which means, as far as we know, United Farmers of Manitoba. This would be creditable to a minister of agriculture but we assume it is a misprint.

Last speaker of the day was Mr. Prefontaine, who began in French. A whole speech in French would be lawful, but Mr. Prefontaine spoke it only long enough to congratulate Mr. Speaker Hawkins. Switching to English, he asked the audience to notice he was obeying the rules and not reading his speech. Salutations to him for this, and to Mr. Lamont, Dr. Poole and a few others who spoke ex tempore and from notes only. The rule is worth keeping because speeches read from a script (a) are not debating speeches at all and might as well be mailed into town and read by the clerk while the members attend to chores; (b) may be ghost-written and get the orator a reputation he doesn't deserve; and (c) are likely to be too long and put the House to sleep, thereby undermining parliamentary institutions.

Mr. Prefontaine suggests that the House is unanimous on some points and can act as a municipal council acts, without party division. For instance, he thinks everyone wants interest rates on Manitoba bonds cut to around 3 per cent and he would like to see that done speedily. Two years ago this was a financial heresy confined to the Laborites. Now, as Manitoba bondholders may as well know, it is found in all parties.

Mr. Prefontaine does not think much of "back-to-the-land" schemes which put city people on farms. They will quickly drift back to town, he says. The thing to do, Mr. Prefontaine suggests, is help farmers' sons to get going on land before they ever see the bright lights of Portage Avenue. As it is, according to Mr. Prefontaine, city relief standards are so

Pioneer Traveller Dies



F. J. C. COX

With a colorful career datin back to the time when he wer over the prairies with a wagonfu of goods, Fred J. C. Cox, secretar of the Northwest Commerci Travellers' association, died at h home, 330 Anderson avenue, Sa urday afternoon at 1.45 o'cloc following a lengthy illness. He wa 75 years of age.

Born in Yorkshire, England, h came to Canada in 1881, and pr ceeded direct to Winnipeg.

In recounting his experiences the Canadian west in the earl days, Mr. Cox once stated he sol a line of drygoods for a Montre firm, J. Thibaudau. Drygoods those days included also perfum toilet soap and other like sundrie There were no railroads to carr

F. J. C. COX

MORE ABOUT

F. J. C. COX

(Continued from Page One.)

ıbassadors of commerce in
st, which necessitated travel-
great deal by horse and
Mr. Cox would start out
Calgary with 15 or 16 trunks
on a wagon and, taking his
ı top of the trunks, head for
ton.

Thrilling Incident

ısed to tell of a thrilling inci-
of which he was an eye
s, when a band of some six
en hundred Cheyenne Indian
l by Chief Piapot staged
vn strike at Swift Current
demanded bullets, rifles and
r from the government be
ıey would move. The Indian
all decked out in war pain
ll war regalia and the hand
whites were feeling a bi
ed over the situation. The
ed all the firearms they could
shape of shotguns and rifle
e they should be called upo
fend themselves from attac
t a message for help was sen
gina, and in response three
mounties with their horse
ed in a box car. The three
ties went right into the middl
ıe band, arrested the ring
and got the Indians on th
to the reservation.

of the methods used by th
settlers to pacify the Indian
e time, Mr. Cox related, wa
ıil together chewing tobacc
ea and the resulting conco
vas served out to the red me
rinking of this brew produce
e Indians an effect similar
resulting from the imbibin
ewater.

Cox, in the course of h
r, had crossed Canada fro
60 times.

Dean of Travellers

ın of commercial travellin
Mr. Cox received high hono
the fraternity in 1918, whe
as elected supreme counsell
e Order of United Commerci
ellers of America at a conve
n Columbus, Ohio.

Cox was born in Hudder
Yorkshire, England, in 186
vas educated there, and at
ıiate school at Hamburg, Ge
. At the age of 18 he wen
a woollen establishment
ɔn and learned the busines
21 years of age he came t
ipeg. He entered the servic
ibaudau Bros. After clerkin
time, he went on the roa
ɔined the Northwest Commer
Travellers' association. Late
ırted business for himself a
lesale commission agent.

1888 Mr. Cox married Mis
May Erb, of Winnipeg, an
ors include his widow, an
rothers, H. P. Cox and Ernie
f Winnipeg.

vas a vestryman of St. John's
ral and was active in socia
e work. He was an arden
ıalist, being associated with
ısonic Order, Workers' of the
Ancient Order of United
ıen, and the Knights of
.

d-minded, public-spirited and
ic, Mr. Cox was elected to

Mr. F. J. C. Cox

More than half a century has passed since young Fred Cox, with his team and buckboard, set out from Winnipeg to sell his first goods across the all but empty prairie country. In those fifty-odd years he has seen this country fill up with settlers. He served them commercially, and in his own city he has served selflessly a score of worthy civic enterprises.

Mr. Cox was one of the deans of the western bagmen. He was known and honored everywhere, but chiefly he was known here in the city where he first took up his residence as a raw immigrant boy and where he remained. His inexhaustible energy, his pride in Winnipeg, his firmness of purpose, will be sorely missed in many an organization here, though his name will long be held in memory by all his colleagues in all the activities which he served.

Illusion

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

God and I in space alone,
And nobody else in view.
"And where are the people, O Lord!" I said.
"The earth below and the sky o'erhead
And the dead whom once I knew?"

"That was a dream," God smiled and said,
"A dream that seemed to be true.
There were no people, living or dead,
There was no earth and no sky o'erhead;
There was only myself—in you."

"Why do I feel no fear," I asked,
"Meeting you here in this way,
For I have sinned, I know full well,
And there is heaven and there is hell,
And is this the judgment day?"

"Nay, those were dreams," the great God said,
"Dreams that have ceased to be.
There are no such things as fear or sin,
There is no you—you have never been—
There is nothing at all but Me."

TOUCH OF THE MASTER HAND

'Twas battered, scarred, and the auctioneer
Thought scarcely worth his while
To waste his time on the old violin
But held it up with a smile.
"What am I bidden, good people," he cried,
"Who will start the bidding for me?
A dollar, a dollar! now two only two;
Two dollars and who'll make it three?
Three dollars once, three dollars twice;
Going for three?" but no!
From the room far back, a gray-haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow,
Then wiping the dust from the old violin
And tightening up the strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet,
As sweet as an angel sings.

The music ceased and the auctioneer
With a voice that was quiet and low
Said, "What am I bid for the old violin?"
And he held it up with the bow.
"A thousand dollars, and who'll make it two,
Two thousand, and who'll make it three?
Three thousand once, three thousand twice;
And going and gone," said he.
The people cheered, but some of them cried,
"We don't quite understand.
What changed its worth?" Swift came the reply,
"The touch of a master's hand."

And many a man with a life out of tune,
And battered and scarred with sin,
Is auctioned cheap to the thoughtless crowd,
Much like the old violin.
A "mess of pottage," a glass of wine;
A game and he travels on.
He is "going" once, and "going" twice
He's "going" and almost gone.
But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd
Never can quite understand
The worth of a soul and the change that's wrought
By the touch of the Master's hand.

—Myra Brooks Welch.

GOD'S WILL FOR US

Sorrows, joys, worries, troubles, all look so differently when we see in them God's will—not our will, nor anybody else's fault, or our own mistakes—simply this is God's will for me, this is what He has given me to do, this is what He has given me to bear.—Mrs. Marshall.

Feed for Peace

Dear Hearts,—Some of the letters about the terrible men get me. I know there are a lot of bad ones, but surely there is a way to tame them. Do you ever try feeding the brutes? I think cooking has a lot to do with domestic peace. There are a lot of women cannot boil water without burning it.

Among my scraps I have the following poem that hits most cases:

Try not to be harsh with him, madam,
But treat him as well as you can,
For ever since poor old Adam
"Plain nuisance" has rhymed with man.
Although he comes homes on occasion,
It isn't a capital crime;
Just listen to pity's persuasion,
He has to come home some time.

A man's an offense to a woman,
That is if she's wed to the beast,
But treat him as if he were human,
A high type of reptile, at least.
Of course, he is big and ungainly,
A disturber of rugs and such,
But his faults are of ignorance, mainly,
He knows he won't total up much.

He wasn't designed as a basis
For doilies and household repose,
A creature for wide, open spaces—
A cave, with a ring in his nose,
But think how you sighed till you got him,
And thought he'd be easy to tame;
'Tis better to pity than swat him,
Old Nature, not he, is to blame!

Miss Muffett Two, I think the reason your cheese is tough is because you get it too hot before you put the rennet in. We have made a lot of cheese. I would like some correspondents. I am 34, single, and live on a bush farm.—Little Red Hen.

Because You Knew

By Lilian Collier Gray

Because You knew the wonder of the spring,
The glory of the sky at setting sun,
The perfume of each flowering, growing thing,
The misty magic of a summer moon,
The beauty of the earth, and sea, and sky,
The changing of the seasons, year by year,
Because You sighed to see the flowers die—
I somehow feel that You are always near.

Because You knew the throbbing ache of pain,
The pain You never earned, but bravely bore,
The long, dark nights of striving to be game,
The struggle back from Despair's very door,
The blight of hopes, and dreams, the needless loss,
The sting of disappointment, fret of care,
Because, at last, You died upon Your Cross—
I somehow always seem to feel You near.

Because Your loss was ultimately gain,
And triumph crowned the tragedy at last;
Because Your victory came out of pain,
I know that dawn will come when night has passed;
Because You show the path my feet must tread,
And walk before and light it as the sun;
Because the Crown is thorns upon your head—
I pray—Thy will be done.

Brave Living - - By ALLAN RICHARDS

WHEN all the world seems hopelessly depressed
And things that once worked well all go dead wrong,
Don't fret and fume and lose faith in the best.
Look up! and greet the morning with a song.
Hope on!

When miles of work stretch out in front of you
With no respite and very little pay,
Don't groan. Thank God for work that saves your soul
And keeps the demons of the mind at bay.
Work on!

When you have builded castles in the air
And seen them vanish like a short-lived spark,
Don't lose your nerve and rave and tear your hair.
Remember, daylight follows after dark.
Dream on!

If you have tried and failed to reach a goal,
Don't whine and say you haven't any luck.
A quitter never makes a shining mark.
He wins who has a simple thing called *pluck*.
Try on!

Remember, son, there's work for you to do,
A place that only you yourself can fill,
A sure reward for him who sees it through
And keeps on toiling up life's rugged hill.
Climb on!

The greatest task that ever can be done
Is in your hands, my friend, to bless or ban,
A noble task, each day it calls to you,—
The slow and gradual making of a man.
Build on!

Knowledge

here never was a moment spent with
you
hat is not clearly etched upon my
mind;
he simple laughing things we used
to do,
The touch of beauty you could al-
ways find,
he reassuring pressure of your hand,
Your smile, the merry twinkle in
your eye,
our aptitude to know and under-
stand
The teasing, variant person that
was I!

I gladly turn the days back if I
could,
To still this lonesome ever-growing
pain,
ow could I know then that some day
I would
Be crying just to live it all again?
Swift days of spring time, happy, care-
less, free—
I never dreamed, then, what you
meant to me!

—Irene Murray.

STATION . . . IN THE MOUNTAINS

A LITTLE boy runs gaily down the path
A dog keeps close behind his flying heels,
His overalls are blue and very clean
He looks as if he's used to hearty meals,
And runs with gladness in his little veins,
Down the small hill where he can watch the trains.

The little section-house is neat and clean,
The windows filled with flowers all abloom,
A woman stands beside the open door,
You catch a glimpse of a small happy room,
A table set with a bright patterned cloth,
Gay as the gaudy markings of a moth.

Her man leans by the door, his work is done,
The train is the bright climax of his day,
He feels a pride and sense of ownership
That once more it goes safely on its way,
O'er track and trestle then with a warning hiss
To plunge into a tunnel's dark abyss.

How faithful to their jobs these people are,
How great a trust we put in their brown hands,
The humble guardians of tie and rail
That gird our country with its shining bands
Linking the little places each to each,
Bringing the whole wide world within our reach.

—EDNA JAQUES.

Toronto, Ont.

Some Call Them — Chestnuts —

A farmer had just hired a man and sent him out to do the milking. After a while the farmer went to the barn to see how the new man was getting along. When he got there he found the new man had finished milking and was letting the cow drink the milk from the pail.

"Why are you doing that?" asked the farmer.

"Well, you see," said the man, "the cow put her foot in the pail so I thought I'd better run the milk through again."

* * *

Confucius say: Salesman who cover chair instead of territory always on bottom.

* * *

In a crowded cinema a young woman brushed past a man about to take a seat. Ref...

HUDSON VALLEY GENEALOGY

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

My grandpa's folks were Holland Dutch,
Ambitious, thrifty, neat,
The kind who scrubbed their doorsteps
And doubtless swept the street.

But my grandma's folks were Irish
Less fond of work than play,
The sort who much preferred tall tales
To labor any day.

My grandpa's folks cried, "Pieter, stop!
And let us find a maid
Who'll know how Dutch homes should be kept,
How Dutch meals should be laid."

My grandma's folks said, "Hurry, lad,
Love's not a thing will wait!"
And off went my Dutch grandpa with
His dark-eyed Irish Kate,

As dark-eyed Irish Katy who—
Quite luckily for me!—
Restored with her blithe-heartedness
Our drooping family tree,

Whose scanty fruit might still have been
Too pale and much too mild,
Had not grandma improved the strain
With something sweet and wild!

By Helen T. Carrington

THE PILGRIMAGE OF LIFE

THRO' life we travel hills and vales of duty,
Reaching at length the peak of all our powers;
Passing but once thro' this terrestrial beauty,
Removing weeds and gaily tending flowers.

In each aspiring heart there dwells a vision
Revealing heights for which our spirits burn;
And oft, but by some slip in Fate's decision,
We would attain the things for which we yearn.

We pass thro' surging seas of deep emotion,
Straining to hold the joy and drown the strife,
And peace and calm at last reward devotion
To ideals thro' the pilgrimage of life.

JOHNSTON & CO. LTD.

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BUSINESS LADY

Three Pictures

In a lovely, stately home in the heart of FAIRFIELD: PICTURE No. 1 is an upstairs, self-contained (separate entrance), nicely decorated suite of four rooms—and three-piece bathroom—gas range in the cabinet kitchen. The happy tenants there pay you $62.50 per month and have their own meters. PICTURE No. 2 is YOU, sitting pretty and rent free, in a lovely four-room suite with tile fireplace, gas range in cabinet kitchen (with inlaid lino floor), three-piece private bathroom, and, yes, you can have the fine big separate garage with cement driveway and the beautiful velvet lawns front and back. PICTURE No. 3 is a nice OLD MAN. He occupies the basement room with hotplate and separate toilet. He keeps the home fires burning (semi-automatic furnace and automatic gas water heater) while you are away at business and he also looks after the yard. Believe it or not, it is all yours for $4,000 cash, and you can use part of the tenant's monthly cheque to pay off the balance of $4,450 at about $49 per month (lately reduced $1,600). Full price now only---------- $8950

By Helen T. Carrington

THE UNSUNG HEROES

WE all sing songs for heroes
And chant soft lays to fame;
We bow to things spectacular,
Achievements new acclaim.

But who sings for the brave, lone women
In some outpost mission field?
Pioneers—settlers—war-brides
On farms that seldom yield?

I sing for the dauntless failures,
For those who still strive on;
For those who trust and struggle
After all hope has gone.

Oh, there is no one unworthy
Of praise for some quality rare;
Too many there are "whose sweetness
Is lost on the desert air."

"HERE is the definition of a wife I came across the other day," writes Jean Godsell. "Perhaps the readers of this column will be interested in it.

"Wife: a kitchen convenience. In some communities used instead of vacuum cleaners, canning factories and washing machines. If treated kindly, fed well and kept in repair, a good one will last a number of years without having to be replaced. An energetic, conscientious wife will do the work of a baker, laundress, janitor, charwoman, dry-cleaner, paper-hanger, upholsterer, waitress and nurse, and is worth many times her keep. This makes up for the annoyance and inconvenience of having one around.

"They are subject at times to tantrums and unreasonable peevishness, and each man must study his own to find out how to treat her. An occasional box of candy will appease one. A handful of small change will keep another contented for weeks, while a kindly word or a pat on the head will set some wives squirming with delight. One must use discretion, however, in bestowing these favors, as wives are apt to get out of hand if treated indulgently. They easily get into the habit of speaking up without being spoken to, or otherwise forgetting their place."

SEE you next week.

The Mackenzie to the Sea

LIKE a proud, majestic lady, tossing wild
and flashing free,
Sweeps the moody, broad Mackenzie to the
sluggish Arctic sea.
Virgin sun-smite on her bosom, miles of pine
on either shore,
Drinking brooks and little rivers, reaching
on to swallow more.
Down the gorges, past the mountains, swirling
swift in frothy rolls;
Churning spray above her breakers, steeping
on her sunny shoals.
Blurring into braided ripples, diving out in
caps of white;
Gay and unafraid by daytime; hushed and
lonely in the night.

Frightened by the brooding shadows spawned
between her crouching hills,
Leaping for the wash of silver where the
northern moonlight spills;
Rests awhile in whitened shallows, dreams a
yearning river dream;
Narrows down, in useless shrinking, at the
rapids' misty gleam.
Far the Great Divide's behind her; far the
Arctic beckons on:
And her seething spirit answers, as she drowns
another dawn . . .
Ever more my dreams are with her. Till
my life shall cease to be,
Always will my heart be riding the Mackenzie
to the sea.

—DALE O'HARA.
Rochfort Bridge, Alta.

From the Golden Books

The Struggle Availeth

(Arthur Hugh Clough)

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!

Plan New Magazine For Fiction Writers

Stimulated by E. J. O'Brien, famed compiler of "Best Short Stories," the Writers' Club of Toronto has decided to finance a publication called "Fiction." The purpose of the new magazine will be to secure publication for the efforts of short story writers whose works have no present commercial market.

Contributions will not be paid for, but those published will be copyrighted and the copyright vested in the author. Copies of the magazine will be circulated among editors throughout the world.

Manuscripts should not be more than 5,000 words, and should be sent to the Manuscript Editor, Writers' club, 1606 Northern Ontario Building, Toronto.

Canadian Killed.

Manila, P.I., March 3.—James L. Hall, superintendent of the Ipo mine, was killed Monday when he fell 150 feet down a shaft. A Canadian, Hall was a graduate of the University of Toronto.

Free Press Prairie Farmer
Mar 4 '36

$6,553,230 In Alta. Bonds Mature in 1941

Edmonton, Jan. 31. (CP)—Alberta bonds which will mature in 1941 total $6,553,230, the largest in years, officials of the provincial treasurer's department reported yesterday.

In view of the collapse of the dominion-provincial conference at Ottawa, there was speculation here as to whether the province itself will revive plans to refund the Alberta debt of about $150,000,000.

Provincial Treasurer Low addressing a public meeting here early this month said the province still was hopeful of being able to refund the public debt.

Defaults of principal bond maturities by the province since 1935 amount to about $15,000,000. The province, however, has continued to offer interest at one-half the coupon rate on these defaulted bonds.

First of the 1941 maturities is on July 15, when $750,000 bearing interest at 4½ per cent. falls due in New York city and Canada.

On Sept. 1, there will be a maturity of $2,250,000, of six per cent. bonds, payable in Canada only.

Biggest maturity of all during the year is on Oct. 1, when $2,853,230 falls due. This is a six per cent. issue payable in Canada only. Last of the maturities is $700,000, payable in New York city and in Canada, the interest rate being six per cent.

Urge All-Party Go

Subtle Dictatorship In Canada Claimed

"Canada is under a subtle dictatorship and is governed by the monied minority. True democracy does not exist here; it cannot exist unless we have social security," Miss Salome Halldorson, Social Credit member for St. George, said Friday night at the regular meeting of the Burns street group of Social Crediters, affiliated with the Manitoba Social Credit league.

Charles Rioux, president of the league, was chairman. Other speakers were: Ernest Mann, provincial secretary of the league; A. McVarish, P. K. Bjarnason, Arborg; E. Bretts, and Mrs. E. Bretts, chairman of the ladies' auxiliary of the Burns street group.

Be Kind to Irrational Creatures.

BY J. PASCOE.

God the Creator, great and wise,
Who formed the earth and built the skies,
Beholds the creatures he hath made,
Of every kind, of every grade.
He sees the sparrows, hears their cry,
Nothing escapes his watchful eye;
All living things are by him fed,
Creatures we love, creatures we dread.
His open hands supply the food,
Both for the wicked and the good.
All on the providence depend
Of him: Creator, Lord and Friend.
Our every way to him is known,
Who sees from his exalted throne
All things in earth and air and sea;
Things which he formed and bade them be.
Man, blest with a superior mind,
Should show by speech and actions kind,
That to the brute creation he
Will ever kind and gentle be.
He will not hurt, nor cause them pain,
By actions cruel, wanton, vain;
He will by no means condescend
To hurt the thing he should defend.
I hope our children will be wise,
And never good advice despise;
To them I would in kindness say:
"Hurt no dumb animal, I pray;
Hurt not the bird within its nest,
The little bird which God hath blest,
The bird which warbles all day long,
And cheers the village with its song;
Be kind to little birds, I say,
And do not hurt them in your play."
All children, with enlightened mind,
Will be to all God's creatures kind,
Kind to the horse, the cow, the sheep,
To things that walk, to things that creep,
To things that swim, to things that fly,
Things in the earth, the sea, the sky.

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth rise
Or vice; Who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend;

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

—SIR H. WOTTON.

Earth Scents

Give me the smell of falling rain
When all the world is new again—
The transient smell of moisture thrust
In rhymic spatters on the dust;
The smell of drops on leaves tipped up
To catch the fragrance in a cup;
The smell of growing things that rise
On tiptoe roots to touch the skies.

Give me the scent of new-turned soil—
The soft small sweetness, and the royal
Strength of the earth whose brown expanse
Stretches with vast magnificence;
The quiet scent of parted snow
Where secret blossoms hide below;
The harvest fragrance, when the fields
Are bared of all the good earth yields.

Deep is the beauty I have learned
From the scent of rain and soil new-turned.

—Margaret Mackay.

Fighting Lice in Winter

Along about this time of the year cattle and horses which have been closely housed and none too well cared for, become infested with lice, and it is somewhat of a problem to clean them because most of the tried lice remedies call for dipping, an unpractical procedure in a Canadian winter.

About the best thing that can be done is to mix sabadilla powder and sulphur, half-and-half, and dust it into the coats of the infested animals. This will not eliminate the lice entirely, but it will reduce them to the point where they will not cause any considerable loss of condition. It is good practice to go over them again in about 10 days as they get numerous again.

MY FATHER'S WORLD

This is my Father's world.
I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas,
His hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world.
He shines in all that's fair.
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.

This is my Father's world.
From His eternal throne.
He watch doth keep when I'm asleep,
And I am not alone.

This is my Father's world.
Now closer to Heaven bound,
For dear to God is the earth Christ trod
No place but is holy ground.

This is my Father's world.
O let me ne'er forget
That though the wrong seem oft so strong,
God is the ruler yet.

This is my Father's world.
The battle is not done.
Jesus who died shall be satisfied.
And earth and Heaven be one.

—MA[illegible]

THE BURDEN OF THE DAY

Who shall rise and cast away,
First, the Burden of the Day?
Who assert his place, and teach
Lighter labor, nobler speech,
Standing firm erect and strong,
Proud as freedom, free as Song?

Lo! we groan beneath the weight—
Our own weaknesses create;
Crook the knee and shut the lip,
All for tamer fellowship;
Load our slack compliant clay
With the Burden of the Day.

Higher paths there are to tread;
Fresher fields around us spread;
Other flames of sun and star
Flash at hand and lure afar;
Larger manhood might we share,
Surer fortune,—did we dare!

In our mills of common thought,
By the pattern all is wrought;
In our school of life, the man
Drills to suit the public plan;
And through labor, love, and play,
Shifts the Burden of the Day.

Thunder shall we never hear
In this ordered atmosphere?
Never this monotony feel
Shattered by a trumpet's peal?
Never airs that burst and blow
From eternal summits know?

Though no man resent his wrong,
Still is free the poet's song:
Still, a stag, his thought may leap
O'er the herded swine and sheep;
And in pastures far away
Lose the Burden of the Day!

—BAYARD TAYLOR.

The Debt

Anonymous Jimmy

If, strangely, some way you should see
these lines
And read the truth that like a lantern
shines
Through every wistful word;
If you should stumble back into the
past
Along the bridge of memory, over a vast
Abyss, deeply stirred,
Then you will know I have a debt to
pay,
A debt that I have owed you since the
day
With youth and love imbued,
When laughing, joyous, hand in hand
we went
While earth and sky their lavish
splendors blent
To match our radiant mood.
If some day, somewhere, you should
read these words,
And hear love singing through them
all, like birds
That voice their joy and praise,
Then know that all these years I owed
you this:
The memory of an April morning's
bliss
That made life sweet always!

"MRS. 'ENRY 'AWKINS."

This was asked for by C. H. W., and kindly supplied by M. B. G., Sask.

I've a little donah, I'm abaht to own'er,
She's abaht to marry me.
At first she said she wouldn't, then she said she couldn't,
Then she murmured, "Well I'll see."
Sez I "Be Mrs. 'Awkins, Mrs. 'Enry 'Awkins
Or across the seas, I'll roam;
S'welp me bob I'm crazy
Liza you're a daisy,
Won't you share me 'umble 'ome.

Chorus.

Oh Liza, dear Liza, if you die an old maid
You've only got yourself to blime;
Oh, Liza, dear Liza,
Tike Eliza 'Awkins for yer other nime.

Yer should 'ave seen our meetin' "garn" was'er greetin',
Just yer mind what you're abaht;
'Er pretty 'ead she throws up then she turns 'er nose up
Syin' let me go I'll shaht!
I like yer style sez Liza, thought as I'd surprise 'er
Cops 'er round the waist like this;
Strite I must be dreamin'
Chuck it I'll start screamin'
If you do sez I, I'll kiss.

She wears a little bonnet, fevvers stuck upon it,
Coverin' 'er fringe all curled;
Strite she is the sweetest, prettiest and neatest
Donah in the wide, wide world.
And she'll be Mrs. 'Awkins, Mrs. 'Enry 'Awkins,
Got 'er for to nime the d'y;
Settled it last Monday, so to church on Sunday
Off we trots the donkey shy

"MY OLD DUTCH."

Supplied by M. B. G., at the request of C. H. W.

I've got a pal, a reg'ler aht and ahter
She's a dear old gal, and I'll tell you all abaht 'er,
It's many years since first we met,
'Er 'air was then as black as jet.
It's whiter nah, but she don't fret,
Not my old gal.

Chorus.

We've been together nah for forty years,
And it don't seem a dy too much;
There ain't a lidy livin' in the land
As I'd swop for my dear old dutch.

I calls 'er Sal, 'er proper nime is Sarah.
And you may find a gal, as you consider fairer;
She ain't an angel, she can start
Ajorin' till it makes yer smart
She's just a woman, bless 'er 'eart;
Is my old gal.

Sweet fine old gal, for worlds I wouldn't lose 'er,
She's a dear old gal, and that's what mide me choose 'er,
She's stuck to me, 'froo fick and fin,
When luck was aht and luck was in.
For what a wife to me she's bin;
And what a pal.

I sees yer Sal, yer luvly ribbins sportin',
As she reminds me of the time, when you and me was courtin',
I ain't a coward but I trust
That when we parts as parts we must,
That death'll come and take me fust,
To wait my pal

Little Woodland God

I think that surely there's a god
For little, hunted things;
A god whose eyes watch tenderly
The droop of dying wings.

A little woodland god, who sits
Beneath a forest tree,
With baby rabbits in his arms,
And squirrels on his knee.

And when a hunter bravely shoots
A deer with dreaming eyes,
I think that little god is there
To love it, when it dies.

But all the hungry orphan things
Who weakly call and call—
For mothers who can never come,
He loves the best of all.

He tells the breeze to softly blow,
He tells the leaves to fall;
He covers little, frightened things
When they have ceased to call.

I think his pensive, pan-like face
Is often wet with tears;
And that his little back is bent
From all the weary years.

—Julia Van der Veer.

Was It Murder?

Detective stories do happen. An English army officer, at Aldershot, sat at dinner with his wife the evening of June 20. They had been married only seven months; it was her second marriage. They had been served a pair of Manchurian partridges sent to England in cold storage. The larger partridge was served to him, the smaller to her. He took a few bites.

"What a ghastly taste this bird has," he said, turning to his wife. "Taste it."

She merely tasted a small piece. It was intensely bitter. He had the bird burned.

In three hours the young officer was dead. His dog that got a piece of the fowl died the following morning.

The doctor's verdict was "death by poisoning from strychine administered in good." Nothing wrong was found with any other birds in the shipment.

News of the officer's tragic death was published next morning in the newspapers. The following day the victim's father received a telegram from Dublin, at an address known only to his intimate friends. It contained three grisly words, "Hooray, hooray, hooray!"

Police found the telegram had been sent by one "J. Hartigan," who had given a false address in Dublin. He has never been found.

The first husband of the young wife was sympathetic, believed foul play had occurred. Besides he had an excellent alibi which proved good.

Now comes a second part of the story related in the Washington Post. In Manchuria, where the partridges came from, the Chinese often attach berries of nux vomica, the strychnine bush, onto the wild garlic which is the favorite food of these game birds. The birds swallow the poison thus saving the Chinese the trouble of shooting them. Properly cleaned no harm comes to humans from eating the birds afterwards.

Another fact is, that in Manchuria partridges poisoned with strychnine are often used for bait in trapping fur-bearing animals. Had some Manchurian poacher found a trap so baited, removed the bird, pretended to have bagged it and sold it to a game dealer who had shipped it to England with others?

Who can say? The mystery remains unsolved.

What about the telegram? Well one guess is as good as another. Perhaps its sender was a soldier or ex-soldier, who cherished a grudge against the officer. The officer was now beyond his reach, but in a way it still was possible to even scores with a brutal telegram that would make his loved ones feel badly.

Was the officer murdered or wasn't he? Will anybody ever know?

The Seekers

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth, nor blest abode,
But the hope, the burning hope, and the road, the lonely road.

Not for us are content, and quiet, and peace of mind,
For we go seeking cities that we shall never find.

There is no solace on earth for us—for such as we—
Who search for the hidden beauty that eyes may never see.

Only the road and the dawn, the sun, the wind, the rain,
And the watch-fire under stars, and sleep and the road again.

We seek the city of God, and the haunt where beauty dwells,
And we find the noisy mart and the sound of burial bells.

Never the golden city, where radiant people meet,
But the dolorous town where mourners are going about the street.

We travel the dusty road till the light of the day is dim,
And sunset shows us spires away on the world's rim.

We travel from dawn till dusk, till the day is past and by,
Seeking the Holy City beyond the rim of the sky.

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth, nor blest abode,
But the hope, the burning hope, and the road, the lonely road.

—John Masefield.

IN THE BEGINNING

THE WITNESS OF THE CREATION

MAN'S KINSHIP WITH GOD

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

No opening could be more magnificently comprehensive than the first words of the first book in the Bible, "In the beginning, God." By an exceedingly varied collection of documents written over a vast range of time the Bible is to bring before us the records of Divine revelation and of human development. As we listen to that first chapter we can afford to smile at some of the controversies it stirred, at the crude literalism which worried itself over the six "days" and the precise sequence of their events. But with the most profound awe we must recognize the significance which modern knowledge has added to this ancient poem. "When," cried the Psalmist:—

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained,
What is man, that thou art mindful of him?

Imagine the Psalmist aware of what astronomy has now to report, of facts such as are picturesquely summarized for us by Professor Jeans! When, in the light of such teaching, we try to "consider the stars," the average mind is staggered, feeling itself on the edge of a vastness utterly beyond all powers of realization. Yet the disclosures of astronomy, though overwhelming, are not incredible; what does seem starkly incredible is any suggestion that the million millions of stars ranging orderly through incalculable space should be the products of a blind and impercipient automatism. There must be a Mind as the final cause, a Creator behind such a creation; "in the beginning—God."

"WHAT IS MAN?"

None the less, the question, "What is man?" presses heavily in face of these immensities. For our comfort we may exchange the telescope for the microscope. The Mind which sent uncounted millions of star-systems swirling punctually through space has not disdained to endow with beauty organisms so small that a multitude could assemble on a pin-point. Magnitude and insignificance, then, as our human intelligence reckons them, seem to have no part in influencing the Divine plan. It is the spiritual factor which counts in His scale of values. "What is man?" Man, we may dare to reply, is the supreme feat of the creative process, the final product of evolution, because of his unique spiritual equality, because he alone in the heights and depths of the universe can claim kinship with God.

And the setting in which he is placed for this stage of life has been designed, among its other purposes, to help him in realizing his part in the family of God, to reveal the power and wisdom of a Creator who is also his Father. As St. Paul said, "the invisible things of Him since the creation of the world was clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made." If the heavens declare the glory of God, so also do the loveliness of the earth and the perfection of things which need a microscope for their discernment. That the majestic star-sown heights, and the perfection of tiny things, and man's perception of beauty, and his spiritual desires—that these all should be due to impersonal chance is a doctrine beside which the difficulties of religious faith appear trivial indeed.

Such are the thoughts which the old creation-poem may renew in us. "In the beginning, God"; and, as it was His Mind which planned the cosmic process, so His Power sustains it unfailingly. To gain through the created universe even a glimpse of the Divine Mind is to be raised from the level of controversy or doubtful speculation to that of pure worship.

TRUE HEROISM.

Let others write of battles fought, of bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins, and death the man who yields.
But I will write of him who fights and vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years against himself and wins.

He is a hero staunch and brave who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet his passions base and low;
Who stands erect in manhood's might undaunted, undismayed—
The bravest man who drew a sword in foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn or muscle to o'ercome
An enemy who marcheth not with banner, plume and drum—
A foe forever lurking nigh with silent, stealthy tread,
Forever near your board by day, at night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart, though poor or rich he be,
Who struggles with his better part—who conquers and is free.
He may not wear a hero's crown or fill a hero's grave,
But truth will place his name among the bravest of the brave.

SITTING ALONE WITH CONSCIENCE.

I sat alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased;
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased.
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might;
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face,
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far-away warning,
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now was the present time;
And I thought of my former thinking
Of a judgment day to be,
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.

* * * *

And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

Apr 22/42

Freedom of Trade,
Liberty of Religion,
Equality of Civil Rights.

Soldier Settlement Plan

There was bound to be a good deal of doubt and question- about the new soldier settlement scheme, and that was diately shown in Parliament when the bill was presented on. Ian Mackenzie, Minister of Health and Pensions, on lay. The great difficulties encountered with the former ne are well remembered—the large number of men who heir farms, the placing of men on poor land, and the various ssions of interest charges. But those who consider all the mstances know that most of the veterans of the last war were helped to settle on farms never had a chance, either use they were hopelessly burdened with debt charges, or use their land was too poor. It would have been criminal o profit by the lessons of past experience, and under the scheme just introduced in Parliament the veterans of this will have a much better chance.

They will not buy their land at inflated prices. When the er scheme was started, wheat was sky-high and land prices unduly high. There is no such condition now. Those r veterans assumed debts that were far too great a percent- of the cost of their farms and equipment. Interest rates were higher then than now. And it was doubtless because of the prices for farms 23 years ago that some of the men chose p, submarginal land. It is no wonder at all that a consider- part of the obligations of those former settlers had to be ten off. And it is reasonably clear that a new scheme should ossible under which both the settlers and the Government ld fare better.

* * *

There could be no such settlement plan, for men usually small capital, without a large amount of unrecoverable —either in the beginning or in the end. It is not feasible lace men on land with quite excessive burdens of debt m debts have long been the bugbear of western farmers only way to keep the debt load of the soldier settlers down easonable proportions is to give them, as a straight grant od-sized equity in their land. Then they have a chance t y on, and they have a special inducement to do their best t t their obligations and hold the farms in which they have a good stake.

The new scheme does offer the men a real opportunity t me established on the land, and 33,000 are said to have icated that they wish to do so. The veteran must put up 1 cent of the cost of land and buildings, and the Governmen give him a grant equal to one-third of the cost of land an ldings, plus all the cost of stock and equipment. The maxi m cost of any farm and equipment will be $4,800, the cost o d and building not exceeding $3,600, and the loan not exceed $2,040. Principal and interest at 3½ per cent will b rtised over a period of 25 years, though in some cases non the principal may be paid in the first five years; and th ual debt charge will not exceed $144. The settler will no ain title for ten years; thus no one could cash in on th ity in the farm and equipment given him by the Govern nt.

Because of the amount of assistance given by the Govern nt and the much better conditions under which the settle rt out, than under the former scheme, the Government wi warranted in holding them strictly to their obligations. Un d interest is to be added to the loan, and if a settler gets t behind, the director is to have power to take possession agai

* * *

The opportunity to obtain farms is to be given to 25,0 urned soldiers, and the total estimated cost is $80,000,000, ich $34,000,000 would be in grants and the balance in loan addition, there would be the administration costs borne b Government. There would inevitably be some losses h a scheme, besides the direct grants, but there should less danger of those losses growing as they did in the form eme. The loans will be fairly well protected. There will le or no reason for remitting interest charges. In the case tlers who get into too great difficulty, and whose farms t vernment must take over, some losses may be incurred, b total should not be excessive.

The settlement project will be under the Department nes and Natural Resources, of which Hon. T. A. Crerar is t nister. He intimated in Parliament on Monday that t

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

1. Of the Wife and the Well-Turned Compliment

Now, lad, I would inform you of the ways
Of wives, and of the clothes they choose to wear;
For, angel-wise, you tread this ground with care.
O son, I sing the potency of praise!
So, is her hat a silly thing of spice
And foolishness—a flower, a scrap of fur
Which yet (she knows) bespeaks the Inner Her?
Then say you love it, son, and tell her twice!

Know this: no jury of your peers would hold
Against you here, nor call your sweet words lies—
Those words more quick than vitamins or gold
To bring the stars and stardust to the eyes.
Yes, praise it, son, and—listen well to mother!—
She won't, so soon, go shopping for another.

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

2. Of the Lady and the Household Law

Now, son, I teach a thing untaught by schools,
Yet vital to connubial calm, and therefore
Attend me well! In each wife's book of rules
Each object has its Why, its special Wherefore.
The towel's for face, not muddy boot (you'll find
That she'll remind you); and the thin Spode cup
Holds tea, not ashes; nor was couch designed
For storm-soaked coats and wrestling with the pup.

Oh, careful be!—else all a husband's guile
Cannot dispel the clouds of total war.
Order, Purpose, Aim, thy name is Wife!
And so reflect upon this, lad, the while
She plants green ivy in your humidor,
And pries up jar lids with your hunting knife.

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

3. Of the Monday Mood and the Man

And one bright morning, lad, you'll wake to find
Her personal sun eclipsed by black clouds blown
From some dark stratum of the female mind
As melancholy marks her for her own.
Bleak-eyed, she'll view the sorry prospect then:
Her parlor, drab; her kitchen curtains, hateful;
Her face, hands, hair—cry Woe, and Woe again!
Her spouse and all her progeny, ungrateful.

And there's no cure, save time, but mind you this:
Oh, double now thy standard daily ration
Of small fond deeds—the dinner out, the kiss,
The one sure miracle drug, Appreciation!
For wife, like husband, child, and lesser beast,
Most needs it, son, when she deserves it least.

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

4. Of the Vine Which Clingeth

Now, one day, son, you'll see with deep amaze
Some easy task confound her. Lost and harried,
She'll turn to you with wide, despairing gaze.
(Oh, can this be the able lass you married—
This tendril?) Yes, it is the very she;
And traitor though it prove me, this I swear to—
She can change fuse or tire, and capably;
The honest truth is this: she doesn't care to.

Yet think how oft you play the shy pretender
At simplest humdrum female chores, my lad!
The helpless male, whom mop or spoon perplexes!
To each his own, for 'tis a thing of gender.
So blame her not. Instead, rejoice! Be glad
The world's so blithely stocked with different sexes!

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

5. Of the Bride and the Bargain

Now credit give, my lad, where credit's due:
'Tis she who knows the dollar's own true worth,
Knows values, yes, and cost. 'Tis she, not you,
Who's been the canny purchaser from birth!
Think now: All ardent for an old brass bucket,
Did she not stoutly trudge, match price tags, comb
The city for that bit of Old Nantucket
(Reduced by half) and, beaming, bear it home?

Admit it, son! Shrewd buying's not for men.
If left to you, you'd have no bucket still.
'Twas she who knew a bargain when she found it.
Oh, think upon it, lad, and count to ten
The day you get the decorator's bill
For doing over all the room around it.

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

6. Of the Wife, the Hyacinth, the Loaf of Bread

Now, son, I speak to you of strategy
In choosing gifts, and of approaches tactical.
Two stout-entrenched male attitudes there be,
Both wrong—the blithe romantic and the practical.
He errs who spurns the cloud-pink negligee
For super-gadgets marvelous in chrome;
He also errs who takes the primrose way,
And shuns all else for scent and jeweled comb.

Look, boy; no woman—maid nor wife nor mother—
Is ever wholly one thing or the other!
Pink velvet jeans or gear for kitchen shelf—
She couldn't cast the telling vote, herself;
Except she wants—and oh, 'tis truth I teach,
So gird thy loins, my lad—a lot of each.

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

7. Of the Woman's Touch and the Man

Now, son, I tune a prehistoric lyre
To sing of primal dawns when cave was house.
Who first grouped boulders cozy by the fire,
Laid grasses down? Not Ab, but 'twas his spouse!
'Twas she who sought the flattest stones to save
And smooth, for nook to sit and sup in,
Hung skins about, to make a nicer cave
To bring the children and her husband up in!

Enhance, change, prettify—'tis woman's way
And blameless, lad—but what's there left to do,
This ready-made, predecorated day?
So prize her zeal—and oh, forgive her, too!—
Who'll sometimes trim good meat with thyme and truffle,
Or, on your long-loved armchair, hang a ruffle.

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

8. (Of the Husband, the Wife and the Inner Ear)

Now, lad, attend me closely, and believe
These blushing words—an honorable admission
Anent that strange antenna, old as Eve,
And widely known as woman's intuition.
Of myriad things it tells her without fail:
Of source and price tag of a neighbor's suit;
Of letters you, perchance, forgot to mail;
Of lasses you, perchance, consider cute.

Yet here's a fact as clear as Easter's sky:
Her intuition sometimes misses, too;
For all of it she owns—oh, mark this down!—
Won't warn a wife ere gas tank runneth dry,
Nor save a wife (alas!) from serving you
For dinner what you had for lunch in town.

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

9. Of the Wife and Domestic Upheaval

Now, boy, 'tis thus with her, I warn you plain:
One morning she'll awake, her aspect terrible
With grim resolve as, viewing her domain,
She finds its pleasant lived-in look unbearable;
And then—believe me, lad!—'tis time to duck!
Oh, seek you now the city's farthest border
As from this nettle, Chaos, she doth pluck
With broom and eagle eye, the flower, Order.

And ask not, then, what happened to your keys,
Or camera bag, or the fine book you're reading;
These are the casualties—and she, unheeding,
Will know not of them, son. Attention, please!
With wives—if husbands' eyes were made for seeing—
'Tis neatness that's its own excuse for being!

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

10. Of the Wife and the Haute Cuisine

And, son, 'tis probable thy wife will hoard
Uncounted epicurean recipes
And books thereof! Well-sauced, well-thermidored
She is, with rules for herbs, rare wines, rare cheese
Enough to make the purest gourmet sore
With envy! Yet—yet does her table show
Each day the rich results of all her lore?
It grieves me that the answer, lad, is no.

But think: one's aim transcends one's wonted way,
Else what's a marriage for? And think, thyself,
Of thine own bravely fitted basement shop
And what's come out of it. Regard, I say,
That one small solitary whatnot shelf,
Then let her broil, in peace, the simple chop.

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

11. Of the Husband and the Telephone Belle

Now, lad, she'll talk—and talk!—upon the phone.
The fact is sure as rain on picnic day;
And, husband-wise, you'll fume, not having known
That anyone could have so much to say
About so little! Clothes, kith, kin and such,
Shops, recipes, momentous information
On neighbor, house—and still I do but touch
The hem of all her endless conversation!

Yet mark! Had you but known her years ago,
You'd see that she hath much improved, my son;
So cease thy carping and be reconciled!
It could be worse, as you will someday know
When, awestruck, you together watch as one
Thy female, teen-age, telephoning child.

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

12. Of the Wife and the Big Picture

And now, lad, we have finally reached an end;
Proving you what? Why, husband, lover, child,
And father, too, and often just a friend:
A fivefold role. Yet, be you reconciled!
For hers is many-colored equally:
Hoyden and matron, made of pain and joy
And all the humdrum household things there be—
And still a lady from a town called Troy.

Nor is it easy to be Everyman
(Or Everywoman); but how worth the doing!
What docile close-by star deserves pursuing
Or ever has, since time and earth began?
Oh, being spouse—and, hence, philosopher—
My son, endure, enjoy and cherish her!

THE OBSERVER

As some of my kindly and thoughtful readers may remember, I have never felt comfortable about calling the ending of the Great War — which occurred on this very morning eighteen years ago—an Armistice. The word means according to the dictionaries—a Temporary Cessation of Hostilities by mutual agreement or a Temporary Truce! Using the word as denominating the day when that horrid war ended, always seemed to me as in some way robbing the Allies of the praise they deserved, for winning so wonderful (and awfully expensive) a victory. It also implied, as my far-seeing, best of wives always felt, that the term Armistice Day implied "a taking up again" of the arms laid down that day and a resuming of the War whenever it suited the beaten nation. We both knew the pain and peril of war, vicariously but very really. And our rejoicing over its ending was in accordance with that feeling. We wanted no furtive qualifying of it, as a great victory, bought at an awful price of suffering, death and deprivation. But as it turned out it really was an Armistice though nevertheless a great victory. The same over-ambitious enemy was not involved, I am glad to say. Gradually old wounds are healing and friendship is slowly growing stronger between the former foes. War is not ended however. The lesson written in blood on numberless battlefields has not yet been learned by the world in general. At this very moment, all the armories of the nations are ringing with the clanging of hasty preparation for wide-spread war, to come from whence none know. There is a noise of coming war in all the camps of armed and arming men. All are preparing, all are dreading, but none can tell where the feverishly suppurating boil, will break out. All "labor for peace," but all "make themselves ready for battle!"

And meanwhile, possibly as a final warning, Civil War in Spain is setting forth before the world, an epitome of what modern warfare on the great scale amounts to. I am told by one who narrowly escaped participating in the ruin, that over sixty, perhaps eighty thousand people have already been killed! Villages, cities, farms, have been completely destroyed, by shellfire, poisonous gasses, flaming oils, trenches, gun emplacements, etc. Churches, museums, picture galleries, containing treasures of value inestimable collected through long ages past, have been deliberately and ignorantly destroyed and a good half of a beautiful country of vineyards, grain lands, nut-trees, orange and lemon groves, lies in ruins. Fleets of aeroplanes, furnished by nations sympathising with one or other of the combatant armies, rain down torture and death upon the distracted citizens, the aged men, women and little ones of the men fighting in the lines!—War has become illustrative of sheer merciless, inhuman brutality.

War did not end, at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918, as so many hoped. After all, that date did only mark a temporary stacking of arms on the battlefield—an armistice. This sorrowful star, this blood-drenched world is still Armageddon, the battlefield of the nations! Nor can science, commerce, law, co-operation, republican — democracy, nor sheer denominationalism preserve a world or a nation from war, for Spain has always of late years had these amelioratives at hand! The radical cure for the evil, the only cure is the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ." "The Prince of Peace!" That in its purity and universality! Do my good friends think that the cure is unattainable, impossible of application? Cast your eyes back to the day when humanity was a mass of differing systems of idolatry, of heathenism. When Might had proven itself to be the only Right by founding, and holding the world in subjection to one mighty power which claimed to rule the souls as well as the bodies and minds of everyone, by ordaining what religion they must adopt. Think of the Church, numbering a hundred and twenty, men women and children, with an ordained ministry of of eleven men. Their task was to overcome the vast Roman Empire, and all the other various heathenisms which controlled the whole world's population, outside of Judaism. Much more reason was there then than now to use the word impracticable. You know the result. Where are those old systems and where is Christianity, the Church, now? I really do not want to seem to preach, but I cannot stop without adding:—With God nothing is impossible, Greater is He that is for us than all that can be against us. One Man praying under a tree "Thy will be done," accomplished more than could all the armies of mighty Rome. Think, talk, read about the Peace of God. If every reader of this journal did that right earnestly and continually, I should greatly like to see the result! What if all humanity did the same? Our great poet well said, "More things are wrought by prayer, than this world dreams of!"

Never did men wage war more gallantly, more unselfishly, and more successfully than did those of the mighty armies we think about for a little while today. Not only of those who poured out their splendid lives on the fields of war, but of all those who fought for us there, do we think. All unselfishly, all gloriously they fought and suffered, and grandly overcame the foe, at last. Well they sustained our claim that treaties must stand, that no nation can play fast and loose with its plighted word, that Right and not Might must rule among men, that the credit of humanity is still, and must remain, good at the eternal seat of judgment!

But that Great War did not, as some hoped, put an end to war! War never can end warfare! We have been shown the helplessness of diplomacy in the grim failure of our League of Nations to prevent wars. For thousands of years we have been learning how to make war most effectively. We shall not upset the teaching of all the ages in a few score years! "Prisoners of hope," I am afraid we shall be for a time. Meanwhile our duty is to "Resist the devil" and all his emissaries with whatever power is given us, ever hoping, praying, trusting the larger wisdom, and the everlasting mercy of the Lover of Men, in His own goodness to hasten the time, when all mankind may "be one" in as close and indivisible a unity as is the ever-blessed Trinity Itself!

THE OBSERVER.

THE OBSERVER

THE TIME draws near the birth of Christ" and talk in numberless families turns to Christmas Cheer and Christmas presents. In our home a married daughter in conference with her mother said she could not get her mind fixed upon household affairs for the festival from thinking of what a char-woman told her of her last Christmas. She had five little children, and a husband, a delivery man for one of the big concerns laid off for some years, then his position swept away by a bankruptcy which left him without employment for four or five years. She had left our own service years ago to take up office cleaning work—from 5 to 7 a.m. and 6 to 8 p.m.—which now gives her $7 a week. She gets an occasional day's work assisting housewives, her husband taking charge of the little ones. There is no work for him and, I suppose because of her "steady job," no help from charitable funds. No money for clothing so they have felt obliged to drop Church going and Sunday School. They had dry bread and weak tea for meals, and all day long the children talked of and wondered about Christmas and Santa Claus. When would he come? "He will come, won't he?" They kept on all day watching and waiting and seeing others making merry! She had not a thing she could make into presents. They all lived in just what clothes they had. At last the babies fell asleep, and the older ones cried themselves to sleep. The poor mother's heart was about breaking with grief. The father after a hunt in vain in lanes for a stray garbage can with something to eat in it, sat in their fireless room an empty pipe in his mouth—the future all hopeless before him. "Why didn't you let mother know," my daughter asked her. "Your mother has done so much for us long ago, I got to be ashamed of taking more from her. And I haven't been near her for ever so long, not since we moved!" She will not want this coming Christmas I knew from the way my best of wives received the saddening news!

"So far as we know, none of our people went without their good Christmas dinner!" The parson of one large, beautiful, church, announced in his Sunday after Christmas sermon. "Our people!" Well, to look at his fur clad and finely attired congregation, one would hardly expect that they or any of those connected even remotely with it lacked a good (expensive) Christmas dinner. "Our people!" Then turn to the five little starving ones watching all day for the Christmas spirit to bring at least one day's food, enough and to spare, with their helpless parents agonizing beside them. Whose people are they? Their Father is "Our Father which art in heaven!" Then they are children of our own Father to Whom we all pray, the parson, his apparently happy circumstanced parishoners, my family and that of the cruelly disappointed char-woman's, all brothers and sisters! Do you think Our Father likes to see some of His family starving while others have gathered in as much as, many, more than they can enjoy? Will you, my good reader, give a thought to that idea, and allow it to remain, and ferment, in your mind?

Now it is all very fine to sit back and label this as Communism, Socialism, or any 'ism you like, so that you may stifle conscience into allowing you to fling it aside among the things you need not bother your head about. I have no sympathy with any of the 'isms,—quack medicines guaranteed to cure all the financial ills, flesh is heir to. I have lived long enough, and seen enough from many differing positions, to know that we are fast passing away from the credulous age when quacks flourished. We are well away from witchcraft and astrology, fortune-telling and future-reading. Science, which was the fostering-home of quackery, has become the guardian of comparative truth, and demands incontestable proof of everything in all the realms of life. Neither science nor man's philosophy has any cure for poverty. It would be comforting to have some sovereign cure-all, upon which to shovel all the calls sympathy now makes. The one chance of doing away with poverty was when the Lord of life Himself lived with us, and knew our griefs and sorrows. A good woman had spent a fortune in ministering to Him once and to fault-finders who pretended to feel for the poor He exclaimed:—"The poor ye have always with you, but Me ye have not always." "Now, ye are the Body of Christ," one of His Aspostles wrote long afterwards. Did my readers ever put those two texts alongside one another, and between them find any conclusion, as to where devotion to Him would find an outlet?

By way of return from the general to our individuals the disappointed Christmas little ones, read this letter from a reader in British Columbia:—

"It seems to me," he says, "the really big reform for this age, greater by far than all others, that should be kept constantly before confessing Christians and ever directing their thoughts towards a solution, is the fact that great numbers of children and adults in this great Empire are undernourished, inadequately clothed and sheltered. Each minute, hour and day brings them closer and closer to death. What are we doing to bring about their reprieve? Havelock Ellis in 'Impressions and Comments' says: 'I have often noted with interest that a passionate hatred of pain inflicted on animals is apt to be accompanied by a comparative indifference to pain inflicted on human beings, and sometimes a certain complaisance, even pleasure in such pain.' How eagerly some people blessed with much of the material things of life devour any story that paints the unemployed, the destitute, in an unfavorable light thereby lessening the pricks of their conscience by adopting the unchristian attitude that the unfortunates are undeserving of their help. In a world fatuously seeking ways to destroy food and goods, while at the same time coaxing science and machines to produce more, the stomachs and underclothed bodies of the needy should not be lost sight of as a means for using God's bounty.

"In an Empire so well stocked with all the essentials the least that our old age pensioners and our unemployed can get along with, should not be the problem facing our authorities, but how to give them more. To my mind the quickest and safest method to bring in this reform is to constantly keep the statistics telling of the enormous numbers of undernourished children in our Empire before our confessing Christians."

Is there any chance of having a strong Canadian Children's Association formed to look after the youngsters? Radiating from Vice-Royalty down to the slums, settlers' shanties, fishermen's huts, wherever poverty or even need exists, with its branches properly and fully equipped to deal lovingly and bountifully with every hungry-eyed little one in the Dominion? If the Church had kept its unity how easily such ills of life could have been ministered to!

THE OBSERVER.

Song of the Capitalist

Let us corner up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path!
Get a trust on wheat and roses,
Leave the poor the thorns and chaff!
Let us find our chiefest pleasure
Hoarding bounties of today,
So the poor shall have scant measure,
And two prices have to pay.

Yes; we'll reservoir the rivers,
And we'll levy on the lakes,
And we'll lay a trifling poll tax
On each poor man who partakes!
We will brand his number on him
That he'll carry through his life!
Apprentice all his children
Get a mortgage on his wife!

Aye, we'll capture e'en the windgod,
And confine him in a cave;
And then, through our patent process,
We the atmosphere will "save"!
Thus we'll squeeze our little brother
When he tries his lungs to fill,
Put a meter on his wind-pipe
And present our little bill!

We will syndicate the starlight,
And monopolize the moon;
Claim a royalty on rest days,
A proprietary noon!
For right of way through ocean's spray,
We'll charge just what it's worth;
We'll drive our stakes around the lakes—
In fact, we'll own the earth!

—By Economist in The Standard, New Zealand.

From the Golden Books

From "Labour"

(Martin Farquhar Tupper)

Fair work for fair wages!—it's all
that we ask,
An Englishman loves what is fair—
We'll never complain of the toil
or the task,
If livelihood comes with the care;
Fair work for fair wages!—we
hope nothing else
Of the mill, or the forge, or the
soil,
For the rich man who buys, and
the poor man who sells,
Must pay and be paid for his toil!

For Labour is money, and Labour
is health,
And Labour is duty on earth;
And never was honor, or wisdom,
or wealth,
But Labour has been at its birth!
The rich,—in his father, his friend
or himself,
By head or by hand must have
toiled,
And the brow that is canopied over
with pelf,
By Labour's own sweat has been
soiled

Note: The first and last and best of the poem's ten stanzas.

SOUL'S AWAKENING

Winter's torpid hold is broken
On the heights, and in the glen;
Nature's miracle hath spoken
Once again, to hearts of men.

Blest is he who can receive it,
Who can sense its meaning deep;
And who seeing, can believe it . . .
He is waking from his sleep!

From the heavy langorous slumber,
From the winter of the soul!
He shall join that growing number
Viewing all things from The Whole!

All the thirst for conquest stilling,
All the selfish striving gone;
With a new ecstatic thrilling,
Shall he greet the Easter Dawn!

—Selma A. Weaver.

ULTIMATE GOOD

The ultimate good will some day prevail,
So believe that the righteous cannot fail;
Believe in a scheme that is wholly just
And trust as a little child would trust
In virtue and honour, in truth and love,
And your days to the rhythm of your thoughts will move!

The ultimate good, though you cannot see
Sometimes, what the end of the road will be!
Be sure always as you press ahead
That somewhere the riddle has all been read,
And hold in your thinking no shade of doubt
That by someone the course has been charted out.

The ultimate good! How the wonder grows
As petal by petal the years disclose
The heart of life, as a perfect flower
Which fairer and sweeter grows, hour by hour!
The ultimate good! As you press ahead
Be sure the riddle has all been read.

Mother O' Love!

"O, Muvver, I've hurted my fingers," he said;
His baby blue eyes full of tears,
And quick on her bosom, he nestled his head,
And softly she quieted his fears;
"I've hurted my finger," he said, with a sigh—
The babe who had stopped in his play,
To run to his "Muvver," who always was nigh
In trouble—to "Love it away."

To "love it away," with a kiss and caress,
As soft as an angel's above,
And heal the cruel hurt, and the baby distress,
With tender and infinite love;
The babe of her bosom, who'd stopped in his play,
A victim of tragedy real;
She kissed and caressed it, and "loved it away"—
The hurt that she only could heal.

"O, Mother, I've broken my heart," the man sobbed,
And dropped on his knees by her chair;
The "babe" who'd come back, that the cruel years had robbed
From her who had waited him there;
"I've broken my heart, in the world's game of gold—
Of 'getting the dollars,' they play";
And she kissed and caressed him, the "Muvver" of old—
And loved all his heartaches away!

—Jas. Edward Hungerford.

Like Faded Flower

Today she stands with silvery head
And shoulders which are stooped.
She typifies a faded rose,
Whose stem is weak and drooped.

For yesterday, in youth's full bloom,
She was the fairest flower
In all life's garden. Beauty — charm—
And wealth were hers to shower.

But roses fresh with morning dew
Are not as fragrant, quite,
As when they have been crushed and bruised
And are less choice to sight.

So though her grace of face and form
Have, with the summers, passed,
They've been replaced by qualities
More precious, which shall last.

—Lyla Myers.

Before the Wedding

Be good to her, not in the trivial sense
Of utter disregard of all expense;
Not with that cruel kindness which believes
The purse can set her smiling when she grieves,
But in that wider meaning of the word
That never shall her faith in you be slurred.

Be good to her—from day to day be just
Because you wish to, not because you must.
You take her life to glorify or mar.
Her happiness depends on what you are.
And though you lavish on her all your pelf,
'Tis all in vain unless you give yourself.

Be good to her, I ask than this no more—
That side by side you'll brave what lies before.
You cannot keep the touch of grief away,
Nor shut the door to sorrow's bitter day,
But you can say—for this you've power to do—
That no great hurt shall *come* to her through you.

—Copyright, 1930, *Edgar A. Guest*

Said the Robin to the Sparrow,
I'd very much like to know
Why these fussy human beings
Rush about and worry so!

Said the Sparrow to the Robin,
Friend, I think that it must be
Because they have no Heavenly Father
Such as cares for you and me!

TID-BITS

CALIGULA'S SUNKEN GALLEYS.

Nineteen hundred years ago, on the banks of Lake Nemi, a picturesque little lake in the Alban hills near Rome, stood the famous sanctuary and grove of Diana. It was to this pleasant refuge and to his magnificent floating galleys anchored there that the Roman Emperor Caligula repaired for an occasional respite from his life of crime in Rome. These houseboats were beautiful beyond our dreams, incrusted with marble, ornamented with precious metals and scented wods, and adorned with statuary; the sails were of the finest linen and the hangings were embroidered with silver and gold. Now, these rich old galleys lie at the bottom of the lake, where their outlines can be faintly seen on clear, still days. Repeated efforts, which date back as far as the fifteenth century, have been made to raise them—but all have been futile. In 1895 divers brought to the surface wooden fragments, magnificent bronze ornaments, curious relics and information concerning the structure of these vessels. The most recent suggestion for their recovery has been to drain the lake for a temporary period by means of a tunnel or tube. The reclamation of these galleys would, it is said, bring to light a marvel of naval construction and the highest expressions of luxury.

THE FRENCH PREMIER.

One of the best stories concerning M. Briand, the distinguished French statesman, is associated with an incident that occurred recently at a social gathering in Paris which he attended. M. Briand, it is generally admitted, does not greatly shine on these occasions. He usually sits silent and hunched up, seemingly in thought, and frequently not speaking unless directly addressed. Amongst the guests on this particular occasion was a little girl who, after eyeing him covertly for some time, at length approached him and said, "And are you, really and truly, the Prime Minister of France?" "Yes," answered M. Briand pleasantly, "really and truly." "I have often thought I would like to see a Prime Minister," she went on, "and—and——" "And now, at last, you are satisfied," interrupted the Premier, laughingly. "N-no," replied the little girl. "I'm not. I'm disappointed."

BE READY.

Be ready to work, be ready to play,
Be ready when duty calls;
Be ready to fill the well-spent day,
Be ready whate'er befalls;
It's the moment you miss that seems to be
The moment that counts the most,
So be ready to run when the starter calls,
And you'll be first at the post.
Be ready to act in the time of need,
Be ready to help always;
Be ready to do a kindly deed,
Be ready to smooth rough ways;
It's the hands that are ready to do and dare,
The heart that is promptly kind,
That the world is looking for everywhere,
Although they are hard to find.

BIG JOURNEYS BY ANIMALS.

Tigers are great travellers, especially those of China, Mongolia and Manchuria, which have been known to cover 60 and 70 miles in the course of a single night's slouching trot along the game trails on

MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING.

Some have riches, great possessions,
Stores of wealth untold.
Others haven't anything
But their hearts of gold.

Those who haven't wordly riches,
Make the best of living;
Just because the gold of loving
Makes them rich in giving.

The rich man has a lot of trouble
Guarding well his treasures;
While merry souls may take their fill
Of simple-hearted pleasures.

Rich man, poor man, without favor,
Life has gold for you;
Love and laughter, flowers and sunshine,
Wealth of rainbow hue.

—Lily Dean.

£6,000,000 FROM ACTING.

In a list of theatrical wills in England during the last forty years, not more than a dozen were above £100,000; and the £175,000 left by Sir Squire Bancroft is, with one or two exceptions, as high as any. A few of interest to a large number of people now getting on in life, are £136,000 by Mr. Imre Kiralfy, who founded the Earl's Court Exhibition, and £121,000 by David Garrick. *Sir Arthur Sullivan's £54,000 compared with Mr. D'Oyly Carte's quarter of a million seems odd. Charles Kean left £31,000; Wilson Barret, whose "Sign of the Cross" filled* many theatres, left only £30,000. Mr. George Grossmith, one of Sir Squire's contemporaries had £19,000, which, for an entertainer, is considered a comfortable sum. Then that most famous juggler, Paul Cinquevalli, left £27,000. This list contains 260 wills and totals just on £6,000,000.

VICTORIAN ORATORS.

The Marquis of Huntly knew most of the leading political figures of the Victorian era, and in his recent book of reminiscences he contrasts the methods of some of the great Parliamentarians. The most successful speakers, he says, are not those who wave their arms with perfervid declamation. Parnell, who never moved from an erect attitude, and spoke in measured sentences, with a cynical manner, was very effective. Dilke, on the other hand, in speeches crammed full of knowledge, was too verbose, and seemed to tire the House. Joseph Chamberlain, in his clear-cut tones, with a penetrating and incisive voice, his right arm moving slowly to point or emphasize a remark, was one of the most delightful speakers to listen to. The Marquis of Huntly adds that Sir William Harcourt was fluent and bombastic.

BALMORAL CASTLE.

Balmoral Castle has changed a good deal since the Victorian era. It is now by no means the comfortless place it was when King Edward vowed that "one could catch a different kind of cold in every room." Edwardian improvements were many, and in recent times Queen Mary's able mind has dealt with the Castle's problems, and both the Royal family and the staff are said to be as comfortable in Balmoral as in any of the Royal residence. The reason why the Prince of Wales seldom visits Balmoral is said to be due to the fact that neither fishing nor shooting makes a strong appeal to him.

ANOTHER "G.B.S." STORY.

The trouble Mr. Sean O'Casey, the

From the Golden Books

Dedication

(By Myra Lazeczko in the Isaac Newton School Year Book.)

Let no man dare to call me foreigner,
My kind have climbed the sky on stairs of steel.
Forged, riveted a bridge from east to west;
My kind have known the cutting, burning feel
Of blistered hands, upon a shovel pressed;
Have scaled a sharp-cut, ragged rock and jag
To build a pass across a mountain steep.
My kind have begged a stranger for a drag,
And tramped long hours without food or sleep.
My kind have labored in a forest camp,
Fought flaming fire, and swung a singing axe,
Have lain beneath the stars upon the damp,
And shouldered heavy lumber to our backs.
My kind have wielded barriers apart,
To probe the life-vein of a silver heart,
And crawled through mud into the earth's deep womb
To dig for coal beneath a black, close tomb.
My kind have seen the mark of tyranny,
On bodies mutilated and deformed,
And babies shriven lips pressed helplessly
Against a lifeless breast where once they warmed.
My kind knows what it means to yet be free
To love and to believe in what we may;
To strive, to keep what is ours, rightfully,
To have no fear of what we do or say.

THE WESTERN PRODUCER

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THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1944

THE REDUCTION IN FARM DEBT

IN RECENT months there has been much public discussion upon the farm debt situation in Western Canada. There are wide variations in the estimates of the reduction in the total amount that, it is stated, has taken place in the last five years or so. There is also some argument regarding the method by which this came about; what proportion, for instance, has resulted from direct payment by the debtor and how much of it is accounted for by foreclosure and other similar processes. Accurate figures are hard to arrive at. Of the fact that the debt has at last begun to diminish, however, there is no reasonable doubt. That is a matter for some satisfaction not only to the farmers involved but to all Canadians, for, as is becoming clearer every day, there can be no lasting prosperity in Canada so long as agriculture is a sick industry smothered, as it has been for the past decade and more, under an unpayable burden of debt.

It is, we repeat, wholly satisfactory that this unmanageable mountain of debt should at last have commenced to shrink. However, it is more than doubtful whether what has happened to date justifies the whoops of jubiliation which are already emanating from certain quarters. It is highly important that this serious problem, which has haunted a majority of farmers for most of their lives, should be considered with judicial objectivity and seen in its right perspective. It may be the natural reaction for shortsighted, interested parties to throw their hats in the air and cheer as soon as machinery and store accounts begin to be liquidated and a few mortgage payments are met. But this is much too lighthearted, too superficial a view of a problem which for years has caused endless heartache and suffering to tens of thousands of honest, hard-working men and women; which brought prairie agriculture to its knees and almost destroyed it.

* * *

It may be advisable in the circumstances to take a brief, bird's-eye glance at the position. Farmers, for the best of reasons, are pretty well acquainted with the facts. Indeed, anyone in Canada who reads a newspaper could hardly help knowing something about them. For, since 1929 particularly, farm debt has been a continuous subject of public discussion as it loomed larger and larger with every passing year until finally it dominated the field. It has been the subject of repeated legislation and debate in parliament and legislatures and the raison d'etre of several interprovincial conferences.

It was the financial collapse of 1929 with the price debacle which it caused that uncovered the debt situation. Up to that time prices had been fairly high and, by and large, the farmers were able to deal with their debts. When prices fell the scene was changed. It is not necessary here to examine the various measures which were taken to cope with the difficulty. There was debt adjustment legislation in every western province in addition to the federal statutes. What may be worth recording is the age of these debts. We are aware of no reliable source for the facts on this point. It is safe to say however that much of the mortgage debt dated from the last war, that the vast preponderance of it was incurred before 1930. That point is worth remembering.

* * *

During the 1930's there was a fairly substantial write-off of the total indebtedness. This resulted largely from adjustments brought about by statutory bodies and to some extent from voluntary debtor-creditor arrangements. Nevertheless the bulk of the old pre-1930 debt remained, with current additions arising from taxes, seed grain and machinery purchases, store bills and so on. It was this old debt which was carried into the present war period and to deal with which a series of interprovincial conferences was held in Saskatoon leading to representations to Ottawa and a very definite cold shoulder from Mr. Ilsley and the government. It is this old debt which is now being whittled down.

* * *

How is the reduction being achieved? Some of the politicians and mortgage companies might answer that it is being done because of higher prices for agricultural products and because of a fortunate succession of reasonably good crops. And to a certain extent they would be quite right. There is no doubt about the fact that, taken on the whole, there have been a couple of good seasons. Prices are higher or in any event the monetary return is greater. We have no desire to split hairs on this latter point but in fairness it must be stated that this has been the result of the farmers' own exertions. For every improvement in prices they had to fight Donald Gordon and the government and they succeeded only because of the vigor and determination with which they fought. Even so, prices and good crops have not been the only nor the chief reason for the somewhat brighter financial position of the farmer.

* * *

Another important contributory factor has been hard work. This of course is nothing new on the farms of Western Canada. Hard work has been the rule, not the exception. But on this occasion it was quite largely the work of the very old and the very young, of the women as well as the men. Ageing people who, after a lifetime of toil, should have been or were retired from active farming have been compelled to get back into harness and work slavishly and long, harder and longer hours than ever before. They have been forced to exertions to which nothing but the imperious necessity of war could have driven them. They have had to stick to it day in and day out, living isolated lives because they couldn't spare the time to leave their lonely farms. They and the young ones have had to exist in conditions and under a degree of pressure that in peace times would never be tolerated even on western farms. Only a minimum of the income was spent because those at home were over or under the spending age and anyway there was little to spend it on.

* * *

Still another important factor in the financial position of farmers relates to general upkeep. Farm machinery which was far below par when the war started has been deteriorating since. There is no help apparently for this; the demands of war have had to be met and only the minimum of farm machinery could be manufactured. It is impossible to estimate what, at the present time, would be the total depreciation in farm machinery in the west but it would not be surprising if it turned out to be large enough to offset the sum by which debts have been reduced. The same thing of course applies to buildings. In a bad state of repair in 1940 they are worse today and it will be an expensive post-war undertaking to make them ship-shape again.

It should be taken into consideration too that where there are young men left on the land they have had the opportunity to work at remunerative employment in the off season and have thereby contributed substantially to the family exchequer. Many sons and daughters in war jobs have also helped out considerably—small things, it may be, but they all combine to make the final result.

* * *

We have covered this ground at perhaps wearisome length for a purpose. The truth is that, in our opinion at least, those people, often creditors or other interested parties, who rise to cheer because farm debts have been reduced by a fraction are far from in the best of taste. Clearly they wish to leave the impression that the farmers are now doing just fine, that they can and will pay off everything in less than no time; that all this debt adjustment business may now be discarded and after the slate is cleaned the same merry old round can start all over again. This is a dangerous as well as a stupid misreading of the situation. In our opinion when all the facts are taken into account the farmer has not done well; he has done very poorly indeed. We are now far into the fifth year of the war. In view of the tremendous exertions and the good yields a much greater proportion of the twenty-year old debt should now be wiped out. Before the farmers are out of the woods the whole debt must be liquidated, that is unless we are to assume that a chronic condition of semi-bankruptcy is to be the normal lot of the farmer. More than that, provision must be made to rehabilitate machinery and buildings. If these payments and provisions cannot be made now, when will they be made? Mr. Gordon to the contrary, there are obvious inflationary trends at this time and if there is no radical change in financial policies there will be deflation when the war ends. Unless the farmers, as a just recompense for their extraordinary achievement, can fully re-establish themselves in a sound financial position while the war is on their chances of being able to do so at a later date will be very slim indeed.

* * *

The truth is that for decades farming everywhere but especially in Canada has been carried on at a financial loss. As Mr. Bracken has pointed out, no charge has been made for soil fertility and no provision for maintaining it. The land has been consistently robbed. But let no one imagine that it is only the farmer who suffers. Everybody, every man, woman and child suffers. They suffer in the quantity but more important in the quality of the food produced. For no nutrition policy will avail if the foods do not contain the diet and vitamins that are needed. Poor land means poor food and poor food means a low standard of national health. So let us not be misled by a few irresponsible individuals who draw utterly unjustifiable conclusions because farm debts have been reduced by this or that amount. There is a long road yet to be travelled before Canadian agriculture is restored to sound, vigorous health, financially and otherwise. If it is not restored we, all of us, and the generation that follows after us will pay the inescapable price.

A PERPLEXED ECONOMIST

IT is said that Queen Victoria was so pleased with "Alice in Wonderland" that she ordered all the books published by the author and was not so much pleased as amazed to receive a number of books on mathematics, geometry and trigonometry. For Lewis Carroll, who turned out delightful nonsense in privacy, in public was C. L. Dodgson, a lecturer on mathematics at Oxford University. But it is as Lewis Carroll that he is best known.

Professor Stephen Leacock was a similar kind of dual personality. He was a humorist and an economist; some people said that as an economist he was a delightful humorist.

For over thirty years Stephen Leacock taught economics at McGill University, but it was not as an economist that he gained fame, nor, judging from the notices that have appeared of his death at the age of 74, is he going to be remembered for any valuable contribution to the "dismal science," but for the contributions he made to the very serious work of making fun of the world and the foibles of human beings. Even his excursion into Canadian politics in 1911 for the purpose of saving the British Empire from absorption by the United States will probably be forgotten, and it is not improbable that the patriots who hailed and followed him on that occasion have not bothered to read his later efforts to consolidate the Empire.

We are going to leave to others the recognition of Leacock's work in the creation of laughter and the spreading of sunshine in a world the gloom of which he candidly acknowledged, his activities on behalf of the Empire, and his excursions into Canadian history; we are more concerned about the result of a thirty years' steeping in the doctrine of classical economics upon a man who escaped by the way of humor from all its inhuman and unethical implications.

Professor Leacock was disturbed by thoughts of the kind of society which had evolved under the rule of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. In 1922 he wrote a book entitled "The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice." It isn't a big book, but with clarity and precision it reduces to ruins the edifice of individualistic economics. Here are a few extracts from it:

> If the ability to produce goods to meet human wants has multiplied so that each man accomplishes almost thirty or forty times what he did before, then the world at large ought to be about thirty or fifty times better off. But it is not. Or else, as the other possible alternative, the working hours of the world should have been cut down to about one in thirty of what they were before. But they are not. How then are we to explain this extraordinary discrepancy between human power and resulting human happiness?

His answer: Mankind produced a certain limited amount of necessary things and then turned its energies toward the production of comforts and luxuries. So there was never enough food or clothing or housing and other necessary things. The economic system was wasteful; even in peace time productive power was directed mostly to the making of what was useless instead of what was useful. The system did not do what it was expected to do, and the theories about it were mostly fallacies and its modern record full of failures.

What was to be done about it? Leacock didn't know. The system was done with forever, but no other system proposed was satisfactory. Economically speaking mankind was between the devil of individualism and the deep, deep sea of socialism. Neither would work, but something must be done to alleviate the necessary evils associated with men living together.

> Every child born has a right to be clothed and fed and trained, irrespective of its parents' lot. . . No society is properly organized until every child that is born into it shall have an opportunity in life.
>
> Work must either be found or must be provided by the state itself . . . In one form or another the economic loss involved in illness and infirmity must be shifted from the shoulders of the individual to those of society at large. . . . The government of every country ought to supply work and pay for the unemployed, maintenance for the infirm and the aged and education and opportunity for the children . . . At every turn intrusive social legislation must seek to prevent injustice. . . . The safety of the future lies in a progressive movement of social control alleviating the misery which it cannot obliterate and based upon the broad general principle of equality of opportunity.
>
> How to do it:
>
> The income tax, the tax on profits, and taxation of inheritance must be maintained to an extent never dreamed of before.

That's the best thirty years' steeping in the philosophy of every man for himself could do for Professor Leacock. The system was rotten but all we could do was to allow the profiteers and the barons of finance to make their profits and rake in their interest and then take enough away from them to cover up the indecencies and the miseries which the system creates. Social justice was a figment of the imagination, a dream of idealists. Society and social relations necessarily involved what was called injustice, inequality, poverty contrasted with riches, power against weakness, and nothing could be done about it except by way of mitigation.

Perhaps the public generally showed wisdom in preferring "Nonsense Novels," "Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy," and "Sunshine Sketches," to the economics and sociology and the politics of Professor Leacock. We are sure he preferred them himself.

THE HOUR APPROACHES

MR. CHURCHILL'S recent radio address was perhaps a disappointment to many listeners. This was due to the newspaper ballyhoo that preceded it. It was reported and believed of course by thousands that the "second front" was all set to begin and that the prime minister was to break this momentous news, at the same time giving a "pep talk" to the United Nations to brace them for the mighty ordeal on which they were about to embark. As it turned out it proved to be further confirmation for the old saying that you cannot believe all you read in the paper. Never was that statement more true than at the present time. Press dispatches are full of conjecture, surmise and rumor. There is of course a place for intelligent speculation but to be useful it has to be intelligent and must be clearly differentiated from factual reports.

It was in fact in the concluding paragraph that Mr. Churchill's voice took on the vibrant, ringing tones that his listeners are accustomed to expect and it was here too that he issued a warning and an appeal that applied with equal force to all the peoples and armies of the United Nations. Here is what he said:

> "We shall require from all classes the same cool, strong nerves, the toughness of fibre, which stood us in good stead when we were alone under the German blitz.
>
> "Here I must warn you that to deceive and baffle the enemy there will be many false alarms, feints and dress rehearsals. We may be the object of new forms of attack. Britain can take it; she has never flinched. When the signal is given the whole circle of avenging nations will hurl themselves on the foe, and batter out the worst tyranny which has ever sought to halt the progress of mankind."

This final paragraph should be read and noted with care. It may help to guide the bewildered reader through the spate of false rumor and confusion which must inevitably precede and accompany the commencement of operations in Western Europe. For, as Mr. Churchill frankly indicates, there will be deliberate and calculated attempts to baffle and mislead the enemy and these must necessarily confuse friend as well as foe. The consequence will be that definite advantage will be taken of the average newspaperman's propensity to swallow rumors and we may as well be prepared for a twisted maze of contradictory reports. The thoughtful reader or listener, however, if he keeps in mind Mr. Churchill's warning, will be in no hurry to believe everything he reads or hears and by the exercise of a healthy scepticism may be able to sort out fact from fiction.

Though there may be as Mr. Churchill says false alarms, feints and dress rehearsals, it seems safe to say that the hour of destiny for hundreds of thousands of our fighting men is not far off. Witness to this fact is borne by numerous authoritative persons and was re-echoed for Canadians in the house of commons last week by Hon. J. L. Ralston, minister of national defence, who issued a stern warning to Canadians about becoming too complacent about the war. The hardest days, the days of greatest trial, are still ahead. On the fighting men, of course, will fall the real weight of the burden. Yet it is essential that the home front be psychologically prepared to stand the shock of large scale operations and the heavy price in casualties which these will entail.

There is nothing respecting which a man may be so long unconscious as of the extent and strength of his prejudices.—Jeffrey.

Free Trade Is Hope of West

Maurice E. Hartnett, former agricultural editor of The Western Producer, told the Saskatchewan Cattle Breeders' Association annual banquet at Regina last week that Canada must adhere to a free trade policy in the post-war years if export markets for agricultural products were to be found and maintained. As chief speaker at the banquet, he declared that the salvation of Canadian agriculture was the establishment of a world price for agricultural products, and maintained that Canadian participation in international trade was essential to that price.

Two-Fold Plan

Mr. Hartnett presented a two-fold plan for the provision of markets in the post-war world. Major point in this plan was implementation of the foremost plank in the Atlantic Charter, freedom from want. This would entail the industrialization of ill-fed nations to raise living standards, thus creating a market for agricultural products, and also the promotion of a domestic market and a market in Britain by improvements in quality of Canadian agricultural products.

The speaker posed problems concerning both of these points. Improvement of quality would entail the extension of controls to agricultural production to the point where Canada could compete economically with the agricultural offers of other nations. Secondly, it would be necessary to assist the industrial development of so-called backward nations in order to provide a market for surplus agricultural commodities.

For Own Good

Canada would have to contribute to the industrialization of these nations, for her own good as well as theirs. The speaker described a cycle of "industry—employment — money — food — life" as of great significance to agriculture. It was impossible for people to buy food if they hadn't the necessary income. Half the world population today did not eat rightly for this reason.

Distribution of food was an important problem. Cutting costs of distribution, and of production too, was necessary to increase the use of food.

Before stating his conclusions, Mr. Hartnett established the fact that agriculture could produce food in great volume. During the war, there was a ready market for Canadian food in Britain. Following the war, however, great organization would be necessary to hold the British market. Britain was now producing enough food to feed herself five to six days each week. Following the war, she must trade with countries taking her industrial goods. Canada was becoming more industrialized herself, however.

The hope of Canada and the other nations lay in the principles established at the Hot Springs Food Conference. Freedom from hunger for the world would mean ready markets for all food produced.

Gordon F. Connell of Regina was chairman, and presentation of awards to prize winners at the bull show and fat cattle show was made. A special presentation was made to C. C. Bell of Regina on behalf of the breeders. The Saskatchewan Shorthorn Club honored two of its members, L. Kennedy of Craik and Charles Harlton of Belle Plaine, with engraved canes.

Morrell Steer Is Champion

Harry Morrell and Sons of Qu'Appelle, Sask., well-known Aberdeen-Angus breeders, showed a particularly good type, well-fitted black steer to top the fat cattle classes at last week's Regina Winter Fair. Prof. J. W. G. MacEwan, who judged the finished cattle, was confronted with 151 head of steers and heifers which on the average were of high quality. They sold for an average price of $13.35 per cwt.

Keen interest was displayed as the winners in four open classes for single animals and three for junior club calves met to decide the show championships. The Morrell champion, weighing 940 lbs., was given a close run for the top honor by a junior club entry made by Betty Small of Craven, Sask., daughter of William Small, secretary of the Saskatchewan Shorthorn Club. Betty's roan steer weighed 790 lbs., and vied with champion in depth, mellowness and evenness of covering.

Stores, Ltd., and the reserve champion to the T. Eaton Co., Ltd., at 45 cents per pound.

Both Purebreds

Both steers were purebreds. The Morrell steer was sired by Glenleg Prince 7th and out of Rubytone, the mother of calves which won the grand championship for Mr. Morrell in 1941 and the reserve grand champion steer in 1943. He was 12½ months old. Betty's steer was 10 months of age, and was by Poplar Glen Hero, a bull which sold at $820 at the Regina Bull Sale.

In the open class, the steer taking the reserve championship was a Hereford shown by J. Harrington of Kinistino. This steer topped the open class for animals 1,051 lbs. and over. He was bred by Jack A. Paul of McDowall, Sask., and was one of three calves sent by this breeder to the Kinistino district, all of which have won championships. This reserve champion sold at $13.25 to Canada Packers.

Clark Shorthorns

J. T. Clark of Inchkeith, Sask., president of the Saskatchewan Shorthorn Club, made an excellent showing in the open classes with two white bulls. One of them headed the 951-1,050 lbs. class and the other placed second in the 750-850 lbs. section which, incidentally, was topped by a second Morrell and Sons steer.

Wilbur Catley of Craven, showing a well-finished Hereford steer, placed second in the 851-950 class and W. H. Jacklin of Shackleton, showing another Hereford, placed second in the 951-1,050 lbs. class. Second in the class for animals 1,051 or over was taken with a black steer shown by R. J. Murray of Saskatoon.

Club Classes

Betty Small's reserve grand champion was a popular champion of the junior classes. It was significant that, in the two junior club classes, the animals standing first and second were Shorthorns.

Winner of reserve championship honors in the junior section was Gladys Lewis of Silton, showing a fine, blocky steer which headed the lineup of animals 801 lbs. and over. Second prize animal in this class was shown by Billy Small of Craven, whilst in the class for animals up to 800 lbs., the second prize went to a calf exhibited by George Clark of Inchkeith, Sask.

George Lewis and Son of Vandura showed the first prize group of five finished animals 750-900 lbs., with James Alexander of Goodwater second. Morrell and Son showed the best group of five steers over 901 lbs., and Wolf Brothers of Craven, the second prize group.

FLAX VS. WEEDS

Because flax seedlings are slow of growth and produce little shade, they are poor competitors with weeds. There is all the more reason, therefore, why only the cleanest fields should be used for flax and extra care taken to keep the crop ahead of weeds.

200 CARS DAILY

United States railroads are now providing 200 boxcars daily for shipment of grain from Canada to the U.S.A.



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IN THE FIELDS at home, and on foreign battlefields—*farmers* are driving the machines of war.

Tens of thousands of farm boys are in the Armed Forces. Their weapons are tanks . . . anti-aircraft guns . . . powerful crawler tractors . . . and the great engines in the bombers.

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Just twenty years ago International Harvester announced the original Farmall—the first true all-purpose tractor. The Farmall idea—*a unification of working tools and power*—swept the country. For the first time the farmer had power that could do all the work of horses . . . faster, better, and at lower cost. Today there are horseless farms wherever you go. Today millions of farmers have learned the efficiency, the economy and the ease of farming with the modern FARMALL SYSTEM.

Today the boys in uniform have reason to be glad that an army of Farmalls is waging a war of production on the home front. These most popular of all tractors, and the long line of Farmall machines, are bearing a major part of Agriculture's record burden.

When the young farmers return with their Victory they must take over and carry on. Food must write the Peace and make it last. Harvester and the INTERNATIONAL dealers, and the modern FARMALL SYSTEM, will arm them for the needs of post-war Agriculture.

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