The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1920

DIG FOR IT AT HOME

Would you have the shining metal
Do not o'er the wide world roam,
Following a fleeting phantom—
Stay and dig for it at home.

Do not heed the luring story
Treasures distant hillsides hold
Ten adventures, disapointed,
Stand for every ounce of gold,

Wishing still for something better,
Many fancies youth will rear;
Mountains of the yellow mica
In the distance gold appear.

And the longing is contagious,
Drinking from a leaden cup,
For the means of grander living,
On highways to pick up.

But Dame Fortune is too fickle
In her train afar to roam;
Would you win her golden treasure,
Stay and dig for it at home.

In the land that lies before you
Find your wealth by honest toil;
Never votary disappointed
Rightly sought the generous soil,

Only faint, weak hearts repining
Cast away the good at hand;
Fortune's smile will rarely crown them,
Bought for in a distant land.

But success rides on before you;
Grapple it and you will win;
Lo! e'en now the mists are lifting,
And the tides are rushing in.

Let no foreign expedition
Lure your restless steps to roam;
Gold is nearer than the mountains—
Stay and dig for it at home.

THE NEED OF SOLID READING

"Can't understand a word of it," said the young fellow blithely, and dropping the volume on the table, he picked up the evening paper. And soon his friend heard him chuckling over the cartoons.

Now the book he had cast aside was not written in a foreign tongue. It was not a technical treatise, abounding in technical phrases. It was one of the books denominated "solid reading." The thought it presented was no hair-splitting philosophy and its language was clear, yet a high-school graduate felt no shame in declaring that he "could not understand a word of it."

While babies and invalids may live on a liquid diet, healthy people need something to chew on. Indeed it is universally recognized that civilized people would be better off if their food was coarser and tougher. Our meat is too tender for our good, our bread too fine. Most of us would be tremendously benefitted by doing more chewing.

Now what is true of the body is equally true of the mind. Our manufacturers advertise predigested foods, and predigested mental food is offered in such abundance that we can be saved the trouble of thinking. A scientist discovers some important principle and writes a book about it. A few students read the book and then some clever newspaper man writes a clever article in which the scientist's discovery is reduced to its simplest terms and made readable by a great deal of light and flippant talk. Of course that article is read by a hundred to one who reads the scientific book.

The brains deteriorate if they are called on to do no thinking. The young man who, when confronted with a book of solid reading, declared he "could not understand a word of it," proably spoke the truth, but this did not imply any congenital weakness of the brain, but only that it was unfit for work because it was unexercised.

As every day's bill of fare should include some food that needs grinding, so every day we should do a little hard reading. Keep a book on the living-room table for that purpose. If you do not read any more than ten minutes a day, take at least that. Do not try to read any more than you can read and understand if it is only a paragraph. Fix your mind absolutely on what you are reading. Grip the thought and reiterate it, till there is no danger of your forgetting it. Think it over to-day so that when you take up to-morrow's reading, you will have a certain momentum to aid you. This continued for a year will bring about a very gratifying change in your ability to think, and when confronted with a book in straightforward English, you will be ashamed to say, "I can't understand it."

"STOP MY PAPER!"

Every man has a right to take a paper or to stop it, for any reason or for no reason at all. But at the same time there is a certain responsibility attaching to all actions, even to so trivial a one as stopping a paper because the editor says something one doesn't agree with. There is complaint that newspaper editors lack fearlessness and honesty; that newspapers are too generally mere partisan organs that disregard the claims of truth and justice when political interests are at stake. There is too much truth in the charge but let us ask how it is possible for a fearless, honest, outspoken journal to live if every man is to cry "Stop my paper!" whenever he reads something that does not accord with his views? The men who insist that the paper they read shall never say anything contrary to their views are the ones who are in large measure responsible for the cruven cowardliness and the weathercock propensities of modern journalism. In a community composed entirely of these "Stop my paper!" men true independent journalism would be an impossibility. When you are convinced that a paper is dishonest and deceitful, stop it. When it lacks enterprise and fails to give you the news, stop it. When some other paper gives you more of value, stop it. But don't stop a paper that you believe to be honest, courageous, enterprising, and clean, simply because its editor has written his own sincere views instead of yours, or somebody else's; for if you do, you are putting a premium on insincere journalism and serving notice on an editor that the way to succeed is to write what he thinks will best please his readers instead of what he honestly believes to be the truth.

Got asthma? Then you've never tried RAZ-MAH that E. J. Hassard carries. It's just as effectual as Templeton's famous Rheumatic Capsules is for rheumatism. Ask for a free sample.

HIS CRUEL SILENCE

The mother's heart sank as she entered the abode of her newly-married daughter and found the young wife in tears—floods of them.

"What is the matter, my darling?" she demanded, anxiously.

"Oh, Edward is a brute—a brute!" wailed the girl.

"Why do you say so?" asked the mother.

"He—he came home late for supper last night, and—and I scolded him a little."

"Quite right, too!" agreed the elder lady. "And what did he do?"

"Oh, mother, he—he—" Her voice failed her.

"Did he—did the callous wretch dare strike you?"

"Oh, worse than that, mother! He just sat there and—and yawned!"

Say, I was going over an old scrap book, made by an Acton young lady over forty years ago, when scrap books and hoopskirts and waterfalls were all the rage, and I came across the following story. I asked permission of my young lady friend—of course she's not young in years now, but she's young in spirit and smart as a cricket, even if she has been a grandmother for half a score of years—if she would let me reproduce it in my column. Of course, she agreed, for no one ever asked a reasonable favor of this gray haired, young-looking grandmother, from her girlhood up, without it being very graciously granted. Well, as I was going to tell you, this story fibus in so well with my own experience in refreshing my old noodle with recollections that I thought you would all enjoy it too, so I decided to pass it on. You'd be surprised if you got some of the yarns that come to me when I incidentally talk to some of the old folks in town and out of it, when I am getting stories of old days from them when they never suspect what I am after. It's funny. No two of them tell the "facts" of local events in the same way. Nor do they jibe very well as to dates and names, but never mind, among the few of us who are left we give you pretty good reminiscences in the Clock Tower column week after week. I have most trouble with Mary about those stories though. After I've been all around among my cronies and boiled down all the old-time yarns I get, and read them over to her, she finds fault with dates and persons nearly every time, and then I have to get out my scratching old pen again and change things to suit her memory, for Mary knows, you know. And then, I always found it paid to give in to her. It makes peace in the family every time.

—Well now, I'd pretty nearly forgot the Aunt Betsey story I got out of that old scrap book. When I get started about the old folks and things I forget my text very often.

Say, here it is. Now have a good laugh as I did.

AUNT BETSY'S MEMORY

Says a funny exchange: There is something very touching in the fondness with which old age clings to the recollections of the past.

We have a venerable grand aunt—Mrs. Betsy Parsons—whose unimpaired memory thus often delights those of us who revel in the stories of a past generation, and one day we invited Mr. Chardon, who is collecting material for a forthcoming book, to come over and see the old lady, and listen to some of her old-time stories.

He brought with him Miss Peters, to whom he is engaged, and we introduced them to Aunt Betsy.

"Chardon, Chardon," murmured the old lady, as she scratched her head reflectively with a knitting-needle—"lemme see. There was a Sam Chardon in Hyde Hyed over in the corner nigh to forty year ago—member he stole some pork outer Deacon Haines' cellar—hope 'twant you, was it?"—and the old lady smiled pleasantly, and Mr. Chardon, who is about 26 years old, and painfully modest, blushed violently as he said he didn't remember of ever doing anything of the kind.

"No—come to think of it, it could not 'a been you—this 'ere Chardon was a dre'dful hansum feller, 'prape 'twas yer father, or mebbe yer uncle," said Aunt Betsy, placidly, as she resumed her knitting.

This wasn't very pleasant for Mr. Chardon, especially as Miss Peters, who had never been in our vicinity before, began to look somewhat dubious, and so we mildly suggested to the old lady that Mr. Chardon was born in Nobleboro'.

"Law, yes," said Aunt Betsy, "curi's I shouldn't a known ye. I was brought up to Nobleboro', an' 'member now all about yer family. Yer pa failed, didn't he, when you was goin on fer 18 year old, an' Nancy Cousins give ye the mitten on account of it. That was just afore ye had the scrape with—"

Just at this terrible crisis, and while Mr. Chardon's face seemed as though a match might be lighted at it, and Miss Peters majestically gathered her shawl around her, we trod on the old lady's foot with a desperate hope that the tide of recollections might be cut short.

"Ow-w-w!" exclaimed Aunt Betsy, "who's that a treadin' on my foot, don't ye know ye better?" and she regarded us with such a vindictive glare over her spectacles that we have no hope of ever being remembered in her will.

"I think, Mr. Chardon, we had better be going," said Miss Peters, in an impressive voice, rising from her seat.

"Don't be in such a hurry, Miss—Miss—I don't quite git your name," said our worthy relative.

"Peters, we suggested, as the young lady stood undecided, and the wretched Mr. Chardon made a frantic effort to smile pleasantly.

"What, one of the Peterses to Sheepscot?" said the old lady, eagerly, "they are r'lashuns of mine."

"My grandfather and father lived in Sheepscot," said the young lady frigidly, "but it was very many years ago."

"Bless you child," said Aunt Betsy contentedly, "I 'member all 'bout 'em an' yer mother too—she was powerr freckled an' you do, an' her teeth was as white as yourn. Yourn ain't false ones, be they?" said our relative eagerly, to which query Miss Peters shook her head faintly and said she really must go.

"Why, I never see no one in such a hurry," remarked Aunt Betsy, detaining the young lady by her shawl, while Mr. Chardon looked as cheerful as though he had killed some one. "How old be you?"

With some hesitation the young lady murmured 23.

"Lemme see," said the old lady. "Sam, he married yer ma—she was old Billy Ilsby's darter—in forty-five—I 'member pttickerly 'n account of Sam's borryin' $10 of my husband to go on a honeymoon with; you was born nigh about a year after, and now its seventy-five, an' according to that you mus' be, lemme see," and here Aunt Betsy commenced counting her fingers with a mathematical precision that would have evolved thirty years from the past, had we not contrived to recall her attention by telling her that Miss Peters was going, and that she had better say "good-by."

"Well, if you must go," said our relative reluctantly, "I suppose you must. That's a proper pretty dress you're wearin', but what made the dressmaker cut it so scrimpin'? 'Taint big enough round, an' it's too tight."

"You ain't had a fever nor nothin,' have ye?" continued the old lady, in a loud whisper, glancing at the lower part of the young lady's form, which her "pull back" skirt displayed to excellent advantage, "you look awful thin, yer limbs ain't bigger round than pipe-stems," and shaking hands cordially with Miss Peters and her escort with a pressing invitation for them to call again soon, our good Aunt Betsy bade them "adoo."

Chardon don't speak to us now, and Miss Peters looked straight before her as she passed us on Main Street. What have we done?

Well, this forty-year-old story reminds me of my venerated but departed old friend, Asa Hall. I used to enjoy a crack with the old man greatly. He was one of the first to settle here after the Adamses. Came up from Quebec province as a young chap. Shortly after taking up his homestead and building his log house on Main Street he went down to Peru one fine day and there he met Sabra Center, a blushing daughter of old Mr. Centre, who settled down there below the mountain about a hundred years ago. He married her and they lived here happily for many years. Well, being in this community from the days of the earliest residents, the old gentleman knew all family affairs like a book. If asked about any person he event he would at once reply: "Oh yes, she was John So-and-So's second wife. She was Dan White's eldest daughter and they ran away and were married at Guelph by old Dr. Hogg." "Frank D.? Yes, I know him, when he came to Acton as a boy. He and Mrs. W. H. got pretty thick and one day she cleared out with him and left her man and family behind. But she was like the old black cat and was glad to come back again." And so he'd go on. He never tired of recounting local history, especially about men who had married their second or third wives or women who fell in love with another man, after the first was gone. Dear old chap, he tried it himself years after Sabra died, and married Mrs. Wright, of Binbrook, the mother of his son Zalman's wife, and of Mrs. John Secord. They lived here for a number of years very happily together, but the old man survived her and remained with us until he was somewhere between 70 and 80.

Well, by Jinks, here I am wandering again. When I get to thinking of these early citizens who were up in years when I was a boy, I generally get off my dot as the irreverent young folks of to-day say. And now, to think I'm really one of the old chaps myself. The young people call me an old man, but I don't feel a bit like it, except when the rheumatics which I got when I used to plow that damp corner of the old meadow, gets me.

Say! Come to thing of it, there's getting to be only a very few of us old folks left here. My friend Joe Lasby left us this summer for his long home. Now Mrs. Thomas Ebbage has gone to Toronto to live. Mrs. Thomas Somerville, her as was Nancy Brown, is very ill with us and able to relate interesting matters of the early days when her father, Squire Brown, was a magistrate and Councillor and had aspirations for a seat in Parliament, and was the first superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School. Then we have Jimmie Matthews, the oldest postmaster in America. But Jimmie never talks you know. He says he's spent sixty-three years or more of his life in licking stamps at the post office for Acton people who should lick their own stamps, and has never time to talk. Say, you should have seen him the morning the news came from Toronto, the morning after Guy Fawke's Day, when he was informed that he was a great-grandfather again. He was mighty tickled when he found a day or two later that Charlie's first-born son—Lewis Roswell Hall—born his own grandfather's name—Roswell Matthews, the founder of Elora.

Well, we have a few more old folks yet. There's my old friend, Peter Gibbons, the oldest retired farmer in Acton of the early settlers' days. Peter is a veteran of the Confederate army of the United States Civil War. He wears his veteran's medal week days and Sundays with pardonable pride. The only thing that bothers him these days is that he's not so fortunate as Tom Statham, who is a veteran of the Northern Army and getting a pension of $50 or $60 a month.

Then there's John Hill, but nobody thinks of John as an old fellow, even if the register in the old Hill family bible proves that he's between 70 and 80. John's been in Acton at least 63 years that I remember of.

I almost forgot Tom Elliott. He's a walking cyclopedia of community annals. But some of you would tell me, if you know me when you met me, that Tom is not a resident of Acton. Well, perhaps he ain't; but it's on record that not a day has passed in sixty years, rain or shine, week-day or Sunday, that Tom hasn't been in Acton. And do you know I heard Tom say one day he didn't care a snap for Acton and it wouldn't make a cent's difference to him if every store and factory closed up and every citizen moved away. That's all right—perhaps. But if such a thing happened, where in the world would Tom go? He'd be real lonesome down at Speyside or Dublin corner or at Speyside castle these days.

John Cameron is getting into the old men's class too, but John writes himself for the newspapers sometimes, so I'd never think of quizzing him for old-time stories.

Well, well, well. Here I am again. I've wandered right out of bounds and nary a word about the old Zonas Adams house or Mrs. Glass and her patent stove, or John Speight and his bride, or the Dempseys and their boys and girls, and the editor's shears snaps off my sheet right here.

The Old Man

NOT TO BE OVERLOOKED

A little bright-eyed three-year-old was seated in his high chair at the dinner-table. Mamma had placed him snugly up to the table, pinned on his bib, and succeeded in getting the little mischievous hands quiet and making him "hush" when father proceeded to ask the blessing. While this was in progress our little chubby made a discovery. It was that all the plates on the table, except his own little plate, were in one pile at papa's place, and as it seemed to him were put there to get the benefit of the solemn ceremony. So, scarcely waiting for the "Amen," he held out his own plate with both hands, saying, "Please papa, pray on my plate, too."

THE BEST PREPARATION

Few girls make the mistake of supposing they can successfully do more than one thing at a time, but a great many, while engaged on one task, let their thoughts turn to something else which is waiting, and perhaps worry over it, and make themselves uncomfortable and unhappy. There is no task so small that we cannot afford to bring to it undivided energy and interest. The way to make a success of the least thing is to do it as if it were the greatest thing, putting our whole heart into it. Do not work flogged on by the thought of something else waiting to be done, reproaching yourself for every lost second, forgetting all about the fine touches. The best reparation for the new task is the last well done.

(Courtesy of Social Service and Evanlism Dept. Methodist Church, Toronto)

COMMUNITY BETTERMENT

PRESIDENT J. B. REYNOLDS, B. A.
Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont.

THE TOWN DOMINANT

The remarks that I shall make are to be understood as a statement of the point of view of farmers with respect to our modern industrial system and its effect on the national welfare. This point of view may seem extreme, and some of the conclusions entirely wrong. But we shall never get anywhere in Canada until we learn to take into account the other fellow's views and the other fellow's rights.

The views which I now attempt to give you explain what is known from East to West in Canada as the "Farmers' Movement." Starting in Western Canada as a co-operative movement for the protection of the farmers' economic interests, it has spread to Eastern Canada. There it has taken political form and has resulted in a Farmers' Government in Ontario. The next Dominion election will probably see a strong contingent of farmers elected in nearly every Province.

RURAL NEGLECT.—The occasion for this movement may be summed up in a phrase which has been on the lips and pen of every speaker and writer on the rural question for the last twenty years. The phrase is "Rural Neglect." Evidence of rural neglect, the neglect by government of rural interests, are quoted from every English-speaking country, not only in Canada, but quite as much in the United States, and even more in England. The decay of rural life in England for more than a generation has alarmed her economists and her statesmen. This decay in the United States prompted Mr. Roosevelt to appoint his Country Life Commission. In Canada experiment stations, agricultural colleges, rural credit societies, and United Farmers' organizations have thus far been unable to stop the rush of population to the cities.

In Manitoba with the richest soil in the world there are only 40,000 farmers in a population of more than half a million, and more than half of that population live within the city of Winnipeg. We have witnessed an era of industrial and speculative development, accompanied by the abnormal growth of cities and rural decline.

THE PRESENT PRESENTATION.—It is time to pause and consider if all this change is for the good of the nation. Personally I should prefer to come to you with a cheery message, and an assurance that all is well. But it is only the false prophet who proclaims "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." So I take this occasion of presenting as plainly and accurately as I can from the farmers' point of view what is not merely a rural problem, but essentially a national problem.

RURAL DEPOPULATION GENERAL.—The Philadelphia Public Ledger recently made this statement concerning Rural Depopulation in the United States:

> "Preliminary estimates of the United States census for the year 1920 are said to indicate that the farming population of that nation has dropped to 35 per cent. of the total. Forty years ago 90 per cent. of the people of the United States lived in the country. A decade ago 55 per cent. of the population was rural, but now it is estimated that only 35 per cent. live on the country."

This is a true story of all English-speaking countries. In England, Ireland and Scotland, in the United States and Canada, slightly different causes have produced the same effects of hugely overgrown towns and a declining rural population. I propose to mention some of the causes, and to trace some of the effects of these changes as they have happened here in Canada within the memory of men who are still comparatively young. It may be that nothing can be done about it. It may be that a national change, a change in the life and character of a whole people, must be allowed to carry on to its proper conclusion. But in any event we should not close our eyes to facts and consequences of such great moment, nor mistakenly pronounce a thing good which may be evil.

THE PROBLEMS CONFRONTING US.—In this address I shall try to show:

1. That the dominance of the town is the result everywhere of the industrial development.

2. That in Canada the dominance of the town has been fostered by our political and social ideals; and

3. That the abnormal growth of towns is responsible for many of the economic and social ills from which we are at the moment suffering.

NINETEENTH CENTURY INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT.—The nineteenth century is distinguished among the centuries as the era of industrial development. Science and inventive genius in the nineteenth century accomplished more in speeding up the processes of industry than had ever been accomplished in all the centuries preceding since Cain began to till the soil, and Tubal Cain worked in brass and iron. During the first half of the nineteenth century the sower went forth to sow just as did the sower of the parable, casting the grain with his dispensing palm aside, and the harvester cut the grain with the sickle as did the harvester in the fields of Boaz. At the beginning of the twentieth century the seed was sown by clock-work in a huge drill drawn by two, three or four horses, and with the self-binder one man could reap and bind as much grain in a day as ten men could do a half century earlier.

Machinery has replaced hand labor in every industry. That is the industrial revolution.

The Teller.—The invention of machinery has been accompanied by an economic discovery of even great significance, namely the principle of the division of labor. It was discovered that a man could do more work, could become more expert and more valuable if he were kept at one single operation requiring the same motion hour after hour. The motions both of his mind and of his body became automatic when confined to a narrow round.

Without guidance of the vision which foresees the finished whole, the skill of the individual workman will be in vain. He can make his wheel, his screw, but he can neither make the engine nor run it. He is not so unlike, as he may think, to that workman lent by special favor to one of the new munition factories in America. The man came with a record of nine years' service in the greatest motor works in the world. "What did you do there" his new employer asked hopefully. "I put in bolt seventeen." "Not for nine years." "Yes, for nine years."

The Factory.—It will be quite apparent that the division of labor is impossible in the system of small separate shops and factories such as existed in Canada a generation ago. Hence began the combination and amalgamation of separate industries in one big factory, and the elimination of the small village shop and factory. In the crazy rush for mass production included, transportation, and factories must be placed convenient to lines of railway. The amalgamation of factories made necessary by the division of labor and the locating of factories at railway centres have produced the great modern manufacturing centres.

Affecting the Farmer.—Great combinations of capital represented in the modern manufactory, have been made the means of securing political action which has favored the city industry by protective tariffs. Under a protective tariff the manufacturer does not need to care how much he pays for his labor, for the protection enables him to charge a profit not only on the cost of his raw material, but also on the cost of his labor. Hence for forty years the farmer selling in an open market has competed in his bid for labor with the manufacturers selling in a market protected by tariffs high enough to prohibit or to reduce outside competition.

The Product of Our System.—Forty years ago Canada started out to build cities. Her economic policy could end in nothing else. To her economic policy have been added her educational and social ideals. She has adopted the policy of universal education, and the educational ideal she has set up has been an escape from the necessity of labor. It was not to be thought of that the brilliant high school pupil should choose some useful, productive industry for his calling. He must go into one or other of the professions. Our technical schools have not produced artizans or mechanics. The successful students of our technical schools have become civil or electrical engineers or technical experts. The unsuccessful have drifted into some business or office. It is largely that even the Agricultural Colleges have failed to produce farmers. It would be a wonder if they had, with the current so strong against them. I cannot forget the reproach that was the lot of the country boy who went to high school in a small Ontario town. The hunted face was a thing to hide, unless the owner could proclaim it the product of a season at camping. The farmer has been classed as a laborer in Canada, and the laborer is not respected however much we may rant about the dignity of labor.

Urban Development and Rural Declension.—Our industrial system has defeated its own ends, and has failed. It has built up the cities at the expense of country life, and the present day Canadian city as an expression of a well-ordered, well-balanced British democracy is a failure. Our industrial system has as its foundation and its justification of its existence the principle of economical production by division of labor. And to talk of economy of production in the face of present day prices is a travesty of fact and a perversion of economic truth.

A manufacturer in a New England city a short time ago informed a friend that he was on the lookout for a new factory site. The conditions of living in the New England city had become intolerable. The city had sucked the life out of the surrounding country, so that the abandoned farms round about were no longer able to supply food for the city inhabitants. The boasted co-operation between the town and the country, by which the town could supply the needs of the country and the country the needs of the town had failed. The blighting shadow of the town had destroyed the country round about. Milk, meat, eggs, vegetables, needed by the town were no longer produced by the surrounding country. Cost of transportation and the middleman's charges had made high food prices. Rent, taxes, congested living conditions, added to the tale of woe. Every increase in wages to the city worker was absorbed by a corresponding increase in the cost of food, clothing and shelter. This particular manufacturer was seeking to escape from it all by locating a site for his factory in a part of the country which had not been poisoned by the neighborhood of a great city.

Rural Communities Changing.—By reason of the dominance of the town the country is fast losing its distinctive appearance and character and individuality. The very trees and standing crops are no longer green in June, as of yore, but bear an ignoble load of dust churned up from the road by the wheels of flying motors. The whole of the rural life, veiled the quiet of the countryside, and the rural mail delivery brings the city newspaper with the city news, its sensations, its inaccuracies and its sporting column. City fashions in dress and sport, and amusement have taken hold of country people. Even the country schools, and preachers for country churches are trained in city schools and colleges and carry with them to the country, city ideas and ideals and the food hope that before long they may be called to a city charge. The city mail-order house is filching away the business that used to be done in the country store, and the village smithy, long ago fallen into ruin, no longer stands beneath the spreading chestnut tree.

Production an Economic Failure.—Our industrial system has failed, and failed signally, in economy of production. The small shop of forty years ago, with its master workman, a journeyman or two, and an apprentice, was much more efficient than its present day substitute, the huge factory in the city. Then the boss and the men and the boy all knew their customers as neighbors. Night or day a few words got necessary work done. There was the measure of a workman's obligations, so much as a neighbor's need. Workmen were no more skilled then than now, and I believe no better at heart. But the system was infinitely better in its social relations. The relationship between master and workman was personal and with the personal relation went the possibility of give and take. Then a workman could see his work from beginning to end, a chair, a wagon, a set of whiffletrees. He could look upon the work of his hands as a complete article, and see that it was good. To-day factory hands are no longer persons in their factories, they are machines, or slaves to machines. They have little or no interest in their work. All is mechanical and impersonal. The loss in efficiency is due to the loss of individuality. A man can work ten hours a day without undue weariness of body. It is the weariness of spirit which demands shorter hours, and since the workman must have a living wage, be his hours long or short, the continued demand for shorter and shorter hours has reduced labor efficiency.

The Race Life Beat.—The building of great cities, and the massing of groping families there, have created another social problem and caused further loss in national efficiency. The farm is the great opportunity for occasional employment. The boys and girls on the farm grow up without habits of industry, and a familiarity with labor. The hordes of idle youths of both sexes in the city are idle because there is nothing for them to do. City business does not lend itself to family employment. In the city the head of the house must care for the whole family. On the farm the boys and girls serve apprenticeships to useful labor, and society is the better off for what they do, since they usually work for nothing. If the production of the farm were charged for at so much per hour for labor expended, and charged for at the rate the mechanic in the city must have in order to support his family, the food we eat would be the dearest of our commodities, instead of as it is now, the cheapest.

Boosting the Town.—The town, having found a place on the map, must justify its existence, and must grow to keep pace with the other towns. Hence we have town boosters, whose aim is to make the town bigger, to attract industries to the town, to fill it up with population and sell more and more subdivisions farther and farther out from the centre. Despite the craze for town building we have the encouragement of industries that make nothing useful; we have company promoters whose object is to foist something on the public for a consideration; we have real estate agents who earn nothing, but sometimes manage to collect a good deal of money earned by other people. A whole economic fabric of the city tends more and more to making the dollar, instead of useful commodities produced by honest labor, the measure of national wealth.

Losing Sense of Economic Values.—Through our existing industrial system, we have lost all sense of economic value. Our protective tariff enables the manufacturer to dictate his own price for his commodity. Therefore he cares little whether his commodity is produced economically or not. He cares little how inefficient his labor is, or how highly priced. He has the means of "Passing the buck" to the consumer. The fostering of needless and useful industries by town boosters and company promoters has enormously increased the number of men who draw wages for producing articles the nation can very well do without. As the writer of a recent economic article very significantly remarks, "The trouble with some of the strikes is, that they end too soon." Land and housing speculators, brokers, jobbers, middlemen and a host of other unproductive occupations find harborage in cities, and increase the cost of living there for the actual workers. The greed of capitalists has forced the workers into trade unions, who have now set up their own standard of wages and hours of service. The trade unions have limited production and increased the cost of production by ordering the maximum of work which a workman may do in a day. For example, while a good bricklayer can lay 1,500 bricks in a day, a bricklayers' union has set 600 bricks as a day's work. The limiting of production is based on the fear of unemployment. If too much work is done in a day, the work might not last long enough. The wage schedule is fixed by the unions on the basis of a living wage in the midst of conditions that make living difficult and expensive. The whole round of town industry has been divorced from nature and economic laws. While these artificial standards of living and wages have been established in the towns, land in the country has been going out of cultivation and the real earning power of a man has been forgotten. What natural measure of earning power can be found divorced from the land. What a man can produce by rightly directed labor applied to the land is the only true measure of earning. Yet men refuse that standard, and will not work on the land. Work must be found in the city for them, and if not forthcoming as a result of economic demand, the rules of the trades unions create an artificial demand for services. The manufacturers began by professing to cheapen the cost of production by division of labor. The unions have adopted the principle as their own, and have divided and subdivided trades, not to cheapen production, but to increase employment. No tradesman dares do a job belonging to another trade. Industrialism has become a monstrous tyranny in which the workers themselves are twice victims of their own oppression. They are slaves to the rules of their own order as workers, and they suffer the economic consequences of the wasteful system with the rest of society.

Tyranny of the System.—Existing under-born Canadians are hard to find among tradesmen and mechanics and laborers in Canada. Real Canadian democracy cannot endure the tyranny of the system. Native Canadians for the most part are engaged in farming, business or the professions. City laborers and mechanics, skilled or unskilled, throughout Canada are non-Canadian. Thus the free traditions, the individual liberty, the encouragement of individual excellence, and the right to enjoy the rewards of superior achievement—blessings which our fathers secured on the soil of Canada—are being filched from us by the invading hordes of European Socialism. All this is traceable to that much-lauded policy "for the encouragement of native industries" and is the evidence of the dominance of the town in the life of Canada.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

This is not a dissertation on Goldsmith's well known poem, but an account of the decadence of village industry in Canada. It is a sequel to the story of The Town Dominant. Yet I recommend you to read again Goldsmith's poem, and remember that history has the habit of repeating itself.

Consequences of Industrial Revolutions.—The industrial revolution in Canada with its inevitable consequence in the abnormal growth of cities, has destroyed the countless small industries which, a generation ago, flourished in the villages. Manufacturers, promoters and organizers of combines and mergers, and other apologists of our industrial system, declare that the change is all to the good. They declare that one great factory is of higher economic value than a hundred little shops, and city boosters cannot speak too contemptuously of the one-horse town. For forty years now, the small shop and the country village and town have had few defenders. I shall try to show that the country, where the farmer lives and moves and has his being, has suffered from the change a great economic and social loss.

(Concluded Next Week)

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PRICES AND BARGAIN SALES

The steady decline in prices goes on. Cotton mills announce reductions in prices and in some cases have reduced wages. Iron and steel continue to decline, though the demand is picking up, especially in old country goods. Corn is selling as low as 65 cents and wheat as low as $1.65. Raw sugar continues downward, and so do tobacco and cotton but it is reported that New York bankers are planning to provide money for the Cuban sugar producers and for the farmers of the South, so that they may hold sugar, cotton, and tobacco until prices go up. Crude oil holds firm, and there has been no reduction in the prices of gasoline and coal oil. The output of soft coal is increasing, but the prices remain high. Hides and wool are both selling at prices that ought to mean a continued lowering of prices on clothing and shoes. Hides are selling at one-fifth of the prices that were quoted three years ago. The wise policy to pursue is to buy only the things actually needed. Papers from all parts of the country are literally full of advertisements telling of great bargain sales. The public will do well to remember that that which appears to be a bargain to-day may not be a bargain to-morrow. Buy what you need and only what you need.

TROUBLES OF THE BOY

The door closed behind an irate neighbor who had come to complain regarding certain of Tommy's shortcomings. A few moments later as he was tearfully preparing for a prematurely early bed-time he said to his mother: "I wish we lived in heaven, mother."

His mother demanded to know the cause of his sudden aspiration toward better things.

"Oh, well," he sighed, "you know the angels would not be half so hard to please as the neighbors are."—Exchange.

GONE

Gone are the good and glorious days
When fruit and sugar both were ample
And every jolly-making friend
Brought in a full-sized sample.
—Detroit Free Press.

Gone are the good and happy days
When each one was a giver—
You bought soup meat and butcher man
Threw in a pound of liver.
—Hastings (Neb.) Tribune.

BRIEFS

The short life often casts a long shadow.

The peanut politician should not complain if he gets roasted.

The parting that gives us pain often occurs while seated in a dental chair.

With paper at the present price the shoe men have to go back to leather.

One half of the world envies the other half because it doesn't know how it lives.

Dentist—that is wide enough, madam, I shall stand outside while drawing the tooth.

Home men are too stubborn to acknowledge the corn until you step on their toes.

In a way getting married is like using the telephone. You don't always get the party you want.

When a man loves a woman more than tongue can tell it's up to him to let money do the talking.

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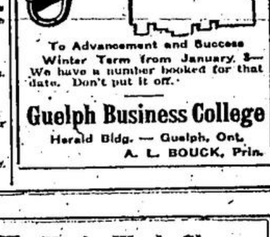
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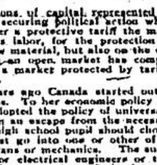
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Why hens never lay half an egg!
The usual method of feeding mostly grain, makes yolks but not enough whites to complete the eggs. As the hen cannot lay these half-made eggs, she absorbs them back into her system. Missouri Experiment Station tests showed that in 100 lbs. of wheat, corn, oats, barley and kaffir corn make (above bodily maintenance) an average of 224 yolks but only 154 whites. Based on data from the same experiments, Purina formulas produce, (above bodily maintenance) as follows:
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