

THE SAME AS THEN

When first courted "mother," dear,
She was thirty years ago.
The family home still appears
And through it they would go.
Thinking that no one ever guessed,
The secret of your joy,
Underneath the album, pressed
Her hand in fond embrace.

Times bring a host of worldly changes,
Old customs pass and fade,
But the heart of man is strange?
The ways of man and maid.
Now, in the sheltering movie shows
Watching the girls who now
Lie pressed in fond embrace.

EAST IS WEST

The east needs the west, and the
west needs all the other parts of Canada
more than ever before. Never were
they truer than they are to day.

Yet, slowly, almost imperceptibly,
but surely, the gulf between the east
and the west is widening.

It is a sad and soundless
separation of which we know
the needs of each other.

Nowhere after session the great drama
is played at Ottawa. Always the vil-
lains of the piece travel always
the road to unsuccess, and an incon-
clusive ending. The players, the poli-
ticians, wander about the stage as in
a wilderness with no thought of unity,
no purpose to common ends, no
sense of the supreme importance
of co-operative effort.

The problems of the west are the
problems of the east. The problems
of industry are the problems of agri-
culture. The east is as ignorant in its
relation to the prosperity of Canada
as a whole. Agriculture, industry,
and finance are woven inex-
tricably together, and **both** of the
entire national fabric.

Canada has a glorious future. Thrice
blessed, this Dominion of ours is destined
to be one of the great nations
of the world. Contented, too,

During the past two decades we have
developed with a rapidity without
parallel in history. In 1900 our total
production of wheat was 33,732,000
busheals. In 1920 it was 481,053,000; in

1920 it was \$4,019,371,365.

And our natural and human re-
sources, enormous potentialities are
relatively untouched!

Our industry and agriculture are
still in their infancy, but the west
is developing rapidly, waiting for the
plow. Tens of millions of dollars are
yet to be poured into the upbuilding
of industry and commerce. Wealth
beyond power of computation lies
in the soil beneath the surface of the
east country.

— Could there be any stronger proof
of Canada's destined prosperity, the
admirable nature of her national structure,
or plainer evidence of her inexorable
economic progress?

— Could there be better testimony to
herald, that fact, that this is Canada's
era of industrial prosperity? From
the east, if that misinterpretation
of the west's rôle is to be believed, comes
the same old story—of the
misunderstanding and selfish interests
joined the oceans in eternal
wedlock?

— Is it that blind, unseeing fear
of the east's growth, and a culpable
unwillingness to fabricate machinery
of co-operation, are destroying the
legacy of those who enrich our history
with simple deeds and jewelled our
national story with brilliant achieve-
ments?

— Surely not.

And yet, from the revision, the
hastening the legislative bills. Other
in particular, come unmistakable signs of the approaching storm,
the rumblings of secession.

The discerning east and we
must work together. Under
the guise of political expediency we
pervert in warping our powers of
reasoning and shattering instead of
fostering, many a noble tradition.

— And, as our leaders—men born
enough and brave enough to face
squarely and with unshamed mien
the issues at stake; leaders wise and
just enough to see that the problems
of east and west are solved in the
spirit of compromise, in the
spirit of genuine Canadianism.

The industries of the east must be
strengthened, the structure of the
state must be fostered. These are fundamental
economic facts that none can ignore.

— But is there no middle course?
— I do not know. Justice, reason, and
decency, of devoting a code that will bridge
the chasm between east and west. Is
there no Benedict in this twentieth
century of the world to contrive a
discipline that will allay the
politics and demonstrate the imper-
able worth of tolerance?

— And selflessness and short-sightedness
of the east, too, must become
become of secondary importance to
movements for the closer co-operation
and betterment of the nation and its
people.

It is in this sunlight of understand-
ing that the east should view the needs
of the west, and the west consider
the needs of the east. It is in the light
that both should understand and deal
with the problems which are vital,
not only for their own, but for the
best of all the world.

— And the two great classes
in our democracy begin to co-operate
cannot be long deferred. When that
day arrives it will mark a tremendous
step forward. It will mark Canada's
entry upon the highway to fulfillment,
above all, it will make our prosperity
doubly assured.

Surely, they never yet was any
problem met with so seemingly
acute and insoluble, so long
without its solution from a few
thoughtful, faithful, patriotic men
hand-in-hand in a sincere search
for truth.

"Hear ye, my brethren; why do ye
wring me to another?"—Border Cities
Star.

HOW FAR CAN YOU SEE?

Do you know how far your sight is
affected by the plague in which you live?

We have really no sight you must
have in a country where the land is
flat and unbroken. The people with
the best sight are found in the neighbor-
hood of the North Pole and at the
Equator. The eyes of these places
are like frozen water in the other
there are vast deserts.

An Eskimo can see a white fox
against the snow at an incredible
distance, and an eagle can see objects
at a distance of five miles.

In America those who live on the
great plains have wonderful, slight,
eyesight. The land is without obstacles
which shorten the range of vision. In
Europe the Norwegians are gifted with
the best eyesight.

Those who live in towns and cities
have the worst sight.



The Old Cradle

In looking over some of our favorite old stories I came to an article by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, on "The Old Cradle," which caught me greatly. I had scanned the chapter when I first came across it, but had forgotten it until now. The boy in the story, John L. Loring, had a very bad cold, and his mother had to take care of him. Finally, he picked up the cradle and took it over to the Loring home, where he explained the circumstances. The Loring boy told him he was "genuine." Finally, he picked up the cradle and took it over to the Loring home, where he explained the circumstances. The Loring boy told him he was "genuine."

After Mr. Loring moved to Bellwood, where he kept tavers for a while, John Kenney, who had moved from Georgetown, lived in this house, and Mr. Loring became his housekeeper. John Loring was naturally weak, but soon got over it, and the neighborhood shook heads. The Loring boy told his mother next day that they had chicken pox.

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