

CANADA REVISITED

Aften Ten Years' Absence F. A. McKenzie, War Correspondent, Tours Canada and Tells What He Sees and Hears

ARTICLE NO. 2. By F. A. McKenzie.

(Written especially for the Whig.) In the days when Saskatoon was a little more than a collection of shacks, a farmer came in with a cow for sale. He sold it at unexpectedly high price.

Someone offered him a bit of land. With the money from the sale of the cow he bought the land, and opened a hotel on it, the hotel at first being a rough wooden shack. Population was pouring in. Soon he found himself richer than he had ever been before. The hotel grew. He borrowed the banks were forcing money on men in those days—and built a big brick hotel with a theatre attached. He had a mortgage of a hundred thousand dollars, but that seemed nothing. He was offered six hundred thousand dollars for his property and refused it. He was coining money and expected soon to be in the millionaire class.

Strangers would have the hotel-keeper pointed out to them as proof of what men could do in the West. But the tale did not end there; the boom collapsed. The bank demanded its mortgage money. The hotel-keeper could not raise even a hundred thousand dollars now, so the bank foreclosed, and the man ended up minus even his cow.

This is a typical tale of the wrong kind of opportunity that the West affords. Hastily won, feverishly grasped wealth is about as enduring in the West as it is in Monte Carlo. The real prosperity of the new West is not of that kind. It is based on solid quiet home building, with little that is spectacular about it. But it has meant for hundreds of thousands of people, prosperity in place of poverty.

Let me quote some cases known to me: Dick and I went to school together. I watched his rise in life in London, his rapid professional success and his brilliant marriage. There was a special train for the wedding guests, and one of the most famous bishops performed the ceremony. I sometimes

visited him in his home, a delightful house and a clever and winsome wife. The beautiful furnishings, the picturesque grounds, the daintiness of it all gave the place a very special charm. The wife was a typical young Englishwoman of the more prosperous class, whose life centred around her friends and her home, her social circle, her entertainments, her charities, and after a time her baby daughter.

I was away in Asia when word came to me that Dick had broken down in health and had been sent to Switzerland to recover. Consumption of the lungs. Months passed, and he returned to London only to break down again. Then he and his young wife went West and started on the foothills of the Rockies to make a new home where life might be possible for him.

Years passed. I learned from friends that Dick was still alive and was making a success in his old profession in the new land. People from the foothills whom I met in Europe were loud in his praises and still louder in the praises of his wife. I listened, slightly surprised. For, to be frank, Dick with his purely London training, his Oxford accent and his rather precise form of speech, was not the man I should have picked as most likely to succeed in the West.

In the course of my journey this winter, I reached Dick's city. Soon after my arrival, there was a phone message that Dick was coming for me. His home was five miles out, and I was to go there. I found my old friend much the same as ever. But he was driving his own car, and there was a crisp consciousness in his speech, a freedom of judgment and a knife-like incisiveness that I had missed before.

When I reached his home I had the surprise of my life. A hearty, upstanding woman dropped her broom and turned from her home tasks to greet me. There were moccasins on her feet; her hands showed that she worked and worked hard; there was a woman of the open. It was hard to

recognize the dainty townswoman I had known some years before. At the kitchen table two girls were sitting. They wore sturdy breeches and good open air kit. One of them was their daughter.

We had tea in the drawing-room. Dick's London traditions had made them establish a drawing-room when they first came here. But it was easy to see that the kitchen was the usual living room of the family. After tea we went out to the farm. The horses had to be taken out. The daughter galloped them barebacked. These were the chickens in their winter quarters to be fed, and the hundred and one evening tasks of a farm, which could not be neglected even while a visitor was there.

"Our people want us to go back on a long visit this summer," said the wife. "But can you picture me now sitting in a London drawing-room, doing fine sewing and playing with life? I can't. It would choke me. I work over our farm from half past six in the morning until half past ten at night, but I'm happier than ever before."

"When we first came West, we took a furnished house in the city. Dick's professional work grew, but we knew that we must get away from city life. He was fighting his way back to life, and baby was ill. It seemed that Babs would never grow up. I took her two thousand miles to a great American doctor, and she was cured up in plaster of Paris for months."

"We did nothing hastily. After months of searching we found this farm. We bought it for sixty dollars an acre; during the land boom we were offered \$280 an acre for it. Some speculators meant to sell it as town plots. But here we resolved to build our home. Dick kept on with his profession; I was to run the farm. Well, I've run it. That's all. Babs just grew into health. There doesn't look much the matter with her now, does there?" The mother looked over the field to where Babs was galloping at breakneck pace barebacked on her favorite mare.

"I work. I have a woman to help me in the house, and Dick and Babs help. We all work, and we work all the time. We have gone slowly. For instance, I am starting sheep breeding. I have a few this year; I am testing the varieties suitable for us, and in a few years we will build up our own flock. You see our horses. We are rather proud of that foal. Babs claims it as hers, and is already talking about the prize it is bound to win at the summer fair. We live in the open. We breathe fresh air. Babs rides on horseback ten miles every day to school in the city. I plough my own fields. Our land is not too big for us to do everything ourselves if necessary. Can you imagine me going back to London to sit in a drawing-room, say pretty things and be a dressed up doll? That day is over."

"Money? We have learned that isn't everything. In London we made a great deal, but in London the money disappeared almost as quickly as it came. Heavy taxes and heavy costs of living. Here we don't handle so much money, but we don't need it. Our land is our own; taxation is light; there is not the same expenditure on clothes; the endless outlays of London are unknown. We have very little time to go to the city and spend, and we have no desire to. Our own farm gives us much that we want. We have found health, content, sufficiency. We live. And our farming is so mixed that one part can fail and yet the others will pull us through. We face the future unafraid."

Travelling across Manitoba, my neighbor in the smoker of the train opened up conversation with me. "You're English, aren't you?" "No, Canadian, but I've lived a long time in England." "I thought so. Do you know Brighton?" "I know it from Home to Kemp's Town." "Well, I was an apprentice in — there. I'd like to go back and see it again, but not to stay. No, sir-ee. Little old Manitoba is good enough for me."

Then he started to tell his story. He was an apprentice in a Brighton shop with a love of farming, born of a farming stock. When he had served his indentures, he and a chum determined to go to Canada. He had only a few pounds. Soon after they reached Winnipeg, a wire came that his chum's wife was dying. By pooling their money they had just enough to pay the chum's passage home. My companion found himself without money. That did not concern him. Work was easy to get, and within five years he had his own farm. There were good years. Then came two bad seasons. He had no reserve capital, so his farm had to go. The lawyer who acted for him gave him an invitation. "Come into my office for a time."

When an apprentice, the young fellow had passed his higher Oxford local examination. He discovered that this would be accepted in Manitoba in lieu of the university matriculation. While working in the office he studied law, passed his examinations. To-day he has a prosperous practice in a small Manitoba town.

"Had I remained in England, this could not have happened," he said. "It's not all been smooth sailing here. But there was a chance; there's no such chance in England. As a tradesman's apprentice my sphere was exactly marked out. Without capital, I would have

had to start as a shopman, on thirty bob a week. I would have finished at two pounds ten, until I was checked out as too old. Here I had my opportunity, and took it. In England there would have been no opportunity."

In Northern Alberta I came on a great local character. "Dad" we will call him. He was one of the original Barr colonists. He is not far short of seventy, a tough, hardy, hearty veteran. "I've done more in the last eighteen years," he said, "than in the fifty years of my life before. I once had a little shop outside London. Then there came the chain shops and the co-operative stores, and I was frozen out. So I took to life insurance, industrial life insurance, getting weekly payments of a few pence a week each. A hard life. I was a good Methodist, a bandman in our mission band, and a teetotaler. I worked hard, and wasted nothing, but with all my work I could just scrape along."

"One day I read of the coming Barr colony. Everyone who joined was supposed to have so much money in hand. I had only enough to pay my fare, but I said nothing, paid my fare, and got on the boat with empty pockets. I got work helping with the books of the colony on the boat. When we reached Saskatoon I had enough to hire a horse and cart. I hated people's things. So I got over to Lloydminster, across the prairie.

"Before I left London, people laughed at me. 'Why, Dad,' they said, 'what are you a man of fifty, going to do in the wild west? You're a townman. You know nothing of country life.' They were wrong. As a lad I was on the land in Yorkshire and what a Yorkshire farm boy doesn't know about farming isn't worth knowing."

"I got a contract for town carting. I did everything that I could. To-day I'm a made man. Twenty years ago in London, tramping the wet streets, I dreamed of the workhouse. It seemed, opening out ahead, I'd worked as hard as any man, but there was no chance. Here I found my chance. And many another man just around here will tell you the same tale. Canada made us."

One hears much in going over the west, of the man who failed. These failures can be put down to three or four general causes, laziness, speculation or sheer misfortune. But even the failures find fresh opportunities. The waitress in my Saskatoon hotel was a type of failure through misfortune. She and her husband had plunged into wheat farming. There came two bad years. They survived. Last year all seemed flourishing. Just as their crops promised a modest fortune. Four days later their entire crop was ruined by the early frost.

They had to give up their farm. But here failure need be only temporary. They went into town. She got work as a waitress, he in a warehouse. At once they were earning enough to leave them a good margin to save. Next year, with courage regathered, they will start again, for the west is the land where fortune may sometimes frown, but ever carries a smile behind her frown. —F. A. MCKENZIE.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sergeant, Meadow View Farm, Maberly, announce the engagement of their twin daughters, Miss Jessie Jeanette to John E. Dowdall, Glen Tay, and Miss Edith Eleanor to Harold Crain, Clarendon, the weddings to take place on June 11th.

Before leaving Guelph for Renfrew, Ross Guess, son of C. W. Guess, Nepean, was given a remembrance and an address by the Norfolk street Sunday school, of which Mr. Guess was one of the most valued officers.

QUITE SO Miss Homebody—I suppose you were overjoyed when you finally embarked for home? Sergeant Overseas—Sure! We were in transports.

COOKS THAT WAY Bear Bottle Opener—Well, cork-crowd old boy, I guess we're not much use anymore.

INCOMPLETE So you don't think that Nations will enforce universal peace? No sir, not till they extend their jurisdiction to enforce peace in the home.

Save the Money You Waste and Make It Earn You More Money

How much of your wages do you fritter away each week on trifles?

If you reckon it up you will probably find that at least five per cent. disappears thus "like snow wreaths in thaw."

If your weekly wage is \$15.00 you spend easily 75 cents of that on "mere nothings" before you know it.

But suppose you said to your employer: "Each week I want you to keep 75 cents out of my pay envelope and invest it for me in War Savings Stamps. As you buy each War Savings Stamp put it in my pay envelope, and go on doing that for a year."

You will never miss that 75 cents. But at the end of the year you will have over \$36.00 invested in Savings Stamps. By then they will be worth considerably more than \$36.00, and by 1924 they will be worth \$45.00.

War Savings Stamps are guaranteed by the Dominion Government. They have the whole resources of Canada as their security, the same as Victory Loans. And they bear an unusually high rate of interest. You can cash them at any time, however, if you need to.

In May W-S.S. Cost \$4.04 In June W-S.S. Cost \$4.05



War Savings Stamps can be bought wherever this sign is displayed.

Make Your Savings Serve You and Serve Your Country—Invest Them in War Savings Stamps.

TO-DAY IN HISTORY CITIZEN KING



Seventy-one years ago today, May 26, 1848, Louis Philippe was banished by France. Find a loyalist. ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE 1. Upper left corner down, nose in coat against sword strap. 2. Upside down above hand.

Advertisement for Post Toasties featuring the text 'The peak of excellence in corn foods — POST TOASTIES "Nothing Like 'em" says Bobby' and 'Luscious flakes — the big feature of the "best" breakfasts and lunches!' with an illustration of a boy's face.

Large advertisement for Wrigley's chewing gum featuring the text 'The Longest Lasting Sweet meat in the World!' and 'WRIGLEY'S All three flavors sealed in air-tight, impurity proof packages. Be SURE to get WRIGLEYS'. It includes illustrations of various gum packs like Juicy Fruit, Spearmint, and Doublemint.