

Western Farmers' Ideals

By F. W. GREEN

MR. GREEN addressed the Montreal Canadian Club on Dec. 31, and the following report of the meeting is from the Montreal Witness.

At a special luncheon of the Canadian Club, Wednesday, there was a large attendance to hear an address on "The Western Farmer and his Ideals," from Mr. Fred W. Green, of Moose Jaw, who was one of the leading spirits in the delegation of Western farmers which visited Ottawa last week. Mr. Green is secretary of the Grain Growers' Association, of Saskatchewan.

In introducing the speaker, Mr. J. S. Brierley, president of the club, said they would all hear what Mr. Green had to say with open minds. "We are deeply interested in the West," said Mr. Brierley, "and we have done a good deal to increase its prosperity."

Mr. Green opened his remarks by saying it was unfortunate that the three presidents of his association had been unable to attend on the large delegation to Ottawa on account of illness; consequently the association was handicapped by the absence of its representative men, necessitating his assuming to perform a function like this for which he was not well fitted, having been brought up to learn the handles of the plow. He thanked the Canadian Club of Montreal for their hospitality, and, proceeding, said: "I have been brought up between the handles of the plow. My business from early manhood has been the tilling of the soil. I am not ashamed of that, if there was anything to be ashamed of in that respect I had no choice. The only thing I regret is that I did not get the training to be a better tiller of the soil. In the Northwest we have gatherings of this kind in a small way. We try to work out various problems that concern us and concern Canada. The people of Manitoba say that Manitoba is not big enough? And why is it not big enough? Because when they were fixing the boundaries of Manitoba they went as far west as their faith would permit. The whole country was before them. They fixed their boundary line as far west as they thought the land would be of any use to them, and they now regret they did not put it farther west. (Laughter.)

Best in the World

"The part of the great Northwest where I live," went on Mr. Green, "is one of the best, if not the best, grain producing countries in the world. I was reared in Lincolnshire, England, and when a party of us came out to the Canadian West to make our homes, we had the whole country from Brandon west to choose from, and we chose the choicest spot in the whole of Western Canada. The heart of the whole thing lies in the neighborhood of the little city of Moose Jaw. And here I would like to tell you the story of an optimistic Irishman who lived out in the West. He had the sweetest disposition you could imagine, and always maintained that everything turned out for the best. But one day he went out and got his feet frozen. Well, he was taken to the hospital, and the poor fellow's feet had to be amputated. Then everybody said that now at last he would admit that there were some things which did not turn out for the best, and they were wondering what he would say about it. Well, they went to see him, and started to commiserate with him on his misfortune, when much to their surprise he said, 'There is no use whining, sure, it is all for the best, they were always cold, anyhow.' (Loud laughter.) Now that is the way with the people of Manitoba; their feet were cold, and they have lost them. But it is all for the best, anyhow; best for us. Last week witnessed a very unique thing—a special train rushing across the continent laden with farmers from the Northwest going to Ottawa to lay their views before the Ministers there. Nothing like it was ever seen before. Some of the ministers in Ottawa were quite frightened—(laughter)—and somebody said it would be all right if they moved out and left the farmers in possession. (More laughter.) But we were very kindly treated by the ministers. They treated us very kindly, indeed,

and we got all sorts of good cheer, for which we are very thankful; but we have learned something up there; we have learned that we are not the only pebbles on the beach."

Job is Big One

When the laughter which this sally produced had subsided, Mr. Green went on: "I am only speaking as a representative of the province of Saskatchewan. We have little meetings of this kind out there, and when we get together we have to study a good many problems, for not only is it up to us to make the ground good and blossom, and make the land which produces fifteen bushels of wheat to the acre, produce twenty-five bushels, but we must see that we have a greater cash balance than before, a balance on the right side for our work. If the balance is not there, something must be wrong. To study the problem of production is not enough. We must also study the question of transportation, and distribution. (Hear, hear.) The business of farming is getting so big that we are beginning to think we are not big enough for the job. (Laughter.)

"Now, you have been a long time trying how you could farm the farmer," proceeded Mr. Green. "That has been carried on too long, and we have come to the conclusion that it will not do to benefit one class in the community only. We ask you, have you got the proper per-

spective view of the situation? I have been up to the top of Mount Royal, and when I looked down on the city of Montreal, I thought of the words of the old hymn: 'Could I but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream or death's cold flood Could fright me from the shore.' 'Up there on the top of Mount Royal I wished that I could take the people of Montreal and Canada's business men up to the summit of a mountain from which they could see all Canada—to see the whole of this wondrous country, and your duty towards it, which is destined to lead the world in the solution of the problems of the Twentieth Century. (Applause.)

Gettysburg Speech

"I will quote for you the words of President Lincoln, who, when dedicating the field of Gettysburg, said, 'We are met here to dedicate this field as the final resting place of the men who gave their lives, that the nation might live. It is fitting and proper, but in a large sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate. The brave men living and dead have done that. It is for us the living to dedicate ourselves to the unfinished work they here so nobly carried on, for us to consecrate ourselves to the unfinished task remaining before us,' that work for us is the establishment of British ideals in the wonderful country, which is destined to lead the world, which, as I say, is destined to lead the world in the solution of the problems of the Twentieth Century—'it is to us, the living, this great monument will be dedicated.' (Loud applause.)

"But if we are to take the fullest advantage of our opportunities, and if we are to make the maximum of progress in its best sense, we must be true to our

British ideals. (Hear, hear.) British ideals must be established. There must be fair play, equity, justice, not only for me but for everybody, though I am sure if I have them everybody else will have them also. (Laughter.) The English-speaking people are leading the world, and are destined to lead it. (Loud applause.) Yes, we are now leading, and are destined to lead the world, and Canada is going to take an important part in the future of the empire of which she is so important a part. (Applause.) Sometimes I wonder whether our people are taking sufficient advantage of the splendid franchise under which we live and are governed. Passing through this city of Montreal I saw a great number of automobiles, and people in rich furs going through the streets, but I also saw a number of poor people, and I asked myself, have these poor people taken full advantage of this great franchise? And as for the extremely rich, the thought occurred to me, was there not some danger of their being just satisfied? (Laughter.) There are many great and pressing problems agitating the world at the present day, and we in the West have come to think that out there on the great plains is the hub of it all, and the men on the land must be the arbitrators between you. We have come to think that agriculture must be protected, that agriculture must be maintained, and that Saskatchewan is the bread-basket of the empire. It



Harvest scene on farm of H. & G. Kruse, four miles west of Swift Current. This half section yielded over 10,000 bushels in 1910

Tariff Question

"The tariff question is a big question—a very big question. Out there in Saskatchewan we are kept very busy tilling the soil, and we have not time to think out these great problems in all their bearings. One man says at our meetings that we want reciprocity with the United States; another says we want absolutely free trade; a third says we want all duties taken off agricultural machinery; while a fourth says we want all restrictions which hit the farmer removed. (Laughter.) We are a kind of Canadian Club in our little organization, meeting and working to try and get the key of the situation. And remember we are a part of your institution, it is your land, my land, our land, and we are a part of your institution, and we have got out there on the great plains a living demonstration of what the thing will be ultimately. We have all nationalities out there—Irish, English, Scotch, French, German, Scandinavian living in harmony. Different nationali-

ties ask us to print our literature in their respective languages, and now even Jews want us to print it in Hebrew. We have no army or navy to defend one nationality against another. There was never a more cosmopolitan lot in any country in the world. We have men of every nationality and every clime, affording a living demonstration that they can live and work together in harmony. (Applause.) As far as any designs on each other go, these people are just as naked as the first settlers in their Garden of Eden. (Great laughter.)

All One Family

All these nationalities have a common settlement, for when they see the sun rise and the sun set over that lovely land, and when they see the grass grow and the harvest ripen they feel that they are ready to fight for this country, they feel as I feel when I recall Tennyson's stirring lines:

Sharers of our glorious past,
Brothers, must we part at last,
Shall we not through good and ill
Cleave to one another still?
Britons, myriad voices call:
Sons, be wedded one and all
Into one Imperial whole;
One with Britain, heart and soul;
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne.
Britons, hold your own."

(Loud and continued applause.) The president briefly thanked Mr. Green for his attendance, and expressed the hope that he would let the people of the West know that the East did not wish to force any particular policy down the throats of the Westerners. The people of the East, he said, were prepared for a full discussion of the whole matter with a view to finding the best policy for the country as a whole.

Mr. Green Interviewed

(From Montreal Witness)

Brain and brawn are building up the West. Two living exponents of the fact were in Montreal Wednesday in the persons of Mr. F. W. Green, of Moose Jaw, and A. G. Hawkes, of Broadview, Sask., both prominent members of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association. Both expressed themselves as delighted with their reception here and also at Ottawa, where they were members of the deputation of agriculturists who met the government last week in the interests of the Western farmers.

"There was a geniality of spirit shown toward us here that just made us feel as much at home as if we were in the midst of members of the Grain Growers' Association," exclaimed Mr. Green. "We hear a lot about the growth of the West but we have had our eyes opened in seeing the progress of the East. Montreal is becoming a splendid city. In the West its growth would be described as phenomenal. We went down on the waterfront today and saw the elevators and shipping facilities you have and were told what is yet to be done to develop this port—the 'spout' through which our produce is sent out to all parts of the world."

The visitors spoke gratefully of the kindness of Mr. Farquhar Robertson, and Mr. Robert Meighen and others, who had driven them around the city, given them volumes of information about the metropolis and otherwise entertained them. Mr. Meighen gave Mr. Green a handsome subscription as the nucleus of a fund to carry on a propaganda of education among Western agriculturists, who have not always the advantages of dwellers in the thickly-populated sections of the East.

"The mixed population of the West does not always see its relation and duty to the empire at first as we old-timers do, but they 'catch on' quickly when they become owners of the soil. It is in evidence on every hand that the settlers from the United States are becoming good citizens. Our laws and institutions are so much like their own that they soon get used to them and they realize that our institutions are freer from the weaknesses of democracy than those of the United States. We give the greatest degree of liberty with the maximum of stability and security. English settlers

do not take readily as the but they have national issues or grip on war imperial idea science makes strong moral

The English of hardships, out on top who know no came West prosperous as they are like the framework disavows also our midst. I originally an very musical social gather hundred dolls the fund for and they have Then there are nationalities, press themselves and adapt conditions of the Grain annual convilament. Ev one represent Last year six Prince Albert between orat entertainment a splendid the rural popo

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