

Fibre-Flax Industry of Canada

The report of the Canadian Trade Commissioner in Ireland with reference to the importation of Canadian flaxseed which appeared in the weekly Bulletin of the Trade and Commerce Department recently, contains certain items of great importance to those interested in this growing industry.

Though it has been proved by experience and demand that Canadian seed is equal to Dutch Blue Flower, it cannot be too strongly impressed on the exporter that it is only seed graded Number 1 that should be exported. The Irish Department of Agriculture has issued a circular to all importers and many growers in Ireland pointing out the importance of the Canadian Government certificate and the merits of the seed.

There have been a number of cases reported in which Canadian seed has not given satisfaction. In 2 cases the seed was not fibre-flax at all, but linseed. Other cases have shown germination of only 6 per cent, and other faults, but "only one case has as yet arisen where the Government inspected and graded seed is claimed to have given trouble," and in this case the farmer had bought half a bag and that unsealed.

Although the seed merchant in Ireland under the law is not responsible for germination results, he is responsible as to whether the seed will produce flax or fibre flax, a result of this being that last year, the Irish Department of Agriculture acting as a seller, had to pay out a sum of £3,000 to £4,000 damages in the case of seed supplied nearly all by one Canadian shipper. In no case has our Government grading been at fault; this seed had not been inspected or graded.

The Commissioner also points out the importance of the exporter living up to his contract. It was a blow to the trade when an importer contracted for 1,000 bags and could only obtain 500 bags.

The need for keeping the Canadian standard at the top notch is emphasized by the severe competition expected in fibre seed from Riga and Japan. It is also certain that the price per bag will be lower, probably about two-thirds of the abnormal price in 1919.

As seed cannot, in the Irish climate, be stored without deterioration for any considerable time between its arrival and the sowing of the crop, Canadian seed is shipped during January and February.

WHERE CANADA LEADS THE WORLD

GREATEST INCREASE IN POPULATION.

Our Fair Dominion Undoubtedly Popular in the Eyes of Emigrants.

Canada has led the world in the past decade in the proportional development of her population, and authentic figures give her a greater percentage of increase in her people than any other country young or old.

The most recently published directory figures, issued in 1920, give the Dominion of Canada a population of 8,855,102. Returns of the 1911 census recorded a population of 7,205,643 in Canada. This gives, for the nine-year period, an increase in the people of Canada equal to more than 22½ per cent, which will be found to be greater than that experienced by any other country. In the year 1871, Canada's population was but 3,657,257, which gives for the period of nearly fifty years an increase in population of almost 140 per cent.

Countries increase their population in two ways—by natural reproduction through births and by immigration. The proportions in which these two factors enter into the racial increase naturally varies according to the economic situation in different countries, the conditions of livelihood offered, the quantities of available open land, policies governing immigration and other considerations.

Birth Rate Plus Immigration.

The older countries of Europe, such as the United Kingdom and France, increase the numbers of their citizens almost wholly through the birth rate, for the addition from outside sources through immigration is almost negligible. Newer countries like the American continent and the Dominions of the British Empire find that their multiplication comes to them at an advanced rate through immigration, which a healthy birth rate augments. The birth rate, of course, varies largely with different countries, as does the percentage of infant mortality, both of which are matters of consideration in computing population increases.

The United States Census Bureau has announced that as a result of the census figures recently concluded, an increase of 14.9 per cent. is recorded for the Republic for the decade just passed, as compared with an increase of 21 per cent. for the decade just 1910. The bureau accounts for the falling off, largely by the decline in immigration. The United States, as a country largely built up, whilst still attracting and having a yearly immigration of considerable extent, has a status somewhere between the older European countries and the newer British Dominions, and its last census figures form an equitable basis from which to delve into the population increases of other countries. The process reveals some interesting figures from a Canadian standpoint.

Canada's Increase 22½ Per Cent.

Canada's increase of more than 22½ per cent. in the past decade naturally leaves the older countries, depending on their birth rate for increase, very far in the lurch, for few European countries achieved a population increase in this period equal to five per cent.

But the fairer comparison is with the newer countries of the world, the other Dominions of the British Empire, where conditions making for growth are similar multiplication coming largely from the yearly tide of immigrants. Here, too, it is found that Canada has gained an ascendancy of considerable extent and all these countries are left well behind.

Australia, for instance, which had a population of 4,000,000 last year, increased over the 1911 census by nearly more than 17 per cent. The Dominion of New Zealand

Whatever you do in life, keep in an ambition-arousing atmosphere. Keep close to those who are dead in earnest, who are ambitious to do something and be somebody in the world. Keep close to those who are doing big things along the line of your own aspirations.

With a present population of 1,139,014 made an increase of population in the same period of nearly 13 per cent. In the eight year period ending June, 1919, the Union of South Africa increased its white population by between 9 and 10 per cent. Thus Canada with a decade increase of 22½ per cent. not only surpasses European countries but has a substantial surplus over those next in order where the process of settlement is still going on, and similar attractions and conditions are held out as inducement to emigrants.

Tribute to Dominion's Popularity.

These figures constitute a glowing tribute to Canada's popularity in the eyes of emigrants. Canada is undoubtedly popular. This is once more indicated in the recent statement that the multitude of intending emigrants from the British Isles under the scheme of the Overseas Settlement Committee declared themselves as being overwhelmingly in favor of Canada as their future bourn. When in addition to this, the heavy influx of settlers from the United States is taken into account, this heavy development is accounted for.

It must also be taken into consideration that the period under review included the war years when immigration to Canada from overseas was at a standstill, and that from the United States fell off owing to the change brought about in economic conditions. Viewing the tremendous resumption of the flow this year from both sources, Canada can confidently look forward to a yet greater growth in the numbers of her citizens in the coming years, and the review at the end of the next decade will, in all probability, record figures hitherto unattained in the development of a new land.

Artillery Sniping.

A British major tells a story of two officers in an observation post who happened to see three figures come out of a wood some thousands of yards behind the German lines. The light was good, and as the figures came nearer one of the officers became interested in them. As a rule, that observation post did not ring up the guns unless a party of more than six Germans were seen; but presently the officer at the telescope spoke.

"I say!"

"Yes?"

"Get on to Stiggins (the code name of the battery). Tell them that three Hun officers with blue cloaks, lined light-blue silk, blucher boots and shining swords, will be at the crossroads at H. 16, C. 45, 5, in about five minutes. Tell them they are probably Prince Eitel Fritz and Little Willie. I'll give the word when to let them have it."

Presently the observing officer said:

"Now!"

The shells passed shrilly over the observation post, and a moment later the cloaks and swords were flying at all angles as the officers dashed back from the crossroads. Two fell; the third escaped. It was never known who they were.

We often hear intelligent people say that superstition is harmless; that nothing is harmless which makes a man believe that he is a puppet at the mercy of signs and symbols, omens and in that there is world trying mortals.

—and the worst is yet to come



How They Saved the Ainsdale.

The Ainsdale was a three-masted steel sailing ship of 1825 gross tons. She was one of those splendid vessels writes Mr. Ralph E. Cropley in the New York Evening Post, on which are constantly tested the courage and the resourcefulness of mankind. On the night of February 6, 1917, in a gale and a heavy sea, she was fired upon by a submarine without warning, and her crew were given five minutes in which to leave the vessel. The next morning they were picked up by a passing ship and taken into port.

But the Ainsdale did not sink. Six days later she was sighted by the tramp steamer Basuto. Thinking she might be a decoy, with a submarine lurking in the neighborhood, the master of the Basuto approached her gingerly as she lolled and yawed in a stiff sea. Finally the chief officer, by name of MacDonald, persuaded the master to let him put a lifeboat over and visit the derelict. By good seamanship the trip was made, and they got close in under the lee and boarded the Ainsdale. A cat, a parrot and a monkey were the only living things that they found.

A hurried survey caused MacDonald to feel that there was a chance of saving the derelict, even though German shells had carried away her steering wheel, broken her standard compass and punctured her top sides full of holes. She had been badly swept by the seas, for rope-ends streamed here and there and overboard in every direction; and everything movable above decks had been carried away by the sea.

Eight men volunteered to stand by and assist MacDonald. A jury steering wheel was rigged, and the Basuto attempted to take the Ainsdale in tow. Owing to the wind and the heavy sea, all attempts were unsuccessful; so eventually the Basuto proceeded on her voyage, leaving the derelict to the resourcefulness of nine men, who had to do the work of a normal crew of twenty-five.

MacDonald alone of the nine knew navigation and had been on a sailing ship before. And these nine men, diving twelve and a half days of vile winter weather, worked a water-logged and slowly sinking ship whose rigging had been partly decimated by German shell fire. Though terrific squalls pounded against her, the sodden Ainsdale rode the sea; and her nine men worked like mermen, half of the time submerged.

By the eleventh day all the provisions that they had left were some biscuits. Although the standard compass was not dependable and the chronometer had run down, MacDonald found, on falling in with a coast patrol ship, that he was some twenty miles out of his way.

But MacDonald was not over-whelmed when he came to tow. He sprang up and sprang up again, towing his tug southward toward the Ainsdale.

Presently the observing officer said: "Now!" The shells passed shrilly over the observation post, and a moment later the cloaks and swords were flying at all angles as the officers dashed back from the crossroads. Two fell; the third escaped. It was never known who they were.

Do not dwell on your disappointments, your unfortunate surroundings or harbor black pictures in your mind. Do not dwell upon what you call your peculiarities. Hold to the belief that the Creator made you in His own image, a perfectly normal, healthy happy and sensible human being, and that any other condition is the result of your abnormal thinking.

Hunting With a Crazy Quilt.

Curiosity among many birds and animals is not an uncommon trait. But in Central Asia there is a species of partridge that seems to have more than its share of curiosity. In hunting the bird the natives take advantage of its weakness.

If you happened to be touring through that section of the country during the season of this particular partridge, you would notice peculiar objects of many brilliant colors, bobbing along in the fields or from behind rocks. In a country so plentifully stocked with strange-looking birds you might think these objects were nothing more than some new species that you had not seen before; but on closer examination you would discover each of them to be a native hunter.

In their left hands they are carrying screens of cloth that look something like crazy quilts of the most glaring colors. This patchwork of colored cloth is stretched over a frame resembling that of a kite; and some of the cloth is tied on the edge in the form of streamers that wave back and forth in the breeze.

The species of partridge for which they are hunting is called the chukar, or rock partridge; chukars are plentiful, but they are so wild that the hunters find it difficult to get within shooting distance.

Almost all native Asiatic hunters carry old-fashioned guns, and if they cannot get close to their game they waste a great many shots. However, one of them somehow discovered that the rock partridge was brimful of curiosity and quick to approach and investigate any gay-colored thing. So he rigged up the kite-like contrivance, with its various colored cloths, and found that it worked with great effect; and he brought in so many of these usually shy birds that other hunters began to wonder how he did it.

Finally one of the hunters told him the secret. He had seen a native hunter with a kite-like contrivance, with its various colored cloths, and found that it worked with great effect; and he brought in so many of these usually shy birds that other hunters began to wonder how he did it.

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The Battle of the Mothers

We were sitting in the reading room of the club, says Punch, when our elderly friend the archdeacon entered.

He had been so long absent that we asked him his reason. Had he been ill?

Ill? Not he. He never was better in his life. He had merely been on a motor tour with his mother.

"Do you mean to say," some one inquired, "that you have a mother still living?"

"Of course I have," said the archdeacon. "My mother is not only living but is in the pink of condition."

"And how old is she?" the questioner continued.

"She is ninety-one," said the archdeacon proudly.

Most of us looked at him with wonder and respect—even with a touch of awe.

"And still motoring?" I commented.

"She delights in motoring."

"Well," said the first questioner crossly, "you needn't be conceited about it. I have a mother, too."

We switched around to this new centre of surprise. It was even more incredible that this man should have a mother than the archdeacon. He had a long white beard and hobbled with a stick.

"And how old may your mother be?" the archdeacon inquired.

"My mother is ninety-two."

"And is she well and hearty?"

"My mother," he replied, "is in rude health—or, as you would say, full of beans."

The archdeacon made a deprecatory movement, repudiating the metaphor.

"She not only motors," the layman pursued, "but she walks. Can your mother walk?"

"I am sorry to say," said the archdeacon, "that my mother has to be helped a good deal."

"But," said the layman.

"But," the archdeacon continued, "she has all her other faculties. Can your mother still read?"

"My mother is a most accomplished and assiduous knitter," said the bearded man.

"No doubt, no doubt," the archdeacon agreed; "but can she still read?"

"With glasses—yes," said the other.

"Ha!" exclaimed the archdeacon. "I thought so. Now, my dear mother can read the smallest print without glasses, and she can thread her own needle."

We murmured approval.

"That's all very well," said the other, "but sight is not everything. Can your mother hear?"

"She can hear all that I say to her," replied the archdeacon with the air of one on the defensive.

"Ah! but you probably raise your voice, and she is accustomed to it. Could she hear a stranger? Could she hear me?"

"Well," the archdeacon conceded, "could not go so far as to say that her hearing is still perfect."

The layman smiled his satisfaction. "In other words," he said, "she uses a trumpet?"

The archdeacon was silent.

"She uses a trumpet, sir? Admit it."

"Now and then," said the archdeacon, "my dear mother has recourse to that aid."

"I knew it!" exclaimed the other. "My mother can hear every word. She is young enough, too, to be interested in everything. There is not one of her thirty-eight grandchildren of whose progress she is not kept closely informed."

He leaned back with a gesture of triumph.

"How many grandchildren did you say?" the archdeacon inquired.

"Thirty-eight," the other man replied.

Across the cleric's ascetic features spread a slow and happy smile. "My mother," he said, "has fifty-two grandchildren."

CANADA'S LOVELY ISLAND PROVINCE

CHARM OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Land of Fortunate Possession, Having Old-World Beauty and New-World Wealth.

Prince Edward Island of itself apparently does not seek publicity. At any rate it is not aggressive along these lines. The little island is apparently more content with its status than others of the provinces of Canada, and satisfied to glide along serenely and evenly within its own confines.

Yet the island provincial excellent voluntary publicity agents in the young men and women who leave their native shores and disseminate throughout the more western sections of Canada to build up the less congested areas. And tourists from other lands in search of beauty and charm have in ever-increasing numbers discovered the fairness of Canada's island province, and gone away enraptured to return again to the quiet pastoral beauties of its countryside and the tranquil scenery of its shores.

An Important Economic Factor.

Prince Edward Island has attractions for others than transient visitors. The island is a decidedly important economic factor in Canada's aggregate wealth, and holds within its boundaries great sources of revenue as well as many undeveloped potentialities. Not only is the land self-supporting, but in position to engage in a considerable export trade with its products.

Within an area of 2,184 square miles it has a population of about 94,000, or twice as many persons to the square mile as any other Canadian province. With the lowest

Idleness never won distinction in the world, and never will. The world does not owe us a living, but every man owes the world work. God made man for employment and we cannot dodge the issue.

world as the premier land of fox ranches. The domestic breeding of foxes originated there and the island has never ceased to maintain the ascendancy, exporting each year a large fur pack as well as large numbers of breeding animals, and at the same time continually increasing the number of existing ranches. During the past season, for instance, more than a million dollars worth of silver fox pelts left the island shores, and in the same period half a million dollars worth of a breeding stock found its way from the same source to ranches situated in every part of the globe.

There are some four hundred fox ranches on the island with nearly six thousand pairs of black foxes and about one thousand pairs of red foxes. The fur industry is an important one. Lobster, salmon, cod, haddock, mackerel and mackerel are caught, and the oyster culture is an important item in fishery revenue. Lobster is the most valuable of the sea products, amounting in 1919 to \$538,979 out of a total revenue of \$895,321. Cod was next with \$120,307, and the oyster cult produced \$30,562. Two hundred lobster canneries on the island produced more than \$1,000,000 worth of goods.

Ancient and Modern Aspects.

Charlottetown, the capital and commercial centre of the island, has a population of about 42,500. Other towns are Summerside, Souris, and Montserrat, all quaint little burghs, with a charming old-world atmosphere.

modern beach