

thousands—are being brought into our country annually by the Salvation Army and by other charity societies, as well as by our Canadian Government itself. Now, I want to ask the question: Are they a credit to our country? I answer yes. They have a perfect right to a livelihood as well as we. This is a free country—a home for all. Thank heaven for that. Then let us try to be helpful to these pilgrims (as they might be termed) as well as our charity clubs.

Now, I am not in any way trying to further the immigration, nor have I in any way expressed my views on this matter before. I am simply going around the corner of immigration to reach the point of my subject.

As an experienced farmer, I thoroughly understand the motive of a great majority of the so-called hired men. It is "Day come, day go, and God send Sunday," but, for all that, I am very much in favor of the hired man in many ways, for I was a hired man once, and I often times found, or at least thought, that the more I did the more I was expected to do.

Since I have started farming for myself I look at things differently.

I have had all kinds of men, from the best—I mean the man in earnest—to the man who didn't care. Often-times we think because we are paying big wages we have the best man—we overlook his faults, and, on the other hand, because we are getting the young man for about fifty dollars a year we have got the call of the bunch.

But let us be generous-minded; let us not be hasty to weigh a man's value. Remember that that boy who is working for you this year for \$50 may work for someone else next year for a hundred. And that man which you are paying \$2.50 per day this week may work for one dollar per day next week, if winter sets in hard enough.

In my travel through Western Canada and British Columbia, to my surprise, I found a greater supply of idle men than I could have found right at home in Ontario. Curiosity causes me to ask "why?" There is surely more work. Yes, there is work for all in any part of Canada, but so often we find men who are looking for a job. Mark you, a job—not work.

Now, these are not the creditable inhabitants of any country. Rather the English boy, by a long shot.

Now, I consider that farmers in Western Ontario are the most lucky of any people in the world. We are certainly independent. Our harvests are generally to be depended upon; our markets are good, and more than that, to our advantage, we can procure good reliable help through the emigration of our English friends to help us to reap the harvest of our farms, to fill our pockets with coins.

Then let us be generous—not grumbling at the experienced hands for asking good wages, neither at the so-called Englishman because he says, "I'll be plow'd if I know 'ow."

J. A. W. KETTLEWELL.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

Hydro-Electric Power Supplies.

According to the annual report of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission, recently issued, the earnings of the system show a large increase, the total revenue for 1912 being \$511,801.88; expenditure, \$456,635.43; surplus, \$55,000 after paying operating expenses, cost of maintenance and interest on bonds and sinking fund. All outlays for extensions of the system have been charged to capital account, which now amounts to \$1,158,829.24.

A Contrast in Advertising Results.

Yours of 27th received re advertisement. I wish to continue the same for another year, as I can do more business through your columns than all the other papers combined. I put \$30 into one paper, and the only result was one inquiry and one visitor who would have bought me out on paper and unlimited time.

Elgin Co., Ont. (Signed) JAMES BEGG.

West Lorne, Ont., will be the scene of the Elgin Co., Corn, Seed Grain, and Poultry Exhibition on Jan 22nd, 23rd, 24th. It promises to be a popular event.

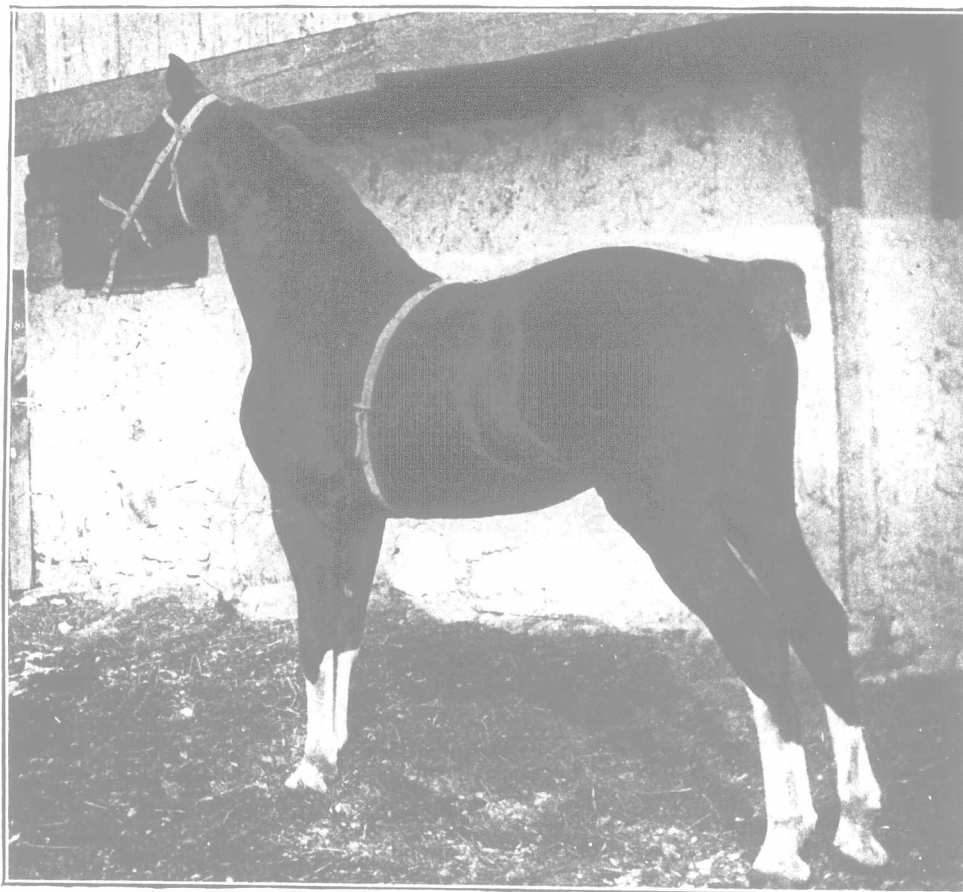
The annual financial statement issued last week of the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, shows the gross receipts for 1912 as \$381,708.81; expenditure, \$340,784.98, leaving a net profit of \$40,923.83.

Winter Talk.

By Peter McArthur.

It certainly does not do to be too sure about anything. Last week I told you that you could not see snow-flakes except when they were falling between you and some dark object like the trees or a building. Just after I had mailed that letter a snowstorm came along and I could see the flakes everywhere. I could see them in the sky above and against the white fields. But there was a reason for this. The flakes were of the big fluffy kind, in which there are scores of flakes sticking together—the kind that make the children say that "The old woman is picking her geese." They were so large that shadows formed in them, and it was really the shadows I saw, except when looking towards something dark. I am still of the opinion that ordinary little snow-flakes can be seen only as I said last week, but there are exceptions. This convinces me that there is truth in the epigram, "When you are sure you are right, it is time to suspect you are wrong." There are very few things that we can be absolutely sure about, and it is never safe to make sweeping statements. As a rule, I avoid making such statements, for I have been forced so often to take them back that I am becoming wary, but sometimes in my enthusiasm over what seems to be a discovery I blunder into the same old mistake, as I did last week. I am making this explanation so as to save my friends the trouble of writing and setting me right and giving me the laugh. I am laughing over it, too.

At last I have commenced to see through a little difficulty that has been bothering me. I



De Wilton (11645), Imported and Registered.

Hackney stallion. First in class 15.2 hands and over, and champion at Winter Fair, Guelph, 1912. Owner, John Semple, Milverton, Ont.

felt in my bones that the country is not in as thriving a condition as it was when I was a boy, but everywhere I was confronted by prosperity. There are not nearly so many poor people in this part of the country, and yet there is little of the progress that should go with prosperity. The explanation seems simple, but I am not going to venture on a sweeping statement just after I have had to take one back. The trouble seems to be that we have rich farmers and poor townships. The farmers who have resisted the call of the West have mostly accumulated much land—which they are not working. These farmers are all land rich because they have the land that should be worked by several families. Thirty years ago there was a family on every farm—many of them large families. Now there are many farmers who own two hundred acres or more, and the extra land is under pasture. There are very few large families. Because there are fewer people to be supplied with goods the towns and villages are going back, and yet all the farmers in the surrounding country are rich. This may seem an excellent state of affairs to the rich farmers, but I incline to think that Goldsmith was right when he said:

"Ill fares that land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

But I am hopeful that the threatened ills are going to be avoided, for many people are be-

coming convinced that this district is one of the future fruit-growing sections of the country. Outsiders are beginning to buy land that will be planted out to orchards, and those who are living in the country are wakening to its possibilities. The planting of orchards will mean the breaking up of big holdings, because the land will become too valuable for pasture, and that will mean the flowing in of a new population. I hope, however, that this work of orcharding will not be left to companies, for that will mean that those who are doing the work will be working for wages instead of building homes of their own. The energy with which the work of organizing fruit growers' associations is being pushed this winter suggests that a change for the better is at hand and that this district will soon be producing good fruit and marketing it to advantage.

This week I got some interesting information about the condition of labor in the big manufacturing concerns of the country. My informant predicted that in a few years the cost of all kinds of manufactured goods will increase because of changes in the methods of production. At the present time there are few men left who have learned trades in the old thorough manner that prevailed before the universal introduction of machinery, and these men are almost all working as foremen or overseers. The actual work is being done by men handling machines, and none of these workmen know how to produce a finished article. Each can do only a little part, with the aid of a machine. The men who know how to do every part can oversee the work and keep down expenses, but most of them are growing

old, and when they die, there will be no skilled men to take their places. Their work will have to be taken by graduates of technical schools, who will demand higher wages, and who will be more skilled in the theories of production than in practical work. Only the man who knows just what it means to do every part of a job can make the work go through to the best advantage. He knows where it is possible to save. But perhaps my informant was taking too gloomy a view of the coming of the College graduates. According to the articles appearing in the magazines interested in such subjects, the technically trained young men are introducing methods that are saving in ways never dreamed of by the practical workmen. Anyway, there is no need worrying. The

The older people had a name for such days as opened the New Year. They called the fine, summer-like days that come during the winter months "Borrowed days," and were of the opinion that, like borrowed dollars, they must be paid for at a grueling price. Anyway, to-day is one of those days, and I am glad of it and willing to pay the price. There has been about an acre of corn-stalks to get in, and to-day made it possible to get them in. I am not nearly so much ashamed of having those corn-stalks out as I should be, for I can't drive in any direction without passing whole fields that are still in the shock and unhusked. The weather is to blame for it all, and if we do get a decent day just now to help us out, we should be able to get it without paying for it in an unusually cold snap or a storm. I notice that the cows seem to relish these corn-stalks wonderfully. They are even willing to leave good hay to get at them, though it looks to me as if an occasional armful of nice juicy fork-handles would be just about as nourishing as the stalks I am feeding.

I wonder if we are going to get electricity on the farms at a price where it will be possible to use it. Apparently it could be made to do away with a lot of the drudgery of farm life,