

a cynical manner. To get a plaster on the farm seems to be all in the day's work. It is a pity that he has not yet discovered just what this plastering means. It is always presented to him as a benevolent attempt on the part of monied men to help him enlarge his sphere of activity, as the following cutting from a Calgary newspaper gives testimony:—

"One has little conception of the amount of money loaned in Canada each year through its principal loan companies. The important function they play in the progress and prosperity of the people, who are their creditors, is evidenced, etc.," and you are to understand, my dear E., that this is not by way of a joke, so you will kindly refrain from giggling. However, as a matter of fact, this is but another of those channels through which the average rate of profit on capital invested is procured. Under pressure of the absolutely unremunerative nature of his toil—for who can even live by realizing sixty dollars (\$60.00) per hundred bushels of wheat per year?—he is forced to bind himself by that beautiful instrument called a mortgage, tighter, if it were possible, to the capitalist class; is compelled, as it were, to thrust his own unfortunate hide to another sucker of the great octopus.

Out of their own mouths they are condemned, for the Credit Commission again points out that "the present system of payment seemed designed to render renewal necessary and debt perpetual. . . ." "The mortgage is not only renewed, but the amount of the loan is very frequently increased." It is a document that places the farmer from the beginning in an impossible situation; it holds out to him the prospect of confronting a payment he can never hope to meet.

Pressed by that forty million dollars we spoke of before, hounded by collection agents, the poor slave is ready to turn anywhere, and again the Commission points out that mortgage loans are granted: "(1) to consolidate past debt; (2) for