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Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

Pending erection of buildings to replace those destroyed at the time of the Halifax disaster the Royal Naval College is located at Esquimalt near Victoria, B.C.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.
Ottawa, February 3, 1919.

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If we are to be forced by higher and yet higher tariff walls to buy made in Canada highly priced goods, that we may continue our plant for turning out millionaires; if against these high prices for the tools of our labour, and the soaring cost of necessities which this system produces we are to compete with the world in rapidly decreasing markets for our agricultural products, there seems nothing but a future of selfdom before the Western Canadian farmer.

At the present time we see a large and powerful organization using its vast resources of wealth in an effort to fasten for ever an unjust system on the backs of the people. We know for a fact that before war, the farms were coming more and more into the hands of the loan companies, that the farmers were in fact becoming tenants on the land which they had once owned, with the possibility of forceful eviction should at any time the element prove fatal to their

source of income. We saw a steady and increasing drift of farm people to the cities, of farm people back to the countries from which they came. War stopped the drift for the time, as it stopped the unemployment in the cities for a time. But what does the near future hold?

This question is growing daily more insistent, it is bringing the farm men and women by the hundred in to the ranks of the farmers' organizations, it is setting them to work studying political methods, economics, national questions as they never have before.

It is driving them to demand political action on the part of their organizations, it is making them realize how futile is the power of the electorate under our present system, making them realise the fact that if they wish for reconstruction along rural or national lines the people must prepare themselves by thought education, co-operation to become both architects and builders.

The Great Oil Boom

By Gordon Redmond

MR. POTTER had a pasture and a cow. He had other property, of course, but this is all that concerns us just now.

The cow got the itch or something one summer, and was treated by a travelling veterinary surgeon whom Providence threw in Mr Potter's way. The V.S. annointed the cow with a mixture of kerosene, turpentine and tar, and left for parts unknown.

As soon as his back was turned, the cow licked off the kerosene and the other ingredients, and then went and drank up part of a slough to get the taste out of her mouth; at the same time leaving an oily scum on the surface of the slough.

A few days later Mr. Potter noticed the scum. It was shortly after the oil boom in Calgary, and Mr. Potter was primed for oil, you might say. He went speeding home to break the joyful news.

Stalking solemnly into the house, Mr. Potter said to his wife:

"I hope you will try to bear up, my dear, under the strain of what I am going to tell you."

Mrs. Potter's heart stopped beating, and she groped blindly for a chair. The last time he had called her "my dear" was when the eldest boy had died.

"Is it the children, Si? One of them has —"

"No, no; nothing of the sort. Good news, Martha; the kind that's harder to bear than the other kind."

"Si, you can't mean that you've found the white hen!"

"My goodness, woman! do you talk of hens at a time like this? Martha, I've struck oil!"

"Oh, is that all?"

"All! Ain't it enough? Do you realize the part oil plays in the affairs of the nation? Coal oil, hair oil, cod liver oil—it don't matter what kind of oil it is, the man that strikes oil has struck a fortune."

"And we've struck it, Martha—struck it rich—barrels of it, tons of it, oceans of it! right in our own pasture. Yesterday that pasture was nothing but a pasture. I would have sold it for forty dollars an acre, and given time on it; to-day it is worth millions. I'll be able to develop that perpetual motion machine."

Mrs. Potter's face had brightened as the recital went on, but it clouded again at mention of the perpetual motion machine. She thought:

"What's the use? What he makes one way he loses another. He's already sunk enough money in that perpetual motion machine to keep us in comfort the rest of our days if we had it. The experts say that perpetual motion is impossible, but does that discourage him? He only says, 'Look at Columbus, what encouragement did he have? All the world against him, and he won out.' And he says it in a way that makes you believe that if there is any such thing as perpetual motion, he's the one to land it. I wonder what's given him this new start."

Aloud she said:

"How did you find the oil, Si?"

"Stumbled on it. It always happens that way. Some of my greatest discoveries have come to me in that fashion. Edison says the same thing, and Marconi and Graham Bell. Bless you, we inventors can't tell when an original idea is going to come plumping out of nowhere in particular and catch us in the solar plexus. We just keep working away, and hoping for an idea, and when it does come along we're ready to grab it."

"I was just walking through the pasture this morning—brain perfectly at rest; don't know but what I was whistling—seems to me I was whistling—and all of a sudden, here is this oil floating on a slough."

"To a man of ordinary mind, even if he had observed it, it would have meant nothing. What is a little oil floating on a slough? But your keen scientific

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