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ing terms. "He drinks to excess, gambles, is very profane, never tells the truth, is terribly ignorant and has disgusting manners, but otherwise he's a splendid fellow." Mad! No we don't get mad. If all our readers thought the same as Mr. Gabriel there would be no GUIDE. We are willing and glad to give both sides of a question and in spite of all our faults, so well set forth by Mr. Gabriel we shall continue the work we are doing. We extend our best wishes to Mr. Gabriel and hope he will devote his energies to helping his fellow farmers. The farmers are working in a great cause for the improvement of conditions. Anyone can criticize.—Ed.

AN APPRECIATION

Editor, Guide: It is some time since I said anything in The Guide, but I cannot refrain from telling you how much I appreciate our paper; and this last number, Oct. 5th, is a cracker-jack, not only for the splendid and explicit leading articles on the tariff question, and the numerous good and able letters, and the article headed, "What an American learned in England;" the prominent notice of that very instructive and interesting work by Edward Porritt, "Sixty Years of Protection in Canada;" the suggestions as to the "Ottawa Delegation," but last, and not least, the splendid showing of Our Company. "The Grain Growers Grain Company." It is really good to read of their handling 1,100,000 bushels of grain in one week, which means \$275,000 more in the pockets of the farmers, instead of in the pockets of the elevator men; as I verily believe our Company has saved us 25 cents per bushel all round since it came into existence, and I cannot help smiling when I think of our enemies of the "Observer" class, wringing their hands and saying, "What is it all coming to? What are we going to do, as it looks as if very soon our occupation will be gone!" If it were any other class, I think I should pity them, but when I know it is the same men that gave the farmer 25 cents and even less some four years ago, and netted 65 cents and even more, my pity vanishes, and I feel they are getting their just deserts. More power to the G. G. G. Co. Crush the wretches if you possibly can. Give them no quarter, as they will give us none, if they again get the chance. Farmers support your own company. Now is the time to conquer the enemy. Like Napoleon at Waterloo, they have tumbled into their own trap. Keep them there.

CHAS. LUNN.

Jasmin, Sask.

BONUS THE FARMERS

Editor, Guide:—I noticed in one of the recent GUIDES where the manufacturers were bonused to the extent of one million dollars. Now I think it would only be just and right for the government to make a change and turn the bonus the other way, that is, to give it to the farmers for one year so that they could pay their debts to the implement men, for I think it is them that the farmers owe most to at the present time. I am glad to see the stand you are taking for Free Trade for I think it will be a blessing to farmers and also to the working man.

DAVID B. SIM

Hearshigh, Alta.

CASEY AT THE BAT

Although the season is over, this old baseball classic will undoubtedly delight many of our readers. It is acknowledged the premier ball-yard poem.

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day;
The score stood two to four, with but an inning left to play.
So, when Conney died at second, and Burrows did the same,
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few, got up to go, leaving there the rest,
With the hope which springs eternal within the human breast.
For they thought: "If only Casey could get a whack at that,"
They'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,
And the former was a puddin', and the latter was a fake.
So on that stricken multitude a death-like silence sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a "single" to the wonderment of all,
And the much-despised Blakey "tore the cover off the ball."
And when the dust was lifted, and they saw what had occurred,
There was Blakey safe at second, and Flynn a huggin' third.

Then, from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,
It rumbled in the mountain-tops, it rattled in the dell;
It struck upon the hillside and rebounded on the flat;
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;
There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's face.
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;
Then while the New York pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
"That ain't my style," said Casey.
"Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of storm waves on a stern and distant shore.
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand,
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised a hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signaled to Sir Timothy, once more the spheroid flew;
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered "Fraud."
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed.
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain.
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched in hate;
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate.
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

HUMBLING THE MACHINE

At the primary elections held in New Hampshire on September sixth, the insurgent candidate for governor won a sweeping victory over the nominee of the regulars; while the regular election held in Vermont on the same day was marked by a decisive reduction in the Republican vote. Here we have two additional indications of the nation-wide revolt of the people against the Taft-Aldrich-Cannon rule, or the rule of the interests and the machine. We are in the opening hours of a political revolution. The people are at length awakening.—Twenty-first Century Magazine, for October.

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