

from drought, and so, unwittingly, the way was prepared for the soil erosion and crop failures which came all too soon.

But during the war years the rainfall was abundant and the farmers' dream of \$2.00 wheat was reached. So at last the farmer could be patriotic and prosperous at the same time.

There were a few warning voices in the wind. I remember letters to the paper by someone whose nom-de-plume was "Economist", and these letters warned the farmers that "the high color of prosperity on the cheek of agriculture, was not the glow of health, but the flush of fever". I remember that sentence because of the aptness of its phrases, but no one listened to a croaker like that when the crops were abundant and prices rising.

Then came the end of the war, the 1918 epidemic of 'flu, 1921—trade barriers with the United States caused by the expiration of the ten years of reciprocity, which began in 1911 and the dark clouds of depression settled firmly down on western Canada.

Wiser people than I have written about this heart-breaking period and its causes and to them I will leave its economic aspects. None of us who lived through it will ever forget the tired rebellious faces of the bewildered farm boys who drifted from place to place, not wanted anywhere. Their hands were full of strength, they were willing to do anything, but it seemed there was no place for them; no wonder they grew hard and bitter.

Kind-hearted people did all they could, in supplying meals and bed tickets and clean socks, but that long depression and its destruction of youth was a sadder experience than the war.

We know now that there could have been great projects of housing, road building, reforestation, the making