

THE SPEED DEMON'S RECESSIONAL.

By Rev. C. McRae.

God of our fathers, we're away;—
While summer lingers, blithe farewell
To all the scares of yesterday,
To sinking ship, or bursting shell,
Or widow's wail, or orphan's cry,
While we may "go it on the high."

God of our fathers, at the wheel,
What care we how the world wags on,
What care we how the stricken kneel,
And in their anguish storm Thy throne,
What care we for the griefs of war,
Who range the plains in pleasure's car.

God of our fathers, while we speed
Care free across our country wide,
Our brothers for their country's need,
Fall stricken on the other side,—
While sheltered by their valiant steel,
We jauntily sit to the wheel.

God of our fathers, while we whirl
In reckless rush across the plain,
Accompanied by our best girl,
On blood soaked Flanders lie our slain,
Or in the caverns of the tide,—
And we are they for whom men died.

Our dauntless brothers stand at bay,
O'er dune and ridge drives leaden hail,
Cold are the friends of yesterday
Who stood so bravely to the gale;
In freedom's quarrel there men die,
While here men "go it on the high."
Springhill, N. S.

POCKET MONEY FOR CHILDREN

By KATE T. CONNOLLY

WHENEVER the people of Canada, and especially the parents of Canada, decide that it is time to study and work out for their children's salvation proper lessons of thrift, they will find that time is—Now. If there be left in the whole Dominion any cautious Thomas who doubts the advisability, or rather the necessity, of teaching the principles of thrift to our school children let him but go into any one of the numerous ice-cream parlours that are so temptingly decorated some fine summer evening, and if what he sees there does not convince him—

Oh! well! there are some people who don't want to be convinced. Invariably the tables are filled with children between eight and fifteen years old spending their last ten-cent piece, in all probability, for the dish of fancy ice cream they are eating. And what is most deplorable is that the majority of these come from the lower and lower middle classes. They can ill afford the ten cents they spend nightly on these luxuries. It is usually quite remarkable, too, the knowledge the youngsters possess of the differences among the various dishes. No plain ice cream for them! "David Harums," "Sunny Jims," "Maple Parfaits," etc., etc. Only the other night I heard a seven-year-old stamp her little foot and shout at the top of her voice, "No, mamma; no, I didn't say a banana split. I hate them! I want a banana frappe. Make the girl change it." And the long-suffering waitress walked wearily to the rear to get the coveted banana frappe. The child should have been in bed hours before—which is of course, irrelevant and, to quote—"another story." One writer has defined thrift as "thoughtful, purposeful saving" and it seems to me a very good definition. T. M. MacGregor says, "Thrift means more than the average person thinks it does. In the first place it does not mean miserliness—grubbing, cheese paring, squeezing and saving every possible cent at the expense of self respect, comfort and health. At times spending instead of saving may be wisest. Thrift at once earns and saves, with a view to wholesome and profitable expenditure at a fitting time. While saving alone is not thrift it is an indispensable part of it, etc."

If a child is to grow up with little or no idea of the value of money it is a practical impossibility for him to learn its value later in life. And if as a child he is given no pocket money of his own and has no means of earning money for himself how can he be expected to learn its proper use as an adult?

I once heard a public speaker tell the reason he left the farm when a young boy and went to the city to get into business where he would have at least a little money that was his very own. His father had given him a calf on his tenth birthday. Naturally the boy was tickled half to death. He painstakingly went through all the stages of calf feeding from the first finger-sucking period to the final one, when it was ready to be sold. Many a time and oft he said he felt like the deacon who, arrayed in his Sunday "blacks", journeyed barnwards with his pail of sweet skim milk to feed the calf before service. Calfie, being in a sportive mood, quickly filled her mouth with the liquid nourishment, then throwing her head well back blew the whole of it out through her nostrils on to the deacon's irreproachable "blacks." With a vicious shake of his fist the deacon roared: "If I weren't so d—— religious I'd knock your d—— head off." And oh! what sympathy, said the speaker, did he have for that deacon! At last there came a cattle buyer who offered a good, fat sum for "his" calf. His father said it was time to sell it so the next day she was driven off to the shipping yard. When the father returned that evening the boy could hardly wait till the horse was unhitched—he was so anxious to feel the money himself, in his own pocket. He ran to the barn and asked his father how the calf had looked when she got among the others, if he thought they'd be good to her, etc., etc., and at last he asked him for the ten dollars he had heard the buyer offer him. With a loud laugh and a jocular slap on the shoulder the farmer said: "Sure, boy, you didn't think I would give you the money, did you?" And into the house did this noble parent walk. Then and there, went on the famous Canadian speaker, did his ten-year-old heart harden within him and he swore a bitter oath that never, never, would he stay on that farm one minute after he was old enough to leave it and earn his own living in the city—and he didn't.

"Childish tragedies!" I hear some smug old-timer say. "Well, yes, maybe, but don't forget that they often do more toward the moulding of a life than what are usually considered bigger things."

Every child after he is seven years old, anyway, should have a weekly or monthly allowance. There are all kinds of ways by which he may earn it. In winter a boy can shovel snow, sell papers or do a dozen and one things to earn his money. In summer there are always lawns to mow, messages to run and kindred errands. Even little girls can be taught to set the table, dust and do odd jobs to earn their allowance. It matters little what so long as they earn it and have it for their own. Then, and not by any means secondary in importance, they should be taught the wise expenditure of some of it, and the systematic saving of the remainder. If the child learns to put away some part of his earnings every week or month the saving habit will be firmly established and it will mean little to the adult to regularly put aside part of his salary. But if no habit has been established in youth it will be so much easier to go through life as a careless spender and never save a cent. Obviously, though, if a child has no money to call his own and only gets an occasional five or ten-cent piece doled out to him for ice-cream or candy he cannot acquire the habit of saving what he doesn't possess.

One of the main causes for the absence of the saving instinct in grown-ups is the absence of anything to save in childhood. Man does not spring full-panoplied, like Zeus, into a proper conception of the principles of thrift. They must grow up and develop with him.

It has been suggested that at first some reasonable purpose for saving be explained to the child. Say, let him save for a bicycle or something of that kind. Also if the savings are put in a bank or some other institution which pays interest on such accounts, the child can see his money grow and an added zest will be given to the saving thereof.

It is not enough for parents to say, "I have saved

so much to give my children a good start in life; what more is necessary?" But surely that is not enough. If we as parents fail to instil into our children's minds the right methods of spending an income we have signally failed in our duty to them. If they have no pocket money when they are young in all probability they will never learn the right use of it later on.

On the other hand, a mere prodigal handing out of money at any and all times is as bad if not worse than the holding of it back altogether. Somehow the tendency of the whole present age does not seem to be toward saving. The large middle class which forms the bulk of the population of Canada has earned its money easily, and it is spending it the same way. The children usually have plenty of spending money but there is no fixed amount given to, or earned by, them. There is no account kept of the money spent and consequently, there is a resultant careless disregard of money in general.

If Canada as a nation is to develop into a powerful one after the war it means that Canadians as individuals must be imbued with right ideas of the value of money. If we can believe what specialists in these lines tell us, we are not going to come by our money quite so easily in the future as we have done in the past. We are going to have to count the pennies about as carefully as we have been used to counting the dollars, and if our children have not been used to handling money of their own and using it properly they are not going to get used to it all in a minute.

As the Earl of Rosebery has said: "Remember that thrift is the surest and strongest foundation of an empire—so sure, so strong and so necessary that no great empire can long exist that disregards it."

Do we need more forceful words than these to make us stop and consider before lavishly handing out the next quarter or penuriously holding back the copper when our children come to us?

FROM WEST TO EAST

(Concluded from page 10.)

This question most closely concerns the women in their responsibility for the race's welfare.

Another and most vital issue which we are called upon to face is that of the Returned Soldiers. A little more than a year ago the hospital unit of British Columbia had only a half a hundred or so patients. There are now, I am told, over 2,500. Twenty-five hundred men to whom we must see justice done, before we can expect an enthusiastic rallying to the colours. There are many more questions, which we have not the space to enter upon here, but with which we are all more or less familiar, and the time has come when we women must set our minds to the task of grappling with them. Behind the disordered conditions in Canada to-day is the selfless, soulless greed of those who are making our country's peril their opportunity for aggrandizement. These people know nothing of the love of this country or of any country, nothing of the joy of self-sacrifice and service for the common good. Appreciating this, realizing where the fault lies, it is for us to find a remedy.

But we cannot do this unless we work together. There must be no division in the women's camp. We must unite ourselves under the term "Canadians" and have as the sole end and aim of our attaining a closer knitting together of the component parts of Canada, and the different peoples of Canada. Fathers of Confederation brought about a great result fifty years ago, it is for the Mothers of Canada to carry on their work to a noble conclusion. Let no party politics divide us in the realizing of our ideals. Let no difference of religion separate. We all worship the one God, and follow the same Master, Jesus Christ. And oh, let all Canadian women, whether we be orthodox or recognizing no bond of church or creed, whether we pray in the solitudes of the western hills, or in the cloistered choirs of Quebec, embody in our prayers the one great thought, love and loyalty to God, to our country and to one another.