

American or Canadian, is their home. As with them and as with Jones, so even with established farmers. They sell out their farms, reaping the increment, unearned or otherwise. They go to another new part of the country and grow up with it, again to reap the increment. They repeat this time and again. They are really not farmers at all, but exploiters of the soil. They, too, lose their sense of nationality and may by accident slip over into Montana.

AGAINST this disease the provinces have to fight. They feel that they must make the people realize a sense of "home" in the land where they live. A western grain grower told the writer that in his experience every western farming community changed every fifteen years. The question was, he said, how to prevent that, how to identify families with localities and make them build up homes in the country so that affection for the home would act as a barrier against the temptation to wander. Yet it was a curious thing, he remarked, that the foreign settlers and the French-Canadians were the ones least given to wandering. Their communities, as a rule, were the most nearly permanent. They founded real homes and stood by them.

Churches, mechanics' institutes, lodges, schools, and even rinks and places of amusement have come to be looked upon now as part of the machinery for "anchoring" men and women to the soil of Canada. Two other factors are named by those who study

the question: one the cultivation of patriotic feeling in schools and in churches, and the other, hard times. A period of depression will do more to stop the wandering disease than anything else, according to western bank managers, and while it may for the time being stop immigration and even cause some to leave Canada for other parts, it will in the end prove to have been a steadying and refining influence.

ONTARIO, like most of the eastern provinces, has had to deal with the loss of immigrants, not to the United States or to other countries, but to the West. Its problem has therefore been a peculiar one in one sense, and yet, like the problem of the West in another sense. It has set about preventing immigrants from getting the "wandering disease," by seeing to it that the farm labourers which reach Ontario are properly placed in the service of the farmers. In other times great dissatisfaction arose from the fact that the volunteering labourers were disappointed in the wages offered, or in the conditions of labour, or the length of contract.

The farmers complicated matters by keeping men for only part of a year and throwing them upon the general labour market at the end of the harvest. Under the Bureau of Colonization, Ontario has established a system by which the farmer states on a printed form just what sort of labour he wants, wages, conditions, sort of work, and length of con-

tract. Before the intending immigrant leaves England he is given a choice of these positions, and upon his arrival in Toronto is given a card of introduction to the farmer, while at the same time the farmer is twice notified to meet, or to be on the look-out for the man. If in the meantime the farmer has filled the position, he is required to inform the Bureau under penalty of having to pay the immigrant's expenses from Toronto. If he misrepresents conditions or fails to carry out his promises, he loses the good offices of the Bureau in obtaining other men for his farm.

Meantime an immigrant, arriving at a farm where he finds he is not wanted, or where conditions are unsatisfactory, is authorized to telephone or wire, collect, to the Bureau. For less important communications he is equipped with an addressed and stamped post-card. If the first position does not suit him, the Bureau guarantees him another. It is only the exceptional man who does not finally find, through the Bureau, a satisfactory position. Meantime, through the influence of the Bureau, farmers are offering twelve-month instead of six-month contracts. Thus, the system is satisfactory to employer and employee alike.

This is what one province is doing to hold its immigrants. Others have their own systems. Little by little these systems are being improved, so that the leakage of immigration will some day be reduced to a minimum.

A Dish of French-Fried Onions

Over Which an Englishman Exchanges Reminiscences with Butterfield, the Waiter

By ED. CAHN

THE little lame Dutchman who played the bass viol up in the pink and mauve shell wherein the orchestra was wont to make sweet sounds to soothe the ear and aid the digestion of the patrons of Maxmum's Cafe, finished his interminable fixings and fussings by clasping the last clasp on the bag holding his precious means to a living, and exchanged his indoor spectacles for his outdoor eye-glasses. Then he peered around him like a cautious snail, reclaimed his fuzzy hat from the floor, where it had been reposing concealed by a dusty but authentic palm, and taking his bass under his arm, shuffled through the low door leading out of the shell, and so, disappeared.

Watching him, Butterfield remarked to Gobo, of the next station, "Heinie, the slowest of them slow musicians has went and the middle watch is now began. Just as soon as them pokey eaters over there get through with their dinners, this place will be slower than a turtle race meet with every race scratched. Why the boss don't shut up the joint between this time and when the theatre crowds comes in, I couldn't tell you."

"All right, I ain't angry at you that you can't, Butterscotch. I got the head waiter to let me off from now until eleven o'clock. I'm going—"

Gobo interrupted himself to stare at the doings of the gentleman whom the captain had just seated at a small table not far away. "Well, will you looket that Butterchips!" he exclaimed, in a wrathful whisper. "The crazy gink is changing his seat all by hisself. He thinks he's got a right to set anywhere he takes a notion to. Murder, he's taking a table of mine!"

"Cheer up, Gobo; it's probably better for you to work than to loaf. Skate along and see what he wants."

"Can't you take him for me? I've got a date and I want to get off so bad that I will give him to you for a quarter. I've had him before an' he never comes up with less'n a half."

"Yes, I'd take him to 'commodate you, Gobo, but he's not worth no two bits to me, ten cents is my best price. He looks like the kind that is fussy about their feed—gives a waiter seventy-seven different troubles and then springs a mended cigar on him."

"That feller's a prince!" protested Gobo, earnestly. "You will see, he will order a nineteen jointed dinner. A quarter is dirt cheap for him, and if I didn't have to go I wouldn't take a dollar for him, that's right."

"I ain't goin' to stan' for you robbin' yourself," said Butterfield, turning away.

The guest was looking around enquiringly for a waiter and the captain was coming down the long room with angry decision in every step of his heavy tread; Gobo saw that he must surrender or remain to serve the customer, and all things considered, defeat did not seem too dear. He sprang after Butterfield. "Gimme the dime, then, advantage taker!"

The coin changed hands instantly, for the wily old

waiter had it ready, and he departed to inquire the wants of the new guest on the run.

The captain veered in his course, since now that a minion was bowing before the hungry one all purposes were served, and Gobo, warned by this narrow escape, tacked in the least devious manner possible for the exit and freedom.



"Butterfield succeeded in having the onions fried after his own heart."

The order for the dinner was given and the waiter six steps en route to fetch it when he was called back.

"I say, my good fellow, do you suppose that you could get me some French-fried onions?"

"Yes, sir; French-fried onions, sir." Butterfield scribbled the addition on the order pad and again turned to depart.

"Just a moment, waiter; I want to impress it upon your mind that I wish them French-fried, not sauted in the abominable manner of most of your American cooks, swimming in grease and altogether objectionable. If your chef cannot have them as crisp as a new Bank of England note, brown and appetizing, you

need not trouble to bring them. Do you understand?"

Butterfield glanced at his particular customer and then answered, "I do, perfectly, sir."

"Ah, well, very good." The gentleman elevated his nose preparatory to sniffing at the saffron methods of our American journalism, and opened the newspaper, which was to help while away the interval of waiting.

Since business was slack and there was time to approach the matter delicately and diplomatically, Butterfield succeeded in having the onions fried after his own heart; even managing to himself attend to the draining of them, upon which so much depends; and he contrived to set them before his guest at the precise instant when they were at their most delicious best.

They were in a generous-sized salad bowl, not a niggardly side-dish; they were crisp and golden, as proper French-fried onions should be, and their perfume was not vulgarly strong, but faintly delicious, while, marvel of ten thousand marvels, the wizard waiter had sifted salt over them during process of draining and just enough had clung to their now dry surfaces to flavour them perfectly. But all this was as nothing in the face of the greatest marvel of all, for from northeast to southwest and from northwest to southeast of the heaping dish was flung two wide ribbons of paprika—no mere stingy sprinkles emerged from the shaker when it was in Butterfield's capable hands, that was plain.

HE stood back and watched the newspaper fall from the unheeding hand of a man too surprised for words. He watched him lean forward and scowl at the dish as though daring it to trifle with his solemnity by vanishing into thin air; watched him put out a tentative finger and thumb and testingly crumble one of the delicate rings into powder; watched him pull up his chair in a businesslike way and breathlessly watched him taste of the onions and then relax his face in the satisfied smile of the utterly content.

Then, and then only, did Butterfield smile also, one of those large, complete, all-enveloping smiles that threaten to swallow every feature and remain photographed upon space indefinitely, like the smile of the famous cat of Cheshire.

"Most extraordinary, these two dashes of paprika," said the gentleman, between mouthfuls.

"Pardon me, sir; not so extraordinary; I have not forgotten how you like them, sir. Lucerne may be German, sir, as I think you used to say, but the cuisine is French, and the French invented the art of frying them there little things called onions."

"My word! As I'm alive it is Butterfield, the ungrammatical! The man who used to serve me so admirably at the little restaurant not two throws from the Schweizerhof. How in heaven's name did you ever get here, Butterfield? Strange that we should meet this way, deuced strange. If you had