

How Two Representatives of The Guide boldly entered the Cave of Wild Animals and Returned Unscathed

Peary has told us all about the frozen North, and Roosevelt has said the last word on corralling the denizens of Africa's jungles. But a greater tale remains for unfolding; one that when fully told will add a work to literature that will "ring down the ages." Far be it from this poor pen to essay the task. It must be left to a second Kipling, or may we hope that there will be a second Dr. Cook?

Some day a master mind will be developed who will undertake the great work and at last tell us "All about Grain Exchanges." Until then we can but wait and hope.

But even now some things are possible. One who has the requisite nerve: one



Gathering Impressions

who is willing to hear himself cursed and discussed may pay a visit to the Winnipeg Grain Exchange.

On such an excursion bent two representatives of THE GUIDE sallied forth the other day armed to the teeth with pads and pencils. Well they knew that they were taking their lives in their respective hands, but with unflinching spirits they took a Portage avenue car and humbly brave, but with many an inward quake betook themselves to the sacred edifice.

Admitted, But—

Admittance to the floor was gained without trouble, this courtesy having been extended the sheet. But the courtesy of admission seemingly does not carry any perquisites with it. As long as the admittee keeps quiet and looks like a mummy he is safe, but woe is he who attempts to portray by word or drawing the idiosyncracies of the members of this "private Corporation." But more of that anon.

A scene of exquisite restfulness, broken only by the voices of a few option traders



A Juggler of the Pit

who gave no thought of the quiet attempts at slumber of their confreres, artistically

grouped about on settees, unfolded itself.

Why this feeling of unrest among the half-dozen coatless men in the pit? Is it a desperate struggle to gain for the farmers of the West a better price for their grain? Are they quarreling? No, gentle reader, neither of these assumptions are correct. Each of these men is attempting to make a deal in wheat that has not been grown; is not in existence; that will never be called for nor ever delivered.

But who are these on the settees? Some are struggling young brokers whose trade is dull. Others are the kings of the Exchange, the managers of the elevator companies; sleek, well-fed fellows, outwardly well contented with their lot. But they are beginning to hear the buzz of public opinion and the sad looks that occasionally flit across their countenances are caused by the inward knowledge that their reign is soon to end.

Artistic Passions Roused.

But to the tale of the happenings of the day. THE GUIDE representatives found a seat and were soon enthralled with the scene. What a field for the artist! And there lay their downfall. Slim men in flannels and fat men in their shirt sleeves, short men and tall men; young men and old men; light men and dark men; all offer irresistible subjects for the caricaturist.

Spell-bound the journalists sat for a time, but as they realized the opportunities for a facial pen their fingers got to itching. Almost unconsciously pads and pencils came out and they were off to a good start. If they had been let alone it would have sure been a classy



Discovered

article, well illustrated, that they turned out. But alas—

Most men like to get their picture in the paper, but it seems that those on "Change are different from the majority. They severely object to it. So the scribblers didn't get away with their big "write-up." Lynx-eyed guardians of the trading room soon spied the implements of warfare and a most pathetic scene ensued.

Ordered to Hike.

A sudden hush fell on the assemblage and all eyes turned toward the hard-working disciples of the pen. Absorbed in their work they were unconscious of the attention, the very unwelcome attention, bestowed upon them. But not for long. One of the aforesaid guardians of the pit slipped into a seat beside them and after surveying the efforts of the artist for a moment addressed him briefly and to the point.

"You are drawing cartoons of the members?" asked the L. E. G. (meaning, of course, lynx-eyed guardian.)

"Oh, just making a few sketches," returned the artist, "rather good, eh?"

"Don't look good to me," said the L. E. G., "you're from the GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE, are you not?"

The artist acknowledged the corn.

"Well, our members severely object to being cartooned," continued the L. E. G., "and if that's what you are here for, it's on your way."

Dignity sorely offended

Sadly but not too slowly the pencil pushers retired, for fiercely the howls of

the infuriated traders, their dignity deeply injured, arose behind the retreating scribes.

"Well," said the artist, "it's me to the visitors' gallery," and he proceeded to that point of vantage.

The writer remained in the lobby just outside the trading room door and was there accorded an impromptu reception. Member after member approached him, and some sadly and some forcibly paid their respects. He was sure "in bad" with the bunch. The sad eyed ones heaped reproaches upon him. So sad that one so young and promising should so descend in the intellectual scale as to labor for a publication that does not acknowledge the divine right of the members of the exchange in general and the elevator interests in particular, in their efforts to "farm the farmer." The wild eyed ones were not so choice in the language used. They profanely complimented the pencil manipulator upon his unprecedented nerve in treading the sacred precincts.

Finally the reception was at an end and the writer joined the artist in the visitors' gallery. What a scene.

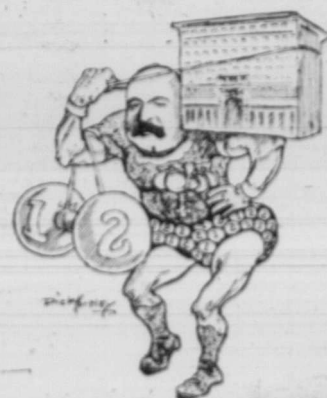
An Attractive Scene.

No longer did slumberous members lool upon the seats. No longer did the scalpers pursue the elusive options in the pit. In one corner the guardians debated whether a demonstration in force or the calling out of the fire department would prove most effective in removing the obnoxious visitors.

All eyes were on the gallery. While the heavy thinkers were debating ways and means one of the mental light-weights performed to the delight of the onlookers. His contortions started from the vantage

The great corporate interests can now add a new tariff to the schedule, or increase an old one, regardless of the wishes of the people. This raises prices arbitrarily without regard to the cost of production, or that god of the speculator, supply and demand.

For example, most of the machinery, if not built in Canada would come from U. S. The duty on agricultural imports is 33½ per cent., therefore the Canadian dealer may charge the price in the States plus one-third. For instance, a four-foot mower in Idaho would cost \$48. The freight rates from Chicago to Idaho are almost the same as from Hamilton to



A Strong Man on Change

Alberta. The Canadian dealer can add one-third bringing the total up to \$64. The price of a five-foot mower in Cambrangary to-day is \$62 to \$68 depending on the terms. Does that not prove what I have said? Some will say that the Canadian Manufacturers must buy their iron in the States and pay duty on that, but there is no duty on pig iron coming into Canada.

Tariff Costs Money

J. J. Hill said once that a tariff does not raise a price. To prove that he is wrong, let me give you an instance from my own experience. Once fascinated in the formation of a manufacturing concern, not a thousand miles from here. There is no competition for the product of that company nearer than St. Louis. The product of the St. Louis factory is \$54 and freight is \$12. Laid down price is \$66. The prospectus of the company proposed to sell the goods for \$66, when the cost of production was only \$12. The chief argument held out to investors was that as soon as the factory was in operation, a protective tariff of 45 per cent would be secured and then the price of the product could be raised to \$75 thus underbidding the lowest bid of the St. Louis Co. by \$9. Now, if this one company that I know, proposed to raise the price of their product up to the limit allowed by the tariff, is it not reasonable



SKETCHES NOTES

Twentieth Century Patriotism

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tariff, do the great interests increase the amount they may exact. This kitten, now grown to be a tiger by the tariff food, holds the country at its mercy.

At Bay

to assume that a thousand other manufacturers have done the same?

Do you know that cement in Winnipeg sells 47 cents higher than in Duluth? This 47 cents is almost exactly the amount