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THE FORDNEY TARIFF BILL.

The Fordney emergency tariff bill is being watched by farmers all over Canada with the keenest interest. There is every indication that the really decisive action will rest with the Senate, and it is already reasonably certain that the Senate is not prepared to pass such a measure without going very carefully and thoroughly into it. This, of course, will take time, and as there is an unusually heavy accumulation of other important business to be disposed of before March 4, when the session ends, it is unlikely that anything will be done.

However, this in no way minimizes the possibilities, from the standpoint of the farmers of Canada. They have been brought fairly and squarely face to face with the problem of what may happen if they lose, through legislative action on the part of the American Government, an important outlet for their live stock, wheat, and other products. Just what can be done it is impossible to say at the present time. Other markets may have to be sought and developed. This might mean eventually strengthening inter-empire relations to the mutual advantage of all.

Many farmers with whom the matter has been discussed question whether the United States can get along without buying a certain amount of Canadian wheat, live stock, and other produce. They take the view that no matter how high a tariff wall is erected the people across the border will buy, because they have to buy, and that American consumers and not Canadian farmers will be the losers.

Others favor retaliatory measures on the part of the Canadian Government. The trouble with this attitude is that once it is started there is no telling where it will end, or how much unnecessary trouble and loss it may produce, in addition to ill-feeling. It is frankly admitted by many American businessmen that Canada is the best customer the United States has. This country's purchases, despite the adverse exchange rate, have steadily increased. There are many Canadian manufacturers who have been urging, even demanding, increased protection. The farmers, on the other hand, are in many sections clamoring for a readjustment of the tariff. The whole situation is likely to be greatly complicated if the American Government passes the emergency tariff bill.

The American press is, generally speaking, against any hasty action. The following from the Detroit Free Press sums up the views of many others:

"The Fordney emergency tariff bill is at best an attempt at snap action. It is temporary special legislation, designed to meet what its framer considers a special situation; and in the nature of things it could not be anything except fragmentary, faulty, and lop-sided. It also is in a sense class legislation. So the question is not whether the measure is so much intrinsically a good one, but rather whether all things considered it is likely to work more benefit than injustice, and on the whole help the country. That is the question Congress is bound to take up before either accepting the Fordney bill or turning it down, and it is altogether a tough one.

"There is some intimation that the Lower House may be inclined to pass the bill, and the buck, and let the Senate do the heavy work. If so, the Senate probably will accept the challenge, for the Democratic steering committee already has passed a resolution declaring that the legislation ought not to be passed until after due consideration, and in view of the brief working time before March 4, this may even throw the bill into the discard."

THE NOBEL AWARDS.

A notable event of the closing months of the year in Norway was the award of the Nobel peace prizes for 1919 and 1920, in presence of a distinguished company in the Storthing, the place of national legislation. The persons honored were, respectively, Leon Bourgeois of France and President Woodrow Wilson of the United States, whose parchment and medal were received by Albert G. Schmedmann, American minister to Norway, who read the message of thanks from Mr. Wilson. President Buen of the Storthing expressed the delight of that body and of the nation that one of the peace prizes had been earned by Mr. Wilson, whom he characterized as creator of the League of Nations, and he thanked him for his efforts to promote international peace. The United States minister, in personally acknowledging the honor, said it was bestowed in appreciation of the endeavor to replace international discord with harmony by appealing to the highest moral forces of the nations, which hereafter could not live unto themselves. Leading Norwegian newspapers devoted generous space to illustrated biographical articles, congratulating President Wilson, and forecasting that although his efforts had been maligned and hampered, history would enshrine his memory.

What are called the Nobel prizes, "for the greatest benefits to mankind," have been awarded annually since 1901. The fund which created them was provided under the will of Alfred Bernard Nobel, whose entire fortune of $9,000,000 was bequeathed for that purpose. Five prizes are offered annually for the greatest achievements in the domain of physics, chemistry, medicine, literature and peace. In addition to the distinction accruing to the recipients, the monetary value of the prizes amounts to about $40,000 each. Mr. Nobel's enormous fortune was amassed through inventions of nitro-glycerin, smokeless powder, etc., and by operations in the Baku oil fields. He was a native of Stockholm, Sweden, and by occupation an engineer and chemist. The Swedish Academy awards four of the prizes and the Norwegian Storthing the fifth. Four Americans previously won Nobel prizes, viz., Theodore Roosevelt, for bringing about a settlement of the Russo-Japanese war; Elihu Root, for achievements in the Hague Tribunal and as secretary of state; Dr. Allen Carrel, epoch-making surgical contributions, and Prof. J. W. Richards, researches in determining atomic weights. Although the inventor and perfector of several of the most destructive elements known to modern times, largely employed in the deadly business of war, his life closed with a splendid dream of diminishing armies, promoting international fraternity and peace congresses. Misguided and warring humanity witnessed a rude shattering of his dream during the Great War, but hope springs eternal in the human breast, and his aspirations will never be allowed to die.

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

Under the heading "Taking the University to the People," the Farmers' Sun of December 15 urges that the universities of this province should be brought into close relations with the great mass of the people, and regards the bringing this about as the main task before the commission now investigating university finances. "Something must be done," says the Sun, "to shake the provincial university from its lethargy, and make it a vital, living force in the life of the state."

The Sun draws attention to the enormous number of students from the city of Toronto, who are crowding the halls of the provincial university, while only 350 sons and daughters of farmers are in attendance. It points out that apart from a few paltry thousands paid by the city as a rental for Queen's Park, the city of Toronto is contributing nothing towards the university. "If the city were to contribute half a million a year toward the upkeep of the college it would be getting off very lightly," says the Sun.

Objections that to bring the university budget before the Legislature would result in the university being brought into politics, is met by the very apt reply that the provincial university "has always been in politics, but more or less in a hidden back doorway." The high-handed way in which the board of governors of the University of Toronto have treated the province is one factor in producing the present inquiry. The Toronto Board of Governors have acted as if they had a blank check from the country. Two years ago they exceeded their budget by $200,000 and requested the province to make it up. Last year they exceeded it by $400,000, and just as coolly asked that the overdraft be paid. Today a building program, running into the millions, is projected, which, if it were granted, would end all hopes of any assistance being given to the two other universities. Is it not time that the city of Toronto or some of its wealthy citizens raised a few buildings for their own sons and daughters instead of asking the province to do it for them?

The University of Toronto was too large for proper work long before the war came on. Some of its friends seem to think that it is a bright and proper ambition to go on increasing its size without regard to the general university situation in the province. Outside of Toronto there are few who will agree with that view. The University of Toronto did better work when it had 3,000 students than it did when it had 5,000 enrolled, and it served the province better at that time than it does today. The provincial university will enter upon a new era of usefulness when it finds itself rivalled by two other young and growing institutions, which are not so bound down by tradition and precedent as the University of Toronto. The day for that kind of legitimate competition in higher education in this province cannot come too soon.

QUEBEC STANDS ALOOF.

The presence of Sir Lomer Gouin at the big Liberal banquet recently held in the city of Montreal, at which Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King was one of the guests, will tend to set at rest the rumors that the ex-premier of Quebec might join the Meighen administration. Hon. Mr. King referred openly to this in the course of his remarks:

> "It is an open secret that nothing short of frantic efforts have been put forward by those in power to secure our guest of the evening as a member of the Federal Administration. It is equally well known that like overtures were made to more than one member from this province formerly in the administration of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. All have consistently and persistently refused to violate the reverent regard in which constitutional procedure is held in the Province of Quebec by lending the prestige of their names and high position as a cloak for subterfuge and usurpation of rightful authority in matters of government."

Mr. King's reference to the efforts to attract other Liberals from Quebec is not revealing any secret. Names of half a dozen prominent Quebec Liberals could be given who have had the prospects of office dangled before them, but without result, as far as the ambitions of the Government are concerned. The people of Quebec are quite aware of the character of the group now in control at Ottawa, and they are honoring themselves by refusing to be a party to any efforts made to perpetuate this Government without a mandate.

THE UNPOPULAR USUAL.

[Newark Star-Eagle.]

A book reviewer informs his readers that "unusual girls are the fashion in fiction just now—especially in English fiction." This is like saying that it is the style now for human creatures to wear clothes, or the prevailing custom of smart society to eat food. The girls of fiction have always been unusual. The usual girl has no standing with novelists. In fiction she is no such thing.

From Here and There

SAVE THE NEXT CHILD.

[New Jersey Public Health News.]

The child is no longer the offspring of his own parents, but of the community as well, and the individual man and woman have not discharged their duty to childhood in bringing healthy children into their home, but must be held responsible for the clean birthright of the other children of their city and state. There are many misshapen lives to which justice can never be rendered. Let us redeem ourselves by cleaning up the stagnant pools from which they sprang.

NOT SOUR GRAPES.

[Farmers' Magazine.]

Twenty-five per cent of the grape crop would never have been cut, and prices would have ranged ten cents a basket cheaper this year had it not been for the activities of the Niagara Grape Growers' Company.

This is the statement of one of the directors of the company, says J. L. Rutledge in Farmers' Magazine, and when a proper allowance has been made for the enthusiasm of one so definitely interested in the success of the undertaking, the fact still remains that this statement represents the consensus of the opinion of the growers in the Niagara section, whether they were members of the Niagar Grape Growers' Company or not.

CHEAPER LUMBER.

[Hamilton Herald.]

Wages in the lumber camps of Northern Ontario have come down 35 per cent. That means cheaper lumber next season. Cheaper lumber will lessen the cost of building operations. Lower building cost will make the building trade brisker.

NOT TIRED OF FIGHTING.

[Toronto Globe.]

Canada and Siam are the only countries that gave money to fight typhus in Eastern Europe. The Eastern Europeans spent their money in fighting one another.

ALL SPEAK UP!

[Hamilton Spectator.]

A short three weeks more will mark the end of leap year. How many of the fair sex have taken advantage of their time-honored prerogative?

PROBLEMS OF READJUSTMENT.

[Auckland (N. Z.) News.]

It is obvious that the workman who reduces his output is in effect increasing the price of his labor and limiting the production of goods. The strikes in New Zealand coal mines, and still more the restriction of output, have cost the Dominion in the aggregate a very large sum for Australian coal and sea freights, a handicap that has fallen first upon industry, but ultimately upon all consumers. Such tactics maintain prices against the whole community, and go a long way toward discrediting labor criticism of the cost of living. Prices will find their own level in the end, but the readjustment will be wonderfully stimulated by a co-operative effort embracing the whole community—by moderation and fair dealing on the part of capital, by the most rigorous economy on the part of the state with a view of reducing taxation, and by conscientious labor on the part of the wage-earners.

WHERE LABOR MAKES A MISTAKE.

[Toronto Star.]

It is often thought, particularly by the wage-earner, that by slowing production men can make work in general last a longer time. This is a complete mistake. Deliberately to slow production is to make production less efficient and more costly. The greater and more economical the output, the greater in general will be the volume of employment, for the products can then be sold more economically, and thus new sources of demand both at home and abroad can be tapped. Efficient production will mean lower cost, and inefficient production higher cost, and the lower the productive cost the better it will be for the producer as well as for the community in a time of falling prices. It should also be remembered that the demand for goods depends on the resources of the community. Any activity that increases these resources increases the demand for workers, and the fund out of which they are paid. In the long run the best way to make work is to make it more efficient.

WILL YANKS LET CHINESE DIE?

[New York Globe.]

Forty-five million people are affected by the famine now prevalent in five districts of Northern China, and of this population it is estimated by various authorities that from five to ten millions will die of starvation unless aid from other regions reaches them quickly. The cause of the tragedy is simple—a succession of crop failures such as might occur anywhere. Occuring anywhere else they would matter less, because the population of other agricultural countries depends less on the gamble of farming for subsistence. When drought ruins the wheat of North Dakota and surplus rain drowns out the corn in Iowa, the farmers run heavy bills at the local stores, or draw on their savings, or fall back on the old folks at home. In China there is no elasticity in the machinery. The inhabitants of the districts along the Yellow River must win their game with the elements or die. For the present they have lost. And credit is not extended to them by banks or retailers. They have nothing to offer in return. For them it is charity to the end.

The United States can better afford than other nations to help these stricken people's need. We have a reputation, too, as the Good Samaritan of the world, though, if the facts were known we deserve the name no more than England. The English gifts to Belgium so far surpassed our own that our contribution toward Belgian relief shrinks to a pitiful dole in comparison. Neither are we in the mood at present for giving to the needly even our usual proportion—witness Austria and Armenia. Being weary of famine and death, we would fain cease thinking about them, hoping thus to keep cheerful. Out of sight, out of mind—and not so much out of pocket. Still, China is not Europe, and perhaps that variation in the appeal will be enough to open purses for this cause.

UNEMPLOYMENT.

[Ottawa Journal.]

The distribution of money grants as relief for unemployment is being demanded in Great Britain as in Canada at the present time. Some Labor spokesmen are asking that 40 shillings a week be paid to unemployed men and 25 shillings to unemployed women out of the national treasury. In Great Britain, as in Canada, it is recognized in more responsible quarters that such relief must be resorted to only as a last remedy.

Canadians must not and will not be allowed to starve because of the industrial reaction. But before the state or the municipality turn to voting unemployment allowances, every effort must be made to provide sources of employment. Hon. Mr. Robertson, minister of labor, has outlined the attitude of the Dominion Government in the matter in his statement to the Great War Veterans' Association. It is a reasonable and satisfactory attitude. The government is endeavoring to have large employers of labor do everything possible to provide employment. The provincial and municipal governments are expected to do the same. If, however, unemployment cannot be avoided, the Dominion Government will co-operate with the local governments in providing the necessary relief. Hitherto unemployment with its resultant hardships has been considered a matter for local action, but the present situation is recognized as exceptional.

It is announced that the Ontario Government is to open up twenty-five miles of railway in Northern Ontario, as an extension of the T. and N. O., to give employment. Other such works which have been decided upon as necessary in the immediate future might very well be undertaken now. There must be considerable work in connection with highway construction that could be carried on in the winter months.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT CANADA?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUESTIONS.

1—Attikonak lake is in the north-eastern part of Quebec.

2—The Cobequid mountains, in Nova Scotia, are nowhere higher than 1,200 feet.

3—Antony Musgrave was the governor of British Columbia who used his influence for confederation with the Dominion.

4—The governor-general holds office for five years.

5—The combined area of the Great Lakes is 72,250 square miles.

6—Rupert House, Que., is on James bay, at the mouth of Rupert river.

7—The "Sons of Liberty" were societies organized in Lower Canada by the extreme reform party in the struggle for responsible government in 1837. To cut off the revenue, they vowed to use no article that paid duty.

8—The Ottawa and the Saugenay rivers are the only two northern tributaries of the St. Lawrence that are navigable.

9—The three chief resources of Newfoundland are: Cod fishing, seal and steel industries.

10—Newfoundland is a separate part of the British Empire, with its own parliament, and not in Canada.

TODAY'S QUESTIONS.

1—What are Nova Scotia's four harbors on the Atlantic?

2—Where is Kamloops?

3—What is the great difference between the Canadian and the American federal union?

4—Who was the leader of the rebellion of 1837 in Upper Canada?

5—Where is Windsor?

6—Where are the Ottawa islands?

7—Where are the Appalachian mountains?

8—When was Shubenacadie canal built?

9—Is Greenland part of Canada?

10—What is Canada's population per square mile?

Poetry and Jest

A CHRISTMAS LULLABY.

[Arthur Weir.]

The restless clock is ticking out
The hours that go before the dawn.
And icy moonbeams dart about
The snow that shrouds the slumbering lawn—
The lawn that Santa Claus must cross
Ere he shall reach my baby's cot—
Oh! who shall measure Bertie's loss
Should Santa Claus come not!
Sleep, softly sleep, my pretty one;
I hear the neighing of the steeds—
Good Santa Claus has just begun
His round of kindly deeds.

What has the little man for thee,
My precious babe who slumb'rest there?
He brings, sweet one, a gift from me,
A mother's love, a mother's care—
A mother's care that shall not wane,
While hands can toil or brain can think,
Until that day shall come again
When thou shalt cross life's brink.

He brings a cross, he brings a crown
And places them on either hand.
Upon the cross thou must not frown
For some day thou shalt understand—
Shalt understand the preciousness
That to the sombre cross pertains,
And thou wilt hold the crown far less
Than of the cross the pains.

He brings the greatest gift of all
In bringing thee this Christmas Day;
The deathless love it doth recall
Of Him who took thy sins away;
And when no more thy mother's care
Can guide thy footsteps, Baby Mine,
Thy steps shall be secured, elsewhere,
By love of One divine.
Sleep, softly sleep, my pretty one;
I hear the neighing of the steeds—
Good Santa Claus has just begun
His round of kindly deeds.

A FISH STORY.

"Do you ever catch any whales, captain?" asked the fair passenger on the ocean liner, according to the Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph. "Often ma'am," answered the dignified captain. "How very wonderful! Please tell me how you catch them?" "We drop a few of the old salts on their tails, ma'am."

HORATIO ALGER, JUN.

[Malcolm Douglas, in the New York Herald.]

Horatio Alger, Jun., you were once my greatest joy;
I revelled in your stories when a happy, care free boy;
There was William Makepeace Thackeray, a novelist of note;
There were Bulwer, Scott and Dickens, but they got my childish goat;
They didn't have the pep and zip, Horatio, that you did,
For you got underneath the vest of every blooming kid,
And a myriad young critics felt your fascinating punch,
So they crowned you king, Horatio, of the literary bunch!

Horatio Alger, Jun., all the types of boys you drew,
Poor urchins of the street, revealed the gentle soul of you;
There were Ragged Dick and Tattered Tom, with others of their kind,
Who all bespoke an honest heart, a pure, unselfish mind;
Through trials and temptations they most perilously passed
Till virtue was triumphant, good Horatio, at the last;
And as their thorny paths through life your humble heroes trod,
Each chapter was illumined by your simple faith in God!

Horatio Alger, Jun., long ago your busy pen
Was laid aside, but to the hearts of grizzled, grey-haired men
Come visions of their idol, and your name they often bless,
For you helped them not a little in their measure of success;
You were loved by hosts, Horatio, and you filled an honored place;
The memory of all your good time never can efface;
And if but a single blossom each old boy admirer gave,
What a mountain of sweet fragrance there would rise above your grave!

INNOCENT HOLDUPS.

The old-fashioned two-gallus man came into the room. "I see they're still holding them up," said the cheerful idiot. "Robbers?" we inquired, innocently. "No, suspenders," he chirped, shortly, before he breathed his last.

LET JOY BE UNCONFINED.

[From the Brooklyn Eagle.]

Charles M. Schwab tells us to laugh at present-day problems, so
Let's take our cue from Charlie Schwab
And join the chuckling, laughing mob—
Ha! Ha! Bread's up another cent;
Ho! Ho! The Landlord's raised the rent;
Hee! Hee! We'll soon be in a tent.
Ha Ha! Haw Haw! Hee Hee!
Our coal's to cost a fearful price.
Ha! Ha!
We'll pay a whole lot more for ice,
Haw! Haw!
And higher taxes—ain't that nice?
Hee! Hee!
Now don't say things will cost still more,
(We got the giggles once before)
We'd have hysterics—kick the floor—
Tee, hee! Har Har! WOW WOW!

FIRST CHRISTMAS.

[Emilie Poulsson.]

Once the little Christ-child lay,
Cradled on the fragrant hay,
Long ago on Christmas:
Stranger bed a babe ne'er found
Wond'ring cattle stood around,
Long ago on Christmas.

By the shining vision taught,
Shepherds for the Christ-child sought
Long ago on Christmas.
Guided in a starlit way,
Wise men came their gifts to pay,
Long ago on Christmas.

And today the whole glad earth
Praises God for that Child's birth,
Long ago on Christmas;
For the Life, the Truth, the Way
Came to bless the earth that day,
Long ago on Christmas.

THE GARDEN STRETCHES SOUTHWARD.

[Lord Tennyson.]

And on we went; but ere an hour had passed,
We reach'd a meadow slanting to the North;
Down which a well-worn pathway courted us
To one green wicket in a private hedge;
This, yielding, gave into a grassy walk
Thro' crowded lilac-ambush trimly pruned;
And one warm gust, full-fed with perfume blew
Beyond us, as we enter'd in the cool.
The garden stretches southward. In the midst
A cedar spread his dark-green layers of shade.
The garden-glasses shone, and momently
The twinkling laurel scatter'd silver lights.

TWO MEETINGS.

[By Helen Fairbairn.]

We met when all the air was blossom-sweet,
And Love was singing;
From every spot that touched his vagrant feet,
Were lilies springing.

"What gift hast thou for me, O Love?" I cried,
Of joy, what measure?
"No dole bring I," the lyric sprite replied,
"For thee no treasure!"

We met again beside the ripening grain,
And dream-flowers crowned him;
Leaves of the vintage, red with summer slain,
Were twined around him.

"What offering wilt thou make to me" he cried,
"What homage, tender?"
"Here at thy feet, my heart and life," I sighed,
"In full surrender!"

AS SANTA CLAUS DRAWS NIGH.

[Allen Griffin Johnson.]

There's somethin' I can scarce explain
a-pullin' me today,
A-tuggin' at my heart strings in a tender kind of way,
And I seem to hear a voice, kind of gentle-like and low,
Sayin', "Come, there's someone waitin' and it's time for you to go."

I have roamed the streets in sadness, and I've mingled with the throng,
Tryin' hard to join the laughter, but somehow there's somethin' wrong;
I have gazed into the wine glass, hopin' thus to drown my sighs,
But I saw within its sparkle just two tender, pleadin' eyes.

And I poured it out untasted, gloatin o'er it as it ran,
Feelin' stronger for the conflict that had made me more a man;
But the tuggin' will not leave me, and still the voice I hear,
Pleadin' gently with the cadence of a softly fallin' tear.

Oh, I know the folks are happy, and that Christmas is at hand,
Yet I'm feelin' like an alien in a strange and foreign land;
And it ain't the town nor people—it's the voice within my heart,
That's a beggin' me to listen and a-callin' me apart.

I can hear it softly sighin', like the coolin' of a dove,
And it's filled to overflowin' with the tend'rest kind of love,
And I long to up and answer, and to shout across the worl',
'Till it echoes back my message, "I am comin', little girl."

That's the reason, too, I'm thinkin', why I'm lonesome like and sad,
And why Christmas joys approachin' somehow fail to make me glad,
'Cause I just keep on a list'nin' to that voice so sweet and low,
Sayin' "Come—there's someone waitin' and it's time for you to go."

25 Giving the youngster Castor Oil after the Xmas feasting —

"Who sows no seed, no harvest reaps"

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