

"Not For Me," Says the City Dweller When Asked About Life on the Farm; "I'm Happy Here," Says the Farmer, When Told Life Is Dreary Away From City

WHAT THE CITY MAN SAYS:

"I lived on a farm all my life until four years ago I got so discouraged I thought I would try city life. Would I go back again to the farm? No! I think all farmers would say the same if they once left the farm."

"The farmer seems to think that the only place to go is the shows. I never was to a show in my life."

"I have as good meals at home as I ever had when I visited the country."

"A citizen works six days and rests the seventh."

"Health is prolonged by good sanitary arrangements and these are best in the city."

"But, Mr. Editor, the most important point in country life is, if you happen to have a difference in the country with your neighbors, you might as well throw up your hands and leave."

"Show me the farmer who won't call you till seven p.m. Four o'clock is nearer it—just in the middle of the night, when you are enjoying a good sleep."

"The REPLY OF 'CITIZEN.'"

To the Editor of The Advertiser: I notice some of your correspondents who advocate the pleasures of country life, take exception to my former letter, and I would like a little space in which to reply.

"A Lover of Canadian Winter" says "Citizen" mentions that educational facilities are poor in the country. I quite agree with him there.

"A Staunch Farmer" says, "As for education, I will admit you have the buildings, and a lot of people to fill them."

"W. H. S." says, "Besides education and entertainment do not tend to make up life on a farm, and therefore should not be discussed."

These samples show that the advocates of country life admit that so far as education and entertainment are concerned, the city has the advantage. This argument or conclusion is further driven home by the lover, who says, "If one chooses to enter upon a professional career, it isn't so awfully heartrending to leave home and go to some town or city to complete his university course."

And a staunch farmer says, "I content myself with country boys go through your buildings to a position of honor and fame." My conclusion from these quotations is that so far as education is concerned, not only the city, but the country boy has to go to the city to get his "education."

Then, in the matter of entertainment "Layman" says, "Hitch your chariot to a star." The everlasting stars shine in the country, but, Mr. Editor, I would prefer "Old Dobbin" to the stars. Life is on the earth, and we are discussing which is preferable city or country life on the earth, not in the stars.

I claim the advocates of country life, when admitting the city has more advantages in education and entertainment, admit two very important, if not conclusive, points, but there are others. Health is prolonged by sanitary arrangements, and these are best in the city. Statistics show that life is be-

ing lengthened by good drainage in cities. These the country cannot have as perfect. Then take the miles of cleaned pavements all winter through in the city, while in the country the farmer must dig his way out in winter after every snowstorm, and in the spring needs a navy to reach the road. Some farmers have to be content with a plank to sail out on.

As to the Neighborhood. But, Mr. Editor, the most important point in country life is, if you happen to have a difference in the country with your neighbors, you might as well throw up your hands and leave.

If you happen to be an Orangeman and live in the community of the opposite persuasion, or if the reverse is the case, what remedy have you? If you happen to be a Tory and live in a Grit neighborhood, what recompense have you? What I want to point out is that your happiness or misery depends on the neighborhood you get into. Not alone would this apply to religion or politics, but to everything else. If you subscribed to the doctrine attributed to Luther, "Who loves not women, wine and song, remains a fool his whole life long," and you lived in a strong temperance district, and your neighbors found out you took a swig once in a while, where would your reputation be, and where would you find that calm repose that seems to be in the views of your correspondents the happiness of country life.

CITIZEN.

PREFERS THE CITY.

To the Editor of The Advertiser: I have been an interested reader of City vs. Country in the winter time.

Some of the letters, I think, are good, but others stretch it too much. I think the city has advantages in some ways (educational, etc.) and the farm in others.

"W. H. S." states in her letter that Citizen thinks only of himself and salary, etc. Who gives the money to charities, education and missions, Citizen or Farmer?

C. C. states we sleep in a warm room, that we want to lie in in the morning, have late suppers and bubbles after theatre at night, and need ice water and a cold towel next morning.

Now, Mr. Editor, what kind of a fellow would you think one like that would be? Not much good to himself or to anyone else, I would say. W. H. S. says you cannot get warm or get a decent meal. Well, I suppose if you would be treated that way, but I have as good meals at home as I ever had when I visited the country.

As for keeping warm, we have had some pretty cold weather this winter, and we have not felt the cold in our beds. Farmers burn coal just the same as we do, and have to curb it, too.

A citizen works six days and rests the seventh.

A farmer has to do his chores seven days a week.

As for amusements, I prefer amateur hockey and baseball to the theatre once in a while to see "those cheap imitations." The Old Homestead, "Way Down East," etc.

Taking it all in all, I prefer the city.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, I remain yours truly, J. M. London, Jan. 25.

"City Folks" Reply to Critics in the Country

The "city folks" have come to their own defence. Until they saw that all the arguments in the good-natured controversy on City vs. Country Life in the Wintertime were coming from the rural sections, they did not arouse themselves sufficiently to take the side of the city. But today a number of letters which uphold the alleged advantages of the city are presented, including one from "Citizen," whose remarks called forth many replies.

The controversy had an interesting beginning. On the coldest day of the season a member of The Advertiser staff—a farmer's son, by the way—was asked to write a description of farm life on such a day. He related his boyish experiences with no great degree of delight, though he wrote in a jesting tone. The article brought a comment from "W. H. S." at Fanshawe, and the discussion was on. The letters have contained much of common sense on both sides, and nothing offensive has been written. The communications printed today look at the question from either side, and some of them take a new angle.

SEES ONLY THE BLACK SIDE.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

With great interest I read in your paper each evening the comment some farmers make on city life.

In the first place, I would like to ask how they are preparing things. They seem to me they are comparing retired farmers with the working people of the city, but let us compare working on the farm with working in the city. Now, when you are working on the farm, show me the farmer that won't call you till 7 a.m. Four o'clock is nearer it—just in the middle of the night, when you are enjoying a good sleep.

Then when you get all the straw pulled out of your eyes, you go to wash in ice water, as they cannot keep a fire burning all night in winter when they are not working you 18 hours a day. After you get through this ordeal, they sit down to cold roast beef and stewed prunes, or, perhaps, some bread the baker left a couple of weeks previous; then for dessert more prunes and a cup of tea, so strong they dare not unlock the door for fear it would walk out. After that light lunch you go to the healthy part of farm life: down to the old barn, where animals have been exchanging a few breaths of hydrogen for ten hours, and clean horses and other animals for a couple of hours. Then the farmer says to you: "There is a couple of cold of wood. After you split that get the cold snipers down the backs of all who don't know any better."

More Roast Beef.

Dinner-time comes at last—after you are pretty nearly starved. They have the excuse that they have not very much to eat today, as they could not get to town on account of the snow-drifts. More cold roast beef (if you can call it beef), and dry bread. You don't get butter, as they can get too much for it by selling it. After you break three or four teeth getting through the beef, you hope to rest your back; but no chance! Back to the wood-pile for more slavery for another half-day, which seems like a week!

Then comes that delicious meal—supper—where you sometimes have a fight over a bean in the soup or a piece of cake on the board they use for a table. After supper it is dark. You are tired, no light to read with, so you go to bed.

The farmers talk about fast drivers, gramophones, and a cheery stove to cook a real breakfast. Any old skate they can pick up cheap does for a speeder.

No wonder they talk about nickel theatres; if farmers had the support of their there would not be one in town at all.

Can Have Gramophone.

A gramophone does them all right. Something they can hear for half what it would cost them to come to the city. They can have all of farm life they want, but give me the city every time, where one knows when he is going to get through work as well as start, where he can go to the lunch counter and get just what he wants, and when he wants it, where one does not have to work so hard in the day that he

can go out at night and enjoy himself among his friends, and that he is never yet seen doing any brains, and if 95 per cent. of our ministers and successful professional men come from the country, what an El Dorado it must be to produce these men, when so often it is the boy who is too stupid to measure up to the rigorous standard demanded that is packed off to the college or the bank. Let "One Who Knows a Good Thing" subscribe to the Farmer's Advocate, or follow a few tariff controversies, and he will get some insight into the conversations of the country. By the way, how about the daily squabbles aired in the police court, compared with the rare scandal charges before the country magistrate? But there is little use writing more, for until the blessed day of the millennium will continue to be a human moshé, glittering streets, or into the shows. Give us the healthy open-air life, the meditation and communion with nature. Oh! how lonely your gaudy streets are to many of us!

Urban Monotony.

After all is said, that which makes the winter, with its frosts and storms, so dear to the farmer and his family is the change and opportunity for mind development from the long hours necessarily spent in the open in summer, so different from the average monotony of the city. Thanking you for your valuable space.

A WELL-DRAWN ARGUMENT.

To the Editor of The Advertiser: I trust you will permit me a brief space in your most valuable paper to discuss the following topic, which has greatly amused as well as interested me the past few weeks, "City Life vs. Country Life." Now, as I have lived in the country and city both, I have had a real good opportunity to see life from both sides, but it is a very easy matter to solve which is the better life, for the dear old farm, with its pure air, health and plenty, and always in immediate touch with nature.

I have noticed in some of the sketches given by those in favor of the city life, where they talked about the pump being frozen, wood to cut, a dozen more minor troubles, but allow me to state that the farmer of today is a much more up-to-date person than he was. I might say, any of these troubles happen. As for the pump, in cold weather, it is well protected, and in reference to the wood, two-thirds of the farmers of today burn coal.

No Bills With Coal Men.

They draw out to market a load or

Speaking of entertainments, I have never yet seen the opera, picture show, or twilight recital that could compare educationally, or for pure enjoyment, with the Christmas entertainment, or literary, where we or our neighbors were the central figures on the stage, and not some high-priced Yankees or Italians.

We may not have the colleges, but colleges don't manufacture brains, and if 95 per cent. of our ministers and successful professional men come from the country, what an El Dorado it must be to produce these men, when so often it is the boy who is too stupid to measure up to the rigorous standard demanded that is packed off to the college or the bank. Let "One Who Knows a Good Thing" subscribe to the Farmer's Advocate, or follow a few tariff controversies, and he will get some insight into the conversations of the country. By the way, how about the daily squabbles aired in the police court, compared with the rare scandal charges before the country magistrate? But there is little use writing more, for until the blessed day of the millennium will continue to be a human moshé, glittering streets, or into the shows. Give us the healthy open-air life, the meditation and communion with nature. Oh! how lonely your gaudy streets are to many of us!

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dozens of loads of grain, potatoes, hogs, etc., and bring home tons of coal for winter, and do not run a bill with the coal man, like most of your city people do, and possibly, if the bread-winner takes ill in the city the coal man has to wait a year, and possibly his whole life, and is not paid for his coal.

Next, regarding the farm being an isolated bleak place, especially in winter, it is far from it, but rather a place where all the most healthy sports the world has produced, or ever can produce, are indulged in, such as coasting, skating, pond, better than all a good sleigh-ride, after a spirited team of bloods right in the pink of condition, and got in such condition by the careful, scientific, regular feeding of intelligent farmer of today, who had filled his mows with hay and his bins with grain the summer previous.

As to bleakness on the farm, it is not at this age, with the immense bank-barns, that are to be seen, especially in Middlesex and Western Ontario, generally, with perhaps one hundred head of stock, more or less, stabled in them—stock that has possibly captured a goodly number of prizes at the fall exhibition—a barn like that is warmer than the majority of city dwellings.

Good Common Schools.

Now, regarding education, I will admit you have in the city larger and more elaborate buildings, but as the common school education goes the country is equal to the city, and if further education is required it is an easy matter with the present-day facilities to complete the boy's or girl's education in the city.

Where do you get the majority of your professional men, as well as your strong, vigorous men, both physically and mentally? Off the farm, where they were raised with plenty of good wholesome food and fresh air, that made them the men they are today.

Now, last, but not least, allow me to ask how would the city people assist without the farm, that grows the very necessities of everyday life, especially in the way of food. Where do all your manufacturing concerns, doctors, etc., get their beautiful horses that are to be seen, for instance, in the city? Where are they raised, so I raised, and where will they always be raised? There is only one answer, and that is, "On the good old farm."

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I hope I will find space for this letter, and thank you for the opportunity.

A MIDDLESEX SOD-BUSTER.

LIFE ON THE FARM IN WINTER.

To the Editor of The Advertiser: I am reading "Life on a Farm in Winter," and would like to say a few things in defence for the city. I see you are letting the farmer have it all his own way. I think they are making it very difficult for the city, so I would like to give my opinion from experience.

I lived on a farm all my life until four years ago I got so discouraged I thought I would try city life. Would I go back again to the farm? No! I think all farmers would say the same if they once left the farm.

Talk about snow on a farm! I should say so! Many a one I thawed out with salt and old carpet, and sometimes had to take the top off and gravel up the water with pails; and for the dear old farm, with its pure air, health and plenty, and always in immediate touch with nature.

I have noticed in some of the sketches given by those in favor of the city life, where they talked about the pump being frozen, wood to cut, a dozen more minor troubles, but allow me to state that the farmer of today is a much more up-to-date person than he was. I might say, any of these troubles happen. As for the pump, in cold weather, it is well protected, and in reference to the wood, two-thirds of the farmers of today burn coal.

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They draw out to market a load or

WHAT THE FARMER SAYS.

"For in the country there are no 7 o'clock whistles, and every man a law unto himself."

"While unfortunate 'Citizen' must be tearing up the icy street for fear of being late, or standing on the corner waiting for the car, and inwardly sending up a prayer that the Duke of Connaught may commence wearing ear muffs, the isolated farmer is taking another nap, or toasting himself before the crackling kitchen fire, plying the city chaps who are at the mercy of janitor, plumber, foreman, and all the rest."

That two-thirds of the farmers today burn coal and that the pump never freezes.

"They (the farmers) do not run a bill with the coal man, but pay up as soon as they sell their produce."

"Where do you get the majority of your professional men? Off the farm, where they were raised with plenty of good, wholesome food and fresh air."

What about your windmills? Why only one farmer in every ten has one.

How He Lives in City.

The farmer seems to think that the only place to go is to the show. I never was to a show in my life.

Till tell the farmer how I spent my time. As I sleep with my window open three inches at the top, I get up feeling refreshed and rested at 6 o'clock, walk (not ride), five blocks to work. Does the farmer really know that a good brisk walk in the morning air is very healthy? I am at work in one hour, which is 9 o'clock, when the farmer is just raising his head and wondering what time it is, colder, who's going to start the fire? Then when he does get up he feels very tired and sleepy, because he has slept with his window closed, and he is afraid the cold will get in, with about three feet of bed quilts over him.

Monday night I go to the Y. M. C. A. and have a nice shower bath. Do you know what that means? Tuesday night I attend Young People's meeting.

Wednesday night, prayer meeting. Say, what about prayer meeting in the country? I know some old ones that never would attend prayer meeting for they were afraid the preacher would ask them to pray, and if by chance the preacher would go to their homes, why they would say, "There's the preacher," and scatter like a flock of sheep.

Thursday night I spend at home. Friday night at choir practice. Saturday night at home, with my week's pay in my pocket. No pay day in the winter on the farm, but have to work so hard in the summer and eat it up in the winter.

Sunday at school at 11; Sunday school at 3; Y. M. C. A. at 4; and church at 7. Has the farmer this chance? No, not! They hitch up Dobbin to the sleigh and start at 10 to get there at 11. Half the time they are in the neighbor's field. Of course this is fun for the children in the back of the sleigh, but what about the poor horse, plunging through the snow drifts. The old horse gets tired, and their new suits are all wrinkles, and covered with hairs from the horse and robe.

Not for me, thank you. H. A. C. London, Jan. 25.

Home Rule Denounced By Sir Edward Carson

Violent Speech by the Irish Unionist Leader—Says Ulster Will Not Submit to an Irish Parliament—Speaks of "Strong Measures."

A demonstration of 20,000 Unionists of Mid-Ulster was held in Omagh, County Tyrone, recently, to protest against the Government's home rule proposals. Eighteen special trains on the Great Northern Railway brought thousands of visitors from Counties Londonderry, Donegal, Fermanagh, Cavan, Monaghan, and Tyrone. At noon a procession was formed and marched past Sir Edward Carson, the leader of the Irish Unionist parliamentary party.

At the public meeting which followed, the Marquis of Hamilton, M. P., who presided over a crowded assembly, said Unionists would neither bow nor ever submit to home rule. They asked for no privileges and demanded no ascendancy for class or creed. They only asked to remain as they were, the electors of England and Scotland to which they were proud to belong, and where they knew their liberties would be safe and preserved intact.

A letter was read from the Duke of Abercorn regretting his inability to attend the meeting, which he knew would be successful. Composed as it would be of some of the best men in Ulster, it would prove to British electors that Unionists would not have home rule at any price. They were determined to remain united under the supreme sovereignty of the King. The people of Ulster had stronger feelings than ever against home rule, and if only the electors of England and Scotland could be made to understand this feeling and also the danger to the Empire consequent upon the granting of home rule, it would be a long time before any measure for the dismemberment of the Empire could be carried into effect.

Mr. John Gordon, M. P., moved a resolution emphatically protesting against home rule and expressing an unalterable determination never to submit to be governed by a home rule Parliament. They were (concluded the resolution) loyal members of the United Kingdom and intended to remain so.

Mr. A. L. Horner, M. P., seconded. Sir Edward Carson, who was received with loud and prolonged cheers, said Radicals were pleased to describe him as a rebel, and if determination to remain under the Imperial Parliament constituted a rebel he was proud to be one. The matter could be tested in the law courts, and the prosecution would

not have to obtain the sanction of the ecclesiastical authority to do so. (Cheers.) The Government had heaped indignity after indignity upon them over this question, but the last straw had been put on the camel by Mr. T. W. Russell was to be entrusted with the conduct of the home rule bill in the House of Commons. He gave the Government notice that there was a well-known rule of British law that no informer was to be believed on his oath unless his evidence was corroborated (laughter), and he was not sure he would accept a statement made in the House of Commons by Mr. Russell even when corroborated by Mr. Birrell. (Renewed laughter.) The Unionist position was a very plain, simple, and honest one. It was that they should be allowed to continue citizens of the United Kingdom under the same flag and Parliament under which they had been born. (Cheers.) They asked for no more; they would accept no less. (Cheers.) They did not ask for a separate Parliament for Ulster and they would accept none. If England and Scotland told them they could not continue to be allowed to enjoy their privileges as an integral part of the United Kingdom they would take the matter into their own hands (cheers), and keep it in their own hands until they were admitted back to what was their birthright. (Cheers.) This was not a game of mere bluff. He had won certain honors in his own profession, but he would sacrifice everything he had won to defeat the most nefarious conspiracy that ever was hatched against the rights of free citizens.

The Imminence of Home Rule.

Let there be no mistake. The position could hardly be more serious. There were grave dangers of a home rule bill being passed within the next few months in the House of Commons. How had the tricksters got to work? Irish Unionists had the right to appeal to the Free Churchmen. (Continued on Page Fourteen.)

Real Royalty in America—News Picture of the Duke of Connaught at Whitelaw Reid's Front Door



This photograph of the Governor-General of Canada and King George's uncle was snapped as he was leaving Ambassador Reid's Fifth Avenue home, New York, soon after his arrival from Canada. The ambassador is behind and the chauffeur in front of His Highness.

Churchill On Home Rule; Questions for Great Britain

What an Enduring Settlement Would Do—The Examples of Germany and the United States—Reconciliation of the English and Irish Peoples All That Is Needed to Still the Last Voices of Antiquated Hostility.

Advances copies have been issued to the press of an introduction which Mr. Winston Churchill has contributed to a new edition of "Home Rule in a Nutshell" by Mr. Joseph P. M. Keogh, M. P., which will be published by the Home Rule Council, 67,000 copies having been sold already. Mr. Churchill's introduction is as follows: "The facts and arguments collected in this book deserve the attention of fair-minded and patriotic Englishmen. They represent in a temperate and compendious form the appeal of an Irishman for the grant of an Irish Home Rule, and thus express once more what has been the persistent and consistent desire of the great majority of the Irish people ever since the act of union, more than a hundred years ago. We in Great Britain, however, are called upon to examine this appeal from a British and from an imperial point of view. Its sincerity is beyond dispute. We should naturally wish to accede to it. But how can we wisely and safely do so? How will Irish Home Rule affect the unity of the British Empire and the integrity of the United Kingdom? How will it touch the fortunes of the British race? Will it strengthen Great Britain in the modern world? Is it or is it not a line of imperial development? Will it make us more secure from dangers, and better able to overcome them in the hour of need? If the answers to these questions are unfavorable, the British people might well be forced in these stern and unrelenting times to return a negative answer. But if they are favorable, what a sorry part will a man have played, who, out of carelessness, prejudice or parsimony, is guilty of obstructing a settlement earnestly desired by the Irish people, and polite and necessary in itself."

The Examples of Germany and the United States.

"It is because we believe that the answers to these questions will be found to be extremely reassuring to all who examine the home rule question with sincerity that we confidently anticipate a good and enduring arrangement. The House of Commons is right in that direction. It is right. These terms are purely relative. Neither is exclusive. Either separately would be wrong. The truth resides in a harmonious combination of the two. The movement of the modern world is not towards the concentration of millions of individuals upon a single centre, but the consolidation around that centre of individuality, and in which not of individuals, but of other parts, fully formed subsidiary centres. This is the true type and model alike of the great modern nation and of the extended empire, in which both decentralization and centralization must proceed simultaneously, or accessively to a harmonious balance, in which all services necessary to national or imperial unity and strength are given more highly centralized, and in which all other business not affecting the whole body is continually devolved to lesser centres, which become themselves in natural freedom the replenishing cells of honor and life. Division and Combination."

"Truly comprehended, many groups of phenomena are seen to relate to the same fundamental principles. The balance of divided functions described above is noticed in industrial economy. (Continued on Page Fourteen.)"