

## The Weekly Ontario

Thursday, February 12, 1914

## THE CAUSE

Recent ugly rumors about the "selling" of hockey matches need occasion no surprise. Such rumors are the legitimate consequence of the senseless orgy of betting that has lately possessed a large proportion of the followers of the game in this city, or in other places.

It has apparently become the fashion for every patron who would be considered a sportsman to have something "up" on the game. They would strenuously repudiate the insinuation that they are gamblers in any sense of the word. They merely put up a friendly wager in order to stimulate their interest in the contest. Others again value their own opinions so highly that they are not satisfied until they have backed up the said opinions by a substantial amount of money. Some of these amounts are so substantial that some of the more well-to-do bettors have lately placed hundreds of dollars on the outcome of a single game of hockey.

Now then, dear hockey-loving reader, you who believe in sport for sport's sake, you who desire to see our great national game kept clean, look at the situation honestly and impartially and tell us if you think it is possible to keep hockey free from objectionable and debasing features as long as this saturnalia of betting continues. Can you see any connection between the recent examples of ruffianism at Orillia and very many other places over Ontario, and the betting men who crowd around the barriers at the side of the rink?

If a man has a hundred-dollar wager on a hockey game, will he be more intent on seeing the better team win, or on the saving of his wager?

Is it conceivable that a man who had placed a bet of five hundred dollars and who was not too scrupulous about methods might take it into his head to buy up a player or two, get them to lie down and thereby ensure the safety of his stake?

We are not trying to create the impression that all men who bet are unfair or unscrupulous. That would be far from the truth. But we do hold there is a very considerable number of men who make of hockey an excuse for an extremely mischievous form of gambling, and these men care no more for honesty, clean sport, or fair methods than the money-lending shark cares for the pitiful efforts of his victim.

Then it is surely absurd to claim that hockey, the liveliest and most spectacular game ever devised, requires any such additional stimulus as a bet on the side to make it interesting for the spectator.

It is true that the man with a wager on the game has an additional interest in the contest, but it is not a healthy interest in sport. On the contrary it often degenerates into a savage determination to see the side he is backing win, whether there is any regard for the rules or not.

To this source, we believe, can be traced most of the exhibitions of savagery that have been far too frequent the present winter.

It is not our intention to moralize or sermonize upon this subject. We wish merely to treat it as a matter of business and common sense.

Our men and particularly our young are indulging in this betting propensity far more than is good for them or good for sport. The so-called "sport" is doing his level best to ruin sport. All betting is essentially immoral. We call it by its right title when we name it gambling. Although we have lived on this earth more than two score years we have yet to hear of any individual, institution, or nation whom gambling has really benefited. If you know of any such, kindly send along their names and will gladly publish them.

It looks so easy when you gather in ten dollars from your friend with whom you have bet on the outcome of a hockey match. If you are a bank-clerk or a mechanic you would have to work nearly a week to make that much money. It's like finding it. The next day you put up some more—perhaps a larger amount. Your judgment is so reliable, you know. You have read all the dope and know the players personally.

But in the meantime where are your thoughts? Is your mind intent on giving your employer the best possible service? If a customer comes in, is your whole attention centered on the business transaction, or does your mind as well as your conversation wander to the coming game. Perhaps you win twenty five the second time. Then the virus is in the blood. Soon hockey is pushed aside for the pastebards. Then come the ponies, and then Pluto.

You are of course stronger than the others. You know when the thing has gone far enough. But right on the start you take that

ten dollars from your friend. What have you given your friend in return? Do you think any more of yourself for having put ten dollars in your pocket you have never earned? Have you performed any friendly service to your friend by taking ten dollars out of his pocket for which you have never given any value? You excuse yourself by saying it is all a matter of business, but there is this distinction, gentle reader,—in any proper business transaction value is received by both parties to the bargain. If all the value is received by one side then does the transaction become immoral and nothing more or less than gambling.

No, do not get alarmed, dear reader, we are not going to quote any horrible examples, although we know of many within the course of our limited experience right here in sober, staid, old Ontario. But we will close this little preachment by repeating a few remarks from one of the best known writers in America who declares that he is not a member of the Christian Endeavor Society, the Epworth League, the Baptist Union, the Knights of Columbus, or the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

"As a cold business proposition," he begins, "let me give you this: I would not trust an amateur gambler as far as you could fling Taurus by the tail.

"I will not do business with a man who plays cards for money if I can help it. No individual in my employ—or anybody else's—who plays cards for money can ever hope for promotion.

"A professional gambler may be honest, but your clerk or business man who indulges in a quiet game of draw is a rogue, a prevaricator, and a cheat.

"And the man he cheats most is himself.

"And the only man he really deceives is himself. And the man who deceives himself and cheats himself will get no chance to cheat me if the matter can be avoided.

"Beware of the white face, the soft hands, and the impassive smile of the poker player!

"The amateur gambler is not necessarily a bad man—primarily his intents are honest. He plays first simply for recreation; then, to add interest; the game transforms into penny-ante. From this to betting all the money he has is a very easy evolution when the fever is on.

"The successful amateur gambler graduates into a professional—he has to, for business men shun him.

"No man who plays cards for money can keep his position long. The fact is, none of us has a surplus of brains, and if you are going to succeed in business all the power you have or your credit is demanded. The man who can play cards at night and do business in the daytime has not yet been born.

"Gambling robs a man of rest; and the keen edge of his life is lost in shuffling the cards. All he gives to his employer or the world is the discard. Outside of his play he is a weak, inefficient person, and his weakness is very apt to manifest itself in burdening his friends. The curse of gambling does not fall on the gambler alone, any more than the drunkard alone suffers for his fault. Suffering tells on every one within the radius of the gambler.

"If your gambler is on salary, he very often comes around for his wages before pay-day, then he gets to discounting his salary to a money-shark; then if he can, he will "borrow" his pay before he earns it, without first consulting you. He intends to pay it back—oh, yes! He wins and pays it back. This encourages him to borrow more the next time. He takes more in order to win more. He is now obliged to play heavily because his debts are accumulating. It is an old story and thousands of men in the penitentiary can tell you all about it.

"One bad feature of the poker game is the poker face—the impassive, white face with its cold smile. And the principal reason it reveals nothing is because there is nothing back of it to reveal. It does not token truth, talent, sympathy, kindness, love nor intellect. It gives nothing away. In time the habit of the man becomes fixed. He is a living lie. He lies to friends, family, employer and business associates. He forever plays a part. Life to him is a game of bluff. And get it out of your head that the liar does not look you squarely in the eye. The poker-player is a scientific liar running on low gear, and his eyes look calmly into yours. He is astute.

"In strict scientific economics the gambler is a parasite and a thief. He consumes but he does not produce.

"If four men start into play poker with ten dollars each or a thousand dollars each, it is just a matter of mathematical calculation before all of them will have nothing. All they have will go for cigars, and drink, and the red-night lunch which they would not need if they went to bed at a reasonable hour.

"Gambling means blurred vision, weak muscles, shaky nerves. Loss of sleep, lack of physical exercise, irregular meals, bad air, excitement, form a devil's monopoly of bad things and the end is disgrace, madness, death, and the grave.

"Boys, we need all the brains we have in our work. If by concentration, and by cutting out folly, we succeed in degree, we do well. But

I do not believe we can reasonably hope for success unless we eliminate the cardboards—this as a cold business proposition."

## THE HIGH COST OF LIVING.

The high cost of living continues to be the most discussed topic of the day. And well it might be, for it is a subject that touches every man's home. All are pretty generally agreed that the direct cause is a lack of production of food on the farms, but there is a wide variance of opinion as to the primary causes operating back of the farm.

Why should our farms be producing less when prices are higher than ever before, is a question that every town dweller is asking. We would naturally suppose that farmers would now be crowding the markets with their wares and carrying home the enormous profits.

Farmers, on the other hand, deny that they are making big profits even with the present high prices. If what they sell has ascended in price, so has the price of everything that they buy including hired help. Farming too they tell us, is a different proposition now from what it was fifty years ago when the thrifty agriculturist aimed to produce practically all his needs in the way of food and clothing right on the farm. At the present time farming proceeds more along specialized lines. The farmer raises a great surplus of one or more kinds of food products, say of cheese, or pork, or wheat, or fruit, sells off this surplus and then buys his other requirements the same as the man must do who lives in the city.

Farmers no longer manufacture their own clothing. They do not use maple sugar for sweetening fruit. Most of them buy butcher's meat, canned goods from the grocer, clothing from the tailor, or ready-made dealers. Even in this dairying county of Hastings it is a fairly customary practice for farmers to buy the butter they use through the summer season. Where it is at all possible or convenient to do so they buy baker's bread.

The point we wish to bring out is that farming conditions have changed. The farmer buys his household needs much the same as the city dweller. The farmer is therefore just as much the victim of high prices as is the worker in town, and his profits are reduced in just the same way. This is a consideration that usually escapes the notice of those who claim that the farmer must be making large profits.

Twenty years ago, one of the most popular as well as efficient members of the staff of Toronto university was Professor William Dale. In the spring of 1895 came the famous students' strike, when all the students in the arts' department left University college in a body and refused to attend lectures until certain grievances, particularly in the political science section, were adjusted. We happened to be attending lectures at the time, in our freshman year, and retain a vivid impression of the stirring episodes of the time, and the fiery eloquence of the strike leaders, among whom were Hamar Greenwood, James A. Tucker, Mackenzie King, and Charlie Cross.

Prof. Dale was the one member of the professional staff who stood out for reform, and he had the courage to express his conviction in the press. As a result he was compelled to resign his position, and he retired to his fine farm near St. Marys, in the county of Middlesex.

Prof. Dale has since that time been quietly pursuing the even tenor of his way as a tiller of the soil, an occupation which has given him ample time for pondering upon the condition of agriculture.

From his retirement Prof. Dale has come forward to give one of the best and most incisive short articles we have anywhere seen upon the high cost of living.

Following is Prof. Dale's able letter. Read it. It is worth while.

The addresses of my friend Mr. C. C. James are always interesting, but not entirely convincing to the practical farmer. Mr. James lectures on the "Romance of Agriculture." And I can understand the romance of imagining the steps by which the indigenous grains of the Mesopotamian river-valleys have developed into the highly productive grain of the present day. As a student of history, I wish that we knew all the steps of that development. But what as a matter of history, has been the lot of the tillers of the soil? Three words tell the sombre tale: slavery, serfdom, and peasantry. And what is the tendency of the returns from agricultural labor to-day? The tendency is to leave to the tiller what is in sufficient for a bare subsistence, and that only. Whether this natural and universal law, if such it be, has anything to do with the general cityward trend of the present day deserves, perhaps examination.

But is this much-talked-of "high cost of living" due in large part to the fact that Canadian farms are producing less food than they could do? I admit the fact. But I deny that under the present circumstances the fact can be altered. To produce more food requires more labor and more capital. But additional labor is

not to be had. What are the conditions to-day? The cities and towns have been enabled in various ways—by tariffs, combinations and unions to pay labor higher wages than farmers can afford. But this higher rate of wages in town is almost wholly extracted from the land—i.e., from the farmer. And then he is asked to pay for labour more than the product of that labor will return, in order that the townsman may get his living at a cheaper rate. To ask the land at present to produce more is to ask what is economically impossible.

But more capital is required. But how is the farmer to hire capital at 7 per cent. and use it in a business which on the average returns only from 4 to 5 per cent? The most pressing demand on this continent to-day is some means whereby, as in many parts of Europe, capital can be supplied to agriculture at such a rate that it can be profitably employed. In what condition does the farmer find himself? He has to pay for the capital in the country. Those who use it are able to pay, owing to their large profits, 6 and 7 per cent. for it. The farmer making 4 or 5 per cent. in his business must preface go without capital. The law of diminishing returns too often acts here in Canada with special severity and is an additional handicap.

Has anyone ever attempted to tell us what is the exact meaning of the phrase, "high cost of living"? We may believe the man earning a salary of \$1,000 or \$1,500 or 3,000 a year when he tells us that he finds it at present more difficult to make "ends meet" than it was some years ago. It would seem, therefore, that the cost of the necessities of life has increased faster than the remuneration of wage-earners. Hence arises the universal demand for higher wages a demand which is being ever increasingly granted.

But how has this enhanced cost of necessities come about? Take an example of the practical working of the matter. The railway man increases the freightage, the banker increases his percentage, the professional man increases his fee, the grocer, the dry goods man, the tailor, the mechanic increase the price of their respective goods. They deal with one another, and the increase makes little or no difference. The medium of exchange only is increased. But suppose a man who is not one of the ring deals with any member of the ring, and what follows? The exchange becomes at once unequal. The outsider must pay to the ring the enhanced price of what they sell, but he cannot raise the price of what he sells in return. He is a victim of the ring, all of whose profits ultimately depend upon him. The victim in the present case is the owner and tiller of the soil—the farmer, the lumberman, the fisherman, the miner—and is preserved from utter annihilation prepared for him by the ring by the fact that many of the necessities of his existence are and must be under his own control. The ring charges all that the traffic will bear, and there are signs that it has overstepped the limit and is on the path to the killing of the goose that lays the golden egg. The causes, however, of enhanced prices are as obscure as ever. Beginning in a small area, they are now world-wide in their operation. The protectionists of the ring in Canada dictate the legislation and control the finances of the country. Favored by geographical conditions, they have made Canada the dearest country in the world to live in. The population of the most fertile country in the world, rendered hardy and frugal and orderly and skilful by the trials of the last forty years are now in the grasp of a minority which will not let go its hold without a desperate struggle.

I cannot see any improvidence on the part of British Columbia in importing what it needs or anything but profit to Prince Edward Island in exporting what it does not need. Statistics tell us—and my own experience confirms what statistics assert—that a farm itself consumes half its produce. It would seem, therefore, that if the farming population of a country falls below one-half of the entire population it cannot produce sufficient for the whole country. This would appear to be the case in British Columbia. Hence it necessarily imports. The opposite is the case with Prince Edward Island. Hence it exports—to its advantage.

"Practical remedies." The globe says, are loudly called for. Strict bookkeeping, thorough draining, adaption of crop to soil, scientific rotation, soiling, intensive farming, rejecting all 4,000-lb. milch cows and substituting 20,000-lb. milch cows; reduction of personal and domestic expenditure, are some of the remedies I have seen proposed. All are good, some are practised, some are impracticable and some are impossible. I would like to make a suggestion to our well-equipped agricultural colleges and farms. Let them each set apart a farm of the average size—125 to 150 acres. Let them equip it as an average well-to-do farm in Ontario is equipped with labor and machinery. Let them work it as the average mixed farm is worked. Let them show the average farmer how to make farming pay better than it does at present. A work of the highest national importance lies before the colleges.

## UNIQUE POW-WOW

Manitoba Indians Pass Resolution to Guard Against Fire

Probably nowhere else in Canada is there a stronger co-operative spirit in forest fire protection than has been developed by the Chief Fire Ranger of the Dominion Government among the rangers, Indians, trappers and packers of the Northern Manitoba Fire District. The work among the Indians has been especially beneficial, for in the past they were notoriously careless, especially in leaving camp fires. But, largely owing to the energy and initiative of the Chief Ranger, the attitude of the Indians has been changed from one of indifference to one of keen interest, so much so, that that official writes: "The conservation of the forests has become as red hot a topic out here as real estate in the West."

Recently, when treaty-money was being paid to the Indians at Cross Lake, a special council meeting of seventy-five to eighty Indians was called, at which an animated discussion of forest fire protection took place. The Chief Ranger writes: "While the meeting was in progress, the Indian Agent and party came, but to the surprise of many the meeting held interest till, by a standing vote, all asserted their willingness to help in the protection of the forests from fire. The chief and councillors wished me to convey to the Director of Forestry at Ottawa this, their resolution."

Wherever possible such councils are attended by the Chief Ranger, and all Indians promising to co-operate with the Dominion rangers are presented with a metal badge of office. The most intelligent of the Indians are engaged as regular fire rangers by the Dominion Government and do very conscientious work. Although the patrol is difficult, being done wholly by canoe, and the weather is often inclement, the eighteen fire rangers in this district average about eighteen miles a day, including Sundays, throughout the summer.

During the whole season, no serious damage was done by fire although many incipient forest fires were extinguished, a fact that speaks well for the efficiency of the patrol and the value of the co-operative spirit inculcated in the Indians.

## CASH IN A CROCODILE

Sportman Found Twenty-five Sovereigns in Its Stomach

A Natal (South Africa) reader of "Rod and Gun" sends the following clipping with reference to the finding of twenty-five sovereigns inside a crocodile.

"Three Johannesburg sportsmen, Messrs. Godfrey De Villiers, S. S. Schleyer, and F. Hind, while hunting for water buck recently on the banks of the Komati River in Swaziland shot a crocodile and on opening it found to their amazement twenty-five sovereigns, in addition to eight heels of deceased bush buck, a quantity of stiff hair, a number of stones, etc. Three of the sovereigns were Kruger coins, and the remainder were of the Queen Victoria design. The latest date of any one of them was 1902, and therefore it was permissible for the hunters to assume that they had been inside the crocodile for at least ten years. The theory was further borne out by the fact that the crawling treasure trove was an old male of fully twelve feet in length, while the surest guide of all was the fact that the sovereigns were considerably worn, the milling on the edges having completely disappeared. It is surmised by experts that the coins were unaffected by gastric juices, but that the stones alongside which they were found must have rubbed the edges away in the course of years.

"The manager of the Standard Bank, Johannesburg, who examined the coins, stated that the 'rubbing off' which they had been subjected to had reduced their value to about 16 shillings each. However, the firer of the first shot, Mr. De Villiers, was made some pretty good offers for the coins. One of the coins was presented to the owner of the land upon which the animal was shot.

"Possibly some one who was walking along the banks or through the river was attacked by the 'crocodile' and eaten. It may have been some unfortunate native who was making his way home having garnered the coin by labor on the Rand, or it may have been a white man with money in his belt who was hauled off his horse while crossing the stream.

## Enemies in the Air

All field guns heretofore built for the United States army will be so mounted that they can be used against aeroplanes.

## No Bumps on the Ground

A fork carried above an aeroplane has been invented by a French aviator to enable a machine to alight by clutching a cable.

## MANY

Since Saturday heavy harvest. This of the year's areas.

On Saturday Ham died of Thurlow cancer. He was 1850 and aged there as a the late Del he was engaged with sister, Miss vives.

On Saturday widow of the ed away in years after months. She and came to aiding in H was a Melch of Hungrie Three neph five—James Cranston, son, Hungrie son, Ottawa don, Mrs. S and Mrs. S.

Mrs. Louis W. Palmer midnight on ago she was and her death was a daughter Rosevear and ford, All he vicinity. In thodist, in a husband, on J. Ed. Shon liam Roseve this city is Palmer

Mrs. The death Hospital on Charlotte M of the late been ill for years of as leaves a fan daughter—F H. of Lynni, ar Mills, C William, of Sharpe of D The remai burgh for b

AF Band Mo Grand Mo Belleville Feb. 10th, tendance, F 1st Lady, 2nd Lady, 2nd Gent, 1st Little 1st Little Admission 15c,