

Thoughts by the Way

Written for The Ontario by "Wayfarer."

LEAVING THE FARM.

Notwithstanding the modern conveniences of country life, it is a regrettable fact that rural conditions are such that many rural residents, both old and young, are lured from the old country homesteads to the glitter and glare of towns and cities. Young men and maidens, becoming dissatisfied with the monotony and drudgery of country life, leave the old home to live amid the whirl and excitement of the city and thus the country is drained of its greatest assets.

The farm help problem is one of the greatest problems to be solved by our country today. It is very difficult to hire a young man to work on a farm and even is it more difficult to engage help in the home. Young girls prefer the bustle and glare of the city to the quiet life of the country and frequently enjoy the companionship that factory life affords to the restricted isolation of many rural districts, although the factory work may be much more arduous.

Owing to the lack of help, farms are only partially worked or left idle altogether. But, cattle bringing good prices, the leaving of land in pasture cannot be considered a great waste, beside the good results that arise from plowing and re-planting much worn-out soil. But the sight of a valuable fertile farm left by young and capable owners to the slack and unskillful management of the ordinary tenant, is a deplorable condition indeed. Driven through a certain country district which the writer had heard of frequently as being one of exceptional wealth and fertility, I expressed my surprise at the dilapidated state of the buildings and the barrenness of the soil. But the reason was soon made clear—the farms in this locality had for many years been abandoned by their owners and had been occupied and managed by tenants. From this I do not mean to infer that all tenants are poor farmers, because there are owners of farms who are such poor farmers, that their farms have never been productive or profitable until the services of a good tenant were secured.

And this brings us to another thought, namely the mistaken opinion of the inexperienced farmer, that any man can be a successful farmer. The "back to the land" movement, is a laudable one, but neither all men nor all soldiers will make good farmers. While the out-of-door life is the life most beneficial to the physical, mental and moral life of the returned soldier, not all will take to the work that farm life entails. Besides, farming is not only an art but a science and requires study and ability for constant thought and effort. Because a boy is brought up on his father's farm is no reason that he should become a farmer. A young man I know who is comfortably settled on a fine farm in a good locality, with all the conveniences that rural life affords, but who is not at home in his environment. He likes the companionship of his fellow-men and is happiest when busy among them. To such as he a business life in town or city would be much more congenial. But the returned soldier, the boy nerve-wrecked and shell-shocked, requires nature's soothing quiet. A young officer, who saw active service during the whole war and who has recently returned, was heard to say that although before the war he was fond of his work behind the counter, yet he could not think of entering on his duties in-doors at present. So while the out-of-door life appeals to these war-worn men, the country should not be disappointed, if all do not become excellent farmers.

But, speaking of the exodus from the farm, there are farmers, old and young, (probably not so old as some) who can work no longer and so must needs leave the farm. Mother too is tired of the drudgery and so after years of working and saving and skimming they are leaving the farm to enjoy (?) life in town or city. But will they do so? After years of country life, can they adapt themselves to conditions in the city. This is what Nellie McClung thinks in "Times Like These":

"Meanwhile the farmer and his wife move into town and buy a house. They get just a small house for the wife says she's tired of working. Every morning at 4.30 o'clock they wake. They often thought about how nice it would be not to have to get up; but now, somehow it isn't nice. They can't sleep, everything is so quiet. Not a

rooster crowing, nor a hen cackling! They get up and look out. All down the street, the blinds are drawn. Everybody is asleep—and it all looks so blamed laxy. "They get up but there is nothing to do. The woman is not so badly off—a woman can always tease or flout and sew it up again and she can always crochet. Give her a crochet needle and a spool of "soft-cotton" and she will keep out of mischief. But the man is not so easy to account for. He tries hard to get busy. He spades the garden as if he were looking for diamonds. He cleans the horse until the poor brute hates the sight of him. He piles his wood so carefully that the neighbors passing call out and ask him if he "intends to varnish it." He mends everything that needs it and is glad when he finds a picket of the fence. He tries to read "The Farmers Advocate. They brought in a year's number of them that they had never got time to read on the farm. Someway they have lost their charm. It seems so laxy in broad daylight for a grown man to sit down and read.

"His idea of labor was wrong when he was on the farm. He worked and did nothing else until he forgot how to do anything else. Then he stopped working and was lost." Continuing Mrs. McClung writes: "Why any rational human being wants to retire to the city goes beyond me! I can understand the city man, worn with the noise, shocked by the dust, frazzled with cares, retiring to the country, where he can hear his tired soul, pattering round his own garden, and watching green things grow. That seems reasonable and logical! But for a man who has known the delight of planting and reaping to retire to a city or a small town, and "hang around" doing nothing is certainly a retrograde step. But in spite of all logic and reasoning, the habits and life of the city continue to beckon and lure, and young and old follow the gleam and bid adieu to the quiet country. And what is the remedy? How is this vexing problem to be solved. Perhaps an answer may be found in the association of united farmers, uniting to further the interests and prosperity of the rural dweller, for without prosperity there can be little time or means for the enjoyment of the beauties and pleasures of this great and grand Dominion."

Wayfarer

50 Wounds at 0 cc in Hill 70 Fighting

Gunner D. R. C. Curtis Has Since Been Under Chloroform 38 Times

Thirty-eight times under chloroform has been the experience of Gunner D. R. C. Curtis, who has been in hospital for about a year and a half. His last operation was performed a few days ago in Christie street Convalescent Hospital, Toronto.

Gunner Curtis enlisted with the 74th Battalion, but was discharged before it left Canada, with weak heart and appendicitis. He re-enlisted in the 80th Battalion and went overseas with them, later serving with the 50th Battalion in France.

He was first wounded at the Somme and then at Vimy Ridge, but the "packet" he received at Hill 70 was the one that sent him from the firing line. His full quota was 17 wounds in the back, a bullet through the kidneys and one through the arm, the right leg blown off, part of the heel blown off, a bullet in the top of the left foot, knee cap blown off, and 27 pieces of shrapnel in the left leg. A total of 50 wounds not counting what he received at the Somme and Vimy.

Thirteen months of his hospital life were spent in the First General Hospital, Birmingham, and a short time in Birmingham V.A.D. Hospital. Later he was in Buxton and then in the 5th Canadian General in Liverpool, from which he called to Canada. Commenting on his stay in Buxton he said: "It only rained once there and that was all the time!"

He has made the round of all the Toronto hospitals, and he says in regard to them: "The only fault I can find with them is that we are kept in too long in the afternoon."

Because some men who always did it will lie, steal, and fight to get whisky, some others argue that prohibition is a failure.

WIMS SAVES YOU MONEY!

Sale of Men's Fine Shirts

Sizes 14 1/2, 16, 16 1/2, 17 Regular Value \$1.25 On Sale at 75c

25 doz. Women's Black Hose Seconds—Regular Price 45c On Sale at 29c pr.

10 dozen Blouses, Worth up to \$2.50, Up-to-the-minute in Style On Sale at \$1.50

Wims & Co.

Board of Trade Forwards Views

Calls Agitation Against Daylight Saving Retrograde Movement

The following resolution regarding Daylight Saving from the Belleville Board of Trade was forwarded to Ottawa on Monday to Sir Henry Drayton.

Belleville, March 31, 1919. "Sir Henry Drayton, "Chairman Board of Railway Commissioners of Canada, "Ottawa.

"Belleville Board of Trade protest against agitation seeking to prevent Railway linking up with continental system. Commerce dies of isolation. Retrograde and selfish sectionalists should not be allowed to retard progress of Canada at this critical period. Time is a national asset and uniform circulations of trade arteries is vital. Signed—

"F. S. Deacon, "President. "W. N. Ponton, "Secretary."

Polled Herefords Going West

The Bobcaygeon Independent, of March 27th, says: "This week Mr. J. H. E. Vrooman, of Belleville purchased a Polled Hereford stock bull from the Mossom Boyd Co. for Alberta. This makes two hundred cattle they have bought recently; over one hundred of these are registered high class individuals ranging in value from 200 to \$1000 per head."

"They have shipped five cars of horses (both horses and cattle are for breeding purposes) "Six thousand acres of new breaking and summerfallow will be planted with wheat in the next 30 days on this farm."

Miraculous Escape

Maurice Knight, a 12-year-old lad is still alive and likely to recover from a two hundred foot drop over a precipice of Niagara River. The boy, who lives on the American side was playing with other lads when, to avoid a companion, he made a jump right over the bank. An alarm was immediately sounded and firemen arrived with extension ladders and ropes. It was believed the lad had caught in a tree or landed in a crevice on the face of the cliff, because he could not be seen from the top of the bank, but while the searchers were trying to locate him, a motorman on the George Railway, two hundred feet below, discovered him lying on the tracks just in time to avoid running over him. Doctors say the boys is not seriously injured.

ing is as needless as it is terrible to endure. After its many years of relief from the most stubborn cure no sufferer can doubt the perfect effectiveness of Dr. J. D. Kellor's Asthma Remedy. Comfort of body and peace of mind return with its use and nights of sound sleep come back for good. Ask your druggist!

An Arkansas paper says "hay ram appears to be the favorite beverage just now, with a green colored hair tonic running a close second." In Canada would alcohol also is in high favor.

Lines on the Eve of an "Air Man's" Transfer

From the R.A.F. to the C.E.F. (With heartfelt apologies to the late Alfred Tennyson.)

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, Sergeant dear, For I fain would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year. For a new year it is surely, and you will not find me dead, When I leave you all behind me and I quit the R.A.F. Leave the dizzy heights we loved so—stunting at ten thousand feet— For no true Mechanic ever in the air could be discreet. Fifty times we looped the loop, ere our breakfast we could touch, This propeller on my sleeve tells them how I fight the Dutch.

What a time it has been, Sergeant, since I joined the R.F.C.— As an egg is full of meat, so my storied history! Many a bitter mouth on Yonge street, bearing all the brunt of war, There upholding, spite of foemen, still the honor of the Corps. Then our far-flung battle squadrons, Deseronto, Borden, knew; Distant elms, away from kindred, far from home and mother, too. Then away in "sunny" Texas, in the South with all its snows— Spite of good mosquito netting, we were quartered where we froze.

And by rights I should be wearing one gold stripe upon my breast Where a Hun-like M.O. shot me full of germs of Rinderpest. I shall tell my little children, when the shades of evening come, How I've heard the Vickers, Lewis, tattoo out each deadly drum. Never blanching as sometimes strangely one the bally target struck (Queer how these Cadet boys always seem to get by on their luck!) Sergeant, we have braved the barrage thick in Dallas, Ft. Worth, late; Made our dauntless passage through 'em, daring matron, daring maid.

In the sector Tallaferro, Benbrook, Everman or Hicks, We have knocked 'em dead by hundreds, taught 'em all our northern tricks. Land of cacti, horned toads, northerns, you have generous hearts and warm! Home you took us, cheered us, fed us, halting at no foolish form. Showed the tepid Northern chaplains what democracy you know, Neither caste nor class to temper human interest allow; For you trusted, asked us neither what our name or class or creed; Let us hope you planted in us what may prove a fruitful seed.

Sergeant, when the war is over, ranks and differences will go. Even those three stripes resplendent that your arms so proudly show. Shall we conquer, and at last the hated foe man's goose-step learn? If so, he the victor; we the military serfs in turn! For democracy we're fighting, democrats the Air Force led; Did you ever grudge our men the democratic U.S. Red Were they pleased, sir, at the Spartan state performs they always kept, Did they sigh for the soft quarters where Imperialists sleep?

You recall the cheery smile of him who was our feudal chief— Sarge, the interest he had in us was almost beyond belief. Well, my sheet is almost clean; what control that record proves! For I whispered like old Bruno: "Surely, surely, the earth moves!" But I never let them hear it, lest they wake from out their sleep. Let them all the medieval forms and fumery still keep. Potter-on, a Saxon China, gaudes at mess a half-mile long, Sixty minutes changing guard whilst millions wait the righted wrong. Like a two-edged sword their follies, yet my buckler broke the blow; Petty discipline scarce touched me tho' 'twas foully aimed and low.

Well, I've fought the good fight, now at last my days are done, And into the nether glass the sand of all my strife has run; Never shall I hear the cry of "Markers, steady", more; Gone the Imperial slow-march to the nights Plutonian shore. Will they teach me crocheting when the women all enlist? Sergeant, I am weeping, when I think what I have missed. Kiss me, Sergeant, one last comrade-kiss good night, Tuck me in to sleep until the morning's fateful light, For no matter what the gods bring, that tomorrow I shall be Past the ken of all Air Forces, vanished from the R.F.C. PERARDUANIX

FRESH MILK AMONG THE MOST PRECIOUS VITAMINE BEARERS

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg.

The vital flame of health will burn less and less, however much you eat. If milk and other compounds with vitamins in them are insufficiently present in your diet. Human beings must contain vitamins to make virility and health.

The abyss of error into which many fall is well illustrated in various cases. For instance, one woman complains of "pains and rheumatism"; another has a limp from a scurvy-like leg; a third has beriberi; a man has pellagra; a child has bow legs, knock knees, a chicken breast or rickets. All of these disabilities are produced, not by want of food, but by need of vital nutrients, fresh vitamins.

Vitamins were first thought about only a dozen years ago, when the distinguished English psychological chemist, Professor F. G. Hopkins, in 1906, announced his results of experiments. It was there and then determined that living tissues feed off in strength and vitality, no matter how much meaty, starchy, sugary, mineral and fatty foods were given to them, if milk or fresh animal fats and fresh fruits were lacking. Furthermore, the lost nourishment only produces death of a fat, "healthy-looking" offspring, which succumbs to the first "cold" or other disease. Professor Hopkins discovered that, surprisingly tiny quantities of milk, orange juice, apple, cod liver oil, fresh green vegetables or fruits acted like a good fairy's wand and restored health.

Two Vitamine Types Later American physiologists and food chemists, Professors L. B. Mendel and T. B. Osborne of Yale, and Professor McCollum, now of John Hopkins, discovered that there occurs in fresh milk, especially in the fatty cream and butter-fat, a strange substance which possesses almost magical powers over the living fabric of man. This material left in the milk fat has the capacity to promote growth, repair, nutrition, health and strength. These are called vitamins, of which there are two types. One dissolves in fat, and the other in water. Both kinds seem to be contained in fresh milk. Perhaps these facts will make clear to the minds of some parents why babies from whom mother's milk is withheld fail to thrive and to resist disease as naturally fed infants do. When the little ones are not breast-fed they are given dried milk, malted food, condensed milk, evaporated creams and various sorts of substitutes for human milk. Best of Children Unless such children are fed fresh butter-fat and well weakened fresh cow's milk, one of the various "deficiency" disorders such as scurvy, pellagra, rickets, aches and pains in the joints may appear. Obviously, if fresh milk will ward off the severity of disease as well as a liability to be either a weakening or a chronic sufferer from nearly every disease which comes along, then a liberal supply of that food will contribute richly to body's growth, repair and strength. Malt foods, too thoroughly milled flour or other cereals, frozen meats, canned vegetables, refined, granulated sugar, and similar fare all lack a sufficient supply of vitamins "to keep body and soul together."

SINCLAIR'S Navy Blue Leads The Parade of Chic Spring Suits. Witching Marabout Furs For Easter. Easter Blouses Feature Variety of New Colorings. Neckwear Offerings. Gorgeous Spring Fabrics. Fine Quality Hosiery For Women. Colorful Pullovers and Knit Coats for Spring Sports. SINCLAIR'S

Picked Around Daylight Saving right, but when of a peaceful night, it bill to the lo Belleville post officer who was "daylight saving call it such, but privided of an h midnight robber of the law rep Saturday evening He left the sta midnight and r 2 a.m. for his h time, on goes t hour. The poor he has to go o his rest. Imagi surprise on his countenance and visages of his OUt again into deserted streets

Mr. J. F. Salisbury has been confined to the hospital for the past several days, but he is expected to leave for the coast in the course of a few days. He will reside in Victoria.

The fire brigade Sunday afternoon to St. Charles and some grease on fire. There was

Mr. Lucius E. known engineer this city, has been landing the cul bridges and con government high tawa and Presc largest contract undertaken and busy all same work in the im

Mr. Robert Olliv Belleville Gener to undergo an o

Messrs. E. B. Abbott, the disc firm, have diss by mutual con occupy their re of you.

The Young Poo Bridge Street 2 will, this ev reception for st the colleges and situations of t function will t Sunday School affair is always forward to by t

The lower brid of an accident l was being drive of Shannonville and an automot young man nam up from the carriage and fo bridge work. T the machine die buggy, but that toward the side However, the thrrew Mr. Cl and ran up M it was caught. T buggy is const horse was cut. spite of his fall.

The Tabernack passed a resolu testing against of dancing in th

Rev. E. O. Se Ontario, has be supply committe pulpit of the B dist Church f August, during Rev. Dr. Scott

The banks of observing "Day

Lieut. Gordon John W. Mur the Dominion from overseas the city. Lt. M wide experie in German wa a number of the Great Wa

The service at thodist church musical in cha spring and in congregation. Quartette, Mes tin, Moorman two fine sum Pilot Me" and be "There." A Mrs. Grant; M