

young Scot or Englishman who went there had to learn his business over again from the beginning. Here from the first he could by industry, get at least a living, and as time went on a comfortable homestead and a competency if not a large fortune.

The men who settled here seem to have been contented with this prospect, and they were wise, for a good old Book which seldom errs tells that the happiest state is neither poverty nor riches. The country population of this province are usually in this condition. Poverty they know not and if we hear of millionaire agriculturists we may be pretty certain that the millions were not made on the farm, and some part of them frequently spent on it. This love of land owning on the part of the millionaire has done incalculable good to certain branches of the farming industry and we hope it may continue.

The men who flocked to Canada in the early part of the nineteenth century were mostly Anglo Saxons, English and Lowland Scot, who, we believe, are the best colonists in the world. They have administrative and practical ability of a high class. Unlike the Celtic part of the population of the British Isles, which they are only beginning to understand, they have not much sentiment and little of the poetry and imagination that can idealize the peat bog and the mud cabin as the Celt does, till for his own sake he has to be dragged out of it by force. It takes a generation to make him cease to regret the squalid conditions in which his early life was spent and take kindly to his new and improved ones. The Celt has a love of "places", which we others whose "consciousness is our home", cannot readily understand, and it is only recently that we have begun to appreciate his high qualities, and recognize that he, too, has a place and an important one in guiding the world's destiny. Yet, though not so fervidly expressed we have a patriotism as strong and as heroic as theirs. The majority of the men who have made Ontario what it is, came to it willingly. For various reasons which we can easily imagine they wanted a wider field for their effort, and a larger return for their labor, which, in most cases, was all they had to dispose of. This capacity for work and ability to work and to work hard is, we maintain, the most valuable possession a young man can have. Agriculture in Great Britain after the great war was in an unsettled state, large families were the rule, and money to take a farm for the boys as they grew up was not forthcoming. Observant people even then could foretell the trouble which was brewing owing to the subdivision of land. Some of the inhabitants of our country would, rather than part with their children, allow them to "squat" on their little properties which were subdivided till the land could barely provide them with the necessities of life. In the Highlands and in Ireland they had seen too much of this, (we speak especially of the Scot as with him we are best acquainted,) men of our race have a natural aptitude for political economy, and they have been among the first to see that it is a mistake economically, to cultivate land which will yield a poor return while virgin soil and a climate as good or better than that they have lived in is awaiting them, and will give a fair return for time and skill.

Still another reason, and one which will last as long as the human race lasts, is the love of adventure inherent in all healthy-minded youth. With the young blood dancing in their veins and the joy of living in their hearts, and all the world before them, why should they settle down to the same monotonous old round of duties as their fathers? So it ever is. The best and bravest of our lands must find an outlet for their superabundant energy, in travel, in war or otherwise, and it is well for the world that it is so.

To the Scottish settler, Canada owes much as he in return owes much to Canada. We have said that a large proportion of the population of Great Britain is of the same race—a mixed race it is true. The dwellers in the East coast of both England and Scotland have a considerable infusion of the Norse blood, and really differ more from the people who live on the West coast than does the Englishman from the Scot. Perhaps the keener climate of the East coast may also have helped to produce a more enterprising and vigorous community. Before the Scots gave England their king, Carlisle was a Scottish city as often as it was English, according to the fortunes, of the border warfare that continually raged around that district. The two nations played battledore and shuttlecock with the city of Berwick till finally by agreement it was made neither English nor Scotch, but a little city by itself.

Still though these people are of the same mixed race, and have a community of interests there are differences between the dwellers north and south of the Tweed. The Scot was never conquered, like as Brownling says, "he fell but to rise", he was never very modest in estimating his own good qualities, nor, in his opinion, the superiority of all his belongings. Therefore at the Union of the Kingdoms he most carefully safeguarded his rights. The king's first oath, we believe, is to maintain and uphold the Church of Scotland as by law established. The Scottish law is different from and in some cases superior to the English, and Scotland had its own system of education, both in its parish schools and its universities. Whatever may be said of the religious views of the founders of the Church of Scotland and the provision they made from the land for the education of the people, it is undoubted that, as an institution, the Church suited the genius of the people, and the education provided for the poorest in the land was in its time the best in Europe. It is questionable if the Scottish youth of the present day is better educated in spite of the expensive machinery and official inspection than it was a hundred years ago. Good schools were in

every parish, and the land-owners were legally bound to keep the schools and schoolmasters' houses in repair, and to pay a suitable salary over and above the very small fees paid by the pupils. Hence there were few, and need have been no illiterates in Scotland. Of course, Scotland, being a very poor country, children were frequently only a short time at school, but the old Scottish peasant had a conscientious desire that each one of his children should have at least a chance to learn. The boys would go to work for farmers in summer, returning to their lessons during the winter months, and in most cases picked up a very fair education. After all, what can a man learn by a life's study, save how very little he has learnt? How his life's work has only touched the hem of the garment of the Unknown. Educated or uneducated, Scotsmen have, as a rule, taken an intelligent interest in public matters, and this was another reason why so many of them came to Canada. They knew that there they would still be a part of the British Empire. They were truly democratic in their principles and all their institutions and knew that under the British flag there is more freedom, greater progress, and as far as possible more equality than anywhere else in the world. The President of the United States can and does claim powers which we deny to any King or Premier. Our constitution is on an altogether broader basis than that monument of Individualism—the Declaration of Independence. Since it was framed we have moved forward while it has stood still. Even into that last resort of darkness, the official mind, the great truth that all men are brothers has penetrated. Our recent legislation proves it. Let it not be forgotten that Plato added "but all men are not equals." Nor are they, in physical strength in mental and moral qualities, in intellectual ability one man gets ten talents, another only one. Always there must be the weak, and the strong must more and more understand that it is his privilege as well as his duty to hold out a helping hand to those less gifted than himself. Only in the increase of the altruistic spirit is there hope for society as at present constituted.

Are the present men of Ontario worthy of these ancestors? We think so. They form one of the finest farming communities in the world. They have sent a body of troops to the front worthy to stand beside the finest fighting men in the world—the soldiers of the Imperial Army. The Mother country regards her colonial sons much as a proud mother looks on one of her boys who has gone to a far country and done well. Long may this feeling prevail, for more than any legislation it will in future be the guarantee of the glory of our Empire and the peace of the World.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

MARGARET RAIN.

Whip the Bully.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

I am not a fighting man, nor was I exactly a fighting boy, but I had one good fight when I was at school; one that I am sure neither I nor the other fellow will forget. It wasn't that I loved fighting for I trembled at the sight of blood. I would faint when I cut my finger as well as run when they stuck a pig. But I must tell you about my fight as it has elements about it that I wish to apply to the bigger fight in Europe.

It happened on this wise. When I started school there was a lad in the bunch who was some four or five years older than I was. For convenience we will call him Joe. Joe didn't love a fight either, except when he could get two others to do the fighting. I never saw Joe fight but once and I piloted him through that one as you will see. Joe was one of those miserable, wormy, mean creatures that you occasionally meet in a school section. He didn't get out and play games with the other boys of his size. He stayed inside. You could look at the window nearly any noon hour and see Joe inside blowing his nose—or he ought to have been if he wasn't. If he wasn't gazing out the window you might be certain he was breaking or stealing a new slate pencil some little boy had brought that morning, or hiding some bottle, dear to the heart of a little girl. Perhaps you would find him teasing some little boy half his size. You never caught Joe among boys of his own age engaged in honest sport.

Well, he was some ten years old when I started school. I came in for a special share of his mean, bullying tricks. He used to hide my hat, or dinner pail, break my pencils and bottles, take my knife and a dozen other things. I remember one evening having to walk home a mile and a half in bitter cold weather with nothing but the teacher's handkerchief tied over my head because Joe hid my hat and then ran home.

He was twice my size so there was nothing for it but to endure it. However, I vowed that if ever I got big enough Joe would pay the price with interest. I'm almost ashamed now of how I treasured up the hope of final vengeance, but I did just the same. Every week I endured such usage. I mused over the prospect, every time I saw Joe abusing a little chap I clenched my fist.

Joe was a well-built lad, but slow of growth. I was rather the reverse. At least I grew like a weed. At first I used to picture the final settlement away off in the distance when I would grow up to be a man. Before I had gone to school a couple of years, however, I got a new idea. I was growing like a weed, Joe was not. I was catching up. Besides Joe was very slow at the books. If I just kept going and he came long enough to school, perhaps I could trim him yet before we left school. Besides I felt it would look much better for two school boys to be fighting than for two men.

So I waited and grew. Of course, I did not think

of this thing all the time, but there scarcely ever was an intermission but Joe gave evidence of his bullying nature, and I secretly wished I was big enough. One spring day I was heart-broken when Joe came to school and got his books, having decided to stay home to help his father. I almost challenged him then and there, for I was as big as he was, but not nearly as well built and developed. I got some consolation in the fact that they said he was coming back the next winter.

I believe the home people got more work out of me that summer just because I wanted to develop muscle. Next winter came. I was back at school, Joe wasn't. But at last he came for just about two months in the spring. He was seventeen or more. I was twelve, but I felt I could do it. My heart was a bit softened, however, and I half concluded that I had better not make a row. I hoped that Joe had got more sense too. But he hadn't. He was just the same old cowardly bully. One very stormy day when we were all playing in the school Joe was specially cruel. At last he hurt one of the little boys who played an innocent trick on him, and my old resolves all came back. I told one of the other boys I was going out to the woodshed and he was to send Joe out till I trimmed him.

I went out and soon they brought Joe out. I backed him up between the school and the woodshed with his back against a high board fence. Then I delivered a lecture, laying forth as clearly as I could the purpose for which the meeting was called. There were no minutes of a previous meeting to be read nor was there likely to be another meeting, I thought, so we didn't appoint a secretary to keep the minutes of the present meeting. We began business immediately.

I reckon it was some fight. I was sorry at times I hadn't appointed a second, but I finally put him over the ropes with my long legs astride him. I was glad to get sitting down. A few swift smashes beside the head taught him to lie still. Then, I repeated the lecture with which we began, and as I named each offence I impressed it in his brain with a sound bang on the side of the head. Before he got up I presume that he had at least a headache. But we have been better friends ever since. A person always hates to meet one they owe. I can meet him now and feel quite free for I don't believe I owe him anything. I presume he feels almost the same. I half believe he is a better friend of everyone since that day.

Now that's a long story for an introduction, but it was a long story for me. Besides I believe it is a bit like the fight in Europe. Germany is not unlike Joe. There is not a mean, devilish thing they ever thought of but they did it. Their chief pastime is ill-treating the little fellows. Sneaking, mean tricks are their delight. They tackled Britain when she was utterly unprepared to fight. Germany doesn't like a square fight. They have done a host of things that have made the world wonder. Yes, some have wondered why Britain allowed it. The truth is that Britain could not prevent it. She has been compelled to fight on and see the little fellows suffer, not even escaping that suffering herself.

Yet Britain has vowed a vow that some day she will see things righted. Through the past two-and-a-half years she has been growing slowly but surely. Patiently, with clenched fist the soldiers and sailors have waited till they felt their strength coming in the air as it was torn with shells. It has been a terrible wait. Now they are nerving their arm for the day when they hope they can drive home the blow that means victory. It will take every muscle, yours and mine included, but we hope it shall suffice. And can we wonder if they take a bit of pride in dealing those blows?

It is a desperate business. We laugh sometimes at the school-boy fight, but not at this. Yet could it be avoided? Fighting is a sort of last resort, an evidence that one or both of the parties are weak mentally or morally and must make up for that weakness by using physical force. We were meant to exert our greatest influence mentally or morally. When we have to use brute force to show our influence it is evidence of weakness somewhere. Yet, when mental and moral force can't influence there seems no course open but to fight.

When a man like Joe or the Kaiser is born with the notion that he has a divine right to be a bully, and will not be influenced by moral or intellectual force then it may be necessary to put him in a position where he must listen to reason. In other words they can only understand when they are being sat upon. The awful thing is that blood must be shed before we get them there.

Another side of it is this: brute force alone will not conquer. You may whip a dog and he will mind you, but a man is different. Having found it necessary to use physical force it must be used in a wise, moral way, or it will not win. If the force used is not pierced through and through with sound moral, Christian principles it will fail to achieve its end. In short, the man who uses physical force must himself be a Christian, or he cannot hope to instill Christian principles into the one whom he is trying to win.

We are seeking to win Germany to a higher, moral standard. We are seeking to convince her that she must not kick the little boys around or smash their play-things, or kill helpless women and children. If we would win them, in any real sense, we must set our house in order, being certain that no injustice, cruelty, or lying enter into our daily life. That applies not to the nation alone, but to every individual, for the nation is just an enlarged family.

Munitions, soldiers and money are needed. All we can do to help should be done, but these things alone will not bring the sort of peace we desire. The men who deal the blows or prepare them must be men