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A RAILWAY PRESIDENT'S VIEW

By SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY

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Sir,—The prophet who, in olden days, was not honored in his own country, very often deserved his fate, for those people who are apt to foretell some wrath to come, or impending ruin, are not pleasant company.

In Canada, however, we are incurable optimists, and there are few of us unprepared to paint the future in colors of the rainbow. There is, indeed, a tendency to prophecy too much and do too little, waiting for the war to end and for the return of the tide which is to bring once more the flow of men and capital to our farms, our mines, our forests, and our factories. Whereas in reality our future is based on our present, and unless we have a secure foundation, the superstructure to which we put the labor and the capital must be unstable.

The potential wealth of Canada lies in her immense natural resources, but these must remain merely potential till they have been developed with the aid of human labor, which, in turn, must be paid its wages. Some day when her population is sufficiently large, and her people have put aside mere savings, Canada may herself provide the capital to develop her own resources, but for many years to come a large proportion of this capital must come from outside, and be paid for in interest duly earned. Our credit, therefore, is our chief concern, and it is the first duty of every citizen to exact careful and economical expenditure in Government, municipal and public company expenditure, to be merciless on graft, to insist on a lynx-like and untaxed war profits. The spendthrift nation gets short shrift from the foreign banker, who, in his turn, is putting out to interest the savings entrusted to him by his own thrifty customers. Our credit now is of the most urgent importance, since the enormous cost of the war has made it difficult, if not impossible, for Great Britain and other European countries to continue that investment in Canadian securities on which the development of Canada depended so much in the ten years preceding hostilities. The sentimental interest taken by the Mother Country in Canada accounted to some extent for the readiness with which the British investor bought our securities. If, as is likely, we have to turn now for our loans to New York, we can no longer count on sentimental sympathy, but must be able to guarantee that the money we desire to borrow will be carefully and economically spent on enterprises which are immediately

productive. Extravagant promotions, born only to serve a political end, must be vigorously stifled at their birth, and those unhealthy offshoots which have been sponged by too lenient subsidies or Government guarantees, must be reduced to sterner tutelage—in some cases perhaps handed over to the guardianship of an official receiver.

The business man of the United States is essentially an individualist, and never has shown much belief in state socialism or any form of commercial enterprise operated by Government officials, however upright or well-intentioned. Where, on the other hand, there is scope for a well-arranged private business or industry, with the prospect of good dividends, no one is more ready than the American to stake large sums of money without hesitation. Mortgages on farm lands are also a favorite form of more conservative investment south of the border, and such mortgages often provide the farmer with funds useful for increasing his live stock or better cultivation of his land. Our lands, particularly in Western Canada, are still assessed on a comparatively low valuation, so that the security we have to offer in this field is good. The migration of farmers from the United States to Western Canada shows no sign of falling off, and there is no doubt that considerable capital for the development of our agricultural land will follow in their footsteps.

If then we see to it that our security and our credit are good, I see no reason to fear that the progress of Canada will be hampered by lack of capital, even though the European investor may be cut off by the present war. The uncertain element is the supply of labor, and till the issue of the war is decided, one can only hope for the best. It is, however, a historic fact that Europeans during the past century have been followed by emigration to the North American continent. An important factor in these migrations has been the heavy taxation which resulted from war. Although there is reason for believing that the rates of wages in European countries may soon approximate to those now current in the United States and Canada, the taxation required to pay for the war will tempt many to transfer their homes across the Atlantic. Much of this movement from Central Europe will be directed no doubt to the United States, but any further immigration through the ports of Boston and New York will only increase the westward pressure of population which is already resulting in an over-

flow from the middle western states into our prairie provinces.

The future of Canada, therefore, depends largely on the ability with which we handle the incoming population, the preparedness we make for absorbing the heterogeneous elements whom we may be called upon to assimilate after this terrible racial eruption in Europe. During the past thirty years Canada has more or less successfully absorbed a very large immigrating population, but much energy has been dissipated through lack of co-operation shown between the Dominion Government, the Provincial Governments, and the transportation companies. We should be busy now thinking out and formulating an organization which should place upon the land, or in the industries for which they are fitted, with the least possible friction or loss of time, those individuals or families which come to make a new home in Canada. In that way we are apt to let the immigrant shift for himself and find his place by himself. As a result, many a good farm laborer has been lost to the land, and has helped, in times of economic stress, to overcrowd our cities. We have said to the farmer: "Take the first job that is offered to you," instead of having a carefully organized bureau which would tell him of the place where his skill was needed. This war has accelerated many manufacturing activities in Canada, and there is a possibility of a greater demand for highly skilled labor than was the case when Canada depended more completely on her agriculture. Even in the case of the immigrant farmer from Europe, we have not always been ready with the expert advice which would enable him to adapt himself without loss of time to his new conditions. We have let men with invaluable knowledge of intensive farming go to waste on homesteads remote from the markets, and have not sufficiently posted our settlers on climatic and soil conditions, the knowledge of which is essential to their success as Canadian farmers. We have, as it were, brought seeds and bulbs and plants from Europe by the ton, and planted them indiscriminately in a garden which had not been prepared for them—a method of culture which can only result in a heavy percentage of waste. There is so much to be done to develop this Canada of ours, that any waste of energy should be avoided. We must conserve energy just as much as we must conserve our credit, if our future is to be bright as all true Canadians hope to see.

Yours truly,
T. G. SHAUGHNESSY.

SANTA'S TIRED!



When Jane Fixes the Knickknacks

LIKE to loaf in the kitchen while Jane in her wifely way is putting the finish on knickknacks for the dinner on Christmas day. Say, tollible early o' mornin', when the coffee-pot's simmerin' low, An' the roosters is crowin' for daybreak—like nobody else didn't know—An' out through the white curtained window the stars is beginnin' to fade, An' the hills that was hid in darkness is at last comin' out o' the shade. Directly a silence settles, so plain it is mighty high seen, An' me an' the past stand together, with surely a minit between, Fer I feel unusually tender—in a glad, half sad sort o' way—While Jane is fixin' the knickknacks for the dinner on Christmas day.

A person don't never, I reckon, disremember the old folks at home, No matter how feeble he grows an' no matter how far he may roam, An' they show pretty clear at such minits, true an' brave as in days gone by, Till I push my chair in the shadders—'twidlin' the mist in my eyes— I see the grave face of my father as he reads by the candlestick there, An' I hear some hymn of my mother as she rocks in the hickory chair; Then the freight falls on the cellar with the rose o' the old time glow, As I dream only dreams o' the future 'atid o' dreams o' the long ago, Heigh ho! What a world o' changes from the lad to the man now gray, Watchin' Jane as she fixes knickknacks for the dinner on Christmas day!

Then my thoughts travels on an' onward from mist where the old folks be, An' I wonder if our own children is thinkin' o' Jane an' me; If they heard some organ sendin' the song, "Do They Miss Me at Home?" Through the holy Christmas mornin', through the holy Christmas gloam, If they had their children shoutin' in pleasure beside their toys, Would they think once more o' the homestead, where they lived when girls an' boys, The young has the world before 'em, but fer us it lies behind—A dim, dear land o' memories, where even I keep in mind Wee, faded clothes in the attic, broken toys long laid away, As I watch Jane fixin' knickknacks for the dinner on Christmas day.

What They Did To Santa Claus

The children came down with a cheer blithe and bold, Their curly locks gleaming in auburn and gold. They ran with delight where the gifts were displayed, And oh, such a babble of gladness they made!

They gazed on the tree with its glory of its tinkles and baubles and ornaments bright. They emptied their stockings and, dancing with glee, Brought back the dear child world to mamma and me.

There were dolls with bright faces and books full of song, Tin trumpets and drums, blocks and bon-bons a throng. And there by the chimney, with arms full of toys, Stood Santa Claus watching the girls and the boys.

They spied him—they rushed with a volley of cheers; They pulled off his wig that curled white round his ears; They poked at his eyes, gave his whiskers a twist, And laughed at the shape of his chubby, fat fist.

They tore off his coat, rolled him over the floor; Jumped on his legs, banged his head 'gainst the door. Pulled his nose till it cracked, pinched his cheeks with a vim, And laughed till the tears made their bright eyes grow dim.

Then he burst with a thud, and again rang their shout. On, on went the wild, merry frolic and rout. As they formed in battalions, while each held brigade Snowballed with the cotton from which he was made.

On Christmas eve in Spain the poor man has his relations around him, over his humble "puchero" (stew); the rich man likewise. In Spain only blood relations eat and drink in the house as invited guests, on Christmas eve or Christmas day.

Ethel's Lesson

By CLARISSA MACKIE



It was the day before Christmas, and the big department store was crowded with people hurrying to buy gifts at the very last minute.

Ethel Mason and her Uncle Peter rolled up to the store in a beautiful motor-car, for the Macons were very rich and lived in a marble house up near the park.

Uncle Peter had promised Ethel a gold watch for a Christmas present, and now they had come to buy it; but, first, they were going up to the toy department so that Ethel might see all the wonderful playthings.

Up in the toy department little Addie Simpson ran to and from bundle counter to busy clerks every time one of them called "Forty-three!"

Addie's number was "Forty-three," and every one called her by that number.



"If I lose my job there will be no one to take care of grandmother."

ber. I don't think many of them knew her real name. "Hurry—along there, Forty-three," said the clerk. "What's the matter with you tonight?"

Ethel watched Addie go to the bundle counter and come running back with the parcels, and Ethel laughed. "What are you laughing at, Ethel?" asked Uncle Peter.

Ethel told him. "She jumps like a jack-in-the-box, Uncle Peter." But Uncle Peter did not laugh. "She is very tired," he said gravely. "Perhaps she wishes that she was going to have a Christmas tree in the morning and have a nice dinner afterward."

"Perhaps she is, Uncle Peter," said Ethel, putting, for she did not like to be reminded of poor people. "Shall we find out?" he asked, and he walked right up to the bundle counter and asked Forty-three where she lived and what was her real name.

Addie looked frightened. "I haven't done anything wrong," she said pitifully. "If I lose my job there will be no one to take care of grandmother."

"Don't worry, Addie!" smiled Uncle Peter. "We're just going to call on grandmother; that's all."

So tall Uncle Peter and the little girl in the fur coat who was just Addie's age left the toy department and entered the motorcar and were soon whirling through the east side streets. They found grandmother almost helpless with crippled hands and feet, but even rheumatism could not prevent her from making the room clean and neat. But there were no signs of Christmas. "Addie will be half dead with weariness after this Christmas rush," sighed grandmother.

"And how about Addie's Christmas?" asked Uncle Peter. Grandmother shook her silvery head. "We are thankful if we can keep warm for Christmas," she sighed. "I wanted to get something, but I could not."

"Do you mind if we help?" asked Uncle Peter. "Bless your kind hearts, I shall be delighted!" And grandmother smiled so beautifully that Ethel could not help but think that Addie Simpson was rich in just having such a grandmother.

Uncle Peter and Addie had such a busy hour after that. The big auto took in the queerest load—a small Christmas tree and a box of ornaments—a big basket of good things, a chicken and oranges and nuts and raisins and candy and vegetables, and back to the big department store where they bought comfortable clothing for grandmother and Addie and some books and toys and a big doll, and back to the tenement.

"Now for your gold watch, my dear," said Uncle Peter as they went out.

"Please, Uncle Peter, I don't want the money for Addie Simpson."

Christmas In The Farmhouse

When as a child you read stories of Christmas celebrations where the houses were decorated with holly and mistletoe and the people had such jolly times putting them up, didn't you look around your own house and wonder how that would look if trimmed with those same greens? And didn't you long to smell their spicy fragrance and to have a hand in putting them up where you thought they would look the best? And didn't you long to feel that peculiar Christmas spirit that is in the very air in cities and villages for more than a week before Christmas day itself? And then did you just settle back and say to yourself: "Well, it's no use."

"As long as I live on a farm Christmas must be just the same as it always has been—an exchange of gifts and afterward an unusually big dinner?"

I want to tell you that you are mistaken—that you can have just those very same things, even to bringing in the old time Yule log, if you are so fortunate as to have an open fireplace in the farmhouse.

City people pay from 35 cents to \$1 for a small house Christmas tree, and every one who can afford it buys a tree every year for his children. How often do farmers' children have trees? And why not? Because the parents say, "We haven't gifts enough to make a pretty tree." Many people never put a gift on—simply make it a tree of beauty for the children. Strings of popcorn, wishbones and canes gilded, gold stars—anything bright and shiny hung on a tree delights a child—a bag of popcorn with a few candies in it tastes five times as good if it has only once hung on a tree. Even if the gift must be underwear, shoes and things actually needed to wear, have them come as surprises and in as "Christmas" looking packages as possible. It is well to keep the Christmas spirit in the home.

It seems a pity for us country people, surrounded by these beautiful things deemed luxuries by our city friends, to make no use whatever of them and to let our lives become so commonplace. Christmas is not solely a day for gift giving and receiving and eating. It is a day for doing everything in your power to add to the joy of the children—a day to remember the feeble and lonely old people—a day to think of the strangers and the poor. If you haven't money to spend for gifts for them you can give some of yourself and of your own home Christmas cheer. There are homes that it is an inspiration to enter, because of the Christmas spirit they breathe forth. I trust the farm homes will not be lacking in Christmas beauty or Christmas cheer—that all of them will truly "keep Christmas."—Bertha G. Markham in Country Gentleman.

The tangometer attached to the tangometer or tangress records the distance tangen. If your tangometer registers sixteen miles in one evening you qualify as a tangoman.

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UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Why a Chinese Laughed.

In the European quarter of Shanghai they were putting in a macadam road. The street was torn up and barricaded in the usual way. A sign about one foot high by two feet long bore this inscription, "Look out for the Steam-Roller." My Chinese companion, a leading merchant, burst into a loud laugh when he saw the notice, and, pointing to it with one hand and the noisy, puffing, rattling steam-roller with the other, said, "If a man can't see that volcano mountain of excited steam-roller, how in the world can he see a little sign?" And then he added retrospectively, "You foreigners have such peculiar ways!"—Leslie's Weekly.

Filled the Bill.

A housewife one afternoon received a call from a hobo to whom that morning she had given a doughnut.

The knight of the road doffed his ragged headpiece and with great civility addressed her thus: "Madam, this morning you gave me three doughnuts. Would it be asking too much to request a fourth?"

"I'll be glad to give you another," said the woman, as she prepared to wrap up one in a newspaper. "So you like my doughnuts, do you?"

"It isn't that, madam," explained the hobo. "You see, some friends of mine down in the meadow wish to have a game of quoits."

THE DANGER FREE TREE.

How Electricity Provides the Sparkling Cheer Without Risk of Fire.

Nearly every 26th day of December we read in the morning papers the pathetic stories of Christmas play that ends in tragedy. It is the annual toll of the Christmas tree candle. Every city has dozens of such cases each year. The candle flame sets fire to the tinsel trimming, a curtain blazes up, and the day of festivity ends in sorrow or some member of the family is badly burned.

The little electric tree lights are decorative and pleasing to children, and they are safe and convenient. Tiny lamps, fruits, roses, dogs, birds, snow men and grotesque little figures are all strung together on fine, silk covered wire and may be readily connected to any lamp socket behind the tree.

The little lamps sparkle and glow. They are the most effective Christmas tree ornaments ever devised, and there is far more fun for the kiddies, because the lamps can burn as long as they are wanted. They do not have to be watched, and the little lamps can be used year after year. They are suitable for any festivity and add gayety to every gathering of children.

When the dawn creeps up from the darkly slumbering ocean, Christmas morn and speeds brightly around the world, circling it with a golden girdle of light, myriads of bells in many lands awake and from steeple to steeple ring out the glad tidings that "The Messiah is king."—Eloise Boorback

A Happy Tree.
"Oh, look at me!" Sang the Christmas tree—A jolly young evergreen—"I'm dressed up here For a show, that's clear, And I'm anxious to be seen. To grow in a wood Is very good—Of air you've a trifle more—But I declare I cannot compare To a block on the parlor floor! You may stand in the cold Till a century old, Not a blossom to speak of comes, But here in an hour I'm all in flower With mittens and dolls and drums, I know so well—And daren't to tell—So much that I'm like to burst; There's a mystery hung Or a secret swung On each branch from last to first. How I'd love to shout All my feelings out! But I haven't ten coughs; And just the half Of a great big laugh Would shake all my candles off. So I have to hide. All the fun inside Till I'm full as I can be. Whatever folks say, I'm king of the day, And the jolly Christmas tree."

The number of individual subscriptions to the Canadian War Loan was under \$107,000,000.

India has millions of men and tons of gold still to sacrifice on the altar of her duty and gratitude to the Empire, said Canadian Empire.