



WHOA!—BE TIED, YOU!

THEY AND THEIR GRAND-DADDIES.

A SERMON TO THE TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

BY ONE OF THEM—REFORMED.

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"FARMERS who are complaining of hard times can see how the case stood with their grand-daddies."

This text you will find in the London *Free Press*, editorial column, top of 4th page; date, a few days ago, but that makes no difference, because the issue that had it in will have to be produced in court during the libel suit proceedings which will follow the publication of this discourse.

Some of GRIP's readers do, we sadly fear, subscribe for the London *Free Press*, weekly edition, not so much for the intrinsic value of the chromo which goes with it as to have its original agricultural editorials in a neat and concise form without the trouble and expense of subscribing for the able American Farm Journals from which these able editorials are so ably clipped.

But you will not be able to find this text in the weekly edition, because it was, no doubt, the work of the versatile horse reporter, and was promptly suppressed when discovered.

In case some persons may desire to make a pilgrimage to London to see where the author of the graceful and contentious paragraph above quoted is kept, there will likely be people about the neighborhood of Woodstock who can point out the road to the town or be willing to enquire for the pilgrim. When in London, the traveller ought to be able to make his way to the Zoological Gardens.

Now, in considering the grand truths and lofty sentiments with which my text is pregnant I shall divide it. Thus:—I. Farmers; II. Hard Times; III. Grand-daddies.

I.—Then, Farmers are an innocent, unobtrusive, in fact, perfectly harmless, class of the Canadian people whom Sir John Macdonald, and the newspapers which support him for large bonuses, as the *Free Press* does, invariably begin to remember the existence of, just about election times. Farmers ought to feel profoundly grateful for this signal mark of recognition on the part of the Great and Good Government under which they are permitted to live and work hard and enjoy all the blessings

of bountiful taxation. Perhaps, when the Farmers rise in the scale of number, education, political knowledge, representation, gall, and other characteristics of general importance, they may fairly claim to be deserving of a paternal Government's attention somewhat oftener than on the eve of an election. In their present insignificant status as factors in the sum total of national progress, they can only patiently await the course of events till they are placed rather more on an equality with the Boodle M. P's, the nepotists, the timber-grabbers, the charter-snatchers, the Boys and all those others elevated, influential and specially gifted few for whom the country was created and on whom the country really leans—while they fatten. I urge on you, my farming brethren, to rest and be thankful as things now stand. The time, I think, is coming when you will be actually taken into account in the economy of Government, not to say the Government of economy, between elections.

In the meantime, do nothing to precipitate matters. Till, toil and take taxation like the noble, unselfish yeomen that ye are. All of you who can afford it, get 5 cent copies of "In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye" and "Over Jordan;" practice regularly at singing them, and "learn to labor and to wait"—especially wait.

II.—Hard Times, you must remember, are in your own hands. If you don't want them, sell them. You can effect this sale by a very simply process—very simple. Support the Government which assures you that it has full control of hard times and soft times, too, and is prepared to deal them out in lots to suit purchasers. It strikes me you did something like this once before, but if you did, perhaps you did not do enough of it. Maybe you dealt at the wrong shop! likely you traded out too much, or took notes at too long dates, or were satisfied with poor security! Look into this matter and try again. If you find more hard times on your hands than you can conveniently carry over for another Parliamentary term, make another effort to get rid of them, even at a little present sacrifice. Polling day is a good time to make up your minds as to whom you will dicker with this trip. There are only two political shops just now going, with Ottawa headquarters. It mightn't be a bad idea to transfer custom this once, if you should be haunted with the idea that somehow or other you made a mull of it last time. Remember that you had forefathers and that they used to have to handle transactions of this kind. This brings me to another division of my sermon.

III.—As my text neatly put it "you can see how the case stood with your grand-daddies." There may not be a positive superabundance of satisfaction in the contemplation that your ancestry did or had certain things and therefore you who do or have about the same things will be able to grasp how the situation was with them. It is, however, excessively kind and considerate of one of the accredited organs of the Dominion Government to point all this out to you at this juncture. It proves conclusively how deeply interested the Great and Good Ottawa Government is in your behalf and how anxious they are not only to comfort but to help you. Of course the inference from the text is that really you shouldn't grumble because wheat is only sixty cents and other things you raise are in proportion, while your taxes, for the Government Fiscal Policy, are being most neatly and attractively piled up. But, on the other hand, if you really must grumble, please let your memory take a short walk down the main street of the past; think "how the case stood with your grand-daddies," be comforted, be consoled; be virtuous and you will be happy. T. T.