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Thursday, December 31, 1925.

Why Centralize in Toronto?

When Hon. Howard Ferguson, as minister of education, prepares his estimates for the maintenance of Ontario universities for this year, he should take into consideration the fact that London votes an annual grant of \$55,000 to the University of Western Ontario, while the City of Toronto contributes not a solitary cent to Toronto University.

It is true that Toronto University is a provincial university, yet the City of Toronto is the chief beneficiary. Of the students of Toronto University not less than 60 per cent. live in Toronto or immediate proximity. If the City of Toronto contributed proportionately to London to the University of Toronto the burden on the provincial treasury would be more easily adjusted.

Without underestimating in the slightest the work of Toronto University, why should the province as a whole be asked to maintain a university at Toronto largely for the citizens of the Queen City? The University of Western Ontario is catering particularly to this great peninsula and it is no exaggeration to say that 60 to 80 per cent. of the students that are attending this university would not get an education if the university were not in London. The young men and young women living in Western Ontario are just as much entitled to higher education as the young people of Toronto and York County.

One of the troubles of Ontario to-day is too much centralization in the City of Toronto. During the past decade the increase in population in Toronto was as great as all the rest of the province. The building up of a great city in Toronto at the expense of the rest of the province is not in the best interests of Ontario; it is not a healthy state of affairs. Why continue this centralization by fostering a huge, unwieldy university in Toronto. No one in London, or in Western Ontario, wants to injure Toronto University; it should be made the great post-graduate institution for Ontario, but at the same time the Government must realize that in the best interests of education and the province on the whole it is better to build up several localized institutions rather than one great institution, too large to give personal attention to its students and crowding out by the cost of going to Toronto thousands of young people entitled to and worthy of the opportunities of higher education.

The Ferguson Government has shown itself sympathetic to the needs of the University of Western Ontario in the past, and doubtless in the future will treat the university as generously as the province's finances will permit.

Has Canada Been Gold-Bricked?

One of the achievements of the King Government to which it pointed with pride was the trade agreement made with the West Indies. It was a part of its wider trade policy. The aim of the Government was in the right direction and one with which The Free Press agrees, namely, the extension of preferential trade within the empire. However, there is no use entering upon such agreements unless they are in the interests of Canada. According to a report brought down by a committee appointed to make an investigation on the subject by the Halifax Board of Trade, the new agreement is not only of little value to Canadian trade, but if it is carried out will be a financial burden on the whole of Canada.

Halifax merchants for generations have been dealing with the West Indies and they should know something about trade with the Southern islands. Before the West Indies conference was held in Ottawa last year the Halifax Board of Trade asked to have a representative present. For some extraordinary and unexplained reason the request was refused. As a result there was, according to A. H. Whitman, chairman of the West Indies committee of the Halifax Board of Trade, "no direct presentation at the conference of the views of those who, from long practical experience in the West Indies business, would have been able to give the Government sound advice." The result was that the Government, which was equally divided politically, stumbled into an agreement under which Canada will pay through the nose.

Under the agreement Canada is given an increased preference on flour, butter, cheese, salted fish, lumber, lard, boots and shoes, cement, condensed milk, salt beef and pork ranging from 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 per cent., while Canada gives an increased preference on raw sugar, cocoa beans, bananas and a large number of Southern-grown fruits and products. In addition, Canada provides a greatly extended steamship accommodation. The committee report points out that to give the steamship service proposed in this agreement will cost Canada a capital expenditure in either new or refitted ships of \$9,550,000. It is shown that under present conditions the annual deficit on the two Government-owned ships now on this route is \$230,000, and the committee figures under new conditions it would be a million a year. A high figure to pay for "wider trade." The committee sums up the situation as follows:

"We are forced, therefore, to the conclusion that there is no sound business reason for Canada to undertake the

large expenditure necessary to carry out the agreement which has been proposed, and the only grounds on which it has been entered into are largely of a sentimental nature, based on the hope of welding more closely the tie of empire that binds us to the West Indies.

"This is very laudable and probably would be sufficient reason for the agreement if Canada was in position to undertake the financial burden involved, but we submit that we are not in that desirable position at the present time."

Apparently the King Government showed about the same business acumen in making this agreement as it did in the case of the famous Petersen contract. In view of this report from a body of men who have everything to gain by increased trade with the West Indies and who should know what they are talking about, the new Parliament should move slowly before they ratify the West Indies treaty.

Is It An Augur?

For the past few years Mussolini, the Italian dictator, has been dictating with a vengeance. Italy now is experiencing a wave of autocracy that equals or surpasses, in some points of severity, the dictatorships of early Roman and medieval days. The question now being asked by students of history and those who watch the signs of the times is: How much longer will the liberty-loving people of the peninsular kingdom tolerate the yoke that Mussolini and his followers have laid upon them?

The pendulum of public conduct in pre-Mussolini days vibrated too far in the way of Socialism and radicalism and toward Communism, and the extra vibrations produced the reaction to-day called Fascism.

Now Fascism is going too far and another reaction is due to come in a short time.

The following news comment from Rome may in its way be an augur of:

"Many walls in the streets of almost every Italian city and village from the Alps to Sicily are covered with painted scrawls wishing long life to three men—two of them dead. The dead are Lenin and Matteotti. The third is very much alive—Mussolini.

"For centuries it has been the Italian custom to scribble political opinions on unresisting walls. The latter W, which is an abbreviation for 'Viva,' means 'Long may he live.' Its inverse, M, thus signifies 'Down with him!' The inscriptions are rarely erased, but often M is painted over W, or vice versa. Some are highly dramatic: 'Masonry must die! Death to the enemies of Fascism!' or especially in the villages, 'All who fail to vote for Fascist candidates are known to us!'

"For months there was visible on one of the boulevards of Rome: 'Death to Mussolini!' But gradually Lenin and Matteotti are fading out of sight. Their place is being taken by a new hero: 'Fascism, long may he live!'

Will it be a W or an M—for Mussolini?

Radio Built In

No one can or wants to gain the fact that radio has come to stay; to increase and to double its activities.

Not to be the possessor of a listening-in machine to-day puts one in the "back number" class.

Radio has proved its use so thoroughly for business as well as for purposes of entertainment that it has passed from the catalogues of luxuries to that of necessities.

So thoroughly have British business men become convinced that radio is a "necessary" that few places of business or few homes are complete without a "set."

The following news item from Fulham, England, is a testimony to radio's hold:

"The first English hotel of residential flats to have radio provided in the same way as gas or electric light is situated here. A central receiving set has been installed and wall sockets for two pairs of telephones are provided in each of the 135 sitting-rooms. The service is free."

What Fulham has done other communities also are preparing to do.

Will Canada follow suit?

The Progressive party will support its in the best interests of the West. — C. H. Spencer, M. P.-elect, Battle River, Alberta.

Buffalo is a great city Canada is building in the United States. — Canadian Milling and Grain Journal.

The world has become a sounding board and interests are universal.—"The Outlook."

Canadians seem to be content to let investors from across the border come into the Dominion, exploit the country's resources and take the money back to the United States. — Hon. W. H. Price, K. C.

Anything that will tend to liberate Canada from the tyranny and uncertainty of the Pennsylvania sources of supply should be encouraged. — Sir Thomas White.

The imposition of a general test on the public schools of the whole province, conducted by educationists who have not taught the candidates, puts a premium on memorization of facts and discounts ratiocination. — William Houston.

May I be permitted to say that I would welcome the idea of having the high clergy of both the Roman Catholic and the Protestant churches represented in the Canadian Senate. — Hon. Rodolph Lemieux.

A little of the attractiveness of the kindergarten classes might very well be introduced into the higher grades of school work. — Mayor John M. Moore, London.

If Alberta could supply one-third of the \$150,000,000 now expended annually on foreign coal and this money could be placed in Canada for Canadian coal, the interest alone, at four per cent., would be \$2,000,000 a year. — J. E. Armstrong, Petrolia.

JUST FOLKS BY EDGAR A. GUEST

LINES FOR THE OLD YEAR.

What was it that you brought to earth
Who seemed so lovely at your birth?
High hopes of fortune and delight,
Tinged with the knowledge that you might
Have hurt and sorrow in your train—
And now for you, death's final pain!

Old year, your course was that of ours,
May saw you dancing 'mid the flowers,
As once we danced our youth away.
What matter that we longer stay?
Not all the hopes which marked our birth
Have had fruition on the earth.

Some days were bleak and cold and gray,
Some deeds of ours have brought dismay,
Joy was not always ours to know,
Some of our hopes have fallen low,
And now you join death's caravan,
Sharing the destiny of man.

Man at the closing of his years
Has known both happy smiles and tears,
Failure and conquest, good and bad,
Not always true, not always glad,
And yet he passes with the prayer,
Something of merit marks him there.

Old year, some see you at your worst,
You broke the dream they held at first,
Some call you friendly, some may sneer
And say you brought but misery here,
Yet none who ever come to earth
Achieves the dreams which mark his birth.

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GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

IDEAS AND THINGS.

In the first place an idea stalks like a giant beside a thing—no matter what it is.

Ideas to the mental and spiritual growth of a man may be likened to the vitamins that give strength and life to the body.

The man who breeds ideas is a benefactor, a forerunner, often a prophet, and always a first-class citizen of the world. But he who just does "things," without knowing why, becomes just so much driftwood. You see him pass by and that's about all.

I went into a newspaper office the other day and saw a machine printing the news dispatches from a great press organization upon rolls of paper. Then every few minutes a boy came and tore off a piece for the editor to go over and then hand to the typewriter operator, who sent it on its way into the columns of the paper. Formerly an operator had to take it first and then type it.

I looked upon the machine. It was just a thing. But behind that machine was an idea. Some man created it.

Wherever there is liberty and progress, there are to be found men of ideas.

Behind everything beautiful is an idea.

Ideas are what light the fires of enthusiasm. Ideas set the covered wagons across the plains. Ideas built the steamboat, the railroad, the airplane, the radio, the electric light. Can you think of anything useful that an idea didn't create?

Never mind things—get an idea and put it to work!

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTEBOOK BY LEE PAPE

I accidentally broke one of the dining room windows around at Puds Simkins house this afternoon on account of a ice pick handle axidly going through it while I was making a experiment to see how much a window pane could stand without breaking, and Pudes mother made me go home, saying, Mr. Simkins said that while the other had not been better prepared for it.

Which when pop came home I started to, and then I thawt I better wait till after dinner because he mite be feeling better, and after dinner I waited some more and jest wen I was going to start to say something the telephone rang and I quick went and answered it and it was Puds Simkins father saying, Id like to speak to Mr. Potts please.

Me thinking, G. good nite. And I went back and set to pop, Hay pop, how much do you think a pane of glass could stand without even cracking a little?

Dont try it on eby windows erround here, thats all I advise you, pop sed, and I sed, No sir. And after a little while I sed, I tried it on a window ground at Puds Simkins house, though.

Yee gods, did everything happen? pop sed.

Not at first, I sed. And after a little while I sed, That was Mr. Simkins on the fone.

It was? pop sed, and I sed, Yes sir, it still is. He says he wants to talk to you, I sed.

Wats that, do you mean to say youve bin keeping that man waiting on the wire all this time? yee gods, pop sed.

And he quick went to talk to Mr. Simkins in case he was still waiting.

Which he was, the rest being too sad of a story.

THIS WAY TO WINTER.

Day by day
The sun's broad beam
Fades away
By a golden gleam;
Hark on the cliff
How the seagulls scream. . .

Get you out
Your muffer gray,
Your boots so stout,
And your greatcoat, pray,
And on your gloves,
"Tis a hardy day.

—James Stephens, in "Songs From the Clay."

"ITS DRAP O' DEW."

Confide ye aye in Providence,
For Providence is kind,
And bear ye a life's changes
Wi' a calm and tranquil mind.
Though pressed and hemmed on every side,
Hae faith and ye'll win through,
For lika drap o' grass keeps
Its ain drap o' dew.

—Anon.

THOUGHT.

We build our future, thought by thought,
For good or ill, yet know it not.
Yet, so the universe was wrought,
Thought is another name for fate;
Choose, then, thy destiny and wait,
For love brings love and hate brings hate.

—Anon.

Every time a man laffs he takes a kink out of the chain of life. —Josh Billings.

Let me die the death of the righteous,
And let my last end be like his.—Numbers xxiii, 10.

Death is a commingling of eternity with time,
In the death of a good man, eternity is seen
looking through time.—Goethe.



How to keep the old boy in his room for sure.—From the Los Angeles Daily News

Forest of Totem Poles Found Along Skeena

Canadian Government Has Famous Archaeologist At Work Restoring Relics of Earlier Indian Days.

By G. C. PORTER.
Free Press Special Correspondent

WINNipeg, Dec. 28.—Totem poles by the scores are a forest of totem poles. These weird symbols of a vanishing race on the Skeena River in British Columbia are the objects of an extended scientific investigation.

While Dr. Smith is field archaeologist for the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, he is engaged in this quest for the Victoria Memorial Museum of the Northwest. Three years will be devoted to the investigation and the preservation of many of these famous relics of the past. Formerly an operator had to take it first and then type it.

"There are more than 95 of these beautiful columns, artistically decorated with the figures of the races in the section where I was working this summer," observed Dr. Smith. "Forty of them can be seen from the car window as the train passes by."

Through this field all the totem poles are aged, but some are very much older than others, according to Dr. Smith. Totem poles are no longer carved and decorated by these tribes, at least not on the scale and with the fidelity to tribal lore as of old. Dr. Smith was informed that while the art had not been lost, the subtle skill of carving and coloring, the spirit that prompted the recording of tribal history in this way, has almost wholly departed.

RESTORING POLES.

Skill and resources of the white man must be employed to restore and repair the finest examples of this art. The magic of the best illustrations of the skill of these ancient people are to be preserved. Dr. Smith said much difficulty was experienced in getting the consent of the tribal chiefs for the work and patience and diplomacy at all times was necessary. Many of these huge poles have been badly cut and at the base, and concrete bottoms were substituted for some of them, Dr. Smith explained.

Which when pop came home I started to, and then I thawt I better wait till after dinner because he mite be feeling better, and after dinner I waited some more and jest wen I was going to start to say something the telephone rang and I quick went and answered it and it was Puds Simkins father saying, Id like to speak to Mr. Potts please.

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And your greatcoat, pray,
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—James Stephens, in "Songs From the Clay."

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These Indians are very similar in facial appearance to the prairie red men, and their lives are regulated much after the manner of the tribes that have come under the influence of civilization elsewhere in Western Canada. Some of their children have been seen in centers of learning and they seem to be making progress, but absence of sanitation and knowledge of health rules are responsible for many deaths. In spite of the conditions under which the survivors of this once powerful race live to-day there are many very old people among them, especially women. The female seems in a way to be the most rugged and boast of their great age. Many claim to over 100 years old, but their system of recording time is not considered accurate according to the white man's standard.

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LOG CABIN CANADIANS

BY T. P. CLARK IN WINNIPEG TRIBUNE

Since Agnes Macphail, M. P., was re-elected to Parliament for South-east Grey in the general elections, her grandmother, Mrs. Alexander Macphail, has died at the age of 85 years. Seventy-four years ago she came to Canada from Scotland as Jean Jack, a Scotch girl. Her parents spent a couple of years in Hamilton and then took up land—it was really bush—in Proton Township, in Grey County. Here the mother died, and Jean, little more than 12 years of age, became the woman of the pioneer home. Not only had she the cabin to care for, the cooking to do, but a baby sister, one year old, to look after.

It was a simple life that this and similar pioneer families led in the bush. There was complete cut off from contact with the outside world. They had no live stock, no domestic fowl, at first, in such bush townships as Proton in those days. They had no axes to chop, no partridge and wild pigeons could be shot. They had no meat, unless when deer or bear could be brought in from a successful hunt.

So apart from the world were the bush pioneers of 70 years ago that potatoes and scones, made from the flour of rye or wheat, were often their main food. It was not an uncommon thing for their "tea" to be made from crusts of bread burnt black and crisp at the fire and grated up, or coffee made from burnt peas. Some of the rich descendants of the pioneers should sample these beverages to-day—should, one night a year, quaff steaming bowls of rye or wheat, and scones, and when they are dead and gone and their simple values made possible the Ontario of to-day.

When Jean Jack was the girl-woman in this pioneer home, maple sugar was the first product the family was in a position to sell, and it had to be carried to market in a sack or in a storekeeper, who accepted it as change for sale and tea. Later, when the family got a cow or two, Jean used to walk 20 miles to the store with 50 pounds of butter, worth 10 cents a pound, and bring back groceries in exchange. Up through that country old inhabitants still recall the days when stores were not in the great places and in even of clay. They will tell you of the head of the family leaving with his oxen in winter for the distant grist mill with the entire crop of wheat and oats to be milled. He would stay three or four days

at the mill, sleeping at night in his blankets on the mill floor, and then with his flour and his meal—some of it bartered for salt, tea, snowed fish and blackstrap (molasses)—headed his oxen homewards through the snowdrifts, arriving at long last at his cabin, laden like a Santa Claus and with icicles hanging from his beard and bushy eyebrows.

Jean Jack was married at the age of 21 to Alexander Macphail and they had 12 children, and now in 1925 eleven of those children still survive their mother. Agnes Macphail, M. P., is a grand daughter, and when the only member of Parliament arises in the House and makes a speech, which any public question, those who do not agree with her point of view, who cannot see things as she does, ought to take her background into consideration. She represents the history of the province. She speaks for the log-cabin Canadians. In her is the spirit of Jean Jack, the girl pioneer of the bush of 70 years ago—and she must wonder at times whether the country we are making is worthy of the toll and sacrifices of the hardy people who laid its foundation.

Others at times must share her doubts and wonder how it is that people have so much changed. How was it that from England, Ireland and Scotland there came 70, 80 and 100 years ago so many people who proved to be the hardy pioneers in the bush of Ontario—people whose names are recorded on modest marble slabs in the rural cemeteries of the province. In the cemeteries along the St. Lawrence, around the lakes, all across old Ontario, they pioneered and founded settlements, the country and founded settlements in many of which are the towns and cities of to-day.

Do such people come no more from the British Isles? Is there now less than there was then, the tremendous impulse to possess land of their own in the new world? There is less of the desire to possess land to endure their children a footing in life?

Would the pioneers of 80 years ago have gone into the bush if they could have gone into the city of the Toronto factories of to-day?

One does not know. Yet it is known that there are pioneers in Ontario now—in many of the new parts in the great clay belt of the North and beyond in the Western province. They are doing what the grandfathers of many of the leading men of Canada did in their time.

The Element of Luck

J. Lambert Payne writes in the Ottawa Journal and quotes the comment of several eminent and successful Canadians about the lucky incidents of their careers—the apparent chance things that gave profit with the subsequent turn of affairs. The writer asserts that the late J. R. Booth had an enormous amount of good luck in the making of his fortune. The basis of that fortune might be said to have been Mr. Booth's business genius, his judgment of men, his stern integrity, his capacity for hard work, his faith in his vision, and so on. "I should be the last person on earth to undervalue such qualities in any man. They are essentials of success. Yet all through his long life J. Booth had good luck on his side."

The material basis of his fortune was the Matawa timber limit, which he bought 50 years or more ago for something like \$40,000 or \$50,000, as I have been told, and which turned out to be worth millions. He had good luck, we should all be agreed, in that matter.