нининининининини Ques: What is the HANSMANN BINDER HITCH? H Ans: It is the device that alone makes Horseless H Harvesting possible. H Ques: Is it an experiment? Ans: No, it is used by thousands of farmers throughout the world. H Ques: Can I cut more grain with it? Ans: Yes; used with your engine you can cut 75 to 200 acres daily, according to number of binders used. Ques: Where is it made? Ans: Right in Winnipeg. The Western Steel and Iron Co. Limited CANADA WINNIPEG **нннининнинининини**

Examine This Book Free

A Copy of "Sixty Years" will be sent for inspection



The protective tariff has absolutely broken down and failed to produce the revenue required by the Dominion of Canada and it has also failed to build up large industries which are supposed to consume the products on the farms. Some change must be made. The tariff burden on the farmers of Western Canada is enormous, costing not less than \$200 a year in extra taxes upon the average family. These taxes are not seen because they are indirect, but they are nevertheless certain and are included in the price of pretty purchase.

THE SECRET EXPOSED

In order to show how the tariff works and the political machinery which keeps it in force, and the political corruption which it generates, we want to put a copy of Edward Porritt's great book, "Sixty Years of Protection in Canada," into the hands of 200 farmers immediately. To do so we have decided to send a copy of this book absolutely free and postpaid to the first 200 farmers that apply for it. They are to keep it for five days, read it

and examine it, and if in their opinion it is worth \$1.25 they are to send us that amount of money. If, however, they find that the book is not worth that amount of money, they are to mail it back to us in as good condition as they receive it and there will be nothing to pay. In making this proposition we rely entirely upon the honesty of our readers. It is an experiment, but we feel certain that we shall sustain no loss.

"Sixty Years of Protection in Canada," by Edward Porritt, is acknowledged by all to be the most complete and enlightening history of the Canadian tariff ever written. It stands alone. Nowhere else can one find such a thorough going treatment of the political and economic facts of protection, the influences which dictate tariff changes, the free trade movement in Canada, the various attitudes taken by the Liberal and Conservative parties and the importance of the Grain Growers' movement. The economic pressure felt thruout all Canada is bound to keep the tariff in the forefront of our national problems, and every Canadian voter should read this book and understand this question. It is written in a fascinating style and is as pleasant to read as a popular novel. No one can claim to be acquainted with the history of Canada who is not familiar with the facts contained in Mr. Porritt's book.

Canada who is not familiar with the facts contained in Mr. Porritt's book.

The contents of the book are as follows:—The Grip of the Protected Industries on the Dominion: The Repeal of the Corn Laws and the Fiscal Freedom for Canada; Reciprocity—The Movements for Free Trade and Annexation: Reciprocity—The Movement for the Elgin-Marcy Treaty—1845-54; Reciprocity—The Abrogation of the Treaty—1854-1866; Reciprocity—Overtures by Canada between—1866-1900. The Beginning of the Movement for a National Policy: The First National Policy Tariff—1858-1870. The National Policy as a Measure of Retaliation—1870-1874. The Fight in Parliament and the Constituencies for the National Policy—1874-1878. The National Policy in Operation—1879-1896—The Era of the Red Parlor. The Liberals adopt and Extend the National Policy—1896-1904. The Tariff Revision of 1906. Mergers and Water-wagon Finance; Home and Export Prices for Farm Implements. The Farmers Organizations of Ontario and the Prairie Provinces; Sir Wiifrid Laurier and Mr. Borden in the Prairie Provinces: The Reciprocity Agreement with the United States.

Every farmer, editor, clergyman and teacher, as well as every politician and

businessman, who is interested in public questions and the high cost of living should have a copy of "Sixty Years of Protection in Canada." The book contains 476 pages, is printed in large type and handsomely bound in red cloth covers, and fully indexed.

The first 200 readers of The Guide who sign this coupon and send it in to The Guide will receive a copy of "Sixty Years of Protection in Canada."

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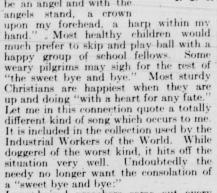
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Sermons for the Unsatisfied

By J. S. Woodsworth, Secretary of the Canadian Welfare League

III. Thy Kingdom Come Here and Now

Other worldly religion is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Our hymns still tell us that "there is a happy land, far, far away," but most of us are really not so much concerned with that "beautifui isle of somewhere" as we are in making Canada a country in which our children can live happy and noble and useful lives. Nowadays it would be a very abnormal child indeed who could say, "I want to be an angel and with the angels stand, a crown



Long haired preachers come out every night;

Try to tell us what's wrong and what's right;

But when asked how about something to eat

They will answer with voices so sweet:
Chorus:

You will eat bye and bye In that glorious land above the sky; Work and pray, live on hay,

Work and pray, live on hay, You'll get pie in the sky, when you die. Of course that is shocking—that is why we quote it. Too long the church has emphasized the future and neglected the present.

How we have managed so long to make other-worldly the plain and simple and homely teachings of Jesus is a mystery. The petition "give us each day our daily bread" has been interpreted as a prayer for spiritual strength or mystical communion or sacerdotal needs instead of the simple, natural, child-like prayer for the

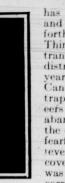
daily necessaries of life.

The petition "thy kingdom come"—how we have twisted and expounded and spiritualized and futurized it! How does it read—"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Surely that is simple. As one American journal puts it, "Thy kingdom come, as in heaven, so in Brownsville." That may sound sacrilegious, but Jesus was constantly shocking the false reverence and piety of the professed religious people of his day. Religion is not a cult. It is simply everyday living.

"Thy kingdom come," not in some future state in some far off world, and not in some vague way all over the universe, but thy kingdom come right here in Canada, in Manitoba, in Winnipeg, in Brownsville, in my own township.

What would that really mean? Several years ago the Governor-General was visiting one of our Western towns. The city fathers, wishing to create as good an impression as possible, undertook to put on a campaign to beautify the city. They cleared away the refuse; they paved some of the streets; they tore down some unsightly buildings; they put in new street lights; they decorated the stores—all for the Governor-General.

Our task is to make over this old world into God's kingdom; a wholesome, happy place for men and women and little children. The plague-spots must be cleaned out; the dark places must be made light; the crooked places straight and the rough places smooth. After all, is not that just what the old prophets taught a thousand years ago. But we have spiritualized their teaching into an unreal philosophy. Is not that what Jesus taught? But primitive Christianity has, thru the ages, become so hidden beneath ecclesiasticism that we have obtained at best a very false idea as to what it really is. But in our day, Jesus



J. S. Woodsworth

has been re-discovered and his teachings shine forth with new meaning. Think what it means to transform even a single district! Until a few years ago the Panama Canal zone was a deathtrap. The French enginwere compelled to abandon the digging of the canal because of the fearful ravages of yellow tever. Then scientists discovered that yellow fever was caused by a germ carried by a certain kind of mosquito. The remedy was clear. Get rid of

the mosquito and you get rid of yellow tever. The sanitary engineers were called in and set to work with a will. What a glorious fight against the powers of evil! Garbage was collected and burned; food was screened; marshes were drained; petroleum was poured over the ponds, the breeding-places of the mosquito; the sick were isolated and cared for; a hundred precautions were taken; with what result? Within a few years the whole region became one of the most healthful districts in the world, what someone has described as "an international health resort."

That is the sort of thing that must be done, not in many districts, but in all. It is, however, not merely sanitation that must be attended to. There are great economic and moral and social evils that must be abolished. Further, it is not merely a case of getting rid of the weeds. Good grain must be cultivated in their place. Clean, wholesome recreation, satisfying labor, stimulating associations—all these must find a place in the renewed world. This means that business and politics and amusement must be made over.

What a change must come in the programs of the churches and other agencies interested in the bringing in of God's kingdom.

Some years ago, when in charge of a mission located in a poor district in North Winnipeg, I was called upon to conduct the funeral of one of the children of the neighborhood. We came to the cemetery; there was a long row of tiny baby graves; a number were fresh made, as scores of babies were being carried off during the hot weather. Here was the grave into which we were to lower the little body, and beyond it were a number of half dug graves; their future occupants were not yet dead, but the grave diggers knew they were coming—disease was rampant, and they were keeping ahead of their work

I read the w.ll-known service, "For as much as it hath pleased Almighty God, in His wise Providence, to take out of the world the soul of the deceased. . . ." And in my heart I said: "That is not true." I knew what had killed the baby, it was bad milk and bad housing. It was not fair to blame God for that of which we were guilty. It was not fair to tell the people that that was what God was like.

Next winter at a theatre meeting that I had instituted on Sunday evenings, we had one evening devoted to public health. The City Health Officer gave a lecture on how disease could be prevented. This was illustrated by means of moving pictures which showed how the fly developed, how it flew from the decaying refuse to the sugar bowl or from a spittoon to the baby's feeding bottle. It was a horrible exhibition—one saw snakes all night after it, but it was tremendously effective. Even the poor foreigners who could not understand English could understand the pictures.

But my church friends were shocked. Here-was I, a minister of the Gospel, who had degenerated until I was running a moving picture show in a theatre on Sunday evenings! Well, to tell the truth, I sometimes was almost shocked at myself. But there came back to me the scene at the grave side the summer before. This was how the matter presented itself to me. If it was my religious duty to read the funeral service over the body of a dead baby, was it not as much my