

(ARTICLE TWO)

The Era of High Prices

The Evolution of Civilization Has Wrought Many Changes in Our Mode of Living.

REASONS FOR THE ENORMOUS ADVANCE IN WHEAT

By JAMES H. DeLAMERE
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The prices we paid for our Christmas dinner last year would have made our ancestors gasp. Four centuries ago a good fat ox cost between 11s. and 13s. Half a century later the finest ox in England brought but £2. In 1500 a fat goose could be obtained for four pence, but by the end of the century 1s. 2d. was the price. One could get pigeons three for a penny, while eggs were not sold by the dozen but by the hundred, and 6d. bought them.

In Stafford's Dialogue of 1581 the Knight says: "I could buy the best pig for 4d., a good capon for 2d. or 4d." But wages balanced prices, for a master stonemason got about 5s. a week, and an ordinary laborer 4s.

Ever since the world of barter and trade began there have been periods of increasing prices. In the time of Solon, an ox in Athens, Greece, cost 5 drachmas or nearly 5 shillings; a sheep cost 1 drachma; a bushel of corn 1 drachma. Within 500 years from that date the prices rose from five to twenty times those amounts. During the time of the Roman government, cattle and corn increased many fold. Four hundred years B.C., a sheep sold for 7 pence 3 farthings. At the beginning of the Christian era the price of a sheep was 25 shillings, and meat prices have been fluctuating up and down the price barometer ever since.

Mr. "Bob" Oliphant, of R. Oliphant and Son, the Bridge Street Meat and Provision merchants, remarked to the writer in response to the query "Do you think meat will ever be lower in price than it is today?" "I don't think so. Meat is one of the most staple commodities of our daily menu, and is higher right now than it ever has been in the history of the world. Nor is this all—it bids fair to go still higher. There is a reason for all things, and there must be a reason for the enormous advance in the cost of beef production. We have today upon this continent a population numbering millions more than we had ten years ago. The great grazing lands of the West are disappearing fast, while the population is increasing every day. Most of those vast tracts have been taken up by tillers of the soil who are not raising hogs and cattle, consequently we have not the breeding grounds we formerly had.

It Costs More to Raise Cattle.

"An increased population means an increased demand. Increased demand should create an increased supply, but statistics tell us that instead of an increase of livestock, we have a decrease. On the other hand, what with the sheep pastures and grazing grounds gone, the farmers and feeders are compelled to pay from one-third to one-half more for feeding and housing their cattle than they used to do.

"Added to this comes the cost of foodstuffs such as fatten cattle, viz., corn, cottonseed, meal and bran; together with the high price of hay—and hay was never higher than it was in 1914. So it is but a natural consequence that there is a forced increase in the price of meat. Supply and demand have ever been and will be the golden rule that will govern the vast industry of beef and pork production."

Added Cost in Handling Meat.

Everyone who contributes in any way in the handling of and caring for cattle must of necessity receive some recompense for their services and labor. And labor today is higher than ever before. Transportation rates are higher, so it costs more to get the meat to market.

The consumer today wants more by way of better sanitation in the slaughtering, and the added expenditure upon the part of the purveyor to produce clean, wholesome meat is no small item. This must also be added to the cost. Every modern convenience and labor saving appliance that science has invented for the purpose of the lessening of the

handling of meat is in vogue in every great abattoir, and when the meats are finally loaded upon the wagons to bring them to the retailer and consumer, the meat is just as pure and sweet and clean as if it had been prepared in one's own kitchen—and probably more so, for it is wrapped in sanitary containers, within which is waxed parchment to protect the food from dirt, dust, insects, and other contaminating influences.

With this extreme care there is more expense added to the cost of the article, but it is reduced to such a minimum through the system of handling, that the consumer pays for less in proportion than the cost would be were the goods prepared at home.

Buying Cheap and Selling Dear.

If we could buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market, what a happy condition of affairs it would be. But such conditions could never obtain. No consumer loves high prices. They are, however, the delight of every producer, and, as we are all producers, except the idle, the pauper and the helpless, each person strives to obtain for his product, whether it be labor or goods, as much as possible.

But there is one thing we cannot do, and that is sell our goods at high prices and buy our neighbor's cheaply at the same time. We must give and take on this proposition, because buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market is a theory and not a condition; for the moment we all become purchasers in the cheapest markets, the prices go up, and the dream is never realized.

Little Cause for Complaint.

The cost of living in Europe is a more distressful problem than in this country, for the mass of population is such as to over-fill the labor market, with the net result in ten years of twice the advance in other prices than is obtained by labor. Wages have risen 12 per cent., while the prices of goods have advanced 22 per cent. It is a fact that we folks on this side of "the pond" are today the best fed people in the world, and it does not take the immigrant long to realize that Canada is indeed the land of promise, and that its citizens have very little of which to complain—that is in the matter of real trouble or privation.

Advanced civilization brings increased expenses. It doesn't cost the Fiji Islander as much to live as you or I, but we wouldn't exchange places with him. He has no schools, few clothes, no music, no art, nor any of the graces of life. Reform costs money. We pay for what we get today, and if we are good buyers we get what we pay for, and unless there is an abnormal scarcity in production the cost of living will be no more than what the average man can afford.

Domestic Economy Campaign.

Years ago the special needs of the home were ignored in the realms of newspaperdom. News, single and compound, was given, but the home and its demands seemed to be considered a subject beyond the influence of journalism. It is different today. The home and the arts and the sciences that affect its existence have special departments devoted to them. The recognition shows how the world has moved along the progressive way.

Any effort for the uplifting of the home is commendable. Any institution in journalism that instructs, enlightens and results in a betterment of general conditions, is worthy of encouragement.

The Belleville Ontario stands for progress, and any housewife who reads these articles morally assists in its campaign for good living and thrift in the home, and places her shoulder to the wheel of evolutionary advancement.

Next week "The Middleman and His Mission" will be the topic discussed upon this page. Many people say he is the man responsible for much of our high cost of living troubles. In this article the grocer will come in for his share of criticism as well as the man who hoards up eggs until they are higher than an airship in flight. Every thrifty housewife will be interested in this talk, for the middleman and grocer are very much in the public mind right now.

St. Lawrence Very High

The water in the St. Lawrence opposite Cornwall is very high at present and causes some apprehension for local industries bordering on its shores. There was a big shove yesterday morning and the ice is piled high at the swing bridge and also at the east end of the town. The water is about seventeen feet above summer level. The bridge which crosses the shallow way near the Canada mill is almost reached by the ice, while on the Cornwall Island side of the river

the ice is shoved high upon the bank.

Above the Stormont mill the river is at highest level, caused by the accumulation of ice below, and herein lies the danger. Boat houses near the swing bridge bank are partially inundated and the water is up to within a few feet of a row of small cedar trees on the bank below the park. It is just a little over twenty-nine years since Cornwall's disastrous flood. The water is now said to be higher than at any time since then.

GUARD THE BABY

AGAINST COLDS.

To guard the Baby against colds nothing can equal Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are a mild laxative that will keep the little ones stomach and bowels working regularly. It is a recognized fact that where the stomach and bowels are in good order that colds will not exist; that the health of the little ones will be good and that he will thrive and be happy and good-natured. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



Price of Imported Liquor to Rise

It is stated that the price of all imported liquors will be substantially increased by shopmen all over Canada within a week or ten days.

A number of reasons given are advanced as causes for the increase. The imposition of a war tax of consequence on the wholesale price of liquor being increased while excessive freight rates and heavy insurance war risks as a result of German submarine activity were also great factors. In addition the price of grain has increased in the Old Country as also have the prices of other materials while the labor situation has also tended greatly to making the cost of production greater.

Perhaps one of the largest factors in the increase of liquors in Great Britain is the shortage occasioned by the enormous demand of spirits by the British government for the manufacture of munitions. Such an influence in fact have all these things had on imported liquor that it is stated that the prices of the imported stuff have increased by as much as 100 per cent. in some cases.

Bottles being almost unobtainable in the Old Country, it is easily understood why bottled liquor was advanced as it was.

Belleville Branch

Patriotic Fund

The treasurer begs to acknowledge with the following payments since added to the lists published up to 12th February:

- W. B. Moore 5.00
- W. E. Sobushier 15.00
- Standard Bank staff, Feb. 2.50
- Mrs. M. N. McKenna 5.00
- Employees McIntosh Bros., Feb. 5.35

Letter of Appreciation.

Middlesex, Ont., Feb. 23rd 1916
Mrs. J. L. Gerow and Sunday School School Workers, Rosemore, Ont.

Dear Friends—

It is with a full heart that I write to you but I wish to express to you all our thankful appreciation of your kind sympathy and love at this time of our deep sorrow and your kind words and your expressions of affection for, and regret at the loss of your superintendent, has been a balm to our wounded hearts we know his heart was in the work there, for he has often spoken of his dear people at Rosemore and how anxious he was for their souls' salvation. We are very thankful for his labors among you and know that God will bless the effort and bring forth fruit to His honor and glory. I pray that God will bless you in your work and that the loss of one of your number may but be an incentive to strive more earnestly and faithfully to accomplish the work he has begun. Though this cloud be dark we know that "The God's hand that leadeth me" and some day in his own good time, we shall see the silver lining. We can but trust in the love of God who is too wise to err and too good to be unkind, and so live that one day we shall meet where parting shall be no more. Again thanking you for your kind sympathy and invoking God's blessing upon you and your work, we are,

Your bereaved friends,
Mrs. Hopkins and Family

Poor Old Hogtown

A Bad Loser

St. Andrews defeated Belleville Juniors in Toronto last evening 8 to 4 but Belleville wins the round 14 to 12. And all the morning papers from Toronto state that the city team had all the hard luck and every Belleville player carried a rabbit's foot. Poor old Toronto can't stand to see their teams trimmed by a team from one of the smaller places in the east. But Kingston or Belleville will be back to Toronto before the end of the season and the much touted Aura Lees will have their work out for them. This little district down here plays just as fast hockey as they do in Toronto and here's that the "big mug" comes east either by good playing on the part of the eastern teams or through "hard luck" on the side of the Toronto team.—Port Hope Guide

Perkins—Did you see Morgan's new machine?
Jerkins—Not in time.

If you are going to Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, or any point East or West take the Canadian Pacific Railway. S. Burrows, Agent, Belleville, Ont.

Presentation

Apex Girl

The members of the Apex Club met at the home of Miss Lois Weese, Isabelle street last night to bid farewell to Miss E. Palmer.

The following address and beautiful Bible was presented to Miss Palmer. Dearest Ethel—

We, your friends and those who have been associated with you in the Apex Club, think it impossible to let you go, without showing that you are leaving friends behind, and by doing so we ask you to accept this slight token of the appreciation of your genial kind companionship, which has won you many loyal and true friends, with the wish that God may keep and bless you in your new work, which you are undertaking.

Signed on behalf of your friends
The Apex Club

Although completely taken by surprise Miss Palmer made a very suitable reply.

Address and

Presentation

The Y.P.S.C.E. of Emmanuel church met at the rectory last evening to pay respect to Mr. and Mrs. Hubly, and to offer congratulations to their pastor on the attainment of his 70th birthday. Mr. Naylor, president of the Society, read an address of congratulations and kind words of appreciation of the pastoral labors of the rector of Emmanuel church, and his good wife, and presented on behalf of the society a very beautiful electric reading lamp to Mr. Hubly, who affectionately replied to the address and thanked the president and members for the gift. Refreshments were served and a pleasant social evening spent.

PROHIBITION, THE PEOPLE AND THE GOVERNMENT.

It seems to us that those people who are opposing a referendum to the electors of Ontario upon the Prohibition question, basing their position, as one of the circulars puts it, upon the ground that this is "a fight for Liberty against Tyranny," are shooting wide of the mark. There is no such issue involved; neither is it a question whether we are willing, as one of the circulars puts it, "to be robbed of our freedom as British subjects," or to "have our private life controlled."

The real issue, as we see it, is simply this: whether or not the people of the Province as a whole—not the Prohibitionists only, not the anti-Prohibitionists only, but all the people—shall have the right to pass upon a great question involving the material and moral well being of the Province. The question, in short, is, Shall the people of this great Province be consulted or shall they be ignored in respect to this real and very vital issue? Were it for the Standard to answer the question, we should answer emphatically in the affirmative; should say decidedly that the people, who in the last analysis are the Government, should have a voice in determining whether a measure of this vital importance should not be put into effect. Were this done there would be no rape upon personal freedom; it would merely be a case of allowing the majority to determine and decide the entire question.

The Empire today is at war and in its stress it appeals to and trusts the people to do their full duty toward helping to overcome the war-mad Huns. It is a case of implicit faith and trust in the people. And as it is in this Titanic world-battle, so it seems to us it should be in the lesser issue of Prohibition or no Prohibition; the people should be trusted and it should be put squarely up to them whether or not a Prohibitory law shall be put into effect. How, when the appeal is to the sovereign people, there can be infringement of personal liberty or interference with personal rights is quite beyond us—Kingston Standard (Con)

State of Ohio, City of Toledo,
Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that the firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON
(Seal) Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts through the blood or the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Mr. Nelson Smith found and handed to the police a purse with a small sum of money contained.



By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Binger was a great walker. He thought nothing of a five mile tramp before breakfast, and as to a day's walk, he could do forty miles. One day he was lounging in the Arlington Country club with Herbert York, boasting as to what he could do on his legs, when York offered to bet him a box of cigars that he couldn't walk twenty miles in three hours.

Binger took the bet, and a course was laid out forming an ellipse, the starting and ending point being the Arlington clubhouse.

Binger had no sooner started than York telephoned to his sister Kate.

"I say, Kit, I've a bet with Charlie Binger that he can't do a job of walking in a given time. I want to take you across to Hilton, you to way-lay him there and keep him from winning the bet."

"How can I do that?"

"How can you do that? Why, by stuff and nonsense."

"What'll you give me if I succeed?"

"A five pound box of candy."

"When do you propose to leave?"

"I'll be with you in half an hour."

In thirty minutes Herbert York was before the door of his home in his car. His sister got into it, and they proceeded along the minor axis of the ellipse that Binger was walking toward Hilton. But Kit declared that she would prefer to tackle the pedestrian about three miles before he reached the goal, and their course was changed to Glendale, where Kit had friends. Arriving there, her brother presented her at the door of the Mackintosh, with whom she was intimate; then he returned to Arlington.

It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon that Binger came along. Kit was on the front porch in walking costume.

"Why, Mr. Binger," she exclaimed, "what are you doing here?"

Binger did not propose to tell her that he was walking to win a bet from her brother. He said that he was taking a twenty mile constitutional and was on his way to Arlington.

"How fortunate!" said Kit. "I am just setting out to walk home myself. You wouldn't mind my going with you, would you?"

"I would be delighted if it were not that I must be at Arlington at a given time. I fear I shall have to walk too fast for you."

"Never fear for that. I love tramping, and this is a fine crisp morning for a walk."

Binger looked at his watch and frowned, but he had not the heart to refuse a girl, and a pretty girl at that. He said that he would be very happy to have her company, only he must leave her behind if she couldn't keep up with him.

Kit did the first mile at a satisfactory pace, but on the second she began to lag. Binger was always several yards ahead of her. Finally he turned and told her he must leave her or fall to do his tramp in the time set for its accomplishment. Kit said never a word, but the look she gave him said very plainly that she was hurt; would prefer her to completing a walk on time. He had admired her, but it had never occurred to him that he was any more to her than any other friend. What was a box of cigars compared to that look? He went back to where she was dragging herself along and offered her his arm to lean upon. Presently, coming to a log beside the road, she sank down on it and told her escort to go on, since he preferred a pedestrian feat to her. She would get home somehow or other.

Instead of going on Binger sat down on the log very close to her and, since she seemed exhausted, formed a back for her to lean against with his arm.

When time was up for the accomplishment of the walk York sat on the clubhouse veranda with his watch in his hand, looking up the road for Binger. At 3 o'clock, there being no sign of the pedestrian, he put his watch back in his pocket, asked a company of young men into the clubhouse and opened champagne.

"I don't care for the cigars I have won," he said gleefully, "but I rejoice at having got ahead of that boaster."

The conviviality was at its height when in walked Binger, looking as if he had been gouted with joy instead of having made a twenty mile walk. He directed the steward to produce a box of York's favorite brand of cigars and called for more champagne.

"You seem very happy over your defeat," said York somewhat unasily.

"I am. Here's that you may be pleased when you hear why I am happy!"

York said no more, but when the party dispersed went home and asked his sister why Binger was so pleased at losing his bet.

"Why, because by losing a box of cigars he won me."

"You! You don't mean that you had to promise to marry him to make him lose his bet?"

"I had to make him lose his bet in order to get a proposal from him. I couldn't do it very well walking at five miles an hour, could I?"

"I think you could."

"Well, we're engaged, and, what's more, we're engaged for good. I've had serious intentions with regard to him for some time."



THE BREAKING LIGHT

Perhaps the less said about the year 1915 the better. It was a year of relapse into the dark ages. It is an insult to the "dark ages" so to speak of it. Even the barbarian invaders of Christian countries in the early middle centuries left the cathedrals standing, though they profaned them. Medieval armies could not destroy his twentieth century armies can destroy. The sword, the battle-axe, were tame and trifling weapons when compared with the great howitzer or mortar. Nor has the year displayed any essential advance in the quality of the human soul since the time of Charlemagne or of Richard Coeur de Lion. The ravaging of Belgium, of Poland, or Serbia, has been crueller than anything that happened in the Thirty Year's war or the War of a Hundred Years. Besides the broad discouragement of this cosmic relapse, there has been the special sorrow that, in the view of the great bulk of us in this part of the world, he war has been going the wrong way. Futurist power, predacious tyranny, has hidden nearer and nearer to the top of the wave. It is almost as if the Fates which ruled the world, having flung us back to the dark ages, were determined to decree triumph for the worst element of dark-age power that they could find abroad in it.

A truce, therefore if we may speak of anything so unlikely at this time as a truce—to 1918! But may we look forward to anything more encouraging for 1916? Does any light break as we scan the eastern horizon at this auroral moment of the year? A little. Since we are convinced that the war can end in only one way—since, for that, it must be fought out to the bitter end—we may regard it as a hopeful symptom that the Allies have girded up their reins and grasped the sword and halberd with a tighter grip. The big Saloniki expedition, dug in there as a permanency, is a hopeful affair. What should have been done at the very beginning of the war is done at last. From this point a wedge can be driven in somewhere, sometime. Russia rallies in the east. The British Indian army, hardened by European service, departs for a scene of action, further east, in fine fettle. Italy, which has done well throughout the year, steps across the Adriatic as a substantial encor. Meanwhile the superior economic resources of the Entente Allies are demonstrating their power over the situation. Haager menaces in Berlin and Vienna. Exhaustion, threatening all, nips the central empires hardest. Before this year of 1916 is spent, the pallor of utter exhaustion even if no field disaster betfalls him, will overspread the face of the military colossus of Europe.

If all hope for the near future were based upon the mere prospect of great nations being bled while by war, we could hardly speak of "breaking light." There is a little more than that. All at once the world has become rife with talk of better ways of regulating itself than the ways of howitzers. Sober Elihu Root proclaims his idea of a supreme court of the world. H. G. Wells, prophet in ordinary to the twentieth century, admits in a new and striking article that something of that sort is coming; though he says acutely, that the main trouble is that there is "nowhere in the world anybody, any type of men, any organization, any idea, any nucleus or germ that can develop into the necessary overgovernment." The Hague Tribunal, the Pope, the President of the United States, Mr. Ford—they are all too partial, too local, too interested, or too amateur to serve as the nucleus of this government. Never mind; the world begins to act as if it would have its very thing; and if it will have it, it will come. The year 1916, if by no more than the force of reaction against this hideous state of war, must see a positive development of the notion of a better thing than governments above all government. Without straining our eyes, we may see this light dawning. The world will get awake.

We in America have no need to fear the new year. We have prosperity at last. There is a touch of blood upon it. Alas! There is no escaping this color anywhere in the world. But though our revival began with the making of war munitions, the impulse thus given was but the turning of the tide. Getting upon its feet, our prosperity finds that it has a firmer footing than gunpowder. Its feet rests on golden harvests, on unexplained production, on the will of a great people to work and to produce. We shall, in this mood of revival, elect a President in 1916. Will he be a prosperity President—a President who will represent the best principles and hopes of an industrious and forward-looking America? We trust so, and believe so. And for that reason we do not believe he will be elected by the Democratic party. That is one bright spot on the horizon.—Boston Transcript.