

What the Farmer Heard.

A Timely Satire.

BY A FARMER.

"FARMER and pirate mean exactly the same thing," declared I. Will. Soakum, the town lawyer, to his bosom pals Phillip Sand, the grocer, and Shorty Waite, the grain buyer. "These farmers are getting altogether too Bolsheviki in their methods. It used to be that we had some influence over these highway men, but the last few years they have actually been guilty of organizing co-operative societies, breeders clubs and various other things. We must change our mode of dealing with this type of hold-up men. The time is ripe for action and we must not lose our opportunity.

They have compiled figures, at the Model Farm, which show that in some parts of this province the farmers have actually made nearly two cents profit on every hundred pounds of milk produced. Furthermore, these figures reveal that some thirty-three per cent. of our country gentlemen have been drawing as high as six hundred dollars of a labor income in a single year. Out of this fabulous fortune, they merely have to provide their family with clothes, pay the household expenses, doctor bills, and any other unnecessary expenditures. We have to pay our share of all these enormous profits that go to swell the farmer's bank account.

The farmer and his family only work about fifteen hours per day, for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. They have a grand, glorious life; a life of ease, enjoyment and health; milking the lowing herds, feeding the bellowing calves, chasing the skipping lambs and

innocent sheep, swilling the short-snouted swine, and up-rooting the modest ox-eye daisies. Still, further, they are not content to enjoy the entrancing charms of rural life. They are clamoring for recognition in Parliament. They are sticking together and disregarding the fact that our town people always said, that the farmers couldn't stick. We know of course that they have allied themselves with the whiskey dealers and anarchists. Back in 1911 some men would have betrayed our country to our southern cousins across the line. It was only by bringing in some of our noblest statesmen that we were able to turn these ignorant people. This put our country back ten years, but we saved the day and remained loyal to the motherland.

We must do something in order to get in on the profits that these traitors are accumulating. I am willing to go out on the farm myself. I shall gambol gaily for twelve hours per day after a plough or harrow. At dark I'll come in and milk fourteen cows, alone, whistling a Hawain fox-trot as I turn the separator. It will be with reluctant steps that I'll seek my bed, about eleven o'clock. I'll even lie awake and wish for four o'clock so that I can rise and enjoy life. Really, the thoughts of these pleasures made me more firm in my convictions that the farmer's life is a paradise."

As he finished they were startled by the sound of something falling. They searched carefully and discovered a farmer lying unconscious. He had

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