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"Eliza," said the father of James A. Garfield, to his wife on his dying bed, in a log cabin in the wilderness bordering the Ohio River, "I have brought you four young saplings into these woods. Take care of them."

The future President was then only two years old. His mother was left to fight the battle of life alone. She managed, by hard work, to run the little farm, and even found time to give her sons daily lessons in Bible reading. Upon James in particular she impressed her impartiality, until her own high nature dominated him deeply.

When James was old enough he drove mules on the tow-path of the Ohio Canal. One pay-day his wages fell short of the proper amount.

"I want every cent for my mother," he said to his employer, insisting upon the few extra pennies.

Finally he earned enough to enable him to enter the seminary at Chester, ten miles from his home. While there, he spent a certain holiday, with his classmates, on a mountain. As darkness gathered about them—they were to remain over night—Garfield took a Testament from his pocket, and said to his companions:

"Boys, I read a chapter every night simultaneously with my mother. If you please, I will read it now."

And on the day of his inauguration, at Washington, he turned to his mother, saying:

"It's all because of you, mother."

William McKinley

At the outbreak of the Rebellion a "war meeting" was held in Poland, Ohio, in the Sparrow Tavern. There was speaking and beating of drums, and finally an appeal for volunteers to defend the flag. The first to step forth was William McKinley, Jr.

"No, my son," said the senior McKinley, laying a restraining hand upon his son's arm; "you are too young."

"No, he is not too young—none are too young to carry a light in this dark hour."

The speaker was William's mother. "And thus, strange to say," wrote William McKinley, years afterward, "the usual order of things was in my case reversed; my father would have held me back from the mighty struggle that was

to ensue, on the ground that I was only eighteen years old; and my mother was the one to say 'go!' For she had, and still has, a strong and passionate patriotism. Next to God, she loves her country. She believed in freedom, and was ready to offer up even a woman's most priceless jewel—her child—to save her country's flag.

Fulton, Franklin and Astor

Robert Fulton was only three years old when his father died. "So that," he said, "I grew up under the care of my blessed mother. She developed my early talent for drawing and encouraged me in my visits to the machine shops of the town."

Robert was a dull pupil at school, however, and the teacher complained to his mother. Whereupon Mrs. Fulton replied proudly:

"My boy's head, sir, is so full of original notions that there is no vacant chamber in which to store the contents of your musty books."

"I was only ten years old at that time," said Fulton, "and my mother seemed to be the only human being who understood my natural bent for mechanics."

The fact that Fulton's mother let the boy have his own way in his "original notions" had its direct result later in the building of the first steamboat.

Benjamin Franklin many times in his own story of his life mentions the powerful influence which his mother had over him, referring to her always with peculiar affection.

"My son," said that mother, "is endowed with more than ordinary talent, and he shall enter one of the professions, perhaps the ministry."

The family was then very poor, the elder Franklin having no ambition beyond that of making a bare competence as a ship chandler. Encouraged by his mother, however, young Benjamin "took to books" with such ardor that before he was ten years old his mother spoke of him as "our little professor," and added:

"He shall serve either humanity or his country; the one as a minister of the Gospel, the other as a diplomat."

The first John Jacob Astor said: "Whatever I have accomplished through thrift is due to the teachings of my mother. She trained me to the habit of early rising; she made me devote the first waking hours to reading the Bible. Those habits have continued through my life, and have been to me a source of unflinching comfort. Her death was the greatest grief of my existence."

—The Scrap Book.

## "Mere Man" Again in Disfavor

TO GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE:

Dear Editor,—I really don't think that "A Mere Man's" letter requires, or is worthy of, an answer, but as he is evidently in trouble concerning a few questions, I just thought I would try to enlighten him a little.

Now, Mr. Editor, if I am coming too often, just charge us double for the paper and print it anyway, please.

Well, Mr. "Mere Man," I think a woman is entitled to some say as to whether her home and the farm is sold or not. As to who does the work on the farm after a farmer leaves his wife—why the man he sells it to before he goes, of course. And as for a woman having redress by going to law, that costs money, and most women have none to spare. So that don't count for anything. And when a woman leaves a good (?) husband to go off with another man, why he is

well rid of her. What more does he want? Now, we do not claim that all women are good wives; neither are all men good husbands. But few women would leave their children, while lots of men would. And how could a woman support a family and look after them, too, as women's wages are much lower than men's? Don't you think it is unfair for the law to be all on the stronger side? I do, and most of my readers do too, I am sure.

Now, suppose a man owned a farm but owed money for horses and implements; and another man came along and lived with him for ten, twenty or thirty years, doing the house work and helping with chores, and at the end of that time he left him without a cent because nothing was in his name, and therefore he could claim nothing. Would that be fair? No, indeed, and the whole country would be in a state of indignation.

We do not claim that all women make good wives, as I said before, but we do claim that she has a right to part of the property; and why it is wrong to treat a man so and not a woman, I can't see. However, we expect the men will right this wrong, once it is brought to their notice, as lots of men never dreamed the law was as it is. Much harm is done by men writing to papers against the dower who do not understand what is wanted. Most common is the mistake that the dower means a division of the property whenever the woman likes. But we hope such mistakes will soon all be corrected, and nearly all the men will be on our side. As to the few who will oppose it, as one of the men in the Free Press said, they will only be a drop in the bucket.

Now, Mr. "Mere Man," I don't see very well how a woman could take her husband's money if she ran away, as the husband would have full control of it while he lived; and surely it is a selfish man who would grudge his money to his wife when he was dead and could not use it. But you are not selfish, for you told us so. I'm glad you did, or we would not have known it.

Surely a woman has a right to part of the property for her life's work, and I don't see why she should not will it to whom she chose. Is it not that what you are kicking about for the men? You cannot stand it that a man cannot will it all to whom he chooses (if the dower comes in) yet you want to be able to will all the woman's property back to her family. Surely a woman should have as many rights as a man. Would it not be funny if a man could not leave his second wife anything, however much he wanted to?

Now, I know most of your slurs were meant for me, so I will tell you a few things. I don't feel much inclined to run away, and if I did, I could not take my husband's money, because he hasn't any. Then, a year ago, last fall I helped him get all the harvest in and I often harness the horses or water them, even feed the pigs; and when he was away for two days and two nights about three weeks ago, I did all the chores. So you see if I am "kicking" I also help him work.

As for him, he bought a nice mare this spring and handed her over to me with a legal deed of gift of her. So you see I do not need the dower for myself.

Hoping that when the time comes, you will have grown wiser and will vote for us. I will sign as before.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know.—HORACE WALPOLE.