

one man an' nature can dae in ten years," says he.

"Aye," I says, "an' what ye see here is na' all he has accomplished. As I was tellin' ye, he's been naething mair nor less than a missionary tae this community, an' a' juist through example. There is na' a farmer for five miles aroond wha' has seen this place an' has na' made aroond improvement aboot his ain hoose or farm in consequence. Or if there is ony, they are few and far between, like discontented bach-elors. An' anither thing, the eenfluence o' an example like this isna' gaein' tae stop at five miles. The world is unco' big, an' wha's tae say where it will stop. At the same time," says I, "this field for missionary enterprise that I hae been speakin' aboot, has room for a gude mony mair warkers in it than there are juist at present. I dinna ken why there isna' mair, for there's a gude salary gaein' wi' the job, an' the work is pleasant. Gie me a farm that needs fixin' up an' pittin' intae shape, an' I'll be as weel content as Adam in the Garden o' Eden before the Lord gied him a wife."

"Sandy," says ma' frien', "I believe ye're richt, an' what's mair," says he, "if farmin' was, as a rule, carried on wi' mair taste an' consideration for one's surroundings, ye wouldna' see so mony o' us chaps rinnin' aff tae the city. It was mair because I was juist sick o' the sight o' my faither's auld ranch, than onything else, that I took myself awa' tae the toon an' left the auld mon tae rin the thing alane. Mak' farmin' what it can be made, an' I believe ye'll soon turn the tide that is rinnin' at present awa' frae the land. I hae seen a wee bit o' city life, an' it's no' all Paradise."

"If it was," says I, "I'm afear't a lot o' you chaps wad be turned oot. But come awa' intae dinner, mon, or the auld wumman will be startin' on anither lecturin' tour, an' ye ken she doesna' need to stop aff for refreshments."

SANDY FRASER.

II.—Cost of Protection to the Farmer.

There are three ways in which the present system of protection works harm to the Canadian farmer. First, it increases the cost of almost everything he must buy, with no corresponding increase in the price of what he has to sell. Second, it increases the cost of living of everyone he employs, directly or indirectly, and hence the price he must pay for their services. Third, by unduly increasing the profits of manufacturers, it places them in a position to compete unfairly with the farmer in the labor market. These effects of protection are far-reaching, and together constitute an almost fatal handicap to the farmer in his race with other Canadian industries.

Canada is an agricultural country, and, unless our immense agricultural resources are wasted enormously, or our farming population ruined, agricultural products must, for a very long time, form our staple of exports. For this reason, it is a matter of common experience that the prices received here for farm products depend almost entirely upon the export trade. Prices are fixed abroad, and our protective tariff is totally powerless to raise them. On the other hand, ours is not essentially a manufacturing country. It is true we have many advantages in this line, and, unquestionably, certain lines of manufacture can be carried on here better than elsewhere, because of a supply of raw material, or some other advantage. But the chief element conducive to manufactures is not present—a thickly-populated country. Hence we find that we are very large importers of manufactured goods. From this, we would expect to find that protection is afforded to those industries to the full extent of the tariff. This is most surely the case. I have talked with many importers of merchandise, and I find the general opinion that goods of foreign make can be bought as cheaply, after paying the duty, as goods of home manufacture.

The effect of this on the farmer is considerable. Everything he buys is raised in price by nearly thirty cents on the dollar. When the Tariff Commission sat in Toronto, the receipts and expenditures of an average Ontario farm were laid before them. From these it was computed that, in this particular case, \$135 was paid in the year as the cost of protection to our manufacturers. This was, I think, a typical average farm; and, while these figures would be wide of the mark in many cases, it is safe to say that the average farmer pays more in the tariff tax than in all other taxes combined. We must remember, too, that only a small proportion of this goes into our Federal coffers. By far the larger portion is paid as a bonus to our manufacturers. This in itself is a serious burden, if there were no others involved.

But the farmer must also, in very large measure, pay the tariff tax for the other classes by whom he is served. The doctor, the lawyer, the beggman, the tradesman, the laborer—all find

their living expenses increased as the result of the tariff. They must charge more for their services if they are to live. In the end, all this increased living expense must be met by those industries which are turning our natural resources into wealth—the mine, the forest, the fisheries, and the farm—and chiefly by the farm. It is difficult to say what this indirect tax is. It is probably, at least, equal to the direct tax.

One of the greatest problems on the farms of our country is that of labor. It is increasingly difficult to obtain hired help at prices which the farmer can afford to pay. Part of this difficulty is due to the attractions of the town, but part, at least, is due to the inability of the farmer to pay as high wages as other industries. He finds a competition that he cannot successfully meet. We can easily understand this when we consider that in many cases manufacturers receive more in tariff protection than their entire wage bill. Let us consider one particular case, an industry that considers itself very badly treated, and has been crying out for more protection—the woollen industry. In 1906, the last full year for which figures are available, we find a total product in woollen textiles of \$5,764,600, of which only \$67,968 was exported, chiefly, I am informed, in the form of blankets and the coarser forms of goods. We used, of our homemade woollens, \$5,696,632. The minimum rate of duty is 30 per cent. There is no shadow of doubt that the full amount of this rate was added to the price of these goods. Common experience bears this out. Value for value, in almost all lines, imported woollens may be bought as cheaply as Canadian-made goods. We are large importers of these same goods, our imports in the same year

"That Memory Makes Immortal."

In memory I revisit the home of my boyhood—a home long since left behind me in the journey of life. Its memory floats over me with a shower of emotions and thoughts towards whose precious fall my heart opens itself greedily, like a thirsty flower. It is a home in the country, plain, though very comfortable, but priceless in its wealth of associations. The waterfall behind the old mill sings in my ears as it used to, through the dreamy, mysterious, moonlit nights; the rose-bush under my window; the familiar lilacs at the gate; the orchard on the hill behind the barn; the great elms that stood in the pasture-lot; the grand machinery of storms and showers; the little smithy near-by that flamed with strange light through the dull winter evenings; the wood-pile at the door; the great maples on the hill; and the dim blue haze on the retiring forest—all these come back to me with an appeal that touches my heart and moistens my eyes.

I sit again in the doorway at summer night-fall, eating my bread and milk, looking off at the darkening landscape, and listening to the merry shouts of boys on neighboring farms calling and driving home the reluctant herds. I watch again the devious ways of the dusky night-hawk along the twilight sky, and listen to his peculiar, measured notes, and the great boom that accompanies his headlong plunge toward the ground.

Even the old barn, crazy in every timber, and spreading at every joint, has charms for me. I try again the breathless leap from the great beams into the hay. I sit on the threshold of the widely-opened doors, opened to the soft south wind of spring, and watch the cattle, whose faces

look half human to me, as they sun themselves and peacefully ruminate; while drop by drop the melting snow on the roof drills holes through the wasting snow beneath the eaves.

The first little lambs of the season toddle by the side of the dams, and utter futile bleatings; while from the hay rack I had often filled with well-cured clover, they nibble their daily supply, or a pair of rival ones try the strength of their skulls in an encounter half in earnest, half in play.

The proud old rooster crows from his throne, while one of his family leaves her nest and tells to her mates and to me that there is one more egg. The old horses, with whom I took such pleasure in learning to

plow, whinny in their stalls, and call to me for their morning food. I climb into the hay loft for their supply, thinking of the hot days I had helped stow it away, and the delicious cherry pie awaiting me at the noon hour. I look up into the roof, and think of last year's swallows—soon to return again—and catch a glimpse of angular sky through the diamond-shaped opening that gave them ingress and egress. How, I know not, and cannot tell, but that old barn is part of myself. It has entered into my life and given me growth and wealth. I listen again to the mowers whetting their scythes, and see the measured stroke as they keep time across the hay field. I sit once more under the large, spreading elm, while mother divides, at ten o'clock, to the hay-harvesters, hot biscuits, mint tea, and bread and butter spread with jam. Did ever boy enjoy a better treat?

I wander through the large sugar bush in a beautiful afternoon in the first of April. It rings and re-echoes with the laughter, shouts and songs of merry boys and girls coming home from the rural school. To me it was the ne plus ultra of boyish happiness.

The day's task is over. I look into the house and the hour of evening has come. The lamps are lighted, and a good man, in middle life, though very old he seemed to me, takes down the Bible and reads a chapter from its hallowed pages. A kind, generous woman sits by his side, and brothers and sisters are grouped reverently around me. I did not understand the words, but I was told they were the words of God,

Signal.

First and champion, Hunter Show, London, 1909.



amounting to \$14,890,494. Now, if this is the case, the woollen manufacturers of this country received over \$1,300,000 in increased prices because of the tariff. Their wage bill in the same year was \$1,190,949. This is typical of many of our manufacturing industries, and may in part explain why farmers cannot compete successfully in the labor market.

Agriculture is our great basic industry, and if our country is developing normally, we may expect to find large increases in our farming population. The new forms of agriculture—fruit-growing, dairying and animal husbandry—generally can undoubtedly absorb more men than the old methods of grain-farming. Besides, we should expect a great increase in farming population, because of our developing West. Keeping these facts in mind, it may afford some food for thought to know that in every Province east of Manitoba rural population is actually decreasing. That in Ontario, in the ten years ending in 1907, this decrease amounted to 65,254. That in the census period, 1891-1901, the increase of rural population in all Canada was only 50,000, while urban population increased by 500,000, or ten times as fast.

What is the matter with agriculture in Canada? Why, with our great, undeveloped agricultural resources, are we not holding our own in population? What must ultimately be the effect on our national prosperity? How far is our protective tariff accountable for this condition? These are questions well worth thought.

E. C. DRURY.