

THE FIRST BORN

The Briggs were a young married couple, and the first year of their married life had drawn to a close with the arrival of the baby—the only baby in the world—and it is with this precious baby and an old married couple that this story is concerned.

It so happened that a fresh supply of coal was ordered by the Briggs just five weeks after the baby came into this troublesome world, which accounts for the doors and windows being shut for in this part of the world the baby is kept in the upper room till it is a month old, after which the cradle generally finds its way to the kitchen fire-side.

When old Griggs, the coalman, knocked at the door of Halley Villa he was greeted with a shriek that nearly lifted his head off. He stepped back astonished that he had heard a noise, warning whisper—

"You must wait, Mr. Coalman, until I have dear baby washed and in his cradle again. If I opened the door the cold might kill him!"

"Orright, mum! Never mind me; I ain't in no hurry. You jest make sure of the young 'un—us old uns can take care of ourselves," replied old Griggs through the key-hole, after which he sat down on an upturned bucket, lit up his short clay pipe, and puffed, and puffed, and ruminated on the peculiarities of young babies and young mothers generally.

Twenty minutes later the door was opened, and the coal was allowed to enter the coal store, after which the young mother invited the coalman to partake of a glass of beer and some biscuits.

"You see, my good man," said Mrs. Briggs, "our baby is very valuable, and it would never do to let the cold come to him—it might kill him!"

"Delicat' craters, mum," mumbled old Griggs in reply as he munched his biscuits. "I spec' they want a lot o' lookin' arter now, mum?"

"Oh! But my baby ain't delicate at all!" protested the young mother, proudly.

The old man gulped—"I didn't mean weak-like," he hastened to say. "I meant val'ble—like gold, ye know."

"Oh, yes, he is," said Mrs. Briggs, somewhat mollified. "Would you like to see him?"

"That's wot I'm lookin' for'd to, mum, if I might make so bold," declared Griggs, solemnly. "Babies, I ain't much in our line now, 'an we don't often see 'em, but I spec' I shall see the best in the world to-day!"

"Did you now?" (beaming). "So you haven't got any babies?"

"Nary one, mum," muttered the old man. "Poor man! Well, just wash your hands at the sink out there, and then you can see the baby, and after that perhaps you would like another glass of beer?"

"Thank ye, kindly, mum. I'd better hav the beer now, I'm thinkin', 'cause I don't like goin' back on crusts arter eatin' cake, an' that's what it 'ud be mum, I reckon, seein' the baby would be the cake, d'ye see, an' the beer would be the crusts."

The young mother was so pleased with her visitor that she would have done anything he asked her to do. After he had put away his second glass, washed his hands, and ditto his face, she told him to carefully pull back the cradle coverlet.

making violently, Griggs slowly drew back the coverlet and disclosed to view the sleeping baby.

"Well," he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, "that is a baby 'n no mistake! Might I be so bold as to touch 'is cheek with me finger, mum?"

fatuated with Chinese Sunday School pupils. She was only sixteen, to be sure, but the Chinese whom she married was a student in the Yale Law School, and might be presumed to have some education and in his own country and to know something of American customs and standards. But his Hartford wife had hardly reached China when she learned that he had a Chinese wife when he came to the United States to study. The Chinese wife brought a prosecution for bigamy, and had the husband sent to prison.

The American wife had a child and suffered poverty, loneliness and isolation until death brought her a welcome release. Just read this from a letter home, written shortly before her death: "We have never been happy together—how could we? I am not yet twenty, and I have passed through such ages of misery since coming to China that I have aged considerably and sometimes I think my mind wanders."

—Guelph Herald.

An exchange says that red hair gets its color from an excess of sulphur. This being the case most of us will have red hair in the next world.

We are half inclined to agree with the fellow who said it is a disgrace to die young. At least no man has any business doing it. If a kid of 60 or 70 years begins to worry about getting old he will sure enough do it, but is downright foolishness. It looks as if every old sinner thinks his life is about ended when he reaches the age where he must settle down to right living.

A scientist blames the styles with a part of the high cost of living. He contends that the less people wear the more they must eat, in order to keep warm. If this is the case it may yet become necessary for a fashionably dressed lady to carry a lunch with her.

THE COMFORTER

Come my little boy to me when the world has used you ill;

I your comforter will be and your strong protector still;

Some day you will have to bear all the bitterness alone;

Other people will not care if the fault has been your own.

Come to me when you have done that which fills you with regret;

I'll forgive you, little one; I will help you to forget;

Some day when you err and when your poor frailty is revealed

You will be condemned by men whose mistakes are still concealed.

Come to me when others fling bitter taunts at you, my boy;

I will do my best to bring back the gladness they destroy;

Come when tears bedim your eyes and your heart is filled with shame;

Tenderly I'll sympathize and I'll speak no word of blame.

followers really believe that the sale of beef cattle at a high price is a bad thing for the Canadian stock-raiser, they have a very simple remedy—put on an export duty, and keep the cattle at home. That is the true Trade Suppressionist policy, and several Trade Suppressionist newspapers have had the consistency and courage to come out and advocate what they believe.

Therefore let us have the export duty and make it sufficiently high so that no Canadian beef critter can possibly jump over.

If it is wrong, unpatriotic, and economically bad for the farmer to sell his surplus of beef cattle in the most profitable market surely the same argument applies to his surplus of cheese of wheat, of apples, of hay. An export duty would effectively keep all these goods in our country.

If that very simple expedient were resorted to the cost of living in Canada would be reduced to the lowest point obtaining in any civilized country on earth. The Trade Suppressionists have it within their power to make Laurier's Free Food policy look like a counterfeit play-thing. Keep the food in Canada, and it will be cheap enough to satisfy the crankiest croaker in Hometown, the stronghold of Trade Suppression and pocket patriotism.

The Tweed News in its last issue hand out this pertinent advice.—

We have noticed lately among our exchanges that considerable is being said about the conduct of our audiences at the conclusion of a programme and where the National Anthem is being sung or played.

Even a Belleville paper takes the people of that supposedly well informed and intensely patriotic city to task for its crass ignorance in that respect.

The National Anthem is not played or sung for the purpose of giving the people time to get their wraps on and get out of the door first.

It is the final number on the programme and is intended to breathe forth the spirit of a loyal people for the blessing of God upon their beloved King and Country.

In properly observing the spirit of the National Anthem we honor our King or our Country, ourselves.

Tweed audiences as a rule have pretty fair manners in this regard but improvement can still be made.

If we expect our boys and girls to be patriotic we must show them by our own proper conduct in such matters.

The National Anthem will bring every loyal Canadian man, woman, boy or girl to his (or her) feet in an honorable demonstration of loyal devotion to his King and Country.

None should be so thoughtless or ignorant enough to engage in putting on their wraps and jumping over chairs and seats in making their way to exits.

A correspondent had sent us the following marked paragraphs from a recent speech delivered by Prof. H. H. Dean as reported by Canadian Farm.—

"Our dairy farmers must be relieved of the heavy interest charges they are paying under present conditions. It is reported that the farmers of the province of Saskatchewan are paying twelve million dollars annually in interest, a debt equal to \$25. for every man woman and child. In Ont. farmers are paying interest on over \$2,000,000 chattel mortgages alone. This is a millstone about the necks of our farmers that must be removed. Dairy farmers and all other farmers must be able to secure capital at reasonable rates if they are to drain their farms, repair old buildings, or build new ones, buy improved stock, and have modern conveniences in their homes. This is another of the problem our statesmen must grapple with. Verily we need a Lloyd Geo. in Canada. I say this with all due respect to Canadian statesmen who have not had the experience of those in Great Britain, and who, may I add, are lacking in the courage of a Britisher."

"In the past the Canadian dairy farmer has been a hewer of wood and a drawer of milk to the factory for mighty little returns. But times are changing and the dairy farms are changing with them. At present and in the future he will demand a greater share of the price paid for dairy goods by the consumer. If he does not get it there will be something doing all the time until he does get it. When farmers have more money as a result of their labor they will spend more, which will increase trade and manufacture, and result in such a forward stride in the welfare of Canada as has never been known. To keep farmers in the position of menials is a suicidal policy for any country. Let us change."

The infatuation some girls have for Orientals, and especially for Chinamen, has happily not spread to Guelph, and if those unfortunates who as thus so easily affected could see the result of their craze there would be no more of it. In all the crusades against the marriage of white girls to Chinese men, few such authentic records of misery come to light as in the case of Dorothy Dorr, of Hartford.

On the face of it Miss Dorr's case seems better than that of young girls who become in-

price, say a dollar a day at the outside. The work doesn't require either skill or personality. You just get into the sandwich and shuffle. Now behold the worker has thrived, and there is a union of sandwich men. The scale is two-fifty a day.

So now it seems the sandwich men are a closely organized body, and not long ago they went on strike for two and a half a day and they got it. One enterprising sandwich man, instead of sandwiching himself in between two boards and walking up an down, bought a burro, otherwise known as a Rocky Mountain canary, and had the sandwiches on the canary. He led the animal up and down in front of the place that was under the ban. This service commands with the burro attachment three dollars a day.

As the man who led the donkey up and down seemed a little under the weather, I took his place and led Balaam's vis-a-vis while the man went into the boycotted restaurant and got himself a cup of coffee.

Most of these men work for the San Francisco Labor Council, and they certainly gave the labor contingent a thrill when they threatened to put the council on the unfair list.

The strike propensity is contagious. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be meted out to you again."

When the strike of the sandwich men occurred, several sandwiches were badly beaten up, and various donkeys turned loose in the streets. But before the strike occurred "moral suasion" was exhausted.

In one case I saw a sandwich man carry labels thus.—"Do not patronise this drugstore—it is unfair to Union Labor."

Pacing back and forth immediately behind this sandwich man was another sandwicher, a giant colored man, and his labels read.—"Pay no attention to the sandwich man who is picking this drug store—he is unfair to Union Labor. (Signed) Sandwich Men's Union Number One."

It is good to see however that the labor council has given in, and the sandwichers have won their strike for a living wage. And now any sandwich man who hasn't a union card runs the risk of having his sandwich boards transformed into a coffin.

THE BEEF CRITTER

Mr. George Wilkie K. C., in the course of his admirable address before the Hastings Liberal club on Thursday night, referred to the exports of beef and beef cattle to the United States market. He said the removal of the customs barrier from this one particular branch of the stock raising industry had stimulated the export trade to a marvelous extent, and the farmers were getting enhanced prices for all that they sold. But, said Mr. Wilkie, the removal of the duty has done far more than that. Every beef animal left in the country was worth from five dollars to ten dollars more as the result of freedom of trade, and on this one item the farmers' wealth in Canada had been increased by millions of dollars.

The throwing off of the shackles has done far more still, continued Mr. Wilkie. The ability of the farmers to get more for their cattle means that every farm upon which these cattle are grown will be advanced in price. That will amount to other millions added to the aggregate wealth of the farmers of Canada, just by freedom of access to the American market in this one article of export.

And there will be the further result, added Mr. Wilkie, that much of the waste land of Canada that has been unprofitable for agriculture, may now be employed on a remunerative basis for the production of beef.

Uncle John Hyatt of Bloomfield and Mr. John Elliott of Belleville have been warning the farmers about selling off too many of their cattle, under the temptation of high prices. Both these gentlemen are too well versed to believe that the sale of cattle, of which the farmer might have a surplus, for a good big price, is going to work that farmer any injury. Their advice really meant that the farmer might destroy his chances for better revenues in the future, because he had reduced his herds to smaller dimensions than would enable him to obtain a good surplus for sale in the years to come, or to take advantage of probable high prices the coming year for dairy products.

The warning was proper and timely. But there is just a possibility that we have been concerned over the prospect more than was necessary. Prof. Ruddick, at the recent meeting of the Eastern Ontario Dairymen's association, said he considered the stimulated export a blessing in disguise. The bulk of the sales were of scrubs and old canners that were well out of the country.

If there is no slaughter of young calves this coming spring the farmers will have about all the stock they can profitably carry over the following winter.

We notice that Joseph Rainville, M. P. for Chambly and Vercheres has been drawing a dismal picture of our depleted herds of beef and dairy cattle, and he asks if one half of reciprocity brings about this dire result what could have been expected if we had had free trade in both directions. And the report adds that his fellow Conservative members in the house of Commons cheered this wise remark.

If Mr. Rainville and the rest of Mr. Borden's

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"ADVERTISING" PAYS.

The Borden Government, subsidized by the Big Interests, is busy subsidizing, as far as it can, the agencies directing public opinion in its favor.

One of the handy methods for doing this is by way of extending advertising and printing patronage to newspapers and printing companies which support everything that the government does, and looks with disfavor on Liberalism and Liberal policies. Several hundred Conservative papers throughout the Dominion shared during the last fiscal year in the distribution of something over \$1,400,000 of public money for advertising and printing. Whether or not their editorial comment on issues of the day was thereby prejudiced may be left for their readers to gauge.

Some of the amounts paid to the government organs are decidedly interesting. The Winnipeg Telegram, for instance, controlled by Sir Rodmond Roblin and Hon. Robert Rogers, came in during the last fiscal year for \$20,327. The Nationalists organ of Hon. L. P. Pelletier, L'Evenement, of Quebec, got the tidy sum of \$23,327, and La Patrie of Montreal, which printed the picture of the proposed bridge across the St. Lawrence as a lure to the voters of Chateauguay in the recent by-election, received pap to the extent of \$23,408. That the Conservative-Nationalist alliance is still in effect is evidenced by Le Devoir, Mr. Bourassa's paper, received \$1,312 during the year for "advertising" the various departments of the government. The Halifax Herald, edited by the recently appointed Conservative Senator Dennis and which preaches that Mr. Borden can do no wrong, and the Liberal no right, was helped to the extent of \$13,312. The St. John Standard, in which the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Hon. J. D. Hazen, is interested, did even better than that. It got \$16,133. The Mail and Empire of Toronto, which used to fulminate roundly against "the reptile press," came in for \$12,641 for inserting government advertising at top rates. The Toronto News, which recently referred to Hon. Robert Rogers and Hon. Frank Cochrane as "the two strong men of the ministry" was subsidized to the extent of \$10,165. This may or may not have something to do with the unequivocal support accorded Mr. Borden by Sir John Willison, the one time eulogistic biographer of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

The Kingston Standard, which has occasionally shown symptoms of independence, was paid \$6,300 to check such reprehensible tendencies.

It is interesting to note that that the Orange Sentinel and the Catholic Register ran a close race for a share in government advertising patronage. The Sentinel received \$1,544 during the year, and the Register \$1,413. But as compared with this liberality of patronage, the Canadian Churchman got only \$60.60 for advertising, the Congregationalist \$74, and the Christian Guardian, \$22.70. The Presbyterian and the Westminster were not put on the list at all. The Calgary Eye Opener, however, which was formerly banned from the mails as indecent publication, is restored to favor. During the year it got \$261.70 from the public treasury for "advertising"—or over four times as much as the Canadian Churchman.

Practically every Conservative paper throughout the Dominion, daily or weekly—several hundred, all told—were favored during the year with generously paid advertisements. Finally it may be noted that the government paid \$19.35 for advertising the Canadian Naval Service in the United States, and \$126.16 for advertising in British and foreign countries—to say nothing of the cost to Canadian pride and patriotism of Mr. Borden's advertising of Canada as a country which can neither build nor man her own war vessels, or do her own fighting.

THE SANDWICH MAN

When in Hamilton recently we noticed a man parading up and down the street in front of Griffin's opera house. He was sandwiched in between sign-boards nearly as long as he was himself. Upon the sign, both front and rear, was displayed the following legend.—"Griffin's Theatre Does Not Employ Union Stage Hands." Hamilton is one of the most elaborately unionized cities in Canada. Every branch of industry there is organized to the limit. Therefore any firm or company that offended union labor took pretty big chances.

We have not since heard whether the Griffin's have amended their little oversight or not, but the occurrence reminds us of the experience of these Sandwich men in San Francisco as related by Elbert Hubbard. The Fra reports his experiences as follows.—

Not long ago when I played an engagement in San Francisco, I noticed that one certain cafeteria was being picketed by a sandwich man. These sandwich men are supposed to be down-and-outs, and they have been hired by the labor council at most any