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The Migration Southward

Despite all the claims of Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King to the contrary, the Great War Veterans Association, after a thorough inquiry, declares that the migration of Canadians to the United States continues as serious as ever. It was the G.W.V.A. which first directed attention to the situation and presented convincing figures as to the state of affairs. It was revealed at the time that more than 100,000 Canadian ex-service men, representing one-quarter of the strength of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, were now in the United States, and that during the year ending July 200,690 persons with Canadian domicile gained admittance to the United States upon announcing intention of permanent residence in that country. In addition there were thousands more who left Canada for a temporary stay in the United States, but who eventually remained.

The G. W. V. A. cannot be accused of being impelled by partisan motives, nor will the parrot-like shouting of "blue ruin" conceal the facts. If anyone doubts that there is still continuous and serious emigration of free Canadian citizens to the Republic let him visit the office of the nearest American consul. Most of his time is taken up with making out papers for Canadian citizens preparing to move across the line.

What are the causes? They are purely economic. There are few Canadian citizens who would not prefer to remain in the land of their birth and under the Union Jack, but if they cannot get a living or if the attractions are greater than in Canada as to salary and cost of living, they will be compelled to move elsewhere. This is the lure which is drawing our best Canadians by the thousands across the line.

There is no use blinding ourselves to the situation, adopting an ostrich-like attitude or shouting everything is rosy when it is not. The Free Press is an optimist in regard to Canada. There is nothing wrong with the Dominion and, despite temporary setbacks, Canada is bound to go ahead. Canada has the natural resources, agriculture, timber, fisheries and minerals the world needs. However, the policy of the present Government has blocked the wheels of progress and we have the humiliating spectacle of factories closed, thousands out of work and a migration on a large scale to the United States. The King Government has muddled the tariff, has failed to reduce the national debt and taxes and has brought about instability and uncertainty at a time when business stability and confidence is needed above all things.

If the southern migration is to be stopped Canada must return to a Canadian National Policy. It must return to a policy of Canada for the Canadians, a policy which will protect and prosper our own industries, provide employment for Canadians, a market for our own farmers and will develop Canada East and West. There is nothing wrong with Canada, but there is something wrong with a Government which bases a fiscal policy on log-rolling and compromises for the sake of retaining power, instead of on sound principle.

A Duty On Coal

The Edmonton Board of Trade has passed a resolution urging that a duty be imposed on bituminous coal, anthracite and coke coming into Canada. The resolution points out that over \$100,000,000 is paid the United States annually by Canada for fuel. This is economically bad business. It is a drain on Canada, keeps Canadian workingmen out of employment, retards the development of a Canadian industry and makes us dependent for our fuel supply on a foreign nation. The Edmonton resolution is as follows:

"And whereas approximately 11,512,528 tons of bituminous coal, 5,167,881 tons of anthracite and 512,079 tons of coke, representing a total value of approximately \$100,000,000, are imported annually into Canada from the United States."

"And whereas because of these

The Third Column

THE OLD MAN'S CONFESSION.

He was indeed a sad old man.

Who bared his heart to me:

"I had had dreams when I began

Of what I meant to be.

But I was beaten from my plan

By little hurts," said he.

"I never entered any game,

But what I feared a blow.

The victory I longed to claim

But dreading failure so:

I would not pay the price for fame

I wished so much to know.

"I could not wholly bring my mind

To work and never stop.

To put my pleasures all behind;

My spirit seemed to drop.

And try some easier way to find

To reach the mountain top.

"I winced beneath a little pain,

Rebelling at fancied wrong.

Self-pity magnified the strain

And made the day seem long.

I hoped my fortune to attain

The glories of the strong.

"And now you find me sitting here

A broken man and sad.

A victim of his foolish fear.

One neither good nor bad,

Who hung away from year to year

Each golden chance he had.

"I could have borne the pain, I know.

Too late to-day I see.

I could have stood to every blow

For all I wished to be.

I could have reached my goal, but oh,

There was no pluck in me!"

—Edgar A. Guest.

(Copyright, 1925, Edgar A. Guest.)

PRIDE.

I like proud people. Not snobbish

people, but those who are proud

of their heritage and their chance.

A man wouldn't be much of a man

who didn't have pride. Who wasn't

proud of his gifts, be they great or

small, and who wasn't proud to assert

himself as a man.

I like to see the boy who is proud

of his personal appearance. It indicates

that he is going to be proud of the

things he does and of the things he

thinks.

The other day I passed through a

tiny town—perhaps but a few hundred

people in the community. But right

near the railroad station, over a door

looked as though it was not any too

long for this town. It was a great sign,

as big as the town, and this what it

said: "Pressing Club."

Proud people lived in that town any-

way, I said to myself that it looked

as though there was quite some deter-

mination in that town—pans pressed

and pressed. And I will warrant that

king of finance or something else comes

out of that town.

People with pride about them are not

prone to hurt the feelings of others.

They have too much intelligence.

The man who is personally proud

takes pride in his home and in his city.

He helps to make the world a better

place in which to live.

But this pride must be a character

pride, not that selfish pride that the

Bible says always goes before destruc-

tion.

—George Matthew Adams.

HAPPY ENDING.

Long since, before I started hoarding

the helpful books, the iron man, a

down-and-out, was boarding with

Mr. and Mrs. McPherson. When, one

day, a fortnight's grub was eaten, I was

a hard luck martyr still; by dire misfor-

tune I had been beaten, and I left, and

couldn't pay her bill. "Some day," re-

marked the goodly sister, "you'll have

some kopecks in your pocket, and then I

know you'll say 'Happy ending' for me

and other grub you broke." "Now, by

St. Bride," I said, "I'll never forget

the kindly thing you've done; there'll be

no cause in my endeavor to raise for you

the needed mite." The years went by;

with luck against me, I hit the places

which are low; all sorts of hoodlums

hedged and fenced me, and I was always

short of dough. And when at last the

time was sailing, in my direction, once

again, I tried and tried, forever failing,

to find that good old Mrs. Wren.

One day, "Unless I find her my soul

will always know a blight; in my af-

fliction she was kinder than Santa

Claus on Christmas night." And after

many years of seeking I tracked her

down, and after, by finding her ill,

her hinges creaking, the poorhouse just

a road away. Oh, what a joy to bring

her glances of tempting tripe and whole-

some prunes, to load her down with

leaves and fishes—my heart was sing-

ing happy tunes! A burden from that

heart was taken, my wintry days were

sweeter now. I felt like one by peace

foreseen until that ancient debt was

paid.

—Walt Mason.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A gold rush often carries in its wake

a pioneer people.

The newly invented "sound filter"

which has the power of separating

noises, will be a boon to a jazz-weary

world.

"Contentment is the best food," said

Archbishop Secker. "To preserve a

sound man and the best medicine to

restore a sick one."

North Middlesex farmers who took

stock in Texas oil wells now know that

there is little or no oil to smooth out

their frenzied finance.

Twenty million pounds the amount

of tribute voted by the British House

of Commons for air service. It went

down with flying colors.

"Every woman's gypsy fancy" may

have full swing this spring in the riot

of colors for sport suits. Even iris

would blink at the variety.

It long has been recognized that so-

called Liberals can be most unliberal

Ask the Maritime Provinces to express

an opinion on their present tariff policy.

Once again London's hopes for a new

station for the National Railway have

been "nipped." The refusal is almost

as cold a blast as that the weather

man is dealing out to us.

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