

thing that is not fairly necessary for good living and saving all the rest, thus enabling the shipment of that surplus to other countries for the purposes which I have explained, we go a long way towards accomplishing the very necessary work of reconstruction. These two essentials must, then, be conjoined together—save, and produce.

The Waste in Canada.

Now, the lesson we should add to that is simply this. With the exception of the United States, which is a wasteful country, too, Canada is probably one of the most wasteful countries in the world. Our people have been so few in comparison with our vast extent of territory and great resources that the idea of saving has never distilled itself in the heart and mind of Canada. We have had forests innumerable. If a piece of timber was wanted a fine tree would be taken out of the forest, the required piece of timber obtained from it, and the rest left to rot or go to pieces. Now, that is a striking example, but that is the way we begin. I was brought up on a farm. My father had bought what was called a new farm; it was studded with rock maple, white maple, yellow birch and white birch. I will tell you what we did on that farm—and I have a very vivid recollection of it, because I piled what they called black fallow on that farm. Perhaps you who live in the city do not know what that means. Well, you go into this forest of birch and maple and you cut down ten acres of it. Your old family fireplace will take a certain amount of that for the winter's burning, and may be you will be able to sell a few cart-loads here and there. As a rule, however, other people have just as much as you have and there are not many to buy; market conditions then were not what they are now. The remainder that you cannot use is piled up in large heaps, left there through the winter, gets the spring and summer suns upon it, and during the summer the whole thing is set fire to and burned off—brush, wood, everything. What remains after the fire has raged through the heaps is as black as the ace of spades. Piling black fallow means going into that and piling it up with your hands into sub-heaps, and then setting fire to those. You go out in the morning well washed and clean; you come back looking like a man who has been through a soot bin.

Well, there is an example of the waste that has gone on