

development of the agricultural possibilities of Canada, but who could not stand the lack of variety attaching to the social side of farm life. To remove some of the disadvantages of living a considerable distance from town, we have urged at different times the establishment of travelling libraries and of free postal delivery in rural districts.

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THE question of travelling libraries was dealt with and approved of at the last annual meeting of the Librarians' Association, and both this and free postal delivery have found champions in two of the leading Toronto dailies. We are encouraged to believe that here again we have been the pioneer journalistic advocates of reforms which will be embodied in the statute book at a not very distant date.

Considering the identity of interests which obtains between the farmers of Canada and the institution by which the MASSEY-HARRIS ILLUSTRATED is published, it is only right that the columns of the latter should be devoted to advocating the claims of the farmers on every occasion; and that we have not been derelict in our duty is, we think, abundantly evidenced by the fact that for some time we fought single-handed the cause of reforms, the merits of which are now acknowledged by other observers of public necessities in the press and in parliament.

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IN the death of John Ruskin, whose portrait appears elsewhere in this issue, there has passed away another of the few really grand old men of the age. Ruskin has been described as "a painter who dipped his brush in ink; a writer who dipped his pen in a color box; whose prose was poetry; and whose poetry was prose," and, it may be added, that all his work, whether as writer or painter, was characterized by a passionate love of nature. Equally strong was his love of humanity. His benefactions

exhausted an inherited fortune of \$1,000,000, and but for the watchfulness of friends, of the revenue derived from his works, amounting to nearly \$15,000, he would not have had enough for his own comforts. The object of his life was to raise the mass of mankind to a higher level of moral perception by leading them to a keener appreciation of the beauties of nature. Art was his medium, and art which did not tend in this direction was to him a thing to be visited with censure the most scathing. His influence, not only in his own country, but wherever the Anglo-Saxon tongue is spoken, and in other lands as well, has permeated the lives of thousands to whom he was merely a name, it was an influence of the kind that dies not with the man who wielded it, but re-appears in the works of successive generations who know not the source of the inspiration which operates within them and develops their best efforts.

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OFTEN have we entered our protest against a vigorous nation like ours receiving all from the motherland in the matter of military and naval defence and contributing practically nothing. We in Canada were proud of our heritage of Empire, and while in the realms of peace we had contributed to the strength thereof, we had never struck a blow in its defence on the field of battle except in days of another generation, when Canadian hearths and homes were threatened. While the Empire was at peace or engaged only in local wars which did not unduly tax the resources of the headquarters, Canada kept on the even tenor of its purely colonial way, offering homes and opportunities to the surplus population of the older countries, its people putting forth all their energies to the development of their country's possibilities. But as soon as the cry of danger was heard—danger to British freedom and British supremacy in a far-off portion of the