

Ragged clothes quickly—that's what common soaps with "premiums" cost; but

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSES
Ask for the Octagon Bar

The Free Press,
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Monday, March 2, 1903.

THE LABOR PROBLEM.

With all the efforts now on foot to bring immigrants into Canada, the labor problem threatens to grow worse instead of better.

This province has been so well drained of its best blood and sinew for the North-west and across the border that the cry for men to do its work rises higher in every branch of trade and industry. Farmers want men to help on the land; manufacturers to increase their working forces to meet the growing demands for their output, and in domestic service the tendency is toward "famine" conditions.

How are the great works now projected to be brought to completion without resort to the Yellow Plague? It is a startling outlook, when the whole field is surveyed, in view of the North-west expansion, particularly in railway construction.

Ontario alone could at present, it is estimated, absorb 15,000 laborers. The difficulties experienced by the beet sugar producers are a fair example of those found by farmers in general. The other day a deputation representing the sugar beet interests waited upon the Government of Ontario to explain the great scarcity of labor for the work in the beet fields, as revealed in the County of Waterloo last year, when Indians, Chinamen, school children, and the general public had to be "impressed into service" to get the thinning of the crops done at the proper time. With the progress of this industry the difficulty will increase.

It was stated that at least 500 men were wanted this year. It was suggested that the Government should secure men, women and children from Germany. Last year a regiment of men were brought from Europe by the Dresden Beet Sugar Company, but they gave poor satisfaction, and large numbers of them crossed the lines, where they heard they could get better wages. Another suffering industry is that of canning fruits and vegetables. Several hundred women are wanted for fruit picking and in preparing for canning in the factories of one neighborhood in Western Ontario.

We have received a letter from a farmer of Middlesex asking this question: "Where or to whom should a farmer apply to secure an immigrant as farm help for the coming season?" Our correspondent sees in the movement to secure immigrants for the North-west a chance to intercept one of them en route. He says, "We farmers of Ontario could use a lot of them."

The same complaint has been heard for years past. Taking up at random a copy of the Bureau of Industries' annual report, we find the cry for more and better work people for the farm to be uniform and general. Among the answers to questions sent out by the Department, are such as these: "Try and get laboring men from the old countries;" "Good farm laborers cannot be secured;" "Unless farm laborers come voluntarily from the old country they are not worth having;" "We want immigrants of the proper sort," etc. As to domestic help on the farm, the following answers are in the list reported: "Domestics are out of the question. I think the country will have to resort to Chinese labor; a female with any ambition becomes a school teacher, book-keeper, typewriter, or something of the sort;" "There are plenty of girls, but many of them think work degrading. A woman told me she would rather her daughters drowned themselves than work for a living;" "It is impossible to get girls to work on the farm, nearly all flock to the towns and cities;" "There are lots of girls, but they will not hire out," etc.

It is a bad outlook for the future. The prosperity of the country is mainly the cause of this scorn of industry. Men refuse to work on the farm merely in the busy season, when they can get steady employment at other kinds of labor at higher wages. Women who have to earn their own living will prefer to work in a store or office to the so-called drudgery of rural life. To

many the city or town holds out false allurements. The country is best, if they would only think so.

It seems useless to expect the Government to do much to relieve this state of things. In Germany soliciting immigration is forbidden. The Canadian agents in England long ago confessed themselves baffled in their German propaganda. Their literature was seized and burned and an Ontario agent was arrested and imprisoned. Among the English laboring class their dread of change is encouraged by the landholders and parsons. It is only the more intelligent, hardy and adventurous that are willing to cross the seas and set up in a new land. The better sort of this class are now preparing to swarm to this country, but it is not the farm labor of Ontario at the current rates of wages that attracts them. It is the tales of agricultural riches in the North-west that appeal to their imagination. The Ontario farms will receive but a scant percentage of the new comers.

This, however, is not the most serious aspect of the labor problem in Canada. We are on the eve of a great railway expansion in the North-west. A Grand Trunk Pacific line is promised within five years. The Canadian Northern is to be pushed through as a transcontinental enterprise. But these will not suffice to transport the teeming agricultural wealth of the North-west in the years to come. Four or five railways will be needed, and double the present number of lake steamers, to cope with the increase of production by the hundreds of thousands of new settlers, who are not "navvies," but farmers. Where are the navvies to come from to make these railways? We know that the western section of the C. P. R. could not have been built without the employment of Asiatics. Shall Canada find it necessary, and imperative, for its progress, to throw down the bars and beckon hither an army of such laborers as are found to be a "plague" of British Columbia? It would be a terrible penalty of the prosperity which has made such railway expansion necessary.

KEEPING DOWN THE RATE.

In making up their estimates for the current year the aldermen are trying their best to keep the rate of general assessment at or below 23 mills on the dollar. A two-cent rate, with the special assessments added for local improvements, is regarded as burdensome to the tax-payer, and a discouragement to industrial progress. The aldermen are therefore resolved not to exceed the general rate of 23 mills, even if some of the civic departments have to be curtailed of their allowances. But where should the cutting process begin? Not in the police branch, for the outlying parts of the city are poorly enough patrolled with the force at its present strength. We have heard residents of the outskirts say that in sections not well lighted a night patrolman is seldom seen. Not in the fire brigade, for that department of the civic service requires strengthening rather than abridgement. The more efficient it is in fire fighting power, the less reason for increasing either the amount or the rates of insurance. Not in the Hospital support, for that is an item which should rather be enlarged, than lessened, in accordance with increasing demands upon it. The streets and sidewalks might be thought in a fairly passable condition. Of late years large sums have been expended upon them. Improvement in this direction has become a fad. One hears an occasional remark that nowhere are the public highways better looked after than in London. Why not give this department some rest for a year or two, if by that course the tax rate might be eased a little? No doubt, also, the Public Library Board, if appealed to, could give some loyal help toward so desirable an end. The cost of that "civic utility" might be very much reduced without hurt to any one. It has been increased far beyond the benefit the institution confers. The cost of the Library of the People's Palace in London, Eng., when it held 12,000 volumes, was between £800 and £900 a year, as stated by Miss James, the librarian at the time, or say over \$4,000. The cost of the Public Library here last year was \$11,553.24, as given by the Librarian, Mr. Blackwell, in his annual report. This is generally regarded by taxpayers as too large an outlay for supplying story books to the people to amuse their leisure hours. Eighty per cent of the books given out are fiction and magazines bulging at both sides with advertisements. The Free Press has referred to this large sum as an extravagant expenditure. And this is not seriously disputed. The useful books that are called for could be handled at one-half the cost for

assistance. The Library Board could therefore fairly be asked to abate a portion of its yearly demand upon the ratepayers. A quarter mill instead of a half mill on the dollar of assessment, yielding, say, \$4,000 per annum, ought, together with the Government grant, the fees, fines, and rental of rooms that are not used for library purposes, to be ample for running expenses. Such a reduction would go far to relieve the public irritation regarding the additions made to the building at a cost of \$5,000, while the upper flat is rented to outside interests for a trivial amount. There is irritation with the Board of Aldermen as being landlords in respect of the market house. The Board is seeking to make amends, and to square itself with real estate owners in that behalf. Yet the Library Board feels at liberty to sub-let the upper part of the building that was intended for library purposes, while creating a debenture debt for costly additions. The whole thing is on a wrong foundation. The Board, however, might go far to reconcile ratepayers to the library expenditure by an agreement to cut it down, and thus assist the aldermen in keeping down the rate of taxation.

Public Libraries.

Catholic Record.

We cannot, we must confess, grow enthusiastic on the question of libraries. We cannot view this senseless scattering of books otherwise than as the breeding of superficiality. We regard it as a menace to the intellectual growth of a community. The habit of desultory reading, which is apt to be accentuated by the public library, is a foe to thinking and concentration. We believe that if the young were debarred from every library except that which is in the schoolroom there would be fewer cases of mental anaemia. This, of course, is our opinion; and we never see boys and girls flocking to a library without thinking that they are thereby handicapping themselves for their struggle with the world. They are weakening their power of attention and debarring themselves from the acquisition of a discriminating taste in books. They become versatile and adepts at quoting all kinds of literary chatter, but these things are of little value on the mart of the world. What counts is the power to think, which is a thing that is not applied; nor the reading of many books, but the mastering of the few. The influence of the one-book man is as potent now as ever. He is always in demand in every department of human activity. He grasps the fact that there is as much room in the world as ever, and he is willing to pay the price for it. The dawdler and book and magazine snicker may bewail the lack of opportunity, but he knows the plain is the offspring of incompetency. And we say again that this indiscriminate reading—this warping and befouling the mind with all manner of trash—is the fruitful matter of incapables.

Says Cardinal Newman:—"I will tell you what has been the practical error of the last twenty years: not to load the student with a mass of undigested knowledge, but to force upon him so much that he has rejected all. It has been the error of distracting and enfeebling the mind by an unmeaning profusion of subjects; of implying that a smattering in a dozen branches of study is not shrewdness, really it is, but enlargement which it is not; of considering an acquaintance with the learned names of things and persons—that all this was not dissipation but progress."

We may be told that the public library begets a taste for good reading. We have heard this in addresses, but we do not believe it. If to our mind there is one way more than another of unfitting one to appreciate the good in literature, it is the frequentation of libraries. To be brief: if we rely on what librarians tell us, nearly all the books taken by their patrons are fiction. And by fiction we mean not the great novels; but the frothy, ephemeral kind that are given a semblance of vitality through the energetic and persistent puffery of the hiring critic. But we do not consider at this. One cannot expect a mind cultivated by literary swill to give heed to the message of a master. He may talk about its beauty, but it is all make-believe. It is not the one who forges here and there for substance who can be thrilled by the words of a great author. For him they are words without meaning, because he knows not, nor does he care to know, that the words are but the receptacle of an immortal spirit. He will never understand that the book which he passes by is not a thing of pages, but the blood and brain of a man who had something to say. And to understand this, and to gain his companion, requires a drudgery which makes for stability and attention and strength.

Happy the household which has a few well-thumbed books and no tickets for the public library. Happy the home whose doors are barred against the soul-stupefying stuff that is scattered abroad. If we keep the family book-shelf clean we may have fewer specimens of both sexes whose insane chatter bore the people who have work to do. And we may be certain of seeing young men and women for whom dirt will be dirt whether it be in the sewers of the police court or in psychological studies.

There is no tempter quite as satisfactory as the plain brown porcelain affair which is in use in half the farmhouses in New England, and in most city kitchens. Tea never tastes better than when brewed and served in this homely teapot. It can be ornamented with silver rings around the edge of the top and bottom and around the spout. With a silver strainer added it is fine enough to be used on the somest tea table.

The German aeronaut Lacanus declared in a recent lecture that birds were seldom seen by balloonists at a height exceeding 1,200 yards. One day he saw a linnet lost in the clouds. Suddenly there was a rift, and the bird dashed down.

Mrs. Frankfort—Aunt Clara says Uncle John never tried to do her. Uncle John—Aunt Clara says that's so, all right. Uncle John says there are some persons who can make a woman do anything you want to without trying.

THE CITY OF THE DOG SHOW.

The Part These Animals Play in the Daily Life of Constantinople.

Veneration With Which They Are Regarded by All Classes—Failure of the First and Only Attempt Ever Made on a Large Scale to Eradicate the Pests.

The beginning and the end of every description of Constantinople ought to be devoted to Dogs, spelled with the biggest possible D. First to greet one in the gray dawn as the steamer ploughs her way up to the Galata quay is a line, stretching far as eye can see, of these moth-eaten scavengers, snarling, growling, snapping, leaping from Turkish caïque to Greek felucca, Russian grain ship to Danube steamer, raft to barge and galley to coaster, all engrossed in an eager, ravenous search for breakfast at the city's dumping ground. Latest of visions to fade upon the sight and sounds to die away upon the ear, as the transcontinental train pulls out from old Stamboul, over the celebrated Hirsch railway, are the serried ranks and raucous tones of these same privileged Constantinople beasts.

Belonging to nobody and everybody, venerated and protected as sacred, yet deemed unclean to house or touch, the Dog—ten thousand strong, and never a whole, able-bodied one in the lot—dominate factually the life of the city, the curiosities of that city of strange anomalies astride the Golden Horn.

Various known as the "City of the Sultan," the "City of Mosques," the "City of the Prophet" and the "City of Hours," it might more appropriately respond to the appellation the "City of Dogs."

The Sultan, Abdul Hamid II., man of blood that he is, calls for the mass of 7,000 helpless Armenians in a day; but dares not order the taking off of a single dog.

The Turkish Ulema not only tolerate, but advises the persecution of the empire—yet holds up its ecclesiastical hands in horror when the suggestion is made that a little less dog, also "glamour," might tend to the advantage of the community at large.

UNIVERSAL AWE OF THE DOG.

The rights of the harem, the fair Ayshah, and the Fairies, Nourmahal and Zuzukas, those "early-ripening grapes," those "little bits of sugar," the "moon-formed ones," "auroras," "stars" and "dewdrops of the morning," whom a thousand poets have sung, can set the wheels of intrigue in motion that shall cause one courtier in disfavor to be bow-strung, another "exiled" (which, in the language of the palace, is equivalent to being thrown overboard in transit), or some threatened rival beauty to be sewn into a sack and shot into the Bosphorus; but for the many curs at their gates there is respite and reprieve.

While old Stamboul is essentially Turkish part of the city, is the headquarters of the dogs, no spot from the Egyptian obelisk and twisted bronze serpents that once adorned the Temple of Belus, and now constitute the centre of the Hippodrome, to the uttermost section of European Pera or Scutari, is free from their presence.

A mild, sociable, Uralian Heep sort of creature in the daylight, thankful for small favors, though not averse to larger ones when opportunity to help himself offers, night finds him transformed into a fiend incarnate, whose howlings and bayings—moon or no moon—put the eerie and unwholesome echinations of our own coyotes into total eclipse.

A curious fact in connection with these Constantinople dogs is the way they distrust the city and divide themselves into "gangs." Every street and quarter has its own contingent of mongrels, that never leaves its beat nor allows an outsider to enter. Here, indeed, is a police force exempt from corruption. There is no political campaign, no speech making or wire pulling, no subsidy or hush money—but every member of that body knows his dogish duty as regards interlopers, and dog. Happy is the luckless intruder if he escapes with his life. Ever at some bone of contention, torn ears, broken legs, scarred hides and tales of unmitigated woe bespeak the dog with which they have entered the lists of combatants. Obligated to forage for his meagre living, the Constantinople dog has developed an almost phenomenal cunning. He scents a morsel of food from afar, and the scraping of a spoon in the cook's kettle, the thud, thud of the knife on the chopping board, laid Orientalwise on the floor, the shrill call "Jier-jier!" "Jier-jier!" from the liver peddler or "Mahabib-jer" "Mahabib-jer" from the vendor of that favorite Turkish sweet—even the glimpse of a benevolent looking Turk walking into a bakeshop—is the signal for a mad rush that often overturns the cook and his kettle, the peddler and his wares, or the patriarchal effendi as he emerges from the shop.

THE ATTEMPT TO DO AWAY WITH THE NUISANCE.

Some years ago—it was during Sultan Medjid's reign—the dogs became such an unmitigated nuisance in Top Hane that it was decided to get rid of some of them. A thrifty sovereign by nature Medjid entered into negotiations with some European capitalists, who were willing to buy them for their skins. A bargain was struck, but before the goods could be collected and delivered popular feeling arose to fever heat. Protests were printed by the Imams and Sofias and hung about each dog's neck. After this bit of diplomacy, the bargain was declared off. The Church was too much for the State. Forbidden to sell them, the next move was to export a few. Accordingly, a large vessel was chartered, thousands of miserable curs were coaxed on board by various savory messes, and away they sailed to one of the large rocky islands in the Sea of Marmora. Here a feast was spread, the dogs disembarked for a picnic, and while they were making merry, dog-gish fashion, the ship sailed away without them. But the Sultan had reckoned without the dogs. As the provisions ran low, the thoughts of the exiles reverted to the fish pots of the city, and, breasting the waves, they started by tens and dozens for home and native land. At the end of a week the peddling was accomplished, and again, but jubilant, the feet of the quondam exiles were once more upon their native heath. Since then no effort has been made to reduce their ranks. To be sure, on the occasion of the German Emperor's visit to Constantinople the dogs and beggars were

collected and put in storage for the time being; but the visitors saw, the disreputable company was again allowed the freedom of the city.

The question is often asked why these dogs are thus protected by the Turks, although they never admit them to the house, pet them, allow them to touch them, or call them master.

According to the pious Turkish historian, when the dog, Mahomet, entered into Constantinople in triumph, one of the numerous staff of dogs which accompanied him pushed his way into the holy of holies of the Turks. Although the descendants of these canine invaders do not wear the green turban, their sanctity is always recognized by Mohammedans of every age, position and profession, and they are frequently remembered in the wills of the devout—who think thereby to make themselves doubly sure of entrance into Paradise.

The faithful also believe that expiation for any wrong-doing may be effected by buying a few loaves of bread at the baker's and feeding to these pariah saints.

The astuteness of the dogs in recognizing those whose consciences need clearing is proverbial. A dog used to lie down every day in front of the court house in Nicomedia—until about three o'clock, when the officials, having completed their duties, would come out. Running his eye over the crowd, he would select some sleek and well-fed sinner and follow him up, sure of being treated at the nearest baker's. After wagging his tail in gratitude, he would return to his former position, ready to do his part in absolving the next official delinquent.

AN INSTANCE OF CANINE SAGACITY.

Having learned through centuries of experience that they are not to make demonstrative advances even toward their protectors, they are none the less quick to respond to any personal interest shown them. At one time an English family residing at Bebek, on the Bosphorus, became interested in a rather fine specimen of doghood—who had pre-empted a hole in the roadway near them as her special dormitory. One spring morning as the Englishman landed from the steamer on his way home he found himself effusively greeted by this dog, which wagged her tail vehemently, barked loudly, and finally did the unprecedented thing of taking hold of his coat with her teeth and pulling him her way. The Englishman was naturally interested to know the occasion for this unwonted demonstration, so followed to where a dog of a batch of young puppies lay curled up waiting to be presented to him by their proud mamma.

Such familiarity would have been most abhorrent to any Mussulman, who, nevertheless, stands ready to represent any violence offered to a dog. One of the French teachers at Roberts College learned this to his cost. Promenading along the Bosphorus one day, he was attacked by a mad dog. Drawing his revolver to defend himself, some thirty porters sitting in a cafe near by, slipping their coffee and smoking their narghiles, dropped everything and rushed to the rescue of the dog and the punishment of the bold Frenchman. So vigorously did they attend to the latter that the poor man was conveyed to the college infirmary. When he recovered an appeal was made to the French Ambassador to present his claims upon the Turkish Government for this unwarranted attack, but he was told that this would be simply impossible, as he had laid himself liable by a commitment for daring to menace the life of a dog.

Thus guarded and protected, the dogs practically own the city. They select the middle of the narrow streets for their working, rear large families, and attend to their domestic duties, sure of being undisturbed. Pedestrians turn out for them. I counted one day no less than forty-five in one short street running from Pera Palace towards the Grand Rue de Pera. Camels and donkeys carefully step over them, the firemen yelling perspiring and running like demons to fight the fire fiend are careful about disturbing their arrangements, and even the purple gray buffaloes dragging the cumbersome arabas filled with the veiled beauties of the harem lunge this way and that in an endeavor to escape the numerous pitfalls and their occupants. The women shriek shrilly as the springlike vehicle sends them into each other's arms, the coachman plies his long whip, the attendant crouch picks his way as gingerly as is consistent with his duties as major domo, every one is discommodated save these frowzy, unkempt saints, who practically run the great city of Constantinople.

EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD.

Grasit—"Yes, I'm a self-made man." Cyrius—"Well, I must say you are entitled to a great deal of credit for your durable act." Grasit—"What charitable act?" Cyrius—"Relieving the Lord of the responsibility."

Tess—"Now, here's a secret. I was married last week to Dick Gaybrick. Jesse—"Oh, my! I thought you'd be the last person in the world to marry him." Tess—"Well, I hope I am."

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