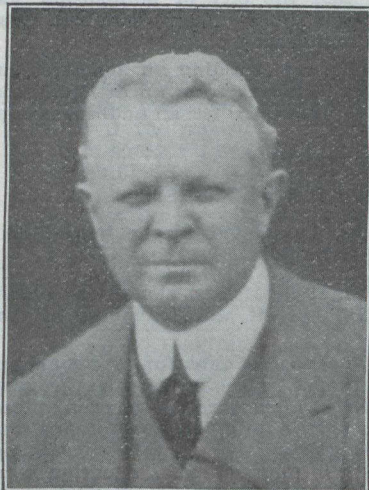


SOME BIG MUNICIPAL MEN

(By AJAX.)

RICHARD D. WAUGH,
Mayor of Winnipeg.



When the delegation of Mayors from the West came down to Ottawa to interview the Federal Government on the grave problem of the unemployed, one man stood out because of the intensity of his purpose, and he naturally became the leader of the mission. That man was big in body and mind; he was a true type of Western virility, tinged with Scottish caution; a man who having taken up a

job would finish it to his own satisfaction. This man, Mayor Waugh of Winnipeg, impressed his eastern colleagues with his determination to know what the government intended to do in the matter he had so much at heart, for to Richard Waugh the unemployed problem was no mere economic study but a blight on the social fabric of the West, (and particularly of his city of Winnipeg), and a grave national question. To him these out-of-works and their families were not so many foreigners—alien enemies they might be—fitted only to receive the formal patronage of charity, but fellow human beings to which society owed a living. And he came down East to convince the Federal authorities of their part in the responsibility.

But Mayor Waugh had something more to convince the government of, than the temporary alleviation of the situation. He wanted a permanent solution, no less than the placing of the out-of-works on the land. It was a tall order, but quite workable; and Mr. Waugh was convinced of its practicability. The fact that 87 per cent of the unemployed in his city were agriculturists and that within 80 miles was idle land enough to give each family 40 acres, and that these men and their families, through no fault of their own, were drawing the life blood of the city without any return, were very tangible evidence that something was wrong, which must be set right if progress was to be made. His reasoning was of the practical kind. Why should not these men and women who had come from the land be sent back to the land. They were more than willing, but they had no money. The mayor consulted those who knew, as to the amount of money required and he found that in proportion to the needs and the potentiality of the scheme the amount wanted was small. But still money was required. His own city—the same with other cities—had spent all it could afford in keeping these families alive during the last nine months; the Provincial governments had been tapped to the last dollar, and now, in the mind of this progressive Western

Mayor it was up to the Federal government to take a hand.

To us of the East the unemployed problem is largely industrial and probably the scheme, as expressed by Mayor Waugh might be thought to be a dream of the optimistic West; and yet it has worked well wherever it has been tried, even in Canada in a small way, and why not on a large scale, and so the Western Mayors had the hearty support of the rest of Canada in their demand for a commission, and if one is appointed it should have Mayor Waugh as one of its members.

I have already spoken of Richard Waugh as being big, mentally and physically—and he is certainly both as is evidenced by all who come into contact with him, — and one would also be correct in terming the Mayor a civic patriot of the convincing type. An engineer by profession, he has given of his best for many years to the welfare of his adopted city. At one time chairman of the Public Parks Board, where he had his first public experience, and since 1908 Controller, he has fitted himself to occupy the principal office at the bestowal of the citizens of Winnipeg to which he succeeded last year.

Mayor Waugh is a Scotchman—and he looks it—having been borne in Melrose, Scotland, forty-seven years ago. He came to Canada in 1883 and married the daughter of a former mayor of Winnipeg (Alfred Logan) so that it might be said that the hereditary idea is not yet dead. As a good Scotsman the mayor is a good curler and he loses no opportunity to tackle the stones and the brush. Richard Waugh is a good example of the Scotchmen who have come to Canada to make good, but unlike many of his compatriots he has taken up the public responsibility of citizenship, and his fellows are the better for it.

VACANT LOTS.

What undoubtedly constitutes a menace to those farmers who are making an honest effort to keep their farms clean is the crop of weeds found growing on vacant lots and roadsides in and around our towns and cities. These vacant lots are often nothing more nor less than nurseries and breeding places for all kinds of weeds. This is especially true of towns where large areas adjoining have been subject to wildcat sub-divisioning and have had roadways ploughed, forming lodging places for weeds, which are allowed to grow unmolested. These produce countless numbers of seeds, to be blown and scattered by the winds over the farms. So far, bulletins, articles and advice pertaining to weed control have been directed at the farmer. A glance at the conditions found in most of our cities and towns will prove convincing that the farmer is not entirely to blame in the matter of weed seed production and distribution.

In the West the weed inspectors are being trained and instructed along lines that will enable them to assist the farmers in weed control, while at the same time provision by law is made to prevent any farmer from allowing his farm to become a breeding place for weeds and a menace to his neighbors. In most towns there are by-laws covering the weed problem, but too often they are not enforced. Those living in towns and cities should co-operate and do their bit in the war against weeds. This is an important matter, and should receive strict attention by every town council. Action should be taken at once and not deferred until the weeds ripen and scatter their seeds.—F. C. N.