

WE MUST PRODUCE TO BE HAPPIER

Is the Dictum of Noted English Writer.

Mr. A. R. Marriott in the course of a common sense article on "God and Mammon," in Hibbert's Journal gives the "Have-nots" some food for serious reflection. He says in part:

"In this connection another fallacy deserves passing notice, that the wealth of one man implies the poverty of another. Thus John Ruskin writes: 'The art of making yourself rich in the ordinary mercantile economy is equally and necessarily the art of keeping your neighbour poor' (Unto this Last, p. 31). It will be apparent, on analysis, that this statement depends for its validity on the monstrous idea that only one party to a bargain can gain from it; that what one man gains another must lose. All sound trade rests, on the contrary, upon the assumption—not generally held—that the exchange of commodities is to the mutual advantage of both parties. It is, of course, perfectly true that the interests of competitive producers may be opposed; the worse your hens are laying, the better for the value of my eggs; but it is clearly to the advantage of all who have eggs to sell that the consumers of their commodities should be rich and not poor. The war and its sequel has taught many economic lessons; not all of them have yet been learned, but the world is beginning to apprehend the truth that the destruction of wealth to whomsoever it belonged, leaves the whole world poorer. During the war \$50,000,000,000 of wealth was absolutely destroyed. That destruction has unquestionably involved the impoverishment of the rich; has it made the poor richer? Plainly the poor suffered at least as much as, if not more than, the rich. Capital has been penalized in Russia as it has never before been penalized in any nation upon earth, with the result that Russia is today a place of torment to the poor, while those who still retain capital can obtain for it a return beyond the dreams of avarice. The only certain way of diminishing the value of capital is to increase its amount; and an increase of capital depends primarily on the prevalence of thrift."

Teacher—"Now tell me the name of the insect which is first a tank and then an airplane."
Pupil—"It's the caterpillar, which changes into a butterfly."

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YOUNGEST RHODES SCHOLAR

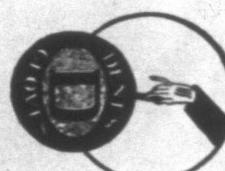
Norman Robertson, of Vancouver, B.C., who will be one of the youngest Rhodes scholars to enter the portals of Oxford University. He is now 18 years of age, but will be 19 before his graduation from the University of British Columbia in May next.

Norman has never been at the top of his class in his scholastic career, though he has been always close to the top. He is the son of Prof. Le-muel Robertson, of the university department of classics. His father is a pioneer of the city, having once been master of a high school. The boy was born in Vancouver, which may not seem unusual, yet is, for a great many of the people living in Vancouver now have come well within the past 18 years. Norman is a member of the students' council at the university.

OVER \$40 PER WEEK UNEMPLOYMENT PAY?

Summoned at North London for obtaining relief from the Islington Guardians by false pretences, George Charles Richmond, of Queensbury street, N., was stated to have received \$4 5s., unemployment pay in one week. Defendant was a member of the Society of Machine Rulers, and from May last to Nov. 8 had been in receipt of 10s. a week unemployment pay. On Oct. 10 he was asked, when he renewed his application for relief from the guardians, whether he was in receipt of any income, and he replied in the negative. He was thereupon allowed 40s. a week in money and kind. Inquiries were made and it was discovered that he was in receipt of 10s. per week from the trade union and also money from the labor exchange. In one week in September he received \$5 15s., from the labor exchange, 40s. from the guardians, and 10s. from the trade union. Defendant justified his conduct by saying that "others told him, why shouldn't he?" Richmond pointed out that the guardians had claimed his money from the labor exchange, and the whole thing was a swindle. Sentence of 14 days' imprisonment was passed.

"Could you place my son in your office?"
"All right; what can he do?"
"What can he do? If he could do anything I'd hire him myself."



NORTHERN LIGHTS ARE TROUBLED

Correspondent in "Edmonton Bulletin" Voices Many Complaints.

In these times of stress and financial depression in our country it behooves us to look the situation in the face and endeavor to find a way to put the country on its feet.

There have appeared certain articles in the newspapers of late which tend to mislead the people of the outside as to the actual conditions in the Peace River country, and the reason that many of our best citizens are leaving.

I can claim the distinction of being one of the oldest settlers in the north, along with many of my friends who came in before any steel was laid north of Edmonton. We came with the expectation that the promise of a railway outlet to the Pacific coast would be fulfilled. No one will deny the fact that we have had patience. We have suffered the privation and hardship of pioneer life for 15 years, living under the delusion that the dream would be realized, that this great Peace River country would come into its own. But, as the proverb says, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Our natural outlet is the Pacific coast, which belongs just as much to the province of Alberta as it does to British Columbia. A railway to that outlet would eliminate the long rail haul to the Great Lakes or Atlantic seaboard. What we want, and must have if we are going to prosper, is a north and south line, tapping into the Grande Prairie country from the south, somewhere on our National Transcontinental line.

We are a part of the people of Canada, who help bear the burden of taxation, feel that at least we should have some voice in the marketing of our commodities.

We know it is impossible under the present railway system we are cursed with to ship our grain and cattle over a line that is running 400 miles to the wrong direction, which distance has yet to be traversed again to get to our ultimate goal—the west coast. Had we a line, as I have before mentioned, running south to our own line, we then would be in the most favorable section of the Pacific Northwest. Our critics may tell us it would not pay, but let me point out to them the natural resources of the part of the country through which this line would pass, where ample tonnage would be secured.

The reader can get the federal government report on the immense fields of anthracite coal on the Smoky river. This is the only anthracite available at the present time in Canada; and instead of Canada importing her coal from the States, Alberta would be able to export to many of the Western States as well as Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and compete with advantage of a shorter rail haul than can the mines of the Pennsylvania field.

This is a commodity that could be shipped every day in the year, giving a tonnage that would go a long way to wiping off the deficit of our national railways.

The wealth of the timber in this area, is without doubt, the finest in Alberta, and I am authoritatively informed that much of it carries its height to 150 feet. A portion of this estimated at, I believe, three hundred million feet, was damaged by fire this fall. A large part of this waste could be saved were means of transportation available.

The distance from Grande Prairie on the E. D. & B. C. line to a point on the Canadian National, as the crow flies, would be approximately 110 miles, or a railway mileage of between 140 to 150 miles, making a total mileage to Vancouver of less than seven hundred miles. Then, also, we would have the advantage of both the G. T. P. and C. N. lines, where we could go either to Prince Rupert or Vancouver. Also, the distance to Edmonton would be considerably reduced. As I have stated before, we must get our product to the west coast. We have no alternative.

The tariff against us to the south, the long rail haul east, and, as there is no demand by Aurora Borealis, consequently we must look to the Oriental trade for our salvation; and now that the Japanese and Chinese are fast adopting Occidental customs and each year are using more wheat, we can reasonably assume that the consumption of wheat will keep pace with our increased production.

Our country is well situated for trade with the Orient, but it would stimulate and encourage interprovincial trade. Exchanging our grain, beef, pork, poultry, for their lumber, fish, fruit, which is also vitally necessary and would benefit both provinces.

In conclusion I would like to touch on our need of immigration. No one will deny the fact that we need more people to help bear the burden of taxation, but I would like to ask the reader what is the use of bringing people into the country to conditions under which those of us with world of experience cannot survive. Would it not be better to make conditions more favorable to hold those already here, so that they may show by their example what can be accomplished. This, in my opinion, would do more to encourage others than all the immigration agents would do in their capacity for many years. This year we had "many more" immigration agents visit us than we had immigrants. At present, those that come off on the Government's hands.

would only stay a short time and they, too, would go across the international border and help to swell the population and wealth of our already fortunate neighbor to the south.

Again, I say, give us some encouragement that will put new heart in us, that we may again put our shoulder to the wheel to help the country we have pinned our faith to, and, incidentally help wipe out the debt on the national roads we feel proud to own, and thus develop a deeper Canadian national spirit with happy friends and contented people, so we may be able to say as did the children of Israel when they reached the Promised Land: "The lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places; yes, we have a goodly heritage."

T. J. RABEY,
Grande Prairie.

MIRRED CIRCUS WAGON GAVE BUSINESS IDEA

When Business Threatens to Stick as Wagon Did.

As a constant believer in the benefits to be derived from newspaper advertising by the retailer, William Di-neen, the octogenarian head of the old Toronto firm of hatters and furriers, deservedly ranks as the pioneer. He claims the record as the longest continuous advertiser in the daily papers of his city, attributing a large measure of his success to intelligent advertising, while modestly mentioning the fact that he has himself written many of the "ads" which have brought fame and continual big business to his firm.

"When business gets quiet it is good policy to advertise a little more, and would you believe it, I got that idea when I was quite a youngster," he confided to the writer. "A circus had come to town in the old days before good roads, and it was, having its troubles with the mud. One of the wagons got stuck in a hole, and I hung around to see what was going to be done about it. The team could not budge the wagon an inch, and the driver secured the assistance of another pair of horses. This helped a little, but not sufficient, so he got more horses, and was eventually successful in pulling the wagon out of the hole. That incident made such a lasting impression upon me that I long business career. When business threatens to get where that wagon was, I put on some more horses in the way of advertising."

Despite his advanced years, Mr. Di-neen made rapid recovery from injuries sustained in a recent automobile accident, and is back on the job, keeping a personal eye on his advertising department, and all other branches of the business, always ready to apply the circus man's remedy if there is any sign of getting into a rut.

SIR HENRY SUGGESTED A PASS TO PARADISE

Archbishop was More Than a Match for Canadian Railway Chief.

Sir Henry Thornton who was recently appointed president of the dominion's government-owned railways, was before his phenomenal success as a railroad executive in England, vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Accompanied by the president of the road, and his counsel, ex-Attorney-General MacVough, he attended a banquet at Philadelphia, at which



Sir Henry Thornton.

Archbishop Ryan of that city was present. This cleric was famous for his wit and repartee.

Sir Henry Thornton, then "Mr." when speaking jokingly, drew Archbishop Ryan's attention to the fact that he and the president invariably were accompanied by the railroad's counsel. In this instance the counsel had justified his presence by suggesting to Sir Henry that the archbishop be approached in the matter of granting a pass to Paradise in return for a pass good on any railroad in the United States. "Ah," replied his grace, "I would not like to separate you from your counsel."

SURPLUS STOCK OF CLOTH MAY MEAN CHEAPER SUITS

Something like consternation has been caused in the textile trade by the announcement that 3,000,000 yards of woollen tweeds and serges, sufficient to make 900,000 men's suits, and about 7,000,000 yards of cotton trimmings, linings, and linen canvas have been thrown on the market. These materials form part of the surplus that passed through the hands of the Disposal's Board. They were bought for the suits offered to demobilized soldiers, but as many of the men preferred the money the materials were grants. At present, those that come off on the Government's hands.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND ARE DIFFERENT

Two Peoples but Twenty Miles Apart Have Little in Common, Says Edward Hutton in "The Sphere."

I do not think there can be another twenty miles in all Europe—certainly there is not in Western Europe—so crucial as those between Dover and Calais, so crucial in that they separate manners and customs so different, and all that these connote in spiritual and moral energy. We traverse them today on a brief tour, and certainly during the last fifteen years or so we have come to regard them with the establishment of the Entente Cordiale, as a sort of hyphen which connects rather than separates two civilizations that are superficially so different but essentially one. Yet no one can ever have covered these twenty miles without being struck by the extraordinary differences, not only of character in the peoples and buildings, but in the very landscape to which they lead.

This is no new thing, of course, Julius Caesar felt it profoundly, and not without fear and misgiving, and on two occasions on which he crossed the Channel; and yet it is probable that in his day the two countries and the two peoples were more alike than they have been ever since.

Nor is it only that we leave an island and enter a continent, or vice versa. That is much, but by no means all. It is that for good or evil the very souls of the two peoples are different, and express themselves differently, not only in language but in their buildings, their houses, their dress, too, the landscapes they have made, their fields and woods, their domestic animals, and even their tobacco. Moreover the smell of the two countries is different. If it were not so you would not know that curious odor of France which reaches you even before you land, and which is a profoundly convincing thing. I do not know what England smells like, but foreigners have tried to tell me. Every Englishman who has crossed the channel knows what France smells like; it is, perhaps, indescribable, but nothing is more convincing.

The two peoples which the Channel thus separates are the two great political powers of modern Europe. The immediate future, at any rate, would seem to lie in their hands, and it is for this cause, a pity, perhaps, that they are so different. But for every other cause you can think of it is a joy and delight, and except that, should they quarrel today as we have always quarrelled in the past, our very world is in danger (at least so we are assured). I would not wish of those differences away.

For they will never understand one another.

As I went into France a few days ago, there were among others in my compartment in the train, a young married couple. She French, and very pretty, he English, and rather patronizing.

They were going to visit her family, and all the way he was fidgety. She was moved by the countryside—her countryside—and every now and then this came out in little exclamations of affection or admiration for it. Not a word said he, but he smiled.

Then came the sunset—a remarkable and beautiful thing over that low, featureless Picardy.

"The best sunset I've seen this year," he remarked to her.

"Ah," said she, "you see, we are in France."

"Oh," said he quickly. "I think we brought it over with us."

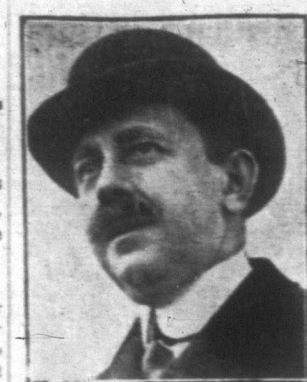
Ungracious? Very. But he became even more Johnsonian before the journey's end.

After Amiens, the landscape improves, and has a beauty that no one can miss.

"How lovely it is," said she to him, with the most delightful of accents.

"Oh," he replied, "France is all right. It's the people in it."

A brutal stroke! Yet there you have it—an essential thing. It is a pity today, but there it is; and if I may judge by this delightful couple, it need not be an unhappy dislike, I am sure they loved one another, and what is more to the point, got on splendidly together. After all, she was French and a woman, and he English and a man. I think that is the secret of it. I can imagine, few things more delightful.



Count Lodovico Szechenyi, Hungarian ambassador to the United States, arrived on the Manhattan. His wife was formerly Gladys Vanderbilt.

INITIATION TO RHUMMY COST SENATOR DEAR

James Couzens, millionaire mayor of Detroit, now U.S. senator, and old Chatham boy, believes in meeting his card table obligations.

A little Chatham nurse who, before the summer ended, enjoyed a holiday which prior to this year did not exist in the kingdom of her wildest imaginations, will readily vouch for this statement concerning Mayor Couzens.

Not so long ago Mayor Couzens was a sick man, so sick, in fact, that a number of nurses were constantly in attendance. Among them was the Chatham girl who was invited by her patient, when he was convalescent, and able to sit up a bit, to initiate him into the mysteries of several different card games, especially one known as "rhummy." Mayor Couzens became quite a strategist at cards and one sunny afternoon suggested they play for points to create greater interest in the game.

"Name the stakes," said the nurse.

"One dollar a point," returned Mayor Couzens.

"What a joke," thought the girl, and she coolly replied: "You're on."

The game commenced. Play continued at intervals throughout the week. On tabulation of the score Mayor Couzens was found to be a loser to the extent of five hundred and a few odd dollars.

"That will teach you a lesson," laughed the sister, and she promptly forgot all about the business.

A month later she received a cheque for her professional services. Accompanying it was a second cheque for five hundred and a few odd dollars.

Mayor Couzens had not forgotten his card table obligation. Hence the little girl's wonderful vacation the summer past.

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE IN HOUSING TO BE ENCOURAGED

The British Government's housing policy was defined by the Solicitor-General in the Commons. Member after member rose from the Labor benches and propounded schemes for dealing with the problem such as seizure of sites at the price stated in the Valuation Roll, the supply of building materials by means of State factories; the revival of the Small Dwellings Acquisition Act and its adaptation to the needs of the moment. The Solicitor-General said that four years ago there was a large, he had almost said reckless expenditure by the State and municipal authorities in the hope of solving the problem. The result was that for an enormous outlay of public money there had been a comparatively inadequate return. Only two hundred thousand houses had been provided. In the opinion of the present Government houses could be more advantageously provided by those whose business it was to supply houses than by the State. The Government were most anxious that private enterprise, which had provided houses, should be encouraged to develop its great resources. They would consider provisions under which private builders might borrow money at reasonable rates if that would assist in the construction. There were already signs of a revival in building by private enterprise, and local authorities were also showing a readiness to undertake such work. The present system, under which the liability of the local authority was fixed at a penny rate, while the Government contribution was unlimited, could certainly not continue. The scheme had already involved the country in an annual charge of nine millions a year for 60 years. That could not be continued.

Stade—"And poor Harry was killed by a revolving crane."

Englishwoman—"My word! what a terrible accident! I hope it will be a lesson."

The Cornish Widow.

"I Had Bilious Attacks and Stomach Weakness"

Mrs. Wm. Robinson, Yorker, Sask., writes:
"I suffered from stomach and liver trouble, and used to have bilious attacks so bad that I could do nothing for weeks at a time. My stomach would be so weak that not even a drink of water would stay on it. On my sister's advice, I began to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and must say that they have made me feel like a new woman."

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