

age of these lines after the war to persuade manufacturers to bring their motor-driven machinery here.

The old times are gone when the only use of a Board of Trade was to boom real estate and give orders for printing to the local newspaper. The old-time publicity agent who merely advertised the name of the town without taking any useful step to "convert" new industries, is gone. The town that is going to succeed after this war is one which—other things being equal—will be in a position not only to tell manufacturers WHY they should establish their plants in such towns (and PROVE IT by facts and figures regarding raw material, power supply, labour and transportation facilities) but will advertise whatever manufacturing opportunity it believes it presents **EVEN IN SOME NEW FIELD**. For example, there are tons of Mother of Pearl that are going to waste every year because no Canadian firm has seen its way clear to start in the button business. Perhaps the tariff needs amending in order to protect such an industry from outside competition. Well, if your town is one that might support a Mother of Pearl factory—join hands with some enterprising man of capital and manufacturing experience and make known at Ottawa the need for tariff changes in respect to this particular industry. Ottawa does not know **EVERYTHING**. As a rule it is very willing to learn.

If it isn't Mother of Pearl, it may be something else in your region that is being neglected. Study your own surroundings. Find out what lies near at hand that may be of value to the commercial world. Advertise your town and its resources in the proper quarters. In this respect you will do well to co-operate with your branch bank manager, or managers. If they have any pride in making their monthly reports look brighter—and they usually **HAVE**—they will help.

But there is another aspect of your town and

ON THE FARM

By MARY ANN

A baby sits in the high chair,
A baby crawls on the floor,
While mother, with nails and hammer,
Is fixing the old screen door.
A tap to the rusty hinges,
A twist to a crooked nail—
And a solid bang! to the staple,
For none of these things must fail.

One child in the crook of her elbow,
And one toiling there, beside,
She visits the pleasant pig pen,
Where mouths are gaping wide.
Oh, it's up with the brimming bucket—
And, swish! with the big swill pail,
For daddy has gone for a soldier,
But the farm work must not fail.

One baby sleeps at the fence side,
And one rides the old seed drill,
While mother is guiding the horses
On the face of the long brown hill.
Her hair pins are gone, or going,
Her apron flaps like a sail,
But mother is busy seeding,
That the oat-crop may not fail.

One child in an empty manger,
And one in a bunch of hay—
While mother is cleaning the stables
At the close of her weary day—
For the men have gone to the trenches,
And let history tell the tale—
How the women bore the burden
That the country might not fail!

One child in the little cradle,
And one on its mother's arm,
While she prays to the great All-Father
To keep them safe from harm.
Then with heart that is very tired
And lips that are worn and pale,
She prays for her soldier-husband,
And she knows that God won't fail!

the Board of Trade in your town which should be thought of. It is one which is likely to be overlooked by the practical men of affairs who are usually at the head of things: I refer to the community life. If there is one thing that marks the Canadian it is his liking for playing "a lone hand." He delights in nothing more than to be able to tell the world and public opinion to go to the everlasting bow-wows. He is an individualist—much more than the Englishman is an individualist, and he has all the faults and all the virtues of the type.

Individualism can be overdone and we are due for a lesson in closer team-play after this war, a lesson in pulling together for the good of our community and our nation. Such team-play should begin in our towns and villages and should find its first expression—though not its final expression—in the actual social relations of men and women.

In Germany, which is the opposite to Canada and is cursed with too much team-play and not enough individualism in matters of state, there are social centres in almost every town; places where the townspeople can gather for common enjoyment of

common interests. Music is presented in these places and popular lectures, or plays. We may well adapt this idea to our own lives. In a recent issue of the *Courier* attention was drawn to the work of the Ontario Library Association in making the local public libraries centres of community interest. This is a good beginning but capable of extension. Through the books of the town and the town's love of music a great deal can be done to make folk understand one another. And mutual understanding—we should remember—is the basis of mutual co-operation. Some one mentions the town hall as a Canadian community centre. Unfortunately town halls in Canada seem always to have been hoo-dooed. In the first place they are usually ugly, and in the second place cold in the winter, hot in the summer and always badly ventilated. If any one of you Towns is contemplating a new town hall—for pity's sake see that it is built on a sort of "friendly" design. And if your town hall is already built and cannot be got rid of—then appoint a committee to re-decorate it or refurnish it so that it will be less repellant. "Mix!" That is the motto. Then co-operate intelligently.



Far from the bark of guns, well-fed, decently-housed, and employed at 8 cents an hour in the market gardens at Evesham (England), these German prisoners are apparently enjoying captivity. They are quite as well looked after as they would be in Germany, and there are no big British and French guns dropping death on their heads. This particular photograph shows the chief story-teller among the prisoners. His countenance speaks well for the difference between British and German methods of treating prisoners.



Billy Sunday not only can shoot ribald "religion" from the pulpit, but can still throw in-shoots and out-shoots over the "pan," as in the days before his "evangelistic" work. Every now and then he dons the old uniform. The photo shows him on the grounds of his home at Winona Lake. The event in his life will be the opening of his New York campaign.



The sheep of England apparently know their shepherd as well when he is dressed in the uniform of war as when in his pastoral garb. The man is one of a lot of 200 released by the army for special work on the land. This particular picture was taken at Kempston, in Bedfordshire. The soldier is carrying feed for the baa-lams.