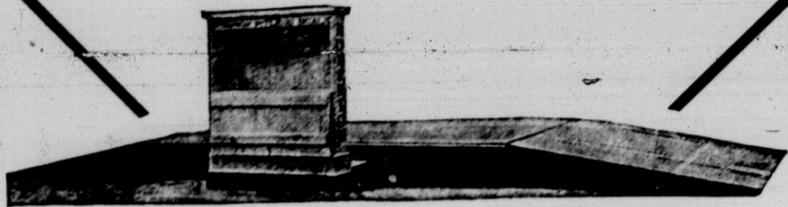


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The Man-House

Continued from Page 20

heavily up the trail. Under the hood of the shawl her face showed bloodless, and a dogged set of the mouth boded no good for the other woman, who still glided ghost-like beside her. At the shed she halted to harness Buck, who looked round at her with vague wonder in his bleary eyes. Within the man-house she moved quietly, setting the room in order for her departure, preparing breakfast, casting now and again an intent, brooding look at her son. Finally she took a chair at the bedside. The other woman stood beside her.

Minutes passed. The little shadowy room was profoundly still; the light increased; torches flamed in the windows facing the east; a stray beam glancing through the rosy panes fell on Tommy, who stirred, and muttered: "Mother-r!" in his sleep. Mary stared at him, her brows convulsed; anguish tugged at her heart-strings. She drew a deep, quivering breath, and rose to her feet. The battle was won. Standing over her sleeping son, she gave her bond of silence to the other mother who vanished into the shadows of the night. Annie's honor was safe.

Stealing out to unharness the patient Buck, she came upon the captain seated on her doorstep. Mary closed the door softly behind her.

Some time later it was opened by her son, still struggling with refractory buttons. The captain, one arm around Mary, smiled broadly down at Tommy's astonished face.

"Well, son, what do you think of us? Aren't we a pair?" To Tommy, such words were darkness, but the next sentence brought light. "I've come to live in the man-house, instead of Mull."

"For keeps?"

The captain nodded, solemnly. "Forever and ever, amen."

Tommy's eyes darkened with pure delight at the enchanting prospect, but he was not yet certain. He turned to Mary.

"Mother-r! May he?"

And Mary, with a heavenly smile streaming from her eyes, allowed that if he was very, very good he might.

PAT AS A CO-OPERATOR

What Agricultural Organization Has Done for the Irishman

Let us take an Irish farmer, a man of the average kind with a farm of twenty acres or thereabouts, and compare him as an individualist with himself as a co-operator, and see whether anything valuable to the nation is lost. Let us call him Patrick. Patrick, as an individualist, drove his own bargains at fairs and markets, but he was beaten always by the men he bargained with. The jobbers and dealers co-operated. They met in their hotels and fixed the price for cattle, pigs, and Patrick, the individualist, was beaten out by the combination. He was fleeced by it. His bargaining with the inflexible did not develop any high qualities of manhood in him. His butter, his eggs, his farm produce all went in the same way as his live stock. He was up against forces he could not beat. He did not know where his produce went after he sold it. It might have been flung into the void for all he knew. The links between himself and the final market, the final consumer, were all numbed, and no knowledge came along it to tell him what the market wanted. He produced in ignorance and sold in feebleness, and the result was to make Patrick suspicious and not self-reliant at all, indeed greatly doubtful of himself and all about him. But he was an individualist, and all this struggle should have made him immensely virile, able, and intellectual, according to the theory. As a matter of fact, Patrick's physique got worse and worse with the individualist policy in practice. He was unable to make ends meet and the Irish individualist Patricks gave up the game and went to America in large numbers. There, in spite of the fact that a few succeeded, the individualist civilization he had been living in Ireland made him so incompetent that he became the prey of trusts, who fed him to their machines. He was for a generation the raw man

ual labor supply for America and when he was worn out he was flung on the scrap heap of humanity.

A Transformation

When Patrick made up his mind to co-operate things began at once to improve for him. His co-operation for political purposes turned him from a tenant to a landowner and made him an independent man. His economic co-operation with the other Patricks in creameries, agricultural societies, credit societies, bacon-factories, or what not, widened his brainpan more than all the individualism of his previous life. His co-operative creamery has given him some knowledge of engineering and science. He understands a little of bacteriology. From this co-operative centre of his there radiates to him knowledge of what kind of milch cow is valuable, the cream content of his milk, the value of fertilizers and feeding stuffs, what kind of competition he has to meet. He consults with his fellow-members on committee and gets wiser and wiser and a better business man the more he talks with them over their joint enterprises. He begins to see, after a while how tillage and good farming really can be made to pay and he breaks up another acre or two. His fertilizers are not so expensive a luxury for his land as they were when he was an individualist. He meets at conferences a great many other Patricks, and his view of his country is no longer parochial. He sees clearly all over Ireland and co-operates with his class in national policies. In fact, the more he has given up individualism as a theory the more in practice does he become a better individual. The new Patrick could knock spots off the old Patrick. The new Patrick is an educated man, a citizen conscious of his identity of interests with his fellow countrymen, beginning to think with exultation at times as he realizes what national enterprises his organization will enable him to promote. Is not such a man, the result of co-operation, a better person in every way than the old Patrick? Would he not be better fitted to make his way in the world anywhere supposing that circumstances forced him to leave his native land or brought him to the towns? Of course. The old Patrick would have gravitated to a slum dwelling every night and in the day he would be shovelling coal or something like that. The new Patrick would find his brains more valuable than the muscles of the old Patrick. We beseech our correspondent, Mr. Irvine, not to be misled by these catch phrases about struggle for existence and survival of the fittest. Unless he knows the precise significance they had to the scientists and biologists and sociologists who use them they are dangerous doctrines to handle. The best civilizations are those which are most co-operative. The most backward those which are most individualistic. Civilization is co-operation, and the highest civilizations produce men like Plato and Socrates. The cave man in the cave dwelling was the typical individualist, and Mr. Irvine would in all probability now be gnawing a bone in a rock shelter if some ancestors of his far back in the Stone Age had not adopted a policy of co-operation which their ungrateful descendant now tries to throw over, not knowing that if the world accepted his views we would all be back in cave dwellings as soon as the present houses fell into ruins.—Irish Homestead.

IS THE GOVERNMENT IMPOTENT?

A more deplorable confession of the financial impotence of a government was never made by any Chancellor of the Exchequer than that contained in Lloyd George's eloquent speech on Wednesday. "I must say I am genuinely alarmed about the expenditure on armaments. There is not the slightest prospect of any reduction; the prospect is all the other way." "I feel confident that if it goes on it will end in great disaster." And then he proceeded to expound the familiar doctrine of the inevitable, one nation spending more because another has done so, that nation again increasing its expenditure, and so on until war or revolution ensues. It was no use remonstrating with the Government, for "it is not the Government that is doing it at all." It was the "mad humor" of the people. But has the Government done nothing to encourage this mad humor, and is it

not their plain duty to correct it? And is the Government so impotent? Mr. George himself named the condition of escape, "international co-operation." Has the Government taken every step consistent with safety and honor to secure their co-operation? They know that the chief obstacle which blocks the way to the co-operation of Germany and other Powers is our refusal to accept the abolition of the capture of private vessels at sea. Why do they not remove this obstacle to Germany's acceptance of our good intentions?—The Nation, London.

WORLD'S WHEAT CROP, 1913 AND 1912

Ottawa, Sept. 13.—The following table contains the figures of the 1913 wheat crop of the 41 wheat producing countries of the world compared with the figures for 1912, as estimated for Dornbusch's Floating Cargoes List. According to Dornbusch's estimate, this year's crop will be about 100,000,000 bushels larger than last year's, and the official figures published so far seem to support this view.

	1913 Bushels	1912 Bushels
France	320,000,000	333,968,000
Russia-in-Europe	791,200,000	624,720,000
Russia-in-Asia	192,000,000	178,000,000
Hungary, Kingdom	156,000,000	184,624,000
Austria	56,000,000	69,736,000
Herzegovina and Bosnia	3,200,000	2,992,000
Italy	200,000,000	163,400,000
Germany	148,000,000	164,712,000
Luxemburg	720,000	664,000
Spain	112,000,000	109,952,000
Portugal	8,000,000	8,000,000
Roumania	84,000,000	89,552,000
Bulgaria	64,000,000	63,848,000
Servia	12,800,000	14,400,000
Turkey	80,000,000	136,000,000
Greece	5,200,000	5,600,000
United Kingdom	60,000,000	57,400,000
Belgium	15,200,000	15,368,000
Holland	5,200,000	5,520,000
Switzerland	3,520,000	3,184,000
Sweden	7,200,000	7,600,000
Norway	280,000	312,000
Cyprus and Malta	2,400,000	2,560,000
Denmark	4,000,000	3,752,000
United States	728,000,000	730,297,000
Canada	216,000,000	199,236,000
Mexico	9,600,000	9,600,000
Argentina	200,000,000	199,200,000
Chile	17,600,000	18,000,000
Uruguay	9,600,000	10,000,000
Peru	5,200,000	5,600,000
India	358,280,000	366,376,000
Persia	14,400,000	16,000,000
Japan	27,200,000	25,688,000
China	5,600,000	5,600,000
Algeria	32,000,000	27,216,000
Tunisia	5,600,000	4,240,000
Egypt	32,000,000	30,952,000
The Cape	2,400,000	2,400,000
Australia	88,800,000	86,400,000
New Zealand	6,400,000	5,136,000
World's total	4,089,600,000	3,987,805,000

Wherever there is in any country uncultivated lands and unemployed poor, it is clear that the laws of property have been so far extended as to violate natural right. The earth is given as a common stock for man to labor and live in.—Thomas Jefferson.

ALWAYS LEARNING



"Young Fatwad is teaching me how to swim."
"But I thought you had already been taught?"
"Not this week!"