

the black shadow in the chart. Note the zig-zag lines which indicate the Liverpool prices of wheat. They rise in the 'tween seasons. They fall at the time of the Canadian wheat shipments. Yet the western farmer was clamouring for easier means of getting his wheat to market.

DUDLET WARD 16

In the chart there is to be observed, too, a dotted line running through the dark masses at the top. That dotted line represents the purchase of wheat by the world's consuming countries. Compared to the line representing our wheat shipments the line of world purchases is very even, for the world is always steadily consuming wheat. It pays a high price for wheat in July and August. It pays low prices when the wheat producers of the world are foolish enough to "dump" their wheat on the market. Australians often sell their wheat "on consign-

ment" while it is still in mid-ocean on its long journey to Liverpool. That is to say, they charter a vessel and send it to Liverpool subject to instructions by wireless or by cable to some intermediate port on the way. While it is pounding its way across the seas its owners are watching the wheat market. Perhaps they sell the ship-full to a speculator. He sells it to-morrow and that buyer sells it day after to-morrow.

But later on in the same season two ships carrying Australian wheat arrived in Liverpool without having been sold. Here were all these bushels available on the market at once—and the price "broke." Now, if two s' ploads would do that to the world wheat price, what effect was the dumping of the whole Canadian wheat crop-or as much of it as could be got across the ocean in October and November-to have on prices? The depressed lines of the chart answer that question.

War, of course, has had a great deal to do with putting wheat prices up. But from the Canadian point of view, the most interesting factor is the "hold your wheat" movement among the Canadian farmers. Mr. Sanford Evans, Chairman of the Georgian Bay Canal Commission, worked out the chart referred to in the course of his study of the canal problem. He told his fellow westerners and gave strength to the "hold your wheat" campaign. The result is that the Canadian wheat farmer is NOT dumping his wheat. He is feeding it out slowly and evenly. He is getting top prices. And we city people are paying top prices for our bread.

And now you ask the inevitable question: Who is to blame?

At first blush it looks as though the baker is the easiest man to attack. Why not—we say—get a civic ordnance passed compelling him to do so-and-so.

And yet if the housewife buys her own flour and makes her own bread, how much can she save on the baker's price? Is it worth it when the added trouble is taken into consideration? These are days when servants barely condescend to do plain cooking except at high prices. They won't help with the

The miller? You think of his huge capital and the long list of shareholders who demand their little percentage every quarter, and you resent them. Yet you know you can't abolish the big mills, for in the end they grind the wheat cheaper and better than the little millers could do it.

Then you face the farmer. There is no question that the farmer is getting by far the greater part of the increased cost of bread-or if he isn't the man who last year bought and held that farmer's wheat is getting it, which amounts to the same thing so far as the bread-consumer is concerned. World prices for wheat are up and the farmer claims his added profit as inexorably—as you or I would claim, the right to an increase in wages.

Of course there is one comforting point. It is the fact that the more the farmer gets for his wheat the more he can buy from us city people and the quicker he will pay whatever obligations he may be under to eastern manufacturers and shippers. That eases the money market and tends to make greater the demand for your service and mine. That, in turn, tends to increase our wages. But it is a long, round-about road, and the compensating advantages often seem to stop just short of the people who need them most.

"I tell you what it amounts to." said a big, surly mechanic, who had done some thinking in his day.
"There ought to be public ownership of farms! That's what there ought to be! Expropriate 'em, same as you would a power company or a street railway!"

"Or a bakery?"
"Eh? Yes. Sur Sure. Oh, the deuce! I'd expropriate everything and have the government run 'em!'

Of course you know the answer to that. We all want to have public ownership of a concern that seems to be charging us too much for what we need. So with the modern farm. We overlook the fact that the farmer is only now getting his innings. Should we agitate against him? Or accept the high price of bread (and wheat) and be "good sports"?

Two Kinds of Poetry

OW poets differ in their way of getting things over to the average man is well illustrated in contrast by the following extracts from two recent books of poems, one by an image-maker, the other by a soldier.

Consider this: "Mid-day," by "H. D.";

"The light beats upon me. I am startled-A split leaf crackles on the paved floor-I am anguished-defeated.

"A slight wind shakes the seed-pods. My thoughts are spent As the black seeds. My thoughts tear me. I dread their feveram scattered in its whirl. I am scattered like the hot shrivelled seed.

'The shrivelled seeds Are spilt on the path, The grass bends with dust. The grape slips Under its crackled leaf: Yet far beyond the spent seed-pods, And the blackened stalks of mint, The poplar is bright on the hill, The poplar spreads out, Deep rooted among trees

"O poplar, you are great Among the hill-stones, While I perish on the path Among the crevices of the rocks."

Good impressionistic description of an autumn noon, is it not? But the description is all incidental to the main theme which is—"I"—a self-pitying "I." From that turn to this: (Stand-to!)

"I'd just crawled into me dug-out, And pulled me coat over me 'ead, When the corpor-al He begins to bawl, And these were the words he said: " 'Stand-to-Show a leg!—Get a move on, YOU!— Ye's can't lie and snore, Till the end o' the war— Stand-to!—STAND-TO!—STAND-TO!"

It isn't necessary to quote the rest, though it is equally refreshing in metre. The point is this: which frame of mind will the world prize most when the war is over? The imagist's or the soldier's.