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A WEEKLY NEWS LETTER.

WESTERN CROPS

The splendid news from the west that crop conditions give promise of bumper yields should make good reading for all Canadians, as the prosperity of Canada is indissolubly linked up with the prosperity of the west.

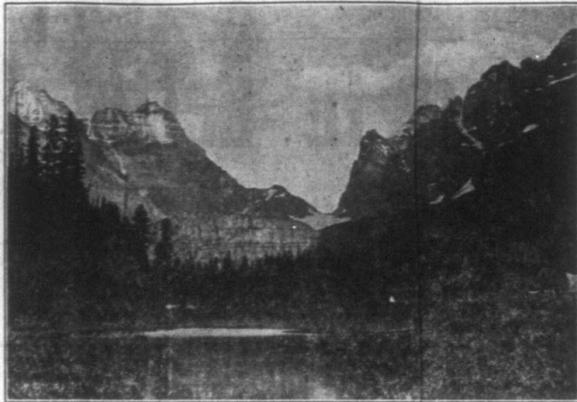
RETURN OF THE BAR NOT WANTED

A member of the Ontario Legislative Committee, now touring the province investigating the hotel situation, is quoted in Ottawa as saying that throughout their journeys they had yet to meet anyone hotel-keeper who wanted the return of the bar.

CURIOUS COMMUNISTIC ECONOMICS

A curious sidelight on the propaganda of the Communist party in Canada is afforded by the editorial comments of "The One Big Union Bulletin" on a speech of Dr. Gordon in St. Stephen's Church, Winnipeg, when he dealt with the unemployment question.

A BEAUTY SPOT IN YOHO PARK



Mounts Hungabee and Schaffer, in Yoho National Park, present a very striking picture. To the experienced Alpinist they are considered of first interest. Photo by Byron Harmon.

"unemployed." If, on the other hand, the demand was greater than the supply he was in constant employment and could ask practically what price he wished for his goods.

In either instance he was better able to meet the situation if his knowledge (i.e. education) enabled him to turn to some other means of overcoming his difficulty either by following some other occupation or devising means of increasing his output.

Taking it all in all perhaps this is just what the One Big Union thinks would be the solution—so long as the O.B.U. was not the victim.

FISHING

By A Mere Woman.

Now about this sport of fishing, which one hears so highly spoken of amongst our men folk. We've just had a little experience in that line—not much, just an eye-opener.

However, a new spirit suddenly manifested itself in our midst, and we, the female of the species, were cordially invited to go fishing with the folks. Which we did. At least, we were going fishing, and when we returned we said that we had been fishing. So the things that we did must have been fishing, though really—

One of the noteworthy features is the way in which man begins to expand when he leaves civilization. Let him get ten miles up the river and he is swelling visibly—getting back to his element. No feminist movement in the mountains; no women's conventions. Man is triumphant—woman a nice, dependant squaw—or maybe, not so nice as that.

Far up the river we went for our fishing, past ranch houses, past the last ranch house, clear in to the mountains. And here we camped by a little creek that fussed and tumbled its way into the river. Over us loomed green pine, grey rock, and the most unmitigated silence.

To be sure we did not just step out into the scenery and catch a fish. There were those first futile efforts at swinging the rod—those efforts that hooked a tree or a rock or the Man That Gave Me. And then the accomplishment of that heavenly clean-cut, dry swish. Heeey! Hurroo!

Next to get a fish! Now we did not approach a pool and say, let there be fish and there were fish. But we did the next best thing. We approached with a fish and there were fish, knowing that there must eventually be fish. And there was or were. We chose a very dainty fly, and practiced this auto suggestion of fishermen—impressing the mind of the fish so that they might want what we wanted them to want. It is very simple. We concentrated. Alone, on a hot rock. Hal a response. The reel slipped round like mad. An eternity of suspense, and then the utter joy of landing our own first trout. There on that rock alone, unattended by knights or vassals, we swung him high and far. And to cement the conviction we sat upon him. We had had him and he knew it.

There were others, it is true, later on, that accompanied to our strong force will. But that first fine fellow was our lie fish of fish.

Now, on toward noon, the fish bite slow. They want nothing but to dream on. To be sure, a Lizzie or a Percy will rise to a fly, but not a real, self-respecting trout. Nothing quickens their palates but the leg of the bill of a juicy grasshopper.

advised Henry. So we adopted a brisk, business like stride that would have been much admired upon the avenues, but that did not appeal to the cattle.

They appeared on the sky line in great numbers. They put their heads together and gossiped about us, and followed along—growing in bulk and wrinkles.

Never, never will the feeble finite mind of the Great Unchained realize how our legs pricked and twitched just to run on and on. What a record he might have made.

On we strode airily, scrapping away in a manner quite unusual amongst married people.

"And I have always planned to die dignified," deplored the wife. We topped a knoll.

There before us, a few rods away, was flung a fence, the only fence for miles and miles, just where it would do most good. We no longer denied the prayer of our legs. They were good and flew with us. We squirmed under the fence, rolled into a heavenly dip and waited. As we rolled Henry flushed a grasshopper and got it. Henry is Scotch.

Our desire, to live and fish grew strong. We peered over the bank. There were ramblings amongst the rattle, but the chiefest decided to adjudge. Had they ever really been warned up to the investigation, the grasshoppers must needs be enthralled by the milk-fed town grown variety.

But in the mountains, oh, how different! There were perhaps a dozen grasshoppers ranging the river banks, all heading, it seemed, for the rocky fastnesses. They were lean and agile.

We raised covets of blue grouse and partridge, and at last, a grass-topper. We entered chase.

The Great Adventure. We would like to record a triumphant capture, but we cannot. For it was just at this point that we were almost overtaken by the Great Adventure, at the hands or hoofs or horns of range cattle. We were snubbing nimbly along, bent double, hats off ready to swoop upon our prey, when a sound arrested us. We straightened our peasant forms abruptly. Over a hill, some distance away, came a large enquiring steer. No, we must be frank. He was a bull. After all a bull, in the west, is only a bull, though in the east he seems to be hedged about by convention and a great reserve. At any rate the bull was author of the sound, and the sound evinced both curiosity and hostility.

Correct Thing Among Cattle. And we had been warned of just such a possibility. A man afoot is a matter of investigation to range cattle. As for a woman she is ever liable to pursuit. To walk unswervingly, vouchsafing not a glance to right or left—this is the correct thing amongst cattle. These shaggy, long-haired range animals have the appearance, perhaps misleading, of a man with a month-old beard. Their hearts may be pure but they have the outward air of scoundrels.

And there were, vast, vast, and the enemy. "What rotten luck," groaned Henry. "On the eve of capturing a grasshopper to be chased by a bull!" "What will people say?" said Henry's wife. "How silly it will sound in the home papers, 'Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnson, our esteemed fellow-citizens, while strolling a grasshopper in the mountains were overtaken and done to death by a bull. And what a family group for a western artist! Henry and wife impaled on the horns of a large bull."

Henry Be a Torador. He was approaching slowly. We bethought us of weapons—we urged our husband, "Henry, you be a torador, and when he comes up, you spring aside with incredible swiftness, at the same time plunging your knife or a fish hook into his jugular or something!" "Torador!" said Henry. "What is mean toradoring? Will I do it by the hour or by the day? Look who's here!" I looked. "Was true, there were too many. A whole bunch of 'em to walk without swerving."

At intervals all day long he does just this. Great man, fisherman. Now a woman, used as she is to maddening little handicaps, is a much completer wreck by the time she climbs a bank. She is hot and tired, and she sheds perhaps a reasonable tear. She wishes she were at home preserving, or doing a wash, or some such light congenial task. But, observing man's fortitude, she is ashamed. She dries her eyes, gathers up her weapons and follows Man. "Immediately she always follows. We know she does for she did."

How Beautiful Upon the Mountains. How beautiful upon the mountains is the lot of woman! What boots

it if she cannot soar above life's cares. But a man who cannot catch fish. He is without honor. Though he be rich in principalities and power, yet is he but a poor dub. Think of being born a man, without the fishing savvy. The thought chills our blood, remote though the danger be.

And round the camp, how beautiful! Not a care, not a duty. Man is at the helm. On his head be it, if the fish should burn, the fire go out. But they don't, and it doesn't. He puts through his housekeeping in a direct matter of fact way, that makes a woman seem a mere chambermaid. To be sure, there may be (not is, just may be) here and there a little bug, and here and there a larger. But what odds! Let him mix them pound for pound. It all tastes good. Besides, if you fussed, he might up and leave you. And what would you do with dark coming on and all.

Talking Things Over. But after all, the high, uplifting part of a fishing trip lies in talking things over. When the day is done, and you sit around the camp-fire plumb, gentle and reminiscent. We enjoyed that, even more than the grasshoppering and the hair breath escape, and the bleaching on the rocks. Henry opened his heart and told of his best catches, requiring such skill to land as he did not know he possessed. He told of huge fishes escaped and marvelous efforts made. We looked trustingly upon him and believed him.

Then we told of our humbler achievements, the fish that nibble, the fish that bit, the huge fish we would have landed if we had had a net. And Henry looked trustingly upon us and believed us.

That, surely must be the foundation of successful fishing trips—mutual trust. We believed Henry's stories, incredible though they would seem next day, and Henry believed ours, without blinking an eye. We had become as little children, believing one another.

And after this, henceforth forever more, we are going to believe every fish story that is ever told us. We will have to, because we have one or two that we would like to tell ourselves.

HUNS ARE STILL TALKING OF WAR

In an article in the Fortnightly Francis Gribble shows concern about the "coming war" books that are pouring from the printing presses in Germany. Some are "romances of wars of the future," and others "are essays in historical philosophy."

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PARENTS AS EDUCATORS

INCUPLICATING TRUTH IN THE CHILD.

By Mary F. Scott.

First! Be truthful yourself! Do not cherish the delusion that you can tell a child anything, and be believed. For you cannot!

As an illustration: If you have promised the child a visit to the park on a certain day, and then feel too tired, after a hard morning's work, how are you going to make him understand?

"Yes, I know," impatiently, "but you will have to amuse yourself at home today. I'm too tired to walk that far."

out as to why his playtime hour has not been realized. If a promise be made to a child, keep it. If, as sometimes happens, it is impossible to carry out that promise, explain carefully just why it cannot be fulfilled at that time.

To questions asked,—I know they are legion,—answer truthfully, explain carefully. It may take time away from other duties, but one will be well repaid by the contented happy spirit born in the child when the information sought is gladly given.

Trust will be fostered, also,—trust in the one who enlightens ignorance with knowledge; then will come trust in the world at large. The fountain-head of knowledge for the children is centered in you who have the shaping of these young lives in your hands.

SPEAKERS FROM SIX NATIONS ADDRESS "U" WOMEN AT PARIS

More than 200 delegates from all parts of the world, including 90 Americans and 20 Canadians, attended the second conference of the International Federation of University Women, which was held, July 15 to 18, at the American University Women's Club, rue de Chevreuse, Paris.

The programme, which included women speakers from six countries, was as follows: "The Reaction After the War," Miss E. Novakova, Czechoslovakia; "Women's Social Role," Miss Julia Minod, France; "The Place of Married Women in the Profession," Dr. Ida Maclean, Great Britain; "L'Art Feminin," Miss Poupelet, France.

Address on Federation Policies were given by Prof. Winifred Cullis, Great Britain; Dr. E. Hamstedt, Sweden; Miss Theodora Bosanquet, Great Britain; Miss M. Carey Thomas, United States; and Mrs. R. F. McWilliams.

Excursions arranged for the delegates by French University clubs were to L'Observatoire, the Musee Carnavalet, the factory of Sevres Porcelain and the Institut of Radium.

Winnipeg representatives attending the conference included Mrs. McWilliams, Miss Elsie Moore and Mrs. J. C. Green.

he had forgotten, but he makes dramatic use of them. England deserts her ally and prepares for an inevitable war with the United States, and Germany becomes a partner of England in a third world war. The internal strength of America decides the issue with England. The Germans invade France and overwhelm her armies, Germany recovers all her lost colonies and seizes those of France. "Thus," concludes the author, "with America supreme at sea and Germany supreme on land, the peace of the world will be immediately secured."

This wild melodrama is supposed to be the most solid and logical of the German "coming war" fictions. Mr. Gribble seeks to account for the impression it makes on him by averring that "it is the spirit of dozens of books," all striking the same keynote of the restoration of Germany to a great world power. The sales of these books, he says, are immense. Francis Gribble is himself the author of historical romances in which there are high lights and deep shadows and many inventions. Perhaps that is why he takes Col. Bauer so seriously. He is sure that the Treaty of Rapallo signifies a military alliance between Russia and Germany which Great Britain and her late allies will have to reckon with on the battle-field sooner or later.

He is sure that Germany, far from being repentant, is plotting a war of revenge. He dimly perceives, however, that there are Germans who have had enough of war "and have little time to think of anything except today's work and tomorrow's needs." But he does not allow them the influence they have in thwarting the designs of the military party. He forgets that there have been tremendous demonstrations in Berlin and other cities for peace and industry and against war and devastation.

THE KAWARTHA LAKES The Kawarthas Lakes are among the most popular of Ontario's summer playgrounds. The region was long a favored one with the Indians who gave it its musical name, signifying "Bright Waters and Happy Lands." The Kawarthas chain comprises Lakes

The heart is like a horse on the level plain, easily loosed, but restrained with difficulty. One's acquaintances may fill the empire, but one's familiar friends must be few.

A Revelation in Green Tea IT'S SO SWEETLY PURE, CLEAN AND DELICIOUS

"SALADA" TEA is sold on merit and merit alone. Try it once and you will never go back to Japans. At all grocers.

PROVERBS OF THE NATIONS

CHINESE SAYINGS.

Water always drops from the eaves into the same old holes.

Straight trees are first felled, and sweet wells first drained.

If you buy cheap firewood you burn the bottom of your copper.

He who has friends in every place feeds every place delicious.

If you do not enter the tiger's den how can you get his cubs?

One family builds a wall and two families get the benefit of it.

If you feel the spring you can't expect the stream to be pure.

You can hardly make a friend in a year, but you can easily offend one in an hour.

The heart is like a horse on the level plain, easily loosed, but restrained with difficulty.

One's acquaintances may fill the empire, but one's familiar friends must be few.