

Mr. Flint on Public Meetings

Editor Ontario.

For many years I have participated in public questions connected with Belleville, and have taken an active part in public meetings and acquired a perfect knowledge of how they are conducted. It is thought the public is against a project, those persons who wish to accomplish the scheme arrange to have a public meeting, and at that meeting obtain a vote for their measure. It sounds so well to say, "that we carried the vote at a public meeting and therefore the public is in favor of the scheme." Nothing could be more false and absurd. All schemes of this sort are manipulated as follows: All public meetings are organized in the following manner. There is one man, whom I will designate the "brains." He works the scheme, lays and pulls the wires, and the puppet dance as he desires. In every community there is to be found half a dozen orators. These men can orate on any subject at a moment's notice. They are full and all that is required is to pull out the spigot and out flows the oratorical fluid. "Brains" engages four or five of these desirable, floats in half a dozen preachers, marshals an imposing array of the highly esteemed and respected ladies and gentlemen, who quarterly receive a little stipend of paper from the city treasurer, directs the children of the schools to get their parents in line, secures the mayor as presiding officer, calls on the heads of the secret fraternal and other societies, gets them all in line, appoints the evening for the meeting and then sits up all night and writes three or four columns to be inserted in the newspapers. This is his masterpiece. No ordinary individual would attempt to read such a mass of figures and statements. The ordinary citizen is at once puzzled. He reads about a column and throws down the paper in disgust. He cannot follow or understand the amazing intricacies of the composition or problem and gives it up. I read about one column and tried to understand it but failed. However, it had its intended success.

At the meeting, there stood the mighty school board with the shrewd manipulator of the wires behind them and the round form of the man who told Minister Cady he had the collegiate in his pocket. The cut and dried resolutions were moved. The spigots pulled out, the fluid poured out, the resolutions put and carried with uproarious applause. Only one noble citizen stood up and told these men that the masses of the people were against them. The body of the citizens had held no meetings, pulled no strings, had no speakers provided or engaged. In fact did precisely as they have done in past years, made no effort whatever to meet the school board. What is the actual value of the resolution passed as representing the public? No effect whatever. I dare the board to submit these questions to a public vote. Should they do so and that vote carry in favor of their scheme, will support the measure heartily. Why? Simply because whatever may be my individual opinion, if a reasonable majority of the citizens demanded the measures they ought to have them. But does any one suppose such a vote will be taken? Not on your life. Their reply will be in the chorus of the old song. Submit a vote to the people? Oh no, no, no, not for Joe; not for Joseph if he knows it, no, no, no. Previous to the meeting, I had prepared by my will to leave a large sum to a certain institution represented at the meeting. As I am now of the opinion that everything I own will go for taxes, I will have nothing to leave, so will cancel that clause in my will.

Your truly,
John J. B. Flint.

Much Done Towards Disease Prevention

Dr. McCullough, Chief Officer of Health for Ontario, Replies to Recent Letter in The Ontario.

Editor Ontario.—The attention of the Provincial Board of Health has been called to a letter appearing in your issue of March 22nd under the heading "The Great Scourge" in which the writer would have the public believe that the board has done nothing to curb the spread of venereal diseases. Let me briefly point out what has already been done in this direction.

(1.) Enactment of the Venereal Diseases Prevention Act and Regulations thereunder; whereby syphilis and gonorrhoea are notifiable (not by name.)

(2.) The board has secured after

strenuous efforts for two years, a license to manufacture arsenaphenamine, (a new and efficient remedy for syphilis) thus ridding the country of a monopoly in existence since salvarsan was introduced.

(3.) Largely through the influence of the board and of social service workers of Ontario, the Dominion Government voted \$300,000 last year to be divided amongst the provinces on condition that the Provincial Governments voted an equal amount. In so far as Ontario is concerned this has been done, and the board has the sum of \$115,000 in hand with which it is proposed to establish free clinics for the treatment of these cases.

(4.) Laboratories providing for free diagnosis of syphilis and gonorrhoea have been established at Toronto, Kingston, London and Fort William, and two additional ones will be opened this year.

(5.) The board is undertaking in association with the Canadian National Council for combating venereal diseases a widespread educational campaign by means of pamphlets, booklets, movie films and newspaper advertising against these diseases.

Enclosed you will find some literature on the subject of venereal diseases issued by the board; also a copy of the proposition being presented to the larger cities regarding the establishment of free clinics. The board is taking the liberty of sending to you under separate cover an excellent monograph published by the board and distributed free to all medical men throughout the province.

Will you be good enough to put the board's side of the case before your readers?

Sincerely yours,
Dr. McCullough,
Chief Officer of Health.
Toronto, Mar. 26.

New Map For Ontario Schools

Under the direction of the Minister of Education, 40,000 copies of the new map of Europe are being distributed free among the schools of the province.

The edition is intended to supply the needs of the schools until the new Ontario school geography is ready in September, 1921.

The copies of the map for the collegiate institutes, high schools and continuation schools are being sent directly to the principals. The copies for the public and separate schools are being sent to the public school inspectors of the province for distribution throughout the schools of their respective inspectorates.

When the Bold Wild Geese Hasten Toward This Country

No one has ever been able to give a good reputation to the March hare. If he wakens up playful and capolling with the sun, he is likely, before an hour passes, to go tearing over the fields in a fury, scattering the brown grass and skipping over the garden fence to break the necks of tulips deceived by his morning mood. He is an eccentric born, glorying in his queerness, yet there are those who think he knows the zest of life better than the April infatuated robin or the woodcock quiet in May clover. He loves to whip the city brooks into foam, and tease them until they run over their untamed banks and rush downhill and through the swamp to alarm the rivers so that they too come out on land and the whole world looks as though it had gone back to the watery beginning. He chases north the snowy owl, ornament of our winter woods, and fraternizes with the snail sparrow, thrush and grouse leave, because it seems to be growing warm, and looking behind them behold the March hare turning somersaults in snowdrifts. He freezes the mud that the shore lark was enjoying. No one depends upon him. Yet to see swift and enchanting changes of sky lake and woodland, go forth with the March hare and find with him the earth astir.

Trees lose the archaic outline as leaf-buds swell. Reddened maples and black ash twigs, yellow flowers on the willow, begin the coloring of a landscape that will not fade to gray and brown again until December comes. The lilacs are growing impatient for the sophisticated city lilac bush is already wearing costly bloom, careless that a debut made so early, early ends. The crocuses, spring's opening ballet, dressed in pastel tints, take their places on the lawn, standing delicately erect, waiting for bird music. Unknown to March's sales, the still swamp pools are fringed with shooting green, full of hints of cowslips, and arbutus—few know on what hillside—is lit-

ing the warm leaf blanket, hoping that vandals admirers are far away. The March violet is sung more than seen, visiting these northern slopes only by some caprice, but of all the legends haunting it and the magic beauty it gives to those who gather it at daybreak make the violet still, for lyrical purposes, the flower of March. Cuddled close to warm stones, under its quaint leaves lined with asphodel, sometimes now the hepatica has come, and bloodroot in hollows, where the sun in moist consent lifts prodigal white flowers that open quickly from the slim bud and are shattered by a touch. The deep blue grape hyacinth stands, calm in the winds and bitter weather, overtaken by snow it does not despair. Sap is visibly climbing to the topmost limbs. It seems even to be mounting in the ancient wild-grape vines that swing from the roof of the wood, bearing no buds and looking dead a hundred years, though there is life under the dark, and shaggy bark. Sap lifted back through the ducts of the winter-warped thorn, alone in the clearing where the cruel nor'easter raced, will cover the sad branches, once the soft days are here, with shining blossoms. The year turns when the sap runs. The little boy who has his sugar-maples picked out and under guard and is more concerned about some things than others, is waiting intensely.

Loneliest of all sound, the "peep-peep" take up their forsaken song in flooded meadows, silenced in a ghostly fashion by a footstep that comes near. It is more elegy than spring song, hard to hear at dusk, yet it is certain that the peepers are as content with their fate as the emphatic old frogs by the deeper water. Wander-birds, almost unseeing, are posting north again through the twilight. Bold wild-geese are hastening toward Canada. Quiet, returning hawks across the sky at evening, and the pine grosbeak is on the wing. Spring gives the faithful but undesired starting a pleasant voice which will change by summer into an exasperating croak, and so many of our birds suffer this undesired loss that a feathered critic would have good reason to declare that poets ought to be killed in youth. "The terrifying little screech owl waits from shadowy woods, and where timber is thick and venerable the horned owl thunders dully. The chickadee repeats with just pride his charming repertoire of two notes: "Spring, boom!" Nothing is refused this fortunate one, born with a sweet disposition and a winsome song, while the sparrows, angrily conducting the courtships, remain on earth solely by dint of original sin.

Meadow-moors, and turtle, woodchuck and chipmunk, are recovering from a three months' nap, waiting patiently in the sun for the season to begin. Snakes come out with the rest of the drowsy company. Fish glitter again in the hurrying streams, building their nests and houses like the others—often obeying a spring impulse to rush from lake to outlet or from quiet water to stream-head, and ending their journey suddenly amid wire meshes. The brooks are icy on the mildest days, with melted snow from the mountains where sombre hemlocks, shutting out the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

Whoever has a touch of madness to lend him sympathy with the March hare likes the wild days through which he scampers to vanish at the edge of April. Rebellious waters and wind-lashed trees, defiant buds and all the life of marsh, hill and wood, set free once more from cold and not from dread, heat in the sun, keep their floor white long after the valleys are green.

the course will be gladly mailed on notifying the Office Secretary, Department of Social Service, University of Toronto. m30-11

TRENTON

The bishop of the English church of the diocese of Ontario, made his official visit to Trenton last week, holding an ordination service in the morning and confirmation (of nineteen candidates) in the evening.

Mr. Jack Kelly, of Toronto, spent over Sunday with Mrs. Kelly in town.

Miss A. Lowe, lately of Detroit, has accepted a position in Mr. Kenny's music store.

Mr. J. H. Parliament and Mr. Jas. Bowers of Prince Edward County, were in town Friday.

W. H. Ireland, M.P.P. was in Trenton during the week.

Mrs. Donaldson spent over Sunday in the Queen city.

Mrs. Jas. McDonald, accompanied by her son-in-law, Mr. Chas. Dolan, went to Toronto Saturday night. Mr. Dolan returned on Monday, while Mrs. McDonald is making a visit to her daughter, Mrs. R. Currie in the city.

Constable Bain, of Sudbury, is appointed new Chief of Police for Trenton in place of Chief Cottrell, who has resigned.

Rev. Fr. Connolly had the misfortune to receive a fall during the week, which incapacitated him for his regular Sunday duties.

Mr. Newton was in Montreal during the week.

A fire broke out on Dundas St. Saturday near noon, resulting in the destruction of the frame house occupied by Mr. Jake Pierson and owned by Mr. Joseph Monkley.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Goodsell left this week for Bass Lake.

Miss Gencreau was in Belleville Saturday.

Miss Huffman of the Salvation Army won the gold medal at the elocutionary contest given by the R. T. of T's in Grace Church.

The prayer services held in North Trenton Church will be continued through the coming week. We hope to meet with success.

The roads are drying up nicely. Mr. Clifford Datoe has secured a position in Belleville.

Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. McGraw spent one day last week at Mrs. Peter Sweet's.

Mrs. Clifford Datoe is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Peter Sweet.

Mrs. Clarke is staying with her sister, Mrs. Thomas Hatton.

We are pleased to report that Master Jack Van Alstine and his sister, Mrs. George Gordon, who are at present in the hospital at Picton, having undergone operations, are both improving as well as can be expected.

We are pleased to report Mr. Clayton Wrightman, who was very ill, is out again.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Wm. Hubbs was held on Sunday afternoon at one o'clock; a short service at the home, then proceeding to St. Michael's Church, where a very touching service was held, conducted by Rev. Captain Clarke, her pastor. Many of her friends followed her to her grave. She was a woman who trusted in God completely. She was a great sufferer and was confined to her bed nearly three years from the effects of a stroke. Last fall she suffered from a severe hemorrhage, and again last week she was taken worse with her heart. On Thursday afternoon she passed away. Her patience and confidence in her Lord was unsurpassed, and in her last inspiration to all who visited her. She leaves to mourn her loss one daughter and four sons, besides her husband. The sympathy of the entire community goes out to the bereaved ones.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Datoe visited the latter's sister, Mrs. Harold Baker, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Datoe intend moving to Belleville in the near future, where he has secured a position with the Singer Sewing Machine Co.

Mr. W. E. Tummon spent last week in Montreal.

The Women's Institute intend holding a debate in the town hall on April 8.

Mr. Hubbs, of Halloway has been spending a week with his daughter, Mrs. Charlie Spencer.

Mr. Cephas Demille and Master Roy spent a day last week in Kingston with Mrs. Demille.

Miss Lily Vincent spent last week out of town visiting friends.

Miss Emma Lancaster of Toronto, is visiting at her home and is gaining in strength after her operation for appendicitis.

Miss Annie Lancaster and Elsie Tummon spent an afternoon recently with Mrs. Robt. Noyes of the Scotch line.

Mrs. Bateman and Miss Stella

Bateman of Farnsworth Corners spent Sunday with Mrs. Earl Holland.

Mrs. Ethel Emerson is visiting Mrs. Scott of Stirling.

Mrs. Arthur Jones spent Wednesday in Belleville.

SHANNONVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Garrison, of Toronto, are home to attend the funeral of Mrs. Ketcheson, of Corbyville. Mr. Garrison is a grandson of the deceased.

Mrs. T. B. Emmons, Marie and Tommy visited her sister, Mrs. T. F. Morden Sunday last.

Messrs. Ross and Fred Sprague, of Big Island skated over the bay to visit a couple of their friends in the village.

Miss Beatrice Fuller has returned from visiting friends in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Reg. Mills spent last Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. Claude Clarke.

The many friends of Mr. Thos. Campbell are pleased to see him around again after being ill for some time.

CARMEL

Sunday school was the only service at this appointment on Sunday. Several from this appointment attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Wm. Ketcheson, on Sunday at Caniffon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ketchapaw and Mr. and Mrs. R. Brown, Bethany, visited friends in this vicinity on Thursday.

Mrs. J. B. Robinson, Corbyville, spent one day last week with Mrs. J. Vandewater.

Mr. Thos. Rollins has moved to his new home in Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. Bamber have moved on to the farm lately occupied by Mr. Rollins.

Mrs. C. R. Foster spent the week-end at home.

Miss Mattee Gerow spent the week-end at Mr. Henry Gerow's.

AMELIASBURG, 4TH CON.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Weeks, of Coneseo, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Lont on Tuesday.

Mr. Kenneth Ayles, of Young's, took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Neville Gooding on Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Wood visited the latter's brothers, Messrs. John and Chas. Morton, of Melville, on Tuesday.

A number from this vicinity attended the show at Coneseo on Friday evening.

Mrs. Frank Green and Mrs. Harry Young returned on Thursday to their home at Picton after having spent the week with their sister, Mrs. Walter Marshall.

Mr. and Mrs. Ercus Blakely, of Adams were on Tuesday guests of Mr. John Wannamaker.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Lont took tea on Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Weeks, Coneseo.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Wood and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Parliament were on Thursday evening guests of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Gooding.

Mr. William Gaves and wife spent Friday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Blakely, Coneseo Road.

Messrs. John Gibson and John Hall made a business trip to Belleville on Wednesday.

Mr. Frank Cunningham, of New York State visited his brother, Mr. Geo. Cunningham recently.

Miss Alma Reid has returned home, having spent the week with friends at Trenton.

Mr. and Mrs. Neville Gooding spent a recent Sunday, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Nightingale, Roblin's Mills.

Mrs. John Hall and Mrs. Williams were in Belleville on Thursday.

RIVER VALLEY

Many of the farmers attended Belleville market on Saturday and report prices very good.

Mr. Sheldon McIntosh is quite ill. We hope for a speedy recovery.

Miss Pearl Herman is home from Toronto taking a rest after being ill with the flu.

A number attended the sale at Mr. Ed. Abbott's on Thursday.

Miss L. McIntosh, of Guelph, is spending the holidays at home.

Little Miss Chloe Alexander has gone to Toronto to be with her mother.

Some in the neighborhood still have the chicken pox.

The roads are drying up fine and the autos are running again.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Utman and baby Dorothy spent Sunday in Stirling.

DEATHS

WEDNESDAY—In Belleville on Monday March 29th, 1920, Emmeline John Worden, widow of the late Rufus Worden, aged 69 years.

Mrs. Bateman and Miss Stella

Markets Needed By the Farmers

Continued from page 3

and more to aid the farmers in growing bigger crops and in improving marketing conditions. The towns and cities have contributed more and more liberally toward the building of good roads in the country districts and have paid a large part of the expense of maintaining agricultural experts to assist the farmers in growing bigger crops and getting more money out of their crops when they are placed on the market.

Not One-Sided Proposition.

But this is not a one-sided proposition. If the city is dependent upon the country, so is the country dependent upon the city. What the farmer raises is worth absolutely nothing to him unless he can sell it at a price that will pay him a fair return on the money and time invested in its production. The farmer, without markets, would be in the same fix as a storekeeper without customers. In almost every case the farmer is dependent upon the nearest town or city for a market for at least his perishable products.

In the language of the street, it is a fifty-fifty proposition. The town needs the country and the country needs the town. The farmer needs the assistance of the storekeepers of the town in securing a market for his products. He needs the assistance of the storekeepers of the town in getting good roads over which he may haul his products without losing more time than the products are worth. He often needs the assistance of the storekeeper in helping him over a period of financial stringency.

Storekeeper Needs Farmer's Trade

On the other hand the storekeeper needs the business of the farmer. He does not ask the farmer to sell him his products on credit even though at the time he may be hard pushed for cash and may need more credit badly. He does not ask the farmer to help him build a sidewalk in front of his store. He does not ask for the business of the farmer provided that he can sell the farmer the goods he needs at as low a price as he can secure them for elsewhere.

But the farmer asks the storekeeper's business? Ask the mail order man in the big city or ask the postmaster or the express agent in any town or city in the country. They could, if the farmer would, tell of thousands of dollars sent away to the big cities to pay for goods that could be purchased just as cheaply and much more conveniently in the nearest town or city. These thousands of dollars, when sent to the mail order houses in the big cities, never come back. They do not help to build good roads past the farmers' houses. When the next crops are harvested, the mail order man won't buy any of the farmer's products. The potatoes, the tomatoes, the melons and other things that the farmer raises may lie and rot upon the ground so far as the mail order man is concerned.

No Credit From Mail Order Man.

The mail order man won't sell the farmer 2 cents' worth of goods on one day's credit no matter how badly the farmer may need the goods or how little ready cash he has to pay for them. If the farmer's house burns down, the mail order man is not going to sell him any lumber on credit so that he may build another home. He will take what cash he can get the farmer to send him and there his interest in the farmer ends. If the farmer has no money to pay for what he needs, the mail order man will find others to help swell the stream of dollars which is building up his great fortune and helping build up the great city in which he lives. Let the home merchant help the farmer when he needs it. And the farmer as long as he can, but there comes a time when he