

The Waterdown Review

VOL. 2.

WATERDOWN, ONTARIO, THURSDAY JUNE, 19, 1919

NO. 6.

\$25.00 Reward

Will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of five men who broke into our Waterdown Factory on June 11th or 12th.

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Dunlop Plain	\$15.50
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Guaranteed 5000 miles or your money back	
Goodyear Plain	19.00
Goodyear Diamond Tread	22.50
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Tire that has stood the test	
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All Spraying and Disinfectant Materials of the best quality at the lowest possible prices

It will pay you to get our prices before buying elsewhere

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Waterdown

Food Exports and Prices

The country is said to be stripped bare of all surplus food, and high prices prevail, even in foodstuffs that are not exported. But it is a curious thing that in the Dominion fiscal year ending on March 31 last, the value of our export of foodstuffs was less than half what it was in the year previous. In the fiscal year 1918-1919, Canada exported \$269,000,000 worth of agricultural products, and in the preceding year \$567,000,000 worth. Since in April and May of this year exports have not been abnormal, the conclusion forced by these figures is that it is not so much the export demand which is causing the high prices as lack of sufficient home production. The value of the agricultural production last season was about \$1,250,000,000, and for the year previous \$1,144,000,000, the higher values for last year offsetting the decrease in quantity. In 1917-18 Canada exported about 50 per cent. of her foodstuffs, and in 1918-19 only about 21 per cent. Surely this means that the relation of our exports to home prices needs attention.

What is the explanation of the remarkable disproportion in food exports? For one thing, we have still in Canada an immense quantity of wheat, nearly 100,000,000 bushels, awaiting export. A year ago wheat was taken eagerly, and included in the trade statistics of 1917-18 is nearly the whole of the export surplus of the 1917 crop. This year the hold-over, from a comparatively small crop, is very large, amounting perhaps to 65 per cent. Being regulated in price by official action, the wheat held over had no effect on market values. In truth, it seems as if the exhaustion of food stocks in this country, during the period of submarine warfare—when Canada furnished a very large proportion of the food that enabled Britain to keep on with the fight—set new price levels which have been made higher since by a comparative shortage in production. Even the retention of the 21 per cent. exported in the last year would not have been sufficient to check the rising prices of commodities under the stimulus of inflation. Before the war Canada had begun to import large quantities of butter, eggs, meat and other foodstuffs. In 1914 our imports of eggs were 11,274,000 dozen, of butter 7,317,000 pounds, of bacon and hams 7,113,000 pounds, of pork 12,102,000 pounds. In 1917-18 our imports of eggs were 3,038,000 dozen, of butter only 997,000 pounds, of bacon and hams 13,803,000 pounds, and of pork \$0,370,000 pounds. Considering our enormous exports of these foods, importations probably were either to fill orders, or the vacuum left by filling them. Canadians must have been consuming less, on account of the higher prices, and most of our exports have not been from surplus, except in wheat and a few other commodities, but from the economies in consumption in general.

The chief remedy for the present conditions of the foodstuffs market is greater production. When food prices begin to come down, other commodities follow, and there is easement in the cost of living. Even if this year's crop is not much larger, or the proportion of our food exported is not larger, world conditions should tend to make things easier internationally. If governments of exporting countries have reasonable regard for the welfare of their own consumers. It is not an encouraging sign, however, to see Canadian cities thronged with men out of work, who have had farming experience, but who absolutely refuse to go farming. If we wish to maintain our food exports, and to have enough for our own population, our farm output in everything except wheat needs to be half as large again.

The outside world has been getting most of its Winnipeg news by way of Thief River Falls, Minn., and a spread of labor troubles in Toronto might have the unexpected result of calling attention to the existence of Buffalo, N.Y.

To-Day

(Douglas Malloch.)

Sure, this world is full of trouble—
I ain't said it ain't.
Lord! I've had enough an' double
Reason for complaint.
Rain an' storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often gray;
Thorns and brambles have beset me
On the road—but say—
Ain't it fine to-day?

What's the use of always weepin',
Makin' trouble last?
What's the use of always keepin'
Thinkin' of the past?
Each must have his tribulation,
Water with his wine;
Life I tain't no celebration.
Trouble? I've had mine—
But to-day is fine.

It's to-day that I am livin',
Not a month ago;
Havin', losin', takin', givin',
As time wills it so.
Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;
It may rain again to-morrow,
It may rain—but say—
Ain't it fine to-day!

A BIT O' HEATHER

A bit o' heather cam' to me
Frae aff a dainty Highland lea;
An' as I viewed the bonnie gem,
Mair fair to me than diadem,
A dream o' ither days cam' back
To cast a sunbeam in my track,
An' made me feel the holy flame
That used to lowe aroun' my hame.

A wee bit heather frae the glen
Made me a king 'mang hunners ten;
Again I heard the lav rock's sang,
As up it soared the cluds amang;
Again I list the shepherd's lay,
An' see the daisy-sprinkled brae,
An' oh! what signifies much fame
Compared wi' a' the sweets o' hame?

A dainty sprig o' heather braw
Cast ilka cloud of care awa'—
Brocht recollections back again,
Transplanted me to Highland glen,
Whilk made my blood pulse like a rill
That daily glances doon the bill,
Till a' my heart was in a flame
As I rec'd my Highland hame.

A bit o' heather cam' to me,
An' dowered my heart wi' mirth an'
glee;
An' tho' my pow is turnin' white,
The love o' love burns clear and
bright;
An' cros the misty path o' years,
An' thro' the surgin' storm o' tears,
I ha'e a joy I daurna name
In dreamin' fondly o' my name.

In comparison with modern methods of warfare the following account of a V.C. winner in the Crimea offers some striking contrasts:

"The night which we were describing came under the denomination of a 'quiet night.' Taking advantage of the unusual slackness of the enemy's fire, a fresh supply of ammunition had been sent down to the front. The expense-magazine in the fifth trench was opened and the barrels were in the act of being stowed away, when a chance shell from the Redan dropped right into the middle of them with its fuse still burning. Had it exploded it must infallibly have fired the magazine, and it is fearful to think what would have been the consequences. Within a few yards a soldier named Highton was standing. 'Down with you, boys!' he shouted and then, rushing forward, he seized the shell in both hands and threw it over the parapet. He was not a moment too soon, for even before it reached the ground it burst and the splinters flew whistling over our heads."

Think of this! It was considered a "tremendous reduction in letter postage" in 1845, when congress reduced the postage on letters to 5 cents within 300 miles and 10 cents for greater distances!

Letter from

D. E. McMonies

Huron, So. Dak., June 9, 1919.

My Dear Editor:—

The Review arrived this morning and in perusing its columns I am reminded that it is a year since my daughter and I visited Lake Medad, and also that you had gotten out your first issue.

Kindly accept my congratulations upon having obtained your first anniversary.

I assure you the Review has been a most welcome visitor in our home.

I have noted with interest your progress in Waterdown, along manufacturing lines.

I read with interest Mr. McNeil's letter a short time ago. Waterdown has wonderful possibilities if your people will only capitalize your assets, and work along the lines of least resistance.

Waterdown can be made an ideal residence place, you have the drainage, the water, the power; you are surrounded with one of the most fertile countries upon God's green earth.

You have good roads, good sidewalks, beautiful homes, some yards which are veritable Edens, with their abundance of flowers. Let every one make it a point to have their home and yard as neat and beautiful as possible, it can be done with very little extra work, and don't forget to keep the grass and weeds down along the road in front of your property.

At one time Waterdown High School had a wide reputation; why not regain that asset, you can do it. Erect one of the best schools in the country, you have already got beautiful grounds. Pay the salary and secure the most capable teachers obtainable. It will require a large investment, but what successful business does not. I am sure the returns will be sufficient to justify the cost.

I consider the high school education that it was my privilege to obtain in Waterdown, the greatest good fortune that my father and mother could possibly bequeath me.

One thing I sadly missed as I rode along past your farms, was the big, broad-backed, dual purpose Shorthorn cows. In their place I saw only a mixed conglomeration of all breeds. Why not select the breed best fitted to suit your conditions and demands, and keep them registered, and then capitalize your great asset. You would have buyers from all parts of the country visiting your community.

Another impression that raised the word Why? in my mind was: Why does, seemingly, every farmer dabble just a little in market gardening and neglect more golden opportunities?

I saw fields of alfalfa growing on your clay hills. Why not fence off a few acres with hog fence and get a registered sow or two, of your most popular breed, and turn in; you can raise barley and field peas equal to the best in quality and quantity, with the resultant pig equal to the best, and the stopping of the pig would not be the back breaking job hoeing and picking is. Capitalize this great asset you are neglecting to a considerable extent.

You have splendid train service, capitalize it.

If you have an asset that is the equal or a little better than your neighbor has, advertise it; put that ad where the people whom you wish to interest will be likely to read it, and put it in such form that they cannot help but see it, and best of all, remember it.

Your Council could make no better investment than to set aside a certain amount for advertising Waterdown's wonderful assets.

I trust that you will pardon me if I may seem critical, I do not mean it in that way.

With best wishes for the Review's future success, and Waterdown's conspicuous place on the map, I remain,
Yours vitally interested,

DAVE McMONIES