

THE FARMER IN THE MAKING



Being a been-there account of the Trials, Tribulations and Success of a Herring-pond Tripper

By DICK HARTLEY

From London to Liverpool.

"Westward Ho!" Like a clarion blast the call goes forth. "Westward Ho!" And at the sound England's surplus moves forward. The sturdy yeomen of York and Devon perceive an outlet for their energy and enterprise; the submerged and rear-rankers feel that for them there is yet hope.

"Westward Ho!" The magic appeal echoes o'er moorland and dale, rattles through the crag and hills of little Wales, among the banks and braes of auld Scotia and reverberates in the misty heights of the Bielans.

"Westward Ho!" The ploughman halts by the furrow; the shepherd drops his crook; and the city dweller turns from the grim of his environment to peer wistfully at the shimmer of the Golden West.

Many streets lead to Paddington station, but the royal road is down Edgeware Road and then along Praed.

So, one grey October night, crowds moved as by one common impulse, towards this, the stepping stone, the launching place for the farmer in the Making, when he launches forth on his journey to the Wonderful West.

Paddington is, on such occasions as this, the rallying point for the Westward bound.

The ruddy-faced Briton, the jovial son of Erin, and the stalwart Highlander mingle with the bulky Tueton, the tow-headed Swede and the phlegmatic Dane. Sheep-skinned Muscovites jabber with dark-browed Poles and sullen Finns. There is always some common understanding among Latin races, and so here you find the Greek rubbing shoulders with the Gaul. The Spaniard and the Swiss loudly gesticulating with the inhabitant of Sunny Italy.

Gaunt Galicians, queer garbed Romanians, Czechs, Bulgarians and Austrians go to complete a scene of animation

that is possible only when people look from East to West, when the old world extends its arms to the new and life is given a new meaning by the glorious prospects of the bountiful West.

"Westward Ho!" bawled a uniformed official as he rang a bell. "Goin' West, number four platform." A rush of feet, hurried farewells, shouts, screams, sobs, the whistle toots and then as we steam forth a Salvation Army band plays, "God be with you till we meet again." And though many feel a bit queer in the vicinity of the fourth rib, its the West for us. We flee from grey despair and look hopefully forward to the gleam of a sunny future.

When will we get to Canada? asked a prospective farmer. When will we get to Liverpool? I moaned. Right here I realized that our trafficking had begun. It's tough travelling in old England, bare boards and non-heated cars; but all things have an end and the end of this was Liverpool. An hour's wait on a bleak platform, with frost for a sweater and fog for a top-coat made us pine for Canada.

From Liverpool to Quebec.

A railway sandwich washed down with some wondrous tea prepared us for our next encounter. The embryo farmers reached out for their carpet bags and laboriously and deviously wound their way to the dock. A weird struggle landed us on the tender, a heterogeneous mass of bags, boxes, fat women, gouching men, and squealing kids. And thus laden our fairy bark plowed its way through the wavelets and dumped us on the deck of the "Kensington" the gilded galleon which was to bear us to the West.

Some time after this I heard that the "Kensington" ran ashore and as nobody happened to be drowned my joy was exceeding and unholy. This antiquated tub was the limit. At no time could she

be classed A. 1., at Lloyds, but with eleven hundred emigrants on board, half of them the people from little Russia, Galicia, and Southern Italy, she was absolutely unbeatable.

This boat was chartered by the Salvation Army and a batch of Army officials had charge of the general management affecting the welfare of the emigrants. Probably these gentlemen discharged their functions according to all established Army precedent. If they did, then all I can say is, "Heaven deliver me from precedent."

At about 10 a.m. each morning a spotless group of salvation officers emerged from the alley-way leading to the first-class saloon, and, armed with a heavenly smile and a tooth-pick calmly surveyed the lower deck. Carefully dodging the greasy Dhoulakor and picking their way through crates and boxes and coils and other things that an artist thinks of when he paints the briny deep; suavely enquired after the welfare of the English emigrant. It is characteristic, I have noted, of the Briton to stand for anything on board ship, and then, when he gets on shore make up for this little failing by putting up a kick of vast proportions and great continuity. And so the Briton in this case had no complaint, but not being British, I had, but for all the fruit it bore I might as well been English too.

I have often thought that I'd like to meet a big, strong, all conquering person who is used to wading through everything that comes in his way, like Roosevelt for instance, and let him set his gold-brided or unbridled ivory in a fore-cabin chop—Let him surround steerage clam chowder and live—Let him consume of 3rd class eggs and still have the honey of his former smile. No Sir! Shooting lions and stalking the lightsome hippo is a cinch compared to the table-d-hote of a prehistoric bilge bearer

of the "Kensington" type. But there's a way out of all things and so I button-holed one of the stewards and presented him with a gratuity of five shillings. After that I dined in my cabin (?) The food wasn't at all bad and no questions were asked.

Sea sickness is depressing, especially when you are seasick. Even if you dodge the all-prevailing Mal-de-mar the fact that 965 people are atrociously sick at his elbow makes you pine for the shore, but after the first day or two things undergo a change.

Wonderful the difference between the Continental and the Anglo-Saxon in the matter of temperament. The product of the Continent huddles and peers and gouches. The Anglo also the Saxon is sportively inclined and makes every sitting place a front seat in a variety-hall. Curiously enough though the Briton's pensiveness and his most serious moments exerts his hilarity. One day a farmer denizen of the wilds of Birmingham, perched on the fore-cabin, yelled, "A whale! A whale!" And immediately the affoated surplus of Britannia moved forward in haste and as one. I was the

Continued on page 26

Cream Separators

\$19.75 UP

Free 30 Day Trial

Write us for prices on all sizes and name of nearest dealer. Every Machine Guaranteed.

The DOMO Separator Co.
WINNIPEG

air
2th

ES

the
vision

tions
and,
rain
at

Society

BILL

Engine

OMICAL
ANTEED



se engines will
poses, and the
interest to you.
for Catalogue.

LIMITED

eg, Man.

VANCOUVER