

THE GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE

No. 6

WINNIPEG, DECEMBER, 1908

VOL. 1

ADDRESSED TO THE FARMERS OF



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ENDORSED BY THE INTERPROVINCIAL COUNCIL OF GRAIN GROWERS' AND FARMERS' ASSOCIATIONS.

Designed to give publicity to the views of Western Farmers generally and to become the official mouthpiece of as many Farmers' Organizations throughout the "Three Prairie Provinces" as may apply for space therein.

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THE GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE, Winnipeg, Manitoba

No. 6

DECEMBER 1908

VOL. 1

THE FARMER IN POLITICS

The conference between the Premiers of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and representatives of the Grain Growers' Associations of the three provinces, held in Regina November 26th, marks an epoch in the political history of Canada. It has been an annual thing for representatives of the Associated Transportation Companies, Manufacturing Associations, Bankers' Associations, etc., to have public, private and semi-private conferences with government leaders. But never in the history of Canada have the Premiers of three provinces met to confer with representatives of the farming industry on proposals made in behalf of that industry by their representatives, for changes in the methods which obtain in marketing their grain product. This is a new departure.

That the farmers of the three provinces should get together and consult with the leaders of their governments respecting the business end of their industry, is a product of the 20th century. It will be looked upon as an innovation and regarded as an invasion of their rights by those men and interests who have usurped the exclusive privilege of trafficking in the country's chief commodity in its passage from producer to consumer.

Our Governments, both Dominion and Provincial, have been wrestling with more or less success for the last quarter of a century, with the problem of providing ways

and means to facilitate the marketing of the grain product of the Prairie Provinces in a way that would net the producer the best result. That they realize the important place the product of the farm occupies in relation to the trade conditions of the country and the well-being of the nation, and are concerned as far as they may be able to create conditions that will not only increase the volume of the output, but also enlarge the returns from agriculture, goes without saying. But unfortunately they were not always happy in their efforts to better conditions for rural communities. On the contrary, there is good ground to conclude that our legislative bodies were led to enact laws and make regulations that operate to the detriment of the agriculturalist, and as a consequence a bar to national progress.

The reason is easily explained. Farmers, as a class, are never represented in our legislative bodies. Too much is made of fostering manufacturing, developing mines, etc., to the neglect of our main artery of commerce—agriculture. Our representatives, practically all of whom belong to the professional and commercial class, instinctively and fundamentally on all questions social and economic, take the view-point of the business man. The business man's business ethics are: "The farmer is prosperous and can stand it."

Unfortunately the men we send to our legislative bodies devote more of their time to devising means to defeat the other side than to the study of trade questions. The party intrusted with the duty of carrying on the government is more occupied in devising ways and means to retain power than in studying economic questions and administering the laws. Our oppositions devote a large portion of their time and talents to getting the other fellows out and getting in themselves. When any question arises affecting trade, so-called experts in that particular line are consulted. If it is a question of bankers, the Bankers' Association is consulted. If a railroad, railroad men are asked for their opinion. If a question affecting the handling of grain, grain men are consulted. And so on. Is it any wonder these interests have been securing for themselves privileges and advantages at the expense of the producing class, whose interests were never represented and who until recently, through lack of organization, were not in a position to be consulted or make themselves articulate.

At the last session of the House of Commons, the Grain Act was to be amended, and the whole grain trade, as it affected Western production, was up for review. The minister at the head of the department having to do with Trade, invited representatives of the Growers of grain as well as Representatives of Trade and Transportation to a Conference, resulting in a changed attitude on the part of public men through "Seeing the other side."

A Cabinet Minister was credited with the statement that the railroad and grain men, through the Press, by interviews, and representations, had almost convinced the public, the government, and the members of parliament, that the operation of the Grain Act was oppressive and

injurious to the interests of the country as a whole. But the Grain Growers have so clearly shown the fallacy of this contention that there is no longer any doubt but that these representations were misleading.

Here we have concrete cases of the farmer in politics. At the Regina Conference the premiers were Liberal and Conservative. The farmers were divided on the same lines. They spent nine hours discussing the most important question affecting the Prairie Provinces, examining the question from every view point imaginable, and one would have to examine the discussion with a powerful microscope to discover the least trace of party.

The Grain Growers' Association, some three years ago began the discussion of Government ownership of elevators as a solution of the problem of relieving the trade of the elevator monopoly. Beginning with the branches it passed on to the Annual Convention; from the Annual Convention of the Provinces to the Inter-Provincial Council of the Grain Growers' Association. They, having thought out a workable proposition made a proposal to the Premiers. The Premiers called them into Conference to discuss the proposals. Now the Premiers will consult their colleagues and call another conference at a later date.

THIS IS POLITICS.—Here you have in essence, the purpose of Constitutional Government. The Grain Growers' Associations have received many gratuitous admonitions to eschew politics, as though it were fire, and now we find them right at the core of what constitutes true politics. It may be they have stumbled into it unconsciously, it may be they were led into it by a set purpose. However that may be, the Association now occupies a place in the Government of our country, and is a potent factor in politics.

The usefulness of our Association in that responsible position depends on the aptitude and intelligence manifested by our members in dealing with public questions. We must study politics and discuss public questions as never before, and there is no better school in which the farmer can educate himself in what is requisite to fit him for taking his place as a useful citizen in his community, than his local Grain Growers' Association.

ESCHEW POLITICS.—By all means YES. That article that is dished out to us by the average so-called politician. Can anything be more discreditable to the intelligence of our enlightened farmers, than the kind of stuff that is presented to them throughout a political contest. Those who usurp the position of political leaders select men to educate the public on economic and political questions, apparently on no other qualification than that they have a glib tongue and are adepts at the art of abusing the "other fellow", and confusing the public mind.

Farmers, don't you think it is humiliating to your intelligence that public men consider you can be influenced in the way you exercise your franchise on public questions, by a bunch of young lawyers, law students and professional adventurers, stumping the country during a political campaign, men who know as little about the economic, social or political questions as they affect the masses and world conditions, as if they had suddenly arrived here from some other planet, men who devote their whole time to abusing their opponents, talking scandal and saying smart things about the "other fellow". Can anything be better calculated to create distrust and suspicion in the mind of the public towards our system of government.

An intelligent interest among the farming population in the science of government is the remedy for these abuses. But they also need to change their attitude. Fortunately that change is coming rapidly.

During the recent elections, a farmer and a lawyer

were before a nominating convention for choice of a candidate for the party. The lawyer got the nomination, by a majority of the convention, most of whom were farmers. Some days afterwards, a leading farmer was asked why they did not select the farmer for their candidate, and he replied, "The lawyer was prepared to spend some money on his election and the farmer had none to spend." So long as farmers select their candidate for parliamentary honors on that principle, so long will they be trampled on by the privileged classes. Nor need they complain of graft among public men. What is more natural than that a candidate who is expected to spend money should, if elected, endeavor to recoup himself at the expense of the public.

The Grain Growers' Association movement has no place for the agitator, but has a special call for the man with patient constructive ability, in full sympathy with the popular cause. A man of vision and of acute discernment as to things that matter.

A WORD TO CATTLE FEEDERS

If the reports concerning the marketing of beef cattle are true, and they are so positive they cannot well be doubted, a great deal remains to be done, in the way of creating proper conditions for the sale of this article of farm produce.

At present there is an utter absence of any competition among cattle dealers, in the purchase of beef cattle. In the case where farmers sell their few heads locally, they have generally no choice but to sell to the one man who may come around to buy them. If they cannot deal with him, they do not as a rule get an opportunity to sell to anyone else. There is a strong suspicion that this is due to an understanding among the large dealers, that they will not enter into competition with each other in the districts where they buy. Secure in the knowledge that no one else will bid against him, the representative of the dealer goes from farm to farm or even advertises that on a certain day in the local stockyards, he will pay a certain price for cattle and hogs.

If the price offered is ridiculously low as it usually is the farmer may decide to hold for a higher price. The buyer does not bother him again until the following year when the same thing happens once more. Having learned his lesson and being now more amenable to circumstances, he sells. If he is inclined to profanity he curses the dealer in particular and the cattle trade generally.

If he is more ambitious and decides to take his own carload to Winnipeg, the same conditions prevail there, only having his stock there, he is forced to sell, whether he is satisfied with the price or not. Very frequently his car is delayed on the railway, when it reaches the stockyards, his cattle hungry and thirsty are rushed upon the scales and weighed, at the time of course when they will weigh the least. The owner gets his certificate of weight and they are "run into" another pen. After a while a representative of some packing house or cattle firm, saunters around, and makes some ordinary remarks about the very ordinary cattle he considers them to be, and gives the owner a bid, whether it is satisfactory or not it is usually the only one he gets.

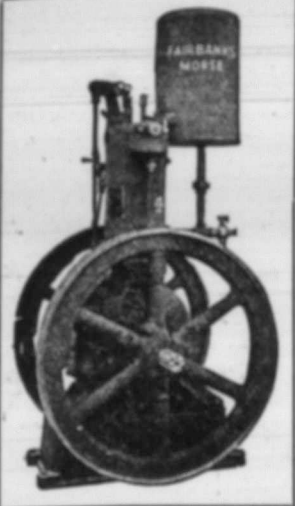
Happy indeed is the seller if he can extract an offer, the slightest fraction of a cent per pound higher from a rival buyer. He also commences to wonder if raising and selling cattle is worth the trouble. The net result is that our farmers are discouraged in the production for sale, of both cattle and hogs with a consequent injury to business generally and loss to themselves, since they cannot use the by products of the farm to profitably grow cattle and hogs, as is done in every other civilized country.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found an announcement which should be of interest to those who are feed-

Winnipeg, Dec., 1908

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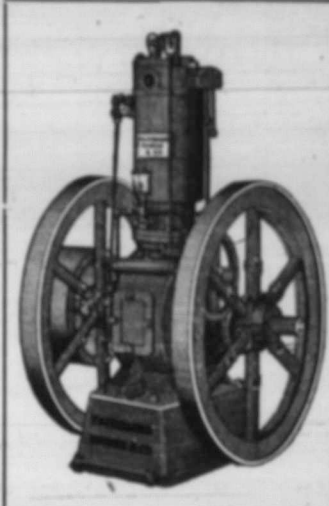
Fairbanks-Morse Gas and Gasoline Engines

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ing fat cattle for the spring market. The idea is experimental and we believe will result in the introduction of some competition for these particular cattle at least. At all events it can do no harm. If the Guide can give any assistance to farmers in the marketing of their fat stock, it will be carrying out part of the work for which it was created.

We would like to hear from all those who are interested in this subject.

THE LATEST MOVE

The latest move on the part of the elevator interests in their attempt to stem the tide of the popular movement in favor of Government ownership of elevators, is to circulate reports through their operators at country points that they are going to abolish the spread between street and track wheat. The report may be circulated with the hope that it may prevent some from signing the petitions that are being circulated for government ownership of elevators. There is, however, a possibility that they may remove the spread that now exists, for, as the Grain Exchange is now dominated by the elevator and speculative interests, they can make any old price they see fit for our wheat, and we venture to predict that if the spread is removed it will be track prices that will be eliminated and street prices or their equivalent will remain.

We hope that no friend of government ownership of elevators will be influenced by this last move.

The elevator and speculative interest, fostered by the Clearing House, has been the evil genius of the Grain Exchange. Their extortions were the immediate cause of the combat between that body and the Grain Growers, which has been going on for some years, and peace and mutual confidence will not be restored until the people take their sources of power—the storage facilities, both interior and terminal, out of their hands and place them under government control, where they may be available for anyone who desires to traffic in grain.

Once these two elements are stripped of their powers to dominate the trade, the Grain Exchange may be made

to discharge a useful function and fill the place in the grain trade that it was originally intended to occupy.

OWN THE ELEVATORS

(The Sentiments of Souris)

The Council Chamber was filled on Saturday afternoon for the meeting of the Grain Growers' Association. President Thos. Perdue occupied the chair. Mr. J. G. Moffat, who is taking a prominent part in the work of the Association, explained at length the various benefits to be derived from Government ownership of interior elevators. It was not proposed to buy all elevators, but to buy or build at each shipping point such facilities as would enable farmers to send their wheat from initial shipping points cleaned ready for export. The subject, which is a most complex one, was threshed out at length, after which the following resolutions were passed embodying their demands:

(1) That the government provide by purchase or construction or both at each railway point where any considerable quantity of grain is marketed, elevator facilities with up-to-date equipment for cleaning, weighing and loading grain; that these facilities for the most part be sub-divided into bins of 1,000 bushels capacity, and that the system be operated by the government direct, or through a commission appointed for that purpose.

(2) That the minimum capacity required at each shipping point will be approximately one-third of the quantity annually exported there. This whole amount need not, however, be provided at the outset, but the storage structure should be so arranged as to admit easily of additions and extension as necessity demands.

(3) That the charges for handling and storing grain be such as to provide interest on amount invested, cost of maintenance and provision for gradual payment of initial cost.

(4) That a certain per cent. of the storage (not to exceed 25 per cent.), should be at the disposal of buyers of street grain.

(5) That two or more farmers be granted the privilege of jointly occupying a bin.

CAN WESTERN FARMERS DISPOSE OF FARM PRODUCTS BY CO-OPERATIVE METHODS

The Secretary of the Macgregor Branch of the Grain Growers' Association sends us a copy of a resolution passed at a recent meeting urging the Grain Growers' Grain Co., Ltd., to add a department to their grain business for the purpose of disposing of farm products.

That something needs to be done to improve the unsatisfactory methods of distributing farm products is apparent to all. The city man wonders why the farmer is not prosperous when he has to pay so much for his beef, poultry, etc. The working man who has to pay a price for these commodities out of all proportion to the wages he earns, wonders what more the farmer can want.

The trouble lies in the fact that the farmer does not bring his product to the door of the city man and get the price that he has to pay. Between these two—the producer and the consumer—stand a line of middlemen who all take toll off the goods as they pass, part of the toll coming out of the farmer and part out of the not too generous wage of the working man.

The farmer toils incessantly for months to produce his grain, field roots, butter, eggs, etc. Years to produce his beef and pork. He then carries it to the first middleman who is to handle it and get what he calls the market price. It is wonderful how quickly it grows in value as it rapidly passes through the hands of the men who carry it from the producer to the consumer, and it is wonderful how much of the value of these articles the middlemen can manage to annex in the short time it rests in their hands.

The wholesale man gets it from the original buyer,

invests his money in it, leaves it there for a day or two, or a week or two, maybe longer, and then turns it over for a handsome profit. The retail merchant now handles it, pays a clerk to deal with it, and pockets the profits. Then there are the railroads, commission men and bankers who supply the money, besides all sorts of other "middlemen." These all exact their profit out of what the working man pays for his food.

Various methods are suggested of getting rid of these middlemen. Some of them sensible and some not. There are middlemen who earn what they get out of the crop by rendering service equal to the tax they levy on it. There are others who are pure "parasites."

It should be the duty of every farmer and working man to stand at opposite ends of this human pipe line to distinguish between the useful and the useless, and eliminate the latter.

The plan suggested by the Grain Growers of Macgregor is spoken of most frequently, and suggests a feasible and at any event workable proposition, being based on the co-operative principle that has proved so effective in other places. A farmers' agency in Winnipeg, on lines similar to the Grain Growers' Grain Co., to handle all kinds of farm products, properly equipped with abattoir, cold storage facilities and all modern requirements to handle food products economically and hygienically, with Government ownership of elevators, having an agent at every shipping point to look after shipping of grain, collecting farm products, cattle, hogs, etc., fires the imagination and would be an ideal condition compared with the

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present system of having half a dozen, more or less, "nail keg philosophers" any one of which could put all the grain they handle in a season through their elevator in ten days or two weeks. The rest of their time they spend in decorating nail kegs and packing boxes in the country store, trying to look wise and inculcate the unsuspecting farmer into the mysteries of the grain trade. Others with more or less success try to get something out of shipping the cattle and hogs to Winnipeg.

And what of the village storekeeper who is supposed to look after the odds and ends the farmer's wife and family get together to help pay off the mortgage on the home?

Imagine if you can the added dignity and the added sense of appreciation of the profession of farming the farmer's wife and family would have if they could get to the storekeeper with a check from the Farmers' Agency for \$10.00 realized on an article which, under the present conditions they have to almost beg him to accept for \$5.00 worth of trade. And imagine how the frown on the store keeper's face, when he is asked to care for farm products in the heat of summer with no proper facilities, would be changed into a proper smile at sight of the cheque

A Farmers' Agency along the lines suggested would be invaluable in arranging with railroads and express companies for freight rates and scores of other questions that arise in addition to getting the producer and consumer in close touch. Before such an ideal can be realized, however, much educational work must be done among the farmers as to the principle of co-operation and the necessity of organization. What has been done is an earnest of what will be accomplished in the near future. The farmer of to-day is a different individual to the farmer of ten years ago, and the farmer of five years hence will be far in advance of the farmer of today. What may be regarded today as "ideal" and "visionary" will easily become an accomplished fact within a few years.

Whether or not the solution of the problem is in the direction indicated in the above resolution remains to be seen. The suggestion is feasible only by a large number of farmers allying themselves with the present agency and having a department arranged to deal exclusively with that branch of the business. Those who are in charge of the grain business of the company cannot assume any further responsibility nor do more than they are doing already. Nor can any of the present capital be diverted into new channels. But we see no reason why additional capital could not be secured by disposing of the stock of the present organization and using that additional capital under proper management in the direction indicated.

Wanted by Old Country Buyers

Highly Improved Farms of not less than 320 acres, with photographs of buildings. In mailing particulars, please give correct legal description, also details of improvements, material used in construction, dimensions of buildings, fences, acreage under cultivation, price, terms, encumbrance, etc. Photographs will not be returned.

Agreements and mortgages showing a good margin of security purchased at the usual rate of discount. Securities arranged on the crop payment plan will not be considered.

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Farmers wishing to purchase or sell City property should communicate at once with

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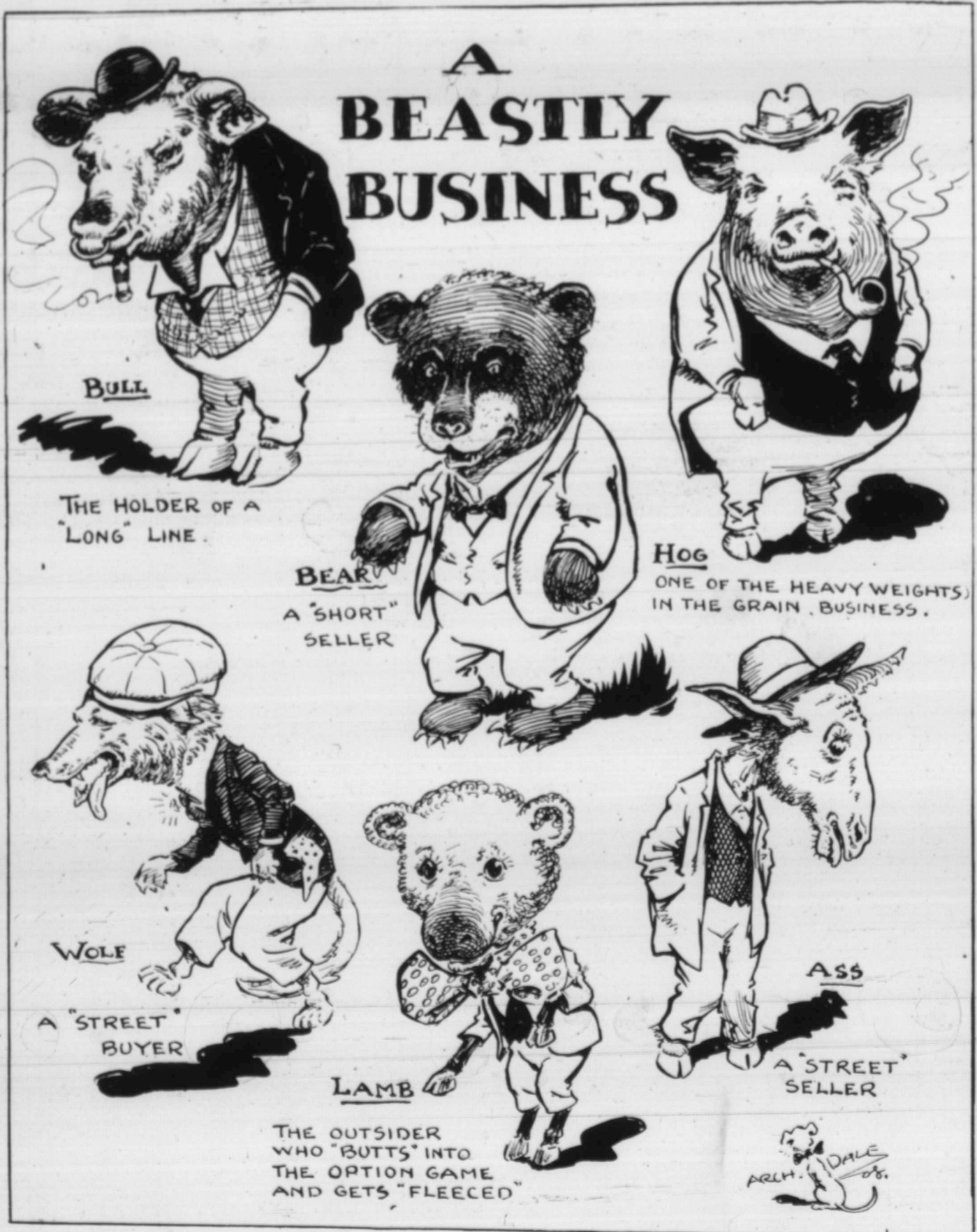
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THE MONTH'S CARTOON



THE GRAIN TRADE "ZOO"

PATTEN'S CORNER EXCITING

Battling with many millions of dollars for more millions, battling for a stake estimated all the way from \$11,250,000 to \$15,000,000 and perhaps more, the biggest firm of grain operators on the Chicago board of trade—and that means the biggest in the whole world—has arrayed itself against practically every other firm, every other interest on the board.

Four men—James A. Patten, Geo. W. Patten, Wm. H. Bartlett and Frank P. Frazier—are so positive that they have wheat conditions sized up correctly that they are pouring out their money with almost prodigal recklessness and are gambling on the state of the market six months hence.

VOICES AGAINST THEM.

Arrayed against these four men, comprising the firm of Bartlett, Patten and company, are many of millions, customers of such well-known houses as John H. Wrenn, Finley Barrell and company, Armour Grain company, and the Rosenbaum Grain company. It is a battle of the money giants that is being fought out silently, watchfully and yet strenuously on the Board of Trade these days. It is one of the biggest and most momentous fights in the history of the Chicago Board of Trade. All other fights of recent years pale into insignificance when compared with it. So positive are the Patten-Bartlett bulls that there will be a shortage in the world's wheat supply next May that they are buying, buying, buying, always at increased prices, all the wheat that is offered them for delivery in May. The antagonistic forces are trying to force the Patten crowd to unload their holdings but they are still buying, buying cheerfully and readily.

TWENTY-FIVE MILLION BUSHEL.

Conservative estimates on the board say that the Pattens are from 25 to 30 million bushels of wheat long now. Most of it is for May. When that time comes the Pattens are going to demand the delivery of the wheat. They are sure that it will not be had. The shorts—those who sold what they will find they cannot deliver, if the Patten predictions are correct—will be caught.

There will be a settlement at the price going. The Pattens will pocket the millions. It is a favorite pastime for operators on the Board of Trade nowadays to take out pencils and paper and do a little figuring on possible profits that will come to Bartlett, Patten & Co., as a result of the deal they are now engineering. Here are a few sample figures:

25 million bushels of wheat bought at an average price of 85 cents, \$21,250,000. 25 million bushels of wheat sold at the average price of \$1.30, \$32,500,000. Profits, \$11,250,000.

The losses, should the market break before it is time to deliver the wheat contracted for May, cannot be estimated.

PROVINCIAL CAMPAIGN

The Manitoba Grain Growers' Association is holding a large number of meetings this month to stimulate interest in the meetings of the association. A new departure has been made in selecting a number of farmers to address these meetings and give information on what the association has been doing in the direction of improved conditions surrounding the disposal of our products, and the nature of the legislation that the association has been able to secure. The benefits to farmers of extending the co-operative principle in disposing of their products is given prominence in the discussion.

The Provincial Secretary arranged for upwards of eighty of these meetings. Reports are that in most cases they are very successful, large numbers of farmers attending. In some cases, through one cause or another, the attendance is small, but all are full of enthusiasm as to the progress that is being made all along the line.

STATEMENT OF GRAIN SHIPMENTS

Which have passed the inspection point at Winnipeg during the month ending 30th November, 1908 as supplied by the Chief Inspector of Grain, Manitoba Grain Inspection Division.

SPRING WHEAT.		OATS.	
	Cars.		Cars.
1 Hard	12	Extra No. 1
1 Northern	2642	No. 1 Can. Western...	72
2 Northern	4490	No. 2 Can. Western...	1250
3 Northern	4454	No. 3 Can. Western...	176
No. 4	1789	No. 2 Mixed	18
Feed	182	Rejected	22
Rejected 1	577	No Grade	110
Rejected 2	648	Extra No. 1 Feed	315
No Grade	534	Condemned No. 1	261
Rejected	407	No. 2 Feed	140
Condemned	1		
No. 5	802	Total	2364
No. 6	384	BARLEY. Cars.	
1 Hard White Fife...	2	No. 1
		No. 2
Total	16,924	No. 3 Extra	16
		No. 3	380
		No. 4	201
		Rejected	46
		No Grade	24
		Feed	32
		Total	699

WHITE WINTER.		RYE.	
	Cars.		Cars.
No. 1 Alberta Red ...	69	No. 1	3
No. 2 Alberta Red ...	155	No. 2	1
No. 3 Alberta Red ...	154	Total	4
No. 1 White Winter ...	5	FLAX SEED.	
No. 2 White Winter ...	8		
No. 3 White Winter ...	7	No. 1 N. W. Man.	417
No. 1 Mixed Winter...	8	No. 1 Manitoba ...	50
No. 2 Mixed Winter ...	4	Rejected	8
No. 3 Mixed Winter...	1	No Grade	17
Rejected 1	34	Total	492
Rejected 2	37	TOTALS. CARS LAST YEAR	
No Grade	4	Wheat	17,509
No. 4	60	Oats	2,364
No. Five	39	Barley	699
		Flax Seed	492
Total	585	Rye	4
		Total... ..	21,068

	CARS LAST YEAR	CARS
Wheat	17,509	10,341
Oats	2,364	1,547
Barley	699	494
Flax Seed	492	402
Rye	4	2
Total... ..	21,068	12,786
		21,068

FOR 3 MONTHS—1ST SEPT. TO 30TH NOV., 1908.

	Totals	Cars	Last Year
Wheat	41,750	21,481	
Oats	4,344	2,493	
Barley	1,968	1,254	
Flax Seed	831	577	
Rye	5	3	
Total	48,898	25,808	

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TARIFF VIEWS

Bearing on the subject of revision of the tariff, a prominent miller of the northwest expresses these views:

At Washington, on Dec. 4, there will be opportunity presented by the Ways and Means Committee, now collecting data on the tariff question, for the millers to receive a hearing.

A few of the millers in this country have requested the Ways and Means committee to reserve an opening and permit the filing of a proposition covering the importation of Canadian wheat and the exportation of its products later in the season. They also purpose having Secretary Straus, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, assist them in obtaining either some modification of the present treasury regulations or the passage of an act giving the treasury officials more authority in the administration of customs.

We would like the Ways and Means committee to fully appreciate the conditions existing in this country, due to the gradual increase in the population of the United States, without a corresponding increase in the amount of wheat grown at home. Each year it leaves us a smaller amount available for export.

In the United States there are enough flour mills to grind our entire crop of wheat, while in Canada only a very small percentage of the wheat grown can at present be ground into flour. The result is that a very large amount of Canadian wheat is left for export.

The millers of the United States have developed an export business which is a valuable asset. The question naturally arises whether it is advantageous to remove a portion of our milling capacity across the boundary line and attempt to do an export business from the Canadian side, or to apply to the Ways and Means committee for a modification of the existing treasury regulations, which will practically permit our exporting 100 lbs. of flour to foreign countries, with the privilege of importing 100 lbs. of wheat into this country. This would be subject, of course, to such bonding regulations as the United States Treasury officials may deem necessary.

If the present regulations governing the United States Treasury department are not sufficiently flexible to permit of our milling in bond in this way, the committee will be asked to modify the regulations so as to give the Treasury Department more discretion.

The preliminary steps will be taken on Dec. 4th, but the real work on the part of the millers must be done later.

The question naturally arises, what proposition is best for the interests of all. The Lovering bill or some similar provision could probably obtain for the millers of this country the flexibility of import and export now enjoyed by the French and German millers, but it would



ODD COMPANIONS

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

DUTIES.—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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THE GUIDE'S MAILBAG



Brings a Mass of Inquiries, Notes of Appreciation
and Pertinent Observations on Vital Questions.

A VALUED APPRECIATION

To the Editor "Guide," Winnipeg.

Dear Sir,—I have intended writing you for a long time to congratulate you on the success of "The Guide." It cannot fail to be a great force to bring about that healthy, enlightened condition of public opinion which is necessary before we can establish a system in the matter of marketing our grain, which will give freedom to individuals at initial points, equal opportunities and rights as between ourselves and at the same time eliminate the present system which permits a class of middlemen to manipulate our product and ensures them the profits which rightfully belong to the producers.

Furnishing the facts, putting the evidence before our people, getting us all thoroughly acquainted with actual conditions, is the work that must be done before the mighty engine of public opinion can be set in motion. This the "Guide" is doing. All producers must be induced to read and study its pages and the problems suggested therein. The sooner and more thoroughly this part of the work is done, the sooner will the object mentioned be attained. To me our advancement appears ridiculously slow.

We have commissions to manage our creameries, fetch cream from North, South, East and West, manufacture a product, sell it on the best world's market, raise the value by more than 50 per cent., and divide the proceeds (less cost of manufacture and marketing), between the producers. The same thing is true in the marketing of cheese. The export value of these products from our Dominion each year amounts to more than that of grain, whereas grain lends itself more readily to the adoption of these principles than either of the products mentioned above. In fact the grain of the West is manipulated on this principle, but only after it becomes the property of a few grain dealers who manipulate it to suit their own interests. Why should we stand by and allow a handful of grain dealers to make millions out of our hard labor when we might just as well have the handling of our grain in our own hands and divide these millions between ourselves.

I do not think we have a dozen farmers today who are able to say that they can, under the present system, obtain for their 1, 2 and 3 Northern wheat the average annual world's market price for these various grades, less the cost of transportation, and for the majority there is a very wide discrepancy. By the introduction of the system above mentioned, those who are able today to make the best possible out of their grain would lose nothing, while many would gain very much.

I hope to live to see the day when the grain product of the West will be managed by a commission, which shall be able to receive grain, store, market and pay for it all that it is worth, less the cost of transportation and operation charges, from the point delivered. The whole system managed in the interests of the producers. This can easily be done when we are agreed that this is what we want.

In the meantime turn on the light; pull down the blinds; organize our forces; let us get to know things. While you are doing this I will not put my grain in an elevator

at this end, but it annoys me to know that in spite of me one or the other of them will get it and slice it in value to the tune of from ten to fifteen cents per bushel at the other end.

The elevator man here does me no harm any more, only as he helps to keep me from getting my cars. I have got one so far this year, and waited about seven weeks after ordering it. But "everything comes to him who waits."

Much could be said here, but I refrain. Wishing you, and all my fellow farmers, an encouraged heart, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am,

Yours faithfully,

FRED. W. GREEN.

Moose Jaw, Sask., Nov. 26th, 1908.

WORTH THINKING ABOUT AND MEMORIZING

To The Editor of "The Guide," Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir,—At the present time there is a lively discussion going on among the Grain Growers re the feasibility of the scheme to have the Provincial Governments take over the line elevators, and as it seems quite likely that a monster petition will be circulated and signed by all the farmers of our Grain Growing Provinces, with the design of putting visible power in the hands of the several governments, to enable them to act decidedly in the matter, may I be allowed a little space to outline the course of action it seems to me should be followed after obtaining Government ownership of Interior Elevators.

I think the next step for the farmers to take in order to rid themselves of parasites, would be to have a Provincial Government Commission House, with a Sample Market attached. Let the three provinces be their own bankers or borrow money on grain from those who will give the province the most advantageous terms of interest.

Of course the question will arise, "What will become of the Grain Exchange and the Exporters?" The Grain Exchange would be DEAD. Dead of old age through the evolution of improvements, and farmers would likely be from 10 to 20 cents per bushel through the Government acting as middleman for the producers.

How would these changes affect the merchant? He is a local necessity and his financial mercury fluctuates in proportion to the amount of surplus the farmer has to live on after paying the running expenses of the farm. An addition to the farmer's pocket money, by the amount that the Grain Exchange diverts from him every year, would double his purchasing ability at the town store. So the merchants should stand with the farmer, and try to obtain for him the cheapest means of transporting his grain to the world's markets.

Another point in favor of this system is that the Government could keep secret the amount of visible supply, and feed it on the market gradually. Then by having control of the forwarding of the wheat could easily prevent the lake rates jumping from 3 cents in July to 7 cents in October. This point of itself would mean much to the farmers.

As to the question "Manitoba Farmer" asks through the columns of The Tribune, i.e., "Would the farmer fore-

go the platform loading privileges if the Government bought the elevators?" Let me point out that if the elevator charges were just sufficient to pay the whole cost of operation, then the farmer with less than a carload would benefit 5 or more cents per bushel, and if every bit of the wheat had to go through the elevators at the cost of operation we think the charges would not be high. But I think it is not so much the present elevator charges that is the deterrent to the elevators getting the wheat, as the lurking fear that the wheat will not turn out in the same condition as it went in. The comparative ease of unloading at the elevator and the car at the platform, will no doubt be a little influence in favor of the elevator.

There is another matter which I would like to bring before the readers of the "Guide," and to introduce this proposition I would like to say that a couple of years ago I was appointed by the Valley River shareholders of the G. G. G. Co., to stick all cars and forward the samples to the Company. This I did carefully. At one time two cars were loaded, one with clean wheat and the other tagged with smut. Both were inspected the same day, and both graded the same—2 smutty. I might say (though not for the purpose of boasting the efficiency of the G.G.G. Co.), that they at once found that sample was not smutty and took the matter up with Mr. Horn. His sample WAS smutty, but he ordered another sample taken at Port Arthur, and the grading was rectified. In the meantime the price had gone down and the shipper lost through the delay in grading.

Now what do we infer from the above? That the parties whose duty it is to sample cars, do not sample all of them. That ONE SAMPLE does for MORE THAN ONE CAR.

This is a matter of vital importance to the farmers' pocket as well as his good nature. How can we safeguard this step in the marketing of wheat? By having the advisee notified of the arrival of the car at the point of inspection, and having the right to send an agent to see the sampling and to demand a portion of the sample at the car door. This would check off the sampler's work satisfactorily to all parties concerned and the farmer would be called on to pay for this extra service by the Commission House. But this would be no more than the present Inspector's charges, and it would certainly be worth it as an insurance against careless sampling.

Yours, etc., etc.,

(Signed) W. J. BOUGHEN.

Valley River, Man., Nov. 26th, 1908.

A CORDIAL INVITATION TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE GRAIN COMMISSION

Editor "Grain Growers' Guide," Winnipeg.

Dear Sir,—I have just been reading the last issue of the "Guide" and I see a letter from Mr. Moffatt. This seems to me to be one of the best letters I have read in the "Guide." I have also seen some of Mr. John Miller's letters in the Free Press re Grain Commission, of which he was Chairman, and like the Englishman, I don't think the Grain Commission gave us value for our money. If Mr. Miller thinks it is too soon for government ownership of Elevators and a Sample Market, just let him come to our meeting on the 8th of December, and he will find that the opinion of the farmers here is that it is ten years too late.

Now just take the spread between street and track wheat, and what do you find? It is almost double our threshing bill. In fact it is more, if you take into consideration the heavy dockage practiced by most elevators. In my experience, the wheat shipped in car lots went over the thrashers' weight after having been docked, but the wheat I drew to three different elevators did not hold

out in weight. On one load of wheat I was docked 14 per cent. after the wheat was cleaned.

There are a large number of farmers who have not yet joined the Grain Growers' Association but who are in sympathy with the reforms we are seeking for. Their trouble seems to be that they are not inclined to pay up the large sum of \$1.00 per year in fees to the Association. One prosperous farmer said to me, "What do you want this dollar a year for?" At this I rather lost my temper, and told him that he was like the congregation that wanted a preacher but wanted him to board in heaven. Now, I may tell the readers of the "Guide" that I cleared \$70.00 on the first car of wheat that I shipped, and if it were not for the work the G.A.A. has done we would not be privileged to ship our wheat in this way, and I only hope that some of my sons will be Grain Growers long enough to pay in that \$70.00 in fees.

I see a letter from an Oakburn farmer, re agent. I do not think there can be an association there or they would have known that they could compel the C.N.R. to place an agent there to look after their Car Order Book and the allotting of cars, so I have not much sympathy for them. Let every farmer come into our Association and then we can go to any Government and demand justice. It has come to this point now, when we have got to demand government ownership and control of all public utilities and see that we get it.

I see also a wail from Swan River. They are wondering if there is a coalition between the elevator men and the graders. For my own part, I feel convinced that there is something wrong there to, because all wheat shipped from here this year, with one solitary exception, graded 3 Northern. Now we have taken this same wheat to four different elevators and received a 1 and 2 for it. Not only one man, but twenty or more of our Grain Growers have had this experience. I find the cars of wheat shipped from these elevators in ninety cases out of one hundred goes the grade it is shipped for. Where does the difference come in? All our wheat is grown on scrub land. I may say that I received more for the wheat I shipped, although it graded 3 Northern, than I received for the 2 Northern at the elevator, and that has been the experience of every farmer who has shipped from this point.

I would like to suggest to the readers of the "Guide" that they spend a little time this winter and try to induce every farmer who is not a Grain Grower to join the Association. Hold some meetings and get them to come and hear what the Association has done and is trying to do for them. I may say that last winter I spent a week driving around among our farmers. Then I wrote for Mr. Roderick McKenzie, Secy. of the Man. G.G.A., to come down, and we held four meetings. Now out of that little trouble we have about 120 new members added to our Association.

Say, fellow Grain Growers, don't you think it would pay to do this and help the cause along.

I beg to remain,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) JOSIAH BENNETT.

Pres. Pine Creek G.G. Sub. Ass'n.

Austin, Man., Dec. 1st, 1908.

POLITICS

Editor "Guide," Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir,—I noticed in the November issue that, at one of the meetings of a certain local G.G.A., a resolution was introduced and passed asking the provincial and federal Governments to revert to the Municipal Voters' List as a basis of compiling the lists they need, and it seems that some member objected on the ground that "That was introducing politics."

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civilized people. The Government makes laws, and these laws affect the distribution of wealth, and wealth distribution makes rich and poor, plunderer and worker. It is an old saying that "Laws rob the poor while rich men make the laws." What Grain Growers complain of is the unfair distribution of wealth, so it seems to me that if any member sees that a certain law can be improved, it is his duty to bring it before the members, show how it can be improved, get a resolution passed expressing the will of the meeting and forward the resolution so passed to the members and various Governments asking for changes. This is "Politics," but not "Party Politics," and it seems to me that the Grain Growers' Association must get into "Politics" of this kind in order to secure what it aims at—justice for all classes.

It costs each municipality nearly \$200.00 a year to prepare the voters' list, and with this list as a basis the Dominion and Provincial lists could be prepared at very little additional expense to the people. And let us never lose sight of the fact that all the money that the various governments get is taken out of the pockets of the people. It is the result of "toil and sweat." The people who are working, plowing, sowing, and crop raising pay for all.

Think a moment of what the Roblin Government takes out of our pockets to prepare the Provincial lists. See the army of registration clerks needed in each constituency. And that every year. And while these clerks are thus engaged, are they not withdrawn from any productive labor? Must not others be toiling and mulling to pay them? And suppose it cost each constituency \$2,000 a year to pay for preparing the list, at 6 per cent., is not that a mortgage debt on the people of \$33,333.00?

IMAGINE IT, READER—The people in your constituency putting up a mortgage debt on themselves of \$33,333.00 at 6 per cent., just to get a voters' list prepared every year. And if the Laurier Government adopts that method of preparing the list (and it will surely do so under the circumstances), then the debt is doubled.

Then look at the number of "workers" it creates, ready to do soldiers duty for the party at election time. And does not these destroy the people's liberty and independence? Remember there is no return in the shape of roads, bridges or schools for money thus spent,—only party advantage. And every dollar means so much wheat, oats, barley,—things labored for. And if the G. G. A. cannot get this useless expense "cut out" is there anything they can secure that will do them any good?

In view of the foregoing, should not every member and reader and all good citizens unite in demanding that the municipal lists be reverted to by both governments as a basis for preparing the lists they themselves use.

Yours, etc., etc.,

A READER.

SOURIS RIPE FOR GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

Souris, Nov. 30th, 1908

Grain Growers' Guide.

Dear Sir,—There was an enthusiastic meeting of farmers in Souris on Saturday last. They endorsed the scheme for government ownership of elevators very strongly and appointed a meeting in two weeks whereby they can have the petitions signed. The meeting was addressed by John Sanderson, T. Perdue, H. Johnston, J. Harriott and myself.

Yours truly,

J. G. MOFFAT.

REPORT OF G. G. A. MEETING AT WASKADA

Plumas, Man., Dec. 6th, 1908.

Mr. R. McKenzie,

Editor G. G. Guide, Winnipeg.

Dear Sir,—One of the largest meetings of the Grain Growers of Waskada, Man., was held on Dec. 3rd to consider the question of public ownership of elevators and the advancement of the Grain Growers' work and policy.

In the absence of the president, H. Nielson was elected to the chair; and after speaking briefly introduced Mr. McArthur, Director of the Manitoba Executive, who gave an idea of the progress of the Association. He outlined the plan of public elevators and informed the audience that the Provincial premiers were willing to put it into action as soon as a majority of the farmers expressed themselves in favor of it. He showed how it would be more satisfactory to the producing seller to have the first weighing and grading done by a Government weigher and its identity preserved for the buying miller.

He advised the Grain Growers to exercise the privileges allowed by the Grain Act, and to subscribe for and read the "Guide" for reliable information.

After a few questions for advice, the meeting closed by an expression of approval of the Grain Growers' Policy and a vote of thanks to Mr. McArthur.

Yours, etc., etc.,

(Signed) W. G. HARTRY,

Secy. Waskada G.G.A.

Waskada, Man., Dec. 3rd, 1908.

AS TO WEIGHING GRAIN INTO CARS

To Editor "Guide," Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir,—I have been informed by Mr. D. D. Campbell, Farmers' Shipping Agent, that it should be made compulsory for all station agents to go into cars loaded with grain when ready to seal and indicate on face of the shipping bill the height to which the car is loaded, and also the number of inches above or below the loading line to which the grain comes.

In the early part of October the writer made an effort to test Mr. Campbell's suggestion at Terence, Man., and was informed by the agent there that if he NEVER got a receipt for that car in the manner requested, he wouldn't sign it.

Now, if the railroads will not help us out in this matter, then let us have government ownership of elevators, giving government certificates of weight which will make the railroads responsible for the delivery of same to destination without quibble or complaint. We pay the railroads the freight charges for carrying and delivering our grain, and why should we have to lose the grain that may be, and is lost in many cases through leaky cars and wrecks. Then if we attempt to regain what has been lost in this way, it costs us more to fight these large corporations than the loss amounts to. If the railroads were made to deliver the amount put into the cars by a government system, then they would see to it that there

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JOHN BAIRD, Prop.

were no leaky cars and would not be so keen to fight the government as they are the poor struggling farmer.

I hope every farmer will rise to his duty and do his part towards inducing the government to give us a system of storage facilities where our grain will be stored, weighed in and weighed out and a government certificate of the weight given by a government-appointed operator, who will receive a good salary for honest and fair dealing.

Yours truly,

(Signed) W. A. LESLIE.

Alexander, Man., Dec. 1st, 1908.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

Editor, "Guide",

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir:—Since I have been reading the "Guide", (or "The Road to Success" which I call it), I consider it to be the only guide to success which farmers have to-day. The more I read it the more I find it necessary to read it, as every issue contains something to expand the mind,—some weighty proposition well solved and made simple enough for a child to understand. It would open a clear road to co-operation if it were read in every home.

It is non-political, and yet it opens a clear path through politics by which the people may reach Government owned utilities such as elevators, railroads and everything in connection with the welfare of the people. And, last but not least, it is honest, upright and honorable, fearless for the right, and a teacher for every home.

Now allow me to congratulate you on the business success of the Grain Growers' Grain Co., where nothing but justice and honesty prevail. When I come to think of the experience we have had with the Elevator Companies for the last 20 or 26 years; of how they skinned us, but tried to make us believe we were under obligation to them for buying our wheat at 35 or 40 cents per bushel (and we were lucky if we got all our bags back), I cannot conceive of why men will go back to deal with them now.

I hope you keep pounding away at Government Ownership as I consider it one of the most important questions of the day, and I think the time is not far off when our Governments will understand that they must yield to the requests of the farmers rather than to those of a handful of nation ruiners such as we have handling our products. I wonder if these men, whom our Governments are afraid of, have more than one vote. If so, that might be a small consideration. But under the present conditions, where the farmers number 300 to one of them, I think Mr. Roblin would be quite safe in getting together with the other two Governments and giving us a little consideration on this elevator question. But

there is another election coming off in a couple more years, and by that time we will know all about him.

Allow me to congratulate you also on your Home Bank scheme, as this is one of the most important. I will certainly do my best to further the cause.

With best wishes,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) J. A. DILLABAUGH.

Bellevue, Man., Dec. 3rd, 1908.

A DISCLAIMER

Winnipeg, Man., Dec. 8th, 1908.

The Grain Growers' Guide, City.

Gentlemen,—Our attention has been called to an item in your November issue under the heading of "A Warning."

Why your paper should publish such an article containing reflections on our firm without first making a personal investigation, we cannot understand. A little investigation on your part in this case would have prevented the publication of such an article and saved us considerable annoyance, for you would hardly expect but that some of your readers would hesitate about sending us business after reading such an article.

Had you investigated the matter you would have found the facts to be:—

Mr. Yeats was buying grain last season at Neepawa on his own account, and under regular government carlot license issued by C. C. Castle, Warehouse commissioner. Apparently Mr. Yeats had in his possession some printed contract forms of our name, which were left over from previous years, when he had been buying on our account, and the fact that he used some of our forms, as apparently he did, without our knowledge or consent, does not make us in any way responsible or liable (any more than the issuing of a cheque in the name of the Grain Growers' Grain Guide by some outside party would make your company liable).

Mr. Yeats did not act as our agent at Neepawa during last season. The business we handled from Neepawa was on direct consignment from Mr. Yeats, against which we made liberal advances on receipt of bills of lading, and forwarded balances from time to time as the cars arrived and were adjusted, and after the adjustment of the last car with him at the end of the season he owed us \$1544.70 more than was due him on the grain he shipped us, he having overdrawn when making drafts for advances on his car lots, so that our firm are, and must be classed as one of Mr. Yeats' creditors for that amount.

We strongly object to having our name published in connection with any article of this kind. Your article is libellous, and we would request that you publish this letter in full in your next two or three issues in order to counteract any unfavorable impression which perchance

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THOS. BLACK - WINNIPEG

might be left through the articles we complain of, in the minds of any of your readers to whom we are not personally known.

We would also request that you insert a note in your editorial column to the effect that you regret having published the article complained of, and desire that Messrs. Robert Muir & Co.'s letter and denial of any liability shall be as widely circulated as was the charge.

Robert Muir & Co. have been connected with the Grain and milling business since 1882, and this is the first instance of any slur being put upon their name.

Yours truly,

R. MUIR & CO.

We gladly give space to the above letter from Muir & Co.

In the article complained of, which was based on a letter sent us from Mr. John McRae, of Neepawa, and corroborated by information received from other sources, we said: "The facts are that Mr. Yeates had been buying grain on tracks from farmers in the Neepawa district for some years, representing himself as being the buying agent for R. Muir & Co. Early last summer Mr. Yeates died, leaving many farmers with unpaid balances on cars sold presumably to R. Muir & Co. through him.

"When the farmers claimed payment for the balances due them, R. Muir & Co. repudiated the contracts made by Mr. Yeates, stating that he was not acting for them, but was buying grain on his own account and sending it to them on consignment."

Our purpose in giving publicity to that transaction was to warn farmers against the practice of selling their grain in car lots to the many irresponsible men who

represent themselves as being agents for some grain or commission firm.

Our readers will note that any allegations we made as to the transactions of the late Mr. Yeates, is fully born out by Messrs. Muir & Co.'s letter. They admit that Mr. Yeates, in previous years had been buying on their account, that he had in his possession printed contract forms in their name, and that he used these forms in making contracts for grain. As far as the farmers were concerned there was nothing to create any suspicion but that these contracts were genuine and what they purported to be.

We think we did a good service, not only to the farming community but also to the Grain Trade, in warning farmers to exercise great care in dealing with track buyers.—Ed.

The Telegram asks how it is that farmers living adjacent to the boundary can draw their wheat to American elevators and get more for it. How is it that the American company doing business in Minto on the line of the G.N. had the elevators on the G.N. practically out of business at the beginning of the season, or until the buyers got orders to loosen up?—Minto Packet.

The movement in favor of social and economic reforms in farm life has suffered a sad loss in the death of James Lothian, late of Pipestone, Man.

Mr. Lothian was secretary of the Pipestone Grain Growers' Association since the inception of the movement, and always spoke encouragingly of the work done for the betterment of our toiling farmers. By nature optimistic and full of hope, his was a vision of better things and great reforms. We cannot forget his appreciation of "The Guide" as a means of helping to hasten these better times.

Important Announcement For Cattle Feeders

WE WISH to bring to the notice of all farmers who are feeding cattle to fatten for the spring market, that they may learn something to their advantage in selling them by corresponding with The Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg. It won't cost you much to write us a letter, giving the number of head you expect to have for sale, the kind of cattle and what you reasonably expect they should weigh. Try it. You won't lose and you may gain. Give us any ideas you may have, on the co-operative marketing of cattle. See our news item on this topic elsewhere in this issue. Address all letters.

The Grain Growers' Guide

WINNIPEG

MANITOBA

AN AFTERTHOUGHT



Here is one of the "Animals" that escaped the notice of our artist who illustrated the characteristics of those connected with the grain business.

He gets his pointers from the local grain buyers instead of from the "Grain Growers' Association," which he doesn't think amounts to much.

He doesn't ship to the Grain Growers' Grain Co., preferring to patronize the elevator owners. He always turns his back when the operator is weighing his load. He sells his bit of stored wheat at a cent or so above street prices, and when his car comes, the elevator man whom he has appointed as his agent, fills it with the Elevator Co.'s wheat.

He doesn't take shares in the Grain Growers' Grain Co. The elevator man advised him not to.

He doesn't want any Home Bank Stock. He would sooner leave his money in an open account with the Bank Manager who refused to lend him any money when he wanted to hold his wheat for

a higher price, or who would only make him an advance on his "Bill of Lading" on condition that he shipped to the commission firm that was allowing that Bank Manager five dollars a car to secure them consignments.

He does not read "The Guide." If he did he would not be the "goat" he is.

Five things a wise farmer will do :

1. Join the Grain Growers' Association.
2. Ship his grain to the Grain Growers' Grain Co.
3. Take shares in the Company.
4. Take shares in the Home Bank.
5. Subscribe for "The Guide."

IT PAYS TO SHIP

Arthur Cripps, of Marshall, Sask., called at our office a few days ago on his way to his old home in England. He relates the following experience in disposing of his wheat crop :

He was getting 38c. per bushel from the elevator. He was induced to load a car. The buyer there offered him 42c. on track, but he had the good sense to consign it to the Grain Growers' Grain Co., and they netted him 61c.

His experience of our "system" of marketing wheat will not prove good advertising matter for our emigration department.

Mr. Leonard S. Gysin, of Castleberry, Man., writes us as follows :—

"The car of wheat shipped to your Grain Growers' Grain Co., Ltd., was very satisfactory.

The following is a comparison of elevator shipping results :

100 bushels sold to elevator ; 2 per cent. dockage ; price 72c. ; grade No. 4.

Car of same grain shipped ; no dockage ; price 85½c. clear of all charges ; grade No. 3 Northern. \$137.50 difference. \$17.15 value of dockage and nothing lost in weighing.

Yes, I think it pays to ship.

A RECORD CARGO

Fort William, Dec. 1.—A record wheat cargo taken across the great lakes by the Mecham for Buffalo today contained 421,000 bushels, the largest grain cargo ever taken across the great lakes. The steamer Iroquois arrived today with both anchors gone. Forty-four ships are in shelter at Whitefish Point.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 2.—More than twenty million bushels of wheat, the largest amount ever held by any one man or commission of men in Chicago are now in the hands of Wm. H. Bartlett, Geo. Ratten, and Frank S. Fraser, who says the market is in great excitement and anticipates results of a deal without precedent ; it is bigger than Joe Leiter's corner when that plunger lost eleven million dollars ; it is the biggest since the Gates' corner, in which millions were lost a few years ago ; it is bigger by at least five million bushels than Old Hutch attempted on Long side. Yet it is not a corner. Its purpose is merely to take advantage of what it believes to be a world condition, and to have a large amount of wheat to sell when the price soars.

In their opinion, it will go to \$1.30 or \$1.40 not as the result of their purchases but because of a combination of circumstances around the world, over which no man has control.

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SHAFTS FROM THE QUIVER OF THE GRAIN GROWERS' ASSOCIATION

To those representative farmers who have undertaken the work of addressing meetings throughout Manitoba on the subject of the work of the 'GRAIN GROWERS' ASSOCIATION, this circular letter has been prepared and is issued by the Executive in response to a suggestion that some such concise statement would be welcomed by those who, amid the pressure of other demands upon their time, have scarcely been in a position to get in close touch with the active work of the Association.

It seeks to embody a few impressive facts and certain VITALLY IMPORTANT INFORMATION which should never fail to find a first place in every educational effort projected along those lines which have consistently directed the Association's programme from the beginning.

The NEED for a strong, combined influence of Western Farmers and the IMMEDIATE BENEFIT assured to every grain grower in the West who would identify himself with such an association is so apparent that it is difficult to understand why any man who is still at work on his farm, WHO WOULD COMMAND THAT WHICH HE IS ENTITLED TO AND HAS NOT YET RECEIVED, should in these days of "combines" and protective associations find any obstacle to the placing of his name on the Association's muster roll.

There are at present in Manitoba something like 40,000 farmers, of whom scarcely 5,000 have yet seen fit to help themselves and their neighbors by joining the Association, the membership right to which is but one lonely dollar. In the parent provincial association the proportion is nearly the same, while in Alberta it is still less in favor of the organization.

The Association of Grain Growers became a living thing in Saskatchewan some seven or eight years ago, and shortly thereafter was established in Manitoba and Alberta. It is therefore not a thing of yesterday, but presents a record of achievements which not only justifies its existence but offers the strongest reason to every Western grain grower and stockman WHO WOULD REACH THE MARKET AS THE CROW FLIES why he should identify himself with it.

The Association of Grain Growers is not the creation of any individual crank, but was forced into existence as the spontaneous expression of a great community of interest, moved by the simple and single purpose of PROTECTING ITS LIFE INTERESTS, and determined to rid itself of certain abuses and impositions which need not be recapitulated; they are too well known to every man in the West who has shipped grain to the eastern market.

Until the inauguration of the Grain Growers' Association, the taunt was flung in the teeth of the farmers that every other group of traders in the country had its "protective association," saving that of the very men (THE FARMERS) who were the producers of that which, broadly speaking, is the one source of Canada's wealth. That taunt is no longer heard or has become almost inaudible, but now and again the suggestion is, with some justification, put forward that only a small portion of the farming interest has organized up to the present.

From the efforts which are now being put forth by the Association in conducting a series of meetings throughout the Province, it is hoped that before this campaign has been concluded, its roll of membership may at least be doubled. It is the weight of NUMBERS ALONE which will count in commanding the legislative enactments that the western farmers require, not as a privilege, but in the name of justice and as a NECES-

SITY TO THE PROPER SAFEGUARDING OF THE COUNTRY'S CHIEF SOURCE OF INCOME.

The Grain Growers' Association does not support a single "paid agitator." The inclusive membership fee of one dollar is funded for the single purpose of watching and effectively meeting any parliamentary measures which may be introduced from time to time by the Provincial or Dominion Houses, and which in any way affect the farming interest—more particularly when they deal with the conditions surrounding the sale and marketing of the grain.

The present Grain Act is in a very large measure the result of the first efforts of the Association. It will be remembered that, prior to that time, the farmers were refused the privilege of securing cars to load their own grain. This was the result of an arrangement entered into years ago between the Elevator Companies and the Railway Companies, whereby the latter undertook to supply only the Elevator Companies with cars.

This compelled farmers to use the elevators as a medium through which to dispose of their grain, with the result that this small group of Elevator Interests controlled the conditions under which the grain was marketed, and thus exacted immense profits by practically forcing farmers to sell on street.

The Manitoba Grain Act vastly improved the conditions by which the grain was marketed. It also secured to farmers the boon of securing cars to ship their own grain. It has been said that the marketing of his grain is largely a struggle as to whether the farmer would be permitted the privilege of selling it in carload lots in the way he wanted to, or to be compelled to sell it on street to private interests.

This, then, was the first great work that the Association accomplished,—securing to farmers the right to ship their own grain by compelling the Railway Companies to give them cars. The idea of individual shipping grew, and the present method of distributing cars is the outgrowth of the efforts of the Associations. By that method, as every farmer knows, he is entitled to a car in turn with the Elevator Companies. Shipping in carload lots is a sane and logical way for a farmer to dispose of his grain, rather than by peddling by the load on street.

Another direct benefit that the Grain Growers' Association has accomplished, is the reduction in freight on coarse grains. It is well within the knowledge of every farmer who has given the question a thought, that the freight rates on oats and barley to the Terminal Elevators, up till one year ago, were 1c. per 100 lbs. higher than on wheat. There was no reason for this, except the desire on the part of the Railway Companies to get as much out of the hauling as possible. The Manitoba Grain Growers Association took the matter up with the Railway authorities, pointing out to them that, while oats especially, and also barley were scarcely half of the value of wheat, yet the cost of hauling was greater. The result of their efforts was that these grains were reduced to the same rate as that of wheat—1c. per 100 lbs on the average freight rate which was estimated at about 9 or 10c. per bushel. This was the means of SAVING DIRECT IN FREIGHT, TO THE FARMER, \$6.00 ON EVERY CARLOAD OF OATS AND BARLEY THAT HE SELLS.

This is ONE benefit he would not have had, had it not been for the Grain Growers Association.

Again many of our farmers know of the determined

attack made on the Grain Act last Spring, when it was before the House of Commons at Ottawa for amending. The Railway People, Banks and Elevator Interests of the West, made a combined effort to have the clause in the Grain Act changed as it affected the distribution of cars so that it might give the Elevator Companies more cars and the farmers less. The Railway Companies and Banks put forth the plea that it tied up transportation through the length of time the cars were delayed in loading by farmers, while the Elevator Companies desired the change because it cut off the means of shipping, thus compelling farmers to sell more grain on street and ship less.

The fact that this combined effort was made by the three interests named, is very significant. It shows that these interests work in harmony. The reason for it is readily found when it is known that in many cases a common interest exists between these different Institutions, in the fact that men connected with one are identified with the others. It is a matter of common knowledge that some of our Bank Directors are interested in the Terminal Elevators and also in the C.P.R.

The Grain Growers' Association received an intimation that this effort was likely to be made. The Secretary of the Manitoba Association collected evidence in respect to the delays in locating cars. He found a great many cases, which could be supported by affidavit if necessary, where cars stood for days and often for weeks after they had been "billed," before they were moved out by the railway companies. It was also shown by the books of the Grain Growers' Grain Company that the average time for making the round trip of a car of wheat from its shipping point to the terminal was about 22 days, and on the C.N.R. over 40 days. This indicates clearly where the delay was and the reason of the shortage of cars.

It was also proved beyond the shadow of a doubt from the statistics which the Association had gathered, that delay in loading by farmers at platforms did not interfere with the transportation of grain one-twentieth of one per cent.

Still further:—the fact that the Association practically forced the local government at its last session to amend the charter of the Grain Exchange is another evidence of the power it would have were the majority of our farmers members of it.

It is true that the grain interests have evaded that legislation by abandoning their charter and forming what they call a voluntary association; but the fact that the Associations were able to have such legislation passed is highly significant and prophetic of what could be accomplished under conditions that would effectually meet what is but a trick in law and in no way represents the spirit of the act which was placed on the statute book for the protection of the grain growing interests.

The great fact our farmers should get into their heads and keep there is this: that had they not had a good live association (even though it only comprises one-eighth of the farmers of the province), the great advantage they enjoy in this respect, and which is the only check they have on the greed of the Elevator monopoly, would have been lost to them. The need of a bigger and more effective organization is quite apparent when one studies all the points at issue in the light of past experience. There is absolutely no concealing the fact that the different interests mentioned are doing everything they possibly can to prevent farmers reaching a position of independence in the marketing of their grain.

In looking around, one can see that organization and co-operation is the keynote on which practically all business organizations of any extent are carried on. For instance, we have our Bankers' Association of Canada, which embraces all our banks. They lay down certain rules for their guidance, such, for example, as the inter-

est they will charge, the security they will demand for credit, and the conditions, generally, under which the banks' business shall be carried on. This, however, is the least important of their association's work.

When any legislation comes before Parliament affecting the Banks, we find them there strongly represented, both by bank managers and their solicitors, watching closely that no legislation which they think is hurtful to them, or that will lessen their ability to make profits, is introduced.

Our Manufacturers' Association is another organization which embraces practically every manufacturing industry in Canada. The object of that association is stated to be the promotion of the manufacturing industries of Canada and the betterment of conditions surrounding such industries. While they might unite for perfectly legitimate purposes, the power they have acquired has been used in another direction.

By uniting together they have secured a measure of control over the prices which they will charge for their specific manufactured articles, thus in a measure preventing competition. They have also got a large fund in their treasury, which they use to hold the special privileges they have and secure more if possible. They have their Tariff Committee, which waits upon our Governments regularly to have the tariff increased on certain articles in order to protect, as they claim, the home industries.

The whole root and substance of their organization is to create conditions which will be financially beneficial to as many of their members as possible, conditions which will force the consumer to buy from them. They think nothing of spending thousands of dollars per year to accomplish this purpose.

We have our Millers' Associations, Implement Dealers' Associations, Lumbermen's Associations, Wholesale Men's Associations, and so on through practically every business of any dimension in the country. The same thing holds true of our railways. While the Railway Associations are kept in the background to a certain extent, it is a patent fact nevertheless that there is no real competition either in the handling of freight or passengers. The rates are agreed upon and are fixed, not on the basis of equity, but on that of how much the traffic will stand.

The grain interests have had their associations, as evidenced in the Northwest Grain Dealers' Association—an association that embraces all the elevator and street-buying interests in the trade. Many of our farmers have directly felt the evil effects of this organization. Their scheme and desire is to secure control of the grain trade, compelling all the grain that grows on our Western prairies to pass through their channels on its way to the ultimate markets, thus securing to themselves the power to exact what toll they wish off the men who sell.

The efforts towards organization are also evidenced in the working men of our large industrial establishments and transportation companies. For instance, the railway employees are highly organized. Were they not, everyone knows that they would be compelled to work for a mere existence. Were they not in a position to demand their rights and enforce them, by their unions, they would have to take whatever wages they were offered by the companies. This all goes to show the extent to which this organization, or uniting for mutual protection and benefit, is seized upon by the business and industrial world.

The farmers have been slow to get in line in this respect, largely through being isolated and through lack of means of gaining knowledge of the costly conditions surrounding the distribution of what they produce, and the collection of what they use.

They have been at the mercy of other interests, with the result that it has taken the average farmer 15 or 20 years to get into a position of independence which he

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Had any of the organizations we have just mentioned been represented merely by one-eighth of their numbers they would have been absolutely ineffective. The same holds good to a large extent with our associations. Any farmer with a moment's thought can picture the strength our Grain Growers' Association would have, had it thirty thousand farmers within its membership instead of only 5,000.

Another thing of great importance is the GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF ELEVATORS. Even with the small number of farmers included in the organizations in the three Western Provinces, they have already forced upon the Provincial Governments a consideration of the question of acquiring and operating storage facilities in the three provinces in the interests of the farmers who produce grain and not in the interests of private companies, as they are at the present time.

The question of government ownership of elevators is a somewhat ticklish one to a great many farmers. They imagine they would be used by the Government in power simply as a means of fostering their own political ends. Such is not the case. We believe we are slowly but surely rising to the dignity of our manhood and learning that our governments exist for the benefit of the whole community and not for the benefit of politicians, private corporations or self-seeking office-hunters. Scores of farmers at every point would be using these elevators. This would be the best guarantee of honest and effective management.

What are the conditions to-day? Practically all the elevators throughout the country, with the exception of a few farmers' elevators here and there, are owned by private companies. Farmers are compelled to dispose of their grain in a great many cases through these elevators, either by selling on street or by using them as a means for loading on cars.

Only a very small percentage of our grain is loaded over the loading platforms. These cannot be taken advantage of to any extent except by those farmers who are in close proximity to them.

The average farmer knows the treatment he gets from shipping through the average line elevator under the present conditions.

They practically refuse to give him a special bin, although under the Grain Act they are supposed to do so. They also make it a condition when they store grain that it must be billed out to the order of the company they represent, in this way using an unfair influence to keep the farmer from handling his own grain in the manner and through the channels he wishes.

In addition there is the unfair weights, the unfair dockage and the unfair grading when they buy on street. Cases are numerous where elevator companies are buying stuff at a profit of from 12c to 18c. per bushel. In fact these cases are the general rule and not the exception.

The companies owning the interior elevators also own the terminal elevators, operating the latter under different names. It is contrary to the Grain Act for a company owning an interior line of elevators to own and operate the terminal elevators. That is evaded by changing the name, as has been done in the case of the BRITISH AMERICA ELEVATOR COMPANY a few years ago, who when compelled to forego the right to operate the C.N.R. terminal elevators, simply changed the name for the terminal purposes to the Port Arthur Elevator Company, without changing one dollar of its stock.

The cost of handling this system is very great. For instance, there may be at a point six elevators, where one good elevator under government ownership, properly arranged and equipped, would do the work of the six at one quarter of the cost of operation. In a great many cases these elevators do not pass through them more than

25,000 or 30,000 bushels per year. The result is that a heavier tax must in some way or another be imposed upon grain in order to pay the cost of operation, the interest on the money invested, and the profits which they think they are entitled to.

In addition, the fact that over 50 per cent. of our grain is bought on street through these elevators at an average of 8c. per bushel under the track price, makes it impossible to have any effective competition in the exporting end of the business; since the independent exporters, collecting their stuff on the basis of track prices, (having no elevators throughout the country to get it) must compete with companies who buy a large portion of the crop at 8c. per bushel less than the independent man who buys on track, while they also have an advantage from the unjust weighing and docking.

The interior elevators do not wish to clean grain if they can avoid it. At present, wherever possible, they buy the grain in its dirty condition. To avoid cleaning they do not in many cases equip their elevator with a cleaning apparatus. What is the object of this? It gives them the opportunity to grade the grain down, as dirty grain does not look as good as clean grain. In the second place it gives them an opportunity to impose a heavy dockage.

Farmers who ship their own grain, who load over loading platforms or through the elevators, have to pay freight on the dockage to the terminals. The freight on the dockage alone in the crop of 1906 amounted to A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS. THE ESTIMATED AMOUNT OF DOCKAGE ON THE WHEAT CROP THAT YEAR WAS TWO MILLION DOLLARS.

A large portion of this had a high feeding value, and had it been properly cleaned at the shipping point, a tremendous waste could have been saved. The elevator companies and the milling companies prefer to buy it dirty. They ship it to their terminal mills and the large portion of it fit for feed is cleaned out and either disposed of to dealers or ground by the mills into feed with their bran and shorts, and shipped back and sold to the farmers they bought it from and who have paid the freight on it without getting anything for it.

It was only the other day that a cargo of screenings was shipped out of Fort William, which by the way was only a small amount of that taken out of the present crop, and which was valued at \$30,000, shipped to Chicago by a private terminal company.

It may be argued that the present Grain Act states that a farmer must get the value for his screenings taken from his car. That is made practically inoperative from the fact that a heavy charge is made for cleaning, and there is no one to buy it but the private owners of the terminals.

The point is that were this grain cleaned at the initial point, whatever feeding value there is in it could be utilized by the farmer on his farm to feed his live stock. The idea is to have the government acquire all the elevators, or if the present holders refuse to sell at a fair price, to build competing lines and leave the old system in the hands of the present holders. There is no doubt they would prefer to sell rather than enter into competition with the government system.

The whole system could then be managed by a commission which could be appointed on the approval of the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association. The operator of the elevator would be required to take an oath of office, and would have to be up to a certain standard of efficiency, the same as in other departments of the Civil Service. The system of promotion on merit could be arranged.

The elevators would be readjusted so as to permit of individuals shipping grain to as great an extent as might be desired.

Accommodation would be made in this respect for say

75 per cent. of the grain, while 25 per cent. of the space of the elevators would be rented to firms who desired to buy street grain. Thus every person would be placed on an even footing, and the fact that anyone could engage in street buying grain would prevent any combine dominating prices as we find they do to-day.

It is also worth noting that the grain sold on street would be cleaned and weighed by the government operator, an official who would have no motive for giving light weights or unfair cleaning. Farmers would thus be protected in a way they are not and cannot be today under the present system.

The prices could be arranged between the person who bought and the person who sold. There is no doubt that in this way men in local towns, probably engaged in some other business, would be used by companies desiring to buy to purchase for them on street.

The grain being weighed by a government official would give the weight a standing it has not got to-day. Under the present system, the farmer who is short in weight in shipping his car has generally no redress. The elevator company evades the responsibility where possible. The railway companies refuse to settle unless there is absolute evidence of the amount of grain placed in the car, and this is often difficult to furnish. A government operated system would be in a position to compel the railway company to deliver at the terminal the amount of grain they weighed in, since there could be no disputing the weights. This would do away with the heavy shortage, as it would practically give the farmers a certificate of weights of his grain at the shipping point. There is no reason why the government officials could not have wheat cleaned and weighed at the initial point as accurately as at the terminal. It would mean that the railway companies would have to supply good cars and not any old rubbish as they often do to-day.

Again, the farmer who wishes to ship his own grain could have a sample taken from each load as delivered into the elevator and kept in a receptacle, and where he had one or two or three thousand bushels of grain in the elevator, the grain in the receptacle would be a true sample of his lot. The government operator could send a sample of this to the chief inspector at Winnipeg, under seal, and it would be graded by him in all cases, except where it showed signs of toughness. In this case the grade could be withheld until the grain was shipped and passed Winnipeg. This being the representative sample of the grain stored by the farmer, could be given say to a commission merchant in Winnipeg, who would thus have an opportunity of selling it on sample.

This would bring about the benefits of a sample market. A sample market works out well, on the American side from the fact that there are large milling interests in Minneapolis, and the greater part of the grain in the Dakotas and Minnesota can be sold there on sample.

We have not these advantages in Western Canada, through lack of large milling establishments competing for this grain. What then is necessary is this: to be in a position to guarantee the purchaser of the grain in the Eastern Provinces or in the Old Country, **THE IDENTITY OF THE GRAIN HE HAS PURCHASED.**

Under this system, a representative of the Ontario millers or the Old Country dealers, could come into the market at Winnipeg and buy the types of wheat that suited him. He would know that in a certain elevator in the country a certain man has stored 1,000 bushels or more of wheat, a true sample of which was found, say, in the Grain Growers' Grain Co.'s office at Winnipeg. The purchaser would know that the government stood behind the system to guarantee to him the identity of that grain.

He would also select the different lots in this way from all over the country, and would buy them when the price he would give suited the dealer. He could then

order all these different cars forward to the terminal and have them placed in his special bin there—the terminals being under government operation—this would absolutely prevent mixing. When he wished to ship his grain to Ontario, it would be loaded out and shipped by itself. The same thing would hold true in the transfer elevators between the lake ports and the ocean seaboard. In this way a system could easily be devised whereby the Old Country buyer would be certain of getting the actual grain that he purchased, direct from the farmer, through the medium of the commission man.

This would do away with many injustices which is the natural outgrowth of our present grading system. Very frequently we find samples of wheat weighing 65 lbs. to the bushel, and through some slight defect in color or trace of frost, **WHICH DOES NOT INJURE THE MILLING VALUE**, it does not grade better than No. 3 Northern. The same thing holds true with grain that is slightly tough or slightly smutty. A farmer has a car of grain which contains an odd smut ball, or the faintest touch of tag. Under the present system, as every farmer knows, often by bitter experience, he is compelled to take 5 or 6 or 7c. per bushel less for it on account of this. This is merely an advantage taken by the miller and dealer. Under the present up-to-date system of treating this grain, the cost of removing this blemish of smut is a very slight one, and it is often believed that after removal the grain is even better than before for the purpose of milling.

The hospital elevators for treating tough and smutty grain or grain that is damaged in any other way, could treat this grain at actual cost and not with the tremendous loss that pertains today. A farmer has a car of smutty wheat, for instance. He has it scoured. Even when it is good and dry, somehow there is a shrinkage of from 30 to 50 bushels. All the smut in the car would not weigh more than one pound. "Where, then, does the loss occur?" is very often the question. And then, mark you also, after being scoured, this grain, although equal in value to the best they have, **SELLS FOR SEVERAL CENTS PER BUSHEL UNDER THE STRAIGHT GRADES.**

The government system of elevators would then make possible these advantages:—

1st. Farmers would be assured of a **SQUARE DEAL IN HIS WEIGHTS AND DOCKING.**

2nd. He would have his grain thoroughly **CLEANED AT THE INITIAL POINT**, where it should be, saving him the freight on the dirt, and would follow the sound business axiom of having his commodity in the best condition possible before offering it for sale.

3rd. By bringing about a system that would guarantee the identity of his grain, he would be enabled to take advantage of the sample market, permitting his grain to be sold on its actual milling value, and not as it very often is to-day, on the peculiarities of the grade requirements. This would undoubtedly mean higher prices. It has been truly said that our present grading system, while it has served the purpose, is costing our Western farmers millions of dollars a year.

The cost of operating this system would be a great deal less than the cost of operating the expensive system in force today. Instead of there being at a shipping point, where perhaps 400,000 or 500,000 bushels of grain are shipped annually and six or eight men or more, with six or eight engines using power for that quantity, there would be a government elevator with facilities for unloading at two or three points at once, and with a manager and a few assistants, who, with up-to-date machinery, could effectively handle all the business that would come to it.

We could not get into this system all at once, but it is generally supposed that growing grain will be the chief business of our three Western Provinces for the next hun-

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dred years at least, and now is the time at the commencement of our development to get on the right basis and inaugurate the right system.

It is generally believed that a tax of 1½c. or 1¼c. per bushel for grain passing through the elevators would pay the cost of operation, pay the interest on the bonds necessary to purchase the present system, and also create a sinking fund which would pay the bonds off when they come due.

In the year 1906, the conditions surrounding the operations of the terminals at Duluth had become so bad that the Bankers' Association of North Dakota conducted an investigation of them. The committee of Bankers over there appointed to investigate, reported on the 24th of November of that year.

They stated that the Dakota grain was not reaching the foreign and eastern markets in the same condition in which it was leaving the Dakota farmers. They also stated that this meant a heavy loss to the producers. They took one of the Duluth terminal elevators for a period of three months, examining the records of the grain graded into it and that graded out, and vouched for the reliability of their figures. The receipts of the elevator in wheat for the three months under the grades taken in and the grades shipped out were as follows:—

RECEIPTS.

Grade.	Bushels.
No. 1 Northern	99,711.40
No. 2 Northern	141,455.10
No. 3 Northern.....	272,047.20
No. 4 Northern	201,257.20
No Grade	116,021.10
Rejected	59,742.30
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	890,245.10

SHIPPED OUT.

Grade.	Bushels.
No. 1 Northern.....	196,288.30
No. 2 Northern.....	467,764.00
No. 3 Northern.....	213,459.30
No. 4 Northern.....	None
No Grade	None
Rejected	None
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	877,512.00

There was on hand 12,733 bushels 10 lbs. This with the amount shipped out, equalled the amount taken in. Further in their report they state that the screenings actually taken out of the grain when weighed, averaged three quarters of a pound to the bushel. These screenings sold at about \$8.00 per ton. The profits from mixing alone at this elevator, and shipping out higher grades than those taken in for three months, was estimated by this Committee at \$83,206.83.

An examination of the above figures will show to what extent mixing went on in this elevator. The Company that owned and operated the Duluth Elevator at which this took place, own and operate the C.N.R. Terminals at Port Arthur, and are trying now to secure control of the Grand Trunk Pacific Terminals when they are built. What a condition of things for our Western people to permit!

That the above conditions prevailed to a great extent at Fort William and Port Arthur cannot well be disputed. There is no other way to account for the inferior grade shipped out from these elevators as compared with the high average of the grades in, but that lower grades are mixed with higher grades and sold as high grades. For instance, a year ago, when there was a large amount of frosted wheat in the Canadian West for which a good market existed in Ontario and the Eastern Provinces, efforts were made by the different

dealers, to work up a trade. The Ontario men, Federa and Dealers, who were buying the stuff were continually objecting to the quality they were getting, claiming that it contained a very large amount of weed seeds. So apparent was this that Mr. Blaine, one of the members in the Dominion Parliament from Ontario, took the matter up in the House of Parliament, and asked the Government to forbid the sale of this wheat in Ontario, on the ground that it was flooding their Province with foul seeds. It was a well known fact often noted, that this wheat was almost entirely free from seeds, accounted for from the fact that it came from the newer districts, where seeds have not as yet obtained a foothold. How did it come then that it reached Ontario in such a dirty condition? There is only one explanation—that when they passed it through the Terminal Elevators owned by private Companies, the seeds which were cleaned out of the better grades of grain were mixed with the feed grades and shipped out as feed. This has been denied, but it is so clear that we must accept it as the fact. With the market in this condition, it means that lower prices are quoted back when purchases are made, and the whole price in the West is fixed on this basis.

Last season, at the Terminal Elevators, rejected oats were worth for several months 1½c per bushel more in the Fort William Elevators than in the Port Arthur elevators. It will be remembered that all the Port Arthur terminals are operated by the Port Arthur Elevator Company,—that is, the American Company which operated the Duluth Elevator referred to above, and which owns the British America line of elevators along the C.N.R. lines of railway.

The reason of the difference of price is accounted for in this way. As every farmer knows, last year the great bulk of oats graded Rejected on account of frost, even when they weighed as high as 40 lbs. to the bushel. In fact, a large quantity of Rejected Oats weighed from 36 to 42 lbs. to the bushel. There was, on the other hand a large quantity which weighed only from 26 to 32 lbs. to the bushel. The British America people were buying these oats on street. All the farmers on the C.N.R. were shipping their oats to Port Arthur, and under the rules governing the trade, all rejected oats were supposed to be binned together at the terminal elevators. There is no doubt that the Port Arthur Elevator Company sampled these oats at their elevators. In other words, the heavy weighing oats were put together and the light weighing oats were put together.

When a commission company, handling a car of Rejected Oats for a farmer that had been placed in these terminals, offered it for sale to any exporter or Ontario dealer, they could not get a bid within 1½c per bushel of what oats at Fort William elevators would bring, for the reason, they claim, that they could get nothing but the poorer quality of Rejected oats out of the Port Arthur terminal.

The explanation was, that this Company was giving out to others the poorer Rejected Oats, and retaining for themselves the good Rejected Oats, and through their connections were selling the latter on sample and getting a good price for them.

In the Eastern Provinces, our Dominion and Provincial Governments have furnished cold storage elevators for the effectual handling of perishable farm products. These have been found to work out admirably. The Government Grain storage elevator is only another step in the same direction. It would simply mean a vast system of farmers' elevators, both at the interior and terminals, a system, the expense of which would be borne by the 1½c or 1¼c charge for cleaning and passing grain through the elevator, and also by a reasonable rate of storage when farmers wish to hold their grain.

The Three Associations in the Western Provinces have all declared for this. They are at present conferring

with the Three Western Premiers as to the best means to bring it about. Members of the Dominion Government have stated that the terminals would be taken over by the Government just as soon as a majority of western farmers stated their desire that it should be. As long as we have only 15,000 farmers identified with the Associations of the three Provinces, out of a total of 110,000 farmers, it will be seen that we are not in a position to strongly force our demands on the Government.

You will probably be asked a few questions as to the Grain Growers' Guide. It is intended to become the greatest Farmers' Weekly in Western Canada. It is a notorious fact that the leading papers on both sides of politics are owned by private parties and managed solely to bring political advantage to the political party to which their owners belong. Since their revenue is largely dependent upon the goodwill of corporations such as railway companies, banks and grain and manufacturing interests, they do not care from a business point of view to take up any question which would deprive them of the revenue they get from these corporations through advertising, or which would affect the welfare of their party interests. That has been evident from the fact that it has been almost impossible to get a fair report of any Farmers' Convention or the work that any Farmers' Delegation is attempting to carry out with our Governments. Everything is colored for political purposes or to accommodate the views of certain interests which by some means have obtained control of the columns of the press.

What the farmers want is nothing more, AND THEY WILL HAVE NOTHING LESS than fair play—a square deal; but when they find a straight-forward account of some association or other meeting deliberately garbled and "edited" by a process of whitening down to fall in line with the demands of the aforesaid interests, then it is high time the farmers had established an open press of their own.

HENCE "THE GUIDE."

Other farm papers exist altogether as financial concerns, and have no interests to serve further than building up a strong circulation, which brings in a vast advertising revenue.

The "Guide" has been sent out to 12,000 farmers, nearly 5,000 of which have already become paid-up subscribers. It is practically the work of these meetings to induce farmers to join the Association and become subscribers to the paper. The esteem in which it is already held is shown by the numerous letters which reach the office by every mail. Do not let a single man get away from your meeting without securing him as a subscriber for the "Guide," and a member of the Association. The paper cannot be run without money, and at present the Grain Growers' Grain Company is assisting to finance it until it gets upon its own feet. The farmer who will not give one dollar for the Guide, and one for the Association is too small to live.

You might also be asked questions as to the arrangements with the Home Bank. It is briefly this. The Grain Growers' Grain Co., finding it absolutely necessary to have a strong financial institution at their back, entered into an arrangement with the Home Bank and in return are guaranteed the support of the Bank. The business of our Canadian Banks is carried on upon their deposits, 90 per cent. of which is deposited by farmers and working men. Other interests, such as wholesale men, implement manufacturers, etc., borrow money; they do not keep it in the bank. What is done with the money? Since these banks are frequently under the control of a few individuals the money is loaned to other corporations with which these individuals are either financially interested or very friendly.

If a farmer wishes to negotiate a small loan, even if he were worth \$20,000, he finds difficulty in doing so.

Last year there were hundreds of banks which would not advance a dollar on shipping bills for cars of wheat. The idea of the present arrangement is to create A STRONG COMMON PEOPLE'S BANK—in Western Canada, in the management of which farmers and working-men (such for instance, as take stock in it) will have a voice, and which will be used to finance their requirements rather than the requirements of corporations and business interests which thrive upon them. The Bank also pays good dividends from a business point of view.

The important thing to impress upon your Association at the meeting is the necessity of joining. NUMBERS ARE ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS, and it only costs one dollar to a farmer to join the Local Association. Make him feel that it is his duty to do this, and also take an interest after he has done so. Point out to him the degrees of organization which have been reached by other business interests, where there are individual members who spend tens and hundreds of dollars for the simple purpose of having an organization which will look after their welfare.

Point out the unfair advantages that are always taken by corporations when they secure the power that combination gives them, and that our mass of farmers, isolated as they are, if they continue thus isolated, must be a prey to these financial pirates.

Go at the meeting with energy. You may not have the ability to use flowery language, nor have much experience in public speaking. You can, however, master the facts as they are set out here, and you can put them before your hearers in such a manner that they will be convinced of their truthfulness and of the necessity of their organization.

\$2.00 from every man you meet—one for the Association and one for the "Guide," and don't let him get away from you!



EXCELSIOR POWER STRAW CUTTER

7 STYLES

- Hand Lever.**—For 1 or 2 head of stock.
- Canadian Hand.**—For up to 6 head.
- Excelsior Jr.**—For hand or power. $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 ton per hour.
- Excelsior Jr. Blower.**—For windmill or gas engine power.
- Excelsior Power.**—For power. 5 to 8 tons per hour.
- Excelsior Power Blower.**—Blows feed to any part of barn.

No. 10 with carriers

Why Does It Pay to Cut Your Hay, Straw or Corn?

- 1—No waste of fodder, every bit is eaten up, not tramped under foot.
- 2—Cut feed is more easily and thoroughly masticated, and stock thrive much better on it than on uncut feed.
- 3—Cut feed can be blown into stall directly in front of stock, avoiding any unnecessary labor.
- 5—Because **Watsons** can supply you with a straw cutter that will exactly fill your needs, will give absolute satisfaction, at a fair price.

JOHN WATSON M'F'G CO.

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MILLERS SEEK LOWER WATER RATES

Minneapolis and interior mills of Minnesota, with Dakota and Wisconsin, in their complaint to the Interstate Commerce Commission, make highly interesting points as to the relative rates made from Minneapolis eastward on wheat and flour.

They charge unfair and destructive discrimination against northwestern flour, in favor of wheat, and that this discrimination works to the advantage of eastern and foreign mills which use spring wheat.

NAMES OF MILL COMPLAINANTS.

The complainants, 41 in number, and representing a daily capacity of 103,823 barrels, are:

W. J. Jennison Co., L. G. Campbell Milling Co., Farmers' Milling Co., Pelican River Mill Co., Dwight M. Baldwin, Jr., Seymour Carter, Jennison Bros. & Co., Tennant & Hoyt Co., Northwestern Milling Co., C. S. Christensen Co., Hubbard Milling Co., Marshall Milling Co., Melrose Milling Co., Barber Milling Co., George C. Christian & Co., Russell-Miller Milling Co., Montevideo Roller Mill Co., James Quirk Milling Co., Big Diamond Milling Co., New Prague Flouring Mill Co., Gverett, Aughenbaugh & Co., Eagle Roller Mill Co., New Ulm Roller Mill Co., Wells Flour Milling Co., Bay State Mill-Geo. Tileston Milling Co., L. Christian & Co., Sleepy Eye Milling Co., Minnesota Flour Mill Co., Wabasha Roller Mill Co., Wells Flour Milling Co., Bay State Milling Co., Chafee-Miller Milling Co., Grafton Roller Mill Co., Missouri Valley Milling Co., Park River Milling Co., Listman Mill Co., Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills Co., Ltd., Northwestern Consolidated Milling Co., and the Sheffield-King Milling Co.

THE COMPLAINANT.

After specifying the lines operating on the lakes, it cites that their boats are operated in connection with certain of the defendant railroads doing an interstate business. The traffic so transported includes flour manufactured by complainants, which shipments originate in the state of Minnesota, North Dakota and Wisconsin, and are destined and carried to points on the Atlantic seaboard, including New York and Boston.

The flour is carried by defendant lines and their connections to the lake ports of Duluth, Chicago, Milwaukee and Gladstone, and there delivered to the defendant lake carriers for transportation by water to Buffalo and other Lake Erie ports, from which ports it is transported to New York, Boston and other points upon the Atlantic seaboard by the railroad named in the complainant.

CARRIERS' ORGANIZATION.

After naming the railroads having lake line connections, the complainant explains as to the roads that are represented in the "Western Trunk Line Committee" and the "Northern Committee."

All rates for the through transportation of flour of complainants, it states, are based upon the through rates from Minneapolis to Atlantic seaboard points, of 25c. per 100 lbs. all-rail, and 23c. lake-and-rail. These rates are the regular ones participated in by all the defendants, divided by methods of division agreed upon by themselves.

The defendant lines having membership in the Trunk Line Association, the Central Freight Association and the Association of Lake Lines are named and to these associations and committees is credited the function of supervising the making of tariffs.

THE SPRING WHEAT CROP.

The complainant sets forth that the complainants are manufacturers of flour from hard spring wheat, the entire crop of such wheat being grown in the states of Minne-

sota, North Dakota and South Dakota. The average annual crop is about 170 million bushels. In 1907 it was about 160 millions. The capacity of the mills in the three states is greatly in excess of the total crop, the capacity of the mills in Minneapolis alone being equal to 68 per cent. of the average crop.

Of the wheat grown in the three states 80 per cent. takes the same rate to Minneapolis and Duluth. Lake-and-rail shipments of flour from Minneapolis to the Atlantic seaboard, via Duluth pay a higher rate than like shipments from Duluth to the same destination. The proportional rate from Minneapolis to Duluth is 5.8c. per 100 lbs. The location of the two cities in relation to the wheat fields, and the fact that the market price of wheat in these cities is the same, places lake-and-rail shipments of flour taking or based upon the Minneapolis rate, at a disadvantage as compared with like shipments originating at Duluth; such disadvantage being represented by a reasonable proportional rate from Minneapolis to Duluth.

An important group of mills at Buffalo, New York, is in direct competition with complainants, selling in the same domestic and foreign markets, flour made from the same kind of wheat which is grown in, and drawn from the same territory, and shipped from Duluth via the Great Lakes to Buffalo and other Lake Erie ports. Mills located east of Buffalo manufacture flour for domestic and export trade, from wheat shipped by lake from Duluth. The product and business of all these mills is competitive with the product and business of the mills of complainants.

MILLS IN NORTHWEST AT DISADVANTAGE.

The difference in rates charged for carrying wheat and flour, by water from Duluth to the same eastern ports, places these complainants at a disadvantage, as compared with the millers at Buffalo and other eastern points. Flour made from wheat carried by water from Duluth to Lake Erie ports, there milled and the product carried by rail to Atlantic seaboard points, reaches destination at a final cost much less than flour ground at the complainants' mills, when carried by water from Duluth to the same Erie ports, and thence to destination, by the same railroad, the origin of the wheat and destination of the product being the same in both cases.

Eastern millers can buy wheat at Duluth or Minneapolis, at the same price paid by complainants, ship it from Duluth to Buffalo by lake, grind it into flour, forward the flour to New York by rail at local flour rates, and sell it in the same common market at prices with which the complainant cannot successfully compete, because of the difference in the ultimate cost of transportation between flour ground in Minneapolis and flour ground in Buffalo; the raw material and manufactured product originating at the same point, and being carried over the same route, to the same destination.

SHIPMENTS OF SPRING WHEAT.

The comparative cheapness of water transportation, and the advantageous location of the eastern mills drawing from the northwestern wheat fields has established a large and steadily increasing shipment of hard spring wheat from Duluth to Buffalo and other eastern milling points, causing a shortage in the wheat supply for the complainants' mills, and a substantial increase in the cost of wheat; complainants being obliged to pay Duluth prices for wheat, and also proportionate rate for the transportation of flour to that port.

The cheapness of lake transportation has increased the export of wheat for milling in foreign countries, with a consequent diminution of the wheat supply for complainants' mills.

Lake shipments of wheat from Duluth have increased

from 21 million bushels in 1904, to 28 million in 1905, 39 million in 1906 and 50 million in 1907.

The steady increasing drain of wheat from the northwest is due to unjust and discriminative rates exacted by the defendants for the transportation of flour between Minneapolis and the Atlantic seaboard, by which the business of the complainants has been greatly diminished; they are thereby prevented from obtaining a reasonable profit upon their products, and their business is becoming unremunerative.

DECREASE OF FLOUR EXPORTS.

Export shipments of flour from the Minneapolis mills have fallen off 50 per cent. since the year 1900. The flour output of Minneapolis mills was the same in 1907 as in 1897, and about 1½ million barrels less than in 1901.

In 1900 Minneapolis exported 31.11 per cent. of the total flour export of the United States; in 1906, 17.54 per cent.; in 1907, 17.19 per cent.

In consequence of the large wheat shipments made to the east, via the lakes, the Minneapolis mills secure less than one-half the amount of spring wheat required to operate their mills at full capacity; in purchasing wheat they are in direct competition with the mills at, and east of Buffalo, drawing wheat from this territory. No system of tariff exists by which the complainants are placed upon an equality with Duluth as to lake-and-rail shipments of wheat and flour.

LAKE AND ALL-RAIL DIFFERENTIAL.

The differential between all-rail, and lake-and-rail transportation of flour between Minneapolis and New York City, is 2c. per 100 lbs. in favor of the latter; the larger part of the output of complainants' mills is shipped lake-and-rail. The cost of shipping wheat from Minneapolis to New York by lake-and-rail is 18c.; the cost of transporting flour between the same points by the same route, is 23c.; the differential of 5c. in favor of wheat, is an inducement to its shipment to eastern mills.

Wheat shipped east for milling is purchased at Duluth, at the same price paid at Minneapolis; its shipment by water from Duluth eliminates the proportional rate between Minneapolis and Duluth. Such proportion of the through rate is 5c.; which, together with the differential between wheat and flour, places the complainants at a disadvantage of 10c. per 100 lbs. as to rates on flour made by eastern mills from northwestern wheat.

By reason of the shipment of wheat to the east via the lakes, the necessity of paying Duluth prices for wheat, and the high rate exacted by the defendants for carrying flour, as compared with the rates charged for carrying wheat over the same route, between the same points, the business of the complainants is decreasing, and their wheat supply is steadily diminishing.

EASTERN MILLS—CHEAP WHEAT.

Cheap transportation of wheat to the east enables eastern millers to sell flour in Atlantic seaboard markets, at prices which are destructive to complainants' business.

Continuance of present transportation rates and conditions will result in irreparable injury to the complainants' business and continual and permanent diminution in the value of their mills, manufacturing plants and investments, and the auxiliary industries dependent thereon, as well as serious and permanent injury to the interests and business of the several cities and towns at which said mills and auxiliary industries are located and operated.

RATES PRIOR TO 1900.

Under the system of rates, tariffs, differentials and transportation charges established and kept in effect by the defendants prior to the year 1900, the business of the complainants was built up, and grew to its present proportions. The average published rate for carrying through shipments of flour from Minneapolis to New York

was, for many years prior to that year, 20c. per 100 lbs.

The average rate actually paid by complainants for such service did not exceed 20c. Prior to March 20, 1900, a differential of 5c. per 100 lbs. between all-rail and lake-and-rail rates between Minneapolis and the Atlantic seaboard was in effect; the all-rail rate was 25c. per 100 lbs.; the lake-and-rail rate 20c.; on that date, the lake-and-rail rate was increased to 22c.; on April 14, 1902, it was increased to 23c. The lake-and-rail rate on flour is 3c. higher than prior to March 20, 1900. Rates for transporting wheat have not proportionately increased; on the contrary, they have decreased.

RAILROADS OPERATE ELEVATORS.

The complainants say on information and belief that the defendant railroads operating lines east of Buffalo and Erie, own and maintain large elevators which they operate in connection with their respective railroads and lake lines. Large quantities of wheat are transported by tramp steamers from Duluth to Buffalo and Erie, for the use of Eastern mills. Such steamers are at times chartered for that service, in the interest of the defendant trunk line carriers.

Wheat is also carried by the lake line defendants in their own vessels, with flour and other package freight. Wheat carried by tramp steamers to such eastern lake ports is elevated by said railroads, having no through rate of traffic agreement with such steamers, without charge, a former elevation charge of 3c. per bushel having been cancelled with the purpose to increase the shipment of wheat to eastern mills.

FREE ELEVATION SERVICE.

Such free elevation service is unjust, unlawful and discriminating against complainants; it relieves such wheat shipments from the payment of just and proper charges, thereby reducing the cost of wheat to complainants' competitors and affording them an undue and unjust preference and advantage.

NO WHEAT TARIFFS.

The defendants have no through tariffs in effect for carrying wheat from Minneapolis or Duluth, to Atlantic seaboard points, but have such tariffs for carrying flour. They have at all times transported wheat by lake-and-rail, under local tariffs, and have purposely established and maintained an unjust and disproportionate rate for flour, as compared with wheat.

Since August, 1906, the defendant trunk line carriers have twice increased the tariff for carrying ex-lake grain east of the great lakes, the purpose and effect being to compel the milling of wheat at eastern lake ports, and to enable the trunk lines to carry flour to the seaboard in lieu of wheat.

The through rate charged by the defendants for carrying flour from Minneapolis to the Atlantic seaboard, by lake-and-rail, is unjust, excessive, unreasonable and discriminative; likewise the proportion of said rate east of Duluth by comparison with the rates at which wheat is carried from Duluth to the same destinations; likewise the proportional rate on flour, from Duluth to Lake Erie by comparison with the rate paid for transporting wheat from Duluth to the same ports.

DIVISION OF EARNINGS.

Divisions of earnings derived from through transportation of flour from Duluth to the Atlantic seaboard are made between the lake carriers east of Erie ports, without reference to the true value of the service rendered by each, but arbitrarily and with the purpose to allow the line steamers such proportion of the through rate as will appear fair by comparison with rates charged for the lake transportation of wheat, the remainder of the rates east of Duluth being retained by the rail carriers east of Lake Erie. Such division of earnings is simply a matter of bookkeeping, the true ownership of the lake lines and

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the railroads in connection with which they are operated being identical.

The rates charged by the defendants for transporting flour by lake, from Duluth to Lake Erie ports, is unjust, unfair and unreasonable by comparison with the rates charged by them for transporting wheat between the same ports in the same steamers and cargoes, and by comparison with the rates charged for carrying wheat between said ports in tramp steamers chartered in their interest, for that purpose.

CARRIERS UNDER COMMON CONTROL.

The carriage of flour and other package freight is not competitive; substantially all of such transportation upon the great lakes is by steamers operated by the defendant lake carriers in conjunction with the defendant railroads, under a common ownership and control. The New York Central, by means of the roads under its control, has a direct line from Chicago to New York, and two lines from Buffalo to New York; the Baltimore & Ohio and the Erie railroads transport traffic from Chicago to New York over their own rails; the Pennsylvania road has a direct line from Chicago to New York, over its own rails and those of other companies under its management and control; the defendant steamship lines and companies are owned, controlled and managed by and under the supervision of said railroads.

INDEPENDENT ROADS.

The only independent roads operating between Chicago and New York are the Wabash from Chicago to Buffalo; the Grand Trunk, from Chicago to Erie; the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, and the Lehigh Valley, from Buffalo to New York.

More than 95 per cent. of the railroad mileage between Chicago and New York is controlled, managed and operated in a common interest, which control and management includes all the defendant lines.

A MONOPOLY CHARGED.

Lake carriers of flour between Duluth and eastern ports have no competitors, and the rate for lake carriage is fixed by the rail carriers; such transportation is a monopoly.

The rate now in effect for transporting flour from Minneapolis to New York and other Atlantic seaboard points, is of itself excessive, unreasonable and unjust. The proportions of the rate between Minneapolis and Duluth and such destinations, are of themselves excessive, unjust and unreasonable. The through rate and the proportional parts thereof are, under the system of divisions existing between the defendants, unreasonable, excessive, unjust and discriminative by comparison with charges made by the same, and other carriers, for a like and contemporaneous service, under substantially similar conditions, and by comparison with the rates charged for the transportation of wheat between the same points.

UNJUST AND EXCESSIVE RATES.

The rates exacted by defendants for transportation of flour from Gladstone, Milwaukee and Chicago, to New York and other Atlantic seaboard points, are unjust, unreasonable and excessive in themselves, and by comparison with the rates accepted by the defendants for like and contemporaneous service. The rates are excessive, unjust, unreasonable and discriminative, by comparison with the rates charged for the transportation of wheat between the same points, by the same routes by the defendants and other carriers. The lake-and-rail rates exacted by the defendants for the transportation of flour from Minneapolis to Atlantic seaboard points are unjust, unfair, unreasonable and discriminative as compared with the rates charged for the transportation of flour from the intermediate points of Gladstone, Milwaukee and Chicago to the same destinations.

DEPRIVED OF NATURAL ADVANTAGES.

By the method of division of earnings established by

the defendants between themselves, these complainants are deprived of the benefit of the natural advantage of the location of their industries in proximity to the north-western lake ports, which location would insure them cheap water transportation for their flour, and other mill products. By such method of dividing earnings, large and unreasonable compensation for the service rendered by the initial, and terminal, rail carriers is awarded to such carriers, and a low rate is set apart to the lake carriers; but because of the joint ownership and identity of interest between the lake carriers and the rail carriers, such divisions are simply questions of accounting.

The through rate, as a whole, is unjust, unreasonable and discriminative against complainants' mills and business, and the localities where their mills are maintained and operated. The location of eastern mills, and competition in water transportation of wheat, afford eastern millers a natural advantage in the shipment of wheat from Duluth to their mills. Combination, and joint control of the railroad and steamship lines, by which competition in the transportation of flour by water is eliminated, deprives complainants of their natural advantage and benefit of water transportation.

A 20c. RATE TO NEW YORK.

A rate of 20c. per 100 lbs. is a fair, just and compensatory one for the transportation of flour from Minneapolis to New York, by the lake-and-rail routes established by the defendants. Any charge in excess of that rate is unjust, unreasonable and excessive in itself, and by comparison with the rates charged for carrying wheat from Duluth to Lake Erie ports, plus the rates charged for carrying the flour made from the wheat after it reaches the lake ports, from the mills to the City of New York.

Any lake-and-rail rate on flour, in excess of 20c. from Minneapolis to New York, with a reasonable differential applied to other Atlantic seaboard points, is unjust and discriminative against the complainants, because of its unjust and unfair relation to the rates for transporting wheat.

FAIR RATES ON WHEAT AND FLOUR.

The business of the complainants and the localities where their mills are operated, can be fairly protected only by the establishment and continuance of relatively fair rates for the transportation of wheat and flour, and by securing to complainants the same natural advantages of water transportation for flour which now obtain as to the transportation of wheat. Any through lake-and-rail rate of flour in excess of 20c. is discriminative against the flour traffic and these complainants.

For many years prior to March 20, 1900, the through lake-and-rail rate on flour was 20c. per 100 lbs.; no sufficient reason for its increase exists.

WHAT COMPLAINANTS ASK.

The complainants, in conclusion, ask the Interstate Commerce Commission to require the defendant lines to answer the charges made in the foregoing; that an order be made requiring them to desist from charging 23c. per 100 lbs. for the through transportation of flour by lake-and-rail, Minneapolis to New York, and from charging any proportional lake-and-rail rate on flour based upon the 23c. rate, Minneapolis to New York; that they be ordered to make effective within a reasonable time, a through lake-and-rail rate on flour from Minneapolis to New York, which shall not exceed 20c. per 100 lbs., with proportionate rates and differentials to other points on the Atlantic seaboard, or such other rates as the Commission shall deem proper.—*Northwestern Miller.*

Faith at most but makes a hero, but love makes a saint; faith can but put us above the world, love brings us under God's throne; faith can but make us sober, but love makes us happy.

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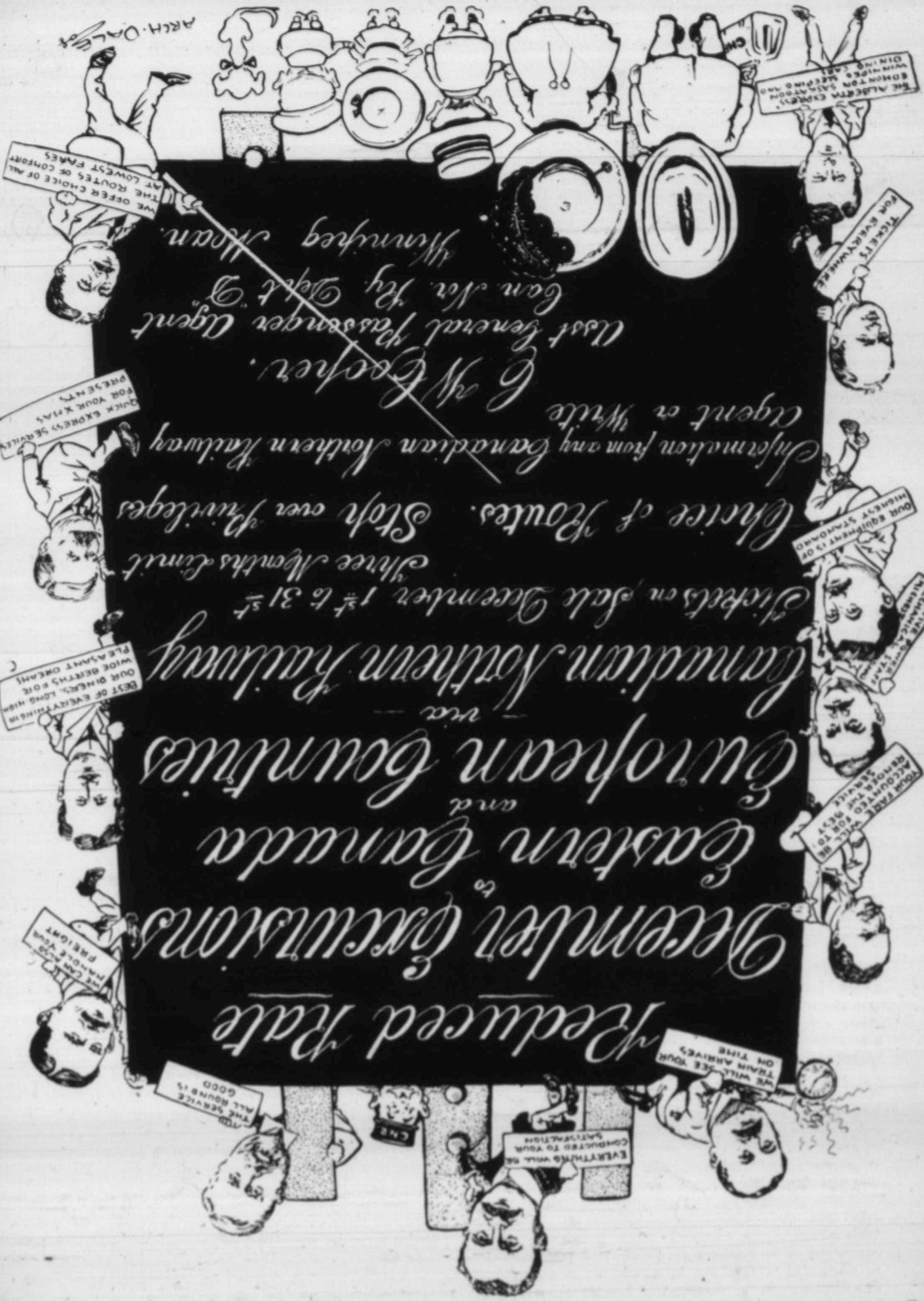
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ARCH. DAVIS

THE SECRETS OF A HAPPY LIFE

(By Newell Dwight Hillis.)

Having toiled long upon its tools, its arts and industries, our age is now engaged in perfecting a new science—the science of being miserable. The founder of this cult was a supremely gifted man, the fortunate possessor of riches and leisure, of great personal beauty and singularly fascinating address. He was also the child of culture and the university, and had a literary style whose rhythmic beauty lent strange glamour to his writings. Never having earned a loaf of bread nor suffered a single crushing misfortune or sorrow, Schopenhauer's luxurious and unstormed life went out in a blaze of popularity. Some years before he died his disciples began to make pilgrimages to his town, and, assembling before his house, his admirers watched their hero go in and out, as though he were a demi-god. When death at last put a stop to the rising incense and honeyed adulation, Schopenhauer's philosophy of life, as the greatest of all misfortunes, and death as the greatest of all blessings, was elevated to the dignity of a cult. Unfortunately, the influence of this scholar, who affirmed that it is "safer to trust our fears than our hopes," did not expire with him. To-day the subtle poison of a diluted pessimism may be easily traced through the pages of such novelists as Hardy, Mrs. Humphry Ward and Tolstoi.

WORLD-WIDE PROBLEM OF HUMAN SUFFERING.

Among those intellects representing genius of the first order we must make room for the philosopher who wrote the drama of Job. The depressed hour that overtook this author had its origin in the world-wide problem of human suffering. Carlyle counted this drama "one of the grandest things ever written with a pen; the first luminous statement in books of the problem of the destiny of man and the way God takes with him on the earth; grand in its simplicity and epic melody, and sublime in its story of reconciliation; a choral melody as old as the heart of man, as soft as the summer midnight, and wonderful as the world, with its seas and stars." This ancient sage and seer began as a pessimist and ended an optimist, for he was one who fought his doubts and gathered strength, so that his optimism is a structure builded out of the fears and doubts that overcome pessimists, but that he conquered and used as substance for building the foundations beneath his feet. Sophocles exiles Oedipus from his palace for his sins. This king, going forth into the darkness and night, his white head wet with the driving rain and the pitiless snow, was the child of remorse. But lest men think that he understates the problem of suffering, the sage in his drama makes the sufferer to be the child of virtue and of spotless integrity. His house is a palace, representing industry and untainted wealth. His banqueting hall and garden resound with the laughter of children made happy through his love. He is surrounded by hosts of admiring friends, who esteem him, not that they may use him, but for his honorable service and character.

JOB'S DAY OF TRIBULATION CAME RELENTLESSLY

At the highest, sunniest hour of his career, suddenly trouble like a black cloud stands upon the horizon of his life. Sheeted storms sweep through his harvest fields and make this garden a desert. Then Bedouins come in from the south and drive off his cattle and camels. He who but a day before had herds numbered by thousands is left without a single lamb. While a fire has blackened his own house, an earthquake topples down his brother's palace, where his children are staying, and Job buries his hopes in one grave. Not even his health is left. When all earthly goods vanish his friends also depart. After seeing that much of the woe known to the human heart has been emptied into this single life, the scholar

asks if bad men are overtaken with the harvest of sin, why should a good man suffer for his virtues? Why is Socrates, faithful to his city, rewarded with a cup of hemlock? Why is Paul, lighting the lamps of liberty for Western cities, rewarded with the rods, stones and the sword? Why are martyrs with their heroism and their noble ministry to civilization doomed to wear coats of flame, when by playing false to their convictions they could have escaped the agony of executioners?

SORROW IS COMMON TO PRINCE AND PEASANT

Why is it that no individual is permitted to escape, but that sorrow is common to princes not less than peasants? If trouble overtakes some poor youth in his first success, it overtakes kings also, for when for a few months Frederick has reigned over Germany, death strikes him down. If the Austrian monarch's reign extends over years, he is overtaken by the suicide of his son and the assassination of the mother of the much-loved youth. Nor is any man so great that he can build a wall against calamities. This is life's problem, and it is black and forbidding.

Patriots and reformers also have their dark hours and have gone from depression unto victory. If the poet Job represents intellect and cold reason, Elijah, the prophet, represents the tumultuous temperament of the reformer. His presence was a flame and his word blazed like a torch. An intrepid radical, he stands forth as one of the noblest Puritans who ever faced a generation given over to tyranny, vice and superstition. If brave John Knox scourged the beautiful Queen with words as rods, Elijah fronted a dissolute King and Jezebel and brought them to judgment with words of flame. This intrepid prophet descended upon his generation like an avalanche in a thunderstorm, for when ending the wickedness of his city he used as instruments the surgeon's knife, the lancet and cauter. When the long years of tireless labor had ended he beheld an idolatry diminished, laws reformed, homes refined, and superstitions lessened.

EVEN WHEN ELIJAH MOANED THERE WAS HOPE.

But reaction followed swiftly after the reformation, and the people swung back toward their old sloth and sins. In that hour of nervous collapse and physical exhaustion depression overtook the prophet. His reforms seemed failures. He beheld his city as a bottomless sink of iniquity, whose depths must be endured, and could not be sweetened. Then his soul revolted from a generation so besotted, and beholding the city as wholly given over to ignorance and sin he turned forever from temple and street and market-place, and in the wilderness asked God to take away his life.

And yet in that depressed hour when Elijah bemoaned the slow progress of society, it fell out that the whole horizon was bright with hope. If the movement for reform had receded it was only to gather strength for a tidal wave. Soon it was found that the patriarch's intrepid spirit had repeated itself in six thousand heroic souls, who even now were planning to take up the reformer's work and redeem the land to faith and integrity. Even while he thought himself alone and longed for death the bugle was calling the upward march of multitudes. Young Elisha came forward, and by winning arts and gentle ways carried on the task that Elijah had begun in fire and storm and tumult. Soon he was followed by John the Baptist, kindling his torch at altars Elijah had builded.

Then as the centuries come and go we see Augustine and Ambrose, Peter the hermit, and Bernard, the eloquent, inspiring the hosts with the hero's name. We see Wyclif, and Cranmer, and Cromwell, and Hampden, and

heroes innumerable following this prophet, who still leads reformers to their certain victory. A thousand times, overtaken by depression, the heroes of reform have remembered Elijah's defeat. Here is Lovejoy, his printing-presses destroyed, his life-blood ebbing away, one moment feeling "It is enough now; take away my life," then mounting up to victory. Here is Charles Sumner lying bleeding and unconscious in the Senate chamber through the club of a brutal assassin, little thinking that his year of depression was to be followed swiftly by a year when he was to gather the rich harvest of his weary years. Here is Livingstone dying in the heart of Africa, depressed because he is never to see the headwaters of the Nile, but whose children behold the dark shores of the continent ablaze with light, while one column of pioneers moves southward from Khartum and another column moves northward from the Cape to meet at Livingstone's grave for the redemption of the Dark Continent. And here is Frances Willard, dying depressed by the apparent defeat of her reform, praying that at least one country, rather than one State, might try her method: if successful to continue it, and if a failure, to prepare the way for some new and better plan on the part of reformers, and who perchance little dreamed that Canada was to fulfil her hope. And here are citizens depressed for their rulers and patriots who feel that the forces of corruption are gaining much, and the forces of civic righteousness little, who know not that the tides of integrity are rising to sweep away those who rob the poor and spoil the people.

SOLOMON IS ONE OF THE SADDEST OF FIGURES

The words "vanity of vanities, all is vanity" represent the depressed hours of the scholar who was at once the wisest and the saddest of men. This young student was also a king, handsome in face, brilliant in intellect, gentle and generous at heart. For years everything he touched turned to gold. The story of his palaces, arts, stables, servants and soldiers make his fame rival that of the Indian king who built the diamond throne in the Palace of Death. Like his father, David, the youth was a poet, his songs numbering one thousand. He was also a scientist, and the botanists and naturalists claim him as their first professor. Broadening his outlook, he became a moralist, and his wise proverbs make us wonder whether they represent one man's wit or many men's wisdom. Living centuries before Sophocles, he taught Shakespeare and Moliere how to develop a theme from act to act. Even in childhood he achieved a reputation for sagacity. When a magician tried to puzzle him by asking him to distinguish between an artificial and a real flower, the boy used a bee to search out the honey sweets and so solved his problem.

PESSIMISTS ARE GENERALLY CONFIRMED EGOTISTS.

And yet this king with his magnificence and unrivaled power, this shrewd judge, this skillful statesman, this scholar with his wide culture, became a pessimist and stands forth one of the saddest figures in all the history of melancholy. But if we analyze his misery we find that he was a pessimist, not because men are disciplined by conflict and trouble, but because he was a confirmed egotist. Had men used printing-presses in those far-off days the first letter to be exhausted in setting up Solomon's copy would have been the capital letter "I." "I" builded me houses, "I" got me soldiers, "I" wrote proverbs, "I" had man-servants, "I" had maid-servants. Through insatiable egotism Solomon lifted up this "I" as a columnar hitching-post, and asked all creation to stand around and admire him. But simplicity is to a great man what sweetness is to a rose. A bloated and overwrought egotism makes happiness impossible.

A NEW ERA OF WISDOM AND JUSTICE.

The outlook upon ancient heroes whose defeat be-

came victory must be completed by the remembrance of the modern prophets whose gloom hath become gladness. If we call the roll of the great teachers of this generation—we discern that not one but has had his hours of depression when his reform has seemed failure, and, weary of strife, he has asked God to take away his life. Carlyle enters into gloom saying, "I shall die leaving no man the better for the living." Spencer, too, in the saddest pieces of writing our generation has seen, affirmed that he had failed to influence his generation, since a philosopher has done little for a man who simply shows him what is right; while Ruskin, like Elijah, bitterly and passionately prays for the end of his career. But in retrospect we now see that in his depressed hour the prophet stood in a golden haze of glory that veiled the future fame and victory. So far from forgetting Turner, England has consecrated the noblest room in her gallery to that man who was the great master of orchestral effects in color. If the sense of failure once choked Ruskin's heart, now we see all economic teachers are writing their philosophy under the influence of his Christian spirit. If Carlyle and Spencer once felt that they looked out upon wild tracts of savagery, ignorance and vice, it is given us to see afar off, like some nebula just swinging into sight, the vision of a new era for man: an era of wisdom and justice and love.

NOTHING GOOD IS EVER LOST.

Knowledge hath taught us that the pyramids can be accounted for by one despot and a thousand slaves. Man can forget where he saw the poison ivy, but not where he found the clustering vine. Men have forgotten how to make thumbscrews and instruments of torture. Once he has made a book, a loom or an engine he can never forget the art. Yea, the very scavenger, emptying a bushel of chaff and one grain of wheat into the streets, will find that mother earth will search out that grain, shelter its root in the soil beneath and its plant in the sun above, and make the chaff and filth to change their form and lend crimson hues to bud and fruit. Therefore, open thy hand, oh publicist, knowing that thy handful of to-day will have increased to-morrow and will seed the world with harvests. Open up thy spring in the desert, for though an enemy stop up the fountain with stones, he cannot stay the spring bubbling from the heart of God's earth. Plant vine and tree for weary man's shade and shelter, for the enemy, sharpening his knife to destroy, shall be made a servant to cut away the dead branches from the tree that shall heal the nations. For this is God's world. It is keyed to happiness, not to misery. Vices are waning, and virtues are waxing.

SIX WORDS

Six little words lay claim to me each passing day:

I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.

I Ought,—that is the law God on my heart has written,

The mark for which my soul is with strong yearning smitten.

I Must,—that is the bound set either side the way, By nature and the world, so that I shall not stray.

I Can,—that measures out the power intrusted me Of action, knowledge, art, skill, and dexterity.

I Will,—no higher crown on human head can rest; 'Tis freedom's signet-seal upon the soul impressed.

I Dare is the device which on the seal you read, By freedom's open door a bolt for time of need.

I May among them all hovers uncertainly;

The moment must at last decide what it shall be.

I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may:

The six lay claim to me each hour of every day.

Teach me, O God! and then, then shall I know each day

That which I ought to do I must, can, will dare, may.

—Wisdom of the Brahman.

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THE WIFE—AND HER MONEY

A question all too frequently asked in letters which come to this office is: "To what extent can a woman, who is a wife and a mother, engage in outside work and earn a little extra money without detriment to the interests of her home?" Wherever these cases have been investigated one of two conditions has been disclosed: either the husband's income was not sufficient to support the family and the wife was anxious to add to it, or the wife wanted to earn a "little extra money" so that she should not have, as several expressed it, "to ask my husband for every little thing I want for myself or our children." And in seven cases out of ten it is the latter condition which exists rather than the former.

The average woman who is a wife and mother, with a home to take care of, cannot engage in profitable work outside of her home without detriment to her domestic interests. If she attempts it either the machinery of the home itself, the wisest training of her child or children, or her own mental growth or physical strength will suffer. There are exceptions, but superlatively clever women are rare—about as rare as superlatively clever men. A woman who successfully conducts a home has her hands not only full, but filled to overflowing. Generally, she has not time enough. This being so, the wife's share of the husband's income should be made as generous as possible so that she can carry on her household work to the best interests of all concerned. And just here is where the rub comes in. The average wife is not given the tools wherewith to work to the best advantage. And this is simply because the average husband refuses to believe that to successfully conduct her household a woman requires just as good and just as many tools as it is necessary for him to have in the conduct of his business.

It is a very pretty thing to say that love and marriage should be above all cold and sordid thoughts. That's all very well so far as theory goes. But marriage, like any other condition in this world, must have a money basis. We must eat to live, and to provide the eating the provider must have the wherewithal, and that means money. I do not say that husbands refuse to recognize this, but in too many cases they recognize it in too gingerly a manner. In brief, the average husband is not frank enough with his wife about money matters, unless his finances become pinched. Then he is. But with finances easy, the wife's ignorance of her husband's income is oftentimes pathetic. She is made a dependent upon his bounty, whereas she has exactly the same right to what he earns as he has. Instead of making the income a mutual affair, as it should be, it is too often a mutual affair with a few decided advantages in favor of the husband. That is, he allows the expenses of his business to increase: he feels it necessary that his own appearance and requirements should keep pace with his advancing position in the world. He also expects his home to keep step with this advance, and he is perfectly honest when he tells his wife to be more generous with the table, with the children and with her wardrobe. And he increases his "allowance" for household expenses. But his allowance is almost always a goodly percentage less than his generous words would seem to imply. In other words, his speech is golden, but his acts are silver. Then it is that the wife begins to think she would like "to do something" so that she need not go to her husband for everything she needs for herself and the children.

I do not, by any means, accuse the Canadian husband of "nearness" in money matters, nor of an intentional desire to withhold what is his wife's due. That is not the case. No more generous being exists than the average Canadian husband. But he does not seem to be able

to get it through his well-meaning but halting mind that nothing on God's earth humiliates a wife more than to be compelled to ask her husband for money. She instinctively hesitates to do it, and oftentimes she goes without rather than ask. Women feel strongly on this point, and rightly so. Men have exactly the same feeling when, as subordinates, they feel compelled to ask their employers for an increase in salary. Both are humiliating, and both should be unnecessary. Next to loving consideration, there is nothing that appeals so strongly to a wife as for a husband to correctly appreciate and justly understand this part of her nature.

To do the best work in this world we must have the best tools. And this is equally as true of the wife in her home as it is of the husband in his office. An absolutely frank understanding of the family income is necessary. And then there should be as generous a division of that income as possible. Every wife should be given all that it is possible for the husband to allow for household expenses, and it should not be doled out to her in dribblets nor given to her as a favor: but as her right, and without question. Over such a share she should have independent sway to do with as she sees fit for the wisest interests of her home and children. That is one rightful step. But there is still another. Every man has his personal expenses. So has every woman. We fathers recognize this in the case of our sons and daughters when we give them a certain stipulated allowance. Then, pray, why, in the name of all that is consistent, is it that we entirely overlook it in the case of the mothers of our children? It is all too frequently true that the wife's personal needs are made such a close part of the domestic needs that where such personal needs are met there comes the feeling that the money is taken from the domestic purse. And with that ever-present readiness to sacrifice herself for her children, her husband or her home, many a wife does without some little personal belonging simply because she has no little "nest-egg" of her own. She has not, in other words, what every wife should have: an allowance of her own entirely apart from the family share of the income.

I have no hesitation in saying that if the truth were known it is just this humiliating dependence upon a man for every little trifle that a woman needs that is making thousands of women restless and anxious for outside careers. This is the only fair excuse I have ever been able to see for the hysterical rantings of the modern advanced woman. In that particular she is right, and is absolutely justified in filing a protest. A wife is too great and important a factor in the life of her husband to be made a financial dependent. She is, from whatever standpoint he may view it, the pivot upon which his personal happiness, his mental and physical growth and his success in the world turn. For such a factor in his business a man is willing to pay handsomely. And I am not placing a wife on a comparative commercial basis in using this comparison. It is all very well to go into spasms of indignation when one speaks of marriage as "a business partnership." It should be more than that: something higher and nobler. The less we think of money in connection with marriage, the more happy married people there will be. But marriage never suffers from having a common-sense, practical foundation—a business basis, let us say, for lack of a more comprehensive phrase. It is true we can make the basis simpler by making our lives simpler. But the basis must be there just the same, and just in proportion as we make that basis just and fair will the house of happiness which we build upon it be the stronger and more enduring.

It is not enough for a man to say, "I give my wife

everything she asks for, so far as my means will allow." She should not have to ask for it. It should be hers without the asking. How would some of our men like it if every time they wanted some little thing they had to ask their wives for it, or for the money with which to purchase it? Yet many a wife is placed, unconsciously I am willing to believe, in precisely that position by her husband. Wives, as a rule, get what they want: no one will deny that. But they have to ask for it, whereas they are just as much entitled to their feminine furbelows as men are to their cigars. And they should be able to purchase these things with equal freedom. A man does not make his wife less of a wife by making her financially independent of him.

THE TIMES AND THE YOUNG MAN

Whenever a rich man dies, a man who has risen from obscure poverty to great wealth, it is a common thing for young men to say: "Oh, yes, he started when there were lots of chances. But a man can't do that sort of thing now." In 1840 the discontented said that the halcyon days were in 1812, when a man could get a fat contract in the war. In 1870 the rich man had had the chance of the gold fever of 1849. In 1900 we say that it was easy enough for a man to get a start during the war of 1865. And so it goes. In 1930 it will no doubt be said: "Oh, yes, a man had a chance in 1900 when all the prosperity, and Canada was just developing her new territories." Yet thousands of young men to-day are saying that "there are no chances for a poor young man." They say this so glibly; they argue so plausibly about the crushing influence of trusts and the combination of capital, that many others have written to this magazine asking: "Is this true? Has my boy no chance because he is poor?"

When a young man sits down and belittles the times in which he lives, and wails about "the good old times when men had a chance," it is a pretty good indication not that the times are wrong, but that the young man is either incompetent or indolent. The fact that a young man is poor is not a hindrance, and never was. On the contrary, poverty is the finest inheritance a young man can have. No combination can be better than poverty and good health to a young man who wants to carve his way in the world. The young man to be pitied is he of means who knows no stimulus to the best endeavor. But the young fellow who inherits poverty is to be congratulated. He has what all men who have risen in the world had to push them on: to make them mighty. The finest process of character-building through which a man can pass is that of poverty. It is a priceless stimulus. Such conditions as hard work and an education obtained with difficulty breed men, and men so bred have the best training to conquer obstacles. A young man does not start with nothing when he has good health, and believes in frugality and honesty. He has everything that has made thousands of men useful, honored and happy.

There is no condition of mind so fatal to a young man as that which puts him out of sorts with the times in which he lives. The most useless men in the world to-day are the unsuccessful loafers who regard the riches of others as an insult to themselves. The young fellow who has anything in him never stops to regard other people except as he can learn from them. He has no time to abuse the methods of others. That is a practice he leaves to the loungers who kick their heels at station platforms, or rural groceries, or corner groggeries. It is the chief greatness of America that a young man can make of himself what he chooses. No man, business house nor corporation keeps a young man down because he is poor. The demand for brains today is too great. A young man of capacity, industry and integrity has a field for individual effort such as never before existed in this country. And success is neither harder nor easier

than it ever was. Success never yet came to the laggard, and it never will. Let a young man be capable; have enterprise, be willing to work, and carry himself like a man, and he goes where he will. His success depends upon himself. No times, no conditions, no combinations of capital can stop a young man who has a determination to honorably succeed, and who is willing to work according to the very utmost of his capacity and sinews of strength.

The real trouble is that the average young man won't work. He has gotten the insane notion into his head that success comes by luck; that men are made by opportunities which either come to them or are thrust upon them. And he waits for luck or a chance to come along and find him. Or he dissipates his energies in profitless channels. Instead of using every moment of his time he wastes hours in sensual pleasures for which a young fellow with the right stuff in him has no time. Instead of defying or dismissing temptation he courts it, winks at it, plays with it. Instead of placing dress and amusements in their proper relative position he takes them out of their places and lets them hold a wrong value in his life. Instead of using his time in learning from other men he wastes his breath in idle lamentations. Instead of taking a sane view of conditions, and seeing with a clear mind that as trade widens, opportunities increase, he takes the mistaken view that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer. These are the conditions of mind and life which are keeping thousands of young men down, and will keep them down.

The times are all right. It is the young man who finds fault with them who is not.

THREE STORIES OF EDISON

Thomas A. Edison, like other great scientists, is a believer in a Divine Governing Power, although popular notion has largely credited him with disbelief in such things.

In a conversation with one of his intimates he said recently: "Too many people have a microscopic idea of the Creator. If they would only study His wonderful works as shown in the natural laws of the universe and in Nature herself (seen on every hand if people would but look for them), they would have a much broader idea of the Great Engineer and of His divine power. Indeed, I can almost prove His existence by chemistry."

WHEN EDISON RECEIVED HIS FIRST CHECK.

When gold was sold as merchandise in Wall Street, New York, during the Civil War and immediately following it, the transmission of quotations to the offices of bankers and brokers was an important part of the business of the telegraph companies, and attempts had been made to send out these quotations by means of instruments. Edison's first practical work displaying his inventive genius was shown in his construction, soon after his arrival in New York, of a "ticker" which was the pioneer of the present stock indicator. When the model machine was completed Mr. Edison offered to sell it to a syndicate of Wall Street men, and had nerved himself to ask five thousand dollars for the right to use it. When, however, he was asked what he would take for the instrument his courage failed him and he said, instead, "What will you offer?" After consultation he was asked if he would accept forty thousand dollars, and the amazed inventor stammered that that sum "would do."

While the necessary contracts were being drawn Mr. Edison became suspicious that something must be wrong, so that when the check was put in his hands he determined to cash it at once. Upon his reaching the bank the paying teller examined the check closely, and then said something to Mr. Edison which, owing to his deafness, he did not hear. The teller repeated his remark, and, as Mr. Edison still did not understand him, handed

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back his check. Mr. Edison was at last convinced that he had made a bad bargain, the Wall Street men having signed his contract and he only a worthless piece of paper. He says now that if any one had offered him a small sum of money for the check he would promptly have sold it.

On his returning to the office of the syndicate it was explained to him that the teller had probably been insisting that he must be identified, and a clerk from the office was sent with him for that purpose. After he had been identified the paying teller asked him how much of the amount he wished in cash. Mr. Edison says that, as the money had been refused him once, he did not propose to take any further chances, so he replied, "I want it all." The teller then handed him a large number of packages of bills, and Mr. Edison filled first the inside pockets of his coat, then those on the outside, next the inside pockets of his overcoat, and then the outside pockets of the overcoat. Lastly, he wrapped the remaining parcels in a newspaper and carried the lot home.

This was his first real start as a successful inventor.

HOW EDISON TESTED VIBRATION ON A HAT.

Mr. Edison has always believed in harnessing and utilizing the power of vibration. Not long ago a newspaper man stopped Edison on Broadway and told him he had just been to interview the late Mr. Keely, of Keely motor fame, and when the newspaper man told Edison that Keely's fundamental idea was really to utilize vibration, the inventor was all attention at once.

"There is something in that," he said. "Why, I have a tuning-fork out at Menlo Park with which I could tear down the whole shop. There is something in it." Then taking from his head his well-worn silk hat and standing bareheaded, he said: "Put your hand on the top of this hat and feel the pulse of the traffic of the town—that is vibration." And sure enough, the top of the hat beat and throbbed just as the pulse of a human being. "All of that wasted power," he added, "ought in some way to be utilized, and some day it will, I think."

SELF CONSCIOUSNESS AS A SUCCESS KILLER

No man ever does anything great or lasting in this world while he thinks of himself or is self-preoccupied. Self-consciousness has ruined many an otherwise great orator, it has spoiled many a book, many an essay. It is a quality which people do not easily forgive, for it is closely allied to selfishness, which is universally disliked.

This enemy of success is a very difficult one to kill or eradicate. It drags its unbidden self into the most delicate situation, and refuses to leave when commanded. It is a great detractor of character, and is often very misleading. A victim of self-consciousness is often blamed for this quality, even when he has been trying to get rid of it all his life.

It robs a young orator of naturalness, of ease, of poise, of equilibrium, until he is either forced to retire in confusion, or to give up in defeat; it is fatal to originality, spoils individuality, and dwarfs one's powers of influence. Whichever way the victim turns, this self confronts him. When combined, as it often is, with shyness, —a perpetual disposition to keep out of sight,—it requires a great force of will power and aggressiveness and decision to overcome the tendency to shrink.

THEFT

Every piece of work which is not as good as you can make it, which you have palmed off imperfect, meagrely thought, niggardly in execution, upon mankind, who is your pay-master on parole, and in a sense your pupil, every hasty or slovenly or untrue performance, should rise up against you in the court of your own heart and condemn you for a thief.—R. L. Stevenson.

Life is short, and it is wearing fast away. We lose a great deal of time, and we want short roads to heaven, though the right road is in truth far shorter than we believe.—Faber.

SERVICE OF THE STRONG FOR THE WEAK

Every age has its special problems and duties, and the special duty of our time is that involved in the service of the strong for the weak. Those are noble words of St. Paul, "We, then, that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." The common tendency on the part of strength is to take the advantage of weakness and to exploit it for its own purposes. If, however, under the inspiration of love the strong were to set themselves for the help and succour of the weak the conditions of human society and of human life might be utterly transformed. If the capable and the cultured felt themselves to be responsible for the weak in intelligence; if those who have attained refinement were drawn in tender ministry toward those who are vulgar and rude; if those who are delivered from the bondage of superstition cherished a due regard toward those who are still entangled in its snare; if the lords and masters of commerce, after retaining a fair percentage of the profits of labour, would consent to share the residue with the toilers in their various industries; if the privileged classes now standing apart from the unprivileged "like rocks that have been rent asunder" with a hungry gulf of selfishness between would set themselves to the task of bridging the task by brotherly sympathy and kindly service—how much of human isolation and misery would be healed!

CHRISTIAN OBLIGATION.

The obligation for such service should weigh heavily on the Christian conscience, and the due recognition of the Apostolic precept in this realm alone would do much to ameliorate the condition of the toiler. Though the Kingdom of Christ is not the kingdom of this world, it is still true that godliness is profitable for the life which now is as well as for that which is to come. The Christian, generally considered, commands success. He possesses a wonderful power of social elevation. You cannot keep him down. You cannot keep him poor. He is master of social forces. You never find him in the slums. The haunts of poverty and destitution are not colonies of Christians. Christians carry their sobriety and virtue into the ordinary concerns of life. They solve for themselves the social problem. They have the clear head, and the steady nerve, and the power of endurance, and the economy of living, which carries them ahead of competitors who are hindered by hereditary fetters, loose and careless living, and extravagant expenditure. It is somewhat remarkable that the social reformer has not enquired more deeply into the secret of this social buoyancy.

A vast amount of the wealth of the world has been committed to Christian hands. The wealth-producing force of the Christian merchant is as inevitable and resistless as growth or gravitation, and it is in this realm that a wholesome check to the selfishness of commerce should be given. Regarding his financial success as prosperity from the Lord, and holding his possessions as a stewardship for divinest uses, the Christian merchant should alleviate in every way possible the lot of the toiler, and should blush to exploit his labour merely for his own selfish advantage. He should see to it that the home of those in his employment is one in which a family can be reared in decency and in comfort, and some portion of his success as a merchant should go to benefit the worker on whose labour he has been dependent for that success.

In some Quaker communities we mark with satisfaction an approximation to this ideal, but, where the

Christian conscience is involved, it should be far more general and ameliorative. The industrial world is the supreme opportunity for modern Christian philanthropy and service. The spirit of Christ calls the genius and enterprise of our age to the brother-loving task of the conversion of manufacture and commerce into the ministers of divine righteousness. We can readily understand how a Christian man of great business capacity may regard his ability to conduct a successful business as the best means by which he can serve God and society, and he who builds up a great mercantile establishment upon the basis of the Golden Rule does a greater thing than to found orphanages, or build hospitals and churches. His work and service permeate more healthily the common life of man. He ministers to the human labour which serves the world, and to the human independence and self-respect without which labour is only a form of slavery. Money and the ability to acquire property are a public trust, and he who treats them as anything less, not only does a public wrong, but flouts the direct teaching of Jesus Christ. There is nothing under the stars which is not amenable to the authority of Christ.

A MAN OF BUSINESS

has no more right to make personal profit the supreme purpose of his achievement than our Lord had to work miracles for personal profit. He "pleased not Himself."

He might have built a palace at a word,
Who sometimes had not where to lay His head;
Time was, and He who nourished crowds with bread
Would not one meal unto Himself afford;
Twelve legions girded with angelic sword
Were at His beck, the scorned and buffeted;
He healed another's scratch, His own side bled,
Side, feet, and hands, with cruel piercings gored.
Oh, wonderful the wonders left undone!
And scarce less wonderful than those He wrought;
Oh, self-restraint, passing all human thought,
To have all power, and be as having none.

That is a ghastly mockery of Christianity under which so-called Christian merchants build up colossal fortunes on the bodies of their fellow-men. They may found public institutions, or build churches, or enrich missionary funds with money so obtained, but nothing can really sanctify it. The trail of the serpent is over it all.

The noble mind finds unspeakable joy in the conviction that the spirit of love is a rising tide in human life. "The sense of equality," says Mr. A. C. Benson, "the recognition of the rights of the weak, compassion, brotherliness, benevolence, are living ideas, throbbing with fruitful energy. . . . Nothing in the world could be so indicative of the rise in the moral and emotional temperature of the world as the fact that men are increasingly disposed to sacrifice their own ambitions and their own comfort for the sake of others, and are willing to suffer, if the happiness of the race may be increased."

O who would not a champion be,
In this the lordlier chivalry?

We sometimes hear it said that the men of our time have no incentive to heroic action—that there is no motive sufficient to inspire men with the heroisms which have glorified the past of human history. But doors of service and of sacrifice are still open in the effort for the social redemption of the world, entering which common men may be transformed into heroes. The majestic base on which are erected the noblest characters is that spiritual poise which arises from the inner controlling conviction that Love is the finest fruit of life issuing in fruitful service for

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE RACE.

It is the essence of all nobleness whatever. In it, with the senses stilled, the mind exalted, and the sym-

pathies quickened and broadened, we feel within us the pulsation of the heart of God.

"He that is greatest among you let him be your servant." Thus He spake who came from highest heaven to serve the world, and whose life was one embodiment of this great truth. The great life is the Christ-life. The greatest name in the world to-day is that of Him who healed the sick, sought the despairing, saved the lost, rescued the guilty and the fallen. Every life that has been really great, happy, and fruitful, has been that of a servant. The noblest have won honor for themselves by service for others. Love—as Drummond taught, and Christ and St. Paul before him—is the greatest thing in the world. Abraham Lincoln refers to Judge Douglas, who said, "I care not whether slavery in the land be voted up or down. It makes not a particle of difference to me." "I am sorry to perceive," said Lincoln, "that my friend James Douglas is so constituted that he does not feel the lash the least bit when it falls on another man's back." Lincoln followed the course which made him a royal-hearted brother of the race. And this way all the truly great have travelled, near whose sweet humanity we love to be.

Christ calls men, not for their own sakes, but for man's sake as well. The saved are to be saviours. The illumined are to be light-givers. The emancipated are to be delivers from thrall and bondage. This service resulted in making common men mighty men. Poor, despised men founded the greatest of human societies. They ennobled men in life and through death their influence has passed into the life of humanity and enriched it as with the river of God. Their streams of love and service have joined the great current of Christ's redeeming life whose conflowing is healing the nations.

Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our hearty soul:
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God!

UNCLE HY'S OPINION

I like a man that's noble, an' I like a man that's proud,—
The man who has the habit of laughin' good an' loud
When somethin' strikes his fancy, as a sayin' full o' wit,—
I like his happy nature, an' I envy him a bit.
I feel a sort o' kinship with a feller who can work
When luck seems plumb against him, one who's never
learned to shirk
The least of life's hard labor, and my heart goes out to such
But the man who's simply wealthy never interests me
much.
By this I do not mean to say that wealth is a disgrace,
But men whose sole ambition 's bent on winnin' in the
race
For round, "almighty dollars," those who measure men,
'tis plain,
By the bigness of their purses, not the size of heart and
brain,
Seems so cold, and small, and narrow, that I pity them
and' vow
I'd rather, than be like them, be as poor as I am now.
I have a heart abhorrent to the miser's fevered clutch,
And the man who's simply wealthy never interests me
much.
A man, though worth a million, may be talented and
smart,
His soul may not be sordid, and he still can have a
heart;
For such a manly feller I have only words of praise,—
May happiness be with him to the end of all his days!
But wealth an' nothin' with it's a condition, sad to state,
That calls for more of pity than of envy or of hate;
So, with men of heart an' intellect, I like to keep in
touch,
But the man who's simply wealthy never interests me much.

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THE MAKEUP OF A GREAT AND GOOD MAN

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

THE PRESIDENT'S DEVOTION TO HIS MOTHER.

During the lifetime of his mother no twenty-four hours were allowed to pass without some communication passing between her and her son. If he were at his home in Canton, Ohio, his daily call at Mother McKinley's little cottage was as certain as the dawn of day. Sickness alone prevented it, and then some message, written or verbal, would take its place. During the entire term of his Governorship of Ohio he sent a letter, no matter how brief, to his mother every day. Sometimes, when under some tremendous pressure of work, the daily message would take the form of a telegram, but this resort he avoided as much as possible. At one time, during a serious disturbance in Ohio, when the troops had been called out to prevent an anticipated lynching, Governor McKinley for a period of ten days scarcely slept. Yet every night, the very last thing before he allowed himself to snatch the briefest rest, he wrote a little note to his mother, knowing her great anxiety. When, after the inauguration of her son as President, Mother McKinley returned to Canton, the daily letters were resumed. Every day there came to the Canton post-office the little White House envelope bearing some tender message from her "William at Washington" to his mother. "William at Washington" was always the way that she referred to her President-son.

HIS TENDER SOLICITUDE FOR HIS WIFE.

The President's tender solicitude for his wife was not less than was his beautiful devotion to his mother. The husband knows how his invalid wife suffers at times, and his watchful eye scarcely ever leaves her. Whenever it is at all possible for her to accompany him on some journey he made it a personal matter that she should go. At all dinners, even the most formal State affairs, the regulation etiquette was set aside, and Mrs. McKinley always sat, not opposite to him at the other end or side of the table, as official custom demands, but at the President's side, so that he might be close to her. This rule was never departed from, and the deviation from the usual custom was accepted by everybody. When Mrs. McKinley was upstairs in the White House, and not feeling very well, it was not unusual for the President to excuse himself from some conference, or to callers, and run quickly upstairs to spend a moment with his wife. He has been known to do this as often as a dozen times a day. His tender care of her when traveling won for him the deepest reverence and admiration of all who happened to be near the devoted husband and wife. When affairs of State were urgent the President invariably shielded his wife from the unfavorable side, always presenting to her the most cheerful and brightest view of any question at issue. Again and again during his tenancy of the White House has the President himself, in addition to all his other duties, directed, so far as he could, the domestic machinery of the Executive Mansion in order to save his wife from the worry of household cares. No two people could be closer in understanding and in more perfect sympathy than were President McKinley and his wife. In every portrait she had taken she invariably insisted that the President should be included, or that a portrait of him should hang on the wall behind her or stand on a table at her side.

THE PRESIDENT'S LOVE OF CHILDREN.

The love of children was a passion with President McKinley. One of the President's public receptions brought an unusual crowd of visitors. It was at the time when the President was over-burdened with the duties of his office; when long hours of the day were spent listening

to the clamor of office-seekers, and the nights in preparing his messages to Congress, and when he was obliged even to abandon his daily walk.

The afternoon was sultry and the East Room was close. The visitors were dusty and aggressive. In large numbers came importunate office-seekers, who would grasp the hand of the President with absolute violence, trying to catch a minute in which to state their personal claims and grievances. He was tired, and his face showed it. It was paler than usual, and the smile came with something of an effort. He looked wearily down the line to which there seemed no end. Near the door was standing a woman holding a small child in her arms. She was crushed in the crowd of men, and the child was heavy, but she moved on slowly toward the President, quieting the little creature with interesting baby-talk about shining chandeliers and gilt mirrors and tall palms. She told after she went home how tired the President seemed, and how his look changed when he saw her child; how he grasped the mother's hand first and then took both of the baby's hands in his, keeping the line waiting while he asked its name and praised its beauty. And then, as he said good-by, he took the ever-present pink carnation from the buttonhole of his coat and put it into the small hands, and went on with the reception as though the incident had refreshed and stimulated him.

THE HAPPIEST MAN IN THE COUNTRY.

Many people wonder how the President got through the amount of work required of him daily, and how he stood the strain. Perhaps as close a view of him in his official life as can be presented is found in this estimate given by one of his closest friends, Senator Edward Wolcott, of Colorado:

"The President is, without exception, the kindest-hearted man that I have ever met. He is so good and kind in his nature that he is growing younger every day. His only worry is that when night comes he thinks of the activities of the busy day, and wonders if he has not failed to see some one who wanted to see him or failed to do something which some one wanted him to do. Instead of growing old in the White House, the wrinkles are coming out of his face. He is the happiest man in the country. He is full of joy because the fates have placed in his hands the power to do so much good, and to show so much kindness and generosity. You can see it in his face and feel it in the touch of his hands. There is no man in this country for whom the sun shines brighter than for William McKinley. The work and worry that killed other Presidents only warm his heart and gladden his life. Whenever I see the President I think there is a lesson in his life for us all: that we should soften our natures and strive to find pleasure in doing good rather than in self-seeking."

PUTS HIS DUTY TO COUNTRY ABOVE SELF.

After the destruction of the United States battleship Maine, in Havana harbor, almost every prominent leader in the Republican party, almost every Republican member of Congress, almost every newspaper was crowding President McKinley to take radical action upon the Cuban question. His message proposing armed intervention was written, submitted to the Cabinet and approved. It was all ready to send to an impatient Congress, which had given notice through its committees that unless the President did something before a certain date the independence of Cuba would be recognized and war declared. While the Cabinet was in session Assistant Secretary Day entered with a cablegram from Consul-General Lee advising the Department of State that it would be impos-

sible for all the United States Consuls to leave Cuba within less than ten days, and asking that Congressional action be deferred. He intimated that if radical measures were taken the Consuls in Cuba might be assassinated or the Consulates mobbed. When the President read that dispatch he turned to his Cabinet and said calmly:

"Well, we must hold up this message until all our people are out of Cuba."

"Impossible!" exclaimed two or three of his advisers in unison. "Congress will not permit twenty-four hours' delay. It will be impossible to restrain them. If you withhold that message any longer, Mr. President, you will be politically ruined," said one of them.

The President looked down at the table for a moment thoughtfully, then, raising his eyes with a determined expression, remarked:

"The important question is not how a postponement will affect me, but how it will affect those Consuls in Cuba. We have already lost enough lives. I shall hold the message."

THE MAN IN HIS HOME

The seclusion of a home gives to a man a certain freedom and attendant privileges which no other place in the world affords, and it is right that it should. But it is not right that this freedom and these privileges should be abused to the disadvantage of the wife. Too many men seem to have the idea that they can drop into constant disconsolate and churlish moods at home and with their wives, which in any other place, and by any other person, would not be tolerated. There is a fine line of discrimination here which is all too often overlooked. Too many men have an ever-ready smile and a cheery greeting for the friends of their wives, which belong, and should go, to the wives themselves, but are too often withheld from them. The politeness of the parlor is with too many men more frequent than the courtesy shown in the family room. It is when a man is within the walls of his home that he is himself: when his real self shows for what it is: when he is not playing a part: when he is the husband, the father, the son, the brother. Then it is that he should be at his best. When a man gives the best that is within him to those closest to him, his home will be the ideal place that he wishes it to be. But not before he does this, nor while he is otherwise than at his best.

No man has a right to expect from his wife what he on his part, does not give her. If he wants her sympathy, he must give her his consideration. And, if there is one element lacking in our home life of to-day more than any other, and lacking mostly in the husband toward the wife, the father toward his children, the son toward his mother, the brother toward his sister, it is consideration—a mindfulness of little things. It is not meeting the question to say that a man's life is too busy to think of little things: that his horizon is too broad. Those are the whinings of the beggar. If a man lacks the element of consideration he should cultivate it, and cultivate it not for the benefit of his friends but for those in and of his home. Consideration should begin at home: not in the homes of friends, as it so often does—and ends there, too. The atmosphere which a man creates in his home by example becomes the rule by which his children live. The husband and father strikes the keynote for right or wrong living.

It is not enough for a man to provide his wife with the necessities of life, or the luxuries either. He would do as much as that for his housekeeper. A wife, a mother, or a sister deserves more than this, and far more. If we expect women to be all that we want them to be, we, as men, must do our part to help them. We can add nothing to their fineness, but we can add to their courage, their hope, their feeling that what they are doing for us is

appreciated. What thousands of wives and mothers in our homes need to-day is a little more appreciation: a finer consideration, a more just estimate of their work in the home. This is for man to do. The strength of our women is allowed to fail too often where a little attention on the part of the husband might relieve it. Hope only dies in the heart of a woman where a husband's love, a husband's consideration, fails to keep it alive. I am not asking the husband to be the lover so much as I am asking him to be the husband in all that that word implies. A husband can be to his wife what a lover can never be to his sweetheart. The one is a natural relation: the other, in many respects, an unnatural one. There are men who need to be reminded what it means to be a husband. If being a husband more often meant to a man what being a wife means to a woman, there would be far less silent suffering in this world. We are all very fond of adjuring woman to maintain her highest standard in these days. We say that as woman is, so will the world be. I am far from saying that this is not true. It must be true because we say it so often. But in all this admonition of women, has man no part? Has he nothing to do? We expect more from women in the arts of housewifery and motherhood than ever before. But, likewise, have wives a right to expect more from their husbands than ever before—more, I mean, in those subtle little acts of love and consideration which bring new hope to the most tired wife, which make light the heaviest burdens which she carries for her husband, and which make the sorest trials moments of satisfying pleasure.

THE POWER OF CONCENTRATION

What is concentration? "Carlyle deafened the world to ensure silence," declares Professor Wilkinson. Many people are so determined to concentrate that they render concentration impossible. They sit bolt upright, stiff and rigid, clutch the arms of their chairs, shut their lips tightly, and command their minds to become fixed on some point, phrase, or word—thus putting the thing they demand out of the question. It requires all their attention to preserve this fixed and rigid attitude. Now concentration is not a mental clutching of something, a spasmodic projection of the mind towards something, or an anxious demand for something. The greatest mental as well as physical power—for there is a great deal of mental noise—is silent, and has the appearance of negation. The thunder roars and hurtles, but does no execution; the lightning, with never a sound, withers and destroys, or, under control, propels our railroad trains and street cars, bearing forward tons of weight. The mountain brook tumbles and froths and bubbles, and may be heard a long distance away; the Mississippi, with sufficient volume to float thousands of people and tons of merchandise, is serene and utterly silent in its flow. A flock of wild geese will make more noise than the emptying of the St. Lawrence into the Gulf. Concentration, which is conceded by all to be one of the greatest forces of the world, is as noiseless as the lightning, as calm as the flow of the Mississippi. It is like a ray of the sun which goes swiftly, silently, unspasmodically to the heart of the thing whereunto it is sent, and closes around and grapples it as the sun closes around and grapples the moisture which it lifts from lake to cloud. It is gathering all one's mental force to a single point for the single purpose of sending it fully freighted, to the heart of the matter with which one is concerned.—Lida A. Churchill (The Magic Seven).

What a glorious world this would be, if all its inhabitants could say with Shakespeare's shepherd: "Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn what I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; content with my flock."

GENERAL LEE'S ADVICE TO HIS CHILDREN

Study hard, gain knowledge, and learn your duty to God and your neighbor; that is the great object of life.

In your youth you must be careful to discipline your thoughts, words and actions. Habituate yourself to useful employment, regular improvement, and to the benefit of all those around you.

As to reading and music—all accomplishments will enable you to give pleasure, and thus exert a wholesome influence. Never neglect the means of making yourself useful in the world.

If you want to be missed by your friends—be useful.

You know my objection to incurring debt. I cannot overcome it.

You must patch up your house, and get a sweet wife. You will be more comfortable, and not so lonesome. Let her bring a cow and a churn. That will be all you will want.

Experience will teach you that, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, you will never receive such a love as is felt for you by your father and mother. That lives through absence, difficulties and time. Your own feelings will teach you how it should be returned and appreciated.

I hope you will also find time to read and improve your mind. Read history, works of truth, not novels and romances. Get correct views of life and learn to see the world in its true light. It will enable you to live pleasantly, to do good, and when summoned away to leave without regret.

Do not go out to many parties; preserve your simple tastes and manners, and you will enjoy more pleasure. Plainness and simplicity of dress, early hours and rational amusements, I wish you to practice.

You must bear in mind that it will not be becoming in a Virginia girl now to be fine or fashionable, and that gentility as well as self-respect require moderation in dress and gayety.

A farmer's life is one of labor, but it is also one of pleasure, and the consciousness of steady improvement, though it may be slow, is very encouraging.

If you can do nothing more than prepare a site, lay out a garden, orchard, etc., and get a small house partly finished, so as to inhabit it, it will add to your comfort and health. Then, too, you must get a nice wife. I do not like your being so lonely. I fear you will fall in love with celibacy.

We must never yield to difficulties, but strive the harder to overcome them.

I am clear for your marrying, if you select a good wife, otherwise you had better remain as you are for a time. An imprudent or uncongenial woman is worse than the minks.

A failure in crops will occur occasionally to every farmer, even the best, with favorable surroundings. It serves a good purpose, inculcates prudence and economy, and excites energy and perseverance. These qualities will overcome everything.

You are very young still, and if you are virtuous and laborious you will accomplish all the good you propose to yourself.

I hope that you are becoming more and more interested in making those around you happy. That is the true way to secure your own happiness.

A farmer's motto should be "toil and trust."

People have got to work. It is creditable to them to do so; their bodies and their minds are benefited by it, and those who can and will work will be advanced by it.

QUEBEC

(Contributed to "The Guide" by D. MacVicar,
Portage la Prairie.)

Upon thy storied heights have legions struggled,
To win the portals of thy maiden crest,
Ere yet the backwoods lost the sombre glory,
That garlanded their breast.

Each rock and ledge can boast its deathless story,
Where steel met steel and desperate foe met foe,
Amid the thunder of thy blazing bastions,
And the great sea guns below.

And still we hear the sentry's stirring challenge,—
The whisper of the stormers in the night,
As silently they neared thy looming ramparts,
All belted for the fight:—

And then the bugle call that roused the sleepers,—
The pibroch's challenge of heroic might,
When Gaul and Briton sought the same Valhalla,
Scorning both death and flight.

No more the war-whoop echoes in thy gorges,
Or Highland slogan rings from height to height,
As on that night when boarding pike and cutlass,
Backed up the claymore's might.

Sleep on brave hearts! beneath the lion banner,
With Wolf and Montcalm lying by your side,
While the St. Lawrence sounds her mournful dirges,
O'er Levis' doleful tide.

For o'er your dust adown the hoary ages,
Paeans of peace their mighty songs unroll,
While our Dominion—one in heart and action,
Speeds on from goal to goal.

Gate of the West! of lands and seas unnumbered,
That stretch unfettered to the setting sun,
Still o'er us cast a remnant of the glory
That our forefathers won:

Till plain and prairie, range and foothill,
Boast of their freemen to the furthest sea,
All loyal to thy dead whose dreaded slogan,
Was "Death or Victory."

MAKE EVERY CENT COUNT

The man who starts out in the morning with a determination to do something during the day that will amount to something, that will be distinctive, that will have individuality, that will give him satisfaction at night, is a great deal more likely not to waste his day in frivolous, unproductive work than the man who starts out with no plan.

Begin every day, therefore, with a programme, and determine that, let what will come, you will carry it out as closely as possible. Follow this up persistently, day after day, and you will be surprised at the result.

Make up your mind, at the very outset of the day, that you will accomplish something that will amount to something, that you will not allow callers to chip away your time, and that you will not permit the little annoyances of your business to spoil your day's work. Make up your mind that you will be larger than the trifles which cripple and cramp mediocre lives, and that you will rise above petty annoyances and interruptions and carry out your plans in a large and commanding way.

Make every day of your life count for something, make it tell in the grand results, not merely as an added day, but as an added day with something worthy achieved.—O.S.M.

THE GOSPEL OF WORK

JOY TO BE FOUND IN WORK

I held a position once where I reached the office at seven-thirty a.m. after a most exhausting walk, every nerve within me crying out for rest. My first duty was to gather up a large amount of unfiled correspondence, take it into a dingy, dimly lighted cupboard, and stand for from two to three hours before a high cabinet eight sections wide. The correspondence was to be filed under many complicated heads. Every few moments I had to reach up above my head to draw out an oftentimes heavy file, place it upon a table, find the correct compartment, and lay the letter, invoice, draught, bill of lading, etc., in its proper place. To add to my misery, the files were already overcrowded.

Now I am not exaggerating when I say that before two weeks had expired this work became literally a torture, begun under physical exhaustion, proceeded with in hatred of spirit, and ending in hot inward rebellion. So absolutely detestable became this morning outlook that I would lie awake at night, sometimes walking the floor, in dread of it.

At last there came a morning when, ill and hopeless, I deliberately filed many of the papers in the first files I came across, regardless utterly of their rightful places. That night I did not sleep. I sat up and faced the situation. I said to myself: "Nothing but honest work can ever endure, and if I give way once to dishonest practices from that very moment every principle within me will deteriorate."

The more I looked that dreaded duty in the face the more I saw that alone and unaided I could not cope with the work of filing those papers. Then I remembered that back of human endurance is an omnipotent Power, and I determined to stretch out my hands precisely as a little child, and catch hold of those Divine hands, and hold hard! I said: "I cannot do this, but God can and will, and I will just be His instrument." Toward morning I fell asleep and woke with a sense of refreshment.

All the way to the office that morning I gave no thought at all to the work before me, but I noted all the little things I passed, how blue the sky was in the strip I could see of it between the tall city buildings, and once as I stepped gently to one side to let a little girl skip by she looked up into my eyes and smiled happily. Instantly that look became to me a recognition straight from the Father I was trusting.

When I reached the office I was not tired, and without haste or worry I gathered the papers together. As I entered the narrow filing-room the thought occurred to me: "Why, there would be a sort of pleasure in straightening all these crowded files and thinking out some way to simplify this work, and thus making it easier for the next tired worker that may have it to do."

As I filed, quietly and without haste, I was silently working out this thought, and when through with the mass of papers I went to the superintendent and said to him: "Yesterday I got several papers into the wrong compartments, and I think it would be a good idea, if you have no objection, for me to spend half an hour extra each day in the filing-room and begin with the first file and put it into absolute order, going over each paper."

He looked surprised, for no one ever stayed in that filing-room longer than was absolutely required. Then he became interested, went to the cases with me, noted the congestion, ordered some transfer files and a place to put them, and told me I could devote one additional hour there each day.

From that moment my dreaded work became slowly, first an interest, and then almost a pleasure.

As I finished the work of revision I knew my dis-

honest work was rectified and would not prove a pitfall for other stumbling feet. Better than all else, I learned in that dingy cupboard my first lessons in what to do with wearisome hours, for recurrent work faithfully performed becomes sensitized into proper mechanical ability and leaves the brain free to fill with other things, sometimes far freer than if the body were idling. During that first day more than once in the dark filing-room the strip of blue sky looked down upon me, my "lesser brothers" told me their gentle secret, and for many days the little girl's smile shone straight into my heart. Incidentally, though my resolution held no prevision of this, my faithful work was my first stepping-stone with my employer, and the influence of it—though six years ago—is still felt.

HOW HE KEEPS CONTENTED

W. H. Truesdale, president of the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad, was discussing the question of happiness with a friend, not long ago. Various arguments were advanced as to the best way to find contentment. "I was greatly impressed," said Mr. Truesdale, "with a little talk I recently had with the president of one of the largest banking institutions in the country.

"I met this man about six o'clock one night, on an elevated train in New York City, and expressed surprise that he should have been working at his office so late in the day. "This is nothing unusual for me," said the bank president; "I am downtown as late as this every day, and very often I remain until seven o'clock. I have tried a good many ways to find contentment in my life, and have decided that the only thing that brings it is good, hard, steady work, day in and day out."

"These words have stayed with me ever since. There are many people in this country whose one aim in life seems to get money by 'hook or by crook,' without working for it, and there are many others who inherit large fortunes. These persons spend their lives in dawdling in this corner and that corner of the world, trying to spend their time without doing anything in particular, and they fail utterly to find the peace and happiness in which they are in search.

"Young men, and old men too, should learn the truth, that the only real, lasting pleasure in life comes from being actively busy at some work every day: doing something worth while, and doing it as well as you know how. The more we appreciate this fact the more will we be able to make the most of our lives."

CREATIVE ENERGY

Anything which destroys mental vigor also destroys creative energy, without which adequate success is impossible. The man who squanders his vitality, whether it be by physical or mental dissipation, overwork or indolence, loses his originality; and, when he ceases to be original, he ceases to achieve. It may seem a little thing to a youth to sacrifice a portion of his sleep, night after night, for the sake of some form of entertainment, but he buys the indulgence which he calls pleasure at the cost of a certain amount of formative power.

The man who drinks does not realize that he purchases the temporary gratification of his appetite at a price which, if seen objectively, would stagger him. If he could see before he becomes its victim, the devitalizing forces which the drink habit sets in motion; if he could look into his brain and note the growth of the first tiny seeds of decay sown there; if it were possible for him to view through a microscope the corrosive action going on in his veins and arteries, sapping his blood, and steal-

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the elasticity from his muscles; in short, if he could see himself being reduced gradually from a vigorous human being to the physical and mental level of a jellyfish, he would shrink in horror from the sight.

The vacillator, the man who swings back and forth like a pendulum, never taking a firm, independent stand on any question, not even on those which affect him most deeply, by his vacillation depletes his mental force to such an extent that he becomes incapable of acting on his own impulse, and loses irrevocably whatever stock of creative energy he might have had at the outset.

A violent temper, leading, as it does, to frequent outbursts of passion, tends to wear out the nervous system, and in time robs the possessor of the power of initiative.

All our faculties, physical and mental, are welded in one complex machine, so fine and sensitive that discord or friction in any part affects the whole. No matter where or what our weak spot may be, it will be reflected in what we do, in what we write, in what we say, in our very innermost thoughts. It is a part of our being, and, like character, do what we will to conceal it, will "blab."

Every jarring element in the machinery of our bodies, be it poor health, bad temper, prevarication, indolence, vacillation, or any of the lesser faults, which to many appear so insignificant, will prove as disastrous to our efforts to attain success as would so many weights attached to his person prove to a man competing for a prize in a foot race.

KEEP GROWING

If I could give the Canadian youth but one word of advice, it would be that which Michael Angelo wrote under a diminutive figure on a canvas in Raphael's studio, when he called and found the great artist out, "Amplius," meaning "larger." Raphael needed no more. The word meant volumes to him.

I advise every youth to frame this motto. Hang it up in your room, in your store, in your office, in the factory where you work, where it will stare you in the face. Constant contemplation of it will make your life broader, larger, and deeper.

One of the most difficult things for you to do in any career is to keep growing. You leave school, fresh and responsive, hopeful and expectant of the great things that you will accomplish. You dream of study for self-improvement, of travel, of the delights of social life, and an ideal home life; but, when you get into business or a profession, there will be an almost overwhelming temptation to neglect your friendships; to cut off a little study here and a little there; to postpone the reading and recreation. Your visits to art galleries will grow less frequent. You will take a hurried breakfast, instead of eating slowly with your family, as you have dreamed of doing, and you will stay at your store or office until late at night.

There will be constant temptation to drop to the commonplace, to lower your standards, and to get into ruts. You will find it exceedingly difficult to avoid becoming a part of a machine for doing routine work. Unless you are in just the right place, and your work is a perpetual delight to you, there is great danger that the dry, dreary drudgery after a while will rob your life of all higher enjoyment. You will find your life narrowing as you advance in years, unless you are unusually determined and persistent in striving for larger and better things. You must make a constant herculean effort to keep growing. That life is a failure which does not expand into greater and grander proportions with advancing age.

Make up your mind, then, that, whatever comes to you, whether you make a large fortune or none at all, there is one thing you will do,—you will keep growing; that no day shall pass which will not find you a little larger, a little wiser, a little better. Then, if you lose your property, if misfortune overtakes you anywhere

along life's course, or your hopes are blasted, your ambition demoralized, you will still be rich, you will have a larger wealth,—one which cannot be taken away from you. You will have the consciousness that you have, at least, improved your talents, instead of hiding them in a napkin. You will prove to the world that you can be rich without money, and that misfortunes cannot touch the real man, that the highest wealth cannot be swept away by fire or flood. You will have grown to the stature of true manhood.

THE PRIZE DEPENDS UPON IT

He who aims at high achievement must be good to himself, must keep himself in prime condition, always ready for life's great contests. He must train himself for victory, as a college athlete trains for games or races.

The college boat crews which contest for athletic honors, every year, train hard and long all the winter and spring. They are obliged to abstain from all kinds of stimulants and from many articles of food which they like, eating only that which makes muscle and strength of sinew. They are compelled to keep regular hours, to observe a prescribed regime in eating, drinking, sleeping, and exercising. For many months they will store up the utmost possible reserve of nerve force, vitality, and physical endurance.

What has been the object of all these months of careful training, of rigid dieting, and of systematic living? Merely that the men may be able to withstand the strain of a twenty-minute contest! But the tremendous exertion called for during this brief period exhausts a large part of the reserve force upon which victory depends.

An inexperienced man would say, "What is the use of depriving oneself, during all these months, of even the slightest pleasure? What is the good of early retiring, of daily exercising, of running, rowing, punching the bag or of gymnasium practice generally, if all the power developed is to be used in less than a half-hour's contest?"

But I presume that every college student who takes part in a boat race, or other contest, wishes many times that he had trained more rigidly, that he had accumulated a greater reserve force for these few minutes' expenditure upon which the winning of the prize depends.

Every year we hear youths say, "What is the use of spending all these years in preparing for and going through college? Of what use is the result of these years of drill in mathematics, in science, in history, in languages, in the emergencies of life? Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, a knowledge of the fundamental principles of mathematics, an ordinary vocabulary, and the simplest knowledge of history, of geography, of political economy, of civics, and of languages will answer."

True; yet, for great emergencies, for the larger contests of life, in which the prizes go to the most competent, to the most highly trained, these youths will find that the years of drill and discipline were not too prolonged to assure success. They will rather wish that they had given more time, that they had put more energy and thoroughness than they did into the momentous work of storing mental and physical reserve power to meet all the emergencies of a lifetime.

When the world's account is summed up, we shall find that we owe more to Grief than we do to Joy, and that Sorrow has been the veiled angel of God come to teach us some of the deepest lessons which can ever be learnt by human students.

The mill cannot grind with the water that is past. As little can it grind with what is so come. It can grind with what is passing through it. We can make no use of time past. As little use can we make of time to come. We can make use only of the passing moment.

WEALTH IN SPARE MOMENTS

(By William Matthews.)

Two great English writers have made calculations regarding the amount of time which a man who lives to three-score and ten can consider himself master, or spend as he wishes. Dr. Johnson estimates that after deducting from our allowance of time all that is required for sleep and meals, or engrossed by the tyranny of custom,—all that is spent in the exchange of civilities,—all that is torn from us by disease, or stolen away by lassitude and languor,—the portion of time which is left for us to spend wholly as we choose is very small. Thomas De Quincey, estimating the time a man can give to self-culture, reaches a conclusion hardly less dispiriting. He concludes, after similar deductions, that out of the twenty-five thousand five hundred and fifty days between the ages of twenty-one and seventy, a man will find not so much as four thousand days left at his disposal for direct intellectual improvement. Four thousand, or forty-hundred, he says, will be a hundred forties; that is, according to the lax Hebrew method of indicating six weeks by the phrase, forty days, you will have a hundred bills or drafts on Father Time, of the value of six weeks each, as the whole period available for intellectual labor. "A solid block of about eleven and one-half continuous years in all that a long life will furnish for the development of what is most august in man's nature."

HE WROTE A BOOK WHILE HE WAS WAITING FOR HIS WIFE.

Madame de Genlis, in a work on "Time," tells us that the famous Chancellor D'Aguesseau, observing that his wife always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner, and, reluctant to lose so much time daily, began the composition of a work which he prosecuted only while thus kept waiting. At the end of fifteen years, a book in three quarto volumes was completed, which ran through three editions, and was held in high repute. Madame de Genlis profited by this example. Having to wait at the dinner hour in the Palais Royal for Madame de Chartres, who was always fifteen or twenty minutes late, she utilized the time by copying a selection of poems from eminent authors. It is told of a German critic that he could repeat the entire "Iliad" of Homer with scarcely an error. How many years, think you, did he spend in depositing the immortal epic in his brain? Years he had not to spare, or months, or weeks, or even entire days, for he was a physician in the full tide of practice; but he contrived to store in his memory the twenty-four books of the old bard of "Scio's rocky isle" in the brief, disconnected snatches of time while hurrying from one patient to another. Dr. Mason Good, a celebrated English physician, performed a similar feat, having contrived to translate the whole of Lucretius during his long walks in London to visit his patients.

HE WROTE POETRY WHILE GOING TO VISIT PATIENTS.

Dr. Erasmus Darwin composed nearly all his poems and other works on his way to and from his patients,—jotting down his thoughts on little scraps of paper which he carried about with him for the purpose. His grandson, the illustrious author of "The Origin of Species," did his masterly work, in spite of ill-health and long periods of semi-invalidism, by utilizing every ounce of his strength and every moment of his time. Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, studied in his carriage, and thus prepared himself to write, on professional and other themes, works which still have an enduring value. The great Cuvier studied "Comparative Anatomy" while riding in his carriage from place to place. Matthew Hale indited his "Contemplations" while traveling on

horseback. Dr. Charles Burney acquired French and Italian in a similar way, in visits to his musical pupils. It was by utilizing odd moments in the attic of an apothecary's shop that Humphry Davy won his fame.

Henry Kirke White, a persevering student learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office. Dr. Spence, a learned and eloquent divine in Virginia, did much reading on horseback. Charles Wesley was incredibly diligent in the use of time, economizing its smallest bits and fragments. In all other things he was gentle and easy to be entreated,—in this, inexorable. Once, while kept waiting, he was heard to exclaim: "I have lost ten minutes, forever!" Lord Bacon's fame is mainly due to works written in his leisure hours while England's chancellor. It was by the strictest economy of his time that Sir John Sinclair, amid a multitude of other pursuits, wrote his "Statistical Account of Scotland," in twenty-one volumes, a work the execution of which would have appalled most men, besides receiving and attending to 20,000 letters. It was not to the possession of genius that Elihu Burritt attributed his mastery of eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects, but to the improvement of the odds and ends of his time while working at his calling.

It was said of that indefatigable worker, Sir Theodore Martin, who was engaged in his legal tasks from 9.00 a.m. till 9.00 p.m., that the bulk of his literary work was done between 10.30 at night and 3.00 in the morning. One secret of his productiveness was the way in which he economized the odd, unconsidered half-hours and quarter-hours—the small change,—of his time. He never lost a moment. His admirable translation of Horace, which was in his mind, off and on, for twenty years, was executed by thinking over this and that metrical rendering as he walked to and fro between his house and his office, and casting and recasting the verse until the finest mold had been obtained. The late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, author of "The Cloister-Life of Charles V.," and other excellent books, wrote all his works slowly in the intervals of other occupations.

Jeremy Bentham, the apostle of Utilitarianism, was a great economist of time. The disposal of his hours was a matter of systematic arrangement, the cardinal principle of which was that it is a calamity to lose the smallest fragment of time. Though comparatively frail in body, he devoted from eight to twelve hours a day to intense study. I recently referred to the late E. J. Baillie, an exceedingly busy citizen of Chester, England, who utilized the odds and ends of time every day of his life. Whether walking or waiting for a railway train, he was always busy with his pencil, noting facts and thoughts. Macaulay, though his marvelous mental gifts enabled him to crowd a day with twice the work of most men, yet utilized his hours as if he was one of the slowest of workers. On shipboard, walking in the streets of London, in the green lanes of Surrey, or for many miles in the country, he had almost always a book in his hand,—frequently the work of a Greek or Latin author,—which he devoured as a famished lion his prey. In a walk between Worcester and Malvern, sixteen miles, he read fourteen books of the "Odyssey" in the original Greek. On a journey to Ireland, he read between London and Bangor the lives of all the Roman emperors from Maximin to Carinus, inclusive.

EARNEST PURPOSE FINDS TIME OR MAKES IT.

One of the commonest excuses for the lack of self-culture and attention to other duties is the lack of time. Hundreds of men, young and old, cheat themselves with the notion that they would do this or that desirable

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thing if they "only had time." But the truth generally is that the busiest of them could find leisure for the extra thing by utilizing odd chinks and crevices of time, and properly arranging their regular employments. Hazlitt observes that many men walk as much idly on Pall Mall in a few years as would suffice to carry them around the globe. The truth is that an earnest purpose finds time to make it. It seizes on spare moments, and turns larger fragments of leisure to golden account. How many men are there in the busiest classes who do not waste daily in bed, in loitering, or in idle talk, fifteen or twenty minutes? Yet even this petty fraction of time, if devoted steadily to self-improvement, would make an ignorant man wise in a few years, or, if spent in works of benevolence, would make a life fruitful in good deeds. Even ten minutes a day, spent in thoughtful study, would be felt at the year's end. A continual dropping wears away a stone; a continual deposit of animalcules builds up a continent. The most colossal buildings are reared by laying one brick or stone at a time on others.

To ask for leisure to do any ordinary thing is simply to confess that we do not care to do it. On the other hand, who but him who has experienced it can tell the rapture with which knowledge is gathered, in those hurried but precious moments, by the reader who has, instead of whole days, only snatches of time at his command? While the owner of a large library lounges a whole afternoon on his sofa, unable to decide what book he will read, the poor fellow who hangs over a bookstall, or snatches ten minutes from his work to dip into a prized volume, revels in an intellectual paradise.

William Ellery Channing observes that the affections sometimes crowd years into minutes, and that the intellect has something of the same power.

QUALITIES THAT WIN

Men of great achievement are characterized by their ability to grasp situations quickly and to seize opportunities. Their vision is clear; they understand conditions thoroughly; they act without hesitancy or doubt of results; hence, in most instances, they carry their purposes to a successful issue.

Those who accomplish great things do not do so by unusual straining or an exhausting output of mental or physical energy. J. Pierpont Morgan, for example, in the execution of his colossal schemes, does not seem to exert any great effort. He achieves his ends with apparent ease because of the lucidity of his ideas and his strong grasp upon situations.

The steel tools driven by the great cams in our ship-building yards go through solid steel plates with as much ease, seemingly, as the fingers of a cook go through yielding dough, because of the huge balance wheels whose mighty momentum, without jarring or straining, overcomes all obstacles. So, great workers compass vast results by the momentum of their intellects, their clear comprehension of conditions, and their ready mastery of complicated situations.

Such minds as these are self-contained, self-reliant, confident. They do not buttonhole every friend or acquaintance they chance to meet, and ask his advice or opinion in regard to their plans. They do not consult subordinates or equals; they simply look over the ground and study it carefully, as a skillful general studies his plan of the battleground before he leads his army to action, and then they act.

A noticeable example of this stamp of mind is General Kitchener, one of the most remarkable personalities of our time. Silent, stern, immovable, when a purpose is once formed, this hero of many hard-won battles is a sphinx-like type of concentrated power. He forms his plans unaided and executes them with the precision and force of a huge engine. His chief of staff was

the only one who knew anything of his intended movements when he started one day on an important expedition during the recent war in South Africa. He simply ordered a locomotive, a guard van, and a carload of "Tommies". Orders were given to clear the track. Everything had to stand aside for him. No warning was allowed to be telegraphed ahead. He arrived on the spot without previous notice, and no general in the army knew when or where he might appear.

Another incident of his South African campaign is strikingly characteristic of the man. About six o'clock, one morning, he paid an unheralded visit to the Mount Nelson Hotel, Cape Town, scanned the register, and found there the names of officers who should have been on duty. Without a word to anyone, he went personally to the rooms of the offenders and left the following notice: "A special train leaves for the front at 10.00 a.m.; the troopship leaves at 4.00 p.m. for England; you have your choice, sir." He would listen to no excuses, no parleying, no apologizing; that was his ultimatum, and every officer knew what he meant.

He wields an absolute power over those under him, because of his positiveness, his self-possession, his consciousness of being equal to any emergency, whatever it may be. Everything about him is indicative of strength, largeness, and breadth of make-up. Free from petty vanity or any desire for praise or flattery, he has a frank contempt for all social distinctions and frivolities. His personality has all the impressiveness of some great natural force, working out its purpose silently, effectively, and with the certainty of doom.

The conquering general is not an endearing character, it is true, his subordinates fearing rather than loving him; neither is he any more than that other forceful character, J. Pierpont Morgan, a model type of man in every respect; but both men possess in an eminent degree those qualities of self-reliance, concentration, firmness, promptness, decision, and ability to grasp situations which everyone who would be successful must cultivate, the measure of one's success being proportioned to the degree to which he develops these indispensable qualities.

Men who have a wide grasp of intellect and firmness of decision are always positive. They know what they want, and are never on the fence. They do not waste their time shilly-shallying, seeking advice, balancing opinions, or splitting hairs. They decide upon a course of action, and then pursue it without hesitation or wavering.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE

Human beings are unceasingly exerting unconscious influence upon one another. Insensibly to themselves, they are moulding one another's character, conduct, and destiny. Without any thought or intention, or even consciousness of the fact, one man is stimulating or depressing another, and producing results of the most vital and lasting importance. How different are the effects produced by intercourse with different individuals! The very presence of some is like sunshine, brightening and cheering all who come under their influence, stimulating mental and spiritual growth; while the society of others acts like a dark cloud, intercepting light and warmth, chilling the feelings, and arresting the development of mind and heart. We feel at once at our ease in the presence of some people, we speak freely and naturally, we are elevated by the unconscious influence that emanates from them. On the other hand, we are ill at ease, awkward and reserved in the expression of our thoughts and feelings, depressed and unhappy, in the presence of others.

The instinct of imitation, based upon this unconscious influence, is one of the most powerful in human nature, moulding the form of society, and determining the kind and degree of civilization.—Hugh Macmillan.

RAISING THE BOY

(From Experiences of Wise Parents).

A BOY'S PLAYMATES

When our oldest boy was just beginning to taste the delights of playing on the streets, circumstances forced us to move into a tough neighborhood. We could not keep him shut up in a ten by twenty foot yard, so we let him run, making one rule. He was not to go into barns, new buildings, or the homes of other boys, but he might bring as many boys as he liked home with him.

He and I had always been on the most friendly and confidential terms. I had answered all his questions in regard to his body, sex and the beginning of life clearly and truthfully, and had received all his confidences in the spirit in which he offered them. Now, when he came in from his play he talked freely of his companions, their amusements and conversations, and, through his eyes, I came to know the boys of the street very well in the two years we spent there.

The first time he brought boys about the steps it was a very cold, damp day and I opened the door to ask them in; but, before I had a glimpse of them, with a yell they were gone. It was not until spring that I came to make friends with them.

Then I started to make a flower garden in the tiny front yard. A woman, hanging out of the window across the street, assured me the boys would never let anything grow. There must have been thirty of them looking curiously through the fence. I turned to them.

"Boys," I said, "do you hear what she says? Well, I don't believe it. If you will help me to give these things a chance to grow, I will share the flowers with you and call the garden part yours."

No answer, but a sheepish grin greeted me; but for two years my garden flourished unmolested in a street that had never seen a flower before.

Through the flowers my boy and I became very well acquainted with "Spiderlegs," "Bullet," "Fatty," "Sparrow-bones," "Gink" and the rest, and many a rainy day had my kitchen full of boys, every one, in spite of his shabby clothes and imperfect English, worth knowing.

My rule would be: Keep your boy's confidence. Make it pleasant for his friends and take a real interest in their work and play.—A Mother.

CHUMS OF THEIR DADDY

Raising boys is my business. I have four in all, already half-raised, nine to seventeen years old, and they are all strong, healthy, mischievous fellows. I like them and they like me.

I can run as fast as any of them and can wallop the big boy; but, all of them together, can down their daddy and they don't hesitate to do it whenever they get him in a good place.

They will tell me their troubles and consult with me about their plans and plays as quickly as they will their chums. My boys and their father are the best of companions. I am honest with them. I try not to do anything anywhere that they would be ashamed or shocked to know. You can't live one life in the presence of your boys and another when away from them without being found out by them, and you lose your good influence over your boys when they find out that you are inconsistent.

More boys go to the bad on account of the inconsistent lives of their parents, and especially their father, than for any other cause.

My boys work and I pay them just like I would pay anybody else to do the same work. The two-older boys, since they were ten and twelve years old, have cut about all the wood that we have used. I buy a carload of

wood and have it piled up in the wood-yard about four feet high, and divide it, giving the older boys the longer end, and they cut it after school and at chance times till it is all ready for fireplace and stove.

When they help me in the store I give them five per cent. commission on all they sell.

Should the boys have their own spending money? If they make this money themselves, yes.

My oldest boy is, or was, a spendthrift. As fast as he could get money it would go. During vacation I had him helping me in the store. He was beginning to need a new suit and hat. He wanted to buy them and pay on them every week when he drew his week's commission. I would not let him. He wanted me to take his money and keep it for him. I would not do that. I paid him every Saturday night and made him take his money.

He got his hat and lots of ties and collars. When time to start to school again his money was all gone and he had no suit. He was ashamed to go to school, but I made him go and wear his old clothes. He began to see that he would have to save some money or be a disgrace. He worked like a Trojan on Saturdays and saved every cent until he could get himself some clothes and he has been more careful of his earnings ever since.

I believe the very quickest way to send the average boy to the bad is to give him what money he wants. Give him a chance to earn his spending money and thereby teach him two lessons: how to earn and how to spend.—A Father.

PAYING THE BOY FOR CHORES

When Jack was seven years old he began to annoy me, oftentimes seriously, by a periodical demand for pennies. Realizing that he had arrived at an age when every boy should have spending money, I considered the advisability of a proper allowance for him for some time without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion.

One day a load of wood was delivered at the house and, as Jack was a sturdy little chap, I called him to me and agreed to give him twenty-five new, shining coppers when he should have piled all the wood in the shed.

Jack was captured by the idea and proceeded to the attack bravely. Alas! his ardor cooled before the work was half done. Nevertheless he asked for the pennies which were to pay for the work.

After inspecting the unfinished job I called his attention to the fact that he had agreed to pile all the wood before the pennies should be his. Tears and entreaties greeted this announcement. But, believing that a lesson partly learned is no lesson at all, I was firm in my demand that he finish the work before receiving the promised reward.

It was a hard lesson, but it taught him the sacredness of a contract and the necessity of carrying to completion any task undertaken before he should reap the reward.

Henceforth the problem of Jack's spending money was a simple one. He does not receive an allowance, nor has he need of one. Instead we have adopted fixed rates for the chores, and each Saturday night he presents his bill and receives his pay. If there is any extra work to be done we agreed on a compensation beforehand and this amount is added to his regular weekly wages.

The money is his to use as he may wish. However, I have demonstrated to him that candy and similar investments not only waste his money but do him positive injury, while, on the other hand, books, tools, and other useful articles have a permanent value.

On his eighth birthday I gave him a savings-bank

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book and showed him how to deposit and withdraw his earnings. He is twelve years old now and has in the bank over twenty-seven dollars, and this without depriving himself of many pleasures so dear to a boy's heart.

He has learned that money has a certain value, not in itself, but what it can command. He has discovered that wealth and industry go hand in hand and that there is a wisdom in spending as well as saving.

These are lessons which we many times have learned much later in life and have bought very dearly.

Fathers, give your boys a chance to earn their spending money!—It engenders industry, thrift, frugality and a spirit of independence that nothing else can give them.—D.K.C.

A NEGATIVE MAN IS NAUGHT

A vacillating, undecided, negative man can never amount to anything, no matter what his environment or advantages may be. It would be impossible. He constantly subordinates his opinions and even his plans to what others say and think. There is no certainty as to his action, because he is always subject to outside influences. He never relies upon himself or the inward authority that speaks to him. He is the echo of the last man who pleaded his case before him. He is remagnetized every time he comes in contact with a new personality. Blown hither and thither by advice and opinions as opposite as the poles, like a leaf whirled by the autumn wind, no one, not even himself, knows where he will alight.

The man who lives to any purpose or accomplishes anything of good in the world has an abiding faith in himself, in his forcefulness and originality, in his efficiency in the management of his own affairs, and in his power to accomplish whatever he puts himself to do.—O.S.M.

DRAWING ON PHYSICAL BANKS

No level-headed business man would think he could draw every cent of his capital out of his business or bank without ruining himself financially. Yet thousands of young men think they can draw every bit of energy, all the savings of vitality, out of their physical banks, and still succeed!

If a youth is not careful of his physical and mental capital, if he does not conserve his energy by avoiding, from the start, everything that would rob him of the heritage of a sound mind in a sound body, or his creative energy, not all the ambition nor all the will power he can command will save him from failure.

MAN IS MADE TO SUCCEED

It is estimated that it takes at least twenty-eight years to bring the human body with all its faculties to the highest state of perfection and vigor.

If the Creator of the universe takes more than a quarter of a century to develop this, the greatest of His works, how mighty and vast must be the purposes for which He has designed it!

The human machine is full of arguments to prove that it was intended for a long life and for wonderful accomplishment. It is an intricate piece of mechanism packed full of details, each one a convincing reason why man should succeed. Everywhere throughout this perfect system there are the most marvellous devices for the adaptability of means to ends.

You may have in a house costly pictures and costly ornaments, and a great variety of decoration, yet, so far as my judgment goes, I would prefer to have one comfortable room well stocked with books to all you can give me in the way of decoration which the highest art can supply.—John Bright.

THE MASTER HAND

By Fanny Hurrell.

It was only a water-color sketch, just a delicate little study of autumn coloring. Stubble fields with the light of the after-glow lingering upon them, stretching down to a silver river, where reeds and rushes whispered. A simple thing, indeed, but by its very simplicity endued with a strange fascination.

Underneath it was written, in a girlish handwriting:

When autumn flings her jewelled arms
Around the dying year.

And partly, for love of the artist, and even more by real appreciation of her gift, I sat and gazed my fill, for this season of the year has for me an unequalled charm. It is

THE TIME OF FINISHED WORK,

when nature, the Great Mother, seems, as it were, to sit with folded hands, musing dreamily on what has been or what will be.

As I gazed at the picture, soothed by the thoughts of rest and leisure which it suggested, I fell into a curious waking dream. It seemed to me that I was standing before another canvas, upon which only the bare outline of a picture was stretched. Yet it gave signs of a Master Hand, in every bold line and curve. It was a picture of possibilities. It was clear, even to my eyes, that its destiny was a great one, that its conception was magnificent; but I felt disappointed and troubled, saying within myself, "Why is it left like this? It is full of suggestion. Oh for the power to finish the picture! Oh for the artist's mind, for the Master Hand!"

Then a voice answered me, a voice which was full of music, and yet instinct with authority. "Such power may yet be thine."

For a moment I scarce durst answer, for it was as though an angel spoke to me, and presently I became aware of a veiled Presence, pointing to the canvas with outstretched finger, whilst the voice repeated again, "Such power may yet be thine."

"Mine?" at length I faltered. "Thou knowest I am not skilled with brush or pencil, my hands are busy with tasks less beautiful."

"Listen!" Again came the compelling beautiful voice. "That canvas is thy life. The outline was sketched by a Master Hand. Thou hast already marked its strength and beauty. But thou hast not turned to the Great Artist for guidance in the after work. When he looked at thy life canvas, hoping for at least some attempt at perfecting what He had conceived, He found only poor and weak coloring, such work as angels sigh over. And seeing this, He obliterated all save His own true strong outline, saying, 'This picture, conceived by Me, can only become beautiful by My hand!'"

Aye. It was true, too true. I had said proudly, "I will work out my life for myself, and by myself, not knowing how bitter a failure it might become. I wept aloud, thinking how I had ignored the help which might have been mine.

"I cannot help thee, for I am but His messenger. Pray for the guidance of the Master Hand." The voice died away like a chime of silver bells, and a great quietness fell upon me.

One low-breathed prayer escaped my lips, and then indeed power unspeakable came to me. Some mystic force worked through me. The canvas became full of richness and color. It was as though life flowed back into the veins of the dead. I stood amazed, charmed beyond measure, yet ineffably humble, for the work was not mine, but His.

And this too was an autumn landscape, a picture of stubble fields and bare boughs, of the rest which follows ingathering. My eyes could scarce tear themselves away

from it, never had any mere earthly success been so passing sweet.

Now whether this waking dream was suggested by the remembrance of my friend's picture; whether it was the phantasy of a vivid imagination, or a lesson given to me by God, I know not. But this I do know. Since the vision which came to me in the autumn of my life, I have learnt that in the canvas which is given to every man and woman to color as they will, there can be no richness, no true beauty, no perfection, save it come from "The Master Hand."

PREJUDICE AGAINST WEAKNESS

There is such an inherent love for wholeness, such a longing for perfection, in man, that we instinctively shrink from and have a prejudice against deficiency, incompleteness, or half-development. We are so constituted that we admire strength, or robustness, and, while we may pity weakness, we can never admire it.

Health is the everlasting fact, the truth of being which is implanted in our ideal, and any departure from this normal, standard ideal may excite sympathy, pity, or regret, but never admiration.

A great German physician used to say that there is something in man which is never sick, never out of harmony, never abnormal, and never dies. We have a conviction that, as we were made in the image of our Creator, absolute perfection is possible to us, and that any departure from this is a weakness, a sin, or perhaps a crime. There is nothing else so inspiring as the contemplation of absolute perfection.

Strength and vigor give confidence. They are proofs of ability to achieve, to accomplish, to do things. We admire evidence of reserve power, which makes one equal to any emergency. We are so made up that we cannot help respecting force, power, energy, completeness, wholeness, and symmetry.

We admire people who do great things easily, while we have a poor opinion of the weaker person who does the same thing with a great outlay of strength and energy.

There is practically no power in a shifting, vacillating life.

THE CLOUDS

It is a strange thing how little people in general know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part we attend least to. There is not a moment of any day of our lives, when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; but the sky is for all. Bright as it is, it is not "too bright nor good for human nature's daily food"—it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust. And yet we never attend to it, never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations.

If, in our moments of idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who among the whole chattering crowd can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white moun-

tains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off for an instant it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice.—John Ruskin.

HE MAKETH IT VERY BEAUTIFUL

Wonderful, in universal adaptation to man's need, desire, and discipline, God's daily preparation of the earth for him with beautiful means of life! First a carpet to make it soft for him; then a coloured fantasy of embroidery thereon; then tall spreading of foliage to shade him from sun-heat, and shade also the fallen rain, that it may not dry quickly back into the clouds, but stay to nourish the springs among the moss; stout wood to bear this leafage—easily to be cut, yet tough and light, to make houses for him, or instruments (lance-shaft or plough-handle, according to his temper); useless if it had been harder; useless if less fibrous; useless if less elastic. Winter comes, and the shade of leafage falls away to let the sun warm the earth; the strong boughs remain, breaking the strength of winter winds. The seeds which are to prolong the race, innumerable according to the need, are made beautiful and palatable, varied into infinitude of appeal to the fancy of man, or provision for his service; cold juice, or flowing spice, or balm, or incense, softening oil, preserving resin, medicine of styptic, febrifuge, or lulling charm; and all these presented in forms of endless change. Fragility or force, softness and strength, in all degrees and aspects; unerring uprightness, as of temple pillars, or unguided wanderings of feeble tendrils on the ground; mighty resistances of rigid arm and limb to the storms of ages, or wavings to and fro with faintest pulse of summer streamlet; roots cleaving the strength of rock, or binding the transience of the sand; crests basking in sunshine of the desert, or hiding by dripping spring and lightless cave; foliage far tossing in entangled fields beneath every wave of ocean—clothing with variegated, everlasting films the peaks of the trackless mountains, or ministering at cottage doors, to every gentless passion and simplest joy of humanity. Ruskin.

GOD IN ALL THINGS

When conversation fell upon architecture, painting, music, flowers, or gardens, St. Francis found no fault with those who sought interest therein, only he would fain have all such occupations so used as to become means of raising the soul to God, as was his habit in all things. Thus the sight of flourishing plants led him to liken our souls to the field God cultivates. Seeing a church, he would say, "Were our souls but meet for His indwelling!" Gazing on beautiful flowers, "When shall we bring forth our fruit in due season?" or on an exquisite picture, "What is so lovely as a soul formed in the image of God?" Passing a fountain, he said, "When will our hearts be filled with living waters? How long shall we neglect the fountain of life, and hew out for ourselves broken cisterns? When shall we drink freely from the wells of salvation?" Crossing the mountains, he would quote the Psalms, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help. O ye mountains and hills, bless ye the Lord." Crossing a river, "How souls flow towards God, even as the stream to the sea." Everything brought God before his thoughts.—Spirit of St. Francis.

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THE SILENT SPRINGS OF POWER

OR THE STILL SMALL VOICE

In one of those wonderfully suggestive stories that jewel the pages of the Old Testament and imperil vital truths for the thoughtful of all ages, we find a lesson peculiarly appropriate for the present time, when the materialism of the market is balefully fascinating and seducing the unawakened while paralyzing with doubt and discouragement many who have long held aloft the torch of idealism. The author of the poetic allegory to which we refer had given a picture of the seeming triumph of evil.

Ahab and Jezebel, the king and queen of Israel, who had completely turned their faces from the forces of idealism and spiritual life to embrace the ephemeral and morally disintegrating things of a day—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life—had been hunting down those who refused to bow the knee to the conventional religion which prophesied smooth things for the workers of iniquity. The queen had sent a special message to Elijah, the great prophet and seer of Israel, declaring that she had vowed his death, and the prophet had fled into the wilderness. Here, companioned by the wild beasts, in a lonely cave, in an arid mountain region, with the hot sands stretching before him, a burning sea under the frightful tropical sun, the heart of the seer failed him. Hundreds of his brethren had been slain. He believed that he alone remained among those who had not bowed the knee to the prince of the power of the world. Evil seemed enthroned on every hand, strong, arrogant, aggressive and insolently confident, and the prophet prayed that he might die.

Elijah's mental attitude at this time was, we imagine, such as marks many highly sensitive souls in crucial periods of life. Carlyle, it will be remembered, passed through this mental Gethsemane, only the changed ideals and age-concepts made the interior visions different from Elijah's. In the night of his conflict with evil within and without it seemed at times that he would be overmastered and his moral vision became so obscured that he struggled as a rudderless craft in a tempest-tossed sea.

"The heart within me," he exclaims, "unvisited by any heavenly dewdrop, was smoldering in sulphurous, slow-consuming fire. . . . I lived in a continual, infinite, pining fear, tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I know not what; it seemed as if all things in the Heavens above and the Earth beneath would hurt me; as if the Heavens and the Earth were but bottomless jaws of a devouring monster, wherein I, palpitating, waited to be devoured."

And then came the spiritual reaction. The still, small voice of the Eternal in the soul spake:

"All at once there arose a thought in me, and I asked myself, 'What art thou afraid of? Wherefore like a coward dost thou forever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped, what is the sum total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, Death; and say the pangs of Tophet, too, and all that the Devil and man may, will, or can do against thee. Hast thou not a heart; canst thou not suffer whatever it be; and as a child of freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then; I will meet it and defy it.' And as I so thought there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul; and I shook base fear away from me forever. I was strong of unknown strength; a spirit, almost a god. Ever from that time, the temper of my misery was changed; not Fear or whining Sorrow was it, but indignation and grim, fire-eyed Defiance. Thus had the Everlasting No claimed me. To which my whole ME now made answer: 'I am not thine, but free, and forever

hate thee.' It is from this hour that I incline to date my Spiritual New-Birth."

And this spiritual new-birth clarified his vision while it brought peace to his soul, for it led him to see the truth in regard to man's mission now and here. For he says:

"We are here to do God's will. The only key to a right-life is self-renunciation. The man who lives for self, who works for selfish ends, is a charlatan at bottom, no matter how great his powers. The man who lives for self alone has never caught a vision of the true meaning and order of the universe. Human life is a solemn thing, —an arena wherein God's purpose is to be worked out. I must, with open, spiritual vision, behold in this universe, and through it, the Mighty All, its Creator, in his beauty and grandeur. . . . His purpose, not mine, shall be carried out, for to that end the universe exists. Life shall be a barren, worthless thing for me, unless I seek to fall in with God's plan, and do the work he has sent me here to do. Ah, then, the torturous pangs of disappointed hopes, jealousy, and despair shall be at rest, and I, now in harmony with God, can sing at my work, and amid my toil find blessed rest. For, what though I fail to reach the mark I set before me; what though its immediate results have been small? The very attempt, persevered in, of working out the Divine purpose in my life has made that life a truly noble one. Now, indeed, I am independent of the world's smile or frown, since I am in harmony with God, and have his smile as the light of my life. I have got into the blessed region of the 'Everlasting Yea.' And however ill outwardly and apparently, all is going well for me inwardly and ultimately."

At moments of supreme mental and moral depression, such as overmastered Elijah in this story, and which come sometimes, and with such overwhelming power to all sensitive and high-minded leaders of civilization's advance guard, one feels almost as though he were in a night of Egyptian darkness, with nothing more safe than the fitful ignis fatuus flashing before the vision. With the poet Holland he is prone to exclaim:

"Evil has won in the horrid fight
Of Ages with the Throne;
Evil stands on the neck of Good,
And rules the world alone."

Yet this mental state is as fatal to those who entertain it as it is essentially false, and it is one of the great perils that reformers should ever guard against. There is no evil, we care not how powerful it may seem, how brave and imposing in superficial appearance, how arrogant and self-confident, which is other than ephemeral. It carries in its breast the seeds of death, and usually at the very moment when it is most self-assertive and seemingly invincible, the handwriting is tracing its doom on the walls that it has builded as a defense. The mighty forces of life are not those most obvious or striking to the physical senses. But this great truth, so often overlooked even at the present time, had escaped Elijah as he stood forth alone in the desert-like land, compassed by rocks and shifting sand. But in reply to his cry of despair came the Voice that dwells in the soul that lives by faith and which ever leadeth toward the light:

"And he said, Go forth and stand upon the mount of the Lord. And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake:

"And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still, small voice.

"And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he

wrapped his face in his mantle and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave."

Then it was revealed to the prophet the mistake of judging by external appearances. He had believed and declared that he alone remained among those who had not been seduced or overcome by the forces of evil, but the voice declared that he was but one of seven thousand who had refused to bend the knee to Baal.

This beautiful story suggests that the real power of the living universe is not resident in the vaunting materialistic phenomena or expressed in spectacular physical manifestations, so obvious to the bodily eye, nor yet those things that to the physical senses seem most impressive or formidable. The latter are ephemeral manifestations that like the gorgeous robe of autumn last a day and are gone, leaving the skeleton trees defenseless to the storms.

Some time since two men were in the White Mountains. A great forest fire was raging on a neighboring slope, and one of the observers exclaimed: "Is it not a magnificent sight to see those mighty billows of flame, a veritable sea of fire, not unlike the ocean in a tempest; but here the waves of flame are swept upward toward the farthest timber line as though they would even lick up the rocks that garment the mountain's crest. How glorious the spectacle!"

"To me," replied the other, "it is sinister, awesome and tragic, but far from glorious. This," said he, stretching his arm toward another slope, "is something infinitely more splendid."

His companion's eye followed the direction of his hand, that pointed to a vast mantle of emerald, flecked here and there with the gold and crimson of early autumn.

"That sea of green represents life, growth and beauty," he continued. "For centuries it has been toil-somely clothing the once sere and barren mountain slope; clothing it with life that ministers to life; tirelessly, ceaselessly adding to the beauty of the world, the comfort of man and the service of living things. The sea of green typifies the beauty and the service that flow from the heart of life; but the lurid flame speaks only of destruction. It is marked by the roar of an army in action. It attracts the attention of all for the moment with its spectacular appeal to the eye, but it leaves behind it a tragic waste of blackness and death. Centuries will be required to remantle that fire-swept slope, for the flames are eating up the thin covering of loam that has accumulated on the rocks through generations since the forest began to grow."

These watchers typify the two great classes in society today: those who are most impressed by outward show and the spectacular appearances that appeal to the eye and ear, those who see little behind the veil of materiality, who worship Mammon and the things that minister to the physical senses; and the men and women of spiritual discernment, who see that which is real, that which lives, that which feels the springs of greatness, beauty, life, and joy that knows no alloy, the sweetness that has no bitter after-taste.

Again, it is worthy of note that an age never, or rarely ever, discerns the real sources of its greatness or the men and influences that are destined to give it fadeless glory and to influence the courses of life in the generations that are yet to come. The chief priests and wealthy Pharisees of Judea thanked God that they were not as other men. They moved haughtily through the streets of Jerusalem, experiencing the gratification of little natures as they saw the homage shown them by the passing multitudes.

Pilate, the haughty Roman judge, moving with his friends, looked down in supreme contempt on the chief priests and the Pharisees, who imagined themselves the most important individuals of the Judea of their day. He would have confidently declared that history, if it

took note of any great ones in the Jerusalem in which he exercised his official power, would surely accord the highest place to the Roman judge who represented Caesar in this far-off dependency.

But who would have imagined that the serene young man who lingered by the well of Samaria talking with a strange woman on the worship of God, or who, followed by a few ignorant fishermen and persons whom the Pharisees and Scribes of the age regarded as distinctly undesirable citizens, traveled from his humble home in Galilee to attend the feast at Jerusalem, there to die for an ideal or because he dared unflinchingly to stand loyal to a truth, would become the most potent spiritual and moral personality in the civilization destined to lead the world, while the high priests, the haughty members of the Sanhedrim and the Roman judge would be remembered only in their relation to the Prophet of Galilee.

Socrates, living or drinking the hemlock, attracted little attention from the wealthy and influential Greeks of the City of the Violet Crown, but Socrates was the spiritual father of Plato and the master mind-moulder of Xenophon, and the life and teachings of this great man have been one of the potent dynamic forces contributed by Greece to civilization.

What is true in the world of spiritual verities and philosophies is also true in the sphere of transcendent genius and imagination. If anyone had told Leicester in the hey-day of his popularity, or even the great Cicil, that an obscure playwright and actor in the London of Elizabeth would outshine in fame and far transcend in influence over the thought of the world the entire nobility of the day, such a rash prophet would have been adjudged insane. And yet the thought of Shakespeare, reflecting as it does a genius or insight equaled by no other depicor of character and rich in ethical philosophy germinal in its influence on the mind of man, has for generations appealed with increasing power to the imagination of millions of human beings.

When Louis Napoleon was showering honors and favors on the sycophants around him, and the world was taking note of the men high in his favor, there was a Frenchman standing on a rock-girt little isle north of France, an exile, who was writing great novels, poems and essays instinct with ethical truth and moral idealism. Yet how few at that time imagined how completely Napoleon and his sycophants and favorites would vanish into oblivion, while the moral force and luminous thought of Hugo would sweep on as the light of dawn that heralds the day,—sweep on, inspiring and helping millions of lives?

We repeat, it is the still, small voice, the silent currents that thrill with life and express themselves in beauty and service, the moral idealism and intellectualism that are born of truth, justice and right, that are the mighty dynamic forces of the universe. He who is leagued with these energies cannot fail. This is one of the capital lessons that reformers should ever keep in mind. To make too much of a reality of the aggressive, materialistic phenomena that have to be uncovered and exposed is to court destruction, because the moment doubt, fear or discouragement,—in a word, pessimism—usurp the throne of faith or rational optimism, the strong arm of the reformer is paralyzed. The torch-bearer, above all others, must be a man of faith,—of unmistakable faith. He must be able to see beyond the seemingly impregnable and arrogant materialism of the market and the ostentatious spectacle presented by the worshippers of Mammon, to the reality that rises beyond material phenomena. He must know that

"Evil is only the slave of Good,
Sorrow the servant of Joy."

He must know that in spite of the seeming of the moment, time will prove, will surely prove that

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"Ever the Truth Comes uppermost,
And Ever is Justice done."

He who wrote for justice and the right, he who, regardless of self, seeks the ends of truth, he who becomes the servant of moral idealism and the apostle of the faith that knows no faltering, cannot be other than a victor. His influence also will aid greatly in hastening the day when

"...the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled

in the Parliament of men, the Federation of the world."

We are all so prone to be misled by the superficial physical phenomena and to overlook the mighty currents that are eternal and that make for the triumph of all that is true, just and fine in the ideals that have touched the brain of man, that it is all-important that from the uncovering of evil we constantly turn our gaze to the deathless realities of life. There is no such word as failure to the faithful soul who lays firm hold on the great eternal moral verities and regardless of all thought of personal advancement seeks the well-being of others, and who ever keeps the fires burning on the altar of faith. To such an one

"The near and future blend as one,
And whatso'er is willed is done."

Boston, Mass.

B. O. FLOWER.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF WOMEN

By the late Alice Argente.

"Woman is the most perfect when the most womanly"—Gladstone

He who uttered these words, while paying the greatest compliment to woman, struck also one of the deepest chords of truth, and however great be her ambitions or achievements in the world, the moment she forgets the true beauty of womanhood, her glory has departed. We no longer look upon her as the dove with the olive branch, but as a poor foolish creature plucking away her soft plumage in order to show us she has a skin.

Woman is never more womanly than in her friendships with women. Many of us have an idea that there are few lasting friendships between women, but this is a very wrong idea. Certainly in these days, when the best and worst feelings of mankind have been subjected to the curious glance of a criticising public, the friendships of women have not escaped its scathing eye. In arguing on such subjects, one feels there are those who have a right to do so through a personal experience. Not every woman is capable of true friendship, those butterflies of fashion, for instance, how can they know of the beautiful influence of a true friendship?

Coleridge tells us that "love is flower-like, friendship is a sheltering tree," and I think no finer or truer definition has ever been used. Our dear Queen Victoria will ever be the most beautiful example of what real, deep enduring friendship means between woman and woman, most perfect because most womanly. Her friendship, indeed, was a sheltering tree which stood the test of years and time; with her, friendship was a holy thing. She was "that noblest and most valuable ornament of human life, a worthy and faithful friend!"

One of the duties, I take it, of true friendship is to speak the truth; if one is in the right to back one up, if in the wrong, not to be afraid to tell one so.

TRUTHFULNESS AND SINCERITY

are the foundation stones between two friends. No rule can be laid down on which the lines of friendship should be run, for every temperament must be treated differently, and unselfish love must be the guide to tell us what will prevent misunderstandings.

There are in every woman's life, aspirations, thoughts and acts which none of us can understand, for only God can know fully the secrets of the heart, but He has given

to most women a key wherewith to unlock the treasures of the heart; and that key is love.

Cicero says, life would be utterly lifeless without a friend on whose kindness and fidelity one might confidently repose. Can there be a more real complacency indeed, than to lay open to another the most secret thoughts of one's heart with the same confidence and security as if they were still concealed in his own?

Most women have felt what a comfort, what a blessing it is, to have one of their own sex to whom they could turn in sorrow or joy, with the full assurance of being listened to and helped. None but a woman can understand a woman's heart, its want of sympathy, and the tenderness of love. We shall desire happiness, and those who desire it most, know it must be shared with some other to be perfect happiness. Has not the poet told us truly—

That those who joy doth win
Must share it, happiness was born a twin!

What is so beautiful as the friendship of close relations, the friendship of mother and daughter, of sisters, of the friendship between a young girl and an old woman? Nothing is more beautiful than the latter, the young heart leaning on the old in perfect love and confidence, the gold locks mingling with the grey. All women have a sweet protective love in their characters, which is very sweet to behold.

There have been, there are as strong lasting friendships between woman and woman, as between man and man, let the world say what it may.

Bacon says, it is a miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is a wilderness. And again he says, friendship redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves, for there is no man (or woman) that imparteth his joys to his friends, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friends but he grieveth the less. There are many fine examples of woman friendships portrayed in the Bible, notably that of Naomi and Ruth. What word picture was ever painted more finely than the unselfish story of these two women, "the most perfect because the most womanly"!

Dear women friends, let us keep faith in these pure, unselfish friendships, these suns of existence, without which life would be indeed a desert.

NOW REST, MY HEART

Now rest, my heart!

Canst thou by fretting keep the day
From sleeping in the arms of night,
Or make one sunbeam longer stay,
Or bring one clouded star in sight?
Thou canst not keep life's pain away
From that soul dearer than thine own,
But thou canst trust each sorrow may
Bring blossoms where thorns might have grown.
Now rest, my heart!

Now rest, my heart!

Two angels wait to give thee peace:
Remembrance with past blessings brings
Assurances that good will not cease;
Forgetfulness hath healing wings.
These will thy true companions be,
And hearts with burdens more than thine
May feel the love that shelters thee,
And seek the rest that is divine;
Then rest, my heart!

—Myra Goodwin Plantz.

Young men think anything expensive is necessarily good, and they purchase poison at a dearer rate than the most medicine-loving hypochondriac in England.—Lytton (Pelham).

CONCERNING THE PUTTING OF MIND INTO WORK

(By the Rev. G. Beasley Austin).

In a book that is full of imagination, and which is positively compacted of the stuff of which dreams are made, Olive Shreiner gave us a fine story, which is also a study of a great aspect of that subtle and elusive thing which men call life. She says there was an artist who painted pictures full of a daring and excellent beauty. All his pictures were painted in one color, and there was a wonderful red glow upon them. "Where does he get his color from?" the other artists inquired; and at last, much daring, they asked him, but he only bent low over his work, and simply answered, "I cannot say!" On and on he painted, and his work grew redder and redder, and he himself grew whiter and whiter. At last they found him dead before his picture, and when they laid him out for burial, they found above his left breast the mark of a wound. It was an old wound, but death had, at last, drawn the edges together, and sealed it up. And after they had buried him, the people still enquired, "where did he find his color from?" And it came to pass that the artist was forgotten, but his work lived on. That, surely, is a luminous interpretation of a profound and irreversible truth, that only as men put themselves into their work has it distinction and power and immortality. The artist had mixed his colors with his blood; he had interfused his very self into his work, and that had lifted it out of the realm of the ordinary and commonplace, and conferred upon it the distinction of high beauty and lonely glory. And never, until men do that, does their work stand in worth and stability; never has it value in their own eyes or beauty in the eyes of others; and never does it challenge their finest enthusiasm and love, or demand the dedication in them of all that is great and noble and good.

That is a teaching of which the age is in great need, for its fair brightness is so apt to fade out of its mind, and its austere glory and demand to soon be forgotten.

Things done, which took the eye and had the price is neither an untrue nor an adequate description of much of the work which men do to-day. They work not for the work, but for the wage—no heart-arresting sense

OF THE GLORY OF COMMON TOIL

amazes them, no splendour of the high possibility enshrined in common things challenges the wonder of their hearts. But it is a teaching which is never forgotten without the degradation of both the work and the worker: for the work is no longer the incarnation of a man's deepest mind and purpose, and the worker reaches not out toward an infinite ideal of beauty and power. One little bit of work, finely wrought and carried to the high height of noble perfectness, is better than a cartload of undistinguished commonplace: and to aspire to the highest, and to try to attain perfectness, is ever a finer discipline, than to slip into that which is easy, and to do that which puts no tax either upon mind or heart. The great workers of the world, the men whose work stands bidding, at least, a temporary defiance to the inexorable ravages of all-destroying Time, have always been those who have delighted in their work, and have striven to fill it with thought, and fidelity, and power. This is why the centuries have called their names to one another, why men have delighted to give them honor, and why their works have been at once the ideal, the inspiration and the rapture of those who have beheld their fascinating glory. And we shall never find that which lifts work out of the sphere of the commonplace and dowers it with fine beauty and fascination: and we shall never enter into

that noble discipline by which every bit of honest work reacts upon him that does it, and gradually lifts his life unto the highest, and subdues it into an unearthly and excellent glory, until we take our ordinary work—this humdrum thing that every day provides—and fill it with all our thought, and make it the shrine of all in us that is gracious and good.

THE VALUE OF GOOD WORK.

It is the putting of mind into work that gives it worth. Here are three men, each of whom is a worker in common clay. One takes that clay and shapes it into a brick—not at all a great task, one would think. Another, with a defter hand, shapes it into a kitchen utensil, and sets it in the house for common and daily use, and the third lifts it to its highest height of possible glory, and fashions it into a delicate and beautiful ornament, fit to stand as a thing of grace in the boudoir of a queen. What is it, precisely, that makes the difference? Not the substance out of which things are wrought—deep down, that is the same. But the fact that into that same substance one has wrought more of mind than the other, and that the third has touched it with a finer genius still, and has lifted it, by transmutation, into a piece of consummate and gracious art. And this is evermore decisive of value. Bricks are sold by the thousand, and are quite common: kitchen utensils can be had by the hundred, and are only of moderate worth: but the vase is a lonely, as well as a lovely thing; it stands apart in its own glory, and is invested with a rarer and a costlier charm. And that fact runs out into every bit of life, its justification is everywhere.

The priceless value of Raphael's entrancing Madonna, which draws the hearts and feet of men toward Florence, lies in the supreme fact that it is the shrine of his splendid and noble genius. All else could be purchased for five pounds: but this is beyond the price of rubies. Reams of printed matter fall from the press, and men disregard it, and let it perish: but the "Apology of Socrates," a quite tiny thing in physical bulk, has priceless worth, because it is instinct with the mind of two of the supremest geniuses of the world—Plato and Socrates. It is mind that matters; this is the sovereign bestower of worth and dignity and power. And this is not only true in the higher reaches of life, but belongs to every sphere, and touches every common thing. Everything that we do well, filling it with mind and heart and spirit, lifting it to the highest heights of its possibility, is the thing that has worth. And that that we do under no such prompting and purpose, the thing that we do carelessly, thoughtlessly, slovenly, is always and everywhere, that which is valueless. The one the world guards and treasures, the other it neglects and disregards, and from its very birth it is on the highway to perishing.

And, further, it is the putting of mind into work that invests it with interest. The very moment we cease to fill work with mind, that very moment it is stripped of interest and lies before us as a common thing. The thing that we touch may be infinitely great; in the splendor of its sweep it may hold the destiny of human characters, and it always holds that of our own: but if it hold not our mind in thrall, it sinks to the level of the ordinary and the humdrum. But let a man touch his work with his very soul, and suddenly the least thing will become great, and a quite common thing will be lifted into the sphere of absorbing interest. Who is there that has not seen this a hundred times? There had been things in a

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man's life which he had done so often that they had lost their attraction and their glory, when suddenly they were approached with a new passion and a new purpose, and at once they sprang into the one engaging and dominant interest of his heart. Commonplace is not a quality of things, humdrum is not inherent in a situation. Every last thing has more than a touch of the miraculous, and the most unattractive situation is the shrine of an absorbing mystery. It is we who grow uninterested, and all the magic that lies about our life, and touches it at every point, has lost the power of its spell. The very moment we put our very self into that we do, the whole of life is changed—greys and drabs are changed into vermillions and purples; low-lying levels are lifted and depressed into exquisite undulations; the narrow and darkened path widens and brightens into a great highway, where all the variegated splendor of life moves in stately grace; the stubborn thistle bursts

Into glossy purples, which outadden

All voluptuous garden-roses;

the confining horizon is pushed farther and farther back, until

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither,

and our spirits have a vision of the King in His beauty, and of the land that is afar off. Everywhere and always, it is mind that confers interest on work.

But, more; it is the putting of mind into work that creates its joy. If there is one thing more than another that men to-day need to recover at any cost, it is

THE DIVINE RAPTURE OF WORK.

It is a thing which has largely faded out of the modern heart, and men's reluctant hands are engaged in toil which is no longer the spring of an infinite and exquisite delight. The great workers of the world—those who built the stately fanes of our most stately and gorgeous worship; the cunning craftsmen whose deft and inspired hands wrought such delicate and finely-wrought pieces of artistry—found joy in their work; and that is why it is such a priceless treasure to us to-day. Joyless work is largely work that is valueless, and certainly it is that defect which makes it thin and shallow and poor. And the old zest, the old rapture will never come back until a superficial age deepens its life, and puts its whole mind into its common toil, and enriches it with power and conscience and joy. Here is a young man who is a worker in gold. He has made brooches and lockets so many, that today his hand moves to his task quite mechanically, and he makes them without either gladness or joy. One day God gives him one of His greatest, as it is one of His most gracious gifts—the pure love of a beautiful and noble girl. Now he will make a jewel for her, one that she shall wear, and prize and be proud of, because his hands have made it. But how differently he makes it: what brooding thought, what infinite care and patience, what splendor of minute detail, what keen and sustaining delight. Love gives to his deft hands a defter craftsmanship, every least detail is worthy of a tireless patience and must be wrought in its own fine perfectness. But deeper still by far, this thought and love which is unwrought into his work, this very soul of his which he is infusing into his gold, fills his work with a daring gladness and a rapturous joy. Every touch that adds a new beauty gives him another pleasure, a strange elevation of mind is his, and his heart has found a common workshop to be a shrine, and a parched land to become a pool. Rudyard Kipling, with large prophetic song, sings of a day when

no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,

But each for the joy of working,
and surely that greatly desired day will be greatly hastened when every man so learns, and so determines, to

fill his work with his best thought and love, that the very doing of it shall open up within him deep wells of large and abiding satisfactions, and all his toil shall be set to the music of a great and an unearthly gladness. In this dark night, that day may seem to be very far off, but every true worker may help to kindle the glory of the morning star, which shall be to all men everywhere the prophecy and the pledge of a glorious and sufficing day.

The day in which we live has many truths to learn; it sorely needs to put itself to school to the wise and the good; but perhaps there is none more imperative than this, none holds the secrets of more satisfactions and hopes: that the root of the worth of work, as well of its interest and joy, lies in the suffusing of our labor with mind, of interfusing our very self into the commonest substance in which we work, and so creating a new substance which is strangely compacted with matter and mind. In the day when thought is interwoven with work, and the very soul is poured into toil, we shall find again the secret of all real worth, and the spring of all deep joy.

ASPIRATION

Uplift thyself afar o'er these measures base:

Go purify thyself in that supernal air,

And drink, as it a pure celestial liquor were,

The flurid fire that fills the limpid planes of Space.

Forth of the vast chagrins, the sorrow and despite,

That this our clouded life o'erburdened evermore,

Thrice happy those who can, with vigorous pinions, soar

Up to the fields serene of pure and limpid light,

Whose heaven-aspiring thoughts, lark-like, with unclipped wings,

At break of morning take their flight toward the skies,

That hover over Life and effortless comprise

The language of the flowers and of the silent things!

—Beaudelaire.

LOVE OF EASE

A man who talks loudly against worldliness, and yet is wedded to his little personal comforts, is harder to convert to a real inward life than the most habit-ridden sinner among the sons of men.—Faber.

THE TIME TO WORK

If we always waited to do what ought to be done until we felt like doing it, the world would come to a standstill. Spontaneous activity has an attractive sound to it, but it does not often "do things." The world's work is done by men and women who have no time to waste waiting for the "spontaneity" will-o'-the-wisp, but who must work and produce results whether they feel like it or not. The time when it has got to be done is the time to do a thing. The person who throws himself heartily into his work at such a time, in utter disregard of his feelings and inclinations, is going to do the best work both then and in the long run. The person who always waits for a spontaneous, unsolicited prompting to a specific piece of work misses most of his opportunities and possibilities, and is not really a serious factor in the life of the world. Self-forced work, sternly attacked and doggedly held to, breeds power in work and liking for work. To wait for power and inclination to come first is to try to hitch the cause to the result.

"That we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us—that we should respect the rights of others as scrupulously as we would have our rights respected—is not a mere counsel of perfection to individuals—but it is the law to which we must conform social institutions and national policy—if we would secure the blessings of abundance and peace."—Henry George.

THE UNEMPLOYED

Seeing as Carlyle teaches that "there is a perennial nobleness and sacredness in work" and that a man serves the community and also perfects himself by working, it is a strange anomaly of our civilization that so many in our midst should be workless. That men of strong sinews and honest hearts should be willing to work and yet be flung out from the ranks of the toilers to starve, and their wives and children also, is indeed a spectacle at which our rulers may well bow their heads in shame.

Should not something be done on a national scale akin to the factories for the out-of-work and the Farm Colonies of the "Salvation Army" and the "Church Army?" Is it not time that we had civic labor bureaus properly organized and controlled by our municipalities? When men are left to lounge at our public-house corners for weary weeks and months after they have wandered in vain from place to place in search of a job they lose their fibre and their self-respect. They are robbed of heart and hope and not seldom are driven by sheer desperation into crime.

It may be that there is no work for them in the towns, or that their labor if unduly cheapened would injure the prospects and reduce the wages of their fellow-workers. But what of the country where thousands of wasted acres are waiting for the labor of the husbandman? How is it that the land in Scotland is owned practically by about twelve people and that in England by about one hundred and fifty? Let a portion of it be set free for the people who will live on it and till it. We cry "Back to the land!" What land? The people have not a foot of land to call their own. In numberless cases, if a man buys his house in England he cannot buy the land on which it stands. He may give £2,000 for his house and spend another £1,000 on it as a tenant; but at the end of his lease of ninety-nine years it goes to the landlord. A monstrous outrage on common sense and common justice if we only pause to think about it. The people, we say, have no land, with the result that they drift into the towns.

In many cases if they had the land or at any rate the untilled acres which now run to waste it would be an immense advantage to the commonweal. We should grow more of our own wheat. Millions of pounds worth of dairy produce would be provided for which we now pay the foreigner. Bring the people from the slums back to the land and they could treble alike the produce and the value of the land. And further, you might have glad children romping in the sunshine and pure sweet lives of men and women where now you have filth, drunkenness and degradation.

What cruelty and injustice and what injury to the State have arisen from the private monopoly of the land!

Is it not a shame beyond all words that some of the very finest men in the Scottish Highlands should have been driven from the soil they loved, the glens which were their pride, and the kirk in which they worshipped, to yield room for deer-stalking? What wonder is it that under such injustice there should be discontent and sullen hate all round us, and that many of our countrymen when they emigrate cease to respect us, and would refuse to defend us against a foreign foe?

THE UNEMPLOYABLE.

We witnessed some few months ago on the Thames Embankment in London a dreary and heartrending procession of the unemployed. It needed little discernment to discover that fully one-half of them were such stunted, diseased and degenerate specimens of humanity that they were for all useful purposes unemployable. A part of the appalling submerged tenth of the population, they were

mentally defective and physically incapable. Lord Rcebery said with deep truth: "In the rookeries and slums an Imperial race cannot be raised." Brought up under conditions under which whole families herd together in one room, where food is scanty and of the vilest quality, where common decency is impossible, and incest an unregarded crime; these are the people who swell the ranks of the unfit, who fester in our hospitals and gibber in our asylums. Medical science has shown that there is a physical basis of character, and that where the brain is undeveloped and defective, as it is in most of those who are bred in these vile rookeries, you cannot have a healthy and capable manhood or womanhood. In a recent interview with Dr. Albert Wilson, recorded in "Great Thoughts," the doctor said: "Many of these poor creatures throughout the whole of their weary lives are moral invalids, mental cripples. I was dissecting and examining a murderer's brain a few weeks ago under the microscope, and I discovered that he never could have been normal, for the microscope distinctly showed that his cortex—the top layer of the brain which does all our thinking for us—had fewer normal cells than that of an unborn babe; the cells were less perfect in form; the nuclei placed in reserve for further evolution had continued in that undeveloped condition. How, then, could such a man run straight? The thing is impossible."

Here is another vital and pressing problem for the nation. How can we bring a clean thing out of an unclean, or, failing in that, how can we cleanse these Augean stables and suffer their pollution and their shame to torture us no more? If they were, indeed, stables, and the breed a breed of horses in place of one of men, it would be done. And why not here? We inspect the dwellings of these people and enforce a certain degree of sanitation lest the community should suffer. Why not, also, inspect their inhabitants and cut off the entail of these derelicts of society? Why are they permitted to multiply and become a leprosy in the State? Our British fetish of liberty needs to be dethroned. We are afraid to interfere even when interference is absolutely necessary for the physical and moral welfare of the community. We need a Bismarck in the social realm. There are certain people who ought not to be permitted to bear offspring. We need to guard the lives of children not merely after they are born, but before they are born. "Think," says Dr. Wilson in the interview to which we have already referred:—

"Think how the mother brings up her infant in the slums. I have known cases where a mother fed her baby of a few months old on gin and bacon. That's a nice method of building up a future citizen of the greatest Empire the world has ever known."

We are spending millions yearly on materials for war. Our best defence from invasion must always be found in the vigorous manhood of the nation. Yet in the greatest city in the land there are tens of thousands of men so feeble and emaciated, as the result of the conditions in which they are reared, that they are totally unfit for military service. What pitiful impotence on the part of our rulers and governors confronts us here!

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

The best political economy is the care and culture of men. That is not the noblest state which can boast of the finest cities, or the largest number of millionaires, but which can present to the world the noblest men, the purest women, the gladdest children, and the sweetest households. As Goldsmith puts it:—

Ill fares the land to hastening ill's a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

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What, then, can we do to make Great Britain noble, worthy of its best traditions, and of the Gospel of love and mercy whose light has flooded it now for long centuries? We hold no brief for Socialism, but we do hold a brief for something nobler, and that is Christian Brotherhood.

The first main thing is to improve the conditions of the homes of the people. All renovation of the race must begin with the family. We must see that the people are adequately housed, so housed that children can be brought up in decency and comfort. In the next place the State must so regulate the conditions of labor as to find reasonable security for work, and also provide for the toiler a living wage. Thirdly, we need to create such an environment for the people that their life shall be happy and contented, and that it shall be with them a matter of pride to bear the name of Britons. Patriotism and social misery and injustice cannot exist together. We deprecate what one of our writers has called "the leprosy of Socialistic anti-nationalism." But social wrongs breed social discontent. Finally, on this theme we need to remove, as far as possible, those sources of active temptation, whether arising from the drink traffic or any other cause, which make for degradation in the life of the population. Shame upon us if the lines of the Irish poetess should remain true, which read:—

Day by day they lower sink, and lower,
Till the Godlike soul within
Falls crushed, beneath the fearful demon power
Of poverty and sin.

And the work which needs to be done must be done by the nation. The individual is powerless in the presence of such a brood of miseries and wrongs.

THE PULPIT AND POLITICS

The writings of the Prophets as they are preserved in Holy Writ are chiefly made up of denunciations of men in high places for their crimes whether political, social or commercial. Why should not those nowadays who stand as the interpreters of God's will and word perform the same function for this age and people? Of course where only here and there a minister raises up his voice he is subjected to a concentrated attack from those who desire to transgress in peace. If however the conferences, convocations and councils of the various religious bodies would formally give sanction to their ministers dealing fearlessly, specifically and habitually from the pulpit with acts and questions affecting the morality and physical well being of society whether occurring in or relating to the municipal, political, social or commercial arena all discriminating attacks upon individual ministers would be ineffective.

We commend the following clipped from the Farmer's Tribune to the notice of our readers:

To that common objection urged against introducing politics into the pulpit, Dr. R. S. MacArthur, of Calvary Baptist Church, New York, replies that "if we have any proper conception of the meaning of politics, we shall readily see that its discussion is eminently appropriate in all the pulpits of the land." But there is a higher and a lower idea of politics, he continues; and the kind the pulpit should take a hand in "is not simply the conduct and contest of political parties," but "the science of obtaining the noblest ends of civil society in the most effective manner." It is the duty of the pulpit, he contends in *The Christian Intelligencer* (New York), "to exalt the meaning of the word, and to give politicians higher ideals of their obligations; to give them the conception of statesmanship rather than political chicanery." We read:

"This is an exalted function which the church ought not to decline to assume. Terence, the Roman writer of comedies, finely said, 'I am a man, and I deem nothing

common to man foreign to me.' This sentence was part of one of his plays; and it is said that when it was recited in a Roman theatre the audience burst forth in tumultuous applause. The audience that would not applaud such a statement would pronounce a severe judgment again itself. This sentence is worthy the lips and pen of the Apostle Paul; It may be said with the utmost reverence that is not unworthy the lips of Jesus Christ. Every true pulpit and every noble church ought to make this sentence a part of its practical creed. There are men engaged in dishonest commercialism and in impure politics who are extremely sensitive when the pulpit holds up a high moral standard in either commerce or politics. These men immediately become extremely sensitive about the dignity of the pulpit. They declare that 'pastors should preach the simple Gospel.' It may be asked, what is the simple Gospel? Does not the Gospel make for the best interests of the human race and the highest glory of God? That is a dwarfed, unmanly, unchristian Gospel which refuses to put on its armor and fight for truth and God. There is no interest of the human race regarding which the pulpit can afford to be silent. When the pulpit refuses to rebuke evil in commercial, social or political life, it is false alike to patriotism and religion. The whole conception of the church has widened greatly with the process of the suns; but this conception still needs great enlargement. Some portions of our great churches should be open every hour of the day and every evening of the week for lectures on labor and capital, on history and literature, on science and religion. It is sinful that these great buildings should be used only a few hours each week. The church must stand for civic, commercial, political, and personal righteousness. She must lift up her voice against evil wherever it is found, and in whatever form it appears. The pulpit will become resistless for righteousness when the church puts on the whole armor of God and does valiant service for man's good and God's glory."

A PERSONAL GOD

The greatest achievement of the human mind is to be conscious of the Person of God, a person just as real and near and as conscious of our work and sleep and play as any companion that we see with our eyes. This is the aim of creation: "He made of one every nation of men . . . that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he is not far from each one of us." And that word achievement does not mean that only those of exceptional mind and purpose can know God, nor that we know Him only after serious effort. Whatever effort there is, is simply the effort to be natural, to believe God's word for just what it says. There is with many of us, more than likely, too much intensity and contraction, too much effort after spiritual knowledge and spiritual power. We can make it far harder than it really is, and even then be disappointed. It is natural to believe in the Person of God. The darkened mind of the Bulu chief in the thick shaded village of the African forest believes in Him. It is as natural to a human being as it is to want food. John Fiske, of Harvard, said: "Of all the implications of the doctrine of evolution with regard to man, I believe the very deepest and strongest to be that which asserts the everlasting reality of religion." It is natural to believe that we have a real Father, a person; and the first effort that we should make is the effort to be natural: "except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." Herein lies the secret of Christian power, and herein lies the cause of much failure and heart-burning.

It is not true that love makes all things easy, it make us choose the most difficult.—George Eliot.

THE MIST

Mist of some sort, or confusion of light, or of cloud, are general facts; the distance may vary in different climates at which the effects of mist begin, but they are always present; and, therefore, in all probability, it is meant that we should enjoy them. . . . We surely need not wonder that mist and all its phenomena have been made delightful to us, since our happiness as thinking beings must depend on our being content to accept only partial knowledge even in these matters which chiefly concern us. If we insist upon perfect intelligibility and complete declaration in every moral subject, we shall instantly fall into misery and unbelief. The whole happiness and power of energetic action depend upon our being able to breathe and live in the cloud—content to see it opening here, and closing there; rejoicing to catch, through the thinnest films of it, glimpses of stable and substantial things; but yet perceiving a nobleness even in the concealment, and rejoicing that the kindly veil is spread where the untempered light may have scorched us, or the infinite clearness wearied. And I believe that the resentment of this interference of the mist is one of the forms of proud error which are too easily mistaken for virtues. To be content in utter darkness and ignorance is indeed unmanly, and therefore we think that to love light and find knowledge must always be right. Yet whenever pride has any share in the work, even knowledge and light may be ill pursued. Knowledge is good, and light is good; yet man perished in seeking knowledge, and moths perish in seeking light; and if we, who are crushed before the moth, will not accept such mystery as is needful to us, we shall perish in like manner. But accepted in humbleness, it instantly becomes an element of pleasure; and every rightly constituted mind ought to rejoice, not so much in knowing anything clearly, as in feeling that there is infinitely more which it cannot know. None but proud or weak men would mourn over this, for we may always know more, if we choose, by working on; but the pleasure is, I think, to humble people, in knowing that the journey is endless, the treasure inexhaustible—watching the cloud still march before them with its summitless pillar, and being sure that, to the end of time, and to the length of eternity, the mysteries of its infinity will still open farther and farther, their dimness being the sign and necessary adjunct of their inexhaustibility.—John Ruskin.

A SMILE FROM A STRANGER

Most of us owe debts of gratitude to strangers whose kindly smile has sent sunshine into our aching hearts, and has given us courage when we were disheartened. It is a great thing to go through life with a smiling face. It costs little, but who can ever estimate its value!

Think how the pleasures of life would be increased if we met smiling faces everywhere—faces which radiate hope, sunshine, and cheer! What a joy it would be to travel in a gallery of living pictures radiating cheer, hope and courage! Who can estimate what beautiful, smiling faces mean to the wretched and the downcast—those whose life burdens are crushing them! Many of us carry precious memories of smiling faces which we glimpsed but once, but whose sweet, uplifting expression will remain with us forever.

Fine natures are like fine poems; a glance at the first two lines suffices for a guess into the beauty that waits you if you read on.—Bulwer Lytton.

As long as a man sees and believes in some great good, he'll prefer working towards that in the way he's best fit for, come what may.—George Eliot.

BOOKS AND CULTURE

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds; and these invaluable means of communication are within the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us—give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their soul into ours.

God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof; if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of "Paradise Lost"; and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society, in the place where I live.—Channing.

THOUGHTS FROM HORACE

Faithful silence goes not without a sure reward.

Concealed worth differs little from buried sloth.

Might, without reason to guide it, falls by its own impetuosity.

The more enjoyments any man should deny himself, the more will he get from heaven.

Death pursues even the runagate, nor spares the knees and coward-back of effeminate youth.

Gold is wont to find its way through the midst of body-guards, and to burst through rocks, more potent as it is than the lightning's stroke.

Much is wanting to men who desire much. It is well with the man to whom God has given a competency with sparing hand.

The wool when once stained with dye, does not recover its former whiteness, nor is true virtue, when once lost, anxious to resume its place in the degenerate.

Fear and threats of conscience mount the same boat with the Lord; nor does gloomy anxiety leave the brazen-prowed bark, and it takes its seat behind the Norseman.

God, in His wisdom shrouds the events of the future in cloudy darkness, and smiles if a mortal is anxious beyond the law of His being. Remember to make a proper use of the present hour.

Not the possessor of many things would you rightly call happy; with better right does he hold the name of happy who knows how to use wisely the gifts of the gods, and to endure pinching poverty, and dreads worse than death the deed of shame, himself one who fears not death on behalf of loved ones or the fatherland.

Brave offspring are produced from brave and good; in steers and in horses there is the vigor of the sire, nor do fierce eagles propagate the unwarlike dove; yet teaching promotes the inborn powers, and sound training strengthens the breast; and whensoever culture has been wanting, faults disgrace the nobly born.

GROWTH

I see all things as a growth, a sublime unfolding by the Laws of God. The race ever rises toward Him. The old things which were its best once die off from it as no longer good. Its charity grows, its justice grows. All the nobler, finer elements of its spirit come forth more and more—a continuous advance along the paths of Law. . . . The development of Man is itself the great revelation of Him.—James Lane Allen.

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The following circular has been sent out by the Secretary of the executive of the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association to the various branches throughout the Province:—

The Interprovincial Council of the Grain Growers' Association, at a meeting held immediately after the recent Conference with the Premiers, decided to have a petition circulated for signatures, in the three Provinces, praying the Provincial Governments to establish a system of publicly-owned elevators in their respective Provinces, at initial points, and also a petition praying the Dominion Government to take over and operate as a public utility the terminal elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur, together with the transfer elevators that handle Western wheat in transit, between the Lakes and the Seaboard.

The different branches of the Grain Growers' Association will be largely depended on to circulate these petitions, and it is most desirable that every farmer and every business man who is dependent on the farming community for his prosperity, should have an opportunity to place his name on the petition.

We would suggest as a method to be adopted, that the Directors of each branch meet immediately and divide their district into convenient divisions, and allot each division to some one who will undertake to see that the petition is presented to every rate-payer in that particular locality. Sufficient copies of the petition will be provided by the Executive for this purpose. Advantage should be taken of the Municipal Elections. See that some one is at every polling booth in charge of a petition, to get signatures.

It was not anticipated that the Premiers would give an answer off hand, to the proposals of the Grain Growers, but that the Premiers have promised to earnestly consider the proposition and meet the representatives of the Grain Growers at a later date is sufficient encouragement to proceed with our movement with vigor. Very much will depend on the thoroughness with which the work of getting signatures to these petitions will be prosecuted and the manner in which they are signed. It is only fair to assume that our Governments will require to be made conscious of having the support of the farming community as well as a strong sentiment among the business interests in favor of Government ownership before they enter into a scheme of such magnitude as the demand of the Grain Growers involves.

It is conceded by all who have given the question consideration that the present system of disposing of our grain product is too much of a drain on our resources; that a percentage of what should be profits upon our years labor and which should, under normal conditions go into the trade of our towns and villages, goes directly to stockholders in the large concerns which now control in a large measure the handling of our grain; and, that the money which should properly go to pay the farmer's debt to the country store and village blacksmith, goes directly into the coffers of our large grain handling firms, as a result of their controlling the elevators, both interior and terminal, through which our grain must go, to reach the markets of the world.

The fact that the elevator owners can secure street wheat at from 8 to 10 cents a bushel less than its track value, and that they have an unfailing source of revenue from the practice of docking and giving unfair weights, is only a small portion of the loss sustained by the people of Canada under the present system of marketing grain. By having possession of the storage facilities, not only at country points but at the terminals, they effectively debar interference with their secured privileges by any independent competitor. It is not too much to say that, what is known as "The Grain Trade of Western Canada" is dominated by the large milling firms that operate in

the West, and that this factor in the trade, in conjunction with the speculative element, has been successfully exercising its influence for the last three years in depressing the export price of our wheat.

We need not dwell on the methods adopted to gain that end, only to point out a few facts to indicate how this year, they succeeded only too well in making a price for our wheat that enabled the large milling firms to secure their raw product at from 10 to 12 cents per bushel less than they would have done were the trade left to the general law of supply and demand.

Under normal conditions Manitoba Hard wheat commands a premium on the British market over any other grain imported, but through the manipulation of the "interest" it lost that enviable position for a time. Take for comparison Australian wheat, which is usually next highest. Liverpool spot cash as reported by the Broomhall "Corn Trade News" Aug. 25th.

Australian.....\$1.15 per bushel. Man. 1 Nor.....\$1.24 4-5.
November 3rd.

Australian.....\$1.20 per bushel. Man. 1 Nor.....\$1.16 2-5.

Australian gained 5c per bushel, and Manitoba lost 8 2.5c, making a difference in their relative position of 13 2-5c per bushel.

This condition was brought about by those who were interested in getting cheap wheat. First: by offering cheap, early in the season, on the Liverpool market, parcels of our wheat for future delivery below market value. Second: by sending to the Old Country glowing reports of a bumper crop in Western Canada, estimating it as high as 135,000,000 bushels, even after it was well known and conceded in Canada that summer drouth and August frosts had made it certain that it would not be 100,000,000 bushels.

The same thing occurred during the crop season of 1906. Manitoba 1 Nor. in August of that year, commanded a premium of from 3 to 4 cents over any other wheat on the Liverpool market. It fell to fourth place before December and was again back to its normal place in May. On account of the scarcity of high grade wheat in 1907, they could not influence the price by booming the crop, but effected their purpose of getting cheap wheat, by creating conditions that tied up our wheat at Fort William.

"The Miller," a journal that may be regarded as the official organ of the British Millers, in a recent issue has this to say of the Canadian wheat trade this year: "Once the rush is over, the men who hold the wheat in the elevator will pull themselves together and regulate the supply to suit their own pockets."

One phase of the situation that complicates matters is the unnecessary number of elevators doing business. The Warehouse Commissioner reports that the receipts of 1183 elevators in Manitoba and Saskatchewan were, each an average of little over 31,000 bushels of wheat in the crop year of 1907-08. An elevator can handle 150,000 bushels in a season almost as cheaply as they can handle 30,000. As an example of how it works out, the receipts of seven elevators in Morden were 123,780 bushels. One elevator would accommodate the business as well as seven. So the grain was taxed to pay wages, insurance, taxes, cost of maintenance, etc., of six elevators not required.

The Miami Farmers' Elevator handled 130,000 bushels. Three other elevators there got 67,000 between them. The Farmers' Elevator could with scarcely any additional expense have done all the business and the cost of maintenance of the others could have been saved the farmers.

In any other line of business, where there is not

enough for all engaged, some of them have to pull out. The elevator business has a way of its own. They charge enough for the service rendered to make it pay, whether they do a large or small business.

THE COST.

Deducting the Mill Elevators at country points, we have in Manitoba, 638 elevators with a capacity of 17,678,010 bushels, which is estimated to have cost when built at the rate of 15c per bushel capacity or a total of \$2,651,170. Many of these houses have no value as a business proposition. Their maintenance is an unnecessary drain on the resources of the country. Some of them have been built 20 to 25 years ago and are too old to be of value. So that on the whole if the owners realized say 40 per cent. or a total of 1,000,000 dollars, they would be well paid for any equity or vested right they have in the storage business.

It is no longer a debatable question as to the advantage to the country of the Government providing storage for handling the grain; but there seems to be a difference of opinion as to whether they should buy the present elevators or create a new system. That a new elevator at each shipping point, of sufficient capacity to take care of the grain, and equipped with the most modern machinery for weighing, cleaning and treating grain, would be the most economical plan, will be conceded.

However the question of what are you going to do with the present system has got to be considered.

ADVANTAGES OF A GOVERNMENT SYSTEM.

1st. Grain would be weighed into the elevators and weighed out into cars by an official who was paid to give correct weight, thus ensuring to the grower his full weight. Then the grain being weighed into cars would ensure full outturns at the terminals.

2nd. Grain would be cleaned to grade when taken into the elevators and the screenings returned to the farmer for feeding purposes.

3rd. Farmers would have their screenings for feed purposes and save the freight charges on them to the terminals. It is calculated that the saving in this item alone would pay the interest and provide a sinking fund for a sum sufficient to provide the necessary storage.

4th. It would encourage selling wheat at track prices and reduce the spread between street and track wheat to a minimum.

5th. It would do away with the perennial scramble for cars during the busy shipping season.

6th. It would make a sample market possible in Winnipeg, enabling producers to get value for off grade stuff and wheat that has missed a grade, thus correcting or modifying the abuses incident to a grading system.

7th. A sample market would provide a medium where Ontario and British millers could come into competition with our Western Milling Companies, for the types and grades of wheat that are best adapted for their purpose.

8th. A Government system would break up the combine that now controls the export and domestic price of our wheat, by depriving it of its "Base of operation,"—the interior elevators.

Let us say here, that it should be understood that when we attack the system of private ownership of elevators we do not attack personalities. If private ownership is a wrong condition and is fruitful of abuses, it is not the past and present owners who are responsible. The farmers of Manitoba who permit this condition to continue are responsible.

Signed on behalf of the Executive,

R. McKENZIE.

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WORK FOR SUBORDINATE GRAIN GROWERS' ASSOCIATIONS

(By E. A. Partridge.)

The objects of the Grain Growers' Association as set forth in both the Manitoba and Saskatchewan constitutions are as follows:—

(a) To forward the interests of the grain growers in every honorable and legitimate way.

(b) To watch legislation relating to the grain growers' interests, particularly that affecting the marketing, grading and transportation of grain.

(c) To suggest to parliament from time to time as it is found necessary, through duly appointed delegates, the passing of any new legislation to meet changing conditions and requirements.

It will be seen that clause (a) gives the widest scope for the activities of the associated members. It practically forbids nothing short of fraud, robbery or high treason. Political action such as the bringing out of agricultural candidates or commercial action such as the sale or purchase of commodities on behalf of the membership could properly be taken under the constitution, provided the members, or a majority of them, considered that the interests of the grain growers would be advanced thereby. Moreover, so long as the constitution remains unchanged, and subordinate association would be quite within its rights to do any of these things on its own initiative.

Why, then, has the Association as an organization declined to attempt to perform the functions of a political party or a trading concern?

Because it was not designed originally to perform such work, and the best minds among the membership, guided by the light of reason and experience, have come to the conclusion that it would be suicidal to make the attempt.

So far as political action by the Association is concerned, class consciousness has not yet been sufficiently developed among our western farmers, with perhaps the exception of a considerable group in Alberta, to induce them to desert the standards of the old historic parties, under no matter what provocation of neglect, and band themselves together under the banner of their class organization for the assertion of their class rights and the abolition of their class wrongs.

As for commercial action without permanent membership, without credit or capital, and without financial responsibility of the members for the acts of its officers, it is utterly impracticable.

To object to the Association attempting the performance of these functions is not the same as saying that concerted political action or co-operative trading is either impracticable or unnecessary. Far from it!

In fact it is being more generally recognized every day that farmers, at last becoming class-conscious to some extent, must enter the arena of politics as active, intelligent voters, and dominate BOTH political parties by force of numbers, NOT FROM WITHOUT, BUT FROM WITHIN; farmers who are Conservatives by inheritance or choice dictating the Conservative policy and selecting the Conservative candidate in every rural constituency, and farmers who have inherited or adopted the name Liberal doing the same in the Liberal party organizations.

The using of the old parties for the securing of legislation desired by the farmers, instead of the using of the farmers by the parties in such a way as to nullify the political influence of their class, would make it entirely unnecessary for the Association to become a political body, but the concerted entry of the farmers into politics through their party organizations suggests the

desirability of making the Association a non-partisan school for the study of political questions as social and economic problems to be solved by legislative means, that is to say, a school of citizenship wherein our farmers will use to learn the franchise in such a way as to result in the enactment of wise laws—laws that will make for righteousness, equality of opportunity to engage in productive labor and to enjoy the fruits of that labor.

It is also coming to be more generally recognized that farmers must adopt essentially the same tactics in the disposal of their products that have been employed by the manufacturers who control their output, destroy competition by mutual agreement, make the marketing of their goods a part of their business as manufacturers, instead of allowing themselves to be dictated to by the organized middleman, and attach banking institutions to their interest that they may have ample lines of credit, all for the purpose of enabling them to name the price of their products.

If the manufacturers by combination artificially enhance the price of those articles, whether of food, clothing, building material or implements, which they produce, and the artisans and laborers by trade unions artificially enhance the price of their services, the farmers must take similar action or become industrial slaves.

This fact is always more or less obscured in a new country where fertile, virgin land was secured for little or nothing and when most of the original settlers secured part of their present worth by speculation in land or the rise in value of their holdings caused by pressure of population due to stimulated immigration, but it is a fact nevertheless.

But the Association is not adapted to commercial work. With its loose organization, its trifling membership fee, and its inability to force its members to carry out agreements it would be folly to go farther in this direction than to employ it as a school for teaching the necessity of such action by farmers organized for the purpose and discussing the best methods to employ to secure and maintain their industrial equality with other organized producers.

The joint stock company form of organization is the kind successfully employed by others when combining for industrial or commercial purposes and for that reason should be used by the farmers.

The members of the Association who organized the Grain Growers' Grain Co. held the views expressed above, namely, that the Association should not engage in trade, but that a farmers' trading company should be formed that would supplement the work done by the Association by work that the Association could not satisfactorily do.

Not alone does the company engage in trade, but it devotes a considerable portion of its earnings to assist in the educational work carried on by the Association. The financial support given to the Grain Growers' Guide, which is getting on a self-supporting basis, is a detail of its educational activity.

Whether this company is organized and run on proper lines or should be improved or replaced by some other more effective medium for the performing of the business of exchange, is a pertinent subject for discussion at meetings of the Association which after investigation should condemn it, suggest improvements in it, or recommend it to the membership according to the conclusions arrived at.

The constitution of the Association was hastily constructed when the organization sprang into being to give

force to a protest against the monopoly of cars enjoyed by the elevator owners.

It was scarcely believed at that time that it would have more than an ephemeral existence, so that little attention was given to the sub-association except as a basis for the central association membership, and as a means of supplying revenue to the latter body.

Now that the Association has developed into a great, permanent, steadily growing body, and its members have become seized of its possibilities as an implement for improving the social and economic conditions surrounding our farm population, there is a demand that the sub-association should become an active organized centre of thought in every rural community.

In order to do this there must be more system in the conduct of these meetings, more suggestions from the central executive as to the matters to be dealt with, the meetings must be held more frequently and at fixed dates, the interesting features of meetings shortly to be held must be dealt with in the official organ and the local press, while systematic canvassing for increase of membership and increase of sub-associations must be undertaken by each subordinate body.

Think of the moral effect upon our lawmakers of having mooted legislation debated in hundreds of meetings on a date fixed for that purpose, and with data of facts and figures supplied by the central officers through the official organ.

It would seem desirable that at least twenty-four meetings should be held in each year, say on the first and fifteenth of each month, or the day following when these dates fell on Sunday or a public holiday.

At the beginning of the year a programme for the year in the nature of a topic for discussion for each of the twenty-four meetings should be announced and essays on each topic, with contributions of facts and figures connected therewith, should be solicited from the membership and published in advance of the date of discussion.

Questions suitable for debate should be treated in that manner. Other questions should be dealt with from the individual standpoint of opinion supported by facts or principles.

In dealing with such questions as public ownership, direct legislation or co-operative marketing, the official organ should give as far as practicable, sources of reliable information, such as official reports, pamphlets, speeches, books, legislative acts, so that earnest students or enthusiastic propagandists could be given the best chance possible for effective work in the solution of social and economic problems.

Here are some subjects suggested by Mr. Sanderson, secretary of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association, in a circular addressed to the members :-

"How to ship your wheat—How to watch your grading—How to sell your wheat—The Winnipeg Grain Exchange and the work it performs—Car distribution—Demurrage—Our Grading System, Why it is necessary and how it can be improved—Survey and Standards Boards and their work—What it costs to handle and sell wheat and How it is handled and sold from the wagon to the European market—Co-operation versus Competition—Government Control versus Government Ownership—Ownership of Public Utilities, such as Telegraphs, Telephones, Railways, Elevators, etc."

To these might be added, Should our potatoes, hay, poultry and live stock be marketed co-operatively as well as our grain?

Would a butcher shop in every village, owned by the farmers be an improvement on the Beef Ring?

Public ownership of natural resources, such as coal deposits, timber limits, ore beds, oil lands and cement beds, or the fixing of maximum charges by private owners to prevent extortion.

Is private ownership in land defensible?

Shall currency be issued by banks or by the government?

Have women a right to the franchise?

Which is the most equitable form of taxation, direct tax, single tax, excise import duties, export duties, or a combination of these with income tax and inheritance tax (graduated)?

Protection versus Free Trade.

Is the Railway a Highway?

What nourishes the trust?

Shall dates of election be at the whim of politicians or be fixed by law?

Direct Legislation—The Initiative, Referendum and Recall.

Should the Primary be introduced into the Canadian political system?

And here is a pertinent question to be taken up at once if you are so minded: Considering the fact that the grain grower must be replaced in a longer or shorter time on every farm by the stock raiser or mixed farmer, might it not be well to change the name as soon as possible of our Association to the Grain Growers' and Stockmen's Association, and amend our constitution to conform with the change of name? By how many thousands would we increase our membership, and could we induce Alberta farmers when they amalgamate their two organizations to choose the same name? We could then have a provincial association in each province and a council composed of executives of the three provinces meeting once a year in each province in turn for joint action on large questions.

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INTER-PROVINCIAL CONFERENCE OF PREMIERS

The conference between the Premiers of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and the Inter-Provincial Council of the Grain Growers and the Farmers' Association, which has been looked forward to with eager anticipation by members of the Grain Growers' Association in each of the provinces, has at length been held.

The conference was first called for June 29th, but had to be postponed owing to the absence of one of the Premiers from the Province. The election in Saskatchewan then intervened, and by the time the smoke from that combat had cleared away the Dominion election was announced, necessitating a postponement until after the date of that election. No time was lost in getting the Conference together after that date in view of the difficulty of arranging a day when the premiers of the three provinces could spare the time from other duty.

There were present on behalf of the Manitoba Association:—J. W. Scallion, Hon. President; D. W. McQuaig, President; R. McKenzie, Secretary; Andrew Graham, Director.

Saskatchewan.—E. N. Hopkins, President; R. C. Sanderson, Secretary; E. A. Partridge, E. M. Gates, A. G. Hawkes, Members of Executive.

Alberta.—T. H. Woolford, Vice-President; Ed. J. Fream, Secretary.

The proposition which had been previously submitted to each of the Premiers (published in a former issue of the "Guide"), was discussed from every possible view point, with the utmost frankness on the part of the Premiers and the Grain Growers. Two sessions were held occupying over nine hours' time. It was not anticipated that the Premiers would give an off hand decision on a question that involved so large an expenditure and presented many intricate features which had to be considered with care.

The Premiers promised to consult their respective colleagues and confer with the Inter-Provincial Council at some later date to be arranged for with the secretary of the Council.

At a meeting of the Inter-Provincial Council immediately at the close of the Conference, arrangements were made to circulate a petition for signatures in the three provinces, praying the Provincial Governments to take the necessary steps to provide elevator storage at each shipping point sufficient for the requirements for shipping grain, and one praying the Dominion Government to acquire and operate the terminals at Lake Superior and the transfer elevators that handle Western grain between the lakes and the seaboard.

The branches of the Grain Growers' Association will be largely utilized to circulate these petitions for signature. Every farmer and business man in the three provinces ought to have an opportunity to add his signature. To do this is a work of great magnitude and must be prosecuted with great vigor and determination if we are to succeed. Much depends on how the petitions are signed. We are satisfied that our governments will give us government ownership of elevators if we convince them that a majority of the farmers want them. These petitions will enable our people to express their desire on the matter and it will be unfortunate if the movement fails on account of our Associations failing to measure up their opportunity.

The Secretary of the Provincial Association in each Province will supply the Secretaries of the Branches with copies of the petition for circulation. Any one desiring a copy can write to any of those secretaries or to R. McKenzie, Secretary of the Inter-Provincial Council, 445 Main St., Winnipeg, and he will furnish any number desired.

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THEY WANT CANADIAN GRAIN

Washington, Dec. 8.—Since the committee of ways and means began revising the tariff of 1897 three weeks ago, a number of questions have come up which are of direct interest to Canadian farmers, mine owners and lumbermen. Yesterday was essentially a Canadian farmers' day; for American millers appeared before the committee to ask for easier tariff conditions that would permit them to grind Canadian wheat for the export trade; and an hour of the committee's session was also occupied by representatives of New York maltsters, who are anxious that the duty of 30 cents a bushel on Canadian barley, that was imposed by the tariff of 1897, should be repealed.

Frank H. Henry, manager of the Washburn-Crosby company, of Buffalo, presented the plea of the millers. He came as the representative of fourteen of the principal flour mills of New York state and the Atlantic seaboard, with a daily capacity of 30,000 barrels of flour. Mr. Henry was alarmed by the increasing competition of Germany in the flour trade of Europe. "Our mills," he said to the committee, in presenting his plea, "are located directly on the route of Canadian wheat from northwest Canada to Europe, and the relief we ask to enable us to hold our own in the European markets is a more liberal tariff act which will permit us to tap this stream of wheat, grind it in our mills, export the finished product, and retain upon payment of duty the non-exportable by-products, greatly to the benefit of our farmers. We ask for no remission or reduction of duty. We simply wish to manufacture in this country, and export as a finished product the raw material that is now passing through in bond to be manufactured abroad. The treasury department has lately ruled that flour may be imported into this country, mixed with our domestic flour, and upon exportation be entitled to drawback of paid duty. This ruling benefits the Canadian miller, but creates new competition for the American miller. We understand that our present tariff act does not permit a ruling that would permit us to grind foreign wheat in this country, and retain the by-products which cannot successfully be exported; and it would seem that some change in the act is necessary conferring this authority. The present law is perfectly satisfactory to us, provided that it can be broadened so that the rulings may permit us to grind this wheat and export the flour. We are willing to pay the duty on the by-products which are not exportable because of their bulky character and imperfect keeping qualities."

"You people up there want free trade with Canada, do you not?" asked Champ Clark, the leader of the Democratic minority, of Mr. Henry. "We do not object to it," answered Mr. Henry, "we are not asking for it." "I know," replied Mr. Clark, "but you do want it—down in the bottom of your hearts." "We do not need it," replied Mr. Henry, "we have never had any government assistance." "Nearly all those who are raising wheat in the northwestern British possessions," continued Mr. Clark, "are Americans who have gone over there, are they not?" Mr. Henry: "A great many of them are, yes." Mr. Clark: "Nearly the whole outfit?" Mr. Henry: "Yes, Sir." Mr. Clark: "Fixing to bring that country into the United States, are they not?" Mr. Henry: "I cannot speak for them, but I think that is exactly what they will do, exactly what they did with Texas." "I do not think," interposed Mr. Payne, the chairman of the committee, "that you ought to give it away if they are."

Buffalo, Oswego and a number of other New York towns on the lakes were represented by the delegation of

maltsters that came before the committee to ask for easier conditions for the admission of Canadian barley. Their first spokesman was C. L. Feldman, of Buffalo, who complained that the Dingley duty of 30 cents a bushel was prohibitive. "Under the McKinley act of 1890," he said, "the duty was, as now, 30 cents a bushel. By the Wilson act of 1894 it was made 30 per cent, ad valorem; but the Dingley act put it back to the McKinley rate." "Prior to the enactment of this rate," continued Mr. Feldman, "along the Canadian border there were a large number of malting plants, in which there was a large investment. But the prohibitive duty prevented the Canadian product from coming into the United States, and it has destroyed nearly all the malting industry in New York state and in the eastern states, except in one or two places. Our contention is that the removal of this duty will not lessen the price to the American farmer. We have come to the conclusion that the importations of Canadian barley will tend to regulate the price of barley; and in view of the fact that the Canadian farmer now has a satisfactory market, it will not result in putting the product in the American market at a lower price than the American farmer now receives; but it will have a tendency to regulate the price on a fair basis."

Mr. Sereno E. Payne, the chairman of the committee, representing a congressional district which has suffered from this exclusion of Canadian barley since 1897. He was the first to put some questions to Mr. Feldman. "The Canadians," he said, "have stopped raising barley and got into some other business?" Mr. Feldman: "To some extent that is so." Mr. Payne: "Under the old system barley was imported and malted in Oswego and Buffalo?" Mr. Feldman: "And in Syracuse and Albany also; and there is another fact that I want to add. The maltsters in the Western states, in being nearer to the sources of American supply, had a great advantage over the eastern maltsters." Mr. Payne: "The New York barley was imported, commanded a good price, and was mixed with Canadian barley for malt." Mr. Feldman: "Yes, and the New York farmer has now lost his market for barley. There is no New York barley on the market in these days. It is all produced in a limited section of the western states."

Mr. Gaines, a Republican member of the committee, asked was it necessary to mix New York barley with Canadian barley. There was, Mr. Feldman answered, no necessity, except that it seemed to produce a malt that was satisfactory to the brewers. It produced a high grade malt. It is claimed that Canadian and New York state barley makes a better quality of beer. It seems to have a lighter color, and also produces a better flavor.

In answer to a question from Mr. Boutell, a Republican member of the committee, as to where the movement originated for increasing the duty 200 per cent. in the McKinley bill. Mr. Feldman said that it was due to the western representation that the American farmer needed this protection. "Did this tariff on barley," asked Mr. Clark, "shut up the breweries on the Canadian border?" Mr. Feldman: "The malt houses, but not the breweries. It destroyed the malt industry entirely in Oswego and in other sections along the northern frontier. The American malster, the malster we represent, has been obliged to pay abnormally high price and the market fluctuates. The malster has to hold his production for some time, and while he is holding his barley in the malting establishment and malting it, the prices go down." Mr. Clark: "He has to take the ordinary chances of trade, hasn't he?" Mr. Feldman: "He has to

take the ordinary chances; but he ought not to take the chances of speculation which has been indulged in by the western elevator people. We think that the importation of Canadian barley would tend to regulate the price. We also think that it might tend to prevent speculation in barley."

Here Mr. Dalzell, who is a stand-pat member of the committee, struck in with the question, "What are you asking for?" Mr. Feldman: "We are asking to have the duty removed." Mr. Dalzell: "Put on the free list?" Mr. Feldman: "Yes, sir." Mr. Hill, another Republican member of the committee, remarked that last year the United States exported 8,260,000 bushels of barley and imported only 11,000 bushels, and that the price must be fixed by the price abroad, less the cost of the shipment, so that the price of Canadian barley ought to be substantially the same." Mr. Feldman: "I suppose it is regulated by supply and demand." Summing up his case, Mr. Feldman said: "We feel that giving us an opportunity of getting the material nearby would place us on an equality with western malsters, and that it will not result in any injury to the western farmer, as the Canadian farmer receives practically the same for his product to-day, as the American farmer." "Do you mean to say," asked Mr. Randell for the committee, "that a 30 cent tariff on barley does not mean a higher price to the barley raiser in this country?" Mr. Feldman: "The records show that the American farmers receive less for their barley to-day than under the lower tariff. The territory in Canada in which barley can be raised is limited, and the amount of barley that we should procure from Canada if there were no duty would depend upon the amount of barley raised in Canada."

Further arguments in favor of free barley were also made by Mr. H. V. Burns, of Buffalo, and C. H. Laughlin, of Buffalo.

OUR LAST MAIL IN

Ed. Grain Growers' Guide,

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir:—In looking over the November issue of "The Guide", if your figures for other places are no closer than for Deloraine, you are away out in your reckoning. There are six elevators in Deloraine, and the receipts were over 400,000 bushels. We, (that is the Farmers' Elevator) handled a little over half of that. (214,000 bushels of wheat and 60,000 bushels of oats.)

However, if your general argument is all right and if receipts are as you state, I should think that some of the elevator people would be very glad if Government Ownership of elevators were to come into force. It certainly would take a white elephant off their hands. For several of the elevators here do not pay interest on their cost, let alone expenses, unless they take a very large rake-off, or some other point makes up for their losses here.

I may say that our elevator has paid for itself since we built it, notwithstanding the fact that there are five others, and for two or three years they operated at 1/2c a bushel. But our farmers were loyal to their elevator and we got the trade as far as the supply of cars allowed us. If we could get cars we would do still better.

Deloraine, Man., Dec. 8th. 1908.

Yours truly, (Signed) JAS. B. STEWART.

Editor's Note.—Elevator operators are required by the Grain Act to make return of grain receipts to the Warehouse Commissioner. Mr. Castle furnished us with the schedule of total wheat receipts published last issue, as compiled from returns made by the elevator operators. Mr. Castle advised us at the time that in a few cases the receipts were not complete. A few omissions and typographical errors also crept in while going through press. But it serves the purpose we had in view. That of exposing the heavy drain the elevator system makes on our resources.

SOURIS GRAIN MARKET

To the Editor:

Dear Sir:—Probably no question is more important to the citizens, and especially the business men of Souris at the present time than the grain market. It has long been recognized that Souris is looked upon as one of the poorest wheat markets in Manitoba; that for years, taking everything into consideration, higher prices have been procured at nearly every point than at Souris.

But the greatest difference that has yet occurred was brought to the writer's attention Friday. A farmer living four miles south-east of Souris was bringing his grain to Souris and was getting only 50 cents per bushel. Having heard that better prices prevailed on the Great Northern he investigated for himself with the result that he shipped two cars of wheat for which he got 50c. at Souris, and received 77 1/2c., a difference of 27 1/2c. as between Souris and Great Northern.

The writer has also seen farmers living directly north of Souris hauling their grain to Hebron, while others south-east are hauling to Bunclody. Why is this?

Surely this is a matter that our business men ought to investigate, as no doubt it has a serious effect on our town. We boast of our grist mill and elevators and yet what good are they to us when the above conditions prevail. Surely there is a remedy.

W. G. HETHERINGTON.

STEEL RAIL "DUMPING"

Montreal, Dec. 2.—A special London cable says that two leading British steel rail makers were interviewed today regarding alleged "dumping" against the Dominion Iron & Steel Co. They say that Canada could undercut the international steel combine but for the bounties. One firm threatens that the combine may retaliate by dumping into Canada. Another says "Canadian buyers will not long tolerate paying higher prices for rails than foreign consumers pay."

NEW HAULING RECORD

Winnipeg, Dec. 2.—In an effort to meet the demands of the grain dealers of the west the C.P.R. is endeavoring to make record shipments of wheat from Winnipeg during the present week. During November daily shipments from Winnipeg to Fort William averaged 541 cars, or over half a million bushels per day. The total shipments during the month were thus approximately 15,000,000 bushels. This stands as a record for wheat shipments in a single month for any year.

For the present week the record will most probably be exceeded, as every effort is being made to get every bushel possible to the lake ports before navigation closes. Monday's shipments were even greater than the daily average during November, despite the blizzard which raged along the main line.

A meeting of the Carroll Grain Growers' Association was held at Carroll on Dec. 8th, and was addressed by Mr. Alex. Rankin, of Killarney, who spoke on the conditions of grading and marketing wheat, past and present, and Government ownership of elevators, internal and terminal.

After an exhaustive survey of these subjects, a resolution was passed by the meeting as follows: "Resolved, That we, the Carroll Grain Growers, wish to place on record our belief that Government ownership of elevators, both internal and terminal, would do much to simplify the marketing of our grain and securing for us its value. We therefore ask our executive to urge the Government to take steps to this end."

A hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Rankin was passed for his instructive address.

We have added 8 pages to this issue and notwithstanding are obliged to hold over a mass of correspondence till January—Ed.

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CHRISTMAS IN THE CARIBOU

BY D. J. BENHAM.

All the roads that threaded their tortuous ways through the rugged wilds of the Rockies to the Caribou in the days when the gold-mad multitude was thronging in there, converged at Twenty-Mile, a quaint, unpretentious, rambling, log hostelry. It was kept by an American whose name, Wilhelm Krause, betrayed the fact that his forefathers did not come to this country in the Mayflower. The house was known to everyone, and its hospitable roof had sheltered thousands who had been lured by the phantom gleam of gold to brave the countless dangers of the northern wilderness to wash the yellow dust in the sand of the Fraser. The stage route from Ashcroft, 300 miles away; from New Westminster, down by the sea 200 miles further; and from Sapperton over which the caravans of miners and prospectors streamed on to Baskerville, the centre of the Caribou, passed between Twenty-Mile house and stable; while the trails from Huckleberry Creek, from Skookum Valley, from Dead Man's Gulch, from "Californy" Canon, from isolated camps and scattered claims all centered at the famous stopping house away back in '61.

Twenty-Mile, however, never became a serious rival of the mushroom metropolis of Baskerville in the wild, reckless, rollicking life of the diggings. It lacked the swagger of the larger camp; its jackpots were not so sensational, and its gun-play less in evidence; its clean-ups were not the largest in the Caribou, and its nuggets not the biggest; and yet even in its diminished glory there was enough excitement and spice in Twenty-mile to make life well worth living.

It was the one cheery place for the men who lived the hard, lonely lives out on the creeks; the one place available where they might share the pleasures of companionship of their fellows. A visit there was the only break in the monotony of their loneliness; consequently on Christmas eve in 1861 Twenty-Mile was the Mecca of the miners of southern Caribou. At no other time of the year is solitude so hard to bear as when the great family festival of Christmas comes round. Then he who has a home will dream of it, and he who can will spend the day by his own fireside. Even the most self-contained recluse will draw towards his fellows, impelled by the spirit of peace on earth and goodwill towards men which is abroad in the world.

Fortunately every trail, every blaze, and in fact every gulch led down to the valley in which Twenty-Mile nestled, else the terrible snow storm that raged on that eventful night might have been the winding sheet of more than one of the lonely wayfarers. Never in the history of the Caribou had there been such a storm, and the ghost of the north enveloped mountain and canon in its grasp. Snow in the mountains is not like snow on the plains. It does not beat upon you, but flutters silently earthward like the down from the cotton plant. It clings to everything like a fluffy garment, and the only sound which breaks the great white silence is that occasioned by the fall of miniature avalanches from the over-weighted boughs of the pine and spruce. All else is asleep in its mantle of snow.

That night the little low windows of Twenty-Mile house blinked through the downfall like tiny, fitful stars. Its three huge chimneys sent out a shower of sparks

from the roaring flames in the fire-places with the Yule logs below; and but for these intermittent beams of light the old house might easily have been mistaken for a mere snowbank.

Into it the miners straggled one by one, two by two, or in parties of half a dozen, who may have assembled along the network of trails, with much stamping of feet and shaking of snow from caps and coats. Each nodded good evening and Christmas greetings to Mine Host Krause, exchanged cordial compliments of the season with those who had preceded them; and then drew in to the fire to thaw the snow which would neither shake nor stamp off. They were great, rough-looking, jovial, open-hearted fellows, those men of the diggings and the frontier, in trousers and coats of shaggy makinaw, or leather and even the skins of animals. Heavy shirts of flaring red or blue flannel with enormous checks added to the picturesqueness of their costumes. Every one of them carried in his belt the regulation "short gun" and "sticker," though after the advent of Justice Begbee to the Caribou diggings these weapons were used with discretion and were carried more for the sake of associations than as a means of offence and defence.

It was truly a motley and cosmopolitan crowd that gathered there to celebrate. There was scarcely a corner of the world that was not represented. Men had been drawn from all parts of the earth by the rush to California for gold in '49; and these stampeded north when the precious metal was discovered along the tributaries of the Fraser. In one year more than 33,000 thronged into that wilderness from California alone, buoyed up by the hope that springs eternal—the hope that inspires the gambler to risk his all to win. Of the three great mining panics which seized the world within one decade—California, Australia and the Caribou—the last was probably the most remarkable. In the rush to "Californy" some had set sail from the old worlds on a nine months' voyage round the Horn; or to shorten this just a little had crossed "the isthmus" with its malarial swamps. Others had come from under the Southern Cross, from Australia and New Zealand. And—hardest journey of all—men in thousands, in caravan after caravan of prairie schooners, had streamed out along the old Santa Fe trail to people the southwest—harassed by hunger and thirst and by hostile Indians—in quest of the fabulously rich sands of California. Every mile of their route had been the birthplace of a romance or a tragedy. Disappointed in their search for wealth there they had turned to the new fields of the north amidst the wilds of British Columbia. Others had trekked across the prairie from old Fort Garry, on foot and on horseback, up to the Peace River and through the Yellowhead Pass, carrying with them the shovels and picks with which they fondly hoped to uncover the wealth hidden in the head waters of the Fraser. All these hardy, daring spirits were represented in the strange Christmas gathering that night in Twenty-Mile. And among them was old Henry Freeland of Huckleberry Creek.

Everything about the hotel bespoke the festive season, even to the new corduroy suit and handkerchief in which Wilhelm Krause, the portly proprietor, was arrayed. The barroom, the dance-hall, the card room, the reception

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room and the general room, which also included the offices, had been hung with evergreens; while the dusty, dingy interiors and floors had been brightened by a "fix-up." But it was the unusually large—really extravagant number of candles which had been lighted that more than anything else indicated the festive occasion.

Old Henry Freeland sat by the fire apart from the others, quietly smoking his pipe and watching the blue clouds eddying into the chimney or the flames twisting in golden forms and faces around the logs. Sometimes he aroused himself to the point of appearing interested in the events and conversation around him, but soon lapsed back to follow the train of his own thoughts and dreams. He was a strange old man, a hermit by choice. There was not a miner in the Caribou that did not respect the quiet, unobtrusive "old Harry Freeland" though none pretended to understand him. He was a good neighbor even there where every man was to a certain extent dependent upon his fellows amidst the broad, communistic spirit of the frontier. He was always ready to do a favor though he seldom asked one from anyone. When Tom, the Missouri tenderfoot, went out prospecting along the upper Skookum with a week's grub, and did not turn up within two weeks, it was Harry Freeland who went out in search for him, brought him in, and tenderly nursed him with his broken leg. Later he staked the unfortunate tenderfoot liberally from his own hard-earned though well-filled poke. The old man had been in at the first; had done well; and could now sell out and be rich any day. Thus why it was that the strange recluse refused to go "outside" and be comfortable, preferring to remain in his shack away up on Huckleberry Creek was something no one could understand. All knew, however, that behind that rugged exterior beat a heart that was warm and true, bearing in silence its own great sorrow.

A wild animal when wounded in the chase or when afflicted by sickness will limp away into a thicket to heal its wound or to die in majestic, heroic silence. In men there seems to be the same instinct, and away out in the solitary, lonely outposts of the fringe of settlement, in the wild foothills or the canyons, will be found noble men of character and refinement who have somehow been wounded in the chase of life or have sickened of it and have limped away off into the wilderness to find healing or death.

It was in some such way as this that the miners explained the course of action of brave old Harry Freeland even before they learned his sad story definitely from one who had known him on Poverty Flat in '49. It was a story neither new nor rare, but one which in its main details might be told by many a silent old man in many a camp on the frontier.

It began away back on an Iowan homestead which he likely never would have left had not a great and consuming sorrow overtaken him in the death of his wife, which made the place and its hallowed associations almost unbearable to him. It was then that the remarkable tide of humanity was pouring into the California gold-fields. Freeland was caught in the vortex of that migration, impelled not by the love of gold, but by the overwhelming desire to drown sorrow in the toils and excitement of a new life. With his only child, a daughter of twelve years, he joined a party of gold seekers. Naturally silent and self-dependent, his bereavement had made him morose. His one master passion was his love, almost absorbing in its intensity, for his daughter Daisy. This love deepened, if it were possible, in the days of hardship and poverty that they were called upon to face in California; for he was not one of the fortunate ones there. Then Daisy was his little housekeeper, always looking on the bright side of things, seeing a silver lining in every cloud in her father's life, always blithe as

a lark and always contriving something to make ends meet.

But years passed, and when Daisy had grown to womanhood she fell in love with a dashing young Argonaut; and when she could not marry him with her father's blessing, in a rash moment, which she regretted as long as she lived, she was persuaded to run away and to wed without it. That was a more cruel blow to old Freeland than even the first great sorrow; for it was not a Heaven-decreed bereavement; it was rebellion in a daughter that he loved better than his own life. All that life he had for him had vanished with the elopement of his cherished child; but he did not complain aloud—he was too broken in spirit for any outburst of passion. He simply withdrew to the wilderness.

That was why Harry Freeland—"old Freeland" as they called him—lived alone on Huckleberry Creek; and that was why he sat unhappy by the fire in a public house that Christmas Eve. It was nearly six years since Daisy had deserted his home for her lover, yet in all that time he had never heard of her, neither had he inquired as to what had befallen her. But Daisy had sought constantly though in vain for tidings of her father in hope of reconciliation; and as time fitted on she mourned him as dead.

But this is a digression from the scenes of revelry at Twenty-Mile. If old Freeland sat silent, his companions certainly did not. It was a night of wild, hilarious, rough festivity. Jake le Sear, mounted on a box, sawed his old squeaky violin until it fairly screeched in agony, while the dance and the feast ran high. Heavy makinaws were shed, and the miners in their shirt sleeves, a score at a time, danced the jigs and break-downs which only a hewn floor could have sustained. Those who could not secure "pardners" from among the limited female population of Twenty-Mile had to "stag" it in mirthful glee. And there were games, of course, for those who did not worship at the shrine of Terpsichore. These brought their stacks of chips and sat around the rough gaming tables playing "draw," or "seven-up," or "rolling the bones" according to their personal desires. But the general sentiment was that Christmas Eve should be a social occa-



"Saw a tiny Angel in white robe and fuzzy, golden hair"

ston. This idea insured a larger run than usual on Mine Host Krause's barrels and kegs, the precious contents of which were "toted" all the way from the coast—or were supposed to be. The nucleus probably was, and the spring behind the hotel supplied the rest necessary in making the fiery "white whiskey" which has been aptly described as calculated to make a "rabbit spit in a bull dog's face." It was notorious among the miners how under Krause's skilful manipulation, whiskey increased even as did the widow's creuse of oil in the time of Elijah; indeed, there were some who maintained that for every barrel brought in from the coast twenty were sold over the bar. But though his patrons called it "pisen," "knock-out," "forty-rod," and "hell fire," and pretended in jest to burn the floor with it, Krause was unassailable in his argument that "Them as didn't like his liquor needn't cough up their dust fur it." But on Christmas Eve they did want it and did put down many an ounce of dust for it.

But while all this revellry was in progress in Twenty-Mile, a coast wind found its way through the mountain fastnesses, swept up the creeks, swirled down the gulches and valley and howled around the old hotel, almost burying it in a drift of new-fallen snow. Flurries hissed down the wide chimneys into the fire, and found their way through the chinks and crevices in the walls unnoticed and unheeded by the revellers. It was a terrible night without. The stableman, after studying the situation, announced that no one could possibly make his way through that storm, and so when it came to pass that when the genial Krause had made the best possible disposal of his guests there still remained a number who of necessity had to bivouac on the floor.

When the mirth subsided, Old Freeland fell asleep in his chair by the fire.

It may have been that the spirit of Christmas was upon him, the spirit of the Child born in the manger at Bethlehem; or it may have been the faint night cry of a child heard through the house that brought the old man back in dreams to happier days, to the Christmas celebrations of long before.

He was back on the old homestead. It was Daisy's, little Daisy's first Christmas. He and her mother had brought her her presents in her cradle. "Don't you think she sees them, dear, and knows it's Christmas," his wife was saying. "Oh, I think she must; see her smiling."

This dream merged into another. He was still on the old homestead and his family circle was as yet unbroken.

"Merry Tisssmus, Daddy. . . Merry Tisssmus. . . Wake up, Daddy; wake up. . . It's Merry Tisssmus, don't you know?" and daddy looking down at the halo of golden hair, and at the wee white nighty, said within himself that not only on the plains of Bethlehem had angels heralded the Christmas Day, but his own little angel had caught the song across the divide of two thousand years to precl'm it to him.

"A Merry Christmas, Daisy, a Merry, Merry Christmas," and peace and goodwill were in his soul as he fondled his little daughter.

The old man still slept on. His dream merged into still another. He was no longer on the old homestead, but in a wild, rough Californian mining camp.

A little girl housekeeper came in to wish Daddy a Merry Christmas. "But you mustn't come near the kitchen, daddy. You mustn't even peep in at what I have got for dinner. And—we'll try not to be very lonely, dad, though—mother—is away;—but I'm sure she'll see us to-day—it's Christmas."

Had his neighbors from the creeks seen the old man as he slept they would scarcely have recognized him. The

hard, weary, cynical look had disappeared. In dreams he was yet a husband and father, not a homeless wanderer, loveless and weary of life. Dreamland was his only taste of heaven, his only fleeting glimpse of happiness.

Then a door away at the end of the big room creaked and a tiny figure peeped through, stopped for a moment irresolute, then tip-toed over to the fire-place. The fire was yet burning brightly enough to show her the old man asleep—just what the wee apparition had hoped and almost expected to see.

"Merry Tisssmus, Santa Claus. . . Merry Tisssmus, Santa Claus. . . Is oo tired and sleepy, Santa Claus? . . . Did oo come down froo the Chimney, Santa Claus?"

It seemed to the old man but a part of his dream. The child's voice thrilled him through and through.

Meanwhile she watched for him to awake. She even touched his hand.

Slowly he awoke from his slumber so sweet, and looking down saw a tiny angel in white robe and fuzzy golden halo. Surely he was still dreaming.

He glanced quickly around the dingy interior. This was really Twenty-Mile, to which he had come through the snow on the previous evening. He realized that he was awake. But this was—was surely his own little girl who had come to him out of dreamland; he could not mistake her, for her image was engraved upon his memory. But how had she come back to him through all the years, to the wilds of the Caribou? It seemed surpassing strange, almost uncanny.

But little Daisy was beginning to shiver. She had just skipped out of bed to get a glimpse of Santa as he came down the chimney as she had been told he would. She had seen only an old man sleeping by the fire and she was now very cold. Indeed, she was "awful told," she said.

But the old man was now wide awake. He grabbed up the sweet little child and stirred up the fire, cuddling her to his bosom to make her warm and cosy, as he had done years and years before in the days of auld lang syne.

"Who are you, dearie?" he asked with the passion of his forgotten love burning anew in his breast.

"I'se Daisy."

"Daisy!" he repeated, mechanically. His own little daughter's name! Was this after all a dream? Again he looked about him. He was assuredly awake and away off in the lonely Caribou. And it was no mere apparition; it was a real child of flesh and blood he was fondling in his arms. Yet how could any other child be so like his own had been? and the name, too—

"What's your other name, Daisy," he asked.

"Just Daisy, that's all. But is oo Santa Claus?" she in turn enquired.

Just then an alarmed voice called "Daisy, Daisy, where are you?"

"Here, mamma. I'se tummin'," and without further ceremony the little bunch of sweetness slipped down from his knee and ran off to rejoin her mamma.

Old Freeland felt that he was losing his reason. The woman's voice had thrilled him even more than the voice of the child. He tried to think, tried to imagine. Could it be that—No, it could not be. His own Daisy, whom he had cast off, was living happily, he hoped, under the sunny skies of California, thousands of miles away, probably the mother of children, likely forgetful of her old father whom she had run away from.

He could not but think of his daughter. The chance meeting with the child had kindled anew the fatherly instincts in him. The little ray of sunshine had melted the snows and frosts of years of steeling his heart against the object of his love, and germinated the roots of kindness which are natural to the souls of men.

As soon as the house was astir in the morning old Freeland hunted up Krause and enquired feverishly about

Daisy and he tried to could be him.

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Daisy and her mother—a mere matter of idle curiosity, he tried to make himself believe. He was certain there could be nothing in the strange fancy which had possessed him.

He learned that the mother was a young woman who had recently been left a widow, and was at present "helpin' Missus Krause." There were two children, Daisy, and a little baby boy of very tender age. "But wait," said Krause, seeing the old man's interest; "ain't no use me talkin' when the missus's around. She ain't done a thing sence the widder come to the diggings but talk about her and call her all the angels and saints ever heard of in Caribou."

Mrs. Krause answered the summons of her lord promptly, although already busy preparing the Christmas fare. She was a big, voluble, good-natured looking woman, who seized upon the opportunity to dilate upon the virtues and womanly-qualities of the widowed mother.

"She ain't none o' the ordinary," began Krause's helpmate. "There ain't no one ever came through to the Caribou could hold a candle to her. She's just a saint, that's what she is, though she can cook a roast just to a turn.

"But she's had a hard time ov it, poor thing. Mexican Bill told me all about it, though she don't say much about it herself. Her husband came out to the Caribou and located down White Horse way and then sent back south for her and the baby. Bill said he'd rather be hung twiced over than ov druv the stage in from Ashcroft the day she cum. She was that happy, poor thing, abuildin' on seein' her husband again soon—an' all the time he wuz lyin' at the foot ov the rapids somewhere that God only knows. He got drowned just a week before she cum. The boys who knew she was cummin' in had picked on Bill to tell her. They all chipped in an' helped her the best way they knowed. Then her little boy was born less'n a week after she got here. When she got strong agin she wanted to get away from White Horse and get some work to do to keep herself and the little ones. Mexican Bill told me about her an' I jest told him to bring her up here by the fust stage. She's been here two weeks cum Sunday. Lor', me thinkin' I was doin' it just for charity to have her here! Work! ye never seen such a cook. The pies that woman does make! She says she took to it young like when she kept house for her father down in Californy."

Good-hearted Mrs. Krause did not notice the intense interest of Freeland, but rattled on in her own peculiar style:

"She don't jes' seem to know where her dad is an' she cries mostly when she speaks ov him, so of course I don't ask no questions."

"Her name; what's her name?" gasped Freeland.

"Mrs. Stenson's her name."

"Her own name, though? What is it—her maiden name, I mean?"

"It's Daisy, I reckon, cos she told me she had named the little girl after herself."

"Then it must be true," mused Freeland. No, it might not, but he would make sure before he ventured to make known his identity, and the reason of his peculiar interest in the story of romance no sadder than scores of others in that wilderness.

"Her father's name, her name before she married, what was that?" anxiously asked Freeland; but Mrs. Krause, content in having found one good auditor, never noticed his anxiety, and answered bluntly:

"Lord, I dunno. Oh, yes, lemme see; it's on the front of her little old Bible. Let me think a minit. Daisy—Daisy—Daisy Freeland. That's it. Same's your own. But it do seem strange for me up here in Twenty-Mile to be settin' here gossipin' with you all mornin' and know the Christmas dinner is cummin' along jes as well without me." With that she disappeared into the kitchen, leav-

ing the poor, astonished, over-joyed old man in a state bordering on insanity. He was consumed with varying feelings of sorrow at his own perverseness; joy at the thought of the reunion, and a strange, unaccountable shrinking from the daughter he had disowned.

Soon little Daisy, in her holiday attire, appeared and renewed the friendship of the early morning. As she climbed his knee the old man, nervously enquired if she had ever heard of her granddad, and he was rejoiced to learn from her childish lips that "Dandad was always in her prayer."

Then he realized that his daughter had prayed and had also taught even her little lisping child to pray for his safety and for his return to them, while he had cherished his enmity and had steeled his heart against her.

"Did you ever see granddad, Daisy, dearie?" he asked again.

"No, but I will some day," she replied, in childish confidence; for mamma says Dod'll bring him back to us since papa's gone."

This was more than the hardened reserve of old Freeland could stand, and he could contain his secret no longer.

"Daisy, dearie, I'm really granddad. God truly has brought me back in answer to your prayers. Now, Daisy, run and tell mother that granddad is here."

Away she trotted blithely in her girlish glee to tell her wonderful story. "Mamma, mamma, Dod's brought dandad back to us. He's here. Tam and see dandad."

While the amazed mother was listening to the voice and prattle of her child, old Mrs. Krause expressed her thoughts in the one exclamation, "It's old Freeland, sure, the child is talking about." That thrice happy woman clasped the child to her bosom, and next moment was in the embrace of her own dear Dad.

It was a happy throng that spent the wintry Christmas Day of 1861 in Twenty-Mile away up in the Caribou. Kindly Mrs. Krause declared she was the happiest of them all, but she could not know, could not realise the happiness which swelled the hearts of Henry Freeland and his long lost Daisy in their reunion after an estrangement of years.



FARMER: "I thought you said you'd been used to workin' on a dairy farm?"

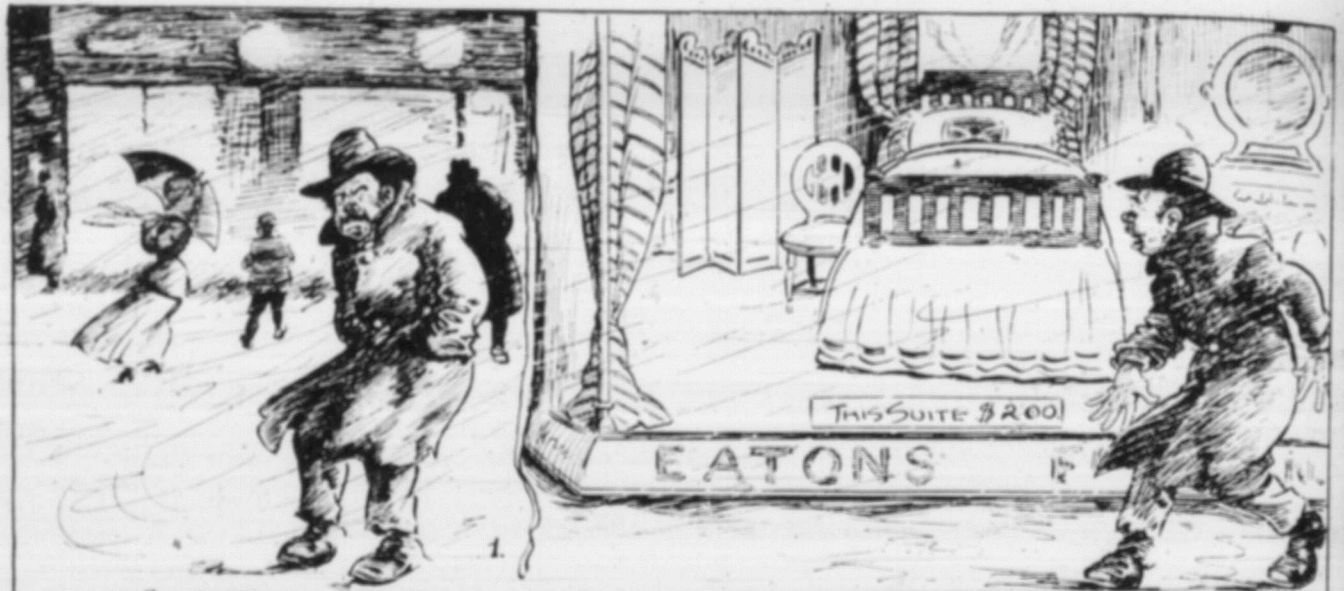
THE NEW HAND: "So I have."

FARMER: "What! and you can't milk a cow?"

NEW HAND: "'Course I can't: all I done was to PUMP!"

AN EASY WAY TO A "SOFT THING"

SIM DIMPSY'S CHRISTMAS EVE.



COGITATION

INSPIRATION

2.



THE DIE IS CAST



HIS EVENING TOILETTE.

4.



THE FINAL PLUNGE

5.



GOOD NIGHT

6.

SIM'S MOTTO FOR THE NEW YEAR: "Find a way or Make one"