

The Borden Government The Friend of Profiteers

Increased Production is Now the Watchword---Denizens of the Farm Interviewed by Gadsby and Give Their Views---The Hen Does Not Want to Lay Eggs for Cold Storage Barons---All That the Faithful Cow Gets is Knocks.

(By H. F. Gadsby.)

Ottawa, April 24.—The Borden government's campaign for thrift, one phase of which was throwing away seven or eight million dollars on a useless Ross rifle, and its collateral campaign of production which beguiled a bumper wheat crop out of the Northwest farmers in 1915, and then denied it a free market, has now reached the stage where it is deemed safer to turn it over to the provinces.

The provinces are getting busy. Boards of Trade are passing resolutions. Public meetings are being held. Business men from the cities declare their intention of making a passionate pilgrimage of three weeks to the country to help the farmer with his seedling and his harvest. Increased production is the word. Everything is to be speeded up. In view of these patriotic activities, it was deemed advisable to interview, not the farmers, but the denizens of the farm, the hen, the cow, the hog, the horse, the apple, the potato, the wheat, who will be chiefly affected by the speeding up process.

The interviews follow:

Should be Resigned.

The Hen—Yes, I am willing to do my bit, but I want my efforts recognized. A career of persistent parturience such as mine is very trying on the nervous system, and should have definite compensations. If I am asked to lay eggs by electric light, after my day's work is over, I want the people of Canada and the British Empire to get the benefit. I don't want to spend all my time laying eggs for half a dozen cold storage kings who hide them away in the summer and dole them out in winter at anything from 75 cents to a dollar a dozen.

I can lay eggs, labor, food and wear and tear included, quite profitably at 25c. a dozen, and that is the price I would like to see fixed for the people at large. I know that is the price the cold storage kings buy my product at and I don't see why the people should get worse treatment. It's all very well to say that the people have as good a chance at my eggs as the cold storage kings, but they haven't. It is a notorious grievance that every little general store in the country acts as an agent and collector for the cold storage fellows and that three-fifths of the summer-laid eggs do not see the market until months later. I often wonder why the government doesn't invoke the War Measures Act and make these cold storage pirates behave.

The cow—What's the use? I drink all the water and make all the milk I can, and what they can't can they give to the pigs, but I don't get any

credit. All I get is knocks. The smart alecks say that I am first cousin to the pump. It's not my fault. It's what the dairy companies do to the milk when it goes to the city. As it leaves my bosom it is pure as the driven snow, but I won't answer for it after the middle men get hold of it.

Not Responsible

Butter? What can I do about it? I try my best and turn out a good product, but I am not responsible for the price. The middleman fixes that. Forty cents a pound—pretty stiff. A little competition from oleomargarine would bring butter to reason, but you can hardly expect relief like that from the Borden Government, which, I understand, is addicted to high tariff. Domestic cheese, I am told, brings the same price now as the imported varieties. That seems a good way to encourage the use of the imported varieties. I suppose the Borden Government aims to swell the customs revenue. Of course the consumer gets the worst of it. That's what he was made for. I'm afraid he'll go dry if he looks for the milk of human kindness in the Borden Government. They are too much taken up with their friends, the profiteers.

Hogs are Plentiful

The hog—Yes, I'm worth ten cents a pound on the hoof right now and the packers swear that it's a good price. Perhaps it is a good price compared with the six cents a pound I brought before the war, but it isn't such a much even at that. When you consider that the farmer raises me, feeds me, tends me, nurses me—does all the hard work for me—and that the packer simply buys me, kills me, cures me and sells me, why, I ask, should the farmer get ten cents a pound and the packer get forty cents a pound for his bacon? Why all that spread between pork on the hoof and bacon in the pan?

And who gets it? I must confess that it makes me hot when I think that I, the mortgage lifter, can be valued at such a small sum as ten cents a pound more, simply because the Borden Government's friends do the handling. When I compare ten cents a pound with forty cents a pound I often ask which is the greater hog—myself or the packer?

Horse Sees Its Finish.

The Horse—I see my finish. They are talking of tractors for the farm. May I never live to see them! However, there's one thing that may save off the evil day—the tractor is no fertilizer. I must admit that I saw a ray of hope when the war started. The horses young Mr. Foster bought for the Borden Government down in

Nova Scotia encouraged me to believe that I might be called on to serve my country somewhere in France. But when I came to think it over I saw that I wasn't old enough for the job. I am sound in wind and limb, and still sprightly. I judge from the horses they bought in Nova Scotia that only those with no teeth and a serious disposition need apply. It's true they painted horses down in Peel county to get them into the army, but, even at that, I don't think I could make up to look old enough. I have no gift that way.

A Potato Surplus

The potato—Don't blame me. Let the Borden Government do it. They have their War Measures Act. Let them use it. Two million bushels surplus and people starving for potatoes in one province while the potatoes rot in another. A little intelligent foresight on the part of a government that has a War Measures Act to operate under and a Railway Commission to order the railways about would soon remedy that. I repeat it—don't blame me. If potatoes are five dollars a bag in Ontario and are going begging in New Brunswick, blame the mullahs at Ottawa who are too busy providing chances for their profiteering friends to get rich to attend to a little matter like proper distribution of the food products of the country.

The Price of Apples.

The Apple—No apples to eat in an apple country? The West Indian banana our national fruit? Well, what better could you expect from the Borden government's blundering manipulations? I am a signal example of how the blamed thing works out. I may grow in British Columbia, but it doesn't follow that I sell there.

No, I pay the freight all the way across the continent and sell at 5c. each in Ontario, which, in turn, sends its good apples overseas to England. In short, the home market is protected for us apples, so that we needn't sell at home. We needn't and we don't.

I think it would be cheaper and altogether more satisfactory for the consumer to eat the apples grown, so to speak, at home, instead of bringing them from thousands of miles distant, but apparently the Borden government doesn't see it that way.

At the Gaiety Today.

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WASTAGE IS HEAVY AMONG CANADIANS

Toronto, April 25.—Surgeon General J. T. Jones arrived here today from the front.

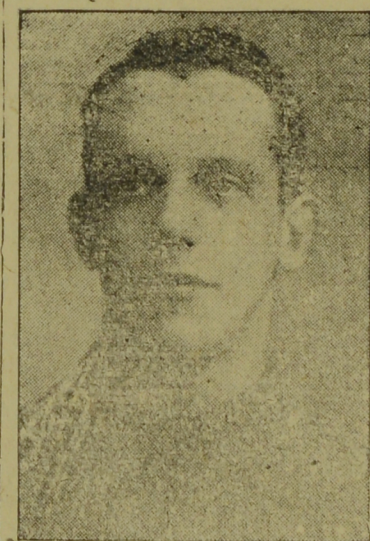
He said that unless recruiting in Canada improved there would be practically no Canadian army next fall. The annual wastage of one division of 20,000 men was estimated at 15,000. This would mean a wastage of 75,000 in Canada's five divisions. To keep up to strength one division meant that at least one battalion a month would have to be sent overseas as reinforcements. General Jones has been offered the position of director of medical service for invalids in Canada.

UNUSUAL HANDBAGS.

No woman is properly equipped unless she has a handbag. And the handbag, to be smart, must possess at least one unusual feature.

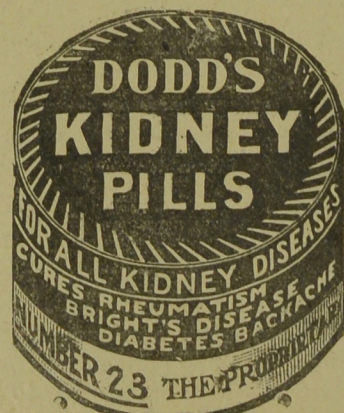
A woman might make or purchase one of the attractive bags in lantern shape. Such a model made of white brocade satin is beautifully embroidered in crystal beads. It is disk shaped and opens at the top, just as the pleated jack-o-lantern opens up. A chain of bone rings forms the handle.

C.P.R. Military Medal Hero



Corporal Ralph G. Murrow, who for four years previous to the outbreak of war was in the Passenger Department, C.P.R., Liverpool, has won the Military Medal.

Corporal Murrow joined the K.L.R. the day war was declared and went to France in February, 1915. Before the war he was a well-known member of the Harrowby Football Club and it is interesting to record the fact that the act which won for him the coveted medal was performed in the rescue of a club mate, A. H. Robertson, who had been seriously wounded. Corporal Murrow picked up the man and carried him to the aid station, where he was taken to the British hospital.



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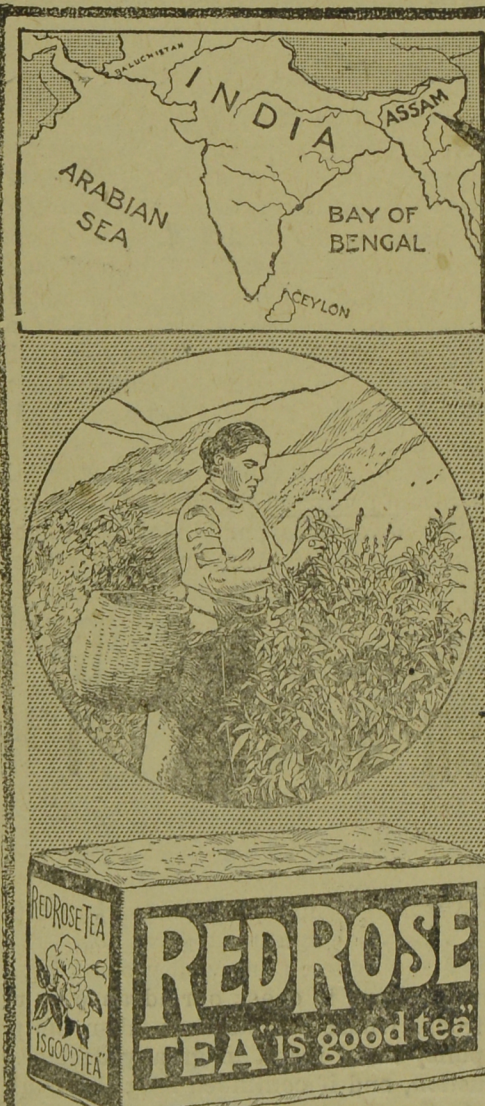
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