



PUPILS AT HON. RUPERT GUINNESS' EMIGRATION TRAINING SCHOOL.



WOKING PARK FARM, WHERE EMIGRANTS ARE TRAINED FOR CANADA.

## TRAINING EMIGRANTS FOR CANADA

THE Hon. Rupert Guinness, M.P., who has just resumed his Parliamentary duties in England as representative for Southend, after launching out as a Canadian farmer, is enthusiastic about the opportunities that await the public school man who, after a course of up-to-date training, emigrates from the old country into agriculture overseas.

For eighteen months Mr. Guinness, pioneer among the younger Parliamentarians who go about social reforms in a practical way, has conducted a training farm on the estate of his father-in-law, the Earl of Onslow, near Woking. Sixty men from the public schools have been trained on his Woking Park farm, learning modern Canadian methods and the

lady Gwendolen Guinness, went to Canada to spend the autumn Parliamentary vacation, it was with the object of visiting some of his former pupils, now a good way on the road to fortune. They surprised many of the men at work on the land, and heard with pleasure the stories of their success. Among them were a doctor, a clergyman and a major, who are now living far happier and healthier lives than they did when following their respective professions in the old country.

Mr. Guinness was so struck with the potentialities of scientific farming in Canada that he bought three or four farms for himself in the North Shore district of Nova Scotia, and has now come back to England to extend his Woking training farm, so that he can recruit his workers from the pupils there.

"My purchase," Mr. Guinness said to a representative of the Topical Press, "may only be a beginning. It is my first venture as a farmer, and I must learn my business. If I succeed, well, farming in Nova Scotia is a pleasant occupation, and there are one or two pretty little farms which met my eye. Nova Scotia, you see, is just next door to Liverpool, and I can run over in no time. Nevertheless, if any owners out there want to sell their

land, I hope they won't wait for me.

"It is a fallacy to suppose that the science of the land must remain forever in the rut of the easy-going Hodke," Mr. Guinness continued. "Science must banish the old hedger-and-ditcher type, who never grows poorer and never grows richer.

"Agriculture calls for active brains and scientific knowledge as well as strong hands. Have not some of our most distinguished men been practical agriculturists? Young men of good social standing don overalls and get covered with grease while learning to become great engineers. Is it more undignified to milk a cow or harness a horse?"

The accompanying pictures show Mr. Rupert Guinness and various phases of the Woking farm. Mr. Guinness has already begun the work of extension, and in the near future it is likely that treble the number of students will be able to undergo the course of training there simultaneously. He invites men of good family and schooling to present themselves for training, and as each batch departs with a sound knowledge of Canadian agriculture, some will go to Mr. Guinness' new North Shore farms, and others will find their way, according to choice, to the boundless farm lands farther west.

raggs" or "raggies," but, should they fall out and become enemies, they have "parted brass raggs." "Jack Tar," "sailor" and "Jack Shaloo" are all terms of contempt, and they are likely to lead to a display with the "bunch of fives"; in plain English, a fist. Should complaints ensue, the grumbler is "hogging the cat," but the best thing he can do after a disagreement is to "catch a bird" or go to sleep.

Jack's cap is his "chafing grummet," his shoes are "pusser's webs" or "barges," and at night he sleeps in his "kipsey" or hammock; in the morning he stirs his cocoa with a "gibble" or spoon, while occasionally he refers to his fork as a "split spoon."

This by no means exhausts the list of strange names which Navy Jack bestows upon everything and everybody around him. Whatever innovation may appear, a sobriquet is quickly found for it, as witness "Sparks" for an electrician and "Atmospherics" for a wireless operator. The derivatives of all these nicknames might form an entertaining hobby for an etymologist to undertake, but to the average person their origin is an unfathomable mystery.