

FARMERS AND GOVT.

(To the Editor of "The World.")

Sir.—The recent elections brought into existence a new political factor; anyhow, as far as name is concerned. I would not say that the Country party is a farmers' creation, but it is safe to say that the name was provocative enough to ensure the support of the land tollers. The ordinary farmer has never had any particular love either for Nationalists (formerly Liberals), whom he considered as big business people, or for Laborites, whose very name could not inspire "proprietors' " confidence. In his opinion, they were two opposite evils equally bad for him, and until the last election he had no choice but to steer as best he could between the Scylla of the Labor party and Charybdis of Nationalists, though it is rather suspicious that he often was inclined to take the Charybdis peril. The advent of the new party gave him choice, and he took it.

Whether the Country party will justify its appearance on the political scene or not it is early yet to say, but the farmer begins already to grow somewhat doubtful and pessimistic. Is it not one of the tricks to catch his vote in exchange for fine promises? He has been fooled so many times that this suspicion is quite natural and excusable; moreover, that new party, it appears, is quite willing to coil and acquiesce at the feet of the bossing party. Meanwhile the farmer remains, as ever, misunderstood and misrepresented. That the farmer is "out and out Conservative," both rivalling parties seem to agree on this point, and each party claims to represent the farmer, without observing any inconsistency in this claim.

However, the farmer is neither Conservative nor unintelligent, and if

Conservative nor unintelligent, and if he is taken both for one and for the other, it is because he lacks any organisation of his own, which could represent him in his true light. And as long as there is no organisation, he always will be regarded by any Government—only from one practical point of view—as a proverbial sheep with golden fleece.—Yours, etc.,
S. SUTCHKOFF.

Edith Creek.
