

biggest interest we have. And why not? The ultimate source of all wealth is the land, the mine, and the sea. And we have more land than we have water available for cultivation. Our farms are greater in extent than our fisheries. And the forest of to-day becomes the farm of to-morrow. Yet we are allowing the farm to slip back from its own first place in Canadian exports, and the doctors of true progress would have us believe that if we are to bulge our exports commensurate with our national importance we must do it with commodities more valuable per bulk than wheat and cattle and fruit.

Well, farming is not merely a case for exports and experts. It's a matter for business.

Of course there are all kinds of farmers; the man who inherits a mortgage; the man who puts a few thousand dollars into a town-side farm and runs it as a side-line; the nabob who sinks a large fortune in a tract of land which he improves into a piece of landscape to entertain his friends and loses more in a year than the average farmer can make in a lifetime; the man who uses a farm as a convenient centre of operations for buying and selling stock; the man who buys a farm just to sell it again—and the man who takes a farm as payment of a mortgage. But did you ever hear of any town man investing money in a farm on the same principle that he would invest in a corner lot or a mine? Did you ever meet a man who paid as much respect to a hundred acres of land that produced wealth every year by adding to the world's eatables and wearables as he would to a corner lot downtown

that runs into more money every year because a thousand people pay car fares every day to do business around that corner.

The fact is that the townman has no use for the farm as an investment. In spite of the good prices of the past fifteen years and the fat prices of war he regards the farm as a place where a man is sure to lose money unless he has the experience of a farmer in spending it. All the average townsman knows about a farm is seeing it from a motor-car or spending a couple of weeks on a farm when he had nowhere else to go. Though in every town and city of eastern Canada there are scores and hundreds of men who were brought up on the farm and never admit it unless the talk at the club seems to gravitate towards farming. The town and the farm are divided by a great gulf. The farmer knows the town because it is his market. The townsman hates the farm because he believes the farmer of to-day is a member of a great combine to hold him up for high prices, and the farmer of yesterday was a man who barely grubbed a living.

There are prairie farmers who spend their winters at the Royal Alexandra Hotel in Winnipeg. These men know more about the town than the citizen of Winnipeg knows about the prairie farm. The average Manitoba farmer could get along as well at a town business as he does on the land. He often knows as much about the wheat pit as any member of the Grain Exchange. There are farmers in Ontario who know as much about common business as they do about the farm. There are others who prac-