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No. 1

::: FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR :::

"It rests with the farmers of North America to make 1918 a year of disaster or a year of victory unparalleled in human history."

IF there is such a thing as a human certainty, it is that nothing the Central Powers of Europe can do will ever break or bend the Western Battle Front so long as the soldiers of the British Empire, France and America are backed with a sufficiency of food.

And the war will be lost or won on the Western Front.

As we write, there is a confidence in the first breath of the New Year that overrides everything. There's an assurance of victory in it that we can neither account for nor get rid of; and in neither case will we make the attempt.

"God bless you, merry gentlemen—

Let nothing you dismay." is our New Year's benediction upon every reader of "The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer." It is the centuries' old carol of our brave forefathers of Merry England, and we will sing it till the crack of doom.

These stout old hearts faced privations and terrors in their time of which we know nothing. They were victims of the tyranny of ignorance and oppression that, so far as the English-speaking race is concerned, has no longer the power to intimidate.

With our enlightenment and liberty, shall we cringe and go under where they stood four-square to the powers of darkness and won out with a coolness and intrepidity that never faltered?

What is the very blackest

cloud in the sky-line as the New Year dawns? Is it not that, due to the collapse of Russia as a faithful friend, a vast array of enemy force is released and will be employed in a terrific effort to pierce the French and British lines? That, in effect, is the

he was never able even to make a report!

There is therefore, at least, no "element of surprise" in this new menace, but if it did possess a few strategic obscurities, what of it? Just carry your mind back, merry gentlemen, to that period

motest tie of kinship or memory with those immortals who will be known all down the ages as "The Men of Mons?"

*"Who shall sing the song of them,
The wonder and the strength of them,
The gaiety and tenderness
They bore across the sea?
In every heart the song of them,
The pride the World has in them,
The chivalry and fearlessness
That strove—and won it free."*

In the raw they were but the plowboys and city urchins of England, Scotland Wales and Ireland — "duke's son, cook's son"—but when the crisis struck their indomitable spirits they became more than men. They marched out at midnight or in the grey dawn on the instant call of the pipe, secretly and silently as those unadvertised heroes would, but before the next moon sailed over their little home hamlets they had raised

the honor of their Motherland to a point that Rome never knew in Rome's proudest days.

Facing the frightful odds of, at least, six to one until they finally linked up with their comrades of France, never did an army, harried and hunted for ten interminable days and nights, battered by incredible weight of shell fire, marching and fighting, dropping through sheer physical exhaustion, staggering up and on again to face and crush some new attack every hour—never did an army turn at last upon its pursuers with such gaiety of spirits



The Implement Behind the Implement of War in Italy. For full story of this wonderful "Battery," see page 35.

bogey of the hour.

Well, now, has not the British soldier-man proved in every crisis in which he has been tested that he is a man who will be astonished at nothing? And has not this war finally shown that the element of surprise has also lost its alleged power to demoralize the fighting manhood of France? When one or both of these two unquenchable spirits have been caught napping, they have momentarily retired, but the aggressor had not found his second wind when he in turn was "surprised" and so man-handled that

which we bracket between the dates of August and October, 1914. In that brief interval is chronicled the amazing and deathless story of the "First Seven Divisions."

Against the sudden onslaught of the greatest and best equipped army the world has ever seen—the fruit of 40 years of devilish preparation—that little unprepared, ill-furnished handful of Belgian and British heroes flung itself and held the line for human liberty.

Where is the craven in our midst to-day who has but the re-