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During the past month, a series of meetings have been held at a large number of agricultural centres in Manitoba, which have been addressed for the greater part by representatives of the Manitoba Agricultural College Extension Department.

These itinerant representatives were selected from the College staff, in some cases they were graduates from affiliated institutions in the province, but frequently the most effective units of the party were recent students of the M.A.C. who, having completed their final course, had gone back to the farm and were being utilized "between seasons" in this missionary enterprise.

It was the writer's privilege to travel for a fortnight with one of these parties in Central Manitoba, and to take part in one of the most "heartening" experiences that one could hope to enjoy. It was a remarkable and altogether pleasant off-set to the gloominess at the times as the city man gathers it from the daily newspaper, for many months, between breakfast hour and the last red-headed bulletin for the night, little else has been talked about in the city but war and the process of feeding it, of public corruption in high places, and what men will do to smother it.

As a matter of fact, the Canadian of the city—the man of the office, the stockkeeper, who rarely comes from behind the counter except at meal hours, is purblind to the biggest half of that great interest that keeps him alive, that makes his money for him. His knowledge of the country from which he is named, the real Canada that supports him, is necessarily incomplete, fragmentary, and as unreliable as second-hand information of the kind can convey to the mind of the absentee.

Liquities come to us daily from representatives of many markets of information as to what the crop really looks like, and generally what the prospects are from the point of view of the experienced agriculturist.

Now it is not possible for the

ON THE TOP OF THE TRAIL IN MANITOBA

By the Editor.

city hermit to get at this. His information is fed to him by big business potentates who take "a trip west" and subsequently are interviewed by a newspaper reporter. The potentate is generally a man who thinks he cannot long be spared from headquarters. He rushes the trip, and in his tour of inspection he actually sees nothing but what can be taken in from the railway track.

This is about the most unsatisfactory way of sizing up the com-

try. The Agricultural College itineraries were not projected along the steel highway, but were specially arranged in this instance to reach every possible farming centre in Manitoba that is still a few miles from a railway station. It was a happy idea, and the result was a source of wonderment to more than one well-informed member of the travelling "preachers."

It was not a preaching campaign, however. Possibly the col-

lege men and their fellow fault-finders of the agricultural press have been guilty in the past of preaching at the farmer. But that source of exhortation has dried up. When you get close up to the representative farmer and the members of his family; when you see his live stock and the *ensemble* of his cultivated land, the blinking city, with its twiddling tricks of society becomes but a poor second fiddle to this great pulsating power for good.

On the representative Canadian farm of the present day there is little or nothing to remind one of pioneer times, except, perhaps the cherished preservation of "the old shack." It is among the first objects of a worthy pride to be pointed out to the visitor. In it the older barns were born, and its old rafters rang with the echoes of the winter-time socials with their fiddles and dances. Its rough-hewn timbers were not, perhaps, laid with a spirit level, and if they have followed a tendency to slip yet a little farther from the plumb, that little defect in architecture only forces the reflection that it enshrines a soul of rectitude that is not always present in the more ornate "elevations"—even of parliament buildings!

The "new house"—the modern farm home is no less comfortable and slightly—outside and in—than the city residence. Its book-shelves are an index to the minds of the home circle, and are a credit to any community of well-informed people with an insatiable appetite for knowledge and still more knowledge. Its decorations have been shorn of the tawdry trimmings of an earlier date. They are in keeping with the last prescriptions of modern taste, but they rarely, if ever, commit the offense of seeking to emulate those vulgar extravagances of "society people" who can neither afford nor have they the common sense judgment to display their freakish acquisitions.

Sincerity and substantiality are the dominating characteristics of the farmer's home, and the farmer's welcome in Western Canada.



A Manitoba Product of 1914, and Corn will soon be "King" in Western Canada.