

"goods delivered" by our agricultural colleges is common knowledge, and the particular scope and equipment of our own Manitoba School of Agriculture has been set forth again and again in

magic circle of that wonderful influence. The merest "dead-beat" with his record of plucked exams, no less than the wholly serious divinity student took fire, and the blaze it kindled in the

ductive chores came back charged with an enthusiasm for horseflesh and mechanical power that enabled them almost in one season to raise the old dried-out farm from the point at which it had barely paid to where it began to prove a "real money-making proposition." They had acquired a knowledge and grasp of things and principles which had previously loomed up before them as an impenetrable, uninviting, blank wall.

These are facts which have come within the knowledge of the writer without any serious hunting, and he will be most delighted to furnish the names and addresses of, at least, a score of cases in Manitoba to whom the "anxious parent" might apply if he needs reassurance before placing his offspring in the custody of the college authorities.

Who shall appraise the value to the state of one energetic farmer handling his acres and his livestock, not by guess work or blundering first hand "experience," but according to knowledge of scientific applied facts and first prin-

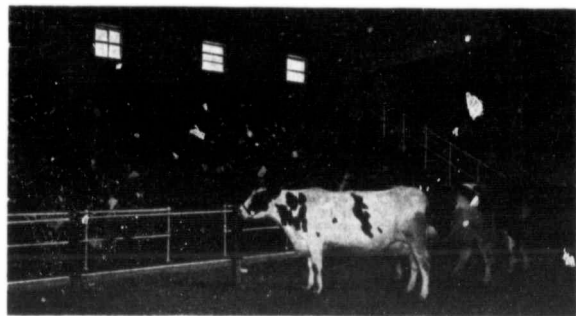
This, however, is but one and by no means the most impressive circumstance in the case for the college. While it makes enthusiastic and capable farmers and farmers' wives—sometimes out of the most unpromising material—it also manufactures teachers and leaders who are capable of taking the whole educational equipment of the college on their backs, as it were, to any part of the far-flung Dominion which the college cannot reach.

With sad unanimity the war's casualty lists tell us that the gifted men, the leaders, the high-spirited irrepressibles have gone down in greater proportion to their numbers than the rank and file. No less than fourteen leaders from our own Manitoba Agricultural College staff are at present on active service overseas and the roll of honor of old students and graduates is a most impressive one.

From every quarter we are assured that the great call of civilization is for highly trained men and women to take the place of those noble spirits who have made the supreme sacrifice. Western Canada (as has been abundantly proved in the war) breeds a manhood and womanhood second to nothing that has yet been discovered and tested of the human race.

The whelps of this matchless breed are now fast rushing to maturity on the farm homes of Western Canada. What are you going to do with your little bunch this winter, Mr. Farmer of Manitoba? Have you no higher appreciation of their worth, of what you owe them, of what their inherent splendid capabilities deserve at your hands than to keep them sawing wood, grinding feed and cleaning out your cattle barns?

As of those who know something of what it means to encourage and enter into the spirit of the young folks, we urge you in the name of decency and simple justice to do the square thing by



A Class in Live Stock Judging.

these pages. For this reason, what may follow will not take the form of any fulsome appreciation of the college contents.

The writer's one desire is to urge on every young person in Western Canada to-day, or parent of a young person, the wisdom (if not the necessity) of securing something of the advantages which positively can only be obtained through the medium of a course taken at the Agricultural College. This for reasons which would induce the writer to send his own flesh and blood to the college at any cost were it not at this moment actually "holding the line" in France or otherwise doing something tangible "to make the world safe for democracy."

The counsels of actual experience usually have greater weight than the laboured arguments of mere advertising "copy." These observations are made from the heart and from actual experience—otherwise they would not appear on these pages. The purport of them will show the eternity of difference between the case of the pupil who elects to grub in solitude and the student who at any sacrifice will surround himself with the atmosphere of the classroom and the constraining charm of the instructor who is born to impart.

"I know nothing in human felicity that I would care to barter for the joy of the classroom!" In the hearing of the writer this exclamation rang from the lips of the late Professor Henry Drummond in one of his frequent outbursts of enthusiasm while he spoke of his own "job" as "a student of God's great universe and an exponent of the same" to his fellow-mortals.

Drummond did not hold a monopoly of this "classroom joy." It was shared by every one of the thousands who came within the

souls of these men was never extinguished.

Now something of the same kind is on record of Manitoba Agricultural College. If God made only one Henry Drummond, the spirit of that good man seems to have wandered far afield and cast some portion of its



Taking the Creamery Butter-makers' School Course.

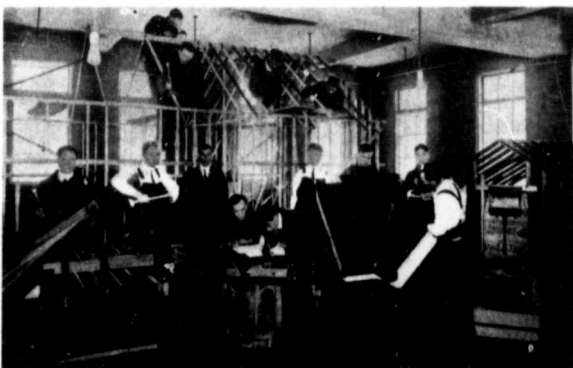
mantle on more than one unassuming member of the faculty of this farm university of ours.

While going the rounds of the farm homes of the West, not once or twice but on very many occasions, has some statement been volunteered to us to the effect that the time and money spent in residence at the Agricultural College was the very best investment of the whole venture in farming.

Young women who as mere "slips of lassies" had gone through the dish-drying drudgery of the kitchen came back rosy and happy from their college course in household science and art with a taste for these things they had never known, and having formed a circle of friendship that was at once a benediction and a perennial source of inspiration to them.

Boys whose whole outlook upon the farm had been colored by the interminable daily grind of unpro-

principles he has gained at the college? The infection of such a man and his methods will surely inoculate the last bleary bum in that district, and no mere man will dare to set up a barrier to the epidemic and say "thus far and no farther."



Practical Training in Farm Building Construction.