

# THE CANADIAN THRESHERMAN AND FARMER

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## A Cordial Understanding

1917

### OUR GUARANTEE

No advertisement is allowed in our Columns until we are satisfied that the advertiser is absolutely reliable and that any subscriber can safely do business with him. If any subscriber is defrauded E. H. Heath Co., Ltd., will make good the loss resulting therefrom, if the event takes place within 30 days of date advertisement appeared, and complaint be made to us in writing with proofs, not later than ten days after its occurring, and provided, also, the subscriber in writing to the advertiser, stated that his advertisement was seen in "The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer." Be careful when writing an advertiser to say that you saw the advertisement in "The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer."

THERE are certain passages in human history which seem as though they were designed to establish some great axiom in morals and in government. They are landmarks or resting places for the men who lived and fought to secure them, or they may flare out as beacon fires for the guidance of all that is to follow. Of these grateful resting spots, there are few in these days that, in the hearts of the British and the French people, will take precedence of "L'Entente Cordiale." The very youngest of our school children know, or ought to know something about the history of that little unwritten treaty between two great nations. It is perhaps all the more a living fact to-day because it was never engrossed on dried sheepskin in the pedantic rigmarole of the common school-boy's conception of an international treaty. It was ratified in quite a unique way, unique in its very simplicity, by the almost informal return visits of those two decent men who at the moment were the chief magistrates of the two nations—King Edward of the British Empire, and President Loubet of the French Republic.

necessary and entirely foreign to the heart-throb of the great plain people on both sides. It was the by-product of a few unscrupulous filibusters in the early days and is fed to-day only by a disgruntled microscopic minority of political intriguers on the one side and a small scratch team of hereditary snobs on the other.

A spirited attempt is in progress to put an end to all this. We hope and believe this "Borne Entente" will be as successful as its parent on the other side of the Atlantic has been, and our faith finds an anchorage in what we know to be the wish and the will of the people. From the point of view of the English-speaking race, we have no doubt whatever that the first advance in the friendly overture is due from our side. There was never such a chance on earth for the magic of the glad hand as the English-speaking citizens of Canada have at their disposal at this precise moment. God grant that it may not be sacrificed to the rapacity or folly of a few impossible misanthropes on either side. The day for dissension and recrimination in our big family is due for decent burial. Let's send our representatives in the flesh from every community out West and all go in spirit to the forthcoming funeral in Montreal.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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\$1.00 Per Year.  
Single copies 15 cents.  
Postage prepaid, United States and Foreign Countries,  
\$1.50 Per Year.

Failing to receive paper, you should notify the office at once, when mistakes, if any, will be corrected immediately.

All Subscriptions must be paid for in advance and no subscription will be accepted for a shorter period than six months.

Advertising copy in order to secure good position should be in our hands not later than the 15th of the month preceding date of issue.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

"A cordial understanding" is the simple meaning of the French phrase, and the idea it seeks to embody is the very greatest that can engage the common interchange of human thought. Between the typical Frenchman and the typical Briton there are some very interesting contrasts. These, however, but disclose that wonderful individuality which the Almighty has stamped on every unit of the Great Plan. That individuality is its inalienable right and (as John Stuart Mill has well said) "Whatever crushes individuality is despotism by whatever name you call it." The fourteen odd years' experience of this "Entente Cordiale" has shown in the happiest and most remarkable way that not only can two strong, and in some respects contrasting temperaments live and move together in perfect accord, but that it is in the natural order and plan of things that they should do so.

Now, if Great Britain and the French Republic are as one in all that is essential to a complete agreement and to the observance of "the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace," still greater reason why there should be the same ties of real interest and affection between the descendants of the old French settlers in Eastern Canada and those who, in certain very important respects, have less right to the occupancy of the soil, viz., those of us who "came later," and in point of numbers at least have swamped the French Canadians. The "feeling" that has subsisted needs no explaining. It is all the more lamentable because it is wholly artificial, un-

Anything in human relationship that is short of universal brotherhood is doomed to destruction. Why is it needful at this late stage of our progress to even state this self-evident fact? There is a complete answer to the question if one could line up against a brick wall these few incarnated ideas: The Political Thief, the Party Hack, the Champion of Patronage, the Religious Bigot, "Special Privilege," and that inheritor of many generations of a foolish face, the feudal or the society snob. These are a few of the excrecences of our national life that are as useless for any possible purpose as the dead wood of the forest. There's only one end to them and it must be reached quickly, wasting no sentiment or needless "diplomacy." They must be lopped off, burned or buried and forgotten as quickly as men can forget anything.

The burden of the trouble, frankly, is on our own doorstep. On the eve of what we hope will prove the complete consummation of a *bonne entente* between the French and English speaking Canadians, we haven't a single unkindly thought to fling at our brothers of Quebec province because they haven't quite come up to the scratch in recruiting. We will judge Quebec by her 14,000 loyal heroes who have gone to the trenches—not by anything she has so far left undone.