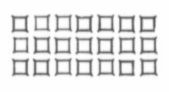




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Young Canada and Spring Time



THIS to us (readers of the "Canadian Thresherman and Farmer") is the best day of the best of all seasons of the best year in the world's history. In the words of the sage, "We are here," in the living present, the only certainty we possess, but it is worth clinging to, because it is so pregnant of Hope.

Scientists try to tell us where we came from, and the preachers prophecy where we are going to, but we need no help to the certainty, that "we are here," on the front doorstep of a season of new life, growth, and fructification.

The signs of the times all point to the human certainty that we are on the borderland of a year of progress that will eclipse the greatest that has yet been recorded of this western world of ours. We are moving at a pace undreamt of by men and women who went to their graves less than a quarter of a century ago. We are graduates of a school in which we have learned to be astonished at nothing, and to carry a heart big enough for any fate.

Some one has said that more has been done in the name of real progress during the past forty years than was accomplished in the previous two thousand years. That is probably true, in one sense, but the last forty years were the heritage of what had been in the making in all that preceded them.

FROM LINCOLN TILL NOW.

Think of what this means, and how eloquently it speaks of what is expected of us! Quite a few readers of "The Thresherman" will easily remember the day on which Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. Only forty-seven years have passed since that su-

preme figure in American history was torn from the nation.

Now the youngest of our school children requires no coaching as to what "Honest Abe's" life meant, not only to the nation, but to the whole world, for the world hung on his lips, and today his words of wisdom have no synonyms. Yet think of what has happened since Abe's day.

With all his knowing, Abe knew nothing of a steel sky-

Can any man who has not been condemned to penal servitude offer anything that is not in accord with the brightest hope that ever shone on a country? What brighter prospect could a creature have as he looks out of his window at sun rise any of these days than the reflection that this is a young country, and it is spring time? In this happy association is the fact that every self-respecting, self-helping man, woman, or child possesses all

children—how can we have a moment's despondency?

The very best "spring medicine" we can offer to any time-sick pessimist is to keep young; have his hair dyed if it will complete the illusion—but he will never see his grey hairs or even be reminded of them if he lives his time over again in the company of the young folks. We have used this medicine for a long time now. It never fails to work, and we have no other medicine chest for a spring clearance.

"Always cheerful" is a good old Anglo-Saxon motto. "Semper fidelis" is another, but it is Latin and we don't understand it at first sight as we do that of the old mother tongue. It doesn't matter, however, as its meaning is really contained in the other, for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the man who is "always cheerful" will also be always faithful.

Too many of our old folks, the people who are hoary with care even before they have reached life's meridian, dry up and get stale from lack of the development of the cheerful habit and neglecting the society of the youngsters.

LIFE'S BEST SAUCE.

A wise man said not long ago that if the private history of the men who had most moved round the world were inquired into, it would be found that they had derived their greatest inspiration from the bright young sparks who met around the family table at meal times.

We believe this is nothing more than the bare fact, and as we see and feel this talismanic influence at work all the time, therefore we write about it. The bairns are the great humourists of the world, and the man or woman deprived



scraper, of an internal combustion engine, of an automobile, of a type writer, of an electric car system, of the great pulman idea of which his own son is now the presiding genius; of an aeroplane, of wireless telegraphy, and a few score of staggering wonders that are the birth of our own day.

Coming to our own "garden patch," more particularly what is now universally known as the "three prairie provinces" of Western Canada—what is the outlook?

that is needful to work out a lifetime of success, a destiny that might well excite the envy of those "saints of former days," who "*wrestled hard with sins and doubts and fears*" that we know nothing of.

WHO SAID "DESPONDENCY?"

With an outlook such as this, in the presence of those young folks whom we have brought into the world, or in the presence of that infectious joy and expectancy we catch even from other people's