



"Everything Begins and Ends with the Soil"

SEPT. 1912

## THE CANADIAN THRESHERMAN AND FARMER

CANADA'S LEADING AGRICULTURAL MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

E. H. HEATH COMPANY, Limited, WINNIPEG, CANADA

E. H. HEATH, PRESIDENT

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(MEMBERS WESTERN CANADA PRESS ASSOCIATION)

AUTHORIZED BY THE POSTMASTER GENERAL, OTTAWA, CANADA, FOR TRANSMISSION AS SECOND CLASS MATTER

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CANADIAN THRESHER-  
MAN AND FARMER."

**T**HE SPIRIT OF THE HOUR seems to be that of a rough-riding militarism. Even in that most peaceful, free and enlightened of all civilized fraternities of interest—Canada, the war-dog has cut loose and his bark is heard at close range, far away from the harmless confines of his kennel. The fathers of the community are not scared, however. They have heard him so often they are apprehensive of no more serious consequence than the speedy "winding" of the brute, of the ultimate silencing of his voice by that happy process of extermination in which a noisy and disturbing influence perishes by its own suicide.

"HIS BARK IS WORSE THAN HIS BITE" say the easy minded fathers with their time-encrusted experience, but with a strong desire for the preservation of peace and the security of our possessions on honorable terms, we say—"for heaven's sake don't let him bark!" There are a few of us still living who know something of his "bite."

His fangs are still remembered by honorable scars in the flesh of many a fine fellow who is yet able to plow his fields in Canada. These are forgotten by the man who carries them because he was of the victors, but the memory of that warfare will never die in the persons of the vanquished or that of their progeny throughout every period of time.

**THAT IS A QUALITY IN ALL STRIFE**, in which prestige or property is given up to another, which the militants of all ages have never taken into account. The same thing marks the gambling iniquity. It is rare "sport" while the game lasts—to the man who is scooping in his winnings, but how goes it with the loser (weighted with responsibilities, domestic and otherwise) who finds his last dollar on earth gradually slipping through his fingers? It may be agony to the peaceful citizen to lose his all at one fell swoop in some sudden reverse in his commercial affairs, but to the wretch who deliberately stakes his possessions and loses them in a game of chance—it is hell indeed.

"THE HORRORS OF WAR" has been the subject of some of the greatest efforts of brush, pen and tongue that men's brains have ever engaged upon, and the market is now glutted with "dope" of that sort. We want no more of it. We want to see the day when men's brains and hands will be so interested and occupied in PRODUCING that they will have no idle thought or a single nerve itching with homicidal eagerness to get at the throat of any creature or to breed aught but "the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace."

"DEFENCE NOT DEFIANCE" has been the slogan of our volunteer forces for many a day, and it describes the case admirably. It is a wholesome motto and may be appropriated by every individual and the smallest community having an "interest" of any kind to protect. We must take things as they are. We are not yet in the warm waters of the millenium. There is still the "foe behind, the deep before" in the circumstances of every lot, and the day of "universal disarmament" is but a hazy prospect. We must be prepared, they say, and whether in business, in love or in prospect of conflict, it is only the fool who is found

unprepared. But what is really the meaning of all this "preparation" demanded by the war-dog?

**WE ARE NOT MILITARY EXPERTS**, but we do know that the real soldier is not a man of blood. The real soldier is the last man to be found taking a delight in displaying his accoutrements to a gaping crowd; and if by choice or by force he has engaged in what is known as the profession of arms, he will work in any capacity like a galley slave to SAVE his country from the unspeakable atrocity of war.

Whatever he may deem necessary or expedient in the way of "preparations," or to fit himself for any emergency, his precautions will be carried out in such a manner that they will not become a constant source of irritation in the minds of the neighbors against whom he is "preparing."

**WHAT WOULD YOU THINK** of a neighbor who made it his business every time he saw you coming around the place to rush his chickens into the coop, have sentinels posted on every barn door or grain loft, while he awaited you with that brute-like scowl which means either defiance or distrust? We need not answer our question, but we state without reserve that that is precisely the attitude taken in these days by certain sections of the press and by the mouthpiece of the war office both in the Dominion and in the high places of the Empire.

**ALL THE PREPARATIONS ON EARTH** in the shape of "Dreadnaughts," machine-guns, etc., will never stop two nations from going to war if the half-dozen fellows on either side who think they are "the nation" happen to be very foolish fellows—those bellicose chaps who seem to have been born to kill time and to a special share in that heritage of idleness in which the devil is the great employer. When two school boys lose their temper, what matters it to the little chap if his enemy is big enough to smother him? If his blood is up he will go for him regardless of consequences and without a single thought directed towards the bristling array of "preparations" the enemy had assembled for his reception.

**LET US KEEP THE BLOOD DOWN**—or at least from getting "up". We in Canada have a big work in hand. We have no time for rampaging months of the year on military parade grounds. That is a wholesome occupation in its place for disciplining the youngsters,—in teaching them the divine quality of self-control and what it means to be punctual and exact, but it is not its purpose to breed the blood-lust. If we are not so gifted in certain prescriptions of drawing-room etiquette as some of the more leisured peoples on the other side of the Atlantic, we would have it known that we are none the less a polite people, a hospitable race, with a heart and a hand for every man who comes along, be he Englishman, German or Hottentot—if he is willing to abide by our bill of fare which is invariable and includes the homely articles of honesty, sobriety, industry, and that "cleanliness which is next to Godliness."