

has on the land where he last year raised 400 bushels of potatoes to the acre, a crop of Marquis wheat, estimated by beet-growers from all over the country, to run 60 bushels per acre, at least. At Medicine Hat, a crop of 36 acres in the Wolchester District yielded 54 bushels to the acre, and Lethbridge now raises its estimate of grain yield from 30 bushels to 35. Eliminating the water-optimism from all these statements, we are conservatively able to deduct a crop yield considerably in excess of anything the West has yet produced.

"What will the crop be?" is the question that thousands are asking. Figure it out yourself from the government's estimates. But do not forget that the crop area of Western Canada is roughly 800 miles long by 350 wide—a huge territory to generalize about. Vice-President Bury of the C.P.R. says 240,000,000 bushels of wheat, and another competent authority raises him 10,000,000. A great amount of new land, hitherto uncultivated, has this year been brought under crop, owing to a great extent, to the efforts made by the Canadian Government to encourage further cultivation to feed the warring allied nations. A conservative estimate of the additional land under cultivation is 10 per cent.

And the men to harvest this crop? For the first time in history the West sends men east. British Columbia has sent its unemployed down to the prairies to gather the wheat, oats, barley and flax. And some of the soldiers who have not yet gone to the front are helping the Empire on the battlefields of harvest.

REPORTS from all parts of Western Canada more than two weeks ago indicated harvesting well to completion, with threshing in swing at many parts. In Alberta, cutting first began at Lethbridge, winter wheat, on August 5, while in Saskatchewan, the information to hand is that it commenced at Dundurn on August 9, Marquis wheat, and at Wolseley with Prelude wheat, on the same date.

For the Western Canadian farmer is—to use a term that has recently become familiar—fully mobilized. He can take the field at an instant's notice and in force. Waiting the order to advance, whole batteries of machines were drawn up in line, and not very far behind them, the heavy artillery, the threshing machines, are now being examined and repaired, every wheel being oiled, every part assembled, everything in readiness; while the elevators, the fortresses that are to hold the prisoners, have been overhauled and put in order so that their capacity shall be equal to the demand. This was the situation a month ago; to-day, the army, the machines, and the elevators are at work—and overtime—even on Sunday.

One further fact is worthy of notice. Fertile soil with water and sunshine will produce crops. The West has the fertile soil and the sunshine, and this year it has had what will probably prove to be the record rainfall for thirteen years. During the months of April, May, June and July more rain fell in Southern Alberta than during the whole of last year. In that district the rainfall last year totalled 10.18; to the end of July this year it was 11.47. In spite of the floods that took place in July, and which it was feared would wash out the crops in many places, the biggest crop in the history of the West is being realized.

Speaking in Winnipeg last week, Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Railways, confirmed what

Sir Robert Borden had previously said about the provision of ships adequate to transport the export crop. Sir Robert had told him that complete arrangements had been made to handle all wheat seeking an outlet until the end of September.

"After that," he said, "further arrangements will be made. The Admiralty will release more ships, as they are required for this purpose, and I do not anticipate any difficulty. It is a question, however, of how much wheat will be offered. At present the farmers may not want to sell."

Whether farmers choose to sell or not in great quantities at present, the fact remains that the wheat must be got out before next harvest.

The Man Who Would Not

By NORMAN PATTERSON.

BEFORE the war, if you asked a young man to go into training as an officer in the militia, he would not.

Before the war, if you asked a rich father to encourage his son to do the hard work of a lieutenant in the militia, he would not.

Before the war, if you asked an employer of labour to give ten per cent. of his men two weeks' holiday to go to "camp" to get their annual drill, he would not.

Before the war, if you sought subscriptions to buy band instruments, cookers, machine guns for hard-drilling volunteer regiments, the man with money to spare would not.

Before the war, if you asked a Canadian mother to encourage her son to learn rifle-shooting, so that if danger ever threatened he would be able to take his share of home defence, she would not.

Before the war, if you suggested to a County Council or a City Council that it should give an annual grant to the local regiments within its boundaries, they would not.

Before the war, if you argued with a University President that there should be military training at every university, because a large supply of citizen army officers would do away with the necessity of a standing army, he would not.

Before the war, Lord Strathcona established a fund for the physical training of school-boys. Dr. James L. Hughes tried to induce the school-inspector in every county in Canada to encourage his teachers to earn part of this fund, but he would not.

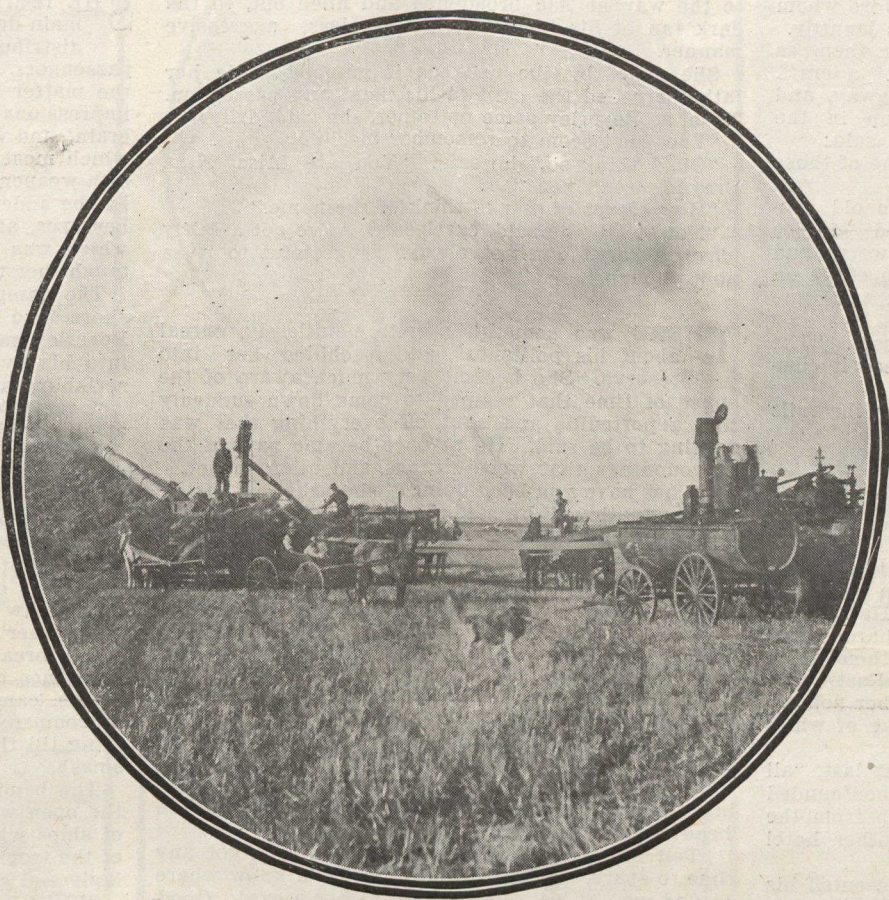
Before the war, when the students of government suggested that more business-like methods of administration should be introduced into the government departments at Ottawa, the member of Parliament laughed and would not.

Before the war, if you suggested that the physical and moral qualities of the people were more important than minerals and fisheries and pulp-wood, and stocks, and real estate, and general money-making, the man who heard you dubbed you a dreamer, and he would not.

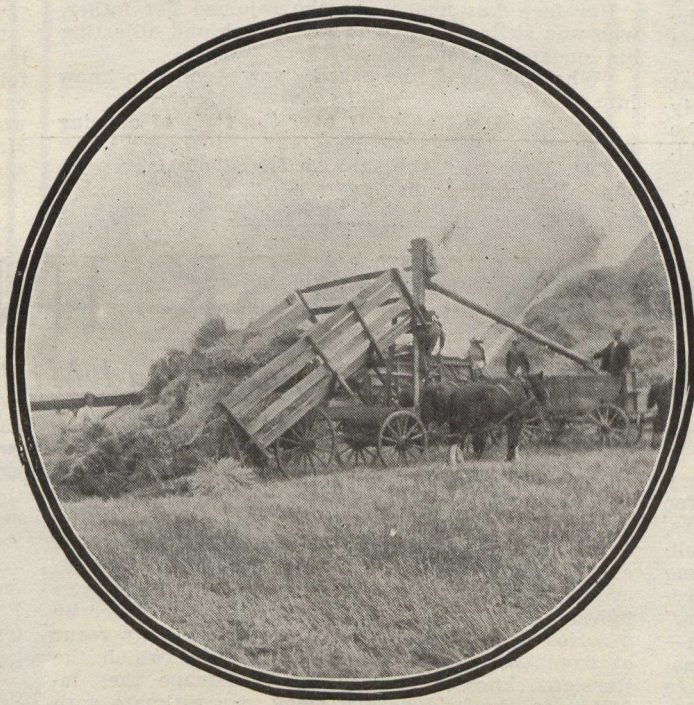
Before the war, when an intelligent citizen was asked to think over the situation and try to make up his mind as to whether he should put his citizenship before his partisanship, he would not.

Before the war, if the average citizen was asked to admit that his wife, his daughter, his sons and his wealth, belonged to the State if the State chose to call upon him to surrender them, he would not.

Since the war, Canada has got a new view of herself and her citizens a new view of their citizenship. This is the most remarkable feature of the war-period—not the number of soldiers nor the bushels of wheat, but the transformed Canada.



Bringing up the heavy artillery. Threshing wheat, thousands of bushels a day, at Indian Head, Saskatchewan.



Wheat loaded by a stock machine is dumped out like a load of gravel for threshing, at Pense, Sask.

THE CHOICE—By VANCE PALMER

A Love Story Full of Psychology and Oriental Colour

THE sampans were plying backwards and forwards across the water like small insects disturbed, and the cries of the boatmen rang out as they parried with one another in retreat. As the big liner with the red funnels slipped about her; when she hove to the effect was that of a carcass surrounded by busy ants. But the Bluff towered over her, dwarfing her as everything else beneath it—the rambling town, the narrow-throated streets choked with the petty commerce of the East, and the rippling stretch of water on which the sunlight lay.

From the door of his shop, Beverley could see more sampans loosing themselves from the wharf and heading out, while two or three motor launches with flags trailing astern fretted about busily. Such a stir seemed out of keeping with the lazy heat of the

afternoon, and the temper of the town. Even in the main street and in the palm-shaded walk above people lounged about with lazy indolence, or lay back in their rickshaws as if enough effort were to be found in watching the automatic movement of their coolies' legs. There was something in Beverley's fibre that kept him from slipping into the sloth and softness of the East, and a look of impatience flitted across his face as he glanced up and down the street.

"Confound that boy," he said to himself. "He ought to have been back an hour ago. The young waster is playing fan-tan in some side-street or other, I'll guarantee. Perhaps I'd better go myself."

He bit the end off a fresh cigar, and made his way down to the Bound. At the nets in the playing-ground near the water a few young men in flannels were languidly knocking about the balls that the pigtailed Chinese boys tossed up to them; it seemed

to him that the boys were the only ones to get any amusement from the activity. He slipped into a sampan at the stone landing-place, and the old man sitting huddled up over a bowl of rice sprang quickly to the swivel oar in the bows.

"I'm not likely to meet anyone I know," was the thought that flicked through Beverley's brain as they moved off.

Yet it was that likelihood more than anything else that kept him from leaving his cards personally on most of the liners that entered Hong-Kong roadstead. He had stepped out of his social caste deliberately, and it did not hurt him to know that when his name filtered through the casual smoke-room talk it was handled carelessly; that he was looked upon as a unit of the scattered clan of "Gentleman—Once." That point of view was easy to laugh away, for the hardness in his fibre that had kept him clear of eye,