

been appalling and no man can say what inroads will be made by further destruction and the ordinary channels of consumption on the world's reserve before the crop of 1918 can be taken off the fields. No thoughtful man will fail to keep this in mind when the suggestion of a glut is put up to him as a possible outcome of the unusual and whole-hearted effort we are urging.

We are not speculators, Mr. Farmer, but if we were disposed to take a plunge in "futures," there is nothing in mere money-grubbing we feel we could so securely bank upon for a big return in many years to come as an investment made in producing all the foodstuffs our means would enable us to raise.

At the point of writing, are you not guaranteed two dollars and twenty cents per bushel for wheat, with a further graduating guarantee during the war and extending over a long period after peace is declared? But, apart from any guarantee, and assuming that hostilities suddenly came to an end even as you read this, have you any conception of the leeway that has to be covered before the armies on both sides are demobilized and the world is back to its normal producing capacity?

Think of the chaos and stagnation of Russia—that greatest of all our wheat-producing countries. Can any human vision see the day when that immense territory will again produce and market its surplus product under a stable government? When will Roumania's hard-toiling peasantry again make themselves felt in the world's wheat market? And do you imagine that the starving millions of the enemy countries will be "fed up" from their own harvest fields in one or two seasons? That is, even if favorable seasons waited upon the effort of the people and there is always the uncertainty of the "season" to be reckoned with.

Bacon is the All-Important Need of the Hour

Every reader of "The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer" is now informed of the facts that press for an instant and stupendous effort in the direction of multiplying the hog family. We

will not, therefore, reiterate the statements made in our December issue and subsequent facts which have been published broadcast by the newspaper press.

We have attended several meetings throughout Manitoba which have been convened in the interests of Greater Production by the Manitoba Department of Agriculture.



"The Pleasure and the Speed of it."

At those meetings not the slightest attempt was made on the part of the speakers to tell the farmer his whole duty or any part of it. There is a tacit agreement all round that too much of that sort of thing has been injected into farmers' meetings and indulged in by the agricultural press in the past.

It was even quite unnecessary to state the case because it was perfectly evident that the delegates had already informed themselves of its urgency. They were glad, however—unspeakably glad,

he didn't speak, you saw it in his kindly glistening eye, and when he stood on his feet to pledge himself to do all he could and to influence his neighbors to do all they could to send the boys their bacon, if that noble face was the mirror of his soul, than we thank God for the certainty that no man on our battle front will suffer hun-

ger through the neglect or slackness of the Manitoba farmers.

Price! Price was never mentioned—except in connection with feed, and that wherein it had to do with the interval covered by the packer and distributor. Every man was heartily willing to raise what he could in hogs, even if he lost money, so long as the bacon reached its objective—our brave soldiers in the trenches and the civil population of the Allied countries that are suffering.

Not only, therefore is there the need for every machine that can

feed later on to meet the demands of the big increase in our hog family which is even now in progress. There will be some hard sledding even under the best service the food controller can render in keeping things running smoothly until green feed is ready, but when the frost is moving everything in the shape of a tractor or a tillage tool is invited to get busy; implored, in fact, to do its best and to work night and day towards the one goal of raising food—for the pigs and the people.

The Soul of the Nation

Of all the great utterances the war has produced there has been nothing said which means more than the words of General Smuts, that "the real battlefront is the soul of the nation." What is the soul of the nation but the dominant note of the people who are on the nation's roll-book of citizenship? "The average man" is "the soul of the nation" no less than the King, and the woman who cleans the office floor has her influence just as Queen Mary lends her weight in the common stock of the soul of the nation.

Canada's place at this time and for all time may be stated in the words of President Wilson which were telegraphed to a patriotic meeting of citizens from the six Northwestern states: "Sacrifice and Service must come from every class, profession, party, race, creed and section. It is not a bankers', farmers', manufacturers', or laboring class war. It is a war for every straight-out American, whether our flag is his by birth or by adoption."

"Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong," said Emerson; and, of course, he meant women as well. Having "stated the case," we are now going to see whether the soul of this Canada of ours is a soul with a conscience, or a characterless mob who will take the pledge of the Food Controller and break it the moment it smells the kitchen. But we have heard the voice of the



And a Splendid Crop it Was.

it seemed to us—to get together and talk it over in sympathetic and earnest conference.

It was a benediction of goodness to attend some of those meetings and "feel" the warm air of human sympathy that radiated from every farmer present. Even if

be economically used for the raising of wheat and coarse grains, but in surveying our crop acreage and the many oddments of waste places in the spring, that could be turned over with a little extra spurt—think of what will be needful in green feed and other

Manitoba farmer and he gave his heart away the moment he parted his lips. "God bless you, gallant gentlemen!"

Capital is kept in existence from age to age, not by preservation, but perpetual reproduction.