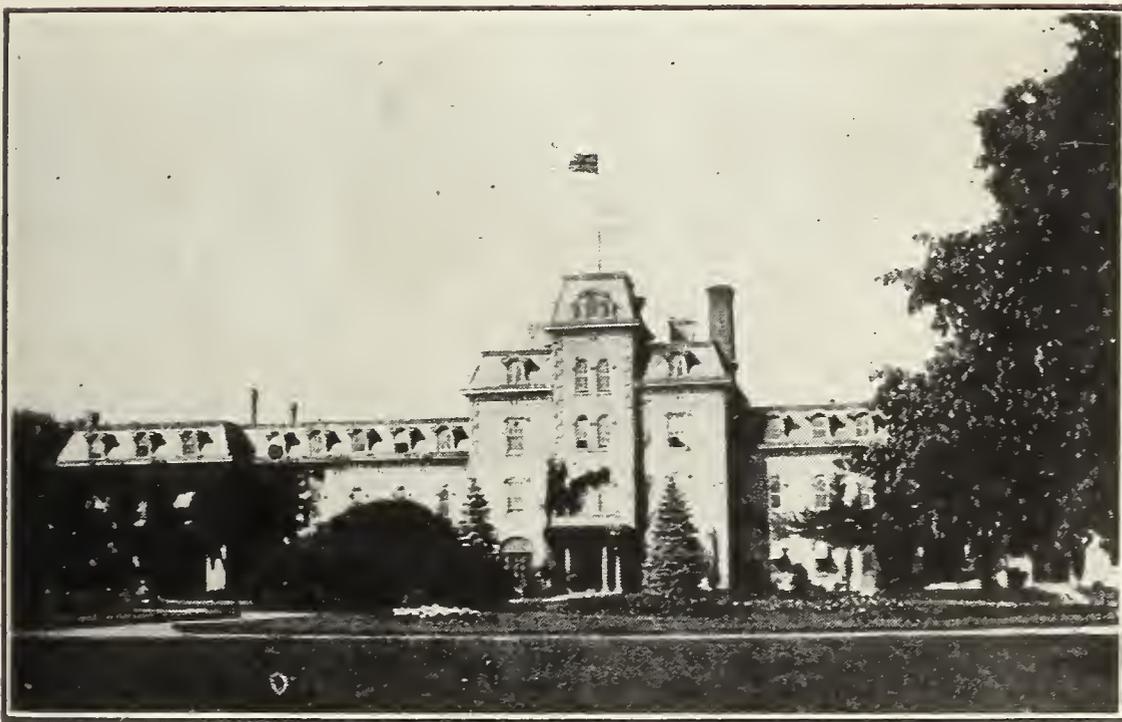


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No. 8

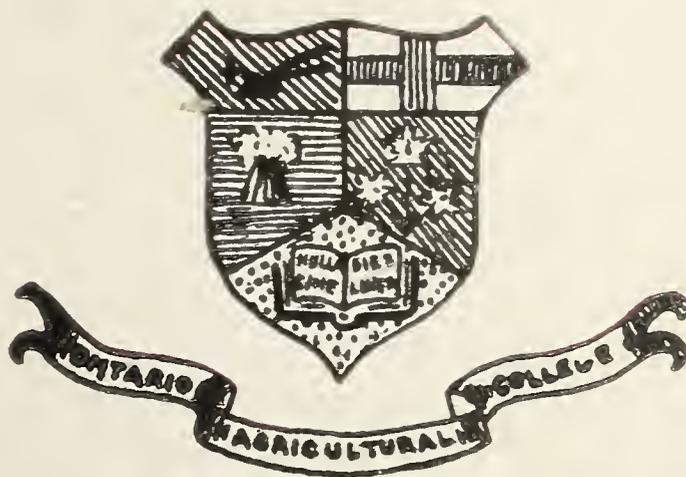
O·A·C REVIEW

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APRIL, 1925

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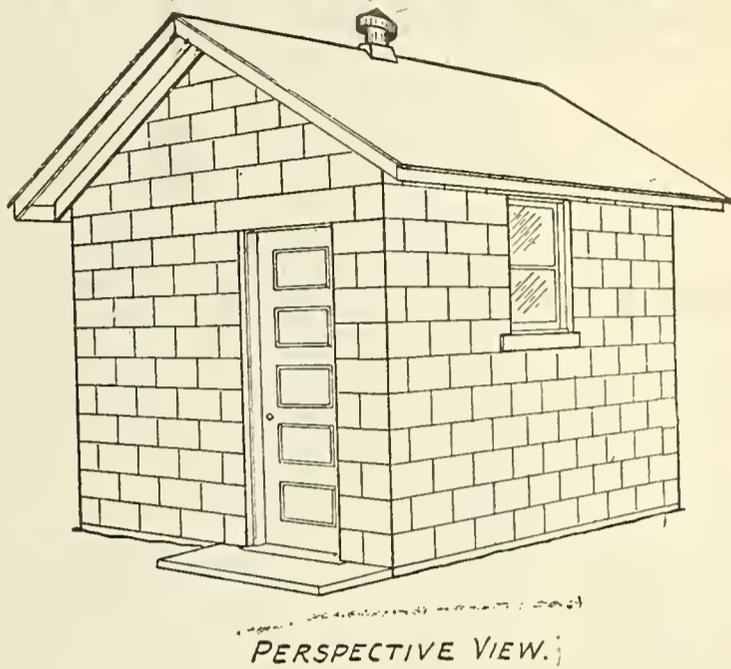
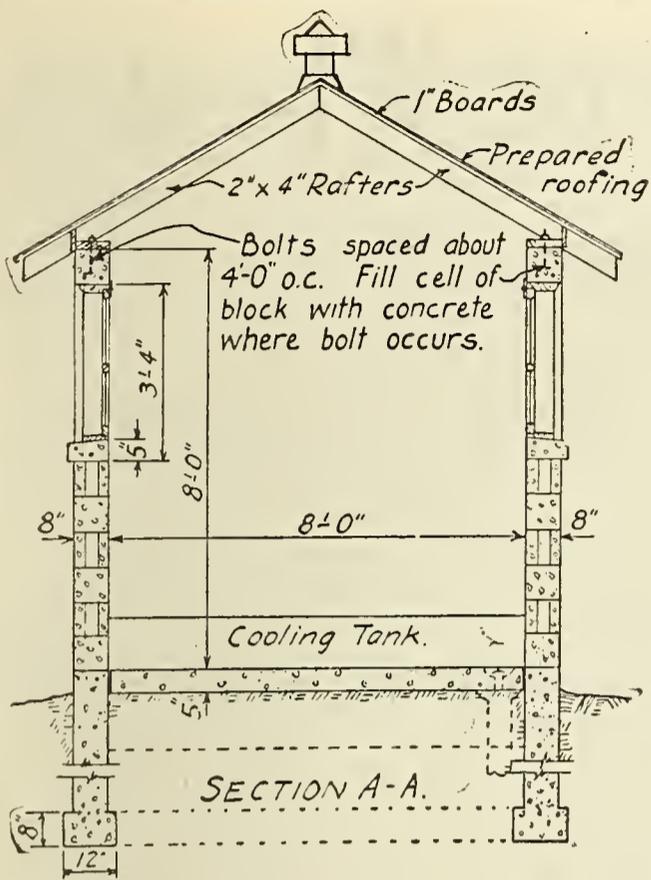
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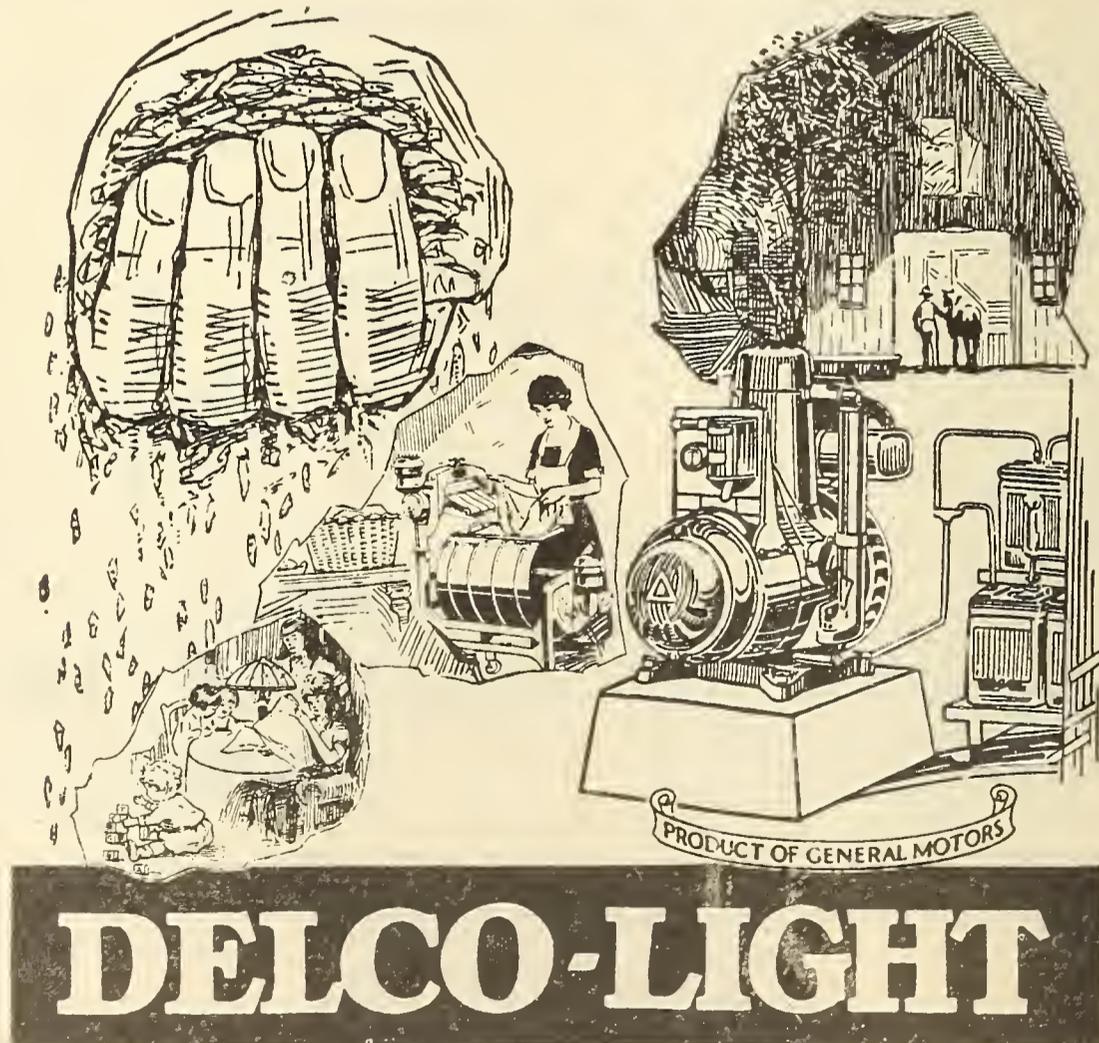
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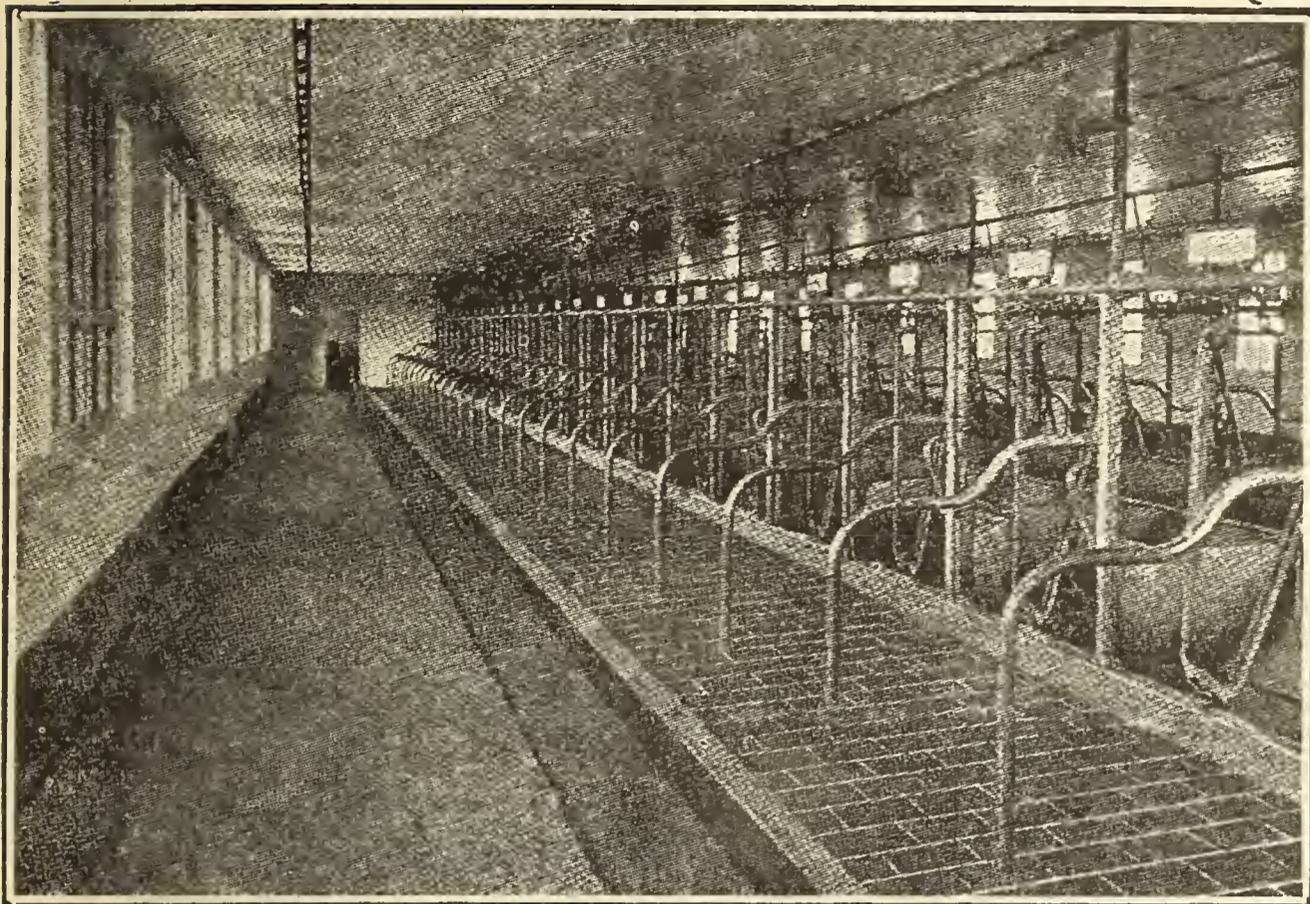
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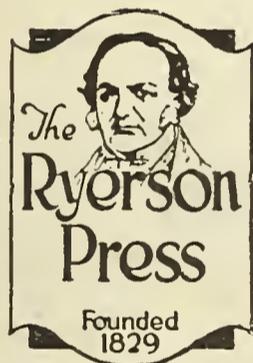
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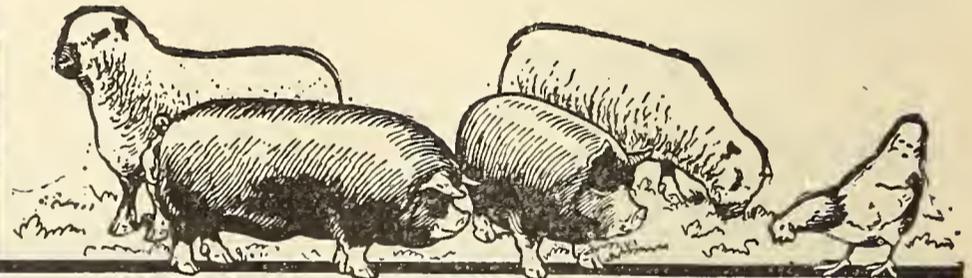
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Our College Songs

NO. 3

Take Me Back to College

Take me back to College
Right back to O. A. C.
For Mac Hall's there,
And the girls are fair,
And there's heaps and heaps of country air,
Take me back to College
Where the birds just sing all day
And the breezes blow
And the cattle low,
And its there I'll always stay.
Oh! keep your lights on Yonge Street,
And all your cabarets,
They never were meant for you and me,
By Heck!!
Put me on the train and hurry me,
Where all the little girls go Tee-hee- hee;
Take me back to College,
Right back to O. A. C.

THE O.A.C. REVIEW

"THE PROFESSION WHICH I HAVE EMBRACED REQUIRES A KNOWLEDGE OF EVERYTHING"

VOL. XXXVII.

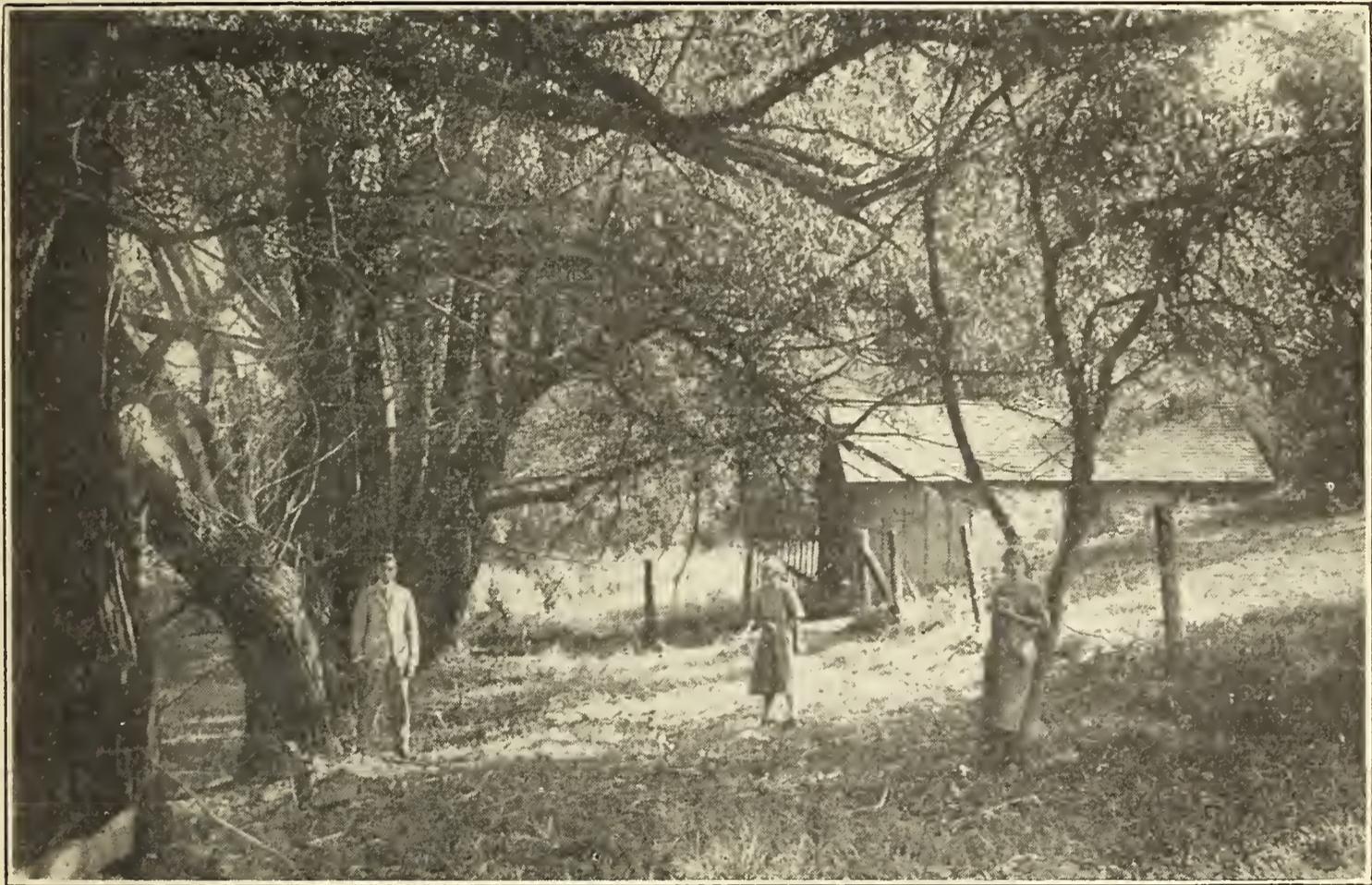
GUELPH, ONT., APRIL, 1925

No. 8

Historical Landmark at O. A. C.

A REFUGE OF WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE

By Mary D. Graessar.



A Spot of Unusual Interest Beside Our Campus.

[Miss Graessar is a graduate of Macdonald Institute. Her home is on the grounds formerly owned by the Keough family. The 'milkhouse' mentioned is on the north side of College Avenue, East, just below the hill.]—Ed.

ON property adjoining the Macdonald Institute, Guelph, there stands an old 'stone dugout' that has had a more romantic history than most buildings of its kind for there once lay hidden the rebel William Lyon Mackenzie.

At the time of the 1837 rebellion the dugout served as a milkhouse on the farm of Mr. Keough. The farmhouse, itself, stood at the back and to the right, a quaint little log cabin set among fruit

trees in a garden of old-fashioned flowers.

In those hospitable days neither the gate nor the front door were ever locked. Every evening Mrs. Keough placed a lighted lamp in the window of the south gable that travellers might be guided from the highway and find shelter for the night. Many a cold morning had she entered the living-room to find a stray wayfarer asleep on the floor beside the fire. And never had

she been known to send one forth without a good breakfast of eggs and new milk to help him on his way.

One evening in December Mrs. Keough was returning from the barn with a pail of milk in each hand. The beacon in the window was shedding its rays onto the highway for the evenings were short and darkness had already fallen.

When she opened the cabin door she found a strange man warming himself by the fire. He had a wan, haggard appearance and his face was scratched by the undergrowth of the forest.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asked Mrs. Keough.

The stranger merely glanced at her and demanded, "Where is your husband?"

"At the threshing," she replied. "He will be home presently."

As she set the table for supper she tried to engage the newcomer in conversation, but he answered only in monosyllables.

When Mr. Keough entered some time later, the man was still there, staring into the fire.

"Who are you, my friend?" enquired the good-hearted Irish farmer.

The stranger rose then and said in a quick, low voice,

"Are we alone in the house?"

"We are quite alone," answered the farmer.

"I must trust you," said the man. "I am William Lyon Mackenzie. As you know there is a price of \$5,000 on my head. Anyone found harboring me is liable to imprisonment if not death. Nevertheless, I ask you to take me in and give me food and shelter for the night."

"Mr. Mackenzie, you have fallen among friends," said the Irishman. "We are devoted to the same cause, and I

will willingly run these risks to help you to safety."

It happened, therefore, that the rebel was hidden on the Keough farm under the sloping roof of the little milk house. How long he remained there is unknown as reports are contradictory. Many details of his visit are lost in the mists of the past and the one life that links us with that of the past is quickly ebbing away.

The dramatic story of his departure from the farm is, however, quite authentic. Mackenzie was chatting to his host in the living-room of the cabin when someone chanced to notice a party of soldiers coming down the trail. The rebel dashed into Mrs. Keough's nightgown, stuck a nightcap on his head, and jumped into bed.

When the soldiers reached the door and demanded to search the house, Mrs. Keough met them pleasantly.

"Certainly you may look through," she said, "but it will be a waste of time. You will find no one here except my husband and my old mother, who is asleep in bed."

"We have your orders," said the leader, pushing past her.

When they came to the room in which Mackenzie lay, they saw what appeared to be an old lady peacefully sleeping. The unsuspecting men considerately tiptoed out and closed the door.

"Have a bite to eat before you go," said Mrs. Keough.

While the soldiers enjoyed the products of her excellent cooking the resourceful Mackenzie was out through the window, into the saddle and galloping towards the far off Canadian boundaries where safety awaited him.

Nearly ninety years have passed since then, and the old log cabin is no more. The sturdy little dugout, however, still

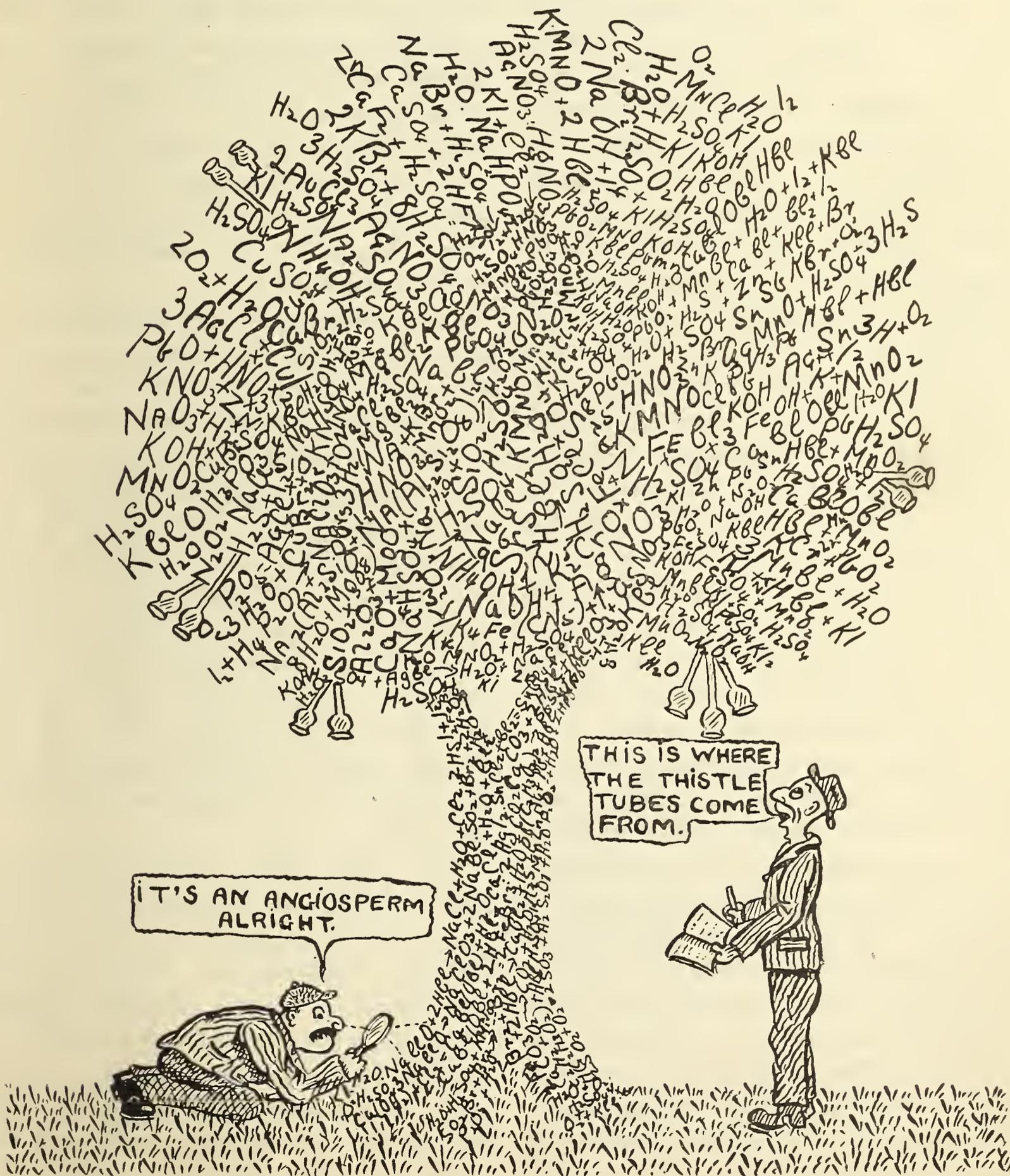
braves the storms, though it has long since been abandoned to rats, cobwebs and ghosts.

Some day it may receive a new thatch of shingles, and its weather-beaten door may display a brass plate bearing this inscription:—

Here was hidden William Lyon Mackenzie on his flight to the United States after the Rebellion of 1837.

Note:—The above story is authentic, having been obtained by interviews with members of the Keough family, who still live near the site of the old home-
stead.

Republished by Courtesy of Saturday Night, Toronto.



Botanists Discover the Chemis Tree.

The Discovery of the Gipsy Moth in Canada

By W. N. Keenan.

Entomological Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

THE necessity for the control of our destructive insects has been realized for many years, and specialists are continuing their studies of some of the more common native species in an endeavor to improve the efficiency of control methods. In practising control of our native pests we have the assistance of such natural control factors as parasites, predators, birds, weather conditions, etc. The results from these agencies vary with the affecting conditions occurring and especially the prevalence of the host insect. In the case of an outbreak of a foreign pest, however, the natural enemies which keep it more or less in check in its native habitat are usually not present, and as a consequence, effective control is much more difficult to establish.

This continent, and especially the United States, has during the past fifty years experienced the addition to its native fauna of many foreign insects of a destructive nature, which have necessitated very large annual expenditures for control work and caused heavy financial losses in the value of the crops affected. In many such cases efforts have been or are being made to introduce the natural enemies of the particular pest concerned, after a thorough study of the insect in its native land has been carried on. However, the work in connection with the establishment of natural enemies is considerably handicapped by the fact that the foreign pest concerned is usually well established before it is discovered, and further-

more, extensive studies must be made in both its new and old environment before any assistance can be expected. The result is that a foreign pest, not affected by any of the native insect enemies, continues to multiply and spread indefinitely; the length of time being dependent upon the extent of natural control studies carried on, the results obtained, the size of the area infested and the existing conditions as they may affect the advancement of control agencies.

The importance of preventing the introduction of additional insect pests or diseases is fully realized by both Canada and the United States and during recent years, the staffs employed in an endeavor to prevent the introduction of foreign pests have been steadily increasing. Many other countries practise the same precaution and require careful inspection of all plant importations. If a foreign pest of importance becomes established in a new country, the usual procedure is to determine the extent of the area infested and endeavor to both control and prevent its further spread.

The Gipsy Moth was introduced into the United States from Europe in 1869 by a French naturalist who was conducting experimental work in silk production. Several larvae escaped from his experimental cages located in Medford, Mass., and within a few years a local outbreak occurred. The infestation continued to spread and became so serious that state and municipal control was undertaken. The control

efforts were so successful that in 1900 the pest had been reduced to very small numbers and control operations were discontinued despite strong protests from the entomologists concerned. Within five years, however, it became apparent that the control work would have to be renewed as a large area in the State of Massachusetts was found to be infested. Since that time municipal, state, federal and private interests have been co-operating in artificial control work, and extensive investigations have been carried on in connection with parasitic control which has resulted in the establishment, in the infested areas in the New England States, of several species of parasites native of European countries. These efforts have lessened the damage by the pest to a large extent but the insect has continued to spread in all directions and during the past few years, we in Canada, have been watching the situation with grave concern.

During the years 1912-16 an effort was made to establish colonies of three of the most promising species of imported parasites of the Gipsy Moth and Brown Tail Moth in the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Quebec. The rearing work was carried on at the Gipsy Moth Parasite Laboratory at Melrose Highlands, Mass., by officers of the Dominion Department of Agriculture through the courtesy and co-operation of the Chief of the Bureau of Entomology at Washington. Over 100,000 specimens were liberated in the above provinces. Recoveries were made of each species in later years in the two former provinces and it is of great interest to state that the only attempt made for recovery in the province of Quebec resulted in the discovery of one of the most important imported species—*Compsilura concinnata*. The recovery was made from a collection of mis-

cellaneous native larvae taken by the gipsy moth scouts in the vicinity of Freligsburg, Mississquoi County in 1923.

In 1922 it was realized by the United States federal and state officials connected with the control work that eradication was impossible on account of the expense involved and that efforts in preventing further spread would have to be concentrated. As a result of an international conference on the subject, it was decided to establish a barrier zone (in which all Gipsy Moth infestations were to be eradicated) on the Western edge on the infested territory; twenty-five miles in width and including the Hudson Valley and Lake Champlain sections. Work in the barrier zone is now being carried on co-operatively by the State of New York and the United States Federal Department of Agriculture. The annual state appropriations alone amount to about \$200,000.00. Scouting resulted in the discovery of several small local outbreaks in the barrier zone, all of which are apparently being successfully exterminated.

In 1922 the Gipsy Moth had extended to within ten miles of the international boundary line Northeastern Vermont. That year the Entomological Branch placed two scouts in Southern Quebec for a short period. In 1923 three inspectors examined portions of the most susceptible territory. In late September, 1923, a rather severe infestation was found by United States scouts near Alburgh, Vermont, and only one half a mile from the Quebec border. Thorough cleanup operations were practised immediately and in 1924 the local outbreak was carefully sprayed, etc., with the result that it is now practically eliminated.

The above situation naturally incited immediate action on the part of Canada to determine the presence or absence of the pest in Southern Quebec. The En-

tomological Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture in co-operation with the Quebec Department of Lands and Forests, placed thirty-six officers in the area along the international border, in early July, 1924, which area was divided into eight districts with a crew in each. The work continued until early December and the various districts were examined as thoroughly as possible.

On July 29th one of the federal staff discovered the first record of the Gipsy Moth in Canada, near Beebe, Stanstead County. It consisted of one egg mass and the nearest known infestation to this was about ten miles South in the State of Vermont. All trees in the vicinity were carefully examined but no further sign of the pest could be found.

On September 3rd, a provincial officer and his crew discovered the first outbreak of the pest on the Belle Vallee Road, Lacolle Township, St. John's County, about three miles from the international border.

The infestation is confined to four farms on opposite sides of the road, covering an area of approximately one third of a square mile. Orchard and shade trees are chiefly affected. Egg masses were deposited on miscellaneous objects, including fences, stone walls and buildings, etc., which will require unusually thorough work to successfully eradicate the outbreak on account of the numbers of stone walls and rock piles in the vicinity.

In carrying on clean up operations, all new eggs are creosoted, old hollow trees removed to treat the egg masses within, underbrush is cut and burned and spraying and banding of all trees in the immediate vicinity will be carried on next Spring. This work was undertaken in November and over two thousand new egg masses, averaging about 250 eggs each, were discovered and treated.

The Gipsy Moth may be spread to new territory in several ways and the greatest care is therefore necessary in dealing with an outbreak. Fortunately, the female is unable to fly on account of the unusually heavy abdomen but the characteristic habit of egg laying on practically any object complicates thorough control work and necessitates a careful examination of all products moved to outside points. In addition the first stage larvae can be blown some distance by the wind and it is probable that a proportion of the spread of the pest has been due to this source.

On account of the possible infestation of the Southern portions of Quebec and the danger of introducing the pest to new districts in the United States on shipments of Christmas trees, in July, 1924, the United States Federal Horticultural Board placed an embargo on the shipment of this product from the townships of Southern Quebec adjoining the international border. A Domestic Quarantine has, for the same reason, been placed on this area by the Dominion Department of Agriculture and in addition a restricted area covering the townships adjoining the quarantined area has been formed and requires a certificate of inspection and origin for all trees moved to outside points. The continued privilege for the export of Christmas trees to the United States from the Province of Quebec, which produces an income to Quebec residents varying from \$200,000.00 to \$300,000.00 annually is dependent upon the efficient enforcement of the quarantine regulations and thorough scouting work.

Every effort will be made to clean up the outbreak in Lacolle township. Fortunately, products liable to carry the pest are not shipped from the vicinity and it is hoped that spread to other sections may be prevented.

The Machine

By A. D. Hember, '25, April Prize Essay.

LOOK at it! See how the metal shines. What beauty and grace it has lying there. Man's creation! A monument to man's creative ability. Superb! Powerful! Supreme!

And so he worships the great instrument which he built to do work. Now he can use less energy in seeking daily sustenance, and enjoy more of life. With great egotism he slaps his chest and declares in a loud voice, "I made this thing. I am its master. It shall do my will."

To impress mankind with his masterliness he touches a button, a switch, a lever, or turns a tap. Behold! The machine stirs with life. In a confined space it exerts great energy. A belt, a mere strip of leather, connects it with hundreds of other silent machines. Man pushes a lever, and all these other shining metal things spring to life, fed by one great mother of energy.

What does it all mean to man? It means that he lives in an age of machinery. Machines give him light. Machines make his bread. Machines carry him hither and thither at his will to his daily task, to his very door. Wonderful! He travels in the air, over the earth and even under the earth, because he made the machine.

Fine! How smooth is this machine. How beautifully it works; no hitch anywhere. And man stands behind this monster of civilization, his hand on the control, pointing the way as it were, for the machine.

Suddenly all is dead. No motion anywhere. Lights go out. Transportation ceases. The machine is lifeless. Why? Where? What has happened? Man cannot understand it. Where is

all the life he set in motion? Did he not carefully build this thing from carefully constructed plans and according to The Laws? He, the master mind, has been flouted by his own invention.

But time is being lost. With feverish haste he sets to work to find the source of trouble. The machine shall do his will. It must be made to go. Where is the wrench in the works?

After hours of steady toil he stands clear, dirty, greasy and tired. His hands go out to the button. Whrrr! The machine again moves. Man smiles! He is master once more. So many of his kind depend on him to keep that monster running. His life is more or less dependent on the machine, you see.

But stop a moment to think it all out. Look into the past. With the advent of the spinning jenny, the loom, man heralded a new age. The 18th century is perhaps the beginning of modern machinery. "Necessity is the mother of invention," and man set his brain to work to improve and perfect this engine of revolution. And it did revolutionize life.

To the machine Watt gave a new energy, steam. With steam came speed. To the minds of those days, the possibilities of speed were great. It would overcome time. So man in all his glory harnessed steam and started the race against time. Speed became his watchword. To-day the same watchword is behind every purpose. It is life itself; the ability to do things at a great rate.

Now we step into the Industrial Revolution which upset life and changed

again the mode of living. It fascinated the capitalist. It created the capitalist. It drew honest folk from the countryside. The city became its place of worship. To the crowded centres flocked fascinated worshippers. The machine caused revolts and depopulated the land. Still it was wonderful. The possibilities of this thing were great.

The ball was rolling and to keep it going man invented machine after machine. The machine idea dominated his mind. With it he soon produced a mysterious form of energy—Electricity. Now that Electricity was produced, even more complicated machines came into being.

But greatest of all was the machine which gave man the power to kill, to maim, to torture thousands of souls at his will. The God of War regarded man with a fiendish smile of satisfaction.

Through the evolutionary steps in the making of machinery there have also been produced implements of good. A necessity of combating the ill effects of man's inventions produced these good implements. But even they cannot put life back into the being from whose body the soul has fled, worn out from feeding the hungry machine.

Where is the end? What is the answer? Speed man must have. Short cuts are in vogue. Greater efficiency, greater production are in demand. Competition is the life of trade. Some will say Man is the Superior Intellect.

Others will say Man is the Master. Is he? Or is it but a cloak of civilization? Is it that his eyes have been blinded by egoism; his feet become clay?

Is he after all the master of this god? It has become a fetish, cruel, cold and grasping. It demands attention. It demands life. It demands that man develop a material character or be the victim of its snare. It crushes out his life. To serve the Machine man is "burning the candle at both ends."

A great merchant prince of this day has realized as a result of his life study of the machine, its possibilities and its effects, that man is **not** the master of the machine. Henry Ford is now seeking to find means to conquer the power of the machine over man.

In far off India, a great leader of thought, Mahatma Ghandi, is also seeking in his way, to find the cure for machinery. He would wipe modern machinery entirely from our midst and have men learn again the happier and simpler life.

Has it ever occurred to you that our pleasures are bought, that we crave action, that we are restless, that we clamor for excitement. We want to Go, Go! Speed! Give us more Speed! We have built sanitariums to cure sick minds and broken down systems. We are indeed slaves to the great god—Machine. Do you believe with Henry Ford that we shall one day be its master, or, with Mahatma Ghandi, that we must sever all connection with this monster of our own creation.

"Many a profit is without honor"

Feeding Baby Chicks

Miss J. C. Graham, B.S.A., M.A.

THE artificial feeding of young animals has always been a problem. With chickens this is particularly true. Our grandmothers had little trouble in raising chicks as they left the responsibility largely with the hen, supplying only a little cornmeal from time to time. The hen and her chicks then foraged for the rest of their ration, and what might be interested our grandmothers but little. The hen then was also given the privilege of deciding when she would hatch her chicks. If she preferred leaving it until the weather was warm and the grass and worms plentiful, everyone was apparently satisfied.

But when the next generation started raising chickens, the question of a winter egg supply was becoming important. They needed chickens that would lay in the late fall and early winter. So, to get their pullets mature by that time, they had to hatch them earlier, and early hatching necessitated more feeding. In April the hen could not be depended upon to find an adequate supply of food for her chicks. At the time also incubators were coming into general use, and the feeding of the chicks became very important. Bread and milk, hard boiled eggs, and rolled oats was the most widely used ration.

As the incubator began to crowd out the old hen entirely, raising baby chicks became a serious problem. Leg weakness was extremely common, chicks were poorly feathered, growth was stunted and uneven, and the mortality was distressingly high. At this time too, the market for poultry products was steadily increasing and commercial poultry farms were coming into existence.

The raising of chicks was then a very important matter and poultrymen began to look about for the source of their troubles.

The lack of dirt floors was considered to be detrimental. It was thought that the chicks needed the direct contact with the earth. The brooders, too, came in for a large share of blame. Too much bottom heat was their chief cause of trouble. Last of all reason for high mortality came improper feeding, and then the chief difficulties of most poultry keepers were attributed to either over feeding or under feeding or else to an excess of meat feed in the diet.

To overcome these difficulties many remedies were recommended. Outdoor exercise and sunshine were found to be very helpful. The addition of minced vegetables to the ration was also beneficial, and the use of milk and eggs in the ration was found to produce splendid results. But even with these improvements the mortality was still very high. In fact one counted on having a large number of chickens die during the first six weeks.

Then came the discovery of vitamins. These growth producing and disease preventing factors were found to be present in many foods, the chief of which are milk, eggs, liver, and cod liver oil, containing vitamin A, and tomatoes, oranges, tender greens and clover leaves, containing vitamins B and C. When these foods were introduced into the ration, many of the aforementioned troubles disappeared. Feeds rich in vitamins prevent entirely poor growth, leg weakness and kindred troubles in young chicks. A ration containing these materials together with a

proper proportion of protein and mineral salts reduces the mortality greatly.

The most up-to-date ration then, consists of cod liver oil (up to 2 per cent.) raw eggs and canned tomatoes, added to a basic grain mixture made up of equal parts of corn meal, middlings and oat flour and moistened with milk. It may also be pointed out that this ration insure proper elimination, a very important matter.

When the chick is hatched it receives this ration at 2 hour intervals for five days, the meals always being served on clean boards. Cleanliness and systematic feeding are very important. Care must also be taken to avoid over feeding. At the end of five days the number of feedings may be reduced to four and a dry mash introduced to the diet.

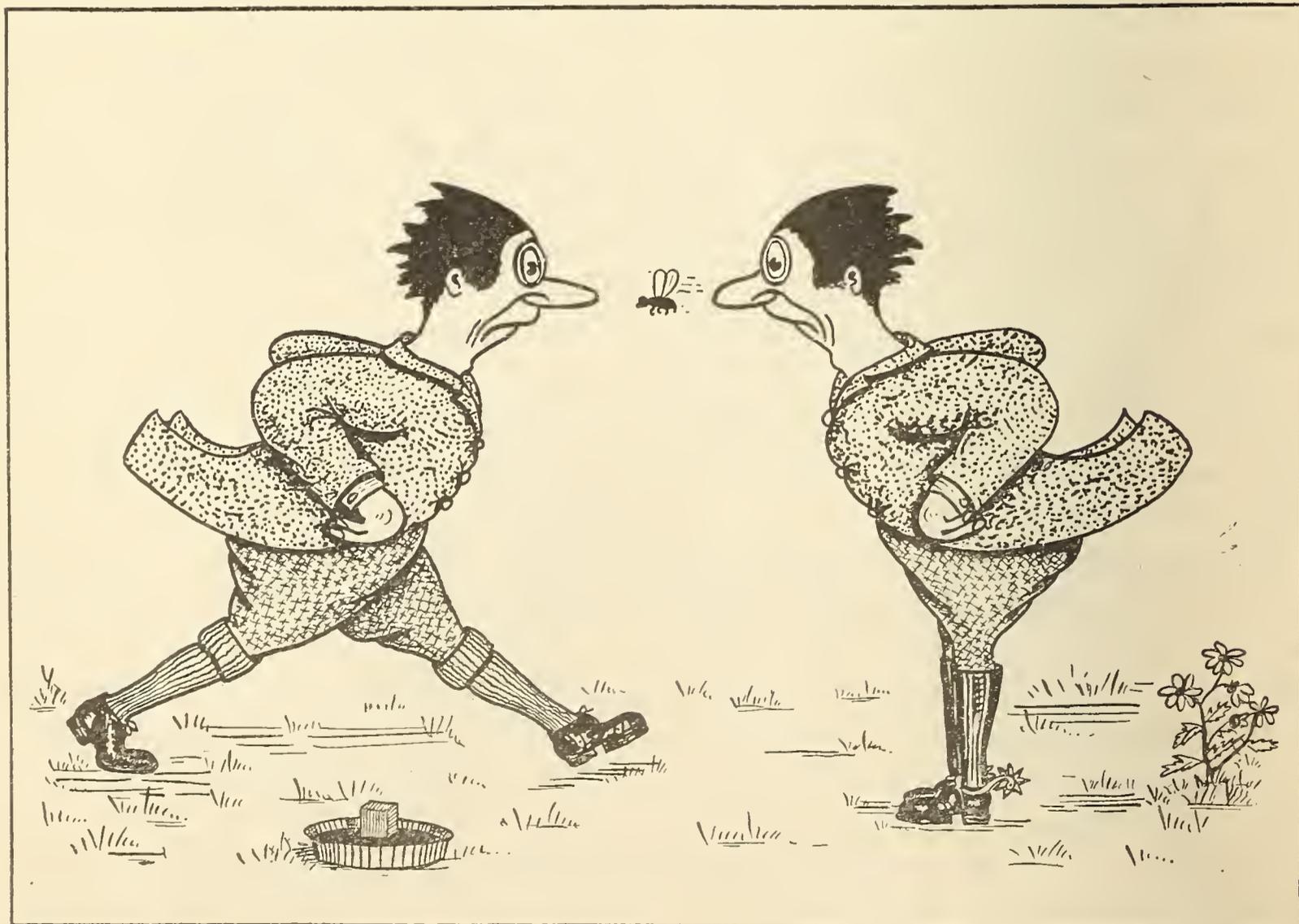
The best method of doing this is to leave a plate of the material before the chicks for two hours in the morning

and again in the late afternoon. A dry mash containing cod liver oil is highly desirable. By the time the third week is reached, the dry mash may be kept in a box before the chicks all the time. The number of feedings is reduced to three a day and sprouted oats are added to the menu.

Milk should be kept before the chicks at all times after the first five days. During this first period a constant supply of clean tepid water is used. Some grit and shell also must be fed daily to insure an adequate supply of mineral salts, cut clover or clover leaves should be used in the litter.

The above rations are used with great success by the poultry department at this college. This year the mortality among the February hatched chicks was less than 10 per cent. and they are healthy well grown chickens at the present time.

ASSOCIATION BEGETS LIKENESS.



The Sad Fate of Our Poultry Enthusiasts.

A Glimpse at Cuba, the Sugar-bowl of the World

By J. Ainslie Berry, '26.

IN the sugar section of Cuba, can you picture a little village with its native huts and yellow houses of the United Fruit Company which owns all the land in the neighborhood. In the centre, standing out prominently, is the neat office building and off to the rear are the tennis courts, polo field, park and garden.

Early in the morning, any morning—mornings are all much the same in Cuba, cool and quiet with a big red sun coming up over the hills—you will see some important looking men walking towards the office. Take a look at them; they are hard-boiled, sun-tanned specimens wearing big, broad, panama hats, white riding breeches, and flashing spurs. Soon some horses ridden by negroes come galloping down the road. They too stop at the office. In a short time these steeds, held by the grooms, are mounted by the men in the broad-brimmed hats. These men are overseers on the sugar plantations and are going out to advise and instruct and see how the work is progressing. Probably two or three of them will be going in the same direction and will ride together. There may be a gray horse, a spotted one and a black one or, a white one, a bay one and a chestnut, but they'll all be harnessed alike and will move off with arched necks and beautiful action. The scene is a pretty one. The majestic palm trees, the luxuriant greenness made greener by the rising sun, and the soft stillness of the early morning cast a charm on the riders and make them feel like kings riding forth to war. For a long distance you can hear them chatter-

ing in Spanish and the horses hoofs clattering on the hard road.

They do not ride together long. Each is in charge of a certain piece of land and he goes off to his own farm. Notice that young fellow on the sorrel pony. He is a new man who does not know much about the work so a guard is riding with him to tell him things he needs to know and help him master the Spanish language. Notice how carefully he examines everything. The great caterpillar carts loaded with sugarcane are strange to him and he looks closely to see how eight or ten powerful bulls can be so perfectly controlled by one man. The young overseer has asked why Canadian Agricultural equipment cannot be successfully used in Cuba and has been told that Canada never saw such large scale farming nor such suitable equipment as are now seen on the fertile soils of Cuba. Gradually he is beginning to see that there is some truth in that statement, that draft horses and Canadian implements could not work in Cuba's hot climate and tough clay soils. "Anyway," he says, "Experience is a great thing. A man who has travelled is always better prepared for emergencies. Perhaps some day I'll be a Canadian farmer and, if ever I'm short of a horse, I'll know how to hitch the old bull to the dump cart and take the family to church."

There comes a Cuban holiday. The new overseer is ambitious and does not go to the carnival till evening, but spends the day roaming about the country getting familiar with the land he does not see every day. As he rides along on a

spirited horse, he takes note of every thing, talks to everyone—even to the little naked boys playing in the sand—and gather all the information he can: Often he stops with eyes full of admiration. Oh, if he only had a camera to get some pictures to send to the folks at home. What interesting forms of plant and animal life! Strange looking cows with funny little lop-eared calves are grazing near the roadside. Huge birds called “buzzards” are hovering overhead ready to snatch up the first dead creature they see or morsel of food that would otherwise be left to rot in the sun. They are the scavenger birds of Cuba and assist greatly in keeping the island in a sanitary condition. Many times our friend stops to pluck some fruit from a nearby tree. He may not be sure, but he’ll take it home and ask the cook if it is good to eat. And on he rambles, to the top of a mountain to look at the view, down in a valley to water his horse at a stream. Finally he reaches the seashore. The breeze from the sea is cool and refreshing so he must stop and rest awhile.

As the young overseer sits on a rock gazing at the vast expanse of water which separates him from home and

friends, many are the thoughts and pleasant recollections that pass through his mind. It is not much more than a month since he was sailing on that same sea and memory brings back that wonderful voyage which followed a touching farewell at the beloved college. In the excitement of departure and curiosity to see things he had scarcely realized what was being left behind. Now it all comes back in stern reality and the pangs of loneliness seize him as he thinks of all those friendly faces whose company he might now be enjoying. Loneliness is practically forgotten, however, when he recalls the pleasure of the trip and the fact that the distance is bridged by an efficient mail service. Leaving Boston on the ship it was cold and dreary, but, down in the Gulf Stream, there had been four days of perfect comfort on the deck of an ocean vessel.

How long will he sit there dreaming? Suddenly a little boy runs up shouting, “Senor, caballo en jardin!” On looking around he sees his faithful nag casually munching cabbage in a seashore garden. Promptly he mounts and rides swiftly away, but not in time to avoid the threats of an angry woman.

Any Mac. girl may smile,
 In —————’s new automobile.
 In a taxi they all can be jolly,
 But the one worth while,
 Is the one that will smile,
 When you’re bringing her home on the
 trolley.

LATEST O. A. C. STYLE

O. A. C. No. 72 shoes, with Tamworth rubbers to match.

Silver Wyandott stockings.

’Buff Orpington dress with Black Minorca trimmings.

Jersey Sweater, Southdown coat Galloway lining and a White Leghorn hat with a Rhode Island Red feather.

H.—

Saving Girdled Trees

Jas. A. Neilson, B.S.A., M.S.

FRUIT and ornamental trees are often damaged by mice, rabbits or hares gnawing or stripping the bark from the trunks and lower branches. These injuries are sometimes very severe and are generally more prevalent during winters of deep snow when other sources of food are covered up. The winter of 1923-24 will long be remembered as one of the worst in Ontario, more than 10,000 trees being injured. The section between Hamilton and Toronto suffered very severely, as will be seen by a perusal of the facts given below. In one orchard of 6,000 trees, fully 2,000 trees were badly damaged, and in another orchard of 1,000 trees, more than 500 were girdled. In at least ten other orchards from 100 to 500 trees were injured, and in many cases the injury was very severe, the trees often being completely girdled from the ground up for 1½ to 2 feet. Occasionally, where small trees were nearly covered by deep snow drifts, the gnawed area included the whole of the trunk and portions of the branches.

In a large orchard near London several hundred trees were found where most of the girdling had been done below the surface of the ground. In this orchard the ground had been plowed toward the trees for two or three years in succession, thus forming a decided ridge in the tree row. The land was then seeded and kept in sod for some time. The mice apparently discovered that this ridge of sod made an ideal nesting place and immediately proceeded to devour the bark on the portion of the trunk covered by this ridge and even attacked the larger roots. This produced symptoms usually asso-

ciated with girdling or crown rot, but as there was no visible evidence of girdling the real cause was not discovered until the sod was dug away from around the trees.

The writer was called upon to advise regarding the best method of saving the injured trees in these various orchards and after carefully looking the situation over decided that the usual methods of treating girdled trees were not satisfactory because of the large number of trees affected and the severity of the injury to most of the trees. Advice was therefore sought from experienced horticulturists in Canada and the United States on the best methods of saving these trees. Most of these authorities confirmed my belief that the majority of the trees could be saved provided the best methods of reparation were used. There was, however, some difference of opinion as to the best method of procedure. After considering all the suggestions and my own, not altogether satisfactory experience, it was decided to use a method of bridge grafting, known as the Channel-Bridge. This method, by the way, was first drawn to my attention by Prof. Peck, of Cornell University.

In this method a channel from 2 inches to 3 inches long and about ¼ inch wide, is cut in the uninjured bark above and below the girdled area and the scions are then prepared and fitted into the channel. When making the channel, special care should be taken to remove all of the bark down to the wood. If any of the inner bark is left in the bottom of this channel it will often rapidly increase in thickness and force the scion out of position, thus pre-

venting a union. When growth is active all the bark will come out easily, but if the trees are dormant, it is more difficult to remove. A small screw driver with a sharp blade makes a convenient tool for removing the bark when growth is not active.

Scions are made from healthy growth of the past season and may be taken from any hardy variety. Terminal growth may be used but suckers are much better, as they are usually larger and easier to prepare and fit. The scions should be cut long enough to extend from the bottom of the lower channel to the top of the upper channel, and wide enough to fit precisely in these channels. It would probably be better to make the channels to suit the scions rather than to cut the scion to fit the channel. When the scions have been cut to their proper length the upper and lower ends should be reduced to one-half of their diameter. The reduced sections of the scion should be slightly longer than the channel to permit the scion to be tightly fitted. The edges of both pared ends should be very lightly shaved to expose the cambium. This should be very carefully done, as it is easily possible to cut off too much bark and thereby expose the cambial tissue too far up on the side of the scion to allow of proper contact with the cambium in the tree. It is absolutely necessary to have the cambium on the edges of the scion come into contact with the cambium of the tree, otherwise the operation will be a failure. Just enough of the outer bark should therefore be taken off the edges to expose the greenish tissue beneath. After the scion has been carefully prepared it is fitted in the channel with the cut surface of the scion next to the wood of the tree, and held in place by nailing with moderately

broad headed brads or $\frac{3}{4}$ inch nails. The nails at each end are usually enough, but where long scions are used a nail should be driven in the scion about midway between the two ends. The points of scion contact and the whole exposed wood surface should then be thoroughly coated with liquid grafting wax. The wax may be quickly applied with a small paint brush and should be kept warm enough to flow easily. A small coal oil stove or spirit lamp is quite suitable as a heater for keeping the wax warm. Scions should be inserted at intervals of $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 inches around the circumference of the tree. If placed closely and a union occurs the diameter of each scion will likely increase quite rapidly and in a short time will completely cover over the girdled area.

Suckers from the base of injured trees make ideal bridges, as they already have connection with the root system. The best sucker growth should therefore be saved and the upper end prepared and fitted in the bark above the girdle as just described. Bridge grafting may be done from late March until the trees are out in leaf provided the scions are kept dormant.

Most writers in discussing bridge grafting have recommended the removal of shoots which develop on the scions. This recommendation is not sound as observations made during the past summer on a large number of trees shows that there is a positive correlation between diameter growth of scions and the amount of sucker growth on these scions. In every case where there was a sucker growth on the scions there was also a marked increase in the diameter of these scions. In some cases the scions doubled their diameter where a vigorous shoot growth appeared. It was also noticed that a small

diameter growth of scions was always associated with an absence of shoots. The greater growth of the scions with shoots is due to the food supply furnished by the leaves. It is suggested that all shoots be left on the scions for two seasons at least to help in producing a rapid diameter growth of scion. After this has been secured these shoots should be removed.

The writer is not aware that this point has been noted by other horticulturists and therefore takes pleasure in calling attention to this important factor.

It is commonly supposed that it is not feasible to bridge graft in the second season after girdling has been done, but there is now some evidence to show that trees may be bridged in the second year. In an orchard near Burlington a tree was girdled during the winter of 1922-23, but this was not noticed until the spring of 1924. This tree was bridged along with the other trees more recently injured and apparently did as well as the majority of the other trees. Four out of five scions formed a union and made a very good growth. Inasmuch as only one tree has been under observation for only one season it is perhaps too early to say much of a definite nature, but in the light of this one case it would appear that it might be possible to save trees which have been completely girdled for one year before grafting or trees on which poor results were secured in bridging during the previous year.

The method described above, or modifications of this method were used on more than 4,000 trees during the spring of 1924. The results were quite satisfactory in every orchard except one. In this case the poor results were probably due to the lateness of the season when the work was done

and possibly to the poor condition of the scions.

Without a careful count of the number of trees successfully bridged it would be difficult to state the number saved, but from a partial examination it is estimated that 85 to 90 per cent. of these trees will survive.

How to Prevent Girdling by Mice and Rabbits.

The old saying that prevention is better than cure is especially applicable to the girdling of fruit trees. All the injury usually done by mice and most of that done by rabbits may be more easily prevented than repaired.

For this purpose galvanized wire screen of one-quarter to one-third inch mesh makes an effective protection. This material may be purchased in squares ready for application, or it may be obtained in rolls and cut into suitable dimensions. Pieces 18 inches by 18 inches are considered enough for most trees. When ready to apply, take the sheet and roll tightly around a 2 inch pipe or other roller. Withdraw the pipe, unloosen the roll, and loosely encircle the trunk with the wire, taking care to set the lower end about an inch in the soil. Wire screen protectors are more costly than tar paper or heavy building paper, but are much more effective and durable and as one application is usually enough are really cheaper in the long run.

Some protection may be also secured by cutting off small branches in the late autumn and scattering these on the ground throughout the orchard as a food supply for the mice in the winter.

Poisoned baits may be used effectively if care is taken in distributing the materials. The following is a good formula: Strychnine, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., boiling water, 1 pint, syrup, 1 pint. Boil to-

gether for a few minutes and stir thoroughly. Sprinkle this solution on oatmeal, taking care to thoroughly moisten the meal. Scatter the meal in teaspoon lots around the orchard under grass, weeds, boards, brush or place in small drain tiles. If distributed in this manner the mice will likely get the poison while birds will not be destroyed.

Where trees are not protected by wire screens tramping the snow around the base of the trees in winter is a good practice.

Hawks and owls which have not developed poultry stealing habits should be protected as they destroy large numbers of mice

A repellent wash made of Lime Sulphur has been recommended, but this has not always had the desired effect. It may serve as a repellent for mice, but it does not keep rabbits away. In a young orchard near Aylmer, which had been treated with this wash, more than 150 trees were so severely injured by rabbits that they had to be cut off at the ground and regrafted on the stump or replaced by other trees.

Clean cultivation is another important factor in preventing girdling, but even this is not wholly effective when adjoining areas are kept in long grass. Because of this it is good practice to use tree protectors of some kind.

EVENING

Queen of my Heart, oh let us wander
 Into the garden, lying yonder
 While quiet shadows and setting sun
 Tell us the long, long day is done.

Through the elm trees high, the starlit sky
 Breathes of peace unbounded
 And caressing breezes hurrying by
 Leave us with hope surrounded.

The birds sing their nightly lullabies,
 Each flowerlet closes its weary eyes
 And Mother Earth with outstretched arms
 Gathers us to her with latent charms.

Far off in the distance church bells chime,
 Coming and fading in sweetest rhyme,
 While all around us silenced life
 Lies stilled from all its earthly strife.

"LAILE"

Beautifying Rural Home Surroundings

By Henry J. Moore.

IT is often said that the work of making beautiful the surroundings of our homes is an expensive one, yet actually we find such is not the case. For some reason or other the embellishment of rural homes with shrubs and flowers has been shamefully neglected and those who have been deterred by the thought that the work entails great expense should dismiss the erroneous supposition. If a few dollars are judiciously spent in the purchase of shrubs and of perennials and a little care is exercised in their arrangement, beautiful surroundings will spring into existence in a very short period of time.

Permanent Beautification the Best

The planting of shrubs in their individual border, or of perennials in a border devoted entirely to these as a frame to the lawn, is the best form of beautification. Any planting which results in filling up the centre of the lawn is not considered good taste from an artistic point of view. On the farm it is better to use shrubs and perennials as these are of a permanent nature and much to be preferred to annual plants such as Asters, Stocks, Zinnias, and so on, or of tender greenhouse plants, which of necessity have to be replaced every spring. If the reader can afford these latter there is no reason that they should not be used. They, however, are not of a permanent nature.

Area Should Be Devoted to Beautification.

Around rural homes where beautification is to be effected, a definite area should be fenced off to prevent the inroads of animals or fowls. A neat wire

fence will be satisfactory for this purpose. It is quite possible to make a very beautiful layout where the lawn is only twice as wide as the frontage of the residence and extending fifty feet or so to the rear, with thirty feet or more at each side. For frontage the lawn may be fifty to one hundred feet in depth, or more, depending on location or distance from road or street. The larger the lawn, the more extensive the plantings, the longer the time and greater the amount of work which must be spent on maintenance. It is better to beautify a small area that can be properly maintained than to attempt the impossible.

Trees Vital to the Scheme.

In the plantings to beautify rural homes shade trees should be employed. With them you may create a background to your home and throw some into relief. They will also act as windbreaks and for this purpose evergreens may also be used. Woman's beauty lies in her lovely hair. The beauty of a country home lies in its trees more largely than in any other thing. Shorn of its trees or unplanted, as the case may be, it will stand out gaunt, bald and cheerless.

Having planted the trees at the back of the house and a few here and there to the sides of the lawn, but not obstructing the view either to or from the house, plantations of shrubs may be massed within the limits of the tree-planted area but only at the extremities of the lawn. Not by any means should these masses be dotted through the lawn. The lawn should be kept fully open for it is the setting to the home.

An occasional well-placed specimen shrub may, however, be planted, to give accent to the massed plantations.

It is the best practice when massing shrubs to plant a few of a given kind and to follow with a few of another kind rather than to plant only one of a kind in succession. The shrubs should be planted about four feet apart. The appearance of the groups should be that of a continuous plantation throughout the length of the area to be planted rather than that of a collection of groups.

Hardy shrubs alone should be chosen, the various masses to flower at various times. They should be so arranged in the planting area that some of the masses would be in flower at various points throughout the late spring, summer and autumn season. To ensure this, any of the following kinds may be planted; *Caragana pendula* and *Arborescens* with yellow flowers, flower in May and June; *Philadelphus* or Mock Orange, white, June; *Spiraea prunifolia*, white, May-June; Golden Bells (*Forsythia suspensa*) yellow, April; *Deutzia Lemoinii*, white, all summer; *Weigelia rosea*, Rosy mauve, summer; *Lonicera malliflora*, pink, June; *Cydonia japonica*, scarlet, April; *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora*, white, August-October; *Spiraea billardi*, pink and its white var *alba*, July-September; *Spiraea Bridal Wreath*, summer Lilacs in many varieties, April, May and June; Snowballs (*Viburnum*) white, May-June. In addition to these there are dozens of other varieties, and the prospective planter should consult the nurseryman before purchasing the planting materials, but should plant only a few kinds.

When planting home grounds in the country it is important that winter's as well as summer's effects be consid-

ered, for if there is any time that a little warmth and cheer around our habitations is necessary, it is during winter. For this reason groupings of evergreens will be found valuable. It is better to plant these in individual borders than to mix them with the deciduous or flowering shrubs. Dwarf evergreen will be found very satisfactory, and in the plantings will be found to require less attention than the tree types, which latter soon begin to crowd each other and to lose their lower branches. Good evergreens for this purpose are the savin juniper (*Juniperus sabina*), the compact arborvitae (*Thuja occidentalis compacta*), Tom Thumb arborvitae, the Pacific Yew (*Taxus brevifolia*), the Chinese Juniper, Swedish Juniper, the Japanese Yew which, although it may attain a height of more than 10 feet, will rarely do so in a lifetime, and is therefore good for grouping.

Where somewhat taller groupings are desired, as for instance, when the evergreens are also to serve the purpose of a windbreak, the common arborvitae (so called white cedar), and the so called red cedar (*Juniperus virginiana*), may be used. These two may attain a height of more than 50 feet, more generally however 30 to 40 feet. The distance apart of the smaller kinds when planted should be about four feet, and of the white and red cedars, six to eight feet. If large specimens are planted of the latter the greater must be the distance apart.

Equally so is it necessary that among the deciduous shrubs, kinds which bear coloured twigs, branches or berries, should be chosen and grouped for winter's as well as summer's effects, and of which there is a large variety, including such berried plants as *Cotoneaster Tomentosa*, red; *Eleagnus longipes*,

scarlet; *Symphoricarpus*, red and white; the Indian berry and the snow berry. Many of the *Loniceras* or honeysuckles with orange, black and red berries; *Rhamnus frangula*, black; *Berberies Thunbergi*, red. The plants with colored twigs are too numerous to mention,—included however are *Vibrunum dentatum*, bluish black; *Hamelis virginiana*, yellow; *Cornus sanguinea*, red; *Eunonymus Americana*, purple and red; *Salix candida* and *decipiens*, *Cornus amomum*, *Salix nigra*, all with purple bark; *Eleagnus longipes*, *Salix lucida*, *Viburnum tomentosum*, brown or reddish brown.

The Use of Herbaceous Perennials.

Herbaceous perennials may be put to splendid use in augmenting the plantings of shrubs around the home, no matter where such should be. The border will always appear to the best advantage when so placed that it has a background. For this reason it should be so placed that it serves as a boundary to the property or to a driveway flanked with trees or shrubs. A southerly or southwesterly aspect is the best for the border and the position should be fully drained.

The tallest subjects should be massed

along the rear of the border, and those of lesser height toward the front. There should be a general grading in size downwards from the rear. It is difficult to make a very pleasing border if such is less than seven feet in width, one ten feet in width will be better. It is usually possible to allow this width where the lawn is at all extensive.

Subjects satisfactory for massing at the rear of the border would be perennial Larkspurs, Holly Hocks, Alkanet, Tall Perennial Phlox, *Helenium*, Golden Glow and the taller fall-flowering Asters, or any tall growing, hardy kinds, for which the owner had preference.

For the middle of the border *Paeonies*, *Iris*, *Columbines*, Fox Gloves, Tiger or other hardy Lillies, and similar types of intermediate height could be used. While for planting at the edge, the following could be employed: *Arabis* or Rock Cress; Dwarf Crimean *Iris*; Yellow Perennial *Alyssum*; Moss Pink Phlox; Dwarf *Campanula*, especially *Carpathica* Blue and White forms, Snow in summer; Hardy Pinks. Spring flowering masses of bulbous plants such as Daffodils, Glory of the Snow, *Crocus*, Snowdrops and Darwin Tulips could also be used to advantage.

—A wily politician, so they say, within
his brain devised a scheme. In truth
He put a mirror in each voting booth,
Delayed ten thousand votes and won
the day!

Make Your Own Bee Hives

R. Hurtubise, '25.

APICULTURE, nowadays is becoming a very important side line on the farm. It is not uncommon for one, while travelling through the country, to see farmers keeping fifty or more colonies of bees.

What does it cost to build up such an apiary? No one can tell better than the one who has made an attempt to do so, and it is surprising to realize how fast expenses will accumulate, if one has to rely exclusively upon manufacturers for all his apiary supplies. In this article, it is the purpose of the writer to give an approximate idea of what can possibly be saved by having the hives home-made.

The first and most essential requisite is a power of some kind: a small gasoline engine $1\frac{1}{2}$ H.P., such as used on many farms for pumping water, or running the cream separator, will more than serve the purpose. Then with a little ingenuity one can build a bench to which a circular saw is attached and this, together with the power, forms the equipment necessary to prepare the material for a hive. The writer obtained very satisfactory results with the following arrangement: The frame of an old root pulper was taken; to it, a circular saw was attached by means of a shaft. On top of this frame, a table $2\frac{1}{2}$ X $3\frac{1}{2}$ was fixed to one end by hinges so that it could be moved up and down, at will, by means of a vice at the opposite end. At the centre of the table a slit was cut to allow the saw to pass through. This up and down motion provides for the depth of the saw cut. Then on top of the table and on the same side as the driven pulley, a guiding board was fixed to two movable arms swinging in the

same direction. This controls the width or length of the parts to be cut. The saw is activated directly by the power, and the speed is high enough to ensure a clean cut. This saw bench is very simple in its construction, easy to operate; inexpensive and yet very efficient.

With this equipment, the writer cut the material for five hives and had enough time left over, in the same day, to put it together, ready to be used in his apiary.

It might be of some interest, to the reader, to know how much a home-made hive would cost. The following figures were obtained, last summer, when the author was anxious to learn this for his own personal satisfaction:

White pine lumber, 11 board ft. @	
7 cents per ft.	\$.77
Galvanized iron cap35
Nails15
Wire for 9 frames05
Quilt15
Labor50

Total	\$1.97
Price of a manufactured, 9 frame, hive	\$3.15
Price of a home made hive	1.95

Saving per hive\$1.18
Total gain per day $\$1.18 \times 5 =$	\$5.90

No doubt these figures will give rise to many comments on the part of those who have had similar experience.

To avoid any misunderstanding, the writer wishes to make a few explanations concerning these figures and show the numerous factors that can effect them.

It may be noticed that no mention has

been made of the gasoline used by the engine; but on the other hand, freight charges and the sales tax, that would have to be paid on supplies when bought from manufacturers, were not considered. These would more than counterbalance the value of the gasoline used.

The price of lumber, which varies largely with different localities, the efficiency of the equipment, the value of labor and the ability of the laborer to proceed in his work will also modify the above figures. At the Apiculture Department of the O. A. C., it was found that material for as many as sixty hives could be cut in one day, and as much as ten dollars saved thereby. With his poorer equipment, the writer readily sees that such a result could never be obtained in his case. Moreover, one must not forget that the size and the style of the hive

constructed will also affect these figures, a hive, made up with "half and half" corners and rabbetted edges, can be made in shorter time than a hive with dovetailed corners.

In additions to the aforementioned advantages derived from such equipment on a farm, where an apiary is kept, there are numerous other instances where it will be found to be very useful: The engine can be used to operate the honey extractor and the cream separator, to pump the water and to do much other easy work. The saw bench can not only be used to prepare the material for the hives, but will also find a useful place in the farm carpentry.

These facts are well worth considering, and the farmer who intends to go into the bee-business to any extent would be well advised to endeavour to make his own hives.

THE STORM

Blue flame ripped the inky night—
 And God leapt forth in flaming might.
 In trembling terror I awoke—
 That rending crash—'twas God who spoke!
 For out of the air and pitchy sky,
 A great voice hurtled from God on high.
 Naked hills in the distance sprung,
 Their peaks in livid agony hung—
 And the storm went reeling on.

Wild thunders roared again—and smote;
 And in their pain,
 Trunks shuddered—smitten—
 Falling, amid the lashing forest.

—Stanley Morrison, '21.

A Northern Night

By J. Roxburgh, '26.

The sun has set in the far North Land,
The shadows of night fall fast
The little stars peep out one by one
While the moon, from over the horizon,
Upon this land it's pale rays casts.
These rays are like the silver beam
Of some pale mystic light
That seems to flutter o'er the lake
Like the fairy nymphs of night,
As a cool breeze for an instant
Ruffles its waters bright.

Then suddenly through the tranquil night
There break the sounds of the wild—
A scream of a lynx from a swamp near by
Sounds like the cry of a child,
And the lonely howl of a timber wolf
Can be heard as it climbs to the moon
While a ghostly call from across the lake
Comes from the throat of a loon.
A whistling sound from the darkness above
Drops slowly down to earth
It is the sound of the migrant hosts
On their flight from out of the north.
A wedge like shape for an instant space
Crosses the face of the moon,
And the honking call of the great wild goose
Blends with the cry of the loon.
Even the twitters of night birds
Can be heard as they wing their way
Among the silver moon beams
That play o'er the little bay.

Then comes the hour of darkness
Before the first ray of light
When the woodland cries and the waning stars
Fade with the dying night.
Such is a night in the North Land
Where the wild life roves at will
And voices its thought to the sky above
Because it is God's will.

THE O.A.C. REVIEW

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MISS D. SHORT

EDITORIAL:

What It Is—And What It Isn't

“VERY few of the editorials that appear today conform to the accepted standards for editorials. An editorial is an explanation of the days news. The chief function of an editor is to take the news of the world and explain what it means.”

This opinion was expressed by Gratton O'Leary, Editor of the Ottawa Journal, in an address delivered to the McKenzie School of Journalism, Toronto University, some time ago.

He said also that a political reporter writes the news of an event while a special correspondent interprets the news of the event. He believes that the greatest capacity a writer can have is preciseness, and condensation is to him the great secret of style.

The above statements point out very

clearly what is expected of an editor or special correspondent. It would seem apparent then that anyone with the ambition to become an editor or an Ottawa correspondent must have at his command a good working knowledge of the general economic conditions of the world. And he must from his intimate knowledge of the government in power be able to interpret every move made in political circles. Scores of reporters can give the people the news report of such events, but few can interpret them correctly and tell the public the “why” that they immediately demand.

This authoritative statement coming from a much quoted writer may be the very essence of journalism, but rather than helping us, it exposes our horrible incompetency and intensifies that feeling

of profound vacuity which dominates our mind when we approach the task of writing an editorial.

What are we to do? Is it our duty to interpret the news of the past month and tell our readers the why and the wherefore of the happenings. Alas, alas! who are we to expound our views to readers most of whom have passed many milestones on the road of experience, or as C. G. D. Roberts says, they

“have bit deep in the apple of life”—some may have reached the core, while we are still at the rind. But what’s the use of lamenting, even if things do appear wrong side up! Professor W. R. Graham says we must judge “as is” so we shall blunder along and try to look as pleased with our feeble attempts as Franklin was with his whistle, or as Lincoln had reason to be about his speech at Gettysburg.

The Might of Little Things

“Little Strokes fell great.”—Franklin.

A few bits of seaweed and driftwood floating on the waves of the Atlantic Ocean enabled Columbus to stay a mutiny which threatened to prevent the discovery of the New World and from a single bone such as no one had ever seen before, Louis Agassiz was enabled to deduce the entire structure of a prehistoric animal so accurately that later discoveries of the whole skeleton failed to change his conclusions.

How often do we, in our pitiful littleness, minimize the importance of little things. Greatness has been described as the sum of little things. If we would achieve greatness we must make each seemingly insignificant detail great and the sum of those “little great” things can not help but be great.

The barefoot, dirty-faced laddie with the bright smile, and mischievous ways, may some day sway nations. The tiny voice, crying from the cradle, may some day thrill thousands, and the little dimpled baby hand may some day hold the sceptre of a nation.

The journey of two or three insignificant little worms, not an inch long, across the border into south western Ontario only fourteen years ago, was the nucleus of a great army of corn borers which threatens to prevent the produc-

tion of one of Ontario’s main field crops.

Over half of our human diseases are caused by infinitesimal living plants called bacteria, only visible with the aid of powerful microscopes. “The fate of a nation,” says Gladstone, “has often depended upon the good or bad digestion of a fine dinner.”

All of us know how a little word carelessly let fall from careless lips may wreck a man’s career, or cause some heart infinite pain.

A bomb thrown by a madcap student in Bavaria gave Germany the opportunity to plunge the world into a terrific strife, which cost the lives of hundreds of thousands of the best of the world’s young manhood.

The signing of the Magna Charta in 1215 by King John was only a stroke of the pen, yet from it have sprung the representative governments of Great Britain and the United States, and democracy the world over.

No object the eye ever beheld, no sound caught by the ear, however slight, is ever let go, but is imprinted on the sensital memory plates of the brain and stored away. Every deed that we do, good or bad is a unit in the structure that we are building for the use of future generations. Nothing is ever

lost. All the infinitesimals of the past are amassed in the present. The very soil from which we drive our life is the product of vast centuries of erosion of hard rocks and decay of vegetable matter. Thus, everything we accomplish, be it great or small, good or bad is handed down as a heritage for our descendants.

Let us apply this nationally. What has made Canada what she is? Was it not that there men in the past who laid its foundations in work as infinitesimal and unnoticeable as that of the coral polypus—men who lived and died in for-

est and prairie, unknown to fortune and to fame, yet men to whom we of this generation owe all of which we boast. The echoes of their immortal voices can be heard above the whirl and din of the modern world, speaking to us in Longfellow's words—"Be a hero in the strife," and "departing leave behind us footprints on the sands of time."

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing
Learn to labour and to wait."

W. A. Young, '26.

Comment

An election campaign is in progress. Year executives are being elected for the next college year. The freshmen are apparently entering into the spirit in a manner befitting this great national sport. A lively soliciting program is being carried on, and illustrated posters are advising the members how to use their franchise to the best advantage. A few of the more interesting posters read:

"Vote for COMFORT and sit easy."

"McCAGUE for TREASURER, He's Scotch."

"BIG BILL WATSON for PRESIDENT. He'll fill the chair."

"—for TREASURER. He won't spend his own money and he won't spend yours."

This is the first life that has been shown in elections for some time at the O. A. C., and we believe it is well worth while. The next election for student body executives could be made a regular hive of interest and enthusiasm. Any man elected in this way would consider himself to be under an obligation to make good in order to keep faith with his

supporters, and live up to his pre-election promises.

Why should it not be more fitting and proper for a body of undergraduates to try to influence voters with all the artifices of the modern election? Concealing the real issue with a fictitious election cry and unnecessary flag waving would be more becoming to them, and certainly less disastrous than in the case of professional politicians where the fate of a nation hangs in the balance.

We wish to remind members of '26 '27 and '28 that the Review is published each month during the summer. If you wish to keep up the standard of the magazine you must help. Remember that the monthly competition will be continued the same as at present.

But are you a subscriber? Unless you receive and read the Review you are not likely to help us. Then come in and put your name on the list before you go. We will give you special rates from April to August inclusive, and we shall see that you get your summer numbers promptly.

Whether you write the prize essay or

not your efforts will be greatly appreciated. Lend a hand. If you need a magazine, it needs YOU.

At last (!) we have had a concert which started on time and during which there were no delays between numbers.

How often we have suffered sitting before a closed curtain waiting for a concert to start, and how long and weary have been the delays between acts after the programme has commenced.

In the Athletic concert, however,

we have one outstanding exception to the general rule, notwithstanding the fact that it involved a number of varied items and a large group of actors.

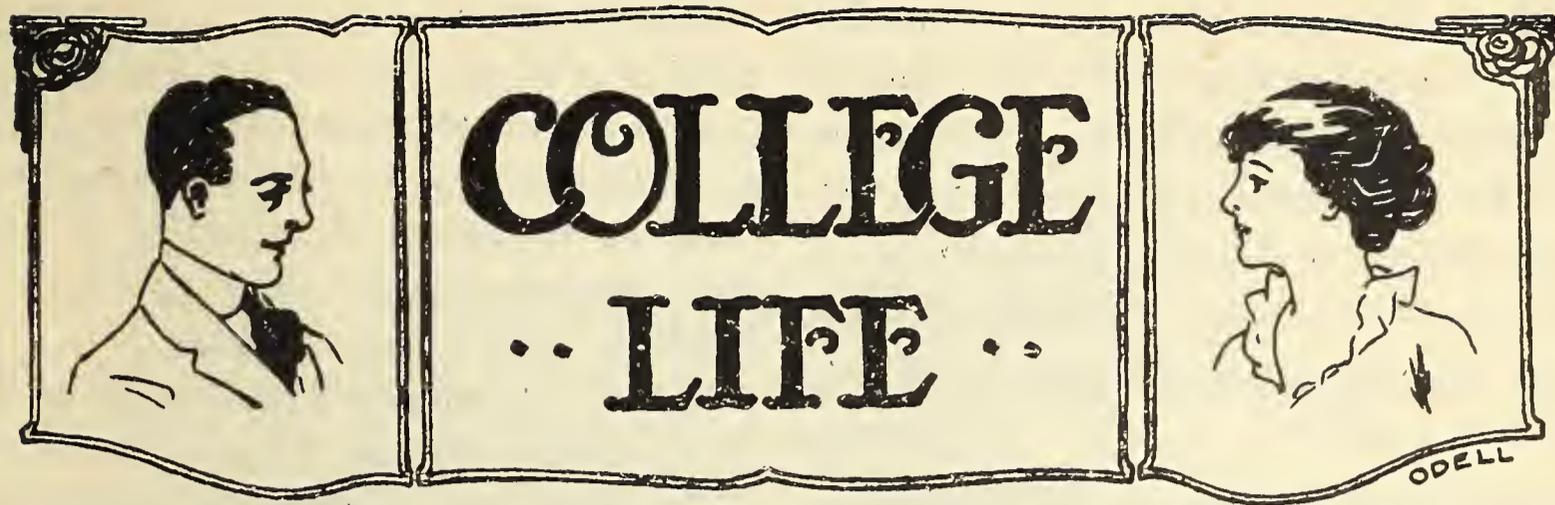
Miss Pepler and Mr. Le Maistre, who were in charge of the respective gym teams, are to be congratulated for the way in which they had the people taking part in their numbers prepared and waiting for the curtain on their acts.

Would it not be possible to eliminate some of the delays from other concerts, delays which detract materially from the presentation and render the spectators impatient for the end of the programme?

—The tender words unspoken
 The letters never sent,
 The long-forgotten messages,
 The wealth of love unspent,
 For these some hearts are breaking,
 For these some loved ones wait;
 So show them that you care for them,
 Before it is too late.

—The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.

Four things a man must learn to do
 If he would make his record true;
 To think, without confusion, clearly;
 To love his fellowmen sincerely;
 To act from honest motives purely;
 To trust in God and Heaven securely.



The Annual Public Speaking Contest

ON Friday evening, February 13th, the annual public speaking contest was held in the Memorial Hall, with Mr. R. Sands, B.S.A., M.Sc., the honorary president of the Union Literary Society, in the chair.

Miss G. R. Hart, the first speaker, gave an excellent address on "Organized Recreation and Athletics for Ontario Rural Communities," in which she outlined the value of athletics to the youth of Canada. She gave an explanation of a satisfactory scheme for organization, and urged graduates in both Home Economics and Agriculture to be ready to pass along the benefits received in such training at college.

The second speaker, Mr. G. McKinney, spoke on "A Defence of Western Methods of Agriculture." He pointedly suggested that the fact that the West is accused of ignorance and selfishness in its mode of farming by staid Eastern communities, is nothing less than a demonstration of like characteristics by the Easterners themselves.

In her address, "Were I a Rural School Trustee," Miss Ida M. Marshall intimated in no uncertain tones that she would take a path followed by only too few of such dignitaries.

We do not doubt for a moment that she could pursue her exceedingly worthy aims entirely unmolested by

mere man were she ever to decide to carry them out. Her delivery was decidedly forceful, and this, coupled with the originality and soundness of her ideas, gained her second place in the opinion of the judges, Professors H. H. Dean, A. W. Baker and D. H. Jones.

"High School Training for Farmers," was the theme of the address by Mr. B. Hill, the freshman representative. Mr. Hill neither advocated or condemned such education, but the undercurrent of his thoughts seemed to label it "value doubtful." He maintained that anything smattering of higher education would be total loss to the farmer were it of such a nature as to cause him to digress from his vocation.

Miss Edna Post, whose subject was, "The Challenge of the Country," was awarded first prize. The verdict was a popular one, as she presented an address that for charm of delivery and comprehension of material would be hard to equal. Miss Post is to be heartily congratulated on her success, both as an individual and as a member of Macdonald Institute, which was represented this year for the first time in the public speaking contest.

The final speaker, Mr. E. T. Goring, struck what perhaps was the most satisfying chord of the evening. It was one of unfeigned amusement at the

sombre-minded gentlemen who earnestly picture our nation swiftly descending the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire as a result of rural depopulation—indeed a timely exposure of a theory which, under his skillful treatment, was shown to be humbug of the choicest variety.

During the program Miss Francis Hucks rendered an excellent vocal solo, "Smilin' Through," by A. Penn, and was enthusiastically applauded for a piquant little encore which ably de-

monstrated her versatility. Mrs. E. C. Beck was at her best in her interpretation of a humorous monologue in which a damsel was very obviously in distress—a drooping floweret in a horrible divorce court pleading with a horde of men,—nasty brutes.

Before the judges' decision was given by Professor H. H. Dean, the class '19 medals were presented to the winning team in inter-year debating, Messrs. D. A. Andrew, J. J. Brickley, W. B. Reynolds and R. M. Pugh, of year '26.

Canon F. G. Scott

The audience which gathered in the Memorial Hall on February 18th, were looking forward to an evening of rare enjoyment, and they were not disappointed. The occasion was that of a lecture, or rather a talk by Canon F. G. Scott, "The Padre of the Trenches."

President Reynolds was in the chair, and introduced the speaker in his usual able manner. Prof. W. C. Blackwood then sang two songs with that depth of feeling which makes him so popular with his audiences.

Canon Scott then took the platform, and from the moment he stepped forward to speak, he completely captured the hearts of everyone present. His delightfully easy manner of speech, and his wealth of humor made one feel that one was not listening to a lecture so much as to an ordinary intimate conversation.

The first part of the talk was taken up with the story of how the speaker managed to get to France, and the audience were kept in a state of perpetual laughter at the account of his spurious search for No. 10 General Hospital, the ruse by which he man-

aged to cross the English Channel, contrary to orders. He then went on to deal somewhat with the more tragic side of the war, treating on the sacrifice and suffering of the men, and recalling the incidents which had prompted him to write some of his beautiful and touching war poems, which he read to us in a manner which clearly showed him to be a poet in every sense of the word. "The Silent Toast" was perhaps one of the best and most touching of those he read. It portrayed the scene at a certain officers' mess at the moment when a silent toast was being drunk to those who had given their lives since last they met together there.

The third part of the lecture was spent in talking about and reading some of the poems written in times of peace among the Laurentian Hills, and in and around the city of Quebec. Canon Scott has well been called "The Poet of the Laurentians," for he dearly loves the hills, and his poems are full of the free and untrammelled atmosphere of the uplands.

At the close of the lecture a vote of

thanks was proposed by Mr. Mitchell, and seconded by Canon Scovil, of St. George's Church, Guelph. Altogether, this was one of the most pleasant and

also one of the most instructive evenings we have been privileged to spend during the course of the college year.

Dances and "Damsels"

The Athletic Concert, held on Friday, March 13th, in the Memorial Hall, was perhaps more successful in some ways this year than it has been in the past two or three years. There were fewer long pauses between items, and the whole programme was not too long drawn-out, as it has sometimes been.

The Gym.-team were fully up to standard, and did good work on the high bar, the parallel bars, the horse and the mat. The pyramids were very well done, and some striking effects were obtained.

The dances done by some of the Macdonald Hall girls were of a very high order this year, and one and all were dainty and artistic. Some of the most striking were those entitled "Roman Games," by Miss Davidson and Miss Blandford; "A Chinese Love Story," by Miss Short, Miss Sneyd and Miss Tremayne; and "Pierrot and Pierr-

ette," by Miss Southcote and Miss Forester.

The Third Year stunt was one of the best which has ever been produced here. Very clever caricatures of President Reynolds and Dr. Stevenson were given by O. Lemieux and A. B. Banks. These two officials were invited to visit a New York theatre for the purpose of finding out if there was any way of brightening the student's life. At the theatre they were treated to a variety performance. V. T. Elton made a splendid "leading lady," and he was well supported by a chorus of most captivating "damsels." The dancing was extremely well done, and everyone agreed that the stunt was a great success.

Mention should be made of the three clowns, who, by their antics kept the audience in good spirits during the entire evening.

Naval Defence and Roast Chicken

It was a warm moonlight night—the first of the year. Someone said, "Fancy going to a debate on a night like this!" It did seem foolish. But one of the largest audiences we have had this year turned out to hear Western University and the O.A.C. debate the resolution, "That each of the Self-Governing Dominions should contribute to the naval defence of the British Empire in proportion to the annual value of its overseas export trade." There was our room-mate across the aisle with a new girl—two rows in front

a string of Homemakers—now what in thunder do they want to hear a debate on naval defence for? Perhaps, after all, we have misjudged them, and beneath those permanent waves and temporary complexions lies a craving for things of the intellect. Perhaps the notice that the debate would be followed by "A Little Fowl Play"—but here come the debaters.

After a few words of welcome to the visitors from President Reynolds, who acted as chairman, Mr. C. E. Freeman led off for the college team. He

was supported by Mr. W. B. Reynolds and Mr. J. E. Blaney. At first it seemed as if they would have the more difficult task in supporting the affirmative. It was their responsibility to prove, first, that a contribution should be made and, second, that it should be in proportion to the annual value of overseas export trade. But they went at it with a will. They had studied their subject and were ready for heavier artillery than Western seemed prepared to unlimber. They pointed out the need for naval defence and emphasized the injustice of expecting Great Britain to bear the whole burden. Contribution was essential to our status as a nation—we could not rely on the Munroe Doctrine. What form it should take was not part of the argument, but they maintained that the value of overseas export was the best measure of naval protection needed, as well as of ability to pay for it. This basis also had the advantage of being simple, free from possibility of political exploitation, and automatically adjustable to changing conditions.

The Western team, Messrs. J. R. Allan, McKenzie Dobson, and Lyle Meredith, seemed to be a little too sure of the strength of their position. They contented themselves with destructive criticism of the resolution, taking the stand that the affirmative must prove legal, economic, and moral obligation to contribute, as well as the complete desirability of the proposition suggested. It had never yet been suggested by any reputable statesman. South Africa and Australia were cited as dominions with wide differences in their need of naval as opposed to military defence, differences not proportionate to their export trade. They held that imports should also be con-

sidered. There was some quibbling about the word "should." While the basis of export trade value was attacked and ridiculed, it was not shown that there might be a better one. Mr. Allan, captain of the team, spoke well and seemed to be clearing the way for some smashing arguments, which, however, the second and third speakers failed to drive home. There was an occasional tendency to mistake ridicule for argument. On the other hand the college team were guilty once or twice of banging the patriotic drum, always a very illogical instrument.

As Mr. Overholt, Principal of Brantford Collegiate, remarked when awarding the decision to the affirmative, both sides fell into the common error of having too many "points," failing to concentrate on two or three weak spots. The summing up of the affirmative particularly would have been more effective if it had had less ground to cover. But all the speakers deserved the good hearing they received. Rebuttal was freer and more ready than usual, and particularly are Mr. Allan, Mr. Freeman and Mr. Reynolds to be complimented on good debating style.

The debate was followed by a playlet, such as has become a regular and popular feature of the Lit. It was called "A Little Fowl Play," but those who expected dirty work were disappointed. The plot hinged on the ownership of a roast chicken, and the struggle between two respectable middle class consciences and two, healthy, not so respectable, middle class appetites. It was very amusing and all ended happily. Mr. John Lang carried off a difficult part very well and put life into a play which was singularly lacking in action. He was well sup-

ported by Miss Mary Goldie as his very beautiful young wife. Miss Carroll McMillan was hardly distinguishable as a demure young maidservant. Mr. K. P. Mackenzie, as the old bachelor robbed of his chicken, did some very clever acting, and Mr. Walley

made a lifelike errand boy. Mr. Ken Ross was responsible for directing the play.

It was still a warm moonlit night as we headed for Joe's, but we did not feel so foolish. It had been a good evening.

Who's Who



Our Chief Justice.

The Staff Artist wishes to introduce Mr. N. Jones, alias Judge, out of respect for his position as president of the Student's Council. He hails from Prince Edward County which, despite its minuteness, is claimed to be the Banner County of Ontario, being famous as the home of many United Empire Loyalists as well as for the production of canning crops

and dairy cattle. We are also given to understand that if any one portion of this county is better than another, it is that about Picton.

Judge's rise to fame has been the result of a steady growth of the student body's faith in his ability as an executive, capable of handling matters of discipline in a reasonable way and in his firmness of purpose in carrying out the dictates of common sense.

In his freshman year he was picked upon as secretary of the year to share largely in the straightening out of some of the difficulties that freshman exuberance oft incurs. (It must be admitted, however, that this burden lay on the right shoulders when Baldy George demanded an explanation of a bathing received by the piano in Johnson Hall.) This position was the start—and the year realizing the efficiency with which he had conducted their business, proceeded to elect him to the very trying position of President of the Second Year and chief corrector of the errors of the incoming freshmen. There are those yet around the campus who will remember his impressive dignity and impartial, though inflexible, judgment meted out to offenders against the ten commandments.

It is not surprising, therefore, that we find him on the Students' Council, in his third year as Vice-President, and in his fourth year as President.

But enough of the Students' Council—he objected, being a modest man, even to the little we have mentioned of his glory,—in fact this is published under protest from him. As a mere student of the fourth year he shines in our midst as a convivial spirit—ever on the look out for fun—ever ready to enjoy a feed, and, by the way, a cracking good man to say a few well chosen words at a party, and with the noisy Ottawa gang, a contributor to deviltry in all harmless forms.

Those who went to Chicago last fall report, moreover that cattle, sheep and hogs are not the only subjects that engage his critical eye.

All college activities own him as a hearty supporter,—he is a past manager of a champion soccer team, and Jim Simpson, of the Y.M.C.A., upholds him as a first asset at the Sunday evening sing-songs at Mac Institute.

With his graduation this spring the college loses one of its most popular and able students.

Jim is a man
Of giant build,
And is always at home
When this frame he fills.

At noon time
Jim is the first in line,
Always just opposite
The Macalites fine.

For Jim is
Quite a fusser, you know,
Always willing,
The girls say so.

To help them
Their coats to hold.
And they say Jim's hands
Are ever so cold.

But his heart is warm,
Which means a lot
To the girls across
On the Northern lot.

So Jim, you see,
Is a popular boy
Across the way
Where they live for joy.

But, his day
Will soon be o'er
For there's a Mac Hall girl—
I'll say no more!

WYNDHAM INN.

Fraser Porter to bewitching partner: "By the way, do you know many Masons down town?"

Bewitching Partner—"No., but I know quite a number of bricklayers."

"THAT WHICH IS MOST ANCIENT IS BEST."

The sweet young thing was being shown through the locomotive works.

"What is that?" she inquired, pointing an inquisitive finger at a large black object suspended from the hazy air on large chains.

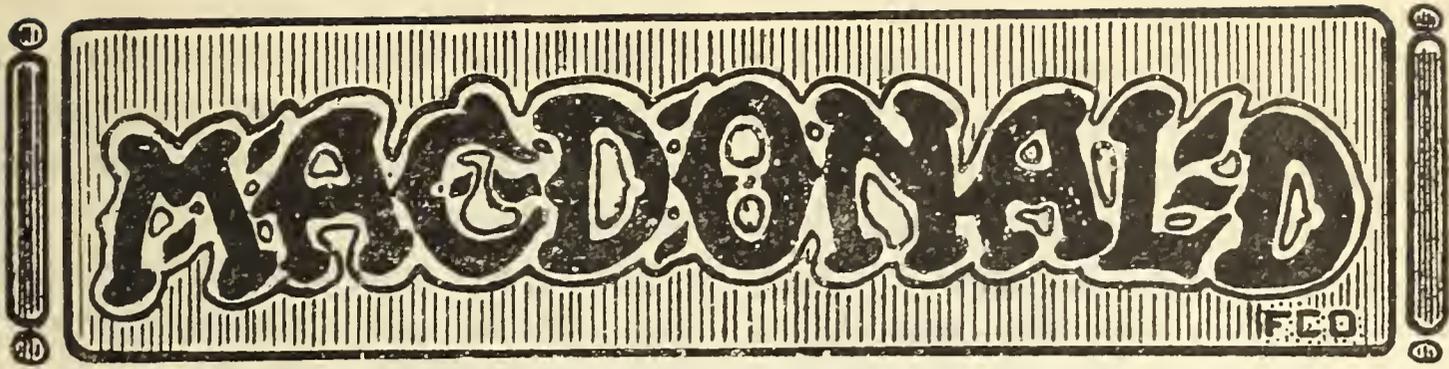
"That," replied her guide, "is an engine boiler."

"And why do they boil engines?" she inquired again.

"To make the engine tender," politely replied the resourceful guide.

Prof.—"Are you learning something?"

Shike—"No, sir! I was just listening to you."



“Mask and Wig”

By Mrs. E. C. McLean.

“A fool can talk all day about nothing but it takes an educated man to say something in five minutes”—now just where did I hear that first? Memory, seldom indeed flattering, seems to tell me that it formed part of the criticism of the first speech I ever made in public. But there I’ll stop. I may recall also into which class that speech was delegated, and the resultant flattering or flattening sensations; but then again I may not!

And now, as recalling the weakness of the moment in which I yielded to a *Review* Reporter’s desperate plea for copy, I take my pen in hand and straightway begin to seek a well of inspiration (to find alas only the ink well), some most inconsiderable little imp of recollection insists on hammering that years old criticism over and over into my tired out brain. “All day about nothing” —ha! there I have him after all. It may be that I’ll say nothing, granted, but at least that nothing will be said about something, for is not the serious attempt toward dramatic growth evidenced in the college this year *something*? Most assuredly, yes. Which all may be but a mere quibble of words, but at least it gives me courage to proceed with a few of the nothings I may have to say concerning the question in hand.

Before one can well talk about a sub-

ject, however, it is necessary to have a fairly clear conception of what that subject means. So I would begin by asking the question, *what is drama?* To many minds I am afraid drama simply means the something that goes on behind the footlights and keeps amused, interested, or excited the people who sit below. If it is successful in amusing, interesting, or exciting it is straightway acclaimed as “great stuff”; if it fails, it is consigned to the regions of the dumb, and forgotten. Such an attitude however, if accepted as correct would put all drama on a level with itinerant Punch and Judy shows, and all audiences in a class with those who gather around a group of street corner artists and remain there just as long as these artists tickle their funny bones, or whatever other bones they wish to have tickled. It is in brief the attitude which characterizes decadent dramatic eras. We must therefore outgrow the idea that the terms amusements and theatres are synonymous, and that the applause of the crowd is a just test of merit, if we are to arrive at any true conception of drama.

Drama that is drama must in the first place have a central purpose. That does not mean that we must immediately put on our thinking caps, clear out at least a few receptive brain cells, and pucker up our foreheads in the

effort to obtain from the theatre some new idea that will revolutionize our whole outlook. Decidedly not. Drama has as many different purposes as it has different types. Tragedy and high comedy aim to make us think. Melodrama (for those who like their drama mellow," with apologies to George Arliss) aims to give us a thrill. Farce, through presenting an inordinately funny situation, aims merely to amuse.

And he who carefully selects the play he will attend is in reality expressing himself as in sympathy with the purpose of that play. It may be that he wishes to hear dramatic discussion of some problem of our own or a previous age; it may be that he seeks outlet for an artistic temperament in poetry of lines, harmony of color, or beauty of setting; or it may be that he simply desires to "laugh and grow fat." Whatever his motive, however, he has chosen his play to accord with it.

In the second place real drama must have conflict, two opposing forces fighting for mastery. In the time of the Greeks these two forces were Man and Fate, (or the Gods). By Shakespeare's time the right of the individual had been asserted and man fought forces in his own character and that of his fellow men—Macbeth, Othello, etc. Today a new source of conflict has been discovered and man fights the forces of environment, society repeatedly featuring as the "villain of the piece". But, however it is expressed, in a good play a clash of forces is always present.

And last but not least a play must have what is commonly known as *human interest*, that subtle quality which translates all that transpires on the stage into terms which we, the audience, can understand. Woe be to the writer, actor, or producer who forgets this fact, who appeals to the head and not to the heart.

How often in such cases do we listen to a play in a vague wonder as to what it is all about. We may in so doing betray ourselves as plebeian, but we are at least human.

But how, you ask, does all of this apply to the plays that are produced in Memorial Hall? Perhaps that question can best be answered by taking it up in relation to the actual business of play production.

First as to the selection of plays for presentation. The purposes of plays differ, but so also do the tastes of both players and listeners, and it is the task of the producers to try to satisfy those varied tastes as fully as the opportunities of the theatre year make possible. Yet we all know of organizations who seem to have interest in nothing but the production, more or less murderous depending on the players, of Shakespearean classics. They are the "Main Streeters" of the Little Theatre; for, after all, the interpretation of Shakespeare is beyond the power of all but the chosen few, and although we are willing to have Hamlet or Lear die by the hand of their creator we resent keenly their death by any other hand. Moreover, we all are familiar with those groups of amateur players whose repertoire never seems to get beyond the so called musical comedy, where one is inclined to seek in vain for either the music or the comedy, Flippancy, flirtation; and fancy dress; love, ladies, and limericks, and that is all, unless one wants to develop brain fever trying to discover what it is all about.

Wherefore the idea that immediately suggests itself, and one which I believe is indispensable to every well balanced dramatic schedule, is a prearranged theatre program for the year. A comprehensive business meeting in the fall, at which the definite dates of produc-

tions could be fixed, the nature of each evening (classic or otherwise) decided, and suggestions for each program outlined, would do much to eliminate the spring congestion that seems to attack every college every year. Why not a couple of dramatic evenings in fall for example? say theatre night first, then about a month later some good standard comedy (choice ranging from the "Dulcies" of today to the comedies of Moliere). After Christmas the schedule could be rounded out by choosing for the third production one of the more serious classics, modern or otherwise, and for the fourth the annual musical comedy. In the course of four such different productions, at least a goodly proportion of the popular taste should be satisfied.

Or if it is impossible to find any satisfactory three act plays for the second and third evenings, a varied program of one act plays might be acceptable. For example here are two groupings recommended because they are well balanced in comic, tragic, and fanciful elements:

(I)

1. *Pantaloon, a fantasy* .. J. M. Barrie
2. *Thursday Evening, a comedy* ..
..... Christopher Morley
3. *The Goal, a tragedy* ..
..... Henry Arthur Jones

(II)

1. *Tune of a Tune, a fantasy* ..
.....
2. *Spreading the News, a comedy* ..
..... Lady Gregory
3. *Riders to the Sea, a tragedy* ..
..... John Synge

Obviously, on the other hand, the following groupings are open to criticism because the first contains an overdose of the fantastic, the second of the of the supernatural:

(I)

1. *Maker of Dreams, a fantasy in prose*
..... Oliphant Down

2. *Pierrot of the Minute, a fantasy in verse* ..
..... E. Dowson
3. *Columbine, realism in fantasy* Dartell
..... (II)

1. *Night at the Inn, the unexplained supernatural* ..
..... Lord Dunsany
2. *Will o' the Wisp, tragedy in supernatural* ..
..... Doris Holman
3. *The Travelling Man, an allegory* ..
..... Lady Gregory

Before leaving this subject however it is necessary to add a word of warning to producers. It is not sufficient to decide just what the public needs for their mental, moral, or spiritual welfare, proceed therefore to supply it, and then wait for them to digest it at their leisure. The producer who adopts such an attitude need not be surprised if he finds that the public refuses to absorb the offered food, but remains indifferent to all its allurements. And the explanation is simple. He has neglected to tell them anything about the products. Have you ever attended a concert of classical music at which you were not provided with a program telling you something about the selections which were to be played and the lives of their composers? If you have I would venture a guess that unless you happen to be unusually well versed in music you were rather at a loss to know what it was all about. The same is true regarding drama. Knowledge of what the play is trying to do, together with a brief introduction to the author and the particular merits of his work, aid an audience remarkably in appreciating the play that is to follow.

Turning now to the players themselves, and their contribution to the success of a production. In the first place they also must have some measure of understanding of the purposes of a play and just what methods the author has employed for their presentation. In

this regard it is interesting to contrast the "Star System" of the American professional stage—under which the success of a play depends entirely upon one prominent actor, performers of minor parts knowing little or nothing about the play save their own individual lines and cues—with the Moscow Arts group, under whom each cast meets repeatedly for study session before any of the actual stage business is commenced.

Having acquired then a fair knowledge of the aim of the play, the players must next see that they themselves are in sympathy with it, and so subordinate their own wishes to those of the author. There are some actors, amateur and professional, who, regardless of the nature of the play itself, would make of the stage a sort of pulpit from which to decry the faults of humanity; there are others who would make it a fashion review or a beauty contest; while still others see in it merely the opportunity of displaying their own individual talents, usually at the expense of all other players. Such attitudes are equally deplorable, and, alas, equally common, and equally well qualified to ruin a play.

Nor must players neglect to establish what in technical terms we refer to as a "correct audience relation". This is done through the recognition of the human element (discussed above) in the play, and the handling of that element in such a fashion as to win sympathetic consideration for the purpose of the play. Too much emphasis of farce becomes clowning, of sentiment sentimentality, of pathos bathos. Too little stress of these qualities on the other hand may leave the audience cold and unresponsive.

A few general axioms concerning the technique of amateur acting and I will close. In the first place the stage as

we now regard it is simply a room from which one wall has been removed, so that we, the audience, can see what is happening there. This conception naturally destroys at one stroke some of the "basic old time stage principles"—for example, the tradition of "talking front." I have seen, and on Memorial Hall stage too, actors address whole paragraphs directly to the audience while the person with whom they are supposed to be conversing stands somewhere in the rear. Does one ever do that in real life? Seldom. One generally meets directly the eyes of the person whom one addresses, unless indeed one is employed in some specific task (sewing, reading, playing solitaire, etc.) in which case the conversation will likely be of a desultory nature, or unless one desires to avoid meeting the listener's eyes in which case one will no doubt busy oneself with some absorbing duty.

Nor in everyday conversation are we much given to allowing time to elapse between speeches. Ordinarily what our friends have to say starts in us a course of thought which we are eager to express at the very first opportunity. So it should be with stage conversation. Yet how frequently a play *drags*, each actor waiting patiently for his own cue, then when it comes allowing a whole minute to elapse to make sure he "has it right" and that the other person is really finished speaking. Perhaps there is no better way of branding a play as amateurish, for one of the first things a professional producer works upon is "quicker pick up", "rapid fire give and take", so that the audience are allowed no time to go to sleep between the lines.

Another technical term, "feeding", deserves more of the amateur's attention than it generally gets. Most beginners seem to have an idea that they are important on the stage only when they

are speaking. Not so. In fact they are frequently least important then. Let us return to ordinary conversation again. How often will a friend continue talking to you if you do not give him your attention, register interest, respond to what he is saying? So too

on the stage. How can an actor give expression to his lines if he is addressing a wooden image? It is simply impossible. Actors *must* work together, respond to each other's lines, "feed" each other. "My, what a *feeder!*" said one critic of Sarah Bernhardt, and seemed to find therein her claim to greatness.

Basketball

Instead of the usual home and home games with various other teams an effort was made by the Athletic Society of Mac Hall to form a league with the Varsity second team and Western. It was arranged that the Varsity and Western teams come to Guelph for a three day tournament beginning Thursday, March the 5th and that all the games be played in that time at the College gymnasium.

As the teams from outside arrived at about the same time from places nearly equally distant it was considered fairest that they should play each other first.

First Game, Thursday 7.30 p.m., VARSITY 41, WESTERN 21.

The Toronto University girls basketball team showed considerable class and superiority in team play when they defeated Western 41 to 21.

Miss D. Fraser distinguished herself by scoring 23 points in the second half.

Second Game, Friday 4.30, WESTERN 17, MAC HALL 15.

The second game of the series was much more exciting from the point of view of the fan. It was a faster game than that of the evening before and the score was very close all through, being 15-15 with two minutes to play. However the London girls scored three points in that last short period and the game ended 18-15.

Western Players—M. Drew, P. M. Mannus, M. Fletcher, I. Duncan, M.

Goodwin, W. Watson, E. Barbour, M. Dawson, H. Lindsay.

Mac. Hall—P. Tremayne, E. Silverthorn, H. Wilson, F. Spackman, H. Rowat, D. Dies, M. Gayman, G. Hart, R. Gorham.

Third Game, Saturday 2.45, VARSITY 24, MAC HALL 17.

This was the best played game in the series, the Mac Girls showed themselves to be the equals of Toronto in shooting and in combination but they did not seem to be able to stand the fast going so well. At half time Guelph had scored 11 to Toronto's 9 but in the second half Varsity took control and the games ended 24-17 giving them the championship.

Varsity—D. Snyder, Miss Geer, S. Snyder, M. Thompson, G. Wood, M. Forward, M. Wilkins.

Miss Esther Webb of Margaret Eaton was referee for all three games and did her part splendidly. The rules under which the girls played are Intercollegiate and the fact that the centres may not shoot seemed rather surprising to some of the spectators from the other side of the campus, who, by the way supported our basketball team in a way which was greatly appreciated.

Both teams arrived in time for tea in the Dining Hall, Thursday night, and, although the game was scheduled for 7.30 a few of the girls found time to

dance in the sitting room till 7. After the game coffee being absolutey taboo to these athletes, cocoa and sandwiches were served in the drawing room.

On Friday Miss Cruickshank invited the three teams to lunch with her at Wyndham Inn, and in the evening the

visitors were entertained by the debate between Western and O. A. C.

Saturday the tournament was wound up by a banquet held in the cafeteria given by the Macdonald Hall Basketball team. All agreed that the first meet was a great success and hopes were expressed that it would be possible to have another next year.

Girls' Conference

A four day conference has been arranged to take place at the College, April 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, the discussions to be led by members of the senior class in Methods of Macdonald Institute. Between one hundred and twenty and one hundred and fifty delegates are expected from all parts of Ontario, one hundred and twenty of whom will stay in Johnson Hall and the rest in private houses in the neighborhood. The Hon. J. S. Martin, Minister of Agriculture will be the guest of honor at the banquet to be held Friday evening, April 24th.

The following is the program for the four days:

GIRL'S CONFERENCE, APRIL 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th.

Thursday, April 23rd—The Girl, Her Health and Recreation.

Morning Session, Assembly Hall Macdonald Institute. Miss McNally presiding.

Discussion: By what signs may we know she is physically fit? If you are honestly intent on being physically fit, what should you do?

11 A.M., Inspection of exhibits in Macdonald Institute.

Afternoon Session, 2 to 4. Memorial Hall, President Reynolds presiding, Addresses of Welcome, President Reynolds and Miss Cruickshank, Music. Address, Positive Health, Dr. H. W.

Hill, Institute of Public Health, London.

Playlet, A victory in Healthland, Pupils of Consolidated School. Play written by a Macdonald Institute Student. 4 P.M., Afternoon Tea, Macdonald Hall. Tea served by Homemakers Class, under direction of Miss Roddick.

Evening Session, Gymnasium, 8 to 10.30. Community Singing led by Professor Blackwood.

Address, Recreation, Dr. Annie Ross, Illustrated by games and folk dances, under direction of Miss Pepler. All present participating in games.

Friday, April 24th—The Girl, Her Personal Appearance and Ethical Character.

Morning Session, Assembly Hall, Macdonald Institute, 9 to 11, Miss McNally presiding.

Discussion, What Makes a Girl Attractive? Clothes have a mental and moral influence on the wearer, as they influence general disposition and efficiency. How may we choose our clothes in order to obtain the greatest degree of happiness and efficiency?

"Every girl is potentially a gentle woman, a flirt, a gossip, a prude and a score of other things." How can you find your best points and bring them to the fore?

11 A.M., Inspection of Exhibits in Macdonald Institute.

Afternoon Session, 2 to 4, Memorial Hall, Miss Cruickshank presiding, Community Singing led by Professor Blackwood.

Address, Clothes as an Expression of Personality. Miss Henrietta Langer, Hutchison High School, Buff, Music.

Address, Ethical Character. Miss Ethel Chapman, Dept. Agriculture, Toronto.

6 P.M., Banquet, O. A. C. Dining Hall. Guest Hon. J. S. Martin, Minister of Agriculture. Toastmaster, President Reynolds.

Evening Session 8 to 10 Memorial Hall, Music.

Shadowgraph, Choosing a Hat, Senior Students Macdonald Institute, Music. Pantomime, Fashion Review Down Petticoat Lane. Students Mac. Institute.

Saturday, April 25th—The Girl. Her Responsibility to Home and Community.

Morning Session, 9 to 11, Assembly Hall, Macdonald Institute. Discussion, Modern woman is not expected, and does not herself at her best, expect to be, a woman of leisure. She has her work to do—to enrich the family life and to promote the common welfare." How may a girl con-

tribute to and derive most from her family and community relationships? 11 A.M., Inspection of Exhibits in Macdonald Institute.

Afternoon Session, 2 to 4. Memorial Hall. Mr. Lionel Stevenson, Director Extension Service, O. A. C. presiding. Community Singing led by Professor Blackwood.

Address, Community Welfare. Mr. A. McLaren. Music.

Ten Minute Address, Literature in the Home, Miss E. Guest; Art in the Home, Professor Evans; Music in Home and Community, Professor Blackwood.

4 P.M., Conducted Trip to Points of Interest on the Campus.

Evening Session, 8 to 10, Community Singing led by Professor Blackwood.

Address, Mrs. Muldrew. Music.

Pageant, The Country's Call, Senior Students of Macdonald Institute.

Sunday, April 26th—The Girl, Her Religion. Programme under direction of Students Christian Organization.

Morning Service with Miss Jessie MacPherson, Secretary Girls Work Board, of the Ontario Religious Education Council.

Girls' Choir and other special music. Afternoon, Discussion groups. Sing-song and Afternoon Tea.

My Basal Metabolism

Everyone who has lately been in a hospital knows, of course, what a basal metabolism is, but I was one of the outsiders until last week. I did not know what the doctor or nurse meant when they announced that I should be made to undergo the thing next morning. I made the usual kindly effort to penetrate their veil of kindly reserve—a thicker than ever veil in this case; for half the fun in that scientific practical joke called

basal metabolism consists in keeping the patient doubtful and wondering.

"Quite a simple test," the nurse murmured smilingly, when the doctor had left the room after explaining that the whole affair was merely a register of functional activity." "Go to bed now," the nurse continued, "and keep as quiet as possible. That means everything."

Of course men of science know best, otherwise I might have had my doubts

about the calming effect of being roused at 6 A.M. by the tramp of feet, the clatter of a stretcher laid down outside my door, and a confused hum of voices. My door flew open and two nurses and two orderlies, with determined faces, advanced to my bedside. I sat up hastily.

"Lie down!" the head nurse commanded, "Calm yourself!" She took my temperature and pulse with a dubious air. The other nurse gave directions to the orderlies, who now picked me up and laid me among some particularly cold blankets upon the stretcher. Basal metabolisms were taken in another hospital building from the one in which I lay. The stretcher-bearers airily raised and bore me along halls and corridors, outdoors, and into a motor ambulance. The bright blue October sky shone overhead. The air was crisp and chill and I shivered in my cold bedding inwardly trying to be calm, so as not to bring upon myself grave symptoms of functional disorder. A short, jerky ride, during which an orderly tried to cover my head with the sheet "to keep out the light," and we were before another door through which I was carried to a bed in a bare, white furnished room.

A new nurse, gravely smiling, bent over me and felt my pulse. Then she remarked reproachfully, "Why, you're shivering. That won't do."

"I ca-an't help it."

"We'll wait till you can," she said firmly. "Lie still and keep mentally calm. The test is not really painful—just a little unpleasant."

She withdrew to confer in whispers with a second white-robed figure. I stopped shivering and looked around me. Against the wall hung a long-jointed tube made of something like rubber cloth. The window beside the bed was pierced by a round hole the

size of the tube, and, screwing my head about, I saw a large shiny metal tank standing beside the bed. Then the nurse came back, felt my pulse, straightened my knees, took down the tube, and began lowering a sort of hook-and-ladder system to within a few inches of my face. Seizing the coils of tubing, she thrust one end out of the window hole, a second end out of sight somewhere near the tank, and a third, furnished with a flat mouth-piece like a teething ring, into my mouth. "Bite hard on it," she advised, summoning a perfunctory smile. "Keep it well between the lips." With a deft gesture which took me completely by surprise, she now snapped a heavy clamp over my nose, effectually closing it. Then, hanging the loose festoons of tube over the apparatus over my head, she stood back and smiled at her handiwork.

There was no way to breathe but through the tube, so for the next few minutes I and my lungs were kept busy—I trying anxiously to persuade them that they took in air enough from the tube by means of the window hole, and that getting rid of the air afterward was a possible job; they indignantly puffing remonstrance at the close breather-quarters, while my throat put in its word with a strangling, gagging sensation, which from time to time threatened to cut off the air supply altogether. Meanwhile the two nurses stood by the tank behind me, whispering:—

"Patient breathes very slowly."

"Thirty-five—do you make it?"

"One more round."

Then they left the tank-side and seated themselves—to judge by the scrape of chairs—somewhere near. I pricked my ears in the midst of my struggle for breath to learn what they were saying about me.

"—— very difficult," were the words I caught next.

This held no surprise, for I had been previously told—in a veiled fashion—that computing a basal metabolism requires hours of calculation in high mathematics. The nurses were working out some former patients' test, I decided, for the next words which reached my ears above my laboured breathing could hardly apply to my own case:—

"A city in China."

A patient had been living in China, I deduced. Had been sent out from China, in fact, for treatment. The nurses' next remark was common-place enough.

"Dr. Ascot was awfully pleased I'd got so much done."

Obviously he ought to be pleased at the young woman's industry. One of them thoughtfully went on:—

"A kind of fish ——."

Fish—I had it. The patient had upset his or her basal metabolism by eating bad fish—such strange mummified sort of food, I fancied, as would be popular in small inland towns of the great old country. However, I began to feel that in these terse calculations the nurses were forgetting me, and distract

my thoughts as I would, I had more than enough of the savage grip on my nose and of the tube end stuffed into my mouth. My case was of equal importance, I felt, with the one they were engaged upon. Indeed the importance of the whole proceeding, I had after been told, was enormous.

With courageous effort I screwed my head around to command a partial view of my attendants, and recall their attention, if possible, from the study of the Chinese patient's ruined digestion. At last my eye, strained painfully backward, fell upon the two white-capped heads bent over a small enamelled table, and at the sight my reverent forbearance changed in an instant to truculent heat which threatened to choke me, then and there inside the tube.

The nurses were doing a cross-word puzzle!

So I am writing this to warn basal metabolism sufferers not to get excited when the talk behind them veers to fish and China. It's a case of "never mind this one." And, after all, perhaps guesswork is good practice for the higher mathematics that come out of the tube and the tank. I, the doctor later told me smilingly, was quite normal.

Atlantic Monthly.

Chemistry and Its Relation to the Home

By L. Elmo Gilmour

*You'd better join the church
Before this course is well begun,
Because you'll need to exercise
The art of faith, by gum!"*

—"Rollo and His Uncle in Chemistry."

This article and articles to follow each month are a result of many inquiries made by a few wide-awake and inquisitive students regarding the WHY of certain *common-ordinary* phenomena.

These phenomena are purely chemical in nature. They are common to every kitchen, home and institution and are of daily occurrence. Unfortunately, the popular attitude of the average student

is, "I hate chemistry. I don't know why I have to take the subject. All I want is a pass."

It may be sufficient to say that one comes to college for an education, and that chemistry forms part of that student's education. In addition, however, it is interesting to note that chemistry is the foundation subject of Dietetics. It is also the foundation of all manufactured products. We cannot get away from it. Chemistry confronts us in every direction, although we do not recognize it as such. So peculiarly insidious is the fact that chemistry has penetrated into the home, quite unawares to the housekeeper. Everything that we eat, wear, or use is a chemical product. With a little knowledge of chemistry, we are enabled to view life with some intelligence and greater appreciation. For instance, the practice of cleaning tarnished silver-ware by the use of a washing or baking soda solution and aluminum is but due to a simple chemical reaction.

Cleaning Tarnished Silver.

Silver-ware should never be cleaned by rubbing with or without the use of abrasives. For this gradually removes more and more silver as it is being polished; the silver thus removed is lost. By far, it is better to clean tarinished silver by a chemical action, the process being but a simple one, and best of all, it does not consume any of the silver on the original silver-ware. In addition, there is no tedious rubbing or polishing, providing the silver is cleaned regularly.

The common substances employed are:

1. Aluminum, metal or salt.
2. Washing soda, $\text{Na}_2\text{CO}_3 \cdot 10 \text{H}_2\text{O}$ (hydrous or crystallized Sodium Carbonate.)

3. Baking Soda, NaHCO_3 (Sodium bicarbonate or Sod. acid carbonate.)

4. Table Salt, NaCl , (Sodium Chloride.)

Note—Washing soda may be used alone or a combination of Baking Soda and salt instead.

In cases where Washing Soda is employed instead of Baking soda and table salt slightly more than twice the bulk of the latter combination should be used.

Either of the Following Two Methods May Be Used.

1. Using aluminum vessel.

Dissolve a teaspoonful of baking soda and a teaspoonful of common salt to each quart of hot water in an aluminum vessel (If washing soda is used slightly more than 4 teaspoonsful in bulk will be required.) The silverware is immersed in the solution for 5 minutes, then removed, dried, and found to be absolutely clean and bright. Two conditions are essential: each piece of silverware must be completely covered by the water and in contact with the aluminum pan. The cleansing solution must then be thrown away or poured into another kind of a vessel and the aluminum vessel rinsed because aluminum dissolves in solutions of sodium alkalies.

2. Using agateware or porcelain vessels along with a strip of aluminum.

The procedure is the same as in 1 and the silver must be kept in contact with the aluminum. Remove aluminum strip or it will dissolve.

Chemical Explanations.

The tarnish is principally a black residue or Silver Sulphide (Ag_2S) the sulphide being evolved from foods containing sulphur such as hard boiled eggs. The chief cause, however, of this silver sulphide tarnish is due to the burning of coal and coal gas in furnaces and gas

ranges, releasing sulphur impurities in the form of Sulphur Dioxide (SO_2) gas which invades the kitchen and the house in general.

The chemical reaction that takes place is somewhat as follows: sodium carbonate hydrolizes to form sodium hydroxide which dissolves aluminium liberating hydrogen which in turn unites with the sulphur on the tarnish—tarnish is largely silver sulphide, and the hydrogen sulphide passes off as a gas. The silver remains on the flatware and if any is dissolved by the reaction, it is again re-deposited on the silverware so that no silver is lost.

(1) Hydrolysis of Sodium Carbonate and Sodium bicarbonate
 $\text{Sodium Carbonate and water} = \text{Sodium Hydroxide and Carbon Dioxide}$
 $\text{Sodium Bicarbonate and water} = \text{Sodium Hydroxide and water and Carbon Dioxide}$.

(2) Dissolving aluminum and liberating hydrogen.
 $\text{Sodium Hydroxide and Aluminum and Water} = \text{Sodium Aluminate and Hydrogen}$.

(3) Removal of Sulphide Tarnish.
 $\text{Silver Sulphide and Hydrogen} = \text{Hydrogen Sulphide and Clean Silver}$.

Thus, aluminum dissolves in an alkaline solution liberating hydrogen which reduces the sulphides and oxides composing the tarnish, leaving a clean surface of silver.

Alumnae Notes

Miss Gladys Eaton, '24, has been appointed Educational Secretary of the Consumers' Gas Company, Toronto, and is at present in New York observing such departments in other industrial plants.

Miss Roddick had a most unfortunate accident about the 20th of February when she fell and broke her arm. She is at her home in Oshawa, recovering

and will not return until after the Easter holidays.

Mrs. C. W. Riley, formerly Miss Helen Thompson, '20, is substituting for Miss Roddick at Macdonald Institute.

Mrs. Walter Jones, of Chicago formerly Miss Mary Grant, '21, was a guest at Macdonald Hall for several days:

Miss Hazel Jackson, '24, is Head Dietician at Hills View Sanitarium, Washington, Penn.

Miss Mabel Ballantyne, '22, has been appointed to a position as dietician in the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto.

Miss Jessie Borden, '23, is taking a pupil dietician's course at the Toronto General Hospital.

Miss Eulalia Cray, '23, of Guelph is taking a pupil dietician's course at the Toronto General Hospital.

Miss Alene Snure, '22, of the Fifth Avenue Hospital, New York, gave a demonstration to the senior students of Macdonald Institute on Diabetic Diets on March 4th.

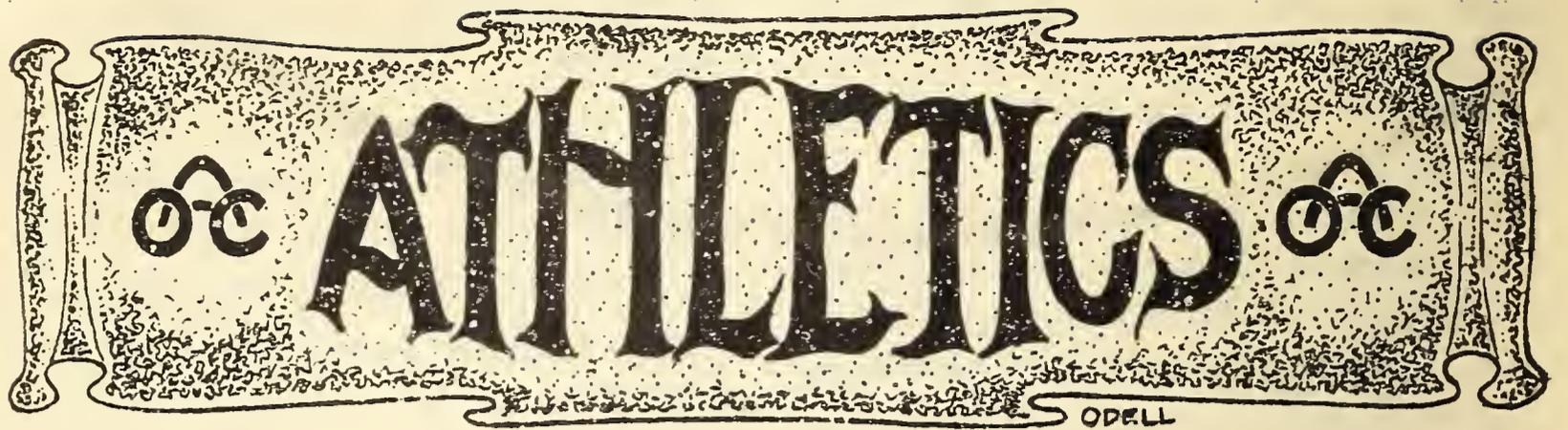
Miss Helen Miller, '22, has leave of absence from the Nova Scotia, Extension Branch, Dept. of Agriculture, and is taking a pupil dietician's course at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

Miss Marguerite White, '20, has been appointed dietician at the new Memorial Hospital, St. Thomas.

Miss Dorothy Morse, '23, is assisting Miss McDougal in Womens' Institute Work in Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Muldrew, '07, who has been at the London office of the Immigration Dept., sailed for Canada on March 6th, on the Montrose.

Miss Marjory Bell, '22, is taking a pupil dietician's course at the Presbyterian Hospital, New York.



Inter-Year Boxing and Wrestling

Year '26 walked off with the honors in one of the keenest boxing and wrestling competitions held at the college in recent years, when they nosed out the fourth year by three and a half points.

Enthusiasm was at fever heat and it was clearly seen that Year '26, who had won the assault in two previous years, was to be given stiff opposition by the first and fourth years. However, the Juniors came through the fray still wearing their laurels.

There was one star bout in boxing and wrestling which overshadowed all the others—the boxing between Cox, '26, and Jamieson, '28. These men set up a fast pace, each being out to win. At the end of the three rounds the judges declared a draw, and sent the men an extra round, which also ended in a draw, so the boys split the points for the bout.

The outstanding wrestling bout was in the preliminary round, when Watt and Whitmore came together. The bout commenced before supper and at the end of two extra three-minute periods they were still equal. After six minutes more wrestling Watt secured a fall and ended the longest bout of the assault, it having gone eighteen minutes.

THE PRELIMINARY ROUND.

Boxing, 135 lbs.—Webster, '25, defeated Demaray, '25.

Wrestling, 118 lb.—Robinson, '28, defeated McConnell, '28; 126 lb.—Watt, '25, defeated Whitmore, '26. (12 minutes extra); 135 lb.—Hart, '27, defeated Richardson, '26; Allmen, '25, defeated Hietanen, '27; 147 lb.—Jackson, '25, defeated Roderick, '28; 160 lb.—Stewart, '26, defeated Hart, '27.

SEMI-FINALS.

Boxing, 147 lb.—Cross, '25, defeated Hunter, '28.

Wrestling, 118 lb.—Medd, a bye; 126 lb.—La Maistre, '26, defeated Blair, '27; 135 lb.—Allmen, '25, defeated Lynsky, '28; 147 lb.—Lewis, '26, defeated Baird, '26; 160 lb.—Stewart, '26, defeated Garriety, '27; Peel, '28, defeated Banks, '26.

FINALS.

Boxing, 112 lb.—Garland, '28, won by default; 118 lb.—Woods, '28, vs. Hilliary, '28. Woods won by default; 126 lb.—Cox, '26, vs. Jamieson, '28, Extra round, draw; 135 lb.—Gamble, '28, won by default; 147 lb.—Cross, '25, defeated Webster, '25; 160 lb.—Miller, '26, defeated Hand, '25; 175 lb.—Pugh, won by default.

Heavyweight—Wharry, won by default.

Wrestling, 112 lb.—Wally, '26, won by default; 118 lb.—Robinson, '28, defeated Medd, '26; 126 lb.—Watt, '25, defeated Le Maistre, '26; 135 lb.—Allmen, '25, defeated Hart, '27; 147 lb.—Lewis, '26, defeated Jackson, '25; 160 lb.—Stewart, '26, defeated Peel, '28; 175 lb.—Bamforth, '27, defeated Donald, '26.

Heavyweight—Wilson won by default.

The points won by the respective years were:

Third Year ('26) 36½ points.

Fourth Year ('25) 33 points

First Year ('28) 22½ points.

Second Year ('27) 11 points.

Referee for Wrestling—"Set" Marston.

Judges for Boxing—Prof. W. J. Squirrell, Prof. G. W. Unwin.

The inter-year basketball championship was garnered in by year '26, after one of the closest and fastest games in the inter-year series. The second year, runners up, put up a very stiff fight, but the team play of the winners was too much for them. This win, with the boxing and wrestling and rifle competition, makes three championships for the junior year.

Rifle Competition

The Rifle Club, while not large in numbers, is a powerful organization from a rifleman's viewpoint. Throughout the season there have been some first class scores in the spoon competitions, and the shoot off for the honors of the college were of the same high quality. The Juniors won the laurels by one point from the Faculty team. The members of the winners and runners up are as follows: Third Year ('26), A. Donald (95), F. Morwick (94), G. Tompson (90), G. Morrison (89), H. Hannam (88); total, 456, average 91.2.

Faculty Team—W. C. Blackwood (93), J. A. Flock (92), R. Sands (91), G. Edwards (88); total 455, average 91.0.

The Second Year ('27), were third with 443 points; the Fourth Year ('25), fourth, with 441 points, and the First Year ('28), last, with 342 points.

Art Donald ('26), and Dave Owens ('25), were tied with 95 points each, for the honors of the competition, so a shoot off was necessary. In the first trial both obtained forty-nine points, in the second Dave Owens obtained a perfect score of fifty, while Art fell off to forty-seven.

The Sir Henry Pellett Cup for the person having the greatest number of points during the year, was won by Frank T. Morwick, '26, with a total of 738 out of a possible 750. Prof. W. C. Blackwood, runner up, with a total of 731, wins the bronze medal. Johnnie Webster, '25, was a close third with 727 points. Frank T. Morwick has possession of the Cup for one year.

Championship Class Hockey

Along about this time of the year all the group winners are being declared, and our college cannot complain, as the first half of the senior honors of the City League belong to us. Our hockey team came through this series without a defeat, and only one tie game, which is a noteworthy distinction.

The boys have worked hard and, with the little outside coaching they received, they did remarkably well. Commencing this series after some severe reverses at the hands of the inter-faculty league teams, they had a hard up-hill fight, and while some of the earlier games of the series were of a fluky nature, the last few games dispelled all doubt as to who was the best team around the city of Guelph.

The Spring and Axle, the weak sister of the league, proved to be easy picking for our boys, defeating them, as they did, by a score of 3 to 0. The play of the game is just about indicated by the score. Rush after rush was sent up the ice and while every trip did not bear fruit, the excellent goal keeping by Hayes, the star net guardian of the Guelph Intermediates, kept the score within reasonable bounds. There were no individual stars for our team in this game, as the whole team combined their efforts, and this score indicates the results.

The second game of the senior series was with the Northern Rubber Co.'s team. This aggregation have always been a sticking point for college teams, and in this game they almost lived up to their reputation. There was very

little difference in the play in the initial period, but as time went on the fast pace set by the Northerns became their undoing and they commenced to wilt. The home team grasped the opportunity presented and scored the opening counter after a neat bit of combination work. This seemed to inject pep into the Rubber men and after a few minutes of play they broke through the defence and sent in a bullet-like shot, giving Hamilton no chance to save it.

The final stanza opened at a terrific pace, which seemed to suit our team, as they notched their second count of the game. Hamilton was at his best, and try as they could the visitors could not get one by him, so we came home with a 2 to 1 victory.

Two games played in the latter part of the second series with the Spring and Axle team resulted in two more wins for the home crew. The first game by 2 to 1, while, with a strengthened team in the second game, we were held to a 1 to 0 victory. The first game was not of a very startling nature, our boys going in and scoring almost at will, while a little rough stuff was being introduced, which did not do either team any good. The second game was about the best played in the whole series. Time after time the visitors stormed our citadel, but as often they were turned back by the defence, or by the spectacular goal-keeping of Hamilton. On the forward line it would be unjust to single out any one star as the three men combined very effectively, and before the sixty minutes of play secured the necessary tally to give them the game.

The Guelph daily newspaper and fans were somewhat surprised at the strength of our team when we won the opening game of the first series by declaring we showed "unexpected strength," but later in the season they declared our team to be the one to beat in the series.

The last game of the regular series played in March, on soft ice, was the occasion of our first defeat, at the hands of the Spring and Axle by 1 to 0. This was rather a glorious defeat in so much that the Axle workers had strengthened their team with members of the Guelph Intermediate O. H. A.

Club. It was a last desperate effort on their part to get into the play-off, and it worked, but not by much, as the score indicates. The home team played stellar hockey and deserve praise for the way they turned these fast stepping intermediates back.

The inter-year hockey came to an end with the coming of the March thaws. Three teams, first, second and third year, were still in the running for the group honors. While not productive of high-grade hockey, these games afforded a chance for beginners to get acquainted with the game, and considerable fun for the spectators.

Intermediate Intercollegiate Basketball Champions

After completing the intercollegiate series, which ended in a tie between Osgoode Hall and our team, our boys were idle for a few days, so they took on the Simpson Avenue Methodist Church intermediate O.A.B.A. team.

This game was hardly a real good work out for the team, as the one-sided score of 41 to 7 indicates, but it gave the boys a chance to limber up. If our seconds had played the visitors the game would have been more interesting from the spectator's point of view, as our team played rings around the church boys.

To the sterling defence work of Heatherbell and Marshall goes the bulk of the credit for keeping the visitors' score down to seven points. The defence put up by these men was just about impregnable, which forced the visitors to take long shots from outside the defence. With limited ability in this line these tactics were not conducive to point getting.

COLLEGE 23, OSGOODE 21.

Talk about a game! well, the one played in Hart House when we met Osgoode Hall in the first of the home and home games was about the limit. To be hopelessly outclassed by a score of 12 to 6 in the first half and then fool them all and pull a win by 23 to 21 was exactly what happened.

Turning down a banquet before the game of plank stakes, cocktails, salads, etc., isn't the easiest thing in the world, but that's what was prepared for the team when they arrived in Toronto for this important tilt. It was very kind of the lawyers to think so kindly of our welfare, but rather untimely.

"Who scored the winning basket" was the popular question when the team returned home. Well, things happened so quickly and points rained in so fast that not even the official scorer was just quite sure who gave the college the

two point lead for the return game. However, no individual could be singled out and called a star, as the whole team were shining lights in the second half.

In the O.A.B.A. series we were forced to bow to our equals in the London Y. M. C. A. "Aces." They won the round by four points, or by 57-54. There was very little to choose between the two teams, but we will admit they put it over us in the home game.

The "Aces" opened the game with a heavy five man defence, which turned into a lightning fast offensive crew the moment they became in possession of the ball. The visitors' stile of checking bothered our men considerably, being of a heavy and at times a questionable nature. This factor was one which caused our downfall. Facing a deficit at the commencement of the second period the home crew failed to get going and were unable to surmount the visitors' seven point lead, so the Forest City crew gained a 23 to 30 victory.

The return game played in London was a vastly different affair. Here, the team played one of the best games they ever did, and according to the Free Press, it was the best game ever played in London.

In the first twenty minutes of play our quintette ran the home team off their feet and ran the score up to 23-8, giving us a lead of eight points on the round. Shortly after the commencement of the second stanza "Shorty" McEwan was lost to the team, and the Londoners then commenced their parade to the score board.

However our team was too good for them and after many belated expeditions up the floor into our territory, we emerged victors when the final whistle blew by 30 to 27. The system of a referee and an umpire in this game was most satisfactory and is a point to be recommended for the future.

COLLEGE 25, OSGOODE 16.

O.A.C. Win Round by 11 Points.

Hats off to the basketball team. On Wednesday, March 11th they trimmed Osgoode Hall and gave us the first intermediate intercollegiate title this institution has had for nine years. In 1916 the basketball team won a title and with this one it makes the only two that ever came to the O.A.C., and both by the efforts of basketball men.

By trimming Osgoode by 25 to 16, or by eleven points on the round, the college team dispelled all doubt as to who the better team was. To say it was a good game is mild, but to say our boys played the lawyers off their feet would be doing the winners justice.

About one hundred supporters of the visitors journeyed to our gymnasium to support their team, added to the turnout from here a conservative estimate would be about five hundred spectators. The volume of noise that was made from time to time certainly lent the air of a championship series, and every spectator left the gymnasium a little the worse of cheering, but declaring the better team had won.

The home team entered the struggle slight favorites, by virtue of their two point lead, but one and all realized that in order to retain this lead our boys would have to do some smart playing,

as the lawyers had been playing senior Toronto and District basketball all winter.

Osgoode opened the scoring sheet when McBurney evaded his check long enough to drop in a basket, but the gain was short-lived, as Ridley came right back and repeated the performance. It would require reams of paper to do the game and the players justice, so a general account of the game must do.

With the score of 10-6 against them the lawyers called for a two-minute rest. They had been pouring in substitutes all along in order to cool the regulars, as the going was so fast. However, the new arrivals plus the rest did not alter the score for their benefit as our total continued to rise until at half time we led by 16 to 9.

The ten minute interval was one of repeated college yells, from the loyal law supporters, and the home fans, and when the teams resumed play in the second stanza the noise resembled bedlam let loose.

To cut a long story short, our total of points kept on rising, until we had the score doubled on our opponents. Play became heavy, and every known device was used by the visitors to spell the tide of impending defeat, but they were not equal to the task.

The last three minutes saw the visitors put on a do or die rally. They had everything to win, and nothing to lose, but our team coolly met the best they could offer and in return added more points to their already large total. When the final whistle blew

the scorers announced we had won by 25 to 16. A glorious victory.

It is such a rare thing for our teams to win such a noteworthy distinction we take the liberty of introducing the individuals of the team to you, gentle reader.

“Jimmie” Marshall, the genial captain of the champions, hails from Summerland, B.C. For the last two years he has been a leading defence man around this institution. His work, while not as spectacular as some of the members of the team, is nevertheless of a very high standard.

J. E. Ridley, of Toronto, is the leading point getter for the team, due to his own efforts and the excellent support he receives from other members of the team. He is without a peer when it comes to working around and under the basket.

Louis M. Scheck hails from St. Catharines, and with him he brought a bag full of basketball tricks which he put into practice here. With Ridley he combines to make one of the best forward lines this place has ever seen, and the best in the league. Heavy checking and consistent unselfish passing are his greatest assets.

“Heather” Heatherbell, of Victoria, B.C., fits in with Marshall to form an almost impregnable defence. Not only a defensive player is Heatherbell, but also a star offensive man, especially when it comes to dropping them in from a long range.

“Shorty” McEwan, of Melfort, Saskatchewan, is the centre man of the team. Shorty broke into senior company this year with a vengeance, and certainly has held his own with the

best the other teams could offer. His best efforts were at the close of this season, which augurs well for next year.

Harlan R. Potter, of Niagara Falls, a sub forward man, had little opportunity to display his wares this winter, but on a few occasions he showed us he is of high class stuff.

Louis C. Young, of New Brunswick, played the role as guard substitute this winter, and like Potter was not on the floor a great deal, but from what we saw of him he will develop to be of the same class as Heatherbell and Marshall.

It goes without saying that the lion's share of the credit for the team's good performance goes to Coach Prof. A. W. Baker, and also to the efficient and untiring business manager, O. R. Evans, goes some of the credit. Unlike some managers we have had, he put his whole heart into his team and got results.

The team will lose Marshall and Heatherbell by graduation, but with the substitutes coming on, and promising material from the second team, next year's crew should be no weaklings.

LIFE-SAVING EXAMINATIONS.

In the recent examinations in the art of life-saving held at the college swimming tank, some of our men were successful in obtaining awards from the Royal Life-Saving Society, of London, England.

The classes this year have been up to their usual high standard, and considering the stringent rules of these examinations the winners are to be highly commended.

The Society's Award of Merit was obtained by F. W. Gregory, '25, D. B. Penny, '28, and E. C. Christie, '28.

The bronze medallion and proficiency certificate was awarded to H. L. Bamforth, '27, and J. J. Lavis, '27.

The visitor was examining the class. "Can any little boy tell me what a fish net is made of?" he inquired.

"A lot of little holes tied together with strings," smiled the never-failing bright boy.—Wesleyan Advance.

Teacher—The Chinese travel in junks. Does anybody know what junk is?

Little Willie—Sure, Pa's flivver.

"MORE ANCIENT BUT BETTER."

Circus manager to man 125 years: "Come and join my side show and I'll give you \$50 per week for life."

The old man was evidently attracted by the offer, but on thinking it over, he asked, "Will you wait till I ask Pa?"

"What, is your father alive?" cried the circus man.

"Sure," was the mild reply, "he's upstairs putting grandpa to bed."

Champions of Guelph City League

The honors of the City League are ours, thanks to our hockey team. By winning the last half of the league from the Spring and Axle by 3 to 0, our team copped the city honors and dispelled all doubt from the minds of the citizens of Guelph as to who were the best team and eliminating a play-off. From our point of view, our team played consistent, clean, high class hockey, and the championship is a worthy one.

knowing that they had only four goals scored against them during the season, which speaks well for the defence and the sensational net minding of Hamilton.

With only one member of this organization graduating this year, there should be some high class hockey displayed next winter. It is hoped that the many hockey enthusiasts around the college will be a little more generous



OUR HOCKEY STARS

Standing, Left to Right:—Pat Scollie, John Roxburgh, “Stew” Mitchell, “Hamy” Hamilton, Jim Wharry (Manager), Alf. Pridham, Fred Richardson. Kneeling:—Bruce Medd, Frank Baird.

One defeat in the season is all the opposition members of the league managed to register against our team, and that by the very close score of 1 to 0. While it can be seen that none of the scores were of the whitewash variety, yet our team have the satisfaction of

with their support, as this year's team certainly fought their battle alone and unassisted.

To “Hamy” Hamilton, the modest diminutive net guardian, goes the lion's share of the credit for the champion-

ship. The captain of the team had a real task when he had to build up a whole new team. It is a common local newspaper saying that "Hamy" is half the team. Well, the way he turned back the Axle men in the final stanza of the last game, he certainly deserves the credit.

John M. Roxburgh, the husky defence man, works in nicely with Mitchell to form a barrier of irritation to the opposing forwards. When taking trips down the ice, if not over anxious, Rox can find the twine of the opposition once in a while, as he carries a wicked bullet-like shot when given the least opportunity to shoot.

"Stew" Mitchell, a Guelph product, was a very nice addition to the defence of the team this year. His work has at all times been of a high nature, and with a little more experience he should develop into a high class hockey player. His ability to take all his opponents could offer, stop them, and get away quickly, made him an asset to the sextette.

Bruce Medd, the pivot man and lightest member of the team, can hold his own and fool a number of the seasoned veterans at the centre job. Light, wiry, quick, and a constant source of worry to opponents, are qualities that he carries about with him, and when it comes to scoring goals, Bruce gets a goodly share.

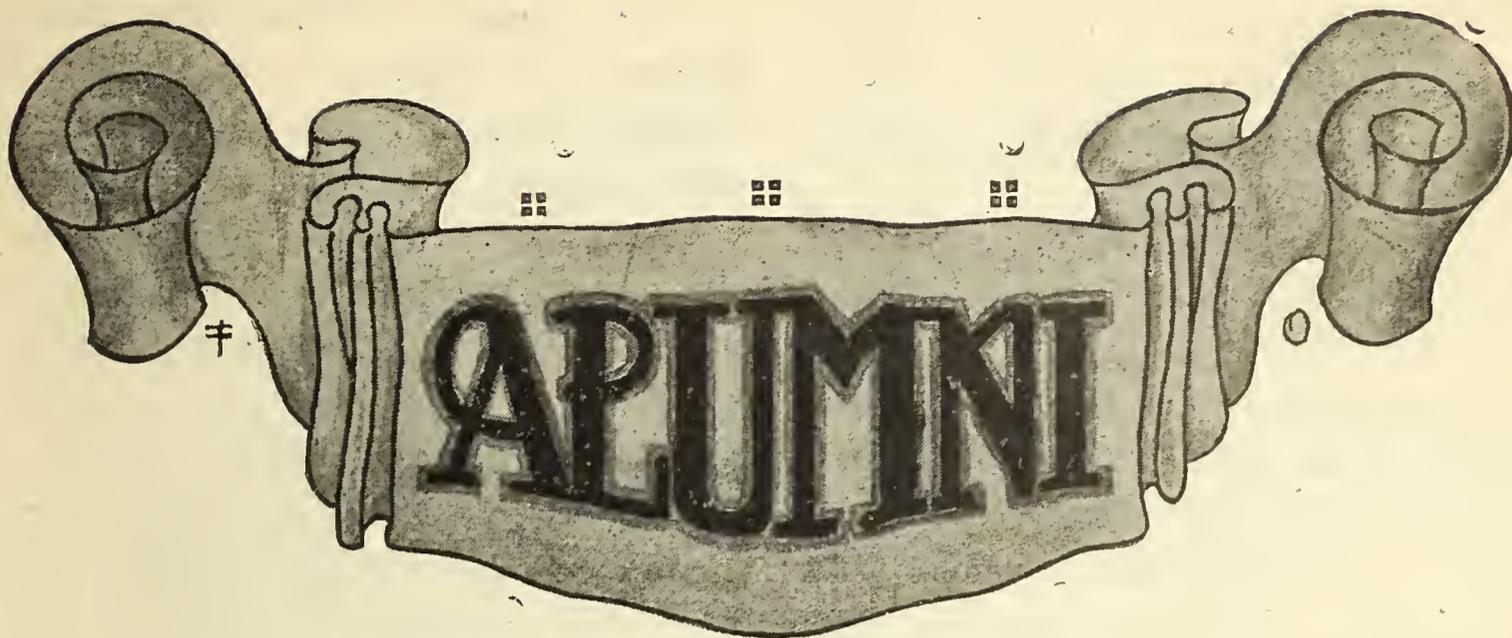
The city of Stratford made a valuable contribution to our team when Fred Richardson arrived here, coming

from such a famous hockey town. It was just second nature for Rich to play hockey. Having seen some of Canada's best players in action at home he adopted their tactics and, if given enough ice, Rich can fool them all.

H. M. Scollie, a wing partner to Richardson, was picked up by the fast travelling Guelph Junior team this winter and showed up well, both at home and away. He is a hard, untiring worker, back-checking whenever possible, and generally combining in every assault with Medd and Richardson.

F. F. Baird and "Alf" Pridham are the substitutes for the team, but they were seen but very little as the team are, generally speaking, a sixty minute crew. Pridham, who will be lost to us by graduation, has speed to burn, and can skate as well backwards as a number of us can forward. Frank Baird has been often spoken of by opponents as a stick-around, as he is a constant source of worry to any man he goes to check, and he also makes a very useful forward.

James Gordon Wharry, the six-foot manager of the sextette, deserves a share of the honors for the victory. He has worked faithfully for three months with his stalwarts, and at last achieved his ambition. Practising every night with games at least once a week, is a hard proposition for any manager, and yet "smiling Jim" put his team through their paces and certainly got creditable results.



Editor's Note

We were glad to receive the letter's printed below and know that the graduates appreciate our efforts to make the Review a worth-while magazine.

Letters from graduates are especially acceptable to the Alumni Editor. Come on, fellows, let's hear from you oftener. Tell us all about your work and the other fellows you come across in your travels. The Alumni Section is your Section. Help us make it better and more interesting every month.

Essex County Letter.

"Will you accept the congratulations of the Essex County graduates of the Old College on the February issue of the Review. There were five of us in the office to-night and every one remarked on the good issue that was received. The idea of the reprinting of College Songs is a good one. The whole Review was of more than usual interest. I was elected to write you a note and express our appreciation of your efforts and to pray that you keep on in the good work.

The Review is the one messenger that we who have left the Hill have to keep in touch with what is going on around the campus, and I can assure you that

all the sweat that you put into the work of making the Review a success is appreciated by us at least.

We have some grand old re-unions of the O.A.C. ex-students, and we pass a good deal of time refighting the battles of a few years ago. It is extraordinary, too, how those scraps go on getting more vicious and bloodthirsty as we retell them.

Possibly your Alumni Editor would be interested in some of the chaps that often drop in our office here.

Justus Miller, '13, is Agricultural Representative of Essex County, and is organizing to improve the corn and tobacco, to say nothing of vegetables, livestock and grapes.

Ray Ure, '21, is raising White Leg-horns at Maidstone.

Bill Wallace, '23, is chasing Corn Borers and managing a 200 acre farm in the meantime. His address is Woodslee.

Hershall Bratt, '23, is working in the Blue Valley Creamery in Chicago.

Ed. Bratt, '23, is living in Windsor.

E. C. Bennett, '23, is working in the Blue Valley Creamery in Detroit.

Hugh Stanley, '23, is teaching Agriculture at the Leamington High School and training the girls' basketball team in the meantime.

George Fitch, '23, is working with

the Dominion Entomological Branch, and is stationed at Wheatley. He is counting the corn borers that haven't died during the winter.

C. L. Carr, '23, is working in the Nizer Laboratories in Detroit, propagating bacteria.

F. C. McLennan, '23, is Assistant Agricultural representative at Chatham.

Yours truly is enjoying life to its fullest as Assistant Representative in Essex.

Best of luck with the old Review.

Sincerely,

W. ELGIN SENN, '23.

Asst. Agricultural Representative.

P.S.—Nelson Ure, '23, is trying to originate a stingless bee at Maidstone.

Notes by Years

'04—C. I. Bray is Professor of Animal Husbandry at Colorado State Agricultural College, Ft. Collins, Col., U.S.A.

'15—H. G. Crawford, who has been prominent in the corn borer campaign in Western Ontario, has been promoted chief of the division of field crop and garden insects of the Dominion Entomological Branch. This post has been vacant since the death of R. C. Treherne last June. Mr. Crawford took post-graduate work at the University of Illinois, and has had several years' experience in entomological work.

'17—Guy Skinner is Associate Professor of Animal Husbandry at the Connecticut Agricultural College, New Haven, Conn.

'23—Russ Marston has an assistantship in the Farm Crops Dept. at Michigan Agricultural College, East Lansing, Mich., and is taking work for his M.S. degree. Russ has been studying genetics and reports that after raising

a few thousand *Drosophila melanogaster* in a couple of weeks from two original flies and one banana, he is a firm believer in Malthus' doctrine.

'23—Jack Dawson is with the Cereal Crops Division of the Experimental Farms Branch. Along with others he is profiting by courses put on in Ottawa by McGill University, leading to the degree V. M. S. A. Jack's particular studies are genetics and biochemistry. His address is R. R. No. 1, Britannia Bay, Ont.

'23—Roy Richmond, now lecturer in Apiculture at Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins, Col., was recently elected executive Secretary of the American Honey Producers' League at a convention of that organization in Chicago. Before going back to Colorado he took a run up to Madison, Wisconsin, and spent a couple of days with Ted Hutt.

'23—Oliver Constable, who took two years with '23, was engaged in cow testing work in Iowa for three years after leaving Guelph, but is now travelling in Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin for the Loudon Machinery Co., Fairfield, Iowa.

'23—Sid Breckson is teaching at Dundas, Ont.

'23—"Dinty" Moore has a scholarship at Kansas State University, and is teaching part time and studying for his M.S. degree in Poultry Nutrition.

'23—Keith Hillier is with the Pontiac Nursery Co., Detroit, Michigan.

'23—W. A. MacKenzie is field man for the Co-operative Wool Growers.

Eric Armstrong, '24—We are very glad to receive the following letter from "Army." Army is keeping bees on Manitoulin Island. His address is Little Current, Ont.

Dear Alumni Editor.

Just received the February number of the Review and have read with interest the first paragraph under your section, hence prick of conscience prompting me to write this note.

I saw E. D. Bonyman (intermediate last year), a couple of times this summer. He is with the Poultry Division, Dept. of Agriculture, Toronto. He was up here on the Manitoulin and organized the Co-op. shipment of two carloads of live turkeys, and was very successful with them.

Also met S. J. Wagg, owner of the Creamery, of the Island, Roy Cumming, Agricultural Representative, and McMullen, '20, with the S.S.B.

I had a reasonably successful year up here, considering the season for bees, although the winter so far has been severe and they haven't had an opportunity of flight since the new year. However it is a bit of a gamble for a start, until one gets an idea of north climatic conditions, yet hope to have a good season this year

There is lots of opportunity for hunting up here. Deer and fox are fairly abundant, while lynx and wolves are not uncommon.

There was talk of organizing a wolf hunt this winter, but haven't heard any more.

Most of the inhabitants farm in summer and in winter work in the bush or fish through the ice in the day time and square dance at night, the modern fox trot is almost unheard of.

Yours truly,

ERIC ARMSTRONG,

"Army, '24.

Year '18 Men Heard From Recently.

A. D. Munro, Montreal, Que.

G. R. Wilson, Dept. of Agriculture, Live Stock Branch, Moncton, N.B.

G. E. DeLong, Dominion Experimental Farms, Lacombe, Alta.

R. G. Newton, Dominion Experimental Farms, Superintendent, Invermere, B.C.

A. J. Mann, Dominion Experimental Farms, Asst. Superintendent, Summerland, B.C.

L. G. Heimpe!, Dept. of Agriculture Eng., Macdonald College, Quebec.

Norman James, Dairy Dept., M.A.C., Winnipeg, Man.

A. A. Scales, Freetown, P.E.I., farming; potato growing a specialty.

C. Patterson, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, Sask.

A. V. Mitchener, Asst. Prof. of Entomology, M.A.C., Winnipeg, Man.

H. H. Selwyn, Kirk's Ferry, Que., "The Gatineau Apiaries."

E. H. Parfitt, Dept. of Dairy Husbandry, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

W. M. Jones. Soldier Settlement Board, Ottawa, Ont.

J. A. Flock, Dept. of Entomology, O. A.C. Guelph.

W. G. Michael, Dept. of Economics, O.A.C., Guelph.

Jim MacBeth, Dominion Seed Branch, Edmonton, Alta.

F. L. Ferguson. Dept. of Drainage, O.A.C., Guelph.

E. A. Snyder, Dept. of Poultry, O. A. C., Guelph.

D. Wallace ("Red"), Toronto, travelling.

Louis O'Neil. Live Stock Branch, Toronto. Ont.

Dave McEwan, Byron, Ontario, farming.

Percy Leslie, Oakville, Ontario, farming.

T. S. Cooper, District Representative, Markdale, Ont.

"Bill" Robinson, St. Paul's, Minn., taking post graduate work.

—F. L. Ferguson

To cram or not to cram, that is the question—
 Whether 'tis better to study all the day
 To answer the quizzes of these studious profs,
 Or never to cram for the exams, and thus
 Thru' acquiescence obviate suspense?
 I'd flunk; and in this way at once I'd end
 The headache and the hundred worried hours
 'Twixt now and finals—'Tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To fail; or by
 A grade to pass. To pass—Ay, there's the rub;
 For then within a week a thing will come—
 When we have finished with our college life—
 Will give us pause. Ah, that's the awful thing
 That makes a mockery of summer hours.

Conboy—Dot; when will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?

Dot—I'm sure I don't know.

Conboy—When U and I are one.

Mr. Gayly—The doctors say that baldness is on the increase.

Miss Golitely—Well, you can't drink hair tonic and have it, too.

Prof.—What is the meaning of vacuum?

—I know, it's in my head but I can't express it.

AN OLD SOLDIER

Miss Reid—Miss Forster do you know what time the class begins?

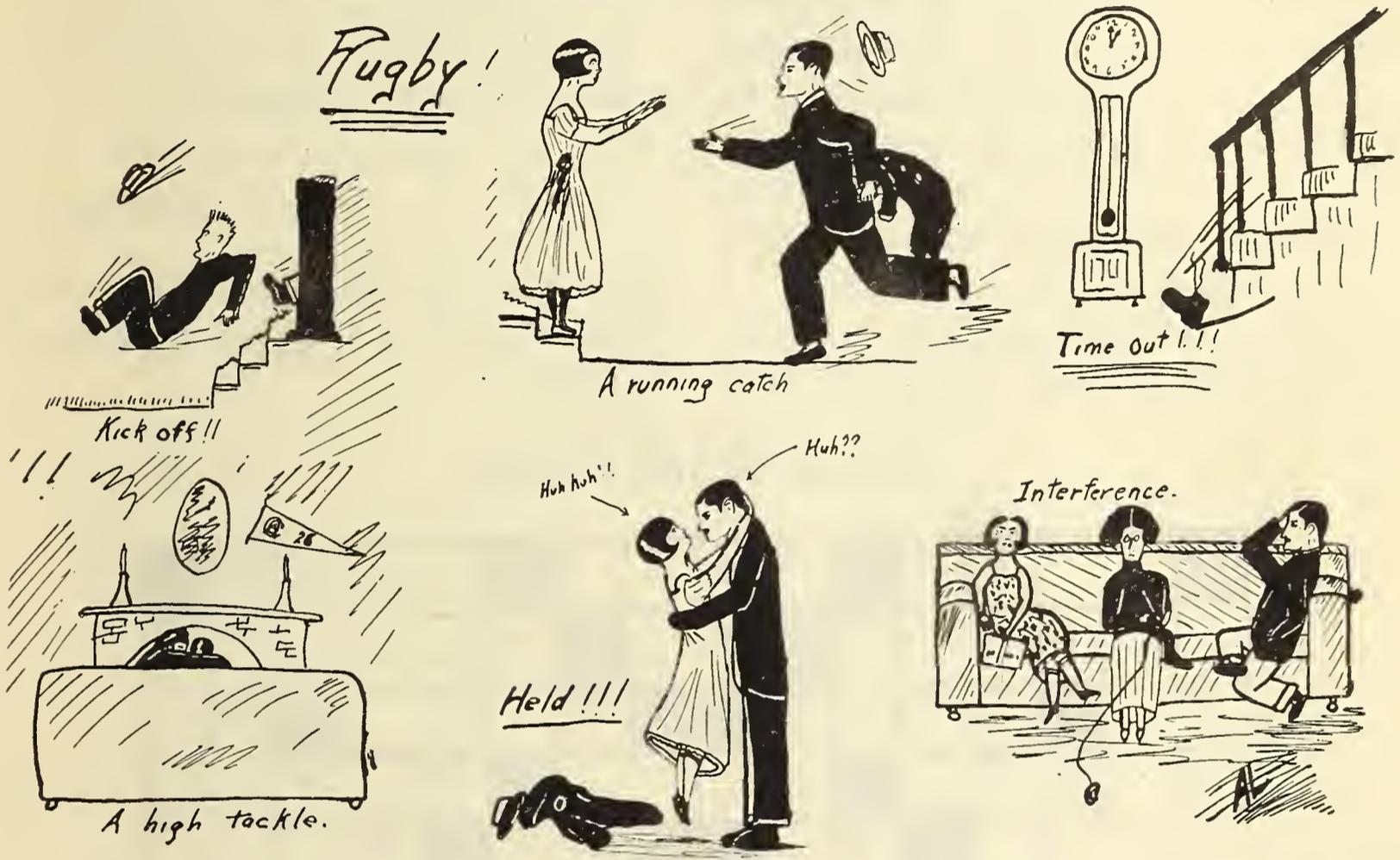
Marj.—No., I don't, but they are always started when I get here.

It is said that a careless waiter spilled a plate of hot soup down the neck of Taylor who was sitting at a mixed table. What the—he began. Then remembering where he was he turned to a stag table and asked:—"Will someone kindly say a few words appropriate for the occasion."—Managra.



LOCALS

ODELL



O. A. College
 March 25, 1925

The Editor, O.A.C. Review.

Dear Sir,—For some time I have had a serious matter weighing down the frontal lobe of my cranium, or whatever it is I think with—well! anyhow! to begin with, I'm not satisfied with the way this College is being run.

“Now, if I were a school trustee,”—but that subject has been worked to death. If I were a school trustee I would'nt be at all interested in the proposed reform. To get back to the subject: this is supposed to be an up-to-date College, so why make the students get up with the chickens in order to attend classes, sit in uncomfortable seats and fall asleep in cramped posi-

tions? Would it not be better to install a radio in each room, and then after the breakfast tray has been brought in, the industrious student could tune in on the first lecture. If the lecture proved boring, he could shut off the radio and roll over for another snooze. The alarm clock could be set for the beginning of each period. I really think this system would be of great benefit to the students. It would eliminate stiff necks and other aches and pains brought on by sleeping at one's desk.

All lab. periods should come in the afternoon, so that if the student were so inclined, he could arise and go to dinner and afterwards attend a lab. period.

Just think how wonderful it would be, to be able to attend a hop in the evening without that tired overworked feeling. Then we could dance blissfully until the hour of three or four a.m., instead of the very childish time of eleven or twelve.

This idea of getting up in the morning may be good training for those who intend to live on a farm, but why not postpone the evil day. Anyhow, on my farm the hours are going to be 12 p. m. to 12 a. m., and by heck! I'll have all my animals trained accordingly. There will be no crowing of the cock at daylight, not until the noon whistles blow will my fowl give voice

to any music which may be found in their souls.

I am sending a newspaper clipping which may help you bring about another reform, namely, having lab. periods in form of movies. This would eliminate danger to students. as acids and other harmful substances. would not have to be handled by students.

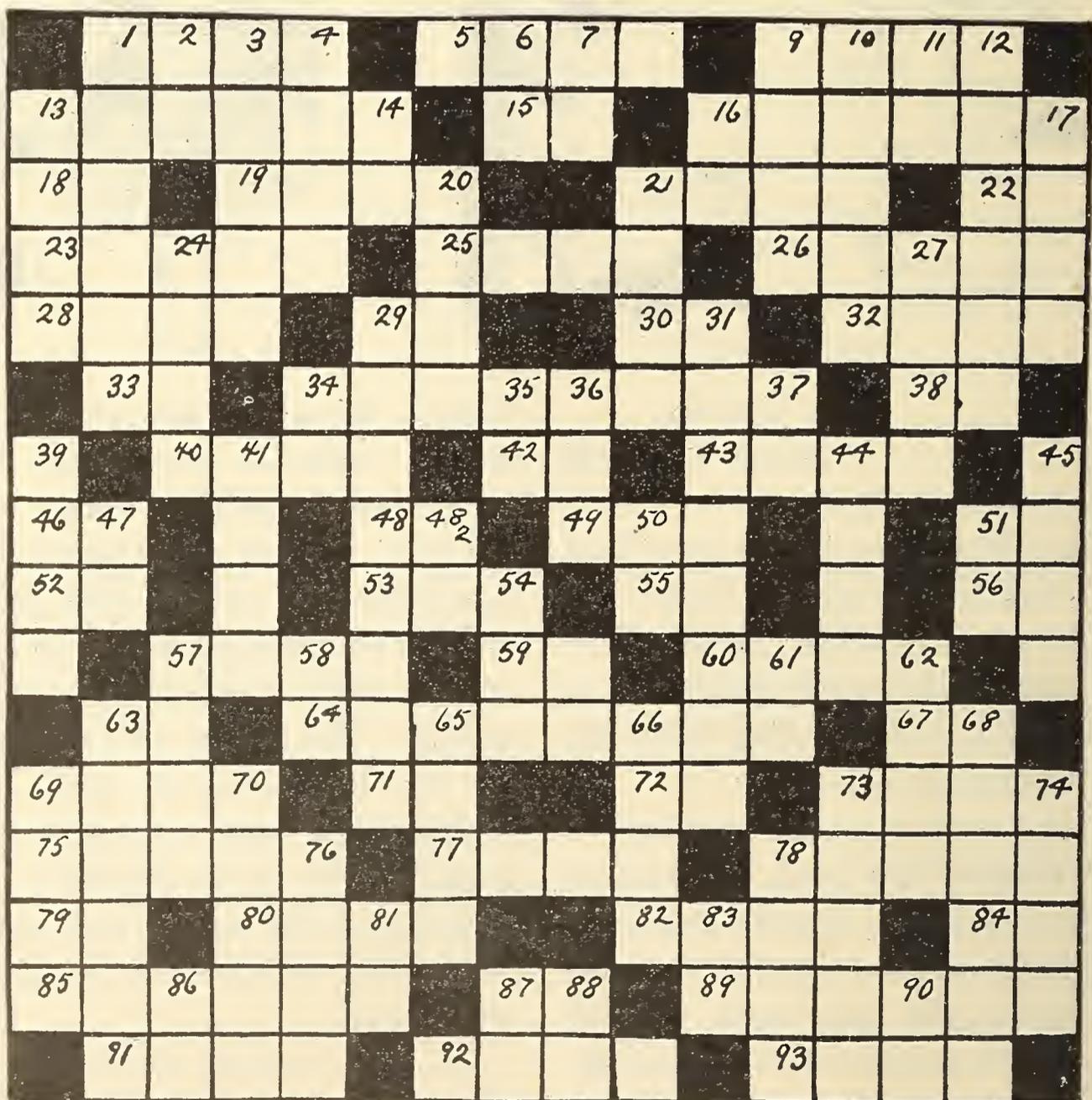
Hoping that the proposed reforms will meet with your approval.

Sincerely yours,

IVA GROUCH.

P.S.—I hope that my valuable letter will find space in your equally valuable magazine.

Cross Word Puzzle



Horizontal:—

- 1. Part of a fowl.
- 5. Behind time.

- 9. To hit.
- 13. Servant.
- 15. Conjunction.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| 16. Kept inside. | 57. Girl's name. |
| 18. Preposition. | 59. Preposition. |
| 19. Lump. | 60. Compound proposition. |
| 21. Small particle. | 63. River in Italy. |
| 22. A point of the compass. | 64. Flavoring. |
| 23. Totalled. | 67. Afternoon (abbr.) |
| 25. Now and then. | 69. Exclamation. |
| 26. Bits of material left. | 71. Adverb. |
| 28. A trip. | 72. Regarding. |
| 29. Conjunction. | 73. A drink. |
| 30. Continent (abbr.) | 75. A dull, stupid scholar. |
| 32. Require. | 77. Compound proposition. |
| 33. Pronoun. | 78. Kris Kringle. |
| 34. Free from germs. | 79. Ending used in the comparative degree. |
| 38. Boy's name (abbr.) | 80. Small river in Ontario, also in England. |
| 40. Stolen goods. | 82. Man's name. |
| 42. Negative. | 84. Preposition. |
| 43. To be full of. | 85. A famous leper. |
| 46. Preposition. | 87. Accomplish. |
| 48. Mother. | 89. Animals used in the desert. |
| 49. Prefix meaning three. | 91. Part of the face. |
| 51. Exclamation. | 92. Upright pole. |
| 52. Pronoun. | 93. Kind of grain (pl.) |
| 53. Termination. | |
| 55. Conjunction. | |
| 56. Revolutions per minute (abbr.) | |

Vertical:—

- | | |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. An opening for light. | 31. Scheme. |
| 2. Preposition. | 34. Conjunction. |
| 3. More pleasing. | 35. Preposition. |
| 4. A metal. | 36. Small child. |
| 6. Conjunction. | 37. Pronoun. |
| 7. Preposition. | 39. Number. |
| 9. Hide away. | 41. All (Latin.) |
| 10. Female. | 44. Throw out. |
| 11. South Western State (abbr.) | 45. Units, electrical term. |
| 12. Tried. | 47. A province (abbr.) |
| 13. Defensive ditch. | 48. Article. |
| 14. Negative. | 50. An Eastern State (abbr.) |
| 16. Street (abbr.) | 51. Conjunction. |
| 17. An act. | 54. Prefix meaning not. |
| 20. Mend. | 57. Borrow. |
| 21. Girl's name. | 58. A continent (abbr.) |
| 24. A fight between two. | 61. Point of the compass. |
| 27. Appear. | 62. Not shut. |
| 29. Cereal (pl.) | 63. Not singular. |
| | 65. Choice cut of meat. |

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 66. A metal. | 78. Dry up. |
| 68. Materials worked in foundries. | 81. Preposition. |
| 69. British port in Asia. | 83. Officer commanding (abbr.) |
| 70. Vagabond. | 86. Vowel, repeated. |
| 73. Soothing, healing. | 87. Buttercup's vocabulary. |
| 74. Rodents. | 88. A bone. |
| 76. Girl's name (pl.) | 90. Vowel, repeated. |

A Tragedy of the Wiles

The sultry days of late summer had fled, and all along Heavenly Heights drifted that mystic haze of autumn, compounded of chrysanthemum's pungent odor, orchard smells, and sun-baked earth perfume—haze shot through with tapestry gleams of sumac crimson, marigold orange and elm-leaf yellow.

The honeyed cooing of two turtle doves, in a lonely elm, floated softly and died on the almost imperceptible breeze. A smoky semi-circle of sun fast disappearing behind the opposite hill, signalled the end of another day. From a rookery in the pines an uneasy, rancous cawing, mingled with a faint sougling of the trees, seemed to foretell the advent of something unusual in the sleepy rounds of the Heights.

Of a sudden an eerie, high-pitched, ghostly screech shattered the stillness far down the valley. For a second, silence, then thrice more this echoing cry pierced the brooding calm of evening. A leggy, ungainly colt, gamboling about in a hillside pasture, stopped short in his play, and raced to his mother to enquire the origin of such a blood-curdling noise. Sheep raised their heads to peer inquiringly in the direction whence it came, and a chipmunk, in a huge walnut, ceased his impudent chattering to whisk away home, with a flirt of his bushy tail.

A farmer plodding wearily homeward heard the shrill whistle, bethought

him of the day of the month, and sighed resignedly as he realized its full significance.

It was the warning blast of the locomotive on the evening train, coming into the station in the town on the hill opposite. There was nothing unusual in the mere arrival of the train, but from it streamed a crowd such as thronged only once or twice every year to this apparently innocent station. It was a very conglomerate mob of noisy, eager students returning for the fall term to the College on Heavenly Heights.

A month sped by, and was gone to the graveyard of the years, laden with excitement and new experiences. Individuals, in the heterogeneous body of students, were attracting notice because of outstanding characteristics.

Adeline Workem was one of those querulous persons who are accustomed to getting what they want, and she was accustomed to wanting considerable. She was tall, auburn, with hazel—almost green—eyes. She was vivacious entertaining, loquacious and argumentative. She knew everything better than anybody else, and it was an affront to her overweening vanity that you should disagree with her. To put it mechanically she was a very efficient, highly tempered gold extractor.

Jimmie Greenway was a freshman, and albeit of the proverbial verdant hue, he was a very likeable chap. It

was quite evident that College customs, and women's wiles were experiences as yet uncharted by him, on the sea of life. He was tall, good-looking, clear-complexioned, and a wealth of shiny black hair curled back from his wide forehead in crisp wavelets.

So it was that when Adeline met Jimmie she saw in him an altogether pleasing prospect for some good times. As for Jim he was absolutely deceived, and did not as much as suspect that there was a possibility of cheating in this new game of "fussing," which was all too absorbing to him. Gradually he was led on by the subtle, insidious artifices of the accomplished gold-digger. More and more completely was he enslaved to follow the dictates of habit, and current supposition.

Jimmie had learned to dance at high school, and now he had ample opportunity to improve his style, for as certainly as a dance was held Adeline and Jimmie were there. Dinner downtown, with a show afterwards, was not infrequent. Horseback riding was a favorite sport. Concerts and skating helped along the good-work of pocket-book-depletion, supplemented by incidental trips to the College cafeteria, and boxes of chocolates now and then.

The College year drew to a close, examinations loomed as a horrible spectre just ahead, and Jimmie woke up—too late. When he received his report ten days after the end of the term, there were seven stars adorning it. He had been on trial for a year, and that ended his College career. The man that he might have been was dead.

As Adeline lay on her bed, and languidly perused the examination results, as reported in the newspaper, her eye fixed for a moment on the list

of subjects after Jimmie's name, in which he had failed. Her lips curled slightly in a disdainful sneer, and reaching for the latest College Humour, on the table beside her, she gave herself up to the pure enjoyment of its nonsensicalities.

* * * * *

The wheel of the years had made one more revolution, and Indian summer again spread her dreamy cloak about Heavenly Heights. Adeline was a Senior now, but history had been made the previous year, and would not repeat itself so soon. Her treatment of Jimmie Greenway was thoroughly circulated among the men of the College, and consequently the paucity of her invitations was extremely noticeable.

Times grew very slow, and dull for her, and she began more and more frequently to take week-end excursions home to the city of Otnorot.

It was at a big dance in Otnorot that Adeline met Harold Cautter, a young electrical engineer, just one year from College. For some reason, unknown to her, Harold paid her but slight attention, and her conceit was severely agitated. However, after the season of unpopularity at College, she was positively starving for excitement and attention. He had not as much money as she would have liked, but if she could only get him interested in her, her longing would be fully satiated. Her pride and self-pity craved regard and sympathy, so, although it was very distasteful to her, she swallowed her natural arrogance, and proceeded to entangle Harold in a web of her most impeccable and plenary wiles.

For some time all her efforts seemed of no avail, for Harold remained as distant and unapproachable as ever. At a week-end party, early in the spring,

they were thrown together more than usual, and for the first time Harold evinced a marked proclivity for Adeline's companionship. Now that the veil of his hauteur had been withdrawn she basked once again in the sunshine of attention and flattery.

But even as she revelled in the fulfilment of her efforts her heart tightened as though tempered steel bands were being wrought irrevocably about it. Gradually it was born in upon her that she was desperately, and unmistakably in love with the man. She had meant only to interest him so that he would take her out, and give her a good time, but the concentration that it had required had drawn her into the whirlpool of true love, from which there was no escape.

She knew that, although he took her to theatres and dances when she went to Otnorot for the week-end, he would probably never love her because he was already engaged to be married to a girl in his home town of Donlon. Desperately she tried to tell herself that it was too ludicrous for words, a mere travesty, that she who had so often flippantly toyed with love should now be ensnared in its inexplicable labyrinths. All to no avail! The more she argued with herself the more fully she realized exactly the predicament into which she had gotten herself. For once she had not kept her head, or was it her heart? A secret something—infatuation, captivation, what not—had enthralled her and bunkered all her cool designings.

She tried to forget him—to drown her disappointment and chagrin in other flirtations, but it was useless. Her heart was still enslaved and she seemed to lack her old powers of fascination and hypnotism. The strain

began to manifest itself in her features. Her face grew thin and sallow, dark shadows hovered menacingly under her eyes; little insidious lines of care etched themselves in her delicate brow. She had lived precariously on her looks; and her looks were running out.

She could stand the indecision no longer. Why should she not have him despite that girl in Donlon? It was a desperate idea, but she was Desperation personified. She would go to him, throw herself on his mercy and cajole him into making some avowal of love for her.

Not Chance then arranged the necessary propinquity of their chairs in the sitting-out room at the Science dance in Otnorot. Not Chance that they wandered out on the hotel plaza where the moon shed her intoxicating beams in slender, delicate bars alternate with the shadows. Her opportunity had come and yet the words that she knew she must utter froze on her tongue. She steeled herself to the ordeal, and falteringly began. Once started, a flood-tide of phrases and sentences came to her rescue. She pleaded, begged and beseeched him in tones throbbing with emotion, and caught now and then with a stifled sob, never to leave her.

Harold was touched; the swollen torrent of her words was gradually, and irresistibly pulling him into the racing stream of Least Resistance. What did she think he should do? he asked. Then she unfolded her rosy plan—how they could elope, be married, and relive the age-old fairy story by "living happily ever afterwards."

Gently Harold drew her to him, and his seal of assent was imprinted tenderly on her up-turned lips.

Plans were perfected; they would make all necessary arrangements and



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42

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meet the next afternoon at 4.15 in the rotunda of the Prince Rupert Hotel, in time to catch the 5.15 train east.

At four o'clock the next day Adeline tripped into the Hotel, dressed in a travelling suit, and carrying her two club bags. She selected a somewhat obscure seat which commanded a good view of both entrances.

The minutes dragged like hours to her pent up emotions. Four-fifteen came, and Harold had not arrived. What could be keeping him? But then, he had had so much to attend to to-day, getting the license and everything—they had planned to be married in the city of Borthnay, where they would arrive at seven-thirty that evening.

Four-thirty, and still no Harold! Suppose—but no, she would not let herself suppose. Of course he was just

unavoidably detained. Her fingers clenched and unclenched nervously on the arms of her chair; her eyes ached from staring so seachingly at the entrances. A little, dry, quickly muffled sob escaped her lips. She must be calm; he would be here any minute now.

Four-forty-five! Oh! what had happened? She couldn't sit still another instant. "Miss Adeline Workem, calling Miss Workem"—the voice of one of the Hotel pages struck into her agitated conjecturings like a sword thrust. Automatically she rose and signalled him. Frantically she snatched a plain white envelope, addressed to her, from his hand. It was Harold's handwriting, and in a twinkling she had it open. As she read her eyes dilated, her shoulders shook with convulsive sobs,

and she sank back weakly into her chair.

Harold had written that after a troubled, sleepless night he had decided that he could not take this step, which would damn him forever in the eyes of his true fiancée in Donlon, his family and his circle of friends in society. He added simply that he was taking the four o'clock train that afternoon for Donlon.

Gone were all her day dreams! Her air-castles crashed in ruins on the precarious, flimsy superstructure of trickery and wiles, on which they had been built. The fraudulence of life struck her like a fist! A fraud!. Such loveliness, and such cruel depths, so great a parade of promise and so clutching a despair! To what could she look forward? To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow! Before her the smiling face of Jimmie Greenway seemed to take shape, mocking her in her defeat.

Thus ended another "Tragedy of the Wiles."

i A certain young gentleman from Mills Hall called Macdonald Hall one evening, wishing to speak to his latest flame.

One of the ladies of the staff happened to be near the telephone in the girls' residence at that time, and answered the call:

"May I speak to Miss _____?" came over the wires in the genial tones of a confirmed fusser.

"I'm sorry, but you know it is after 8 o'clock, and you should not call the girls during study hour."

"Oh! never mind about that, run along and get her anyway."

"I said not, you'll have to call after study hour."

"Oh, have a heart! I'll give you a box of candy to-morrow."

"That will not do, I will not accept it."

"Why, what's wrong! who's speaking?"

"Dr. Ross."

! ! ! prolonged sigh.

"Click; click."

Arithmetic in Eden.

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat?

First Old Boy—Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2—a total of 10 only.

Second Old Boy—Now, I figure the thing out far differently: Eve 8 and Adam 8 also—total 16.

Third Old Boy—I think the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total would be 90.

Fourth Old Boy—Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antedeluvians were a race of giants, reason something like this: Eve 81 and Adam 82—total 163.

Next Old Boy—Wrong again. What could be clearer than if Eve 81 and Adam 812, the total was 893?

Still Another—I believe the following to be the true solution: Eve 814 Adam and Adam 8124 Eve—total, 8938.

The Winner—Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81,242 oblige Eve—total, 82,056.—The Western Woman.

She—You puckered up your lips so then that I thought you were going to kiss me.

He—Oh I got some grit in my mouth.

She—Well, for goodness sake, swallow it! You need it in your system.



The butter-fat you *leave* in the skim-milk *won't* buy the baby any shoes

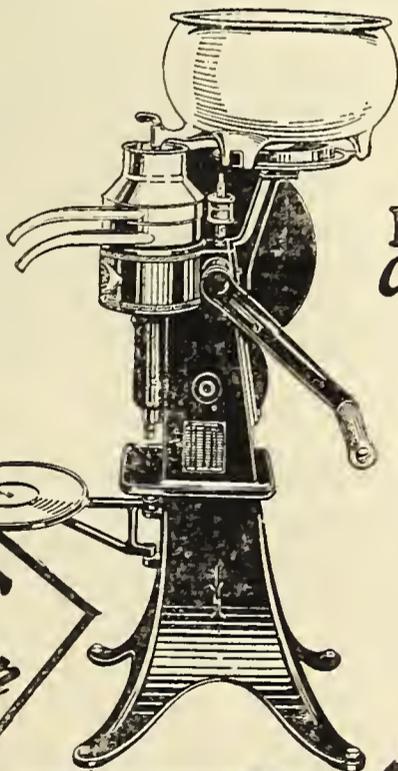
The loss of only 25 cents' worth of butter-fat a day costs you \$91.25 a year—enough to keep the whole family well shod, and then some. Thousands of farmers have stopped the waste of much more butter-fat than that by replacing their cream-wasting separators with new, clean-skimming De Laval.

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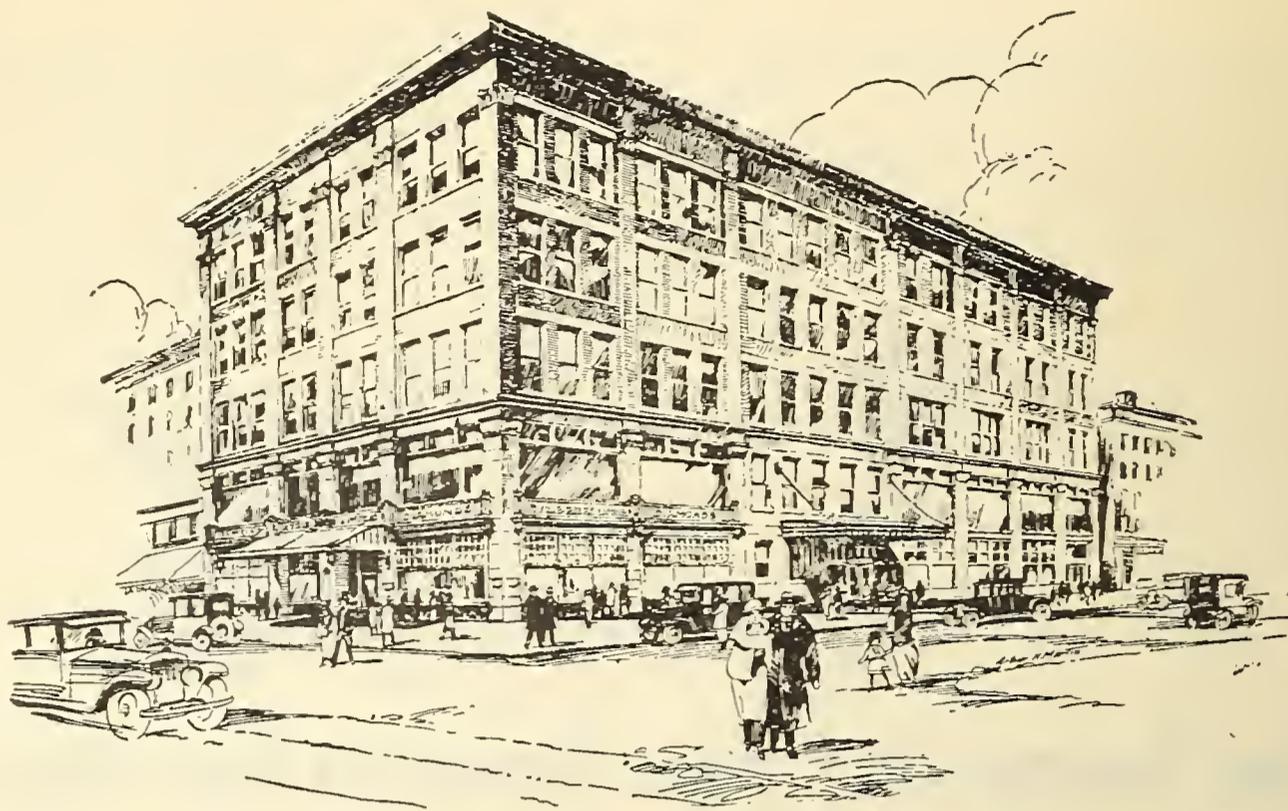


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We'l Spel the Old Wa.

Ther cam to this offis the uthur da a pamphlet concerning simplifid spelling, and to tel the truth. it is the funiest thing that we hav sene for a long tim. It givs 31 ruls for beter-ing our language, and ech won of them is funier then tha won befor it. We showd it to the Tipe Foundre man and he sed that a fu mor pamphlets lik that wud mak him so nervus that he cud not atend to his job properli. In fakt, he sed it wud giv him the "wus-is" to work on such hiroglifics. Wat the editur sed wud have to be simplifid a hol lot befor it cud be publisht hear, and on the hol, it is saf to predict that we wil kontinu to be old fashun-ed.

We're Still Waiting.

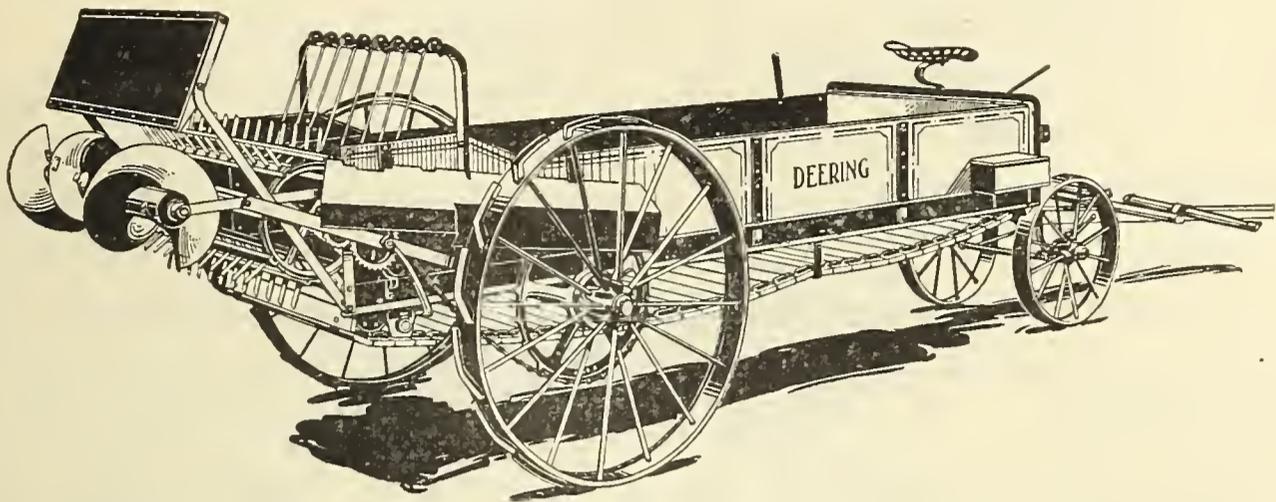
It was a pitiful mistake, an error sad and grim. I waited for the rail-road train, the light was low and dim. It came at last, and from a car there stepped a dainty dame, and looking up and down the place she straight unto me came.

"Oh Jack," she cried, "Oh dear old Jack," and kissed me as she spake. then looked again and frightened cried, "Oh, what a bad mistake."

I said, "Forgive me madam fair, for I am not your Jack, and as regards the kiss you gave I'll straightway give it back."

And since that night I've often stood upon that platform dim. but only once in a man's whole life do such things come to him.

—Managra.



Ben Franklin Said!

"The Safest Investment is a deposit of fertility in the soil bank; it is surest and pays the best."

Ben Franklin bequeathed us many pearls of wisdom and the above advice ranks with the soundest of them all. Yet the science of soil fertility is still in its infancy. Authorities have estimated that from 1-3 to 1-2 of all our barnyard manure is absolutely wasted, the annual loss totaling about \$800,000,000. This loss is not alone on poorly managed farms but it includes many that in all other respects are operated efficiently.

Numerous possibilities lie ahead for the man who studies this problem in laboratory and field. The modern farmer will combine science and practical method to put full richness back into the hard-worked soil.

It is not enough to put manure on the fields. The simple work of spreading is not so simple when analyzed. One farmer who kept a careful 3-year record on two 6-acre fields planted to corn reported a difference of 252 bushels in favor of a field spread with a correctly designed manure spreader over a field spread by hand.

The Harvester Company aids the farmer to follow Franklin's advice by building for him a thoroughly efficient means of manure distribution. We recommend to the student a study of McCormick and Deering Manure Spreader design. These spreaders are restoring fertility on many farms to-day and will help YOU to greater success in the future.

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HAMILTON

CANADA

THE SOUL OF A FUSSER.

I am a fusser—

Yet even a fusser has a soul and for the benefit of the readers of *The Review*, I am going to lay mine bare in all its quivering innocence.

At the College where I study, co-education is practiced, and sometimes I find myself surrounded by more than a hundred females.

Think of it! One helpless boy among so many females—If they were to attack me! What could I do? Absolutely nothing, I am utterly in their power.

Often dancing over at their institution, which incidentally is called Mac Hall, I brood over this terrible danger to which in virtue of my calling I am continually exposed. Yet so far I have been unmolested. Sometimes I wish in my artless boyish way that they would take more notice of me. But none of them ever do. I wonder why?

One of my girls, I don't mind saying, is really beautiful. Often as I sit beside her unfolding the grandeur of my soul, I realize how absolutely in her power I am. What! if she should suddenly seize me in her arms and print burning kisses all over me. I should be utterly incapable of resistance. Yes, a perilous life is mine, spent ever on the edge of a yawning abyss of unscrupulousness, yet so far, for some inexplicable reason, the girls have never pushed me over it. I wonder why? for my mother used always say that I was not without physical charms, yet the girls never have. They must have almost super-human self-control.

Often I look into the eyes of some girl with all the power of my soul and sigh softly. But she, in a brave attempt to conceal her emotions, will say: "What a bore you are." How those

words thrill me. I can read between the lines and I realize that the words which are not spoken mean so much more than those that are.

I know the girls love me—

It is only their extraordinary self-control that prevents them confessing. But it is in the little things that they betray their inner feelings. Last week, for example, I asked one of them, one whom I know loves me with a consuming passion, if she would come to a show. This she pointedly refused.

To me that refusal has ever since been almost a holy thing. Is it not the controlled acknowledgment of her great love?

I shall never marry any of these girls, for one thing I am too popular and too much sought after to indulge in such trivialities and, besides, the most of them are already engaged. And that is what makes my position so doubly perilous, to be utterly in the power of a bunch of girls that love me with a consuming passion, yet cannot marry me. What if some day their control should break down, and yet some would suggest I am conceited and self-confident, yet what can I do? Truly the life of a fusser is a path beset with peril.

Six-year-old Freddie, from the city, was on his first visit to his uncle's farm. At breakfast he heard that the uncle's Jersey cow had been stolen during the night. "That's a good joke on the man who stole her," was Freddie's comment.

"Why?" asked his uncle.

"'Cause, just before supper, last night, the hired man took all the milk out of her."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

Save Time== Save Money==

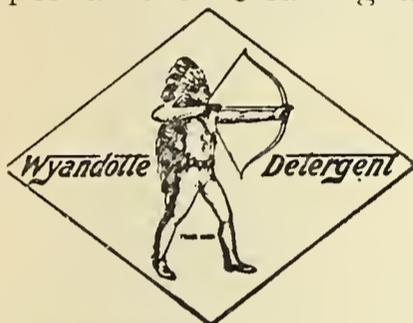
Present day competition demands that business of all kinds be run as economically as possible.

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Theoretical and Practical Instruction is given in various trades. The schools and classes are under the direction of an Advisory Committee.

Commercial Subjects, Manual Training, Household Science and Agriculture and Horticulture are provided for in the Courses of Study in Public, Separate, Continuation and High Schools, Collegiate Institutes, Vocational Schools and Departments.

Copies of the Regulations issued by the Minister of Education may be obtained from the Deputy Minister, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.
Toronto, December, 1921.

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GUELPH

Proteet—What's all this I see in the papers about "common stock" and "preferred stock;" what does it mean?

Dismuke—Why; don't you know? common stock is just the ornery stock that farmers feed and take care of without ever makin' any profit on it. Preferred stock is the kind that good farmers prefer, 'cause it gives 'em a profit. Watered stock is when the farmers gives 'em plenty of water so as to make 'em weigh up heavy when they sell 'em.

Matty—Why is getting up at six o'clock in the morning like a pig's tail?

Eddie—I don't know; why?

Matty—It's twirly.—Judge.

Too Much for Father.

Son—"What is a roost, father?"

Father—"A roost is a pole on which chickens roost at night."

"And what is a perch, father?"

"A perch is what chickens perch on at night."

"Well, papa, couldn't chickens perch on a roost?"

"Why, of course."

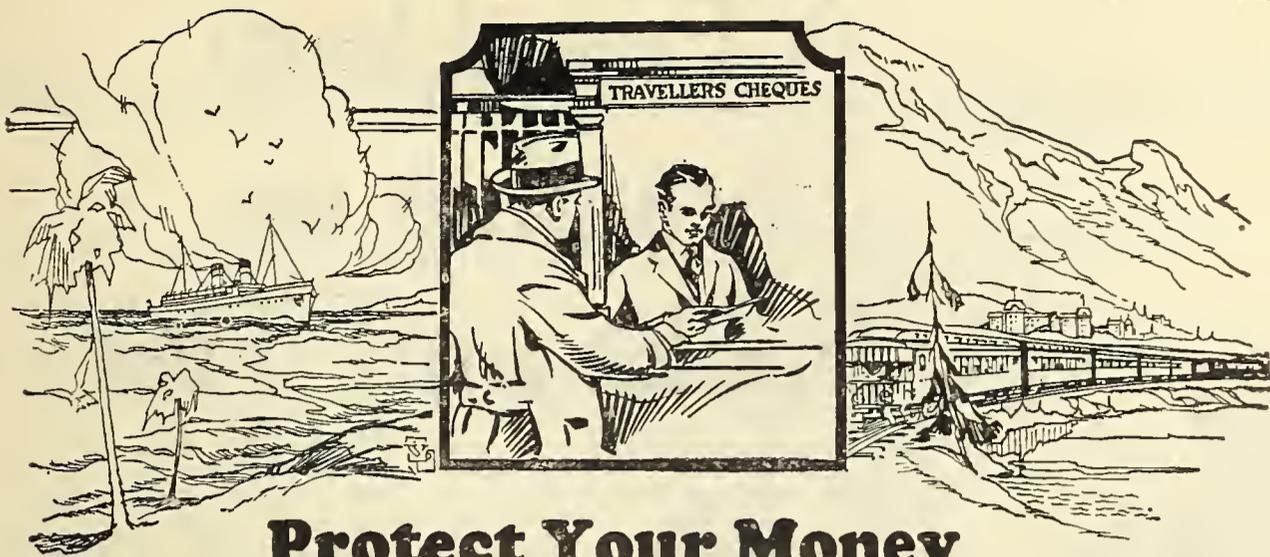
"And couldn't they roost on a perch?"

"Certainly."

"But if the chickens perched on a roost that would make the roost a perch, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, goodness! Yes, I suppose so."

"But, if after some chickens had perched on a roost and made it a perch, some chickens came along and roosted on the perch and made it a roost, then



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equivalent to ready money.*

The Royal Bank of Canada

G444

Guelph Branch

-

R. L. Torrance, Manager

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the roost would be a perch and the perch would be a roost and some chickens would be perchers and the others would be roosters, and—”

“Susan—Susan, take this child to bed at once.”

Point Out the Good.

Anyone can point out anybody's bad qualities. If you want to distinguish yourself go around pointing out good qualities.

Pick out the man whom everyone dislikes. Select the one you feel could be best spared from your office, from

your circle of acquaintances, from the community in which you live. Ask yourself if there isn't something good about him. Put him on a mental dissecting table. Cut him to pieces and see what's in him. Remember, you are looking for the good. Throw away the bad in him and forget it. Make a list of his good qualities. It will surprise you how many you can find in him. The next time you hear him criticized tell people things you know about him—the good things. You'll at least be different, and you'll find that it does you more good than it does him.

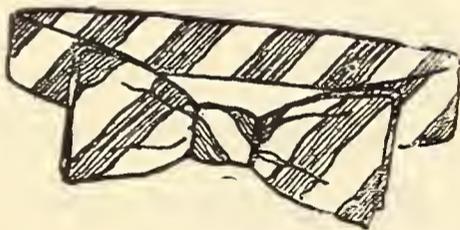
A Few Deep Thoughts on Socks and Ties



Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
who never to himself said, "I wonder how I
would look in a red tie with green stripes, and
socks of equal potency?"

A man's appearance on the whole is sober
enough. Few of us care to go about in a suit
conspicuous for its vivid coloring or pattern.

But socks and ties are different. They are
the high spots, the accents in a man's appear-
ance. They ought to have color. They do have
color.



Drop in and see our Spring displays—noth-
ing extreme about them. That's the thing they
are wearing this spring. Cheerful! Colorful!
Gay! A welcome style.

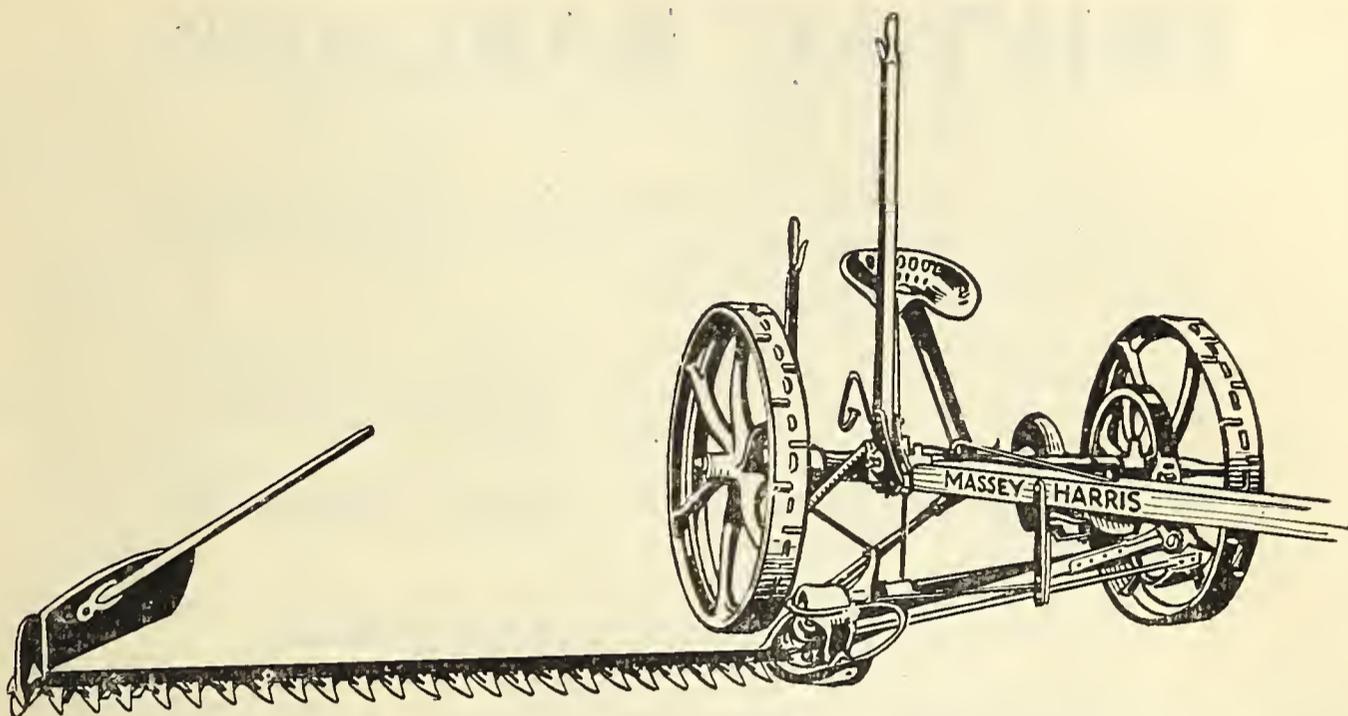
We have the right background for them, too—
—Society Brand Clothes.

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In the Massey-Harris you get a high-speed wide track Mower with a cutting mechanism that handles heavy, stubborn hay and tough grasses without clogging. It is a Mower that gets all the hay for with the adjustments you can have the bar bear heavy, or light, or carry it floating as conditions require.

There is no lost motion with the Massey-Harris—when the horses start the knife starts. Because of its perfect balance, high broad wheels and its wide track together with its friction reducing bearings the Massey-Harris Mower is exceptionally light in draft.

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Guelph Business Directory

(Continued)

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Foster's
John Armstrong

Druggists—

Alex. Stewart
Bogardus & Barton
Broadfoot
Sun Drug Co.

Florists—

James Gilchrist
Miss E. S. Marriott
Crewson & Mitchell

Fruits—

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Hood & Benallick
Crewson & Mitchell

Gladioli, Peonies, Iris—

J. E. Carter

Groceries—

Hood and Benallick
Geo. Williams

Hair-Dressing Parlors—

Mrs. Hodgins

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The Bond Hardware Co.
Howden Hardware Co.
Penfold Hardware Co.

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