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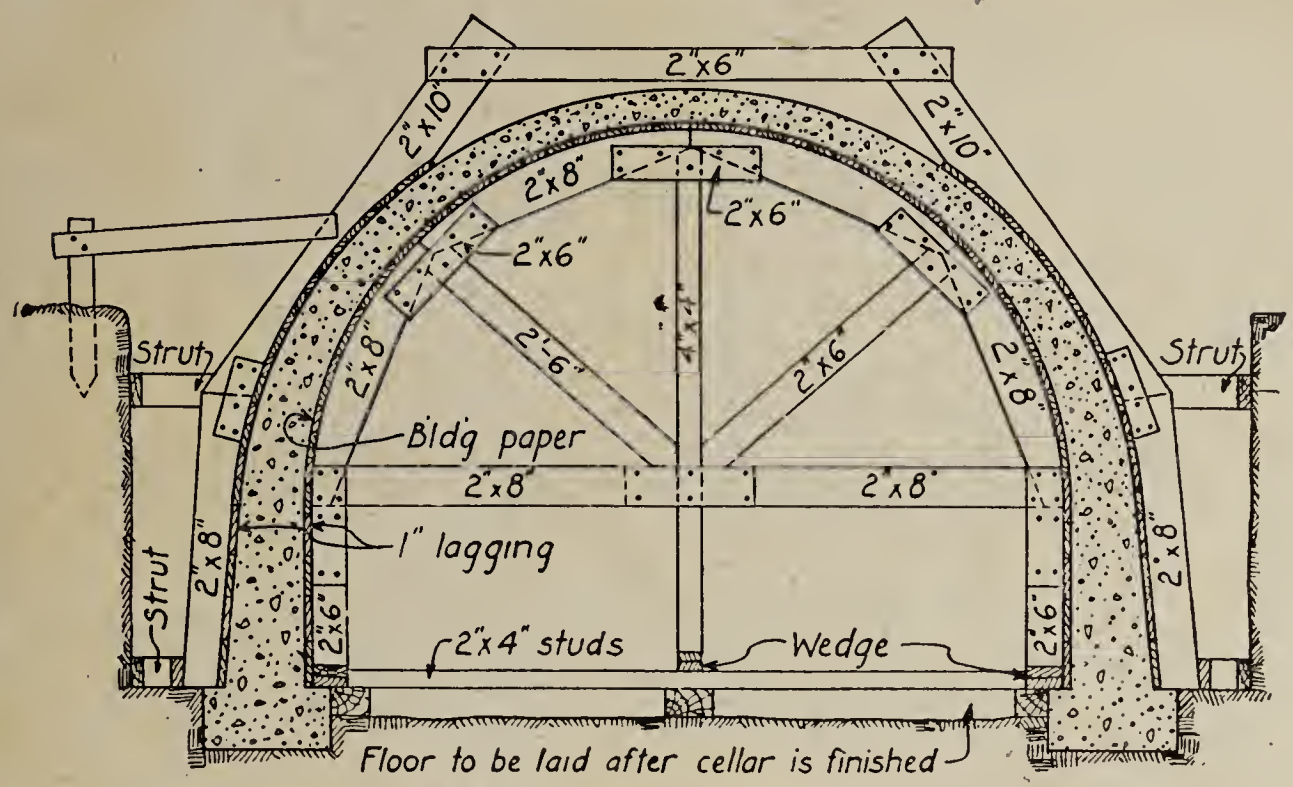

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"She was a phantom of delight
When first she came upon my sight
But she was always late for Breakfast.

THE O.A.C. REVIEW

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

VOL. XXXVIII. GUELPH, ONT., APRIL, 1926 8

Fruit Transportation

By R. L. Wheeler, Fruit Transportation Specialist

REQUESTS received almost together from "The O. A. C. Review" and "The Canadian Horticulturist" for an article on the difficulties and outlook of fruit transportation furnish an opportunity to address a wide circle of readers interested in horticulture and not a few in instructional vocations. No better direction could be asked for detailed emphasis of the significance of transportation to the grower and the probability that it will be the determining factor in the successful marketing of his fruit and vegetable products.

Fundamental Transportation

The basic fact of all transportation is that the carrier will, for a toll, provide a vehicle and the necessary tractive effort for whatever he advertises himself as prepared to carry. To that extent there is no difference among freight, express and passenger services—between the passenger coach and the taxicab, or between the freight car and the truck. Each performs a service, varying in cost to perform and in value to the customer, and, by one means or another, the charge for that service is fixed. No one will dispute that the charge will always be found to be somewhere between what the servant thinks he should get for the service and what the customer thinks he should pay. The margin over out-of-pocket costs has a different aspect from each side.

Refrigerated Transportation Encouraged Concentrated Production

But what is to be discussed is the specialized transportation necessary for perishables, and particularly for fresh fruits and vegetables. Along with other advances in railway facilities and operation, the modern refrigerator car has encouraged concentrated production in districts found to be especially suitable, with little or no regard to proximity of a consuming population. That the berries, tree fruits or vegetables of British Columbia and Ontario are found side by side in a shop window in Manitoba is only one of the results. What we have to consider is the obligation of the railways to spare no reasonable effort to further improve their facilities, that obligation arising out of their responsibility for this ever-increasing concentration of production. The shipper is equally obliged to be well enough acquainted with the refrigerator car that he will recognize its limitations as well as its possibilities, and particularly to know how it should be ordered, loaded and billed for successful refrigerated transportation.

Refrigeration Only Retards Maturity and Decay

The fundamental purpose of the refrigerator car in this service is to transport its contents in as nearly as possible the same condition of edibility and appearance as when picked—to overcome the distance between the grower and the customer and escape the ripening and disease-developing consequences of heat. But certain life processes continue, however efficient the refrigerator car may be, measured by present standards. Low temperature will retard but not entirely arrest the process of maturity and the numerous inherent and infectious plant diseases. I think we may term that the greatest of all transportation difficulties, but leave it at that and confine our discussion to those practices and facilities which are capable of improvement through the combined efforts of the carriers and the shippers.

Uniform Maturity Essential

Uniformity of condition when the products reach their market is desirable to everyone concerned. To accomplish this it is first of all imperative that the pack be of uniform maturity as it leaves the shipper. Then the loading of the car must provide for the freest possible movement of air through and around the load, admitting chilled air among the packages, and the return circulation carrying heat and gases away from the load. However often that air circulation may have been described it is worth describing again, and the paragraph will have justified its space if it convinces one sceptic that it does exist and is the only means at hand of accomplishing what is desired, the absorption of the heat of the load by meltage of ice in the car ends.

Refrigeration of Load by Natural Circulation

That warm air rises and cold air seeks the lower levels are familiar facts. In a refrigerator car the meltage of ice in the car ends absorbs heat from the surrounding air; this chilled air falls and flows out into the space under the false flooring, whence it filters through the load, following the rise of heat from the load. In its circulation among the packages it collects heat and gases, and, completing this natural circulation, flows over the bulkhead to the ice and is again chilled. Such a cycle of air movement goes on in each end of the car. Most readers have seen it graphed, showing the ice containers in the car ends behind an insulated bulkhead, the throat or space below the bulkhead for the outflow of chilled air and the space above for the return movement, the direction of this circulation indicated by arrows. Incidentally this circulation is just reversed in carloads under heat, warmed air rising from the heaters, flowing out over the bulkheads, filtering through the load or the doorway space to the floor, and under the false flooring back to the heaters.

Doorway Spacing and Bracing

Returning to refrigerated loadings, it is an apparent fact that the speed of absorption of heat from the load must depend largely on the provision for air circulation. Ice meltage absorbs heat, but the heat must go to the ice, and it gets there only

by circulations of its own creation. This circulation is at best not vigorous, and may be discouraged or retarded by densty of load, ragged piling of the packages or shifting of the load that closes up the spaces between the rows. It is a growing practice to not depend entirely on longitudinal spacing between the rows, but to leave at least half the doorway width unoccupied. Gates and braces or spreaders preserve this space, its purposes being the acceleration of air circulation and, equally important, to stiffen the load against shifting and jiggling. This loading method also includes lathing of every layer of packages such as the deep berry crates and of alternate second and third layers with wide, shallow packages. We will be glad to supply details of material requirements of piling methods on any request, but feel that very few shippers are entirely unaware of the practice, and need conviction more than instruction.

Temperature Differences Inevitable

Referring back to the paragraphs that speak of the relation of transit temperature to maturity, let it not be inferred that uniform temperatures can be maintained by any loading method. Five degrees difference between the floor and top layers is about the least that can fairly be expected in cars loaded slightly over half their depth, and seven or eight degrees when loaded, as is often the case, to more than two-thirds of their depth. But the outstanding result of good spacing, including doorway spacing, is that the temperatures at the same depth will be little if any higher at the doorway than against the bulkhead, while in cars loaded solid there is a steady upward trend of temperatures at greater distances from the ice. This point is fairly well set out in our recently published Pamphlet No. 62, "Loading the Climax Basket," of which copies are available on application to this office or to the publications Branch. Temperature records of two cars are compared, one loaded solid and the other with the doorway spaced and braced, and the comparison emphasizes the point that if ample space is provided for air circulation the packages nearest the door need not suffer because of distance from the ice.

Doorway Condition "Sells" the Shipment

And that is a matter of great importance The condition of the contents at the door when a car is opened by the consignee pretty well determines its disposal and the success of the transaction. The consignee may be considering a diversion to a stranger market, or he may have a customer along with him. Who will belittle first impressions? Of course it is common knowledge among the trade that if a car is loaded solid the top of the load between the doors will be in the poorest conditions, but is it not better, instead of accepting that as an unfortunate fact, to load so that the doorway will "sell" the car? More than that, inspection of a solid loaded car is difficult because the only packages that can be examined are the very top packages between the doors, and while the consignes or prospective customer may not be surprised to find some waste there they are interested to know just how much better it is further back. Usually someone climbs

up and over the load to find out. But with a car spaced and braced at the doorway it is possible to get right into the car and make arms-length examination both ways, and even displace two or three layers, and it should be a matter of great satisfaction to the shipper that the fruit most convenient for inspection, although farthest from the ice, has been as well refrigerated as the fruit at the same depth closest to the ice.

Easiest Way Has Its Failings—As Always

Then what are the reasons that doorway spacing and bracing is not a more general or even exclusive practice? It isn't altogether the labor and material expense, although that is a consideration with some shippers. We believe that it is largely a question of the time required to do the job, the bother of having the material and tools at hand, and a man or two handy at that sort of thing. Then in the shipping peak several cars may be loading at once, finishing up in the dark, and lights are necessary. It is a much simpler matter to load the doorway full and shut the doors.

Small Cars Discourage Better Loading Practices

Another difficulty is that when a shipper gets a small car to load he naturally grudges any doorway space, finding it difficult enough to load the minimum weight without loading too deep. This was one subject opened up with the carriers' representatives by the Joint Transportation Committee of the Ontario and Niagara Peninsula Fruit Growers' Associations at their recent annual convention in Hamilton, and if current negotiations do not promise success they will spread this difficulty before the Board of Railway Commissioners in the general investigation of freight rates now proceeding. The committee takes exception to this circumstance that places the shipper in the position of either not getting into a car what he is paying to have transported or else performing his own loading in a manner that defeats the fundamental principles of the refrigerator car. They contend that a fair inside length and cubic content should be set down as a minimum size of car on which ordinary minimum weights for carload fruits and vegetables shall be applied, with appropriate minima based on a reasonable depth of load for all under-sized cars.

Icing Economics Open to Criticism

Another fruit transportation difficulty is that some shippers habitually economize in their car icing instructions. Occasionally, though happily not often, one finds a shipper ordering a car initially iced with one ton of ice in each end and not to be re-iced in its fairly short trip. Even when loading is completed and before the car moves the load will be at least twice the height of the ice; what benefit can be expected in the higher levels of the load where it is needed most? Another happily uncommon practice is loading a car without pre-icing and having it iced at first icing station enroute. The car starts on its trip with a big job ahead and yesterday's work not touched yet, and never catches up. The originator of the remark, "what's worth doing is worth doing well," must have had some experience in icing perishables.

Nothing Less Than Capacity Icing Promises Satisfaction

Last season a small shipper was overheard to say, on arriving at the track with his first load and opening his iced car for the first time, "This car is nice and cold; it shouldn't need any more ice." The car had been initially iced about 15 hours before, a bunker-type car filled to capacity with chunk ice; its inside temperature was about 40°, and its bunkers three parts full or about 4500 lbs. of ice in this case. The car was to be loaded during the afternoon with about 20,000 lbs. of fruit with temperature 78°-80°; the outside temperature was standing above 80°. The movement was roughly 400 miles, or second morning delivery by freight. Let us summarize what was being expected of the car under these circumstances. Admit that 45° would be a satisfactory average temperature for the load on reaching destination, about 500,000 British thermal units (B.t.u.) of heat should be absorbed from the load in transit. The meltage of one pound of ice absorbs 144 of these, or 288,000 B.t.u. to one ton of ice; but it is a pretty fair performance if two-fifths of the meltage actually applies to temperature reduction of the load, the balance representing refrigeration lost while loading, absorption of heat generated by the load, and of heat invading the car body. On that reckoning the meltage of about 8700 lbs. of ice would be needed to bring the load temperature down to an average of 45°, and that reckoning contemplates bunkers never less than three parts full; reduction of the temperature of the load, something like a third mortgage, receives attention only through whatever refrigerating effort is present over and above what is necessary to absorb the heat invading the car body and that generated within the load. There is a vital thought here, though it may not be very well expressed. Another way of saying it is that the refrigerating agency can devote to the job of cooling the load just whatever effort is to spare beyond that needed for absorption of heat from outside and of heat generated inside. There is no rule-of-thumb, but it is safe to reckon that a car three parts iced is only half efficient in reduction of the load temperature, and half iced it will do well to hold its own.

Protect the Growers' Net Returns

Only those shippers who have had opportunity to become closely acquainted with the principles of refrigeration, and the possibilities and limitations of refrigerator cars, should experiment with anything less than capacity icing in ordering and shipping out their cars. The grower has given his best effort and thought to his production, packing and package, his investment increasing with every turn of the hand. This investment is going to be increased by the transportation charges, but it isn't a percentage increase on value, it's an increase of the same number of cents per equal package to the same market, whether the contents be good or indifferent. In justice to the producer, whether he or someone else is the shipper, there should be no gambling as regards the small additional charge necessary to provide the best the car and the carrier can furnish in temperature control, and protect

as far as possible the growers' net returns.

Complex—It Was the Other Fellow's Fault

Summarizing, we find an insidious complex within the whole problem of fruit transportation. The carriers feel that in many cases where the efficiency of their refrigerator services is attacked the basic fault was the loading of the car; that disregard of the principles of air circulation to convey refrigeration through the load will defeat their most efficient equipment and attention; that it is not unusual for products to be loaded too advanced in maturity for the length of the trip to be made, or with inherent weaknesses that must develop before the destination is reached. On the other hand many shippers feel that there is a considerable element of chance in refrigerated movement; that invisible defects in the car or negligence in its transit icings, not to mention rough handling, can often defeat their most careful loading, while another car was given less care or expense in loading and made out all right. The frequency of claims for damage or deterioration in transit keeps this complex alive.

Selective Service?

An arbitrary solution would be to have the carrier shoulder the responsibility for safe delivery under a protective service charge to include refrigeration costs, but with the privilege of refusing to accept under such an arrangement any cars which, on inspection of loading method and condition, suggested an unfair risk. Such rejected cars would move at the shippers' risk, other than for damage arising from negligence, and bear refrigeration costs but no protective service charge. That would constitute a selective service, but its weakness would be the proper vesting of authority for refusal. The local station agent could be trained, possibly, to pass judgment on acceptable loading, but he could not be expected to decide as to stage and uniformity of maturity or detect inherent diseases.

Detorioration in Transit Expensive to All Concerned.

But that is not a proposal as much as an indication of the comparative extremes that might have to be resorted to if the present arrangement offers no improvement. It is tremendously important to the producers, the carriers and the selling trade that the present proportion of deterioration in transit is reduced. It cuts into the producers' net returns; it involves the carriers in claims and a degree of enmity with some of their shippers; it demands the daily disposal of an amount of off-condition products on our markets, sometimes at prices insufficient to meet transportation costs, and these cannot be cleared at sacrifices prices without some depressing effect on the prices that can be obtained for prime products.

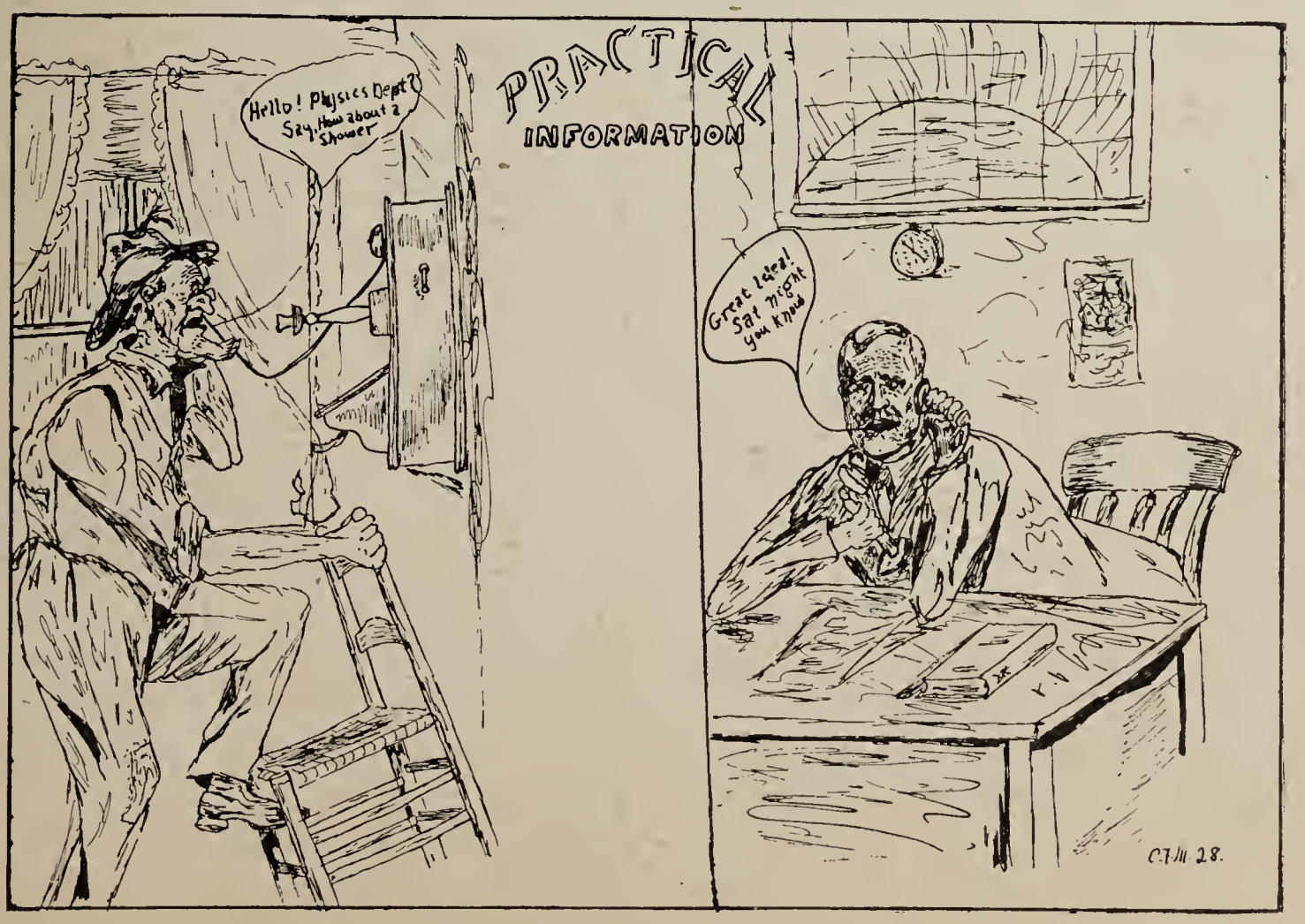
Shippers Need Confidence in Equipment

Better understanding is needed bebetween the shippers and the carriers, each of the other's difficulties. There is no question that the carriers need the traffic and desire to accomplish its movement with a degree of satisfaction that will encourage its increase. They have offi-

cials constantly engaged in studying the sources of their traffic, but they don't appear to have grasped the position of the fruit and vegetable shippers in the matter of refrigerator car supply. Many of these shippers have no discriminatory knowledge of refrigerator cars. The option of refusal to accept a car for loading is of little use to them when there are so many defects that will escape anything but experienced examination, and when, it is so often the case, refusal of one car will mean at least 24 hours delay in waiting for another. The carriers owe it to themselves and these shippers to create a confidence that each car order will be filled with a car free from body defects and efficient in every respect for what it offers to carry.

The Shipper Has His Own Responsibility

Better understanding by the shippers of the carriers' difficulties, together with increased confidence in the carriers, would incline the shippers to face their own responsibilities for successful transportation. That includes sound packages, a pack of uniform maturity in a stage of maturity well calculated for the trip, careful and studied loading that recognizes the refrigerator car's limitations as well as its possibilities, and capacity icing instructions.



Alfalfa

By G. P. McRostie, Ph. D.

Why Grow Alfalfa

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Because Canadian-grown seed of hardy types is obtainable at a reasonable price. Alfalfa from Canadian-grown seed is growing successfully at Fort Vermilion in northern Alberta, a distance of six hundred and fifty miles north of the international boundary, where it experiences temperatures as low as sixty-five degrees below zero.

Because a stand of alfalfa, once established, continues to yield paying crops for many years.

Because the average yield of cured alfalfa hay for all of Canada for the past ten years is over two and a half tons to the acre. In many sections yields average much higher than this.

Because alfalfa hay is equal if not superior, in palatability and feeding value to hay made from any other crop, and all classes of live stock relish it.

Because alfalfa hay carries a very high percentage of protein which is the most expensive food constituent furnished by our high-priced concentrates.

Because alfalfa may be used as silage or cut green as a soiling crop with good results.

Because alfalfa can be ground into a meal of excellent feeding value. There seems to be an opportunity for the development of a profitable alfalfa-meal trade in Canada with a Canadian-manufactured product.

Because alfalfa has the property of enriching the soil with nitrogen gathered from the air.

Because alfalfa makes an excellent pasture if pastured intelligently and not over grazed.

Because the deep root-system of alfalfa, besides enabling it to extract plant food from the subsoil, also opens up the subsoil.

Because the decaying alfalfa roots, stems, and leaves enrich the soil by adding considerable amounts of humus.

How To Grow Alfalfa

Select a field that is well drained, both as to surface and subsoil drainage—Alfalfa will not stand ,'wet feet."

If you want profitable yields, seed on land that is in good fertility and has been thoroughly worked into a fine seed-bed.

Do not seed on acid soil. The soil of the greater part of Eastern Canada and the Pacific Coast regions usually needs an application of lime before alfalfa can be grown to the best advantage.

As alfalfa is a fairly long-lived perennial, it is not suitable for a short rotation. It therefore pays to set apart a field as near the farm buildings as possible for this crop.

Above all, secure good seed of a known hardy strain. Buy hardy Canadian-grown seed and avoid the danger of losing your crop by winter-killing. Grimm and Ontario Variegated are hardy varieties and seed of these is available in commercial

quantities. Cossack and Baltic alfalfa are also hardy, but seed is not available in large quantities.

Land should be free as possible from weeds for success with alfalfa. Once established, alfalfa can take care of itself, but it is a poor weed fighter in the seedling stage. Alfalfa should therefore follow a hoed crop, or be seeded on land otherwise treated to free it from weeds.

Where alfalfa has not been grown before, inoculation of the seed is necessary. The inoculating material with complete instructions for its use may be obtained free of charge from the Dominion Bacteriologist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, or from the bacteriology departments of several of the agricultural colleges.

From 15 to 20 pounds of good seed to the acre should be quite sufficient for most Canadian conditions. In the Prairie Provinces considerably less will give a good stand.

Seed either with or without a nurse-crop, but if a nurse-crop is used it should not be sown at more than one-third to one-half the usual rate of seeding, and if it is likely to lodge, it should be cut for green feed. Stooks or coils of the harvested nurse-crop should not be allowed to remain in one place more than two or three days.

Best results are usually obtained by seeding when the soil has become well warmed up, but before the hot and frequently rather dry periods of late July and the month of August.

Under no conditions should a new stand of alfalfa be pastured the first year. If it makes too much growth it should be clipped high with a mower and the clipping allowed to remain on the ground. It should go into the winter with about a foot of growth.

(The above article is a copy of a little folder just issued by the Dominion Experimental Farms, and may be had free upon application.—Ed.)

A day's work is a day's work, neither more nor less, and the man who does it needs a day's sustenance, a night's repose, and due leisure, whether he be painter of ploughman.—Bernard Shaw.

Annual Report of Mr. C. H. Guest

President of the Canadian National Poultry Record Association, Made at Ottawa, February, 1926.

AT the commencement of this report I must briefly review the progress which we as an association of breeders have been able to make during the past year. In certain respects it has been a year with some disappointments for poultry men. Unusually mild weather in the early part of the winter caused abnormally high production, which has resulted in the lowest winter prices for eggs in years. Added to this is the problem of the foreign egg produced under climatic conditions much more favorable to production than obtained in Canada in winter. These eggs flood our markets at a price away below what the Canadian producer can compete with.

Canadian Birds at Wembley

You will recall that at our annual meeting a year ago it was proposed that we follow-up the very favourable impression Canadian birds made at the World's Poultry Congress in Barcelona in 1924, by arranging to exhibit birds at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. A deputation waited on the Deputy Minister of Agriculture who very kindly agreed to secure financial assistance for the project. A committee was appointed and a shipment of birds sent over in the spring. These birds were much admired and favourably commented on, but the sales did not nearly approach our expectations. One reason given was that the price asked was much too high. Nevertheless we have every reason to believe that good advertising has been done and that the British and European market gradually will develop. A difficulty to be contended with is the almost prohibitive cost of shipping birds so far.

During the past year, representations were made to the Deputy Minister of Agriculture to secure further assistance in combatting disease. An assistant to the poultry pathologist is under appointment and we understand that more help will likely be given in the near future. While appreciating the further assistance given in this work, I feel that it is imperative that a much more comprehensive program to combat disease be undertaken shortly. I shall deal with this matter in greater detail a little later on in this report.

Canadian National Poultry Record, Vol. 1

As an association of breeders, I feel that we should be justly proud of the new flock book, Volume 1, Canadian National Records, which has recently come off the press. In it you will find recorded a brief history of the development of registration of poultry in Canada, the rules and regulations of the Canadian National Egg Laying Contest, together with the names of all owners of registered hens in Canada and a list and description of these birds. The book has been carefully edited and covers the period up to October 31st, 1924. This is the first work of its kind published in the world and reflects the progress which we as a country have made. Copies of this flock book will be sent to all members of the association free and may be procured at a nominal charge by non members on application to the National Live Stock Re-

cords Office, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

During the year, a questionaire was sent to quite a number of Agricultural Colleges, Experimental Stations, and other publicly assisted institutions, inquiring the prices charged for hatching eggs, baby chicks, breeding cockerels, pullets etc. The response was very gratifying. While these prices for the most part compare favourably with those charged by the private breeders there are a few instances where he is undersold. This would seem hardly fair. A statement summarizing the information received will be submitted to-day for consideration.

Registration

Now I shall turn to some of the questions, some of the problems shall I say, which the poultrymen of Canada are facing to-day, and with which this association must deal. First, let us consider the question of registration. At the close of the contests in October last, four years of registration work were completed. The number of birds registered was as follows:

1922.....259
1923.....566
1924.....743
1925.....666

making a total of 2234 hens. Of this number it is estimated that 1767 birds are alive and will be available for this spring's breeding pens. You will observe that the number of registrations in 1925 showed a decline of 77 as compared with 1924. This decrease was due to a more stringent application of the rules and regulations governing these contests. Over 1250 hens laid the required 200 eggs or over last year but nearly 600 failed to meet the required standard, the reason being in probably 90 per cent. of the cases, size of egg. From the protests and criticisms reaching this association there appears to be a feeling among poultrymen that the cost to them of registration is too high; that the number of registered birds sent home at the close of a contest is so few as to discourage rather than encourage them to continue in this work.

Let me illustrate this point. The present rules state that an egg under 20 oz. to the dozen shall not be given a credit at all and in order to qualify for registration a hen must lay 200 eggs or over during the year averaging at least 24 oz. to the dozen. Now I think no one will contend that a hen whose eggs fail to reach 24 oz. to the dozen or more after a reasonable laying period should qualify for registration. That standard would not be too high, but to average 24 oz. to the dozen for the whole laying period is another matter. Then too let us suppose that when a pullet commences laying, her first dozen of eggs weighs below 20 oz. Later she reaches the 24 oz. standard. She might lay 199 eggs above 20 oz. and reaching the 24 oz. standard for the year, but her first dozen means nothing to her. They cannot be included and while she laid well over the 200 mark she is disqualified because forsooth a few eggs at the start were a little undersized. I believe that we should and must maintain a high standard but Canada is so far ahead of all other countries in this work that I feel a little more moderation on this particular point would not impair the success of registration, and would encourage the breeders.

Artificial Lights in Contest Houses

Another condition applicable at least to the Canadian and Ontario contests held here at Ottawa, is that of housing

and the use of artificial light. Given good laying stock the matter of production of eggs during our cold winters is largely a question of housing and and feeding. In our late fall and early winter months under normal conditions a hen works from eight to ten hours a day and sits on the roost from fourteen to sixteen hours. What kind of production would the stockman get from his dairy cow under similar conditions? I believe I am safe in saying that it is generally held to-day that a moderate use of artificial light during the short days and long nights is not a method to force a hen to lay, but rather the creation of a condition that will cause her to function normally. I may be wrong, but I think it takes more vitality out of the hen to maintain body heat and produce eggs in our cold winters with a fifteen or sixteen hour fast in 24, than if the day and night were more equally divided. If the moderate use of electric light could be introduced in the contests, I feel that it would result in a considerable increase in the year's production.

The housing of the birds in small detached houses of the shallow type as in the case of the Ontario and Canadian contests here at Ottawa, does not seem to be wholly satisfactory. In extreme weather the birds suffer considerably from exposure.

At the present time the Canadian contest is the only one to carry two spare birds in addition to the ten designated. If this privilege were extended to all other contests, not only would it give the breeder a chance to register two additional birds, but it would mean that in case of the death of a bird, a substitute well used to the conditions in the contest is ready to carry on. Occasionally we hear some little criticism of the contest feature in this work, but it is questionable if it would be wise entirely to eliminate this competitive principle. Most of us enjoy a good race, even if it be a hen race.

While dealing with registration it might not be amiss to bring up the question of the dual system of management now existing in connection with official recognition of laying records. Registration proper is carried on under the Experimental Farms Branch; R. O. P. work on the breeder's plant by the Poultry Division of the Live Stock Branch. If a hen under R. O. P. makes a record of 150 eggs or over at the home plant and qualifies on all other points, the breeder is given a government certificate showing her production, but the hens laying from 150 to 199 eggs in the laying contests receive no recognition whatever. We have one set of inspectors under the Live Stock Branch working on R. O. P.; another set under the Experimental Farms Branch on registration, each following the other around the country. This hardly seems necessary and on the surface appears unbusiness-like. Would it be possible so to re-organize this work as to avoid duplication? Could this association be linked up or affiliated with the work so as to be of service?

Importation of Baby Chicks

The next matter with which I shall deal is that of the importation of baby chicks from the United States. Last Spring drastic changes were made in the regulations. It was provided that all chicks imported free for the improvement of stock should be accompanied by individual pedigrees, but it would appear that these regulations may have defeated the very purpose for which they were framed. They shut out the high quality chick but did not stop the importation of

baby chicks of the poorer quality. It was still quite possible for United States shippers to send in a cheap chick, pay the regular tariff of 24 p.c. and lay them down at a price lower than ours. Canada does not want a poor quality baby chick, but undoubtedly until such time as we can hatch sufficient chicks to meet our own needs, we shall have to depend in part on our friends to the South. Dr. M. A. Jull, formerly of Macdonald College, Quebec, and now of the Federal Department, Washington, visited Ottawa recently and attended the last executive meeting of this association. From him we have since received a statement showing that in certain States of the Union, a splendid system of accreditation has been adopted and every precaution taken to insure healthy chicks. This meeting should be in a position to advise our Department of Agriculture in the framing of new regulations affecting this branch of the industry.

Disease.

Earlier in my report I referred to the question of disease among poultry. I believe that it is one of the greatest foes the industry has to contend with to-day. The same might be said of the dairying, sheep or swine industries. Disease affects our forests, our garden and farm crops. The unfortunate part of it all is that the poultry industry has not received the fair share of Government assistance which it merits. The blame probably lies on our own hands, not on the Government. It has been stated on reliable authority that the Province of Quebec's loss through preventable disease in poultry in one year exceeds $5,000,000. The average percentage of mortality in R. O. P. flocks during the last six years was over 8 per cent., and, mark you, all pullets are carefully inspected upon entry. If we add to this the losses in raising the young chicks, in reduced vigor and vitality in the laying stock, I am afraid the total would be appalling. Now, what is the relative value of the eggs produced in a year compared with say, our dairy products. Quoting from the monthly bulletin Agricultural Statistics of December, 1925, I may state that eggs sold in 1924 were valued at $50,-302,439. This does not include the eggs produced by backyarders in towns or cities, or those used for hatching. The value of dairy produce sold for the same period was $218,430,532, or only about four and a half times as great. From the Auditor-General's report for the year ending March 31 last, I find that it cost the Health of Animals Branch of the Department of Agriculture, $1,399,240 to administer the Contagious Diseases Act. Of this amount $739,182 was paid as part compensation for the Animals slaughtered. This included cattle, horses and swine, but the great bulk of it was for T. B. among cattle. Now, we have no criticism to offer of that. It is a worthy necessary work, but let us see what attention poultry diseases received during the past year—the part-time service of one pathologist with a laboratory in his office, who had to visit the branch Experimental Farms in Canada and, in spite of our protest, accompany a shipment of beef cattle to England. Surely the poultry industry is worthy of more consideration than that. I believe we should ask the Government for much greater assistance than we are getting and, if necessary, enlist the sympathy of every Federal member at Ottawa. In the science of biochemistry, we have no one working on poultry problems. It offers a rich field for research and investigations. We hope the promise of the Deputy Minister of

Agriculture, made to a deputation from this association last spring, to help along this work, will soon be fulfilled.

World's Poultry Congress.

The last matter to which I shall refer is the World's Poultry Congress, to be held in Ottawa in the summer of 1927. It will be Canada's great opportunity to confirm in the minds of the thousands of delegates, the favorable impression they already have of the Canadian hen. Our National exhibit should be the best possible. Our every energy should be used to do credit to the progress we have made. Every breeder worthy of the name should boost the Congress in his own Province and locality. One thing we lack. Coming to the Capital city, the location of the Central Experimental Farm of Canada, the delegates are going to expect to see something worth while in the way of a poultry plant. What kind of a Federal poultry plant can we expect to find on two or three acres used the last 40 years. Unless something is done, and done this coming summer, they will go away very much disappointed and the industry will receive a severe setback. I feel that we cannot afford to have that happen and we trust the Government will make provision in this year's estimate to remedy the present state of affairs.

In conclusion I wish to express my personal appreciation of the splendid support accorded me by every officer of this association, and by the members of the executive during the past year. They, along with the officials in the National Live Stock Records' Office, and all other Government officers, have been most considerate and courteous, thus making my duties very pleasant indeed.

O. A. C. 1926

Last night as I lay asleeping,
There came a dream so fair,
Me thought me saw the Dairy school,
Beside the college there.

Again I saw Professor Dean,
And upon the board he wrote,
"Boys no matter how provoking,
Dairy students must not smoke."

The whole wide world around,
Then in solemn stillness stood,
When every single student yelled,
"Good Gosh! I wish we could."

Fickle

When Herbert Spencer was in this country, a great dinner was given him in New York, at which many significant speeches were made, and the most significant and eloquent of all was by Henry Ward Beecher. Afterward a pompous and enormously conceited physician ran up to Beecher with this exclamation, "Beecher, you are the greatest man in the world," to which Beecher replied, with biting sarcasm.

"My dear doctor, you have, for the moment, forgotten yourself."

"TOO DEEP FOR BUNNY"

Bunny—"What are you digging for, Cope?"

Copeland—"Nothing particular, just digging to the root of things."

Dean at dinner table, noticing Bunny white and trembling.)—"What's the matter, Bunny?"

Bunny (wrathfully)—"Darn that maid, that's the second time she has dropped milk down my neck."

Bunny (applying for key)—"May I have a key, Dean?"

Dean—"Can't you get in your room?"

Bunny—"Well, I tried to crawl through the key hole, but my ears stuck."

Mr. Wilkes — "Bunny, old chap, you're a religious sort of chap, aren't you?"

Bunny (suspiciously)—"Well, what if am?"

Mr. Wilkes—"Well, who was the wife of Jehosophat?"

Bunny—"Say, do you think I know my Bible by heart. Who was anyway?"

Mr. Wilkes (triumphantly)—"Mrs. Jehosophat, of course!"

Bunny—"Say, Cope, are you good at riddles?"

Cope—"I was never fooled yet."

Bunny—"Well, then, can you tell the difference between an elephant and a peanut?"

Cope (thoughtfully)—"No, I don't think I can."

Bunny (disgusted) "Wouldn't you be a fine one to buy a peanut."

Bunny at supper table. (becoming learned)—"Dean, your cosmos is all ego!"

Dean—"Yes, and your nose is all over honey."

"Depth Charges"

By V. T. Elton, '26.

(Continued from February issue)

CHAPTER II

Ober Lieutenant William Von Carl Fitzwilliam, Iron Cross of the 2nd Order, chuckled with glee. Four merchantmen, one hospital ship, not a bad month's outing. That would mean the Iron Cross No. 1, and perhaps a new super submarine cruiser. Three more days and he would be in der Faderland, two but for this accursed weather. Perhaps though it was as well that this weather was accursed. Less chance of being spotted by one of those pigs of British Destroyers, and after all he was running before the gale. So he headed in diving trim (conning tower closed) on the surface, towards a channel between the Orkney and Shetland Islands, known as the Fair Island channel.

One hundred miles to the Southard the G-19 met another destroyer, and relieved her from patrol duties, then plunged into the teeth of the gale as the latter turned gladly, and limped off in the direction of home.

In the little cabin aft, we find the Sub. in the peaceful land of nod, probably dreaming of all that was fair. A great dreamer was that boy; he still is. But dreams for sailormen have abrupt endings, and a big gnarled fist seized hold of the dreamer's shoulder and shook him violently. He awoke, not with a start, but slowly and dreamily, for he was used to that gnarled ham of a hand, and gazing wearily upon a bearded salt with a look of tolerant indifference for perhaps ten seconds, yawned, and rolling over, went to sleep again.

"Ere youse, hits past serving bells," (11.40), "wike hup, sir; wike up."

"What time is it?" demanded a sleepy voice.

"Past serving bells, Sub. Lieutenant, sir; an' hits blowin' 'ard, blowin' 'ard, that's wot hit is." And the first lieutenant ee ses to me, ee ses, call Mr..... and tell 'im that 'ell need 'is hoilskins."

"Why the devil is it blowing hard," demanded the sleepy voice.

"Ow the dooce, I means beggin' yer pardin, sir, ow the dooce should hable seaman Loftus Jones know why hits blowing 'ard."

The Sub. made a calculation, "one minute to wash my teeth and face, two minutes to dress, two minutes to make the bridge," then turning to Loftus Jones, able seaman, three good conduct badges, and old enough to be his pap, said: "Call me at six minutes to twelve," and rolling over, went to sleep again.

"Ell!" said Loftus Jones, and with a look of disgust at the sleeping figure, departed to return six minutes later.

Nevertheless, punctually at midnight, the Sub. relieved the gunner on the bridge, and took over the charge of the morning watch (midnight until 4 a.m.). The latter before departing commented upon the foolishness of doing submarine patrol a night like this, the foolishness of the Lord High Commissioners of the Admiralty in ordering destroyers to do such patrols, then grinning through a few tobacco stained teeth vanished into the night, and the

UC-35, fifty miles away, ran before the gale, dead ahead.

The seas still crashed over the little vessel, as she headed into them, but no longer with the invisible blackness of a few hours ago. As the spray was flung high, it danced through the black night lit as with tiny fairy fires, and the seas rolling off the deck, resembling minature fiery waterfalls. The whole sea seemed alive with a greenish fire, for the phosphorescent glow caused by the little marine protozoan noctiluca was at this portion of the ocean abundant. Feeding upon them were shoals of herring, which darted away upon the approach of the ship, streaking the sea with many fantastic designs. This made the handling of the ship easier, for the crests of the approaching waves were now visible. The Sub. standing by the engine room telegraphs, fought the natele little vessel ahead, and as a thing alive, she answered to his gentle coaxing. Occasionally a bright star endeavoured to piece the blackness overhead, for the gale was now at the height of its fury, but the Sub's mother, lying in bed shivering with dread as the wind moaned with an eiry weirdness in the chimney pots, or tore with shrieks through the poplars in the garden. "Is my laddie out in that," she asked herself, and the distant rumbling of the tide on the sea-shore, seemed to answer, "Yes."

At 2 a.m. Ober Lieutenant William Von Carl Fitzwilliam came up into his conning tower. They were in the danger zone, the entrance to the Fair Island Channel. He knew that even in this weather a British destroyer would be there also. Little did he dream that twenty miles away the G-19 was approaching, and that he was steering directly for her knife-like ram. Nor did he reckon with the little noctiluca. If he had, perhaps he might have got his dream of dreams, that new super-submarine cruiser, plus the Iron Cross of the order number one.

One hour and ten minutes later the Sub. gazing ahead saw a sight that made him shiver. A huge comber was apparently bearing down on them with sinister intentions. He gulped, the quartermaster gulped, the lookouts gulped, even the signalman gulped, but not at the wave. His was the gulping of a heaving stomach, for he had reached the not care stage when even death would be pleasant to this. Nearer it drew, larger and larger, evil and ominous, knees shook and mouths grew parched. Would she be able to make that curling crest. Surely they couldn't rise over that. It was upon them, another second and the Sub. grasping the telegraphs rang stop! A pause—then a voice rising with the crescendo of surprise and the emotion of intense excitement literally howled: "Gwad blime strike me pink, a 'un, a ruddy 'un, a Fritzy, a ruddy Fritzy; oh Gawd won't my missus be pleased when she knows I've seen a ruddy 'un." And then Sub. ringing down, full speed, with mouth grim and eyes set yelled, "Hard astarboard," then, "Midships," "Hard aport!" for he had seen also and tried to save his ship. Trembling with suppressed fear he waited for the crash, which would denote an end on collision, with the loss of many lives. But he had acted in the nick of time, and yelling "midships your helm," felt the soft shock as the UC-35 grated his star-

board side, for she was the menacing wave. Then I'm afraid he lost his head, for diving to a handle he released a catch and pulled, and a depth charge aft should have slid into the sea.

A stoker in the engine room looked at the engineer, as they heard that thumping grating sound. Simultaneously two pairs of lips framed the word, "mine!" Hair rose, hearts with one accord ceased to beat, then the engine room telegraphs rang down double full speed, and jumping for a large wheel they opened the throttles wide.

The G-19 plunged through the seas, not over them, for she was going as hard as she could go. If only the bridge would stand against the now solid tons of green seas smashing against it, for the Sub. had pulled that handle too soon, and she had to make two hundred yards, and more, before that depth charge went off. She can't do it, he told himself with a gasping sob. It's set at forty feet, and we can't do 150 yards in two seconds. Black despair within, he waited for the end, the end caused by his own carelessness. But a voice, that of Beery Bill, the captain, sounded in his ear, and that voice was peeved, yea, very peeved. Awakened by the throbbing engines, and shock of the seas against the chart room, situated below the bridge, his domicile at sea, he had hurried onto the bridge to ascertain the causes of the added commotion. "What the devil are you trying to do, Sub. Lieutenant?" he demanded, "smash the ship?" And he made for the telegraphs.

"Don't touch those, sir," anxiously shouted the Sub, and the captain paused, for the voice held a note of warning that something was wrong. "We've just dropped a charge, sir," continued the Sub, "and I doubt if we will clear it." But of course the two seconds were ten times that by then; for the water had frozen in the hydraulic release valve from the bridge to the depth charge, and that is why eventually the G-19 did return to port. Sounds a plausible story, doesn't it, but it's true nevertheless.

"Dropped a charge!" bellowed the captain, "what did you drop a charge on?" "On a 'un," said the starboard lookout, "a ruddy Fritzy," said the quartermaster," "a German submarine, sir," said the Sub. Lieutenant.

"Where! Where?" roared the captain.

"There!" spoke the starboard lookout, the quartermaster and the Sub. Lieutenant. But Ober Lieutenant William Von Carl Fitzwilliam was not there, for Ober Lieutenant William Von Carl Fitzwilliam had dived.

A crash, flying splinters of glass and steel rails suddenly made it plain that H.M.S. G-19 had better go easy if she was to remain the G-19, so the engines were eased down to six knots. And the Sub was sad, so was the captain, quartermaster and starboard lookout. So was the signalman, sad for a little island, and not because the enemy after months of many searchings in nights such as this, had been absolutely blooming well missed, his sadness was the sadness of mal-de-mer, the others the blooming well missed kind.

Softly and silently the Sub. cursed his luck as he gazed out to where he last saw William Von Carl. Suddenly he ceased his ravings, his body grew rigid, his hands grasping the rails showed white above the knuck-

les, and yelling, "there she goes, sir!" plunged down the ladder in the direction of the stern. The captain looked, and saw a phosporescent streak moving slowly under the water. He also saw the fish darting away as smaller streaks from that big streak. For the noctiluca had betrayed the owner of the Iron Cross of the order number two.

By the time the G-19 had gathered way again, the Sub. was near the stern, rapidly fixing telegraph earphones to his head. He then tied a piece of rope around his waist, as he would soon need both hands, and knew that the seas as soon as full speed was reached would sweep the decks.

Nearer to the streak they drew, the engines roaring as every ounce of steam shot through them. A wave struck the ship a violent blow, came over the decks in a solid mass of green water, engulfing them, and the figure by the gun. Through the watery chaos he heard the captain's voice, harsh with the tenseness of controlled excitement, saying: "Stand by, the starboard number one charge." A pause, then. "Let go!" And one of those innocent looking drums slid forth on its mission of death. The seas were now pouring over the decks, burying the Sub. to the armpits, and carrying him with them as they swirled over the side. But always that rope jerked him back, for he was very much needed just then. Again the voice. "Fire the port and starboard howitzers!" The Sub. tore off their protective canvas covers, pulled the lanyard, firing them, and with a muffled roar, two more missiles sped forth into the night, the smell of burning cordite for a second remaining. Another hundred yards, but the strain was telling. The Sub. was wet and numb with cold, the ship suffering severely at the pounding she was receiving. It seemed hours, but was really only a few seconds before the order: "Let go number one Port charge!" was heard, and fumbling for the catch, and gasping for breath, the Sub. let it slip into the sea.

When clear of the danger zone the captain stopped his ship, but not before the seas had commenced to open as if torn asunder by a volcanic eruption. Number one starboard charge had answered. Huge billows of water 200 feet high, shot into the air, then fell with a sparkle of greenish fire to be followed by three more, for those innocent looking drums had done their work nobly and well.

A searchlight sped forth into the night, travelled around in a circle, then came to rest on a patch of the sea calmed as if by magic. The Sub., back on the bridge, saw oil, then bubbles, a glimpse of a grey object, more bubbles, and stillness. "Got him," said the skipper. But the Sub said nothing, he had just killed some men, and sighing, wondered upon the strangeness of war. Supposing he was killed how would his mother feel, after all they had mothers, too.

An hour later, sniff, a few minutes after the hour, another sniff, for the sea had abated a little, and the galley fire was going. He was cold, he was wet, elated, yet sad, but that steaming mug of hot cocoa, grasped firmly in both hands, tasted good, and he smacked his lips, and drank it noisily. Did we wonder how his mother would feel? I can tell you what she'd do if she heard him doing that. Why, just give him H-l.

Re Romance Ridiculous

By M. Lynsky, '28.

ESTEEMED reader, is it long since last you read a good old-fashioned tale of Medieval chivalry? Is it not long since last you went adventuring with damsel divine and knight noble, since last you thrilled with their emotions and fought against their enemies through page after page of romance? And why did your interest finally lag? Why have you not been reading any, of late? Perhaps it is because these poetical tales of chivalry have been too extravagant, too fanciful, perhaps even ridiculous. Sensing the crying need of the hour—and not unmindful of the minute and the second—the author has composed this melodrama with the modest intention of doing nothing more than raising the standard for romantic literature. Since a model may be said to be a small imitation of the real thing, he feels that he has fairly well accomplished this task and is, at the present writing, blushing with modest pride.

* * *

Somewhere along the outskirts of the Royal Village of Gwelf, renowned for some of its institutions, lay—or maybe stood—the noble castle of Buggowse, wherein dwelt the noble lord, Trinitrotoluol Helppus during the early part of the twentieth century, way back in the Dark Ages. The castle was a noble structure of re-enforced concrete equipped not only with embrasures, battlements, turrets, moat, drawbridge, portcullis and ivy, but with all modern inconvencies as well.

The noble lord was very influential, for a great number of people owed him money. He was rich but honest, fat but upright, a nobleman liberal in his proportions though conservative in his views. Public spirited to a very high degree, he was an enthusiastic member of all the lodges and societies in the Royal Hamlet; rather than leave his duties Saturday night, he would always stay till Sunday morning at some lodge or other, usually returning home at about 2.30 A.M. He had nothing to fear from his wife, for she was dead. Lord Helppus dearly treasured the memory of her death and rather solaced his bruised spirit with a doting love for his only child, Belledonna. Upon her, he lavished both love and cash, satisfying her every whim and almost spoiling the dear little child.

The dear child was a sweet young thing about thirty-five years old. For her size, she was not too large, wearing no more than a size seventeen neck and size eleven feet. Her beauty was utterly beyond visualization, and baffles description. Belledonna had few faults other than swearing, chewing gum, and drinking. With her, expectoration was an art. She was very observant and would add to her vocabulary whenever her father waxed wroth. Belladonna's education had been completed at Hac Mall, an institute in the City of Collar Jites. A maiden of such charming attributes and unusual accomplishments was, of course, ardently regarded by the beaux for miles around. But, surprising though it may appear, her favor fell upon

our hero, Sir Blawckhed Booblophus.

He was a noble, though dark young knight, who dwelt in a neighboring castle about five thousand and two hundred and eighty feet away. He was very noble and possessed a noble steed. Sir Boob had received a very full education at the O. I. C., another institution of Collar Jites. He was all a hero could be. Perhaps he is best described by the term so-forth, which has come to include so much. So many great deeds had our hero performed that there was nothing left for him to do but to fall in love with Belledonna. He fell, and very ardently pressed his suit. But Lord Helppus, being widely read in the conduct of romance, immediately took adversion to his daughter's suitor and sternly forbade any further pressing of his suit. At the end of his wits, for they were few, poor Boob appealed to his valet, to whom he entrusted all matters concerning his wardrobe. That noble authority cleared the nobleman's mind of all doubt immediately.

"By all means, press your suit," quoth he. "It's always done!"

So Boob continued to woo Belledonna, seeing her at every opportunity and pressing his suit whenever he could. It was indeed touching to see the two sweethearts sitting hand in hand, murmuring, cooing, and exhibiting other symptoms of mental derangement and love.

"Does oo really love me?" Belledonna would murmur.

Booblophus would coo in reply.

"Now, dear, this is so sudden. Really you know, although I have always been under an impression tending towards such an effect, my regard for accuracy bids me pause in this matter to fully consider whether there is sufficient experimental data upon which one might safely base such a conclusion, or whether, on the other hand, there is operating in my intellect—er, pardon the expression; not quite accurate, but I'm so very frightfully flustered—in my head, some prejudice or influence other than clear analysis or reasoning."

And then together they would sigh ecstatically: "Oh! Ain't nature grand!" For nature is grand.

Perceiving that they could never gain the consent of Lord Helppus, the two lovers determined to elope. The time was to be Saturday night at fifteen minutes after the hour of two, for do not the rules of etiquette for elopers prescribe the most impropitious circumstances as the proper thing? It's always done.

With the characters all introduced and the stage all set, we are now ready to proceed with our tale.

Night was falling; you could have heard the pieces landing. The scowling, red-faced sun very reluctantly was sinking down behind the western hills, coloring the clouds with a vivid, angry flush in a last attempt to delay the momentous tryst of the two lovers. But only for a few moments. The dusky legions of Eventide made swift advance from the eastern quarter of the heavenly plain. A breathless pause ensued as the two eternal rival forces met in combat. The Phoebian host momentarily resisted with a startling, vivid rush of color, then wavered along the front, betraying a yellow streak. Their brave array broke; panic and rout were accomplished; the forces of Day retreated in a confusion of gorgeous colors. Even in

retreat they were glorious, rioting boisterously and impudently before the steady advance of Evening, audacious with the knowledge of victory in the other hemisphere. And when the warrior hosts had pushed on and left the scene to peace and brooding quiet the mistress of the Night appeared white and serene in the heavens to inspect their work and see that all was well for elopers.

Belledonna stood pensively by one of the windows of Buggowse Castle, watching the panorama of the sky, her spirit in accord with the fiery struggle. Even when the sky had come to rest, her spirit continued unquiet and tumultuous. She rang for Meeke, the noble butler, and upon his appearance, sank into a chair and heaved a sigh. Meeke caught it deftly, and was about to take it downstairs to the proper means of disposal for such rubbish when Belledonna stopped him with a request.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Meeke, but could you by any chance convey a suitable quantity of pink lemonade to this vicinity?"

Upon his re-appearance, the noble butler was accompanied by a beautiful gray, tin can (known to us as an ice-cream can or shotgun can). The flowing bowl was accompanied by a pretty chalice of unbreakable earthenware, dainty and so small that possibly no more than a pint would have been the measure of its content. As he set down his burden, Meeke frowned,—reprovingly.

"Your father," quoth he obsequiously, "wouldn't like. . . ."

But at that point the violent static of Belledonna's orbs caused him to sign off. Our heroine had little patience, indeed, with the silly ideas of her father, who regarded drinking and smoking among women with much horror and who still looked to woman for womanliness!

Thus, with pink lemonade, and with her old corncob, Belledonna awaited the appearance of her lover. Midnight came and went. All was quiet and still in Buggowse Castle same for the loud hammering of the radiators, almost deafening in their clamor, so loud that Belledonna did not become aware of the approach of Booblophus until the very moment of his arrival. At the sound of hoofs, she rose suddenly from her seat, upsetting it and with it a package of gum which she had placed in readiness for the elopment. Belledonna heard our hero fall off his noble steed, cross the moat, and then sound the knocker.

"O, I say, Mr. Meeke!" called she, "Do you know who's there?" for she was determined not to let the adventure fluster her in any way.

"It's somebody without the gate, Mistress Belly."

"Well, don't give him the gate for a while yet. It isn't Booblophus is it?"

"Yes, my lady, I think it is."

"Don't you dare contradict me in such fashion! If it's Booby, tell him to climb up the ivy. What does he think I am anyway! If I can't elope in the approved styles, I won't elope at all. Hurry, now, before he goes and comes in through the door and spoils everything."

While the two lovers are calling each other names—as do lovers and elopers the whole world over—let us take a peep at Booblophus' noble steed, Dinosauras, stamping with patience without.

He is a noble, dark black steed,

with noble ears and noble squinting eyes, and a noble mouth full of noble horse teeth. In every curve and angle he shows the characteristics of his breed. He is a Canter Phorrde of the famed breed originated by Hennery Phorrde early in the Dark Ages. His ears droop, his head droops, his tail droops, and his middle droops. He stands in spirited dejection, sturdily posed as if he were going to fall either dead or asleep in the next moment. Alas, the noble Dinosauras is no longer young; before many days his symmetry shall be consigned to the cemetery. The path of glory leads but to the grave.

The elopers emerge from the main entrance. (Even the most conscientious elopers sometimes forget the ivy). Together they mount the noble steed. The noble steed sags in the middle. Belledonna grasps her lover with both hands about his neck, very firmly.

"Are you ready, dearest?"

"Yep, and raring to go, Booby darling."

"You haven't forgotten something?" (Ah, portentious words!)

"All right then. Hold tight! We might hit seven miles an hour.

"Giddap!" says he to the noble canter Phorrde; the noble steed breaks into a canter.

They had been riding but a short time, when Belledonna began to feel that something was lacking. The romance of the elopement was beginning to fade. Something was lacking. Suddenly she had it. She had left her chewing gum behind.

"Boob," she gasped, "my choongum!"

"Your choongum?"

"Yes, I forgot it."

"But you can get some to-morrow."

"No, to-morrow's Sunday."

Booblophus groaned; he knew what was next on the program.

"We'll have to go back and get it—or I don't elope," spake Belledonna.

"O, awright," spake Booblophus, and speaking no more, he put about and cantered for Buggowse Castle once more, in fact, for the last time, dear reader. For upon their arrival the elopers were met by Lord Helppus, right on time, and ready to play his part in this stirring melodrama.

Just as Belledonna slid off the noble steed, Lord Helppus sprang from hiding, a roar in his mouth and a bludgeon in his fist. With great presence of mind, Booblophus promptly kicked his noble steed in the slats. With a magnificent bound Dinosauras carried him beyond danger, and then fell exhausted. In another moment Booblophus was fleeing down the highway with Lord Helppus hard after him and shouting: "If I ever get hold of you, I'll kick you in the middle of the street."

And so they never married, and lived happily ever after.

My First Attempt to Ride a Bucking Horse

By H. Hayes, '28.

JUNE was the month, "1922 was the year, and the foothills of the Okanagan was the place, where first I "hit the dust" from the top of a pitching "broncho."

We had been practicing considerably during the last few weeks, as the time for the big annual rodeo at Kamloops was now growing near. My brother desired to get accustomed to his new saddle for riding "bronks," while I wanted to become more proficient in the gentle art of riding wild steers, "bareback and backward."

On this occasion we had a mixed band of cattle and horses in an old log corral at the very pinnacle of the range. We had ridden a number of wild horses and steers to the great excitement of yelling Indians who sat around on the top of logs of the corral, and who took part in the riding only occasionally.

In the chute was a sleek, powerful black mare, her glossy coat was now soiled with blotches of sweat and lather. At first it appeared that she would, by kicking and striking, smash the chute or "squeezer" to bits. But we finally managed to get a hackamore on her and pulled her head down. Then by working carefully we eventually got the saddle cinched tightly on her nervous, quivering body.

I was standing at the end of the chute ready, when ordered, to jerk it open and let the horse loose. My brother was gingerly lowering himself into the saddle from the top of the chute, when an Indian standing by the chute, shook his head and muttered: "Heap bad horse, no can ride 'em."

"Oh, I think she can be ridden all right," I told him.

"I bet you can't ride 'em," he continued.

"Oh, I don't suppose I can, but—"

My brother turned on the Indian with, "I'll bet you a five the kid can ride her, for five jumps, at least." And so the wager was made, and I faced my first genuine bucker.

I had ridden steers and some horses, but never before had I tackled a real hard one. I was shaking when I traded places with my brother, and the fact that there was money up on me, did not lessen my nervousness. I started to lower myself into the saddle, when the frenzied animal, with a vicious snort and buck, commenced another series of kicking and striking. I scrambled back to the top of the chute. My heart appeared to jar my whole body as it came to either end of its seemingly much lengthened stroke; my knees knocked together and I was in a bad state. Two factors sprang up in my mind which immediately began a rapid debate on: "Resolved, that I should not get on this horse." The affirmative factor maintained that it was almost certain death to try to ride the horse and I did not wish to die on that particular day. This factor concluded that I had better stay off. On the other side the negative factor appealed to my sense

of pride, and assured me that if I now backed down, I would not only be the laughing-stock of the Indians, but would also be a subject of disguist to my brother—that would never do! So, consequently this factor urged me to ride the brute at all hazards.

I straightened up and looked down over the rolling hills to where, blue as a robin's egg, the narrow Okanagan Lake zig-zagged its crooked course between the bordering hills and stretched far to the south for ninety-nine miles.

Did you ever stand on a high hill top or mountain and gaze down, like a Highlander of old, with a bold feeling of superiority to all beings below? It was this bold reckless audacity that shrilled through me then, and turning again to the horse, I decided in favour of the argument put forth by the negative.

I was soon snug in the saddle and gripping the hackamore shank in my left hand with might, I snapped out, "let 'er go!"

With a crazy sideways fling of her body she sprang out the only half-opened gate, crushing my leg against it and knocking the Indian, who was slowly opening the gate, flat on his back. I was almost torn out of the saddle by the impact of the gate, but a long straight-away buck gave me time to collect myself and with a bulldog pull on the hackamore shank I slid firmly back into the saddle, and struck home with both spurs. She turned with a sharp squeal, and suddenly arching her neck, clamped her teeth on the toe of my boot, the pain of which shot up my spine with a death chill. When I whipped the end of the shank smartly down on her nose, she immediately gave a wide sprawling buck, and, strtching her neck full length like a race-horse, she jerked the shank completely out of my hand by an upward throw of her chin.

Now, in order to still ride in a qualified manner, without "pulling leather," I had to ride with both hands in the air; this is a difficult feat. And, although I had stuck through two bucks and had to stick three more in order to win the bet, as far as her bucking was concerned, she had up to now only been playing with me.

She left the earth with a spinning motion, and although she faced the south when going up, she landed facing the north. Then followed a quick haunching buck which snapped my head and neck, with a stupefying wrench. Next came a "sun fisher;" which is a high buck accompanied with a series of swift spasmodic jerks, throwing the body from side to side by wild unusual movements and landing, with four feet bunched, in a stiff-legged jolt.

Yes, that was what the fifth buck was like. Although it might have been the thirteenth as far as I knew at the time, my dull mind involuntarily admitted that I could stick no longer without using my hands.

In that fifth buck she came back out of the air before I did and, a quarter of a second later, as she was going up on her sixth buck, I came down and hit the saddle with a thud, then went off into space again. I made a wild grab for the saddle horn and lo, I seized a huge handful of bunch grass, on the ground outside the corral.

From Generation to Generation

By ————, '28.

THE following notice appeared in Johnston Hall the other day, causing quite a flurry among the Freshmen. The notice read as follows.

"All those desiring to procure weed seeds for their collection kindly call at 100 Mills Hall. These weed seeds are guaranteed to pass inspection at the botany department as they have only been handed in six or seven times before. Signed?"

This notice was placed in a conspicuous position on the bill-board sometime during the morning, but it was not unti after the dinner hour that the results from it were forthcoming. Mills Hall was the scene of a general inroad from the freshman class. Members of this class were seen rushing up and down the corridors frantically inquiring for room 100, each student hoping he would be the first to procure the much desired seeds.

The results were as to be expected. Room 100 was assailed by a crowd of lusty freshmen eager for barter. The bidding started, the weed seeds having been graded according to the difficulties involved in procuring them, for example, cat nip, népeta cataria, was valued on a higher basis than was Hound's Tongue, Cynoglossum officinale. The prices ranged from 5c up to 20c per bottle, but it can safely be said that not a bottle was left when the sale was over.

The scene now changes to Johnston Hall, where the students have arrived with their purchases. The Co-operative has a busy period selling disguises for the weed seeds purchased, and are there for unsuspecting accompliates in this general hoax. The weed seeds are then dressed in their new garments, which is made up of a new label and a new box, and duly presented to the botanical department. The seeds as usual pass inspection and are stamped with that department's seal of approval.

This is the end of their usefulness for this year, but they are not to be discarded; rather they are cherished and placed securely away as a source of revenue for the year to come. The next year is a repetition of the year preceding it, as the weed seeds are again brought forth for barter to incoming embryo botanists.

N. B.—The writer wishes to apologize to the occupant of room 100 for using his room as the scene of illegal barter.

A Glimpse of China

By R. G. Emslie, '28.

IT was a hot day in June and the sun beat pitilessly upon the glaring road. Lee Wei Un and his brother, Lee Chai Tao, sat idly in the litter, watching the mules in the procession as they plodded mechanically along the dusty road which wandered through a dry river bed. The Chinese muleteers at their animals' heads seemed unmindful of the heat, and kept on automatically, lulled almost to sleep by the sound of the mules' bells. The mules were in good condition, and the last pair little minded the load they carried, for the litter contained only Lee and his brother.

The river bed over which they were travelling wound through the plain, and was bordered on each side by a few trees. Some of these were centuries old and were outstanding landmarks with their short trunks and wide spreading tops. Under one of these trees the boys noticed a few farmers lying sleeping after their midday meal, and paying little heed to the few mosquitoes which droned lazily about them. The wheat in the fields was well advanced, and made a pleasant change of scenery, with the gently swaying tops and light green colour, here and there darkened by the shadow of the few clouds which floated slowly across the sky. All nature seemed to rest, and the incessant plaint of the greedy young magpies in their nests in some of the trees served merely to emphasize the solitude.

It was late in the afternoon when the procession came within view of Leng-chu-fu. The mules, enjoying the cool breeze after the hot sun, quickened their pace, and as their drivers were eager to get to the city, little time was lost. The road now ran through a busy farming district, and on either side workmen were energetically cultivating their fields. These men were dressed only in long loosely fitting trousers of thin blue cotton, which left exposed their dark glistening chest and musclar arms. On the road many coolies were hurrying to the city, carrying their "doong-shis" (baskets) of goods suspended from each end of a pole balanced across their shoulders. Many had come twelve miles that day from Hwang-heien, and some even from Lun-hou, a distance of twenty miles, but they laughed and sang as if they were the happiest men on earth. In this company Lee and his companions reached their destination.

Leng-chu-fu, like other Chinese cities, was surrounded by high stone walls. The gate of the city was made of two massive pillars covered by an arch stretching beyond fifteen feet. On one of the pillars was a large iron cage about five feet high and three feet wide. This was so made that a prisoner was compelled to stand up in it with his head out of a small hole at the top, where he was at the mercy of the public. This cage was empty at the time, but on the other pillar was another smaller cage from which there grinned the skull—which had once belonged to a noted brigand.

Passports having been shown, the litter entered the city and forced their way through the crowd into

the main street. This street, which was only about twenty feet wide, was lined by open stores, which displayed their fruit and vegetables to busy purchasers. Everywhere there was shouting and bargaining. Two vociferous coolies, in particular, seemed intent in making as much noise as possible, calling all the curses of their gods on one another's parents and ancestors. The two brothers, however, soon arrived at their friend's house, quite prepared for the splendid supper of rice, stewed meat and vegetables and hot tea which was awaiting them.

The Giftie

By M. Lynsky, '28.

I WAS in a great hurry and the streets were too crowded to make much headway. Therefore, I was glad to make use of Pi Alley. Pi Alley is a direct, though not exactly straight, path from Tremont Street to Newspaper Row. It is a corridor with the doors of offices along the sides; there are several turns, with mirrors at each corner.

I was puffing along at a good rate when suddenly I ran slap into a short, rubber ball of a man. No pain resulted from our meeting for I, too, am equipped with a front bumper. I bounced back, fervently murmuring short expressive words of prayer. My opponent was gazing at me with considerable annoyance. His eyes were small, piggish ones with puffy lids and almost no eyebrows. Receding forehead, receding chin, two full moons for cheeks, a flat snout, peevish mouth, and multiple chin constituted his face. Evidently he had been under considerable exertion, for little beads of perspiration shone on his face, and his prehistoric tie and collar stood at odds. A small black derby, resting well back on his bald head and supported for the most part by one of his large outrigger ears, completed his head. The rest of him consisted largely of a lopsided ball set on two tapering piles, a short curved appendage on his upper right side and a number of bundles on his left. His short coat was wide open, revealing a line of buttons, from which radiated innumerable wrinkles. Except for the pudgy fin terminating his visible right arm, the animal's body was all black. From anger, my emotion turned to disgust and pity, the more heightened as I saw the porker's features writhe into the most ludicrous expression imaginable. His eyes squinted, his nose wrinkled, and the corners of his mouth snarled back as he regarded me with disfavor. But I had no time for argument with the shabby creature and chose rather to hurry on. As I sidestepped him he deliberately stepped into my way, then stopped short, astonished as it suddenly dawned on him that he had bumped into a mirror and had only encountered himself.

After this most revealing experience, I do not quite so heartily endorse the sentiments of Burns:

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

Musings of a Mountaineer

By O. K. Slim, '28.

Perhaps you'd like to know,
Before I cut this stuff;
What portion of the globe,
I'm speaking of, so rough.

It is a woolly, western place,
No farther west could be;
For broad Pacific flops its waves
Upon the ragged lee.
The foot-hills of Alberta rise
And border on the east;
The balmy skies are dotted with
Wedges of flying geese.

The Crow's Nest Pass runs to the south,
Yellow Head runs to the north,
The eastern trains get there near centre,
By Pass of Kicking Horse.
These passes, cross the high divide
By river, rock and tree,
To where the Fraser River glides,
The province of "B. C."

I'm pining for the timber line,
For rocks and mountain stream;
The glorifying snowy peaks,
Where summer's sun doth gleam.
I'd love to sit by little lakes,
That in the valley lie,
And plan again, as when a boy,
To live there by and by.

I planned a home for birds and beasts,
And for myself as well,
That I might give protection sure,
To roamers of the dell.
The drumming grouse and simple deer,
Are things that draw me there;
I want to watch, and not to shoot,
These creatures, shy and fair.

There's something else, I know not what,
That calls me to the West;
It is above me to explain,
My pen is poor at best.
"A something" gets into your blood,
That thrills you like a song;
You start at once to play your part,
And help the world along.

Unless you've lived out in the west,
A year or two or more,
You will not comprehend my line,
'Twill only make you snore.
But as I roam here and there,
I'm not complete at ease,
Unless I view a mountain top,
And smell a western breeze.

So now, farewell to eastern maids,
Good-bye to eastern times,
You'll rob no more, my precious sleep,
You'll spend no more, my dimes.
For I am going west next spring,
To wilderness out there,
Where peace and freedom is combined,
With action in the air.

Niagara Glen

By H. R. Boyce, '28.

NIAGARA GLEN is one of the strongholds of nature. It is not known as well as the magnificent Niagara Falls, but since the roads approaching it have been greatly improved and an inn built in which one may dine, many more people will visit this wild garden which shows the handiwork of nature in a most attractive manner.

The Glen is situated beside the Niagara River, just below the famous whirlpool. At one time it was part of the river-bed, but as the Falls moved gradually up the river it finally emerged from the water and then Nature took possession and beautified it by the addition of trees, flowers, and wild life.

It may be approached from either north or south by an excellent Tarvia highway, which was but recently completed, or by the Gorge Route cars. Disappointment is registered on the people's faces when they first step down from the cars. There is very little to be seen but the inn and a few trees and wild flowers. However a guide comes from a picturesque hut and conducts the party to the top of a rustic staircase. Then disappointment is replaced by happiness for spreading out below are seen acres of trees, flowers, jumbled mossy rocks and winding pathways.

The guide proceeds down the stairway and along a limestone path towards the south, winding in and out among the tangle of growth, pausing finally when Cripp's Eddy breaks into view between the trees. There the water continuously flows in and out like the tide of the ocean between a gateway of rocks. Many pieces of driftwood are seen floating around. Occasionally one is sucked under and is suddenly shot up above the surface by the writhing undercurrent.

A short distance from the eddy is Lookout Point. This may be reached by climbing over rocks and shingle. From this point a wonderful view may be had of the river as it foams out from the whirlpool and goes tumbling, sliding, and rolling past over the rapids, dashes into foam in some places against the rocks and in others sliding along like oil. Numerous snow-white gulls may be seen flashing in the sunlight like points of fire. Some alight on the heaving surface of the river occasionally and snatch up some choice morsel of food. Some float along with the current for a time and then suddenly soar upwards to hover over the river, swinging round in graceful circles or soaring up to great heights.

Leaving this point the party proceeds to the pot-holes. These are circular holes worn in the solid rock by the combined action of water and small pebbles at the time when the glen was submerged. Some of the holes are large enough for a person to crawl through, and others are no larger than a teacup. It seems strange to find these curious relics of the past at least forty feet above the level of the river.

Now the north end of the glen is visited, and it is reached by tortuous pathways. Banks upon banks of wild flowers border the paths, especially in the springtime. Hepat-

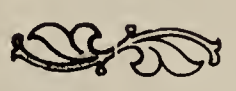
ieas, trilliums, bloodroot, Adder's tongue and Dutchman's breeches form vivid masses of variegated colors. Towering above are the pines and maples and many huge grotesque, mossgrown postions of rocks.

At the extreme north end of the glen is Pebbly Beach. This beach is crescent shaped, and the stones that form it are nearly all small, flat and rounded, worn so by the river as it sweeps over the rapids. Many of these stones are brilliantly coloured and make attractive souvenirs. The shape of these stones makes them excellent for skimming over the surface of the water, and even the older people enjoy themselves trying to make the stones skip and jump along the surface of the water.

By this time most of the party have become tired by their rambling and desire to return to the top of the bank once more. Returning through the glen along a different pathway, many springs which are crystal clear and ice cool are seen. Then a short stairway which ascends to a path along the base of the river bank. Looking up at this one is certain to wonder just what keeps this towering, out-thurst mass of limestone from falling. In some places it juts out for over twenty feet. However, care is taken by the guides that no lose portions of rock are left and so accidents are avoided.

The pathway leads to a second stairway which reaches to the top of the cliff. Standing at the head of the stairway all look down for a last glance. It resembles the wild country of the Muskoka Lake district from here. The peace and wonder of this masterpiece of nature impresses them all. So with a feeling of great satisfaction they return to the car to proceed homeward, or to visit other parts of the famous river.

The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land.—Emerson.



"If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil."

Pope—Essay on Man.

Sunday Supper in the College Dining Hall

By R. C. Banbury, '28.

For what we are about to receive thank God.

"I dine on rich and costly fare,
When e'er good fortune lets me,
But there's no meal that can compare,"

It is not from the viewpoint of an epicure that I wish to think of Sunday evening supper at the O. A. College dining hall. It is not of calories and vitamins, which our Mac. Hall friends know so much about, that I wish to write.

"Most folks as I've noticed in pleasure and strife,
Are always expecting too much out of life."

Some of us have not missed a supper at the College dining hall this term—and we are still enjoying life.

It is of another kind of food I wish to write, namely, food for thought. I don't mean fish, you wise ones! Perhaps those who take all the week to plan for and rest up for a good time on the Day of Rest will not agree with me. Certainly they will not be with me at Sunday evening supper. But to me this is the one meal at which we, the students of the O.A.C., have an opportunity to think.

I say think, advisedly, for if one was to speak it would be a soliloquy.

It is the one peaceful meal. There is no sounding of the bell at the head table, which is followed by: "Tonight in the College gymnasium will be played one of the fastest games," or the "Owing to the fact," with which the Sergeant-Major of the P.P.P.'s invariably starts off. There is no laughter, no clapping at the late incomers, because these are always feeding fair ones elsewhere. Don't think for a moment that we, Sunday evening dining hall suppers, don't appreciate the fair ones, or that our thoughts are sour-grape ones, for our meditations are really of a sympathetic and musing nature.

Perhaps as we meditate we make resolutions:

"To live as gentle as I can,
To be no matter where a man,
To do my best and let that stand,
The record of my brain and hand."

It is at the Sunday evening supper that we linger to talk.

"When we get to know a fellow,
know his joys and know his cares,
When you come to understand him
and the burden that he bears,
When you've learned the fight he's
making and the troubles in his way,
Then you find that he is different
than you thought him yesterday."

It is then one thinks of the folks at home, of the friends to whom one owes letters, of perhaps the girl I left behind me, of a thousand and one worth-while things.

So here's to you, Sunday Supper,
In the College dining hall,
You may only be a filler,
But you're worth-while after all.

For what we have received, thank God.

THE O.A.C. REVIEW

ODELL

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EDITORIAL:

The Alumni and Athletics

Nothing does more to advertise a college than a winning team in some particular branch of sport. As an example of this I would like to point out the ruby team at Queen's, four times winner of the Intercollegiate Senior Championship and three times Canadian Champions. Previous to 1922 Queen's was a small struggling institution with a comparatively small student body, but with the advent of a great rugby team she loomed rapidly into prominence, and a marked increase is noted in her attendance. Another illustration of a similar nature may be taken from our own college. I think I am safe in saying that our rugby team did more to advertise this institution throughout Western Ontario, when they defeated Western University last fall, than could have been accomplished by our graduates in a score of years. It placed the O. A. C. on the map so far as sport is concerned, and it brought to the eyes of the public a realization that we have something at this institution besides rough, uncouth country lads.

Now, in citing rugby as an example, I do not wish in any way to slight other branches of sport at the College, but on the contrary let me congratulate all teams on their remarkable showing within the past year. The Athletic Executive have tried to deal fairly with all teams but have been working under the great handicap of lacking sufficient funds to carry many of the teams. On more than one occasion teams have won their respective group only to be withdrawn from the semi-finals due to lack of funds. In fact it has been difficult to equip some of the teams with the necessary outfits.

As a solution to this difficulty, one of two alternatives presents itself. Something must be done to increase the finances of the association or else we must drop certain branches of sport. At the present time the students are required to pay an athletic fee of ten dollars per year. This amount is all that can be justifiably demanded. Many of them receive nothing for their money except an admission pass to the games. Many of them are backward about turning out for the various teams. They feel that they are not good enough, or that they are not wanted. But let me say to them that they have assumed entirely the wrong attitude, and that they will be welcomed with open arms, and given a fair chance, and in this way they will derive much benefit from the fees that they pay into the association.

In answer to the second query I would say that we should not be compelled to drop certain branches of sport. This would be unfair to the men who participate in this particular game, and who pay their athletic fees.

One of the greatest problems confronting the association has been the obtaining and financing of coaches for certain teams, particularly hockey. Much good hockey material is available but there is a lack of finances to remunerate some capable coach. However, we are most fortunate in having members of the staff who willingly and conscientiously devote their time to the coaching of other teams. Again we ask the question; where is the money to come from?

As I view this important and unavoidable question, the only practical solution seems to rest in the hands of the alumni. It is up to the men who have graduated from this institution, and who are in a position to donate a slight fee, to set aside a sum, be it ever so small, for assisting in the financing of athletics at the O. A. C. This practice is carried on in other colleges, in fact many of them rely on these donations and grants, for their main support. The graduates of the O. A. C. are just as proud, and rightly so, of their alma mater, as are the graduates of any other college. They are out in the world, they have seen much of life, and are in a position to realize just what athletics mean to **this** college. I say this college because I think it more applicable to this institution than to any other one on the continent. Little is known throughout Ontario, I will confine the argument to our own province, of the splendid courses given here, in the various science options. Many people are under the impression that this is a 100 per cent. farmer's college. Admitting that it is primarily and fundamentally an agricultural institution, there is also room for a very great number of students in the scientific options.

In order to get students to take these courses we must first advertise our college, and then the problem of obtaining students will be made very easy. As I said at the beginning, there is no more certain and practical means of advertisement than through the channels of a winning team on the field of sport. But in order to produce this team we must have the necessary financial support to equip, coach and carry the team through with its schedule. Now I leave the question with my readers, "Would it not be possible for the alumni to help out in some way the present condition and thus aid in bringing about a condition which would make this one of the foremost and most prominent colleges on the continent.

W. P. W., '28

Initiation

Being sophomores it is perhaps more or less natural that we should discuss initiation; we have lived with it, slept with it, and have escaped dying by it for the past two years, so that it has become an almost natural part of our make-up, and being normal beings it is an almost foregone conclusion that we should have views on the subject

Initiation is very little older than its criticism and, delving far back into literature we find the anxious fears of fond mothers and doting sisters as they allow their imaginations to play them tricks and they see the boy in his first throes of school life.

The question, however, has passed the stage where women weep and man pooh-hooh their weeping. The men have taken on the women's fears and no longer do they smile and say, "'twill do the boy good to rough it a little", but rather have we come to the point where our somewhat pampering educationalists express concern.

It is not hard to see why initiation should be in disfavour. On the surface it seems to suggest a little of the barbaric. It may seem a little inhuman to see these younger brothers humiliated and made ridiculous by those so little their senior, but these things really are only on the surface. Initiation presents infinitely more than a succession of practical jokes, and underlying the practice—unconsciously perhaps—there is a much more commendable motive.

The fundamental idea of initiation is to bring the newcomers to a common level, take away that feeling of unparalled greatness which comes to some few as they put away their kindergarden schools and enter their college life, and again to teach a few of the meek and feeble-hearted that life demands something more than gentle smiles and winning ways and that, not always does it present a bed of eiderdown softness. And then as a natural result of this levelling process we find that these new men become but a big happy family, that because of their obstacles and the little troubles through which they pass together, a spirit is formed which binds them, which suppresses the human instinct of selfishness and stresses the interests of the whole rather than the individual.

What would our classes be like without their class spirit, and how are they to get this spirit if the necessity for co-operation is removed?

And this next may seem to some a rather far-fetched line of reasoning and to understand it you perhaps require a knowledge of college life, but if you know college conditions you must realize its truth. You will grant us that the initiation of a class produces a class spirit and then too, you will grant us that to be a success a college must have its college spirit. Having granted these two things it will not be hard to convince you that college spirit is but an outgrowth of class spirit and so if initiation has an effect on the class, then it, too, must have an effect on the college, and if it has a good effect on the college is it not worth while?

Perhaps you admit the reasoning as far as it goes but at the same time you raise the question: "Would sports not just as effectively produce a college spirit?" and we agree with you very decidedly. It is sport more than anything else which gives rise to the enthusiasm of a college, but before you can have that sport you must have the spirit to produce it, and initiation forms

a starting point. So, because initiation produces a class spirit which in turn produces a college spirit, and because it has a tendency to remove an overbearingness in some, and to instill a little manhood into others, we maintain that initiation is worth while.

And now you claim that your quarrel is not with the principles of initiation but with its practice, and we are free to admit that all too often it is carried to extremes. However if the principle is right, the problem is to control the practice and not to eradicate it and we still have enought confidence in our students to believe that a body which has won the right of self-government is capable and is moreover in duty bound to control and to preserve this old traditional custom.

By——'28.

Forget Me Not

Another College year is drawing to a close, and the editor, with a feeling akin to dread, is anticipating what the summer holds for him. Even though lectures may end, and students depart for their respective places of summer employment, the Review continues its customary course, being published once a month throughout the summer holidays. This means added responsibilities for the editor, especially in a case such as occurs this year, in which he, owing to personal matters, is forced to spend the summer in a far country.

It is for this reason that he is especially desirious of your co-operation during the coming months. Kindly consider these few lines as a personal individual appeal for your co-operation, and before leaving College, tuck the following address away in a little corner of your brain, and above everything else, do not fail to make use of it. The address is:—

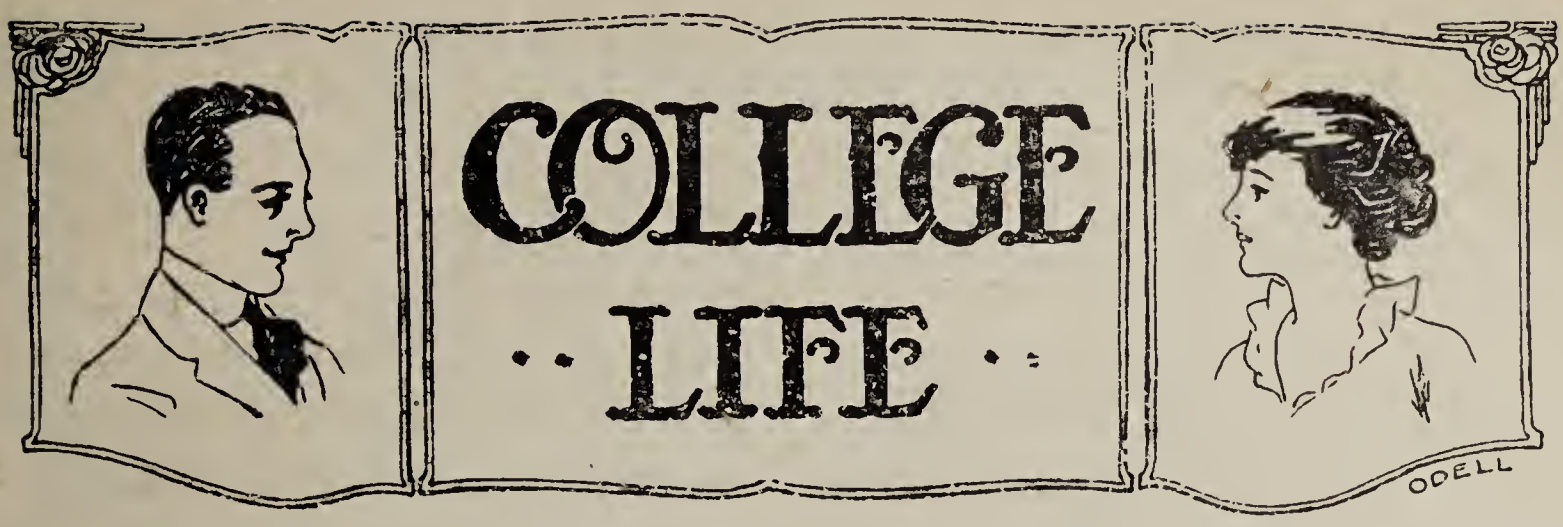
Experimental Station
FREDERICTON, N.B.

$50.00 in Spare Time

How would you like to turn your spare time during the coming summer into dollars and—five dollars! How would you like to have your summer's savings increased by $50.00 or even $100.00? It can easily be done, and here is the way.

In order to meet the increasing expenses of the Review, it has been found necessary to increase our revenue from advertisements. To accomplish this, we are offering a liberal commission to any student securing advertising matter for our columns. It is a worth while proposition, and deserves your attention.

For advertising rates and full details, drop in at the Co-op. before the term closes.



The Inter-University Debating League

This year the Ontario Agricultural College gained distinction in a new field, when its debating team won second place in a league which includes the largest universities of Canada. The I. U. D. L. was originally composed of the following six universities:

University of Ottawa.
Loyola College.
Bishop's University.
Queen's University.
McGill University.
University of Toronto.

At the annual meeting of 1925, held at Montreal on December 2nd, a resolution was passed to the effect that a western group should be formed and that membership should be offered to McMaster and Western Universities and the Ontario Agricultural College. The invitation was accepted and the preliminary debates were held on February 26th, 1926. Each of the nine competing colleges entered both an affirmative and negative team. The subject of debate was: "Resolved that a system of proportional representation should be adopted in Canada". The results of the preliminary series are tabulated below.

Group 1

Queen's at McGill.
McGill at Toronto.
Toronto at Queen's.
Won by Queen's.

Group 2

Ottawa at Loyola.
Loyola at Bishop's.
Bishop's at Ottawa.
Won by Loyola.

Group 3

Western at McMaster.
McMaster at O. A. C.
O. A. C. at Western.
Won by O. A. C.

The three winners formed a similar group and the final debates were held on Thursday, March 4th. The results will be clearly understood by reference to the following table.

O. A. C. negative won from Queen's affirmative.

Loyola affirmative won from Queen's negative.

Loyola negative won from O. A. C. affirmative.

Loyola thus won the championship, with Ontario Agricultural College second, and Queen's University third. The result is very satisfactory and hearty congratulations are due to the O. A. C. debaters and their hard-working spares. The affirmiative side was represented by W. B. Reynolds and D. A. Andrew with E. Wilkes as spare, and the negative by G. MacKinney and E. T. Goring, assisted by N. I. Clark. Professor G. H. Unwin acted as coach.

As this information may be of use

on future occasions it is thought advisable to include a copy of the regulations concerning judges and an explanation of the system used in determining winning teams.

Regulations Concerning Judges

1. In deciding a debate the judges shall award a definite number of points for delivery (maximum 50) and for matter (maximum 50).

The term matter shall be understood to include the logical presentation of the argument as well as the arguments themselves, and no regard shall be had for the merits of the case per se.

The term delivery shall be interpreted as true debating form.

2. During the debate the judges shall sit apart from one another.

3. Each judge at the conclusion of the contest without consultation with any other judge shall write on the enclosed card the name of the winning college, seal it in this envelope and then deliver it to the chairman, who shall open the envelopes in the sight of the debaters and announce publicly the decision.

4. The time allotted to each speaker is 20 minutes, the affirmative has a rebuttal of five minutes.

5. The three judges are appointed by the home team; they must not be connected in any way with either of the competing colleges.

There was considerable doubt in many minds as to the methods of arriving at the final decision. The individual debates are decided on a majority of the judges' votes. Thus, if two judges favour the affirmative, the affirmative wins the debate, no matter what the total points may be. It is only in the event of a tie that the total points are used to determine the winner. Such a tie occurred in Group I. and also in Group III. In the former all the affirmative teams won, thus leaving each college with one win and one loss; in Group III all the negative sides were victorious, creating the same dead-lock. In both cases the total points determined the winner. On the other hand there was no need to use points in the final group, since Loyola won two debates, O. A. C. one and Queen's none.

The student body generally and the Union Literary Society in particular, are to be congratulated on having taken this step. There were some who thought that an agricultural college could not hope to compete with the larger universities in this kind of work; the result has proved them wrong. This should be a great encouragement to all those who are interested in public speaking and debating, since it sets up a high ideal; to represent the college against the pick of Canadian universities is something of which any man may be proud. But it has an even larger significance, in that it will undoubtedly bring the O. A. C. itself into prominence and give it a prestige beyond the limits of the agricultural world. It is earnestly to be hoped, therefore, that the college will enter the league again next year, in fact, that this will become an annual event.

After The Junior Dance

Scene—Room 2—Mills Hall.

Time—12.00 P.M. Midnight, March 9th.

"Well how'd you make out?"

"Oh Boy! Simply fine! Say, that was the best party yet."

"Yeah! An' wasn't my girl looking great? Gee she's a fine kid!"

"She sure can talk! Say I had that rye-waltz with her, an' she said she was tired, an' so we sat in the corner behind the piano, an'—"

"So thats where you were? Look-a-here young fella! Next time you have a dance with my girl, just you keep away from those easy chairs. D'you hear!"

"Alright old top, don't get mad! But, say, did you have a dance with that little girl in the pink dress?"

"You mean the one with the gold shoes! You bet I did! I got her, in the slipper dance. Say that was some stunt. Did you see old—make a dive for a shoe? He should be playing rugby, that fella. He'd nab 'em every time. Did you have a dance with her?"

"No! I wanted to, but my programme was full, so I tried to find her during that moonlight tag, an' say, everytime I was tagged I'd look for her, an' d'you think I could find her. No sir! I'd think I saw her an' I'd shine the light on 'em, but I never happened to locate her. Had a good time though all the same."

"What d'you think of Old Tubby an' his toast to the ladies? Say, when he told 'em they were 'a necessary evil; and that they were only good for slinging hash, my partner jumped about a yard. I thought she was going to tear his eyes out."

"Gosh! did you see the president then. I thought he was going to die laughing, especially when Tubby repeated it. You should have"—

"Don't you fellows think its time to go to sleep? Its nearly one o'clock."

"All right dean, we'll be good. But say, how did you make out tonight? Pity you don't dance! Dave."

You young chaps think that dancing is the whole thing. Give me a quiet corner and a nice"—

"Dean! we will have to write your wife."

"Dave! you sly old dog."

"Ha! Ha! Well, the party went off in good shape boys."

"You bet it did, Dave! The old gang sure got together, an' had a peach of a time. Say! that stuff you pulled in your speech, about "Put" an' the American Continent sure was—, well, good night Dave. ————Gosh, I'm tired! But it sure was a great party."

Public Speaking Contest

The Public Speaking contest held Wednesday evening, March 10th, was the last meeting of the Union Literary Society this term and marked the close of a very successful year.

Miss Margaret Maunders, the winner of the contest, spoke on the subject, "The O. A. C. and the Rural Teacher." Mr. W. B. Reynolds, winning second place, took for his subject, "Agriculture and Transportation." Miss Molly Gordon speaking on "The Problem of Education in Rural Districts," was third. The Judges for the contest were,

Miss Margaret Reid, Prof. D. H. Jones, and Mr. J. Coke.

Miss Maunders presented the difficulties that confronted a rural school teacher and outlined the ways in which the O. A. C. helped her out. Through the aid of agricultural representatives, the extension department, and direct communication with the College, she said, the rural teacher could make the work more interesting and practical and of real use to the children. The teacher also helped the College, she pointed out, by introducing circulars into farm homes through the children and by interesting her pupils in work which later would lead many of them to come to the O. A. C.

Mr. W. B. Reynolds outlined the parallel development of civilization and commerce, and he showed that these first developed along the water fronts. This was true of Canada, and agriculture did not develop in the West till the railway was built. He declared that agriculture and transportation are basic industries of a country and that transportation has revolutionized agriculture throughout the world. He set up for a goal the co-operation of agriculture, manufacturing and transportation.

Miss Molly Gordon suggested two kinds of normal schools, one to train city teachers, the other to train rural teachers. In this way, teachers could be trained for the special teaching required in rural schools and could give a far better course to rural pupils. Consolidated schools, in connection with high schools would do much, she believed, to solve the education problem in Ontario.

Mr. Fisher, speaking on "The Place of Electricity on the Farm," showed how great a boon electricity could be to the farmer and to how small an extent it is being used now. He called attention to the conveniences and comforts it would allow on the farm and to the effect these would have on the whole life of the community.

Speaking on the subject, "If I Were a Freshman at the O. A. C.", Mr. W. A. Young showed how many mistakes could be avoided and a broader, more useful training obtained if a balanced judgment prevailed in the use of time and energy. Unfortunately the judges disqualified Mr. Young since his subject did not have an agricultural bearing.

Mr. R. J. Adams, presenting "Rural Beautification," showed what could be done for the beautification of the farm home especially with a suitable program to follow. If one man in a community improved his home, he said, it would not be long before the whole community would do likewise.

Mr. MacLeod, President of the Society, occupied the chair in his usual capable manner. A piano solo by Miss Isabelle Cook and a Quartette by Messrs. E. I. Thomas, F. E. Smith, M. Gordon and E. Misener were much appreciated.

While the Judges were making their decision, Prof. O. J. Stevenson presented the Governor-General's Medal to Art Stevens, '27. A dance—La Petite Coquette—by Miss Betty Cowan and a Vocal Solo by Miss Jean Taber completed the program.

Mr. Pim Passes By

Amateur dramatics are not always successful. We have all seen the good play travestied by a weak or careless cast. But worse still is to see good players trying to make something out of a poor play. Of the many difficulties which beset the amateur producer the choice of a play is the first. Shall it be an easy one with enough "action", or enough low comedy, to amuse the audience however badly it is produced—or shall it be a play which needs careful and delicate treatment if the subtleties of its humour and pathos are to cross the footlights?

This year our Dramatic Club, under the guidance of Mrs. McLean and the management of Mr. Pugh, has had the courage to produce plays worth seeing. On March 19th a very successful season was concluded with A. A. Milne's delightful comedy, "Mr. Pim Passes By." It is not an easy play and depends for its success on careful and sympathetic acting. It could have been made very unprofitable.

The scene is laid in a Buckinghamshire country house and the completness and effectiveness of the setting showed Mr. Le Maistre to be a stage manager of considerable resource. It is in this comfortable, old, conservative household that the mild and absent-minded old gentleman, Mr. Pim, causes so much trouble as he passes by. Only a little mistake in a name, but George Marden suddenly finds himself married to a woman whose first husband is still living. He loves his wife, and she loves him, and the resurrected husband is nothing but a waster—but then, "in the eyes of the Law, in the eyes of the Church, in the eyes of Heaven", not to mention the Country, they have been living in....living in....It is a horrid thought. He is an English gentleman and must do the right thing, which of course is the legal and conventional thing. But even to him it seems preposterous, and in the second scene we see the struggle going on in his unimaginative mind while his charming wife brings out the irony of the situation. We wonder what would have happened had not Mr. Pim turned up again and put things right by the story of the fishbone. We rather fancy that when it came to a show down George would have told the Law and the Church and the Country, as well as Jacob Telworthy to go to the devil. But he does not have to. Mr. Pim wanders back once more and all is well. It was not Telworthy but Polwittle—Ernest Polwittle—"I blame myself, I blame myself entirely."

From the time that Mr. Pim turned to the right to go down the hill until he toddled back for the last word in the play we laughed at his every appearance. Professor Unwin played the part of this diffident, absent-minded old gentleman with just that touch of mild geniality which made even George forgive him. It could not have been better done.

Miss Laura Pepper has a very pleasing and well modulated voice which added not a little to her portrayal of the charming and tactfully dominating Olivia Marden. She acted with remarkable ease and her handling of the unimaginative George must have been the envy of not a few wives. We do not often see these things so gracefully done—and all by kindness!

In striking contrast to the poise of her aunt is the romantic exuberance of Dinah. As she bounced in and out of the play, bewildering Mr. Pim, shock-

ing her uncle, or fascinating young Brian, Miss Marion Seldon was a very bright spot. Mr. Bob Thompson as the promising young artist with five and sixpence in the savings bank took a difficult part very well indeed. Miss Hucks was very amusing as the sporting Lady Marden (we should have liked to have seen her beagling) and Miss Hart was a very efficient maid.

Perhaps the burden of the acting fell on Mr. John Lang, and as usual he was more than equal to it. As the bewildered squire, torn between love of his wife and respect for the "proper thing" he was particularly convincing in the second act. He acts with the confidence born of care and understanding.

A good play, a good cast—and a good house; I may add, a grateful house.

PORTER'S PERSISTENT PLUGGERS

ATHLETICS

ODELL

Basketball

Intermediate Intercollegiate Basketball Champions, 1926.

From left to right:—Prof. A. W. Baker, coach; J. W. G. McEwan, J. E. Ridley, J. R. Currey, L. M. Schenck, captain; L. C. Young, R. Graham, G. E. Thompson, H. R. Potter; A. T. Rintoul, manager.

Yes, the O. A. C. are again Intermediate Intercollegiate Champions. With the loss of last year's defence, it was hardly thought possible to duplicate the performance again this year, but to our surprise there has been a better brand of basketball than ever before in the history of the college.

At the beginning of the season the team looked promising but after playing two league games, one of the regular defence players left. However three days later Osgoode were defeated at O. A. C. by one point. The new defence were in better shape for the next game in which Varsity II. were defeated in Toronto by ten points. The forwards were the best seen at the

college in many years and although the same as last year all showed marked improvement.

Besides winning the intercollegiate honours many exhibition games were played. The best brand of basketball was displayed in these games as the team was pushed to their utmost and had an opportunity of showing all they had in a fast short-passing game.

The O. A. C. was the first team to defeat Broadview Y. M. C. A. Seniors and probable Dominion Champions, also the Hamilton Y. M. C. A. and Stratford Moguls.

For the first time, the O. A. C. had an opportunity of meeting a senior intercollegiate team when they met Queens, winners of the Senior Intercollegiate Championship, in a fast game resulting in a win for the locals.

To Prof. Baker, who coached the team is due a large amount of the credit. The college can supply the material but without our coach the results would be much different. He gave his time unsparingly and besides coached the Guelph Collegiate team.

The condition of the team was exceptional and was largely responsible for the many victories as the most of the scoring was done in the second half and the majority of the games were played without substitution.

For the college team, Schenck, Ridley, McEwan, Thompson and Young the five regulars, starred. Of these men, Schenck and McEwan will be lost to the college by graduation this spring. Schenck was the capable captain of this year's team, and McEwan its star centre man. Both men will be sorely missed on next years team, but with subs. such as Potter, Graham and Currey coming along, the college should again be represented by a strong team next season.

Baseball

The Indoor Baseball team were not successful in winning their group this season, meeting with many tough breaks in Toronto and lost 3 games out of 5 to Senior Dents, the only other team with which they were grouped.

The first game was played in Toronto in the Hart House gym, Dents winning 6-3. The College team were very much at sea on the big floor and were crippled with the loss of George Thompson behind the bat as he was playing basketball that night. Eric Blaney took on the catching duties and made a very good fist of it, considering it was his first game in this position.

The next two games were played in the College gym and were both won by O. A. C., the scores being 8-3 and 17-4. The second game was such a walk-away for the Aggies that a win in Toronto looked easy for them. However Dents trotted out a reconstructed team and trimmed them 6-5 in a very tight game. This necessitated another game which was played the same afternoon, Dents again winning by the score 9-5 and thus winning the group honours.

Prof. Squirrel again coached the team this year and as most of the boys will be back next year better results are to be hoped for.

The team: "Bill." Watson, Capt., 1b; "Art." Wilson p.; George Thompson, c.; Fred Richardson, 2b.; "Ed." Hall, 3b.; "Pat." Scollie, s.s.; Bruce Medd, s.s.; Eric Blaney, r. f.; "Dick." Graham, l.f. and 1b.; "Al." Cox, l.f.; "Jamie" Jamieson, l.f.

Indoor Track Meet

The Indoor Meet was held on March 15th and although no new records were made there was a large list of entries

and close competition was the order of the day. Roy Pugh, '26, was the big point winner of the day amassing a total of 33 points, but as he had won the championship in previous years it was awarded to "Andy" Jamieson of year '28, who won 24 points. The Year Championship went to '28 with 59 points, '27 came second with 44 points, '26 was third with 43 and '29 followed with 7 points.

George Thompson '27 cleaned up the sprints winning the 15 yard dash, the 60 yard potato race and 440 yard potato race, and also annexed the Shot Put. Roy Pugh was an easy winner in the Jumps, taking first place in the Standing and Running High Jump, the Standing Broad, the Fence Vault, the Standing Hop, Step and Jump and the Hitch and Kick. Jamieson won the Rope Climb and Rope Vault, came second in the Fence Vault, Putting the Shot, Standing Snap Jump, Standing Hop, Step and Jump and third in the Pole Vault and Three Standing Jumps. Chinning the Bar was won by Lindsay, '27, with M. Hart, '27, second and Robinson, '28 third. The Pole Vault was won by Shorty McEwan with Mitchell, '28 second. Sam Thicke, '28, won the High Dive with Sandy McGregor, '29 second and "Skike" Lewis, '26 third. Wright, '28, won the Three Standing Jumps. The Interyear Relay was won by '27, with '28 second and '26 third.

The College Street Car

I have flapped in swallow tails,
I've attended Conversats;
I've demolished beer by pails,
I've worn feathers in my hats;
But the best of college pleasures,
That have brought a hearty thrill,
Is to see the old Guelph street car
Come over College hill.

I have taken Janes to shows,
And K—ssh—walked back up the hill;
I have mussed their Sunday clothes,
Swallowed rouge till I was ill;
But no date can have the splendor,
However far you go,
As seeing that old rattling car
Come ploughing through the snow.

I have rooted for our winners,
I have snored through many a class;
I have eaten chicken dinners,
And have learned the buck to pass;
But there's one unique sensation,
I cannot express in rhyme,
It is missing that d—d street car
When it's travelled up on time.

Same to You, Moses

Moses (meeting Woodrow Wilson on the Golden Streets)—Well, Woody, I understand your countrymen rejected your Fourteen Points."

"Don't chide me, Mose. They're certainly playing havoc with your Ten."—Alligator.

Spring's Challenge

What do we feel in the air these days? That mysterious scent in the breeze, the stirring of the branches, the noise of the rivulet running over the pebbles, the old familiar" Caw Caw" that comes to us upon awakening. Yes, without a doubt it is the feeling of Spring.

Soon the fairy artists will be touching up old mother earth with their gay and joyous colours that betoken the arrival of our welcome visitor.

The spell has been broken, the chains of winter are cast aside and the rapturous thrill of freedom sweeps through all living things.

Renewed spirit comes to both young and old and even the annual dose of sulphur and molasses refuses to take the joy out of little Tommy's life as he thinks of those shining trout just waiting to be caught in the "ol swimmin' " hole.

As the tiny bud pushes its way up through the damp darkness to the warm sunshine so our thoughts, dreams and aspirations reach out to unknown realms as the phantom of Spring lures us onwards.

Life opens up before us with all its opportunities. We, who are on the threshold, just in the Spring of Life as it were, enter it with hope and vivacity, and our senses aglow with anticipation and the pure joy of being alive.

The college students are inspired with the incentive for greater activity. The wide field of service which is open to us takes up the challenge of Spring and urges each and all to put forth every effort to "play up and play the game." L. E. H.

The Quarantine

Often have you heard about "March coming like a lion or a lamb" or however it may come. We can look for good weather before long if the way March came in at Mac Hall has anything to do with it, for it was on the 1st of March that our notorious case of scarlet fever broke out. In five minutes the whole Hall was a-buzz. We heard many rumours of what was to happen to us, and by night our poor minds were in such a muddle.

"Would we all be quarantined for six weeks? If so there would be no Easter Holidays."

"Oh no, surely not that."

"Then maybe we would all be sent home in the morning for six weeks."

"No, that would be too much of a good thing, and besides we would have

to make it up in the summer. It will be so hot in July—.''

Eventually we wisely decided to let nature take its course, or as one might say assume a policy of ''**laissez-faire.**''

The doctor came up in the evening and all those who were, and also those, judging from the fuss they made, who were not willing were inoculated. The next morning the Institute was buzzing with people dashing around, showing off their arms. The prize, we think was carried off by a certain black haired **Homemaker.** The inoculation seemed to have a bad effect on some. Any one who was suffering from headache, sore throat, or anything else was quarantined to her room to patiently wait for a rash. In case none came they decided that it was slow in showing up and left her there for another few days, for safety's sake.

By noon on Tuesday all the **contaminated** were put down their own corridor and told to stay there. Spectators were requested not to tease these **specimens** as they were dangerous.

And oh how we pitied them! Poor girls, fifteen of them! Just imagine how awful it would be! No music, no dancing, no caf, no movies, no walks. no nothing! It was soon rumoured that they would be provided with notes on the day's lectures, so that they would not even have the consolation of a holiday.

By the next day, however, our opinions began to change. They had the **common-room** piano, a phonograph, the one good sewing machine and the opportunity of sleeping in every morning. They went for long walks every day while we attended lectures. Everyone was so kind. Mrs. Fuller, Miss Cruikshank, Miss McKeil and Miss Cottel all did their best—and it wasn't fair. The **quarantines** had everything and a holiday into the bargain while we were kept up here but allowed out to attend lectures.

However, its all over now. It was bad enough, and we sincerely hope that nothing worse develops before the end of the year.

The Mendelssohn Choir

The Mendelssohn Choir was founded in 1894 by Dr. A. S. Vogt in Toronto and since that time has had twenty-nine successful seasons, of famous programmes under different conductors. Possibly the reason that the Choir has become so popular is that one is always certain of hearing the very best choral and instrumental music produced anywhere. It was due to this fact, that Dr. Stevenson so kindly organized a plan, whereby the music lovers of Mac Hall and the O. A. C. were enabled to attend the concert.

A large number of the students took advantage of this opportunity and assembled at ''The Hut,'' at one o'clock Saturday afternoon, where they waited patiently, in the piercing March winds for half an hour. Finally after a great deal of shunting about the three radials were ready for passengers. During the journey to Toronto, the cares of the college students were quite forgotten, as the members of the company enjoyed themselves by singing college songs. Toronto was reached about three-thirty o'clock, and about five hours were left for shopping, sight-seeing or the theatre.

The main feature of the journey began at eight-fifteen o'clock in Massey

Hall. After being piloted up two flights of seemingly endless stairs the students found themselves ushered to their place on the second balcony.

The opening number of the programme was, "Rejoice and Give Welcome," taken from one of the choral cantatas of Bach's great work of the early eighteenth century. This number was very successful, in that it aroused the interest of the audience and created the right atmosphere for the remaining part of the evening's programme. The "Song of the Three Rhine Maidens" by Wagner was sung by the ladies in a very thrilling manner, aided by the splendid assistance of the orchestra. The men's chorus "The Broken Melody," written by Sibelius of Finland was very fittingly rendered by the well trained choir.

Fraser Gange, the special baritone soloist of the evening, won his audience completely in the heroic and comic roles of his songs. Especially in the "Leporello's Song" by Mozart did he sway the feelings of his audience, even though he was singing in the Italian dialect. He had a wonderful ease of manner and in one of his most difficult numbers when accompanied by the full orchestra, he could be distinctly heard.

But the crowning event of the evening was when the orchestra played, "Daphnis et Chloe," by Ravel, a French composer. Everybody was charmed by the glory and beauty of this great work of art. This piece characterizes Ravel's work by its beautiful detail, its harmony, rhythm and extraordinary liberty of invention. While this number was being played, a tense hush fell over the audience, which showed their total respect for what was most sublime. When this spell was over the applause given by the audience could not be silenced, even though Mr. Reiner, the conductor, came back to the platform several times acknowledging the ovation. The work of the orchestra was so greatly appreciated however, that, after the rendering of the overture, "Tannhauser", written by Wagner, Mr. Reiner graciously responded, by an encore. This was, "Out of a Silence", Rathbone's beautiful choral prelude, in which the delicate orchestration, especially the plucked strings, will be remembered.

The Finale, "Meistersinger", by Wagner, overwhelmed both the chorus and the orchestra with new laurels and the unique rendering of the "National Anthem", was truly inspiring.

The gigantic success of the evening was largely due to Dr. H. A. Fricker and Mr. Fritz Reiner. Dr. Fricker is a very energetic musical director of the 286 members of the Mendelssohn Choir. It was he who shouldered the greatest responsibility of the concert. On the other hand Mr. Reiner is a tremendous worker and he and his 104 members of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra work together with a vim that is bound to bring success.

After the famous Concert the students, after a weary journey by street car and radial, reached Guelph in the wee small hours of the morning, each saying, not "The end of a perfect day", but, "The end of a Perfect Concert."

By A. M. T.

The Homemakers Dinner Dance

One of the most enjoyable affairs of the season was a Dinner Dance arranged by the Homemakers at the Cafeteria on Thursday Evening, March the eleventh.

The tables were arranged in the shape

of an H, with bowls of daffodils and pussy willows, and gay little favories. Soft candle light and floating baloons added a charming air to the scene.

During the course of the evening novelties were introduced and all too soon the evening was danced away to delight ful music.

SCARLET FEVER

By A. I. J.

Ten long days of blissful rest,
None of the men to be a pest;
No parties to go to or lessons to learn,
Not a bit of the least concern,
When you're quarantined.

Fifteen girls at a table so quaint,
Making you feel, like you know you ain't;
No porridge in the morning or coffee so cold,
No hard bread either, the same we are told
When you're quarantined.

We get the best that there is in store,
We get the goodies and then some more;
The rest of you seem to have had a scare,
You sometimes glance at the north end stair,
When we're quarantined.

The ten long days have slipped around,
To a show or a dance we'll soon be bound;
And although we had the nicest time,
It surely is a bit of a crime,
When you're quarantined.

He—"I wish I could revise the alphabet."

She—"Why, what would you do?

He—"I'd put U and I closer together"

First Tramp—"I hear you were arrested."

Second Ditto—"Yeah, fer fragrancy."

I dreamt that I died and to Heaven did go,
And where I had come from they wanted to know;
When I said Mac Hall, how St. Peter did stare;
"Come right in," he said,
"You're the first one from there."

Have you heard about the girl who was so dumb she thought General Electric was a soldier?

Teacher—"And do you know what the little mouse does."

Johnny (disgustedly)—"Naw!"

Teacher—"That's right."

The following clipping taken from the Globe of March 1st:

BOY BADLY BURNED DIES AT HOSPITAL

Standing Before Fire After Taking Bath, Nightdress Became Ignited

Woodstock, Feb. 28.—Jack Mackenzie, the 8-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mackenzie, was the victim of a tragic burning fatality last night, passing away in the Woodstock General Hospital early this morning as the result of terrible burns.

The little fellow had just had a bath, and came downstairs in his nightdress to stand before the fire. As he stood in front of the blaze, a flame set fire to the nightdress, which was of flannelette and in an instant it was a mass of flames. It was almost completely burned from his body before the flames could be extinguished. He was rushed to the hospital, but passed away at 3 o'clock this morning.

C. F. Mackenzie was a graduate of class '19 and is at present with the Dominion Live Stock Branch.

The Review extends sincere sympathy to him and family in this unusually sad bereavement.

We are pleased to have the following letter:

207 Fall Creek Drive, Ithaca, N. Y.,

March 13th, 1926.

Alumni Editor O. A. C. Review,
Guelph, Ontario.

There is an old college song that attempts to characterize a number of the most prominent among the Universities of this country, and of which I recall only two lines, "Johns Hopkins for your medicine, Cornell to learn to row". I had come to think of Cornell University as perched on the very banks of "the fair Cayuga's waters", in such a way that water sports were almost the one thing they didn't have anything else but; and it was something of a shock to me to have to readjust myself to the facts as they are, when I first had the opportunity to observe them in prose last October. Cornell is on a hill, sure enough, and sure enough, parts of the campus overlook Lake Cayuga, but separated from that water by an interval of about a mile (horizontal) and 500 feet or more (vertical). The devoted student, who attempts to cover all his assignments, is not likely, in the course of so much of the academic year as I have observed, to find himself even

once standing on the shore. It may be that the lake will have its part to play before the year ends in June, but in anycase, it has forever lost in my picture of the place that intimate association with student activities it used to claim. The graduate student, at least, can safely come to Cornell with the expectation of being permitted to do other things than "learn to row".

Speaking of hills, we used to think O. A. C. was situated on rising ground, but when Ezra Cornell "founded an institution", as he called it, he chose about the highest thing in New York State that will tolerate being called a hill. The city of Ithaca, a place about the same size as Guelph, lies spread out on the level ground below, in full view from the crest of the Heights, but the relation of heights to flats is similar to that to be seen in cities like Hamilton, Ontario, and the Upper and Lower Cities of Quebec. This condition makes for delightful scenery and romantic walks, but reacts less favorably on the shins and calves of pedestrians and on the gear shifts of the motor traffic.

Whatever inadequacies the University may present as a specialized rowing school, it yet possesses a number of departments in which it maintains as strong a line of courses as can be found in any institution in the United States or Canada. Two of these are those in which my own work is being carried on, Rural Education and Plant Breeding. My friends asure me that the same may be said of Floriculture, Entomology, Plant Pathology, Plant Physiology, and Farm Management. The names of White, Comstock, Massey, Whetzel, Warren and Boyle will be familiar to many, and suggest the kind of scholarship that may be found in their respective departments.

It seems to me that Guelph is fairly well represented among graduate students in Cornell. So far as my acquaintance extends, there are Hinman, Munro, Pridham, Hervey, McCallan, Huckett, and myself, besides Mrs. Welch ("Kate" Graham), who is not a registered student. Incidentally, Munro, who is J. A. Munro, from Slate River Ontario, tells me that he leaves next week to assume a new position as State Entomologist for North Dakota.

An institution at Cornell to which I feel the attention of any who may be led to come here ought to be directed is the Eight-o'clock. Certain lectures begin at that interesting hour, and they are sought or shunned according as the student is practising forming good habits or is trusting to get more for less. On the whole I find much more work is required of me here than ever was at Guelph; but whether the difference is due to a change of locus—Guelph to Cornell—or to a change of status—undergraduate to graduate, I have not been able to determine: I haven't had time! I fear I have been letting my studies interfere with my education. And I was warned about that, years ago!

Yours sincerely,
Rundall M. Lewis, '21.

Nelson Howe, associate '26, who is farming at Paisley, Ont., and Wilfred Schneller, associate, '26, who is farming at Baden, Ont., spent a few days with friends at the College the first week in March.

Campbell Raikes, associate '26, who is specializing in poultry, bees and police dogs, near Barrie, Ont., spent the week end February 26th to March 1st, at the College and acted as Judge at the Inter Year Rifle Competition on Saturday, February 27th.

Leslie Lord, associate '15, 33 Park End St., Oxford, England.

W. G. Garlick, '22, Vineland Station, Ont.

GRADUATES AND ASSOCIATES

I wish to thank those readers of the Review who have rendered such valuable assistance in the revision of the Graduate and Associate lists.

I am listing below another list of those Graduates and Associates of whom we can find no trace. Any further assistance will be much appreciated.

In most cases letters have been returned from the addresses given.

A. M. PORTER, Registrar

Year **Graduates**

1905—Baker, R. G. Last heard of in South America.
1915—Boddy, R. A. Was teaching High School.
1891—Buchanan, D. San Diego, Cal.
1905—Bustamante, D. Argentine Republic.
1922—Carr, C. L. Somewhere in Detroit.
1910—Clancey, R. H. Oatfield, Man.
1911—Coglan, M. F.
1915—Cory, A.
1909—Diaz, G. Argentine Republic.
1913—Diaz, R. Argentine Republic.
1893—Eaton, L. W. Was in Duluth, Minn.
1903—Eftyhithes, B. M.
1913—Ellis, G. C.
1904—Hamilton, W. Argentine Republic.
1915—Harris, A. G. Oak Harbour, Washington, U.S.A.
1915—Holmes, H. M. Raymond, Alta.
1916—Hogan, E. Was with Dept. of Agr. in B.C.
1921—Jukes, R. Was taking graduate work in Ohio.
1913—Keegan, H. L. Somewhere in Ireland.
1903—La Pierre, L. A.
1900—Linklater, W.
1900—McCarthy, D. J. Portsmouth, Ont.
1892—Newcomen, W. F.
1907—Prittie, F. H.
1911—Ross, W. H.
1920—Scouten, W. Was in B.C.
1904—Thom, C. C. Union Milk Co., Calgary, Alta.
1921—Wadsworth, J. W. Lambeth, Ont.

Associates

1880—Anderson, J. North Cape, Wis.
1880—Austin, Arm. 1 Sheep Creek, B.C. 2 England.
1912—Angle, W. B. 1 New Liskeard, Ont. 2 Forks Roads.
1915—Agar, J. C. Edmonton, Alta.
1886—Brown, C. Roscoe. 1 Saskatoon, Sask. 2 Norwood.
1892—Brown, B. C. Frontenac Co.
1899—Brokowski, A. J. Battleford, Sask.
1905—Ballantyne, P. M. 1 Lacombe, Alta. 2 Scotland.
1896—Bell, T. C. Cataract, Ont.
1913—Bradshaw, B. C. Binkerville, Va., U.S.A.
1914—Booker, A. N. 1 Somewhere in California. 2 Aylmer (retired).
1877—Campbell, J. A. 1 Simcoe. 2 Galt.
1878—Crompton, E. England (?)
1879—Clinton, H. J. Was in Windsor.
1880—Chapman, R. R. 1 Portsmouth, Eng. 2 Plymouth, Eng.
1890—Campbell, C. S. 1 Kensal, N. Dakota. 2 Brantford.
1892—Carlaw, W. Northumberland Co.
1896—Cunningham, J. Simcoe Co.
1903—Crane, R. M. 1 183 Panet St., Montreal. 2 Memphis Term.
1903—Craig, J. 1 Glasgow, Scotland. 2 Lawrence S. to R.

1903—Cleal, J. E. Dayton, Ohio.
1907—Campbell, J. A. Winnipeg, Man.
1907—Cooper, H. S. Toronto.
1907—Cunningham, G. C. 1 Fredericton, N.B. 2 Oil Springs.
1910—Curtis, J. C. 1 Virden, Man. 2 Kelowna, B.C. 3 England.
1878—Davies, C. I. Pembroke, Wales.
1881—Dickenson, S. C. 1 Chickney, Sask. 2 England.
1882—Dawson, J. J. Oxford Co.
1887—Donald, J. C. 1 Vancouver, B. C. 2 N. S.
1895—Dunn, E. Plover's Mills.
1882—Elsworthy, R. H. 1 Buff Bay, Jamaica. 2 Norwich.
1887—Ewing, W. 1 Sault Ste. Marie. 2 Mulmuir.
1904—Elderkin, J. B. North Olmstead, Ohio, U.S.A.
1909—Ewing, A. A. Englehart.
1879—Fyfe, A. 1 Richard's Landing. 2 care J. R. Brockville.
1890—Fairbairn, O. G. Toronto.
1910—Falconer, J. M. New Zealand.
1910—Fraser, W. J. Revelstoke, B.C.
1913—Francis, T. E. Richmond, Va.
1914—Foot, J. L. 1 Simcoe. 2 Long Ford Mills.
1878—Graham, D L. 1 Hastings Co. 2 Drocourt.
1879—Grieg, G. H. 1 Winnipeg, Man. 2 Toronto.
1911—Gerow, H. B. Guelph, Ont.
1922—Gray, G. M. 1 Marine City, Mich. 2 Listowel.
1888—Harrison, R. S. Stirton, Lincoln, Eng.
1900—Harris, G. S. Toronto.
1896—Hutton, H. 1 Crookston, Minn, U.S.A. 2 Toledo, Ont. 3 Stanley, Ont.
1901—Horton, D. H. North Pelham, Ont.
1912—Hallowes, W. E. Newton, Dorset, Eng.
1904—Halliday, C. Pakenham.
1905—Harkness, J. C. Little Rock, Arkansas, U.S.A.
1910—Hefler, F. L. 1 St. Catharines. Ont. 2 Exeter.
1914—Hunter, R. Englehart, Ont.
1906—Jewson, J. E. Stone Quarry, Ont. 2 Haileybury.
1879—Jopling, W. Owosso, Mich. 2 Avonbank.
1893—Kipp, A. Chilliwack, B. C.
1898—Kennedy, W. J. Vernon, Ont.
1908—King, J. H. New Brunswick.
1908—Knoff, A. E. Montreal.
1908—Knauss, H. L. Detroit.
1880—Lomas, J. W. Yorkville, Ont.
1874—Laird, J. G. Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
1908—Lewis, J. M. 1 Dayton, Wash., U.S.A. 2 Knoxville, Ill.
1909—Lawson, J. D. Scotland.
1910 Lord, S. A. Jamaica, B.W.I.
1916—Lambert, C. B. Edmonton, Alta.
1882—Mahoney, E. C. Croyden, Eng.
1886—Macpherson, A. Montreal, P.Q.
1897—Macdonald, J. C. Lucknow, Ont.
1904—Macdonald, C. M. Victoria, B.C.
1904—Marshall, C. A. Westbrook, Ont.
1921—Mills, A. T. Peterboro, Ont.
1922—Marshall, O. E. 1 Anchorage, Ky., U.S.A. 2 Ancaster.
1903—Murray, R. S. Toronto.
1893—McMordie, R. Spokane, Wash., U.S.A. 2 Kippen, Ont.
1897—McKinley, Dr. W. W. Seely's Bay, Ont.
1907—McKenzie, D. Vancouver, B.C.
1909—McAleer, H. A.
1910—McLennan, C. M. 1 Raymond, Alta., Lethbridge. 2 Chicago.
1914—McClymont, A. C. Wabash, Ont.
1906—Nag-Tany, B. R. Cheadle, Alta.
1877 O'Beirne, A. C. Galt, Ont.
1883—Perry, D. E. Ottawa, Ont.
1884—Powys, B. C. Southern, Sask.

1886—Power, R. H. Barrie, Ont.
1895—Payne, G. Y. Peterborough, Ont.
1903—Panelo, F. Argentine Republic.
1905—Porter, E. H. Nova Scotia.
1908—Petrie, C. M. Hamilton, Ont.
1910—Powell, F. T. S. Ireland.
1914—Puleston, V. C.
1879—Randall, J. R. Trail, B. C. 2 Newmarket.
1879—Robertson, J. Montreal, Que. 2 Beamsville, Ont.
1881—Robins, W. P. 1 Newton, Ind., U.S.A. 2 Meaford, Ont.
1883—Robertson, W. 1 Port Huron, Mich. 2 Wanstead.
1889—Randall, W. Whitechurch.
1897—Robertson, T. H. 1 Regina, Sask. 2 Kingston.
1899—Reid, R. H. Reaboro, Ont.
1901—Russell, J. M. 1 Straits Settlements. 2 Freeman.
1908—Robertson, C. L. Mexico.
1910—Renwick, F. W. 1 London, Ont. 2 Romney.
1911—Reid, H. 1 London, Eng. 2 Scotland.
1912—Ryan, L. K. V. Grimsby, Ont.
1913—Robertson, J. A. Toronto.
1916—Richards, T. C. Somewhere in West.
1878—Stewart, W. Hornby, Ont.
1882—Stover, W. J. Pasadena, Cal., U.S.A. 2 Norwich, Ont.
1884—Steers, K. O. Ottawa, Ont.
1887—Scougham, J. G. Toronto, Ont.
1891—Spencer, W. A. Salmon Point, B. C.
1893—Stewart, J. Edmonton, Alta.
1876—Stoddart, R. C. 1 Clearwater, Man. 2 England.
1901—Sutherland, A. T. 1 Savona, B. C. 2 Stratford, Ont.
1902—Smith, R. S. 1 Tisdale, Sask. 2 Toronto, Ont.
1902—Stauffer, G. A. 1 Lacombe, Alta. 2 Ringwood.
1912—Stock, M. G. 1 Summerland, B. C. 2 Toronto.
1912—Spalteholz, G. W. 1 Vancouver, B.C. 2 Coquittam.
1912—Standish, E. A. Belleville, Ont.
1914—Sauerbrei, M. Toronto, Ont.
1915—Saxton, C. W. Grovesend, Ont.
1916—Stevenson, H. E. Orangeville, Ont.
1920—Smith, G. D C. Scotland.
1883—Torrance, W. J. Cleveland, Ohio.
1884—Tucker, H. E. Toronto, Ont.
1885—Thompson, W. D. Guelph, Ont.
1895—Tye, C. W. Youngstown, Alta.
1898—Taylor, G. R. Harley, Ont.
1905—Thompson, W. J. 1 Calgary, Alta. 2 Carleton Place.
1894—Vipond, J. M. 1 Haileybury, Ont. 2 Donegal.
1899—Vanatter, P. O. Ballinafad, Ont
1879—Wells, C. Denver, Col. 2 Oshawa.
1878—Warren, J. D. Brechin, Ont.
1879—White, G. P. Clarksburg, Ont.
1884—Wroughton, T. A. Bangalore, India.
1888—Willans, N. Midnafore, Alta.
1888—Willans, T. B.—Iroquois, Ont.
1891—Wilkin, F. A. Calgary, Alta. R.
1906—Weaver, J. B. Westfield, N. Y. U.S.A.
1907—Walker, F. H. Terra Nova, Ont.
1908—Whetham, C. A. Kirkwall, Ont

R. F. Halsey, '16, Walmint Farm, Montgomery, N.Y.

Walter T. Ziegler, '22, White Motors. Toronto.

H. C. Wilson, '22, Sociedade, Biblica, Lisbon, Portugal.

Norm Jackson, associate of '27, visited the college lately. He is farming near London.

Prof.—"Where is Dench to-day?"
Class—"He went to see the doctor."
Prof.—"Well, where is Hunter?"
Class—"He went down to see the nurse."

As I stood on the bridge at midnight
A beaver was damning the river;
A man with a broken radius rod
Was doing the same to his fliver.

Mr. Grigg tells us that spring is approaching. He evidently bases his assurance on the fact that several Mac Hall girls are taking to boyish bobs again.

(Overheard in Toronto) "Why do those fellows from the O. A. C. refer to their cafeteria as "the caf."

"Oh I guess because it belongs to a Cow College.

Speaking of the Hort. Department Bananas says that the fear of God and the fear of man (?) are akin.

Problem

What difference does it make to Prof. Toole whether he is judging live-stock or hockey games?

Ans.—Two Dollars.

Abie is reported to have defined a cynic as "what my mudder washes the dishes in."

Teacher in New York grammar school.

"What is a stoic?"

No answer.

"Does not anybody know?"

Then Abie spoke up.

"A stoic is a bird what brings the babies."

T. "Abie, let's be friends."
A. "Yes, let's."
T. "Let's be friends to the end."
A. "Yes, to the end."
T. "To the end."
A. "To the end."
And they shook.
T. "Abie, lend me $5."
A. "That's the end."

GHOSTS OF WORDSWORTH
Guelph, 1926

Milton! thou shouldst be present at noon-hour in O. A. C. dining hall, which is a pen of clapping youngsters: shouts. applause and then, Big-hearted Willie dashes through the doors and ducks and sprints amid the din and roar. He, blushing, gains his place, expands his chest: "I'm sure a popular boy amongst the rest." Puppets of applause! its getting far too thick. Old Milt, thinkest thou they get an awful "Kick" of inward happiness? We were grown up men, oh! raise us up, we must be born again; and give us manners,—take away applause, and teach the freshmen not to clap their paws. Then, the lowliest duties on thyself will lay. By Jack Johnson '28.

More Sweets, Less Sentiment

Father (looking over bills)—Hello! Five dollars for a box of candy that boy of ours sent to his sweetheart. Good heavens, Jane, how things have changed since we were young. To set a girl's heart a-flutter in those days all a young fellow had to do was to hand her a lozenge with "I love you" stamped upon it.

Charleston Mad

Hey, Hey,
Hee, Hee,
Charleston
Worries me.
Fascinates,
Shakes my feet;
Aggravates,
Can't be beat.

Heel out,
Toe in,
Turn around,
Start again,
Twist that knee,
Slip and glide,
Scuff that foot,
Kick and slide.

Out home,
Here, there;
In town
Everywhere.
Watch 'em strut,
See 'em step;
Gran and dad,
Get that pep.

Help! Help!
Hold me.
Stop! Stop!
Scold me.
You see I've
Got it bad—
'Nuther one's
Charleston Mad!

—Byrne Macfadden.

UNPARALLELED EXTRAVAGANCE NOATISS

Inn vue of the fackth at one ov our lords ov th' Houss ov Smells has kald 2 the attenshun of a group ov stoodints beaing administered with kwantitativ kemmystery th' advizability ov "sea-cure-ing" **a noble tome** intitled L. E. Mentry Kwantitativ Kemerkill Nalissis, perpertooted by Lincoln and Walton, i, the undersined, has boaively determined to tare assunder the bonds which fur menny years has bound me to a certain quantity of the root of all evil and becum the proud possesser of one moar wurk. Enny buddy havin' no use for one ov the——things pleeze cumoonicate with

Your loving sun,
MYER LYNSKY, P.P.

Lawyer—"The evidence shows that you threw a stone at this man.

Accused—"Sure, and the looks of the man show more than that. They show that I hit him."

Blocking His Lead

Sponger—"I say, old man, lend me your ear a moment, will you?"

Smart—"Take both of them and then I won't be able to hear you ask for anything else."

Cause for Thanks

"Thank heaven our youngster is no infant prodigy."

"Why thank heaven?"

"It would give our sneering neighbors a chance to wonder out loud where he got his brains."

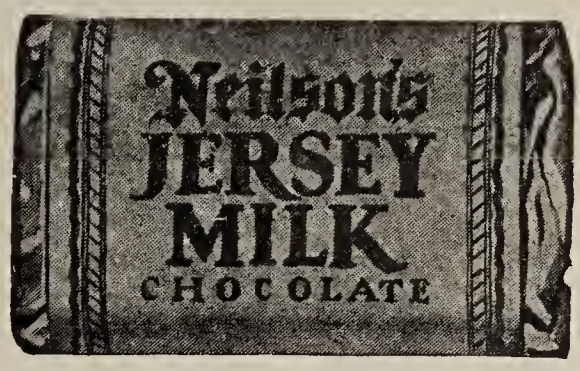
Will Some Savant Oblige?

Science has determined the freezing point of almost everything except the feminine knee.—St. John Times-Star.

Neilson's

Makers of - "The Chocolates That Are Different"

Do you like lovely milk chocolate? Then the Jersey Milk Bar was just made for you.



Do you like delicious milk chocolate, with tasty roasted filberts added? Then there is just one bar for you—Neilson's Jersey Nut Milk.

Waste of Energy

"Have you heard the latest? Mrs. Fisher walks in her sleep."

"How perfectly absurd . . , when they have three cars!"—Passing Show.

Her Diagnosis

A flighty young gentleman who had spent the evening at a little stage party, went home to find his wife still waiting up for him.

"Where have you been?" asked the lady frigidly.

"As a mater of fact, my dear," said the culprit glibly. "I've been having a long business chat with Bill Baker."

"H'm," said the wife significantly, "and I suppose that is baking powder on your shoulder?"

The Height of Consciousness

A Philadelphia man called up a bird store the other day and said:

"Send me 30,000 cockroaches at once."

"What in heaven's name do you want with 30,000 cockroaches?"

"Well," replied the householder, "I am moving to-day and my lease says I must leave the premises here in exactly the same condition in which I found them."—The Thrift Magazine.

Our Missionary Labors

The Americanization of Europe goes merrily forward. A Spanish bull-fighter has been hit on the head by a pop bottle thrown by a spectator.—Life.

High School Boards and Boards of Education

Are Authorized by Law to Establish

INDUSTRIAL, TECHNICAL

and

ART SCHOOLS

WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION

Day and Evening Classes may be conducted in accordance with the regulations issued by the Department of Education.

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.

Chilean Nitrate of Soda

The Fertilizer that furnishes Nitrogen

In the Immediately Available Nitrate Form

"WAITED THIRTY YEARS FOR TREES TO BEAR—NITRATE GAVE RESULTS"

is the title of a new publication containing press reports on the merits of Nitrate of Soda. Among other publications, which may be obtained free, on request, are:

The Chilean Nitrate Industry
Chilean Nitrate of Soda—Some Results from its Use
Fertilizers in the Orchards
Nitrate Note Book—A Handy Reference Book
Nitrate of Soda for the Home Garden
List of Dealers in Chilean Nitrate of Soda

Chilean Nitrate Committee

(Dominion Delegate: B. Leslie Emslie
Member of the C.S.T.A.)
Reford Building, Toronto.

Wanted two young men of good physiques and prepared for hard work to learn beekeeping industry. Season extends from May 1st till October 15th. Apply Foster & Holtermann, Brantford, Ontario.

A gilded scion of the aristocracy who had engaged a box for a musical comedy, was startled to find, on opening the door, that the apartment was already tenanted by a fat and vulgar person. "I say," said the rightful owner loftily, "I think there's some jolly mistake here. This is my box—first tier, you know." "Well," said the other with a baleful glare, "I was first 'Ere, wasn't I?"

A Real and Easy Test of Cream Separator Efficiency - *Try it!*

PUT a De Laval side-by-side with any other separator of approximate capacity. Mix 20 gallons of milk thoroughly and let it stay at normal room temperature of 70°. Run half through each machine. Wash the bowl and tinware of each in its own skim-milk. Then run the De Laval skim-milk through the other machine and vice versa. Weigh and test for butter-fat the cream each machine gets from the other's skim-milk.

When you do this you will know beyond question of doubt that the De Laval skims cleaner, is easier to turn and is more profitable to own.

Above are the results of such a test between a De Laval and another new separator. Note that the other machine left *25 times more* butter-fat in the skim-milk than the De Laval did.

The new De Laval is the best separator made in 48 years of De Laval manufacture and leadership. It has the wonderful "floating bowl"—the greatest separator improvement in 25 years. It is *guaranteed* to skim cleaner. It also runs easier and lasts longer.

See Your De Laval Agent

SEE and TRY the New De Laval
TRADE in your old Separator

CLIP HERE

THE DE LAVAL COMPANY, LTD. Dept. C-60
Montreal Peterborough Winnipeg Vancouver

Send catalog checked—Milker ☐ Separator ☐

Name_____

Town_____ R.D._____

Prov._____ No. Cows_____

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ONE of the safest ways of carrying money when travelling is by means of Travellers' Cheques.

They are as good as cash in almost any part of the world and have the distinct advantage of protecting your money against loss. They are self-identifying and can be cashed only by the original purchaser.

Travellers' Cheques in your pocket are equivalent to ready money.

The Royal Bank of Canada

G444

GUELPH BRANCH—R. L. Torrance, Manager.

So with repartee. A French King, seeing at court a man said much to resemble him, blurted out, "You are very like our family; is it possible that your mother was much at court?" "No, sire," said the man, "but my father was."

William IV. was once very rude to Provost Goodall. Pointing to Goodall, he said to Keate, "When he goes, I'll make you him." "I couldn't think of going before your Majesty," said the Provost with a low bow.

Second the Motion

A small boy in the visitors' gallery was watching the proceedings of the Senate Chamber.

"Father, who is that gentleman?" he asked, pointing to the chaplain.

"That, my son, is the chaplain," replied his father.

"Does he pray for the Senators?" asked the boy.

"No, my son; when he goes in he looks around and sees the Senators sitting there, and then he prays for the country."

EXIT
The "Greasy Spoon"

The "greasy spoon" restaurant represents a type of cleanliness that is unprofitable, that is not sweet smelling, and that is unpleasant and greasy to the touch—a so-called cleanliness that is not clean.

Such unsatisfactory conditions are now being replaced with the sweet smelling, greaseless, truly clean cleanliness which results from using

Wyandotte
Dairyman's
Cleaner and Cleanser

INDIAN IN CIRCLE

IN EVERY PACKAGE

Surfaces washed with Wyandotte are not only clean to the eye but to the touch as well. Restaurant operators, dairymen and creamerymen, and business men of all kinds, find that Wyandotte cleans clean at a reasonable cost.

WYANDOTTE CLEANS CLEAN

The J. B. Ford Co. Sole Mnfrs. Wyandotte, Mich.

Window Cards, Posters
Programmes and Tickets

OUR CONCERT AND ENTERTAINMENT PRINTING IS EXECUTED IN A MANNER THAT GETS RESULTS. IT COSTS NO MORE BUT WHERE DISPLAYED COMMANDS ATTENTION.

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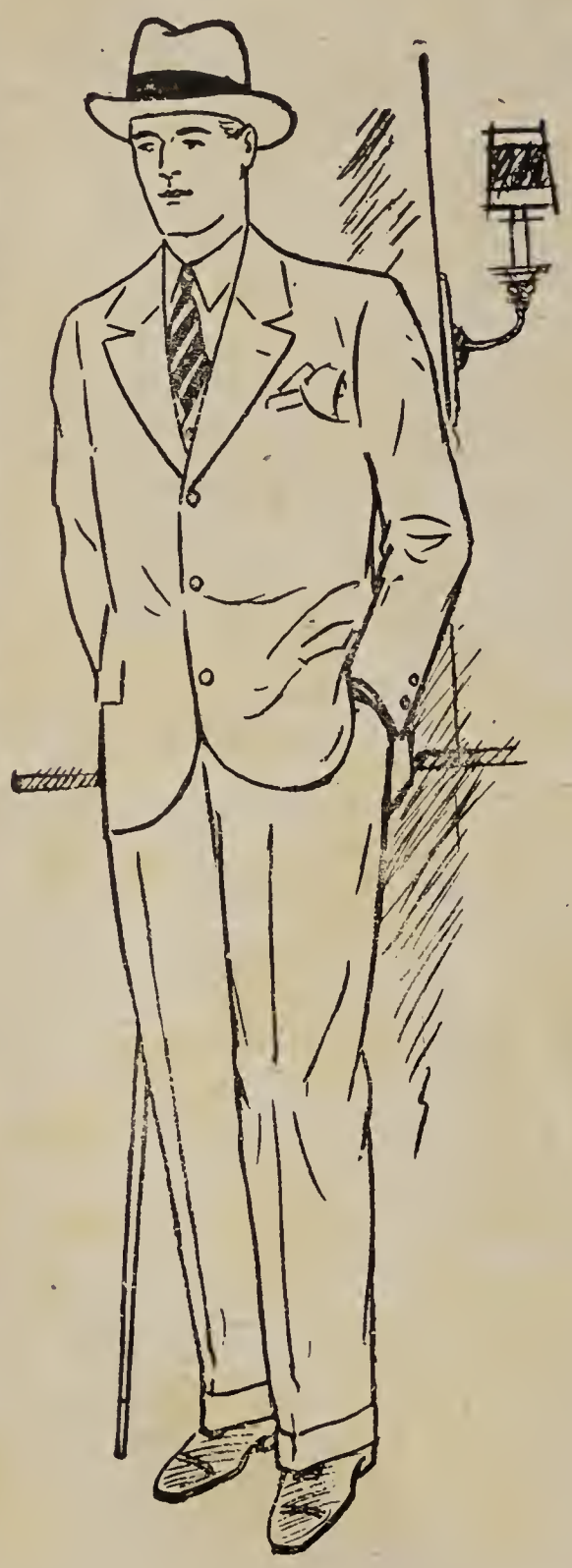
APPEARANCE



Dignified, clean-cut appearance and good clothes go hand in hand. Clothes must fit well, stand up well, and possess distinction of style if they are to blend with a man's personality.

Such clothes do not necessarily cost a lot of money—they will not either—if you make a wise selection.

At our Main Store, Guelph's Leading Men's Store, and at our Branch Store, you will find the famous

Society Brand

Known all over the continent for exclusive styling and high grade tailoring.

TOPCOATS
$22.50 to $34.50

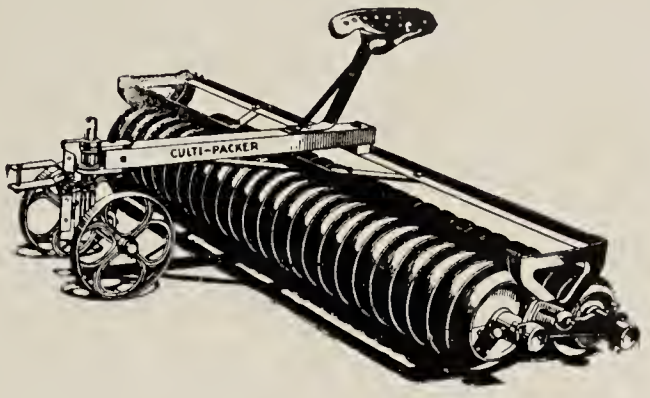
SUITS
$27.50 to $39.50

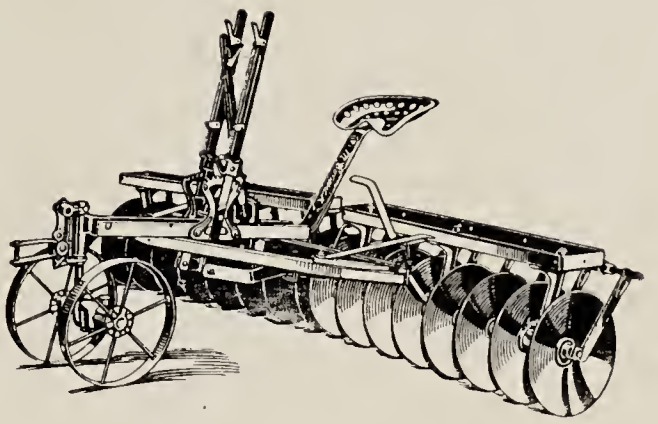
D. E. Macdonald & Bros., Limited

Guelph's Leading and Largest Store Lower Wyndham St.

Men's Branch Store, Upper Wyndham St.

When Our Ancestors Harrowed with a Pile of Brush— Very Little Profit was Taken from the Soil





Just take a look around your neighborhood and notice carefully the progress that has been made possible largely through the help of good farm equipment. Conditions are not ideal, of course, but everybody is making a living and enjoying life to an extent undreamed of not so many years ago.

Yes, things are better, and the McCormick-Deering agent sells the tools that will carry progress still further. For instance, there is the Dunham Culti-Packer and the McCormick-Deering line of disk harrows (both horse-drawn and tractor types,) spring-tooth harrows, field cultivators, scufflers, and peg-tooth harrows. Each one of these tools meets a special tillage need. Each one is of old-reliable McCormick-Deering quality.

If you are anxious to increase your farm earning power make it a point to see these tools.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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HAMILTON CANADA

WESTERN BRANCHES — BRANDON, WINNIPEG, MAN., CALGARY, EDMONTON, LETHBRIDGE, ALTA., ESTEVAN, N BATTLEFORD, REGINA, SASKATOON, YORKTON, SASK.

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