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Pleasure is the beginning and ending of every Buckingham, a mild, cool and mellow cigarette.

Smoke Buckingham — and Smile
The O. A. E. Review


Editorial

In Lighter Vein

"Milton, thou should'st be living at this hour. The Review hath need of thee."

There are many collections of statistics which tell the earnest searcher after truth, the thousand and one things that people do; but we have not yet discovered any statistician who is willing to exert his mathematical abilities to the extent of proving conclusively just how many people really read editorials.

We have, therefore, after some careful research work, involving the questioning of numerous students, and the accumulation of almost unlimited data, arrived at the devastating conclusion that the editorial peroration is read by approximately 0.2% of the student body: hastily glanced at by about 3%, and completely ignored by the balance of 96.8%.

We are endeavouring to discover the enlightened student (.2%) who has come to realize that beneath the seeming insanity of the Editor's verbosity, there lies a wealth of editorial intelligence. It has been suggested, though by one knowing little of the ways of the editors, that the .2% of earnest student consists of the worthy editor himself. Not so, we shall divulge a secret!
Rarely is the editor himself responsible for the effervescence found on the page next to the frontispiece; he has minions, serfs and slaves, who under his unyielding and autocratic administration, write at learned length upon subjects of local, national and international moment.

One cynic has been known to cast aspersions upon the ability of that demi-god, the Editor, to discuss anything intelligently!

This savours of "lesé majesté", but we are willing to overlook this outrageous statement, provided that the said cynic comes forward and relieves us of next month's painful but apparently necessary duty.

We hasten to assure him that flowers in Spring would never be more welcome,.............and behold, another "editorial" is completed and again we wonder who will read it?

Commentary

The visit of His Excellency the Governor General of Canada to the College was an event long to be remembered.

The livestock parade was particularly successful, and the organizers of the show deserve every congratulation.

The O.A.C. contingent of the Canadian Officers' Training Corps acquitted themselves nobly by forming a Guard of Honour for the distinguished visitor. His Excellency expressed his approval of the corps in no uncertain terms.

In response to continued pleas for a College Life Section of more interest to the Student body, we are presenting this month a more or less humorous section. We hope it will meet with general approval: but it cannot possibly take the place of the late "Oacis."

Congratulations to the soccer teams on the series of successes they have met with. It seems that the constant and un-tiring efforts of Prof. Blackwood have not been in vain. Soccer has now a permanent place in the athletic endeavour of the O.A.C.
O.A.C. Men Who Have Become College Presidents

No. 1. Dr. Andrew M. Soule, Georgia State College

Dr. Andrew M. Soule, B.S.A., Sc.D.; F.R.S.A.; LL.D.; D. Agr. Dr. Honoris Causa, conferred by C. U. of Chile, President of the Georgia State College of Agriculture, and the Mechanic Arts, was born near Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, July 8th, 1872. He was prepared for College in the primary and secondary schools at Niagara Falls, Canada. He received an associate diploma from the Ontario Agricultural College in 1892, and graduated from the University of Toronto in 1893 with the degree of B. S. A.

In 1894, he accepted a position with the Missouri Experiment Station as assistant to the Director. In the fall of 1894, he was appointed assistant Professor of Agriculture in the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, and assistant agriculturist of the Texas Experiment Station. He served in this capacity until the fall of 1899 when he was called to the University of Tennessee as Professor of Agriculture, Chairman of the faculty of Agriculture, and Director of the Tennessee Experiment Station. In 1904, he was elected Dean of the College of Agriculture and Director of the Experiment Station at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. In 1907, Dr. Soule became President of the Georgia State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, which position he still holds. From 1917 to 1919, he was Federal Food Administrator for Georgia, and chairman of Zone 5, consisting of the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Alabama.

The degrees of Sc.D.; LL.D.; D. Agr. were conferred upon Dr. Sproule by the University of Georgia in the years 1911, 1913 and 1927 respectively. The honorary degree of Dr. Honoris Causa conferred by C. U. of Chile in 1930 for his distinguished service in the field of education and research. He was chosen a fellow of the Royal Society of Arts in London, England, in 1915. He has travelled extensively in the United States, Canada, South America and Europe.
He is Ex-President of the American Association of Farmers' Institute Workers; Ex-Vice-President and President of the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations; Ex-President of the Association of Southern Agricultural Workers; a member of the Association for the Advancement of Science; Ex-President of the Southern Appalachian Conference; a member of the American Genetic Association, the National Geographic Society, the American Economics Association, the Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science, and many other state and public service organizations. He was a member of the Jury of Awards of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition held in St. Louis. He served as a member of the Arkansas Educational Survey in the spring of 1922. He was appointed
official delegate from the United States to the Second American Congress of Economic Expansion and Commercial Instruction, and the World Cotton Congress, held in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in October, 1922. He is a charter member and President of the local Chapter of the Phi Kappa Phi honor Society. He is also a member of the Alpha Zeta honor fraternity, the Alpha Gamma Rho social fraternity, and the Aghon and Sphinx Clubs. He is an honorary member of Rotary and an elder of the Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Soule was selected by the Governor of Georgia to represent the State on the Southeastern Economic Council. The Saddle and Sirloin Club of Chicago recently honored him by instructing that his portrait be hung among those of the one hundred and fifty other notable men of the world whose portraits grace their great salon. It may truthfully be stated that Dr. Soule has participated more actively in transforming the objective thinking of the people of Georgia than any other man now living. In doing so he has won national and international recognition for the splendid contribution he has made to the social, moral, economic and spiritual outlook and development of the people of the state he has so long and effectively served, as well as the nation as a whole.

Dr. Soule is the author of several hundred papers, bulletins, and monographs on economic subjects. He has delivered numerous addresses and lectures before business, scientific and educational organizations in all parts of the country. He has been intimately associated with teaching, research, and extension enterprises of great magnitude for many years. He participated very actively in the agitation which led to the expansion of the work of the State Colleges of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts through federal appropriations known as the 2nd Morrill Act; the Nelson Act; the Adams Act for the furtherance of research work; the Smith-Lever Act, and Acts supplementary thereto for the endowment of extension teaching through the placing of men and women agents in Agriculture and Home Economics in every county in each state; the Smith-Hughes Act for the promotion of instruction in vocational subjects as they pertain to agriculture, home economics, and the trades and industries; the Purnell Act for the further endowment of research work; and the proposed measure now before the Congress in the United States for the organization of engineering experiments in every state of the Union.
Dr. Soule has thus been identified with every great educational movement originating in the United States in the last thirty-seven years. He is responsible for the inauguration of co-education in Georgia and the furtherance of a great variety of educational activities and projects in that state which have resulted in the complete transformation of many of its fundamental interests.

The Georgia State College of Agriculture was organized and developed under his direction. It now offers twelve major degree courses, has a teaching, research, and extension staff of 350 persons, and a plant which is valued at $1,800,000.00, towards the completion of which the state has only contributed $165,000.00. Many distinctive activities have been developed by this institution, such as highly specialized courses in Health and Physical Education, Child Development and Parental Training, Nutrition and Dietetics, Applied Arts, and Electrical Applications to the Home and Farm. Under Dr. Soule's leadership a definite plan of state-wide diversification that has brought about a high degree of economic freedom to Georgia farmers has been set up, and livestock, dairy, poultry, nut, truck, fruit, and forestry production program inaugurated.

The College has more than 1,050 active, living alumni, and has offered formal instruction to more than 35,000 individuals since its establishment in 1907. The State of Georgia is the campus of the institution which intimately touches the lives of more than 600,000 citizens of the state each year through its service work. Dr. Soule has always actively participated in the formation and support of all organizations calculated to advance the public welfare, and has achieved considerable distinction as a thinker and writer along economic lines.
The Relief of Lianguo-Chuang  
--A Bitter Experience

by E. S. Stephenson, '35

In the winter of 1928 North China was the scene of civil strife and general chaos. Complete destruction of both ancient and modern lines of communication and travel brought about destitution to the once fair province of Chilli.

Lianguo-Chuang, on the eastern edge of Hsi Ling, the Great Western Hill, was the farthest flung outpost Christianity maintained in North Central China Proper. It was at Lianguo-Chuang, "Two Cities"—or as we might say in modern manner, "Twin Cities," that Father Meheir, an Alsatian priest, and seven brothers of his order, were stationed, summer and winter, year in and year out.

The fame of Father Meheir had spread far and wide over Northern Asia, from Vladivostock to Omsk, and south as far as Tai-Yuan-Fu. He was a "good man" in any language as the saying goes, "Ta-Lau-Hsing," "Big old Heart," was the name the Chinese used when referring to this kindly man.

It was December, cold cheerless "Gobi winter." There was little snow, no ice; it had been a very dry summer; and so little water. Thirsty, tired, and half frozen, numb with fatigue and exposure, our little party marched through the bleak lonely country to the relief of the besieged mission.

We were equipped for fast travel. "Hard-tack" rations, one machine gun and six rifles, automatics, and a few grenades were all we carried. Eleven men in all. Sixteen days' march from Peiping. Seemingly a funny attempt on the part of the whites to maintain order in the vast reaches of wild Chilli.

We all had our own troubles of course, immediate and otherwise. There were blisters, sores and sleepless nights to contend with. Cold, thirst, and disease were our companions; for we marched through a stricken countryside where Death had passed, where Pestilence was lingering, and where starvation
glared, with wizened face and sunken eyes, at every living being. However, these things were not uppermost in our minds. Swashbuckling soldiers though we were—the pick of a "hard-boiled" crew, chosen for this particular gruelling test because of our boasted toughness—we thought of Father Meheir, surrounded by teeming thousands of war-crazed Chinese, and we cursed. Cursed the tedious rock-strewn road, sunken deep into the plain by thousands of years of traffic. Cursed the "Chinks," the weather, each other and ourselves, if we stumbled on the march.

Sixteen days out. Seventeen. Eighteen days of weary marching.

On the morning of the nineteenth day, we arrived in the neighbourhood of besieged Lianguo-Chuang. Scouts were sent out and we proceeded with gradually intensified caution.

It was noon when we stood before the smouldering ruins of the mission—grey noon with sand-freighted winds howling around the blackened timbers of the ruin before us. Wearily we searched the ruined compound—sick at heart, cursing our clumsy slowness, too late for the relief of Lianguo-Chuang! too late!

It was nearly night when we found them. The headless, tortured body of Father Meheir—crucified upon the charred beams of his own door-jamb—the mangled, twisted, mutilated bodies of the seven brothers, "criss-crossed" about his feet; their robes still smouldering.

Too late!

Tough, hard-boiled, Godless men wept that night. Some cursed, some tried to pray, and grieved over the pitiful sack of broken bones, all that was left of "Ta-Lao-Hsing." With heavy hearts and weary minds we cleared a space and buried him there. Another sacrifice to the gold lust of our merchantmen, Father Meheir, the comforter of the weary wanderers of the wasteland was laid to rest amid the ruins of his own mission.

Bitterly we began the return to Peiping—

Bitterly the winter wind howled out of the Gobi—

Another bitter experience.
We were stranded on the island of Cayman Brac. The tramp steamer from which my father and I had landed from the island of Grand Cayman ten days before, had evidently picked up a cargo for some other port, and had left us to our fate.

My father was angry, blasphemously so, for the hurricane season was now well advanced, and there was little or no inter-island shipping. To make matters worse, the September Grand Court, at which my father officiated as magistrate, commenced September 12th, and it was now the evening of September 7th. It was more than likely that we would be literally marooned on Cayman Brac for at least a month.

About 9 o'clock that evening, however, the wireless office reported a message from the nearby island of Little Cayman, the smallest of the group. A belated turtling schooner had put in for water, and would wait till next day for us. My father made arrangements with a fisherman who owned a motor-boat, to take us to Little Cayman, in the morning; soon after we retired for the night.

At 4 a.m. we were aroused by the island's only constable, an ex-West India Regiment Corporal, who helped us pack our effects and stow them in the boat. After a hurried breakfast at the schoolmaster's, we embarked and were soon chug-chugging our way at about seven knots, over an absolutely flat calm sea; setting our course by the Little Cayman lighthouse which winked and glowed in the southwest.

It was now after 5 a.m., and the eastern sky was lighting up, betokening dawn. The waxing moon had already set, but the morning star, herald of dawn, still glowed in a fathomless steel-grey sky. Below it, and slowly dimming its glory, crept up streaks of light, first pink, then rose, and finally as up sailed the sun, golden. There were no clouds, only a suggestion of a haze around the horizon, but as the morning wore on, and we neared our destination, the haziness thickened and
spread, and the intensity of the sun's glare was noticeably softened.

We landed at Little Cayman at about 10.30, having continued along the shore almost to the southernmost point of the island. We piled our baggage on the beach and settled with the fisherman, who immediately set about his return, as he did not like the looks of the weather. My father went off with the schoolmaster and various other island dignitaries with whom he had official business, and I was left to the mercies of the schoolmaster's wife, a pleasant faced coloured woman. This good lady conducted me to her house, a square, white-washed, thatched roof building, where a most excellent dinner of halved rockfish, sweet potatoes, cassava calves and pumbrin fritters awaited me.

My father, the captain of the schooner, and the schoolmaster joined us after a while. The captain was very worried, for the barometer had fallen, alarmingly during the day, and there were other indications of imminent bad weather. By this time the whole sky was shrouded with a hazy mist, unmistakable, but undescribable, through which the sun's rays barely filtered. The phenomenon was accentuated by the sea having taken on a sullen leaden hue; and a restless oily swell had begun to creep into the bay. The schooner, a staunch, seaworthy thirty-five tonner, stood at anchor a quarter of a mile from the shore, with all sails set. There was a valuable cargo of green turtle on board, which the captain was more than anxious to get to the safety of the Grand Cayman turtle crawls. In addition to this, there was no bad-weather haven nearer than Grand Cayman, some 90 miles away. Even with these very good reasons why he should make a start, the captain was hesitant, for it was certain that we were in for a dirty night.

After dinner, however, the captain decided that he would sail, and about 1.30 we got under way. There was not a breath of air moving, and the schooner merely rolled in the swell, drifting slowly to the south, her sails flapping at every roll. At 5 p.m. we were still under the lee of the land, but by this time the sky was so threatening, that sail had been shortened, and supplemented with storm sails. A grey ghostly twilight had taken the place of the day, and away to the north and northeast ominous black clouds were forming, intermittent flashes of lightning rendering them the more black and threatening.
Fitful gusts of wind now caused the sails to belly out and the schooner to gather way; now coming from a different quarter caused the schooner to roll and the sails to flap and crack thunderously. Nature was marshalling her cohorts for a battle of the elements.

When the first violence of the hurricane struck, everything had been snugly fitted and stowed away. The schooner’s single boat had been made fast with double lashings, and hatches were battened down and covered with tarpaulins. The mate, a gigantic mulatto with a herculean tow and the face of a gorilla, had lashed himself to the wheel in readiness for the tussle to come. We drifted clear of the land and were standing to the southwest when the gusts of wind suddenly ceased. An unearthly calm, save for the distant muttering of the thunder, prevaded air, land and water. Suddenly the captain shouted and pointed to the northeast. The men jumped to the rigging to cut away sail. A long line of foam could be seen in the distance, and as it rapidly neared, a low rushing sound that was at first barely audible, gradually strengthened, till with a rush and a roar, the full violence of the hurricane was upon us.

I clutched the afterrail, and braced myself for the shock, and thereafter lost all sense of time and place for half a minute in a vortex of spray and rain. When I recovered my faculties, the schooner had keeled over till the water roared through the lee scuppers, as she scudded before the storm. All around the sea was whipped and churned into foam by the awful driving force of the wind. Visibility had ceased to be. The thunder roared and the lightning flashed across the heavens from zenith to horizon, veining the utter blackness of the howling night. The sails that the men had not had time to cut loose were torn into shreds, but still we ran before the wind at a great speed.

After the first terrific violence of the hurricane the wind abated somewhat, and the sea, which had hitherto been beaten down by the force of the wind, now heaped up into mountainous walls of water.

Towering waves rose under the schooner’s stern, tossing her sky high, and then passing on, letting her down with sickening plank-wrenching suddenness into the trough of the sea, where maelstroms of wind tossed tons of water into dancing columns, which fell feet deep on our decks. With decks awash, and often
literally submerged in the roaring swirling water, the schooner would rise to the crest of a wave, seemingly shake herself, and plunge down again. As I peered into the chaos of mad water astern I saw colossal waves rear themselves out of the black smoother, and with incredible speed catch the schooner, hurl her forward, and disappear into the watery inferno ahead. Each time that we rose to the crest of a wave, I had a glimpse, as the lightning spat across the world, of a storm tossed sea. The roar of thunder mingled with the howl of the wind and the crash of tumbling seas to form a mighty crescendo of sound. Tremendous billows reared themselves seemingly to drench the fiery lightning, and deep hollows formed, reaching to the very maw of the ocean. Each time that we plunged down into the dark abysses, I drew a deep breath, expecting it to be my last.

It seems that we wallowed thus under the fury of the hurricane for interminable ages before the wind began to abate and the sea to go down. Gradually, however, the centre of the hurricane passed on to the south. The thunder died away in the distance, and flashes of lightning became less and less frequent, so that soon there were only the merest flickers to be seen in the southwest. The waves were still enormous, but they rose and fell in orderly fashion, no longer surling and foaming under the violence of the wind. Soon the crew were able to bend sails in place of those lost. The mate was relieved at the wheel, and we changed our course from running dead before the wind.

At 2 bells, 1 a.m., though the sea was still running high, the wind had fallen to a mere eight knot breeze, and at 8 bells, 4 a.m., we picked up the light at Gun Bay, Grand Cayman, dead to the north. We ran down another six knots, then tacked in till we fetched Rum Bay, tacked again, and ran into the harbour at 2 bells, 9 a.m. We had come through the worst storm in the experience of the captain with no loss of life and little damage beyond the loss of the sails.
THE New Administration Building was formally opened on October 22nd by His Excellency, the Governor General of Canada. The ceremony was performed in the presence of a large number of students and visitors, including many prominent men in the agricultural and educational life of the Province.

His Excellency was accompanied by Premier Henry, and his secretary, A. P. Lascelles.

Dr. G. I. Christie and Hon. T. L. Kennedy, Provincial Minister of Agriculture, welcomed His Excellency, and the proceedings opened with an inspection of the O.A.C., C.O.T.C. Guard of Honour, and the unfurling of the Union Jack.

The next item was the spectacular parade of livestock, this consisting of approximately one hundred animals, each one led by a student, colorfully garbed in a college sweater.
LEAVING MEMORIAL HALL

Dr. G. I. Christie  Lord Bessborough
A short speech was then made by Dr. Christie, welcoming the visitors to the College, and Premier Henry was called upon to introduce the Guest of Honour.

Replying to Dr. Christie Premier Henry regretted the passing of Johnson Hall, but realized that the New Building was a step forward, not only in the history of the College, but in the history of Ontario agriculture. He then called upon Lord Bessborough to formally open the building.

In declaring the building open Lord Bessborough remarked that he had heard on good authority that the Ontario Agricultural College was one of the foremost agricultural colleges in the British Empire. He stated that he had been looking forward to this visit to the College, and was now fully prepared to believe the flattering remarks he had heard about it. He ended by saying that he would long remember this visit as a most enjoyable experience.

Dr. Christie then invited all the visitors to Creelman Hall, where an excellent turkey dinner was in waiting.

Before leaving His Excellency the Governor General placed a wreath in the Memorial Chapel.
"THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT"

The O. A. C. Philharmonic Society is planning an ambitious programme for the pleasure of its patrons this season. An effort has been made to return to a former plan of presentations which included a comedy (such as Milne's "Dover Road" or Barrie's "Admirable Crichton"), a longer play of a more serious nature (as "Wings Over Europe") in the fall; and in the spring a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. Oliver Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" or the "Mistakes of a Night" is one of the most amusing of the older English comedies. "I know of no comedy for many years that has so much exhilarated an audience; that has answered so much the great aim of comedy—making an audience merry," said Sir Samuel Johnson. The play will be performed in genuine old-fashioned costume complete with wigs, laces and ruffles. For those who appreciate music, there is a tavern scene in the first act which we understand that selections from "The Beggar's Opera" are to be introduced.

A second production is already in preparation. Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan" is a chronicle of French life in the 15th century comprising eight scenes which vary in interest from the battlefield to the cathedral.

The final number on the programme is a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, which will probably be "H. M. S. Pinafore" or probably "The Yeomen of the Guard," "Iolanthe" or "Ruddigore." Dancing will be a feature of this show which will involve a caste of about fifty singers chosen largely from the ranks of the Glee Club.

No one should miss this opportunity of seeing good plays well presented.

THE JAZZ HOUND

"It may be possible to do without dancing entirely. Instances have been known of young people passing many, many months successively without being at any ball of any description, and no material
injury accrue either to body or mind; but when a beginning is made—when the felicities of rapid motion have once been, though slightly, felt—it must be a very heavy set that does not ask for more."—

Jane Austen. Emma.

THE ARTIST AND THE MODEL

The following is the second of a series of discussions which are intended to guide the aesthete to an appreciation of the fine arts. Before it is possible to pass intelligent judgement on any picture it is necessary to distinguish between a work of art and a mere mechanical reproduction. It is no criticism of a painting or sculpture to say it is like or not like nature. What matters; does it move you? In other words; has it significance? If art were merely reproducing in useless copies what nature produces in reality, it would in fact be—as Plato saw—immoral; in the real sense of the word, and we should be bound with him ‘to steal ourselves to fulfil its abolition.’

All great art distorts nature for its own high purpose. Can we go farther and say that no relation to nature is needed and that any resemblance to natural objects is ‘pure form’?

Is completely unrepresentative art possible?

In music everyone grants this. ‘All art aspires after the condition of music,’ says Walter Pater. There is no theoretical reason why cubism should not be good art, there is no reason why it should. In fact, futurist compositions mostly leave us cold; as do the ingenious ‘trick poems’ of American theorisers. The aim of the true artist, then, would seem to be to share with us some mental impulse which has excited him, rather than to copy an object of natural beauty.

Art is the key to a universe of deeper mentality than the one we see with our everyday lives. ‘Man is a compound of beast and God’ says the master of them that know. Man’s senses serve the useful primary purpose of distinguishing what is helpful to his body from what is harmful. But ‘man is wondrously compacted’ and his senses are able also to reveal something very different—a spiritual meaning which is no use at all; and yet of all value.
DUTY SPEAKERS OWE TO PUBLIC AUDIENCES

"Frequently we have pointed out defects of pronunciation and grammatical construction in public speakers. It has seemed to many persons, and particularly to those criticized, that our objections have been captious, ill-natured and even impertinent. The roll of censor is not congenial to us, nor are we aware that we have for it any special qualifications. But, like other censors, we have strong feelings in the matter. We group public speakers and public entertainers in the dictum that it is an insult to their audiences when they come to their work unprepared or ill-informed. They are being paid for what they do. They may receive cash or publicity, or are permitted to gratify some hidden urge for self-expression. In any event the ordinary public speaker or entertainer is the admitted beneficiary of his contact with the public. He has therefore an obligation to the public which too often he ignores.

A Speaker's Obligations

This obligation is first to tell the truth about the matter which he is expected to discuss. The second is to tell it in the best way it is possible for him. That is to say it should be said clearly and forcibly, and the clearer it is the more forcible it ought to be. If this is not possible, then the speech is a failure, for it is dishonest. Perhaps we should put as the first condition that the speaker knows what he is talking about, and should be accepted as an authority, on a subject—and why should any acknowledged non-authority be invited to waste our time in rhetoric?—imposes obligations that are absolute. It is a matter of courtesy to his audience. If he cannot extend this courtesy, he should refuse the invitation. Unhappily the desire to talk or write seems to override what we regard as ordinary principles of honesty.

Be Prepared

So we think that a man who is invited to make a speech or is paid for making a speech ought to prepare the speech. He ought to work over the speech. He ought to know before he stands up whether he is to use a word which he does not know how to pronounce. He ought never to use a word of whose pronunciation he is uncertain. There are books. If he is in doubt about a word he should eschew it and try it on his wife. In fact he ought to be right. If he is not sure he is right he should decline the invitation to make an ass of himself. He should not permit his vanity to betray him. He should not take it for granted that because he is a smart fellow he knows where the accent
falls, and whether a vowel is long or short upon such words as economic, squalor, desuetude, address, irrevocable, sacrilegious, and above all, Mc.Aree.——

**We Are All Miserable Sinners**

We do as much reading as most people and more writing than nine out of ten. We assume, with a good deal of impudence, to correct other people's pronunciation or use of words; but we confess that in reading a newspaper or a novel we lay it down half a dozen times to look up a dictionary—the Concise Oxford by preference—to learn or recall the precise meaning of a word and its ancient derivations. Yet nobody makes more grievous errors in the use of words.—-

**To Say a Few Words**

There are some speakers who can be called upon at any convivial time to say a few words and who say them gracefully and well. It is a gift. We envy it. So should any person in public life. We permit in any person called upon toward the end of the program to say a few words a good deal of latitude, matched as a rule by the lassitude of the listeners. We are strict about people who are invited to speak and given the opportunity of reviewing what they wish to say. It is an insult to an audience for a man who has accepted a formal invitation to rise and ramble, taking an odd glance at some blurred notes, remarking that he had no time to prepare an address, but that instead of an address he would just present an ordinary commonsense talk. It is at this point that the part of his audience claiming commonsense should walk out. The speaker is in the position of somebody invited to a dinner who appeared in his bare feet.'

* The above article by Mr. J. V. McAree appeared in the Mail and Empire on October 6th, and is reprinted by permission.

**UNION LITERARY SOCIETY**

On Tuesday evening, October 15th, the first meeting of the Union Literary Society was held in Memorial Hall. This meeting was in the form of a debate between the Freshmen and Sophomores on the subject: "Resolved that this house approves of British Empire Free Trade." The affirmative was upheld by the Freshmen team composed of W. G. Tolton and C. G. Wilson, while the negative team was composed of C. McKinnon and J. Hancock. Messrs. E. C. MacLean, T. Goring and G. Collins, the judges awarded the decision to the Sophomores.
Prizes and medals were presented to the various winners, namely: Fowler Scholarship to H. M. Taylor; George Chapman Scholarship and Governor-General Medal to R. E. Heal, and Year '05 Scholarship to G. A. McNeil.

The girls of Macdonald Hall gave two very pleasing numbers. The Misses Aletta Smith and Marguerite Kenny rendered a piano duet, which was very much appreciated by the audience. The Misses Jean Stevenson and Grace Shuttleworth presented a dance novelty which was very much enjoyed.

It is the aim of the Literary Society to hold the inter-year debates this term. There is also the possibility that a concert in conjunction with the Philharmonic Society may be presented.

AGRONOMY
G. Hosie, Editor.

SEEDS AT THE "ROYAL"

With the coming of the month of November, comes the realization that the Royal Winter Fair is, once more, here in all its splendour and glory. And what does the "Royal" mean to the agronomist?

It means, simply this, that at this fair one is given the opportunity of estimating the status of Canada's farm produce. There one can see the most elaborate grain and seed display that can be found anywhere in Canada. It is a period when the skill and talent of the Dominion is in competition for major honours in showmanship.

There is an opportunity at the Royal for the grower of practically every farm crop to show his skill in growing and preparing for exhibits, his special crop. A glance through the official Catalogue and Programme for the Royal Winter Fair will give one a pretty fair idea of the class of grain best suited to his section of the country.

Let us first glance through the Winter Wheat class. We see that the majority of the prize-money goes down into South-Western Ontario. This is in strong comparison with Durum Wheat; in which class the prize-money goes, almost exclusively to the Manitoba and Saskatchewan grower. Spring wheat is the popular class, coming almost one hundred percent from the three prairie Provinces.

The classes in Oats give the Ontario farmer another opportunity of
showing his superiority in the production and showmanship; although there are some excellent exhibits sent in from the West.

In the last few years the farmers of Ontario and Quebec have considerably lessened their acreage of barley, until now the demand is about twice the supply.

As a special feature, to encourage the growth of more barley of malting grade, the brewing industry of Ontario and Quebec have offered a gold medal and one thousand dollars in prizes for the best exhibit of 6-rowed barley grown in Ontario, and shown at the Royal Winter Fair. Barley judged for suitability for malting rather than for seed or feed has the following points stressed, in order of importance:—soundness, plumpness, and uniformity of kernel, freedom from weed seeds and inert matter.

In addition to the open classes there are several classes of Wheat Oats and Barley approved for registration. These are always popular classes, and the Ontario farmers carry a large percentage of the prizes. There are also classes of Wheat, Oats and Barley in sheaves, which gives the exhibitor an opportunity of displaying the quality and type of straw as well as that of grain.

Classes of grain in sacks, not mentioned before, include 2-rowed Barley, Fall Rye, Spring Rye, Buckwheat, Field Peas, (large and small), Field Beans, Flax and a few special varieties of wheat including Marquis group, Garnet, Reward, Huron and Windum.

The major portion of the clover and grass seed exhibits are of Ontario production, especially Central and South-western Ontario. Some of these sections have become known the world over for their seed production. For example: Peel County is known to every farmer as the sower of good alfalfa seed. Similarly several other districts could be cited, which are noted for the production of one or more species.

In all these classes there are excellent cash prizes, as well as championships and trophies donated by those interested in the advancement of Agronomy in the Dominion.

There are many men who have become extremely expert at preparing an exhibition sample of seed. It would seem very difficult for an amateur showman to win many prizes, but by persistency and observation one can overcome most of these difficulties. By following the advice of experienced men such as Herman Trelle, and others, good results are almost certain to ensue.

George T. Hosie.
It is interesting to read that Antiquity has given us at least an echo of the Dairy Cow, as handed down to us through Mythology. Later when the life and habits of ancient peoples became to be authentically recorded in history, we find that the products of the cow took an important place among the daily foods of those peoples. Even more interesting is it to learn that those civilizations, and later those nations which has given the most to the progress of world knowledge and self Government, have also made the greatest use of Dairy Products. Each generation handed on its achievements to each succeeding generation, until today we have a highly organized, the most complex, the most highly organized civilization the world has yet seen. So, too, along with this advancement, has come the development of the Dairy Industry, until it too has become highly organized to serve the need of this generation. Truly the cow has been and is "The Foster Mother of Civilization."

It is not so far back in the history of our nation, only about 100 years, when the pioneers were hewing homes for themselves out of the very forests. As the land became cleared, and settlements grew, little villages sprang up. As time went on, Villages grew into Towns, and some Towns into Cities, each in response to the opportunities to serve the people's needs. The Cow gave her products, to the individual pioneer, then the Village, the Town and the great City. Until we have today developed a complete and highly organized Dairy Industry to supply our daily need of Dairy foods.

Science has played a great and an important part in the development of this industry. As our civilization advanced, there came with it, the attending ills of both man and beast. The very air we breathe once pure in the pioneer forest and over the farm lands; became, in our Cities, a polluted atmosphere. Old methods of handling and manufacturing Dairy Products could no longer cope with these new conditions. Causes of these ills were studied and science found a way out. Forms of Bacteria were discovered, and along with them, adequate methods of control of all harmful species. Pasteurization was developed. The principal of Mechanical refrigeration was adapted. New types of
machinery were invented and later improved upon. Out of all these discoveries and inventions grew our large Dairies, cheese factories, creameries, and milk and powder plants, each with its staff of men trained in organization and in the technical knowledge required to efficiently and profitably operate it.

Into some phase of this present day dairy industry will each of you probably find a place. Schools and great Colleges, such as this one, have been built and are being maintained, to give you the Scientific, mechanical and administrative knowledge required by each of you to serve well your fellow citizens through your labors after you are graduated. A college education does not make you an efficient dairy operator. It only gives you the tools to go out and become one. Upon your will power, your energy and your ability to use those tools depends your success in the highly Organized Dairy Industry of today.

P. L. Fancher.

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY

D. J. McTaggart, Editor.

LARGE ATTENDANCE AND FAIR PRICES REALIZED AT COLLEGE SALE

The annual sale of surplus stock from the College farm was held on Oct. 26th. The offering was all brought out in splendid condition, and good prices in comparison with present live stock values were received. The total receipts for 17 head of cattle and 99 head of sheep and swine were $2975. Though this figure is considerably less than realized in previous years, it was as much as could be expected under existing farm prices.

The number of cattle sold this year was considerably less than usual. However, the offering of finished steers was one of the features of the sale. The top price of 7½c per pound was received for an Aberdeen Angus steer, which went to the bid of Parker & Edwards of Watford. This yearling along with another purchased by the same firm will be shown at the Royal Fair in Toronto this month.

In breeding cattle only Holsteins and three Shorthorn bulls were listed, the top price for Holsteins of $95 was realized on a 3-year-old cow, and the Shorthorns ranged from $70 to $85.
Probably never before has such a typy lot of Yorkshires gone through any of the College sales, and the prices paid is an indication of public appraisal of them. The top price of the 5 boars was $45, while bred sows sold up to $35, with the 15 averaging over $30. A number of young gilts averaged around $12.50.

The demand for sheep was not brisk and prices were low. The top of the 14 rams sold was $22.50, realized for each of two Oxford rams.

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ANIMAL HUSBANDRY CLUB STAGE COMPETITION

Eighty students participated in the Judging Contest held on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 5th. Five rings of stock were judged and prizes were given for the highest aggregate scores. Students from the freshmen year competed for separate prizes, and quite a number took part. Reasons were taken on all classes by members of the fourth year Animal Husbandry Option.

Results were as follows:—

Senior Years—A. C. McTaggart, ’35; V. E. Bradley, ’34; H. G. Hunter, ’34; C. Heath, ’34; D. J. Lalonde, ’34; A. W. Archibald, ’34; R. Leroux, ’34; T. A. Douglas, ’34; A. McCaugherty, ’34; B. C. McLean, ’34; H. E. Dukelow, ’34; Tie; D. McMurchy, ’34; G. E. Cruickshank, ’34.

Freshmen:—


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CHICAGO JUDGING TEAM

Six men will be selected from the following group to represent the College in the judging competition at the Chicago International Exposition.

J. Cullen, E. G. Kellough, M. A. Pinkney, E. S. Stackhouse, J. W. Pawley, D. J. McTaggart, H. I. Seymour.
RUBBER, A CROP WITH POSSIBILITIES

Most people think of our agricultural crops as native to our soil. Owners of California navel oranges have forgotten the romance of the introduction of the first tree from Brazil. The farmer who cultivates Durum, Kanred or Kharof winter wheat does not hear the chanting of the Volga boat song. Rice from Japan, dates from Mesopotamia, alfalfa from India and Turkestan, and cotton from Egypt have lost their exotic lure. But we still think of rubber in terms of Malayan natives and the splashing of oars in jungle streams.

It is no more difficult to produce rubber than to grow pears. The chief source of our rubber shifted from one section of the globe to another in less than a quarter century. Perhaps it can shift again. The hevea or Pari rubber tree of South America will grow in the far southern states.

The most immediately promising of all plants now thriving in the United States is Guayule, a shrub which grows wild in northern Mexico and western Texas.

But the real botanical prize now being studied is intisy, recently introduced from Madagascar. A quarter century ago intisy was highly prized in France for making tires, and brought a high price. The natives of Madagascar collected the plants so ruthlessly that botanists feared the species had become extinct.

After tedious search and weeks of thirsty roaming, Dr. Charles F. Swingle found several intisy plants in Madagascar and brought them back to the United States. They are now thriving in southern California and Florida. Intisy, probably the best rubber producer in the world, is a shrub or small tree. An unusual root structure enables it to grow in exceptionally dry regions. The roots resemble links of sausage, and act as reservoirs for water. Intisy has been known to grow for six years without rain!

Intisy rubber is easy to obtain—the latex flows from any cut on the tree and coagulates in the air without further treatment. This make it possible for an intisy grower to cut stems of the trees, return a few days later and pull off bands of high quality rubber especially good for automobile tires!
THE LIGHTEST WOOD KNOWN TO MAN

We find balsa wood first mentioned by the early Spanish explorers. When Pizzaro invaded Peru in 1526 he sent his pilot along the coast on a foraging expedition. He encountered—much to his surprise—a big Indian raft, rigged with square sails and carrying a thatched hut amidships. It was made of tree trunks lashed together with vines. The natives called this odd craft a "balsa" after the trees from which it was made. This name has stuck to the trees ever since.

Balsa, the lightest wood known to man, is found almost anywhere in the tropics. The balsa we see in use however, is grown in Ecuador. The trees have fairly smooth bark and large broad leaves. They may grow as high as 70 or 80 feet, with trunks from 30 to 36 inches in diameter. The wood, half as heavy as cork, weighs only five to seven pounds to the cubic foot.

Viewed under the microscope, its structure resembles that of a honeycomb. It is made of a myriad of tiny cells. These give it buoyancy, lightness and insulating qualities. In balsa trees more than five years old, the cell walls thicken and the wood grows heavier. For this reason trees over five years of age are never cut for commercial purposes.

THE PINE PROCESSIONARY

The Pine Caterpillar is more sheeplike than sheep. When the first goes all the others go, in a regular string, with not an empty space between. The turns described by the caterpillar leading the van are scrupulously described by all the others. Hence the name Processionary. His character is complete when we add that he is a rope-dancer all his life; he walks only on a silken rail placed in position as he advances. The caterpillar who chances to be at the head of the procession dribsbles his thread without ceasing and fixes it on the path which his fickle preferences cause him to take. A second caterpillar doubles it; a third trebles it; and all the others, however many there be, add the sticky spray from their spinnerettes, so that, when the procession has marched by, there remains, as a record of its passing, a narrow white ribbon whose dazzling whiteness shimmers in the sun. Very much more sumptuous than ours, their system of road-making consists in upholstering with silk instead of macadamizing.
What is the use of all this luxury? Could they not, like other caterpillars, walk about without these costly preparations? Remember, it is night when the Processionaries sally forth to browse upon the pine-leaves. They leave their nest, situated at the tops of a bough, in profound darkness; they go down the denuded pole, climb up the nearest untouched branch and spread over the green needles. When they have had their meal, the next thing is to return to the shelter of the house. We cannot attribute to them any great power of vision or sense of smell. What remains to guide them to their nest? The spreading maze of pine-needles is, especially at night, an inextricable labyrinth. The Processionary finds his way through it, without the possibility of a mistake, by the aid of his bit of silk, which is something more than a road-making experiment; it is the social bond that keeps the members of the brotherhood indissolubly united.

THE USES OF BOTANY

There should be no motony
In studying your botany;
It helps to train and spur the brain—
Unless you haven’t gotany.

It teaches you—does botany—
To know the plants and spotany.
And learn just why they live and die,
In case you plant or potany.

You learn from reading botany
Of woolly plants and cottony
That grow on earth, and what they’re worth
And why some spots have notany.

You sketch the plants, in botany,
You learn to chart and plotany,
Like corn, or oats; you jot down notes,
If you know how to jotany.

Your time, if you’ll allotany,
Will teach you how and whatany
Old plant or tree can do or be,
And that’s the use of botany.
Beekeeping is probably the oldest branch of agriculture. An ancient Greek myth tells of its origin, as first being practiced by the gods. According to the legend, Cronus, son of Uranus (heaven) and Gala (earth) rebelled against and defeated his father, making himself king of the gods. It was prophesied that Cronus in turn would be supplanted by one of his sons. Cronus, however, decided to eat his sons when they were born, that he might preserve his throne. When Zeus was born Rhea, his mother, managed to hide him from Cronus. The child was cared for in a cave on Mount Diate in Crete, and fed milk and honey by the Cretan nymphs, Amalthea and Melissa. The honour of being the first to discover the use of honey goes to Melissa. Thus the first beekeeper was a woman. Zeus then was preserved, and when he grew up, after waging a ten year war managed to supplant his cannibalistic father. His success was quite likely due to the energy he received from eating honey.

As far as ordinary humans are concerned various drawings on stones preserved from the time of Neolithic man show us that these gentleman robbed bees of their honey. It is reasonable to infer that as civilization developed and these nomadic hunters settled down to farming that they would soon learn to bring bees to their farms and care for them that they might have a dependable supply of honey, the only sweet of the time and of many centuries to come.

Wax was used for casting implements during the bronze age. A model of the instrument was first made from some ductile material that would melt with heat. There is little doubt that this material was beeswax. The wax model was then covered with clay. The wax was melted, poured out and molten metal put in its place.

The earliest written history, that of Egypt, deals frequently with the honeybee. The Bee represented Lower Egypt or Bee-land. The Reed represented Upper Egypt, or Reed-land. A sign representing a bee and a reed always followed the king's name and signified that he was king of Upper and Lower Egypt.
The ancients held many superstitious ideas about bees. Due to the difficulty of opening the hives to study bee behaviour there always seemed to be something mysterious about the insects. The bees were credited with super-human intelligence. This is not surprising as we still wonder at their marvellous instinctive powers and system. The presence of three kinds of bees, queen, drone and worker, was always a riddle to them. Practically all the ancient writers called the queen the king and gave her credit for the wise and just direction of affairs within the hive. Aristotle, the illustrious Greek philosopher and scientist, came nearest the mark when he decided that the king was a queen and laid worker eggs. The workers layed the drone eggs, and the drones did not reproduce. He had probably seen a queenless colony with laying workers, as the workers frequently do lay drone eggs after the colony has been queenless for some time. He then concluded wrongly that the workers were always responsible for drone eggs.

One of the most persistent stories presented by the ancient writers is that of the spontaneous generation of bees from decaying animals, generally oxen. The story was widespread among the ancients, and apparently believed by most of them. Even Virgil in his fourth Georgics gives his directions for restocking the apiary supposing all the bees die. Even as late as the sixteenth century a beekeeper of Cornwall, England, claims he successfully carried out the experiment. The only way the delusion can be accounted for is to conclude that drone-flies, which closely resemble bees, layed their eggs on the putrified flesh and when the flies emerged were mistaken for bees. Most of the writers give a slightly different method of procedure, but the general idea is to kill a young bullock and leave it in some protected place for several weeks. If the bullock is then visited bees will be seen emerging from its body. It seems strange how they could persist with such a fantastic idea for centuries, but the drone-fly explanation probably accounts for it.

Another mistaken idea held by the ancients, and held by some people to this day, is that a swarm of bees can be brought down by beating pieces of metal together and making as much noise as possible.

The ancients, however, were not entirely ignorant of how to handle bees. During the time of the Roman Empire there were many large commercial apiaries run by practical men, who
probably knew far more about beekeeping than those who wrote about it. Aristotle lived about 350 B.C., and wrote considerable accurate information on bees and their behaviour, which could be read with profit by the modern beekeeper.

Virgil's fourth Georgics deal entirely with bees and beekeeping. Virgil was a practical beekeeper himself, and shows much knowledge of their habits.

Many other ancient writers have dealt with Apiculture. Among the more important are Pliny, a Roman, who wrote a great deal on Natural History. None of Pliny's writings are the result of personal investigation. Although he collected a great deal of interesting material his writings are not so valuable, as they are simple reproductions of former work, most of which was useless and cumbersome information.

Cato, Varro and Columella, who lived at the time of the Roman Empire, also contributed to beekeeping literature.

No substantial developments were made along beekeeping until the last two or three centuries. With the general awakening of scientific investigation beekeeping matters were also looked into. The invention and perfection of the movable frame hive by L. L. Langstroth in 1852 caused a revelation in Apiculture. Langstroth was an American clergyman and beekeeper, born in 1810. He is called the father of modern beekeeping. Since his time beekeeping has progressed much farther than it did in all the centuries before he lived.
THE HALLOWE’EN DANCE AND FROLIC

On Saturday evening, October 29th, the annual Hallowe’en Dance and Frolic, sponsored by Year '35, was held. The dreary weather and chilly atmosphere were no indication of the spirit which prevailed within. A new feature of the programme was the banquet supper, which was served at 6.30 p.m. to all the guests, in the new cafeteria and the adjoining rooms. If mirth and jollity are any indication, this phase of the evening’s entertainment was a “howling” success. Between the banquet and the dance, the guests were allowed that kindly opportunity to supplement the arts of nature.

Creelman Hall, the most cherished building on the campus, was fittingly decorated in the atmosphere of the Hallowe’en season, and with the strains of Ferdie Mowry’s Embassy Music, the evening reeled away very quickly. Indeed, we congratulate Year '35 for selecting an orchestra of such high quality. It is needless to say the floor was crowded. Why wouldn’t it be? No one wished to stay home, and, besides, the Hallowe’en Dance comes but once a year.

For the more elderly and unsophisticated guests, the common room of Mac Hall held much more entertainment in the
form of a frolic. There could scarcely be any nicer way of getting to know our faculty than to meet them in an informal peanut hunt or an apple ducking. However, we feel there is plenty of this frolic still a secret, which will likely be explained when the flashlight picture has been developed.

Truly, we can say, every one had a pleasant evening, and we want to take this opportunity to congratulate Year '35 for the way they "put across" the Hallowe'en Dance and Frolic.

WITH APOLOGIES TO E. BUEXS

My nose is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June,
My nose makes a melody,
That's slightly out of tune.

As sore thou art my wretched nose,
So bad a cold have I.
For when I am not blowing thee,
I wipe a watery eye.

I wipe a watery eye, and sniff,
And still I cough and wheeze,
I have another handkerchief,
And give a ghastly sneeze.

So come along my watery nose,
So come along to bed,
Since you are not a pleasant sight,
And I've a splitting head.

—I. H.

SOX APPEAL

It is almost an impossibility nowadays to open any magazine without finding in it at least one advertisement telling you that for the trifling sum of ten dollars a large book containing all the secrets of life, both past, present and to come, will be yours. All you have to do is to sign on the dotted line, and don't forget the ten dollars. Now all that is very fine and large, of course, but all the vital information that these expensive and massive
ones contain could be easily condensed into a few pages. To prove that this is possible, I will now reveal to you some of the most vital secrets of life. You note that there is no charge of ten dollars—but cheques (if any) may be crossed "& Co."

Basing one article on the plan adopted by our more lengthy contemporaries, we will divide the secrets into sections. The first of these shall be:

**What Every Young Girl Should Know**

Well, in the first place it depends how young she is. If she is very young there may be a few things she hasn't quite got yet, but she will soon be over that difficulty. Most young girls should know the days of the week—it is so inconvenient to say "Yes, Henry," thinking it's Monday, while all the time she should have said "Willy," because it was Saturday. It is considered wise also that every young girl should know what her big sister was doing last night; but if she knows enough to know what's good for her, she'll say nothing about it. Too much importance, also, cannot be attached to the advice "know when to stop." Policemen are expensive bodies to knock down. And if you see two clocks instead of one, that is likewise time to stop. In addition, every young girl should master the secrets of the motor car; there are about eighteen known ways of stopping a car on a side-road—running into a ditch is one.

**How to Be Fascinating**

Do you long to charm? Are your leisure hours filled with bitter and heart-breaking thoughts? Why be jealous of another’s powers?—don't be a wallflower. Blossom out and become a rose—even though you may be a bit thorny. Charm, the power to fascinate, attract and hold men may be yours. What is the secret of this power, which so many have but you lack? It has many secrets. In the first place, don't go out to dinner without putting your teeth in. Table manners are often a deciding point in a woman’s battle to win the man she loves. Remember, don't eat winkles with a pin, nor sand with your spinach. Don't gulp your oysters. It is little points like this which often ruin a girl’s chances. Then there is the subject of conversation; every socially successful woman knows this truth—let the male do the talking. He just loves it, and if you can manage to listen to his ramblings for an hour or so at a time without going to sleep, he will think you charming, and put you down as a bright.
witty, intelligent girl. Which is most convenient if you don’t happen to be that kind of a girl. If you can manage to let him give himself a pat on the back once in a way, he’ll probably be so overcome he’ll propose. Which brings us to the next point.

**Advice to Those About to Marry**

There have been so many thoughts about this matter that it has been difficult to condense them much. But after years of deep study and reflection, the individual thoughts of a thousand writers have been reduced to but a single command—DON’T. But if this advice comes too late, there is comfort otherwhere:

**How to Be Happy Though Married**

This is a passage that should be scanned by all persons of both sexes who have passed the age of understanding, and who either contemplate or have committed matrimony. The keynote of matrimonial bliss is—the food. If the food is good, and plenty, the male (or husband) will be genial. And while he is genial it is an easy matter to get the money for that new hat. But sacrifice must come from both sides. Father must do something as well. Wifey dear likes to be kissed at least once a day. You should always comment upon her dress, although care should be taken about this. Tragic things have happened because a man has admired his wife’s new dress when all the time she was wearing one about four years old because she was trying to economize. And finally, the other person is always right—if you want peace; and women always like to have the last word.

And now a word to the men.

**What to Say to Girls**

Are you shy and bashful? Do you blush? You can cure yourself of these faults in three days by this simple method—start to-day—no inconvenience. The first thing to bear in mind is never to tell the truth. Always tell a girl she is handsome—very beautiful—beyond your wildest dreams. Tell her she dances divinely—that she is clever and amazing; that she is the first girl you ever kissed; and you can end up by saying you think she must be your soul mate. If that doesn’t knock her for a row of cans, brother, nothing ever will.
How to Find Out if You’re in Love

Go into a drug store. Purchase a packet of gum—five cents. Place a ten spot on the counter. Walk out of the drug store. If you left your change behind you’re in love!

What is the Answer to a Maiden’s Prayer?

I’m not sure, but anyway he isn’t you. He’s tall, and strong, and handsome, and she’s the only girl he ever knew, and he’s either dark or not dark, and he has plenty of money, and plenty of time, but no too many brains. From all accounts he sounds like a movie actor, plus.

—G. Hunt

THE ANIMAL HUSBANDRY CLUB DANCE

The Animal Husbandry Club held their annual dance in the College cafeteria, Friday, November 4th, from 7.30 to 11.45 o’clock. As is usually the case, there was a large turnout, approximately 140 couples being present. The music was supplied by Jeans’ Night Hawks in a very acceptable manner.

The cafeteria was attractively decorated, the pillars with red and blue crepe paper, and the lights gently subdued to give red and blue effects. A very attractive display was arranged with the help of the various trophies won by O.A.C. judging teams in the past. Amongst them were the Acme Farmer’s and Farmer’s Advocate trophies, the Holstein Friesian Cup, the Jersey Breeders Cup, and the Ayrshire Breeders Shield. The last three trophies and four small individual cups, the products of judging Ayrshire cattle, were all won at the recent Intercollegiate Judging Competition held at Waterloo, Iowa.

A noteworthy feature was the absence of formality, and the smoothness of proceedings during the evening’s entertainment. To an outsider, the gathering gave the impression of one large happy family and it was evident from the countenances of the Animal Husbandry Professors present that they were not averse to this idea.

Amongst the high-lights of the evening were two novelty dances, which aroused the enthusiasm of everyone present. Another important feature was the everlasting supply of cider, supplemented by a seemingly similiar supply of doughnuts. Needless to say this novel idea was a decided success.

(Continued on page 106)
The O. A. C. Review is published by the students of the Ontario Agricultural College Students' Publishing Association for ten months of the year.

**STAFF 1931-1932**

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All subscriptions and complaints concerning the despatch of the Review should be addressed to the Business Manager. The Editor cannot reply to communications on such subjects.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS**

Correspondents are requested to write clearly on one side of the page only.

The Editor invites criticisms and suggestions.

The Editor cannot accept letters in which the real name of the author is not enclosed, even if not for publication. All contributors should enclose with their MS. an address which would find them in case of need. If they do not do so they must be prepared to find considerable alterations in their productions.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of his correspondents.
Efficient, durable, water tight, a concrete root cellar enables the farmer to store roots, fruits, and vegetables under ideal temperature conditions, free from the inroads of rats and other vermin. Crops can thus be held awaiting favourable prices. The following materials are needed to build an Arched Roofed Cellar as illustrated.

**ARCHED ROOF CELLAR**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Concrete Mixtures</th>
<th>Materials Required</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Footings 1 : 2 1/2 : 4</td>
<td>(Inside dimensions 12 by 14 ft.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wall 1 : 2 : 4</td>
<td>Cement 172 Sacks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arched Roof 1 : 2 : 3</td>
<td>Sand 14 cubic yards</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

For each additional foot in length, the following material will be required:

- Cement 6 1/2 Sacks
- Sand 1 1/2 cubic yards
- Pebbles or broken stone 1 cubic yard

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G. B. Henry, '34, Editor.

SOCcer
O.A.C. INTERMEDIATES DOMINION CHAMPS
SENIORS WIN GROUP TITLE

On Saturday, October 30th, the O.A.C. intermediate soccer team finished the season without a single reverse, winning the intermediate intercollegiate title for the Dominion, by defeating Western University Intermediates 7-0. The game was played throughout a steady downpour of rain, which made it hard for the teams to put up a good brand of soccer.

The Aggie senior soccer team also carried the O.A.C. to a group title by defeating the Western "U" seniors 6-1, and earned the right to meet U. of T. for the 1932 Intermediate Championship.


Much credit for both teams success goes to Prof. Blackwood, who again gave his time to coach the boys this season.

Manager—Bill Archibald.

RUGBY
O.A.C. DEFEATS McMaster 16-7

History repeated itself when O.A.C. gridders and supporters journeyed to the industrious city to see the O.A.C. intermediate intercollegiate team defeat the McMaster squad by a score of 16-7.

O.A.C. took the lead early, when they scored a rouge, and shortly after Pollock grabbed a punt and made a spectacular
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(Continued from page 101)

The most unfortunate part of the evening was the speed with which the last dance arrived. However, it may be quite logical to imagine that such a pleasant time (as we understand was had by all) would have an aftermath. By this we are reflecting on the continued migration of blanket and food-laden Animal Husbandry men from Mills Hall to Mac Hall and from thence to the dairy or beef bush. Luckily for these pioneers the rain held off until after the "curfew" tolled its warning note, and brought to a close a series of very happy events.

(Continued from page 112)
derstand the conditions of the club. Four silver spoons are given to the highest individuals each week—two in Mac Hall and two in O.A.C.—and in the spring valuable prizes are given for highest aggregate and highest year teams. Besides this, fellows, it’s a lot of fun, and it’s not too late to start. Let’s see some new members next week.

The following have won spoons and are now in Class A:—Prof. Blackwood, three; Harry Seymour, W. van Diepen, and Don Kennedy, one each. In Mac Hall Kay Margetts, three; Fay Lipsit, Bea Cummings and Betty Evans, one each.

Shooting Nights—Monday, Faculty and Fourth Year; Tuesday, Freshmen; Wednesday, Mac Hall; Thursday, Third Year; Friday, Second Year.
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run to add five more points. McMaster's only score in the first half was a kick to the deadline.

In the third quarter the Aggies secured a single point on a kick-off, and then a touchdown when McMaster fumbled behind their goal-line. McMaster came back for a touch just before the quarter ended.

The Aggie squad had the edge of play all through the game, and especially in the backfield. Pollock and Richardson stood out for the Aggies.

O.A.C.—Flying wing, Elliott; backs, Keith, Pollock; Borisuk; quarter, Richardson; snap, Mills; insides, Gollehan and Fitzgibbon; middles, Henry, Kellough; outsides, Jennings and Folland; subs, Woods, West, Hales, Carter, Berry, Arkell, Langdon, Montgomery.

AGGIES SWAMP WESTERN COLTS 58-0

O.A.C. had little difficulty in defeating Western University Colts at the College on Saturday, October 30th. Starting off with 13 points in first session, O.A.C. continued to increase the score. Elliott's kicks and Richardson's forward passes gave the Aggies a distinct advantage in gaining ground. Western could do little against the powerful Aggie line. Henry and Hales did some very good playing for O.A.C., and Folland stood out with his consistent tackling.

O.A.C.—Snap, Mills; insides, Gollehan, Fitzgibbon; middles, Hales and Henry; outsides, Folland and Jennings; quarter, Richardson; flying wing, Elliott; halves, Keith, Borisuk, Pollock; subs, Carter, Arkell, West, Langdon, Montgomery, Wood, Berry, Turnbull.

YEAR '34 TAKES TWO INTER-YEAR CHAMPIONSHIPS
INTER-YEAR RUGBY

Year '34 won the inter-year rugby title by defeating the Freshmen in the final game by a score of 6-0. The Juniors had the edge of play but time and again lost yards by off-sides. The freshies found difficulty in getting through the strong '34 line.
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and made few gains by plunges. This championship gives the Juniors the Mader Trophy.

Year '34—Snap, Wallace; insides, Heal and Shrum; middles, Scott and Moles; halves, Teasdale, Tofani, Grey; quarter, McNiven; flying wing, Hudson; outsides, Long and Mitchelson; subs, Graham, Henry, Johnson, Grimsey, Hunter.

INTER-YEAR SOCCER

Year '34 won another championship by defeating the Vets in the final game by a score of 1-0. The soccer games received good support, and betting was at its peak. Years '33 and '34 tied in the opening game 0-0, and later the Juniors defeated the seniors 1-0. The Sophs defeated the Frosh 2-1, but were beaten by Vets 1-0. Year '34 turned down the Vets in a hard struggle by 1-0 score.

Year '34—Mitchelson, Newel, L. Stewart, Aiken, Stoddart, Allen, Moles, Manning, Mundy, Morrison, Carscadden, Sinclair, Bradfield.

SENIOR INTERCOLLEGIATE HARRIER MEET

The Senior Intercollegiate Harrier Union were guests this year of R. M. C., Kingston, on the week-end of November 5th, 1932. Only four teams of the Union showed up on Saturday morning; Queens apparently were too busy with other things.

McGill's fast four came through with an easy lead over Varsity of 14 to 26, with R. M. C. having a small lead over O.A.C. of 48 to 52.

The following is the placing of the first ten runners:—Goode, McGill; Jamieson, McGill; Thompson, Varsity; Kibblewhite, Varsity; Frankton, McGill; Wolfe, McGill; Gilbert, Varsity; Wickson, R. M. C.; Buchner, O. A. C.; McCarthy, O. A. C.

Manager O. A. C., Ron. Greenwood.

INTERMEDIATE INTERCOLLEGIATE HARRIER MEET

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The course was typically cross country, and ideal weather prevailed. McMaster placed first, O.A.C. second, Varsity third, and Western fourth.


Placings of O.A.C. Men—Garnett, 6th; Allen, 8th; Dalziel, 9th; Meredith, 12th.

Manager—C. A. Young.

---

BASKETBALL

The basketball players went into training on October 12th, with a very keen interest being manifested right from the start.

The team suffered a great loss due to the graduation of "Snooks" Elliott from the O.V.C. "Snooks" as you all know was last year's captain of the first team. This year we have Jim Crane as captain of the boys who will be picked for the first team line-up.

The College will be represented this season by at least three teams, and probably four. It is not expected that there will be any great difficulty in making up these teams, as there is a very satisfactory turnout from all the years of O.A.C. and the O.V.C.

There will be keen competition for all the positions on the various teams. Professor Baker is losing no time in lining the boys up where they can do the most for their college, and although he has little definite information to offer at the present time, it is safe to predict that the basketball season will be just as attractive if not more so than in previous years.

Bruce M. Cohoe, Manager.

---

O.A.C. RIFLE ASSOCIATION

The rifle club is going strong again this year, with an increased membership in Mac Hall, and a good representation from all the years in O.A.C. except the Freshmen. This is probably due to the fact that the Frosh as a whole do not un-

(See page 106)
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It's 7.00 o'clock. Weiner Roast. The Hall echoes with shouts. The well is full of peering faces. "Miss . . . . , door." The well cranes its numerous necks, leans down and peers through the rails—"Somebody's got a fellah." "Oh, slush! So long." "Who's she going with?" "Darned if I know." "Cute!" "Not bad!" R-r-r-ling. "Miss . . . . , phone." "Got my date with the plus fours—see you later." "Say, wh'm I going with? Forgot the name." "Spose I'd know what he looks like?" "Can't remember, ye gods! what'll I do? "Hold your breath and hang on, he'll turn up." "Any-body got a swe-a-ter?" Bang! Bang! Bang! "Omigawsh, my date hasn't turned up yet." "Oh, there! cheerio, see you later." "What, the one with the red hair?" "Cute!" "Let's go down and see what's left." "Oh, there you are—looking for hours—no, I did not high-hat you at noon." "Up in the well." "Let's go!" The Hall is practically deserted—just a few stragglers left. "Let's play bridge' R-r-r-ning. "Hello, love to, be ready in a sec—wear a blue tie so I'll know you." Seven-forty-five—tick! tock! "What was the crash?" "Somebody dropped a pin."
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By hearsay, we learn of the birthday party of one-year-old Watson Hall. Many turned out to celebrate the first anniversary. We were lucky to have Miss Cruikshank, Dr. Ross, Mrs. Barber and Miss Sommerfeld to make the evening such a success. All the girls who have enjoyed the comfort and pleasant companionship in the house this year and in the past were present.

The evening was spent in playing games and enjoying a too brief musicale. Miss Sommerfeld favoured us with a few piano selections, and Miss Ruth Walters, one of our new girls, sang. After a huge birthday cake, plus a few extras, were consumed, all went home to bed as happy children should after such a party.

We feel that a house so young as ours has done very well to be the object of so many compliments as it received on this happy evening.

M. E. Evans.

FROM THE FRESHERETTES

Now that winter's approaching hard on the heels of fall, and initiation is a thing of the past, we know why we have come to Mac Hall. During those first unsettled weeks it was no easy job to convince ourselves of pleasures and joys to come. Strange and strenuous classes; horrible and hectic nights with the seniors; amazing and awe-inspiring men; all, all conspired together to uncover our great verdancy.

One torturous night was spent in feeling our way, blindfolded, through the underground passages of Mac Hall. Yea! into the very bowels of the earth. After a sickening repast of castor-oil and cough mixture we were allowed to retire to what remained of our once tidy rooms.

We now fully appreciate the pleasant monotony of these tranquil days. A vote of thanks to the Seniors is suggested for bringing us to this state of complete appreciation. Also, just one toast to the men who so manfully provided a few hours of respite at the hops. Without them, I fear we would have succumbed.

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M. E. Evans.

THE MURMURS

(Apoloogies to Byron and all lovers of poetry)
The Aggies came down like a wolf on the fold,
While Mac Hall in blankets of slumber was rolled;
The sparks of their bonfire leapt high in the night,
Smelling smoke in our rooms we woke in a fright.

Like the stripes on a jail-bird, red, blue and green,
That host in pyjamas by firelight were seen;
And their yells were like banshees out on a spree,
While we to our windows all gathered to see.

Then around our still hall the savages tore,
And yelled in the windows of those on first floor;
And the eyes of the watchers waned wide and surprised,
That the boy friends who thrilled them were not civilized.

When back to the fire they gathered once more,
The sound of their singing made a gusty uproar,
Tho' their leader did prance, fling his arms to the moon,
Even with all his efforts they couldn't keep tune.

And then were the Freshmen all sent back to bed,
With the dew on their feet and with colds in their head;
And the Seniors were not silent, but only begun,
With voices uplifted they continued their fun.

And the girls of Mac Hall were loud in reply,
And sweet were the notes they warbled on high;
But the fire soon grew feeble and voices more hoarse,
So the serenade ended 'ere came the police force.

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Edna Demary, Toronto, on September 17th. The tea table was decorated with talisman roses and baby's breath. Mrs. John Lee and Miss Edith Dewar presided for the first hour, and Mrs. A. F. Demary and Miss Helen Garbutt for the second. The assistants were Miss Helen Henry, Miss Anne Spera, Miss Ruth Nichol, Miss Grace Annis, Miss Margaret McGregor, Miss Sally Jennings, and Miss Catharine Bechtel. Miss Henry was a Mac Hall '28, and the event was a very pleasant re-union for many of Years '27, '28 and '29.

At Sherbourne United Church, Toronto, on October 6th, the marriage took place of Nora K., daughter of Hon. George S. Henry and Mrs. Henry, and Clarke E. Locke, son of Mrs. Hugh W. Locke, and the late Rev. Hugh W. Locke, of Toronto. The church was decorated with bronze and golden dahlias and palms. The three bridesmaids, Miss Muriel Locke, Miss Margaret Sommerville, and Miss Grace Alexander, and the maid of honour, Miss Helen Henry, were gowned alike, in gold velvet frocks, with large puffed sleeves, long suede gloves of the same shade, and hats of medieval brown velvet. They carried chrysanthemums of bronze and gold. The bride was in an ivory velvet gown flowing in graceful folds, with a long train. Her veil was of rose point lace, fashioned in a small cap, held in place at the nape of the neck with a half-wreath of orange blossoms. She carried Johanna Hill roses and lily of the valley, formed into an old-fashioned bouquet, edged with lace from Miss Henry's great-grandmother's wedding veil worn 95 years ago.

After the service at the church a reception was held at Oriole Lodge Farm, the Premier's country home, when the parents of the bride, and the mother of the groom, received with the wedding party.

M. McGregor.
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Letters to the Editor

Ontario Agricultural College,
Guelph, Ont., November 11th, 1932.

Dear Editor:—The following may prove of interest to some of our mathematically inclined students:—

"Believe it or Not," with apologies to Ripley.

Proposition:

To prove that an arrow in flight is not moving.

Proof:

At any given moment of its flight, it either is where it is or it is where it isn’t; if it is where it is, it cannot be moving, since if it were, it would not be there; and it cannot be where it isn’t. Therefore, at that particular moment it is not moving, and similar arguments apply to any other point or moment in the flight of the arrow.

Conclusion:

At no point or moment of its flight does an arrow move. Thus its apparent movement is only an illusion.

How basely ye are deceived.

Yours verily,

H. C. Dyme.
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