

should, prove leaven in the neighborhood in which he follows the plough, which, like that put in the meal, went on with the work of transformation until the whole was leavened. He should never forget that the roll of parchment which he bears away from this College on graduation day was given him as a sort of Magna Charta, empowering, authorizing and requiring him so to conduct his farm that its management will secure from the people that admiration and respect for this College of which it ought at least to be deserving.

The signs of the times are certainly auspicious, at least so far as the indications of live stock improvement are concerned. The breath of advance is at last stirring the dry bones of old time practice, rendered venerable through the approval of a departed generation. A banner with a new device has been raised amongst our people. It has depicted upon it, in colors that never fade, the sketch of a span of horses, a fat steer, a dairy cow, a mutton sheep, with dark face and legs, a pig, with a rather long body and deep sides, and a platter of eggs on the farmer's table, not on that of a New York restaurant. The horses are not on the race course, but drawing the plough. The steer and cow are feeding out of the side of a Silo. The pig is gathering up gleanings thrown to him by the side of a pen, which is so constructed that it will resist all adverse influences of weather, and the sheep is pasturing in an immense field of rape, into which other flocks are being driven. On one corner is inscribed the words: "Better education for the Farmer's Son and Daughter," and on the other a mighty monument with the inscription: "The live Stock Industry the Greatest of all the Industries of Canada."

Jones—(who sees Brown laughing on the sidewalk inordinately) "What are you laughing at so hard, Brown?"

Brown (pointing to a dog that had managed to get its tail in its mouth) "Can't help laughing with joy; glad to see somebody can make both ends meet."

An American boy's opinion of the chaperon in one of the college papers, is written in a way which would lead us to believe that the boys, or at least the students in particular, do not care for the importation of foreign customs and manners in the great republic on our southern border.



### THE THIRD YEAR.

TEXT "The College Gown."

Oft by our graduates we've heard  
Their mighty third year deeds extolled;  
And list'ning to each weighty word,  
Our breath, in silence did we hold.  
But now as third year men we speak,  
That all assembled here may hear  
The amount of knowledge we must seek,  
To graduate in the third year.

CHORUS TUNE, "Litoria."

The third year! The third year!  
Thus we shout and thus we cry.  
The third year! The third year!  
It must and shall be done.

All that pertains to field or flock,  
In agriculture must we know;  
And trace the course by which the rock  
Into the golden corn can grow.  
Nor stop we at the golden corn,  
But mould it into cow or steer,  
Whose beef at noon and milk at morn  
Fresh vigor gives to the third year.  
We sound the depths of alchemy  
And her dark mysteries unfold,  
How mixing earth and air and sea,  
We'll line our pockets all with gold.  
And analysing, we may test  
What fertilizers are too dear,  
In soil what lacks and what's the best  
To enrich the fields of the third year.  
Dame nature, too, we force to tell  
Which of her children are our foes,  
That birds and beasts and bugs we'll quell,  
Check blights with spray, and weeds with hoes.  
Beneath the microscope, we see  
Sights that do fill our hearts with fear;  
Tiny spores slaying mighty trees,  
And bacilli threat'ning the third year.  
O'er authors new and old we pore  
Of reading books there is no end,  
That speak, or write, our thoughts may soar  
With grace and power that rhetoric lend.  
In drawing plans, we must excel,  
Show elevations front, or rear,  
Of dove cots where we hope to dwell  
When we've completed our third year.