

Our loquacious friend, S. W. Nelles, of '87, is working on his father's farm near York, in Haldimand Co. We expect to hear of S. W.'s taking the stump in that county so noted for elections and politics.

A. W. Ballantyne, '84, of Stratford, Ont., is studying law in Toronto, and bids fair to become a light in that profession. His oratorical development is due in a great measure to his first efforts in our Literary Society.

R. A. Begg, of '82, formerly of Orillia, Ont., is now in the Calgary District, where he located shortly after leaving the College in '82. He is engaged in stock raising, cattle, sheep and horses for which his ranch is well adapted.

H. S. Holcroft, Special Class of '84, and E. C. Quinn, '84, formerly of Orillia, Ont., are farming on a 1,300 acre ranch 25 miles south-east of High River, in the Calgary District. They are well pleased with their location, which is well watered and fertile, suitable for stock or grain growing. The country is becoming thickly settled, a pleasant change from five years ago, the date of their settlement.

C. H. McNish, '81, is at present holding a very responsible position as manager of the large stock farm of Messrs. Wm. Davies & Son, of Toronto. Since attending the College Mr. McNish held an equally important situation in the employ of a leading stock breeder in Wisconsin, but his love for his native land (and perhaps there was another element in the case) induced him to return to Ontario to his excellent stock farm at Lynn and join the ranks of the Benedicts. Report has it that Mr. McNish has already shown his skill in bringing Mr. Davies' beautiful two hundred acre farm at Markham into a splendid state of cultivation. The large herds of Guernsey cattle and Yorkshire swine give evidence of being in the care of a practical and efficient stockman.

The land of the screaming eagle and chin-whiskered Yankee has captured the appreciation of another of our Bachelors. J. J. Fee, B. S. A., '88, is now at Helena, Montana, U. S., toying with precious minerals and tooting the blow pipe in a large assay establishment at that place. John carried with him (besides his wallet, tooth brush and revolver) the many kind wishes of his numerous friends. The position he holds is one of importance, and the firm is one of large connections. John even now talks of thousands in a reckless and ruthless sort of way, and tells of the frequent shipment of bullion bars of silver from Helena to the mint at Philadelphia. He was treated recently to the sight of seeing \$80,000 of silver bullion shipped by express in bars. A foot note giving his address facetiously puts in parenthesis, "Never mind the B.S.A., they have no handles in this country."

All ex-students will be delighted to hear of Mr. C. A. Zavitz's marriage, which took place on June 3rd. We toasted the happy couple most heartily in the dining hall and telegraphed our congratulations down to Bloomfield.

Tower fellows are fond of exercise, but we wish they would not take it between 10 and 11 p.m. One sweet little cherub up aloft got nicely caught the other evening. He had begged to be excused off an early morning meeting as he said he wished to study late. His work the evening in question consisted in a prolonged and noisy wrestling match. Right in the middle in walked his excuser, Prof. Hunt, who being taken for a student was promptly and vigorously kicked at.



Local News.

GAY'S ELEGY.

Written in the O. A. C. Barnyard.

The loud gong calls us at the break of day,
Its tones resounding through the O. A. C.,
Its answering echoes slowly die away
And leave the world to silence and to me.

As fade John's lingering footsteps on the floors
The morning air a solemn silence holds,
Save from Bayne's room whence still unbroken shores
Come muffled from beneath the bedding's folds.

Save that one hears far up within the tower
Some 3rd. year student unto John complain
At being called at that unearthly hour,
Then turns and tries to go to sleep again.

Within those whitewashed rooms on Jimmy's flat
The drowsy students from their warm beds creep,
Is there on earth discomfort worse than that
Of being roused so early from one's sleep?

A scent of breakfast floats upon the morn,
The knife doth rattle 'gainst the earthen plate,
And hurrying footfalls now the students warn
To "get a wiggle on" or they'll be late!

For them once more the porridge bowl is filled,
For them the juicy sausages are fried,
Arabia's fragrant berry is distilled
And milk fresh from the dairy is supplied.

To study then, their merry course they take
And wrest from nature her stupendous store,
The fruits of knowledge from the trees they shake,
With restless greed that ever asks for more.

The midday meal of simple fare consists,
They quench their thirst with draughts of H₂O,
The stout "bull beef" their molar teeth resist;
Their simple wants supplied, they rise and go.

Some to their studies, others to the field,
Some with their bodies, others with their minds
Are pleased to labor. Some the pitchfork wield,
Whilst others practise works of various kind.

Some tend the cattle, and the fragrant hay
And silage deal to all with thoughtful care,
Whilst some in threshing while the hours away
Or with Professor Shaw the roads prepare.

The harvest doth to their self-binder yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe hath broke.
How cheerfully they labored in the field!
How fell the bush before their sturdy stroke!