

efficiency, my only wonder was that so much had been accomplished by one institution in so short a time.

The second impression I received was during the informal social reunion of "old boys" in the upper class room on Thursday evening. We were reviving old memories of the "eighties," each telling his story as to the manner and customs of his time, and each trying to prove to all the others that his class truly contained the wildest scamps that ever frightened a matron, or outwitted a professor. Then one arose and in a quiet easy manner described life as he knew it at the Ontario Agricultural College in 1874. That settled it—the 25 years had rolled around.

The third proof of the flight of time came upon me suddenly as I walked down next morning to the place of meeting. One whom I had not seen since we had swapped coal oil on Upper Hunt street, reached out his hand and arrested me. His real name I could not recall, but "Rubber Stamps" flew to my brain and I remembered why we called him so. I made enquiry as to how the world had used him since last we met. His reply was that since that time he had been through the trying ordeal of seeing all of his buildings burned to the ground, and had in addition followed to the grave his father, mother and two wives. I stood convinced.

Yes, the Ontario Agricultural College is out of her teens and into the full fruitage of matured womanhood. Her sons have gone from her protecting roof and cheerful hearth into the great rough world with its untempered winds and clouded skies. How have they fared? Have they been provident sons and loyal, and do they now return to thank their Alma Mater for lessons learned at her knee? From all I could learn a very large proportion of the ex-students have been successful. Those of the earlier years spoke well of those in their neighborhood who had of late years returned from the College to take charge of their own or their father's farms. Ex-students of recent times whom I met had nothing but words of the highest praise to say of "old boys" in their county, going so far in many cases as to say that said "old boys" were "model farmers" indeed, and were envied and consulted by all the neighbors.

That there were few failures I was pleased, but not surprised to hear, and this leads me to say a few words in reference to our profession. Canada is comparatively a new country, and