

# THE O. A. C. REVIEW.

The Dignity of a Calling is its Utility.

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## THE O. A. C. REVIEW,

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THE O. A. C. REVIEW will spare no endeavor to furnish reliable news and information to those interested in farming operations.

Ex-students will confer a great favor on the Editors of this Journal by sending news, particularly experiences of practical value.

## EDITORIAL.

Our readers will notice a change in the staff of the REVIEW this month. The Exchange Editor having resigned on account of leaving the College, a new one has been appointed in the person of Mr. McCallum, who no doubt will put that energy into his new work which is characteristic of him. We can assure our readers that the Exchange Department will be conducted with as much zeal as formerly, and although we are sorry to lose so energetic and genial a gentleman from our staff as Mr. Gelling, yet in our present editor, doubtless, the readers of the REVIEW will find a worthy successor.

STRANGER—Can you tell me where the green-house is?

STUDENT—I shall be very glad to take you to it.

STRANGER—Is this old low building the green-house at the Ontario Agricultural College?

STUDENT—It is, but we are hoping to get a better one before very long.

STRANGER—What is that dirty looking mark about three feet high all around the base of the house?

STUDENT—O, that is where they pile manure around it to keep out the frost.

STRANGER—That certainly is not a very good example to set before students, and gives strangers rather a poor opinion of the management of the horticultural department. But what is all that smoke I see issuing from under the building; and, yes, it is even in the house?

STUDENT—That smoke comes from the furnaces which heat the houses. They are not much good and are supposed to be of same pattern as those used by Noah. We students cut most of the wood for these old furnaces, and it requires a large amount to keep them going. They will burn as much wood in one day as the "Colonel" and three or four students used to cut in three afternoons. This is the room where the coal, flower pots, lawn mowers, baskets, sand for propagating, etc., are kept, and the general store room for all the garden implements and other requisites for gardening—be careful there, or you may tumble through that trap door into the lower regions. Will you step into the propagating house?

STRANGER—I guess it will be necessary to remove my hat before going in or it will get knocked off in that low house. The young plants seem to look well considering that they are in such a poor place.

STUDENT—Yes, the gardener is very attentive and understands his business, but as you can see he has not a fair chance in such a building. The next apartment is where the plants are kept for a while after being placed in pots.

STRANGER—How do the ladies get along this very narrow passage without soiling their clothes? They must often be debarred from the pleasure of inspecting this house for fear of tarnishing a portion of their clothing.

STUDENT—That is quite true, and a great many ladies, especially those inclined to grow tall sideways, do not venture in here at all, if they did they would be compelled to stay here or back out, there not being room to turn around.

STRANGER—What are those students doing there?

STUDENT—They are washing flower pots. You see, they get a large tub nearly filled with warm water, and when the horticultural foreman has nothing else for students to do he sets them washing pots.

STRANGER—It looks rather strange to see men washing dishes, and reminds me of when I was a boy and used to wash dishes for my mother. You see my sisters were not grown up and so I had to be dish washer and do the girls work, but now

STUDENT—Yes, I've heard that story before, but,

"We think our fathers fools so wise we grow,

Our wiser sons no doubt will think us so."

In this room, also, the students are taught how to graft on limbs, which are brought in for the purpose, but the appliances are very crude. Here, too, the art of potting plants is explained and prac-