

**PAGES**

**MISSING**

# THE O. A. C. REVIEW

"THE PROFESSION WHICH I HAVE EMBRACED REQUIRES A KNOWLEDGE OF EVERYTHING."

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## *The Export Dairy Trade*

BY H. H. DEAN, PROFESSOR OF DAIRYING.

**"Without Some Assistance, There will be a Butter Famine During the Next Few Weeks."** (W. Weddel & Co., London, Eng. Report, Sept. 21, 1917.)

**"The Situation is above all things Characterized by an Increasing Scarcity of Cheese of all Sorts and Extraordinarily High Prices."**

**"All Districts Report a Decrease in the Milk Supply in Comparison with that of the Same Period Last Year."** (International Milk Market Report, Switzerland, 2nd. Quarter, 1917.)

THE foregoing extracts relative to the supplies of milk and milk products in the chief markets of the world place before us, in brief form, the situation with reference to dairy products. The visible supplies were never so restricted, and the prospects for enhanced prices were never so favorable as at present. This should be encouraging to Canadian dairymen, who need to be reminded that the price received for their goods is largely determined in the great world markets, and not, except in a very limited way, by local markets. Canada is a producer of surplus food products and is likely to continue such for many years to come, hence the need for an Export Trade.

It might be well at this time to take a brief survey of the situation, so far as we can do so, from our necessarily limited knowledge of world-wide conditions.

### COMPETITORS OF CANADA.

Our nearest and most dangerous competitor in the British markets for the sale of dairy products, is the United States. At one time the neighboring Republic had a large share of the dairy trade of Great Britain, but increasing home population lowered export prices, and to some extent national dislike of the British which has almost entirely disappeared recently, we are glad to say, caused the Americans to drop out of the export trade and so far as North America was concerned, the field was left largely to Canada. The Canadian farmer was willing to work for lower wages than was the American farmer, and continued to produce milk for the manufacture of cheese and butter, even when to do so meant producing at a loss. Fearing that he might find no other market for his milk, or afraid that he could not engage in some other line of farming having the surety of returns, though small, which came from producing milk, the Canadian farmer continued to haul milk to the cheese factory, and to haul whey home for feeding pigs during seasons when the price of cheese was so low that it is a wonder he did not give up in despair. However, he persevered, and now, during the past two years, cheese milk has been a paying proposition. Other markets have also opened, such as the Condensery, Milk Powder, and City Milk Trade, not to mention good prices received for cream and for live-stock raised on the dairy by-products.

Meanwhile, the American farmer and dealer are having their eyes opened to the advantages of this overseas market formerly despised by them, except as an occasional outlet for some surplus stuff not saleable on Home Markets. The Yankee, always shrewd on a deal has recently wakened up to the fact that he can dispose of considerable cheese and butter in the British market at prices considerably above home prices. Consequently, we have had, during the past year, the unusual condition of American cheese selling for a higher price in the wholesale markets than the price allowed by the Cheese Commission of Canada. This has caused some dissatisfaction among those interested in maintaining the Canadian Cheese trade at its maximum. The explanation, said to be of higher prices for American food products as compared with those paid for similar Canadian goods, is the better terms of credit obtained in the United States as compared with those offered in Canada. Canada is rich in everything except money, hence Americans, who have almost unlimited sources of wealth have a distinct advantage over Canadians in this respect. We may expect keener competition in the future than has been the case in the past from United States competitors in farm produce, especially in dairy products.

Were it not for the difficulty of shipping, we may also expect keen competition from the Argentine Republic, New Zealand, Australia and Siberia. It is claimed that large stores of food in these countries are awaiting the conclusion of the war and normal transportation conditions. Owing to their perishable nature, dairy products can be kept, even in cold storage, for but a reasonable length of time. This, together with the great expense for holding foods for a long period in cold

store, makes it necessary to dispose of perishable goods in a comparatively short time after they are made. We may expect a drop in prices at the close of the present struggle and the resumption of shipping, but not so much for dairy articles as in other lines, for the reason that the dairy herds of Europe have been very much depleted to furnish meat for the army and people, and because of the increasing scarcity of labor and feed on the dairy farms of Europe. It requires from three to five years to develop a cow, and this length of time will be needed to restore European dairy herds to their former level of production.

Taking it on the whole, Canada has not much to fear from its dairy competitors at present, except those in the United States, and there also the question of transportation is an exceedingly difficult one, for even a country of such great resources and commercial energy as are to be found in the American nation.

#### WHAT CANADA MAY DO TO STRENGTHEN HER POSITION.

An English press report of recent date says: "Hitherto Canada has done well in providing credits for our purchases in the Dominion, but the increasing demands are proving a source of embarrassment to the Minister of Finance. Canada, unfortunately, has built up no reserve during the past three years of large war profits, and if she is to compete with the United States in getting a full share of further orders she must be prepared to finance them."

It would seem from the foregoing extract that one of the things which Canada must do, is to provide a means of financing food purchases by Great Britain. This is a matter for our financiers to consider. There is also gentle reproof to Canadians for not saving the wealth which has come to us in an

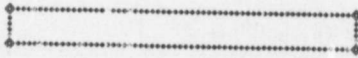
unusually large measure during the past three years. Excuses for seeming prodigality may be found in the fact that Canadians, especially farmers, are not accustomed to handling large sums of money, and are much like children who consider themselves "rolling in wealth" when they have an extra dollar or two to spend; and further excuse may be found in the fact that Canada, individually and nationally, is being bled financially by all sorts of appeals for money aid. We seem to be the "happy-hunting-ground" for nearly every class of beggar, professional and otherwise, on top of the earth. If Canada does not call a halt soon on this bleeding process, she will be poorer than the proverbial "church mouse" in the near future.

In the second place, Canada needs to improve the quality of her dairy goods and produce a more regular supply throughout the year. It will pay to send the finest goods only across the Atlantic in these times of high freight rates and excessive cost for insurance. Inferior goods will not warrant the expense and risk of shipping to compete in a world-wide market where competition will be keener than ever

on a return to normal times. Also, we must keep the milk-producing factories and milk manufacturing establishments running throughout the year, the same as is done in manufacturing other lines for export.

Signs on farms and factories—"Not doing any business this winter," must be changed to, "Open for business all the year," if we are to attain highest success in the dairy. By this we do not mean that the farmer is to slave continually, but by the use of suitable and sufficient labor and machinery, he shall be able to produce a regular supply of milk throughout the year without working himself to death.

Finally we must study costs of production, cost for manufacturing and distributing as never before. **Efficiency**, more than ever, must be the watchword of dairymen. We have the feed, the cows and the men to produce milk and its products in large and increasing quantities. What we need most is encouragement in the form of continued and guaranteed good prices for a period of say, ten years, at the end of which time, Canadian Dairymen would be on their feet financially and be able to meet competition from any and all quarters.





## Winter Care of Sheep

BY J. C. MCBEATH, '18.

Owing to the present high price of wool, mutton and lamb, there is no doubt that there are many farmers considering the advisability of branching out into the sheep and wool business. A few points about sheep right here might be of good service in enabling them to arrive at a suitable conclusion.

**S**HEEP-RAISING is a very attractive part of farming when it is considered financially, and everyone is very much interested in the money part of any enterprise. The financial gain may be direct or indirect. Still it is sure to come to those who persevere. Of all the animals kept on the farm, sheep entail the least work. Ask any man that keeps sheep as well as other stock on his farm and he will say that the work connected with sheep is practically nothing when compared to the labor of taking care of other stock. Sheep may be said to be dual purpose in that they raise lambs and grow wool in one year. They are very easy feeders and next to hogs they make the most economical gains of any animal, and at the present high prices of feed, this is a point that is well worth serious consideration. The housing required for sheep is very cheap when compared to the shelter required for other classes of stock. This is a good argument in their favor. Co-related to the cheapness of housing is the small outlay for foundation stock which is a primary consideration with all beginners, no matter what phase of the live stock trade they are about to enter upon. A flock of sheep will act as a "clean up squad" on a farm. There is no better animal, unless it be the goat that will do more in cleaning a place of weeds and keeping it clean. They are very close croppers and are able to pick a good living off a field where either horses or cattle would starve. But there is one big drawback to the sheep industry that is very liable

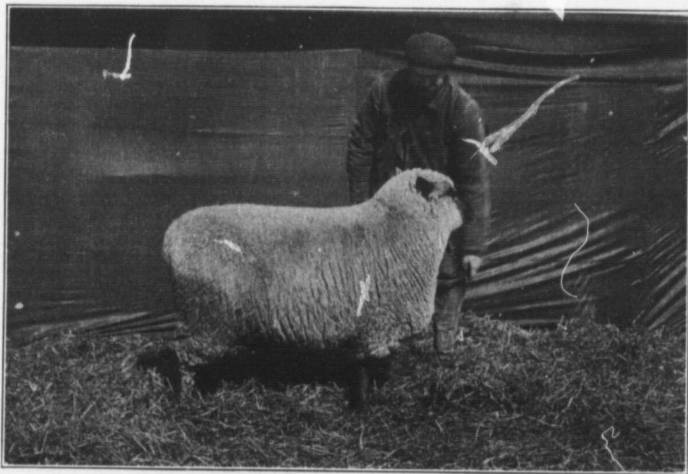
to discourage the beginner. It is the sheep-killing dog which is such a worry to the sheep-owner. There is a way of baffling this marauder and that is by furnishing a dog-proof paddock in which the sheep may stay at night during the time they are on pasture.

The winter time is when the sheep require the most attention so a few general hints on the management of the flock may not be out of place. One of the most primary and important factors is the shelter for the sheep. It need not be expensive, but yet it must be right. A sheep-pen must not be warm, and consequently a shed free from drafts and well-drained is an ideal place. The openings should be to the south if possible, to allow free access of the warm sunshine. The doors should be wide in order that the pregnant ewes will not get jammed which might result in the losing of one or more lambs and possibly a ewe. In nice weather the sheep should be given the freedom of the yard and allowed to go in and out of the pen as they please. In stormy weather they won't go very far from home, but it is a good plan to keep a watch over them in case any should get strayed away.

The convenience of the pen, and likewise the arrangement and form of feeding racks is a matter of judgment on the part of the individual. There ought to be plenty of good clean bedding supplied to the sheep, because a lack of bedding is sure to result in dirty wool which will grade lower and consequently a lower price results.

The matter of feeding sheep during the winter is one of the most vital questions and the feeder must rely on his own judgment a great deal of the time, and on him alone, depends his success as a sheep feeder. But one thing to remember is to avoid sudden changes of feed. As winter draws near, they should be started on a little dry feed in order that they will be accustomed to it when the snow comes when they get nothing but the dry feed. The

because they will become inactive and not take sufficient exercise and consequently, the lambs will be small and weak. The grain ration can be cut off until about a month before lambing-time when a little grain should be given and gradually increased until they are being fed enough that each animal will receive about a half pound per day which is a maximum amount under average conditions. The roots are fed, preferably pulped, although



An animal which should be on every Ontario farm. It should give pride and money to the owner, food to eat and clothing to wear.

principal feeds for winter are hay, roots and grain, although silage is recommended by some of the best feeders. Turnips are preferable to mangles, as it is claimed by some the mangles cause calcareous depositions in the bladder called bladder stones.

As for the feed for the ewes it is practically the same in nature as for the ram, but of course, different in quantity. There is no need of the breeding ewes being fed too heavily

some people feed them whole, a turnip weighing about two pounds to each animal, which is about the same weight of pulped roots that they should receive per meal. A few years ago there was a tendency to feed pea-straw which, no doubt is fairly good feed for sheep, but since then the best feeders have learned that there is nothing like good second cut of alfalfa for sheep. If alfalfa is not grown on the farm, first class red clover hay is the next best. Timothy hay, no

matter how good, is very unsatisfactory for sheep as it is very constipating and lacks very materially in protein. It is also very undesirable on account of the heads getting into the wool. Be sure to keep up the milk flow in ewes suckling lambs, by plenty of feed. In order that the breeding ewes will take plenty of exercise, have a trough some distance away from the pen in which to feed the salt which is very necessary. Sheep are very fond of salt and will make many trips to the trough throughout the day and in this way keep in good thrifty condition. The natural outcome of eating a quantity of salt would be a desire for a drink, and consequently the sheep must have access to plenty of good, clean, pure water at all times. Be sure to see that the ram that is away from the main flock is also provided with salt and is given plenty of opportunities to go to the water trough.

In the Fall, after the ewes have been bred, the ram should be separated from the flock and given a special paddock of his own. He should be given a good ration, consisting of good second cut alfalfa if possible, or if that cannot be obtained, good red clover hay, roots and a light grain ration, although the grain is not absolutely necessary if he is getting plenty of hay and roots. About four to six pounds of roots a day is enough if the animal is active and takes plenty of exercise, but if he is not too active, cut down the roots. A half pound of grain preferably whole oats is a big feed for a sheep.

The gestation period of the sheep is 147 days and if the shepherd has kept a fairly close watch on his ewes he will be able to tell approximately when to expect lambs. It is an excellent plan to isolate a ewe suspected of approaching parturition in order that she may be kept quiet. It is at lambing-time

the troubles of the sheep-owner begin and a little extra vigilance on his part may save him a lamb or even a ewe. Lambs being dropped in the winter time do not stand much of a chance to live unless someone is there to assist them to get a stomach full of the mother's milk as soon as possible. Lambs are very liable to be chilled, consequently the place in which it is to be kept, should be a little warmer than the regular shelter. If a lamb is found to be chilled, it should be dipped in warm water at about ninety-nine degrees, and then rubbed briskly for a while. If it is at all possible, pour some hot milk and whisky down its throat. The sooner the young lamb is taught to nurse the better for it and the better for the ewe. Be sure and clip away all the wool from around the udders of the ewe and also remove the taglocks to prevent the lambs from getting wool balls in their stomachs and to keep the lambs clean. Special attention must be paid to the udders of the ewes that have lambed, in case any trouble should arise which would need attention. If a ewe should loose her lamb it is a good plan to milk the ewe for a few days in order to prevent any complications that may arise.

There seems to be a characteristic, quite common in sheep and that is to disown their lambs. When a ewe disowns her lamb it is sometimes very difficult to get her to claim it again, but there are several ways in which the ewe might be persuaded to accept her offspring. One way is to tie her up until she becomes accustomed to the lamb sucking, and another is by the use of perfume. The perfume is put on the nostrils of the ewe and also on the body of the lamb and in this way she might be persuaded to accept her lamb.

As soon as the lambs are able to eat, which will be in a very short time, give

them a trough to themselves, which should have a little meal in it all the time. If a lamb has plenty to eat and lots of time to consume it, it will surely develop into a good, growthy, and well-formed sheep. The meal ration for the lamb may consist of two hundred pounds of bran, one hundred pounds of ground oats, one hundred pounds of finely-ground corn and fifty pounds of oil seed. This is a good mixture for cold weather, but as the weather warms up, reduce the corn and increase the oats. Lambs soon learn to eat and in a very short time, they will be eating nearly a half-pound per day. The lambs may be given a few pulped roots to themselves, but generally they prefer to stand up to the trough and pick away with the old sheep, although as a rule they won't consume so very many roots. As for the hay that the lambs will eat, they will pick enough out of the racks to satisfy themselves.

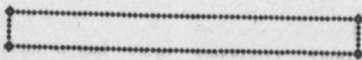
In order that the sheep may do well, it is necessary to keep them in a contented mood. One way to do this is to keep them free from vermin which are sure to be found on sheep unless the right steps are taken to prevent them. Sheep should be "dipped" twice a year—once in the Fall just before going into winter quarters and again in the Spring before they go out on pasture. Any sort of tank that is big enough to accommodate a fair-sized animal will be alright for the purpose. One of the old-fashioned tin bath-tubs is an ideal thing for a small flock, but any such tank is very wasteful on the "dip." The water should be luke-

warm and a fair quantity of any good sheep dip should be used. In dipping the sheep, be sure that every part covered with wool is thoroughly soaked, but be very careful not to allow the head to be submerged in order that the ears will not be filled. After the dipping, keep the sheep away from drafts until they are dry.

Another trouble with sheep is called "grubs in the head," but is quite easily remedied if the right system is adopted. The method is to shut the affected animals in a closed room and burn sulphur, the fumes of which they will breathe and which will kill the grubs and they will escape through the nostrils. Grubs in the head are indicated by a sneezing and running at the nostrils, impaired appetite and general emaciation of the animal. Unless the grub in the nostril is removed in some way the sheep will die.

Another and perhaps a better treatment is to thoroughly mix one part oil of turpentine and four parts milk and inject into the nostril by means of a syringe. As soon as the coughing that will follow is over, inject the other nostril.

Owing to the abnormal demand for wool and mutton, sheep-breeders should increase their flocks by retaining their ewe lambs. Farmers, who hitherto, have not been keeping sheep should start a small flock and while the returns are bound to be profitable they will at the same time be performing a patriotic deed and helping to alleviate a much felt want at the present time.



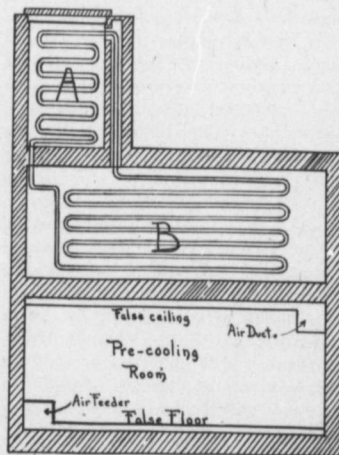
## Precooling and Cold Storage of Fruits

J. A. HEMPSON, '18.

**M**OST Men will tell you that they have their fair share of worry. The fruit-grower will tell you that he has his fair share and then "some;" and after you have spent a few crowded minutes turning over in your mind the operations and significance of insect pests, fungus diseases, winter injuries, weather eccentricities, the labor situation, the vital problems in marketing

and glutted markets, and cold storage work has grown into importance accordingly. To anyone interested or engaged in horticulture, the object of this article is to give a brief outline of how it is done and why it is done. What it has done and what it bids fair to do will be outlined by Mr. Bonham, manager of the Dominion Cold Storage Plant at Grimsby, Ont., who has promised to supply an article which will appear in the next issue of *The Review*.

How it is done is by natural ice. Briefly, and these are just the cold, hard facts—the warm work of technical intricacies is for the delectation of the physicist and does not concern us—briefly, the ice is crushed, mixed with a percentage of salt varying from 10% to 20%, and packed around a system of pipes which contain a solution of calcium chloride. Attached to this system of pipes, continuous with it, and in a room beneath it is a second system of pipes, suspended free in the air of the room. Beneath this room again are storage rooms, and a powerful and efficient system of ducts and fans makes possible the interchange of air between the pipe or "coil" room and the storage rooms.



A- Ice and salt in tanks surrounding 1<sup>st</sup> system of pipes.  
 B- 2<sup>nd</sup> system of pipes in coil room.

fruit to advantage, and a whole host of other horticultural difficulties, you will begin to realize that he has told you a very concrete fact.

Any factor, under existing circumstances, which can lessen the growers' troubles is of importance. Precooling and cold storage has offered a solution of the weighty problem of restricted

Don't you "get" the idea perhaps even cold storage facts can be super-compressed into hot air, let me re-solidify by explanation. Salt has an affinity for water, and consequently melts the ice; ice in melting of course absorbs heat. In the case in question, the heat is absorbed from the calcium chloride solution in the first system of pipes. Now cold calcium chloride brine has a higher specific gravity than warm brine. Consequently, being heavier, it sinks down into the



system of pipes beneath. In doing so it forces around the warmer brine which is already there, and in this way, since one system of pipes is continuous with the other, a constant circulation of brine is set up through both systems. By force of gravity, the coldest brine is always in the lower system. This lower system, as I have said, is suspended free in air, and the room in which it is contained is perfectly insulated. The air in the room being in contact with the cold pipes naturally becomes cold—and there you are, the fans blow the cold air through the ducts into the storage rooms.

That's how it's done,—why it is done is a less chilling subject, not very much though. It is done because low tem-

peratures retard effectively the ripening processes in fruit—another cold fact, to be exact, between the temperatures of 32 F and 92 F, the rate of development of these processes is halved by every 20 fall in temperature. Low temperatures also control almost entirely the growth and reproduction of rot producing bacteria and moulds—but the philosophy of the control I will not go into, this is no place for such a warm subject which belongs essentially to the heated discussions of experts in such mysteries.

Such is a brief outline of the how and the why of cold storage and precooling of fruits. One of the most burning questions of the fruit industry has been met successfully and with unusual coolness.

## *Protein for Laying Hens*

BY G. R. WILSON, '18.

THE call at the present time is for eggs and more eggs. Canada has all the facilities for the production of a quantity far in excess of her own requirements. Yet the present magnitude of the industry is but a mere fraction of what it might be if advantage were taken of some of the available information and more attention paid to the feeding and care of the laying stock.

According to chemists the protein content of an egg is about 11.9 percent. That is rather a high protein content. The necessity of supplying sufficient nitrogenous material in the feed ration is, therefore self-evident. The hen may be likened in this respect to a manufacturing concern; if we do not supply the necessary material we should not expect the produce.

The effect of feeding protein-material to laying hens has been shown quite conclusively by experiment sta-

tions not only in Canada, but in the United States. In a recent publication by H. L. Kempster of Missouri Experiment Station the results of feeding nitrogenous material are clearly set forth. An experiment with sour milk and beef scraps was carried through with three pens of twenty-five White Leghorn hens. About two-thirds of the ration given each pen consisted of a scratch food made by mixing two parts of corn and one part of wheat. The rest of the feed given each pen was a mash of bran, middlings and corn meal for the no-meat pen which pen received no meat whatever. The sour milk pen received the same mash and all the sour milk the hens wanted, while the beef scrap pen received the same mash, with the addition of beef scrap mixed with the mash.

The only difference in the feeding of the pens was in the protein concentrate

on the animal food given to the pens. In the morning a little scratch feed was sprinkled in the litter deep enough to make the fowls scratch and take exercise. Water was given in clean pails and a pen of sour milk given to the sour milk pen. At noon the proper amount of mash was measured into a trough and during winter green feed was frequently given at the same time. Two or three times a week the birds were induced to eat more mash by wetting with water or with milk in the case of the sour milk pen. At night scratch feed was given again and the birds allowed to eat all they wanted so they would go to roost with full crops. This method of feeding tended to keep the birds busy all day, to keep their appetites keen, and get to furnish them all the feed they would use. Grit and oyster shell were supplied at all times.

The amounts of feed consumed and cost thereof, the number of eggs layed per pen and cost per dozen, and the

profit from each pen are tabulated in the preceding table. The cost of feed is based on the quotations of a local mill at the following rates. Wheat \$1.66 per 100 lbs.; Corn \$1.60 per cwt.; bran \$1.20 per cwt.; corn meal \$1.70 per cwt.; shorts \$1.40 per cwt.; beef scraps \$3.25 per cwt.; sour milk \$ .20 per cwt. The cost of feed used in this computation, of course, will vary from present day prices but at any rate they will serve to compare the cost of egg production on no meat, beef scraps and sour milk rations.

An examination of the table shows it is poor economy not to feed either beef scraps or sour milk. It will be noticed that the pen which got no meat or milk averaged only 55 eggs per hen and were fed the year at a loss of one dollar. In other words, the poultryman gave his work for nothing and paid one dollar more for feed than the eggs returned in cash. The hens fed beef scrap laid 107 eggs per hen and returned a profit of \$18.78 for the pen or 75 cents per bird. The hens fed on sour milk averaged 131 eggs per bird and returned a profit of \$28.26 or \$1.13 per bird.

Similar experiments were conducted with cottonseed meal, linseed oil meal and gluten meal as well as beef scrap and sour milk, the results of which experiments are tabulated below:

These protein feeds, plus grain and mesh, produced these eggs:  
Sour milk, 129 per hen, per year.  
Beef scrap, 120 per hen, per year.  
Cottonseed meal, 66 per hen, per year.  
Linseed oil meal, 64 per hen, per year.  
Gluten meal, 63 per hen, per year.  
No protein feed, 57 per hen, per year.

There you have the figures and figures are convincing. Consider them for yourself. Can you afford not to feed protein concentrate to your laying hens?

SUMMARY OF EQUIPMENT WITH THREE TWENTY-FIVE BIRD PENS OF WHITE LEGHORN PULLETS—  
NOV. 1, 1914—OCT. 31, 1915.

	Beef Scrap	No Meat	Sour Milk
Grain, pounds.....	1,095	1,095	956
Cost.....	\$17.76	17.76	15.51
Mash, pounds (with- out beef scrap).....	315	429	446
Cost.....	\$ 4.51	6.14	6.41
Beef scrap, pounds.....	105		
Cost.....	\$ 3.41		
Sour milk, pounds.....			2,200
Cost.....			\$4.40
Eggs, per hen, per year.....	107	55	131
Eggs layed, per pen.....	2,669	1,373	3,275
Value of eggs (20c. a dozen).....	\$44.46	22.90	54.58
Cost of eggs, per pen.....	\$25.68	\$23.90	\$26.32
Profit (or loss) per pen.....	\$18.78	\$ 1.00	\$28.26
Feed to produce 1 pound eggs.....	4.55	8.88	3.42
Food cost of a dozen eggs.....	\$ .122	.222	.10

## Feeding Stockers

BY D. MUNRO, '18.

**C**ATTLE feeding, like any business, must be followed year after year if one is to be successful. There will always be "ups" and "downs," and the feeder who jumps in one year and out the next will likely start in a bad year

Much of the success in feeding steers depends upon the selection of the animals. Even the most skilful management and best of feed cannot make profit out of badly selected steers. When one raises his own steers from



This Steer Never Was a Good Feeder—He Is Of The Wrong Type.

and stay out when the returns would be profitable.

The successful cattle feeder must have a liking for the business. He must study it carefully. The business should show a profit more times than otherwise, and if properly conducted, it will. The feeding of cattle is a business in itself, and must be learned largely by experience.

good breeding stock, he knows what to expect and how to handle them to the best advantage, but it requires a keen eye and good judgment to select strange stockers and make a profit on the transaction. Whether a man should buy thin cattle and feed them for a long period, or buy half finished, or as they are generally called, "short keep steers," and feed them for a shorter

period depends largely upon local conditions, as amount of feed, stable room, pasture, etc.

Well-grown, half-fed bullocks are usually more profitable to buy in the Spring and finish them on grass selling them about July or August. If they have not been heavily grain fed such cattle will gain rapidly, putting on one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds, and are worth usually one cent per pound more than half-finished cattle. For long period feeding, thin steers are usually preferred, as they are more cheaply purchased, and one has better opportunity to control their progress. In any case they should be growthy animals of good beef type showing the blood of one or other of our recognized beef breeds. They should be dehorned, as horned steers will usually be more or less bruised, especially if they are fed in box-stalls. At present some of our leading markets deduct a certain percentage for the presence of horns. It is advantageous that they be as nearly uniform in color, size and type as possible as they then present a better appearance when finished. The good ones are always in demand and with these, up to a certain point, the seller can dictate his own price. Poor ones known as "tail-enders" are undesirable and generally a loss to all concerned.

In general form, the select feeder is low set, deep, broad and compact. Their top and underline should be straight and nearly parallel. One should look for as much smoothness as is consistent with thinness. Too great prominence of shoulder, hips and tail-head should be avoided as well as rough, coarse, long heads set with dull, small eyes and a small muzzle.

A good feeder possesses a short broad head, short thick neck and short legs, a large prominent bright eye is

very desirable, as it indicates vigor as well as quietness of disposition, and these are both essential to economical feeding. It is important that the feeder possesses that characteristic, difficult to describe, called quality. The quality of an animal depends, largely on the breeding and if it is lacking in this respect, no amount of feed or care can replace it. It shows itself in a mellow, but moderately thick and loose skin and a soft coat of hair of medium fineness. It is also very important to have a strong constitution as indicated by a good heart girth, wide deep chest and a well sprung rib.

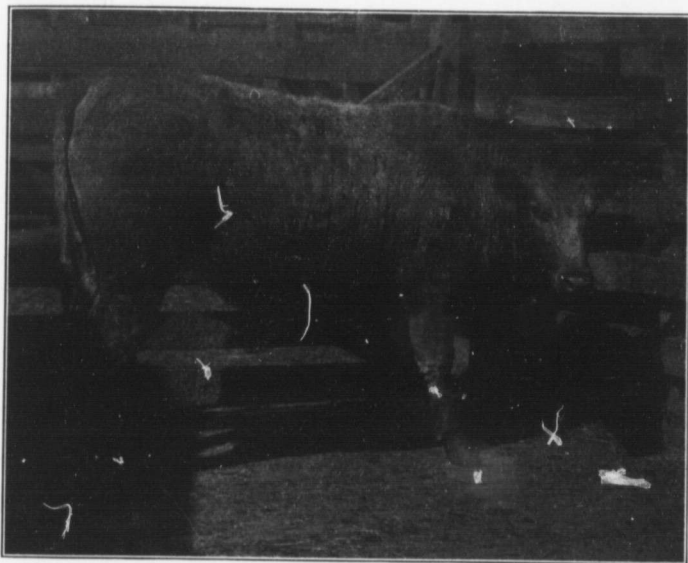
We may have the best steers it is possible to buy, but unless we pay the same careful attention to feeding, our efforts will be in vain and financial loss the result. To get the most out of one's feed requires more than the application of a few rules, no matter how good these may be. The feeder must study his animals individually in order to get the best returns for his labor.

In the feeding of Spring purchased, moderately fat, short-keep steers, little extra feed is given them other than good pasture, salt and a plentiful supply of good water. Occasionally a light grain ration is fed, but at present prices it is very questionable if it is a paying proposition.

In the feeding of long keep or stall-fed steers it is somewhat different and as the cattle are usually purchased in early Autumn and sold in the Spring, they must be stable-fed almost entirely. If time and weather permits, it is a good plan to let them run on a good pasture until the weather gets too severe, when they must be stabled. If they can be given access to a field of rape for a month or so before stall-feeding commences, good returns will result as well as lowering the feed bill considerably.

After the cattle are stabled they should be fed all the roughage they will eat readily, as well as a little grain. For roughage nothing can excel good ensilage, roots, clover hay and a little straw of good quality, the proportions being somewhat as follows:—corn ensilage, 40 lbs.; roots, 15 lbs.; cut straw, 4 or 5 lbs and clover hay, 4 or 5 lbs. If no roots are available the ensilage and

bran, cotton-seed meal, oil cake or gluten-feed, all of which are rich in protein, which is the food constituent required to provide for the growth in protein tissues which takes place in fattening as well as in growing animals. Extensive experiments made by feeders and leading authorities on the feeding of animals show that where a fair allowance of ensilage is fed, the protein or



A Choice Well-Finished Steer.—Compare This Type With The Poor Type.

clover hay may be increased, and almost as good results obtained. The ensilage and cut straw should be mixed a few hours previous to feeding as this makes it more palatable. The meal ration is best fed scattered on top of the roughage mixture in the mangers. The hay should be fed in two feeds after the silage and straw are cleaned up. The meal ration should be a mixture of

concentrates may be almost entirely supplied by cotton seed meal or gluten feed.

At present, owing to the abnormal price of feeding stuffs, the average feeder is almost at a loss to know what concentrates to feed. The following summary is worthy of careful study. The prices quoted are taken from the Toronto market for the week ending Oct. 13, 1917:



DIGESTIBLE NUTRIENTS IN 100 LBS.

Kind of Grain	Crude Protein	Carbohydrates	Fat	Total	Price per Ton
Oats.....	9.7	52.1	3.8	70.4	\$35.88
Barley.....	9.0	66.8	1.6	79.4	\$48.33
Wheat bran.....	12.5	41.6	3.0	62.0	35.00
Oil cake.....	30.2	32.2	6.7	77.9	52.00
Gluten feed.....	30.2	43.9	4.4	84.0	46.00
Cottonseed.....	33.0	24.3	7.9	75.9	46.00

Analysis of the above will show that protein, the most expensive element in cattle feeds and the feed we must supply costs as follows:

1 lb. protein in oats cost.....	17.9 cts.
1 lb. protein in barley cost.....	26.8 cts.
1 lb. protein in wheat bran cost.....	14.5 cts.
1 lb. protein in glutenfeed cost.....	9.2 cts.
1 lb. protein in cottonseed meal cost.....	6.9 cts.
1 lb. protein in oil cake cost.....	8.6 cts.

We can, therefore, see that at present prices cottonseed meal is the most economical source of protein. Provided sufficient succulent roughage as silage or roots are provided no evil results, and just as rapid gains are made as if we fed the meal rations of former years composed of wheat bran, oats, barley, oil cake, etc., which today are too expensive.

## A Passing Art

BY F. L. FERGUSON, '18.

It is unfortunate that "dairy" butter has come to be known by the general public as inferior butter. Those of us who pride ourselves upon our taste are willing to admit that dairy butter can be and often is of superior quality more than any other butter, but it does not appear to be an economical transaction to purchase four or five pounds at five or six cents less than that which would be paid for creamery butter, when the sixth or seventh pound has to be thrown into the garbage can because of its useless food value.

According to the Dairy Industry Act of 1914, dairy butter is that which is manufactured from the milk of less than fifty cows, and statistics show that the total quantity of dairy butter made in Canada is greater in quantity and in value than the creamery butter. It follows that since the number of cows' milk is limited to fifty, that dairy butter is that which is made from the farm herd, and it should, in the hands of a careful person, possessing some skill and a reasonable knowledge of the process be of the best possible quality.

As a rule homemade articles, and especially food productions, on the market sell at a premium, but unfortunately butter no longer comes in that list. The lack of labor on the farm, no doubt, is the chief reason for such a state of affairs. The making of butter requires much work, and immediately those concerned look around for some method of disposing of the milk. It is sold or skimmed and the cream sold, with the result that the art of butter-making has been lost by the housewife. A second reason, for failure is found in the equipment supplied in the farm home for the making of the butter. Ice is seldom provided, the bowl and ladle are in common use and the old dash churn is frequently found.

So common now is the practice of selling the milk or cream that much of the dairy butter placed on the market during the summer months is there through some misfortune. The sour milk or cream intended for city trade is returned, and it becomes necessary either to make butter or to feed it to

the stock. The latter option is too extravagant. Consequently, it is manufactured into a salable product which too often is not eatable, because of the meagre equipment and lack of the proper process. With these supplies the creamery man has a slim chance along side of the skilled housewife, or the person in charge, who has every operation under his control from the feeding of the herd to the marketing of the product.

The creamery man succeeds in producing a good article in spite of his difficulties of securing over-ripe, ball-flavored and thin cream, because of his accurate knowledge of his business, assisted by the equipment of his factory. This equipment might quite as well be installed on a smaller scale in

the home dairy. However, for successful competition the dairy man must acquire equal knowledge of the manufacturing process, and must work with an ideal product in view.

This obtained, and placed on the market week after week for discerning customers, will yield returns much better than any creamery butter. Besides this the by-products—skimmed milk and buttermilk—are retained on the farm, where they are fed to the young stock on which they make very economical gains. This should be a point worthy of careful consideration, and the home-making of butter should appeal most strongly to those farmers situated beyond close touch with a creamery.

## *The Soldier's Idol*

When you're thinking of your heroes,  
who are fighting modern Neros,  
And you're all excited with the thrills  
of war,

When you're reading of the battle with  
its slaughter and its rattle,  
Where our boys did deeds we'll  
think of evermore;

When the poets sing the praises of our  
lads who fought like blazes,  
And record the day in everlasting verse,

When you write your Roll of Honor  
don't forget to place upon her  
The name of every Red Cross nurse.

There are lots of women sitting, think-  
ing of their men and knitting

For the boys who've gone to fight  
their country's foes;

There are thousands, too, of others, who  
are packing for their brothers  
Boxes full of good things everybody  
knows,

How Britannia's daughters answered  
that call for aid from Flanders,

And did their best to lighten war's  
dark curse;

But without exaggeration, the pride of  
all the nation

Is the girl who went as Red Cross  
nurse.

She left her friends, her home, her all,  
in answer to her country's call,

And made a sacrifice that calls for  
grit;

And with skill and sweet compassion in  
her able, kindly fashion,

She has nursed the boys who went  
to do their bit.

With the wounded and the dying who  
in hospital are lying,

Like an angel sent from Heaven she'll  
converse,

And not a soldier sick or well but would  
fight his way through Hell,

To protect that gallant Red Cross  
nurse.

CORP. W. H. YORK,  
220th Battalion.

# THE OAC REVIEW

(2 EAST)

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F. L. FERGUSON, '18, <i>Experimental</i>	J. SHALES, '19, <i>College Life</i>
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G. R. WILSON, '18, <i>Poultry</i>	G. H. SCOTT, '20, <i>Artist</i>
D. A. KIMBALL, '19, <i>Query</i>	MILDRED RUTTAN, '18, <i>Macdonald</i>

(2 EAST)

## EDITORIAL

### CONSCRIPTION AND EXEMPTION.

Once again the ten commandments and just restrictions, duly considered and lawfully passed by the "Sophs.," have been, in almost every instance, respected and followed by the year '21. The rooms in the residence have been so decorated and ornamented as to be places of beauty and a remembrance forever. The surprises and disappointments of the first few weeks have abated and we are now well under way on our college term. We now have time to sit back in our chairs and think of other things than College Life.

Conscription is now the law of the land and why? It is to cause each and everyone to realize the seriousness of the times. To many, it means little because they are already serious in their service and sacrifice.

Here we are, many deprived the privilege of greater sacrifice, but granted the boon of a college education. Yes, and in one of the most important of present pursuits — Agriculture. What does it mean to us? Stop! Reflect! Look! Listen! In the fields of combat men are dying that we may live and that civilization may not perish. Within a few stones' throw we see trains rushing madly across the continent carrying food to be transported on silent ships under the watchful eye of serious men to boys at the front, who, too often, may not return. Go to the factories in Britain, France, Italy, Russia or where you will, and there you find men, women and even children, stoop-shouldered, and weary, slaving away that we and others may live our lives in peace and prosperity.

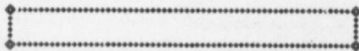
Then what are we to do? Forget for a moment your private interests and think of what would be best. Here we are confronted in a struggle where every man, woman and child is duty-bound by a moral obligation to do his best and give his best in service to a flag under which we have rested in safety and security. "But what am I to do," you may ask. Yes, and justly, too. That is the purpose of having a selective draft for reinforcements at the front. Men are needed and who can be spared? This is a question for the local tribunals. Napoleon, it was who said that the strength of any fighting force depended upon the way the men were fed. Therefore, anyone who is producing or conserving foodstuff for use is performing an important service. Now that medical examinations of men are being conducted, anyone who has any doubt in his mind as to where or in what position he can best serve his country, should and is morally bound, to submit his case fully and truly to an Exemption Board, not with the idea of shirking his responsibility but for the purpose of helping him decide the question of service. Then if you are left at home beyond the strife, shows that your hopes and thoughts are in France by **Seriousness, Sincerity and Service** to a course second to none.

#### A CIRCUMSTANCIAL NEED

Since we have on our staff no one whose duties it is to read and examine

the quota of exchanges, each fraught with its own peculiar educational work, the greater number at least find their way to the editor's desk. We regret to say that some magazines and publications have ceased to exist, and while others have seriously thought of the same, many are going ahead appealing for stronger support than ever before. As a rule college magazines have a limited supply of money at their disposal, and now that the cost of getting out a monthly magazine has increased greatly we, The Review, must appeal to all our readers for their loyal support.

Unfortunately the college magazines in Canada have no organization among themselves. Each goes on in its own little way. What is needed and what must come is organization and co-operation in order that we may profit by and assist one another. One of the greatest benefits to be derived from such a Union would be in the way of advertising. We should have a central office to handle a great deal of this business, thus eliminating our overhead charges. But until such time comes when our college papers have come to be better organized than they are at present we must ask all our subscribers to be faithful to us, and to the members of the student body we ask that you take as active a part in Review matters as you can. There is a reason, if you don't know it, ask anyone connected with the Students' Co-operative Association.





The president of the college is in receipt of a letter from Neil Paton, a student of the college in 1885. Paton is now in Bombay, India, being one of the leading merchants there. Mr. Paton is Justice of the Peace, a Trustee of the Port of Bombay which is one of the largest and best equipped harbors in the world. He is also a Member of the Governing Committee of the Bombay Chamber of Commerce. Outside of business, he is in command of a company of the Indian Defense Force, and an Honorary Aide-de-Camp to His Excellency, the Governor.

Mr. Paton says he hopes to visit the college when the war is over.

H. G. Oldfield, '16, writes from England that he is being transferred from the Artillery to the Royal Flying Corps.

In a letter dated Sept. 1, 1917 from Witley Camp, England, he says: A. White, '17; B. Shelton, '16; Tawse, '15 and J. B. Martin, '17 leave for France tomorrow. He also saw Bryan of the Chemical Dept. and R. E. Everest, '05.

J. M. Creelman, '15, went overseas with a draft from the 64th Battery in May, 1917; remained in England three months, and was then sent to France. He is in the 1st Division.

C. B. Twig, B. S. A., '07 is with the 6th Canadian Field Ambulance.

Sergt. T. H. Lund, '12, who was hurt in France, has returned to Canada.

Lieut. S. G. Freehorn, '15 has again returned to the firing line.

H. W. Newhall, '11, president of the St. Catharines' Dairy Co., has resigned his position to become Associate Professor of Dairy Husbandry at Michigan Agricultural College, Lansing, Michigan.

F. K. Merkley, B. S. A., '17, has recently received the appointment as lecturer in Dairy Husbandry at Iowa State College, Ames.

Lieut. L. Stanfield, '14, a former O. A. C. student, who has recently returned from France, was the guest of Dr. Creelman for a few days.

#### LIEUT. MERRICK HONORED.

Lieut. R. C. Merrick, '18, son of Mr. W. T. Merrick, 110 Admiral Road, Toronto, has been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery at the battle of Lens. Lieut. Merrick was formerly a Captain in the 201st Battalion, but reverted in rank to go overseas a year



ago. He was dangerously wounded in action and is now in England recuperating.

H. S. Cunningham, '19, who suffered from shrapnel wounds in September last, has been awarded a commission in the 47th Canadians.

Major H. L. Keegan, '13, won the Legion of Honor.

The Review is in receipt of a letter from Sergt. Bill Kay, '18, dated France, Sept. 19, 1917. Sergt. Kay originally enlisted with the 56th Battery. He is now the Brigade Gas Sergt. and is attached to Headquarters.

His work is inspecting the Anti-Gas Appliances of the different batteries, to see if they are in working order.

Sergt. Kay reports all the O. A. C. boys in good health and uninjured, save slight wounds. He expressed a deep interest in the "Alma Mater" of the college! He also pays a tribute to The Review—in part he says, "I have thoroughly enjoyed The Review in the past, and I am expectantly waiting for the September issue."

Sergt. Kay would be glad to hear from any O. A. C. men who can write him: His address is 13th Brigade Headquarters, C. F. A., B. E. F. Army P. O. London, England, Canadians France — 324888.—

The September issue of The Review reported J. H. McCullough, B. S. A., '16 as being attached to the staff of the Nor-West Farmer of Winnipeg. We wish to correct this error as Mr. McCullough is Field Representative for the Farmers Advocate at Winnipeg.

#### ENLISTMENTS.

W. T. Ziegler of year '19, who enlisted in September, is now in training in U. S. Navy at the Training Station,

Newport, R. I. His address is: 24 Pauding St., Tarrytown, N. Y.

#### CAPT. LEWIS BROCK HENRY KILLED.

Capt. Lewis B. Henry, '13 enlisted at the first call to arms with the 77th Wentworth County Regiment. At Niagara Camp in the Summer of 1915, he became attached to the 76th Battalion. On April 20, 1916 he left for England, where as Acting Major he was an efficient final instructor in musketry.

In order to realize his ambition of going to the firing line he reverted in rank to Captaincy in which rank he joined the 58th Battalion in France on July 15, 1917. He was killed at Lens on August 30, 1917.

Capt. Henry was a graduate of Ontario Agricultural College in the year 1913. From that time until enlistment he assisted his father in fruit-growing at Winona, where he was highly esteemed.

The Review extends to Mr. and Mrs. Henry of Winona its sincerest sympathy in the loss of their only son.

FROM THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN, JULY 26TH, 1916.

Second Lieut. Frederick W. Walsh, attached Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who died of wounds received in action, was the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Walsh of Grove Gardens, Spring Grove, Isleworth, and was in his twenty-second year. Educated at Sevenoaks and St. Paul's Schools, he went to the Ontario Agricultural College to learn scientific farming. From there he graduated at Toronto University. From the beginning of the war until November 1915, he made several attempts to join the Canadian forces, but in consequence of defective eyesight he was unsuccessful. In November last the British Government offered commissions

through his University to members of the Canadian Officers Training Corps; and the use of spectacles was not considered a disqualification. He arrived in England in February of this year, and on March 3 was gazetted Second Lieutenant in the Gloucester Regiment. He went to Ireland for training, and on June 24th he left that country for France, and was attached to a battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. In one of his last letters he wrote, "I rather like the life so far. The nearer I get to going into action, the less I seem to trouble about it. I am quite happy now that I am doing my duty."

Donald A. Kimball of year '19 is another of our fellow students who will be missed this year. "Don" is a busy man just now in his capacity of Acting Pomologist at the Horticultural Experiment Station, Vineland.

We feel that the fruit trees in the Niagara district will be ably cared for under the competent supervision of our promising horticulturist.

Every wish for a successful year we send to you, Donald.

G. R. Sibbick, '19, visited the College and friends at G. G. H.

It seemed like old times to have his genial smile on Craig Street. Mr. Sibbick is actively engaged in Agriculture at Richwood, Ont.

We wish him every success.

In France,  
12th May, '17.

Dr. G. C. Creelman,  
Guelph, Canada.

Dear Sir:—Having a little time to spare this morning, I thought a letter to you would be time well spent. I came over with the 133rd as C. S. M. at the end of last October. Major Nourse was on the same transport. He was indisposed

most of the trip with suspected mumps or measles, I forget which.

After being in England for something over a month, I was sent to the C. M. S. which was then at Crowborough, to qualify for a commission. I left England on April 5th, and owing to some delay at the port where I spent Easter, I joined my battalion too late for the Vimy Ridge scrap which will figure in history. The battalion came out some days later covered with glory, mud, whiskers and carrying many a "souvenir." We were "out" for a few days, then up the line again. I have been with them in command of a platoon, and soon got in touch with "Fritz" as our first duty on reaching the front line was outpost. We captured a wounded "Fritz" as a souvenir—sad to relate he was wounded by a German "cylindrical stick" thrown by our corporal after trying the favorite "Merry Camerad" stunt. Our "Lewis" scattered the party who were following him at a safer distance. They had occupied our outpost 24 hours before I believe, and knew not of our presence.

The men out here are splendid—their spirit is excellent. We are sorry to hear that recruiting is not as lively as it might be in Canada. More and more men are needed to "spell off" the men already here who must have rest periodically to keep up their fighting spirit. The work is certainly hard, especially since we have moved back the German line.

I have not come across Sgt. Wilson—the genial George—out here yet, but I hope to one of these days. I got word of, or from him from time to time.

I should like to get in touch with "Bunny" Hare of Cobourg—the one who was in year '16 for the first two years. Could I trouble you to have his present address sent to me. My address is D Co. 24th Br., Victoria

Rifles of Canada, B. E. F., France.

Dinner is just announced in the "dining-room" of our dugout so I will close. Kindest regards.

Yours very truly,

JOHN L. FOOTE,

Lieut.

Dear Fellows:—When I left you last Spring I little thought that I should be here when school again started. I figured that I would be in "La Belle France," but the unknown quantity "X." entered into the problem and hence I am at present becoming a "dry-rot" on the plains of Texas. To give you an idea of how "plane" it really is, I might state that I can see the small distance of twelve miles from my tent. There is no grass, but a profusion of cactus, prickly pear, gumbo, a soil which is as hard as stone when dry, and sticks like adhesive when wet. We also boast of horned toads, centipedes, lizards, owls, rattle snakes, coyotes, prairie dogs, fleas, scorpions, dust, whirlwinds and a scarcity of water.

"Red" Wallace is in the 20th F. A. Battery "B" at Iron Springs which is about 26 miles from here.

I have had the honor of becoming battery bugler, and then was relieved and put on the B. C.'s special detail as acting corporal, or as you say, Lance Corporal.

We have been warned about telling too much, but I will say that we are drilling every day and becoming more and more efficient in the art of removing German souls from their bodies.

The special detail is attached to the B. C. at all times and its business is to compute firing data, ranges, sites, etc. It is also used as a signaling outfit and everyone is supposed to be proficient with flags, buzzer, telephone and hand signalling.

Tell Geo. Delong that I received his letter and that the "Merit Shield" looked good. It is the one that I designed, is it not?

I hope George's girl still loves him, because if she doesn't, there will be another broken heart in Guelph soon.

"Thomas, the Cooper," hope he is still manfully plugging at "Pasturianum fluorescens."

I wish that some of the fellows would see that the box that I left in Craig Street is not stolen, because I expect to come back some day.

Tell all the boys and Macites "Hello" for me, and don't study too hard.

Sincerely,

H. J. SULLIVAN, '18.

19th F. A. Battery "F", Texas.

FROM GORDON HILL, '17.

The following letter from Gordon Hill, '17, has been handed to the Review by H. Graham, '18.

France, Sept. 2, 1917.

My dear Herb:—At last we find ourselves in France. It will be two weeks next Tuesday since we left England. At present we are "laying" in a small viiage about twenty-five miles behind the line. I was up to the firing line last week for three days, on a "Cook's Tour." I had the opportunity of realizing as I never did before what war really means. I saw village after village nothing but a mass of ruins. One in particular was as flat as a pancake and others had only a few walls left standing. You have no idea what it really means—the destruction and havoc. For two hours I sat in a little dug-out within two miles of the German front line trenches and saw a city nearly the size of Guelph being gradually reduced to ruins. Through my glasses I could see the Huns coming up to their reserve trenches. They brought me in mind of so many rats taking

shelter in a hole and I couldn't help but curse them. We were up at the guns for two days, the third day being spent at the wagon lines about four miles in rear. While at the guns we slept in old German dug-outs, and we must give "Fritz" credit for knowing how to protect himself. They are constructed of timber about 10" x 3" and are some twenty feet below the ground. As a rule they have two or three entrances. On one occasion, I had a 5.9 shell explode less than a hundred feet from me and it was plenty close enough, but if they never come any closer, I can't complain.

At present we are billeted with the French people and have very comfortable quarters, but it won't be many days before we move up.

Hoping you are all well, and that I will hear from you soon. As ever,

GORDON.

France, Aug. 28, 1917.

Dear Dr. Creelman:—Following on my promise of my last letter written just before I left England, I am going to try and relate my wanderings.

At the outset, I would ask you to convey my appreciation to Mr. LeDrew of the Review. I have met quite a number of O. A. C. men in England and in France, and we all find the old Review which everyone when a student takes pleasure in maligning for its lack of interest and its vapidity, a great connecting link and source of interest. I wonder if I can remember whom I have met. At Bramshott, "Charlie" Good and I met almost daily and after the custom of Musselmen, ate each others coffee—I mean chocolate, and I went down several times to his home. It seems strange to visit the insectivorous Good and his charming little wife—not to mention Miss Good. And one Sunday afternoon, or was it a Saturday?

Frank Donald and "Windy" Winslow came down from Witley and we ate and smoked Good out of house and home. Floyd Shaver, O. C. Remount Dept. at Witley wrote to me, but I came over here before I could see him. At Folkestone I saw "Art" White for a few minutes. "Bob" Hartry who took Mr. Kendall's work for a year, is a Lieut. in this Btn., as also is Porter of '15, who took his first year only. My sergeant is Smith who got 3rd in Dairy with Reuben Brown and Alton 2nd. First, Dougall who spent a couple of years around the Dairy Dept. was our Scout Officer until he was killed in the last show. He was as fine a boy as ever stepped. One of the boys in my section lives next door to the Hattin's on Eramosa Rd. But I have met some more O. A. C. men whose names I forget for the moment; a Major Bertram visited me one day in Billets, along with another O. A. C. man—Major Turner—a stranger to me. We all look eagerly for the Review and some of the boys have cursed it in a friendly way for not turning up. In one of the latest numbers I read a letter from good old Castro-Zinny, who desired me to write to him. Good Castro—I have so many letters to write that I must now rely upon the Review to greet my friends for me. I assure you, Sir, with all the men whom I have met (O. A. C. men) I find the good old couege a wonderful bond of union and friendship. Oh yes, and I visited Leslie Burrows the other day before our attack. He was F. O. O. in our attack and the next time I saw him he was in our front line which we had just taken from Fritz. I took him down the trench a bit to show him the trench of our objective and his men reeled out the wires behind him. Incidentally, while I left him and went in to "mop up" further on, the spot was a warm one and a little later he had to

"revolver" himself out getting a bullet wound in the arm. It is very likely he will get his M. C. for his work that day. I have also seen Fred Bond M. C., who got his ribbon for F. O. O. work. I will speak of decorations and the deserving of them, later on.

I joined this Btn. on a Friday morning and moved with them up into Reserves the next night, when I first came under shell fire. Things have moved with a most kaleidoscopic changes for me. Briefly, in the first 21 days of my stay in France, and the first 18 days with this Btn., I have been "over the top" three times and have been in three counter attacks. And I have not yet taken a tour in the trenches! I have been there only in passing through to our jumping off places in the attack. I wonder if you will be bored if I breeze out. You have had so many letters from soldiers and so many from men with really descriptive and illustrative pens that I almost hesitate to tell you my adventures. But every man's conditions are different and emotions certainly differ; moreover I think I have seen "things" as fast as any O. A. C. man has seen them in this colossal mess, so I will continue. And right here I am going to ask you—if you get this letter—to show it to those of my friends whom you think would care to hear of me, especially to Dr. Bethune, Prof. Caesar and Jack Baker and Prof. Howitt. I cannot write to them all, as I am doing to you. I have to write a little technically to Prof. Caesar of some hints I gleaned from two sources in England that would help our Dept. So I would be very glad if you will tell them all that I am flourishing. Well, of my moves. In reserves, just behind the firing line, we lived in cellars of houses that had sheltered Fritz a matter of six weeks before, and the whole neighborhood bore signs of the

terrible conflict. You know where the Canadians have been scrapping. In there, my first impressions of the mess were those of delight at the roar, the whine and the shriek of our heavies going overhead to the Hun lines. Now and then one would come back. Batteries far in our rear worked all day and late, of all sizes up to 9.25, hurried over all day and all night. Instinctively a new-comer follows the various noises of the shells with his eyes, trying to see them. From my experiences later in the front line, I found that one can see them; but I anticipate. But in light cumulous cloud, heavies do show a trail as they piece out the cloud behind them or carry some of it along on their way. At any rate one can sometimes see long arcs of delicate cloud joining as one looks, out of a large cloud. And everywhere, as I sat behind our shelter of rubble, the poor tired Earth bore the marks of those shells. Being a little way behind the lines, it was safe to wander a little, against orders. I wandered. A few feet away a large mine shaft with tremendous buildings above it, had been completely wrecked. The Huns have deliberately destroyed these all over the country—pleading O. P's., i. e., observation points. To my right ran a cratered trench. Blue bottles lived and swarmed there. You see it was only six weeks ago. Behind a low wall lay a giant "dud" or unexploded shell, fully four feet long and of tremendous calibre, and on all sides around, as far as the eye could see, lay the ruins of tortured France, village after village and town after town, shell-torn and devastated, turning patient blind faces to the Day, waiting for the Day. One's whole soul cries out at conditions which create this ruin and at the instigators thereof. I have picked gooseberries, parsley and plums from the parapets of trenches where



these zig-zagged their bayed way through the one-time gardens of ruined villages. And that first day was a Sunday. We had sneaked in the night before. To my left was the ruins of a wood—a most pathetic sight, almost sadder than the appearance of a ruined village. And still further, a row of battered trees on the sky-line denoted a "ridge" which is printed large in Canadian history. Our planes hummed all day, patrolling and registering for the monsters who roared miles behind. Such monsters, too! I have many times heard shells "express-train" overhead, without being able to hear the roar of the guns that fired them or the sound of their burst. So far were they behind and so far ahead of me were their objectives. And that same night I took my first fatigue party of fifty men down into the warmer zone, following a guide. We were to carry "flying pig"—swine which are sausaged with an explosive so powerful that they cannot be fired from a large gun, but must be fired from a combination of spring and tow propelling force, which will not jar them into explosion. Their range is considerably less than a mile and their craters will hold a small house. They are the largest trench mortars we use. We carried them—two men to a pig, a short distance. Being a new man I did not know my position, but we were exactly in the region of one of Fritz favorite barrages and pretty soon opened up. Five times he barraged and five times we lowered pig respectfully, but swiftly to the ground and crouched on the far side of the ruined houses out of the hail of steel and flying brick, and as many times we came out again. Being new, I did not know. I can—and do—only attribute it to the Good God who has "seen it with me" through these three weeks. I lost one man and one was wounded. Somehow not a pig was

hit or else—just another crater on the front—big enough for a mine and 50 good men, one guide and one awfully green officer less. The next day we slouched around; the third day I patrolled a little about noon with my Co'y. Commander, a brother Lieut. He mounted to the top of a large ruin and surveyed the Front and I followed after; he came down, and the sniper who was now awake, missed me twice. It has been like this exactly twelve times—only worse.  
August 29th.

At dawn on the 5th day I went "over the top" for the first time on a raid. It was not very satisfactory as far as I was concerned, though my platoon was the only one out of two battalions that reached its proper objective. We were supposed to be unkind to their first and second lines, look up the conditions of things and come back in about twenty minutes. By sheer accident I found my objective, no credit to me, slung a few bombs and proceeded to lead what few men were around me, back to our lines. Never having been anywhere near there before, I lost my sense of direction and had to go slow, clambering through oceans of half broken up wire, prismatic compass in one hand, revolver with its muzzle closed up with clay in the other. We crawled because one man was badly wounded, one was all-in and those who were carrying the wounded man fell into shell holes and over the wire. When another man was all in, I gave him the compass and the ornamental revolver to lead us and I helped with our blighty. Machine gun bullets mewed and whined all around. (We should have been killed over and over again.) Dawn had turned well into day and that elusive line of ours was so terribly far Northwest. It was so light that I piled the crew into an extra large crater, which was at one time the cellar of a

house, until a shell had totally removed the house above it and it was just a deep hole with a lining of broken brick and odd lumber. One of Fritz' planes was so low overhead that we froze stiff and putting one man on guard with bombs (rifles lost long ago) I set the men to digging out a hole in one side of our crater, piling the brick across the front of it and covering the top with odd lumber. On top of our veranda roof we cautiously put brick and rubble—odd pieces of broken lumber, and rubbish to persuade the aeroplane that the lumber "happened" there and the brick was blown there by a shell. We sat there all day, feeding the poor ashen wounded boy with trickles of water from my half empty bottle and brandy from my flask. The stretcher bearer and I took it in turns to hold the poor fellow in our arms—he was so cold, although covered with all our tunics, and at dusk I took out a "guide" to get to our lines. It was still too light, for a sniper sniped—and missed, and a machine gun gunned and missed. In ten minutes we found an outpost, hurried through a wilderness of overgrown suburbs, got to our own headquarters, and hurried out again with a stretcher. The getting to H. Q. took nearly an hour because I found a "walking wounded" who could only hobble, and I had to help him in. Three times we tried to find that shell hole again and three times we failed. Twice we wandered so close to Fritz that he opened up with his machine gun. Rotten shooting. The scout officer finally let a party out to locate the shell hole when a message came over the wire from Brigade H. Q. that the party with wounded was in. So we rested from our labors and I left the front line at 3 a. m. following our company which had passed out to billets far in rear; walked about eight miles and got there at 7 a. m. The adju-

tant met me with the news that the Bgde. H. Q. had **not** got the wounded man. They came in the next night nearly exhausted, the wound gangrenous. Thus my first introduction to the front. Somehow we didn't feel hungry in that shell hole, and a few sticks of chewing gum answered for water. And to cap it all, the map location showed the crater seventy-five yards from the Hun front line—so our vigil for forty-eight hours with the revolver in the hands of the watcher, and hand-grenades within reach of each man, was not in vain. It is apparently characteristic of the Hun that he did not rout us out during the day time; the machine gunner had blazed at us to the last as we dropped into the crater. Canadians would have chased out any Huns who had been in a like place. To describe my emotions during that raid would be difficult. A few outstanding thoughts ran through my mind; to locate my objective (we had crawled out of a ruined trench and had extended across in front of Fritz' wire as a "jumping-off" place) to lead the boys there—learn all we could, bring back prisoners, come back ourselves. Mingled with this was an overpowering feeling of awe at the roar of our barrage, which suddenly leaped out of the silence at the given moment and bathed Fritz front line; and this roar was followed by the additional noise of his barrage which opened up very soon behind us. Every size of shell roared or noised according to its fashion, with very little flash as they burst. Before long every feeling gave way to one of intense anger and hatred against those who were responsible for this awfulness; every shell possessed of the devil, hunting with terrible earnestness for the bodies of men. Men's bodies are so soft. As I went over on the raid I was mechanically rolling something in my fingers—something so

soft and yielding. When I realized it was a piece of human flesh I dropped it. It had been blown around by one of those hungry shells. Something truly awful awaits those who were in the first place responsible for this war, and the Almighty only can be the Judge. Discard all names for this terror, of "The Great Adventure"—"The Flaming line of Steel"—"The Front" or any other appellation you have for it; call it only "The Annihilation." It is not a war of rifles or any arm except artillery. If rifles or bayonets or grenades; brilliant charges and man to man fights on no man's land or open fighting were to decide the war, Fritz would have been wiped out long ago, and he knows it. But when the terrors of hell leap out at the cringing bodies of men, leap out of the darkness or the bright sunlight, leap out with a deluge of steel and roar and concussion until the earth rocks and heavens—leap out at the firing of a single colored light of S. O. S.—then don't call it anything else but "The Annihilation." I have seen and have been through some very intense artillery fire, when the face of the earth changed every second, and the poor bruised bodies of men were buried and uncovered every minute, and always there has come to me the feeling that came first on the raid—how terrible a retribution awaits those who are responsible, and each time my mind has become more and more set on doing the part of one human being to bring about that retribution. After a man has been here for some time and his nerve has gone, personal feelings dominate all others. But mine is at present still in the "setting" stage, setting into every feeling of revolt against the Huns who caused this war. And this feeling has to let itself out into killing or training others or leading others to kill men who are as innocent of the great offence as

we are—men who hate their tasks even more than we do. It used to hurt me to chloroform a cat or a hen for dissection—or any other animal—but I would shoot a Hun as soon as look at him now, and after three weeks of it, I regret that I have had so few chances to do it. Only one so far. And if by some overwhelming stroke, however dastardly it might be, I could wipe out the innocent men in the lines ahead of me, I would do it. And I would face my Maker immediately after with a straight eye. If I have passed through many kinds of death in those eighteen days, I have also lived with an intensity of life such as I never before dreamed possible. The flame of life burns with a brightness that flares up away above normal in those moments when it is most likely to be put out. And it is never so dear as it is in those moments. Death that roars or wails, whistles or hums, sighs, whines or comes with the invisible force of concussion—death that creeps with the silent air you breathe or dazzles in the 30 yard flame of the burning gas only accentuates and beautifies life. And if death in these forms misses you, you are the better off for having come through it, on account of the height to which you have lived.

And the Allies have out-Hunned the Huns in the methods we use. Our artillery gives him from fifty to one hundred per cent on every shell he fires, and apart from rifles and our superior bombs and trench mortars, our gas is more terrible and swift and our flame-projectors more far-reaching and infinitely more cruel than his. Good.

Are you tired of this?

In four days after my initiation I was back in the line for the second dose—the attack. We were to stay in his lines this time, and we did. We took all our objectives. One source of great satisfaction to me is the fact that the

British "official" tells us not one word of untruth, and invariably tells the whole truth. I will not detail all what happened; it was very much the same as the raid, only worse. When I was out of the front line for a few hours rest, Fritz counter-attacked our new line very heavily and chased us out. And I was waked up to take my men again "over the top" which did not exist, in another attack. We are still in that front line. When I left it four days after taking it, the once good trench was a series of connected craters, and the whole area was obviously a battlefield because Fritz' dead as well as our own lay around, though many had been removed. It is this part of the whole thing that affects me most—it hurts. Wounds are bad enough (and some of them are awful) but death in this form still has its strangeness for me, especially when one sees the glaze coming over the eyes of men who have followed you just before. I won't tell you what has happened to men even as I looked at them, and the terrible outlets through which their brave lives ebbed out. But I will confess to you that when one of Fritz counter-attacks, prefaced by a hot barrage and driven off by ours, had passed, and with it the light from the eyes of one of the boys from Chatham, a veritable lion-heart, and again as I looked on the faces and the "forms" of over a dozen of my platoon who had fallen immediately behind me, by the force of one shell, blessing them the last good-bye—I sat down and wept. I'll get over this phase of war very soon even as others have got over it. It is so incongruous—have you appreciated the fact that the German is a human being even as we are? Into Co'y. H. Q. was brought a prisoner, wounded in the stomach and bandaged. We put him on the bed, gave him water which he drank eagerly, rum which

choked him forthwith, and a bag of hard-tack to lean on. I put my hand on his back to support him and was really surprised to find IT soft and warm, a real human being! The soft stubble on its probably eighteen-year old face had seldom seen a razor, and it was just as human as we were. Quite a revelation to me, when I had been through such strafing. But this soft human being was Hun alright, whose light flickered out so soon afterwards, for treachery, that he didn't know it was going. I have been very much struck by a typical characteristic of our men. It is most noticeable, especially when we have just taken new ground. Fritz spares us pains with his trenches and his dug-outs and funk-pits. Some of the dug-outs are perfectly wonderful. Along come our boys, chase out Fritz and get properly strafed in the trenches of which the Huns have the exact registration. And our men will go on using these trenches month after month without looking after them. We all prefer to bend double or even to creep through trenches which have been blown in, to wade ankle-deep in water and to shelter in pits that will barely hold one man, rather than keep things in good shape and repair. And I have noticed strips of barbed wire in communication trenches, over which scores of men will trip and call back, "Mind the wire" down the line day after day or rather night after night, rather than send down one or two men another time to clean out the studd. The officers—I plead guilty—are just as bad. We always have the feeling somehow that when our trenches become altogether unbearable, we will slide out and get new and better ones. One case I saw to my sorrow of just this feeling of carelessness. After our advance, I had the greatest difficulty in getting the men to dig scratch cover in the walls of

the trenches—protection from shell-fire. One young fellow who had been very “nervey” all along, replied when I told him to tuck his legs in and not leave them sticking across the floor of the trench in case they got hit, “Oh, I’ll take a chance, Sir.” He took it and rested them over a box of bombs, and in less than ten minutes, I had the horror of seeing two feet, cut off across the insteps by a shell which set off the bombs. It happened in front of me across the width of the trench, a few feet to the left. I had not noticed where he had put the bombs, or the fact that he had not obeyed my command. Poor boy; a letter from him from hospital, says that he is getting along “fine.” Of such are our boys. And I have gone too far, Sir, without paying the greatest tribute in my power to **the Hero** of this war, the thrice hero, Tommy Atkins, Johnny Canuck, Private in the rear rank. Every individual covers himself with glory by the mere act of going through that trial—“over the top.” Being an officer helps a man tremendously. You have to lead, to be responsible for the lives of about forty men (I speak as a sub.) to set them an example, if you can, of coolness, steadiness and courage. And you forget the element of personal danger. But it is different with the private. And I have understood perfectly, and have forgiven the slowness to obey in the front line when I have recognized cases of shock where men have been dazed by the hell of it. They had no responsibility of command and were dazed. But their recuperative powers are wonderful, and—pardon the expression of a soldier’s classification—“They certainly have the guts.” And once again I pay tribute to that model of coolness and bravery, the average Scotchman. My brother officers agree with me about the honorable private. When under orders to

select men for decorations, I have had the greatest difficulty to choose anyone out of the rest. They are all conspicuous heroes and everyone deserves the V. C. You have perhaps heard that saying of Fritz: the Frenchman fights for his country, and the Englishman for honor, but the Canadian fights for souvenirs. At least we claim the Huns say it. And an outsider if you can find one, would certainly think so. I plead guilty to collecting junk myself, most of which I was forced to give or throw away. I got from dug-outs and from other closer sources, two rifles, several steel helmets, several water-bottles, bayonets of various types, (sword, saw and dagger, two belts, endless ammunition, post cards, photos, papers and letters, spoons and forks and two excellent field Red Cross outfits. I hacked the wood off one rifle—a new one, and later got a French mine worker to pack—saw off the barrel just in front of the back sight, so as to have the breach action which I hope to get to Mr. Kendall somehow, sometime. I have retained only this rifle, a water bottle, one of each type of bayonet, the three belts, spoon, etc., of small stuff. I used the bandages on our own wounded. The question now is—how to get these souvenirs over to Canada? I am still wrestling with it. Many of our men have valuable things—watches gaire, automatic revolvers, money, etc. I have my eye on a revolver. Sometimes one can buy these more valuable things for a “consideration” when the men are low and it is thirsty weather. But I value what I collected myself. Out of my dug-out I got four carrier pigeons and one of our own Lewis guns which the pigs’ sons must have captured at some time or other. As far as I have seen, they live frugally. The dark brown bread is very sour and unpalatable. Their mess tins had very stale

tea and a sort of weak gruel or porridge, and there was one piece of bacon. But all their equipment is excellent; no chance stuff or shoddy. The mine worker told me that the gun barrel was the hardest piece of metal he had ever cut.

~~March~~ 9, 1917.

We have moved camp since I wrote the last, and one thing and another has cropped up to prevent me from continuing. Before I leave this unholy topic, there are one or two things to which I must pay fair and generous tribute. Right up in reserves, shelled all the time with shrapnel and heavies, and now and then with gas shells, was a branch of the ubiquitous Y. M. C. A. The work that these men do is superb. I heard two days ago from the officer in charge that this particular branch has had several casualties, and they were forced to leave only when their cellar was blown completely in. My men used to find their depot a great comfort for odds and ends of supplies and especially in the early morning hours when returning weary and shaken from some fatigue party in the front line trenches, they would be able to get a drink of hot tea—free. So incongruous, too—the Y. M. Christian Association in the middle of all that strife. And they have tents and huts everywhere, right up to the danger zone. The officer to whom I was speaking expressed it as being "a privilege to come up into the near front line, which was denied them in the sectors held by Imperial troops. And the Sgt. in charge of this particular depot, used to slip over to the dressing station to help there, when times were slow in his line. He is a man of over forty-five years. I pay next a tribute of admiration to the efficiency of our artillery—a branch of the service with which I am only now becoming at all familiar. That is to say, familiar with

the things they do. When you come to think of it, it is more wonderful for a Howitzer machine weighing the better part of twenty tons to tote a projectile of 150 pounds into an unseen trench 4—6 feet wide at a distance of four to six miles, than it is for a rifleman to snipe at a Bosch head 300 yards away—in full view of that head. Artillery is really a triumph of mechanics, especially in the case of the large calibre long-range guns, firing anywhere up to ten and twelve miles; these guns fire by a vernier sight; guns without eyes, firing by night as well as by day with astounding accuracy, guided by a map location of perhaps one word, two letters and six to eight figures. And one can't help admiring some of the German artillery fire. Archies firing at our planes 'way up in the sky and making those same planes twist, climb, dive and turn all they know to escape the hail of shrapnel. Their timefuse apparatus must be marvelous. Even as I write, a big gun is firing shrapnel at one of our observation balloons. The gun cannot be less than four or five miles behind the front line, even as our balloons are not less than five miles behind our lines. And these shells burst with surprising accuracy. Although I have not seen a balloon brought down by their fire, I have seen one cut loose from its moorings, and shot down later by one of our aeroplanes. I have seen the shells burst so close to O. B.'s, that the observers deemed it wise to parachute down in a hurry. It is a great comfort in the front lines to hear our faithful .9.2's lobbing a hundred yards away into Fritz's line, or all around his positions. The shell bursts with a ringing, clear, sound; not like Fritz's 8-inch H. E.'s, which "crump," "cr-r-rump" with clouds of blacksmoke. I've seen a house go up, and come down, no longer a house or anything like one,



when hit by one of Heinie's crumps. For the last fifty or hundred yards of its parabolic flight, one can see a big shell fall. I have watched many of his crumps messing around just in rear of our front line. A third grateful tribute I would pay, when speaking of very front line things. One morning at dawn, just after one of Fritz's strafes, when the light was just spreading around, I heard a few birds singing. For a few minutes it seemed to change the whole aspect of things. Something seems so bitterly wrong. I could not see the wonderful things. I don't know where they were, but they sang to greet the day quite close to our lines of death. It makes one think. I will speak now of other things.

Two days ago "Bob" Sutton, '18, wandered into our lines to see one of the officers and we ran into each other. Followed a regular talking match! He told me that Pawley is buried near by, so I wandered around yesterday to a couple of cemeteries. One drew a blank, but I found his grave in the other, a very large cemetery of French, British and Canadian graves. The British section is very well kept, much more so than the French.

All the graves are separate and clean cut, with crosses bearing full particulars and generally a text. Pawley's bears a large cross and is quite conspicuous. There are men lying there from the 87th Battalion—Davies' Battalion. He was buried on the Somme. The French graves are not tended very well, but many have very elaborate head-work, ornaments on them; huge things which fall to pieces rather readily when the wire rusts. It is gratifying to note the care taken of our boys, many of whom must have been brought out here several miles from the front, each buried in a separate grave by a padre of his own denomination. It is a credit to

both the British and the French that they bury German dead in the same way with crosses marked "A German Soldier"—once.

Again the feeling of revolt and hatred came up in me, when I was in the great cemetery. One can almost picture the broken-hearted relatives when reading the pathetic verses and words on the French soldiers' graves—words from mothers, sisters and wives and now and then from children. Heroes of all ranks lie there, from Lieut. Colonel to rear rank private and in their last rest they lie alike, soldiers all, shoulder to shoulder in long lines. Which in the sight of the highest tribunal, is as it should be.

And the feeling to leave it all and to run, is exceedingly rare in our ranks. One of my corporals, "Scotch," and a married man, died in great pain after being hit by M. G. fire; yet to the last he uttered not one word of home or wife or pain—his only regret was that he was dying too soon before he had "done enough" before he had "got enough of them." The men want to see it through, and to get at the Hun—much as they long earnestly to get to their homes and to see the end of the mess.

But I said I was through with war talk. When in rest camp, we work every morning and play games of every sort in the afternoons. I may add that this battalion has swept the boards in all games so far and intend to do the same in the brigade and divisional sports soon to be held. It has a high reputation, a very high name, for fighting qualities, witness the record of never having lost for over a few hours, ground that it has taken.

For reasons best known to himself, the Colonel made me Scout Officer of the Battalion, the third day after we came out of the line. So now I am no

longer a platoon commander, but attached to headquarters working with a special section of trained men; patrols, snipers, observers and guides.

And being new to this part of the game while in charge of the men of the original 18th, I have to balk work like mad, however I hope to fill the position satisfactorily.

Now I'll conclude. We want men and more men. The Germans openly confess that they fear the Canadians more than any other troops opposed to them, at least I believe this—having had personal evidence.

I don't know when I will write again, Sir, sometime I must write also to the Fulmers. Did I mention that I had seen big "Mac" quite often at Bramshot!

My kind regards, please to Mrs. Creelman and to Mr. Springer, and with my best respects to you, I am,

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE J. SPENCER.

MARRIAGE

HAZE—CHARMAN.

In the Wesleyan Methodist Church at Horsham, England on Thursday, September 13th, the marriage took place of Lieut. W. Edgar Hare, son of the late C. N. Hare and Mrs. Hare of Cobourg, and Mildred Adele, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Charman of Horsham. Before enlisting Lieut. Hare held an appointment in the Organization Department of Agriculture, and was at Guelph and Newmarket.

Mr. and Mrs. Hare left to spend their honeymoon at the Isle of Wight.

Lieut. Hare has many friends in Guelph, where he attended the Ontario Agricultural College. He was familiarly known among his friends as "Bunny."

FERGUSON—SLATER.

On Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1917 at the residence of the bride's parents, 84 Dublin street, Guelph, by the Rev. Dr. A. J. MacGillivray, Greta Isabel Dryden, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Slater, to Clarence D. Ferguson, B. S. A. of Copper Cliff, Ont., second son of Mr. J. D. Ferguson of Valetta, Ont.

FISKE—TUCKER.

At Montreal on Thanksgiving day, Mr. Kenneth McLeod Fiske, B. S. A., to Miss Holly Miller Tucker, daughter of the Rev. W. B. and Mrs. Tucker.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Mrs. Matthew Carlyle announces the marriage of her daughter, Jessie Elizabeth to Mr. Archibald D. Campbell on Tuesday, the second of October nineteen hundred and seventeen at Lachine, Quebec. At home: 222 26th Ave., W., Calgary, Alta.

BIRTHS

PETCH.

On Sept. 19, 1917, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Petch, Hemmingford, Que.

MANY FORMER STUDENTS RETURN TO COLLEGE.

M. Jones.....	originally	'16,	now	'18.
D. J. Patterson..	"	'19	"	'20.
S. N. Lord.....	"	'16	"	'18.
H. H. Selywn.....	"	'17	"	'18.
G. Knowles.....	"	'18	"	'19.
V. C. Lowell.....	"	'18	"	'19.
J. H. Light.....	"	'16	"	'19.
P. M. Overholt..	"	'16	"	'18.
W. Y. Woods.....	"	'19	"	'20.
M. W. Malyon....	"	'18	"	'19.
N. S. Anderson .	"	'17	"	'19.
J. Waterman....	"	'17	"	'18.



# ATHLETICS

OPELL

## FIELD DAY.

The 26th Annual Field Day of the O. A. C. was held on Wednesday, October 17th. The weather in the morning was all that could be desired, and though the afternoon was cold and misty, yet tradition was upheld and Jupiter Pluvius refrained from breaking up the Meet.

In the very first event the Freshmen came to the fore when Lindala won the standing broad jump, closely followed by Weber of '20 and Gunn of '19. The 100-yard dash was closely contested by a large entry list. Newton, '18, Allan, '19, Gunn, '19, Lindala, '21 and McDonald, '21 qualified for the final heat and Allan, Gunn, and Lindala finally captured the honors. Time, 11 seconds. The 16-lb. hammer furnished a considerable amount of amusement. Michael, '18, twirled the weight like a peanut on a string and won easily. Shales, '19 sprung a surprise when he captured 2nd place, and Malyon, '19 was a bang-up third. Grant, '19 won the mile run in commanding fashion, McDonald, '21, made an impressive start, but killed himself in the first half and dropped out. Grant took the lead in the second quarter, was never challenged, and won going away. Maxwell, '18, who took second place, ran a great race and sprinted away from Leavens, '20 coming into the stretch. Leavens took third without trouble. The standing high jump was won by Gunn, '19, Way, '19 and Lindala, '21. Lindala

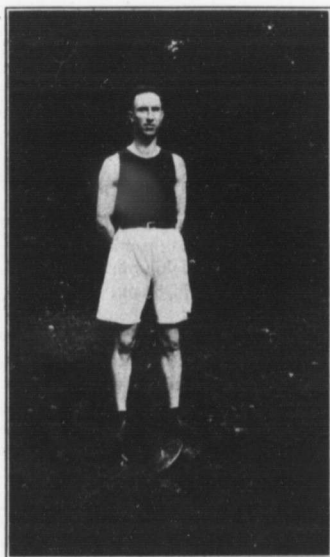
showed good form, but had some bad falls which probably spoiled his showing. Gunn cleared 4' 3". Matheson, '19, won the shotput (under 140 lbs.) with a put of 27' 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". James, '18 came next and Tice, '21, beat Maxwell, '18 by a fraction of an inch for the point.

The 220-yard race was a hummer, won by Allan, Gunn and Cass, all of '19. Anderson made a plucky effort to down Newton in the semi-final, but failed by half a foot. In the running hop step and jump, H. H. Taylor, '21, failed to break Husky Evans' record, but managed to win from "Bill" Michael with Matheson a good third. The morning events were started only seven minutes late and were completed at twelve noon, which is a pleasant variation from some past years.

In the afternoon, the 16 lb. shot put was started promptly at 1:30, and was won by Allan, followed by Gunn and Michael. In the running high jump, H. H. Taylor, '21, stepped over 5 feet into first place. Way, '19 beat Clemens, '21, for second place and Graham, '18. Brink, '19, Patchett, '20 and Lindale, '21 were all close after Clemens. Grant, '19 took the half-mile in less than two seconds over record time, trailed by Maxwell and Leavens. This was a particularly fine race to watch. "Bill" Michael threw the discus 10 feet further than his nearest competitor, Shales, '19, who took second by a fair margin from Gunn also '19. Gunn cleared the most ground in the running

broad, and Matheson beat Lindale, '21 by one inch, who, in turn, was one inch ahead of Michael. Maxweil, walked the mile in exceptionally fast time, considering that he had practically no opposition, as Clark, '19, was disqualified for running, and H. H. Taylor, '21 dropped out.

The three-mile race was won by Grant after running in fourth place almost the whole journey. Leavens, '20, finished second and Clemens, '21, third.



W. R. Gunn, Grand Champion on Field Day

Credit is due to Scouten, '19, who led the field till the last quarter and was then forced to drop out owing to a cramp.

Anderson, '19, galloped over the ten hurdles in professional style, winning from Allan, '19 and Gunn, '19. Cass, '19 would have figured in this race except for a misstep that threw him

off his balance for the next hurdle which he knocked down.

Only two runners toed the mark when the quarter mile was announced: Allan and Stillwell both '19. Stillwell went over the course in 11 seconds slower than record time winning easily.

The pole vault was not satisfactory. Rain began to fall, which made both pole and turf slippery. The contestants could not do themselves justice. Malyon, '19, Cass, '19 and Barber, '21 was the order of the event.

The year '18 did not enter a team in the relay race, which was won by year '19. Stillwell, Cass, Malyon and Grant doing the work. Year '21 finished second and '20 third.

Gunn, '19 captured the most points, and was declared Grand Champion of the Meet. He also won the championship of the jumps and vaults. G. S. Grant, '19 won all three long runs in splendid fashion and received the championship of the long runs. He was also awarded the Savage Silver Cup. The championship of the short runs was won by R. D. Allan, '19. G. W. Michael was the best man with the weights. H. H. Taylor won Dr. Creelman's medal for the Freshman Champion. Taylor looks like the making of a good athlete and will likely hang up a few new records before he leaves O. A. C.

"Bill" Michael, the genial and popular president of the Athletic Association deserves commendation for the prompt manner in which the various events were run off. There was no delay, no overlapping and no dissatisfaction.

#### RUGBY

The initial game of Rugby with an outside team this season was played with Woodstock College on their campus on Saturday, October 20, and resulted in a victory for the O. A. C. After four quarters of rather loosely

played football the game ended with the score standing 22—1 in favor of the Guelph boys. Both teams showed the need of further practice and the many fumbles greatly detracted from the effectiveness of the play. The O. A. C. used their trick plays to great advantage and gained practically all their points by these tactics.

Woodstock College scored first, securing a range after five minutes of play. Thereafter they failed to rally while their opponents put over a touch down in each of the four quarters, the last two being very neatly converted by Capt. Musgrave. For the O. A. C., Michael and Musgrave played their usual stellar game. Sirrs kicked splendidly while Stirret caught well and ran back several well placed punts. On the ends Stillwell and Shoemaker tackled very effectively.

The game was witnessed by a good crowd made up for the most part of Baptist ministers in convention at the Woodstock College. Mr. McKecknie of Woodstock refereed while S. H. Gandier of the O. A. C. was judge of play.

The line up was as follows:—

O. A. C.: Scrimage; Minielly, Almey, Frey, Sipple. Insides; Alexander, Brown. Middles; Mackenzie and Anderson. Outsides; Stillwell and Shoe-

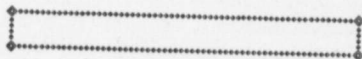
maker. Quarter; Musgrave. Halves; Shales, Sirrs. Rover; Michael.

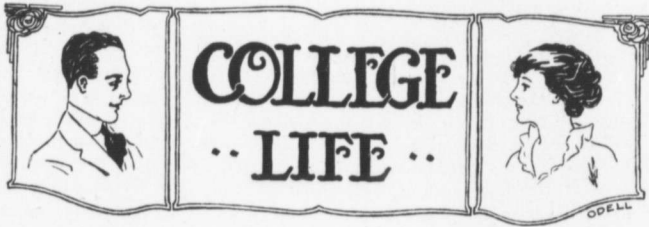
#### OUTDOOR BASEBALL

The outdoor baseball series at the College ended with the playing off of the tie between Faculty and Third Year on October 22nd on Macdonald campus. In spite of the cold and the early darkness good ball was played, and many exciting moments delighted the spectators.

Green and Baird made up the Faculty battery, while Brink and Anderson worked for the Juniors. Brink was not hit hard at any time; although a little erratic in the second inning, while Green was pounded mercilessly by nearly every opposing batter. The second inning was the big scoring session when the Faculty registered three in their half and the Juniors, after two men were down, did some heavy setting and fast base running for a tally of six. Stellar catching in the outfield by Fulmer and Matheson; Musgrave's persistent attempts to pound the windows out of the Institute, and the double play by Odell and Musgrave in the last inning were the most thrilling features.

The game was called on account of darkness at the end of three innings with the score 11—3 for the Juniors, who thereby laid indisputable claim to the championship.





## LITERARY SOCIETY "AT HOME."

On the evening of September 28th, Macdonald Hall was the scene of gaiety once more, when the Union Literary Society held their sessional promenade, and the maidens of the Hall and men of the College came together to renew old acquaintances and make promising new ones.

Along with the ten regular numbers, the following musical numbers were given: a piano and mandolin duet by the Misses Sybil and Muriel Boyce; a vocal solo by Mr. W. L. Iveson; and a piano solo by Miss Catherine Hanna. Each was much enjoyed. Another very attractive feature of the program was the serving of refreshments consisting of delicious coffee and real "Mac" Hall cake in the lower hall during three of the numbers. Half past ten arrived all too soon, and brought the pleasant evening to a close.

The Executive and Committee are to be congratulated on their careful and painstaking preparations for the evening, in which no detail that would add to the complete success of the occasion was lacking.

## THE FRESHMEN RECEPTION.

This important function was held on Tuesday evening, September 25th. The memories of the day before still lingering in the freshmen's hearts were dispersed before the cordial welcome accorded them by the members of the

Faculty, the various College Societies, and also by the remainder of the student body.

The Y. M. C. A. deserve congratulations upon the excellent quality of the fruit which it dispensed. Needless to say, the peaches, grapes, plums, etc., were much appreciated. The Rev. C. K. Palmer's comic recitations were very entertaining, and the sing-song at the close of the reception was the final friendly touch to put the entering class quite at ease and to bring them into the closest possible relation with the rest of the student body.

## UNION LITERARY MEETING.

A large audience enjoyed the splendid program given at the first Union Literary meeting this season, held in Massey Hall on October 13th. It was a pity that that ancient custom of waiting till after Field Day forbade the Freshmen from being the happy escorts of certain much-admired members of the fair sex from across the way, but it was plainly in evidence that no such restrictions were placed on members of the other Years.

Our new Hon. President, Mr. Urwin, ably filled the chair and in a few well-chosen remarks told us of a few of the many things that will be done by the Lit. this year. The idea of doing without printed programs, except on special occasions, ought to receive the support of everyone, as it will cause little in-

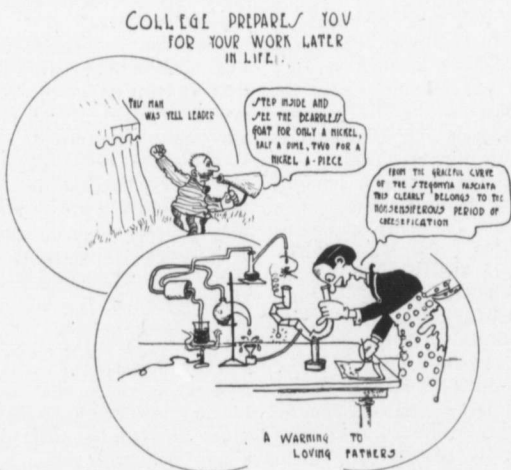


convenience and will be a great saving for the Society.

After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, the main feature for the evening, namely the first inter-year debate, took place. Messrs J. W. Shales and R. A. Brink of the Junior Year argued for the affirmative, and Messrs P. M. Overholt and R. C. Elder upheld the negative side of the debate, which was: "Resolved:—That it would be in the best interests of the Empire

A very enjoyable feature was an illustrated lecture by Rev. Dr. Hall, Senior Chaplain of the Sailor and Merchant Marine Institutes for Canada. Though the lights, unfortunately, went out shortly after the lecture began, yet with the indomitable spirit of the navy, our distinguished visitor kept our interest right to the end and in spite of the late hour, everyone was sorry when he got through.

One part of the program that will



that Great Britain establish an Imperial Preferential Tariff."

Though the subject was a very deep, and rather dry one, it was very well presented by both sides. Their ease on the platform showed that none of the speakers were novices, but Mr. Brink was especially good and his clear and emphatic manner finally decided the judges to award the decision to the affirmative. Dr. O. J. Stevenson, with Messrs. Fulmer and Finklestein, officiated as judges to the satisfaction of all.

not soon be forgotten was the presentation to Dr. Creelman on behalf of the O. A. College of a shield, the copper of which had been taken from Nelson's famous flagship, the victory, also a salver of metal from the same source to act as a medium for collecting the generous offerings given by those present at the special Collection Services at Chapel on certain Sunday afternoons.

We were then favored with an excellent vocal solo by Mr. Higgins who, aided by Miss Gow at the piano, rendered a true sailor song. Dr. Hall

showed his appreciation of this, also of the way in which the lantern was operated by one of the "coming conquering heroes" of the Second Year, by presenting the deserving ones with "Victory" medals. We must not forget our worthy chairman, Mr. Unwin, who was also the recipient of one of these trophies.

After the judges' decision and the critic's remarks had been given, this very successful meeting was brought to a close by the lusty singing of the National Anthem.

It might be as well here to inform the more timid members of the First Years on both sides of the campus that we are not often favored by the sudden going-out of lights, and equally sudden coming-back of the same; also, that those attending Literary Meetings usually manage to get back to their respective residences in plenty of time before the hour decreed by the College authorities as suitable for retiring.

#### CHURCH RECEPTIONS

During the past few weeks the students of MacDonald Hall and O. A. C. have been entertained by the young people of Guelph at several church receptions. These receptions are always appreciated by the students, both old and new. To those who have been there before, they bring back pleasant memories and to the new ones they give a feeling of comradeship. The homesick heart and timid look last but a little while in the presence of our city friends.

On October 1st the Y. P. A. of Chalmers Church welcomed the students to their annual reception. An excellent program was rendered, and in his characteristic style, Mr. Little poured out his message of cheer to all. Mr. Little is a general favorite with the boys of O. A. C.—in fact, with all the

students, and his little talks are long remembered. After the program came refreshments and then "good-byes" But we will find our way to Chalmers church again.

The A. Y. P. A. of St George's Church gave their reception on October 15th and the crowd that swarmed in from College Heights, showed clearly that big things were looked for. No one was disappointed. No one could anticipate a finer welcome than was accorded the students. Archdeacon Davidson has a faculty for reaching the hearts of the young. His jovial countenance and hearty voice sets everyone at ease. The program was of the usual high order and the refreshments were "all that could be desired;" both in quantity and quality.

"Still there's more to follow." On October 18th, Dublin Street Methodist Church held their social. The fact that they had been to St. George's on Monday did not prevent the students from going in full force. The evening was a pleasant one and—O! so free! The edict against fussing was forever raised from the shoulders of Year '21, and the fact was demonstrated by more than one couple. All fear of hair-cutting was gone and with light hearts the boys took part in all the amusements of the evening. Mr. Christie proved himself very popular with the students as his predecessors have done in the past.

The final reception of the term was held on Monday, October 22nd in Norfolk Street Methodist Church. The standard of excellence established in past years was maintained and the whole program was enjoyed by all. This church has also changed pastors this year, so Mr. Pearson was new to most of the students. He was new at the beginning of the evening but by

10 o'clock everyone felt that he was an old friend. Though this reception was last it was by no means least.

The objects of these receptions are to get the students acquainted with the city churches and to promote a spirit of friendship between students and city

young people, and these objects are well attained. The results are even more far-reaching as many a graduate has proved. Is it any wonder that gatherings of this kind often end with the singing of "Blest be the Tie that Binds?"

J. M. 



#### ALUMNI CLASS '17 MACDONALD.

Friends of the '17 graduating class of Macdonald Institute will, we are sure, read with interest the items of this article, and thus learn just what each member is doing to promote the ideals of Household Science.

Among the Housekeeper Class many have gone out to take positions of responsibility and trust, and we know that each will truly represent and uphold the high standard of Macdonald Institute. Five of the class are occupying positions as housekeeper and dietitian. Edith Elliott is in the General Hospital, Fort William; Etta Birdsall is in Regina Hospital; Helen Grant, in Montreal Hospital; Mabel Witmer, in the Y. W. C. A., Calgary and Helen Winslow in the Convalescent Home, Guelph. Rona Fraser is back with us this year, and although not as a student, we welcome her as one of the members of Macdonald Staff. Edith O'Fynn is recuperating from her arduous duties at "Mac," while visiting friends in the West. Miss Heary also has been spending the summer at home before commencing work in the Fall.

Of the Associate Class, four have found it impossible to withstand the

lure of "Mac" Life and are back to take the third year Associate Course. They are Doreen Bright, Dorothy Chown, Margaret Creelman and Edna Montgomery. After spending some time at the Battle Creek Sanitorium as pupil dietitians, they have returned to Macdonald Institute, which they think is "the place." Elizabeth Langford is pursuing pupil-dietitian work in Toronto General Hospital, and Verna Smith is in Detroit Hospital. Marie Sheridan has completed her term as pupil-dietitian in Hamilton Hospital, prior to taking a position in Toronto. "Jerry" Balkwill is making St. Thomas happy by her presence there.

The Normal Class have practically all taken up dietitian work. Florence Cooke, alone, is the only one who is teaching Household Science. Her work is in Halifax Ladies' College. Those in pupil-dietitian work are: Aleda Lammiman and Dorrit McCully in Montreal Hospital; Mabel Geddes in Wellesley, Toronto and Mary Duff in the Toronto General. Three girls of the class went out West to take summer schools, but not finding conditions very congenial, only one, Jean Grant, stayed with the job. Betty Birkett is now

teaching at Birtle, Man., and in the position is able to introduce a little Domestic Science work. "Lee" Lam-miman returned to Montreal. Laura Nixon is managing editor for a magazine published in Toronto "Rural Canada." In this position she is able to bring publicly to the women of Canada the ideals of Home Economics. Christine McIntyre and Betty Wallace have been enjoying the summer holidays at their homes in Kemptville and Seagrave, respectively. Just what they are contemplating doing this coming year, we are unable to state definitely.

Miss Roberta McAdams, graduate of Macdonald Institute, (Normal Course, Domestic Science 1909-1911) and nursing sister at the Ontario Hospital, Orpington, England, has been elected member of the Alberta Legislature, as representative of about 38,000 soldiers from that province.

Miss Louise Creelman, Miss Leah MacCarthy and Miss Isabel Saunders, graduates of Macdonald Institute, are working together at Queen's Canadian

Military Hospital, Shorncliffe, England.

#### CHURCH SOCIALS.

The students of Macdonald Institute received invitations recently to two church socials, one from Chalmers Presbyterian church for October 8, and the other from St. George's Anglican church for October 15.

On each occasion a large number of girls availed themselves of the kindly proffered hospitality. The entertainment in each case was on similar lines and was much enjoyed. Excellent programs of songs, recitations and instrumental music were furnished, hearty words of welcome were spoken, and the usual lunch was generously dispensed and gladly received. For the journeys to town the car was crowded to its utmost capacity, and in returning it was impossible for all the students from Macdonald and the O. A. C. to be accommodated, and in consequence, some reached their destination after the specified hour. It would be well if arrangements could be made for putting on an extra car when students are attending city entertainments in a body.

## Locals

WHEN THEY TRAMP US ROUND THE  
CAMPUS.

"On which side of this building would you plant a Boston ivy, Miss McWhirta?"

Junior: "Why, I believe it would do best on the outside!"

"Good breeding requires that we show consideration for others." M. U. W.

LIMERICK.

There was an old lady at Dover  
Who once made an apple turnover;  
A cat came that way,  
And she watched with dismay  
The overturn of her turnover.

Senior Macite—"Who is that singing 'Max'well'tons brae's are bonnie,' so heartily upstairs?"

Junior Macite—"I am not positive, but the voice sounds decidedly English."



Gunn—"That man Grant must be specializing in electricity this year."

Odell—"Why do you think that?"

Gunn—"Well he's been talking about nothing but 'Watt's for the last two weeks."

Jones—"I notice that Caldwell is preparing for the hair-cutting sophomores."

Allan—"Nonsense; he isn't afraid of sophomores."

Jones—"Well then, why does he always take a 'Speer' with him when he's out for the evening?"

Just for the benefit of those eager fussers of '21, whom we saw last Sunday, we might say that it is the custom for the gentleman to walk on the outside of the street when going to and from church. For a while it might be wise to quietly observe the deportment of the students of the upper years—It's a safe way.

The world will take you no more seriously than you take yourself.—Selected.

Freshman (at Sunday supper in dining hall)—"Say, guys, look at the new waiter with her hair hanging down her back.

F—k—e (at dinner table)—"What are you laughing at, Bill?"

G—d—s—"I'm not laughing. I'm eating soup."

Currier (in dining hall)—"Say fellows, do you see that Freshman just going out? He has his Entrance to Normal and Senior Matric.

Arnold—"Yes, but he hasn't his second year at the O. A. C. yet.

Pr—"Pat, when are you going to remove that exudation from your upper lip?"

P—H—n—"Just as soon as you can get yours full-grown."

Sh—l—s—(at Toronto Exhibition to salesman who has been trying hard to sell him a bicycle)—"No, I won't buy. I guess I'll invest my money in a cow." Salesman—"Yes, but you'd look funny riding around your farm on a cow."

Sh—l—s—"Oh! I don't know. Not any funnier than I'd look trying to milk a bicycle."

Freshman (who has dreamed of Student Labor)—"I think, Mac, that the bursar "oughta" come across with nine cents extra this week, but I suppose he won't."

Mac—"What for?"

Freshman—"For overtime. I wuz dreamin' about my work last night."

Youthful Freshman (to clerk in United Cigar Store)—"Half a dozen Habana Cigars, Duke of Ormond, please."

Clerk—"Aw, chase yourself. Say kid! Whaday think I am? Does your mother know you're out?"

'Tis rumored that this sad fate hath fallen on a number of the youthful members of year '21. The perspicacity of that clerk is to be commended.

Regarding the pacifists, Rastus, a wideawake colored man, gives a tip when his friend Ned asks:

"Mornin', Rastus! Yo' coming to de pacifist meetin' tonight?"

"I doan' think so. I done misplaced my razor."—Pickings.

## CLOSE QUARTERS.

"How cold your nose is!"

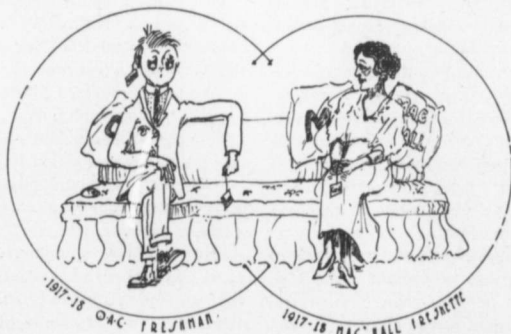
These words came from the daughter of the house who was sitting in the parlor with her beau.

"Is Towser in the parlor again?" demanded her mother from the next room.

"No, mother, Towser isn't in the parlor."

And then silence resumed its reign.  
—Exchange.

"GO WEST YOUNG MAN"



## "WHEN I FIRST MET YOU"

Many a truthful man breaks his word because he stutters.

Mistress—It's only fair to warn you, Bridget, that my husband swears a little sometimes.

Bridget—That's all right, mum. So do I.—Life.

Young Arthur was wrestling with a lesson in grammar. "Father," said he, thoughtfully, "what part of speech is woman?"

"Woman, my boy, is not part of speech; she is all of it," returned father.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

L—w—d—y—"Oh! P—g! What are you going to write your thesis on?"

P—g—"The thing I know most about."

L—d—y—"Well! What's that?"

P—g—"I don't know yet."

Frey (at dinner)—"You appear to eat well, Hop."

H—k—s—"Yes sir. I've been practicing all my life."

"I don't see what he saw in her to marry."

"Don't you understand? She kept him out of the war."



## "ONLY A LETTER."

You're looking tired and weary, feel you can't be cheery. And from your dirty trench you cannot roam. There's a sigh to stir your heart, makes all care and pain depart—a letter from the dear folks at home.

Maybe it's your brother, your dear old gray-haired mother, or sweetheart true that sends the welcome tale. But it sets you at your ease, when the message o'er the seas, just tells you all the folks at home are well.

There's the other side to tell, it don't sound half so well. It seems to give your heart a sudden wrench; when the mail is given out, you find without a doubt, you're the only one forgotten in the trench.

In your throat a lump will rise, tears start in your eyes. You wonder how on earth they failed to write; it makes you sick of work—heaven help the blooming Turk that bumps you in the next fierce bayonet fight.

Smiling faces meet you, hearty laughter greets you, when they all discuss the news of their home town. It makes a man feel small, if he's cared for not at all. And no one cares a rap if he goes down.

To show him you really care, if you've got the time to spare. Just drop a line to him who bears the wrench. It is not much to ask, but 'twill ease his heavy task. There is someone waits your letter in the trench.—"Kinsman."

## NELSON'S PRAYER.

"May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British Fleet. For self individually, I commit my life to

Him that made me, and may His blessing alight on my endeavors for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend."

## THE HUMAN SALAD.

According to Hartley Manners, the playwright, a wayfaring person in the East End of London had a sudden stroke and fell upon the street. When he recovered his senses he was in bed in a hospital ward, and a nurse was bending over him.

The sufferer sniffed the burdened air:

"Wot's that I smells?" he inquired in a faint, husky whisper.

"We put a mustard plaster on your chest," explained the nurse.

"There's something else on me face!" said the patient suspiciously.

"Oh yes," said the nurse, "we've been bathing your head with aromatic spirits of vinegar."

"But wot 'ave you done to me feet?"

"We gave them a hot mustard bath."

"I s'y!" demanded the stranger indignantly, "wot do you think I am, anyway—a bloomin' salad?"

"Marcella?" "Yes, Waverly."  
 "Where is the milk?" "Right there in the bottle."  
 "This one?" "No, the next one. That is just like you."  
 "What is?" "To reach right over the sweet one and pick the sour one. You always do that."  
 "Not always." "I'd like to know when you didn't."  
 "When I got you." "Huh!" "When I got you, Marcella, I reached over the whole bunch of lemons and picked a peach."  
 "Oh, Waverly."—Chicago News.

Jane.—"What do you think of Edith's new dress?"

John.—"It does make one think, doesn't it."

"Here! Waiter, where's my portion of sugar?"

"That must be that beastly fly again, sir—as soon as I puts down a portion of sugar, along 'e comes and sneaks it!"—London Opinion.

The energetic automobile salesman had just delivered the fair customer her new car, and everything was lovely. He had scarcely entered the office, however, when he received a telephone call. She said:

"I thought you told me that this car was a self-starter."

"So it is," replied the salesman.

"Nothing of the sort. I have to push a button to make it go."—Financial America.

There is a certain member in Congress who stutters except when he makes a speech or talks over the telephone. Recently he had occasion to call up a friend in Seattle on a matter of personal importance. When the transcontinental connection had been made the man in Seattle shouted through the 'phone:

"Who is talking?"

"This is 'Tom Smith,'" answered the Congressman at the Capital end of the wire.

"No, it is not 'Tom Smith,'" snapped the man in Seattle.

"Yes, it is 'Tom Smith,' I tell you," the Congressman fairly bellowed. "Why do you doubt it?"

"Why, 'Tom Smith' stutters."

"Darn it, do you think I am going to stutter at a dollar a word?" the Congressman retorted as he banged down the 'phone in disgust.—Nebraska Legal News.

There is nothing that Germany longs for more ardently than peace. All her people feel that their position is des-

perate. But before thinking of peace we must be certain of having finished with the military imperialism. Before accepting any peace those who are charged with the destinies of nations should give serious reflection to the terms; for on the peace we sign will depend for generations the peace and the future of the whole world.—Lieut. General C. Smuts.

The twentieth century was born without a memory. It's so busy with today's achievements, and tomorrow's projects, that no one has time to remember yesterday's exploits.

The good priest had come to his parishioners after the funeral of the latter's mother-in-law to express condolences.

"And what complaint was it, Pat?" he said, sympathetically, "that carried the old lady off?"

"Kumplaint, did ye ask, father?" answered Pat. "Thir was no kumplaint from anybody. Everybody was satisfied."

#### RATES OF POSTAGE.

The following are the rates of postage on parcels to soldiers in Europe, England, Belgium and France:

To England, 12c. a pound or any fraction thereof; limit weight on parcels to England is 11 pounds. To France or Belgium, the rate is 24c. for parcels, and weight up to three pounds; three pounds to seven pounds (the limit) the rate is 32c., not 32c. a pound, but 32c. for any weight from three to seven pounds. Any letter or parcel for any soldier in a hospital (even if the hospital is not known to the sender), having the word "hospital" marked across it, will be delivered. A customs declaration must be attached to each parcel. This may be obtained at the stamp window at the post office.

## IS IT SUCCESS?

Is it success to climb to eminence  
Upon the ruins of another's hopes;  
To gain the topping height at the  
expense

Of one condemned to slave on lower  
slopes—

Is it success?

Is it success to lose in wealth's pursuit  
The consciousness of right and self-  
respect,

Nor care, so gold becomes our labor's  
fruit,

How many noble principles are wrecked  
Is it success?

Is it success before the world to bear  
A banner that is seeming free from spots  
And simultaneous in the bosom wear  
A heart made hideous by secret blots—

Is it success?

## ONE LITTLE HELP

By Walt Mason.

I buy the helpful magazine, and  
read it by the evening lamp, and then  
attach a stamp that's green, a little  
sticky one-cent stamp. I hand it to  
a postal clerk, and to some soldier it  
will go, and maybe cheer the hours  
that irk, and hearten him to face the

foe. And thus, in divers little ways,  
we all can help the soldier lads, who'll  
spend their ardent, toilsome days far,  
far from home, in foreign grad. "Here  
is a magazine from home," a soldier  
cries, and wipes a tear: "some fellow  
with a thoughtful dome, in God's own  
country, sent it here." My aunt,  
whenever she has a chance, does Red  
Cross sewing with a bunch of kindly  
dames who used to prance to bridge,  
whist game, pink tea or lunch. The  
hands that used to flash the cards now  
ply the needle fro and to, and reel off  
linen, yards and yards, which is a good-  
ly thing to do. We all can help, if  
we'll but try, if not in large ways,  
then in small, and comfort soldier  
boys who sigh where surgeons walk  
the whitewashed hall.

## THE HINT THAT FAILED.

Caller (waiting for an invitation)—  
"Two o'clock! I fear I am keeping you  
from your dinner."

Hostess—"No, no; but I fear that  
we are keeping you from yours."—  
Boston Transcript.

Assistant—"Are those gloves for  
your wife, sir, or do you wish some-  
thing of better quality?"

