

Volume XXIV.

Number 10

# O.A.C REVIEW

JULY, 1912



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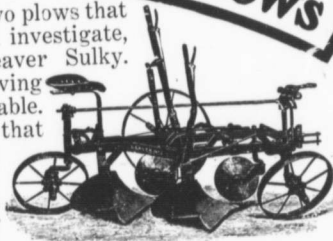


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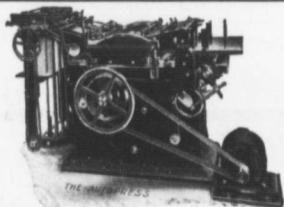


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Series A.

GUELPH, JULY, 1912.

NO. 6.

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# THE O. A. C. REVIEW

THE DIGNITY OF A CALLING IS ITS UTILITY.

VOL. XXIV.

JULY, 1912.

NO. 10

## The Literature of Nature

PROFESSOR J. B. REYNOLDS, O. A. COLLEGE.

THE proper study of mankind is man, declares Pope. Says a Hebrew poet: One thing have I desired of the Lord, That will I seek after; That I may dwell in the house of the Lord All the days of my life.

In these three declarations we find the themes with which literature concerns itself: The things that are seen, the things that are unseen, and man, in his relation both to the seen and the unseen. It is interesting to observe how in literature generally, and especially in English poetry,



"Aspects of Nature Gave Delight."

To behold the beauty of the Lord,  
And to enquire in His temple.

Wordsworth's testimony is to this effect:

"Nature to me was all in all."

these three great themes are linked. Some poets are humorists, some are naturalists, and some are religious poets. But any broad view must consider the three themes in their relation to one another. Man lives in the

midst of natural aspects, and under the influence of natural phenomena. His question from the earliest time has been, not only what these things of nature are, and what physical impression they make on him, but also, what they mean, what is their purpose. The latter question is at its root a religious one, for it pre-supposes an unseen power behind natural aspects and phenomena.

Ruskin says that a mark of the modern mind is its faithlessness, by which he means a want of belief in the unseen. Early poets can never be accused of faithlessness in that sense, for their imagination peopled all natural objects, the tree, the river, the ocean, the cloud, with unseen beings who controlled the natural forces belonging to these objects. Certain aspects of nature gave delight to men in early times as they do now—the warm sun, bright skies, genial airs, pleasant landscapes. Other aspects, which to us seem harmless and even delightful, were in early times objects of dread—such as mountains, moors, forests, storms, winter and darkness. The references in English poetry to night-time illustrate this change. An English poet of the seventh or eighth century gives this characteristic impression:

When men the sun's light no longer  
might see  
When the obscuring darkness fell  
over all.  
Shapes of darkness then would come  
striding  
Wan under the welkin.

Chaucer, writing in the fourteenth century thus describes night:

Night with his mantel, that is derke  
and rude,

Gan over spride the Hemispirie  
aboute.

Spencer, in the sixteenth century, expresses the same dislike of darkness:

Tho, when as cheerless night ycovered  
had

Fair heaven with an universal  
cloud,

That every wight dismayed with  
darkness sad,

In silence and in sleep themselves  
did shroud.

If the night has still something of a spooky effect on us moderns, it is ethics, because we were taught, as children, to be afraid of the dark, by nurse maids or other foolish persons, or because we possess an instinctive feeling about it inherited from remote ancestors. But Byron wrote with perfect sincerity of a certain night during a thunder-storm in the Alps—a combination of aspects, night, storm and mountains—that would probably have made Chaucer's flesh creep and his hair stand on end:

And this is in the night; most glorious  
night!

Thou wert not meant for slumber;  
let me be

A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,  
A portion of the tempest and of  
thee.

And Meredith:

Night on the rolling foliage fell;  
But I, who love old hymning night.

Contrasted with this early dread of the dark was the delight felt in good things of day.

Chaucer's Simile:

As fresh as is the bright somer's day.

And Byron's:  
She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies.

Are equally characteristic, each of  
the age to which it belongs. The re-  
turn of day was always welcomed  
with gladness:

Soon as the morrow, fair with purple  
beams,  
Dispersed the shadows of the  
misty night,  
And Titan, playing on the eastern  
streams,

Like to the lark at break of day aris-  
ing  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at  
heaven's gate.

—Shakespeare.

To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing, startle the dull night.  
Milton (L'Allegro).

Ye birds that singing up to heaven's  
gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your  
notes His praise.

Milton (Paradise Lost).



"The Season of Unfolding Leaves."

Gan clear the dewy air with spring-  
ing light.

—Spenser.

So, any aspect or object of nature  
that is associated with the return of  
day has always gratified the sense  
of delight. This fact accounts for  
the many beautiful references to the  
skylark in English poetry:

None but the lark so shrill and clear;  
Now at heaven's gate she claps her  
wings.

—Lyly.

A privacy of glorious light is thine  
Whence thou dost pour upon the  
world a flood  
Of harmony, with instinct more  
divine.

—Wordsworth.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it  
Pourest thy full heart.

—Shelley.

And drowned in yonder living blue  
The lark becomes a sightless song.

—Tennyson.

The reciprocal influence of man and nature—that is, on the one hand the effect which our own education, temperament and passing moods have on the impressions we get from nature; and on the other hand, the influence which nature has on our feelings, thoughts, and character, is an important phase in the literature of nature. Thus, Shakespeare makes Hamlet indicate the melancholy change that has come over his disposition.

And, indeed, it goes so heavenly

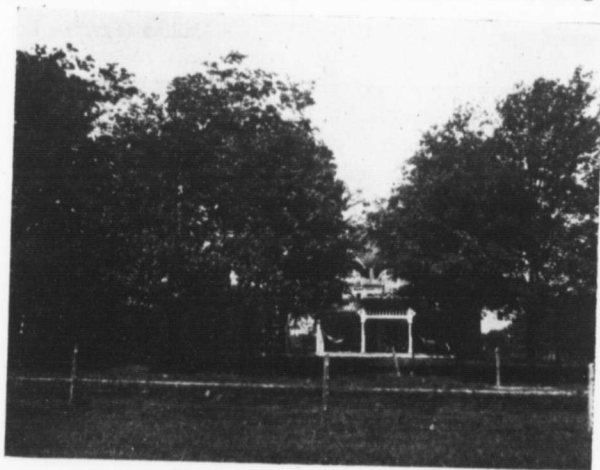
Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doon!

How can ye blume sae fair?

How can ye chant, yet little birds,  
And I sae full o' care?

Even Wordsworth, lover of nature though he was, and though he claimed generally that nature has power to cheer our moods, is compelled to admit that some kinds and degrees of sadness fail to be comforted by external beauty:

It was the season of unfolding leaves,



"The Influence of Nature on Character."

with my disposition, that this goodly frame, this earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appearth no other thing to me than a foul and pestilential congregation of vapors.

Burns, in "Bonnie Doon," makes the maiden contrast the blithness of nature with her own heavy lot:

Of days advancing toward their utmost length,

And small birds singing happily to mates

Happy as they. With spirit-saddening power

Winds pipe through fading woods; but those blithe notes

Strike the deserted to the heart; I speak

Of what I know, and what we feel within.

It was always Tennyson's fashion to impose his own moods on nature, or to refuse to be comforted by the gladness of the external world. So, the first spring after the death of Arthur Hallam, he wrote:

No joy the blowing season gives  
The herald melodies of spring,  
But in the songs I love to sing  
A doubtful gleam of solace lives.

Lowell, the American poet, asserted that the beauty we feel and see in nature is a question also of our own

influence of nature on feeling and on character, belongs peculiarly to modern writers, to the time when men were no longer content to know that external beauty had certain influences on their senses and their feelings, but when they began to inquire into the nature of these influences. Wordsworth's great message as poet of nature thus states his experience and faith:

For she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress



"What the Color of Trees were Given For."

character. "We receive but what we give":

The flowers and the grass to me  
Are eloquent reproachfully;  
For would they wave so pleasantly  
Or look so fresh and fair  
If a man, cunning, hollow, mean,  
Or one in any wise unclean,  
Were looking on them there!  
No; he hath grown so foolish-wise  
He cannot look with childhood's eyes;  
He hath forgot that purity  
And lowliness which are the key  
Of Nature's mysteries.  
The other side of the story—the

With quietness and beauty, and so  
feed  
With lofty thoughts.

Ruskin writes a great deal on natural influences, and particularly in his chapter on Mountain Gloom he discusses the influence of mountain aspects on the characters of men who live constantly in their presence. He also states that the want of mountain scenery as a factor in Shakespeare's education accounts for his breadth and serenity. Mountain scenery, he declares, is likely to induce intensity and intolerance in those who are habituated to it. "No mountain

passions were to be allowed to him. Inflict upon him but one pang of the monastic conscience; cast upon him but one cloud of the mountain gloom, and his serenity had been gone forever . . . his equity, his infinity."

Ruskin also associates natural influences with the religious feeling, with a belief in a wise plan of nature and in man's immortality:

What the colors of flowers or of trees, or of birds, or of precious stones, or of the sea and air, and the blue mountains, and the evening and the morning, and the clouds of Heaven, were given for—they only know who can see them and can feel, and who pray that the sight and the love of them may be prolonged, where cheeks will not fade, nor sunsets die.

#### OUTLOOK.

West wind blow from your prairie nest!  
 Blow from the mountains, blow from the West.  
 The sail is idle, the sailor too;  
 O! wind of the West, we wait for you.  
 Blow, blow  
 I have wooed you so,  
 But never a favor you bestow,  
 You rock your cradle the hills between,  
 But scorn to notice my white lateen.  
 August is laughing across the sky,  
 Laughing while paddle, canoe and I,  
 Drift, drift,  
 Where the hills uplift  
 On either side of the current swift.  
 The river rolls in its rocky bed;  
 My paddle is plying its way ahead;  
 Dip, dip,  
 While the waters flip  
 In foam as over their breast we slip.  
 And up on the hills against the sky,  
 A fir tree rocking its lullaby,  
 Swings, swings,  
 Its emerald wings,  
 Swelling the song my paddle sings.  
 —E. Pauline Johnson.

## All's Well

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

Have you ever had a grievance against a Magazine Editor—one reckless enough to "give a reason"? If so read this amusing story.

**T**HIS morning, just before I seated myself to do my daily "stent" of writing, I received a letter from an editor, returning a story I had recently sent him; and the letter was a complaint that the stories he had received from me of late were too grotesque and impossible to find a place in his magazine. I was about to begin one of my usual stories when I received his letter, but in reading the letter I decided he was right. I have a fault of letting my imagination run riot in my fiction, and I dare say I frequently get far away from the truth. As I thought the matter over I decided to reform entirely and I dropped the story I had in mind. "Hereafter," I said, "I shall stick to the actual, as it has come under my observation, and as a beginning I may as well write down the story of Grandfather Lytlepage, Miss Wimming and Mr. Gordon-Green."

These names, I need hardly say, are not the real names of the persons whose rather conventional story I shall tell. I have disguised them in this way in order that their privacy may not be invaded by curious eyes, for while their story is a simple one, such as might happen to any one today, they might not like to have their names in print.

Grandfather Lytlepage is not my own grandfather, but every one calls him "Grandfather" in this neighborhood, where he has a fairly large farm that should be abandoned. Not for many years has the farm produced a decent living, but Grandfather Lytle-

page loves the old place because he was born on it, and as he has not long to live, he has decided to stay on the old place; and to help his small income from the farm his friends and neighbors had him elected Justice of the Peace. This is not a very profitable office in our part of the county, but it brings in a few dollars, and Grandfather Lytlepage needs every dollar. Grandmother Lytlepage is quite old, and has the ills of her age, and medicines are more expensive than windfall apples.

Yesterday morning Grandfather Lytlepage hitched up his mare "Bess" to his buckboard to drive to town. This was at exactly eleven o'clock, which was later than he usually started for town, but at half-past ten Grandmother Lytlepage had attempted to take a spoonful of her usual medicine and had found the bottle empty. She had taken a spoonful half an hour before, but in putting the bottle in the medicine chest she had placed it on the handle of her toothbrush, which was lying there, and the bottle must have tipped over as soon as she took her hand from it, for the contents ran out of the neck of the bottle on to the floor and was absorbed by the braided rag rug just beneath the medicine chest. Nothing would do, of course, but that Grandfather Lytlepage must drive to town at once and get another bottle of the medicine. I do not know the composition of the medicine, but I can get a copy of the prescription the next time I see Dr. Dover, if any one wishes it to intensify the

verisimilitude of this story. I know it cost Grandfather Lytlepage one dollar and thirty-five cents each time the bottle was refilled, however, and that he had, when he harnessed "Bess" to the buckboard, exactly seven cents in his pocket—one five-cent piece, one old Indian-head cent, and one Lincolnhead cent of 1909.

This would hardly be worth mentioning except that on his last trip to the druggist's in town the druggist had called him to the back of the store, just in front of the prescription screen and beside the sponge basket, and had very kindly but very firmly told Grandfather Lytlepage that his account was as large as it should be, and that further credit would be an impossibility. Hereafter, he said, Grandfather Lytlepage would have to pay cash. And that was what worried Grandfather Lytlepage as he harnessed "Bess" to the buckboard. In the house was Grandmother Lytlepage insisting that she must have another bottle of prescription No. 76589 (I wish I had the prescription!) and in town was the druggist, refusing to fill the bottle unless he had the money placed in his hand, and in the barnyard was Grandfather Lytlepage harnessing "Bess" to the buckboard and not knowing where in the wide world he could get one dollar and twenty-eight cents that morning. He had seven cents, as I mentioned. So he needed only one dollar and twenty-eight cents more. He took the medicine bottle with him, in his coat pocket. Otherwise the medicine would have cost one dollar and forty cents, the druggist tacking on five cents extra for the bottle. In that case Grandfather Lytlepage would have had to find one dollar and thirty-three cents, in addition to the seven

cents in his pocket. He was sufficiently worried as it was.

Miss Wimming is a newer acquaintance than Grandfather Lytlepage. I had often seen her flashing by my farm in a red touring car, which she seemed to manage in an expert manner, but I had never heard her name. I supposed she was stopping at one of the inns or hotels farther up the hills, but I had no right to suppose so, for that was letting my imagination run away with me. I would not mention here what I "supposed" had I not since learned that this was the fact. She was stopping at the Wildwood Inn, kept by Simon Overton, whose charge is two dollars a day, or fourteen dollars a week. This may seem strange, but it is true. He did not care much for weekly boarders, for he was trying to establish a large transient patronage among the automobilists. He has an A. A. A. sign hanging from a tree before his inn to let travelers know this. So, while two dollars a day by the week, may seem odd, it is not at all impossible.

Miss Wimming — her Christian name was Amy—was stopping at the Wildwood Inn for a purpose. She was a charming young woman of eighteen years or a little less, and she was obliged to solve a question by a certain date. If you wish to suppose she was a few days under eighteen, and that her uncle, Henry Tumelbaugh, of Bridgeport, Conn., had died a few years ago, leaving a will, in which he bequeathed Amy Wimming his entire fortune in case she married by noon of the day Grandfather Lytlepage started for the city to have his wife's medicine bottle refilled, you may suppose it, but I shall say nothing of the kind, because it sounds too grotesque and impossible. It may be



that uncles might leave charming nieces their fortunes on such conditions, but I doubt if any magazine editor would believe it. So I shall pass that over. I shall only say, what is extremely easy of belief, that Amy Wimming was stopping at the Wildwood Inn for a purpose, and that she frequently drove her automobile along the country roads with speed and expert mastery.

If she had gone to the Wildwood Inn to try to make up her mind whether she wished to marry and receive the fortune or remain her own mistress and let the fortune go to a charity, she was having a hard time of it. Assuming that that she had spent days and days thinking over the two or three young men she knew were ready to marry her, I may assume, also, that she had come to no decision. I may, perhaps, assume that the very morning of the day Grandfather Lytlepage started for the druggist's to get Grandmother Lytlepage's medicine bottle filled Amy Wimming was undecided up to eleven o'clock and that at eleven o'clock she suddenly found her mind made up, and that she came to the decision that, after all, one or two of the two or three young suitors for her hand were good fellows and that it would be a shame to lose the fortune and then, perhaps, marry a man in a year or six months who might beat her inside a year. So uncertain is marriage, as we all know. This last is a positive statement, and not an assumption.

At any rate, Amy Wimming got into her red touring car at eleven o'clock and ran out of the garage of the Wildwood Inn, and took the road for the city, driving her car at the topmost speed. This is a fact I am not afraid to put before any editor's

eye. It is not only a possibility, but I have seen girls of Amy Wimming's age drive red touring cars at topmost speed, and that when the impulse was far less great than an assumed desire to be married before it was too late.

Of Thomas Gordon-Green I knew considerable before I ever met him. He was a celebrity and a high-flyer. Not that he ever won a prize for altitude, for he left that to others, but his usual height for cross-country flights was about one thousand feet. I call that flying high, although it is not one thirteenth the record made by many aviators. Thomas Gordon-Green was more famous for long distance and speed flights than for altitudes, but at the moment Grandfather Lytlepage was harnessing "Bess" to the buckboard Gordon-Green was being discussed by his brother aviators for another reason. He had just lost the first suit brought against an aviator for damages in injuring an inoffensive earth dweller. One and sixty-three three-hundred and sixty-fifths of a year previously Gordon-Green, in making a flight, had been forced to land unexpectedly on a golf green where he had no business to land, and in coming down suddenly behind a gentleman who was driving his golf ball from the first tee he had so frightened him that the gentleman, instead of making a straight drive, drove his golf ball almost at right angles, so that it struck the basement window of the golf club house, breaking the window glass. A large piece of this glass fell inward and put out the eye of the cook, who, as soon as her lawyer had looked into the case, sued Gordon-Green for twenty thousand dollars. I think there is nothing impossible in the fact that she got seven thousand

five hundred dollars for the lost eye. If there is, the editor may reduce the amount to one he considers perfectly believable.

At the same time, however, I wish he would reduce the amount of cash Gordon-Green had in his bank. This was six thousand dollars. I merely mention this amount in order that it may be compared with the seven thousand five hundred Gordon-Green was to pay the one-eyed cook. With but six thousand dollars in his bank, and seven thousand five hundred to pay, it was certainly possible that Gordon-Green should not desire to incur any more suits for damage. If any editor thinks I am going too far in assuming this, I am willing to unassume it again. Otherwise, let it stand.

I must insist, however, that on the morning of the day on which, toward noon, Grandfather Lytlepage hitched "Bess" to the buckboard, Gordon-Green started on a long-distance flight across country. He may have done this because he needed fifteen hundred dollars more to give the one-eyed cook, or he may have done it because he was an aviator by profession, or he may have done it because he loved the sport of aviation. This is not only true but a solid, rock-bound fact. It is in the newspapers. Gordon-Green left Bridgeport that morning, his motor working well, and the wind fair to middling.

I wish this was all of this story. It is so realistic thus far that I hate to introduce anything bearing the slightest tinge of improbability. So far I have Grandfather Lytlepage hitching up (I imagine he has hitched up by this time), and I have Amy Wimming riding in her automobile, and I have Gordon-Green well started in his monoplane. All these are the

simplest sort of possibilities. But I must now make a statement that may seem grotesque. Rothwell County has a County Clerk.

For a thinly settled county like Rothwell to have a county clerk seems too silly to be true. It is, as many farmers in that county have said about tax-paying time, utter nonsense to have a County Clerk. It is a waste of money to pay a County Clerk, when the Sheriff or some other official could do his work as well, but it seems to be the state law that every county shall have a County Clerk. But the county had a County Clerk and his name was Roger Galumphy. To me that name seems to lack verisimilitude. Were I an editor I would refuse to have anything to do with a story that had a county as thinly settled as Rothwell County with a County Clerk named Galumphy.

So, if the editor objects, we will stop right here and say the name of the County Clerk was Briggs, and that Grandfather Lytlepage, after hitching "Bess" to the buckboard drove to town and managed to get the druggist to trust him for another bottle of medicine and then drove home again, and that Amy Wimming drove her automobile to the city and bought a pair of tennis shoes and drove back to the Wildwood Inn without incident, and that Gordon-Green made his long distance flight successfully but arrived too late to win the prize offered, and that County Clerk Briggs sat all day in the County Court House with his feet on his desk and yawned eight or ten times during the day. That would be a reasonable statement of possible facts, but it would not be the truth. As from me to you, and leaving the editor out of consideration, I am going to tell you exactly what did happen.

County Clerk Galumphly sat at his desk until ten o'clock and no one came in to file a mortgage or to transact any other business, and then he arose and walked into the Sheriff's office.

"Bud," he said to the Deputy Sheriff, "I don't believe any one is going to come in to-day. Are you going to be here?"

"Yep," said Bud.

"All right," said Galumphly. "If any one should come in tell him I'll be back by three o'clock at the latest. Henry Grismer telephoned down he was sick in bed and his doctor says he can't get out until day after tomorrow. Sprained his knee."

"I thought he was going to marry that pretty Gates girl day after tomorrow," said Bud.

"So he is," said Galumphly, "and as he has to appear in person before the County Clerk to get a license I'm going to run up there in my motor-boat and fix him up. It's a fine day for the run up the river, and I can take a blank license along and fill it in at his house. Henry supported me, last campaign, and I can afford to do him a good turn."

"You bet!" said Bud. "You always do good turns when you can get a half day off to run that motor-boat of yours."

"Get out with you!" said Galumphly, and got out with himself.

The trip up the Pooasaonic River from the town is a pretty one, with many winding turns around green hills and moss clad marble rocks, and Galumphly enjoyed every minute of the run as far as the bridge over the river at Hooley's. He had gone about a quarter of a mile above Hooley's when his engine stopped, as motor-boat engines sometimes do, and Galumphly took off his coat and bent over the engine while the boat floated

gently down stream. The current was slow and the boat travelled lightly, stern foremost, for Galumphly was in the bow, which elevated the stern of the boat well out of the water. He discovered quite soon what was the trouble. The insulation of a wire had become water soaked, and Galumphly began disconnecting it and replacing it with a fresh wire when the motor boat floated gently on to a sunken log just above Hooley's bridge. Galumphly looked up. The sun was getting warm, and he had begun to perspire, and the log lay just within the shadow of the bridge. The motor boat rested comfortably on the sunken log, half on one side of the log and half on the other.

"All right," said Galumphly, "stay there, then. I don't want to float back to town anyway." And he went on with his repair work. A few minutes later he looked up again. Grandfather Lytlepage was driving "Bess" across the bridge on his way to town, and as the old mare's hoofs struck the loose boards of the bridge they made a "thump, thump, thump!" Galumphly looked up, right into the face of Grandfather Lytlepage.

"Why, how do, Roger!" said Grandfather Lytlepage. "Sumpun wrong with the boat?"

"Oh, nothing much," said Roger Galumphly. "Be all right in a minute."

But Grandfather Lytlepage did not drive on. He put one foot on the front wheel of the buckboard and talked with Roger Galumphly on one subject and another for a few minutes.

"Say, Roger," he said at length, when he thought he had said enough to serve as an introduction to the subject, "I don't reckon you've got about a dollar and' twenty-eight cents about you, have you?"

"Why, no, I haven't," said Galumphy, without looking up.

"Thought maybe you didn't have," said Grandfather Lytlepage, "and then I thought again you might. I got to go to town for some medicine for Granma. She's feelin' poorly nowadays. Got to have her drops what the doctor says to give her. Funny how a feller'll run out of ready cash, ain't it?"

"Haven't got a cent in my clothes," said Galumphy, and glanced up.

"Hello!" he said, looking past Grandfather Lytlepage. "There's one of those flying fellows."

"Where?" asked Grandfather Lytlepage, and turned his head. In the air above and behind him he saw Gordon-Green. Suddenly, as he looked, a sound like a rifle shot came from the monoplane and a puff of blue smoke shot out behind it. There were four more shots and puffs of smoke in quick succession.

"Land o' goodness!" said Grandfather Lytlepage. "Them flyin' machines makes a lot of noise. Sounds like a battle."

Galumphy was standing up in the bow of his motor-boat.

"There's something wrong with his engine," he said, for he knew a great deal about gasoline engines; particularly regarding things wrong with them. "She's back-firing, I should say. Look at that! He's coming down."

"Gee whizzakers!" exclaimed Grandfather Lytlepage. "Looks like he was goin' to hit this bridge, too. I want to get out'n this!"

Galumphy laughed.

"Don't get frightened," he said. "That monoplane needs as much room as an acre of corn to land in. He'll likely land back of Hooley's barn, if he's going to land at all.

Those aviators (Galumphy said "aviators") can fix up their motors while they are flying, same as I can while I'm floating."

"Honk! Honk!" said an automobile horn some distance down the road. Grandfather Lytlepage turned his head in that direction, hastily took his foot from the fore wheel of the buckboard, gathered up his reins and slapped them on the back of Old Bess. He was obstructing the passage of the bridge and he knew it, but at the same moment, with the whirr-r-r-r of the propellor blades and a snapping of the engine like the combined fire of a gattling gun and a dozen motor-cycles the giant artificial bird passed overhead, clearing "Bess" by a few feet. In a last desperate attempt to clear the big oak that was directly in his way Gordon-Green raised his planes, and the monoplane shot upward; Bess merely stood on her rear legs and turned around. She tried to get into the buckboard, and Grandfather Lytlepage, slapping her with the reins and yelling as he stood in the buckboard did not see Gordon-Green leap from the seat of the monoplane into the limbs of the giant oak. He heard the monoplane crash to the ground, and simultaneously a scream of horror and Amy Wimming's automobile dashed around the turn of the road directly for him. Without an instant of hesitation Grandfather Lytlepage leaped over the rail of the bridge from the floor of the buckboard, and the next moment Amy Wimming's automobile, as she swung it sharply to avoid the fear-crazed horse, struck a post in the bridge railing. There was a crackling of timber and Amy Wimming sailed upward into the air and disappeared in the thick foliage

of the oak tree into which Gordon-Green had leaped.

Galumphy turned his head but for an instant to watch her flight, but in that instant the automobile toppled over the side of the bridge and fell with its full weight on the exact tip of the bow of the motorboat. Galumphy went into the air as if fired from a cannon, and the motorboat dipped once or twice in the disturbed water and went sailing down the Pooasonic with a sore nose while Galumphy grappled with the branches of the oak, into which he had been cast.

Gordon-Green, cut a little about the face, and bleeding from those small wounds, had already begun the climb down the tree when Amy Wimming arrived suddenly in the oak. She fell across a great branch of the tree, like a bag of flour laid across a sawhorse, and the impact drove the breath from her body and the senses from her head. Gordon-Green changed his course, and just in time, for had he remained where he was Galumphy must inevitably have catapulted him out of the tree. For a full minute the two men looked at each other and at Amy Wimming without speaking, but the silence was not utter, for Grandfather Lytlepage was yelling at the top of his voice. He had not fallen into the river. In leaping the rail his foot had caught in the reins and he hung, like an inverted Absalom, expecting each moment the old leather lines would break. But they held fast, and "Bess," her head drawn over the rail of the bridge by his weight, gasped for breath and looked at him wonderingly.

"Look here," said Gordon-Green speaking first, for he had had many falls and was not unused to finding himself in unusual positions, "we've

got to get that woman down, or she will fall down."

He edged himself along the limb on which she lay until he came to her, and then bent down and felt her heart.

"Shock, that's all," he said with relief. "I thought perhaps it was to be another seven thousand five hundred dollar case. She can't get much damages for shock."

"Now, I don't know about that, all right!" said Galumphy. "Maybe she's all right, and maybe she isn't. Rib may be broken, or leg broken. Too bad. She's a pretty girl, ain't she?"

Gordon-Green bent his head and looked at her face.

"She—she's a charming girl," he said. "Gee! I'm sorry if I have—"  
Amy opened her eyes.

"Am—am I married?" she asked.

"Now, that's all right!" said Gordon-Green soothingly. "Don't try to talk yet. You're not hurt much. Just let us put you in a sitting position. That's right. Feel better?"

"I must get down!" cried Amy. "You must help me down! I can't stay here. I—I was going to be married."

"Lots of time!" said Gordon-Green soothingly. "No hurry, Miss —"

"But there is hurry!" insisted Amy. "Oh, won't someone help me down? I must be married by noon, don't you understand? I must!"

"See here," said Galumphy, "that's all right, but it can't be done. It's almost noon now, and your automobile is at the bottom of the river. You can't get anywhere, if you do get down."

"Do you feel as if—as if any bones were broken?" asked Gordon-Green.

"Yes, I do!" said Amy angrily. "And I want to get down out of this

tree. I've got to be married by noon, and if I can't, I'll sue whoever is at fault for this for damages."

Gordon-Green moistened his lips. Another damage suit!

"I do hope you are not badly injured," he said, and he did hope it.

"Injured or not," said Amy, "I've got sufficient cause for suit if I'm not married by noon. An uncle of mine left me money if I was married by noon."

"Very much?" asked Gordon-Green, hesitatingly. It seemed such a delicate question.

"Two hundred thousand dollars," she said.

"Oh, mv!" exclaimed Gordon-Green. Son ething in the way he said it made Amy smile. She was sitting now, with one arm around the giant oak. Gordon-Green felt his heart beat more quickly. Damages aside, he felt something toward this girl he had never felt for any other.

"I—I'm sorry," he said. "I'm afraid the fault was my motor's. Of course it will be impossible for you to marry by noon, and it is equally impossible for me to think of repaying such a sum as two hundred thousand dollars, but—"

"What? But what?" asked Amy.

Gordon-Green steadied himself against the tree trunk.

"But if you would marry me," he said. "I would be the happiest man in the world! Perhaps I may earn two hundred thousand dollars some day."

Amy Wimming looked into his eyes. They were brave, true eyes, and she realized that aviators must make quick choices at all times. A failure to decide in an instant might mean death or life to any aviator. And this was not a matter of life or

death, it was only a matter of marriage.

"I wish that man wouldn't scream that way," she said with just a slight tone of annoyance. "It is disconcerting to be proposed to in a tree with another man sitting astraddle a limb above one, and still another yelling like bloody murder. Well, Mr.—"

"Gordon-Green," said he.

"Mr. Gordon-Green," said Amy. "I shan't decide immediately, but I'm stopping at the Wildwood Inn, and I will be glad to have you call there and see me."

"At any rate," said Gordon-Green, "I am not distasteful to you?"

Amy Wimming's smile proved that he was not.

"Now, see here," said Galumph suddenly. "I hate to break into a love scene, but I'm a man of affairs, as I may say, and to a man up a tree—as I certainly am—it looks to me as if you were throwing away two hundred thousand good dollars. I don't want to hurry matters, but it is still ten minutes to twelve by my watch, and I'm County Clerk of this county, and it just happens I have a blank marriage license in my pocket, and a fountain pen in another pocket. Now," he said, taking the paper and the pen from his pockets and laying the paper across his knee, "Your name is Thomas Gordon-Green, if I'm not mistaken, and yours—"

"But—" began Amy Wimming.

"No time for that!" said the County Clerk, briskly. "What name please?"

"Amy Wimming," she said.

"Age?" asked Galumph.

"Now, this is all nonsense," said Amy Wimming, when he had filled out the paper. "There can't be more than five minutes left, and if there was any one to marry us, it would

take longer than that to explain to him—"

"That's all right!" said Galumphy as he started to climb down the tree "I don't know what's the matter with Justice of the Peace Lytlepage, but I judge he isn't dead, or he wouldn't yell quite so much. Hello!" he said as he got a view of Grandfather Lytlepage through the boughs lower down, "he's committing suicide by one foot. Wait until I cut him down. Oh, say!" he added, "have either of you got one twenty-eight?"

"I have," said Gordon-Green.

"All right, then," said Galumphy, "we're fixed. In his present state of finances Grandpa Lytlepage would marry a telephone pole to a lamp post for one dollar and twenty-eight cents."

A few minutes later they heard a final yell and the sound of a body about the weight of Grandfather Lytlepage dropping into the Poosasonic River, and in less than two minutes County Clerk Galumphy appeared beneath the tree, leading the dripping Justice of the Peace.

"Now then," said Galumphy, "there are the victims. They've got one dol-

lar and twenty-eight cents. Go ahead and marry 'em."

"Plain marry, or fancy?" asked Grandfather Lytlepage.

"Plain," said Amy, "I want to get out of this tree as soon as I can."

So he married them plainly but durably at one minute to twelve.

"Now you can come down out'n that tree," he said, by way of final admonition.

"We will," said Amy Gordon-Green happily, "as soon as you men go away from there."

"Here I go, all right!" said Galumphy. "I expect my boat is back to town by this time."

"And I'm going as soon as I get that one dollar and twenty-eight cents," said Grandfather Lytlepage. "And I'm right obliged to you both. I got to get a bottle of drops for Granma, and one dollar twenty-eight is just what they cost, with seven cents more, and I've got that in my pocket."

And so he had. He had a five-cent piece and two cents, one an Indian-head, and the other a Lincoln-head of 1909.—Short Stories.



Just after the Fourth Year Exams.

# The Nitrogen-Enrichment of Soils

FRANK T. SHUTT, DOMINION CHEMIST, AND A. T. CHARRON, M.A.

**I**N a paper recently read before the Royal Society of Canada the authors gave a summarized account of the experiments that had been conducted by the Chemical Division of the Experimental Farms since 1889 in the very important matter of the nitrogen-enrichment of soils.

The first fact brought forward was that rich, productive soils are characterized by a high nitrogen and humus content. Evidence was adduced to show the correctness of this statement, not only from the examination of cultivated soils of first quality and established high productiveness, but from many analyses of soils of the virgin prairie of the North Western Provinces, so widely recognized for their wonderful fertility.

On the other hand, soils naturally poor and those impoverished by irrational farming have been found to be low in nitrogen and humus forming material. The semi-decomposed vegetable matter of the soil is the natural storehouse of its nitrogen and experimental proof had been obtained that demonstrated beyond question that humus-forming material must be constantly added to cultivated soils if their nitrogen content and their productiveness were to be maintained. The grain growing of the West, which implies fallowing and no formation of a sod, was very destructive of humus and nitrogen and must in time seriously impair the richest soils. The rational and economic up-keep of soil fertility demands the keeping of stock for the production of manure—the most important natural source

of humus and nitrogen for farming lands—and a proper rotation of crops, that is, one which will periodically enrich the soil, as by the growth of a legume, in these valuable constituents.

Nitrogen is the dominant element among those furnished by the soil, and its amount and availability in a very large measure determine crop yield. The investigations discussed in this paper were instituted to learn the extent of the depletion of the soil's nitrogen by cropping and cultural operations, how far the legumes (clover, alfalfa, vetch, etc.) could be utilized on the farm for the increase of the soil's nitrogen and the furnishing of humus-forming material, and finally to ascertain what the practical value might be of inoculation (a) with "cultures" and (b) with soil from fields bearing a leguminous crop, for the encouragement of the growth of these plants.

## Depletion of Soil Nitrogen.

It was found from the examination of a soil which had never received manure and which had been under cultivation for 22 years, during which period it had borne 6 crops of wheat, 4 of barley and 5 of oats with 9 summer fallows (bare) during the latter seventeen seasons, that the loss of nitrogen, to a depth of 8 inches, amounted to 2,206 lbs. per acre. Of this, approximately 700 lbs. had been removed in crops. This means that about 1,500 lbs. per acre, or 68 per cent. of the total nitrogen lost, had been dissipated during this period.



through cultural operations, fallowing, etc. The soil experimented with was an exceedingly rich prairie soil in Saskatchewan. Very probably it is a type of soil that would at first lose nitrogen more rapidly than one of a poorer quality, and, further, undoubtedly, fallowing is of all operations the most wasteful of soil fertility, but the figures are significant in showing there is an inevitable and heavy depletion of the soil's most valuable constituent consequent upon the necessary tillage of the land. Our soils then must be constantly replenished with organic matter if they are to be kept productive and profitable.

#### **Legumes as Nitrogen-Enrichers.**

As is well known the legumes are very rich in nitrogen and a part of this nitrogen at least is obtained from the atmosphere, they as a class are extremely valuable as manurial agents. The more important leguminous crops—clovers, alfa fa, vetches, peas, beans, etc., were grown and analyzed the weight and nitrogen content of stem, leaves and roots, per acre, being determined. The clovers and alfalfa were found to be the most valuable, chiefly by reason of their larger root system, in which might be stored from one-third to one-half the total nitrogen in the crop. By the turning under of a fair growth of one of these crops from 100 to 150 lbs. of nitrogen may be added to the soil per acre, an amount equivalent to that furnished by an application of ten tons of ordinary barnyard manure.

The details of an interesting and valuable experiment were given, in which by analysis of the soil "before and after" the amount of nitrogen which had become part and parcel of the soil through the growth of clover, was determined. A plot of

very light sandy loam was first seeded with clover in 1902. Every second year from that date until the present time the plot had been dug over and resown. No manure at any time was used but phosphoric acid and potash were furnished at the outset by a moderate dressing of super-phosphate and muriate of potash. The soil was sampled and analyzed six times during the experimental period. The data show that the nitrogen content had practically doubled in the nine years despite the losses from bacterial activity and other causes. The soil to a depth of four inches contained at the beginning of the experiment (1902) 533 lbs. and at the close (1911), 1,005 lbs. per acre. If it is assumed that the growth of the clover had added annually nitrogen at the rate of 100 lbs. per acre, it will be observed that the loss, due to oxidation, etc., during the experiment period almost equal the gain.

If the clover had been cut and fed, the manurial value of the residues (roots, decayed leaves, etc.) would have been almost one-half that here recorded. These data afford satisfactory evidence as to the value of a leguminous crop in the rotation, if soil fertility is to be economically maintained.

#### **Inoculation Experiments.**

The special value of the legumes as nitrogen enrichers is due to the fact that they are able to draw upon the free nitrogen of the atmosphere for a part of their supply. Thus, instead of impoverishing the soil's store like all other crops, they add to it. The appropriation of free nitrogen does not take place directly, but is accomplished through the agency of certain bacteria present in the soil and which attach themselves to the roots of the

legume with the result that nodules or tubercles are formed thereon, in which they reside. In some way, not as yet clearly understood, nitrogen compounds are formed within these nodules and enter into the circulation of the host plant, to be built up into its tissues of root, stem and leaf. It is the nitrogen of the air existing in the interstices of the soil that these special nitrogen-fixing micro-organisms utilize and this points to the desirability of a well drained, well aerated soil if these bacteria are to perform their beneficial function. Without the aid of these specific bacteria, the legumes cannot avail themselves of the free nitrogen of the air, but like other crops draw upon the nitrates of the soil for their nitrogenous food. Legumes, therefore, in the absence of these germs are not nitrogen enrichers of the soil. Are these nitrogen-fixing bacteria universally present in the arable soils of the Dominion? We cannot say that they are, though the examination of the roots of legumes collected in various parts of Canada has shown by the nodules thereon that these micro-organisms are very widely distributed over the Dominion. Our observations have made very clear that failure to obtain a good catch and growth of clover is not always to be attributed to the absence of the necessary bacteria, but in many instances is due rather to an unfavorable mechanical condition of the soil, inadequate drainage, deficiency of moisture, acidity or sourness of the soil, denoting the need of lime, or finally to poor seed.

To furnish the farmers with the means of introducing the nitrogen-fixing bacteria, where their absence is suspected, "cultures" of these bac-

teria have been prepared and put on the market. Their use is known as inoculation. During the last twenty years a considerable number of these cultures, or preparations, from Germany, United States and home sources, have been tried on the experimental farms and at other points. Specific cultures for clover, alfalfa, peas, beans, etc., have been experimented with. While in many instances they distinctly favored the growth of the legume, their action on the whole was more or less uncertain. The profitable employment of these preparations seem, therefore, problematical. All the failures met with were not attributed to their lack of vitality in the cultures, but it was evident that their usefulness is much impaired by age, light and heat, and unless prepared by a reputable firm or institution and still fresh, satisfactory results can scarcely be looked for.

The employment, as an inoculating material, of the soil from the surface of a field bearing a luxurious crop of the specific legume had given much better results than the use of cultures, and this method, where cost of transportation is not too great, will be found the most reliable for the general farmer. Notable instances of successful inoculation by this method, applying the soil at the rate of 100 to 300 pounds per acre, were recorded for alfalfa in the Northwestern provinces. Inoculation, as has been said, is not generally necessary, but where it is considered indispensable by reason of the absence of the nitrogen-assimilating bacteria, a supply of this bacteria laden soil will, it is believed, prove more effective than the use of a culture.

## May Days in Venice

PROFESSOR TENNYSON D. JARVIS.

It was honeysuckle time in Florence when my fellow companion and I took our farewell stroll along the River Arno, paid our bill, settled with our tippees and got aboard the train for Venice. It was a typical Italian spring day, apple trees in full bloom, air full of fragrance, birds full of song, sky full of blue. A feature of Italian railways is their tunnels, and the ride from Florence to Venice admirably reveals this feature. The beauty spots between the tunnels were accentuated most delightfully as we were plunged from light into darkness, and from darkness into light. Thus we passed along till towards sundown, when the porter announced the fact that we were nearing the beautiful aquatic city of Venice. Venice differs from most cities of the world in many ways. It is built in the water, whereas the usual practice is to build on land. It has a different style of architecture, the customs and habits of its people are different, its trade is different. Everything is transported by water instead of over land. Where we use the carriage, the Venetians use the gondola. Even the bird life is different, the sparrows and robins are replaced by the gull and tern. There are no gardens, no lawns, no shade trees, no flowers, except in the parks. They have, however, set aside a couple of islands to serve the purpose of playgrounds and beauty spots. St. Mark's Square, the public gardens, and the Lido are the great centres and meeting-places. The usual practice is to gather at the Lido in the morning, the park in the afternoon, and in the evening to attend a band

concert in St. Mark's Square. It was a glorious sight as we alighted from the train that evening to stand at the head of the Grand Canal just at the time when twilight touches night. The tall and stately gray palaces, with their balconies overlooking the canals, the comparative peace and quietness of the city, only broken by the occasional scream of the swift, the song of the gondolier, or the music of the guitar in the distance. Such an experience is obtained only in this fantastic city, 'tis idle to look for it elsewhere.

We stepped from the station platform down to the marble wharf. The gondoliers were there, if I did not mention that, the experienced would think I had forgotten something. The crab-catcher was also there, ostensibly to hold the boat and impart his blessing, but neither of these came your way unless you paid the price. Being in rather good humor and a little afraid of what might or might not happen, I slipped a florin in the hand of one of those sharks and took his benediction up the canal with me to the hotel. Our gondolier looked very queer to us. He was about equal to the two of us in size and in appearance he was unlike anything I had seen or heard of except a pirate. We were, of course, at his mercy, but it turned out that he did not exercise his power over us very much to our disadvantage. Of course he took his own time about reaching the address we gave him, nor did he go far at a time without reminding us that a further toll was necessary. In due time we came under the Rialto, the famous

bridge spanning the Grand Canal. Gondoliers sometimes sing when passing under the larger bridges; the effect of the echo from this position is so marked that one would think a whole chorus of gondoliers were singing instead of only one. We had heard about this practice, and while we were passing we requested our gondolier to sing for us. It was not at all an easy matter to get music out of this fellow, and at first we thought we had unfortunately met a gondolier with whom vocal music was not a standard virtue. We found later that the trouble was with ourselves—we had not made the *pour-boire* large enough. After we had raised him a few he limbered up and was soon giving us some fairly agreeable sounds. We now passed out of the Grand Canal into the narrower and darker ones, lighted for the most part by small oil lamps and candles placed over the balconies, and in front of the landing places. Groups of men and women were everywhere to be seen sitting or reclining above us, as we passed slowly along, singing, talking, love-making, of a type that would scarcely be tolerated in our country. But life in Venice differs from that in most places, and so we grow accustomed to things which at first seem very extraordinary. Continuing our way, our gondola at length stopped at a low landing with a heavy barred door. Indeed the barring seemed the most prominent part of it. It would seem that safety in Venice was an important question; and that the average citizen's ideas of property rights were not too clearly defined. This may not be an actual fact, but so far as we were concerned as we disembarked in front of this penitentiary looking place it was a case of doing the other fellow or he would

do us. Nor were our feelings reassured to any very great extent when the repeated hammerings of our gondolier failed to bring any response. At last, however, the spell was broken, the gates swung open and we were soon following a polite and attentive porter along the corridors of what turned out to be a first-class hotel. We partook of some light refreshment, retired, slept soundly and awoke to begin our first day in Venice. Our plan was to spend one week in the city so we began to arrange our program to suit that period of time. The launch goes faster than the gondola (The gondola is something like David Harum's horse, it occasionally takes root), so we decided that for our purpose the high speeded boat was the proper thing. 'Twas early in the morning when we set out and this proved a most interesting time on the Canal. Up and down the Grand Canal were passing all kinds of traffic, provisions, merchandise, furniture, building material, all loaded on gondolas, all of the same type and appearance. The gondoliers, however, differ very markedly. The wealthier classes employ their own gondoliers exclusively, and these are always attired more neatly than the others, and are usually dressed in white, the others make use of a more promiscuous outfit.

Glass-blowing and lace-making are cardinal features of the industrial life of Venice, so we stopped at one of these factories to examine the process of preparing this line of goods for market. Female labor was very much in evidence, and as we passed through the group of girls employed we had an excellent opportunity to study the Venetian type of beauty so far as the working classes were concerned. Farther on we passed

churches, palaces, art galleries, museums, public buildings and private residences, all extremely interesting from an architectural viewpoint. We were now at the extreme end of the Grand Canal, or what may be called its source. Our purpose was now to trace the canal to its mouth, where it opens into the Adriatic Sea. The Botanic Gardens and playgrounds engaged our attention on the way down. There is something easy going about the people of Venice. They seem to know how to take their time in all their affairs most admirably. No matter what time of day you visit the playgrounds, you find crowds strolling or reclining, playing at games that require very little energy. The canal now begins to broaden into a large river where it terminates at the Lido—a Long Island bar. This is the Coney Island of Venice, though not quite so abnormal as the Coney Island of New York. The people seem a little less crazy than the pleasure-seeking American. Boating, bathing, thronging and courting are among the most striking features of this resort. They haven't got the scenic railway, neither do they bump the bump. They seldom shoot the shoots and the house of nonsense is also missing. Apart from these trifling omissions, there is a great similarity between this pleasure spot and the one of the American type. The sea-shore is full of study, interest and charm, pleasant-faced, bare-legged old men selling sea shells, and shy maidens selling bouquets gathered and arranged with their own hands. Land vehicles are entirely absent, all locomotion being by water. The whole routine of life here is so different and so enchanting and exhilarating that one is not satisfied until he has actually and literally

plunged into the sea and reduced himself to the normal in its refreshing coolness and spray.

Our next object was to return to St. Mark's Square in time to see the pigeons fed. This is a performance which takes place every afternoon about three o'clock. Thousands upon thousands of these birds congregate daily for their repast, which is furnished them by officials and tourists. It is a most beautiful sight to see those dove-like birds feeding from the hands of the little children. They have lost all fear and come up so close as to make it almost difficult to avoid injuring them in passing to and fro. St. Mark's itself is famous as the site of the Dodge's Palace. This structure is one of the oldest and most magnificent buildings in the world. The Bridge of Sighs is close by and so are the noted old prisons. Florin's restaurant is still existing for gentlemen of leisure, though it has lost more or less of the social significance of the days when aristocracy had the crowning ambition of giving its sons the free and idle life of congregating at this notorious resort to sit and feed and watch the girls go by. The evening concert is still the attraction of the Square. All summer long it never fails to draw a crowd—even the surrounding canals are crowded with gondolas when the music is in progress.

Thus we passed our time from day to day, only changing the course to study and enjoy the thousands of master pieces to be seen in the galleries, palaces and churches of the city. For an unadulterated glimpse of dreamland, where happiness abounds and where the fantastic and romantic are predominant, live a while in Venice.

## The Woman on the Farm

MRS. T. H. BASS, ATHOL, NOVA SCOTIA.

This is the concluding article of the series upon this question. In it, many improvements of rural conditions, as they now exist, are advocated. It shows a knowledge of the subject and merits the deep thought of all our readers.

From time immemorial women have been taught that their work is, as the old rhyme has it, "To wash and to cook, to bake and to brew and thing it capital fun." While it yet is woman's work to do these things, or to see that they are done, she does not always find it "capital fun," though not many, probably not any, will say with Gorki that "A woman once married is forever a slave." For a farmer's wife, life is more exacting as far as work goes, than for a woman of about the same rank in town. The farmer's wife cannot depend to the same extent upon "the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker" as can the town woman. Help is also harder to get in the country, but in spite of various drawbacks farm life for women is not a place of "isolated monotony" as some people would have us believe. If it is, there is no real excuse for such a state of affairs these days. Railroads are over the country in all directions (nearly). Telephones, while not everywhere, will soon be if the people so choose. Papers and magazines are within the reach of everybody.

Of course for a woman who "simply cannot exist" without attending moving picture shows, or the theatre several times each week, a farm is not the place, but I imagine there are a few thousand woman in Eastern Canada who can exist very comfortably and go to the theatre very occasionally, and who cannot be coaxed to the popular moving picture show. But everyone does not take comfort

alike and an All-Wise Providence, knowing this, caused towns to come into existence, so that the flat-dwelling, moving-picture devotee could have her favorite amusement near at hand.

It may seem like a sweeping statement, but I do think that the place of the woman upon the farm is just, in the main, what a woman wants it to be. There are exceptions, it is true; but I am speaking generally. See a farmer's wife make a practice of milking cows, feeding calves, etc., and it is safe money to bet that she wants to do it. It may be that she is fond of that sort of work, or maybe likes to feel she is helping; but whatever her motive, depend upon it she wants to do it. Real men prefer to do their own work themselves. I have known cases—have one in mind just now—where women insisted on helping their husbands, and oh! how the latter wished they wouldn't.

Of course, if gone about in the right way and begun soon enough after marriage, I would suggest not to wait later than a few days; it is quite possible to train a man to expect a woman to do the "chores" outside the house. I have seen this done, but it never struck me that the gratitude of the man was proportionate to the energy expended by his "other half."

Now I would not expect a woman to be "snippy" about helping out on occasions, but that is a different matter altogether. There are a few things that custom has sort of decreed to belong to a woman's province

on a farm. Notable among these are poultry and the flower garden. After these get into fair running order, neither, if not on too large a scale, can be said to be a very great physical or mental strain, and therein lies much pleasure and some money. We are all familiar with the supposed typical picture of a farmer and his wife as presented by some magazines. They are usually pictured going to or having just arrived in town. His hat is always battered looking (does he never have a new one?), his boots run over and covered with mud, etc., etc. But dreadful as the man is pictured his wife is far worse, for woman's clothes show changes of fashion much quicker. If large hats are worn she has on the smallest kind of a turban. Sleeves follow the same rule. Her hair is put up with about half enough pins and is always untidy at the back of her neck. Now, I'm not going to deny that there are such women, and they look just as horrid as they are portrayed, but whose fault is it? Is there any need of such an appearance? I think not. An up-to-date pattern can be bought for fifteen cents; yea, verily, for ten cents even. Shirt waist material can be had at almost any price, from a few cents a yard up; therefore, it can hardly be a question of money. Then it must be lack of time, and that usually is the trouble. Not that they have so much more work to do than other women, but they have no system, do not plan their work the best way, nor any way, in fact. They will fail to buy a dairy thermometer, or, having one, will forget to use it, and waste hours in churning because the cream was not of the right temperature. They will dawdle over their work, and in twenty ways will waste time and still have the appearance of

working. And such really do think they work hard. That is the exasperating part of it.

As for the social side of farm life, perhaps not much can be said, but even here it is easy to make things out worse than they are. It is not good for women to live without society altogether, and here again it is a case of "according to the woman." It must be an extremely scattered community that cannot support a Sewing Circle.—This is an affair that usually meets from house to house, so sometimes the most far away woman can be there. I know sewing circles are spoken of as gossip centres, etc., by the male portion of the community, but that notion should have died long ago. It often has been proven dead, but apparently it has more lives than a cat.

A literary society is a good thing and a practicable thing to have in a country place, especially if it is not too literary. Combine sociability and literature, with emphasis on the former. It is not a good plan to have too much work "laid out" for each meeting. I knew of a club of this sort once and each month they tried to cover as much ground as should have taken them about six months. The natural consequence was that in place of studying, they simply "cribbed," and they soon got discouraged doing that. The end of that club was in sight from the start. A good sort of society is a "current events" club. This is interesting and not hard to keep up with.

A fancy work club is not to be despised as a promoter of sociability. There are some, I know, who scorn fancy work, but let that not keep anyone from attending, for they can take their husband's socks to darn, and while darning feel superior to the

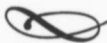
frivolous ones. Two, three, or four clubs, meeting once a month, are better than one meeting once a week. Each meeting need not last very long, and then even the busiest woman can attend, and get home in time to get her husband's supper, though, personally, I think the better way is to leave it ready (almost) for him. In mentioning the above clubs I am presupposing that the women concerned really want to get outside of their own door-yards. But the fact remains that some do not, and they always have an excuse ready to hand: "It is too far to walk, and the horses are all busy." Far be it from me to say that this is not sometimes the case, but not always; no, indeed! And, again: "Our horses are all afraid of autos." That is often the case, too, especially in places that are blessed with poor roads. It can't be contradicted, that the farm women's freedom is considerably curtailed by the pleasant (?) little habit some auto drivers have of taking three-thirds of the road when one meets them. But still the most of us are blessed with the possession of two feet. The peril of autos sink into insignificance when compared with an airship flopping down in our pathway. Let us be cheerful, the worst is yet to come.

It may be that there are some who cannot see their way clear to attending any society, and for those a magazine exchange club is a good thing. To start it, let all those who wish to take part in it, meet and decide what good magazine each will take. Each

person has her own selection come in her name, and as soon as read she passes it along in regular order. Six persons are about enough for this sort of an exchange, four or five do nicely. Of course this plan does not work out very well for people who are fussy about keeping their back numbers spotless. But what is the use of that, anyway, if they can do anybody any good by having them circulated? Old magazines are a useless thing to hoard in great quantities. Sometimes we will see a magazine so good that we feel that we must lay it away for future reference. But do we refer to it? About once in twenty times on an average. The majority of women don't like to acknowledge this, but they know it is so.

After all, for those who want to see them, life on a farm has many advantages even for women. Thackeray says: "We view the world with our own eyes, each of us; and we make from within us the world we see," and never is this more true than in country life. But we should not be selfish in our little world. Women are scarcer in the country than in town, therefore, all the more reason for each one helping a little.

Numberless women can testify that country life is so full of interest that their lives have never a dull hour; but these are not the women who sit back waiting for some one to amuse and entertain them. They are the women who say: "Let us take hands and help, for this day we are alive together."





## Seed Testing and the Seed Trade

GEORGE H. CLARK, B.S.A., SEED COMMISSIONER.

In 1902, less than 100 samples of seeds were submitted by Canadian farmers and seedsmen for examination and report by Government botanists, either federal or provincial. Since September 1, 1911, more than 20,000 samples have been tested at the Ottawa and Calgary seed laboratories and reported upon to farmers and seed merchants. In addition, the botanists of the provincial departments of agriculture for Ontario, Manitoba and Saskatchewan, test seeds for farmers.

In seed testing our experience has not been dissimilar to that of other countries. The work was far advanced in Europe twenty years before a seed laboratory was established in Canada. A report of the Royal Hungarian Seed Testing Stations, six in number, shows that 62 samples in all were tested in 1881, and 66,989 in 1906. Such has been the experience of practically all seed laboratories. It was largely the effect of seed testing in Europe that created the need for the service in Canada. In the average year we export fully one-half of the red clover and two-thirds of the alsike seed we produce, nearly all of

which is harvested in Southwestern Ontario. The aggregate annual value of the clover seeds we export amounts to nearly two million dollars. Europe is our natural market for these seeds, although in some years nearly one-half is marketed for us through American seed houses. European countries, as a result of seed testing and their intricate systems of seed control, demand principally seeds of superior quality. They are able to find a market for only a limited quantity of cleanings and low grade seed, and that at very low prices.

Prior to 1905, when our Seed Control Act came into force, the best market for the cleanings from clover seeds that were re-cleaned for export, was in those Canadian provinces and localities where clovers are not commonly grown for seed. North America was virtually the dumping ground for the dregs of the world's supply of grass, clover and many other kinds of seeds.

The Ottawa seed laboratory was started in a small way in 1902. The first three years of laboratory work were devoted largely to investigating the condition of the supply and trade



GEORGE H. CLARK, B.S.A.  
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in grass and clover seeds. The information obtained was given to the interested public. Farmers and farmers' organizations demanded legislation to suppress the evils that were found to exist. Seedsmen vigorously opposed such measures. There was and still is abundant evidence that what is most needed is education. It is not possible to make good farmers out of bad ones by any process of legislation.

As the result of educational measures, instituted and maintained since 1902 by the federal, the provincial and many of the municipal governing bodies, associations and individuals, much progress has been made toward permanent improvement in the production, commerce and use of superior agricultural and horticultural seeds. Prior to 1902, according to statements made by Canadian seedsmen in conference, the demand was for seeds of a medium quality down, whereas the present demand is for a medium quality up with fully eighty per cent. of the demand for No. 1 quality. This change has not been brought about by legislation. It has been effected by education supplemented by legislation, but mainly by education. The farmers' institutes,

seed fairs and seed judging classes, competitions in fields of seed grain, and the distribution of literature respecting seeds and weeds by the agricultural press and in bulletins have all contributed to force common ideals to a higher plane. The result of placing a copy of "Farm Weeds" in each of 18,000 Canadian rural schools has been clearly evident and highly beneficial.

The demand for legislation could not be ignored. It could be and was framed to help the farmer who wanted to help himself. Neither the Seed Control Act of 1905, nor the amended Act of 1911, apart from restricting the sale of the dregs of the trade, aims to prevent any farmer from growing, purchasing or using seed of inferior quality. It does make it possible for him to purchase commercial supplies of grass and clover seeds and seed grain more intelligently than before.

Ten years with seed testing and the seed trade have furnished a great deal of the best spice of life to those who have had an opportunity to help start in Canada what has led to a measure of permanent improvement in the supply and commerce of agricultural seeds.

### I AM THE BEST.

Let me but do my work from day to day,  
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,  
In waring market-place or tranquil room.  
Let me but find it in my heart to say,  
'This is my work, my blessing, not my doom.  
Of all who live I am the one by whom  
This work can best be done in the right way.'  
Then shall I see it not too great or small  
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers,  
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,  
And cheerful turn when the long shadows fall  
At eventide to love and play and rest,  
Because I know for me my work is best.'  
—Henry Van Dyke.



## Sporting in Shakespeare

G. H. UNWIN, B.S.A., O. A. COLLEGE.

ONE of the causes of Shakespeare's wide-spread popularity is the vast range of his subjects. He appeals to many kinds of men: to the scholar, the nature-lover, the philosopher and the sportsman. For the sake of brevity let us admit at the start that we do not wish to advance the theory that Shakespeare was a naturalist; it would be absurd to expect him to possess accurate technical knowledge on a subject of which contemporary scientists knew little or nothing; in any case this branch of science was entangled with the unnatural philosophy of Euphuism, and superstition and legend contributed their quota toward the general confusion. But whatever may be said about Shakespeare as a naturalist, no one can deny that he was a thorough sportsman. His technical knowledge of the sports and pastimes of his day is wonderfully accurate, and the numerous allusions which he makes to outdoor sports give his writings a charm and freshness which must appeal to every healthy-minded reader. I have selected a few of the better known quotations as illustrations of this trait in Shakespeare, a trait essentially his own, and delightful for that reason.

Most men are fond of horses; nearly every man likes to be thought an authority on horseflesh; in spite of the "road-hog,"—the "friend of man" has an almost unabated popularity at the present time. Therefore the average reader cannot fail to be impressed with the

accuracy of the following simple poetic description, taken from "Venus and Adonis."

"Round-hof'd, short-jointed, fetlock shag and long,  
Broad breast, full eyes, small head  
and nostils wide,  
High crest, short ears, legs straight  
and passing strong,  
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock,  
tender hide.

So did this horse excel a common one

In shape and courage, co'or, pace  
and bone."

Apparently the standard of equine excellence has not changed much since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. These are the qualities sought for by our modern breeders, the short joints, the flexible fetlocks, and the general combination of power and fine quality.

The poet makes several allusions to hounds, as it is evident that his knowledge of this branch of hunting sprang from practical experience, not from hearsay. In Theseus' description of his dogs, taken from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," we have no difficulty in recognizing the true beagle of our times.

**Lord:**

"My hounds are bred out of the  
Spartan kind,  
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads  
are hung  
With ears that sweep away the  
morning dew.

Crook-knee'd and dewiapped like  
Thessalian bulls,  
Slow in pursuit, but matched in  
mouth like bells."

Again in the "Taming of the  
Shrew" we come across the follow-  
ing conversation:

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver  
made it good,  
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest  
fault?  
I would not lose the dog for twenty  
pound!

**Huntsman:**

Why, Belman is as good as he, my  
Lord,  
He cried upon it at the merest loss,  
And twice today picked out the  
dullest scent;  
Trust me, I take him for the better  
dog.

How natural it is! One can pic-  
ture the two enthusiastic sportsmen,  
each upholding the merit of his  
favorite dog. Many a time we have  
heard the same kind of discussion  
at the close of a good day's sport.  
Again, what stronger of more ap-  
propriate simile than that used in  
the famous passage from "Henry  
V?"

"I see you stand like greyhounds in  
the slips,  
Straining upon the start."

Anyone who has seen a coursing  
match will appreciate the simplicity  
and force of this figure. The two  
lean, sinewy dogs strain at the  
leathern "slips," and nearly strangle  
themselves in their desire to be off.  
The catch is slipped and away they  
shoot, neck and neck, heads low,  
after the luckless hare.

Keen sportsman though he was,  
Shakespeare felt the occasional  
twinge of pity for the hunted. What  
could be more pathetic than Jacques'  
description of the wounded and  
sequestered stag, in "As You Like  
It?"

"The wretched animal heaved forth  
such groans,  
That their discharge did stretch his  
leathern coat  
Almost to bursting; and the big,  
round tears  
Corsed one another down his inno-  
cent nose  
In piteous chase."

The idea of the stag weeping tears  
is not so absurd as some may  
imagine. Most animals possess  
lachrymal glands, and these, when  
stimulated by great pain, would  
naturally give up their pervetion. In  
other words, animals can and do  
weep under certain circumstances, so  
this passage is not simply an instance  
of poetical imagination.

There is a very touching picture  
in "Venus and Adonis" of Wat, the  
hare, looking to the cry of the ap-  
proaching hounds:

"Then thou shalt see the dew-  
bedrabbled wretcñ  
Turn and return, indenting with  
the way,  
Each envious briar his weary legs  
doth scratch,  
Each shadow makes him stop,  
each murmur stay."

The delights of the chase evidently  
appealed strongly to Shakespeare,  
but as the above quotations show,  
there was nothing brutal about this  
passion, and he had the true hunts-  
man's horror of wounding an animal,  
and yet failing to kill it outright.

The references to hawking, that once popular sport, are so numerous that every reader must have come across them. Unfortunately very few are capable of criticising for themselves the faithfulness of his descriptions and the accuracy of the numerous similes which he takes from this ancient pastime. If we can believe existing authorities, however, his knowledge in this branch was as extensive as it was thorough. Here are some instances: The first comes from "Henry VI.," and describes a "hawking."

"But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,  
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!  
To see how God in all His creatures works!  
Yea, man, the birds are fain at climbing high."

Then in "Romeo and Juliet."

"Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks."

And again, Othello, the Moor of Venice, in his agony of jealousy and indecision, says, in reference to Desdemona:

"If I do prove her haggard  
I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,  
To pray at fortune."

"Haggard" was the term for an untrained hawk, without sufficient discernment to pick his quarry. The word is used again in "Twelfth Night:":

"Like the haggard check at every feather  
That comes before his eye."

"Romeo and Juliet" supplies us with another metaphor taken from falconry, in the speech of Juliet as she tries from the balcony, to call Romeo back:

"Hist, Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice  
To lure this tassel-gentle back again."

Shakespeare is guilty of an anachronism in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," when he puts the following words into the mouth of Puck, describing the panic-stricken flight of Bottom's companions (III., 2).

"As wild geese that the creeping farmer eye,  
Or russet-pated coughts, many in sort,  
Rising and cawing at the gun's report  
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky."

A "twelve-bore in the hands of the evanescent Puck sounds a trifle incongruous, but the simile is apt. Who has not seen a flock of birds, on the gun's report, break up and fly in all directions?

The ancient game of bowls is as popular today as it was in the time of Shakespeare, and for this reason most people are familiar with those quotations which treat of this branch of sport. Hamlet's over-quoted soliloquy contains these words:

"To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub."

This is a metaphor from the bowling green, "rub" being the term

used when one bowl rubs or touches another on its way. Here are some more references to the same game, whose meaning is so obvious that they require no comment:

"Was there ever man had such luck?  
When I kissed the jack, upon an up-  
cast to be hit away! I had a hun-  
dred pound on 't.

—Cymbeline, Act II., 1

**Queen:**

"What sport shall we devise here in  
the garden,  
To drive away the heavy thought of  
care?"

**Lady:**

Madam, we'll play at bowls.

**Queen:**

'Twill make me think the world is  
full of rubs  
And that my fortune runs against  
the bias."

Richard II. (III., 4).

Petruchio, in "Taming of the  
Shrew," says:

"Well, forward, forward! Thus the  
bowl should run,  
And not unluckily against the bias."

The game of tennis has been hon-  
ored by Shakespeare in his fine  
scene with the French Ambassador,  
in "Henry V." The Dauphin has  
sent him a present of tennis-balls,  
insinuating that these are more "in  
his line" than cannon-balls. As soon  
as the first ambassador has given  
the Dauphin's message and insult-  
ing gift, the English king speaks  
thus:

"We are glad the Dauphin is so  
pleasant with us,  
His present and your praise we thank  
you for,

When we have matched our rackets  
to these balls,

We will in France, by God's grace,  
play a set

Shall strike his father's crown into  
the hazard,

Tell him he hath made a match with  
such a wrangler

That all the courts of France will be  
disturbed with chases."

The game referred to here is  
court-tennis, which has given way  
in popularity to lawn-tennis. Both  
games are very old, but in the middle  
ages the court game was the most  
popular, and the term "chase" used  
in the above quotation is peculiar to  
that game, which is far more compli-  
cated than lawn-tennis. There are,  
I believe, only twenty-seven of these  
courts in England and one in Dublin.

Many other games and pastimes  
find mention in Shakespeare's pages,  
such as chess, in the "Tempest,"  
"King John" and "The Taming of  
the Shrew," and even billiards, in  
"Anthony and Cleopatra," though  
this is the most glaring anach-  
ronism. It would be a colossal work,  
indeed, to collect all the references  
which Shakespeare has made to this  
subject. These few quotations, how-  
ever, will serve in a small measure  
to illustrate this delightful charac-  
teristic of the poet; as we read we  
catch a glimpse of winding trout  
streams, with their deep, brown  
pools, of forest glades and open  
moorlands; we can almost hear the  
whir of the cock-pheasant or the  
scurrying rush of the startled rabbit.  
From scenes of deep tragedy Shake-  
speare takes us for relief to the  
grateful shade of the "greenwood  
tree," to the genial sports of that  
"Merrie England" of which he is the  
chief chronicler.

## Picking Problems

L. B. HENRY, WINONA.

About this time of the season, almost every year, the fruit grower is running here and there all over his locality for pickers to harvest his crops.

So great has the small fruit-growing industry become, especially in the Niagara district, that it is now with great difficulty that a grower can secure a sufficient number of pickers at the right time. True, it is that the one who has a continual following up of crops throughout the whole season, from June until the last of August, stands a better chance of securing help than one whose variety of crops and acreage is limited. If a man would only consider the above fact when planting, this difficulty would be overcome to some extent at least. Strawberries, gooseberries, cherries, raspberries, black currants and blackberries follow one another in very close order, and will afford work for pickers for a period of at least two months.

### Pickers to Secure.

If the farm is a large one and there are a number of hired men employed, their wives and children generally are able to pick, and as it affords a rather easy and profitable job for them, it is satisfactory to all concerned. The man who has the real difficulty is the one with the medium to small-sized farm and who does not employ much hired help all the year round. He has to depend on his neighbors' pickers, which usually isn't a very satisfactory arrangement, or he has to secure pickers from a distance.

We have always found that Indians are the most faithful and honest pickers that can be secured, and if

one can obtain them he need worry no longer. Of course a shanty will have to be built for them to live in, but a good respectable house, not lathed and plastered, can be built for \$250. We have a two-story house, 18x24, in which from twelve to fifteen Indians can live in peace and happiness. One advantage in having the pickers right on the farm is that they are always there to work. Otherwise it generally takes one man with a team nearly half his time on the road bringing pickers to and taking them away from the patch.

City pickers are best left in the city, except one is very hard pressed. As a rule, when one advertises for city pickers, a bunch of holiday-seekers and mischief-makers come out, who, when set to work in the patch, ramble all over as if they had been turned loose in a pasture field and wanted to cover as much ground as possible. This kind of picking will not do, as many berries are left on the bushes to become over-ripe and finally to become wasted. Then again nothing will start a berry patch row quicker than allowing some pickers to grab the large berries off of somebody else's row.

### Cost of Picking.

The cost of harvesting a crop of berries is fast becoming excessive. Of course we must consider the increased cost of living during the past decade, but the percentage of increase in the latter is less than the percentage of increase in the cost of getting a box of raspberries picked. Ten years ago they were picked for a cent and a half per box, but this year in some districts three cents per box is being

paid. This is an increase of one hundred per cent., whereas the cost of living has only increased about sixteen per cent. over the same period of time.

Thirty to thirty-five cents has to be paid for picking a basket of black currants now, whereas ten years ago they were picked for a quarter. Fifteen cents is the usual price for picking English gooseberries and sweet cherries, and twenty cents for sour cherries.

In conclusion, the main points in solving the picking problem are:

1. Plant a variety of small fruits so as to cover the season. Do not limit yourself to a large acreage of raspberries, currants or cherries, but mix them up.
2. Secure pickers early in the season and be sure that you have a sufficient number.
3. Pay them wages which satisfy them and yet leave a profit for you.



Condensed Milk Maids.



## The Reason Why

BY EDWIN LEFEVRE.

"GOOD morning," said John; then he added, "sir."

The dark, deep-set eyes were shooting self-answering interrogations at John with an uncanny deliberateness. Feeling himself inventoried and price-tagged from soul to skin, John meekly stood up. He was beyond resentment.

"Too tired to fight; and not the fighting kind, anyway!" The musing voice implied a disregard of John's person and presence so complete that John felt himself turned into one of a column of numbers in a statistical table. "A failure! My friend, do you know why?" He looked at John.

John answered: "What? Ah—yes, sir. I—they said—"

"You are a clerk. Probably a book-keeper?"

"Yes, sir. Since the firm went up, seventeen weeks and three days ago, I haven't been able to find another position. I—"

"Where's your wife?"

"At her mother's. We couldn't—"

"Then you have children. How many?"

"Two."

"Why did the firm fail?"

"The trust put us out of business."

"What business?"

"Wholesale dry-goods."

"There is no trust in dry-goods."

"Well, they all said, and the newspapers, too, that—"

"And you believed it?"

"I thought—"

"I don't want to know what you thought. You believed it?"

"Yes, I did. Call it a trust or a combination; anyhow, the small jobber—"

"Why did you believe it?"

"Because I—well—with their capital, they can buy ten to our one and give credits that—"

"Thank you. Tell me, my friend, what do you think ought to happen to a man who doesn't know?"

"Doesn't know what?"

"Anything."

"I—I don't know," said John Harris.

"And therefore you think you are having hard luck?"

"If it isn't hard luck to lose—"

"I know. But who is to blame?"

"Well, it's hard to tell just exactly who is to blame. I know I'm not."

"You are sure you know that much?"

"Yes, sir; I am!"

"Then it comes down to blaming God; what?"

"Well, I'm not blaming Him or anybody."

"Yes, you are. Whom should a blind man blame if he stumbles into the pit?"

"I don't know what you mean by that. I am not blind—"

"Not more than a mole."

John stared at the old man. Too weak to argue, too hungry to resent, too fearful of offending, he ventured on humor:

"If you think I'm blind, just put a beefsteak anywhere within a mile and see if I can see it or not. I'd see it with my eyes shut!" He smiled—the hungry man's fearful grimace before a Barmecide feast.

"If you will come with me," presently said the white-haired man, "you may eat as much as you wish."

John straightened up. His face went pale, then red. He drew in a deep breath. "Oh, sir," he said eagerly, "if you will only give me work, for one week, for one day, anything, and pay, I'll—"

"Come and eat first." The tall, white-haired man started up the road. John followed, reducing on the way his whole future to one hope; that he might eat enough to give him strength to walk the eighteen miles to Barnumville. He would see Mollie and the kiddies. There his vision stopped.

Fully a mile, always along the fine stone wall, the tall old man walked with a calm, steady stride. Beyond the fence scattered sheep were feeding. Certain of abundance, they fed tranquilly. Great trees here and there made shade for white lambs.

At length the old man arrived before an imposing stone gate and turned into a wide, blue-gravelled drive. A man hastened out of the ivy-covered stone ledge and touched his hat to the tall, white-haired man.

"Ah! the owner!" thought John Harris. His nostrils dilated; he moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue—hope licking its chops!

"Phelan, telephone for the motor. Also tell the housekeeper to have a luncheon for one very hungry man ready at once, in the breakfast-room. No frills; solid food."

"Yes, sir," said Phelan respectfully, and went into the cottage. He did not so much as glance at John Harris. John Harris for some reason was glad of it.

A dark blue touring-car presently stopped beside them. The chauffeur jumped out, touched his cap, and opened the door.

"Get in," said the old man. John

Harris obeyed—a bit swaggeringly, braced by the thought of the impending meal.

After a half-mile of private road they drew up at a palace—John called it that. The chauffeur opened the door of the torneau and ran up the steps ahead of them, to press the electric button. Instantly the elaborate door opened. A footman in livery took their hats.

"Allow me," said John's host, and led the way past undreamt-of splendors to the breakfast-room. Dishes of cold meats, rolls, bread, were on the table; also cut flowers. Back of the one chair stood another man-servant in livery.

"Sit down and eat—slowly or you will be sick. When you are done, tell him to let me know."

"Sir, I thank you—"

"Not yet!"—and the old man left the room with the same leisurely gait that had so impressed John Harris on the road on his way to food.

It was a meal he long remembered. The servant's object in life was to divine his wishes. John ate slowly, not from a desire to Fletcherize, but because he felt the presence of the waiter and the discomfort of the magnificent room. He surprised himself by the comparatively small amount of food that satisfied him. He took two cups of coffee. He regretted that he could not carry away the abundance of food left uneaten on the table. With each mouthful his strength came back to him, and with it courage. At length he turned to the waiter and said quite boldly:

"I guess now I'll see the—the gentleman."

"Very well, sir," and the waiter disappeared. Presently he returned and said: "This way, please, sir."

The man's voice and manner were so very respectful that they gave to John a feeling of superiority—the same feeling that, grown chronic, breeds races of conquerors. He followed confidently until he stood before his host. The old man was sitting in a wicker armchair in the loggia, gazing over the stretches of lawn. He turned upon John Harris that stare of his which was a psychic scoop. John's superior feelings oozed out of him. In their place came a disquieting sense of difference rather than of self-acknowledged inferiority. To end it, he ventured:

"I wish to thank you—"

"Not yet," again said the old man, calmly. "Do you read the newspapers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Morning and evening?"

"Yes, sir; that is, I used to when I was—"

"Yes. Which papers?"

John told him.

"And the magazines?"

"Yes, sir; my wife took several of them. She's a great hand for reading. We often—"

"Yes. What are your politics?"

"Well," John said, hesitatingly, "I've always voted for the ticket that had the best men, whether Republicans or Democrats. I think—"

"Thank you. Do you believe in luck?"

"Well, I—" He paused.

"Do you?"

"Yes, I do. Sometimes it seems as if everything a man did—"

"I know. Your children go to public school?"

"One of them. The baby is too—"

"Yes. You are willing to work?"

"Yes, sir. I'll do anything to earn an honest—"

The old man's lips smiled; the eyes remained serious.

"Of course," he said. "You are typical."

John said nothing.

"What's your name?"

"John Harris."

"Father American?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mother?"

"Yes. Our people came to this country over a hundred and fifty—"

"Good!" He looked at John with eyes almost friendly. "Where's your family?"

"In Barnumville."

"Oh, near by! And you've come from—"

"New York City. I left a week ago Thursday—"

"Tramped all the way?"

"Yes, sir."

"Domestically strong; probably has all the homely virtues." The old man obviously was thinking aloud, and John again had the feeling of being tabulated. He began to wonder what it meant; then, if it meant more food. The old man pursued: "Always vote at elections?"

"Yes, sir. used to be secretary of the Dry-Goods District—"

"Fine! You would like to earn some money?"

"Yes, sir," said John Harris, eagerly.

"An experiment in democracy," mused the old man. "Nothing more. And fore-doomed to failure!" He shook his head. Then: "My friend Harris, what do you think of God?"

"Why, I—" He paused; into his eyes came a hunted look.

"You go to church?"

"Well—"

"Regularly, I mean."

"No, sir, not regularly. My children," he finished eagerly, "go to Sunday-school."

"To give you peace on Sunday while you read the newspapers?"

"No, sir," denied John stoutly. "Because I believe all children ought to be taught—"

"I see. You love them; they ought to be taught to be good. All parents ought to do it." You would not have called the old man's smile sardonic, but it was not benign. He grew serious. After a pause he took from his pocket a wallet and from the wallet five twenty-dollar bills.

"My friend, here's one hundred dollars."

"Oh, sir—"

"Wait, please; a man of your type of mind should make a point of listening to the bitter end, especially when young and poor. The chauffeur will drive you in the automobile to your house or wherever your family is. Understand me; I don't mistrust you, and if you'd rather go by yourself in the train, you may do so."

"The quicker I get to them, the better!" said John Harris. Not for him subtle courtesies or emotional nuances, with a hundred dollars in his pocket.

"My man will drive you over, then. With this money you will buy yourself and family some clothes. Will it be enough?"

"Yes, sir. But if you don't mind, I think w'd better—"

"It gives a man courage to see him-

self decently clad, and self-confidence wins battles—within limits, for there is also the self-confidence of the peacock."

"I'll do anything, sir, if only—"

"When you say you'll do anything, you are inaccurate."

"Yes, sir," assented John deferentially, and waited.

"My friend, in an experiment in democracy, which is all this nation is, you and your like complacently constitute yourselves into its chief menace. For, you see, you and men like you are in the majority and, unfortunately, you vote. How can I convince you that you and your like are not fit to vote if you do not believe me when I say you are blind?"

"What would you say, Mr. John Harris, my respected fellow citizen and equal, if I offered to give you work and to pay you one hundred dollars a day, the job to last as long as you cared to keep it?"

John's heart skipped a beat; he distinctly felt it. A troop of delectable visions whisked past him; then a legion of doubts.

"If it's honest work—" he began. The look in the other's eyes checked him.

The old man smiled—so skeptically that John's blood ran cold.

"Democracy — unattainable!" he muttered.

John didn't understand, but he said firmly: "If it's anything—"

"It calls for but one thing—sight. What you see is important. What you probably won't see is still more."

"Is it a dangerous. . ."

"There is always the danger, Mr. John Harris," interrupted the old man very quietly, "of your not really wish-

ing to earn one hundred dollars a day."

Not wishing to make one hundred dollars a day? The things he was willing to do in order not to lose the job made John blush guiltily. Almost he felt a policeman's hand on his shoulder. But—one hundred dollars a day? One—hundred—a—day?

Yes; he would. Anything!

"The work," he ventured diffidently, "will oblige me to—"

"To accept a hundred dollars a day. The hours are from ten to four."

"I'd like to know exactly what you expect me to—"

"I expect you to prove that you are blind to what is before you, to your duty, to your own present desires, to everything in life and after life. The work entails no physical suffering, the commission of no crimes, no writing, no reading, no manual labor, not even the fatigue of talking. To-morrow at nine my automobile will be at your house. It will fetch you to this place. Then I shall tell you what I want you to do. You will be at liberty to refuse the work after you hear what it is. You have received one day's wages—for listening to me. You might risk another visit."

"Oh, I'll be here all right; and I want to thank you—"

"Not yet!" and the old man nodded dismissively. But John hesitated, craving explanations, only to hear in a cold voice:

"You will find the automobile just around the house, on the left. Tell the man where you wish to go."

John was up betimes the next morning, tortured by doubts that made the hours pass slowly. But at nine the touring-car whizzed up to

the house. The chauffeur did not have to blow his horn; John was beside the car when it stopped.

"Good morning," said John pleasantly. The driver nodded curtly without even looking at him. Angry at the rebuke, John was silent for eighteen miles, until the car stopped before the mysterious palace. The chauffeur opened the door and pointed. John saw his patron walking slowly toward them. The sight filled his mind with a hundred dollars and emptied his soul of anger. He descended from the car, taking exaggerated pains not to scratch the paint with his heels. He hastened toward his benefactor and said deferentially:

"Good morning, sir." Then, he scarcely knew why, he touched his hat, English-servant like.

The old man took in the gesture and frowned. "Do you know how money talks?" he asked abruptly.

"No, sir," answered John. Uncertain whether it was safe to smile in anticipation of an exquisite jest of his patron, he kept his face serious but his smiling muscles ready to work in a flash.

"With the voice of the past, Mr. John Harris. Just now you are hearing yesterday. But I do not expect you to agree with me. Come this way," and he walked southward to an apple orchard. It was very well kept and the trees bore abundantly. Before the largest of all he stopped and said:

"See that tree?"

John nodded. "Yes, sir."

"I shall have a comfortable chair brought out to you. Sit in it. At noon a servant will bring you luncheon. You will not speak under any

circumstances, to any one, not even to yourself. I expect you to see and to remember what you see."

"Well," confessed John, uncomfortably, "supposing you should come before four o'clock and say to me: 'Harris this is a joke. Here's five dollars for your trouble; are you satisfied to call it square?' Of course I'd say I was more than satisfied, and you could then say to me: 'Ah, you spoke!' So I thought I'd ask."

"There are, Mr. John Harris," said the old man slowly, "about forty-five millions of you in this our glorious country, which is as it should be, since we are born equal by statute and are by law prohibited from becoming otherwise as we grow older. Equality is the lawful husband of liberty; and the offspring of their union are John Harrises. I shall not come to this orchard during business hours. You need not invent traps for yourself to keep out of."

John could not help having visions of spectacular horrors concocted and enacted for his benefit. Nevertheless he said, promptly:

"Yes, sir, and I thank you—"

"Not yet!" checked the old man. Turning on his heel, he walked toward the house.

Presently a man-servant brought a comfortable porch rocker and placed it in the shadiest spot under the tree. John Harris, who had been reckoning his wages by the year and was sending little Jimmy to college, was so full of gratitude toward all the world that he barely caught himself on the verge of a "thank you."

When he sat down, after the servant left, he was still trembling; a man does not come within a hair's

breadth of losing \$36,000 without a tremor.

Nothing happened. Seated in his comfortable chair under the apple-tree, John Harris rocked gently, with business-like deliberation — there would be six hours of it. During the first hour the thoughts came quickly. But after he had exhausted his ten thousand guesses at the meaning of his strange adventure, the minutes began to walk rheumatically. It was more irksome than he had imagined, this thing of doing nothing while expecting something. And it was not only the exasperation of not knowing against what or whom to be on his guard, but he really did not remember the time or place when he had so vehemently desired to speak as here and now, to some one, to any one—to speak aloud to the air. Indeed, his relief was immense when at noon he heard a distant bell toll—the call to the men at work in the fields.

Presently a man bearing a dinner-tray and a portable serving-table came into the orchard, stopped before John's chair, opened the folding stand, and placed the tray on it.

John thanked Heaven, in silence. It was a fine luncheon; three kinds of cold meat, bread, potato-cakes, fruit and pie. But no water, no milk, no tea or coffee.

"Aha! It's supposed to make me so thirsty that I'll inadvertently ask for a drink." He smiled at the childish trap. But presently the servant returned bearing another tray on which were two glasses, two cups, a pitcher of water, a pitcher of milk, a teapot, a coffee-pot, and a sugar-bowl.

The danger, then, was more subtle!

He was beginning to fear the old man's subtle fiendishness when he thought he heard a noise behind him. He turned, with eager pessimism, not really expecting to see anything unusual.

A woman was coming toward the orchard. She was tall and very slender and walked with a sort of stealthy stride. She was about thirty-five, he judged. She was dressed in black. That and her coal-black air accentuated the pallor of her face. In one hand she carried a large splint-basket.

She did not look at him, though she walked toward his tree and set her basket down at its foot. He saw that she had come to pick apples.

He watched her, at first gratefully, then anxiously, but always prepared to return a blank stare if she should address him, or feign illness or resort to bewitching ruses. She, however, made no effort to speak to him, but plucked apple after apple from the low branches and the high. He noticed how very tall she was, or how very tall she seemed, when she gathered the higher fruit.

Presently it struck him that she was plucking the apples indiscriminately—the unripe and the ripe and the overripe and the bird-pecked. The basket soon filled. But she kept on picking more and more apples, which she threw into her basket with a backward sweep of the hand, and never a look to see if she hit or missed. They overflowed and scattered about the grass.

But she kept at it! She would make sudden darts, as though the apples were birds that she feared to frighten away. Others she would pull very gently time and again until

she loosened them, only to throw them into the basket without another look. It became evident to him that she meant to pick every apple on that tree in order to sort them afterward! The waste was appalling. The whole thing was unspeakably irritating.

"Madam, if you—"

At his first word she ceased her fruit-picking abruptly, and, leaving the basket where it stood, walked away toward the house. He watched her through a red mist of anger till she vanished from his sight. He could not blame the old man, who was a good-natured lunatic with good-natured lunatics in his household. He blamed himself, until in self-defense he began to think of ingenious excuses that would enable him to keep his position, to have another chance at that hundred a day.

Looking up, he saw the old man coming toward him. Instantly he was filled with the realization—complete of detail, painfully elaborate, dismally real—of what he had lost. He looked at his generous benefactor as a condemned murderer might watch the electrician adjust the screws and wires about the death-chair.

"My esteemed fellow-citizen, speaking of self-government, do you think it is unfair for me to bet on averages?"

"I don't know—s-sir," stammered John Harris. He was looking into the old man's eyes, which had already plucked the truth from his very soul.

"You, a man with a family you love, starving yesterday, willing to do anything to get work and live, who probably figured out to the penny how rich the new job would make you

in two years, and gloated over your golden independence; who believe in the election of good men to public places and in the duty of sending children to Sunday-school, you, Mr. John Harris, the ninety-millionth parth of this republic, could not earn that hundred?"

"No, sir."

"And so you will go back to the long dusty road, convinced of the hardship of life and the bitter caprices of luck, of the injustice of the uneven distribution of good things here, a half-baked Socialist—you, who more than anything else desired a moment ago to get something for nothing, won't you?"

"No, sir. That I'm a fool, yes. I—  
I—"

"Don't blame your mouth for words others put there for you. Tell me, though, how was it that not even the thought of those two little ones whom you brought into a talkative world—"

"I know," interrupted John Harris, "that I am not fit to—"

"No, you are not; nor the other John Harrises. And when I think—"

"And when I think!" echoed John Harris with an almost fierce bitterness.

"Well, you've had your chance to realize the dreams of your life. A man should not ask for more."

"I didn't ask for it; you gave it to me. I couldn't help being glad. But if you will only give me work, hard work—"

"Harder than silence?"

"That wasn't work, it was—"

"Blind!" muttered the old man.

"Yes, sir; I admit it."

"You don't mean that. At least be honest."

"I worked for nine years with one firm—"

"Tell me, Harris, why did you speak?"

"Well, sir, it came out before I knew it."

"It always does."

"Yes, sir. I thought she was spoiling your apples and I thought I'd help her by advising her not to pick—"

"Exactly; admirable human virtues. And that desire to keep a woman from wasting apples, woman-fashion, was stronger than the desire to feed your children?"

"If I had thought about them I—"

"And of what you were here for."

"I'd have kept my mouth shut. But I—"

"You did not think of what she was doing, but of what you would do."

"Well—" John paused.

"Harris, the wisest man is an ass only a little less asinine than you or I. Therefore, I, who should know better, am thinking of your children. The chauffeur will now take you home. To-morrow morning he will again call for you, as he did this morning. I'll give you another chance."

"Thank you, sir, I—" began John Harris.

"Not yet!" interrupted the old man, with that faint smile of his so much like a sneer deflected in its course by a mood of sadness. "The car is waiting for you. Good afternoon; and remember: To-morrow!"

"Yes, sir. Good afternoon, sir. I'm very much obliged—"



The old man held up a hand warningly and walked away.

John Harris went home. He told Mollie all about it. She did not reproach him. Their rescue from starvation was so recent that she still looked at the world through a telescope which magnified obstacles. Therefore, all that Mollie could see was the breathing-spell which the lunatic's hundred-dollar whim would give to the children.

"If you can only do it for a few days!" was her only observation—and it sounded like a prayer.

"If I only can!" was his only retort—and it was like an "Amen."

The tragedy of life is not knowing what is tragical in our own lives. This man, John Harris, and his wife prayed that night that their tragedy might be prolonged. Oh, but he was a book-keeper out of work! Was he? And she a mother, with the mother-instinct excusably making a cud-chewing animal of her soul! Was she? That was the reason, was it?

The chauffeur came promptly at nine. Harris jumped into the automobile and smiled bravely—as he thought—at Mollie, and Mollie from the threshold smiled back bravely—as she thought—at him. Both felt the solemnity of this leave-taking; and neither thought of self; nor of the tragedy of their unselfishness!

The old man stood at the head of the steps in the porte cochere as the motor drew up.

"Good morning, sir," said John Harris. His deferential eagerness to please, his fear of unwittingly offending, showed in his face, in his manner. The old man frowned and shook his head slowly; he did not like the tragedy. John's heart sank; how

foolish, how dreadful, to look for consistency in a millionaire's whims. But when the old man looked at him again, the meditative eyes were not at all unfriendly.

"Good morning, Harris; will you come with me?"

"Yes, sir," quickly said John Harris, once more hopeful, ready to fight the great battles of life! A great battlefield is life! And one hundred dollars a day is a great victory!

They went across the lawn, across the orchard, across meadows, toward a hill half a mile away. They followed a path and finally came to the edge of a gravel-bank in the hillside. There was an open shed before it, where workmen might have kept their tools. Within was a rude bench. The old man pointed to it and said:

"You will stay under this shed, sitting or standing or walking about; but you must not, under any circumstances, step outside of it, and you must not speak to any living being, human or animal. Your luncheon will be brought to you at noon. I shall come at four, and you will tell me what you have seen. Remember that I have said you were blind. The pay is the same—one hundred dollars a day. Is it satisfactory?"

"Yes, sir. Of course, I know it isn't worth anything like a hundred dollars—"

"Sight is worth hundreds of millions, Mr. John Harris. Do not permit yourself the luxury of speech until four. Good luck to you, my esteemed fellow citizen," and with a nod the old man walked away.

John Harris looked about him. He saw an amphitheatral excavation in the side of the hill where the

gravel-bank was. Above it was a sign: "Take only one load!" At the foot he saw a mound of cobblestones and small boulders, left there by the gravel-diggers. The hill shut out his view to the south. To the east he looked out on low, swampy ground, covered with high marsh-grass beginning to yellow. The breeze blew fitfully and made the dried grass shudder; he saw tremors of brown shade sweep across the marsh and he heard whimpers and long sighs.

At noon the same servant brought to him the same kind of luncheon. John Harris confidently ate it.

Gradually, the silence and the solitude grew oppressive. It is only a very great or a very small mind that can bear these comfortably—the one because it can think and therefore live; and the other because it doesn't think and therefore can keep on living. Not having either kind of a mind, John Harris began devoutly to wish something might happen; anything! He felt like a prisoner. To put his foot for one brief instant on the forbidden outside took on the same allurements that liberty has for the life-convict.

At times he calmed himself by reckoning to the penny the wages due him at that very minute. He was engaged in calculating the length of the path which went from the mouth of the pit and disappeared from view around the hill, when he saw a tall, strongly-built man coming. Harris sat down, his mind defensively on his guard, his lips tightly shut. The man walked firmly, his head held high, conscious of a strength so great as to make him harm-proof.

John saw him stop before the gravel-bank and look at it carefully.

Presently he picked up an overgrown pebble and threw it at a sand-streak in the bank. It dislodged a little sand. Then he flung a stone weighing at least fifty pounds. It dislodged some gravel. He nodded and went away.

John was disappointed. His defense had been wasted. He relaxed his lips and sighed. But presently he heard a crunching sound on the path and the man reappeared. He was wheeling the largest wheelbarrow John had ever seen. In it were two picks and two shovels. The man stopped before the gravel-bank, set down the barrow, and took off his coat, his shirt, his undershirt, until he stood naked from the waist up.

John Harris had never seen so marvelously built a man—deep-chested, massive, the bulging muscles gliding under the skin like snakes, the arms like piston-rods, the hands large, muscular, with a stupendous gripping-power. A man to admire and to beware of, to fear and to follow, according to his moods and your needs!

He now grasped a pick and with it smote the bank. An avalanche of gravel followed each stroke. Then he shoveled the loosened dirt into the barrow. With exactly nine blows of the pick he loosened enough to fill the wheelbarrow.

The man turned about and smiled, not at John Harris, but at the blue sky and the swamp and the torn hillside—at the entire world. It was good to be strong, to fill the barrow in one minute! He seized the handles and wheeled his load perhaps one foot. He set it down again and looked alternately at the bank and at the barrow. He smiled contemptuously and shook his head.

One little load and all that gravel left in the bank? That was what his sneer conveyed to the watchful and taciturn John Harris. And Harris nodded to himself congratulatorily when the Hercules took his pick again and with a half-dozen blows loosened enough gravel to fill two barrows. He shoveled it on until he had a cone-shaped load almost as high as himself.

He lifted it up. Ah, it was easy to see that he could wheel a far heavier burden. But the barrow was full.

He cogitated intensely. At length he nodded to himself, walked to the shed, and without a look at John wrenched a dozen boards from the roof. John backed away to the other end and offered no objection, bodily or vocal. The man carried the boards away and with a deft dexterity and a brute force that John envied he contrived to rig them so as to make a sort of three-sided box atop the wheelbarrow. It would now hold, John thought, fully a ton of gravel. The man began to fill it. Every now and again he paused, looked at the load he had, and seemed minded to cart it away. But always one glance at the gravel-bank was enough to set him to shoveling again.

When he had filled his high-rigged barrow, he seized the handles and essayed to lift them. John saw the great muscles on his back swell and grow tense with the effort; his face purpled; his body glistened with sweat; little drops ran down his arms. With one last Titanic tug he lifted the legs of the wheelbarrow clear from the ground and tried to go forward. But it was too heavy for him, so he set it down again and wiped the sweat from his eyes with the back of

his hand—a superb brute of a man in a superb mood of obstinacy.

He shook his head; then he shook his mighty fist at his load. He stood there, panting, his body mottled and wet, his head bent, thinking.

“If the jackass would only take off about five hundred pounds from the extra ton he has no business to carry, he might make it,” thought John Harris. But he did not say what he thought. His business was not to say anything.

The giant, breathing stentorously, his head bowed, his huge fists clenched, thought and thought. At length he looked up, smiled triumphantly, and ran down the slope to the swamp. Breast-deep in the marsh grass, he ran a quarter of a mile to a line of telegraph-posts, climbed one like a huge ape, and broke off the wire from the insulator with his naked hand. He descended and with one jerk tore the wire off the other pole. He ran back to the gravel-bank, fastened the wire about the handles, and stooped until the loop of wire rested on his shoulders; then, his hands gripping the handles crushingly, he straightened his bent back and lifted the legs of the wheelbarrow clear from the ground.

Painfully, with staggering, two-inch steps, he turned it around until he faced the path up which he must go. He pushed, his body leaning forward, his head lowered like a bull about to charge, when he happened to look toward the bank. Instantly he set down his load, and, grasping a pick in each hand, smote the hillside maniacally. Tons and tons of gravel came down. Discarding the picks, he took up the two long-handled shovels and, as a child might use

two little sand-spades, he piled more gravel on the wheelbarrow.

"He must be crazy!" thought John Harris. So interested had he become in the madman's doings that he lowered his guard; he began to forget why and how he himself happened to be a silent spectator there, at one hundred dollars a day!

There were two cubic yards on the wheel-barrow—and two thousand still on the bank!—when the panting giant again grasped the handles and, with legs, arms, hands, and wired back all at work, sought to wheel away his load. The barrow did not stir. He tried again. His legs seemed to need an eternity to straighten; his arms, rigid as iron, lifted resistlessly; the wire stretched across the muscled back until, cutting deeply it disappeared from sight; the back-muscles knotted, bulgingly, strainingly, and he raised the barrow off the ground! The load moved!

Instantly he ceased; he released himself from the wire-yoke; a red line came out across his back; it was like the scar of a fresh-healed wound; then it became a purpling welt. But the man was smiling, pleased, proud, triumphant. He stooped, gathered up some cobblestones, and flung them on the wheelbarrow.

"What the dickens!" thought John Harris.

Once more the man sought to carry away that load. The wire cut into the mighty back until the blood came; it trickled down; a little red pool spread beneath his feet. And the wheelbarrow did not stir! The enormous body heaved and strained, the face grew purple, the eyes bulged until they almost burst from their sockets. The load did not move.

At length he desisted.

John Harris breathed deeply, as the giant drew in a breath which swelled that thick, hairy breast, and bending once more to his task, made one last supreme effort. He lifted it! The wheelbarrow moved an inch! John Harris, his fists clenched, was between a hurrah and an oath. But the man set down the handles. Panting heavily, he walked to a large, round stone, almost a boulder, and rolled it and pushed it—in itself a load for a strong man—until it was alongside the wheelbarrow. Then he measured the distance, and, stooping, grasped the boulder in both hands. Slowly, strainingly, he lifted it until it rested on his bent legs and, with a final mighty effort to lift it still higher, he was staggering toward the overloaded wheelbarrow when John Harris, oblivious of all and everything save this crowning folly, cried:

"Great Scott, man, you can't—"

Instantly the man dropped the stone and walked away, leaving his coat and shirt where he had thrown them.

Dismay, remorse, anger in turn overwhelmed John Harris. He was beyond the power of speech now, it was too late. He walked to and fro, not daring to step beyond the limits of the shed, though the necessity for self-imprisonment no longer existed. He was still pacing, caged-animal-like, his face pale, his eyes wild, when the old man came down the path, with that leisurely gait of his.

"Well, Mr. John Harris?" he asked, calmly.

"I am very much obliged to you, sir, for the money and food. And I am sorry—"

"Wait, Mr. John Harris. You are so altogether typical as to be invaluable. Suppose I give you another chance?"

"I don't deserve it and I don't ask it." replied John Harris sullenly.

"Great! Well, I'll do it anyhow."

"Very well, sir," said John Harris; "I'll come."

The chauffeur appeared on the minute of nine and whirled him to the old man's estate. They met the owner on the private drive. The car stopped and the old man climbed aboard. He said: "To the garden" to the chauffeur, and "Good morning" to John Harris.

He seemed preoccupied, and this at first disturbed John Harris. Then it strengthened his resolve not to fail again. It was not alone the loss of the hundred, but the feeling of failure that John would prevent. It made his brain alert; but, after all, only defensively alert, which was according to averages.

The automobile stopped before the entrance to a walled enclosure. The old man alighted, beckoned to John Harris, and paused before a gate of wrought-iron. The chauffeur deferentially opened it. The old man entered; John followed.

"Foredoomed to failure!" he muttered. "Leaders and the led. Not life but death they fail to understand!" His eyes were fixed on Harris's; but Harris could see that the old man did not see him.

"I beg your pardon, sir?" said John Harris gently.

"I beg yours, Harris. I wish you luck. Good morning."

"Good morning, sir; and thank you for—"

"Not yet, my friend!" and the old man walked away.

John heard the clang of the garden gates as they closed. He sat down and looked about him. By the western wall he saw what looked like bricklayers' scaffolding made of planks laid across saw-horses. He counted ten horses and ten ten-inch planks, each about ten feet long, he judged. They stretched parallel to the wall but about three feet from it. They doubtless had been left there by masons; but he could see no sign of fresh repairs anywhere.

John wondered why the scaffolding had not been taken away, but presently he forgot everything except that he was alone in the most beautiful garden he had ever seen. It was more impressive than the old man's house, for where that represented work done and money spent, by men, the garden represented men's work and men's money and also time, which is not man's and the handicraft of Nature, and the inherent mystery of all growth, of all that stirs and lives. Wherefore even John Harris was able to find new delights at every step, new surprises on all sides—rare flowers, strange, mysterious blossoms, bizarre leaves and growths that like a magician's wand touched his soul and sent it soaring into wondering skies.

A maze of box-hedge mathematized him, as it were, back to terra firma; for he puzzled it out for himself and in the end discovered design everywhere, even in the seeming carelessness of the shrub-grouping, in the apparently haphazard location of the trees. There was a relationship in the things of this garden that made them mean something—something felt, and never deliberately detected, by him. And he was sur-

prised at the lightning flight of time when he heard the tolling of the bell in the distance that summoned to the midday meal the men at work in the fields.

He walked toward the south end of the garden. The bell had made him think of dinner, and dinner had made him think of the old man and of his test. He sat down in one of the marble seats by the pergola, as he might have sat anywhere else, and wondered how soon they would come—food and the test. On the previous day the servant had been punctual as the sun.

Of a sudden he remembered that the old man had said no servant ever entered this garden.

"It means I am not to eat to-day!" he thought. Well, the pay was worth a few hours' fast, he decided, with a fine sense of justice. A half-hour later he told himself that he did not hire to starve.

He walked back to the marble seat and sat down. Happening to look up, saw on the flat marble coping of the garden wall a score of platters heaped high with meats and bread, baskets of fruit, pitchers full of milk, glasses, cups, dishes, piles of folded napkins and glittering heaps of table-silver. They were just above the scaffolding.

Somebody had placed them there while he had gone to the gate to look for the tray!

"Well," he asked himself, "what does that mean?"

He stared at the array of dinner things for fully five minutes. There was much more than enough for one man. Did it mean that he was not to help himself? If he did would that be a violation of the agreement?

It he did not, would the old man call him an ass and blind? Was anyone else expected, that so much food was there? And if people were expected, what were the dishes doing on the top of the wall?

Was this the test? If so, it was worse than a Chinese puzzle. What was a citizen's duty in the premises?

He was still gazing with dubious longing at the bread and the meats and the fruit on the top of the wall when he heard the garden gates clang. He saw men and women and children coming toward him. He watched them carefully. Some were young; others old; some well dressed, others in overalls; some looked healthy, others pale and emaciated. There was neither order nor disorder; they merely walked toward the pergola, some quickly, others leisurely some looking at the flowers, others at the fountains. There were, according to his count, fifty-three human beings. Finally they reached the marble seats before the pergola, sat down about the tables, and waited for something.

So did John Harris.

They waited one hour. To John it seemed an eternity.

It became evident that they were mutes. But they were not deaf, for often they looked as if they were listening.

Of a sudden a clean-looking chap of about thirty snapped his fingers to call the attention of the crowd, and pointed to the food on the top of the wall. Whereupon everybody arose and walked toward it. Some of the men and nearly all of the women began to run, in order to be among the first, those with small children dragging their offspring in their haste.

They reached for the food, trampling upon grass, flower-beds, and shrubs, jumping up in the air as high as they could, with hands outstretched. But the wall was too high. So they climbed upon the plank-platform and made frantic grabs at the food-laden dishes. It was in vain; the planks were too far away from the wall, so that what was gained in height was lost in lateral distance. But they persisted. In their eager efforts they nearly overbalanced themselves and toppled off. Here and there one deliberately jostled another off, to be himself pushed off the scaffolding by the next man.

Some of the children, unwatched by their parents, who were incessantly but vainly trying to reach the luncheon things on the wall top, ran in and out among the wooden horses and under the planks. In the heedless slipping and tumbling of the grown-ups, child after child was stepped on. They squealed and screamed and cried. A stout man fell from the platform heavily, his teeth clenched, his eyes staring wide. He lay on the ground and breathed hissing.

Nobody heard him.

"There's enough there for a hundred people," thought John Harris. "What ails them?"

The young man with the clean-looking face approached the men on the overcrowded platform and with eloquent gestures pointed out that if all stepped down and pushed the horses nearer to the wall, they might take the dishes off easily, carry them to the marble tables, and everybody could eat comfortably. But they pushed him away fiercely, excepting two who jumped down and tried, with him, to move the wooden horses, men

and all, nearer the wall. It was beyond their strength. The young man again tried to get some more to jump down and help; he held an open watch before them and pointed to the late hour. But they kept at it, stretching their arms and failing to touch the dishes.

Suddenly a very tall man jumped down, ran back a dozen yards, and darted toward the platform. With a leap, he landed, pushed off the front rank, jumped at the wall, clutched the edge of the coping with one hand and with the other seized a loaf of bread. He let himself down, took a bite, and started back toward the women and children who had followed him, when a little girl snatched the bread out of his hand and ran away, pursued by other girls.

But the clean-looking young man and half a dozen others were keeping at their work, and little by little their ranks swelled. They went to the end plank and argued and gesticulated, trying to induce the clutching crowd to step down. Two or three who looked exhausted, obeyed. One of the exhorters clutched an unheeding old man by the leg and dragged him off. The old man fell on top of the other, who presently extricated himself, pulled out a handkerchief, and held it to his bleeding nose. Whereupon he half-heartedly helped the men who were trying to move the planks nearer the wall. They would have succeeded but for three stout men and two very fat women who were still making frantic snatches at the dishes.

"I believe they are all crazy," said John Harris to himself.

The mad work kept on. Men and women jumped off or fell and lay panting on the ground, their places on

the platform instantly filled by others, undismayed by the failure of the rest. A man with a long white beard, who was trying to push the scaffolding nearer the wall, was struck in the forehead by the heel of one of the madmen and sank in his tracks. A thin young man, his face the color of wood-ashes, walked tottering back to the pergola. Some of the women were shaking their fists and others watched the struggling men; but for the most part they were trying to soothe their whining children.

The clean-looking young man kept on urging his companions to show common sense. But as fast as he made new recruits, he lost old ones, who, dismayed by the numbers still on the planks, would themselves jump up on them and try once more to get at the food. Weariness evidently overtook some of the silly men and they dropped off.

Their places filled; but not so quickly as before. In time, thought Harris wisdom would come to this crowd. The young man appealed to those who watched from a distance to help, but they shook their heads: the task was beyond them. Finally the young man beckoned to one who had been his most faithful assistant, and approached the wall. He braced himself against it, and the friend climbed up on his shoulders and took from the wall platter after platter, which he passed to the crowd that pounced on them like hungry wolves.

To reach a basket of apples the assistant stepped with his shod feet on the fair head of the clean-looking young man, and the young man tottered and sank down. Some of the crowd, seeming to think that the wall was lower at that point, ran to it and, stepping on the young man's pros-

trate body, tried to reach the coping.

They missed by two feet.

The sensible men now concentrated on the first horse. John thought that, if they succeeded, the crowd, thus receiving an object lesson, might acquire horse-sense. But on that particular plank stood five men, tall and strongly built, who had linked their arms together, and, standing as a unit, braced themselves while the tallest of them, steadied by the others, one foot on the plank and the other against the wall, succeeded, at every tenth effort, in snatching some fruit or a slice of bread.

John Harris, certain that this was a crowd of crazy deaf-mutes, so interested in their antics that he had long ago forgotten about the old man and his test, so hungry that their folly began to assume the form of injury to himself, indignant at the sight of the helpless women, angry at the obstinacy of the five big men on the first plank, went after his own luncheon. He ran toward the crowd, shouting:

"Get off and let the other push the —"

Instantly all efforts ceased; the tumult died suddenly. The women, the children, the men, everybody, silently walked away.

The old man appeared at the gate. He was followed by a servant with a loaded tray. He opened the gate and looked at John Harris.

"Hungry?" asked the old man kindly.

"Yes."

"Take that tray."

John hesitated, opened his mouth, closed it, took the tray, and followed the old man to the pergola.

"Sit down and eat, Mr. John Harris."



"Thank you. I'd like to say—"

"After you've eaten, you'll feel better. Eat!" The old man said it so quietly that John obeyed.

He did feel better after he had eaten; it was as if his resentment had gone with his hunger.

"Suppose," said the old man, "that we talk a little."

"Yes, sir," said John Harris calmly, and waited.

"Why did you speak in the orchard?"

"Well—" he paused.

"Think, my friend," urged the old man. "Take your time."

"Well," said John Harris, thoughtfully, "the woman was picking up all kinds of apples, green and ripe and rotten, wasting more than she could use, throwing them into the basket and bruising them. It was the silliest thing I ever saw. I don't know—I felt sorry for her and for the waste of fruit. She was going to sort them after picking instead of picking only the good ones! And so I thought if she was crazy I might coax her to leave them alone, and if she was just a woman who wasn't thinking of what she was doing, I'd sort of bring her to know what she was doing. Before I knew it I—"

"And what about the gravel-pit incident? Why did you speak to the man, especially after what had happened in the orchard?"

"Well, you see, he irritated me so by his hoggishness and his stupidity that I guess I forgot everything except that I was angry and the man was a fool—"

"He is a very strong man, the strongest man that I could hire in this country. And he always does

what I tell him to do. A very competent man."

"Yes; but he had bitten off more than he could chew. No living man could possibly—"

"Yes; but why did you speak when you did?"

"As I said, being so angry made me forget, and then that wire he had across his back was cutting into the flesh. I felt sorry, too, and so I thought I would tell—"

"You never thought, my esteemed fellow citizen. If you had thought you would have been silent, in order to see what would happen. I had some really interesting tests in store for you. They are unnecessary. You were too easy, too blind!"

"I don't understand that part. Do you mean that I couldn't see—"

"Pardon me, Mr. John Harris. Tell me, what did the woman in the orchard mean to you?"

"She put me in mind of a woman who does not have her mind on her work—"

"So the incident meant nothing in particular to you?"

"No, sir. It did not."

"To me, my friend, it means many things." He paused.

"Yes, sir," said John Harris, encouragingly.

"For instance, most obviously it means Death, which takes all men: the old and the young, the good and the bad, the high and the low—ripe, unripe, overripe. And so Death will take you, whether you are fit to be plucked or not. For which reason, it is wise to be always ready. And if you are always ready your life will be wiser."

"I see! I see!" interrupted John

Harris eagerly, almost enthusiastically.

"Do you? I wonder!" mused the old man.

"Yes, sir, I do; now that you've told me."

"You heard but a part, and you can understand but a part. I dare say it is enough, for human knowledge can never be complete. That episode might mean other things! Well, then, you saw the man in the gravel-bank?"

"Yes, sir."

"Be honest, Harris; don't invent and don't guess. Does that man suggest anything to you? The obvious, for instance?"

"No, he doesn't, unless it is that a man never really knows how much he can do and gets conceited and imagines—"

"You are trying to see with a pair of eyeglasses belonging to some one else, Harris. To me he suggests a Rich man. He was gifted by nature with great strength. He could cart more gravel in the wheelbarrow in one day than you could in one month. He had enough and more than enough for one load, which was all he was allowed to carry; but every time he looked at the gravel he was leaving in the bank, he put more in his wheelbarrow, and tried to carry what was a discomfort, a human impossibility, to carry. Do you see?"

"Yes, yes. You are right, sir. It's just like a Rich man, that is, like some rich men. Although there are some —"

"Thank you, Harris," said the old man. "And now what did the garden episode to-day make you think of?"

John thought with his very soul.

After five minutes he said: "How many guesses do I have?"

The old man smiled and answered:

"Not even one. I've given you two clues as to the way to use your real eyes. The third is the most obvious."

"Well," ventured John presently with an uncertain smile, "it shows how a few pig-headed, selfish people will act like the dog in the manger." He paused, to look hopefully at the old man, who shook his head and said:

"You have only partially seen. That crowd, my friend, is a Democracy. Its folly is the absence of co-operation, the utter blindness to the one fact that if you are entitled to get your loaf of bread, as per the Declaration of Independence, to be eaten by your own mouth, carried thither by your own hand, so are there others who have their loaves to get. That to get yours easily you must help the next man to get his own easily, too. Do you see that? And do you see how some were sensible and others stupid, and some were patient and others selfish, some would not listen and others tried to help but did not succeed in inducing the crowd to feed itself intelligently, and——"

"Yes, sir, I do! Yes, sir!"

"You interrupted me, Harris," said the old man very quietly.

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"No matter. That crowd as a crowd, and as an aggregation of natural groups, suggests too many things. After all, co-operation by itself is not enough, and the knowledge of the uncertainty of life, by itself, is not enough. It is the three of them, Harris, together; for there is enough on the top of the world's garden-wall for all, each man as much as he wants, so long as his

neighbor has his own enough, whatever that enough may be; to think of what you can do and do it not less and not more than you can do; and, knowing why you are here; to think of today, and also of tomorrow, for today means you and tomorrow means those you most love. Your life is the heritage you leave not only to your children but to the entire world. Do you see, friend Harris, the folly of thinking that your life ends with the cessation of the breath-drawing function?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I called you blind. Were you?"

"Well—I suppose I was, that way."

"And so are some ninety millions of your brothers and mine."

"They are what they are. Not one of us is what he ought to be. Because you are you, you did not earn that hundred; and because I am I, I'll give it to you anyhow."

The old man took from his upper waistcoat-pocket a small roll of bills, one of which he held out to John Harris. It was for one hundred dollars.

"For the children, friend Harris. Look after their eyesight that they may see beyond today! And thanks for your good nature."

John Harris blushed, hesitated, opened his mouth, shut it—and took the money.

"Thank you, sir," said John Harris. "I don't think——"

"I know you don't, my esteemed fellow-citizen, and—do you know? Neither do I! Good luck and good-by!"

And—do you know?—it is only by reading this story all over again, from the first word to the last, that you can tell wherein the old man was right and wherein he was wrong.

Perhaps!—Everybody's Magazine.

### A NEW ERA.

Co-operation, wherever it has been established, has been the beginning of a new era in social progress. It has promoted temperance, frugality and many other virtues. It has increased the material prosperity of the co-operators, and rendered them independent of those who hitherto had preyed upon them. Co-operation has taken firm root in Western Canada, and within a few years it bids fair to completely revolutionize the business of distribution and marketing to the advantage of both producer and consumer.

# THE O. A. C. REVIEW

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G. J. JENKINS, Assistant Business Manager.

## Editorials

Once more the time has come for a Review staff to retire. For twenty-four years this season has brought both relief and sorrow to twenty-four different groupes of students—relief, because of the escape from somewhat exacting work, and sorrow, at the breaking of old associations. And never in all the years has a staff had more strenuous work than that of 1911-12, and never has there been so little joy and more sorrow as the new guard take the place of the old. Perhaps, it may be many years before so progressive and energetic a staff will again be assembled. As a result of their labors many changes have been made in the tone and general make-up of the magazine. It is hoped these have been approved of by our readers, and that the school paper is stronger in consequence. If anything has been accomplished the retiring staff merit

### The Retiring Staff

all the praise, for it was because of their loyal and united efforts that improvement is shown. They thought and planned and worked—and they did more than this. They stamped upon the pages their characters, their personalities, their innermost selves. For in this the greatness of writing exists: not in words but in thoughts, not in ink and paper but in feeling. And something of the best in the nature of each editor is voiced upon the pages and because of it in the years to come some student will look over old numbers and will, perhaps, pause at a thought and say, "It is true."

But the magazine derived the smallest benefit. The greatest was received by the editors themselves. The thought and work involved has made them broader, better, more reliable. The earnestness of purpose displayed has added a sincerity to their characters that will last all

through life. We are assured that each one will strive for great things and will win. We wish for every one, from the bottom of our heart, a long and useful career attended with the greatest and truest of success.

### The Prize Com- petitions

It will pay all our readers to remember the prize competitions, as explained in the April number. All those desirous of competing should think of topics upon which to write or draw. A story or poem or cartoon, to be of the best, requires considerable re-touching. It is a popular belief that writers, especially, perform their work in a sort of fine artistic frenzy—but they don't. "Genius is the power to take infinite pains," and our students will be surprised how a story will grow as they work upon it. It is to be hoped that a large number of contributions will be received and that competition will be close. For any details write the Review Office.

We are unable to announce the winner of the "Canada Industrial Prize" in this number. But in our next we will publish his essay if it is possible to secure publication rights from the "Industrial Canada," the organ of the Manufacturers' Association, in which it is to appear.

It has always been the aim of the Review staff to publish twelve numbers of the magazine a year. This ambition is to be realized in the near future. Last year a new number appeared in July. This year a special September number is to be published. It only remains for the staff next year to bring out an August issue, and the O. A. College will

### A Special Number

have the distinction of being one of the few colleges with an all-year magazine.

This special September number will have many features that should commend it to our readers. It will be the first sporting special the Review has ever issued. Arrangements are being made with first-rate athletes to write articles upon their particular branches of sport. It is expected that football, tennis, track and field sports, boxing, wrestling and all autumn games will be considered. If possible a write-up of the Olympic games and sports in Sweden will be secured from one of the contestants. Articles will be profusely illustrated and the magazine will be increased some twenty pages in size.

One special feature will be the nature of the short stories published. The athletic contests in classical fiction will be re-told with one or two live football and baseball yarns.

This number will be in the Review office, the first day college opens. It will have special articles and editorials for Freshmen—and Sophomores. The agricultural interest will not be lacking either and a special Macdonald Department is being prepared. It is to be hoped the students will appreciate and assist our efforts in bringing out this special issue. All suggestions regarding its special features will be gratefully received. Address all communications to the Review office.

In less than two months we will be on the oval again and many a fellow will mop his brow and wonder why he didn't get in shape before. And we require every man to be in shape this

### Our Track Team

fall. We must make just a few more points—a very few—and we will carry away the championship cup of the University Track Club. We can do it, too, with a little practise. We have the men but they must train. This fact cannot be stated too often or too strongly.

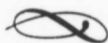
This training need not be very strenuous, but it must be started at once. A slow run twice or three times a week—not oftener—with a fast finish is all that is required. The distance at first should be about one-half mile, and should gradually be increased to two miles for middle distance men, with, perhaps, a maximum of five miles for distance runners. The stride at all these distances should be long with an easy swinging motion. For speed the knees should be lifted as high as possible, but in ordinary practise a smooth, low-kneed action is most to be desired. Once every three weeks, a quarter-mile should be run as swiftly as possible, and from 50 to 220 yards at every work-out.

The weight men, vaulters and jumpers must practice for both style and performance. The discus boys have not the proper turn and can only acquire it with patience. The shot-putters must develop more speed, both in turn and in arm action. The hammer-throwers have plenty of strength but must study style. The

vaulting and hurdling is very satisfactory and we have no fear for our men in these events—unless through over-confidence. In the jumps some of our men must get higher up in the air and learn a rapid recovery. The placing of a mat across the jumping sod is a suggestion too good to be disregarded.

Our sprinters must develop speed and form—especially form. The ideal action is of the high-kneed type, with the toes striking straight out and exerting a backward pull as the spikes grip. The start should be very free and with muscles relaxed until the last moment. Nervous energy is most important in acquiring a start. Hard, tensed muscles are always a detriment. We are pleased to inform our readers that in our special September number articles will appear, written by the best athletes in Canada, upon these phases of the work. It is to be hoped all our athletes will study the training directions written by Mr. Ringland, which are published in the Athletic Department of this number.

Under the skilful direction and enthusiastic co-operation of Mr. Tisdale, Athletic President, and Mr. Freeborne, track manager, we may safely predict the best management and the greatest success of any year in the school's history. **Start right now fellows.**



# ALUMNI

After leaving college, S. M. Pearce, of class '05, turned his attentions to the more practical side of agriculture, and since then has been using his scientific knowledge to aid him in scratching a living out of Mother Earth. He is situated at Iona, Ont., and for the past few years has been

After safely stowing his degree away in his trunk he flagged a train for Lawrence, Kansas, where he now holds down a position as Fellow in Entomology at the University of Kansas. Roy writes that his duties do not afford him very much leisure, but with the advent of each Review he generally has time to spend an hour or two in the pleasurable enjoyment of finding out just what is what at the O. A. C.



Shorthorn of S. M. Pearce, '05.

endeavoring to build up a milking strain of Shorthorns. He is also very much interested in orcharding, having planted out a large acreage this past spring. Besides being a good farmer, Mr. Pearce is a member of the Ontario Institute staff, and thus does his share in enlightening his brother farmers on correct methods of agriculture. We are pleased to publish a photo of the leader of Mr. Pearce's herd.

One of the distinguished biologists of class '10 was one Roy Fraser, who originally hailed from Galetta, Ont.

J. A. Conn was a two-year man of class '94, whose practical ideas of farming received sufficient scientific training in two years to start him on a successful career. He has been farming the fertile fields and verdant pastures of Grey County since leaving college and resides near Heathcote.

Another man who has gone back to his native Heathcote and the farm is H. Thompson, '09. The growing crops and the fattening stock were far more interesting in Thompson's mind than the glare and tumult of city life.

The selling of land appeared more profitable and agreeable than the tilling of it, to T. McAustin, '09, and consequently he is now a real estate man. After taking two years with his class he farmed for a while, but

is now in Battleford, Sask., where we learn he is doing very well.

Murville Connell cannot be considered a very "Old Boy," as he belongs to next year's graduating class, but as he dropped out at the end of his second year, it is interesting to know what he has been doing since. He has remained on his father's farm at

double), who for the past two and a half years has been assistant to Professor W. A. Brown, '08, in the department of Poultry Husbandry, at the University of Maine, Orono, like many another good cockerel, has been shipped west. The province which has benefited by this importation of "utility" stock is British Columbia, where "prof." is taking over the posi-



"Old Jerry" in B. C.

Keswick, Ont., and says that he is enjoying the work and is taking more interest in the crops, stock and cultivation than he did before going to college. He is carrying on mixed farming and owns some fine Jerseys, Yorkshire swine and a good line of agricultural horses.

#### ANOTHER CLASS '12 SUCCESS.

"Prof." Upton (Professor Graham's

tion of provincial poultry instructor, recently vacated by his old friend "Jerry," who has been appointed chief poultry instructor for the province.

As both members of this team were trap-nested and closely pedigreed under the watchful eye of Professor Graham it is predicted that their future "record of performance" will be in the 200-egg class.



**WEDDING BELLS.**

Ever since that popular ragtime song, which goes under the epithet "Billy," came out, "Cap" Gandier has been continually humming the chorus for reasons known to all who know his spouse. The little romance began at the Mac., whose friendly walls have been guilty of many more offenses of a similar nature, and culminated in a happy union last April, the bride being Miss Alice Barron, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Barron, of Stratford, Ont. "Cap" now says that he has the Macdonald Institute house practice cards off by memory.

G. V. Cooke, '13, was also badly wounded by Cupid's dart, aimed from the sacred precincts of Macdonald Hall. Gordon could and would not dodge it, and the happy marriage took place last spring, the bride being Miss Evelyn Allan, formerly on the staff of Macdonald Institute. The happy couple have since taken up their residence near Beamsville, where Gordon owns a fruit ranch.

**A PROMOTION.**

The Province of British Columbia, having resolved upon a vigorous and effective system of forestry, is to take away from Ottawa one of the brightest of the many bright young men in the service of the Interior Department.

H. R. McMillan has been appointed chief forester of British Columbia and has therefore tendered his resignation, to take effect from to-day.

An Ontario man by birth, Mr. McMillan has secured his new appointment solely by reason of his merit as a forester. He received his training in forestry at Yale University under

Professor Henry S. Graves, who succeeded Gifford Pinchot as chief of the United States forest service. Mr. Graves considers Mr. McMillan as one of the most brilliant graduates in forestry from Yale, and it is largely upon his recommendation that Hon. W. R. Ross, the minister of lands and forests of British Columbia, made his choice of Mr. McMillan to be the chief forester of the Pacific province.

Mr. McMillan was yesterday in consultation here in Ottawa with Mr. Overton Prince, the vice-president of the National Conservation commission of the United States, who was engaged by the Government of British Columbia as an expert in the selection of the staff of the new forest service of that province. Together they laid out plans for a vigorous campaign for the whole province of British Columbia, beginning this summer. It is a happy coincidence that the inauguration of this great work should come with the assembling in British Columbia this year of the annual gathering of the Canadian Forestry Association, which meeting promises, in view of the advanced policy of the new British Columbia minister, to attract the greatest number of forestry experts ever gathered together in America.

Although Mr. McMillan severs his connection with the Federal service to-day, he will not go west for some time yet, having determined to take a well-earned holiday before assuming his new duties.

P. H. R. McMillan is a graduate of the O. A. College and was editor of the Review in '06. We extend to him the best wishes of the college and the paper and hope his success will be of the very highest degree.

# Athletics

## Rugby Football

C. A. WEBSTER, '13.

**N**OW is the time to think about football prospects for this coming fall. Plans for the perfection of plays, new tactics, the strengthening of the team, and the choice of the series to enter, should all be made before the season commences.

The O. A. C. will be represented by a team which will do credit to the college. We know we are safe in predicting this. Never before has the supply of material been so good. This is encouraging and augurs well for our success this fall.

Arrangements shall be made by the manager, Mr. Gandier, and myself to secure games for the team before the league season commences. Games will be arranged for the second team as well as the first. Thus, there will be more incentive for the men to work.

An attempt will be made to play our games this year at Exhibition Park, in the city. We will have there a more level field, a harder one, which is favorable to a light, fast team, such as ours, and last, but not least, the opportunity to secure some money. Guelph has no rugby team of its own. It has no sport in the fall, after the baseball season closes, so the O. A. C. football games would fill the gap very well. An innovation

such as this can hardly fail to receive the earnest support of every student. When the college realizes that it has a team capable of playing a good hard game every time, that the team is gritty to the backbone, that it is not beaten until the final whistle blows, then we will have every student who has any love for sport or the college out working for the success of the team. And we are going to show our opponents that we have such a team.

It has been deemed advisable to engage a coach for this fall. With a coach to instruct the players, the team would be whipped into better shape than would be possible without one.

The physical condition of the men must be as perfect as possible. Therefore, to each man who intends to play this fall, the request is made that he come back to college in good trim physically. We wish him from the day he reads these words—sometime in July—to train until September 17th, when the college opens. Both diet and exercise should be looked after. In this regard we can advise nothing better than the observance of the following rules, quoted from the course of physical training prescribed at Yale University:

**I. Avoid: Food.**

1. Indigestible foods: pork, fat meats, boiled cabbage, all food fried in grease, pastry, crackers, hot bread and biscuits, dough puddings, rich cakes, confections, candy, cheese, pickles, vinegar, soda water,

2. Injurious foods, stimulants and narcotics, tobacco and alcoholic drinks, tea and coffee, pepper and other spices, mustard, catsup, Worcester sauces and other condiments.

**II. Choose your diet from the following:**

Lean Beef, mutton, fowl, roasted or boiled vegetables, eggs, boiled poached or scrambled, whole wheat or graham bread, milk, cocoa, chocolate and water. For dessert eat fresh fruits, canned peaches or pears (no preserves or jams). Eat light breakfast of cereal and fruit. If convenient let the hearty meal come at mid-day. Eat regularly—do not eat between meals.

**Care of the Body.**

1. Sleep eight hours every night, ten if possible.

2. Take cold sponge bath or plunge every morning on arising.

3. Insist on fresh air at all times.

4. Take exercise regularly—each day—until tired, but not exhausted.

5. Avoid exercise in the day preceding any athletic contest; allow your muscles to become limber and save your energy.

Football will commence as soon as the college opens. There will be a game on Saturday of the first week, so it is imperative that the men come back early and in fair condition. From then on until the football season closes we shall practise regularly, rain or shine. It is only by good, faithful work that a team can move and operate as smoothly

as a machine. We must perfect our team work, and we can only do this when each man is in perfect physical condition.

It has been found impracticable to have a training table at the college under the present conditions of the dining-room and kitchen. But we shall try to see that the men have as good fare as possible.

With the use of the gymnasium to dress and bath in, we will have good training quarters. Trainers will rub down the players after practices and look after the men generally. These are some of the measures planned by your football executive for this fall.

It is now up to you men to do the rest. With your earnest co-operation and work, with the whole-hearted interest of every student, player or not, and lastly, with the friendly help of the Mac girls we shall make the year 1912 one to be remembered with pride.

The Rink Fund Committee acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following amounts from subscribers:

F. C. Munnick .....	\$25 00
C. F. Bailey .....	25 00
H. Sirret .....	25 00
R. M. Winslow .....	25 00
J. H. Hare .....	25 00
Prof. J. W. Crow.....	25 00
Jas. Laughland .....	25 00
C. W. Learmonth .....	25 00
Robt. W. Claney .....	25 00
H. C. Wheeler .....	25 00
O. C. White .....	25 00
H. W. Scott .....	25 00

Every effort is being made by the Committee to get the work on the covered rink started early in 1913, and the assistance of the subscribers is earnestly solicited to make this long talked-of improvement a reality.

## LAWN BOWLING.

Perhaps those who have not visited the O. A. C. in the summer time will wonder what place lawn bowling has in college athletics.

But if you were to drop in at the college green on a balmy afternoon in June or July you would find the staff, from the president down, testing their eye and judgment at the ancient game of lawn bowling. It is here intended to give a short history of the origin of the game, which forms the chief recreation for the faculty of the O. A. C. during the summer months.

The game of bowling is of very ancient origin, having been played by the early Britons. The bowls used then were large, smooth boulders ground as round as possible. The first game recorded in history is that in which King Haco took part, and played the day after the famous battle of Largs. This game was played

in what is known as the town of Gourock, which is situated on the Firth of Clyde. The Gourock Club has at the present time three very fine greens, which are unsurpassed for beauty of location, lying as they do over the Clyde, directly opposite the lofty mountain of Ben Lomond and Ben More.

The game was also played by Sir Francis Drake, on the shores of Devon, when the famous Spanish Armada sought to invade Britain. The game appealed so strongly to Sir Francis that he refused to leave until he won.

Canadians are very enthusiastic over the game and towns or villages which have not their bowling green are hard to find, and should there ever be a world series played, Canada would be a keen contestant for the championship.

W. R. FERGUS,  
Newmarket.

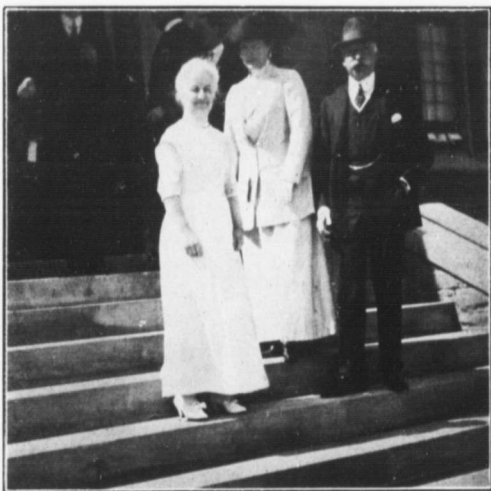


"'Es a Saviour of 'is Country when the Smoke Begins to Roll."

# Macdonald

ON THURSDAY, the thirteenth of May, the Macdonald Institute had the honor of a visit from the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Patricia and their party. They inspected the different classes in operation, and professed themselves

white lilacs. The dining-room looked very dainty, each table with its pink and white apple blossoms. The excellent luncheon had been prepared and was served entirely by the seniors, to whom great credit is due. His Royal Highness personally congratulated the steward, Miss Nellie



The Royal Visitors.

delighted with the practical courses. They asked many questions and were particularly interested in the bread-making and in the millinery.

At half past one the Royal party entered the Hall, and were received in the drawing-room, which was prettily decorated with bowls of

Alley. The Hon. Mr. Duff proposed a toast to the health of the King, which was heartily responded to, and the Governor-General addressed a few remarks to the girls, which they cheered enthusiastically, afterwards singing God Save the King.

After the luncheon the Duchess

and the Princess were presented by Misses Margaret Creelman and Muriel Scholfield with beautiful bouquets, one orchids and lily of the valley, the other pink roses.

Their Royal Highnesses stood for a few moments on the steps of the Hall and graciously allowed themselves to be "snapped" by the girls before driving away amid the cheers of the assembled students.

M. T. R.

The "Twenty-fourth" brought some consolation to the poor unfortunates who were either too poor or lived to far away to go home for the holiday. Among other attractions was the picnic at Elora. About 10:30 a.m. twenty of the fair and brave, more or less comfortably seated in a cariole, left the precincts of the hall. A most enjoyable day was spent at the "Recks," and the wanders returned by the light of the silvery moon.

But the twenty-fourth was not yet over. Some of those horrid Macites proceeded to disturb the peaceful slumbers of their fellow-inmates, by setting off cannon firecrackers. The hall was not burned down as a result, but a most efficient fire brigade was organized, whose bravery in searching for sparks remains unequalled.

### MAY DAY.

(C. McL.)

May 27 dawned fair and bright, but proved to be a veritable April day with threatening showers, filling the Mac girls with many qualms of what the evening might bring. But fortune favors the brave, preparations were not delayed, and the evening was warm, calm and fair.

The serious business of the day

commenced at 6:30, when the girls in a long double file, white gowned and flower wreathed, marched from Mac Hall over to the O. A. C. campus, preceded by the Guelph band, and by the Junior Housekeeper Class, who, in caps and gowns, marked off an enclosure for the evening's entertainment with staves and ropes of red and blue. The grand march by all the Macites was performed with a military precision, and concluded with the formation of an aisle along the centre of the enclosure lined on either side with a row of girls. Through this aisle came the Seniors, pacing slowly, and looking very quaint and pretty in their big white mob caps with their nosegays of pink and white. The May Queen, Miss Louise Wright, followed beneath a canopy of spring blossoms, borne by four Seniors. She carried a beautiful muff of sweet peas, the gift of Mrs. Fuller, and made a picture, with her tiny train-bearers and crown bearer, that will long be remembered by all who were privileged to see her. Miss Watson crowned the Queen, who then retired to a throne of blossoms to receive the homage of all good Macites.

The game of Living Bridge which followed, played by Professors Harcourt, Day, Jones and Jarvis, was very interesting, especially to the visitors from down town to whom it was a decided novelty. Several fancy dances were very gracefully performed by the girls, who tripped it o'er the green in a joyous manner that was good to see. A good old-fashioned May Pole dance, that seemed to be enjoyed as much by the dancers as by the onlookers, took place in the very last of the daylight, while in the dusk following a drill with lighted Chinese lanterns made

one almost believe that one had happened into fairy-land.

In the gymnasium afterward the reading of the "Public Opinion" and class prophecies was greatly enjoyed by all, especially the naughty little Juniors who were all alert to see how each good-natured thrust was received. Miss Kate Manning gave a solo most pleasingly and was heartily encored. Miss Smellie, who accompanied her, was one of the three

black tie of Seniority, and capable of taking in our inexperienced hands the reins of government? One thing is certain, those places, filled so well now, can never be filled in exactly the same manner again. Others may arise. The Two-in-Ones next year may be just as clever a class as the '12's, but where shall we find another Phil? Who will dare dispute knotty points in school sewing with Miss Watson as does our Anz? And



Mac. Baseball Nine.

May Queens who held places of honor on the platform. Miss Frank and Miss Wright being the other two. A short dance concluded the night's fun, which ended at a sensible and seasonable hour.

#### TO THOSE WHO LEAVE US.

Farewell, Seniors! We, who are your humble Juniors, weep for your departure. How shall one summer change us to beings worthy of the

who among the '13's can slide around a baseball diamond like R. P., or cram English like their Lit. President? And, who is me! who will there be to beat the down-town tennis club girls when Isabel leaves us? Seniors, we weep for your departure.

Short Course and Homemakers—A good-bye! You leave this place of turmoil and unrest for the pleasant confines of Woman's Rightful Sphere, the home. Our blessings go with

you, whether you go to the parental roof-tree, or to one covered with brand new shingles. Let Fannie Farmer be your daily companion and govern yourselves according to Ellen H. Richards, Coleman and The Correct Thing. Wherever you may be, take the Macdonald standards with you, and never, never forget your basic recipes, and the bay-leaf, mace and lemon juice for flavor.

Farewell all! Here's long life and happiness to you. May the thoughts of this last glad year be a page in life's memory book that you will never tire of re-reading!

### A RAINY EVENING, MAY 5TH.

By B. M. Philip.

Incessantly I hear upon the pane  
The soft insistent patter of the rain,  
While on the ridge without, each one  
a ball,  
The glistening drops hang pendant  
ere they fall.  
I stand and watch them slowly disappear,  
As one by one they end their long  
career,  
In the moist earth, but recently set  
free  
From winter's iron grip. Be'ow, I see  
The grassy lawn,—a stretch of vivid  
green,  
Save where the clearcut driveways  
intervene,  
Its outer boundary fringed with elm  
and fir,  
That, in the twilight stillness, never  
stir  
Their spreading branches, only half  
defined  
Through haze of verdure, delicately  
lined,  
Called forth from root and bud at  
Spring's command,

Obedient to that orb, imperious,  
grand,  
Which like an eastern despot seeks  
its home  
From morn till eve across the azure  
dome.  
Beyond the trees, oft bathed in even-  
ing dew,  
I know there lies a valley hid to view  
Where runs a tiny stream, its rippling  
flow  
Seeking the distant lake with motion  
slow;  
And, farther still, the town, beyond  
them all,  
Wet, shining roofs, church spires,  
chimneys tall,  
And to the west, a great cathedral  
pile  
Above the clustering gables, tower  
and tile,  
Its outlines showing dim against the  
sky;  
For over all a gray cloud seems to lie,  
Soft April mist, low brooding o'er the  
earth,  
And calling sleeping things to a new  
birth.  
Already from the soil green shoots  
have sprung  
And venturous flowerets have their  
fragrance flung  
Broadcast in every sheltered wood-  
land spot;  
Scarce e'en a nook in which we find  
them not;  
Hepaticas in many a dainty hue,  
Spring beauty, bloodroot and the  
early rue,  
With promises of violets in the air,  
And daffodils around us everywhere.  
They all feel Nature's promptings to  
arise  
And struggle upward toward the  
smiling skies.  
In spite of difficulty never one is  
loath



To strive each day for progress and  
for growth;  
That, when the autumn comes, in  
every clime  
They may present their fruits at  
harvest time.  
Should we not, then, like these our  
lowly friends,  
Bestir us, too, before our season ends,  
To upward climb, and fruitful be like  
them,  
That He at harvest time may not con-  
demn?

Bright dandelion! We, smiling, greet  
you, too,  
But not as they—to us your coming  
brings  
Assurance real of springtime long-  
delayed.  
We welcome you as herald of the  
year,  
Of birds and bees, of flowers and  
blossoms gay,  
And see in your appearing all the  
wealth  
Of summer's fruits, and autumn's  
harvest store.



Before "The Light of the Silvery Moon."

### DANDELIONS.

Bessie M. Philip.

Gay dandelions! True worshippers of  
Helios!  
Once more your golden disks o'er-run  
the sward  
In riotous profusion. Shouts of glee  
From children greet you as a friend  
long gone  
And well-beloved. The little travellers  
So lately entered on life's troubled  
way,  
See promises in you of fields Elysian,  
And gather gaudy posies, soon, alas!  
To lose their erstwhile freshness, and  
be toss'd,  
Careless, aside for new discoveries.

But for yourself, wee flowers, we have  
small thought.  
We spurn you from us, slight your  
gay attire,  
Put scorn upon you, and, impatient,  
seek  
To rid us of your too familiar face.  
We rail upon your pertinacious  
habits,  
Your close, deep-rooted clinging to the  
earth,  
We scout you, blind to all your beauty,  
yet  
Had nature been more chary of your  
kind,  
And granted us but glimpses here  
and there.

How we had prized you. Nothing then so fair,	Do not the things we strive and struggle for
No spot too choice to grant you food and shelter,	Seem passing fair, while those within our grasp
Nor praise too high for your pure golden bloom.	Are counted but as naught? 'Tis ever so.
Brave dandelions! Let not despair o'er-cloud	The rare is beautiful—the common mean.
Those bright, clear eyes upraised so trustingly.	Take courage then, and in those lat- ter days
Since e'er the dawn of time such meed as this	When your last tufted sphere wafts heavenward
We mortals grant to gifts shed bounteously.	It may be that you, too, shall hear "Well done."

### MY SHIPS.

If all the ships I have at sea  
Should come a-sailing home to me,  
Weighed down with gems and silk and gold—  
Ah well, the harbor could not hold  
So many sails as there would be  
If all my ships came in from sea.

If half my ships came home from sea,  
And brought their precious freight to me,  
Ah, well! I would have wealth as great  
As any king who sits in state,  
So rich the treasures that would be  
In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea  
Should come a-sailing home to me,  
Ah, well! the storm clouds then might frown,  
For, if the others all went down,  
Still, rich and proud and glad I'd be  
If that one ship came home to me.

If that one ship went down at sea,  
And all the others came to me,  
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,  
With glory, honor, riches, gold  
The poorest soul on earth I'd be  
If that one ship came not to me.

Oh, skies be calm! Oh, winds, blow free,  
Blow all my ships safe home to me!  
But if thou sendest some a-wrack,  
To never more come sailing back,  
Send any, all that skim the sea,  
But bring my love ship home to me!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

# College Life

## Where Our Graduates Go

A college graduate faces a turning point in his life when college days end. If he be possessed of a spark of ambition (and every man who reaches the graduation stage surely possesses it), it is then that he begins to realize his responsibilities, as a citizen, as a prospective servant of the public or as a business man in private business. The events of college life are of supreme importance to an undergraduate, but when he has donned the gown and hood, he looks back at the trivial problems of undergraduate days and smiles. Now he begins to feel a live interest in the great problem of life, and especially in that phase of it which claims his attention and effort and ambition. With class '12 goes from our college to our country a mental wealth, which cannot be overestimated. An encouragement to Ontario's agricultural interests is the fact that an unusually high percentage of the class remains in the province, being engaged for the district representative work in all quarters of the province. Following is a list of the provincial appointments:

### District Representatives.

R. Schuyler, Paris, Brant Co.  
 J. G. Taggart, Sydenham, Frontenac Co.  
 W. H. Smith, Athens, Leeds and Grenville Co.

W. W. Emerson, Perth, Lanark Co.  
 E. Bradt, Morrisburg, Dundas Co.

### Assistant District Representatives.

R. Green, Galt, Waterloo Co.  
 G. P. McRostie, Simcoe, Norfolk Co.  
 W. Dawson, Orangeville, Dufferin Co.  
 R. M. Tipper, Petrolia, Lambton Co.

### Summer Appointments.

F. C. Beaupre, Dryden, Rainy River District.  
 W. H. Ross, Sudbury, Algoma District.  
 F. C. McRae, Burks Falls, Muskoka District.

### District Representatives Appointed from graduates of Previous Years.

R. Austin, '11, Welland, Welland Co.  
 C. H. Buchanan, '11, Chatham, Kent Co.  
 I. B. Whale, '11, London, Middlesex Co.  
 N. C. McKay, '11, Walkerton, Bruce Co.  
 C. B. Curran, '08, Napanee, Lennox and Addington Co.  
 D. E. McRae, '10, Alexandria, Glengarry Co.

### Other Appointments from Class '12.

F. A. Boyd, C. P. R. Nurseries, Wolsely, Sask.

J. H. Fay, High School, Northborough, Mass.

A. L. Gibson, Department of Chemistry, O. A. College.

T. H. Lund, Department of Bacteriology, O. A. College.

A. C. McCulloch, Department of Poultry, O. A. College.

C. E. Petch, Assistant Entomologist, Nova Scotia.

L. Stevenson, Animal Husbandry Department, Truro, N. S.

A. A. Toole, Farmers' Advocate, Winnipeg, Man.

E. A. Weir, Assistant to Superintendent of Farmers' Institutes, Ontario.

W. H. Wright, Department of Botany, O. A. College.

## Examination Results for the Year 1911-1912

### TOTAL OF CHRISTMAS AND SPRING EXAMINATIONS.

Results of First Year examinations, arranged in order of proficiency:

Maximum 2,500

#### Year Standing.

Cory	.....2030	Jones	.....1619
McLaren	.....1995	Horobin, H. P.	.....1610
Smylie	.....1985	Morse	.....1604
Linklater	.....1871	Trefry	.....1587
Varey	.....1834	McDonald	.....1566
Smith, M. T.	.....1827	Weir	.....1565
Connon	.....1821	Goodman	.....1560
Smith, D. M.	.....1811	Garrett	.....1559
Hinman, R. B.	.....1785	Neilson	.....1557
Sands	.....1785	Gray	.....1554
Holmes	.....1765	Clark	.....1540
Finn	.....1741	Macklin	.....1540
Hutchinson	.....1717	Sutton	.....1535
Frejd	.....1715	Curtis	.....1534
Peren	.....1709	Bertram	.....1530
Wilson, N. I.	.....1693	Steckle	.....1515
Higinbotham	.....1687	Evans	.....1501
Mills	.....1673	Monro, C. W.	.....1495
Cooper	.....1671	Overholt	.....1495
Lawrence	.....1653	Hart	.....1490
McQueen	.....1644	Townsley	.....1477
Croskery	.....1643	Donald	.....1475
Williams	.....1642	Ingraham	.....1473
Walsh	.....1635	Leigh	.....1459
White	.....1626	Hall	.....1457
		Amos	.....1452
		Mucklow	.....1428
		Guild	.....1425
		Mackenzie	.....1423
		Braithwaite	.....1418

No. 19.

No. 4, 12.

No. 12.

No. 19.

No. 6.

No. 7.

Francis .....	1417
Torrance .....	1414
Fortier .....	1413
Lindsay .....	1398
Binkley .....	1397 No. 7.
Nind .....	1379
Tawse .....	1363
Johnston .....	1353 No. 7.
Smith, P. W.....	1342
Stirrett .....	1334 No. 6, 7.
Gardiner .....	1330
Edmunds .....	1313
Wilson, J. T. ....	1311
Gordon .....	1307
Fairles .....	1306
Dow .....	1303 No. 7.
Ferguson .....	1302 No. 19.
Binnington .....	1296
Rumsby .....	1296 No. 4, 18.
Elder .....	1274
Beatty .....	1274
Bradshaw .....	1272
Oswald .....	1265 No. 12.
Brown .....	1260 No. 7, 19.
Locke .....	1258 No. 12.
Porter, M. ....	1256 No. 19.
Burrows, A. R....	1245
Munro, D. A....	1240 No. 18.
Sibbitt .....	1240
Riach .....	1238 No. 7, 12.
Kinloch .....	1234 No. 1.
Thatcher .....	1232 No. 17.
Swinnerton .....	1226 No. 12, 18.
Dudgeon .....	1226 No. 4.
Cunningham .....	1219 No. 3, 4.
Higman .....	1215 No. 4.
Malloch .....	1213
Stratford .....	1213 No. 3.
McPharlin .....	1210 No. 7, 12.
Anglin .....	1208
Ross .....	1206
Powers .....	1182 No. 12, 14.
Van der Byl.....	1178 No. 11.
Burrows, L. F....	1174
Cochran .....	1171 No. 4.
Donovan .....	1166 No. 3.
Whale .....	1165 No. 8, 17.
Whaley .....	1158

Horobin, W. L....	1146 No. 19.
Fraser .....	1131 No. 6, 8.
Thompson .....	1131 No. 1.
Kirkley .....	1104 No. 7, 12.
Chambers .....	1092 No. 3, 5.
Brook .....	1050 No. 2, 19.
Parker .....	1022 No. 4, 5.
Hoey .....	1008 No. 3, 4.

#### List of Subjects.

1, English Literature; 2, English Composition; 3, Commercial Arithmetic; 4, Drainage Arithmetic; 5, Soil Physics; 6, Mechanics; 7, Manual Training; 8, Inorganic Chemistry; 9, Geology; 10, Botony; 11, Zoology; 12, Horticulture; 13, Field Husbandry; 14, Animal Husbandry; 15, Dairying; 16, Poultry; 17, Apiculture; 18, Vet. Anatomy; 19, Vet. Materia Medica.

Results of Second Year Examinations, arranged in order of proficiency. Maximum, 3,100.

#### Year Standing.

Nash .....	2517
Winslow .....	2390
Allan .....	2287
Freeborne .....	2281
Hirst .....	2273
Leppan .....	2228
Lattimer .....	2217
Good .....	2182
Robb .....	2161
Puleston .....	2150
Laidlaw .....	2115
McLaurin .....	2098
McRostie .....	2096
Neelands .....	2093
Castro-Zinny .....	2083
Foyston .....	2071
Kingsmill .....	2069
Bergey .....	2053
Hare .....	2044
Gardner .....	2031
Lund .....	2020
Paterson .....	1994
Waterhouse .....	1989
Scott .....	1987

Davis .....	1984
Nixon .....	1963
Stansfield .....	1951
*Crawford, S. ...	1938
*Standish .....	1938
*Halliday .....	1931
Hipple .....	1918
Irvine .....	1916
Hales .....	1905
Barnet .....	1902
*Lever .....	1888
Hotson, W. ....	1870
*Hill-Tout .....	1866
*Clark .....	1859
*Mosely .....	1858
Dunlop .....	1852
Duncan .....	1851
Creelman .....	1850
Culverhouse ...	1841
*Lindsay .....	1835
*McLennan .....	1817
Duff, G. C. ....	1807
Ryan .....	1806
*Hunter .....	1804
*Grant .....	1800
Hurndall .....	1790 No. 16.
*Duff, J. C. ....	1788
Jowsey .....	1788
Neale .....	1780
Hogarth .....	1763
Teece .....	1762
Harris .....	1753
Robertson .....	1742 No. 15.
*English .....	1728
Kirk .....	1716
*Gravelly .....	1710
*Craig .....	1703
*Wills .....	1693
*Penna .....	1688 No. 10, 21.
*Hallows .....	1676
Madden .....	1671
*Fowler .....	1666 No. 10.
*Anderson .....	1664
Downie .....	1663
*Spalteholz .....	1653
*Blayney .....	1645
*Wiltshire .....	1642 No. 16.
Nourse .....	1638



*Crawford, J. ...	1615
*Kedey .....	1603 No. 1.
*Hotson, J. N. ...	1595 No. 1, 3.
*Jackson .....	1593
*Angle .....	1592
*Batty .....	1586 No. 21.
*McCall .....	1585 No. 14.
*Park .....	1580 No. 1, 3.
*Oliver .....	1573
Begg .....	1573 No. 3, 9.
*Stock .....	1554
*Pope .....	1550
*McGregor .....	1549 No. 3.
*Cormie .....	1538 No. 11, 16.
*Moorehouse ...	1526 No. 14, 16.
*Weld .....	1454 No. 16, 21.
*Sanderson .....	1442 No. 16.
*Fretz .....	1424 No. 14, 16.
*Pilkey .....	1418 No. 14, 16.

\*Before a name indicates less than 60 per cent. in English.

First 86 have obtained 50 per cent. of the total.



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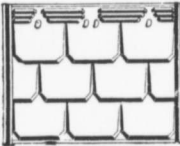


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**List of Subjects.**

1, English Literature; 2, English Composition; 3, Economics; 4, Thesis; 5, Surveying and Drainage; 6, Agricultural Engineering; 7, Electricity; 8, Farm Mechanics; 9, Agricultural Chemistry; 10, Animal Chemistry; 11, Bacteriology; 12, Entomology; 13, Horticulture; 14, Systematic and Economic Botany; 15, Economic Botany; 16, Plant Morphology; 17, Field Husbandry; 18, Animal Husbandry; 19, Live Stock; 20, Horse Judging; 21, Dairying; 22, Poultry; 23, Vet. Pathology; 24, Vet. Obstetrics; 25, Forestry.

Results of Third Year examinations, arranged in order of Proficiency. Maximum 2,200.

**Year Standing.**

Hextall .....	1920
Stanley .....	1770
Henry .....	1753
Tennant .....	1720
Davies .....	1687
Davison .....	1649
Staniforth .....	1633
Cooke .....	1617
McKee .....	1593
King .....	1586
Palmer .....	1584
Bramhill .....	1556
Grange .....	1556
Tregillus .....	1541
Tisdale .....	1532
Spencer .....	1477 No. 11.
Vining .....	1475
Wilson .....	1475
Beckett .....	1449
Webster .....	1448
Nixon .....	1443
Presant .....	1434 No. 10.

Miller .....	1401
Sirett .....	1390
Culham .....	1377
Carroll .....	1368
Cleeves .....	1349
Noble .....	1348
Dougall .....	1342
Harding .....	1340
Moore .....	1310
Woltz .....	1307
Britton .....	1298
Shaver .....	1277
Hood .....	1276
Nicholson .....	1262
Howitt .....	1254 No. 11.
Hayes .....	1247
Darling .....	1221
McElroy .....	1201 No. 11.
Johnston .....	1191
Millen .....	1155 No. 4.
Jenkins .....	1132 No. 10.
Neff .....	1132
Calvert .....	1123
Gerow .....	1108
Ellis .....	1085 No. 10.
Hunter .....	1071
Tomlinson .....	988 No. 4, 10.
Campbell .....	973 No. 10, 11.
Jarvis .....	963 No. 1, 5, 10.
Renwick .....	955 No. 1, 8, 9, 10, 11.
Murray .....	941 No. 4.

**List of Subjects.**

1, English Literature; 2, Public Speaking; 3, Economics; 4, German; 5, Calorimetry; 6, Meteorology; 7, Cold Storage; 8, Inorganic Chemistry; 9, Qualitative Chemistry; 10, Quantitative Chemistry; 11, Organic Chemistry; 12, Geology; 13, Cryptogamic Botany; 14, Plant Physiology; 15, Entomology.





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A. N. (gruffly)—NO.

Prof. H—"Is that the way you answer a gentleman?"

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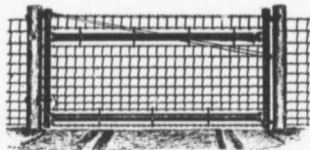
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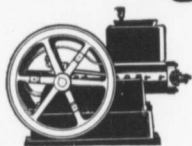
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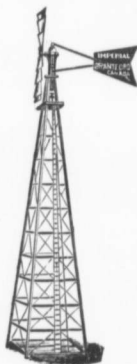


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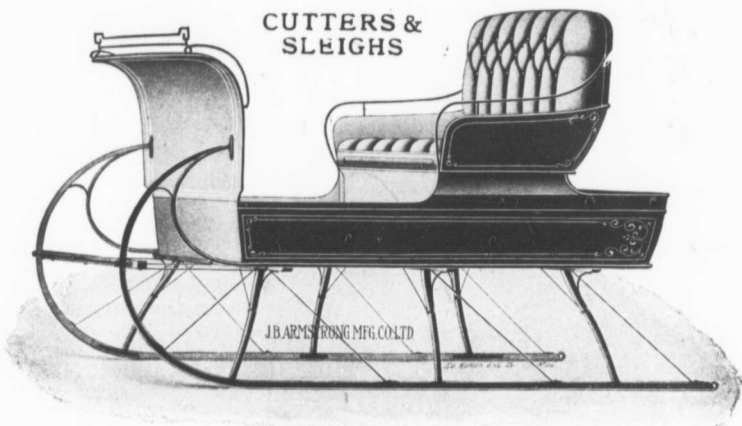
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## *Official Calendar of the Department of Education for the Year 1912*



### JUNE

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1. Collectors in Unorganized Townships to report to Sheriff uncollected rates for previous year. (On or before 1st June).</p> <p>Assessor in Unorganized Townships to return assessment roll (Not later than 1st June).</p> <p>Public and Separate School Boards to</p> | <p>appoint representatives on the High School Entrance Boards of Examiners (On or before 1st June).</p> <p>By-law to alter School boundaries or form Consolidated School Sections—last day of passing. (Not later than 1st June).</p> <p>3. King's Birthday (Monday).</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

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**T**HERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

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The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and, in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor

exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

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The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months each.

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For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont.; or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

H.Q.94—5.

9—09.

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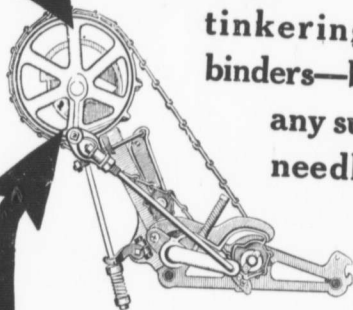
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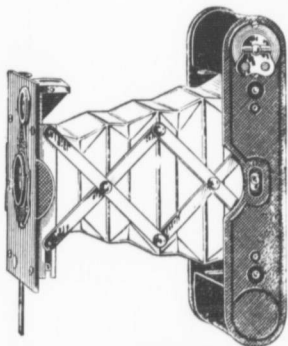


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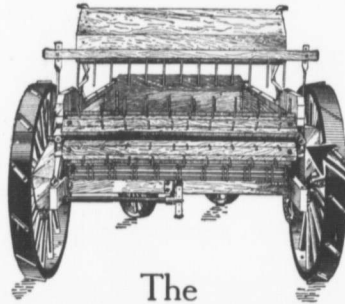
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