



Volume XXVI.

Number 6



# O.A.C REVIEW

March  
1914



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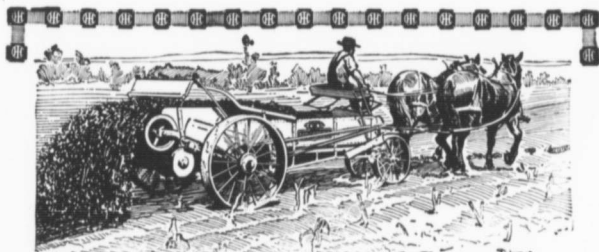
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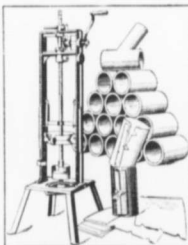
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HON. J. S. DUFF,  
*Minister of Agriculture, Toronto, Ont.*

H. A. MACDONALD,  
*Director of Colonization, Toronto, Ont*



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MARCH, 1914.

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The O. A. C. Review is published by the "O. A. College Students' Publishing Association," O. A. College, Guelph, Canada, monthly, during the college year.

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## THE EDITOR'S PAGE

On account of an excess of material it has been found necessary to omit certain articles submitted. This does not necessarily mean that these articles were left out on account of their lack of merit, but merely that they did not happen to fit in with the general make-up of the issue in question, either on account of length or on account of similarity in subject to some other article. I hope therefore that no contributor who has been thus treated will take offense. His Article will appear in due course, probably in the summer issues when college doings fill so little space that more room is left for special articles.

I earnestly hope that subscribers will take the trouble and thought to fill up their referendum ballots. It will not take long to answer these vital questions affirmatively or negatively, and it will afford a pleasant brain exercise to all so doing.

Letters or articles dealing with their own line of work are earnestly invited from all exstudents or graduates.



# O. A. C. Review Referendum

**A**S we gave notice last month, we have presented below our O. A. C. Review Referendum.

What do our readers think of these important questions? We believe that the Referendum is the only way to properly gauge the people's thought in regard to progressive measures and we sincerely trust that every subscriber will seize this opportunity of expressing his opinion

upon the several problems.

The ballot will be secret. That is, no names will be published, but signatures must be called for to prevent any one person from marking more than one ballot. Any unsigned ballot will be discarded as spoiled.

Let everyone join to make this, our first Referendum, a success. The results will be published in a later number.—C. A. Good.

## OFFICIAL BALLOT

		YES	NO
1	<b>Are you in favor :</b>		
	(a) Of increasing the British Preference to 50 per cent? .....		
	(b) Of increasing the British Preference, year by year, until within a few years we shall have complete free trade with the Mother Land? .....		
2	<b>Are you in favor:</b>		
	(a) Of decreasing the import duties on products from the United States, the deficit in the revenue being made up from direct taxes on either incomes or land values? .....		
	(b) If not in favor of having all the tariff duties abolished as in (c) do you favor the removal of the duties on agricultural implements and having the Dominion Government raise the necessary revenue as by a direct tax on either incomes or land values? .....		
3	<b>Are you in favor of raising by a tax on land values only:</b>		
	(a) All school and municipal taxes? .....		
	(b) All Customs taxes, thereby making the adoption of complete free trade ultimately possible? .....		
4	<b>Are you in favor of:</b>		
	(a) Sending \$35,000,000 to the Imperial Government as a temporary gift to be expended for naval defense? .....		
	(b) Expending \$35,000,000 to start a Canadian Navy? .....		
	(c) Not spending any money for either purpose but spending hundreds of thousands of dollars, if necessary, towards settlement of international disputes by arbitration and the establishment of universal peace and disarmament? .....		
5	<b>Do you consider it necessary for Canada:</b>		
	(a) To institute compulsory military training? .....		
	(b) To increase her inland defences? .....		

6	<b>Are you in favor of the Dominion Legislature:</b> (a) Providing for the incorporation of co-operative societies?.....		
	(b) Assisting in the establishment of agricultural credit banks?.....		
7	<b>Are you in favor:</b> (a) Of the Dominion Government granting money for the improvement of roads, the sum to be expended as the provincial legislatures see fit?.....		
	(b) Or this money to be spent under the control of the county councils?.....		
	(c) Of substituting the present statute labor systems for the upkeep of our roads by a direct municipal tax, the money to be under the control of a County Roads Commission?.....		
8	<b>Do you believe:</b> In increasing the license tax for autoists, the increase to help in the upkeep of our highways?.....		
9	<b>Are you in favor of the Government owning and operating all</b> (a) Express companies?.....		
	(b) Telegraph and telephone companies?.....		
	(c) Steam and electric railways?.....		
10	<b>Are you in favor:</b> Of the cities and rural districts being both represented in parliament according to the basis of population?.....		
11	<b>Are you in favor:</b> Of extending the franchise to women on equal terms with men?.....		
12	<b>Are you in favor:</b> (a) Of the Referendum?.....		
	(b) Of the Initiative?.....		
	(c) Of the Right of Recall?.....		

1. Each question should be answered by making an x opposite it in the "Yes" or "No" columns.

2. Each voter must sign his name to the ballot, otherwise it will be rejected as spoiled.

3. Sign, cut out the ballot and mail it as soon as possible to the Ref-

erendum Editor, O. A. C. Review, O. A. College, Guelph.

4. No names will be published for the ballot will be absolutely secret.

5. Letters, both pro and con, are invited, dealing with any of the questions in the Referendum.

# THE O. A. C. REVIEW

THE DIGNITY OF A CALLING IS ITS UTILITY

VOL. XXVI.

MARCH, 1914.

NO. 6

## Lime, The Soil's Medicine

C. STANLEY, '14.

**I**F the familiar old saying, "Lime and lime without manure makes the father rich but the son poor," had been changed to something like "The proper amount of lime with manure keeps neither father nor son poor," it would have been equally true, and might have had some in-

fluence in increasing the amount of lime used on the soil on Canadian farms. At any rate the general impression seems to be that lime is unnecessary or even harmful.



Without

Effect of Limestone on Legumes.

With

fluence in increasing the amount of lime used on the soil on Canadian farms. At any rate the general impression seems to be that lime is unnecessary or even harmful.

As a result of a deficiency in lime many soils that contain an abundance of plant food are not producing maximum yields, because this food is not available, that is, it is insoluble in

sweet enough for good yields of clover.

Although small amounts of lime are taken up by plants, the greatest benefit comes from the changes or reactions that it brings about in the soil reactions by which plant food is liberated or rendered soluble. The materials used in the largest quantities are: nitrogen, phosphoric acid

and potash. Of course in poor soils one or more of these substances may be deficient, in which case lime would not give very much increased returns. In fact potash is frequently present in muck soils in quite small amounts. Here the lime would need to be supplemented by some form of potash fertilizer. Clays are naturally rich in potash, but in the absence of sufficient lime, so large a percentage of it may be insoluble that the yield would be low. This would be quite marked in the case of potatoes and other crops requiring large amounts of potash. As many clays are naturally deficient in lime, artificial applications would be beneficial in most cases.

With phosphoric acid the result is of a similar nature. In the absence of calcium carbonate the phosphoric acid in the soil shows a remarkable tendency to unite with the iron and aluminium there, and form insoluble iron and aluminium phosphate compounds that are practically useless as sources of plant food.

The nitrogen in the soil is combined with humus or decaying organic matter, such as manure, or the roots and stems of previous crops. Before it can be taken up or assimilated by plants it must be changed and made to unite with some other substance and oxygen from the air to form a soluble material called a nitrate. To accomplish this transformation an army of helpers called bacteria work unceasingly if conditions are favorable. Favorable conditions are a soil free from excess of acids, moist but not wet and well supplied with air. In a very compact or wet soil which excludes the air another army of bacteria of a different kind work just as hard at destroying the nitrates that

the beneficial bacteria have manufactured. The beneficial bacteria absolutely refuse to work if the soil is sour, that is if there is an excess of acid.

On the other hand an excess of lime is quite injurious by releasing more nitrogen and potash than are required by the growing crop, and considerable of the surplus is carried away in the drainage water. Under these conditions crops flourish luxuriantly for a time, but in a few years all the organic matter is destroyed, unless it has been supplemented by liberal supplies of green and farm-yard manure.

Although chemical analysis will show how much lime is in a beneficial form and whether more is required or not, the farmer can by a little experimenting determine this for himself. By seeding an area to clover and applying lime to a portion the need for lime, if there is any, can quite easily be seen. Grain and potatoes also respond readily to an application of lime.

Lime may be procured and applied in several forms. The most concentrated is quick or burnt lime. The next strongest is slacked lime, while ground limestone rock is about half the strength of burnt lime.

The way generally recommended for applying burnt lime is to put it in small heaps over the field; throw some earth up against it and leave it a few days until the air, dew and rain slacks it; when it may be spread with a spade or shovel. The soil mixed with it prevents it blowing away. Fall and spring are the best times to apply lime. It is not considered advisable to plow down the lime or limestone. On soils requiring lime from a half ton to a ton of quick lime or double

the quantity of limestone is recommended. In case lime is beneficial a second application of about half the amount is generally given in four or five years.

Lime must not be considered a fertilizer, but only a stimulant; hence all soils that yield poor crops may not be benefited. The cause of the poor yield may be lack of rotations, insufficient manure, lack of humus, poor cultivation, absence of drainage, or

even a deficiency of plant food. The solution of the problem in any case is to remove the cause.

Besides the action of lime in liberating plant food, it sweetens sour soils, improves the conditions under which beneficial bacteria work most energetically, and greatly improves the mechanical condition, especially in clay soils, by rendering them much more friable and easily worked. If in doubt try lime.

## Cover Crops and Cultivation

By HAROLD JONES.

IT has been estimated that the first 12 or 15 inches of our loams and clay soils have sufficient plant food locked up in them to produce 600 crops of wheat.

Any land that is fit for the growing of crops will maintain an apple tree throughout its existence without the addition of plant food and enable the tree to produce a normal quantity of fruit. To secure extra normal and superior quality in the fruit crop it is necessary to maintain an even supply of moisture throughout the growing season and supply available plant food in the form of fertilizers rich in constituents most needed by the plant.

*Harold Jones long ago made a name for himself by his successful orchard at Maitland, in the St. Lawrence River Valley. His experiments on the resistance of apple and plum varieties to the winters of that section are of considerable interest and he has finally succeeded in establishing a few of the latter which give great hopes for productivity on a commercial scale.*

*What are the effects of cultivation and of cover crops upon the orchard soil? And what are the resulting effects upon the trees?*

*These questions are fully dealt with in this article. Read it. It is good readable material and should be taken to heart.*

In the early days of orcharding in this country the soil, rich in humus and undepleted of its natural resources, gave satisfactory crops of fruit with trees growing in sod. As time went on and intercropping of hay and grain depleted the soil of humus and readily available plant food the vigor of the trees declined, but they were stimulated by breaking up the sod and adding barn yard manure and giving thorough cultivation throughout the growing season.

This system, although it increased the vigor of the tree and in many cases more than doubled the fruit crop, gave unsatisfactory results in many instances. It appeared to re-

tard the trees from repairing their wood sufficiently to enable them to endure the low temperatures without winter injury, and root-killing sometimes occurs on soils not covered with vegetation and where there is very little or no snow covering. To obtain the good results of thorough cultivation and fertilization and to eliminate the unsatisfactory results mentioned above as far as possible, cultivation should cease at the close of the growing season and the land be sown to a "cover crop."

A sowed crop or cover crop in the orchard is valuable in many ways.

(1) It directly improves the physical condition of the soil.

(2) It prevents hard or clay soils from cementing or puddling.

(3) It holds the rains and snow until they have a chance to soak into the land.

(4) It prevents alternate freezing and thawing of the surface; adds humus that improves the chemical and mechanical condition of the soil, and renders locked-up plant food available.

Much of the value of a cover crop depends upon its being ploughed under very early in the spring; the plant tissues will then readily decay and add humus and richness to the soil. The humus opens up and loosens the soil and gives it a greater capacity for holding moisture. If ploughing is done late in the season the value of the cover crop as a fertilizer of the soil is largely lost. The moisture collected in the soil during the previous fall and winter has largely evaporated and the surface soil is left lumpy and dry after ploughing. The cover crop does not decay and it is doubtful if a good seed bed can be secured for

the starting of the succeeding cover crop at midsummer.

The question of how long cultivation can be safely continued in the colder sections of the Province before sowing the cover crop requires serious consideration. Cultivation is certainly necessary for profitable crops of fruit. It loosens up and separates the particles of soil, thereby giving it a greater capacity for holding water; it aerates the soil and hastens the decay of vegetable matter; nitrification and bacterial ferment is started, which warms the soil, liberates plant food and starts early vigorous spring growth. A study of the growth of the tree and the temperature in winter have to be considered when deciding to cease cultivation.

The season of growth in most woody plants extends scarcely to midsummer, and most, if not all, native trees cease growing very early in the season. This is no doubt one reason why they endure the winter so successfully. Trees which cease growing early and which mature their wood and terminal buds well are said to be "determinate" in their growth; while those of opposite habit, like some of the Japanese plums for instance, are said to be indeterminate.

It is, of course, apparent why plants of indeterminate growth are not hardy as a rule. It will be observed that practically all of our hardy apple trees are quite determinate in their growth, forming their terminal bud early in June under normal conditions. It will also be observed that the vigorous growth of a tree can be prolonged past its normal period by excessive cultivation and fertilization.

Remember that tillage can be over-

done. Trees may be made to grow too much wood and be sent into the winter in a soft, unripened condition. If the land is in a good mechanical condition and rich in plant food tillage beyond that needed to conserve the moisture during the rapid growing season is useless and may result in serious loss. The active growth of the tree is completed early in June. Then the tree settles down to ripen and mature the newly-made tissue and store up plant food in its cells for the early forcing of leaf and flower the following spring. To meet the conditions of the colder climate cultivation should cease slightly before normal growth is completed, say the last week in May or first week in June, and a cover crop be sown. For some time after this has been done the trees receive the full benefit of the cultivation before the crop has

made sufficient growth to take up and hold the excess moisture and liberated plant food.

The cover crop to use is best determined by the character of the soil and the vigor of the trees in the orchard. If the trees are growing slowly and the land is in a good state of tilth it will be advisable to use a nitrogenous crop, such as red clover or vetch. If, on the other hand, the trees are making a luxuriant growth and the soil is a heavy loam some non-nitrogenous crop should be used, such as oats, rye or buckwheat. A good combination would be oats, 1½ to 2 bushels, and common vetch, 20 pounds per acre; or Dwarf Essex rape, 6 to 10 pounds, and common vetch, 20 pounds per acre, the oats or rape to be cut in September, before the picking season. The vetch will then grow and cover the ground for winter.

## Canada and Clydesdales

A Few Conclusions Drawn From Observation Made at the Last Chicago International.

By P. STEWART.

**I**N the highways and byways of country life we often meet the pessimist, who disclaims all good in modern movements in farming affairs. Those wise in the way of Nature and the demands of markets he dubs as men of empty theory, and goes on to predict that farmers will be farmers and follow along the line of least resistance for all time. True it is that facts from the lips of intelligent men often fail to find favor in the minds of others. In such cases the practical demonstration only will win. There was never a more appealing object lesson than the last Inter-

national; and stockmen from the four corners of the earth went home with their money's worth of information.

Outside of other phases of the fair let us look at the lesson we learned in the horse ring. There we saw, in letters bold, the sign of the times in draft horse society. In the placing of all breeds, sexes and ages the great feature uppermost in the minds of the competent judges was **utility**. The usefulness of any draft horse may be based upon the following fundamentals:

**1st—Good Action**, which is the result of a splendid adjustment of every

part to its proper purpose and place. It is the finest expression which symmetry ever finds and results in the greatest efficiency with the least effort.

2nd—**Weight** that is made up of good working material, neither blubber nor beef, but power-producing load-pulling muscle and bone; enough of it to afford an overpowering specific efficiency in strength and momentum, stamina and power.

3rd—**Bone** not only forms the foundation on which the whole equine storage battery rests, but also the levers for locomotion. It should be dense and clean.

4th — **Feet** of tough texture with wide coronets permitting a free circulation of blood to keep them fresh and strong and sound upon the hardest pavements.

5th — **Pasterns** are "Nature's shock absorbers." To permit of soundness in long service they must yield under pressure. Pronounced obliquity is therefore desirable.

The hand of Nature, guided by the intelligence of constructive men, has endowed Clydesdale horses with the foregoing features in their most infallible degree of combined perfection. That is why the Scotch breed comes out on top whenever matched with other breed representatives throughout the big Fair. In breeding classes other than Clydesdales, the awards showed us that the day of the deep-fleshed horse has passed. Fat no longer fills the eye, nor sways the

judge, and verily the time is at hand when the American horse breeder and farmer will no longer pin his faith in **meat** unless it is accompanied by **grace**. Therefore, in view of the ideal of draft horsetype obtaining at the greatest live stock show on our continent, we may justly conclude that in the near future all breeders of heavy horses will veer their course and be governed by the **Clydesdale Standard of Perfection**.

#### The Clydesdale King and Others.

Space will not permit of a detailed comparison of the great "Tybic Baron" with champions of the other

breeds, so the most important features are taken. Perhaps the Champion Percheron stallion might display a fetlock equally fine and clean, but in the shape and length of pastern and the size, shape and texture of feet, Percherons, Shires, Belgians, Suffolks — all would have to clear the way

*In the words of Mr. Stewart: "If any Percheron frantic wants a crack at the Clydesdale, here is his chance. Let him send the Review an article on his favorite breed, and the reasons why he favors it, and see me rend his worthless arguments to frazzles." Please favor Mr. Stewart's request, but oh! be kind, for he is very touchy on the subject.—Editor.*

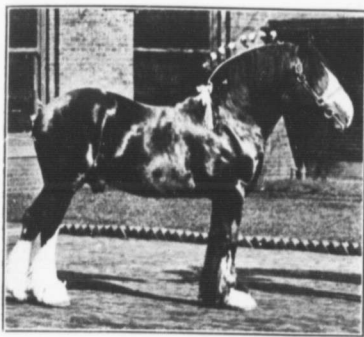
for the ghost of "Baron's Pride." After him, through the opening made, would pass three-quarters of the whole galaxy of Clydesdales before there could be found a single representative of any other breed good enough in the forearm, in the knee, in the cannon bone, the ankle joint and the pastern to claim a single place.

#### Historical.

Long ago the breeding of animals was looked upon as a science in itself. The farmers of Clyde Valley realized that they must have a certain kind of horse in order to better till their



heavy clay soil. In their minds was an ideal; they knew what was required, and to them it was evident that good could come by mating the



Baron Fyvie

best with the best. From those early days until now certain noteworthy features have marked the workings of the Scottish breeder. There has been at all times a close and sympathetic association of man and horse. Burns, the ploughman bard and a nature poet of no mean repute, did not find his God-given gift above dedicating a length salutation to his kind old mare. Again, it is remarkable that the Scotchman, be he ever so frugal, never allows a cash consideration to stand between him and a horse he requires. Just a little over two years ago Wm. Dunlop, of Ayr, paid \$47,500 for "Baron of Bachlyvie."

From the beginning the breed has been developed with utility ever the uppermost feature in the minds of

the makers. Over two hundred years ago foundation stock of the best obtainable in Great Britain was sought out by men of Lanarkshire. Those early types were undersized, so the first essential sought after was increased weight. In less than three decades breeders began to accomplish their end; but it was noticed that together with this gain in weight was coming a loss in quality—the horses were big but course. Selective forces were now set in motion to effect the needed improvement, and we note the second era of Clydesdale breeding ending with a horse clean of bone, fine of feather and faultless of action, but somewhat lacking in the necessary depth and substance.

About this time foreign markets demanded "more horse" on top of the cordy clean limbs and tough-textured feet, so at the Clydesdale fountain head there set in a reaction in favor of more width of chest and depth of middle. Not until the coming of Baron Pride was this ideal compromise of size plus quality realized. It is to this horse and his progeny that present-day Clydesdales owe in a great measure their world-wide supremacy in field, street or show-ring.

In Canada at the present it looks as if this breed fabric of two centuries making is about to be undermined—the field of draft horse production is invaded by a stranger. Such a move, in the light of common sense, does not seem to be either progressive or constructive. Perhaps our horse breeders are taking a leap in the dark.



## The Ontario Egg Trade

**W**ITH the cry of the high price of eggs still ringing in our ears, we are looking for a way to cheaper eggs. The consumer blames the producer, who is certain that the middleman takes all the profit, while he says that if the retailer was out of the business this state of affairs could not exist. But if we sum up the matter we might reasonably blame all four.

### Pack Properly.

"If the producer supplied us with a reliable brand of eggs, properly packed, we would be in a position to pay two cents per dozen more for them than we are paying now for the best eggs," was a remark made by a prominent packer from Toronto recently. This is one of the weaknesses of the producer. There are too many "breaks" and "leaks" for which improper packing is responsible. Only good-sized sound eggs should be packed for shipment; while the very small and slightly cracked should be used at home. If these eggs are put into the fillers they are not only liable to be broken themselves, but may be the cause of many other breaks, on account of the empty spaces they cause in the fillers. Moreover, they may soil a dozen or more perfectly good eggs by leaking through the fillers.

### Producer Should Supply His Own Cases.

The present system of having the wholesaler supply the crates to the producer is very unsatisfactory, and should be done away with. The cases received in this way are often filled with dirty or wet fillers and entirely unfit to pack in any kind of eggs. No

fillers should be used a second time. To remedy this condition the producer should send his eggs in cases of his own. These cases could be supplied at a cost of about three-quarters cents per dozen. They would be used but once, when they would be destroyed by the wholesaler receiving the eggs. The extra cost of this "free cases" system would be more than compensated for in the better prices received, for eggs handled in this way secure a higher price, due to their reliability and uniformity.

### Wholesalers Should Buy on Quality Basis.

It is hardly reasonable to expect any one to improve his business condition unless he realizes some financial benefit therefrom. The producer would undoubtedly produce a better grade of eggs if he received what he considered sufficient remuneration for it. As long as eggs are bought "case count," as much for the bad as for the good, so long will there be an inferior grade of eggs put on the market. Unless the wholesaler buys on a quality basis there is little hope for improving the grade of market eggs.

Under the quality basis the eggs are graded into five classes as soon as they reach the wholesaler, and paid for accordingly. Selects, which consist of sound, good-sized, reasonably clean eggs; No. 1, sound, undersized, shrunken, stained eggs; No. 2, shrunken, dirty, stained, washed or salted eggs; No. 3, cracked or galled eggs; No. 4 Rots, total loss. This system would encourage the producer to put a reliable brand of eggs on the market. He would soon learn to can-

dle all his eggs before sending them to the market. It would supply the wholesaler with a more uniform reliable product and would improve the price accordinly.

#### **Grocer Handles Eggs Carelessly.**

If we go along King or Queen Streets in Toronto during the summer months we see some fine displays of eggs in the grocers' windows. These eggs are advertised as strictly new-laid eggs. Such they undoubtedly were when received from the producer or wholesaler, but of a very inferior quality after being in the grocers' windows for a few hours. With the thermometer at 90 degrees in the shade what will it be on the inside of these sunny windows? Certainly several degrees above the normal hatching temperature. The result is, that these partly-hatched eggs are sold as new-laid eggs. The consumer gets after the grocer, who blames the producer for supplying an inferior grade of eggs. The good work of the producer and wholesaler has gone to naught by a little carelessness on the part of the retailer.

#### **The Consumer Chews the Wrong End of the String.**

Naturally, it is the consumer that does the kicking. He objects to paying from 50 to 60 cents a dozen for eggs. If he demanded a better and more reliable brand of eggs his objections might be justified. He may buy fresh fruit out of season for four or five times the price he pays during the fruit season without a murmur. But when he pays three times the price for eggs when they are out of season that he would have to pay during the natural laying period he is very much dissatisfied. Yet, unless

the hens can be made to lay the whole year round, there is little hope if cheaper eggs during the fall and winter. Fresh fruit in season is almost a necessity; out of season a luxury. Eggs are the same.

#### **Legislation Needed to Remedy Matters.**

With, then, this complicated state of affairs existing in our country it is necessary that a determined move should be made to remedy them. While co-operation—which was mentioned in a previous issue—will no doubt go a long way towards a remedy it seems that one step should be taken. We should have legislation which makes it a crime for any one to sell a rotten egg, and compel every dealer to brand his eggs as they really are. If such a law should be strictly enforced this would force the producer to candle his eggs before offering them for sale. It would compel the wholesaler or cold storage man to put up the best possible kind of packing house; it would make the retailer or grocer keep his eggs below the hatching temperature, and hand the consumer a more uniform, reliable brand of eggs. The consumer would pay just as much per dozen as before, but would get better value for his money.

To be served with a bad egg is, to say the lest, very unpleasant, and does not help to cultivate an appetite for eggs. But if some suitable movement would be inaugurated, by which a first-class, uniform grade of eggs could be guaranteed to the consumer, it would stimulate his appetite for eggs, which could not fail to improve conditions for all concerned in the handling of eggs.

J. C. BERGEY.

# QUERIES

Queenston.  
 Q.—On account of the abundant crop of peaches in the season of 1913 we were not able to utilize all our crop to the best advantage. Is it possible and practicable to dry peaches in Ontario?—J. W. T.

A.—Experiments to date indicate that Ontario peaches can be evaporated and that a fine grade of stock can be put up; but it is doubtful if the juicy Ontario peach could be dried to sell at a profit in competition with California. A prominent fruit grower in Western Ontario tried the experiment last fall and found that it is possible to evaporate them successfully, but that it is not profitable.

Burlington.  
 Q.—What are the possibilities of profitably marketing surplus fruit in the form of home canned goods?—R. W.

A.—Some of the large hotels and restaurants would be very glad to buy a high grade of home-canned products. It would be necessary for the fruit grower to make his own market, as it would not be profitable for the retailer to attempt to introduce an unknown brand of goods.

Brampton.  
 Q.—Are the variety of lilies known at *Lilium Speciosum* hardy in this country?—D. R.

A.—They are not hardy. Experiments have proved that if they are planted deep and well protected they give good results the first year, not as good the second and the third year

very few, if any, flowers at all. One of the best types of garden lilies is the *Lilium elegans* type, of which there are four or five varieties usually catalogued. The Tiger lily and the Madonna lily are also good types.

Morrisburg.  
 Q.—Will you please give me information regarding the indoor culture of the lily-of-the-valley?—E. P. B.

A.—To secure the best results under window culture of lily-of-the-valley the largest and best "pips," or roots, must be obtained. Florists usually import "pips" from Germany for forcing. The best results can be obtained by potting the pips in the fall, keeping them at a temperature of 45 to 50 degrees for three or four weeks, and then setting them in a window where the temperature will range from 60 to 70 degrees. Indoor culture of these plants is not very satisfactory as a rule.

Watford.  
 Q.—Will you please tell me through your columns the best method of cultivating, harvesting and marketing of ginseng.—W. S.

A.—A good, friable, light loamy soil with a northern slope is best for ginseng. For the nursery select a shady place in the woods, or if this is not possible provide shade by lattice work and annual vines. Spade the ground over to a depth of one foot and remove all roots, stones and clods. Give it a heavy application of leaf-mold and work it in well. The bed should be about four feet wide. Al-

low nine to twelve square feet for each ounce of seed to be sown. In the autumn replant the seed in nursery beds in rows two to three inches apart and one to two inches apart in the row and about one inch deep. Cover the bed with leaf mold or muck about one inch deep and throw brush on this to catch the leaves or snow. Remove the brush in the spring, but allow the leaves to remain. Keep free from weeds, but do not stir the soil or mulch. In the fall give a dressing of well-rotted horse manure and return the brush covering. During the second year give the bed the same treatment and transplant the seedlings into the permanent bed that autumn. Plant the seedlings about five inches apart each way in the permanent bed and give the same treatment as the nursery bed received relative to covering. It takes from three to five years after planting the seedlings to mature marketable roots. Provide abundance of shade, either by trees or lattice work, and protect from stock. Ginseng has no enemies of any importance, but is sometimes attacked by a blight, which spraying will prevent. When large enough the roots are dug and thoroughly dried before marketing. At present the roots are selling at about \$7.50 per pound. The growing is the critical part of the business. You are running chances. Some have made fortunes, while others have lost all.

Dumbarton.

Q.—There is a new electric railway being built across my farm. The company intend to use the right-of-way for a high power line. I have heard that the crops along the high power line from Niagara Falls to Toronto have been damaged by elec-

tricity. Will you please let me know if there is any possibility of damage to crops from this source?

A.—It is most emphatically stated by competent authorities that no damage will be done to the crops from a high power line. In fact, experiments in Europe have demonstrated that growing crops are actually benefited by the use of electricity.

Fergus.

Q.—One of the greatest queries that confront the cattle feeder to-day is should the market price of the feed raised on the farm be charged against the cost of production. Kindly give me your opinion on this point.—W. C. K.

A.—You should charge against the cost of production the price that you could get at the farm for all home-grown feed used in feeding your beef cattle.

Picton, Aug. 18, 1913.

Query Editor:

Dear Sir,—The soft maple trees in this vicinity are affected with a disease which causes inky black spots on the leaves. Can you tell me what is the cause?

Ans.—These black spots are due to a fungus disease known as black or tar spot of maples, and are caused by the fungus *Rhytisma Aceriniani*. The disease is very common and attracts much attention every year. It is not, however, a very serious disease, as it seldom injures the maples materially. No steps are usually taken to prevent this disease, but if it should become serious on maple trees on small lawns or gardens, raking up and burning leaves in the fall should prevent the leaves being infected next year, as the fungus which causes the disease winters over on the old leaves.—M. P.

Rodney, Aug. 11, 1913.

Query Editor:

Dear Sir,—I have recently purchased a farm which is rather weedy. Will you please advise me as to the best rotation of crops to adopt for cleaning the land?

Ans.—To destroy the weeds use a three-year rotation—a grain crop, a mixed hay crop followed by roots or corn. The land should be plowed rather shallow in the fall and sown to grain next spring with 10 pounds of red clover and 5 pounds of timothy per acre. If the soil is heavy loam or clay the 10 pounds of red clover may be replaced by 6 pounds of red clover and 2 pounds of alsike. If a portion of the arable land must be used for pasture then it might be allowed to remain under grass for two years, being used for pasture in the second year, thus extending the three-year into a four-year rotation. The pasture land in the fourth year or the hay land in the third year should be broken and cultivated at intervals to destroy growth of weeds.

—J. W.

Simcoe, Jan 10, 1914.

Query Editor:

Dear Sir,—Is the new Soluble Sulphur mixture a satisfactory substitute for Lime-Sulphur for orchard purposes?—W. E. P.

Ans.—Soluble Sulphur is a compound of certain forms of Soda and Sulphur and is sold in the form of a greenish yellow powder. It has been tested this last season to a considerable extent in Ontario, and at the strength recommended on the cans gave good results against San Jose Scale at St. Catharines and Grimsby. In most orchards as a summer spray it was fairly satisfactory, excepting a few cases of burning. From New York State similar complaints of burning have been received. Burning, of course, sometimes happens with any mixture. It is considered necessary to test the mixture for another season or two before it can be recommended as a safe and satisfactory spray. It would be better to test it on a small part of the orchard this year, but do not substitute it for Lime-Sulphur until we know more about it.



## My Saddle

I am cleaning up my saddle  
Though I'll never ride again,  
For my touch upon the leather  
Helps to dream away my pain.

I can feel again the muscles  
Ripple swift beneath my knees,  
A'loping down the coverside  
On sward beneath the trees.

And when I touch the stuffing  
I can smell my hunter still,  
With his lathered neck a' dripping  
As we gallop to the kill.

I can see the yawning quarry  
I can hear the mercy gun,  
As they bear me off a cripple  
And my horse's days are done.

—Gyp.

# The Baby and The Bear

## A Story of Children of the Wild

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

A STIFFISH breeze was blowing over Silverwater. Close in shore, where the Child was fishing, the water was fairly calm—just sufficiently ruffled to keep the trout from distinguishing too clearly that small, intent figure at the edge of the raft. But out in the middle of the lake the little white-caps were chasing each other boisterously.

The raft was a tiny one, of four logs pinned together with two lengths of spruce pole. It was made for just the use the Child was now putting it to. A raft was so much more convenient than a boat or a canoe when the water was still and one had to make long, delicate casts in order to drop one's fly along the edges of the lily-pads. But the Child was not making long, delicate casts. On such a day as this the somewhat unsophisticated trout of Silverwater demanded no subtleties. They were hungry, and they were feeding close in shore, and the child was having great sport. The fish were not large, but they were clean, trim-jawed, bright fellows, some of them not far short of the half-pound; and the only blue-bottle in the ointment of the Child's exultation was that Uncle Andy was not on hand to see his triumph. To be sure, the proof would be in the pan that night, browned in savoury corn-meal after the fashion of the New Brunswick back-woods. But the Child had in him the makings of a true sportsman, and for him a trout had just one moment of unmatchable perfection—the moment when it was taken off the

hook and held up to be gloated over or coveted.

The raft had been anchored, carelessly enough, by running an inner corner lightly aground. The Child's weight, slight as it was, on the outer end, together with his occasional ecstasies, though silent, hoppings up and down, had little by little sufficed to slip the haphazard mooring. This the Child was far too absorbed to notice.

All at once, having just slipped a nice half-pounder on to the forked stick which served him instead of a fishing-basket, he noticed that the wooded point which had been shutting off his view on the right seemed to have politely drawn back. His heart jumped into his throat. He turned—and there were twenty yards or so of clear water between the raft and the shore. The raft was gently, but none too slowly, gliding out towards the tumbling white-caps.

Always methodical, the Child laid his rod and his string of fish carefully down on the logs, and then stood for a second or two quite rigid. This was one of those dreadful things which, as he knew, did happen, sometimes, to other people, so that he might read about it. But that it should actually happen to him! Why, it was as if he had been reading some terrible adventure and suddenly found himself thrust trembling into the midst of it. All at once those white-caps out in the lake seemed to be turning dreadful eyes his way, and clamoring for him! He opened his mouth and gave

two piercing shrieks, which cut the air like saws.

"What's the matter?" shouted a very anxious voice from among the trees.

It was the voice of Uncle Andy. He had returned sooner than he was expected. And instantly the Child's terror vanished. He knew that everything would be all right in just no time.

"I'm afloat. Bill's raft's carrying me away!" he replied in an injured voice.

"Oh!" said Uncle Andy, emerging from the trees and taking in the situation. "You are afloat, are you! I was afraid from the noise you made that you were sinking. Keep your hair on, and I'll be with you in five seconds. And we'll see what Bill's raft has to say for itself after such extraordinary behaviour."

Putting the canoe into the water he thrust out, overtook the raft in a dozen strokes of his paddle, and proceeded to tow it back to the shore in disgrace.

"What on earth did you make those dreadful noises for?" demanded Uncle Andy, "instead of simply calling for me, or Bill, to come and get you?"

"You see, Uncle Andy," answered the Child, after some consideration, "I was in a hurry, rather, and I thought you or Bill might be in a hurry, too, if I made a noise like that instead of just calling."

"Well, I believe," said Uncle Andy, seating himself on the bank and getting out his pipe, "that at last the unexpected has happened. I believe, in other words, that you are right. I once knew of a couple of youngsters who might have saved themselves and their parents a lot of trouble if they

could have made some such sound as you did at the right time. But they couldn't—or, at least, they didn't; and, therefore, things happened which I'll tell you about if you like."

The Child carefully laid his string of fish in a cool place under some leaves, and then came and sat on the grass at his uncle's feet to listen.

"They were an odd pair of youngsters," began Uncle Andy—and paused to get his pipe going.

"They were a curious pair, and they eyed each other curiously. One was about five years old, and the other about five months. One was all pink and white, ruddy tan and fluffy gold, and the other was a glossy black. One, in fact, was a baby, and the other was a bear.

"Neither had come voluntarily into the strange fellowship; and it would have been hard to say which of the pair regarded the other with most suspicion. The bear, to be sure, at five months old, was more grown up, more self-sufficing and efficient than the baby at five years; but he had the disadvantage of feeling himself an interloper. He had come to the raft quite uninvited, and found the baby in possession! On that account, of course, he rather expected the baby to show her white little teeth and snarl at him, and try to drive him off into the water. In that case, he would have resisted desperately, because he was in mortal fear of the boiling, seething flood. But he was very uneasy, and kept up a whimpering that was intended to be conciliatory; for though the baby was small, and by no means ferocious, he regarded her as the possessor of the raft, and it was an axiom of the wilds that very small and harmless-looking creatures might become dangerous



when resisting an invasion of their rights.

"The baby, on the other hand, was momentarily expecting that the bear would come over and bite her. Why else, if not from some such sinister motive, had he come aboard her raft, when he had been travelling on a perfectly good tree? The tree looked so much more interesting than her bare raft, on which she had been voyaging for over an hour, and of which she was now heartily tired. To be sure, the bear was not much bigger than her own Teddy Bear at home, which she was wont to carry around by one leg, or to spank without ceremony whenever she thought it needed discipline. But the glossy black of the stranger was quite unlike the mild and grubby whiteness of her Teddy, and his shrewd little twinkling eyes were quite unlike the bland shoe-buttons which adorned the face of her uncomplaining pet. She wondered when her mother would come and relieve the strain of the situation.

"All at once the raft, which had hitherto voyaged with a discreet deliberation, seemed to become agitated. Boiling upthrusts of the current, caused by some hidden unevenness in the bottom, shouldered it horribly from beneath, threatening to tear it apart, and unbridled eddies twisted it this way and that with sickening lurches. The tree was torn from it and snatched off reluctant all by itself, rolling over and over in a fashion that must have made the cub rejoice to think that he had quitted a refuge so eccentric in its behaviour. As a matter of fact, the flood was now sweeping the raft over what was, at ordinary times, a series of low falls, a succession of saw-toothed ledges which would have ripped the raft to

bits. Now the ledges were buried deep under the immense volume of the freshet. But they were not to be ignored for all that. And they made their submerged presence felt in a turmoil that became more and more terrifying to the two little passengers on the raft.

"There was just one point in the raft, one only, that was farther away than any other part from those dreadful, seething-crested black surges—and that was the very centre. The little bear backed toward it, whimpering and shivering, from his corner.

"From her corner, directly opposite, the baby, too, backed towards it, hitching herself along, and eyeing the waves in the silence of the terror. She arrived at the same instant. Each was conscious of something alive, and warm, and soft, and comfortable—with motherly suggestion in the contact. The baby turned with a sob, and flung her arms about the bear. The bear, snuggling his narrow black snout under her arm as if to shut out the fearful sight of the waves, made futile efforts to crawl into a lap that was many sizes too small to accommodate him.

"In some ten minutes more the wild ledges were past. The surges sank to foaming swirls, and the raft once more journeyed smoothly. The two little voyagers, recovering from their ecstasy of fear, looked at each other in surprise—and the bear, slipping off the baby's lap, squatted on his furry haunches, and eyed her with a sort of guilty apprehension.

"Here it was that the baby showed herself of the dominant breed. The bear was still uneasy and afraid of her. But she, for her part, had no more dread of him whatever.

Through all her panic she had been dimly conscious that he had been in the attitude of seeking her protection. Now, she was quite ready to give it—quite ready to take possession of him, in fact, as really a sort of glorified Teddy Bear come to life; and she felt her authority complete. Half coaxingly, but quite firmly, and with a note of command in her little voice which the animal instinctively understood, she said: 'Tum here, Teddy!' and pulled him back unceremoniously to her lap. The bear, with the influence of her comforting warmth still strong upon him, yielded. It was nice, when one was frightened and had lost one's mother, to be cuddled so softly by a creature that was evidently friendly in spite of the dreaded man-smell that hung about her. His mother had tried to teach him that that smell was the most dangerous of all the warning smells his nostrils could encounter. But the lesson had been most imperfectly learned, and now was easily forgotten. He was tired, moreover, and wanted to go to sleep. So he snuggled his glossy, roguish face down into the baby's lap, and shut his eyes. And the baby, filled with delight over such a novel and interesting plaything, shook her yellow hair down over his black fur and crooned to him a soft, half-articulate babble of endearment.

"The swollen flood was comparatively quiet now, rolling full and turbid over the drowned lands, and gleaming sullenly under a blaze of sun. The bear having gone to sleep the baby presently followed his example, her rosy face falling forward into his woody-smelling black fur. At last the raft, catching in the trees of a submerged islet, came softly to a

stop, so softly as not to awaken the little pair of sleepers.

"In the meantime two distraught mothers, quite beside themselves with fear and grief, were hurrying down stream in search of the runaway raft and its burden.

"The mother of the baby, when she saw the flood sweeping the raft away, was for some moments perilously near to flinging herself in after it. Then her backwoods common sense came to the rescue. She reflected in time that she could not swim—while the raft, on the other hand, could and did, and would carry her treasure safely enough for a while. Wading waist-deep through the drowned fields behind the house, she gained the uplands, and rushed dripping along the ridge to the next farm, where, as she knew, a boat was kept. This farmhouse, perched on a bluff, was safe from all floods; and the farmer was at home, congratulating himself. Before he quite knew what was happening, he found himself being dragged to the boat—for his neighbor was a strenuous woman, whom few in the settlement presumed to argue with, and it was plain to him now that she was laboring under an unwonted excitement. It was not until he was in the boat, with the oars in his hands, that he gathered clearly what had happened. Then, however, he bent to the oars with a will which convinced even that frantic and vehement mother that nothing better could be demanded of him. Dodging logs and wrecked and uprooted trees the boat went surging down the flood, while the woman sat stiffly erect in the stern, her face white as death, her eyes staring far ahead, while from time to time she muttered angry phrases

which sounded as if the baby had gone off on a pleasure-trip without leave, and was going to be called to sharp account for it.

"The other mother had the deeper and more immediate cause for anguish. Coming to the bank where she had left her cub in the tree, she found the bank caved in, and tree and cub together vanished. Unlike the baby's mother, she could swim; but she knew that she could run faster and farther. In stoic silence, but with a look of piteous anxiety in her eyes, she started on a gallop down the half-drowned shores, clambering the heaps of debris, and swimming the deep, still estuaries where the flood had backed up into the valleys of the tributary brooks.

"At last, with laboring lungs and pounding heart, she came out upon a low, bare bluff overlooking the flood—and saw, not a hundred yards out, the raft with its two little passengers asleep. She saw her cub, lying curled up with his head in the baby's arms, his black fur mixed with the baby's yellow locks. Her first thought was that he was dead—that the baby had killed him and was carrying him off. With a roar of pain and vengeful fury, she rushed down the bluff and hurled herself into the water.

"Not till then did she notice that a boat was approaching the raft—a boat with two human beings in it. It was very much nearer the raft than she was—and travelling very much faster than she could swim. Her savage heart went near to bursting with rage and fear. She was sure that those beings in the boat could have but one object—the slaughter—or, at least, the theft—of her little one. She swam frantically, her great muscles heaving as she shouldered

the waves apart. But in that race she was hopelessly beaten from the first.

"The boat reached the raft, bumped hard upon it—and the baby's mother leaped out while the man, with his boathook, held the two craft close together. The woman, thrusting the cub angrily aside, clutched the baby hysterically to her breast, sobbing over her, and muttering strange threats of what she would do to her when she got her home, to punish her for giving so much trouble. The baby did not seem in the least disturbed by these threats—to which the man in the boat was listening with a grin—but when her mother started to carry her to the boat she reached out her arms rebelliously for the cub.

"'Won't go wivout my Teddy Bear,' she announced with tearful decision.

"'Ye'd better git a move on, Mrs. Murdoch,' admonished the man in the boat, 'Here's the old b'ar comin' after her young 'un, an' I've a notion she ain't exactly ca'm.'

"The woman hesitated. She was willing enough to indulge the baby's whim, the more so as she felt in her heart that it was in some respects her fault that the raft had got away. She measured the distance to that formidable black head, cleaving the waters some thirty yards away.

"'Well,' said she, 'we may's well take the little varmint along, if Baby wants him.' And she stepped over to pick up the now shrinking and anxious cub.

"'You quit that, an' git into the boat, quick!' ordered the man, in a voice of curt authority. The woman whipped round and stared at him in amazement. She was accustomed to having people defer to her; and Jim Simmons, in particular, she had al-

ways considered such a mild-mannered man.

"'Git in!' reiterated the man, in a voice that she found herself obeying in spite of herself.

"'D'ye want to see Baby et afore yer eyes?' he continued sternly, hiding a grin beneath the sandy droop of his big moustaches. And with the baby kicking and wailing, and stretching out her arms to the all-unheeding cub, he rowed rapidly away, just as the old bear dragged herself up upon the raft.

"Then Mrs. Murdoch's wrath found

words, and she let it flow forth while the man listened as indifferently as if it had been the whistling of the wind. At last she stopped.

"'Anything more to say, ma'am?' he asked politely.

"Mrs. Murdoch snorted a negative.

"'Then all I hev to say,' he went on, 'is, that to my mind mothers has rights. That there b'ar's a mother, an' she's got feelin's like you, an' she's come after her young 'un, like you—an' I wasn't agoin' to see her robbed of him.'"



## The Homemakers' Clubs of Saskatchewan

By A MERE MAN.

**N**CESSITY is the mother of invention"—and some other things; hence the Homemakers' Club, which is but another name for the organization which in Ontario goes as Woman's Institutes. If ever there was need of a movement that promised to bring help where it was most needed; to spread the results of foremost scientific thought in sequestered districts; to disseminate widely an appreciation of beauty and order; and to come to lives that are cramped with hope and encouragement, then there is a field for the operation of the Homemakers' Clubs in Saskatchewan.

This West is a wonderful country. Anyone who says otherwise either is homesick or has an axe to grind. Its wide expanse is majestic; its resources are beyond computing; its fu-

ture is certain of greatness. And yet we'll not go into undue raptures over it. In the height of our enthusiasm we'll temper our exultation with the recollection that it's not Heaven—that is—not quite! It's but a country in the making. We may as well face the facts. As yet we're in a pretty raw state of development. The cities and towns, wonderful as their progress is, have an air of garish newness at times, suggesting the veriest frontier town. The villages are but straggling collections of wooden buildings, with the appearance of having been run up in a hurry and a prospect of continuance just as transient. The farms are total strangers to intensive methods. The whole effort on them, as yet, is merely to appropriate the wealth that lies readiest

to hand. Any effort to bring the more difficult parts under the plow is yet very slight. And so we find here a slough and there a bluff punctuate the crop, and the outline of arable land follows the most unaccountable and grotesque devices. Even the fences add their contribution to the general impression of transience.

And it would not be reasonable to expect that the homes would afford any very striking contrast. Nor do they. Settlers who have come with means are too busy to expend much care on their homes, and homesteaders, of course, simply can't.

Early last October I landed in one of the newer settled parts of the prov-



How They Love Research Work!



Our Hockey Team  
"The Vanquished and the Vanquisher"

ince, where my work took me frequently into the homes. It was a rich experience! Such barren, desolate, gloomy places as many of them were! It was a timbered district, so I did not make the acquaintance of the "dug-out" or sod house; but I encountered their first cousin, the log house with sod roof, which, in heavy rains, let in as much water as it turns. They are mostly low, one-storied buildings, with a few small windows and a door. The walls have been "mudded up" on the outside and usually some attempt has been made to cover up their bareness on the interior by tacking up sheets of building paper or old newspapers. How-

ever, as they had survived more than one summer's smoke from the cook stove and had come through as many fly seasons and now hung by one edge in careless and unlovely festoonery, I confess my notions of beauty scarce endorsed this extravagance. The floor was the gathering place of all the indesirable flotsam and pismsam that can accumulate in a building used for everything; here a heap of potatoes, there a set of harness, yonder a mothly collection of milk vessels standing guard about the cream separator, and at random old papers, children's playthings, household utensils, hats, coats and babies. And "there's the rub." One might have overlooked the rest, but why in the name of all that's sweet and respectable could not some attempt be made to keep the children tidy and clean? Yet it was not my eyes that were most offended by these "little Heavens"; rather I found my nose the more untractable member. Oh, the rich aroma! An atmosphere compounded from the careless handling of the cream separator set too near the cook stove; a religious aversion to the free use of water, coupled with an honor of fresh air and just general shiftlessness.

One house that I was obliged to visit frequently was an especial offender. I never could overcome a shrinking hesitation as I entered and a deep sense of relief when I again breathed the free air of outdoors. They often pressed me to stop for a cup of tea, but I was thankful to Providence, heredity or whatever other benign influence had endowed me with sufficient resourcefulness to have a plausible excuse always on tap. There'd certainly have been an armed rebellion of all that is within me if I

had tried coercive methods with my palate.

And speaking palate reminds me. What good genius presides over the culinary art? And why has she forgotten this land? The results of the housewife's skill in the kitchen were surely wonderful and fearful to behold! Don't speak to me of the science of cooking, of nutritive values, of the relation of palatability to digestibility, of—oh, please don't; it makes my head swim—also my stomach. When I think of the inflictions I laid on that offending organ I'm lost in wonder at the patient adaptability of nature! I think, though, the climax was reached when one day I witnessed a woman put a rabbit whole into a pot to boil for dinner, and a little later had the pleasure (hem!) of having it set before me on the table in the same ugly entirety. There it lay, head and heels and all, looking like some deformed thing. The memory lingers!

But yet, to be fair, the homes weren't all like these. Occasionally I stumbled on most delightful surprises. One day I came on a little log cottage hidden in a secluded spot, back in the tall timber. As I approached I thought I noted some elusive air of difference emanating from it. It was not easy to diagnose at first, but on reflection I've decided it was that the windows were clean! The interior seemed to shine out a welcome like the clear depths of a limpid pool. And when I entered the difference was no longer an impression only, but became a delightful reality. A sweet little woman with an air of refinement, three small children, modest in behavior and of well-kept appearance, the walls tastily hung with pictures, the artistic blending of colors about the room, and joy!

house plants giving luxuriantly—these were some of the elements in a home that held me loathe to depart.

This, however, was quite exceptional. And yet for the prevalent conditions it's scarcely fair to put all the blame on the housekeeper. Probably the poor woman was doing the best she knew how or could.

The life of a woman on a Western homestead is far from being a sinecure. It's not just exactly lying on flowery beds of ease. She possesses few of the comforts and conveniences that pass as commonplace in the older country, and enjoys none of those little amenities so dear to the heart of a woman. But instead she has her household duties (heavy enough in all conscience) augmented with a dozen and one cares outside. The prospect of some slender bit of a woman walking miles to hunt the cows and finally being benighted and lost in the bush, or of another doing the work of a man helping her husband put up hay or stack sheaves stirs one's pity. From day to day there's the monotony of reiterated drudgery. She's

"Made to tread the mills of toil  
Up and down in ceaseless moil."

Small wonder then some are brokenhearted and many more are narrowed and cramped by the dreary dullness of their meaningless existence.

And here is a society that promises to such women a little respite, a moment of social intercourse—not an insignificant consideration in this sparsely-settled province, an opportunity to discuss problems with other women to whom they are just as poignant, and more, that creates new ideals, and gives fresh hope and en-

thusiasm. Is there not a field for the Homemakers' Club?

But the range of the club's usefulness is not confined to such extreme cases as these, which unfortunately do now exist in some districts. There is a general and persistent need of it because it faces a perennial problem. Housekeeping has now-a-days become a science, and scientific methods don't come by inspiration. There is no royal road to housekeeping any more than to geometry. And yet for the great majority of women who have the care of a home a college course in household science is about as far away as the stars. So then where she cannot go to college what a boon it is to have the college come to her through the fostering care of the College of Agriculture, with its trained workers and scientific literature, sent out to the clubs.

Besides this there's need of something to break down social differences and weld the community together in unanimity. How often the life of small communities is marred with petty jangles and small prejudices. It's not a pretty thing, but we're dealing with human beings, so there's no use covering up their human frailties. And here's a woman annoyed because another has said something disparaging about her boys; this one has a coolness towards a neighbor, who was none too gentle with her cows when they broke into his crop; a third is disgruntled over another's success. And so it goes on.

Have you noticed, too, how in small communities—and you must remember that as yet the great majority of Saskatchewan's small rural centres are quite small—social endeavor is pretty well confined within denominational walls. The different churches

have their Ladies' Aid Societies, Woman's Auxiliaries, Dorcas Societies, etc., and between these there is a great gulf fixed. I have a pet theory that in general if people knew one another better their mutual liking would be greater. Most of the wretched little differences that arise are from standing off at a distance in a mood of censorious criticism. Then, Heaven be thanked for an association that will bring these discordant elements together and show them that a Presbyterian woman is human, just like an Anglican or a Methodist, and vice versa; and that will give them a common interest in which to work untrammelled by the abominable narrowness that characterizes far too much church work.

Especially in this new land, where all is yet so formless, it is difficult to emphasize too highly the value of beauty. The making of homes attractive, making them places of cheer and joy and comfort is not merely a ministering to creature indulgence. It is a work that enters the highest realm. Its best function is in the moral world. Its appeal is along those subtle lines where everyone instinctively feels the drawings of the true, the beautiful and the good. "The people of a nation dwell in the cottages." The making of these cottages centres of aesthetic and moral influence—for the two are almost inseparable—is a work of the widest importance in the formation of national character.

#### THE CONVERSAZIONE.

Many and successful have been the Conversazioni held in Macdonald Hall, but that the last eclipsed them all was the unanimous verdict of those who were present on Friday evening, January 30th.

It was given by and entirely under the management of the Third Year men and a committee of three young ladies from Macdonald Hall, who worked like Trojans for weeks beforehand, and, indeed, the results well repaid their efforts, for the Hall was a bower of beauty.

The color scheme of the lower floor was pink and green, and the eyes were everywhere delighted by huge baskets of pink carnations nestling in their nests of moss and fern. From a platform in the centre of this floor the orchestra, embowered in a mass of greenery, discoursed sweet music for the first half of the programme, while the huge dining-room was tastefully converted into a cosy sitting-room, where many couples delighted in quiet conversation.

But the gymnasium on the second floor was the cynosure of all eyes, and one needed but little imagination to feel oneself translated to "The Land of the Rising Sun." The room was one mass of cherry blossoms, which covered the walls and converted it to a veritable fairy bower, while from the Japanese teahouse on the platform the orchestra peeled forth sweet strains, and from behind a most realistic rising sun shed its merry beams on all. The beautiful and artistic setting won for Mr. Peren and his indefatigable assistants the high encomiums which they so richly deserve.

For those who did not wish to dance the south end of this floor was converted into a charming rendezvous, while sweet fragrance was shed on all from the second stair well, where hung a beautiful basket of roses and smilax.

To Mr. Lindesay and his assistants must be given the credit of the third floor, which rivalled the second in



beauty, the color scheme being yellow and green. It was here that delicious refreshments were served, and the long tables adorned with daffodils and softly-shaded yellow-shaded candles delighted the eyes, while the good things with which they were laden tickled the palate.

Dr. and Mrs. Creelman received the guests in the drawing-room. We were pleased to notice that a large number of the faculty and their wives were present. Also there were representatives from Lillian Massey, Whitby, Victoria, Wycliffe, McMaster and Knox Colleges.

The programme was divided into two parts, the first twelve numbers being promenades, and the last twelve dances. During the first half some splendid musical selections were given. Among others were the harp

solos by Mr. J. A. Cortese, the vocal solos by Mr. Shaw and Mr. Milne and the song by the Temple Male Quartette.

Nothing that could add to the enjoyment of the guests was left undone. At each rendezvous was stationed an introducing committee, whose willing service in finding partners was often called into requisition.

The Conservant Committee deserves great praise for the harmonious way everything went from start to finish. Mr. White and Miss Jeanette Babb, with their able assistants, Mrs. Hedley, Miss May Smith and Messrs. Bell, Johnston, Hall, Laird, Hinman, Gordon and Sanderson, who certainly demonstrated what careful thought and planning can do, deserve our heartiest congratulations.

E. D.

## Much Ado About Nothing

### Wanted—No Amateurs.

Pearl and Mary were spending a vacation in the country. "Do you know," said Pearl, "that young farmer tried to kiss me. He told me he had never kissed any girl before." "What did you tell him?" asked Mary. "Why," replied Pearl, "I told him I was no agricultural experiment station."

◇ ◇

"How about our star hockey player since she fell on the ice?"

"Oh! she's Cumming good and strong now."

### New Germ Treatment.

Senior Physiology Class (discussing the effect of pasteurization and sterilization on the bacteria in milk).

Miss Bredin—"Why not use the same treatment for tuberculosis in human beings?"

Voice from the rear—"She means cremation."

◇ ◇

Fortunate is the man who doesn't get all that's coming to him.

"In this dark world of sin and woe

I hold it true what e'er befall;

'Tis better to have loved a short

Than never to have loved a tall."

—Extract from Miss B's note book.





"Busy"

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# ALUMNI

## Over a Big District

**A.** S. SMITH, B. S. A., who graduated in '10, was married on December 22nd to Miss A. Errington, of Sault Ste. Marie. Their honeymoon was spent in Ottawa and vicinity.

After graduation Smith spent a short time in Nova Scotia, but shortly afterwards became the representative for Algoma, where he is at the present time. He is one of the men who have brought the clay belt to the attention of the world. Potatoes are reported to have yielded 600 bushels per acre. The past year in competition 975 bushels of turnips were produced on one acre with a net profit of \$165.

This territory is the largest supervised by any representative; yet it is well covered by Mr. Smith. He has done much along the line of dairying in raising the standard of dairy cattle. It is due to his efforts in organization that St. Joseph's Island has been developed into a profitable fruit territory. He has also been active along the line of school extension work conducting classes at the Soo and Richard's Landing. Farmers' Clubs have been organized, stock improvement has quickly advanced and the latest organization is a producers' association for all Algoma. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

Our friend has some moments of leisure and it is reported that he is an excellent shot and spends much of his time pursuing the art of Isaac Walton.

**F. W. Broderick, B. S. A., '03.**

F. W. Broderick, who graduated in '03, was added to the staff of the Seed Branch at Ottawa in 1904, and in 1906 he became professor of Horticulture and Forestry at Manitoba Agricultural College.

The Winnipeg papers state that F. W. Broderick, formerly of St. Catharines, Ont., was united in marriage to Miss May Stewart Wilson, also formerly of St. Catharines. The ceremony was performed at 2 o'clock Saturday, December 27th, at Holy Trinity Church. The Ven. Archdeacon Fortin officiated. The popularity of the groom is shown by the presentation of a set of engraved silver by second year students of M. A. C. After a reception at 45 Dundern Place, the happy couple left on the 5 o'clock train for St. Catharines and other eastern points.

### Frae Scotland.

Mr. Weir was born at Lorn County, Ayrshire, Scotland, and brought up to dairying. In his native country he secured a thorough training, first on a farm, later as a butter and cheese maker, and won many prizes at fairs and exhibitions. He came to Canada eight years ago, and in 1907 took the dairy course at O. A. C., after which he was connected with official cow-testing in Ontario. Since then he has been in Western Canada with a large creamery at Regina, then Dairy Commissioner of the province, and is now a valuable acquisition to the staff of the dairy department at M. A. C.

### Sudden Death of Lewis Toole.

A telegram was received at the College on January 22nd of the sudden death of Mr. Lewis Toole, Mount Albert, Ontario. Mr. Toole retired at about the usual time on the evening of the 21st and awoke about 2 o'clock in the morning with a peculiar sensation. He arose and dressed, and in a few minutes afterwards died with heart failure. As he had been almost in usual health this was a great shock to the people at home and to those at College, as he had acted as chairman of the Experimental Union meeting held at the College on the 13th and 14th of January.

Mr. Lewis Toole entered the Ontario Agricultural College as a student in 1877, and received his diploma in 1879, after which he remained at the College for some months, working in the Horticultural Department. When a student at the O. A. C. he suggested the advisability of starting an organization of the students and ex-students of the institution. As the result of this suggestion the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union was established, and Lewis Toole was one of two who prepared the Constitution and the By-laws. In 1883 Mr. Toole was elected president of the Experimental Union. From the report of the association for that year we quote the following: "To the indomitable perseverance, ardent zeal and unrestricted energy which characterizes this gentleman in any undertaking, we may attribute the existence and in a great measure the success of our Union. The attention paid throughout the Annual Address, together with spontaneous outbursts of applause, were sufficient evidence of the popularity of Mr. Toole." It was, indeed, a fitting tribute to Mr. Lewis

Toole that he was again elected president of the Experimental Union in 1913, just thirty years after the first time that he was president of the Experimental Union.

Mr. Toole owned a beautiful homestead of three hundred acres near Mount Albert in York County. One of his sons, Mr. A. A. Toole, attended the Agricultural College and graduated in 1912, and is now on the Winnipeg staff of the Farmers' Advocate.

Mrs. Lewis Toole and the family have the deep sympathy of all those of the students, officers and ex-students whose privilege it was to be acquainted with him.

### Fruit Growers.

We were pleased to have F. C. Beaupre with us for a few days at the course in Horticulture. Fred received his degree in 1912. He was always interested in the fruit growing side of farming, and has been engaged along this line since graduation. He is now manager of the Lakebourne Orchards, Ltd., Colborne, Ont. The farm consists of 400 acres, and is to be put in proper shape for fruit and vegetable growing by drainage. There are about one hundred acres under cultivation at the present time. He is another of our graduates who is helping to increase the apple crop of Northumberland County.

### P. E. Angle, B. S. A.

P. E. Angle, who graduated in '09 and spent two years as District Representative in Norfolk County, has for the last two and a half years been managing the Linwood Farm of 600 acres. It consists of large and small fruit, and although a hard farm to manage, Angle is quite capable, because of his four years active experience since graduating.

**R. Murray, B. S. A., '12.**

Robert Murray, B. S. A., '12, better known as "Bob," is now in Western Canada with the C. P. R. in the National Resource Department. After graduation he spent some time as assistant representative in Essex County.

**Scorned the Advice of Punch.**

F. C. Munnick has appeared before

O. A. C. graduates many times before. You have seen him as Editor of the Review, representative in Glangarry, agriculturist to the Commission of Conservation, and a short time ago in these columns. Now you are to see him in a new light. Hitherto he appeared alone, but on December 30th he was married to Miss Jessie Stewart, daughter of William Stewart, of Ottawa.



# ATHLETICS

**BASKETBALL.****O. A. C. vs. Varsity.**

Varsity 29, O. A. C. 16 was the final score in the first league match of the season. The Toronto boys had it all over our team in combination. Individually our boys played well, but it was of little use when they were so closely guarded. Our team held them down well in the first half, but after that Lewis of the Toronto team got away repeatedly and scored. Line-up:

Toronto—Forwards, Lewis, Chandler; centre, Campbell; guards, Barnes, Preston.

O. A. C.—Forwards, Munro, Wilson; centre, White; guards, Horobin, Clark.

**Versus St. Andrew's Club.**

In an exhibition game the O. A. C. team defeated the St. Andrew's Club of Toronto in the College gym by the score of 44 to 35.

The game was fast and furious from beginning to end, and the continued scoring made the game exciting and uncertain. Munro was back to his old-time form; White and Horobin also played a good game.

**O. A. C. vs. Western University.**

O. A. C. won from the Western University, last year's champions, in a closely contested game in the College gym on Feb. 11th. The O. A. C. boys were in much better condition than in the previous games; they played combination and managed many pretty plays. At half time the score was 13 to 12 in favor of our boys. This lead they managed to keep, the game ending 22 to 21 in our favor. Both teams played fast and checked hard. Just before time was called Horobin, the O. A. C. right defence, fell and received a nasty cut across the nose. A. W. Baker, of the O. A. C., refereed to the entire satisfaction of all. Line-up:

Western University—l. f., Neland; r. f., Baines; c., McKay; l. g., Stephens; r. g., Freeman.

O. A. C.—l. f., Munro; r. f., Rowland; c., White; l. g., Foley; r. g. Horobin.

**O. A. C. vs. Western University (Return Game).**

The Western University won the Intermediate Intercollegiate O. B. A.

district by defeating our team in the return game at London on Feb. 16th by the score of 51-17. The game was rough from beginning to end. It was nothing more than just an exhibition of how rough tactics may be employed. Just shortly after the game started Munro, of the O. A. C., was knocked out and Rowland had to take his place. Horobin, who was injured in the previous game, was missed from the line-up. The loss of these two men completely disorganized the combination of the team. Lineup:

London—l. f., Neland; r. f., Baines; c. McKay, Smith; l. g., Stephens; r. g., Freeman.

O. A. C.—l. f., Munro, Rowland; r. f., Wilson; c., White; l. g., Foley; r. g., Baker.

### HOCKEY.

An exciting game of hockey was played in the College ring, when the O. A. C. boys trimmed the Bankers in the City League by a score of 5 to 1.

After fifteen minutes of play Oswald, of the O. A. C., scored the first goal. This was followed by one by the Bankers. O. A. C. got the lead again, when Kedey rushed the puck the whole length of the rink and made a pretty pass to Donaldson, who scored.

The game was rough, especially in the first half, when, just before half time, Oswald was knocked out, but after a little time was able to resume play.

The second half gave a much better exhibition of hockey, but was not without accident, Hayes, of the Bankers, got his nose broken by being struck with a hockey stick. Oswald played his usual hard game and added three more goals to the O. A. C. score.

### Inter-Year Hockey.

The Inter-year games, while exciting, were not so evenly contested as in former years. Fourth year did not enter a team at all, so there were only two games played: 1st year vs. 2nd and 3rd vs. the winners of the first game.

The first one resulted in an easy victory for the sophomores though Agar and Herder worked hard for the freshmen. The sophomore forward line broke through the freshmen line continually and scored with ease.

The second game between the juniors and sophomores was much more exciting. Had Oswald, captain of the second year team, and Kedey, captain of the third year team, been on the ice the game would have been much faster, however, it was fast enough for most of the players as it was. The first goal was scored by White, the junior centre. The second year immediately evened the score. Before half time the sophomores succeeded in making the score 2 to 1 in their favor. In the last half the second year had everything pretty much their own way, and succeeded in scoring 3 more goals, making the final score 5 to 1 in their favor.

### Giving Them Fits.

Fitzpatrick upheld the honor of the O. A. C. at the Ontario indoor swimming championships at Toronto, on Feb. 16th, by capturing the 40-yard swimming championship in the fast time of 21 2-5.

Fitzpatrick was the dark horse in the race for he was not considered as a factor at all till after the first heat. The experienced manner in which he conducted himself while in the water attracted the attention of all the spectators, and many prophecies were

made regarding his future as a swimmer.

We hope to have Mr. Fitzpatrick with us for a few more years, as he is yet only in his first year, and trust that this may be only a beginning of his triumphs while at this institution.

### BASEBALL

#### O. A. C. vs. Army Service Corps.

On the evening of Feb. 10th, the O. A. C. team received a set-back in their race for the championship when they lost to the Army Service Corps by the score of 24 to 12. The Army Service team put up a good game from start to finish. Every man on their team batted well. Forsyth's pitching was poor which made the Army team seem much better than it really was.

O. A. C. lineup—C., Hare; p., For-

sythe; 1 b., Burrows; 2 b., Sietz; 3 b., Duff; r. st., Neelands; l. st., Bryden; r. f., Ferguson; l. f., Rowland.

#### O. A. C. vs. Citizens.

The O. A. C. team won their second game in the city league at the Armouries on the evening of Feb. 5th, by the score of 13 to 8. Their opponents, the Citizens, put up a snappy game, but the O. A. C. pitcher, Forsyth, never let them get away. Duff and Forsyth played the best game for the college; the former batted exceptionally well, while the latter's fielding was the feature of the game. Both teams played fast ball, making it one of the best games of the season.

O. A. C. lineup—C., Hare; p., Forsyth; 1 b., Burrows; 2 b., Sietz; 3 b., Duff; r. st., Neelands; l. st., Bryden; r. f., Ferguson; l. f., Rowland.

## College Life

### Oratorical Contest.

The Sixteenth Annual Oratorical Contest was held in the college gymnasium on Friday, Feb. 20th. The audience was not overly large, but those present heard a splendid programme. Aside from the five speeches delivered some fine readings and musical selections were rendered.

The first prize was awarded to H. M. Scott, who chose as his subject, "Modern Heroes." Mr. Scott's powers on the platform are not unknown around here, but he excelled all former attempts on this occasion. He treated his subject in a most interesting way saying that the people whose tasks are generally obscure, such as

medical research work are really the true heroes of a nation.

Mr. Geo. Spencer, who came second, gave a splendid oration on "The Downfall of a Nation." He took Rome as an example and then traced Britain to her present place and showed what might become of her if she ceased to be active. Mr. R. D. Colquette, with "The Rules of Canada" as his subject, secured third place.

The other artists taking part in the programme were Miss Lillian White and Miss Clara Salisbury. The former gave two well rendered solos which delighted the audience. The latter gave several delightful readings which were appreciated very much as

was shown by the applause that followed. The college orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Hugh Black, also gave some selections.

#### Valentine Carnival.

The first carnival held in the College Arena took place on St. Valentine's night. The rink was decorated with Chinese lanterns which added much to the brightness and beauty of the scene. The ice was in splendid condition and the music supplied helped much to make the evening a success.

Almost every costume that it is possible to think of was on the ice that evening. There were a few there who did not come in costume, but these were in the minority. Kilties, knights in armour, gold-dust twins, were all represented by the men. But the ladies were there too, and many of their costumes were extremely pretty. No carnival would be complete without some comedians, so they certainly were at this one with all the fun one could wish for as well as costumes which suited their parts admirably.

Several prizes were awarded both for fancy and comic dress and various kinds of races. Miss E. Hess was awarded the prize for the ladies' costume. She was dressed in a suit of yellow material made in Oriental style. The gentlemen's prize was won by M. G. Magee, who was dressed as a Prince Charlie cavalier. Mr. G. Morse, dressed as a clown, won the comic costume prize, which he certainly deserved.

Several races were run off, the open to all one was won by Agar of the freshman year in easy fashion. The keg race, which was a very funny one, was won by "Bunny" Hare. The Inter-year relay race was won by the

first year with the fourth year in second place. The winning team was composed of Goldie, Mallory, Vair and Agar.

#### Athletic Concert.

The Annual Athletic Concert, which is considered one of the best concerts of the college year, was held on Friday, Feb. 6th, in the college gymnasium. The evening was one of enjoyment to every person present because it is seldom that such a variety of high-class entertainment is presented in one evening. Gymnastics, statuary, dancing and club-swinging intermingled with music composed the evening's programme.

The gym. team, which is composed of several of the boys, gave two fine exhibitions, one on the parallel bars and another on the high bar. The work was excellent and much credit is due to both the boys and their director for the pains taken in training.

A number of Macdonald girls presented a minuet dance and Gordon Flett danced the highland fling, sword dance, and sailor's hornpipe.

Probably the most difficult numbers on the programme and therefore the ones which gained the most admiration were the athletic statuary by Messrs. Puleston and Seitz, and the club-swinging by N. Keefe. Both were difficult to present and the fine work exhibited deserves much praise.

No programme is complete without music and there certainly was not lack of it in this one. Besides the selections from the orchestra, Mr. Hugh K. Black rendered two violin solos and Miss Ruby Ling gave some selections.

#### Union Lit.

The first union meeting of the Macdonald Hall and O. A. C. literary so-





# Money-Making Fur Animals

MORLEY J. EDWARDS.

**H**AVE you got a maple wood-lot on your hundred acres, Mr. Farmer? Or have you by any chance a rocky half-wooded acre or two with a spring creek flowing round one corner of it? Or again, are you by any good fortune the owner of an acre or two of swamp lands where there is or could readily be made a pound big enough for "musk" rats to frisk about in?

If you can honestly say yes to any of these queries, whatever may be your temptation don't ever think of giving up your farm. Don't even yield to tempting offers from representatives of suburban real estate syndicates.

Why? Because the opportunity is coming, and not so far in the future, probably, as the materialization of a good many of the real estate men's dreams and promises, when the above-mentioned features are likely to be worth more to you in downright dollars and cents than you'd ever dream of, when these features, if properly exploited, may possibly bring you in bigger returns than some of the wheat kings of the West are getting to-day from their eight and ten quarter-sections.

"That sounds good but rather inflated," you'll say. "How are you going to do it?"

In fur-farming.

Don't laugh and slam this copy shut with a slap. That is, unless you know more about this subject than we do. Read this article through, at least, before you make your judgment and see if the facts presented don't prove the case. A good deal of more or less irresponsible stuff has

been written about this fur-farming business during the last year or so and there is certainly room to doubt some of it, but after a good deal of careful investigation and the securing of information from people who know about all there is to be known as yet regarding it, the writer believes that there is room for a development of this new department of farming on the ordinary Canadian farm which shows some prospects of making grain-growing, stock-raising and dairying the least important end of the business, so far as financial returns are concerned.

## Foxes Not the Only Fur Animals.

You've heard a good deal, probably, about the several Prince Edward Island men who have become millionaires in the past two or three years through the breeding and subsequent financial manipulations in regard to the sale of silver foxes. Leave that aside for the present, at least. The above prophecies are not made on the strength of those facts, undeniable though they are. But are you aware that raccoon, beaver, mink, fisher, marten, otter, skunk, muskrat and even common cats are being farmed with good results not only in Prince Edward Island—they seem to have gone almost wild over the possibilities of the new industry there—not only in the Maritime provinces where the contagion of the thing naturally spread first, but also in Quebec, in Ontario, and even here and there in one or two of the Western Provinces? Now do you see possibilities for your wooded lot of acres of swamp in a year or two?

"Well," you'll be tempted to say,

"the thing looks all right at first and a few people are certainly making money out of it, but if it becomes general the supply of furs will be so large the prices will drop and knock the bottom out of it all."

A good many people who didn't know and who couldn't look ahead made the same kind of prophecies about the automobile business a few years ago.

#### High Prices for Furs.

Look for a moment at the following facts: Furs of all kinds are scarcer and high-priced to-day than ever before. Several things account for this. First, perhaps, the standard luxury is raising with the increase in the number of the world's relatively-wealthy people. Fashion has done more than set a seal of approval on furs. She has dictated irrevocably that they must be largely worn, and in consequence the demand has increased enormously. The rapid destruction of the forest regions and the onward march of civilization into formerly uninhabited country, has led to the practical extinction of many species of fur-bearers where they were formerly plentiful.

For instance, the fox which ten years ago was a fairly common animal even in the older-settled farming districts is now rarely seen except in the backwoods regions. Beaver, mink and muskrats were familiarly known to most of us when we were boys in the village and on the farm. How many of the boys of to-day, your own sons, would be able to identify definitely even one of these animals from personal observation? The same thing has gone on to an even greater degree in regard to the more valuable fur bearing animals.

Confronted with this condition of a

seriously decreasing supply and the enormously increasing demand, the fur trade has taken steps to remedy matters in several ways. They have utilized the less expensive skins to imitate the high-priced ones. They have diverted the demand to serviceable though less costly furs, and again they have largely encouraged the use of furs of domestic animals.

The matter was summed up rather succinctly by one of the Prince Edward Island fox ranch owners the other day. When discussing this very point of the prospects of future over-production and the consequent falling of price, he said. "If we came down to a fur basis in Canada right now, we have not enough prime silver fox skins to supply even the New York market for half an hour."

The conditions he states will apply, though of course to a somewhat lesser degree, to the less valuable types of skins referred to above.

Some interesting information may be given just at this point relating to one of the facts just stated which incidentally throws light on the point under discussion.

You've heard your wife or daughter, perhaps, after reading one of the departmental store advertisements, speak of a special bargain in a "Hudson Seal" coat at \$250. They probably would regard the coveted garment with considerably less awe if they knew that the "Hudson seal" was nothing more than common muskrat which had gone through a careful process of dyeing and pulling. Giving away a few more of the trade's secrets, you may be surprised to know that several millions of white rabbit skins sent from the American market every year disappear. Eventually, after careful

treatment, they turn up again as sable, seal or ermine. Otter, after similar treatment, is sold widely and without difficulty as seal; white hare is disposed of as fox, and it is even whispered that particularly skilful fur dealers glue or fasten white hairs in the right proportion in the commoner fox and sable skins and sell these as natural.

#### Use the Wood-Lot.

These practices according to the authorities are not all indefensible, though that point is not to be debated here. All these things, however, are tending to produce a very rapidly increasing and what promises to be a permanent demand for not only the more valuable furs, but also, as will be obvious in the light of the above, for the more common pelts. This, coupled with the as well rapidly decreasing supply, is creating a situation in the fur trade that points to only one solution—the domesticating of wild fur-bearing animals. Does this not point directly to the use of your wood lot for a fox ranch, to the rocky acre as a mink-run, and to the swamp as a muskrat farm?

The Prince Edward Island fox breeders have followed the directions outlined in the above facts, with what success we know, though peculiarly the enormous financial returns coming from the fox industry of the Island during the past year or so have been produced, not from the sale of pelts—if we are rightly informed, not a single silver fox has been killed within the past three years with a view to the sale of the skin—but by the enormous demand for breeding foxes, with the ultimate sale of the skins kept entirely in the background. A very interest-

ing chapter could be written on this feature of the industry alone.

While present conditions seem to point so strongly to the widespread breeding in captivity in a few years of practically all the animals whose fur is of any material value, it must be confessed that so far at least, leaving the foxes aside again, the industry generally has not advanced very far beyond the experimental stage. However, under present conditions it is rather difficult to pronounce with assurance on what general results have been attained. Naturally, when the men who have gone into fur-farming found they had a good thing and were doing well, they were not likely to shout the matter from the neighboring hill tops. Even those who professed to know something of the new departure of farming were a good deal surprised the other day when a Government report mentioned the fact that there are fifty mink ranches in Canada at the present time. And even the Government's special investigator seemed to be a good deal in the dark as to how far the thing had gone in regard to some of the other animals. It is easy of explanation that the enterprise has advanced to its present stage with so little publicity. That bids fair to come very soon, indeed has been very evident in regard to some branches of the industry recently.

But to come back to our contention that fur farming will furnish exceedingly bright opportunities in the near future for even the ordinary farmer who is ready to take advantage of such chances, it will be both interesting and convincing to run over briefly what is already

known regarding the possibilities of the industry. Reference to fox farming is purposely omitted. It has been treated at length elsewhere.

#### **Fifty Mink Ranches in Canada.**

Mention was also made of the fact that at least fifty mink ranches are in operation in Canada to-day. On these it has already been established that this highly-desirable animal can be kept in captivity and its young bred with a large degree of success. What few statements have been secured as to the sale of skins have been most satisfactory and along with these has come the somewhat surprising information that the quality of the ranch-bred pelts is, as a general rule, better than those taken by trappers. When it is known that litters run from two to six, that current market prices for good skins run from \$8 to \$13 apiece, that these prices seem likely to advance rapidly, and that aside from this, every pair of breeders raised can be sold for \$35 to \$40, it will be readily seen that there appears to be mighty good excuse for a good many more than fifty mink farms in Canada.

Another animal of the same family, the marten, seems to promise well under similar treatment, though as yet very little experience has been had with it in Canada. With a litter of from one to five, the members of which, if all goes well, are full grown in six months and are ready to produce their kind in a year, and with a most persistent demand for these pelts there is surely another healthy-looking opportunity here.

Perhaps next to the foxes, otters seem to promise the most satisfactory results in the new industry,

though it must be admitted, and the question "why?" cannot be satisfactorily answered, actual trials of domesticating this animal for breeding purposes have not as yet been made public. Those who know its habits, however, and have studied its peculiar characteristics are unanimous in agreeing that it should thrive under proper domestic treatment. Ruling prices on a scarce and advancing market for Canadian animals run from \$15 to \$30, or higher. Draw your own conclusions.

#### **Skunk-Farming.**

The idea of skunk-farming at first thought presents rather ludicrous conjectures. In practice, however, the objectionable odor has not seemed to have been at all a troublesome feature. Those who know say these animals, when handled under proper conditions, are less objectionable than the famous millionaire-making foxes. And there seems to be no other serious difficulty in the way of making this animal a commercial enterprise. Good Canadian skunk skins sell readily for \$3.75 to \$4.25 and there appears to be more occasion for an advance than a decline on this price. Recently a skunk farm has been established near Orono in Ontario.

More familiar, probably, than any of the previously-mentioned animals, this familiarity being occasioned by its interesting habits, is the beaver. And with a steady market offering from \$12 to \$20 for the best skins, it would seem that another opportunity offered itself here for excellent commercial returns on a comparatively small investment. What experiments have been made in attempting to confine this animal in small areas, however, have not been

especially encouraging. By reason of its natural habits the beaver seems to require large areas for the satisfactory procuring of food and apparently the only plan for successful propagation is to let the animal alone in a large reserve, as has been done with such remarkable results in Algonquin Park.

Experiment with the muskrat has been much more satisfactory and with the large demand for the skins which has come with the popularity of the so-called "Hudson seal" it seems probable that the farming of this animal will be taken up somewhat largely in the near future. The muskrat will, perhaps, be the most easily handled of any of the fur-bearers mentioned and the original investment required in placing him under control is comparatively small. Beyond the proper fencing of the required swamp or pond area and a small supply of easily-obtained and cheap food, little other attention is said to be necessary. On the other hand it must be remembered that the prices for muskrat skins are not at all large, running, according to quality, from 55 cents to \$125.

One outstanding feature strongly favors the participation of Canadian farmers in the new industry. It is a generally-admitted fact in the fur

trade that the colder climates produce a markedly superior quality of fur. Speaking almost without exception, Canadian furs command the highest prices in the world's markets, largely by reason of this fact. Since this is so the opportunity presents itself to our farmers in a way in which it will not come to those further south or to those in Central Europe.

Now for a final word. Kindly don't run away with the idea that the writer is advising every or any Canadian farmer to jump into this business of fur-farming at once and that a fortune will follow immediately. Not a bit of it. If you will look back you will recall that all the prophecies have been of the future. This is something which—like every other department on the farm or in any other business—should only be entered on after a good deal of careful study and some reasonable assurance of the ability to handle it at least intelligently. But it is something that is surely coming and will pay the right kind of farmer mighty good returns to get in on early. This article has been written, primarily, with a view to interesting you in what promises big opportunities for someone. If it has done that it has served a good purpose.



Scrape! Scrape! Scrape!

Each morning I have to shave;  
And then with a tonic to coax the  
hair  
The top of my head I lave.

And this is the song I spin,

While giving the blade a shove:  
"Why can't I be bald upon my chin  
And have whiskers that grow  
above?"

—From "Moving Reveries," by W. F. Strong.

## Two Days---Two Runaways

JUSTUS MILLER.

**D**AIRY farming is no life for a terrier. The farmers keep a fellow too busy chasing cows. So I decided to cut loose from the boy I was trying to raise in North Oxford.

I left Thamesville on a hot June morning bright and early, but was delayed by the ungentlemanly conduct of a butcher's dog in Albert, as I was passing through. He was a big husky, and he bit my foot regardless of my feelings. I had just got a good hold below his jaw, when the butcher came along and kicked me so hard my eyes stuck out. I left Albert at once. It is a very unfriendly town for tramp dogs.

I limped off down south feeling pretty badly, and I decided to adopt the first good-looking boy I met. After a few miles of hard going, I saw a sad little boy sitting in the corner of a rail fence. He was dressed in a poor faded shirt, and his trousers were mostly patches. He blinked his eyes very rapidly to keep from crying, but tears chased down the sides of his grimy nose for all that.

My heart went out to the poor little fellow. I am only a tramp dog myself, and have been sad and lonely, and tired; with nothing to eat, and no place to stay, many a time. So I crept over and licked off his nose, and he put his arms around my neck and wiped his eyes with my ears. And that is how I met Widow William's boy, Bobbie.

"I don't care if the kids does call me 'Rags'; I can lick the hull bunch," said Bobby. "Buck Corbett better'd

watch out 'cause if I get mad enough I can pummel him to a grease spot."

So I wagged my tail and Bobbie looked at my foot, and I knew he was the boy I was looking for. A boy hasn't much of a show without a good dog to take care of him, I can tell you. They think they take care of us, but that is a mistake. Look at Whiskers Millen. He was the only boy in his family, and his mother about spoiled him. He'd as lief play with girls as not, and the fellows called him "Pet" and he didn't seem to take on a bit. But after his father had bought him Capt. Millen you should have seen the change. Capt. is a pug and is awfully fat and whessy. He can't lick a musk rat, but he's always willing to fight. Pet Millen got in so many scraps taking care of Capt. that they changed his name to Whiskers. Now he can lick any boy around the village but Bobbie and Buck Corbett, and he won't wear a night-shirt nor have his neck washed. That's what fat old Capt. did for Whiskers; and most every boy in the neighborhood that amounts to anything has been brought up by a dog, too.

We went along until we came to a good homely-looking log house. Humans would call it shabby, I suppose. But boys and dogs get along better where there aren't any good carpets to keep clean and the cushions aren't too good to be used. Besides rich people who live in fine houses aren't looking for tramp dogs, while I've seen some poor people who could keep two or three.

Bobbie's mother had just got home from sweeping out the church in the village, and she seemed kind of anxious to know where I'd come from. But she helped Bobby wash my foot and gave me a piece of bread and some pork scraps. It was pretty slim feed for a hard-working dog, but after Bobby had eaten his bread and milk, and finished his home-work, and slipped off to bed without washing his feet, I sneaked into the slashing and caught a rabbit.

The next day Bobby took me to school and I got acquainted. Buck Corbett allowed I was a likely looking dog, and Pete Wade bet I couldn't lick Heck McLeod's collie. Capt. Millen wanted to fight me, and I growled at Nig Bolton for stepping on my sore foot. Just then Doc. Smith came from the village bringing a new pure-bred pit bull terrier fastened to a chain. Pete Wade wanted Bobbie to let us fight, and Buck Corbett bet a pencil box against a jack-knife with a broken blade that I could lick. But the teacher called them in and made Capt. Millen and Rover Smith and I stay outside. She was a little-eyed girl with yellow hair, and that combination always did get my goat anyway.

At recess we all went over to the swamp across Lew Potter's fields. The teacher had promised the boys a licking if they were late again after the bell rang. So Bobby and Buck and Whiskers and Doc went over by the bog hole at the far side.

Bill Cornfoot had been late for school in the morning. Now he came a hurrying out after us with something he just couldn't wait to tell.

"Say fellers," said he, "did yuh hear about the elephant what got loose last night?"

"Eh?" says Bobbie.

"Yes, sir, Dad was at Albert and he seen it get plumb away. The circus fellers was giving three of them a drink in the crick and one got mad because they'd taken her baby elephant from her and she run away to the country. She knocked down 'bout every fence in town, and dad said her feet sank six inches in the ground. Maybe she'll come out this way. No tellun', but she's in this swamp now," ended Bill looking around kind of hopefully and kind of awe-stricken.

Then they all fell to arguing to what they'd do if that elephant came out just then. Pete allowed he'd shin up to the top of the old grapevine to look for smokun. Doc said his dog Rover could lick an elephant all right but Buck thot likely it was time to start back.

"Huh, yuu're scared," said Bobby.

"Aint either," returned Buck.

"Yuh are."

"Aint, an' I can prove it."

"Yuh can't prove it."

"Knock a chip offen his shoulders," said Pete from his perch, taking great interest.

"Huh, yuh didn't knock it off," exclaimed Bobbie. "Fell off."

"Didn't fall off."

"Yuh can't do it again."

"How's that then?"

"Go to it Rags," howled Doc; and I just started up to see fair play, when, gee-whiz! I about fainted.

Not forty yards away a big two-ended beast bigger than a hay stack walked out of the young willows. Pete gave one howl and went up the grapevine into the maple right up into the elm to the limb the hanging bird's nest is on, where nobody ever was able to climb before.

"Sic him Dusty," yelled Bobbie.



But I was not sicing any square head with a flat ended tail hanging from it. Elephants aren't cows.

Poor Rover's chain got caught and he rolled over and over in the muck, and paddled and howled until he winded himself. I forgot about my foot, but I had to run my very hardest to beat Bobbie and Doc and Whiskers and Buck to Lew Potter's second fence. The last I saw of Capt. he was laying on his back in the bull-rushes playing "dead-dag" with his silly short legs waving gently like a tired back swimmer's.

They reached the school together and knocked little May Jackson down as they charged in the door.

"My but he nearly had me," gasped Bobbie.

"Twenty foot high, with a tongue eighteen foot long," gurgled Bill.

"I'll bet Rover's got him pinned by now," said Doc, holding his sides.

"What's the matter?" asked the teacher, looking suspiciously at me.

"It's an elephant," said Bill, "what got away in Albert last night, an' he's et Capt. Millen up fore now likeus not."

Well we all had a holiday, and each kid started for home mighty sudden and kept going. Verchoyle was about half a mile north of the school, but Bobbie and I went right on at a canter. Just before we reached the village. Rover came tearing along with two feet of chain dangling behind him, and his eyes and nose full of mud. Behind him Capt. came grunting and wheezing. He said old double ends looked at Pete for a minute in a wondering sort of way, and then had gone down the swamp toward Duffy's woods.

When we reached home we were done out because the school is a mile

and a half away. Widow Williams was doing somebody's washing, so Bobbie and I got onto the roof. Nothing happened, and along about one o'clock we came down to look up something for dinner. There wasn't much, but we did our best and Bobbie started to hoe his potatoes. He was very proud of those spuds. It seems a man had come to the school in the spring and had given each pupil some grain or seed or something else to grow. They were to take care of the crop until fall, and then the children from eight or nine schools were to have a fair. The pupils that had the best crops were to get prizes, and Bobbie thought he could make two dollars altogether. He had set his heart upon getting a pair of mittens for himself and his mother, and maybe a present for his sister Mary, who stayed most of the time with Mrs. Thompson, near the school.

We were getting along pretty nicely when Fatty Todd dropped in, and wanted us to go elephant hunting. Fat hadn't been in the swamp that morning and had never seen an elephant. That was why he was so anxious to go, I guess; but Bobbie wouldn't be dared, so off we started.

When I saw them heading for Duffy's woods, I chased a red squirrel along the fence for a quarter of a mile the other way. It went into Jim Allan's woods and we lost it, and then they started back. We went around by Verchoyle and stopped at Doc Smith's back yard. Doc was splitting kindling, and had his air rifle propped up against the pump.

"Ca' mon elephant huntin'," said Fatty.

"Pap said for me to stay in the yard and keep the gate shut cause a tiger was loose too," replied Doc.

"Scared calf," sneered Bobbie.

"Ain't no scared calf," retorted Doc, crawling under the fence with his gun, "likeus not Rover killed the elephant anyway th's morning.

After they had talked saucy to each other about which was the best woods for elephants they turned away from Duffy's and started down east to Emphies'. So I went along sniffing into fence corners quite happily since I knew we were safe.

The boys went along toward the middle of the woods where some men were digging a drain, and I slipped away in the hope of rounding up a strap rabbit. Just before I reached a likely-looking clump of cedars on the north side I heard the twigs crackle, and I made ready to leave at once. But I heard human voices speaking softly, so I crept over to see who they were.

They had just sat on an old log and were looking down across Emphies' hay and barley fields over the young corn and oats of Daniel's to where the village stuck out through trees like pastures in the early mists of a fall morning. He was a tall boy from some city and I couldn't see her face at all. As they sat, a bob-o-link came flying over the hay field singing as if his little body would just burst. I always did like bob-o-links.

"What a day and what a country," said the man, "The sunshine covers the fields like a fair garment and that melody falls like a kindness. The very air is a benediction. I don't want to be a preacher. They can't make me be one, I've always loved the soil. Just to plant seeds and watch green things unfold themselves and to wait for the calves to file down the lane in the gloaming is my joy. I can live my life in all its fullness down here

on the old homestead with the smile of God on the fields—and you, the vision of God, in my heart.

Then I saw her eyes. They were big and clear and they had such a light in them as never was even when the sun shines on dew in the morning. Her face was plain and yet it was the most beautiful I had ever seen. Queer people these humans! They won't endure abuse and neglect from their friends and love them through it all like we do, but here a man and woman just looked at each other and seemed beautiful and tender and unselfish, and I knew they'd die for each other. A fellow loses a good deal by being a dog after all.

But this love business doesn't catch rabbits, so I went on. I came around by the ditch to find Bobbie talking with Mat Hannah, a big blue-eyed Irish Canadian, who loves boys. Joe Hyden, an Englishman, and Ed. Goodhand, a young Canadian, were working too. The other two boys were trying to shoot a wood-pecker with Doc's gun a little way down the ditch.

"Hit's dead easy to ketch a hephant," said Joe, "just tie his tile to a tree and there you awh."

"Tame elephants ain't bad anyway," remarked Ed. "Rubb them over the eyes and they're all right. Never saw an elephant yet I was scared of."

Mat looked up with an amused light in his eyes from where he was lifting a big tile.

"If that elephant came along there'd be just three trails of dust over this ditch," he said.

And that's when it all happened. It came so fast I don't know whether I can get it straight or not. First there was an awful crashing of bushes. Then out charged that ele-

phant and he looked ten feet higher than the maple trees. Bobbie and I fell over each other and we crawled into a big wood pile. Joe lay right down into the mud in the bottom of the ditch and tried to crawl into a fourteen-inch tile. Ed. Goodhand climbed up the poison ivy vines clinging to an elm, and started to shoot all over the place with a thirty-two calibre revolver.

"So, so you devil," yelled Matt straightening up with a jerk that mussed his hair. But as I've before remarked that elephant was no cow. She didn't want to "so." At about the third shot she stopped short and kicked twice with her fore foot. Then she felt it with her front tail. After that she turned around slowly and looked at Matt surprised and sorrowful, as if to say, "How could you do it?"

Then she walked toward him and he kept saying, "So girl, so girl," in a dazed sort of way. When she reached the ditch she knelt down, and peered into it with one eye shut, and then reached down. I heard a spluttered howl and Joe yelled "The devil's a killing hof me,—help, help." But old flat sides wasn't killing anyone. She rolled Joe over and stirred some of the mud away in an enquiring manner as though wondering "What new kind of a beetle have I here." She seemed satisfied soon and looked at Mat while Joe went hustling through the bushes on all fours. She put her trunk out to shake hands, and just then Mat had an idea. He backed away to his dinner pail and handed out a piece of pie that was left. It was fresh raspberry, and his wife was the best cook in the village. The elephant tucked that away and smiled. Then she went through all his pock-

ets and Mat put his hand on her side.

Just then a scream came from the bushes a few yards away and there stood the girl and the man who thought the air was a benediction. She hung to his arm and cried, "Oh Jack, don't go." But Jack went. He walked like a man in a dream, and said, "Whoa boy, whoa boy." Mat and he looked at each other and their knees were shaking—but their eyes were clear. And then I knew how to tell brave men. Just look at their eyes.

I don't know what would have happened next only another couple joined our family circle. This time it was a big man with a number of others, and they walked up and one talked awful saucy to that elephant.

She kept looking more sorrowful and hurt every minute until she saw a black man that drove tent pegs standing near, dressed in a white shirt. Well sir, she just reached into the ditch and sucked up mud and squirted that niger until he looked like a June beetle after the dairy farmer had spit tobacco juice on it.

"For the lawd's sake," was all the darkey said before he took to the underbrush.

After they had gone around to the farm houses near and had gathered up pies until the elephant's slack hide was about smooth, she decided to go back. Bobbie and I crawled out and the boys came to see her leave,—but they had to get a rope for Ed to get down with and that night Joe was found by his wife when she looked under the bed for burglars.

It was nearly night when Bobbie and I reached home, and we saw something was wrong. The fences were turned over and the wire clothes line was dragged over to John

Warren's field. And then we saw through it. That elephant had circled around and had come through the fields by our house. You should have seen Bobbie's potatoes. Did I tell you before that he was mighty careful of them? Well, that she-haystack had stood on them and they were just pushed in the ground out of sight.

Poor little Bobbie! He doesn't cry very often, and he can lick any ten-year-old boy in Dereham, but that was enough to upset anyone. He was chasing the tears when Buck Corbett and Pete Wade and Bill Cornfoot came along from elephant hunting in FIVE

another woods, and Buck yelled "cry-baby," before he knew what was wrong. And didn't Bobby fly into him. It was delightful! He rubbed his nose into the ground and made him say "I never seen you cry onct.—cross my heart and spit." Then he took down Pete and Bill and made them say it.

"Hello son. Is it a new white hope we've got?"

We all turned and there was the big man that owned the circus driving in a dandy rubber tire.

Then Bobbie thought of his potatoes again, and had a hard time to keep the tears out of his voice while he told them. And the big man's eyes grew soft just like they always do when real men look at little boys with patched clothing that have a pretty hard time to get along.

"Stick to it sonny," he said, "I was raised with a club myself. It's a bad raising but it learned me to fight my way through life."

Then he took out a long wallet and pulled off two yellow bills and gave them to Bobby.

"Just to cover damages, good-bye boys," said this big man-boy as he drove off.

When Widow Williams came home she kissed Bobbie and I gathered from what she said that these bills would help the Williams' a great deal.

And Bobbie put his arms around my neck and took me to bed with him. But after the trowsled head had become still and the tired eyes had closed, I jumped out the window and sneaked up to Verchoyle. And didn't I lick Doc Smith's pure-bred pit bull terrier to a fazzle — well I should worry.



"Why has your wife decided to give up the European trip she was contemplating?"

"She happened to hear somebody say that travel broadened one."—Chicago Record.

Freeborne—"I hear Stark got it hot and heavy from one of the Mac girls this morning."

Duff—"How was that?"

Freeborne—"She sent him over some tea biscuits she had made."

# THE O. A. C. REVIEW

## REVIEW STAFF

Andrew Cory, Managing Editor.

P. Stewart, Agriculture.

J. N. Allen, Experimental.

C. A. Good, Horticulture.

J. E. Bergy, Poultry

J. A. Neilson, Query.

R. A. Finn, Alumni.

D. M. Smith, College Life.

D. G. Laird, Athletics.

E. Hearle, Artist

M. Jones, Locals.

Florence Irwin, Macdonald.

W. Kerr, Circulation Manager

H. S. Fry, Business Manager.

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## Various Viewpoints

To the Editor:—

On reading the February number of *The Review*, I thought I detected a note of discouragement throughout the editor's column. Now I do not mean to knock the editor at all, nor any of his assistants, because I know they are working under difficulties, but it seems that the circulation manager has had more difficulty than usual in getting the students, particularly the students of the first year to subscribe for the paper.

The editor maintains that it is up to every student to pay his dollar and support the college magazine even if it should be no good; now that idea may be all right, and personally, I do not mind paying a dollar to help out the college paper even if I never read it, but we do not all look at the matter in that light. Most of us want to get the worth of our money.

Now you will all agree that *The Review* is not what it should be, and the question is how can it be made so. In the first place the news which interests us the most as students is stale, very stale. Those who have read the last number will have no-

ticed accounts of the doings of last term. Now who wants to be reading about the Hallow'e'en dance, the cross-country run, and the inter-year games played in October and November when we are already beginning to think of the pranks and games of next autumn. I venture to say that the Query department and items on various farm topics such as "Hatchability of Eggs," "Sowing Good Seed," "Pruning and Spraying" are not studied as carefully possibly as they should be by the majority of students. The average student thinks he gets enough of this in lectures.

Those of us who were here two years ago will remember that the student body discussed the question of making *The Review* a farmer's paper as well as a college paper, or making it strictly a college paper. We voted almost to a man to have it made a combination farm and college paper. The main object was to make money and to do this we had to have a much larger circulation and more advertisements. There is not a doubt but that we have attained one object, had it not been for *The Review* surplus cash

we may have had to wait another year or two for our rink.

It is time for another change. The Review is not what it should be as a farm paper, and is certainly a failure as a college magazine. Most colleges and many collegiate institutes have their own strictly students' papers, and why should not the Ontario Agricultural College have one. In the first place we cannot send an A1 farm magazine without having at least one editor constantly on the job, and the editor must be a paid editor. If student editor cannot put enough time on it and I think Mr. Cory will back me up in this statement.

With an editor who could put all of his time on The Review there is no reason why we could not put out an excellent farm paper, because we have exceptional advantages, in that we have first-hand information and authorities on various farm topics on every side of us.

But we cannot have the two in one, that is a farm and college magazine combined. We can, however, have both provided they are printed separately, and I would offer merely as a suggestion that we have a paid editor-in-chief, and we make The Review a farm journal exclusively, and in addition have a strictly college paper in the form of a small supplement for the time being, which might be printed bi-monthly, so that student doings and current college topics would be comparatively fresh and interesting. Of course to meet some of that extra expense there would have to be a separate subscription for the supplement. But if its contents were new and up-to-date no regular student and very few ex-students would begrudge the extra fees.

W. Croskery

Mr. Croskery's original letter is now in the hands of a few whose opinions on the matter should be of interest to all of us, and will be published next month. I, therefore, do not consider it necessary to comment in detail on the views expressed in the above missive, but will content myself with generalization.

Mr. Croskery has expressed an opinion held by many other students that The Review is neither "first, flesh, fowl nor good red herring," and that we should replace it by a farm journal and a college supplement. Like all, however, who hold these ideas, he has contented himself with the suggestion and has not outlined even the skeleton framework on which this radical reform can be built. I would postulate the following, that to run such an agricultural magazine as he suggests, would necessitate the hunting to earth of a capitalist who would be willing to risk at least thirty thousand dollars in a venture which would have no certainty of success, as it would have to compete with a vast number of highly capitalized and widely read farm journals. Leaving the minutiae of my argument to those both able to deal with it, I would say that a paid editor would need a salary of probably not less than fourteen hundred dollars, and that it would be difficult to get an experienced man with both agricultural and journalistic knowledge for that figure. It is probable also that such an editor would need several well-paid assistants. All manuscripts would have to be paid for, and if they were by leading writers they would necessarily command leading prices.

An ambitious advertising scheme would have to be organized and paid for, not only for a few months but

possibly for years, before any large returns were obtained to cover expenditure; and after all this, in spite of the expense, in spite of good material The Review as a farm journal might never be a success.

I cannot personally see why the students of the college need to run an exclusively agricultural paper on the usual lines on which such papers are run. If they do so need, why not leave The Review to go on as it is now, that is as a small but profitable paper; and if they can obtain the capital buy out one of the present agricultural papers outright and carry it on as a commercial proposition. The IF is so big that perhaps nothing further need be said about it.

I look upon The Review as the journalistic goose that lays the golden eggs and eats the family scraps. That goose is very profitable and enables the members of the household to learn something of goose raising; but when it comes to running a goose ranch the cost of feed might outweigh the returns and the whole business prove a failure.

Do not for a moment imagine that I think The Review perfection, as I do nothing of the kind. It has great defects as a newspaper in that it is absolutely impossible for it to detail events soon after they occur. It takes at least ten days to collect material, to correct the copy and to edit it; it takes fully three weeks after this before the completed issue can be placed in the reader's hands. If The Review was better equipped with office facilities it would not take so long, as the various editors would have some place to meet instead of chasing each other through the class rooms and every ward in Guelph.

I have a sneaking sympathy for a

news supplement myself, my only fear being that subscribers would buy the supplement and not The Review. This might by decreasing the circulation, decrease the number of ad contracts, and thereby hit the very men it was intended to benefit, namely the students. Perhaps if the news is so stale as to be unpalatable it would be a good thing to cut down all news items to a mere monthly synopsis of the most important events and give more space not only to agricultural articles in the strict sense but also to special articles on allied subjects, written in a popular style and to stories, etc.; or again to make The Review a review in essence as well as in name, and to have considerable space devoted to clippings from all editorials on articles taken from the leading agricultural papers of this continent.

I am sorry if I struck a despondent note about the circulation in the January issue, I certainly did not mean to, my only intention being to show the students their duty as regards their college paper and to spur them into doing it. As a matter of fact, due chiefly to the efforts of Mr. Kerr, our energetic circulation manager, prospects of an increased circulation are rosy. The short course men responded nobly to Mr. Kerr's various appeals and have thereby set an example which ought to make some of us feel ashamed of ourselves.

Mr. Croskery has reminded the students that it was they themselves who voted to make The Review what it is. You can therefore see that the conduct and policy of The Review is in the hands of the student body and if they think the present policy a mistaken one, let a meeting be called by

them and a new policy be discussed and outlined. My idea of the capital required to run a farm journal may be a false one, and other members of the student body may possibly show you that it is a mistatement of fact. There may be means by which we can vastly increase our circulation, improve

the interest of our paper, and satisfy all parties; if there are such means, I wish others would come forward as Mr. Croskery has so firmly, yet kindly done, and state their views either at a general meeting or in these columns.

## LOCALS

Mr. Spry (in physical class)—What is space?

Neilson—It is-is-is—I have it in my head, but can't explain it.

Freshman — What literary works have you on the North Pole?

Librarian—Cook books and Peary-odicals.

Prof.—What are you doing?

Sophomore—Thinking.

Prof.—Don't do it too long. You know unaccustomed exercise tires one.

College bre(a)d is often a four years loaf.

H. Fulmer—Alcohols are easily oxidized.

Finn (in a whisper to Harrison)—Keep Dad out of the draft.

Binkley (in a speech)—In our entomology lectures we were told how to construct a septic tank.

Locke (just wakening up in the lecture)—Professor—Will you repeat that again?

Soph.—I owe a great deal to that lady.

Freshman—Your mother, I presume.

Soph.—No; my landlady.

Donald to McQueen—Say, Mac, I wish you would keep the ice cleared off your sidewalk.

Mac—Why?

Donald—Because I find it very slippery there after dark.

Horobin to Burrows—I hear you have not paid your Conversat fee yet.

Ad—No; I intend to pay all my year fees and last spring's banquet at the end of my College course.

Kedey (wakening up on the train from Toronto to Montreal) — Say, Con, will you put me off at Napanee, as I want to get my arm strong there?

Pawley about to exit from Dr. Bethune's lecture, when he was observed.

Dr. Bethune—Where are you going?

Pawley—I was going to shut the door to keep in my rubbers.



Hare to Laird—Where are you going?

Laird—Over to Mrs. Boyle's to get some Graham biscuits.

Archibald to Duston—A man that does not study ten hours a night is a detriment to the College.

Blyth—Call me at 3.30 a. m.

A few new books on sale at the Co-operative Store: "Happy Hours in the Botany Department" (H. Lindesay); "A Few Facts From Dr. Bethune's Lectures" (Dick Rumsby); "How I Would Run the Horticultural Department" (Bill Tawse).

The Dean to H. Steckle in the dining hall—What shook this hall?

Steckle—I fell through a chair.

McGee to Hiddleston — Gordon seems to be a different boy lately.

Jock—833.

### THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

(1) Why Harold Fry is fussing at the Hall?

(2) Why Pete Forsythe missed lectures at the time of the Conversat?

(3) Was it five or six dances Johnnie Carol had in succession with one girl at the Cafe Chatant?

(4) Why has Lattimer the instinct to predict an early spring?

(5) Where Clarke Duff spends his week-ends?

(6) Why Pat Stewart sits in a back row at a 10c show?

(7) Why Bunny Hare becomes engrossed in Dr. Pearl's Bulletins.

(8) Why Junco Miller in answer to roll says "Present."

(9) Why Jim Pape cannot grow a moustache?

(10) Why Jim Allan misses (?) the car so often after the rink?

(11) By how much was Stanley caught (k)napping at the Conversat?

(12) Why Bill Stanley is fond of Scotch songs?

(13) What Pete Neelands has done with his picture gallery?

(14) Why Bert Hopkins is always late for lectures?

(15) If Jake Bergey can lift ten pounds how much can he Carrie?

Answers received by Millie Nixon, Plant Physiologist, O. A. College.

### THINGS TO IMAGINE (IF YOU CAN).

Doc Hays stopping a puck shot by the regulars.

Davis fussing.

Frank Strong and Brady in a barber shop.

Nourse in the Chapel choir.

Pete Neelands—a non-fusser—not stopping on his way home from MacDonald College.

Nic Stansfield at church.

Boag Madden with a moustache.

Dunc Irvine a mission study class leader.

Jim Allan up for breakfast.

Charlie Good going—

Jim Brown treating the flat.

Bunny Hare eating limburger.

Winter sitting on his hat at the show.

MacLaurin with his harem.

Stanley Knapp smoking.

Clark Duff not writing a daily epistle.

McRastie an Irishman.

Kirk dancing the Tango.

Jake Bergey missing dinner.

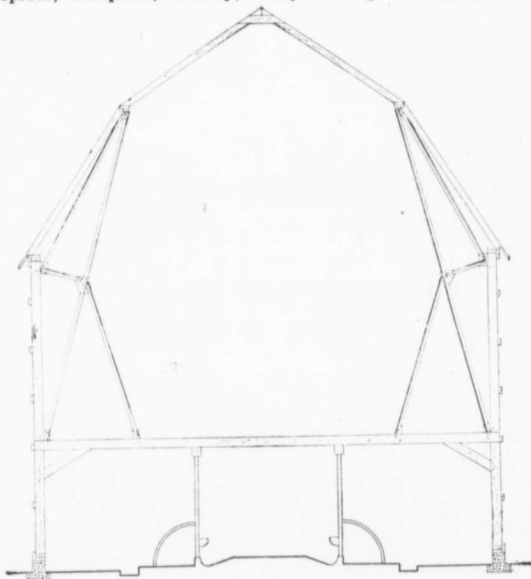
Johnnie Carroll in a hurry.

Mr. Charlesworth (hearing a loud noise)—"That's the third year."

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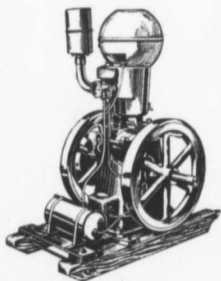
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Bunny Hare (during minuet dance at Athletic Concert)—Wife, I feel for you—you are not here.

McRastie—Why is it Bill Nixon and Jim Allan walk up from down town at night?

MacLaurin—Because the fare is 10 cents after 11 o'clock.

J. R. Spry (lecturing to first year)—Dry dust mulch is an excellent means of conserving moisture.

Selwyn—What is that dry dust

Bunny to Clarke Duff — Well, Clarke, I stayed in and pressed my suit.

Clarke (after the snowshoe tramp)—I was out pressing Pete's suit.

Bill—"Limestone is used in extracting metals from the ores."

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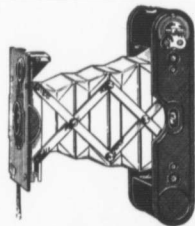
Stark—There was some singer at the movies last night. She had a mouth like a window.

S—Judging from the music she must have had a pane in it.

Duff denounces Mr. Davey's system of punctuation, as it causes misunderstanding in private correspondence.

William G N. (after skating)—“If there is anything I like better than girl it is more girl.”

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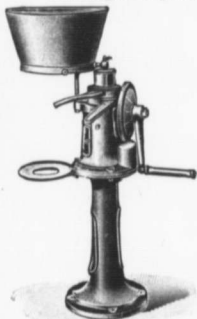
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Competitor—Roy Mackenzie Barron, Font-hill, Ont.

Crop: POTATOES.

Fertilizer used on acre: 600 pounds.  
100 lbs. Nitrate of Soda: "Home Mixed,"  
360 lbs. Basic Slag: "Home Mixed"  
260 lbs. Potash: "Home Mixed"

Also 8 loads of Manure.  
Yield: 135 Bushels.

Cost of Production: \$44.25.  
(Including rent of land, labor, cost of Fer-tilizer, etc.)

### "DAVIES FACTORY MIXED."

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Competitor: Will Cryslar, Allanburg, Ont.  
Crop: POTATOES.

Fertilizer used on acre: 500 lbs. Davies  
3-6-16 Potatoe Grower (Factory Mixed)  
Also 6 loads of Manure.

Yield: 296 bushels.

Cost of production: \$42.35.  
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(Rent of land same in both cases)

NET PROFIT FROM ACRE: \$33.15

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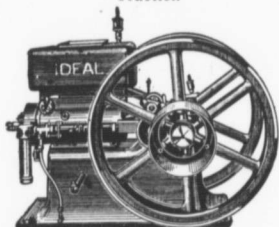
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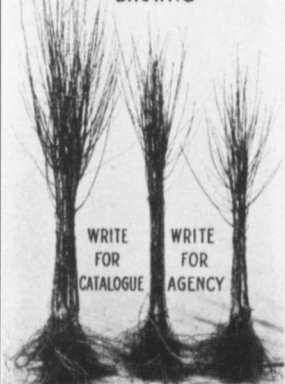
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The Mercury will keep you in touch with the friends and institutions you have left behind. This medium is noted for its agricultural news and the large volume of valuable farm advertising carried.

SWORN WEEKLY MERCURY CIRCULATION, 5,700

Come to The Mercury's Job Printing Department for Your Job Work. Visiting Cards a Specialty.

The Evening Mercury has a sworn circulation of 2,700.

**J. I. McINTOSH, Publisher and Proprietor.**

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## Kelly's Music Store

because we keep a full line of

Violins, Guitars, Mandolins, Banjos and Strings, Edison and Victor Machines and Records. Popular, Operatic and Standard Sheet Music. Also

## The Famous "Bell" Piano

A Piano of Prestige

Not only is the tone rich and full, touch sensitive, case beautiful, but it has many individual features which mark "The Bell" Canada's Leading Piano.

Pianos tuned and rented. - - - All musical instruments repaired.

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TORONTO, CANADA,

Under the control of the Department of Agriculture of Ontario.

Affiliated with the University of Toronto.

College Reopens

THURSDAY, 1st OCT., 1914.

N.B.—A short course on the Surgical and Medical Treatment of Wild Animals in confinement will be given as a new subject this year.

Calendar sent on application.

E. A. A. GRANGE, V.S., M.Sc.,  
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### FOR TIRED ACHING LIMBS

Sprains, Wrenches, Painful Swollen Veins and Glands, Bursal Enlargements, Wens, Cysts, or any Inflammatory Condition.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

It is a mild and powerful liniment, and in addition is an antiseptic and germicide of proven value. This makes it a different liniment and doubles its efficiency. Absorbine, Jr., is concentrated, requiring only a few drops at an application, and even retaining its germicidal powers diluted one part Absorbine, Jr., to 100 parts water. It is purely herbal, containing no minerals or poisons. Alays pain promptly and makes good wherever an effective germicidal liniment is indicated.

### IT KILLS GERMS

"Evidence," a forty-eight-page booklet, gives positive, clear-cut emphatic evidence of what Absorbine, Jr., has done and will do. This booklet, together with detailed laboratory reports, is free for the asking. Absorbine, Jr., is sold by leading druggists at \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle, or sent direct, all charges paid.

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## This New Husbandry Building at Guelph O. A. C. is Roofed with ASBESTOSLATE

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The selection of ASBESTOSLATE for the roof of such a building is another official recognition of the superiority of this fire-proof, handsome and practically indestructible roofing. Write for particulars, prices and Booklet G. R. to

### Asbestos Manufacturing Company, Limited

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Factory at Lachine, P. Q. (near Montreal).

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## THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse was'n't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six Minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line today, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally—

U. O. MORRIS, MGR.

"1900" WASHER CO.

357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.



We have been asked if there is any cure for the voice of the guinea hen. Nature has endowed this bird with a form of speech that would raise blisters on a conservatory of music, and when she turns it loose in the direction of the general public it is very annoying to people with a sensitive musical ear. Some people have remedied this defect by serving the guinea as a substitute for spring chicken, but this doesn't affect the rest of her family. Personally, we would about as soon listen to a high-strung guinea hen as to somebody who has had his voice cultivated until it won't grow anything but sour notes, but it is all a matter of taste.

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Cars Leave St. George's Square for Elora Road, Suffolk, Waterloo Avenue and O. A. College as follows

a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
6.15	8.25	10.35	12.25	4.05	7.55
6.35	8.45	10.55	12.45	4.25	8.15
6.55	9.10	11.20	1.05	4.50	8.35
7.20	9.30	11.40	1.30	5.15	9.00
7.40	9.50	12.05	1.50	5.40	9.20
8.00	10.15		2.10	6.05	9.40
			2.35	6.30	10.05
			2.55	6.50	10.25
			3.20	7.10	*10.45
			3.40	7.35	

Returning, cars leave Terminals ten minutes later.

\*Saturday night only.

Cars run to Power House only after last trip.

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Telephone, 654.

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By the latest improved machinery in America, Promptly and Neatly at the

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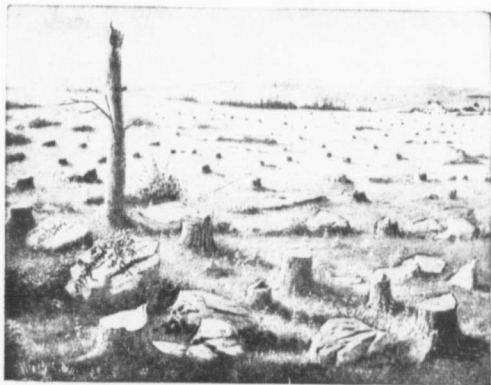
50 Cork St. E., Guelph.

Telephone 957 PERCY T. KING Prop.

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Best hand laundry in Guelph. Goods called for on Monday and Wednesday and delivered Wednesday and Friday.

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Stumps in the field rob the farmer of land that would otherwise be productive.

No farmer should tolerate waste land on his farm when it is such a simple matter to remove the obstruction whether it be Stumps, Boulders or the breaking up of Hard Pan, Shale or Slate Sub-Soils.

#### C. X. L. STUMPING EXPLOSIVES

are the only economical and effective way to make waste land productive.

#### PERFECTLY SAFE

Our C. X. L. Stumping Powder is actually safer to handle than gunpowder and can be handled by responsible persons just as safely as they can handle gasoline, matches or coal oil.

The energy of C. X. L. Stumping Powder has been used for agricultural work by many Canadians with such undreamed of success that no farmer can afford to overlook the possibilities of this force for making his farm more successful.

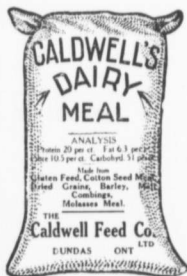
WRITE FOR OUR BOOKLET AND LEARN MORE OF THIS ENERGY.  
IT PAYS TO INVESTIGATE.



**Canadian Explosives, Limited**  
MONTREAL, P.Q.     ::     VICTORIA, B.C.

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means well-conditioned cows and an increased milk yield!



Dairymen have long wished for an efficient dairy meal that would keep cows prosperous and in good condition, at the same time making them yield the greatest milk supply.

That is exactly what Caldwell's Dairy Meal will do for your cows. It affords them a fully-balanced ration, high in protein, palatable and containing a proper variety of nutritive substances as shown by the the following ingredients: Gluten Feed, Cotton Seed Meal, Dried Grains, Barley, Malt Combs, Molasses Meal. Here is the guaranteed analysis.—

PROTEIN, 20% FAT, 6.3% FIBRE 10%

Feed Caldwell's Dairy Meal and note results. Write us promptly if your dealer cannot supply you. Booklet free.

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At a later date the following will be published:—

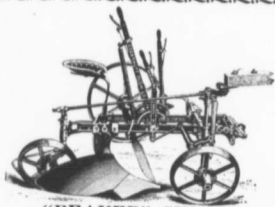
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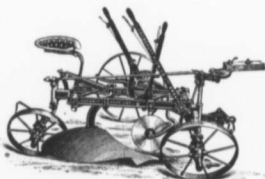
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This BEAVER Sulky Plow can be fitted with wide or narrow bottoms, and is adapted to all classes of work. The triangular wheel arrangement makes it very easy riding over the roughest ground. The rod connection between furrow and rear wheel axles enables it to follow closely every irregularity of the surface, and makes for continuous, uniform furrows. Furnished with rolling or knife colter or jointer; choice of several bottoms.

## For 37 Years

the name COCKSHUTT has been Canada's household word for the very best plows. From Newfoundland to Vancouver, these famous plows have been the forerunners of bigger and better crops.

# COCKSHUTT PLOWS

**"ONTARIO" FOOT-LIFT**

This ONTARIO Foot-lift Sulky is the most practical Sulky-Plow built. Raising and lowering of the plow is controlled by foot. A powerful helper-spring makes the operation remarkably easy. A never-failing lock positively holds the plow down to its work or clear of the ground, as desired. So simple and easily controlled is this plow that any boy can handle it. Rolling or knife colter or jointer, as desired. Several different bottoms, to meet the needs of your soil.

See these plows at your nearest dealer, or drop us a card for our complete Plow Book.

—in every type, from light walking plow to 12-furrow engine gang—in every soil, from lightest sand to heaviest clay—have proven their ability to turn the deepest furrow in the shortest time with the least effort of operator and horses.

From steel bar to finished implement, COCKSHUTT PLOWS are made entirely in the Cockshutt Plant. That's why we can guarantee them to give you absolute satisfaction in every respect.

## COCKSHUTT PLOW CO. LTD.

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Sold in Eastern Ontario, Quebec and Maritime Provinces by

## FROST & WOOD CO. LTD.

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How often we hear the expression that some one or something has "fallen down" on a job—has failed to make good when difficulties were encountered.

No need to worry on that score if you are using a Massey-Harris Disc Harrow with Spring Pressure for your harrowing.

Being equipped with Pressure Springs, the Gangs are held to their work on rough and uneven ground, on ridges and in furrows, so that the entire surface is cultivated.

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Head Offices—Toronto Canada.

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# WINDSOR

Windsor Dairy Salt dissolves evenly and gives a delicious flavor to the butter.

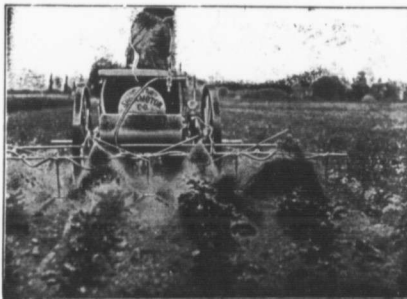
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## " 300 Bushels of Potatoes to the Acre " --- SPRAMOTOR



Isn't it easy to figure how soon a **Spramotor** pays for itself at that rate? Then, after that it goes on saving you big money every year.

You want the efficient **Spramotor** for spraying potatoes, row crops, vineyards or orchard trees. Still, you get further use out of it than that. Spray cows during fly time and you'll get a better milk yield. Again, you can use your **Spramotor** for weed destruction—it's the best thing made for getting rid of weeds. Then if you think you should get still more from a **Spramotor**, why it will paint your buildings and whitewash your barns at half the cost and

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From Toronto, and Stations West and North of Toronto. Proportionate fares from Stations East of Toronto. (Return Limit two months.)

**REDUCED SETTLERS' FARES (ONE WAY SECOND CLASS)  
EACH TUESDAY, MARCH AND APRIL**

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Through trains Toronto to Winnipeg and West. **COLONIST CARS ON ALL TRAINS**. No charge for berths.

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Why not make a good garden a certainty by using the best **Canadian Government Tested Seeds?** Rennie's Seeds have been recognized as strictly reliable for nearly Fifty Years.

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All readers of The Review will be interested in the newest dairying methods. These are given in detail and in a most interesting way in the New Edition of

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Get your hair cut at 145 Wyndham street.  
An extra barber employed at the highest  
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You could enjoy yourself for a nice meal  
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Molasses Taffy, Walnut Cream, and Maple  
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Not only Lyons' snappy  
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"Costly thy raiment as thy purse can buy,"  
and see to it that it is bought at

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The Students' Outfitters.

T. & D. Suits, \$10.00 to \$30.00  
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Special attention to **Made-to-Measure**  
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THORNTON & DOUGLAS,  
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J. McLEOD, - - Local Manager

H. H. WOODEN

O. A. C. Barber Shop. Three Barbers.  
No Waiting.

St. George's Sq. Cars Stop at Door.

Finest Pipes, Cigarettes and Tobacco.

Students are invited to make my store  
their meeting place when down town.

JIMMY COCKMAN, Tobacconist,  
Successor to Sheridan & O'Connor,  
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Newly Remodelled

Strictly Sanitary and Up-to-date.

JAS. SMITH, - New Proprietor.

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Quebec St., Opposite Bank of Montreal.

Imported Cigarettes, Abdulla, De Reszke, Osborne,  
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College calls made on Monday, Wednesday  
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## Look! Look!!

Suits Pressed - - - -	50c
Suits Cleaned and Pressed - -	75c
Pants Pressed - - - -	15c
Velvet Collars - - - -	75c to \$1.25
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Work Done by Practical Tailors.

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We make a specialty of young men's  
clothing, furnishings and hats at the right  
price.

THE YELLOW FRONT.

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Three Well-known Brands of Flour  
Ask for them and be sure you get them.

...The...  
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LIMITED

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## Jas. K. Readwin

Pants Pressed - - - -	15c
Pants Cleaned and Pressed - -	25c
Suits Pressed - - - -	50c
Suits Cleaned and Pressed - -	75c
Suits Dry-Cleaned - - - -	\$1.25
Velvet Collars - - - -	75c to \$1.50

Monthly contract, special rate. Goods  
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Magnifying Glasses, all qualities

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## Walker's Electric Boiler Compound

It removes the scale or incrustation from boiler without injury to the irons, packings or connections, and prevents foaming.

The only reliable boiler compound on the market today. We also handle cylinder, engine and machine oils. Tri-sodium phosphate, engine supplies, etc. Speciality departments, Crystal Separator Oil, Waxine Floor Oil. Correspondence invited.

The Electric Boiler Compound Co., Limited  
Guelph - Ontario

Please mention the O. A. C. REVIEW when answering advertisements.

## BROADFOOT'S Red Cross Pharmacy

DRUGS AND SUNDRIES

Fountain Pens, Toilet Articles  
Nyal's Family Remedies  
Paterson's Chocolates

ST. GEORGE'S SQ., COR. QUEBEC

Phone 381

## R. S. CULL & Co.

THE LEADING

*Clothiers and  
Furnishers*

35 Wyndham Street

GUELPH

ONTARIO

### *Guelph & Ontario Invest- ment & Savings Society*

(Incorporated A.D., 1876)

Authorized Capital,	-	\$1,000,000
Subscribed Capital,	-	900,000
Paid-up Capital,	-	524,000
Reserve Fund,	-	436,000
Total Assets,	-	\$3,156,265.08

Debentures Issued in sums of \$100. and upwards, for five years, at five per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly; and for one year at four per cent.

Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received and interest paid or compounded half-yearly at highest current rate.

By Special Order-in-Council (Ontario Government), Executors, Trustees, etc., are authorized to invest Trust Funds in the Society's Debentures, and to deposit Trust Funds in the Society's Savings Department.

Office:—Society's Building, Corner Wyndham and Cork Streets, Guelph, Ontario, Canada.

J. E. McELDERRY,  
Managing Director.

MOORE & ARMSTRONG

Guelph's  
Ladies' Store

Women's and Children's  
Garments

Dress Goods and Silks

Exclusive Millinery

Perrin's Kid Gloves

Northway Coats and Suits

Crompton's C-C a la Grace and  
Parisienne Corsets

THE WHITE HOUSE

G. B. RYAN & CO.

GUELPH, ONT.

Correct Clothes  
For Men

Ready-to-Wear and Special Order.

Smartly tailored by the best  
men's clothing establishments  
in Canada.

A complete stock of Neckwear, Shirts,  
Hats, and all furnishings for men.

Our Advertisement, Our Aim and Our  
Accomplishment—A Square Deal.

Our New Line Of  
Society Brand  
Clothes

For Fall has now arrived and is  
quite ready for inspection.

They are the Perfection of  
Ready-to-Wear Clothes—Don't  
fail to see them before buying  
your next suit.

Our new general line of wear-  
ing apparel for gentlemen has  
also come; Shirts, Ties, Socks,  
etc., all in latest styles.

Visit This Quality Store.

D. E. MACDONALD & BROS.,  
Guelph.

O. A. C.  
STUDENTS

Will be well served with thoroughly  
reliable merchandise at

R. E. NELSON'S STORE

Everything in Men's Wear, Hats,  
and Caps, Underwear, Ties, Shirts,  
Rain Coats, Sweater Coats—Every-  
thing the Newest.

We specialize in Fine Ordered  
Clothing. Large selection of Suitings,  
Trouserings and Over-Coatings—  
Made to Measure in the very latest  
down-to-date styles. All goods mark-  
ed in plain figures—and one price  
only.

R. E. NELSON

93 Wyndham St.

N.B.—Agent for the Semi-Ready,  
Made-to-Measure Clothing.



# FLOWERS

We have the largest and best equipped plant in Canada for growing flowers under glass. We fill orders for cut flowers anywhere from Montreal to Winnipeg. Give us a trial for your next banquet.

Prompt Service

Moderate Prices.

## Miller & Sons FLORISTS

Lauder Avenue

Toronto

The most ungrateful thing a man can do is to turn a sweet-faced brood sow into the fattening pen and compel her to ride into Chicago in a crowded stock car, in the company of total strangers. This is all the pay the average brood sow gets for flooding the premises with little pigs with pattering feet and corkscrew tails. This is a cold and unfeeling world.

# KODAK



## DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

We guarantee the finest results from films entrusted to us for development and printing.

ALEX. STEWART'S DRUG STORE,  
"In Front of Post Office."

# LOOK!

Is there something in this list you would like to have?

ROGUEFORD CHEESE

CREAM CHEESE

CLUB HOUSE OLIVES

BOVRIL EXTRACT

OXO CUBES

OYSTERS

BISCUITS

FRUITS

## Benson Bros.

25 Wyndham Street

## Diamond and Shield O. A. C. PINS



Leather Fobs

Twenty-five Cents Each

SAVAGE & CO.  
JEWELLERS

# ...The... Royal Bank of Canada

With which is amalgamated **THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA**

Authorized Capital	- -	\$25,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital	- -	11,560,000.00
Reserve Funds	- -	13,000,000.00
Total Assets	- -	180,000,000.00

Branches throughout all the Canadian Provinces, the West Indies and Cuba, also at London, England, and New York.

Travellers' Letters of Credit and Money Orders or Drafts issued payable in any part of the world. Remittance Drafts cashed at ruling rates. Savings Bank Accounts carried for Students and Staff (interest allowed).

R. L. TORRANCE, Manager, - - - GUELPH



## BOND'S



Guelph's Big  
Bright  
Hardware Store  
Has What  
YOU Want



FOOTBALLS TOBOGGANS  
SNOW SHOES  
SKATES

HOCKEY GOODS  
BOB SLEIGHS AND  
SUMMER GOODS  
IN SEASON

DAILY DELIVERY TO  
COLLEGE

Hardware

∴

Sporting Goods

The BOND HARDWARE CO. LTD.

**ASTIGMATISM, STRABISM,  
DIPLOBIA,**

Uncommon words—maybe, but very common causes of

**HEADACHE**

We have glasses that remove these causes and give

**IMMEDIATE RELIEF**

If you have any trouble with eyes or glasses consult

**A. D. SAVAGE,**

Optometrist and Mfg Optician,  
"Right at the Postoffice." Phone 627K

**FLOWERS**

We carry the best selection of Cut Flowers in the city. When you want something choice call on us or phone 866. Prompt delivery and careful attention to all orders.

**McPHEE, Florist**

Wellington Block.



*What is  
Your Best Horse  
Worth to You?*

Yet your best horse is just as liable to develop a Spavin, Ringbone, Splint, Curb or lameness as your poorest!

**KENDALL'S  
SPAVIN CURE**

has saved many thousands of dollars in horse flesh by entirely curing these ailments.

Garnet, Ont., Feb. 23th, 1913.

"I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure to kill several jacks, and removed a bunch of long standing, caused by a kick," SID. GRAHAM.

Don't take chances with your horses. Keep a bottle of Kendall's handy, \$1—6 for \$5. Our book "Treatise on the Horse" free at druggists or

**Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburg Falls, Vt. 82**

**The Dominion Bank**

GUELPH

CAPITAL PAID UP	-	-	-	-	-	\$5,400,000.00
RESERVE FUND	-	-	-	-	-	7,100,000.00

**A General Banking Business Transacted**

Drafts bought and sold on all parts of the world

***Savings Bank Department***

Special attention paid to Savings Accounts. Interest allowed on deposits of \$1.00 and upwards.

Every convenience will be afforded students for the transacting of their banking business.



Go to **Petrie's** For

**Drugs, Kodaks and  
Confectionery**

**2 STORES**

***Our Kodak Department*** is at your service. We develop and print, also carry a full line of supplies for Kodaks and Cameras.

***Our Confectionery Department***—for fresh candies, ice cream and lunches.

***A Box of Chocolates*** may have been fresh when first packed, but how can you tell by looking at a sealed box? Petrie's chocolates are made in Guelph—fresh every day—shown to you in an open box and are sold only at Petrie's two stores. ***Cor. Wyndham and McDonald Sts.***

# MONEY IN POTATOES

Every labor-saving machine that you use in growing your crop means so much more of that money for you. Remember that the machinery you buy is a permanent investment, and should be the kind that will last you for years to come.

## O.K. CANADIAN POTATO PLANTERS

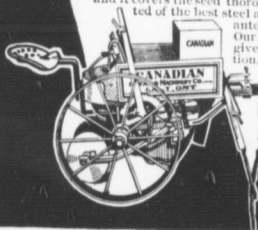
### SEED POTATO CUTTERS

are the best that we know how to make—the kind that are built to give years of satisfactory service.

The *O.K. Canadian Seed Cutter* is designed to leave both your hands free, being operated by the foot. With it you can cut from 5 to 7 bushels an hour, as against  $1\frac{1}{2}$  bushels by hand.

The *O.K. Canadian Planter* is of the latest design. It is thrown out of operation by moving one lever, its cup-feed device handles the potatoes without damage, it is adjustable to any depth and to plant hills 12 to 18 inches apart, it has an attachment for distributing fertilizer which may be used or not, as desired, and it covers the seed thoroughly. It is strongly constructed of the best steel and malleable iron, and guaranteed in every respect.

Our booklet on potato growing will give you much valuable information. Write for it, FREE.



CANADIAN  
POTATO  
MACHINERY CO., Ltd.  
Dept. A GALT, ONT.



1914

O. A. C.

1914

STUDENTS SHOULD TRY SOME  
OF OUR DELICIOUS BON BONS  
put up in all sorts of fancy packages — quality unsurpassed

WE CATER TO THE BEST CLASS OF TRADE

Hot Drinks Lunches Cold Drinks  
Everything for Refreshment

## The Kandy Kitchen

HIGH GRADE MEN'S  
FURNISHINGS

O. A. C.

HIGH GRADE FURS,  
Men's and Women's

FALL

1913-14

WINTER

# Clothes That Distinguish

The wearer above the common must be made for the individual. They must not be made to fit some ideal physique, of which not one man in a million could be a model. Have us make you a suit that will embody all the latest ideas as to style and smartness and will fit you just as you are built. Don't worry about the price. That will be right, too.

## Keleher & Hendley

Fine English Neckwear.

Model Merchant Tailors

Hawes Hats—The Latest Style.

Ladies' Golf Sweater Coats.

De Jaegers and Other Makes

## THE Kennedy STUDIO



Is equipped to produce the best  
in Groups or Individual Por-  
traits.



A Students' Special in Photos  
at \$1.50 a Dozen.

### The Kennedy Studio

23 WYNDHAM ST., GUELPH

Phone 498



*Found in the most  
exclusive company*

*Willard's  
Chocolate*

### Willard's *for* Chocolates

Dainty morsels that charm the palate.  
The most exclusive Chocolates sold.

Sold in Guelph only at

### McKee's Drug Store

### The Rexall Store

Phone 66.

The store where you get the most of the best  
for the least money  
GIVE HER A BOX FOR EASTER

18 WYNDHAM ST., GUELPH

# Young Men Stay in Canada

Advise Your Friends to Come to  
CANADA

Nowhere in the world are to be found so many and such  
good openings for a career in

## Agriculture

**FRUIT-GROWING, DAIRYING—WHAT YOU WILL!**

---

The cry now-a-days is "BACK TO THE LAND," and  
CANADA has got the LAND

The day of CANADA'S PROSPERITY is the day of

## Your Opportunity

Do not neglect it. Think this over.  
You can never do as well anywhere else.

Tell your friends to apply for further information  
To

**W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa.**

Or to

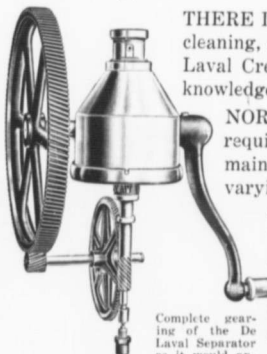
**J. OBED SMITH, 11-12 Charing Cross, London, S. W.,  
England.**

# DE LAVAL

CREAM SEPARATORS

## Their Great Simplicity

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR EXCELS ALL OTHERS not only in thoroughness of separation, sanitary cleanliness, ease of running and durability, but as well in its great simplicity.



THERE IS NOTHING ABOUT THE operation, cleaning, adjustment or repair of a modern De Laval Cream Separator which requires expert knowledge or special tools.

NOR ARE THERE ANY PARTS Which require frequent adjustment in order to maintain good running or to conform to varying conditions in the every-day use of a cream separator.

THERE IS NOTHING about the machine that cannot be taken apart, removed or replaced by any one who can use a wrench or screw driver. In fact, the only tool which is needed in the use or operation of a De Laval Cream Separator is the combination wrench and screw driver illustrated

Complete gear-  
ing of the De  
Laval Separator  
as it would ap-  
pear if removed intact  
from the frame  
of the machine. Note the remarkable  
simplicity of construction.

below, which is furnished free with every machine. Visit the local De Laval agent and see for yourself its simplicity of construction.



Combination Wrench, furnished with each De Laval machine, which is the only tool required in setting up, taking down or using the De Laval, the simplest cream separator ever built.

## DeLaval Dairy Supply Co. Limited

Largest Manufacturers of Dairy Supplies in Canada.

Exclusive Canadian distributors of the "World Standard" De Laval Cream Separators.

MONTREAL

PETERBORO

WINNIPEG

VANCOUVER

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