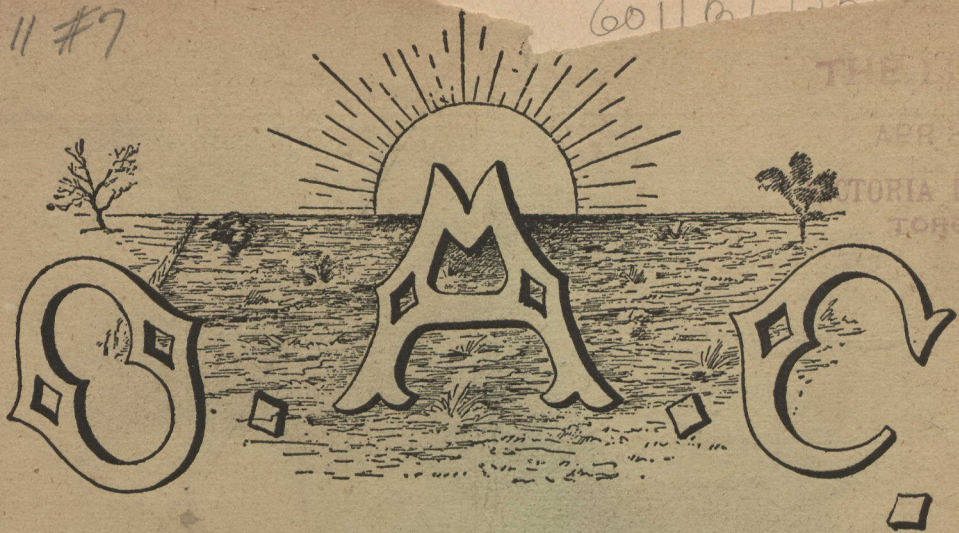


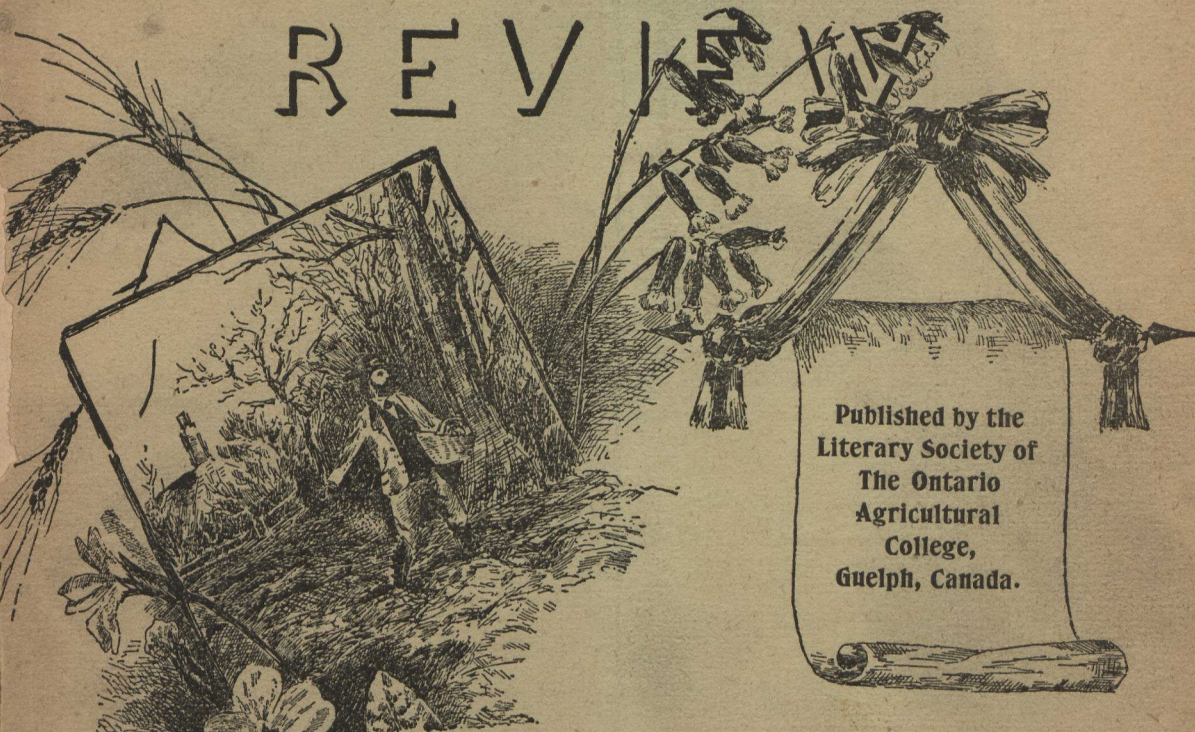
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# REVIEW



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College,  
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**APRIL, 1900.**

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# The O. A. C. Review

Published monthly during the College Year by the  
Literary Society of the Ontario Agricultural  
College, Guelph.

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*The dignity of a calling is its utility.*

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## Kipling Again.

*By Prof. Reynolds.*

I have read with much pleasure Mr. McCallan's appreciative article on Kipling, in last month's Review. Mr. McCallan as a student exhibited superior literary tastes, and it is gratifying to note that he continues to be a student of the best literature, and that, moreover, his good taste readily distinguishes the pure from the spurious, and the good from the bad. That part of Kipling's work which is distinctly inferior Mr. McCallan detects and admits, while claiming for his favorite great power and originality. As Mr. McCallan's estimate concurs substantially with my own, as expressed in the article to which he refers, I cannot clearly see why my estimate of Kipling should be so disappointing, as Mr. McCallan says it is. I chose to be "thrifty with my praise" because nearly everybody else has been prodigal with that commodity. To praise the Imperialist when everybody else was praising him would be nothing but tiresome reiteration of a partial and one-sided truth. To insist on his faults and shortcomings when he is enjoying such tremendous vogue may only provoke the cynical suggestion that Amos had

better eat bread in his own land and prophesy there; but so far as the prophecy has any effect, it should be at such a time most salutary.

Mr. McCallan enquires whence I obtain my conception of the "world of Tommy Atkins." Why, to what source should we go for a revelation on these matters but to the gospel according to Kipling? If in my humble way I have done injustice to the life and character of Tommy Atkins, then I am sinning in good company, for the great Imperialist has offended in like manner and in infinitely greater degree. Whatever redeeming qualities Kipling may assign to his Tommy Atkins, Tommy is always, both in the prose works and the verse of the author, the private soldier, and is generally roystering and reckless, often lewd, and in most cases profane and, given to drunkenness. Gordon or Havelock is a type unknown to the pages of Kipling but the Mulvaney type occurs over and over again. The Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial forces in South Africa is no more like Kipling's Tommy Atkins than Joshua is like Jehu.

It may seem finical and hypercritical to speak seriously of the dress in which Kipling has seen fit to deck his latest and most popular effusion, "The Absent-minded Beggar." Of course, everybody knows that Kipling composed it with a laudable object—to raise funds for the soldiers going and gone to South Africa. It has served its purpose extremely well, and now that it has done so, perhaps the wisest thing to do would be "willingly to let it die." Yet I cannot forbear asking the question,—is the coarseness and the intolerable cockney dialect essential to its success? If so, then it is a humiliating confession to make, that the imperial intelligence cannot be touched by more refined means. And if not, what excuse is there for the means used, unless it be that Kipling is more at home with such language and such expressions?

Mr. McCallan asks, "is not the 'Song of Steam' Kipling's own song?" Truly it is, but whether the admission is a disparagement or an encomium is a matter of opinion, on which Mr. McCallan and I may possibly differ. The Song of Steam, and all that it implies and suggests,—physical force, material advancement—are great themes in their way possibly, but they are not the greatest. The power of womanliness, the power of beauty, the power of love, the power of 'Sweetness and Light,'

are themes foreign to the pages of Kipling. Herein lies his limitation. He is not a spiritual force. He makes a strenuous age even more strenuous, but he does not soothe or uplift.

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## Co-operation Among Farmers.

*By H. R. Koss, B. S. A.*

Evidences of present prosperity in commercial circles are nowhere lacking. Various reasons are advanced by interested parties, notably the politicians, to explain the sudden rise in values, and in the midst of this we farmers find that the prices of our produce have not risen accordingly. The January bulletin of the United States Bureau of Commerce and Finance reports the price of iron, which is the statisticians index of the manufacturing world, as showing an increase over a year ago of 130 per cent. for pig iron and 150 per cent. for bars. Wheat, which in the work of agriculture occupies a position analagous to that of iron with the manufacturers, shows a decline of 8 per cent., and the prices of other cereals are no more encouraging. Much the same conditions apply in Canada, and therefore no apology is offered in bringing up this problem on the present occasion.

There are plenty of men who would fail under any conditions. There are others, for example those in pure bred stock, who ten or twelve years ago were succeeding well enough, but, being financially involved and therefore bound to make the most money in the least possible time, were forced to change their methods during the dark days of stock-breeding. As a consequence the improvement in live stock markets finds us somewhat handicapped, and we have, as was pointed out by the noted Kahipentohwki, (spelling subject to revision) chief of the Grand River Indians, at the Fat Stock Show Banquet in Guelph, not been fortunate in having all breeds well established in those localities to which they are best adapted. These things require time and will in all likelihood correct themselves.

There is, though, a feature of our agriculture quite distinct from all these others which seems rather too slow in developing.

Dairying has unquestionably lifted more mortgages during recent years than any other branch of farming. It seems strange that this should be the case when we think of the competition that was faced, the cost of the necessary plant, and the comparative inexperience of those concerned. There was, however, in this business the one thing which has not yet been seen in other branches of agriculture but which is always found in the manufacturing world, viz., co-operation as well as competition. Its influence was plain and does not require tracing in detail. Today no man may send watered or skimmed milk to be made into cheese or butter. It is contrary to laws which have been enacted at the behest of the farmers and dairymen. Yet that same farmer may sell seed grain containing weeds, or may ship apples which are unfit for cider making.

The salesman of a factory drives to his nearest shipping centre and there sells his cheese to the highest bidder for a price determined by its quality. But the same patrons feed the whey to hogs which are sold to some passing buyer at his smallest figure, no matter what they are like, and whatever profit is made assuredly does not come to the feeder. In like manner his surplus grain may be turned over to the buyer, who, having purchased a sufficient quantity to secure a car or boat and the attendant reduction in rates, is able to move it to some centre and obtain the additional three or four cents per bushel which make his profits. The middleman in those cases could just as easily be displaced by the farmers as has been done in the cheese and butter trade.

The manufacturers offer us a good example in this matter. They compete with each other on points of difference, but where they can meet on common ground they almost invariably do so. As a result they have an opportunity for mutual uplifting which is not accorded to the mass of farmers.

Just why agriculturists are diffident on the question of co-operation is difficult to say. Not long since the writer attended a gathering of farmers on one of our large islands where the question of co-operative seed buying was being discussed, and happened to remark that they, as island residents, should have great advantages over mainland farmers in this particular, whereat an elderly member of the audience remarked with a tell-tale sneer that "they hung together there, they did." A



great deal has been done by concerted movement. The dairy business has its keystone in co-operation, the north-west stock sales are due to the Associations, the spread of improved varieties of grain is the result of the experimental union, and several other forward steps are directly traceable to joint action.

But what of the other fields for the employment of the same means? Farmers seem always to move well enough together up to certain points. One of these points is the domain of politics. A movement which collapsed there is doubtless fresh in most minds, and the success of the joint working of the livestock associations is in large measure due to the fact that no politicians have yet made them a cat's paw. There are a dozen problems quite outside the field of politics, but within the scope of legislature, which can be solved only by co-operative action. Weeds and insect pests come first among these. No intelligent man needs to be told that his efforts against pea bugs are futile if his neighbors do not act with him. Then too, club orders are always able to secure lower rates of sale and transportation, and the matter, for example, of buying fencing or binder twine may herein be considered. The question of adjusting prices of grain or other produce by joint action is a doubtful one. On this point we will do well to serve the working of the trusts.

As has been rightly pointed out, solid prosperity and a healthy permanent advance in prices must begin at the foundation—agriculture. The present rise seems to be out of all proportion, and an early and mighty fall is amongst the possibilities.

Union is strength. It does not appear that the adoption of any such methods as have been discussed would require any new organization. The extension of such privileges to members of our Farmers' Institutes or Agricultural Societies, would seem to be practicable. Our governments have co-operated with us in many things and stated their readiness to do more. We should as farmers get closer together in our efforts to improve the quality of our products in all lines in dairying.

Newell Dwight Hillis wrote a great truth when he told us that "it is not given to books or business, to landscapes nor clouds nor forests, to have full power over living man. Only mind can quicken mind, only heart can quicken heart."

## The Townward Movement.

The fact that large numbers of farmers' sons—whose proper place in life would seem to be the farm—leave it to enter other callings, and the consequent flow of population from the country to the already overcrowded cities, these are subjects which are attracting much attention at the present time. The country, with its natural and healthful conditions of life, is, and must ever be, the great source of the nation's strength, in the men which are here produced. The city, on the other hand, with its artificial conditions, is a source rather of weakness than of strength to the nation, in that it tends to dwarf and stunt its inhabitants. This being true, the continual townward movement becomes a question of great interest to every one, and so, it may not be out of place, in the present number, to consider a few of the reasons which have led to this movement, leaving to other and wiser heads the suggestion of remedies.

There are, it seems to me, four main causes for the exodus of the youth of our country from the farms.

First, and perhaps greatest, is the desire for the rapid accumulation of wealth. The youth sees in other occupations greater opportunities for the rapid gaining of wealth than can be given by the profession of agriculture. He sees the clever lawyer, or doctor, or merchant, rise to wealth in a few years, while other men equally clever who have followed agriculture take a very much longer time. He may know, that for one success in these occupations there are many failures, while the farm offers the assurance of a comfortable and honest living to all who follow agriculture with any degree of honest effort or of skill. But, while fully aware of this, he believes, with the pardonable assurance of youth, that, though many have failed, he at least will succeed, and at any rate prefers to take his chance rather than follow the slower and surer path of agriculture. It would be wrong to blame such a one for the choice he has made. The fault lies not with the individual but with the age, which has set up the idol of wealth, and demands that all men shall fall down and worship it, sacrificing the best and truest enjoyments of life in its service. Until we learn that the attainment of wealth is not the *summum bonum* of human life, and that there are other objects in life of greater importance than this, we must expect

our young men to take what seems to them the shortest path toward this desired end, and it is useless to find fault with them for doing so. When we have learned that wealth is, after all, a thing of minor importance in life, we will have removed the greatest of the reasons for this movement from our farms.

Next to this cause in importance is the feeling, too prevalent among farmers, that in some way agriculture is degrading. Many farmers through ignorance are willing to accept for agriculture a place inferior to the so-called higher professions. These men commonly give expression to this feeling, and in this way help to drive many of our best young men from the farm to other vocations. Is it any wonder that boys of spirit, who very properly do not feel like accepting a place in life which is designated as inferior, should seek to leave the farm, when many farmers themselves are continually prating of the inferiority of their calling? Our farmers should recognize the dignity of their occupation, for it is most properly as Ruskin has put it, "the art of kings." Until they do so many of the very best of our youth will continue to leave our farms, driven from them by the false idea that agriculture is debasing. One of the first things, then, that must be done if this exodus is to cease, is to educate our farmer to a proper appreciation of the real worth of agriculture.

Many are driven from the farm by the lack of refinement found among certain, happily small, classes of farmers. Among these people anything approaching to gentleness or refinement is laughed at. They have no time for the little things that help so much to make life pleasant. Very often, with them, almost the sole end of life is the making of money, and all things else are set aside as valueless. Such people eat, sleep and work, and so pass their lives. In their homes music, books, and social enjoyment are all discouraged, as not tending towards the one great end, the making of money. The only subjects of conversation are the markets, the rain that has discolored the barley, the drought that has lessened the hay crop, or the rust that has shrivelled the wheat. None of the better things of life find their way into the lives of such people. Even the Sabbath is robbed of its meaning, and becomes merely the day when overtired muscles may rest a little in preparation for another week of drudgery. And so their miserable lives pass and they leave the

world without having tasted of its real pleasures. If, by chance, a person of gentler nature be placed amid such surroundings, he will, if not overwhelmed by them, seek to escape from them as soon as possible. And it is safe to say that there are many such, who have been driven from the farm by the utter lack of joy or pleasure in their early homes. Such men we find sometimes who hate the very word "farm," simply because their early recollections of it contain no sweetness whatever. The blame cannot attach to them, but rather fixes itself to those who have driven them away, by prostituting to a false ideal, an occupation honorable and noble in itself.

Many others leave the farm because they see in other occupations a prospect of an easier life. These make it their aim to get through life as easily as they can, and at the same time to get the maximum amount of pleasure. Such motives are unworthy and need not be considered at any length. Such as are ruled by these motives are generally no ornament to any profession. Such are generally of small use to any but themselves, though often they seem to find the paths of least resistance, and to slip through life very comfortably. Yet often judgment overtakes them, in that the paths that in the distance seemed so smooth, are found to be rough and rocky when they are approached.

Yet again there are others who leave the farm because they see in other callings lines of work more suited to their natural gifts. Such are entirely right in leaving, for in choosing his occupation every man should be guided by a careful examination of his natural abilities, and should follow that occupation that suits his nature best. No man should follow agriculture who feels that he has greater capabilities for some other line of work.

The above are some of the reasons, good and bad, of the continual movement of our youth from the farm. Some of these are such as ought to cause this. Others are entirely worthless. Many leave the farm for very good reasons, many others for bad. But as the safety and progress of the nation lies in its country population, everything that can be said should be done to lessen the exodus and to retain the farmer's sons upon the farm, where they may live a life of usefulness to themselves and to their country instead of swelling the population of our already overcrowded cities.

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APRIL, 1900.

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## Editorial.

The news of the untimely but glorious end of Private Findlay who, struck through the heart, was the first to fall at Paardeburg, has awaked in all students and ex-students of the O. A. C. feelings of deep sorrow, though not unmixed with legitimate pride. The loss of such a true and worthy comrade is deeply to be grieved, yet we feel proud of the fact that his blood was the first shed in proof of Canadian patriotism. The suggestion sent to us by several ex students that his memory should be commemorated by the erection of a suitable monument upon the College grounds is well worthy of consideration. We shall make it our agreeable duty to receive the subscriptions of all those who wish to contribute towards this aim.

---

Spring has at last come back, and with it, the re-awakening of all things long kept dormant under the winter snow. Only in some shaded spots may yet be met some patches of snow now fast melting under the increasing warmth of the April sun. To the Freshman and the Sophomore who have already passed through the dreaded examinations, spring brings all its gladness. Every bud unfolding—every growing speck of green brings to their mind a world of poetical thought. To all, passed or plucked, the exams. are a forgotten incident; they will now, with renewed courage, accumulate by healthy farm work during the short summer months, a store of energy, to be spent again with better success on the studies of next winter. But in the anxious and overworked existence of the senior no thought of the spring can enter. His eyes meet everywhere the sight of a long and dreaded list of examinations. The sweet month of

May will have for him nothing but the perfumes of Organic Chemistry. And when he has passed the "slowly grinding mills" his college days are over—and he is left to fight for himself in the whole wide world. Pity him!

---

## College Reporter.

The Oratorical Contest to which reference was made last month took place as announced. The gymnasium was well crowded with citizens whose presence proved their interest in oratory. The speakers gave every evidence of having given thought worthy of the occasion to the subjects chosen; these were of such a nature and were dealt with in such a manner that the evening was most profitably spent. Miss Maud Stevenson, accompanied by Mr. Charles Crowe, rendered two numbers which were heartily encored; thus those who delighted in song found themselves in a congenial spot. We must congratulate the Literary Society on the success of its efforts to cultivate a desire for speaking and an ability in its members to make a successful public effort. There is an unmeasured power in the human voice that stirs the heart more than we may recognize. The extent to which the range of tone, the expressive cadences, the power of inflection, have been developed, has, more than the matter of the discourse, been the criterion of the success of many noted speakers and conversationalists. Thus it is encouraging to the Society to note the number who entered the contest. The following were the speakers, the first five being the prize winners, arranged in order of merit. M. Cumming, B. A., Eulogy of Philosophy; T. Ross, B. A., British Constitution; B. S. Pickett, Overcoming Difficulties; A. B. Cutting, Liberty and Some of its Oppressors; B. M. Estyhithe, Liberty; A. J. Wagg, Wanted, a Man; J. B. Anderson, Successful Farming; W. J. Black, Patriotism; H. A. Craig, Patriotism.

The Northfield Student Conference is yearly attracting more attention because of the practically helpful nature of the knowledge gained where there is such a convergence of ideas. No doubt the loss of the able superintendence and the searching

thoughtfulness of Mr. Moody will be felt, but every possible preparation is being made to insure a successful conference this year. Our Y. M. C. A. is to be represented by two delegates, Professor Reynolds and Mr. Klinck. Professor Reynolds has this year very ably conducted the Bible Class, and, no doubt, will be interested and profited by the Conference. Mr. Klinck is vice-president of the Association, and to him the days spent at Northfield will suggest many ideas for the work next year.

With the coming of spring we look for a general change. We anticipate the advent of this season with pleasure on account of the fact that maple syrup and other spring foods usually accompany its coming; but this year the anticipation has proven decidedly superior to realization. We are greeted with the same dietary routine which was inaugurated years ago, and which has sustained the winds of winter, the showers of spring, the fiery heat of summer, the withering blasts of autumn, but with odd, though significant departures, i. e., mustard, curry and corn pie. Ye gods! who could pass an examination? Ye men! succumb, or go down town for dinner.

---

## A Tapping Affair.

It all began with Dago and a piece of toast. It was the last on the table—no Senior was in sight. Dago was hungry. Well, he chewed it, and for the first time in many a day, his face expressed thorough satisfaction as he left the dining hall. But, lo! Dago had been seen! Before he had time to draw out his jack-knife he was seized, dragged to the tap, and held there until the toast floated out. Such a cruel treatment he never received, even from the hands of the Turks! Dago breathed murder, and so well did he plead his cause among the sophomores that they decided to avenge him. The next day, the red-haired senior was trapped on Hunt, and washed clean—so clean that water is now to him an abomination. Ye Gods! a senior had been tapped! Nothing but the Niagara Falls could avenge this insult! Accordingly, two unfortunate sophomores, which their love for water-colored sketches had attracted on Lower Pantou,

were submitted to a mixture of hot and cold, until their faces, unused to the liquid element, began to show signs of dissolution. To this day they are still dripping.

At the sight of these two pitiful, washy-looking forms, the indignation of the sophomores knew no bounds. Every man seized his pitcher—'tis said that some—the more determined—even had two pitchers, and, longing for sweet revenge, they lined the walls of Mill street, waiting long into the night for some unfortunate senior to come along on his nightly trip. But no one came that night. Wily Gen. Parker, with his staff, laid awake to think of a scheme for the morrow. Gen. Black dissuaded a frontal attack. "Them 3rd year," said he, "are too many for 's. I know 'em. They fooled me before." Gen. Moorehouse spoke: "I don't think we'd better to tackle them all," said he. "'Tain't that I am afraid, but that young d—l from Bermuda kind o' scares me." Long-headed Gen. Jacobs next gave his idea. "Why not," said he, "try the dairy specialists at the dairy to-morrow. We are 55 to 4; the odds will be equal." This scheme met the approval of all. Early in the morning the three commanders led their valiant troop to the battlefield. Gen. Black cheered the way by singing a patriotic College song of his own composition—the same one that almost won the prize offered by the Literary Society. At last the four ill-fated seniors appeared. With a dash and a courage that will forever remain famous in their annals, the sophomore army charged them, seized them, and immersed them—ye gods!—in the dairy cow trough! Never did the dairymen enjoy such a practical in the dairy course. But, oh! what stream could ever wipe that blot off the 3rd year prestige! Nothing but blood could do it. Even peaceful Father Bran himself was thirsting for a murderous revenge, and, squaring his shoulders, he repeated, with a delirious accent: "O, let me have a go at them! Let me have a go! I'll smash them like wash-bottles!"

It was at noon of that memorable day that the final act of that direful tragedy took place. One by one, 5 sophomores passed under the tap, and many more would have followed, had not the small number of Seniors been finally overwhelmed by the multitude of their foes. Yet, how valiantly they fought! Who shall ever tell the heroic deeds performed during that hour! Father Bran was a tower of strength to his side. His hands in



the depths of his pockets, his shoulders squared, his face determined.....Noble Drury! Valiant gentleman! Well we know what you might have accomplished if the President had not known your father. Link came alas, too late! otherwise, what would not he have done! If only Wagg's sensible nose had not started to bleed at the beginning of the conflict, how many sophs' souls would have fled to their everlasting residence. Jimmy was strongly handicapped by a cigarette he was smoking; otherwise who can foretell what would have happened.

Andy, owing to his prominence of legs, was soon overthrown, but, in spite of the continued efforts of a dozen of sophs could never be lifted again. He had eaten two pieces of the College pudding at dinner. Owing to this fact alone he escaped another soaking, but the work of digestion proved too much for him, for he fainted. This ended the fight. The honor of the 3rd year was avenged. Yet, as Mr. B. wisely said, "If it had not started, it would never have occurred."

---

## At Easter Tide.

We'll take our trunks to old Guelph station,  
Make our way to civilization,  
Hope we never shall come back,  
To go again upon the rack.

No more tapping on the stairs,  
No more whispering in the prayers;  
Now no hockey in the hall,  
Now we listen to the work-bell call.

For some there be who now repent  
The money that through the term they spent.  
And so they stay to work it out,  
Laboring all day on their board account.

To "stew" the rest have said good-bye,  
To all the hash that old or high;  
For now, at last, bread pudding is done,  
And every boy sings Home, Sweet Home.

It is the first two weeks of April, and all out doors seems glowing with the promise of spring. The clear, bright days have been steadily melting from the land the white cloak of winter. The birds call the farmer again to thoughts of his spring seeding. Yet one spot of all answers not to the spring's luring calls. At the O. A. C., with faces long and serious, every farmer looks but once toward the window, and then, with set lips and a weary sigh, turns again to—"Books." And why this sad brow? Why torn this hair? Why broken the College rule against the burning of the midnight oil? One small, yet great, one clear, yet most intangible word explains it all—"Exams." Yes, it is too true. See the white and pensive faces of the tower pluggers. Ah, Mr. Penelope, you must to bed earlier, sir, and be up in time for your breakfast. Could you but get toast in the morning you might, indeed, study as late as Mr. C—n, himself. During these momentous weeks strange symptoms have been observed among many of the students. Peculiar lumps and bumps have been discovered on the back of the head, and were it not for the fact that some of our grave seniors were also thus affected, these enlargements might have been credited to a vast increase in wisdom and knowledge. Be this as it may one freshman, mighty in learning, has found his hat quite too small for his head. Whether this was due to an attack of the measles or to the above mentioned cause, or to the need of a hair cut, as rumor has it, is not for us to say.

Two weeks and more have passed. We see a night of celebration and jubilee. The term has closed and care sits no longer enthroned upon our brows. Mingled thoughts of regret and gladness fill our minds, regrets because of being no more "docked" at the experimental, regrets at the long rest from prunes, at being no more crammed for exams(?) How pleasurable the rising at four-thirty every morning! Verily such a prospect may be enough to take the boys back to the farm, but still we seriously cherish the hope that the effect will not be that of preventing their return next fall to settle old accounts and renew old acquaintances.

---

A lady on the porch, her dog all agitation,  
Advice, don't monkey with the combination.

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### Personals.

R. Harcourt, B. S. A., Assistant Chemist, intends spending some time at the laboratory of H. W. Wiley, Washington, where he will take up work in connection with the gluten of wheat and general methods of analysis of wheat.

E. Dennis, '98, was taken seriously ill a day or two after writing on the examinations. The case was diagnosed as appendicitis. The patient was at once removed to the General Hospital, where he underwent an operation, which has proved entirely successful. We are glad to know that Mr. Dennis is speedily recovering.

W. M. Doherty, B. S. A., M. A., Assistant Biologist, has gone to Ann Arbor University, Michigan, where he has the privilege of spending six or eight weeks in a private laboratory.

G. H. Clarke, B. S. A., '98, who has been assisting Mr. Zavitz in the Experimental Department, has gone to Ottawa, to take charge of the seed collection experiment under the direction of Prof. Robertson.

M. Raynor, B. S. A., '96, has gone to Minnesota, to work in a nursery during the summer. Mr. Raynor intends entering the Chicago Medical College in September, with the purpose of taking a full course in Medicine.

J. B. Ketchen, '97, Superintendent of the Dentonia Park Farm, favored us with a short visit recently.

C. Jarvis, B. S. A., '96, who is in the employ of Scranton School of Correspondence, in Montreal, spent Easter with friends in Guelph.

H. Wallace, '95, who has been farming near Hamilton, left on the 25th March for a visit to Ireland. He expects to return to Canada in August.

Prof. Wm. Lockhead, B. A., M. S., Biologist, has just returned from a trip through the eastern counties, where he has been inspecting nursery stock.

A very pleasing event took place on the 10th inst., when a prominent ex-student returned to claim the hand of one or Guelph's fair daughters. On that date, J. F. Clark, B. S. A., A. M., formerly resident master at the College, and at present connected with the teaching staff of Cornell University, was married to Miss Eva Couch. After a short wedding trip to points West, the happy couple left for their future place of residence in Ithaca, New York. The Review extends hearty congratulations.

The spring time has once more come round, with all its beauty and cheerfulness, and with it we receive the reports that several more of the ex-students, and also one of our future ex-students, intend, in the near future, to join the ranks of the benedicts.

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## Locals.

Since the last issue of the Review it has been found that it was not Mr. McDonald who found Wagg's key to the kitchen, but that Hutton and Hutchinson were the lucky finders.

1st Student—What brought you to the College, Christie?

Christie—The same thing that brought the rest—ignorance.

Prof. Day—Criticize the head of this hog, Mr. M——

Charlie—I don't like the shape of its lower jawl, sir.

Question on Exam—Why do chickens require no food for twenty-four hours after they are hatched?

Answer on 1st year paper—Because before coming out of the shell they have to turn around and swallow the yolk.

At the office of the Experimentalist.

Farmer—I hear you are distributing farm produce from here.

Mr. Z—Yes sir.

Farmer—Well you can send me a load of hay in a day or so. After the row (next night).

Andy—We're establishing a precedent this year.

Notes and comments.

Routley is worse off than ever, by gum.

Where is Reid lately? P——y hasn't seen him at the window for a long time.

Weeks got his hair cut.

Who broke Shy's window? Who paid for it?

Baby elephant must take his own trunk to the station.

It is whispered around that the officers are getting brown sugar on the table now.

How were the measles introduced into Simcoe county? Ask Drury.

Shylock told the ladies before he went that he had bought a new "poipe."

---

## The Boer Rifleman's Song.

Lay my rifle here beside me, put my Bible on my breast,  
 For a moment let the wailing bugles cease;  
 As the century is closing, I am going to my rest,  
 Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant go in peace.  
 But loud through all the bugles rings a cadence in my ear,  
 And on the winds my hopes of peace are stowed;  
 The winds that waft the voices that already I can hear—  
 Of the rooi-baatje singing on the road.

Yes, the red-coats are returning; I can hear the steady tramp,  
 After twenty years of waiting, lulled to sleep,  
 Since rank and file at Potchefstroom we hemmed them in their camp,  
 And cut them up at Bronkerspruit like sheep.  
 They shelled us at Ingogo, but we galloped into range,  
 And we shot the British gunners where they showed;  
 I guessed they would return to us—I knew the chance must change—  
 Hark! the rooi-baatje singing on the road!

But now from-swept Canada, from India's torrid plains,  
 From lone Australian outposts, hither led;  
 Obeying their commando, as they heard the bugle's strains,  
 The men in brown have joined the men in red.  
 They come to pay us back the debt they owed;  
 They come to find the colors at Majuba left and lost,  
 And I hear new voices lifted, and I see strange colors tossed,  
 'Mid the rooi-baatje singing on the road.

The old, old faiths must falter; the old, old creeds must fall—  
 I hear it in that distant murmur low—  
 The old, old order changes, and 'tis vain for us to rail;  
 The great world does not want us—we must go.  
 And veldt, and spruit, and kopje to the stranger will belong;  
 No more to trek before him we shall load;  
 Too well, too well I know it, for I hear it in the song  
 Of the rooi-baatje singing on the road.

---

He asked a miss, what is a kiss,  
 Grammatically defined;  
 "It's a conjunction, sir," she said,  
 "And hence, can't be declined."

## Exchanges.

*McGill Outlook's* last publication for the year is a credit to its editorial staff. Its contributions are crisp and fresh and it is beautifully illustrated throughout.

*Acta Victoriana* still holds its literary record among College monthlies, dealing in its last issue with "Independence in Politics," "Carlyle's New Book" and an article on "University Studies."

In the *Dalhousie Gazette* we find an article on "Night" which appeals to nature loving students. The solemnity and grandeur of a starlight night soothes and quiets a troubled breast.

"And the wind  
Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,  
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,  
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene."

The literary column of the *Industrial Collegian* contains a review of some of the most successful books before the public today. "David Harum" with its freshness and typical characters holds a high place. Winston Churchill in his "Richard Carvel" takes us back to the colonial and revolutionary days of Maryland. In making a comparison of all the latest works of fiction is not the intention, even should time and space permit, but when you have read your "Richard Carvel," "Hugh Wynne" and a dozen others I might mention, put them on the shelf, draw the curtain, and, taking David Copperfield or Ivanhoe, prepare to laugh, cry, grieve and rejoice; with the last to see King John and Robin Hood and to take part in the tournament, or go with Victor Hugo and see the battle of Waterloo fought and won, see Jean Valjean struggling in the mire on the Paris sewer, or see him give up to another that which he valued more than life itself, only because he wished to see her happy.

We are glad to welcome *The Sunbeam's* return to our exchange list. In the past it was good, now it is better. The article of the issue is "Among my Books," a review of the history of a girl's reading, showing an evolution from the taste for adventure, through the lighter novels of "sweet sixteen" up to the thoughtful and even pleasing characters of Scott and Eliot. The feelings of the writer are expressed in the words of an old English song,—

"Oh for a brooke and a shady nooke,  
 Eyther in a doore or out;  
 With the green leaves whispering overhede  
 Or the street cryes all about.  
 Where I may reade all at my ease  
 Both of the newe and olde;  
 For a jolly good booke wherein to looke  
 Is better to me than golde."

Press me closer, all my own,  
 Warms my heart for thee alone,  
 Every nerve responsive thrills,  
 Each caress my being fills.  
 Rest and peace in vain I crave,  
 In ecstacy I live thy slave.  
 Dowered with hope, with promise blest,  
 Thou dost reign upon my breast.  
 Closer still, for I am thine.  
 Burns my heart, for thou art mine.  
 Thou the message, I the wire—  
 I the furnace, thou the fire—  
 I the servant, thou the master—  
 Roaring red hot mustard plaster.

---

## Clippings.

### THE SMILE—RAYS.

In flare of torch or lamp, in blaze of day,  
 The world had faithful servitors to sight,  
 But scarce in dreams dared pierce embodied night  
 Till Science waiting found a wondrous ray  
 Which, mocking walls of wood or cloak of clay,  
 Turned grossest darkness into semi-light,  
 And strengthened Healing's hand with double might—  
 In truth, brought in a broader, better, day.  
 Whereat let all rejoice; why have surprise?  
 For, beams more potent, searching, yet more kind  
 E'er light life's path from first to farthest mile:  
 Deep sourced, may be, in coil of heartstrings twined,  
 They gladden like a glimpse of summer skies—  
 The simple, subtle, X-rays of a smile!

If there's mud on the street  
 Miss Coquette goes a-walking,  
 For her ankles are neat;  
 If there's mud on the street,  
 She can show off her feet,  
 But that's why—truth I'm talking—  
 When there's mud on the street,  
 Miss Coquette goes a-walking.

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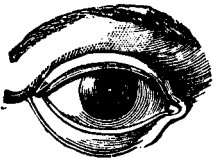
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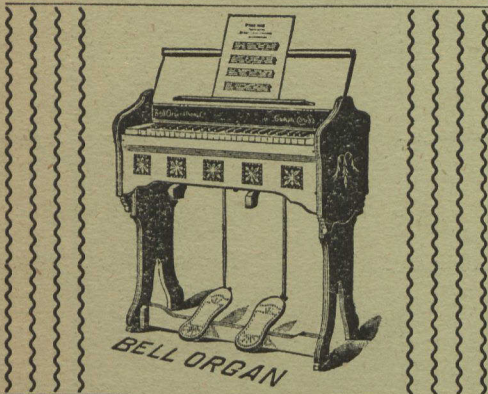


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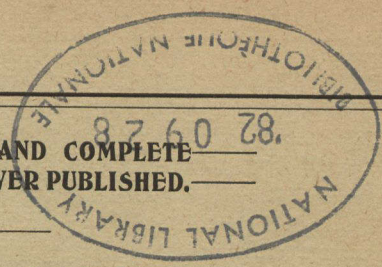
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