

**PAGES**

**MISSING**

# THE O. A. C. REVIEW

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

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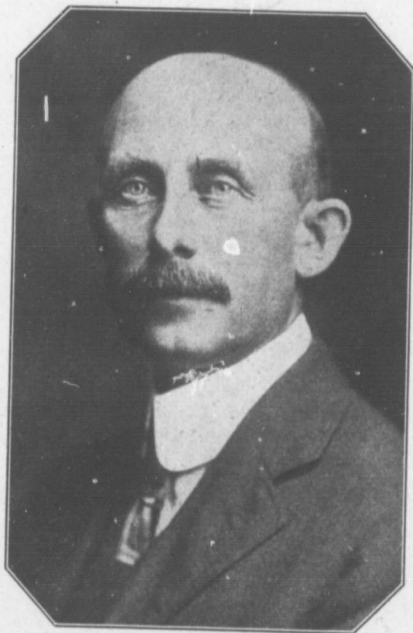
No. 4

## *Memories and Musings*

By HON. GEO. S. HENRY, Minister of Agriculture for Ontario.

IT IS now over twenty years since I had the privilege of being a student at the Ontario Agricultural College. I also pay tribute to the value which

making a contribution to your columns in response to your request at this time. I also pay tribute to the value which



HON. GEO. S. HENRY

I recall the fact that I had the honor at that time of being a member of the editorial staff of the "O.A.C. Review," and hence I appreciate the honor of

my experience at the College has been to me as a practical farmer since that time. While undreamed of then, it is obviously of great value to me now,

enabling me to undertake the responsibilities which I have assumed with a sympathy based upon experience and a vision of the future based upon a more or less intimate knowledge of the history and development of the College up to the present time.

Many changes have taken place since those good old days. While they seemed good days to us at that time, I do not wish to leave the impression as is sometimes done that all the good days are in the past. On the contrary, it seems clear that the best days are yet to come. Only in this way can we properly interpret the progress that has been made and the changes that have taken place. All these things combine to afford greater privileges to the students of the present and future than any enjoyed in the past.

There have been great improvements made in the material aspect of better buildings and stronger teaching equipment. There has also been greater progress in the standing of the institution. Then there was criticism, to-day praise, then there was struggling for a reputation, to-day an established prestige which extends far beyond the boundaries of Canada. In this way the student of to-day enjoys greater advantages than those who have passed through the portals of the College in years gone by.

It is true that an institution is judged by what it can give to its students. I am not sure, however, but that the standing of an institution depends as much upon what the students do after they have passed out of its immediate influence. One is the natural complement of the other, and certainly the standing of the Ontario Agricultural College must be attributed to the name which the students and graduates have

made for themselves. I am thinking now particularly of the past four years and the record which has been made by the seven hundred graduates and undergraduates of the College who have served their country on the field of battle in the conflict now happily and victoriously terminated. The noble efforts of these boys shed a lustre on their Alma Mater which will be imperishable in the annals of the institution. It will be the priceless privilege of all future students to share in this heritage made possible at such cost.

These thoughts as to privileges naturally suggest responsibilities. It seems to me there are two fundamentals which stand out clearly among the uncertainties of the present situation. The institution and its students must pay the highest attention to the question of maintaining efficiency in the matter of education and standards in the matter of citizenship. It is possibly too soon to attempt any outline of what the agriculture of the next few years may demand. It seems likely, however, that after the period of readjustment there will be a keener competition in the markets of the world than ever before. We have witnessed the great spectacle of the world being fed with millions of men withdrawn from the occupations of production. While some parts of the world have suffered severely, this period will now soon be past, and with the return of men to the soil in all parts of the world we may expect keener competition than existed in the pre-war days. This need not lessen the opportunities in agriculture, but does emphasize the importance of bringing to bear the highest intelligence in order to meet this competition. This must not be merely in the matter of production alone, but on the subjects of farm management and of marketing. The quality

of the goods offered to the public will not only largely determine the prosperity of the individual but will also determine the prosperity of the country from an agricultural standpoint.

In all our efforts to build up and maintain individual and national prosperity in material things, we should not overlook the importance of citizenship. It was for an ideal of citizenship that seven hundred students of the Ontario Agricultural College volunteered their services even at the risk of their lives. It was for an ideal of citizenship that fifty-five thousand Canadians have laid down their lives on the field of battle, and over half a million have served in various capacities. In the victory which

has now been secured we have the assurance that the ideals of citizenship held so dear shall be permanent.

In the days of old it was the proud boast of any man that he was a citizen of the Roman Empire. To-day it may be a still prouder boast to be a citizen of the British Empire. The Roman Empire faded and fell, the British Empire has emerged triumphant from the greatest Armageddon of all times and stands stronger in its ideals as well as its power than ever before. These facts should be noted with feelings of gratitude and with fresh resolves to make the most of the heritage which has been secured at so great a cost.



## When Christmas Calls

*Christmas has called—and I want to go home  
 Christmas has whispered—and out through the night  
 There's something which beckons to us who must roam  
 Far from the berries of scarlet and white,  
 There's something which beckons—and out on the road  
 We follow the way of a dream that is old.  
 And weary the travel and heavy the load  
 Of those who may never turn back to the fold.*

*I want to go back to the day where at dawn,  
 A tow-headed youngster rushed forth with a whoop  
 To the clarion call of the Little Tin Horn  
 And the roll of the drum as it summoned its troop  
 Of the tin soldiered legion with muskets agleam  
 Serried and straight in an unbroken row.  
 I want to go back where a fellow can dream  
 Of Christmas like that in the longtime ago.*

—GRANTLAND RICE.





## The Kingdom of Lost Youth

First Prize Story—by "Viviette"

A GIRL, elbows on window ledge, chin in palm, gazed out over the sunlit garden with brooding eyes. She was a slight little thing with a sad little face, a half bitter twist to her lips, and an incongruous name—Joy. Her only beauty lay in her hair—masses of gold-red curls which she had pinned up primly into an ugly knot and which had since loosened prettily about her temples.

"Joy Thurman, where are you?" someone called, but the girl did not stir. The searcher walked down the hall and Joy raised her head and looked anxiously toward the door, but the footsteps passed and died away and she turned her eyes to the garden again.

Presently she rose and walked with dragging steps across the room. At the door she paused, cast one glance back through the open window to the fragrant company beyond—one wistful glance, like a farewell—then she opened the door and stepped into the hall.

In her bedroom she sank into a chair. A little room with ugly wallpaper covered by cheap prints of fine old pictures, it was the only place in the city

she could call her very own, the only spot in which she could be as lonely, as whimsical and as queer as she wished to be and not attract comment. It had been her only home for seventeen years. She picked up a battered book from the table and hugged it close; "Mother Goose's Rhymes and Tales," said the letters on the cover. Joy opened the book and gazed with unseeing eyes at the writing on the inside, "To my little Joy," it said, and there followed the date and year, "On her fifth birthday." "Joy, Joy!" sneered the girl, "What a name."

"It's a nice boarding house, Joy," she told herself as she returned the book to its place beside Ibsen and Shakespeare. "It has a garden—," then she laughed the cynical, amused chuckle that was peculiarly hers; she was half-startled sometimes by the length and growing frequency of her conversations with herself. "Loneliness will drive me mad some day," she thought. "Only old people are lonely and I am not—," she paused, for a sickening thought returned to her, "I AM old," she whispered, "Thirty—

thirty last week! In ten years I will be forty, and I have never been to one party, not to one party in my life! And I have never had one girl friend, and I have never known how to make myself pretty like other girls — or carefree like them——” she sighed wearily, then she added, “But now I have two thousand dollars in the bank.”

She lit the gas jet and, picking up her hand mirror, studied herself with dispassionate eyes. “I don’t show my age,” she exulted. “But then my hair is untidy now, when it is done up I will look every day of it.” She mused a moment, “Why not do it up in a loose, untidy fashion,” reason whispered, but Joy shook herself impatiently. “What’s the use of looking young!” she despaired. “I know only four people in this city, and I only see them at meal times. I can’t count business acquaintances, they aren’t friends! I’ve been waiting till I could afford a good time; I’ve worn frowzy clothes, I’ve walked in rain and snow and put money in the bank, and now—now—I have two thousand dollars—and I—don’t know how to be young—I’m too old—I’m too old!” and her voice changed from the bitter tones of a woman to the hurt cry of a distressed child.

She bit her lip, “You coward!” she told herself, but she knew that she was no coward: old she might be, peculiar she undoubtedly was, but no coward could have lived through what she had suffered at the hands of the hard years, and hold her head as high and believed as steadfastly as ever that though her life was all twisted, God was still in His heaven and all was right with the rest of the world.

Wearily she brushed her glorious hair, back, back, till not a curl showed anywhere, then she twisted it into a

hard little knob, and, without a backward glance into the mirror, went downstairs to the dining room to be greeted by Winnifred King, the young woman who had searched for her earlier in the afternoon.

“I wanted to lend you two new magazines I have finished reading,” Winnifred told her, “but I could not find you anywhere. Were you out?”

“I was in the library.”

“Mooning away over that garden again, I suppose,” laughed the girl. “Why don’t you go out more, you prim old fogey, you!”

Joy colored, then her face became paler than ever, almost pinched, and her lips twisted themselves bitterly. “You are right!” she told the startled girl, who had never seen Joy Thurman lose her composure before, “I am an old fogey, but just remember, dear, that it isn’t my fault.”

It was Winnifred’s turn to flush. “I didn’t mean really old,” she hastened to say, distressed at her blunder. “If you wouldn’t strain your hair back so and draw yourself away from people, you would be really pretty. What you need is a year at some girl’s college where everybody is young—there, I’ve said what I’ve often thought, Joy Thurman,” and she turned away as other boarders filed into the room.

“A year at a girl’s college,” the thought persisted, and evening found Joy eagerly scanning the advertisements in an old *Cosmopolitan* magazine. “Cedar Crest,” she picked at random, “I will go to Cedar Crest,” and she almost ran down the hall to tell her little fellow boarder.

“I’ll do your hair up for you,” volunteered Winnifred, “and I’ll help you shop.”

“Oh, it will be nice—nice,” crooned Joy. “I’ve never shopped before.”

"Never shopped before!" echoed her companion, "but you must have gotten new clothes!"

"No, I made over the old ones and once in a while bought something new but never more than one thing at a time."

"And I suppose you just went into a store and said, 'Madam, give me a waist,' and she brought out any old thing she liked."

"I suppose so," Joy's voice was weary again."

"You mustn't do that," cried the girl, sharply.

"You'll be with me to help me," replied Joy, but Winifred shook her head. "I didn't mean the waists," she said, "I meant the enthusiasm. I have never, in all the two years I have boarded here, seen you so enthusiastic as you were when you came into my room just now, and then, suddenly, it has all gone. You mustn't let it go, you must keep on being enthusiastic, and happy, and young. You can if you try."

Joy leaned forward, "Do you really believe that?" she asked. "You wonder why I love the garden so—"

"It is a beautiful garden," interposed the girl.

"Yes, but that is not all. I have come to think of it as a garden vibrant with sunshine, flaming with gladness, every flower seems so gay, so—so, young. Ah, I hope you are not too young to understand me?"

"I am not too young," Winifred's voice was very gentle.

"And yet, in the garden, there are soft shadows, and deep dark ones at night. They are the shadows of the **might have been** and I call the garden the Kingdom of Lost Youth."

"The Kingdom of Lost Youth! Why how poetic," breathed Winifred. "But, why of **lost youth**, Joy?"

"Because that is just what it is," Joy's voice was hard, she was afraid to show her hidden self and Winifred divined this.

"I have boarded here since my mother died," she continued. "I was thirteen then and I had to support myself. I—I have worked since then—" her voice grew husky, "I spent all my idle hours in that garden—alone—all alone while my youth passed—and so, you see," and once more she was the matter-of-fact woman with the bitter mouth. "It is the Kingdom of Lost Youth—of my lost youth."

Winifred looked away a moment, then, "Poor Joy Thurman," she whispered, "We must find your youth again."

Monday they shopped. Winifred had spent an afternoon teaching Joy how to properly dress her hair and, with the touch of colour walking had brought to her cheeks, she was rather an attractive little figure. Recklessly she bought every pretty and becoming thing she saw and her landlady was so startled when the parcels were delivered that she could not resist running up the stairs to ask Joy if there were any mistake.

When Winifred saw her in the pale blue satin evening dress they had chosen she cried out in delight, "how I wish I could be there, too, to see you."

"How I wish you could," sighed Joy, and then, "Why not, dear?"

"I have no money. I must earn my living."

"That's what I had to do at your age, but you had a far better time than I had."

"Because I don't put my money in the bank."

"Well, I was saving for a good time and then—"

"You lost the art of being young."

"The art? I just lost the years that is all."

"It is an art," averred the girl.

Joy shook her head. "Anyway, dear, I am going to ask you to come with me."

"You going to ask me to come with you? On the money you have saved! Oh, I couldn't! I couldn't!"

"You must, I need you."

"Need me?"

"To make me be young. To teach me the art."

"Oh, no, Joy, there will be young girls there to do that. You think you have left a Kingdom of Youth behind in the garden—your garden, but you will find a kingdom of youth at College such as you have never dreamed of. You will not need me."

"I don't know those girls," and Joy shook her head, "I do know you and I love you already, Winifred."

"Think of you and I living in the same house for two years, and not knowing one another till now," smiled Winifred. "Really knowing, I mean. But I can't come, Joy."

Then, because she was very young and the prospect of college very alluring, Winifred allowed herself to be persuaded. "If you really need me," she said, and consoled herself with the thought that she would be able to pay a small part of the expenses.

College opened a new world to the two girls, particularly to Joy, who had never known anything of the pleasures of companionship. So busy was her mind registering new impressions that she had no time to brood. Hair fluffed, eyes eager, her little figure clothed becomingly and smartly, she was soon one of the most popular girls at the school. Her marked individual-

ity and her keen zest for everything made her a sharply defined unit, one who stood out from the crowd.

Dorothy Belden, a dark-haired, merry Freshette of seventeen or eighteen frankly adored Joy, whom she had nicknamed, "Little One." She it was who taught Joy to dance; other girls helped and Joy's enthusiasm made the teaching very easy.

Joy was mentioned often in "letters home" and Dorothy Belden, particularly, filled page after page with praises of her wonderful friend.

"At any rate," remarked her brother Jimmy, as he read the letter his mother had passed over to him, "it isn't a movie actress this time."

"No, that is one consolation," smiled Mrs. Belden, "we must have Dorothy bring her home for a week-end."

"While we look her over and see if she is a fit companion for Dorothy—poor 'Little One,' scoffed Jimmy, drawing out the foolish nickname.

But when Dorothy finally persuaded Joy to accompany her home, and sent word to her mother that they were coming, Jimmy was not adverse to meeting them at the station, and, during the three days visit, he spent as much time as he could, with Joy.

"How do you like Dorothy's friend?" asked his mother, as the two watched the train bearing the girls back to college, pull out.

"She's pretty much alright, eh mother?" he grinned, and the next day he wrote to Joy.

At first Joy did not think seriously of Jimmy's devotion, but after she had visited his family several times with Dorothy and had received a dozen or more letters from him, she half admitted to herself that she loved him. Winifred had seen those letters

arriving but had wisely offered no comment. It was the only feature of their college life they did not talk over together.

Never once did Joy think of her age or of Jimmy's. They were pals, friends—kindred spirits. All cynicism had vanished from her soul under the wholesome influence of the young girls about her. Her face held a new sweetness, the bitter twist had vanished from her lips. She was eager, young spirited, in love.

Only once did misgiving assail her; she was helping Winifred tidy the room after a "midnight feed" and she sat on the corner of her bed and lit another candle, lights having gone out at ten.

"Somehow, Win," she confided, "I feel as if I didn't deserve all this."

"Why do you feel like that?" demanded Winifred. "Are you sick or anything?"

In spite of herself Joy laughed, but her face quickly became sober again, and her lips twisted bitterly. "It's just a masquerade at youth, Win," she said, and it was then that she thought of Jimmy Belden's age.

"How old is Jimmy Belden?" she asked.

Winifred was hanging up her dress and did not answer for a moment, then, without turning:

"I heard Dorothy tell the girls he was twenty-two," she said.

"Twenty-two!" exclaimed Joy. "He must be older."

"He is twenty-two," Winifred repeated.

Joy's face went suddenly white, and, leaning forward, she blew out the candle. Winifred must not see.

"Wait a minute, Joy, I need the light," cried Winifred with forced gaiety. She did not need to see, and after

a moment she said, "Listen to me, Joy, you don't need to tell him how old you are, and he'll never guess."

"I could not lie to him, Win, and he would find out anyway." Joy's voice was hoarse with emotion and she shivered slightly.

"I shouldn't have told her," thought Winifred, "I shouldn't have told her."

The next week when Dorothy asked Joy to come home with her for the week end she put off with a trivial excuse, and this happened again and again till at last Dorothy demanded the reason.

"If you and Jimmy have quarreled," she said, "let me tell you he's more than ready to make it up, for he blames me every time I come home for not bringing you with me."

"No, we didn't quarrel," faltered Joy, "but, dear, there is a barrier between your brother and I that can never be surmounted, and I thought I had better not see him too often."

"The first time was too often," replied Dorothy, "and it's nonsense to talk about 'insurmountable obstacles.' You sound like a dime novel with a tragic ending."

"I feel like a tragic ending," laughed Joy, but after Dorothy had gone she cried a little. Winifred, coming suddenly into the room, found her surreptitiously wiping her eyes.

"Joy Thurman," she scolded, "I think you are the most foolish girl I know," and she went out and slammed the door, but she was worried about her friend nevertheless.

Three days later Joy was called down to the drawing room. "A visitor?" she puzzled, wearily, "Oh, well, I'll be down in a minute," and she shrugged her shoulders and twisted her lips in the way Winifred knew so well, and had come of late to dread.



Three hours later a hurricane came down the hall. Dorothy Belden pulled Joy by the hand, and girls' heads popped from the doorways to see what the noise was about.

"Dorothy, be quiet," laughed Joy, "we'll have the whole school after us in a minute."

"Let the whole school come," and Dorothy waved an inviting hand.

They were followed into the room, where Winifred sat, by fifteen or sixteen girls. Winifred gazed, astounded, at Joy, a happy Joy with sparkling eyes and pink cheeks and tumbling red-gold curls, a Joy who was beautiful.

"Isn't she the youngest, prettiest thing?" demanded Dorothy.

"Why, of course. Who said the Little One wasn't pretty?" asked the puzzled girls.

"She did, and she was positively morbid about being thirty years old. Called it an insurmountable barrier or some awful name like that, was afraid we'd find out her real age."

At that the girls laughed so gleefully that Joy looked questioningly from one to the other.

"We knew all the time, silly," they told her. "Ruth Ingram picked up that Mother Goose book of yours. We wondered whatever it was, and in it we found that it was given to you on your fifth birthday, and there was the year and everything, so it didn't take us long to figure it out."

Dorothy pulled Joy's left hand from

behind her and held it up to the girls' view; on the third finger was a diamond ring.

"Who?" they demanded with one voice.

For answer Dorothy flung her arm affectionately over Joy's shoulder, "She's my sister now," she said.

"Jimmy Belden," cried the girls. "Is that why he was here this afternoon?"

"Yes," replied Dorothy, "Joy said something to me about an insurmountable barrier so Jimmy came to see what that was. The long name kind of scared him, I guess. Anyway some fool had told Joy that Jimmy was only twenty-two, and as she was so sensitive about being thirty, she caused all this fuss before she found out that Jimmy is really thirty-two."

"I was the fool, Dorothy," spoke up Winifred. "I made a mistake."

"Win, you nearly wrecked two lives with that mistake of yours," giggled the irrepressible Dorothy, then striking an attitude she added, "Let it be your last," in a thunderous voice, which was interrupted by the more compelling voice of the tea bell.

"Here comes the bride," sang Dorothy, waltzing Joy out into the hall.

"Her youth is found again, all right, all right," thought Winifred, as she followed, "I don't think she'll waste any more time over Kingdoms of Lost anything."



T.W. Gorm 2

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Chicago Ill., Nov, 30, 1918

Dr. G. C. Creelman,

O. A. C. Guelph.

Ontario first: Begg high man, MacKenzie third,  
Lamont fifth.

Wade Toole.

CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD



The above telegram, received by Doctor Creelman on December first, brought us the news that the Ontario Agricultural College Stock Judging Team, competing at the Chicago International Exhibition has taken first place against all other competitors. R. E. Begg, '19, holds first place against all competitors, C. F. MacKenzie, '19, third, and Campbell Lamont, '19, fifth——A record for Ontario.

## “When the Boys Come Home”

By DR. G. C. CREELMAN, B. S. A., LL. D.,  
President Ontario Agricultural College, Commissioner of Agriculture for Ontario

AS a college we have now three classes of people to consider. First, those students who have been fighting our battles in France and Flanders. Second, those who have been compelled for various reasons to

drama. While we have gone on with educational affairs progressing as usual, they have lost some years in actual time, and have in addition, been out of touch with both educational affairs and all matters pertaining to Agriculture.



DR. G. C. CREELMAN, B. S. A., LL. D.

remain at home, and Third, those who now constitute the student body.

Those who are abroad will be welcomed home, and we trust that each of us will not forget to recognize the part these men have played in the great war

To all such returning to College we must be liberal in our treatment and patient in our teaching. We must not expect these men to be able to start in where they left off, for they will have forgotten much of the work studied in

their earlier years, and from shell shock and other causes incident to war conditions are not in a position to take up the work as would a student absent from college in times of peace. To all of these men, then, whether actually wounded or not, we bespeak a spontaneous welcome and persevering attention.

To those who have had to stay at home, we have little to suggest, their lot has not been easy, during all of these years that their friends and classmates have been at the front. In most cases, through no fault of their own they have had to "carry on" at home, and perhaps their real service in greater production of food stuffs has been second in importance only to those of the first class. We trust that many of these men may now find it possible to return to college, and so fit themselves for the larger life of the Canadian farmer. Hired help will no doubt be more plentiful soon, and the college work suddenly terminated should be resumed at the earliest possible moment.

To those who cannot resume the student's life, we wish a most happy and profitable life on the farm.

The third class, consisting of the present student body, have practically all entered college since the war began. Theirs has perhaps been the easiest task. Most have been too young to enlist, and nearly all of the others have been refused by the Military Examiners.

To each and every student there is surely, under all the circumstances, a

mighty call for close and personal attention to College work. It is not always the man who stands highest in scholastic attainments that makes the most useful citizen, but certainly the man who gets the most out of a college course is the one who takes the greatest personal interest in all the phases of college life. The man who joins the "Societies" and then gets his money's worth by helping in their advancement; the one who keeps his eyes open in the class room, in the laboratory, in the library, and between lectures; the man who lives and practices temperance in all his work and recreations is certainly the man who does most for himself, and the most for his College.

Again, the present student body being small, there will be a greater demand for the services of each and every one. There has always been a demand for well educated, enthusiastic farmers, and now in our period of reconstruction, with fewer such men available, the demand and the opportunities are greater than ever before. You must not "fall down" on the job.

The returned men will need help to get a new start as students, they have a right to expect it; it should be esteemed a privilege to be able to give it. Let us make a start at once by practising on the men who have already returned, many of them badly handicapped for life's battles.

The college staff is prepared to do its utmost to help, and all working together we can do very much toward getting all O.A.C. men back into the "Students' Stride."



## The Rationale of Changing Seed Potatoes

By PAUL A. MURPHY, in charge of Potato Disease Investigation,  
Dominion Department of Agriculture

NOT long after the potato became generally cultivated in Europe it began to suffer from troubles which were the same, at least in their effects, as diseases which are now sometimes looked upon as new-fangled. One of the earliest means advocated to remedy these evils and to increase the production of the crop was a change of seed. Records are available to show that this course was recommended in Bavaria in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Changing the seed has been so long and successfully practised by potato growers that it has become an article of faith. It goes without saying that a custom which has held its own so long must have been founded to some extent at least on reason, even though that reason long remained a mystery. Recent work on potato diseases seems to be drawing away part of the veil and allowing us to see the underlying principles.

Potato diseases, such as the late blight, the early blight, black-leg and the *Rhizoctonia* disease, which result from attacks on the plant by easily recognizable parasites, are now well known and understood. The same may be said for injuries, like tip-burn, due to excessive sunshine, and for those caused by drouth, excessive water supply, lack of essential food material, and many others of like nature. Any of these factors may operate to such an extent as to materially reduce or destroy the crop. The potatoes which survive, however, are not appreciably injured for seed purposes, and any possible danger attending their use may be removed by the simple operation of

careful selection and disinfection. There is on the other hand, another class of diseases, probably old in themselves, which recent study has brought into prominence. This group of diseases has been mis-called "physiological" because no parasite has been found which is responsible for them. The outstanding feature in which they differ from the group first mentioned is that the infection is almost invariably carried within the tubers, and that once the diseases appear they seem to be of a permanent or semi-permanent nature. There are some seeming exceptions to this rule, but it may be stated as a fact that is generally true that once a crop becomes affected it does not recover in after years.

The important diseases of the second class, apparently non-parasitic, tuber-borne troubles, are several in number and almost world-wide in distribution. So far as Ontario is concerned we need concern ourselves only with two, leaf roll and mosaic. Leaf roll is characterized by a dwarfing of the plant accompanied generally by a pale green color of the foliage. The rolling of the leaves is often not conspicuous. It is always present on the lowest leaves and may affect other parts of the foliage. The tubers are set on close to the stem, and the yield is very much reduced. This reduction averages about 66 per cent. Mosaic does not as a rule stunt the plant as much as leaf roll, and the color of the foliage is more normal. Close examination shows that the leaves are covered with faint light green spots, and they are not as smooth as normal foliage. This is the only no-



tifiable symptom of the disease, but its effect is seen in that the yield is reduced about 33 per cent.

A survey carried out in Ontario in the summer of 1918 by the Potato Inspection Service of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, acting in cooperation with the Department of Agriculture of Ontario, showed that these two diseases were very prevalent in certain portions of Old Ontario. Fields to the number of 1,336, comprising 2,339 acres, were visited in 32 counties of Old Ontario. In fields in which native seed was planted the average percentage of leaf roll was found to be 14.9 per cent, and the average percentage of mosaic 6.8 per cent. Leaf Roll was found to be most serious in the Niagara Peninsula, in the counties bordering on Lake Ontario eastward as far as Northumberland, inclusive, in the counties bordering on Lake Erie, and in the region southward from Ottawa to the St. Lawrence. The average percentage of leaf roll in native seed in the seventeen counties in these areas was 22.3 per cent. Mosaic was found to be distributed generally throughout the southern portion of Ontario without being confined to well marked regions.

Bearing in mind that a leaf roll plant yields only one third of the normal, and a mosaic plant two-thirds of the normal, it can be readily seen that these two diseases are to be held largely responsible for small crops. In the 32 counties under survey the amount of disease found to be present in native seed must be held responsible for a crop reduction of not less than 12.2 per cent.

To find a means of combating these pests would obviously be a boon to potato production in Ontario. It will perhaps suggest itself that, since a

comparatively large proportion of the potato plants, even in the worst infected districts, are free from either disease, seed should be saved from the healthy plants. Two recent discoveries have shown why this course has always been followed by failure, for the produce of healthy plants so selected very soon become themselves diseased.

Through the courtesy of Dr. C. A. Zavitz, who has been importing seed potatoes to Guelph for years in the endeavour to solve this problem, the writer has been enabled to determine that healthy potatoes contract leaf roll very quickly under certain Ontario conditions. The data here given refer to the same strains of three varieties of potatoes imported into Old Ontario each year for a period of from four to six years from the same growers in Northern Ontario and New Brunswick. There was no leaf roll the first year, while 15 per cent. appeared the second year, 24 per cent. the third year, 63 per cent. the fourth, and 89 per cent. the sixth. Climatic conditions must be held responsible to some extent for this phenomenon, not perhaps primarily, but as necessary predisposing causes or accompanying factors. Just in the same way many human diseases are strictly limited to climatic conditions although well known to be caused, not by these conditions, but by parasites which the conditions favour.

Evidence has been accumulating to show that both mosaic and leaf roll are communicable diseases, and, therefore, parasitic in nature, although the parasites are unknown. This holds true of a number of diseases of plants as well as of man and animals. Quanjer, a Dutch worker, has lately shown that leaf roll is communicated to healthy plants growing near diseased ones, and this has been confirmed in two suc-

cessive years by the writer in this country. In our potato disease plots under the extremely favorable conditions found in Prince Edward Island, we have induced 89.5 per cent. of leaf roll in two years in healthy potatoes by growing them near leaf roll plants, while another lot of the same potatoes which were not exposed to infection remained entirely healthy. This factor, no doubt, is also operative as well as climatic conditions in Ontario, but our experiments on this point have not yet progressed far enough for publication.

The alternative means of control is to resort to the time honoured method of changing seed, only carried out more intelligently than in the past since we now know more fully what we are seeking to avoid. We are finding out not only what portions of the country are affected with seed-borne potato diseases, but also the portions which are freest from them. Not only so, but an inspection service is maintained which examines the crop in the seed growing regions in the growing condition (when alone leaf roll and mosaic may be recognized), and again after digging,

and certifies the seed if it comes up to our standard. Up to the time of writing more than 10,000 bushels of seed of this character have already been certified in Northern Ontario this year, all of which will find its way to Old Ontario.

Periodical change of seed carried out under these conditions has been proved by the result of experiments and experience in the field to reduce the potato diseases now being dealt with to a negligible quantity, and thereby greatly increases the crop. There are other incidental benefits also. Growers of early potatoes in certain sections prefer northern-grown seed because it comes in earlier than local seed. Furthermore, the advantages connected with immature seed, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, seed not prematurely ripened, are made use of. It has been proved that, questions of disease apart, of two strains of potatoes, one grown for some years under favorable conditions and the other under less favorable, the former will outyield the other when both are grown side by side.



## Peace

*I wish thee wealth, the gift of men ;  
I wish thee health from Healing's rod ;  
I wish thee joy and love, and then  
I wish thee peace,—the gift of God.*

—M. G. N.

## Clydesdales

By D. J. MATHESON, '19.

*Cuts used in this Article by courtesy of "Farmers' Advocate."*

THE highly finished and outstanding Clydesdale prize-winners in our show rings of to-day are not the product of mere chance, but have originated through the painstaking efforts of the breeders well versed in their work, and so in love with it that they did not rest satisfied with what might appear fair results. They had before them a model, and each successive generation helped them to fill out their

can be adapted to the breeding of all animals. The reader may ask "why give so high a place to these old breeders?" The answer is because of their results, for what class of animal pedigrees can we examine which show such steady improvements, each successive generation showing improvement in some respect over that which had gone before.

One of the most important features



"DARNLEY"

mold. They knew their task was arduous, and that they could not always count on getting just what they expected, and also that they had to lay their work aside, but this they knew that someone would take up the work where they left off, and that their ideal would constantly be coming nearer perfection.

The methods which Scotch Clydesdale breeders adopted are worthy of notice, for the underlying principles

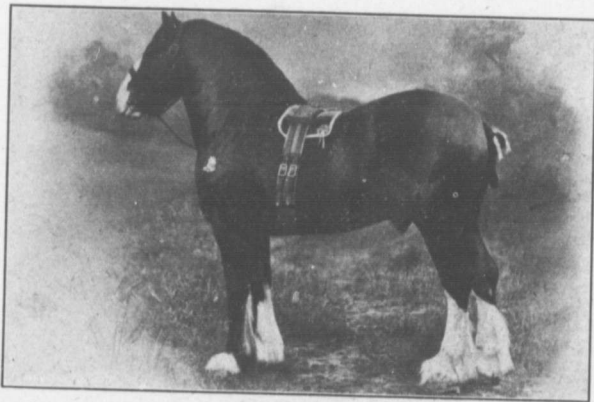
in their methods was that they always stuck to the one type. They did not become carried away when any particular type seemed to be in public favor. Clydesdales were to be first, last and all the time heavy drafters. We can easily see how this feature is so important in the breeding of any class of animals. Each individual breeder knows that there is only one type and no factions arise from this score which would be the case if more than one type is

bred within the same class. The fact that they were to be heavy drafters, placed no limit on size, provided they filled the bill in other respects.

Another important fact to be considered is that Scottish breeders did not fool themselves regarding the demerits of their horses. They criticized their own animals just as severely as did their opponents, and were not partial toward their defects. An excellent example of this is given in a short criticism of Darnley, the chieftain of the

work horse, and so kept in mind certain points which would be essential to obtain the highest efficiency. We can readily see that a horse might have plenty of weight but would be so lacking in other respects that this would count for very little.

About the most necessary points in a draft horse are weight and action. The latter has been receiving more particular attention by Clydesdale breeders in the last twenty or thirty years than any other matter, and has



"BARON'S PRIDE"

clan, by Mr. Archibald MacNeilage one of the best horsemen in Scotland today, "Regarding the old horse's head, it was far from being all one could desire, being a little sour, his ears were short, and were not set so as to give the horse a pleasing appearance." When we read the above criticism of a horse of world-wide note can we not the more easily understand how each successive generation has shown improvements.

As we already mentioned, Clydesdale breeders had in view a heavy draft

been developed to such a degree that they surpass all other draft breeds in this respect.

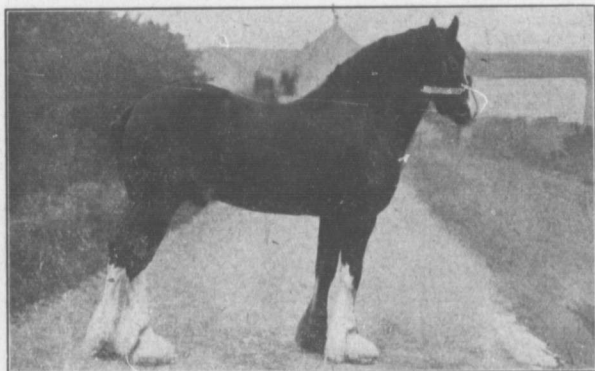
The head of the Clydesdale is similar to other draft breeds, a dish-faced being objectionable, with a clean cut juncture of head and neck. The neck should be fairly long and well arched, blending nicely into the shoulders, with fairly high withers and good obliquity of shoulders. The legs should be well set under as this gives better action; the forearm be well muscled, blending smoothly into a broad clean cut knee,

avoiding constriction below. The cannon bone short, flat and clean with a fair amount of fine silky hair. The pasterns should be of considerable length and springy; the feet large and full, with a distinct hoof-head.

The body of the Clydesdale has been inclined to be somewhat shallow, with short ribs, and being rather long coupled, greater depth and shorter coupling is now looked for. The croup should be full and well arched, thick, through the thighs with a heav-

and a few ways in which such perfection has been attained, in closing we might mention a few of the more noted Clydesdale stallions.

Among the first of the noted stallions comes Glancer (335) whose name appears in almost every Clydesdale of note to-day, and who was Great Grand-sire of Broomfield's champion, The Eclipse of the Clydesdale breed. This horse was Grandsire of Samson, the sire of Kier Peggy, the dam of Darnley, the most noted and often called, the



"BARON OF BUCKLYVIE"

ily muscled gaskin. The hocks should be clean cut and angular with a fair amount of feathering of fine silky texture indicative of quality.

When moving the animal should travel true, avoiding rolling of the front legs, and not travelling too wide behind. At each step showing a full view of the bottom of the foot, with good flexion of the hocks. When standing, the horse should look alert, not sluggish, and showing plenty of style.

In the above we have sketched a short account of a typical clydesdale

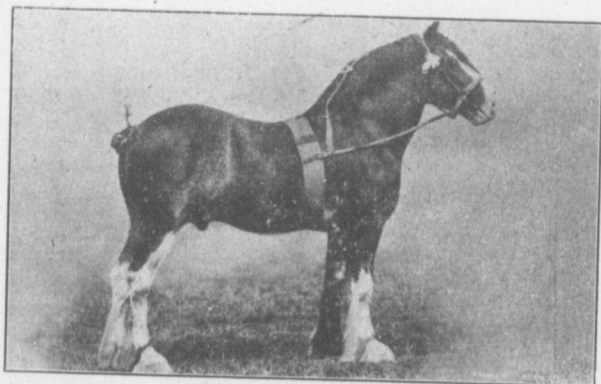
Chieftain of the Clan. Samson was also sire of Darling, the dam of Prince of Wales, a horse rivalling Darnley for notoriety. These two noted stallions are pre-eminently important as they are the progenitors of the two rival Clydesdale houses. The blending of the stock of these two has produced offspring which has made Clydesdales so popular both in Scotland and America. In Ontario this stock is chiefly known through the offspring of Baron's Pride, sired by Sir Everard, by Top Gallant by Darnley. Some of Baron's Pride get



are Baron of Bucklyvie, sold for \$47,000, sire of Dunure Footprint, sire of Fairholme Footprint.

A glance over the above pedigrees, the most important only being mentioned and many of almost equal importance being left out, cannot help but impress anyone of the trueness of type all down the line, and how, as stated

before, each generation has outstripped the previous by its superior individuals. Perfection has been by no means reached, but a continuance in the paths laid down by our old trusty Scottish Clydesdale breeders will insure for the Clydesdale horses of the future the chief place in the hearts of all true lovers of draft horses.



"DUNURE FOOTPRINT"



## Recompense

Second Prize Poem by ELMETRE.

*I thought that all Life's joy had passed me by,  
That in Love's garden all the flowers were dead;  
" Shall I then sit and nurse my grief and sigh ?"  
I asked my soul, " Is all Earth's beauty fled ?"*

*" Is there no other joy that I can share,  
No other sorrow that a word may ease ?  
May I not some day lift another's care,  
And find another friend, if God so please ?"*

*And as upon my daily tasks I wrought,  
Seeking by toil to dull the edge of pain—  
Lo, by my side I found the friend I sought,  
And, in my heart Love's roses bloomed again.*

## The Doctor and the Boys

OUR reporter interviewed Dr. Creelman soon after his return from the Old Country, and our only regret is that we have not space to publish all of his stories in regard to the O. A. C. boys in Europe.

In all, the Doctor met nearly one hundred college men in England and in France, and so far as we can find out, they all had a good time together.

"The first day in London," said Dr. Creelman, "I met Shields '19, a Pilot in the Air Service. He had just returned from flying, and was sitting in the Royal Automobile Club having luncheon. He wished to be remembered to Class '19."

"The next day," continued Dr. Creelman, "I went to the Canadian Red Cross and found out which of our boys were in the hospitals in London, and then tried to see them all. "Froggie" Scott '15 was in No. 3 London General with a bullet through his leg. We all remember that "Froggie" had been badly gassed two years ago, came back to Canada, and took out a new Battalion, of which he was Major; he then reverted in rank and "went over" as Lieutenant. I was glad to see that he had entirely recovered from his original gas attacks and steamboat torpedoing, and that his leg will soon be all right, when he proposes to return to Canada.

"Paddy" Ryan was in the Russian hospital in London, having been shot up pretty badly. He is in good spirits, though, and will soon resume his old job at working under Hon. Rupert Guinness, training English boys for Canadian farms."

"Next day," said Dr. Creelman, "I discovered "Blondy" Wilson '16 at a

London Hospital suffering from a severe wound in the arm. He was bright and lively, however, and came down to see me at the hotel a few days later with his arm in a sling. Wilson told me about Gardhouse '19. He was at a hospital at Basingstoke, where I found him happy and bright with a cut clear across his face, laying open the eye, nose and cheek. It was healing well, however, and the doctors assured me that his face would not look too badly when they got through with it. He was hit by the same shell as Wilson. Both he and Wilson told me of the bravery of W. R. White, "Little Colonel" as we used to call him. He risked his life in "No Man's Land" to bring in Wilson, and was awarded one of the highest prizes, namely, the D. C. M., for his valour. "Blondy" Wilson also received the Military Cross, and I had the pleasure of pinning on his ribbon, surrounded by a bunch of O.A.C. boys in the Savoy Hotel on the Strand."

"I was unfortunate in not being able to get down to Cambridge," remarked the Doctor, "to see Dave Laird '15 and Jack Macdonald '20. They are both getting along well as is Bennett '16, who lost his foot. They say if you sit long enough in front of a certain restaurant in Paris that you will see everybody you know in Europe, pass by sooner or later. I suppose the same may be said of the Strand in London. At any rate, all the college boys on leave seemed to find me during my stay. Cotsworth '16, Andy Fulton '17, Harry Rowland '16, "Porky" Brydon '18, Geo. Clark '16, Bob Skelton '16, Coke '09, C. M. Nixon '17, Jimmy Leaver '14, Pat Stewart '14, Col. Keegan

'13, Bob Bryant, and many others called on me.

"London was dark at night, but we usually managed to get into an old-fashioned eating-house for dinner and spend the evenings talking old times."

"Cotsworth is Quarter-Master Sergeant for the College Battery, and would tell how he was kept at his wit's end to prevent Carncross '16, Bird '17, Roland, and the rest of the boys from stealing all of his stores. And then the others would, in turn, tell about somebody else whose escapade in the trenches reminded them of the good old days at the O.A.C."

"On all hands, however," said the Doctor, "I heard nothing but the greatest praise of the work the Battery had done, and I could hardly realize that I was sitting beside mere boys who had month after month faced the Huns in unequal combat and had finally driven them back towards the German border. It sounds easy to say it, but no one but the men who have been there can quite appreciate what it means to make Veterans out of "strip-lings" all in a few months."

"Pat. Stewart dropped in on me the night before I was leaving, fresh from the fight at Cambrai, where he had lost most of his officers and hundreds of men. It will be remembered that in the Cambrai show the Canadians had Thirty-six Thousand casualties, our corps being used as the spear-head of the British Army. Pat was off to Scotland for two weeks' leave, and he would return to his guns about the day peace was declared."

The Doctor says it was his privilege,

under the auspices of the Khaki College, to visit many of the camps in England and France, where he found O.A.C. boys everywhere. Sometimes it would be in the dark, as at Witley, where the Artillery were quarantined for Influenza. "When I was leaving in a taxi for the station after speaking to a meeting of soldiers, a number of phantom figures came out of the dark calling, "Hello Doctor; we have sneaked out of quarantine and want to shake your hand." Among them were Callister '11, W. E. Hare (Little Bunny), Doug. Townsend '16, Gordon Hill '17, Geo. Wilson '13, "Taffy" Davison '17, "Dutch" Middleton '18, Alfred Cleaves '14, Jesse Francis '15, Bill Bissett '17, N. A. Marshall '18, Knox '17, Claire '18 and Fortier '15."

"Most of the boys were taking the Officers' Training Course, and all seemed happy and well."

"Bob Skelton looked especially well with a fresh suit of clothes for his two weeks' leave, and his new Bombadier's stripe." "He is not a real Non-Com." said Rowland and Coatsworth, "but an honorary, supernumerary acting Bombadier, "without expense to the public." "Bob has picked up a good deal of French, and I notice is also familiar with 'different' English words since he has been driving a team of mules in France."

"No one knows what these men have gone through, sleeping on the guns, the ground too wet to dig in, snow and slush and sleet, good fellows killed all around them, horses killed under them—yet they are cheerful, bright, and full of devilment, but will all be glad to get home."

*Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.*

—Tennyson.

## Commercial Plums of Ontario

By T. H. JONES, '19.

ONCE more we soon shall be sitting around the festive Christmas board, partaking of the many delectable dishes, prepared so carefully and thoughtfully by mother, wife or fiancée. Certainly, plum preserves will be included in this company of victuals. Therefore, a few suggestions to the housewives of Ontario, regarding the selection of plums might be timely, so that they could improve supply for subsequent festivities.

The following include the most popular commercial varieties of our fruit growing districts:—

**Shiro**—One and one-half inches in diameter, roundish conic, with halves equal; apex roundish; light yellow to deep yellow, with whitish, inconspicuous dots; flesh light yellow, juicy, mild in flavor; cling-stone; a dessert plum; Season, second and third week in August.

**Burbank**—Large to very large, roundish; deep red or a yellow background, numerous small yellow distinct dots; thin skin; firm, sweet, juicy; good flavored yellow flesh; cling stone; quality good as a dessert plum; may be canned; Season, second week in August.

**Bradshaw**—Medium to large, obovate; dark purplish red with a bluish bloom, dots few; stem medium length; apex rounded; free stone; skin thick and tough; greenish yellow flesh, which is juicy, sweet and richly flavored; quality good for dessert; a favorite with commercial canners. Season, middle of August to first week of September.

**Gueii**—Medium size, oval; stem one

inch long, pubescent; apex pointed somewhat; skin blue; flesh greenish color; cling stone; quality fair as a canner; Season, last week of August and first week of September.

**Washington**—Large, roundish, slightly flattened at ends; greenish yellow; tough skin; flesh, color of skin; firm, rich, sweet, juicy; quality very good, especially as a dessert plum; makes a good canner also; free stone. Season, latter part of August to the second week of September.

**Gage**—Medium size, yellowish green, dots indistinct; skin, fairly thick and somewhat tough; flesh, yellowish green, juicy, sweet, rich in flavor; stone almost free. A variety to be recommended for home canning. Season, last week of August to September 15th.

**Lombard**—Medium size, oval, slightly flattened at ends; purplish red with a thin blue bloom; dots fairly numerous; yellowish distinct; flesh yellow, juicy, firm, sweet; free stone. It is in much demand for private and commercial canning for which it is well suited. Season, latter part of first week to third week of September.

**Grand Duke**—Large to very large, obovate, very dark blue; yellow firm flesh; free stone; a splendid dessert plum and a fair canner. Season, third and fourth weeks of September.

**Monarch**—Large, roundish, oval; free stone; stem short and stout; dark purplish; yellow flesh; a fair canner. Season, latter part of September.

**German Prune**—Medium size, long oval, blue; flesh greenish or slightly

(Continued on Page xx.)

# An Historical Sketch, 1888—1918

By J. B. MUNRO, '19.

IT was away back in 1888 that the boys got together to discuss the feasibility of producing a college paper at the O. A. C. After much debate they concluded that the scheme could be worked out on a small scale, so an editor was appointed. The first Editor was none other than H. H. Dean, now Professor of Dairying at O. A. C. Along with several of the Senior boys he started the ball rolling. When the copy of the first number was ready they found there was no name chosen for the paper. Suggestions were in order and we learn that Dr. C. A. Zavitz promptly recommended the name by which it has been designated for over thirty years.

It is interesting to us to study not only the progress of the Review, but also to discover the future achievements of those who assisted in its publication. Owing to there being available no complete record of the Review during the first fifteen years of its publication we are unable to chronicle all the men of the staff whose names have since become famous. However, we do know that one man of the first editorial staff was G. C. Creelman. He needs no introduction to any of our readers, for he is well known on both sides of the Atlantic as President of the O. A. C., and Commissioner of Agriculture for Ontario. His name is known wherever O.A.C. boys dwell—that means throughout the civilized world. And C. A. Zavitz, who christened the Review, needs no introduction. In every country where cereals are grown his name is known. His successes in the originating of new strains of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Rye, and improvements he

has accomplished in other field crops, through experimental and investigational work, have made his a name second to none, being on a par with Luther Burbank. Two years ago the degree of Doctor of Science was conferred on him by Toronto University in recognition of his services. On that first staff we find the name of one of our men who later became Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, Hon. Nelson Monteith. These are only a few of the many promising boys who gave the Review its start and later showed up in the larger realm of Agriculture.

Following H. H. Dean, Mr. Chas. F. Whiteley '91, occupied the editor's chair. In June of the following year he accepted a position with the Dairy Division at Ottawa.

During 1891 the Review was edited by F. C. Harrison, who, after graduation, was assistant to Prof. Pantou here until 1896. Later he took post-graduate work at Wisconsin and Cornell, and in 1900 studied at Berne and Copenhagen. In 1905 he was appointed professor of Bacteriology at Macdonald College, and in 1909 he received the degree of Doctor of Science from McGill. In 1910 he represented Canada at the International Dairy Conference at Budapest, and the following year he was made Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada and was also appointed principal of Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec.

Next came G. E. Day, who held office during 1892. After graduation he was appointed lecturer in Agriculture and later Professor of Animal Husbandry. After twenty-five years on the College

Staff Professor Day resigned in 1917 to become Secretary of the Dominion Shorthorn Breeders Association.

During 1893 J. J. Ferguson was at the helm. In 1894 Mr. Ferguson took charge of the Maplehurst Stock and Dairy Farm. In 1899 he was connected with the Dairy Department of the Michigan State College, and afterwards was identified with the By-product Food Department of Swift & Co., as Manager of Stock Food Department.

W. A. Kennedy edited the Review in 1894. On graduating he took the position of assistant in the Chemical Laboratory here. In 1897 he went to Saskatchewan where he controls 800 acres of Prairie at Conquest.

T. F. Patterson was editor during 1895. In 1896 he went to British Columbia and organized Farmers' Institutes throughout that Province. After two years as assistant editorial writer on the Vancouver World he went into the lumber business. Since then he has forged ahead, and holds many responsible positions. He is President of the Patterson Timber Co., Ltd., and General Manager of the Cascade Mills, Ltd., The Terminal Lumber and Shingle Co., The Federal Trust Co., and the Burrard Publishing Co., are also under his supervision.

The following year J. C. Macdonald ascended the throne and held sway during 1896. He was Fellow in Biology at O. A. C. for some time, and later took a post-graduate course at Cornell. But Journalism lured him back and we find him for five years Agricultural Editor of the Mail and Empire; then he held a similar position with The Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal.

It was during 1896 we find the name of G. S. Henry on our Review Staff.

He has since become widely known as a leader among men. He is now the Hon. G. S. Henry, Minister of Agriculture for Ontario.

Henry R. Ross who piloted the magazine through the year 1897 became Chief Editor of the Maritime Farmer on graduation in 1898. This paper he raised to a high standard and caused it to become a great influence in Agricultural life in the Maritime Provinces. Later on he became General Manager of the Sussex Packing Co. Next we find him General Manager of the New Brunswick Cold Storage Co. at St. John.

We find W. J. Price leading our paper over "the trail of '98." For some time after completing his course he was assistant on the Animal Husbandry Department at this College, but soon he changed his life work to that of Dentistry and has his headquarters at Orangeville, Ont.

During the regime of our next editor we find the Review changed from the pamphlet to the Magazine form. B. S. Pickett had on his staff some men whose names stand out prominently today. He himself had an enviable record for scholarship throughout his course. Mr. Pickett acted as Secretary of the College after completing his Third Year, and won his B. S. A. degree in 1904. In 1905 he resigned from his position as Secretary and went to the University of Illinois where he won his Master's degree in Horticulture in 1906. After five years at Illinois he was elected to the chair of Horticulture at the New Hampshire College.

It is of interest that a war was in progress in South Africa in those days. In an issue of 1899 we find that O. A. C. had nine representatives in one expeditionary force which left for the Boer War. It was at this time

that we find the name of W. J. Black on our Review Staff. Mr. Black later became President of the Manitoba Agricultural College and is now Commissioner of Agriculture for the Dominion. Last week he received the appointment of Chairman of the Returned Soldiers' Commission.

Mr. L. A. Moorehouse, later of the Department of Agriculture, Washington D. C., and Mr. Elmer C. Hallman, one of Western Canada's most notable stock raisers, were both on Mr. Pickett's editorial staff.

E. J. MacMillan, who edited the Review in 1900-01, held the positions of Secretary of Agriculture and Superintendent of Farmers' Institutes, and also Lecturer in Agriculture at Prince of Wales College in P. E. I. He went to South Africa some years later, and when last heard of was assistant to the Director of Agriculture of Orange River Colony with his home at Bloomfontein.

James Murray steered the bark in 1901-02. For two years after graduating he had charge of the Seed Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture at Ottawa. On April he was appointed Superintendent of Fairs and Institutes for Saskatchewan, and the following year he accepted the position of Superintendent of the Experimental Farm at Brandon. Four years later he became General Manager of the Canadian Weat Lands, Ltd., with headquarters at Suffield, Alta. Murray is now Professor of Agronomy at Macdonald College, Quebec.

The Christmas number became a "Specialty" under the management of Editor D. T. Elderkin in 1902. Live Stock was his specialty and we find him with the Live Stock Branch at Ottawa, and later Assistant Director of Live Stock for the Province of On-

tario. He is now Secretary of the Live Stock Association, Regina, Sask.

Now we come to the end of prehistoric Review days. All but the barest facts regarding the "doings" of the College, as recorded in the Review up to 1903 are veiled in uncertainty for our intact volumes date back to 1903. Beyond that the record of antiquities is shrouded, and, but for the splendid sketch published in Vol. xxiv, Nos. 3 and 4, we would be almost ignorant of facts previous to 1903. W. R. Dewar followed the Review right along. He was "Sports" in 01-02, "Associate" in 02-03, and Chief in 03, Fall term. It was at this time that the Editor was first elected at the beginning of the calendar year. Formerly he started in with the College year. In 1904 Dewar left, with his B. S. A. Degree for South Africa, having received an appointment as Entomologist for Orange River Colony. In 1908 he returned to his native land, the Niagara Peninsula, and in 1909 Specialized in Horticulture at Cornell. He has since been engaged in commercial fruit growing in Essex County, and is Manager of the Co-operative Fruit Growers' Association, Leamington, Ont.

"Bob" Deachman guided the Magazine through 1904. He accepted a position with the Farmers' Advocate in the Calgary office, after graduation, and later he was connected with the Winnipeg Office. Since those days he has climbed up in the newspaper world and, with Esmond '05 and Logan '05 launched "The Commercial Review."

During 1905 H. R. MacMillan held sway in the Editorial sanctum. He went to Yale for a two year post-graduate course after receiving his degree here. Then he entered the Dominion Forestry Branch at Ottawa. He is in



the Forestry Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Victoria, B. C.

R. S. Hamer, who was editor in 1906, had considerable experience in general affairs before coming to the O. A. C., having taught school several years. After graduation he spent four years as Representative for the Department of Agriculture at Perth. Later he was appointed to the Live Stock Branch at Ottawa.

The December, 1906, Review was not a special number. The Staff at that time decided that the extra expenditure of money and time was not warrantable. The students in the Junior years were too busily engaged in the pertinent question of Christmas Exams to devote their time to the Review. Those of the Senior year had the haunting thoughts of unfinished Theses before them. Thus the Special features were discontinued for a time. Since that time, however, the Special number has again been revived as the fitting climax to the year's work. While moderation is observed we see no reason why the Christmas Number should not be made more elaborate than others.

David M. Rose was our editorial writer in his Junior year, 1907. He was graduated with Class 1908, and the same fall entered Trinity College as a divinity student. He was a zealous church worker and took a keen interest in Missions. He became Secretary of the Layman's Missionary Movement for the Church of England in Canada.

Archie Campbell, a Middlesex boy came to O.A.C. well prepared for business. For several years prior to his arrival here he taught school "out West." As Editor in 1908 he was successful in carrying out a progressive policy. Archie took up Representative work for the Department of Agricul-

ture in Dundas County the following year. Campbell is now Demonstrator in Agriculture for the C. P. R. at Calgary, Alta.

Then F. C. Nunnick received the Degree of Editor-in-Chief for the year 1909. Ever since his graduation Mr. Nunnick has held a high place in the Dominion, being Agricultural Advisor to the Commission of Conservation for Canada, at Ottawa.

Among others on his staff were C. F. Bailey '09, now Assistant Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, and G. H. Unwin '09, now our Lecturer in French and English at O.A.C.

In 1910 S. H. Gandier was chief of Staff. It is hard to say which "Cap" spent more time and energy on, Review or Rugby. However, he made a success of both. He is now President Creelman's Secretary at the College. On the football field he is still a familiar figure, being Manager of the Rugby team.

A familiar name on this staff is that of Wade Toole, who, for several years, edited the Farmer's Advocate of London, Ont., and is now Professor of Animal Husbandry at O.A.C.

W. Dawson '12 commanded the staff in 1911. He was small but capable, and he kept the paper up to standard. "Bill" is now identified with the Motion Picture Bureau of the Department of Agriculture at Toronto. We regret that "Bill" has had an unusual share of illness lately. However, he is now on the road to recovery.

Following Dawson we find the best known editor of the recent period in the history of the Review. Justus Miller came to the chair in 1912, and started in for hard work. He is a Journalist of repute, having been editor of the Canadian Countryman since his graduation. His term on the

Review extended over two years, he having had to drop out for some time owing to a serious attack of Typhoid Fever. Justus is now Assistant Commissioner of Agriculture for the Province of Ontario.

H. S. Fry, who took Miller's place on the Countryman, and later became editor of the Farmer's Advocate, on Prof. Toole's retirement, was for some time on the Review Staff. We all remember him best as lecturer in Horticulture at the College.

It is with deepest regret that we have just learned of the death of S. C. Johnson who was on our staff in 1912. After graduation "Sid" became Vegetable Specialist for Ontario and a year ago was appointed Chief of the Motion Picture Bureau for the Ontario Government. His death came on November 22nd, resulting from Influenza, followed by Appendicitis.

J. H. Winslow kept things going smoothly during Miller's absence from the College in 1912. Winslow is one of the many O.A.C. boys who lost his life in the great War. He went overseas with the 55th Battery, and was killed a year ago. His task was short, but he accomplished it.

The 1914 editor was Andrew Cory '15, who has been on active service at the front ever since the beginning of the war. He went over as a Captain in the 29th Battery, and received his Majority at the front. Major Cory was a victim of trench fever after many months of service. He will engage in agricultural journalism when his health permits.

The history since 1915 is so recent as to be only in the making. Most of the boys of recent connection with the Review are overseas, and others owing to the demands of the war, are on farms—just producing.

A. M. MacDermott, editor in 1915, went West in 1916 to teach Agriculture in the Weyburn High School. He now holds a prominent position there as Director of Agricultural Education for the Province of Saskatchewan.

J. C. Neale was graduated with Class '17. During 1916 he edited the Review. On receiving his degree and demit from the College he accepted a position with the Farm Department here, but later enlisted with the Canadian Engineers and is now in France.

Last year L. E. O'Neill "bossed" the job. He had many difficulties to contend with. In fact he had those that regularly go with the office, augmented by those which continued war conditions produced. The student body was small, the price of publication was soaring and contributions were slow coming in. But "Louie" kept cool and made things go ahead. He published the first Volume of twelve complete numbers. This necessitated his returning to Guelph every month during the summer, but that didn't stop him. Much credit is due him for his perseverance in this work. He is now on the Live Stock Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Toronto.

1918 is just passing out, so we cannot yet write its history. Indeed modesty forbids that we should ever admit that we see a future ahead of the present toil-worn staff. However, we feel with those who went before, that the O.A.C. Review has done much to develop those who spent their spare hours (and any they could steal from unpleasant subjects), endeavoring to produce a magazine that would knit together the boys of the past with those of the present: the men of the farm with those of the College. The success of our attempt will be known when Time has told his story.

## “Our Alumni”

By A. M. STEWART, '19.

THE years may come and go, the college halls grow old in glory, but fond memory still has a place for Our Alumni.

Our Alma Mater has fixed within us a spirit of unity in thought, and purpose, which time cannot separate. As we turn over the pages of our Review, we linger to read the Alumni Columns.



A. M. STEWART, '19.

We glance at the words “Our Alumni,” and they give to the responsive mind a pen picture of college days that have passed; of associations formed, almost — but not forgotten. The ups and downs; the ins and outs; the forgotten and the not forgotten,

all give to the reader of the Alumni Columns a sense of delight, a feeling of sacred treasure.

Instantly we become fired with a desire to learn of the successes of our college co-workers. We read on and find food for many a happy exchange of thought. It may be a wish, or a desire to aspire to such lofty heights, as we have just learned from the Alumni Columns that our class-mates have reached.

We read with interest the doings of all. We become interested in their whereabouts; their achievements.

“These kindred thoughts linger in our mind,  
And gather others of their kind,  
And ever on our earthly track,  
They come, echoing, echoing back.”

It is then not only a privilege, but the duty of every graduate, and ex-student of our college, to associate, himself with the Alumni Columns of our Review.

At this season of the year we do feel expressly thankful, and grateful to the many who have assisted us in making the Alumni Columns interesting and helpful.

We do heartily express our appreciation to Dr. Creelman, who so kindly assists us. He is very willing to spare of his time to tell us the good news of our colleagues. He has a kindly interest in us all.

We thank all who so generously give of their time and support. Our worthy

Professors, Students, ex-students, our many Readers of the Review, we thank you, and also our boys overseas for the many long and interesting letters we have received from time to time.

We are thankful to the members from Macdonald Hall who have shown such kindly interest in the past year. We feel a deeper interest has been taken in the Alumni Columns in the year just past, and we trust the interest from Macdonald Hall shall continue to grow in the present year.

It seems natural that the Alumnus should be interested in the Alumna,

and vice versa. We feel Macdonald Hall should have her equal interest, with the College, in our columns, and we trust that the deeper interest shown last year, shall this year grow more and more until Macdonald Hall has her proper place or portion in our College Review.

We again thank one and all, who have assisted us in making the columns helpful and interesting throughout the past year. We need your ever helpful support in the New Year, and we solicit your kind and sympathetic interest in Our Alumni.



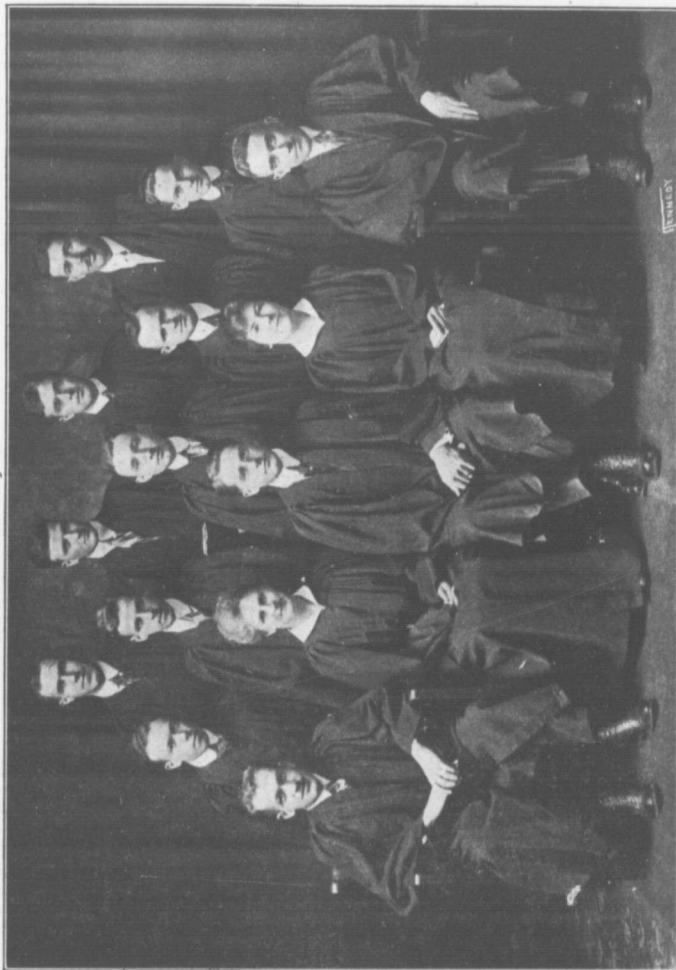
*One God, one law, one element,  
And one far off event  
To which the whole creation moves.*



*It is well that there is no one without a fault ; for he would not have a friend in the world. He would seem to belong to a different species.*

—WILLIAM HAZLITT.





J. A. Hall '36, Query. R. A. Brink '16, Exper. W. L. Currier '20, Ath. A. W. Mead '26, Alumni.  
 M. C. Jamieson '21, Artist. T. H. Jones '16, Hort. W. C. Hopper '26, Coll. Life. C. F. Lackham '16, Poultry. K. Macarthur '21, Locals.  
 G. E. Hood '26, Editor 1913. M. E. Smith '19, Macdonald. J. E. Munro '19, Editor 1918. Olive Gardiner '26, Macdonald. C. F. MacKenzie '19, Agrl.

# THE O.A.C. REVIEW

## REVIEW STAFF

J. B. MUNRO, '19, *Editor-in-Chief.*

G. B. HOOD, '20, *Associate Editor.*

C. F. MACKENZIE, '19, *Agri.*

R. ALEX BRINK, '19, *Esper.*

T. H. JONES, '19, *Horticulture.*

C. F. LUCKHAM, '19, *Poultry.*

J. A. HALL, '20, *Query.*

A. W. MEAD, '20, *Alumni.*

W. L. CURRIER, '20, *Athletics.*

W. C. HOPPER, '20, *Col. Life.*

K. MACARTHUR, '21, *Locals.*

M. C. JAMIESON, '21, *Artist.*

M. BARBARA SMITH, '19, *Mac.*

MISS OLIVE GARDNER, '20 *Junior Representative.*

## EDITORIAL

### EXIT EDITOR

With this Christmas number the Editor for 1918 retires from the public gaze. For twelve months it has been a pleasure to carry on the work of publishing the Students' Magazine. We consider the paper reflects credit on the College and are glad to have a prominent part in its production.

The Editor of a College paper has a thankless job in many ways. There are bound to be censures and criticisms hurled at him if his policy is progressive, and yet, if he rests on his oars the student body are again ready to make his life miserable. During the year it has been our policy to ahead, and look for new kicks with each appearing number. Although many rough knocks were dealt, and some bruised

spots remain, we believe that things have not fared badly for the staff or readers.

It is impossible that a student, taking up editorial work with no wide previous experience, should make a startling success from the first. The whole year is required to properly get acquainted with the office, and even then we're scarcely on the threshold of journalism. It is our privilege here to prepare for what may come out of this year's experiences, and we tender our thanks to the students who placed this trust at our disposal.

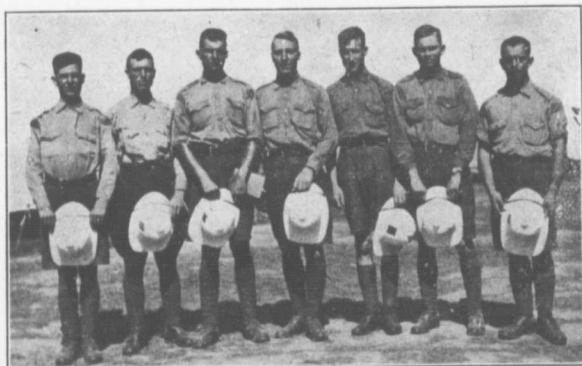
To Mr. Hood and his staff we now with the leaden task. It is our hope that in all things pertaining to the Review, he may be supported by every student and ex-student. Mr. Hood has a heavy year ahead, although he comes well prepared. But one man cannot handle

the work of publishing, nor can the staff do it alone. They need the co-operation of the thousands of O.A.C. boys who are out of the college. It is to you they will look for Alumni news, and for suggestions for improvement. Let all who read set to work at once and send in a short note to the editor, telling him whatever news he can — personal items are acceptable.

To the Editor and Staff of 1919 we extend our wishes for a successful year, and may the Student Body help to lighten the burdens of the office.

for the latest addresses and hope that a great majority of the papers will finally arrive in the hands of our boys.

On December 4th and 5th there assembled as the O. A. College a representative gathering of men interested in Entomology. These men came from all parts of the Dominion and from United States, both to teach and learn. People have come to realize that, although this Society has an unpretentious name and sounds provin-



COLLEGE BOYS WITH THE R.A.F.

### GOING OVERSEAS

A copy of this number of the Review is being sent to every O.A.C. Student overseas, whose address we can secure. This has been made possible by the voluntary assistance given by every student of the O. A. C. Mrs. Creelman has financed the mailing cost, which is a considerable item.

It may be that of the seven hundred names we have some accompanying addresses may not lead the magazine to the boy it is intended to reach. However, we are making diligent search

cial, it is in reality a Dominion-wide affair, and has for its object the encouragement of the Study of Entomology in Canada.

This year O. A. C. feels honored both in the fact the Society has met here for its 55th Annual meeting and also in that the President of the Society is our Prof. L. Caesar, Provincial Entomologist for Ontario.

A report of the programme will be given in the January Review. The following is a partial list of subjects and speakers:



Economic Entomology in Quebec, by Father Leopold, Oka Agricultural Institute, La Trappe, P. Q.

Insects of the Season in Ontario, by W. A. Ross, Dominion Entomological Branch, Vineland, Ont., and Prof. L. Caesar, O. A. C.

Aphids—Their Human Interest, by Dr. A. C. Baker, Bureau of Entomology, Washington, D. C.

A Method for the Preservation of Insect Larvae and Pupae, by Dr. F. Slater-Jackson, Department of Zoology, McGill University, Montreal, P. Q.

Some Insect Problems in the Prairie Provinces, by Norman Criddle, Dominion Entomological Branch, Treesbank, Man.

The Recovery of the Brown-Tail Parasite, *Compsilura*, in New Brunswick, by John D. Tothill and L. S. McLaine, Dominion Entomological Branch, Fredericton, N. B.

The Life History of a Hobby-Horse, by F. J. A. Morris, Peterborough, Ont.

Present-Day Problems in Entomology, by John J. Davis, U. S. Bureau of Entomology, West Lafayette, Ind.

Oestrids (Warble or Heel Flies), by Dr. S. Hadwen, Pathologist, Health of Animals Branch, Ottawa, Ont.

Further Notes on the Control of the Cabbage Root Maggot, Arthur Gibson, Entomological Branch, Ottawa, Ont.

Some Chapters of the Early History of Entomology, by Prof. W. Lochhead, Macdonald College, P. Q.

On the Genitalia of Primitive Insects, by Dr. E. M. Walker, Biological Department, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ont.

The Pear Psylla, by W. A. Ross, Dominion Entomological Branch, Vineland, Ont.

The Rôle which Insects Play in the Food of Trout, by Wilbert A. Clemens, Biological Department, University of Toronto.

Notes on Certain Species of Bees, Indigenous both to Canada and Great Britain, by F. W. L. Sladen, Dominion Apiarist, Ottawa.

The addresses of welcome was given by Dr. G. C. Creelman on the opening day, and the President's address on the second day was by Prof. Caesar.

For Poem and Story results see page 176.



PROF. L. CAESAR,  
President Entomological Society



PROF. H. DEAN,  
First Editor of "Review"



We were pleased to get a very interesting letter from Alfred Howes, of Clifford, Ont. Howes attended the O.A.C. in 1903-04, and is now farming. He was able to give us some news regarding several of his class-mates who are overseas. These names have been added to our Honor Roll.

Personal letters from our old boys are of great interest to us. We like to keep in touch with them.

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Prof. R. Harcourt, B. S. A., has just completed 25 years continuous service on the Staff of the O. A. C. He is head of the Chemical Department.

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Norman Marshall '18 was at the College recently looking up old friends. Marshall went overseas with the 173rd Battalion as a Sergeant, and was wounded at Passchendaele. He is at present awaiting his discharge. His home is in Sault Ste. Marie.

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Gordon Minielly '19 was a visitor at the College last week. He has been acting as Physical Instructor to the 1st Depot Battalion at London, and received his discharge on November 25th.

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Ernest K. Hampson, B. S. A., Agricultural Representative for Welland

County, has permitted us to publish the following letter from R. Austin, who enlisted with George Magee:

In the Field, France, Oct. 11, 1918.

Dear Friend Hampson,—Our last drive has robbed me of a great friend. Perhaps before this reaches you Magee's name will have appeared in the casualty list of those wounded. He was hit by a piece of shell while in action close on the heels of the enemy. This happened on September the 27th. About a week later the depressing news came to our Battery that his wounds had proved fatal. I feel his loss very keenly. He was always a modest man, but among the most popular of our numbers and when a tight place required a steady and capable man Magee was right there with the goods.

Please acquaint his many friends in your district of such particulars as I am able to send you, and should you know the address of any of his relatives you might write to them.

Very sincerely,

R. AUSTIN.

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"Pete" Carnochan '20 paid us a visit a few days ago. He is at present on sick leave from the Divisional Signalling Corps Toronto after a severe attack of Spanish Flu.

Ray D. Ure '17, who has been on active service for three years, has been awarded the Military Medal for bravery in action.



PERCY E. REED, '08

The following item, taken from the Regina Leader of September 7th, is of interest to those who knew Percy Reed in his college days; also to dairymen who knew him by reputation:

It will be welcome news to thousands of dairymen throughout the province that Percy Reed, until now inspector for the dairy branch of the provincial department of agriculture, has been promoted to dairy commissioner.

He is already well known among the dairymen of the province, as since March, 1915, when he was appointed dairy instructor, Mr. Reed had been meeting the farmers every day in connection with the dairy business.

Mr. Reed was born and reared on a dairy farm near Georgetown, Ont., about thirty miles from Toronto, and early learned the practical side of milk

production, and studied at first hand the breeding and care of dairy cattle. Entering the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph in 1899 he studied the manufacturing side of the dairy business under Professor Dean, completing the regular two-year course and obtaining the associate's diploma from that institution in 1901. In 1908 he returned to Guelph and attended the special winter course.

He came to Saskatchewan in 1910, and during the following winter addressed a series of meetings throughout the northern part of the province arranged by the department of agriculture in the interests of dairying.

Since that time through the various lines of educational work carried on by the dairy branch he has come into personal touch with the dairymen in almost all parts of the province, and has secured an intimate knowledge of the many problems peculiar to dairying in the West.

During the past winter he attended the special dairy course at Iowa State College, a short but very comprehensive course for experienced men put on at that institution each winter, and at which the newest and best methods in the various branches of the manufacturing end of the dairy industry are demonstrated and explained by experts brought from all parts of the United States. After the close of this course he spent several weeks among the creamery and cold storage plants in Iowa, Nebraska and Minnesota studying the methods of handling, manufacturing and storing dairy and poultry products as practised in those states.

While much time has been devoted to educational work among farmers, particularly during the winter months, Mr. Reed, as Provincial Inspector, came into direct contact with the work of

the buttermakers and creamery managers in different parts of the province, and assisted in making general the adoption of the grading system which has meant so much in the way of increased returns to the dairymen of the province.

With this intimate knowledge of all branches of Saskatchewan dairying, Mr. Reed will be in a position to do much to further the development of this now very important branch of the agricultural industry.

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#### POEM AND SHORT STORY RESULTS

The Review competition this year has been closely contested, and excellent material has been entered. The Judges in awarding the prizes expressed their pleasure in having had to perform so entertaining a task. The stories and poems were all uniformly good.

On receiving this announcement the prize-winners will please call at the Review Office and receive their awards.

The following are the successful competitors:

#### SHORT STORY

I. The Kingdom of Lost Youth, by "Viviette," Miss Muriel Krouse.

II. A Lapse of Memory, by "Mens Nunc Sana," R. F. Jukes '21.

III. Peggy Sees Life," by "Tom Brown," Miss Edith Elliott.

IV. Eight Days' Leave, by "The Observer," C. M. Flatt '21.

#### ORIGINAL POEM

I. The Spirit in a Violin, by Viviette," Miss Muriel Krouse.

II. Recompense, by "Elmete," Miss Muriel Cass.

III. A Hymn at Sea, by "A Wandered," Mrs. M. B. Smith.

IV. A Tribute to Nature," by "Sylvan," J. A. Hall '20.

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#### WEDDING

Zavitz-Robertson—At Knox Church, Toronto, on Thursday, October 31st, 1918, the Minister, Rev. A. B. Winchester, officiating, Raymond Wilson Zavitz to Jessie Roxene Robertson, of Drayton, Ont.

The happy couple, after spending some time in Toronto and Guelph, left for their new home in Copper Cliff, where "Rusty" will continue his work as Plant Pathologist for the Canadian Copper Co.

All our readers will join us in wishing Rusty and his charming bride the best of luck and many years of happiness.

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#### CHISHOLM-NIXON

A very quiet wedding took place at St. Andrews' Presbyterian Church, Guelph, on Saturday, November 2nd, 1918, when William M. Chisholm, B. S. A., of Toronto, and Miss Laura E. Nixon, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Nixon, of St. George, Ont., were united in marriage. The Church was beautifully decorated for the occasion with yellow chrysanthemums, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. H. E. Abraham. After a honeymoon spent at Montreal, Quebec and Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm will reside in Toronto.

Chisholm is a graduate of '16, and Miss Nixon graduated from Mac. with Class '17.

## Honour Roll

*Many hundreds of our Students have served the Empire during the great war of 1914—1918. We could not get the names of all our ex-students who enlisted, but we are able to publish the following list of over seven hundred boys whose names are on our Roll of Honour at the C. Ilege.*



Major J. T. Poe ..... '83	Atkins, J. H. P. (Lieut.) ..... '07
Sergt. G. C. Powys ..... '84	Greenshields, J. M. (Capt.) ..... '07
Lt. W. B. Robins ..... '85	Hudson, H. F. .... '07
Col. John Hirsch ..... '86	How, L. M. W. .... '07
Major S. Lochrin ..... '97	Lewis, H. S. .... '07
Col. C. H. Rogers ..... '97	Reed, F. (Lieut.) ..... '07
Capt. M. N. Ross ..... '98	Twig, C. B. .... '07
Capt. S. J. Goodliffe ..... 1900	Weir, F. B. .... '07
Lt.-Col. Brooks ..... '02	
Lt.-Col. Brown ..... '02	
Brig-Gen. F. S. Maunsel ..... '02	Cameron, D. A. R. (Capt.) ..... '08
W. G. Morgan ..... '02	Murray, C. .... '08
	Patch, A. M. .... '08
	Singleton ..... '08
Fairweather, A. W. .... '03	
La Peure, L. A. (Capt.) ..... '03	Coke, E. F. (Capt.) ..... '09
Rive, H. .... '03	Cooper, H. S. .... '09
Weir, J. (Lieut.) ..... '03	Duff, C. .... '09
	Eastham, A. (Capt.) ..... '09
Carpenter, G. H. (Capt.) ..... '04	Ingraham, F. H. .... '09
Cutting, A. B. .... '04	Lawrence, C. A. (Capt.) ..... '09
Gunn, R. E. (Capt.) ..... '04	Murray Brown, O. .... '09
Keleher, A. P. .... '04	McEwan (Major) ..... '09
Ketchen, R. W. .... '04	Mackenzie, W. D. (Major) ..... '09
Robertson, A. (Sgt.) ..... '04	Semon, P. .... '09
	Sharmon, W. W. (Lieut.) ..... '09
	Thompson, W. R. .... '09
Atkinson, G. L. .... '05	
Cleal, J. B. .... '05	Addis, G. T. (Lieut.) ..... '10
Everest, R. E. .... '05	Armstrong, P. P. .... '10
Hoodless, J. B. (Lieut.) ..... '05	Christie, H. R. .... '10
Sloan, R. R. (Capt.) ..... '05	Foulds, T. B. .... '10
	Hayles, N. A. D. .... '10
	Kennedy, S. .... '10
Brecken, W. D. .... '06	Neville, S. .... '10
Weir, D. .... '06	White, O. C. .... '10

Austin, R. ....	'11	Ackers, C. J. ....	'13
Birdsall, F. E. (Capt.) ....	'11	Biggar, B. (Capt.) ....	'13
Callister, G. J. ....	'11	Bland, A. G. (Capt.) ....	'13
Cleverley, H. S. (Sergt.) ....	'11	Boddy, R. A. ....	'13
Eakins, R. C. ....	'11	Bolitho, T. W. (Lieut.) ....	'13
Fisher, P. ....	'11	Calvert, E. W. ....	'13
Heurtley, E. W. ....	'11	Chaffey, W. F. ....	'13
Hopkins, E. ....	'11	Cooke, G. V. (Lieut.) ....	'13
Innes, R. (Lieut.-Col.) ....	'11	Culham, C. J. (Lieut.) ....	'13
King, V. (Lieut.) ....	'11	Davies, E. L. (Lieut.) ....	'13
Taggart, J. G. ....	'11	Davison, W. ....	'13
Landels, B. H. (Lieut.) ....	'11	Ellis, G. C. ....	'13
Lawson, J. D. (Lieut.) ....	'11	Foster, H. E. ....	'13
Main, C. ....	'11	Fraser, J. F. ....	'13
Milner, W. B. ....	'11	Grange, J. B. (Lieut.) ....	'13
Robertson, W. H. ....	'11	Harding, P. S. D. (Lieut.) ....	'13
Wearne, H. ....	'11	Hart, M. M. ....	'13
Wright, C. H. ....	'11	Henry, L. (Capt.) ....	'13
		Herridge, H. ....	'13
		Hextall, L. J. (Lieut.) ....	'13
Auld, J. H. (Capt.) ....	'12	Howitt, M. H. ....	'13
Bergey, S. A. (Lieut.) ....	'12	Kay, H. R. (Lieut.) ....	'13
Bell-Irving, A. (Lieut.) ....	'12	Keegan, H. L. (Lieut.-Col.) ....	'13
Beckett, R. ....	'12	MacLaren, H. A. ....	'13
Campbell, W. N. ....	'12	Munro, F. ....	'13
Cherry, P. A. B. (Lieut.) ....	'12	Murray, H. G. (Capt.) ....	'13
Clarke, T. C. ....	'12	Myrick, W. G. ....	'13
Curtis, J. C. ....	'12	McDonald, G. C. ....	'13
Davis, H. (Cpl.) ....	'12	Rogers, C. ....	'13
Hartley, R. (Lieut.) ....	'12	Ryrie, H. H. (Lieut.) ....	'13
Johnson, G. T. ....	'12	Shaver, F. D. (Capt.) ....	'13
Kelso, W. M. (Lieut.) ....	'12	Stairs, K. ....	'13
Lund, T. H. (Sergt.) ....	'12	Tregillus, C. A. (Lieut.) ....	'13
Millar, G. C. ....	'12	Webster, C. A. (Lieut.) ....	'13
Munro, F. A. (Major) ....	'12	Wilson, G. ....	'13
Murray, R. H. ....	'12		
Macdonald, R. (Sergt.) ....	'12	Barnet, I. T. (Spr.) ....	'14
Phillips, H. (Lieut.) ....	'12	Blanchard, B. H. C. ....	'14
Rives, H. L. ....	'12	Blayney, C. (Lieut.) ....	'14
Rives, F. S. ....	'12	Bramwell, R. S. ....	'14
Rettie, J. E. (Lieut.) ....	'12	Brown, J. M. (Sergt.-Major) ....	'14
Rogers, S. ....	'12	Campbell, A. M. ....	'14
Skene, H. A. ....	'12	Campbell, R. D. ....	'14
Tompkins, W. C. (Capt.) ....	'12	Carroll, J. A. (Lieut.) ....	'14
Walker, C. T. ....	'12	Cleeves, A. C. (Lieut.) ....	'14
Wright, W. H. (Lieut.) ....	'12	Downie, G. A. (Lieut.) ....	'14
Wilson, J. A. (Lieut.) ....	'12		

Duff, G. C. ....	'14	Cuthbertson, J. A. ....	'15
Dunlop, J. ....	'14	Dickey, C. M. ....	'15
Goulding, N. S. (Lieut.) ....	'14	Donald, F. C. ....	'15
Hallowes, W. (Lieut.) ....	'14	Donaldson, R. W. (Lieut.) ....	'15
Hare, H. R. (Lieut.) ....	'14	Dow, A. R. ....	'15
Hirst, G. ....	'14	Evans, P. A. ....	'15
Hotson, W. B. ....	'14	Freeborn, S. G. (Lieut.) ....	'15
Irvine, D. ....	'14	Fortier, T. H. H. ....	'15
Jowsey, H. B. ....	'14	Foyston, B. E. ....	'15
Kelleher, M. ....	'14	Francis, J. F. ....	'15
Kingsmill, G. F. ....	'14	Gibson, Chas. G. ....	'15
Lattimer, J. E. (Capt.) ....	'14	Garrett, F. A. ....	'15
Lever, Jas. ....	'14	Goodman, L. (Capt.) ....	'15
Leppan, H. D. ....	'14	Hales, J. P. (Capt.) ....	'15
Malloy, O. M. ....	'14	Hall, E. R. (Sgt.) ....	'15
Mollison, R. W. ....	'14	Hart, E. (Capt.) ....	'15
Moore, J. A. C. ....	'14	Hiddleston, J. ....	'15
Moorehouse, R. C. (Cpl.) ....	'14	Higginbotham, C. F. ....	'15
Mosley, L. A. ....	'14	Higman, C. G. (Lieut.) ....	'15
McGregor, J. W. ....	'14	Hinman, R. B. ....	'15
McElroy, H. M. (Lieut.) ....	'14	Horobin, H. P. (Lieut.) ....	'15
Nash, J. F. ....	'14	Horobin, W. ....	'15
Neal, A. R. (Lieut.) ....	'14	Ingraham, Geo. ....	'15
Nourse, C. B. (Major) ....	'14	Jones, S. T. ....	'15
Ramsay, R. L. ....	'14	Kedey, W. M. ....	'15
Ryan, H. K. (Lieut.) ....	'14	Kilgour, A. W. (Lieut.) ....	'15
Simpson, G. ....	'14	Kirkley, F. R. (Lieut.) ....	'15
Spencer, G. J. (Capt.) ....	'14	Laird, D. G. ....	'15
Stanley, C. W. ....	'14	Leigh, Austin (Capt.) ....	'15
Stansfield, N. (Lieut.) ....	'14	Lindesay, H. H. ....	'15
Stewart, P. (Lieut.) ....	'14	Macklin, J. (Lieut.) ....	'15
Vining, R. L. (Lieut.) ....	'14	Mallock, E. (Lieut.) ....	'15
Waterhouse, F. ....	'14	McCall, G. ....	'15
Wilkinson, E. G. ....	'14	McNaughton, H. D. ....	'15
Wiltshire, W. E. ....	'14	McGee, W. G. ....	'15
		McCharles, M. ....	'15
		McLaren, Q. ....	'15
Ailon, F. ....	'15	Mills, D. ....	'15
Beatty, H. A. ....	'15	Mucklow, G. ....	'15
Bertram, L. (Major) ....	'15	Nind, P. ....	'15
Binnington, D. J. ....	'15	Parker, C. ....	'15
Burrows, L. S. (Capt.) ....	'15	Pawley, N. H. (Lieut.) ....	'15
Chambers, R. J. ....	'15	Perren, G. S. (Lieut.) ....	'15
Cleverley, A. C. ....	'15	Porter, S. (Capt.) ....	'15
Cory, A. (Major) ....	'15	Porter, M. (Lieut.) ....	'15
Creelman, J. M. ....	'15	Raynor, G. T. ....	'15
Curtis, N. (Lieut.) ....	'15	Riach, H. A. ....	'15



Rumsby, R. (Lieut.)	.....'15	Gregg, A. H.	.....'16
Rundle, G.	.....'15	Griffin, R. J.	.....'16
Sands, D. R. (Sgt.)	.....'15	Hare, W. E.	.....'16
Sanderson, T. W. (Sgt.)	.....'15	Hartley, C.	.....'16
Scott, H. M. (Major)	.....'15	Hearle, E.	.....'16
Shipton, J. C.	.....'15	Hall, D.	.....'16
Shuttleworth, E. H. (Capt.)	.....'15	Hessell, E. C. (Lieut.)	.....'16
Smith, M. T. (Lieut.)	.....'15	Horan, B. K.	.....'16
Smith, D. M.	.....'15	Houlding, J. G.	.....'16
Snaylie, J. S. (Lieut.)	.....'15	Horan, B. K.	.....'16
Stephens, M. D. (Corp.)	.....'15	Huckett, H. C.	.....'16
Stirrett, G. G. (Sergt.)	.....'15	Hunter, J. S.	.....'16
Swinnerton, A. (Lieut.)	.....'15	Jackson, G.	.....'16
Tawse, W. J.	.....'15	Jensen, E. (Lieut.)	.....'16
Townley, W. A. (Capt.)	.....'15	Johnson, J. T.	.....'16
Trefry, Harold	.....'15	Jones, Mel. (Lieut.)	.....'16
White, W. R.	.....'15	Lackner, C. E.	.....'16
Whittingham, G.	.....'15	Lee, G. D. (Capt.)	.....'16
Wilson, N. I. (Lieut.)	.....'15	Lewis, R. M.	.....'16
Winslow, J. W.	.....'15	Light, H. J.	.....'16
		Lord, L. (Lieut.)	.....'16
		Lord, S. N. (Lieut.)	.....'16
Amos, Loyal	.....'16	Martin, N. R.	.....'16
Baker, F. R. H. (Lieut.)	.....'16	Mitchell, A. R. R.	.....'16
Barrett, H. H. G.	.....'16	Morse, T. W. (Lieut.)	.....'16
Burnett, W.	.....'16	Murray, R.	.....'16
Burrows, A. R. (Sergt. Major)	.....'16	Morrison, J. J.	.....'16
Carneross, E. E.	.....'16	McClymont, A. C. (Capt.)	.....'16
Chauncey, R. J.	.....'16	McCormick, J. C. (Capt.)	.....'16
Clark, G. A.	.....'16	McLennan, D. M.	.....'16
Clemens, L. P.	.....'16	Oldfield, H. G.	.....'16
Connon, P. C.	.....'16	Parker, G. B.	.....'16
Cotsworth, F. B.	.....'16	Peart, R. M.	.....'16
Curran, M.	.....'16	Pratt, W. J. (Capt.)	.....'16
Donaldson, J. R.	.....'16	Reeker, E. S.	.....'16
Dow, N. D.	.....'16	Romyn, A. E.	.....'16
Duncan, C. D.	.....'16	Rowland, H. F.	.....'16
Edye, H. K.	.....'16	Simpson, J.	.....'16
Edwards, A. C.	.....'16	Skelton, R. J.	.....'16
Elgie, R. H.	.....'16	Sibbitt, G. A.	.....'16
Elliott, G. A.	.....'16	Steele, J. A.	.....'16
Ferguson, P. H.	.....'16	Sandy, E. S.	.....'16
Fitzgerald, E. J.	.....'16	Thompson, G. A. (Lieut.)	.....'16
Foot, J. L. (Lieut.)	.....'16	Townsend, D.	.....'16
Foulds, F. E.	.....'16	Vahey, P. D.	.....'16
French, H. S.	.....'16	Walker, R. J. C.	.....'16
Garlick, G. (Lieut.)	.....'16	Walsh, F. W. (Lieut.)	.....'16

Waterman, S. ....	'16	Graham, C. N. ....	'17
Welton, K. (Lieut.) ....	'16	Gregory, P. S. ....	'17
Wilson, J. R. (Lieut.) ....	'16	Hammond, H. L. (Lieut.) ....	'17
Yule, R. G. ....	'16	Hammond, W. S. ....	'17
Watts, H. ....	'16	Harris, T. E. M. ....	'17
Wood, L. H. ....	'16	Hartley, R. S. ....	'17
Wheatley, C. C. ....	'16	Hempson, J. A. ....	'17
		Herder, H. C. (Lieut.) ....	'17
Agar, J. C. ....	'17	Hill, W. G. ....	'17
Agar, E. J. (Capt.) ....	'17	Hockey, J. F. D. ....	'17
Aiton, R. M. ....	'17	Hogarth, J. G. ....	'17
Bagsley, H. E. ....	'17	Hohnden, R. (Lieut.) ....	'17
Bethune, J. A. (Lieut.) ....	'17	Keirstead, R. M. (Lieut.) ....	'17
Bird, W. J. (Sergt.) ....	'17	Knight, G. F. (Lieut.) ....	'17
Bissett, W. ....	'17	Knowles, F. G. ....	'17
Bond, J. H. M. ....	'17	Knox, R. G. ....	'17
Boulton, O. (Lieut.) ....	'17	Lane, A. C. ....	'17
Bradley, C. A. ....	'17	Lawrence, J. M. ....	'17
Burnham, J. W. ....	'17	Lee, C. M. (Sergt.) ....	'17
Caldwell, L. V. (Lieut.) ....	'17	Lovekins, R. ....	'17
Campbell, H. M. ....	'17	Malcolm, W. F. (Lieut.) ....	'17
Campbell, J. W. R. (Lieut.) ....	'17	Mallory, ....	'17
Chamberlain, C. ....	'17	Martin, I. B. ....	'17
Clark, H. W. ....	'17	Mason, H. C. (Lieut.) ....	'17
Clarry, A. C. ....	'17	Meek, C. W. ....	'17
Cowan, A. H. ....	'17	Morton, B. W. ....	'17
Cox, C. ....	'17	Moses, E. N. (Lieut.) ....	'17
Crawford, R. S. ....	'17	Murdoch, F. ....	'17
Crossley, C. R. ....	'17	Murray, W. R. ....	'17
Cudmore, H. J. ....	'17	McConkey, O. ....	'17
Currie, David ....	'17	McMullin, W. B. (Lieut.) ....	'17
Davidson, W. ....	'17	McPhail, M. C. ....	'17
Edwards, H. S. ....	'17	Neale, J. C. ....	'17
Eastbrooks, W. H. ....	'17	Neale, C. W. (Lieut.) ....	'17
Fairclough, E. R. ....	'17	Neilson, M. A. (Lieut.) ....	'17
Fenwick, F. ....	'17	Nixon, C. M. ....	'17
Fitzpatrick, A. C. ....	'17	Orlowsky, A. J. ....	'17
Forman, C. T. ....	'17	Patton, G. E. ....	'17
Franklin, W. ....	'17	Percival, S. G. ....	'17
Fuller, J. C. (Lieut.) ....	'17	Periera, A. C. ....	'17
Fulton, A. ....	'17	Powyse, B. C. ....	'17
Gandier, B. T. ....	'17	Pulleine, H. W. ....	'17
Gautby, C. (Lieut.) ....	'17	Rawson, C. L. ....	'17
Gautby, L. B. ....	'17	Redmond, A. A. ....	'17
Goldie, ....	'17	Rogers, J. C. ....	'17
Goodall, G. M. ....	'17	Rowlands, W. A. ....	'17
		Rowley, E. G. (Lieut.) ....	'17

Runnells, P. L. ....	'17	DuToit, A. G. S. ....	'18
Sandford, P. L. ....	'17	Edwards, G. H. ....	'18
Schwemann, W. M. ....	'17	Elder, R. C. ....	'18
Scott, W. M. ....	'17	Erb, J. H. ....	'18
Shearer, T. E. ....	'17	Fairles, W. ....	'18
Simmonds, G. F. ....	'17	Fidlar, D. G. ....	'18
Smith, C. L. ....	'17	Fleming, C. ....	'18
Stokes, C. (Lieut.) ....	'17	Fisher, M. H. ....	'18
Sutton, R. G. ....	'17	Forman, K. W. ....	'18
Ure, R. D. (M. M.) ....	'17	Hammond, W. A. ....	'18
Thompson, G. H. ....	'17	Halsey, R. F. ....	'18
Waterfall, J. F. ....	'17	Hancock, M. L. ....	'18
Waters, M. S. ....	'17	Hawley, W. ....	'18
Watt, R. S. (Lieut.) ....	'17	Harrop, C. ....	'18
Wearne, G. A. ....	'17	Henderson, J. F. (Lieut.) ....	'18
Western, E. A. ....	'17	High, I. V. ....	'18
Westra, H. ....	'17	Hill, Lyle ....	'18
White, A. H. ....	'17	Hoard, C. W. ....	'18
Whyte, F. C. ....	'17	Irwin, B. ....	'18
Wilson, S. C. ....	'17	Jakes, C. W. ....	'18
Wood, W. E. ....	'17	Jordan, M. D. ....	'18
Woodgate, H. A. ....	'17	Kay, W. J. B. ....	'18
		Kent, H. (Lieut.) ....	'18
		Lavis, G. E. ....	'18
Ames, G. A. (Lieut.) ....	'18	Leach, W. B. ....	'18
Arnold, C. J. (Lieut.) ....	'18	Leggatt, C. W. (Lieut.) ....	'18
Boucher, W. H. ....	'18	Lindenburg, A. ....	'18
Brooks, G. F. (Lieut.) ....	'18	Long, L. C. ....	'18
Brown, Richard (Lieut.) ....	'18	Luckham, C. F. ....	'18
Brown, Ralph ....	'18	Macklin, J. M. (Lieut.) ....	'18
Brown, W. R. ....	'18	Mann, A. J. ....	'18
Bryden, R. K. (Lieut.) ....	'18	Marshall, H. A. ....	'18
Chesley, E. T. ....	'18	Matheson, A. (Lieut.) ....	'18
Chester, W. N. ....	'18	Maybee, H. J. ....	'18
Christie, H. F. ....	'18	Maxwell, B. W. ....	'18
Clare, F. ....	'18	Merriek, R. C. (Capt.) ....	'18
Clarke, J. G. M. ....	'18	Middleton, R. E. ....	'18
Copeland, R. C. ....	'18	McAdam, J. A. ....	'18
Corbett, B. R. ....	'18	McArthur, D. C. (Corp.) ....	'18
Cunnington, C. ....	'18	McGregor, D. G. (Lieut.) ....	'18
Davis, H. R. L. ....	'18	Maguire, M. E. ....	'18
Davis, L. ....	'18	McCulloch, P. D. ....	'18
Delworth, H. A. ....	'18	McLeod, N. ....	'18
Dickson, N. A. ....	'18	McWhinney, H. S. ....	'18
Dodding, D. ....	'18	Moore, W. B. ....	'18
Donaldson, E. R. (Sergt.) ....	'18	Nelson, C. ....	'18
Duff, C. W. ....	'18	Packham, S. ....	'18

Parfitt, E. H. ....	'18	Coulter, W. A. ....	'19
Pearson, H. W. (Lieut.) ....	'18	Cook, W. O. ....	'19
Raymond, A. B. (Lieut.) ....	'18	Delamore, A. J. ....	'19
Reid, D. G. ....	'18	Du Toit, A. M. ....	'19
Riley, C. W. ....	'18	Fisher, J. ....	'19
Roy, Ernest ....	'18	Flatt, C. M. ....	'19
Sampson, H. ....	'18	Gardhouse, W. W. ....	'19
Sanderson, C. E. ....	'18	Grunder, N. A. ....	'19
Seymour, C. N. ....	'18	Haley, G. ....	'19
Shaw, H. J. ....	'18	Hart, D. ....	'19
Shaw, J. G. ....	'18	Hamilton, F. W. ....	'19
Shaw, C. F. ....	'18	Hammersley, A. S. ....	'19
Sibbitt, G. L. ....	'18	Hanna, D. ....	'19
Singer, R. ....	'18	Harkness, N. J. (Lieut.) ....	'19
Smedley, G. ....	'18	Heatherington, F. ....	'19
Sproule, W. H. ....	'18	Howarth, C. M. (Lieut.) ....	'19
Steele, T. M.—Missing ....	'18	Ingraham, R. C. J. (Lieut.) ....	'19
Stevenson, H. E. ....	'18	Karn, F. M. ....	'19
Stevens, E. ....	'18	Kezar, J. H. ....	'19
Stoddart, T. ....	'18	Knowles, G. ....	'19
Stones, T. G. ....	'18	Lowell, F. C. ....	'19
Sullivan, H. J. ....	'18	Main, C. ....	'19
Thompson, S. ....	'18	McLean, J. L. ....	'19
Timms, J. N. ....	'18	Malyon, ....	'19
Walker, W. ....	'18	Martin, G. L. ....	'19
Wallace, D. W. ....	'18	Minielly, E. G. ....	'19
Ware, G. W. ....	'18	Musgrave, A. H. ....	'19
Watt, A. L. ....	'18	Nelson, H. J. ....	'19
Watt, W. A. ....	'18	Odell, F. C. ....	'19
Wilcox, C. ....	'18	Pearsall, L. W. ....	'19
Wilson, G. R. ....	'18	Quail, E. J. ....	'19
Wooley, H. H. ....	'18	Renwick, H. L. ....	'19
		Scouten, W. ....	'19
		Shields, T. ....	'19
		Shurt, D. B. ....	'19
Almey, J. R. ....	'19	Stillwell, E. C. ....	'19
Anderson, W. A. ....	'19	Storey, H. M. ....	'19
Arnold, C. L. (Lieut.) ....	'19	Sibbick, G. R. ....	'19
Atkin, E. J. ....	'19	Surgenor, W. J. (Sergt.) ....	'19
Bews, R. ....	'19	Stover, M. ....	'19
Buchanan, A. H. ....	'19	Taylor, E. J. ....	'19
Carson, H. A. ....	'19	Taylor, W. S. ....	'19
Cassells, H. ....	'19	Thompson, B. ....	'19
Carr, L. S. ....	'19	Thomas, F. S. P. ....	'19
Cunningham, H. S. (Lieut.) ....	'19	Wadsworth, J. W. ....	'19
Cline, C. A. ....	'19	Weld, D. S. (Lieut.) ....	'19
Cody, B. ....	'19		

Western, H. W. ....	'19	Wood, W. Y. ....	'20
White, R. E. ....	'19	Zavitt, E. R. ....	'20
Whitelock, J. E. ....	'19		
Wilson, W. J. ....	'19	Chamberlain, G. C. ....	'21
Wiltshire, A. E. ....	'19	Clemens, H. R. ....	'21
Wyatt, H. M. ....	'19	Devitt, W. G. ....	'21
Ziegler, W. T. ....	'19	Featherstone, R. V. ....	'21
		Grant, W. H. ....	'21
Arnold, G. I. ....	'20	Greaney, F. J. ....	'21
Beatty, R. G. ....	'20	Hopkins, H. E. ....	'21
Bouis, E. G. ....	'20	Katcharian, L. K. ....	'21
Brickley, J. J. ....	'20	Lindala, G. J. C. ....	'21
Broughton, C. E. ....	'20	Macdonald, D. O. ....	'21
Brown, P. C. ....	'20	Munro, J. A. ....	'21
Butters, H. ....	'20	Murton, E. ....	'21
Carnoehan, P. ....	'20	Ross, A. F. ....	'21
Dunn, C. I. ....	'20	Smith, G. D. C. ....	'21
Gregory, R. ....	'20	Stock, F. W. ....	'21
Hamilton, C. J. ....	'20	Stott, R. D. ....	'21
Leavens, C. R. ....	'20	Welch, R. T. ....	'21
Leitch, A. D. ....	'20		
Maynard, D. S. ....	'20		
Misener, C. W. ....	'20		
Macdonald, J. A. ....	'20		
McKay, H. T. ....	'20		
MacKay, J. W. ....	'20		
MacLean, J. F. ....	'20		
McLennan, S. C. ....	'20		
Nixon, J. H. ....	'20		
Patterson, J. F. ....	'20		
Patterson, D. J. ....	'20		
Pegg, M. N. ....	'20		
Penhale, R. R. ....	'20		
Porter, H. F. ....	'20		
Quirie, R. J. ....	'20		
Salter, T. J. ....	'20		
Scott, G. H. ....	'20		
Sheppard, W. ....	'20		
Thompson, T. W. ....	'20		

The following men were in uniform previous to entering college with year '22. They have nearly all seen service at the front:

Baldwin, E. D. ....	'22
Fleming, M. E. ....	'22
Graham, G. ....	'22
Johnston, L. S. ....	'22
Moore, J. M. ....	'22
Morgan, ....	'22
Pearson, W. C. ....	'22
Short, F. ....	'22
Stewart, R. V. ....	'22
Summers, M. ....	'22
Waugh, R. F. ....	'22
Welland, F. J. ....	'22
Wilcox, E. P. ....	'22



## Killed, Died or Missing



Agar, E. J. (Capt.)	'16	Herder, H. (Lieut.)	'17
Austin, Leigh A. (Capt.)	'15	Hextall, L. J. (Lieut.)	'17
Bagsley, H. E.	'17	Hiddleston, J.	'15
Barrett, H. H. G.	'16	Hogarth, J. G.	'17
Beatty, H. A.	'15	Horan, B. K.	'15
Bews, R.	'19	Ingram, F. H.	'09
Bradley, C. A.	'17	Jensen, E. (Lieut.)	'16
Campbell, J. W. R. (Lieut.)	'17	Kay, H. R.	'13
Chaffey, W. F.	'13	Kedey, W. M.	'15
Chambers, R. J.	'15	Kennedy, S.	'10
Christie, H. F.	'18	King, V.	'11
Cleal, J. P.	'05	Kilgour, A. W. (Lieut.)	'15
Clemens, L. P.	'16	Landels, B. H. (Lieut.)	'11
Coulter, W. A.	'19	Lane, A. C.	'17
Cunningham, H. S. (Lieut.)	'19	Lavis, G. E.	'18
Davies, E. L. (Lieut.)	'13	Lee, C. D. (Capt.)	'16
Delamore, A. J.	'19	Lindesay, H. H.	'15
Dow, A. R.	'15	Loghlin, S. (Capt.)	'97
Duff, G. C.	'14	Macklin, J. M. (Lieut.)	'18
Duffey, C.	'17	Magee, W. G.	'17
Fairelough, E. R.	'17	Matheson, A.	'18
Fairweather, A. W.	'03	Maynard, D. S.	'20
Fitzpatrick, A. C.	'17	Mucklow, G.	'15
Fitzgerald, E. J.	'16	McEwan, G. F. (Major)	'09
Forman, C. I.	'17	McLaren, Q. (Lieut.)	'15
Gibson, C. G.	'15	McLennan, D. M.	'16
Goodall, G. M.	'17	McNaughton, H. D.	'15
Grange, J. B.	'13	Neilson, M. A. (Lieut.)	'17
Greenshields, J. M. (Capt.)	'07	Patch, A. M.	'09
Gregory, P. S.	'17	Pawley, N. H. (Lieut.)	'15
Hales, J. P. (Capt.)	'14	Pereira, A. O. (Lieut.)	'17
Hammond, H. L. (Lieut.)	'18	Porter, M. (Lieut.)	'15
Harkness, N. J. (Lieut.)	'19	Pratt, W. J. (Capt.)	'16
Harrop, C.	'18	Powyse, B. C.	'17
Henry, L. (Capt.)	'13	Raynor, G. T.	'15

Read, D. G. ....	'17	Waters, M. S. ....	'17
Rowley, E. G. (Lieut.) ....	'17	Walker, C. T. ....	'12
Scott, G. H. ....	'20	Watt, R. S. (Lieut.) ....	'17
Sharman, W. W. (Lieut.) ....	'09	Weber, E. W. ....	'20
Shipton, J. C. ....	'15	Weir, J. (Lieut.) ....	'03
Smith, M. T. (Lieut.) ....	'15	Westra, H. ....	'17
Steckley, H. B. (Lieut.) ....	'17	Wilson, S. C. ....	'17
Stokes, C. (Lieut.) ....	'17	Wilson, N. I. (Lieut.) ....	'15
Swimmerton, A. R. ....	'15	Winslow, J. H. ....	'15
Walsh, F. W. (Lieut.) ....	'16	Wright, C. H. ....	'11
Waterhouse, F. ....	'13	Yule, R. G. ....	'16



## *He Sleeps in Flanders*

*No note shall break the silent sleep  
That found him when his day was done ;  
No note is blown so loud and deep  
That it can pierce the gutes of sleep—  
The earthen gates tull damp and deep—  
That guard his sleep in Flanders.*

*He saw not where his path should lead,  
Nor sought a path to suit his will ;  
He saw a nation in her need ;  
He heard the cause of honour plead ;  
He heard the call, he gave it heed,  
And now he sleeps in Flanders.*

*Yet let this ray of light remain,  
Though darkness cut him from our view ;  
We know the sacrifice, the pain—  
We cannot feel our faith is vain—  
We know the loss, but not the gain  
Of those that sleep in Flanders.*

—ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

*In Kitchener and other Poems.*



Captain G. H. Carpenter '04, of Fruitland, Ontario, enlisted at the outbreak of the war. After training at Valcartier he proceeded to England with the first thirty thousand Canadians. He was ordered back to Canada after a few months' stay on Salisbury Plains, and spent the first winter of the war at Dundas, Ontario, recruiting and drilling the volunteers. He left Niagara Camp on June 18th, 1915, with the 36th Battalion, for overseas. He arrived in England safely, where he was transferred into the 19th Battalion for France. He was on the Somme front for nine months, where he was wounded twice. The last wound caused him to lay in a hospital in England for four months. After his recovery he was placed on the staff of the training camp at Mitchett, England. Here he ably discharged his duties until he rejoined his old 19th Battalion in France, about seven weeks ago. While in France he recently saw his old classmate, A. B. Cutting '04, who was looking well.

The following letter, kindly loaned to the Review by his brother, J. F. Carpenter '10, speaks for itself:

October 20th, 1918.

Dear Folks,—The sort of war that we are experiencing just now takes us and keeps us so far from our base and source of supplies that it is difficult to retain a stock of writing material—hence this combination procured this morning by a search through some of the houses just vacated by the Hun.

War has its hardships—it also has its compensations and one of these I experienced a few days ago while engaged in the fall Hun chase. We were pushed to the front line and given an objective. The Bn. halted about 1200 yards away, and I took a patrol out

and pushed through a piece of wood eventually reaching the objective without opposition. This sort of thing puts one on edge because every minute you expect to hear the bark of a machine gun and the wicked spit of bullets about you. But leaving out the preliminaries, I found near the objective a town, and with glasses spotted a few civilians; they saw us about the same time, evidently they were watching for us, so I advanced cautiously with my 6 men, but there was no need for caution.

The moment a few saw us the word spread that deliverers were approaching, and old men, women and children—all the ineffectives left by the Hun when he evacuated the town (which we learned he had done a few hours before, taking with him all males between 16 and 60), swarmed to meet us. Never will I forget what followed, not for a world would I have missed it. These poor French people fell on us, they swamped us with kisses and hand shakes and flowers, others brought coffee and pieces of bread, and various other offerings of food and drink, though it was virtually the last they had as the Germans had left them devoid of practically everything but life, and this latter they clung to though they were white and wan and pinched looking. We tried to refuse the food, knowing what little they had left, the other greetings we could not avoid, nor did we want to. The men kissed us, the women kissed us, and they held up their children to kiss us. Then they kissed and hugged themselves. Some were crying, some laughing in accordance with their various moods, and believe me when I tell you that it was a sight that caused a noticeable lump in the vicinity of my Adam's apple and produced a mist over my optics that I

couldn't avoid even after four years of the bloody unsentimental business. What a relief, what a sensation must be theirs to realize that they are at last liberated from four years of bondage, four years of German restrictions and civilities. And can you imagine my feelings and the feelings of my party in knowing that we were the first to step into this town bringing with us relief to these poor stricken French people. This has been the most remarkable experience of my life, and they were scenes I shall never forget. Other troops have experienced similar scenes in other towns and villages where the Hun has left that portion of the population that is of no material use to him and because the towns to the rear must be becoming over-crowded with the influx of French and Belgian refugees.

I have told you here and in previous letters that the Boche is taking everything of value or destroying what he cannot take—leaving nothing. It's the same here. He takes all food products not even leaving anything for the thousands of civilians that he now is leaving behind him. These people tell us many heart-rendering tales of their four years of Hun rule—remarkable, almost unbelievable tales many of them are too, yet knowing his record, we must give them credence. Some day, I can chronicle them or tell you of them.

But I have made a letter out of this one adventure, and I am full of it. Could write you much more, but must close for to-night. The greater things that are happening here you get from the press, and yet what could be greater than such experiences as I have briefly told you of.

Am feeling fine, barring a miserable cold. Trusting everybody at home is getting along O. K.

Lovingly,  
HOMER.

The following letter from J. J. Brickley '20, contains further information concerning the work of the Tanks:

Lubworth, Eng., Oct. 13th, 1918.

Well Bill, my surroundings are not exactly conducive to letter writing, but thought I would drop you a few lines this Sunday evening nevertheless.

Since writing you last we have been very busy indeed. I completed a four day machine gun course, and on the 1st of October our company left Bovington for Sherford Heath. The trip was made partly by road and partly cross country, with about twenty tanks, including all types and sizes. After an eight hour journey we reached our destination, and parked the tanks on the edge of Sherford Heath. The trip down was without incident. We had one of the new one-man control types of the Mark V Tank, and had three drivers, including Fred Odell and myself, so had about two hours and a half work for each, which was quite enough.

At this place we slept in tents, one crew to each, ate our meals from mess-tins, washed and drew our drinking water from a nearby stream, and so were very much like on active service. Our first idea in coming there was to carry out manoeuvres, and we did this practically all the time. The first day we spent in rambling about the heath with the tanks, as we were free from the restraining hand of the instructional officers. We had all sorts of fun running down hills, upsetting scrub trees, and running on fourth speed with the throttle open. On one occasion we

managed somehow, somehow to get up a speed of about twelve miles per hour. That night at 9 o'clock we received orders to move off at 1.00 a.m. to a certain point, and then be ready to go over the top at daybreak. Then, of course, we had to go out, give the bus a drink of about seventy gallons of petrol, fill the radiator with water (about 35 gallons), grease about fifty-five cups, clean the spark plugs, and get things fixed up in general. Mind you this all had to be done in darkness just like on active service. Then we got off on time and one of the crew went ahead and picked the ground and guided the bus with a flashlight, shown at intervals of three minutes for about two seconds. We reached our jumping off point about an hour ahead of time, and camouflaged the bus and waited. At 5.30 our twenty tanks went over on a front of a mile or more. Everything went merrily for the first hour. There had been red flags (small ones) planted all over the course to show strong points. We ran down dozens of these, and at the same time maintained our relative position to the other tanks. All this time we were steering by map and compass. When we got about 1000 yards inside the enemy lines we got stuck in one of those bally bogs, and the front end of the tank almost went out of sight in the muck. The sum total of the matter is that we were two days getting out, and we just got clear when my sweater coat caught in the universal coupling of the armature shaft on the magneto, and bang! bang! it was all off again, including my sweater coat, the sleeve of which was ripped to ribbons. We had to tow the bus in and let the workshops at Bovington fix it. We had a good time in Sherford because there was no rain, and also we had plenty of blankets.

Then there were four boxes, aggregating thirty-four pounds, came in to the crew, and we were able to buy jam, cheese and buns at a nearby farmhouse, so we lived like princes. We left Sherford last Monday and came down here which is right along the sea and a very pretty place too. This is the gunner's practice place just as Sherford was for the drivers.

If you can imagine clay cliffs rising five hundred feet sheer out of the sea, and then dropping off gradually into a valley you have our location. At the bottom of the valley is an opening in the cliffs known as Lubworth Cave where the village is situated. The tanks move along one side of the valley and fire at targets on the other side, a distance of from 600 to 1200 yards. The first three days I was here I spent on signal work, both morse and semaphore, then one day on guard, and then a day's driving for the gunners.

All day, from 7.00 a.m. to 12, and 1.30 to 4.30, Fred Odell and I piloted a tank up and down the course, while the six pounders and machine guns barked incessantly. It was my first experience in driving a tank when it was firing, and the first shot out of the six-pounder I thought the tank had hit a mine. What, with the roar of the gun, the flash and the cordite fumes, it got my goat properly. However, before long I became accustomed to both it and the rat-a-tat-tat of machine guns. Fred and I took turns of about forty minutes each in the seat, and by night were pretty well fatigued. Of course we had an easy route where the bus would almost run itself without steering except to keep it from slipping sideways, and occasionally give the throttle a few extra notches on a grade. Driving a tank in itself is not such hard work, but the horrible heat, noise and gas

fumes, cause no end of discomfort, so that when one gets into the open air after a long seige in the seat he usually has a good headache. However, I enjoyed this day's work very much because I could watch the fire effect of the guns, which was something awful. The idea is to blow up a strong point or machine gun post with the six-pounder, and then spray it with machine gun fire, to throw the fear of Death into the occupants. Of course, then there is case shot for six pounders which acts like buckshot from a shot gun, and is used against a massed formation of advancing infantry. After what I have seen I can readily understand why Fritzie has such a fear of our busses.

To-day (Sunday) has been much the same as any other day, because we (the drivers) have been taking a short course on six-pounders, and are allowed to fire five rounds to-morrow just to get accustomed to the feel of the gun so we can use it in an emergency.

You will have to excuse this paper, Bill, for it is all there is available here. There are a couple of gunners cleaning a machine gun on the same table, and we are all working by the light of a couple of paraffin candles, so you can overlook a good many things about this epistle. As soon as I get back to Bovington I will try to write you a real letter that is readable. In the meantime Au Revoir.

Your old chum,

"BRICK."

No. 2363753,

No. 2 Section, A Co.,

1st Can. Tanks,

Care Army Post Office.

## DIED

News of the death in Toronto, recently, of Mr. Sidney D. Johnston, head of the Motion Picture Bureau of the Department of Agriculture, was received at the O.A.C.. Mr. Johnston was well known to many in Guelph. He was a graduate of the O.A.C., of the class of 1913, and later acted as Vegetable Expert for the department in Toronto. Two years ago the Motion Picture Bureau Department was started, under the Provincial Treasurer's Department, and Mr. Johnston was appointed head of the new departure. Since that time valuable agricultural educational propaganda has been carried on through the pictures in all parts of the Province. The deceased contracted influenza some weeks ago, which later developed into pneumonia, and while convalescing he was stricken with appendicitis. He was 28 years of age.

Abram Steckley, of Bethesda, Ont., has received word that his son, Lieut. H. B. Steckley, was killed while bombing enemy territory.

Steckley went overseas in May, 1917, with a draft of officers from Canada, and in England was attached to a British regiment. After he went to France he transferred to the R. A. F. He took two months training in England, and again went to France and served with his unit until his death on July 22nd.

He was one of our well-known and well remembered boys of Class '17.

H. A. Beatty '15 ("Bill") died of Influenza at Walsh, Alta.

He went overseas with First University contingent and while in England had his ankle broken. He returned to Canada in September, 1915.

# MACDONALD

## THE SOUTH AFRICANS

Four students arrived at Macdonald Hall on November 7th from the Union of South Africa, having been selected by their government, out of 50 applicants, to receive scholarships enabling them to take a course in Domestic Science in Canada.

A necessary qualification was a knowledge of both English and Dutch, as education in the provinces of the Union is carried on in these two languages.

Miss Ferguson comes from Bedford, in the Cape Province, where for more than two years she has taught needlework in High Schools.

Miss van der Merwe, whose father was for some years President of the Agricultural Union of South Africa, was trained in the Normal College, Pretoria, and has taught in High Schools in the Transvaal for four and a half years. Her home is near Johannesburg.

Miss Fouche, daughter of the principal of the High School for boys at Robertson, Cape Province, was educated in the Huguenot College, Wellington, and has been a teacher of history in schools in both the Cape and the Orange Free Provinces.

Miss Davidtsz, of Potchefstroom, in the Transvaal, has been an elementary school teacher in that Province for more than two years. She also was educated at Wellington.

Their voyage was certainly full of adventures.

After narrowly missing the Maldive Islands in the dark, the steamer ran on an uncharted rock off the coast of Madagascar. The hold was filled with water and she had to go in dry dock at Durban for three weeks. Instead then of sailing on the 2nd of August, she did not leave Capetown till the 18th of September. That same night a fire was discovered in the after hold, and the captain put back to port. It was very serious, and for some hours passengers had to be in readiness to take to the boats at any time. It was a week before the hatches could be taken off to get at the blaze, and altogether another three weeks was lost.

A fresh start was made on October 7th. By this time a large number of passengers had contracted Spanish Influenza, which was then prevalent in Capetown and suburbs. Four days after leaving port the second time, one of the passengers died of Spanish Influenza and was buried at sea.

Off the Island of St. Helena a Chinese fireman stabbed one of the mates, and then jumped overboard rather than be killed by the others. Every effort was made to rescue him, but after an hour the search was abandoned. The wounded man recovered.

After leaving S. Lucia restrictions as to lights, smoking on deck, etc., were more strictly enforced, and every-

body realized that the danger zone had been reached. Considering the adventures the ship had already gone through it was rather expected that Fritz might add a finishing touch. However, the journey was accomplished without further mishaps, and New York was reached on November 2nd.

These enterprising young ladies are heartily welcome at Macdonald, where they have joined the Normal class, and it is sincerely hoped that they will have a pleasant sojourn here.

Upon the completion of their training they are pledged to serve their government for three years in any position to which they may be appointed, as lecturers and demonstrators in domestic science.

#### ATHLETIC NOTES

Since Field Day interest in athletics has not waned, and both baseball and basketball teams have been organized. On the evening of November 4th a match took place between picked teams from the Seniors and Juniors. After an exciting game the score stood 14-12 in favor of the Juniors.

On Thursday evening, November 16th, in the Gym. a game of indoor baseball was played by the Mac. team versus Third Year O.A.C. The men were handicapped in that they must only walk and use the left hand at bat. In spite of their good playing, they were beaten by the Mac-ites 27-26.

#### HALLOWE'EN

On the evening of October 31st the girls met in the gymnasium to celebrate Hallowe'en. The occasion was a "Hard Times Party," and much amusement was caused by the strange and wonderful costumes. The evening was spent in jolly games and dancing, and was exceedingly enjoyable to all.

Junior (pertly)—"When the mice run frantically about the wall, does Irene Hyde?"

Senior (Scornfully)—No, she doesn't, and many's the mouse I've seen Susannah Chase."

#### "STUNT" NIGHT

The annual "stunt" night held by the girls of Macdonald Hall took place on the evening of November 22nd. The gymnasium was unusually well filled with spectators, including the President and Mrs. Creelman, Miss Watson and many of the staff and their wives.

The "stunts" were up to their usual high standard, and showed remarkable ingenuity and dramatic ability. The first number, "The Diamond Thief," by the Senior Normals, was followed by "The Fountain of Youth," from the Senior Associates. Next came "Romeo and Juliet," a burlesque, which kept the audience in laughter. The fourth "stunt," "A Cabaret Scene," put on by the Homemaker Class, was extremely artistic, and was awarded the prize. Next followed "Part I, Sailor Chorus," by the Junior Associates, after which the Junior Normals presented "Young Lochinvar." The Senior Homekeepers put on an impromptu skit, "The Flu at Mac," followed by the novel feature of the year by the girl students at the college, entitled "Re-union of the Pioneer Girls of O.A.C. 1932." The Junior Housekeepers' contribution was "An Old-Fashioned School," while the last number was called Part II, "A Bachelor's Reverie," by the Junior Associates. Thanks are due to Dr. Stevenson, Mr. Unwin and Mr. Gandier for kindly consenting to act as judges for the evening.

Peace and Plenty have for centuries been traditional guests at the Christmas festival, but for the last four anniversaries Plenty has just dropped in for a brief visit, under protest as it were, and the vacant chair alone has marked the place which gentle Peace was wont to occupy. Christmas, 1918, is blessed by the restoration of ancient privilege, and though Plenty may only hover at the threshold and point away to the famishing millions who are looking to us for sustenance, Peace steps

sure? Shall we heap our gifts only upon those who already have enough? Or will our mirth be sobered to moderation as our thoughts pass beyond our own happy homes to the shattered dwellings and demolished hearths of Europe, while our joy prompts us to send help and comfort to those whose lives have so long been joyless?

It is our task to see that Peace does not visit them with empty hands, and that by patient and persistent effort Plenty may once more be wooed back



SOME "MAC." GIRLS OF '18

in once more and abides with us for the hallowed season, and the light of the Christmas candles falls upon her freshly plucked olive branch and the shimmer of her wings. How shall we fitly welcome her? How shall we show that the poignant experiences of war time have taught us lasting lessons? How rise to a nobler conception of the keeping of Christmas?

Shall we merely give the rein to the more frivolous side of our nature, and be carried into extravagancies of plea-

to the lands that now lie barren and forlorn.

The first rumor of the cessation of hostilities reached the college on the afternoon of Thursday, November 7th, when the persistent hooting of steam whistles gave an adequate pretext for dismissing classes of excited students. Although the celebrations of that day were somewhat premature, they were afterwards fully justified. The Macdonald girls gave outward sign of the



joy in their hearts by coming to supper dressed in white, a very effective piece of symbolism, and they afterwards met in the gym to join in a brief but earnest service of praise and thanksgiving, a worthy and appropriate channel for the tumultuous stream of emotion which was struggling for expression.

On Monday, November 11th, the Hall was early awake. What meant those scurrying footsteps and eager voices? Were the junior housekeepers getting up to set bread? No, it was only a little after five. What then? The gong in the front hall was struck! Was the building on fire? Investigation was clearly necessary as the noise increased. And then came shrill cries of "The war is over! The war is over! We phoned Guelph! It's true!" Next, by common accord, the Doxology arose on enthusiastic young voices, and the piano awoke and led the singers in various patriotic songs.

There was no more sleep for anyone. Breakfast was handed out in the serving room to successive groups dressed ready to go down town, and the migration was complete. Some attended the service at St. James' Church, while others watched more popular if less reasonable demonstrations, until half-past nine, when the city held its religious thanksgiving in St. George's Square. It was a day of uncontrolled rejoicing, culminating in the O. A. C. parade in the evening, in which Macdonald bore its part.

Such occasions have many times occurred in the history of mankind, but for this young generation it had no parallel, and they certainly made the most of it.

#### A DESIRE

Oh, to have dwelt in Bethlehem,  
When the star of the Lord shone bright,  
To have sheltered the holy wanderers,  
On that blessed Christmas night.  
To have kissed the tender way-worn  
feet,  
Of the Mother undefiled,  
And with reverent wonder and deep  
delight,  
To have tended the Holy Child.

Hush! Such a glory was not for thee,  
But that care may still be thine,  
For are there not little ones still to  
aid  
For the sake of the Child divine?  
Are there no wandering pilgrims now,  
To thy heart and thy home to take?  
Are there no mothers whose weary  
hearts  
You can comfort for Mary's sake?

Adelaide Proctor.

#### Y. W. C. A. NOTICES

The Y. W. C. A. members listened to a most impressive discourse given by Rev. E. A. Pearson, of Norfolk St. Methodist Church, on the evening of November 3rd. Owing to the evening service in his own church having been dispensed with, Mr. Pearson might have enjoyed a pleasant evening at his own fireside, but instead he came to brighten ours with his uplifting message from the words of the Apostle as found in Phil. 1:21: "To live is Christ; to die is gain." The interpretation of the passage, that Christ is the source, sustainer, product and aim of life, was most impressive. The meeting was conducted by Miss Cass.

Miss Staples presided at the meeting on November 10th, when Dr. Ross related her summer experiences at the Chataqua Military Camp. Dr. Ross de-

scribed the strict military discipline, the exceedingly simple life, and the very hard and strenuous work expected from all, in such a way that, although we thoroughly enjoyed the stories of the humorous side of camp life we were not allowed to lose sight of the main purpose of the work which was to train women for national service. A selection by the Glee Club was an innovation much enjoyed.

The week-end which Miss Dobson, student-secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in India spent in the Hall will not soon be forgotten. After furlough in England, Miss Dobson came to us on her way through Canada and across the Pacific to India, to continue her many years of settlement work among the native women and girls attending Bombay University. We were indeed greatly favoured and blessed in having her to speak to the Mission Study Classes in the morning and the Y. W. C. A. meeting in the evening, on the slow progress of India, due to repeated invasions made by hostile races, the enthralling superstition from which few dare venture to break away, and that disintegrating caste system which makes it so hard to unite the people of India in a common brotherhood. Miss Dobson very forcibly illustrated the terrible power and results of superstition and caste in India, by relating two stories true to the life of women who have had courage enough to cast off this yoke of bondage.

The duet rendered by Miss Totten and Miss McLean added much to the success of this memorable meeting of November 7th, which was conducted by the President, Miss Germain.

The Mission Study department of the Y. W. C. A. which last year consisted

of one class, has been increased to three, having a total membership of fifty-five. Mrs. Dawson has charge of the class on India, where she spent much of her early life. The China and Japan Class is conducted by Miss De Guerre, while Miss Eustis has charge of the class studying the Faiths of Mankind.

#### THE LATE MISS ETHEL DICKINSON

News has been received of the death of Miss Ethel Dickinson, Normal Domestic Science student 1913-1915, at her home at St. Johns, Newfoundland. Previously to entering Macdonald she had taught in High School and possessed mental gifts of a high order.

She was a great favourite with her fellow students to whom she was affectionately known as "Dickie." She was House President, and to her initiative was due the organizing of the Students' Council with the object of relieving Mrs. Fuller of a part of her supervising duties.

About two years ago she was summoned to England to console an aunt who had lost two sons in the same action, and she remained in England as a V. A. D. until her recent return home. After nursing the members of her family, who were suffering from Spanish Influenza of a very malignant type, she caught the disease and died two days later.

We have just learned of the death of Nursing Sister Evelyn Verrall McKay, which occurred on the 4th of November at the Base Hospital, Boulogne, following an attack of pleuro-pneumonia. Nursing Sister McKay was born in Galt 26 years ago, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mark S. McKay. She was a graduate of Macdonald In-

stitute, and also trained at Grace Hospital, Toronto. She enlisted in 1915 in the Army Medical Service. She served for one year at the Base Hospital and the Exhibition Camp in Toronto, going overseas in December, 1916. She remained in England six months, and then left for France, where she was stationed at No. 3 Canadian General Hospital in Boulogne. Her bereaved parents are temporarily making their home at Sherbrooke, Que. Our sympathy goes out to them in their loss.

Miss Sybilla Hadwen, a Macdonald graduate, who, for several years, has been housekeeper and preceptress at Waldo and Canthorn Halls, Oregon Agricultural College, had recently an experience which tested her resourcefulness and administrative ability pretty severely.

The girls were transferred from these Halls to other residences, and an avalanche of over 3,000 descended upon the college, about half of them being lodged in the armory. Besides making radical alterations in the furnishing arrangements, and buying \$10,000 worth of equipment, Miss Hadwen had to secure the services of a butcher, a baker and a chef. The men at the armory alone consume daily about 2,000 lbs. of beef, 1,600 lbs. bread, 25 sacks of potatoes, and 250 lbs. of oatmeal, so the feeding of the entire family is a gigantic task, and Macdonald may be proud to claim the woman who successfully achieves it.

Miss Olive Gardiner, Normal Class, 1920, has received a scholarship for marks obtained at the Sarnia Collegiate, Lambton County. This is one of the scholarships provided for by the will of the late J. I. Carter, of Sarnia, which are awarded to the three candi-

dates who obtained the highest marks on the 1918 June upper school examinations in the City of Toronto, and in each of 24 counties or groups of counties.

Lillian B.—Say, you know I saw the funniest thing this summer. It was a white squirrel. It was perfectly white and had pink eyes like a rabbit.

Ethel N.—Humph. That wasn't a squirrel. It was an albino.

Junior to Senior—You have lived in nearly every province in Canada, haven't you?

Senior (modestly)—Yes.

Junior—Oh, well, you know "a rolling stone gathers no moss."

Senior—But it gets a lot of polish.

If Steffanson ever went to the North Pole again would he take any of the O. A. C. boys? For evidence notice:

1. The Second Year picnic "postponed on account of the cold."

2. The Field Day.

Better move to Florida, boys.

Fourth Year Man to Mac Girl — I used to know a girl who had hair just like yours.

She—Oh, indeed.

He—But she was nice looking.

Student—"Oh, Professor, please explain this to me! I have no brains at all to-day; I'm all wool!"

Professor—"Well, to be all wool and a yard wide is a pretty good recommendation these days."

#### BEFORE THE DANCE

A.—"Do you mean to say that they haven't ordered any glasses for the lemonade?"

B.—"No, they haven't. I suppose they intend to serve it in cones."

Senior 1—"I thought I saw a "busy" sign on your door early in the evening, but it's not there now."

Senior 2—"Yes, I put up a busy sign, and first Nick came in to see if I was really busy, and then Tippie came in to see what I was busy about, and next Wissie looked in to see how long it would last; finally Lena came to spend the evening, and when I referred to the busy sign, she said there wasn't one! Next time I'll get a hammer and tacks!"

Senior Housekeeper—"You don't usually attend the Dem. on this day. Do you have to write a "crit." on this one?"

2nd Ditto—No, but the demonstrator asked me to attend so that I could give her my honest opinion."

#### DAISY'S DENTISTRY

Last term Daisy lost a tooth. It was entirely my fault. We were practising club swinging, when, to my enduring regret, a club flew from my grasp and caught Daisy in the mouth.

It was purely accidental, and might happen to anyone—even Dr. Ross lost a club once—but I felt very much upset about it. Of course it upset Daisy quite as much; in fact, it hurt her terribly and loosened a lower tooth so badly that it had to be removed. I think her mouth must have been wide open at the time.

Happily Daisy's smile is a moderate one which gives just a glimpse of her upper teeth, and not one of those six inch smiles which always seem to have strayed out of an advertisement for somebody's magic tooth paste, so the gap was not noticeable, but I knew it was there and felt my culpability keenly.

When we came back this year Daisy announced that she had a new tooth. You might have thought it had grown in the vacation, from the natural breezy way in which she gave the information, and I don't think she would have re-opened my wound by alluding to it at all, had she not felt that it would be a comfort to me to know that the damage was in a measure repaired. "It's very well matched," I said admiringly; "What keeps it in?"

"It's screwed in," said Daisy, with pardonable pride; "it's called a pivot tooth."

"Is there no danger of its getting loose at night?" I asked anxiously. I had visions of Daisy choking at 3 a.m. with no candle in the room.

"Oh, it's perfectly safe," was her confident answer; "our dentist is very clever."

It now develops that Daisy had premonitions of disaster from time to time, but she never breathed a word of suspicion to me.

Last Monday morning at twenty minutes past seven I was combing my hair, never doubting that I should get into the dining room before the door was locked, when Daisy burst into the room almost speechless from excitement and looking very red.

"My tooth," she gasped; "come quickly or it will be lost!"

I followed her swiftly to the bathroom, holding my hair net in place with one hand, and with a hair pin in the other.

"It came out," said Daisy, almost in tears, "while I was brushing my teeth, and it has fallen down the waste pipe of the end basin."

"It should be possible to recover it," said I; "a monkey-wrench at the tap."

"Yes, yes! I will finish dressing and go over for Mr. Clark, and you

must see that no one uses the basin in the mean-time."

She vanished. I put the hair pin into its place and mounted guard over the basin. Then I made a discovery. This particular basin was just above the waste paper, and the contents of the two other basins in passing would probably dislodge and carry away the precious tooth. I had to mount guard over all the basins. I never realized before how many girls lived on our alley. Fourteen times in seven minutes I had to say:

"Please go and wash in the bath tub! These basins cannot be used." And when they asked why, I would begin to explain.

"Something of value has been dropped into this basin and has gone down the pipe——" and then another girl would arrive and I had to start again with:

"Please go and wash in the bath tub, etc."

The breakfast gong had rung before Daisy returned with Mr. Clark and the monkey-wrench. Breathlessly we watched the operation, and to our immense relief the tooth was still in the trap.

"I wonder if these traps always catch things as cleverly as that?" said Daisy, as she carefully washed her treasure, after expressing her thanks to the engineer.

"Daisy," I said sternly, "you will go at once to the phone and make an appointment with the dentist for 4.45, and I will come with you and see that that tooth is permanently secured in your jaw. But, after all, you are not to blame; the fault is mine, and it is just that I should bear the punishment."

The punishment was severe. I got

no breakfast and we had nothing in the room but three small apples and a broken soda biscuit!

M. B. S.

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#### MISS HEPBURN

Miss Hepburn, who has filled the position of housekeeper at Macdonald Hall for the past term, has become deservedly popular with the students, and her departure will be much regretted. Her daily menus have been acceptable, and her special efforts at Thanksgiving and Hallowe'en to provide the girls with appropriate home-like dainties were very gratefully received.

Her pleasing personality, sympathetic attitude and general enthusiasm for her work may be held up for the emulation of those who are now training to fill similar positions.

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#### MACDONALD HONOR ROLL

Louis C. Creelman, Guelph, V. A. D. Three months at Beachborough Park, Shorncliffe; three months in France under St. John's Ambulance.

Evelyn Whitney, Toronto, Nursing Sister with McGill Hospital Unit. Has served in France since 1915.

Mrs. Margaret MacPhadgen, Dietitian No. 9, American Base Hospital, France.

Frances McKean, Halifax, Nursing Sister. Went overseas in Spring, 1915, with McGill Hospital Unit, and went to France that summer.

Evelyn McKay, Galt, Nursing Sister. For two years with McGill Hospital Unit, Boulogne. Her death at Boulogne occurred on November 4th. A complete account is given in Macdonald Department of this issue.

Ethel Dickinson, St. Johns, New-

foundland, V. A. D. In England for one and a half years. Her death is reported in the Macdonald news this issue.

Gladys Manning, Toronto. Went to France in fall of 1918 with American Friends Reconstruction Unit.

Roberta McAdams, Sarnia. Dietitian, Ontario Hospital, Orpington, England.

Frances Bevan, Hamilton, V. A. D., Motor Driver in England. Went to France with Ambulance Convoy.

Alice Bohn, Guelph. Went overseas in fall of 1918 as V. A. D. in St. John's Ambulance Association. Detailed to large military hospital in England.

May Hill (Mrs. Golding), in England.

Leah McCarthy, Toronto, V. A. D. at Beachborough Park, Shorncliffe, for one year and a half. Transferred to St. Dunstan's Hospital for the Blind in the summer of 1918; now in France.

Flora Taylor, St. Catherines, V. A. D. at Beachborough Park, Shorncliffe, for over a year. Went to St. Dunstan's Hospital, London, in 1918, now in France.

Dorothy Chown, Kingston, V. A. D. St. John's Ambulance Association. Went overseas in fall of 1918. Detailed to large military hospital near Rugby.

Janet Gow, Windsor. V. A. D. St. John's Ambulance Association. Went overseas in spring of 1918. Detailed to 2nd London General Hospital (Chelsea) London.

Agnes Robertson, Toronto. One year

at Beachborough Park, Shorncliffe. Joined St. John's Ambulance Association and spent six months in British military hospital before going to France as V. A. D.

Phyllis Slater, V. A. D., in England.

Edie Hamilton (Mrs. Leppan), Pretoria, South African Hospital, England.

Daisy Hamilton, Matron Maitland Hospital, S. A.

Rene Roher (Mrs. Hertziz), in England, munitions.

Mary Turpin, of Perth, in England.

Kathleen Jones. First year of the war went to England, where she took Massage Course. Since her return to Canada she was at the Military Hospital at Whitby, and now at Davisville Hospital, Toronto.

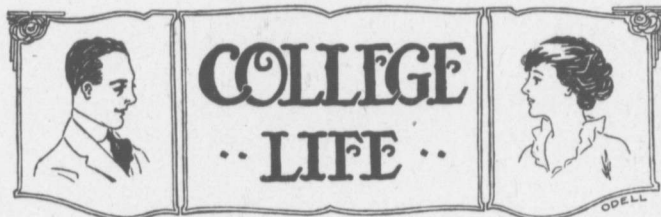
Helen Oldham, of Brantford, trained at Hart House, and is at present at the Convalescent Hospital at Edmonton, Alta.

Meta Bankier went to England, where she was with the Victorian League and also under Lady Drummond.

Helen Bankier is doing V. A. D. work at the Burlington Hospital.

The above is a list of Macdonald girls who have served the Empire overseas. We regret that a more complete list could not be completed owing to there being no records at the Institute of the many girls we believe to have enlisted in various capacities. This Honor Roll has been prepared by the Executive of the Macdonald Literary Society.





### YEAR EXECUTIVE

#### Senior Year

Hon. President—Prof. W. J. Squirrel.

President—J. B. Munro.

Vice-President—D. J. Matheson.

Secretary—Campbell Lamont.

Treasurer—R. E. Begg.

Committee—G. W. McCall, C. F. MacKenzie, H. C. Hockett.

#### Junior Year

Hon. President—Dr. O. J. Stevenson.

President—A. W. Mead.

Vice-President—G. B. Hood.

Treasurer—W. L. Currier.

Secretary—Miss Chase.

#### Sophomore Year

Hon. President—Prof. J. W. Crow.

President—R. C. Frith.

Vice-President—M. C. Howarth.

Secretary—M. C. Jamieson.

Treasurer—F. J. Webster.

Committee Men—H. H. Taylor, R. J. Sirrs, J. J. E. McCague.

#### Freshman Year

Hon. President—Dr. J. H. Reed.

President—F. J. Welland.

Vice-President—R. F. Waugh.

Secretary-Treasurer—M. E. Fleming.

Committee Men—Shore, Armstrong, Pierson.

Great interest has been taken this year in the Live Stock work at the

College. The boys of the "Ag." Option have had several good trips with Professor Toole. The picked team and others of the Senior Year went to the States on Sunday, November 24th, in order that they might have time to spend visiting stock farms across the border prior to the day of competing at Chicago—November 30th.

Among those who accompanied Prof. Toole were:—W. C. Caldwell, C. F. MacKenzie, R. E. Begg, D. J. Matheson, C. Lamont, W. R. Gunn, D. F. Aylesworth, G. W. McCall, G. F. Hunter and M. F. Cook.

#### AT THE WINTER FAIR

Again the Winter Fair is in full swing in Guelph and the noisy place is bustling with crowds of people. The entries in all classes are up to the mark and more. The exhibits are excellent.

Among the visitors are the usual crowd of old College boys who make this affair their annual reason for renewing acquaintances on the Hill. We, at the College, always look forward with pleasure to this annual event, knowing that our boys will be here.

In the January Review an account of the visiting boys will be published.

#### THE DELPHIC LITERARY SOCIETY

The Delphic Literary Society was organized by the Freshmen and M. R.



Victor Stuart was elected as its President. Under Mr. Stuart's direction the executive planned for various evenings entertainments. These meetings included debates, addresses, various kinds of musical selections and readings. The subjects of the addresses varied greatly and included war, agricultural and various other topics. All of the topics were well rendered and appreciated by the audience. All of the meetings were attended by an average of seventy per cent. of the class, which would show the interest taken. The meetings were held early in the evening, so as not to conflict with studies. Altogether the Delphic Literary Society gives promise of being a strong organization which is educational as well as entertaining.

President—R. Victor Stuart.

Vice-President—Magee.

Secretary—Miss Graham.

Committee—Waugh, Fleming, Miss Hemming.

The Sophomore Dance to have been held Hallowe'en night took place at Macdonald Hall, Friday evening, November 15th, and was all the more enjoyed for the postponement. The Fates were for us in this delay. Not only was the flu a thing of the past, but the war's end came with such a grateful relief that we could well afford to make merry. And merry it was! Who cannot recall the good time spent and store away forever and ever the joy of it all.

The swing and rhythm of the music supplied by the Howard Orchestra, of Galt, was excellent, and their good nature in responding to encores left no long delays. The floor was good and not too crowded, and made a very pleasing picture to the onlookers.

Mrs. Fuller is an ideal hostess, and

the Hall radiated forth that atmosphere of homelike comfort in true, old-time fashion. The girls too upheld their reputation in co-operating with the Second Year and making the event successful. A dainty lunch was served between the 9th and 10th dances, which everyone enjoyed.

Many of the faculty were there, and several ex-students, both of the Hall and the College returned to renew old acquaintances, and everyone was greatly delighted with the efficient manner the programme was carried out.

The proceeds were in aid of the O. A. C. Soldiers' Comforts Fund, and netted a very substantial sum.

W. P. S.

### YEAR '22 ENTERTAINS

It is customary at the College for the Freshmen to initiate their own late-comers. This event took place in the "gym" on the evening of November 12th, when Year '22 not only formally received their brethren in a becoming manner, but also provided an entertaining programme and an excellent "feed" for their guests, the upper years.

The first items were strictly impromptu. The victims, on their knees, were paraded at the end of a rope, and judged as beef cattle. They then engaged in a sweepstakes race, and the winner was suitably rewarded. After acting as blindfold slave-drivers they were loosed and pronounced tried and tested O.A.C.-ites.

When these stern measures were over, all became "merry as a marriage bell." The curtain was drawn up, revealing a sumptuous lunch which the Freshmen proceeded to dispense with a liberal hand. The eats were interspersed with musical numbers.

The affair closed in true O.A.C. fash-

ion with speeches, songs and yells. The entertainment afforded by the Freshmen was highly appreciated by all present, and the rest of the college feels that in Year '22 there is a spirit that in years to come will hold the reputation of the O.A.C. to its deservedly high standard.

The student body has grown considerably since the last Review went to print. Every year has been increased in its membership, and particularly the Freshmen. Seven or eight new names have been added to the Freshmen list in the last two weeks. There are now 23 Seniors, 20 Juniors, 42 Sophomores and 96 Freshmen, which makes a total of 181 regular students.

#### C. O. T. C.

The C. O. T. C. has been recently reorganized. About forty-five men have signed up for drill, which is held three times a week. Capt. W. H. Day is in command, with Lieuts. Howarth, Welland Fleming and Stuart acting as instructors. The first three lieutenants named have seen active service in France, and the Corps this year, though small in numbers, promises to be one of the best that the O.A.C. has seen since its organization.

#### UNION LITERARY MEETING

The semi-monthly Union Literary Society meeting was held in Massey Hall Saturday, November the 16th. A debate between two members of Junior and Senior years was the feature of the evening. "Resolved, that government ownership of public utilities is in the best interests of the people," was the subject of the debate. Messrs. Jones and Allan of the Senior Year spoke in favor of the resolution, and Messrs. Flemming and Curtis of the Junior Year argued against it. The decision

was given in favor of the affirmative, and Prof. W. H. Day acted as critic. Misses Grace Totten and W. Wilson and P. Halpenny rendered musical selections which were enjoyed by all. The meeting closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

Someone asked the other day why the Juniors of table '5' left early from dinner the day pies were served. Probably it would not be amiss to inform, particularly table "4," that the men who hold down chairs at table "5" are in training for baseball.

Ask any of Year '20 indoor baseball team if Macdonald Hall girls can play ball, and the answer will be "decidedly yes." The boys attributed their defeat not only to the effective and excellent game played by the girls, but also to the fact that their "star" player repeatedly got stranded behind the piano, and the nervous strain on the other boys of awaiting his return had a very ill affect upon their playing.

Many a man turned pale as he scanned the bulletin board in the college reading room the other day. The Seniors looked, retained their superior composure or inwardly or outwardly laughed. The list of Christmas examinations had been posted by the Secretary.

The last regular meeting of the Horticulture Club took place on Wednesday evening, November 13th. Mr. R. D. Allan '19 gave a very interesting and instructive address on "Strawberry Growing." Professor J. W. Crow added more interest to the subject by lantern slides, which were much appreciated by all those present. After a general discussion of the subject the usual "feed" of apples occurred, followed by adjournment.

The First Year Class extends a hearty greeting and compliments of the season to all readers of the Review.

The Editor and Staff have been pleased to grant an addition to their numbers by accepting a representative from the Freshmen class, Year '22, giving them a chance to make their existence known. They have already tackled a number of things that were new to them and carried them off successfully. The next thing is to make a showing in publishing the events of the year. It is to be hoped that all will co-operate in making it a banner year, so there will be events, and history will be made, that will be worth publishing.

Freshman (to guest after the snow-ball fight last week)—“You know we weren't looking for a big scrap. We just wanted to get “Old Munn” and soak him.” But Munny didn't happen to be on hand at the time so a real old time bombing engagement ensued.

Three cheers for the lady munition workers of the O.A.C. They made snow-balls at contract rate and prices for their brothers to hurl at the combined forces of the upper years.

Tolton (after Botany exam.)—Gee, that fellow Maximum must be a clever guy. He is right on top with 25 marks more than the second man.

Prof. Crow (to Second Year Class)—I hope you will excuse any mistake I may make in my lecture this morning, but I have just taken two periods with the First Year, and I am not feeling well.

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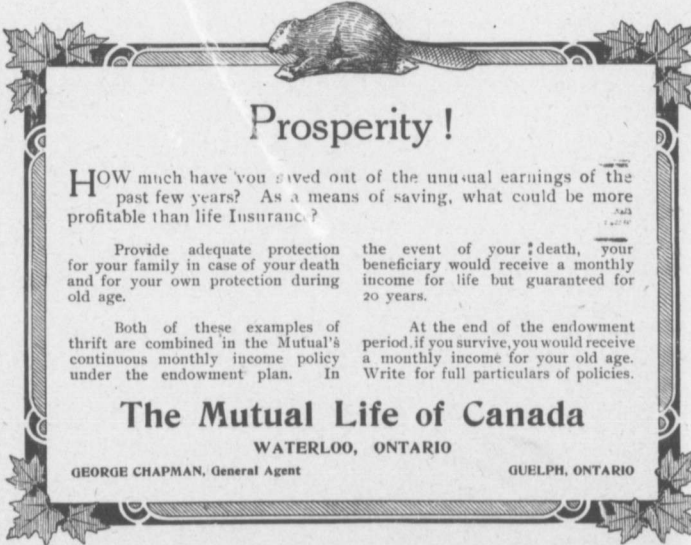
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No one heard of "Tin Lizzies."  
No one cared for the price of gasoline.  
Hired girls drew one dollar a week.  
Butchers "threw in" a chunk of liver.  
Pneumatic tires were a joke.  
Nobody "listened in" on the telephone.  
Sane "Fourths" were scarce.  
No one heard of electric meters.  
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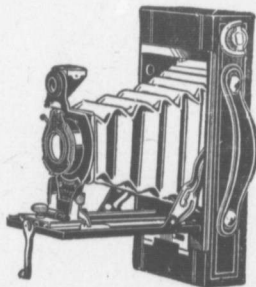
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**Commercial Plums of Ontario**

(Continued from page 162).

yellow; free stone. It is the best of the blue plums for dessert and home canning purposes. Season, late September to early October.

Reine Claude — Medium to large; slightly flattened at ends; roundish; greenish yellow with green splashes; flesh yellow, juicy, very rich and excellent flavor; free stone. Very good for dessert. It cannot be excelled by any plum as a cooker and canner. Every housewife should secure a basket of Reine Claudes each season.

The writer has endeavored to describe the principal commercial plums so that the housewife will be more conversant with these varieties. Consequently she will be better qualified to secure the best canning and dessert plums at the most opportune time. Knowledge is power.

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