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The O. A. C. Review

Vol. VIII

ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, GUELPH, APRIL, 1897.

No. 7.

Editorial.

Regret is often expressed that farmers, as a class, read very little literature which has a bearing on their occupation. Most progressive men take one or two agricultural journals, and some read these quite closely, but such is only as a tiny drop in the sea of reading matter which bears more or less directly upon farm work. Nearly every farmer will also have in the house some work on Veterinary Science, but beyond that, little or nothing can be found. Our Farmers' Institutes do a worthy work in distributing reports and bulletins, but some of our southern neighbors are adopting a scheme which is well worth imitating, and operating in connection with either this College or the Institute system. It consists of a Reading Circle, modelled after Bishop Vincent's world famous system of "Chautauqua reading." The Pennsylvania State College have founded a circle, and are meeting with a marked degree of success. Prof. G. C. Watson, their agriculturist, has charge of the work, and by means of a circular of explanation, accompanied by a descriptive list of the books prescribed, the idea is being made plain to the farmers. Members are enrolled free of charge, and are entitled to purchase any of the standard works on Agriculture, Horticulture or Chemistry at very low rates. Anyone wishing to receive the diploma of the Circle may do so by passing the prescribed examination, but this matter is optional, the object being to diffuse the literature rather than to teach. Members also have the right to secure the assistance of any of the College staff when difficult points are reached. Michigan has a similar system, and it too is successful.

The advantages of such a Circle need not be enumerated. Ex-students of this College should easily see its strong claims for serious consideration, and it is sincerely hoped that our Minister of Agriculture will look into the matter at an early date. The work could be done to the very best advantage by the Superintendent of Institutes, and there is a certainty that the seed would fall in good ground, because only those interested would invest. The expense should be very slight, and no money could be invested in a better cause. The main outlay would consist in remunerating the book dealers, and the greater the amount granted them, the lower the rates could be made. By way of example, the Pennsylvania Circle sells Dr. Armsby's "Manual of Cattle Feeding" for \$1.30, while no bookseller will retail it for less than \$1.75. Prof. King's book on "The Soil" sells for 57

cents, as against 75 cents at the stores. Bookdealers cannot well retail them for less, because the sale is (unfortunately) limited. To our minds, the plan is very simple, and deserving of a fair trial. Certain it is, that if farmers realized the advantage to them, success would be assured. What one has done, others can do, and if we so far outstrip the Americans in the magnitude of our Farmers' Institute work, it is only reasonable to expect that we could rival them in this also.

R.

A favorite ground for criticism by some of the opponents of this institution is the claim that our graduates leave the country when their course is completed. In this contention, however, an ignorance of our condition in this respect is only too evident, and for the benefit of the general public, we give the following statistics: Since being affiliated with the University of Toronto, in 1888, sixty-nine associates of the College have received the degree of B. S. A. Of this number two have since died, and for the remaining sixty-seven we are to give an account. Under the head of neutral or unclassified men we shall include four who are interested in Y. M. C. A., or other church work, and three out of six foreigners, who returned to their native lands after graduating. This leaves a round sixty. Forty-nine of this number are in Canada to-day, and two out of four who are in other countries for further training are to return at an early date. With the exception of one or two, who are on stock or dairy farms, all those in the United States are connected with Agricultural Colleges or Experimental Stations, and are thus in close touch with the farm community. Allowing for those on the staff of their Alma Mater, practically all of those in Canada are farming, or in dairy work - the men in other occupations being few indeed.

These figures are approximately correct, according to the most reliable data at our disposal, and they speak for themselves. No other agricultural college can claim to make such a showing, and we, as students, take pride in pointing it out. The fact that our graduates are needed in other lands shows that their work is appreciated, and that a B.S.A. is by no means an insignificant part of a young man's educational attainments. We do not claim, however, that all these men are farmers of the first class. That is too sweeping a statement. In this connection the following is quoted from an article by President Mills in *Farming*, for December, 1895. " * * * those who pass for the B.S.A. degree are *nearly* all good men, and men who, *generally speaking*, give a good account of themselves." But we do say, and say it emphatically, that those men who fail cannot blame

the training they have received here, because the great majority of our ex-students are leaders in the localities where they reside. This shows the efficiency of the course in practical application *when practically applied*, and no contrary argument can successfully dispute it.

In conclusion, it may be said that the increased work of the course should, and probably will, raise the standard so that none but the "cream" of the second year classes will be admitted to the degree work.

Agricultural.

"A Medley on Stock Economy."

By J. Wilson K. '96.

In this advanced age of agricultural science, with its keen competition and narrow margin of profit, it behooves the agricultural classes to bring their expenses to the minimum point and do business on the "small profits and quick returns" system. While discussing this topic it is not the intention to unearth any new methods of procedure, for "there is nothing new under the sun," nor to solve any complex problems; but merely to present a few simple thoughts, already known to all, but possibly not practiced as much as might be throughout our province.

BEEF CATTLE.

1. It is a fact well worth remembering that the greater part of the profit obtained on any article is made in the buying, therefore, it is of paramount importance to our client. Consider well the requirements, buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the nearest dearest market. When a large quantity of soft coal is fed into an animal in order to get it to a suitable market, it assists, very materially, to transfer the well-earned profits from the producer's pocket into the railroad company's coffers. Many stockmen do not finish their own cattle. On the Western ranges this is impracticable, but here in Ontario every man should finish his own steers instead of disposing of them just when they are in a proper condition to lay on flesh to an advantage. It always pays well to market fat cattle "good, prime, ripe and finished" before sending to market, as the last pound put on governs, to a certain extent, the price of the whole animal. After an animal has ceased to gain in proportion to the feed fed do not hold for the sake of a few cents. While holding for a slight increase in price the cost of the feed given may more than counter-balance the difference in price to be had. When an animal is "on top of the table," let it make way for others. As the Yankee says, "if you can't get one price, get two."

DAIRY CATTLE.

2. When a manufacturer wishes to do a good live business and pay good wages, he keeps his machinery in operation, to its utmost capacity, ten hours each day and six days in the week; and if a man will to succeed in the dairy business he must keep his milk producers working, to their utmost capacity, ten months in the year at least

and every year until they are worn out. It is the trying to wear out many worthless milkers which deducts from the profits of the good animals, which should be considered with care. A poor milk cow does business on the "board of trade" plan. She trades a small quantity of inferior milk for her board. It is mighty poor economy to try and warm the barn yard by turning cows out early in the morning during the winter, leave them there all day and at night draw from each a pint and a half of 2½ per cent milk. Even with the various simple testing appliances within the reach of every farmer, how very few perform individual tests in order to ascertain if they own any cows which are being maintained at the expense of the worthy members of the herd.

HORSES.

3. Just at the present time horses are not the most desirable property, but with the expected "good times" they are sure to take an upward turn, although we cannot expect to obtain as good prices as were current before the applied advent of electricity as a motive power. There will always be a good market for the right style of horses, but many do not think of this, and the market is often over run with animals of an undesirable type. Good serviceable "blocks," weighing from 1500 to 1800, are always in good demand, as is also the light driver with plenty of action. Actors are what are wanted in the driving line at the present time.

SWINE.

4. Hog raising in connection with the dairy has come to be an important item on many farms, and is a very profitable adjunct indeed, but yet we do not raise as many hogs as we might. It is true we can not produce pork as cheaply as can our American cousins, but we can grow a better quality, as pork made from hogs fed on grains, other than corn, contains a greater per cent of lean meat in comparison to the fat. The short "chunky" hog is a thing of the past. The market demands a more lengthy animal with deep sides and lean hams.

SHEEP.

5. We are waiting to see how McKinley's "free wool" is going to "strike" us, but even if it is not as we would wish it we will continue to raise "the golden hoof," but must cater to the demand even if it does not suit our fancy. Many farmers do not know of the wonderful fertility which is variably noted on farms where sheep are fed for market. Sheep are very susceptible to drafts, and should never be allowed to get the "snuffles," as it is unsightly and also disagreeable to effect a cure.

SUMMARY.

1. (1) Make every edge cut.
- (2) Have every edge in cutting order.
- (3) Don't throw out on your line more than you expect to draw back.
- (4) Watch "the other fellow" and profit by his mistakes and experience.
- (5) Look sharply after the "little things," "big things" are easily noticed.

Milking Machines.

At the present time there is much interest being centered by dairy-men in the results of the trial tests of the various milking machines now in use in some parts of this country, and the United States. Probably the one most deserving of our attention at the present time is the Thistle Milking Machine, which is being given a thorough trial at the Dairy Department of this College. It would seem that the dream of mechanics for many years past—that of being able to milk cows successfully by machine—was about to be realized. As to conclusions in regard to this test, which has been going on for some time, we cannot as yet say with authority that it has been successful in all respects; but from the fact that it is now being used regularly to milk the dairy herd of twenty-two cows, each morning and evening, we can entertain very high hopes for the ultimate success of the new method.

The drawing of the milk from the cows is effected by means of suction, this action being produced by an air pump worked by steam—the pump being connected with the engine in the Dairy building for this purpose. There are soft rubber cups or tubes which fit over the teats, and when the air is exhausted from the pipe these produce a regular convulsive exertion on the teats, not unlike the action of the human hand, and which draws the milk into closed vessels without any exposure to the atmosphere whatever. By having on all the attachments twelve cows can be milked at once, and that in about five minutes; but by using a fewer number of attachments the twenty-two cows have been milked regularly in twenty-five minutes, it requiring the assistance of two attendants to change the cups and tubes from one can to another. Some of the cows through nervousness did not give down their milk readily at first, but later they seemed to accommodate themselves to their new treatment quite readily. We have ascertained that the first cost of the machine, besides that of running it, is about four hundred and fifty dollars.

It is a question as to whether the continued mechanical action of the rubber cups on the teats of the cow will produce any serious injury, and, besides, whether the sensitiveness of the cow whose motherhood some people are so effusively anxious to impress upon all of us will cause her to diminish the usual supply of milk, or deteriorate its quality.

Again, it is a question as to whether the expense and trouble required to manipulate the machine, washing it, etc., together with its first cost, will not more than counterbalance the many advantages. These are developments which it will be interesting to watch.

One thing in favor of any of these machines is that exposure of the milk to the air during milking is completely avoided, and this in itself is of paramount importance to the dairymen. By this means the common and very serious contamination of the milk by various bacteria is avoided, and a much purer product is thereby obtained.

At present the high cost of the machines will prevent any but the wealthy dairymen from testing them, and these will lead the way for the rank and file to follow when the success of the milkers is assured.

L. H. C.

OLD COLLEGE DAYS (and a few nights).

CHAPTER II.

HOME SICKNESS.

Medical men disagree as to what disease produces the most disagreeable sensations in the patient. Those who have had the sad experience declare, with one voice, that seasickness surpasses all other forms, while I, on the other hand, agree, declare and know, that there is a malady that "passeth all understanding," and that is homesickness. In case of seasickness, one ceases to care whether he lives or dies. In the case of homesickness, he not only wishes he were dead, but ceases to care what may become of him after he has "shuffled off."

At College, the disease is periodic. It breaks out regularly every year, but a fellow, fortunately, never takes it but once. Another peculiarity of the malady is that as soon as one recovers from its ravages he is eager to laugh and jeer at a new "subject."

We who have passed out into the "Madding Crowd," can now look back and smile at the incidents that happened to us during our first month at college, but few of us, I dare say, would care to go through it again. It is, in my belief, the most trying period of a young man's life. All have to experience it, and the way one takes it, and the length of the convalescence often materially affect the disposition and even foreshadows habit, that cling to a man through life.

There was no third year in those days, and the second year men owned the College. They would also have bought the town, only they didn't like it. Haughty! why, one of them would no more think of associating with a Freshman than he would with the Faculty. Both were too far beneath him. Why, one boy from my county, who had the advantage of me by one year, took me aside on the day I arrived and told me, in a subdued tone of voice, that he knew my people, and had nothing against them, but that he couldn't do much for me, as he was in the second year, but if I got any newspapers from home, and would bring them around to his room some night when none of his class-mates were there, he would look over them for me. I thanked him, and immediately wrote home for papers.

Never shall I forget my first day's experience. I was a week late, and, taking a cab at the depot, I arrived in front of the College just before dinner. As I stepped out, some one from a tower window called out, "Hello, Fatty! Where did you get that hat?" I immediately put my hand to my head and took off my regulation flat "Christie," to see what was the matter with it, when a regular roar came from along the entire front. Looking up, I beheld heads at almost every window, and as I turned to pay my cabby, I was entertained with such remarks as "Say, boys, ain't he fresh;" "Great Scott! Get onto that collar," "Say, Fatty, got your lunch in that paper valise?" "Oh, Jeff! Come here, quick, and peep at the new freebie. Do you guess his ma or his pa cut that hair?" etc., etc.

In those days the President did all the office work, and it was a rare thing when he closed up before midnight. He, with his strong left arm, kept discipline in the College, and in those days when the College was struggling for recognition as an institution of higher learning, and boys were sent there by parents who could do nothing with them at

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home, the life of the man who had to maintain discipline was not always a happy one. I often wonder how he ever put up with many of us until graduation. Well, finding his office just inside the front door I walked in and was at once put at ease by kindly inquiries as to my intellectual attainments, religion, morals, habits, county, post office address, etc., etc. Wishing to show that such scenes were of every day occurrence to me, I enquired, casually, if his right hand was sore much, and if he had been wearing that black glove long. He smiled back his appreciation and replied, "Not much. About ten years." Not feeling in the humor for joking, I drew myself up to my full height and asked if I might be shown to my room. Looking over a note book on his desk, the President replied that "I was in great luck, as a second year man, owing to sickness in his family, had not returned, and the man he was to have roomed with was now alone in No. 4, and if I would step up there I would find everything all right." So, climbing the stairs, past the telephone room, past the Bursar's old office, turn to the left, then to the right, and there you are—1, 2, 3, 4. Here I stop, knock. No reply. I walk in. The room is—empty. Did I say empty? Not that, vacant. In one corner was a bed, but the slats were out, and to bring it up to its normal height four mattresses were piled one on the other. On top of this some twisted bed-clothes, a dirty towel, a pair of Indian clubs, some soiled clothes and an armful of books. A tin pitcher and basin stood on a washstand in one corner, and the floor was littered with long boots, overalls, note books and papers. This was the room of the elegant lawyer's son from Stratford, whom the President had said I was lucky to get to room with. I vowed there should be a change made here, and there was, but hardly according to my plans. While contemplating this scene of chaos I heard the boys coming up stairs and along the halls, and learned afterwards they always rushed up that way from meals, especially from

Tuesday dinner. Three or four pushed in my door, and seeing me standing in a defiant attitude at the window, whither I had waded, were in no wise abashed, but, sizing up the situation at once, bounded out again, crying, "Pete, Pete, come on to your room, quick." One of your country cousins has called to see you. Don't deny it, old man that queer fellow with the "Christie" is in your room and says he knows you. Come on, we want to see him fall on your neck." Along comes Pete, looks me over, and wants to know what in the blankety blank, blank, blank I am doing in his room. I explain that I am his new room mate, give him my post-office address and county, and inform him, with dignity, that I have come more than a hundred miles on the cars. This astounding statement does not seem to subdue him, and he replies, punctuating his phrases and clauses with Sunday school words, that he is not keeping a boarding establishment for freshmen, and that, in the words of Edgar Allen Poe. I had "better take my grip from out his room and take my hat from off his door." I left, and resolved that the next train east would surely carry me.

This threat I should surely have carried out had not the watchman, the same good-natured old John, come to my aid and helped me put my things in an empty room, and took me down stairs to a late but welcome dinner. That night I got settled with a young gentleman from England, whose numerous trunk, hat boxes, canoes, pipes and books made my little trunk and new overcoat look small by contrast.

That night I had the dread disease in its most malignant form. Talk about the thirsty desert traveller offering his right arm for a drink of water, why, I would have given both feet to have seen my mother for five minutes. I will conclude these "first impressions" by quoting from a letter I wrote home the first Sunday night.

O. A. College, 12th — — 1895.

DEAR MAMMA,—How have you all been getting along since I left? Was the big mare hurt any that day we drove to the station? I wish I had never left home. I wish you could see the big bulls they have here. One used to belong to the Queen, who weighs 1423 pounds. Old P. J., (that's the farm foreman's name) let me work on the cattle this afternoon and I made six cents. The laboratory, where we study Chemistry, just smells awful: worse than last spring, when we cleaned up our barnyard. There is an alligator in the museum, and a kangaroo and a lot of stuffed birds, and some bugs, and a lot of rocks. One of the professors sits in the dining-room, where we eat, and reads out the letters, when there is any for us, and I asked a second year man why the professor didn't eat his dinner while he was waiting for us to get through, but he said he didn't have time, as he had to read the boys' post cards. I don't think that is right. Do you? There are so many sickly boys in the 2nd year. They look healthy but they never go to church, and you have to if you are not sick. One of them told me that the Dr. told him that he ought to take a walk in the woods every Sunday morning and just admire nature. Wasn't that a funny treatment? The bath-tubs are so big you can get right in them. There is hot water and steam with every one, too. Some boys take a bath every once or twice a week. There are a lot of fine books on farming in the library. The boys have a Literary Society and meet in the upper class-room every Friday night, and they have some fine speeches and recitations and debates. I am going to jeir, and first chance I get

I am going to recite that nice piece I gave at the church social last winter. You remember, it is called "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight." None of these fellows were there, so I guess they have never heard it. The debate on Friday night was about murder, and the President (a second year man) announced that four men would talk about "Is homicide justifiable?" When he said that, I got to thinking about home, and didn't hear all they said, but a 2nd year man told me when I asked him what the subjects meant, that it meant had a fellow a right to kill himself if his girl went back on him. How are all the boys and girls getting along? Tell Joe Ellis I'll be home Christmas, sure, and not to break the colts till I come. Well, mother, I must close, as there are a lot of regulations posted on my door, and one is that you must be in bed when the gas goes out, so I must hurry up. Will Johnson is real good to me. He lets me work on cattle in his place before breakfast, when it is his turn. Love to all the folks.

Your loving son,

"CREELY."

Personals.

G. W. Black, '96, has obtained a situation with A. R. Childs & Co. of Cloud, Minnesota. George's previous experience in cheese making, combined with the knowledge obtained during his term at our dairy course, should fit him for any position, and we expect good work from him. J. F. MacLennan, '95, is also with the above firm.

Wm. McCallum, B. S. A., '94, has been appointed to the newly created position of Fellow in Bacteriology at this institution. His careful study of that subject should qualify him to fill the place.

Geo. S. Henry, B. A., our exchange editor, is now at Varsity trying his exams for the degree of L. L. B. When he gets this additional handle to his name, Pat will surely rest satisfied. It is a regrettable fact that he will not grace our graduating class.

Mr. F. W. Hodson, Superintendent of Farmers' Institutes, has removed to Toronto, where offices have been fitted up for him in the Parliament buildings. His object is to get more centrally located so as to work to better advantage.

Prof. Shuttleworth, B. A. Sc., of our chemistry department, leaves at an early date for a course of study in Germany, at the termination of which, he will bear the degree of Ph. D. The good wishes of the students go with him. Mr. Harcourt will lecture during his absence.

Mr. Kroukoff, Commissioner of Agriculture, from the Russian government at Amoor, visited us recently and inspected the various departments. As is usual with strangers the completeness of our equipment was a surprise to him.

S. M. Loghrin, '96, has just finished a three months course at the London Infantry School, and received their senior second class certificate, taking an average of 67 out of a possible 70 points. This makes him an officer of no mean order, and he has just been gazetted as 1st Lieut. of Co. 6, in the 23rd Batt. of Stratford. His reputation as a

crack shot is not purely local, and he may be looked upon as a sure member of our Bisley team.

W. J. Brown, '83, is farming at Fergus. His specialty is fattening lambs for the export trade.

Edgar M. Husband, '93, is on a farm at Cairngorm, Middlesex, and is coming into prominence as an up-to-date apiculturist.

C. R. Notman, '82, writes from Room 709, Equitable Life office, Tradesmen's Buildings, Pittsburg, Pa., to say that he is practising as a Veterinary Surgeon, and succeeding well, but that he has lost track of most of his former classmates.

R. C. Barklie, '96, has gone to Rossland, B.C., to try his hand at mining work.

We clip the following from the "Orillia Packet":—"We are pleased to record the scholastic success of another young Orillian who has been studying abroad for the past three years. Mr. Adolf Lehman, son of Mr. A. Lehman, of this town, has been studying agricultural chemistry at the University of Leipzig, and word has been received of his graduation with the highest honors. He obtained the degree of Ph. D., *summe cum laude*, a distinction which marks the highest possible excellence. It is gratifying to learn that after spending some time on the Continent, Dr. Lehman will return to Canada."

Mr. Lehman was a member of our 1889 graduating class and was at that time looked upon as a very fine chemist. Since then he has been connected with the Central farm, at Ottawa, as analyst. His success is very gratifying to his friends here, and we have every confidence that his ability will be equal to the improved work which we now have expected from him.

As is usual, several students left at Easter, some of them amongst our best men. The second and third years remain intact. Of the first year the following have dropped out:—H. M. Wilson, Toronto; H. Wallace, Dublin, Ireland; C. Matheson, Kincardine; G. Baird, Birnam; S. J. Switzer, Hamilton, and E. B. Calvert, Owen Sound. G. Gethen has obtained a position with the Horticultural department, and will give up his course to enter upon his duties.

The old boys will be sorry to hear that our popular janitor, Mr. John Squirrel, is ill with his annual attack of la grippe. He is, however, doing well, and we will soon hear his familiar "Now, gentlemen, get out your lights," once more. Tying as that rule sometimes is, we miss John all the more because of its suspension during his absence.

Jas. Atkinson, B.S.A., '96, is back in his former position as foreman of our Experimental department. His work in that capacity is fully satisfactory, both to Mr. Zavitz and to "the boys," and, on that account, it should be a special source of gratification to him. Jim has a future before him.

Fred T. Lailey, '94, is following fruit and general farming, near St. Catharines. Some amusing stories are told of his attempts at fitting up stables for his dairy herd, but we forbear exposing his scientific

methods, for we are credibly informed that he is now doing good work.

—o—

E. S. Charlton, '96, is on his father's farm at St. George, Brant Co. They are breeding Holsteins extensively, and have some choice animals.

—o—

F. E. Webster, '90, is one of Grey county's leading farmers, having followed it up near Creemore since leaving College.

—o—

Fred. J. S. Sissons, '96, is living at Barrie. As secretary of their Hockey Club of last winter he cut quite a figure, and he will probably follow football this season. His place at half-back will be hard to fill on our team.

—o—

Jim Brickwell has returned from his visit to his home in Paris, France, looking his very best. He intends buying a farm at once, and settling down for the rest of his days. Considerable pressure is being brought to bear in order to have him play the season out with our team but Jim says he means business, and football must take care of itself.

—o—

W. W. Cooper, '93, is farming at Kippen, Ont., and writes that prospects might be worse.

LOCALS.

The Midnight Supper.

Oft had I heard of Pompey Bell,
And when up in the Tower,
I chanced to see, as evening fell,
Pompey in all his power.

Beside this bell there lived a pair
Of Indians, crude and wild;
They came from Indian Bush, these rare,
Rude offspring of a savage child.

'Tis of these men, and several more,
That I to thee will sing;
'Tis not to even some old score,—
It is the power of spring.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
He never took it in his head,
In flowing numbers thoughts to free?
If such there live, I am not he

But now, again, must I come to my song
If I wander too much it will be all too long.

Cæsar, Pompey, both were there,
Brutus, Hamlet, head in air;
Lucius, just half asleep;
Antonio from his bed did creep;
Falstaff, with his merry jest,
Said he'd help to rob the chest;
Hotspur came with good King Lear;
Both were men who knew no fear,

Romeo had had a feast,
But said he'd come and watch at least;
But Cassius, with his hungry look,
Said he prefer devour a book;
Macbeth came in with haughty air,
And scowled upon the Indians there.
But these, though last, were not the least.
For they were sent to fetch the feast.

Within the tower a man there dwelt,
Who pangs of conscience never felt:
He was a blue Noco, Scotia's son.
Outside his door, just in the hall,
He kept his box, nor dream'd at all
That on his bank there'd be a run.

Therein we found some lovely cake,
'Twas good, it gave no stomach-ache,—
And by it bottles four were found:
Apples there were of goodly size,—
We opened wide our hungry eyes
And sighed for appetite unbound:

As Indians are a sneakish lot,
They were sent the box to pot,
And soon returned they with the loot,
And stowed it safely in our den.
We found it locked quite safe, but then
We opened it with Hotspur's boot.

"Eureka!" then, wee Pompey cries,
And opened wide his wond'ring eyes,
As a jam pot of generous size
Came forth as noble Cæsar's prize.
Lucius cried out in his sleep,
'Of apples have I found a heap!'
The bottles full of berry wine,
Pressed from the fruit of bramble vine,
Were opened, and the warming fluid
Soon was coursing in our blood.
The bottles did not last us long,
We passed them round with shout and song,
And when the wine had gone, with laughter,
We filled the bottles up with water.

Again the boot locked up the box,
And Antonio, sly old fox,
Put it back and all was o'er.
But as the story has been long,
I'll break off here my little song,
But some day I will give in rhyme
What befel at Christmas time,
To the Scotian Blue Noco when he thought
He'd try the food that from home he'd brought.

—o—
At the recent concert in the gymnasium, a young man from the city who is too well educated to use nick-names, said to a lady who resides in the College, "Is this the James Nasium, or a lecture room?"

—o—
Morrison, to Allison—What do you think of that new man at your table?

Allison—He's a bird!

—o—
Forbes was fined a quarter for smiling at the servant maids, contrary to the regulations. The girls say that any one who smiles such

a ghastly smile as Forbes smiles should be fined at least five dollars for each offence.

—o—

From off the wide old campus the icy chains have thawed,
And the kicking of the football in the evenings now is seen,
As the third year plugging Armsby, in the hope of getting through
Look out with wistful eyes at the freshmen on the green.

—o—

The following baseball team has been selected to play the Brooklyn Neversweats on May 1st: Catcher, Aljidaumo; pitcher, Dave Day; 1st base, Mickey; 2nd base, Hotspur; 3rd base, Uncle Fuller; short-stop, Shorty Thompson; left field, Schooner; centre field, Morgan; right field, Raynor; spare man, E. S. Wilson; mascot, Deiko; manager, Jumbo. We must congratulate the management on securing the services of Mr. Day, who so ably filled the position of pitcher for the Baltimore Orioles of 1896.

—o—

Summerby—

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

—o—

Prof.—“Now just explain that to Mr. M—, please. If he can understand it anybody can.”

—o—

One of the noble First Year came in bawling the other night on account of a sore eye. He persisted in asking “Who struck me in the eye?”

—o—

The N brace for gates is highly recommended in an agricultural journal. Lucas says he doesn't know about that but says he can recommend the M brace, which he says works to perfection on certain gate he knows.

—o—

A young gentleman on Upper Panton, rooming not far from No. 23 was invited to a party in the city not long ago. It happened there was a party in another house to which he was not invited. He went to the latter place, took off his overcoat, hat, and rubbers. Imagine his feelings when he found himself in a strange company with questioning eyes bent on him!

—o—

—is from a neighboring city. It was in the balmy summer season that he made his debut into our midst, so that before October he had acquired some experience of farm life and college customs. A noted feature of his daily life here is his promptitude in answering the summons of the supper bell. On arriving at the table his first care is to pick the largest and juiciest prunes out of the dish for himself. It is related that one day after a hon lecture he was desirous of making a test of the keeping qualities of some eggs. On his way back to the college however, some bad boys bumped against him and broke the hon fruit that had been securely placed in his coat pockets. For once the pleasant expression left his face.

Y. M. C. A.

The work of the Association has been carried on steadily and earnestly. Though opposition has been rife in some quarters through the scoffs and sneers of a small class, such as is always present in a community of any size. This evil spirit has but served to strengthen our members in their witnessing for the Master. Well may we say, without boasting, that the whole College knows its Y. M. C. A. can claim among its members the best farmers, the best students, and the best athletes that ever entered the O.A.C. Yet probably nowhere else is there such great need for daily, nay hourly, watchfulness over our lives in respect to our conduct to our fellow-students as is necessary in a residential college such as this. All the officers for the coming year are men who are never ashamed to be seen with their Bible open before them, and it should be their desire, with God's help, so to act and speak as to impress upon others also the value of an earnest Christian life.

At the regular yearly business meeting held April 5th, the following were elected to office for the coming season:—

President—J. T. Mooney.
Vice-President—H. P. Westgate.
Secretary—G. B. McCalla.
Treasurer—A. H. Hawke.
Corresponding Sec'y—C. H. Snider.
Chairman of Missionary Committee—M. Raynor.

Athletics.

In the spring a young man's thoughts lightly turns to thoughts of “sports.”

The subject with many just now is, what kind of sports are we going to have this spring? This is a very important question, and the answer depends entirely on ourselves. Some want one thing and others want something else. Consequently you will see that it is very hard to suit everyone.

But the question really is, what can we play best, and what is most suitable for this season of the year. After thinking this over we have to decide on Association Football. Most of the boys can play this game fairly well, and some of the new blood this year have proved themselves tolerably fast. Consequently we are looking forward to winning the Intermediate championship. In getting up the team there is one thing which is especially important,—that the boys who come out to practice regularly and work hard should be members of the team, not those “have beens” who do not come out, but who are often asked to play the matches. This is not fair to the boys who work hard to give the team practice and who hope some day to be on it themselves. Last year some of the players on the team did not care whether they played or not, and were out of practice; but because they were on former teams they were asked at the last minute to come out and play. They did so, and very often lost the game for the College. Give the steady workers a chance, and keep out the “have beens.”

Football is not the only game that we may choose; for there are a number of the fellows who want to play Baseball. They never played football, and it is a little hard to ask them to give up their own par-

ticular game and start a strange one, when they are members of the Athletic Association, which, they are given to understand, supports all the different sports. We must not look on the subject from a selfish standpoint. It must be remembered that baseball is a summer game, i. e., it is suitable for hot weather. It is less violent exercise than football. Two years ago, in spite of the strongest opposition, it was proven that the College could play baseball. In seven matches played they were not defeated once; and that same year the football team was almost useless, only winning one match. This might, however, never happen again. But there is some very good material here for a team, the only lack being a pitcher. But even this may be filled up after a few practices.

The only other game that has ever been at all prominent here is tennis, and prospects are as bright as ever for it this spring. Last year the team was not very strong, but this year, as we have some new men, we hope to play a better game. One thing which Tennis enthusiasts will have to do this year is to get a couple of good courts, and the only way to do this is to begin early and roll continually. Previously only a few have turned out to do this, and the others have waited patiently till it was done, then used the courts.

There is plenty of room for all three games if they are worked rightly. Baseball one day, football on the next. Tennis will not interfere with either of them.

EXCHANGES.

In the February number of "The McMaster University Monthly" we find an excellent article entitled, "The Ideal College and what it ought to do for a Young Man." It is exceedingly well written, and the thoughts are worthy of every student's serious perusal. The ideal is the sun around which the lesser planets of our life revolve. It is the voice that, in Browning's words, bids us "Look up, not down." In this light the ideal college is a natural theme for reflection. First, what should be the environment of an ideal college? The excellence of a plant is largely dependent on the conditions under which it grows. So environment has a great influence on the growth of the student. Solitude is an absolute essential to student life. Concentration is necessary to successful study, and it can only be obtained in solitude. But the environment must be inviting, because the student often needs something to inspire hope. He needs to commune with nature and therein hear the voice of nature's God. By conversing with Him we are drawn to higher planes of thought and action. But the college must also have a true inner constitution. Under this head the Faculty is the most important. It must naturally have men of high scholastic attainments. But, personally, their lives should be examples to those whom they are training. It is hard to estimate the moral and spiritual influence of a teacher over his students. Hence the ideal teacher should be a man of spotless life and character.

The aim of the college should be to give a thorough secular training along the lines of its curriculum. But it should not stop here; it should go beyond to higher things. The student should be trained to take his place in society, to be an honor to himself and to his Alma Mater, and a blessing to all. He should be thoroughly cultured as well as mentally trained.

In the second place, what should the college do for a young man? We often hear it said that it is a very important point in a man's life when he enters college. Is it not a more important time when he leaves it? At graduating the student is generally much the man he is ever to be. If his course at college has failed to give him a noble ideal, a fondness for the true, the beautiful and the good in life, either his Alma Mater has not done her duty, or he has not allowed himself to be influenced by her. Whether such a man realizes it or not, he is destined to be a weak, poor, selfish man. The college should teach the student the seriousness of life. He should be made to feel he is the keeper of certain talents, and that he is responsible as to how he uses them. He who does not realize the seriousness of life will never make a success of it. But he should be taught to enjoy life's pleasures and not to look on the gloomy side. It is important also that the student gets a large conception of life.

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No soul that breaths with human breath,
Has ever truly longed for death;
'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
O, Life! not death, for which we pant,
More life and fuller what we want."

Only those who gain this large conception can succeed. Too many of us have only a broad and butter conception of life. It is the mission of the college to lead the young man beyond this, and where he may gain a true conception of the higher possibilities of life. If the student never realizes that such possibilities are before him, he will never attain them. The student should also be made to feel that in college he merely gets a thirst for knowledge, and that in life he may begin to slake it. He should realize that the educational march is eternal.

It is also important that the student gets a desire for the right kind of knowledge, for upon this depends his destiny. For the student, on leaving college, decides his own course in the great school of life. Thus, in conclusion, the college should have a proper environment, its Faculty should consist of men who are noble and inspiring, and they should aim at giving more than scholastic culture. The college should teach the student the seriousness and largeness of life, and convince him he must always be a humble student if he is to make those around him and himself most happy.

—o—

A Theory.

Once Cupid, in his roguish way,
Into a room went peeping,
And there upon a sofa lay
A maiden calmly sleeping.

Then Cupid straightway aimed a dart,
With a triumphant grin;
The shot was careless, missed her heart,
And struck her in the chin.

He drew the shaft and kissed the place.
'Twas healed by means so simple;
The wound however, left a trace,
A charming little dimple.—Ex