

PAGES

MISSING

THE O. A. C. REVIEW

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

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A New Year's Message

By W. J. Black, Agricultural Commissioner

THERE is no higher form of service known to the human race than that in which an individual offers his life in support of the ideals of his country. In such service upwards of four hundred thousand Canadians have voluntarily enlisted. Others will follow. Until their great task is done and victory is complete, large responsibilities will rest on those who remain at home. Of these responsibilities the most important will be to see that adequate provision is made to deal justly and honourably with the men who are so gallantly fighting our battles and who, we hope, will be spared to return.

When peace comes, many, no doubt, will be quickly absorbed by the business life from which they came; others will have to make a new start. They all will deserve much at our hands; but few, doubtless, will expect more than a fair chance to make good. Fortunately that is the spirit of our best manhood at all times.

Apart from individual needs, which will be dealt with, our duty to the returned soldier can be discharged no more efficiently than by exerting our best efforts toward insuring a large degree of prosperity in Canada after the war. If there is a time in the affairs of men that leads to fortune, there is also a time in the progress of nations when the door of opportunity opens wider than usual. Indications point to that time being close at hand for Canada.

The part this country has taken in the war, not only in supplying men and munitions, but in producing for export large quantities of food supplies, has shown to all the world the boundless possibilities we possess. It is apparent on every hand that the end of the great struggle will see the beginning of a greater Canada—a country with its national ideals more fixed and apparent, and with a spirit that shall express itself in rapid industrial development and in educational and social advancement.

Looking forward, we see Agriculture pre-eminently the business of the nation. From the soil, our most valuable national storehouse, must be taken, mainly, the wealth that will be required to meet the country's obligations; but in order that the farming business may be as profitable as conditions warrant, and as the needs of the country demand, a higher standard of efficiency in farming operations must be attained. In meeting this need lies the great opportunity of those who today are privileged to study in the Schools and Colleges of Agriculture in the Dominion. The task of placing the basic industry of Canada where it belongs calls for the counsel and leadership of men trained to think, to organize and to direct. Efficiency will be the test of the future, but it will be efficiency for service.

There remains for those who, by reason of age or other cause, have not been able to respond to the call to arms, no

grander opportunity of demonstrating their worthiness to be called Canadians than by preparing, by means of every human power and available faculty, to acquire that degree of knowledge and

efficiency which will enable them to contribute in service most unselfishly to Canada's agricultural development in the years to come.

The Unsuccessful Farmer

By Dr. G. C. Creelman

IT is so easy to make a living on the farm that too many farmers are content with a mere living only. These are the ones that it is so hard to reach with our present methods of education in agriculture. It is not the shiftless farmer who attends the Farmer's Institute meetings, who visits the Provincial Winter Fair, who subscribes for the best agricultural newspapers, who reads the bulletins and reports of the Experiment Stations, or who sends his sons to the Ontario Agricultural College. You, then, add, Mr. Editor, that "by the same token," he will not be likely to see this article. That is true, but before you get through you will find it is not intended for him. You and your student associates must

make it your business to look after this shiftless chap, for he it is that renders it impossible for our progressive men to build up and maintain the highest standard of excellence for our Canadian farm products.

In these good times the casual observer loses sight of the careless farmer. He becomes buried, as it were, under the bountiful harvest. He even shares in the general prosperity, for, in spite of his lack of improved methods the

good seasons, and a merciful Providence have helped him beyond his deserts or expectations. He is with us, nevertheless, as every Institute worker can testify. He is heard of at every meeting, he is called hard names by every cheese-maker, he is "cussed out" by every one who handles his produce, and he is generally in evidence where weeds are thickest, fences are rottenest, animals are poorest, buildings are unsightliest and the general appearance of the place is most unbecoming.

Some fifteen years ago, Mr. Creelman (now Dr. Creelman), who was not connected with the College, was asked to write an article for the Review, on the "Unsuccessful Farmer." This year, when again asked to contribute to the columns of the Review, the Doctor referred us to the above-mentioned article. So applicable does it appear to farming conditions today, that we reproduce it just as it appeared at that time.—Editor.

When a graduate of the College meets such a man as this I can imagine the following conversation taking place:

College Graduate.—Why don't you fix up your fences?

Unsuccessful Farmer.—Be-

cause it costs money and I have not made any out of farming yet. Besides the cows would only break them down again.

C.G.—Why don't you put a new floor in your pig pen, and make a dry place for the "porkers" to sleep?

U.F.—What! for pigs? Why they do better in dirt. Young man, did you never watch a pig chase all over a ten-acre field to find a mud-hole to wallow in?

C.G.—Yes, but that's in the summer time when the water is cooler than the air. The mud also prevents the flies from biting. Your pigs seem stiff. Don't you think your damp pens have something to do with it?

U.F.—No, it's just my luck. Every winter I lose some of my pigs that way, but there is no use crying about it.

C.G.—Why do you put the manure up in little piles in the field out yonder?

U.F.—To keep it from all washing away.

C.G.—Away where?

U.F.—I don't know where. I'm no college professor.

C.G.—But it can't wash anywhere on this level land except into the soil, and that's where you want it. What variety of oats do you sow?

U.F.—I don't grow oats at all. I used to, but they came up in patches, and between the clumps they were not worth cutting.

C.G.—That is because you did not scatter the manure. The spots where the "small piles" were, got more plant food than necessary and the intervening spaces were too poor to grow a full crop. Do you grow much clover?

U.F.—No, I used to grow some, but I found it the worst crop of all to start the weeds.

C.G.—Where did you get the seed?

U.F.—Wherever I could get it the cheapest.

C.G.—And you probably got more weed seeds than clover seeds. At the meeting of the Experimental Union, held in Guelph last year, a man said that he had counted many samples of clover seeds, and found that in many instances more than half the entire bulk was made up of seeds other than clover.

U.F.—Great Scott! But what is the Experimental Union?

C.G.—It is an association composed

of ex-students of the O.A.C., each of whom is conducting experiments on his farm, with a view to finding out what crops are best suited to his own locality.

U.F.—Do they make any money out of it?

C.G.—Certainly they do. They try on small plots several varieties of grains, grasses or roots, and when they find out which gives the largest yield of the most desirable kind they stop growing the others and stick to the best.

U.F.—Well, well! But I don't think I could find time for all that.

C.G.—It does take time, but you don't seem to have found time to even bring in your binder. Surely you do not intend to leave it out all winter.

U.F.—Yes. I used to bring in the implements when I first built the barn, but they litter up the barn floor so, and the calves get mixed up with them when shut off from the cows, so I leave the tools out now.

C.G.—But it must be expensive. How often do you buy a binder?

U.F.—About every four or five years.

C.G.—Why, we could not afford that at our place. We have had our binder twelve years. we bring in all our implements and keep them in the shed built for that purpose.

U.F.—But it costs money to build a shed.

C.G.—Of course it does but our implements last three times as long as yours do, and that more than pays for the cost of the house. We also find our implements in good shape for work when they are kept dry.

U.F.—Well, I will say that your place does look well, but your father always was lucky.

C.G.—It is not luck at all. I know I am a good deal younger than you are, but I have come to the conclusion that

so long as our farmers continue to work by rule of thumb, guessing at everything and then blaming failures on the weather or the moon, just so long will they be unsuccessful in their business.

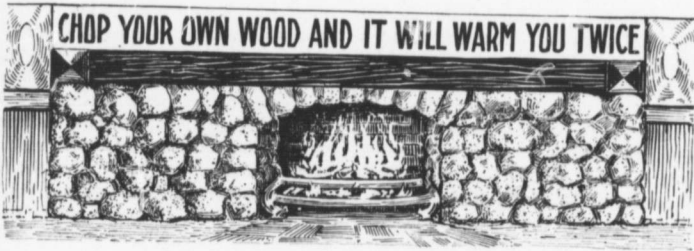
And so in Farmer's Institute work, in Orchard Meetings, in the meetings of patrons in the Cheese Factories and Creameries, we must aim to help the unsuccessful farmer,—the man who through ignorance is hurting Canada's good name at home and abroad. He does not want our help, but we need his co-operation. He scorns our assistance, but we must reach him through his pride or his pocket. He is indifferent to his own short-comings, but, as a rule, he has been bred right, and we can reach him if we go about it in the right

way, not compulsion but co-operation.

Boys, when you return to the old farm again, do not go away back and sit down for that is why the heathen rage, but straighten up your own place, keep down the weeds, and apply in a modest way the knowledge it has been your privilege to acquire at college. Having done all this it becomes your further duty to prove the faith that is in you, and go out into the sideline and the concession, and preach the gospel of improved agriculture—not to the men who have attended the Dairy School, or the Short Course in Judging, or the Poultry Course, or the Farmer's Institute, but to EVERY CREATURE, which being interpreted in the light of the Twentieth Century meaneth "The Other Fellow."



In memory of little "Billie" Green, who was drowned on August 5th, in the College reservoir.



A LETTER AN ORDINARY MAN MIGHT WRITE.

By Ethel M. Chapman

Dear Co-ed:

I'm afraid you won't like this letter,—until you think about it. Some girls would turn it down absolutely,—girls who depend on the quality, called womanly charm, to relieve them from further responsibility to society; but they couldn't understand as you do. And then I'm not sure that this thing doesn't concern you as much as it does us. Have you ever wondered whether we are letting the cult and standards of our Alma Mater blind us to some of the things the times are demanding of us just as ordinary men and women?

Yesterday I came back to our provincial little home town. The sheds were bright with last year's circus posters; the snow stretched in patches over the muddy fields like so much linen from a broken clothes-line; there was none of the water-color landscape effect that we always associate with pastoral scenes when we are away from them, but there was something very real and enduring about it all. In the littlest house an old man bent by years of husbandry smoothed down an axe-helve with a sort of joyful concentration; his old wife bent by years of housewifery and making babies comfortable in the crook of her arm while she worked, pinched the dead leaves off

her geraniums. They are very happy. I think I know why; they have been an active part of the simple wonderful things that make life, with a religious faithfulness to its minor details and it can never hold for them anything of fear or boredom.

It's a great thing for a man to know that he can cope with life; that he is paying his debt to existence every day. I don't know whether a girl feels the same about it or not, even in an institution like yours, existing for the study of the arts and crafts of making a home. I'm afraid that many parents, even, are advanced only far enough to believe that it's a good idea to bring up their daughters to know how to work, but they hope for the degree of prosperity that will never make it necessary. Now the cooks and maids and nurses and factory girls that we were depending on for the future are working in the fields and factories and shops of Europe. Somehow I can't help thinking it's a good thing for the young woman of our country. It means that we will have to bring to her housework and home-making, the scientific ingenuity, the architectural wisdom, that we have brought to the industrial world where men work. Then we can prepare a pathway not

too rough and stony for the modern type of Canadian woman to tread, a place where she can take care of her home happily and comfortably. Perhaps even the most brilliant of our co-eds would become proud of their cooking, the management of their nurseries, the simple, artistic, beauty of their houses. Wouldn't that be great? Wouldn't it be the most natural occupation in the world for a girl who cared enough about it to spend a year or two of her glorious young life learning the wonders of the scientific principles beneath it all?

On our side of the campus we have studied agriculture, the eternal, old occupation of farming, and many of us have left it the day we donned our sheepskin and mortar-board. Maybe, as David Grayson would say, we are ashamed of the earth, the soil of it, the sweat of it, the good common coarseness. After a few years of softer raiment and finer manners it seems indelicate to us. How often and sadly we repeat the life story of the yellow dodder. It springs up fresh and clean from the earth itself and spreads its clinging viny stem over the hospitable wild balsam and goldenrod. In a week's time, having reached the warm sunshine of the upper air, it forgets its humble beginnings. It's roots wither and die out, but the sickly yellow stems continue to flourish and spread, drawing their nourishment not from the soil itself, but by sucking the life juices of the hosts on which it feeds. A week or two it flourishes, then most of it perishes miserably. Perhaps this is why some quiet, gripping desire has seized me to go back to the fields; to feel their steady, quieting toil, the grip of the plow handles, the care of the cattle, the joy of working very close to the Creator in the miracle of life and growth. I have a vision too of a sheltering brown

house with a garden and a low cobblestone wall, and a purple wistaria climbing over the door. I want to build the house and the wall myself. I wonder if a modern, practical, co-educational girl would care about planting a wistaria vine; if she would care to put her white supple hands right into the earth; if all her knowledge of nitrates, and cells and protoplasm, has overruled the mystery of the life and beauty and fragrance treasured up in a little brown seed?

I wonder what the modern, co-educational girl, the girl with dreams and ambitions and a pretty good chance of realizing them, thinks of this idea of going back to the simple necessary business of producing food? This troubles us a lot, those of us who want to go back, for although the country is the most soul-satisfying place in the world, it's the loneliest spot on earth to go to alone. It's not much of an ambition, perhaps you think; but I've found out this, that ambitions are fickle things at the best. In the uneasy, strained years of apprenticeship, a man struggles to land somewhere, to win for himself the laurels of achievement. When he has begun to master his work, he wants only to bestow his gifts where they are needed. I believe the need of men and women who are willing to do the common place necessary things, with the impassioned earnestness of artists, will last a long time.

Something of which we made a good deal in our sociological discussions was the cultural value of "higher life,"—operas, travel, nature, books, and the like. Seems to me we were far too content to take our thrills at second hand. There are no operas here, but there's an abundance of material to start a community theatre. I'm not an acting man myself, but a girl who

has starred in a college dramatic club could set a powerful leaven working. We went on tramps and snowshoe excursions, and we gathered specimens and looked through a telescope at freaks of the stars. Out here I could show you a waterfall that leaps a hundred feet in the sun. I could take you to a hill where we could shoot down for half a mile with the light snow flying in our faces like the spray on the deck of an ocean liner. When we went home from our skates and tramps, sometimes we read together of men and women whose lives were inspirations of heroism and sacrifice. Strange it never occurred to us that we could live a story a thousand times more beautiful than theirs, because it would be real, but we were afraid, at least I was afraid and you didn't help me. The reason I was afraid was because I knew I couldn't give you the kind of life you had been used to, and it seems a compromise for a girl to accept anything less nowadays.

I don't flatter myself that you cared of course, but I don't know whether you did or not, and I suppose I never will know, because it seems a part of a very well-bred, modern girl's ethics to give no sign at all,—and there we are. It's the same with a dozen men I know. Would it help matters any, if we were to remember that there is nothing in Nature which implies that the man should be the only one interested? I could teach you that, too, if you were here when the robins and orioles and flickers come to build their nests in the orchard, and scatter the confetti from the apple blossoms all over the warm brown earth with its million growing things just stirring into life. Of course being so entirely twentieth-century and still in college, we naturally may feel that the Architect of the scheme of things may have

made some blunders—and I admit that it's complications are awful,—but nothing can persuade me that there's anything wrong with just plain love apart from the question of environments, and salaries, even if it does take you out to a place between the hills and the sky, where things are more primitive and a little nearer heaven.

Some day I hope to build a fireplace; every man does, figuratively,—but mine is a very concrete thing,—a great blazing cavern with boulders broken from the side of our own hill, and a heavy oak timber hewn from a log in our own woods. On the edge of the rough square mantel I want to whittle out the words, "Chop Your Own Wood And It Will Warm You Twice." That much I have learned from experience, the glow and lasting peace that comes from earning a pleasure before you take it. And there's something more in it than just the problem of satisfying my own soul. A few years ago a man might have taken any one of a hundred easy paths and felt justified, I suppose. Now the times demand something more. Our country has given so much and our College has lost so much the last few years, that those of us who couldn't go, can't look at the sacrifice without wondering just where our responsibility rests at home.

So I don't want to go back to the fields for year-round peace. I know all their discouragements, the crises, at the mercy of the elements, the fight with blight and drought, the risk of a whole year's work being lost sometimes; yet agriculture is the only industry the world couldn't do without. I have known the joy and hardness of it since I followed the fresh-turned furrow in my bare feet. With years since, studying it from other angles, I ought to

know something of how to cope with it's difficulties. If my College Course has quickened me in any way, I want to go on exploring things until I realize my own infinitesimal part in the plan, and can begin to grow. If it has made me any broader, I want to see past what, in our strictly professional circles we might call the weaknesses or failings of the other people. If it has helped to make me a good sport I want to take my failures as a natural part of the game. If it has given me any advantage, I want to invest them wherever I go and humbly sit at the feet of the people who can teach me other things. It seems to me that a quickened, capable, cultured, co-educational girl would have a great deal to give,—and to learn, here.

You think it would mean giving up her freedom, losing all chance of development, taking an indiscreet risk of hardships? I believe it would mean

more freedom than ever, and a chance of developing, or rather say ripening, into something a few degrees better than just culture and gifts without a chance to use them. About the hardships, I'm afraid there might be some at the best, and that's what makes a man dumb always. Yet, when I think of the old man and his old wife in the little house, of the heroes who come back to us with the agony of Hades not yet gone out of their eyes, and their lives handicapped for ever, and of those who went away smiling and who won't come back, it seems it would be terrible to go right down to the end knowing that we hadn't half lived because we were afraid to live; that because we feared the suffering of the depths we could never know the heights; that we hadn't earned our happiness. I wonder how you feel about it.

Simplify ! Simplify !

By Dr. O. J. Stevenson

TWO miles south of Concord in Massachusetts, there lies among the wooded hills a little lake which goes by the name of Walden Pond. Under the pine trees on the sloping shore of the pond there stood some seventy years ago a little cabin in which a young man named Thoreau was at that time living. He was then twenty-eight years of age, and a bachelor; and by the people of Concord, who had known him all his life, he was looked upon as somewhat eccentric. He held, indeed, some very unusual views about the way men should live, and he was quite ready to express his opinions regarding the lives of others. Stated in its briefest form, the charge that Thoreau made against the people of his own day was that they

did not live simply enough and that they found no time for the enjoyment of the best things in life. "Still we live merely like ants," he complains. "Like pygmies we fight with cranes. Our life is frittered away by detail. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, not a hundred or a thousand. Instead of a million count half a dozen and keep your accounts on your thumb-nail. Simplify, simplify!"

Thoreau carried his doctrines to such an extreme that he refused to settle down to any fixed occupation; and in the course of time he left his father's home in Concord and came out to Waldon to live just on purpose to put his views to the test. "I went to the woods," he writes later, "be-

cause I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not when I came to die discover that I had not lived. I wanted to live deep, and suck all the marrow of life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and if it proved to be mean why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime

in his natural element. But to the ordinary man or woman, life must be lived in a different way. The problem is not how to live simply, after the fashion of a hermit, but how to live our best life among our fellow men. Thoreau's scheme of life, was moreover, essentially a selfish one. "Doing good," he observed, "is one of the professions that are overcrowded;" and he would not, he declared, forsake his particular calling, "to save the universe from annihilation." But to the average



A Monument to Thoreau's Memory. The cairn of stones where his cabin once stood.

to know it by experience and be able to give a true account of it."

Judging from his own account of his two years at Walden, Thoreau did indeed live very simply. But it is hardly fair for us to draw any conclusions from his 'experiment!' Thoreau was inclined to be unsociable,—or rather, unsocial. He had no one to support but himself, and a life of solitude was exactly suited to his temperament. He was, besides, an ardent lover of Nature in all her forms, and when he lived in the woods he was

man or woman, the highest good in life does not lie in a selfish separation from one's fellow-men, but in a life of sacrifices in which every day with its "little unremembered acts of kindness and of love," brings its own reward.

In the case of Thoreau, then, the value of his experiment lay not in the particular form in which he himself worked it out, but rather in the fact that his life in the woods was a protest against extravagance and artificiality and the thousand and one useless activities in which the lives of so many

men and women are "frittered away." Simplicity! Simplicity! Simplicity! This is a message which each generation needs in turn, simplicity in dress, simplicity in speech, simplicity in taste, simplicity in living!

But the mere preaching of the message is in itself of little avail; for, strange as it may seem, simplicity of taste is a matter of education and training rather than of any natural instinct for simple things. The illiterate man or woman is almost invariably attracted by showy or tawdry things, just as is the child and the savage. The appreciation of beauty in simple things, in simple lines of dress and ornament, in simplicity of speech and manner and in things that are permanently beautiful in nature, comes only with maturity and with such training as will clarify the vision and purify the taste of the individual. To the young man or woman to whom such training has been denied and whose taste is still immature only this general warning can be given: "Beware of tawdry things, in dress, in

speech, in ornament, in reading, in manner of living. The best things in life do not come to us in cheap and tawdry form." Do you remember, by chance, the line from the Children's Prayer in 'Puck of Pook's Hill' which runs thus:

"Teach us delight in simple things?" This is a prayer which you and I may very wisely ponder over until we make it our own.

In the little hollow under the pine trees where Thoreau's shanty stood there lies a heap of rough stones gathered from the shore of the pond a hundred yards away; and to this pile every pilgrim to the shrine of Thoreau reverently adds a stone. The cairn of stones has thus become, as it were, a monument to the memory of Thoreau, and at the same time a tribute to the virtue of simplicity which he preached. But the best monument and the best tribute lies in the simple lives and the simple tastes of those who practise the virtue which in so novel a way it was the privilege of Thoreau to teach.

More Agriculture for Rural Schools

By F. C. Nunnick, B.S.A.

Agriculturist, Commission of Conservation.

IF the farmers of to-morrow are to be more efficient than the farmers of the present time, their training must begin today. Many factors, it is true, will enter into the making of farming more efficient, but it is safe to say that none of these is more important than the public school. For it is school education, after all, that must furnish the leadership so essential to the solution of our rural problems. Eighty-five per cent. of the 400 farmers visited in 1915 in connection with an agricultural survey, conducted by the

Commission of Conservation, had attended public school only. Any propagandist movement, directed by educators and social philosophers speaking from the rostrum in college, can only direct the attention of rural people to their needs and suggest present remedies. The ultimate readjustments must come at the hands of a new generation of trained thinking farmers.

Can we not see here the great task, the great opportunity of the Canadian rural school? Rural school education, to be effective, must reflect the daily

life and interests of the rural community. Agriculture is the chief interest in Canada; consequently, our rural education should be agricultural in nature. If the boys and girls can be taught enough of things agricultural to start them thinking, to make them investigators, to impress upon them that the dignity of a calling is its utility, and to develop the agricultural tendencies they may have, and which may otherwise be smothered, then a fine advance will have been made.

for the same year. Does it not seem perfectly reasonable that instruction should be given on a subject that means all to the farmer and to his children, and much indeed to everyone?

Not only is this true, but we must begin at once to work out the solution of the problem of intensive agriculture. The fertility of Canadian soil is becoming impoverished, because it has been and is being exploited just as have been our forests, mines and waters. We are preparing to transmit an impoverished soil to the future inhabitants



SCHOOL FAIR, SOUTH MOUNTAIN, DUNDAS CO., ONT.

Agricultural Instruction in Public Schools and These Fairs Would Go Well Together.

Why are country children not receiving special training for the special work which they shall undertake? They are entitled to it, but the many are not getting it. Why do we have to discuss the advisability of teaching agriculture in our schools? We should have been teaching it long ago.

Of our 7,200,000 population, 3,924,000 are rural. The agricultural field production for 1915 was valued at \$797,000,000, which was more than twice the value of products from our forests, mines and fisheries combined,

of this country. If they are the boys and girls of to-day (and we want them to be) they must have some training to help them meet these conditions. Teach them the principles of conservation, and by conservation we do not mean the withholding from use of our natural resources, but their wisest use, for of what benefit to man is a mine unopened, a forest untouched, or land untilled?

In past centuries the older countries of the world have faced similar conditions. Some European countries which now produce twice as much per

acre as is produced in this young country once fell to a point where the production per acre was only one-quarter to one-third of what it now is. We know that prevention is better than cure, and should at once take steps to prevent conditions such as once obtained in these older countries. We, if we are wise, will profit by their experience. While we cannot expect to follow the same intensive methods which are practised in some of the thickly populated European countries, we can at least strive to prevent the depletion of soil fertility which is brought about by the farming methods practised by too many of our Canadian farmers today.

There is an old saying, "You cannot teach an old dog new tricks," which is particularly applicable to the older farmers. It is hard to get them to change their old customs. They are prejudiced often against new ideas, and consequently it is to the children we must look for assistance in introducing better methods. They, if they are properly taught, will understand the why of many of these things, which in turn teaches how and when. If the boy knows why a certain practice on the farm is wrong, and why another is better, it will go a long way toward putting things right. There are a great many of these whys that could be taught in the public school.

There is another important phase of this subject which we must not overlook. Many boys and girls have the wrong attitude toward agriculture. They feel that farming is not quite good enough for them. It is because they have never been trained to appreciate and understand all that it is and means. It may be that the young people in the country place too high a value on the glitter and glare of city life, and do not appreciate nor truly understand the

possibilities and opportunities of country life. There is abundant beauty and interest in nature surrounding those who dwell in the country, but with many, all nature is so intimately blent with associations of toil that it cannot be looked upon with pleasure. With many too, these sensibilities have never been awakened.

Trained to do so, the country youth would look upon nature differently. The place and time to exert an influence in this direction is in the public school when the children are young. The teaching should be done, too, by better paid, and, consequently, less migratory teachers than we now have in many of our country schools, who should be qualified to give the country boys and girls a more adequate training for life in the country. The children should be trained to live a fuller and richer life as well as taught to read and write and reckon. This is something for the parents themselves to consider and act upon, and which should not be left entirely to the schoolmen.

There is no doubt that the city, with its material splendour and its social life, has attractions, but if we turn to rural life, we shall find, if we go below the surface of human nature, the strongest appeals to our deeper and more abiding interests; and these should be fostered and cultivated in the heart of the rural child. The teaching of agriculture in rural schools would enable the farm boys and girls to get a truer perspective in this matter.

The subject of agriculture is an efficient means to employ in the education of the youth. The inadequacy of agriculture can no longer be urged against its being taught in public schools. It is both vocational and cultural. Taught as a vocational subject it contributes to the economic efficiency

of the individual, as a liberal subject, it ministers to his social efficiency.

May the March winds pass, and may the prejudice, inertia and misgivings,

if such there be, yield place to a new and better rural education, which will hasten the day when the farmer will be recognized as of the true aristocracy of the nation.

Imitation Butter

By Prof. H. H. Dean

THESE are time for imitations and substitutes in many lines of manufacture and food products. "The times are out of joint," especially with reference to the world's supply of human food. The genuine article is so scarce and dear that consumers are looking for something which will be cheaper and more plentiful than staple articles. Milk and milk-products are very scarce and the price has been advanced very reluctantly by those in control of the dairy markets. The farmer is usually the last man to receive the benefit of enhanced values. It is strange that the world seems to grudge the farmer fair returns for capital invested in, and labor spent on, his farm, yet there is nothing which would so materially advance the welfare and general thrift of the people of Canada, as a progressive agricultural policy, which would enable our farmers to feel prosperity in every branch of their farm operations.

Dairy farmers of Canada have enjoyed for many years protection from unfair competition, because of the exclusion of "oleo" or imitation butter, but there are signs that this protection is about to be withdrawn. In fact, a Dominion Cabinet Minister is reported to have said recently, that there is a probability that the legislation prohibiting manufacture and sale of oleo in Canada would be rescinded in the near future.

BRIEF HISTORY OF IMITATION BUTTER.

At the outbreak of the Franco-German war in 1870, the Emperor Napoleon III, requested a French Chemist, Mege-Mouries, to investigate the problem of a cheap substitute for butter to be used by the poor people of Paris. This Chemist found that animal fats could be so treated as to produce a fairly good substitute for butter. In 1872 the Paris Health Council sanctioned the public sale of this new form of fat, but the condition was enjoined "that it was not to be brought into commerce under the name of butter." The French name given to it was, "margarine-mouries." This name, however, was soon changed to "butterine" and this caused it to be confused with butter and enabled the substitute to compete with butter. Later the plan was adopted of mixing good butter with the animal fat until at present it is almost impossible to distinguish the spurious from the genuine product.

A European authority says: "Thus, in the course of time, the manufacture of margarine has departed more and more from the healthy basis on which it was started in 1870, and has threatened to become, to a serious extent, a parasitic industry. It has placed the manufacture of butter at a disadvantage, given an impetus to the perpetration of fraud, and has thrown on the market a large quantity of food, the

origin of which is a mystery, and which everyone has a right to regard with distrust." Do we as Canadians desire these conditions in Canada? If the "oleo" gate is opened, our markets will be flooded with a lot of cheap stuff, which is likely to be more or less harmful to the Canadian people. Dairy-men and health authorities everywhere should arouse themselves and request the members of the Dominion Parliament, by letter or telegram, to protect Canadians against this invasion of the rights of a free people and against being saddled with a "parasitic industry."

The chief objections that may be fairly urged against the manufacture and sale of imitation butter in Canada are:

1. Experience has proved that it is impossible to so regulate the sale of "oleo" that it shall be sold for what it is. In most cases it is sold for butter. The ingenuity of the "oleo" seller is such, that he has been able to outwit the most carefully drawn legislation in the United States to prevent the sale of imitation butter for pure butter. If it can be sold for what it is, and if the purchaser is fully aware of what he or she is buying, then dairymen are not afraid of this imitation, but the experience of our neighbours, is, that this cannot be done, hence the competition is unfair to dairymen.

2. Imitation foods are easily adulterated. Food is the life of any people. Insidious diseases have their origin in the food which people eat. Chalk and water may be made to imitate milk, but it has no food value. Lard and tallow may be made into a substance that resembles butter, but it lacks the "vitamins" found in butter. Some very interesting investigations have been made recently in the Experiment Station of Wisconsin, U.S., by which

it was found that milk-fat contains something which is essential to the life and growth of animals which is not found in other fats.

Dr. McCollum of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture, in "Hoard's Dairyman," July 21, 1916, says: "The butter substitute, containing a considerable admixture of the body fats of the animals, is not equal in its physiological properties to an equal amount of butter, although it may possess as much energy and equal digestibility. As an energy food, it may be just as good as butter, but in the peculiar growth-promoting power, we have been discussing, butter is lowered in value in so far as it is diluted with animal or vegetable fats."

3. Good pure butter tends to promote not only growth of body, but is essential for development of brain power and clear-thinking. Some scientists claim to have discovered a special oil or principle in butter which promotes development and smooth-working of the human brain. Whether or not this is true, it seems to be a fact that families who use little butter of inferior quality, tend to be sluggish in mental powers, and "family rows," are more frequent in such homes.

We well remember a case in connection with former days at the O.A.C. which was brought to my recollection during the past summer by Warden Harris of Brant County, an ex-student. At that time, the Government was economizing on butter used in the College dining-room—it was limited in quantity and poor in quality. The students, among whom our Brant County Warden was a leader, made a "big kick" and as a result, creamery butter was supplied to the dining-hall in generous quantities and things moved more smoothly afterwards. We may also infer that greater brain-

power has characterized the institution ever since, with all due respect to the students of earlier days. If butter becomes so expensive that the "common people" are unable to buy it, and if butter substitutes are found on the tables of the consumers of Canada, we may expect a deterioration in physical and mental development of Canadians, which in time, may lead to not only family and neighborhood

quarrels, but to wars. It is not too much to assume that much of the world-strife may be avoided by using plenty of good butter to oil the brain-machinery of the world.

IMITATION BUTTER SHALL NOT BE
MADE OR SOLD IN CANADA.

Let this be the slogan of our dairy-men, legislators and all well-wishers of the people known as Canadians.

The Production of Winter Eggs

By P. D. Vaney

WINTER egg production is a problem which is demanding the attention of every wide-awake poultryman today, realizing as he does, that to have eggs for sale when the price is high and the other fellow's egg basket is empty will mean larger cash returns and an increased balance on the right side of the ledger at the end of the year.

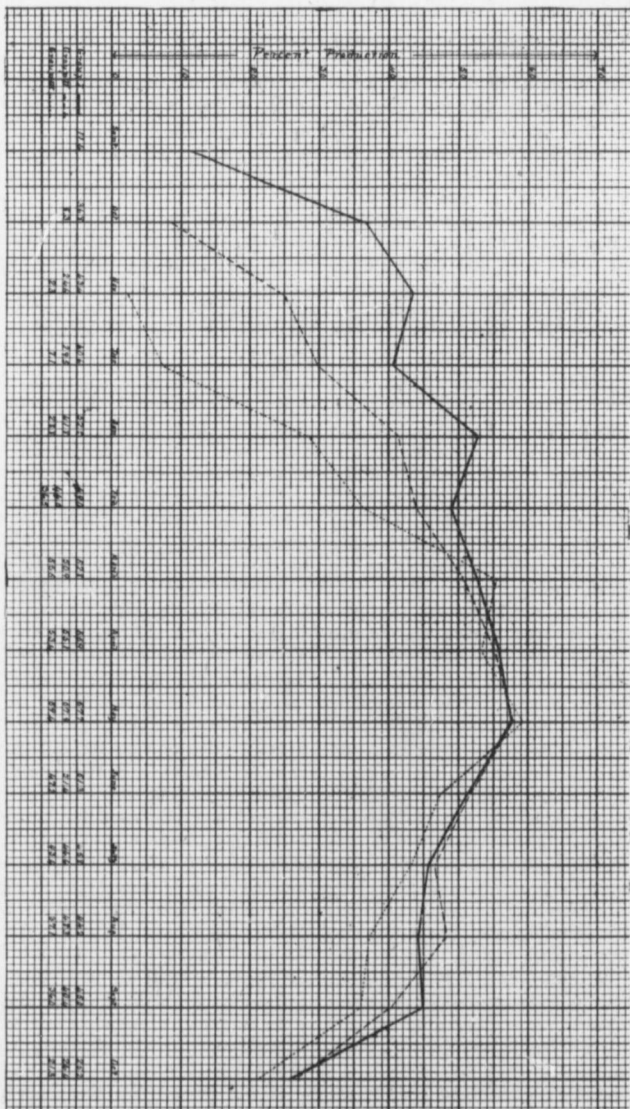
The factors relating to the production of eggs during the winter months form a proposition which cannot be summed up in a few words. There are a great many controlling factors connected therewith, many indeed, to which the average man would attach little importance, and some of which he knows little about. Nevertheless each factor, be its influence great or small, is necessary for the accomplishment of the best results. For instance, the proper housing of the laying stock is very essential, but no matter how carefully they are attended to in this regard, unless they receive sufficient and proper food the highest standard of efficiency cannot be attained. Vice versa,—the results of good feeding will be hindered by poor housing.

A question often asked is as to the most profitable time to hatch the young

chicks, having in mind egg production, and it is to this end that the following results are submitted, in the hope that they may throw some light on this phase of the question.

The experiment here recorded was carried out with three groups of pullets of different ages. Group No. 1 were hatched in March; Group No. 2 were hatched in April; and Group No. 3 were hatched in May. These birds were all fed exactly the same and the number of eggs produced recorded. The accompanying chart shows the average production, month by month for each of the three groups. The average price of eggs for the corresponding months less two cents per dozen,—one cent for 'cracks' and 'dirties' and one cent for transportation charges,—was as follows: Sept. 20c; October 27c; November 43c; December 50c; January 36c; February 26c; March 23c; April 20.5c; May 22.75c; June 24.5c; July 27c; August 28.75c; September 33.5c; October 38c. It might be well to note that the prices quoted for the first two months were for pullet eggs, hence are somewhat lower than the market price at that time.

It will be seen by the chart that Group 1 produced a much greater



number of eggs when eggs were high in price than did either of the other groups. If we take the averages and apply them individually we find that each bird in Group 1 produced \$4.06 worth of eggs in twelve months; each bird in Group 2 produced \$3.63 worth in twelve months, and each bird in Group 3 produced \$2.91 worth in twelve months. It seems quite evident then, that early hatching is profitable.

Regarding the age of the individuals when the first egg was laid, the following table might be of interest:

Age when first egg was laid.					
Date of Hatching.	No. of Birds	Average Days.	Low Days.	High Days.	
March	8	13	224.7	183	320
"	15	39	217	169	314
"	20	69	221.2	164	335
"	27	30	212.4	166	274
April	7	20	219.2	174	319
"	15	68	227.6	161	319
"	21	41	233	154	335
May	1	3	230	197	257
"	7	15	216.5	167	269
"	14	48	235.5	169	368
"	24	31	238.1	139	311

Of course it would be necessary to have several years' results before anything definite could be gathered from the foregoing table, but it would appear from this one year's results that pullets hatched between March 15th and April 15th became fully matured in the shortest time.

It is to be hoped that the reader will not go away with the idea that early hatching will always produce pullets making high winter records for, as I said before, other factors must be considered. We might take for instance, the sire's influence on the daughter which in itself is a subject that could be enlarged upon to considerable length, and which would undoubtedly prove equally as interesting, hence we cannot attach too much importance to any one factor for each and all are important.

Why A Short Course?

By E. V. Lawson '17

IN farming, as in any other business the conceiving of an idea, then the carrying of that idea to a practical issue is what makes success. The idea may be a new or an old one rectified and reconstructed. However advancement does not follow a deeply worn rut nor success lend itself to great diffusion. Our public school system does not provide for the teaching of agriculture so this knowledge must be acquired elsewhere.

The object of these special courses of instruction is not to influence the sons of the soil away to fill positions of another character, but to impart to them that which is essential (practical and not theoretical) to the better management of their own farms. The better we understand our vocation, the

more interesting and fascinating it becomes and the keener is our delight in it. The short course offers to the farmer today improved and approved methods. It is the duty of those in charge of these courses to keep in touch with worth-while up-to-the-minute ideas and to disseminate these through the medium of the local and central short courses.

The central department engages men who are thoroughly conversant with or are specialists in some particular phase of agriculture. Not unfrequently may they be local men. But more often these leaders, who are practical and practicing men, are secured from great distances, to benefit the students with the richness of their experience in their particular line of work.

Only worth while phases of agriculture are treated, such as the judging of live stock of the different breeds and types, the judging of grains, seeds, etc., the producing, packing and preparing for market in attractive form, such farm products as eggs, poultry, butter, fruits, etc. This sort of knowledge a farmer, owing to his circumstances, cannot easily if at all secure. The local short course will offer a course of instruction depending on the peculiar needs of the locality.

Particulars may be secured from men who are at the head of these institutions or from your District Repres-

entative. They will put you in touch with that particular phase of farming in which you are interested.

Go prepared, not as a knocker but as one to discover things and enrich or supply the mental equipment. Take part in the discussions but do not anticipate receiving a panacea for all the ills of which you are conscious. An idea may be ever so brilliant but grey matter and muscle are necessary to make it practical. A good and thorough student benefits by an increased desire to learn more by interest in business, definite knowledge, exactness in thought and enhanced returns.

Clover Seed Production in Kenora District

By L. H. Hanlan, District Representative.



FIRST PRIZE FIELD OF ALSIKE IN STANDING FIELD CROP COMPETITION
On Farm of Mr. John Adams, Oxdrift.

UPON the above mentioned subject a great deal might be written; however, it is not the writer's intention, in this short article, to treat the matter in detail but simply to touch on a few of the most important phases of the work as carried on at the present time.

To begin with, an industry, or particular line of farming, carried on in any section, must have an origin and a commencement. Referring to the origin of the industry under discussion, it might be said that it owes its very being to the keenness of vision and fore-

sight of one of the early settlers near Oxdrift, named Benjamin Brignall, who being from Ontario County, in the East, and having had some previous experience in the production of clover seed was quick to realize, by the way the clover was growing along the roads and in the fields, that the District possessed unlimited opportunities and possibilities, undeveloped in this particular line. On account of its being located in a new country, free from weeds and also northly situated it would be possible to produce an article of superior quality. At one time this settler was somewhat discouraged, but filled with new hopes and visions as a result of the excellent growth of clover, he once more determined to succeed and commenced clearing land for the sole purpose of clover seed production. Two years later Mr. Brignall had ten and one-half acres of Red Clover which yielded him eighty-seven bushels, or a little better than eight bushels per acre. He had also one-half acre of Alsike which yielded five bushels and forty pounds, or better than eleven bushels per acre. Being the first producer of seed, quite naturally it fell to his lot to purchase the first clover huller. However, owing to the large increase in the production of seed, this implement soon became a very paying investment and now it has been laid aside and three other newer and more up-to-date clover hullers are doing its work in the District and pressing need exists for more of equal capacity.

When the large clover seed fields became so prevalent, it dawned upon the Dryden Agriculture Society that this would be a good crop to use in connection with their Standing Field Crop Competitions, and accordingly for the last three years a large number of entries have been made in this con-

nection; and to quote the words of the judge this season, Mr. Henry Knight, of Sault Ste. Marie, "This District certainly beats any other that I have have ever seen, for the production of clover seed, and just imagine, in the fourteen fields which I have judged, not an noxious weed has been found; it is something remarkable." This may seem a small item to the outside, but to the careful and watchful farmer, who is desirous of securing seed entirely free from noxious weed seeds and comparatively free from weed seeds of any sort, it is of great moment.

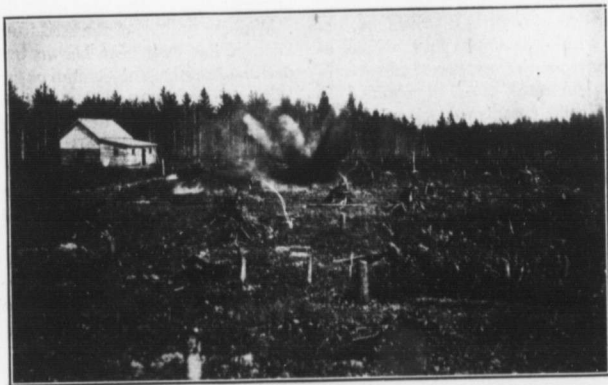
While very little of the seed from this District has ever been shown in competition at either the Guelph or Ottawa Winter Fairs, nevertheless, what was shown gave a good account of itself and was successful in winning first prize on Alsike and third prize on Red. These two samples were entered by Wm. Devoe, Oxdrift, and John Reid, Dryden, respectively.

This season a new addition has been added to the already successful record of the District, as Mr. Frank Shapland of Minnitaki has been successful in the production of one hundred and forty pounds of Grimm's Alfalfa seed. This seed was grown in rows thirty inches apart, got no protection during the past winter and should prove to be very desirable seed for foundation stock, being without a doubt, doubly hardy, owing to the Northern District in which it was grown.

Regarding the culture of the clover plant for seed production, there are so many and varied systems of rotations, methods of seeding, etc., that space will not permit of a detailed description of each. Suffice it to state that the clover grows here very abundantly, and although termed a biennial by botanists has been known to live and thrive for many years. In some cases,

individual plants have been selected and after having survived three or four of our severe winters are still in a healthy condition. The soil being a heavy clay, seems to be well adapted to the growth of the clover plant and as we would naturally expect, owing to the fact that clover is a nitrogen gathering plant, the land keeps improving, both mechanically and chemically, the more crops of clover it produces. Surprising perhaps to many of the Eastern farmers, the clover seed is produced, both in the case of Red and Al-

Alas, we come to one of the most important phases of the whole story, namely, marketing. Heretofore, it has been the practice to sell all seed produced to speculators at, or soon after, threshing time. In 1913 a yield of 2,004 bushels was disposed of in this way. While this system of marketing gave fair satisfaction, yet its weak points were many. In the first place the identity of the seed was lost and hence Kenora District received none of the credit for producing same. Again, the price was too much below



A FIELD IN THE COURSE OF PREPARATION FOR THE PRODUCTION OF HIGH-CLASS NORTHERN GROWN CLOVER SEED.

sike, by the first crop. One system of turning the wild and woolly forest into a flourishing Alsike field which some have practiced with good results might be summed up as follows:

Small timber chopped down (Jack Pine and Poplar) and stumps grubbed or blown out during summer of 1914; land broken same fall. In spring of 1915 land well cultivated and seeded to Alsike about June first, without a nurse crop. Nothing further done until the harvesting of the crop 1916 which was certain a credit to the owner.

that paid by the Eastern farmer the following spring, and accordingly, owing to large increase in production and in order that better satisfaction might be had, and more harmony exist between the producer and consumer, as in this particular instance they are both worthy tillers of the soil, the farmers of Kenora District have organized themselves into an organization known as "The Kenora District Co-operative Clover Seed Growers Association," with head office at Oxdrift, and Mr. T. J. Latimer, of Oxdrift, secured as

manager and salesman. A large power clipper cleaning mill has been purchased and installed and it is the intention of the Society to clean, grade and store their seed until sold in a retail manner to the Eastern and Western farmers of Canada. Any person or persons interested in any phase of

the subject, discussed—production, marketing, etc.,—and desirous of further information, can have same by communicating with the manager of the Society or the writer, either of whom will be only too pleased to give all correspondence prompt attention.

Irrigation in Alberta

By O. McConkey '17.

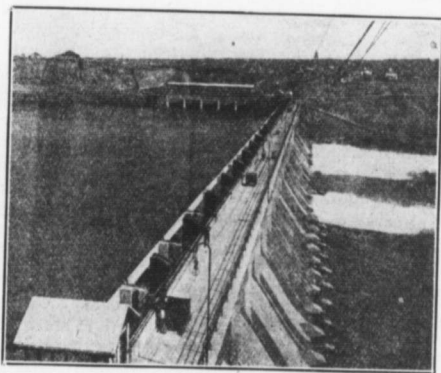
IN Canada the application of irrigation has been confined almost entirely to the West. The two prairie provinces of Saskatchewan and Alber-

ta, and the Pacific Coast province of British Columbia, have been the centres of development. In the prairie provinces irrigation has been considered from the standpoint of the grain-and-stock farmer,—in British Columbia, more particularly from that of the fruit-grower.

In introducing to the reader's consideration the irrigation system now being developed by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company in Alberta—the largest individual irrigation pro-

ject on the American continent, with an area larger than the total irrigated area in either Colorado or California, and greater than one-fifth the total irrigated areas of the United States—it should be emphasized, at the outset, that this undertaking, involving as it does an extremely heavy capital expenditure has not been necessitated by the same adverse climate or soil condition that have caused the creation of irrigated tracts elsewhere.

The creation of the "Irrigation Block," is an essential part in the progressive programme carried on by the railway company, in the expectation that the block would contribute a



BASSANO DAM, LOOKING EAST.

heavy traffic to the freight interest. The basic function of a railroad is, of course, the conveyance of passengers and freight; but conditions on this continent, especially in the West, are such that railway enterprise has not been able to confine itself to this one activity. Both in Canada and the United States, many of the railway companies have had to create the traffic they desired to carry. Broadly speaking, intensive methods of agriculture have not been practised. To promote them is one of the missions of irrigation.

Irrigation in Southern Alberta may be said to date from 1892 when a series of dry years turned the attention of the settlers to the possibilities of aiding the growth of their crops by the artificial application of water. The question subsequently assumed such importance as to warrant its being taken up by the Government with the result that well-considered and comprehensive laws relating to the use of water for irrigation were passed; a system of general surveys undertaken to determine the source and value of available supplies, and the location of the areas where such water could be used to the best advantage.

These surveys showed that three extensive areas offered special advantages for irrigation—one containing some 150,000 acres, situated in the Lethbridge district, which could be supplied from the St. Mary river, a second containing about 350,000 acres, lying near the junction of the Bow and Belly rivers, and a third, a much larger one, situated along the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway and extending about one hundred and fifty miles east of the city of Calgary. It is notable that the works to serve all these tracts have either been built, or are now in progress of construction.

The block East of Calgary is an open

prairie plateau with a general elevation of about 3,500 feet above sea level at its westerly limits, sloping gradually until a general elevation of about 2,300 is reached at its easterly boundary. Its topography is rolling, particularly in the western sections, whereas large areas of almost level plains are found at its easterly limits. The soil is good, consisting of a heavy black loam with clay subsoil in the westerly portions, and a lighter sandy loam of great depth overlying clay and hard pan in its easterly limits.

It contains an area of 3,000,000 acres. The water for this section is divided from the Bow River at a point just inside the easterly limits of the city of Calgary. From there, it is carried south and east through a main canal, 17 miles in length. This main canal delivers water to a reservoir, for which a natural depression has been utilized, and where by the erection of a large earth dam a body of water three miles long, half a mile wide and 40 feet in depth has been created. From the reservoir, the water is taken out in three secondary canals, and carried to the different districts to be irrigated. These secondary canals have a combined length of about 250 miles.

In addition to the above, there are several hundred miles of small ditches constructed by the farmers to distribute the water over their farms.

AIM OF IRRIGATION.

The history of irrigation enterprises in the U.S.A. has demonstrated that the basis of irrigation is not so much the production of either fruits, cereals, garden truck or other expensive crops as the feeding and finishing of live-stock and the development of dairying in its various branches. The raising of fodder crops is therefore of paramount importance, and, it may be said at once, in few cases can it be carried

on so successfully as in Southern Alberta.

Alfalfa has long since passed the experimental stage in the province of Alberta, and has proved one of the surest and most profitable crops. Timothy is another fodder crop that is profitable under irrigation. All varieties of roots and vegetables usually grown in a temperate climate can be raised. Small fruits of the berry types can be grown very successfully. The raising of sugar beets is another department from which great activity may be expected.

as a fundamental principle that only a diversified system of farming will bring the Canadian prairies to their highest and most economical production. Every effort is accordingly made to turn the Western farmer from one-crop systems to methods involving the raising on every farm of fodders, grains, vegetables, roots and live-stock.

The company will advance to approved settlers live-stock to the value of \$1,000 on easy terms of credit. In addition to this, the company has established throughout the West twelve



ALFALFA IS KING OF IRRIGATED CROPS.

The irrigation of grain crops is to be considered as a method of insurance; there are occasional seasons in which the district receives a rainfall insufficient in its total volume, or so irregular in its distribution as to preclude the possibility of first-class crops. Such years as 1910 and 1914 forcibly demonstrated the value of this aspect of irrigation.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has adopted a very helpful policy for the settlers. In its campaign for the advancement of agriculture, it takes it

"mixed farms," generally one-quarter section in each, the purpose of which is to serve as strategic centres in the campaign for mixed farming and to show just what operations can be profitably carried on on the small farm.

From time to time various competitions have been started, including two for the raising of alfalfa, one for tree planting, and others for live-stock raising. Of the latter the most interesting was a steer feeding competition for farmer's boys. Pure-bred bulls for service are placed at various points,

at an insignificant charge. Alfalfa and timothy seed have been supplied on credit in the irrigation block. In conjunction with the provincial departments of agriculture, the company has run agricultural demonstration trains on its system in the West, these trains carrying exhibits of pure-bred stock and grains and manned by agricultural experts and lecturers.

THE FUTURE OF IRRIGATION.

It is gradually dawning in the minds of thinking people that the most significant development in agriculture that Western Canada has yet witnessed is the movement to utilize the great mountain streams in aiding the farmer largely to eliminate the element of

uncertainty from his operations.

The development is yet in its infancy: Our mountain ranges contain natural reservoirs only awaiting the finishing touches of skill and labor to save water sufficient to irrigate vast areas, in addition to those that are now or can be provided for by our normal water supply. A propaganda so vast and fraught with such far-reaching interests, that enter so closely into the whole problem of Western Canada's colonization and future prosperity, is of deep concern to every resident of the great West, and imperatively demands the impetus, constructive guidance and moulding influence that can be brought to bear most effectively only through a strong permanent organization.

The Beautifying of Our Rural Districts

By A. H. Tomlinson

WHY is it that the beauty of the rural districts of Ontario has not been considered by the rural population as it deserves to be? The natural country as nature designed is most beautiful. This has been marred to some extent by civilization. Since this change, comparatively little attempt has been made to preserve, restore or emulate the natural beauty. Rural Ontario with its hills and dales, green fields, majestic trees, forests, lakes and running streams, has a natural setting for beautiful gardens. England possesses the former only modified, but the country people have their homes and gardens so arranged that there is a blended harmony between the work of nature and the work of man, which causes tourists to say, "Rural England is just one large garden spot."

The beautifying of home surroundings means labour and expense. The

rural folk surely have many demands on their time and money, yet they love and admire things beautiful. Possibly it has never occurred to them that their own gardens mattered. It does, however. If everyone did what he or she could, soon individual and community interest would be manifest in making country home, school and other surroundings worth while.

Rural horticultural societies, school teachers and district representatives are trying to bring about a more beautiful country district. Canadians inherit a love for the beautiful but often circumstances have prevented their caring for a garden or supporting a beautifying improvement scheme. Another reason may be that near their rural homes there are nature's own decorations, as flowers, foliage, and verdant green, the idea not occurring to the country residents that their own efforts are needed.

It is a fact to-day, however, that not only are societies and various individuals developing a taste for the things aesthetic, but there is a yearning coming over the people for something which will make home and country life more pleasant and attractive. The sons and daughters of the country are wanted to remain or return, or it may be to attract those who do not know what the pleasures of real country life mean. The charm of a country home is never completely forgotten with its sweet smelling flowers, friendly shade of the trees and restful green, an ideal home where the birds may build their nests and sing their songs.

The time is approaching when barren outside walls and grounds of home and school must be adorned with suitable climbers, shrubs, trees and flowers resting on a carpet of well kept lawn.

The village green must have shade trees—a few maples surely, under which seats are placed for the old folk and young to rest.

The country town too must have a park which may boast of a stream with nicely planted banks, a rockery near the bridge, avenues of trees, masses of flowers, seats, and perhaps a drinking fountain.

How are we to go about making home and school surroundings more beautiful? The first thing is to form an idea of what is required. If such is practicable, then draw a rough plan on paper and later maybe draw one to scale.

Following this is the choice of material. It must not be forgotten that the soil as for crops, must be well prepared, that is, manured if necessary, plowed, harrowed and raked. Before planting or sowing time has arrived, the ground may be staked out so that every section, group or place for a single tree may be clearly shown.

It is worth while remembering that many good specimens for planting may be secured from the nearby woods. Collecting such often adds stimulus and interest to garden work.

Occasionally one hears a remark like this: "Yes, this is a lovely tree. You know, my son Aubergne brought it from the bush and planted it when he was quite a small boy. Oh, yes, we give it a lot of attention."

Should collecting from the woods be partly or not at all possible, then various trees and plants may be purchased from the nurseryman. Often neighbours who are overstocked will be glad to distribute various things.

Ontario is blessed with a large variety of native trees, evergreens, shrubs, and flora, including the following:

(a) DECIDUOUS TREES.

Maples, sugar or rock,—*Acer saccharum*.

Maple, Silver,—*Acer dasycarpum*.

Elm, American,—*Ulmus americana*.

Oaks, Red and Scarlet,—*Quercus rubra* and *coccinea*.

Ash, White,—*Fraxinus americana*.

Birch, Paper,—*Betula papyrifera*.

Beech,—*Fagus americana*.

Basswood,—*Tilia americana*.

(b) EVERGREENS OR CONIFERS.

Pine, White,—*Pinus strobus*.

Spruce, White,—*Picea alba*.

Hemlock,—*Tsuga canadensis*.

Yew,—*Taxus canadensis*.

Cedar,—*Thuja occidentalis*.

(c) FLOWERING OR ORNAMENTAL SHRUBS.

Dogwood, various,—*Cornus* species.

Sumack, various,—*Rhus* species.

Cranberry, flowering, various,—*Viburnum*.

Elder, various,—*Lambucus*.

Shadbush or Juneberry, various,—*Amelanchier*.

Willow, various,—*Salix*.

Snow or Coral Berry,—*Lymphoricarpus racemosus*.

Honeysuckle, various,—*Lonicera* species.

Chokecherry,—*Prunus virginiana*.
etc., etc.

The climate, situation and soil is such that a large number of exotic and varied horticultural specimens may be grown successfully. Among them are:

FLOWERING SHRUBS.

Lilacs,—*Syringas*, varieties.

Mock Orange,—*Philadelphus*, varieties.

Honeysuckle,—*Lonicera*, varieties.

Spiraea,—*Spiraea*, varieties.

Climbing Ivies,—*Ampelopsis* varieties.

EVERGREENS.

Pine, Scotch,—*Pinus sylvestris*.

Pine, Austrian,—*Pinus austriaca*.

Spruce, Norway,—*Picea excelsa*.

Spruce, Colorado Blue,—*Picea pungens*.

etc., etc.

Cedars, various,—*Thuja occidentalis*, varieties.

FLOWERING PLANTS.

Native and horticultural varieties may be had in great profusion.

In selecting trees from the woods, it is better to choose specimens not too large or old, or where they are too thick. Such will have too much spreading or entangled root system. From the nurseries older trees may be bought because transplanting at least once will have taken place. This causes the roots to be more compact. When possible for later and extended planting, a nursery of young trees may be started.

No doubt when considering laying grounds advice and help may be needed. Nurserymen are always ready to do this, usually free of cost. Advice may be had from the Department of

Horticulture, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. At this institution, viz., the Ontario Agricultural College, through the medium of the Department of Horticulture, help and advice is given free. In fact, school authorities, farmers' clubs and rural community leaders may secure the services of the landscape gardener, who will arrange to visit the district for the purpose of giving advice and later furnish planting plans with lists of material recommended.

Taken for granted rural Ontario possesses such natural beauty, every effort ought to be made to preserve it as material development takes place. The roadsides and grounds around buildings, ought to be planted with suitable material so as to bring about a unison between the disposals of nature and proposals of man.

One should plan for a display of colour and harmony during the summer, not forgetting that in winter the snow and sparkling frost may cover the same trees and shrubs, giving them a fairy-like appearance.

If in the slums of large cities people strive to make use of God's gifts,—sun, air, moisture and soil, to grow plants and bulbs which remind them of God's great out-of-doors, then surely those who have so many of nature's gifts ought to spend some little thought and time in making these a very great part of their existence. In places where gardening was considered almost impossible, as for example, Canada's frontier city, Prince Rupert, B.C., one finds some of the prettiest gardens possible. The same thing exists at Skagway, Alaska. At the first named place little soil exists, but a peat and moss embedded in the mountain slopes and low places, whilst at Skagway soil has to be carried some distance to make gardens on a bed of gravel.

Far violet hills, horizons filmed with
showers,
The murmur of cool streams, the
forest's gloom,
The voices of the breathing grass, the hum
Of ancient gardens overbanked with
flowers:
Thus, with a smile as golden as the
dawn,

And cool fair fingers radiantly divine,
The mighty mother brings us in her
hand,
For all tired eyes and foreheads pinched
and wan
Her restful cup, her beaker of bright
wine;
Drink, and be filled, and ye shall
understand!

Works and Wants of The Canadian Patriotic Fund

When war broke over Canada it became apparent that the dependents of many of our citizen-soldiery would suffer if an organization did not exist to assist them according to their needs.

The Canadian Patriotic Fund was thereupon founded.

Its object was to supplement, when necessity existed, the allowances made by Parliament to the families of enlisted men and through personal service to give comfort, advice and friendly help to those whose bread-winner was at the front.

The magnitude of the task thus assumed was not at first appreciated. Even now the general public does not grasp it. The fund has had to raise, from its inception up to September 30, 1916, the vast sum of \$14,567,981.74.

It has now upon its books over 60,000 families, comprising about 175,000 persons. It has distributed through the voluntary work of thousands of patriotic men and women, the greater part of the money collected.

It has recognized, as the Government could not recognize, the varying needs of the soldiers' families, and the difference in cost of living between one province and another. That is to say, it has discriminated, giving help where needed and withholding it when not needed.

But it has gone far beyond being merely a channel for conveying money from generous givers to needy families. Its workers visit regularly the beneficiaries of the Fund helping them in illness, comforting them in sorrow, and playing in a score of ways the part of friends.

THE FUND'S WANTS.

While the war lasts, this Fund must endure. To maintain it during the coming year the sum of Thirteen and a Half Million Dollars must be raised.

In September the Fund expended \$950,000. Its outgo will increase with the growth of our armies.

In the past, by far the larger portion of the money has been given by generous-hearted men, women and children; by wage-earners and capitalists; by all classes, all ages, all conditions. The appeal has gone home to all.

There is no reason to fear that the patriotic spirit of those who give so generously will fail them in the face of the growing demands of the Fund.

Ontario is asked to give Six Million Dollars for 1917. The sum will represent not more than the claims that Ontario, according to estimates, will make on the Fund in the same year.

There can be no shadow of doubt as to what the answer will be.

Yule-tide Festivities

SOME CUSTOMS OF OTHER LANDS WHICH MIGHT WELL
BE ADOPTED IN OUR OWN.

By Christine MacIntyre '17

"God rest you Chrysten gentil men,
Wherever you may be,
God rest you all in fielde or hall,
Or on ye stormy sea.
For on this morn oure Chryst is born,
That saveth you and me."

—CHRISTMASSE OF OLD.

TO the students of Macdonald Institute, and O.A.C., who are busily engaged in the many activities of college life, the realization that a few more days will usher in another Yule-tide, comes as a sort of shock, for allowing a fair margin for exaggeration, we have not been contemplating Christmas this year. Christmas! Yes, in spite of the chaos into which all Christendom has been plunged, the great message given by the Master nearly two thousand years ago, still rings out with all its force and poignancy bringing with it strength to many broken homes,—“Peace on Earth, good will toward men,” And so once again we shall celebrate the birthday of the Saviour of the world. The mere mention of Christmas, brings up to us, the strongest and most heartfelt associations, among which the gladsome, eagerly anticipated holiday season of our childhood, stands out most clearly; and in the light of past experiences, many look forward to home-going, with its re-union of dear ones, merry making, Canadian snow and chiming sleigh bells, the indispensable Christmas tree, and all the rest of the whole delightful proceeding.

But, in spite of our exuberant, whole-hearted festivity, Canadians have missed much, in failing to bring in many historic customs of ancient usage,

practised, and known so well in the Old Land. There are so many beautiful legends and customs belonging to Christmas that it seems a shame that they are not more universally in evidence, on this side of the Atlantic.

In England, the delightful yule-log custom is still practiced, especially in the north, where with great ceremony the yule log, frequently the root of a tree, is brought in to the house on Christmas eve, laid on the fireplace and lighted with a brand of last year's log. The sentiment is very worthy, as it is symbolic of burning out all heart burnings and ill feelings. While it lasts, all sit around the fireside, enjoying music, conversation and good fellowship. In Devonshire the practice deviates a little. The Yule log takes the form of an ash fagot, consisting of a bundle of nine ash sticks bound together by bands of the same tree; and during the burning of it, master, family and servants meet on terms of equality, and partake of cider from the wassail bowl. And moreover every Devonshire and Norfolk farmer each Christmas, with great formality, deposits a cake in the fork of the principal apple tree over which is thrown hot cider to prevent its being eaten, while pistols and guns are fired off, and the women and girls shout, “Bear blue apples and pears enou, barn fulls, bag fulls, sack fulls, Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!” It is interesting to note that the presentation of cake and hot cider to the apple tree, has been observed in New Hampshire.

With the yule-log goes the burning of two huge Christmas candles, which

helps to shed light and adds to the festivity. Both the yule-log and candle burning are handed down from Scandinavian ancestors, who at the feast of Jual kindled great bon fires in honor of the god Thor.

Closely connected with the above two customs, is the hanging of the mistletoe, well known because of its mystic associations. In the days of the early Britons, the mistletoe was found on the oak tree; but today it grows on any tree to which its bruised berries have adhered; and strange to say it is rarely seen on the tree of its origin. Although in days of old, it was regarded with veneration and awe, the mystic plant is now only significant because of its Christmas usage. Every Christmas eve a branch of the mistletoe is suspended from the wall or ceiling of the home and the maiden who either through peradventure or studied design, stands under the fateful bough, is liable to be kissed by any lord of creation who cares to avail himself of the privilege.

One of the most beautiful customs in England which we Canadians could well afford to follow, is the singing of the Christmas carols, ancient as the celebration of Christmas itself. The word carol is derived from the Latin, "cantare,—to sing," and "rola!" an expression of joy. On Christmas eve the singers of the town or village, band together and go about from house to house celebrating Christ's nativity in joyous and devout song. The carols are many and beautiful, one of the favourites being,

"God rest you Merry Gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day."

Other well known ones are, "The First Nail," "When Christ was born of Mary Free," "Holy Night! Peaceful Night,"

"Carol Sweetly Carol," and scores of others equally fitting. Up in Yorkshire, the children carry with them a Christmas tree, caroling as they go,

"Well a-day! Well a-day!

Christmas too soon goes away.

Men, your gooding we do pray,

For the good time will not stay.

We are not beggars from door to door,
But neighbours and children known
before, etc."

Hand in hand with the carollers, go the Waits, much celebrated in British history, who play their sweet toned instruments beneath the windows, as well. Although they were known in Exeter, as early as 1400, no one appears to know whether the Waits refer to the musicians or their instruments. However that may be, no yuletide in England or Scotland is complete without the Waits; although in some localities the beauty of the custom is marred by the use of tin pans, horns and other instruments equally out of keeping with the occasion.

The Christmas games are many and time-honored. The game of Snap-dragon is very popular. Over raisins placed in a bowl brandy is poured, and the fruit then ignited; the persons who are able to pluck the fruit from the flaming bowl, without burning their fingers are looked upon with admiration. Maskings or mummeries were once favorite sports at Christmas, but are now not so much in evidence. They embody the time-honored legend of St. George and the Dragon. The Mummings raid the wardrobes of the halls and manor-houses where they happen to be spending Christmas, and reappear resplendent in old fantastic dress, as Old Father Christmas who carries holly boughs and the wassail bowl, St. George, the Dragon, the Doctor with the pill box, the little girl who carries the mistletoe, and lastly the

Grand Turk. In such garbs they parade the halls and take part in old fashioned dances. Closely allied with the Mummers, was the Lord of Misrule, or Master of Many Sports, who was at liberty to go as far as he wished, in his jollification.

And of course with all this festivity the Christmas dinner is a very important factor. Although today the menu consists of many modern dishes, there are certain time-honored ones that must be brought on the table, such as *Furmante* or *Frumenty*, a dish made of hulled wheat, boiled in milk and seasoned with the yolks of eggs and rich spices. The Christmas pie or mince pie has been brought on the Christmas table since 1596, when it was known as *Mutton Pie*. The famous *Plum Pudding*, in the stirring of which the tiniest child has a hand, is also indispensable. Other old customs which are not very often used today are the serving of the boar's head decorated with rosemary, still observed in the hall of *Queen's College*, Oxford, and the serving of the peacock, sometimes made into a pie, at one end of which the head appeared above the crust in all its plumage, with a burning piece of cotton, which had been saturated in brandy, placed in its mouth. At the other end of the pie the tail was displayed. Music accompanied the serving of both these dishes.

A unique and time-honored usage is still observed in the parish of *Cumnor* in *Berkshire*. On Christmas night, after the evening service, the parishoners repair to the vicarage where, as his bounden duty, the vicar serves them with bread, cheese and ale. For the occasion he must have four bushels of malt brewed into ale, two bushels of wheat ground into flour for the bread, and fifty pounds of cheese.

On the same day the citizens of *Cassenton*, on the opposite side of the *Thames*, who have reserved a space in the *Cumnor* churchyard, meet the vicar through a representative, half way across the *Thames* and present him with a noble (6s. 8d.) immersed in a bowl of river water; a clean serviette is also handed him with which he dries his hands, after rescuing the noble and pouring the water back into the river.

There are several superstitious beliefs concerning the *Yuletide*, still prevalent in certain localities of the *Old Land*. For instance in *Devonshire* and *Cornwall*, the peasants believe that at midnight on *Xmas eve* the cattle in their stalls fall down on their knees in adoration, and also that the bees sing in their hives at the same hour. It is a common belief too, that bread, baked on *Xmas day* will not become mouldy; thus all nature joins in the celebration of the *Holy Day*. It is also considered an ill omen if a squinting or barefooted person, or a flat-footed woman enters the house during the burning of the *Yule-log*. This view is of course chiefly held by the peasantry.

The Christmas holidays comprise the interval between Christmas and *New Year's Eve*. As a matter of fact servants in the *Old Country*, hire with their employers from *New Year's Eve*, until the next Christmas Eve; and thus among the nobility and gentry, they find it very difficult to get their worth done at this time, for on *Xmas Eve* many servants leave the halls and manor houses, in order to participate in the joyous celebration.

An English gentleman "On Christmas day in the morning" opens his hall to all his servants and neighbours, who partake of beer, with toast, sugar, nutmeg, and *Cheshire cheese*. It is

necessary for the great sausage to be boiled by daybreak "or else two young men must take the cook by the arms and run her around the market place till she is shamed for her laziness."

The wassail bowl so renowned, is composed of wine, or ale with nutmeg, sugar, toast, ginger, and roasted crabs. The receptacle is a large silver bowl, and when it is brought in, the host raises it to his lips with a hearty wish for a Merry Xmas for all present, and then sends it around the board for all to follow his example.

Very important also is the Christmas decoration. Churches, homes, and shops are resplendent in their gala array of holiday dress. More especially however is it the church which receives the greatest attention in the matter of decoration. For this purpose, holly with its luxuriant foliage and bright red berries, rosemary, laurel, bay, and evergreens are the most popular. The mistletoe is excluded, being an unholy plant, profaned by the Druids having used it in their mystic ceremonies. The ivy also is objectionable from its associations with Bacchus, the god of wine. The Xmas decorations remain in the church until the end of January, but must all be cleared away before the second of February, which we all know as Candlemas Day.

The ancient custom of bringing in the Xmas tree, originated in Germany, where from time immemorial, no Xmas has been celebrated without the installing of the important tree, gaily decorated and loaded with gifts for the household. The tree is placed in the principal room of the house and at a given signal on Christmas morning, the doors are opened and the juveniles rush in. For them it is the most joyous time of the whole year. Who among us does not remember with

what joy we contemplated the Christmas tree, for the custom is universally known in America as well? It is not so common in England though, as it was only introduced there, during the reign of Queen Victoria, after her marriage with Prince Albert. And now in the light of the present situation in which the true spirit of the Germans has been revealed, it is rather doubtful whether ever again, the Christmas tree will be as popular as heretofore.

Closely connected with the Xmas tree is Santa Claus or Old Father Christmas, whose life work consists in making children, and grown folks too, happy; and surely such a legend which embodies the true spirit of Christmas is every child's heritage. The parent who through an exaggerated idea of veracity, disillusions his child of his belief in Santa Claus, is robbing that child of a part of his childhood. For after all it is not necessary to tell him an untruth. What is Santa Claus but a spirit—the spirit of love which pervades the whole world at the grand and joyous time of Christmas? We all love to think of the Santa Claus, who came down the chimney, dressed in his red, fur trimmed suit, and muffled from head to toe, and left the tree which we had decorated, loaded with gifts and filled the stockings of the family. In fact, very many of us, still hang our stockings on Christmas Eve which in our absence are filled by the other members of the family, and which in turn we fill for them.

It is a grand time; and the memory of such days will help very much in making this holiday season a little more bearable, to the brave fellows who must spend another Yuletide far away in the midst of shrapnel and booming guns. And for the ones whose part it is to stay at home, the Christmas

preparation is largely a matter of sending a bit of home and cheer, in as far as is possible in our limited space of tin boxes, to those overseas' men wherever they may be.

It will soon be Christmas, and al-

though a dark cloud is hanging over our nation today because of the tragedy being enacted along that "Thin Red Line," of "No Man's Land," let us not forget the Light. We know it still shines—somewhere.

Suggestions for The Christmas Dinner

By a Macdonald Student.

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill:
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Merry Christmas still.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MENU.

Sardine Cocktail.
Chicken Consomme with oysters.
Pulled Bread.
Olives. Salted Pecans.
Spanish Mackerel, Jaffa.
Dressed Cucumbers.
Roast Goose. Potato Stuffing.
Apple baskets.
Sweet Potatoes with Sherry
Cauliflower, Hongroise.
Christmas Salad.
English Plum Pudding.
Brandy Hot Sauce.
Cherry Ice. Lady Fingers.
Bonbons.

Water Crackers. Roquefort.
Cafe Noir.

The decoration for the Christmas dinner-table must necessarily be in keeping with the festive season. Red and green, symbolic of cheerfulness and mirth, is a color scheme favored by the great majority. This may be carried out by the use of holly, evergreens, poinsettas and candles with shades of similar colors.

In homes where children are, a very pretty decoration is a small Christmas tree, in the center of the table, loaded with toys and Christmas tinsel, bells and Santas. The place cards on such an occasion might take the form of cupids driving turkeys. Favors appropriate would be small boxes of candy, suitably decorated, and attached to the tree by means of red and green ribbons.

Christmas At Hillacres

By Annie O'Hagan

WHAT it was that turned our thoughts and eventually our feet to Hillacres that Christmas, I do not know. It may have been "Pickwick Papers" and the amazing feats of Yuletide jocundity performed by the redoubtable members of the Pickwick Club and their friends at Manor Farm; or Washington Irving,

with that rosy-cheeked school-boy of his, going home through hoar English landscapes for the Christmas holidays; or a wonderful picture of New England hills in a pearly mist of falling snow, which Mr. Willard Metcalf painted. I only know that one evening early in December Lawrence sat moodily before the fire, replying in morose mono-

syllables or not at all, as I, gift ledger in my lap, needle in my hand, alternately made feverish suggestions, and took spasmodic blue stitches in a piece of linen.

"We gave Mabel hat-pins last year," I declared consulting our modest records, "and Genevieve hat-pins the year before, and Miranda gave me hat-pins in 1913. I really don't think we can give Dorothea hat-pins this—Larry, if you don't try to help me, even with your own cousins, we might as well give it up!" I ended despairingly, aware of the fact that Lawrence had been oblivious to the whole past history of the hat-pins, and was indifferent to future barter in them.

At the shrill accent of reproach in my voice, replacing the monotonous staccato of chronicle and worry, Lawrence roused himself from his lethargy.

"You're right," he cried, with reference only to the last clause of my speech. "We might as well give it up! We had better give it up! Let's cut it all out, and spend Christmas on the farm. Let's give a Christmas Party at Hillacres."

In the course of some years' association with Lawrence, my mind has been forced to acquire a certain agility in abandoning one topic for another. I blinked for a second, banished the hat-pins from my recollection, and quoted, with what seemed to me admirable point and promptitude, if somewhat faulty memory:

"A little girl, quite well and hearty,
Decided once to give a party;

But all her friends were very wary,
And nobody came but her pet
canary."

As Lawrence did not seem immediately overcome by this quotation, I went on: "Who on earth do you think would be so maniacal as to come, by choice and for pleasure, to

an unheated New England farmhouse in winter?"

Lawrence was hopeful that several of our dearest friends possessed this particular form of hardihood, but pointed out that even if he overestimated their adventurous qualities, there would still be ourselves. He sketched a charming picture of snowy hills, of evergreen boughs laden with white, of frosty stars, of blazing fires. He recalled the fact that makes me content to wait for Heaven—namely, that we possess five old-fashioned, stone fireplaces built in the day when chimneys were fashioned to draw. In two seconds his busy imagination had the living room hung with hemlock boughs, redolent of pine, brilliant with rosy light from the hearth. Our neighbors' turkeys down the road were fattening, hour by hour, against our arrival; our own apples, sound and sweet, awaited us; the hickory nuts and chestnuts we had gathered in golden October days hung in bulging bags from our attic rafters; did I remember the day we gathered them—the filter and flicker of the yellow leaves, the "plump" of the dropping nuts, the bright eyes of the squirrels who were also storing provender against winter? I did! The cider from the cellar sparkled clearer than amber in the glasses; the brick oven beside the dining-room fire-place that had been a mere museum-piece, so to speak, should at last be used, restored to its old dignity of service. My husband developed unsuspected powers of prophetic description as he talked. Down with the drab travesty of Christmas in a city apartment! Down with the sordid barter of unnecessaries and inutilities! Back to nature—back to the farm for the proper celebration of the glorious festival!

As in feminine duty bound, I pointed

out drawbacks to the perfection which Lawrence so eloquently imaged. Instead of his white roll of hill and dip of valley, I predicted a world dun and sombre; instead of firm, snowy roads, over which runners were to glide swiftly while sleigh bells rang, I foreboded a warm December thaw, with the wheels of the wagon sinking hub deep in mire. Instead of jewel clear airs through which we might look across the world to the line of mountains against the sky, I prophesied a thick December fog through which we should be unable to distinguish the pump, twenty feet away from the window. But all this was but a superstitious attempt to placate the grim fates who sit, with claws outstretched, to snatch anticipated pleasures from humans and to bestow upon them only those gifts whose joy has been already discounted by doubt.

It was cheering, and a little astonishing, to find so many people enthusiastic over the prospect of Xmas in the country—the first week in December. There were the A's who were delighted—it would be such a treat to the little A's who imagined the rural districts, after September first, as blotted out, annihilated, shut away in some vast, dark press, like summer clothes. There was B., the portrait painter, who avowed a passion for nature so strong as sometimes almost to succeed in pulling him from his studio and his club to the fields! There was Cordelia, who said she had not heard a sleigh bell which **was** a sleigh bell in a decade; her nearest approaches to that heartening music have been when her newspaper has assigned her to "cover" the story of the first sleigh, during Manhattan's first, feeble imitation of a snow-storm, to reach a certain Central Park restaurant which, in memory of other

more genial days upon the island, bestows a magnum of champagne upon the doughty driver of that prompt vehicle. And there were others. Lawrence seldom came home that week without announcing cheerily: "I spoke to Tom, or Dick, or Harry today about spending Christmas in the country with us; he's delighted—you'd better write properly to Mrs. Tom, or Dick, or Harry." I grew alarmed at the proportions the party seemed to be attaining. Inhospitably, I mentioned the number of bed-rooms at Hillacres, and the number of blankets stored in my chests. Lawrence smiled knowingly. "Don't you worry," he commanded me cheerfully. "This is only December 12th. About the 20th the passion for an old-fashioned country Christmas will begin to wane and by the 24th you won't find your supply of blankets inadequate. Believe me!"

I didn't believe him, but as a matter of fact he was right. Three-quarters of the nature enthusiasts found their fervor dwindling before Christmas, and on the 23rd of December our telephone at Hillacres was in constant requisition by the telegraph operator in the village, who conveyed regret after regret to us. The A's had decided against the country party because of little sister's throat; there was to be a really wonderful opera on Christmas evening, which Bob's wife and Harry's sister felt they must not miss; there were half a dozen good reasons, and half a dozen other acceptances had to be broken.

But—and this was a wonderful thing—I felt none of the hostess's customary chagrin at being 'thrown down,' as my husband put it; nor did I feel any of that over-anxious housewife's relief that the problem of beds and blankets would not become unduly pressing. For by December 23rd we had been four days at Hillacres, and nothing

mattered! I shall not go to the length of saying that, had the roads been miry, the views obliterated in thick winter fog, and a chill, insidious damp prevailing, our joyous indifference to all mundane annoyances would have survived. But the weather was our friend. The countryside was arranged after Lawrence's sketch, not after mine. All the hillsides were white, their whiteness pricked through with the black of evergreens, the soft bronze of oaks, the vaporish grayness of the leafless trees. The roads were hard-packed snow, and over them creaked big, slow moving sledges laden with wood or with ice from the ponds, which were frozen to a December depth unmatched in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Over all stretched a sky so blue, so brilliant, that June's seemed pallid in our recollection.

I thought I had never enjoyed anything so much as our drive out to Hill-acres from the station on the morning of our arrival. Cordelia was with us, listening again to her beloved, frosty melody of real sleigh bells. Lena, disapproving of the expedition as only a conventional-minded cook can disapprove, was with us; she had ceased to prophesy pneumonia, frost-bite, and chilblains aloud, but her rigid back and her rigid lips were eloquent of these disasters and more.

Our feet upon hot soapstones, blankets and fur robes about us, soft hats pulled low, fur collars turned high, we drove through the dazzling, glittering world out toward home. Sleighs going into the village passed us; from the bearded lips of stalwart neighbors greetings were blown to us; we guessed at the identity of small sections of rosy faces visible between caps of seal or coon, and great woolen mufflers. Lawrence turned back from the front seat of the sleigh to speak to us; the tears

which the cold had brought to his eyes were frozen to his lashes. We were in a mood to find this amusing, an evidence of his citified weakness, until he informed us that we were all similarly decorated.

"Why, ma'am," cried Lena in surprise. "And we don't feel the cold scarcely to speak of."

Lena spoke truly. That high, crisp air, 1,200 feet above the sea, in spite of its frigidity held none of the possibilities of discomfort which we had left in damp New York. Besides a great creaking sleigh, pulled up-hill by steaming oxen, walked a man. He turned to give us jovial, friendly greeting. For a moment he was unrecognizable, familiar neighbor though he was. Upon his beard and moustache his breath had frozen in a sheath until he seemed some rudely sculptured 'presentation of Winter Labor. Lena was pleased to find him mirth provoking, and as her laugh rang out—for the first time since we had announced our Christmas plan to her—Lawrence turned and essayed a "what-did-I-tell-you," wink at me, an attempt frustrated by his icy lashes.

We were to learn many marvels besides that of the comfort possible in a high, dry altitude in mid-winter temperature. We were to learn, for example, that the summer possibilities of our woods were as nothing compared to our winter ones. Armed with shears and baskets we went down into them as soon as we had lunched. We wanted not only decorations for the house, but Christmas boxes for them. We had abandoned all thought of bartering hats, and had decided that our Christmas greetings should be green leaves and red berries from our own domain.

Marvelous were the things we found when we had crunched our way over the crusted snow of the pasture, and

had come finally into the thickets of laurel that leads into the woods. For the first time in our lives, it seemed, we knew what stillness meant. All the little murmurous leaves were silent; there was no familiar chirp of birds, no buzz of tiny insects. And in that still sanctuary, white and green and wonderful, there was warmth, veritable warmth, gently enfolding us. As we worked shaking the burden of snow from the laurel and hemlock branches and breaking them for our decorations, as we bent and with glowed fingers scraped the snow that covered the endless chains of ground pine showing only a few needles above the white surface, as we came upon the unhoped-for treasures of red partridge berries that the birds had spared in the autumn, we gradually found that the unbelievable thing was true—it was possible to be too warm in New England woods in mid-winter. To be sure we were dressed somewhat as if for a polar expedition.

Quiet as the woods were but for our talk and laughter, the creak of our shoes, the snap of the frost branches we broke, there were signs of life such as we had never before seen in them. Across the snow were multitudes of tiny, lace-like tracks, the delicate evidence that life still pulsed in these recesses for all their solemn stillness. Here a rabbit had scrambled by; there a bird had hopped; here again with a cry of rapture, someone recognized a deer's tracks.

It will always be a matter of serious household dispute between Lawrence and me as to which one of us deserves credit for the brilliant idea of a winter picnic in those woods. Whosoever it was, it came to pass when we had all our party gathered together on the 24th; and never has there been so successful a picnic in the whole history of the form of sport more often endured

than beloved. Imagine a picnic at which the butter does not melt, at which no fly falls into the cream, no gnats take refuge in one's eyes, and no mosquito with a grudge against humanity buzzes constant threats around one's ears. Imagine a great boulder, enclosed with laurel and hemlock, cleared of snow, and at one end of it a camp-fire built. Imagine woolen and fur laprobes tempering the severity of the boulder for those who lounge upon it. Imagine the great, kind trees shutting out the winds that may be blowing up the hill-sides, and tenting the picnickers into shelter and comfort. As we ate the potatoes we had baked in the coals and the bacon we toasted over them, as we drank the coffee (coffee? heavenly nectar!) made by old-fashioned boiling and not by new-fangled percolation, we all dedicated ourselves to spreading the doctrine of December picnics. The children fairly screamed their approbation of the affair, and danced like snow-sprites—hooded and ulstered snow sprites—among the trees. There was a snow-ball battle, begun by the men, but soon shared by the women, in whom the tingling air and glorious cold had awakened the child—or was it the Amazon?

There were sleighrides during the wonderful three days that followed. There were walks by roads unguessed when summer's leafy screen hid half the marvels of the world from view—walks along the highways, walks along rough, newhewn tracks made for the choppers' heavy wagons, walks through the crusted snow of the woods themselves, with only the westering sun or an occasional glimpse of a familiar hillside barn to guide us. Of course we were wool clad from the crowns of our hoods to the soles of our cashmere stockings; of course we were grotesquely

wrapped in mufflers and sweaters. Of course we could not forbear loud, rude laughter as we gazed at one another, but how our blood tingled and danced during those crystal-clear, sparkling walks and drives.

Some among us, notably Cordelia and the younger guests, found all the ordinary activities of the farm fascinating—Cordelia because they reminded her of a not too-remote youth, the children because they were so enchantingly novel. To watch the cows, let out of their stalls into the snowy barnyard for an hour's sunning at noon, was wild delight; to proffer the youngest heifer her pail of warmed-milk-and-water was a privilege hotly contested for, and finally won by Cordelia because she alone could withstand the heifer's habit of butting the bottom of the pail in a determined effort to get the last drop of her rations. To pump water that froze almost as it gushed from the pump's big mouth was a mad, unholy joy, and the youngsters took as much pride in the miniature icy mountain peaks that formed at the base of the well as a sculptor when he looks upon his work and sees it good.

In our zeal for an old-fashioned Christmas, we restored the brick oven next the dining room fireplace to its ancient use. We have since paid the penalty of our effort after the picturesque, for Lena, who entered into the experiment most unwillingly, muttering laments for her gas range, bemoaning her electric toaster, was converted to the built-in oven, and, like all converts, has no temperance in her new belief. Back in town, she looks with the cold eye of disfavor upon her modern conveniences; she sniffs a little contemptuously at our most carefully compounded flavours. "If you want to get the real, juicy richness out

of a turkey," she declares oracularly to her mates, "you should cook it in a chimney oven; and as for pies and bread, you never tasted the like of those baked there!" Wherein an enlightened culinary artist speaks truthfully. Depth and richness are not the gifts of labor-saving devices or of a labor saving age.

There were experiences lovelier and more intimate than these jocund ones. Those days are not to be altogether expressed in terms of laughter and good fellowship, of merry making in doors and out. Though we ate with mighty appetites, though our blood raced gloriously through our veins under the stimulus of gay exercise, though we did traditional country things and found them traditionally delightful—popped corn and roasted chestnuts, told ghost stories in the red fire-light acted charades, danced Virginia reels, old and young, graceless and graceful together; yet there were better moments still. We felt that at last we "belonged"—we who should have broken the ice in our kitchen but for Lena's morning canisters of hot water—we who should have known the chill of icy sheets but for the combined action of an ancient warming-pan and a multitude of hot water-bags—we who had almost tasted hardship, could no longer regard ourselves as mere vocationists, sojourners!

There was a new intimacy with our country-side, and with the new intimacy new love for it. It was no longer merely the smiling, green, and sunshiny companion of our holiday time; it was our tried and tested sister whose face we had learned could be beautiful without adornment.

And there was something of awe, as well as of rapture, for those of us, who, in the white radiance of a wonderful midnight, heard, blown across the

quiet hills and valleys, the church bells of a small, mill city where many of the ancient faith abide and where a mid-night mass is celebrated on Christmas Eve. We looked upon the stars that had lighted the Wise Men on the Quest that is the lovely legend of our race; we looked on hills and re-

membered what angelic vision had once shone before the eyes of hill-side watchers in another clime. We knew, for the moment, a certain mystic communion with them and with all the hopeful and the faithful who have followed them down the centuries.

The Review Competition

The prizes for the Annual Review Competition were awarded as follows:
SHORT STORY.—

- 1.—In Pursuit of a Fly,
By Ignatz—H. J. Sullivan '18.
- 2.—My First Visit to a Farm,
By Terry Tool—L. E. O'Neill '18.

POEM.—

- 1.—To My Pipe,
By Iram—H. J. Sullivan '18
- 2.—At Night a Whistle Blew,
By Rouget—J. B. Munro '19.

PHOTOGRAPHS—(Sets of three.)—

1.—Country Road, Pasture Land, and Love Song.

By Rambler—W. Robinson '18.

2.—The Story of a River,—Morning, Noon and Evening.

By Gus—O. C. Evans '17.

CARTOON.—

1.—Life at the College,—“Mill Street” by Night.

By Kim—F. C. Odell '19

2.—Nov. 1, 1916,—The Morning after the Night Before.

By Henry Watt—G. H. Scott '20.

In Pursuit Of A Fly

By Ignatz.

“Swat the Fly!!”

“Kill one fly now, and by the end of twenty-four years, you will have rid the earth of 17,246,397,432,000 of these pests.”

Fired by these words, I determined to kill one, but being quite inexperienced with flies and having never seen one because of the sanitary conditions at the O.A.C., I was in somewhat of a quandary as to the procedure which preceded the execution. Nevertheless, undaunted, I shaved carefully, put on my hunting coat, and sallied forth on my murderous errand.

Now, gentle reader, please do not think that I was absolutely barren as to facts concerning these reptiles, for

I was not, quite. I knew two ways to distinguish them from other creatures.

First, they made a buzzing sound when in flight.

Second, they frequented dirty places.

With these facts in my possession I could see no obstacles in my way. I quickly went to the reservoir, from which the water for the swimming pool is drawn, the dirtiest place I knew of, and sat down to await results.

Ten minutes wait, and then I heard a faint buzzing. It grew louder! Louder!! And louder!!! I glanced around in some apprehension, and was much relieved when Prof. Day came around the corner in his new Studebaker. He stopped and informed me

that he was teaching it tricks, and asked me if I noticed how gracefully it had taken the corner on two wheels. Continuing, he observed that if he could get it to run on two wheels all the time, there would be only half the friction, hence a saving of half in oil and gasoline, to say nothing of tires. While he was talking, he was taking measurements on the tires, to find the wear on them in coming from the Physics Building to the corner. Suddenly he glanced at his watch, jumped to the seat, and was off for the Physics Building again, mumbling something about "putting a lightning rod on the car." It was very quiet and still after this incident, but soon I fancied I heard a buzzing in the direction of the Hort. Building. Stealthily as a bedbug I crept across the road to the door of the building, and listened. I was right; there was a low, steady, buzzing sound inside. Taking off my shoes I crept in. At Prof. Crow's office I paused long enough to peep through the key hole and see a ring of smoke, a pair of shoes, and a Saturday Evening Post, and then back toward the sound I went. At the door of the Tropical House I paused. The sound came from inside, so inside I went, noiselessly. Under the banana tree was a huge creature, and from it came the buzzing. I raised my shoe and tip-toed forward, until I stood directly over the beast. Still the buzzing continued. It's head was hidden by the huge leaves of the tree, so I gently pushed them out of the way, my heart beating like a trip hammer. Disappointment was mine once more. Who would have thought that a man taking a nap could have made such sounds. Nevertheless he did?

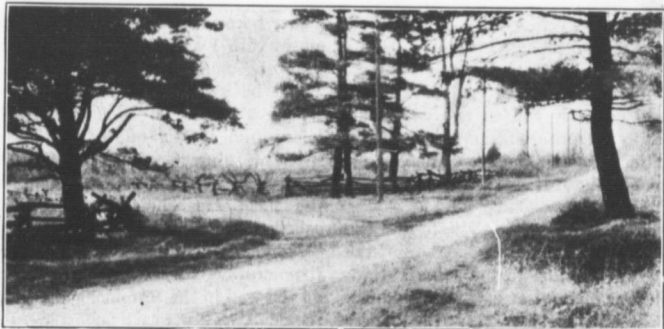
At this point in my hunt, I suddenly came to the conclusion that although I knew how to identify a fly when in

flight; I knew nothing at all to guide me in case I should find one resting. The one man on the faculty who would be able to tell me about the creatures would be Prof. Caesar. I found him in his office studying a species of insect which he had discovered in the examination room in the Field Husbandry Building. He called the family to which it belonged, "Cribrididae." From him I procured the picture of a fly, which was hanging on the wall in the Entomological classroom. It truly was a monster. It's wings ten inches wide, it's head again as large as a Junior's,—but there is no use in troubling you with details of this monster, you who live in unsanitary places.

Thoroughly alarmed at my foolishness in going out to kill a fly armed with only my shoe, I hastily reviewed in my mind the available weapons around the college. Ah! At last! "Doc" Reed's jawbone — at least, the jawbone of his classroom nightmare. For I reasoned, if Samson killed a thousand Phillistines with the jawbone of an ass I can surely kill one fly with the jawbone of an ass's cousin! In less time than it takes to tell it, "Doc's" pet had lost her lower jaw.

Jawbone in hand, I had just stepped out of the "Vet." classroom when a loud b-u-u-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z sounded above me. I swung my jawbone to my shoulder, but discovered that the noise was in the classroom above. Noiselessly, but hastily mounting the stairs, I came to the landing above, and paused a moment to gain my breath before the struggle. Then, opening the door, I sprang into the room, but was again disappointed. It was only Morley Petit teaching the Freshmen in, "Bees, and How They Teach their Young to Sting."

(Continued on page 152.)



A COUNTRY ROAD

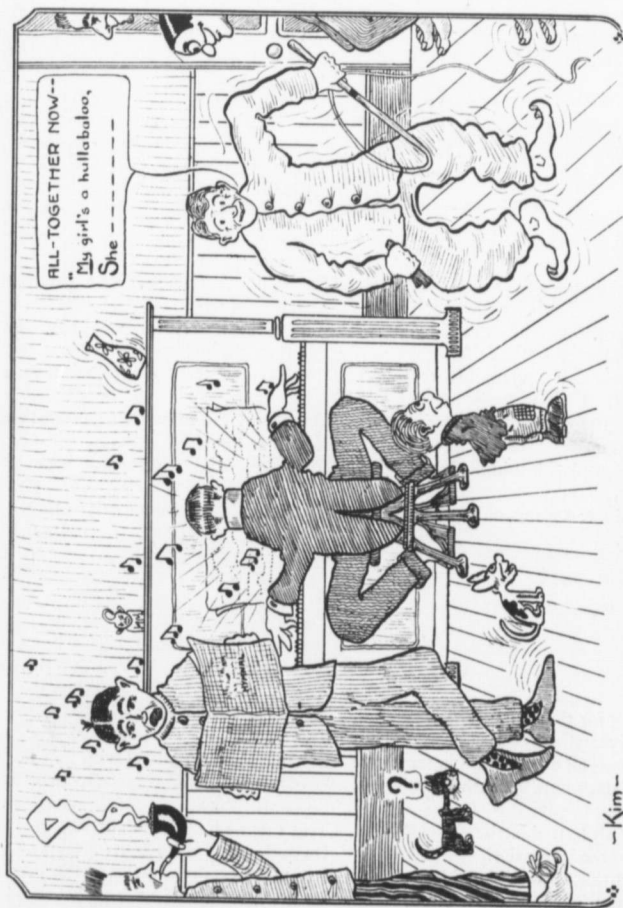


LOVE SONG



PASTURE LAND

First Prize Set of Photos—Review Competition—W. Robinson '18.



LIFE AT THE COLLEGE

"MILL STREET" BY NIGHT -

First Prize Cartoon—Review Competition—F. C. Odell '19.

I made a hasty exit, and then for the first time noticed how dark it was. The darkness was intense; I could not see a thing; someone was calling me but I was powerless to move. The voice was far off at first, but as it came nearer, I could distinguish the

words, "Hurry—Come on—It's late."
"But I can't move," I expostulated.

"Well, wait a minute and I'll move you!"

But he was too late, a fly had settled on my nose and waked me.

To My Pipe

I clasp thy blackened bowl within my palm,
And in thy stout old heart I light the fire;
Which soothes my heart as if by magic balm,
And makes my soul to higher things aspire.
No thoughts of trouble, or of threatenings dire
Ruffle my placid mind. Instead I smile,
And whisper to my old and odorous briar,

Things which would a stony heart beguile,
Old friend, I love you as a comrade true
And faithful. Never will the day I rue
That gave me sight of thee, when thou wert new.
Well spent, the price that gavest thee to me,
Thou hast brightened many hours of blue,
My tribute is this sonnet writ to thee.

—IRAM.

To the New Year

One song for thee, New Year,
One universal prayer!
Teach us,—all other teaching far above
To hide dark hate beneath the wings of love;
To stay all hatred, strife,
And live the larger life!
To bind the wounds that bleed;
To lift the fallen, lead the blind,
As only Love can lead—
To live for all mankind.

Teach us, New Year, to be
Free men among the free,
Our only master, Duty! with no God
Save one—our Maker; monarchs of the sod!
Teach us with all its might,
Its darkness and its light;
Its heart-beats tremulous,
Its grief, its gloom,
Its beauty and its bloom—
God made the world for us.

—Joel Chandler Harris.

THE O.A.C. REVIEW

REVIEW STAFF

J. C. NEALE, '17, *Editor-in-Chief.*

L. E. O'NEILL, '18, <i>Assoc. Editor</i>	W. F. GEDDES, '18, <i>Alumni</i>
E. V. LAWSON, '17, <i>Agriculture</i>	B. P. GANDIER, '18, <i>Athletics</i>
A. W. GUILD, '17, <i>Experimental</i>	G. R. WILSON, '18, <i>College Life</i>
H. NEFF, '17, <i>Horticulture</i>	J. B. MUNRO, '19, <i>Locals</i>
R. J. ZAVITZ, '17, <i>Poultry</i>	F. C. ODELL, '19, <i>Artist</i>
H. J. SULLIVAN, '18, <i>Query</i>	MARY BIRKETT, '17, <i>Macdonald</i>

EDITORIAL



The Late Hon. J. S. Duff.

THE LATE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

With the death of Hon. J. S. Duff on November 17th, Ontario lost one of her oldest politicians and Ontario agriculture one of its foremost leaders. Although he had been suffering for some time, his death came as a shock to the people of the province, as he had, a fortnight previously, returned from a lengthy vacation to actively resume his duties as Minister of Agriculture.

The private life of the late Minister was essentially agricultural. He was born in 1856 upon the farm at Cookstown, Ont., which remained his home until his death. His public career began in 1888 when he was elected Councillor for the township of Essa. In 1878 he was elected to the Provincial Legislature for Simcoe West, which seat he retained for the remainder of

his life. He succeeded Hon. Nelson Monteith as Minister of Agriculture in the Whitney Cabinet in 1908 and was retained in that office when Hon. Mr. Hearst became Premier. This long unbroken term in the Legislature is an evidence of the esteem in which he was held by his associates in the House and by the people generally.

Mr. Duff's death is made doubly sad by the fact that his son, G. Clarke Duff, B.S.A., was "killed in action" only a few weeks ago. Sincere sympathy goes out to the other members of the family in this double bereavement.

THE NEW RINK.

Once more the students of the O.A.C. and Macdonald Hall may skate upon a college rink which has a roof over the centre as well as the ends. The new rink will be, if the weather be favorable, ready for skating when we return after the Christmas holidays. This time its construction is of steel and is guaranteed by the builders to withstand the pressure of snow and wind.

Those men, to whose efforts the present structure is due, may well feel proud of their achievement. When the old wooden building collapsed for the second time, last winter, it seemed almost that we were doomed to return to the open paddock for our winter sport. But the spirit of the Students' Co-operative Association was not as a wooden girder. It did not snap under the strain. It was of true steel which, although badly bent by the blow, moved slowly back until it regained its equipoise. All honor is due to the members of the association for the manner in which they rose to meet the emergency, and especially to those few who, at the helm as it were, withstood the storm of ridicule and adverse criticism—chiefly from non-members—

and piloted the association through the greatest crisis in its history. We trust that as a reward they may witness not one but many seasons of prosperity to the rink, and in the appreciation of students of future years feel that when they were "weighed in the balance" they were *not* "found wanting."

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead," that he does not feel a response to the time-honored greeting, "Merry Christmas?" Some may profess an indifference, or even an open hostility, to the Christmas sentiment, but deep down in their innermost natures, there is something, which, in spite of them, answers to the greeting in the same spirit in which it is given. Consequently, we have, at this season of the year, the reunions of families, the renewal of old acquaintances and a spirit of good-fellowship permeating the whole atmosphere. And yet, in spite of the good-will which we bear toward all men, there is a still stronger desire to be among those of our own kin. Who among us but dreads the thought of a Christmas away from home?

Home! How sweet that sound or thought must be to those who are spending their third, second or even first Christmas on the battlefields of Europe. How sweet the thought of home—and yet how bitter the realization that they will be deprived of all the Yule-tide joys, their only consolation in that it is that same home for which they are fighting and suffering. Nor is the bitterness all on their side. What of the parent, wife or sister whose fireside "has one vacant chair," or perhaps several? In many cases there is also the gruelling conflict 'twixt hope and fear as to whether the

vacancy be temporary or permanent. Does it not behoove us then, to minimize our own selfish pleasures this year and devote at least some time to letting "the boys" know that they are ever with us in our thoughts, and to the bringing of good cheer to those whose "hearts are yearning," that all may have, in so far as is possible, a Merry Christmas.

A CHANGE IN STAFF.

With the publication of this, the Christmas number, the editor vacates his chair and places the reins of government in other hands. The editing of the Review for the past year has been, indeed, a pleasure. It has meant work,—a considerable amount of work—but the benefits derived have more than out-weighed any inconveniences which may have resulted.

Before severing active connections, we wish to extend thanks to all those who have assisted us by contributing to these columns, and to the various members of the staff for their whole-hearted and united efforts. Whatever measure of success has been attained

by our magazine during the past year has been due to this assistance and harmonious working. We trust that the succeeding editor, Mr. L. E. O'Neill may receive the same generous treatment at the hands of all.

If, in our local columns, offence has been given to any of our readers, we humbly apologize. None was intended. And now, just a word to the members of the 1917 staff. When you leave the College in April, try not to forget that the Review must be published each month during the summer just the same as through the academic year. You will probably be busy, but likewise will the editor, so let this fact become deeply rooted in your memories, that to produce a creditable magazine is beyond the limit of one man's resources. You are members of the staff until the publication of the August number. See to it that your department is represented in every issue in which your name appears in that connection.

To the Review in all its departments, its staff and its readers, a prosperous New Year.

Christmas

The time draws near the birth of Christ;

The moon is hid—the night is still;

The Christmas bells from hill to hill

Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,

From far and near, on mead and moor

Swell out and fail, as if a door

Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind,

That now dilate and now decrease,

Peace and good-will good-will and peace

Peace and good-will to all mankind.

Rise, happy morn! rise, holy morn!

Draw forth the cheerful day from

night;

O Father! touch the east, and light

The light that shone when hope was

born!

—ALFRED TENNYSON.



List of O.A.C. men who have been reported killed or missing since the last publication:

Davies, Lt. E. L.....	'13
Duff, G. Clarke.....	'14
Landels, B. H.....	'11
McLaren, Lt. O.....	'15
Patch, A. M.....	'09
Powys, B. C.....	'17
Read, D. G.....	'18
Smith, Lt. M. T.....	'15
Waters, M. S.....	'17
Bews, R.....	'19

Note. Lt. C. W. Leggatt '18 previously reported missing is now reported safe.

O. A. C. CASUALTIES.

LIEUT. MURRAY T. SMITH.

On November 1st, the casualty lists contained the name of Lieut. Murray T. Smith,—died of wounds. This item of news will bring sorrow to the many O.A.C. men who knew him and the sincerest sympathy will go to his aged mother and sister in England. This is the second time they have been called upon to mourn the loss of a dear one who has offered his sacrifices in the cause of liberty; as Murray's brother, Major Jack Smith was killed in action a short time ago. After graduation Murray was appointed assistant to the district representative at Essex, and held that position until his enlistment.



LIEUT. MURRAY T. SMITH, '14
Died of wounds October 31st, 1916

LIEUT. E. L. DAVIES.

It is with deep regret that we report the death of Lieut. E. L. Davies who was killed in action on Oct. 21st, in the Somme offensive.

Lieut. Davies obtained his B.S.A. degree from the O.A.C. in 1913, specializing in bacteriology. After graduation he took post-graduate work for Ph.D. under Dr. Chas. E. Marshall,

Dean of the Graduate School of Agriculture, at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass. Before completing work for his advanced degree, however, he accepted the position of Demonstrator in the Bacteriology Department at the O.A.C., beginning his duties in Jan. 1915.

Soon after the outbreak of war Lieut. Davies twice endeavored to enlist, but owing to the need for an operation was not passed by the medical authorities. During 1915 he took the work of the officers' training corps at the College and later successfully underwent the operation necessary to pass the medical authorities for active service.

He first joined the 29th Battery at Guelph in November, 1915. Later he qualified as lieutenant in the infantry and received a commission in the 153rd Wellington Battalion. During the early months of 1916 he was stationed at Fergus recruiting and training men for the 153rd. During the summer, whilst in training in London, he passed the necessary examination for a captaincy.

On August 19th he set sail with a draft of officers for England, arriving at Shorncliffe on the 28th. Soon after this he was sent over to France as Lieutenant to join the 87th Montreal Battalion then in action. On Oct. 21st whilst in his second action with this battalion he was killed.

Lieutenant Davies was always noted for the well directed energy with which he went either at work or play. Whilst a student at the College he was very much to the front in aquatic sports, being one of the best swimmers of his time. In his work in the Department of Bacteriology he was keen and

assiduous and the college in general, with the Bacteriology Department in particular, realize that in his death a distinct loss has been sustained.

—D. H. JONES.

G. CLARKE DUFF.

G. Clarke Duff '14,—second and youngest son of the late Hon. Jas. Duff, was killed in action early in November. A pleasing congenial manner and splendid executive ability well fitted him for the President of the Union Literary Society, an office which he held during his fourth year. Upon being graduated he returned to the farm and later enlisted in the ranks of the Simcoe battalion with his comrades. On various occasions he refused to accept a commission as he preferred to serve with his home companions. His sudden death terminated a brilliant future and brought sorrow to those who knew him. To his young widow and doubly bereaved mother the Review extends its sincerest sympathies.

—G. F. KINGSMILL.

The following interesting letter was received recently from H. R. Davis, a former member of year '18, and a member of the 56th Battery.

Witley Camp.

Dear ———:

I have just returned from six day's leave in London. I saw most of the sights which are in reach. I went down with Fraser. The first two nights we stayed at Peel House, a club for overseas soldiers. It certainly is a fine place. After that we moved to the Maple Leaf Club on Berkley Square. This club is located at the home of Lady

Drummond who gave up her home for the purpose. The dining room is run by voluntary workers and it certainly is a fine place all through.

The first day, Saturday, I went on a bus trip conducted by the brigade chaplain, Capt. Harrison. We started from Peel House which is in Westminster on Regent St., and drove through the streets to Buckingham Palace grounds and through a park by Rotten Row to the Albert Memorial. We stopped there and walked around it. I got fifteen post cards of it which I will send home as soon as I can.

Starting again we drove through Piccadilly to Westminster Abbey. We got out and went through the place. At the door there are statues of noted men such as Canning, Pitt, Fox, etc. The place is laid out like a cross with chapels in the corners where people are buried. Across from the door where we came in is the poet's corner. I saw the slabs over the graves of Tennyson, Browning, Macaulay and many others.

To the left is the rough chapel where the royalty are buried. Some of the tombs and monuments are sand bagged in case of air raids. In another chapel, called the children's chapel, I think, were the bodies of the two little princes who were murdered by Richard III—also the grave of Addison. The longest grave in the place is that of Edward the First, which is over seven feet. He stood six feet, nine inches, when he was alive. The part of the Abbey usually seen in pictures with the two towers is at the opposite end of the abbey to the Houses of Parliament. There is a street between the back of the Abbey and the Parliament Buildings.

On the street is a statue of Richard I, (Coeur de Lion) on horseback. We walked across the street and into the

Parliament Buildings. The view usually seen in pictures is that on the other side next the river. We went through the House of Lords and the House of Commons. They are joined by a corridor with paintings on the walls. Big Ben the clock tower is near Westminster Bridge.

We passed it in the bus as we went down the Thames embankment on the way to St. Paul's Cathedral. It is far larger than the Abbey but I did not like it as well. It is sand bagged in places and has to be fixed as it is settling. We were up in the whispering gallery in the dome. A fellow talked on one side of the gallery and we sat in the other and we could hear what he said very plainly. We were right on top of the dome but could not see very far on account of the haze. We were down in the Crypt and saw the tombs of Nelson, Wellington, Wolseley, Roberts and the Duke of Wellington's funeral car and many other things.

We stopped for dinner at a restaurant and then went on to the Tower of London. We saw the Crown Jewels. They are in the centre of a room on a circular platform surrounded by steel bars. There are the king's and the queen's crowns, the sceptre and six golden maces of state, each about 30 lbs weight of gold. Besides this there are other golden and jewelled articles too numerous to mention.

Next we went to the armouries where there are articles of war used in olden times,—suits of armour for men and horses, spears, daggers, shields, swords and ancient and modern cannon. It certainly is a wonderful sight!

We were in the cell where Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned. Over the place where he scratched some verses of scripture there are glass plates for protection. In the cell were instruments of torture including thumb

screws, a model of the neck forceps and another to draw the body together.

Next day being Sunday I went to church with Fraser in Westminster Abbey. It was rather weird when one fellow started to chant, the sound echoing through the ceiling. I could not understand what they were saying most of the time but I did what the others did so I guess I did not make any bad breaks. The sermon was by the canon in residence,—I forget his name. He compared the ideas of religion in England to those of Russia. It was very interesting, especially as it was the only part of the service I could understand. My seat was in the poet's corner over the grave of some historian of Greece who lived about 100 years ago.

Afterwards we went to hear the French band play in the Horse Guards, but there was such a big crowd that we could not get near enough to hear what was being played so we went on up to the Club.

After dinner we went out to the Zoological Gardens. There are all kinds of animals, birds, insects, fish, reptiles, etc. There are about five giraffes of different sizes. They are tall unwieldy brutes with few signs of intelligence. There was a large hippopotamus and many elephants, and lots of monkeys, etc. It will take a long time to describe all the sights we saw. Last night at 12 o'clock, Sept. 30th, the clocks all over the country were put back one hour as the time saving scheme ended then. They have been on one hour all summer.

At night there were searchlights playing around looking for enemy aircraft. Next morning we heard that a Zepp had been brought down in North London near Potters' Bar station so Fraser and I started out to see it. However to keep the crowds away the

railway officials would not sell tickets so we went to see Dr. Gibbs. We stayed for dinner. They live in a fine large house, the Doc. was sick so the girls entertained us. After dinner we started out by bus and train to Potters' Bar. After many changes we got to Tally-ho Corner, 2½ miles away which we had to walk. The Zepp was in two pieces, one mainly the framework was piled up in a large oak tree. It was a tangled mass of aluminium. There was a barbed wire fence around it and guarded by soldiers while members of the flying corps pulled it apart to try to find the bodies of the crew. They took the wreckage away in motor carriers.

On Tuesday, I went out to see Isabelle Murray. We went also to the Kew Botanical Gardens. There are many green houses, a large palm house and a duck pond and outdoor rose gardens and a museum of woods, from different parts of the world. There was a totem pole from B.C.

On Wednesday we walked down the Strand and went to the Adelphi Theatre and saw the play, "High Jinks;" it was very good. I stayed at the club after supper and played billiards with a sergeant from the 83rd Battalion and now with the 14th as a draft.

Thursday I went out to the Victoria and Albert Museum in South Kensington near the Albert Memorial. It is a very large place with three floors of curios of all sorts. It was very interesting but of course I could only take a glance at everything.

Afterwards I went across the way to the Science Museum. There are models of engines of all sorts, the first locomotives on tracks all ready to go, models of all kinds of ships, models of aeroplanes, and a few full size ones, scientific instruments connected with

electricity, chemistry and allied subjects.

I was near the natural history museum but I did not have time to see it so I went down town and had dinner and went back to the club. It was nearly time to go to the train so I went down with two other fellows and came back to camp at 7.10 p.m.

Next day I was put in the kitchen and had to work from a little after reveille till about seven o'clock at night with the exception of about an hour in the afternoon. However the time did not lag as I was busy.

I must close now and go down to the "Y" and post this letter.

Next time you write, use this address:

Drvr. H. R. Davis, No. 328930,

56th Battery, C.F.A.,

Canadian Expeditionary Force,

Army Post Office,

London, Eng.

Do not put brigade or division number as it is against regulations.

The following interesting letter has been received from E. W. Hart '15 and has been handed to the Review for publication.

6th Anti Air Craft Battery,

B.E.F., France

My Dear _____:

I was pleased to receive your letter of the 8th instant today. I would have sent you a piece of Hun plane months ago if I had been able to get it. The reason why it is difficult is that the average of them are brought down from a range of about four miles or 7,000 yds. They invariably fall in their own lines, or if in ours, are closely guarded and not allowed to be touched until removed by the Royal Flying Corps. On one occasion however, one did fall in "No Man's Land," between the Canadian and Hun trenches, our boys thereupon sprang up over the parapet

to secure themselves souvenirs, very few returned as most of them were marked out by snipers. Things have been very lively here lately and are likely to remain so. In a recent battle I was through 60 hours bombardment. I had six shells burst within 5 yards of me and two direct hits on my billet and finally the billet was burned down. We moved elsewhere and last week I was shaving when a 6 in. shell crashed through the roof of the house and burst in the room above me. It brought all the ceiling down on my head and over 40 pieces of the shell entered my room, one smashing the table I was using at the time, two large pieces went right through my bed and a tiny fragment of which I enclose with bits of blanket and mattress attached. How I escaped no one can imagine. The worst that happened was that I "got the wind right up me" which being interpreted means I was very frightened at the time. However all is well that ends well. I wish I possessed nerves of iron that were not affected by a large high-explosive shell bursting a couple of yards above my head. I have suffered from one dose of shell shock after that 60-hour bombardment. I could not sleep for five nights so they gave me a dose of morphia and sent me back to England for seven days' rest.

Everyone here, especially in England, is talking peace and very soon too. I wish I could believe it. I admit I have had quite enough of war and envy you in dear old Guelph.

Yours very sincerely,

E. W. Hart, Lieut., R.F.A.

The following letter was written to Mr. LeDrew by M. Kelleher an O.A.C. boy on active service:

King George's Hospital,
Stamford Street,
London, S. E.

Dear Mr. LeDrew:

As you will see from the address given above I am back in "Blighty" again as we called it in France,—I think I wrote and told you that after the battalion I came over with was broken up, I was transferred to a trench mortar battery and then later went to France with it about the beginning of August. We had a pretty fair time while there,—as one does being in a small unit. Of course we had our close calls and that,—lost a few men,—but on the whole we had been fairly lucky compared with some of the batteries. Then one day "Fritz" got me and sent me back to "Blighty" with a gash under my chin and a slightly fractured lower jaw. Beyond the natural discomfort of being all bandaged up and having a wire splint in my teeth I am not too badly off. If it does not drag on too long I will likely be in France again in some months. Of course one never can tell how long it will take for a wound to mend.

I hope that everything is going well up round the old O.A.C. I often wonder if I shall ever see it again. Would you remember me to any that I may have known when I was there. It is very queer how this war has changed the whole world and turned it upside down, if one may put it that way. Until you get to the front line trenches I don't think it is possible to realize the great waste of life and material that is going on even from day to day when things are comparatively quiet. But then it has to be fought to a finish or there will be another in some years. However it is nice to know that Fritz is beaten and that he gets more than he gives now. He had it all his own way in the beginning of the war.

Well I think I will break off here for

the present but I will write again later.

With kind regards, I remain,

Yours truly,

Pt. M. Kelleher.

The following was sent by Gunner R. G. Yule '16:

THE COMPLEX PROBLEM.

Other than the incidental news that our daily routine causes and the excitement that the occasional air raids bring about there is nothing much to tell. Things are just running along so-so and we are getting our three square meals per day and looking ashamed of ourselves when we go to the Paymaster's office for the regular quid, ten every two weeks.

By the way I wonder if you would be interested in hearing about one of our Sunday suppers? I had a vision tonight, as I sat down to my homely hashing, of one of those sumptuous Sunday evening spreads that I used to know by their first names back in God's country and as I looked at my issue of tea, plum jam, punk and marge I could not help but think of the good things I and the rest of the boys are deprived of.

Have you ever read any subjects on that complex problem plum jam? It is a substance that is as mysterious as nature itself. As I carefully scan that sticky red blur on my mess tin I am moved to consider its wonderful make-up. It is a substance that is full of the unknown and if we could analyze it in a mathematical manner we would be obliged to deal with it as algebra and say that it was "X" or the unknown quantity. No one but God and the jam manufacturer really knows what it is composed of. Outwardly we chaps see it as a glucous mass of about the consistency of puddled up blue clay and the color of an over ripe duck egg that has met with an accident.

Upon closer examination there can be found remnants of what resemble plum leaves although they taste like poplar, pieces of sticks and stems and an occasional blade or two of grass which goes to show that this delectable (?) conglomeration has at some time or other during its evolution been in touch with nature. However there are some twenty positive proofs in the can that the label does not lie. As these are carefully extracted from their mud like setting and elevated to their 'place in the sun' I am compelled to acknowledge that there is something familiar about them. To be sure I take them and scrape them and lo and behold I have before me a row of pits from the well known and common garden variety of fruit billed on the world as *prunus domestica* or plum. Such is the character of plum jam as found in the 'Court of the Gunners' mess.'

As I gulp down mouthful after mouthful of soggy half baked bread, greased with vile tasting margarine and smeared with this compote that resembles more than anything else that handy little household pest exterminator known as "Rough on Rats," (with apologies to the makers of Rough on Rats), I am painfully reminded of the days that have passed and those that are to come. There seems one way out. As I raise to my lips that sparkling amber liquid I feel that I can drown my sorrows in the fiery depths of the cup. No I have not started to hit the booze. What I was thinking of was army tea, but old as it is the world wide advice not to go by looks alone is still true for the only real resemblance between this sickly looking wash down and tea is that they are both hot. It is as you know impossible to see heat so therefore there can be no resemblance.

As I finish this simple repast I offer

up a silent prayer of thanksgiving that there are seven days in a week for if there were five only we would get plum jam every night.

Now this is the wail of a soldier,

As he sits in his dug-out alone,
The shrapnels burst and do their worst,
For the world has willed it so.
The life is Hell with bayonet and shell,
And your pals go one by one,

You may be next you never can tell,
But thank God the jam 'll be done.
—Gunner Robt. G. Yule, R.C.H.A.

France, Oct. 19th, 1916.
75th Battalion—Canadians.

The Editor,
O.A.C. Review, Guelph.
Dear Sir:

This is the first time I have communicated with any one at the College, so I am going to just let you know that I am still in the big scrap, and getting along famously. The experience out here is great, but believe me, although I never regret a minute coming over here, the dear old college will look good to me when I come back to finish my fourth year.

Everywhere I go I see O.A.C. boys and it is very apparent that they are doing their bit with the best of them. Just the last few days I ran across Davies, of the 87th Battalion, previously of the bacteriology department, Sidney Lord of '16, who is with my battalion, Bob Sutton '16, and a number of others. We are in a very active part of the line at present, and it surely is hot, but nevertheless we have Fritz under our hand and are steadily giving him the squeeze. He knows he is beaten, but has a good big kick left yet, so every man is going to be needed, to finish the job as it should be finished.

You will have to excuse this scribble as life in a dug-out where it is raining is not like being in a summer hotel.

Trusting this finds the Review enjoying all the success which it deserves. I remain,

Yours truly,

Lieut. T. W. Morse,
75th Battalion.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Pearl Adelaide Graham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Graham, Winnipeg, to Lieut. Harold R. Hare, B.S.A., 164th Battalion, Hamilton, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hare, Grafton, Ont.; wedding to take place in St. Stephen's Church, Winnipeg, November 28th, 1916.

DEATHS.

PROF. G. G. WHITE PASSES.

It is with the deepest feelings of regret that we have, in this issue, to chronicle the tragic death of Prof. White, who was killed recently while operating a tractor on his farm, recently purchased, at LaSalle, Man. No one witnessed the accident but it is presumed that he was backing up when the seat broke and he fell between the lever on the tractor and the lever on the plow, sustaining a broken neck. The late Prof. White was well known in Manitoba agricultural circles. Graduating from the Ontario Agricultural College in 1906 he took a post graduate course in the States. About seven years ago he joined the staff of the Grain Growers' Grain Company, and was the manager of the co-operative department of this organization. A year ago he was appointed to the

staff of the Manitoba Agricultural College as Professor of Rural Economics and Farm Management. His genial presence and undoubted ability endeared him to all with whom he came in contact, and his sad demise is a great loss to that province.

W. H. Hill-Tout '14, of Abbotsford, B.C., is coming east to spend Christmas

J. H. Winslow '15, of the 56th Battery, is taking electrical treatment for rheumatic fever at Buxton, Derbyshire, England.

Lt. S. G. Freeborne '15 has been decorated with the military cross for conspicuous gallantry on the field.

Lt. S. N. Lord '16 has been wounded recently, but his wounds are not of a serious nature and a speedy recovery is expected.

J. Albert Hand is now manager of the Organization and Advertising Departments of the Grain Growers' Grain Co.

James Mills Creelman '16 has enlisted in the 64th Battery. Previous to his enlistment Jim was Assistant Manager of the Grimsby Pre-Cooling Plant.

The names of I. C. Forman '17, D. G. Fidler '18, W. B. Leach '18, appeared in the lists of wounded since our last issue.



Athletics

O.A.C. VERSUS ST. JEROME'S.

This was the first game of the season played away from home, and afforded many of our boys the experience of playing on a strange field.

Some excellent line material was shown. The first half was a little loose, the halves "muffing" but they soon settled down and allowed Kitchen-er only two rouges throughout the game.

In the second half, the line got together and made five gains, then on our special fake, Musgrave went over for a touch, after which Gandier got through for two touches on fake kicks. All three were converted by Sullivan.

The game was spoiled to a certain extent by the constant dissatisfaction with the decisions of the officials and the feeling that was felt between the two teams in the latter half.

The score ending the game was 18-2 in favor of O.A.C.

O.A.C. VERSUS WESTERN UNIVERSITY.

The remark that Western University must have some lucky horse-shoes hanging around their foot-ball field is surely true.

The college team showed far superior rugby throughout the game as the score in the first three quarters will show, but the momentary fumble of Gandier's meant more than all of London's mistakes.

The college line got through for gains repeatedly and our wings, Stilwell and Pawley, were certain to stop London's end runs and on-side kicks.

"Art" Smith was the back-bone of the Western team and did some spectacular playing in spite of serious injuries received during the former part of the game. In every game played

with O.A.C. "Art" has shown true sportsmanship which has won him many friends among the boys.

"Husky" Evans and Sullivan both did excellent work getting away for good runs, also "Art" White made excellent gains and did some fine tackling.

1st Quarter:

The quarter had just nicely started when Sullivan got away around the end and would have had a touch, but Smith got hold of his loose sweater and brought him down.

Brickenden kicked to centre-field where Musgrave was stopped. Sullivan then kicked on-side but the ball was lost. Punts were exchanged, then Evans made a good gain after which Gandier got through for a touch on a fake kick, which Sullivan failed to convert, being at a difficult angle.

Score ending quarter 5-0.

2nd Quarter:

Michael gained on an end run, Bouis also made a good gain, then the college lost on a fumble.

Varsity tried a long pass but Stilwell stopped his man, then Kingswood punted, Gandier received and was brought down by Elgie.

Sullivan kicked on-side again which Brickenden fumbled but recovered and Gandier stopped him for one point.

Score 6-0.

3rd Quarter:

White carried the ball for a good gain. Then Smith kicked out of touch. Ferguson stole the ball but Michael recovered on the next down. DeLong kicked for a gain, then Musgrave went through on a fake, but Western held on the last down and forced Gandier to kick and Brickenden kicked to the dead-line to save a touch.

Reynolds got through for a good run and was stopped within a foot of O.A.C. touch line but our line stiffened and held the two attempts of London to kick over before the quarter ended.

Score 7-0.

4th Quarter:

Varsity tried another tandem kick but couldn't break the O.A.C. defense.

London regained the ball on the college 15 yd line from where Smith kicked a pretty field goal counting their first three points.

"Husky" Evans made another long run but London's line held. Punts were exchanged and Kingswood got away for a good run. Punts were again exchanged but Western got the ball on interference.

Kingswood then booted high to Gandier who fumbled on his own touch line and Pardy fell on the ball saving the game for Western with a score of 8-7.

Western:—Reynolds, quarter; Kingswood, left half; Anderson, right half; Smith, Centre half; Brickenden, rover; Ferguson, Calvin, Thompson, scrimmage; McLarty, Loughlin, inside wings; Elgin, Kaiser, middle wings; Elgie, Pardy, outside wings.

O.A.C.:—Sullivan, quarter; Evans, left half; White, right half; Gandier, centre half; Musgrave, rover; Munsilly, Almey, Fancher, scrimmage; DeLong, Elder, inside wing; Bouis, Michael, middle wing; Stilwell, Pawley, outside wings.

Smith, of London, referee.

Gandier, of Guelph, umpire.

TORONTO SENIOR MEDS AT O.A.C.

The last game of the season was favored with excellent weather, which gave both rooters and players a chance to get in some good work.

The teams were fairly matched for weight, but the college team was far

superior in making holes and holding when on the defensive.

"Husky" Evans got away numerous times for good gains. Stilwell on the wing also got in some good work.

"Art" White did some fine work but wasn't up to his average, being handicapped with a bad knee.

Michael broke through for gains repeatedly, also Bouis,—but he always wanted to hit some one on the way through and as a result got five minutes rest, on the side line.

Muckle was the star player for the Meds and gave some good exhibitions of long runs.

1st Quarter:

The college kicked off and held the Meds for three downs. Michael kicked for yards, then Gandier went through for a good gain on a fake kick. This was followed by another fake kick which carried him over for a touch and Sullivan converted.

The remainder of the quarter the Meds held and play was fairly even, quarter ending with a score of 6-0.

2nd Quarter:

Sullivan caught the kick off and made a good run. Bucks by Michael got yards; then Bouis went through but was called for interference.

The Meds kicked but couldn't gain; then failed to kick. The college then kicked for yards and "Husky" Evans carried the ball for yards, after which Gandier punted for 1 point.

Score ending quarter 7-0.

3rd Quarter:

The Meds kicked off and Musgrave received, carrying the ball for twenty yards. Michael kicked followed by Elder who got yards. On an end run White carried the ball for a good gain, then Sullivan dropped a goal counting three points.

The next down college failed to gain and Muckle of the Meds got around

the end, giving an exhibition of good running and scored their first points.

Quarter ended 10-5. 4th Quarter:

Meds received Sullivan's kick-off and kicked through the centre for a gain then punted for 1 point. Michael then got through for a gain and Musgrave got yards on a fake. Another kick by DeLong, followed by Evans got yards again, and Gandier punted for a point. The Meds lost the ball on the next scrimmage and O.A.C. punted again which was fumbled and Stilwell fell on for a touch.

The Meds kicked but failed to gain and Michael stopped the punt; then Sullivan put another drop over the stakes. On the next scrimmage the Meds got the ball on interference; then they kicked high to Gandier who fumbled giving them a touch and making the final score 21-11.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUN.

The Annual Cross-Country Run, an occurrence in the circle of College athletics was run Wednesday, Nov. 8th. The weatherman favoured the occasion in all respects and gave the contestants a chance to do their best.

Six runners lined up, namely: Peters '19; Grant '19; Frey '20; Scouten '19; Gregory '19; Querie '20. Peters who showed himself to be a good distance runner on Field Day, took the lead and gave an exhibition of easy running. Second place was taken by Grant who after a good run "nosed" Frey out to third place.

A fair crowd of supporters were present to see the outcome—and the sophomores let the others know who was winner by the loud reception they gave Peters, who went around the course in 34 minutes, 59 seconds.

College Life

CO-OPERATIVE ELECTIONS.

At a meeting of all the members of the Co-operative Association held in Massey Hall on Oct. 26th, very important actions were witnessed. President Skinner occupied the chair and after reviewing the work of the Association for the past year, he in a few well chosen words welcomed the new executive into their new field of labour. The new executive then took charge of the meeting with the new President, Mr. D. Munro, in the chair. Mr. Munro made a few very interesting remarks and called upon the members of his executive to address the meeting.

The new rink in connection with and under the supervision of the co-operative society has for the past few months been the focus of all eyes. With the control of the new executive which took the reins of office on the above

date it will be nearing completion by the time this appears in print.

The Book Club, another very important branch of the Association, which had since the donning of the khaki by its old executive been left without officers, was again placed on the road of further progress when at this meeting the new executive took over its supervision.

The newly elected officers are as follows:

CO-OPERATIVE EXECUTIVE:

Pres.....	D. Munro.
Vice-Pres.....	H. W. Neff.
Sec.....	E. J. Atkin.
Director 4th year.....	R. Creed.
Director 3rd year.....	A. V. Mitchener.
Director 2nd year.....	W. R. Gunn.
Director 1st year.....	A. D. Leitch.

BOOK CLUB EXECUTIVE:

Pres.....	H. J. Sullivan.
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Vice-Pres.....	J. R. Almey.
Sec.....	J. W. Thompson.
4th Year Rep.....	L. W. McKillican.

RINK EXECUTIVE:

Pres.....	D. W. Wallace.
Vice-Pres.....	John Steckle.
Sec.....	C. E. Evans.
4th Year Rep.....	D. Elliott.

It is a foregone conclusion that the so-called "Co-op" is one of the most beneficial societies about the college. As such we must all see to it individually that we exhibit the true co-operative spirit. In making the Association a success we not only benefit ourselves in so far as convenience and finance are concerned but we are building up a society which is to become the motto of co-operative leaders in years to come and a thriving example of what such an organization can do. In view of such it is essential that we give to the new executive every aid possible toward enacting legislation contributing to its success and each and every one be a "booster" rather than a "knocker."

LITERARY MEETING:

FRESHMEN VS. SOPHOMORES.

We are sure that those who were fortunate enough to attend the second meeting of the Union Literary Society in Massey Hall on the evening of Oct. 28th, can look upon such action as extremely profitable both from the standpoint of education and enjoyment. From the time the President took the chair, at eight o'clock, every minute was crammed with invaluable entertainment.

One of the chief items of the programme prepared for the evening took the form of a real live discussion of the debate,—“Resolved that the natural resources of a nation contribute more to its national development than do its people.” The affirmative,

Messrs. R. West and C. Frey of the Freshmen year would have had their hearers realize that to build a nation we must have a country provided with adequate natural resources. On the other hand the negative, Messrs. A. M. Stewart and R. C. Gowland were not willing to confine themselves to the belief of the old adage of "building the house on a rock," but contributed the success of a nation to its people.

The affirmative speakers did justice to the subject as well as credit to themselves and brought victory to their classmates. The negative, although they went down to defeat, proved themselves debaters of no mean ability. In the writer's opinion the society should receive the support of everybody. In such an organization there is to be gained an educational experience second to none.

The music of the evening was of such a nature as to prove to us that the O.A. College has still its ample share of musical talent. An opening solo by Miss B. Jackson met with much applause, as did also a piano duet by Misses E. Aitken and A. Jackson. A vocal solo by Mr. J. R. Higgins was greatly appreciated, while the College quartette rendered several of selections which proved to us that the quartette has lost none of its musical vim.

THIRD YEAR VS. FIRST YEAR.

The third meeting of the Union Literary Society on November the eleventh will be remembered by the students of McDonald Hall and O.A.C. as one of the most enjoyable evenings of the fall term. Not only were the evening and the programme all that could be desired but the successful conclusion of the rugby season that afternoon upon the campus filled us with that receptive mood in which we are wont to appreciate evidence of the

finer arts from members of our own society.

Mr. McConkey filled the chair in his characteristic style of self-possession while a large audience listened to a charming piano solo by Miss L. Nixon followed by a selection by the college orchestra. The debate,—“Resolved that the Dominion Government should own and operate Canadian Railroads,” although particularly theoretical at this time by virtue of the present need of money to carry on other business of our country, was championed by Messrs. Geddes and James representing the Junior Year while Messrs. Murdock and Leitch supported the negative on behalf of the Freshmen. Mr. Murdock and Mr. Leitch pleased the audience with their manner and a few well placed satirical touches but the judges decided that the weight of argument was in favor of the affirmative. Miss Kennedy's reading was thrilling, the appreciation of the audience being shown by a hearty encore to which she graciously responded. The success of the evening was in no small measure due to the illustrated address by Doctor Stevenson on the “Old Masters.” Our appreciation may best be expressed by repeating the words of the chairman: “We should congratulate Dr. Stevenson on introducing some of the finer things in art and music into our most practical course, which perhaps tends to depreciate the more aesthetic things of life, so that we may leave with a quickened appreciation of some of the world's masterpieces in art and music.” We hope Dr. Stevenson will continue to help us share the pleasures which he derives from the fine arts.

Professor Day acting as critic did not have time to give us his usual timely hints on public speaking but confined his remarks to a few con-

gratulations after which the meeting was closed with the national anthem.—
R. C. ELDER.

The first Mock Parliament of the season was held by the Alpha Literary Society in Massey Hall library on Saturday evening, November 18th. The vigorous advertising methods made use of by the executive found a hearty response, and by seven o'clock nearly every man in the college had been sworn in and had taken his place.

After the usual formalities, the bill is read by the clerk (“Dave” Elliott):—“An act respecting the use of the College Dining Hall. This act may be cited as “The Union Dining Hall Act.” It reads: That the students of Macdonald Hall shall eat in the grey stone building commonly known as “the Dining Hall” after the beginning of the winter term, nineteen hundred and seventeen.”

The Premier, Mr. Marritt, begins discussion of the Bill by pointing out its great importance and the manifold advantages it suggests. Presently he sits down (loud clapping and thumping).

The Honourable Mr. “Tommy” Cooper (opposition) then rises. He explains that the girls simply would not thrive on the same feed that the boys get; and that the smiles and wiles of the fair sex at “Mac,” would completely overcome most of the boys, rendering their minds impervious to all manner of study; and that not content with accomplishing this only, the girls would require altogether too much escorting to and from the Hall.

The Honourable, the Minister of Agriculture (“Art” White)—That the young ladies have sufficient energy to convey themselves to and from the Dining Hall; (he knows, he's been here

quite some time); and that the preceding speaker himself loses a lot of time waiting around the 'phone after dinner. (Laughter and thumping).

Sullivan, member from Kentucky, then speaks: That he has a son attending the College, who writes him that notwithstanding the economy and efficiency of the O.A.C. Dining Hall, further economy would be possible under the new Bill, as much food would be left at table if we had the young ladies with us. (Groans from the opposition).

"G.R." Wilson (opposition)—That there would be four young ladies and an equal number of young men at each table, and that if one member were absent, alas! how lonely and sequestered would be his mate;—that in bashfulness, the boys would not take sufficient nourishment and so would soon become mere starvelings (groans from the government). The speaker then remarked that table five some time ago, had a well-known local young lady with them for dinner and horrors! a quarter of a pie and much

meat was left, the semblance of which has never been known to occur at that table either before or after.

Many indeed were the heart-felt views expressed by the speakers, and it was not until the subject had been thoroughly threshed out, that the Government finally succeeded in putting the Bill through.

The second Bill brought out some brilliant and weighty arguments from such enthusiasts as Louis O'Neill, N. James, W. J. Austin (leader of opposition), J. M. Shales, O. McConkey, G. Skinner, R. A. Brink and others. The issue in this case was won by the opposition, whose lungs showed much improvement over their old form, in producing vastly noisier "nays" than hitherto.

The critic, Mr. McCready, then remarked on the good attendance of members, and gave some useful practical hints for the next Mock Parliament Meeting.

The House adjourned with the singing of the National Anthem.

—F. ODELL



UNION LIT.—AS THE FRESHETTE SEES IT

I am a Mac Hall Freshie and I live on a corridor with eight Seniors. At first I thought I was lucky but subsequent events have shown me my mistake.

A few days after the first prom. I was called to the phone. I rushed to the post office, clutched the receiver.

"Hello."

Heavens above! A "fresh" masculine voice quavered.

"May I have the pleasure of taking you to the Lit tomorrow evening?"

I was so enraptured that I could scarcely refrain from emitting a loud hurrah, But I restrained myself and accomplished a very cool and unconcerned "Yes." The after glow of Carmen rendered by the incomparable

Farrar still lingered in my mind and here I was, about to be once more thrilled as on that memorable night.

I flew up to my room, and if I had not been too excited to be observant I might have noticed the saturnine expression of my eight Senior neighbors, whom I found roosting on my bed.

Overcome by the unexpected condescension, I dropped my cheese like

I approached him, I looked at him, I spoke to him twice before I succeeded in getting his attention. I can't say that I exactly enjoyed this especially as some of the "well" spirits were so ill-bred as to smile out loud.

If I had had time to think of others at that moment I might have pitied the poor fellow. He evidently was not accustomed to so much feminine atten-



the foolish crow and the Seniors gobbled it greedily. They assured me that even Carmen could not afford more enjoyment than a Union Lit. Trusting their kind words and smiling faces I went to bed that night filled with a great admiration for the would-be-escort.

Seven-thirty, Saturday arrived,—at last!

When the gong rang I flew down-

tion, and though he appeared to enjoy it, the effect was destructive to his mental equilibrium.

But even in his unsettled state of mind he was able to comprehend that I felt injured. He broke into a nervous cackle and began to shoot off short incoherencies. I will quote a few of those that seemed most brilliant.

"All ready for church!"



7.45 ON LIT. NIGHT—AS THE CASUAL OBSERVER SEES IT.

stairs. In order to avoid comment from the girls at the well I chose the side stairs. One glance at the male species assembled in the lower hall disclosed my hero standing in a conspicuous spot with eyes worshipfully uplifted. For a moment I thought he was looking for me but when my glance also travelled upward and I beheld the angel faces that were beaming down I began to feel chilly.

"Gee, I thought she was never coming."

As I offered no assistance but stood grimly regarding him he plunged still deeper into this Hamlet monologue.

"Say Miss — er I've forgotten your name —." Here the poor fellow found himself discoursing to space while I made a mad dash for the door in search of air and obscurity. My sudden exit was not unobserved,

"What has he done?" "Aren't you going to take him with you?", were samples of the solicitous inquiries which gave proof that the "angel faces," still beamed at the well.

A belated sense of humor came to my rescue however and I was almost helpless when I turned and found that my escort had played the part of the faithful shadow. He looked so penitent and self-conscious that I decided to forgive him. But before I launched into a comfortable general conversation I cleared my mind on two subjects.

"My name is Smith, and we are not going to church — I hope."

The walk to Massey Hall was pleasant. I had thought that we had to take the car. We were the first to get there—from Mac Hall. The O.A.C. was well represented.

I suppose you all are acquainted with the original and unceremonious manner with which the gentlemen assembled greet the fellows who take girls.

We slunk in as inconspicuously as possible but it was useless. The name of my escort was spelled out with relentless accuracy and even I was not ignored. "Who is she," was the next bellow in pleasing masculine chorus.

We slid into our seats with more haste than grace and waited with eyes glued to the door. Finally it opened and a sophisticated Senior entered accompanied by a callow youth who was much more disturbed than she was. He guided her to the second front seat, and forgetting his manners in the excitement sidled in ahead of her and seated himself with geometrical precision in the exact middle of the seat. Added to the novel experiences I had already undergone I had the pleasure of witnessing a blush on a Senior's face!

The Lit — Well it was as other Lits have been and always will be.

It was a credit to the College and very interesting. Yet I would hardly compare it with Carmen. If I had not expected so much I would have enjoyed myself. As it was my thoughts kept wandering to my Senior friends and their false perfidy. One of them sat directly in front of me and if looks could pierce she most certainly would have died of a punctured heart.

The walk back to the hall was not without interest. Part of the time I was absolutely dumb, and the rest I chattered like a magpie.

There was no lingering on the steps—no touching farewell. No date was made for "after chapel" and I marched in with a feeling that was half way between rejoicing over what was over and dreading what was to come.

When I got to my room a happy inspiration struck me. I would have peace that night at all events. I locked my door with a vicious slam, and composed myself to sleep and to dream of—the tomorrow.

THE HALLOWEEN DANCE.

November third found Mac Hall once more clad in holiday attire, but not for a masquerade this time. The gymnasium was profusely decorated with bunting, pennants and red crosses while the halls and corridors were well supplied with cozy corners.

Promptly at 7.30 the guests from across the campus arrived and the fortunate disciples of Mercury ascended to the "well" where a bevy of anxious maidens awaited them. Then ensued a program filling contest into which the participants entered with great animation.

By eight o'clock anxiety was dispelled from all faces as the merry makers passed to the gymnasium for the first dance. At the beginning two

extras were danced in order that the late arrivals might find opportunity to fill their programs. Then followed sixteen regular dances. At the tenth dance there was a short intermission when lunch was served.

Downstairs in the drawing room the non-dancers amused themselves with such innocent pastimes as fable-contests, picture matching and caricaturing until lunch hour; after which they found exercise in the time honoured diversion of promenading.

Twelve o'clock came all too soon and after singing the national anthem the guests reluctantly departed. The various committees were well rewarded for their efforts since in addition to the social pleasure of the evening they were enabled to contribute two hundred and five dollars to Mrs. Creelman's fund for O.A.C. Soldiers' Comforts.

MACDONALD LOCALS

Freshie (eating tea biscuits and honey)—"They must have a lot of bees here. I wonder where they keep them"

Homemaker—"Why haven't you seen the hives over in front of the Physics' building?"

It may be a great surprise to Messrs. Iveson and Stanley to learn that the Mac Hall seniors are seriously consider-

ing establishing a soap plant on College Heights. They are going to guarantee that all employees shall work in Comfort in a temperature never below 65 degrees and in rooms where the sunlight may stream in at any time of the day. The name of the building will be the Plant de Lux and the soap manufactured will go by the name of the I. S. Special.

At a travelling exhibition which was visiting a provincial town, one of the curiosities shown was what was said to be the skull of Oliver Cromwell.

"But this could not possibly have been the skull of Oliver Cromwell," said a visitor. "Cromwell is known to have had a very large head and this skull is quite small."

"Oh," replied the attendant unabashed, "you see this is Cromwell's skull when he was a boy."

From "Pause, Comrades, pause and look at the moon," to Lyric poetry is but a short step. Every day now we expect to hear of Mr. McConkey bursting forth into songs and rhymes that will rival those of the great Tennyson. His first poem, "Bonnie Jean," will doubtless be published in the January Review.

Wanted to know—"Why Mr. Parfitt is looking so "weary" lately."

As You Think

If you think you are beaten, you are.
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you like to win, but you think you can't
It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost.
For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will,
It's all in the state of the mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are.
You've got to think high to climb.
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You reach the heights sublime.

Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man,
But sooner or later the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can.



AT NIGHT A WHISTLE BLEW.

A traction engine chanced to stroll,
 (While watchmen slept a wink or two)
 With wagon, tank, machines and coal
 To make the long procession roll,
 A mile up College Avenue.

In study hour there came a blast
 Of siren sounds produced by steam;
 And in a twinkling—no one last—
 Came ten score students, flying fast
 To find the cause of this wild scream.

They reached the scene, and searched
 around
 Within a cloud of vapor dense;
 And engine, tank, machines, they
 found,
 And too, the whistle-lever bound,
 With hay wire to a nearly fence.

Hurrah! Two hundred stalwarts aid
 To move this line of rolling stock
 Along the ten percentum grade
 To Mac, where these machines were laid
 By windows, doors, and on the walk.

These objects strange, around Mac Hall
 Were viewed by girls with wondering
 eyes;
 To them they seemed no use at all
 For sewing seams or knitting wool,
 Or mixing bread, or making pies.

Next morn, awaking from their dreams,
 The boys recalled their evening's fun,
 And gazed toward Mac, where morning
 beams
 Revealed four men with heavy teams,
 Removing chattels one by one.

—ROUGET.

John D. was a freshman with a tender young heart;—a susceptible heart. At a recent church social Cupid smote it with love for a beaming young maiden, John's partner of the evening. He learned her name and divulged his, and before the evening was spent a date was made for the following Monday night at 7.30. Delighted! John D. returned to the college and passed into the realm of dreams.

Awaking with a song in his heart he cast his vision forward to Monday night, when he would fuss up and go down to No. ? on ? street? "Gee Whizz," he ejaculated, and sped to the telephone booth to find the address of Miss ?—The name was also gone.

A resourceful boy was this ardent lover—a real Lochinvar—and he extracted a brilliant idea from his brain, and put it into execution. Straight to the pastor he went with his plight, and in all the candor of primary love unfolded the sorrow of his bosom to the sympathetic divine. Her face was clear in his memory—her stature too—and he said that if he could find her again he felt sure that by spring he'd be able to tell her weight. The pastor reflected. He saw the case was serious and did the humane thing. The name he suggested revived the dormant memory and the engagement Monday night was not broken.

Mr. Fry (lecturing on plums)—
 Prunus domestica was introduced into Europe, as near as I can remember in 70 A.D.

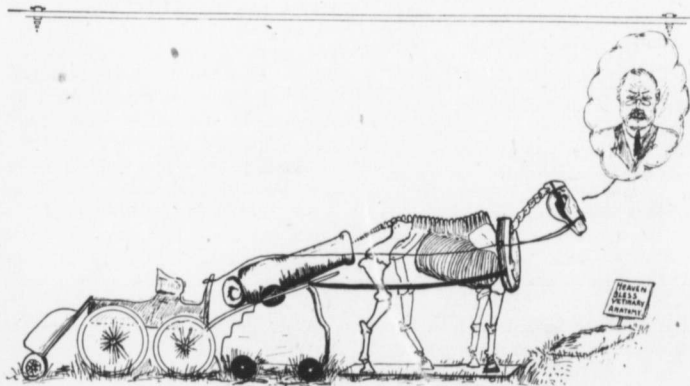
Marritt (stepping up to lady after service Sunday evening)—Might I escort you home, Miss?

Lady—Thank you very much Sir, but my husband is just coming out.

"Now, in case anything goes wrong with this experiment," said Mr. Fulmer, "we and the laboratory will be blown sky-high. Just step this way gentlemen in order that you may follow me more closely."

When Evans in bliss,
Asked Bet. for a kiss,
She stretched out her hand with a threat,
But he placed on her brow,
A freshman's love-vow,
And she didn't object—Oh! you Bet.!

Dr. Zavitz affirms that water bags should not be ejected from windows in the residence. They might fall on someone.



NOV. 1st, 1916—THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE.

Prof. Caesar, (in second year Entomology lecture)—"Now, to destroy grasshoppers scatter the Kansas mixture thinly over infested fields early in the morning after a wet rain."

Fancher, (passing Christian Science church in Kitchener)—My gracious! That must be an old church!

Shales—Why do you think so?

Fancher—On the corner stone it says: "First church of Christ."

Prof. Dean to Mr. Atkins—What would you say of the flavor of that sample of butter?

Ed. Atkins—It has a nutty flavor, sir.

Prof. Dean, (with a smile)—What kind of a nut?

Ed. Atkins—Butter-nut, I guess.

McPhail had 25 cents of student labor money left after he bought his month's supply of postage stamps. He's saving that for a writing pad.

Dr. Stevenson, (reading to second year from "Adventures in Contentment")—"Sir, you have arrived at the psychological moment."

Gowdie (entering late)—"I beg your pardon."

Rumour has it that if baptism by sprinkling precedes future chemistry lectures someone will be finding his hospital ticket a good investment. This is not a threat—merely a warning.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

It has been a stipulated rule that all first and second year men must attend roll-call every morning, but the students have tried to outlive the letter of the law by assembling in Massey Hall in time for devotional exercises and then awaiting the calling of the roll. However, it chanced recently the Dean overlooked the scripture reading and prayer and called the roll before the students had assembled in toto. Some thought the oversight was the outcome of forgetfulness while others concluded there was a purpose in it, as with one accord the Sophs automatically dismissed themselves as soon as the Dean had the names of the absentees,—regretting of course that the devotional exercises had been overlooked.

We trust that in future the Dean will continue to hallow our mornings with devotional exercises preceding roll-call.

Prof. Harcourt's ruling that the girls shall enter chemistry lecture room by the front door while freshmen enter by the side entrance in order that the sheep may be separated from the goats has met with general disfavor. If it is a reflection on "Mary had a little lamb," the boys will be feeling rather sheepish.

Beattie and McDonald accompanied two Mac Hall girls from church to the brow of the hill on a recent Sabbath, and then bid them farewell and hastened along alone. Was the deep snow alone the cause of their cold feet?

Quirie has a peculiar ankle. It is always in good condition for sports and general use, but when he begins to get the wrong end of any play that ankle is accused of being weak. An ankle support or a diet of 'grit' have been suggested.

Pawley says he's just "Aitken" to attend another Mac Hall social.

After exhaustive research and special experiment on Parfitt, Dunn and Shepherd, our Bacteriology Department has succeeded in isolating a new and virulent bacillus which they have named the Mac Hall germ.

Many of the O.A.C. students show symptoms and many others fear contagion, but some consider themselves immune. McLean says it won't work on him and as yet McLennan's Day has not come, but Ziegler shows symptoms which are hard to diagnose, tho' they closely resemble Hay fever. Allen is now suffering from an attack but he still has a Bright future before him. Sibbick's case seemed hopeless for a while but we think he will retain his Sole. Geddes has decided to Gow home for a while if the spread is not soon checked.

None are really immune from these ravages but a good preventive is a mustache like Munny Munro's or a cane like George DeLong's.

If Dr. Creelman had stayed away a little longer we fear that Murdock would have been handling the reins of government in more than year '20.

Mitchener (walking thro' corridors at midnight) — What's the matter with those steam pipes in Room 17?

McLennan (answering from within) — They are all right, Dean. It's White sleeping aloud, as usual.

Matheson — Say fellows, I just got a letter from the best girl in the world.

Stillwell — By gravy! I thought I told my girl to quit corresponding with you.

Maynard, McPhail and Peters are associate composers of the new college song, entitled, "Eat All You Can, — Then Holler For More."

West has been taking a keen interest in the Poultry Department. He will be a fixture there in time.

If aught we have offended,
In this our lighter vein,
We apologize most humbly,
It wont occur again.

PROBABLY NOT.

Jealous women called her silly,
But she always had a beau.
And she married some rich Willie
Was she silly? — I dunno.

Uncle Toby was a hospitable soul. He wanted no guest in his house to be stinted.

"Have some, have some," he invited cordially at the supper table, sending around the platter for the third time; "we're going to give it to the pigs, any way." — Ex.

"Yes, grandma, I am to be married during the bright and gladsome spring."

"But, my dear," said grandma earnestly, "you are very young. Do you

feel that you are fitted for married life?"

"I am being fitted now, grandma," explained the prospective bride sweetly. "Seventeen gowns!" — London Opinion

Inquisitive Old Party — What is the cause of that peculiar upward twitching of your nose every time an officer passes?

Tommy — Well, if ye must know, I 'ad a bit of me nose blown off, an' they grafted some flesh off me arm, an' now it's always gettin' up to salute. — London Opinion.

However good you may be, you have faults; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are, and however slight they may be, you had better make some — not too painful, but patient — efforts to get rid of them. — Ruskin.

BRIGHT OFFICE BOY.

"Now, my lad," said the police officer, investigating a case of missing checks at the big commercial office. "I believe you're here first of a morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"And who's here next — Mr. Spidding or his partner?"

"Sometimes one, sometimes the other."

"Well, on what day would Mr. Spidding be likely to get here first?"

"Can't quite say, sir. At first he was always last, but he began to be early, till at last he was first, though before he had always been behind. He was soon late again, however, though lately he's been a bit sooner. Juts now he's as much behind as before, but I expect he'll be getting early sooner or later."

"Oh, quite so! That's all I wanted to know." — Youngstown Telegram.