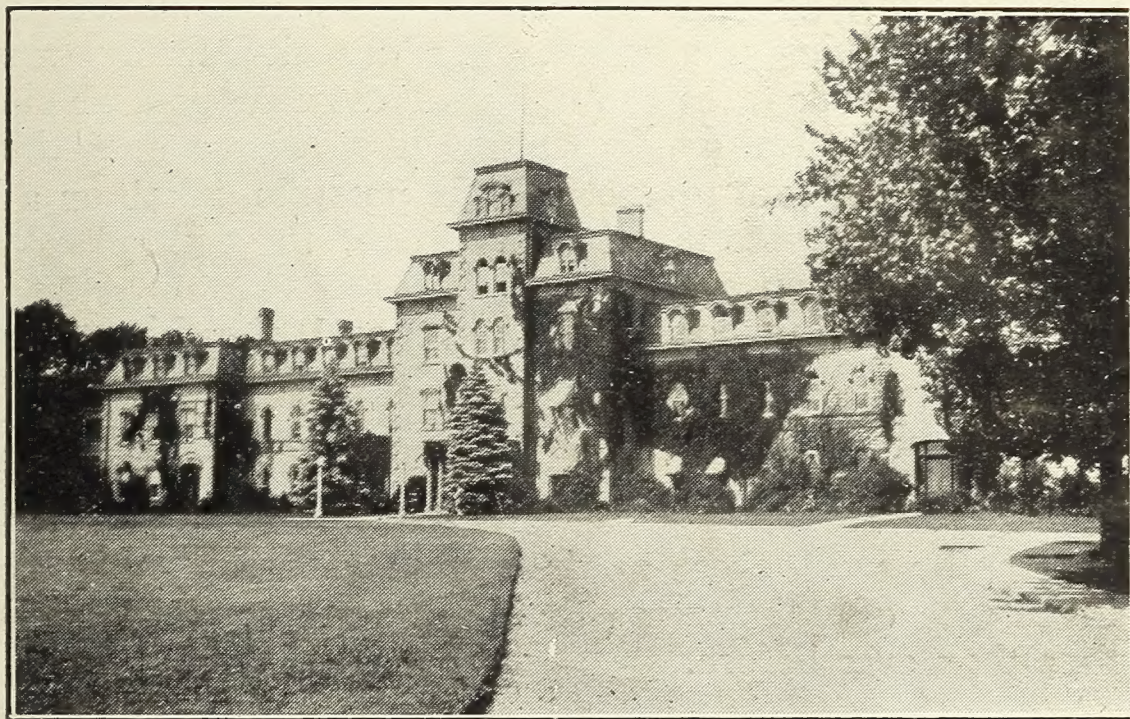


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No. 10

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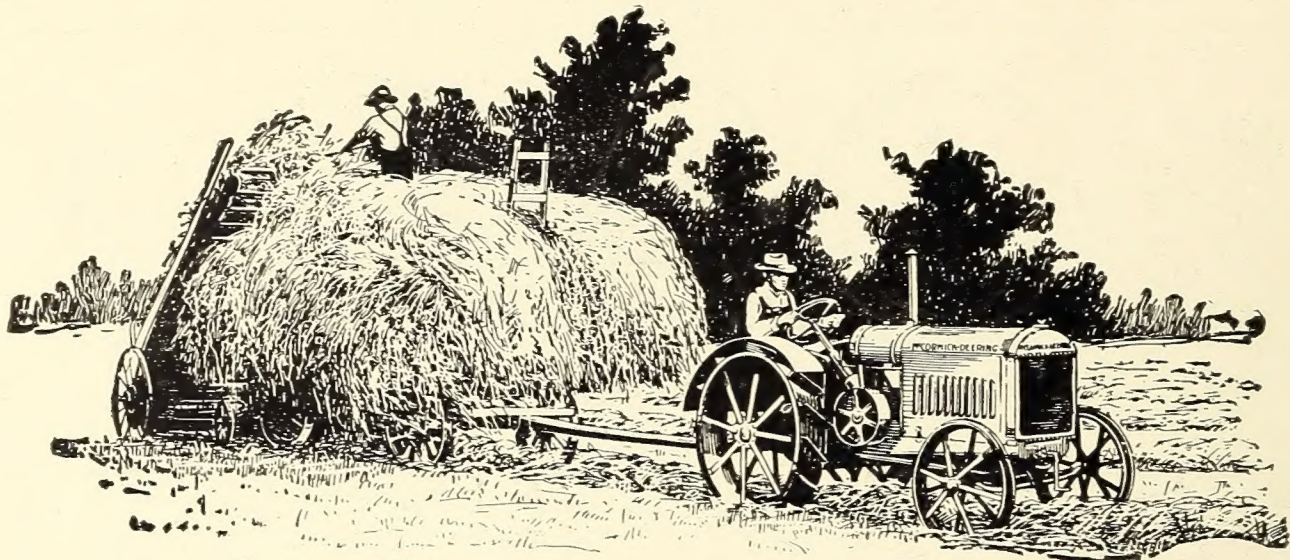


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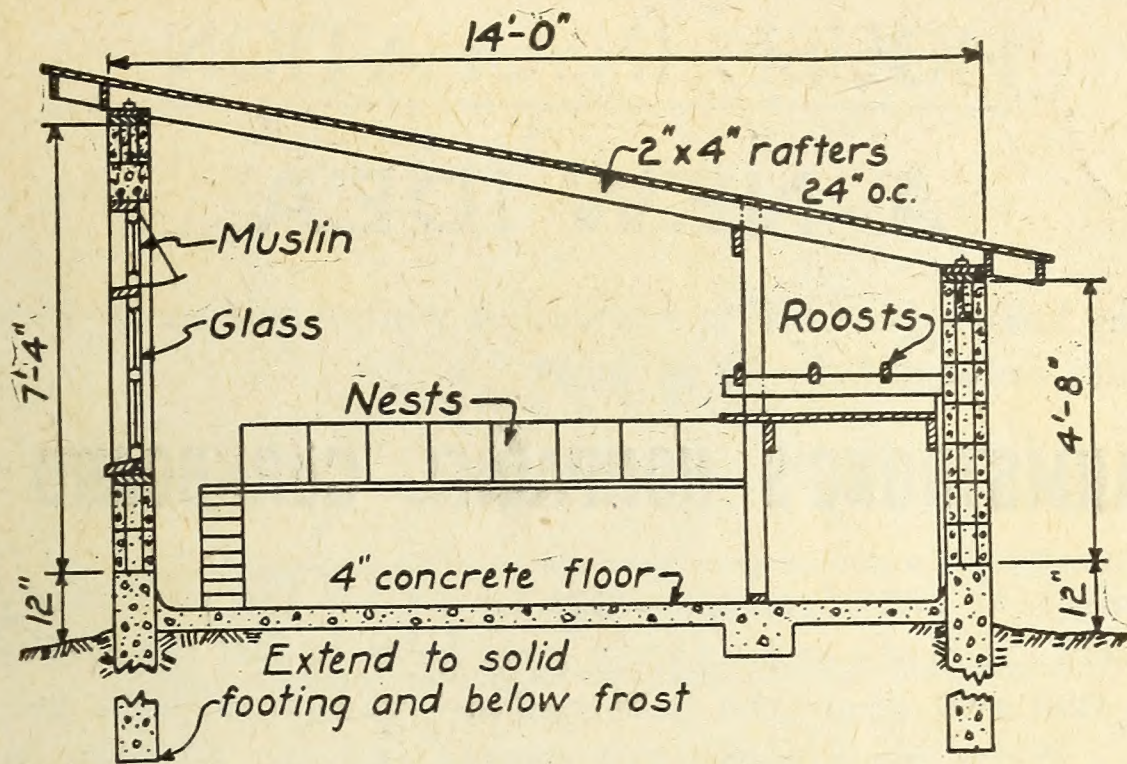
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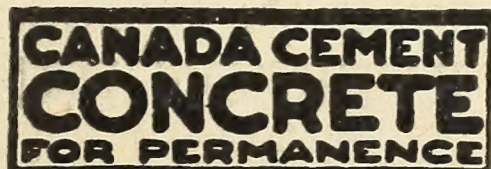
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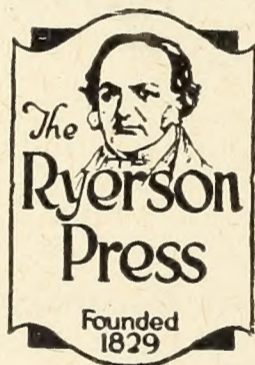
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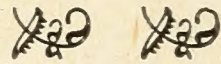
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THE O.A.C. REVIEW

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

VOL. XXXIX.

GUELPH, ONT., JUNE, 1927

10

Colonization and Immigration

By W. J. Black, Director of Colonization, Agriculture and Natural Resources,
Canadian National Railways

A PERUSAL of Canadian history recording pioneer settlement reveals a wonderful story of courage, hope and sacrifice. From the time the first voyageur pointed his canoe up the mighty St. Lawrence to the arrival of the Sel-

tute subjects which have occupied the attention of mankind since the earliest recorded history. The search for an ideal place to live, for an ideal place to worship, for an ideal form of government—this is the eternal quest of man, the problem which has faced every



Here is a group of prosperous settlers recently brought to Canada from the United States by the Canadian National Railways, Colonization Department. There is something very wholesome and satisfying in the contemplation of such a group.

These new citizens of Canada are of sturdy viking stock—intelligent, progressive, far-seeing, unafraid, potential leaders of Canadian rural life. You instinctively know that the future of any community they settle in is safe in their hands.

kirk settlers by way of Hudson Bay, and to even a later period, the settlement of our country has been fraught with the struggle of the pioneers—hardy and dauntless people—the personification of strength and courage.

The migration of people, colonization and land settlement, and the problems peculiar to such movements, consti-

man, every community and every nation, with endless variation. In the development of every new country, progress is made through various stages, and it has been so in ours. First came the pioneer who broke the trail, followed by the early settlements along the lakes and rivers. Later, the more adventurous, desiring new fields

to conquer, turned westward until the prairies became dotted with settlements; cattle replaced the Buffalo, and grain fields the bare prairie. During this early period manual labor was required to develop the latent resources to open means of communication; but the great influx of new settlers to this country came during the time between 1908 and 1915, when the great railway construction was under way. As population increased, urban centers were created and gradually the elements of a higher civilization crept in.

broadened with our advance through the various stages of settlement. We have come to realize very definitely that the problem is essentially human in character and only so far as we take full account of all the human elements which surround the movement of people into a new land, can the settlement of our country be permanently successful.

We have come to understand that behind the influx of new settlers there must be the sympathetic force of the Canadian people with a just appreciation of the potential value of each new-



Adriaan Dekker, wife and large family, brought from Holland by the Canadian National Railways Colonization Department, to settle in Prince Edward Island. They are specially trained in dairying.

The pioneers of Canada builded well. They have left us a wonderful heritage, which, combined with a country richly endowed by nature, should enable us to achieve a still more wonderful development for the future. The economic strength of Canada today is such that a permanent foundation is complete upon which a new era of prosperity and progress may be built. In this new era immigration and colonization must necessarily play a leading part.

Our conception of the problem of immigration and colonization has

comer. It is "colonization" to-day rather than "immigration." There is a vast difference in the two terms, and that difference signifies the change which has come about in the attitude of all concerned towards the whole question of the settlement of our lands. "Immigration" describes merely the shifting of people from one part of the world into another. "Colonization" implies a "directed" immigration, and that is what we have to-day. Colonization involves the co-ordination of all forces towards the end that people from other lands who come to settle

with us may do so under conditions which will ensure in a reasonable degree contentment and prosperity. Colonization is as much a matter of selection of the right type of settler as it is of securing a large number. It involves as much an effort toward the improvement of conditions and the encouragement of agriculture at home, as the encouragement of immigration from abroad. It is concerned always with the fostering of the economic and social welfare of our rural communi-

deavor to direct him to the location most suitable for him according to his desires and his peculiar capabilities and experience. The advice of these experts is available to him whenever he needs it. He finds a home-like welcome awaiting him, and help extended to him in many ways in getting settled.

This is not setting up a stultifying paternalism. It is merely taking account of the tremendous human disturbance involved in the transplanting of the immigrant from a home whose



A bright-looking English family who have become settlers in Canada through the efforts of the Canadian National Railways Colonization Department.

ties, and of the ideal Canadian citizenship.

The immigrant of an earlier day arrived unheralded, sought out his own location, battled his own way forward, solved his own peculiar problems as best he could, and learned to accept what came as a matter of course. The colonist of to-day learns in a more definite way of conditions in the new land before he leaves his own. He is welcomed on arrival, and guided in his choice of location by experts who en-

roots are centuries deep to a land where people and methods are new and strange. It is in reality an effort to cut short the long, arduous and often discouraging years of pioneer life; to establish the new settler as quickly as possible in the ranks of the producers and to bring him with as little friction as possible into line with the mode of living and the ideals of citizenship we have here set up. That is economically sound must go without saying.

Upon the wisdom of our future im-

migration policy depends in no small measure the future development of our large natural resources as well as the social and cultural development of our people. This may perhaps be considered a platitude, but nevertheless it is realized that there is but one solution to the major problems facing us to-day—population, people, and yet more, that our millions of acres may be tilled, our mines yield their rich ores, our forests and streams give forth their native wealth, and our railways be provided with traffic and the country, as a whole, substantially relieved of its

are endeavoring to retain as many as possible. To the South of us lies a country with over 100 million people from which we can hope to secure a considerable number. The illustration which appears with this article shows the type of families being brought in from the United States by the Canadian National Railways. From the Scandinavian countries and Holland a splendid class of settlers can be secured, and as a result of our work in these countries an increasing flow of potential wealth is coming forward. From other Continental countries a careful



This picture gives an example of the fine type of settler being brought from Europe by the Canadian National Railways. It shows Peter Latnowski, a Pole, who with his wife, sons, sons-in-law, their wives and children, have purchased land in Saskatchewan.

present heavy taxation, may blossom and develop into the full flower of its promised nationhood.

From whence shall this population come? It is realized that our natural increase cannot satisfy the demand. Every effort is being made to secure the maximum of British settlers, but there are difficulties in securing a sufficient number of the type that can be readily absorbed into our farming population. The number of agriculturists in the British Isles to-day is limited and the Government and farmers' organizations

selection is being made of families and single men of sturdy physique and sound mentality. It is true that this heterogeneous mixture, imbued with different social and ethical ideals, and bred in a different environment, must undergo certain fundamental changes before they can, in the truest sense, become Canadian. Such changes, however, can be brought about through our educational system, and to a great extent, through our personal contact with them. These people, carefully

(Continued on page viii)

The Routine Work of an Agricultural College in Australia

By W. R. Birks, B.Sc., (Agric.), Principal of the Dookie Agricultural College.

THE outstanding feature of the organization of Australian agricultural colleges is the prominence given to actual practical work. This is in keeping with most other systems of technical education, but in strong contrast with the practice of agricultural colleges in other countries.

The medical course may be taken probably as a standard, being one of the oldest and best-established systems of technical training. The medical student, after receiving a thorough general education, enters upon the study of those sciences which will chiefly concern him, together with subjects dealing with the technique of his craft, and from the beginning engages in practical work. At first, certainly, it is simply dissecting, but comparatively early in his course he comes in contact with clinical and theatre work, and has some years of experience of the practical work of his profession before he graduates.

This is the plan adopted for agricultural education in this country. In the Old Country the theoretical work is given in the Colleges or universities, and the student is left to gain his practical experience by working on a farm out of session, or by watching the laborers on the college farm.

Our own system has been pioneered by the Australian colleges, and is undoubtedly well suited to our own requirements. Visiting agriculturists from other countries, moreover, almost invariably comment most favorably upon this system.

With us a boy literally comes down to earth the day after his arrival at the college. Thenceforward throughout his course he is allotted each week some more or less important, but always essential, part of the routine work of the college farm. This undoubtedly has a marked influence in the development of the lad's sense of responsibility and his character, provided he takes the work at all seriously—and most of them certainly do so.

For instance, if he does not very soon learn to tear himself promptly out of bed long before daylight when on early morning duty, sooner or later the cows will be late in. There may be then no milk for breakfast, and this affects everybody in a rather noticeable way.

It is no small ordeal for a city-bred lad to be wandering about a strange paddock probably in pitch darkness, possibly in rain or fog, trying to muster horses or cows which had not the least intention of coming in willingly. However, the lad feels that the whole work of the day depends upon him, and he seldom fails.

The syllabus is arranged so that each class has one day at work and the next at lectures. Half the school is thus inside while the other half carries on the outside work. All classes take evening lectures as well.

The practical work is graduated right throughout the course. To commence with, there are the humble duties of feeding and "mucking out" the pigs, tending the poultry, milking

the cows, hoeing in the garden, or at best driving a dray or a couple of horses in the harrows. These jobs are the work of the "boy about the place."

The second-year students take all ordinary work expected of a regular farm hand. They drive the teams, of all sizes, including the 6 and 8 horse yokes in the big ploughs and cultivators. They drive the drill, the binder and the harvester and the wagon teams. They assist the blacksmith and mechanic, plough and prune in the orchard and vineyard, shear with the blades, kill the ration sheep, ride round the stock paddocks, make butter and cheese, and do the hundred-and-one odd jobs that are constantly cropping up on a farm.

For the third-year students the attempt is made to reserve the cream of the farm work, although they carry on all the ordinary work of the farm as well. In addition, they drive the tractor, and handle the header at harvest. They feed the chaffcutter and thrasher, and do minor harness repairs. They shear with machines, and assist in the classing and get-up of the wool clip. They mark the lambs, kill bullocks and pigs and make bacon. They test the dairy herd, and take night shifts when necessary to work the freezer or pump continuously. In the vineyard they do the budding and grafting, and they actually operate in the sale yards as far as possible, purchasing sheep for ration purposes.

All these jobs, it will be seen, constitute the work generally reserved for the "boss" on the ordinary farm, and in the third year the lads quite seriously assume their full share of responsibility in carrying on the farm.

In order to further develop their managerial abilities, the seniors are given this sort of task. A paddock is

allotted them at the beginning of the year with a general instruction as to the use to which it is to be put—generally oats or hay. The class then draws up and submits to the farm manager a proposed plan of operations. When this is approved they proceed with the work under their own management throughout the season. They make up their own work lists, requisition on the farm for teams and supplies, and look after the implements in the paddocks and so on. They soon discover how the ordinary farm hand leans upon the organising brain of the "boss" in a hundred ways, and they develop in some measure at least that initiative which is probably the farmers' best asset. They take great pride, also, in their own crop, and there is generally keen rivalry in this regard between succeeding classes.

On the theoretical side the subjects taught are, of course, those which have a direct bearing on farming, though the connection is sometimes not obvious to the uninitiated. Lads sometimes complain that they did not come to learn about molecules and valences and the morphological characters and botanic names of plants. No doubt they expected to be riding about among the sheep and roping wild cattle or driving big teams every day.

Fundamental scientific facts, however, are now the stock-in-trade or working tools of the intelligent farmer. An elementary knowledge of chemistry, for instance, enables one to appraise at once the value of a manure, and new types are coming on to the market almost yearly. Some knowledge of the life history of plant-disease fungi and pests is essential if the preventive measures are to be applied intelligently.

In order to illustrate teaching meth-

ods, some of the more important principles underlying farming practice may be quoted. By far the most important feature of Australian farming is "fallowing" for wheat. Fallow is a necessary preparation for every crop, but pre-eminently so in the case of wheat, which occupies about 80 per cent. of our cultivated land. Farming without fallow is a precarious business; indeed, it is questionable whether it ever shows a profit at all.

With fallow, returns are roughly doubled, and the "top half," of course, contains the profit. In drought years unfallowed land has an even chance of failing outright, while fallowed areas, taken as a whole, have never been known to fail in the worst droughts.

About ten inches of rainfall is required for a normal crop. In a drought year only 5 or 4, or even as low as 2, inches may fall in the growing period. In fallowed land extra moisture is conserved from the previous winter, thus:—6 inches to 1 foot down, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of moisture; 1 foot to 2 feet, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches; 2 feet to 3 feet, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches; 3 feet to 4 feet, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.

This is over and above what may be held in the lower layers of the unfallowed ground, say $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in all. The fallowed land thus contains more than half the minimum requirement for a crop. Now the roots of the wheat plant are able to reach down to this full depth. In fact, the underground growth is sometimes more extensive than the aerial portions. The wheat on fallow land, therefore, has access to over 5 inches of conserved rainfall, and requires only enough rain to start it, and then further light rains in the spring to "top off."

Now as to teaching method. Our lads first see the root system of vari-

ous crop plants. Periodically they wash out the complete root growth of various cereals, an exercise which probably not one farmer in a thousand has ever undertaken. They also bore into the soil in autumn, and prove the presence of the conserved moisture down to 4 feet.

Crop is then grown each year in adjoining plots of unfallowed land, land fallowed, but unworked, and fallowed for 10 months, and well worked, and land fallowed for 15 months and well worked.

These plots in a normal year form a marked and regular progression of a striking object lesson. They go in increasing yields, and the differences are obvious all through the growing period.

Another very striking feature of Australian farming is the remarkable response to the application of small dressings of superphosphate of lime. Yields of wheat in certain districts are doubled, and even trebled, in this way.

It has even been proved that the increase in crop yield has contained more phosphoric acid than was supplied in the manure.

Phosphates not only feed the plant; they have a stimulating effect upon the roots as well. Hundreds of thousands of acres, especially in the drier parts of South Australia and West Australia, have been made available for settlement on account of this effect of super.

Now consider this series of facts and the way in which they dovetail into each other:—(1) Super is the only manure necessary in Australia; (2) it gives remarkably large crop increases; (3) it is the cheapest of manures; (4) when once applied it cannot be lost. Though soluble when applied it reverts to the semi-soluble form in contact with

soil, and cannot be washed down more than a few inches. It can come out of the soil only in the form of increased crop returns or better stock grazing, which may be 2, 3 or even 4 years afterwards.

The whole manurial question can be summed up very simply; it is just a case of putting in more super.

Now the fixation of the phosphate in the soil can be demonstrated by a very simple laboratory test. Then in the field again a series of plots is sown each year with no moisture, $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt., 1 cwt., $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. and 2 cwt. of superphosphate respectively. These make another striking and obvious progression, and the regular increases are most marked, particularly up to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.

The effect of superphosphate on natural pasture is also shown on a series of plots. These are situated on a hillside, and the differences have been visible at times from a distance of five miles. The growth of grass and herbage is doubled; its character, palatability and nutritive value are all much improved, and the stock appreciate it at once. The first two acres top-dressed at the college were soon discovered by the stock, and there was always difficulty in driving them past the spot. The results now obtained on

a large scale in the grazing areas are very striking.

Many authorities consider that the top-dressing of pasture is going to play a more important part than any other single factor in promoting rural development in the next decade.

Again, on the stock-feeding side. Those who are responsible for rearing children will have heard quite a lot about orange-juice and cod-liver oil. Apart from food values, these contain those elusive but extremely important vital elements, the vitamins; the water-soluble in orange, the lettuce, tomato and cabbage; the fat-soluble in butter, animal fat, and particularly fish oils. No growth is possible without the vitamins. Absence of the water-soluble leads to rickets, scurvy and other diseases; absence of the fat-soluble induces lung troubles.

Now, little pigs if reared in sties are subject to a mysterious complaint. The fattest and best of the litter will suddenly lie down and pant violently, and within a few hours will die, whatever may be done for it. The trouble is obviously in the lungs, and is probably a vitamin deficiency. In any case crude fish oil is now used in small quantities, and no such trouble arises. Again, there is another vitamin associated with reproduction.



THE CORRECT THING

Mistress (to new maid)—“Nora, you don't seem to know about finger-bowls. Didn't they have them where you worked last?”

Nora—“No, ma'am; they mostly washed themselves before they come to the table.”

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

A scientific writer says: “An aeroplane travelling at the rate of 200 miles an hour, flying night and day, would reach the sun in fifty-two years.” If you haven't already planned your vacation trip, here is one worth considering.

Agricultural Work in Nanking

By M. Leslie Hancock

A week or two before the Nanking "smash up party" I received your letter asking me to contribute an article on agricultural education work at Nanking. The treatment we received on March 24th at the hands of the incoming Southern soldiers, prevents me writing with much enthusiasm at this date, but I can at least give your readers a brief outline of the progress of the work there prior to the arrival of the Nationalists.

The agricultural work which preceded the formation of the College of Agriculture and Forestry of the University of Nanking, was started by Mr. Joseph Bailie about the year 1913, and was, in the first instance, mainly re-forestation work in the vicinity of Nanking, and education in farm crops and forestry. Mr. Bailie did not stay long with the institution, and when the College of Agriculture was formed, Mr. John H. Reisner, a graduate of Cornell and Yale, became Dean. Mr. Reisner made some of the first selections of native corn and wheat, which in these last two years became part of the material used in extensive plant breeding operations, under the direction of Dr. Love, in 1925, and Prof. Myers in 1926, both of them members of the Cornell Plant Breeding Department, who came to China by co-operative arrangement between the two Universities.

The development of the College has not been uniform in all directions, but only according as money was obtained from interested sources to be used for specific purposes. Thus Mr. J. B. Griffing, cotton expert, came to China to carry out cotton improvement work,

through the support of the cotton mill owners of Shanghai. In five years of strenuous effort he succeeded in acclimatizing the Trice and Acala strains of American cotton, and produced a fine yielding and much improved strain of native cotton, known as the Million Dollar variety.

The gift of a building for the improvement of Sericulture in China, by the Silk Association of America, gave this Sericulture Department a good start and for several years now our silk experts have devoted all their efforts to elimination of the peboine disease from the silkworm in China. This has been done by the microscopic examination of over a million moths annually, and the distribution of certified disease free eggs of only those moths which are disease free.

The work of the College was put on a much larger and more satisfactory basis when a large sum of left over famine funds was devoted to famine prevention through education and research, in the University of Nanking, along lines which have definite relation to crops and agricultural conditions in famine areas. Hence work in forestry, improvement of farm crops, pathology (disease prevention), extension work, and farm management (statistics), was stimulated.

I joined the faculty of the College in September, 1923, and my work has been almost entirely horticultural, with the addition of the care of the mulberry orchards (Sericulture Dept.), and research work in the nursery production of young grafted mulberry trees. Last year was our best in this work, when we produced fifty thousand grafted trees,

this number being over 84% of the total number grafted.

The committee responsible for the use of the famine funds did not consider horticulture to be famine prevention work, and from the first my department had to be self-supporting. This has been done by the collection and sale of Chinese tree and shrub seeds to foreign purchasers, mostly nurserymen; by the growing and also importing of vegetable and flower seeds, for sale in all parts of China, and by the production of all sorts of nursery stock, fruit trees, ornamentals, etc., sales being effected by the sending out of catalogues annually in English and Chinese. About 30% of my time has been given to class room instruction, and 70% in the development of this field work. The necessity for considerable field work for the sake of funds has given a fine opportunity to our students in horticulture, many of whom could not possibly have gotten the practical contact, in a country like China, without it, so that now, even though we foreigners are out of the work, I feel that the students who have graduated in horticulture are quite competent to carry on. This is, of course, dependent on whether they are allowed to do so in the present political upheaval.

Of course now, in view of recent events, it is difficult to present a fair picture of the work as it was progressing before the unsuspected and unwarranted attack on the foreigners of Nanking on March 24th. For a year and a half the College has had a Chinese Co-Dean, Mr. T. S. Kuo, who has handled all matters relating to education (both class room and student field work), while Mr. Reisner has continued the general administration of all departments, particularly in regard

to research, extension and publicity. This arrangement could not have worked better and we were making fine progress.

We knew the anti-foreign platform of the Kuo Ming Tang, the political party of Sun Yat Sen, and we most of us fully expected to have to leave China for a time, having been warned by what had happened in Hunan, and other parts of South China already in control of the Nationalists. We expected a gradual development of political pressure which would make it impossible for us to co-operate with them (the politicians), and then we would have to go. On the evening of March 23rd, when the Northern soldiers evacuated the city without much fighting or looting, we experienced a sense of relief and were quite unprepared for the attack on all foreigners in the city the following day. Detachments of southern soldiers reached our part of the city about 7 a.m., after skirmishing with a few remaining Northern troops. An hour later, according to what must have been a well prepared plan, they started in on us. I saw a group enter one house, but did not fully realize what was happening until a workman came running to say that Dr. Williams (our Vice-President), had been shot dead because he was slow in handing out his watch, and the man urged us not to resist, but to get into Chinese clothes and escape if possible.

I was with Dr. Macklin, in his house, at the time, and we decided to stay where we were. For hours we were under their guns, and successively looted by one gang after another. They were crazy for money, were mad when they found that previous gangs had gotten all there was, and declared they would certainly shoot us if we could

not find more. We eventually got away to one of the University buildings, due to the arrival of an officer, who held the attention of the looters, but even then it was "touch and go" all day, and it was the shelling by American and British gunboats that eventually stopped the business. Many of our Chinese faculty and students acted as mediators between us and the soldiers, at the risk of their own lives, and it must be emphasized that they had no part in the outrage, and were as surprised as we were. The only clue we can have is that the lawless element in the southern army had recently gained the upper hand, and that the soldiers, who were mainly Hunanese, were permitted and incited to loot the foreigners, as a prize for the capture of the city.

During the night which followed our Chinese friends brought in foreigners from other parts of the city, some in Chinese dress, and all had strange stories to tell. The University Hospital had been looted, and there was not a person, Chinese or foreigner, left to care for the sick. The head doctor had to escape for his life and was hidden in the coal cellar all day. The soldiers had wanted money more than life, but they were not particular about taking life. Two French (Catholic) fathers had been killed, and a missionary lady was brought in with two bullet wounds.

We were now under armed guard, and the apparent protection of the southern commanders, but there was no attempt to get us to the boats in the river. A number of foreign homes and school buildings had been set on fire, after everything of any value had been taken out. The next day I went back, under escort, to the house where my stuff was stored and could find noth-

but papers; doors were off and everything a wreck, and a piano smashed up for firewood.

That afternoon, March 25th, at 5 p.m., we were evacuated to the foreign gunboats, under pressure of an ultimatum from the British and American naval commanders that the city would be shelled if we were not brought out. The British Consul Giles, was brought out wounded at the same time. We were first taken on to the gunboats, then later transferred to merchant ships and convoyed to Shanghai the following day.

I do not wish to overemphasize this unexpected outbreak. China is a nation of millions of terribly poor, the average wage of a labourer being about one-thirtieth of that of the Canadian or American workman. The great mass of the people just simply cannot understand this great difference, and therefore very easily accept what the Communists tell them, that we are of the imperialistic nations, who get rich by oppressing them. The world is at the cross-roads. If the Western nations should decide to wage a war of conquest on China, it would do no lasting good, for it has been done before with the present result, and China is a bankrupt nation. If there is ever to be any real world progress the co-operative ideal must be realized, not only between classes, but between nations; tariff walls must be removed, and the golden rule and spirit of live and let live be practiced over all the earth.

This letter is not a very full account of either the agricultural work before (or the sacking of the foreigners after), the arrival of the Nationalists, but it is the best I can do now, and I am finishing this letter on board ship

(Continued on page xii)

The Big House

By Cecil Cox

My great-aunt Chrissie has recounted this pleasant little tale to me so often that I know I will have little difficulty in setting it down. She was a very young girl when the first of the dramatic events which I am about to relate transpired in that Cumberland Valley (the Cumberlandshire of old England) in which she was born and raised. The story seems to have made a great impression on her mind; it was a great favorite with her and seemed to afford her great pleasure in the telling and in time it became a great favorite with me also and I came to welcome the recounting of its consecutive episodes as readily as one welcomes the color of the morning sun. It pleases me now to mark out its happenings in all their rich fulsomeness.

I knew, before I could read the works of the great Victorian novelists, the tale of the "Big House" by heart. Reading the works of the great scribes of the last century I learned of class prejudices, of that distorted pride which is really vanity, of matrimonial plots and mesalliances I read in scores—and could not understand them. It was not my England, the gentle England of my great-aunt Chrissie's tale their classic pages pictured to my very young and worshipful mind. I could have cried out then, cried out aloud, that England was very different, that the spirit of England, the real rural heart of England, was not as some would set it down.

With maturity comes a sense of values, the wisdom to see all things in their proper perspective. I can appraise the story of the "Big House" now with some approach to calmness of mind. After all it is only one tale, a fairy tale, very

much of a fairy tale indeed,—but fortunately true!

Two miles east of the "Big House" (and therefore ten miles due east of the county town of Carlisle) and where the highway from beyond the summit of Cold Fell skirts the trickle of the river Eden, lies the hamlet of Little Corby. A score of thatched cottages and a many gabled inn, a smithy with a long open cart shed flanking the roadside, its stout oaken roof supports chewed away a few feet from the ground by the hubs of blundering hay-carts, are the visitors first impressions of Little Corby. Majestic oaks and high reaching elms shadow everything. The green of the countryside envelopes it and laps up between the cottages like the tide encroaching upon a jagged islet in the sea. Boxed flowers and potted plants and blooming creepers, roses and honey-suckle are everywhere. No wonder that in the sunshiny hours the nectar seeking bees come in their audible myriads until the air of the village on a bright May morning seems to vibrate with their droning melody.

The dusty highway narrows here to wind thru this populated quietude and at the western end of the hamlet it spreads into an acre of grass grown common-land and here before the Widow Horton's Cottage is the covered well which does service for the villagers and where wagoners and grander folk in dust-covered travelling carriages are wont to pull up for refreshment.

It was on a perfect May morning in the year 1852 that a ripple of gentle excitement spread thru the village of Little Corby. Rumor had it that the local Squire, who had been married the

day before, was being driven homeward by the Carlisle road and was expected to pass thru the village at any moment. As the report spread among the cottages, heads were poked discreetly up to cottage window sills and housewives found the re-scouring of door steps a matter of pressing importance. Several of the more curious gossips betook themselves to the well-side with pails and pitchers and lingered at this vantage spot long after they had replenished their utensils with the clear well crystal.

Towards noon the loiterers at the well-side were thrilled by the sudden appearance of the Squire's open carriage. It swung into the common at a rattling pace behind the Squires chestnut hackneys and drew up between the well and the Widow Horton's. The Squire alighted. He was a familiar figure in his own village and awakened no curiosity but while Burke, the coachman, was watering the hackneys and fussing with curb reins and headstalls the hangers on had ample opportunity to respectfully scrutinize the Squire's new lady.

Report had it that she was the eldest daughter of a not over-rich solicitor who lived over the county line at Halt-whistle. The village agreed that whatever her father's financial status there was no question of his eldest daughter's beauty. According to my great-aunt Chrissie, she was tall and dark and gracious looking and she spoke with a particularly melodious voice. There is a saying in that part of Cumberland-shire that to judge the nature of a horse one must look for twenty minutes at its head and to judge the nature of a woman one must harken but twenty seconds to her voice. My great-aunt was much given to praising the voice of the Squire's new lady. "She always spoke slowly and clearly and looked at you directly with such large, gentle eyes."

The bridal equipage did not tarry long at the well but before the Squire and his bride departed one small incident occurred which is of some importance to our story. The Widow Horton had three daughters, children all of them, the youngest a mere babe of five years old. The Squire's lady caught a glimpse of them posing in a demure little row behind the shelter of their white garden palings. They were wholesome tots in their clean pinafores, not at all in appearance peasant children. The widow Horton had been a clergyman's daughter and was possessed of a small annuity and was besides famed for her skill among the neighboring gentry as an expert needle woman. If the fare in dame Horton's Cottage was simple it was partaken from a spotless cloth. This is well for our story which I promised was to be a pleasant one. Temporary penury may be the result of heroic disaster as well as of sloth and thriftlessness but there is little of pleasure in the presence of the gray pinching spectre of poverty.

The carriage must tarry a moment to the gratification of the widow Horton while the Squire's lady admired her little brood.

"Oh Barry," to the Squire, "notice the wee one, the babe, notice how she smiles roguishly up at us while her big sisters stand back and sucks their thumbs. Isn't she a dear! See how her fair curls glint red in the sunlight while her sisters' are plain dull gold. What do you call her Mrs. Horton? An odd, interesting name I hope."

On being told that the babe was generally called, Gwen, the Squire's lady asked Gwen if she liked her very much. Gwen laughed but would not say. Then the Squire's lady asked her if she liked the Spuire. Gwendeline shook her gleaming curls.

The Squire affected some pique. "Won't commit herself to you, naturally" he said.

"Whom do you like, minx?" asked my lady.

To where Burke the young coachman sat erect in trim green livery on the elevated seat of the carriage Gwen pointed an admiring hand. "I like him best, surely!" She crowed frankly and laughed.

The Squire roared. Young Burke's clean tanned face colored with glee and some embarrassment to be thus openly preferred before his master. The Squire affected jealousy of Burlse until his bride reminded him that since yesterday he was a married man and must no longer permit his fancy to roam unrestrained. Burke's face (he had been an oft-times servant cronie to the bachelor Squire) grew suddenly livid. The Squire thought it time to resume a certain dignity. He gave a curt word to Burke to drive on to the Big House. After brief adieus to the villagers the carriage took the Carlisle road and reached the avenue leading to the Big House without further incident. But twice on the way Burlse was taken with sudden fits of coughing.

II

This is the story of the Big House. The structure itself stands remote from the Carlisle road at the end of half a league of turfed drive as broad and as smoothly kept as a bowling green. Double rows of oaks shade its trim length on either side. The traveller passing slowly the open curve of the lodge gates catches a breath-taken glimpse of trim shadowed greenness stretching invitingly over the sweep of land—away, away.

Farther along the highway where it winds over the slight rise which overlooks the village the curious traveller can see in the distance the tree embower-

ed gables of the Big House, "its red brick chimneys against the blue sky" Remote it stands from the common way and to the thread of this tale; we can only piece its story together as the country-side gossip filters down to where my great-aunt is passing her girl-hood in the hamlet of Little Corby.

George Porlock was a young teamster who worked by the day for one of the Squire's tenant farmers. George loved horses, preferably thorobreds "something with a bit of blood, you know," even though he had to be content with plodding day after day behind his employer's hairy legged Shires. It irked George's starved soul considerably that crisp March morning in the year following the Squire's marriage to be compelled to clip hedges when the hounds were out. From the ridge where he was toiling he could hear their clarion voices this side of the stream of the Eden as they worked down the little valley. Once he caught sight of a pink coated rider topping the hedgerows in the distance and once he heard the mellow call of the huntsman's horn from beyond the village of Little Corby. For a long time very little brush fell before George's shears and the line of his cutting was alpine in its irregularity. However as the disturbance of the hunt died away in the distance George cursed the unfairness of the English social system (more from habit than conviction) and applied himself again to his pipe smoking and hedgeging, as much to one as to the other.

George was a healthy yokel and he had almost forgotten the distant passing of the hunt and his own misfortune in being born a laborer when the startled snort of a horse and the rapid plod of hooves in the soft plowland of the field he was trimming brought his head

up with a jerk. A loose hunter, with empty saddle and bridle reins dangling, which George recognized at once as the Squire's bay filly, was careering wildly towards him over the ridges.

With instinctive horse sense George sprang out at the opportune time calling, "Whoa! Whoa mare!" and spread his arms wide and made a run for her.

The filly checked and swerved like a frightened deer her eyes ablaze with excitement. Her sleek coat, the grace of her swerving neck filled George's horseman's heart with ecstasy even as he sprang for her. Somehow, just, he got a horny hand looped in her snaffle rein. The filly wheeled around him twice and then he had her by the headstall and she stood steady snorting and trembling. George's heart had already raised ten beats with love for her.

He led her thru the hedge to the by-way running Eden-ward and clambered up astride her high withers somehow much confused by the tangled complexity of snaffle and curb-reins with which he found his hands full. He did not stop to adjust the stirrup leathers—they were too long for his Saxon limbs—but cantered recklessly off in the direction taken by the hunt.

George's first thought was to return the filly to the unhorsed Squire and to do the man justice he did make some attempt at performing this courtesy. He cantered the space of a quarter of an hour up divers quiet by-paths on the back track of the hounds but for any one whom he met he might have been alone with his mount in a gray March world. He was about to turn the mare and make his way towards the stables of the Big House when his young outdoor senses were suddenly assailed in three ways at once in a stimulating manner. Simultaneously his nostrils caught the rich odor of fox, the notes of the hunts-

man's horn reached his ears and across the space between the hedgerows before him breezed Reynard himself, tail down.

Dusk was falling when George reached the Big House gates and walked the Squire's filly, her head nodding wearily although her ears were still erect, down the shadowed gloom of the drive. Every dog has its day and George had been in at the death after falling three times at the first three fences—and now he must face the Squire's steady eye and explain in some manner his tardy return of the Squire's hunter. It was the first time George had occasion to invade the privacy of the Squire's grounds and it seemed to him as if hours passed before he saw the salmon colored glow of the setting sun reflected in the windows of the Big House. Almost surreptitiously he walked his tired mount past the house itself into the gravelled stable yard.

On his halloing Burke appeared from a stable doorway. Burke cursed roundly when he saw George on the mare and crossed the gravel with long strides. In the delightfully frank way of one servant to another he asked George, "what in the hell he was doing on that horse."

George slid off the mare red-faced and considerably non-plussed at his reception and tried to explain in aggrieved tones, and the few crude words of his native tongue which limited his discourse, how he had come to find the mare together with some subterfuge for his late arrival. Burke was curt but decent enough when he understood the matter and gave George two shillings after he had felt the mare's knees. But Burke was alarmed! The Squire had not returned! Nor had any one had word of him!

Two shillings went a long way in an English public house in those days and it was thus that George, the host and hero of the day and the bearer of stark news, finished his story to the throng, of thoughtful faces in the "Boar's Head" later in the evening.

"So we goes to look for Squire, me and young Burke and two of the hands, the Squire's wife being over to her own people at Haltwhistle for the week end as everybody knows. Young Burke fetches a lantern for its getting along about dark and we drives over in the breaking cart to where the hounds first gave tongue back o' Bramley Copse. From there we spread out and beats forward but we hadn't gone but a bit when one of the lads hallos and points ahead. There's Farmer Doan's stone dyke running straight across the hill above us, black against the red of the setting sun. We aren't on to him at first but he points again and we see a gap in the top of the dyke, where it stands dark against the sky and I hears

Burke mutter something about the mare's knees. We climb to the dyke and makes over and sure enough there's the Squire on the other side. His lay- ing still on his back with one arm thrown wide just beyond the ruckle of stones he's brought down. There's not a broken bone in his body and narry a bruise on him but a little one nigh his ear—but he's dead, we all know that at oncet just by the still way he's lieing.

Burke stoops to his hand. "Cold!" he says.

"Then he tries to lift his hand onto his front like t'other one but the Squire's arm comes up like the handle of a barrow and his whole body turns like a gate. He's cold and stiff the Squire is, stiff already. It dont seem no how natural. Here's the Squire as could sentence a man to ten years or find you

a good place for life, just at a word of his, laving stiff and dead like a hare in a snare of a cold morning. It don't seem natural.

"Burke fetched a hurdle and we carried the Squire back to the breaking cart not saying much as we goes."

Now we come to that part which gave my aunt the most pleasure in the telling. I can see her now sitting by the self feeder in the close warmth of the red plush sitting room in our Ontario vil- lage home at that gloaming hour of a short winter's day when, her house- work accomplished, she delighted in story telling. Often then must her thoughts have wandered back to that Cumberlandshire valley of her girlhood. All her stories where Cumberland stor- ies, as full of intriguing incidents as a Cumberland cake is full of currants; I know for as a boy I have often relished them both, the stories and the cakes to- gether. But the high spot of all the tales (and I must always feign surprise at this juncture) was when my dear aunt with all a spinter's relish in the dram- atic, when it pertains to the romances of other people, would clap her hands to- gether on her knee and exclaim, her high featured face avid with the dra- matic interest of the moment.

"They buried the Squire within the week and his young widow sold the mare that killed him out of the parish and gave the money to the poor of the parish. Then almost before the year was out she married young Burke, the coachman!"

Imagine the raising of hands when the news reached Little Corby!

At this point a long silence on my aunt's part, I always knew was to sig- nify the passing of ten long years.

To quote my story teller's own words, "By this time the Squire's widow had

herself been dead for nine years, almost as long as the Squire. They buried her beside him in the churchyard on the old estate. She and her young coachman husband had been very happy together, they were both young and comely and full of the quick joy of life, but one perfect year was all they had before she died."

By all the sacred rules of rhetoric what a way to tell a story! Garrolous George Porlock monopolizing pages on the happenings of a single day; the passing of years, wooings and weddings and dire events, dismissed with a line or two. But always we must gather our news as it comes to us piecing gossip together as best we can. To all us villiagers the Big House itself is ever aloof, inaccessible. As the seasons pass and the years go by we see its roof-trees and gable-ends in the distance against the changing skies but it is ever far away.

My great-aunt Chrissie can help us here with some first hand information.

"I was waiting at the covered well one fall evening about this time—never mind for whom laddie," she said using the Scotch diminutive which comes out so readily in the speech of the border folk, "when I am eavesdropping without wishing it at all. I am sitting quietly on the well seat in an angle of the stone work and before I can move I hear the clink of a horse's feet on the cobbles before the watertrough on the far side of the well and the voices of two women, young gentlewomen, talking. I can see the starred white patches on their horses foreheads, the dull gleam of nickle bridle pieces, the deep white v's of the rider's neck linen and beneath the shadow of their silk hats the glow of their outdoor faces like two patches of sunset in the dusk. I catch the clean smell of horse and new leather

and tweed and the glow of their outdoor bodies and they mix pleasantly with the smell of evening and fallen leaves and autumn earth. I can hear the tinkle of curb chains and the gulp and suck and splashing of horses drinking deeply at the trough. I know them at once for the Bodwin sisters from this side Cardigan Castle.

One of them asks the other, "Well Peg, what luck?"

The other speaks up throatily, "Damned little Siss! I was sweet to him too! I beamed at him for two miles! I crowded him at the gates! I dropped my crop and made him give me a leg up, twice! He rode beside me and answered "Yes" and "No," "Yes" and "No" to all I said. Damn his good looks anyway. What does he want anyway, the coachman?"

"Never mind that part of it Peg, he's the best catch in the country. You know."

"Yes, but what right has this Burke to be so straight and brown and clean and the owner of eighteen farms and stay a widower for nine years in a country where women like you and I are growing old?" The old Squire did wrong to will everything to his wife to leave it to whom she pleased!"

"The old answer Peg. There are always other men."

"Yes, there is still the honorable Herne."

"Don't Peg! Please! He will never see forty five again and he drinks—horribly!"

"I shall never see twenty-five again Siss and I am growing old—rapidly! Darn all the Burkes."

"They say Burke is thinking always of her. They say he sits every afternoon in the library at the Big House and reads steadily for two hours; he keeps a schedule; she made him promise before she died; arranged all his read-

ing for him. Her picture hangs in the same room. It is as if she were always with him. A dead woman keeping him for nine years; it isn't fair—Come up Rye!"

"I heard them wheeling their horses about and then their voices grew softly inaudible as they rode away over the turf."

III

Burke was his own farm bailiff and he followed the practice of driving about the country behind the same horse hitched to the same high, springy, dog-cart. The horse had been a blue roan when Burke had bought it off a gypsy to please a whim of his wife's ten years before; now the horse had faded with the years until it was a dirty white in color but it was still as mettlesome as a colt and could trot off its forty-five miles a day as casually as ever. Burke had changed too in the decade. He was no longer the twenty-five year old coachman who had driven home the Squire and his bride although the old sinners of seventy and upwards who rode with him to hounds still called him, "Young Burke" as of yore.

That his features had lost the full flush of youth however only made him appear more the gentleman. His face was leaner, his temples more angular and pronounced; he looked more thoughtful than in the old days. Life to him had become a serious matter. He spoke seldom and then slowly, weighing his words, sometimes correcting an inadvertent expression meticulously, rarely relapsing into the idioms of the servants' hall.

The people of Little Corby saw him but seldom. Once a fortnight or so he would drive the prancing roan thru the village nodding briefly, but missing none whom he knew, from where he sat on the high seat of the dog-cart. Usually

he stopped to water the roan at the well before the Widow Horton's.

The widow Horton in features and in the freshness of her complexion was as young looking as ever. She might not have aged a day but for her hair; that was completely gray. Her brood, of course, had grown up. Her two elder girls were eighteen and twenty. Gwen, the babe, was now a sylph of sixteen. Her hair, which the Squire's lady had so much admired on that May day so long ago, was now a sight to see. Miss Gwendoline wore it brushed down close to her round little head after the fashion of the time and where it was brushed close it was flat gold and where it skirled loose about her ears and neck it was cinnamon in the sun. She had small features, a round little sun tanned face and about six freckles too many. She capitalized all her sentences with about two beats of ready laughter. Villagers of both sexes went out of their way to talk to her calling her name, "Oh Gwen! Oh Gwen!" on flimsiest pretext or on no pretext at all.

Squire Burke had come to know the Horton's rather well; he was on chaffing terms with them in fact. For the last few years his brief stops at the well had become impromptu visits to the Horton family. From passing the time of day with them he had come to drinking a fetched cup of tea at the roadside. It was usually Gwen who fetched the tea. One bit of comedy had become almost a ritual with them. Like many men whose hearts are buried Burke was prone to certain harmless flirtations; to such men these pleasures mean no more than the distant play of heat lightning after a thunderbolt has left their home in ashes. As Burke would flex the roan horse's head up and raise a foot to the step of the dog-cart he would banter the Horton girls with this

question.

"Well now which one of you young ladies is coming with me to the Big House? I am going to carry one of them off some day Mrs. Horton, one of them to be the Mistress of the Big House. I've been single long enough you know. Now which one will it be?"

The elder girls, quiet beauties, would draw back with shy, incredulous, smiles. Mrs. Horton would be amused in a gently restrained manner. She liked Squire Burke, everyone did, but should he even jest on such a topic with simple village maids? Gwen would laugh aloud in Burke's face as if it were the best joke in the world. And every time the little play was being repeated Gwen was growing a little older and she had reached that age when young womanhood matures, as it were, in a day, like the bronzing fields of wheat in a summer sun.

My aunt tells me that Burke's stops at the well, from being fortnightly for several years, became in this spring time in the tenth year of his widowhood, suddenly without apparent reason, almost a daily occurrence. And always Burke bantered the Horton girls with the same question.

Again a May morning at the wellside. Burke is there with the dog-cart and the mettlesome old roan. He is laughing as he prepares to drive away. The widow Horton and her daughters are laughing with him from their flowered gateway. Gwen is outside the gate laughing the readiest.

Burke springs the old question, "Which one of you young ladies is coming over the hills with me to the Big House? I am coming for—."

"I'll go with you, Mr. Burke!"

"Gwen!!" exclaimed her astounded sisters in chorus.

"Oh yes, I'll go with you Mr. Burke, laughs Gwen. "Wait just a moment while I fetch my bag!"

Into the cottage trips Gwen as gaily as if going on a picnic. She hurries out with her carpet bag suspiciously soon (she must have had it packed in readiness, the minx) and stands beside Burke trustingly and laughing into his face as if it were all the greatest joke ever. "Here I am ready, Mr. Burke!"

Burke does not hesitate. Gaily he catches Gwen up and swings her to the high seat of the cart. The roan rears and plunges. Burke curbs him easily and laughs. Gwen laughs with him unafraid. Burke swings up beside Gwen and the roan is away like a race horse from the barrier. Gwen turns, she is holding on to Burke with one hand, and waves a farewell to her speechless mother and sisters. At the high road the dog-cart disappears in the direction away from the Big House. The office of the J. P. lies to the East.

Here my great-aunt Chrissie, with a fitting sense of dramatic, always ended her story. Leaving her native village soon after Gwen had gone to be the mistress of the Big House she lost connection with its history. No doubt Burke and little Gwen have long since joined the Squire and his lady in that quiet acre on the old estate. Like Stevenson's 'dour bauld Elliotts of auld'.

"They rade in the rain in the days that
are gane

In the wind and the rain and the lave
They shouted in the hay and they routed
on the hill

But there're au quiet noo in the
grave!"

What matters it least of all to them,
brave hearts?" "They had their day of

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Northern Farmer-New Style

D. F. P.

LIFE on a northern experimental station may be monotonous at times, but it is not all labour and worry. There are occasional wet days which permit the cereal gang to foregather in the drying shed and make a great pretense at being the busiest men north of Lake Superior.

One such day last summer, after it had become rather sticky underfoot, and the hoes had ceased to render efficient service, Lazy Peter, the plot foreman, appeared on the scene. "Well, boys, guess we'd better knock off this for a while and go in and wash up the rest of those stakes. I've got a pretty good fire goin', and anyway, we'll need 'em next week when the 'old iad' comes around." We weren't sorry, of course, for even if we had been washing those few hundred stakes, off and on, all summer, it was a lot easier swapping yarns alongside a fire than it was out in that drizzle.

As it happened, that was only a short while after French Louie's pet wolf had broken into the station's sheep corral and put about half the flock out of commission, so it was natural that our talk soon drifted toward sheep. Everybody had some reminiscence of the home flock that he was ready to spill, free gratis, but we hadn't said much one way or another before Lazy Pete sort of wakened up and laid down the stake he'd been rubbing at ever since we'd come in.

"You know," he said, "I used to figure I was quite a sheep man. Of course, that was several years ago, before I graduated from college." — I don't know how he did it, but Pete had

managed to get his degree and had been taken on at the station a couple of years previous—"There is quite a lot of rough pasture on the old farm and Dad always kept quite a bunch of ewes around the place. They weren't anything extra, of course, but I guess there was more Shrop blood in them than anything else, though, of course, we'd never had a pure-bred ram of any sort.

"However, being as I'd got through two years at Agricultural College, and hankerin' after some special way to ventilate all my stored up knowledge, Dad thought it might be a good idea to turn the sheep over to me to take care of. Dad said he thought it would be a good plan to get a pure-bred ram and, of course, I thought so, too, but superior like, I wanted an Oxford to put some size into the flock, while Dad held out that we ought to get a Shrop. I talked it over every chance I could get, but all my arguments about bigger lambs and more pounds of wool per fleece didn't seem to move him an inch, and I was in a fair way toward bein' pretty well discouraged.

"But one day I picked up the Advocate after dinner, and I saw where Jim Black, just over in the next county, was advertisin' some pure-bred lambs for sale that were by an imported Oxford ram. I'd seen that ram the fall before, because he was one of a bunch that had been imported by the College authorities as part of a better sheep campaign, so I came back at Dad harder than ever with all the arguments of the better sheep campaign behind me in a solid array.

“Finally, I guess, Dad decided there’d be no livin’ with me unless I got my way; so one day when it was just dryin’ up after half a week’s rain, and we couldn’t do much else, we got the old “Lizzie” out and drove over to Jim Black’s, since it wasn’t more’n about thirty miles. Jim was right glad to see us and led us away off down the lane to look at the lambs. He had them on a patch of rape and they sure looked good; Jim knows how to take care of them and most of his stock is show stuff anyway.

“It didn’t take me long to spot the biggest lamb in the bunch, and right away that one was bought so far as I was concerned. Dad didn’t think very much of him and even Jim Black seemed to have a sort of suspicion that we oughtn’t to buy that one, but I had my way and finally Dad shelled out twenty-five dollars. We tied him into the back seat of the “Lizzie,” and it wasn’t long before we had him safely landed at our own barn door.

“Everything went fine for some time after that; in fact for just so long as the sheep stayed on the pasture, for even my superior knowledge of flock management wasn’t able to figure out any special method for improvement. They seemed to be alright most of the winter, too, even if I did switch the feed around as much as I could, trying to test out the palatibility and one thing or another.

“Along toward the last of the winter, however, some of the sheep commenced to get very thin when they ought to have begun to pick up in condition. This worried me some, of course, and I began workin’ out rations harder than ever; half a dozen of the ewes got real sick, and to crown it all, my wonderful Oxford began to go off his feed, too; just seemed to

evaporate into thin air. I worked over that lot something feverish. I pretty near wore out the veterinary book lookin’ for prescriptions, and when they all failed I figured out some of my own.

“After about a week of this the sheep began to die, and of course I had to perform a post-mortem. I never found out what it was that killed them, but from the condition of their in’ards I don’t wonder they died. The odour was sure potent, and persistent, too, for the folks would hardly let me come near the house for several days. The day the ram died I had to eat my supper in the woodshed because the minister happened to drop in for tea that evening. I didn’t mind that very much, however, for I never could mind my manners when the minister came, and they hadn’t been improved very much, ether, by a couple of years at the training tables in the college dining hall.

“About this time, of course, Dad wasn’t feelin’ any too cheerful over the sheep business, but he never came near the sheep barn, after the first autopsy, because he happened to approach it from the leeward side. The ram was the last to be taken by the mysterious malady, however, and both Dad and I began to feel better again. It wasn’t long after this that our troubles began afresh, though, for it soon came lambing time; those big bony Oxford lambs seemed to have an awful lot of trouble gettin’ launched into the world, and even then, quite often, they didn’t stay long, in spite of all the warm blankets and pans of heated oats that I could gather up. I sure had a couple of hectic weeks of it, and when the last living straggler had arrived, I counted them up one night and I had nine, yes, nine of the thin-

nest, boniest lambs you ever saw, and what was left of the ewe flock wasn't in a bit better condition. I was getting pretty well disgusted, so I just fell back into Dad's old ways of feedin' them and somehow or other they managed to pull through till the grass came in the spring, without any more fatalities, and after that, of course, they began to come around alright.

"However, Dad's faith in Oxford rams and college feeding was pretty well shaken, and he began to figure up how much the whole trip had cost him. I guess he was rather surprised at the total because his language was pretty lurid when he began to tell me about it. Of course I had all sorts of comebacks, and some of 'em were pretty good, too, but I hadn't the same command of forceful expressions that he had and I lost the argument. I didn't mind that once for I lose out pretty

often, but when I began to hear the same story about twice a week, regular, because when Dad get's the advantage of an argument, he likes to rub it in; why, I began to think that perhaps I wasn't cut out for the sheep business after all. Anyhow, we were both greatly relieved when I decided I'd better go back to college and study a few more years and see if I couldn't get my B.S.A."

The rain had slackened off considerably during the last few minutes of Peter's story and just then the Assistant "Supe" opened the door and took a look at the happy family inside. "Well, Pete, I guess maybe you and the boys had better take that bunch of stakes and go over and mark that range of mixtures on 'twenty-five,' the aphids have made such a mess of them that nobody can tell what they are unless they have the labels to go by."



LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE

Some people who think photographers don't do them justice ought to be asking for mercy.

THEY'D BE SPICIER

Sometimes, we wish the men who write the advertisements for books would write the books.

HIS MISSED OPPORTUNTY

Still, think how the fur would be flying if Mussolini had been born in one of the Balkan states.

VIEWPOINTS IN LANGUAGE

It's a queer language: "I've lost ten pounds" means tragedy in England; here it means accomplishment.

DIPLOMACY

A wise son will ask his father's advice and occasionally appear to act upon it as though he thought it something valuable.

A LONG TIME BETWEEN MEALS

Speaking of hard luck, how would you like to be a poor horsefly out on the concrete road with no chance to get a meal until a horse came by.

INTERPOSITION

A Vermont man tripped over a fallen tree and broke his leg while chasing a skunk. Providence sometimes employ hard methods to protect humans from the results of their folly.

The N. F. C. U. S.

The National Federation of Canadian University Students

RE Exchange of Undergraduate Students.—In addition to the efforts of each representative at his own university, your executive has requested permission to be officially represented at the National Conference of Canadian Universities, which is being held in London, Ontario, early in June. It is hoped that should this request be granted, we will be able to obtain concerted action from all Canadian universities on this project.

On March 7th, a letter was received from the Scottish Students Federation, announcing a short tour of America by a party of 15 students. This party is visiting Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec, and your executive, through N.F. C.U.S. representatives in these cities, is making arrangements for their entertainment while in Canada.

Two debating tours are also being planned, and we hope to have definite information on these before the fall term opens.

The question of reduced railway fares is being investigated in England, Europe and South Africa, preparatory to approaching the Board of Railway Commissioners in Canada. Further information on this matter will be dispatched from time to time.

Facts Concerning the National Union of Students of the University Colleges of England and Wales.

1. Twenty-one universities and colleges in England and Wales comprise such an organization, which had its birth in 1919.

2. The scope and work of the organization has increased so rapidly that permanent offices and club rooms have now been acquired; a staff of 20 full time employees are now necessary.

3. A publication, *The University*, is edited under N.U.S. auspices each term;

4. Activities of the organization are divided into Home and Foreign:

Home:

(a) Organizing of tours to industrial centers and beauty spots of the British Isles.

(b) An annual congress of one week's duration for students, featuring the best in educational lectures, etc.;

(c) Information Bureau—Provides students with particulars of scholarships, courses, etc., throughout the world.

(d) Reduced rates on textbooks;

(e) Establishment of reciprocity of membership with other university unions;

(f) Establishment of correspondence exchange—of great value to Modern Languages students;

(g) Insurance of all kinds.

Foreign:

(a) Full and independent membership in international federation of students—a federation of all students of the world;

(b) The above affiliation means that advantage can be taken of various tours, etc.;

(c) Debating teams have already been sent to South Africa, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the United States;

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World's Poultry Congress

CANADIANS may well be proud of the fact that the World's Poultry Congress will be held at Ottawa, July 27th to August 4th next. The awarding of the 1927 Congress to Canada was a direct tribute to the leading part Canada has played in the development of the poultry industry of the world, especially in the establishment of Record of Performance and Registration for Poultry and the grading of eggs. Many of these innovations or modifications of them are being used by other countries, which are benefitting therefrom. Perhaps a more direct influence in the award was the splendid exhibit shown by Canada at the second Congress, held at Barcelona, Spain, in 1924. This exhibit consisted of R. O. P. and exhibition birds of the more popular breeds; the systems of R. O. P. and Registration were fully explained by those in charge. After the Congress, the exhibit was taken to Wembley, after which the birds making up the exhibit were distributed among the members of the Royal Families of Spain and Great Britain.

The World's Poultry Congress, as a regular event, was founded by the International Association of Instructors and Investigators in Poultry Husbandry, to be held every three years in a different location, for the purpose of bringing together those interested in a phase of the poultry industry, with the object of stimulating interest in world poultry affairs; co-ordinating education and international research; educating in the most efficient methods of production, standardization, distribution and co-operation; to graphically illustrate important phases of the

poultry work through exhibits; and to promote international acquaintance and good fellowship among the poultrymen of the world. The first Congress was held at La Hague, Holland, in 1921, under royal patronage. The second Congress was held in Barcelona, Spain, in May, 1924, also under royal patronage. The third Congress at Ottawa, will be under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency, Viscount Willingdon, Governor-General of Canada, and shall be the largest and most splendid Congress held thus far.

Some idea of the proportions of the 1927 Congress can be imagined from the fact that the exhibits shall occupy all the capacious buildings of Lansdowne Park, which annually house the Central Canada Exhibition. These buildings, together with a number of large tents, shall be completely filled with displays, portraying the poultry and allied industries. Ten thousand of the best standard-bred and production-bred poultry in the world shall be exhibited. Over thirty of the leading countries of the world shall be represented by official delegates, varying in number from one to twenty-one. It is expected that upwards of six thousand poultrymen shall attend the Congress. The exhibits shall consist of national exhibits of foreign countries, Canadian national exhibit, Provincial exhibits, a "Living Standard" exhibit by the American Poultry Association, and commercial exhibits by a host of manufacturers of poultry industry accessories, such as incubators, brooders, etc. Sessions of the Congress, at which practical and scientific papers shall be read by the various delegates, all well-known authorities on their subjects,

will be held in the Auditorium from 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. daily, and the Congress Exhibition will be open from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m. daily.

To successfully manage such a huge event as the Congress requires great organization. This organization consists of Congress President, Mr. Edward Brown, F.L.S., of London, Eng.; General Director of Congress, Mr. F. C. Elford, Ottawa, and Congress Secretary, Ernest Rhoades, Ottawa; these, supported by a strong Committee of sixty-four men prominent in Canadian poultry affairs. Provincial Committees have been named in every Province of the Dominion, consisting of a chairman, secretary and a number of well-known poultrymen of the Province. National Committees have been formed in every country taking active part in the Congress. The Preliminary Announcement of the Congress, giving general informations and regulations, and the Final Announcement, giving programme and the personnel of various delegations, have been printed and distributed. Both these announcements are splendidly got up, beautifully printed and are well worth having. Full membership in the Congress entitles one to a copy of the Report of Congress Proceedings, free admission to all Congress sessions, the exhibition and all functions arranged for the Congress. Associate membership carries the same privileges as full membership, except that it does not include a copy of the Report of Congress Proceedings. Membership fees are five dollars for full membership, and three dollars for associate membership. However the "Report" is well worth the extra two dollars, as one has before him, for future reference, a complete set of papers on all the developments of the poultry industry of the world. Students in

agriculture are well advised to take out full membership and visit the Congress, as the information received will pale to insignificance the original outlay in its future practical application. Dr. Marcellus, of the College of poultry staff is Provincial Secretary for Ontario, and will be pleased to give any information and receive memberships.

The Congress will prove a marvelous opportunity to advertise Canada, and the authorities are quick to take advantage of it. As many of the American delegates are coming to Ottawa in cars, delightful tours have been arranged, which will show Canada at its best. Many of these delegates will rent cottages and stay for the summer months in Canada. "Seeing Canada" trains have been organized, which will review the potentialities of the Dominion from coast to coast. The trip will last from 25 to 27 days, during which time all the "show spots" of Canada will be visited and will "wind-up" at the Canadian National Exhibition, where the delegates will be handed over to the C. N. E. officials, whose guests they are to be. Food purveyed at the Congress will be "Made in Canada" as far as possible, and a rigid daily inspection of the dining hall service will be carried out. "Hot dog joints," etc., will be conspicuous by their absence. Needless to say much tourist revenue will be realized during and after the congress.

The American Poultry Association's "Living Standard" exhibit will prove a boon to students of poultry and agriculture. There will be shown the progress in brooder enlargements by decades from the first pair of birds entered in the Standard fifty years ago, to the present day, when live represen-

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Technical Education for the Baker

THE manufacture of bread has become one of the most important industries of this country. Not many years ago a large portion of the bread consumed in this country was made in the home, for, making bread, like the spinning of yarns and the weaving of cloth and the making of butter and cheese, formed part of the regular household duties of the women of the home. Now the making of cloth is almost entirely a factory proposition, and nearly all our butter and practically all of our cheese is manufactured by men who have been specially trained for the work. These changes have come slowly and naturally with the development of machinery and a fuller study of the subjects, coupled with the need of making these products in larger quantities to supply the needs of our growing urban population. The same factors are operating in the making of bread and it too is becoming a factory proposition.

Proof of the importance of the baking industry is found in the reports of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. According to the last available report, 1924, the value of seven of the most important bakery products amounted to \$54,403,078. This figure was compiled from the reports from 2078 bakeries, which is probably only about two-thirds of the bakeries in operation in the Dominion. The same report shows that the value of the products of the combined flour milling and baking industries is greater than that of any other industry in the Dominion with the single exception of Agriculture, which is our best basic industry.

Or, we may consider the magnitude

of the baking industry in another way. Reliable authorities have computed that the people of the City of Toronto use two-fifths of a pound of bread per capita per day. Assuming that the 9,250,000 people in the Dominion use as much bread as the people of Toronto, they would consume 2,500,000 one and one-half pound loaves of bread per day, or nearly 1,000,000,000 loaves per year, which, at eleven cents per loaf would have a value of nearly \$100,000,000. This does not include the value of rolls, pies, cakes and other baking products, which would probably have about an equal value. This may not be a fair estimate of the commercial baking industry, as a portion, and in some parts of a very large portion, of the bread, cake and pastry is made in the home and in all probability some of it will always be made there, but it does give us some idea of the magnitude of the value of the baking products consumed in our country and the wide field the baker has to cultivate.

Until recently bread has been made in comparatively small shops. The growth of our Urban population, the improved means of transportation and the introduction of machinery has made possible the large bakeries of to-day; but, the perishable nature of the product and the need of daily delivery, practically means that we will always have a large number of small shops, and, consequently, we will always require a large number of trained men. The day is past when men can afford to make bread by "rule of thumb." The basic material, flour, is made from wheat, the chemical make up of which is subject to variation due

to a great variety of causes, consequently, flour is not of a constant quality. The number of accessory materials used in making bread is increasing, changes in machinery necessitates in the formula for making bread and the demands of the consumer are becoming more exacting. Furthermore, it must not be forgotten that the proper fermentation in a dough is essential; for, if this is not properly controlled first-class bread cannot be made. Add to this the fact that there are comparatively few men growing up in the business, gaining by long experience a knowledge of the subject, and we understand the need of some training for the men who are going to make bread with the complex materials and the complicated conditions of today.

So far as I know the first attempt to give special instruction in the principles underlying the baking business in this country was undertaken by the Dominion Master Bakers' Association in April, 1903. The sessions of this "School of Baking" as it was called, were held in the old "Technical building on College Street, Toronto." Dr. F. C. Harrison, then Professor of Bacteriology in the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, and later principal of the Macdonald Agricultural College, took charge of the work in yeast and fermentation, while I dealt with some of the elementary chemistry of flour and the changes that takes place in making it into bread.

The interest awakened in the scientific aspect of the baking industry at that time has culminated in our present school of baking, so splendidly housed in "Trent Institute." At the same time the flour millers became interested and in 1907, as a result of a joint representation of the needs of some place

for testing flour, the late Hon. John Dryden then Minister of Agriculture provided means for equipping a laboratory for this purpose and it was installed in the chemical building, Ontario Agricultural College. Throughout all the intervening years Miss M. A. Purdy has carried out the milling and baking work in this laboratory and I think we can truthfully say that it has been of considerable value to both the milling and baking industries and it has served to keep us in touch with the advancements that have been made during these years.

In 1924 and again in 1925 a two weeks' course in baking was given at this college. Both years we had all the men we could handle and at the conclusion of the course they expressed the desire for further study. This has now been made possible, as the members of the Bread and Cake Baker's Association and the Allied Trades Association have contributed enough money to erect and equip a building to be used as a school for bakers, and on the 11th. of May last presented it to the Provincial Government with the understanding that the school would be operated as part of the Ontario Agricultural College and at the Provincial Government's expense.

The building, known as Trent Institute, stands back of Johnson Hall, facing to the drive that passes the President's Residence. The building is brick and stucco. In the basement there is space for storage of flour and the necessary accessories in bread and cake making, experimental baking room, coal room, lavatories and lockers. On the main floor there is the commercial bread laboratory with the dough divider, rounder, travelling pro-

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THE O.A.C. REVIEW

ODELL
1928

REVIEW STAFF

H. G. TILLMAN, '28, Editor-in-Chief.	
H. J. COLSON, '29, Associate Editor.	
D. F. PUTMAN, '27, Live Stock.	H. G. MASTER, '28, College Life.
N. I. CLARK, '27, Agronomy.	E. C. BECK, '28, Alumni.
G. C. WARREN, '27, Horticulture.	G. B. HOOD, B.S.A., Alumni.
W. R. GRAHAM, '29, Poultry.	Corresponding Editor,
E. WILKES, '27, Dairy.	H. J. COLSON, '29, Athletics.
D. A. ANDREW, '27, Apiculture.	A. A. KINGSCOTE, O.V.C., Art.
E. H. GARRARD, '27, Science.	R. W. THOMPSON, '28, Locals.
MISS F. PARSONS, Mac. Rep.	
MISS M. LANGSTAFF, Jr. Rep.	

EDITORIAL

Students Under the Microscope

TRULY we are living in an age of probes, investigations and enquiries. The Great War left the world a legacy of distrust which has found a convenient safety valve in declaiming against wrongs both fancied and real, which appear to have risen if not directly from social inequalities created by the vast upheaval, at least from the altered social fabric. Morbid curiosity has seized upon the occasion to delve into private affairs, and occasional startling disclosures unduly magnified by unscrupulous persons have sufficed to give the spark of life to the latent inquisitiveness which exists in all humans to a greater or lesser degree. From the political phase, we have seen the prying process extended to financial, commercial and now even to educational institutions.

And the thing in the latter that intrigues the public is the genius student itself. Here, they say, is an organism that displays fitful bursts of originality remarkable even in this hectic age. How does he function, and what impulses motivate him? Is his prime motive on the gridiron one of devotion to his college, or is it self glorification? Would he fight as hard if reporters did not devote columns to a well-placed kick? And again: Is delving into science leading him from orthodox religion to atheism and does not his social life conflict with his professed objective? These and scores of other questions most of which have even less grounding in fact but have fictional exploitation as their origin, are sending reporters across country to provide a curious public with an explanation of

the 'modus operandi' of most perplexing mechanism the present day student.

With but few exceptions, the vast body of students have a way of living their own lives in a frank open way, quite unmoved by the synthetic notoriety given them by a periodical press which must needs attach its fantastic chimeras upon a body concerning the inner workings of which its gullible readers know little. It may be reassuring to the large public, which is sympathetically inclined towards the Universities and the students, to see these frictional concoctions dispelled by those who have made a serious survey.

Touching upon science as a faith-wrecker, and the trepidation of parents in sending their offspring to college lest they come back with faith shattered and moral standards lowered, a professor of Philosophy and Education who has made a special study of the problem, writes: "Such fears have been unduly aroused by the lurid and distorted pictures of college life set forth in certain modern novels, and by the equally unfounded alarms of the theological calamity-howlers who see in the advance of science the wreckage of religious faith;" and the article continues—"to be sure, tragedies

occur in college as elsewhere; but the outlook is not so dismal as it has been painted, and parents may rest assured that the faith and morals of their children are at least as safe in college as in any ordinary environment."

To spike the claim that sport takes too much time away from studies, the head coach of an American University which counts a heavy enrolment, points out that practically all college faculties to-day are insistent on satisfactory classwork by athletes. "Every coach I know keeps after his men all the time with encouragement to do good class work. If a man is a consistent flunker we lose interest in him. It is a waste of time to train a man who cannot or will not pass his studies, for he is sure to be removed from the squad sooner or later. No one will risk the chance of building into his football machine a man who will probably be removed at a crucial moment, possibly a few days before one of the biggest games.

And so, if we chose to take the time, we could refute other allegations of insincerity to our ideals and indifference to the graver social problems of the day. While we deprecate the activities of the sensational press, such things are best ignored.



A CHRONIC CASE

Bob—"Jackson's a friend in need."

David—"It seems so; he's always trying to borrow."

THE EGOTIST

Teacher—"Name something of importance existing to-day that was not in existence one hundred years ago."

Small Pupil—"Me!"

ASK DAD—HE KNOWS

Dad says: "If your children never lie to you, it just shows that the influence of example has been over-estimated."—Guelph Mercury.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE

Some men are brilliant talkers in public, and others go out with their wives.



In order to keep the members of the Alumni better acquainted with each other and their work; the Alumni Editor or Corresponding Editor will greatly appreciate word from any graduate at any time.

SPECIAL NOTICE

I would like to draw your attention to Annual Reunion of the Provincial O.A.C. Alumni Association, which is to be held at the College, Guelph, on Saturday, June 25th. The executive have arranged for free lunch at noon and accommodation for those wishing to spend the week end at the College.

Besides a rollicking time to enjoy, there will be a reopening of discussion on the subject proposing a board of Governors for the O.A.C. If you are not acquainted with what has already been done in regard to this matter, please write the Secretary, Mr. F. J. Parish B. S. A., care Dept. of Agriculture, London Ontario.

More than a hundred residents of Guelph recently gathered for lunch in the Georgian dining-room of the Hudson's Bay Co. in Vancouver in celebration of the centenary of their home town. Reminiscences of former days were given by Dr. G. C. Creelman and

Rev. Father Coughlan. Five members of the first graduating class of the College were present and gave short address. They were H. P. McCraney, A. D. Scott, and Messrs. Human, Pearson and Newman.

DEATHS

Those members of the Alumni who were present at the College when Mrs. Craig was matron, will greatly regret the news of her passing away in Ottawa on Sunday, May 29th.

MARRIAGES

A charming spring wedding was solemnized in St. George's Church, Guelph, when Miss Doris Beales, daughter of Mr. Arthur Beales and the late Mrs. Beales, was married to Mr. Bruce Blair, B. S. A. of Hintonburg. The wedding took place at 8.30 o'clock and the Venerable Archdeacon G. F. Scovil officiated.

The bride was attired in white georgette dress trimmed with silver, a white picture hat and carried a bouquet of Ophelia roses. She was given away by her brother-in-law Mr. R. A. Marsland

and Miss Emeline Tate acted as her bridesmaid. Mr. Edward Tate was groomsman.

Following the ceremony a delightful wedding breakfast was served at the home of Mrs. G. Williams, 17 Duke St. The young couple left for Ottawa where they intend to spend their honeymoon and afterwards return to reside in Guelph.

The members of the Alumni extend their congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Blair.

M. J. Altenburg '23 is now selling Fertilizers for the Agricultural Chemical Co. at Lyons N. Y.

"Tarz" Le Maistre, '26, has been appointed Honey investigator under the supervision of Central Exp. Farm at Ottawa.

A. Archibald '22 has left Cayuga to take on the principalship of the Whitby High School.

'Dave' Andrews '27 who has been acting dean of Mills hall for the past three years is now liberating some of his knowledge among the farmers in the Milton district. Dave has been appointed Agricultural Representative at Milton.

"Bruce" Blair '27, took the fatal step on Tuesday, May 24th and has hit for parts unknown. We expect he went to Hintonburg though.

"Eric" Blaney, '27, hasn't told us what he is going to do yet.

N. I. Clark, '27, is farming in Berwick Nova Scotia.

"Tommie" Clark '27 is on extension

work for the poultry Dept. at the O. A. College.

"Cope" Copeland '27 has also returned to the sod at R. R. No. 2 Smithville.

"Art" Donald '27 is farming near Thedford Ontario.

J. G. Dustan '27 is carrying on investigations in entomology and is living at St. Davids Ontario, in care Jas. A. Armstrong.

"Eddie" Garrard '27 is at present situated with the Bacteriology department at the O.A.C.

"Tiny" Goring '27 is helping Walter Reynolds farm at Port Hope.

"Jose" Grisdale '27 has returned to the Central Exp. Farm at Ottawa.

"Geo." Hart, '27, is at present farming at Woodstock.

"Mac." Hart, '27, is also farming at Woodstock.

L. A. Hietanen '27 has made his way back to Port Arthur where he expects to farm for a while.

Miss Frances Howard '27 is working part time with the Dept. of entomology this summer. She expects to teach in Mr. Osborne's place next term, while Mr. Osborne is away obtaining his M.S.

"Johnny" Morrison '27 will probably be found at R. R. No. 2 Glanworth, Ont.

Frank Morwick, '27, has been appointed assistant on Soil Surveys with the Dept. of Chemistry, O.A.C.

Roland Paradis '27 expects to carry on his work as Insect Pest Investigator again this summer. Roland's home address is 76 Stewart St., Ottawa.

D. F. Putman '27 has returned to R. R. No. 1, Belmont N. S. so far as we know.

J. "Ed." Ridley '27 has been appointed Dairy Inspector under the supervision of the Dept. of Agriculture at Regina Saskatchewan.

A. D. Runion '27 is assistant agricultural Representative at Cardinal, Ont.

L. M. Silcox '27 has been appointed as Dairy Inspector, with the Dairy Branch at Regina, Saskatchewan.

A. H. Stevens, '27, has been appointed Agricultural Representative in Wellington County.

George Thompson '27 is assisting in the Botany laboratory at the University of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario.

R. R. Thompson '27 has returned to Sunnyside Farm at Gananoque, Ontario.

G. C. Warren '27 will probably be found at 228 Cumberland St. Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Geo. A. Whiteside '27 has been appointed as Dairy Inspector under the supervision of the Dairy Branch, of the Department of Agriculture at Regina, Saskatchewan.

"Ted" Wilkes '27 has left for Toronto where he takes up his work as Dairy Bacteriologist with the Farmer's Dairy Toronto, Ontario.

Helen Williams '27 has probably returned to her home at Beeton, Ontario.

J. "Ed." Wilson '27 has returned to farm at Alliston, Ontario.

"Lou" Young '27 is connected with the department of Plant Disease Investigation at Petitcodiac, N. B.

G. Y. Cruikshank has been on district rep. work all winter and is now back wielding the five pronged fork on the home farm. Drop in everybody.

Herb Hannam is with the Canadian Countryman. Walt. met him at a Holstein sale in Bowmanville in March, and helped him write up the sale.

"Vic." Elton and "Shike" Lewis are still at the College of Education, Toronto. They are not saying much but—wait till we get that school next fall, oh, boy! The last time we saw "Vic." he looked extremely prosperous and was giving his German Police dog an airing on Richmond Street, Toronto.

"Russ." Hawkins is at home in Stayner. Walt. met him at Christmas in the Union Station, Toronto. He was on his way to see a girl, at least Russ. was (perhaps both of them were). By the way, she is all right, Russ?

Gordon MacKinney is plugging away at Varsity, Toronto, in the hope of being able to write M.A. after his name in June.

Bruce Medd is manager of the Exeter Creamery. Bruce has been under the weather since the "Mac." Senior dinner, but is recuperating rapidly. He expects to be back to normal for graduation and the farewell dances.

Harry Miller, when last seen, was heading for a train out of Guelph, with a "Mac" Institute lady in tow. He has not been heard of since. He came East at Christmas, and is now superintendent of the Windsor Creamery limited.

Bill Miller is in Guelph. He is saving up to buy an ancient Ford, and he would welcome any contributions. We would advise Bill to take a few more lessons in one arm driving before practising on the public highway, for we distinctly remember the erratic course he pursued up the road on a certain night last spring, a night on which there were so many things to do and only one pair of arms to do them with. Never mind, Bill, practise makes perfect.

"Shorty" McEwan was with the live stock branch at Regina till Christmas, when he went back to the home farm for the winter. He has been baching it since Christmas, and he says, "by thunder, if I have to do it again I'll get a woman." Otherwise he seems to be healthy, contented and enjoying life. We recently heard a vague rumor that he took, with great success, the leading tenor part in a local musical comedy, Melford, Saskatchewan.

Archie McGugan is the man who has the good-looking stenographer who typed this letter for us, so we can't tell you all we know about him. Suffice it to say that he was at the conversat and boasted that it was four in a row, and he hoped to make it five.

CONSOLATION

"Mr. Chairman," complained the speaker, stopping in his address, "I have been on my feet nearly ten minutes, but there is so much ribaldry and interruption, I can hardly hear myself speak."

"Cheer up, Guv'nor," came a voice from the rear, "you ain't missin' much."

SAFETY FIRST

Electrician (from room)—"Just hang on to two of them wires, George."

George—"Right!"

Electrician—"Feel anything?"

George—"No."

Electrician—"Well, don't touch the other two, 'cause there's two thousand volts in 'em!"

IT'S SHADIER THERE

"Willie, you mustn't play on the front lawn. It's Sunday. Go play in the back yard."

"Ain't there just as much Sunday in the back yard?"

HE MIGHT, TOO

Blink—"Why would they never let an editor take up a collection in church?"

Blank—"Because he'd reject too many contributions."

MIGHT TRY COTTON WOOL

The Prodigy's Mother—"Of course, I know she makes little mistakes sometimes; but you see she plays entirely by ear.

The Prodigy's Uncle—"Unfortunately, that's the way I listen."



Western Ontario Girls' Conference

The Campus was the scene of great activity on May 4, 5 and 6, when more than two hundred girls and young women from the counties of Western Ontario gathered for a three-day's conference at Macdonald Institute. Through the co-operation of the College staff and the Women's Institute Branch of the Department of Agriculture, a splendid programme had been planned, and the three days amounted to an intensive short course in practical and cultural subjects. Intimate glimpses of College life were seen in Mac. Hall, where the Mac. girls did their best to make the visitors feel at home. The conference girls lived in Johnson Hall, and were given their meals in the dining hall, where again the careful planning and hospitality of Miss Cruikshank and her assistants was apparent.

The first morning was spent in registration, and a brief opening session, addressed by Miss Cruikshank, after which groups of the visitors, under the guidance of Macdonald students, visited the various departments of the O.A.C., and listened to brief talks by members of the staff. The Apiculture, Bacteriology, Dairy, Field Husbandry, Physics, Horticulture and Poultry Departments, as well as the Museum, Massey Library and Trent Institute,

the new bakery school, each received its share of the inspection, and, in turn, offered much of a very interesting and instructive nature. However, it was the greenhouses, with their glorious riot of bloom, that attracted most attention and admiration. The snapdragons, the banana and breadfruit trees and, above all, the fairy-like color and fragrance of the main greenhouse were a source of never failing delight to the girls.

After luncheon the visitors returned to Macdonald Institute, where still more exhibits claimed their attention. These were prepared by the students, and demonstrated the value of the courses offered by the Institute. A great deal of originality and usefulness was evident in many cases, especially in the Health House, which was made of different foods, and in the rows of sick babies, which showed the ravages of contagious diseases.

A Health Exhibit, prepared by the Seniors, showed interesting charts and posters which frowned on the common cold, stressed the value of milk for children, pointed out the danger of contagious diseases and illustrated many interesting features in clothing and caring for His Majesty the Baby. A most fascinating demonstration of bathing and dressing the baby was

given by Miss Nell Rogers, who held her audience spell-bound throughout the operation, despite the extremely listless demeanour of the wax model.

In the sewing rooms, dresses made by both Seniors and Juniors were on display, and received much interested inspection and admiration. The class kitchen also showed the co-operation of Seniors and Juniors, the latter proving their culinary ability by a most tempting array of fancy breads, all made from the same basic recipe, and the former exhibiting kitchen equipment, ranging all the way from pressure cookers to handy containers. In the laundry the Juniors had carefully arranged a comprehensive exhibit of their skill in all branches of washing, ironing and dry cleaning. The Homemakers managed the marketing display, for which they worked out a series of experiments in good values and comparative costs, showing, for example, that small prunes and medium-sized oranges give the best value for the money expended. The Seniors also had an exhibit, showing food values in the form of hundred caloric portions, foods containing lime, etc., typical meals for summer and winter and school lunches. These exhibits gave the visitors some idea of the work done in Macdonald Institute and opened their eyes to the practical value of the courses of study there.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in Memorial Hall, where a programme, planned to show the resources of the O. A. C., was given. Mr. L. Stevenson spoke on "Pocket Loan Library and Service available through the Extension Department at O. A. C." President Reynolds gave an address on "What the O. A. C. has to offer to the Farm Women and Girls of Ontario." Two splendid talks were given by Mrs. E. C. McLean and E. C.

McLean, on "Plays for Rural Communities," and "Debates," especially. Community singing, lead by Professor Blackwood, and vocal solos by Miss Gwen Telfer and Miss Jean Dewar, added variety to the programme.

The first evening was celebrated by a banquet in the dining hall, planned and managed by the Senior Institutional Class. President Reynolds acted as toastmaster. After drinking to the health of The King, Mr. G. A. Putnam proposed the toast to the College, and Dr. O. J. Stevenson replied. Then the toast to the Delegates was proposed by Miss Margaret Reid, and responded to by Miss K. M. McIntosh. The last toast was to the Fourth Year, O.A.C., proposed by Miss Margaret Maunders, House President of Mac. Hall, and responded to by Mr. F. Morwick, President of Year '27. The speaker for the evening was Miss Ethel Chapman, who has been a very enthusiastic and inspiring Junior Institute Worker. She spoke of the possibilities for leadership and improvement lying in the hands of the Juniors, and in a very stirring way told of their aspirations and achievements.

After the banquet the visitors were the guests of a number of very jolly and informal corridor parties, quite typical of college life in Mac. Hall. Indeed, some of the rooms were fixed up to represent various occasions of interest during the year. For example, who would ever mistake the room with the brooms, dust pans and general air of industry for anything but the average room in Mac. Hall on Saturday morning, or the piles of books, very black coffee and conspicuous alarm clock for anything but examination time?

Thursday and Friday mornings were partly taken up by group dis-

cussions, lead by Miss Cruikshank, Dr. Ross, Mrs. A. H. Haygarth, Miss E. Slieter, Miss E. Collins, Miss K. F. McIntosh, and Miss E. Chapman. The topics dealt with show the various trend of the girls' work and the high standards they are endeavoring to establish in regard to food, recreation, habits, housing, clothing, education, social activities and service. Following the group discussions, reports were given by each section to the whole conference and a general discussion was held. Another feature of the morning programme was a most instructive address on the Health Service of the Province, by Dr. J. W. Hunt, of the Provincial Department of Health. Time was also found for practical demonstrations in leadership and organization work, which will be of great value to the girls in conducting their local clubs.

Thursday afternoon was devoted to a general sight-seeing tour, the girls being given a choice of a visit to the Linen Mills, the Carpet Mills, or the Ontario Reformatory, ending up with a trip through the business sections of the city.

The programme for Friday afternoon was in the hands of the Conference Representatives themselves, and they made use of it by a number of addresses on subjects of immediate vital interest to their own organizations. Miss K. McIntosh spoke on the subject of Girls' Poultry Clubs, illustrating her lecture by reference to the wonderful record of the Poultry Clubs of Peel County. Miss I. McLaughton told of the Garden and Canning Clubs among the girls in the district surrounding Waterdown. The problems of Household Science Judging Competitions were dealt with by Mrs. G. Cooke, of Beamsville, and those of

Programme Planning by Miss Ethel Chapman. The concluding address was by Mrs. H. M. Aitkin, who discussed Agriculture for Girls. The finishing touch to the afternoon was given by a delightful afternoon tea, served in Macdonald Hall, by the Junior Institutional and Homemaker Classes, under the direction of Miss Jean Roddick, Instructor in Cooking.

A particularly interesting feature of the Conference was a debate, taking place on Thursday night, between the girls of Wentworth and Peel Counties. The subject, "Resolved that the Pioneer Woman contributed more to the Welfare of Home and Community than does the Modern Woman," was very ably handled by Miss Elsie Forbes and Miss Jean Miller, of Wentworth County, for the affirmative, and by Miss Pearl Church and Miss Rebie Wylie, of Peel County, for the negative. The judges decided in favor of the negative. The debate was followed by a Physical Education Review by Macdonald girls, under the direction of Miss Pepler, and by addresses by Mr. Diamond, of Toronto, and Dr. Raymond, of Boston, the latter speaking on "The Mentally Defective Child."

At the completion of the programme the Conference girls entertained their Macdonald hostesses to a very jolly marsh mallow roast on the campus in front of Johnson Hall.

The last evening was in a lighter vein. After another Physical Education exhibition, a very charming play was presented, under the direction of Mrs. E. C. McLean, "The Knave of Hearts," full of dainty costumes, whimsical lines and quaint action, is destined to correct the wrong impression, so prevalent amongst the uninitiated, against that much wronged gentleman. Its presentation, besides

providing much entertainment at the time, also suggested an interesting type of entertainment for amateur theatricals. Mr. George Raithby delighted the audience by a vocal solo, and Professor Blackwood further stressed the musical side of the programme by leading the audience in community singing.

The Girls' Conference is becoming an annual event in the lives of the

farm girls of Western Ontario, and each succeeding year is further proving the interest and value of this intensive short course at the O. A. C. Its brief introduction to college life, its concentrated study, and its moments of leisure filled with new friendships and new ideas, give the girls "enough to think about for the next three months," as one visitor put it, and this is surely worth while.

Elections

During the week-end of May, the seventh and eighth, there was much suppressed excitement and serious discussion throughout Mac. Hall. Among the Seniors and Homemakers it was mainly curious speculation but among the Juniors it was a matter of much more vital interest. Numerous visits to a long list of names pasted on the bulletin board and the frequent repetition of such questions as, "Who are you voting for?" and "Do you think—would be good for that office?" gave the secret away. Yes, election day had arrived. At 7 p.m. on Monday, May the ninth, the voters gathered in the Common Room and the important ceremony of deciding next year's officers proceeded, under the direction of the Seniors.

Looking back over the events of this year, the careful leadership and efficient management of college functions by those in charge, becomes more and more apparent, and we can only hope that their successors may be as capable. Our best wishes go to the new officers, that they too, may uphold the standards and traditions of Macdonald Hall, backed by the whole-hearted support of Year '28 House President (President of the Student's Council) Lorraine Ferguson.

Officers of the Athletic Association:—

President—Agnes McCagne.
Vice-President—
Secretary—Gladys Gennings.
Treasurer—Stella Thompson.

Officers of Literary Society:—

President—Mary Reed.
Secretary—Helen Webster.
Treasurer—Nora Henry.

Officers of S. C. M.:—

President—Jean Williams.
Members—Helen Garbntt, Laura Behrns, Marjorie Karn.

Athletic Team Managers:—

Baseball—
Basketball—Carrol McArthur.
Hockey—Margaret Ardagh.
Tennis—Alice Rivaz.
Swimming—Margaret McGregor.

Representative to Philharmonic Society—

Jean Dewar.

Representative to Review Staff:—

Edna Demary.

Representative to Co. Op.:—

Helen Lattimer.

ALUMNAE

Miss Mary S. (Birk) Telford '25 is now dietitian at Vassar Hospital, Ploughkeepsie.

Miss Boo Hoo Sneyd '25 is visiting her brother Mr. H. N. Sneyd, in Guelph.

Miss Helen Rowat was a recent visitor at the college. She has a position in the State Normal School, Bloomsbury, Penn.

Miss Ruth Gorham '26 is taking a year's pupil dietitian training in the Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Penn.

Another recent visitor at the college was Miss Hazel Jackson '24, who is dietitian at Hillview Sanitarium, Washington, Penn.

Miss Florence E. MacKenzie '25 is the dietitian of Orange Memorial Hospital, Orange, N. J.

Misses Laura Pepper '26 and Mary Watts '26 have positions in the dietetic department of Child's Restaurants, New York.

Miss Dot Short '26 is assistant Dietitian at the Western Golf Club, Toronto, for another season.

Miss Edith Card '26 is delivering a course of lectures to the Nurses in a Hospital in Kitchener.

Miss Lorna Durst is now a teacher of Household Science on the Public School Staff in Toronto.

Miss Helen Murison has a position as dietitian in Western Sanitarium, Toronto

Mrs. Aitkin-Robertson, Mac '26 has

moved into her new home on Golfdale Ave., Toronto.

Miss Katherine Cunningham, '12, is managing a tea-room in Winnipeg.

The engagement of Miss Dorothy Drew, Mac. '21, to Mr. Horace Beck of Toronto has been announced. The wedding is to take place on the 4th of June.

Miss Betty Masters, Mac. '15, visited the Institute in April. She is now running a tea-room in Greenwich Village, New York. The Senior Classes had the privilege of hearing her describe her tea-room and the methods which she used in its establishment. She also gave a number of useful and extremely interesting points regarding tea-room management, which threw a new light on the subject, especially for those who had regarded it as a rather uninteresting or routine vocation.

Miss Alene Snure is assistant dietitian at Fifth Avenue Hospital, New York.

Miss Velma Rossetten '24 has taken a position as dietitian in the Johannesburg Hospital, South Africa.

The Misses Kay Logan, Lena Dingle, Jean Pembleton, Dot Short, Ida Marshall, Paddy Pettigrew, Helen Murison, Doris Hember, Madeline Milne, Molly Gordon, Beulah Williamson, Winnifred Bell, Helen Wilson have been visitors at the Hall during the last month.

Miss Olive Hughes is dietitian at Grace Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Jean Taber is relieving in the dietetic department of Fifth Avenue Hospital, N. Y.

Miss Jean Walker is assistant dietitian at the Polyclinic Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Doris Hember is dietitian at Grace Hospital, Toronto.

Misses Jean Batty and Alice McGuire are on the staff of Harper Hospital, Detroit.

Miss Irene Brick is assistant dietitian at Rochester General Hospital, Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Eileen Preston is taking a pupil dietitian course at Western Hospital, Toronto.

Miss Doris Hember is dietitian at Grace Hospital, Toronto.

ODDS AND ENDS

The Normal students from London, Stratford, Hamilton and Toronto Normal Schools visited the college on Thursday, May 19th. They were taken through the various buildings on the campus and, if they desired to do so, were allowed to visit the Ontario Reformatory. Despite the rainy weather a Baseball Tournament and keenly contested races were conducted between the various schools, showing the sportmanship and spirit of our teachers to-be.

JUNIOR NORMAL TEA

Wyndham Inn was the scene of a very jolly party on Tuesday May, the tenth, when the Junior Normals entertained their Senior class at tea. The guests were received by Miss Beth Thompson, Miss Jean Williams, Miss Margaret McGregor and Miss Anne Spera. After

a very pleasant chat, tea was served, Mrs. Reynolds and Miss Cruikshank pouring the tea, and Mrs. Fuller cutting the ices.

Mrs. Jean Muldrew was a visitor at Macdonald Institute on May 21st.

All will be glad to hear that Mrs. Meade, who formerly taught the girls of Mac. Hall to ride, now has a position as riding instructress in a Hunt Club about thirty miles from Chicago.

ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE

Preceding the Western Ontario Girls' Conference, a number of enthusiastic Women's Institute workers assembled in the Macdonald Institute for the three-day Round Table Conference, beginning May 2nd. A brief course of lectures, given by members of the staff of Macdonald Institute and O.A.C., constituted the programme. Each lecture was followed by an open discussion. The conference opened on Monday morning with an address by Prof. Fulmer on "Recent Vitamin Research." This was followed in the afternoon, by a talk by Miss Cruikshank on "Recent Advances in Nutrition." The speakers on Tuesday were Mrs. Doughty on "Furnishing the Living Room," and Miss Reid, on "Kitchen Planning and Equipment for Rural Homes." On Wednesday morning Miss Shenck gave a talk on "Clothing."

Most of those attending the conference were graduates of Macdonald Institute, which made the meeting doubly interesting. The roll call was as follows:

The Misses Verna Bowbridge '22, Ethel Chapman '12, Edith Elliot '17, Florence P. Eady, Collins, Mollie Gordon '26, Grey, Joan Hamilton '06, Esther Hopkins '16, Iva Langton '21, K. McIntosh '05, Estelle McManus '20,

M. B. Powell, Evelyn Shartrine '23, Esther Slicter '22, Beulah Williamson '26, Wallace, Ethel Zavitz '18, Lulu Row '25.

"Home-making is the greatest of all the professions—greatest in numbers and greatest in its influence on the individual and on society. All industry is conducted for the home, directly or indirectly, but the industries directly allied to the home are vastly important, as the food industries, clothing industries, etc. Study of home economics leads directly to many well-paid vocations as well as to home efficiency."

JUNIOR ASSOCIATE TEA

The Junior Associate entertained charmingly for the Senior Associates on Wednesday, May 9th, at Wyndham Inn. Miss Carrol McArthur, Miss Helen Webster, Miss Agnes McCagne and Miss Mary Goodman received the guests. The tables were lovely with spring flowers. Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. Reynolds poured the tea and Miss Cruikshank and Miss Margaret Maunders cut the ices. A very enjoyable time was had.

MACDONALD HALL RECEPTION

A very interesting party took place in Mac. Hall this month when the Graduating men and any other O.A.C. men who happened to be at the college were invited to visit our residence, not merely the halls and Common Room but our own private sanctuaries as well. Previous to the fateful night great industry and excitement disturbed the tranquility of the Hall. Rugs which had seemed to be naturally of an inconspicuous gray colour bloomed suddenly into fresher tints, curtains developed an unusual decorativeness, superfluous belongings disappeared and, lo and behold! Beauty and Order reigned Supreme.

Then came the final test. The early arrivals were met by a long and hospitable receiving line headed by Mrs. Fuller, and were then allowed to satisfy their curiosity to their heart's content. Of course great interest was manifest in all the rooms but a few seemed to attract more attention than others, so much so that one guest was even caught red-handed with a little note book in which he was jotting brief notes about the rooms which caught his fancy. As usual, Year Books and fountain pens were well in the foreground, and the number of times some of the boys signed their names came in for much interested speculation.

The tour of inspection lost its zest when the sound of music was heard from the Common Room. Their curiosity appeased, the visitors drifted thither and tripped the light fantastic until eleven o'clock.

Modesty prevents us from saying our evening was a huge success, but if you will ask any of our guests you will be sure to find his opinion much more to the point than ours. They seemed interested, and they seemed appreciative so what more could any hostess ask?

JUNIOR'S TRIP TO TORONTO

It was Friday the 13th, but contrary to popular superstition of the day it was a very happy crowd of girls that started on the journey to Toronto for to see the "Laura Secord Studio," Pure Gold Products," and "Harris Abbatoir."

The party was met at the Laura Secord Studio by Miss Bradley, and Miss Kay, who were in charge of the party for the rest of the trip.

The Laura Secord Studio was very interesting as we were shown the Candy Manufacturing in detail. On leaving each girl was presented with a lovely box of Chocolates.

In the afternoon the party went to the "Pure Gold Products" and were allowed the privilege of seeing the manufacturing and packaging of their various products. While journeying through, the guide explained in detail the process which each of the various products went through.

When leaving, each girl was presented with a parcel containing samples of the different articles of manufacture.

From the "Pure Gold Products" we journeyed on to the "Harris Abbatoir" where we had the privilege of seeing the meat handling from when it was killed till it was ready to be cooked. Both fresh and cured meats. Also their large cold storage places and cheese manufactures.

After we had completed the round of the abbatoir we were taken to their lunch room and served with "Afternoon Tea" which was acceptable as we were getting tired and ready for nourishment. We also had the pleasure of a sing and dance before leaving and received a few samples of the products manufactured.

Some of the remarks overheard as the party broke up to go home. "I am tired but I wouldn't have missed it for anything." Which in a little way conveys the pleasure and benefits derived from the trip.

Judge: "And why haven't you a horn on your automobile?"

Prisoner at the Bar: "Please, Mister Joodga, I don't needa da horn. It says on da front, "Dodge Brothers."

She: "You must ask father's consent."

He: "But is that necessary? You have promised to marry me."

'I'll marry you all right, but, George, dear, you must go to father.' It pleases him once in a while to know that we

still consider him one of the family."

London Answer.

A little girl was crossing the Atlantic with her mother. It was her first ocean trip. The sea was as smooth as the proverbial mill-pond for the first three days; then the ship began rolling and pitching heavily. The child couldn't understand what had happened. "Mamma," she said, "what's the matter; are we on a detour?"

THE MASTER KEY

The bride was telling her friends that Uncle George had promised to furnish her kitchen with all the necessary equipment—a surprise because Uncle George was notoriously "close." Just as she had finished dilating on his unexpected generosity, a small box arrived. Upon

opening it she found a can-opener to which was attached a card reading: "I am sure this will be all the equipment you will find necessary in your kitchen. Uncle George."

The Baptist.

PROFITS

Who made the profits when Mary was born?

The doctor, the nurse, and the grocer that morn.

Who made all the profits when Mary came out?

The florist, musicians, and grocer, no doubt.

Who made all the profits when Mary was wed?

The dressmaker, preacher, and grocer who said:

"Now, Mary, you're married, and I would advise,

'His heart's in his stomach'—and needs exercise."

Hazel Harper Harris.



The station master, hearing a crash on the platform, rushed out of his room just in time to see the express that had just passed through, disappearing around the curve and a disheveled young man sprawled out among a confusion of overturned milk cans and the scattered contents of his travelling bag. "Was he trying to catch the train?" the station master asked of a small boy who stood by, admiring the scene. "He did catch it," said the boy happily, "but it got away again!"

A few days after a parent had put his two children to school a book agent called on him and said:

"Now that your children go to school you ought to buy them an encyclopedia."

"Buy them an encyclopedia? Hanged if I do," was his reply. "Let 'em walk like I did."

Dr. Brown was a physician and also professor in the university. Mrs. Smith was a polite old lady and wished to call him by the proper title.

"Shall I call you 'doctor' or professor?" she inquired.

"Call me what ever you wish, Mrs. Smith," he replied. "My friends sometimes call me an old idiot."

"Oh!" said the dear old soul. "But they are the people that know you very well, indeed."

Teacher—Can you tell me the kind of illumination they had on the ark?

Willie—Arc lights.

From the Chaucer Class. The information in the following paragraphs was volunteered in examination papers.

"Chaucer was buried in Westminster Abbey and founded, so to speak, the Poets' Corner."

"Chaucer read vociferously and took his materials from many sources, the classics, mediaeval tales, and the like."

"Chaucer went to Italy as one of three commissioners to treat with the Genoese as to an English port where they might have special facilities for trade."

—American Speech.

"An oxygen has eight sides," writes a geometry pupil.

"A circle is a rounded straight line bent so that the ends meet," writes another youthful mathematician; while another humorist, on being asked how many times 19 could be subtracted from a million, said that he could do it as often as he was asked to.—Co-educational Review.

Do you remember Lincoln's story about the little steamer with the big whistle?

"Every time they tooted the whistle it blew off so much steam that the boat stopped running."

That's the way with lots of people to-day. If they would only use their energy to drive the paddle wheel of opportunity instead of eternally blowing the whistle of discontent they would find themselves going up the stream of success so fast that the barnacles of failure wouldn't have a chance in the world to hook on to their little craft.

In a small village in Ireland the mother of a soldier met the village priest, who asked her if she had had bad news. "Sure, I have," she said. "Pat has been killed. "Oh, I am very sorry," said the priest. "Did you receive word from the War Office?" "No," she said, "I received word from himself." The priest looked perplexed, and said, "But how is that?" "Sure," she said, "here is the letter; read it for yourself." The letter said, "Dear Mother—I am now in the Holy Land."

"Why didn't you send your man to mend my electric bell?"

"I did, Madam; but as he rang three times and got no answer, my man decided there was nobody home."

LOST HIS TEMPER

The irate customer returned to the photographer with the prints of the pictures he had taken.

"Do I look like this picture?" he stormed, shaking it in the photographer's face. "You've made me look like a monkey! Do you call that a good likeness?"

"The answer is in the negative," sweetly replied the photographer.

IN A NUTSHELL

"Now if you have that in your head," said the professor, who had just explained a theory to his students, "you have it all in a nutshell."—*American Boy*.

HEARD IN THE CLASSROOM

Succulent roots are roots that stick to the wall by suction.

Latent heat is heat that is left over.

Inertia is the state in which all inanimate objects stand, and sometimes in which all animate objects stand.

School Science and Mathematics.

The professor had placed some specimens of rocks on his desk and was going to describe them to his students.

While his back was turned for a moment, one of the students put among the rocks a piece of old brick.

The professor went through the specimens, saying, as he picked up each, "This is a piece of sandstone," "This is a piece of granite," and so on.

At last he came to the brick, and, holding it up he said, "And this, gentlemen, is a piece of impudence."

First Student—I wonder how old the Latin professor is?

Second Student—Quite old, I imagine. They say he used to teach Caesar.

"The worst case of absent-mindedness I've ever come across," began the story-teller, "was a college professor I met in London last year. He was on the way to his lecture room. Half way to the building, he suddenly remembered something.

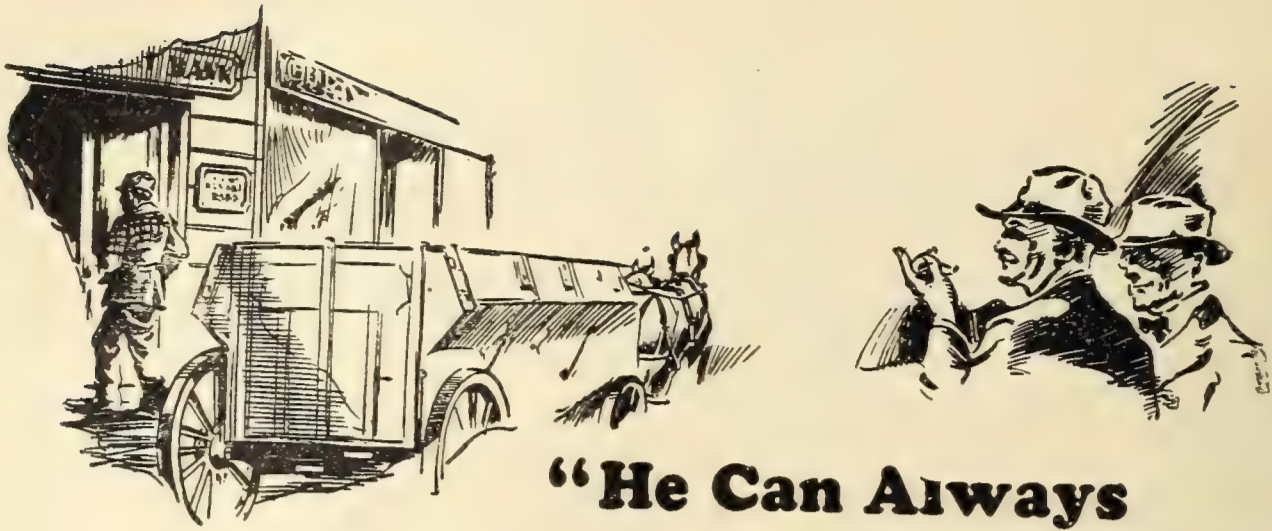
"Hang it!" he said. "I've forgotten my watch."

"Then he put his hand in his pocket, and pulled the watch out to see what the time was.

"Hurrah!" he said, "it's only ten past nine. I've got time to go home and get it!"

—*American School Board Journal*.

From examination papers: "Formerly bears and wolves roamed all over the country, but now they are found only in theological gardens." "The climate was so cold that the inhabitants were forced to live elsewhere." "He was seventy-two years old, but he looked twice his age." "The adversaries were placed at equal distances from each other." "He screamed in silent rage."



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SOME HOWLERS THAT APPEARED IN A BRITISH EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL

“The Minister of War is a clergyman who preaches to the soldiers.” “The three estates of the realm are Buckingham Palace, Windsor and Balmoral.” “The strength of the British Constitution lies in the fact that the Lords and Commons give each other mutual cheek.” “Richard II is said to have been murdered by some historians.” “Shakespeare wrote comedies, tragedies, and errors.” “Galileo discovered a star and was put in prison until he promised not to believe in the stars.” “People go to Africa to hunt rhinostiches.”

Teacher: “Hawkins, what is a synonym?”

Hawkins: “Please, it’s a word you use in place of another when you cannot spell the other one.”—Boy’s Life.

Chilean Nitrate of Soda

THE QUICK-ACTING NITROGENOUS FERTILIZER WHICH HAS LED THE FIELD FOR NEARLY A CENTURY — AND STILL LEADS!

The Prussian Minister of Agriculture said recently: “Agriculturists must give up using continuously such large quantities of physiologically acid fertilizers, for it has been shown that the acidification of the soil caused thereby produces in consequence an extraordinary falling off in the yields.”

The German Nitrogen Syndicate basis its prices on the following relative values of nitrogen in various forms: Nitrate of Soda 100, Nitrate of Lime 92, Sulphate of Ammonia 76, Cyanamide 70.

Free literature describing the uses and achievements of Nitrate of Soda in Canada may be obtained on application to

Chilean Nitrate Committee

(Director: B. Leslie Emslie, Member of C. S. T. A.)
Reford Building, Toronto.

COLONIZATION AND IMMIGRATION.

(Continued from page 450)

selected, are bringing with them, not only their worldly wealth, but also the best of a civilization they are leaving behind. They are coming to a new country prepared to give their all, and upon the environment we provide for them will depend their success or failure as well as our opportunity for absorbing them into our national life.

Four years ago the Canadian National Railways, realizing the importance of colonization from the standpoint of increased revenue resulting from increased population and production, established a colonization department. At that time the following policy was laid down:

(1) To influence the immigration and satisfactory settlement in Canada of largest possible number of people of productive capacity that the country can absorb and assimilate.

(2) To contribute to the dissemination of information concerning the vast and extensive natural resources of the Dominion and the widespread opportunities for industrial development, so that capital may be attracted from other countries and invested where enterprise will be legitimately rewarded.

(3) To promote the land settlement of new Canadians under conditions that will ensure the maximum possibility of success in their farming operations, and enable them to enjoy such social and religious institutions as are necessary to individual happiness and contentment.

(4) To encourage improvement in agriculture so that more diversified methods may be used in farming, and that crop, livestock and dairy production may be increased in accordance with market demands and prospects.

(5) To assist by organized effort in the immigration of young people of desirable type and character, especially from Great Britain, and in their placement in respectable rural homes, where they may become qualified to participate in constructive activities and acquire citizenship of distinct value to Canada.

(6) To aid in the development of new opportunities for service and to facilitate every effective means of selecting immigrants physically fit and anxious to work.

(7) To co-operate with the Federal and Provincial Governments and business organizations throughout the Dominion in promoting all measures calculated to contribute toward an increase in immigration of adaptable people and in their settlement under the most favourable conditions possible.

Operating upon the basis of this broad policy we have to-day officers in the British Isles, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Holland for the selection of new settlers of a type that can be readily absorbed into the agricultural life of this country. In central European countries we operate under an agreement with the Government, using special officers who select and send forward agricultural settlers for placement through our organization in Canada. In the United States, which is ever a fertile field for colonization effort, we maintain a corps of agents who keep constantly in touch with

Continued on page x)

**INCREASES
FARM
VALUES**



**Better
Living
Conditions**

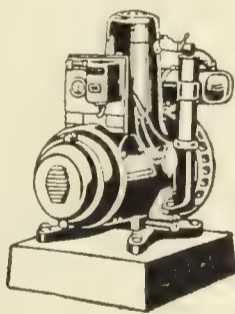
AT the low prices at which Delco-Light is now offered, the benefits of Delco-Light greatly outweigh the dollars and cents investment you make. Delco-Light electricity saves time and labor for every member of your family, thus increasing earning power. It greatly betters your living conditions. It increases the value of your farm.

Add yours to the quarter-million homes now enjoying the benefits

and conveniences of Delco-Light electricity. There's a type and size of Delco-Light for every need. Write at once for full particulars of this gilt-edged investment in convenience and farm operation.

It may be purchased on easy terms.
DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY
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Sales and Installation Branches in
Every Province
990 Bay Street, Toronto.



*Air-cooled motor.
Direct drive—saves power.
Approved by Fire Underwriters.*

Dependable
DELCO-LIGHT
FARM ELECTRICITY

(Continued from page viii)

communities of people seeking new locations, and whose efforts are directed towards interesting desirable classes of settlers in coming to Canada. Through these efforts many fine settlers with substantial resources have been sent forward. They look to the cheap lands of Western Canada to provide the needed opportunity for their families to branch out and become established on farms themselves.

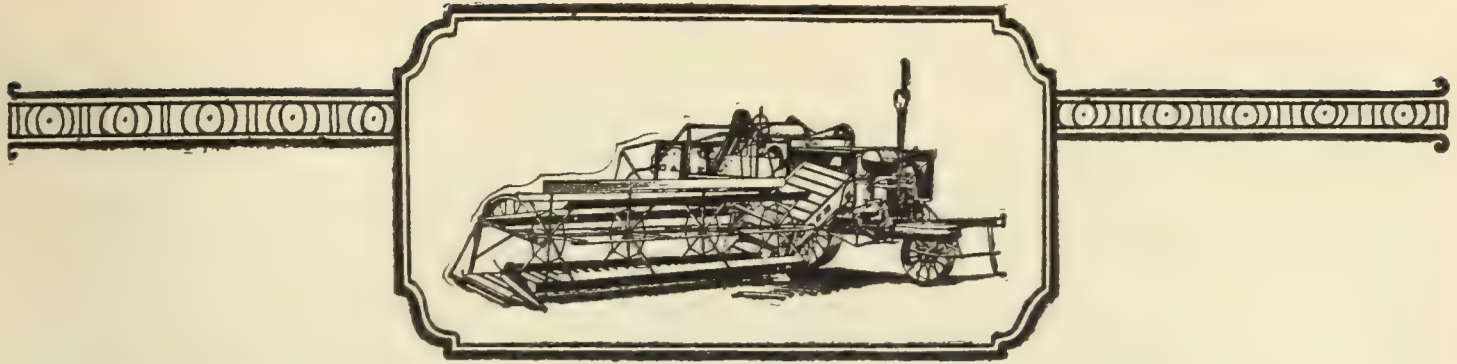
Throughout Canada we have trained agents whose duty it is to place the settlers who are sent to them by finding suitable farm locations or employment. These agents are equipped with knowledge as to desirable locations, and they bend every effort toward directing the new settler to the district and to the farm which best meets his particular desires and adaptability. These agents are located at central points throughout Canada, with directing heads at Montreal and Winnipeg. Supplementing this organization there is a system of agricultural agents, who function as active factors in the encouragement of agriculture and in the assistance of all movements toward the improvement of methods of production, and marketing. These men are specially trained in agriculture and are invaluable in aiding the new settlers and farmers generally in the solution of their problems.

Immigration has always been very closely associated with our agricultural development. To-day, as in former years, it is impossible to separate the two. The rapid increase in our agricultural production can be directly traced to the steady increase of our farming population. Figures supplied by the Canadian Bureau of Statistics

show the total gross value of agricultural production, made for the last ten years, as over 1600 millions to-day, as compared with 1100 millions in 1915.

The Canadian farmer, therefore, has a vital interest in the bringing in of new settlers and in the colonization of our vacant lands. The introduction of suitable types of people in sufficient numbers means stabilization of our farm land values, the solution of farm labor problems, the improvement of social and economic conditions, as well as a decrease in the burden of taxation. These are questions which every farmer and every local board of trade in Canada should know and understand so that we may have co-ordination and co-operation in the work of absorbing and settling new people. Every year that passes adds fresh significance and proof to the value of agricultural settlement and to the remarkable future that lies ahead of this country. It is realized that the future development of our farming lands will have a remarkable influence on the upbuilding and progress of our Dominion, and as the years go on will continue to furnish direct proof to the world at large of the rich natural wealth which nature has given us.

Our policy must be to develop Canada's sparsely populated areas through a careful and intelligent immigration system. We must not merely have an increase in population—we must have men and women sound in body and mind, with a willingness to work, to sacrifice, if need be, for themselves and their families, and with a real desire to become citizens of this great new country. In this way only may Canada rise to fulfill her destiny as one of the greatest agricultural countries in the world.



Hand Work Is Costly

THE reorganization now taking place in Agriculture has two objectives. One is more profit for farmers through the use of better labor saving equipment. The other is the elimination of back-breaking physical labor from farming.



Established
1842

Farm Tractors
3 sizes
Skid Engines
Steel Threshers
5 sizes
Combines
Prairie
Hillside
Silo Fillers
4 sizes
Baling Presses
2 sizes
Steam Engines
Road Machinery
Grand Detour
Plows
Harrows
Cultivators

Labor saving equipment certainly does bring costs down. See what it has done for the automobile business. Industry cuts out hand work wherever possible, because it takes so long to do so little. Machines speed up production, reduce costs, give the user a better chance for profit, both in manufacturing and in farming.

This is the reason for the popularity of Case machines. Having demonstrated through 85 years of service that they are both dependable and highly efficient, they are naturally preferred by the thinking farmers who are responsible for the present movement toward better living conditions and greater profit in Agriculture.

J. I. Case Threshing Machine Company

Incorporated

Established 1842

**Alberta—Calgary, Edmonton. Manitoba—Winnipeg, Brandon.
Saskatchewan—Regina, Saskatoon. Ontario—Toronto.**

*NOTE—Our plows and harrows are NOT the Case plows
and harrows made by the J. I. Case Plow Works Co.*

TECHNICAL EDUCATION FOR THE BAKER

(Continued from page 473)

ver, moulder, proving chambers and a continuous bakery and steam pipe oven. There is also the flour testing room which is fully equipped for doing single loaf baking tests for the miller and baker. On the second floor there is the mixing and dough laboratory equipped with the full line of machines found in the modern bakery industry, flour elevator and blender, automatic scales for flour and water, high and low speed mixers, troughs, floor scales and humidifier. There is also the experimental baking laboratory for instruction in single loaf work, a laboratory for instruction in cake making, and a lecture room. On the top floor there is a library and reading room. This room was furnished by the Allied Trade Association and presented to the Bread and Cake Bakers' Association. Most of the Books in the library have been contributed by Mr. H. E. Trent, Secretary of the Bread and Cake Bakers' Association. To Mr. Trent a very large share of the credit is due for carrying the whole project through and the Association has sought to show their gratitude for his untiring efforts by naming the building Trent Institute.

The first class of students has just completed the first course of four months. The next course opens September 6th, 1927.

AGRICULTURAL WORK IN NANKING

(Continued from page 457)

on my way to England. Kindly remember me through your pages to all old College pals. I shall be most pleased

to hear from any old classmates, particularly those of year '22, care of M. Hancock, Mersham, Kent, England.

THE BIG HOUSE

(Continued from page 465)

fulsome living and loving, of courageous living and loving in that sweet Cumberlandshire valley of old. It is because they lived and loved so courageously that I have penned in more enduring form my great-aunt Chrissie's story of the Big House. I am glad I have set it down.

THE N. F. C. U. S.

(Continued from page 469)

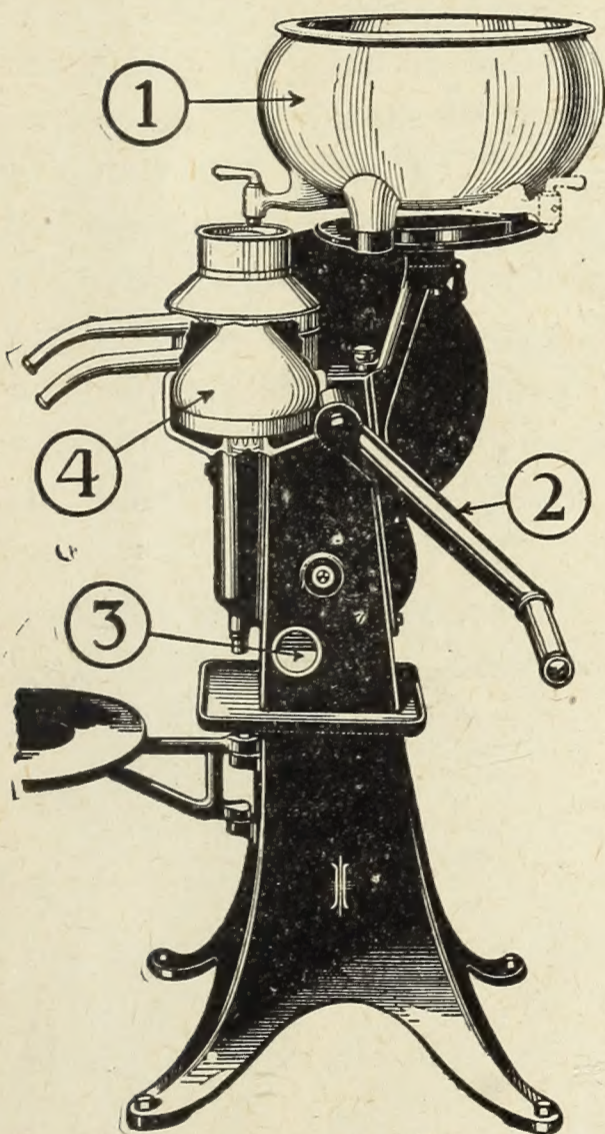
(d) Travel department—for assistance in obtaining reduced student rates, passages, visas, passports, etc., as given; tours at special rates throughout the world;

5. The Constitution of the N. U. S. sets out the object of their organization as follows:

The administration of the N. U. S. is in the hands of a council appointed annually by constituent organizations on an enrolment basis, a minimum being set of two members from any constituent organization. The above council meets annually, a small representative executive carrying on the work during the year. The N. U. S. is financed largely by means of an annual subscription fee from constituent organizations. All student members of constituent organizations in good standing with the N. U. S. are, ipso facto, members of the N. U. S. having title to all benefits under such organization. The fullest autonomy is preserved to constituent organizations.

Announcing!

The NEW 1927 SERIES DE LAVAL SEPARATORS



Ask your agent to show you a new De Laval. Try one side-by-side with any other machine. Not one in a hundred who does so fails to choose the De Laval. Sold on easy terms. Trade allowances made on old separators.

THESE brand-new De Laval Separators are now on display by De Laval Agents. We invite all cream separator users to see and try them, for we are confident all who do so will agree that they are the best cream separators ever made. They are the crowning achievement in nearly 50 years of separator manufacture and leadership. New features are:

1. Turnable Supply Can. The supply can may be turned so that tinware and bowl may be put in place or removed without lifting the supply can from its position on the separator. Every user will like this feature.

2. Easier Turning. For three years the De Laval experimental and engineering departments have been conducting extensive tests, to develop still easier turning separators. The results of these tests are embodied in this new series, which both start and turn easier than any other machines of even less capacities.

3. Oil Window. The new oil window enables you to see at all times the level and condition of the oil. It shows at a glance whether or not the separator is being properly oiled.

4. Floating Bowl. All new De Laval's have the wonderful "floating bowl," now used in De Laval Separators with such wonderful results. It is self-balancing, runs smoothly without vibration, with the least power and wear, skims cleaner and delivers a richer, smoother cream.

The De Laval Company, Ltd.

MONTREAL
WINNIPEG

PETERBOROUGH
VANCOUVER

See and try the new De Laval

WORLD'S POULTRY CONGRESS

(Continued from page 471)

tatives of this class will be shown. Exactly 211 varieties of Standard-bred fowl, the best specimens procurable, will make up the latter part of the exhibit, and one will be able to see in animate form that which he has tried to study from inanimate photographs. No less interesting and instructive will be the other live bird exhibits, the exact nature of which is not known at present. A replica of the Egyptian egg oven will be on display. India is including specimens of the original jungle fowl in their exhibit. Some one hundred and eighty-five papers shall be read during Congress sessions. On account of their probable length and the limited available time, they have been divided into five divisions, namely, Breeding, Disease, Marketing, Nutrition and Extension, the papers in each division shall be read in different halls, which is another reason why one should take out full membership and get the "Report."

It is not likely that another Congress shall be held on the North American Continent for fifteen years or more. Truly this is "Canada's Premier Poultry Event." Those who stay at home shall miss a rare treat that they are not likely to see again. Let the parting word of every poultryman, of every student in agriculture be, "See you at the Congress, July 27th to Aug. 4th." Shall we see you there?

Teacher (to class): "Which is the largest river in Africa?"

Small Boy: "The Nile, sir."

Teacher: "And what are its tributaries called?"

Boy: "Juveniles, sir."

A QUICK REPLY

The Master of Balliol, Oxford, a learned and scholarly man but not too learned to enjoy a good story, tells the following: "A professor asked: 'What would King Alfred, if he were alive now, think of the Home Rule Bill?'"

"A boy returned the admirable answer:

"If King Alfred were alive now he would be too old to be interested in politics."

The Canadian Red Cross.

In the locality in which a certain teacher laboured, the children were in the habit of using the rather rare colloquialism "putten" for "put". At every opportunity she endeavoured to correct this error but with indifferent success. One day she wrote on the blackboard, 'I have putten the book on the window.' "Johnny," said she, "what is wrong about that sentence?"

"Please, ma'm," said Johnny, "you've went and putten putten where you should'a putten put."

Teacher: "Michael, you are behind in your geography lessons."

Michael: "Yes, I want to wait till things in the world get more settled."

The professor was visibly annoyed. "There are some thoughtless young men over in that corner having fun with the girls." He paused and then pointed his finger at the luckless fellows. "When they get done," he added, "perhaps they will give me a chance."

And he failed to understand why the class roared.

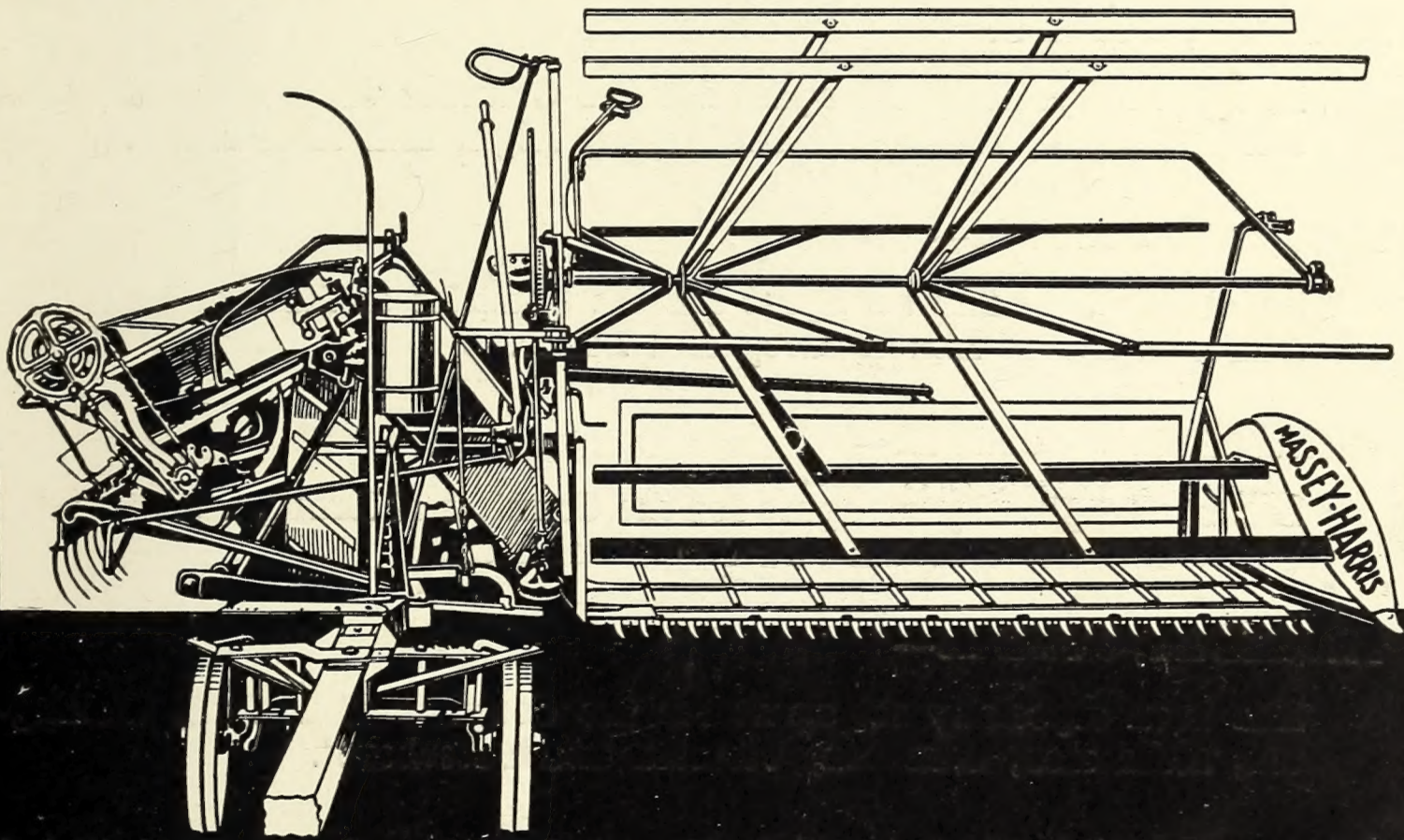
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Year after year the Massey-Harris Binder has proved so dependable in operation that it has come to be known as
"The Best Binder for All Conditions of Crops"

Uses Less Twine on Every Sheaf
Costs Less for Up-Keep
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Light in Draft

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ESTABLISHED 1847 — 80 YEARS AGO
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SASKATOON.
VANCOUVER.

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

FARMERS!

You are tendered a special invitation
to visit

The Ontario Agricultural College
and
Experimental Farm

GUELPH

JUNE 20-21-22-23

MONDAY, JUNE 20—

Has been especially set apart for the Counties of Wentworth, Lincoln, Welland, Norfolk, Kent, Essex, Elgin and Haldimand.

TUESDAY, JUNE 21—

Has been especially set apart for the Counties of Halton, Waterloo, Dufferin, Perth, Huron, Grey and Bruce.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22—

Has been especially set apart for the Counties of Brant, Peel, Simcoe, York, Ontario, Durham and Northumberland.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23—

Has been especially set apart for the Counties of Oxford, Wellington, Middlesex, Lambton, Victoria and Peterboro'.

People resident in other Counties and districts will please come on the day that suits them best.

LUNCH AT NOON

Crank your car, load up the family and come, all are welcome.

J. B. REYNOLDS,
President.

L. STEVENSON,
Extension.