

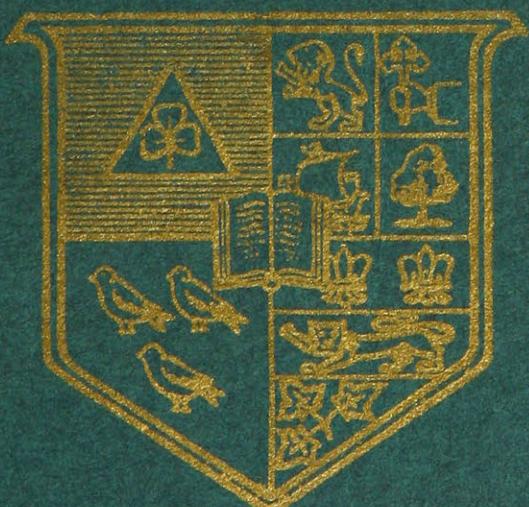
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Vol. 14

No. 2



Macdonald College Magazine

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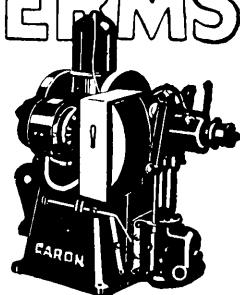
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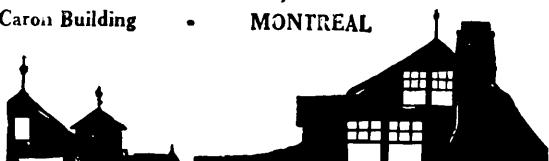
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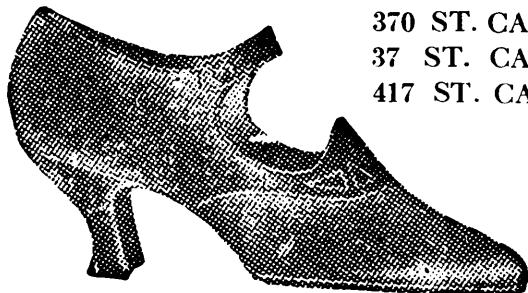
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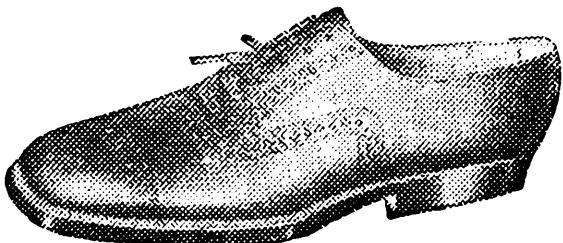
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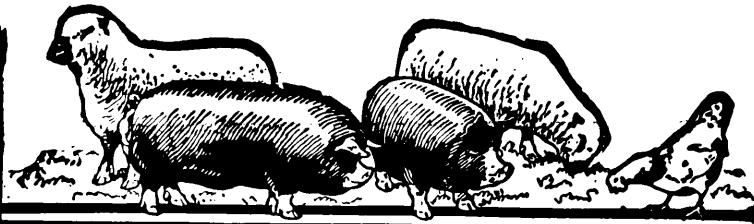
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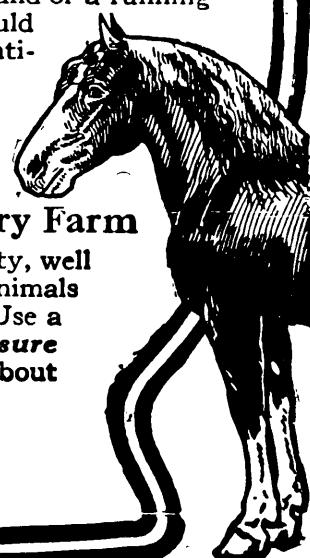
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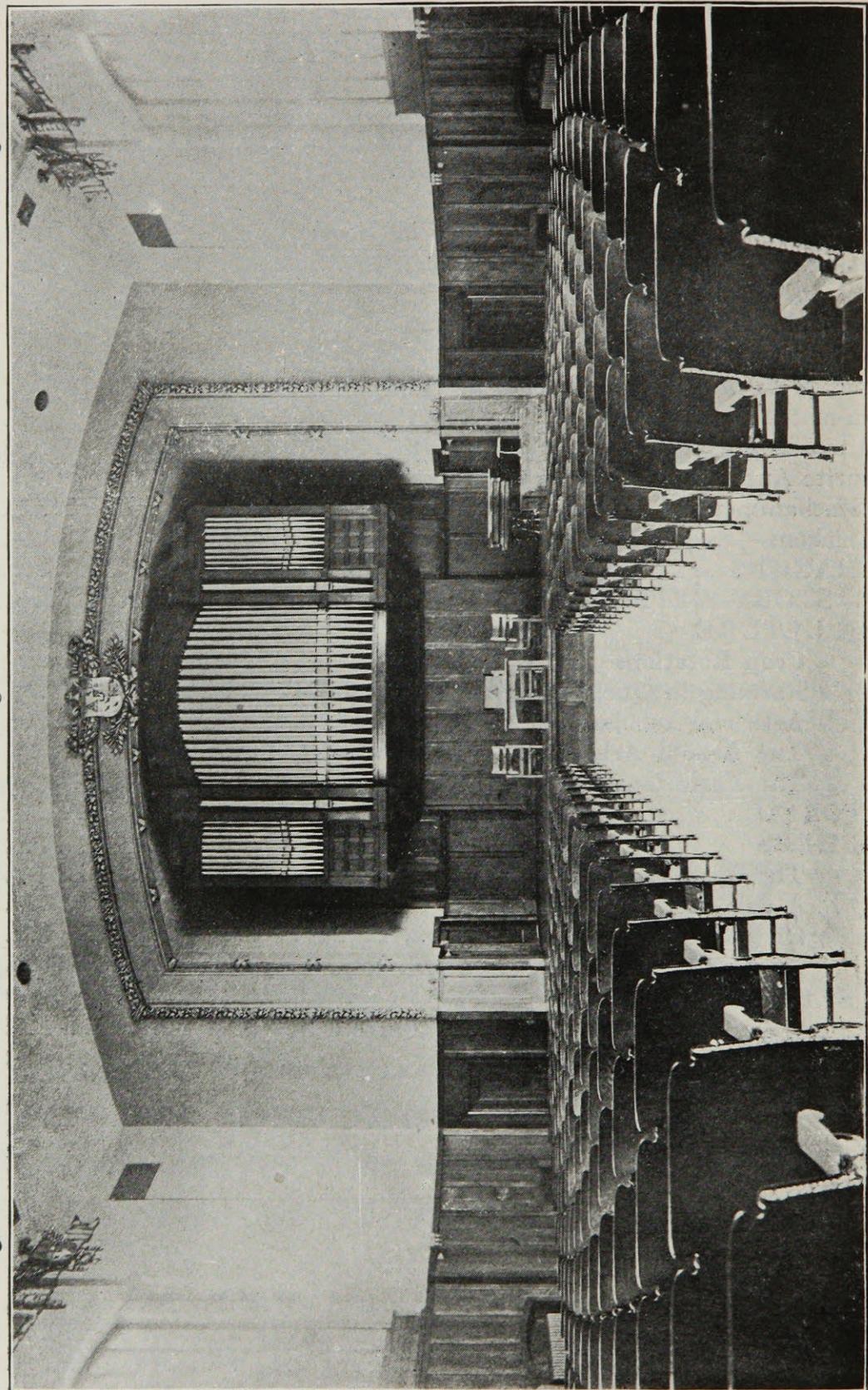
If off your Route it pays to walk.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten, by the Students of Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P. Q., in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

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The Assembly Hall

Tong Wars and Toy San

By BROOKS HAMILTON, Agr. '26

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"The Annals of Lu,"—why should I of all people be reading such a book? What do I care if Fu-hi introduced matrimony in China in the year 2830 B. C? Who gave me this little book anyway and what is this odd piece of metal that just fell out of it? Quong, my old 'curio-shop' friend, said someone left it for me. There are no English words of greeting or identification on it, only Chinese.

It is only a week ago that I wrote that startling article about Tong Wars, and what I had discovered about their significance in Montreal. Since then things have gone in a mad whirl, as in a mysterious dream in which the central figures were Chinamen whom I had thought were my friends.

Although I remember last week as a dream, it is as one of those visions which are hazy except for a few figures which appear in more or less detail. Yan Let Kwan is one of these figures, and, strange to say, his daughter, Toy San, is the only other. I can easily understand why I should remember Yan Let Kwan, the greatest Mandarin in our country at the present time, and leader of the Ming Tong. He was the tall, stately nobleman who sat at the head of the council and uttered words of wisdom to his followers. He always dressed in full regalia even to his Chinese shoes, which, of course, he removed as he entered the council chamber. But why I am reminded of Toy San, whom I have seen only once, is a problem which I think I will let remain unsolved. For to-night is the last time I deal with things Chinese, and then only to sum up the past, for newspaper copy.

That piece of metal which I discovered yesterday as it fell out of my volume of "The Annals of Lu" is proving very interesting. I thought it would bring a lit-

tle touch of mystery into my newspaper copy, so I proceeded to examine it last night on what I thought was my final work on Chinamen, China, and things Chinese.

My piece of metal turned out to be a very delicately carved silver case, on the back of which was written in Chinese, "Sincerity is the way to Heaven, and the acquirement of sincerity belongs to man." "Sincerity is the way to Heaven . . . ?" Where did I read . . . ? Oh, I remember . . . it was in that volume of the works of K'ung Tse which I had reviewed to get ideas for my first article. . . . It was one of the sayings of K'ung Tse, whom the European world calls Confucius, and whom China worships as a god.

On the other side of the case was more delicate carving, mostly of flowers and Chinese pagodas, with the dragon of China blended in. On closer examination of this side of the case I found a clearly concealed lid, which on opening, disclosed a small mirror. On the inside of this lid, was scratched, apparently with a pin, the words "By keeping silence when we ought to speak men may be lost." These words I also found were a translation from the writings of K'ung Tse. But why they were put there, and what their significance is, I have been unable to find out.

Last night I determined to drop the Orient from my mind. Determined to forget entirely the environment in which I was brought up, for my father was a tea exporter and we lived in Hong Kong. But to banish from one's thoughts that which is impressed on the mind is very difficult under ordinary circumstances, and has proven impossible for me, existing as I have, under forced circumstances. To aid my memory in this matter, I received a note this morning, written

in English by Yan Let Kwan, which asks me to be present at a meeting of the Ming Tong Mandarins in the Man Chu Club. This meeting is to be held this evening, why I am requested to attend is another puzzle. This afternoon I intend to publish my thoughts of last night, with more or less detail of my movements of last week.

* * *

"You, Rolland Calderly, are accused of interfering with the movements of the great Tongs of our celestial empire".... The beautiful, orientally decorated room was filled with mandarins, young mandarins, old mandarins, all gorgeously dressed and all silent except for the clear, powerful voice of Yan Let Kwan. I was surrounded by the ever polite Chinaman, and was so surprised that I couldn't think clearly at the time. Even when I was dismissed from the chamber, apparently to go home, I was so confused that I did not suspect anything. I can now visualize the way in which I was seized, gagged and swiftly conveyed in a car to the freighter on which I am now a passenger. What is going to happen next, is causing me no little anxiety. That we are sailing for China by way of the Panama Canal seems probable. But why should I be taken to China? I have done nothing against the Chinese people. I have merely criticized Tong wars.

Yan Let Kwan is also on board the vessel, and from what I am able to observe and hear, he is my real captor. He has been around to my cabin, but is no more the friendly mandarin I used to converse with at Quong's shop on Laguchetaire street. He has become sullen and serpent-like. The sailors obey his commands, not out of homage, but in the manner of those afraid of a cruel master. However inhuman he seems I must admit that he is always just in his dealings. There must be other reasons than those of personal desire, why the intellectual face of Yan Let Kwan has changed to one of clever cruelty.

We are now through the Panama Canal and well on our way across the Pacific, several days having passed since we left Montreal. Things on board seem more or less the same, nothing new having occurred, except for a note I found in my state-room a few mornings ago. The substance of the note was that at present I was safe but to be very careful in expressing my thoughts when I reached China. The message had been cleverly concealed in a brush which had been provided for me. Is it from one of the sailors wishing to injure a rival Tong, or is there another passenger on this supposed freighter?

* * *

"The cymbals crash, and the Idols stare,
As the mandarins walk through the
scented air."

.... Could there ever be a more wonderful picture? Silk and gold were blended to form tapestries and emblems of rare beauty. Arising from the altars were wreaths of scented smoke in beautiful tints. The idols were glittering with gems of untold value which looked like stars in the subdued lights of the temple. Mandarin after mandarin entered, and sat in his appointed place in front of the great statue of K'ung Tse the Teacher. There was a break in the line. Then Yan Let Kwan entered, followed by two other men in glittering robes of silk and silver.

Then I became the centre of interest in this strange drama. From my obscure position in one corner of the great hall, I was brought up before the last mandarin to enter, whom I learned was representing the government.

Yan Let Kwan arose and bowed to the government representative. He then faced me and said in his deep solemn voice — "You Rolland Calderley, have written articles which have exposed the movements of our people in America. In doing so you have interfered with the actions of our Tongs, the invisible factions of our

empire. Your conduct has offended the spirits of our most honourable ancestors. Such a crime ~~is~~ is ~~lib~~ punishable by death!" The government representative then arose. The whole assembly bowed in homage. Turning to me he said, "Do you know any just cause why you should not be executed, according to the laws of China?" . . . I was dazed. My mind was blank, save for a few words and those words I uttered. "Sincerity is the way to Heaven, and the acquirement of sincerity belongs to man." . . . I had spoken the words of K'ung Tse, in a temple, to K'ung Tse. There was a deadly silence. The heads of all were bowed at my words. . . . The mandarin who had followed Yan Let Kwan into the temple, then arose. He, I learned, was the leader of the Yo San Tong. I was again addressed, in the following words: "You, Rolland Calderly, have spoken the words of K'ung Tse our Master; and as these words were spoken in the temple of our most Honourable One they were spoken by you in all sincerity. We are therefore powerless to punish you for your deeds of the past." "You," the sage continued, "are free to leave China, but are not forgiven by the Yo San Tong." The government representative then arose and the other mandarins, bowing to him, also arose. Again came the crash of the cymbals as all left the temple in perfect order.

I was left alone in the great hall. At this time the air might have been described as translucent, but not altogether transparent. I stood a short time considering my next move. While I was standing I heard some one approaching. I turned to face the entrance, and, coming out of the evergathering gloom, was Toy San, the beautiful daughter of Yan Let Kwan. Her face bore traces of great anxiety. "Mr. Calderly," she said, "you are in very great danger. The Yo San Tong wish to kill you, and have surround-

ed the temple. There is only one way of escape. We must go through the great tunnel. The entrance is under the base of the great statue." All this was spoken in English but with an Asiatic accent.

She led the way through a door at the base of the statue, and down a flight of stairs. We then went along a narrow passage and through another door. I could tell by the change of air that we were now in the tunnel proper. By this time we could hear sounds from above. I suppose the guard had grown impatient waiting for me to come out. This made us hasten along the passage, but we were not quick enough to avoid detection, as we soon could hear the stealthy steps of our pursuers.

* * *

"Little Toy San, how did you do it? . . . How could you open that great door which led to liberty, while all those Chinamen were following us down the passage and I was striking blindly at the leader? What might have happened to us?! But nothing did that shouldn't have, and we shouldn't imagine things! For here in Honolulu with your uncle we can forget all about Tongs. Please tell me how you worked out your wonderful scheme—about the tea ship on which we escaped . . . how you explained things to the finest of all mandarins, your uncle.

You were wonderful Toy San, and have always been to me, ever since you sent me that mirror—the emblem of love for all the Orient. The motto of your family saved my life in the temple, and then even at the risk of your own life and the reputation of your family you rescued me from death at the hands of the Yo San Tong."

. . . . In this beautiful garden, under the soft, silvery moon, I am beginning to think that Fu-hi was not such a fool after all, when, in the year 2830 B. C. he introduced matrimony into China.

The Spirit of Athletics at Macdonald

At the www.libtool.com.cn request of the editor of the Magazine, the writer has undertaken to write a short article upon the subject of athletics. This subject is one which would permit much discussion, and is also one of great importance to any institution. I do not expect that everyone will agree with me in the following article, yet some one is obliged to be the cause of all arguments and discussions.

In dealing with athletics at this institution, one must consider the material from which teams must be formed. The average student who comes to Macdonald College has had little or no training along these lines. It may be that the school from which he matriculated did not furnish the opportunity for athletics or perhaps he was not personally interested in athletics. Whatever may have been the cause for the neglect of this early training, it must be placed aside temporarily at least when the student comes here. This is due to the small number of men in each class in agriculture.

If each class is to 'make a showing' in class meets and athletics, every available man must take some part. This may stimulate a mild interest for a very short time. The honors which the student may win in these class meets, where there is little competition or where they participate by special invitation, really are a joke. It is a great deal like a parent bribing his child to do some cute stunt for a visitor.

After the interclass games are put to one side and the question of College athletics arises, what is the response? Either the entire responsibility rests upon a very few men who would form a team or else they are obliged to resort to the same means employed in the interclass games. This method has become so common that it might be called the Macdonald College

method of forming athletic teams. If this method is to be satisfactorily followed one must actually beg a certain number of men to come out for the team, or they must be bribed by the promise of a place upon the team. There has been too much politics in the College athletics.

Why should it be necessary to beg men to turn out for their own college teams? Why should men be allowed to play upon a team when they will not even turn out for practice? These things have actually occurred at this institution. Further, I know of several cases where the men have not been at the practice because they had 'dates.' Another case which comes to me: one of the basket-ball teams was playing a league game in town and one player absolutely deserted the team in order to fill a 'date.' This is the spirit of our athletics.

Macdonald has had some very promising athletic material, yet lack of real initiative as much as any other thing has led to their defeat. The men do not co-operate in the building of a team. It has always seemed to me that the man on the "scrub" team should receive as much credit as the one on the senior team. Were it not for the opposition furnished by the "scrub" team the senior team could never reach its top speed. Having no material, at this institution, wishing to be classed as "scrubs," has led to our teams appearing as "scrubs" in their games. Their opponents have had an easy time.

Athletics at Macdonald fail of their purpose since they fail to confer upon the individual many of the benefits which they should derive. Athletics should serve as a recreation from study, and a training which will benefit the man after he shall have finished his college training.

There is no one thing in college activities which will give the man the point of

contact with other students as afforded by athletics. There is a bond of friendship formed by men striving to make an athletic team which can not be underestimated. These things are not all which may be obtained. The training to think and act quickly, to assist other players, self-reliance and self-confidence, along with leadership are among the many benefits of athletics.

The last few of the above-mentioned things have been hopelessly lacking in our sports. There are a number of instances which could be mentioned, when our basketball or rugby teams should have won their games had they developed more self-confidence and self-reliance. As it happened they entered the games with the expectation of being defeated and they were not disappointed. The rugby team of 1922 should have been near the top of their division, if not the leaders, instead of in the last position. Why then, you ask, did they not progress? They lacked the chief assets of good rugby players—co-operation, self-reliance, self-confidence, and pluck or 'fight.'

Our athletic teams take the same attitude towards athletics as they do towards their lectures—so what can one expect? Athletics make for college spirit. When there are good 'peppy' teams, the same spirit is reflected within the class room. A student who can not keep up his academic work should not be allowed to participate in athletics. Athletics should be encouraged among the students but under direct supervision. The one in charge should have authority to promote this phase of activities, and should accept the responsibility attached to it. To assist in the promotion of athletics, one of the alumni

resident at, or near, the college might be chosen to act as a graduate athletic advisor.

Where are the members of the student body whilst games are going on? They do not give the teams their moral support. A mere handful of students attend either rugby or hockey games, and how many of the staff are seen at these games? From the few who do appear at the games, little or no cheering is heard. Do you think that these conditions are such as to cause any student to do his best upon the field? I say that we should give this phase of student activities more attention, then a better spirit might be shown throughout the college.

By proper organization of athletics you may develop not only personal or individual expression, but a spirit of loyalty to the institution, a spirit of mutual helpfulness to others, which might be radiated to other prospective students of agriculture. The spirit in athletics (not necessarily winning teams) is a good advertisement for the institution, if well directed. Get out the "weak sister" who is always grumbling and knocking about the place in general, give him something else to think about and thereby boost *your* college.

Since the old system has proven to be a failure, why not develop a little modernism? Who is going to arouse the sleeping, self-satisfied, pseudo-athlete at Macdonald? Where is *your* 'college spirit' and pride in *your* Alma Mater? Remember that athletics are like any other field you may enter and you can get out of them only what you are willing to put into them.



Ambition

www.libtool.com By/cn STEVE WALFORD, ex-Agr. '25

Some time ago I had recounted to me the story of a man whose greatest ambition in life had been realized. He had always wanted to die drunk, and had striven consistently with that end in view. He passed away—absolutely happy.

On hearing this tale, the thought struck home to me, “So *this* is ambition!” To class this with the hopes and aspirations of great men—the dreams of past masters, whom we now almost worship, seemed nothing short of sacrilege. Yet, what is ambition but a great desire to reach something that seems beyond our grasp?

* * *

All around us we see evidences of this mysterious motivating force—ambition. The crocus that struggles upward through the cheerless, half-frozen earth; the sparrow that sits for weeks on its tiny eggs to the exclusion of all other interests; the explorer who braves death to investigate the unchartered polar regions, all express this strongest, most wonderful force in the whole universe. They all have certain great ambitions, and strive to gratify them.

You stand in the middle of a bustling city. Even the air seems charged with a highly-contagious tang. What name do you give to this force?—industry? You note the effect but overlook the cause. There is one big dynamic force behind this “industry” (as you have chosen to call it), that forces the seething mass on, ever on, in its endless quest.

Stop some of these “pawns in the great game of life,” and ask them why they hurry and strive so. If they are able to define their feelings and honestly record them, they will probably say, “I must acquire experience if I am to become a great criminal lawyer,” or “I’ve a chance to

double my money, if the market doesn’t change in the next few hours,” or “I’ve worked hard all my life to accumulate a little fortune. Now I’m going to have a wonderful time blowing it in.” Almost without exception, the answers will express the same idea—ambition, directed towards diametrically opposite ends, perhaps, but ambition nevertheless.

“But,” you might protest, “how would you classify love or necessity? Are they not powerful influences?” I grant you that love is almost all-powerful. But love without an ambition to gratify it, is hollow and meaningless. It is only when we desire to satisfy that spirit of brotherliness that wells up within us, that deeds of kindness and devotion are reflected. As for necessity, we have ever with us the need of food, clothing and shelter. We strive to remove this want forever. Is this not ambition? Similarly we might explain the whole category of stimulating impulses. They are all mere expressions of a bigger, more potent influence. Call the impulse what you may, it is a mere outgrowth of the bigger force—ambition.

* * *

The path of ambition is a rough road, beset with many well-nigh insuperable obstacles. The biggest of these is the public apathy toward anything that would tend to derange the ordinary routine of existing customs. To the general public, anything new is considered an insult to the memory of its ancestors, who set up the present order. Add to this the natural suspicion directed toward any untried venture, and combined you have the greatest impediment to progress the mighty balance-wheel of the world—custom.

Picture with me the action of these two

opposing forces, ambition and custom, since the beginning of time.

Imagine the ~~the~~ www.blight.com the first little amoeba that desired diversified organs. He had a great vision, but could he impart it to his fellow-amoeba in the slime? —never! Not till he had tried it out himself and proven it a success would others follow his brilliant lead.

Let us skip next to the first worm that craved to leave the water, and live on land. Imagine his feeling of aloneness as he lay on the beach and watched his play-fellows scamper to deep water before the receding tide. Then picture the contrast of feeling when his boon-companions finally trusted him, and remained on shore with him during one low tide. Ambition? His was one of the greatest, most radical steps undertaken in the history of the world.

Visualize with me the feelings of the first animal that conceived of the idea of bearing her eggs within her body until the young burst forth from their shells. She possessed the true mother-instinct. With deep grief she had seen egg after egg trampled upon, eaten, drowned and lost, and had at last devised this means of protecting her offspring until they could protect themselves. Of course, her

friends ridiculed her, "snubbed" her, or pleaded with her not to oppose Nature. But she had an ambition to reproduce her kind, and she saw it through. Then, when, after numerous heart-breaking failures, she finally presented living offspring to the world, all the radicals of the animal kingdom took up the new idea of viviparous reproduction. The idea is in vogue amongst the more progressive animals to this day.

Next we look ahead some hundred centuries or so, to the time when an ape, tired of moving on all fours, tried an erect position for diversion. He liked it and practised it faithfully. His friends immediately branded him as "stuck-up"; his fellow-members of the "hunt club" ostracised him; all the gossips in the colony vied in slandering him, his ancestors and his family. His, certainly, was a lonesome lot. To aggravate his troubles, even his inner being protested at the new relative positions that the various organs were forced to assume. But with Spartan-like courage he struggled against these almost overwhelming odds. He wanted to walk upright. He *would* walk upright! Soon the younger generation began to take notice of his more graceful, agile and effective movements. Unfettered by cus-



tom, they assumed a similar attitude, and they, too, liked it. The older generation soon died of grief over the hopeless extremities of the younger set. This young set, freed of censure, immediately took up the custom of walking on two legs, and it came to stay.

Soon afterward, as time goes, a descendant of this pioneer-man suffered untold discomfort during a rainy season. The roof of his cave leaked terribly, and to complicate the situation, a spring, long dormant, bubbled up in his sitting-room, and flowed out through the main hall, making it impassable. The children could never keep their feet dry and, worse still, his wife showed symptoms of tuberculosis. In deep meditation, he consulted the patriarch of the tribe. This veteran of a thousand summers was in a jovial mood that morning, and, with a plausible show of gravity, informed him, "The best modern authorities advise moving the patient to the mountains, in such cases." Our perturbed friend accepted this advice without question, and, with his wife, family, wolves, and other accessories, decamped that same morning. When he arrived at the distant peak, not a cave of any description was to be found. He at once realized that the advice was merely a joke and became furious. "That low-brow gang's been stringing me, I bet. But I'll show them," he vowed with a wild look in his eye, "that this cave-man isn't going to be the laughing-stock of every savage this side of 'The Great Swamp.'" In his rage he tore up several trees, and threw them together onto the ground. Trembling with fear, his wife rushed for protection into the shelter of this rude pile—the first house in the history of the world. Several years later, seeing his end approaching, our hut-dweller decided to revisit the old haunts with his family. At the time the old tribe was holding the big social event of the season—the bron-

tosaurus hunt. At the end of the day's sport they all collected around the king's cave to compare scores. "Hut-dweller" and his lads were undisputed champions, winning by a clear lead of five tongues. Immediately the tribe fell into a discussion of this newly-found effect of upland air. The consultation was followed up by a general trek towards the hills,—and houses.

To recount the action of ambition through the ages would be a tedious task, and decidedly boring to my patient readers. These little fragments of unwritten history which I have just disclosed might seem trifling to us now, with our widely-diversified modern civilization, but they meant colossal advances in thought and action when first introduced.

* * *

Several years ago we all joked about one man's ambition to establish a trans-Atlantic air route. The promulgator's friends had alienists examine him to determine his malady. We no longer laugh. Even the most pessimistic among us will grant that time will see the difficulties removed from the path of this scheme.

We still laugh at those who have the ambition to communicate with Mars. Wait!

Ambition has one particularly fortunate aspect in that it is always changing form. As we advance in the journey of life, our ambitions, like the horizon, are always moving ahead of us. We pick out a seemingly lofty ideal and travel toward it. As we approach, we see a much finer one just ahead. Thus do we keep up the endless march that makes for progress.

We all remember with pleasure the course of our early ambitions. The big policeman inspired our lives until we saw the fire-brigade travelling with all the usual noise and impressiveness, on the way to a conflagration. After that, we could not rest satisfied until we ourselves would drive the ladder waggon. Then, as the

young mind advanced, it began to link up cause and effect. Sherlock Holmes, Nick Carter, Jesse James, Diamond Dick and others urged us on to deeds of nerve and brain-power. We would be detectives or criminals. Nothing short of one or the other would satisfy us. Soon other boys in large numbers entered into our lives. The resulting clubs led to new ambitions—soldiers, armies, war. Most of these ambitions, it is true, were never realized, but it was for one reason only—other ambitions stepped between to occupy our attention. The next ambition that affected us all was to become men: to grow up and mingle on an equality with our elders. After that stage, ambitions followed thick and fast. To keep the list up to date would require almost daily revision. Ambition follows ambition in endless succession.

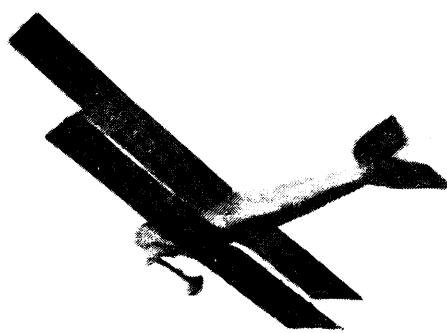
There are two types of people of whom this world would be well rid. I refer to those who have no ambitions, or who, having achieved their highest mark, seek none higher, but rest contented. The former are positively boring to all with whom

they come in contact. Life is no pleasure—it holds nothing in store for them. Their spineless existence to them ends with death, for they have no hopes beyond. The latter are still more to be pitied, for, having received a vision, they see nothing else. As they approach their goal, their viewpoint narrows, until they "slide into a rut" and see nothing around them but the mud of every-day life.

Contrast these types with the man who, on the foundation of a wrecked ambition, builds a bigger, more excellent structure, strengthened by the experience of the past failure. This is true ambition!

You can readily point out to me ambitions that have wrecked lives, laid waste happy communities, and wrought untold misery to all concerned. For this reason, shall we condemn ambition? Never!!

Long live Ambition! But let it be accompanied by the factors which render it a positively beneficial motivating force. Let it go hand in hand with intelligence, a broad outlook on the problems to be faced, and a liberal share of plain, every-day common-sense!



An Apology For Polite Lying

www.libtool.com.cn

By KATHLEEN M. SCOTT, T. '24

As far back as I can remember I have been taught that lying is a very great sin. My mother could forgive other faults, but never those of deception in **any** form. Well do I remember the day, when, a child of seven, I lost my gloves, and in order to avoid having to look for them I told her I had them in my pocket. But she discovered that I didn't have them, and I shall never forget how ashamed I felt as she talked to me of the terrible sin of lying. It was then she told me the story of Ananias and Sapphira, and it made a great impression on my childish mind.

I suppose other mothers are just as strict in this matter, and yet, how often do they instruct the maid, in their children's hearing, to tell an unwelcome caller that they are "not at home." Sometimes the child himself is taught how to lie gracefully out of an engagement of which his mother does not approve. Suppose he is asked to a party at the home of some "ineligible" friend, for politeness' sake his excuse can scarcely be the truth, therefore he is told to tell his friend that he has another engagement. So, in spite of the dire penalty paid by Ananias and Sapphira, we learn from childhood the uses of the polite lie.

* * *

Those fortunate people who possess tact are greatly admired by their acquaintance. They are eagerly sought after and their opinions are much desired; but what is tact but adroitness, the ability to say and do the right thing at the right moment. This often necessitates a few white lies, or at least, a shrinking or a stretching of the truth.

I think one of the chief reasons for telling these frequent white lies is to avoid hurting other people's feelings.

How often are we asked to admire a friend's hat or tie when we positively abominate the shape or colour. The article is bought and the owner is pleased with it; of what use is it to give our true opinion? It would probably make our friend slightly uncomfortable, and would incline him to be rather skeptical of our good taste. If we are asked to criticize one of our fellow-students' es says, and we consider it very poor but know positively that she has put her best effort into it, why hurt her feelings by telling her how bad it is, when in any case she will probably be 'slain' by the Professor?

Politeness demands numerous white lies. We collide with a person on the street. "I'm sorry," we say, but if we expressed our real thoughts we would exclaim, "For goodness sake, why don't you ~~watch~~ where you are going?" When guests arrive just as we are rushing out to keep an appointment for which we are already late, it is impossible to say, "Oh, do go! I don't want to see you at all!" We have to smile as pleasantly as possible, and when the guests finally depart we speed them on their way with another of our daily lies. "I am so glad to have seen you; do come again." At a bridge party a guest arrives half an hour, or perhaps even an hour, late, thus upsetting the whole affair, what can the hostess do but smile sweetly and say, "Why, it is not very late, of course I quite understand that you were detained," when she probably doesn't understand it at all and is inwardly seething with rage.

False pride is another *raison d'être* for small lies. That person whose friends are wealthy but whose own income is small will employ many prevarications

rather than admit his comparative poverty. The unpopular girl or boy will often invent tales so that their own unpopularity may be at least partially hidden. The girl at school or at college who discovers that her clothes are neither so numerous nor so pretty as those of her companions, will sometimes talk about all the clothes she has at home, which are, of course, *non est*; but this sort of 'swank' is usually seen through, and is regarded with pity or disgust, as the case may be.

For our own convenience we use a good many polite lies. Relatives write asking if they may spend a certain weekend with us. We do not want them, so we tell them we are expecting other guests. A husband dislikes very much his wife's new hat, but he knows that if he expresses this opinion he will probably be asked for more money with which to buy a new one, so he very wisely agrees that it is a "duck of a hat." When sales-agents come to the door determined to sell you H. G. Wells' latest book, or "the most modern up-to-date vacuum cleaner in existence" or a "brush for every occasion," it is astonishing how our possessions increase. It is ineffectual to tell the truth and say that we dislike H. G. Wells, that we cannot afford a vacuum cleaner, that we don't believe his particular kind of brush is good, so we lie once again and say we already own everything he can show us.

Occasionally a lie is a far more righteous thing than the truth. There is a story by Kipling which deals with a young subaltern who committed suicide because he thought he had irretrievably disgraced himself. The two men who discovered him felt that there was no necessity for the tragedy being made

public, so between them they concocted a story to the effect that the boy had died of cholera, and they wrote to his people in England, enumerating his virtues and dwelling on the great loss the regiment suffered in his death. Perhaps they sinned, but the parents of the boy were made happy by the belief that their son had lived and died honorably, and I think the good the lie did far outweighed any wrong there might have been.

* * *

So we find that polite lies are necessary in everyday life, for in almost every case where the lie is necessary in the social, so it is in the business world. They smooth off the rough corners of our daily life and make intercourse with our fellow creatures more pleasant than it might otherwise be. It is reported that George Washington never told a lie, but I think the man who is responsible for that statement must have made a mental reservation concerning white, or polite, lies. No man could have been the diplomatist George Washington was without indulging in a few. Richelieu says, "To know how to dissemble is the knowledge of kings," but to know the value of the polite lie is the knowledge of all the world, rich and poor, great and small, young and old. If there is anyone who denies its use and our dependence upon it, let him, for a week, try to tell nothing but the truth. I am sure long before his time is up he will have learned heartily to appreciate these little under-rated equivocations. Someone once said that our social life was built up upon a fabric of lies; if this is so, in spite of ourselves, we are forced to admit their usefulness. How often does one's happiness, yea, even existence, depend on the polite lie!



On Being Small

www.libtool.com.cn
By THERESIA M. KELLER, T. '24

"You little imp!"

I don't mind the "imp" part, but I do abhor that word "little." Even if I am small, and I admit I am, I don't see why people should keep reminding me of the fact. Do you? If only I could reach up to those persons who address me in such "belittling" terms, I might try to avenge myself, but alas, the impossible! And the distressing thing about it is that there doesn't seem to be any remedy for such as me.

* * *

"Try Couéism," you might advise. Well, I did, but I have lost faith after ten months of it. I Coué'd until I believed myself a veritable flag-pole. However, on the last day of the tenth month I awakened (as it were), and to my disgust, realized that what I was and what I thought I was were two very different things, so far as height was concerned. Needless to say, it took me weeks to recover from my illusion!

I have tried yeast and self-raising flour, too. I first used them separately, but without success, and then in despair. I attempted a combination of the two. Altogether this device absolutely bored me. I ate loaf upon loaf, only to find that instead of extending north and south, (as I should have, according to the respective qualities of the ingredients) I was expanding east and west. Certainly this would never do!

But, I was not yet weary of well-doing. I availed myself of a daily exercise, which I am still using. To my mind it appears quite reasonable. Each morning at twenty minutes after seven, my Better Half hollers "One, two, three-ee," and

I, obediently as any soldier, hop on one foot and frantically leap into the vast ether, stretching my hands wildly towards the electric light which hangs about thirteen inches from the ceiling. If successful on the first jump (i. e. if I can turn on the light) we manage to get down to breakfast before our places are taken. On the other hand, if success does not come immediately my Scotch blood urges me to "try, try, again," as did the noble Bruce. (I think this motto is especially applicable to me, seeing that my goal and that of the spider were the same, namely, the ceiling.) With never-failing vigour, I keep at this for three hundred seconds more. However, on the two hundred and ninety-ninth second, my room-mate, disgusted to the core, generally turns on the light by the wall switch. Sorrow fills my heart, and we are late for breakfast.

Since coming to Macdonald, I have learned that frequent drill of the same kind becomes monotonous, and thus delays success. Therefore, I vary my above exercise by substituting the tramsom for the electric light. I am glad to say that both serve their purpose equally well.

* * *

Still, my height remains unchanged. At present, I can think of no other method by which I might be lengthened. Somehow, it looks as if I shall have to take refuge and comfort in the saying:—

"Tall women are admired, but small women are loved."

Yet, I am hopeful still; moreover, I am ambitious. Yes, I will grow, I will grow!



Travels in Turkey

There is a city, of great renown in ancient times, but now degenerated into a typically Turkish town, with narrow, cobbled streets and graceful minarets. Marash, centuries ago known as Commagene, is an important town in the interior of Turkey and is situated about one hundred miles north-west of the gulf of Alexandretta.

At the close of the Great War, Turkey was in a more unsettled state than usual as to the government. The Germans had left, taking with them most of Turkey's food supplies and all the support, both moral and physical, which had upheld Turkey for such a long time. In consequence, governmental control became lax and lawlessness and brigandage flourished to an alarming extent. To further complicate matters for the Turks, the British forces were advancing through Palestine at great speed, everywhere victorious. For these reasons the month of December 1917 was not the best time to choose for a journey in the interior of the country. However my father had some important business to attend to at a city called Aintab which is situated nearly sixty-five miles south of Marash. So, in spite of threatening dangers he decided to attempt the journey. I went with him as it was decided that two could travel with a greater degree of safety than could one.

We started at four o'clock one morning. The party consisted of father, myself, and two Turkish mounted police, who were to act as a species of escort and whose duty it was to see that we did not attempt to escape. We were all mounted on horses, which form the sole means of travel in the greater part of Turkey.

I shall never forget that ride; the clatter we raised passing through the narrow, silent streets; the cold mist which enclosed us and allowed us to see the road for only a few feet in front of the horses'

heads; the passage through the great graveyard which encompasses every Turkish city; and finally the exhilaration of watching the sun rise and the pleasurable feeling of having covered many miles before dawn.

Then followed the more monotonous and unpleasant part of the trip. Walk, trot, gallop—walk, trot, gallop—through a long plain, at first, where now and then, in the distance, one could see a little village huddled beside a well. Later on we began to climb one side of the mountain ridge which separates the Marash plain from that of Aintab.

Up, and still further up, we went, sometimes having to lead the horses over paths where they could not climb if ridden. At length we reached the summit and almost immediately rode into a blinding snow storm. By noon we had passed through the snow belt on our way down the mountain and arrived at the half-way khan, or inn. This place resembles all Turkish inns and, like them, beggars description. This particular one was a two-storied affair built of sun-dried mud bricks and occupied the four sides of a small courtyard. There were no windows on the outside of the building, so that it resembled a dirty, brown box with a hole cut in one side for a gate. We passed through this opening into the courtyard which was, as is invariably the case in Turkish inns, more than a foot deep in dark, slimy, sticky mud. The whole lower storey was used as a stable, and between this and the inn rooms is a floor which abounds in cracks whose purpose is to allow the heat from the animals to permeate the building, thus obviating the inconveniences of modern heating systems. The only fault to be found with this system is that the odour of the stable rises also and this is not always as welcome as is the heat. There was in this inn, as in

all other Turkish inns, a greater number of small occupants whose ability to hop is only exceeded by their ability to make ordinary human beings extremely uncomfortable. Fortunately for us we did not have to stay a longer time than was necessary to see that the horses were fed and watered and to eat the lunch which we had brought with us.

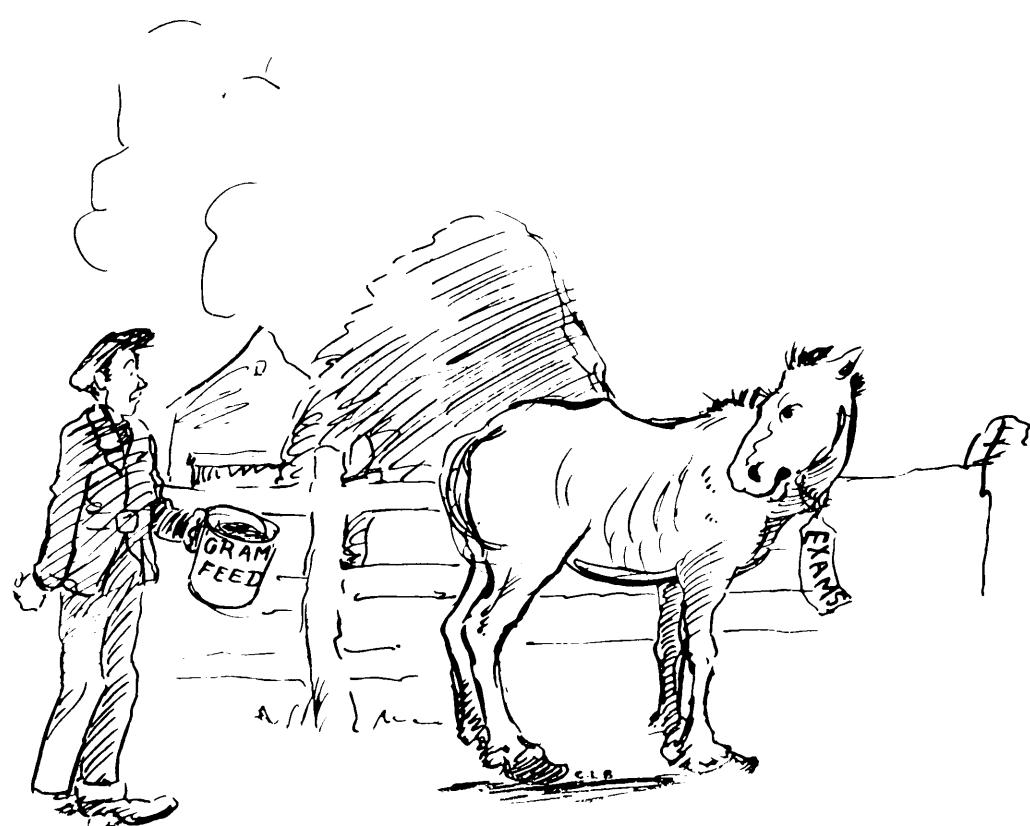
After lunch began, once more, the same monotonous, tiresome walk, trot, gallop—walk, trot, gallop—. Thus we travelled all the hot, sleepy afternoon and through the evening. Then the sun went down, and the ghostly road appeared as an interminably long, silver-grey ribbon. A ribbon which had the miraculous power to unroll itself and to stretch further and further away into the darkness.

By this time we had become exceedingly tired and sore from riding but still we had to keep going on and on. The endless rhythm of the horses' hoofs beating on the hard road seemed to impress itself indelibly on my brain, and every step the horse took would send a dull aching

shock up my spine to the throbbing mass which represented my brain. Still we kept travelling, until I began to feel numb and as if it did not matter if we never arrived. Finally, however, we did reach Aintab and, after supper, bed, which you can imagine was very acceptable.

We had travelled sixty-five miles in the one day, having ridden over rough roads from four o'clock in the morning until half past nine at night. We had only been out of the saddle for three quarters of an hour at noon. It is remarkable how quickly one can recover from a trip like this if one is used to this mode of travelling. In a few days we returned to Marash and did the trip in far better time than at first.

In telling you of this little journey I have attempted to give you a brief outline of the way in which one is obliged to travel in Turkey, trusting that you will now appreciate, by contrast, the ease with which you can travel—say, from Ste. Anne's to Montreal.—E. H. W.



"Gosh, he looks dangerous! Wonder if I can coax him?"

Fashionable Tardiness

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Many people argue that it is better to be dead than to be out of the fashion. Happily such people are in the minority. Whoever thought last year when ladies were showing the knee that this year skirts would be sweeping the streets? The story goes of a certain bevy of young girls who absolutely refused to ever wear long skirts, but nothing more was heard of them, so most likely they too were swept along with the tide. Yes, people need no die, but they do like to be "in the fashion."

One fashion which has greatly developed in the last century, or rather in the last few years, is that of tardiness. Who ever goes to a meeting, concert, to the dentist, in fact anywhere, at the set time? When one sees a notice about a public dance, I mean a dance which is not held in a private home, the commencing time is usually set at 8.30 P. M. If you and I were to go then I greatly fear that we would have a rather long tête-à-tête before anyone arrived. The "guests" usually commence to stroll in about 9.15 or 9.30 P. M., and might even keep on straggling in until half past eleven—in time for the refreshments. Parents who complain of young people keeping late hours, if they do really object, should chase these children out earlier in the evening.

In a recent magazine there appeared a story of two girls who were going to an entertainment with two gentlemen friends. The young men arrived, as usual, punctually, and the girls were ready to go but had not yet come downstairs. Throwing herself into a chair and picking up a Fashion Review one of the girls remarked, "Oh, I may as well read because those boys have to wait fifteen minutes for us anyway!" She must have thought it extremely clever, but she certainly had no consideration for the poor

young men waiting downstairs. This fashion of being late is always very tiresome, never polite, and generally 'holds up' everything.

Of course some people are always late but not because they think it fashionable. There are people who never seem to be able to be early for anything, whether they start two hours or two days beforehand. At College, even at Macdonald, students are constantly late for meals. In some cases, however, these tardy ones come late to cause a sensation in the dining room and have people take note of them. They little realize that they never get more than just a casual glance. In most cases at College though, students are late through sheer unpunctuality. Regarding lectures, however, it is the opinion of many students (especially men students) that it is unfashionable *not* to be late, and besides, it is unwise to display too great an interest in the lecturer or his subject. In addition I am told they do not care to run the risk of killing their Professor by the shock he will undoubtedly receive on seeing them there on time.

In these times one never really expects anyone to be punctual so therefore one is not put out very much when one has to wait ten minutes for him to come to take you down to tea, or when several people stroll in late for your party with very enthusiastic excuses about being detained. If only they could be told they would learn that even polite lying is sometimes unnecessary, and often foolish.

"Well," you will ask, "if this habit of continual tardiness is a fashion, who is to account for it?" Who ever yet could give a reason for a fashion—and least of all for the fashion of being late?

E. E. C.

Try And Get By

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Five minutes past eleven
 To the Biology Building I've got to go—
 The whole gay bunch of Teachers,
 Strutting with sweet abandon all out of step—

Try and get by.

They very very kindly permit you
 Mac's post-office to reach;
 That cheque is coming from Dad
 But No! you can't get to your box—
 And you're so sure it's there!

At last you squeeze in
 And alas! Your box is empty.
 Dash to left to the right.
 You're losing the fight to get out into the light—
 And an excited voice: "Oh J. , a letter!"

Around the corner with quickened step.
 The Room at last. Late again.
 It's fifteen past
 When the Prof's voice, clear,
 "*Try and get by!*"

On Being Misunderstood

By BESSIE L. HENRY, T. '24

The faculty of being misunderstood is not an accident, it is a luxury. Although it may include all the branches of polite lying and impolite stupidity, it is more often the material with which we build a barrage to prevent inquisitive individuals from staring into the home of our thought. Indeed, we spend more time than we suspect in its rooms, banging the shutters and drawing the curtains, to provide not only a privacy for our shy dreams but also a hiding-place for our less generous impulses.

What is the explanation? The art must have been developing in the earliest ages, when it appears in this era to be almost instinctive. Can we possibly connect it with sympathy — perhaps as a "poor relation?" The psycholo-

gist claims that sympathy for others has to be encouraged, but there is nothing more primitive, in the human being, than his sympathy for himself. He exhibits a remarkable talent for this, for if he feels that he cannot justify himself in any other way, he claims that he has been misunderstood.

An amateur fortune-teller of some fame writes that it is comically easy to elicit all the necessary information from the victim, on this very basis. Forsooth one has to impress with an air of mystery — of which shadowy gloom and smoking incense are suggestive — but the real trick of the trade is to touch some chord which will dissolve scepticism and reserve. Her recipe is invariably a gentle touch of the hand, a pitying glance, then, "No one

ever really understood you!" It is fatal! Entirely unsuspicuous, he nods confirmation, allows his face to relax and finally, by tendering small confidences, gives her the clue she seeks. (The use of the personal pronoun is not inadvertent, for she insists that to the female of the species it's less deadly than the male.) The higher animal has a horror of suffering but he has a still greater horror of not being credited with his scar.

On the other hand, there are the hypocritical and insincere who cultivate a skill in being misunderstood that is little short of genius: while all of us, if we could be persuaded to admit it, have our secret sins and short-comings, which we whitewash elaborately for the deluding of a casual world. Moreover we do and say things which are deliberately misleading in order to create an impression more favourable than the reality.

Women indeed, have been accused of specializing in this form of drama, and who will refute the charge? Take, for instance, the popular conception of the cave-woman. She was an ill-used, little thing, who was quite resigned to being unceremoniously dragged about by her hair or her fur *negligée*. As a matter of fact any woman could tell you that if she wandered far, unchaperoned, it was with the tentative hope or certain knowledge that she would cross the path of her favourite cave-man. As the hen in the cartoon expressed it:—

"I'm running away from my lord and master;

But to tell you the truth I could run faster."

Then the lady of stiff paniers and powdered wigs was rather good at effects herself. She was a frail wisp of a thing, pampered into a state where nothing more strenuous than embroidering or playing her melodeon was expected of her; while if a delicate situation presented itself and circumstances were too much for her—she swooned! I am horribly suspicious of those fainting spells! Having painstakingly struggled to lose consciousness a number of times but with no success, I dub the lady a "quitter."

And still another type has come and gone. It is indecent, I know, to exhume the Flapper, as she received, in her time more than her share of notoriety—but I must. She suffered from self-consciousness more than anything else. Everyone had, at least, one eye on her and feeling that it was rather sporting of her, she played the part. The world said she was bad, so she decided to be worse. She chopped off her skirts and even wore breeches because everyone said she would never *dare*; she smoked, drank cocktails, talked unconventionally, but if she laughed too loudly it was to hide the fright in her own heart.

You say that these changes were due to time and place? In small measure they undoubtedly were; but they were, indirectly, largely the results of woman's experiments on being misunderstood.

Room-Mates

By MARY I. CLARK, Sc. '24

Room-mates are what the name implies, but they are many other things too. Your room-mate may be your best friend or she may be your worst enemy. It makes no difference to the authorities

however, they've stated that she's to be your room-mate and so you take her in sickness and in health and all the rest of the time too. Fortunately however, the majority of us have splendid room-mates.

Some girls prefer to room alone. I can't understand this preference at all. Why, whose clothes are you going to wear if you're tired of your own? Also, fancy not having anyone to turn off the light and open the window at night and worse yet, suppose there was no one to get up in the morning and close the window so that the room will be comfortably warm before the breakfast bell informs you that it is time to dress. I am sure, that I for one could not tolerate rooming alone.

I will not say that room-mates have no disadvantages. This would not be so. I will admit that it is very disconcerting, if not annoying, to plan to wear a certain hat and skirt out for tea, and then find they have gone to tea before you. It is also rather disagreeable when your room-mate refuses to close the window in the morning, or goes to bed first at night, thus leaving you to turn out the light and open the window.

It is well to start training your room-mate early in the season. If you fail to do this, you are almost certain to be trained yourself. I, for one, did not start early enough, and as a result, my room-mate has become very unruly, and even insists that we take turns in performing the unpleasant duties. Of course, in order to avoid trouble I had to agree and now it has come to pass that I often forget myself and before I know it, I have done the chores two days in succession. This is a terrible calamity but it has a compensation in that inasmuch as I have performed these sacred duties for two successive days, she must do likewise. This gives me a great feeling of content and superiority.

If one has any choice in the matter of room-mates it is well to procure one who wears your size in everything. She should also use your favourite brand of face powder and cold cream which is generally the kind that you can't afford

yourself. Always be sure that she has a hot water bottle so that when you have a tooth-ache she can prove herself to be useful by filling it. If her mother is a good cook and a generous one the cheerfulness of the room may be taken for granted.

However, as I stated before, we generally have our room-mates allotted to us or *vice versa*. Did you ever happen to think that your room-mate probably has her own opinions of you? It certainly would be a revelation to some of us if our "wives" voiced some of these opinions. As for myself, I have no complaint to make here, for my "wife" has voiced her opinion of me on many occasions. I must admit that some of these opinions are not altogether flattering. I can state certain occasions on which they have been decidedly the reverse and as far as I can remember, had something to do with such trifling matters as dust under radiators and crumbs in beds and the like.

Did you ever have a fight with your room-mate? I mean a real, honest-to-goodness fight. If you have, you have learned your lesson, but if you haven't, take my advice and don't. There is nothing like a fight with one's room-mate to empty ink bottles and take bindings off library-books. I must admit that much steam escapes, which makes both parties feel better, but I ask you, "Who is going to clean up the room afterwards?" This question is unanswerable except that anyone who takes pity on the poor room is likely to do it, certainly not the occupants themselves.

But, in spite of fights and spats, there is really no one like a room-mate when it comes to confiding affairs of the heart. She will be just full of advice and encouragement and very seldom tries to cut you out. She also helps you to choose your wardrobe and is full of all manner of helpful hints. Taking all things into consideration room-mates are the best things that could possibly happen to us.

GOOD MORNING ROUND THE WORLD

Do you know how all people, from far and
from near
Say their "Good morning" each day of the
year?

For "How do you do?"

The right word for you

Is not just the same from Ceylon to Peru.

In the Mexican nation they are gallant and
gay;

They shake hands with all in a courteous
way;

And they bow and beguile

Their friends all the while,

And "May you be well now!" they say with
a smile.

But the savages down in the Southern
Pacific,

Where corals abound and tornadoes terrific,
Who care not a feather

For wind or for weather

They salute by just rubbing their noses
together.

And how do they do it in brilliant Japan,
In brilliant Nippon, the land of the fan?

O, they bow very low

And then say as they go—

They say their "Good morning" which is
"Ohayo."

But over in China the old mandarin
With serious face does his bowing begin;

Then with palms closely pressed
In front of his breast

'Have you eaten your rice?' he asks with
a zest.

While with hands held together and lifted
on high,

With a wish for the health of the one who
goes by,

The brown Siamese

Will fall on his knees,

Or bow down benignly with gracefulest
ease.

Among the dark Hindus that bide in Bengal
In Bombay, the Punjab, in the Deccan, and
all

Where rules the Nizam,

Or in ancient Assam

They all touch their foreheads and cry out
"Salam!"

With his hand on his heart, the polite Per-
sian neighbour

His body inclines with the lightest of la-
bour

The greater his friends

The lower he bends

And "Peace be unto you!" the blessing he
sends.

With the Syrian greeter, now how is it
done?

Why, his finger tips meet as he greets any-
one,

Then, with fanciful art,
Touches brow, lips, and heart

And "May you be happy!" he says as they
part.

With the African men, then what is the
word

That after the sunrise is frequently heard?

"May you flourish away
Till your hair is all grey!"

Is about what they say when they bid one
good day.

In France, when they dance and they sing
and they play

"Now, how do you carry yourself?" they
all say,

Or if you don't choose
Their true sense to abuse,

"Comment vous portez-vous?" fifty you'll
use.

'How find you yourself?' they in Germany
go

And "How do you fare?" the staid Dutch
wish to know;

And "How do you stand?"
Comes from Italy's band;

And "Be well!" they will tell you in Rus-
sia's great land.

The Spanish "Good morning" 's "Buenas
dias";

'Bom dia' 's the Portugese wish as you
pass;

And as over the sea
The daylight shall flee

The same in Brazil its new welcome shall
be.

So over the earth the good greeting shall
fly,

And each in his own way shall speak and
reply;

But one thought is found
Whatever the sound

Good morning's the same the whole world
round.

C. S. W.

Favourite Antipathies

By VIVIAN O. MOIR, T. '24

Everybody has at least one Antipathy with a capital A, and several smaller antipathies, which, of course, have small a's. It is only those of the capital A variety which deserve to be called favourite antipathies, and of these I wish to write.

All through life we continually come into contact with

"All things that beneath the sun
Do creep or walk or fly or run."

Among all these things we find one or more which, when we meet with them, inspire in us a feeling of recoil, and repugnance, and which, upon closer contact cause a sinuous, snaky sensation in the region of the backbone, and a large lump of nothingness in the spot previously occupied by the heart,—the heart of course, having ascended into the mouth. These are the symptoms of Antipathy.

Antipathy, unlike other forms of disgust is not acquired. It is an altogether voluntary aversion. It is instinctive. It is sometimes acquired, however, through same unhappy experience.

Like a transitive verb, Antipathy must have a direct object. This object may be anything under the sun, as we have stated more poetically above, with the exception of one's self. You do, occasionally, find a person afflicted with antipathy toward himself; but it is always in mild form, usually intermittent, and very easily overcome. We are more likely to have antipathies to the lower orders of life. Sometimes the lower orders reciprocate this feeling however, as instance the instinctive dislike of the dog for the criminal, or the pet cat for the old gentleman.

My A-antipathy is spiders. Most of my sex, on the other hand, prefer, or at least are suspected of preferring mice or rats, especially mice. Some have a hor-

ror of caterpillars; others abhor toads. But few seem to have the good nonsense to realize what a dangerous monster a spider is. I was beginning to be ashamed of my Favourite, and even to consider the adoption of a new one (if the old could be overcome) when my faith was bolstered up by the chance discovery, under "antipathies" in Cramfull's New Standard Dictionary, that among various objects of antipathy, "spider" is given a high place. Now, I feel, that as Mr. Cramfull is bound, as an honest lexicographer to give to any word the use in best repute in his day, there must therefore be a large group of people, somewhere, who are strongly anti-spider.

It is a very peculiar thing, that, whether our antipathy be spiders, mice, rats, snakes or caterpillars we do not make war on these creatures. On the contrary we avoid them as much as possible, flee from them, even. Especially in the case of mice, we are inclined to leave the doubted safety of the floor for the higher altitudes of chair or table. I like to see a spider dead, but I do not like to hear him die, not that he whines or complains,—poor fellow, he has no time for that. But the crunching sound of a spider being trampled underfoot causes all the symptoms of Antipathy to be magnified within me.

To get over this difficulty, I have invented a more humane and less nerve-racking form of death for spiders. This is to stand about three or four more feet away from the Object of Horror, and to hurl at it some large solid body, such as an encyclopaedia, or a copy of "Who's Who." The distance prevents the crunching sound from reaching the ear; while the fact that one's aim, in such a moment of fear, is likely to be inaccurate, gives the spider a fair chance of making a get-

away. It is like shooting a bird "on the wing."

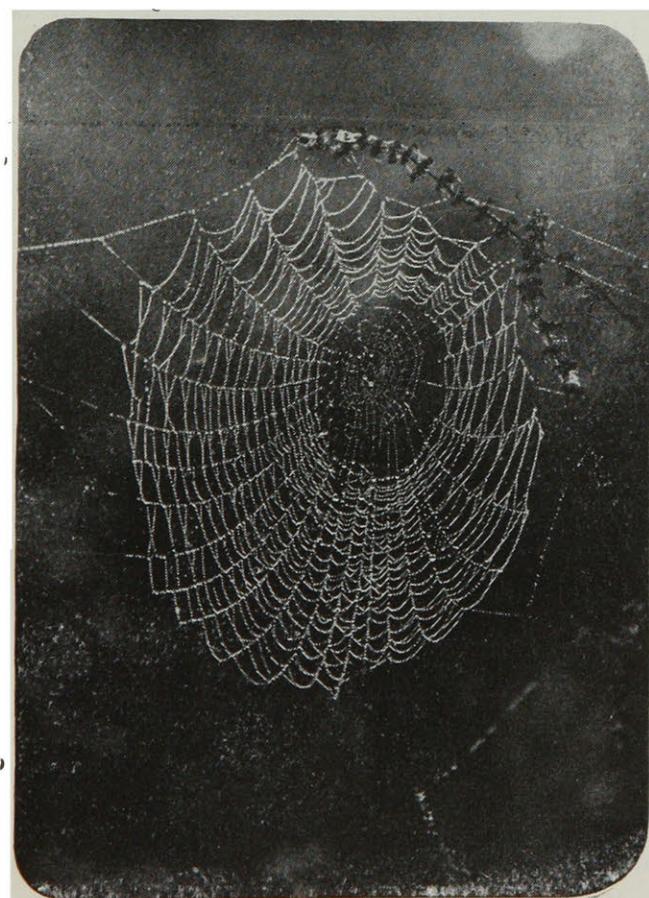
There are many other types of Antipathy. Some people abhor onions, others hate black currant jam. Some people will not drink milk, others will have nothing of fish. Some cannot tolerate a creaking wheel, a squeaking boot, the touch of any thing unusually smooth or rough, the sound of a wet finger drawn down a window pane, a scratching across tin, a skeleton. Some become blue when they see purple, others are violently anti-pink or anti-red.

Then there are racial antipathies which should never be indulged in. It contracted by a majority of one race toward another, they may produce race riots, or war, and may even prove fatal. If you find that your hitherto dormant antipathy to Chinamen, or Negroes, is becoming active, the best thing to do is to take three Foreign Missionary periodicals and go to bed for a day or so.

Occasionally we find a whole race having a common antipathy, usually with a religious reason behind it. The Mohammedans, for example, are anti-pig. Other people do not mind pigs, but object to pork.

Individuals, too, often get serious antipathies to one another, and cherish them fondly. Women become men-haters, and men become women-haters. There is no particular remedy for this, except an increase in the common-sense of the individuals so affected.

Antipathies are like disease-germs,—always present. There is no one in this world who does not have secret or open dislikes to certain things. We are all liable to get these dislikes. We are always getting new ones, and we find it very hard to get rid of the old ones. And we rather like them, in fact we'd feel very odd and unhappy if we had to become so broad-minded as to give up all of our Favourite Antipathies.



The Enchantment of Distance

www.libtool.com By PHILIP HARVEY, T. '24.

From the summit of Mount Jacko at Simla, we may look away 60 miles North to the Himalayas, which at this point rise to a height of 22,000 feet; or 30 miles South to the Plains, 8,000 feet below. In either direction, a dazzling prospect greets our gaze. On the one hand, the clear-cut, glittering, snow-capped peaks, vividly outlined against the sky-line, call to us to explore their wonders at closer quarters. On the other hand, the soft, shimmering haze, the subdued effulgence of golden light, invites to voluptuous languor and cessation of volition.

But we live in a world of illusions. Things are not always what they seem. " 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." The perils and privations of the intrepid mountaineers who have recently attempted to wrest from Mount Everest her age-long secrets, are comparable to those of the early Arctic explorers; whilst all who have spent any length of time on the burning, reeking Plains of India, beneath a pitiless tropic sun, know how the human soul may pant and pine for the relief which comes not by day nor by night.

It is a commonplace that distant fields look greener. In England, men speak of "The Call of the East"; in Eastern Canada we talk of "The Lure of the West." The Southern farmer sacrifices the paternal inheritance and seeks Fortune in the great North-West. The Canadian abandons his Northern shack and tempts the same fickle Goddess in the Southern States. Few and far between are those who can say with the great Apostle: "I have learnt, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." That which lies beyond the confines of our ex-

perience becomes invested for us with an artificial glamour, the colouring varying according to our individuality. The school-boy would willingly run away to sea. The sailor would gladly become a land-lubber. The office-man dreams of the freedom of a farmer's life. The farmer's son despises the soil, and lives only for the day when he will trek toward the City.

The trouble is that we do not always know when we are well-off. We are all-too-ready to jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. Whilst aspiration is a perfectly legitimate and worthy principle, still the fact remains that for many of us, the state whereunto it hath pleased the Lord to call us—in other words, our present environment—will prove to be our sphere of greatest usefulness and therefore of greatest happiness, if we only have eyes to see beneath the surface, and sense to grasp the multitudinous opportunities which lie ready to our hand.

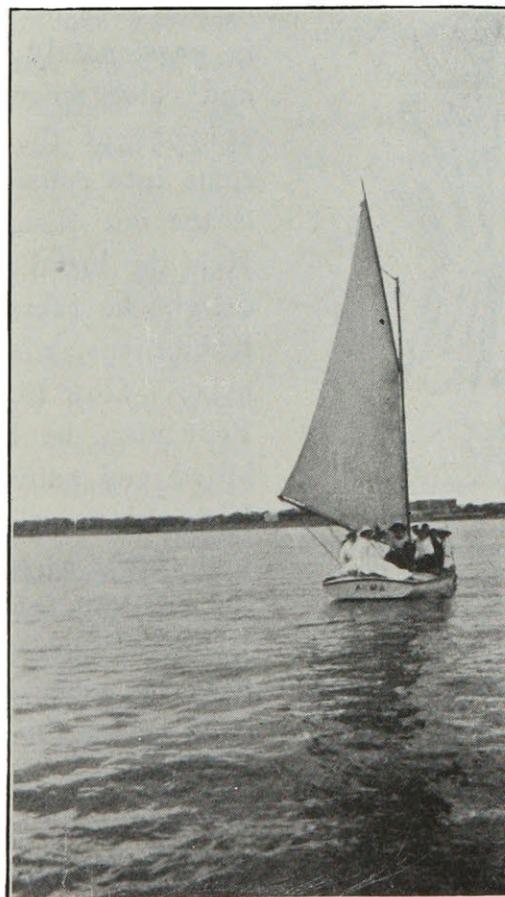
Under certain conditions, however, the enchantment of distance may act as a powerful incentive to lofty endeavour. For the alchemist of former days, the end and aim of existence was the quest of the Elixir Vitae and the Philosopher's Stone. For the scientist, the goal of ambition was the solution of the problem of Perpetual Motion. More recently, scientists have been fascinated by such questions as the Origin of Species, the Theory of Relativity, and the Nature of Electricity; whilst thousands of earnest men have devoted themselves to the solving of such riddles as the cause and cure of Cancer. Although, doubtless, in some cases, secondary considerations have been contributing factors, yet in every case, the prime motive—the divine, all-consuming,

all-propelling fire within the breast of the scientist,—has been the enchantment of the pursuit of that which lay beyond his ken.

The same principle obtains in the realm of the emotions. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder"; ergo, the wise maiden will maintain as much distance as possible between herself and the object of her affections. The more elusive she is, the more ardent will become the lovesick swain. The higher the pedestal which he builds for his adored, the lower will he abase himself before her. Happy the lover to whom the nearer view and fuller knowledge of married life do not bring disenchantment! for this is the very corner-stone of the Divorce Court.

Tacitus has said: "What is seen at a distance is most respected." This is par-

ticularly true in regard to those who have passed into the Great Beyond. During his life-time, we may be fully conscious of a man's short-comings. We may entirely disregard the pathetic appeal: "Be to his virtues very kind, and to his faults a little blind." But after he has gone from us, the healing hand of Time begins to soften the hard outlines of a perhaps not unblemished character, until by degrees the erstwhile Sinner approximates to the Saint, in our estimation. Many of those whose names are now held in the greatest love and veneration, lived and died unhonored and unsung; and the names of some now living, whose merits and achievements are least known or appreciated to-day, will undoubtedly go down to posterity as amongst the greatest in their day and generation.



Days To Come

On Chickens

By EVELYN P. COPLAND, T. '24

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Chickens are a difficult subject to discuss. In doing so it behoves him who would treat the subject adequately to look at it in all its aspects and from as many angles as possible. I shall therefore endeavour to twist and distort it as much as I can and I find that my ideas fall under four headings, each reflecting the point of view of a different type of person.

The first type of person is the habitant farmer. To this man the farm has come as an inheritance. The fields, barns, farmhouse, cattle and chickens have come as just part of the inheritance. He takes no pains to see what breed of

kens if cared for and fed, will in turn hatch out more chickens by producing more eggs. Chickens are regarded by the farmer as part of the farm, and which come into his life as a matter of course and convenience.

The very opposite to this man is the second type—the poultry breeder. This fellow specializes in the breeding and raising of chickens. Some breeders specialize in one variety, others along several different lines. For the most part, however, the Plymouth Rock and the White Wyandottes are the breeds most specialized in. The breeder separates his chickens, the egg laying or female and the males; he usually tells by the color, which is which. The males are as a rule beautifully colored, the females a dull miniature of their mates. The breeder breeds with the desire to reach a standard merit, the work of breeding and mating thus becomes a study of which he is passionately fond. What do beauty and color mean to him! The personal opinions of the chicken buyer do not come into consideration at all, the breed is the one thought with which he deals. It is the breed that always counts. What delight he takes in sending his birds to Exhibitions, where they take prize upon prize! How his heart swells with pride! Poor man, he hates to see his chickens killed and eaten, for his is an acquired love and knowledge of chickens, not one that comes as a matter of course as does the habitant farmer's.



"The first type is the habitant farmer"

chicken he has, but regards this worthy bird as a creature that has feathers (which look extremely becoming on his wife's hat), two legs, and wings. The bird, moreover, lays eggs, which provide food for his breakfast and which can be made into various rather tasty dishes. He knows that if the eggs are left in the box for the hen to sit on, that they will hatch out more chickens and that these chick-

The opinion of the children of our day need not be neglected. What is the child's first thought when he sees a poultry yard full of beautiful Japanese Bantams or White Brahmans? The thought of their beauty never enters his head, but only what a wonderful lot of Sunday dinners could be had if all these birds were killed! Just think how many wish-

bones there would be, and how much breast! Alas! what does beauty or breed mean to this unsophisticated generation of children? ~~To them chicken~~ is only something to eat and to go to see the first day or so after they get to the country. It is not until they grow up and become college students that they realize that chicken isn't as tender and choice as they thought it was. They find that a very great deal of the chicken that they eat,



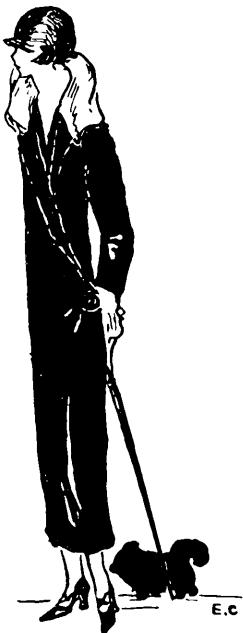
"They realize that chicken isn't as tender as they thought it was."

supposedly fresh from the farm, is for the most part a heterogeneous collection of bones floating around in gravy. It is then, and only then, that young students decide that chickens are far better in the poultry yard where they belong and where they should be utilized as egg-laying birds, than as choice morsels of meat for poor students to exercise their chewing abilities on!

The last type, but not least, includes the modern young man and the rejuvenated grandpa. My first knowledge of their point of view came to me when walking along a certain street in the city. Two rather innocent looking boys were swaggering along, when the shapely figure of a season's debutante glided past them. They tipped their hats over one eye, and nudging his friend, the taller one said rather audibly, "Boy! some chicken!!" After gazing around blandly to see the chicken and seeing only this graceful creature in sight, I came to the conclusion that these boys' idea of a chicken and mine did not exactly coin-

side. Theirs seemed to be the slim figure of a woman clad in a soft, clinging dress and a saucy, little hat cocked over one eye—not so bad! Mine was the picture of a two-legged, winged creature covered with feathers. My, how opinions differ! Still, I thought that the name would have fitted the woman of the latter part of the last century, for this lady usually had a full bust, an extremely small waist, and the skirt of her dress was very full and had a bustle attached behind. With the huge ostrich plume from the small hat hanging down her back, the whole effect would be rather chicken-like, to say the least.

Had I pursued my way down the same street, I would probably have been stunned to see the bent-over and decrepit figure of an old man suddenly straighten up as the same young woman passed him. While vigorously trying to extract his glasses from their case, he exclaimed in the most elevating language, "These chickens sure do make one long to join in the merry hop again!" Grandpa, after adjusting his spectacles, proceeded down the street on the heels of the chicken no longer a decrepit and tottering old man. Many of these rejuvenated grandfathers



"The shapely figure of a season's debutante"

of to-day know little and care less for the true and only correct meaning of the word 'chicken'; for although a large number of them ~~were~~ ^{will} be brought up on farms and know the veriest details about the breeding and raising of chickens, most of these have succumbed to the merry whirl of the modern age, and have fallen for the wiles of some sixty year old widow, masquerading as sweet seventeen.

It is easily obvious the advantage grandsons enjoy over their grandparents!

We thus see that there are many points of view that may be taken on this subject. In these days there is a double meaning, the dictionary and the slang, to almost every word we use and apparently one's education lacks if there is no new slang to learn, even as it suffers if there is no gossip to overhear.

Exchanges

The Argus. You do not carry enough illustrations, and your material is rather crowded together due probably to lack of space. On the whole, the mechanical 'finish' of your magazine could be improved. Why not carry ads. on insides of cover?

The Dalhousie Gazette. Yours is a well edited paper containing many things to interest outside readers.

Illinois Agriculturist. You always submit an interesting issue, of good literary polish.

King's College Record. A. F. D's philosophy on "The College Student" is very refreshing—for students and professors alike. The Commoner's Corner shows admirable dignity and a high intellectual level.

The Managra. There are too many ads. interspersed between the reading matter, otherwise your magazine is fairly good. A few pictures however would improve it immensely. Your new cover design is better than the old.

O. A. C. Review. Your Christmas number shows a stability that every succeeding year serves but to strengthen. We liked "The New Freedom" very much, and also the Editorials. There is still room however for more illustrations and pictures, and we think that bold type

would make your titles stand out better. Reference to us should read "Macdonald College," not "Maedonald Agricultural College."

Queen's Journal. Yours is an excellent paper and a very welcome exchange. Your sports column is always well written up, and games become more than mere games.

St. Andrew's College Review. The literary excellence of your Christmas number, though high, is not quite up to the standard of your preceding issue. Football is rather extensively written up. Pictures and illustrations, as usual, are good.

The Sheaf. Your paper contains many outstanding articles of general interest. Why don't we get it regularly?

Fox Lycei. Your magazine has both quantity and quality. The very appearance is attractive, but a brighter cover would better the "first impressions" of the casual observer. There is not a dull page within.

The Occident. As always, excellent.

The Cornell Countryman. Original, and good throughout.

Blue and White. An interesting publication. Happenings are well reported.

The Labour Gazette and Scientific Agriculture have come to us, as usual. Both are up to their usual merit.

The Story-Writing Contest

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The Judges' Report

The first prize in the story-writing contest has been awarded to the story called "Tong Wars and Toy San." It has a plot which is fairly original, clearly motivated, and, although at times confused, yet developed to a definite conclusion.

Second, the judges have placed "Wally Carlyle Feathers his Nest." The plot is slight and not very well worked out, but the character and action are well-defined, though very unedifying. The title is good.

"Reminiscence" comes third. It hardly amounts to a story; it is unreal and sentimental but in spite of too many adjectives and a style generally on stilts, the writer has managed to convey something of the feeling of pioneer courage and devotion.

The fourth manuscript is even less a story than the third. Its title "A Doubtful Equation" has no necessary bearing, and itself consists chiefly of pointless, but bright and very modern chatter.

* * *

It is not pleasant to be so sparing of praise. The judges hope that another contest will bring in more and better material. We are sure that there is enough talent in Macdonald to provide a better showing than this; that the students have failed to compete either from lack of self-confidence or from the pressure of other interests.

Four students of our large student body had sufficient courage and interest to enter the contest. They deserve great credit for making the effort. The judges wish to urge upon the student body as a

whole the value of sharing in this competition. We wish our task were not so discouragingly easy; we would rather have had twenty or thirty stories; ten would have helped.

The effort to write a story, to find a plot, think out character and action and get them into words upon paper is genuinely educative. It necessitates real thought, which most of us manage to evade most of the time. It must reveal to the would-be author his defects, but it may also reveal to him unsuspected ability. Certainly it will teach him better to appreciate a good story. It gives the very training which a student especially seeks at college, training in self-expression. An honest failure at such an effort is tremendously worth while; a success is a definite achievement in self-development.

A magazine editor said recently that there were perhaps a dozen people in Canada who could write, a hundred who did write, and ten thousand who thought they could write; but it is the ten thousand who supply the country with the hundred and the dozen, and the more they write their honest best the more they raise both the numbers and the standard of these smaller selected classes. If anybody thinks he can write, in Macdonald, or elsewhere, he owes it to himself, to his college, and even, it may prove, to Canada, to try.

(Signed) Helen S. Lynde
W. P. Percival
S. R. N. Hodgins





Crop Rotations

By EMILE A. LODS

The rotation of crops has been the subject of much discussion and of many writings. Its gospel has been preached the length and breadth of the agricultural world. On the general principles of crop rotation has been based a large part of the teachings as regards crop production and farm management. Despite all this, the growing of crops in a systematic rotation is generally adopted only when it is practically impossible to do otherwise.

On soil noted for its productiveness such as on many virgin soils little attention is usually paid to rotation. In a grain growing area grain is grown repeatedly on the same land as long as the soil can produce crops sufficiently large to be profitable. Then a different crop is grown or if this alternative is not successful the rotation of crops is then resorted to. Similarly with sections adapted to other types of crops. Here in the east as well as in the rich corn growing sections of Illinois this succession of stages in crop production methods were passed through. The cotton growing areas of the south are learning this lesson and the grain producing areas of the prairie provinces are truly going to learn it in the future. The rotation of

crops is adopted as a practice not because of the soundness of the principles involved, but because of necessity.

It must be recognized that the continuous production of a crop over a long period is possible even without the use of manures. The most noted investigations in this connection are found in the Rothamsted Experiments where wheat has been grown continuously on the same soil for over half a century. On one section of this experimental field no manuring of any kind was made. In this case there was a decline in the productivity of the soil during the first twenty years, but during the succeeding thirty years the unmanured plot maintained a uniform yield. The average yield over the fifty year period was 13.1 bushels and for the last ten years of that period the average was 12.3 bushels per acre. With the use of commercial fertilizers an average yield of 36.9 bushels was obtained and the productivity of the soil maintained throughout the period. The plot receiving barnyard manure not only gave a good average yield during the fifty year period but gradually increased in productivity so that the average yield of the last ten years was greater than that of the first ten years.

The summary of cultural experiments given in the preceding paragraph is only part of the story. In these and in other experiments of this nature the problem of the physical condition of the soil was a difficult one excepting on those plots on which barnyard manure was used. The control of weeds also presented a great difficulty and finally, the cost of production was greater than the returns. In comparison, contemporary experiments in growing crops in rotation resulted in greater ease in obtaining good yields, a better condition of the soil and lower costs of production. These results correspond closely with practical farming experience. Continuous crop production is limited by the supply of organic matter, the control of weeds specially in the case of grain growing, and with some crops the problem of disease. These conditions materially influence yields and the cost of production. To overcome them, rotations are resorted to. In short, the problems of crop production are really considered only when conditions reach the stage where the permanency of agriculture is in question.

Considering only production the principles of a good rotation are comparatively simple. The use of a cultivated crop provides a means of controlling weeds and to get the soil well worked. A legume such as Red Clover furnishes not only a valuable forage but assists materially in maintaining the nitrogen content of the soil, and the general hay crops are valuable from the point of view of the organic matter supply. Grain crops should not be grown for several seasons in succession because of annual weeds and the land should not be left down to sod for such a length of time that perennial weeds can get well established. That is, the rotation should be a fairly short one. On this general basis crops varying in their feeding ability both as to re-

quirements and because of the depth of their root systems are grown in succession so as to make the best use of the plant nutrients available. The sequence is arranged so that each crop leaves the soil in good condition for the following crop.

In practice, however, the problem is not such a simple one. Unfortunately farms are not like a sheet of paper which can be divided into squares or rectangles at will. They vary in shape, topography, and in the accessibility of various fields. The soil itself often increases the complications. Certain fields may not, because of the nature of the soil or lack of drainage, be suitable for some of the crops included in the desired rotation. In addition, a part of the farm may be much less productive than the balance so that some fields must, for a time at least, be larger than others so as to maintain the desired balance of produce. The division of the farm to suit any given rotation may then be impossible with the result that more than one rotation has to be followed on the one farm.

The rotation adopted must combine suitability for the maintaining of the soil productivity with the suitability to the type of farming to be followed. It is recognized that on average soils short rotations result in greater productivity. Short rotations, however, mean intensive farming with all that such a kind of farming involves in the way of working capital, equipment, buildings available, labour and proximity to markets. It is in the obtaining of this combination that the real problem of crop rotation lies.

The study of crop rotations is not a subject for the investigations of the field husbandman only, though there is still much work to be done in this by the soils and crops investigators. The study of crop rotation is a very extensive field for the investigator in farm management.

Quebec Farming

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By LIONEL H. HAMILTON

To the average man in Ontario farming in Quebec has always been a matter of much conversation and wonderment. The red and white barns and dwellings clustered along the road side, the long narrow farms in certain districts as well as the topography of the land have left impressions and been responsible for many tales oftentimes much exaggerated. The writer himself can recall quite vividly the tales which were told by and of his grandparents. The struggles they had when they lived in what is now known as the Eastern Townships. The stories which were told of how the farmers clustered together into what might be called small towns and villages and how the women were fond of flashing colors and the men of pea soup. But to-day things have changed to a degree. Farming in most districts of Quebec is carried on in quite an up to date manner. The production in live stock and live stock products as well as the crop production while second to Ontario, as revealed from the following figures taken from the year book of 1921, has been indicative of rapid development in all lines.

Estimated Gross Annual Agricultural Revenue

1921	Ontario	Quebec
Field Crops	239,627	219,154
Farm Animals	36,051	20,262
Wool	615	1,203
Dairy Products	124,947	65,093
Fruit & Vegetables	17,200	9,200
Poultry and Eggs	19,800	6,930
Fur Farming	58	94
Maple Products	1,340	2,742
Tobacco	1,780	613
	—	—
	441,418	325,291

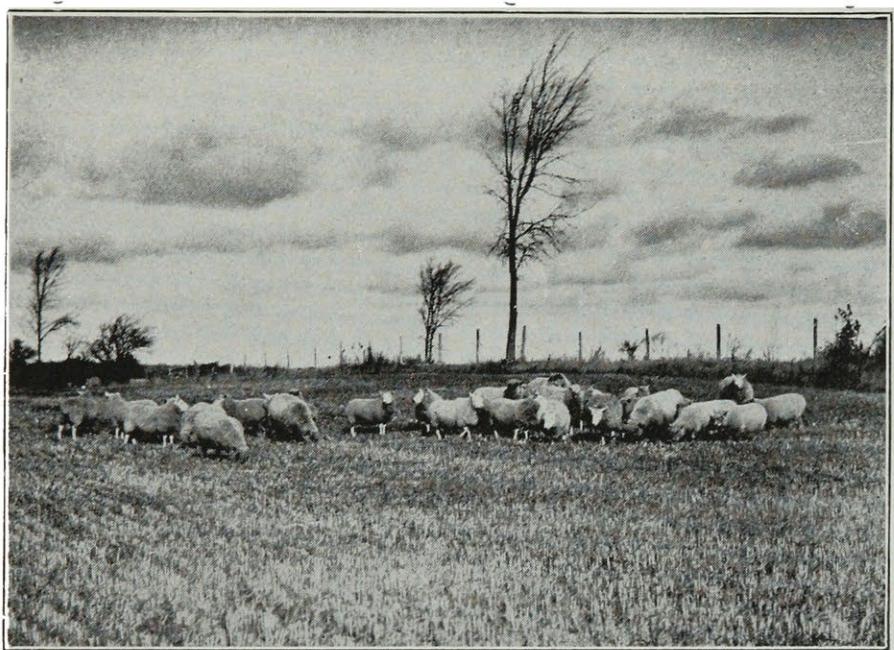
Her winnings in open competition with her sister province and other parts of the Dominion suggests advancement of no mean sort, more especially is this true in live stock production. It will be remembered by those interested that Quebec owns the Holstein cow De Kol Plus Segis Dixie the present and twice champion milk and butter cow of the world. She also claims Eminent's Marthaw of St. Omer, the holder of the Canadian Jersey Record, and in Ayrshires, Palmerston Hyacinthe, the grand champion female at the National Dairy Show of 1923.

Not only is Quebec advancing in her Dairy stock, but in horses, sheep and swine she is springing to the forefront. It is needless to go further into detail to show how in spite of many uncontrollable conditions such as the topography and climate that Quebec stands to-day as one of the foremost competitors in all forms of agricultural development.

In the English speaking sections, including the Eastern Townships and what might be called the Ottawa district, including the counties north of the Ottawa river and Argenteuil we have farming carried on in quite a similar manner to what it is in many sections of Ontario. The same implements are in use, the size of farm, methods of cultivation and farm buildings are similar as well as the habits and customs of the people. In fact some sections of Quebec north of the Ottawa have been settled by people from Ontario. Farming in these districts partakes largely of mixed and dairy farming. Throughout the larger part of the Eastern Townships and the counties above and surrounding Ottawa, mixed farming is the predominating type. Short-

horn blood with an increasing tendency toward the ~~new~~ ^{young} ~~Kingolstrains~~ predominates among the cattle, although during the past few years, due to the low prices obtaining for beef and the progressive work of our dairy breeders the dairy cow is becoming vastly more popular. In horses the Clydesdale still holds sway with the Percheron a close second. Yorkshire hogs, Shropshire and Oxford sheep are the predominating blood lines in these classes of stock. The income from the

drained and produces large crops. The farmers as a class are prosperous; this is evidenced by the barns and houses, many of which are new and modern. The one-horse team and two-wheeled waggon are not in evidence, the log cabin and the whitewashed shed have been replaced by more stately structures. The returns from the farm are for the most part the products of the dairy cow, in the form of whole milk, which is shipped and sold in Montreal.



Quebec Sheep at Pasture

farm is in all probability derived from a dozen different sources such as grain, hay, livestock, poultry, etc., the chief market for which is Montreal.

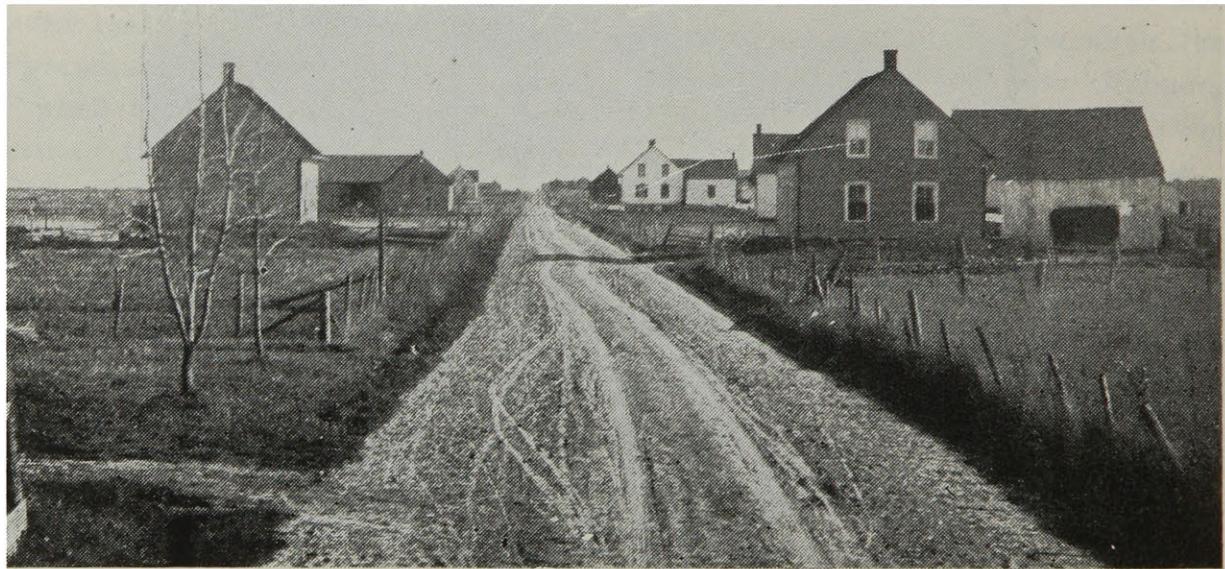
In the district surrounding Montreal we naturally have dairying predominating and carried to quite a high state of perfection. The names of R. R. Ness and Sons in Ayrshires, D. Raymond in Holsteins, and J. J. Alexander in Jerseys, are known far and wide. The fact that quite recently an American buyer paid \$14,000 for 24 cows from the Huntingdon and Chateauguay district is sufficient evidence in itself to merit our appreciation of the fact. The land which for the most part is rather flat and consists of a clay loam soil is fairly well

In the Chateauguay district, orcharding is carried on to quite an extent and in a few cases is practically the sole revenue. The product produced is of superior quality and quite profitable.

Farming in the French districts of Quebec may be divided up according to the type of agriculture followed, and this in turn is dependent in large measure upon the available market for products. People living in the Gaspé cannot supply Montreal with milk, neither can the people of Lac St. Jean supply the market with fresh vegetables, and so we find as a result of this condition that the type of Agriculture which has developed is similar to what we have in other sections of the empire so located. A type

which is nearly as self-sustaining as possible. That the French manufacture more of their own clothes than any other people in the Dominion is common knowledge and this is not due in any sense to their lack of thrift but to their industry. It is not uncommon therefore in some districts to find the hand loom and spinning wheel still in existence. It need not cause surprise either to find that Quebec produces approximately 40 per cent of the potates grown in the Dominion and nearly twice as many as are grown in Ontario.

French fashion, yet it is a country full of Agricultural possibilities. Good crops are grown in all sections each specializing more or less in what is most suitable. It is in passing through this section that one is impressed with the habitant and his small type farm. The long narrow farms with the farm buildings along the roadside are the outstanding feature. They were developed for several reasons the two main of which were transportation and social life. Grouped as they are, the French are one great family living practically in one happy home. It is



Scene in Rural Quebec

What is generally looked upon as the French section of Quebec farming is that great stretch of picturesque country situated along the south shore of the river St. Lawrence, stretching as it does back probably thirty miles and reaching from Quebec city to Matane, some two hundred and fifty miles. This applies also to the north shore from Quebec to Montreal as may be seen when travelling C. P. R. Picturesque as this plain of country is with its long low barns, its shanty houses shaded with the ever-present willow trees; its long narrow farms and many small villages, all painted in artistic

due in some measure to this home instinct that the French make such good settlers and laborers. This is well illustrated by the settlements of the French in various districts where they live happily together maintaining their customs, habits and last but not least their language. The farming in this French country may be divided into the respective districts which it contains. In Gaspé county proper, although Gaspé includes Bonaventure which will be dealt with later, fishing is the chief occupation. Most of the people keep one cow and probably a pig. In many cases a horse is maintained and when we remember the freightage

which is paid in shipping live stock from this section, which amounts to approximately three times its value, we can visualize the wisdom of it. Many of the farmers here also are retired men who have found it a safe place to preserve their hard earned wealth.

Just south and down by the sea, on the northern shore of the Baie de Chaleur, stretches the comparatively narrow but fertile plain that makes up the county of Bonaventure. It is distinctly maritime in character the farms lying in ranges between the sea front and the ridge of mountains that forms such a picturesque background for this fair farming community. Varying in depth from two to ten ranges the cultivated area probably averages six miles while its length is the length of the country, something over one hundred miles.

To anyone paying his first visit to this district a pleasant surprise is in store. The comfortable farm homes with their willows and poplars clustering about the farmsteads, the luxuriant crops of grain, hay and potatoes that may be seen, the hospitality and contentment of the inhabitants, all work to leave a lasting impression. The farms for the most part are small averaging probably twenty-five acres of cultivated land. The farming practices however are quite up to date. A great amount of fertilizer is used each year for the potato crop and it is used intelligently. About one-half the population of this county are English speaking people.

Coming further West to the Lac St. Jean

district which lies some hundred and fifty miles north and east of Quebec city we find a vast territory of exceptionally good farm land. The writer passed through this section a little over a year ago and was most amazed to find such a rich fertile agricultural country with its fringes just touched. Farming in this section is not what is generally considered French farming. The barns in many instances are bank barns, the houses brick and stone or modern architecture. The land is for the most part a rich clay soil which produces heavy crops. It is of special interest to note here, that in this comparatively new district located where it is and inhabited almost entirely by the French, that we have all the modern implements in use and mixed farming successfully practised. The crops most grown are those which will mature during the short summer season. Corn is being introduced, roots are being cultivated, hay, oats and barley are grown in large amounts. And so it is in many large sections in Quebec, the agricultural possibilities are only touched. Much has been said of the new section of Ontario, yet just as large areas of fertile soil lie waste in Quebec. As the population continues to rapidly increase, as the more recent inventions in farm power machinery become adjusted to the farm conditions and with the assistance that three agricultural Colleges and a strong Government can give, we may look for more progress and prosperity among our Agricultural people than has been the case in years past.



Artificial Incubation

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By L. H. BEMONT

By Artificial Incubation we mean the hatching of eggs without the aid of the heat of the parent's body. Sometimes we allow ourselves to believe that this method of producing chicks is a product of this advanced civilization of ours. As a matter of fact the first reliable records we have of Artificial Incubation, are found in early Egyptian accounts of "egg ovens." Eggs were placed in large reed baskets and surrounded by fermenting manure. This method was, no doubt, practical, far back in prehistoric times. The Artificial Incubation of eggs was a business, or a trade that was handed down from father to son and was therefore a very well developed trade. The craftsmen became very proficient in the art of heating their ovens and were very successful compared with our results to-day.

These methods were followed by the use of regular ovens, which were simple structures of stone or clay, usually of two stories. On the ground floor was the fire while on the second floor was the egg chamber. The eggs were laid around the sides of the oven on straw. The heat was supplied through a hole in the floor in the egg chamber.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century the first attempt was made to use heated water as a medium to supply the heat. All former heating had been done by hot air.

In 1845 a heat regulating valve, which automatically reduced the heat, if it became too high, was invented. This paved the way for our modern, self-regulating incubator, but although much work was done on methods of artificial incubation, it was not until the latter part of the nineteenth century that the demand for poultry encouraged really construc-

tive work which resulted in our modern artificial incubation machines. To Charles Cyphers belongs much of the credit for the superior type of incubator which we have to-day.

Incubators are divided into three main classes according to the medium used of supplying the heat. The hot air system is the one which is most popular with the average farmer because it is easier to operate. Changes in temperature can be affected more quickly and there are fewer parts to get out of order. This is the type of heating system that most of the small incubators use.

The hot water system of heating is generally applied to the larger machines or the mammoth incubators. The heat by this method is more constant and therefore more reliable. If the fire goes out in the hot water system the incubator itself will stay warm for a long time.

The electrically heated incubators are theoretically very good machines but a steady supply of electricity is not always available. This system is relatively new and therefore not backed up with enough figures of performance to warrant much discussion here.

So far as present knowledge indicates, successful incubation depends on a number of conditions. These conditions are, quality of the egg to be incubated, temperature, ventilation, moisture and position.

The quality of the egg to be incubated is of primary importance. The egg must be a first class, normal egg, from every aspect, and must be fertile.

The temperature under a hen varies from 101° to 104° Fahrenheit, the average being close to 103° . There are two ways of testing the temperature. One way is to place the bulb of the thermom-

eter on an egg and read the temperature from that. This method is open to objection because an infertile egg or an egg with a dead germ has a lower temperature in an incubator than does a fertile egg with a living germ. Possibly the best method to use is that of placing the bulb of the thermometer on a level with the top of the eggs but between the eggs.

Everything that effects the temperature of the eggs must be operated so that the temperature will be as constant as possible. A high temperature of possibly 105° will do very much more damage during the first two weeks than it will during the last week. One should always read the thermometer before opening the machine or before fixing the heating apparatus. Should the temperature drop decidedly after cleaning the lamp, do not be alarmed, for eggs do not cool quickly and do not heat quickly after being chilled.

The germ, or living part of the egg, always floats at the top of the yolk. The albumin, owing to the high temperature, has a tendency to become thin and let the yolk rise to the top. Turning of the egg prevents the germ from sticking to the shell and helps to supply oxygen more freely to the embryo. Turning should start on the evening of the third day and stop on the evening of the eighteenth day. After the eighteenth day, the tray should never be removed from the incubator.

Ventilation and moisture are closely linked up. Ventilation is essential in order to provide a means of eliminating the gas, which is liberated by the embryo. The problem is, how to supply a change of air without too great a loss of the moisture from the egg. If the air moves too rapidly through the egg chamber, the moisture is drawn from the air, and from the egg by evaporation. One can readily test the rate of evaporation by candle-

ing the eggs and making note of the size of the air cell.

The humidity of the air in the egg chamber can be controlled to a great extent by supplying moisture, by means of a tray in the bottom of the chamber. In experiments carried on to determine the effects of the loss of moisture during incubation, it was found that, where moisture was supplied as described above, the percentage hatch was higher, the percentage of cripes lower, the vigor and vitality better, uniformity of size and time of pipping of the shells, and the livability of the moisture hatched chicks, was better.

On the seventh and fourteenth days it is advisable to candle the eggs. This is done by holding the egg between a strong light and the eye. There are many candling machines that can be used effectively for this work. As you hold the egg to the light, give it a gentle rotary motion. This will move the contents of the shell and you can observe the condition of the germ or embryo. The infertile eggs will appear to be absolutely clear. The fertile eggs that are developing normally will be darker and will show a web-like effect of fine lines crossing and recrossing the yolk. Eggs showing a blood streak contain dead embryos, and those with just a red blood spot showing, are embryos that have died because of lack of proper turning. All, but the eggs showing living germs, should be removed from the incubators.

The position of the incubator is also very important. Before the incubator is started, which is at least 48 hours before the eggs are put in the machine, a spirit level should be applied to make sure the machine is level. In a level machine the heat will be more uniform in all parts.

An incubator should never be placed in a dark, damp, musty cellar, in a living

house. It is very difficult to regulate the room temperature or ventilation in the basement of a dwelling house. An upstairs room in a dwelling house is also hard to ventilate and vibrations of the floor, caused by people walking around, are very apt to bring down the percentage of the hatch.

An ideal incubator room is one that is well ventilated, free from draughts, and of an even temperature, day and night. The humidity of the air should be easily controllable. The machine should be so situated that the sun can not strike it, for sun-

light would effect the temperature of the eggs.

Producing winter eggs is the most profitable phase of the poultry industry. The ability to get winter egg production is based on the ability of the poultryman to develop and mature the pullets before the cold winter weather sets in. To do this, the time of hatching must not depend upon seasonal conditions, but must be under perfect control. Incubators remove the effects of the season, give us vermine free chicks, and reduce the labour if any number of chicks is to be hatched.

The Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University

By M. H. HOWITT

From the Landscape Architect's point of view, there are few places of more interest than a Botanic Garden or an Arboretum. Plants and a thorough knowledge of their uses are his stock in trade and it is in such places that the practitioner or student finds his planting material, systematically arranged and labelled for his closest study. Harvard University is particularly fortunate in having excellent examples of each of these institutions, and it is my purpose to deal with the latter.

The Arnold Arboretum, tree museum, owes its origin to Mr. James Arnold, a merchant of New Bedford who died in 1868, leaving to the trustees of his estate \$100,000 to be devoted to the advancement of agriculture or horticulture. Fortunately one of the trustees was a horticultural enthusiast with a special interest in trees, who foresaw the benefit the public would derive from the establishment of a scientifically arranged collection of trees in the neighbourhood of Boston. He proposed that Mr. Arnold's legacy be turned over to the President and Fellows of Harvard University, provided that they would devote to this purpose a

part of a farm in West Roxbury, which had been given to the University by a Mr. Benjamin Bussey. This plan was carried out in March 1872, and one hundred and twenty acres were set aside for the new arboretum. In this area the University undertook to grow a specimen of every tree and shrub able to stand the climate of eastern Massachusetts.

In 1898 the arboretum was opened to the public and today it is a much valued unit of the Metropolitan Park system of Boston occupying two hundred and fifty acres of meadow, hill and valley of great natural beauty on the arborway midway between Jamaica Plain and Forest Hills. Thousands enter the gates to enjoy its many beauties especially at such times as when the *Rhododendrons*, *Crataegus*, or some other special groups of trees or shrubs are in flower. The sight is then truly magnificent. It is never forgotten.

The collections of trees are arranged by families. In the case of important North American trees, that they may show their habits under different conditions, a number of individuals are planted close together in a group, while at a distance from this species group, sufficient

to insure it a full and free development of branches, an individual is planted. This is of special importance to the Landscape architect as each species can be studied as an individual for specimen planting and also for its grouped or mass effect.

A representative of each genus of trees stands near a drive so that visitors passing along a road may obtain a general idea of the groups of hardy trees in Massachusetts and of their relation to each other. Access to the groups is further secured by a system of grass covered paths which reach all parts and make examination of the collections easy. The whole planting has been arranged to give a park-like effect and preserve the natural beauties of the area, part of which was already wooded, and also place the groups of trees under favourable surroundings.

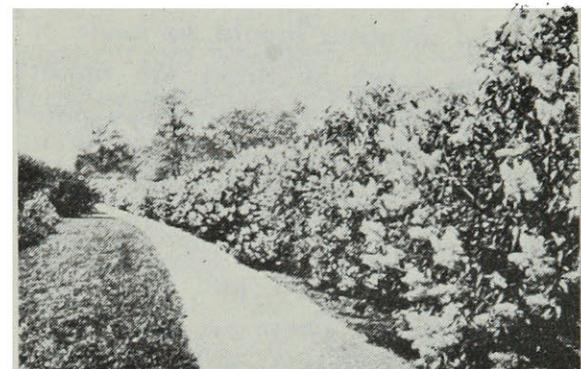
The shrubs have been arranged primarily in a series of formal groups of beds the largest of which is near the Forest Hills entrance and partly in large irregular groups of species planted along the drives as near as possible to the groups of the same families.

All the trees and shrubs are carefully labelled with their Latin and English names and the history and origin of each species is kept in a card catalogue. This system of labelling is invaluable to the student in his pursuit of an extensive knowledge of planting material. The records are kept in the Administration Building, a large brick structure near the Jamaica Plain gate, where the outdoor collection is supplemented by a library of 32,000 volumes and 8,000 pamphlets, a herbarium representing the woody plants of the world and a collection of the woods of North America. This building also houses the Administrative offices and laboratories.

Space will not permit me to take you on a tour of the Arboretum but I shall en-

deavour to pick out and briefly mention a few of the outstanding features, partly suggested earlier in this article.

At almost any time during the season repeated visits bring forth new interests. Entering the Jamaica Plain gate in spring one comes across the *Magnolia* collection near the Administration Building, each specimen of which seems to outvie the other for beauty. Later on and farther along the *Forsythias* and *Azealeas* are a mass of bloom, followed by the flowering



The Lilacs

plums, crab apples and cherries, showing their white and pink blossoms in great profusion. From the landscape point of view these are particularly fine. Following in close succession and sometimes overlapping are the *Rhododendrons* in a massed planting below Hemlock Hill, the *Crataegus* and crabapple collection spreading all over Peter's Hill and the specially large collection of Lilacs. In the fall the crabapples, *Crataegus*, etc. are a show in themselves loaded down with bright red fruits. But all these bright effects are only high spots in the true study value and interest of the Arboretum. To obtain a thorough knowledge the materials must be studied all the year round and this study the Arboretum affords in plenty. The winter is a specially good time to concentrate on the evergreens and the pinetum in the centre towards the rear of the grounds furnishes ample material. Here may be found the largest spruces, pines and larches down to the various juniper, *arborvitae*, cham-

aecyparis and the dwarfest varieties of spruce, pine and juniper.

Other groups of special interest are the *Evonymus*, *Cercidophyllum*, *Lonicera* and *Berberis*, which contain a very large and comprehensive number of species. The heaths are very well represented and the visitor from the north cannot but feel regret that these splendid plants are not hardy in our climate. The collection of climbing vines surrounding the main shrub collection is very complete and instructive.

Special mention should be made of the pyramidal trees as these are important from the Landscape Architect's point of view. Accent points are frequently used in landscape design and hitherto the only available trees have been the poplars which are short lived, and unsatisfactory on that account. There are, however, several very fastigiate trees in the arboretum two of which are maples—*Acer rubrum pyramidale* and *Acer saccharum*, variety *monumentale*. Fastigiate trees have also been developed or discovered in other families, but none that I saw quite compare with these two maples.

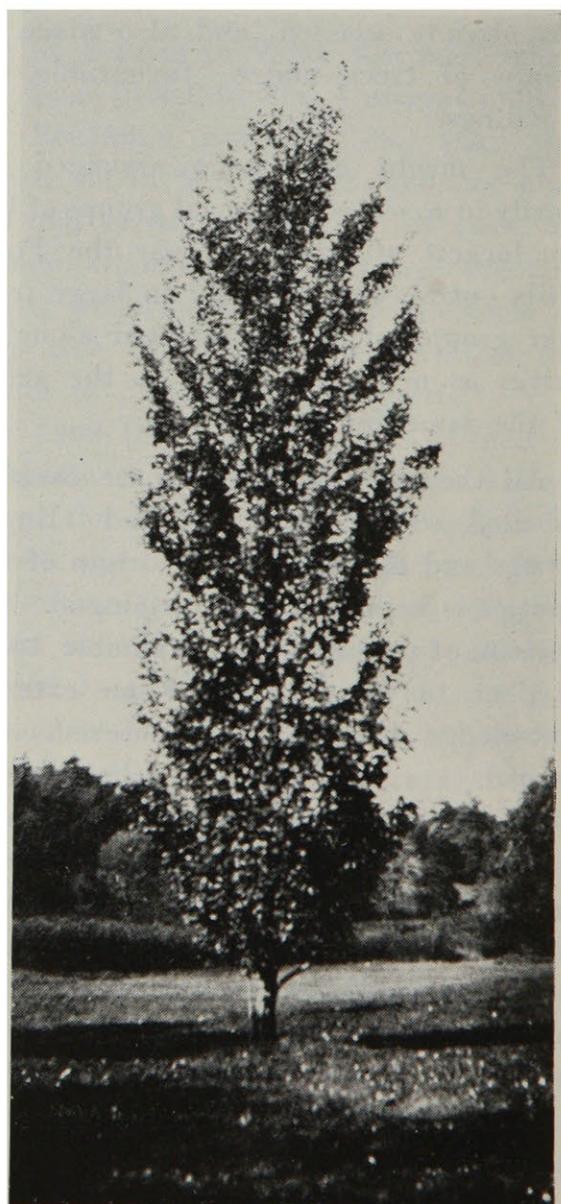
There are also very complete collections of the common trees as oaks, maples, ash, hickories, etc., supplemented, of course by many uncommon species of each.

Other items of interest to the Landscape Architect are two naturally treated ponds near the main collection of shrubs which are great beauty spots. Domesticated wild fowl make these their home during the season and add a touch of bright colour. Hemlock Hill, a great beauty spot, is very rugged and on the crest and slopes are trees of virgin growth said to be the finest grove of hemlock remaining in any public garden. It is one of the sights of the Arboretum.

A description of the Arboretum would not be complete without at least brief mention of its officers and their work.

Prof. Sargent, the director, is known the continent over as an authority in his special field. His books, "The Manual of the Trees of North America" and "Trees and Shrubs" are standard works. The former has just been revised. Professor Sargent has not only guided the Arboretum to its present perfection from the very beginning, but has developed a magnificent estate in Brookline, Massachusetts, which is even today considered one of the finest examples of naturalistic gardening development on the continent.

Mr. Ernest H. Wilson, the assistant Director, is also a very well known figure. For a great many years he has collected plant material in all parts of the world and his findings have been planted



Acer rubrum

and developed in the Arboretum. His series of articles, "The Romance of Our Trees" in *The Garden Magazine* have been published in book form and are well worth reading and study. The latest series in the *Garden Magazine* is entitled "Travel Tales of a Plant Collector."

Professor Jack, of the University staff and the Bussey Institute, is well known as a guide in the Arboretum where he takes parties for a very thorough exploration of its beauties and treasures, in plant material. Professor Jack is a Canadian who hails from Chateauguay Basin, Province of Quebec.

Time and space will not permit me to go into detail of the world-wide search for hardy plant materials which was started with the Arboretum and still continues. Parties were sent into all parts of Canada as well as North China, Korea, and Siberia. A long list of introductions which have enriched considerably the gardens of America testify to the usefulness of this work. In a special nursery across the arborway from the Arboretum may be found all the newest introductions which are being propagated and grown for final setting out in the nursery. Here also are greenhouses containing a collection of alpine plants and small shrubs which cannot be grown successfully in the open ground of the Arboretum. This is one of the most interesting of the features and should not be missed by the visitor as it is in this nursery that the

plant immigrants are first handled and their possibilities noted.

Any surplus material is distributed and anyone can take suckers, seeds or cuttings by obtaining permission from the office. A number of the American nursery firms have obtained stock of the newest and best introductions and today are offering them for sale.

R. and J. Farquhar and Co., have recently issued a catalogue of new and rare plants. Unfortunately our climate is so rigorous that there are few new things that will prove hardy with us. A few, however, from Northern Japan and China and Siberia should be tested out, such as some of the newer *Berberis*, *Crataegus*, *Lonicera* and *Viburnums*. A climbing *Hydrangea*, *H. petiolaris*, is very fine, but should, I judge be confined to planting on substantial brick or stone buildings of large size. On the Administration Building it is growing right to the roof.

For a further, more detailed study, a guide to the Arboretum and one or two pamphlets may be consulted in the College Library. Various bulletins of timely information are issued by the Arboretum and may be obtained through yearly subscription by those interested.

This brief article is based on the writer's own experience and others may see things very differently, according to their interest. It will, however, give the reader a fair idea of the possibilities of the Arboretum as a place for study, especially along lines of ornamental gardening.



The Happy Farmer

The Farm Garden And The Home Supply of Vegetables And Fruits

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By PROF. T. G. BUNTING

Farming as a business always has and always will be intimately connected with farm home life and this may be made a great advantage and an asset to the farmer and his family. Too often we find them so related that life becomes a round of monotony and drudgery and the more ambitious children of the younger generations quickly seek other fields for their life's work.

There was a time when the chief effort of the farmer was to produce his own necessities in the way of food, clothes, and fuel, and such surplus as was produced was sold in order to purchase other necessities and at the same time provide savings. As the export trade and the industrial development of the country expanded, agriculture became more of a specialized business. This specialization has been carried to such extremes that today we find many farmers producing one, or a comparatively few crops, for sale and buying all or practically all of their food supplies, which is, in turn, produced by other specialists and often at a great distance.

This condition is probably a natural development under the conditions that have prevailed in the past, that is, cheap land, low cost of transportation, keen competition in agricultural production and the necessity for long hours of work on the farm. However, conditions have changed, and we no longer have cheap land, unless it be at a distance from transportation; rail transportation costs are high and the farmer and his laborer are not so content with the long hours of toil and low compensation for his produce as formerly. One aspect of this change is the fact that the farmer who is growing crops, or who is raising live stock or their

products for local markets, is in a more advantageous position for making financial ends meet than the more highly specialized farmer producing at a distance from markets and with high costs of transportation and marketing.

The rapidly increasing industrial, mining and business development of our country is affording a splendid and increasing outlet for agricultural products; but we must bear in mind that agriculture is much more efficient today than ever before and that the ratio of agricultural workers to urban or industrial workers is decreasing. If the number of agricultural workers kept on increasing apace, as well as farm efficiency, there would soon be a great surplus of produce that could only be disposed of in other countries. A surplus for export is undoubtedly desirable, but in marketing a surplus we are competing with other countries that may have a lower cost of production on a lower standard of living.

A consideration of the farm situation as it exists today brings one to the suggestion that the farmer should again produce for his needs those foods that can be grown on his land to advantage. Comparatively few farmers in Canada have today an adequate garden in which to grow many of their own vegetables and fruits. Their table is supplied largely with the products of other farms and in too many cases from other countries.

Is the farm garden an asset under present day conditions, or does it detract from the general farm operations, resulting in an actual net loss? If such produce is not grown it must be purchased or substitutes used and to this extent it represents a considerable cash outlay. The farm has produced before 1914 and many times

since the war much produce that has not paid for the ~~cost of the labor~~ and in some cases not even marketing charges. Many suggestions have been made to relieve this situation, such as reducing the acreage or output, controlling or fixing the price, co-operation, eliminating the middleman, reducing transportation, etc. Some of these will operate in part to alleviate the situation, but if some of the farmers' labor which is now going into the production of unprofitable crops, were put into the home garden, a change would quickly be brought about; first, in the satisfaction that could be obtained from having a successful garden; second, in the increased use of a fresh and satisfactory supply of vegetables and fruits, and third in the actual monetary value of such a garden.

One half acre to an acre in extent is sufficient for most farms and if it be properly planned, arranged and cared for, can be made the most valuable acre of all. The young people and the women will often take the keenest interest in such a garden if given the opportunity to develop it. Under their management it can be made a valuable adjunct to the home and a source of pleasure and pride. Further it can be made the training place for the culture and management of many crops that are not now grown in the general scheme of farm crops, and it may prove the desirability of extending some of these crops and discontinuing or re-

ducing present ones. The trade in small towns and villages can often be catered to as an outlet for surplus produce as these places frequently afford a more satisfactory market than large centres.

Between Quebec City on the east and Kingston on the west and including a strip of about 100 miles in depth there is approximately 25 per cent of Canada's population, but occupying only 1 per cent of the area. This territory is bound to grow industrially and remain the centre of Canada's manufacturing industry and it will always afford one of the best markets in Canada for farm products, particularly those of high quality.

The Department of Horticulture at Macdonald College has endeavoured to stimulate interest in the farm garden especially among the younger generation and on several occasions has distributed small fruit plants or vegetable seeds to assist in this work. There is increasing interest being taken in the garden and often it is found that the garden can be made a source of money. In other cases the garden idea is extended to become a large or even major part of the farm operations, and where the opportunities are developed it affords a pleasant and profitable line in agriculture.

Quebec farms can and should produce more of the vegetables and fruits that are now being grown in other provinces or states for Quebec consumption.

JANUARY

I Resolve

To be better than my last year's best.
To best none, that being the better way.
To give of my best, without an apology
that it's no better.
To try to avoid the necessity of try: try
try again.
To better the good in me, and then im-
prove on that.

To do my level best to do better.
To make the best of things until things
are better.
To do the right and let the wrong be left.
To do a little good towards bettering bad
things.
To be good up to my capacity, and not
my inclination.
To keep these resolutions—in use.

The Magazine Staff



THE MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

It has never been the purpose of the magazine to indulge in criticism where that could be avoided. Especially does it seem prudent to refrain from censure when discussion might not serve as a remedy. However we feel it incumbent upon us to draw attention to the detrimental change in student enthusiasm which is slowly creeping over the college. Several have asked the question—what has happened to the Ag. students, and it is not easy to answer. An indifference to most activities is becoming more and more pronounced. Genuine interest is slipping slowly but surely by, and apathy is creeping in to fill the vacuum. College life seems to have become one ceaseless grind of nothingness. There is little competition for places on athletic teams, and managers are having a difficult time to place a team, with competent reserves, in the field. Class gatherings and banquets are fading away, and even the Sophomore Chicken Feed in the fall has disappeared. Initiation ceremonies have lost their glamour and freshmen wear bow ties and sport spats. The tank is almost deserted in the morning, and one can sit at the foot of the stairs without fear of receiving a bucket of water from above. The finer privileges of college life are not being appreciated at their true value. Well might one ask, "Has ambition flown away?" for there are but few students in residence who do not feel that we are almost dead to extra-curriculum activities. Our yell, when given, lacks the confidence of alert minds. Even our scholastic work lacks the keener spirit of rivalry.

These are disquieting facts. We might mention more, in our plea for reform. There are for instance, many student organizations in the college which do not

receive anything like whole hearted support; the attendance at meetings is sometimes, oft-times, disgraceful. The magazine is not enjoying the support from the men students it has a right to expect. We admit there are fewer students this year than for some time, but this acknowledgement does not explain or excuse the present condition.

Whither are we drifting? We are undoubtedly at a point where the vast majority of students sit idly by, inert, leaving the perpetuation of the Macdonald spirit, and tradition—that indefinable something which alone transmits college ideals from year to year—to a few eager enthusiasts, on whom also generally falls the work of directing things. The indulgent rest fritter away their time and contribute but little of that of which they are capable. If it takes brains to avoid work then we undoubtedly have quite a few brainy students with us.

The fault lies, though not wholly, chiefly with ourselves. Away from the outside interests and distractions of the city, we should have a better community spirit. If every fellow here believes that a college without a spirit is like a ship without a sail; that tradition has a definite place to fill in college life; that get-togethers should be as popular and as famous as our dances; that our athletic teams should be worthy of the college they represent—then it is his business to see that his interest does not end with the paying of membership fees; that he take some activity, and serve to the utmost. Don't wait for the other fellow to start. "I can't" has never done anything; "I will" has often made us question the place of the word "impossible" in the English language. There is still a good part of the year left in which to try to retrieve ourselves. We

can begin to give all activities such support as will make them more successful during this second semester. We cannot afford to allow the statement that dullness and laziness are rampant amongst us. The start of a New Year always brings to mind new visions, and among college students, resolutions for work, and study. Let us resolve to make a fresh start, to talk and think optimism, to shut off the streams of inactivity that threaten to engulf us. We have already drunk enough of these draughts.

Claudite iam rivos pueri, sat prata biberunt!

* * *

This a paragraph on brevity. We practise what we preach.

* * *

Foremost among the college activities this term have been the short courses in engineering, poultry, horticulture, and apiculture. The farmer—a busy man—gets all the information pertaining to practical work at a most convenient time, but Quebec does not seem to have as yet awakened to the benefits to be derived from these short courses. Attendance at these short courses, the slogan of which is "greater happiness for everyone connected with farm life," has increased within the past few years but it is still far from what it should be.

* * *

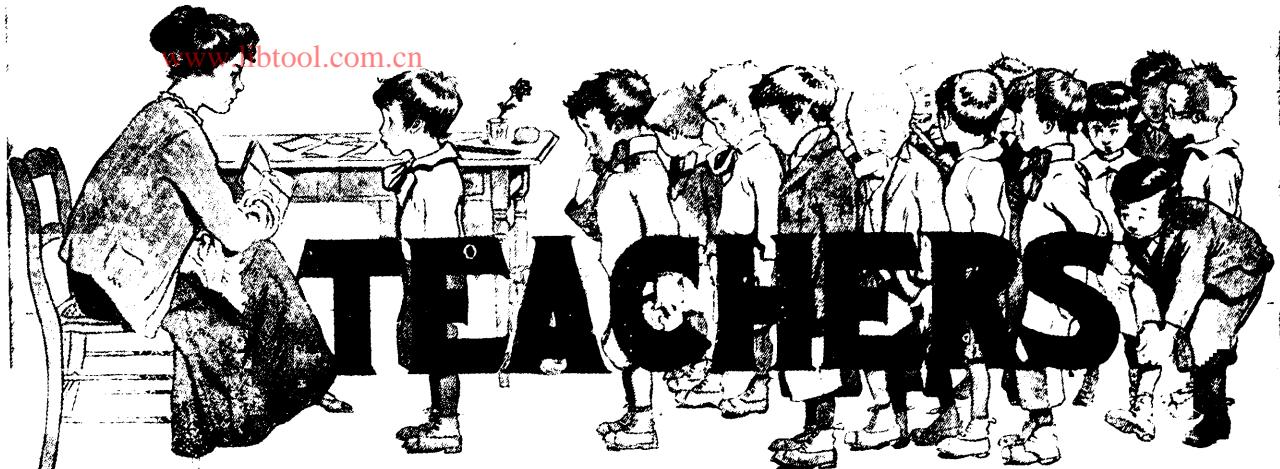
With this issue we lay aside our pen and relinquish to others the editorial chair. We have cleared the desk and destroyed all those effusions, which, formerly regarded only with misgivings, must now forever remain inarticulate. For a year now we have had the privilege of printing whatever we liked and seeing it go to a waiting and expectant world. Our task during that year, full of toil and criticism, has not been without its rewards. We have enjoyed it. It would have been much pleasanter, however, if every promise were fulfilled and all

material handed in *on time* and in good shape. The professors do expect a little work from the Editor, now and then, you know.

The only accomplishment on which the Board might pride itself is the introduction, by the Business Manager, of a definite step towards a proper book-keeping system. The cuts at present being held for us by our printers have yet to be removed, classified, and stored at the college. The finances of the Mag. have been considerably helped by contributions from several organizations and we wish to thank the Students' Council, the Lit. and the S. C. A. for their generous and able support. It is becoming more and more apparent that the Mag. can hardly exist at a subscription price of 25 cents per copy.

To an editorial policy we can lay no claim. Our comments, however, have always been actuated only by motives of loyalty and affection. Be it a failure or a virtue we have never sought to please, nor yet to displease. The dangerous and often incriminating expressions of opinion made in editorials are made only by fools or wise men and we press no claim to either class. We have on occasions had occasion to be exceedingly pessimistic concerning the utility of our editorials in particular, and could find solace only in the thought that we have had a lot of fun out of them writing them the night before—just fashionable tardiness you see, for it would never do to show any concern about a topic—and a good chance for the Editor to get his puny ideas off his chest, and that they will continue to be written. We have also found out incidentally that people read editorials only when they want to prove the Editor is of doubtful mentality and always wrong. Editors, however, need not be taken too seriously.

And so—good-bye! To our successors in the editorial chair, in whom we express our confidence, *Ave atque Vale*—Hail and Farewell!



The Rural School and the Community

I wonder just what was in the mind of the editor when he made his request for an article on the Rural School and its Community? Did he want a discussion of our Quebec Rural schools and their reaction upon the Community or was he thinking of it as a more or less abstract topic? What meaning does he intend to attach to the word 'community'?

In Quebec as a whole, the effect of the Rural school, as an institution, upon the community at large is at a very low ebb. Practically *nil*.

Picture to yourself our 607 rural elementary schools scattered throughout the province, many (290 in 1922) taught by teachers of no training whatsoever and none of them in charge of teachers with sufficient preparation for their most difficult work.

The school buildings themselves are architecturally a blot on the landscape, while their accompanying outhouses are a menace to both physical and moral health. The interior with its meagre and insufficient equipment, its bare walls and general unattractiveness is not an environment that is likely to bring out the best in pupils, much less to radiate therefrom a beneficial influence on the Community.

Moreover the difficulty under which

Protestant education labours because it represents the minority in a separate school system takes away from it the possibility of serving as it should, a compact community.

Could it be expected that under the above circumstances, briefly sketched, that the Rural elementary school could exert but the very minimum of influence in making the life of the community more happy and satisfying.

What is needed is not so much improvement as an entire re-organization of the present school system. It has largely fulfilled its usefulness and in so far as possible should be cast into outer darkness and a practically new system evolved, founded upon definite educational aims that are consistent with more modern theory and practice.

If this could be done there might be something to say about the influence of the rural school on the Community. Something worth while. It is also quite possible that some sort of an organization could be developed which would foster the pride of the community in itself and thus bring about a condition of life so satisfying that life there would be a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

What are a few of the most obvious things that could be done?

To begin with there are altogether too many school boards and it would be a great advantage if each board could serve a much larger territory.

Take what is at present one of the most Protestant Counties left, viz. Brome.

If memory serves me correctly there are twelve school boards. Most of them are boards of School Commissioners. Allowing for some of them to be boards of Trustees you will easily have in this county 48 men outside the 12 secretary treasurers acting upon some school boards. In 1922 there were 48 rural schools in the county so that there was one elected representative for every school with an average attendance of between fifteen and twenty. How much better it would be to have the whole county under one board.

This board, because chosen from a larger area, would in all probability be composed of more capable men than is the case now.

Taxation for this whole area could be equalized, consolidated schools could be constructed in the most advantageous places, having regard to the county as a whole. Then with capable staffs presided over by an efficient supervisor there would be some incentive for the schools to reach out into the homes and general life of the community.

It was stated above that whatever reorganization is to be made should be done with a clear conception of the purposes for which the schools are to exist.

This seemingly simple question bristles with difficulty and from the literature of the subject it is quite possible to find many proposed purposes. Space forbids even an enumeration of these purposes, much less their analysis. However nearly all propose that in some way or other the existence of the school should

community, that they should help to do what the farmer himself is not compelled to do viz., solve the problems with which agriculture is faced. For the farmer can do as he is doing in many cases, simply move away from them. Witness the report that there are at present in the Eastern Townships 1,000 vacant farms.

While many of the proposed purposes for rural schools are admirable yet it is a mistake to make any or all of them the chief purpose of the school. The school exists for the child and in its elementary grades the child has a right to demand that he be given as broad an education as possible so that he may choose satisfactorily the place he intends to fill in the community and in society in general.

We have no right to attempt to educate any group of children for any particular sphere whether farming or anything else. In this respect there should be no distinction between rural and urban elementary schools. This does not mean that the curricula or methods of attack should be the same. The rural child's experience differs from that of the urban child—therefore the point of contact in teaching is bound to be different. It does mean that to a large extent they should be complementary and thus help to do away with misunderstandings between rural and urban folk. It also means that the rural child should be entitled to just as good educational opportunities as the urban one.

Whether some such organization is possible in the near or distant future depends very largely on the foresight and generosity of the government to this most important duty. Is it not more incumbent upon it to see that every child of elementary school age is given the best possible education than it is to take over the maintenance of roads, desirable and all as that may be?

A. R. B. LOCKHART

A Day In The Kindergarten

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Kindergarten —Four little girls at play! Play it is but nevertheless it is our work. "How easy it must be just to play with children all morning"—is the comment made by many! To enlighten those of this mind, we will try to give them a peep behind the scenes of this "Play."

Every play requires actors and a definite programme containing a number of parts or items. The children are the actors, we, the students of the Kindergarten Course, the directors and our respective duties the items on this important programme.

The day begins—forty children come tripping into the school-room, brimful of spontaneous activity, carrying with them their many little characteristics and moods. To the strains of soft music played by one of the students, each child takes his place in the circle, ready for the morning hymn, and prayer. Following this—immediately! a number of hands are raised. Each child pours forth his troubles or joys and seeks the ever-ready sympathy of the teacher. What is it that you are so anxious to tell us Jimmy? "A verse!" says wee Jimmy, "The College Verse!" and proceeds, much to the secret amusement of the students—"Who are we?

We are the boys of M-A-C.
Hail! Hail! the gangs all here!
What the hang do we care now?"

This embarrassing situation is diplomatically turned aside by the teacher. "Now we will have the verse about the Snow-man, Edith?" Alas! the opportunity to develop the theme for the week has arrived. This theme is entitled "Snow" and is carried out with a talk by the teacher. By means of questions she finds out the children's own joys and experiences with snow. As the work of the

morning progresses the various instrumentalities used for the education of the children in the Kindergarten—such as songs, games, rhythmics and stories, brings us to a recess period.

Under careful supervision, by one of the students, the children are taken out of doors. And it is here that they work off their surplus energy playing games, suited to the particular season and weather conditions.

The bell rings—the second part of our programme begins! In the same orderly manner the children take their places at special tables arranged for their use. Here it is where we endeavour to train their imaginative, creative, constructive and scientific powers. Such general facts as form, colour, motion, size, material, direction, position, and a little later perhaps number, weight, dimension and divisibility are taught by means of the Gifts, which consist of prismatic-coloured balls, building blocks, sticks, rings and tablets. The child would doubtless discover these things through time; but the Kindergarten Gifts give him this knowledge in much less time and in a systematic arrangement.

A recreational period, during which games are played, varies the procedure. And last, but not least—the occupation or handwork of some correlated idea is carried out in the form of cutting, weaving, folding, sewing or drawing.

The Good-bye song tells us that the day is ended and the teacher is left with this consoling thought—

"This is not mere fond caprice—
God inspires the pretty strife;
She is leading the beginner
Through the outer to the inner
Of his groping life."

W. M. T.

On Asking Why

By EDNA WILCOX, T. '24

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Scene: Cosy corner of the living room, father seated in his favourite arm chair smoking his after-supper pipe and devouring the contents of his evening paper.

Enter: Little Tommy, of the inquisitive age; also the pet cat. Tommy seizes the opportunity for some fun and likewise the cat's tail

"Meow" wails poor helpless pussy and takes advantage of the first chance to make her exit, vigorously wagging her tail. Tommy's mind becomes active.

"Daddy, why did pussy wag her tail?"

Daddy all absorbed, "Oh-h-huh." Tommy patiently repeats (in a little louder tone).

"Because she was cross. Now run and play, Daddy's reading."

Tommy persistently, "Why are you reading, daddy?" No answer. "Oh, daddy, why does the smoke come out of your nose?"

After the third attempt Tommy becomes boisterous, "Daddy, why do you smoke?"

After many vain attempts to feign ignorance, "I think it's your bed-time, son."

"Why, daddy? Why do we get sleepy, daddy?"

Thus did Tommy bombard his poor helpless dad until carried off to bed.

* * *

Tommy is just a natural child and persists in letting you know it. He commands interest and demands the reason for everything, and justly so. The thirst for knowledge begins at an early age, and accordingly as it is quenched so the edu-

cation and instruction of the child begins. All great men in their youth made use of the little word "why" and they have left the results of their questions to benefit us. Isaac Newton wondered why when you dropped anything it fell to the ground. Unsatisfied till at last he found the reason, he propounded the theory of gravitation. Watt as a child wondered why the lid of the kettle lifted when it was boiling. Later he discovered the great power of steam. These two men are but examples of the many whose names glorify history's page.

Constantly in life we are asking questions, seeking the reasons for mysteries, some of which are never revealed to us. But is it not better to be always trying to get at the 'why' of things? Only those who persevere thus finally succeed.

So think of this then, you teachers, when a curious little voice asks, "why." So great a chance to guide stumbling little feet on the rough path of knowledge should not be lost, for it is those who ask the "whys" of life who finally become wise. I wonder what Wes Barry finally thought when during the filming of the "Country Kid" at the Warner Studios, little Bruce Guerin persisted in asking him a seemingly endless number of foolish questions.

"Say," Wesley finally shouted, "you simply gotter lay off me, Bruce. You're drivin' me crazy. Don't you know that curiosity killed a cat, onet?"

Bruce looked up, innocently, into the freckled face of Wesley.

"What did th' cat want to know, Wes?" he asked.



De Schola Appolonis

Man is essentially a music loving creature. Music forms an integral part of his nature; rhythm, vibrations—call it what you will—it is in his bones, and no matter whether paid attention to or not, there it rests, and can never be removed.

Many of us are apt to doubt this assertion because, for example, we may not enjoy some sonata of Beethoven as others apparently do. This supposition is entirely erroneous. It is like comparing two students of Latin one of whom is further advanced than the other, and can therefore comprehend and appreciate the diction and phraseology of a Cicero.

If we don't seem to enjoy some phases of music it is because our ear—as the common expression has it—is not so accustomed, so well-trained; we have not had so much contact with it as others. But we are not without the germ of music in us—even as the beginner in Latin is not without an appreciation for Latin, since, with equal application and contact, he has, ordinarily, the identical chances of the better-versed student.

It is for this very reason that music should be given children from the first day they enter school. The instinct towards it is there, and for educationists and teachers to evade the responsibility of its development is absolutely criminal. Music, I am firmly persuaded, has a disciplinary value equal to any subject, without exception, on the school curriculum.

Give the child music in his early age, show him how to sing correctly, lead him gradually through the rudiments of theory, give him an understanding of the fundamental principles, guide him to real music, bring a gramophone to school, and let the child hear vocal and instrumental renditions of the masterpieces, the many great compositions which are the flower

of our civilization every particle as much as our Literature, our Art—do this and you will render the child a service, the fruits of which will prove an irrequitable debt to you.

I have often thought music has a greater appeal and import to school children than poetry, than literature. How many children would rather listen to "Paradise Lost," to an epic in verse or prose, than to one in music? Which medium finds the readiest response, expression, appreciation, effect? Poetry and Literature require the maturer mind of an older person—the youngest school child loves music.

Doh, Ray, Me, Fah, Soh, Lah, Te, Doh. Let the principle of the scale impress itself on the the scholar. Let him sing his songs to Tonic Solfa. Translate perhaps a simple popular piece to this system. Let the child grasp the method, and you will open the way to surprising results.

There is no limit to the number of 'made at home' instruments children can construct and learn to play, to the vast amusement, education, and training of themselves. The Japanese fiddle with its one string, the bottles of water filled to different heights, the pieces of wood ranging in thickness and length, and many others.

Then too, there are the harmonica, the ocarino, and the numerous number of these lesser musical contrivances, including the small xylophone, which require little work to master, no music to read, necessarily, and practically no preparation except the principles which have already been inculcated in the classroom.

Let me relate an example. Several years ago I belonged to a cadet corps wherein it was decided to form a fife band. A friend and I volunteered to join, and we each received a fife. The very

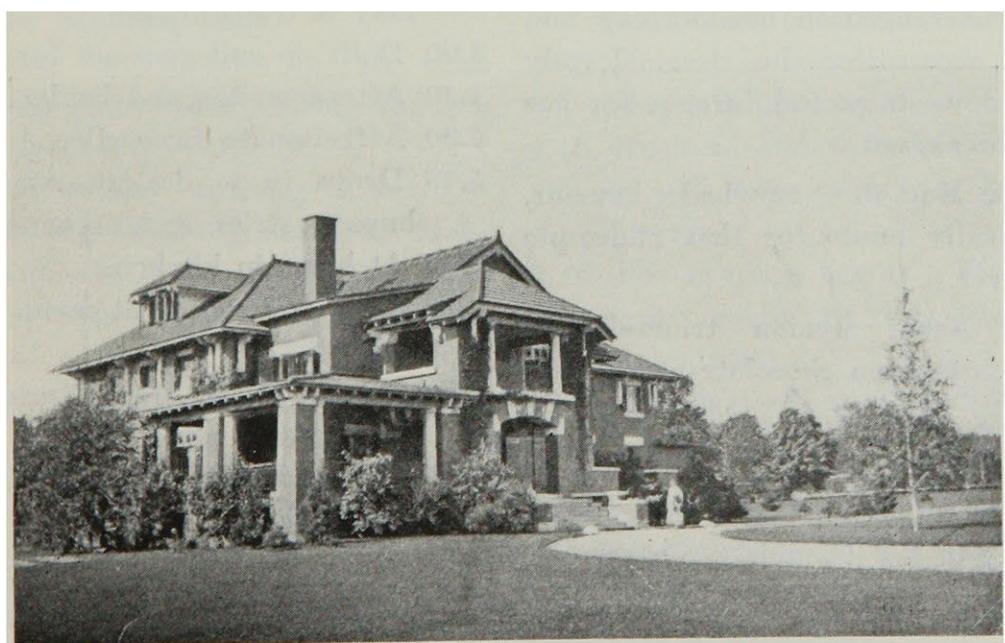
night we got the 'short-horn flues,' before we had even reached home—it was quite a way—I was piping the "British Grenadiers," "Nancy Lee," and what not, whereas my friend was spasmodically working his fingers up and down in a haze of mazing perplexity. He required considerable patient coaching before he could play at all, I didn't. Why was this? No credit to me. All I had to do was to discover how to play the scale from doh to high doh on the fife; then, knowing the Tonic Solfa, to think of the 'air' in this system and play it accordingly on the fife. I had learnt music in school and was quickly able to seize the principle. My friend had not had music before.

It is indeed an interesting thing to watch an untrained person try to play an instrument. He watches the player for a while and is impressed with the seeming ease and simplicity. Given a chance, he picks up the instrument, and not before he has vainly essayed a few notes does he realize all is not the same—some how. He attempts a few more scrapes or blares, as the case may be, then surrend-

ers the riddlesome contraption to its owner in the depths of despair. How intricate! How utterly impossible! How hopeless!

But is it hopeless? Is it impossible? Is it even intricate? I say no, not really. Remember, every instrument is played through some regular system. The whole task is to grasp the idea, the rule, the underlying principle; that, and practice—under, of course, a *competent* teacher. The more practice, the more revelation of the finer points in this underlying principle, and consequently the better the quality of your efforts. That is all.

Practically all of us have an average amount of music in us. Few, comparatively, are geniuses. But we all have the ability to master an instrument so well enough as to make it worth while for our own pleasure and that of our associates. And in the mastery of our innate instinct towards music there lies a vast wealth of excellence, the realization of which has convinced me finally that every normal child in our schools should be given a training in music. —J. S.



"Glenaledale"



Diary Disclosures

By CLARA M. FARRELL, Sc. '25

MR. and MRS. DIDN'T GO TO MACDONALD

8 a. m. In solitary glory Mr. Didn't G. T. Macdonald partakes of a cold breakfast—slice of mince pie and ginger ale.

8.15 Mr. D. G. T. Macdonald leaves for office.

9.00 Silence reigns supreme. Mrs. D. G. T. Macdonald sleeps.

10 a. m. Arranged in boudoir cap and other accessories she rises, sleepily slips downstairs and forages for her own breakfast.

10.15 Mrs. Mac in very bad humour, frantically hunts for that mince-pie left-over.

10.30 The same woman triumphantly breakfasting on chocolate creams.

11.00 Enter manicurist and scandalous gossip ensues.

11.30 Devours Ethel M. Dell's latest novels, in her boudoir.

12.30 Dresses for Mr. D. G. T. Macdonald's return.

1 p. m. Husband returns, suffering from effects of his unorthodox breakfast. Wife in kitchen, hurriedly opening cans.

1.30 Both at table. 'He' humbly asks for cup of hot water. 'She' eats.

2. p. m. Mrs. Didn't G. T. Macdonald alone once more, brings out fruit cake and enjoys herself.

2.30 Removes dishes to kitchen by 'haphazard' method.

3.00 Hair-dresser arrives and soon our lady is transformed.

4.00 Dolls up and goes out for afternoon.

4.30 Afternoon tea and bridge.

5.30 Affectionate farewells.

5.45 Drops in to delicatessen shop and buys pastries and cream puffs.

6.00 At home in kitchen.

6.15 Same process as at noon. Refer to 1 p. m.

6.30 Mr. D. G. T. Mac returns in hopeful frame of mind.

6.45 Mr. and Mrs. Didn't G. T. Macdonald dine.

7.30 They remove dishes.

7.45 They wash and dry breakfast, lunch and dinner dishes, by Mrs. Didn't G. T. Macdonald's Method.

8.30 They quarrel.

10.00 Still at it.

11.00 Curtain (This is a tragedy.)

MR. and MRS. WENT-TO-MACDONALD

6 a. m. Mrs. ~~W. T. Macdonald~~ rises and dresses in sensible dress and captivating apron.

6.15 Mr. W. T. Macdonald rises, dresses and goes out to feed the chickens.

6.30 His wife starts stove going and puts breakfast on.

7.00 Mr. and Mrs. Went T. Macdonald do the "Daily Dozen" on the front porch.

7.15 They both breakfast in serene good-humour.

7.45 Mr. W. T. Macdonald takes affectionate farewell of his wife.

7.50 Mrs. W. T. Macdonald clears table stacks dishes, removes by wheel-tray and leaves there. This is a labour saver.

8.00 Cleans kitchen using long-handled dust-pan.

8.15 Does daily dusting of downstairs with dutiful Dora—her vacuum cleaner.

8.30 Makes beds with 'hospital corners' using as few steps and motions as possible.

8.45 Heats water for baby's bath.

9.00 Bathes babbling baby.

9.45 Inspects refrigerator to see what delicious and savoury dishes she can make from left-overs.

10.00 Starts weekly washing in her Labor Saving Washing Machine. Hubby's best silk shirts and woollen socks washed with loving but scientific care.

10.30 Reads morning paper--births, marriages and deaths, with a self-improving glance at front page, while watching her washing machine do the washing.

10.45 Prepares vegetables (with a careful thought to vitamins) for lunch and makes dessert for dinner.

11.00 Rest period—with one eye on baby.

12.30 Mr. W. T. returns. Mr. W. T. Macdonald gives wife the daily review of the wheat exchange.

1.00 Luncheon is served.

1.30 Husband attends to vegetable garden. Wife sweeps up kitchen and with triumphant flourish of the dustpan is through for the afternoon.

2.00 Completely relaxes and makes mind as empty as vacuum cleaner. Sleep follows.

3.30 Dresses, perambulates baby in park.

4.30 Returns—deposits child in Kiddy-Koop and looks over accounts and other business.

5.00 Mr. W. T. Macdonald is home for the evening.

5.15 Mr. W. T. Macdonald is cutting the front lawn (not now, though).

6.30 Dinner is served and delightful table-talk ensues.

7.15 Husband and wife do dishes together and leave to dry in labor-saving dryer.

7.45 The evening begins. We leave the happy couple to their well deserved contentment.

Curtain—(happy ending).



Pitching In

“I CAN’T!”

“I Can’t” lacks in nerve: he’s too faint of heart
To pitch in like a man and do his part;
He’s none of the spirit that fights and wins;
He admits he’s beaten before he begins.

“I Can’t” sees as mountains what bolder eyes
Recognize as mole hills; ambition dies,
And leaves him complaining in helpless wrath,
When the first small obstacle blocks his path.

“I Can’t” has a notion that, out of spite,
He’s being cheated of what’s his right.
The men who succeed by hard work and pluck.
He envies and sneers at as “Fools for luck!”

“I Can’t” is a loafer, who won’t admit
That his life’s the mess he has made of it;
The treasure that’s sparkling beneath his eye,
He thinks he can’t reach—and won’t even try.

“I Can’t” has a feeling the world’s in debt
To him for a living he’s failed to get;
But, given a chance to collect, he’ll rant
About past failures, and whine, “I can’t!”

“I WILL!”

“I Will” has a spirit that nothing daunts;
Once he gets his eye on the thing he wants

He rolls up his sleeves, and he pitches in
With a splendid zeal that is bound to win.

“I Will” never hesitates lest he fail—
In his heart he’s sure that he will prevail.
No mountain can halt him, however high:
There’s no task so hard but he’ll have a try.

“I Will” sets his teeth when things start off wrong;
He just grins, and mutters: “This can’t last long.

I’ll take a fresh start; and Adversity
Will be going some if he catches me.”

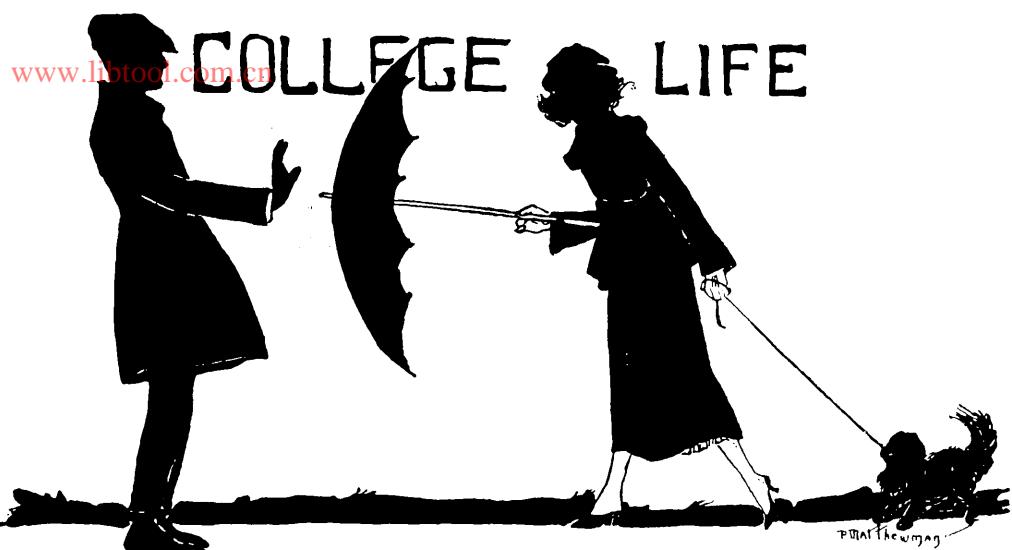
“I Will” has a punch hid in either hand;
He has training, strength, and a heap of sand;
He swings his hard fists in the world’s grim face,
And he bangs away till the world gives place.

“I Will” understands in his own strength lies
The one chance he’ll get at the things men prize.

Discouragement, failure—nothing can chill
The stout heart of him who declares, “I will!”

Charles R. Barrett





Visit To Joubert's

On Monday, Dec. 17., the Dairy Bacteriology class consisting of the Fourth Year B. H. S., the Juniors and some of the Seniors in Agriculture, under Dr. Hood, visited Joubert's Dairy in Montreal for the purpose of seeing practically applied the principles of Bacteriology in relation to milk and its products.

Joubert's dairy handles daily an average of eight thousand gallons of milk, five thousand of which are delivered in bottles, and three thousand in cans. In addition Ice Cream and Glacial Bars are manufactured in quantity, and as a sideline three million pounds of butter per year.

We were courteously and cordially received by one of the members of the Staff, whose pleasure it was to show us over the establishment. There was much to see and to learn. As we went from room to room we were impressed with the cleanliness, care and attention to details that was everywhere in evidence.

Each can of milk arriving from the farms was first submitted to a simple test for sweetness. If it measured up to the standard it was weighed, passed through a strainer, and conducted through pipes to storage tanks each of four thousand gallons capacity. Here it was cooled to

40 deg. F. by circulating brine, and kept continually stirred by machinery to prevent the rising of the cream. From these tanks it went through pipes to a centrifuge where all suspended matter that had escaped the strainer was removed, then to the Pasteurization tanks where by heating to 145 deg. for 30 minutes all pathogenic bacteria which might have been present were killed. Within four and a half minutes after this process it was cooled again to below 40 deg. F. From the cooling pipes it flowed to the bottling machine, where it was automatically measured, bottled and stoppered. The bottles were then crated, and removed to a cool room to be stored until the next delivery.

We also visited the cream rooms, the butter-making, and ice-cream departments, the engine room, ammonia plant and the ice-making room.

After the tour of the establishment was completed, we were refreshed by ice-cream, milk and glacial bars, all of which were delicious.

Dr. Hood, in a brief speech then thanked the manager for making our visit so delightful. This was followed by three rousing cheers, and the Macdonald and McGill yells.—“X”

S. C. A. NOTES

The President of the Students' Christian Association is to be congratulated upon his enterprise when he secures for Macdonald a chance to listen to an address such as was given on Sunday, December 2nd, 1923.

The speaker of the day was Professor J. E. K. Aggrey, a native of the Gold Coast, West Africa, now of Livingstone College, N. C., and of Columbia University.

It is customary to say of a talented negro that he is, to all intents and purposes, white. In no way could this be said of Professor Aggrey. His is a more noble ideal, for in his absolute devotion and his infectious enthusiasm for his cause he reveals to us a vision of the ne-

gro that might be. As he himself puts it the three gifts of the Magi may be taken to represent the offerings laid before God by the three great races of men. The gold stands for the enterprise of the white man, the frankincense for the mysticism of the oriental, and the myrrh for the childlike faith of the black man.

Mr. Aggrey's colour is of no consequence to him, and with something of a Pauline fervour, he glories in the cruel and petty restrictions which it has occasionally imposed upon him during his travels.

The Anglo-Saxon does not register his emotions very emphatically, but after Mr. Aggrey had spoken to us there was a queer indefinable feeling in the air, as though each one of us knew himself in the presence of a great man.



The S. C. A. Executive

Another very interesting talk was listened to on ~~www.libtool.com.cn~~ Sunday, Jan. 12th, when Mr. Mowat, who has been a missionary in China for the last twenty years, addressed the students. The average Canadian is rather inclined to think of the Chinese in terms only of laundry, but after Mr. Mowat's wonderful talk one could not but feel that here was an opportunity for him to help in the enlightening of a people eagerly struggling for the light of Jesus Christ. Mr. Mowat brought to us the enthusiasm of one who loves and lives for his work.

On January 30th we were again favoured with another address, this time by Dr. Paul Harrison, world-renowned medical missionary and famous brain specialist, who has spent fifteen years in the near East. He spoke on Arabia. We never thought Arabia was so very interesting, or was it that Dr. Harrison himself is such a wonderful speaker?

The usual Sing Songs have been held. The Misses Copland and Whyte gave vocal solos. The thanks of the Association are also due Miss Boa and the other members who supplied music.

DR. and MRS. LYNDE ENTERTAIN

On November the thirtieth the Senior Ads and Junior Aggies were delightfully entertained at a party given by Dr. and Mrs. Lynde at their residence on Maple Avenue. We went early and stayed late (a treat always). On arriving we were received by Dr. and Mrs. Lynde and soon made to feel very much at home. A programme of fun was carried out, and if noise and laughter are any indication of "a good time," it is certain that Dr. and Mrs. Lynde must have felt well repaid for their efforts. Punch was liberally indulged in during the evening, and delicious refreshments were served by our hostess. One of the most interesting events of the evening was a novelty dance. Each lady was presented with

two Christmas Crackers one of which she was to keep herself and the other present to the young gentleman she wished to dance with next. Such fun—Bang! Bang!! Bang!!! could be heard all over the house and Presto! everyone seemed changed, for odd looking caps of rainbow colors were donned by the boys while horrors!—"Imitation Cigarettes" caused much hilarity among the girls.

Much too soon the party came to an end, and it was with deepest appreciation to our host and hostess that we wended our way college-ward at the "appointed hour"—midnight.—Dougie.

THE SENIOR-JUNIOR DEBATE

The ancient question of co-education was again brought to the fore at a meeting of the Literary and Debating Society held in the Assembly Hall at 7 p. m. on December 14th. Miss F. Hodgson, the first vice-president of the Society, occupied the Chair, and the resolution upheld by the Juniors, "that co-education is undesirable," though earnestly sponsored, was overthrown by the vigorous declamation of the Seniors.

Mr. Lanthier opened the debate. He traced the history of education, showed the evolution of the co-educational idea and discussed its advisability in no uncertain terms. He pointed out that men's colleges were already overcrowded and thought that the "squeezing" in of women into these colleges would be to their detriment. He also took great pains to point out the essential differences in the life ideals of the sexes and emphasized that these fundamental differences warranted the existence of separate colleges.

Mr. Stewart, the leader of the negative, in a very precise and sound argument refuted the conception that woman was unfitted to associate with those studies undertaken by man, and stressed her equality in every aspect but the physical. He cited instances where this education

was even essential and deprecated any thought that the curriculum of a man's college was so heavy as to be injurious to the health of the woman student. Woman was man's equal mentally. Though admitting that no money spent on education was absolutely lost he contended that the economy of the co-educational system was a noteworthy point in its favour.

Following this Mr. Fogerty rose to question the findings of the speaker before and then elaborated the Affirmative's stand that the presence of women in a university detracts from study and tends to make college an opportunity for social splendour, rather than a place of preparation for life. He also brought to light the hitherto unknown fact that professors become shy and nervous when women students are present in the class. Everyone, professor or not, began to fidget in his seat. The case for co-education certainly was strong.

Mr. McGarigle then dealt with co-education from the social angle especially and showed the unnaturalness of educating the sexes apart, the foolishness of squandering young lives in the wilderness

of segregation. Though not "venturing into rhapsodical analogies," he stressed the high moral tone which attained in the co-educational institution. He challenged the affirmative to name a single instance where co-education had had to be dropped.

The leader of the affirmative then rebutted, and the judges withdrew.

The gathering was then favoured with a delightful piano solo by Miss Marian Mackay, and a vocal duet, pleasingly rendered, by the Misses Copland and Mackay, Miss Davidson accompanying.

The judges returned. Mr. G. F. Wright, on their behalf, complimented the debaters on their fine oratory, which, however, never carried them beyond the point at issue. He mentioned that the Affirmative had made a strong plea—hullo, my memory is beginning to fail me, or rather Mr. Wright's speech was very short. He just said that the judges could see no objection to the "squeezing" of co-eds, and had awarded the debate to the negative. A rather diplomatic way that, thought some, of the judges retaining their popularity with the ladies!



The Lit. Executive

A HOUSE COMMITTEE EXPERIENCE.

"So you were brought up before the House Committee eh? Say kiddo, tell us all about it."

"Alright, give me a chance and I will," I answered my friend rather abruptly, and then continued to satisfy her curiosity. "You see it was like this. On Friday night after lights out, I marched out into the corridor and started to have a chat with my next door neighbor. We began to get rather enthusiastic and we wakened from her sweet slumbers a neighbouring senior. She swept down on us and before we had time to retreat we found ourselves apologizing for our misbehaviour and for having disturbed her. She returned to her room and a few minutes later proceeded upstairs to put a stop to further noise up there."

"Immediately we jazzed out again and resumed our little tete-à-tete. Suddenly we heard approaching footsteps and proceeded to make ourselves scarce, but all too late; she caught us right in the act. The next five or ten minutes she spent in telling me what she thought of me. Well I knew after that that I would be at the House Committee on Monday night with bells on! So my motto over the week-end was 'Be Prepared' (for the worst)." "I was expecting a little note in my mail-box on Monday morning, but nothing doing. Ditto noon! But, in the afternoon there it was, written in the secretary's neatest handwriting.

'You are required to appear before the House Committee to-night in the Reception Room at 8.15.' "

"Oh girls I've got my 'billet doux,' I yelled at the top of my lungs, and in about half a jiffy I was being mauled to pieces and everyone was trying to get a squint at the tiny slip of paper in my hand. I was never so popular in my life as I was that afternoon. I had more fun

laughing about it than you can imagine. In the Post Office, at supper and before study period we discussed it as though it were the topic of the day."

"About 8.15 I decided I'd better meander down. Accordingly I gave my hair a pat or two, dabbed on a little powder, said good-bye to my room-mate and sauntered down to the music alcove."

"Three other girls were waiting ~~there~~ so we started to talk about the matter and I was informed that they always left the worst cases for the last, and right then and there I made up my mind that I'd be the fourth item on the programme."

"Just then one of the girls was called in and the rest of us waited breathless until she reappeared on the scene. When she did she called out to us 'Only fifty cents,' and went on her way rejoicing."

"My name was called next and right then and there I got cold feet. Anyhow I put on a bold front and managed to get inside the door but no farther. There they all were seated in a circle and with faces as long as yard-sticks. I discovered to my dismay that I must park in the centre of the circle."

"Then the president cross-questioned me till we were both exhausted for want of breath. I told my story in detail, was then asked the reasons for it all and last but not least well scolded. All this ~~time~~ I was waiting for the price. At last it came, "The Committee has decided to fine you seventy-five cents. You may go now." I waited for no more but made one dash for the door."

"When I got outside, I breathed a sigh of relief now that the suspense was over. "How much" the other two enquired. "Seventy-five," I answered, and dashed off down the hall, thinking only of how my fine would cost me the price of two afternoons at Mrs. Wright's, although I was thankful that it was all over."

Kathleen Newell.

TEAING AT MRS. WRIGHT'S

"It's ten ~~minutes~~ to four. Hurray! Just ten more minutes, and then I shall be free. Yes, free to do as I wish. What better can I do then, than to go-a-teaing at Mrs. Wright's?

Lectures over, I make one dive for the residence. So intent am I on the coming pleasure that I do not even visit the post-office on my way over. Those letters can just wait till six o'clock. I shall have no time to read them anyway.

Well, it is 4.40 at last, and I am ready and—waiting. But he doesn't know that. He said he would be down in the Foyer at 4.40, so, of course, I shall not be there till at least five minutes later! (It does look better, don't you think?)

The crucial moment now arrives. One last look in the mirror to see that my better-half's hat is tilted at the right angle, one more dab of powder, then, in all my glory, I descend. "Ah, there he is!"—

with a sigh of relief, as if I hadn't expected him to be there, and if he hadn't?—(Unfaithful woman! Thou dost not deserve such kindness! Beware, lest he take somebody else next time).

So far, so good! I have yet to get outside without bumping into all the people I ever knew. It is really wonderful how they crop up at such opportune times. Have you ever noticed it? I receive, at least, four or five Hello's, to say nothing of the side-winks, and a few kindly remarks on my borrowed chapeau. How I bless them all! Tiny Tim has nothing on me!

Well, finally, we arrive at our destination, and may I add in safety. No, I think I shall keep my hat on to-day. The curl is somewhat out of my hair, also, I do not think that I would be doing justice to the hat if I took it off. Why did I, borrow it, if I did not wish to display its to advantage? I am quite sure he likes it! I see him looking at it. For a moment,



Mrs. Wright's

I wondered if he was trying to puzzle out where he had seen it before. Men are so queer, at times, aren't they?

The inevitable question arises, and, being very absent-minded, I answer, "Oh, cabbage and raspberry jam, please." His lordship, however, does not approve, and it is not till a delicious order has been given that his peace of mind returns. With such a treat in store, we are able to dance several lively foxes to the tune of "Yes, We Have No Banana Blues" 'No No, Nora,' etc.

Our order is ready by this time, so we retire to the next room. Tomato sandwiches, tea, cake and ice-cream do their duty. So do we! Oh yes, he is awfully nice. We talk about everything under the sun, from the house-fly to ear-rings. Needless to say, we have many admirers on all sides.

I believe in trusting to Fate; but he doesn't. Therefore, I have to read his cup. Of course there has to be lots of nice things in it,—he's such a nice boy. Three letters are waiting for him; a pres-

ent is to be expected in the near future; he has happiness and success to look forward to. (I never knew that I could tell fortunes before. That is something that I have learned, at any rate.) He never looked so happy as he does now. You see, it requires tact!

I think we had better go now, as it is 5.46, and he seems very anxious to get those three letters. (I ought to have known better!) It is quite cold out, so we hurry back just in time to get *my* mail before the supper gong sounds. (You ought to see the expression on his countenance as he gazes into his empty mail box—and he does not look the least forgiving, either).

But still we go on together; yes, together right to the dining-room door. There, however, we part to partake of another tea. I am sure I shall not be able to eat anything. My mind is too full. I have acquired sufficient food for talk to last for several days, at the end of which my room-mate and many others shall "rise up and call him blessed."—T. M. K.

Dear Editor

Macdonald College
Jany. 25th, 1924

My Dear Editor:

Of late my roving optic has noticed during lectures, several economically inclined students attempting to—oh, pardon me, actually omitting those low rasping, gurgling monotonous roars, at times rising to a shrill whistle, which denote peaceful slumber. I am of a sympathetic turn of mind, and whilst I condole with the lecturer, cannot but feel that better facilities should be offered those students

attempting, apparently successfully, two things at one time. Might I suggest that all seats be upholstered in leather, or if this is too expensive, that cushions be provided. It would materially add to the pleasure derived during these periods, and the unhappy experience of bouncing a nodding head against the edge of the seat will be entirely obviated. I submit that whatever the cost, the outlay is justifiable, even though we lose the tone-poems that occur when wood meets wood.

Yours very sincerely,
Ali Baba

Drosophila and Pipette

www.libtool.com.cn

A Near-Tragedy

Rosa rugosa labrum anopheles poa pratensis

(Unpublished) *Virgil.*

I sing of where the Ottawayan waters flow
 Beside the undeveloped real estate of Ile Perrot;
 Where in his youth Moore heard the Rapids call,
 His house remains — the Bank of Montreal.
 Nearby where once the trapper sold his load
 Seeks Youth his love and peach pie à la mode.....

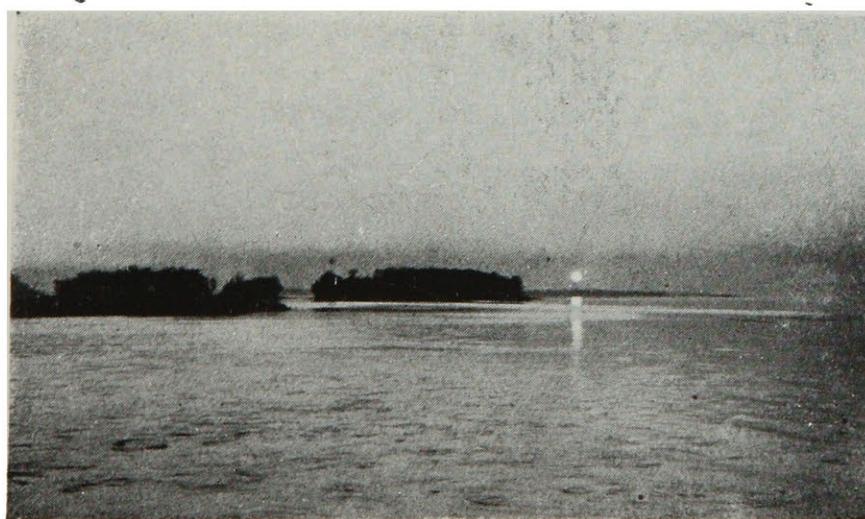
In days of old a man of Scotian breed
 Sold to Canadians that delightful weed
 Wherewith Sir Walter, that great man of letters,
 First bound all Europe with Virginian fetters.
 Soon did Macdonald, such the Scotsman's name,
 By paths of industry attain to fame,
 For as more men chewed plug and smoked cut briar
 In just proportion rose his credit higher,
 Until as if to culminate his reputation
 Sir William turned his thoughts to education.
 And at Ste Anne's a College lifts her minarets,
 A Phoenix from the ash of countless cigarettes.
 While towards the shore stretches a garden fair
 Where sweetly scented herbs perfume the air,
 A gently sloping lawn amidst whose brilliant green
 Exotic trees and shrubs most rare are seen.
 Here with an eye down-cast and look forlorn
 Walked Chlorophyll one radiant summer's morn.
 Heedless of fines he trod the grassy sward
 Although he owned a fortnight's room and board,
 (His money had been spent on tea and toast
 Roses, Venetian gardens and a popcorn roast,
 Ice creams and movies, trips to Montreal
 And other things to please a maid withal).
 While in his room unopened lay,
 A session's notes, three books on making hay,
 A Physics, Farm Mechanics, Dutch Hoes and Their Science,
 Three Pamphlets from the Sabbath Day's Alliance.
 For though examination time drew nigh
 Poor Chlorophyll forsook his books to sigh
 And weeping sadly meditate again
 Upon his trouble, for 'twixt maidens twain
 Heart and affection were so well divided

That still his final choice was undecided.
 Drosophila was queen of Section E
 Lissom of form and fair of face was she
 Blue were her eyes and golden was her hair
 In all the Teachers none was half so fair
 Her only equal was a chic brunette
 The suzeraine of Science, Miss Pipette,
 In form and feature distant as the poles
 The greater difference lay within their souls
 For while Drosophila was shy, reserved, and cold,
 Pipette was gay, vivacious and (as some said) bold.

"Would I were dead" quoth Chlorophyll, and as he spake
 Even the careless robin in the brake
 Stopped singing with a chord half formed, and all around
 The weeping willow branches seemed to brush the ground
 In sorrow for him. "Ottawa" he cried
 (For now he'd reached the very water's side)
 "No more shall indecision rack my mind
 For in thy depths oblivion I'll find."

But as he braced himself to leap, a slender arm,
 Grasping his shoulder, drew him back from harm.
 He turned and there behold! a form divine.
 "Look up, rash youth!" 'tis thus the vision speaks,
 "And gaze upon Athene of the Greeks
 Once Wisdom's goddess, in this generation
 I am the patron of Co-education
 Too young art thou to travel in a hearse
 Arise, young man, and learn this little verse
*'Co-ed and Stude should have one for the other
 The harmless love that sister has for brother'* .

Richard Cooper.



The Ottawa

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Le vingt-neuf novembre les membres du Cercle Français se réunirent pour entendre une très intéressante causerie du docteur Brandt. Il avait choisi comme sujet, "Les Monuments de Paris comme je les ai vus mois-même."

A la terminaison de sa conférence Monsieur Frank Sharpe exprima les remerciements de toute l'assemblée. Ceci fut secondé par Mademoiselle Bessie Henry.

Nous eûmes aussi un chant par Mademoiselle Evelyn Copland.

La réunion se termina par les chants, "O Canada" et "Dieu Sauve le Roi."

Jean N. Lambly

RECITALS

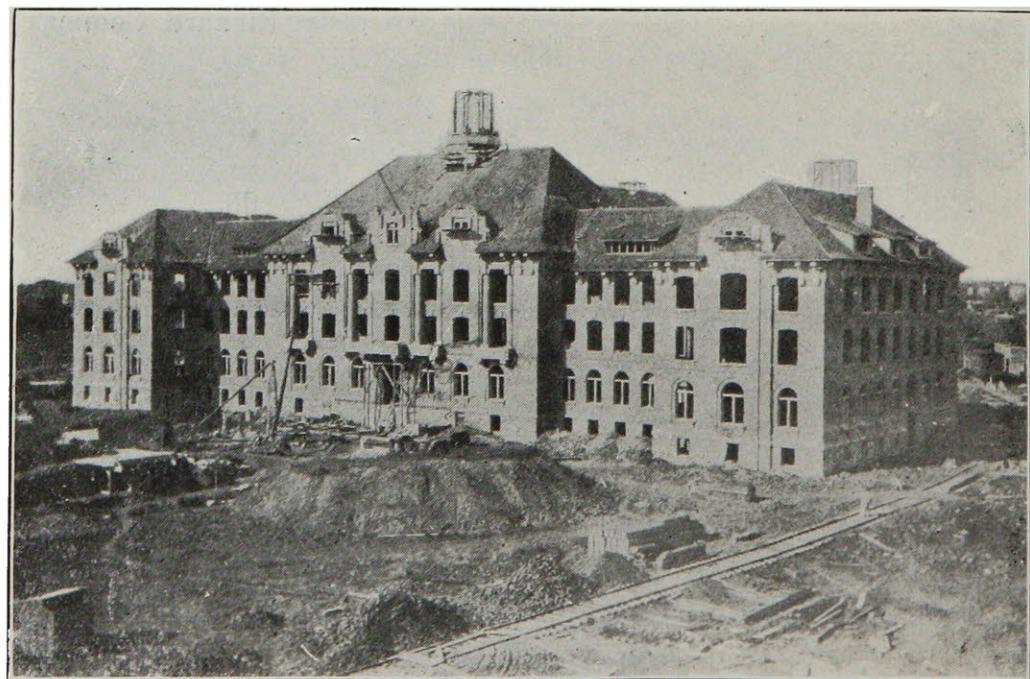
Monthly recitals by the College Organist, Mr. R. Birkett Musgrove, have been a feature of our college life for some time past. These recitals are given in the Assembly Hall on Sunday afternoons and have been greatly enjoyed by the Staff,

students and visiting friends. Occasional sing-songs at these recitals have also occurred, each one taking part to the best, (or worst), of his ability.

The programmes have been well balanced, consisting of compositions calculated to portray the different styles of organ music. Selections from such eminent writers as Bach, Mendelssohn, Rheinberger, Guilmant, Henselt, Massenet, Freyer and Wagner have been given, serving to please real music-lovers and at the same time to awaken a love of music in those lacking it. Not among the least of the compositions we have enjoyed have been arrangements of several works, for the organ, by Mr. Musgrove himself.

Each piece is prefaced by a brief but instructive talk by Mr. Musgrove and the spirit of many a composition has often been better caught in consequence. Mr. Musgrove has been ably assisted in his recitals by Mrs. C. B. Powter, (Soprano) Mr. F. Millinchamp (tenor), both of Ste. Anne-de-Bellevue, and Miss Rhoda Geller (violinist), a student in the School for Teachers.

We hope these recitals will continue.



Macdonald in the Making

ON WAITING FOR THE MAIL

As I sat gazing out the window one afternoon, I saw a team advancing towards the college. On taking special notice, I saw that it carried the college mail bags.

As soon as I saw them, thoughts began running through my mind. Does anyone owe me a letter? Oh, yes, mother does. I am sure she will write. Suddenly the thought occurred to me that she had promised to send me a parcel. I immediately became so hungry that I began to long for it at once. Could those mail bags contain anything for me?

I told my room-mate when she entered and she too began to wonder if she would get any mail. Surely she would get a letter from home.

We started for the mail at once, and naturally, we were the first there. The mail had not yet been stamped, so of course we had to wait. Oh! would it never be sorted?

Before very long crowds of girls came wandering in, each and every one longing for mail.

As the post-office is not very large, and there are so many girls to get mail, everyone could not get to their boxes. Those at the back were so anxious. Oh! wouldn't someone move and let them in? There was pushing and elbowing in all directions.

My room-mate and I, as we were there first, were near our boxes. We watched them with a steadfast gaze. No letter yet! In the crowd, sometimes, we would be pushed aside by some anxious person and could not see our boxes. As soon as we could we regained our position. What anxious moments!! Suddenly my room-mate exclaimed that she had a letter in her box. She inserted her key and opened the box as quickly as possible. She

drew out the letter. What a disappointment! The letter was for her box-mate. She placed it slowly in the box again. "Why don't I get a letter?" she growled. She had no sooner closed the box when another letter was put in. She was not so anxious to open it this time. She thought Disappointment would be there again; but this time the letter was for her. I gazed at my box and oh! dear, there was no letter. I knew there would not be one as the mail was all sorted but the parcels. I did not give up hope, as I thought of my parcel.

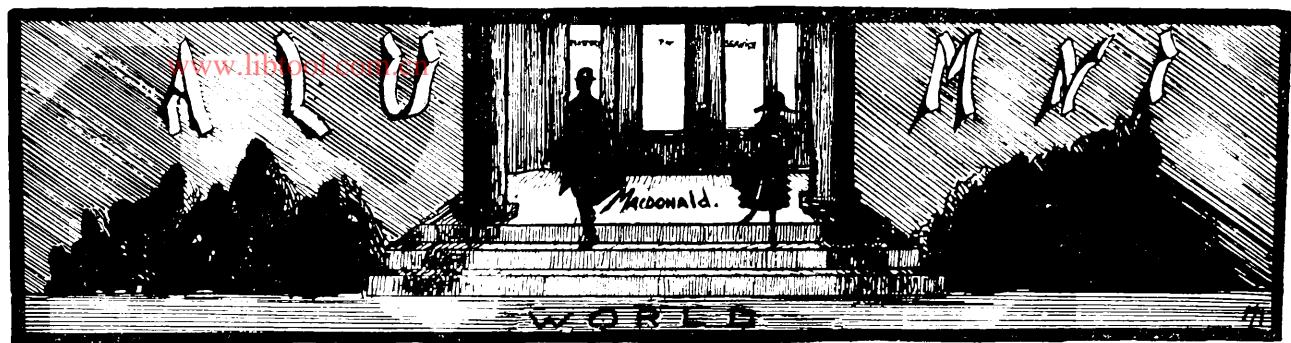
My room-mate and the other fortunate ones stepped back to read their letters, while I still anxiously watched my box. Just then my room-mate called me back to hear some astonishing news that was in her letter, and, while my back was turned, what should happen?

Something was placed in my box. I rushed to open it and sure enough there was a slip for a parcel. "Did you really get a parcel?" my room-mate shouted, "I am so glad. I am almost starved."

In time the mail was all sorted, and the girls who had slips in their boxes were around the wicket waiting for their parcels. My turn came at last and I got mine. I recognized the writing and knew it was some of mother's home-made cookies, or cake and home-made candy. My mouth began to 'water.' I moved along with the mob and joined my room-mate, who was waiting outside. We walked to the residence together, as quickly as we could. It seemed as if we would never get up the three flights of stairs to our room. At length we were there. I opened the box and sure enough there were some of mother's home-made cookies.

Our anxious moments were now over. We sat down with a cookie each.

Irene McCourt



Macdonald College Agricultural Alumni Association

GETTING NEW MEMBERS

This copy of the Magazine will only be received by graduates who are life members, paid up annual members, or members in whom the G. S. has sufficient confidence to extend credit for a couple of issues.

There is no necessity, therefore, of taking up valuable space appealing for the payment of dues. However, those of you who read this column, all good men and true, may help to increase the membership list by pursuing those graduates who have not as yet entered the fold. When you meet a graduate whom you suspect is not one of those who has joined our select body, say unto him, "Felchi." If he is a member who can read he will have read this secret correspondence, and will be able to reply with the other half of the password which is "Zakubazua."

If he remains silent, or gives not the right answer do not leave him until you have extracted his two dollars, which you may send the G. S., who will make special mention of your heroism in the next issue.

Why we have a Small Balance

The annual statement of the receipts and expenditure is given in this issue. The balance is two dollars larger than it was last year, so that the Association has

done no more than hold its own. It must be remembered, however, that if the constitution were followed to the letter that the funds would show a deficit. The constitution provides that all money received from life memberships shall be invested and not used in the current funds. If this policy had been followed the Association would now have invested approximately \$1,400.00 whereas it only possesses bonds and other assets totalling about \$800.00. This means that the Association is technically in debt to the amount of about \$600.00.

This condition is chiefly due to two factors. In the first place the burder placed upon the finances by projects decided upon at the last re-union called for much more expenditure than the ordinary annual revenue permitted. In the second place the fees were too low before the reunion and are still not high enough. There are present eighty-four life members, and of these sixty-three joined when the fee was \$15.00. The interest on \$10.00 goes to the Magazine. This leaves the interest on \$5.00 amounting to about 25 cents to go towards maintaining the Association. Thus sixty-three life memberships give a net annual revenue of about \$15.75, and the twenty-one others at the new rate, a total of \$10.50, making a grand total of \$26.25.

From annual memberships we receive about \$45.00. Even this, however, is not clear of encumbrance. It costs at least five cents to "dun" a member for his dues, and about the same to acknowledge them. In addition, many members send in cheques less exchange. It is safe to say that each dollar collected only brings a net revenue of about eighty-five cents. Thus our revenue from annual dues will likely amount to \$39.00.

It can be seen from the explanation given that the total revenue is a very

small one indeed, and it is no wonder that the "legal" reserve has been encroached upon.

The Executive of the Association is in possession of these facts, and has authorized the General Secretary to carry on as best he can until the question is brought up before the next reunion. These facts have been placed before those interested so that they may have a clear idea of the condition of the funds, and some of the difficulties which arise in obtaining sufficient money to maintain even a nominal balance.



ITEMS OF INTEREST

This copy of the Magazine goes to press so soon after the first issue that there is very little news available concerning graduates, but the following items may prove of interest.

"Russ" Derrick, '20, sent us an optimistic letter along with his dues. He said things were looking up in B. C., and that the new University buildings are being erected this winter. He sent his best regards to the boys and girls around old Mac.

"Art" Milne, '21, also sent along a characteristic cheery letter from Box 107, St. Catharines, Ont. He also sent his best regards to all and sundry.

Quite a while ago we received a very interesting letter from E. F. S. Shepherd, '22, who is stationed at Mauritius College, Mauritius. We believe "Shep." is farther away from Macdonald than any other graduate although E. Grove-White must be a close second. Shepherd is enjoying his work which is along botanical lines. He closes his letter as follows:—

"Here's hoping that I may some day be able to attend a reunion of Macdonald graduates. It is an event to which I am looking forward very keenly." Along with his letter came a life membership.

At time of writing Miss E. MacAloney, '21, is acting librarian at the Nova Scotia Agricultural College, Truro, N. S.

O. W. Lachaine has recently been appointed to the position of Senior Seed Analyst for the Province of Quebec. We all extend heartiest congratulations for "Ozzie" has always been a hard enthusiastic worker.

M. B. Paige, '21, who is working for a big fruit ranch at Kelowna, B. C., has written us that he expects to start fruit farming for himself pretty soon. He also said he had just returned from a big game hunt, in Northern B. C., where he procured moose and goat.

Fred Dimmock, '23, has been appointed to the Staff of the Dominion Tobacco Station at Harrow, Ontario.

"Red" Armitage, '23, is travelling for Beatty's Ltd.

Annual Financial Statement of the M. C. A. A. A. for the year ending August 31st, 1923

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Receipts

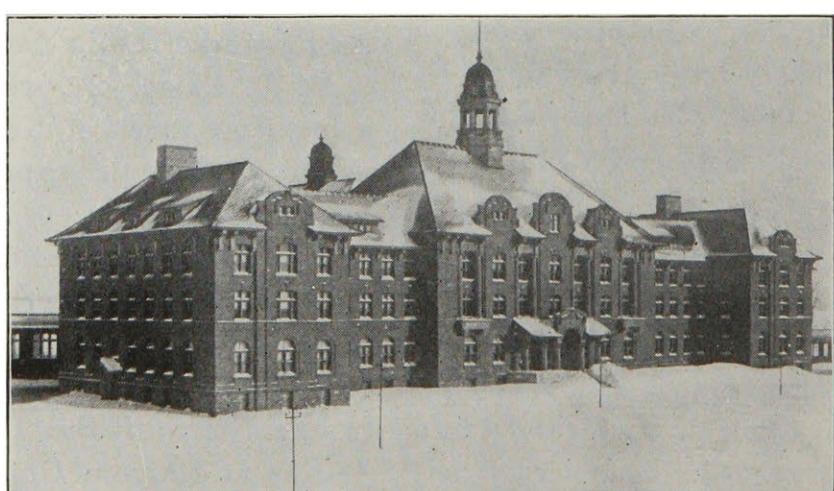
Balance forward from 1921-22	\$42.00
Four life subscriptions at \$20.00	80.00
Thirty-six annual subscriptions '22-'23	72.00
One annual subscription (arrears)	2.00
One annual subscription (arrears to Alumni Association only) . . .	1.00
Annual Interest on three war Loan Bonds (5 1-2 per cent) . .	16.50
Annual Interest on two Wayagamack Bonds	11.85
Annual Interest on two Wayagamack Bnds	9.50
Interest on loan to fourth year student	2.73
Bank Interest	1.70
	\$239.28

Expenditures

Printing	6.00
Stamps	9.00
Stenography	31.58
Interest on 78 life subscriptions	39.00
Forty Annual subscriptions	40.00
One Annual subscription (arrears)	1.00
Four extra magazines	1.00
Salary of General Secretary	60.00
Expenses of General Secretary	3.60
Office help with circulars	2.50
Exchange	85
	\$194.53
Balance forward to 1923-24	44.75

Assets

2 Cedar Rapids Bonds
2 Wayagamack
3 Dominion War Loan Bonds
Cash for loans to deserving students \$99.35



Our Wider Interest

Well, boys and girls, here we all are at work again after having enjoyed the Christmas holidays! How long a holiday had you? Very likely you thought, as we did, that it was all too short. However, we are now beginning a new year: and I wish you every success in your school work and in your work connected with the school fairs.

Have you ever thought of the occupation you would care to follow? Many of you have begun thinking about it. Soon, you will all have to decide. Just at your age, the world appears to hold out to you many desirable occupations or professions with unlimited opportunities. So it does. But it is necessary that you choose one of them—and particularly the one that appeals most deeply to you. Some may wish to become chemical engineers, doctors, or lawyers. These are interesting professions; and we wish you all success. However, many of you have already decided, or soon will decide, to follow in your father's footsteps, and take up farming.

I sincerely hope that you intend farming because you really like to farm. One's inclination to a certain work, coupled with the ambition to progress, is the principle underlying success. To-day, there are wonderful opportunities in the educational line for the boy intending to engage in agriculture. First, there is the home farm. Outside school hours, keep your eyes upon the various farm operations, observe the details, and ask your father

the why and the wherefore of everything. In the public school, take an active interest in the school fair. Throughout high school, continue this interest, read agricultural journals, and let it be the aim of every one of you to try to complete your high school education successfully. You will never be sorry for doing so.

On finishing high school, you will have to decide upon the course to take at Macdonald. The winter course in agriculture is a one-year course extending from November first to about March fifteenth. To enter this course, a school leaving certificate is not necessary. For a farmer's son who cannot afford to spend four years at college, this course is ideal. The practical side of farming is dealt with chiefly. The four year course, which requires a school leaving certificate of Quebec, or its equivalent, to enter it, leads to a degree. It offers to a student a thorough education in the principles and practices of farming generally, or in some specialized line. To the girls, opportunities are offered for taking a course either in teaching or in household science.

If, boys and girls, you have not already visited the college, coax your parents to take a holiday and visit Macdonald. The best time to come is in the summer or in the early fall. So plan ahead and make your father promise to bring you here this summer. Such a trip will encourage you in your work.

G. E. Hunt.

TWELVE THINGS TO REMEMBER

- 1 The Value of Time
- 2 The Success of Perseverance
- 3 The Pleasure of Working
- 4 The Dignity of Simplicity
- 5 The Worth of Character
- 6 The Power of Kindness
- 7 The Influence of Example
- 8 The Obligation of Duty
- 9 The Wisdom of Economy
- 10 The Virtue of Patience
- 11 The Improvement of Talent
- 12 The Joy of Originating

—Marshall Field.

- - - Faculty Items - - -

Dr. F. C. Harrison attended the meeting of the Society of American Bacteriologists held at Yale University, December 27, 28, 29. Dr. Harrison was re-appointed to the Committee on Determinative Bacteriology.

Professor Wm. Lochhead has been granted leave of absence for three months. He left for Great Britain on December 27th, where under the auspices of the Canadian Pacific Railway he will give talks on Canada to the pupils of the secondary schools. The purpose of these talks is to suggest to boys of the middle and upper class who intend to become farmers in Canada, that they spend a summer on a farm in Canada and then attend an agricultural college before they take up active farm work.

Mrs. Lochhead is accompanying Professor Lochhead on his trip.

On November 22nd Professor H. Barton attended the Royal Agricultural Show at Toronto, and addressed the Western Ontario C. S. T. A. local and the Ontario Agricultural College Alumni Association at their joint banquet.

On December 12th he attended the Amherst Winter Fair at Amherst, Nova Scotia, and addressed the Maritime Provinces C. S. T. A. locals at their joint banquet.

Professor Barton also visited the Truro Agricultural College on December 14th on the invitation of Dr. Cumming and addressed the student body.

On January 3rd he attended a conference of Provincial Representatives with Premier King and the Dominion Cabinet

to discuss the renewal of the Federal Grant for Agriculture.

Professor Robert Summerby attended the International Hay and Grain Show and the International Crop Improvement Association Meeting at Chicago, December 1st to 6th.

Dr. F. J. Snell, Professor T. G. Bunting and Dr. B. T. Dickson attended the 75th Meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science held at Cincinnati, December 27th to Jan. 1st.

Dr. B. T. Dickson, Mr. J. G. Coulson and Mr. T. C. Vanterpool attended the annual meeting of the Canadian Phytopathological Society held at Queen's University, Kingston, December 20 and 21. Dr. Dickson was elected president for the year.

Miss B. M. Philp gave an address on "Nutrition" at Lennoxville on the evening of January 9th.

On the fifteenth of December the marriage took place of Sibyl Nora Murphy, daughter of the late David A. Murphy, B. A. Sc., to S. R. Norris Hodgins, B. S. A., author, editor and lecturer. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Donald MacLeod in the Union Church, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, and was attended by over two hundred friends of the bride and groom. We wish them long life, happiness and prosperity.

Dr. C. J. Lynde will give a series of lectures on "Physics in its relation to Household Arts" next summer, in Teachers College, Columbia University, New York.

Dr. Lancaster of St. George's Church is leaving to take up the pastorate of the Episcopal Church of Reading, Mass., near Boston. Dr. Lancaster has been rector of St. George's Church for fifteen years and is beloved by men, women and children of all creeds. We wish him every success in this new work.

As a testimony to Dr. Lancaster, a joint service of the Union Church and St. George's Church was held on Sunday evening, January 6th, in the Assembly Hall of the College. The singing was led by the combined choirs of the churches and the sermon was delivered by Dr. Lancaster. After the sermon, Reverend Donald MacLeod spoke of the esteem and respect which the members of the Union Church have for Dr. Lancaster and wished him God-speed.

Mr. Percival, People's Warden of St. George's Church then presented Dr. Lancaster with an illuminated address and a donation from Dr. Lancaster's friends and admirers. The service was attended by about six hundred friends of Dr. Lancaster.

Lt. Commander Charles Stephen R. N., spent two weeks in December with the Royal Canadian Navy at Halifax. Commander Stephen is an officer on the Emergency list of the British Navy and by virtue of holding this rank is required to spend a fortnight in training annually. He was unable to go to England this year and obtained permission from the Admiralty to take his training in Canada. He was appointed to His Majesty's Canadian Ship "Patriot" and did his work under Lieut. Commander H. E. Reid, R. C. N.

Mr. W. A. Maw, Head of the Poultry

Department, has been invited by Prof. Rice of Cornell University, to address New York State farmers at Cornell University during "Farmers Week," Feb. 11th. to 18th on "The Canadian Standardization of Egg Grades and Their Economic Value to the Poultry Producer."

Dean Laird has been chosen by the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers of Quebec as one of its official delegates to the Annual Meeting of the Canadian Teachers Federation which will be held in Victoria, B. C. in August 1924. He was elected as the member of the executive committee of the Canadian Teachers Federation for Quebec.

Mr. E. A. Carleton, M. Sc., formerly Research Assistant in Chemistry, is located at Bowling Green, Kentucky, as chief chemist of the Kentucky Rock Asphalt Company. The results of his work at Macdonald have been reported in full to the Research Council, Ottawa, and in large part published in two contributions to "Soil Science."

Mr. N. C. McFarlane, M. Sc., formerly Research Assistant in Chemistry, is Chief Chemist of the Dominion Oil Cloth and Linoleum Company, Montreal.

Mr. H. S. Hammond, B. S. A., formerly Lecturer in Chemistry, is on the staff of the Chemistry Division of the Dominion Experimental Farms System.

Mr. J. G. Thompson, Lecturer in History and Geography, is Canadian editor of "Visual Education." Mr. Thompson, during the Christmas vacation, attended the meeting of the American Historical Society in Columbus, Ohio.

Miss Heathcote visited her parents in Edmonton during the Christmas vacation.





Teachers

Miss Muriel Brown, of Teachers '23, is teaching in Fairmount School, Montreal. Miss Ruth MacKay is also at Fairmount.

Miss Elsa Cameron, also of Teachers '23, is instructing in Berthelet School, Montreal.

The engagement of Miss Gwyneth Ransom, T.'22, to Mr. Harold Brooman, of McGill, Sc. '23, has been announced. Gwyneth's many college friends wish her every future happiness.

Miss Clare Campbell, of T. '23, is doing good work in Hamilton Street School, Montreal.

Miss Muriel Webber, T. '23 is teaching in Herbert Symond's School, Montreal.

Miss Muriel Denison, T.'23, is training the young in Strathcona Academy, Outremont.

Miss Freda Moses, of T. '22, paid us a visit on Jany. 12th. We were glad to see you, Freda.

Miss Alice Raphael, T. '23, is teaching in Amherst School, Montreal.

Miss Dorothea Hopkins and Miss Gladys Bray, both of T.'23, are bringing the pupils of Edward VII School up to Macdonald Standards.

Miss Muriel Davies, T. '23, is teaching in Strathern School, Montreal.

Miss Ruth Marshall, T.'23, is stationed at Cote St. Paul school.

Miss Doris Whitehouse is teaching in Bancroft School, Montreal.

Several old girls have paid us visits lately. Among them were Miss Jeanic Ireland, Louise Charbonnel and Evelyn Kelly, Norma Ross, Gladys Dickson, Vida Badain and the ever cheery Florence Norton, last year's T. Alumnae editor.

Miss Mina Stewart is teaching in New Carlisle. We miss your bright optimism, Mina.

Miss Helen Edward, of last year's Teachers, still retains her carefree spirit. She teaches in Herbert Symond's School, Montreal, and likes it.

Miss Isabel Dowling, Pres. of Elem. T. '22, is teaching at Covey Hill.

Miss Grace Morrison, of Teachers '23, is teaching in Grenville, Que.

Miss Evelyn Peabody, T. '23, is teaching in Sherbrooke.

Miss Dorothy Emberley, Elem. T.'23, is instructing the young in Hull, Que.

Miss Shirley Sweet, Elem. T. '23, is teaching at Sutton, Qué.

Miss Marjorie Cilles, T.'23, is teaching in Sherbrooke.

Miss Olive McKinley, Elem. T. '22, is teaching at Rivière aux Pins.

Science

Miss Martha Hutcheson of 1916-'17 was with the www.libtool.com.cn (Connecticut) School of Pedagogy but on Sept. 1. accepted the position of Institutional Administrator at Wells College, Aurora, New York, succeeding Miss D. V. Hodge who had been in charge.

Miss Kathleen Murray, Homemaker '21, is enjoying her course of training in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal

Miss Emma Maclean, Inst. Ad. '22, is teaching cookery at the Halifax Ladies' college, Halifax, N. S.

Miss Jessie Naismith, Inst. Ad. '22, has resigned from her position as dietitian of Child's Restaurants in Montreal and is now at her home in Ottawa.

Among recent visitors to the college were Miss Faith Matheson, Inst. Ad. '22, and Miss Marjorie Anderson, Short Course '19. Miss Matheson has recently been appointed assistant manager of the Griffintown Club in Montreal.

Miss Helen Matheson, Inst. Ad. '22, is doing extension work in Prince Edward Island.

Miss Dorothy Noxly, Homemaker '21, is entering the Ottawa General Hospital this month as a nurse in training.

Miss Isabel Cavanagh, Inst. Ad. '19 now head dietitian at Camp Hill Hospital, Halifax, N. S., spent New Year's day at her home in New Glasgow.

The marriage of Miss Frances Coleman, Inst. Ad. '22, to Mr. Edward Dyer, Short Course '22, took place in Toronto shortly before Christmas. Their many friends at Macdonald wish them all future happiness.

On October 28, 1923, a very pretty wedding was solemnized at St. James the Apostle Church, Montreal, when Miss Alice Arkman, Homemaker '19, was united in marriage to Mr. Jack Hewett. To them, all happiness.

Mrs. A. Ree, Inst. Ad. '23, has been appointed dietitian of Child's Restaurants, Montreal.

The marriage of Miss Helen Flaherty, Sen. Ad. '20, to Mr. H. S. Hevener, of St. John, N. B., took place in Montreal early last fall. We wish them all happiness.

Congratulations:—

At Paris, France, to Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Allen (nee Miss Eleanor Shaw, Homemaker '19), a son.

At Cornwall, Ont., to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pewtress (Miss Mary Harkness, Homemaker '20), a son.

At Halifax, N. S., to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Le Mauses (nee Miss Isabella Scott, Homemaker '19), a daughter.

We have been very glad to receive visits from several old girls: Miss Annie Wallace, Homemaker '20; Miss Helen Flaherty, Inst. Ad. '20; Miss Ruth Chapman, Homemaker '21; Miss Marjorie Hatton, Homemaker '21; Miss Phyllis Mooreman, Homemaker '22; Miss Olive Coleman, Homemaker '22; Miss Faith Mathewson, Inst. Ad. '22, Mrs. Ree, Inst. Ad. '23; Miss Grace Cowper, Miss Marion Watt and Miss Dorothy Algeo, all Homemakers, '23; Miss Dorothy Hodge, B. H. S. '23; and Miss "Happy" Van Wart, B. H. S. '23.

In Memoriam

Caroline Vere Brown, Homemaker '23, who died suddenly at Winnipeg on January 8th. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to her relatives in their bereavement.

The Editor's Life

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In the morn when I wake, at the ring of the bell,
And make an appearance in the house where we dwell;
The boys all salute me, with a laugh and a shout,
"Hulloa! Mr. Editor, when's the Mag. coming out?"

I go to the dining hall, both early and late,
It matters not when, I share the same fate.
For a feminine voice at my elbow will say,
"Please, Mr. Editor, will the Mag. come to-day?"

I attend all the lectures and pay strict attention.
To all that is said about science and invention.
The Prof. will remark (perhaps 'tis only in fun),
"Say, Mr. Editor, will the Mag. never come?"

I once took a pleasure in reading my mail,
But now I would rather be beat with a flail.
Each letter I open seems to have this tune,
"Dear, Mr. Editor, is the Mag. coming soon?"

In class room, at dinner; at work or at play,
Most any old time I hear of delay.
It grates on my nerves, and I get in a pout;
And I don't care a rip when the Mag. does come out.

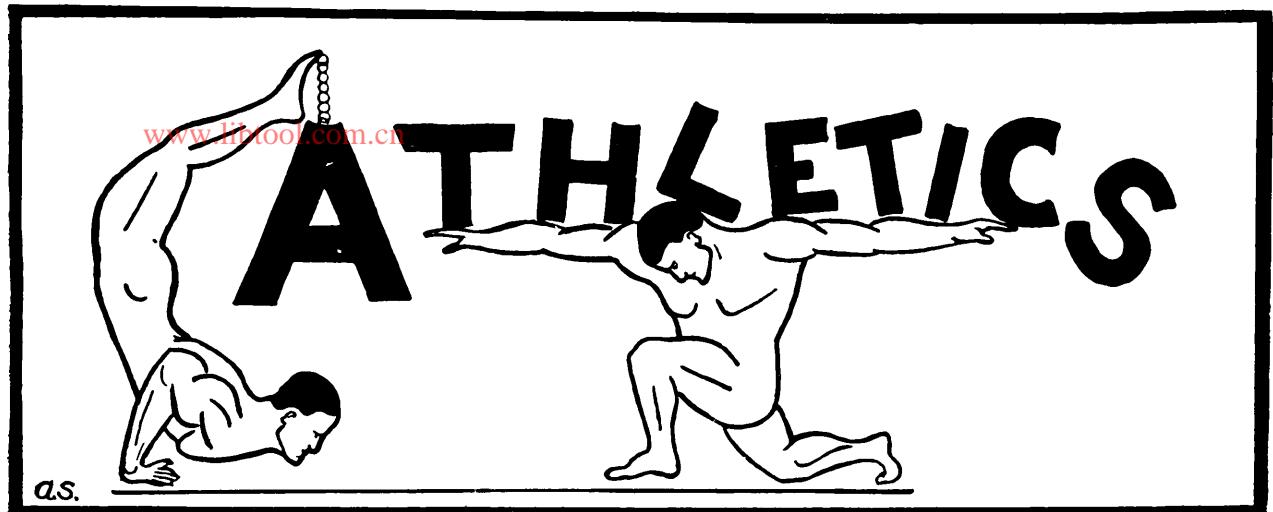
You have here a story of the trials of my life,
A story of sadness, of worry and strife,
And when you have read it I hear your glad shout,
"Hurrah! Mr. Editor, the Mag. has come out."

The Chemist

He carries in his hand a shapely glass;
Within, a liquid, colorless and clear
Reflects the sunlight, but there doth appear
No trace of solute in its limpid mass.
He drops a crystal in. Then comes to pass.
A Miracle; what once had seemed asleep
Awakes to beauty; lace-like fingers creep
Through the solution, growing like the grass
Till all turns solid. Once in ages dim
God held the world inchoate in His hand.
He dropped a thought in; at the great command
The solid earth first reared to the sun's beams.
So, in his mimic art, the chemist dreams
And strives to think God's thoughts after Him.

SHALER SETON

in the October Hexagon of the Alpha Chi Sigma.



Interclass Games

Starting its initial game with a zip and pepper not expected so early in the season, the Indoor Inter-Class League got off to a flying start in the Men's Gymnasium on Tuesday, November 20, when the Seniors and Juniors staged a battle royal. It was a basketball game and as a basketball game it probably stands unique in the annals of intra-mural sports at Macdonald. To disinterested spectators the contest was more than a mere basketball game. It was a thrilling exhibition of wrestling, rugby, hurdling, running, rolling, swimming, pulling and pushing, with a few of the fundamentals of the proper game thrown in by way of variation!

The real climax and surprise of the game occurred in the closing minutes. Up to within the last five minutes of play the Juniors, by their superior team-work, were apparently the winners by five points. At this stage "Smithy," the flashy forward on the Senior quintette, lost his head and ran wild, caging three baskets, the last of which he dropped through the hoop in the last minute of the game. It was truly interesting to note the expression on the faces of the players when the scorer announced that the scuffle was won by the Seniors by the score of 10 to 9. Undoubtedly the first game of the season furnished more

thrills and surprises than any one of recent years and for that reason merits more than the two lines usually allotted to an inter-class game.

Due to the fact that a large number of post-graduate students are in residence and that they have a team entered in the League it was deemed necessary to start the season earlier than in former years. For this reason nine games were played before the Yuletide recess. Of these contests the Sophomores won three, the Seniors and Juniors two each, while the Post Grads and Freshmen each secured one. The Winter Course has not as yet broken into the winning column but they have a group of willing though inexperienced players and should in the near future give their opponents a tougher argument.

At the present it appears as though the Second, Third and Fourth Years and the Post-Grads have an equal chance to win the Robertson Shield. The latter class is undoubtedly supreme in baseball.

To our games, men, come work and cheer,
Play up now, play up and play each game.

Play up, and work and "root," men, and
win a place
High in Mac's. great Athletic Hall of
Fame.—S. W. H., '26.

EXHIBITION GAMES

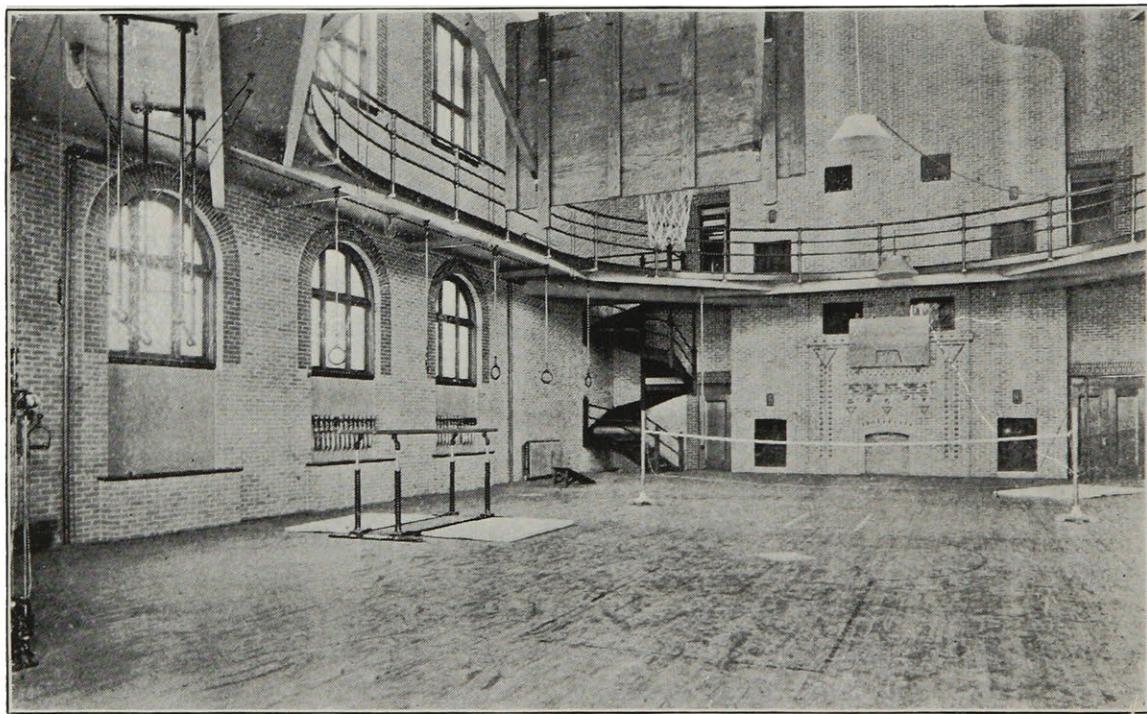
The Macdonald College basketball team started the season with a rush when it defeated the fast Montreal West five by a score of 30-13. The first half of the game consisted of fast teamwork on the part of the Macdonald team. Cook and Sharpe, of last year's basket tossers, showed their skill and headwork throughout the entire game. The last half of the game saw the men of the visiting team weakening before the fast footwork of the college team. Mayhew kept up the score for the visiting team until forced to retire from the floor with an injured knee. Fogerty covered his old position

tie on Jany. 12th, whilst the hockey team lost to Ste. Annes by 3-2.

The next Saturday, however, Jan. 19th, the hockey team had found its stride and defeated the Strathcona team by six goals to four. The team then travelled to Hudson and defeated the merry Hudson boys by three goals to one, with the help of the rooters. On Saturday Jany. 26th a return game was played with Strathcona at the Mount Royal Arena in Montreal and Strathcona again bowed to a superior team. Score, 4-1.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The first basketball game of the year



The Men's Gymnasium

of right guard with the old time pep while Little and Owen catered for the position of left guard at the expense of the opposing team. James held down his new position at center with credit and accounted for a number of points.

The indoor baseball and hockey teams have not played very many games as the season has just started. The former held the all-powerful Highlander team to a

was played on Jany. 16th against a team of "old girls." The Superior combination of Mac's team won them the game. The score was 33-12. On Thursday, Jany. 24th, the R. V. C. teams paid us a visit and took home both games (26-27, 23-17) with them. Trafalgar was defeated on Jany. 26th by 34-18. The only hockey game played to date, Jany. 31, was lost to R.V.C. by 1-0.

SMOKER

On Thursday the 6th of December a highly successful smoker was staged by the College Athletic Association in the Men's Gymnasium.

The first item on the programme was a vocal duet by Messrs. Coulson and Heimpel.

The first bout of the evening, Walker vs Fleury, was next in order. In the first round the contestants were even and neither gained any decided advantage. In the second and third rounds however, Walker exhibited superior skill.

Mr. L. G. Heimpel then favoured the audience with a vocal solo which was greatly appreciated.

In the bout which followed, between Wilcox and Shaw, the former appeared to have the advantage in the first two rounds but in the third round he showed a lack of condition which was taken advantage of by Shaw.

The next bout was by two members of the C. P. R. Athletic Association. This was the best exhibition of the evening. The contestants were evenly matched and showed top form throughout.

The gymnasium display staged by L. Cooke, H. Cooke, Fogerty, Ward and Owen under the direction of Messrs.

Crampton and Bemont reflected great credit on all and also brought out the instructors' skill as individuals.

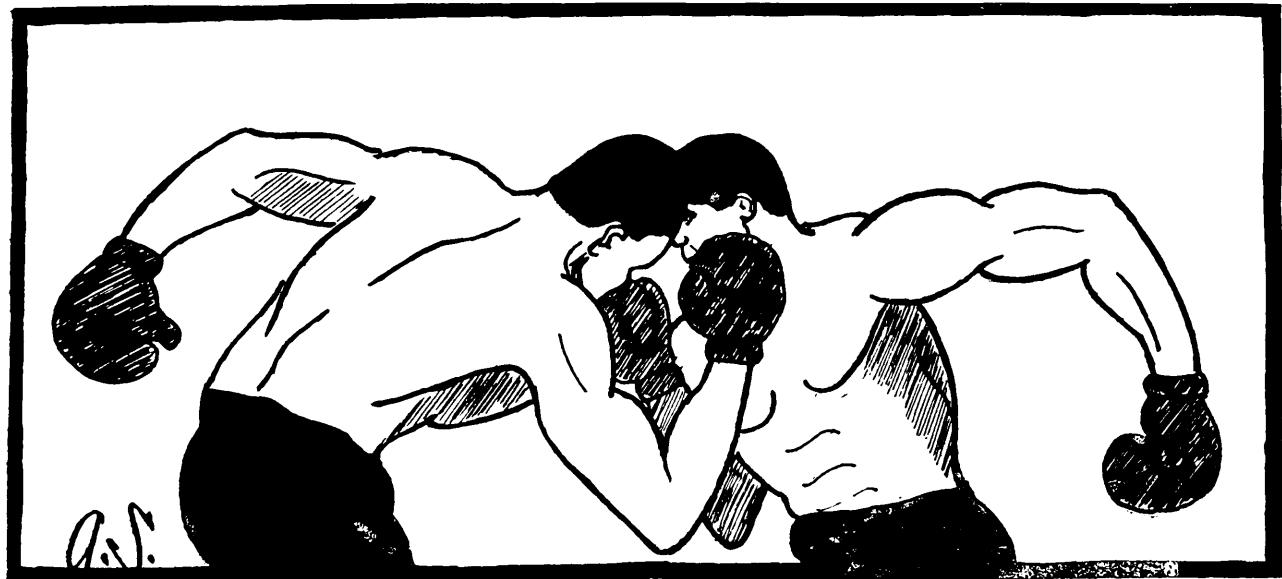
Humphrey and Ward fought an uneven bout at this time. Ward had the advantage of size, reach and weight over his opponent. The bout was stopped in the third round. At the conclusion of this bout refreshments were passed around. During this time the orchestra played several popular selections.

Staniforth, Sharpe and Lyall were featured in a relay bout which proved very interesting.

One of the best bouts of the evening was then fought by W. Humphrey and Whitney. The three rounds were fought at top speed, in the best style.

The smoker was brought to a close by an exceedingly humorous exhibition by Ness and White. In this bout the boxers were blindfolded and equipped with a full set of bells in order that they might find each other.

The Athletic Executive deserve credit for the able manner in which the smoker was conducted. Smokes were in abundance during the whole evening and not a dull moment was spent. After "All Hail Macdonald" "God Save the King," and the usual "Faint Ye" and McGill yell, the boys drifted off to bed.—W. B. H.



AN ATHLETIC MEETING.



HUMOROUS

It Came, It Was Seen, It Was Conquered

I wish to speak about funny things which to my mind are of utmost interest to the public, because whether we like it or not, they are here to stay. We have all seen them, we have enjoyed seeing them, or been disgusted with them, as the case may be.

The things are of interest to those who make them, to those who sell them, to those who pay the bill for those who get them, and especially to those who wear them.

The things I wish to speak to you about are long, and short, large and small; stationary, motile, triangular, or-bicular, rotund, flat, elongated, thin, plump, egg-shaped, badly-shaped; they have no shape, any shape—some shape.

I am speaking of Oh, by the way! thirty-three years ago I was given two days' holiday to go to the country for fresh air. I took my private doctor's advice and went to a small country place in the Laurentians, called Hull. The people with whom I was staying looked after me all right and on the second day, Sunday, took me to church with them, and the minister, what a nice man! He preached —preached, oh yes! "Votes for

Women.” At the climax of his exhumation—I mean exhortation, that is when I woke up, he said: “Now, Beloved Brethren, I sincerely believe that women should have the right to vote because the more I study, the more it seems clear to me that the old Mohametan proverb is true, “What women want, God wants”—

The rising voice of the minister had also awakened up an old Scotch farmer, no doubt an elder of the church, in the second back seat. The man, twisting his beard repeatedly, most seriously exclaimed: "God wants a lot"

I have a notion, that I am every minute and in every way getting further away from the point. Can the most optimistic young man, old man, or any man, tell me why women wear these funny things which they hang on their ears and call ear-rings? I don't know why they call them ear-rings for most of those I have seen look much more like antique stone mallets or base ball bats. In French they called them *boucles d'oreilles* which as you know means ear bow-ties. Well, I cannot tell you why women wear them any more than I can tell you why they wear hundreds of other funny things. I

believe I can, however, tell you a few things concerning the history or evolution of the ~~ear-ring habit~~.

Of course, you are no doubt aware that I have given the matter my most serious attention; and after years of travel, from St. Anne's to Montreal, and study of scientific papers such as *Le Canard*, the *Axe*, the *Bandalogue*, and others; after direct contact with suffragettes, Street car conductors and other Egyptian Plagues, I have reached a unanimous decision that the ear-ring habit can be traced back to barbaric times and that it came about through man's lack of foresight.

Yes, it happened years ago, long before tooth picks were used to fetch back vitamins gone astray. I believe it was sometime after our father Adam had resigned as landscape gardener of the Garden of Eden, following a royal enquiry from above. No one wore jewels then. You know that our mother Eve had no ear-rings.

We read in Genesis that women were like dollars in my pocket, they were rare. As it was not then possible for each man to have a better half, that state of things led to many boisterous happenings and disappointments which however, strange to say, are not all recorded in the Canada Year Book.

What made it worse was that all women dressed alike and consequently looked very much alike. College girls when in uniform look very much alike, and if they would all comb their hair alike or wouldn't comb it all or never wash their faces, don't you think it would be very difficult to say who's who?

Sometimes a woman would go uptown, as they still do nowadays, and what is most astonishing she would forget to come back in time to prepare supper. The husband, back from the race track, would look around the huts and getting hold of the first woman in sight, thinking she was

his, would take her to his place and be very much annoyed to find she couldn't pluck and cook an elephant, for example. Another man, say back from hunting, would make a similar mistake and take home somebody else's wife.—And it was the same for the men. They all looked alike. Sometimes a lady thinking him to be her husband, would present the corner policeman with the milliner's bill. If by mistake a husband worked over-time at the central liquor commission store, came back late, lost his way and entered the wrong hut, the lady of the house, thinking him to be her husband, would not lose very much time to administer



him an A1 drubbing. History tells of hundreds of men crippled for life because of such mistakes.

No doubt you agree with me that there were too many misconceptions, misapprehensions and misunderstandings. When a mother, after years of effort, had succeeded to hypnotise a lawyer, street-car conductor, or janitor, for her daughter and on the wedding day the man makes a mistake and marries her cousin instead, do you blame the mother for not feeding the canary that day? Of course not.

While all this was happening, the farm demonstrator of the tribe, coming down from the field one day, in his dump cart, amongst the stumps, got a brain wave. He conceived the idea of hooking small pieces of metal to his wife's ears, to distinguish her from others. The thing took wing, style was launched. It came, it was seen, it was conquered. The neighbor

presented his wife with two oyster shells. Individuals began to get hold of all available metals and manufacture ear appendages. As ~~the metals got~~ scarce they were made into rings. Men did not hunt any more but made ornaments to have peace at home. The world became menaced with famine.

One day, as the men of the tribe were out searching for metals and shells, a private undertaker from a neighboring tribe came in with a wheelbarrow full of the most awkward looking ear buckles and rings ever seen before and he took all the pretty women away. The latest reports on historical research would lead us to believe that they were taken to a place now called St. John's, N. B. It marked the beginning of new troubles, quarrels, wars and all that goes with them. What the world has suffered directly or indirectly because of the ear-ring habit, no one person has yet been able to determine. It may interest you to know at the present time one of the world's leading scientists, a man whose name is on the lips of every student of science, a Canadian, and I believe once a student at Macdonald College, is now engaged wrestling with the intricacies of the subject and unexpected results are expected very soon, which may throw loads of light on the matter. I speak of Dr. Spittalowski.

In the meantime may I refresh your memory with half a dozen or so incidents which as you know perfectly well are the direct outcome of the ear-ring craze.

The Roman Empire dissolved away. Special labor union demonstrations

against what was termed the greatest calamity handed the human race were held in Phoenix Park, Dublin. Mederic the Great was elected mayor of Montreal for life.

The Americans won the war of 1914-18, and perspired so much over it and became so dry that a special *reservoir* had to be erected at Valleyfield, P. Que., to quench the thirst of those who needed it most. A 6028-round bout was staged in Europe between Lloyd George and Poincaré in which the latter got the decision.

The Ruhr was occupied. John H. Roberts was imprisoned. Hon. W. L. MacKenzie King gave Canada its autonomy.

Miss Clarke bought thirty-three barrels of Ben Davis apples for dessert purposes. We had no snow at Xmas and here we are.

Face to face with the moral and political upheavals of the last centuries I presume you are now asking yourself whether women have given up, intend to give up or will ever give up the idea of wearing ear-rings. Nothing of the kind. Dr. Spittalowski will tell you that it is like our railway debt, the further we go the deeper it gets.

For myself, I cannot get over it. Whenever I see one of those charming, gentle, little creatures weighing anywhere from ninety-five to one hundred pounds, ear-rings included, perfectly satisfied to carry the burden imposed on her ancestors centuries ago by that small capricious little insect called man, really I cannot help but say from the bottom of my heart. "Excelsior—Women are angels."

W. H. P.



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On Punctuality

They flash upon that inward eye,
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 Those blissful moments of promptitude,
 For then my heart with pleasure glows
 To get up when the whistle blows.

What a lot each one of us misses out of life by remaining in bed during the few odd minutes after seven A. M.! What an absolutely wasteful idea it is, any way, to slumber after the sun has risen! Surely the sun was made to rise early for us poor humans to take advantage of? And what are we doing instead? We are actually, wilfully scorning the most surpassingly superbly glorious time of the day—it really must be the most ideal time, otherwise the dawn-loving individual who wrote about "the world waiting for the sunrise" could not possibly have received his touching inspiration.

After all, what little satisfaction is derived from this "lying in" habit, which in the long run only means a cold breakfast, and little of it, or where "lying in" is carried still further, no breakfast at all. This of course is the worst possible way to start off the day,—as there is nothing much upon which to start. Not only do the lectures suffer, and the students, but lecturers themselves suffer in attempting to lecture loudly enough to keep the students awake. By the time that 12.30 comes around the "lying in" famishing student is likely to partake of more than is good for him, consequently he is quite unfit for any further lectures in the afternoon, and receives a few impromptu ones from Miss Scott instead. A whole day's lectures are therefore entirely wasted through the wasting of a few minutes in the early morning.

In order therefore to begin the day in

the best of spirits, get up when the whistle blows (at *five* minutes to seven), get your "wife" up, run through a series of physical exercises, either in the room or in the gymnasium, depending upon the size of the room. Have a couple rounds of boxing with your "wife," then take a shower bath and jump into the tank and then run through a few more exercises to get thoroughly warmed up. If the foregoing steps have been carried out in fairly good time there should be left a good fifteen minutes before the half hour, which would leave, after getting dressed, at least ten minutes to spend in running over some of the notes which were hazy during the previous night. With about one and a half minutes left before the half hour, this should give your "wife" and yourself ample time to have a good race over to the dining hall, arriving there a few seconds after the singing of "Grace."

It would be only necessary for the student to practise the above directions once, in order to get into the habit of arriving punctually for breakfast which would of course be conducive to being punctual on all other occasions throughout the day (especially at meal times), for such would be the exhilarating feeling after running through those few exercises in the early morning, that the student would be inclined to arrive in the dining hall even a little before time.

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Pat Murphy was on the spot where the explosion occurred. They couldn't find a trace of him. When his wife called, the foreman said, quietly:—

“He's gone, mum.”

“Gone?” she said; “for good?”

“Well, in that direction,” replied the foreman.

* * *

ONLY A DREAM

One morning during lectures
I fell quite fast asleep
And I lost all thought of lectures
Whilst in Dreamland's sweet retreat.

My dream was but a fantasy,
Of an over-tired brain
But I slid down further in my seat,
All unconscious of the pain.

My neck was nearly rent in two
And how my back did ache!
In spite of this I slept right through—
Not one note did I take.

You wonder if I dreamed of “eats,”
Or maybe of a dance
But no—my dream it even beats
A dinner or a dance.

I'll tell you now, if you want to know,
What this vision was I had.
I dreamed I had a handsome beau,
And I was a Senior Ad!!

* * *

We Would Like to Know

Will the Angell be so sweet now that
the Honey is gone?

* * *

Telephone 87: “Do you ever go to
church?”

Telephone 98: “I'd like to.”

Editor: “Did you interview the eminent statesman?”

Reporter: “Yes.”

Ed.: “What did he say?”

Rep.: “Nothing.”

Ed.: “I know that, but how many columns of it?”

* * *

“Your handwriting is very bad indeed” said a man to a young college friend; “you really ought to learn to write better.”

“Yes,” replied the young man, “but if I were to write better people would be finding out how I spell.”

* * *

At a golf club one Sunday morning a member turned up late. Asked why, he said it was really a toss-up whether he should come there that morning or go to church. “And I had to toss up fifteen times,” he added.

* * *

At a dance a young Englishmen led a Canadian girl out into the Rose Garden, and there in the scented moonlight, he tried to steal a kiss. But he was awkward, and the kiss landed on the girl's chin. “Heaven's above!” she cried.

* * *

At d'Aoust's

Steve: “I would like to see a pair of boots that would fit me.”

Clerk: “So would I!”

* * *

He: “I always sleep with my gloves on. That is what makes my hands so soft.”

She: “I suppose you sleep with your hat on, too?”

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Nelson	Prince Rupert

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never ~~www.libtooth.com.cn~~ hath said
As he stubbed his toe against the bed--
x x x ?!! ?? (xx!!!!)
* * *

"Father," said the small boy excitedly,
"I have just seen a mouse as big as an
elephant."

"My boy," replied Father, "haven't I
told you a million times not to exagger-
ate?"

* * *

HE WANTED TO KNOW

At his customary rising hour of 4 a. m. the employer got up, dressed, lit a lantern and went forth to start the chores. He fed the stock, milked three cows, split some wood, and, single-handed, ministered to the chickens, meantime, filled with wonder, which turned to disgust, at the unaccountable tardiness of his employee.

At ten minutes after 5 o'clock, when the first pink streaks of dawn were reddening the eastern sky, the new hand came around the corner of the barn.

The farmer dropped the fork he was wielding and stared long and hard at the tardy one.

"Wall," he asked in tones of heavy sarcasm, "whar have you been the full forenoon?"

* * *

Prof: "Does the moon affect the tide?"

Frosh: "No, only the untied."

* * *

Mary: "Did you see Oliver Twist. Aunty?"

Aunty: "Hush, my child, you know I never attend these modern dances."

—Pitt Panther.

* * *

Bertha—"I am sure they gave us horsemeat for dinner."

Nan: "What makes you think so?"

Bertha: "Well, when I was going to swallow it I said 'whoa' and it stopped in my throat."

MARIAN AND EDDY DISCUSS MUSIC

Ed: "What is a scale?"

Marian: "I think it is a series of graduated tones."

Ed: "No, it's a freckle on a fish."

* * *

Junior: "Say, Hicks, are you going to make that fellow Rowell debate?"

Hicks: "Yes, why?"

Junior: "He's pretty good at 'Argue-ing,' you know!"

* * *

"Now that you two are one—," began the vicar.

"Which one?" asked the demure bride.

"Ah-hah," said the vicar, who was a married man, "you must find that out for yourselves."

* * *

Said an American visitor in London to a newsboy who sold him a paper the other day: "I guess I should have to pay double the price of this paper if I were over in America." "Well" replied the urchin, "Yer can pay me double, guv'nor, if it'll make yer feel more at 'ome!"

* * *

Safety First in Leap Year

The class in Nature Study had been dismissed—a mighty river of blue flowing rapidly through the corridor.

Very small girl, to smaller brother who has shrunk back into the Book Shop. "Come on, Jimmy," whatcha waitin' fer?"

"Gee! It ain't safe fer a fella in the hall with all them girls gallopin' along!"

* * *

Time to Leave

Lecturer—"Allow me, before I close, to repeat the words of the immortal Webster."

Hayseed (to wife)—"Land sakes, Maria, let's git out o' here. He's a-goin' ter start in on the dictionary."

Motivation is vexation,
Organization is as bad;
Appreciation is damnation,
And Application drives me mad.

* * *

The Wonders of Nature

As an old colored man was burning dead grass a "wise guy" stopped and said: "You're foolish to do that, Uncle Eph, as it will make the meadow as black as you are."

"Don't worry 'bout dat, sah," replied Uncle Eph. "Dat grass will grow out and be as green as you is."

* * *

Mrs. Pecklett: Do you remember, Henry, the first time you proposed to me? I said I would be a sister to you.

Mr. Pecklett: Yes, and it was a darned good offer, only I hadn't sense enough to grab at it.

* * *

A lecturer had been describing some of the sights he had seen abroad.

"There are many spectacles in the world that one never forgets," he said.

"I wish you would tell me where I can get a pair," exclaimed an old lady in

the audience. "I'm always forgetting mine."

* * *

An Educational Film

A Massachusetts farmer and his wife were attending a picture show for the first time. Maggie seeing the word 'asbestos' on the curtain said:

"Pat, what does that mean?"

"Keep still, Maggie, and don't show your ignorance. That's their way of saying welcome."

* * *

An American in dear old London was bragging about his auto. He ended his eulogy by declaring:

"It runs so smoothly you can't feel it, so quietly you can't hear it, has such perfect ignition you can't smell it, and as for speed—boy, you can't see it."

"But, my word, old dear," interrupted the Briton, anxiously, "how do you know the bally thing is there?"

* * *

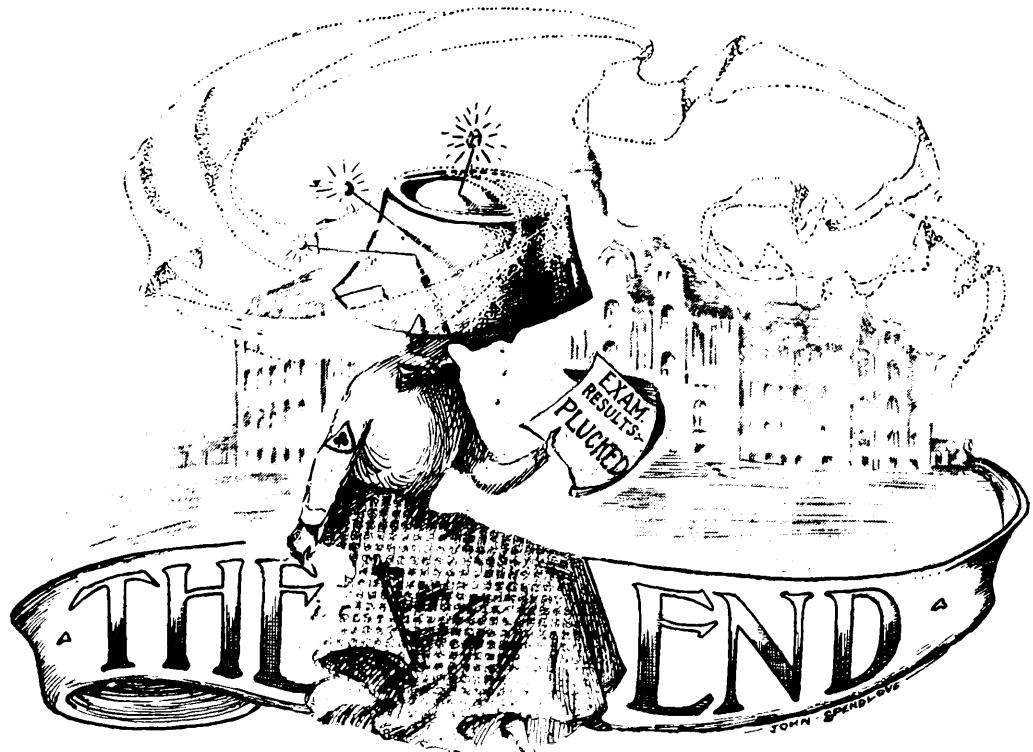
AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

We Editors may dig and toil

Till our finger tips are sore
But some poor stude is sure to say

"I've heard that joke before."

—Univ. News.



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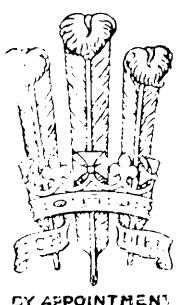
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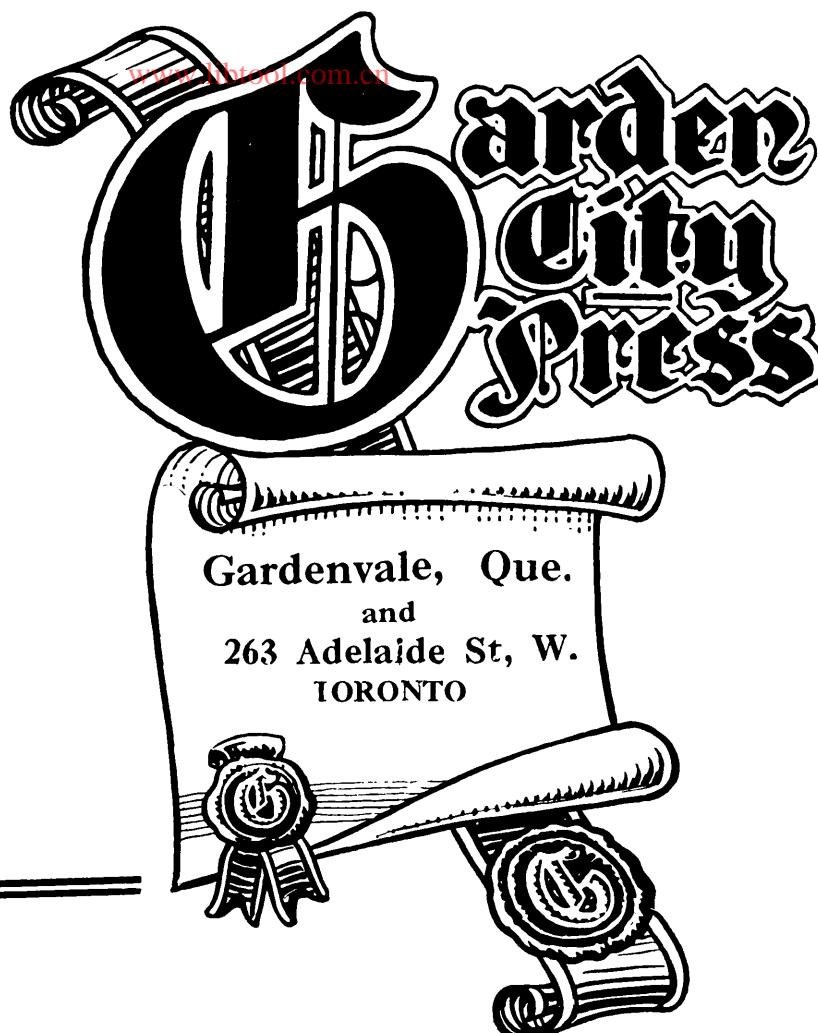
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